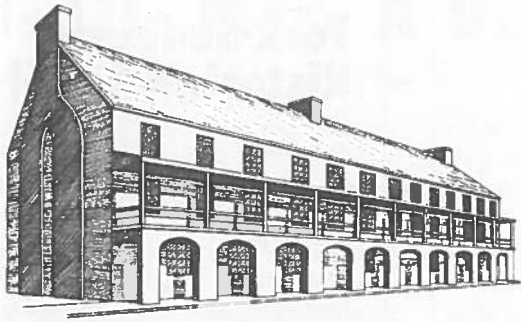




The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 10, Number 4

Fall 1994



A little girl who went on to achieve international fame.



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

Editor: Ted Jones

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YORK-SUNBURY MUSEUM

Front Cover:
Aida Flemming as a child,
courtesy Phyllis Jackson.
See story page 12.

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The Officers' Quarterly

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Letter from the Editor . . . Ted Jones

As the 1994 International Year of the Family draws to a close, *The Officers' Quarterly* pays tribute to three well-known New Brunswickers who were leading advocates of harmonious home life. Kieth Ingersoll (1914-1993), Aida Flemming (1896-1994), and Alden Clark (1904-1994) will long be remembered by their own families as

But no family burial plot quite compares to that of Alexander Gibson in the cemetery behind the United Church in Marysville. Marked by a large grey stone pillar, most of "Boss" Gibson's family is found there in an interesting circular arrangement. This site alone is well worth an autumn drive, especially for anyone who wishes

front of the station what they believe to be is New Brunswick's largest and most unique billboard — a must to see! (perhaps the McAdam enthusiasm will inspire Frederictonians to launch a similar plan for the old railway station on York Street.)

Community spirit is also alive and well in Hoyt Station, Sunbury County, where a late summer tour of the historic Patterson Settlement left my family completely amazed at what had been accomplished in such a short period of time without loans and grants from government! Everything has been done through the efforts of local citizens and former residents, the result being, after many hours of volunteer time, a miniature King's Landing that strongly echoes the family life of yesteryear. I hesitate to go into de-



The McAdam Station, 1915

well as the larger public family in which all three played a prominent part, each leaving an indelible mark for posterity.

From the pages of history, this issue also recalls the famous 104th New Brunswick Regiment and the officers who, as seen by their diaries and letters, were profoundly attached to their families. When I recently visited St. Peter's Anglican Churchyard, a few miles above Fredericton at Springhill, I noticed that the large flat tombstone of Charles Rainsford, a popular captain of the 104th, was surrounded on all sides by members of his family, their individual upright markers leaning this way and that, all dwarfed by a small forest of stately trees. (I was reminded of the Sir Charles G. D. Roberts family and their cluster of stones in Forest Hill Cemetery.)

to tour the nineteenth century mill town as well. My family and I certainly plan to return.

Another popular excursion for the Fall season in York County is a drive to one of the most photographed buildings in New Brunswick — the McAdam Railway Station. Constructed in 1900 with local granite, it was declared a national historic site in 1981 and then left to deteriorate. In 1994, thanks to the town's community spirit, a Restoration Project is now under way with a fund-raising campaign that will start with immediate roof repairs.

A second phase will repair the dormers, the windows, and the canopy that runs around the entire building and hangs over the platform. To draw attention to their restoration campaign, the people of McAdam have erected in

tails at this point because *The Quarterly* hopes to present a feature article on The Patterson Settlement Historical Society Incorporated in an upcoming issue.

In fact, *The Officers' Quarterly* has lots of good reading and photographs coming along in 1995. In the meantime, we would like to hear from you. What historic sites in New Brunswick or elsewhere did you see this past Summer and Fall? Why not pass your observation and comments on to our readers? Drop us line.

And don't forget; now is the time to consider *The Officers' Quarterly* as a Christmas gift for your friends and, above all, for members of your family. (To order, see the notice in this issue or drop by the York-Sunbury office on Queen Street.) ❧

Special Guest Editorial . . .

The Honourable Margaret Norrie McCain
Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick

Photograph by Harry Mullin of Fredericton



On the occasion of New Brunswick Day (1 August 1994), the Lieutenant-Governor and her husband, Wallace McCain, held a Garden Party at Government House, 238 Waterloo Row, Fredericton. Shown with Their Honours are Ted and Anita Jones.

As the newly installed 27th Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick since Confederation, I am pleased to have been invited to send a message of greetings through this column, to the members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

To be appointed Lieutenant-Governor is a great honour; and I am especially happy to be the first woman in 210 years to hold this office. My friend and mentor, Senator Muriel McQueen Fergusson, whose life and career was devoted to social justice and reform, paved the way for women to assume non-traditional roles. Her life was a series of "firsts" and I am grateful to her for opening up doors which had heretofore been closed to women.

Though I was not born in New Brunswick, it has been my home for 39 years. My maternal ancestors came to the region around the Chignecto Isthmus in 1772 among a group of Royalist farmers from Yorkshire, England. The land granted to them is still in the hands of our family. My husband's maternal ancestors were among the original settlers of Maugerville on the banks of the St.

John River who came there from Massachusetts in 1762. Both of our families played a part in the struggle to lure the Colony of Nova Scotia into the American Revolution as the 14th colony. My husband's paternal ancestors were among the 150,000 Irish immigrants who came to the Saint John River Valley in the first half of the 19th century. We are very proud that our families have played a part in the rich history of New Brunswick.

I have only been Lieutenant-Governor for six weeks but in that time I have already had the opportunity to learn first hand about New Brunswick's history.

A few weeks ago, I opened an exhibit at the New Brunswick Museum on the early English-speaking settlers of New Brunswick and I attended the unveiling of a Celtic Cross at St. Mary's Cemetery in Saint John as a tribute to New Brunswick's Irish settlers. Next week I shall participate in several events of Le Congrès Mondial Acadien. The role of Lieutenant-Governor offers me a unique opportunity to meet the people of New Brunswick and to learn more about our heritage and our culture.

This is the dimension of the office which I welcome with the greatest enthusiasm. As I travel about New Brunswick, I have become more and more aware of our beautiful, favoured land. Sadly, we are all too inclined to find fault with our province rather than count the many blessings we derive from the quality of life New Brunswick provides us.

On June 6th of this year, my husband and I attended the ceremonies to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of D-Day and the Battle of Normandy held at the Cemetery in Beny Sur Mer Reviere, France. Together with Dr. and Mrs. Colin MacKay, we planted New Brunswick flags on the graves of over 100 New Brunswick men. At each grave we paused a moment to pay tribute to them for their sacrifice. They were so young—mostly under 20 years of age. We did not know any of them but we knew them all. Their names are woven into the fabric of New Brunswick. I was profoundly moved by the experience and the knowledge of what it cost to give me—to give us—our beautiful, peaceful land. And I knew that as Lieutenant-Governor I must work to honour their gift to me and commit myself to preserving New Brunswick as the best home in the world! I hope you will join me in my commitment. We have so much for which to be thankful. Let us always be mindful of the lessons of history so that together we can build an even better future. ❧

Lieutenant-Governors of New Brunswick 1784-1994 (*administrators)

Thomas Carleton	1784-1803
Gabriel Ludlow*	1803-1808
Edward Winslow*	1808
Martin Hunter*	1808-1812
George Strachey Smyth* . . .	1812-1813
Thomas Saumarez*	1813-1814
George Strachey Smyth* . . .	1814-1816
Harris William Hailes*	1816-1817
George Strachey Smyth	1817-1823
Ward Chipman*	1823-1824
James Murray Bliss*	1824
Howard Douglas	1824-1831
Archibald Campbell	1831-1837

John Harvey1837-1841
 William Colebrooke1841-1848
 Edmund Walker Head1848-1854
 John Manners-Sutton1854-1861
 Arthur Hamilton Gordon ..1861-1866
 Charles Hastings Doyle* ...1866-1867
 Charles Hastings Doyle1867
 Francis Pym Harding1867-1868
 Lemuel Allan Wilmot1868-1873
 Samuel Leonard Tilley1873-1878
 Edward Barron Chandler ..1878-1880

Robert Duncan Wilmot1880-1885
 Samuel Leonard Tilley1885-1893
 John Boyd1893
 John James Fraser1893-1896
 Abner Reid McClelan1896-1902
 Jabez Bunting Snowball ...1902-1907
 Lemuel John Tweedie1907-1912
 Josiah Wood1912-1917
 Gilbert White Ganong1917
 William Pugsley1917-1923
 William Freeman Todd ...1923-1928

Hugh Havelock McLean ...1928-1935
 Murray MacLaren1935-1940
 William George Clark1940-1945
 David Lawrence MacLaren .1945-1958
 J. Leonard O'Brien1958-1965
 John Babbitt McNair1965-1968
 Wallace Samuel Bird1968-1971
 Hedard J. Robichaud1971-1982
 George Stanley1982-1987
 Gilbert Finn1987-1994
 Margaret Mc Cain1994-

Curator's Corner ... by Kelly McKay

Greetings, Society Members. Sadly, another New Brunswick summer is drawing to a close but what a sun-drenched season it was. I hope all Members had an opportunity to enjoy the beautiful weather and visit the York-Sunbury Museum to view the summer exhibits, "Olde Frederick's Town" and "Nova Scotia Glass," both of which were very popular with our visitors.

Once again I have drawn my Curator's Corner from the pages of the Old Accession Register. It is my hope that you enjoy reading these reminiscences and find them as fascinating as I. The following, originally recorded during August of 1936, relates tales of buried treasure in the Capital City.

One of the most interesting stories about buried treasure was told by the late Miss Sarah Dougherty, who resided for many years at the south corner of Charlotte and Smythe Streets in Fredericton. Below is a retelling of a tale related by Miss Dougherty, who was over 78 years old at the time of her death on December 28th, 1903.

In late September of 1844, at the time of the building of the hull of the steamer *Reindeer* (which plied the River St. John for many years and was propelled by the first high and low pressure steam engine that ever was put in practical use), a Frenchman came here from above Grand Falls to work in the dock yard, which was on the east side of the River St. John directly opposite the end of Smythe Street.

This Frenchman said that his great-grandfather was one of the crew of a French privateer, which was chased up the St. John River by a British Man-o-

War (or a warship). [Rev. Wm. O. Raymond writes in *The River St. John* that in the late 1600s, "...French privateers... often had spirited encounters with the British in which there were losses on both sides."—page 113.]

This ship came as far as the town of Fredericton and, when the captain learned that the Man-o-War had entered the river, he ordered that the ship's treasure be put into a tub, which was made by sawing a cask in two. This tub had handles several feet in length nailed on either side so that men could carry it after the fashion of a sedan chair. The treasure was duly brought to the west shore and was carried about half a mile back into the woods where a large hole was dug and in which the tub with the treasure was placed. There the question was asked: "WHO WILL WATCH THE TREASURE?" and a cabin-boy volunteered. Now, according to ghostly tradition, a treasure would never be found if guarded by a dead person. The cabin-boy was knocked in the head with the spade and his body thrown into the hole on top of the tub. Cabin boy and treasure were buried in the same hole. The French captain then ordered the ship scuttled and its wreck now lies in the St. John River about eight hundred feet below the passenger bridge (same location as the Old Carleton Street bridge) and nearer the Devon shore than the Fredericton. Where is the treasure buried? It is buried back between Aberdeen Street and the foot of the hill and between York and Northumberland Street. Here were originally three pine trees forming a kind of triangular patch of ground in which the treasure was buried. Each

pine tree was marked by driving two spikes in its side nearest the treasure.

The crew of the French vessel made their way up along the shore of the river to the French settlement of Madawaska and settled there.

Yet another story of treasure told by the late Miss Sarah Dougherty reads as follows:

Many years ago there lived at Nashwaaksis a family named Johnston. There was a big pile of rocks on their farm and, as this pile of rocks spoiled the appearance of a nice field, it was removed. Neighbours going to the place a few days later found that the pile of rocks had covered a large hole in the earth. They reported that the rocks have all been taken out and that nothing remained in the hole but a very rusty and ancient-looking iron pot. The pot had been moved from its original position but the impression of where it had been could be plainly seen. The Johnston family left here a short time afterwards and went to the United States, where they began to show great prosperity. Some say it was the treasure that was found in the rock pile that gave them the start. Some say their own industry in a country as prosperous and thriving as the US shortly after the Civil War was the cause of the Johnstons' success.

Titillating though such tales may be, their value as good stories probably outweighs any treasure they might lead us to. This should offer pause to any would-be fortune seekers poised with a pick on the corner of Aberdeen Street. ❧

(Thanks to Bruce Lynch for his assistance in the preparation of this article.)

A Special Tribute . . . by Donna Wallace



Alden Clark

The death of Mr. Alden R. Clark at age 90 on Easter Sunday, 3 April 1994, brought to a close a lifetime of service to many groups within the city of Fredericton and beyond.

But members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society felt a personal loss because he had been one who laboured among us on so many occasions. Thus, it was fitting that he was the recipient of the Society's prestigious Award of Distinction in 1990, adding to his many other honours, such as Fredericton's first distinguished citizen in 1976 and inductee into the New Brunswick Sports Hall of Fame in 1978.

With Alden's death, an era has come to an end, since he was the direct link

between the Society today and that which had its beginning in 1932, when his father, the late W. G. Clark, was the first president. Alden's sister, author and historian Esther Clark Wright, predeceased him in 1990; an only brother, John Thurston Clark, died in 1921 from effects of his service in the Great War. They are all buried in the family plot in the Fredericton Rural Cemetery.

Alden Clark was always supportive of the York-Sunbury Board of Directors and its Executive. During my two years as president, he was there with much-appreciated advice and suggestions. In fact, it was he who was responsible for the framed photographs of the founding members, mounted along the main

staircase of the Museum. This composite includes his father, along with Major F. A. Good, W. W. Hubbard, Dr. O. E. Morehouse, Sheriff Charles G. Bliss, Alderman H. E. Harrison, Dr. George W. Bailey, R. P. Gorham, W. H. Moore, J. L. Neville, and Col. H. Montgomery-Campbell.

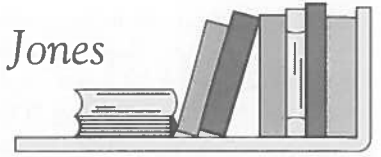
In the summer issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* for 1992, I interviewed Alden at his request, because he wished to make a few comments regarding the Society's 60th anniversary. Here is part of what he had to say: "There was the exciting time when then Premier Louis J. Robichaud transferred use of the Garrison Officers' Quarters (our present Museum) to the Society. Until that time, many artifacts had been carefully collected and moved from place to place due to the lack of permanent space over the years. Both the City and the Province acknowledged the tremendous asset in having a Museum in Fredericton and situated in such an excellent location... Then there was the cleanup of the Old Sheffield Church Cemetery, when ten members of the Society and myself set off with rakes and lawnmower to cut grass and remove bushes and weeds. This was a worthwhile accomplishment since it was within Sunbury County, a part of the Society's name. In the years since, members of the church have maintained the cemetery, but since that cleanup, each time I travelled to Jemseg, Sussex, or Moncton, I slowly passed the churchyard and remembered the work done by the Society members that day, so many years ago."

Recently, I came across a letter which I had received from Alden when I was secretary of the Society in 1985. It contains valuable details with respect to properties that have housed the York-Sunbury Museum over the past thirty years. I hope to include this information in a future issue of *The Quarterly*, along with excerpts from his sister's little book *Back a Long Way*, which describes the early life of the Clark family in Fredericton.

In the meantime, we can bestow no greater honour in Alden Clark's memory than to carry on with the Society's work and commitments, all of which were dear to his heart. ❖

(Society member Donna Wallace is this year's recipient of the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction.)

The Officers' Bookcase . . . Review by Anita Jones



Teenage Officer Sets an Example

Merry Hearts Make Light Days

(The War of 1812 Journal of Lieutenant John Le Couteur, 104th Foot)

Edited by Donald E. Graves

Carleton University Press, 1994

308 pages, illustrations.

Imagine an eighteen-year-old youth who has been raised since his early years for a career in the military. Holding the rank of lieutenant, he is transferred from the 96th Light Infantry Company to the 104th Foot Regiment and, as hostilities between Britain and the United States of America escalate, he is posted to New Brunswick, thousands of miles from his family on the English Channel Island of Jersey. War is declared and, within a few days, shots are exchanged between ships on the warring sides. True to the spirit of adventure of many young people, this young man later commented, "I had seen wounds and death in real war!"

Although this may sound like the plot of a made-for-television film, it is a real-life drama which has the potential to inspire young and old alike. John Le Couteur (1794-1875) is the young man, and his story is made more vivid by the first-person narrative recorded in his journals. Donald E. Graves (an historian with the Directorate of History, Canadian Department of National Defence) has edited these diary entries and inserted letters preserved by Le Couteur, using this soldier's guiding principle as the book's title: *Merry Hearts Make Light Days*.

Mr. Graves provides an excellent introduction for the journal entries which follow. The reader learns not only of Le Couteur's life, but also of the establishment of British garrison forces on the Channel Islands, the education of British soldiers in the nineteenth century, the methods of promotion, and some highlights of the War of 1812.

Readers may be surprised to learn of the depth of education of young upper-class English children in the early 1800s. By age seven Le Couteur was

studying English grammar, French, Geography, and "Euclid" (Geometry); by age eleven, he had moved on to Latin, German, Algebra, and more advanced Geometry. At age 14 he passed the entrance exam for the Royal Military College even before he was old enough to attend classes there.

Le Couteur's military regiment, the 104th Foot, arrived in Halifax in June of 1812; five days later, word arrived that the Americans had declared war against Britain. The 104th Regiment was sent to Saint John, and then Le Couteur was stationed in Fredericton for several months. He was favourably impressed by the garrison facilities there and wrote: "Our noble barracks, for though they were wooden, I had never seen any so good, were as warm

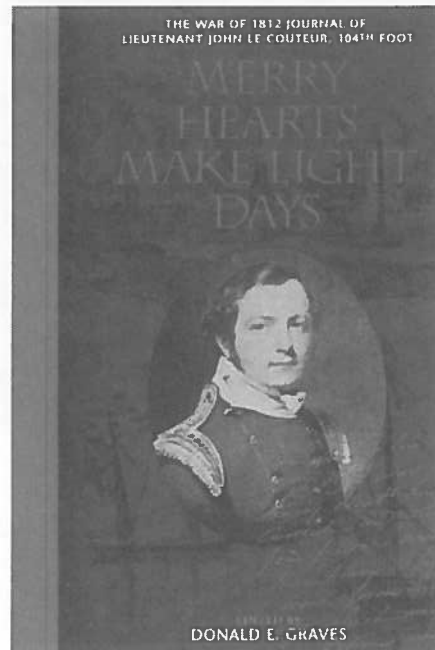
including Colonel Joseph Gubbins (mentioned in the last issue of *The Quarterly*), Governor George Smythe, and members of the Robinson, Bliss, O'Dell, Saunders, and Coffin families. Commenting on General Coffin's daughter Sophy, who had shown great courage in confronting a bear, Le Couteur wrote, "If I had been a rich Captain I should certainly have tried to captivate, if not capture, such a brave girl!"

Orders arrived early in February, 1813 for the 104th Regiment to march from Fredericton to Upper Canada (Ontario), a distance of some 700 miles. After some detachments marched to Fredericton, six of the Regiment's ten companies set out at one-day intervals in bitterly cold weather in mid-February, with the added inconvenience of unusually deep snow along the route. Le Couteur described how the snowshoe-clad soldiers and their toboggans moved along on their history-making journey; the reader learns how the trail was broken, how overnight shelter was obtained, and how the soldiers ate and lived.

Once the Regiment reached Kingston in April, Le Couteur described several events of the War of 1812 along the Ontario border, including Sackets Harbour, Lundy's Lane, and the conclusion of the War. He has given us a soldier's viewpoint of military tactics, death on the battlefield, living conditions, travel, and communication in the 1810s in Canada.

In the closing chapters of the book, Le Couteur described the journey in early 1816 to rejoin his family (then living in South America) and their return to England. After a posting of several months in 1816-1817 again in Canada, he went back to England with the rank of Captain.

Considering John Le Couteur's young age when he began his journals and his apparent military competence, one can perhaps excuse his egotism. While at preparatory school, he wrote, "The French Usher thought me his best



and comfortable as possible, close to a fine River, with a fine parade ground, good stables — in short, comforts of all sorts which a prolonged Head Quarter establishment had created. The mess was the best I had ever seen, wines as old as in a private cellar."

Le Couteur became acquainted with numerous prominent people in the city,

French scholar, thanks to the Abbé Bourge in Jersey. Having been put in charge, at age 16, of a new student — the son of the future King William IV of England — Le Couteur recorded the following compliment from the boy's father: "How have you affected this transformation, I know not but this I will assure you — that, at any time, or under any circumstances that may happen, if ever I can be of service to you, You need only remind me of this circumstance to ensure it."

About his plan to improve the slovenly military company he found upon his arrival in Saint John in 1812, Le Couteur had this to report: "This took effect — step by step, ours *was* the cleanest. I had risen from *the ranks* at College so nothing was taken amiss!"

At the close of the chapter about the famous March of the 104th, Le Couteur made a number of recommendations and observations. He believed that heavy consumption of alcohol on marches in very cold weather was a health hazard; soldiers needed more training in marching on snowshoes; and huts for shelter and supplies of hot water should be waiting for the troops at the end of the day's march. He complimented the honesty of the soldiers, and credited the success of the march largely to the high proportion of New Brunswickers in the Regiment who were familiar with the climate and the terrain.

Le Couteur's education is revealed in his English vocabulary, in his appropriate use of French phrases, and in the numerous literary and historical allusions which he makes; for example, he refers to "the arms of Morpheus," Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the legendary Ulysses, and actresses Sarah Siddons and Peggy Fryer.

Donald Graves has provided thorough footnotes at the end of each chapter, allowing the reader a fuller appreciation of Le Couteur's narrative. Reproductions of paintings and some of Le Couteur's own sketches add visual enjoyment to the book.

For readers who would like to learn more about New Brunswick history and about the remainder of the life of this very talented and productive man, who eventually became Sir John Le Couteur and A.D.C. to King William IV and then Queen Victoria, two valuable references are *The 104th Regiment of Foot* by W. Austin Squires and *Victorian Voices* (An Introduction to the Papers of Sir John Le Couteur) by Joan Stevens, the latter depicting in detail the Le Couteur family members and their Belle Vue estate on the Channel Island of Jersey.

Sir John's own account of the March of the 104th from Fredericton to Ontario was published in the New York paper *The Albion* (November, 1831) and then reprinted in the *Canadian Defence Quarterly* (July, 1930), both of which can

be found at the Harriet Irving Library on the University of New Brunswick campus.

The Officers' Quarterly salutes the bicentennial birthday of Sir John Le Couteur with the following quote from his own pen: "It may not be deemed altogether irrelevant to state, that on quitting Fredericton, the whole of the officers felt the deepest regret at parting from a circle of society that had treated them with the greatest kindness and cordiality; where a British uniform, worn with credit and conduct, was a sure passport, without further introduction, to the friendly hospitality of the worthy inhabitants of New Brunswick. I shall never forget the morning parade of that Sunday, for although we marched with the best of intentions it was impossible not to feel, in a certain degree, low spirited, as our bugles struck up the merry air, 'The Girls we leave behind us'; most of our gallant fellows being, as it proved, destined never to revisit their sisters or sweethearts. The company presented a most unmilitary appearance, as it marched without arms or knapsacks, in Indian file, divided into squads, so many to each Tobagin, the rear of it being nearly half a mile from the front." ❧

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

Passing Through . . . by Linda Squiers Hansen

Princes, Preachers, Poets and Pundits

Nineteenth-century Fredericton, with its military regiments, its university professors and its government personnel, was considered one of the region's most cosmopolitan cities. It became a favorite stopping place for people who 'toured' for a living, offering lectures in esoteric subjects, proselytizing, or performing. From Oscar Wilde to Prince Louis Napoleon, from the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with live hounds on the stage, to tableaux of historic events, the world graced the halls of Fredericton. Some citizens may have taken the

performers seriously but most regarded them as pure entertainment and a welcome respite from the antics of local politicians and other homegrown *artistes* who aspired to gain the public's favour.

One of the most colourful to ever grace Fredericton with his presence was the notorious Colonel Edward Zane Carroll Judson, more familiarly known as Ned Buntline. Buntline was, in many ways, his own creation. He was born in 1822 or perhaps in 1823, possibly in Stamford, New York, or then again, perhaps in Philadelphia. He partici-

pated in the Mexican War or in the Seminole War or perhaps in neither or in both. He styled himself a Colonel and a "Chief of Indian Scouts." However, when he was dishonourably discharged from the Union Army he was likely a private. Buntline wrote almost 400 dime novels, mostly based on his own adventures, or so he claimed. He did establish a series of literary magazines but they failed with depressing regularity. He also wrote, produced and acted in a number of successful, if eminently forgettable,

. . . continued on page 15

Poetry Pavilion

(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)



Photo Credit: Ronald Marken (Saskatoon)

Courtesy: UNB Office of Development & Public Relations

Elizabeth Brewster

Elizabeth Brewster was born in 1922 in the small lumber town of Chipman, New Brunswick. From there she went on to the University of New Brunswick, where she received a BA degree in 1946. The next year she completed her MA at Radcliffe College (Harvard) and then went on to the University of Toronto for a Bachelor of Library Science in 1953, and to Indiana University for a PhD in 1962. Returning to her home province, she worked in the New Brunswick Legislative Library and the Mount Allison University Library. Since 1968, she has lived in the West, becoming a senior member of the English Department at the University of Saskatchewan (Saskatoon) in 1972, retiring in 1990. Along the way, she has published many volumes of poems (the latest in 1993), two novels, and three collections of short stories, much of this work also being published in periodicals, journals, and anthologies for high schools and universities. Her early association with the Bliss Carman Poetry Society in Fredericton helped shape "her characteristic styles in poetry and prose," which resulted in three Canada Council Senior Artists Awards, and the President's Medal and Award for Poetry from the University of Western Ontario. In 1982, she received an honorary doctorate of letters from the University of New Brunswick. This Fall (1994), she returned once again to visit Fredericton and the province where she grew up.

The Officers' Quarterly is proud to

publish for the first time the following poems by Elizabeth Brewster:

Seasonal

Summer is the dangerous season
when ants invade the basement,
Virginia creeper with its furtive claw
strangles the unwary rose,
coils around stones.

Rain pours in torrents,
springing leaks in the back porch.
On the south side of the roof
shingles curl in the sun.

Oh, uncurbed nature is wild now,
too hot, too wet, too dry, too windy,
the enemy of the besieged house,
of the garden shapeless with weeds.

There will be more repose in autumn,
a gentler sun,
frost checking the unwieldy growth
of too-lush leafage,
insects gone
into their proper homes,
the roof mended

and what is to be gathered in
will be gathered in.

I Read Valéry's "Le Cimetière Marin" on My Birthday

Rain on my birthday, heavy, sullen
weather,
And wind and rain have come
together.
Should I rejoice that anyhow I live,
Have passed my three-score-ten and
added one,
Can at least walk, though rarely run,
And may to brighter birthdays yet
survive?

Valéry in that sunny graveyard by the
sea,
Surrounded by the tombstones'
victory,
Those slumbering there under the
sombre trees
Rooted in richest soil—yet cried out
No
Voted for wind-gust and wave-flow,
The turbulence of life, not sculptured
peace.

It is consciousness surely, the
conscious creature
That gives a voice to unconscious
Nature:
Only the living speak for stars and
stones

Or for those dead returned to earth
Who have their wavering strange
rebirth
As weeds or blossoms sprung from
bones.

Living, I speak now of Valéry
As someone when I'm dead may speak
of me;

Point to his words as one may point to
mine.

"Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be
content,"

Said Wordsworth, words for modest
poets meant.

Dead poets—do their ghosts know
that they shine?

[Paul Valéry (1871-1945) was a French poet
and essayist, influenced by the symbolists. He
wrote lyric poetry, rich in imagery.]

Woman in Front Row

What inspires you?
The old woman in the front row asks.

What, indeed?

Dreams, I might say.
Memory, I might say
The way the mind works.

Places? Maybe.
People? Sometimes.
The changing seasons

words
the way they combine
a strong line

mine or someone else's

Today
these poems of Paul Valéry,
their intricate forms
honoring holy language
prophetic discourse.

What inspires me?

Today
the woman in the front row.

October 11

Thanks now for this clarity
the veil of leaves withdrawn
to reveal the brilliant
pallor of the sky
a tangle of bare branches
dancing in the wind
absence a palpable
presence ❧

Books from the Barracks . . . by Velma Kelly

Local Historian Talks About Research: A First-Person Narrative

The Village in the Valley
(A History of Stanley and Vicinity)
Researched and Compiled by
Velma Kelly
Privately Published, 1983
150 pages, illustrations.

When I was a child growing up in the Village of Stanley, York County, New Brunswick, I listened carefully as my parents and grandparents told me stories about the lumbering industry of the parish and the social background of the various communities. This was the actual beginning of my interest and participation in historical research.

As I became older, I always carried a little notepad and a sharp pencil wherever I went. When someone told a story from the past, I made copious notes, some of this material even working its way into my school essays, one of which was entitled "The Threshing Supper," based upon the actual procedure on my grandfather's farm at English Settlement (originally called Berwick because the early settlers came from Berwick-on-Tweed)

The Harrison genealogy was another area where I did an overwhelming amount of research. Now, in 1994, my family tree is just about completed, a journey that began in Ireland many years ago and concluded in the Village of Stanley. In the meantime, I had traced genealogies for many other people, all of this archival work preparing me for the large research task ahead.

In 1963, I began serious work on my book *The Village in the Valley* (A History of Stanley and Vicinity). I collected news clippings, church documents, and old photographs; I interviewed the senior citizens of the area (including Lieutenant-General E. W. Sansom), spending hours listening to and writing down anecdotes. Other sources for my material included: the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company Reports, family scrapbooks, Reverend F. Baird's *History of the Parish of Stanley and Its Famous Fair*, School

Records, York County Agricultural Reports, Nashwaak Pulp and Paper Company Records, Mrs. A. Pringle's *History of Stanley*, the New Brunswick Provincial Archives.

When I was compiling my book, I became acquainted with the York-Sunbury Historical Society by doing volunteer work in their Museum at Officers' Square. Eventually, I became a member of the Society and in 1991, I was made an Honourary Life Member

worked closely with the printer at this stage of the manuscript, making several trips to Woodstock, the layout and the printing being done at the Carleton Printing Press. The final stage was the proofreading and I did this myself, having the desire to complete this private venture to the very end.

Researching and compiling a book can be expensive, especially photograph reproduction, but I was fortunate in 1981 to receive a small grant from the



in recognition of my time spent at the museum. Today I still volunteer on a regular weekly basis and enjoy it as much as ever!

When I sat down to organize the book, I divided my material into six sections: Beginnings, Lumbering Industry, Pioneer Citizens, Village & Enterprises, Business, Organizations. The "Beginnings" was the most challenging part but, once I got started, I enjoyed putting together the remainder of the manuscript, especially the "Lumbering" and "Pioneer" chapters.

Further challenges came when I started to place individual illustrations among the various sections of the text, especially when some of the content had to be cut or placed elsewhere. I

York-Sunbury Historical Society. Also, my book, having been published in 1983, in time for the 150th anniversary of the founding of Stanley (1834), went on to a second edition. Unfortunately, it is now out of print. However, I privately published one spin-off: *The Stanley Record*, a facsimile newspaper presenting many items from my book. I had this project printed in Fredericton and it is now on sale in the York-Sunbury Museum's giftshop. There never was a newspaper called *The Stanley Record* but, in the 1920s, there was a short-lived little paper called *The Stanley Star*.

I still live in Stanley and drive back and forth to the York-Sunbury Museum. In 1992, I was the recipient of the

Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction. As a Society Board Member, I also attend faithfully the monthly meetings and lectures. It has been an involvement that has been very rewarding for me.

In conclusion, I would like to quote from my book an account of one of the many interesting people about whom I learned:

Famous Stanley Woman Farmer

In the early days when Stanley was first settled, one lady was given special mention in laying the foundations of Stanley's agriculture prominence.

In the year 1854, a new settler arrived from England. She was Mrs. Jane Taylor, a daughter of the first John Douglass who came with the original English Colonists. She had been married in England and remained there when the rest of the family came out.

Left a widow, she decided to begin a new life in a new country. She was

accompanied by her five children, a son John and four daughters, Mary, Ellen, Agnes and Jane, and an uncle, David Douglass, her father's brother.

About the year 1850, the settlement of Red Rock (named for the quantity of deposits of red sandstone found there) was opened up. It was to this settlement approximately two miles from Stanley Village that Jane Taylor came.

There in this section of the Stanley community she purchased the Montgomery farm and with aid of her uncle and hired help, made a decided success of farming. She brought with her from the old country the first pure bred sheep, Leicesters, and from this stock Stanley sheep became quite noted. Mrs. Taylor also made a fine contribution to the activities and progress in the field of education in Stanley, being for several years a valuable and highly regarded school teacher. She taught the farmers' children while they in turn rewarded her

by aiding her on the farm.

Her grain, besides taking prizes at Saint John and Fredericton, won two medals at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The certificates of her awards are 11 x 14 inches, beautifully and elaborately engraved.

The first from Philadelphia reads: International Exhibition, 1876, Certificate of Award, Mrs. Jane Taylor, Stanley, York, N.B. Oats, United States Centennial Commission. In accordance with the Act of Congress, Philadelphia, September 27th, 1876. The second from Ottawa, Canada, reads: Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, Canadian Commission Award. This Diploma is to certify that the Dominion Bronze Medal was adjudged to Mrs. Jane Taylor, Stanley, N.B., for Oats, December 1st, 1876. ❧

(Velma Harrison-Kelly is the author of many short stories, articles, poems, historical booklets, and a writer and singer of folk songs.)

Society member Mrs. Jean Burden responded to the Curator's Corner in the Summer issue by telling us the origin of the unusual nickname "Old Billy Two Saw." Apparently, William (Billy) Goodine went from door to door in Fredericton asking the following question in his strong Acadian accent: "Any wood to

saw?" Eventually, a bit of doggerel verse, that also included the name of a Swedish lumberman at that time, was created and it went like this:

Poor Billy To Saw
Hopping on his stick
Old Swede Nelson
Would fairly make you sick.

Landing of Welsh Settlers Remembered

A service commemorating the 175th anniversary of the landing of the brigantine *Albion* on 11 June 1819 was held at the Cardigan Baptist Church on 12 June 1994. Guest speaker was Rev. Delbert Bannister of the New Brunswick Branch of the Canadian Bible Society; a brief history of the community was presented by a member of the Thomas family. Cardigan is located in York County, 15 miles northwest of Fredericton.

20 October 1994

Ann Brennan, author of *The Real Klondike Kate*, travelled from Johnville (5 miles NE of Bathurst) to speak to the York-Sunbury Historical Society in Fredericton.

Society member Dr. Ivan Crowell made the following response to the Lych Gate story in the Summer issue of *The Quarterly*: "The Lych Gate shown on page seven is not the original one. Its main posts rotted and the gate sagged some five years ago. It was taken down carefully and each post and board was duplicated in the workshop of J. Daryl Duffie, Windsor Street, Fredericton. The

whole structure was carefully reassembled on the site. A major but unseen difference is that all the new pieces of wood used were impregnated with a preservative before assembly. That these facts went unrecorded indicated that they weren't noticed and these facts attest to the excellence and accuracy of Mr. Duffie's restoration."

Feature Article *by Carolyn Atkinson*

Aida Flemming . . . the Early Years

On a lovely New Brunswick June day in 1994, Aida Flemming was reunited with her husband and friend, Hugh John, on a hillside cemetery in the county in which each had been born. The fresh green trees welcomed her with a sprightly breeze while Queen Anne's Lace and Purple Vetch danced with pleasure. The journey home for these two happy souls was now complete.

Who was this lady and what was her contribution to New Brunswick and beyond?

Ada Maud Boyer McAnn was born on March 7, 1896 in Victoria Corner, Carleton County, New Brunswick. Within three months, her twenty-seven-year-old mother, for whom she was named, was dead. And thus began the life of the young girl who later changed the spelling of her name to Aida after hearing Verdi's opera *Aida*.

Her mother was the daughter of James W. Boyer, head of a well-known Boot & Harness Industry from which he had realized a considerable fortune. In this atmosphere of financial stability, his now-deceased daughter had been sent to Mount Allison Ladies' College from which she had later graduated.

Young Aida's father was Charles Whitfield McAnn. He was born in Kings County in 1865, grandson of an Irish immigrant widow. He graduated from Mount Allison University with a B.A. degree and later followed a course in law at Ann Arbor, Michigan, graduating with an LL.B. He had previously studied law in Sussex with the firm of White, Allison & King and in the early 1890's practiced law in Moncton.

In 1893 he went west, settling in Kaslo, British Columbia. Three years after establishing there, his wife returned to her father's home in Victoria Corner to await delivery of their child, Aida. Charles came back to New Brunswick to be with her in the last weeks of her life and, after her death, he returned to Kaslo to continue

his practice of law.

Within three years, he married a Miss Tompkins from Florenceville



Courtesy: Carolyn Atkinson

Aida's Mother, circa 1887

(New Brunswick) and this union produced two children.

He became well known in Kaslo and throughout that province, eventually being appointed a Q.C. He was the first Mayor of that town and held the office for five terms until the time of his death at age 42. A staunch Conservative, he ran in one provincial election and was defeated by only a few votes. He was offered the nomination again but declined due to ill health. His remains were brought back to his brother Wes's home in Moncton (New Brunswick) and funeral services were held at the

Central Methodist Church on April 9, 1907.

Although Aida spent eight years of her early life in the Kaslo area with her father, step-mother, and step-siblings, they were not all happy memories for her. Her father was too busy in his practice and in politics, and the step-mother was unable to give her the time and attention she needed.

So a good deal of her day was spent wandering about the wooded areas of her home with two family dogs, often being left to her own devices, which helped make her mischievous and obstinate.

She remembered with fondness their elderly Chinese gardener who taught her many of his country's philosophies and nurtured in her a reverence for all life. Throughout her life, she cherished a dainty teacup and saucer which he had ordered from China as a gift for her. Without this dear friend, she felt she would have grown up to be completely irresponsible.

Aida was eleven years old when her father died. She was enrolled for a short time in a Convent School in Seattle, Washington and then sent to live with her Uncle and Aunt in Moncton. L. Wesley McAnn will be remembered as a well-respected Mayor of Moncton. He and his wife, May, were fervent Christians who devoted themselves to helping and caring for others. Their sixteen-year-old daughter, Nettie, died in 1902 and they became loving parents to their orphaned niece, Aida, and she returned this love.

She admitted in later years that, when she arrived at their home, she was a bit of a shock to them, being active and curious about everything, and jokingly added that they enrolled her in Rothesay's Netherwood School for Girls as quickly as they could!

So in the fall of 1910 she began her studies at Netherwood, played Lavvy in the school play *Our Mutual Friend*, was

class prophet for the year, and did exceptionally well in her subjects. In the 1912 humorous Class Proposition on Aida, the students declared that "Ada McAnn's brain is equal in area to the sum of the squares described on the brains of all the others," and could be proved "because she had Honours in all her subjects with an average of 99 3/4."

Following Netherwood, Aida spent four of the happiest years of her young life at Mount Allison University where, when she was twenty years old, she received her B.A. degree with honours in English. Here she fell in love with music, poetry and literature and the love affair lasted for decades. Many of the professors at this time made a strong impression; in fact, anyone who opened up new worlds of knowledge was embraced as an inspiration and friend. Going on to Toronto University, Aida continued her studies and received a Certificate in Education in 1917.

Aida was considered one of Moncton's most popular young ladies and it was shortly after the end of World War I that she met and married Major Douglas Vincent White, M.C. He came from a prominent family in Saint John and was well-known in that city. The ceremony was held at her Uncle and Aunt's home in Moncton amid an elaborate display of roses and evergreens, with violin and piano music in the background. And with everyone's good wishes, the couple left on a honeymoon to Montreal, Toronto and New York.

When they returned to live in Saint John, their lifestyle became one of social engagements, which left her with little or no direction for a worthwhile future, so it was not long until the marriage ended in divorce. She left those memories behind and charted a new course.

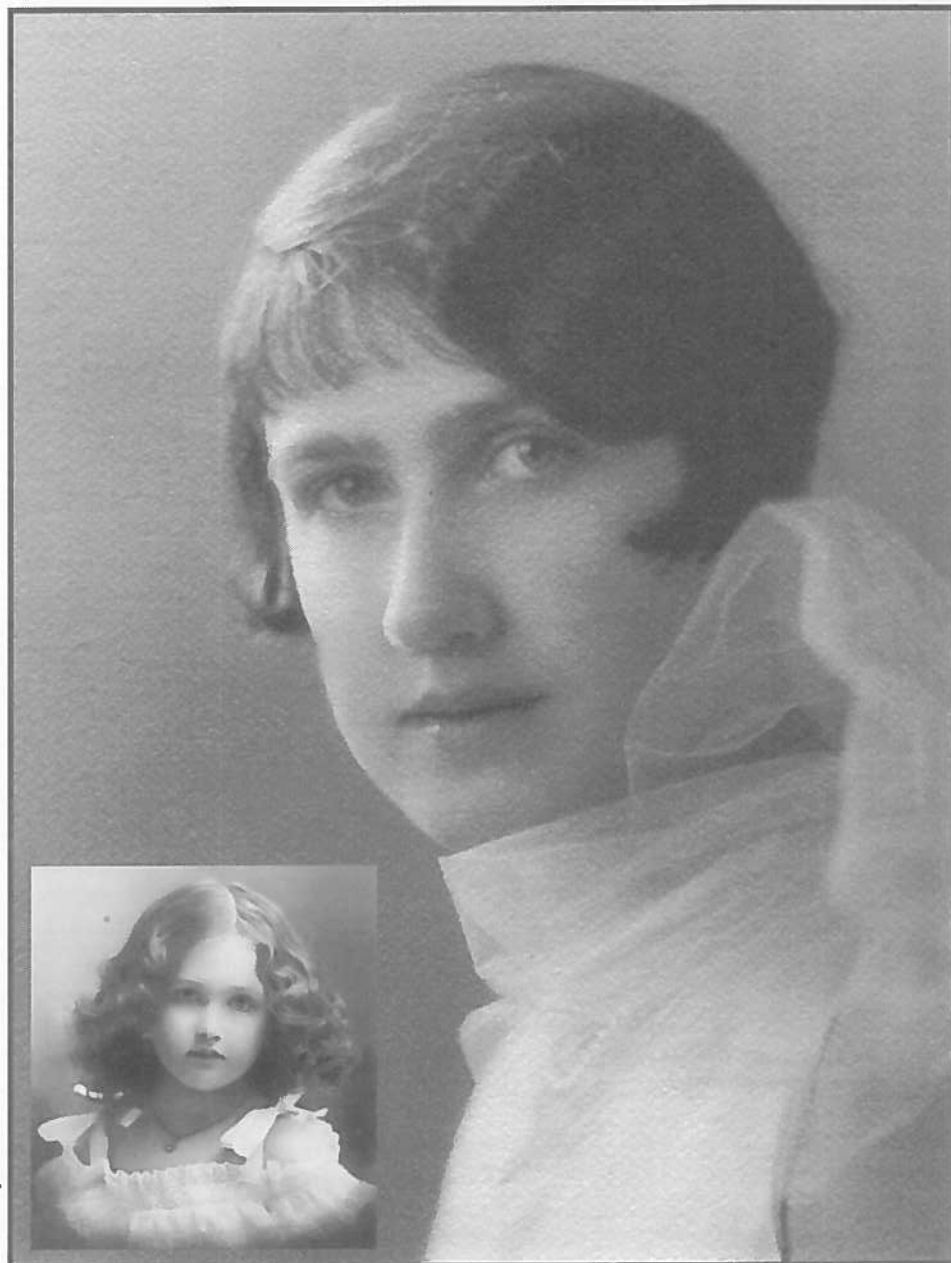
She looked to Mount Allison and in 1920 returned there to teach English and History. Years later, Aida was appointed to the Board of Regents at this university and in 1958 she was honoured with an LL.D. degree.

Living by the motto that "learning is an active process," Aida went to New York where in 1930 she received a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University, with honours in English.

After a summer of study and travel, she again took up teaching, this time at

Tidal Bore was a myth. She was later to write a description of it for New Brunswick's Travel Bureau which was circulated to a far greater and more appreciative audience.

Aida must have had a great deal of confidence in her journalistic skills



Courtesy: The Kindness Club

Aida in 1928

Dongan Hall, a private school in Dongan Hills, New York where, in 1930 and 1931, she taught English, History, Latin and Current Events to students preparing for College Board Examinations. It was here that the class thought her story about the Petitcodiac

because, while in New York, she decided to pursue a career as a freelance advertising writer. That may not seem an unreasonable direction for her to have taken but, in the thirties, reports indicated that unemployed executives in advertising were walking the city

streets in search of work. This, and the fact that she was a woman entering a male-dominated profession, did not intimidate her.

After two years of work in this field, Aida returned to Moncton. Her Aunt May had died and she wanted to be with her Uncle who had been like a father to her. She threw her energy into freelance writing in the Maritimes, where New Brunswick was to benefit from her talent as, along with numerous other assignments, she joined the staff of the Travel Bureau and for nine years had a satisfying and successful career enticing outsiders to visit our province.

Her articles were descriptive and historical accounts of towns, villages, cities, rivers and seashores. She visited and wrote about New Brunswick craftspeople, gardens, local museums, private gardens, of secluded look-outs which held secret some of the province's finest scenery. In her promotional material she devised one-liner questions about unusual sites and phenomena: "Where is the one-tree orchard" and "What is a 'Come All Ye' and where are these popular?"

An article inviting people to bring their appetites with them details native foods prepared our way, saying "With nature to thank for good foods, New Brunswick has history to thank for good cooks." And never to leave a subject incomplete, she gave recipes for these delicacies of the land and the sea.

In writing about the Islands of Fundy she asked, "Was there ever a

visitor to any one of New Brunswick's three enchanting southern islands who did not feel something of the thrill of the discoverer as he stepped ashore for the first time?" and continuing with Keats' famous lines: "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies; when a new planet swims into his ken...."

In 1938 she had published a book of *Treasured Recipes* and in 1939 the Tribune Printing Company Ltd. in Sackville was running an ad suggesting that "people get more fun out of life" by buying, for only 50 cents, the attractive and useful New Brunswick Cook Book containing 225 new and different recipes edited by Aida Boyer McAnn.

Also at this time, the G.E. Barbour Co., Ltd. was sponsoring over CHSJ Radio *The Cooking School of the Air*, a marketing, menu, and recipe service being given each week-day morning in June. This program was directed by Aida McAnn, M.A. The purpose was to help "prepare meals that keep husbands tranquil and happy while wives spend more time out in the June sunshine, and less in hot kitchens."

Aida also drafted a recipe book for Prince Edward Island and it is not currently known if this was ever published. If not, the Islanders and others have missed reading a great tribute to the potato and the wonderful recipes contained therein.

This extraordinary woman was a collector of information. She kept, in handwriting, large scrapbooks filled with compact, important information

on everything imaginable. One could conceive that, had all of this been published at the same time, she might have had volumes to her credit!

She was the first editor of *The Forum*, a publication issued by the Department of Education for Teachers and Trustees; first public relations officer for the Maritime Hospital Services Association; first public relations officer for the Maritime Provinces Unemployment Insurance Commission; and author of booklets and articles for various institutions and magazines.

Included in the latter were the Atlantic Advertising Agency run by C. C. Avarad in Sackville, New Brunswick, and his publication *The Maritime Advocate and Busy East*, the forerunner of *The Atlantic Advocate*. She worked closely with him and a lifelong friendship developed.

For Aida, who had a second brief and unsuccessful marriage, there must have been times when she felt that a happy marital relationship would evade her, but not so.

In 1944 she began work as Assistant Reporter for the proceedings of the New Brunswick Legislature and it was here that she met someone who would bring about another change for her, one which would lead her in a new and gratifying direction.

...to be continued

(Society member Carolyn Atkinson was secretary to Premier Hugh John Flemming from 1952 to 1957.) ✂

Letter to the Editor . . . Research Assistance Requested

As a member of The Royal Canadian Legion, Branch Number 4 Historical Committee, I am currently researching the life and times of Temple Sutherland, the owner-operator of a paint and wallpaper store on upper Queen Street, Fredericton, during the period between World Wars One and Two. He passed away in 1956 and left a diary covering the period between late December 1917, when, as

part of the 9th Siege Battery, he left Partridge Island, and December 1918, when he was hospitalized in London, England. In hopes of producing an insightful secondary source for History students studying the First World War, I am looking for personal insights into Temple Sutherland, photographs of him, his business, his compatriots, and similar data on Frederictonians mentioned in the diary."

George C. Bidlake, Editor
Fletcher-O'Leary Periodical
745 Albert Street, Fredericton
New Brunswick, E3B 2C5



**Letters to Editor
Welcomed**

Cover Story Updates

The *Titanic* (Spring 1994 issue)—Donald Lynch, official historian of the Titanic Historical Society (Redondo Beach, California), sent the following information to *The Quarterly*: "The only other New Brunswick resident connected with the *Titanic* was Thaddeus Stevens of Hampton. He was a mortician who went to Halifax to assist in the disposition of the bodies recovered from the ocean and brought to that port."

However, Mr. Lynch stated that John A. Reid of Fredericton, one of the owners of the Hartt Boot & Shoe Company at that time, lost three close friends who were first-class passengers, all engaged in the shoe trade in Massachusetts: "Walter Porter was connected with the Porter Last Company of Worcester, which had been founded by his father; George Clifford was also a last manufacturer, being president of the Belcher Last Company of Stoughton; John Maguire, who was only 30 years of age, lived in Brockton, where he was in the same line of work as his two travelling companions." All three had sailed to England together on the steamer *Megantic* of the White Star Line, hopefully to expand their overseas business.

The Royal Tour (Summer 1994 issue)—The response to this 1939 event was overwhelming, especially with the arrival of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Commonwealth Games stadium in Victoria in the same McLaughlin Buick that carried her mother and father over the dirt roads of central New Brunswick to Fredericton 55 years ago.

Society member Dr. Murray Young, who graduated from Fredericton High School in June of 1939, informed us that the graduation ring for that year had a superimposed portrait of the King

and Queen. Also, the High School Cadets, who lined the streets of Fredericton, were wearing World War I uniforms sent from Ottawa for the occasion.

One of our readers, who wishes to remain anonymous, encouraged us to check Baxter's ice cream containers. Why? To commemorate the Royal Visit in 1939, Baxter Foods Limited not only christened The Royal Ice Cream Bar, but also adopted the Royal Coach as its new logo.

And the following original item was found in the New Brunswick Archives:

107JB J 35
MONCTON NB 928P JUNE 13 1939
HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR
FREDERICTON NB
ON BEHALF OF THE QUEEN AND MYSELF I SEND TO YOU AND THE
CITIZENS OF FREDERICTON OUR HEARTFELT THANKS FOR THE WELCOME
WHICH WE RECEIVED TODAY PLEASE CONGRATULATE ALL WHO ASSISTED
WITH THE EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENTS
GEORGE R I
952PM
C A N A D I A N N A T I O N A L T E L E G R A P H

Passing Through . . . continued from page 8

plays. Perhaps the most famous was "The Scout of the Plains," written in four hours specifically to suit the talents of Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack. An artistic disaster, it was a financial success, particularly for Buntline who was not known for equitably sharing the profits of any venture.

Buntline's career had a darker, less humorous side. In 1846, he was lynched by a mob but survived. In 1849 he led the Astor Place riot which resulted in the deaths of some 31 people. Buntline spent a year in prison for his part in the riot but seemingly viewed his incarceration as merely a minor delay on the road to fame and fortune.

His career as a writer was augmented by forays into politics and it was as a founder of the Know-Nothing Party and a lecturer on temperance that he appeared in Fredericton in 1855. One local diarist penned this account:

SAW THE YANKY AUTHOR LECTURER & SCAMP AT THE DOOR OF THE BARKER HOUSE — COULD NOT GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM BUT AS FAR AS I SAW HE LOOKED LIKE SOME PIRATE — HE CALLS HIMSELF OR AT LEAST THE HANDBILLS DO COLONEL EZECHIEL JUDSON BETTER KNOWN AS NED BUNTLINE. LECTURED LAST NIGHT AT ORANGE LODGE FREE LECTURE — THIS NIGHT IN TEMPERANCE HALL ... TICKETS OF ADMISSION 1/3 ... HE PROPOSES TO

THRASH THE POPE AND EXPLAIN NONETHINGISM.

Here, Buntline found his reputation had preceded him and Frederictonians viewed him as infamous rather than famous. Though that did not stop them from turning out for a look, they were not about to pay for the privilege. After three unsuccessful attempts to get a paying audience, Buntline moved on to more gullible and less cosmopolitan cities — such as Chicago and New York. ❧

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

Garrison Ghosts



This year concludes with a glance back at the Society's activities 60 years ago during the Fall of 1934. At that time a proposed memorial for the famous winter march of the 104th Regiment dominated the meetings, although it would be a year later, in the Fall of 1935, that the Society's suggestions and plans became a reality.

19 September 1934: Special mention was made of an interesting collection of Russian articles received from Mr. E. M. Young of this city. Mrs. J. B. Maxwell read an interesting paper on "The Pirates of Acadia." The information contained in the paper was gathered by Mrs. Maxwell from old documents recently unearthed at the Provincial Parliamentary Library in this city. Mayor W. G. Clark told the Society that a sub-committee from the Monuments Committee, which had earlier been appointed to advise Dr. J. C. Webster of the Historical Monuments Board of Canada, regarding the site to honour the men of the 104th Regiment, had advised the intersection of Brunswick and Smythe Street as a proper place.

17 October 1934: Mrs. Arthur Pringle of Stanley read a well-prepared paper on "Stanley and Its Surrounding Settlements." Rev. Dr. F. A. Wightman, moving a hearty vote of thanks, mentioned the fact that Stanley was years ago laid out as a town site, and expressed the hope that in due time Stanley and other small places would come into their own and be large and influential towns.

29 October 1934: The executive, at a special meeting in the Museum at the Post Office Building, expressed disapproval of the action of the Monuments & Sites Board of Canada in considering a cairn to mark the famous march on snowshoes of the 104th from Fredericton to Quebec and then to Kingston in the winter of 1813. Mayor W. G. Clark presented photos of cairns he had received from the Monuments & Sites Board of Canada. The plans were rejected by the meeting as it was felt a cairn was not a fit memorial to an event which made world history. It was felt that a memorial depicting in some manner the magnificent accomplishment of the men of the 104th should be erected.

Several suggestions were made, such as asking the Monuments Board if it would give the amount of money involved in the erection of a cairn to the Society which would petition the City of Fredericton, the provincial and federal governments, county councils, and private individuals for funds to erect a memorial with a figure of a soldier, musket, and snowshoes!

21 November 1934: Mr. Harry Bridges presented a paper on "Sheffield, Past & Present." According to the speaker, the early settlers of Sheffield arrived from Massachusetts about 1760. Others came from Ireland two years later. Previous to their coming, the land was occupied by French and Indians. Some of the early settlers who came to Sheffield were Saunders, Simonds, Perley, Stickney, Burpee, Bubar, Estey, Piccand, Joshua Major, Palmer, Bridges, Jewett, Hart, Upton.

3 December 1934: Suggested by Mrs. J. B. Maxwell that a sum of money be paid Mr. C. A. Taylor in recognition of his annual services to the Society as Curator. Moved by Lady Ashburnham and seconded by Major F. A. Good that \$30 be paid to Mr. Taylor. A petition to the Provincial Government of New Brunswick asking for a grant of money to aid the Society was considered.

12 December 1934: A report from the Committee for the 104th Memorial stated that the Historical Sites & Monuments Board of Canada was unwilling to contribute the cost of one of its "markers" (cairns) toward a fund for a monument by the Society. It was decided that Mayor W.G. Clark proceed with negotiations with Dr. Clarence Webster of Shediac with reference to the 104th monument. Mrs. Maxwell read a very interesting paper describing the uniforms worn by the 104th Regiment during their march to Quebec in 1813. Another interesting paper was given by Mr. R. P. Gorham on the conditions and experiences of the Loyalists who settled in Salamanca about the year 1775. It was moved that Miss Jane Rainsford (a descendent of Captain Charles Rainsford of the 104th) be thanked for her offer to this Society for an old clock, sleigh, and coach. ❧



York-Sunbury Collection

Lady Ashburnham

Patroness of York Sunbury Historical Society Honoured by King George V
November 1st, 1934

The Right Honourable, The Countess of Ashburnham (the former Maria Anderson of Fredericton) was invested an officer of The Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, the honour coming to her from His Majesty King George V, the sovereign head of the Grand Priory in the British Realm. The investiture took place at Rideau Hall during the afternoon of All Saints' Day by His Excellency the Earl of Bessborough, Governor General of Canada. The official announcement appeared earlier in *The London Gazette*.

Beyond York-Sunbury . . . by Doug Wright

Island with a History

Grand Manan, one of the Fundy Isles, lies six miles off the coast of Maine, but almost 24 miles from the New Brunswick mainland. It is connected to the province by a ferry that runs from Blacks Harbour to North Head. The Island is approximately 15 miles in length and six miles wide. Its topography is varied, ranging from high and rugged terrain on the westerly side to low flat ground on the easterly side, which is the settled part of the Island.

The first European settlement of the Island occurred in 1777 when a Loyalist from New England spent the winter on the Island with his family, but after one winter he left. The Island was not settled again until 1784 when Moses Gerrish, a graduate of Harvard, secured a land grant with four others and brought fifty families to Grand Manan.

At the present time, the Island is home to approximately 2500 permanent residents and in the summer months an equal number of summer residents and tourists. The sea is the mainstay of the Island and, during the months from April to October, Island residents are engaged in harvesting lobster, scallops and groundfish. The many weirs that surround the Island bring in a rich catch of sardines and mackerel. In addition, there is a thriving trade in dulse, a form of edible seaweed for which the Island is famous. Tourism is the second largest industry and may eventually surpass the fishery.

While there may be some inconvenience in living on an island, Grand Mananers would have no hesitation in

telling you that it is the best place in the world to live. For one thing, Grand Manan is reputed to be one of the most prosperous fishing communities in Canada. This prosperity is reflected in the late model cars and well-kept and freshly painted homes. Another, and perhaps the most important factor, is the strong sense of community found



on the Island, an important aspect of which finds expression through the Grand Manan Historical Society and Museum.

Located in Grand Harbour, the museum opened in 1967 as a Centennial project. It houses the Moses Memorial Bird Collection, which consists of specimens of birds collected by Allen L. Moses, who lived from 1881 to 1953 and devoted much of his life to observing the many birds found on and around Grand Manan. Also of note is the "Walter B. McLaughlin Marine Gallery," the focal point of which is the lens and revolving mechanism formerly

contained in the Gannet Rock Light, a lighthouse which stands on a ledge in the Atlantic Ocean some ten miles from Grand Manan. The Gallery is named after W.B. McLaughlin, who was keeper of the light from 1845 to 1880. During his tenure, he kept a journal recording his observations of daily events. This Gallery also features illustrations and

explanations of fishing methods, navigation and shipbuilding.

At the Anglican cemetery in North Head, there is a memorial headstone to the seamen who were lost when the ship *Lord Ashburton* went down on the night of 18 January 1857 off the rocky promontory on the north end of the Island which now bears its name. There were only eight survivors, one of whom, a Danish seaman called James Lawson, returned to Grand Manan to live after convalescing from the experience at a marine hospital in Saint John. His story was told nineteen years later to J.G. Lorimer, a local historian who

later became editor of *The Island News*, a Grand Manan weekly of that day.

Other headstones in cemeteries all over the Island and records in the museum archives tell their own stories of heroism and tragedy in man's struggle with the sea, and serve as a continuing reminder to islanders and visitors alike of the unique character of this seagoing community and its hardy and resourceful residents. ❧

(Society member Doug Wright is a Fredericton lawyer who has a summer residence on Grand Manan.)

His Life Made A Difference

On 15 December 1993, devoted Society member Keith Ingersoll passed away in Fredericton. He was 79. For years to come, we will be admiring and assessing his literary and cultural legacy for New Brunswick and the rest of Canada; for the present, friends and colleagues have been communicating and sharing their memories of this very special individual. *The Officers' Quarterly* is proud to present the following remembrances.

Dr. George MacBeath (former Deputy Minister of Historical Resources for New Brunswick):

It was especially as the Province's Museums Branch Director that Keith Ingersoll showed impressive support for the York-Sunbury Historical Society and its Museum. He demonstrated a quiet, gentle — but ever so effective — influence, always to our organization's betterment. He gave unstintingly of his time and talents to make all of us aware of the rich heritage that is New Brunswick's.

A native of Grand Manan, Keith pursued his studies at Mount Allison, the University of Toronto, and the American Museum of Natural History. He recorded, with a measure of pride, that his first job was a janitor at the Seal Cove School. The record of work and accomplishment went on to distinguish him as educator and soldier, historian and naturalist, author and gifted museum professional.

Besides his recent membership in the Order of Canada, there were many other awards and honours, including a Royal Canadian Legion Life Membership, a Fellow and Honourary Life Member of the Canadian Museums Association, the Award of Merit and Honourary Life Membership by the Association Museums of New Brunswick.

Willard Richardson (current correspondent for *Time* magazine while working in Canadian newsrooms):

It might be well for me to emphasize that, while we are both natives of Grand Manan Island, there is a seven-

teen-year age differential. Keith was born in 1914, well before my birth in 1931. Hence, we did not come into contact until I started my professional career. Keith wrote a 'News around Grand Manan' column for *The Saint Croix Courier*, which is printed in St. Stephen, and he quite frequently commented on the Grand Manan news and feature stories I was publishing in *The Telegraph-Journal*, which is printed in Saint John. About the same time, I was publishing poetry on the Editorial Page of *The Telegraph* and his praise was a source of encouragement. In his last letter to me (20 October 1993), he commented on two verses from my poem "Castalia," saying "It is beautiful and I shall be much pleased to receive a copy of the entire work when it is published."

Peter Pearce (Fredericton naturalist):

A remarkable event occurred in the summer of 1913. A yellow-nosed albatross, far from its home in the South Atlantic, fetched up in Grand Manan waters, the first known to visit North America. Extraordinarily, a second of its kind wandered to New Brunswick eighty years later. The two appearances almost exactly framed the lifetime of Keith Ingersoll, a gentle Seal Cove and Grand Manan champion filled with a sense of wonder at such things.

His scrupulous contributions to education, museology, and the study of history were widely known and admired. Related to his interests as an historian was a less-recognized, quiet curiosity about nature and the activities of naturalists. Two of his important nature publications were "A History of the Mammals of Grand Manan" (with S.W. Gorham in *The New Brunswick Museum Journal*, 1979) and *Wings over the Sea: The Story of Allan Moses*. In the latter he sketched the life of a prominent Island naturalist, who became his friend, and the fascinating series of events that led to the founding of an ornithology research station in the Grand Manan archipelago and the effective protection of a dwindling



L. Keith Ingersoll

regional population of common eiders. He supported several organizations devoted to the conservation of nature, and was an honorary life member of the New Brunswick Federation of Naturalists.

Keith Ingersoll's vision and dedicated service to his community contributed largely to the establishment of an Island museum to provide a safe haven for the invaluable Moses Memorial Collection of birds and, subsequently, for many other natural and cultural history artifacts pertaining to the Island. The museum is a fitting and lasting tribute to this gifted, enquiring and much-loved son of Grand Manan.

Keith Ingersoll was a rare individual—rare as an albatross in New Brunswick.

Ruth Grattan (Archivist/Historian, Provincial Archives of New Brunswick):

Somewhere I have read, "He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare." Keith Ingersoll was a person rich in friends. He was admired for his talents, for his extensive knowledge in many subjects, and for his willingness to share his experience and insights. He believed in himself, and he believed in

others. He was not preoccupied with personal ambition: he sought to help others, knowing that no one achieves success single-handedly. He recognized and encouraged ability. He gave people a chance to shine, to be known for their work and recognized for their accomplishments.

Keith loved life. He looked for the good in people and situations. What I miss most about him is his sense of perspective, his ability to redeem the most difficult circumstances, with a warm dash of humour and a gem of homespun wisdom.

Dr. Gregg Finley (Professor of History, St. Stephen's University, St. Stephen, New Brunswick):

It is remarkable how many people came under his influence. He went about sharing himself with others. There is so much to remember. I recall his sense of humour, his personal warmth and integrity, his great sense of History, his pride over being a native New Brunswicker, his ties to the Fundy shore. But most of all, I remember Keith's great gift as a teacher.

I learned many things under his wise tutelage. He spent many years in the classroom, of course. But when Keith was not standing in front of a blackboard, he was standing up for an enlightened, well-cultivated approach to life-long learning. He believed that learning involved curiosity and communication. He loved language.

I remember the importance Keith placed on words. Whether in speech or in writing, he was a wordsmith. A literary craftsman, Keith fashioned words like a potter does clay. In his hands the most obscure historical topic came to life. When he had finished speaking or writing about something his audience had a new level of understanding. Perhaps his topic was an obscure jar of pickles recovered from a Bay of Fundy shipwreck; or a peculiar horse-drawn vehicle known as the "sloven" wagon; or a piece of scrimshaw surviving from the Age of Sail. Countless connections were made between yesterday and today. In the process, History "happened" in the minds and hearts of those who listened to, or read, his words.

Josephine Lynam (retired adult educator):

I have two mementos — both books, of course, for Keith's second great passion after his love for his wife Ruby and his family was books. One he presented to me many years ago as a gift, the other as a loan which I never returned until it was too late.

The first book, a collection of sonnets, *Astrophel and Stella* by Sir Philip Sidney, originally published in 1598, was a first edition printed in Maine in 1905 on beautiful Van Gelder paper. The second is a learned treatise by Joseph Campbell on primitive mythology, *The Masks of God*, published in 1959.

Symbolically, I suppose, these two volumes reflect the joy and mystery that Keith found in his relentless search for meaning in a life that was not always easy.

Keith was a lover of books and words, and he loved nothing better than to share that love with friends, sometimes with a gift of a paragraph, sometimes with a whole book and ultimately, of course, with a lifetime of recording the histories of the community he loved so dearly.

Ted Jones (retired schoolteacher):

I first met Keith Ingersoll when I visited Grand Manan during our Centennial Summer of 1967. I was researching the life of the American Author Willa Cather and Keith was to be my Island contact. However, as the boat made its way through the Fundy waters, my apprehension increased. What could I expect from this Island, these people? Then I saw Keith's outstretched hand, his broad smile, and, in the midst of seagulls and foghorns, I heard his first word to me: welcome! Immediately, I felt that this man was the epitome of Grand Manan. He became a friend for life and a mentor for my project. We toured the little fishing villages, we laughed at the local anecdotes, and, because we had both read her entire literary output, we talked endlessly about Willa Cather. After my return to the mainland, Keith and I communicated by letter but time eventually took us in different directions. A few years ago, the York-

Sunbury Historical Society brought us together again and our correspondence resumed as if it had never stopped. In one of his 1992 letters he wrote: "With good cooperation from the UNB Library Archives, a copy of your Willa Cather thesis had been acquired in hard cover and is waiting here with me to be conveyed to the Grand Manan Museum." True to his word, Keith Ingersoll personally saw to it that my research was finally taken home — back where it all started.

Marion Beyea (New Brunswick Provincial Archivist):

If I had to sum up Keith in one word, it would be "mentor," although his advice was sought by and a benefit to the experienced as well as the inexperienced. He gave his assistance so willingly and modestly and comfortably, or told you kindly and clearly why he felt he could not or should not help, that I never felt any hesitation in seeking his knowledge, editor's pen or advice. Whether he was reviewing captions for an exhibit, or suggesting support for a heritage cause, or analyzing a set back, he generously shared his wealth of experience and wisdom and common sense. Even an ordinary conversation could be pleasantly didactic: he was a true teacher.

Keith had a strong belief in the good of humankind and in the potential of individuals. He respected honest effort and was warm in his praise and direct in his criticism. He enjoyed life and company. He had a rich sense of humour and was a wonderful story teller. We are fortunate for his writing and publications that leave a lasting legacy of his knowledge and talent.

Fortunately, I am not limited to one word. Keith was many things—intelligent, loyal, witty, caring, easy in showing emotion, capable, eloquent—to name a few. I miss his hearty laugh, the twinkle in his eye, the crack in his voice when he spoke of someone or some cause that was especially close and important to him. What I most hope that I can remember from Keith is his optimism; no matter the discouragement, the lack of support, the defeat, the loss, while not losing sight of

... continued on page 23

A Literary Discovery . . . by Ted Jones

The next time you visit St. Andrews-by-the-Sea in Charlotte County, New Brunswick, walk along the popular gift shops of Water Street and stop in front of the town's red-brick Post Office. To the right of the front door there is a bronze memorial tablet that pays tribute to Canada's first native-born English-speaking poet, who was also the first Canadian-born poet to be published in both England and Canada, and also the author of the first autobiography of a native Canadian writer.

Oliver Goldsmith, the great-nephew and namesake of the Anglo-Irish author Oliver Goldsmith (*The Deserted Village* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*), was born in St. Andrews on 6 July 1794. He was baptized a year later at All Saints Anglican Church, which still stands on King Street in St. Andrews and where the register containing the record of his baptism still exists.

Oliver's father Henry was a British officer; his mother Mary, an American Loyalist, but they moved to New Brunswick in 1785 and assumed the life of pioneers. Their homestead (a house, a grist mill, and a saw mill) was located twelve miles north of St. Andrews on the banks of the Waweig Stream. In time, Goldsmith's Stream, which still flows west into the Waweig River, was named in honour of this particular couple who remained loyal to the British crown.

Unfortunately, the Goldsmith home and mills were destroyed by fire, causing the family to move to St. Andrews, then to Halifax, and finally to Saint John where the father took command of New Brunswick's Commissariat (a military department in charge of food supplies and equipment). After a short illness, he died at age 56, leaving a widow and nine of his fourteen children to survive him.

Oliver was 17 at the time and had already entered the Commissariat of the British Navy in Nova Scotia, in which service he remained for the rest of his life, his rank of Deputy Commissary General taking him around the world from Hong Kong, to

Newfoundland, the Crimean War, and finally Liverpool, England, where he died in 1861.



He left behind an unpublished manuscript, his only prose writing, entitled *Autobiography of Oliver Goldsmith*, written in black ink in a green morocco-bound cashbook. Eventually it was brought to Canada by a brother and subsequently willed to a Goldsmith grandniece in Annapolis Royal. In 1943, it was discovered and edited by Rev. Wilfred Myatt and published by Dr. Lorne Pierce. A second edition appeared in 1985.

During his lifetime, Oliver Goldsmith kept returning to the Maritime Provinces, and it was in Halifax where he wrote *The Rising Village*, a long poem for which he is most remembered today. It was first published as a separate book in London (England) in 1825 and sold for half a crown. In 1834, it was revised and published as another separate book, including a few of his other poems, in Saint John (New Brunswick) and sold for five shillings. In 1989, Canadian Poetry Press combined the London and Saint John editions in a joint publication with editorial notes.

Over the years, scholars have heavily criticized *The Rising Village*, mainly because it was closely modelled after his great uncle's poem *The Deserted*

Village, the two poems forming one of the most curious parallels in literary history." Written in heroic couplets, both poems combine physical detail, social history, romantic emotion, and moral teaching, the British Goldsmith describing the decline of a rural village in the Old World, his Canadian relative describing the rise of a rural village in the New World (probably reflecting the early life of his own parents in St. Andrews). According to one critic, "the chief significance of *The Rising Village* is that its author had recognized the poetic possibilities of the Canadian social scene."

Although he is relatively unknown today, Oliver Goldsmith did make literary history with the first book-length publication in England by a Canadian poet and the first book-length poem published by a native English-Canadian. The 1994 Fall issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* honours the bicentennial of his birthday with the printing of the following excerpt from *The Rising Village*:

As thus the Village each successive year
Presents new prospects, and extends its
sphere,
While all around its smiling charms expand,
And rural beauties decorate the land.
The humble tenants, who were taught to know
By years of suffering, all the weight of woe;
Who felt each hardship nature could endure,
Such pains as time alone could ease or cure,
Relieved from want, in sportive pleasures find
A balm to soften and relax the mind;
And now, forgetful of their former care,
Enjoy each sport, and every pastime share.
Beneath some spreading tree's expanded
shade
Here many a manly youth and gentle maid,
With festive dances or with sprightly song
The summer's evening hours in joy prolong,
And as the young their simple sports renew,
The aged witness, and approve them too.
And when the Summer's bloomy charms are
fled,
When Autumn's fallen leaves around are
spread,
When Winter rules the sad inverted year,
And ice and snow alternately appear,
Sports not less welcome lightly they essay,
To chase the long and tedious hours away. ❧

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen by Pat Flemming

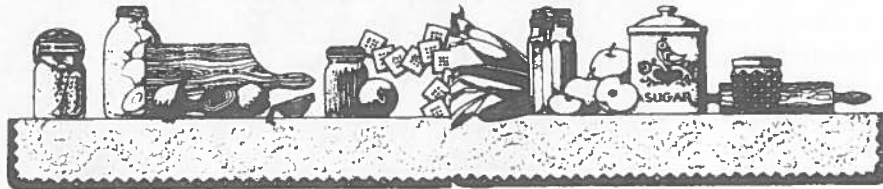
York-Sunbury Style

Autumn is pickling time in New Brunswick. Nothing compares to the sweet aroma of pickles simmering on the kitchen stove, and those old favourite recipes include Lady Ashburnham Pickles.

My very favourite mustard pickles are those of Lady Ashburnham, the former Maria Anderson of Fredericton. I have only made them twice, however, because the task is time-consuming. Every cucumber has to be cut up very small, but most cooks feel it is certainly worth the effort.

It was disappointing to learn that Lady Ashburnham never did make pickles; it was her only sister Lucy who invented and made the pickles that are so popular today. Lady Ashburnham was too busy with her social life in Fredericton, one of her many activities being the Patroness of the York-Sunbury Historical Society from 1932 until her death on 9 October 1938 at Ashburnham House, the residence she shared with her husband (Thomas, 6th Earl of Ashburnham), located at 163-165 Brunswick Street and still standing. In 1986, Ted Jones wrote a two-part series for *The Atlantic Advocate* (April and May issues) entitled "The Story of Lord and Lady Ashburnham." Here is a quote from Part Two:

"Lucy Anderson, who never married, also lived at Ashburnham House. She was a formidable woman who ran the household with the utmost efficiency, from the huge kitchen on the ground floor to the tiny servants' quarters over the Earl's study. Her first task of the day was to draw a cold bath for Thomas, having it ready when he returned from his early morning walk across the St. John River bridge to Marysville and back. During the day she prepared the meals, her splendid recipes having been passed along to future generations, one of them being the famous mustard pickles which



Maria continuously donated to charitable functions or gave away as gifts, the tasty and colorful condiment gradually being called 'Lady Ashburnham Pickles' when, actually, the credit should have gone to sister Lucy."

In 1994, there are many variations of Lucy Anderson's mustard pickles, even though the title is a misnomer. Here is one that has been in my family for years:

Lady Ashburnham Pickles

- 6 large cucumbers
- 1/4 cup pickling salt
- 1 quart onions (chopped fine)
- 1 pint vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 tbsp. flour
- 1 tbsp. mustard
- 1 tbsp. turmeric
- 1 tsp. mustard seed
- 1 tsp. celery seed

Peel and remove seeds from the cucumbers and then cut very fine as for relish. Add the pickling salt and let stand overnight. Drain in the morning and add the onions. Place on stove and bring to a boil with the vinegar and the sugar. Simmer gently until the pickles are clear (about one hour). Mix a little cold vinegar with the flour and then add the mustard, the turmeric, the mustard seed, and the celery seed. Pour some of the hot pickles into the cold vinegar mixture and then put all back into the kettle. Boil gently until pickles thicken. Remove from heat and seal in sterilized jars. (In later years, chopped red and green peppers have been added for colour.)

Pickles and preserves go hand-in-hand and no one could make Pumpkin Preserves like my Grandmother Murray. Today, Pumpkin Preserves are

not all that common; however, farmers from Cambridge Narrows sell them at the Farmers' Market in Fredericton in winter. A thinner version of Pumpkin Preserves is

Pumpkin Syrup. It tastes great on pancakes.

Whenever I think of pumpkins and the harvesting season, I think of the time my daughter and I decided to grow a garden of pumpkins, just for the fun of it! We were amazed at the dozens of pumpkins the garden yielded. The pumpkins were beautiful but we didn't know what to do with them. It was more than we needed for pies and Halloween. My daughter, then age ten, decided that she and her friends would try selling them door-to-door: 50¢ for the large ones, 25¢ for the small. The crop soon disappeared, the girls had spending money, and the neighbors were delighted.

Here is an old-fashioned recipe to help dispose of all those pumpkins:

Maritime Pumpkin Preserves

- 5 cups chopped pumpkin
- 3 cups white sugar
- 1 lemon sliced thinly
- 1 ounce of ginger root
- 2 tsp. whole cloves

Cut the pumpkin in chunks, allowing for shrinkage during "sitting" and cooking. Combine pumpkin and sugar in a bowl and let stand overnight, letting the juice form. In the morning add the lemon, along with the ginger root and the whole cloves tied in a bag. Cook slowly on top of stove until pumpkin is soft and clear. Cool, bottle, and seal.

Don't forget to harvest all vegetables and fruits early. Begin now, before Old Jack Frost comes along. When everything is in and the root cellars are full, try this special dessert on a chilly autumn evening:

... continued on page 22

Flashback Photo . . . (from the files of the York-Sunbury Museum)

Taken 40 years ago, here is part of the executive of the Society for 1954. Of these, there is only one person surviving and that is Allan Theriault, standing third from left. He was the assistant secretary at that time and, from his home in Fredericton today, he was able to recall the others with their position of office. Seated from left to right: Fred L. Corcoran, first vice-president; Mrs. A. E. Mathewson, president; Major C. W. Anderson, second vice-president. Standing from left to right: Miss Nettie Moore, treasurer; Fred S. Mundle, director; Mr. Theriault; Dr. A. F. Chaisson, director; Captain G. Alvah Good, recording secretary and curator; Dr. D. J. MacLeod, director; Dr. Lilian Maxwell, corresponding secretary and historian.

Mrs. W. G. Clark (honorary president), Charles Taylor (assistant curator), and W. J. West (solicitor) were not present for the picture. And there were seven other directors: Dr. Alfred Bailey, Dr. Ivan Crowell, and Miss Kathleen Morrissy (all still living); Miss Agnes Hubbard, Dr. C. A. MacVey, Mrs. L. L. Theriault, and Miss Hazel Millican (all deceased).

Allan Theriault clearly remembers that the society had the award-winning



float for the Canada Day Parade that year. It was assembled in Alvah Good's barn at the corner of Charlotte and Regent Streets, the theme of the float depicting two kitchens—a modern scene at one end, a pioneer scene at the other.

According to Mr. Theriault, the 1954 meetings and lectures were divided

among three locations: the Provincial Normal School, the John Thurston Clark Memorial Building, the New Brunswick Legislature, the last being where the above photograph was taken. (The Officers' Quarters became the Society's permanent meeting place and museum in 1959.) ❧

Recipes . . . continued from page 21

Apple-Cranberry Cobbler

6 to 8 medium apples
1 cup of white sugar
1/3 cup of flour
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
2 cups cranberry cocktail juice
2 cups biscuit mix
2/3 cup milk
1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Pare apples and slice into shallow 8 to 10 cup baking dish. Combine sugar, flour, and nutmeg in a small bowl and stir in cranberry juice until smooth. Pour over apples, cover the dish, and bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Combine biscuit mix, two tablespoons of sugar, and milk, stirring and then

dropping in eight mounds over hot apples. Mix one tablespoon of sugar and lemon rind and sprinkle over biscuits. Bake 20 minutes at 400 degrees. Serve warm with ice cream. Delicious! ❧

(Society member *Pat Flemming* is a freelance writer and journalist. She welcomes "pioneer" recipes for this column. For 1995, she would be interested in hearing from readers regarding their favourite seasonal recipes. Drop her a line at the York-Sunbury office on Queen Street.)

The Officers' Quarterly

Coming in 1995!

The Canadian Flag
U.E.L. Annual Meeting
The Creed Family History
Selling & Renting Church Pews
The Mayors of Fredericton
IODE Anniversary
Recent Artifacts & Donations
Bryan Priestman Memorials
New Brunswick's Early Newsboys
Book Reviews, Poetry, Recipes
Charter Members of YSHS

His Life Made A Difference

...continued from page 19

reality, he could find reasons to keep on and ways to encourage others. What could be more valuable to heritage workers?

I feel fortunate to have known and worked with Keith and glad to have had a special connection in our Grand Manan roots.

Harvey Malmberg (former educator, now retired):

It was appropriate that on the evening of June 30 this year, Keith's 80th birthday, many of his family and friends should gather in the auditorium of the Grand Manan Elementary School to celebrate his life and career. Had Keith been able to look in, he would have been greatly embarrassed by all the adulation.

I first met Keith in September, 1951, when I arrived in Grand Manan to begin my career in education. At that time the present Grand Manan Elementary School was the Grand Manan High School. Keith was vice-principal and business education instructor. We shared five wonderful years in that school.

When I left the Island in 1956, I lost close contact with Keith Ingersoll, but

we always kept in touch. Our friendship was re-established when we both retired, living in Fredericton. It was always a pleasure to call on Keith in his home on Moss Avenue. While he was not terribly mobile, particularly in his later years, he was always up to date about what was going on, especially in Grand Manan. His body might have grown old, but his mind never did.

Like the creative artist, Keith's work was never done, even when his physical strength was waning. In July of 1993, he completed a long biographical article that he had wanted to write. Entitled "MD for the Islands — Dr. John Francis Macaulay" and published in *The Grand Manan Historian* #25, it was a tremendous achievement for a man of 79! There was still a story in him. Over the years he had written many articles on the birds of Fundy. He wanted to update or revise some of this work and bring it together in one volume. Unfortunately, time ran out.

We owe a tremendous debt to Keith Ingersoll — friend, mentor, author, creator. The best tribute we could pay to his memory would be to carry forward the many projects in which he so deeply believed. ❧

Whatever happened to
MARY GRANNAN?

Where is MAGGIE MUGGINS?

Do you remember

Kitty Kinsella, Georgie the Rat Orville Bug, Alexander Bear Flippy O'Flaherty, Greeny Grub, Lucy Littlemouse, Kippy O'Grady Willie Wee Rabbit, the Princely Pig the Cotton Cat, and Pussy Kitty?

A Fredericton legend, whose imagination went on to international fame, will soon be remembered at the York-Sunbury Museum.

Don't miss JUST MARY revisited!

Come and share the magic of yesteryear!

If you have any memories or memorabilia for this upcoming major exhibit, please contact the museum office on Queen Street.

New  Nouveau
Brunswick

Municipalities,
Culture and
Housing

Municipalités,
Culture et
Habitation

Historic Profile

Martin Hunter of Scotland took up residence at Fredericton in the Fall of 1803; however, his service in British North America started long before he came to New Brunswick to raise the Fencible Infantry as its Colonel. In 1773, at the age of fifteen, he joined his regiment at Quebec; in 1775, he was seriously wounded in the American Revolution. After serving in India, the West Indies, Gibraltar, and Malta, he was granted authority to form the New Brunswick Regiment which was to become the 104th Regiment of Foot. With successful recruitment came a series of promotions and, by 1808, Brigadier General Hunter was both President of New Brunswick's Provincial Council and Commander of the Forces. Unfortunately, when the Americans declared war on the British in 1812, his active connection with the 104th had already ended, although he remained its Colonel until it was disbanded in 1817. Martin Hunter returned home to England, where he was knighted in 1832 and where he died in 1846 in his ninetieth year. — The Editor

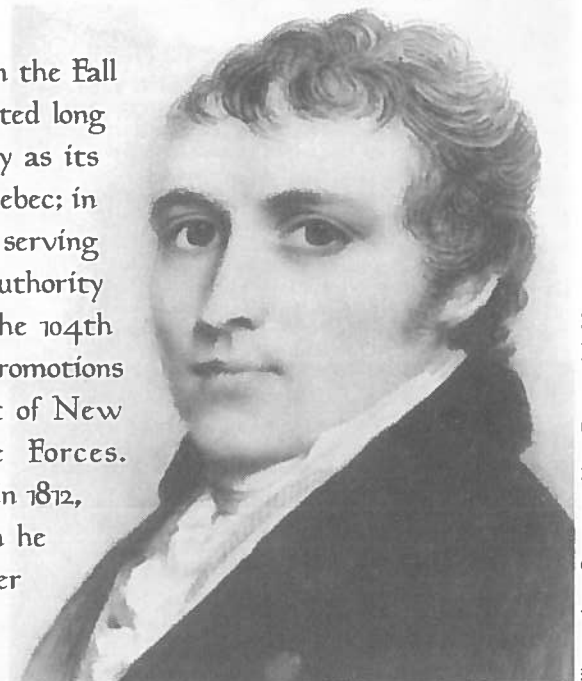


Illustration: Courtesy New Brunswick Museum

The Last Word . . . by Carla Lam

Museum Has Busy Summer

In the summer, with tourism at its peak, the York-Sunbury Museum is a beehive of activity, hosting numerous annual events and celebrations. From July 1st until the chilly harbingers of autumn, we extend hospitality to both visitors and residents of the provincial capital.

Our "O Canada" birthday party went well, despite the overcast sky that day. The entire staff took part in the face-painting and craft-making inside the Museum, but we were fortunate to be at a vantage point to enjoy the hubbub of activities and entertainment in Officers' Square as well. Thom Joordens, the town crier, made his presence known as he hosted the official cake-cutting ceremony, wishing Canada a "Happy Birthday." It was a hectic but eventful day.

The warm weather throughout the summer of 1994 brought plenty of tourists. The sun shone, at least sporadically, on most of our events, with the exception of the evening Promenade on August 5th, in which we participated as a member of the col-

lective Military Compound, along with the School Days Museum, the National Exhibition Center, the Public Library, the Guard House, and the Soldiers' Barracks. We offered early parlour activities such as board games and silhouette tracing. Our contribution to the prize draw was a gift certificate from "Table for Two" on King Street.

August also saw the Museum brought to life with the sudden onslaught of activity in celebration of the Coleman Frog's 109th birthday! It was certainly a highlight for me and the focus of my preparation madness a couple of months prior. Cornelius Webster, the critically acclaimed amphibious wonder of Fredericton, boasted his eighth annual Froggy Weekend and children's Froggy Capers programs. All of this Froggy Fun, Frolics, and Frantics took place on August 9th, 10th, and 11th.

Then came Froggy Weekend, Saturday, August 13th, when the Museum invited children and adults alike to enjoy frog cake, swamp punch, face-painting, craft-making, videos, and an opportunity to learn about (and touch!) various reptiles and amphib-

ians, courtesy of Don Vail and his friends from the Oromocto Herpetological Society. Mr. Vail and Mr. Joordens are honorary froggy fan club members and volunteer their assistance each year. Mr. Joordens, during his noontime cake-cutting and scroll-reading, presented to The Old Kootz Club of Fredericton an Honourary Froggy Fan Club Membership, with Tim Andrew, a leading spokesperson for the Club, accepting.

In retrospect, the summer season at the York-Sunbury Museum went extremely well, albeit quickly. All events had their usual high attendance. I personally enjoyed my involvement with the planning and, through my duration as a tour guide and tourist counsellor, I learned much about local history. But, I have not escaped the home of the 42-pound Frog unscathed. Somehow, during the course of my work this summer, call it an occupational hazard, I have grown quite weary of my once-favorite colour . . . green! ❦

(UNB student Carla Lam was the Museum's Publicity Officer for the summer of 1994.)

