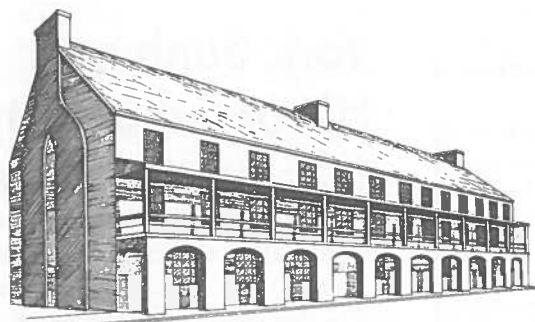




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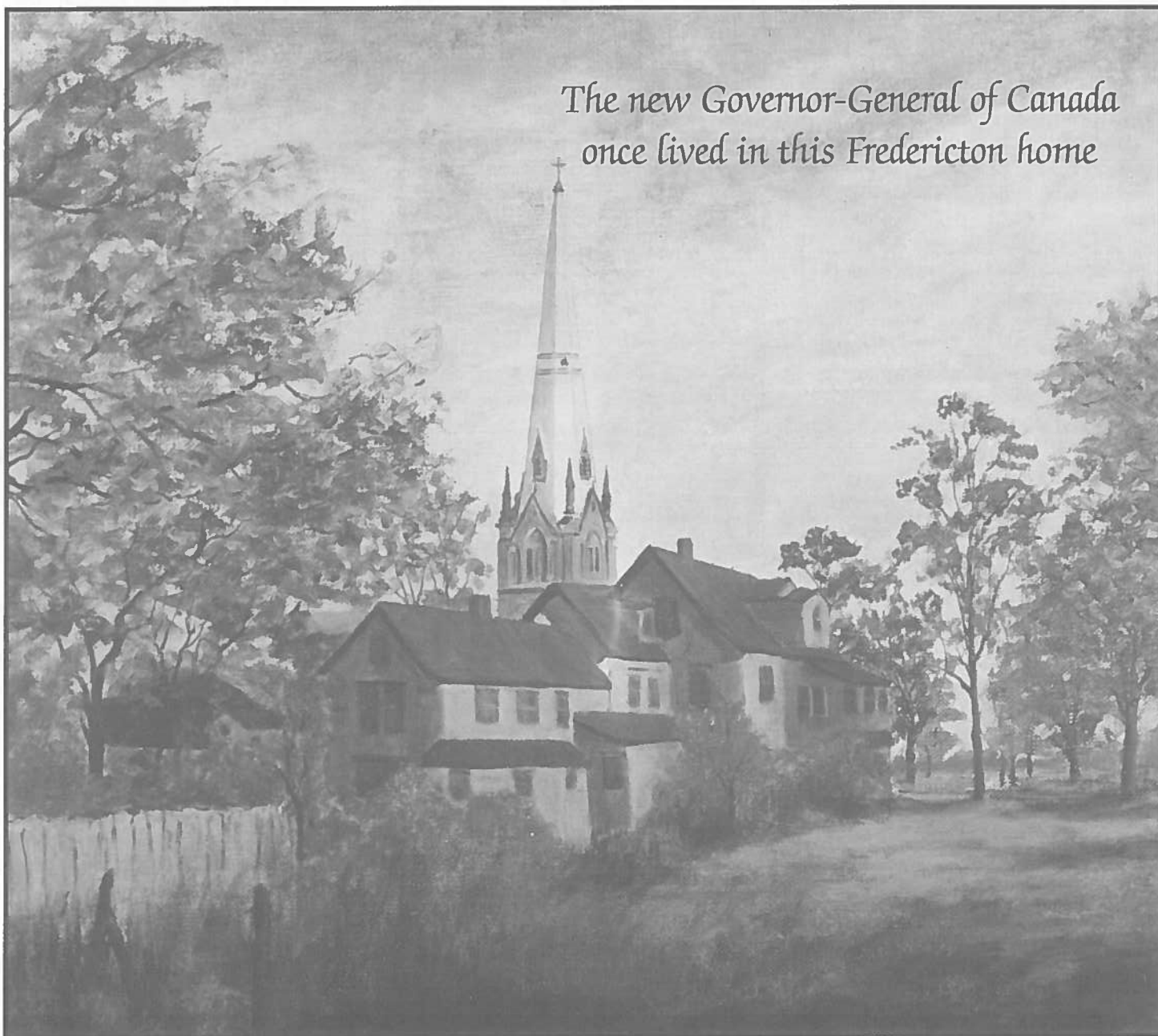
The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 11, Number 1

Winter 1995

*The new Governor-General of Canada
once lived in this Fredericton home*





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Winter 1995

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

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

Individual memberships are \$20 per year and \$35 for two years (which includes *The Officers' Quarterly*). A life membership is \$200. Corporations, individuals, and organizations may also become sustaining members.

Editor: Ted Jones

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FRONT COVER:

From an oil painting of 858 Brunswick Street by Fredericton artist Ab Knight, showing Christ Church Cathedral in background. Roméo LeBlanc lived in the third-floor apartment. See story page 21.

(Painting courtesy Chalmers Hospital Foundation; photography by Harry Mullin))

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Monday, Wednesday & Friday

11:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. or by
appointment

A Toast to Robert Burns

On January 19th, following the Annual General Meeting, Dr. Wallace Brown and Dr. Jock Lees entertained the Society by remembering the plowman poet of Scotland, after which a steamy haggis, along with the obligatory bashed neeps and a dram of malt, was enjoyed by all!

Coming in Future Issues!

Isaac Burpee & Sunbury County • A Friend Remembers Mary Grannan • The Madras Schools of Fredericton • A Letter from Sir Charles G. D. Roberts • Post Cards of Yesteryear

Letter from the Editor... *Ted Jones*

Every winter I am amazed at the growing number of people who wish to leave New Brunswick for a warmer climate in highly commercialized parts of the world. To be honest, the endless preparation for winter travel and the cultural shock of a new environment are not very appealing to yours truly.

For me, winter is the ideal time to be inside somewhere, browsing through local libraries, art galleries, and exhibit centres. It is the time to do painstaking research in the Provincial Archives, hoping to locate that long-lost relative. It is the time to quietly appreciate my heritage, as I cope with the chill of January, February, and March.

Fortunately, this winter I have found a new retreat in relation to the past — a secluded area which I have experienced alone and with friends. Thus, may I strongly suggest Gallery Three on the top floor of the York-Sunbury Museum. Although I enjoy all the display areas in the old military quarters, this unique little room, with its east windows looking over the snow-covered Officers' Square below, has become a favourite of mine. Here, on exhibit for the first time, are the latest artifacts acquired by the York-Sunbury society, each item accompanied by a detailed description and the name of its donor. What a feast for the eye and the imagination; what a warm and enlightening way to spend a cold afternoon. For example:

Donated by Georgena Campbell of Fredericton and made by her great-grandmother Jane Fitch Foreman of Stanley, there is a 100-year-old log-cabin quilt, a pattern that originated during the Lincoln administration in the American Civil War.

Found inside a wall of a Senior Citizens' Residence on Brunswick Street, Fredericton, a PURE MAPLE HONEY bottle, and found in a garden on nearby Northumberland Street, a 1922 metal button that says "Registered Chauffeur's License," both donated by Jon Oliver.

Surveyor's equipment, donated by Robert and Anne Forbes, who believe these sturdy 1838 implements may have belonged to William Crewdson, Imperial Inspector of Works to Queen Victoria.

From the estate of R. W. B. Pugh, UNB's Professor of Modern Languages (1926-1939), a Gregorian telescope, probably one of the oldest pieces of astronomical equipment on display in Canada, a gift of a Miss Babbitt of Fredericton.

A bridal headband, satin garters, wrist-length gloves, silk going-away scarf, leather groom's gloves (made in France), hat pins — the wedding accoutrements of Frances Bird Clarkson and William Ray Shields, married 8 August 1928 at the Nashwaak Village Centennial United Church. Also, Miss Clarkson's wedding dress — all donated by Mary Cameron.

A selection of beautifully bound books belonging to Bliss Carman, each one dated and inscribed as a gift to the poet from various relatives, all donated by William MacLean of Fredericton. Also by Mr. MacLean, business documents bearing the name RAINSFORD, the donor's mother being a direct descendant of Captain Andrew Rainsford of the 104th Regiment of Foot.

A handmade signature quilt, stitched and sold by auction in 1910 to raise funds for the construction of the Cross Creek Anglican Church. Donated by Eleanor Fullarton.

From the Wilmot family home (Belmont) in Lincoln, two oil portraits, donated by Heather Krull of Kanata, Ontario, and given special treatment by the Conservation Laboratory, Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University. A must to see!

From the estate of William Quinn, a local philanthropist who lived at 147 Westmorland Street in Fredericton and whose father's portrait hangs in this gallery, an antiquated toy drum and drumsticks, donated by Mary Hachey.

Found in the home of Stanley resident Agnes Malone and donated by Velma Kelly, a Red Ensign, which covers one wall and which bears the Coat of Arms copied from the seal of the Deputy Governor-General of Canada.

Given by Allan Penman of Welsford, a 1920 Fredericton Exhibition scorecard, listing the winning entry in the butter competition. Also, indirectly, by Mr. Penman, while recently reviewing the Museum's textile storage content, a 1945 Victory Nickel and a 25-cent paper currency of the Dominion of Canada (1900), these two items being entered officially in the Museum's collection 15 years after their arrival in the pockets of military tunics donated by Mrs. Reid Morgan and Lt. Gen. E. W. Sansom. A remarkable discovery!

And there are exceptional old books that would make any collector envious. Mary Ellen Christie gave titles belonging to her mother, Margaret Carrie McFadden; Betty Boyd of Fredericton gave a collection belonging to Cecil Dunphy when he attended the Nashwaak Village School.

And there are exceptional old photographs, like the one that is reproduced on the back cover of this issue — the York County Councillors and Officials, January 1901, taken by George A. Buckhardt, who had his studio at 282 Queen Street, Fredericton. It is a gift of Dianne Currie on behalf of Pearl Swan of Moncton. Are any of the names familiar? If so, write us a letter and share your memories.

And there's more! So don't miss this current exhibit of recent acquisitions in Gallery Three of the York-Sunbury Museum. However, if you do, perhaps this issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* will keep you equally as warm and informed. Happy reading! ❄



Letters to the Editor

How delighted I was to receive the Fall 1994 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*. What a fine publication of historical interest it has revealed itself to be, bringing to the surface things past for our reflection and appreciation.

It was especially touching to read Carolyn Atkinson's very descriptive article on Aida Flemming — the Early Years.

I was among the millions who called Aida my friend. What a joy it was for me to work with Aida and Phyllis Jackson in establishing a Kindness Club in my classroom. Also, in 1980, within the framework of the aims and objectives of the Kindness Club, I was able to set up an Adopt-a-Grandparent Program at York Manor

Nursing Home. Aida and Hugh John and Phyllis joined the children on many occasions when the program was in action. It was a project that established a memorable bond of love for many seniors and children, all looking forward to the "Adopted Grandparent" visiting the child's home on special occasions.

Later, Aida invited me to write the Teacher's Manual for classroom use for those involved in the Kindness Club. What fun! What a great experience!

Best wishes to *The Officers' Quarterly* in 1995 from

MARY RYAN
Fredericton



Thanks for the "plug" about my Temple Sutherland project in the Fall 1994 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*. I have gotten some leads and continue to research this subject. It is interesting to note that, on 7 March 1917, "Temp" mentioned, "I sent a note to Lady Ash." This was probably the Lady Ashburnham of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, the newspapers during the First War indicating that she was very active in sending materials to the soldiers overseas.

I am currently attempting to compile an index of all persons with the surname FLETCHER who may have resided in the Province of New Brunswick prior to 1900. I have a number of entries already but would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have come across the name FLETCHER in their research.

More specific to the York-Sunbury Historical Society is the story of Elizabeth "Bessie" O'Leary, born 23 October 1841, the third of the seven children of Dennis and Elizabeth Huston O'Leary. The parents had been married in Saint John in 1834

and later operated a tavern at O'Leary Brook, in what is now the UNB woodlot. It is believed that Bessie was born in York County and, according to family lore, when she grew up she liked to watch the soldiers on parade at Officers' Square. But Fredericton was a garrison town and, although the officers of the British regiments moved in the upper levels of society, Bessie was warned that polite young ladies should have little to do with the common soldiers. However, one winter's day, this daring young lady threw a snowball into the parade square and hit a soldier named Romanden. She was quickly apprehended and brought before the soldier and his commanding officer. Ironically, her apology sparked a relationship and Bessie later married the soldier, returning to England with him when his unit was transferred back home.

I am enjoying *The Officers' Quarterly*; keep up the great work!

GEORGE BIDLAKE
Fredericton

I trust the enclosed information from *Early Handweaving in Eastern Canada* (Harold & Dorothy Burnham, Toronto, 1972) will recall the mystery item you discovered during the Museum's attic tour (17 September 1994). As you can see, the object in question is a HACKLE; it was used in the refinement of flax into linen:

Hackling clears the flax of whatever shive remains after swingling and separates the fibres in the bast bundles to give the fine fibre characteristic of linen. It is usually processed on a coarse hackle first and then on a finer one. For the finest quality linen, a third hackle with smaller, more closely set teeth is used. Handfuls of swingled straw are grasped at one end and drawn repeatedly through the teeth of the hackle until it is thoroughly clean and the bast bundles have been separated into individual fibres. As well as being the final cleaning, hackling removes the remaining short fibres, which form the second grade of tow.

The HACKLE in the Museum's collection came to us from a Mrs. Seeley of Jacksonville, New Brunswick. Its description, found in its documentary file, reads as follows: "Base — birch 22" X 8 3/4" X 2", hewn with an axe. An iron strap was nailed and screwed across the end to prevent splitting. Raised platform — 9" X 6" X 1" on which the spike holder was nailed with handforged nails. 1782 carved on side. Spike holder — wood 1/2" thick, covered with tin or pewter. Spikes — 2" high in irregular rows of 18 and 12 — handforged."

I expect anyone not familiar with linen and its manufacture would have been stumped by this one. My first impression was of some Medieval grooming device! Nevertheless, we've all learned something and I enjoyed my miniature voyage of discovery. If one of us ever ends up on *Jeopardy*, he will feel entirely confident saying, "LINEN for a thousand, Alex."

BRUCE LYNCH
Assistant Administrator
York-Sunbury Museum

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Curator's Corner ... by Kelly McKay

This month's Curator's Corner, again drawn from the pages of the old accession register, deals with a particularly timely topic: winter games and activities which were popular in Fredericton at the turn of the century. Before "plowing" into this subject, however, I would like to inform readers of a new and exciting development at the York-Sunbury Museum.

Those of you who have had a chance to visit the Museum since mid-November, no doubt have noticed that our small gift shop has undergone an astounding transformation. This face-lift is due entirely to the efforts of three ladies from King's Landing, Beth Grass, Rita Ouellette and Leslie Keppie, who engineered this change. Our shop, which Museum staff has named "The Emporium Outpost," is stocked with a wide variety of merchandise: books, window hangings, video tapes, cassette tapes, compact discs, toys, dolls, soaps, pottery are just a smattering of the selection of the items available. Our sincere thanks are expressed to Beth, Rita and Leslie for all of their hard work and members who have not yet visited are urged to do so.

Originally recorded in September of 1936, the following is a slightly edited version of popular winter pastimes.

The chief old-time winter game was "Shinny" or "Hurley," out of which grew the modern game of Hockey. This old game was played by any number of players and was unsystematic, having no cover point or other stations. The "Hurley" stick was made from the root of a small tree with part of the trunk serving as the handle. The modern hockey stick came into vogue, as did seven-man hockey, in this locality about 1893. Many of the old boys thought it very sissy to play with a factory-made hockey stick but the modern game of hockey put the stick into general use.

Another winter game was "Wooley" (another name for "Wooley," and probably the proper one, was "Wolf"). This

game, too, could be played by any number of participants. There were two goals, like foot-ball goals, one at either end of the sheet of ice; all the players except one, got in one goal while the single player, who was "it," was in the other goal. The group of players would then rush towards the opposite goal, while he who was "it" came off his goal and tried to "tag" as many of the other players as possible before they could get into the goal. The tagging meant

piggy-back to the goal. Those who rode to the goal were the winners.

There was a great deal of coasting on Maryland Hill in the evenings, the double-runner sleds being most popular with sliding parties. Sliding parties were usually held by an individual with the guests retiring to the home of the host and/or hostess late in the evening for refreshments and, sometimes, indoor games and dancing. Also, at different times, enterprising people



One of a series of Christmas cards by artist W.S. Kinnear, depicting sleighs owned by former Lieutenant-Governors of New Brunswick, this one by William F. Todd

merely touching the players. Those who were tagged became "it" and tried to catch the rest of the players. The game was kept up until all were "it," when the game started all over again with usually, a new man for "it." "Wooley" was played by skaters only.

"Bid-a-way, Bid-a-way, Bar-ley Buck" was played in much the same way as Wooley except that the player (or players) who were "it" had to keep their hands clasped. This game was not always played on ice but often on bare ground or in a field covered with snow. It was customary for the other players to tease those who were "it" by calling "Bid-a-way, Bid-a-way, Bar-ley Buck". Another way of playing this game was for all of the players to join hands, in a long line, and start walking toward a goal. The human line would begin to "stretch" as it progressed until the strain was too great and it broke. When the line broke each boy would try to jump onto another boy's back. If successful, the other boy had to carry him

have built toboggan slides of boards on the bank of the river where those who wished to indulge in coasting could for a few cents a slide. These slides, when kept properly iced, were very swift.

Snowshoe parties were very popular, the Native's webbed snowshoes being used entirely until after the war. Prior to this time, the ski was practically unknown in Fredericton with only one or two pair having ever been seen.

One of the great schemes of winter entertainment in Fredericton, before the days of the picture shows and the automobile, was the "driving party." There were several livery stables in the city where horses and sleighs could be hired. Some of these sleighs would hold forty or fifty people and had their own name such as "Colossus" or "Mammoth," referring to their size printed on the sides in big letters. These sleighs were drawn by as many as eight horses. Parties were driven out into the country a few miles and dances were held at farm houses or country halls. *

Beyond York-Sunbury... *by Fred Hubbard*

British Columbia Hosts UEL Convention

In May 1994 the United Empire Loyalist Association of Canada held its annual meeting in Vancouver, marking the first time that the event had ever been held in the West. Six members from the Fredericton UEL Branch attended, with Betty Sewell and myself being the delegates. In all, there were 15 members from the Maritimes, others coming from Saint John, Halifax, and Charlottetown.

When I first heard that the convention was to be held in Vancouver, I wondered at the extent of the event. However, on second thought, I realized that Vancouver had grown from a small town in 1900 to the third largest city in Canada and that there could be a substantial number of Loyalist descendants living there. I learned later that I was right!

In addition to the Vancouver Branch, we were also hosted by the UEL Branches of Calgary, Chilliwack, and Victoria. A large number of delegates flew to Calgary for a pre-arranged trip with two busses through the mountains to Vancouver. The night before we left Calgary, the UEL Branch there hosted a reception and dinner. Included was their annual meeting with guest speaker Dr. Max Foran, who gave an enlightening talk on the history of Calgary, including reference to pioneer settlers of Loyalist descent.

The trip through the Mountains was well organized, the guide on our bus being a Social Science teacher from Chilliwack. As we journeyed through the Mountains, a specially prepared booklet gave us excellent

information. From Calgary we travelled to Banff National Park, then to Lake Louise and on to Golden. We stopped at the Spiral Tunnels, considered one of the marvels of the CPR, and were fortunate to see a freight

breakfast at the local museum where we were welcomed by the Town Crier and other civic officials.

Our stay in Vancouver was on the beautiful campus of the University of British Columbia, where the annual meeting got under way with Okill Stuart from the Lennoxville Branch being elected president. His brother, Campbell Stuart, president of the Victoria Branch, seconded the nomination. After a proclamation was issued by the province, signed by Lieutenant-Governor David Lam and declaring May 17th to 24th "United Empire Loyalist Week," seminars and workshops got under way, with well-qualified speakers covering various parts of Canada.

The hospitality was beyond expectations: organized sight-seeing bus tours of the city, the Parks Canada Loyalist Exhibit at the Vancouver Museum, a salmon barbecue on English Bay, a closing

banquet at the UBC Faculty Club, where the guest speaker was the Honourable Janice Porter MacKinnon, PhD, MLA, and author of several books on Loyalists.

How appropriate that we spent Victoria Day in the capital of British Columbia, viewing one of the largest parades in Canada, visiting the famous Butchart Gardens, taking afternoon tea at the Empress Hotel, attending a special Loyalist service in the Anglican Cathedral. We left for home via Nanaimo, 70 miles north of Victoria, accompanied by members of the Victoria UEL who acted as tour guides, describing points of interest such as the Native Heritage Centre,

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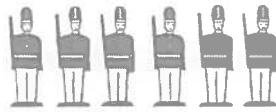


A welcome by the Town Crier and Civic Officials at the Chilliwack Museum, formerly City Hall.

train as it wound its way through. We followed the Thompson River and then the Fraser, stopping along the way at Ashcroft Manor, one of the oldest roadhouses in BC, built in 1862 to accommodate travellers to the Gold Rush.

At Chilliwack there was an outstanding welcome by the UEL Branch, with songs, flowers, and adults and children dressed in Loyalist costumes. In the evening, a gracious reception and dinner welcomed us to BC, visitors being seated with Loyalist descendants who came from the same province (We were placed with the Keiths of King's County, New Brunswick). The following morning the District of Chilliwack hosted a

Garrison Ghosts



Looking back 60 years to the Winter of 1935, a major news story dominated the world press: the murder trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnapping and slaying of the son of Charles Lindbergh and Anne Morrow. However, the York-Sunbury Historical Society was three years old in 1935 and was already making local headlines of its own. Here are several summaries from the old minute books combined with information reports in *The Daily Gleaner*:

1 January 1935 — The death of Dr. Oscar E. Morehouse, age 77, occurred at the Victoria Public Hospital in Fredericton. He was one of the founders of the York-Sunbury Historical Society and one of the first to join, becoming a member of the Board of Directors for York County. Besides being a former member of the York Municipal Council (see back cover) and a former member of the New Brunswick Legislature, he also filled the position of District Medical Health Officer in the Upper Keswick District of York County. In the summer of 1933, Dr. and Mrs. Morehouse entertained the Society on its first outing at their residence in Upper Keswick and at their "Camp Waybak" on the Keswick River (see *The Officers' Quarterly*, Summer 1988). Dr. Morehouse was survived by three daughters and two sons (Dr. Oscar Morehouse, Jr., who died in 1980, and Mr. Rupert Morehouse, who still lives in Fredericton.)

17 January 1935 — The Annual General Meeting. The Curator read the names of the various donors contributing to the Society for the past year (1934), showing over 185 different groups of articles presented. Moved and seconded that Curator C. A. Taylor procure a picture of Old Fredericton and add it to the museum's collection. The evening's entertainment was a very interesting historic paper read by Rev. Dr. F. A.

Wightman on "New Brunswick Boundary Disputes." Dr. Wightman outlined the different boundaries arising out of the various controversies between Quebec and New Brunswick on the North and between Maine and New Brunswick on the West. The speaker very clearly demonstrated how New Brunswick might have been a much larger province than it is at present had the English persisted

before our Society in the Fall of 1935. February 22, 1935, being the 150th anniversary of the issue of a warrant to Lieut. Dugald Campbell to lay out the town plot of what is now the City of Fredericton, Mrs. J. Brown Maxwell brought forth the suggestion that we should see that a proper civic commemoration is made of the important event. The Chairman appointed a Committee to meet with the City Council at their regular meeting, February 3rd, to go into this matter. Mrs. Maxwell proposed the suitability of an immense BIRTHDAY CAKE,



The 150th anniversary cake and candles in 1935, located on the Green near the Robert Burns statue. (York-Sunbury Collection)

more in their rights against the United States. However, with the Ashburton Treaty of 1842 between Lord Ashburton, Minister of Great Britain to the United States, and Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, the long controversies between the two countries were settled.

2 February 1935 — Executive Meeting. Mrs. J. Brown Maxwell read a letter she had received from Mr. Ernest Green of Ottawa, who offered to furnish a paper re the family of Cornelius Thompson, who resided many years ago at Springhill, York County, later removing to Ontario. This is an old Loyalist family, of which Mr. Green is a descendent, along with others who are still in New Brunswick. Mrs. Maxwell will personally reply to the letter, saying that we shall be glad to have the paper read

made of snow, somewhere on the river bank, be lighted with candles, consisting of lath edgings wrapped in paper, there to be three tiers, 75 candles on one tier, 50 candles on the second tier, and 25 candles on the third tier of the cake, 150 candles in all, one for each year of Fredericton's existence. Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Mathewson will interview the Fire Chief!

8 February 1935 — Executive Meeting. Alderman Doohan suggested that the 150th anniversary cake be made of ice instead of snow. He also suggested that the dates 1785-1935 be in electric lights on the top of the cake and that the City should be solicited for fireworks. Authority was given to the Ice Committee to build a cake with 16 blocks of ice for the base, eight blocks for the second tier, and

... continued on page 8

Garrison Ghosts ... *continued from page 7*

four blocks for the top. Alderman Mitchell said that the City might furnish a band concert if weather was favourable and that the 1800 school children be notified through their teachers to meet at City Hall at 7 p.m. to march in a body down Queen Street to the site of the cake on the Green. Karl Walker said there would be no objections to a cord of edgings being burned at the site. Mr. Randolph was asked to act as Marshall for the evening.

20 February 1935 — The Regular Monthly Meeting at the Museum in the Post Office Building. The Programme Committee reported activity and progress in arrangements for the observance on Friday (February 22) of the 150th Anniversary of the laying out of the town plot of Fredericton. A pamphlet, prepared by Mr. R.P. Gorham and published by the Society, contains information about the City, copies having been supplied to clergymen, school teachers, and Daughters of the Empire who, in turn, will pass them on to congregations, pupils, and various sections of the public. Boy Scouts are selling copies of the pamphlet for five cents each. Candy will be distributed to the parading children that evening en

route to the scene of the "Cake and Bonfire," the candles being lighted just as the parade reaches the site opposite the Parliament Buildings. However, the feature of this meeting was the first appearance locally of Miss Eva Dedham of North Devon as an elocutionist. All present were charmed by this Indian maiden's paper on Indian life, by her singing of an Indian love song, her reading and reciting. Her soft musical voice revealed the beauty of the Maliseet dialect. This was one of the most enjoyable meetings of the Society and a goodly number were present. In conclusion, on behalf of the Committee arranging for the placing of a monument to the 104th Regiment in the Fall of 1935, Mayor W. G. Clark reported good progress.

21 March 1935 — The Regular Monthly Meeting opened at 8 p.m. with a hearty welcome to His Honour, Lieutenant Governor Dr. Murray MacLaren, who was accompanied by Mrs. MacLaren and Mrs. Leonard P. D. Tilley, wife of the Premier of New Brunswick. The President then introduced the speaker of the evening — Mrs. Nathan Squires of Fredericton who gave an interesting and descriptive paper on "Reminiscences of

the Saint Mary's Indian Reserve and Its Inhabitants of 50 Years Ago." Mrs. Squires' father kept a general store in North Devon at the time and supplied the Indians with groceries and clothing in return for garden chores. She described in graphic detail the Indian camps, the squaws (including their dress), the dogs, the birchbark canoes, the handsleds, the baskets, and the general surroundings. At the close of the paper, His Honour, The Lieutenant Governor, brought out that the language of the MicMac and the Maliseet were entirely different; that the Indian race is a distinctive race bent on outdoor life; that their race was increasing in population due to improved sanitary conditions, better ventilation and less tuberculosis. He also spoke of the annual visit of the Indians to Government House on New Year's Day when Sir Samuel L. Tilley was Lieutenant Governor. Following this, a few remarks were made by Mrs. MacLaren and Mrs. Tilley. Before the meeting adjourned, a picture of the anniversary birthday cake in ice, which celebrated the Founding of Fredericton, was shown to the audience. Mrs. Tilley bought the picture and presented same to the Society. ❧

Beyond York-Sunbury ... *continued from page 6*

where totem poles are carved and displayed.

It is difficult to name any one event that made the 1994 Annual Convention and associated events such a success. A highlight could be the warm welcome we received at Chilliwack, or the closing banquet in Vancouver. There is also the pleasant thought of meeting Loyalist descendants at the next Annual Convention, which will be held in Toronto in 1995. In 1996, the UEL Convention will be held in Halifax and many of the members from across Canada

want to start by coming to Fredericton and Saint John first! Back in 1983, the Bicentennial Year of the Loyalist Landing, the Annual was held in the Maritimes, with Fredericton, Saint John, and Shelburne being the major centres.

As organizer for the Fredericton Branch in 1983, I remember the gold bicentennial flag that was carried to the east coast, the very same flag that was carried to the west coast in 1994, thus completing the journey of the United Empire Loyalists "from sea to sea." ❧

(Society member *Fred Hubbard* is descended from William Hubbard, a Loyalist who was a member of the first legislature of New Brunswick for Sunbury County. As Director of Buildings for the Provincial Government, Fred Hubbard was responsible for renovations carried out in converting the old Normal School into the Justice Building, as well as working on other buildings in the Military Compound. His uncle, Woodbridge William Hubbard, was the second president of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, from 1934 to 1936.)

Poetry Pavilion

(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)



A Skater Tale

1

A blind man in despair walked with his dog.
Not even sherry like a swallowed flame,
a many-rivered sonata, or his braille
Bullfinch's Mythology cheered him any more.

From a snowy footbridge a whispery rhythm
slowly grew closer, sharper, a skater circling
a small canal. On the island in the oval
the blind man felt no red-cheeked Mercury
darting down his body's frozen streams,

that god gone with all the others—
its winged feet snarls of bone and dust
six feet under the raised script's hard snows.

2

What wild whim did he give in to, following
his dog up the steps of Apollo Sports
where a girl with a peach-soft voice
searched for skates his size? At his back
he sensed skis awaiting fields and woods,
toboggans that had never touched a hill.

Over thick socks, new skates' good fit
startled him.

Flight already soared to his mind,
promising paths that start at the feet
and stretch away, no ending in sight or outside—

3

At mid-day the mid-city rink lay silent.
He halted, he wavered, he saw himself
a buttoned-eyed scarecrow blown off its perch—
but soon his shoulders and legs recalled it all,
flying free hawk-sure exultant.

When a fissure tripped him, he staggered
backwards, keeping his head high. Fallen,
he was a spinning X, the bruised elbow a small price.

His dog licked his face with its hot tongue.
It was the sun grown fleshly, telling him
the cradle of old myths swung in his gasping breath.
In his ears, other children of Mercury gathered.

Brian Bartlett was born in St. Stephen, New Brunswick, but spent most of his youth in Fredericton, where his early literary efforts were encouraged by many writers, including Nancy and Bill Bauer, Alden Nowlan, and Ted Jones. He completed a BA at the University of New Brunswick and an MA at Concordia University in Montreal, with a short-story collection as his thesis. Through his twenties he juggled many part-time jobs with his writing of fiction and poetry; in his thirties he began and completed a PhD at the Université de Montréal. After living in Montreal for fifteen years, he moved to Halifax in 1990 to teach creative writing and literature at Saint Mary's University. Goose Lane Editions published his poetry collections *Underwater Carpentry* (1993) and *Planet Harbor* (1989). In 1995 *The Fiddlehead* will publish a memoir by Bartlett about what he learned from the Fredericton literary scene in the late 1960s and early 70s.

The Officers' Quarterly wishes to thank Goose Lane Editions of Fredericton and Brian Bartlett for permission to reprint "A Game on Mt. Iceberg" and "Museum Radiance" from *Underwater Carpentry*. *The Quarterly* is proud to publish for the first time "A Skater Tale":

A Game On Mt. Iceberg

Humbling stone monstrosities
taller than my ski poles reach

could be lost cannonballs of another planet
scattered along the snowy slope;

or the oldest earthly things in sight,
totems crested with a seedling or two.

Our dross spread everywhere is another
matter, playing poker with air and water.

Far below the naked lookout
a monastery rises like a factory,

a prison, an abandoned estate, focused
dead-on in my ski-pole basket...

Nearby a raven rolls in snow down
a shadowed slope, wings tucked in tight

for the ride. Dipping a branch another
watches, then the watcher tumbles

through white, the roller rests on high
until – gloom shed from black feathers –

the switching switches. You'd think
they're birds with the hearts of otters

or monks reincarnated as clowns
finished with penance and thin song.

A great rasp breaks
from the throat of one. If nothing

remains here years from now
but boulders and snow, I'll scratch

such ravens on an amulet, and carry
it with me up the barren trail.

Museum Radiance

("man's hat, ca. 1740")
for A.G. Bailey

1

Impossible to touch without breaking glass,
black fur with ear flaps
rests there, dumb - a castaway
in empty space.

The lack of a story
becomes hard to bear. Waiting
I call forth farmers up the Nashwaak
reviving a tribal memory:

Before snowy wind flogged their coats
settlers barely raised simple shelters
in a clearing humble as deer yard.
Lake ice grew too thick
for fishing holes, cold lips touched
hot foreheads, bits of bread soaked up
squirrel-meat grease. Diseases were storms
within storms.

And the dead were hung
in the trees until spring, too frozen
for ravens, too high for wolves.

2

A hat under glass is a hat under glass
but I will not stop there.
Starving does, Scottish laments,
monstrous trees, the empty space ...

In spring, what a crop of burials!
Who had ever seen such pine cones?

In summer, children grappled up into
those trees, shouted across a valley
more tangled than any map,
licked sap from their hands.

One boy found his father's hat up there
and wore it for days, defied
the season. His cream-pale face
burned, the heat of play
like a January fever. ❧

AIDA FLEMMING ... the Later Years

by Carolyn Atkinson

In 1944, two things happened which were to be of major consequence to two people: Aida Boyer McAnn came to work in the New Brunswick Legislature as a substitute reporter; Hugh John Flemming, a lumberman from Juniper in Carleton County, came to sit as a Member in the Provincial Assembly. Although the days of long speeches and government business may have been tedious for both, romance flourished and Hugh John and Aida fell in love. On the 20 August 1946, they were married in Presque Isle, Maine, choosing a private ceremony in the parsonage of the First Baptist Church, inviting only a few close friends. (His two sons from a former marriage were also present, but his daughter was unable to attend.)

While settling into her new surroundings, Aida saw the isolation of Juniper in respect to many things, but most particularly where health care was concerned. Doctors and hospitals were a considerable distance away and there was always the worry of accidents at the Flemming & Gibson Mill or emergencies among the local people. In the Fall of 1947, she wrote to the Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Society in Saint John, requesting a Visiting Nurse for Juniper. Before the Red Cross would approve, they required the community to be in favour and insisted that a branch of the Society be formed. So it was full steam ahead with Aida urging people to attend an organizational meeting. The response was overwhelming. In 1948, the Juniper Branch was official and Hugh John was named President, the membership swelling to include just about everyone living along the three-mile

main street of the community. Through correspondence and consultations with the Society's officials, the first Visiting Nurse began her work on the 1 November 1948. In the background, Mrs. Hugh John Flemming was involved in all the Red Cross committees, keeping lists, gathering in-

than anyone else we have heard of. She donated them to libraries, gave them as gifts and rewards, had them distributed anonymously, sent them to people simply for pleasure. In Juniper, there was little or no access to books. She set about to fix the situation and soon had a library estab-

lished in the school, open to students and the community at large, she and friends staffing this newest service. Thus, Juniper now had a public library, while Fredericton, the capital city, was still waiting. For years, she and Hugh John supported the Juniper Library Project, the shelves filled from their own donations and the generosity of friends, relatives, and politicians. One donor was the well-known Max Aitken.

The very first time that Aida met Lord Beaverbrook was after her husband became Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in New Brunswick. When Beaverbrook learned that she lived in Juniper, he was curious as to whatever she would do with herself there. "Oh," she said, "I'm starting a library." Not only that, but she would be pleased to have any books which he might like to donate. Within months, boxes of books arrived,

many of them autographed by the Canadian-born British newspaper publisher.

She took an active interest in school government and became a member of the local Board of School Trustees. At graduation time, the Flemmings always showed up with a cash gift for each graduate, and they contributed generously to scholarships. As a member of a small community, Aida saw an opportunity to encourage the young people, many from limited-income homes, to plan for a useful career. They needed in-



Courtesy: The Kindness Club

Aida and Hugh John Flemming

formation, donating generously, and establishing a highly successful hot-lunch program at the school, being among the women who served the food. She had a great capacity for thanking people and many Motions of Thanks were presented by her at the end of branch meetings, just before they sang "God Save the King." It is quite possible that every person in Juniper was thanked at one time or another by Mrs. Flemming.

Aida might well be named the "Lady of Books" because in her lifetime she gave more books perhaps

formation and, in order to reach all students in Carleton County, she prepared a series of articles entitled "Opportunities Available to Boys and Girls of Carleton County," published weekly in the Hartland newspaper *The Observer*, beginning in April of 1952. Each week she continued: If you want to go to College; If you want to be a Teacher; If you want to be a Librarian; If you want to join the Armed Forces. She listed courses available at the Saint John Vocational School, and she wrote separate articles describing help available to girls who had completed grade eight, and for boys in a similar situation, and on through each grade. She would only have to hear of someone leaving school and she would be on his/her doorstep.

One such incident revolved around a young man who quit school just a few months before final exams. As soon as Aida heard the news, she and her Model-A Ford automobile were in his backyard. She said, calling him by name, "What you have to do is to go back to school, then take your matriculation." She convinced him to do just that and he went on to the University of New Brunswick. She and Hugh John took his life in their hands, finding him a nice place to stay in Fredericton, telling him where and how to apply for scholarships, finding him part-time employment. In 1952, when the Flemmings moved to Fredericton to live at 252 Waterloo Row, Aida kept a close eye on this particular student as well as many others, leaving supplies of milk tickets, entertaining at her home, obtaining academic progress reports. Eventually, her concern spread to the foreign students and to foster children in Korea.

In 1953, Aida Flemming was named the fifth patroness of Young Canada Book Week, a position into which she poured all her energy. The media across Canada carried her gospel: "By giving some child a book you may play a large part in making him a better citizen. Books bring knowledge, ideas, romance, adventure, joy and happiness. We can't dispose of

harmful books merely by trying to ban them. We must provide satisfying substitutes." Press releases in French and English were issued through the New Brunswick Travel Bureau; pictures of activities and presentations of books were carried in newspapers. One that was featured in *The Daily Gleaner* was of the late Dr. Desmond Pacey giving Aida a copy of his new book *Hippity Hobo and the Bee*, which she in turn gave to a public library. She congratulated the students at Teachers' College that year for donating books in French and English. Here were 267 future teachers and she could see the positive results of their interest in books touching every child who would be in their classrooms.

Aida has said that, to get a library started, just two things are necessary — boundless enthusiasm and persistent effort. She had both and, because of her positive attitude, she has received great praise for the part which she played in the establishment of a public library in Fredericton. Many say that, had it not been for her efforts, this library would not have materialized. It was officially opened in January of 1955, Aida Flemming becoming a member of the Board of Directors from then until 1958. She was also active on various library committees and, in 1957, she reported that the library intended to build up an extensive collection of books in the French language. "With the large number of French-speaking people now living in the city . . . it was the Board's duty . . . to obtain many more books written in French." The Board agreed. As a member of the Local Council of Women, which had taken up the cause for regional libraries, Aida was devoted in her committee work for obtaining library services in York County. There were many difficulties but she and others worked relentlessly to a successful result in 1960.

But she had many other interests as well. Her concern and sympathy for little ones led her to become an active member of the Board of Directors of the Children's Aid Society.

Here, because of her early childhood, she could perhaps relate more than others to the longing of children for absent parents. The Fredericton SPCA also benefited from her input and efforts to have an animal shelter built. As a member of the executive, she did everything in her power to lessen the suffering and abuse of animals, whose pain, it seemed, she physically felt.

With so much going on in her life, it is little wonder that, on a particularly hectic day, when she had unexpected callers from out of town, she had to resort to a hasty innovation. She received them warmly and, while tea was steeping, much to her dismay, she discovered there were no sweets in the house except a few donuts! When they were served, she chuckled to herself when she overheard one lady look them over and say, "Isn't that interesting, cutting them in two!"

Although Aida was not a practising artist, she knew its enriching powers so, in the early days of the Fredericton Art Club, when it was difficult to gather ten active painters to form a group, non-painters were welcomed and she was one of them. To make the future more promising in this field, she supported the group's successful promotion of art in the schools and, in 1961, she was awarded an honorary life membership in the Club. As interest grew for the proposed art gallery for the capital city, she was enthusiastic. From her personal contacts with Lord Beaverbrook, he valued her advice and named her to the first Board of Governors of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. Others who had been with him while he viewed paintings for the Gallery, and which pictured animals in unfortunate circumstances, would hear him say, "Mrs. Flemming won't like that one, and she won't like that one either."

The friendship between the Flemmings and Lord Beaverbrook flourished from the time of their first meeting, exchanging ideas, opinions, invitations, letters, and wires. Gifts were sent at Christmas and, on His Lordship's birthday, he was remem-

bered with flowers, maple sugar, tartan items, and other reminders of the province. When he was in residence at Somerville House on Waterloo Row, he was, of course, next door to them and Aida showered him with good things from her little vegetable patch at the back of her house. His notes of appreciation were often witty: "Thanks indeed for the broccoli. Stanley Baldwin made a political blunder over broccoli. I have been devoted to the vegetable ever since that day." Another time, he thanked her for the corn which they enjoyed at lunch: "The only trouble is that there are too many mouths here — some of them very big." On the 25 May 1959, Lord Beaverbrook had this message delivered to the Flemmings: "You have shown me such a measure of attention and I am grateful. I have had a lovely day enjoying the splendour of the woodlands and river and basking in the affection of my friends and I wish I might spend all my birthdays here. Your next-door neighbour departs with regret and with gratitude for your friendship."

Aida kept His Lordship informed of events which were dear to her heart and of significant interest to him. She sent him an account of the dedication service of the carillon that he gave to St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Fredericton; also, an excellent report on the opening of the exhibition of Sir Winston Churchill's paintings; and the bookmobile service which had just gone into operation. Beaverbrook considered her views on the proposed provincial archives sound and helpful and was gratified by her outlook. All of these he appreciated and commented upon. In a handwritten letter from the Bahamas, he wrote, "And a message of admiration for the public service of Mrs. Flemming of which I have wide experience over many years, even before she became the First Lady of the Province."

Among the rich and famous with

whom Aida came in contact was the well-known Nova Scotia tycoon Cyrus Eaton, the Head of an empire worth billions! He, like she, held an honorary degree from Mount Allison University. The Flemmings and the Eatons continued their friendship through correspondence, exchanging interesting information and opinions. Both Mr. Eaton and his wife Anne wrote to Aida and, when she sent him a copy of her book *How To Be Kind*, he replied that he would be circulating it among his grandchildren "who

the Flemming home on Waterloo Row. Aida wrote many interesting articles for *The Atlantic Advocate*, and Wardell was delighted that she launched The Kindness Club through his publication, by writing a long and stirring account which appeared in the December, 1959 issue. It was heralded by animal lovers everywhere. She was 63 and it became her most notable crusade to date. She had sponsored an essay contest for students in Carleton County schools, asking: "What is being done for the protection of animals? What more can be done?" The response was outstanding. Children wanted to learn more and, as there were no clubs to fill this need, Aida took up the challenge. She wrote to Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Africa, inviting him to be Honourary President and he responded with a most gracious and inspiring acceptance. All around the world thousands of children took the pledge: "I promise to be kind to animals (as well as people) and to speak and act in defense of all helpless creatures."

After Hugh John Flemming was elected a Member of Parliament, he became Canada's first Minister of Forestry. For a time he travelled back and forth and during the week wrote to his wife almost daily. They both looked forward to their weekends in Fredericton but eventually decided to move to Ottawa. There, along with her obligations as an

MP's wife, she continued with the work of her Kindness Club and became active in other organizations as well. She now could lobby the very Members and Cabinet Ministers who had the power to make laws for the protection of animals. More importantly, she had the ear of both Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and his wife Olive, and she didn't hold back.

The Flemmings were comfortable with every level of society, especially royalty; both Aida and Hugh John loved and respected the members of the royal family. They had attended



Courtesy: The Kindness Club

A Fredericton Group of the Kindness Club, 1970, with Aida Flemming in back row at right. (Can you help us with the identity of the others?)

already knew all about the Kindness Club." When she was named "Atlantic Woman of the Year," Eaton wrote the following to Aida: "The newspapers exercised rare good judgment. I am more thrilled than I can say with this well-deserved recognition of your many impressive achievements."

There were many others who admired Aida Flemming for her intelligence and accomplishments. Brigadier Michael Wardell, former editor and publisher of *The Daily Gleaner*, had a great respect for her and enjoyed the warmth and friendship of

the Coronation on the 2 June 1953 and came home with memorabilia and wonderful accounts of this historical event, as well as stories of the social gatherings they had attended, the people they had met, including Sir Winston Churchill. Five years later, to the day, the Atlantic Premiers were in London and had a private audience with the Queen. Aida was ecstatic and recalled every moment, from the time they were welcomed at the door of Buckingham Palace until the party was over. The four Premiers and Aida stood in a semi-circle in a small drawing room when Queen Elizabeth II entered, followed by Princess Margaret and Prince Philip. After greeting each one, Her Majesty returned to chat with the Flemmings. Looking out the window at the falling rain, she remarked that the weather had been very similar on the day of her Coronation. Two days later, they attended the Epsom Downs Derby in the company of Lord Salisbury. He was summoned to the neighbouring Royal Box and returned with an invitation. The Flemmings readily accepted and were soon presented to the Queen Mother.

Over the years, all the Royals made an indelible impression on Aida, but she and Hugh John, personally, did not have or want a glamorous or extravagant lifestyle. Aida was very careful when it came to spending on herself; she watched for sales and took advantage of them. On one occasion, when an important affair was coming up, she needed a formal gown. She searched the shops but everything was too expensive. After all, she would only be wearing it once or twice. What do to? Off she went to Houlton, Maine, and, from a rack of five-dollar specials, she chose a red dress. She fancied it up with her accessories and left home that evening in great style with her husband, having a marvellous time, receiving any number of compliments, remembering the event with great amusement. She later said it wasn't that she couldn't afford an expensive dress, but think of all the good she could do

with that much money.

They gave generously, especially to churches and, although Hugh John attended regularly, Aida accompanied him only occasionally. Her Aunt May's strict regimen in this aspect of life may have worked negatively on her. In Fredericton, she knew many of the clergy and gave books to their church libraries but was not often in their pews. Perhaps her religious thoughts were focused more towards nature as indicated by her interest in a special property at Upper Woodstock, New Brunswick, where the earliest owner was the first High Sheriff of Carleton County. Here, later, the artist, author, and native language scholar, E. Tappan Adney, made his home. Aida bought the large acreage, a rare purchase on her part, as a wildlife refuge, holding the property until her death, with the hope that it would remain in its natural state and a safe haven for birds and animals.

The causes which she championed during her lifetime were physically draining, but there were those pleasurable times when her love of nature, her appreciation of poetry, and her interest in books rewarded her with friendships with both amateur writers and notables, the latter group including Fannie Hurst, Thornton Burgess, and, closer to home, Alden Nowlan. On their trips to and from Juniper, it was not unusual for the Flemmings to stop at *The Observer* office in Hartland, where Hugh John would go in and talk politics with the editor, while Alden Nowlan would leave his desk to visit with Aida in the car. A mutual respect and affection developed, books and poetry were exchanged, notes went back and forth. In 1960, when Ryerson Press wanted to publish a book of his poems, Alden lost no time in sharing the excitement with her; in the forward to her book, *How To Be Kind*, Aida closed with two quotations, one from Abraham Lincoln, the other from her cherished friend Alden Nowlan.

From the time of her marriage to Hugh John, politics became a very

natural part of her life. She was his most loyal confidante. She knew his supporters and was grateful to them. But she did not attend many political meetings. She was Honourary President of the Women's Progressive Conservative Association, entertaining them in her home, contributing to their projects. Aida was much too busy with her own career and The Kindness Club. She received letters from all over the world and would begin at dawn to reply to each one personally, researching and organizing the requested information. The effort was colossal, the results astounding. Awards and recognition were countless. In 1964, the United States Humane Society named her US Humanitarian of the Year. In 1976, she received the Distinguished Citizen Award presented by the Fredericton Chamber of Commerce. In 1978, she was inducted into the Order of Canada, receiving her medal from Governor-General Jules Léger.

Today, the essay contests continue and The Kindness Club, in its 36th year, is a strong advocate in humane and environmental education. Although the impact of it can never be measured, the account of Aida's Kindness Club deserves its own time and space. Until then, to this lady who instilled in us a respect for Mother Earth and a love for all God's creatures, we can only say, "Thank you, Aida."

The love of her life, in a touching tribute, wrote to her: "I thank God for bringing you into my life. You are the most wonderful and inspiring woman in the whole world. You will be remembered when many of the rest of us will be relegated to the past. Ever your devoted husband, Hugh John." ❧

(Society member *Carolyn Atkinson* was secretary to Premier Hugh John Flemming from 1952 to 1957. She wishes to acknowledge the assistance of the PANB, The Kindness Club, Jane Tarn, and Phyllis Jackson in the preparation of this two-part series.)

Feature Article ... by Dr. George F.G. Stanley

Reflections on Canada's Flag

Looking back over thirty years that have elapsed since the Proclamation of the Flag of Canada on 28 January 1965, Canadians must wonder what the controversy of the 1960s was all about.

A Canadian Flag? Why not? Why was it so long in coming? What would we do without it? Continue, like colonials, to muster under the banner of the Mother Country, or emphasize our own Canadian identity and show others our pride in ourselves and our achievements?

To me, it is impossible to think of Canadian participation in Olympics, Expos, international economic and political gatherings — or peace-keeping — without our own national symbol, the red maple leaf. Thirty years ago I was confident that once young Canadians identified themselves with the red and white flag, it would become universally accepted. I know now that I was right.

How often I have felt my spirits rise when I have seen Canadian students travelling abroad, identifying themselves by wearing the Canadian Flag on their cars, bicycles, and packsacks. It showed their confidence in themselves and in their country. The maple leaf forever!

As I look out of my window on this day, I feel a surge of pride when I see the Canadian Flag flying in the breeze against the background of snowy hills. It looks as well against blue skies, the sea, green grass, or grey stone, or white wooden buildings. It is clearly identifiable at great distances; it is easily drawn by everyone.

One little child wrote to me, "Thank you for such a happy flag." May it always be so.

24 December 1994

George Francis Gillman Stanley was born in Calgary, 6 July 1907. In

1929, after receiving a BA from the University of Alberta, he was the Rhodes Scholar from his native province, earning a BA, MA, M.Litt, and PhD from Oxford.

He returned to Canada in 1936 to be a Professor and Head of the History Department at Mount Allison University until 1946, although he



Photo credit: Lourdes Richard

Dr. George F.G. Stanley
(taken recently at his home in
Sackville, New Brunswick)

was on military leave as a Canadian Army Officer during World War II.

At the University of British Columbia in 1947, Dr. Stanley held the first ever chair of Canadian History in Canada, from where he went to Ot-

tawa to do research into the history of Canadian government policy in dealing with native people. In 1949, he was appointed Head of the History Department at the Royal Military College and served in that capacity for twenty years and as Dean of Arts for seven years. Returning to Mount Allison in 1969, he set up the first program of Canadian Studies at a Canadian university, retiring in 1975 to live in Sackville, writing books and articles on a full-time basis. Fortunately, his expertise was continually sought after by many national associations, military units, and scholarly institutions, the honours received from these groups never ceasing over the years.

George Stanley is a Life Member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society and, while he was Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick from 1982-87, he and his wife, Ruth, regularly attended lectures and exhibits within the Museum on Queen Street. This issue of *The Officers' Quarterly* wishes to honour Dr. Stanley as the man who prepared the basic design which was adopted as the Canadian flag. With his permission and that of his publisher, McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited, here is an excerpt from George Stanley's 1965 book *The Story of Canada's Flag*:

With the return of the Liberals to power in 1963 under the leadership of Lester B. Pearson the perennial flag issue once more came to the fore. During the election campaign Pearson made a categorical promise that Canada would have a flag within two years of his election - a promise he was not allowed to forget. No previous Party leader had ever gone as far as to place a time limit upon his general undertaking to provide a flag for his country...

Sensing that the flag issue would be settled by the new government one

way or another, the supporters of the red ensign mustered their forces, just as the defenders of the Union Jack had done in the earlier period. The Canadian Corps Association and the Royal Canadian Legion both took strong stands in favour of the ensign as against any new flag which would not include the symbolism of Great Britain.

The Prime Minister, however, showed both courage and conviction. Accompanied by John Matheson, the Liberal member of parliament for Leeds County in Ontario, he faced an unsympathetic audience of the Canadian Legion Convention in Winnipeg on May 17 and told the Legionnaires that the time had come to replace the red ensign with a distinctive maple leaf flag....

At once the proposed design came under sharp fire from the opposition benches. The Conservatives, for the most part, favoured the red ensign which was still flying from the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill. The New Democratic Party, generally, preferred a one-leaf design rather than the three leaves conjoined on a single stem. Reluctance to accept the new flag was not limited to Parliament. Many newspapers also attacked the flag calling it "Pearson's Pennant," or, more derisively, "the poison ivy flag." So strong was the opposition to the three-leaf design that, in spite of the appeals of the Prime Minister, the Conservatives made it clear that the debate would be prolonged indefinitely, or until such time as the Government should abandon its efforts to thrust the new banner upon the people of Canada. The parliamentary debate generated no little heat and the atmosphere in the House of Commons became highly charged with emotion. Finally, after some weeks, the Government yielded to the suggestion that the question be referred to a special committee, and on September 10, a committee of fifteen members was appointed....

During the next six weeks the flag committee held no fewer than forty-one sittings. It studied nearly 2,000

designs and listened to hours of advice from heraldic and historical experts. The meetings of the committee were conducted in a calm and reasoned fashion, without the emotionalism and bitterness that had marked the debate in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, it was obvious that each committee member was prepared to follow the line taken by his party leader in the House. The Liberals were prepared to support the "Pearson Pennant"; the Conservatives would have nothing of it. On the other hand, the Liberals and the small parties would not back the red ensign. The New Democratic Party asked for a single, rather than a three-leaf design, even if the latter did conform more closely to the requirements of strict heraldic accuracy. It almost looked as if the committee proceedings would end in a deadlock.

At this point Matheson recalled a suggestion which had been put to him in March, prior to the flag debate, by Dr. George F.G. Stanley, Dean of Arts at the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, and a former Deputy-Director of the Army Historical Section. To a memorandum dealing with the history of the maple leaf and the beaver as Canadian symbols, Dr. Stanley has added as an appendix the various principles of flag design and submitted a sketch to illustrate these principles. His suggestion was based on the Commandant's flag at the Royal Military College. The college flag was made up of three vertical pales or bands, red, white and red, with the college crest (a mailed fist holding three maple leaves) in the white or centre pale. Dr. Stanley's variant of this flag substituted the stylized red maple leaf for the college crest.

By this time the examples before the committee had narrowed to fifteen designs. Matheson, as a heraldic expert, had felt obliged to support the three-leaf design; but he realized that the flag favoured by the Prime Minister would never gain the acceptance of the members of the other parties. Thus, after discussing the

Stanley design with Reid Scott, the New Democratic Party member for Toronto Danforth, he agreed to give the red, white, red, single-leaf flag his support. One change was made; the centre white section was made equal in size to the two red sections combined, thus giving equality to both red and white. Also various styles of maple leaf were considered and an eleven-point leaf decided upon.

On October 22 the final vote was taken. One after the other the various designs were eliminated. The red ensign went down to defeat, ten votes to four. At last, only three designs were left; the first a cluttered flag of red and white, containing the Union Flag and three fleurs-de-lis; the second, the red, white, red, single-maple leaf design; and the third the red, white and blue, three-leaf flag originally introduced into Parliament by Mr. Pearson.... Thus the committee's recommendation, which was sent to the House of Commons late in October, was a flag derived from the banner which, for many years, had flown from the main building of the Royal Military College.

At the same time, the committee recommended the use of the Union Flag as a symbol of Canada's membership in the Commonwealth of Nations. A Conservative attempt to employ the red ensign for this purpose rather than the Union Jack was defeated, and by a vote of eight yeas, one nay and five abstentions, the royal Union Flag was retained as a symbol of allegiance to the crown and of Canada's membership in the Commonwealth.

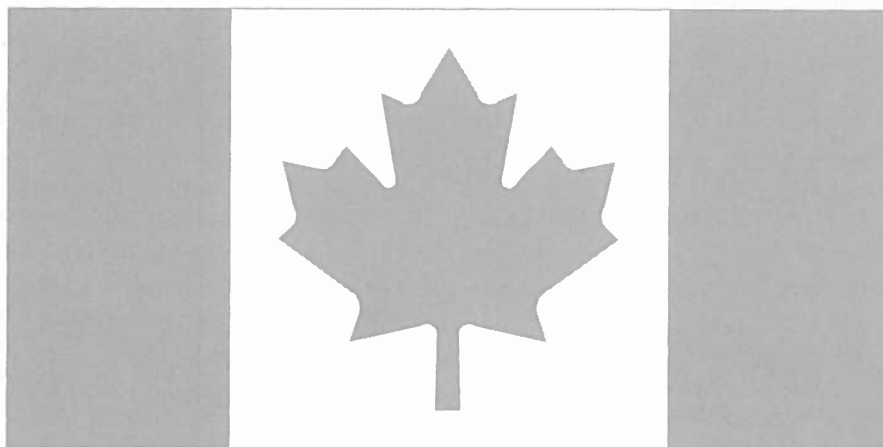
The Committee's recommendation was not accepted without a lengthy battle in Parliament. John Diefenaker, whose loyalty to the red ensign had been declared as early as 1938, was prepared to use every recognized parliamentary method of blocking the adoption of the proposal. However, the Conservatives were not united. Finally, in order to end what was, in spite of the denial of the Leader of the Opposition, a policy of obstruction that served no purpose other than to

paralyze the work of Parliament, Diefenbaker's principal French-Canadian lieutenant, Léon Balcer of Three Rivers, urged the Prime Minister to apply closure to the flag debate. Balcer had in previous years, supported the idea of a distinctive Canadian flag and knew that the feeling in his native province was strong for a flag bearing no symbols either of Great Britain or France. Finally, after thirty-three days of angry argument and 252 speeches, the Liberal government closed the debate.

The result was a foregone conclusion; and in the early hours of the morning of December 15, 1964, the House of Commons approved the proposed maple leaf flag by a vote of 163 to 78. Senate endorsement came two days later. On Christmas eve, Queen Elizabeth approved the flag. A month later, on January 28, 1965, the Queen signed the official proclamation.

On February 15, 1965, the red and white maple leaf flag became the official flag of Canada. The red ensign was lowered from the flag staff of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, where it had flown since September, 1945, and the new flag was hoisted on the stroke of noon in the presence of Governor-General Vanier, the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, and an impressive assembly of guests and populace. Similar flag-raising ceremonies were carried out in other cities and towns throughout the country and the red maple leaf replaced the red ensign on military establishments, on all federal buildings inside Canada, and on all embassies outside the country. In Kingston, where the new flag was conceived, cadets of the Royal Military College stood at attention and saluted as the flag of Canada was raised over the parade square.

Almost ninety-eight years after Confederation Canada had a truly distinctive national flag. The great flag debate, which had gone on intermittently since 1867, was finally at an end. ❧



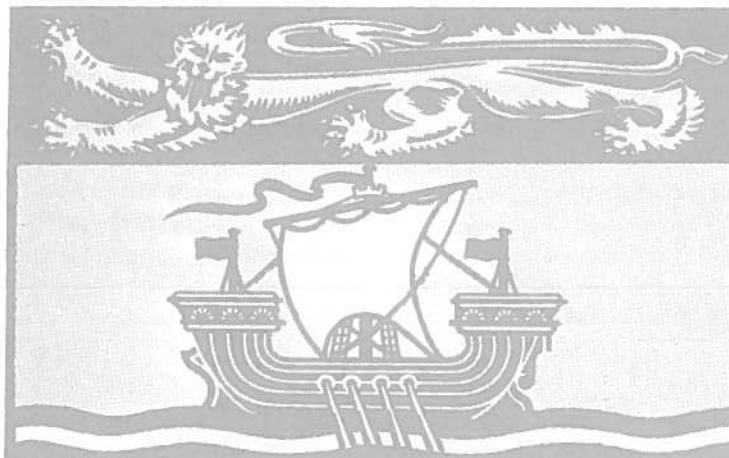
New Brunswick's Flag – A Parallel Proclamation

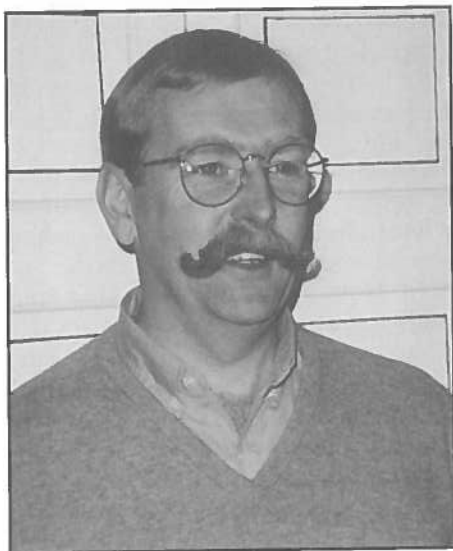
On February 16, 1965, the Government of New Brunswick announced its intention to reactivate its provincial flag according to the terms of the royal warrant of Queen Victoria. The announcement was contained in the traditional Speech from the Throne read by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable J. Leonard O'Brien, at the opening ceremonies of the third session of the forty-fifth Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick.

Subsequently, on February 24, 1965, a Proclamation signed by the Lieutenant-Governor and countersigned by the Premier, the Honourable Louis J. Robichaud, and the Provincial Secretary, the Honourable Donald C. Harper, was issued under the Great Seal of New Brunswick officially proclaiming the coming into use of the provincial flag.

A brief ceremony was held in the Legislative Assembly Chamber on March 25, 1965, when the flag was unveiled by the Premier and the Proclamation signed. This document has now been deposited in the Legislative Library, at Fredericton.

At the same time that Premier Robichaud unveiled the Flag in the Legislative Assembly Chamber before members of the House and their guests and also in the presence of members of the New Brunswick Judiciary, a similar flag was broken out and hoisted on the Legislative Assembly where it flies together with the National Flag. ❧





Alistair Fox

New Brunswick has a remarkable collection of antique furniture and most of it was made in this province," said Alistair Fox, while presenting the last lecture for 1994 on November 17th to members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

Mr. Fox has just completed a two-year survey of New Brunswick furniture for the Canadian Conservation Institute's Provincial Committee, an undertaking that gave him an opportunity to study and compare most of the major museum furniture collections in this province. He was selected for the task because of his recognized knowledge and experience in restoration, conservation, and repair of antique furniture. It is interesting to note that one of his major projects was the restoration of most of the furniture in New Brunswick's Legislative Assembly.

In the 1500s, furniture was very rudimentary and the carpentry was rough. However, in order to protect their valuables, the early immigrants brought oak chests with them, the first pieces of furniture to hold goods. Later, drawers were added and a fashionable blanket box was born.

The speaker explained that "the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists had a major influence on our furniture and began to set a standard, some bringing a few pieces with them, Saint John attracting a steady influx of craftsmen and becoming the major cabinet-making centre because it was

Furniture Expert Polishes Off Series

A Report by Pat Flemming

a port city." He strongly suggested Huia Ryder's book *Antique Furniture by New Brunswick Craftsmen* (The Ryerson Press, 1965) as an excellent source for research in this area.

Through the years, our provincial furniture-makers copied from each other and eventually their names became household words — Nisbet, Lawrence, Pickard, Emery, Flemming, Mitchell, Hunter & Ross, all of them influenced by British cabinet-makers such as Thomas Sheraton, George Hephlewhite, and Thomas Chippendale, the last being the speaker's favourite because of the designer's freedom and elegance. The Scottish cabinet-makers were prominent also, but little is known about Irish furniture-makers.

Labels on some of the furniture in the New Brunswick collections indicate that certain pieces were ordered from England. Types of woods used were cherry, birch, white pine, and mahogany; from time to time, some of these woods which were exported to England came back as furniture. Mr. Fox spoke of a Quebec resident who visited New Brunswick and was amazed at the older furniture we have been able to retain; for example, trundle beds, settees, sideboards, ottomans, and ladder-back chairs, many of these items being on permanent display at King's Landing Historical Settlement near Fredericton.

Certain details help to determine the date of furniture. Mr. Fox said to look for circular saw marks on interior surfaces, hand-made screws with the slot off to one side, the different lengths and thicknesses of hand-made nails. It is the nail that certainly can tell about the age of furniture. Always check the nails. Antiquity can also be indicated by the dark areas in the wood — "time's gift to the antique buff." But be careful when repairing furniture and do not change the original style, although it is possible to make a composite chair by removing a small part from each one to make a set of eight, if you only have seven!

Part of the speaker's presentation included advice on looking after furniture, followed by a discussion on the difference between conservation and restoration of antiques. "It is best not to over-enhance; retain as much of the original as possible," he recommended. "Repairs are quite acceptable, but it is not necessary to refinish. Go with the grain when cleaning, then a coat of wax to protect. Chairs have to be re-glued every 40 years." He advised his listeners to use Murphy's Oil Soap for cleaning, because there is very little oil in wood, mostly water. Clean also with Varsol and steel wool but do not use linseed oil because it can darken the wood. And contemporary white glue does not stick to the hide glue that our ancestors used; thus, try fish glue instead, but not Epoxy! As part of his talk, Alistair Fox displayed a Windsor chair (pine seat, birch spindles) belonging to the York-Sunbury Museum. It was used by the military in Fredericton in 1791 and is unique because it is one of the earliest chairs owned by the Museum. This particular chair had an "old finish" and that is rare today, making it "a cut above the average."

During a question and answer session, followed by conversation and refreshments, the guest speaker urged the furniture enthusiasts to label their furniture, as to where it came from and when, and to save receipts. He said, "As I did my New Brunswick survey, I found that information was lacking. Write down facts about your furniture and remember, we are the custodians of it while we are alive and should pass it on."

Mr. Fox was introduced by David Myles and thanked by Dr. George MacBeath. *

(Alistair Fox is the owner/operator of a well-respected furniture conservation/repair business in Fredericton; Society member Pat Flemming is a freelance writer living in Fredericton.)

The Officers' Bookcase ... Review by Anita Jones

A Daughter's Tragic Life

Adèle Hugo – La Misérable

By Leslie Smith Dow
Fredericton, New Brunswick
Goose Lane Editions, 1993
194 pages, illustrated

The name Victor Hugo is well known in the literary world. He is remembered for his vast number of poems and for his novels, especially *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Les Misérables*. The recent musical production of *Les Misérables* has brought his work to a still wider audience.

One might expect that Hugo's literary brilliance, fame, and wealth provided a rich and happy environment for his wife and children. In the early years this was probably so, but unusual family situations, a predisposition to mental illness, and Hugo's self-imposed exile from France gradually created great unhappiness for the family, especially his younger daughter, whose life eventually came to a tragic end.

Adèle Hugo was born in 1830, the youngest of the five children of Victor and Adèle (Foucher) Hugo. She had a moderately happy childhood, although she soon realized that her parents were more fond of her sister Léopoldine (who drowned at age 19) and her two surviving brothers, Charles and François-Victor. She was deeply affected by her sister's untimely death.

Adèle grew into a beautiful and talented young woman, considered by some, according to Mrs. Dow, "as a good and interesting writer, as well as an accomplished pianist and composer." Having a keen and inquiring mind, Adèle enjoyed the many opportunities that she had to share ideas with the famous artists, musicians, and writers who visited the Hugo home. She would probably have enjoyed a literary career, but that was practically unheard of for a woman in the mid-1800s and the idea would have been totally unacceptable to her famous father, who exercised strong control over the lives of his adult children.

A daughter in Adèle's social class was expected to marry and have children. Adèle had a number of romances, even being engaged for a time to a man who was to become her guardian toward the end of her life. Torn between a desire to escape her father's domination, and her belief in



Adèle Hugo

women's rights and "the tyranny of marriage," Adèle rejected proposals of marriage from numerous eligible men.

When Victor Hugo went into self-imposed exile (because of his political beliefs) on the Channel Islands (1852 to 1870), Adèle had little choice but to accompany her family, first to Jersey and then to Guernsey. Victor Hugo's enthusiasm for the quiet and isolated atmosphere there, so conducive to his writing, was not shared by the rest of the family. Adèle began writing her *Journal of Exile*, and gradually fell into a depression.

In 1854 she met a handsome Englishman named Albert Andrew Pinson. Their relationship developed into a romance; Pinson proposed, but Adèle refused his offer. Then, after Pinson left Jersey for England, Adèle had second thoughts; she was convinced that Pinson was the man she was destined to marry, and she resolved to pursue him. Pinson joined first the West Yorkshire Militia and later the Sixteenth Regiment, and in January of 1862 arrived at a new posting in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In

1863 Adèle devised an elaborate plan of escape and travelled to Halifax, where she stayed until 1866, when she followed Pinson to the Barbados. Mrs. Dow gives a fascinating and well-documented account of the strange life that Adèle Hugo led during nine years in the British colonies.

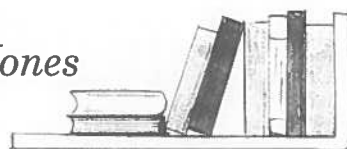
Finally, spurned repeatedly by Pinson, Adèle was brought back to France. Broken in both mental and physical health, she was committed to a mental institution in Paris. After her father's death in 1885, Adèle was moved to a more luxurious sanitarium, the Château de Suresnes. She was fortunate to have belonged to a wealthy family that could pay for high-quality medical care, especially in an era when disorders such as schizophrenia were poorly understood.

Leslie Smith Dow has written in a very readable style the story of the fascinating and almost unbelievable life of Adèle Hugo. She has done extensive research and has included varying viewpoints on Adèle's life and sometimes strange existence. Sources have been carefully footnoted. A chronology at the beginning of the book and the author's Introduction help guide the reader through the book. Appendices, a bibliography, and an index help complete the story.

Adèle Hugo has been carefully edited, has a very attractive cover, and includes photographs of Adèle at various stages of her life. The subtitle *La Misérable* is very apt.

I highly recommend this book, especially to readers interested in women's issues and in psychology. It tells the story of a woman born before her time; it is interesting to speculate about the rich contributions Adèle Hugo might have made to the literature and music of the world if she had been born a century later. *

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



Musées de la Ville de Paris

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen ...

by Pat Flemming

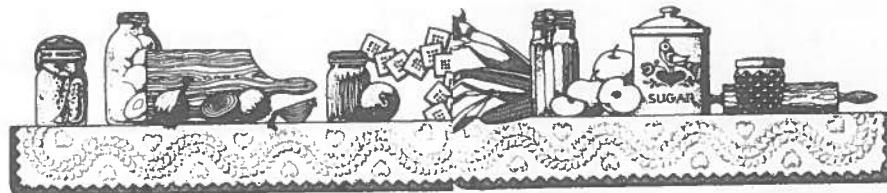
In days gone by, Saturday was bean night. Why were home-baked beans served on Saturdays? I don't really know; a custom of the times, no doubt. Hot home-baked beans were and still are delicious, particularly on a cold winter's evening.

There were nine children in our family growing up in a country home and we looked forward to a yummy supper of beans and brown bread on Saturday nights. Reflecting on the past, I can still smell the sweet aroma of the beans baking slowly all day long. At our house an old-fashioned wood stove was used for baking the beans and brown bread.

Mother baked our beans in a bean crock; however, my grandmother used an iron pot. Bean crocks are still popular today, but I will admit that I am lazy, as my bean crock only gets used once or twice a year. My sister, Polly, collects bean crocks and cooks home-made beans very often.

My late father would admit, "I like beans but they don't like me." For years I didn't quite know what he was trying to say. Polly suggests that changing the water on the beans, or rather draining the water off and adding fresh during the parboiling process on top of the stove, will guard against flatulence. Another suggestion is to add a pinch of soda to the water or a half teaspoon of ginger in the final baking. Some cooks say that a sliced potato put into the bean crock will also help!

It doesn't matter whether you use soldier beans or pea beans for baking in the oven. Both taste great! Many people don't even follow a recipe for home-made beans, adding a little bit of this and a little bit of that. However, my favourite bean recipe is this one:



BOSTON BAKED BEANS

2 cups pea beans
1 small onion
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
2 tbsp. brown sugar
2 to 3 tbsp. molasses
1/8 lb. of salt pork or a few slices of uncooked bacon cut into small pieces

Soak beans in cold water overnight. The next morning, simmer until skins begin to burst, changing the water two or three times before turning the beans into a bean pot. Add onion, salt, pepper, dry mustard, brown sugar, molasses, bacon or pork. Extra molasses can be added while baking, as this will help with the browning of the beans. Add water as needed during the baking process. Bake in a slow oven at 325°F or 350°F. Stir beans often and bake uncovered six to eight hours. A few sprinkles of vinegar can be added to each serving.

* * * * *

Brown bread and beans go hand in hand, and by brown bread I mean old-fashioned brown bread made with rolled oats and molasses. It is not all that difficult to make. The following is my brother-in-law's delicious and easy family recipe:

AUNT HILDA'S NO-KNEAD BROWN BREAD

1 cup rolled oats
1 tbsp. salt
1 tbsp. plus of shortening or butter
2 cups boiling water
1 yeast cake or 1 pkg. dry yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1/2 cup molasses
4 1/2 cups all-purpose flour

Combine the 1 cup rolled oats, 1 tbsp. salt (or less), the shortening or butter (1 tbsp. or more) and scald this mixture in 2 cups boiling water. Let stand 1/2 hour, giving the mixture a

beat now and then. At night, dissolve the yeast cake or 1 pkg. dry yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water. Add the 1/2 cup molasses and stir well. Mix in the 4 1/2 cups flour, working the mixture with your hands. Add the rolled oat mixture and continue to mix. Let the dough rise overnight in a bowl. In the morning, lift with a spoon to release the bubbles. Divide between two loaf pans. Let rise. Bake in hot 400°F oven until done, approximately 30 minutes. Scrumptious and chewy! (Take notice that this recipe only rises once and is not to be punched down.)

* * * * *

Molasses is nutritious, so I have decided to top off this column with a wonderful recipe for molasses cookies. It is also old-fashioned and easy, coming from Spencer's Island, Nova Scotia:

ICE-BOX GINGER SNAPS

1 cup butter, or margarine, or bacon fat
2/3 cup molasses
1/3 cup brown sugar
3 cups flour
2 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. salt
2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. cloves

Mix together the butter, or margarine, or bacon fat with the molasses and brown sugar. Sift together the flour, ginger, cinnamon, salt, soda, and cloves. No eggs are needed. Form the mixture into a long roll, place on a piece of wax paper, and set in the refrigerator to chill. Cut into slices and place on cookie sheet. Bake at 350°F for 12 minutes. The dough can also be rolled into small balls and pushed down on a cookie sheet to form individual rounds. Enjoy and listen for the snap! ❄️

(Society member Pat Flemming is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton.)



Ann Brennan

On 20 October 1994, the York-Sunbury Historical Society opened its winter lecture series. A bumper crowd came to hear guest lecturer Ann Brennan, author of *The Real Klondike Kate*, speak about the experiences which led to the writing of the book and the interesting aftermath that followed its publication by Goose Lane Editions in 1990.

Klondike Kate, a well-known personality for the Gold Rush Days, has always been depicted by books about that period in our history as "a boisterous dance hall queen" who was associated with the more seamy side of the North. Ann Brennan does not believe this view of Kate is the true one. The real Klondike Kate, she says, was actually a young lady from Johnville, New Brunswick, called Katherine Ryan, whose sense of adventure led her to the Klondike, at the turn of the century.

Ann Brennan was a young school teacher in Bath in 1958 when she first heard the stories about Katherine Ryan, told her by people who lived in nearby Johnville. Half-believing, half-doubting the truth of these stories, Ann paid little attention to them at first. But, in the early 1970s, she discovered that historians in Whitehorse (Yukon) were looking for

The Search for Klondike Kate

A Report by Ruth Scott

information about a Katherine Ryan from Johnville, New Brunswick, who was thought to be the real Klondike Kate. Ann decided to help them in any way she could. This assignment started her on a series of research projects that would last fifteen years and lead to the publication of her very important book.

She discovered that Johnville's Kate Ryan had indeed gone to the Yukon, not as a dance hall hostess but as a nurse! Kate later participated in the Gold Rush and knew many of the gold-diggers; she even ran restaurants to feed them along their difficult way. She was the first woman to walk into the North over the rugged Stikine Trail and, in her later years, when she was living in Whitehorse, she became an important public and political figure in the crusade for women's suffrage. She also had the distinction of being the first female RCMP "special" constable.

Charmingly dressed in a period gown of the late 19th century, complete with walking stick, Ann Brennan told her interested audience about the enthusiastic support of Johnville residents who contributed old letters, photos, magazine and newspaper clippings to help get the book underway. But, after the book was published early in 1990, Ann experienced a feeling of something left undone and realized she wanted to go to the Yukon to see for herself.

In the Spring of 1990, she and her daughter began to retrace the route Johnville's Kate Ryan had pursued to get to the Yukon. Spectacular scenery and warm hospitality greeted them as they travelled the same path Kate had taken many years before. The way was long — 3,300 kilometers from Prince George to Whitehorse with many stops and adventures, but they finally got there.

In this journey back in time, Ann and her daughter travelled almost everywhere Klondike Kate had travelled (albeit by modern car rather

than the dogsled Kate must have used), marvelling at the endurance of this determined lady, who successfully challenged almost unbelievable odds to attain her goal.

Also, there was a purpose for Ann Brennan's special trip at this particular time: Stewart, British Columbia, was celebrating the 75th anniversary of Kate Ryan's arrival in the same community where she made her home until she died in 1934 (an RCMP funeral saw her buried in Vancouver). The week the Brennans spent there was declared "The Real Klondike Kate Week" and there were many celebrations in Kate's memory.

Stewart was just one of the ten stops made in the three weeks the Brennans were in British Columbia. At all of them, Ann gave public readings, spoke in schools, and autographed countless copies of her book. It is interesting to note that an afternoon presentation at Heritage Park in Terrace opened the summer tourist season.

In spite of all this, well-known author and Klondike authority Pierre Berton told Ann Brennan that she would never convince historians (including Berton himself), that Klondike Kate was not the dance hall queen but the girl from Johnville, New Brunswick. However, Ann feels sure that someday they will change their minds! and that Katherine Ryan will be in the New Brunswick Women's Hall of Fame.

After reading an excerpt from Robert Service's memoirs, the guest lecturer concluded with one of her own poems — appropriately entitled "Carry Me Back." Following an extensive question and answer session, light refreshments were enjoyed by all. ❧

(Ann Brennan is currently attending the University of New Brunswick and is researching a new book; Society member Ruth Scott is a freelance writer and journalist living in Fredericton.)

Passing Through ... by Ted Jones

Canada's 25th Viceroy

I remember him well, our new Governor-General, although it has been almost 40 years since he was a member of the Teachers' College faculty here in Fredericton and I was a student.

The year was 1957-58 and we both lived on Brunswick Street: I boarded with the McDade family at #515, a three-storey brown clapboard which has since been demolished (along with other houses) and replaced by a Parking Garage; he occupied a third-floor garret apartment with the Cunningham family at #858, a stately beige stucco structure which still stands across from Christ Church Cathedral.

Roméo LeBlanc came to the Provincial Normal School in 1955 at age 28, his formal education having already been completed at a one-room school in Cormier's Cove (Westmorland County); at Collège Saint Joseph in Memramcook (he was the valedictorian for the class of '48); and at La Sorbonne in Paris (on scholarship), where he almost achieved his Doctorate but never quite finished a thesis.

Returning to New Brunswick, he taught grade school in a little place called Drummond, three miles east of Grand Falls in Victoria County. Eventually, the province's Director of Teacher Training, Dr. Harrison Chapman, heard about the intelligent young LeBlanc and brought him to Fredericton, where he stayed four years. To me, this was the first major step on the way to Rideau Hall.

In those days we walked "out" to Queen Street in the early morning in order to get to the College. As I made my way along Carleton, Mr. LeBlanc had the choice of either Church, St. John, or Regent. By 8:30 all 400 students and the 25 staff members had climbed the steps of the Gothic-like entrance, the front doors being framed by the same pink granite pillars that survived the fire when the

original 1876 section burned to the ground in 1929. It was rebuilt a year later and the centerpiece was a magnificent auditorium, complete with perfect acoustics, a sprawling balcony, and a stage that was the envy of every performer.

However, it was still the old Normal School (renamed Teachers' College) and traditions were carried on regardless of the unique setting. Opening exercises were held in the auditorium at the beginning of each day, the thunderous piano chords of music instructor Janis Kalnins escorting each class to its assigned seats, staff members slowly making their way to the chairs on the stage, the Principal, Dr. Dyson Wallace, standing patiently at the podium, waiting to lead us in prayer and a hymn before giving the announcements. It was an excellent opportunity to observe our teachers en masse and we did, taking a quick, silent roll call, casually whispering names to our peers.

Mr. LeBlanc almost always entered from the back of the stage, probably because his office was on the right side of the second-floor hallway that led to the Annex or former Model School, a wing that was built in 1912 but left unharmed by the fire. He could travel down a back stairwell that led to a door that opened directly onto the stage. When he did appear, his presence was definitely felt, both among staff and students. Urbane and somewhat charismatic, he was the scholar who stood tall, nodding to personal acquaintances, clutching his math and literature textbooks in one arm, carrying a clipboard in the other. Once seated, he remained rather aloof, jotting a few notes intermittently.

Current press reports indicate that Roméo LeBlanc's trademark in public life so far has been a rumpled look in clothes. This must have come later because it was not so while he



Roméo LeBlanc (from the 1958 Teachers' College Yearbook)

was a teacher. Even today, his former colleagues from the College are unanimous when they say that he was (and still is) a genuine country gentleman, his flawless grooming in well-tailored suits highlighted by black-rimmed glasses, slick black hair, and polished black shoes — the perfect role model for teenage boys in flannel shirts and unpressed slacks who were about to become teachers in classrooms of their own.

But there was more to this man than appearances. A strong character, positive and influential, came through during his years in Fredericton. Like the students they taught, the College staff was also a mix of Anglophone and Francophone, two languages and two cultures coming together for one year under the same roof. Ironically it worked, and Roméo LeBlanc was partially responsible: he understood the young people from rural New Brunswick who did not have the opportunity to go to university but who were able to get a loan to attend the Normal School because there was a shortage of teachers; he understood that it was necessary to get the English students and the French students working together, forgetting labels and divisions. We did, and the harmony that re-

sulted manifested itself when it came to extracurricular activities.

At Teachers' College in the 1950s, there was an abundance of clubs, teams, and special groups, the big one being the yearbook staff and the annual publication of the red and blue *Tutoris*. There were 17 openings for students and I was fortunate to have received the position of Advertising Manager; we had four faculty advisors, of whom Mr. LeBlanc was the Chairman, a position that he filled with admirable diplomacy. It was during this year-long bilingual publication that students witnessed another side of him in relation to those qualities that he would display years later as a Member of Parliament and subsequently Speaker of the Senate. He was firm but fair, organized but relaxed, witty but serious. He was in perfect command of both languages, switching with ease from an impeccable English to a controlled French. He was an education for us beyond the classroom. We all have our particular memories but, for me it was his clever use of words, especially puns. There was a right word for everything and Mr. LeBlanc found it, along with "turning a phrase" with subtle irony. He definitely made an impression.

Elizabeth (Stoddard) Walton, English Literary Editor for the 1958 *Tutoris*: "As I posted recent press clippings of the new Governor General on the bulletin board in my classroom, I candidly informed my elementary pupils and fellow teachers that Roméo LeBlanc was my 'brush with greatness.'"

Jack Sweezey, Public Relations Manager for the 1958 *Tutoris*: "Although the yearbook staff had a small office across from the stairway on the second floor, the faculty advisors met with us many times throughout the year in various classrooms. We needed the extra space because each position on the publication was represented by a French student and an English student, working together as Mr. LeBlanc requested."

The teachers who worked with us on the project also worked well to-

gether, providing a strong leadership. Unfortunately, Thomas Acheson is now deceased but the other two have kindly consented to talk about Roméo LeBlanc.

Thelma Kierstead: "One could not have found a better colleague. Yes, he participated in staff discussions, his opinions always logical and well-presented, his point of view always non-confrontational but tactfully and effectively expressed. It is true, his students greatly admired him but, whether they realized he was destined for greater accomplishments, I do not know. Although he was most co-operative within the bilingual educational system of the 1950s, he did look forward to the establishment of a separate institution for the French student teachers."

William Biden: "He was vocal at a staff meeting, but always in a proper manner and never offensive. He saw the disadvantages of the Acadians in the education system of the 1950s and he wanted to do something about it; thus, the French students had great respect for his teaching. He also understood the plight of the ordinary person and this would be proven later when he entered politics. Like all of us, he would have taught several subjects; however, he did not enjoy Math, so he traded with someone else for Civics & Citizenship, an area more to his liking. He was a hard worker at the College but he was 'the life of the party' at social gatherings."

The faculty social life within the College was limited, although there was the occasional function. The atmosphere of the building tended to be oppressive and two staffrooms, one for female teachers and another for males, was a contributing factor, either sex seldom entering the other's domain. To the right of the front entrance, there was a small common room where faculty members picked up their mail, a completely uninviting area with little or no furniture, no one spending time there. Even the salaries were different and, with the same qualifications, women were not paid as much as men, married women taking on the status of a part-time

employee! There were no organized or regular meetings for teachers, so the late Katherine MacLaggan, the nurse on staff who taught an excellent Health course, set up a Faculty Club, a quasi-social get-together in one of the classrooms, where educational issues of the day were discussed. Topics of a political nature were reserved for private conversations in the offices or homes of friends. However, noonhours were a different situation.

Several of the same staff members stayed for lunch every day and Roméo LeBlanc was among them. The little basement cafeteria adjoined the Home Economics Rooms, the faculty having a separate table from the students, eventually moving across the hall to the sewing room where they would have seclusion and privacy, all of them becoming very good friends.

Shirley Alcoe: "It was during these lively lunchroom discussions that we got to know and respect the real Roméo LeBlanc. The best conversation occurred when he was present. He was keen about everything that was going on in the world and kept the talk flowing, never monopolizing, always being interested in what others had to say as well. He not only 'sparkled' during those lunch hours but he 'sparked' the discussion! Katherine MacLaggan also joined us and she admired his intelligence so much that she encouraged him to think about furthering his career."

And he did. In the late afternoons, after classes were through for the day, Roméo LeBlanc would cross Queen Street at the corner of York and enter the James S. Neill Building. There on the top floor was the CFNB Radio Station and there Roméo LeBlanc began to record news reports and commentaries for CBC. World politics always interested him, as did the Federal and Provincial scene. Ed Everett was the studio engineer at the time and remembers the serious young college professor whose taped messages were fed through land lines to Ottawa and Toronto. "Everything had to be technically correct so we did it over and over again." Thus, the

transition into radio journalism had begun. He even spent time on his news reports in his little office at the College, his fellow teachers passing by and noticing that he was concentrating on his tapes, preparing himself for the next stage in a career that would take him to London, Algeria, Cyprus, Berlin, and Washington, as a foreign correspondent for Radio Canada.

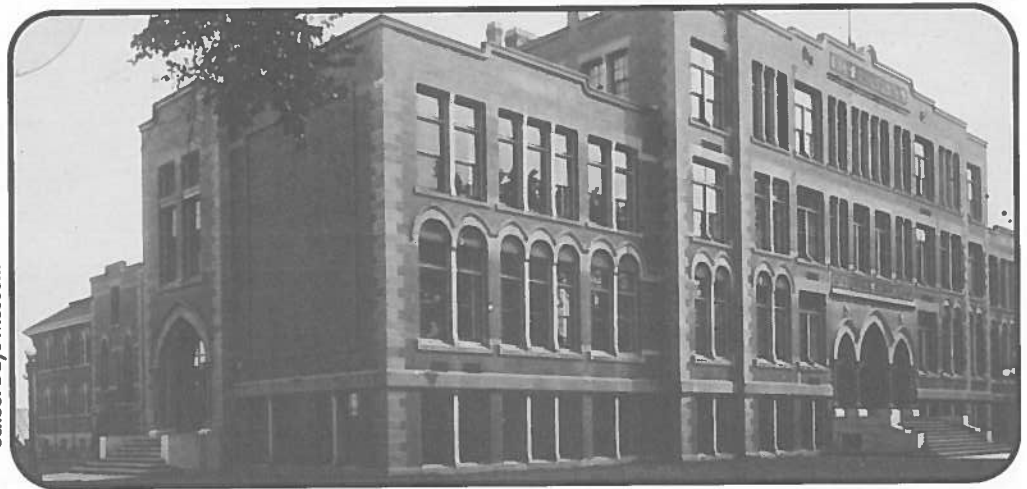
Another journalist working for the CBC and living in Fredericton with his wife and family in the 1950s was Rod Chiasson. It was inevitable that he and Roméo LeBlanc would become great friends, spending hours together improving their delivery of news reports in English, taping their efforts, listening, and then criticizing the results. According to Thelma Kierstead, "They were tireless in their efforts to be perfect."

On the afternoons he was not recording at CFNB, Roméo LeBlanc joined the faculty "lunch group" as they walked over to Keays' Lunch Counter at 72 York Street and continued their earlier discussions over coffee, winding down after the day's classes. Eventually, the conversation turned to cars and, although Roméo LeBlanc did not have one while he was in Fredericton, he was a great help to all the single female teachers who owned cars, telling them what this or that sound meant, taking their cars to the garage and seeing that the right repairs were made. They also talked about "food" because Roméo LeBlanc was an excellent cook who became known for his splendid spaghetti dinners. Although his apartment was too small for entertaining, he would, from time to time, become the genial host and superb chef at the apartment of various colleagues. On the other hand, "He was a charming guest," says Thelma Kierstead, "a real asset to any dinner party, and therefore did not lack for invitations."

Franklin Gilmore, who taught science at the time, agrees: "Roméo was affable! He had a sense of humor! I

remember him telling amusing stories about family situations, especially when he was visiting relatives and the house was full. He was definitely not dowdy or dull as some journalists reported when they heard the news of the Governor-General appointment. But there was more to this interesting personality. He was a full-time student of human nature. He liked to study people and this is why he attended the Saturday Night Jamborees in the Teachers' College auditorium. He would sit up in the balcony and watch the audience and

they were, making sure the door was opened for the ladies and that a chair was offered. The little things counted and there was no condescension whatsoever." Dr. Murray Stewart: "I served on a French and English Language Curriculum Committee with Mr. LeBlanc and found him to be friendly, co-operative, and supportive, but he was an educator who kept a low profile. The Director of Teacher Training, who had his office at the Normal School, set up this particular committee, in an effort to bring the two cultures closer together."



Teachers' College (Provincial Normal School)

their reactions. He did not go for the music or the performers on the stage; it was more fun to observe the people sitting around him, never missing a thing, his mind going all the time. And, on Monday mornings, he would relate his findings to some of his male colleagues. People were his forte and this was the link that took him into journalism."

Other colleagues, including Helen MacFarlane, Arden Doak, and Beatrice Mahoney, echo the same sentiments: "Roméo LeBlanc was a people-person who treated everybody the same. He was an independent thinker who loved to join discussions. We thought he was tremendous!" Eileen Wallace was the College librarian and she soon realized that he would make a great diplomat. "He was thoughtful of others, always making sure that everyone was comfortable. He tended to look after people, no matter who

Although he sometimes went home to Cormier's Cove, weekends were mostly spent in Fredericton at 858 Brunswick Street, a quiet and picturesque area of the city with the St. John River in full view. His apartment had two large rooms, plus kitchenette and bath, all with slant ceilings. The house was built in 1815 on Sunbury Street (now University Avenue) but it was moved around the corner to its present location when Alexander "Boss" Gibson had the railroad put through to Marysville, a small CNR station being placed on the east side of #858. When Gilbert Cunningham died in 1949, he left the house to his wife and three daughters. Renovations followed and the result was three apartments, one of the daughters (Pauline) sharing the second floor with fellow teachers Martha Comeau and Jean Marie Carney (a Physical Education instructor at the

Normal School). Whenever the three of them needed a fourth for bridge, it was Roméo LeBlanc who would come down and join the table.

Other times, the tenants on the first and second floors at 858 Brunswick would see that the building was quiet, because they knew the young gentleman scholar on the third floor would be reading, studying, or just enjoying his solitude. Thelma Kierstead: "Under normal circumstances, he was not a loner. On the other hand, I can recall a picnic that some faculty members planned for Fundy Park. Since my little niece (four or five years old) lived in the area, I picked her up to join us. She still remembers with pleasure the big man who skipped stones with her and told her stories. After lunch, I do recall that he withdrew a short distance away from the group to read a book which he had brought. Maybe he did, and perhaps still does, need moments by himself."

Much has happened in Roméo LeBlanc's life since his four years in the capital of New Brunswick. He has gone on to other capitals in the world and has succeeded beyond expectation. And now he is the Governor-General of Canada, the first Acadian to hold this office, the first person from the Atlantic Provinces to do so.

Here in Fredericton, there have been changes too: the old Provincial Normal School (Teachers' College) has been completely renovated on the inside to become the province's Justice Building, a major tourist attraction within the Military Compound; CFNB is under new management in a different building; Keays' may be changing ownership soon; #858 Brunswick Street now sits in the shadow of a modern apartment complex, the little CNR station having been demolished long ago. Although Roméo LeBlanc returns to his summer home, a former religious retreat at Cormier's Cove, probably his next visit to Fredericton will be in an official capacity, as the representative of the Queen of England. Will he remember his earlier sojourn here?

Beatrice Mahoney: "My niece's

husband was on a flight from Ottawa to Moncton one evening in early December, 1994. To his astonishment, the passenger beside him was the Governor-General designate. As they casually talked, my name came into the conversation and Roméo LeBlanc said, 'Tell her that I think of all those people during my years at Teachers' College and that I treasure their acquaintances and the memories I have of them and my time there.' I was very pleased to hear this, but not surprised. This was the Roméo LeBlanc I knew. I know I speak for many when I say that he is an excellent choice for our 25th Governor-General."

As the plane landed that night,

Dominic LeBlanc was at the airport to meet his father. It is interesting to note that in 1992 the Governor General's son received a Bachelor of Law degree from the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. Perhaps someday both father and son will once again pass through the Colonial City of Stately Elms. ♣

(*The Quarterly* wishes to thank Linda Squiers Hanson for writing the "Passing Through" column for the 1994 issues. Linda has recently accepted a position of employment at the Indiana State University Library and we wish her luck, hoping to hear from her periodically. In the meantime, *The Quarterly* is looking for someone to do the "Passing Through" column on a regular basis. If interested, please contact the Editor.)

THE GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF CANADA

Viscount Monck	1867-1868
Lord Lisgar	1868-1872
The Earl of Dufferin	1872-1878
The Marquess of Lorne	1878-1883
The Marquess of Lansdowne	1883-1888
Lord Stanley of Preston	1888-1893
The Earl of Aberdeen	1893-1898
The Earl of Minto	1898-1904
Earl Grey	1904-1911
HRH The Duke of Connaught	1911-1916
The Duke of Devonshire	1916-1921
Lord Byng of Vimy	1921-1926
The Viscount Willingdon	1926-1931
The Earl of Bessborough	1931-1935
Lord Tweedsmuir of Elsfeld	1935-1940
The Earl of Athlone	1940-1946
The Viscount Alexander of Tunis	1946-1952
The Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey	1952-1959
The Rt. Hon. Georges-P. Vanier	1959-1967
The Rt. Hon. Roland Michener	1967-1974
The Rt. Hon. Jules Léger	1974-1979
The Rt. Hon. Edward Schreyer	1979-1984
The Rt. Hon. Jeanne Sauv�	1984-1990
The Rt. Hon. Ramon John Hnatyshyn	1990-1995
The Rt. Hon. Rom�o LeBlanc	1995-

Books from the Barracks ...

Review by Mary Mayo

A Young Author from Sunbury County

The Adventures of Micmac the Wonder Dog, written and illustrated by Chris Fulton. Minto, NB, 1993. Privately Published. 11 pages.

The Adventures of Micmac the Wonder Dog: Tomahawk's Revenge, written and illustrated by Chris Fulton. Minto, NB, 1994. Privately Published. 20 pages.

These two picture-book stories for children recount the exploits of Micmac "dog warrior of Chief Bentfeather." In the first, *The Adventures of Micmac the Wonder Dog*, Micmac must prove himself by going alone into the forest to do a good deed. (Unknown to him, his raccoon friend Rascal is hidden in his backpack when he sets out). The good deed is easy enough to accomplish — he frees a caged bear cub — but then must return the cub to its father. On the way they are attacked by a wolf pack, led by the nasty Tomahawk. They manage to escape, find the bear's cave and reunite the cub and its father. On the way back, however, Micmac and Rascal are once more attacked by the wolves and only the lucky intervention of the father bear saves them.

In the sequel, *The Adventures of Micmac the Wonder Dog: Tomahawk's Revenge*, Micmac is sent by Chief

Bentfeather to rescue a human family who are camped in the wolves' part of the forest. Once again Micmac is almost done in by Tomahawk, but manages to escape at the last minute due to the lucky presence of an apple tree. Micmac's raccoon friend Rascal, who is caught by the humans and treated as a doll by their little girl, persuades them to leave the wolves' part of the woods and spend the rest of their vacation camped with Chief Bentfeather and his dog warriors. Once again all ends happily.

The youthful exuberance of the author is evident in these two stories written when

incident without much time being spent to explain how or why things happen the way they do. In the first story the father bear "just happens" along in time to save Micmac from Tomahawk, while in the second the apple tree "just happens" to be in the right place at the right time. Young children listening to these stories will probably not be bothered by such details, however, and will simply accept each event as it occurs, laughing at the little jokes interspersed throughout the stories.

Chris Fulton also illustrated these two stories himself and obviously enjoyed this part of the task as much as the writing. He has lavished great care on the details of the drawings, especially on the depiction of the small animals and insects which have loads of personality.

In short, these two books have much that is appealing, especially considering the age of the author. More attention to the details of plot — the whys and wherefores — would have made the stories stronger and more memorable, but as a first effort they show an inventive turn for storytelling and a flair for illustration. ❧

(Mary Mayo is the Children's Librarian at the Fredericton Public Library and the York Regional Library.)



Chris Fulton was in grade 7 and 8 at Minto Elementary and Junior High. The plots move quickly from incident to

The Last Word

with Dr. James Chapman

January 12th, 1995 was a typical winter's day in Fredericton —high winds and drifting snow. But, inside the comfortable home of Dr. and Mrs. James K. Chapman on Montgomery Street, there was warmth, conversation, and reflections upon the past. Dr. Chapman is a Life Member of the Society and the 1989 recipient of the Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction, his association with York-Sunbury going back to the mid-fifties and continuing today (he was well received when he read one of his short stories from his recently published collection *A Skein of Yarns* at the 1994 Christmas gathering). The Editor of *The Officers' Quarterly* is pleased to have had the opportunity to talk with Dr. Chapman about his life and his distinguished career.

OQ —Let's go back to your early childhood and tell our readers where it all began.

JC —I was born 24 April 1919 in Gagetown, Queen's County, New Brunswick and spent the first 21 years of my life there. My father worked as a mill-hand during the days and operated a barber shop in the village during the evenings. My brother and sister and I attended the Gagetown Grammar School, where I started in grade one with 21 classmates. Of these, only one girl and myself went on to graduate from high school in June of 1936. It was my grade eight history teacher, H. H. Stuart, who left me with the greatest impression. He excelled in that subject and forgot time when he lectured in it. Years later, I published an article about him. However, reminiscences of my boyhood can be found in the first two books of my *River Boy* series — *River Boy: Life along the St. John* (1980) and *River Boy Returns* (1983), both published in Fredericton by Brunswick Press, both illustrated by my wife Rhoda.

OQ —What about the years leading up to World War II?

JC —In 1937, I graduated from the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton,

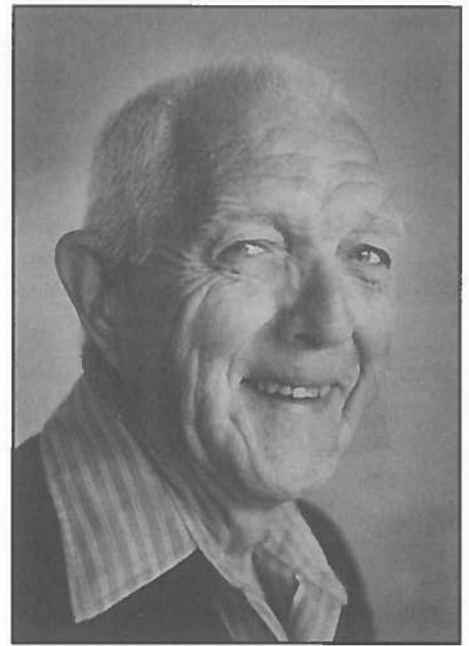
where I came under the influence of educators such as H. H. Hagerman, D. W. Wallace, I. B. Rouse, and F. E. MacDiarmid. I never taught grade school; instead, I became a teller at the Bank of Nova Scotia in Gagetown for the next three years. In the Autumn of 1940, I enlisted in the RCAF as an Aircraftsman Second Class; in the Spring of 1946, I was discharged as a Flight Lieutenant, having been both a navigator and an instructor. *River Boy at War*, published in 1985 by Goose Lane Editions, is a continuation of my reminiscences. In preparing the manuscript, I relied heavily upon my log book and my photograph album to supplement my memory.

OQ —After the War, you began a long and well-known association with the University of New Brunswick, both as a student and a professor. Perhaps you would outline those years for us.

JC —In 1950, I received my BA degree with 1st Class Honours in History and Political Science. In 1952, I received my MA, having been awarded a Lord Beaverbrook Scholarship for Studies in the Relations of Maine and New Brunswick. It was a Beaverbrook Overseas Scholarship and a Historical Research Fellowship that took me to the University of London (England), where I received my PhD in Imperial History in 1954. How fortunate I was to have my wife with me, because she proofread and typed my thesis. For the next 30 years, I worked my way from Assistant and Associate Professor to Chairman of the History Department at UNB, receiving a number of grants and sabbaticals along the way. There were many favourite instructors and colleagues but those whom I admired most were Dr. A.G. Bailey, my mentor, and Professor W. S. McNutt.

OQ —In 1985, the year after you retired, UNB made you a Professor Emeritus. But there have been other honours as well.

JC —Yes. In 1981, I received the Fredericton Heritage Trust Award; in 1982, I was given an Honourary Life



James Chapman

Membership in the Atlantic Association of Historians; in 1984, Mount Allison University bestowed upon me an Honourary LLD.

OQ —Let's turn to your research. Over the years you have delivered a number of papers to various groups. What were some of the topics?

JC —I have spoken before the York-Sunbury Historical Society on several occasions: in January 1963, it was "Lieutenant Governor Arthur Gordon's Wilderness Journeys in NB"; in October 1967, it was "Some Episodes in Maine-New Brunswick Relations in the Civil War." I have also returned to Queen's County to speak before the Historical Society there: in 1978, I gave a lecture on Queen Victoria; in 1988, I gave a paper on James Peters, the Loyalist founder of Gagetown.

OQ —Writing for publication has played an important part in your career. We have already mentioned the well-known *River Boy* series. What are some of your other books?

JC —My first book was about the 1st Lord Stanmore, who became the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick from 1861-66. It was entitled *The Career of Arthur Hamilton Gordon* and it was published by the University of Toronto Press in 1964. This was followed by the letters of Sir Arthur Gordon and Lady Sophia Palmer. Entitled *A Political*

cal Correspondence of the Gladstone Era, it was published by the American Philosophical Society in 1971. The Queen's County Historical Society published *Gagetown: As We Were* (A Short History with Illustrations) in 1987. As the only professional historian to claim Gagetown as his place of birth and upbringing, I had long thought I ought to write its history.

OQ —Have you been published in other genres?

JC —Some of my articles have appeared in *Acadiensis*, *Canadian Forum*, *CHR*, and *Victorian Studies*. I had the challenging task of editing the Austin Squires manuscript on the *History of Fredericton*, published by the City in 1981. And I wrote the Introduction for W. G. MacFarlane's *History of Fredericton* (Non-Entity Press, 1981)

OQ —Have you ever written under a nom de plume and, if so, Why?

JC —Yes. Four of my short stories are in *The Atlantic Advocate* under the pseudonym Hamish Keith. The false name was used to separate my light fiction from my academic pursuits.

OQ —What are some of your early memories of the York-Sunbury Historical Society?

JC —I can recall when F. S. Mundle and E. W. Sansom were presidents in the fifties and sixties. We met in the Federal Building or the Clark Memorial Building. I believe it was General Sansom's eight-year tenure as President that gave the Society the impetus to become the successful organization it now is. Historical Societies definitely serve a purpose in preserving the past. They should be supported by their members and the community at large. It is good to see young people involved in the Society today.

OQ —You have lived in Fredericton a long time and have seen a number of changes. Could you relate a few?

JC —Regarding the British Military Garrison, I can recall a long, low, two-storey wooden building, with entrances to a number of apartments, which stood in the late 1930s on the west side of Regent Street, next to Brunswick. I believe this was the new married quarters for the soldiers in 1838. It was demolished before World War II.

Montgomery Street after the War was called First Cross Road; Priestman Street was called Second Cross Road. There was very little settlement back this far; thus, those of us who bought an acre or two were able to keep animals and do some farming. My wife and I have watched the city grow right past our property to the Trans-Canada Highway.

OQ —In 1995, the maple leaf flag of Canada will be 30 years old. What was your point of view about the flag situation in 1965?

JC —We served under the Red Ensign and the Union Jack and those flags should not have been replaced. We must remember that Canada at one time was a part of something bigger — the Empire. We were patriotic then.

OQ —How have you found retirement?

JC —Great! For the past 11 years I have had time for our greenhouse, our garden, our cottage at Oromocto Lake, the York-Sunbury Historical Society, and my writing. But not necessarily in that order. ☿

Letters to the Editor

... continued from page 4

I wish to subscribe to *The Officers' Quarterly* so that I may continue reading the article on Aida Flemming.

I enjoyed all the articles in the Fall 1994 issue and it appears that there will be several interesting articles in the 1995 issues.

In column three, page 11, of the Fall 1994 issue, regarding Ann Brennan, author of *The Real Klondike Kate*, it states that "Johnville is 5 miles NE of Bathurst." This should read "Bath," which is in Carleton County. It appears that the location of Johnville was derived from *Geographical Names of New Brunswick* by Alan Rayburn. Please refer to the *Gazetteer of Canada — New Brunswick*. This is just to correct a slight error as I am acquainted with the area in which Mrs. Brennan lives.

RALPH A. SHAW
Hartland, NB

Congratulations!

To **Ric Cummings** on being presented a certificate of recognition by Premier Frank McKenna for publishing more than 70 books about New Brunswick.

Congratulations!

To **Ruth Grattan** and **Robert Fellows** (both of the Provincial Archives) for being nominated for a 1994 Above and Beyond Award for giving service "above and beyond" the call of duty.



Courtesy: Bruce & Ted Atkinson

Hugh John and Aida Flemming with her 1931 Model-A Ford



YORK COUNTY COUNCILLORS & OFFICIALS — JANUARY, 1901

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: G. M. Hillman, Thomas Simonds, T. Robison, Alexander Brewer, John Black, J. W. McCreedy, Henry B. Rainsford, A. D. Yerra, A. E. Cliff.

H. H. Veysey, Henry Morgan, George Seymour.

THIRD ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: John Mowatt, B. McManamin, James J. Jewett, John C. Murray, O. E. Morehouse, Alanson McNally, L. Goodspeed, John Scott, J. W. Green.

SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. R. Merrill, Alexander Haining, George Moffatt, William R. Rawcett, David Cropley, W. W. Graham.

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: H. Grosvenor, George F. Burden, Archie McMullin, James T. Master, Alfred Rowley.