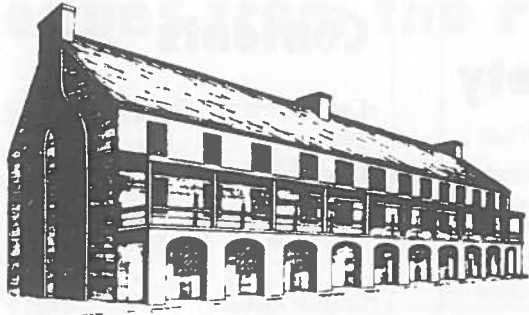


SPECIAL ISSUE — SUMMER GUIDE TO MILITARY COMPOUND



The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 10, Number 3

Summer 1994



The Royal Tour of 1939



The Officers'
Quarterly

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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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The York-Sunbury Historical Society, Inc. is a non-profit organization founded in 1932, and incorporated in 1934, with the aim "to gather and preserve objects and traditions of historical interest in the region of central New Brunswick and particularly in the counties of York and Sunbury, and to read and publish papers dealing with the same."

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 AUTUMN ISSUE IS SEPT. 1st!**

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Museum Summer Hours:

(May 1 - Labour Day)
Monday - Saturday
10:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m.

With extended hours for July and August
Sunday 12:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Fall Hours:

(Labour Day - Mid-October)
Monday - Friday
9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Saturday 12:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

FRONT COVER

Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) in Fredericton, 13 June 1939, fifty-five years ago. This exceptional photograph was taken by Mr. Frank Pridham of Harvey Studios and is the courtesy of Ted and Marjorie Atkinson.

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- Special Tribute to Society Member Alden Clark

Letter from the Editor... Ted Jones

As seen by the cover story of this issue and the columns Garrison Ghosts and Last Word, the summer of 1994 is a unique time for anniversaries, reunions, and significant dates in history. It is impossible for *The Quarterly* to capture them all, but here are a few more:

years ago, a rapidly-growing center known as McAdam Junction being the major settlement. Thirty years later, in 1924, this Maine-New Brunswick border town, which was not incorporated into a village until 1966, was large enough to warrant a new three-storey

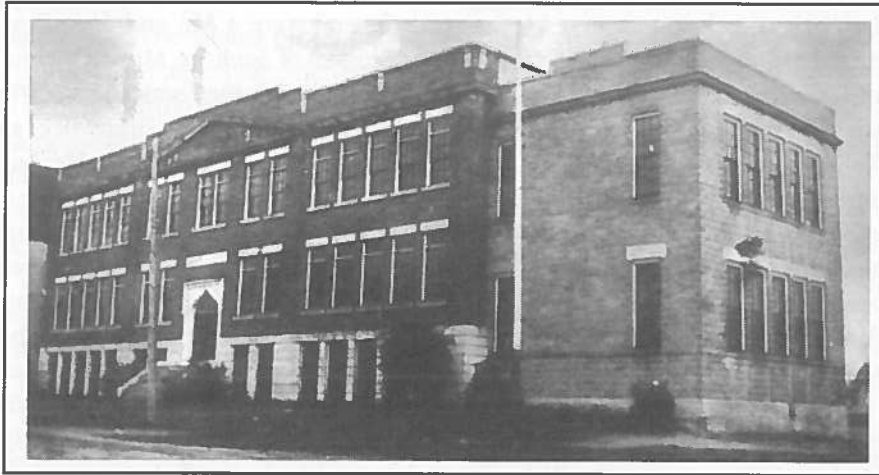
but, according to *The Daily Gleaner*, "Every adjacent rooftop, line fence, window and woodpile were at a premium as the crowd, which ranged from babes-in-arms to grey beards, choked the entrance to the gaol yard and vantage points for a glimpse of the condemned men as they were taken from their cells to the gallows in the barn loft at the rear of the gaol." Two young brothers, George and Rufus Hamilton, were executed for the murder of taxi-driver Norman P. Burgoyne. All three were residents of Fredericton.

Thirty years ago, 9 June 1964, Lord Beaverbrook died at his country home in England, two weeks after newspaper men from around the world gathered to pay him homage on the occasion of his 85th birthday. Born Max Aitken, he was widely known as a philanthropist who lavished gifts on the province of New Brunswick, where he grew up. He is remembered today in Fredericton with a magnificent statue in Officers' Square.

Also, during that summer of 1964, the restoration of the old military Compound became the ardent quest of a newly reorganized York-Sunbury Historical Society. Thirty years later, *The Quarterly's* centerfold for this issue shows the results.

And there will be happenings throughout the summer of 1994 that will be with us years hence. What community plaque will be unveiled? What historic site will be opened to the public? What tradition will cease to function? Who will visit? Let us all be aware as history unfolds around us during the next few months. *

McAdam History Project Collection, PANB



The McAdam School

The Normal School class of 1934 introduced the summer season with a 60th reunion on May 28th. This will be followed by the Teachers' College class of 1969, celebrating a 25th get-together on July 30th, and the Normal School class of 1939 with their 55th reunion on September 30th. Happy memories to all three groups as they revisit the gracious old building where they were trained (now the Provincial Justice Building on Queen Street).

The Parish of McAdam in York County was established one hundred

school for its expanding student population. This summer that same building will be the focal point when alumni and teachers return to celebrate Homecoming '94, the 70th anniversary of the McAdam School.

On a somber note, the last hanging in Fredericton took place 45 years ago in the summer of 1949. The location was the Old York County Gaol, which was built 155 years ago in 1839. The exact date of this last execution was July 27th; the time was two o'clock in the morning. It was hoped that people would stay away

CONGRATULATIONS!

To Society member Dr. Ellen MacGillivray who has been made a Life Governor of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the first and only female to hold this position. Dr. MacGillivray is also very active in the Royal New Brunswick Rifle Association of which she is a Life Member. It is interesting to note that these rifle associations have their origins in garrisons and militias that date back to 1866 for New Brunswick and 1868 for Canada.

GOING! GOING! GONE!

Preparing for Summer Auctions was the topic of the monthly lecture series held on April 21st. Three members of the Society (Diane Taylor-Myles, Carolyn Atkinson, Katrina DeWitt) held the attention of their audience as they shared personal experiences, humorous anecdotes, and practical advice from summer auctions which they had attended. Happy bidding during the months ahead!

CONGRATULATIONS!

To Doris Norman, a Director of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, who was voted Woman of the Year at the 63rd Annual Founder's Day dinner of Beta Sigma Phi sorority chapters in Fredericton. Recognized for her work in the community, Mrs. Norman has also volunteered for the Kidney Foundation, Dialogue New Brunswick, and the Premier's Council for the Disabled. She is active in arts and crafts, particularly rug hooking, and belongs to Christ Church Cathedral.

Curator's Corner *by Kelly McKay*

With summer at last upon us, the staff of the York-Sunbury Museum is busily preparing for its rush of summer visitors. (Did you know that over 10,000 people come through the museum's door during June, July and August?) In addition to our permanent exhibits, visitors will be able to view two new exhibits this summer: "Olde Frederick's Town" and "Nova Scotia Glass." Both exhibits will officially open on Sunday, June 19th and close on Monday, September 5th.

The first exhibit will highlight the early years of the city of stately elms, using artifacts from the collection of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. On display will be photographs, clothing, maps and items that will provide visitors a glimpse of daily life in "Olde Frederick's Town."

Our second exhibit, "Nova Scotia Glass," will display the wares produced by the glass factories operating in Trenton, Nova Scotia between 1881 and 1902. Considered, at that time, glassware for the common man, today Nova Scotia glass is in great demand by collectors who look for the goblets, nappies, spooners, compote and butter dishes covered with enchanting patterns such as Starflower, Diamond Ray, Gothic and Buttons and Bows, to name a few. The pieces exhibited in "Nova Scotia Glass" have been generously loaned from the private collection of Society member Dr. Ellen MacGillivray.

As promised in last edition's Corner, the following "biography" was originally recorded in the Society's accession records book in May of 1993. It briefly relates the life of William Touesant Gordin who was widely known in this area as "Old Billy Two Saw." Unlike the story of Belty Murphy, no reason could be uncovered to explain his unusual nickname.

This unfortunate man was born of respectable French parents at Kingsclear, York County, N. B. He had the misfortune of being crippled in both mind and

body. One of his knees was bent and stiff. He always carried a staff about five-and-a-half feet long. While walking, he helped himself along by the staff which he clutched with both hands. The staff was kept on his right side. He was stoutly built and was under medium height, with dark hair, a dark complexion, blue eyes. He seemed to have an insane fear of fire, and some people—mostly naughty boys—used to tease him by shouting, "Billy, your cats-tail's afire," and sometimes getting out matches and threatening to set it afire. Billy would plead, "Le' me 'lone boys! Please le' me 'lone!". Woe betide anyone who teased him and thoughtlessly got within reach of his staff which he wielded with severe effect.

He was not a citizen of Fredericton, but was a very familiar figure about Queen Street (mostly seen near the West corner of Carleton) as he went there frequently. He was what might be called a local wanderer. He had been seen as far away as Campbellton and at points on the upper valley and the Grand Lake district. It is not known that he had any home in his later years, but probably stayed with some relatives in the winter as he disappeared late every fall and was not seen again around here until spring.

Once he tried playing a fiddle from door to door to raise money. Whether his music was any good cannot be learned. He entirely spoiled himself in this business by being too ambitious, as he started playing at cock-crow in the morning when everybody was in bed. Irate householders chased him away from in front of their houses and he finally gave up the effort. The exact date of his death is not known, probably about 1910.

Billy Two Saw sometimes carried a tamborine. He would wander along the country roads and stop to sing in front of houses, keeping time to his vocal efforts with the tamborine. Reports say that he made quite a racket but produced little music. ❧

Titanic Update!

It has been discovered that the Fredericton connection with the *Titanic* tragedy (Spring issue) does not end with the Allen family. Edward Byron Winslow was a prominent Fredericton barrister who died in 1904 and who was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery. Attending his funeral were a Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Sjostedt of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Mrs. Sjostedt was the former Jessie Winslow of Woodstock, New Brunswick, a niece of Edward Byron Winslow. Her husband was one of Canada's most capable metallurgists and a consulting mining engineer. In April, 1912, he had just spent six months on the continent conducting mineralogical investigations when he booked a second-class passage home aboard the *Titanic* and lost his life. Jessie Winslow died in 1953. They had two children. A grandnephew of Jessie and Ernest Sjostedt lives in Woodstock today and a grandniece lives in Fredericton. (If New Brunswick has any other connections with the *Titanic*, please contact the Editor.)

The Quarterly requests well-researched and well-written articles on the following topics:

Bliss Carman's boyhood home
The Provincial Normal School
The Old Artillery Barracks
Fredericton historian Lilian Maxwell
The old Ordnance Depot
The Battle of Salamanca
Fredericton author Esther Clark Wright
The Hermitage Estate
Fredericton historian Fred Phillips
Former garrison buildings within the Military Compound

ANY TAKERS?

The Officers' Bookcase *Review by Anita Jones*

History with a Personal Touch

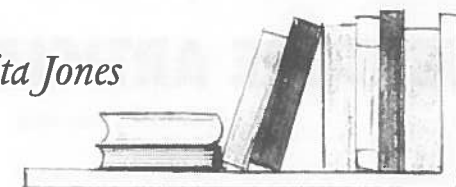
Fascinating Houses & Beautiful Doorways of Saint Andrews, New Brunswick, by Mary W. Hashey. Fredericton: Privately Published, 1992.

Local history is often explained best and most meaningfully by interested, long-time residents of a community. Such may be said of Mary Hachey and her beautifully illustrated record of the historic architecture of the little Loyalist town of Saint Andrews, New Brunswick.

Although a resident of Fredericton for many years and a Life Member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, Mary (Coughy) Hashey spent her childhood in Saint Andrews-by-the-Sea, and prides

herself on returning there each summer to sketch and paint. Her interest in local history and fascination with early architecture have combined with her artistic talents to produce a book which will be enjoyed by many.

Conveniently formatted as a medium-sized notebook, *Fascinating Houses & Beautiful Doorways of Saint Andrews, New Brunswick* begins with a brief account of the founding of Saint Andrews. Since the town rivaled Saint John as a ship-building centre and port in the early nineteenth century, it was natural that there were many skilled carpenters in the area. When they were not busy building ships, these master craftsmen applied their talents to



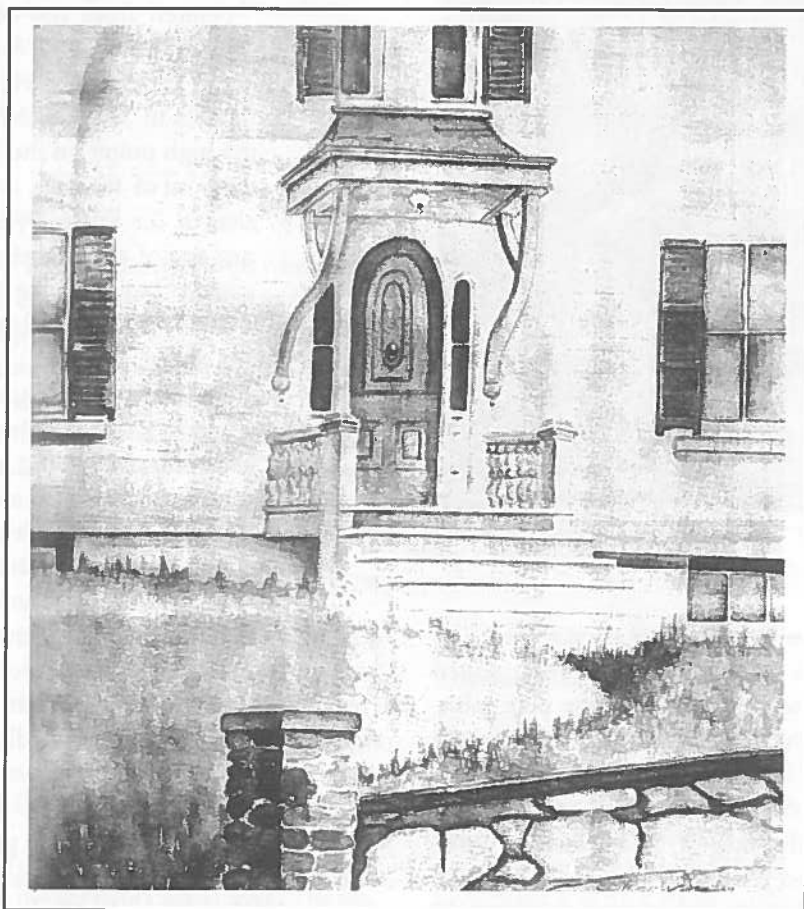
constructing the sturdy and eye-pleasing homes of the town, from ship-clapboarded facades to Georgian-style brick.

Twenty-seven buildings are described in the book, with research done by Miss Alice Coughy, the author's sister. These are accompanied by photographs of the entire buildings and also with Mrs. Hachey's sketches of various attractive architectural details of each. The written commentary explains many of these features and in some cases their historical background. It is interesting to note, for example, that the shape of many old-style doorknockers in the town is based on the wooden latches so important to household security in Loyalist times. Further explanations are given for the popular Christian-design doors and the glass fan-lights above them.

Besides private residences with romantic names like *O'Sea*, *Maplehurst*, *Milton Hall*, *Inverenty*, and *Greenock House*, the reader is also introduced to colonial-style churches and their rectories, a former marine hospital, one of the oldest court houses in Canada, a sheriff's house, a salt box, an 1812 Blockhouse, a memorial museum, an artist's studio, and three penny schools!

For those readers who make frequent visits to Saint Andrews, *Fascinating Houses & Beautiful Doorways* will add much pleasure to strolls along the picturesque streets, all named after the family of King George III. Knowing the appropriate background, one can appreciate, with a new perspective, the architecture of these beautiful old buildings. Carry the book with you, and the map with its clearly marked locations will guide you on a wonderful walking tour of historic Saint Andrews. ❧

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



266 Montague Street. This house, with its plain white clapboards and unique oval door, was built in 1859 (the date was placed on the stairway), by Dr. Samuel Tilley Gove, a surgeon and the son of a carpenter. The Gove family was closely related to Sir Leonard Tilley, one of our Fathers of Confederation. (Mary Hashey did this sketch in 1972.)

FEATURE ARTICLE: The Little Chapel and Its Abiding Influence *by Jean Elizabeth Liston*

Out of the midst of architectural reform in England about the middle of the nineteenth century, there arose one who made his way to Fredericton, New Brunswick, where he built two beautiful churches and influenced the construction of many others, both in Canada and the United States. He was the Right Reverend John Medley and he had studied at Oxford and at Exeter, Devonshire, and in his local parish he had supervised the construction of churches designed in a precise ecclesiastical manner.

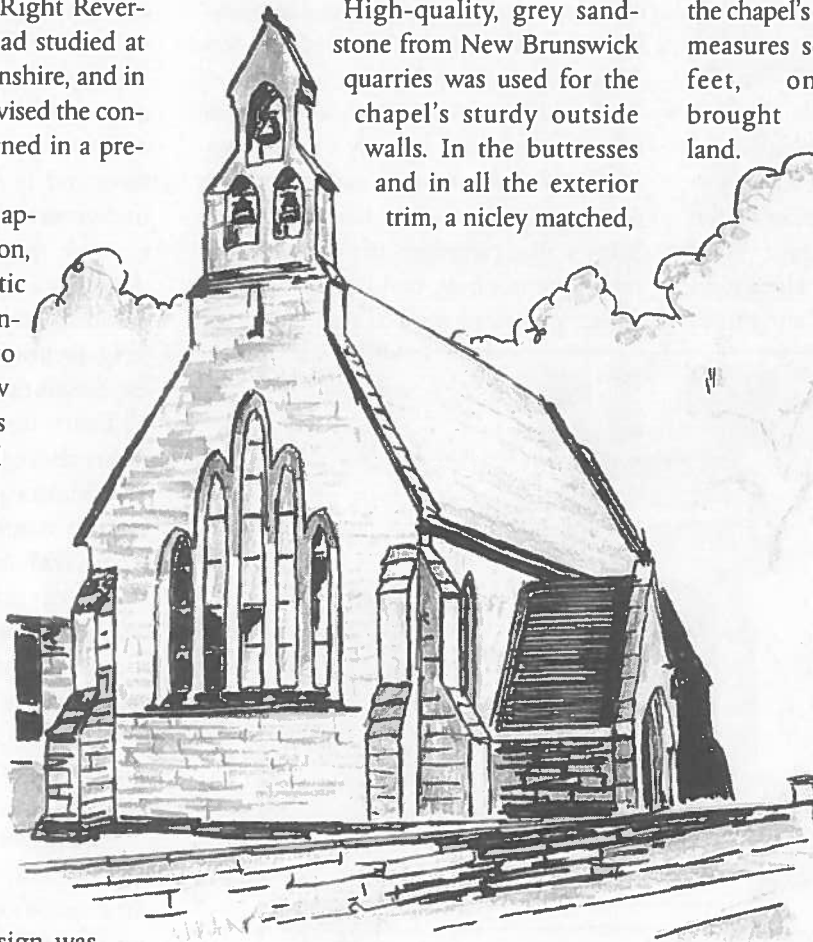
When, in 1845, he was appointed Bishop of Fredericton, Medley crossed the Atlantic Ocean to Canada with the enthusiastic determination to build a cathedral in New Brunswick. He had in his hands fifteen hundred pounds for the building fund; however, this money did not go towards the construction of the cathedral, but for another church in Fredericton at the corner of George and Westmorland Streets.

The Bishop believed that Gothic architecture and Christianity were inseparable. He felt the great stone with the Decorated Gothic in pointed-arch design was associated with morality and Christianity and would speak to the people and mold men's minds in the way of God. He wanted the entire atmosphere of a church to be sacramental, so that the building and all that was in it would be part of the worship.

Bringing with him from his own Exeter the architect Frank Wills, the Bishop set him to work on the little church which he felt was needed to serve the Anglican people living in the west end of Fredericton. The cornerstone was laid

on May 30th, 1846 and the name given was St. Anne's Chapel of Ease. The chapel was formally consecrated on March 18th, 1847 and officially named Christ Church Parish Church in 1853. Today, it is the oldest standing church in the city and one of our great tourist attractions.

High-quality, grey sandstone from New Brunswick quarries was used for the chapel's sturdy outside walls. In the buttresses and in all the exterior trim, a nicely matched,



locally obtained hardstone was used. The western wall, flanked by strong paired buttresses, extends into the bell gable, sixty-four feet high, with its triple-bell cote and three bells (each cast by Whitechapel Bell Foundry, London, England, the largest 532 pounds). Five-stepped and pointed Gothic-style, stained-glass windows in the western wall allow plenty of light into the lovely interior.

The only outside entrance to the chapel is the porch, where three hardstone

steps (the number symbolic of the Trinity) guide one up to the Westmorland Street door, which itself is of unique design in heavy, dark-brown painted hardwood set in a pointed-arch stone casing. Truly majestic.

As one enters the larger section of the chapel's interior called the nave, which measures seventy-four by twenty-four feet, one walks on Milton tile brought from Stoke-on-Trent, England.

Almost immediately inside the door is the stone font, also imported from England. Light comes from antiquated wall sconces and a large chandelier suspended from the ceiling (gas lamps in 1880; electricity in 1906). The dark, open timbers of the vaulted roof, the high pulpit on the left at the front of the nave, and the altar in the sanctuary at the east end of the chapel are all made of butternut, the handiwork of a local craftsman, a Mr. Aiken.

Butternut, which grew in abundance in Fredericton and the surrounding area at that time, was also used in making the pews, which seat one hundred and seven people. The exquisitely carved

designs of the seat ends, where there are hardly two the same, were fashioned in Fredericton by another craftsman, a Mr. Harding. However, Bishop Medley did away with enclosed rented pews; there was never any rent for a seat in this church! St. Anne's was built "to provide a place of worship with free seats for the poor and colored people of the parish who lived on the outskirts of Fredericton." As a result, pew receipts were never issued.

One other piece of skillfully carved butternut is the eagle lectern, lower than

and standing to the right of the pulpit. The pulpit is where the "Word" is preached; the lecturn is where the "Word" is read.

The nave, which represents the Church on Earth and which gets its name from a word meaning "ship," is where the congregation sits to hear and take part in the service. When one thinks about it, this room, with the ribbed, arched roof, would be the shape of a ship upside down. In this particular ship in Fredericton, which guides its people through life, one can read at comfortable eye level the words of that fine old hymn and choir chant, the "Te Deum," the letters being printed on the walls around the room in pleasing colors of red, black, and gold.

Before entering a very distinct chancel of sanctuary, one's glance is directed upward towards the high freestone arch on which these words are written: "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee." Centered over the highest and middle word "I" is a design of four crowns, in the center of which are the letters "IHS." The crown design is symbolic of Christ, the King, and the letters represent three Greek words which mean "Jesus." The chancel measures sixteen by twenty-four feet and is separated from the nave by a delicately carved rood screen of butternut wood. Designed in three pointed Gothic arches, this screen is a replica of one in a side chapel of Exeter's cathedral in England. The tile floor of the sanctuary is laid out in splendid large squares of Milton tile in colors of maroon and off-white.

On either side and in front of the altar are four special squares whose designs are symbolic of four saints: St. Mark, a lion, symbolic of strength; St. Luke, an ox, the sacrificial animal; St. John, the eagle, symbolic of the high ideals of Christ; St. Matthew, an angel figure. The comparatively simple design of the Bishop's chair in the corner to the left of the altar is also of butternut wood and bears the carved crest of the diocese of Fredericton — a sheep's lamb and shepherd's crook. The wall behind and above

the altar is the "rerodos" and here one can admire again the richly designed Milton tile.

The original altar service was made by Keith, a London silversmith. And before leaving the altar rail, itself a superbly carved openwork in butternut, one is drawn to the chancel triplet — the east window, which is the fine work of Warrington, the stained-glass artist of London, England. Bishop Medley's aim for the whole interior was to center one's attention on the altar. He succeeded!

Elegantly appointed, the little church brings together elements derived from the young architect's knowledge and appreciation of Gothicism and the tastes, preferences, and originality of the artist. Frank Wills must have been pleased with his efforts, for St. Anne's is regarded as the finest North American parish church of its time in the English Gothic Revival style.

Bishop Medley encouraged Anglicans to build medieval parish churches throughout New Brunswick. The results that followed were structures of worship both in stone and in wood. Medley's own son, Edward, interrupted his schooling in Fredericton to study church architecture in England, returning to New Brunswick to design wooden churches, his first being All Saint's Anglican Church, 1861, at McKeen's Corner, Keswick Ridge, the next being the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, 1863, in New Maryland.

Bishop Medley's influence did not stop with Anglicans. Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic, all were inspired by the Gothic style, mainly because it was associated with morality and Christianity. Thus, when you plan a walking tour of the Fredericton area this summer, look for these romantic old churches, especially the little chapel of St. Anne's, and stop to admire what was given to New Brunswick many years ago. ❧

(Jean Liston is a retired schoolteacher and freelance writer living in Fredericton)

Artwork by Brenda Liston

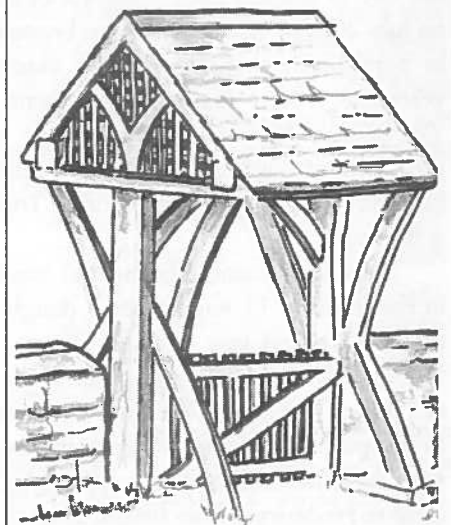
The Lych Gate

The word "lych" (also spelled "lich") comes from Old English and means "corpse."

St. Anne's Chapel in Fredericton has one of the two remaining lych gates in New Brunswick and probably in all of North America, the other one being located at St. Paul's Anglican Church in Hampton.

Lych gates, nearly extinct in the world, are wooden gate structures with a roof and open sides. They were built at the entrance to churchyard, especially in England in the 1500s, to provide protection for the coffin and its bearers from inclement weather while awaiting the arrival of the procession and the clergyman.

The lych gate in Fredericton was probably built at the same time as the old Parish Church (1846), since it is abutted by the original, low stone wall that surrounds the chapel at George and Westmorland Streets. It remains today as an important religious link with the past.



The Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction

Each year, at the official opening of the York-Sunbury Museum for the summer season, the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction is presented "for outstanding contribution in the field of New Brunswick history, more particularly for its significance and applicability to central New Brunswick; for long and meritorious service or contribution to the Society." Individuals and possibly groups can be considered for this award but, should no suitable candidate be nominated, then no presentation will be made for that year. Nominations for the award may be received from both Society members and non-members; forms and more information may be obtained from the Museum office on Queen Street.

Although the award began in 1981, it was not until 1988 that it was appropriately named in honour of the real founder of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. Through the persistent efforts of Martha J. Harvey over several years and the financial contribution from the Fredericton Women's Institute of which she was President, the Society was finally established in 1932. Mrs. Harvey became one of the first Directors but, due to her untimely death, 16 January 1934, she did not live to see the Society incorporated on July 20th of that same year or housed in permanent accommodations many years later. Sixty years after her death, *The Officers' Quarterly* pays tribute to a great lady who was far ahead of her time but who is relatively unknown today. This is her story.

Martha Johnston Fleming was born in Fredericton, 12 August 1862, daughter of John and Jane (Harper) Fleming. Her middle name came from her mother's side of the family; her first name was in honour of her paternal grandmother who, with her husband Joseph Fleming, came to Fredericton from Ireland in 1826. According to York-Sunbury Society member Louise Hill, "Joseph was appointed Alms House Keeper at an Alms House, newly built, a large stone building on the

Maryland Hill. He had that position for many years and when he retired, his son John Fleming, who had been Master Steward at the University of New Brunswick, succeeded him as Alms House Keeper."

There is no doubt that the family's involvement with the Fredericton Alms House influenced Martha Johnston Fleming's compassion toward her fellow human beings later in her life, but, as a young girl, she had six brothers for whom she cared greatly — Charles, Joseph, James, Alexander, Robert, and John, Jr., the last becoming the owner of Fleming's Haberdashery Shop at 480 Queen Street. Eventually, Martha would also enter the world of Fredericton's downtown business district. After she completed her



Courtesy Mrs. Arthur Limerick and Mr. Ted Atkinson

Martha J. Harvey

education, she married a photographer by the name of John Harvey, who had established a portrait studio in 1883 located at 372 Queen Street. It was known as Harvey Studios. At that time, photography as a consumer industry was just beginning (Eastman Kodak was founded in 1881), so this makes Harvey Studios possibly the oldest continuous picture-taking operation in Fredericton, in Canada, and in North America.

After the death of John Harvey in 1901, the business was owned and operated for 16 years by Martha Harvey, at a time when it was uncommon for a woman to be in business for herself, especially since women could not even vote in those days. Although Martha did not take the professional photographs, she always got behind the camera when family members came to call. Her niece, Helen Fleming, who lives in Fredericton and is now Mrs. Arthur Limerick, remembers that Aunt Martha would line us up and take candid shots that became valuable family mementoes.

In 1917, Mrs. Harvey sold the studio to a young photographer by the name of Frank Pridham (whose work graces the cover of this issue). Mr. Pridham's son-in-law, Ted Atkinson, joined the company, becoming president, followed by his son Andy, who manages the business today. In 1993, Harvey Studios celebrated its 110th Anniversary in the same building where John and Martha began their business venture.

After her husband's death, Martha J. Harvey continued to live in their spacious home at 245 York Street (still standing), her two grown children, Don and Bertha, staying with her. However, she was quite independent and, with the business sold, she was eager to carry on with her philanthropic work, her many organizations, and her fervent interest in all that went on in the capital city. According to an editorial in *The Daily Gleaner*, "Mrs. Harvey probably did more for the uplift of Fredericton than any other woman, single-handedly fighting the cause of the unfortunate and helping to lift men and women alike to higher endeavor. She was a friend to the poor, no matter what creed or color, and many will never know the extent of her charity beyond those she helped and some whose advice she sought. Never did a wayfarer leave her home without a warm bite or the price of a meal and help financially to start them on their way. While some did not always

agree with Mrs. Harvey, they were always of the opinion that she was one of nature's noble women carrying on a great work."

She was deeply interested in the beauty of Fredericton, seeing that the trees were looked after by experienced caretakers, tending to the Old Burial Ground where her grandparents (Joseph and Martha Fleming) and her parents (John and Jane Fleming) were laid to rest. She was a life member of the Fredericton, the New Brunswick, and the National Women's Institutes, through which she was able to introduce many community reforms such as the wrapping of bread in bakeries, the use of bottles for milk deliveries, and free milk for children and seniors. She expanded the Fredericton Exhibition from a few craft entries to over one thousand individual exhibits, even when her health was failing. She was on the boards of the Children's Home and the Social Service Council; she was an active worker in the Governor Carleton chapter of the IODE and the Celestial Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star; she was a char-

ter member of Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church, where she participated in the Senior Guild, the Bible Classes, and the Sunday School. It is interesting to note that her grandfather (Joseph Fleming) was a signatory of the 1830 petition for a minister for the first Kirk in Fredericton, the family remaining prominent Presbyterians ever since.

In politics, Martha J. Harvey was a staunch Conservative who worked long hours during election time, a fluent speaker who put forth many convincing arguments. Today, she would very likely be a successful political candidate!

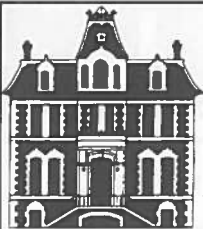
Thus, with her life to inspire us and the award that keeps her memory alive, let us continue to discover more about Martha Johnston (Fleming) Harvey and the legacy she left for the city she loved. A good start might be the Rural Cemetery, Woodstock Road, Fredericton, where John and Martha Harvey are buried in a plot that includes their two children, John Harvey's British-born father, his mother and his sister. ❧

- The Editor

RECIPIENTS OF THE MARTHA J. HARVEY AWARD OF DISTINCTION

Lt. Gen. E. W. Sansom	1981
Senator Muriel Ferguson	1984
Mrs. W. R. D. McNeill	1984
Dr. Alfred Bailey	1985
Dr. D. J. McLeod	1985
Miss Louise Hill	1986
Mr. Fred H. Phillips	1987
Dr. Elizabeth McGahan	1988
Dr. Stuart Smith	1988
Dr. James Chapman	1989
Alden J. Clark	1990
Dr. Ivan H. Crowell	1991
Velma Kelly	1992
Ted Jones	1993
Dr. Murray Young	1993
Donna Wallace	1994

(Biographies and photographs of these recipients will be appearing in future issues of The Quarterly. Anyone wishing to work on this upcoming series, please contact the Editor.)



National Exhibition
CENTRE
National d'Exposition

June 5 - August 28

Summer Sundays at the NEC

Each Sunday afternoon, the National Exhibition Centre will present a guest demonstration or film relating to the summer exhibition program. The focus for June will be New Brunswick's Acadian heritage; July and August will explore our relationships with nature. Drop by the National Exhibition Centre every Sunday to enjoy a variety of informal discussions and light refreshments. Fun for families of all ages, admission free!

July 4 - August 19

Designing Kids '94 - "I am a Part of Nature"

An innovative summer of exciting hands-on workshops for kids, designed to explore the worlds of art, science, and nature together in unity. The half-day sessions extend over a five-day period (Monday to Fri-

SUMMER EXHIBITS AND PROGRAMMES FOR 1994

day) and involve indoor as well as outdoor activities. Pre-registration is required. Ages 4-15.

July 1, 1994

Canada Day Celebrations and Activity Corner Unveiling.

July 1 - August 14

ONE PLANET, ONE MAN: Photographs by Freeman Patterson

In this exhibition, Freeman Patterson expresses his deep belief that man and nature are indivisible. The stunning cibachrome images document the diversity of Earth's ecosystems (large and small) and reflect Freeman Patterson's personal commitment to caring for our living planet. This exhibition is presented by the Aitken Bicentennial Exhibition Centre, through funding provided by the Canada/New Brunswick Cooperation Agreement on Cultural Development.

July 1 - August 14

DRAWING BLOOD-JUST JOSHIN': Editorial Cartoons by Josh Beutel

Well-known political cartoonist, Josh Beutel

presents his most recent illustrative commentaries on current affairs. The artist describes his work as "social commentary with a cynical crust, leavened by humour, and flavoured by a maritime perspective."

July 1 - October 2

"I Am a Part of Nature" activity corner

A hands-on interpretation corner for children which explores living relationships within planet earth. Presented by The New Brunswick Museum.

August 19 - October 2

Cry of the Loon

In recent years, the loon, with its sleek beauty and intricate pattern of black and white feathers, has taken on special significance - it has become a symbol of Canada's northern wilderness. "Cry of the Loon" is an exhibition which focuses upon the Common Loon - its appearance, behaviour, family and habitat. Through interactive displays and video we are introduced to the fragile ecosystem which is essential for the loon's survival. Presented by the Canadian Museum of Nature.

SUMMER GUIDE TO FREDERICTON'S MILITARY C

Two hundred and ten years ago, Fredericton became the British military headquarters for the newly formed Province of New Brunswick. The regiments garrisoned here from 1784 to 1869 occupied a two-block area located along the Saint John River and bounded by Queen, York, and Regent Streets. The town developed around this Military Compound.

Constructed of wood, the first Compound buildings soon deteriorated or were destroyed by fire; thus, a number of the principal replacement buildings were of stone. However, one wooden structure remains from the original Compound: Militia Arms Store. And three of the 19th-Century stone structures remain: Soldiers' Barracks, Guard House, Officers' Quarters.

Thirty years ago, in the summer of 1964, the idea to preserve this area was conceived; a year later, in 1965, the Military Compound was declared a National Historic Site!

1. THE JUSTICE BUILDING

In 1875, the Province purchased the upper end of the Compound from the Dominion and removed a stone hospital, a mortuary, a fuel house, an ash pit, and a privy from the site. In 1876, the front section of the Provincial Normal School was built. The Annex (known later as the Model School) was added in 1912. Fire destroyed the front section only, 5 May 1929, but it was rebuilt and re-opened in 1931. Eventually, the entire building became known as the New Brunswick Teachers' College until 1964-1971, when it was a part of Fredericton High School. After extensive renovations to house the courts, the front section opened again in February, 1975.

2. DANCE FREDERICTON

A non-profit organization founded in 1992, specializing in quality dance programs (ballet, modern, jazz). A tour of the studio is by appointment only. Phone 457-2538. Use west entrance off York Street.

3. SCHOOL DAYS MUSEUM

Incorporated in 1991 as a non-profit charitable organization, this museum was given its start in the 1980s by the New Brunswick Society of Retired Teachers. The object is to preserve and explore the heritage of public school education in New Brunswick. Open June 1st to Labour Day,

Tuesday to Sunday, 2 to 4 pm. Use east entrance off Queen Street.

4. GALLERY CONNEXION

This is Fredericton's only artist-run centre, existing for the purpose of exhibiting, supporting, and promoting the development and understanding of all forms of contemporary art practice, of local, national and international significance. In operation since 1984, its summer hours are from 10 am to 5 pm, Tuesday to Saturday; Sunday, 2 to 4 pm. Use north entrance at the back of the building.

5. SOLDIERS' BARRACKS

The original barracks was built of wood and then replaced with stone. Completed 11 November 1827 and occupied by British troops until 1869, the second building was then used for the Provincial Normal School from 1870-1876 and subsequently by many local organizations. In 1883, the Infantry School Corps, a part of the Canadian Army, moved in, but after the First World War, the building fell into disuse until 1927, when it became a warehouse. In 1974, one barrack room and one casemate were restored to illustrate their original use; the remainder provides a home for the Province's Archaeology Branch and its collections. Please call 453-3747 in advance to arrange special tour bookings.

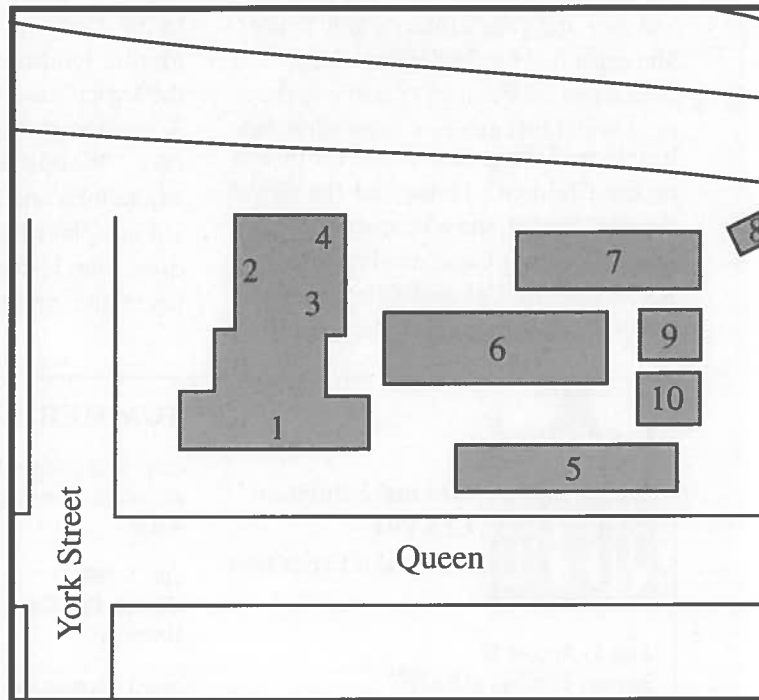
6. THE NEW BRUNSWICK COLLEGE OF CRAFT & DESIGN

In the late 1940s, the provincial Liquor Commission erected this large build-

ing on the Parade Square behind the Old Stone Barracks and used it as a warehouse. In 1980, the fifty-year-old Craft & Design College moved in, but only after extensive renovations. This College is unique in Canada by being the only post-secondary institution concerned solely with the development of crafts people and designers. Tours unavailable.

7. THE FREDERICTON ARMOURY

Today it is the home of the 1st Battalion Royal New Brunswick Regiment



(Carleton & York), but in 1885, the centre section (Drill Hall & Shooting Range) was constructed to accommodate two units: the Infantry School of Canada, now the Royal Canadian Regiment; the 71st York Battalion, now the York Regiment. The East Annex was added in 1904; the West Annex was added in 1934.

8. THE CARLETON & YORK MEMORIAL

Dedicated 8 May 1993, this grey granite monument lists the Battle Honours and "Our Valiant Dead" of the Carleton & York Regiment.

COMPOUND: NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE SINCE 1965

9. MILITIA ARMS STORE

Of the 61 original buildings within the Military Compound, this is the only remaining wooden structure to be found. Built in 1832, it housed military weapons and ammunition for the Royal New Brunswick Regiment. In 1882, a rear addition was constructed to renovate the building for use as a Military Hospital. Before it was left to deteriorate in the middle part of this century, it was used as a warehouse, a temperance hall, and a caretaker's residence. In 1990, Downtown Development

11. JOHN THURSTON CLARK MEMORIAL BUILDING

Constructed in 1878 as a Post Office, this building went on to serve as a Custom House and then as Fredericton's Public Library. Today it is named in honour of the son of William George Clark, a former Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and houses the **National Exhibition Centre** on the first floor (see advertisement on page 9).

12. NEW BRUNSWICK SPORTS HALL OF FAME

Located on the second floor of the John Thurston Clark Building, the Sports Hall of Fame was established in 1970 to honour New Brunswick's eminent sports figures, their artifacts, memorabilia, and photographs. Open May 1st to September 1st daily, 10am to 6pm.

13. FREDERICTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

In 1902, the Arctic Rink was

built at the corner of Carleton and Campbell Streets opposite the Drill Hall. The rink burned on the night of 30 April 1939 and the site remained vacant until 1975 when it was occupied by the new Fredericton Public Library. In the foyer there is a detailed and well-labelled model of the Military Compound, created by Jean Pelletier. Open every day, except Sunday.

14. THE FREDERICTON POST OFFICE

In 1913 the Federal Government built this large post office within the Military Compound on the site of a wooden Sol-

diers' Barracks, west of the Officers' Quarters on Queen Street.

15. THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

Since 1959, the York-Sunbury Historical Society has operated a museum in this building which is also the headquarters for the Society. The older part, towards the river, was rebuilt with stone around 1841; the Queen Street end was rebuilt with stone around 1851, the two sections being separated by a brick firewall. The arches, handrails and staircase are typical of the architecture of the Royal Engineers in the Colonial Period. Open daily from May 1st to Labour Day.

16. SITE OF THE OFFICERS' PAVILION

The original Quarters, or Pavilion, was a wood and brick structure completed in 1792. On 1 May 1815, it was destroyed by fire, after which a second wood and brick structure was completed in 1816, its two sections being separated by a brick firewall. A firewall also separated the wooden Pavilion from the stone Quarters. The Pavilion was removed in 1925; however, an archaeological "dig" in 1971 left a stone foundation outline to accompany the framed photographs and historical accounts at the site.

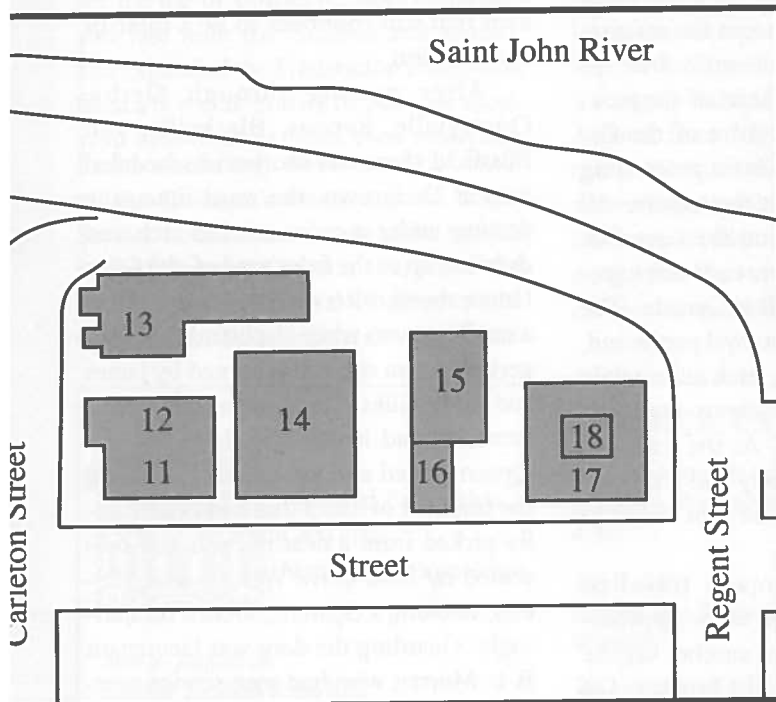
17. OFFICERS' SQUARE

Although it now serves the public as a small park and a location for outdoor entertainment, this square was originally created for the enjoyment of the British officers. Watch for the daily Changing of the Guard, highlighted by the red-coated uniforms of the British 15th Regiment.

18. LORD BEAVERBROOK STATUE

Unveiled 28 August 1957, this bronze statue of Lord Beaverbrook, New Brunswick's great benefactor, dominates the centre of Officers' Square. It is interesting to note that the subject viewed this monument in his own lifetime! ❧

(Thanks to Cynthia Wallace-Casey and Anita Jones for their assistance in preparing this guide.)



Fredericton Inc. restored the building for its corporate offices. Tours unavailable.

10. GUARD HOUSE

This small stone building (containing an Orderly Room, a Guard Room, and Detention Cells) was constructed in 1828 and was restored and refurnished in 1971. The Guard Room is shown as it was in 1866 when the 15th Regiment was in residence and exhibits muskets, uniforms, and equipment of that time period. Open early June to Labour Day with conducted tours.

Cover Story *by Ted Jones*

They Won the Hearts of All New Brunswickers

She was born on 4 August 1900 and was known in the beginning as the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, then as the Duchess of York, next as Queen Elizabeth, and now the Queen Mother. As she celebrates her 94th birthday this summer, Canadians of another generation will probably remember the first time she stepped onto Canadian soil — 17 May 1939. Her husband, King George VI, had already visited Halifax and Charlottetown in May of 1913, when he was Prince Albert, a quiet eighteen-year-old midshipman on *HMS Cumberland*. When he became the Duke of York in 1920 and married the Lady Elizabeth three years later, the possibility that they would become King and Queen seemed remote; it also seemed unlikely that they would ever come to Canada, but they did — the only visit of a reigning British King to this country. They spent five weeks covering 15,000 miles, making 52 stops, even crossing the border to Washington and New York. It was the grandest tour of them all and for many New Brunswickers, the memories have never diminished.

After travelling through the beautiful Matapedia Valley of Quebec, stopping only for a few minutes to take on water or to enable the King to sign letters and documents, the Royal Train left the echoes of "Vive Le Roi" and entered the northern New Brunswick forests on Tuesday morning, 13 June 1939, the twelve silver and blue coaches passing quickly through Campbellton and Bathurst before making the first formal stop at Newcastle on the winding Miramichi River. The time: exactly 9:28 a.m. Atlantic Standard.

It was to be only a ten-minute stop for Newcastle's 3,500 but more than 20,000 had gathered, mostly farmers, fishermen, lumber mill workers and their families. They were not disappointed, especially little Marjorie Davidson, who

presented pale pink roses, her great-great-great-grandfather, William Davidson, having been the first British settler on the Miramichi in 1764. In the brilliant sunshine and warm weather, the Royal Couple paused on the station platform to meet dignitaries and to have their usual chat with the war veterans, the North Shore Regiment Band playing in the background.

Then the King and Queen entered a seven-passenger, eight-cylinder McLaughlin Buick to begin the internationally-acclaimed, 108-mile drive to Fredericton, across the heart of the province, the longest motor drive of the Canadian tour, the Royal Train proceeding to Saint John to wait for them there. All four automobiles used on the Canadian tour were the open type, each one especially designed and built in Canada. The interiors were finished in royal purple and, in lieu of license plates, each automobile carried the two royal crests mounted above the windshield. As the train advanced across the country and returned, the automobiles would be sent ahead to be ready and waiting.

The royal motorcade travelled through New Brunswick for approximately three hours. Not another vehicle was met and, other than the bright red of the RCMP motorcycle escort at equal distances apart, not one guard or policeman was visible along Route #8. The government had requested that the entire stretch of highway be clear by 7 a.m.; it was and it remained so, although crowds had assembled at every village along the way, standing in front of little white schoolhouses and quaint country churches, cheering and waving frantically, the royal limousine slowing down and even coming to a complete stop at times.

At Bridgetown, a few miles beyond Newcastle and now called Northwest Bridge, a stop of five minutes was made

to raise the grey top of Their Majesties' maroon convertible phaeton. Next, there was an impromptu stop in front of the little Anglican Church at Millerton, where 5,000 lined the sides of the road and where evergreen arches, flags and bunting stretched over one-half mile of the highway. From among the 600 schoolchildren, Miss Eleanor Flett stepped forward with a bouquet of deep red roses, Her Majesty lowering the car window, leaning out, and graciously accepting the flowers. Then, amidst the sound of the ringing church bell and thunderous cheers, the Monarchs waved and were gone, leaving behind a memorable incident that still continues to be a topic of conversation.

After passing through Derby, Quarryville, Renous, Blackville, and Blissfield, there was another unscheduled stop at Doaktown, the royal limousine driving under a cedar-covered arch and drawing up to the front yard of the Gilks House shortly after eleven o'clock. It was a small inn with white clapboards and gingerbread trim and it was owned by James and Addie Gilks. There was a wraparound verandah and it was from here that the Queen turned and waved twice, holding the bouquet of lilacs that had been hastily picked from a nearby bush and presented by Miss Olive Weaver. His Majesty, smoking a cigarette, looked on smilingly. Guarding the door was Lieutenant B. L. Murray, who had seen service overseas with the 132nd Battalion. Their Majesties discouraged any special preparation and insisted on taking "pot luck." They rested in the parlor, sipped tea in the dining room, and then moved about the house chatting and asking questions. The King was particularly interested in the central heating system that originated from a wood furnace in the basement. The crowd outside shouted, "We want the Queen!" and this brought Her Majesty to the door with a friendly wave and a cheery smile. Then the crowd converged on the inn, completely surrounded it, and sang "God Save the King."

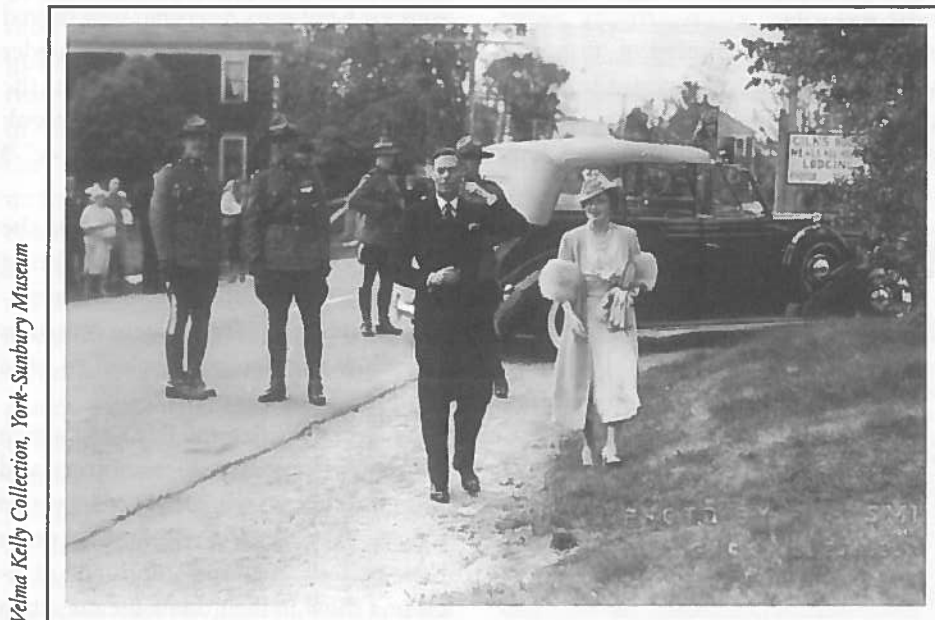
The royal motorcade continued to follow the land of the Miramichi, the name being Indian for "happy retreat" — Northumberland County's cool hills and valleys, rich with lumberjack legends, folk ballads, and stories about the great fire of 1825. Always in view was the Southwest Miramichi, a great salmon river which was admired by the Queen because

schools in the surrounding area. High noon: the CNR tracks at McGivney Junction were crossed, a Union Jack hanging the entire width of the road. The procession was now ten miles into York County and would soon be descending the hill at Covered Bridge, Nashwaak Village, and Penniac. (The final stretch of approximately thirty miles was over a

Green," where a grandstand had been built opposite Parliament Square. Thousands came from the border towns in the State of Maine, arriving as early as seven o'clock, selecting points of vantage along with huge numbers of local citizens, many bringing camp chairs and improvised benches, all of them realizing they had a long wait ahead. But militia detachments had arrived even earlier, in trucks, various parts of the Royal Route soon being lined with the Carleton & York Regiments from Minto, McAdam, St. Stephen, Edmundston, and Woodstock, each soldier carrying a sandwich from home, chocolate bars being provided by the local organizers. Other units included the 65th Field Battery, the 89th and 90th Batteries RCA, and details of the 104th Battery RCA. The lines of the General Guard in front of 7,000 feet of green rope were endless and there were more to come: War Veterans, Legion Branches, High School Cadet Corps, Civilian Guards. All were marched to their assigned places by eleven bands, three from the city, several under contract.

At 12:45 p.m. the Royal Procession approached the Devon-Fredericton Highway Bridge, the northern end displaying a large representation of the Crown and a banner with the legend FREDERICTON, THE CAPITAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK, WELCOMES THE KING AND QUEEN. The visit had finally begun, Lieutenant Colonel H. H. Ritchie having had the honour of announcing the order of the seven limousines as they would drive through the streets of Fredericton, carrying Their Majesties, nine royal attendants, Prime Minister MacKenzie King, Lieutenant Governor Murray MacLaren, Premier A. A. Dysart, Mayor C. Hedley Forbes, and seven other dignitaries.

They drove through a city whose population of 12,000 had swollen to 48,000 for this event, a city richly decorated with bunting, emblems, evergreen (symbolizing the provincial forests), and 500 large flags (Union Jacks and Fleur-de-lis), each on a twelve-foot pole. Cor-



Velma Kelly Collection, York-Sunbury Museum

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at Doaktown

of her interest in the noble art of fishing. Having an eye for colour, especially her favourite range of pastels, she was also fascinated by a little shrub that was growing along the roadside. It was a North American weed bearing narrow green leaves and a striking blossom of deep pink. She wanted to know the name and whether it could be sent to England to be grown there. However, no one knew, but Dr. C. C. Jones, president of the University of New Brunswick, would be contacted later for the information. The next evening a telegram and a telephone call were received from the Royal Train in Halifax, to which Dr. Jones replied, giving the common and botanical names of the now famous *lambkill* or *sheep laurel*.

The roadsigns indicated New Bandon, McNamee, Ludlow, and then Boiestown, where the local crowds were joined by students from all the country

real gravel road which had been salted heavily to keep down the dust.) At Marysville hundreds of Boy Scouts lined the route where the Nashwaak flowed into the mighty St. John, which would soon appear. Beyond, the capital city was waiting, the dome of the historic Legislative Building and the spire of Christ Church Cathedral coming into view. A two-hour visit would soon begin, but not before a few minutes rest for the Royal Couple aboard a Special Train at the South Devon Station.

Tens of thousands had gathered in Fredericton, many pouring into the city at an early hour and lining the Royal Route along Queen, Smythe, and Brunswick Streets, University Avenue and Waterloo Row. A dozen special trains had arrived and 7,000 schoolchildren disembarked to take their appointed places, joining scores of city students at "the

rect procedure was followed and the Royal Standard was displayed in two places only: the Legislature Building at Parliament Square (where the King was to speak); the Lady Beaverbrook Residence at the University of New Brunswick (where a luncheon was to be served). These were the two stops and there were tumultuous roars of welcome at both places. When the King and Queen got into their open limousine to leave the campus, they started to sit down but saw the ranks of young girls in brown and blue and stood up immediately to wave to the cheers of the Brownies and Guides.

Following a tour of the city, entrainment for the 63-mile trip to Saint John was made at Salamanca Station, the Special Train pulling away slowly, Their Majesties standing on the observation platform of the last car, still waving and smiling to cheering crowds of 6,000. As they grew tiny in the distance, Her Majesty turned and entered the car, followed a few seconds later by the King. Time: 2:40 p.m. The Royal Artillery Salute ended; a daylight display of fireworks began. A gigantic display was to follow later in the evening, but by that time the Royal Couple would have had a two-hour

visit in the Loyalist City, boarded the Royal Train again for an 85-mile run to Moncton (with a ten-minute stop at the Sussex Depot, where eight-year-old Beth McQuinn presented a gift of silver spoons for the Royal Princesses), and begun to rest for the night at an undisclosed point on the way to Cape Tormentine and then Prince Edward Island.

New Brunswickers had fallen in love with the King and Queen and they proved it by squashing souvenir pennies under the Royal Train as it crunched across the province. One spectator said, "They look like folk who would be nice to know." ❧

Beyond York-Sunbury

Mexico versus Ontario *by Fred White*

The Editor suggested that I write about a museum I might visit while on my April vacation in Mexico. Puerto Vallarta, located on the Pacific side, half-way between Acapulco, Mexico and San Diego, California was once a fishing village and now is a beach-and-tourist town on a plateau at the base of a mountain range. It grew as an American tourist destination after it was the film location for *Night of the Iguana*, featuring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. The movie stars became "an item" during the filming and built a summer residence on a mountainside overlooking the town.

Besides the contrived statues and monuments put up for the tourists, there is little other obvious local history. The downtown streets and thoroughfares are occupied by hotels, condominiums, hundreds of gift shops, restaurants and bars of 1950-90 vintage. It appears to be a prosperous tourist region.

While looking at yet another shopping area, we came upon a building that looks like a small 20-feet by 60-feet prefabricated industrial building with double doors facing the walkway. It had a sign — MUSEUM. I looked in—and, there were exhibits! Would this satisfy the Editor's request for an article? Well, I looked around, took a few pictures, and

submit the following:

The museum was government operated and was staffed by a cultural-organization volunteer who sold tapes and postcards to earn money for the group. There was no entrance fee and no donation box. All exhibits were archaeological items placed in Plexiglas exhibit cases with black and white illustrations, such as an underground burial cave, which attempted to put the items in a context. The case labels indicated the period of the artifacts. There was one stand alone, with an illustration of archaeological time periods, letterset on an illustrator's board and attached to the wall.

Museum curators might consider the exhibit to be very low tech, but I found it to be sufficiently effective for people who would only be stopping out of curiosity during their downtown shopping and exploring. Ten to twenty minutes would adequately sate most visitors' thirst for information from this small, static exhibit format. And it appeared to be the only one, as I did not see any indication of another museum during my stay in Puerto Vallarta.

Upon arriving back at the Toronto Airport, colorful museum brochures at the visitor information kiosk got my attention. They were from the Royal Ontario

Museum, the Gardiner Museum, and the Ontario Science Centre, all three being Toronto's version of world-class preservation and exhibition. These museums will allow any "museum junkie" to get a good fix.

Start by visiting the R. O. M., which advertises "over a million objects and specimens to enjoy"; then walk over to the McLaughlin Planetarium to get a close-up look at constellations and planets or a show in their dome theatre; then across the street to the Gardiner Museum of Ceramic Art that houses one of the world's great collections of 15th-to 19th-century European ceramics and is currently featuring "Soviet Propaganda Porcelain" from the 1920s. Staying downtown, we could move on to the Hockey Hall of Fame with its state-of-the-art exhibitry and interactive technology.

Next, take a taxi or GO-Bus to the Don Valley area of Toronto to visit the Ontario Science Centre (one of the best in North America) for four hours of interactive science exhibits/ experiments. If you stop to play with the experiments, four hours may not give you the time to see all the exhibit halls.

There is much more to see and I would recommend that any museum enthusiast take a few days to visit the Toronto area museums; but don't go to Puerto Vallarta to see the museums! ❧

(Society member *Fred White* is an Employee Relations Officer with the New Brunswick Department of Finance.)

Poetry Pavilion

(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)

The poems for this issue are courtesy of M. Travis Lane, from the "Local Suite" section of her 1993 collection *Temporary Shelter* (Goose Lane Editions). Mrs. Lane lives in Fredericton, where she is an honorary research associate at UNB. She received her Ph.D. from Cornell, where she wrote a dissertation on Robert Frost. Her ninth book of poems, which appeared this year, is entitled *Night Physics*.

Officers Square

With red salvia, purple petunias, orange marigolds, a turquoise beaver pondering its flat trough, and the plumbing-roofed memorial like a bandstand. The benches are red and yellow but the grass has been left green.

The girls in their bare feet like it. Stretched out flat, with their dress shoes under their heads, they are getting their lunch-break sunburns. Each as pink as a rose.

Needham Street

Narrow, its dusk closed in with wires as if to catch some late, hawk-watching pigeon.

A tiny, tidy house is dwarfed by the massive, white datura bush. The ancient, crippled apple-tree is propped on crutches, a loyalist. Hopvine, nightshade, half-wild cats, the houses crowd the sidewalk, but there is Boldon's light, a stained-glass window:

a beckoning cup, blue amber grail. Against it the white budworm moths flutter like cinders and beat the screen.

Odell Park

The rags of this year's tartan come apart, unroof the old farm's gravel road. The sun, slanting between the tree trunks, looks like the last of the tourists. It touches us, lightly, its hands already cold. There will be frost.

Riverside Drive

The wind's too rough for the sailboats. A cormorant, starting to hang out its wings, has had second thoughts. Pale mustard flowers shake in the rocks and styrofoam of the riverbank. A runner in red mittens pounds on past.

At the armoury boys play at soldiers. My small dog noses the thawing ground. Her thick coat flares like thistle seed.



Photo: Stephen May

M. Travis Lane

Loyalist Graveyard

Dust on the willows and raspberry briars, and grey seed heads: angelica, milkweed, virgin's bower — a sort of fog. The plot might once have been bare meadow. Elms, drawing their darkness like a hood, have closed it in till it seems hardly large enough, only by accident not forgot. The past gets smaller the less we remember it. This is almost too small.

Roberta's Wood Path

Spruce seedlings, still too small for lights at Christmas time, line the narrow path the children take. (The grownups bow.) Ground cedar overhangs a doll's ravine. (The patch of bluing scilla is a lake.)

The gardener marks her stations with tin tags: bloodroot, trillium, shooting-star. Above us squirrels in their choir stalls cry and drop the stale, wild apples on our heads.

Picnic by the River Light

Near-sighted, the moose swam toward us. Halfway across it saw us, blinked, and turned around.

We watched it wading the island. Later we saw it stumbling in a patch of carefully ranked young lettuces, a kind of Peter, harder to evict.

Fredericton Junction

Last summer's cat-tails, shaggy in the rain, and blackbirds; a shiny, plywood station — a purring bus clogs the parking lot, the driver's gone across the street to the new café. In the waiting-room a girl in a yellow slicker and a child, too hot in a pink fur snowsuit.

The café sign says "Chili." "Well, I've got beans," says the counter girl, "What else does it take?" The bus driver tells her.

She's set for the day.

The rain lets up. My husband walks beside the tracks like a signal man, and the train looks round its corner, small, yellow, perfectly genuine, and right on time.

(The Officers' Quarterly wishes to thank Goose Lane Editions of Fredericton and M. Travis Lane for permission to reprint these poems.)

Books from the Barracks *Review by Jonathan Macfarlane*

A Commanding Bestseller Captivates a Twelve-Year-Old Boy

Nicholas and Alexandra

by Robert K. Massie.

New York, Dell Publishing, 1967.

600 pages, illustrations.

This book speaks of the true tale of the last reigning Romanov of Imperial Russia. But Nicholas II was not strong enough to govern and so this last Imperial Dynasty was fated to crumble. Because Alexandra, the Tsarina, was convinced that the holy devil Rasputin (a Russian word meaning "dissolute") could cure the Tsarevitch Alexi, a victim of hemophilia, she forced Nicholas to do as Rasputin wished.

The Imperial couple had once been the most powerful and richest family on earth. But their power quickly declined, bringing them all, with the possible exception of the younger children (Anastasia and Alexei), to the dark cellar room where they met death in the form of Yurovsky, the executioner of the Cheka (a group of soldiers and secret police used for executions).

This book is not fiction but truth. It is exceptional, explaining in such detail the story of the Romanov family that nothing can match it! It tells of the half-barbaric government, the position of the *moujik* (the Russian peasant), the war, the doomed dynasty, the extraordinary country, and of Lenin, the first Communist ruler. The book is "moving, rich, tragic," according to one professional critic; it is a "canvas of Russia, from the roots of old Muscovy," according to another.

Nicholas and Alexandra is like a fairytale, except it does not end happily. From Tsar Alexander II to Ekaterinburg, the book passes through the marriage, the coronation, the birth of the children, the private life of the family, hemophilia, Rasputin, the three revolutions (1905, February, and October), Lenin, the prison palace, and, last of all, one of the most

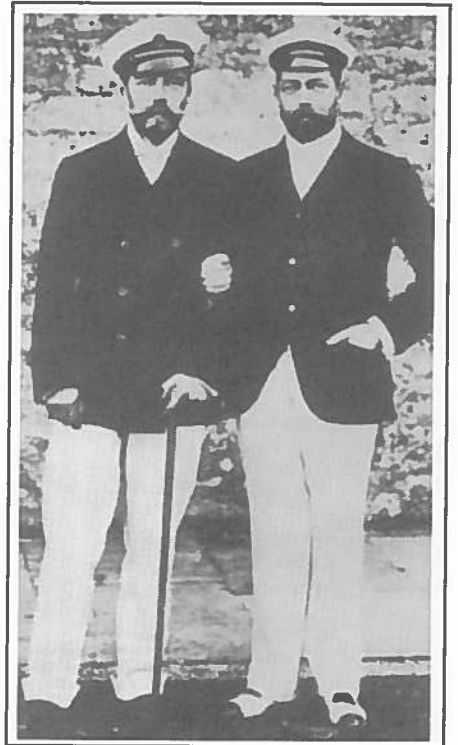
tragic and useless assassinations in mankind's history.

Rasputin was a filthy, half-literate peasant and fisherman. He started his long list of exploits and horrors by raping girls and consuming almost impossible quantities of alcohol. He got the Tsarina's confidence in 1907 when he saved Alexei from almost certain death. Alexandra soon invited him to the palace on a daily basis and he soon started dictating to her what he wanted: money and the power of having people replaced in government positions. Finally, in 1913, Nicholas was forced to send him away, to exile him to his native Siberia. But after Spala, the royal hunting lodge in Poland where the Tsarevitch had a bad fall and hemorrhage, Rasputin telegraphed the Tsarina, saying he was on his way. In 1916, he was assassinated by princes Yussupov and Dimitri, his body being found in the icy waters of the river Neva, ending his long reign of terror.

This is not the only book by Robert Massie. There is also the highly acclaimed *Peter the Great*, and, with his wife Suzanne, *Journey* and *They Live on Borrowed Blood*, books on hemophilia, their son being a victim of that incurable disease. But *Nicholas and Alexandra* is unique: it has a large cast of characters, with genealogies of both the Romanovs and Alexandra's family. There are numerous acknowledgments, source notes, a great bibliography, and one of the best indexes I have ever seen. There is a full sixteen-page chapter on hemophilia and there is minute detail everywhere in the book, such as chapter five, the coronation of the Emperor and the Empress: "At the front of the cathedral, two coronation chairs awaited the Tsar and his wife. Nicholas sat on the seventeenth-century Diamond Throne of Tsar Alexis, encrusted almost solidly with gems and pearls. Its name was derived from the 870 diamonds embedded in its surface; the armrest alone was set with

85 diamonds, 144 rubies and 129 pearls. Alexandra sat next to her husband on the famous Ivory Throne brought to Russia from Byzantium in 1472 by Ivan the Great's Byzantine bride, Sophia Paleologus."

I have rarely read such a good book, totally agreeing with this comment made by *Newsday*: "An all-too-human picture . . . Both Nicholas and Alexandra with all their feelings come truly alive, as does their almost storybook romance." But *The Saturday Review Syndicate* has presented the best promotion for the book: "A larger than life drama, so bizarre, so heart-rending and, above all, so apocalyptic, that no novelist would have dared invent it." Thus, *Nicholas and Alexandra* should be "required reading"! ❧



from *Nicholas and Alexandra*

1909 — Nicholas II and the Prince of Wales, later King George V and father of King George VI. (Notice the similarity in appearance between these first cousins.)

(Jonathan Macfarlane is a Grade Six student at École Sainte-Anne.)

Garrison Ghosts



Although the miraculous birth of the Dionne quintuplets, 28 May 1934, was making headlines around the world, that particular summer of 60 years ago, according to documents and newspapers, was also a memorable one for New Brunswick, Fredericton, and the York-Sunbury Historical Society:

9 June 1934: The annual picnic of the Society and the Fredericton Science Club was held at Burton Hill Farm, Sunbury County, the home of the president, W. W. Hubbard. The picnickers were also given a tour of St. Paul's Anglican Church, which was first occupied in 1860, and the old burying ground nearby, where many Loyalists were buried. Crossing the Saint John River by boat, they visited the old Congregational Church, a tablet on the wall indicating that it was built in 1767. There was an adjoining cemetery here as well. Historic homes in Oromocto and Lincoln were observed as the members travelled by automobile to and from the picnic site.

25 June 1934: Great Britain's High Commissioner to Canada, Sir William Clark, together with Lady Clark, paid an official visit to the capital city in connection with a tour of the Maritime Provinces. It was in 1928 that Sir William came to Ottawa, his appointment to this country following the change in status of the Governor-General, effected at the 1926 Imperial Conference, when the Governor-General became representative solely of His Majesty the King, the High Commissioner being created to represent the Government of the United Kingdom.

20 July 1934: The York and Sunbury Historical Society was incorporated by Letters Patent, issued under the provisions of the New Brunswick Companies Act, being Chapter 88 of the Revised Statutes of New Brunswick, 1927.

24 July 1934: His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough, Governor General of Canada, and the Countess of Bessborough, arrived in Fredericton in the vice-regal coaches attached to the regu-

lar CPR train. The official welcome was extended at the York Street Station (still standing). Following an automobile drive about the city and a private dinner in their railway car, their excellencies were taken to the Provincial Parliament Building for a formal reception. The Bessboroughs initiated the Dominion Drama Festival that brought amateur groups from all parts of the country together every year in competition for the Bessborough Trophy. Today, a street in Fredericton is named in their honour.

9 August 1934: The celebration of the 100th birthday of the village of Stanley occurred with an extremely large crowd in attendance. The village was first obtained and planned by the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Co. in 1834. This company brought out the first settlers in 1836 from Berwick-on-the-Tweed in England. As a result of serious financial depression, settlers also arrived from Scotland and Ireland. But one of the most interesting bands of colonists was the Blue Boys, youths attending the Bluecoat School in London, who came and took up the work of farming and lumbering.

19 August 1934: Although the capital city lost out to Saint John for the official celebration on August 16th, the York and Sunbury Historical Society unveiled a polished stone monument in honour of New Brunswick's 150th anniversary. The Old Loyalist Cemetery at Elmcroft, the East End of Fredericton, was the scene of the impressive ceremony when representatives of the Society and the City gathered to honour its early settlers, the United Empire Loyalists "who died and were buried here during the winter of 1783-84." Society members who did the unveiling were Rev. Dr. F. A. Wightman and Mrs. A. E. Mathewson. The Countess of Ashburnham placed a wreath. In his remarks, Dr. Wightman extended thanks to Dr. and Mrs. John Stephens who deeded the monument property for the purpose. Although Premier L. P. D. Tilley was present, the special speaker was York-

Sunbury Member of Parliament R. B. Hanson.

21 August 1934: The Sheffield Historical Society was formed in Sunbury County, organized for the purpose of doing research into the history of Sheffield, which was settled 25 years before the arrival of the Loyalists. Topics for discussion on the first Friday of each month included the boundaries of the Parish of Maugerville, as originally established, and the Sheffield Academy, which existed just prior to the passing of the Free Schools Act. The president of the new society was Tyler C. Burpee; the vice-president, P. K. Barker; the secretary, Miss Mary L. Jewett; treasurer, Harry A. Bridges. ❧



The Editor on a recent summer visit to the Old Loyalist Cemetery.

AN EVENING AT THE TREE HOUSE

On 26 May 1994, our monthly program took place at 124 St. John Street, where Society Member David Folster arranged an interesting tour of "The Tree House" (Canadian Forestry Association) with special speaker Dr. Alex Dickson. This was followed by a celebration of our Local Circus History with James O'Neill taking us behind the scenes of The Big Top! It was a highly informative evening for all those who attended.

Passing Through *by Linda Squiers Hansen*

A Profusion of Tarts, Pies and Sweetmeats

Among military officers in the nineteenth century, it was common practice to keep a diary or journal, recording encounters with 'quaint' customs, people and places. Many of these personal records eventually found their way into print, offering both insight and entertainment to their readers. Occasionally, the journal of a military wife, often in the form of letters home, would also be published. Such was the case with Lady Hunter, when, in 1894, her letters were appended to the journal of her husband, Major General Sir Martin Hunter, and published in England.

Lady Hunter and her husband arrived in Fredericton in 1804, and she proceeded almost immediately to set down all manner of tidbits about her life in the provincial capital, designed to amuse and inform her many correspondents. The climate, that first October, she found to be "delightful," though she noted that everyone assured her she would find winter in Fredericton to be "the pleasantest season." In June of the next year she observed:

The thermometer has been as high as 96° for several days, and the mosquitoes most annoying. One dare not go near the woods for them, and in the woods there is also a black fly which attacks one, and wherever it bites the blood streams out as if you were pricked with a lancet.

Various military activities provided fodder for her pen as well. In September 1805 she wrote of the arrival of the "long-looked for Scotch recruits," who were met with some ceremony:

The bugle sounded, the band struck up as they came within hearing, and they were hailed with many cheers. When they came nearer we perceived

the bagpiper strutting on deck, and heard the great drone. James exclaimed, "Oh! mamma, what beast is that they have brought? Just hear how it is growling!" They landed in high spirits and health, and with them seventeen women and forty-eight children. Most of the party speak Gaelic.

She reserved the largest part of her letters, however, for comments on the



Lt. Col. Joseph Gubbins, ca. 1809
Courtesy Diana (Gubbins) Pine
from Gubbins' New Brunswick Journals,
1811 & 1813

A New Brunswick Heritage Publication, 1980

society in which she and her husband found themselves. Their acceptable social circle amounted to about seventy people including other members of the military and local luminaries such as the Chief Justice and the Provincial Secretary. Lady Hunter both attended and gave a variety of parties over her years in Fredericton but one of the most common seemed to be what she called "gregory." Gregorys she defined as

stupid card-parties, where you are crammed with tea, coffee, cakes and

then in an hour or two cold turkey, ham, and [a] profusion of tarts, pies, and sweetmeats; punch, wine, porter, liqueurs, and all sorts of drinks... these parties are no joke.

She wondered at times about the common sense of some of her New Brunswick neighbours, wishing that "they would be a little more careful in winter of what they so hardly earn in summer." In 1810 she hosted the Gubbins' entourage (which included three children and nine servants) while their home was being prepared. The head of the family, Colonel Joseph Gubbins, had been sent to New Brunswick to be Inspecting Field Officer of Militia. Initially, Lady Hunter was not very impressed with either him or his wife:

Conceive fine, dashing characters, Bath people, quite the *haut-ton*, arriving, knowing nothing of the country, with fine carriages, fine furniture and where they are to be set down you could not drive a carriage fifty yards in any direction.

Later, she would temper her opinion somewhat, admitting she did find them "agreeable people, and willing to make the best of it." After some persuading, she and Sir Martin managed to convince Col. Gubbins to mount his fine carriages on runners and use them as sleighs. As soon as the river froze, the Gubbins thought nothing of "flying up to Fredericton" — a distance of some ten miles — to "pay a morning visit" to Lady Hunter.

Lady Hunter lived in the province only a few years but her letters keep her New Brunswick alive for all who read them. ❧

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

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Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen *By Pat Flemming*

York-Sunbury Style

Salmon is a traditional Maritime food, but I must admit that Atlantic salmon is my very favorite fish. There's nothing quite like a fresh-caught salmon. It will melt in your mouth!

My love for Atlantic salmon goes way back. My father's love for the sport of salmon and trout fishing rubbed off on me and my sisters and brothers. The last ten years of my Dad's life were spent living on the banks of the Miramichi River, where he had an opportunity to fish for salmon every day during the fishing season. He passed on in 1975; however, we now use the house as a summer home and think of Dad every time we cast a line or eat an angled salmon.

Salmon is delicious, regardless of how it is prepared. Personally, I like it the old-fashioned way — fried in a frying pan or steamed. It tastes great baked, cooked under the broiler in a conventional oven, baked in a microwave, or even barbecued. Salmon preserved in sealed jars is delicious when served in the dead of winter, and left-over cooked salmon tastes great in a salmon salad. Here is an old-fashioned salmon recipe. Try it.

BOILED SALMON WITH EGG SAUCE

Wipe a piece of salmon with a damp cloth. Wrap it in two folds of cheesecloth, drawn into a bag, and tie with a string. Boil gently without a cover in salted water, allowing 15 minutes for each inch of thickness.

For a *thick* white sauce, use 2 tbsps. of butter, 3 to 4 tbsps. flour, and one cup milk.

For a *medium* white sauce, use 2 tbsps. butter, 2 tbsps. flour, one one cup milk.

For a *thin* white sauce, use 1 tbsp. butter, 1 tbsp. flour, and one cup milk.

Add two chopped hard-boiled eggs to the sauce.



FIDDLEHEADS

Fiddleheads and fresh salmon go hand in hand like strawberries and cream. My first recollection of picking fiddleheads was as a child. My grandmother and I went picking along the shore of the St. John River in Kingsclear. We didn't have containers with us, so grandmother filled her apron and straw hat and I gathered them in my full skirt. In those days, girls seldom wore slacks.

Fiddleheads are popular New Brunswick baby fern fronds picked on low river banks after the Spring freshet has receded, just as they are poking up out of the damp earth. They are usually cooked in boiling water with a little salt added. When served, add a few drops of vinegar and/or butter. Delicious and nutritious!

The fiddlehead season has just passed in New Brunswick; however, most of us in this province now enjoy them all year round as they can be preserved, canned, or frozen. Packaged frozen fiddleheads can be purchased the year round in New Brunswick supermarkets.

Our aboriginal people first introduced the fiddlehead to the United Empire Loyalists and other newcomers to this region more than 200 years ago. Here is how the MicMacs and Maliseets used to cook them.

OLD NATIVE RECIPE FOR FIDDLEHEADS

Take a butt of fresh pork or pork spare-ribs.

Place in a kettle and almost cover with water.

Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Cook on top of stove until almost done.

Add lots of fiddleheads. Continue cooking until fiddleheads are tender.

If you desire potatoes cooked in with the

pork, add the potatoes when the pork is barely cooked and boil until the potatoes are still not done; then add the fiddleheads and finish cooking.



Speaking of my beloved grandmother, I only remember one and we called her Grammy Murray. On occasion during the summer, she would pick dandelion greens in the back yard and cook them for dinner, then save the petals for homemade wine. Here is her recipe.

DANDELION WINE

1 gallon dandelion petals

1 gallon boiling water

4 pounds sugar

1 orange and 1 lemon

1 yeast cake

1 slice toast

Pick the petals from the dandelions, throwing away stems and heads. Put flowers into a crock and pour over the boiling water. Cover and leave about ten days, stirring occasionally. Strain the flowers and put liquid into a large kettle. Add sugar. Peel the orange and lemon very thinly and add peel. Remove white skin and seeds from fruit, cut and add to liquid. Boil for about twenty minutes and return to crock. Cool. Spread the yeast on a slice of toast and add to mixture. Cover and leave for two days. Remove to a five-gallon cask and cork. Let the mixture ferment for at least two months. Place in bottles. Enjoy! ☘

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

The Last Word:

Challenging Times by Bob Dallison

The year 1994 marks the Twentieth Anniversary of the official opening of Kings Landing Historical Settlement. Although this pales in comparison with the age of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, there is considerable excitement over the Reunion Weekend of July 22nd to 23rd and its activities. The number of people who have been directly involved with Kings Landing over the years is impressive, as is the feeling that their participation has been an important part in their lives.

The anniversary has provided an opportunity to reflect on past achievements, missed opportunities and the challenges of an uncertain future. Kings Landing has established itself as a major Maritime attraction, compared favourably to other North American living museums. Some of its programmes, like the Visiting Cousins, have achieved international acclaim, and it has an outstanding collection of 19th Century New Brunswick artifacts. The downside is that after 20 years facilities become shopworn and ideas stale. The current economic situation compounds the problem, with restricted government support, reduced staff and no additional resources for new initiatives.

The staff and supporters of Kings

Landing are determined to meet these challenges head on. In these difficult economic times, we cannot rely on government largesse. We have to help ourselves, relying on our own talents and making the best possible use of all available resources. This has sparked an enhanced sense of pride, energy and enthusiasm. After a decade of falling attendance, the 1992 season saw a modest increase of 1,500 visitors, despite a poor tourist year province wide. A spectacular success came in the 1993 season, with a visitor increase of 10,000. There were many factors involved in this turnaround, but a major one was making effective use of available resources. Kings Landing learned that results were possible when we shared assets and cooperated with others in the tourism and heritage fields. For example, we have a very effective relationship with both the Tourism Department of the City of Fredericton and the Village Acadien. There is a friendly relationship with the York-Sunbury Museum, but it can be enhanced to our mutual benefit. This concept of heritage institutions cooperating, sharing and assisting each other is a main thrust of the recently issued New Brunswick Heritage Policy entitled "Through Partnership to Stew-

ardship." From past experience Kings Landing can attest to its value.

This brings us to the question of what's new at Kings Landing? First and foremost, it is hoped that our visitors detect a renewed sense of excitement from our staff and that the Settlement looks revitalized and lived in. That the recently installed Cooper can intrigue his guest with his skill. That the back breeding programme of 19th-Century farm animals catches the imagination. Who cannot be inspired by Jules, our 500 lb Berkshire pig, or with Gail and Zeta, our two new Canadian horses who can trace their lineage back to those sent to New France in 1680. To build on the success of the Visiting Cousins, we are offering a Family Life Programme, so that families can live the 19th-Century life for a weekend. In addition to the popular Kings Head Inn Christmas Dinners, we now offer Spring and Harvest Dinners. It will be an exciting year. Help us meet the challenges of our next decade by visiting Kings Landing or, better still, take advantage of the special prices offered by our Frequent Visitor Programme and visit regularly. ❧

(Society member *Bob Dallison* is Director of Kings Landing.)

Tell me a story...

At **Kings Landing** the stories are as real as the water splashing on the wheel at the sawmill, the aroma of gingerbread baking in a wood-fired oven, the gentle lowing of a friendly team of oxen, the blue and green vistas of the Saint John River Valley or children sharing a secret by the general store.

Let us tell you a story... **Kings Landing** vibrantly recreates rural life in 19th century New Brunswick telling the story of the settlers of this land.

- Group and family rates
- Exhibits at the River Heritage Gallery
- Local crafts at the Emporium Gift Shop
- Traditional dining at the King's Head Inn
- Quick and tasty meals at the Axe & Plough Restaurant

Open daily from the first weekend in June through Canadian Thanksgiving
20 minutes west of Fredericton, on the Trans-Canada Highway at Exit 259

Kings Landing Historical Settlement,
P.O. Box 522, Fredericton, N.B., E3B 5A6 (506) 363-5090

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