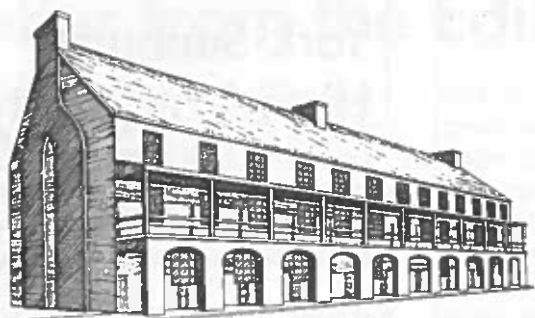




The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 11, Number 3

Summer 1995

Mary Grannan
(1900-1975)

A Friend Remembers
This Fredericton Legend

•
A Letter from
Sir Charles G.D. Roberts

•
Pauline Johnson and
Her New Brunswick Visits

•
Patterson Settlement
Historical Society, Inc.

•
Books

Poems

Recipes

Postcards

and much more





The Officers' Quarterly

Volume 11, Number 3 Summer 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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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:

In this 1949 publicity photograph by John Steele of Toronto, Mary Grannan exudes the friendly charisma that earned her the title "Just Mary." (from the Fred Phillips Collection, PANB)

York-Sunbury Historical Society

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Monday - Saturday

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

With extended hours for

July and August

Sunday 12:00 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.

LAST NIGHT'S SMASH-UP

A carriage driven by Hornezo Savage of Penniac collided with one driven by Miss Gretchen Phair on Queen Street last night. Mr. Savage's was badly twisted. The crossbar was broken and two axles badly bent. The carriage driven by the lady was uninjured. Neither of the horses got away, and none of the occupants were hurt.

The Daily Gleaner

Saturday, 17 July 1895

Letter from the Editor... Ted Jones

Since the last issue of *The Quarterly*, I have had the good fortune to visit with three flourishing historical groups within the counties of York and Sunbury, and, believe me, the preservation of our past is alive and well!

On May 13th, after a relaxing drive north along the Nashwaak River (Routes 8 and 107 towards Stanley from Fredericton), my wife and I arrived at the Nashwaak Bridge UCW Hall, a converted school and the current home of the Nashwaak Bicentennial Association. Here we spent a pleasant afternoon learning about this hard-working and highly successful group of people, many of them being descendants of the first families who came to the area.

The 1784-1984 Nashwaak Bicentennial Association was founded in January, 1982 as a non-profit organization devoted to collecting, assembling, and preserving historical materials pertaining to settlers on the Nashwaak River of New Brunswick in the last 200 years. And no valley in the province has a prouder, more history-conscious people than the Nashwaak. This was proven in 1984 when the Association published a book entitled *And the River Rolled on... Two Hundred Years on the Nashwaak* — a must to read!

I was also impressed with the Association's vast collection of oral history tapes and their quarterly newsletter (*Nashwaak News*), having been given a number of the latter to bring home for souvenirs and for a further reading source. A name that appears often is that of MCLAGGAN. When I was growing up in McAdam Junction, a George McLaggan and his wife Minnie moved there from the Nashwaak and established a successful bakeshop; in fact, the building is still standing on front street, but the McLaggans have since passed away. Thus, it was a great surprise for me to discover that the current president of the Nashwaak Bicentennial Association

is none other than a young grandson of George and Minnie. His name is Kim McLaggan and, besides his youth and energy, he has a sincere interest in history and genealogy. We thank Kim and all the other members who made us feel so welcome that afternoon on the Nashwaak.

On May 27, my wife and I joined a number of York-Sunbury Historical Society members and drove south along Route 101 to Fredericton Junction and Hoyt Station. At the latter,



The Currie House

we were greeted by members of the Patterson Settlement Historical Society, who gave us guided tours of the various buildings and then presented us with a delicious lunch which we enjoyed outdoors at the picnic tables. This group has accomplished so much in the short time since their incorporation and the Feature Article in this issue, written by an active member of their Society, gives the history and the details. Please read it and see what is going on in Sunbury County at Patterson Settlement.

Returning to Fredericton Junction, we stopped at the Currie House, located in a spacious wooded area on the banks of the north branch of the Oromocto River. Here we were welcomed by representatives of the

Sunbury-West Historical Society, among them Kay DeWitt, the founder of the Society and the co-author (with Norma Alexander) of *Days of Old — A History of Fredericton Junction*, published by the Sunbury-West Society in 1987 — another must to read!

Kay DeWitt is also the great-niece of Samuel Leonard Tilley Currie, the renowned carpenter who designed and built the Currie House in 1900, along with a number of other homes in the area. Today, the Currie House is a museum and the headquarters for the Society. Summer students in period costume conduct an excellent tour, making sure that no one misses the interesting parlor furniture, such as a long-case clock with a history, a pump-organ from a nearby church, and a Reginaphone (a phonograph that produces music from large metal discs). Two of the four bedrooms upstairs are furnished as they would have been at the turn of the century, a story or several anecdotes accompanying the carefully displayed artifacts and antiques and the miniature photographs on the dressers.

The afternoon concluded in the dining room with tea and sweets, the rhubarb cobbler being warm from the oven and very much in season. We could not leave such gracious hospitality without thanking the cooks in the kitchen and stopping to admire the two large sinks, which are unusually low, Mrs. Currie having been a tiny woman who had them installed to suit her height.

So, if you wish an afternoon outing this summer, travel north or south in the counties of York and Sunbury to experience the serenity of the Nashwaak River, the timelessness of Patterson Settlement, and the charm of the Currie House. I'm sure that you won't regret a single moment. I didn't! Now, I am looking forward to autumn, when these enthusiastic historical groups make return visits to the York-Sunbury Historical Society and our museum in the old Officers' Quarters of Fredericton. ❧

Burpee Family Update

Since the Spring 1995 issue of *The Officers' Quarterly*, new material has surfaced regarding the genealogy of this large New Brunswick family which has its roots in the Sheffield-Maugerville area. The following sources, all relating to Sunbury County, have been helpful: the Sheffield Town Records in the Lilian Maxwell Collection (UNB Archives); transcriptions of cemetery listings by George Hayward and of marriage records by Elizabeth Sewell (Provincial Archives). Nineteenth-century census records were also used.

It has been discovered that the Bridges-Mackay lineage on page 25 descends from David Burpee (1752-1845) and his wife Betsy Gallishan (1757-1837) through their third son, DAVID BURPEE JR. (1786-1830) and his wife SARAH E. COBURN (1795-1874), and not from their youngest son, William and his wife Mehitable, as stated in some sources on early Sunbury County history. David and Sarah had the following seven children:

1. Phoebe (1815-1902) m. George Burpee
2. Mary (1818-1855) m. Benjamin Jewett
3. Stephen (1820-1894) m. Elizabeth Bridges
4. Moses (1822-1847)
5. Eliza Ann (1824-1901) m. Henry Putnam Bridges
6. David (1827-1882) m. Kate Atlee
7. Thomas (1829-1909) m. Henrietta Barker

It was Eliza Ann, daughter of David and Sarah, who married Henry Putnam Bridges and not the 8th child (Elizabeth) of William and Mehitable Burpee. The children of Eliza and Henry Bridges are as is under the name of Henry Putnam Bridges in the chart on page 25. Under the name of 8th child (Elizabeth) of William and Mehitable, the dates should read (1842-1863). On page 20, two changes in dates should be made in the chart: (1816-1908) for Charles in the 6th generation; (1821-1883) for Hannah in the 7th generation.

In his book, *A Short History and Partial Genealogy of the Burpee Family in America* (1950), Isaac Burpee did not continue the female lines, such as that of Eliza Ann Burpee who married Henry Putnam Bridges. Thus, researchers must also depend upon other sources such as local newspapers for further information. *The Daily Gleaner* for 24 February 1973 carried an enlightening article on the Burpee-Bridges line. Written by Society member Erica Deichmann Gregg, in co-operation with Dr. Colin B. Mackay, the article is entitled "200 Years in the Same Family" and gives a detailed history of the Burpee-Bridges home in Sheffield. A part of Mrs. Gregg's article is as follows:

The house stands on land granted to Jeremiah Burpee, who came with his wife, children, and his widower-father, Jonathan, in 1763 from Rowley, Massachusetts. The original structure was finished in 1765, but was greatly changed and enlarged in the 1820s.

For more than 200 years this house has belonged to the same family. It is interesting to contemplate and identify the long list of its members who have given outstanding service to New Brunswick and beyond.

Jeremiah's son, David (known as

Squire Burpee), became the first reported teacher in the district. He was also a magistrate and an active worker in the Congregational Church.

Squire David Burpee, too, had a son, David, born in 1786, and a son, Jeremiah, born in 1794. It is believed it was Jeremiah II who renovated the house, although he never married. Brother David married Sarah Coburn, with whom he had seven children. In 1830, when David died at the age of 44, Sarah and the children were invited to stay with Jeremiah.

One of the daughters, Elizabeth Ann Burpee, married Henry Putnam Bridges, who took her to live at a Bridges house, situated at Bridges Point at Lower Sheffield. But, as Elizabeth Ann kept longing for the old home, her husband, Henry, purchased the house and farm in 1854 from Jeremiah, and they returned there to live that same year.

After the death of Henry Putnam Bridges in 1881, Eliza Ann moved to Fredericton, where her sons, Henry Seabury Bridges and Hedley Vicar Burpee Bridges, were highly successful in the educational field of New Brunswick. After Eliza Ann passed away in 1901, the Sheffield home remained within the family, two of her daughters, Clara and Elizabeth, returning there after they retired from a 20-year teaching career in South Africa.

In 1924, the farmland of the grant was sold, but the Burpee family kept ownership of the homestead. In 1955, Mrs. Colin Mackay (Jeannetta), the granddaughter of Eliza Ann and Henry Putnam, acquired the home from the other heirs. By 1981, this lovely old structure, with its distinctive gingerbread trim, was restored by the Provincial Government and was subsequently sketched by artist Marion Cumming for a Fredericton Heritage Trust calendar. On 21 April 1995, the Burpee-Bridges House was designated a Provincial Historic Site by the Hon. Paul Duffie, Minister of Municipalities, Culture and Housing.

Today, the handsome Burpee-Bridges House is 230 years old and continues to give pleasure to those who drive along the Trans-Canada Highway through the Sheffield-Maugerville area. ❧



The Burpee-Bridges House

Courtesy: Marion Cumming

Curator's Corner ... by Bruce Lynch

Contemplating my first Curator's Corner, I have wrestled with the words and the ways to express the importance of history to my readers and the value of the artifacts that signify its progress. I was finally given inspiration by a hint of sea air weaving its way off the banks of the Saint John River and around the pillars of the Officers' Quarters. The ocean air reminded me that, no matter where we live in this province, we can never escape our ties to the sea. So, too, we cannot escape our ties to the past. Its symbols are its links. If we tend to view the events and the faces that have come before us as long-gone, and irrelevant to our modern electronic age, we should also bear in mind that it is not time that increases our distance from the past. It is our attitude. With this in mind, I hope to use this column as a forum of expression for those symbols, giving voice and new life to the bits of cloth, wood and paper shipwrecked upon the shores of time.

This issue, I introduce you to a few items salvaged from the wreck, a woolen tunic, a small photograph and the transcript of a diary—all reminders of a crisp June day in London, 1911, the Coronation Day of King George V, grandson of Queen Victoria. They are also reminders of young Squadron Sergeant Henry McFarlane of the 8th Hussars, a farm boy from Sussex, New Brunswick, selected to ride in a Coronation procession miles across the sea.

This unique set of artifacts, donated by Sergeant McFarlane's son, Howard, of Fredericton, offers the equally unique opportunity to understand the ways in which lack of presentation can damage our understanding of the past. Separately, these artifacts offer only a single representation of past events. The tunic, for example, and the photograph of Sergeant McFarlane—peak cap perched jauntily upon his head, hands folded over the hilt of his sabre—testify to

the ceremony and the pageantry of the day, but do little to recall the humour of Sergeant McFarlane's equestrian training or the subdued emotion surrounding the death of a fellow rider, crushed by his fallen horse just moments after the procession left Buckingham Palace for Westminster Abbey. Without the junior Mr. McFarlane's enthusiastic oral history of his father's exploits and without his father's written documen-



*Squadron Sergeant Major
William Henry McFarlane*

tation (the original of which remains in a tobacco tin in the donor's possession), the true voice of the past might still remain stifled. Fortunately, Sergeant McFarlane's voice rings loud and clear, telling parallel tales of the ascension of a king and of the service of his subject.

That service began with Sergeant McFarlane's attempts to master

horsemanship, riding bareback in Sussex. Later, he was granted the use of a bridle and a saddle bearing only one stirrup. Looking at his photograph, it is easy to imagine the proud figure he was when seated solidly atop a fully equipped mount, cantering in the London rain past crowds barely restrained by 21,000 London bobbies. "The stores," he wrote, "are all closed...today.... People have stayed in the streets all night...to get a place.... The King's carriage [is] drawn by eight cream coloured horses in gold harness." It is 22 June 1911. Also among the riders was young Captain McGowan of the 5th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, thrown from his horse and killed just as the procession begins. "His horse...came over on top of him, crushing him on the pavement. It is quite a cold day."

This is merely an excerpt from Sergeant McFarlane's story and only a portion of the tale bound by the braids and buttons of a tunic worn almost a century ago. It is also only one of 60,000 such tales that might be told by other artifacts in the York-Sunbury Museum's collection. I hope, in coming issues, to introduce you to more of these salvaged symbols and their accompanying stories. In the meantime, I hope to make Sergeant McFarlane's tunic, diary and photograph part of our ongoing *New To Our Collection* display on the Museum's third floor. I invite all members and their guests to visit and enjoy more stories from the past.

For the moment, being new to this position (though not new to the Museum itself), I thank the York-Sunbury Historical Society and, particularly, its Board of Directors for the confidence they have shown in me. I offer special thanks to Elizabeth Earl, Helen Hutchison, Ted Jones, Doris Norman, Carolyn Atkinson and Fred White for their patience and support over the past few months. I look forward to getting to know all of our members better and urge you all to make the Museum part of your summer plans. I'll see you at the front door. ☺

Books from the Barracks ... by Eugene Campbell

Sunbury County Author Enjoys Doing Research: A First-Person Narrative

In 1960, both of my grandfathers died — my mother's father, Leslie Craine, in April; my paternal grandfather, Archie Campbell, in September. I was a mere boy of 13, but their deaths I hold directly responsible for the research and writing bug that found its way into my soul. I had such a brief time to know them and love them that I found myself wanting to know more — the type of men they were and the families and background from which they came.

From this simple boyish inquisitiveness, little did I realize that it would lead to the publication of a number of books and hundreds of feature articles, all dealing with various historical subjects. During the last two decades we have published: *Oromocto in View*, *The Oscar Morehouse Years*, *The Story of the Brewers*, *The Oromocto Lions*, *And The Winner Is...*, *The Wood Book*, *French Lake*, *From Timber to Brick*, *Fort Hughes—A Study*.

The purpose of this article is to outline my methods of research and storage, the problems encountered, and a myriad of other matters relating to the field. In a general sense, the research for each of the books was basically the same: ask questions, record answers, file in a reasonable method, and take lots of pictures!

I travelled no place without a notebook, writing down even the smallest tidbit of information, because I felt that sometime in the future I would or could make use of it, and this has certainly proven true. As a professional photographer, the picture part came easily. I was always taking photographs of abandoned houses, ancient tombstones and, more than ever, making copies of faded photos and darkened tintypes. However, these are the basic, everyday activities. Over the years, after more errors than trials, I came up

with a special way to deal with older people.

My grandmother Campbell (nee Aletha Mae Brewer) was a wealth of knowledge in that she cut every obituary, wedding, birth, accident, fire, and special-interest item out of *The Daily Gleaner*, from early in the century to when she died in 1971. And she never threw a single clipping away. Instead,



Dr. Oscar E. Morehouse, Sr.

she glued each one faithfully onto the pages of catalogues, and these have, and still do, provide me with much information.

Occasionally, I would ask my grandmother about a specific person and her automatic remark was, "I don't know anything about them." So I would devise a little fib and say something like, "Well, I know he died in 1911," when, in fact, I knew it was two years later. All of a sudden, my grandmother knew everything. The little fib I purposely told set her off and, when she got going, it was best to be a fast writer and have more than one notebook.

This is much like the method I used for *The Story of the Brewers*, although that book was plagued from the beginning. I had approached so many people who claimed to have no knowledge, only to find out when the book was released, they knew everything and the information I did obtain was anything but correct. We then ran into an even bigger problem: when all the material was collected, organized, and written, we farmed the project out to a UNB student for final editing and delivery to the publisher. This is where my trust let me down and, from then on, I learned to do things myself. So poor was the editing that entire paragraphs were omitted when the work was typeset. There were errors in names, there were spelling mistakes and, when I received the 500 printed copies, even the title pages were missing. We never did market the book and to this day most of the copies are stored in my home. An expensive lesson!

The Oscar Morehouse Years was a labor of love. We had grown up on stories of this grand old man who had achieved a considerable amount of fame early in the century, but the part that I was proudest of in my younger years was that he was related to me! My grandparents, Archie and Aletha Campbell, had bought the house where Oscar Emery Morehouse was born. In fact, this 1810 house had been built by Daniel Morehouse, my great-great-great-great-grandfather. When the place was torn down over the winter of 1960-61, much of historical interest was found stored in the attic, including letters and scrapbooks. Fortunately, I now have all of these. To make matters easier, Dr. Morehouse had built a new home at Burt's Corner in the 1890s and all of the family Bibles, photo albums, and assorted memorabilia were taken there. He kept everything (letters,



This 1810 house in Zealand, where Oscar Morehouse was born, was demolished in 1960.

documents, clippings), especially from the years when he served as an elected representative in the provincial government (1911-1917). It is interesting to note that he was also one of the founders of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.

I have always carried my camera with me, taking special lenses for the copying of old photographs. So many tintypes have been found in chocolate boxes, family Bibles, or proudly hanging on the walls, but so many elderly people felt, and still do, that to make a copy would in some way damage or take away from the original. With my equipment ever present, I could make the copy in front of them and, when they noticed that the original was handled carefully, their fears were greatly lessened. As a follow-up, I always made extra copies and gave one to the owner of the original picture. To save time, I even used this method to photograph newspaper clippings and special documents, giving me a negative to be stored away in case further copies were needed. At all times, I would make two negatives in the chance that one would be slightly out of focus or any one of a thousand other things that could go wrong.

For many, the thought of writing a book is a glamorous affair, one where you merely have to ask ques-

tions, put your material on a computer and then compile it as you would like it to appear. To use modern-day vernacular — NOT! For me, at least, there were many problems encountered along the way and a great deal of expense. After being bitten on the face by a copperhead snake while photographing in Connecticut, I spent 11 days in isolation; because I was a Campbell and the hotel owner was a MacDonald, I slept alongside the road in the coldness of March in the North of Scotland. I have crawled through thorns and thickets in old and forgotten cemeteries; I have sliced my head open on rusty nails in the attics or

basements of abandoned houses. But this is not without its rewards.

While hunting in Staples Settlement, within a mile or so from where my great-grandfather Andrew Campbell had homesteaded in 1870, we came across a dilapidated house. I crawled up into the attic and, because of the size of the holes in the roof, there was light enough to discover in excess of 100 old letters scattered about, all written around the turn of the century by my ancestors. Good fortune in the quest of research comes at strange and unexpected times.

As I also mentioned, researching and publishing can be expensive. For instance, I had wanted a photograph of the gravestones of the first Morehouses in North America, so I drove all the way to Redding, Connecticut to get it. I had wanted pictures of early Campbell gravestones on Prince Edward Island, so I drove to get them. Other times I have driven great distances merely to make a copy of an old photograph. But I was fortunate in the money sense because a good friend, H. W. (Ted) Rogers, now of Florida, actually formed a publishing company, small though it was, to handle my work. I couldn't have done it without him.

I co-authored *From Timber to Brick* with Ray Bailey and Ellen Wright. A project of the Oromocto and Area Heritage Committee (on which I served four terms as chair-



Dr. Oscar E. Morehouse built this house at Upper Keswick in the 1890s.



Dr. Oscar Morehouse in his later years (from a glass negative)

man), the book was an attempt to preserve in written and pictorial form that which remained of the original Oromocto before Base Gagetown came into being. *Fort Hughes—A Study* was co-authored with Ellen Wright and in it we researched that period of history in Oromocto which led to the construction of the Fort Hughes blockhouse. It was the type of government-funded project where the money ran out and there was no more forthcoming, just as we discovered where significant information was located.

It's a good feeling when the manuscript is finally done, but it's even a greater feeling to see the printer deliver boxes of just-off-the-press books. Then it's a feeling of relief — all the researching, interviewing, pouring over piles of pictures, sifting through pages of notes are over and the finished product is at hand. After a dozen books, would I do it again after saying with each release, "Never again!" You bet I would!

There is a lot out there to be written about. I've never been able to understand why somebody hasn't

tackled a book on the pre-Mactaquac years on the St. John River. I grew up in Dumfries and the intervalles where my grandfather planted potatoes are now under water, as are the train tracks we would often see the hobos walking on. Our one-room school, where Mildred Rae taught two generations of my family, is now in a much-altered state, part of Kings Landing, as is the home of my original Morehouse ancestor. Even his final resting place wasn't final after 150 years. He was moved from his first gravesite in Upper Queensbury to one in Lower Dumfries. Maybe I'll have to do this book myself.

I'm also tossing around the following ideas: a history of Sunbury County politics; a genealogy of my mother's families, the Craines and the Wrights; a biography of Theodore Estabrooks, the founder of the Red Rose Tea Company, who started his working years in a general store in Oromocto; a biography of Alonzo Putnam Connelly, the founder of Minneapolis, who just happened to be from Lincoln, Sunbury County, New Brunswick. And then there is Simeon

Jones, the founder of a major brewing company which still operates, although under a different name. He is buried at Dumfries and the Jones House is now part of Kings Landing.

There are many old houses yet to explore and there are a lot of old cemeteries to visit — all books in themselves. There is a wealth of information to be learned from the elderly, who would welcome the opportunity to communicate with someone. Yes, there are many stories within the counties of York and Sunbury just waiting to be written. Digging into the past is not always fun, and there are those who wonder about your motives as they see you in an ancient graveyard trying to clean a fallen and grown-over tombstone with a toothbrush so you can read the name and the date. It's not always exciting, but it sure is addictive! ☞

(*Eugene Campbell* is a freelance writer and photographer from French Lake, Sunbury County, New Brunswick.)

All photographs courtesy of Eugene Campbell.

Beyond York-Sunbury... by Allan Penman

The Information Highway – 90 Years Ago

One of the new "catchwords" of the 1990s has been "The Information Highway," used to describe the worldwide growth of personal computers, whereby the ordinary person, through telephone lines and satellite hook-ups, can communicate with people, not only in his area but also around the world. This new development means that anyone sitting in front of a computer hooked up to a phone line can talk to a friend across town, play chess with a partner in England, learn Japanese from a teacher in Japan, or make new friends — all without leaving his home.

However, this is not the first time in this century that an innovation has revolutionized the way people exchange information. In the early 1900s, another communication explosion made it possible for millions of people to see other places, learn about them, and keep in touch with family and friends without leaving home. The new development was the postcard.

The first postcard, a Christmas design with a family making merry at the Christmas feast and the words "Merry X-mas" printed over it, appeared in England in 1858, only seven years after the development of a uniform postal system there. The idea was simple: a letter-size card with a space on the back for the address and a stamp, and room on the front for a short message or a coloured picture.

The use of postcards grew over the years as the colour prints got better and more varied topics were available; ships, buildings, and nature scenes gradually supplemented

the early holiday images. These cards were expensive and therefore were not used by the majority of people.



At the turn of the century came the discovery of a method to mass produce colour prints of everyday scenes. Picture postcards could be sold for a penny each, and the postage was also one penny, compared to two cents for a letter. People began mailing postcards to friends locally and out of town. Since hand-held cameras were in their infancy, tourists and travelling businessmen would use postcards to relay short

messages back home and to show where they were staying.

With no inventions such as television, movie cameras, or personal photography, and with photo books just developing, postcards became a way for people to see the world. By 1905 the postcard craze was in full swing, and clubs began so people could send cards to collectors in other lands and receive new ones in exchange. After World War I, the development of magazines such as *National Geographic* and *Life*, and of movies and picture books, saw the decline of the postcard craze.

Although postcards are still used today, they have never returned to the zeal of the early 1900s. With this century about to end, from time to time I shall show examples of this first "Information Highway" to demonstrate how we have changed, drawing upon the extensive postcard collection deposited over the years at the York-Sunbury Museum. We hope that many of our readers and members will appreciate the beauty and value of these old postcards and perhaps add their personal collections to our existing holdings. ♣

(Allan Penman lives in Welsford and has been a consistent volunteer at the York-Sunbury Museum for the past two years, with special interest in the Military Collections. He is a founding member of the Maritime

Militaria Collectors' Society (1990), and an amateur deltiologist, and he has also traced the Penman genealogy back to 1760.)

These postcards show the I.C.R. Station, Fredericton, N.B.; Bird's Eye View, Moosomin, Sask.; and Hotel de Soto, Savannah, Georgia.



Passing Through ... by Patricia Belier

From Town Hall to Opera House

The turn-of-the-century in Canada has been called "the golden age of travelling performers and reciters," several of the more famous having appeared in Fredericton, among them Pauline Johnson, one of the most popular and prominent figures in Canadian Literature and the author of six books: *The White Wampum* (1895), *Can-*

dian Born (1903), *Legends of Vancouver* (1911), *Flint and Feather* (1912), *The Moccasin Maker* (1913), *The Shagwanapi* (1913).

Emily Pauline Johnson was born in 1861 on the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario. She was the youngest of four children of Mohawk Chief George Henry Martin Johnson (1816-1884) and his English wife,

Emily Susanna Howells (1824-1898). George Johnson acted as an interpreter for the local Anglican missionary in the area, Rev. Adam Elliot, and he shared the Elliot family home, as did Miss Howells, who had come to Canada in 1845 to live with her sister Eliza (Mrs. Elliot). Thus, the stage was set for the romantic union of a Mohawk chief, "Onwanonsyshon" (Lord of the Big House), and his bride, a woman with Quaker roots from Bristol, England. Each was a descendant of a proud and respected lineage: the Howells were merchants and distinguished political and professional figures; the Johnsons belonged to the noble families of the Iroquois Confederacy, their original name of "Tekahionwake" being dropped years earlier, the name Johnson having been offered by Sir William Johnson, an early Superintendent of Indian Affairs in British North America.

Pauline herself related the story of her parents' romance in a fictionalised short story entitled "My Mother" (published in *The Moccasin Maker*). Further interesting details about these two families may be found in the several biographies written about Pauline Johnson, most notably Betty Keller's *Pauline* (1981), Marcus Van Steen's *Pauline Johnson, Her Life & Work* (1965), Mrs. W. Garland Foster's *The Mohawk Princess* (1931), and a two-part series in *Chatelaine* (February & March 1966) entitled "The Story of Pauline Johnson, Canada's Passionate Poet," which contains many family photographs.

Her literary career officially began about 1885 when she had a poem accepted for publication in *Gems of Poetry* (New York). The same year she made her Canadian debut, publishing her poem "The Sea Queen" in the April 16th issue of *The Week*, a Toronto magazine edited at one time by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. One of



Pauline Johnson

Johnson's most famous poems, "The Song My Paddle Sings," first appeared in *Toronto Saturday Night* (February 1892). By this time she had revived the "Tekahionwake" name of her great-grandfather and was using it along with her own name on all her works.

Keller notes in her book that Sir Charles was quite impressed with Johnson's work and began a correspondence with her which continued for about 25 years. The whereabouts of this correspondence is only one of the many mysteries surrounding the life of Pauline Johnson. Laurel Boone, editor of *The Collected Letters of Charles G. D. Roberts* (1989), speculated that the letters between these two legendary Canadian literary figures may have been destroyed; only three or four letters from Sir Charles, reproduced in Boone's work, make reference to Johnson. In a letter of October 1895, Roberts refers to her as "my very dear and valued friend"; later that same year, Roberts advised a New York colleague who was to meet with Pauline: "Beware, beware, beware! She is charming; & she is a poet."

Her performing career began in 1892 when she participated in a "verse reading entertainment for the Young Liberal Club of Toronto," which Van Steen described as "thrilling" and "dramatic," adjectives which came to be common-place for Pauline Johnson's celebrated presentations. It was the beginning of a twenty-year career as a "platform entertainer," described in *Maclean's* magazine (1 April 1952) as having "barnstorm[ed] throughout the Eastern United States, [travelling] nineteen times across Canada."

It is believed that she made about six trips to New Brunswick, performing in Fredericton, Marysville, Saint John, St. Andrews, Elgin, St. Stephen, Chatham, Woodstock, Campbellton, and Newcastle. She appeared in an embroidered buckskin outfit, fringed, with silver brooches pinned around the neck of her dress, from which hung ermine tails. She wore a necklace of bear claws, given to her by

author Ernest Thompson Seton, beaded bracelets, and a scarlet blanket over her shoulder. A single feather in her hair and her father's dagger secured to her wampum belt completed the costume. For the second half of her performances, she appeared in conventional evening dress of the 1890s.

A most charming story exists in virtually all the biographies, but with no corroborating evidence, of

outing, Charles presented her with the manuscript copy of *Songs of a Common Day* and a pen with which many of the sonnets were written. She, in turn, sent him a poem she had written, calling it "The Douglas Shore." Unfortunately, no trace of this poem has yet been found.

On her next visit to Fredericton, in 1900, there are excellent accounts of Pauline Johnson's performances reported in *The Daily Gleaner* of the day. After her three-year absence from Eastern Canada, one reporter said: "Do not fail to see and hear Miss Johnson at Church Hall tonight. Since she last appeared in these provinces, Miss Johnson has advanced marvellously in both her literary and dramatic art. She returns not only with some novel and beautiful effects in her well-known specialty — Indian stories given in native costume — but her new programme contains stirring patriotic recitations, sparring [?] stories, and irresistible humorous society sketches — which latter have placed her in the foremost rank of Canadian comedienues. The receptions accorded this unique artiste as a single entertainer have been so enthusiastic that she will continue her course of the last three seasons — that of assuming the entire evening's performance unassisted by other talent."

The following day, *The Gleaner* reviewed Pauline's recital under the heading CHARMING ENTERTAINER, saying that Miss Johnson "delighted the select audience...when she appeared under the auspices of the Church Girl's Guild. [She] has more than a continental reputation as a writer and elocutionist and an exceptionally talented lady, and of her marvellous ability those who heard last evening speak in enthusiastic terms.... To entertain an audience for two hours is no easy task, and it speaks volumes for Miss Johnson's ability that she did it without help, and did it admirably, and was again and again greeted with hearty applause."

According to newspaper advertisements at the time, the Church Hall

To-Night

... DON'T MISS ...

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON !

**E. PAULINE
JOHNSON**

(TEKAHIONWAKE)

— THE —

Indian Poet Reciter

IN A BRILLIANT PROGRAMME OF

HER OWN POEMS AND PLAYS.

COMEDY! PATHOS! HUMOR!

Doors open 7.30 Performance begins at 8

Church Hall

Reserved Seats, 35 cts.
General Admission, 25 "

New Brunswick Provincial Archives

Pauline's 1895 summer visit to Fredericton 100 years ago. After she gave her recital, she accepted an invitation from Canon George Goodridge Roberts and his family to be a guest in the vine-covered rectory which is still standing at 734 George Street. She is reputed to have taken a drive along the St. John River with the son Charles (later Sir Charles G. D. Roberts), stopping in Douglas to admire the spot near Crock's Point, the site of the house in which he was born. In commemoration of that

where Pauline Johnson performed in Fredericton in 1900 was also called the Carleton Theater, located on Carleton Street between King and Brunswick. In fact, the Girls' Branch of the W.A.A., with Mrs. John Black as President, engaged Pauline for another show at Church Hall the following Saturday evening, 24 November. On the previous Friday evening, she had "delighted a large and highly appreciative audience at Odd Fellows' Hall at Marysville. . . . So well pleased was the audience that the I.O.O.F. engaged Miss Johnson to return to Marysville on Thursday evening, December 6 and give another entertainment." However, there may be a mix-up with this date because Pauline performed in Saint John on 6 December at the Mechanics' Institute in aid of the New Baptist Tabernacle, which was being erected in Haymarket Square. She was equally and enthusiastically received there, according to *The Saint John Daily Sun*. Her second scheduled appearance in Fredericton on Saturday, 24 November 1900, was never given, the biographies indicating that she was making her return journey via McAdam Junction, from St. Stephen and Woodstock where she had performed, when the trains were delayed because of heavy snowfall, causing Pauline to spend several long hours in the station waiting room, knitting and chatting with fellow passengers.

Starting in 1901, Pauline Johnson no longer travelled alone, having formed a partnership with fellow-performer Walter McRae. In his memoir *Pauline Johnson and Her Friends* (1946), he mentions her many visits to St. Andrews, New Brunswick, where she was the guest of Kate (Mrs. Hayter) Reed and where she composed her poem "Low Tide at St. Andrews." Mr. Reed was a former Indian Commissioner who became Manager-in-Chief of the C.P.R. hotels, including The Algonquin in St. Andrews, which his wife decorated. The Reeds eventually built a delightful home beside the hotel and called it Pansy Patch.

Apparently, Johnson & McRae continued to play the town halls of New Brunswick in the Spring of 1905 and the Winter of 1907, giving concerts in Fredericton at the Methodist Church Hall, the Anglican Parish Hall, and the Provincial Normal School. They also gave recitals all the way from Barkerville on the Caribou Trail to Steinway Hall in London, England, entertaining miners in jeans, farmers in overalls, and dignitaries in Ottawa, including the Governor General (Lord and Lady Minto) and the Prime Minister (Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier).

Opera House, April 20

E. Pauline Johnson and
Mr. Walter McRae.

Two famous Canadian Entertainers in a Canadian programme, from Canadian writers.
The entertainment is held under the auspices of the Teachers' Association. It is hoped by this means to raise a sum to buy supplementary reading matter for the schools from Grade 1. to VIII.
The patronage of the public is respectfully requested.

The Daily Gleaner, Saturday, 18 April 1908

In 1908, they returned to New Brunswick and performed at the Fredericton Opera House (now City Hall). It was a major event with a special advertisement in *The Gleaner* and a promotional write-up that listed the programme for Monday evening, April 20th. It is interesting to note that the Foster biography alludes to a recital that was given a few days prior to an opening of the Provincial Legislature and this was probably the one, Johnson & McRae being the guests of Lieutenant-Governor Lemuel John Tweedie at the Queen Hotel. The two entertainers were at the peak of their career!

All the Johnson biographers remark on the charm and vibrancy of her personality (on stage and off) and the vitality with which she undertook her numerous performances across Canada, the United States, Europe, and Australia. Upon her death in Vancouver, 7 March 1913, at the early age of 51, tributes appeared in newspapers, magazines, and literary periodicals throughout the country. She

had achieved an almost unprecedented popular success as a "versifer," comparable only to that of Robert Service, according to some critics. Her ashes were interred in Stanley Park in Vancouver, following her wishes and by special permission of the Department of National Defense; in 1922 a memorial cairn was erected at her gravesite. In 1961, on the 100th anniversary of her birth, a commemorative stamp was issued in Canada, reportedly the first such stamp to honour a Canadian writer, a Native Canadian, and a woman. Because she never married and because there were no nieces or nephews, her childhood home, Chiefswood, was bequeathed to the Six Nations Band Council. Her father had built it and named it and this summer it opens to the public after years of extensive restoration. Also this summer, there is a new biography. Written by Sheila Johnston, it is entitled *Buckskin & Broadcloth: A Celebration of E. Pauline Johnson-Tekahionwake, 1861-1913*.

One of Pauline's early poems was called "Through Time and Bitter Distance," the title being a line from the sonnet "Rain" by Sir Charles G.D. Roberts. In this poem, Miss Johnson introduces four haunting stanzas about loneliness with the following lines:

Unknown to you, I walk the cheerless shore.

The cutting blast, the hurl of biting brine
May freeze, and still, and bind the waves at
war,

Ere you will ever know, O! Heart of
mine,

That I have sought, reflected in the blue

Of those sea depths, some shadow of your
eyes;

Have hoped the laughing waves would sing
of you,

But this is all my starving sight describes —

3

(Patricia Belier is a Collections Development Librarian at the Harriet Irving Library, UNB. Her article on Isaac Burpee appeared in the Spring 1995 issue.)

Poetry Pavilion *(The original Officers' Quarters was called the Pavilion)*



MICHAEL O. NOWLAN was born in Chatham, New Brunswick in 1937. After receiving a BA degree from St. Thomas University, he went on to UNB and completed a BEd and MEd. Along the way, he also obtained a diploma for children's writing from the Institute of Children's Literature, Redding Ridge, Connecticut. From 1961 until he retired in 1994, he was in public education in New Brunswick—teaching at Loggieville Rural High School, St. Thomas High School in Chatham, and Oromocto High School (where he became vice-principal); working as a consultant for English Language Arts and as an assistant director for the Curriculum Development Branch in the Department of Education. Besides his involvement in the Canadian Officers' Training Corps, the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, and the Army Cadet League of Canada, Michael Nowlan has been active in professional, community, and church organizations, such as the New Brunswick Teachers' Association, the United Way, the Knights of Columbus, the Writers' Federation of New Brunswick, and the Canadian Authors' Association. His credits as a writer include preparation of study materials for textbooks, the editing of five anthologies, and the publishing of two children's books (*Absolutely Absalom* and *Yellow Boots for Bobby*) and three books of poetry (*So Still Houses*, *Godes Rice*, and *Without Introductions*). His latest book is *The Last Bell: Memories of New Brunswick Christmas*.

For many years, he wrote a regular feature on books for *The Atlantic Advocate* and his freelance writing has appeared in a number of Canadian periodicals. He now writes a monthly column on philatelic literature for *Canadian Stamp News* (for which he has won silver medals and the 1995 Grand Prize) and a weekly column on stamps for *The Daily Gleaner*.

The Officers' Quarterly is proud to publish for the first time the following poems by Michael O. Nowlan:

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

We lie in darkness . . .
quiet after love.

The radio announces Mendelssohn's
"Overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It's sprightly. Teasingly real.
Soft breeze drifts through window.

I know they are out there
near the oak. Oberon, Titania, Puck . . .

The backyard is alive. Orchestral dance
The maestro Mendelssohn in command.

The pitch of crescendo intensifies
like the moment of our intimate act.

It's astonishing. Daringly real . . .
Music and breeze and dance . . . Madness.

Midsummer night. We lie . . .
quiet after love.

NAIVE

When we were youngsters
and doing wrong, we'd close
our eyes when they
came into the room.

It was easy escape. But
we were blind and
never knew why
our scheme did not work.

In adult life, I wish
the world
would close its eyes
and I'd ignore it.

ON STOPPING TO VIEW THE COASTLINE

We miss so much. Our days
are busy. Rushing. Life is
by appointment, not lived.

Beauty passes. The little,
funny things slip by. We are
losers with self-importance.

This coastline has waited
thousands of years
for this magnetic moment.

TO BE A CHILD

I had a chance
today
to scuff my feet
among the leaves.

You remember . . .
like we did
when we were kids.

Dignity or some such thing
prevented me
from getting down
and gathering them
in heaps
and throwing them
into the air
to float gently back to earth.

It was fun though
to be child
scuffing my foolish feet
through autumn leaves.

(photo credit: *The Daily Gleaner*)

BEYOND THE FARM WOODS

I remember when I was small
. . . a strange sound
beyond the farm woods

thunder or monster and we
were kids scared at nightfall
beyond the farm woods

Mother assured our thumping hearts
it was a train some miles
beyond the farm woods

on the Halifax-Montreal line
the Ocean Limited by name
beyond the farm woods

we heard no whistle then . . .
the track was through the wilds
beyond the farm woods

the golden days of youth
held wonder for places
beyond the farm woods

When I travelled trains
recalling that fearsome noise
beyond the farm woods

there was music and rhythm
a call that pulsed a nation
beyond the farm woods

the great rumble is silent now
does anyone hear that sound
beyond the farm woods?

MAYFLOWERS

I found them. Right where
he did that day long ago.

He showed me how to pick and
intertwine them with long-

stem, prickly moss
a bouquet for mother.

The scene is in focus now.

Among the dead leaves and moss
they nestle coyly. Almost afraid

to stick their dainty heads
toward sky and sun. Like virgins

they keep to themselves. They do not
brag of beauty with eloquence.

they do not shout "look how pretty
we are!" They curl and hide their faces

under their own leaves. The unwary will
not notice them.

There is something spiritual
about their bringing me here. ♣

Feature Article ... by Harlan Nason

Patterson Settlement Historical Society

Patterson Settlement is situated in the south-east tip of Sunbury County on Route 101 in the Hoyt-Wirral area and was settled around 1800 by people of various backgrounds — English, French, Irish, and Scottish. Some of the first settlers were Duplessis, Parsons, Patterson, Eastwood, Mersereau, Timmins, Herran, and Kirkpatrick, some of these names changing over the years. The local Baptist preacher at the time was a Rev. James Boone and it was he who organized the building of a church which was dedicated on 18 August 1838. It was this same old church that sparked the enthusiasm to form the historical society which we have today.

After 152 years of serving the Settlement, a new and larger church had been constructed and the old building was to be torn down. Also at this time, the first school of the Settlement was deteriorating, being used for grain storage and in need of repair. And there was an old general store which was on property the New Brunswick Department of Transportation required for highway upgrading.

Some of the local people who had ties to the Settlement from its beginning were very concerned when they learned the church was to be demolished. During the month of June 1989, Harlan Nason, whose roots go back to 1831 in the Settlement, talked to some of the residents of the area to see if the old buildings could be repaired and restored for historical purposes. After approaching church officials and owners of the school and store, and receiving favourable responses, a public meeting was called for 15 August 1989. From that meeting came The Patterson Settlement Historical Society. It was officially incorporated on 25 November 1989 with a Board of Directors of ten residents from the Settlement. A piece of property was donated to the Society at this time and

the Directors started plans to move the buildings to this location.

Patterson United Baptist Church

Built in 1838, this church is the oldest building in the Settlement. Before its construction, services were held in the homes of settlers or, in the summer months, outdoors when weather permitted. One of these early settlers was Levi Parsons, who is said to have been the first to preach here, arriving shortly after 1800, having been in another location a few miles away.

The church was first known as the Free Christian Baptist Church of



The Patterson School and the Patterson United Baptist Church

Patterson Settlement until the year 1905, when the Free Christian Baptist and the Calvinist churches joined together to become known as the Patterson United Baptist Church.

The building is now sitting on its fourth location in the Settlement since 1838. It was originally on a site at the corner of the Boyne Road and Route 101. After the Great Saxby Gale in 1869, when the roof was blown off, it was moved across the road to another lot, where it remained until 1912. At this time, it was decided more land was needed and so the church was moved one-quarter mile south where it remained until the Patterson Settlement Historical Society moved it to their location, another mile south, on 10 July 1990.

Over the years the original church had been changed somewhat. Fifteen feet were added to its length and a

platform and vestibule were built, stained glass memorial windows installed, new pews and, in 1935, electric lights. The last official church service was held on 24 June 1990, after 152 years of continuous use.

Since July 1990, the Historical Society has restored the church to the way it was in the 1930s and, during the summer months, activities such as hymn sings, a church service, a dedication, and a wedding have taken place. Like the other buildings on the grounds, the church is open periodically to the public for viewing.

The Patterson School – District No. 4

This building was operated as a school from 1873 until 1954. It was built on a one-acre lot in the centre of the Settlement and remained on its original site until 1974.

Before this school was built, all teaching was done in the home of one of the settlers, usually by one of the Patterson brothers and without pay. We do know that, when the school was first opened, one of the first teachers was Charles Lunnin. Official records were started in 1878 and the teacher at that time was S. Judson Thorne; when it closed at Christmas 1954, the last teacher was Myrtle Charlton.

Few changes had been made to the school's appearance, except for an entryway which had been added in 1948. After its closure, it sat there until 1956, when Gordon Moore and Stanley Parsons bought the property from the School Board to be used as a hall for the Patterson United Baptist Church, which had been moved next to the school in 1912.

In 1974, after an extension had been built onto the church, the little school was not needed as a hall and so it was purchased again by Gordon Moore and moved to property close to his residence. Following Mr. Moore's death, Ross Kirkpatrick bought this property and for a time used the school for grain storage.

After formation of the Patterson Settlement Historical Society in 1989, Ross Kirkpatrick donated the old school to the Society and it was moved

to the Society grounds on 10 July 1990. Since that time, the school has been restored and today the interior looks much as it would have before 1900. At one of the Society's picnics, a reunion of former students was held and three former teachers of the 1930s took part in the program — Mrs. Elda (Kirkpatrick) March, Mrs. Grace (Duplisea) McLeod, Mrs. Viola (Smith) Kirkpatrick. On August 6th and 7th, 1994, a large family reunion was held on the Historical Settlement grounds and the school was used for photo exhibits and family tree displays.

This building, like the others, is now open periodically to the public for viewing.

The Wm. H. Kirkpatrick General Store

This building, originally built as a house for Walter S. Kirkpatrick and family about 1860, stood on the west side of the Valley Road (Route 101) near the south edge of the field across from the Patterson United Church. About 1902, William H. Kirkpatrick bought and moved the house next to his residence at the corner of the Enniskillen Road, where it was remodelled upstairs and down into two large rooms with two large windows and double doors on one end. It was opened as a general store and was in continuous use until the Fall of 1929.

Items for sale at the Kirkpatrick General Store included yard goods, ladies' hats, button boots, cooking utensils, and farm supplies. There was also molasses, flour, beans, and rice, which all came in barrels to Enniskillen Station and which were picked up by horse and wagon or, in winter, by sled.

Much of the business in those days was done on the barter system. Customers brought to the store for credit such items as eggs, butter, and vegetables, or maybe blueberries in the summer or knees cut from the roots of trees to be used in shipbuilding. Following the exchange, many of these products would be shipped by train to wholesalers in Saint John or Fredericton.

The interior of the Kirkpatrick General Store has not been changed

from its closing in 1929 to the present day, as it had only been used for storage until it was donated to the Patterson Settlement Historical Society by Doreen Nason, the granddaughter of William H. Kirkpatrick. Many of the same fixtures, such as the stove, showcases, counters, scales, desk, and shelving, remain the same as when the store closed.

This building was moved to the Historical Society grounds on 11 July 1990 and the following year it was cleaned and painted. Part of the roofing was replaced and new shingles were added to the exterior. In 1992, the storage shed was rebuilt along the side, using the original framework, windows, and door. This room now houses a number of farm implements.

The general store is also open periodically to the public and has become



The Wm. H. Kirkpatrick General Store and the Thorne House (far right)

very popular, especially on Field Days and for Community Picnics.

The Thorne House

This house was originally built in the late 1880s at the corner of the Valley and Enniskillen Roads by Isaac Newton Thorne, a schoolteacher and preacher who had married one of the Kirkpatrick girls.

The house was purchased in 1897 by William H. Kirkpatrick, who used part of one end for a store until he purchased the Walter S. Kirkpatrick property and house, moving the latter next to his residence for use as a store. By 1920, a veranda had been added along with a summer kitchen, a storage room, and a woodshed, all of these being connected.

William H. Kirkpatrick's family remained in the old Thorne house until his son Duncan passed away in October 1987. It then became the prop-

erty of Doreen Nason. As mentioned, she is the granddaughter of William H. Kirkpatrick and she had grown up in this very house.

During the summer of 1990, when the Department of Transportation required more land near the Thorne house location, Doreen Nason moved the house to property she owned next to the Kirkpatrick General Store, beside the grounds of the Patterson Historical Settlement. Although the house has not had complete restoration to this date, hopefully it will soon be a part of the Settlement, displaying furniture and antiques from a bygone era.

The Future

Plans are under way to move a barn and other historical buildings to the grounds of the Patterson Settlement Historical Society. Work will continue on displays of donated items from residents in the area and in gathering information about the history of the Settlement and its settlers, the final result to be a published book. Regular activities will continue, such as Field Days and Community Picnics. And, it is also hoped that the site can be opened more on weekends and holidays for visitors.

To date, all expenses incurred have been taken care of by fundraising events supported by residents of the area and members of the Society, together with donations of money, material, equipment, and time. All bank loans for the moving of the buildings and the restoration work have been paid in full. No government loans or grants have been applied for or received by the Society and it is hoped that it will not be necessary to do so. The Society has, however, enjoyed the help of students during the summers through the student employment programs. The Society is looking forward to continuing its work of preserving the history of Patterson Settlement and sharing it with area residents and visitors. ❧

(Harlan Nason is the President of the Patterson Settlement Historical Society.)

Garrison Ghosts



Sixty years ago, the summer of 1935 was bittersweet: Americans mourned the tragic loss of Will Rogers (noted humorist) and Wiley Post (famous aviator) in an Alaskan plane crash; Canadians celebrated the only knighthood conferred in Canada for literary achievement, the recipient being Charles G. D. Roberts of Fredericton. Roberts' name had been selected by Prime Minister R. B. Bennett on June 3rd and included in the list of those honored by King George V on His Majesty's 70th birthday.

In Sunbury County, unemployment relief camps, symbols of the Great Depression, were being established near Noonan and Ripples on the Richibucto Road; in York County, a familiar landmark of the Nashwaak Valley was destroyed by fire in the early morning hours of July 3rd. This stately farmstead was called COPENHAGEN and it had been "well built"

and "finely finished" by Alexander "Boss" Gibson. Located 300 yards from the Penniac Station, the place was probably used for a summer residence or a stop on his railway line. After Gibson died on 13 August 1913, COPENHAGEN was occupied for a long time by his son James.

With the exception of July, the York-Sunbury Historical Society met often during the summer of 1935, still hoping to find a permanent home for their museum, still looking forward to an appropriate monument for the 104th Regiment:

19 June 1935 — The Regular Monthly Meeting. It was moved and seconded that the Mayor of Fredericton be interviewed to see just what has been done in the matter of the memorial to the old 104th Regiment. Mayor W. G. Clark is a committee of one to make preliminary arrangements with Dr. J. C. Webster of the Dominion Historical Sites & Monuments Board. A suggestion of value was made by Mrs. A. E. Mathewson that all branches of the Women's Institute in New Brunswick be informed of the existence and accomplishments of the Historical Society and the interest and co-operation of all the Institutes earnestly solicited, especially in the way of depositing old-time relics and articles of historic interest here. It was moved, seconded, and carried that Miss Sarah Haines, a respected life-long resident of Fredericton, be made a Corresponding Member of the York and Sunbury Society. It was also decided that the Society should accept the offer to have the old coach, now on Mrs. Cecil Rainsford's premises, put in our possession. The Curator, Mr. C. A. Taylor, reported a trail near the Odell property which he had marked in red and along which he is willing to guide members of the Science Club and the Historical Society, where they may find "Chain Fern." A field day was suggested for this interesting and profitable venture. He

also mentioned a Pipestone Rock in the vicinity where, in bygone days, Indians procured material for their smoking pipes.

D. J. McLeod reported that our large Birthday Cake on the Green for Fredericton's 150th Anniversary had been mentioned in two publications: *The Burns' Annual* (St. Andrew's Society) and *Saturday Night* (Toronto).

14 August 1935 — Executive Meeting held in Post Office Building, Charles A. Taylor in the chair. Mr. John R. Tweeddale of Salmon Arm, British Columbia, a son of the late Mr. August Tweeddale of Fredericton, mailed the Society an Indian cradle such as used by Indians for the safety of their children while asleep. These cradles are hung on branches of trees and the babies are out of the way of snakes and insects. The well-known song "Rock-A-Bye Baby in the Tree-

continued on page 17



A Private of the 104th Regiment



An Officer of the 104th Regiment

Letter to the Editor

Welcome to the extended Moffitt clan. Even our own branch, those that we know about, encompasses several thousands.

I appreciated the kind and perceptive review of *The Moffitts of Harvey Settlement* (Spring issue). Spreading the word that such an effort can be successfully made by an amateur historian and genealogist is a worthwhile venture. So much of our family heritage and backgrounds has been and is lost because no one researched it and recorded it. The whole project took about two years and only succeeded because people in each of the original branches co-operated so well.

Enclosed is an insert of additions and corrections that had come to light by June, 1993, two years later. I have

more in the update category now but have not addressed putting them together since then.

Incidentally, the first printing of 200 copies sold very quickly, so I had another 100 done. If anyone asks, as a result of the book review, please refer them to me.

In relation to the family tree chart, Agnes (Moffitt) and Matthew Piercy had a large family and theirs is a most interesting story. After homesteading in Harvey from 1838 till 1874, all but four oldest daughters (who were married) picked up and moved to Vancouver. So, the other half of the original Moffitt clan are named Piercy and live all over the West Coast, from Oregon to British Columbia.

Last summer we attended the Piercy reunion in Royston, on Vancouver Is land, on the original land grant

that they took up in 1875! They gather every five years and there were over 600 of them. The hospitality to their Eastern cousins was superb. My cousins, Matt, Burke, and Jocenean (Hall) Swan attended, plus several other Piercys from Harvey and McAdam, including Frank and LeRoy. The Harvey Piercys will have a reunion there next summer, and some of the West coast ones will return the favor and visit East.

Again, thanks for the review and the complimentary copy of *The Officers' Quarterly*. It is a great job!

Sincerely,

Dr. Emerson Moffitt
Halifax, NS ☿

Garrison Ghosts ... continued from page 16

top" arose from this Indian custom. Mr. Tweeddale sent along with this very interesting tree-cradle a Royal Standard which used to fly at Old Government House in colonial days. Mr. Taylor and Mr. J. Brown Maxwell are to make a survey of a portion of Elmcroft property at some convenient date in the near future and Mr. Whitman Haines will draw the deed necessary for the legal transfer of land thereon which Prof. and Mrs. John Stephens are giving to this Society. A committee was named to handle all matters in connection with this Society's activities at the Fredericton Exhibition, Sept. 7-14, 1935. The concert which has been proposed will be put on by the Society early in autumn. Mr. Taylor reported that 21 new lantern slides and copies of old pictures would be available for the concert programme and these will doubtless be of intense interest to all. Mention was made of

a uniform of the old 104th New Brunswick Regiment being in the museum in Saint John. Another such uniform has been located at a residence right here in Fredericton, and we hope that very soon it will be presented to our Society. A matter which should soon get under way is the procuring of names and addresses of descendants of men who belonged to the old 104th Regiment which made the historic snowshoe march from here to Quebec in 1813. This will receive attention at the next regular meeting of the Society. Progress was reported regarding the 104th Regiment Memorial which is expected to be unveiled here sometime in September, 1935.

5 September 1935 — Executive Meeting. President W. W. Hubbard in the chair. Matters in connection with the memorial to the old 104th New Brunswick Regiment were taken

up. It was decided that our museum copy of the Muster Roll of the Regiment be displayed at the Fredericton Exhibition. Descendants of men who served with the old 104th are to be asked to communicate with Sterling Brannen. Correspondence from Dr. J. C. Webster, Shediac, was read in reference to the ceremony on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 26th, 1935, the time of the unveiling of the monument which has been provided by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. It is hoped that it can be arranged for schools and business houses to be closed that afternoon, that honour may be paid to men who defended our country when invasion threatened. A committee to confer with Mayor Clark on this includes The Countess of Ashburnham, Mrs. A. E. Mathewson, Mrs. J. Brown Maxwell, Major F. A. Good, A. A. Treadwell, C. A. Taylor, Dr. Geo. W. Bailey, and Sterling Brannen. ☿

Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen ... York-Sunbury Style

by Pat Flemming

It's that time of year again for picnics and barbecues in the park. Throughout the years, picnics have remained favourite family activities during the summer months; however, in days past, long before loud music and television, picnics were very important social events.

In the 1920s, when my mother was a member of the choir of St. Anne's Parish Church in Fredericton, the entire choir, their friends, and the rector would leave for the country for a Sunday picnic. There was also the Annual Sunday School Picnic, a big event for every church. Sadly, the church picnic has lost some of its popularity for the current generation.

Our family albums at home contain numerous black and white photographs of afternoon picnics with aunts, uncles, and cousins. Some were held at the beach, some near a brook, and others under an old apple tree. These photos were taken in the 1920s, 30s, and 40s, when we dined out on the ground, sitting on blankets or at long, makeshift tables. I remember that my mother always brought along two large rectangular cakes — one white and one chocolate, both with a rich boiled icing. Every last crumb was eaten!

Two years ago, my sister Polly and her husband Bill visited the poetic Lake District in England. They observed with interest that most British families took sets of China dishes with them on a picnic and even linen tablecloths which they would spread on the ground. North Americans usually take paper plates, plastic cutlery, and styrofoam cups when they go picnicking!

What is a picnic without Potato Salad? My recipe is the one my mother made, although not all of the ingredients are necessary. I do recommend homemade mayonnaise in order to give this recipe an even greater taste:

OLD-FASHIONED POTATO SALAD

- 1 quart new potatoes
- 1 small onion
- 1 medium cucumber

- 4 red radishes
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 head of lettuce
- 1 medium tomato
- salt & pepper
- paprika

Boil potatoes until done, but not too soft. Slice when cool. Chop onion finely and stir into potatoes. Cut cucumber, radishes, and one of the eggs into small pieces and add all to the potatoes. Carefully stir in the mayonnaise so that the potatoes won't become mushy. Place generous pieces of leafy or iceberg lettuce around the edge of the salad. Slice the tomato and the other egg and place on top of salad. Add salt & pepper to season. Sprinkle with paprika for color.

* * * * *

COUNTRY SALAD DRESSING

- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1 1/2 tbsps. flour
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 4 tbsps. vinegar

Place all ingredients in top of double-boiler and blend well. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Add 1 tbsp. butter and blend. Store in container in refrigerator until ready for use.

* * * * *

Fancy sandwiches are not appropriate for a picnic lunch, so why not make sandwiches using a delicious and nutritious cream cheese filling. This is an easy recipe:

COOKED SANDWICH FILLING

- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tbsp. mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 pound cream cheese
- 1 small jar olives (cut fine)
- 4 eggs (well beaten)

Place the first six ingredients in top of a double-boiler and let come to a boil. Add the remaining three ingredients and cook 1/2 hour longer over the water until filling is thick and smooth. Will keep well in a cool place.

* * * * *



Wild berries are fun to pick and more delicious than cultivated berries, especially when you pick them yourself. The challenge is to find a good spot! Wild strawberries are my favourite, although raspberries and blueberries are good too. And all three make delicious pies. Years ago, when families became hungry for berry pies, they went to the fields and picked their dessert. Here is one I'm sure you'll like:

WILD STRAWBERRY PIE

- 2 cups wild strawberries, washed and hulled (or blueberries or raspberries)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tbsp. butter

Mix sugar and flour and sprinkle over berries in a bowl. Pour into pie crust and add dabs of butter. Add top crust and sprinkle with sugar. Bake.

* * * * *

How many times do we hear a home-maker remark, "I can't make good pastry!" The following recipe is one that never fails if the right brand of shortening and the proper measurement of flour are used. My sisters and I have made it for years and receive many compliments from friends to whom we have passed it on:

NEVER FAIL PASTRY

- 1 cup Fluffo or Crisco shortening
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup homogenized milk
- 1 small egg

Use pastry blender or two knives to blend shortening and flour and salt in a bowl. Stir milk and egg together and add to the shortening and flour mixture. Blend together with your hands, forming a ball. If too wet, add more flour. Roll out on bread board or waxed paper. There should be enough for two double-crust pies or three cream pies. The dough can be stored in the refrigerator for one week or kept frozen in a freezer. Wrap left-over pastry in tinfoil.

Good luck, good cooking, and have a Happy Summer! ☺

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

The Officers' Bookcase ... Review by Anita Jones

Discovering Canada's Picture Province

*Roads to Remember:
The Insider's Guide
to New Brunswick*

By Colleen Whitney Thompson
Goose Lane Editions, 1994
293 pages, illustrations.

This reviewer expected *Roads to Remember* to be primarily a travel guide for out-of-province visitors, but was pleasantly surprised to find that the book has much to offer for anyone who wishes to know New Brunswick better.

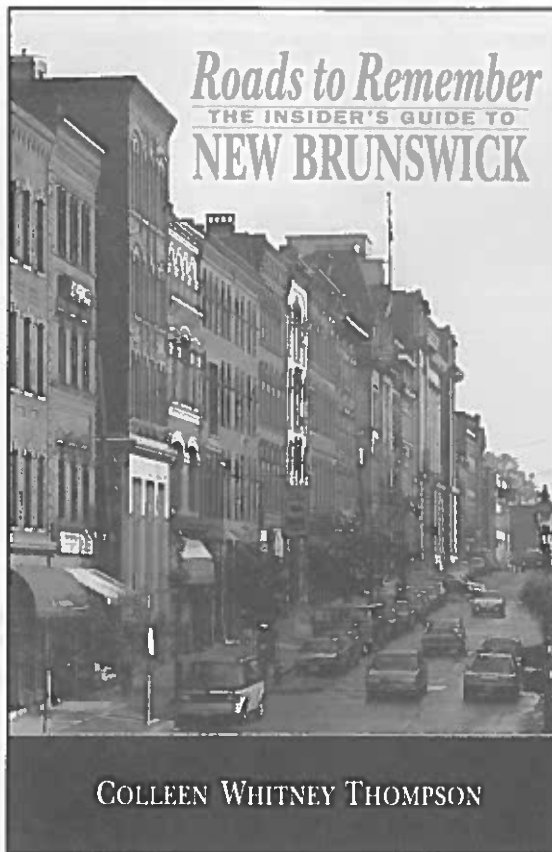
The book describes cities, towns, villages, rural areas, and larger regions according to the order in which a traveller would come to them on one of five exploration routes: the St. John Valley, the Miramichi, the Bay of Fundy islands and coast, south-eastern New Brunswick, and the Acadian Peninsula and Restigouche Uplands.

The reader learns something of the geography and a wealth of historical facts about the various places described, as well as current features and attractions. The author shares many personal anecdotes and opinions about places to see and things to do. Suggestions are given at the end of each of the five "tours" for overnight accommodations and restaurants. Telephone numbers and admission prices, if any, are provided for museums and similar points of interest.

Even New Brunswickers who think they know their province well are bound to learn many new facts as they read. For example, H. V. Dalling of Woodstock, a watchmaker and jeweller, followed up on Alexander Graham Bell's invention of the telephone in 1876 by building two of his own in 1885. Bell Telephone, impressed by this, opened a small exchange in his store and made Mr. Dalling manager; the latter proceeded to build and install a miniature switchboard in his home to provide limited after-hours service. Perhaps this gave

New Brunswick a head start in the tele-communications industry!

Roads to Remember is, in some respects, a mini history course. From a linguistic perspective, Mrs. Thompson has provided pronunciation guides as needed, and explanations of local phrases, traditions, and attitudes. For example, the road sign says Sheila, but you pronounce it SHY-la. People in the "Republic of Madawaska" are



fond of *les ployes*, which are "greenish-pinkish buckwheat pancakes." Madawaskans are known as Brayons, a word derived from the French words *braie* (a flax trimmer) and *brayage* (linen). The term "Main John," originally used to refer to lumberman John Glasier, came to mean "boss" in lumbercamps across North America.

The writing style varies from serious narrative to thoughtful description, to the humour of puns. A few errors escaped the author's and editor's

notice. More careful research would have revealed the following: Fredericton is the Poets' Corner of Canada, not the Poet's Corner (p. 75); neither Dorothy Kendrick (p. 20), whose twins were born in 1769, nor Sarah Edmonds (p.21), whose family came from Scotland in the 1800s, could be considered Loyalists; H.A. Cody (p. 102) was a twentieth-century (not nineteenth) writer, with his 25 books appearing between 1908 and 1937; Willa Cather's books *O Pioneers!* (1913) and *My Antonia* (1918) could not have been started on Grand Manan (p.175) since Miss Cather's first visit there was not until 1922; Muriel McQueen Fergusson (p. 78) - not Ferguson - was an early woman senator, but not the first — that honour went to Cairine Wilson in 1930; and the hand atop Wilmot United Church (pp. 70-71) turned out to be much shorter than its previously estimated 13.5 feet, as can be seen by viewing it in its display case in the church hall.

The book has an extensive index, which allows people and places to be easily checked out of the context of their geographic locations. Unfortunately, no sources are listed for specific statements and facts; footnotes or end notes would be valuable. Also, the front cover photograph does not seem appropriate to the book's title.

However, *Roads to Remember: The Insider's Guide to New Brunswick* is well worth reading. It is nicely organized, has clear maps placed for easy reference, and is easy and enjoyable to read. For those who wish to explore New Brunswick, refer to it carefully as you plan your holiday trips. Better still, take a copy along as you travel, so you can learn and enjoy "on the spot." ❧

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

Cover Story... *by Don Roberts*

Remembering Mary Grannan

The closing exercises of the Provincial Normal School were held this morning in the Assembly Hall. The young ladies were each attired in white middie suits with red ties and presented a very neat appearance. . . . At the annual farewell reception in the evening, Miss Mary Grannan of this city [a member of the graduating class] rendered a violin solo in a pleasing manner.

The Daily Gleaner,
7&8 June 1918

The MacMann House, the principal hotel in Minto, the Grand Lake Mining Center, was completely destroyed yesterday afternoon, together with practically all of the contents, as well as the store and stable adjoining. . . . The Misses Grannan [Ann and Mary], 325 Brunswick Street, Fredericton, school teachers at Minto, were among the boarders who lost most of their personal belongings in the fire.

The Daily Gleaner,
25 April 1919

The Grannan sisters returned to Fredericton and for the next 20 years Mary taught at the Devon Superior School on the North side, excelling in her chosen profession, highlighting her daily lessons with memorable stories which she composed and delivered to the delight of her elementary students. Her former principal, Dr. F. E. MacDiarmid, once said that she was a master at looking after children and getting them to love her. It was also said that her classroom techniques were far ahead of her time; in fact, she was so good that the New Brunswick Department of Education sent her to Columbia University in New York and the Vesper George School of Art in Boston for further training, after which she gave instruction at

the Saint John Summer School for teachers.

During the 1960s, I visited the Grannan home often and began a lifelong friendship with the three sisters — Ann, Mary, and Helen, the only children of Catherine (Haney) and William Grannan, their father being



Mary Grannan
Fredericton schoolteacher
Courtesy Don Roberts

a local woodworker (specializing in horse-drawn carriages) and a fireman (Hose Company #1), their Irish grandfather Haney having built the family home which still stands on Brunswick Street. My grandfather also belonged to Hose Company #1 and it was through him that I was first introduced to this unique Fredericton family with the three charming daughters.

The Grannan sisters were born three years apart, starting with Ann

in 1897. When they were little girls, their mother told them animated stories and Irish folklore, especially at bedtime, and this, along with their father's avid interest in reading books, made such an impression on Mary that her yen for theatrics began at a very young age. However, when she wanted to join a travelling theater group, the parents adamantly refused. Instead, all three sisters attended the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton, all three remained unmarried (although there were many suitors), all three displayed devotion to each other throughout their lives. Mary dedicated her fifth book "For Ann and Helen."

The Grannans were a close family and I realized this as I attended birthday parties, Christmas gatherings, and the celebration of special occasions. There was always stimulating conversation, lots of laughter, and a few tears. We shared so much — those three Grannan sisters and myself. For one of my birthdays the three sisters created a fantasy treasure hunt within their home, a fun-filled adventure which I will never forget!

But it was Mary who had more to give beyond her home and her teaching, and she did, especially when the local radio station (CFNB) became aware of her talent and signed her to create and perform in her own show. It was called *Aggravatin' Agatha*, sponsored by Valley Motors and Hudson Cars, scheduled for Sunday evenings at 7:45, just before The Jack Benny Show. Mary played the incorrigible maid in the title (Agatha Ellen O'Shaunessay), Gertrude Davis (a fellow teacher) played the wealthy dowager Mrs. Van Smythe, and Carl (Hap) Watson took the part of the chauffeur (Ignatius Kelley), each of them earning 25 cents per week! Miss Davis still lives in Fredericton; Mr.

Watson, a retired NBC executive in New York, still sends a Christmas card to the Grannan home. They, along with many New Brunswickers, have never forgotten that early comedy skit, but I believe I have the only surviving script from that popular radio show, although several of the publicity photographs are still in existence.

It was Gladstone Murray of Toronto, the President of CBC in the 1930s, who came to Fredericton to hear and see Mary Grannan in person. He had been invited to do so by J. Stewart Neill, the owner of CFNB, and Mary never forgot and never failed to give Mr. Neill credit, saying that it was he who started her career. She dedicated her seventh book to him and, when she returned home to receive the key to the city during Fredericton's Centennial Year of 1948, it was Stewart Neill standing beside her at the podium, along with Mayor Ray T. Forbes, the ceremony being broadcast from coast to coast.

In the Fall of 1939, just as the Second World War was starting, Mary Grannan left Fredericton for Toronto, where she eventually was appointed Supervisor of Children's Programs for CBC. Nervous and alone in the big city, she soon realized that she had left behind a loving mother and two loyal sisters, her father having passed away in 1935. Also, it was the Depression Era and she had left a secure teaching position. Who knew if this CBC job would last?

But it did and, from 1939 to 1962, Mary Grannan developed a highly successful writing and performing career: 30 top-selling children's books, many of them published simultaneously in Canada (Thomas Allen), the United States (Pennington Press and Putnam's), and Great Britain (Fred Warne); a number of individually published children's stories, such as a new Christmas title that often appeared in *MacLean's Magazine*;

over 4,000 radio scripts plus the scripts from two long-running television series, all broadcast from coast to coast, all preserved today, either in the CBC Archives in Toronto or the Provincial Archives in New Brunswick; continual personal appearances, including a cross-country lecture tour of North America and one in England!

I was soon sharing my Fredericton friend with millions of readers, listeners, and viewers around the world, but to me she was still "Just Mary," an appropriate title which she adopted for her books, her radio program, and her public image ("Because

ter in her eyes. She made friends wherever she went, including a number of celebrities: Charles Jennings, radio personality and father of Peter; Elwood Glover, Toronto broadcaster; Noel Langley, scriptwriter for MGM's *The Wizard of Oz*; Paul Robin, Leo the Lion on Maggie Muggins and now manager of Moncton's Capital Theater; Beryle Braithwaite, television's Maggie Muggins and daughter of the late Max Braithwaite; Frank and Austin Willis, the brothers who pioneered Canadian television entertainment; Max Ferguson of *Rawhide* fame, who always said that he could see Mary

as well as hear her; Lorne Green, who went on to *Bonanza* fame; Leslie Nielson, who went on to Hollywood films; Bert Pearl and other members of *The Happy Gang*; Lou Snider, CBC musical director and the organ accompanist who also composed tunes for Mary's shows; Harry Junkin, scriptwriter for popular American television shows and *The Saint* on British TV; James Annand, John Drainie, Doug Masters, and Mavor Moore, all Canadian actors who at one

time played Mr. McGarrity.

From the Chicago billboard, that announced her arrival in that city, to the newspapers and magazines that promoted her books, Mary Grannan became a household name, loved and admired because of the hours of entertainment which she brought to young and old. But behind the garish hats (the biggest in Canadian show business and made especially for her), the Ruby Cook designer clothes, the slave bracelets, and the dangling earrings, there was a hard-working lady who always returned to her Toronto apartment at 89 Breadalbane Street, where she could be found in the early morning sitting in front of her typewriter at the kitchen table. Perhaps she would be putting together a special project (*The Children's Scrapbook* for radio



Fred Phillips Collection, PANB

The cast of "Aggravatin' Agatha":
Gertrude Davis, Mary Grannan, Carl Watson

it was just me doing it"), and signed for thousands of autographs in bookstores and shopping centers.

Who among us hasn't heard of "Just Mary" or been treated to a "Just Mary" story? What I remember most is the manner in which she told her stories. She had such a pleasing voice, almost hypnotic, and, when the smile broke over her face, it was like sunshine on a dark day. A wonderful experience! Her work was suited for radio and one time it was so believable that she was nick-named "Orson Grannan," following a description of a stormy-weather scene that was so realistic listeners thought it was actually happening. The next day there was a directive banning weather reports in scripts.

Everyone was captivated by this dark, attractive lady with the laugh-

or *The Magic Chord* or *Magic in Spring* for television) or responding to a request for school curriculums (*Blue Boots* and *The War Wolf's Waterloo*, both dramatic productions).

I remember how pleased she was when characters from her stories made their way to the front lines during the Second World War: the RCAF Ferry Command nicknamed a plane after "Orville Bug" and an anti-tank gun was called "Georgie the Rat." Many a serviceman carried a Mary Grannan book in his kitbag, one of these books even saving a soldier's life when a stray bullet struck the book instead of the man! The British loved her stories and wrote to tell her so; in fact, I have in my possession one such letter, but it had been retrieved from a plane that went down in flames, the correspondence still bearing the scorch marks, having been forwarded to Toronto in a new envelope.

On 7 February 1948, Mary Grannan was named "Woman of the Week" in *New Liberty Magazine*, saving that particular issue and passing it on to me. She had been interviewed and, along with one of her striking photographs, revealed the following details: Favourite Author — Noel Langley; Favourite City — New York for interest, Fredericton for sentimental reasons, Toronto for friends; Favourite Dish — fruit salad; Aversion — bridge; Favourite Laugh — Making rare typing mistakes that would unintentionally add a touch of humour to her script.

Throughout the 1940s and 50s, Mary Grannan's publishers had no trouble selling 25,000 copies from the first printing of one of her books, a record for a juvenile book anywhere. By the time she retired, her works had sold 400,000 copies, bringing her Canadian publishers alone \$300,000! This did not include the financial success of the Maggie Muggins doll, which was also a hot property, especially at Christmastime. Her Canadian publisher, who insisted the name "Just Mary" be carried on the cover of every book, said that the sale of these books had been the highest of

any children's books ever sold in Canada, adding that the immediate demand for Mary Grannan stories was the highest in the world. According to MacLean's, "Just Mary" was "one of the best-selling series of juvenile books of all time."

She soon joined the ranks of prominent Canadian authors and got to know them all through the Canadian Authors' Association. In 1959, Mary joined Morley Callaghan, Gregory Clark, Mazo de la Roche, Hugh Garner, Malcolm Ross, Hugh MacLennan, and others for a "Meet



Mary Grannan's personal bookplate, designed by J. Frank Willis of CBC.

Note the three symbols.

(Courtesy Don Roberts)

the Authors Night." She became so popular during her two decades in Toronto that she hired a press clipping service, returning to Fredericton with glowing reviews from *The Star Weekly*, *The Canadian Author & Bookman*, *Saturday Night*, *The Detroit Times*, *New Liberty*, *Radio-Vision*, *Toronto Life*, *New World*, *Canadian Weekly*, *Radio & TV*, *The Telegraph-Journal*, *Radio Talk*, *The Toronto Globe & Mail*, *Jack & Jill*. Her photograph appeared in the first issue of *CBC Times* (Vol. 1, No. 1, 16 July 1948); thereafter, articles about her appeared regularly in this publication, with a splendid cover story for the March 20th, 1949 issue. When she retired, even *Time* magazine honoured her with a feature: "End of

the Tale — Farewell, Fitzgerald Fieldmouse" (6 July 1962).

After she returned home, Mary made many personal appearances in Fredericton — judging at the Fall Exhibitions, autographing at local bookstores, speaking at community functions, doing the occasional guest spot on radio. Sadly, her public life was coming to an end, but I would listen with delight as she talked at length about all the show business people and the literary celebrities with whom she had become acquainted. Her writing life was also over. After she completed the manuscript for her 31st book, another collection of her "Just Mary" stories which was to be dedicated to me, she gave the only typewritten copy to Fredericton publisher Michael Wardell. Unfortunately, the manuscript was misplaced and never found.

Throughout the early 1970s, I encouraged Mary to place all her clippings in scrapbooks but, due to failing health, she never did. Instead, she asked me to do it and to include letters, photographs, and promotional literature. It was a pleasurable task because she was still living and we could talk about each entry. Years later, Helen turned these memorable scrapbooks over to me for safe-keeping and I still have them. They even contain verification of Mary's Honorary Membership in the Mark Twain Society (often called the "League of Nations of Literature," including such notables as Eugene O'Neill, John Masefield, Lionel Barrymore, and Dr. Albert Einstein), and her famous Beaver Award (a recognition equal to the Hollywood Oscar, giving her the honour of distinction in Canadian radio accomplishment), and her Honorary Membership in the Institute for Education by Radio (Columbus, Ohio).

Today, I continue my regular visits to the Grannan home on Brunswick Street where the house is the same as it always was, deceiving from the outside, much larger inside, the walls still lined with bookcases, mementoes everywhere from Mary's

career. Helen, at the age of 92, is the only one left of the immediate family; one of her greatest enjoyments is reminiscing about "Just Mary," Maggie Muggins, and three little sisters who performed their own plays on the steps and platform at the end of the clothesline in the backyard!

Mary Grannan died 3 January 1975 and was laid to rest in the family plot in Fredericton's Hermitage Cemetery on the Woodstock Road. Her mother had passed away in 1945, Ann in 1971. Shortly after, her voice was heard over the airwaves one more time when CFNB broadcaster Jack Fenety hosted a 90-minute special radio program in her memory. It is now 20 years since her death; had she lived, she would be 95 today. What a loss to Canada.

Adults who still have her books and scholars who are researching her craft approach me from time to time for biographical material. I never hesitate because I enjoy talking about her. It's like being custodian of a legend. Hopefully, one day a full-length book will be published about her but, in the meantime, I look forward to guest-curating a major exhibit on Mary Grannan at the York-Sunbury Museum in the summer of 1996. Until then, she will continue to remain popular and timely through magazine articles, such as the *Reader's Digest* for February, 1987, and newspaper stories, such as *The Daily Gleaner* for 8 October 1983.

Let us hope that her pioneer involvement with radio and the magic appeal of her fantasy literature will never be forgotten and that children and adults everywhere will continue to appreciate the legacy of entertainment she left for all of us. I know that I shall always have a special place in my heart and memory for my dear friend — Mary Grannan. ❧

(Don Roberts, who has been a life-long resident of Fredericton, has just retired from the UNB Bookstore. His extensive music collection over the years has resulted in a regularly scheduled program on CBC Radio every Monday morning.)

Mary Grannan's prolific writing career included the following 30 books, each with its first publication date. Over the years, there were multiple printings and subsequent editions for many of these books:

- Just Mary (1941)
- Just Mary Again (1941)
- Just Mary Stories (1942)
- Maggie Muggins (1944)
- New Just Mary Stories (1946)
- New Maggie Muggins Stories (1947)
- Happy Playtime (1948)
- Maggie Muggins Again (1949)
- Just Mary: Blue Stories (1950)
- Maggie Muggins Stories (1950)
- Just Mary: Green Stories (1951)
- Maggie Muggins and Mr. McGarrity (1952)
- Just Mary: Red Stories (1953)
- Maggie Muggins and Her Friends (1954)
- Just Mary: Yellow Stories (1955)
- More Just Mary Stories (1955)
- Kim and Katy: Circus Days (1956)
- Maggie Muggins in the Meadow (1956)
- Kim and Katy: Their Summer Holiday (1956)
- Just Mary: Brown Stories (1957)
- Maggie Muggins Tee-Vee Tales (1958)
- Kim and Katy: Schooldays (1958)
- More Maggie Muggins (1959)
- Maggie Muggins and the Fieldmouse (1959)
- Annie Apple's Gift (1959)
- This Is Maggie Muggins (1959)
- Maggie Muggins and Her Animal Friends (1959)
- Maggie Muggins and the Cottontail (1960)
- Maggie Muggins Gives a Party (1961)
- Maggie Muggins and Benny Bear (1962)



Mary Grannan
Radio personality and author
Courtesy Don Roberts

A complete collection of Mary Grannan's work has been presented by her sister Helen to the University of New Brunswick Children's Literature Collection located in Marshall D'Avray Hall.

The Last Word *with Sir Charles G.D. Roberts*

One hundred and thirty-five years ago (10 January 1860), the Dean of Canadian Literature was born in a rustic parsonage near Crock's Point, where the Keswick River empties into the St. John, eleven miles west of Fredericton in the parish of Douglas, the county of York, New Brunswick. A younger brother was to write, "It was a grand place for a poet to be born in — that high, wooded, sweet-ferned country overlooking that strong river, and yet I do not know of any other poet of the parish of Douglas." Although the poet was christened Charles after two uncles, George after both grandfathers, and Douglas after his birthplace, in 1995 he will probably be remembered internationally as Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, the prolific author who left a tremendous legacy of verse and prose (70 published volumes of poetry, fiction, nature stories and biography).

When Charles Roberts was eight months old, his family moved to another New Brunswick parsonage, this time in the parishes of Westcock, Sackville and Dorchester, the county of Westmorland. It was here that Roberts spent his boyhood, the next thirteen years of his life, and it was here that he learned the art of agriculture. He once said, "I am authentically of the soil. At nine and ten I was in charge of the bees. At eleven I was given full charge of the cattle and sheep. I was always a hard-working farm boy, and I've sweated in the hay field many a time."

But, as he wandered over the endless Tantramar Marshes, the poetic fire began to kindle; years later his most celebrated poem was to be entitled "Tantramar Revisited." A few lines will demonstrate the excellent visual detail:

Here where the road has climbed from the inland valleys and woodlands,
Dips from the hilltops down, straight to the base of the hills,—
Here, from my vantage-ground, I can see the scattering houses,
Stained with time, set warm in orchards, meadows, and wheat,
Dotting the broad bright slopes outspread to southward and eastward,
Wind-swept all day long, blown by the south-east wind.

The Roberts family moved to Fredericton in 1874, when the poet's father George Goodridge Roberts, became Rector of St. Anne's Church and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. They took up residence at 734 George Street in the vine-covered rectory, a Georgian-like structure of red brick, with basements and attics and tree-shaded gardens. All five children (Charles, Jane Elizabeth, Goodridge Bliss, William Carman, Theodore Goodridge) were gifted with the art of writing, and they would spend hours together in the front sitting room, creating and then reading to one another. Their mother, the former Emma Wetmore Bliss, was always nearby, ready to offer constructive criticism.

It was the oldest son (Charles) who ventured forth first to make his mark in the world of letters, taking top honours when he graduated from the Collegiate Grammar School in 1876 and from the University of New Brunswick in 1879. It was during his undergraduate years that Charles wrote an entire collection of verse, which became his first published book — *Orion and Other Poems* (1880). Two more volumes, each entitled *Later Poems*, were printed privately in Fredericton in 1881 and 1882, while he was studying for his Masters degree from the University. It was at this time also that two other landmarks in Fredericton played a significant part in the life of the young writer: Christ Church Cathedral, where he married Mary Isabel Fenety on 29 December 1880; York Street Elementary Grammar School, where he was headmaster from February 1882 until June 1883. However, in the autumn of 1885 he left New Brunswick for Nova Scotia, accepting a professorship at King's College in Windsor and remaining in that position for the next ten years.

Thus, the two Atlantic provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia would always be considered "the beginning," and time and time again Roberts would return while he was living in New York, Toronto, and abroad. There would be drives to Crock's Point and family camping trips along the St. John River. Poetry recitals would be given before the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia branches of the Canadian Authors' Association, of which Roberts served as National President. Honorary degrees would be received from Mount Allison University in Sackville, the new King's College in Halifax, and the University of New Brunswick. In the port city of Saint John, Roberts would listen before a full house in the Pythian Castle on Union Street as fellow author H. A. Cody dedicated to his former professor a poem entitled "Our Captain." And, among the many visits to Fredericton, there was that sad occasion when Roberts stood in Forest Hill Cemetery and watched the unveiling of a memorial to his beloved cousin Bliss Carman.

Along the way he never forgot his two alma maters: to Fredericton High School, where a portrait of his grandfather (Dr. George Roberts, a former headmaster) continues to grace the wall of the main foyer, he gave a copy of his book *The Watchers of the Trails*, with the inscription "Presented to the library of Fredericton High School by Charles G. D. Roberts"; to the University of New Brunswick, where a memorial cairn marks the "Poets' Corner of Canada" and mentions his name, he presented a portrait of himself, which was painted in 1928 and which was placed in the University library.

The UNB library has all of Roberts' published books, plus five separate collections of his letters and manuscripts. In 1985, Lady Joan Roberts, his widow and second wife, gave a further personal collection of over 200 books to UNB. The New Brunswick Museum and Mount Allison University also have letters and the latter holds a large collection of material concerning Roberts. Beyond New Brunswick, the

major repository for his letters is the Queen's University Archives (Kingston Ontario), although smaller collections can be found in 42 other locations throughout North America. It is estimated that over 1000 of his letters, mostly handwritten correspondence to family friends, colleagues, and publishers, are preserved in public and private collections, Roberts leaving no restrictions regarding the use or disposal of this splendid but scattered glimpse into his personal life.

However, these collections do not contain the complete correspondence of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts; there are probably a few more letters to surface, as has the one that was written to Perth, Victoria County, New Brunswick on 30 January 1941 and sent from The Ernescliffe, Roberts' Toronto apartment at the corner of Wellesley and Sherbourne Streets. It was addressed to Mrs. Mabel Stewart, a former schoolteacher who, while staying home to raise her five children, wrote poetry in her spare time. When she sent some of her poems to Sir Charles, he wrote the following reply:

My dear Mrs. Stewart—

You are *quite* right in thinking that you are perhaps asking something contrary to my practice, for if I answered letters such as yours & criticized the poems they contain I would have no time for anything else! There are plenty of people who make a profession — & a *busy* one — of just what you ask me to do!

But as you see I am making an exception more or less in your case. Your letter is so charming & so modest that it wins a reply from a very very busy man, who finds his days too short for all his tasks. You write from Perth, N.B. of which I have lovely boyish memories & some very pleasant later ones; and your mother was born at Mouth of Keswick, where I was born; & we New Brunswickers are "clannish." So I can't help answering! I just *couldn't* toss your letter into my overflowing wastepaper basket!

The clipping you enclose is *nonsense*! I told the newspaper interviewer who wrote the long interview from which the clipping is taken that I was *fond* of dancing when I could not get my *favorite* recreation, which

is, as it has always been, *canoeing*. I told him I could *not* even *try* to pick up these modern steps, but confined myself to the old waltzes & two-steps. But then newspaper men generally get things wrong, so I only laugh when I am misquoted!

I fear, dear lady, I cannot give you very *strong* encouragement on your poems, though "My House" is really *excellent*, and "Concentration," "Faded & Old," "The Yellow Rose," and "Why?" (which is full of feeling) are by no means lacking in poetic quality. You have very good technique, a good sense of metrical form & rhythm. You need to enrich your *music* of line. Perhaps, after all, this *is strong* encouragement!! Do you read much *first* class poetry, such as Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning's shorter lyrics, Matthew Arnold? There is a little book which should be your constant companion, almost your Bible. That is "Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs & Lyrics" (Macmillan publisher) which is in itself a full education in poetry.

Yours with kind regards
and all best wishes,
Charles G. D. Roberts

In the early 1970s Mrs. Stewart showed this letter to her grandson, who was attending Fredericton High School at the time. She allowed him to take the letter to school, where it was enjoyed by several English literature classes, especially since the letter was handwritten on stationery from the office of *The Canadian Who's Who*, of which Roberts was editor-in-chief. When Mrs. Stewart died in 1975 at the age of 92, she was buried in Larlee Creek Cemetery overlooking the St. John River near Perth. The letter has remained with her personal effects at the family homestead; hopefully, on this 135th anniversary of Roberts' birth, it might be placed with the UNB collections. Unfortunately, this letter was not included in *The Collected Letters of Charles G. D. Roberts* (1989). Therefore, it is an honour for *The Officers' Quarterly* to print perhaps the last known unpublished letter from the pen of this Canadian literary giant. In doing so, *The Quarterly* expresses thanks to the family of Mrs. Stewart for making the letter available.



New Brunswick Provincial Archives

Sir Charles G.D. Roberts

Roberts died on 26 November 1943 at the age of 83 and was brought back to Fredericton to be buried in Forest Hill, overlooking the St. John River. His close friend, secretary, and official biographer, Elsie Pomeroy, used her royalties from the sale of the biography and a considerable sum from her own savings to finance the splendid monument that stands at the head of his grave, the epitaph on the front reading: *Up, soul, and out/into the deeps alone/to the long peal and the shout/of those trumpets blown and blown.*

Sadly, by the early 1990s, the Roberts' monument had fallen over and was sinking into the ground, the cemetery budget unable to cover the cost of mounting it securely with a proper foundation. Due to the efforts of another Roberts' biographer, John Coldwell Adams, who was visiting Fredericton at the time and who brought the situation to the attention of City Hall, the monument was restored to its upright position and placed on a new base.

Today, visitors may appreciate the gravesite even more if they recall the Roberts' poem entitled "Two Rivers" (the Tantrammar and the St. John); about the latter, he wrote in the last stanza:

Dear and great River, when my feet
Have wearied of the endless quest,
Heavy with sleep I will come back
To your calm shores for rest. ♪

(This article was compiled by the Editor.)

Administrator's Report ... by Lynn Frizzell

Although this is my first contribution to *The Officers' Quarterly*, I was introduced to our readers in the Spring 1995 issue as the new Administrator & Program Officer of the York-Sunbury Historical Society Museum. I have already had the pleasure of meeting, talking to, or at least corresponding with many of you, and I look forward to seeing more of you at the Official Summer Opening and over the summer months.

Our big opening will have already taken place by the time you read this but, if you missed that event, please visit us this summer to see the new exhibit entitled *Native Spirituality*, which is guest-curated by Ned Bear and which features the artwork of both Mr. Bear and Pat Polchies.

Although the official opening marks the beginning of our special summer events, we have been busy with the ever-growing numbers of visitors and with preparations for the upcoming season. This year, the number of visitors has consistently exceeded that of last year. So far in

1995, visitation has risen by 43% over that of 1994. Much of this activity has been generated by the many school classes that toured the Museum, especially in April, May, and June, when we hosted a total of 71 tours. Some of these groups consisted of 30 active children, but all the excitement was aptly handled by Education Officer, Jean MacDonald, and her troop of volunteer tour guides, including Linda Burrows, Roger Farr, Muriel Johnstone, Velma Kelly, Juanita MacIntosh, and Lisa Todd. To these dedicated workers we extend our gratitude. To Jean, we extend our sincere thanks, our congratulations on her up-coming marriage, and a fond farewell. Jean takes her leave at the end of June after two years of faithful service.

Although I will have large shoes to fill in order to provide the quality educational programming that Jean has, I will have lots of help, because the Assistant Curator (Bruce Lynch) and I are joined by three university students through summer employment programs.

Michelle Ramsay will serve as our Publicity Officer. It will be her job to ensure the success of our Canada Day events and the Froggy Days in August. Michelle brings with her the experience of a summer spent promoting the town of Chatham. Amanda White will greet you at our front door, answer your questions about the Museum or other downtown attractions and events, and help you in the Museum Gift Shop. Furthermore, she can do all that in English, French, or Spanish. Finally, though you may not see her, you will probably observe the work of curatorial assistant Lillian Moffat in our future exhibits. She was with us during the month of June.

In closing, I wish to thank the members of the Board of Directors for giving me the opportunity to work with them, with Bruce and Jean, with all our great volunteers, and with our new summer staff. Thanks especially to Bruce Lynch, Elizabeth Earl, Helen Hutchison, Ted Jones, and Fred White for their help and encouragement. *

The Officers' Quarterly belatedly acknowledges the death of *J. Angus H. Gillis* who passed away in Fredericton on 16 October 1994, interment taking place in St. Peter's Cemetery, Charlottetown. Mr. Gillis was born in Charlottetown but later moved to Fredericton where he managed Elmtree Concrete Limited for 30 years and later a construction company called Sandi-Co Limited. He was a Life Member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society and, because of his generosity, the front office of the Museum was renovated several years ago. *The Quarterly*, on behalf of the Society, extends condolences to the family.

NEWS ITEM

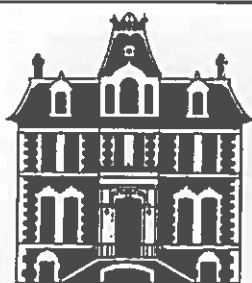
A 1950 monument to the first Scottish settlers who came in 1850 to Tweedside (a small community south of Harvey Station) was repaired and re-dedicated this past Spring. See Brenda MacMinn's article & photograph in *The Daily Gleaner* (p.35) for 13 June 1995.

ANNOUNCEMENT

On 21 April 1995, All Saints Anglican Church, Keswick Ridge, Parish of Bright, York County, New Brunswick, was designated a Provincial Historic Site by the Hon. Paul Duffie, Minister of Municipalities, Culture and Housing.

JUNE 25th FESTIVITIES

Following the opening of this summer's feature exhibit, *Native Spirituality* (guest curated by Ned Bear and Pat Polchies), the Pauline Johnson poem "Song My Paddle Sings" was sensitively read by Lisa Dutcher, the first aboriginal student to receive a nursing degree from UNB. The Martha J. Harvey Award of Distinction for 1995 was then presented to former Society president Richard Bird. The ceremony and reception took place beneath the historic arches of the Officers' Quarters.



**National Exhibition
CENTRE
National d'Exposition
FREDERICTON**

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS . . . JUNE 24 - AUGUST 27

PRINTS FOR THE PEOPLE: CURRIER AND IVES
(Canadian scenes and subjects from
the collection of George C. Robinson)
Presented by The New Brunswick Museum

SUMMER DAYS - IN BEAUTIFUL BEULAH LAND
(Kings County, New Brunswick)
Presented in association with Kings County Museum

CANADA'S VISUAL HISTORY CD-ROM
Presented by Canadian Museum
of Civilization (Fredericton Field Office)
and Brunswick Micro Systems

503 Queen Street Admission Free!
Open Daily, 10:00 am to 6:00 pm



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Roots '95

Genealogical Conference
August 18-20, 1995
Fredericton, New Brunswick
University of New Brunswick Campus

Theme: "Researching New Brunswick Ancestry"

Registration fee: \$45.00 before August 4, 1995
\$50.00 if paid after August 4, 1995

For information contact:

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c/o New Brunswick Genealogical Society
Capital Branch
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1995 FREDERICTON SUMMER MUSIC SERIES

OFFICERS' SQUARE 7:30 PM

Thursday, June 22	Frederickton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band - Odell
Tuesday, June 27	Modabo Folk Rock
Thursday, June 29	Mixed Nuts Country Rock
Thursday, July 4	Frank Taylor - The Flying Scotsman Celtic Rock
Thursday, July 6	The Relics Folk Rock
Thursday, July 11	Frederickton Concert & Marching Band
Thursday, July 13	Supersteel
Thursday, July 18	Goldrush & the River Valley Fiddlers Bluegrass
Thursday, July 20	Frederickton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band
Thursday, July 25	Frederickton Concert & Marching Band
Thursday, July 27	Oran Celtic Folk
Thursday, August 1	Characters Incorporated
Thursday, August 3	New Brunswick Country Showcase
NB DAY	
Tuesday, Aug 8	Brunswick Spirit (3 pm)
Thursday, Aug 10	Shades of Harmony 60's, 70's, Pop
Tuesday, Aug 15	Downtown Blues Band Rhythm & Blues
Thursday, Aug 17	The Aubrey Hanson Show Country
Tuesday, Aug 22	Nick's Dixies Dixieland
Thursday, Aug 24	Boondoggle Folk Rock
Tuesday, Aug 29	The Thomists Big Band
Thursday, Aug 31	Next Door Neighbours Folk Rock
	Frederickton Society of Saint Andrew Pipe Band - Odell (7 pm)



Tennis on the lawn of Officers' Square during the summer of 1885

— from the York-Sunbury Collection