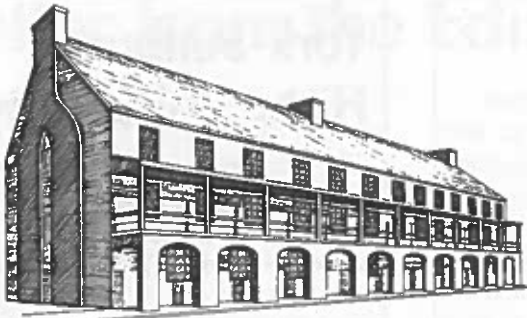




The Officers' Quarterly

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

Volume 11, Number 4

Fall 1995



Fifty Years Ago



They Came Home



The Officers' Quarterly

Volume 11, Number 4

Fall 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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or by appointment

FRONT COVER

These World War II photographs are from the family collection of Pat (Tompkins) Flemming, a member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society who writes the Recipe Column in *The Quarterly*. Taken during the War years, the portraits are of Averil Tompkins and his wife Elaine (Hayden). He was born and raised in Florenceville, New Brunswick; she in Vancouver, British Columbia. During the War, they were both stationed in Aldershot, Nova Scotia, where they met, fell in love, and were married. Averil was also a piano player, who formed a military band and became the director. Pat remembers when her Uncle Averil and Aunt Elaine came to visit in Fredericton: "They were fun people, always smiling. We would ask him to play the piano and he would entertain any request, while my brothers and sisters would stand around and sing along, my mother and father playing their violins. We thought Averil and Elaine were a handsome couple, and their uniforms added to this fascination. After the War, they settled on the West Coast where they raised two adopted sons, Jay and Gary. But they made many visits back to New Brunswick to visit with relatives, Averil having five brothers and two sisters." He passed away in 1980 but Elaine continues to live in Vancouver, where she enjoys the company of her family and friends, and her memories.

Letter from the Editor... *Ted Jones*

Can you name all the premiers of New Brunswick without glancing at the list on the next page? Who was the youngest upon assuming office? Who was the oldest? Who served the shortest term and who has served the longest? And who was the only man to have held the office of premier twice? Which two were father and son? Which two were bilingual? Did you know that, while in office, seventeen of our premiers resigned, eight were defeated, one died, and that Mr. McKenna is currently serving his third term?

This Fall's provincial election started me thinking about the Premiership of New Brunswick and who has held this office since Confederation in 1867. After researching the local library, I learned that many of our former premiers received appointments to the Supreme Courts of either New Brunswick or Canada, but that only five became members of the Canadian Senate: Peter Mitchell, Clifford Robinson, Walter Foster, Louis Robichaud, Richard Hatfield, the last being the longest-serving premier in the province's history (four successive terms — 17 years).

The four Lieutenant-Governors who were former New Brunswick premiers are James Fraser, Lemuel Tweedie, William Pugsley, and John McNair. George Clarke was to have been a Lieutenant-Governor, but he died unexpectedly, unaware of the fact that his portrait bearing the title was waiting for release after the official announcement. Hugh John Flemming, considered by many to be New Brunswick's elder statesman, was, in a sense, one of our Lieutenant-Governors without ever having held that office. Hugh John's father was James Kidd Flemming, both father and son moving into federal politics after their premierships.

Twenty-one of our premiers have been lawyers, five have been businessmen, and one, Peter Veniot (the first Acadian selected as premier) was a journalist, having been a reporter with *The Moncton Transcript* before moving to Bathurst to become editor and eventually owner of *Le Courrier des Provinces Maritimes*, an Acadian weekly newspaper.

Some of our premiers are remembered best as Opposition Leaders (Daniel Hanington), while others have gone down in the history books as great men who played a major role in the development of their party (John Baxter). Some had various non-political obstacles to overcome, such as A. A. Dysart, who resigned as leader because he thought that his religion would hinder his party's chances of winning. He eventually became the first Roman Catholic elected to the premiership of New Brunswick.



A George Burkhardt photograph of the Legislative Assembly Building, Fredericton, New Brunswick, taken at the turn of the century. (from the York-Sunbury Collection)

Although Louis Robichaud (the first Acadian elected as premier) was only 35 when he came to office, he was not our youngest premier. That honour belongs to George King (30 years of age), who is also distinguished as the only person to hold the premier's office twice! Leonard Percy DeWolfe Tilley was 63 when he took office and became the oldest premier to date. His father was Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, the man who brought New Brunswick into Confederation and the only person to be twice appointed Lieutenant Governor of our province. (It is interesting to note at this point that a great-great-

granddaughter of Sir Leonard has recently become a member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society.)

And speaking of York/Sunbury, the County of York has been the birthplace of four of our premiers: Wetmore and Blair were born in Fredericton, James Mitchell in Scotch Settlement, Charles Richards in Southampton. George Hatheway, who died of blood poisoning while still in office, was born somewhere in Sunbury County and so were Henry Emmerson of Maugerville and Sir John Douglas Hazen of Oromocto, the last being the only premier (so far) to receive a knighthood.

Peter Mitchell, a Father of Confederation and no relation to James Mitchell, became our first premier, his colleagues respectfully calling him "Sir" Peter, although he was never knighted. After an illustrious career, he died alone in his room at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, a chambermaid noticing at nine in the morning that his boots had not been taken from the hallway as usual. William Pugsley also died alone in a hotel room, the King Edward in Toronto, his obituary appearing on the front pages of two Saint John daily newspapers which he once owned — *The Times* and *The Telegraph*.

1907 and 1917 in New Brunswick politics have been called the years of the three premiers, Tweedie, Pugsley, and Robinson each having held the office in 1907; Clarke, Murray (with the shortest term ever of 24 days), and Foster each having been in the office during 1917. Two other landmark years were 1871, when the Common Schools Act was introduced, and 1960, when the Program for Equal Opportunity was formulated. Both were controversial but both have survived to this day.

Beyond the triumphs and defeats within the political arena, the personal lives of New Brunswick's premiers have also been colorful and dramatic, intimate biographical material being available on all of them. However, there is one first family of New Brunswick with whom I had direct contact, the result being a profound influence on my own life. Louis Robichaud is the only former premier who is still living and, during the late 1960s, I had the good fortune to have had his oldest son in one of my English classes at

(continued on page 4)

Letter from the Editor . . . continued from page 3

Fredericton High School. Jean-Claude Robichaud was a gifted student with an exceptional personality. His school attendance was near-perfect, except for the days when his mother wrote an excuse allowing him to leave for the official opening of the Legislature. I still have those notes, plus the memories of a courageous teenager who was forced to take treatment three times a week on a home dialysis machine because of kidney disease. Undaunted, he regarded it as a means to "a second chance at life." Unfortunately, that life ended in 1976 when Jean-Claude

was found dead in his Ottawa apartment at the age of 24. Before he died, father and son had returned to New Brunswick to play a key role in organizing a provincial chapter of the Kidney Foundation of Canada.

The political and personal lives of our

27 premiers are without doubt entwined. To know even more about them, I hope that the York-Sunbury Historical Society will eventually establish within the Museum a New Brunswick Premiers' Exhibit Room so that documents, memorabilia, photographs, and artifacts relating to this unique position in government can be preserved for future generations. ❧

PREMIERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK (with Term of Office and Party Affiliation)

Peter Mitchell	1866-1867	Conservative
Andrew Rainsford Wetmore	1867-1870	Conservative
George Edwin King	1870-1871	Conservative
George Luther Hatheway	1871-1872	Conservative
George Edwin King	1872-1878	Conservative
John James Fraser	1878-1882	Conservative
Daniel Lionel Hanington	1882-1883	Conservative
Andrew George Blair	1883-1896	Liberal
James Mitchell	1896-1897	Liberal
Henry Robert Emmerson	1897-1900	Liberal
Lemuel John Tweedie	1900-1907	Liberal
William Pugsley	1907-1907	Liberal
Clifford William Robinson	1907-1908	Liberal
John Douglas Hazen	1908-1911	Conservative
James Kidd Flemming	1911-1914	Conservative
George Johnson Clarke	1914-1917	Conservative
James Alexander Murray	1917-1917	Conservative
Walter Edward Foster	1917-1923	Liberal
Peter John Veniot	1923-1925	Liberal
John Babington Macaulay Baxter	1925-1931	Conservative
Charles Dow Richards	1931-1933	Conservative
Leonard Percy DeWolfe Tilley	1933-1935	Conservative
Albert Allison Dysart	1935-1940	Liberal
John Babbitt McNair	1940-1952	Liberal
Hugh John Flemming	1952-1960	Conservative
Louis Joseph Robichaud	1960-1970	Liberal
Richard Bennett Hatfield	1970-1987	Conservative
Frank Joseph McKenna	1987-	Liberal

Letter to the Editor

Here are a few notes to provide background for my father's diary, which was introduced as part of the "Curator's Corner" in the Summer 1995 issue.

His full name was William Henry McFarlane, known to most of his contemporaries as "Bill." He was one of a group of forty Canadian cavalrymen who rode Guard of Honour in the Coronation Parade, 22 June 1911, the Coronation Day of King George V, grandson of Queen Victoria.

In preparation for the event, they had a period of intensive training, mostly in Kingston, Ontario, and I believe partly in Toronto. He told of the first day when they were put into a large arena with an equal number of horses sans any trace of harness. Each man had to get on a horse and stay on it! Next time they were given a halter, then a bridle, then a saddle with no stirrups, then one stirrup, and finally the full gear.

At the end of that training, they had a high degree of *esprit de corps* and they considered themselves a crack unit: "When they got to England, they were going to show those limeys a thing or two about how a horse should be handled."

It was laughable to hear him tell about their first experience on the same parade ground with some of the Guards Regiments. In about nothing flat, they began to feel like a bunch of buffoons, wishing the earth would open and swallow them up. He told of a slalom course the Guards rode at the gallop among apples suspended from strings. The object was for each man to cut the bottom off of each apple with his sword. As each guard passed, the bottom half of the apple fell to the ground. The Canadians were dazzled. Nevertheless, they seemed to have

put on a good performance during the parade.

As the diary indicates, my father was much impressed by the historical aspect of the things he saw in England; from that time and for the rest of his life, he was a student of history.

Something that does not show up in the diary is his feeling about the social contrasts he saw in England at that time. Although he was deeply impressed by all the pomp and ceremony, the display of wealth and power (we can imagine how it must have appeared to a boy brought up on a farm in King's County, New Brunswick, finding himself participating in a ceremony at the heart of the British Empire), he was also deeply impressed by the poverty and deplorable conditions he saw while walking around parts of London that were well off the parade route. He used to tell about meeting veterans from some of the wars — South Africa, Sudan, Afghanistan. Some of these veterans were severely disabled and living in poverty. There was bitterness but my father marvelled at how they remained fiercely patriotic, cheering enthusiastically as the royal procession passed by.

Upon returning home to New Brunswick, he brought with him a tiny wedge of the King's Coronation cake, a treat given to each member of the honour guard. He preserved this sweet souvenir for the rest of his life and now I have it in my possession, carefully stored away in a *Regal Cube Cut Smoking Tobacco* tin.

Hopefully, this will help to provide context for the facsimile of the diary which has been placed in the York-Sunbury Museum.

Sincerely,
Professor Howard McFarlane
Fredericton, New Brunswick ❧

Curator's Corner ... by Bruce Lynch

*What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious
panics,
Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what
deepest remains?*

How natural, when approaching autumn, to turn to thoughts of Remembrance Day and, how natural, when remembering war, to turn to poetry for solace and interpretation. The above passage from Walt Whitman's "The Wound-Dresser" has, however, particular meaning for me. As Curator of the York-Sunbury Museum's *Canada Remembers* exhibit (on display now through 11 November 1995), I took those words as direction when selecting artifacts most likely to leave lasting impressions of war, those things that are the "latest and deepest" reminders of one portion of history that insists upon repetition.

Also insistent upon repetition during times of extreme strife is the assertion of the human spirit. This, too, was something I wanted to depict in this exhibit. That is why, alongside the black hand grenade, the black artillery shell with its dull brass cone, and the drab olive fatigues, I have laid crimson ribbons hung with silver and bronze medals, reflecting like mirrors the deeds of those who earned them. I want visitors to appreciate the individual and the personal sides of war

and, to accomplish this, I have used more than artifacts; I have used the people behind them.

Visitors can see medals engraved with names of men they might recognise: "For God and the Empire," awarded to Major General Harding Ganong, commander of the first Canadian division to reach England in World War Two; efficiency medal, awarded to Captain William T. Walker; Meritorious Service medal, awarded to Major Albert Dodge. They can see the gold oak leaves adorning the open collar of Lieutenant General E.W. Sansom's tunic. They can also experience stories of the Second World War through the written voices of some locals who lived them: stories of separation, stories of rations and fund-raising, even stories of a German spy in Stanley, New Brunswick.

Of all these images, that which stays with me "latest and deepest" is a small, canvas-bound packet of shell dressing that served to inspire this article. This artifact is not remarkable to me, because I can readily identify its maker (Johnson and Johnson) and its time of use (1941). It is remarkable because it was *not* used.

This wound dressing was not needed. If my hope with *Canada Remembers* is to recall the men and the women and the children who have survived — or have not survived — war, and to recall the regeneration of the human spirit, then that hope is bound by this dressing. It was not needed. Its presence is a reminder of the grenade not delivered, of the artillery shell not fired. It is a reminder of the individual for whom the dressing was employed. It is a reminder that war ended for that person and for all of us, just in time.

This is the sense of urgency that such exhibits must keep alive. Walt Whitman's "Wound-Dresser" asks that the horrors of the American Civil War not be forgotten. 130 years later, this sentiment applies to all wars, even as the lesson of war is lost. As Whitman writes, "While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,/ So soon what is over [is] forgotten, and waves wash the imprints off the sand." For a moment, those imprints are safe. For a moment a Plexiglas exhibit case becomes a sea wall.

* * *

Thanks to Museum volunteer Allan Penman for his assistance with *Canada Remembers*. I invite all readers to visit the Museum on 11 November for our Remembrance Day Open House (please call for details 455-6041). ❧

The Perfect Christmas Gift

Renew or begin your subscription to *The Officers' Quarterly*, which is also the perfect Christmas gift. One year (4 issues) only \$15. Simply mail a cheque or money order to the York-Sunbury Historical Society Museum (P.O. Box 1312, Fredericton, NB, E3B 5C8) and remember to include the complete name and address of the person you wish to receive *The Quarterly*. We will send you, with your receipt, an attractive card that you can sign and forward, announcing your gift. The subscription will begin with the Winter 1996 issue.

Remembering Ben Medjuck

The Officers' Quarterly sincerely acknowledges the death of Society member *Ben Medjuck* who passed away in Fredericton on 3 September 1995. Born in Poland in 1911, he immigrated to Canada in 1921, living first in Nova Scotia before moving to New Brunswick in 1936, where he became a successful businessman. Condolences are extended to Mrs. Medjuck (who is also a member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society) and to the family.



Model of Internment Camp on Display

Don't miss the splendid detailed model of the World War Two Ripples Internment Camp on display at the National Exhibition Center from November 4th to 30th, 1995. The Winter issue of *The Quarterly* will be featuring an illustrated article on this highly successful project and the people who made it happen. Although the Camp closed 50 years ago, stories and artifacts relating to the B/70 site in Sunbury County continue to surface.

Books from the Barracks ... Review by Anita Jones

Young Victims of War

No Time to Wave Goodbye and
The Day They Took the Children

by Ben Wicks

Stoddart Publishing Co. Limited,
Toronto, 1988 and 1989,
228 pages and 175 pages, illustrations

In June of 1995, the 1945 graduating class of Fredericton High School held its 50-year reunion. Only one graduate was not able to be traced, and she was a girl from England who had spent time in Fredericton during World War II. Many readers may wonder about this, but the British government evacuated thousands of children from cities apt to be bombed and sent them to safer areas in Britain and overseas.

Cartoonist and journalist Ben Wicks was one of those evacuees. Questions about his childhood asked during a television interview in 1982 caused his war-time memories to resurface and eventually led to the publication of two very worthwhile books, *No Time to Wave Goodbye* in 1988 and *The Day They Took the Children* in 1989. With the help of some able and caring assistants, Ben Wicks contacted and gathered memories from hundreds of former child evacuees. He has interspersed his own memories of his war-time experiences with dozens shared with him by children in similar circumstances. Their first-person narratives are touching and heart-warming.

In *No Time to Wave Goodbye*, Mr. Wicks describes the lengthy planning process, beginning in the 1920s, that made possible the removal of tens of thousands of British children, with their parents' consent, from their family homes to live with strangers in towns, villages, and rural areas located in "safer" parts of Britain. For a brief time in 1940, the Children's Overseas Reception Board (CORB) program relocated some children to Canada, Nassau, and New Zealand; the program was abruptly halted after the sinking of the ship *City of Benares* with

the loss of 83 of 90 child evacuees. Throughout this book, Mr. Wicks describes wartime political controversy and military events, interspersing them with observations about the effects on displaced children.

In *The Day They Took the Children*, the tone is more relaxed. Mr. Wicks allows the former evacuees to tell their own stories, with the author adding commentary



and explanations as needed. The use of regular and bold-face type makes this very easy to follow.

Moving large numbers of children (more than 1,300,000 during the first four days of September, 1939, alone), as well as mothers with very young families, was a huge task requiring the use of trains, buses, and boats. Wherever possible, children were evacuated as school groups, accompanied by their teachers; schools in large cities were closed and compulsory education was abandoned for the duration of the war.

There were mixed feelings about the evacuations. Some children anticipated an exciting adventure: "It was all a great

game and they'd soon be back home again after a free trip to a countryside that most of them had never seen." Other children were frightened and tearful. Parents were anguished; one former evacuee wrote: "I have only lovely memories of the unfortunate years. I have a 15-year-old myself now, and I can imagine the hurt that our parents must have gone through."

Weary billeting officers had the responsibility of placing the children in homes in the various communities, with the number of evacuees a home was expected to take based on the number of available bedrooms. Not all people were happy about accepting strange children. One little girl was to write many years later about her foster mother: "It was the start of a very bad experience that for a long time I never let on about.... She had been reluctant to take any of those kids from London, and when told she had to, determined she didn't have to like the idea or the child she took in."

Waiting to be chosen by the local people was a lengthy and often emotional procedure. One former evacuee recalled: "I will never forget the way I felt as people stood over us picking and choosing from us children, pointing at us. I was told pointing was rude as a child growing up."

For children whose parents had told them to "stay together, whatever happens," the wait often became an ordeal; few people were willing to take three or more children. Some evacuees had to be taken door to door, often late at night, in search of billets.

Each child was provided with a cardboard nametag, a gas mask (carried in a cardboard box with a string handle), and a bag of canned goods. The children had to bring basic clothing in one satchel per child, and many evacuees remember carrying their precious belongings in pillowcases. Readers will be interested by the details that were recalled after almost fifty years, will marvel at how quickly

some of the children adjusted to their new surroundings, and will be shocked by the mental, physical, and sexual abuse suffered by too many unfortunate evacuees.

Here is a sampling of memories:

"Going from a terraced house in Portsmouth, in a street with no trees, to a place like Meonstoke to me was like going to heaven. Green fields, trees, fish in streams — and cows!"

"...the cruelty of the village children was to make my life there really awful."

"My dear mother had pinned a ten-shilling note to my vest. It was for pocket money. When I woke up in that strange bedroom the next morning it had gone. I never found out what happened to it."

"I loved the village school, where a lot of time was spent on home crafts such as sewing, embroidery, and knitting socks for

the armed forces.... My academic work was so far behind the city standard that I found it difficult to catch up."

"The lady berated me all through breakfast, also letting me know she hadn't wanted a girl anyway. Too much trouble. After the crying she told me to get off to school."

"My mother took me home before the end of the war, as she was upset because I seemed to be forgetting her."

This reviewer was interested to learn that the following well-known people were British child evacuees during World War II: Michael Caine, Academy Award-winning actor; Pam Hobbs, travel writer for *The Globe and Mail*; Yardley Jones, Canadian political cartoonist; Jim Unger, creator of the "Herman" cartoons; and Ben Wicks himself.

In the 1990s' contrasting worlds — with many North American children enjoying great luxury, with thousands of children starving and suffering abuse, and with wars disrupting millions of lives — well-informed people owe it to themselves to learn about the unique experiences of evacuated British children during World War II. Ben Wicks has provided us with two touching volumes. *The Day They Took the Children* receives this reviewer's special recommendation for both children and general readers. I share Ben Wicks's hope that the book will remind readers of "the courage of children everywhere who, through no fault of their own, suffer the pain and confusion brought by war." ❧

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

Museum Administration Report ... by Michelle Ramsay

With an exciting 1995 summer agenda and the anticipation of a challenge, staff of the York-Sunbury Museum hosted their annual events for tourists and Fredericton residents. The sultry sun kept us company for the majority of the season, with the exception of every planned event! The rain, however, did not prevent high attendance records as the summer activities commenced with Canada Day on July 1st, continued with the Midsummer Promenade on August 4th, and concluded with the famous Coleman Frog's "Froggy Capers" celebration on August 8th, 9th, and 10th. The Coleman Frog's 110th birthday bash on August 12th took us out with a bang!

On Canada Day, noon was welcomed by the bell of Fredericton's Town Crier, Thom Joordens, followed by his speech and a cake-cutting ceremony. In Officers' Square, the Multi-Cultural Association offered live entertainment and a variety of food from various backgrounds. Meanwhile, our staff and volunteers combined efforts to assist and entertain hundreds of visitors. We offered fun for all to enjoy, such as crafts, face painting, refreshments, live demonstrations of spinning and candlemaking by Kathleen Johnson,

free balloons (compliments of the Shriners), and the comedic act of Impressionist Barry Hatt. Canada Day was a great success with 592 in attendance!

The Midsummer Promenade began at seven o'clock in Officers' Square with an inspection of the guards by Member of Parliament Andy Scott. The Promenade is an annual event in celebration of the heritage sites found in the "Shadows of the Compound." Activities and entertainment were provided by the various organizations within the Military Compound, including Archaeological Services, Gallery Connexion, Fine Craft Studios, National Exhibition Centre, New Brunswick Sports Hall of Fame, School Days Museum, Soldiers' Barracks & Guard House, and the York-Sunbury Museum. With an environmental twist, the Museum promoted its guest-curated exhibits by local artists Ned Bear and Pat Polchies, entitled "Earth & Sky ... Spirit of Our Ancestors." Visitors had their choice of self-guided tours, mask-making, an environmental presentation and slide show by Don Vail, face painting, and refreshments.

August 8th to 12th celebrated our most famous amphibian — Cornelius Webster, the Coleman Frog! Froggy Capers were held for children of specific age

groups, daycare centres and individual children participating in the crafts, finger painting, face decorating, guided tours, frog hunts, froggy videos and songs. The birthday party took place on Saturday, August 12th, from ten in the morning until 4:30 in the afternoon. Everyone was invited to see the Town Crier swear in 1995's Honourary Froggy Fan Club Member, Bill Jessome from *ATV News*. Unfortunately, Mr. Jessome could not be present, but excitement and awe shone on the faces of children of all ages as they watched Perley the Magician and Don Vail's reptile and amphibian show. The entire week was froggy fantastic, not to mention a froggy fistful!

In retrospect, the summer season's challenge was met and defeated. Visitors from British Columbia to Australia came to Fredericton's York-Sunbury Museum to participate in our organized fun. It was an education for me because I gained knowledge and experience which will assist me in future employment and career. I thank all those responsible for this opportunity. ❧

(UNB student Michelle Ramsay was the Museum's Publicity Officer for the summer of 1995.)

Flashback Article ... by Roger Farr

The Barker House: Fredericton's Phoenix

The Barker House, located on Queen Street across from Officers' Square, has a history that dates back over 140 years to the time when it was fully completed in the Fall of 1855. At various phases in its history, the building has been a high-class hotel, a Chinese restaurant, and an office complex. It has also, as many readers know, been the repository of the famous "Coleman Frog."

The Barker House began as a prominent Fredericton hotel in the middle of the 19th century, taking the lead over the Queen Hotel at Camperdown Lane, the Commercial Hotel on York Street, and Windsor Hall at the corner of Brunswick and Westmorland Streets. However, they all succeeded, along with smaller establishments such as the York Hotel, the Arestook House, the Fredericton Hotel, and the Brayley House.

The Land Registry Office lists Spafford Barker as purchaser of the Barker House site on Queen Street, 1 January 1844, for the sum of 250 pounds and, as president of the Fredericton Hotel Company, Mr. Barker had the new building named after himself. A native of New Brunswick and a local merchant, the 40-year-old Barker is also listed in the 1851 Census, along with his wife (eight years younger), a son (age seven), and two daughters (ages five and two). He retained two male servants in his household, both from Ireland, thus giving the picture of a normal, upper-middle-class family.

When the Barker House first opened its doors on Wednesday, 18 May 1853, *The New Brunswick Reporter* carried a descriptive article two days later, from which the following excerpt is taken:

This, upon the whole, may fairly be said to be the finest house of the kind in either of the lower Provinces. The whole edifice is of brick, the main part being 50 feet by 50 feet, and the addition to the rear 58 feet by 30. The front entrance from Queen Street leads up a flight of stairs, seven feet wide, to the first landing, on one side of which is the Gentlemen's Parlour and offices, and on the other a large

and elegant dining room, both furnished, as indeed the whole house is, with black walnut and mahogany. The second flat [floor] contains the Ladies' Parlour and a large number of private parlours and bedrooms. The third flat [floor] is compassed of private parlours and bedrooms throughout, and the fourth of bedrooms, solely.



The original Barker House Hotel before it expanded to include the building on the left. The famous Barker House Alley is on the right. (From the York-Sunbury Museum Collection; photographer unknown)

Every article of plate, cutlery, parlour furniture, and bedroom upholstery, has been carefully selected of the very best description; and in the whole of the 67 rooms which compose the Hotel, we imagine there is not a single indifferent article of furniture, either for use or ornament. The wing, or addition already alluded to, contains the kitchen, pastry room, pantries, keepers' rooms, and several suits [suites] of bedrooms. The whole house is abundantly supplied with gas and water; the latter being conveyed by pipes into the most intimate parts of the premises.

As the article infers, only a first-class hotel would have had such extensive plumbing at the time, and certainly, as a

brand new hotel, the Barker House attracted Fredericton's finest. So many dignitaries stayed at the Barker House that it came to be a representation of the educated and wealthy upper class. The leaders of the community spent many hours within its splendour; in fact, this soon caused the Hotel to be embroiled in a political controversy, showing the high position the Hotel had attained in the affairs of the Province. W. S. McNutt, in his book *New Brunswick (1784-1867)*, gives an account of the situation at the time, which is given here in summary:

In 1854, before Confederation, there was a major power struggle between the House of Assembly members and the Lieutenant Governor. The rallying cry was "responsible government," or in simpler terms, government power in the hands of the elected members. That year, a new Lieutenant Governor arrived from England. His name was Manners-Sutton and he assumed that his Office would contain the same level of power as it had yielded for his predecessor, Sir Edmund Head. Unfortunately, many "liberal" members of the House decided that it was time for a change. They collected a document that contained all the signatures of elected representatives who would vote against the Government after the Speech from the Throne. John Ambrose Street became the spokesperson for the Government, attempting to defend the Lieutenant Governor and the Government by stating that they had been prejudged. Indeed, he argued that the Government was the victim of a "Barker House Conspiracy" because a large number of politicians stayed at the Hotel, where they planned their strategy. Conspiracy or not, the Government was brought down by a Vote of Non-Confidence just after the Speech from the Throne!

About thirty years later, in 1888, the Barker House Hotel was up for sale for the first of many times, its next owner becoming associated forever with the history of the well-known building. Land Registry records show that on 1 May 1889 Fred Coleman purchased the Hotel and several buildings for the sum of \$11,500. This was the same Mr. Coleman who supposedly became good friends with a large green frog which lived at Killarney Lake (near Fredericton) during the 1880s.



The Barker House Office Complex today, standing on the site of the old hotel (left wing) and Sharkey's Estate (right wing), the former Barker House Alley having been located under the clock tower.
(Courtesy Greenarm Corporation)

After the "Coleman Frog" died, it was stuffed and mounted in a large display case, or so the story goes, the truth about the Frog not being as important, perhaps, as its impact. For over 50 years, it was put on display, first in a window of the Hotel facing Queen Street, and then in the centre of the main lobby. Adjacent windows displayed the well-attired gentlemen who would sit in large, comfortable chairs in the front parlour, a cigar in one hand and a drink in the other, some of the clientele aiming for the strategically placed spittoons. At times, there was some confusion for passers-by who were looking for the large amphibian, but who witnessed portly gentlemen instead! To put this in perspective, just imagine a huge frog being placed in the centre of the Sheraton Inn today. (The Coleman Frog is now on permanent display across the street in the York-Sunbury Museum.)

In February, 1907, another new proprietor by the name of T. V. Monahan arranged for a lease of that part of the building east of the original Barker House, located over M. Fickler's Co.'s Store and adjoining the main Hotel building. The entire front facade was of red brick, with a new and enlarged sign identifying the name of the Hotel. Twenty-five new rooms for guests were added (ten with attached private baths), giving the Barker House a grand total of 75. At the

same time, a new gentlemen's writing room was installed at the rear of the main office of the Hotel and a large open fireplace was added to that area. Further installations included hot water heating in all rooms and a complete system of electric lights and servants' bells. It was Mr. Monahan's ambition to make the Barker House the equal of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces, and he did! Besides the physical surroundings, the Hotel boasted a fine cuisine, especially on Christmas Day, W. Austin Squires reproducing a part of one of the elaborate menus in his book *History of Fredericton / The Last 200 Years*.

In this century, the Barker House passed through many hands and was used for a variety of businesses until, in the 1970s, it became the home of a Chinese restaurant. It was during this occupancy that fire broke out on the second floor on a Sunday afternoon, 8 June 1975, the blaze spreading quickly up through the walls and enveloping the third floor. Unfortunately, these walls were full of sawdust insulation, which smouldered for hours, causing firefighters to rip open the entire structure in order to thoroughly douse everything

with water. The damage was extensive, the shell of the old Hotel remaining vacant until it was demolished in 1982. The Sharkey Estate, which stood on the west side of Barker House Alley, had also been destroyed by fire (in 1976), the two buildings having a long history together, reportedly being joined by both a catwalk and a tunnel across the Alley. In the end, Barker House Alley, squeezed between two gravel parking lots, remained the only link to the grand old Hotel.

In the 1990s, thanks to the efforts of the Greenarm Corporation, a real estate developer, the Barker House name arose from the ashes. As the first part of a three-phase project encompassing half a city block, a ten-storey office complex was built over the

sites of both the old Hotel and the Sharkey Estate. Construction started in the Spring of 1989 and the new building, also named "Barker House," was commissioned in the Fall of 1990. As a red brick and mortar structure, the new Barker House fits well with the historic buildings in Fredericton's downtown core. Overlooking Officers' Square and the St. John River, the view is one of the best in the city. Merchant and family man Spafford Barker certainly had an eye for location! ❧

(Roger Farr, a dedicated volunteer at the York-Sunbury Museum, lives in Fredericton, where he graduated from UNB with a BA in 1991 and an MBA in 1993.)

BARKER HOUSE LIVERY STABLES,



QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

All orders promptly attended to.

ROBERT ORR, - - - - - Proprietor.

Horses and Carriages let on reasonable terms. Good Boarding for Horses.

from Hutchinson's New Brunswick Directory for 1865

Beyond York-Sunbury

From Cole's Island to Holland . . . by *Dorothy Wilson*

Located in Washademoak Lake at the mouth of the Canaan River in Queen's County, New Brunswick, and named for David Cole, a Loyalist settler who came there in 1809, Cole's Island is where I was born and raised, the youngest child in a family of ten. As a grade one student in 1935, I received a paper tulip each day for my attendance chart and wondered if I ever would see Holland with its windmills, canals, and

could float on top! We also preserved fish with salt and made big crocks of butter, each one covered with a thick layer of salt. Every morning I would "stir up" my straw mattress upon which I slept, the slit across the top allowing the fresh smell of the haymow to escape. In my happiness I was oblivious to the outside world. Unexpectedly, in 1939, everything was about to change.

I remember the day War was declared. My Dad had gone to the spring for a pail of water when a neighbour, who owned a radio, shouted the news across the field. Dad returned to the house and, standing with his back to the old wood stove, looked at his family and realized that four of his five boys would have to go. At eight years of age, I knew at once there was something wrong and that the security of our lives was about to slip away.

My brother William ("Pat") went first, joining the RCAF. On his last day before going overseas, he came home to Cole's Island for the traditional harvest dinner with his family and neighbours. Then came time for my second brother Clifford ("C.J."), who joined the Army, my parents hav-

killed in a mid-air collision with one of his own planes and was buried in Haycombe Cemetery, Bath, England.

The fourth brother Reginald ("Reg"), who lied about his age and joined the Army, was on his way to Japan when the War was over! That left my little brother Frankie at home with me and my parents (my sister Helen worked in a munitions factory in Ajax, Ontario; my sister Gladys worked in Saint John). Frank and I continued with our education and did what we could for the War effort: saving quarters to buy War Stamps, collecting and exchanging Ration Coupons, standing straight as soldiers every morning with our classmates, facing the Union Jack and saying, "Emblem of Liberty, Truth, and Justice, flag of my country, to thee I bow." (Frank Elliott passed away in September, 1995, survived by one brother Reginald and two sisters, Dorothy and Gladys.)

To this day, I remember clearly the controversy in relation to the Conscription Vote in April, 1942. Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King promised we would not have compulsory military service but legislation was passed for "conscription if necessary, but not necessarily conscription." My father voted against but I will always respect him for the explanation he gave to me: "My boys joined up of their own free will and so I'm not sending someone else's boys who do not want to go."

On 7 May 1945, newspapers carried the headline NAZIS QUIT and that evening Adolf Hitler burned in effigy in every little community throughout North America. Although it was really over, this seemed like a barbaric act to me; instead, I appreciated the interdenominational church service held in memory of those who were killed or missing in action. A picture of each man was placed on a table at the front of the church; eventually, a cenotaph was erected, the one in Cole's Island listing the names of the 52 men who gave their lives in both World War I and II, my brother's name among them.



ADAM WILSON
Holland, 1945

real tulips. Sixty years later, in the Spring of 1995, my dream came true, but it was an event that was touched by sadness as well as joy.

My early years belonged to the Depression but, living on a farm, I did not realize what it was all about, even though my Mom had only one good dress. It was black and each of us would take turns to zip it up the back whenever she wore it. Every Fall my Dad would butcher the pigs and "salt them down" for winter in a brine so heavy an egg

ing the same harvest dinner before he was sent over. My third brother also joined the RCAF, but this time it was different because I was very close to Leonard, the community's great hockey player. It was Leonard who would come home from the country store, carrying a roll of bologna in one arm, scooping me up with the other. On his last day, I tried to leave the house without saying goodbye but Mom called me back and I'm glad she did. It was the last time I saw him. After being in enemy territory, he was

Courtesy, Dorothy Wilson

This was also the time when many men returned to settle once again in their towns and villages. One such serviceman who came home to Cole's Island was Trooper G133 Adam P. Wilson of the 8th Canadian Princess Louise's Hussars. He had joined up in Sussex on 23 July 1940 and was discharged on 25 October 1945, after serving in Canada, the United Kingdom, the Central Mediterranean, and Continental Europe. A local girl was waiting for him and her name was Dorothy Elliott, their post-war marriage producing four sons who would all be future graduates of the University of New Brunswick: Raymond, Glendon, Dale, Gordon. In 1992, Adam Wilson died, after having a long and close relationship with his family and his comrades of the 8th Hussars. There were many military reunions but the one outstanding was held at Camp Gagetown in June of 1986, where Trooper Wilson met and had his picture taken with the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment — Princess Anne of England.

My husband had always planned to return to Holland and visit with the people whom he helped to liberate but, due to health reasons, the journey back never materialized. Thus, when the 50th anniversary of the liberation was planned for the Spring of 1995, I prepared to take the trip for both of us. I joined with many other Canadians for this "Thank You Canada" visit, leaving Halifax on April 26th, arriving in Amsterdam the next day. The splendid sunrise over the Atlantic Ocean reminded me of how long it took the servicemen to travel by boat during the War years; in my husband's case, the *Monarch of Bermuda* took him over, the *Empress of Scotland* transported him to Algiers, and the *Duchess of Bedford* brought him home.

From the airport in Amsterdam, we were taken by bus to the Canadian Maple Leaf Club for lunch and then on to various little villages and a number of host families for billeting. Along the way I admired the brick houses, the tile roofs, and the lawns which were filled with flowers and shrubs. Holland was certainly well decorated for the occasion, flags and banners flying everywhere, some with the Dutch words 50 JAAR (years) BEVRIJDING (liberation). The

National Parade in Apeldoorn on May 7th was spectacular! As the veterans passed through the town, either on trucks, in tanks, or by foot, the crowds cheered and waved. They were accompanied by dozens of marching bands and there was one I'll never forget because it was from an Ontario high school with each of the youths dressed all in red.

As I visited the cemeteries and read the list of names on the memorials, it made me realize how young these men were — killed in the prime of life. I asked myself many times, "Was it worth it?" It was then that I was reminded of the freedom we enjoy. Holding my mother's Sil-

Dutch Royal Family. Home of Queens Wilhelmina and Juliana, the Het Loo had various occupants during the War, including the Germans and 120 British PoWs, but the building survived, all its prize possessions having been stored in the cellars. Today, this Royal House is open to the public as a museum. After the tour, I had the honour of having lunch here, the tables being set with beautiful blue dishes known as delftware, after the town where they were made.

Although I returned to Canada with souvenirs, photographs, and guldens (the standard monetary unit of the Netherlands), my emotions were mixed. I was



Courtesy, Dorothy Wilson

ADAM WILSON

Cole's Island Cenotaph, Remembrance Day, 1985

ver Cross in my hand, I would glance periodically at the inscribed name of R154172/SGT. LEONARD I. ELLIOTT.

My husband used to talk about Arnem, Nijmegen, Vollanden, and the Zuiderzee, and here I was visiting these places, learning about the setting of the windmills, the planting of the tulips, and the operating of 75 miles of canals with 1300 bridges. I couldn't help but reflect upon that little girl who attended the one-room school in Cole's Island, New Brunswick. The guides were wonderful, especially during the tours of the Keukenhof Gardens and Het Loo, the latter being the former palace of the

glad that I was able to go, but sad that it had to be without my husband. However, his presence was with me all the way. There were times when I felt that I might have been walking in his footsteps, even though he had driven a tank into Holland during the War. He would have been thankful that I had the opportunity to go in peacetime. *

(Dorothy Wilson is a former resident of Cole's Island, where she is a Past President of the Queen's County Historical Society. She now lives in Fredericton, where she is a Past President of the Golden Toastmasters Club.)

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

Photo by Andrew Chomentowski



ELISABETH HARVOR was born in Saint John, New Brunswick, the daughter of Kjeld and Erica Deichmann. Her first book of stories, *Women and Children*, was published by Oberon Press in 1973 and has recently been reissued by HarperCollins under the title *Our Lady of All the Distances*. Her second story collection, *If Only We Could Drive Like This Forever*, was published by Penguin in 1988. A third collection, *Love Begins with Pity*, will appear in 1996. Her first book of poetry, *Fortress of Chairs*, was published by Signal Editions (Véhicule Press) in 1992. Her work has also been published in many periodicals and anthologized in a number of collections of prize-winning poems and stories. In 1994-95, Elisabeth Harvor was Writer-in-Residence at the University of New Brunswick. Currently, she is a member of the English Department at Concordia University in Montreal. Although the following poem appeared originally in the *Ontario Review* (Princeton University), *The Officers' Quarterly* is proud to be the first Canadian publication. This poem is based on taped memories of the surviving members of The Canadian Medical Corps from World War I (broadcast on CBC's *Ideas*):

Burning Hammock, 1917

We all hate the uniform,
we call it the monkey outfit
because of that foolish little
pillbox hat we've been ordered to wear
along with the dark-blue monkey's cape,
lined with church scarlet.

But for our work in the field hospital
the uniform is lighter, a prettier blue.
At night we wear sweaters over it,
men's cardigans. In the left pocket
a small roll of gauze and a hobo's

bundle of mints
knotted into a hankie
with a needle-pointed
rose on it, a rose and some
romantic young

girl's embroidered idea
of a patch of embossed briar;
inside it, the mints' chocolate coats
gone melted, fecal —

in the right pocket
the small flashlight we carry
when we make our rounds.

We hear stories: a boy from Whitby
executed for desertion. Two of our orderlies
were commanded to go to the execution to bring out
the boy's corpse. They asked for permission
not to watch the young soldier being shot
and were refused it. As soon as they got back
with the dead boy on his stretcher
the younger orderly started to
vomit into one of the tin jugs for water,
the whole whitewashed stone clinic
reeking of it while the older one
told us that the deserter's brother,
a soldier with the same unit,
was also forced to watch.

But what can we do for these boys
but bathe and feed them? Write letters home
for the ones who are blind? The boys with no arms?
Darling Eppie, Darling Lo, Darling Muriel, Darling Pat . . .

At ten o'clock the first Tuesday in March,
a boy is brought in on a stretcher, his
buttocks blown off. The orderlies,

squatting and talking,
weave him a quick hammock out of webbing
and cotton batting so that the doctors
can change his dressings from beneath him.
I wonder how they will do it—will they
crouch in under the hammock? Or will they be
rolled in below him on a low wheeled bed,

torn-off strips
of waiting adhesive
hanging half-stuck
and limp with readiness above them.

scissors clamped with the sour
gagged taste of cold metal in their practical mouths?
it turns out they crouch.

One night the nursing sister in charge
is called down to the wounded boy in his sling.
His heel is caught in the hammock's
webbing, causing him discomfort. The sister
can't get her flashlight to work. She strikes
a match, she bends in close underneath
the hammock, peering up.

Is it exhaustion? Is it the darkness?
Does the boy heave a little in his sling

and so swing it
into the match's small flirty fire?

Who can say? All that can be said
for certain is that the hammock bursts into flame
and the boy's nightshirt and bandages

and the webbing holding him up

are being licked by a race of runaway
flickers nimble as spite, as cruel laughter,
fire breeding fire.

Pursued by itself, the fire runs up the rope
behind the boy's head, as if it has no more
gleeful aim than this, to eat its way through it,
so that the screaming nurses, running and crying for
tin jugs, for water, don't have time to make it

back to the trapped soldier
before he is dropped, headfirst and hair burning
to sweep the hard ground.

* * *

He lived.
The fall wounded
but saved him. The fall meant he could be
attacked and muffled—with sheets,
with blankets, a child
shrieking himself sick
with hysterical giggles,
extinguished.

The next morning
it's decided he didn't move after all,

it was the threads

hanging from the webbing's
gauze bandages,

a hundred invisible wicks
fine as spider's thread

that must have led fire to lead on
fire and more fire. This afternoon
I'm the one who's appointed
to change his burn dressings
before he's sent on the boat train to London.
I know I'll remember his screams forever, one leg so
burned they'll have to amputate it.
Imagine him a year from now, pant-leg folded up

and pinned high as a hip as he's standing
on the corner of Bloor and Yonge
with a street organ and a monkey,
done for. One of an army
of boys, cap in hand for the ones
who still have their hands, or the cap
in the hand of the monkey.

Tonight, after I've spooned tea into the mouth
of the boy with no arms, he asks me if I have time
to write a letter home. I get out my pen,

my slim flashlight. Two months ago
this boy was too shy to ask a girl
to walk with him to church Sunday nights,
but now, out of homesickness, out of terror,
he has the courage to dictate to me:

Darling Dot . . .



Feature Article ... by Helen Baker

The IODE at 95: Patriotism through Service

Volunteer organizations have played an important role in shaping various aspects of Canadian life. One such group is the IODE (Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire), a national association which has provided social services and educational programs for Canadians from coast to coast for nearly a century! This brief discussion of the work of the IODE will focus on the pioneering contributions in the field of education in New Brunswick, the province where the first Chapter of the Order was formed.

The purpose of the women who organized the first group in Fredericton was to provide services for the soldiers of the British Empire who were fighting in South Africa during the Boer War (1899-1902), the idea being first conceived by Margaret Polson Murray of Montreal. On 13 January 1900, she sent the following telegram to the mayors of all the provincial capitals in the Dominion of Canada: "Will the women of . . . unite with the women of Montreal in federating as 'Daughters of the Empire' and inviting the women of Australia and New Zealand to unite with them in sending to Queen Victoria an expression of our devotion to the Empire and an emergency war fund to be expended as Her Majesty shall deem fit."

In response to this telegram, Mayor Harry Beckwith of Fredericton met with 37 women in the Council Chambers on January 15th to discuss Mrs. Murray's request. They promptly organized as the "New Brunswick Auxiliary," elected Mrs. John Black as president, and started immediately to raise money for the Emergency War Fund. (Sixty years later to the day, a plaque was unveiled in City Hall to honour the memory of these women.)

Encouraged by the support from New Brunswick, Mrs. Murray continued her efforts; on 13 February 1900, at the



Mrs. John Black (Katherine Robb) was born in 1859 in one of the former faculty apartments of the Old UNB Arts Building, her father having been James Robb, a science professor; her mother, Ellen Coster, the daughter of Archdeacon George Coster. Mrs. Black died in March of 1936 and was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Fredericton; her husband died in December of the same year. A month before he passed away, he gave this photograph to the York-Sunbury Collection.

Windsor Hotel in Montreal, the IODE was officially launched. The important role that Fredericton women played in the founding was acknowledged in a telegram sent by Mrs. Murray on March 1st: "I believe that the organization will grow and grow. . . As the promoter I shall always look upon your Fredericton Committee as my first and best supporter."

The Order did grow! As organizational work proceeded throughout the Dominion, the name Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire was adopted in 1901 and the headquarters were moved from Montreal to Toronto, where they have remained to the present. The membership increased and the structure of Primary Chapters familiar to current members slowly evolved. Two of the earliest chapters, the Sir Howard Douglas of Fredericton (1910) and the Fort Cumberland in Moncton (1910), are still functioning. During World War One, extensive patriotic activities greatly stimulated the growth of the Order; at the end of that War, the organization in New Brunswick had grown from four Primary Chapters to twenty, with one Municipal Chapter in Saint John.

Throughout World War One (1914-1918), the members were heavily involved in fundraising for war-time projects and in providing services to local schools. After the War, the IODE resolved, at the Annual Meeting held in Montreal in May, 1919, to establish an endowment fund "for a scholarship to be used as a memorial to Canadian men and women who died in the War." Prior to World War Two, the First World War Scholarship Fund had granted 249 bursaries and 115 scholarships to post-secondary students.

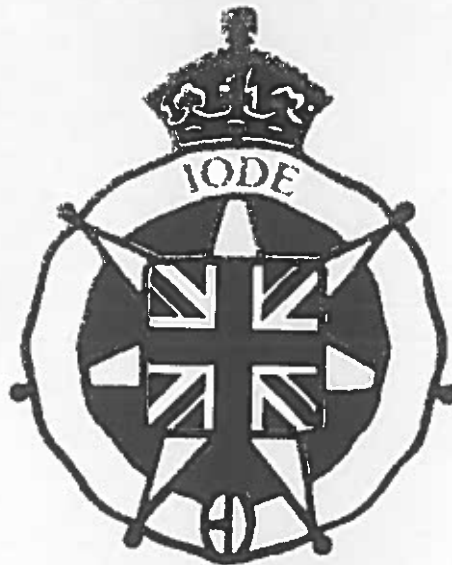
During the Second World War (1939-1945), members of the IODE in New Brunswick made a magnificent contribution to the War effort through countless hours of service given in hospitals, canteens, and entertainment centres, as well as raising thousands of dollars, which included funds for the purchase of a *Spitfire* plane for the Battle of Britain. To honour the men and women who gave their lives, the Second World War Scholarship Fund was established by the National Chapter on Founders Day, 13 February 1946. Three years later, \$600,000 had been subscribed and the first awards were granted.

IODE members can be proud of the many recipients who have received these scholarships and who subsequently made contributions to all phases of Canadian life, Albert Trueman, Fred Cogswell, Robert Gibbs, Barbara Carman, David Facey-Crowther, Carrie MacMillan, Mary Ann Pacey, and Brian Bartlett among them. Providing financial assistance to students attending a *variety* of educational institutions has been an important part (and still is) of the work of the Order in New Brunswick. To commemorate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953, a Fund was created "to be used for scholarships, bursaries, and other educational projects"; it has continued to the present.

Shortly after the first New Brunswick chapter was set up, members of the IODE began the practise of visiting schools, the first Empire Day program being organized for Charlotte Street School in Fredericton on 24 May 1900. It is not surprising that a patriotic organization, founded in the period when the British Empire played an important role in world affairs, should try to develop respect for the Monarchy and the Union Jack. Thus, Empire Day continued to be observed for several decades; some members today can recall the singing of "Rule Britannia" and the reciting of patriotic poetry at these programs in the 1930s. In 1976 the Provincial Chapter was pleased to receive a citation from the elementary teachers of New Brunswick, recognizing the years of work with adopted schools.

In addition, the chapters worked

hard to establish school libraries. A former teacher remembers the excitement of her students in a rural school when books arrived from the Malabear Chapter in Grand Falls, New Brunswick, to start the library. This occurred in the late 1930s when Muriel McQueen Fergusson (who later became the first female Speaker of the Senate) was the Regent of this particular chapter. There was also the initiation of the Regional Library System for the province, the IODE membership supporting the expansion of library services and voting funds for the training of librarians at the 1954 Annual Meeting. It was Bertha Miller, a former president of the Provincial Chapter, who played an important part in setting up the York Regional Library System.



In keeping with its emphasis on services for children, the IODE has been one of the strong supporters of early childhood education. In the early 1970s, a brief to the provincial government was presented, urging that kindergartens become an integral part of the school system, a recommendation which has been implemented recently. Another new project, *Born to Read*, was launched in 1992 by the Heritage Chapter of St. Stephen, New Brunswick; now, through the efforts of IODE members all over the province, hundreds of new parents have not only received the message of the importance of reading to their child but have been supplied with appropriate books. At the National Meeting in Moncton in 1993, the Na-

tional President expressed great interest in this particular project!

One of the distinguishing qualities of this voluntary organization has been the ability of the leadership to adapt to the changing needs of the educational system over the years and to introduce and support programs to meet these needs. To commemorate the 75th anniversary of the founding, the Provincial Chapter chose as its special project the development of a program for children with learning disabilities. As a result, New Brunswick had one of the first Learning Disability Diagnostic Clinics in the country and the IODE received a special International Year of the Child award in 1979 for its efforts! But other school activities are supported as well, including hot lunches, music festivals, and safety courses. Beyond New Brunswick, funding has been provided for literacy programs in Labrador and the Far North; all of the money was raised through bridge parties, afternoon teas, fashion shows, and the popular home and garden tours.

It is difficult to give the exact value of the contribution of the IODE to educational services in New Brunswick and beyond. Roberta Scott, the current provincial education secretary, estimates that well over half a million dollars has been spent on various programs in adopted schools and in other educational projects over the past decade. This does not include the countless hours given to assisting teachers with libraries, art classes, and oratorical contests. In these days of government "cut-backs," the contributions of the IODE and other voluntary organizations will become increasingly important to maintain basic standards and to initiate and support innovative programs.

As the IODE approaches its 100th birthday, members in New Brunswick look forward to hosting the centennial celebrations in the provincial capital in the year 2000. That Fredericton was chosen to host this important national occasion is a fitting tribute to the foresight of a small group of women who originated the tradition of "Patriotism through Service." For nearly a century, this ideal of service to others has in-

spired thousands of women in New Brunswick and other provinces of Canada to show their love for their communities and for their country through a number of pioneering programs which have improved the quality of life for all Canadians. ❧

(Society member and former school-teacher *Helen Baker* lives in Fredericton, where she has done postgraduate work at UNB in the history of voluntary women's organizations. She is also the author of *The Y's People: Glimpses of the Fredericton YM/YWCA*.)

IODE Presidents Provincial Chapter of New Brunswick 1900-1995

Mrs. John Black	1900-1901
Mrs. G. C. VanWart	1901-1917
Mrs. R. FitzRandolph	1917-1923
Mrs. H. F. McLeod	1923-1931
Mrs. A. J. McMurray, M.B.E.	1931-1949
Mrs. E. A. Skene	1949-1955
Mrs. F. L. Miller	1955-1958
Mrs. Richard Palmer	1958-1962
Mrs. Ira M. Beattie	1962-1966
Mrs. H. H. Hoyt	1966-1969
Mrs. George W. Robinson	1969-1972
Mrs. F. A. Lynds	1972-1975
Mrs. A. Myles Saunders	1975-1978
Mrs. Kenneth R. Blauveldt	1978-1981
Mrs. J. William Murray	1981-1984
Mrs. George H. Hamilton	1984-1987
Mrs. T. J. Jellinek	1987-1990
Mrs. K. R. Mabee	1990-1993
Mrs. Darrel Moore	1993-1995
Mrs. R. W. Mather	1995-

Passing Through When the Circus Came to Town . . .

by James O'Neill

One of the great events of Circus Day was to rush to the railroad yard in the early morning to see the circus train arrive. Immediately, wagons were unloaded from the 72-foot flatcars and pulled away to the circus lot by teams of draft horses and elephants, which had already been led out of the great barn-like stock cars by the teamsters and handlers. As this work progressed, the urge to know what was going on at the circus site became so strong that townsfolk moved to the show grounds where, to the uninitiated "townner" standing on the edge of the early morning activities, the scene was incomprehensible.

What had been a field yesterday was now a scene of utter chaos! Hundreds of people working in groups everywhere; stakes being driven by eight-man crews with the aid of a mechanical device; colourful wagons being unloaded, so that heavy draft horses (in teams of six and eight) could haul them onto the lot; huge center poles being raised, followed by tents ballooning into the air as if by magic. Every boss and workman knew his job and was proud of what he was doing.

If the circus were featuring a street

parade through the downtown area of the city, it was usually under way near noontime, as the matinee was scheduled for two o'clock. The evening show would begin at eight; however, once the supper meal was served to the large population of circus workers and performers, the dining tent, the cook tent, and the stables were all dismantled, the equipment loaded back into the wagons and returned to the railroad yard and the flatcars. While the public was enjoying the evening show, work was begun to dismantle the menagerie tents which, together with the string of animal cages, would also be on their way to the train. With the exception of a few of the larger cities, the circus was a one-day stand, rain or shine, visiting a new town every day, detraining, erecting the canvas city, delighting multitudes, entraining, and then repeating the entire operation somewhere else.

As the last straggler left the Big Top after the evening performance, an army of workmen would start dismantling the seats and props. In a very short time, the tent would be cleared, the canvas lowered to the ground to be rolled into bundles and placed in the



Courtesy, Jim O'Neill

The loaded train of the Barnes Circus.

wagons. Short poles were lifted up to the racks on the sides of the canvas wagons; long poles were placed on the Big Top pole wagon.

If a crowd lingered on the grounds, the manager might decide to give one more "pitch" to come in and see the wonders of the sideshow but, in very short order, it too would be down, loaded, and off to the railroad yard. By midnight, if all went well, the train would be completely ready to move on to the next city or town. And, although weary from a full day at the circus, many a true fan would stay at the railroad yard until the last wagon was pulled up the runs to its position on the flatcars.

THE AL. G. BARNES CIRCUS made a cross-Canada tour in 1935, arriving in Fredericton on August 2nd, a beautiful hot summer day, ideal for a circus. For about two weeks prior to arrival, sheds, barns, and the large billboards that used to be around the city were decorated with huge posters, pictures of wild animals, clowns, trapeze artists, and the title of the show in gigantic lettering — AL. G. BARNES / AUGUST 2. When you were a kid on summer holidays, it was a long wait for the circus to come, similar to the anxious days before Christmas.

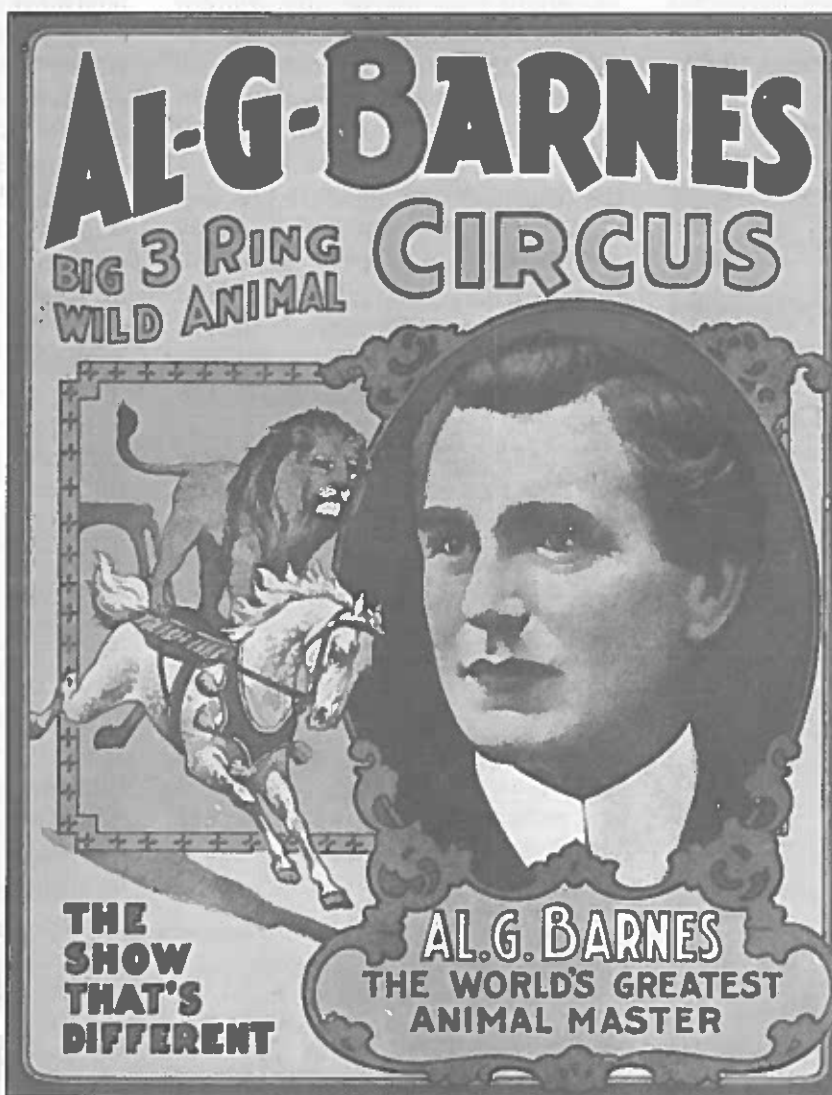
My Dad, also on holidays at the time, took me to join the crowd assembled at the rail crossing on Charlotte Street, where we waited impatiently for the arrival of the train, which, by the way, was one and one-half hours late that day! "There she comes!" was the shout from the excited fans as the

big steam engine could be seen pulling the double-length railroad cars of special steel up the main line towards Regent Street, the train backing slowly around the "Y", the flatcars being put in position on the siding by Charlotte Street which, at that time, was a level crossing due to the former railroad bridge being lower than the present one.

wagons with their heavy yellow wheels and large white lettering came down the runs, teams of horses were ready to haul them out Church Street to the circus grounds, that year being Queens Square, then only a field with a baseball diamond in the center, there being no buildings beyond what is now McLeod Avenue. Circuses had been using the middle of the Fredericton Race

Track beside the Exhibition Grounds; however, Queens Square made a convenient lot close to the rail sidings.

After watching the unloading for awhile, we walked around to the circus lot, a very busy scene, to put it mildly. Horses were still hauling wagons onto the site but were now assisted by two noisy chain-driven Mack Trucks, which also served as water tankers. I was fascinated with the wagons, but there was much more to see. It was amazing how fast the 22 tents of varying sizes, plus the "Big Top," were set up — altogether 12 acres of pitched canvas! We did not know it then, but we were watching the best canvasman boss in the business — William (Cap) Curtiss, inventor of the Canvas Spool



Courtesy, Jim O'Neill

From a colour courier issued in 1915 by the Al. G. Barnes Circus

Workmen (the roustabouts) appeared all at once from everywhere on the train and began setting up the ramps on which the wagons would be hauled to the street. Scores of horses, 18 elephants, a caravan of camels, and countless other specimens of wild animal life began to appear from farther back along the train where the stock cars were attached. As the big red

Wagon and the Triple Stake Driver. It must have been thrilling for some of the bigger boys in town who had jobs carrying seat-jacks, stringers for the seating system, and the folding chairs.

There was no downtown circus parade that year as almost all circuses had ceased parading by 1930 because of their increased size. Thus, we went home for a quick lunch before return-

ing to Queens Square and standing in line at the white ticket wagon for the afternoon performance. It had been four years since a circus had been in Fredericton, so it was a real joy to be in the "Big Top" for the first time in the middle of the Depression Years. But first, the Main Entrance led to the Menagerie Tent, the world's largest travelling zoo, where all the elephants, camels, llamas, a huge hippopotamus, and cages of other wild animals were lined up for viewing as you walked around before going through the connection to the "Big Top" for the main circus performance.

A three-ring circus is a great spectacle, with so much going on at one time, including 60 fun-making clowns! However, all other performances cease for the wild animal acts in the steel cage at Center Ring. When you are a kid, names are not important, just the action and the excitement. Years later, I learned that I was watching two of the greatest wild animal trainers in circus history — Mabel Stark and her 17 Bengal tigers; Terrell Jacobs and his 19 lions. She was known as the Queen of the tiger-trainers; he was called The Lion King. Many other famous circus personalities were also with the show, all their acts being accompanied by a fine brass band: The Bernetti Family, Italian riders of merit; The Dazzling Burbans; The Canastrelli Family; The great Walterieres Troupe; The Escalante Family of acrobats and aerialists, featuring Esther and her brother Phil; Captain Robert Thornton and John White, in charge of the main horse acts; Walter McLain and his four herds of performing elephants.

We left the circus grounds that day not realizing that we had seen THE AL. G. BARNES CIRCUS for the last time. It departed from Fredericton via the CNR shortly after midnight, making its way to St. Leonard, the last of its three New Brunswick stops before

going into Quebec. The next season it stayed on the west coast and in the central states. In 1937, it was again in familiar territory out west, plus a long tour of Texas. However, a change was made in the title when SELLS-FLOTO was added in order to keep that famous old show's name active. On 8 July 1938, during severe labour troubles in THE RINGLING CIRCUS, the Barnes show was merged with the larger company and passed into history. The title is still the property of the Ringling organization.

Mugivan. In 1930, Ringling decided to send the Barnes show into eastern territory for the first time and, after playing in Fredericton and Chatham on July 18th & 19th, the train was in a serious wreck at Canaan Station (16 miles NW of Moncton), early Sunday morning, July 20th, while on its way to Prince Edward Island. This tragedy was recalled in detail by the late Charles L. Woods in the June 1979 issue of *The Atlantic Advocate*.

On 28 June 1938, THE ROBBINS BROS. CIRCUS, a one-year show, came to the Fredericton Race Track and even revived a small, downtown parade. It was a modest production but, even with the parade, it did not draw people to the "Big Top" as expected. This was a bad year for outdoor show business right from the start of the season, several circuses closing early due to serious financial troubles. After the War, tractors and trucks had replaced the draft horses in all circuses, and wagons be-

came unattractive with their rubber-tired wheels and steel undergear. This was evident on 28 June 1950, when THE DAILY BROS. CIRCUS, the last railroad show to visit Fredericton, rolled into the York Street railyards. It could best be described as a rough-looking outfit with some strange-looking vehicles. It did not last the season.

For me, the era of the great railroad circuses in Fredericton came to an end on that warm sunny day of August, 1935, sixty years ago. . . .

(Society member James "Jim" O'Neill, a life-long resident of Fredericton, is a retired Deputy Fire Chief of the Fredericton Fire Department. His hobby of building model circuses developed into THE O'NEILL FAMILY CIRCUS in miniature, which is on permanent display in The Tree House at 124 St. John Street.)

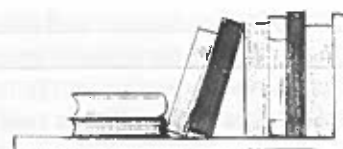
The Daily Gleaner, 31 July 1935

Al. G. Barnes was actually Alpheus George Barnes Stonehouse, a Canadian born in Lobo, a small town in Ontario. Like many other Canadians, he went off to the United States in 1908, where he operated wild animal shows in various carnivals. He formed a circus in 1911 and shortened his name to Al. G. Barnes. By 1920, it had grown to a full-sized production, always featuring many wild animal acts. With winter quarters in California, it toured mainly the west coast of the United States and Canada in those early days.

By 1928, A.G. was having financial troubles and subsequently sold the show to the American Circus Corporation, a syndicate headed by Jerry Mugivan, who also owned several other large circuses. Just before the stock market crash of 1929, John Ringling, last of the five famous brothers, purchased the circus from

The Officers' Bookcase ... by Ted Jones

Remembrance Day Tragedy in Fredericton, 1945: A First-Person Narrative



**Bryan Priestman —
A Biographical Sketch**

by Ted Jones.

Fredericton, New Brunswick

The University of New Brunswick,

November, 1970. 35 pages, illustrated

In the late 1950s, when I first came to Fredericton, I was intrigued by the various street names, especially the one called PRIESTMAN, which is located on the South Side at the top of the hill and which is an extremely busy artery in the city today. It was easy to see that most of the street names emanated from members of royalty, political giants, and his-

torical figures, but who was PRIESTMAN and why did this person have a street in his honour? A few inquires gave me the basic facts of the story: a University of New Brunswick Physics Professor, Dr. Bryan Priestman, lost his life while attempting to save a small boy who had fallen into the St. John River. The date was 11 November 1945 and the eight-year-old child, Ronald Dempsey, also drowned.

However, I wanted to know more, but it was not until 1970, twenty-five years after the tragedy, that I started to "dig" for details. *The Daily Gleaner* was my first source, the UNB campus my second and, after a quarter of a century, I hoped that individuals who knew Priestman would still be around. I was fortunate; most of his acquaintances were still living and a number of them had remained in the area. By locating the police officers who were at the scene of the drowning, and by conducting interviews with former colleagues and students, I was able to piece together the Priestman biography on this side of the Atlantic.

Miraculously, I even found the other boy who was on the bridge that day. His name was Edward McLean and he was 36 in

1970, ironically, the owner and operator of the same Carleton Street Barber Shop which had been frequented by Dr. Priestman. On the afternoon we met, McLean kindly closed his business so we could visit the old railway bridge where the accident happened, an eerie experience for both of us as he vividly recalled the details. Having been only eleven years old at the time of the tragedy, McLean never knew who Bryan Priestman was until I made my unexpected visit to his shop.

For Priestman's youth in England, where he was born in London in 1897, I corresponded extensively with Barbara Priestman, the eldest of his four younger sisters (there were no brothers). The mother was still living, but the father, Bertram Priestman, an acclaimed British landscape artist, had died in 1951. As directed by his handwritten will, Bryan left several of his father's paintings to the UNB Library and close friends in Fredericton.

After attending a Quaker Boarding School, Bryan went on to Cambridge University, where he received a BA (with honours in Physics) in 1923. He then came to Canada to attend McGill University in Montreal, where he obtained two more degrees in Physics — an MSc in 1926 and his PhD in 1929. Before he finished the last, he had already come to Fredericton to be a one-man Physics Department at Memorial Hall. During the 1930s, there were only 17 professors on the faculty at UNB, one of them being Dr. Francis Toole, who shared an apartment with Priestman on the second floor in the west wing of the Old Arts Building. Putting in large quantities of apples and walnuts, eating them for breakfast, the two professors spent long hours talking about education, religion, and politics. When Dr. Toole married and went to live at 824 George Street, Dr. Priestman took rooms upstairs in the same building.

Early in 1940, renouncing the Quaker pacifism of his youth, but still being an enemy of "militarism," Bryan Priestman offered his services to His Majesty's Forces



BRYAN PRIESTMAN

from a 1930s' composite of the 17-member UNB faculty.
(Harvey Studios Collection, PANB, #P14/84)

and joined the RCAF. "I'm not going to miss this one," he said, having spent World War One on the sidelines as a Conscientious Objector in the Friends' Ambulance Unit created for Quakers. By 1943, he had been promoted from Pilot Officer to Flight Lieutenant to Squadron Leader. The great enterprise of ferrying bombers from Canada to the war theatres was just under way when he saw in it an opportunity for more brilliant war service. By the time he was 48, he had navigated 35 bombers from Canada to the battle zones, setting a record in accurate performance which is probably unequalled in an Air Force or flying organization. According to the Departments of National Defence and Veterans Affairs, with whom I corresponded, Priestman was the navigation pioneer of the North Atlantic. He saved 24 of his flight plans and 32 of his flight charts and these were eventually placed in the UNB Library Archives.

This modest, yet brilliant, senior officer would dash into side streets to avoid being saluted. He refused to wear medal ribbons and badges and, when he was honourably retired, he would not wear his uniform to social functions. In the Fall of 1945, he arrived back on the UNB campus in Fredericton, ready to re-organize the Physics Department and to renew old acquaintances. Then came Remembrance Day, which I attempted to recreate for the opening scene of my Priestman biography, the descriptions having been drawn from all areas of my research:

Under clear blue skies of a Sunday afternoon, 11 November 1945, New Brunswick's capital city was reposed in a perfect autumn setting. Earlier in the day hundreds of citizens had gathered at the Cenotaph on lower Queen Street, opposite the "Green" that parallels the St. John River, to pay homage to men and women who had given their lives in two Great Wars. It had been the first peacetime Remembrance Day service held in Fredericton in seven years.

Eight-year-old Ronald Dempsey and eleven-year-old Edward McLean from Barker's Point, a small village across the river from Fredericton, had hoped to be over in the city in time to see the Legion parade. To save time the boys took a popular short cut over the railway bridge that spans the

Saint John River just below the Cenotaph. But they were too late; the parade had already made its way to Officers' Square for dismissal.

Dempsey and McLean, deciding to stay "over town" for awhile, began to wander up into the "jungle" (a wooded area between the Federal Building and the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel which has long since been cleared). It was a popular spot for the town derelicts, and the boys were excited over this new adventure, one that eventually led them to the discovery of an unopened quart bottle which was carefully wrapped in brown paper. After admiring their "find," they decided to take it home immediately and show it to their parents; and with McLean carrying the bottle they proceeded back toward the railway bridge – the short cut home.

It was just before four o'clock when the two boys reached the bridge, a time when there were several other people also present, not for a short cut but for a Sunday afternoon walk (gasoline was still rationed and few people were driving cars). However, no provision had been made for pedestrians in the construction of the bridge and regulations prohibited people from walking the railway ties. But this did not prevent one such hiking enthusiast who had walked the bridge many years before the war and who was now using it, having only returned to the city in early September.

Bryan Priestman had just left his lodgings at 824 George Street to stroll along the "Green" toward the bridge, his maroon R.C.A.F. beret pulled tightly over his slightly-curly, light-brown hair, a blue scarf tucked inside his well-worn blue jacket. He had not attended the morning ceremony at the Cenotaph but had, instead, planned his day around an afternoon hike to the Devon side of the river, almost forgetting that he must return for an early evening dinner invitation with friends at the apartment of Edith McLeod, 610 Queen Street (Miss McLeod was the Registrar at the University of New Brunswick).

It was good to be in the chill air, away from the reorganization of the Physics department on the U.N.B. campus. Just to concentrate on the panorama of Fall colors with the swiftness of the swollen river beneath him was invigorating. During the '30s he had skated on the river with his good

friend Robert Cattley (Professor of Classics), and always "got a kick" out of trying his half-forgotten school Latin in Cattley's presence. Once, when they were putting on their skates for an hour of fun, a bevy of coeds swirled past, skirts flying. Priestman, with a chuckle, turned and said, with an infectious grin spreading across his light-complexioned face: "Aliquot puellae!" (which may be misconstrued as either "Quite a few girls!" or "Some girls!" – the latter version of which the Latin will not stand).

When it was summer he would join friends at the boat club (near the Robert Burns monument on the "Green") and they would paddle canoes to "the islands" or branch off and go up the Nashwaak River. They would buy wieners, buns, and baked beans from a store which would take back what they did not use, as they never knew how many would come. There would be swimming, games, singing, perhaps poetry, and often discussions, ending with a drift home in the evening light, the canoes all in a row.

This same railway bridge had often been his route for runs and hikes on the Devon side. He and Cattley and Malcolm MacPherson (Professor of English, and now British Member of Parliament) generally chose railway tracks for their "jogging" because others, who did not seem to feel the need to keep fit by "jogging," were mildly amused at the two typical Englishmen and the Scot who actually liked getting out of breath. So during the '30s they often chose the tracks, where they could run without being jeered at. But the ties were a nuisance; they were so spaced that one could neither run nor walk on them evenly. For years he and Cattley had a standing joke about them: they were to write to both the CP and the CN and request them to space out the ties so that they could run at ease! However, for the present, his low black shoes were gradually getting used to that part of the trestle that extended from the rail toward the girders.

The heavy black leather boots which came up around Ronald Dempsey's ankles were also having trouble with the railway ties. To make his walking easier he placed his feet on top of the wooden guard rail or beam which was fastened to the ties with large, projecting bolts. McLean,

although he did admire Dempsey's new position, was not as brave, so he stayed in the middle of the tracks, clutching the brown-wrapped bottle, walking a few feet ahead of his chum. They were sauntering along, looking behind them now and then, taking particular notice of the man in the maroon beret who was about halfway across the bridge. Finally, they reached the last pier on the Devon side.

Suddenly McLean was aware of an abrupt sinister silence and, turning around quickly, noticed that Dempsey had fallen through the opening between the wooden guard rail and the steel girder, and had dropped 30 feet to the river below. McLean, beginning to panic, hollered to Bryan Priestman: "Ronnie's fallen off the bridge!" The lean figure of the forty-eight-year-old Priestman moved quickly. Doffing his gloves, shoes, beret, scarf, and jacket, letting them fall on the flat part of the steel girder, and telling McLean to go for help, he dove, without hesitation, from the great height. Within seconds man and boy were one, Priestman's arm tightly around Dempsey's body. But then there was a slight struggle and they both disappeared into the icy water, never again to surface alive.

Edwin Irvine (currently living on Gibson Street) and Everett Mitchell (now deceased), approaching the bridge from the Devon side, were the first to notice that anything was wrong. They saw the two boys coming toward them, heard a splash, and then saw one running past, crying out something unintelligible. The two men then hurried farther out onto the bridge to investigate but could see nobody in the water. Soon a soldier arrived, having learned of the accident from McLean and then having phoned the police. When a police car came on the scene Bryan Priestman's clothing was searched for identification, but the only thing to be found in the pockets of his jacket was a light blue cigarette case.

Early the following morning thin slivers of ice broke away from the river's shoreline as the grappling parties, made up of City and Royal Canadian Mounted Police and local residents, continued operations from the Sunday afternoon before. It was at this time also that Dr. Bryan Priestman was noticed missing from his place of residence and from his desk on the U.N.B. campus. His friends had not been surprised when he did not appear for dinner the

times made him neglect various other things.

At dusk regular grappling activities ended for the second day because of darkness. But the boy's step-father, Joseph Murray, and three other friends from Barker's Point, Junior Dunbar (still residing in the village), Jack Howland, and George McIntyre, continued; at 8:30 o'clock one of the hooks of their grappling irons caught the boy's clothing, lifting the pair to the black surface of the water just

about nine feet from the Devon shore (in front of the Irving oil tanks, not far below the spot where the accident had occurred). Caught, perhaps, on the mangled metal of the old railway bridge that gave way in the 1936 freshet, they were carried no farther.

Police Inspector William Hughes said later: "It was the most tragic sight I have ever seen, the two bodies clasped together." (According to one observer, there was a faint smile on the face of Dr. Priestman). The same sentiments were also expressed by a young policeman, Constable C. M. Barchard (now Deputy Chief), who kept vigil over the bodies after they were brought ashore, waiting for Coroner Charles Mackay, M.D. Ronald Dempsey's arms were tightly clasped around the Professor's neck; Bryan Priestman had his arms around the boy's body. Dempsey was missing one boot and the other was untied, suggesting that Priestman had probably endeavoured to remove the boots to enable him to rescue the boy with more ease. There was another noticeable physical feature: one of the boy's knees was thrust into the man's groin.

Dr. Priestman's body was taken to Memorial Hall where it lay in state until the funeral. At Forest Hill Cemetery, his grave is marked with a small, unpretentious stone which reads: "Greater love hath no man than this." Ronald Dempsey was buried on the North Side of Fredericton in Sunny Bank Cemetery.



Memorial Hall was selected for the cover because Bryan Priestman's office and physics laboratory were located here. Also known as "Mem" Hall, it was opened in 1925 in honour of the 35 UNB alumni who lost their lives in the First World War. The campus hillside on which it is situated is where Dr. Priestman used to ski between classes, his white lab coat trailing behind him. (Photo courtesy Stone's Studio, Fredericton, N.B.)

evening before; to leave social invitations unfulfilled or to show up late was not unusual for him. His tendency to undertake each thing very thoroughly, be it mental or physical activity, some-

At the close of 1945, a commemorative plaque was placed in Memorial Hall by the UNB Veterans' Club but moved later to the Memorial Student Centre, now the Alumni Building. On 24 October 1946, the *UNB Journal of the Air* delivered a Bryan Priestman Memorial Broadcast over Radio Station CFNB. Among those taking part were Dr. Francis Toole (fellow-professor), Squadron-Leader W. Munro (fellow-airman), and students Robert Lawrence, Douglas Rouse, and Dalton Camp. The fifteen-minute recording is now located in the UNB Library Archives. During the War, when he was flying from Halifax to England, Priestman always set his flight direction by the "carrier wave" of CFNB, a frequency of 550,000 kilocycles, a "home" signal for him until the antenna would pick up another wave.

Also in 1946, Bryan Priestman was posthumously awarded two medals: from the Royal Canadian Humane Association, a gold medal, rarely given, except when the deed of bravery has cost the hero's life; from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, a bronze medal, accompanied by a financial grant. In 1952, Lord Beaverbrook delivered the medals to Bryan's mother in England. In 1977, three surviving sisters (Ursula, Erica, and Monica) returned the medals to Fredericton to be permanently housed at UNB.

During the early 1950s, the York-Sunbury Historical Society brought forth the idea of having a street named in Bryan Priestman's honour, minute books and the daily press indicating that the Society never gave up on this particular memorial idea until it was finally realized in 1956. To this date, it is the only street in the City of Fredericton which bears the name of a local hero.

The University of New Brunswick also desired to establish a memorial, something that would respect his wishes but would not be an elaborate monument. Thus, "The Bryan Priestman Memorial Lectureship" was set up, the first lectureship at the University. Since the academic year 1951-52, outstanding authorities in one or other of the natural or social sciences have been brought to the campus, the annual visitor spending several days and delivering three formal addresses known as "The Bryan Priestman Memo-

rial Lectures." At the 1970 lecture, 1000 copies of my Priestman biography went on sale for a nominal fee, all proceeds going to The Lectureship Fund.

Remembrance Day, 1995, marks the 50th anniversary of the Priestman-Dempsey tragedy and the 25th anniversary of the publication of *Bryan Priestman* by the University of New Brunswick. Fortunately, the 1000 copies have all been sold; unfortunately, there has been no reprint (so far). But this year the UNB Library Archives will continue with its tradition of a small Priestman Exhibit throughout the month of November. Memorabilia from the UNB Physics Department and from my own personal col-

lection will be made available for this particular display.

I still think about Bryan Priestman whenever I walk or drive along the busy street that bears his name, appreciating the fact that the York-Sunbury Historical Society persisted in their efforts to commemorate a local hero. Perhaps Francis Reginald Scott, Rhodes Scholar and Canadian Poet and Priestman's close friend during their McGill years, said it best when he wrote an elegy in 1954 which is highlighted with poetic licence and unique metaphor and which makes us aware that the Englishman/Canadian who adopted Fredericton for his home lived and died by his creed, his faith, and his upbringing:

For Bryan Priestman

*The child fell, turning slowly with arms
outstretched like a doll,
One shrill cry dying under the arches,
And floated away, her time briefer than foam.*

*Nothing was changed on the summer day.
The birds sang,
The busy insects followed their fixed affairs.
Only a Professor of Chemistry, alone on the bridge,
Suddenly awoke from his reverie,
into the intense moment,
Saw all the elements of his life compounded for testing
And plunged with searching hands
into his last experiment.*

*This was a formula he had carried from childhood,
That can work but once in the life of a man.
His were the labels of an old laboratory,
And the long glass tubes of the river.*

— F. R. Scott

from *Canadian Anthology*, eds. C.F. Klinck & R.E. Watters (Toronto: W.J. Gage Ltd., 1955)

Priestman Lecturers

1951-52	Dr. Harlow Shapley, Astronomy Harvard University Observatory	1974-75	None
1952-53	Dr. James A. Corry, Political Science Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario	1975-76	Dr. Matthew S. Meselson, Biochemistry Harvard University
1953-54	Dr. George Wald, Biology, Harvard University <i>Nobel Prize for Medicine & Physiology, 1967</i>	1976-77	None
1954-55	Dr. George Gamow, Physics George Washington University	1977-78	Dr. William S. Fyfe, Geology University of Western Ontario, London, Ontario Editor of <i>Chemical Geology</i>
1955-56	Dr. J. Hirsch Quastel, Biochemistry McGill University, Montreal	1978-79	None
1956-57	Dr. Linus Pauling, Chemistry California Institute of Technology <i>Nobel Prize for Chemistry, 1954</i> <i>Nobel Prize for Peace, 1962</i>	1979-80	None
1957-58	None	1980-81	Dr. William Nunn Lipscomb, Chemistry Harvard University <i>Nobel Prize for Chemistry, 1976</i>
1958-59	Dr. John Tuzo Wilson, OBE, Geophysics University of Toronto	1981-82	Dr. Rosalyn Yalow, Clinical Sciences Monte Fiore Hospital & Medical Center, New York <i>Nobel Prize for Medicine & Physiology, 1977</i>
1959-60	Sir Robert Watson-Watt, Inventor of Radar British & American Research Areas	1982-83	None
1960-61	None	1983-84	Dr. Arthur L. Schawlow, Physics Stanford University, California <i>Nobel Prize for Physics, 1981</i>
1961-62	None	1984-85	None
1962-63	Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, Chairman British Columbia Power Commission	1985-86	None
1963-64	Dr. Sydney Fox, Space Biosciences Florida State University	1986-87	Dr. Ursula M. Franklin, Archaeometry University of Toronto
1964-65	Dr. Philip Morrison, Physics Cornell University, New York	1987-88	None
1965-66	None	1988-89	Dr. John Polanyi, Chemistry University of Toronto <i>Nobel Prize for Chemistry, 1986</i>
1966-67	Dr. Har Gobind Khorana, Chemistry University of Wisconsin <i>Nobel Prize for Medicine & Physiology, 1968</i>	1989-90	Dr. Kenneth Hare, Chancellor Trent University, England
1967-68	None	1990-91	Dr. Ronald L. Graham, Mathematics Rutgers University, New Jersey
1968-69	Dr. John Wheeler, Physics Princeton University, New Jersey	1991-92	Dr. John Maynard Smith, Evolutionary Biology University of Sussex, England
1969-70	Sir Edward Bullard, Geophysics Cambridge University, England	1992-93	Dr. Roger Penrose, Mathematics & Physics Oxford University, England
1970-71	Dr. Zdenek Kopal, Astronomy University of Manchester, England	1993-94	Dr. Rudolph Marcus, Chemistry California Institute of Technology <i>Nobel Prize for Chemistry, 1992</i>
1971-72	Dr. Robert C. Gallo, Research Scientist National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland	1994-95	Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, Astrogeology US Center for Astrogeology, Arizona
1972-73	None	1995-96	Dr. John Conway, Mathematics Princeton University, New Jersey
1973-74	Dr. Gerhard Herzberg, Physics Distinguished Research Scientist National Research Council of Canada, Ottawa		

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Recipes from the Pioneer Kitchen ... York-Sunbury Style by Pat Flemming



Fifty years have passed since the end of World War II. I was very young during the war years; however, I do remember that some foods were rationed, such as sugar, butter, coffee, tea, and certain meats. Friends of my mother would pass ration coupons on to her if they didn't need them because our family of nine children used a large number of these coupons in order to have a balanced diet. Rationing even continued for a few years following the end of the War, but my grandfather was a farmer and we didn't have to worry about the shortage of butter and meat.

My brother-in-law remembers going to the corner store during the War to shop for his mother, who was employed at a war factory. Remember "Rosie the Riveter"? His mother wasn't a riveter but she was a patriotic woman who wanted to help with the War effort. At the corner store her son would purchase liver for the evening meal. Why liver? It was plentiful, a reasonable price, and nutritious!

The recipes I have chosen for this issue all originated during the War years and all of them can be found in *The Victory Cook Book*. It is interesting to note that King Cole Tea, Barbours Peanut Butter, and Acadia Baking Powder are advertised on the inside cover of this treasured publication. *The Victory Cook Book* was first published during the Second World War as a project of the Women's Institute of Carleton County, New Brunswick, in order to raise funds for the War effort. The book met with such enthusiastic response that a revised second edition of 10,000 copies was published in 1946, followed by a third edition of 20,000 copies in 1949. The G. E. Barbour Co. Ltd. took over publication of the last edition in 1954.

The following is a tasty liver dish and easy to make:

STUFFED LIVER ROLL

- 1 1/2 lbs. thinly sliced calves liver
- 1 1/2 cups drained crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. each of salt and pepper
- 4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 tbsps. minced green pepper
- 1 small onion minced

Scald liver with boiling water, dry with a towel, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine pineapple, juice, crumbs, green pepper, and onion, and spread over liver. Roll each

one up and fasten with toothpick. Fry in hot fat until brown, add two cups boiling water, and simmer until tender. Serve with gravy made from the liquid and the dressing that remain in pan.

* * * * *

Potatoes were almost always plentiful during the War years and many families grew their own. A favourite dish at our house which my mother often prepared was a baked potato that was stuffed, a delicious and colourful entrée to serve at a dinner party:

BAKED STUFFED POTATOES

- 6 to 8 large potatoes
- 1 medium-sized onion (minced)
- 1 egg beaten
- 1 tbsp. butter or more
- 1/2 cup of milk or more
- paprika

Bake potatoes at 400°F for one hour. Cut the tops off of the potatoes after baking and scoop the potato out of their jackets and into a large mixing bowl. Add milk, salt and pepper, the butter, the onion, and the beaten egg. Beat the mixture with electric beaters, then scoop it back into each potato jacket. Sprinkle a dash of paprika on top of each. Place the potatoes side by side on a cookie sheet and return to the oven until the stuffed potatoes are slightly browned. Serve piping hot!

* * * * *

Sufferin' Succotash! Have you ever heard that expression? Well, there is such a thing as Succotash and it was often served as a supper dish during the War years:

SUCCOTASH

- 2 cups canned corn or corn from the cob
- 2 cups Lima beans, fresh or canned
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tbsps. butter
- salt and pepper

Cover the beans with a small amount of boiling water to prevent scorching and cook until tender. Drain off the water, add the corn

and the milk and cook on top of the stove until tender. Add the butter and other seasonings. Enjoy!

* * * * *

War Cake tastes a little like Dark Fruit Cake but with less fruit. I recall my grandmother making it often because it was so economical. It is included here, plus one other, because both recipes are typical of the desserts served during World War II:

WAR CAKE

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups water
- 1 lb. raisins
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. each of salt, nutmeg, cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves.

Combine the brown sugar, shortening, water and raisins. Boil on top of stove for five minutes, remove from heat and let cool. Sift dry ingredients and then add to liquid mixture and stir. Pour into a greased cake pan and bake for one hour in slow oven.

* * * * *

OVERSEAS CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs (singly beaten)
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup diced marshmallows
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream the shortening with the brown sugar. Add the eggs and melted chocolate. Sift the flour, soda, and salt three times. Add flour to egg mixture alternately with milk & vanilla. Combine dates and marshmallows with 1/4 cup of flour and stir into the main mixture. Place batter in a two-pound coffee can or a ten-inch tube pan and bake in a moderate oven at 350°F for one to one and a quarter hours.

* * * * *

I do hope you will try these wartime recipes as you reminisce about days gone by. Then sit back, relax, and have a hot cup of King Cole Tea, or a brand of your choice. ☺

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

CONSUMER'S RATION COUPON CALENDAR				OCTOBER		COUPON VALUES BUTTER - 1/2 pound SUGAR - 1/2 pound	
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURSDAY	FRI	SAT	
	1	2	3	4 BUTTER COUPON 124 MEAT COUPON 3	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11 BUTTER COUPON 125 MEAT COUPON 6	12	13	
14	15	16	17	18 BUTTER COUPON 126 SUGAR COUPON 41 PRESERVES COUPON 718-779 MEAT COUPON 7	19	20	
21	22	23	24	25 BUTTER COUPON 127 MEAT COUPON 8	26	27	
28	29	30	31				

The Daily Gleaner, 28 September 1945

Garrison Ghosts

During the Fall of 1935, while Benito Mussolini's Italian legions were clashing with Haile Selassie's Ethiopian forces in North East Africa, Canadians were preparing for a Federal Election. William Lyon Mackenzie King, the Opposition Liberal Leader, began his campaign tour of the Maritime Provinces in Fredericton, arriving at Union Station from Ottawa on September 3rd, disembarking from his special railway car, proceeding to the Provincial Parliament Building (and a reception hosted by Premier A. A. Dysart and Mayor W. G. Clark), visiting the University of New Brunswick (with President C. C. Jones conducting a tour), attending a luncheon at the D-Coy Inn. Mayor Clark, the first president of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, was the Liberal candidate for the York-Sunbury constituency, his opponent being the Conservative Minister of Trade & Commerce. On October 14th, King, Clark, and the Liberals were victorious, outgoing Prime Minister R. B. Bennett and the Conservatives experiencing the most disastrous defeat of any government since Confederation!

Sixty years ago, the major Fall event for the York-Sunbury Historical Society was the unveiling of a splendid monument to the memory of the brief, but outstanding, existence of the 104th Regiment of Foot, the first body of New Brunswick men to go forth from this Province to war. The cairn and plaque were erected by the Historic Sites & Monuments Board of Canada, but only through the initiative and efforts of the York-Sunbury Historical Society. The site chosen was the west end of Fredericton in the triangle at the junction of Brunswick, Smythe, and King Streets, the point from which the Regiment is believed to have departed, 14 February 1813, on the historic snowshoe march to Quebec during the War of 1812 with the United States.

Prior to the unveiling ceremony, which took place on a fine autumn afternoon, 26 September 1935, the Militia Officers of Fredericton formed an Honor Guard and waited for the arrival of the Fredericton Branch of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, accompanied by the Knights of Pythias Band, as they paraded from Officers' Square on Queen Street. Schools were closed for the event, students and teachers also marching to their assigned places at the site, having been prepared ahead of time to sing patriotic songs under the direction of Professor F. W. Harrison. Soon they were joined by the descendants of the members of the old 104th Regiment and hundreds of local residents, all ushered to their seats by the Fredericton-area Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. The Official Party arrived last and then the program began:

O Canada

Invocation — Rev. Dr. F. A. Wightman
(Society member)

Welcome — His Worship Mayor W. G. Clark
(Society member)

Chorus — "My Own Canadian Home"
— school children



Address — Lieutenant-Governor
Murray MacLaren

Address — Premier Allison Dysart
Band — Military March

Address — Federal Minister R. B. Hanson
(Society member)

Chorus — "The Maple Leaf Forever"
— school children

Address — Brigadier-General L. F. Page,
Military District #7.

Address — Museum Curator C. A. Taylor
(Society member)

Unveiling of Memorial — Mrs. Allison Dysart
Presentation of Bouquet — Miss Sibyl Brannen

Last Post — John Forrester and
Seymour Tyler

Placing of Wreaths — The Countess of Ashburnham
(Society member)

Band — "O God Our Help in Ages Past"
Benediction — Rev. Dr. Wightman

National Anthem

Dr. J. C. Webster, physician and historian from Shediac and chairman of the Monuments & Sites Board of Canada, presided and drew attention to the fact that (a) the Honorary President of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, Major-General Hugh McLean, the former Lieutenant-Governor, was attending in the place of President W. W. Hubbard, (b) the monument was draped with an historic Royal Standard which had flown before Confederation at the Old Government House in Fredericton, (c) a pair of snowshoes had been placed on the monument for the occasion by T. W. Rainsford of Fredericton, a descendant of Andrew, Bradshaw, and Charles Rainsford, three brothers who had been officers in the 104th Regiment, (d) the three men standing on guard, one at each end of the triangle, were from the Canadian Legion, (e) no words could express his thanks to the York-Sunbury Historical Society, which was largely instrumental in the construction and unveiling of the monument: "This is the liveliest Historical Society in the Maritime Provinces!"

Following the ceremony, the Countess of Ashburnham hosted a tea for the Official Party and the Officers of the Society at Ashburnham House, her estate at 163/165 Brunswick Street. Later that evening, *The Daily Gleaner* carried the two poems which had been read during the ceremony. Lieutenant Governor MacLaren included in his address the following tribute by Saint John author H. A. Cody:

THE MARCH OF THE ONE HUNDRED-AND-FOURTH

*Overland, overland, up from the sea,
Onward and on to the north,
Great in their daring and great in their stride,
All hail to the Hundred-and-Fourth!*

*Men were they who answered the call,
And men were they who dared.
A thousand strong in a trackless waste
When winter its teeth had bared.*

*Leagues upon leagues of frozen wilds,
River and lake and slough,
And snarling winds drew back amazed
When Drummond's men went through.*

*Heroes were they in olden days,
Who carved Great Britain's name,
And heroes are they to men to-day
Who forge an Empire's fame.*

*Overland, overland, up from the sea,
Onward and on to the north,
Great in their loyalty, great in their might,
All hail to the Hundred-and-fourth!*

Society member Sterling Brannen wrote the following verses for the special occasion and delivered them himself:

THE MARCH OF THE 104th

*We think of the heroes who, long long ago,
Faced perils, privations, the frost and the snow,
As through the vast forest they snowshoed to war,
The earliest British Colonial Corps.*

*Unparalleled, truly, the journey they made,
Nor shall it from pages of history fade.
We're proud of our kinsfolk, those men of the North,
Who served in New Brunswick's One Hundred
and Fourth.*

*To glorify warfare is far from our aim,
But gratitude prompts us to herald the fame
Of early New Brunswickers, fearless and true,
Who loved Mother England, as we love her, too.*

Later that Fall, an interesting item appeared in *The Daily Gleaner* on November 12th, the headline being LORD DORCHESTER APPROVED ACCOUNT:

That descendants of people who occupied prominent positions in New Brunswick and Quebec in the years preceding Confederation take an interest in what is going on in New Brunswick is evidenced by an incident which took place in England recently. Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Montgomery-Campbell, Fredericton, was at a dinner given in London at which Lord Dorchester was also present. Montgomery-Campbell, in the course of his conversation, spoke of a copy of *The Daily Gleaner* he had received from Fredericton, telling of the 104th New Brunswick Regiment's famous march to Quebec on snowshoes. Lord Dorchester asked if he could have the paper to read the account, and his request was granted. Later, Lord Dorchester met Montgomery-Campbell and expressed pleasure at the unveiling of the memorial to this famous event in history. Lord Dorchester is a descendant of the first Lord Dorchester [Sir Guy Carleton], who was Governor of Quebec at the time his

brother, Colonel Thomas Carleton, was Governor of New Brunswick.

Unfortunately, the splendid monument to the 104th Regiment had to be dismantled in 1980 to make way for a larger intersection leading to the Riverfront Drive and the Westmorland Bridge. As a result, a new plaque, bilingual and up-to-date, was prepared and placed on the Queen Street wall of the old Soldiers' Barracks, the inscription being as follows: *Six companies of this Fredericton-based regiment made a 700-mile, 52-day march to Quebec and Kingston between February and April 1813. The feat was accomplished in the face of hunger, cold and heavy snows, with remarkably few casualties. The regiment took part in the unsuccessful assault on Sackett's Harbor in May 1813, and in the siege of Fort George. Most of the troops served out the war in the Kingston region, but two flank companies were present at Lundy's Lane and the assault on Fort Erie in 1814. The regiment remained in Quebec after the war until it was disbanded in 1817.*

* * * * *

Although the monument to the 104th Regiment was a proud accomplishment in the Fall of 1935, the York-Sunbury Historical Society was involved in other areas as well:

18 September 1935 — Regular Monthly Meeting in Post Office Building. Mrs. John Ball, formerly Miss Addie George, sent some interesting pictures and old Fredericton newspapers to the Society. Some articles have been promised for our Museum as a result of our having a booth at the Exhibition. \$10 was voted to defray the cost of having amplifiers at the unveiling ceremony of the memorial to the old 104th Regiment. Fred H. Phillips delivered an excellent paper on "Steamboating on the St. John River," graphically describing boats and conditions from early days until the present. It is hoped that the Historic Sites & Monuments Board of Canada may soon see fit to show in a tangible way some recognition of Benjamin Tibbits, a Queen's County man of great genius, who, here in Fredericton, gave to the world the compound marine engine, a principle which has come to be in universal use.

9 October 1935 — Executive Meeting at the Museum. All bills in connection with the unveiling of the memorial to the 104th New Brunswick Regiment were ordered paid. Thanks was expressed to the various people who helped in the preparation for the unveiling. Plans for our upcoming Fall concert were discussed and committees were formed.

16 October 1935 — Regular Monthly Meeting in our rooms in the Post Office Building. Letters complimenting the monument for the 104th Regiment were tabled. Mr. C. A. Taylor (curator) exhibited a musket used in the War of 1812 by Private William Merrithew of the 104th. Also a coffee pot and a piece of patchwork quilt. Mr. Henry Staples gave the Museum an old musket used in the Battle of Shepody Bay in 1745, the artifact arriving from Westmorland County. A wonderfully instructive and interesting paper on "Clocks" was given by Major F. A. Good.

5 November 1935 — Executive Meeting. Mrs. A. E. Mathewson reported that 1000 tickets were going on sale for our musical concert to be held on November 13th & 14th in the Normal School Auditorium. Price, 25¢ each. Mr. W. M. Burns read a letter from *The Canadian Historical Review*, asking for information about our Society & Museum. He sent a list of our artifacts & documents (including the Muster Roll for the 104th Regiment and our library collection), plus the names of the 32 different papers that we have had read at our regular meetings since the Society was formed.

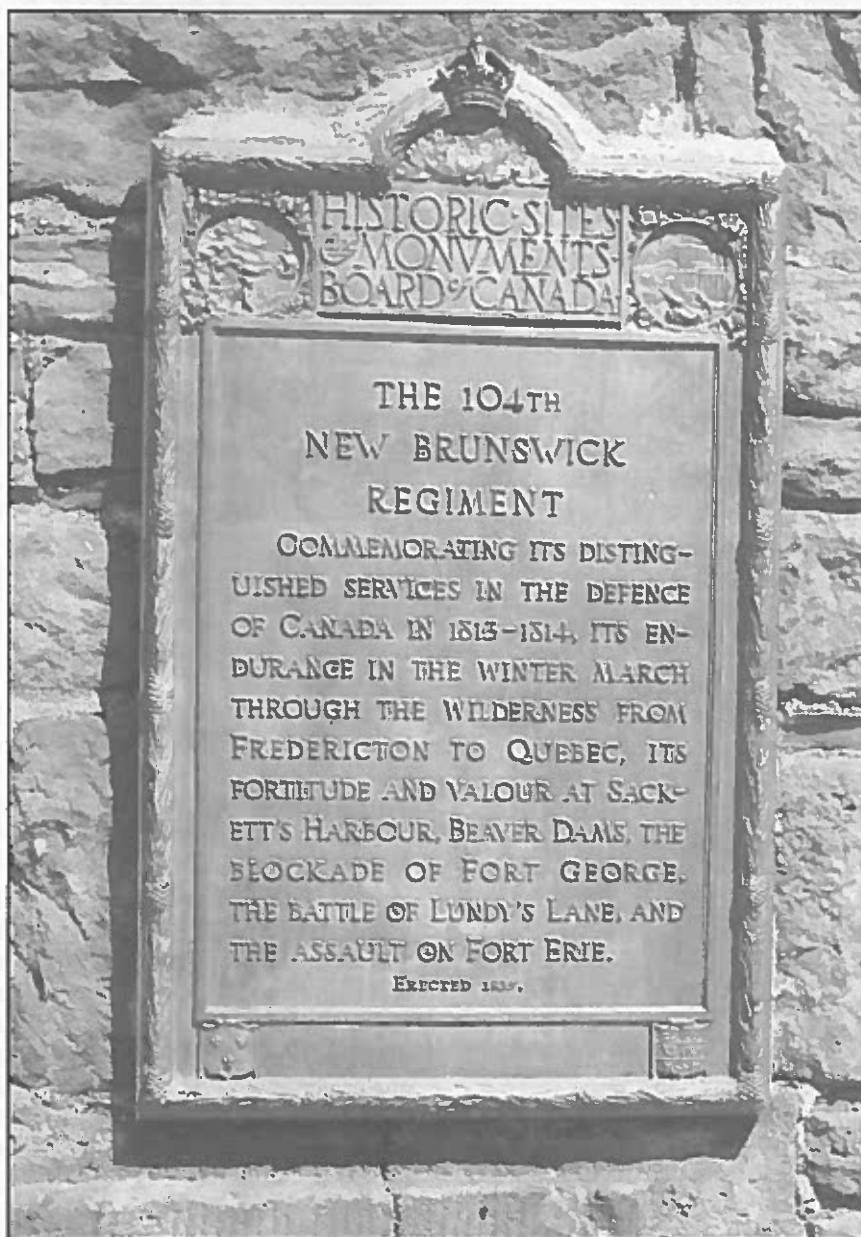
20 November 1935 — Regular Monthly Meeting met in the museum room. We made \$130 from our Fall concert. It was a success and notes of thanks were sent to all the performers. Recent donations to the Museum included a letter dated 1700, school books printed 100 years ago, and a 1799 Bible. The speaker for the evening was Major F. A. Good, who gave us a very interesting talk on "Military Badges." It is interesting to note that one of our members, Lt.-Col. H. H. Ritchie, former commander of the 12th Field Brigade, RCA, and current Officer in Charge of the Fredericton Armoury & Garrison, has been transferred

to the Brigade Reserve, his civilian occupation continuing as Chief Game Warden of New Brunswick. (Major E. C. Armstrong is the new commander of the Fredericton Garrison.)

11 December 1935 — Regular Monthly Meeting was held in the museum. A letter from J. Russell Snow of Toronto was read, in which Mr. Snow stated that his grandfather, Captain William B. Bradley, served in the 104th Regiment. It was moved & seconded that Mr. Snow be contacted for a photograph of Captain Bradley. Carried. It was mentioned that we have a photograph of Captain Charles Rainsford, one of the men who brought in supplies to the 104th Regiment. After the Nominating Committee for 1936 was named, Mr. C. A. Taylor, Curator of the Museum, gave a talk on some of the late additions, among them being several old books, a 1915 German medal ("Sinking of Lusitania"), a Queensbury Bush Hook (from Harry Ingram), a lock & key from Fort Jemseg and a wooden balance scale (both donated by Abner Belyea).

It was interesting to note that Robert Burns Hutchison, the

great grandson of Robert Burns, celebrated his 80th birthday in Vancouver on 30 November 1935. ♣



The first plaque, located on the cairn at Brunswick, King and Smythe Streets, made the usual error of halting the march in Quebec, at the half-way point. The Regiment marched another 350 miles to reach Fort Henry at Kingston, Ontario. (from the Historic Monuments Collection, PANB, #E1100/1)

Fall Festivities, 1995

On September 14th, the York-Sunbury Historical Society visited Kings Landing for a guided tour of the provincial government's Heritage Collection Centre. More than 15,000 artifacts are stored in this one location, which is operated by the Heritage Branch. On October 1st, the Society met at the Museum and hosted a visit from the Patterson Settlement Historical Society and the Sunbury-West Historical Society, the three groups enjoying a guided tour and a social hour. On October 19th, the regular monthly program presented readings from old diaries, journals, and letters, all from the Museum collection, all read by members in period costume. On November 23rd, the program will be concerned with "Antiques." December 7th is the date for the Christmas Party and the Authors' Recognition Night.

The Last Word

As one of their educational projects, the Fredericton Local Branch #4 of the Royal Canadian Legion has been successfully sponsoring an annual writing contest in Fredericton-area schools. The topic: Remembrance Day; the format: poetry or prose. *The Officers' Quarterly* is pleased to publish the first-and second-place poems and the two "honourable mentions" from Fredericton High School for 1994-95. It is interesting to note that the first-place poem went on to compete provincially and nationally, coming first again both times and winning a trip to Ottawa this November for Jennifer Gillis. Congratulations to Miss Gillis and to all those aspiring young poets who submitted their work.

THE GREATEST TRIBUTE

by Scott Daley
(second place)

There is silence now,
Upon this green and peaceful hill,
Pierced only by the lonely wind,
Whose haunting voice sings to us of struggle,
Of pain of days long since past,
Heard only to those who would stop to listen,
To the rising notes of its sweet refrain.

Time has healed the scars that marred this land,
Has turned burned-out trees and churned-up sand,
Into a field rich with flowers.
But time shall not bring back to our beloved Canada,
the lives of its fallen sons
who died upon this foreign land,
while shells still fell upon this grassy knoll.

And to their courage stand great monuments of marble and of stone,
But greater tribute lies, always given and forever known
to those who stand upon this green hill
warmed by the golden rays of the rising sun,
Free from war, pain and tyranny
To know that to be here as free men, in peace
Gives the greatest tribute to those who died in war.

And knowing what was owed to the brave Canadians I swore,
I shall remember.

(Scott Daley is a grade twelve student at Fredericton High School this year, having been in grade eleven when he entered the contest.)

WAR VISIONS

by Jodi McIsaac
(honourable mention)

The black night smothered every breath of levity
But hope refused to suffocate.
The stench of the trenches mingled with the rot of unburied bodies
To create a putrid nausea in the pit of his stomach,
Yet his inner peace was undisturbed.
The sound of limbs dismembering and souls screaming in torture
Would remain with him all his life,
Yet it could not weaken the courage in his heart.
He did not see the blood, the fire, the anguish.
He saw his little children waiting anxiously,
Not understanding why Daddy didn't come home.
He saw his wife on bended knees
Fighting for him with far greater power than he could ever
fight for her.
He saw his brother's burned body and the look on his father's face
as he futilely gasped for air.
Kept alive by warm memories of their love,
He saw the future.
He saw a flag
Raised proud and tall
Over a free country.

(Jodi McIsaac graduated from Fredericton High School this year and is now enrolled in the Atlantic Baptist College, Moncton.)

A CHILD'S DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

by Jennifer Gillis
(first place)

A cold, biting wind whips the waves
on to the silent sand.
Chilled and questioning a child stands shivering.
Tiny, mittened hands driven deep into the
pockets of a down jacket.
An innocent face gazes out from underneath a
warm woollen hat. A child untouched by war,
untouched by tragedy,
unknown to the multitudes of ancient
soldiers standing at full attention
on a cracked concrete curb.
The endless list of the dead invades the
thoughts of this quiet child.
Who are these men?
And why did they die?
To a child's blank mind, war is simply wrong and
dying is bad. There are no questions,
there are no excuses,
only life and death, only good and evil.
Silent moments and sombre echoing songs
surround this tiny figure.
Whispers of fallen comrades will
forever haunt this growing mind.
For the past, we mourn.
For the future, we remember.

(Jennifer Gillis graduated from Fredericton High School this year and is currently attending the University of New Brunswick.)

REMEMBRANCE

by Eric MacIntosh
(honourable mention)

November the eleventh, nineteen ninety-four
Remembrance Day, Veterans Day, Le jour du souvenir
No matter in what dialect of which language
It is proclaimed, it is celebrated - and mourned - just the same.

It is a day to pause, collectively and individually,
And share pain and grief, memories and recollections,
For each of us to reflect on those horrible past events
Full of violence, tragedy, destruction and death.

As a whole society, we are reminded by the television,
Of the horror and the terror experienced by so many.
Images of young men - some not yet twenty years old -
Rushing to the front, to their deaths, in defence of our freedom.

Individually, we all have our own private memories.
Some have first-hand experiences of the ghastly reality
of the front lines;
Younger people remember the stories and experiences of others,
Passed on from those who fought, and lived to tell about it.

Every year, on this day, more accounts are handed down,
Astonishing and appalling those who have never known war;
Impressing on those inexperienced minds
How important and valuable, yet fragile, peace really is.

As the number of these fountains of rich experience
Begins to dwindle, November eleventh takes on renewed importance;
We must continue to remain vigilant in our remembrance,
Lest we forget.

(Eric MacIntosh graduated from Fredericton High School this year and is currently attending the University of New Brunswick.)

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WOODSTOCK ROAD, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

This photograph from the York-Sunbury Collection was taken at the turn of the century by George Taylor. In September, 1995, it was announced that this National Historic Site will be restored, courtesy of the three levels of government. It will also be named a Provincial Historic Site and will provide space for the Provincial Archives, an office for the Lieutenant Governor, and an Interpretive Centre. The Officers' Quarterly will follow the progress in future issues.

