

Chapter Five

The St. Croix Courier

AFTER THE DEMISE of the *Beacon*, St. Andrews pretty much disappears from the news, except for the odd gossip column and occasional major news item. It comes back to life again in the early 1930s in an unpretentiously titled little column in the *St. Croix Courier* called “Shiretown Items.” The author is Dr. Frederick Worrell, the local dentist, and “Shiretown Items” continues faithfully to report on the local scene until the death of Mr. Worrell in 1952 of complications from a stomach ulcer.

Like Armstrong, Worrell was a politically and socially active citizen of the town. As Alderman, he sat on the Committee that helped bring running water to the town. As Mayor, he was responsible for the first paved street in St. Andrews—Water Street, which was paved with concrete in 1937. In some ways he wore more hats than Armstrong. As a young man he was a prize-winning track and field athlete, a star of the St. Andrews Shamrocks basketball team, a gymnast and avid golfer; in later years local chess champion, ornithologist and amateur astronomer, dedicated member of the St. Andrews Brass Band and President of the Men’s Club.

Unlike the *Beacon* “Shiretown Items” was devoted entirely to local news, but Mr. Worrell brought to this task qualities similar to those which animated the pages of Armstrong’s paper—an intelligent and gossipy interest in local events and characters, graceful prose and a knack for drawing a portrait or dramatizing an event. Like Armstrong Worrell was a man on the street, with a nose for news and an affection for local people. With the passage of years, he took a particular interest in “old-timers,” liked to tell their stories, and as a man who first came to St. Andrews in 1889, had a few to tell himself. He was an avid hockey fan; his columns reported regularly on the progress of the St. Andrews Senators and other items of sporting interest. Many people and events which animated the lives of the old Shiretown in his day and before come alive again in his affectionate and humorous columns. Those written during the war years are especially interesting for the light they shed on the ordinary trials of rationing. Worrell had a special affection for children. With his death St. Andrews lost a keen observer and very human commentator. ❧



Barbara Ann Scott's First Visit to St. Andrews, 1949

Left to Right: Mrs. Clyde Scott, William C. O'Neill, Barbara Ann Scott, Dr. J. F. Worrell, and Mrs. Windsor Dewar Willtown

Charlotte County Archives

P69.189

Plucky Bill

THE HISTORY OF skating rinks in St. Andrews during the past few years is really the history of the dreams and schemes, discouragements and successes of one young man. From the time of the inauguration of hockey in a small building on Water Street where the ice surface was probably less than half regulation size and where room for only a few spectators could be provided, on through the succession of outdoor rinks adding improvements from year to year, up until the present, when he sees his hopes realized, this young man has persisted in the idea that a real rink could be built by the people of St. Andrews, and that some day it would be built. A quiet, unassuming chap he is, who will accept no credit for what has been done, but says it was just his idea, that was all—that the rest of the boys did as much as he. At college he was called “Lucky Bill.” A more appropriate pseudonym would be “Plucky Bill.” When he announced that the time was now propitious for the building of a covered rink, practically every person whose advice should be worth most tried to discourage him. It meant tearing down the appurtenances of the open-air rink upon which \$1,000 had been spent last year, but this meant nothing to Bill. He had no convincing argument to use to prove the project would be successful. He simply felt it must succeed. And herein lies the solution of the whole proposition. This young man had his finger on the public pulse and he knew it.

In making an estimate of the cost, he allowed practically nothing for labor and here is where he knew his public as his advisers did not. When Bill began the work his position resembled that of Napoleon on his return from Elba—just himself and a handful of the most faithful. But ere he reached his “Paris,” the completion and opening of the rink on January 2nd, 1933, he had an army behind him, an army whose spirit was sufficient to overcome any amount of labor, expense or inclemency of weather.

Great credit is due to Frank Gilman, who constructed and erected the framework, and Gus Rigby who took charge of the finishing and whose advice and labor were invaluable.

Many names might be mentioned of those whose unsolicited assistance contributed so greatly towards the success of the enterprise, of those who donated liberally in cash, or of those who toiled there day after day in the muck and dirt with no further hope of reward than that of a sense of duty well done. But after all it is Bill’s rink. And the people of St. Andrews and of the surrounding districts, who also had their share in the work, feel that as long as there is a stick of this building standing, it will stand as a monument to the pluck and enterprise and public spirit of one of our native sons.

The building is 200 x 86 feet outside and has an ice surface 175 x 76 feet. Heated seating spaces will accommodate about one hundred and there is standing room on the sidelines sufficient for six hundred more.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 5, 1933

Opposite Top

The Volunteer Construction Crew,
1932

Opposite Bottom

A Pictorial History of the Arena,
burned Christmas Night, 1939.
All Photographs Archie Shirley
Mr. Shirley assumed the mantle
from D. Will McKay as local
photographer.

Charlotte County Archives

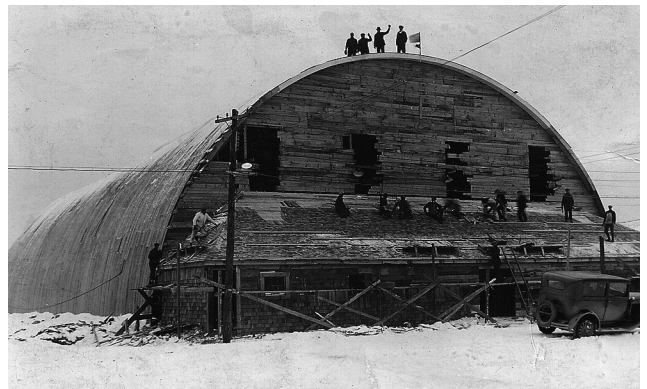
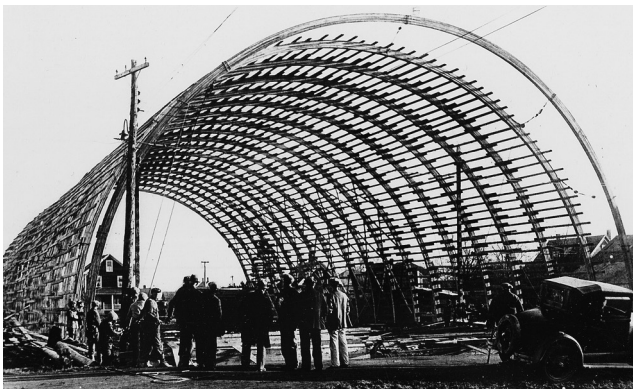
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St. Andrews Senators, Intermediate New Brunswick Champions, 1933
Front Left to Right: Gerald Stinson, John O'Neill, Bill O'Neill, Leigh Williamson, Jake Johnston
Rear Left to Right: Frank McMullan, Frank Haughn, Hope McQuoid
Jim Graham, Cecil Williamson, Loren McQuoid, Augustus Rigby
Charlotte County Archives
P245.253



Prince Arthur High School Rugby Team, circa 1935

In Front with Ball: Joe Gibson, Bob Stinson next

Second Row: Raymond Bartlett, Fred McLaren, Unknown, Lester Holmes, Joe Goodeill, Vernon (Splinter) Stinson

Third Row: Earl Thomas, Roy (Stubby) Thomas, Paul McDowell

Back Row: Al (Pickle) McNichol, John McFarlane, George Goodeill, Joe Miller, Richard Ross, Roy Thurber

Charlotte County Archives

P218.36

A Sincere Tribute

ABOUT 250 PEOPLE helped Caddy Norris, the Shiretown's one and only colored gentleman, celebrate his birthday last Tuesday evening in Elite Hall. The party was typical of that ideal democracy practiced by Mr. Norris himself. Pauper or millionaire alike were welcomed by the friend-loving, friend-making host. No person remains long in St. Andrews without knowing "Caddy" and everyone who knew him was welcome. Miss Edna Smith and Larry Lace took charge of the dance program, and the music was provided by Caddy's orchestra, which plays in Elite Hall several nights a week. Several solos were sung during the evening, which was enjoyed by everyone. A cash presentation was made to Caddy by the steward of the Algonquin Hotel on behalf of the staff of the Hotel.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 20, 1936

An Old Friend Returns

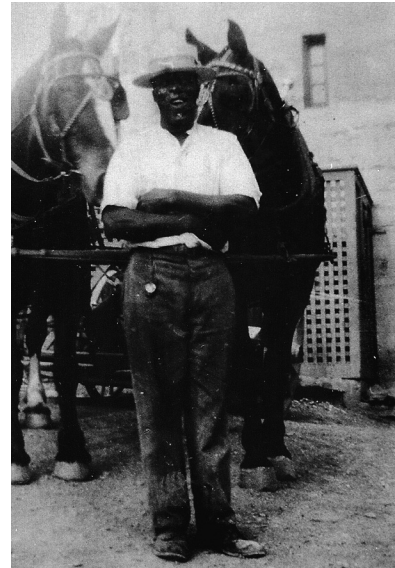
DO YOU REMEMBER Sam Cole? If so, you are getting along in years; you are not as young as you used to be. Sam Cole is an aged colored gentleman, who was born and brought up in St. Andrews but moved to Caribou, Maine, 45 years ago. His real name is Stuart but in St. Andrews he was always called Cole, his mother's name. Sam Cole, after living in Caribou for a number of years where he lost his wife and three children, moved to Cape Breton. In this latter town he lived for 22 years. Until recently Sam Cole was comfortably situated but the last year or two he has been unable to obtain work due to his age. The aged colored gentleman, now 78, has been on a visit to his only remaining son in Caribou, hoping to have a home with him there. However, the son was in too poor circumstances to bear the additional weight of supporting another, and the kindly old man returned to St. Andrews, his old home town, to see if the town would do anything for his relief. The town is under no obligation to give relief to Sam Cole, who, though born in St. Andrews, is still a resident of New Waterford, having left there only in last April. The relief committee, rather than turn the poor old fellow out on the cold world, are giving him a letter to the Mayor of New Waterford and enough funds to carry him at least part of the way to his destination.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, October 15, 1936

Town Buys Historic Bill

A THREE-DAY AUCTION sale was held last week at the residence of the late David Clark. There was a fine collection of old mahogany furniture and old-fashioned dishes, most of which brought good prices. The original copy of a memorandum of the sale and removal of the old Coffee House from Penobscot to St. Andrews in 1783 was bid on by the Mayor for the town. This interesting old building was unfortunately destroyed in the disastrous fire of 1930.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 3, 1936

Band Goes Nuttical

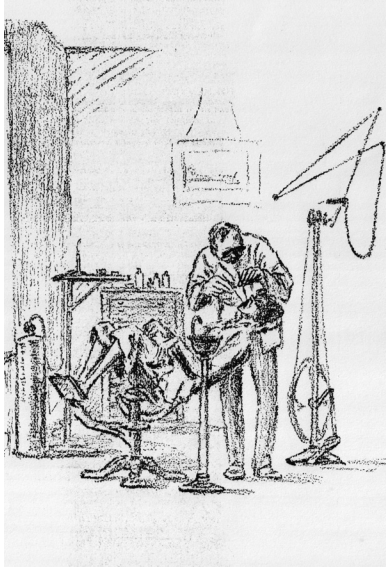
HOWARD PILLOW ON his yacht *Lucinda* and Syd Anning have made a musical tour of the islands with the Town Band, including Eastport. After leaving Eastport, Mr. Pillow took his guests for a sail around the bay and after singing every song except the housewife's song "Home on the Range," returned to St. Andrews. On entering the harbor the Band played "Success" and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," for the benefit of their host, Mr. Pillow, one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Band.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 9, 1937



Caddy Norris and Team at the Algonquin Hotel
Charlotte County Archives
P15.3



Dr. J. F. Worrell (right), Second Term as Mayor, 1934
Mr. Worrell had an official and personal interest in local history. He was also a driving force behind the Town Band.
Charlotte County Archives
P68.5



**Overheard in Doc Worrell's office,
Monday, am.**

"Dear me, dear me, Why what have you done to your teeth Miss Skaggs—they are all broken to pieces?"

"I only went to lunch with Miss Van Horne yesterday on the Island."

"What did you try to eat, one of her hams, or has one of the old bulls died?"

"I had the ham alright, but what happened was, she sent me home across the bar in her new Flivver."

Flivver No. 2

From R. B. Van Horne's "Covenhoven Follies of 1919," an affectionate poke at Adaline Van Horne's new Model T Ford. According to the "Follies," the salesman secretly ordered an extra heavy-duty suspension in the car, so as to sustain his illustrious customer's notable weight.

Courtesy Henry Clarke

Golfing the Year Round

THE TOWN'S MOST enthusiastic golfers, John Peacock, Jim Skinner, Archie Skinner and Syd Anning, have been at it again, having played several rounds during the "January thaw" which lasted most of February. These inveterate golfers are trying to establish a record by playing every month in the year and, with three up and one to go on "Old Man Winter," it looks as though they will succeed. If they can stymie March the rest of the match should be plain sailing. The turf is in good condition and no black flies have been reported yet.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, March 4, 1937

Aged 97 Climbs Chamcook

THE DISTINCTION OF being the oldest lady in town goes to Mrs. Margaret French. She was out for a car drive on Saturday afternoon and when asked by her chauffeur Earl Wahl where she would prefer to go, she promptly named a trip to the top of Chamcook Mountain. Accompanied by the Misses Mary Canavan and Patricia Lyons, she got out of the car at the summit of the mountain and discovered engraved on one of the rocks an inscription dated 1825 which was the exact year her father, Patrick McCann, landed in St. Andrews from County Down, Ireland. Mrs. French is now in her 97th year.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 15, 1937

A Romance of Long Ago

MANY, MANY YEARS ago, a family came from England to St. Andrews and occupied a house pretty well up on the hill which, two or three years ago, was renovated and remodelled and is now one of our most beautiful summer residences. This family brought with them a maid named Lucy, young and attractive. A young man who had known her in England was so enamoured of her charms that he followed her to St. Andrews. He stayed here for several months but, unable to obtain regular employment, returned to England. Before returning, however, the young couple had become engaged to be married with the understanding that just as soon as he could find employment and get sufficient funds together the young man would send Lucy her passage money, and they would be married immediately on her arrival in England. Lucy waited patiently for months, and then for years, but no letter or passage money was forthcoming. She never married nor had another sweetheart but lived on with these people she had come out with, and on their death, they having acquired ownership of the property in the meantime, they left it to Lucy, then an "old maid." But during Lucy's ownership, about forty years after her young sweetheart had sailed for England, she was having the kitchen built over. A sort of built-in cabinet which had stood in the corner of the room all these years was removed—and there on the floor between cabinet and wall lay the long-looked-for letter, passage money and all—"believe it or not!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 8, 1938

The Marina Theatre



Talkies Inaugurated in St. Andrews

MAYOR J. F. Worrell gave a short address at the opening of the new talkies last evening. Three cheers were given Edward Finigan and William O'Neill for the work they have been doing in getting it started. There was a packed house and Ann Harding in "The Gallant Lady" was the picture shown.—*Courier*, December 20, 1934

The Marina Theatre (left) and
O'Neill's Grocery (right)
Charlotte County Archives
P126.2

"The Great Ziegfeld" showing at Marina

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF the progressive policy of the managers of the Marina Theater may be seen this week in "The Great Ziegfeld." The show will not be released to theatres until 1937. At present it is in the nature of a road show, and St. Andrews is the only small place in Canada to show this masterpiece. The show took 2 years to produce and has 50 stars and 300 girls. "The Great Ziegfeld" is a biography of the great producer and contains parts of all Ziegfeld's best productions. The show is three hours long and can be seen at 6:30 and 9:30 pm on Thursday and Friday. The only way the management was able to get this superb production was to guarantee to charge reserved seat prices and go on a percentage basis." —Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 27, 1936

The Marina Theatre

THE MARINA THEATRE put on a five-and-a-half hour New Year's night to start off the year right for its patrons. . . . Incidentally the Marina has a couple of new gadgets which indicates the progressive policy of the management. One is a modernistic clock in the lobby which also advertises coming attractions; the other is a rotating disc to flash color effects on the screen.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 6, 1938

St. Andrews Not Included

THE JAMES FITZPATRICK travelogue "Glimpses of New Brunswick" which was taken last year was shown at the Marina Theatre last Thursday and Friday. The pictures were in technicolor and showed some fine scenes. The nearest it got to St. Andrews was Black's Harbour and Lake Utopia.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 12, 1938

Better Than they Want

IT IS GENERALLY accepted that one of the first principles in the development of a successful business is to give the public what they want. The two young men who own and manage the Marina Theatre have gone beyond this in giving the public even better than they want. No low-class thrillers or melodramas, which might satisfy many of the patrons, are shown at this theatre, and in consequence it has proven not only a place of entertainment but an institution with a considerable educational value as well. In an endeavour to suit all tastes, as great a variety of pictures as possible is shown. But they are all of a high standard. Some of these films are so expensive that the receipts do not cover the cost of showing. But the boys take their loss with a smile and continue giving the best. One of the finest pictures to be shown this summer was "They Shall Have Music," starring Jascha Heifetz, now the most outstanding violinist in the world. Although this show may have been "caviar to the general," it was angelic food to the music lovers. The splendid pictures of the Royal Tour which have been shown throughout the summer have given us a much more intimate acquaintance with our King and Queen than we had from seeing them for a few minutes in person. So long live the "Marina"! May its lights never flicker, its sound-box stutter, nor its treasury go dry.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 7, 1938

Annual Party a Great Success

ONE OF THE highlights of the summer season here is the annual "Caddy Party" provided by Thomas Marshall. Although ostensibly arranged as a treat for the caddies, several hundred adults are usually included in the invitations. Usually held at his residence, the party this year of necessity took on somewhat of a variation, as Mr. Marshall has no residence at present, only one in the course of construction. The event this year consisted of a theatre party at the Marina Theatre where the guests enjoyed a fine program of pictures and where the caddies each received a souvenir. Before the show, entertainment was provided by two local celebrities, Scott Stuart and Herbert Henderson, with violin and accordion. As the old-time jigs and reels were played even the older and more sedate, who are always annoyed when anyone stamps during a picture show, entered into the spirit of the occasion and stamped as loudly as the rest. Scott favoured the audience with a "Come-all-ye" which probably could not be classed as a musical gem, but certainly gave convincing evidence of the performer's facility of articulation and retentiveness of memory. After the show the guests repaired to "Pat's Café," and to the K. of P. hall to partake of ice-cream and cakes, and thence to Andraeleo Hall where dancing was enjoyed till midnight. To the boys and girls of course this annual event is but an occasion to have a "whale of a time." But to the older people of the town it has a deeper meaning. Any adult participating in one of these parties who does not experience a spiritual uplift should have his heart-strings examined. The kindness, thoughtfulness, generosity and affection of Mr. Marshall have endeared him to all, and it is hoped that he may be spared many years to enjoy his summers here.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 25, 1938

Death at Chamcook Lake

Five St. Andrews Men Drown When Car Drops Through Ice-Hole at Chamcook

ON THEIR WAY home after a carefree week-end outing at Chamcook Lake, five of a party of six well known St. Andrews men were drowned Sunday evening when the car in which they were riding over the frozen surface of the lake skidded into a gaping hole left by ice-cutters and became their death-trap. As the machine settled to the bottom, its headlights still burning, one man, Joseph Gibson, somehow struggled out and saved himself. The others, paralyzed by the sudden plunge, drowned apparently without making an effort to escape.

Mr. Gibson, 55-year-old mason, came up under the ice the first time he rose. The second time he found himself in the ice-hole. As soon as he regained sufficient strength, he climbed out on the solid ice and, realizing that his companions were beyond aid, ran nearly three-quarters of a mile to a telephone and gave the alarm which brought help from St. Andrews. Victims of the tragedy were: Albert Storr, 70, superannuated baggage employee of the CPR; William Craig, 60, manager of the general store of J. A. Doon and Co.; Louis Hivon, 55, manager of the St. Andrews store of the New Brunswick Liquor Control Board; Ralph Howe, 40, painter; Carten McCurdy, 24, express driver.

The town of St. Andrews was plunged into mourning by the swift tragedy—mourning which was shared throughout the district as the news rapidly was spread. All the victims were well known and enjoyed the respect of the community. The tragedy which cut off their lives so abruptly led to the cancellation of all functions of a public nature in St. Andrews this week. Yesterday one of the most poignant scenes ever witnessed in the old Shiretown of Charlotte County was enacted as the five victims were buried with impressive funeral rites. . . .

The party went to Mr. Craig's camp on Chamcook Lake Sunday afternoon, driving up over the lake ice, which was of ample thickness to support the heavy car. Near the end of the lake next the road was a gaping hole in the white expanse—left by ice-cutters of William McQuoid and Son, who on Saturday were at the lake getting out a supply of ice under the supervision of Henry McQuoid. After spending the balance of the day about the camp the six men boarded the car for the return trip, leaving the camp about 9:45 Sunday evening. Driving down over the smoothly frozen ice, the car skidded but did not get out of control. The driver straightened away on what he believed to be the course once more. The

night was clear but an overcast sky hid the stars. In years of camping on the lake William Craig had come to know it intimately. A shadow appeared on the ice ahead, but no one noticed until suddenly the black patch slid under the car wheels and Mr. Gibson shrieked a frantic warning: "We're in McQuoid's ice-hole. Get out!"

Sole survivor of the ill-fated outing, Mr. Gibson could not explain how he escaped from the car while the others stayed inside. When the car struck the open space he shouted a warning, and as the car began to sink pried at the nearest door, but it would not open. The machine settled to the bottom of the lake. Somehow, the door did open and Mr. Gibson felt himself outside, rising to the surface of the lake. He came up under the solid ice the first time, but the second time he broke through in clear water and a few minutes later scrambled out on the frozen surface of the lake. His clothing soaked with the chill lake water, he walked and ran three-quarters of a mile to the home of Mrs. Ernest Watts, where the nearest telephone was located, and from where news of the tragedy was sent to Wilfred and Max Rankin.

While they went back to the lake with a truck, Mrs. Watts telephoned St. Andrews where the Town Marshal, Howard McNichol, and others made up a party of volunteers. Despite his wet clothing, Mr. Gibson insisted upon returning to the lake with the Rankins, but when they arrived they were unable to do anything until further help came on the scene.

The headlights of the car, shining through 15 or 20 feet of water, made it easy for the volunteers to locate the scene of the tragedy. Willing hands cut a lane through the ice to the lake shore, then a stout chain was dropped to the car and worked around until a hook on the end caught on the bumper, after which the car with its five victims still inside, sitting in the positions they occupied when Gibson last saw them, was hauled ashore by a heavy truck.

Beyond a scratch on Mr. Craig's nose there were no marks on any of the bodies. Nothing about them indicated that they had made an effort to get out. Mr. Craig, who had been driving, still held the wheel. Both he and Mr. Storr had been smoking and in their hands they held their pipes. In the front seat with the driver were Mr. Storr and Mr. McCurdy. In the back seat Mr. Hivon was on the left side, Mr. Rowe in the centre, and Mr.



Cutting Ice at Chamcook Lake

In a bizarre sequel to this horrific event, photographs that one of the men had taken at Chamcook Lake on this weekend outing were published in the next issue of the *Courier*. Though the camera went to the bottom with the men and car, the film was undamaged. The above photographs, though taken at Chamcook Lake, were not those which appeared in the newspaper.

Charlotte County Archives
P295.1 and P295.2

Gibson had been on the right-hand side until he made his way to safety.

Mr. Gibson was, strangely enough, the only member of the party who could not swim and he was the only one to escape. Apparently little the worse for his soul-searing experience, he later gave a graphic description of the horror he passed through while his companions were going to their deaths.

"I'll never forget it in my life," he said.

"What did you think about when you were under the ice?"

"I couldn't tell you what I thought. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye. When the car struck the open space I shouted—'We're in McQuoid's ice-hole, Get out!'"

"I put the pressure to the door but it wouldn't open. I didn't expect to get out alive. The car settled to the bottom and somehow I got the door open and I could feel myself rise. Then my head bumped against the ice. I was under the solid ice. The bump didn't hurt, I couldn't feel any pain. I just knew I had struck the ice. Then I sank again, I rose the second time—and I came up in the open water."

His lungs bursting, he came up where he could breathe again and clawed at the jagged edges of the ice.

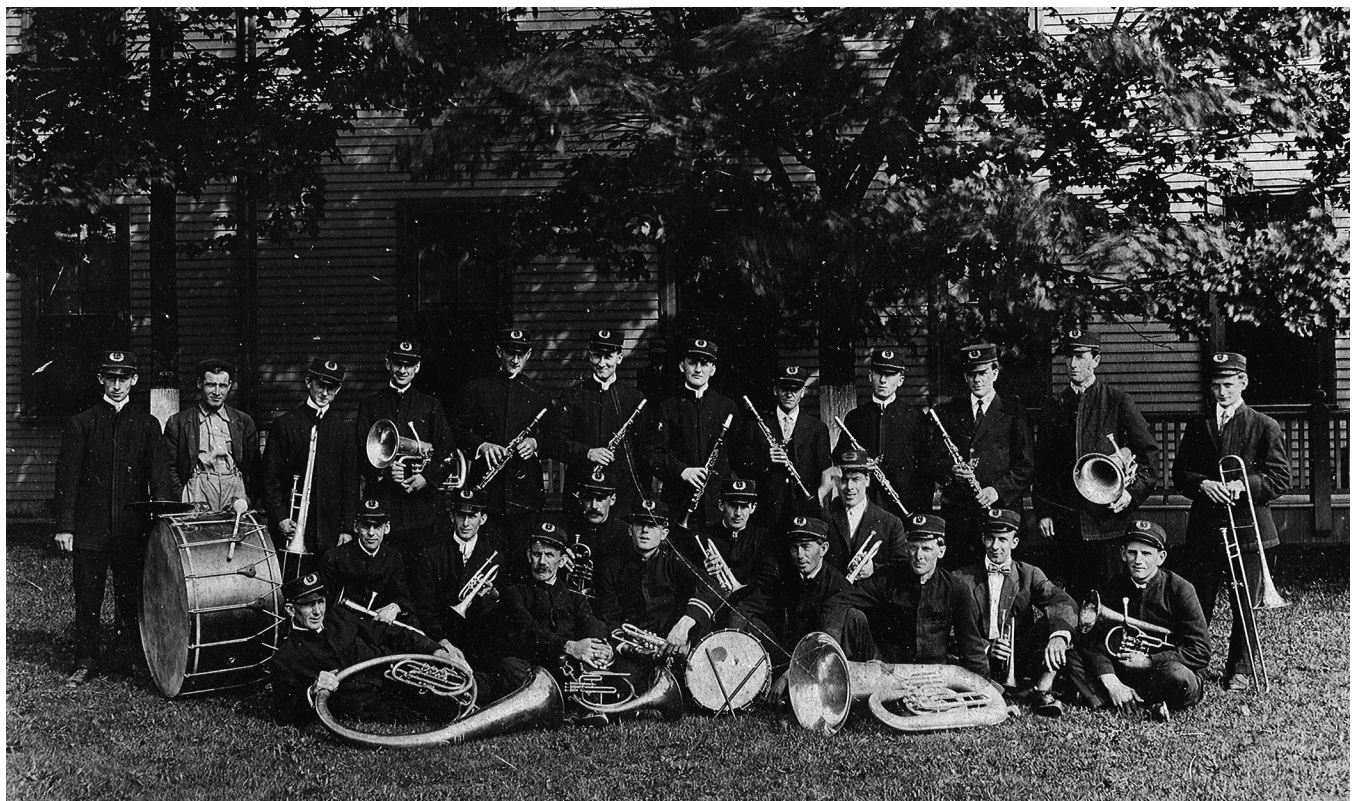
With an almost superhuman effort he dragged himself out onto the solid ice and looked down into the hole.

The car lights were still burning. He could see the dim beams in the depths. Heavy clothing soaked, over-shoes full of water, he set out on a three-quarter of a mile run to the nearest house where there was a telephone. He was almost exhausted when he struggled into the home of Mrs. Ernest Watts and panted the story of the tragedy. She telephoned Wilfred and Max Rankin.

Disregarding the fact that he was wet to the skin, Mr. Gibson hurried back to Chamcook Lake with the Rankins. They took a truck with them. "We couldn't do a thing," Mr. Gibson said. More than 150 men arrived at the lake. Through the ice they sawed a channel eight feet wide 175 feet to the shore from where the death car lay at the bottom. "We left the camp (Mr. Craig's) at 9:45; watch of one man stopped at 10:45, and that of another at 10:20. Mr. Storr's watch was still running when they got the car ashore."

Mr. Gibson said the automobile, a sedan, did not turn over, but simply settled down to the lake bottom on four wheels. He estimated that there were two fathoms of water over its roof.—*St. Croix Courier*, January 27, 1938

J. F. Worrell, Author of "Shiretown Items"



Echoes from the Glamorous Past

BEFORE THE DAYS of the railroads there was a regular stage route from Boston to Halifax. Passengers and mail were brought to Robbinston, and from there were brought across to Joe's Point on a ferry operated by the father of John Friar, who will be remembered by older residents. From this point another "coach and four" sped over narrow and rocky roads on its way to Halifax. As the entire distance was covered at top speed it was necessary to stop frequently to change horses. This old building in Bocabec was one of the regular stops and to this day is called the "Old Exchange." It is about eight miles from St. Andrews and is now the home of Louis Holt. Railroad building began in New Brunswick in the year 1847, the first line running from St. Andrews to Watt Junction, but it was not until about 1880 that a system connecting the most important towns of the province had been established. In the meantime the stages continued to carry the mail and most of the passengers. In 1876 W. E. Mallory got the contract for carrying mail between the towns of St. Stephen, St. Andrews and St. George. He operated a livery stable in St. Andrews and made daily round trips to these neighbouring towns. By this time, however, the driving of the stage had lost all its glamour and romance. It was simply a daily drive over the same route, tiresome and uneventful, the trip being made in a light express wagon with one or two horses as the load required. Mr. Mallory's contract expired in 1880, and being again put up to tender, was awarded to W. H. Whitlock of St. Stephen. The latter continued to carry on until the carrying of mails was taken over by the railroads in 1882.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, December 28, 1939

Opposite

Top Left: The St. Andrews Shamrocks Basketball team, 1909, Worrell right rear

Top Right: At a Fredericton Golf Tournament, 1925. Worrell was an avid golfer and cyclist. This during his first term as Mayor.

Bottom: With the St. Andrews Band, circa 1911. Worrell rear, second from right. A. B. Denley right rear.

Charlotte County Archives
P16.87, P68.5, P107.3

An Early Romance

A CLIPPING YELLOW with age was found recently in an old book by a reader of this column. It is not known what paper it was taken from nor the date, but it is copied herewith in full:

Around a quaint old Indian costume, the property of W. Wallace Brown, of Calais, is woven a most unusual romance of more than century and a half ago, says the *Portland Press-Herald*. The story concerns one John La Coote, a French nobleman. He was engaged to marry a member of the French nobility; but she broke off the engagement, and in order to forget his unhappy love affair he came to Montreal, where he took up a grant of 160 acres, which is included today in one of the principal streets of Montreal. He later visited St. Andrews, New Brunswick, which at that time was the headquarters of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians. The chief of the tribe had a daughter, beautiful in figure if not in face, and La Coote fell in love with her. Grand preparations were made for their wedding, and 400 guests were invited from four tribes, the Mohawks, Micmacs, Penobscots and Malacites. They were married first by the parish priest and later, according to the Indian custom, La Coote joined the Passamaquoddy tribe and became a chief. He lived to the age of 102 years. The costume owned by Mr. Brown is the one worn by this Indian tribe. It consists of a silk tunic, beaded buckskin moccasins, leggings of red broadcloth, woven beaded garters, a girdle made from wampum and garnets, silver jewellery and a priceless necklace of Indian wampum.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 8, 1940



Pendlebury Light
Charlotte County Archives
P69.289

Fairly Accurate

THIS UNFORTUNATE REPORTER having been confined to his home last week with a severe cold and all the delightful complications that attend this pestiferous plague, of necessity missed the regular meeting of the Kiwanis Club and in consequence is unable to give the usual eye-witness report. A few gleanings obtained since from various members are somewhat conflicting and may not be too reliable. By a remarkable coincidence the regular pianist was absent from the meeting with exactly similar symptoms to those of the reporter, and the musical part of the program was conducted by volunteers. The first contestant played Beethoven. Beethoven lost. After several others had taken their turn at the piano with varying success, but without disastrous results, the star performer of the evening whose name we shall not disclose, but whom for the purpose of future reference we shall designate "the captain," advanced on the instrument. Rolling up his sleeves and passing his fingers thoughtfully through the locks of grey, he took his place on the bench with the air of an old master. Running his fingers lightly, if somewhat unmusically, over the keyboard he groped for "The Lost Chord." Crash! Not a tremendous, soul-stirring chord, but a rending and splintering of wood and iron! The bench collapsed into a dozen pieces and the captain was cast full length upon the floor! The lost chord was never found. I had difficulty in getting details on the speaker for the evening. My first informant told me that the subject was "Weights and Measures," and said the talk was given by G. H. Stickney, chairman of the house committee, whose epicurean taste has been responsible for the fine variety of menus being followed of late. He said the chairman felt that altogether too much food was being consumed and explained that it had become necessary to ration the members of the Club according to age, weight, waist measurement and general capacity. Being a little doubtful about this report, which was told with tongue in cheek, I inquired further and learned that the talk was given by the President, W. J. Rollins, who, as a registered druggist knows all about weights and measures.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, March 21, 1940



**"Grandma" Pendlebury
and daughter Emma Pendlebury**
Emma Pendlebury was keeper
of Pendlebury Light until 1938.
Charlotte County Archives
P181.14 and P181.15

Hero Worship

TO MEET AN old friend after an interim of 43 years may not be considered news in the strictest meaning of the term but it certainly is a pleasant experience. I had a call a few days ago from John Bolger, who moved away from St. Andrews in 1896 and who I had not seen since. He has not been so far away, having lived since at Benton, NB, and has been an occasional visitor to St. Andrews, but as my place of business is somewhat off the beaten path I had not seen him on any of these infrequent visits. Since leaving here, he has been employed with the CPR and is now retired. He has a family of four, two boys and two girls, all grown up and some married.

Of the many friends who visit us here from year to year, I can honestly say that not one of them has ever given me the thrill or started such a pleasant train of thoughts as I had on again meeting John Bolger. The reason for that is that when I was a small boy he was my hero. I came to St. Andrews from a small country place at eleven years of age. I had never seen a ball game, a circus, a show or any of those things that mean so much to a youngster. I first lived in the house now occupied by Edwin Thurber, and John lived near at hand in a house, since torn down, next door to McCaffery's, now occupied by Mrs. Andrew Stuart. John used to frequently walk down to our house to sit on the bank and enjoy his after dinner smoke. He was then sixteen years old. He was friendly to me from the first, and I began talking about him to my younger friends. They told me that John was a great athlete, could walk on his hands even, a feat I had never heard of and which seemed to me impossible.

One day, however I plucked up courage to ask him if he could walk on his hands. He thereupon laid off his coat and gave me an exhibition which I have never forgotten. He walked on his hands for ten or twelve yards, then bending his back slowly lowered his feet to the ground and came up standing. He then bent slowly backward till his hands touched the ground and did what is called a slow back handspring. He did three of these in succession, then a quick one, and ended the performance by doing a back somersault without touching his hands to the ground at all. To say that I was thrilled and amazed is to express it mildly. From that day on he was my hero, and after a few years, by hard work and persistence, with many a sore back and aching limb, I learned to do most of these stunts, but never with the same grace and ease that seemed to come natural to John. We were afterwards intimately associated in football and gymnasium work, in which we were both greatly interested, and in which John was especially proficient. It is little wonder then that I was glad to see him, and now that he has found his way to my door, I hope that any time he is in St. Andrews he will make it a point to come and see me, for, as he expressed it himself, we could talk steadily for a week about the old days.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, October 24, 1940

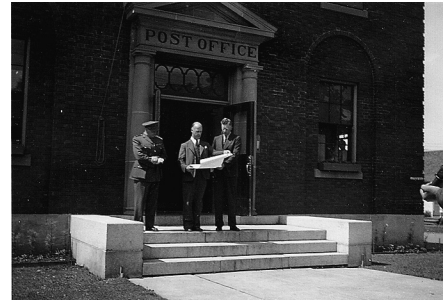
The War

Day to be Remembered

THE PATHWAY THAT is followed in the life of every individual is marked by many guide-posts, hours or events that stand out in clear relief against the background of everyday activities. To the people of St. Andrews and Charlotte County the memory of the hours and events of June 13th, 1939, will live forever. It was a day of great significance and deep emotion, and has left a picture in our hearts that the passage of time will never dim. It was an occasion the like of which may never be repeated in the lifetime of any individual having a part in it. It was a day in which we had our share in these events of the past four weeks, which may go down in history as being among the greatest and most significant of all time. If there was any person in that vast throng who could hear the booming of the guns in salute to His Majesty, who could hear those lusty and loyal cheers from eight thousand young throats, who could listen to the playing of "God Save the King," and at length could see the actual features and persons of our King and our Queen, without feeling a tightening in the throat and a moistening of the eyes, he must indeed have had a heart of stone. Although thousands of words have been written about this never-to-be-forgotten tour of their Majesties, and of the wonderful receptions accorded them by the Canadian and American people, no words have been found to adequately express what it has meant to the individual. The passage of such dynamic currents through our being and the experience of sensations and emotions akin to the religious or spiritual, cannot be described in mere words. God Save the King! God Bless the Queen!—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, June 22, 1939

Inspiring Words

THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT is a striking illustration of the power of the written word. The proprietor of one of the stores here came across the following inspiring exhortation in a magazine article: "Great Britain will win. Plant your feet firmly on the ground, keep your head erect, and carry on!" The words were in fairly large type so he cut them out and pasted them on the window, so they might be read from the outside. A few minutes later, as he stood behind the counter some distance back from the window, he saw a neatly dressed stranger, an elderly gentleman with gray hair and neatly trimmed moustache, approaching the window to look over the articles on display. He stood somewhat stooped over with hands clasped behind his back. After a little he raised his eyes to the level of the clipping. He read it carefully, moving his lips the while. His hands dropped to his sides, his head and body came erect, he looked up then down the street, then turned and swung off with the stride of a soldier and the pride of an Englishman, as much as to say: "By the grace of God we'll win, and I can still do my little bit." Who he was we know not. The story behind the thoughts called up to his mind by the words he read is left to the imagination of the reader. Perhaps he had been through the last Great War, or perhaps he has a son or a grandson in the present conflict. At any rate it is an incident to cause a tightening of the throat and a moistening of the eyes, and to cause one to say fervently: "Thank God, I am an Englishman!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 18, 1940



Soldiers Presenting Arms, 1940
Charlotte County Archives
P69.508, P69.501 and P69.504

Inspiring

YOU MAY RECALL an item in this column a few weeks ago about a clipping pasted in a store window, "Great Britain will win this war" and so forth, and the effect it had on a gentleman who read it. The president of the Kiwanis, W. J. Rollins, thought it would be a nice idea to have the inspiring words printed on a card to distribute among the business places round town. He got a few printed and distributed them and soon had requests for more. The matter soon got beyond his private purse so he asked the Club to have more prepared. As each new batch was distributed more and more requests kept coming in. The cards may now be seen in every car on the street. They have been sent all over Canada and the United States, to Great Britain and even to Australia. The St. Stephen Kiwanis liked the idea and asked permission to have some printed. They have already distributed a thousand. The St. Andrews Club has distributed thirteen hundred and are getting 500 more printed. The card is 8 x 6 inches in size, has the flags of Great Britain and Canada at the top and the words, "Great Britain will win this war. Obey orders from those in authority. Plant your feet firmly on the ground. Keep your head erect. Carry on!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 5, 1940

A Family Trait

NOTICING THAT A little boy seemed much interested in some work I was doing at the front of the lot the other day, I engaged him in conversation. In the course of our talk he disclosed that he was to have a birthday on June 16th, when he would be seven years old. He said he had eight sisters but no brothers. I suggested that it might be appropriate under the circumstances for me to contribute a small amount towards the celebration. His smile hinted that the idea met with his approval. I passed him ten cents, asking if he considered that a sufficiently generous donation. He smiled again and thanked me very kindly. As he pocketed the dime I asked how he intended to spend it. Imagine my surprise when he said he would buy five war-saving stamps with it! My surprise however was not that his arithmetic might be a little faulty, or that he perhaps had some ingenious method of financing unknown to myself, but it was in the spirit behind his intention which prompted him to invest his money in the cause of his country rather than in a couple of ice-cream cones. It was that same spirit which took his daddy overseas in 1914. The little fellow's name is Francis McCarthy. Many happy returns of the day Francis, and when you reach your twenty-first birthday may it be to go out into a world of peace, freedom and prosperity.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, June 9, 1941

Wooden Wheels

THE FIRST MOTOR vehicle in this vicinity to adopt wooden tires is the machine operated by Walter Stuart. I am unacquainted with the correct name for this conveyance, but it might be described as a baby motorcycle or a glorified "scooter." Walter has been running a wooden tire for a couple of weeks and it has been giving good satisfaction. The tire was made by our local wheelwright, Nelson Pye.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, June 4, 1942

After the Japanese seized rubber plantations in the Dutch East Indies, which produced 90 percent of American rubber, this commodity was in short supply and a great deal of recycling was required.

Seaside Inn



Seaside Inn and Cottages, circa 1941

At this point in the town's history the bathing beach at Katy's Cove was still the exclusive property of the Algonquin Hotel and reserved for Hotel guests.

Courtesy Seaside Beach Resort

A Credit to the Community

TO ALL PERSONS who are interested in the progress and attractiveness of the town it would be well worthwhile to become a guest at Sea-Side Inn, at the price of a dinner, in order to have the opportunity of going over the grounds to see the improvements Mr. Jones has made there in the past couple of years. When Mr. Jones came here the Inn was just a small hotel with comfortable rooms and good food. But now across the street on the water side is an excellent tennis court, a lawn for clock golf, and best of all and most popular, a fine, clean, sandy bathing beach where guests may bask in the sun at all times of day and swim at high water. The beach is sheltered on three sides by piers, neatly faced with small upright poles. A boom, which rises and falls with the tide, keeps the beach clean from rockweed and other drifting refuse. The boom extends about forty yards offshore and has a raft attached for those who wish to dive. A promenade is provided out over the water on one side for those of the guests who simply wish to walk and watch. On one pier a tall pole supports a familiar figure representing labour, who plies his bucksaw as long as the wind blows. On a pole at the end of the promenade is seen an aeroplane windmill. On the tail are these letters S.S.I.O.K.C.A., which always arouses the curiosity of the guests. They stand for "Sea-Side Inn Okay Come Again!" Surrounding the lawn are several cottages divided into four-room apartments, all with hot and cold water, toilet and shower bath. For rainy days there is a room for billiards and pool and others for the once-more popular game of ping-pong. The apartments all have original names such as Beach Cottage, Sunshine Villa, The Chalet, Love Nest, Snugery, Harbour View, Cozy Corner, and Crackers. There is a story behind the naming of "Crackers" which is worth telling at another time. Altogether Mr. and Mrs. Jones have a very attractive place where one hundred guests can be accommodated in luxury at modest rates. They have had a successful season, which they deserve. Former guests who returned this year were enthusiastic over the improvements. The tennis court was in use every fine day all summer and one day Mr. Jones counted forty-five in bathing togs on the beach or

A flier, probably from Pennfield Airbase, poses for a picture on the steps of "The Nest," Seaside Inn. Courtesy Seaside Beach Resort



disporting in the invigorating tide. In this later fact there is food for thought for the local Board of Trade. If a private individual can provide an attractive bathing and swimming beach for his guests, why cannot the town provide similar accommodations for the hundreds of others who come here in the summer and inquire for a public bathing beach, only to be disappointed?—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 11, 1941

Crackers

A STORY WHICH illustrates the initiative and enterprise of Alfred Jones, proprietor of Sea-Side Inn, and also the speed of Frank Gilman and his crew, is behind the odd name "Crackers" seen on one of the cottages connected with the Inn. It seems that a bride and groom arrived at the Inn one evening last year looking for accommodation, only to be told that everything was taken. They said they had heard of St. Andrews and the Inn from friends and had planned all year on spending their honeymoon here. After some pondering and head scratching Mr. Jones told them to come back in 24 hours and he'd have a place for them. He then got busy. He first induced Frank Gilman to leave the job he was on and give him one day's work with his crew of three men. Mr. Gilman went down and prepared an order for lumber which was on the spot the next morning before 7 o'clock. Then an old shed on the grounds began its transformation. It was raised and levelled. A hardwood floor was laid, walls and ceiling covered with beaverboard. The roof and sidewalls were shingled, door and windows placed. By the time Mr. Jones got back from St. Stephen in the afternoon, followed by a load of furniture, bed and fixin's, bureau and chairs, curtains and rugs, the carpenters had finished, the place was wired for lights, and on installing the furnishings was ready for occupation. The young couple arrived promptly 6 o'clock, and on being shown their first home were delighted. They wanted to name it "Crackers," which had no connection with its preparation, but in remembrance of their parents, who had spent many winters in St. Petersburg, Florida, where habitués are always called Crackers.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 25, 1941

Cormorant?

I WAS MUCH interested in the item in *Calais Briefs* about the eagle and his dusky-feathered companion. . . . The food of the eagle is principally fish, which under necessity he can capture for himself. He prefers to have his dinner handed to him on a platter, as it were, however. All who have spent much time around the shores of rivers and lakes in the summer have seen the interesting act put on by the eagle and the fish-hawk, the later doing the fishing only to lose most of his booty to the watching enemy. I have thought of the cormorant as a possibility in the case of the black bird in question, as he lives on fish and is an expert fisherman. In China and Japan these birds are kept in captivity and are used to capture fish for sale on the market. A ring is placed around their neck so they can't swallow the fish, and they are cast overboard at the end of a long, strong line. Our observer made no mention of ring or line, so perhaps that lets the cormorant out. Another doubt is that the only species of cormorant likely to be seen here in the winter is practically as large as an eagle. A smaller species nests along the shores of Maine in the summer but winters in the south. The eagle will eat dead fish found on the shore, or scraps of fish and meat thrown out as garbage. The raven feeds on small shellfish, garbage, eggs and nestlings of other birds. Though only about six inches longer from tip of beak to tip of tail, it looks twice as big as a crow. It is a "lone wolf" and a great coward, often being seen being chased by a single crow, probably after robbing the latter's nest. The surest way of telling a raven from a cormorant is in their mode of flight. The raven in flight looks like a crow, only bigger, while the cormorant flies like a black duck, long neck stretched out ahead and feet trailing behind. I consulted my friend the poet on the item, as he also knows something about birds. He said he thought that should a raven through circumstances be obliged to share a meal with an eagle, his uncanny wisdom, which is similar to that of the crow, would prevent the misfortune from occurring a second time. A couple of days later he handed me a few lines entitled "The Eagle and the Raven" with apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.

The Eagle and the Raven

*Can it be that such a craven
As the common Northern Raven
Has been flirting with an Eagle
Just along the Calais shore?*

*Did the Eagle, slyly cheating,
Steal the food his friend was eating?
And this sinful act repeating,
Fill his maw and beg for more?*

*While to heaven he went a-flitting
Did he leave the Raven sitting
On a chilly block of ice
Just along the Calais shore?*

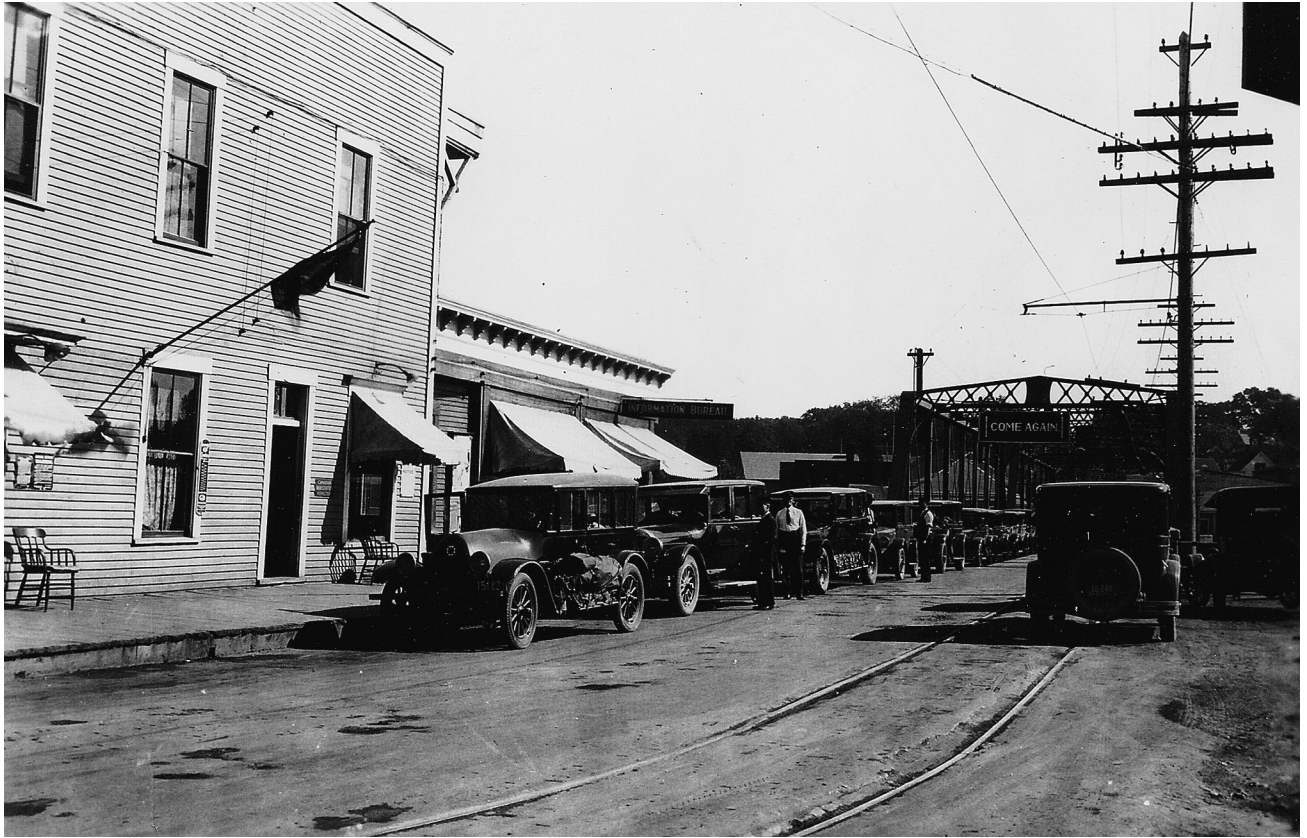
*Does the Raven sit there dreaming
As the Eagle flies a-screaming,
And the sunlight throws his shadow
The hills and waters o'er?*

*Yes, the Raven still is sitting
On the ice he still is sitting,
But his new-found friend he's quitting.
Quote the Raven, "Nevermore."*

—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 20, 1941

Opposite

The Calais-St. Stephen Border
Crossing through the years. Top
photograph from the Canadian side;
bottom from the American.
Charlotte County Archives
P243.30 and P243.31





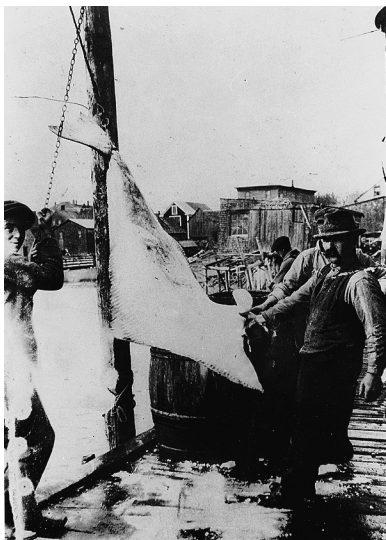
Doon's Wharf
Charlotte County Archives
P245.23

No Fatalities

EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH TIDES last week drove dozens of rats from their accustomed haunts beneath Doon's wharf, and they afforded considerable entertainment for those who happened to be around the waterfront at the time. The tide completely covered the wharf and some of the rats were cut off from shore. They climbed to the tops of posts where they spent an uneasy half-hour with the water lapping a few inches below them. As far as could be seen there was no loss of life.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, October 30, 1941

Salvage

"ANY BONES, ANY bottles, any rags today? Any papers or metals to give away?" Save everything in the way of salvage. It will be collected every two weeks. Tie up papers and magazines securely and separately. The magazines, no matter how old, if clean and in fair condition, can be distributed to army camps as reading material for the boys. Save medicine bottles in cardboard cartons. Rags may be tied securely in bundles. Make three separate bundles, one for woollens, one for white cottons, and one for colored cottons, silks, and other materials. Metals should be in a carton or sack. Bones should be kept in a metal container with a cover to avoid any disagreeable odour while waiting for the collector. The bones will be taken away and your container left to gather more. A cage is being built at the dump in which to keep the bones while they are being cleaned and prepared for shipment by rats and the weather. "Every little bit, added to what we've got, makes just a little bit more." So save your salvage and help beat Hitler.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 14, 1942



Landing and drying Halibut at
Doon's Wharf
Charlotte County Archives
P246.1

Fishermen

ONE FINDS SOME interesting characters among the fishermen and boatmen who gather daily or nightly about the public wharf at high water to talk over the day's catch and consider prospects for a possible haul on the next half-tide. Their life is a combination of hardship and indolence, and whether so in reality, it is a fascinating existence to contemplate from the sidelines. They are mostly a good-natured bunch, with fun and wit, and some stories but very little obscenity. I asked one fellow how he had done last week. His answer was very expressive. I said it reminded me of the quantity of cotton Muley Graves had raised on his farm. But the remark was lost on him as he had not read *The Grapes of Wrath*. I saw two men mending a net by the side of the wharf. I said I had read in Scripture that there were two towns called Tyre and Sidon, at one time prosperous seaports but now chiefly noted as places for the drying and mending of nets. I wondered if this might be one of those towns. "It might be either one," said the older man, "I'm pretty tired and I guess Bill could stand a drink of cider." They always have a ready answer. I remarked one day that the new tax on liquor would probably reduce sales somewhat. "Oh! Not much" said one chap, "It is only the first pint that will cost more." To illustrate his point he told of two tramps finding a pint of hooch by the side of the railroad. They sat down on the bank and consumed it leisurely. After it got to working good, one said he thought he would buy this railroad. "You can't buy this road, Bill," said the other. "What's the reason?" "Because I won't sell it to you!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 6, 1942

Dude Ranch Opening

NEW BRUNSWICK'S ONE and only "Dude Ranch," more correctly known as Chamcook Holiday Camps, was formally opened on Saturday, June 28th, about one hundred invited guests being present at the noon luncheon. Many others, drawn to the spot out of mere curiosity, enjoyed the afternoon's free entertainment consisting of a rodeo staged by forty cowboys and cowgirls. (Major Hugh A. Green, President) One of the visitors asked a member of the staff where the bridle paths were. She replied, "Over there," with a wave of her graceful arm. "And where is the golf ground?" "In there," said she, waving the other graceful arm in the opposite direction. "And where is the tuna fishing?" said the visitor. "Out there," replied the little lady, shading her eyes with one hand and using a pretty finger to point in the general direction of Nova Scotia. The visitor may not have been entirely convinced but was forced to admit that his guide knew all the answers. He was even heard to remark that her acquaintance might be worth further cultivation.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 3, 1941

Drier or Wetter?

I HAVE BEEN told that there used to be thirteen wide-open barrooms in St. Andrews as well as a few private spots where one could quench his thirst if he had the password. Three or four saloons were located at the head of the Market Wharf, from which sea-faring men usually embarked on their long and perilous voyages. The saloons, thus situated, provided a place where the sailor and his stay-at-home companions could acquire fortitude for the words of farewell as the boat pulled out. No doubt the companions called in again on their way back to assuage their sorrow at the parting. The men of those days must have had a tremendous thirst and great capacity as they had to drink it all themselves. Even today with the ladies doing their bit it doesn't seem that the town could support thirteen barrooms. Are times better or worse?—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 8, 1942

The New Museum

THOSE WHO ARE interested in old furniture and other antiques are looking forward to the opening of the museum on King Street next summer. This building, completely renovated and furnished, is being presented to the Town as a memorial by Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Ross. It is said that all of the furniture was purchased here in St. Andrews, most of it being pieces that were brought here by the Loyalists when the town was founded in 1783. There are still many fine pieces of old furniture in use in homes about town which are in excellent condition. I was in a room recently where practically every article was more than a hundred years old and it all looked like new. It was all of mahogany except one piece, a beautifully designed chair, made from New Brunswick hardwoods by the present owner's grandfather about 125 years ago. One of the most beautiful tables, of two colors in mahogany, is thought to have been made by a cabinet maker here in St. Andrews in the shop of the building just next door to Andraeleo Hall. The silk and wool upholstery on an old mahogany sofa is still in pretty good condition after a century's use. A sofa pillow done in petite-point with fine woollen thread shows colors as bright as ever although it was done in 1845. The house itself was built about 1840, and the mantelpiece, all done by hand, is a work of art. The paper on this room, bright and clean, and of a beautiful pattern,



Chestnut Hall, circa 1900

Built by Colonel Christopher Hatch, the building was later purchased by the Ross family and subsequently donated to the town as a museum.

was put on 78 years ago! To examine this fine workmanship of a century ago and compare it with the modern machine-made stuff with which most of us have to be satisfied is almost to make us believe that the world is progressing backwards.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 5, 1942

The Silent Steed

MUCH WAS WRITTEN about the bicycle when it enjoyed the height of its popularity in the gay nineties. To the young people flying over the country roads on this frail machine, many unkind and profane things were said by farmers met along the way when their usually quiet horses were inclined to become fractious at the sudden appearance of a fast moving "bike." For several years the rights of the road were denied cyclists and in passing teams they were forced near or into the ditches, as the roads in those days were very narrow. Fortunately for the rider, deep ditches had not been introduced at that time. Dogs along country roads seemed to have a special aversion for bicycles and often made things unpleasant for the cyclist as he could seldom sail by as in a car unless he was on a down grade when the dog appeared. Most of the boys in those days carried a pistol loaded with household ammonia. One squirt of that in the dog's face was usually sufficient to cure him of his wheel-chasing habit for the remainder of the season. What was at first believed to be a wonderful accessory for night riding was the acetylene lamp. But it was soon learned that its only and rather doubtful value, was that the rider could see an object in the road just soon enough to know what he hit. I was riding down Dougherty's hill one night long ago, about ten yards behind Jim Clinch. We both had our headlights shining and were going pretty fast. Suddenly Jim's light, which was all I could see of him, leaped into the air and turned a complete circle. We had no brakes in those days but I swerved aside in time to avoid the cow then struggling to its feet and which Jim had hit "plumb centre." There is once more a great demand for wheels—much greater than dealers can supply. Young and old are out again, breathing the pure fresh air instead of gasoline fumes. Good luck to them every one, with the wind in their faces and joy in their hearts.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 2, 1942



Colonel Hatch settled in St. Andrews in approximately 1787. He figured largely in the construction of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad. See the section on the ceremonial turning of the sod, 1852, in "The St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad," pp. 34-36. Mr. Hatch also brought with him a black slave or servant by the name of Violet Tucker, probably the "Black Violet" of Frances Wren's pictorial history of St. Andrews.

Charlotte County Archives
P141.10

Another Improvement

A VERY GENEROUS and much appreciated gift has recently been received from Miss Olive Hosmer. A smooth-running and commodious Lincoln automobile which Miss Hosmer has used during the past few summers here, has been turned over to the fire department to be converted into an A. R. P. service wagon. A body is being constructed with angle iron and Douglas fir plywood, the work being done in a serviceable and attractive manner by Joseph Meers, caretaker at the fire hall. In the center is a place to carry the small pumpers; an attachment at the rear to trail the large pumper; neatly enclosed compartments at the side to carry 3,500 feet of hose. It is a job of which both the town and the donor may well be proud.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 14, 1943

Potent Stuff!

A RATHER STARTLING incident occurred in our kitchen a few days ago. An unbreakable glass which had been washed and set on the sinkboard to drain suddenly exploded with the noise of a large fire-cracker. The remains, after the explosion, lost all appearance of glass and resembled coarse snow. My scientific friend explains the matter by stating that some disturbing factor in the life of the glass, possibly constant washing in hot water, had suddenly reached the point where crystallization took place—that is, the glass returned to its original form. I was speaking of the incident to a group of men, among which was a man (you know the type) who, no matter how good a story you tell can always go you one better. He said that during prohibition days he was invited to a friend's house to sample some home brew. The friend poured out about four fingers of a rather cloudy liquid in a water glass and passed it to him. He took a sniff and remarked that it smelled good. After the customary "here's good health," he started to bend his elbow. But before the cup of cheer, or death, had reached his lips it flew into a thousand pieces with a violent explosion, most of the liquor going on his white vest, which he was affecting at the time. His feelings at first were of alarm, but soon of unconscionable relief when he thought of what that stuff would have done to his stomach when it could shatter a thick water glass. He expected that his nice vest would be burned full of holes but after a little soap and water it was as good as new. You see there was no cause for alarm. Just another case of sudden crystallization—glass returned to its original form.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 20, 1943

This is not Funny

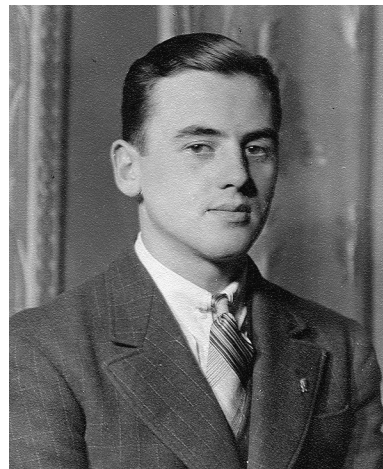
SOME "SMARTIES" FROM the Pennfield Air Force are again at large in planes, diving through our dooryards and skimming about the town below the tree-tops. If this low flying is an essential part of their training, why don't they stick to the wide open spaces rather than terrifying women and children about town with their antics? If they are just trying to show how smart they are they fail in their purpose, as no one knows who they are. A better way would be to write a piece to the paper stating how clever they are and sign their names. The public would gladly take their word for it rather than ask for proof. If their object is to be funny they must have a rather depraved sense of humour. One day recently a plane which had been diving about town for half an hour was reported to have crashed near a weir just outside the harbour. A motorboat was commandeered and rushed to render first aid, but no plane was found. Men at the weir said it took a dive at them and then sailed out through Latete.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 1, 1943

Above

Raymond McQuoid

Mr. McQuoid was killed in action during World War II, as were other St. Andrews boys such as Vernon Stinson, Joe Gibson, Ralph McCurdy, Tommy Beckerton, Bud Gowan, and Ralph Thomas. Gibson, Stinson and Thomas are pictured on p. 171.

Charlotte County Archives



Reported "Missing"

ANOTHER ST. ANDREWS boy is gone, word having been received by Mr. and Mrs. Henry McQuoid that their son, Raymond, is missing. Raymond was with air forces in England and has taken part in many raids over enemy occupied countries in Europe. He narrowly escaped being lost in the raid on Dieppe, getting back to his base slightly wounded and with his machine badly shattered. Raymond was a very popular boy here with both young and old, and was one of the most brilliant players on the Senators hockey team. He has done excellent work in the service and was once mentioned in dispatches. If there was any possible means of getting out of this mess alive, Raymond could be depended upon to do it. At any rate, every person in the community will continue to hope for the best until more definite word is received.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 8, 1943

Frances Wren



Frances Wren

Ms. Wren was the daughter of
Captain John Ranby Wren.

Charlotte County Archives

P221.26

In A Good Cause

IT IS SEVERAL years since the theatrically minded people of St. Andrews have undertaken to produce a show on the scale of the "Pageant" or "History of St. Andrews," now being produced by the Women's Canadian Club and to be shown in Andraeleo Hall on April 9th. A number of years ago the young people with a talent for acting used to get together every winter under the direction of some older person and prepare a show, usually a drama, to be offered to the public about this time of year. Because of pictures and radio the present generation have become accustomed to being satisfied with entertainment which is provided for them without any effort on their own part. But all older folks will agree that no entertainment affords as much pleasure and satisfaction as that which we provide for ourselves. And the greater the effort required the more lasting the pleasure. And such a show always meets with the whole-hearted support and patronage of the public in general. The coming pageant has been planned for months and rehearsed for weeks and is sure to draw a full house. No less than forty persons are taking part and eighty-five characters of the past are to be depicted. Attics and old clothes chests have been ransacked for costumes and through the kindness of a well-to-do friend of St. Andrews several elaborate period character dresses are being sent down from Montreal. Four reasons why all should attend this show: 1. The drama has been written by a clever local girl, Miss Frances Wren; 2. The lines sparkle with wit and humor; 3. You are sure to get your money's worth; 4. The Canadian Club needs the money.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 2, 1942

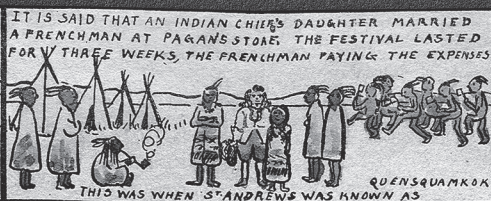
Pageant a Success

THE PAGEANT, "A Story of St. Andrews," which was presented by the programme committee of the Women's Canadian Club on Thursday evening, April 9, in Andraeleo Hall, was successful in every way, and far exceeded the highest hopes of the committee. A capacity audience applauded every scene and went home feeling that they had enjoyed one of the best shows to be produced here by local talent in a long time. The sketch read preceding each scene was interesting and explanatory. The scenes were impressive and instructive, the costumes quaint and beautiful, and the characters, both male and female, all portrayed by women of the Club, were excellently done. The net proceeds will amount to considerably over \$100.

The scenes depicted with date of each are as follows: 1604, Champlain and DeMonts at Dochet Island; 1760, the Indian Wedding; 1775, The Trading Post; 1783, the Landing of the Loyalists; 1788, Robert Pagan, M.P.; 1788, A Parliamentary Ball: "The Minuet"; 1812, the Blockhouse, "A British Grenadier"; 1838, Coronation of Queen Victoria, Celebrated by the Roasting of an Ox in Market Square; 1850, the Bucket Brigade; 1867, a Valentine Ball: "The Mazurka"; 1852, Advent of the Railway; 1895, Fashion Parade of the Gay Nineties; 1942, "Land of Hope and Glory."—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 16, 1942

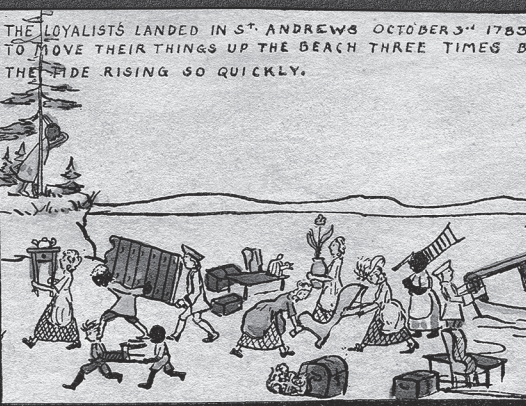


CHAMPLAIN SPENT A WINTER ON ST. CROIX ISLAND 1604.

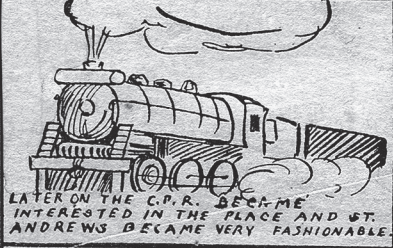


IT IS SAID THAT AN INDIAN CHIEF'S DAUGHTER MARRIED A FRENCHMAN AT PAGAN'S STORE. THE FESTIVAL LASTED FOR THREE WEEKS, THE FRENCHMAN PAYING THE EXPENSES.

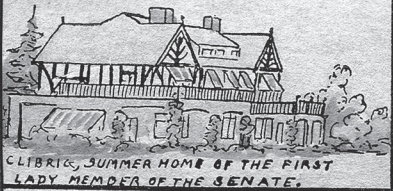
THIS WAS WHEN ST. ANDREWS WAS KNOWN AS QUENSQUAMKOK



THE LOYALISTS LANDED IN ST. ANDREWS OCTOBER 3RD 1783 TO MOVE THEIR THINGS UP THE BEACH THREE TIMES BEFORE THE TIDE RISING SO QUICKLY.



LATER ON THE C.P.R. BECAME INTERESTED IN THE PLACE AND ST. ANDREWS BECAME VERY FASHIONABLE.



CLIBRIE, SUMMER HOME OF THE FIRST LADY MEMBER OF THE SENATE.

IN 1887 THE LAND COMPANY DECIDED TO MAKE ST. ANDREWS A SUMMER RESORT SO THE ALDRICH HOTEL WAS BUILT ON THE 10 BARRACK HILL IN 1888.



ALDRICH HOTEL



ARCHERY WAS A PASTIME GREATLY ENJOYED BY YOUNG LADIES.

THE JAIL DROOK WAS A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE FOR YOUNG LADIES WHEN CROSSING OVER BY THE STEPPING STONES.



THE OLD STONE HOUSE BUILT BY ROBERT PAGAN ON GOOSE AND PAGAN STREET.



ON JUNE 4 1852 MRS. MURRAY, WIFE OF THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE, LIFTED THE FIRST sod FOR THE ST. ANDREWS AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.



OLD FORT TIPPERARY ON SIGHT NOW OCCUPIED BY RESIDENCE OF SIR T. SHAUGHNESSY.



THE OLD CHARLOTTE COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



WRECK OF THE NIGER, A BRITISH MAN O'WAR.

St Andrews
Shiretown
of
Charlotte.



THEY HAD
BECAUSE OF

WHEN A FIRE BROKE OUT EVERYONE GOT THE TWO
FIRE BUCKETS OUT OF THEIR FRONT HALL AND
RAN TO HELP.



KATY MCINTOSH THREW STONES AT THE BOYS
WHEN THEY SWAM IN HER COVE SO IT WAS
CALLED "KATY'S COVE"



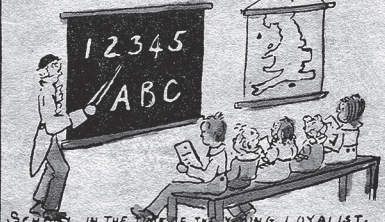
THE INDIANS
USED TO COME
INTO THE FARM
KITCHENS AT NIGHT
TO TELL STORIES AND
SLEEP AROUND THE FIRE.



BLACK VIOLET, WHO CAME WITH COL. HATH'S
FAMILY, COULD REMEMBER AS A LITTLE
GIRL IN AFRICA
WHEN THE SLAVE
SHIP CAME AND
TOOK HER AWAY.



THE CURFEW RANG AT 9 O'CLOCK
FOR EVERYONE TO GO HOME.



SCHOOL IN THE TIME OF THE YOUNG LOYALIST.

ROBERT PAGAN ATTENDED PARLIAMENT AT
FREDERICTON GOING ON SNOWSHOES WITH
AN INDIAN AS GUIDE.



PARSON ANDREWS RODE FROM MINISTER'S
ISLAND EVERY SUNDAY TO ATTEND CHURCH
WITH MRS ANDREW BEHIND ON A PILLION.



A BLOCKHOUSE WAS BUILT AS A PLACE
OF REFUGE FROM THE INDIANS.

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT LOCKED UP THE
DOOR OF THE KIRK BECAUSE HE GOT
CROSS WITH THE PEOPLE THEN IN
TWO YEARS HE RETURNED WITH A
DOVE OF PEACE TO BE PLACED ABOVE
THE PULPIT.



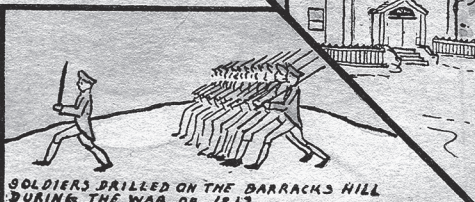
DR. CALEP AND CAPT. PARRELL WERE THE
LAST GENTLEMEN IN ST. ANDREWS TO WEAR THE
THREE CORNERED HATS.



IN THOSE DAYS THE
STAGE COACH FROM
ST. JOHN CAME INTO
TOWN ON THE
GALLOP.



AN OX WAS ROASTED IN THE
MARKET SQUARE AT THE
CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



SOLDIERS MARCHED ON THE BARRACKS HILL
DURING THE WAR OF 1812.

Frances Wren's quirky pictorial
history of St. Andrews, circa 1942.
Courtesy Dareth Thorne

The Execution of Tom Hutchings

Hutchings Hanged Yesterday for Murder of Bernice Connors

Death Penalty Carried Out at St. Andrews for First Time in 65 Years

Trap Sprung at 1:50 AM

Condemned Man Calm to the End

TOM ROLAND HUTCHINGS of Peterboro, England, paid the penalty for the murder of Bernice Connors at Black's Harbour last June when he was hanged at St. Andrews early yesterday morning. He went to his death calmly, preserving to the end the silence and poise which had characterized his conduct since he was arrested at the Pennfield air station last summer while serving as a Sergeant Armourer with the Royal Air Force. The sentence of death was carried out at 1:50 am, Wednesday morning, and he was pronounced dead at 2:02 o'clock.

Thus the book was closed on one of the most gruesome crimes in the history of Charlotte County. The body of Bernice Connors, covered with moss to form an inconspicuous mound, was discovered on Sunday, June 7, near Deadman's Harbor, not far from the Community dance hall where she had attended a dance the previous Friday evening. She was not seen alive after that night. The body was about 300 yards from the hall in a field.

Hutchings was arrested Wednesday, June 10, and arraigned in magistrate's court at Black's Harbor the same day before Ellis A. Nason where he was charged with the murder. Preliminary hearing followed, and he was tried in St. Andrews early in October when the crown called 38 witnesses. Mr. Justice Richards presided. The trial was completed on October 6, when the jury after deliberating 3½ hours found him guilty with a recommendation for mercy, and the death sentence was pronounced late that night.

Evidence of the witnesses was that Hutchings was in the company of Bernice Connors when she was last seen walking up the Deadman's Harbor Road the night of June 5, and that he later appeared at the dance hall with blood on his face and clothing. Hutchings himself made no statement himself at any time, and no witnesses were called by the defence.

While in solitary confinement at the county jail since his conviction, Hutchings for most of the time retained the cool, detached attitude which he had shown ever since his arrest, although as time went by with no news to indicate that Ottawa might act on the recommendation for mercy there were times when he was depressed and morose. He ate heartily and evinced considerable interest in what went on about him. Special guards maintained constant watch outside the cell.

On Monday of this week it became certain that the death penalty would be carried out when officials of the remission branch of the Secretary of State at Ottawa announced that "the law was to take its course." All the arrangements had already been completed by Sheriff C. W. Mallory. A scaffold had been erected in the yard of the courthouse, and Camille Blanchard, official hangman for the Province of Quebec, was already on hand to carry out the execution.

Hutchings' last visitors, at 1:30 am, were a chaplain and a doctor from the Pennfield station, Squadron Leader Mann and Squadron Leader Stewart, respectively. When the time came to leave his cell, Hutchings walked



Tom Roland Hutchings,
1942
Charlotte County Archives
P225.2



Grave of Tom Roland Hutchings,
2008
Author's Photograph

out unaided, but outside, turned, walked back deliberately and switched out the light, then rejoined the official party and walked with firm steps to the courtyard and up the 18 steps to the gallows. He wore a beltless R. A. F. tunic with his sergeant's stripes on the arms, and slacks. Accompanying him were Squadron Leader Stewart, his two special guards and the hangman. The door was sprung at 1:50. Twelve minutes later he was pronounced dead. The execution was the first to take place in Charlotte County in 63 years. The only spectators were the official group. The scene was screened from outside view by a temporary fence and a covering over the top. Medical men in attendance were Dr. H. P. O'Neill of St. Andrews and Dr. R. A. Massie of St. George. The body was buried in the Rural Cemetery at St. Andrews.—*Courier*, December 17, 1942

Hangings of Dowd

FEW PEOPLE NOW living in St. Andrews remember the execution of Thomas Dowd who was convicted of murdering Thomas Edward Ward, of New River on the 18th of September, 1879, but all the older folks here have heard the story many times. Jack Smith, M.P., a friend of W. A. Stuart in Ottawa, recently came across an old *Toronto Globe* which gave all the details in a full column write-up and my good friend Wes sent the paper along to me. In reading the article I was struck chiefly at the apparently different attitude of the public of those days to such an event as compared with the reaction of the present inhabitants of St. Andrews to the recent hanging here of a young airman. The latter incident occurred in the middle of the night with no one present except the necessary officials. The body was buried quietly with little ceremony or celebration. Not a carpenter in town would aid in the construction of the gallows and the work had to be done by the officials themselves. What thoughts this young man may have had during his last few days of life were known only to himself, to his clergyman, and to his God. In the case of Dowd, however, elaborate preparations were made for the occasion, his execution was carried out with pomp and pretentious religious ceremony, and he was provided with a funeral worthy of a potentate. The hanging took place in broad daylight and his address to the audience in attendance might well be classed with those touching words of Mark Anthony over the dead body of Julius Caesar. Dressed in his dark trousers and vest and clean white shirt, standing there before an admiring group of spectators and holding the centre of the stage in this thrilling drama, this man Dowd no doubt felt that he was the hero of the hour. And yet hanging is supposedly a deterrent. I offer no opinion as to the value, or otherwise, of capital punishment, but I do believe that Anglo-Saxon civilization, at least has come a long way in the past seventy years.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 20, 1948

The Old Town Bell

Its Companion, the Clock, has Long Since Ceased from its Labours

The Beacon and one of "the oldest inhabitants" were chatting over the recent change in the town bell ringer.

"IT IS A good many years," quoth the latter, "since I first heard the tuneful notes of the town bell of St. Andrews. It did not stand where it now is, for in those days the Episcopal bell sounded the hours. The hours were different, too. In summer, the first tinkle of the bell was heard at 8 o'clock in the morning. Everybody who had work to do was at it long before this. At that time there was no ten-hour or any other system, except to go to work at daylight and knock off when it was dark. Yes! And there was work to do in those days, for when the bell rung at 1 o'clock for dinner, it was no uncommon sight to see one hundred men coming up from Rait's wharf and scores from the other wharves. After the bell had sounded for dinner, it did not give tongue again until 9 o'clock in the evening. In winter, the bell rang at 8 o'clock, instead of 9."

"The Episcopal church then stood in the Church block, where Mr. Algar now lives. It was some time before the removal of the church from that site that the town bell was removed to the Courthouse, which then stood where the present town hall stands."

"The change in the hours of bell-ringing came about the time the railway was commenced."

"The first town bell-ringer that I remember was Michael Cronin. Mike was a native of Ireland, but came here from Newfoundland. Following him, if I remember correctly, was a man named Douglas, who belonged up the Saint John River. George Cole pulled the rope for a while, and then Alex. Donald rung out the hours. The latter's place was taken by David Keezer, who now gives way to Alex. Campbell. Campbell is an old soldier, and a pensioner. He has been a resident of St. Andrews for many years."

"The present bell is the third, I think, that has been the property of the town. The first was melted when the old courthouse was burned. The second succumbed one New Year's morning, a good many years ago, as some lively spirits were ringing the old year out and the New Year in. It was replaced by the present bell."—*Beacon*, February 4, 1892

The Old Town Bell

WHAT A KITCHEN is without a clock, St. Andrews is without the old town bell. Citizens have become so accustomed to its regular ringing that the day passes very unsatisfactorily without it. It is not that one any longer depends upon it for calls to labour or refreshment, but just because it is an old custom one certainly does miss it. The wooden wheel to which the bell-rope was attached had rotted out



The Old Firehall with Bell Tower

The first town bell was located in All Saints Church, then moved to the Courthouse and Jail, later the Market House.

Charlotte County Archives
P121.1

after many years of service and broke down one day last week. A new wheel is being made by Nelson Pye, who also made the one which is being replaced. The present bell is the second one of the town, and was made by the McShane Bell Foundry of Baltimore, MD. It was bought by Mr. Foster for \$144.50 and was hung on the 17th of December, 1879. It weighs 426 lbs. The bell-ringers from that time on were Michael Cloney, King Coole, Sandy Donald,



David Keezer, William Campbell, Daniel Byrne, John S. Magee, Fred Craig, and Herbert Greenlaw, the present ringer who has rung the old bell for twenty-nine years. The minutes of the Town Council show that for two or three weeks during the summer of 1904 the ringing of the town bell was discontinued owing to the serious illness of a guest at Kennedy's Hotel. The bell of the Anglican Church rang out the customary calls and was to serve as

a fire alarm as well, but fortunately was not needed in that capacity. In the old days the bell was rung at 6 o'clock to end the day's work, instead of at 5 o'clock as now. One of the ringers of those old but not forgotten days caused quite a commotion one bleak November night. He rang the bell as usual at six o'clock after which he went home to lie down for a nap. He awoke at 5 to 7, and because of the darkness thought he had slept the night through. He rushed down and rang the bell again for 7 o'clock, but before he got away from the premises the whole fire department was there inquiring where the fire was!—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 21, 1939

Some Local History

THE OLD ARMOURY, destroyed by fire, had a wonderful bell. It could be heard in St. Stephen when the wind was blowing upriver. After the fire the bell was melted down and everybody in town had a ring made from it, cast by Mike McMonagle at his foundry. (I wonder if anybody in town has one of those old rings!)—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, March 12, 1942

Who Knows?

REFERENCE WAS MADE in an item recently about the burning of the old armoury here and the making of rings from the armoury bell which was melted down for that purpose. I have located two of those rings and have seen one of them—formerly the property of the late Thomas Stinson. It is a signet ring with a heart-shaped signet. The other ring was worn by the late Sarah Heenan and is now I am told in the possession of Mrs. Marshall. I have as yet been unable to find out where the armoury was situated or in what year it burned.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 9, 1942

The Old Town Bell

I HAVE NOT only found out where the old armoury was situated but have a picture of it. Bell-tower and all. Am going to get a copy of the picture made to send in for the *Courier*. The present bell has been ringing out its calls from refreshment to labour and from labour to refreshment again since the year 1876. The ringing of the bell is one of the institutions of this quaint old town. It is doubtful if a similar custom prevails anywhere else in Canada. About 85 years ago an up-to-date Alderman proposed putting in a clock and dispensing with the bell except for fire alarms. But others on the Board with more sentiment for St. Andrews soon disposed of his well meant but, to some, almost criminal proposal.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 14, 1942

Who Owns St. Croix Island?

Historic Ground

ON THE MAGNIFICENT farm of Mr. James Russell, M.P.P., at Bayside, within an hour's drive of St. Andrews, is one of the most historic spots in America. It is a high point of land almost directly opposite the famed Dosh's or Doucett's Island, and is known on the map as Sand Point.

When De Monts, in 1604, or thereabouts, sailed with his weary little band of voyagers up the St. Croix, and pitched their tents on the island above-mentioned, they were in constant dread of trouble from roving bands of Indians. In order to protect themselves from such invasions, a fort was established on Sand Point, earth-works thrown up and two guns mounted inside. The spot was well chosen for the purpose. On the southern side, it commanded an unbroken view of the St. Croix as far as Clam Cove Head, several miles below St. Andrews, while in the opposite direction, not a canoe could emerge from either Schoodic River (as it was then known) or Oak Bay without being observed by the vigilant guardians of the fort.

When the grandfather of the present holder of the land took possession in 1783, the embrasure of the fort remained almost the same as when it was abandoned by the pestilence-stricken remnant of the De Monts' party, but the guns had been taken away long before. The earth-works stood untouched for many years, but finally the march of civilization laid them on a level with the rest of the ground around them. There is not a vestige of them now to be seen, but the owner of the land knows where the fort stood, and it is not long since he took a representative of the *Beacon* over to the spot.

Between where the fort stood and the shore there are a number of depressions in the soil, some of them quite deep, but all now over-grown with grass. These depressions, the *Beacon* was informed by Mr. Russell, have been caused by excavations that were made by curiosity seekers or by seekers after hidden treasure, years ago. Some of the excavators were rewarded by finding various implements of war that had been used by De Monts' party, or by Indians, but the great majority of them had their labor for nothing. There is no record of any treasure being found but there are people who believe that somewhere in that neighborhood the redoubtable Captain Kidd dropped some of his ill-gotten wealth, and weird, uncanny tales are still told of treasure-seekers who were driven from their labor at midnight by terrible-looking goblins.—*Beacon*, June 9, 1892

Who Owns St. Croix Island?

I HAVE READ with much interest an article with the foregoing title written by H. E. Lamb and appearing in the *Calais Advertiser* of Jan. 27th. Mr. Lamb proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that this island belongs to the United States,

that is, lies within her boundaries. He suggests that readers cut out his article for future reference as in effect it settles the matter for all time. May I suggest that the matter is *unsettled* for all time? Mr. Lamb says the middle of the river is the boundary line and that the middle is where the deepest channel lies. Personally I should call the middle the half-way point between the two shores on any part of the river. That Mr. Lamb in his heart agrees with me is indicated in the last paragraph where he states that St. Croix Island lies out near the middle of the river. I do not wish to start another international boundary dispute but the following "Last Will and Testament" of John Hillicker, copied from the records of Charlotte County, will at least give a different slant to the question. It also gives an idea of the origin of the name Dosh's Island, which evidently was corrupted from the name Dosh's appearing in the will which was apparently the name of a former owner or resident.

Last Will and Testament

"In the name of God, Amen. I, John Hillicker of the Island generally known and called by the name of Dosh's Island and supposed and considered to be in the parish of St. Andrews, County of Charlotte, and province of New Brunswick, being weak in body but of sound and perfect mind and memory do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following. First I give and bequeath unto my wife, Mary Hillicker, all my real and personal estate and property, viz. my interest and titles in the Island above mentioned (called Dosh's) to be held by her and possessed by her during her natural life, and also all my personal goods and chattels of what kind and nature soever they be. I will and give unto her during her life, and at the conclusion of the same I will and make over and convey unto Daniel Post of said Island the above mentioned possessions and property of every kind, real and personal, with chattels of every kind, to be held and possessed by him at her death. And I do hereby appoint, in this my last will and testament, my wife Mary and Daniel Post my sole Executrix and Executor, hereby revoking all former wills by me made, in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this eighth day of June in the year of our Lord, One Thousand eight hundred and twenty four (1824)."

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named John Hillicker to be his last will and testament, in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witness in the presence of the testator.

John Hillicker X his mark

Witnesses,

Henry Coulter, St. David

Elias Barber, Red Beach

Caleb Bartlett, St. Andrews



St. Croix Island, circa 1889
D. Will McKay Photograph
The Light and Keeper's Cottage, and the Last Keepers of St. Croix Light
Charlotte County Archives
P184.3, P218.130, P305.2

The proof of this will follows on record, sworn by Henry Coulter before H. H. Hatch, of St. Andrews, Surrogate and Judge of Probates, and dated Oct. 29, 1825. This proof must have been submitted on the death of Mrs. Hillicker,

as according to records quoted in Mr. Lamb's article, the Island was sold by Daniel Post to John Brewer on Nov. 25, 1825, for \$130.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 11, 1943

The Building of the Ship

THE RECENT LAUNCHING of a wooden minesweeper in a New Brunswick port stirs the memory of old-timers here who can recall when St. Andrews was one of the leading shipping and shipbuilding centres in what is now known as the Maritime Provinces. There are many living who can remember the launching of the Annie P. Odell in 1878 and that of the George Lamb in September 1882. But how many know anything about the building and launching of the first ship here? From a few facts which I have obtained from a direct descendant of the man who was the builder, owner and master, I shall try to write the story of that momentous event. The exact date is lost in the scanty records, but suffice it to say it was in the long, long ago. First the timbers were gathered and piled around, birch, spruce, pine and tamarack from our native forests, and oak for the keel from the motherland. About midsummer the keel of oak for this noble ship was laid, scarfed and bolted, straight and strong, and the real work was ready to begin. Day by day, 'mid the sound of axes and hammers, mallets and saws, the vessel grew until a skeleton ship, framed with perfect symmetry, rose to view. Week after week with toil and song, the building of this ship went on, 'till at long last, the planking done and the rudder hung, the ship was ready to be launched. The day appointed for the launching, though in the month of February, was like a day in March, mild and calm and bright and a full tide flowing. The ship was duly christened by the wife of one of the big shots of the town, whose name is lost in the mists of the past, and a prayer offered for the safety of the ship and of those who might sail in her. Then the blocking was knocked from beneath her keel, and the ship slid out to take the water as gracefully as a swan. She was a square-rigger with three masts, in other words a full-rigged ship and was as goodly, staunch and strong as any ship that sailed the wintry seas. She was built, owned and sailed by Capt. William Harvey, who was the great-grandfather of Mary Hunt, who still lives in St. Andrews. The ship was called "Mary Stubbs," which was the maiden name of Capt. Harvey's wife. Her first trip was to the West Indies with a load of lumber, returning with a cargo of rum and molasses. Wherever her broken, or rotted or disintegrated timbers may lie, may they rest in peace! Requiescat.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 11, 1943

Chamcook of Other Days

A CENTURY AGO, the village of Chamcook was a thriving shipbuilding centre, had two or three sawmills, a gristmill and a paper mill. The prosperity of Chamcook at that time was chiefly owing to the enterprise of one man, John Wilson, after whose death at the age of 70 years on April 1st, 1855, the place began gradually to decline. The following extract from Mr. Wilson's obituary in the St. Andrews paper shows the important position he held in the community and how his loss would affect its prosperity.

"Mr. Wilson has been engaged in mercantile and other pursuits in this county for more than 30 years, and such was the diversity of his business transactions, embracing almost every occupation incident to the country, that he kept a great number of men in constant employ. As a merchant he had few equals. Well acquainted with markets of the world, entirely familiar with the trade and resources of the province, energetic and temperate, always active and persevering, he seldom undertook a work that he did not



Chamcook

Mr. Wilson's shipyard at Chamcook was located to the right of this picture.

Charlotte County Archives
P245.147

complete. He devoted the whole powers of his mind to the construction of the St. Andrews-Quebec Railroad."

Mr. Wilson operated several sawmills on Chamcook stream as well as a gristmill, where wheat flour, buckwheat and oatmeal were manufactured. Also, and most interesting of all, he owned and operated a paper mill, near the present site of Rankin's sawmill. On this paper was printed the *St. Andrews Herald*, and the following advertisement appears in the issue of Feb. 5th. 1827, "Wanted, an apprentice to the paper-making business. Apply to the mill at Chamcook or the *Herald* office." Mr. Wilson built a beautiful stone house on the site now occupied by the Grimmer residence. This house was destroyed by fire in 1882. The present generation will remember the gristmill which tumbled down and was removed just a few years ago. It was used for many years by Davidson Grimmer.

The two-story building still standing on the Glebe road over the Chamcook stream was the Dimock and Wilson store, and no doubt at one time did a thriving business. There was a brickyard at Chamcook at one time, but whether during Mr. Wilson's residence there or at a later period, is not now known. It was situated outside the dock gates adjacent to the shipyard. Its location can be easily found today by the bricks scattered around. But the most important industry carried on in Mr. Wilson's time was shipbuilding. At an early date the inner harbour at Chamcook was converted into a dock from which the tide could be shut out. A dam with gates was built, the remains of which can still be seen at half-tide. A flume was constructed which carried the water from the millstream outside the dock gates. There were two sets of these, outer and inner, and the gates were controlled by water pressure. Many ships were repaired in this dock. It is known to have been in operation in 1842 as a bill for repairs on the structure is still in existence.

Closely associated with John Wilson in the shipbuilding industry were John Townshend and his four sons. The Townshends had been operating a yard at St. Andrews near Indian Point and were brought to Chamcook by Wilson to finish a ship on the stocks there. They remained there and carried on an extensive business for many years, chiefly under contract with Wilson. At a later date two of the sons were business partners, and Charles Short, when a young man, was employed by them and later became their master builder. Short in 1854 built the *Homeward Bound*, a ship of 594 tons, at Digdeguash. For some years William Townshend and Charles Short were partners, during which period they built the *Lady Milton*. The account with Dimock and Wilson re the building of this ship is still in existence.

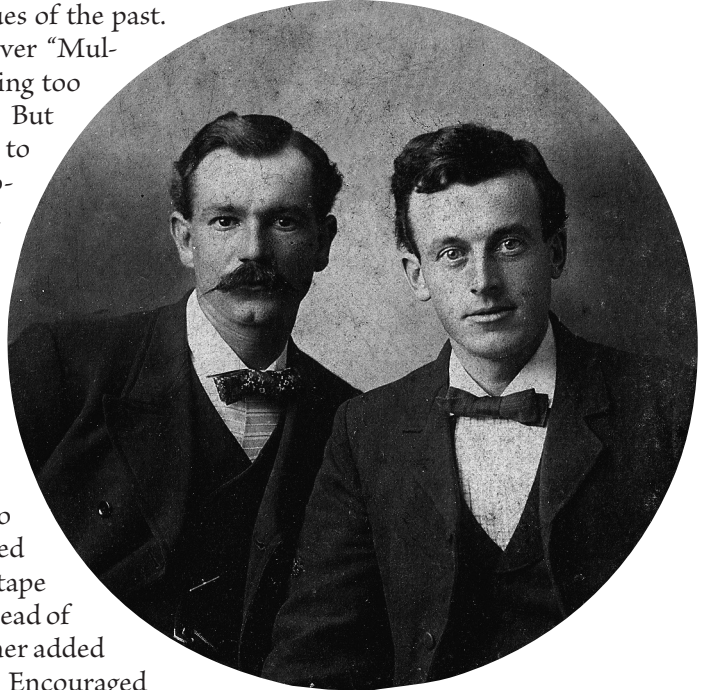
Another record in an old-time book says that Townshend and Short commenced work on the new ship, *Even Star*, Sept. 4th, 1855, at Indian Point. The Townshends operated three yards in Chamcook. There were two sets of blocks on what is known as the Public Landing, where the Priestman cottage now stands. William built on the east side of the stream, these two yards being inside the dock. A third yard was situated on the west side of the harbour just outside the dock. People still living can remember the remains of the old bed logs in these locations. I have a list of some of the ships built at Chamcook which I shall send in next week.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 1, 1943



Gymnasiums Past and Present

A DISCUSSION AT Kiwanis last week in regard to the re-opening of the gymnasium owned and formerly operated by the Boy Scouts Association, just naturally set my mind travelling far down the avenues of the past.

The first gym I can recall was located in the hall over “Mulligan’s foundry. I don’t remember much about it, being too young at the time to be admitted to membership. But two older fellows, Eddie Coakley and Ned McGrath, to whom for some time I had been offering a sort of hero-worship owing to their kindness to a small boy, did occasionally invite me in to watch the proceedings. There was one fellow in the Club who was as strong as an ox but just as clumsy, and evidently during his boyhood training the first part of the injunction “Mens sana in corpore sano” had been woefully neglected. In a word he was a wee bit simple. The rest of the boys, or young men as they were, took every advantage of this fact and had plenty of fun with him. When he made a lift, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds would be added to the recorded weight. When he tried the running broad jump, the tape measure always showed that he was about two feet ahead of anyone else. Even the scales in some mysterious manner added about 75 lbs. to his weight. And he swallowed it all. Encouraged by the others he soon, in his own opinion, became the boxing champion of the Club. He had a blow, his own invention, which he called the “pivot.” He would swing clumsily all the way around on one heel, arms extended at the sides like human semaphore. His opponent, having plenty of time, would step in so that the back of the big right paw as it came around would strike him on the shoulder. He would then fall to the floor—down for the count—and his seconds would work over him with wet sponges, smelling salts and apparently as a last resort a mouthful of hard liquor in an effort to revive him. It usually required the second and sometimes the third mouthful before the defeated gladiator opened his eyes. As a climax to these sparring fiascos a time bomb in the shape of a bag of flour, and one of the boys impersonating the clock, was arranged at the edge of a trap-door in the ceiling. This bout was to definitely decide the Club championship. The ring was marked off with chalk directly beneath the trap-door. If I remember rightly “Gull” Bolger was opposing the pseudo-champion on this occasion. The participants were stripped to the waist and weighed in with great ceremony and solemnity. It was found that the claimant to the title was two ounces overweight, but “Gull” waived all such minor technicalities and the bout was started. After five or six rounds with indifferent results, even the famous “pivot” having failed to produce the usual knockout, the man of ox-like qualities took on a worried look and his torso was glistening with sweat. He was then maneuvered directly under the trap, the signal was given and down came the flour! The unfortunate simp was nearly smothered and needless to say never boxed again. I never did know who dumped the flour on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. I wonder if he is still in the land of the living. What a joy it would be to get a letter from him.



Thomas Rudolph Wren, left, and Eddie Coakley, circa 1889

D. Will McKay Photograph

Mr. Wren founded Wren’s drugstore and published a large series of Will McKay photographs in postcard form depicting notable St. Andrews houses and views. The Wren collection constitutes one of the most important holdings of images in the Charlotte County Archives. The Coakley family was involved largely in the foundry and livery stable business.

Charlotte County Archives

P69.542

Opposite Top and Bottom

The Andraeleo Club at their original clubhouse, the old Catholic Church on Mary Street, 1894. In 1903 the Church was moved downtown to form the stage for a combination gymnasium and amusement hall, and renamed Andraeleo Hall. After the demise of the Club, the Hall continued to serve as a general purpose hall for the town.

Charlotte County Archives

P175.1, P250.22

The Andraeleo Club

A FEW YEARS later than the period of the foregoing item but still before the turn of the century the "Andraeleo Club" was organized for the Roman Catholic boys under the direction of the much beloved Father O'Flaherty. Strangers to St. Andrews frequently ask the meaning and origin of the name. I have it from one of the charter members that it was a coined word taken from the Greek "Andrae," meaning man, and the Latin "Leo," meaning lion. The implied object of the Andraeleo Club was to develop supermen, those having all the best attributes of both men and lions. Although the chief attraction was a well equipped gymnasium, considerable attention was also paid to the study of dramatics and the game of chess of which Father O'Flaherty was an acknowledged master in those days. Each year the Club put on a show, sometimes a well-played drama, and sometimes a variety show with singing, dancing and exhibitions of gymnastics. The club developed some fine gymnasts among whom I remember John Bolger and Leo Howland who could both do the "flying cut-off" and the "giant-swing" on the horizontal bar, very difficult stunts. The tune and most of the words of an Irish song "I met my friend Patrick McKenna, one evening on Washington street," introduced in one of those shows by Andrew Craig, can still be remembered by the old folks. After the Andraeleo Club had been flourishing for a couple of years, but still in the nineties, the Protestant boys organized a club known as the Victorian Athletic Association with Rev. J. C. Berrie as the first president.

This Club prospered for several years and also developed some fine athletes. One of them, who does not wish his name mentioned, was good enough to win a gold medal when he later went to a large city. There were sixty competitors and eighteen acrobatic and athletic events (three each night for six nights) and the medal, which this old fellow still treasures, bears, besides his own name and the name of the club, the inscription "All-around indoor athletic proficiency, first prize."—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 10, 1944



What did Paul Say?

THE MENTION OF the Brig Nancy, Capt. Paul, in the last item may recall to older folks an amusing true story handed down from those far-off days. It seems that a clergyman in one of our churches here at that time had been accustomed to engage passage to Saint John from time to time with the said Capt. Paul in the good ship "Nancy." One Sunday morning before church he sent his gardener down to the dock to interview Paul and arrange for a passage to Saint John next day. After faithfully carrying out his errand the gardener returned to attend the morning service. Perhaps because of late hours the night before, or possibly from the effects of a dry and long-winded sermon, the gardener went sound asleep in his pew. The preacher was expounding about the Apostle Paul. To emphasize a particular point he exclaimed: "What did Paul say?" The gardener, unnoticed by the parson, stirred uneasily in his seat. Again in a louder voice the speaker roared: "And what did Paul say?" The gardener, only half awake by this time, called out to the consternation of all, "He said he wouldn't take you again till you paid him for the last trip!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, December 7, 1944

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa

IT IS A long time since we had a visit from a travelling medicine company. Do they still flourish elsewhere in more lucrative fields, or are they gone but not forgotten? Among the many troupes that visited St. Andrews in those former years, perhaps the most famous and most entertaining was the company which dispensed the wonderful concoctions known as Kickapoo Indian Oil and Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. They carried their own "Big Top" and while in St. Andrews set it up on a vacant lot on Water Street, where the Seaside Garage now stands. It probably wasn't as big as the present permanent building but in retrospect it seemed like an enormous tent capable of seating hundreds of people. Children must have been admitted free, or at least for a small sum as I remember attending all the shows. Three or four Indian braves, all in war-paint, were the chief attraction. They probably came from Pleasant Point, Maine, and no doubt could speak English and were perfectly civilized. But to us small boys they were the wildest of wild Indians, and we would sometimes awake in the night with their terrible war cries ringing in our ears and be so thankful to find ourselves snug in our own bed and in no danger of being scalped. There was a male quartet to furnish harmony and a ventriloquist with two dummies, a darky and an Irishman, who provided plenty of fun. But to the adults the highlight of the evening was the sale of Sagwa and Oil, worthless trash, no doubt, but which the famous "doctor" salesman made them believe to be the elixirs of life. The oil was a sure cure for rheumatism and all external pains, while the Sagwa taken internally in generous doses would restore youth and vigor and assure the user of a healthy old age—so said the "doctor." When sales began to lag an extra bottle was given free with each purchase. And the person to buy the last bottle each night was given \$5! How the gullible folks tried for that five dollars. Some would buy ten or twelve bottles near the end of the evening at \$1 per, in hopes of being the last and so get the prize. But there was always someone to buy the odd bottle to keep the game going. What a game, and what a fake, but what fun. I wonder if anyone survives who tried a bottle.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, November 9, 1944



Billy Nicholas (stern) and Sumner Mallock, Second Chamcook Lake, 1912

Archie Shirley Photograph

Billy Nicholas belonged to the Nicholas native family. He was murdered at Pleasant Point, Eastport.

Charlotte County Archives

P245.139

Margot Redmond

SOME NEWS OF Margot Redmond should be of interest to St. Andrews folks. Margot has spent her summers here since she was a small child and now that her parents own a home in St. Andrews, where they spend the greater part of the year, we feel justified in calling her a real St. Andrews girl. As all of us ordinary hard-working folks who have the pleasure of knowing her personally can testify, here is a girl whom wealth and luxury have not spoiled. During recent years her chief joy has been to sail about the harbour, the river or the bay in her little boat, sometimes alone, but usually with a retired master mariner to serve as ballast or to offer occasional advice. When her country's call came she volunteered for service with the Canadian Medical Corps. The night before sailing for England a rather mean-spirited burglar broke into her flat in Montreal and carried off practically everything she had planned to take with her. She got a complete new outfit in London and set sail again. Her ship was torpedoed in the Mediterranean and once more she lost everything, except the clothes in which she stood—her favorite slacks and tennis shoes. Was rescued by an American ship, to board which it was necessary to climb a fifty-foot rope ladder with a high sea running. When the ship rolled the ladder with its occupant would swing out a dozen feet and come back with a thud. "No place for a lady!" do you say? No indeed, unless, as in this case the lady is an experienced sailor, a fine athlete and has plenty of physical courage. Margot is not permitted to say where she is now but has given the following hints in a recent letter to her parents. She is where they specialize, or did formerly, in multi-colored ice cream, and from her room she can look out over a bay which, next to Passamaquoddy, is the most beautiful stretch of water in the world. Margot is in the pink, but naturally longs for home and the uneventful life in St. Andrews. Her leisure moments, which are infrequent, owing to her multifarious duties, she devotes to the capture and destruction of fleas which are ever-present in countless numbers in this once proud and beautiful city. Cheerio, Margot and a safe return!—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 20, 1944

Charlie

THE MANY FRIENDS here of Motosuku Akagi, more familiarly known here as "Charlie the Jap" or "Motorcycle Charlie" have learned with regret of his serious accident at Camp Utopia in which he was badly burned about the face and neck. He was using a blowtorch and some gasoline near at hand caught fire. In trying to extinguish the blaze Charlie's clothing caught and before the flame could be smothered by those who rushed to his assistance he became badly burned. Charlie is Canadian born. He had lived in St. Andrews for quite a number of years previous to the war, working as a motor mechanic at which trade he has few if any superiors, and joined up at the beginning of the war. He spent a year at Camp Sussex and then went overseas where he stayed until about a year ago. Since that time he has been in service at Camp Utopia. He married a local girl, Mona Homan, and has two children. Mrs. Akagi is the granddaughter of the well known and well remembered Passamaquoddy Indian, John Nicholas—hunter, trapper, guide and romancer.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 17, 1944



Margot Redmond
Ms. Redmond was the granddaughter of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, second President of the CPR
Charlotte County Archives P128.6



Motosuku Akagi
Courtesy Hugh Akagi

Visits Old Home

HAVING LEFT HOLLAND at the tender age of four years, Willem Knijf had little recollection of his native village of Lekkerkirk (near Rotterdam) but it was a great and pleasant experience to visit those almost forgotten scenes of his childhood and look up some of his mother's people. He found the home of one of his aunts and came upon her as she was working in the garden. He said: "Hello, there" in English. She raised her head, and repeated his greeting in Dutch. She advanced and carefully inspected this young man dressed in the uniform of corporal in the Netherlands Army and at length declared: "You must be Willem Knijff. Yes, I am sure you are little Willem." No longer little, but now a strapping soldier of 23 years old, Willem was overjoyed at the greeting and spent several happy hours with his folks. Willem's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Knijff, came to Canada 19 years ago. They lived for a short time at Grand Manan, a little while at Bayside, then moved to St. Andrews where they have since made their home. Mr. Knijff fought in the Boer War against us and often refers jokingly to the vagaries of life which can induce one to establish a home among his one-time enemies and find that they are good people, friendly and lovable. Those who have read the history of the Boer War written by a Dutch soldier, know that their cause was just. They fought to preserve their homes and country and we fought for gold and diamonds. As Willem had been born in Holland and had never been naturalized as a Canadian citizen he got a call from the Netherlands Army early in the war. He began his training at the Dutch Military Depot in Stratford, Ontario, and completed it in England. He was sent to India, then back to England, took part in the invasion with the American air-borne troops, was attached to British Commandos at the capture of Walcheren Island, returned to England to recover from an injury sustained there and was again in Holland at the final liberation. One day while on Walcheren Island, Willem was browsing around a village with a couple of Canadian soldiers and met a native who thought he could speak English. The boys listened to a rather fruitless and disjointed harangue about some place of interest they should visit and when their informant got through Willem spoke in Dutch, saying: "If you would speak in your own language I think we could understand better what you are talking about." The native's eyes stuck out as he replied in astonishment: "Can you boys speak Dutch?" "Sure," said Bill, "everybody in Canada can speak Dutch!"—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, June 21, 1945

Dickson-Kenwin

"GLIMPSES OF LIFE," an entertainment sponsored by the St. Andrews Women's Canadian Club and held at the Algonquin Casino, was well patronized and the proceeds are to be used for the benefit of the Charlotte County Children's Aid Society. The program consisted of a selection of character studies by Dickson-Kenwin of London, England, who is completing a tour of Canada doing similar programs. This noted actor's portrayal of such characters as Mathias, the fear-haunted burgomaster, Falstaff, Hamlet, and Cardinal Wolsey were as convincing examples of dramatic art as one might hope to see. To keep the audience in a receptive mood, and by way of displaying his versatility, the player interspersed a number of short humorous sketches. He also proved himself an adept at imitating various common sounds, such as planing and sawing wood—and the now almost forgotten one of drawing a cork.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 31, 1944

The shortage of liquor was perhaps as much a hardship as rationing of butter and sugar, in some quarters.

A Christmas Story

CHRISTMAS STORIES GENERALLY appear previous to the annual festival, but as this one is somewhat different from the usual variety it may fit in now just as well. Most of these stories relate to the Christmas spirit, but this one concerns Christmas spirits, usually called Christmas cheer. A gentleman who lives some distance from the source of supply, after doing some errands about town on the day before Christmas, found that upon proceeding to make the most important purchases of the day he had come away from home without his ration book. He trudged home and related his misfortune to his wife. She hustled around and got his coupons which he stuffed in a pocket and started out again. Arriving at his destination he boldly gave his order and passed in his ration book. The clerk on looking over the book said he was sorry but it didn't entitle him to any liquor. The customer declared he hadn't bought anything all month and consequently must be entitled to what he called for. The clerk, evidently believing in the modern axiom that the customer is always wrong, then said: "It doesn't matter what you've bought or haven't bought, all I have to go by is the book and it doesn't entitle you to any liquor." The ruffled customer then expressed his opinion of government in general and the clerk in particular, emphasizing his remarks with some choice expressions picked up in France during the First World War. The clerk, who was also in that scrap, came back with something just as good. He passed the book out to an interested garageman, who was waiting to be served and asked his opinion. After looking the book over, the latter handed it back saying: "Of course you are the boss here and can do what you like, but he would get service if he came to me—I think the book is all right." The irate customer, thinking he detected a slight twinkle in the garageman's eye, asked the clerk to give him his book. On close inspection it was found to be his book of gasoline coupons!—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, January 18, 1945

Warm and Dry

PERHAPS NO GREATER disappointment can be experienced by long suffering humanity than that which is felt by a man who has learned to love the effects of alcoholic stimulants, who has looked forward to a good drink at the end of his day's work, only to have it snatched from his hand by fortuitous circumstance. Under the present regulations, any man who likes his liquor himself and is also quite generous with his friends is likely to find things becoming quite dry toward the end of the month. When a friend happens in to his place of business with coupons for a quart of wine which he offers to buy on the shares, the proposition is accepted with alacrity. While the friend was after the wine the proprietor thought it would make things more cosy for its consumption to start a little fire. He was still engaged in laying the fire when the friend returned and passed him the wine. Just then a customer came through the door and the bottle was quickly hidden in the stove. (The customer probably had an excessively thirsty look.) The friend went out to do some errands saying he would be back shortly. The customer's wants were attended to and he went off. The proprietor then stepped out for a few minutes himself to return and find catastrophe. Another friend had dropped in and noticing the fire all ready to light had touched it off, all innocent of the secret lying

Old Fire Engine



When Gin flowed as Fast as Water from the Old Hand Pumpers in St. Andrews

ONE OF THE old hand pumper fire engines has been sitting on the square in front of the town hall for a week or two. One day I asked an old fellow who I am sure has attended hundreds of fires to tell me which engine it was, No. 1 or No. 2. "I don't know," said he, "there was always so much gin at the fires in those days that I never knew which engine I belonged to or which one I was pumping on. I generally picked the one where the bottles seemed to be circulating the fastest." Where that liquor came from at any hour of the night, and in such quantities, was always a mystery to the younger



men of the Company. There was always a race and a money prize between the two engines for first water but before the hose could be run out the gin would have circulated a couple of times and every man on the pumper would be feeling as if he, single-handed, could pump that water over the moon. The old engine is quite a curio now and will be greater in years to come. It is to be cleaned, sandpapered and varnished and kept under cover for future generations to marvel at. It is made from mahogany inlaid with walnut and is really a fine piece of work.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 1, 1947

within. The proprietor arrived just in time to hear the explosion as the bottle burst and caused the fire to roar merrily. The newcomer, who had started to laugh when the cause of the explosion was explained, soon was made to feel that he was an intruder, a despoiler, and in general a public nuisance. He could offer no means of redress—money he had, but no coupons. The original friend returned and the three dry and disconsolate men sat around the stove for a while commiserating each other on their misfortune. They cursed the law's restrictions and the war which was the excuse for its necessity. Finally the party broke up with the decision, at least outwardly expressed, that they didn't care much for wine anyway.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, March 18, 1945

Reading the Label

THE CLEVERLY WRITTEN item, "It pays to read the label" in last week's *Calais Briefs* was especially amusing to us down here as we can tell a story of one who got into difficulties by reading and believing the label. Last summer the owner of one of our summer homes was having some painting done and ordered a quart of turpentine at the hardware store. A bottle was delivered and left on the kitchen table. A little later it was noticed by the maid, unwrapped, and found to be, according to the label, a fine brand of Scotch whisky. It was removed to the wine closet, or wherever such precious goods are kept in this particular cottage, and later in the day discovered by a guest at the house who was a bit out of sorts and thought that a good drink, properly prepared, was just what he needed. He mixed the drink and downed it in one gulp. Although this gentleman had had a long experience with all kinds of liquors he admitted to himself that he had never tasted anything quite so bad before. And soon he began to feel even sicker and more distressed. Just then the hostess arrived to whom he complained of feeling ill. "What you need is a good drink," said she. "I thought so myself," said he, "but after taking one I feel much worse than before." "I'll mix you one that will do the trick," said she, and it nearly did. Another generous dose of the same turpentine, clearly camouflaged, poured hastily "down the brook" was nearly sufficient to murder even a man of strong constitution, let alone an unfortunate who at the moment considered himself an invalid. The hostess became alarmed, sniffed the bottle, discovered the error, called in the medico, and then got the hardware dealer on the wire. I have no record of her remarks to the latter but can believe she said plenty and left him in no doubts in regard to her opinion of any man who would send out such a poisonous tasting substitute in a bottle labelled "Fine Old Scotch Whiskey."—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, February 15, 1945

Captain Frank "The Anchorman" O'Halloran

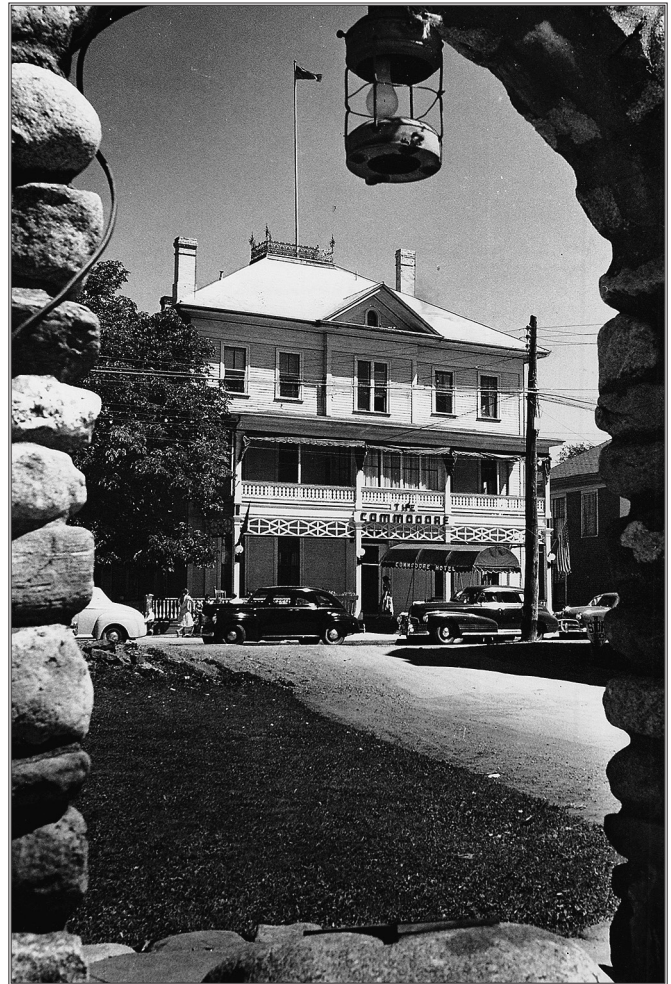
The ancient hand pumper can be seen on the grass upper left.

Charlotte County Archives

Celebrating Victory

ST. ANDREWS TOOK two days off from regular labors to celebrate the victory in Europe. On Monday afternoon flags and streamers began to appear all over town as a signal of public rejoicing. All through the night the old town bell rang out its joyful notes at frequent intervals and the fire siren sounded its mournful wails. Exuberant youths and oldsters with no less enthusiasm succeeded in keeping the townspeople awake most of the night. On Tuesday morning a service of Thanksgiving held in the Anglican Church was largely attended. In the afternoon a parade headed by Tracy Johnston, our local comedian, in costume and with an effigy of Hitler dragging by the neck, made a circuit of the town. Tracy was followed by a band made up of representatives of at least three generations of bandmen—boys in the vigor of youth, men in the prime of life, and old fellows with their bald heads and false teeth were in there blowing their heads off, mostly local talent, but one from Deer Island, one from St. Stephen and one from as far away as Boston. They made a big noise and besides the regular selections of band music played “jam sessions” including everything from “Tipperary” to “How Dry I Am.” The band was followed by the veterans of the First World War—after them came the High School Cadets in uniform, next the Girl Guides and strung out for miles behind were gaily decorated cars containing civilians.

After circulating about the town for an hour a halt was made at the public square where hundreds of people were assembled. The band played a few more selections and Tracy after a suitably vituperative address touched a match to the already much-hanged Hitler, and whether from the quality of oil which the assassin had used in saturating the body or from the vile and stinking life the victim had led, the fumes arising from the effigy stank in a manner capable of offending the most hardened nostrils. After this exhibition a couple of hours were spent in holding foot races for the children. In the evening another band concert and fireworks were enjoyed, and then a dance lasting well beyond midnight. Wednesday was spent mostly in recuperating but in the evening the same conglomerate band played again for an hour, their program being interspersed with songs by the children. Altogether it was “a great two days” and long to be remembered.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 17, 1945



Commodore Hotel and Cenotaph

KENNEDY'S HOTEL HAS been sold to Gerald O'Brien, of Saint John and henceforth will be known as “The Commodore.” We like the name—it has an inviting sound—and is appropriate to the hotel's situation on the seaboard. According to the cards just printed the Commodore is already famous for its lobsters. That should be a reputation easy to maintain here in St. Andrews, where fresh live lobsters can be procured any day in the week, the year round. The manager is not a stranger to St. Andrews, having had charge, during the too brief shipyard days, of the electric wiring in several of the minesweepers built here. He is a young man with progressive ideas and plenty of pep, has a pleasing personality and should make a popular proprietor. It goes without saying that the people of St. Andrews wish Jerry and the Commodore the best of luck.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 24, 1945

Dorothy Eidlitz Photograph
Charlotte County Archives P69.350



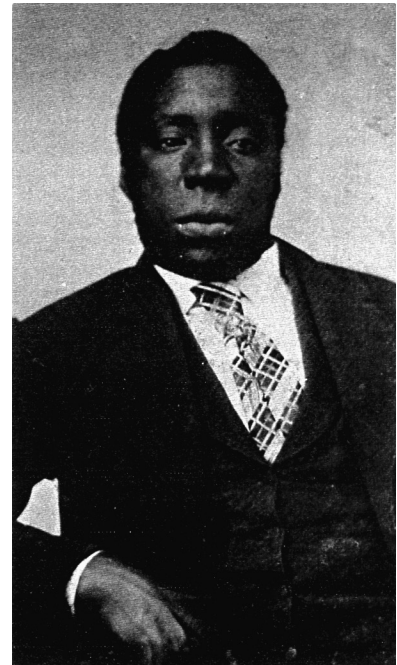
Charlotte County Archives
P123.3, P123.2. and P123.4

Dog-Fish

SPEAKING OF ACCORDIONS, a boatman here was telling me of a fishing trip on which this box-like instrument played a prominent part. While "Toot" Wren was here on his annual holiday this summer, he was anxious to have a day off in the river hand-lining for haddock. He interviewed an old-timer who claimed to know the exact spot where this delectable fish could be caught and who offered, at a price, to make all arrangements for the trip. A boat was engaged and the party set sail—or started the motor, to be more correct. As his equipment, the old-timer took along an accordion and a pair of field glasses. Having reached the mouth of the river the boat was run off with Niger Reef block and the Kirk steeple directly in line. The old fellow adjusted his binoculars and started up the river. At length when the McRoberts House came into view he gave the order to drop anchor, declaring that they were now directly over a school of haddock. Hooks were baited, lines were cast and soon the dog-fish in unlimited numbers were rolling over the gunwale—but never a haddock. After an hour of this the old fellow in order to save his face suggested a tune on the accordion. The others said it would have to be good to pay up for the poor results in fishing. After a few preliminary flourishes he opened up the accordion and produced four quarts of Montreal beer! Dog-fish and haddock were forgotten, and as the beer gurgled down four dry and thirsty throats all were agreed that it was the nicest playing accordion they had ever seen or heard.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 14, 1944

The Spoofer

I MET A well-dressed stranger on the street one day who said: "Pardon me, but do you live here?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "even in the winter time." "Thank you—" began again the stranger. "Not at all," said I, "It's a pleasure, I assure you." A little discomposed, but continuing the visitor said: "Yes, yes indeed, but I just wanted to inquire if you know where Mr. So-and-So lives." "Right at the head of this street," said I. "I was told at the head of King Street. Is this King Street?" "That's right," said I. "Well, do you happen to know if Mr. So-and-So has any wood to sell?" "I wouldn't suppose so," said I, "He is one of our prominent summer residents and if he does any business at all, which I doubt, it would be more likely to be in stocks and bonds and real estate." "I was told by a gentleman up the street So-and-So sold wood." "Was your informant a stout, elderly gentleman dressed with black, soft hat, black coat and grey trousers?" "That's right," said the stranger. "And did he have a very sanctimonious and truthful air?" "Right again," replied the visitor. "Was he somewhat clerical in appearance and wearing eye glasses?" "That's the man." "Aha!" said I, "The spoofer at work again." "Do you imply," said the stranger, "that this gentleman was deceiving me?" "Nothing surer," said I. "He is our local practical joker who is no respecter of persons and who, though never telling a falsehood to do anyone an injury, is very careful always to avoid the truth except under the most extenuating circumstances. Take my advice, sir, and look for your wood elsewhere."—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 12, 1945



Charles H. Norris (1848-1911)
Courtesy Elaine Bragdon

Cadman Norris (1890 - 1948)



Cadman Norris

Cadman (Caddy) Norris was the son of Charles Norris and Maria Brickson. Charles Norris was a freed Maryland slave who fought with the North in the Civil War. He married Maria Brickson, the daughter of George and Eliza Stewart, in 1872 and settled in St. Andrews. He was a cook and had an excellent singing voice. Caddy was the youngest of six children and at his death of his sister Helen in 1942 the last black person in St. Andrews.

D. Will McKay Photograph, circa 1910

Charlotte County Archives

P5.1

A FATAL ACCIDENT resulting in the death of Cadman Norris occurred here last Thursday. "Caddy," as he was popularly known, had been teamster for McQuoids for many years and was an excellent horseman. How the accident happened will never be known. After the team had returned home without their driver a search was made and Mr. Norris was found lying by the road, unconscious. He was taken to Chipman Hospital but died early next morning without having regained consciousness. The funeral, held Saturday afternoon, was one of the largest in the history of the town and the profusion of flowers surpassed anything ever seen here. This whole-hearted tribute by permanent and summer residents alike showed human nature at its finest. Mr. Norris was a colored man, for many years the only one living in St. Andrews but beneath that colored skin there was a heart of gold, and when angels write his name upon the scroll it is sure that they will mark him down as "one who loved his fellow men." From childhood up he had been treated "almost" as a white person, but Caddy, who had a sensitive nature, knew that there was a distinction, however slight, and for this reason he learned to show his appreciation more than most for every little kind word and friendly act. He loved the children of the town and of the cottages and they all adored him as they proved by weaving an enormous mat of flowers which took four men to carry. He was a member of the St. Andrews Band and the boys as an acknowledgment of this fact and to pay respect to his memory, donned their uniforms and attended the funeral service in a body. Living alone for many years, always working hard, early and late, Caddy did not have an easy life but those who knew him best believe it was a happy one and that he would not have wished it different. He has left no family and no relatives to whom we may express our sympathy and regrets. For many years the whole community has been his family, more carefully and more tenderly providing for his needs when necessary, and his comforts when occasion offered, because his color and consequently his situation in life was not just like our own. Caddy was one of the landmarks of the town. In fact, he was more than that—he was an institution, now closed forever by his tragic death. In that beautiful plot of ground just outside the town, where broods the spirit of everlasting peace, his mortal remains are now forever laid. May he rest in peace.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, September 2, 1948

Barbara Ann Scott



The Great Day Arrives

NEVER IN THE lifetime of the oldest inhabitant has there been an event which so stirred the hearts of our citizens, an event awaited with such eager anticipation. The cares and duties of the work-a-day world were forgotten and neglected. Flags and bunting, signs of welcome and strings of colored lights were erected. The sole topic of conversation was the coming of Barbara Ann. The day broke clear and cold, the 16th day of March, 1949—a day that will be forever marked in bold red capital letters in the annals of the little town of St. Andrews. Long before the arrival of the train, crowds began to gather at the depot. What mattered it that fierce, chill winds blew from the North? The sun shone brightly overhead in a clear and cloudless sky and the warmth and glow within our hearts made our bodies impervious to the cold.

His Greatest Moment

As I watched W. C. O'Neill, "Bill" to his many friends, standing there on the platform with the other members of the reception committee, I thought of what a thrill the occasion must be to him! He is the boy who really put it over. When he proposed the idea, about a year ago, it was scoffed at by some, derided by others and deemed impossible by most of us. But his unfailing courage and optimism, which stood the test of the burning of our first Arena in 1939, and whose leadership at that time directed us in the erection of a better building, were not to be denied. Much praise is due to all, who worked day and night to

Above

Barbara Ann Scott, World Women's Figure Skating Champion, 1949, and Bill O'Neill at the St. Andrews Railway Station

Charlotte County Archives

P81.1

Opposite

Barbara Ann with mother and to her right the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, at Fort Tipperary, and with Bill O'Neill and Mayor Leigh Williamson at the Arena

Charlotte County Archives

P69.191 and P83.2



make this occasion the grand success it was but primarily and chiefly the credit must go to "Bill."

"Thar She Blows"

When the train blew for the station, though nearly a mile away, a cheer went up from the waiting crowd. The pent-up thoughts of the joys to come could no longer be restrained. More and greater cheers sounded when she hove in sight around the bend. We seemed to think this great inanimate but life-like thing could hear our voices and transmit to Barbara Ann our cheers of welcome. With a hissing of steam and a screeching of brakes the train ground to a stop. The reception committee, headed by Mayor and Mrs. H. B. Hachey and including Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, hostess to Barbara Ann and her mother, Mrs. Clyde Scott, during their visit; Henry O. McQuoid, president of the Arena Association, and Mrs. McQuoid; Principal F. T. Atkinson of Prince Arthur School, and Mrs. Atkinson; and W. C. O'Neill, manager of the Arena, boarded the private car provided for the distinguished visitors from McAdam Junction down. In a few moments they re-appeared, followed by Barbara Ann and her mother. As Miss Scott paused on the car steps to have photos snapped and to wave to the surrounding throng, a

deafening cheer arose. Then the dainty little queen of the ice, honey-blonde hair reflecting the sunshine and eyes of sapphire blue glancing at everyone in turn, tripped down the platform waving in all directions and throwing kisses to the two hundred school children lined up as a guard of honour. She entered the flag-bedecked car and, still smiling and waving her hand, was driven to her temporary home at Fort Tipperary.

Afternoon Practice

Instead of resting on Wednesday afternoon after her long trip here from Philadelphia, as one would have expected, Barbara Ann spent three hours in practice along with Casey's Concert Orchestra. The Arena was closed to the public but a few of us more fortunate ones had the privilege of watching her. Personally, I had the great honour of appearing in a picture with her, along with her mother, Mrs. Clyde Scott, W. C. O'Neill, manager of the Arena and Mrs. Windsor Dewar of Milltown, who was at the Arena with her husband, a member of the orchestra. It is a picture I shall prize very highly and it will occupy a top spot in my treasury of souvenirs.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, March 24, 1949

Bank Robbed at St. Andrews

DON'T BE ALARMED folks—it happened over forty years ago. The Bank of Nova Scotia here at that time was a one-room affair with an ordinary safe in which to keep the money and other valuables. It was located in the room which is now the office of the Quoddy Coal Co. The manager's name was Kerr and he boarded at Kennedy's Hotel. He was a golf enthusiast and he and Charlie Kennedy used to go out for a round every morning at 7 o'clock. One fine September morning Herb Henderson, who was manager of the Livery Stable which stood on the site of the present Post Office, called at the hotel as usual to drive the golfers out to the links. Mr. Kerr went over to the bank to get his rubbers but came back on the run saying the safe had been blown open and robbed and there would be no golf today. There were no telephones here at the time but word was quickly spread by foot messengers and within an hour a good-sized company of men and boys with rifles, shotguns and revolvers were ready for the great man-hunt which lasted for several days, combing the woods for miles around, without producing the hoped for results. Local and imported detectives were busy on the job, but clues were scarce and hard to find. Local nitwits seized upon the first real clue to implicate two St. Andrews citizens notwithstanding the well-known integrity and irreproachable character of the latter. To muffle the sound several blankets and an old coat had been used to cover the safe. The coat and one blanket were proven to be the property of Foncie O'Neill while the rest of the blankets came from the livery stable. "Yes," said the Watsons, Pinkertons and would-be disciples of Sherlock Holmes. "Foncie and Herb did the job all right!" Could you imagine anything more ridiculous?

Hand-Car Missing

When the section men went to work in that eventful morning they discovered that the tool house had been broken open and the "pumper" was missing. When this news reached "headquarters" it was immediately connected with the bank robbery. It was later learned that Frank Howe, who was doing some early morning fishing at Chamcook Lake, had seen the pumper with the supposed section men pass there about daylight. Suspicion now centered around two strangers who had been seen about town for several days. They slept in Henry Quinn's fish camp and took their meals at Ira Stinson's restaurant. These men had disappeared and so had the hand-car. It was all a great mystery. Months later Albert Storr, brakeman on the railway, spotted the missing pumper from the top of a boxcar as the train was passing through the strip of woods near Rollingdam. Evidence was also found of someone having "holed-up" in a barn in that vicinity. The excitement died down at length and the incident with its mystery still unsolved became history.

Cherchez La Femme

Several years later the chief actor in this local drama was captured, convicted and sent to prison by the artifices of a jealous woman. Among the valuables in the bank at the time of the robbery was a \$500 diamond ring. Perhaps because he was afraid to dispose of it, perhaps because he was somewhat of a Romeo, one of the robbers carried the ring in his pocket until he met his Juliet of Portland, Maine. He presented the ring and foolishly told her its history. But alas! His one-time charming Juliet soon ceased to

Henry Quinn, left, and Stephen
Shaughnessy
Charlotte County Archives
P218.168



For the original *Beacon* account of the robbery, see p. 129.

Ira Stinson
Charlotte County Archives
P218.191



satisfy his craving for “infinite variety.” He fell for another gal—a dame with honey-blond hair, sky blue eyes and lots of curves in the proper places—and this fall became his downfall. His Juliet learned of his infidelity and took the ring and its story to the police. The robber Romeo was arrested and held for identification. Henry Quinn and Ira Stinson were taken down to Portland and identified him as one of the strangers seen here at the time of the robbery and he confessed, although testifying that he had no knowledge of the whereabouts of his confederate. The other man was never found. The loss to the bank was said to be about \$15,000.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, April 7, 1949

Cabbage Juice

ONE DAY WHEN I was in the Book Store my friend Bill handed me a magazine with an article to read. It had the intriguing title “Drink Your Ulcer Away!” The article was a cheat however as the drink proposed, far from being any of those delightful and uplifting beverages which immediately came to mind, was the lowly cabbage juice! Who wants to drink cabbage juice? Especially at \$1.20 a quart? Life is full of disappointments.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, June 2, 1949

Jitterbug

I HAVE NEVER been much impressed by the crazy foxtrot which, I believe, is styled the jitterbug. In watching the street dance last week, however, I learned that this dance can be performed cleverly and gracefully. A couple of our guests for the summer demonstrated how it should be done and thus brought us up to date in our ideas on dancing. Some of our local lads and lassies, who execute this dance with uncouth and inelegant antics and with awkward and unskillful contortions, should take a look at a couple who can do it properly and strive to imitate their elegance and gracefulness.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 21, 1949

A Smelly Incident

A GENTLEMAN WHO had been enjoying himself at a street dance, not wisely but too well, found his right of way disputed when he entered his own back yard. His opponent was a little black and white animal commonly called skunk. The delightful exhilaration of the past couple of hours had by this time faded and, as so often happens in such circumstances, the gentleman was in a fighting mood. Who is afraid of a little bad skunk? No sir, not me, he thought. He advanced boldly to the attack but as usually happens when man pits his wit and skill and weapons against those of the skunk the gentleman got the worse of the combat. Compelled to admit an inglorious defeat he undressed and hung his clothes on the line. He entered his back door completely nude hoping for the best. This would have to be one of the few nights his wife waited up for him! His elaborate explanations sounded unconvincing. How could anything a nude man might say carry conviction? So many women judge a man by his clothes. The gentleman was obliged to take his wife out to the line to get whiff of his clothing before she would allow him to retire for a bath and a night’s repose. He still says he had a wonderful time at the dance.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, July 20, 1950

The Rescuers

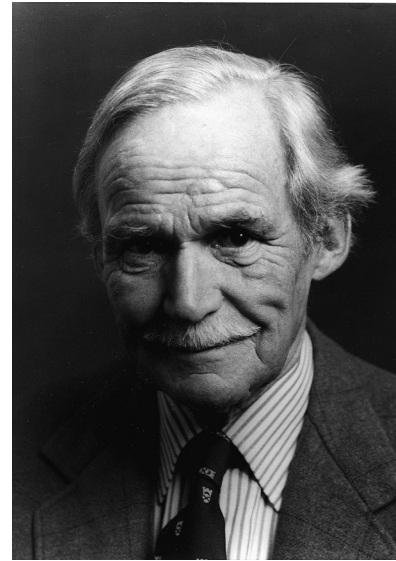
I HAVE READ with great interest "The Rescuers," a short story by David Walker in the *Atlantic* for April. Mr. Walker now makes his home in St. Andrews and I count him among my friends as we have many similar interests. He is a Scotchman and an army man, having served with "the Black Watch." In 1948 he was sent to India as Comptroller to the Viceroy, Lord Wavell. To us this sounds like a life of romance and adventure but Mr. Walker says it was a very ordinary existence. His first novel, being published by Houghton Mifflin, is to appear in September. He has another novel almost completed. Just before the last war Mr. Walker married Willa Magee who has been a summer resident of St. Andrews since childhood. On my first reading of his story I liked it. On the second reading I enjoyed it. On the third reading I saw the beauty in it and why it was accepted by the *Atlantic*.

There are two kinds of short stories—the commercial and the literary. In a good commercial we find mystery, struggle or romance. The story "marches" from beginning to end. Every word is like a sudden sound in the dark. Every page is like a ride on a roller-coaster. The literary type of story follows no special technique but is written in the personal style of the author. He can freely express his own thoughts and opinions and inscribe his own experiences. He can philosophize and even preach, if he wants to.

Mr. Walker's story was definitely of the literary type. He did not preach and his philosophy was understood, rather than expressed. He told a story of a simple incident in the life of common people. Whether from experience or from imagination, he made the picture very real. I particularly liked his paragraph about the crows as I have watched them so often. Let me quote: "The light had begun to fade, and already the crows were beating up against the wind. On still evenings they would come to that place at a great height, and then would dive with abandon, stooping in the wildest exuberance down almost to the ground. You would hear a thousand wings sigh with the speed of the diving, and a multitude of hoarse voices cry with delight from the sky. But tonight there were no antics. They labored below the treetops, battling their way towards the rookery at the head of the valley." A commonplace picture in nature—but so beautifully painted. The whole story was in the same vein and had to be read critically to be appreciated. We shall look forward to reading Mr. Walker's coming novel, of which we have been promised an autographed copy, with the keenest interest."—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, May 19, 1949

Geordie

DAVID WALKER'S NOVEL *Geordie*, for several months on sale in the United States and Canada, was published in London, England, July 31, and sold 20,000 copies on the first day! If you haven't read this story the second time you should do so, as you are sure to miss much in the first reading. The true meaning of the story escapes you if you take it too seriously. It is only a fable, a sort of fairy-story. Read in this light it will give you a few delightful hours. It also contains many beautifully expressed descriptive sentences and paragraphs which you may have missed in your first reading. Mr. Walker has sold two more stories to the *Post*, one to be published shortly which he says is no good and another written since his return from the north which he considers one of his best.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, August 24, 1950



Major David Walker

Mr. Walker was the recipient of two Governor-General's awards for fiction: *The Pillar* (1952) and *Digby* (1953).

**Charlotte County Archives
P230.207**



**Frederick Worrell
and son Donald, 1925**
Charlotte County Archives
P68.5

THE DEATH OF Dr. James Frederick Worrell, dentist and a former mayor of St. Andrews, occurred at his home on Montague Street in the early hours of Thursday, May 3, after a recurrence of an old illness which had confined him to bed for several weeks.

Dr. Worrell for many years past had written one of the most widely read features of *The St. Croix Courier*, a column of news and comment brightened by his keen sense of humor, insight into human nature and broad knowledge of many fields of learning. His last column was published March 8.—*Courier*, May 10, 1951

Sixty Years Ago Today

I AM SURE there will be few readers who can look back and say that they definitely remember December 10, 1889. To me, however, that is one of the outstanding dates in history. It was the day on which my father and mother, with my brother, my sister and myself moved to St. Andrews from Debec Junction, Carleton County. We talk much about the seasons changing and about the old-fashioned winters we used to have. Today the ground is covered with snow and the temperature away below the freezing point. I have a clear recollection of the same date 60 years ago. The streets were bare, the sun was bright and the day was mild. This new world with all its unfamiliar surroundings made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful mind. I had never seen the sea before but loved it at first sight. We moved into a house on the immediate harborfront and I used to stand on the bank by the hour watching the rise and fall of the tides and listening to the wild cry of the seagulls. When the tide was out I filled my pockets with curious seashells. I had a great admiration for the larger ones with the delicate coils and spirals and their variegated colors. To the native boy they were just common periwinkles but to me they were works of art and a never-ending cause for wonder. I would hold them to my ear and listen for that message from some far off land which I had been told could thus be heard. No message was ever heard in a physical sense but to my receptive mood, perhaps, there may have come some communication not realized nor understood, which gave me my first glimpse of truth and reality and filled me with a lasting respect and reverence for that great First Cause. St. Andrews, which seemed a big town to me then, had many other features so different from the small inland village from which I had come. I marveled at the long streets, wide and straight, with their coat of red sandstone from the nearby beach glowing brightly in the sunshine. I loved the smell of burning driftwood with its salty tang. I enjoyed standing in the door of the smoke-filled room across the street where herring and haddock were being cured for local and foreign markets. I admired the proud ships riding in the harbor and sailed with them in my imagination to the far corners of the earth. Many changes, some for the better, some for the worse, have occurred in life here during the past sixty years, but the natural and many other attractions have remained. These allurements, so difficult to explain or even to understand, have so affected my life that, rather than to go elsewhere where money is to be made in my chosen vocation, I have elected to remain here to eke out a precarious existence, exposed to the hazards of poverty and the consequent insecurities of old age. On gloomy days I have consoled myself with the thought that prosperity and security are not the highest aims in life. As to what these aims are, how closely we may have approached them or how greatly we may have failed, it is not for us as individuals to say, but I can say this—that, in spite of its vicissitudes, I can look back on a full and happy life and that I would not exchange St. Andrews, as it is, for any spot on the face of the earth.—Frederick Worrell, *Courier*, December 15, 1949