

The Officers' Quarters

Volume 21

Spring and Summer 2004

Childhood Remembrances of Christmas

The Christmas Market, Fredricton, N.B.



From the Editor's Desk . . .

Writing history can be fun especially if it involves a topic which the writer knows intimately. One such form is the narrative memoir. Those of us fortunate enough to have attended last year's Christmas party remember the fine presentation which Vincent Erickson prepared of a child's Christmas in nineteenth century Finland. This year we have encouraged a number of Society members to share the Christmas traditions of their

childhoods. These are primarily drawn from central New Brunswick but also include several from other communities. Our intention is to encourage Society members to explore their own traditions and consider what they have offer to the larger community in terms of recapturing the past. We hope you will all enjoy the narrative memoirs of Christmas found in this issue.



704 A 22 St Dunstan's Church - FREDERICTON, N. B.

New Brunswick Christmas Traditions

A Fredericton Christmas in the Twenties

By Mona MacMillan

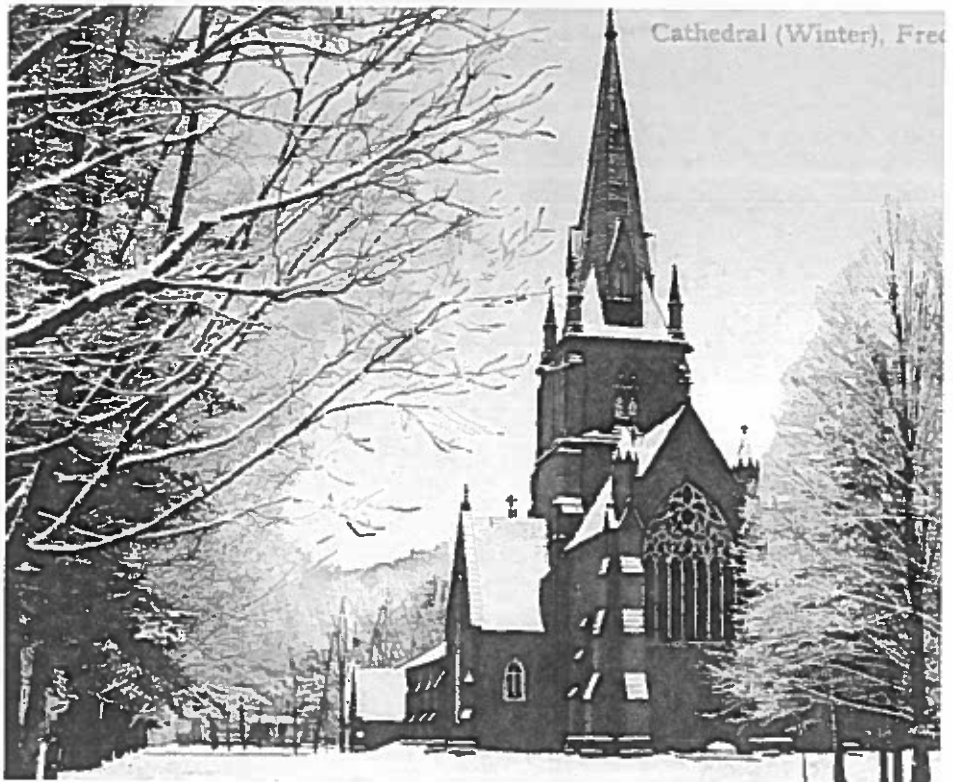
I knew Christmas wasn't far away when my mother said it was time to polish the silver. I loved getting out the cutlery, both the "good" and the "everyday", the casserole dishes and the silver calling card tray (imagine!), but especially the marmalade pot with the silver lid and matching spoon. Was Silv-o invented then? I don't remember but I do remember dipping a cloth into something in a saucer and spreading it over everything, letting it dry and washing it off. I'm sure Mum supplied most of the "elbow grease".

We bought popcorn balls, threaded a coarse needle with string, tied a knot in one end and pushed the needle through the ball, hoping to goodness it wouldn't split the popcorn and tied it on the tree. Mum bought red cheesecloth and we made little bags to fill with hard candies to hang on the tree, too. Of course, there was ribbon candy but my favorites were the barley toys. You had to break those with the nut crackers. Dad's special job seemed to be cracking the nuts. Our tree had lots of colored balls, glass birds with spun glass tails that clipped to the branches and little Santas. We didn't have candles - too dangerous - and I was in my teens before we strung colored lights on our tree.

One year my older sister had a boyfriend who gave her a "snow ball", a round container covered with cotton wool with a sprig of holly on top. It was filled with small things, just like a Christmas stocking. I remember there was a toy telephone in it.

Then there was a year when money was really scarce. Dad had his own business and plenty of work but lots of people didn't have the money to pay him. I remember Mum telling me to watch the street for him to come home and see if he was carrying a

parcel. When I told her he was carrying something she said "Good! We'll have a turkey this year after all". Christmas Day meant church. Mum and Dad both sang in the choir and I suppose I sat with my big sister and brother. After church I could play with toys or read until dinner. My grandmother in England sent me a pair of fingerless gloves one year - the only pair I've ever seen. Mum said she probably thought I'd need them because Canadian winters were so cold. I suppose I was about eight.



Cathedral winter

Remembrances of Christmas

By Don Roberts

(As told to Pat Flemming)

Don Roberts spoke of Christmas when he was a boy as being a wonderful time of year, when people would come to call and his mother would serve them fruitcake and tea.

During Christmas week, all children in the city were invited to a Christmas party at St. Anne's Church Hall. Santa arrived on stage and gave every child a bag of candy. Also during Christmas week, hundreds of children would gather in front of the Provincial Normal School to be presented with free candy. Two weeks before Christmas, Santa arrived at the Metropolitan Store on Queen Street. There were surprise boxes, those wrapped in white tissue paper were for ladies, blue tissue paper for men, green for young boys and red for young girls. The boxes were 25 cents each. Everyone stood around and watched each other open their gifts.

"We did not have lights on our Christmas tree, however we had lots of icicles. In 1938, we finally had tree lights. There were two strings of lights and when one light bulb went out, they all went out. One by one we had to find out which Christmas bulb was causing the problem," Don explained.

"My Santa stocking was the best. It was a long stocking tied to my bed and filled with oranges and apples. Attached to the stocking were two popcorn balls, one pink and one green. A porcelain animal was pinned to the outside

of the stocking. I would feel something down in the toe of the sock. It was a Gene Autry ring. In fact I still have it," Don confessed.



Breakfast came first, that is before opening gifts. "Under the tree there would be books, a sweater, a pair of britches, golf socks and John Palmer leather boots from the John Palmer Company. My favorite books were *Black Beauty*, *The Bobsy Twins*, *The Little Lone Prince* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. Zane Gray novels were popular. Another book I received for Christmas was *Little Black Sambo*.

After dinner, Don had to attend Sunday School to learn the true meaning of Christmas. That was very important! During Christmas week, a party was held at his grandparents' house where the sweets his grandmother had prepared were very special. For

example a silver cake was made with egg whites and a gold cake was made with egg yolks. Then of course fruitcake was served.

His grandparents' house was decorated with a huge Christmas tree, and evergreen boughs were placed behind the pictures on the walls. Here entertainment took place, including tap dancing, and a sing song. "The DeLong Quartet would sing and my Mother would sing along with my niece in harmony. We had a player piano. As the paper rolled, the words came down. We also had a wind-up victrola. The uncles and aunts were visited as well where we received more gifts", Don reminisced.

Don's mother began baking goodies three or four days before Christmas. She would bake, three breads – lemon, orange and cherry bread. Then of course mince-meat pies. "Even when my Mother was in her 90's she continued with Christmas cooking."

When Don lived on Brunswick Street, one of his special neighbors was Lady Ashburnham. Prior to marrying Lord Ashburnham, she had been employed as a tailoress and later as a telephone operator. She wasn't too fond of children, but she was nice to Don and called him 'Sonny'. Occasionally she gave him candy and chocolates. "Lady Ashburnham had a chauffeur who wore a full chauffeur's uniform with leggings and captain's cap." He concluded.

My Childhood Memories of Christmas

By Donna Wallace

In thinking of Christmas' past, many happy memories come to mind. I especially recall being allowed to decorate the house during early December. Most people waited until a few days prior to December 25th to hang the wreaths etc.

My home had a long winding staircase and Mother always allowed me to decorate the lovely railing with red Christmas rope and icicles which were very fashionable in the 1940's.

Christmas dinner always included a roast goose and plum pudding. The pudding recipe had come down through my Grandmother's family and I continue to use the same recipe. I shall never forget the delightful aroma of roasting goose and the steaming plum pudding.

The children were not allowed down the stairs Christmas morning until after my father had checked to be sure that Santa was no longer there.

Christmas was such a magical time for me and it still is today! Merry Christmas!



*Interior Christ Church Cathedral
Fredericton, N.B.*

118,639. ©

A New Brunswick Child's Christmas Tree and Its Origins

By Katrina DeWitt

It's December and Christmas is almost here! This is a time of great spiritual significance but this also is the season that usually takes each of us back to wonderful childhood memories. Our senses at this time of year are baraged with familiar sights, smells and sounds which transform us to other times –both good and bad– and unleash diverse thoughts of happy yesterdays and even more joyous tomorrows. But the decorated Christmas tree especially

holds great meaning for many people. The excitement and fun of bringing in the evergreen and unwrapping the exquisite glittering, sparkling, decorations often are the keys to bringing out our inner Christmas child.

Twelve foot high trees stood in the corners of most Victorian living-rooms. After the tree carefully was examined, any imperfections easily would be hidden by an abundance of Christmas

ornaments. The tree in my home was decorated on Christmas Eve by my mother, the children and by anyone else who happened by. Dad sat back in his special chair and occasionally bestowed smug looks of approval or censure. The smell of the freshly cut fir tree permeated the room as we put strings of milk glass lights, shaped like birds, roses and Santas, on the tree. Then the adults and older children unwrapped the more fragile ornaments from cotton-batting prisons, and carefully affixed them with string to the fir boughs. Some old tapers, with attached spring clamps, were used only for decorations. We did not light the candles, as was the custom in years gone by, but they still seemed to shine with an inner light. Thick golden garlands made from tinsel were draped over the boughs until finally our Star ornament was placed on top. Everyone helped in placing strings of silver tinsel that enveloped the tree and shimmered and shone as the lights were connected. My favorite ornaments were the ornate glass balls. These were decorated with wire and Dresden cardboard cutouts of either angels or children adorned with tassels and tinsels and balls of coloured cotton wool. Glass birds with long spun glass tails



were another favorite because Fir trees seemed to be their natural homes.

Then there was a variety of sculptured ornaments such as Kris Kringle, pine cones and exotic animals. The tree was replete with both very large and very small ornaments. Some of the very large ornaments, of various geometric shapes, were about 8 inches square; the Santa ornaments had spring clamps and bounced up and down on the tree. Some of these ornaments were handed down to me and they bring back happy memories each time I see them.

The use of evergreen trees in houses developed from the pagan tradition of decorating with evergreen boughs. They believed that evergreens contained mystical powers that enabled the tree to stay green all year; homage thus was paid the tree by using evergreen boughs in the home. Martin Luther is attributed with initiating the first starlit tree in Germany as a Christian symbol. The tradition soon spread throughout central Europe but it was not until the mid-nineteenth century that the evergreen tree and decorations became popular in England. Prince Albert, Consort to Queen Victoria, indeed brought the custom with him from his German homeland. While the tradition originally was reserved for Royalty, tabletop trees decorated with real fruit, candies, cookies, toys and candles soon caught the popular imagination and was entrenched by the end of the nineteenth century.

F. W. Woolworth's introduced hand blown Christmas ornaments to America between 1870 and 1880, and these became so popular that the company reached an annual production of 200,000 only ten years later. These ornaments came from Lauscha, Germany, a center for glass making from the sixteenth century, and Louis Greiner-Schlotfeger is credited with the formula for the silver paper-thin molded glass ornaments still in use.

The early glass ball ornaments used for household decorations were hand-blown, thick and very large. Smaller balls, suitable for Christmas trees, eventually were made and by 1900 sculptured ornaments of fruit, flowers, animals, and even cars, airplanes and dirigibles augmented the smaller hand blown balls. Producing Christmas ornaments had become a thriving industry dominated by Germany until the Second World War. With the closing of Germany's glass factories, now used for war production, the Americans dominated the market as smaller single coloured glass ball ornaments were preferred. There recently has been a revival of the old German style glass ornaments but these new ornaments, lacking charm, are not so well painted as the early ones.

The patina of these decorations is a reliable way of differentiating between the authentic old ornaments and the more recent productions. The older ornaments have a mellow look and usually have a round metal cap with a pierced hole or spring metal



clamp. The larger ornaments also are decorated with tinsel and wire that has dulled over the years. If the ornament you are assessing is perfect, then it probably isn't very old. Many of the older ornaments have not survived because of the chemical imbalances produced in making the glass. They also have not survived the dangers of frequent packing and repacking, the innocent ravages of children, and the playful destruction by animals.

I have added to my collection over the past decades but finding the older ornaments is becoming much more difficult. I shall happily pass on my parents' and grandparents' precious ornaments to my children with the hope that their inner children never will lose these mementos of the Christmas tree.

My Childhood Memories of Christmas

By Pat Flemming



My own memories of Christmas when a child in the late 1930s and 1940s are very near and dear to me.

It was our Dad's job to cut down the Christmas tree. There was no such thing as paying for a tree in those days. My brothers, sisters and I would go along with Dad to help him choose the tree to be cut down. The tree always went up Christmas Eve and was immediately decorated with breakable Christmas balls and tinsel. It was an exciting time. When it was time for bed, our Dad would climb up a ladder and pound on the roof so the children would think Santa was arriving and so go directly to bed. We were told that Santa never comes until all children are in bed.

There were nine children in our family. Each of us would receive two gifts from Santa. We usually took good care of the gifts so that they would last and last.

The boys would usually get a truck or a toy car and a game and the girls would each get a doll and cradle. Our favorite Christmas candy which we would find in each Santa stocking was usually barley toys and ribbon candy.

One Christmas I had written a letter to Santa requesting a doll carriage. When the big day arrived, the doll carriage did not appear under the tree. I was very disappointed, however a letter from Santa was attached to the tree telling me that Santa had arranged for me to receive the doll carriage on my birthday in March.

I thought it rather strange that Santa would know the date of my birthday. Sure enough, the baby buggy arrived by bus on my birthday, March 17.

On another Christmas day, my special gift was a beautiful porcelain doll. My sister Dot was jealous of the doll. She tells me now that she took the doll from me and smashed it on the floor. I don't remember that and it is just as well! Family gifts one year were a long wooden toboggan and a sled for each. The dog was usually the last on the toboggan for a joy ride down the hill.

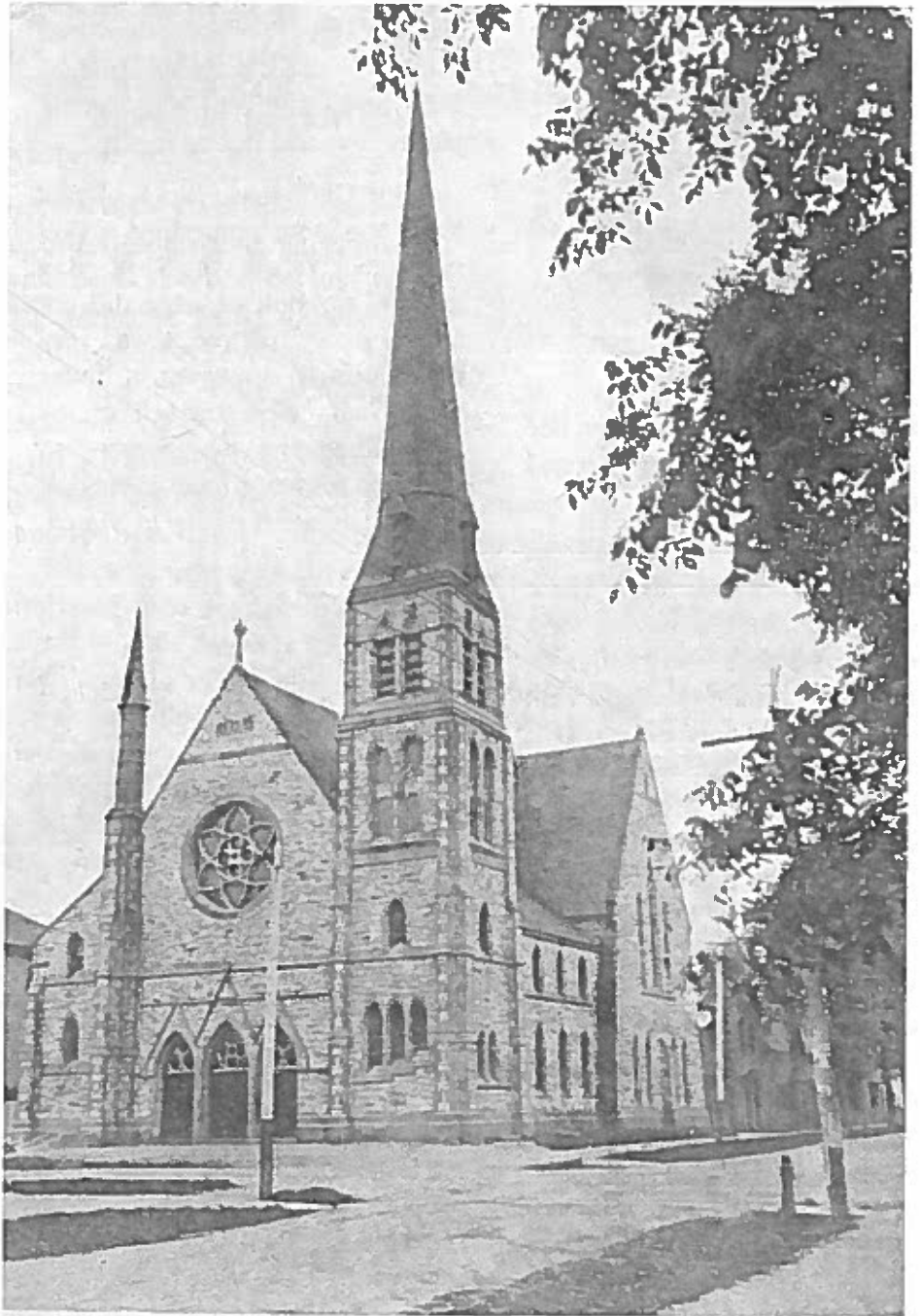


Christmas at the Morrisons

By Pat Flemming

I recently interviewed long time members of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, Frank and Mary Morrison. They informed me that quite often as many as 30 would be seated around their table for Christmas dinner, including the grandparents, Mary and Frank's own children, nieces and nephews and elderly people invited to join them rather than spend Christmas alone.

Frank and Mary had two boys and two girls. Their daughters, Ann Morgan and Mary Lu Grant were present during the interview at their home. The couple are very proud of their four children. Sons of Frank and Mary are Frank III and Bill. Mary Lu spoke of how her parents reached out to others at Christmas time. "My mother would make up dinners for shut-ins and my brother, Bill and I would deliver them from house to house on a sled," she remarked.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, (PRESBYTERIAN)

FREDERICTON, N.B.

Christmas in Fredericton in the 1940s

By Margery Acheson

My first memories of Christmas were as a small child during wartime when we were short of many things like sugar, meat, gasoline, fabric and toys.

Christmas began for us with the great preparations for the Wilmot Church tea and sale. That all started well in advance with the making of Christmas bouquets and decorations. Milkweed was gathered and painted gold and red. Silver dollar sprays were readied. Pine cones were painted. The whole house smelled of evergreen and paint. It was a wonderful time. The day of the sale was part of Christmas. The tables struggled under the weight of all the handiwork. There was an apron table, a knitting table filled with mittens, socks, hats, sweaters, baby sets, a baking table and a preserves table, and much much more. My Grandmother Squires made many aprons and knit goods.

Another Christmas highlight was the Sunday School Christmas party. All the children dressed in their finery. I remember especially the velvets and laces. All the classes performed with skits and recitations followed, of course, by the sound of bells and the arrival of Santa Claus and the arrival of the sack full of treats for good boys and girls. It was really hard trying to be good all through December.



Our public school also had Christmas concerts where we performed. We sang Christmas carols, decorated Christmas trees, made decorations and exchanged names for gifts.

One Christmas, I remember, Billy Lee, whose store was on Carleton Street, was having great trouble getting any turkeys for Christmas. He managed to get a few late Christmas eve. He decided to spread them among his best customers by cutting them in half to make them go further. His delivery man then set out in the snow in his 'one horse sleigh' to deliver them. Well, when my doubting brother got up in the morning and spied sleigh and animal tracks in our driveway he became really excited.

I remember most of our presents being home made. There

were always dolls, including raggedy Ann and Andy and Dutch dolls for which my grandmother carved wooden shoes, a 'Bill's Garage' for my brother, and because my mother was a wonderful seamstress and my grandmother embroidered everything, there were always nice clothes including all our coats, hats and leggings, and a wonderful pink mohair sweater. My family showed great ingenuity in crafting toys during the war. Everything was used many times. Sweaters were unravelled and the yarn used to make winter hats which were dyed in many ways. A spool of red thread added colour to a doll's sweater which had been knit from recycled yarn.

We went out to the back field to get a 'Charlie Brown' Christmas tree. Mom liked fir, but Dad preferred spruce because it

was fuller. Mom called it 'pussy spruce' because she said it smelled like a cat. Santa decorated the tree on Christmas Eve. Sometimes we strung popcorn. We also used tinsel in foot long pieces. I remember one red garland, and a green ball that still survives.

After gifts were all carefully wrapped and divided into family lots we set out on Christmas Eve to visit Mom's relatives in Barker's Point. We drove an old Dodge that 'sort of' survived the war years. There we visited the wonderfully decorated Christmas houses of Grammy and Grampy Bird, and our great aunts and uncles, Liza Staples, Martha and Andy Watters and Marion and George Yoemans. We exchanged gifts and returned home to prepare for Santa. We hung our socks, those long ribbed beige stockings girls wore that were fastened with those awful garters. We put out a lunch for Santa - I always wondered why we were allowed to be so generous with that lunch when our lunches seemed so stingy!

Christmas morning arrived amid great excitement. When we got to the top of the stairs we had to wait for my grandmother Squires - who lived with us - to get up and go with us. She seemed so very slow! We finally made it downstairs in great excitement to open our gifts. We didn't have the profusion of gifts that we have today but it didn't matter. It was still a great time. We always waited - they were always late - for gifts from cousins in the States. They had access to things we

didn't. I remember special 'store bought' dolls and a special box of forty games.

Of course Christmas dinner was special. In many ways that has not changed. We had turkey or chicken, cranberry sauce made by Grammy from high bush cranberries in our yard, squash, potatoes, dressings, plum pudding (I hate that), chocolate when available, ribbon candy, and barley toy candy that could be found sticking to almost anything several months later. A large orange was always a particular treat in our socks.



The Squires Children

There weren't many lights around especially in wartime. The few which we had were strings that went out all at once all the time. With the lack of sugar in wartime, candy and baking was very scarce. Among the substitutes I remember was a green gelatin concoction that was not very good.

Christmas was a magical time. My father was home from Saint

John for the holidays. It was above all a family time. We played games like checkers, dominos, snakes and ladders, and nations. The last was a substitute for devil's cards which my Methodist grandmother would not allow in the house. We also played outside in the snow. We had a huge sled we called our 'horse sled' that we all piled on and went downhill on the field from King's College Road (Green Road) to what is now Albert Street. With a little ice on the crust and a full load on the sled - we usually had my brother and sister and I along with Jane and David Miles and Donny and David Prime - boy, could we travel. It is a wonder any of us survived. One Christmas we received skis, flat wooden skis with leather straps that we shoved our feet into and which often broke. Our father joined us in this as in all our other games and activities. Once we were afraid that he wouldn't get up after one fall off the skis! We skated on the Frogmore at the bottom of Regent Street and on ponds in the UNB wood lot behind our house where we would have a fire and drink hot chocolate to keep warm. Skates were hard to find during and after the war. The only skates I had were an old pair of Mary West's that didn't do much for my ankles.

The Christmas festivities ended with the annual Bird Count on Boxing Day. We bundled up and headed for the woods to take up the count. My memory of that is of cold, extreme cold, perhaps minus 30. Even so we still went. It was a fitting end to a wonderful season.

A Child's Christmas in Fredericton in the 70s

By Susan Acheson

...first snow fall...red decorations on streetlights...the sounds of carols in stores...

These were the first images of Christmas in Fredericton in the 1970s. Christmas began in the public places in early November. It then spread to the homes in early December with the arrival of thousands of small coloured lights dancing brilliantly against the black December sky. Then came Christmas cards, school concerts, Christmas parties, and the buying of Christmas presents which were then secreted away by my parents in the vain hope that I and my brothers wouldn't find them before Christmas - a vain hope because I always did! In turn I carefully doled out my small allowance to buy my gifts for family and friends.

The first happy day was when school closed at Friday noon. Happiness continued as we bought our tree from Mr MacGregor in Sunshine Gardens, hauled it up the hill, and decorated it and the rest of the house. The tree was a centrepiece for the next two weeks even though it fell down with great regularity. Fluff, my Maine coon cat, loved it most of all. The moment the tree was

up she would find a paper bag take it far under the tree and make it her Christmas home.

Our family tradition was to have two Christmas dinners: one on Christmas Eve with my grandparents and one at home on Christmas Day. The Christmas Eve dinner was a splendid affair. Grammy Squires spent weeks preparing for the Feast. The house was beautifully decorated. The tables, set with the best linens, china, crystal and silver, extended across the dining room and the den. Places were laid for our entire extended family: my grandparents, my grandmother's mother and aunt, Catherine and Florence Bird, my parents, two aunts, two uncles, my two brothers and seven cousins - the ten children ranging in age from one to fourteen - sat down to eat together. The tables groaned under the weight of the food. The family gathered at 4:30, the men dressed in suits and ties, the women in best dress. The light from fireplaces and candles contributed to the intimacy of the social hour. Sometime after five the dinner was served followed by a great variety of desserts. At 6:45 we were driven down the hill to the children's Christmas service at Wilmot. Later in the evening

Grammy's brother, Wallace Bird, would arrive with his family and the visiting would go on until they set off for the midnight communion service.

Following the children's service we came home. Then it was the turn of my Dad's family. We visited Grammy and Grampy Acheson, and Aunt Janet and Uncle John Burgess, bearing gifts and consuming sweets and refreshments as we went. Finally, in the late evening, I headed off again to join the choir for the midnight service. Then it was back home to get four hours sleep before morning. For some reason Christmas Eve was always very cold.

Christmas morning came very early. We children were always awake by five. Santa left our stockings in the bedrooms. Ransacking the stockings took ten minutes; then we waited three hours until Mum and Dad got up, got breakfast, and lit the fireplace. About nine o'clock we finally hit the living room and got down to the serious matter of gift opening. This took a long time. Each of us opened one gift and waited until everybody else had done the same. There was always some-

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

body who kept a record of the gift, the giver and the receiver. By noon all secrets were revealed. We sat both satiated and a little sad among piles of boxes, bows and wrapping papers.

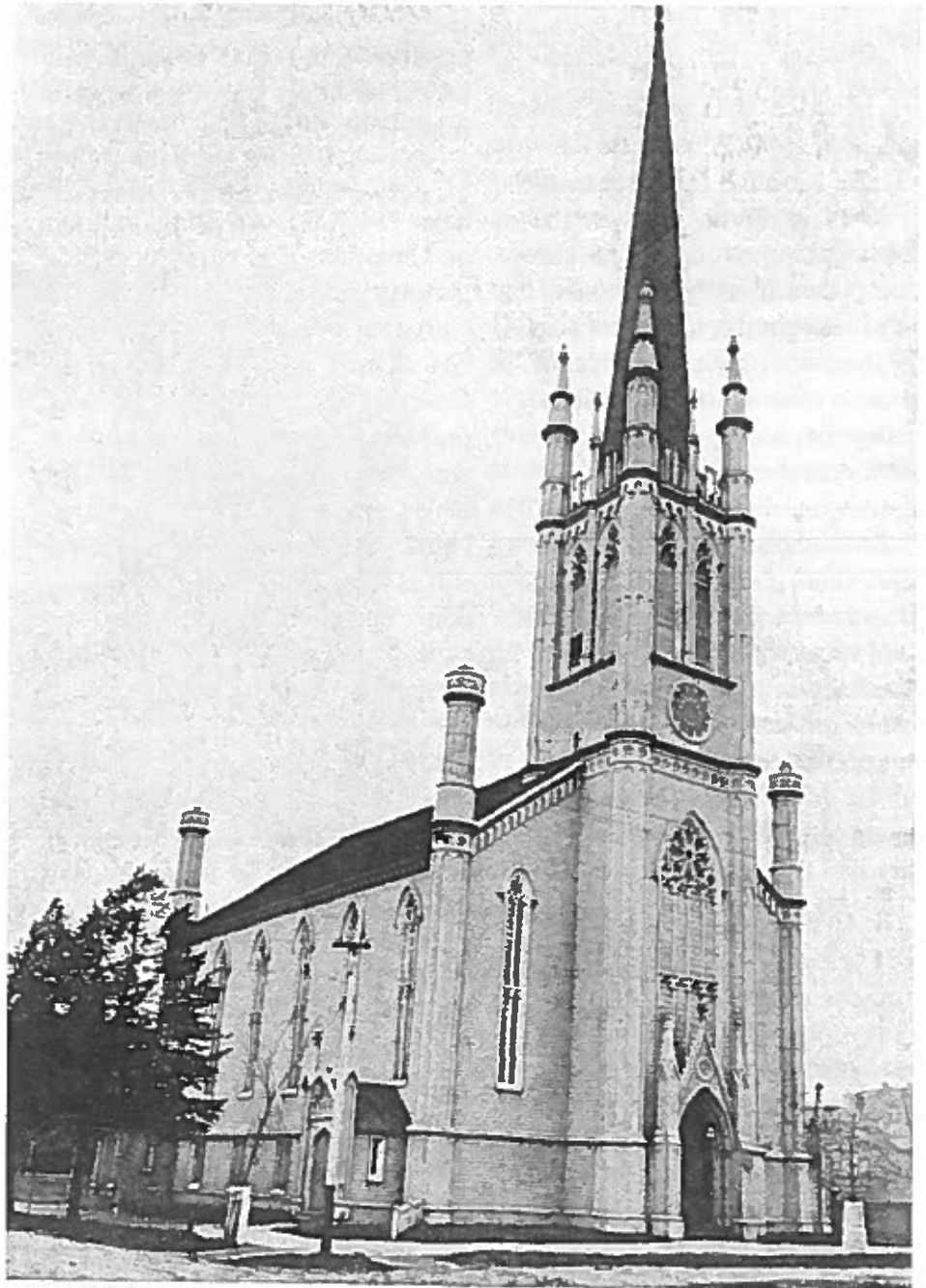
Our second Christmas dinner began about one o'clock. Again there was the long table, the linens and china and crystal and silver and candlesticks. Again there was the bird and the varieties of vegetables and sauces and desserts. But this meal was more intimate. Grammy and Grampy Squires arrived in late morning to join us in the last phases of the gift opening. It was enough. The houses of the 60's didn't have the fine dining rooms of the great traditional houses (the dining rooms of new homes just seemed like afterthoughts tucked onto the living rooms) and the seven of us filled all the available space. By three o'clock the feast was finished, and the combination of fatigue, full bellies and a warm relaxed environment came close to putting us asleep. Only the lure of the favourite present and Diane's arrival kept me going until supper when we fed on our standard Christmas night fare: hot turkey sandwiches. The great bird would continue to feed us until its carcass ended in the stew pot.

Christmas night was given over to games, usually card games such as hearts or rummie or 45s or 2,5,9 (a perversion of Bridge). This became the pattern of most evenings in the week following Christmas. Sometimes we would play a board game like Monopoly or Risk or checkers or chess, but

Dad was the one who always played with us and he preferred cards.

Christmas was a wonderful season filled with magic and mystery and a sense of great events

beyond our understanding. It was Santa Claus and angels, and mangers and joy and hope and presents and the great music of Christmas. It was great to be a kid!



METHODIST CHURCH

FREDERICTON, N.B.

Childhood Memories of Christmas

By Anita Jones

My childhood memories of the festive season began with the arrival of the Eaton's and Sear's Christmas catalogues. My sisters and I spent happy hours perusing these (especially the toy sections) and discussing among ourselves and with other family members what we found interesting.

Within a few weeks our home was filled with the wonderful aroma of the dark fruitcake that my mother prepared lovingly each December. Shortbread cookies and 'almond fingers' were made later and, as we children grew old enough, making mocha cakes became a family 'production-line' tradition.

Sending Christmas cards was

an important part of the season, and Canada Post offered two rates - a cheaper one for cards in unsealed envelopes and the regular letter rate for sealed envelopes. As Christmas drew near, Fredericton had twice-a-day mail delivery, each eagerly awaited. There was a special pleasure in receiving cards that contained personally written letters, sometimes a once-a-year contact with relatives and friends living far away. These letters were much different from the photocopied letters sent by some people today.

My childhood Christmases, much less commercialized than today, left me with many happy memories.



AllThingsChristmas.com
Printable Victorian Santa Cards



Christmas Traditions from Away

Christmas at Peebles Hydro

By Gillian Liebenburg

During the First World War, my mother and members of her large extended family spent the Christmas holidays at Peebles Hydro Hotel in the Scottish borders. Built in 1907, this magnificent Edwardian hotel was set in 30 acres of the tweed valley. We had wonderful walks in the countryside along the riverbank and enjoyed visiting the town of Peebles. Neidpath Castle, used today for films, overlooked the river about one mile west of the town. To our amazement we saw men dressed in skirts, or kilts as we found out, for the first time.

The hotel had an elegant dining room, a swimming pool and a large ballroom where adults enjoyed a wonderful social life in the evenings that included Scottish dancing. Of course by then we were safely tucked up in bed. On one Christmas Eve, my mother must have decided to hang the stockings up after we went to sleep and before she went downstairs to enjoy the nightlife. However, due to the excitement of Christmas, my elder sister and I woke up, and finding our stockings full, opened up all the sur-

prises before my mother went to bed. My sister recalls how surprised she was to find herself with a black dolly, but, of course, by morning the doll had turned white. Needless to say, my mother wasn't very pleased with us for opening the presents before Christmas morning.

I met with more approval, however, when I won the children's fancy dress competition. My father owned Blake and Mackenzie, a Liverpool publishing firm, so we had access to lots of different coloured paper and cardboard, even in the war years.

My older sister was beautifully decked out as Queen Boadecia in her chariot, while I went as a Christmas cracker. My cardboard tube was decked in colourful paper doilies and glittering paper, with two holes made for the eyes. For a young child it was difficult to walk around the ballroom peering out of those small holes. I needed help. My family expected my sister's elaborate costume to win the competition, but, I suppose, because mine was more seasonal the jury voted the Christmas cracker first prize.



Normal School, Fredericton

Childhood and Christmas Memories From Quebec

By Suzanne Scott

I was born in the Eastern Townships at Lake Megantic. As a young child I was quite mischievous and disobedient, but very, very happy.

As Christmas approached we became extremely excited, expecting the arrival of Santa. One time, on a Sunday when my mother was resting, I suggested to my brother that we explore in a specific wardrobe where I had seen some parcels all wrapped up. We ended up playing with a car from one of the parcels. I remember losing a wheel and I could not repair it. I put it back in the cupboard again until Christmas.

We always received very big turkeys from my uncle Elie in Winnipeg. Three turkeys - 30 to 32 pounds each - one each for Christmas, New Years and Epiphany. They arrived via the C.P.R. in wooden crates. The butcher would cut them in half and keep them frozen for us.

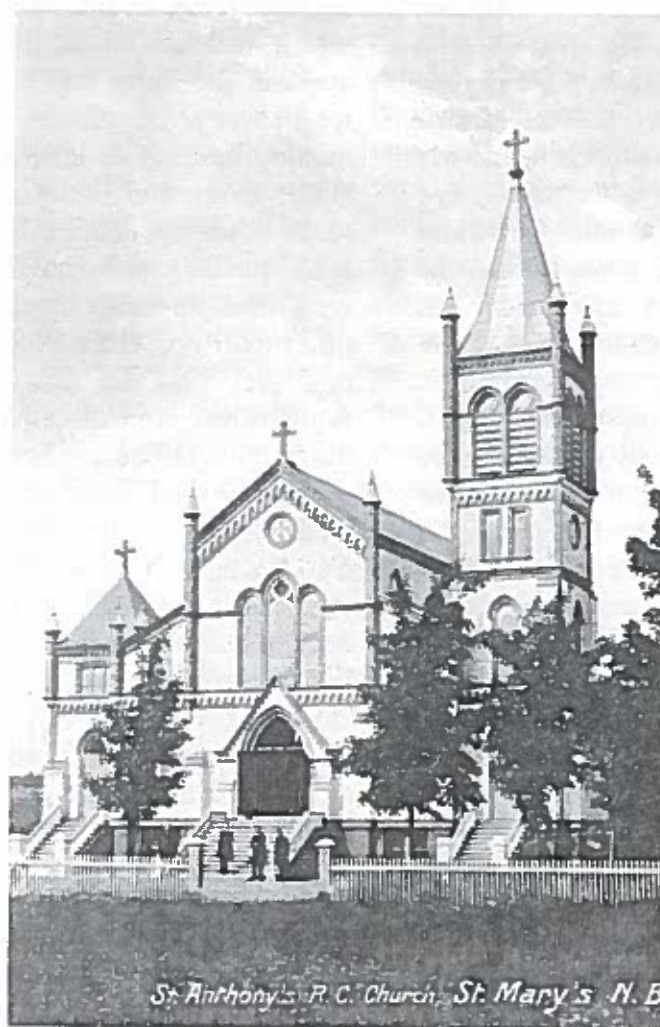
My father worked for the C.P.R. and they often laid off people. I remember our neighbour downstairs was moving to Abitibi. I saw his little boy in bare feet walking on the floor, so I went upstairs and got my little brother's brand new boots and gave them to his mother. She was so happy. So was I, but my mother had worked hard for that new pair of Packard boots. My mother was a graduate nurse and took private cases, and did not earn a big wage.

We were always waiting for the big Eaton catalogue. I remember my mother ordering Christmas balls in 1938 at the end of October. My little sister passed away that year, on November 17. My daughter Shana still uses three of these Christmas balls on her tree.

The famous Santa Claus parade took place in Montreal,

usually around the 25th of November. We used to walk from our house beside Lake Megantic at Midnight, and take the train at 1:00 AM to go to Montreal for the parade. We were the envy of all my friends because we could take the train with my father's C.P.R. pass.

I wish so much that I could revisit my childhood.



An American Christmas in the Early 1940s

By Vincent Erickson

For Scandinavian families like ours living in Washington State, the most important part of Christmas was Christmas Eve. Christmas Eve, as I remember, always posed somewhat of a dilemma in my childhood. It stemmed from the fact that one could not be in two places at once and compromise was in short supply. Father thought that we should spend Christmas Eve with his mother, brothers and sisters and their families. Mother thought we should spend it with her mother and step-father, her brother and her sisters. Mother always won that argument. My mother's siblings who lived close enough to celebrate Christmas with us, unfortunately had no children, so my sister and I had much more attention on that special evening than was good for us.

Father's eldest sister, Aunt Selma, attempted to resolve the Christmas problem by inviting the Erickson clan to her home for Christmas goodies on the afternoon of Christmas Day. Every Scandinavian woman has her special recipes, and for Aunt Selma these were cookies, spiced either with ginger, almond or lemon, plus traditional coffeebread and the newly introduced North American fruit cake. Aunt Selma Danielson was a fine baker, but decidedly an amateur when it came to Mother's youngest sister,

my Aunt Teckla. One of my Erickson cousins, years later, said that he liked to come to Aunt Selma's place on Christmas Day because the sweets were so good. Everything is relative. That cousin knew nothing about what went on at a Sunnell family gathering.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, there were always cousins to play with. I remember one year we had a cold snap at Christmas, a decidedly rare event. The water which had accumulated in low areas in the fields had turned to ice. We boys, dressed in our Sunday best, shoes leather-soled, slid from one end of the ice patch to the other. Of course, there was some pushing and shoving, and we ended up being down more often than up. There were dried cow pies on the frosty grass. Sometimes we threatened to throw them at one another, sometimes we used them as hockey pucks. One Erickson cousin, Neil Wade, well-versed in the art of sports, tried to explain how hockey was played. I did not even know there was such a game. How he knew about it, I'll never know because this was before anyone had television. Perhaps he learned about it from listening to a sport broadcast on the Vancouver CBC station. We borrowed bean poles from our Uncle Nels and bravely knocked the cow

pies toward imaginary goals. I knew we should not be doing this in our good clothes. We were bruised, battered and dirty. One of our parents saw where this was leading to and came out to tell us that Aunt Selma had set the tables for refreshments. Did we dare go in the house? Yes, but first we had to go to the woodshed where there was a sink with running water and to wash off as much of the dirt as possible. Before entering the house, we had to take off our shoes. We received a few dirty looks from some of our parents. As if to say "You better not try that again!"

Another Christmas Day, we were pretty much the same crowd of cousins. They had family names like Wade, Wolf and Wycoff. Going further afield it would include Williams and Willard as well. The Erickson sisters favored men whose surnames began with W. One year it actually snowed at Christmas. My cousin who had instigated the impromptu hockey game a year earlier, suggested, "Let's go out and throw snowballs at one another." Hadn't we learned from the earlier year that this, too, would be a no-no? "But I brought a change of clothes this year," he said. It didn't make that much difference if we hurt ourselves in harmless play, but messing up Selma's house was seen as disre-

spectful. I think we cousins ended up playing charades, much to the amusement of our parents. The girls played, too. I am amazed at our creativity.

After enjoying our refreshments, Father became restless. It was almost 5:00. It was time to go home and begin our chores. Grandmother Erickson had become impatient long before this. About 3:30 she was ready to go home although she did not have a herd of cows to care for anymore.

As I said earlier, however, Christmas Eve was the real Christmas. We tried to get to Grandmother Jackson's by 7:00. My dad started his milking a little earlier on December 24th. I did chores early, too. Cows are temperamental creatures, and thrive on regularity. They want to be milked at the same time each morning and evening. Nonetheless, the cows had to learn to be a little accommodating on Christmas Eve. As I remember, there was always a rush to rid ourselves of barn odors and to get into our Sunday best.

Our first stop was at Grandma Erickson's where we dropped off presents and conveyed our apologies for not being able to stay for the Christmas Eve meal. My cousins and Aunt Esther and Uncle Paul suspected that we really didn't want to come, as we had turned them down year after year. Now that I think back about it, we should have alternated our Christmas Eve stays each year. One year to my father's people, the next year to my mother's. Mother's will always won in the

end. We never spent a Christmas Eve with my father's people. I remember my father had at least one Christmas Eve meal with his sister because he claimed to like lutfisk. He joined us at Grandma Jackson's in time to open the presents a couple of hours later.

In many ways, the food served by my dad's people was the more traditional. Ginger cookies and gingerbread men were offered for dessert. For the main meal of course lutfisk. Lutfisk is made from slabs of dried cod which have been left to soak in lye water for a period of time until the fish had softened. Then they were washed thoroughly to remove the lye and boiled or steamed until they were done. The result was a gel-like mass, smelly and not the least appetizing, served with boiled potatoes. The fish would be smothered either in a white sauce or in melted butter. The Swedes did it one way, the Norwegians another. I only sampled it once in my life and don't know if it was prepared the Swedish way or the Norwegian way. Obviously lutfisk is an acquired taste, and my one experience was insufficient exposure to elicit positive memories.

Even the Christmas tree at Aunt Selma's was more traditional than anything the Jackson/Sunnell family had. The Danielson's tree had genuine wax candles which were lighted for a few minutes when we were there. The significance of real candles was lost on the children and their non-Scandinavian fathers.

What we had for the main meal at Grandma Jackson's was

potatis korv and fresh green beans. Potatis korv is Swedish for potato sausage. This was mother's specialty and she had spent the greater part of the day preparing it. My dad would be sent off to the local abattoir to get intestines from a freshly slaughtered animal. I remember my sister and I looking at this white mess in a wash basin next to the kitchen sink. "What's that?" I remember saying. "It is what we need to make the potato sausage," my mother answered. My sister, four years my senior knew full well what it was, and pontificated loudly, "I'm not going to eat that!" "You have to. You will be surprised how good it tastes!"

Mother got out the meat grinder, attached it to the kitchen counter, and ground up a mountain of freshly peeled raw potatoes, and generous slabs of raw beef, pork and onions. This she flavored with salt, pepper and cloves and likely other sweet spices. The major effort in preparing the sausage was to turn the intestines inside out, scrape away the fibrous cilia within, and to wash them thoroughly before filling them with the mixture of meat, potato, onion and spices. Wiener-sized links were then prepared, tied, and relegated to the refrigerator before being boiled at grandmother's house that evening.

When we arrived at Grandma Jackson's, the house was abuzz with activity. It was filled with light and laughter. The glögg had been freely sampled by some of my aunts and uncles. My sister and I were offered a sip, but we

didn't like it. It burned all the way down, I remember. I would have preferred the raisins and almonds at the bottom of the glass, but these were never offered to us.

The meal began with frukt-sopa, a medley of dried fruits put to a simmer for a considerable period of time with a stick of cinnamon, then greatly thinned down once more before a final thickening with potato flour and the removal of the cinnamon stick.

It was served warm.

Next came the main course of potato sausage and whole green beans. A light rye bread containing grated orange rind, freshly baked by my mother and served with butter was available to those who found the sausage too intense in taste. I found the sausage delicious. Meat flavored with sweet spices, however, is an acquired taste. The sausage casings were questionable, but we were told we did not have to eat them.

The tour de force was Aunt Teckla's cookies and grandmother's freshly baked coffeebread. These were served at the end of the meal with rice pudding. The rice was cooked in milk and flavored with cinnamon. Freshly whipped cream, flavored with vanilla sugar, had been folded into the cooked rice. A dab of butter could be added by those who felt something was lacking. Coffee followed, with possibly more of Aunt Teckla's spritz (cookies so buttery they scarcely held together in baking), fatigman ("poor man" a kind of deep-fried cookie rolled in powdered sugar), and krumkakkor (a crispy rolled wafer, flavored with cardium or

anise), or grandmother's coffee-bread flavored with cinnamon and cardemum. The meal ended with an aqua vit or brandy to aid digestion my sister and I were told.

"Can we have Santa Claus now?" I asked eyeing the nicely decorated tree with electric candles under which were piled mounds of presents. "No, the dishes have to be washed first and then put away. Then we can open our presents," Grandmother answered.

"But, I can't wait any longer." After some whispered discussion, it was agreed that I could open one present. My mother would choose which one it would be. Not unexpectedly, it turned out to be a new coloring book and a jumbo box of crayons. This kept me busy for the next half hour while the women did the dishes and the men smoked their pipes and cigars, talked about the weather and offered their opinions on whether the United States should offer assistance or not to England and Canada in the war effort in Europe.

Finally, it was time for Santa Claus. "Who will be the Jultomte?" Aunt Agnes asked.

Uncle Ed agreed to do so. He went out into the hall, took off his shoes, and pulled his knee-high woollen stockings over the cuffs of his pants. To everyone's delight, he crouched down with his right leg extended and his left buttock resting on his left heel, he made a giant leap into the room miraculously landing with his right buttock on his right heel and his left leg extended out in front of

him. With one more leap, this time landing with his left buttock on his left heel, he was at the Christmas tree. With a little imagination one could think that he was a dwarf. How, as a man approaching fifty, he could keep his balance as well as he did was anyone's guess. Obviously, as a young man in lumber camps and army bases, he had kept his fellows amused by performing this movement, now done in slow motion, of the Russian sailors' dance.

"The jultomte needs a helper," Auntie Vera said. "Vinnie, you be the helper. Ed will read the name of the person for whom the gift is intended, and you bring that person the gift."

I had two objections to this suggestion. First of all, I did not need any help in reading the names, and second of all this would mean that I would be the last person to open my gifts. "Don't worry," Aunt Aina said. "If you open your presents after all of us have opened ours, we will have the pleasure of concentrating on each of your presents as you open them." With that impeccable logic and appeal to my own vanity, I agreed.

"First the children have to dance around the Christmas Tree while the rest of us sing Jul I Jul Igen," one of the aunts suggested. I looked at my sister, four years my senior. I could see from her expression that she was in an uncooperative mood, and I certainly was not going to dance around the Christmas Tree alone. "It would make grandma so happy if you would. You don't

want to disappoint Grandma, do you?" Guilt trips are not unknown in our family!

"But, I don't know how to dance. I'm too little. Besides, we aren't supposed to dance!" That fact had been something that I had picked up from more pietistically oriented children from the neighborhood.

"It's not really dancing," Aunt Agnes replied. "Here, I'll show you how its done." Several of us joined hands, swung them up and down to the singing, and started circling the tree, very much as if we were playing Ring Around the Rosies, leaving out the last one down part.

"That's fun," I said. "Let's do it again!"

"No, you and Sylvia will have to do it next year by yourselves!"

"Oh my," I thought. "Will Sylvia be more willing to do it next year? She will be eleven then. I can see her being even less willing to hold my hand a year from now."

We didn't realize it, but we were getting off easy. If we had been born 40 years earlier, we would have been expected not only to sing and dance around the tree, but to recite Christmas Tree verses and to sing songs from memory. The remarkable thing is that we would have done so willingly!

The incident was forgotten. Our thoughts turned to admiring one another's presents. Someone remarked that it was 10:30 already, and that at 11, Christmas Eve services would begin in our church in town. "We'll have to get going!"

Scrambling into as few cars as possible – it was wartime and gasoline rationing after all, we drove the mile or perhaps the mile and one-half to church. I remember being sandwiched between a couple of aunts in the back seat. Their fur coats and the scent of their perfume somehow seeming to me to be very reassuring.

When we entered the church, we saw that the church was almost full. One of the few empty pews was right in front. We filled the entire pew, despite the fact the men in the family had stayed at home to play pinochle. Before long the two acolytes entered from the back of the church. Walking slowly through the church, they entered the choir through an opening in the altar rail. Lighting the two candelabra stands adjacent to the altar, then lighted the two main candles on the altar, turning around they did not depart through the side doors off the choir, but lighted the votive candles on the altar rail, and the fifth and major candle on the free standing Advent wreath. Now the candles along the edge of the choir stall were lighted, the votive candles which had been placed in the window niches, and the candles placed at the end of each pew at the side aisles. Working their way to the back of the church, the two acolytes slowly worked their way forward again through the main aisle, lighting the candles at the end of each pew there. As the sanctuary became brighter and brighter with candle light, the electrical lights were turned off. Passing into the choir once more, the two young men, bowed before

the alter in a moment of silence and departed through the side doors of the choir, leaving the sanctuary aglow in the softest of light.

Two by two along the main aisle, the members of the choir slowly walked toward the front of the church. Singing 'O Come All Ye Faithful', each chorister carried a lighted candle. The pastor followed a few steps behind. The choir turned right at the communion rail to their places in the choir stall. The pastor continued to the altar and paused with head lowered while the acolytes extinguished all the candles except those within the altar rail and within the window niches. The choir members extinguished their candles and the electrical lights were again put on.

Presented entirely in English, the Lutheran service began. Perhaps more carols were sung than in Luther's time. We were Americans after all, and Americans like their Christmas carols! We always used the hymns, "When Christmas Morn is Dawning" originally sung in Swedish, as well as the Praetorius hymn, "All Hail to thee O Blessed Morn" which had made the transition from German to Swedish to English over a 400 year period. Whatever was not familiar to me as a six-year-old, was simply accepted, because that was the way it was supposed to be because it was Christmas Eve. The choir tried something new each year at Christmas. It might have been selections from the Carol of the Bells that year.

For the offertory, a soloist

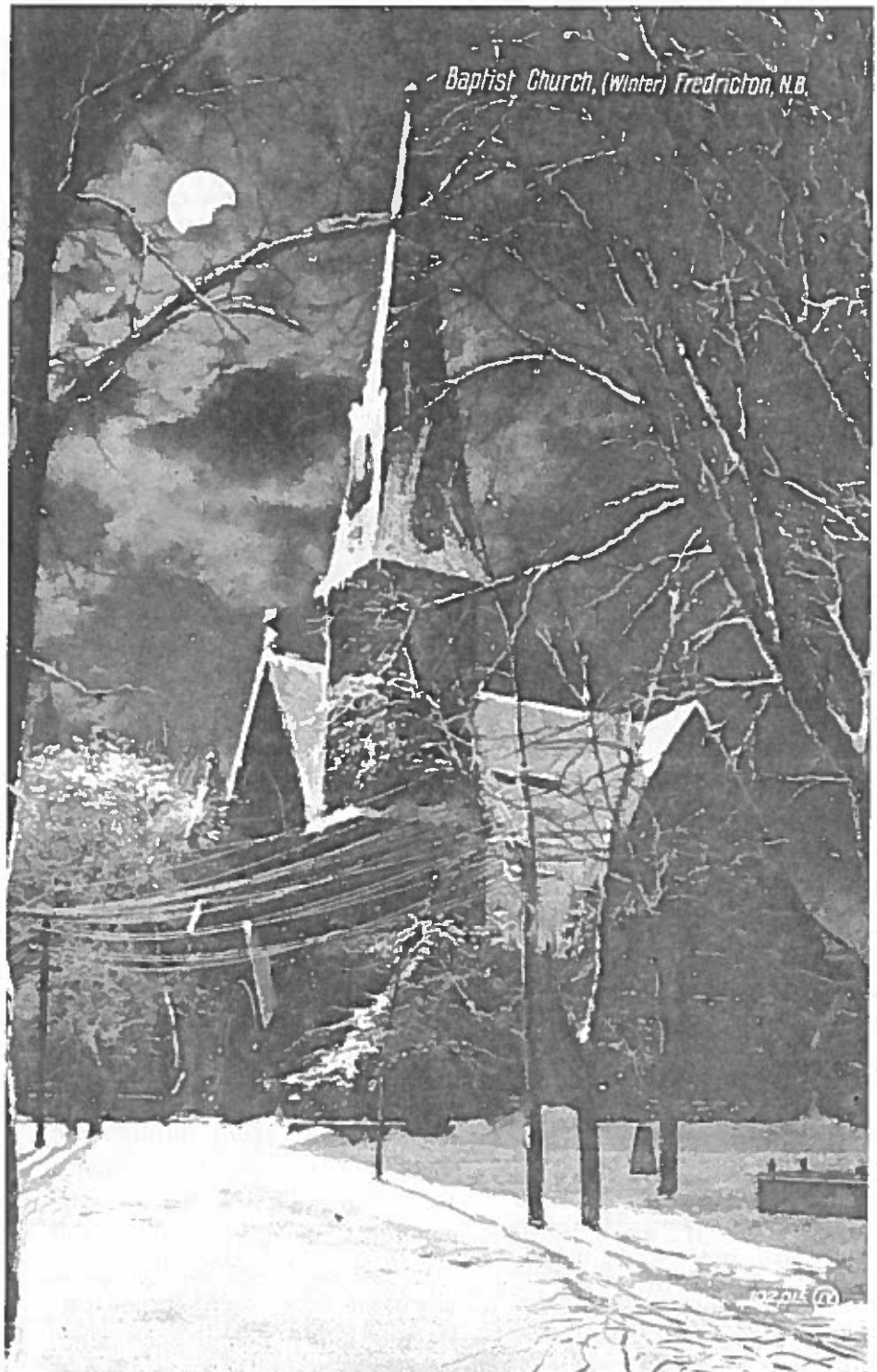
sang 'O Holy Night'. Twenty years earlier in the same church it would have been something in Swedish, likely 'Hosiana'. Herman Stahl, the Swedish soloist from former years was still alive and active. He declined to sing any more because he feared that his songs would be seen as being old fashioned and that only some of the older members of the congregation would be able to understand Swedish. It had become an English congregation now.

When the service was over, the lights were dimmed once more. The choir members relit their candles. Following the pastor to the rear of the church during the recessional, they sang 'O Sanctissima'. The acolytes returned, extinguished the candles in the niches and on the communion rail, the fifth candle of the Advent Wreath and those candles around the altar. The electric lights were turned on once more. The magic of the occasion was over.

We streamed out of the church, greeting old and new friends and our more distant relatives on Mother's side. Aunt Selma and Uncle Nels were there on Father's side. We shook hands with the pastor, climbed into our cars, and I snuggled between the same two aunts, who smelled of the same perfume. It was almost 1:00 A.M. when we arrived at Grandma's house once more. Was it too late to eat a bit more coffee-bread, cookies, and for me, at least, greatly diluted coffee? No, of course not. The uncles stopped playing cards and asked who was in church and what songs had

been sung. The aunts felt it their right to complain that it was a shame that Herman Stahl had not sung something in Swedish, because it didn't seem quite like Christmas Eve when he didn't. For me, Christmas was over when

we packed up our presents and headed for home. As a child, I had never appreciated Christmas Day to the degree I should have. Obviously, I was overly influenced by my mother's family.



Martin Butler on the Nashwaak

By Murray Young

A PAE[A]N / A Parody

*When Nashwaak hushed its waters
still,
And silence slept on Durham's hill;
When Zionville's shepherds through
the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry
light,
Hark! From the Stanley hills around
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant and low rumbling stole
From where the Cross Creek waters
roll.*

*On wheels of fire on wings of flame
The C.E.R. from Chatham came
Durham with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps
[and] sung:*

*Oh Durham, lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
For Gibson's got the C.E. train.*

*Now, swift to every startled eye,
The sparks from the old smoke-stack
fly;*

*Wide opes the throttle-valve to pour
Its spirits in a fiery shower.*

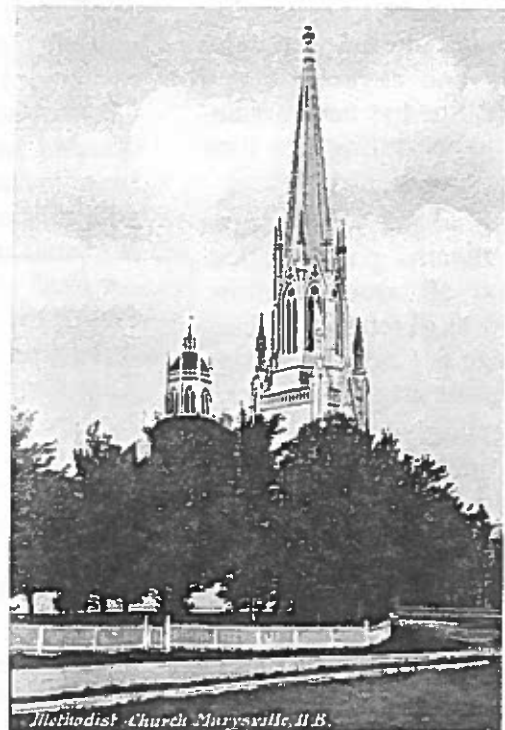
*It comes to cheer the trembling
heart –*

*Bids Snowball and his hosts depart;
Again the head-light gilds the gloom
Again the guns of Durham boom.
Oh Durham lift thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh –
The joys of nature rise again,
For Gibson's got the C.E. train.*

Martin Butler from
Patriotic and Personal Poems,
Fredericton, 1898

One can imagine Martin Butler, the author of this lighthearted verse, trundling a little handcart along the road from Upper Durham to Taymouth in the fall of 1893. On his right were the hills of Zionville, on his left the tracks of the Canada Eastern Railway (the C.E.R.). It ran from Chatham, the home of Jabez Bunting Snowball, to the village of Gibson at the mouth of the Nashwaak. The village and the town of Marysville were the domain of Alexander "Boss" Gibson.

The lives of the people of the Nashwaak revolved around the "Boss". For thirty years he has been buying their logs and paying them wages for working on his log drives and in his camps and mills. He was a benevolent employer who looked out for the people and families who worked for him. They in turn viewed him with respect and even affection. When he and Senator Snowball quarrelled over the running of the C.E.R., the Nashwaakers had no doubt as to which side they were on.



The Curator's Corner

By Liz Haines

The 2004 season at the Museum has been one full of changes. For those of you who have not been to the museum in a while the faces and the exhibits were all new. My first season as curator has been full of interesting people and partnerships. The staff this season consists of Erin Mercer, a first year history student at St Thomas University, Kim McLaggan and Elizabeth Haines.

Erin was a familiar face that we were glad to welcome back. We first worked with Erin as a student intern from Oromocto High School last fall. Erin has been getting her feet wet in pretty much every aspect of the museum business. Her first role here last October was in helping with the textile inventory and the planning of 'Garrison Ghosts' with the Gilbert and Sullivan Society. Throughout the summer and fall Erin has been giving tours in both official languages, performing housekeeping duties, general office work and anything else I throw at her. She has been a valuable asset to us during her time here.

Kim McLaggan was with us for a few months part-time and was general all around fellow. Kim has left us to return to school at the College of Craft and Design studying Native arts and culture.

The exhibits this year have been an interesting mix. We worked with guest curators for three of our exhibits. It was an interesting experience that I hope to expand upon over the next few years. Though there were times it was bumpy I think the results were worth it.

Fort Nashwaak was curated by Fidel Theriault, and depicted life at the French fort. This exhibit was funded by the City Of Fredericton. David McKinley of the Fredericton Fire Department curated a wonderful exhibit showing the history of fire fighting in Fredericton. The exhibit was the crown jewel for many school tours in the Spring! Our third guest Curator this season was our own Bob Dallison. Bob worked very hard and launched a fantastic exhibit based upon his book, *Hope Restored*. This informative and well executed exhibit will be travelling on to The New Brunswick Museum and later to Woodstock. We thank King's Landing and the New Brunswick Museum for the loan of Artifacts for this show. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those involved with launching these new exhibits.

For the most part our other exhibits this season were re-invented from existing exhibits. Christopher and Jeremy Earl donated some valuable (and fun) time to help paint and prepare gallery space on the ground floor. It's amazing the difference a coat (or four) of paint can make in the feel of the place! Many thanks to them and to Kate McKay and Elise Craft for the hours put in to prepare these spaces. Erin gathered artifacts and information and put together a history of the building as her first curatorial attempt. She really did a great job with very little help from me. Our second room became home to the famous Coleman Frog. We hope to build upon these exhibits over

the next little while so that they do not become stagnant.

Our partnership with the Fredericton Designer Weavers has continued for a second season. The resident artists and the workshops continued to bring new faces to the museum over the course of the summer, and sparked the interest of the city tourism and other partners.

Tourism was down this year and our admissions reflect this to a certain extent, though we are healthy in comparison to other similar institutions and we are taking steps to attract a new demographic audience. It is our goal to bring in the locals through new and exciting programming over the next few seasons. And keep our face present even when we are not open for the season, through events and programmes that appeal to the public.

We have forged a partnership with the New Brunswick College of Craft and Design for the hosting of their graduation show. This benefits us and the College greatly. The money received for gallery rental was certainly helpful and the draw of new and exciting exhibits boosted our numbers last May when traditionally we have few visitors.

All in all it was a good season at the York-Sunbury, and we have much to be proud of. The winter is certainly being felt here and thoughts are turning to the plans for after Christmas when we begin the exhibit building for next season. Hope to see all of you in the coming year at the Museum and at events throughout the year.

Around the Society

By Donna Wallace

Our Condolences

... to the family of the late Mrs Mary Hashey

... to the family of the late Mr Donald Coburn a life member

... to Ted and Anita Jones on the death of Ted's mother

... to Agnes and Kenneth Duncan on the death of Kenneth's brother, George

... to the family of the late Mrs Helen Belyea

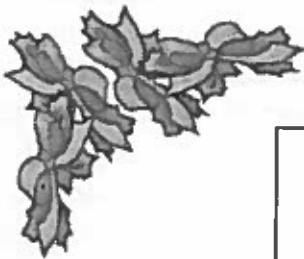
Our Best Wishes

... to Mrs Rae Kimm, Mr Sterling Wallace and Mr Douglas Wright

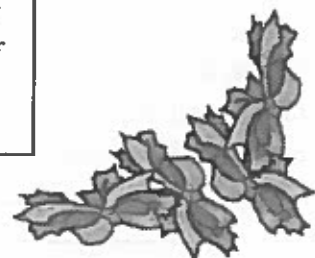
... for continued good health after successful recoveries from recent illnesses

Our Congratulations

... to Major Gary Campbell who was recently presented with the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal



The photos on the front and back covers and many of the other photos used in the magazine are from the collection of Walter Calkin Smith. They are from a large collection of post cards "given to the Museum in loving memory of Walter, by his wife and three daughters."



The 2004 Martha J. Harvey Award for Excellence

Awarded to

Frederick Wilmot Hubbard

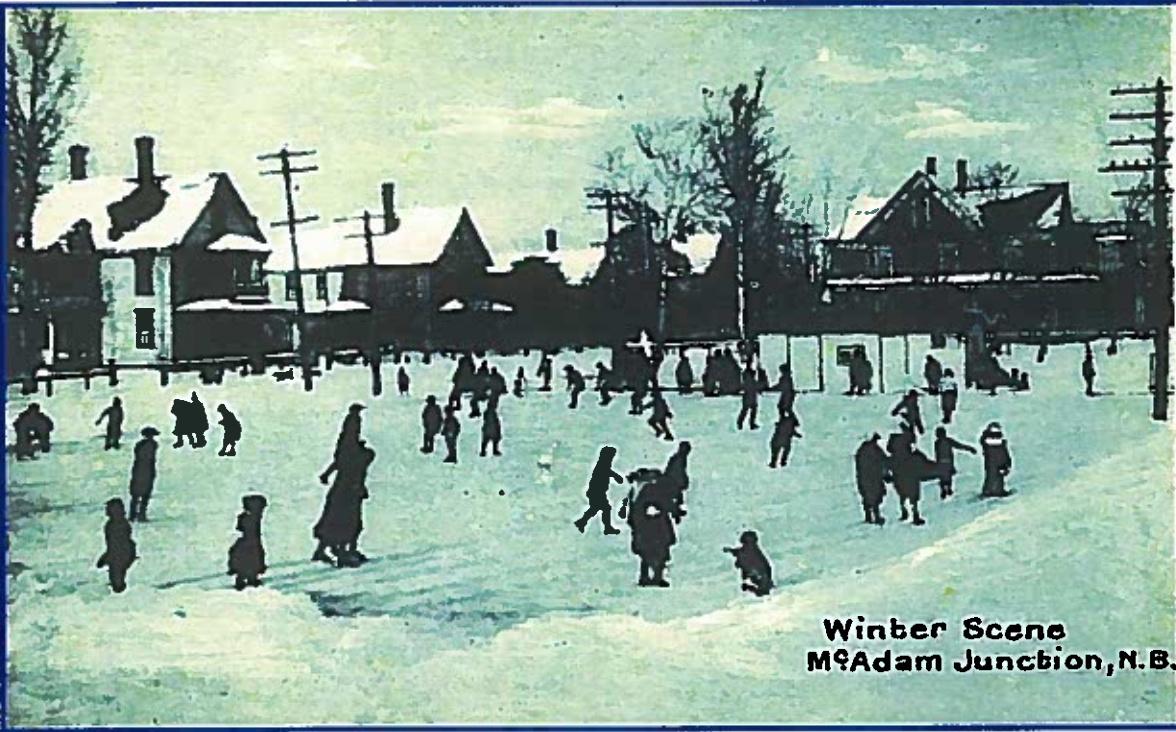
Fred Hubbard was born and brought up at Burton in the house which his Loyalist great great grandfather built in 1803. He received an engineering degree from UNB in 1943 and then joined the Canadian navy where he served in the Atlantic and Mediterranean theatres. He married Lucy Black of Winnipeg in 1946. Between 1945 and 1967 he worked at various industrial undertakings in Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick, including the design for the Belledune smelter which he prepared for the Irving firm. In 1967 he came to Fredericton to work on the Mactaquac Hydro Power Plant. The following year he joined the Department of Supply and Services and soon became Director of Buildings responsible for the design and construction of provincial government buildings. He worked to maintain and restore a number of significant historical structures including the old Normal School (now the Justice Building), the old city library (now the Exhibition building), the Soldiers' Barracks, and the New Brunswick Museum in Saint John.

Fred has an impressive record of volunteer activity in the service of the history and heritage of central New Brunswick. He is a life member of the York-Sunbury Historical Society, and a founding member of the Fredericton branch of the United Empire Loyalist Society. In 1983 he chaired the 200th Anniversary celebrations of the Loyalists arrival. His published work includes a history of the Hubbard family since 1783, and contributions to the *Officers' Quarters* and the United Empire Loyalist Society. He was responsible for the restoration of the cemetery at St Paul's Anglican Church in Burton and continues as to play a leadership role on the Cemetery Committee. He also led the move to have Belmont, the home of the Honourable R. D. Wilmot, declared an historic site.

Fred's family has a long and illustrious connection with the province. His great, great grandfather, William Hubbard, was Edward Winslow's deputy in Sunbury County, and after the creation of the province served as a member of the Legislative

Assembly. Among his great grandfathers were R. D. Wilmot and David Jack. From these connections Fred inherited a large array of artifacts and documents of historical significance to the province. He has generously contributed many of these to New Brunswick institutions. Among the recipients of his generosity are the York-Sunbury Museum, the Legislative Library, the UNB Archives, the Provincial Archives, the New Brunswick Museum, the Ross Museum at St Andrews, and the Burton Court House. His gift to the York-Sunbury Museum is the desk used by R. D. Wilmot when he served as Speaker of the Canadian Senate.

Fred has handled his historical tasks with integrity, devotion and responsibility. He has made an important contribution to New Brunswick history and to the preservation of our provincial heritage. The York-Sunbury Historical Society is very pleased to grant him the 2004 Award for Excellence.



Winter Scene
McAdam Junction, N.B.



Provincial Parliament & Department
Building, Fredericton, N. B.