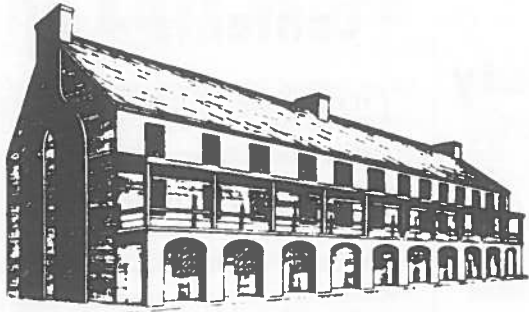


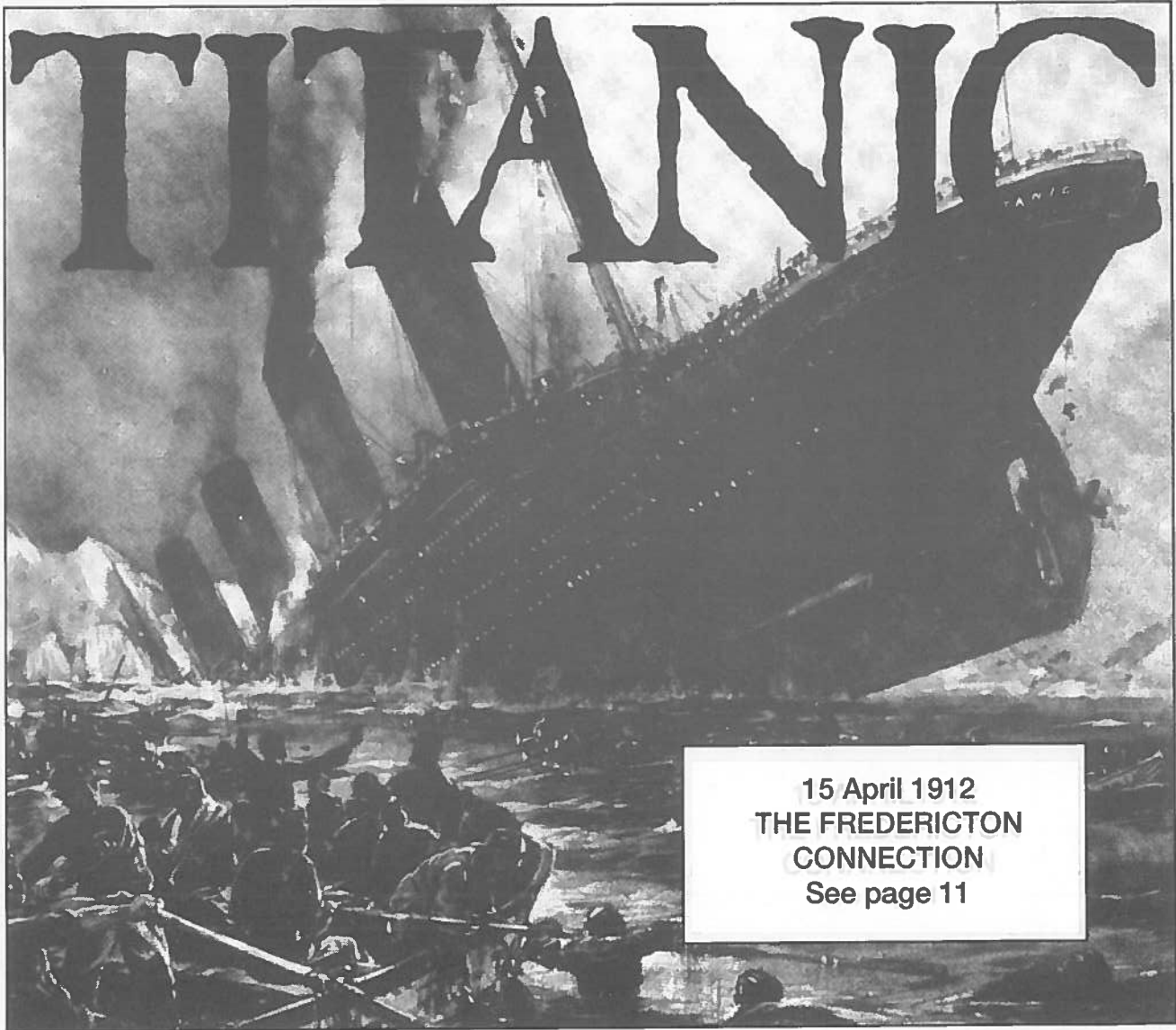


The Officers' Quarterly

A PUBLICATION OF THE YORK-SUNBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

Volume 10, Number 2

Spring 1994



15 April 1912
THE FREDERICTON
CONNECTION
See page 11



The Officers' Quarterly

Volume 10, Number 2

Spring, 1994

This is the official publication of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, Inc., Officers' Square, Queen Street, P.O. Box 1312, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, E3B 5C8. Telephone: (506) 455-6041.

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Individual memberships are \$20 per year and \$35 for two years. (which includes *The Officers' Quarterly*). A life membership is \$200.00

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Corporations, individuals, and organizations may also become sustaining members.

Editor: Ted Jones

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**DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS
FOR SUMMER ISSUE IS JUNE 1st!**

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Summer Hours:

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10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Front Cover:

This drawing was done by G.A. Coffin, the noted American marine artist, from wireless dispatches sent during the early morning of April 15th, 1912.

Oops!

We apologize to Haley Albert for inadvertently omitting Sunbury County in the title of her article in the winter issue. The Acadia Forestry Station and the Fredericton Internment Camp involved both York and Sunbury counties.

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Coming in the Summer Issue!

It has been the only visit of a reigning British King to this country. 55 years ago King George VI and Queen Elizabeth came to Canada, New Brunswick, and Fredericton. *The Quarterly* salutes the Royal Tour of June, 1939.

And, what is the history behind the prestigious Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction presented annually by the York-Sunbury Historical Society? Who will be this year's recipient? On June 19th, *The Quarterly* will be at the official summer opening of the Museum when the presentation is made.

DISCOVERY

Theodore Goodridge Roberts, who was the topic of the winter issue's feature article, "gave an interesting talk on Canadian poets and novelists" at the October 18th meeting of the York and Sunbury Historical Society for 1933. Also, Society member Velma Kelly informed us that Dr. Roberts spent one of his early summers in the Stanley area, the extended visit being immortalized in a poem called "At Stanley Fair" which appeared in *Canadian Poetry Magazine*, October, 1937.

Letter from the Editor... *Ted Jones*

*There's news of swallows on the air,
There's word of April on the way;
They're calling flowers within the street,
And Daffodil comes home today.*

With this verse by Bliss Carman, welcome to the Spring issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* for 1994.

Ah, Spring! A time for rebirth and renewal, getting ready for summer holidays, and new beginnings.

Museums, travel bureaus, galleries, historic sites and craft shops are looking forward to this year's crop of tourists and, according to a new guidebook, *Where Our History Lives*, launched on February 21st, there is a cultural feast waiting here in New Brunswick. Even local citizens should pick up a complimentary copy and discover the adventures to be experienced in their backyard (see page 25 for our own York-Sunbury Museum).

Fortunately, there is one change of address in *Where Our History Lives* and that is the new location for the School Days Museum, a volunteer project of the New Brunswick Retired Teachers Association. "School Days" can now be found within the Fredericton Military Compound on the first floor of the old Model School at the back of the old Normal School, which is now the Provincial Justice Building on Queen Street. An official opening is planned for June and an

article on the School Days Museum will appear in a future issue of *The Quarterly*. The York-Sunbury Historical Society extends a warm welcome to their new neighbour, remembering the successful "School Days" exhibit at the Officers' Quarters in 1988.

I am pleased to announce that this issue features a new quarterly column called "Beyond York-Sunbury." It is for readers who enjoy armchair travel, looking for ideas in other New Brunswick counties, Canadian provinces, the United States, or historical and literary haunts across the Atlantic. When you are on the road, keep a diary or journal of your adventures and the interesting areas visited. Returning home, put together a write-up from your notes and submit it (with a photograph or two) for the next issue of *The Quarterly*.

And continuing with something new, our province has a new and exciting history society, one of its branches being located here in Fredericton. An involved member of this new society tells us all about it in our feature article for Spring.

Since our last issue, the Boss Gibson store in Marysville is no more. Demolition crews levelled the mid-1880's structure on February 9th. In light of this tragic turn of events and the subsequent conflict between Heritage Trust and City Council, Heritage Week was successfully celebrated at the Charles Hatt house, a

surviving structure from the Gibson days. Located at 293 Canada Street on "Nob Hill" in Marysville, this elegant house was built for Boss Gibson's daughter Annie and her husband, the Cotton Mill's head bookkeeper. Today it has been beautifully restored by Donald and Paula MacQuarrie. At the February 23rd luncheon, awards were presented in honour of two recently-preserved buildings on Regent Street: the Ross House at #336, now occupied by Carl Vaughan and Corporate General Insurance Services Limited; Shades of Light at #288, now owned by Ned Bowes and Hugh MacKinnon. Congratulations to these recipients and to Heritage Trust from York-Sunbury.

Learning more about the past, travelling to new ports of call, or just enjoying life here in the counties of York and Sunbury, there is promise of a great Spring and an even greater Summer. Regardless of the scene on our cover, Bliss Carman was forever optimistic, as we should be:

*Oh, who would care what fate may
bring,
Or what the years may take away!
There's life enough within the hour.
For Daffodil comes home today. ♫*

 **Letters to Editor
Welcomed**

The Quarterly acknowledges the death of **Jessie Hamilton Moffitt**, age 95, on February 15th. A York County poet and historian from Harvey and McAdam, Mrs. Moffitt was a grandniece of Sarah Edmonds, the young woman from Magaguadavic who disguised herself as a man in order to participate in the American Civil War.

On February 26th, Society member **Dr. Ian Armstrong MacLennan** passed away in Fredericton. For the past six years, Dr. MacLennan was a devoted director on the York-Sunbury Board. His expert advice and gentle guidance will be missed. *The Quarterly* extends condolences to his family.

The Officers' Quarterly regrets the passing of **Mrs. Ethelwyn S. McKnight** on 27 February 1994. A member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society for many years, she was a generous donor of artifacts for the Museum's collection. According to her wishes, friends and acquaintances may plant a tree as a memorial.

Curator's Corner *by Kelly McKay*

One of the most important priorities for the successful operation of any museum is the establishment of a system of artifact registration that includes such information as the item's origin, its historic importance, its donor and its physical description. In the formative years of the York-Sunbury Historical Society (early 1930s to late 1960s), an artifact register was kept which documented this information about each donation made to the Society. Additionally, a very wise person (or persons) had the foresight to include notes/reflections about local people, special events, royal visits, etc., which make fascinating reading.

One such entry, made in June of 1933, concerns a woman who was called locally "Belt Murphy." The following is essentially transcribed directly from the notes found in the register with some minor editing on my part.

Described as having a rich brogue, red hair, blue eyes, being of average height, healthy looking, but hopelessly mad, Belt Murphy (née MacDonald) migrated to this country from Ireland when she was a young woman. Although she found employment as a domestic and cook, she was left alone in the world, while quite young, with her little boy "Patsy" and evidently had quite a hard time. She lost her reason. It was probably the worries of an extremely poverty-stricken life that drove her insane, for she always raved about money. Sometimes it was a chest of money, sometimes a barrel full she was coming into. Sometimes the size or shape of the container wasn't mentioned at all, but always it was a vast fortune.

After becoming insane she sold apples on the street and her announcement to all comers that she would buy new clothes for them showed that she had a good supply of that generous-heartedness for which the Irish race is famous. She became a very, very familiar sight on Queen Street and her mad ravings about

money became a byword to everybody. Like the heroic optimists of today, who tell us prosperity is just around the corner (we are at present in the midst of a great economic depression), so did Old Belt rave about the money that would be hers in a few days. The earnestness of her speech showed plainly enough how firmly madness had her in its grip. When she got too old to sell apples, she led a wretched existence for some time and after lived at "Smoky Hollow," a cluster of dilapidated houses on Smythe Street somewhat isolated from the rest of the city. There, for the few coppers that people had given her, she could obtain shelter and perhaps a place to sleep on a floor or on some poor couch.

She was later taken to the Home for the Poor on York Street. At times she would get tired of it there and come down into town. People would see her going along the street and laugh and say, "There goes old Belt Murphy." There was no friendship in the laugh, for she had not the mentality that could gather real friends. People laughed because she had become a very familiar sight on the street. It amused them to see her again. She died at the Home for the Poor when she was very old (about the year 1904). Perhaps the only hand that ever was extended really to bless her since she left her mother's knee was the hand of death; to her it must have been a merciful, kindly and caressing hand. There was no sunshine in her life: every day was a rainy day for her.

"Patsy" Murphy, her son, grew up in Fredericton and worked as a labourer; he doesn't seem to have been much good to her. He got married but his married life didn't amount to much. His wife committed suicide some years after her marriage. Patsy left here soon afterwards and his whereabouts are not known; he is probably dead.

Belt Murphy was the only person who ever hit Col. Harding of the 22nd

Regiment and lived to tell the tale. Col. Harding advertised for a cook and Belt answered the ad. The Col. asked her if she could cook pies, cakes, meats, etc. Then he asked her if she could cook some dish of which she had never heard the name. She thought he was making a remark that was unbecoming of a gentleman to make to a lady and she walloped him a good one. She said he got up brushing his clothes, saying, "My good woman, what have I done? What have I done?"

There were mutual apologies and Col. Harding showed himself to be a good sport and a real gentleman by hiring Mrs. Murphy in spite of the hard usage he had received at her hand. She paid tribute to him many years afterwards: "I stayed in his house for two years and he was a foine, foine man."

Of course, after reading this story, I wondered why Mrs. Murphy was called Belt. Surprisingly, I found the answer several register pages later, originally written in July of 1935:

How Mrs. Murphy got the name of Belt was told to the Curator by Mr. Isaac J. Stewart, an aged gentleman who visited a few days ago after an absence of 55 years. Mrs. Murphy's husband was a prize fighter and was in possession of one of those championship belts which remains in the custody of a fighter just so long as he can hold it against all comers. Mr. Murphy took ill and died while in possession of the belt. Those who managed the fight circuit (or whatever it was called) gave Mrs. Murphy the belt for a keepsake. Her loud exclamations about the belt nick-named her. ❧

(Kelly McKay, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, has been employed by the Society since March of 1989 and has personally curated five exhibits. Watch for her story of "Old Billy Two-Saws" in an upcoming issue of The Quarterly.)

Books from the Barracks *Review by Anita Jones*

Up-Date on Old-Fashioned Medicine

Sunshine and Mustard Plasters: Herbal and Olde Tyme Remedies,

by Ruth Cleghorn and Marilyn Evans.
Harvey Station: Privately Published,
1993. 134 pages.

As *The Officers' Quarterly* went to press for this issue, members and friends of the York-Sunbury Historical Society were anticipating their guest speaker for Thursday evening, March 24th: Ruth Cleghorn, a Director of the Harvey Historical Society and a Charter Member of the Fredericton Garden Club, discussing how our forebears coped with everyday maladies through the use of medicinal plants and herbs, displaying her collection of therapeutic indicators, answering subsequent questions from those in attendance.

Mrs. Cleghorn's knowledge of plants and a long-time writing career on that topic are blended with an interest in research and New Brunswick history. Mrs. Evans (who lives in Taymouth) combines her involvement in genealogical and historical research with a concern for health care. These related interests and talents have resulted in a unique publication entitled *Sunshine and Mustard Plasters: Herbal and Olde Tyme Remedies*.

The larger-print format of this book makes it especially suitable for seniors who will enjoy reading about remedies which they have heard about and perhaps at some time used. Younger readers may be amazed to learn of some of the old-

fashioned treatments for a variety of health problems and to realize that some ingredients are a part of modern-day medicine. Interspersed are occasional verses by Mrs. Evans and popular sayings of yesteryear.

The first part of the book lists a great many plants, herbs, fruit, and trees which



have been attributed through the years and even centuries, with medicinal powers. These are presented in alphabetical order, from Adder's Tongue to Yarrow, with the common name for each and details about how to prepare the appropriate parts of the plants for the medicinal uses listed with each entry. Readers will be fascinated to learn that alfalfa, aloe, and evening primrose were used to relieve insomnia; that chokecherries, clover, horseradish, and oregano were used in

various cough syrups; that camomile, lily of the valley, and oats were used to treat rheumatism; and that allspice, cinnamon, cloves, and ginger were considered as more than just cooking spices.

The second part of the book gives a brief over-view of the history of medicine from ancient times, describes some treatments used in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and even relates the stories of some healers accused of witchcraft in an earlier era. There follows an alphabetical listing of common health problems with suggested home remedies.

The reader is cautioned not to use these remedies without medical approval. The ingredients and procedures are described in conversational style, much as an "old-timer" might relate it in anecdotal form; vocabulary and sentence structure remind the reader frequently that these are recipes and treatments of yesteryear, without the scientific scrutiny they would be subjected to today.

A detailed index for this book makes it easy for the reader to locate information on specific topics. The cover design, with its delightful sketches of plants, offers an attractive presentation. However, this reviewer would have enjoyed the book even more if a thorough proofreading of spelling and punctuation had been done. Aside from this, *Sunshine and Mustard Plasters* provides an interesting journey into a fascinating aspect of New Brunswick history.

(Anita Jones is a schoolteacher and freelance writer/editor living in Fredericton.)

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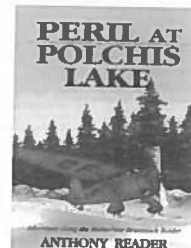
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Passing Through *by Linda Squiers Hansen*

The Day of All Days of the Year

When Thomas Carleton took up the governorship of New Brunswick, he received a standard set of Royal Instructions issued to all heads and administrators of British Colonies. Instruction Number 82 directed:

You shall take care that all Planters Inhabitants and Christian Servants, be listed under good Officers, and when and as often as shall be thought fit, mustered and trained, whereby they may be in a better readiness for the Defence of our said Province.

In other words, Carleton was to see that a competent militia was raised for New Brunswick.

Carleton was by no means averse to such a task. In fact, he viewed the formation of a militia as a way of establishing "permanent security" for the province. In 1787 he told the House of Assembly that it was "of the highest importance that the military experience of the inhabitants should not be lost amidst their peaceful employments." New Brunswickers "ought to shun the danger of resting [their] fate on the quiet temper of foreign states, nor should [they] ever rely on any but [their] own arm for immediate protection." The Assembly was quick to agree, noting that "after what we have experienced, we shall be careful to avoid the censure we should deservedly incur by being without a well regulated militia" Accordingly, a Militia Act was passed and the York County Militia received the honour of being the first unit formed.

Fine words and even a Militia Act did not, however, create an effective force. The first years of the militia were difficult. The far-flung and sparse population of the province made musters almost impossible and equipping those who did muster presented further problems. Most of the Loyalists, either from a need for ready cash or "from a want of discretion," had sold their personal weapons before the government of the province was fully established.

Equally disastrous, the militia came to be viewed by some officers merely as a vehicle to solidify their social and political positions. Several units became the private preserves of a few influential men and though well known and well equipped with the accoutrements necessary for their social and ceremonial roles, were unlikely to be armed with weapons appropriate to an active military force.

Because the competition among officers for prestige was fierce, it was not long before politics had more to do with the militia than did either proper training or proper equipment. Courts martial and courts of enquiry were not uncommon during the early decades of the nineteenth century as individual officers attempted to use the militia as a way to display their personal and political power. In 1821, George Shore, who, despite his lack of militia experience, had been appointed Adjutant-General by Lt. Governor Smyth, ordered the 1st Battalion of the York County Militia to muster and perform drills. The Battalion's commanding officer, Major John Allen, refused. Allen, along with other senior militia officers of long experience, believed Smyth and Shore were attempting to break the stranglehold that the Loyalists and their descendants seemed to have on government offices in the province. The militia was merely the selected battleground.

The argument went to a Court of Enquiry which, diplomatically and indecisively, found Allen guilty of disobeying a lawful command but upheld Allen's contention that he was senior in rank to Shore. Smyth was forced to intervene in order to strengthen Shore's position; Allen was eventually appointed an Inspecting Field Officer.

Smyth died shortly after this incident and Major General Sir Howard Douglas was appointed Lt. Governor. Under his command, the militia underwent a revival

of sorts. In 1825 a new Militia Act was passed. Musters were to be scheduled to interfere "as little as possible with seed time and harvest." No militiaman was to be required to travel more than twenty miles to attend training. "A System of Drill and Manoeuvres for the militia of New Brunswick" was produced to bring the provincial militia into "conformity" with the established practice of the British Army.

For a few years, at least, the militia gained some respectability as a fighting force. Not surprisingly, though, militia musters were still considered a source of great entertainment and a good excuse for visiting and partying. When the militia turned out, so too did everyone else for miles around. On 23 September 1830, for example, when the 1st Battalion York County Militia, under the command of Major Minchin, mustered on the Fredericton Race Course for inspection, some 500 men turned out. While the crowds watched, the Cavalry, Artillery, Grenadier and Rifle Companies showed "considerable skill in military movements." Following the inspection, the "excellent Band and Bugles of the Rifle Brigade, proceeded through the town, enlivened in their march, with several of our inimitable Scottish airs. . . ."

One of the best descriptions of a general muster was recorded by Leonard Scott some forty years after the event. Writing of the late 1820s, he asked:

And do you remember our general muster --

*The day of all days of the year;
'Round which, while I write, what memories cluster*

Of gingerbread, apples, and beer.

Of how the great day, like all other great days

Was finally brought to a close;

Though the sun the next morn with its bright beaming rays

Found the most of us still in a doze. ❧

(Linda Squiers Hansen is a librarian by profession and a local historian by avocation.)

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Guest Speaker *by Pat Flemming*

Valentines and Early Greeting Cards

Saint Valentine's Day had its roots in pre-Christian Rome where boys drew the name of girls from a love urn on the Feast of Lupercalia on February 15. This custom was taken to England by the Romans and carried on into the Christian era where it became more an exchange of love tokens, Dawn Bremner told members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society while speaking on the history of valentines and greeting cards.

"Christianity was not popular in Bishop Valentine's day—Rome in the year 270. Also, Emperor Claudius had forbidden the marriage of young men and maidens because unattached males were more suited to the empire's military purposes. But Bishop Valentine continued to marry young lovers and was imprisoned because of it," said the guest speaker. "Legend has it that during his stay in prison he was befriended by the jailer's daughter and on the day of his execution sent her a note signed *from your Valentine*, making it the first valentine ever sent."

The paper valentine with inscribed sentiments dates from the 17th century. By the mid-1800s in England, with the introduction of the penny postage and envelopes, the exchange of valentines became quite common. By the 1890s these delicate, flowery, lacy, be-ribboned and embossed confections had found their way to North America and even to New

Brunswick. Mrs. Bremner then displayed a collection of Victorian and Edwardian cards and postcards of the era.

"It cost 20 cents to mail a valentine, which was a lot of money in those days. Some of the valentines were multi-layered and heavily scalloped. Some were

silver foil, crayons, and flower pictures cut from the seed catalogues. "My favourite among the hand-made valentines was probably not made by a child," said the speaker. "It is signed *S.W. 24 K.* (sealed with 24 kisses) and the verse reads *Pigs like pumpkins, Cows like squash, I like you, I do by gosh!*"

In closing, Dawn Bremner admitted that many of the valentines in her collection came from treasure troves in the attic of her own home. The house originally belonged to her great-grandfather; however, she has collected many while

attending antique auctions throughout Canada and the United States. A word of advice: "These rare and fragile creations have to be handled carefully."

Valentines of yesteryear from the Society's collection were also on exhibit, along with the private collection of Society member Katrina DeWitt. Included in her display was a beautiful, delicate replica of a ship which folded out into a three-dimensional model. Other members of the Society who brought along valentines for viewing were Charlotte VanDine and Ruth Scott. ❄

(Dawn Bremner is a prominent member of the Queens County Historical Society; Pat Flemming is the secretary of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.)



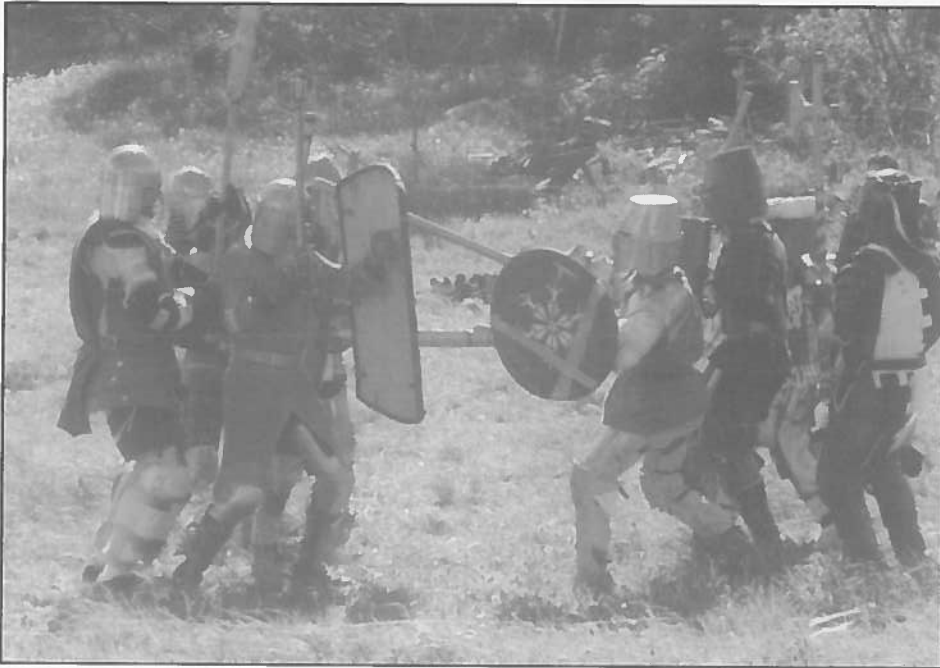
of geometric designs and stylized with roses in pink and white; others, with typical country scenes, animals, and children. A treasure indeed was one addressed to *my Valentine with fondest love*, this was sent to Great Aunt May by her future husband."

Mrs. Bremner explained: "By the postcard craze of the Edwardian Age, Valentines looked like all other postcards. They could be mailed for a penny and were exchanged among family and friends. This may have been the origin of the penny valentines, which featured flowers, cupids, beautiful ladies, and the traditional sentiments of love and romance."

Also during this period there was a trend toward making your own personal valentines. Children used paper, scraps of

FEATURE ARTICLE Reliving the Middle Ages *by Rick Gaigneur*

A group of fully armoured knights stand ready, shields poised and weapons held high. Behind an orderly line of shieldmen stand a mass of others, armed with spears and polearms. They look expectantly across the field, where a similar group of soldiers has formed, prepared to meet their advance. . . .



The encampment is alive with music and dance. Lords and ladies stand about campfires, quaffing ales and mead, roaring at stories of the day's battles. Merchants cry out from colourful stalls, exhorting the virtues of their wares. Minstrels fill the air with the sound of mandolin, lute, and song. Storytellers rise to tell tales of feasts and battles past. The revels last well into the night, until, one by one, the people drift off to their pavilions to find sleep. . . .

For most, this would seem a scene out of the Middle Ages, or perhaps from some adventure movie, but for the members of the Society for Creative Anachronism, events such as these are often very real. The SCA is an international educational foundation, formed in California in 1966, composed of thousands of en-

thusiasts who share a common love for the history of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and strive to recreate the period with a variety of medieval theme events.

The SCA is part of the 'living history' movement, which also gave birth to groups of black-powder enthusiasts and American Civil War re-enactors. Their

goal is to learn about the Middle Ages not simply by reading about it, but by actually experiencing some of what life was like at the time. They research, recreate, and, in some cases, rediscover a wide variety of the arts and crafts of the time.

The SCA was introduced to New Brunswick eight years ago, when a new graduate student at U.N.B., wishing to continue the hobby he had become involved in while a student at the University of British Columbia, founded the group that is now known within the SCA as the Shire of Lyndhaven. For several years the group remained very small, but has recently grown to about fifty members in Fredericton, with smaller groups of members becoming active in Woodstock, Saint John, and Moncton.

Education is very much a focus of

activities within the SCA. The Fredericton group regularly runs classes and workshops on a variety of medieval arts. Weekly classes are held in medieval dance forms, focusing mainly on Elizabethan Country Dancing (the forerunner of both Scottish Country Dancing and square dancing), but including other styles, such as the pavane, galliard, and bransle. Classes are held frequently in the making of period clothing for use at events, where members wear clothing ranging from the simple tunics of the Norman period to the formal, complex fashions of the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Renaissance periods. Members can also choose to learn about cooking, brewing, architecture, jewellery making, heraldry, calligraphy/manuscript illumination, and a variety of other subjects.

The martial aspects of the period are certainly not overlooked. Archery (long-bow, crossbow, and occasionally even siege engine) is widely practised, as is fencing. SCA fencing is not unlike the more conventional Olympic fencing, but is done 'in the round,' as opposed to in narrow lanes, and the participants often use items such as daggers, cloaks, or small shields in their off hands. 'Heavy fighting' is also widely practised. This involves opponents in full armour engaging each other in combat, using weapons formed of rattan in place of real swords, spears, and polearms. Heavy fighting is very much a contact sport, never choreographed, with weekly practices honing the skill of the fighters. Competitions are held either as one-on-one round-robin tournaments, or as battles, in which the participants divide up into fighting units, each of which are part of one of the two opposing armies. Battles usually involve between twenty-five and fifty fighters on either side, but battles involving armies as large as one thousand soldiers per side occasionally occur.

Although a full, authentic suit of medieval armour can cost as much as five



thousand dollars to purchase, the armourers who help new fighters in the Fredericton area equip themselves claim that a basic suit of legal, highly protective fighting armour, missing only a helmet, can be put together in an afternoon, from commonly available materials, for a total cost of about thirty dollars.

All of the diverse classes and interests are brought together when a group holds an 'event.' These can be feasts and tournaments, which usually involve a day-long series of fighting tournaments, archery shoots, children's activities, and dancing, all culminating in a sumptuous feast, prepared entirely from 'documentable period recipes,' often involving fourteen or more courses, and including such delicacies as Noteye (sausage meat in an almond cream sauce), Waffres (a seafood stuffed pastry), and Sotelties (elaborate food carvings, made from materials such as marzipan and gingerbread).

Wars are also held regularly, usually as weekend-long summer camping events, in which two different SCA groups will compete against each other, to settle some real, imagined, or entirely made-up difference. The Fredericton group recently hosted the MR War (commonly called 'Mister War'), in which the Barony of

Ruantallon (the combination of several groups in Nova Scotia) went to war with the Province of Malagentia (southern Maine) and its allies from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, after one of the Malagentian members was overheard to

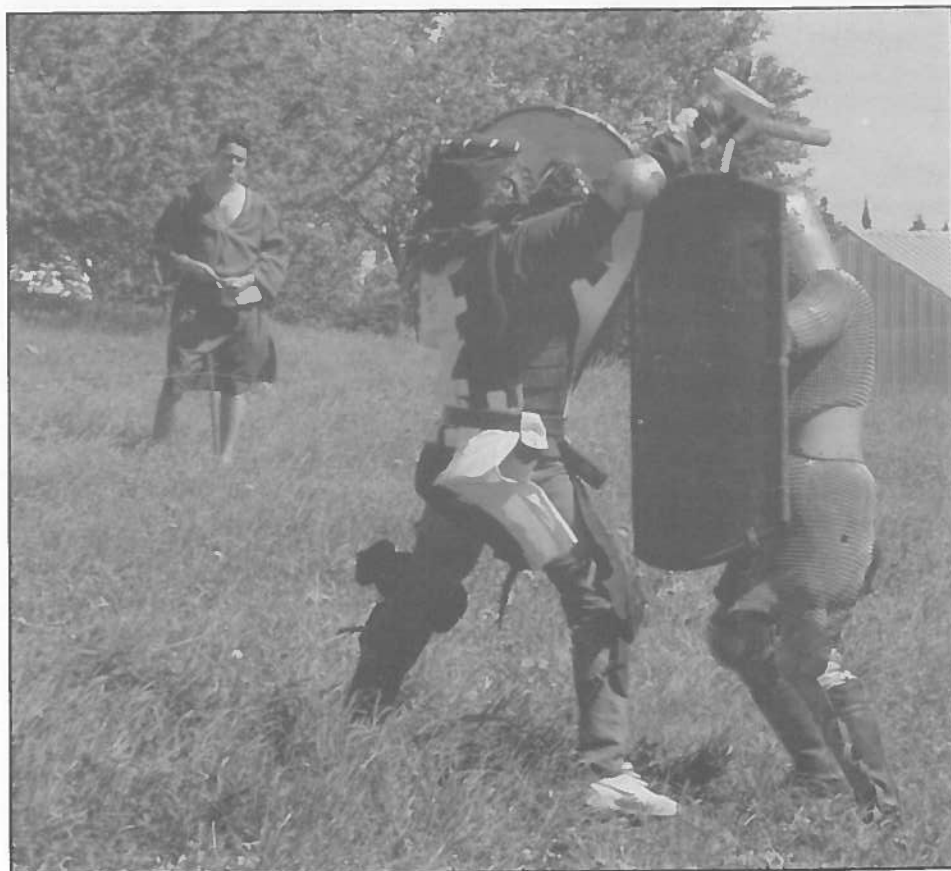
say that Ruantallon was simply their 'vassal state.'

The SCA requires very little from potential members. There are no mandatory fees, though members may choose to become paid members (required for those who wish to participate in the fighting), which bring with them subscriptions to the monthly *Pikestaff* newsletter, detailing events being held in the northeastern United States and eastern Canada, as well as the Society's quarterly magazine, *Tournaments Illuminated*. People attending are also expected to dress and act appropriately, though more experienced members are always ready to loan garb or provide guidance to new members at events.

Anyone wishing more information about the SCA in New Brunswick can contact Rick Gaigneur at (506) 454-7848. ☞

(Rick Gaigneur is the Herald, the officer who keeps the coat of arms, in the Fredericton branch of the SCA. He lives in Fredericton and works at UNB.)

PHOTOS: © 1993 Courtesy Vanessa Packman



Beyond York-Sunbury *by Ruth Scott*

The Annapolis Valley Macdonald Museum

This past summer I had the good fortune to explore the Macdonald Museum at Middleton, Nova Scotia. I had heard about this small museum for years, but my visits to the Annapolis Valley usually took place on days it was closed.

The Annapolis Valley Macdonald Museum is housed in the former Macdonald Consolidated School building. Opened in 1903, it was the first consolidated school in Canada. After the school closed in 1979, the Annapolis Valley Historical Society took the build-

ing over and now run it as a museum. he was interested. He donated large sums of money to McGill University and Macdonald Agriculture College. Due to his interest in education, Macdonald was one of the prime movers behind the formation of a series of consolidated schools in Canada – the school at Middleton is but one of many. Sir William Macdonald died in 1917 and never saw the phase-out of one of his pet projects. But I think he would have been pleased with the beautiful museum of today.

The Macdonald Museum has many

interesting features which should appeal to regular museum “goers” as well as the general public. An interesting collage of 150 antique clocks and pocket watches on permanent loan from the Nova Scotia Museum in

Halifax greets visitors as they come in the door. Another exhibition on the same floor is the Rusty Nail Collection, also on permanent display. It consists of local historic artifacts and features household items of long ago (some not easily identified), books, and agricultural tools among others. Most of these curiosities have been collected by local school children. The Museum feels that by encouraging exhibitions of this kind, children will have more interest in the history of their own particular region.

A special feature at the Museum is the natural history exhibit of the Annapolis Valley. Housed in a 1500-square-foot greenhouse, you can step right into it from the museum itself; labelled flowers, herbs, shrubs indigent to

the area are attractively shown in a wild woodland setting. There is also an exhibit appropriately recounting the history of the famous Annapolis Valley Apple Industry.

A spacious Art Gallery upstairs – this little schoolhouse museum has many rooms given over to special exhibits – promotes the artworks of local artisans and artists. The day I was there, July 1st, well-known artist Tom Forestall opened an exhibition of his latest works. The Museum also hosts travelling exhibits from all over Canada throughout the season, and practically encourages tours of the facility by school children.

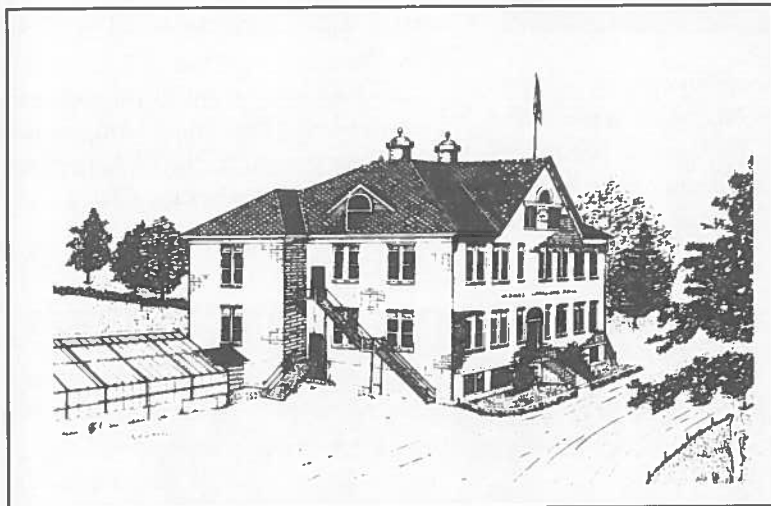
Important to the genealogist is the Genealogy Research Library on the second floor. It contains extensive manuscript material, local family histories, school records, cemetery records, and newspapers (on microfilm). When the Museum is open, the Library is available to anyone researching their Annapolis Valley roots; a small daily fee is charged.

Like most museums, the Macdonald Museum has a well-equipped bookstore where the visitor can buy books and local histories authored by historically inclined writers of the Valley region. There is also a display of crafts, including some really nice pottery.

I enjoyed the Museum very much and wished I had more time to explore it, particularly the Genealogy Research Library. An ancestor of mine, Francis Cosgrove, lived in the Valley, Margaretville area, until his death in 1858. Maybe there is something in that library that can tell me more about old Francis. I was also very impressed with the clean bright appearance of the Museum and the spacious rooms and halls housing the exhibits. I came away with this thought: there's nothing like a well-kept old schoolhouse to store and exhibit historical artifacts. I will be back again on my next visit to the Valley.

The Annapolis Valley Macdonald Museum can be accessed by travelling up highway #1 to Middleton, where it be-

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ing over and now run it as a museum.

A word about the man who gave the school and the museum its name: William (later Sir William) Macdonald grew up on a farm in Prince Edward Island. Rural education (Macdonald was born in 1831) was not too well emphasized in the days of his childhood. He never forgot that lack and it gave rise to the belief that the prosperity of farms was enhanced by better education for farm children. He also believed in a “hands-on-approach” emphasizing the practical and manual aspects of learning as well as the traditional three “Rs”.

William Macdonald was the founder of the Macdonald Tobacco company based in Montreal, and a generous benefactor to the many good causes in which

Cover Story *by Ted Jones*

"AM WITH SURVIVORS WHO ARE BEARING UP SPLENDIDLY"

This was the telegram from New York City that Charles Holden Allen wired to his parents in Fredericton on a Friday afternoon, 19 April 1912, four days after the sinking of the R.M.S. *Titanic*.

The 31-year-old Allen, a prominent lawyer and a successful businessman, had been waiting at the dock when the *Carpathia* arrived on Thursday evening. Would his fiancée be on board or was she one of the victims who went down in the greatest maritime disaster in history? Over 10,000 spectators crowded around pier #54 in New York harbour to watch the lowering of the gangplank and the unloading of the 705 people who were rescued.

Among the 13 Canadians saved were Mrs. Mark Fortune and her three daughters (all in their 20s); among the 19 Canadians lost were Mr. Mark Fortune (a real estate entrepreneur) and his 19-year-old son. The going down of the *Titanic* on her maiden voyage destroyed this wealthy Winnipeg family who were returning home from a holiday on the Riviera. Now, more than ever, the youngest daughter Alice needed her gentleman friend from New Brunswick, and he was there for her. But would she recover from the terrible experience to venture into marriage?

Charles Allen immediately took charge of the four Fortune women, escorting them quickly to a waiting automobile, conveying them to the Belmont Hotel in downtown New York, taking them directly to their rooms, refusing all conversation with inquisitive reporters. He was the first to hear the harrowing chain of events that befell his future bride, and, denying all sensational stories that had preceded the girls and their mother, he eventually released the facts to an anxious press.

At 1:30 a.m. on April 15th, Mrs. For-

tune, her daughters, and 56 others had been placed in port-side boat #14, the tenth lifeboat to be filled. At that time, there was increasing panic as several men in steerage tried to rush the officers in charge of the lifeboats which were intended for women and children. At first there was fist-fighting but, as the passengers grew more frightened, the officers made use of their revolvers, first to fire in the air and then directly at the third-class male passengers, with intent to wound.

Before leaving the *Titanic*, the three sisters gave their money to their younger brother for safe-keeping, thinking that he and their father would soon be rescued. With this in mind, the family members bid only a brief farewell and #14 was lowered down the side of the sinking ship. Although the Fortunes were first class passengers, they were of the opinion that no discrimination was made between first, second, and third. The White Star Line would later deny that any favouritism had been shown to first-class, but the statistics told a different story.

Mrs. Fortune said that #14 was so overcrowded that, when it struck water, four members of the five-man crew who had been assigned to the boat transferred to another, leaving only one man, the Fifth Officer, to navigate away from the sinking ship. All the passengers in #14 were woman, except for a stoker and an Oriental, the latter being unsuccessful in handling an oar. In desperation, a man dressed in women's clothing (bonnet, veil, skirt, blouse) jumped up, to the surprise of everyone, and took control. But more help was needed to pull the lifeboat away from the wreck; thus, Alice Fortune and another young woman found two more oars and started rowing as fast as they could.

They had scarcely moved a short distance when, at 2:00 a.m., they witnessed the plunge of the *Titanic* and helplessly

watched the people on deck as they struggled, shrieked, and called, the band holding fast, playing "Nearer My God to Thee." Then the lights on the great liner went out and with them the lives of Mark Fortune, his courageous young son, and 1520 others, including super-rich and well-known personages. The Fortune women were left in shock as lifeboat #14 floated aimlessly in the cold North Atlantic for the next eight hours. After being picked up by the *Carpathia*, there was the agonizing three-day journey to New York.

It was Charles Allen who arranged to have a private CPR railway coach brought down to convey the Fortunes back to Canada. On April 26th, dressed in deep mourning and accompanied only by Mr. Allen, the four distraught women arrived in Winnipeg. The father and son were never found, but they are still remembered, a brass tablet having been placed in the main corridor of City Hall in their memory, along with the names of four other first-class male passengers from Winnipeg who also went down.

In the aftermath of the *Titanic* disaster, there did emerge a small silver lining. On a sunny Saturday afternoon, 8 June 1912, Charles Holden Allen of Fredericton and Alice Elizabeth Fortune of Winnipeg were married, the groom's parents travelling to Manitoba for the wedding and then on to the west coast for a summer vacation. Charles and Alice took the train east to Fredericton, spending their honeymoon at the Allen family home — 791 Brunswick Street, directly across from Christ Church Cathedral, now the residence of the Anglican Bishop of the Fredericton diocese.

The young woman who had witnessed the sinking of the *Titanic* as she rowed #14 lifeboat to safety, married into an illustrious Fredericton family. Charles'

(continued on page 14)

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen *by Pat Flemming*

York-Sunbury Style

Welcome Spring! The sap is running in New Brunswick. Sap is the liquid life of a maple tree. When sap is extensively boiled down, water evaporates into the air and the reduced result is maple syrup. It takes 30 to 40 gallons of sap to make one gallon of maple syrup.

Maple syrup is a unique food and was first developed by our native Indians. The only region in the world where it is commercially produced is in eastern North America.

Tap your maple tree in Spring. Cold frosty nights and warm sunny Spring days get the sap circulating. Maple syrup tastes great served with pancakes, or as topping for ice cream and puddings. It makes an excellent glaze on a ham.

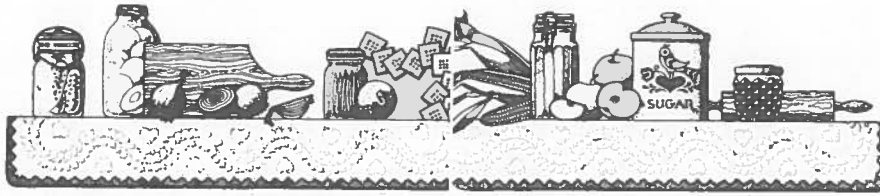
Pioneers cured a ham by smoking it in a smoke house. The old smoke house brings fond memories of my childhood when my grandfather, a prosperous farmer, cured hams by smoking them in a huge wooden box, which happened to be a piano crate. The piano was a gift to my mother on her 19th birthday. As we played about in the hayfields, my sisters and brothers and I found that the savoury smell of ham smoking in the smokehouse tempted our tastebuds. As I recall, the smoking process was a lengthy one.

Easter without ham is like Christmas without turkey. Ham was a family favourite with the pioneers and the Canadian custom has continued throughout the years. The following is a New Brunswick recipe:

HAM GLAZED WITH MAPLE SYRUP

2^{1/2} to 3 lbs. ham or smoked pork butt
1 cup apple juice or apple cider
1 cup maple syrup

Wrap ham or pork butt in heavy aluminum foil, making a bag with open-



ing at top. Place in a bake pan. Pour the cup of apple juice or cider over ham into foil, then close foil tightly. Bake for 1/2 hour per pound in 325 degree oven.

About 1 hour before completion of baking, raise oven temperature to 400 degrees, open foil and baste ham with 1/4 cup of maple syrup, and repeat this basting three times, about every 15 minutes. Do not close the foil bag. When done, ham will be a golden brown and glazed.

One a penny, two a penny
Hot Cross Buns!

HOT CROSS BUNS

1 cup milk
1 yeast cake
1/4 cup lukewarm water
3-3^{1/2} cups all-purpose flour
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup butter
1 beaten egg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup raisins
1/4 cup currants

Scald milk, pour into large bowl, cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Add yeast mixture to milk mixture and stir. Add 1 1/2 cups of the flour and beat until smooth. Cover and let rise until light and bubbly, about 45 minutes. Cream butter and sugar and add to sponge mixture with egg. Combine remaining two cups flour, cinnamon, salt, raisins, currants and add to sponge mixture. Knead about five minutes. Shape into a smooth ball, place in greased bowl, cover, and let rise until double, about one hour. Punch down and shape into 18 buns and

place on greased sheets. Cover and let rise until double, about 45 minutes. Bake at 400 for 15-18 minutes.

Ice with cross of frosting

while warm.

CANDIES

Candy was a very rare treat for the children of the early pioneers. Sugar was scarce and 'dear'; pennies were too precious to be squandered and sweet treats were something everyone could do without. Children lived in anticipation of early Spring when the sap would run; it was time for candy on the snow.

While involved with the process of the sap being boiled down into maple syrup, the older folks always made sure that a little of the boiling liquid was poured on the snow, where it hardened into a delicious candy. Quite often it would be a whole year before they would enjoy a sweet taste again.

As time passed, molasses candy became a weekly treat, and taffy pulls became a much loved pastime with the younger set.

Although St. Patrick's Day for 1994 has gone by, it seems only fitting that I should add an old-fashioned Irish recipe to this column:

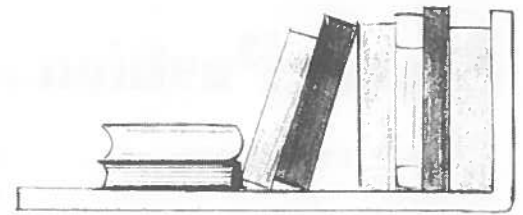
IRISH COFFEE

1 cup of hot black coffee
sugar to taste
2 ounces Irish whiskey
1 heaping tablespoon of whipped cream
Warm a large stemmed goblet. Place a spoon in the goblet and add hot coffee. Sweeten to taste and add Irish whiskey. Top with whipped cream. Serve at once - from *Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens*. ❧

(Society member *Pat Flemming* is a freelance writer and journalist. She welcomes "pioneer" recipes for this column.)

The Officers' Bookcase

Review by Ruth Scott



Touch the Dragon - A Thai Journal
by Karen Connelly. Winnipeg:
Turnstone Press, 1992,
206 pages.

One evening in November 1993, I went to Gallery Connexion to meet and listen to the winner of the 1993 Governor-General's award for non-fiction. It isn't often that Frederictonians get a chance to associate with great literary figures, but Karen Connelly, the author so honored, just happened to be Writer-in-Residence at the University of New Brunswick as well.

A large crowd more than filled the small room that is Gallery Connexion. As we waited for the lecture to begin, I studied Karen Connelly. Small, dark, and only twenty-four years old, it didn't seem possible that she could have won a prize which older and more experienced writers never get a chance at. Disappointingly, Karen did not read from her award-winning book, preferring to regale her audience with excerpts from a book of poetry she was currently working on. I had the feeling that poetry was more to Karen's taste than prose writing, and she was truly astonished when she was named the winner of such a prestigious award.

Touch the Dragon is the result of a year's study in Denchai, Thailand. At the age of seventeen, Karen Connelly was bored with her mundane student life in Canada, and she applied to the Rotary

Exchange Program for a chance to study in some foreign land. In August of 1986, Karen packed her bags for Thailand and remained there until August 1987. Drawing on diaries, letters and journals kept while in Denchai, spending five years writing and re-writing her manuscript,



Photo: Kevin Porter

Karen Connelly

Karen finally made *Touch the Dragon* a reality.

I was really delighted with this fascinating book. It took me at least a month to read it, mainly because there was no hurry, and it was more important to get into the spirit of the story. *Touch the Dragon* is not just a record of a year spent in Thailand. The reader sees Karen or "Kalen" as her Thai friends called her, grow in spirit and perception from a careless teenager

to a mature young woman. Known as "falang" or stranger to all the Thai she comes in contact with, Karen responds timidly at first, to a strange landscape, a strange people, a strange culture, in a way that is both humorous and exciting.

Using beautiful imagery and lyrical prose, she makes the reader see the simplicity and complexity of Thai life. The inconveniences: no modern toilets in the area, only holes in the ground; the heavy heat which bathes her in sweat all the long day; the strange food which often makes her sick – live snails are not easy to swallow; the dirt, the squalor. But there is the splendour of a fascinating country. Most important to the reader is the unconscious in-depth study of the Thai people among whom Karen finally feels at home.

Karen ends her stay with the following: "Thailand has whittled the world into a great sliver and lodged it beneath my skin. I do not think of one country, I think of them all. . . . I'd like to believe and I sometimes do – that every boundary between people can be crossed, that we are connected to each other by invisible bonds that override distance. My skin stretches over the earth. . . ." ❧

(Society member *Ruth Scott* is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton.)

Society member Constance Hill responded to the "Garrison Ghosts" of the winter issue with a little book called *Snacks*, written by Sterling Brannen in 1947, privately printed in Fredericton by Ubsdell Printing Company, dedicated "to all who enjoy varied bits (snacks) of prose and verse." Future issues of *The Quarterly* will carry some of Mr. Brannen's "snacks."

As part of Storyfest 1994, the York-Sunbury Museum hosted two storytellers on Wednesday, February 16th: Scott Webster, telling the story of Fredericton's famous Coleman frog; Paddy Gregg, relating the story of Lord and Lady Ashburnham

The York-Sunbury Museum held an open house on National Heritage Day, Monday, February 21st.

Poetry Pavilion

(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)

FOUNDERING

Our verandah is
the Ile de France

our front lawn
the North Atlantic
off the coast
of the Labrador

As her captain
I remember why
the Titanic lies
somewhere below
and I stroll
along the deck
to keep watch
for icebergs
in the dusk

I notice at the rail
two old men
wrapped in wool
against the cold

They are said to be
rich widowers
who often dined
with sovereigns
and duchesses

I inch past them
very softly

my eyes
upon the sea

for I expect
to hear them talk
of golden plates
what Wallis said
and secret passages

But my Ile founders
on their voices

They are in fact
my uncle Victor
and cousin Bill
whose frugal lives
are daily solitudes

After suppers
of canned meat
and soda biscuit
one has sought
the other out
to share the aches
and gossip of the day
and to await the coming
of the dark together

NEW BRUNSWICK

ARTIFACTS

There was custom

In Provence
we had six chairs
and a table
in our kitchen

We must have
a proper dish
to eat the flesh
of Jesus Martyr

II

There was need

A tree fell
on my only saw
today

I cried
when I saw
the break was
clean

For praise God
I can make
two small ones
from the pieces

III

Usefulness is
our beauty

The barrow is
a perfect gift

It will make
my work much
easier.

IV

We buy only
what we cannot make

Joseph,
have you seen
the handle
on my griddle

It's worn so thin
I'm afraid
it'll give out
when I flip
the pancakes

Could we send
to Connell's
for a new one
in the fall

V

Not princes
of this world

we have
no legacy
to speak
for us

In history
we shall be
the settlers

The poems for this issue are courtesy of Robert Hawkes, Professor Emeritus of Education, University of New Brunswick. The first poem was published originally in his 1983 collection *Paradigms* and the second in his 1972 collection *A Place A People*.

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father, Dr. Thomas Carleton Allen, was Registrar of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick; his grandfather, Sir John Campbell Allen, who lived at 736 King Street, now the offices of the Lieutenant Governor, was a Chief Justice of New Brunswick; his great-grandfather, Quartermaster-General John Allen of the British Army Units and the Provincial Regiments when they were garrisoned in Fredericton, became York County Representative in the Legislative Assembly; his great-great-grandfather, the Hon. Isaac Allen, was a United Empire Loyalist, a founder of Fredericton, and a Judge in the New Brunswick Supreme Court. Both Thomas Carleton and Sir John Campbell had been mayors of Fredericton, and three great aunts had lived at 731 Brunswick Street in a graceful old mansion that is now an office building with a commemorative Allen plaque beside the front door.

Charles and Alice returned to Winnipeg that summer in 1912 but they eventually settled in Montreal where they had one child, a daughter, and many years of happiness together. ❧

(continued from page 10)

comes Main Street as it goes through the town. The Museum is located on School Street. There is ample parking space for the visitor; it is also wheelchair accessible. Hours vary according to the season.

The Visitor pays a small admission fee, but when I happened to mention that I was a member of the York/Sunbury Historical Society, the lady on the desk graciously waived any charge. The same thing happened when I visited the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. It seems there are a few "perks" when you become a member of the wide museum family, which stretches right across Canada. ❧

The Last Word

by Merlene Crawford

What does the prospect of Spring mean to the seasonal museum? Spring means: finalizing the grant application, organizing a work party for cleaning, brainstorming for a fresh exhibit theme, polishing the doorknobs, deciding who will sit on the interview team, cleaning the windows, buying a new guest book, re-gluing labels to their cardboard backings, drafting a catchy poster to announce the opening, making sure the latest artifacts are properly accessioned, dreaming up a different kind of fund-raiser, sweeping down the winter's accumulation of cobwebs, putting together a program for the local children, making sandwiches for the board meeting, hoping the summer students will work hard and get along together, praying for whatever kinds of weather will bring in the visitors.

Spring is wonderful. It sets students thinking about summer, and it allows us to open windows for a breath of fresh air. But, as surely as Spring's warmth releases the general population from winter boots and heavy coats, it creates a flurry of activity in the seasonal museum. So much to do, so few hands to do it;

and so many of those hands belong to volunteers who have other jobs and other responsibilities.

What is a volunteer? Among other definitions, Webster's Dictionary states that a volunteer is "one who renders a service or takes part in a transaction while having no legal concern or interest." Too many people treat volunteers as the opposite of professionals. Good old Webster does say that one definition of "professional" is that it is an adjective meaning "engaged in by persons receiving financial return." Fortunately, this is followed by a more encompassing definition – "following a line of conduct as though it were a profession."

We have all met volunteers who are in their positions purely for enhancing their community profiles, but we have also met plenty of paid employees who do the same thing. Isn't it time that we define museum professionals as "a body of people who establish their own standards and who monitor the conduct of their peers." The preservation and promotion of our heritage is being put into the hands of volunteers more and more. The province

of Saskatchewan has produced some interesting data on this subject. "Volunteers make up 95% of the staff of Saskatchewan's small museums. Mid-sized and large museums rely very heavily on volunteer staff, with 84% and 78% of their staff, respectively, unwaged." The trend to increased reliance on volunteers is nation-wide. The Canadian Museums Association has slides showing the increase of volunteer work hours in the past ten years with a corresponding decrease in work hours by paid personnel. The volunteers in New Brunswick museums are a valuable resource, and we cannot sing their praises too loudly.

Each museum is unique and valuable. Each museum is an important part of our provincial inheritance. Each volunteer is a vital part of the team that safeguards this birthright so that the future will be brighter for all. If you are a volunteer, you're in good company this Spring. ❧

(Merlene Crawford is the Training Coordinator/Executive Director for the Association Museums New Brunswick.)

Garrison Ghosts

18 April 1934- Capt. Howard F.G. Woodbridge read his paper on "Forest Hill," giving a graphic description of historic spots and happenings in that section of Fredericton.

Rev. Dr. Wightman reported that the committee of three, comprising the Mayor of the City, the President of this Society, and himself, had not had an opportunity of a PERSONAL interview with the Premier, Hon. L.P.D. Tilley, but that they had written him fully on the matter of the proposed observance of the Sesqui-Centenary of the forming of New Brunswick into a separate province. It was thought advisable to write as the Premier has left on a trip to England and will be absent

The excerpts below are from Spring meetings of the York-Sunbury Historical Society that took place 60 years ago in the Post Office Building on Queen Street

some time. The Premier's reply to the Committee's letter was that he was perfectly willing that the Observance be held in Fredericton, and that he considered it, the Capital of the Province, the proper place for such memorial exercises to be carried out. However, owing to existing economic conditions, NO GOVERNMENT MONEY IS AVAILABLE TOWARDS THE PROJECT.

25 April 1934- A letter received from Dr. O.E. Morehouse, very kindly inviting us to hold our (second) annual picnic on his grounds (Upper Keswick). Invitations were also received from President Hubbard to his grounds at Burton, and Mrs. J.B. Maxwell to Lincoln.

A committee was appointed to go into the name and terms relating to the proposed incorporation of our Society. The matter of changing the name to make the term a non-general one was discussed. . . . The name "Fredericton and Provincial Historical Society" was suggested by the President as being a proper one covering our field of action, but a motion to change the name from York and Sunbury Society did not get a seconder.

9 May 1934- The matter of the annual picnic was discussed. . . . The general opinion was that the picnic should be held on the 3rd of June at the grounds of our President, Mr. W.W. Hubbard, Burton, Sunbury County, N.B.

16 May 1934- On a vote being taken regarding the change in the name of the Society, it was decided by a ballot of 13 to 2 retain our present name. ❧



Spring Training (militia) on the Parade Square within the Military Compound —1920s. The Soldiers' Barracks on the left, built in 1826, and the Annex on the right, built in 1912, are both still standing. The first Provincial Normal School in the middle was destroyed by fire 5 May 1929 and later rebuilt. (Madge Smith Collection, PANB)



The Spring Flood of 1887, showing the wooden section of the Officers' Quarters, which was built in 1815 but removed the early part of this century. Notice the brick fire wall which projects two feet above the roof. (George Taylor Collection, PANB)

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