

Henry Frederick Terry
(1907-1980) ~
I Remember

By Ginger Mason





Fred Terry as a boy, taken from a photo labeled, "The One Hundred and Twelfth Party - Sailed 22nd July 1921". The full photo, issued to the Terry family by Barnardo's, depicts a large group of the "MacPherson" home children who boarded the SS Minnedosa for its voyage from Britain to Canada.

FROM GUARDIANSHIP TO ADULTHOOD

I remember the home-grown bounty that my maternal grandfather Henry Frederick Terry, known as Fred, would gift to us. He nourished us with his abundant garden. He would arrive at the door of our home arms laden, but he would never cross the threshold to share its sustenance at the table. His words were few but I treasure the kindness and generosity in his actions. I remember him as a tall, sinewy, redhead. Although I don't recall for certain, I imagine his eyes were green. I always wanted to be a redhead with green eyes and freckles, blithely unaware of the stigma associated with "gingers." My aunt Freda tells me that his family didn't think of Fred as a redhead but reports from the Marchmont Home inspectors labelled him a ginger.

My Grandpa Fred was born on May 16, 1907, in what was then Sub-district of Shoreditch Northwest, County of London. His parents were Isabella (nee Evans) and Richard Terry. Fred's birth certificate notes his father's occupation as "Engineer's Labourer." For most of his life, Fred believed his name to be Frederick Joseph Terry and his birthdate June 14, 1907. Imagine his surprise, when just prior to retirement he received his birth certificate from England, which was needed to apply for a pension, and learned he was named Henry Frederick Terry, born May 16, 1907. The discrepancies in birthdate and name are seemingly minor but point to the sort of administrative mix-ups experienced by those caught in webs of state administration, and which needs to be remembered when looking over historic records. Why his name and birthdate were inaccurate for him or in the records

is a story lost to history now.

Fred had an older brother Joseph, and two younger brothers, Alfred (known as Alf) and Richard Jr (known as Dick). My grandfather's mother Isabella seems to have deserted the family. There is evidence that after she disappeared her children and their father, with his own mother Maria, lived at various addresses in London. There are records that indicate that in spring 1914 Fred's father Richard was hospitalized for depression and unable to work. With both parents unavailable, the widowed Maria found herself in the difficult situation of single-handedly caring for her four grandsons. On April 9, 1914 Fred and two of his three brothers, Alf and Dick, were officially admitted to Homerton, a Hackney Union receiving home for boys. From there they were sent to Ongar Residential School. For nearly seven years the boys were wards of the Hackney Board of Guardians, an agency that maintained the Hackney workhouse, an adjacent infirmary, and the Ongar school. Then in 1921 they came under guardianship of the Annie MacPherson Agency which oversaw their migration to Canada as Home Children. Records indicate that Joseph, the eldest brother, was not admitted to Homerton with his brothers. Instead, he migrated to Canada on August 1, 1914, at the tender age of 10. Where he spent the four months after his brothers were taken into care and prior to travelling is unknown to me. As a home child Joseph was first sent to a MacPherson Home in Stratford, Ontario and later placed on a farm in rural Ontario.

In that fateful year of the boys' transition into public

guardianship, the ten-year-old Joe was sailing abroad, Fred was seven, Alf five, and Dick only three years old. These ages bring to mind my own separation from my younger brothers, and how bewilderingly wrenching it was for all of us. When I was twelve years old two of my brothers “disappeared,” as I remember it, on a train with Mom across the country from BC to Ontario. My brother Terry and I remained with our father in BC. I was deeply affected, but in contrast to the story of my Grandpa Fred and his very young brothers I realize that we were comparatively lucky because we at least remained in the same country, each in the company of a parent. At a much earlier age, Fred and his brothers were separated from both parents, and each sailed across an ocean to end up with strangers in an entirely different country!

Prior to departure from Britain, and again upon arrival in the Canadian port on July 30, 1921, the home children were subjected to a physical examination before receiving stamps on their landing card. Once cleared the children were met by a MacPherson representative. Fred, Alf, and Dick sailed together on the steamship SS Minnedosa as part of a large MacPherson group identified in an archival photo as the “Hundred and Twelfth Party.” On board, Fred became friends with Alf Platt. The two remained in contact until Platt’s death as a soldier in WW2. The children were accompanied by an overseeing guardian, and perhaps a nurse. My reading of accounts describing conditions aboard immigration ships at the time describe the steerage compartment with low ceilinged berths holding up to sixty boys, heated by one or two coal stoves. The Atlantic voyage departed from Liverpool on July 22,

1921 and arrived eight days later at the Port of Quebec City. Given the short sailing time, I want to believe that they had favourable weather rather than journey-extending bad weather which would have meant seasickness, misery, and outrageous stench.

From Quebec the brothers journeyed by train to the Marchmont Receiving Home in Belleville, Ontario where they were able to rest for a few days before heading to their placements on farms in rural Ontario. Canadian farmers applied to receiving homes to secure the services of home children. The Marchmont Home handled placements and later provided oversight after placements. Boys were wards of the home until age 18 and their earnings were held in trust until they struck out on their own. The children were promised contact and supervision through visitation and correspondence. The reality was that even the minimum annual inspection by a receiving home representative was an immense challenge due to limited transportation, vast distances, poor roads, and inclement weather.

Four days after his arrival in Canada on August 4, 1921 Fred was working on the farm of Charlie and Elizabeth Moore near Belleville, Ontario. The Moores had no children of their own and hiring Fred was seen as a necessity to keep the farm running. He was to be paid \$60 every year. In exchange for his labour, he also received board, lodging, clothing, and necessities. Fred had some schooling from Britain but once he arrived in Canada he was expected to work and no longer attend school. With no prior experience, Fred had to quickly learn how to harness horses and hitch them to a walking plough to furrow the fields, or to

attach a disk harrow that would break soil for planting rye, wheat, and barley. The young boy in the postage-stamp honouring Home Children could have been my Grandpa Fred as a boy. There was firewood to be chopped, chickens to tend, cows to milk, fruit and vegetables to be cultivated, harvesting of crops, and myriad other farm chores. It's possible Fred accompanied Mr. Moore to market and that he was taken to church on Sundays. Mr. Moore occasionally took Fred fishing. He earned some extra money by trapping in the winter. It's possible that he spent the Christmas of 1921 with his older brother Joseph. The Moores bought Fred a cornet as a gift in December 1922, his second Christmas with them. We know from the Marchmont inspector's reports that he played a solo at the Christmas tree and received "a large number of presents," including a picture from his brother Joseph.

In March of 1922 Fred moved with the Moores to a new farm in Hay Bay outside Napanee, Ontario. One inspector noted in an August 1922 report that Fred had "grown into a good sized lad" and labelled him a "splendid worker" who could handle nearly all farm machinery. But friction between Elizabeth Moore and Fred is clear as captured in the reporting: "Mrs. Moore complains that he is very cheeky. I think she rather invites it by nagging at him too much over little things." Unfairly it seems, Fred is described as "hard on boots and overalls," given the grueling and dirty work of farming. His own descriptions of the situation are found in letters to the head of the Marchmont Home,

Dear Mrs. Merry

You will be surprised to receive another letter from me so soon. I'm writing this time to tell you that I'm in trouble and would like you to help me if possible. Mrs. Merry I cannot stay here and get along with Mrs. Moore. Last night I came in and put my rubbers behind the kitchen stove and she told me to take them right out of there and I said that I wanted them dry for morning and she said they stink up the house. Then Mr. Moore said they're all right, then she flew mad last night. Mr. Moore and her had some words and Mr. Moore got ready and was going to leave the place. He called up to me and told me to tend to the stock. He was going to leave but about 10:30 p.m. he came in and didn't go. So you can see I'm not happy and will not be till I leave here. I am thinking of leaving and have been mentioned homes where I could go but I thought I better write you and see what to do, so will you please let me know what I shall do. With love and best wishes to all at the home.

I remain yours truly Frederick Terry

(January 16, 1925)

While Mr. Moore respected Fred and treated him well, he was no doubt also trying to manage the discord. Several months after Fred wrote to Mrs. Merry at Marchmont he had a change of heart and chose to remain. An excerpt of that letter is found on the enclosed postcard. I want to believe that he and Elizabeth made peace, but more likely Mr.

Moore implored him to stay and perhaps made convincing promises.

By August 1923, Fred negotiated a raise, to \$100 per year. The records indicate ongoing discrepancies between Fred and the agency, over what was owed and what was in Fred's bank trust account. In the fall of 1924 Fred ploughed about 18 acres himself, sowed 8 bushels of wheat and 6 of rye, and expected to trap in the spring. He was feeding a young pig, which may have been his own investment. At the same time a report notes his weight at 120 lbs, which begs the question of whether Fred was being fed enough. Later, Fred's final contract in 1924 indicates he was paid \$125 a year. In May 1925 Fred turned 18, and three months later on August 4, having fulfilled his contract, he departed the Moore's farm. In those four challenging years on his first farm, Fred had negotiated wage increases and finally freedom from agency oversight, including withheld wages. That same August, though, the Marchmont Home closed and records were transferred to Dr. Barnardo's Homes with headquarters in Toronto. With this shift, Fred was dismayed to learn he would become a Barnardo's ward until the age of 21. His bank book was retained by Barnardo's and his money was placed in the Boys Wages Trust Fund. The records show a protracted struggle by Fred to obtain the money he earned. In December 1925, Barnardo's manager John W. Hobday agreed to hand over the bank book, and all control over Fred's welfare was ostensibly relinquished. This represented a major milestone in Fred's life as he believed he would be entirely responsible for himself, financially and otherwise.

Other changes for Fred at that time included his accepting

work on a farm belonging to Archie and Mamie Greatrix near Belleville. There was also increased contact with his three brothers. In September, Alf broke his arm while working for a Mr. Shetlar. In October, Alf, Dick, and Fred went for a long rowboat adventure. They took pictures with a camera belonging to Alf. In December, all four brothers managed to get together. Where and for how long is not known to me. Three years later in August 1928, Louisa R. Birt from Barnardo's visited Fred and filed yet another a report, so it appears he remained on the agency radar despite the earlier agreement to cut ties. In the report Fred is variously described as a "strong, manly, cheerful fellow," a "splendid young fellow," and "quiet, thrifty, well-liked".

In July 1928, Alf, Dick, and Fred applied to bring their father Richard and his three young children to Canada. While his first four children were indentured workers in Canada Richard Terry had remarried in England. He had three more children (Reginald Terry, Florence Bird, and Mary Baxter) before becoming a widow. The Canadian brothers were ultimately successful in immigrating their father and his children in 1929. A Barnardo document indicates approval for their half-siblings to temporarily board at the Children's Aid Shelter until their father could make a home for them. I have no information about where they ended up living. Richard may have managed parenting them for a time, until mental health issues brought about his admission to a hospital in Kingston, Ontario in 1954, where he remained until his death in 1962 at age 78.



Fred Terry sitting with his eldest daughter Shirley on the running board of the truck used in his construction business (circa 1945).

FRED J. TERRY, BUILDING CONTRACTOR

There are wonderful photos of the toolboxes that Fred built, such as the one shown on the inside title page of this booklet. One of the boxes was very large and would have been exceedingly heavy. A second smaller box would have been used to carry tools to the job site. The wood plane, level, chalk line, saw, hammer, and a brace-and-bit all were used on jobs in the absence of electricity for a power drill, let alone cordless drills!

By the fall of 1928, Fred had decided to learn the carpentry trade for house and barn building, alterations, and renovations. He began an apprenticeship with Dan Hagerman, a carpenter in Corbyville, near Foxboro. At that point he had acquired a Ford car and perhaps Hagerman had provided him with room and board. Six years passed while Fred acquired the skills of his trade and established his own eponymous construction business.

Fred married Lila Goslin sometime in 1934 when he was around 27. His first daughter, Shirley, was born in 1935. My mom, Eleanor, followed two years later in 1937. Uncannily like Fred's own mother, Lila deserted the family when her daughters were preschoolers. I learned from my father that she struggled with alcoholism. He once accompanied my mother to visit her mother who was by then living in a derelict rooming house in Toronto. I understand that it did not go well, and that was the last time they saw each other.

By all accounts Fred was an exemplary single father in the 1940s when it was not at all common for men to assume parental

care in the absence of the mother. I admire that he chose to provide for his daughters to the best of his ability. I imagine that he did not want a similar fate for his girls as he and his brothers experienced, that of being abandoned to the union school and workhouses in London. Fred always made sure his daughters had skates, bikes, and toboggans. They never went hungry, they went to school, they had clean clothes, and they experienced lives of relative abundance. But Fred was not a demonstrative person. My mom often spoke sadly of how strict he was. Likely his own austere upbringing contributed to his lack of verbal and physical expressions of love and affection. In my eyes, from this place in time, I see how his actions spoke volumes. I also understand how a child would hunger for touch and comforting words from a parent and feel bereft in its absence. The detachments and dislocations of my grandfather's family experiences reverberate in mine. My brother Terry and I were separated from our mother and our two youngest brothers at such a tender age. Our mother struggled to express affection just like her father had. Although there were sporadic visits over the years, those reunions were hampered by the logistical and financial cost of traversing the vast distance between Ontario and British Columbia. We were a fractured family.

Grandpa Fred and his daughters lived in a rented house at 78 Gordon Street in Belleville. Eleanor recalls spending summer holidays with her sister Shirley, on various farms where Fred had worked. Fred was at this point a single father in his early 30s, with his own small construction business. He completed projects for many downtown

Belleville businesses. In the late 1940s he began to build a house at 80 Gordon Street. This was to become the first of three homes that he built for his family.

Fred's friend Alf Platt, a home child he met on the ship that brought them to Canada in 1921, had married Hannah Kay while he was stationed in England. Tragically, he died in service. As a war widow Hannah Platt came to Campbellford, Ontario where she lived with her sister Sally, a war bride. Sometime in the late 1940s Fred looked up Hannah to pay respects to his good friend's widow. A mutual connection was forged, and they began courting. His daughters, my aunt and mother, gradually became acquainted with Hannah. They made frequent visits to Campbellford. Of the limited photos from that time there is evidence of it being a joyful time. A half dozen vacation photos from a special trip to the Thousand Islands Bridge between New York and Ontario picture Fred and his daughters with a new puppy. The three tourists and dog swim, picnic, and pose outside a small holiday cabin, then on the bridge itself, and at other scenic outlooks. Shirley and Eleanor wear radiant smiles. For a man who never took time off, providing this memorable outing for his daughters was a rare and genuine gesture of his love. It was a treasured memory that Mom recalled for her own children.

The girls really liked Hannah and were very happy when she married their father in November 1949. The completed house at 80 Gordon Street was Fred and Hannah's first home. Shirley was fourteen and Eleanor twelve. As a stepmother she was a loving and stable presence

in their lives. Several settling-in years passed before Fred and Hannah welcomed their first child, my Aunt Freda, born in April 1951. Uncle Alfred followed in December 1952. Both children inherited Fred's fabulous thick curly red hair. They were going to name their first-born girl Kay, after Hannah's maiden name, but she looked so much like Fred, they chose Freda instead. Alfred may have been the namesake for Fred's brother Alf, or his good friend Alf Platt. It was a prosperous and harmonious period for this blended family. Fred found time to make wooden rocking horses for his children, as well as a few more to sell. Freda described loving her rocking horse to bits, and there is a photo that attests to her pure delight. There were also heavy Adirondack chairs that Fred made. These chairs moved with the family from Belleville to the farm, and then to Napanee, where a visitor noticed them and just had to have them. A couple of night tables that Fred built are still in the family, one that Alfie has and the other belonging to Freda.

After six years at 80 Gordon, circumstances took a turn. Fred had kept in touch with Charlie Moore over the years, and Fred often visited the farm in Hay Bay. Charlie and Elizabeth had had no children or close family, so when Charlie ended up alone and became ill, Fred provided crucial support, including funeral arrangements when the time came. In the end Charlie left the 100-acre farm to Fred. This triggered a big change for the family. As soon as they could, in 1955, they moved from the city to the farm. Some years earlier, the Moore's farmhouse had been struck by lightning and burned. Charlie lived his last few years in a converted garage which became the initial farm home

for Fred's family, albeit temporary. My Aunt Freda who was four when they moved recalls, "No running water, wood stove for heat and to cook on, hand pump at the kitchen sink, outhouse beyond the woodshed, and baths in a metal laundry tub set on the kitchen floor." Shirley and Eleanor had by this time fledged. My Aunt Shirley had married Wayne at age seventeen and my mother Eleanor at eighteen had moved into a boarding house in Belleville where she worked for Northern Electric. Fred, Hannah, Freda, and Alfie lived in the converted garage for about a year until Fred completed construction of his second family home. They were on the farm for just over a decade, until 1966.

My Grandpa Fred worked ceaselessly, juggling farm chores in addition to his full-time work off the farm. In August 1958, a few years after he finished building the farmhouse, he started work on a two-bay garage. Aunt Freda, my mother's half-sister, recalls that there was always something going on in the garage workshop – the shrill sound of table saws and lots of sawdust to sweep up or play in. To this day, the smell of fresh sawdust always brings her father to mind. The scent was permanently affixed to his work clothes and vehicles. She remembers a great childhood on the farm. Fred always made sure they had skates, and he shovelled the pond after every snowstorm. Once, he built them a wood-en ramp to improve the incline on their tobogganing hill. Aunt Freda and Uncle Alfie always had bicycles which they rode to school, about a mile down the road. They got to ride on the tractor, sitting on the fenders—much to Hannah's despair, and later, they sometimes drove the tractor during the haying season. There was always an assortment

of pets, including numerous dogs, cats, the odd pig, and even tadpoles from the barnyard pond.

Besides the vegetable garden for home use there were different endeavours over the years to make extra money. Fred grew strawberries for a few years, but berries didn't prove profitable on a small scale. Freda recalled eating those berries morning, noon, and night! One year he tried growing a field of sunflowers. Surely it was a magnificent place to play, and a lovely sight to behold, but it also proved too much work when compared to the yield. There were chickens for a spell, and in later years rabbits lived in the old chicken coop. There were also hand raised piglets that grew large and aggressive, and off to market they went. Freda remembers taking in hay, and handling the bales in the hay mow of the barn. There was wheat for a few years, and threshers came in to harvest it. There were a small number of milking cows for a few years. The milk truck picked up a couple cans every day. Eventually the extra farming wasn't sustainable for Fred who was working in construction all day, then trying to do the farm work in evenings and on weekends.

When Fred realized he couldn't make a living on the farm he accepted employment with McConnell Contractors in Napanee where he worked for several decades until retiring in 1976. During that time he worked on The Allan MacPherson House, a major restoration of a well-known nineteenth century home that re-opened in 1967. A two-storey frame house in a vernacular Georgian form with neoclassical features located in a parklike setting on the Napanee River, it was once the home of a wealthy businessman. The house and property were purchased by

Lennox and Addington Historical Society in 1962. Today it functions as an archive, gallery, and events venue.

The third and last home that Fred built for his family was a three-bedroom brick house in Napanee. They moved there in January 1966, and it is where Uncle Alfie lives to this day. The huge backyard was always used for a vegetable garden that was worked with Fred's Farmall tractor. Unfortunately, Grandpa Fred was plagued with lifelong stomach ailments, and I wonder if this stemmed from a combination of poor early nutrition, constant stress of work from such an early age, and worry about being a good provider. To his credit, he never smoked or drank, but his true vice may have been overworking. Other than the Thousand Islands vacation with his daughters Fred never took a summer holiday, or any kind of holiday. It all exacted a toll on his health. A newspaper obituary of Fred Terry notes that my grandfather died at Kingston General Hospital on October 31, 1980 and that, "Fred was laid to rest at the Wartman Funeral Home in Napanee where a private funeral service was held at the chapel on Monday, November 3 at 1:30pm."



The Terry brothers in 1977.
Back row, left to right – Alf, Fred, and Dick. Seated – Joe.

REUNIONS OF A "HOME CHILDREN" FAMILY

The studio portrait of my grandfather with his brothers is rare and special. Besides the enlarged colour version that I have in a yellowed cardboard folder, a black and white version appeared in a local newspaper article that reported on their reunion. The four brothers and their wives met at my great uncle Alf's home in Trenton, Ontario for a buffet luncheon. The photocopy of the news article that I have is identified only with the date "August 1977" in handwriting. The text describes how, "Following an afternoon of re-acquaintance, fun and laughter," the group was invited to Dick Terry's Trenton home for, "a supper in the lounge." Although my great uncle Joe was living in Sarnia, his brothers Alf and Dick resided about 10 minutes from each other, one on each side of the Trent River, and my Grandpa Fred was settled in Napanee. In spite of their relative proximity, this 1977 reunion was the first time all four had gathered in 15 years.

Joe, the eldest, is seated. Alf, Fred, and Dick are standing in a semi-circle behind him. They are all wearing suits with ties, polished dress shoes, and Joe's blue socks are just visible beneath his beige trousers. Dick and Joe are both wearing glasses. Joe's spectacles magnify his eyes, and while he's not exactly smiling, his expression appears neutral. The other three are grinning, and Dick is the most animated to my eye. All four have receding hairlines, with varying states of graying hair. My grandfather stands out for me. My discerning eye imagines the care he took, possibly with suggestions from Hannah, in dressing for the studio portrait. His patterned red and white tie catches my eye. It is held by

a tiny gold pin, and it contrasts against his white shirt. It picks up on the subtle red thread in his deep amber, tweed jacket. That he would die from cancer in three years breaks my heart.

On October 5, 1981 former home children, known in the local press as “Barnardo Boys and Girls”, gathered for the first of what was hoped to be an annual reunion. I have a copy of a photo of the group, with perhaps three dozen people posing outside the Hastings County Museum. The heading from *The Belleville Intelligencer* reads, “Marchmont Reunion”. My Grandpa Fred Terry was no longer alive at that time, and his older brother Joe was also absent. The younger brothers Dick and Alf appear in the photo. At subsequent reunions in 1982 and 1983, Dick seems to be the only Terry brother to attend. All the reunions were sponsored by and held at the Hastings County Museum. These gatherings may have continued beyond 1983, but I have no records of those. In 1982, the guest speaker was Gail Corbett of Peterborough, author of the book *Barnardo Children in Canada*. At the second reunion, covered by the *Whig-Standard*, my Great-uncle Dick Terry is quoted describing in some detail his difficult early days as a twelve-year-old on the farm. He recounted that he had attended school as a home child. The news article also quoted him as saying, “after I got through school, I got back to the city.” Despite the hardships, he claimed not to regret his emigration to Canada, stoutly asserting in the article that, “Canada is a land of plenty and you can have all you need to eat if you are willing to work.”

Freda confirms that her Uncle Dick was quite a character, which corroborates the impish grin evident in the group photo. There is a story

(that I don't recall hearing) about him breaking my mom Eleanor's doll on a long-ago Christmas day, just after she had received it. My mother's half-brother Alfie and half-sister Freda have memories of Uncle Dick's visits to the Hay Bay farmhouse and Palace Road house in Nananee. Usually, he'd arrive uninvited, on a Sunday afternoon, certain of an evening meal. Quite often, he was accompanied by a small dog that was given free range of the home. For several days after a visit the aroma of his cigars lingered to remind them that he'd been there. My step-grandmother Hannah would often voice her annoyance at something he had said or done to Fred who would just chuckle and say, "He's an awful man." Fred's oldest brother Joe was a less frequent visitor. Great-uncle Joe who was sent to Canada seven years earlier than the other brothers also began his working life as a child farm labourer. Later he worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and prior to his retirement, Joe was a millwright for the Dow Chemical Company. Freda only remembers him visiting once when they lived on the farm. Fred kept in touch with his brother Alf more frequently after Alf's retirement when he moved to Trenton. Great-uncle Alf had lived and worked in Toronto for many years. When his family visited Fred's family on the farm they brought their four youngest children with them and would camp out overnight on the property.

Of the rest of the family, Fred was pretty close to his half-sister Florence, or "Flossie", who lived in Belleville. Aunt Shirley recalls how she and Eleanor stayed with the family during numerous summers. Fred's other half-sibling Reginald also resided in Belleville. In the early

years of her marriage to Fred, Hannah was good friends with Reg's wife Violet, another war bride. At the time of writing, Violet is Freda and Alfie's sole remaining Aunt, at 95 years of age. Mary, Fred's third half-sibling, was adopted to a Canadian family who discouraged her contact with the others. Fred was able to spend some time with her during a visit to Flossie's. Due to the early prohibition by her adopted family, maintaining contact would have been challenging. And it's sadly true that you cannot remember someone you weren't permitted to know.

On account of my parent's divorce, and like Grandpa Fred and his brothers, my three brothers and I were split apart at young ages. In my case, each parent assumed custody for two of the four. They were single parents like Grandpa Fred had been for Eleanor and Shirley. With the vast distance separating us, we siblings grew apart and estranged. Thankfully, like Grandpa Fred and his brothers we are also finding our way back to knowing one another in our later years.

Ginger Mason
Victoria, BC



Fred with his son Alfred on a tractor with Butch between the wheels.

Henry Frederick Terry (1907-1980) ~ I Remember is an artist book comprised of this broadsheet, a booklet, a postcard, and a postage stamp. They have been assembled by Ginger Mason. Concept and editing by Lois Klassen. Design by Deanne Achong. Copy editing by Kriss Boggild.

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Inside cover image: Fred Terry's tools from his home in Napanee (current home of Alfie Terry).



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