



Anglo-Celtic Roots

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Mamie Weir, a Scot

Life in Saskatoon, 1912

Tracking Great-Uncle Stan

BIFHSGO Trip to Québec

Fall Conference 2012

Ottawa Poet Allan Matthews



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Cover Illustration:

Mamie Weir as a young woman

Source: author

From the Editor

Our Winter issue includes tales of family history uncovered through numerous approaches—inherited documents, the Internet, travel, and genetic testing.

Carolyn Emblem, who clearly adored her grandmother Mamie Weir, tells us how she uncovered Mamie's roots online and was inspired to research her own genetic heritage.

Andrew Frowd contributes more letters from his grandmother, who wrote home about daily life as a new bride setting up house in Saskatoon.

Brooke Broadbent uncovered more information than he bargained for when trying to determine whether the family legends about Great-Uncle Stan were true, and he was happily sidetracked in the process.

Irene Kellow Ip describes some BIFHSGO members' enjoyable trip to Québec City and Grosse Île.

And we introduce you to a Scottish-born Ottawa poet, Allan G. Matthews, whose work reflects both his times and the timeless feelings of humankind.

Jean Kitchen

From the President



As we approach the end of the year, it is a time to reflect on what we have accomplished and to look ahead to what lies in store for us. That our Society is thriving is clear: our membership was over 600 at last count, and our very successful conference attracted 266 registrants.

We can look ahead to 2013 and beyond with confidence. Our programs promise something for everyone and next year's conference will focus on Ireland, always a favourite with members. It is not even too early to fast forward to 2014, our twentieth anniversary year. How can we celebrate our achievements and the people who have worked diligently through the years to ensure a strong and healthy society? How can we mark this milestone and all that we have accomplished for family history and genealogy in Ottawa and beyond? Your Board is interested in ideas, suggestions and comments; please let us know.

As we turn the page on the calendar, we embark on a new relationship with Public Works and Government Services Canada. Our use of the Library and Archives Canada facilities for meetings will, for the first time, be subject to fees. While the total outlay for 2013 (25% of PWGSC market rates) will not be a financial burden, it will certainly affect our budget and operating expenses. However, LAC is an excellent venue for our Society, so for the time being we will stay the course.

We are a successful society, but next to nothing can be accomplished without the active involvement of members, and there are many volunteer opportunities available. Please consider giving us a hand this coming year; it is a well-worn expression, but many hands make light work for all. Check www.bifhsgo.ca for volunteer opportunities.

I wish everyone a safe and happy Christmas season, a healthy New Year, and may your brick walls come tumbling down in 2013.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Glenn Wright". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

Glenn Wright

Family History Research

Mamie Weir, a Scot[©]

BY CAROLYN EMBLEM

Carolyn Emblem is a happily retired Canadian living in Ottawa. She and her sister, Sheila, have been combining a love of travel with family research for the last 15 years.

My grandmother was Mamie Weir—could you have a name more Scottish than that? Mary Dougal Weir (Mamie to friends and family) was born 17 July 1891 in Glasgow, Scotland. She always considered herself to be 100% Scottish. And why not? Her father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather had lived



Figure 1: The young Mary Dougal Weir

Source, all photos: author

in and around Glasgow for more than 100 years. But was her mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA), the genes inherited through her female line, as Scottish as her name?

She certainly sounded like a Scot. She immigrated to Canada in her early 20s with her parents, Robert Dougal Weir and Margaret Scott Bird, and her three sisters, and until the day she died more than 70 years later in Montréal, she still sounded like a Glaswegian. She called me Carolyn—and pronounced it Kedalin.

Mamie wasn't tall enough to be physically imposing: just about 5 ft. 4 in. She had brown eyes and brown hair when she was young; by the time I came along, her hair had gone white and somewhat curly. And

she did what many women of the time did—she added a blue rinse to the waves. She had a ramrod-straight back, which was evident even as she sat in a chair, with a cigarette in one hand and a glass of Scotch in the other. But what she lacked in stature she made up for in character. She was a strong woman and a loving grandmother.

She taught us all how to play cards, praised Robbie Burns and Robert the Bruce, and even let us wail away—at least for a few moments—on the bagpipes she had brought with her from Scotland.

And she taught us songs by Harry Lauder—“Keep Right on to the End of the Road,” “Roamin’ in the Gloamin’,” and “Breakfast in

Bed on Sunday Morning.” She was a gifted seamstress and hand-made christening gowns and bonnets, smocked dresses, and coats and leggings for us. And she could cook. She knew when the roast beef was done just by sticking a fork in it!

It was her life’s circumstances that dictated that she had to be tough to survive. She was definitely “old school” and didn’t believe in showing her emotions. She took the high road.

By the time Mamie died in Montréal at the age of 93, she had outlived two husbands and four of her six children. She had lived in three countries and travelled back and forth across the North American continent twice every year for six years with as many as four children, as her husband, a golf pro, pursued his career in Riverside, California, in the winter and Kingston, Ontario, in the summer.

This was followed by six years in Colorado, where he was the first club pro at Denver’s Cherry Hills Country Club. In fact, my grandfather, James Newman, a first-generation Irish Canadian, was also one of the founding members of the Canadian Professional Golf Association.

Mamie and Jimmy also saw their fortunes rise and then fall dramatically with the stock market crash of 1929. They returned to Montréal, where Jimmy died in 1937, leaving Mamie with four children and few financial resources.



Figure 2: Robert Dougal Weir and Margaret Scott Bird

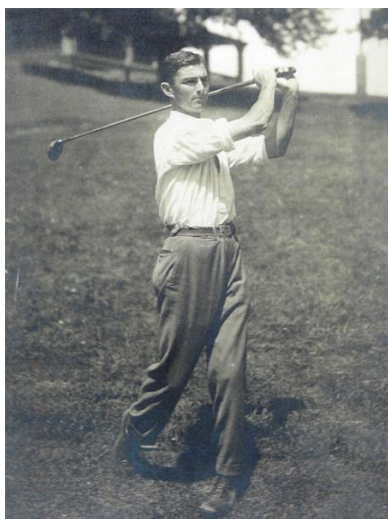


Figure 3: James Newman

But she persevered and survived; some would say thrived. She visited us every Thursday, the only day of the week she had free, the other days being taken up with canasta and lawn bowling and re-touching the rinse on her weekly trip to the hairdresser. She made the best of what she had and didn't complain.

Recently, I decided to join a Scottish genealogy project and started to look more closely at her Scottish line. The registration form asked for my earliest known maternal ancestor, date and place of birth. I had always just supposed that all the Weir line had been born in Scotland, although there had been a passing mention of a possible

Irish grandfather. Although I haven't done much on my Scottish line, fortunately, my sister Sheila has. So I started peeling back the layers on the Weir line. As always, in genealogy, the more you look, the more surprises there are. And, for the first time, I looked at birthplaces on the original marriage and death certificates for my Weir ancestors.

Mamie was the second of four daughters and one son of Robert Dougal Weir and Margaret Scott Bird, all born in Glasgow, Scotland. Mamie had an older sister, Anne Drewitt (Annie) and two younger sisters Margaret Bird (Maudie), and Jean, and a younger brother, Robert Dougal, who only lived for a few weeks. As for being Scottish—so far, so good. However, according to *ScotlandsPeople*, with her father's parents, James Weir and Mary Dugald, a different tale emerges. James Weir was definitely a Scot and we can trace his line back to the 1770s or so—when they all lived in and around Glasgow and Renfrew. However, Mary Dugald, according to the 1861 Census for Scotland, was born in Ireland around 1839, the daughter of Robert Dugald and Jane Clark. We don't have a birthplace for either Robert Dugald or Jane Clark, but there are Dugalds (Dougals) and Clarks in both Scotland and Ireland.

So I started to look at Mamie's mother's side, Margaret Scott Bird. Margaret was born 18 July 1864 in Glasgow and was the daughter of Henry Edwin Bird and Annie Drewett. Henry Edwin, according to the 1871 Census for Scotland, was born in Dalton, Ireland, about 1838. But his father, Henry

Bird, according to his military papers on *findmypast*, was born in Wells, Somerset, and was only serving in Ireland. And his mother, Margaret Scott, according to the 1861 Scottish Census, was also born in England. So Henry Edwin was an Irish citizen by birth but his parents were 100 per cent English. And Annie Drewett? Well, according to *Ancestry*, in the 1851 Census for Scotland she was born in Glasgow ca. 1843 to James Drewett and Ann Traynor—who were both born in Ireland. So Annie Drewett was Scottish by birth, but of Irish parentage.

By now, it was apparent that Mamie was not 100 per cent Scot. In fact, Mamie Weir, staunch Scot that she considered herself, was at least one-quarter English and as little as one-quarter Scot. The other half is somewhat problematic. Originally, I didn't take into account the possibility that some or all of her "Irish" ancestors might have been Ulster Scots.

Now, Ulster Scots are mainly lowland Scots or northern English who migrated to Ireland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as part of the planned colonization of Ireland. This colonization was sponsored by James VI of Scotland (James I of England) and was intended to anglicize Ireland, keeping it under English control, loyal to the Crown of England and with a population professing the Protestant faith.¹



Figure 4: Mamie Weir, aged about 60

According to *ScotlandsPeople*, when Mary Dugald married James Weir, they did so in the Free Church of Scotland, and when Annie Drewett married Henry Edwin Bird, they married in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. This would lend credence to a Protestant Irish background for both women, rather than a Catholic Irish background. This, in turn, would seem to suggest that both the Drewett and Dugald families originated either in the lowlands of Scotland or northern England. In fact, Dougal is one of the Scottish surnames of the original Ulster Plantation settlers,² as is Clark.³

So, despite the fact that one grandmother was born in Ireland, and the other grandmother was born in Scotland of Irish parents, it's looking more than possible that Mamie's deep ancestral origins are from Scotland. Maybe, Mamie Weir will turn out to be as much of a Scot as she thought she was!

In the meantime, I started to fill out the forms for the Scottish DNA project. I listed my earliest maternal relative as Ann Traynor/Trainer, born ca. 1807 in County Cavan, Ireland, (another of the Irish Plantation counties) daughter of Archibald Traynor and Rose Ann McCabe (no dates or places), and later wife of James Drewett.

Now, this Scottish genealogy project is an mtDNA project. And I have to confess, I'm a little apprehensive about this. I come from a long line of arts-oriented people and firmly believe that anyone who can do science has an inherent Einstein gene. But as I've gone along, I've figured out the yDNA logistics and we've even discovered two 100 per cent matches—one with an Englishman whose last name is a variant of ours. And, cover your ears now, an elderly English gentleman whose name is so far removed from ours that it has to be one of those non-paternal events. He has chosen not to respond to our emails. We have two other close matches, also born in England, with a variant of our surname.

And yDNA, I've come to realize, is really not that difficult to understand: as long as you're a male or have had a close male relative tested for a sufficient number of markers, 37 or better, and you have compared the results with others with the same number of markers, and you match perfectly—then you have a new close relative. Congratulations!

But mtDNA? Well, now that's a different story. It is based on the female line and the genes every female inherits come down unchanged from her mother's mother's mother's mother—you get the idea. Nobody has the same last name as you do, because each woman married and changed her name. And mtDNA uses a whole alphabet of letters, so the results sound like a disease. We've already taken the first-level test (HVR1) and there are a number of people we match on the Scottish mtDNA project.

Of those who are in the two groups listed for Haplogroup H and who have done the same initial testing as we have, we match 32 people. Seven of those people list Scotland as the birthplace of their earliest known maternal ancestor.

It seems to me that the HVR1 results are broad matches and we need to do the HVR2 testing to narrow down the results to those we match in both the HVR1 and HVR2 categories. Then I hope we start seeing relatives or groups of people who hail from the same part of—well, I guess—Ireland, at least initially, as Ann Traynor did. And we'll see if the deeper test results match up with Scotland or northern England after that. But just to cover all the bases, I also signed up for an Irish mtDNA project.

And just to spice things up, when I was surfing around on mtDNA sites, I found a site that listed the mtDNA of famous people.⁴ We didn't match anyone outright, because this person's mtDNA has been sequenced farther than ours, but the initial marker of difference was the same. And this person was none other than Marie Antoinette! I was *très excitée* until I read that the marker of difference that she and I share is one of the most common to have a mutation.

We won't know if the rest of our sequence matches hers, however unlikely that may be, until the results from the HVR2 test come in. I have to say, though, Mamie Dougal Weir would have been amused by the idea of a tiara and I'm sure the glint of the diamonds would have produced a sparkling halo around the blue rinse in her hair.

But I haven't ordered cake just yet.

Reference Notes

- ¹ *Wikipedia*, "Ulster Scots People," http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ulster_Scots_people, accessed 28 August 2012.
- ² *Freeservers*, "Ulster Plantation," <http://www.ulsternationalist.freeservers.com/custom2.html>, accessed 28 August 2012.
- ³ Forrest, Bob, *Scots-Irish Origins 1600–1800 A.D. Part I*, <http://www.ulsterheritage.com/forrest/magilligan.htm>, accessed 28 August 2012.
- ⁴ *Famous DNA*, <http://www.isogg.org/famousdna.htm>, accessed 28 August 2012.

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Life in Saskatoon, 1912[©]

BY ANDREW FROWD



This is the second installment of letters written by Andrew's grandmother after she emigrated to Canada and married Leonard Frowd Crook, who was already living there. They have now arrived in Saskatoon, where he worked in a clothing store, and are setting up house.

Saskatoon is a "boom" city in 1912 and one of its newest residents, Mrs. Augusta (Gussie) Mary Crook, vividly describes her findings and experiences in letters to her English family. The devotion of her husband, Leonard, in making a home with Gussie in his limited spare

time is apparent. Gussie marvels at the availability of electrical appliances, witnesses the fiercest of prairie summer weather and appreciates the generosity of her new neighbours in helping her adapt to her new life in Canada.

701 Temperance Street

Saskatoon, Sask.

Friday, 21 June 1912, 11.45 a.m.

My own dear Mother,

I have put my real address for you to see—isn't it virtuous? But please continue to send letters to the store as I get them quicker that way. I have so much to tell you, but first about the house. We are renting three rooms and a bath-room from Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl—who live on the floor below us. We are in the best part of the town and are paying £6 a month rent, including lighting and water, and we shall pay part of the heating bill in the winter. Leonard considers these very good terms for rents are fearfully high here. He sold his house yesterday for £800, this is not clear profit, as he has not quite paid for the lot. [At this point, she adds a margin note: "No, it fell through, but two other men are after it."] The house is a little 'dwind', it made me want it when I saw it, but I have so far mastered that longing that we are almost decided to take on a 2 years lease here. You see our expenses are small and in many ways this suits us admirably. Although the rent is huge, Leonard thinks he can do equally well by investing his capital.

Mrs. Nicholl is kindness itself and has quite taken me under her wing. She helps me wash up occasionally and says she will help me with my washing. She will help with the cooking too and is an excellent cook herself. My cooking stove is not here yet, we bought it in Winnipeg, it is a petrol concern and has three burners and an oven. So we are living on fruit, bread, cereals, butter, cream, tinned stuff, salad, etc. The electric kettle is a perfect boon. It heats the washing up water, I cook eggs in it, make cocoa, Horlick's, jellies, etc.

We are existing on a very little china, the casseroles are most useful. I bought 4 plates and Mrs. N has lent us a few pieces. Pie dishes and pudding basins come in very handy. We had boiled eggs yesterday, Len ate his from a mustard pot and I from my napkin ring. Our kitchen table came yesterday but till then we have been using my two small tables. I am very glad I have them, they will be most useful. It's been quite a picnic this week and will be for some time to come.

We are having our dining room furniture through Mr. Whipple—a friend of Leonard’s, in fact his chief friend here. He keeps the Art Store, he is very artistic himself and is the nephew of Farquharson, the famous painter of snow scenes. We are having Craftsman furniture, it is beautiful hand-made stuff, rather expensive but very durable and we are now furnishing only one sitting-room. I will describe it to you when we have it, but it is coming from New York and will probably not be here for a month, so we shan’t be straight for some time.

Now I must get the dinner, it is so lovely Leonard’s coming home to all meals, he bought a bicycle on Wednesday, so that he has about 50 minutes at home.

Saturday, 22 June 1912, 6.20 p.m.

Gee whiz! This is a cooker. I am sitting in the kitchen with our electric fan blowing upon me, but it sends nought but a warm breeze. I spent the morning cooking in Mrs. N’s kitchen. She has given me a lot of her recipes which are most acceptable because things are a bit different here. This morning I have made mayonnaise which I have bottled and which will keep for quite a time, then scones, then a delectable pie with raisin, lemon and cornflour filling, then a currant cake “like Mother makes them” and lastly a tempting concoction of tapioca, bananas and oranges. I will tell you about the food and the prices another time.

Mrs. N is most generous, twice she has given us cooked potatoes, soup one day, fresh made scones, and tarts. I have promised today to help her make a cotton dress for the hot weather. She is about 50 and a little shorter than I and broader, and she has my coloured hair. She doesn’t seem to mind scrubbing and washing up a bit; it is extraordinary. She has only been here a few months and came from a farm in Ontario. I think she feels a bit homesick and isn’t sorry to have somebody to be kind to. I am delighted to be the somebody. They have a nice piano and are both keen for me to play on it as much as ever I will. It is shockingly out of tune, and she and I are going shares to have it tuned, it costs 16/- here! They are not at all poor, Mr. N owns this block of houses—valuable property.

Will you tell father that I found my money quite safely at the Bank of Montreal. Leonard suggested and has now arranged that we should have a joint account, either he or I can sign the cheques—a very nice idea I think. So I am now the proud possessor of a cheque book and can fleece him if I like.

Now I will get supper, it is later to-night—7, instead of 6.15 and L. will only have half an hour and will then have to return to the store and not be home till late.

Oh, I wish I had some of Tarling's blue ink. [Tarling's Ink Manufacturers of 22 St. James Walk, Clerkenwell, London.]

Monday, 24 June 1912, 6.30 a.m.

We are living up to the good old motto of early to bed and early to rise. Several nights we have been to bed 9.30–10 and got up at 5.30. The mornings are nearly always cool, they and the evenings are the nicest time of day.

I have an old hymn tune book coming with my second lot of settlers effects, so don't trouble to send me one at present, thank you dear. Last night I played hymns on the Nichol's piano, I shall be glad of the familiar tunes. I should have continued this yesterday, but we had so much writing to do. At last we finished the wedding cards for all of whom we have the addresses. In my next letter I will get Leonard to draw a plan of our rooms and I'll describe them to you. It is nearly breakfast time now, we have it at 7. We do so enjoy our meals together. I have an excellent appetite, I sleep well and indeed am looking very well.

My face is getting covered with freckles—I don't know what Grace's would be like here. We had it 96 in the shade on Sat. And I should think equally hot yesterday. Len says it is the hottest he has ever known. We had a big thunderstorm last night, I have never seen such lightning, it was magnificent. I think another storm is brewing to-day. I think of you all so much dear and beloved Gwennap Lodge. Love to all, and special to you and Father.

Your very loving Mary

Friday, 28 June 1912

My dear Coeee, [family servant]

I am writing my letter to you this week because I think you would have been peculiarly interested could you but have watched my morning's work. I am sure Ellen would quite have enjoyed being that little mouse she used to talk about. After breakfast when I had packed off Leonard—which means watching him dress, talking to him and receiving a hand from him in turning the bed—I washed up. We have breakfast at 7 generally, he in pyjamas which he has bought for wearing in the house, and I in my overall. Then I dressed and went out and bought my groceries in

Broadway—shops about 5 min. walk from here—and a slice of halibut at 7½d. per lb which I shall fry on Mrs. Nicholl's stove for our lunch.

Then I swept up the bedroom and washed out the kitchen! Please tell Ellen. We have linoleum all over it. Yesterday we had an awful sand-storm which left dust about a ¼ inch thick, so I swept it first, then I applied a sort of mop, it is a splendid thing at the end of a broom handle which winds up with a thing something like our egg-beater to let the water out. I took off my clothes and wore just my overall, for otherwise it is too hot to work. It is cooler today, but yesterday was 100 in the shade. I felt too exhausted even to write letters.



Figure 1: University Drive, Saskatoon, about 1912

Source: Photograph PH-89-183, courtesy Saskatoon Public Library, Local History Room

I must further inform you that Monday was washing day. I really must give you the list—2 blouses, 2 petticoats, 1 camisole, 5 collars. No, I've got it right here and will enclose it. What think you of Augusta the Laundress? As a matter of fact, Mrs. Nicholl did most of the washing on her washing-board and I learnt how, and talked to her, and hung clothes out on the line. We bought a washing-machine in Winnipeg, a sewing-machine, carpet sweeper, cooking stove, etc. But none of them have come yet; they are so slow. I should never have inflicted all this washing on Mrs. N, but she is so good and wormed piece after piece out of me, till we only sent L's stiff collars and shirts to the Chinaman. One afternoon I was headachy and laid down. I had four garments left to iron and she

came up and stole them from me and when I woke up lo and behold they were ironed!

We have our lunch an hour later than they do and she keeps on giving us some of their pudding, a few vegetables, etc. etc. L brought home a nice dish of ice-cream last night which we shared with them. I really have fallen on my feet with regard to her. Although it is a bit disappointing about the house, in many ways I have done better in coming here. Three rooms is quite enough to keep going in this hot weather—only two so far, as the dining-room is a lumber room yet; and I really am lucky to have found such a helper as Mrs. N. She gives me hints too about my shopping.

Of course Leonard is a perfect treasure, he helps me in every tiny little way possible. He has set up our electrical appliances, the iron, the kettle and the electric fan (Mrs. Crook's present), and has fixed a hanging switch over the bed. He has put up shelves in all of the cupboards and a long pole to take shoulder hangers in the bedroom one. He fixes hooks, nails curtain rods, and has made a kind of dresser for the casseroles and pots and pans in the kitchen.

6 p.m.

I have just had a cold bath and am waiting in a clean overall for Leonard to come in. When he found that I had washed the kitchen floor, he said "You beggar", as he had intended to do it. He bought the washing machine on condition that I let him help. We have a refrigerator which stands just outside the kitchen door, the man brings 10 lb of ice daily which costs us 10/- a month. We do enjoy our meals together so, L says it is such a nice change after the restaurants, and it is so good to get the food cool. Mrs. N has a lovely large cellar under the house (here is the heating apparatus for the winter) and she lets me use it to store anything I want to.

Here is the dear old boy, he looks so happy and as "clean" as ever, you will be interested to hear.

Saturday, 29 June 1912, 6 p.m.

I am writing to you in the midst of such a thunderstorm as you have never seen; they are simply terrific here. There is a constant roar of thunder and the lightning is in three or four places in the sky at once, sheet and fork together. We get many tall flashes like this [small sketch].

We had it 100° in the shade on Thursday and in the evening such a storm; it did a lot of damage in the town, striking some sign-posts and the roofs of one or two stores; there were no human injuries.



Figure 2: 2nd Avenue South, Saskatoon, in 1913–14. The men's wear store, Frank S. Dunn, where Leonard worked, is behind the streetcar.

Source: Photograph LH-8414, courtesy Saskatoon Public Library, Local History Room

Gee whiz! I was sitting writing this by the open window when suddenly it began to rain. I never saw anything like it in my life. I hadn't much on and literally I got drenched to the skin just running to shut the kitchen and this, my bedroom, window. It has nearly stopped now after raining about ½ an hour and it has come through all our walls and ceilings. It is a bit rough round here yet. The road is not made up nor the sidewalks near our house. Still it is marvellous how quickly they work here, good work too. This will be a fine city when it is built—good wide streets and some solid looking buildings. It is fortunate that there is a river running through the middle of the town. The main business part is on the other side—where Leonard is—but there are enough shops near us to make it convenient for shopping.

I am afraid the storm will prevent him from coming home to supper. It seems a long day if he does not come. Last Saturday it was 1.15 when he got back from the store. I was in bed and asleep.

I had a very busy morning baking with Mrs. N. And I did not get cleared up till 4 p.m. She said "I suppose soon you'll be cooking by your own stove and I shall miss you". I said perhaps I might come down on Sat. mornings. This morning I made lemonade, pastry, raisin pie, rice biscuits, a cocoanut and sultana cake, a pudding for dinner, and cooked bacon, potatoes and corn. After dinner I made a delectable tapioca mould with bananas and oranges in it—for tomorrow, and another concoction of Mrs. N's with cornflour in it and whipped egg on top. Then we made and bottled a washing fluid to help wash our clothes with. Now I think I will go to my solitary supper for it's 7.25 and I don't believe L will come.

9.20 p.m.

I went down to ask Mrs. N to boil an egg for me and she said, "have your supper down here". So I took what I had in my hand and ate partly her food and partly my own. She ate some more to keep me company while Dave (her husband) snored on the couch. He is a stout, ginger-haired man—rather lazy I think. She is decidedly the better half. I have just helped her wash up and we would like to go out but it looks too unsettled. Now mind you write to me, you know what an honour I should think it to have a letter from you.... Also do send me the recipes for rissoles and potato cake and chocolate cake. I would love to have you here with me in the mornings.

Lots of love from Gussie

7 July 1912

My dear Elsie, [Gussie's sister]

Thank you so much for your two letters. I am glad you had such a good time in Paris.

Well now I promised to tell you about our home. The bedroom is the smallest room of the three. We have bought no furniture for it, as Mrs. Nicholl has a white enamel double bedstead and a golden oak dressing table which she wasn't using and asked if we minded having it there. We didn't mind! The mauve and green carpet square looks very nice in the room and Leonard is making a box ottoman for the room. There is a jolly deep cupboard with shelves, hooks and a pole down the middle for shoulder arms (all fixed by Leonard). All the rooms have white paint and the walls are white plaster. We should not have chosen so much white, but it is not worthwhile doing anything different to them as we are renting them. L has drawn me a plan which I enclose and I have

indicated the arrangement of our main pieces of furniture. We have a pretty bluey-green linoleum on the kitchen floor and L is going to stain the surround in the dining-room and bedroom.

We hear no whisper of the arrival of the second lot of goods and the dining-room furniture will not be here yet. We are so glad that our things from Eaton's at Winnipeg came on Friday. They include washing machine with wringer attached, sewing machine, carpet sweeper and kitchen stove. We burn petroleum (called coal-oil here) in the stove. It is very clean and has no smell, it is made of black enamel and is easy to keep clean, ours has three burners and a detachable oven which you can place over any one of the burners if you want to. It does not heat as quickly as the gas stove, it takes 25 min to boil a quart kettle.

Monday, 8 July 1912

L began putting the washer together on Friday night, but did not quite finish, so I have been washing with Mrs. N again this morning. I have actually done most of it myself this morning including a sheet—sheets are awfully hard work. I shall be glad when the machine is going—[and] two of L's shirts, etc. He wears the cellular ones with stiff cuffs. I got one up as an experiment last week, he said it was quite good enough. I felt so proud and shall do them in future as the Chinaman charges 5d. each, doesn't get them clean and ruins them. Washing is an awful price here, Mrs. N paid 3/- for having a plain linen dress washed. Never again for her—or me!

I don't mind washing as much as you might think, the one trouble is that Mrs. N is frightfully clean and I have to do everything so thoroughly. L says when he goes in the morning "Now don't let that woman tyrannise over you"! The ironing I rather like and I lend her my electric iron to do her things with. Wringing is the worst part of washing and Mrs. N does not use a wringer, I shall be jolly glad when my little wringer is set up. Last week I rubbed the skin off my hands with wringing. I shall get quite a strong, hefty woman by the time you see me again. I don't think I told you that I am already getting fatter. My body is certainly fatter—it's quite awkward for waistbelts—and L says my arms are fatter too.

I have just had my dinner with the Nicholls. It seemed so quaint. They have two boarders, one a Canadian, the other an Irishman who has been out about 6 six years. They are workmen, the Canadian rather simple and the Irishman humorous, and they both smack of the West. It was too muddy for Len to cycle home to-day, Saskatoon mud is simply awful, it is like several layers of very muddy Cornish lanes. So it was

on Saturday, it seemed so long not to see each other from 8 a.m. till 1 a.m. Sunday, so I met L in the evening and we ate together at a restaurant. I had dinner with Mrs. N. then too. She thinks it is too lonely for me to have it in solitude! She is generosity personified. I said to Len "I wonder what made her marry Dave" (that's his name) and L said "Oh probably she thought here's a decent sort of man who won't make my kitchen too dirty!" All Dave does is to walk about, which makes huge holes in his socks, and makes him very hot and steamy in the warm weather—much to her annoyance. Oh, he does also wipe the dishes for her, and buys the meat on his peregrinations.

Leonard has brought in the mail—letters from Dollie and Mother, it is so nice to have them. Thank Mother for her lovely long one. I will answer it next time.

Goodbye. Heaps of love to all.

Ever your loving sister,

Gussie

Unfortunately, 1913 turned out to be a "bust" year in Saskatoon and, with their infant son, the couple returned to England weeks before the outbreak of World War I. They were to spend the rest of their lives in the south of England, where Leonard owned ladies' wear stores. Gussie died in 1935 and Leonard in 1953.

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Tracking Great-Uncle Stan

BY BROOKE BROADBENT

A keen family historian and author of Moonrakers at Peace and War, Brooke also conducts interviews that form part of BIFHSGO's podcast series, available at www.bifhsgo.ca. His website is www.telling-family-tales.com.

Family history research is a journey of starts, stops and eureka moments. We family historians face a temptation to follow new leads that could take us away from our original research topic. This is a story of how I faced such tempta-



tions and completely succumbed to them. (A confession of sorts—I'm happy I did it.)

I was trying to understand the life of my great-uncle, Stanley Garrett. In the process, I stumbled across letters written by his friend Howard Curtis and found myself using those letters as a window on the life and times of my ancestor.

The Family Legends

Family stories sketch an intriguing image of my great-uncle. Some family members believe that during WWI he was buried in the mud at Ypres for 24 hours. Others claim that Stan helped craft the Regina Manifesto. I also suspect that there are many stories associated with his experiences as the head of a blue collar labour union in British Columbia.

The legends framing my ancestor's life were irresistible. To start my research, I googled Ypres "Stanley Garrett." The results, a hit on the Canadian Letters and Images Project, which contains letters written by Canadian soldiers over the years, surprised me. There was a letter from Stan about his friend Howard Curtis and some letters Curtis himself had written.

Launching the hotlink in the first screen that appeared took me to the information in Figure 1.

188. Letter, Date Not Specified

...will express my deep sympathy to mr. & mrs. curtis. pte. stanley garrett light french mortar battery first canadian **division** c.e.f. france..

Figure 1: The name Curtis appears

Source: Canadian Letters and Images Project

The name Curtis, appearing in the reference, intrigued me. I knew that one of my great-great grandfathers had started a brick-making business with a Curtis in the 1850s in the Peterborough, Ontario area. (Curtis bricks later became famous in Peterborough, but my ancestors were not part of that success, as far as I know.) I decided to follow the link, not knowing that it would lead me down something akin to Dorothy's yellow brick road.

I had no idea where the journey was going to take me, the obstacles I would face and have to jump over, skirt around and in some cases break through. Along the way I would come to appreciate the importance of accessing original records and not relying on what I found on the Internet. I would also sharpen my research skills and be reminded that it was essential to think critically about every record I uncovered, even when they were so-called original documents. I experienced family history research as a

convoluted process of trial and error, doubt, conjecture and plausible explanations—not a linear trail of truth.

Stan's Letter

A quick click on the hot link, and the text of a letter appeared on my laptop. It was attributed to Pte. Stanley Garrett, Light French Mortar Battery, First Canadian Division, CEF, France. The letter was addressed to “Dear Father and Mother,” announcing the death of Stan’s friend Howard Curtis, who was killed during the Battle of the Somme in 1916. I was surprised to see how articulate Stanley, a farm labourer from rural Ontario, appeared in the letter. He came across as a sensitive 22-year-old.

... Howard was my best pal. We stayed together like brothers ever since Bert Carpenter was killed. Howard and I were on pass together in England and we came back to France at the same time.

We buried Howard in a graveyard and he has a quiet resting place. I carved a small tombstone out of hard white chalk and placed it on his grave. I would write to Mr. & Mrs. Curtis but there is nothing I can say that would help. When you see them you can tell them their son died a hero. His bravery will never be forgotten in the history of our good old battalion and the glory of the Peterborough boys. Howard was well liked by his comrades. Now my brave pal sleeps peacefully, his duty done for his God and his country, free from danger and harm. May God rest his soul. You will express my deep sympathy to Mr. & Mrs. Curtis.

The letter sowed some doubt in my mind. It seemed too perfect to have been penned by “Uncle Stan,” as I learned to call him from my Mom. The letter led me to check several trails. My first task was to understand how the military handled letters from the front about the death of soldiers.

Boilerplate Phrases?

Online I found a letter from a padre, Rev. D. V. Warner, to Howard’s mother dated more than two months after Howard’s death. I decided to look into that letter. In doing so, I was getting further away from gathering data about my ancestor, but I was getting closer to understanding the times he lived in, an essential element of family history.

The letter was brimming with platitudes like “Such men as your son have by their devotion and sacrifice saved the Empire and everything for which it stands.” These seemed like boilerplate phrases to me, which I suspected the padre was forced to use many times.

To test my hypothesis that Padre Warner had used boilerplate phrases in his letter to Mrs. Curtis, I searched for letters by him in the online database.

Unfortunately I found just one letter by him—the one to Mrs. Curtis. There were not even any letters that other padres had written to the parents of a son who was killed in action. Nor did I find that other letters in the database contained the phrase, “Such men as your son have by their devotion and sacrifice saved the Empire.”

My poking around does not tell us whether Rev. Warner was or was not using prescribed phrases in his letter to Mrs. Curtis, only that we can't use the Canadian Letters and Images Project database to prove anything about the letters being written after the death of a soldier. I must admit that I suspect standard phraseology was used, but you can't base any firm conclusions about your family history or on your suspicions—although suspicions and hypotheses are the starting points for discoveries.

Also, I don't have a copy of the letter in Stan's handwriting or any other evidence to prove that Stan penned it. The file at LAC of William “Howard” Curtis contains a newspaper clipping, not the original of my great-uncle's letter. I assume the clipping is from the *Peterborough Examiner*.

Next, I wondered whether there was some help, control or influence exercised when Stan wrote to his mother about Howard's death. I was fortunate to have the opportunity to interview Simon Fowler, a British WWI expert who came to Ottawa and spoke at BIFHSGO in 2011. During our conversation Simon said that officers helped soldiers write letters such as the one that my great-uncle is purported to have written. He volunteered that he has seen many letters like this one and they are similar to each other.

I can see the value of having someone help a soldier write such letters as a way to help a young man deal with his grief; as a way to ensure that the deceased soldier's family received reassuring words and to help put a positive spin on death, in an effort to maintain support for the war effort.

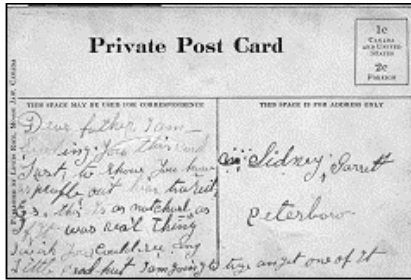
Propaganda and Censorship

What role might the *Peterborough Examiner* have played in editing Stan's letter? Like journals across Canada, it gave detailed coverage of the war, citing trumped-up “front-line” reports that played down Allied losses and vilified “the Hun.” On a regular basis the *Examiner* reported the number of recruits who signed up at the Armouries on Thursday evenings. It seems that the newspaper was putting pressure on local not-enlisted “shirkers.”

Since the *Examiner* was a very strong supporter of the war effort I can imagine that the editors tweaked my ancestor's letter in order to cast a good light on soldiers and the Empire's war effort. References to “good old bat-

talion” and the “glory of the Peterborough Boys” ring of the jingoism that punctuates the war stories of the *Examiner* and other newspapers during the Great War.

I’m only speculating that the newspaper edited the letter. I have no proof, but I’ve been influenced by Jeffrey Keshen’s book, *Propaganda and Censorship in Canada’s Great War*. It gives examples where newspapers wrote war propaganda articles to support the war effort.



The Postcard

There’s no guessing about the next record, a postcard from Stan. I recently acquired a family photo album including one undated postcard describing Stan’s experience as a pioneer farmer in Saskatchewan after the Great War.

Stan scribbled on the back of the post card, “Dear father. I am Sending You this card Just to Show You how us(?) people out here truvul(?) [travel]. Es(?) This Is as nutchurl (?) [natural] as If It was real thing. I wish You Could see my Little sod hut. I am going to try and get one [picture] of it.”



Figure 2: A postcard Stan Garrett sent to his father

Source: author

There are two reasons to believe that Stanley wrote this postcard, even though he didn’t sign it. One, the

handwriting resembles Stan’s signature on his enlistment papers. Two, when I visited with Stanley’s wife in the 1980s she regaled me with tales of settling in the West after the war. Her account of the young family’s adventures corroborates the images on the postcard, front and back.

It appears to me that the author of the postcard sent in circa 1920 is not the same man who wrote the letter to his parents in 1916. My conclusion is that if Stanley wrote the letter published in the *Examiner* about Howard’s death, he received plenty of assistance, and it may have also been tweaked by the local newspaper before being published.

Digging into the Howard Curtis Letters

By now I’d gotten far from my quest to discover whether Stan was buried at Ypres for 24 hours, whether he was a mover and shaker in the early days

of the CCF/NDP political parties, and what adventures he experienced as a union leader. Yet the letters from Howard Curtis were a wonderful discovery. He was a friend and neighbour of my great-uncle and as I learned about Howard through his letters, I was learning about Stan's war, too. Or at least that's how I saw it.

In Howard's letters I also learned that his family came from the same village in England as Stan's family, Warminster, Wiltshire. As a result I would not be surprised if the Garrett and Curtis families are related. (That would make me a relative of Howard Curtis and I'd be pleased if that were the case, since he intrigues me.)

The 21 letters in the Howard Curtis file drew me to Library and Archives Canada four times. I held these remnants of Howard's war in my gloved fingers and felt his compassion for his fellow soldiers, his courage in battle, his struggles with the deaths of his friends and fear for his own life, as well as his strong connection to Otonabee Township.

Many of Howard's letters are missing pages, possibly evidence of military censorship, which other sources tell us was widespread—although it might have been spotty. For example, in a letter of 24 August 1915 Howard tells his sister of an informal truce between Canadian and German soldiers in which gifts were exchanged. I doubt that those running the war propaganda machine and stirring up hatred for Germans would want Canadians to know that their "boys" were exchanging cigarettes with the enemy.

The faded cardboard archival box numbered LAC MG 30 E505 containing the Curtis letters holds two versions. The first consists of the originals in several shapes, sizes and colours. The second is a transcribed version neatly packaged into a booklet with a cover and beginning with what many would consider a jingoistic poem by Rupert Brooke, *The Soldier*. During the war, of course, such poems were thought to be necessary to win the war against an evil enemy. The selection of a poem about death also suggests that the person who selected it was perhaps still grieving after Howard's death.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home...

Rupert Brooke, 1914

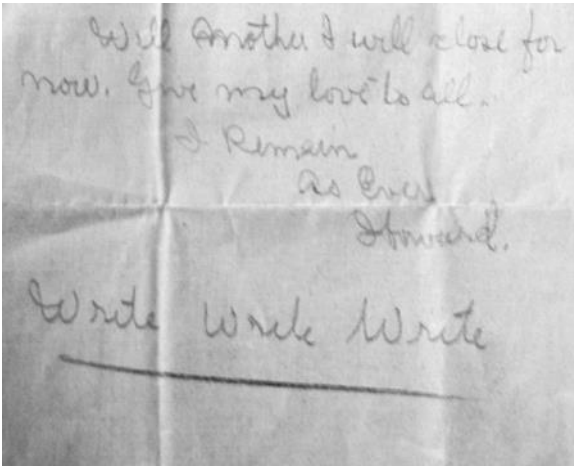


Figure 3: Maybe the last words Howard Curtis wrote to his family

Source: Canadian Letters and Images Project

the last one in the compilation of the letters. Based on those that are dated, it seems that the person who collated them knew the order in which they were received and placed them in chronological order.

It's worthwhile to note that whoever transcribed the letters did not include the three words that I suggest might have been Howard's last plea to his family.

Originals versus Transcriptions

Comparing the original letters to the transcribed versions, I discovered various other significant differences between them. Not only had grammar been "corrected," but also words and meaning were altered. The biggest difference was that Howard Curtis appeared as a cautious person in the transcribed version, whereas he was more of a risk-taker in the originals. In a letter dated August 24, 1915, the transcribed version stated, "I am going out on an expedition in front of the lines to-night. Wish me good luck. We never take risky chances."

Several of the letters are undated and one ends with "WRITE WRITE WRITE." My guess is that constant shelling had frayed Howard's nerves and he was yearning to hear the voices of his family in Canada, even if only through the mail. These may have been the last words Howard wrote to his family.

Since some of the letters are undated I can't be certain of the order in which they were written. However, this letter is

Referring to the same event, the original letter included the following text, missing in the transcription:

“I had a successful expedition last night and I had a bit of fun on the side. A chum and I left our trench about six o’clock last night and we crawled out a ditch to some old buildings which are just in front of the German barbed wire....

About an hour after darkness set in I heard something crawling on the left of me. I waited till it got quite close so I could cover it with my revolver. When the object was about five yards in front of me I yelled out “hands up” and I thought I had a German, but to the contrary it happened to be our own corporal who was coming to join us. He sure stuck up.”

It could be that when the letters were being collected for the Canadian Letters and Images website, the transcriber was faced with two versions, one neatly packaged in uniform handwriting and the other messy version containing sometimes hard-to-read scribbled notes. I don’t have to tell you which version found its way into the online database.



Figure 4: William “Howard” Curtis
Source: author

Originally I guessed that Julia Curtis, Howard’s mother, wrote the “sanitized” version of the letters because she could not face her son’s death. However, a great-nephew of Howard Curtis, who discovered some of my musings about Howard on the Web, advised me that following Howard’s death all of his family fell into deep grief, including his father, mother and sister. The thinking in the Curtis family is that the transcribed version was written by Howard’s sister Eunice.

Why would someone take war letters and transcribe them into a booklet? Perhaps to share them with others while protecting and saving the originals. But why change the content? Was the person who reworked Howard’s letter

copied with grief by changing the story of what happened in the war—playing down the horror?

Recognition for William Howard Curtis

Tim Cook, one of Canada's leading military experts, recently wrote an award-winning two-volume history of the First World War. In Volume One, *Shock Troops*, his goal was to reveal the experience of front-line soldiers and to do this he relied on the letters of men like William Howard Curtis, or "William Curtis" as Cook called him. Cook's book contains a quotation from one of Howard's letters as the title for his chapter about the Somme: "You people at home can't realize how bloody this war really is." This is the type of message that Canadians hoping to see their loved ones again did not want to read. But Howard Curtis was trying to tell his family the truth and this message somehow escaped the censor's scissors.

Howard's letters had taken me off the trail of tracking Uncle Stan. However, taking the detours led me to learn about Howard Curtis' experience of the war and perhaps Stan's experience, too. Howard Curtis and Stan Garrett were two very different men. Howard seems to have been more articulate than Stan, except in the letter that I doubt that Stan wrote. However, their families are from the same village in England, they lived in the same township in Canada. They took their "pass" to England together. Their grandfathers started a business together. And both Howard and Stan had a keen sense of service.

My guess is that Howard's letters say what many young men, including Stanley Garrett, felt but did not have the clarity or the capacity to articulate. Howard's letters are the closest I can come to having commentary from Stan. So I'll take them as indications of how my ancestor felt about the war.

You can read Great War letters of Howard Curtis and others at www.canadianletters.ca. Reader beware: you might get sidetracked down an enchanting alley. The letters are in a searchable database so you can search on the name of a place or keywords like death, peace and horror, all of which I did with interesting results that are beyond the scope of this article.

Getting Back on Track

Back to my original questions. Was Uncle Stan involved in creating the Canadian socialist movement called the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) in the 1930s? It seems true based on discussions I've had with family members, but he does not show up in an online picture taken in 1932 at a meeting to form the CCF. Nor does he seem to be in the online pictures of all the delegates at the signing of the Regina Manifesto in 1933. I corresponded with record keepers for the Regina Manifesto meeting and

was told that Stan's name does not appear on the list of attendees. However, a list of attendees might not be all-inclusive and the online photos are not very sharp. Perhaps I should visit the Saskatchewan Archives armed with a magnifying glass in order to get to the bottom of this à la Sherlock Holmes.

Was Stan buried for 24 hours at Ypres? His service record reveals he was wounded at the Second Battle of Ypres and was unconscious for a period of time. But we'll never know if he was buried or for how long, as I suspect that there are no records with that level of detail. In the end it does not matter whether he was buried in mud for 24 hours or 24 minutes. For me 24 seconds would be more than enough. My point is that I'm grateful that my generation has not had to go to war and it's through reading the letters of Howard Curtis and Tim Cook's books that I have gained a better appreciation of the horror faced by my ancestor who fought in the Great War.

As for my third question about Stan's union work, there are a few references on the Web to him as a leader of the British Columbia Brotherhood of Carpenters and there's an indication of some documents in the library of the University of British Columbia. One day I hope to study them firsthand.

My great-uncle, like many of his contemporaries, helped to shape Canada. Some details of Stan Garret's life may have become embroidered, but that does not take away from a life devoted to service.

What I learned about Uncle Stan, Howard Curtis and the Great War was not what I set out to discover. But I'm pleased that I followed the new trails, the new possibilities that presented themselves. If I had decided that the Howard Curtis letters were off-topic, I would never have learned about his view of the war and I would never have had the adventure of trying to unravel the underlying truth of the records that turned up. Often the search, the process of learning about our ancestors—the sleuthing—is as rewarding and enjoyable as the results we cobble together.

I'm grateful for the Canadian Letters and Images Project for putting soldiers' letters on line. I'm delighted that I'm currently able to go to Library and Archives Canada and access the original records. As this story shows, accessing documents via the Web will never replace seeing the original records, poring over them and when possible holding them. That's how family historians come to solid interpretations. Also, this essay illustrates that whether we're dealing with transcribed or original records, it's imperative to exercise critical judgment. So goes the tracking adventure that we call family history or family mystery.

The BIFHSGO Trip to Québec City and Grosse Île

BY IRENE KELLOW IP

Almost five years ago, John Moor went to a BIFHSGO conference with his wife Sharon, a long-time member. He was profoundly moved by a presentation about Grosse Île, Québec, and the Irish Memorial Site there, given by a representative of Parks Canada.¹ When Director of Education Lesley Anderson announced in April this year that she was organizing a tour to Québec City and Grosse Île in July, he knew that he and Sharon had to go.



Fifteen other people, including this author, also motivated by the opportunity to visit the site of the great tragedy of 1847, decided to join Lesley and her husband on this short break. Those of us with ancestors who sailed to Québec during the years that the inspection station on the island operated (1832 to 1937) wondered if they might have spent time or even died there.

Twelve people in the party were members of BIFHSGO, and at least seven had an ancestor with connections to Québec City, although some had only vague information about them. Marjorie Toner had family members who were buried there and she planned to visit the Anglican cemetery in Sillery and St. Matthew's historic cemetery. Elizabeth Leslie had a military ancestor who had been stationed in the city and hoped, as did others, to visit a church that had a connection with her family.

My own quest was to see what remained of the original St. Patrick's Church, where my Irish great-grandparents, Patrick Mackin and Ann Brennan, had married in 1857, and to discover where Patrick's regiment might have been barracked, while it was stationed in the city from 1857 to 1859. Long before I boarded the Via Rail train in Ottawa, I had prepared a list of the places that I hoped to explore.

Our hotel, Le Manoir Victoria, was in Old Québec, opposite the historic Hôtel-Dieu de Québec² on Côte du Palais, and within walking distance of most of the major sites, although the steep hills were often a challenge. (We later discovered that the dollar-a-ride Écolobuses³ stopped outside the hotel.)

On arrival, our impression was that the hotel was in a very quiet neighbourhood but, on turning the corner onto rue St-Jean a few hours later, we discovered what appeared to be a massive street party. The street was closed to vehicular traffic and the lively cafés and bars were packed with tourists and locals. We were soon part of the party as we found our tables in the delightful Breton café, where Lesley had booked our first dinner. The staff was attired in traditional Breton garb, which enriched the ambiance.

After supper, Peggy Valiquette and I strolled towards Porte St-Jean—a gateway in the fortifications—and serendipitously came across Artillery Park, backing onto the fortifications, one of the sights on my list. I had not realized how extensive it was and how many buildings it contained. Exiting the park onto McMahon Avenue, we stumbled across a Celtic cross, a gift from Ireland to the people of Québec, in memory of their generosity to the Irish immigrants of the nineteenth century.



Figure 1: Facade of St. Patrick's Church

Source, all photos: author

I had, however, been looking for the remains of St. Patrick's, the original Irish church in Québec City.⁴ I knew that only its façade had survived the fire of 1971, and that it had been incorporated into the Cancer Research Centre of the Hôtel-Dieu, but I wasn't sure what to expect. Suddenly, we found ourselves right in front of it, set back from the street building line. Even though I was looking at a shell of the church, I knew that I was standing where my great-grandparents must have walked many times, during their stay in Québec. I could not believe my luck in finding two of the places on my list, a stone's throw from our hotel.

On Thursday morning, a full-sized tour bus and an excellent guide were waiting outside the hotel to take us around Upper and Lower Québec. Since we were the only group, we could easily see everything, ask questions and take photos. Our main stops were on the Champs de Bataille and Lower Town, where we were delighted by the narrow cobbled streets, the charming Place Royale, home to l'Église Notre-Dame-des-Victoires (1664), and the site of Champlain's *habitation*

(trading post). Our guide told us many interesting facts about the history of the city: the importance of the Scots in its history; the frequency of fires in the early years, explaining why so many of the historic buildings are restorations or complete replacements; the early introduction of building codes to reduce the risk of fire; and the role of Lord Dufferin (Governor General 1872–78) in the preservation of the fortifications.

Many members of our party were surprised to discover how much of the early settlement had been retained, making it one of the most attractive historic cities in North America. A number of people later commented on the compactness of the city and how easy it was to get around. At the end of the tour, the bus took us back to Place d'Armes, close to Aux Anciens Canadiens, where Lesley had made lunch reservations. The restaurant is in an eye-catching house built in 1676, with a red tin roof; the *table d'hôte* was memorable and a real bargain.

As we were free for the rest of the day, Peggy, Elizabeth Leslie, Ann Buckingham and I returned to some of the places we had seen from the bus: the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, built in 1804, the first Anglican Cathedral outside the British Isles; the Basilique-Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Québec, a restoration dating from 1923, and the adjacent seminary; and Dufferin Terrace behind the Chateau Frontenac. Then Ann and I tackled the steep staircase to reach Lower Town, where we explored rue du Petit Champlain, said to be the oldest street in North America, and took in the street musicians. We took the easy way back by riding the *funiculaire*.

We were up early the next day for the cruise to Grosse Île. The 90-minute trip took us past Île d'Orléans, with picturesque villages visible near the shore. As we neared the embarkation wharf at Grosse Île, we were awed by the sight of the Celtic cross that dominates Telegraph Hill, overlooking the river.

We were met by one of the Parks Canada guides, who explained that the island is divided into sections: the Village Sector that had been set aside for staff when the quarantine station opened in 1832; the eastern Hospitals Sector that was developed in response to the 1847 epidemic; and the western Hotel Sector, which was developed after 1847 to separate the sick from the healthy passengers.

Our first tour was by trolley to the Hospitals Sector. One of the original twelve shelters, called lazarettos, remains standing and is open to tourists. Several rooms had been restored to their 1847 condition, and the guides explained how the sick were cared for.

John Moor was struck by the number of children who, having been orphaned there, had been given the run of the island and were then adopted by French families in Québec. They frequently lost their Irish identity, creating a problem for genealogical research. However,

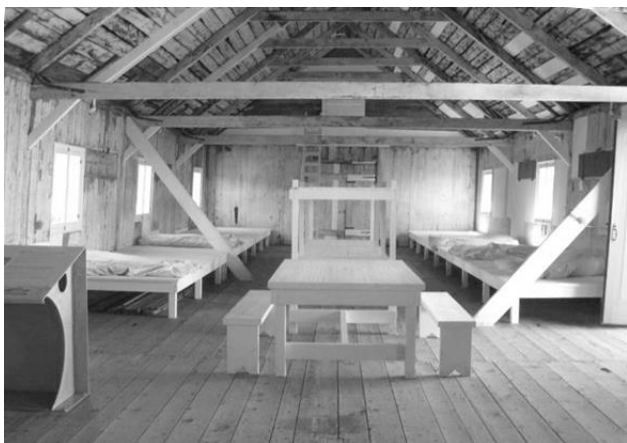


Figure 2: Interior of a Lazaretto

many children did not escape the orphanages through adoption, and we saw from the exhibits that there were several orphans whose origins and destinies are known. Although “More than 5,424 burials were registered on the island” in 1847, there are no formal records of the survivors.⁵ We made various stops in the Village Sector on the way back, including the Catholic church (1874) and the Anglican chapel (1877).

During this tour, I took the opportunity to ask the guide about military ships that came down the St. Lawrence during the time of compulsory quarantine. He told me that such ships also had to get medical clearance, leading me to conclude that my great-grandfather, Patrick Mackin, must have at least stopped at the Island in 1856, and may have even disembarked temporarily. He had been a private with the 39th Regiment of Foot, which was *en route* to Montréal, but the guide explained that, as the St. Lawrence had not yet been dredged beyond Québec City, the men would have transferred to small boats at Québec for the remainder of the journey.

Our second tour, on foot, was to the west of the Hospitals Sector. We stopped first at the Irish Cemetery, where the dead of 1847 had been buried. Each corpse had its own coffin but no identification and had been lined up in a series of trenches. We could just about make them out from the rows of depressions in the grass, now dotted with symbolic white crosses. A modern memorial overlooks it: a transparent curved wall on which the names of the known dead are etched in chronological groups. The numbers of 1847 far surpassed those of the other years. The many family groups were particularly moving. One person found the same name as a relative but he had no information to help him with the identity.

We then followed a rocky path uphill to the Celtic cross that we had noticed as we approached the island. The carved information told us that it had been erected in 1909 and paid for by members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to commemorate the victims of the typhoid epidemic buried on the island.

Before returning to the landing area, we visited the Hotel Sector. Three classes of hotels were built between 1892 and 1914, to provide passengers in quarantine with the same class of accommodation as they had had on the ship. (There would be no such distinction in the hospitals.) The First Class Hotel was not open to visitors but we stopped to talk to an actor-guide, who was seated on the veranda. The Second Class Hotel serves as a welcome centre for visitors, with a gift shop.

Our final stop was at the Disinfection Building. It had been built in 1892, as part of the modernization of public health practices for immigrants, under Dr. Frederick Montizambert, superintendent of the quarantine station after 1869. It contains the original boilers, the steam containers for disinfecting clothes, and showers. The technique of sanitation engendered a great deal of interest, as did the evolution in the treatment of immigrants following a number of medical discoveries. How different were the facilities at the quarantine station in the late 1800s from what were available during the 1847 crisis.

It was obvious, on the return trip, how moved our group had been by the visit. Someone mentioned how overcome she was by the sadness of the event, while others saw links between the Irish experience and that of many immigrants and refugees who seek a new life in Canada. Another was impressed by the government's response to the unexpectedly large numbers of typhoid victims.

That evening we had a reservation at Le Café du Monde, a lively modern restaurant located in the cruise terminal area, whose north windows, at night, reveal a Robert Lepage light show over a row of grain silos. Tired from our excursion, we crowded onto the tiny Écolobuses for the trip to and from the restaurant. In such a confined space, we found ourselves easily chatting with the locals, another example of the friendliness that we met everywhere from the citizens.

Nine of our party returned to Ottawa the next day, while the others stayed on until Sunday. Elizabeth and I went to the Artillery Park the next day. We began at the Interpretation Centre, where we were able to see, from a relief map made in 1808, what old Québec looked like. When we told the guide

that we had ancestors who had been in the military and stationed in the city, he made a special arrangement for us to be admitted to the house allocated to the commanding officer's family. We headed there first. It was very much like a middle class civilian family home, in sharp contrast to ordinary soldiers' quarters. The main floor had been furnished in eighteenth century style and some of the guides were dressed in appropriate costumes.

Across from this house was the Dauphine Redoubt, a barracks built in 1712 but later converted to British officers' quarters. Each of the four levels has been furnished according to a different regime, with the third floor being devoted to the British officers' quarters, including a luxurious mess. Here, too, the guides were dressed in period costume and they play a role in the regular educational programs that are conducted in that building and other parts of Artillery Park. The only time the common British soldier was likely to have seen the inside of the Redoubt would have been when he was being punished.

Our city tour guide had told me that British soldiers in the mid-1800s would have been garrisoned in either the Jesuit (College) Barracks⁶ or the New Barracks, built by the French around 1750. This guide told me that only the latter are still standing, in the Arsenal Park complex, although they are not open to the public, not having been maintained. Without this information I would likely have ignored the grubby looking row of buildings below the hill that encases part of the Dauphine Redoubt.



Figure 3: Parade Ground and New Barracks, Artillery Park

Once I descended to the old parade ground that stretches in front of the New Barracks, I could see that several explanatory plaques had been installed by Parks Canada, giving a great deal of information about the Barracks. There was a plan of the Barracks in 1771 and pictures of soldiers

doing military exercises in the parade ground in the nineteenth century. Thus, as I stood in the midst of the dusty, grassless courtyard, I could imagine my great-grandfather standing in formation with his fellow soldiers, awaiting orders.

Then I looked up towards McMahon Street and noticed how close these barracks were to St. Patrick's Church; it dawned on me how he had met my great-grandmother. The Irish Catholic soldiers and the Irish immigrants would have mingled at mass and church functions. (Even if he were garrisoned in the Jesuit Barracks, he would still have gone to that church.) The regiment had arrived from Montréal in late September 1857, and my great-grandparents were married the following 3 November. Their courtship might have been cut short by the knowledge that the regiment could have moved on at any time or, perhaps like his grandson—my Dad—69 years later, it was love at first sight.



Figure 4: baptismal font

Later that day, I walked several blocks north of Porte St-Jean to see the third St. Patrick's Church, and learned that they had some artifacts that had been salvaged from the first St. Patrick's. I could hardly contain my excitement when they pointed out the baptismal font, knowing that it would have been used for the baptism of my great-grandparents' first child, Patrick. Two kind parishioners also gave me the names of members of Irish Heritage Quebec who may be able to help me with my research.

As my visit to Québec ended, I could not have been more satisfied with my discoveries. Other members of the party had various family history successes. Marjorie was thrilled to have discovered a grave of a great-uncle; John Moor had not been disappointed by his visit to Grosse Île. There was general agreement that this first BIFHSGO expedition had been fun and stimulating and we were all grateful to Lesley Anderson for her efforts to make it such a success.

Reference Notes

¹ The presentation was written up later by Israel Gamache, in *Anglo-Celtic Roots*, Vol. 14, No. 2, pp. 33–38: "Grosse Île and the Irish Memorial Historic Site."

² Completed in 1639, it was the first hospital in North America after one in Santo Domingo. The original hospital burned down in 1755 and was rebuilt and renovated over the years, but some of the buildings are original, including the monastery. *Suite 101*, (<http://suite101.com/article/hoteldieu-of-quebec-canadas-first-hospital-a170813>)

³ These mini-buses cover most of the historic section of Québec City.

⁴ Rev. Patrick McMahon celebrated the first mass in St Patrick's Church (designed by architect Thomas Baillargé) on rue Sainte-Hélène (later named rue McMahon in his honour) 7 July 1833. *Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online*, (http://www.biographi.ca/EN/009004-119.01-e.php?id_nbr=4085)

⁵ Gamache, p. 35

⁶ Today, l' hôtel-de-ville stands on the site of the Jesuit College.

Techniques and Resources

The Cream of the Crop

BY JOHN D. REID



Canadian Voters' Lists, 1936–1980

After a quiet summer the big news, to which I'm devoting most of the column, is the availability of 88 million indexed records in Canadian voters' lists on *Ancestry.ca*. It's a major resource for finding people living here more recently than the Census of 1911, or of 1916 for the Prairies. It's by far and away the largest Canada-wide database on *Ancestry*: 15 elections, 15 voters' lists, between 14 October 1935 and 18 February 1980.

The lists give you the voter's name, address and occupation (before 1979). The original images have registered voters in a household listed together, so you see adult family members. Women and men had the vote on an equal basis throughout this period, except women of "native status," who were refused enfranchisement until 1960. The voting age was lowered from 21 to 18 starting with the 1972 election. Until 1976 persons of British nationality enjoyed the right to vote in Canadian elections, but not those from other countries.

Lists for all but the last two elections for the period, in 1979 and 1980, have been indexed by *Ancestry* using an automated optical character recognition (OCR) technique. You can also browse files of images organized by parliamentary riding.

Here's some basic information on coverage; the first three columns are from Elections Canada, the last from *Ancestry*.

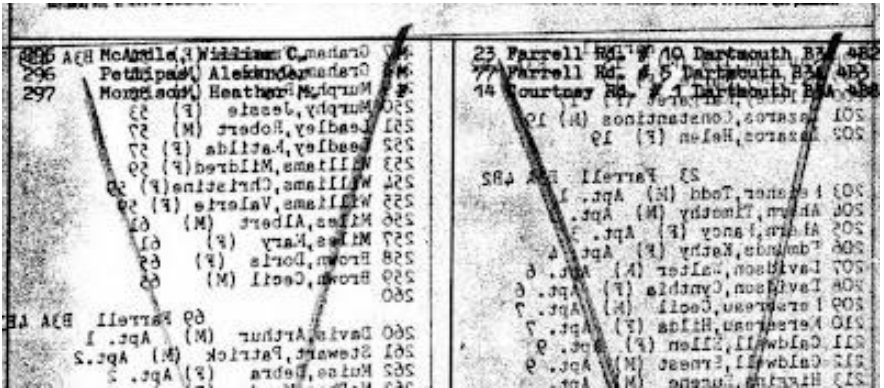
Election	Population	Electors on List	Entries in <i>Ancestry</i> database
October 14, 1935	10,367,063	5,918,207	4,412,068
March 26, 1940	10,429,169	6,588,888	4,978,971
April 27, 1942	11,494,627	6,502,234	(referendum)
June 11, 1945	11,494,627	6,952,445	5,318,978
June 27, 1949	11,823,649	7,893,629	6,306,269
August 10, 1953	14,003,704	8,401,691	5,889,453
June 10, 1957	16,073,970	8,902,125	7,241,080
March 31, 1958	16,073,970	9,131,200	5,961,477
June 18, 1962	18,238,247	9,700,325	6,605,162
April 8, 1963	18,238,247	9,910,757	7,521,803
November 8, 1965	18,238,247	10,274,904	7,774,464
June 25, 1968	20,014,880	10,860,888	8,282,839
October 30, 1972	21,568,311	13,000,778	9,474,815
July 8, 1974	21,568,311	13,620,353	9,111,902
May 22, 1979	22,992,604	15,233,653	
February 18, 1980	22,992,604	15,890,416	

There are a total of 121,156,190 entries on the lists indexed; *Ancestry* includes 88,879,281, about 73% of the electors. The microfilm records are not complete and many are not correctly transcribed. Where the image resolution is poor the OCR software is unable to accurately recognize the text. A short study on my Northwood family found about a 50% OCR success rate. Although you're unlikely to find accurate OCR for all occurrences of a person of interest, you should easily find some of them. Sometimes there's a work around: the last name of each person is recorded, no dittos, so you may find one in the family properly transcribed.

When you do find inevitable errors in *Ancestry's* OCR indexing, please assist others by making corrections—it's easy. From the image page, select

"Return to Search Results" (upper left). Then select "View Record" for the entry you want to correct. From the "Page Tools" box, select "Add Alternate Information" and make your changes. You'll help yourself too when you need to find them again.

These records are recent enough that you will be able to find former colleagues, perhaps by searching on occupation. I found many searching for my former job of meteorologist.



For the 1979 and 1980 un-indexed lists there is no occupation given. Postal code is included as well as street address. There is often strong bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper, sometimes making it appear as if mirror image text is superimposed, as in the sample. With the heavy lines drawn across the columns further complicating interpretation it's no wonder *Ancestry* decided not to index these.

The file for one parliamentary riding can be long. Shorten the search, if you know the parliamentary riding and area, by going through, say, every 25th image to build up a picture of the geographical arrangement of the polls.

In looking for myself in York North in 1979 and 1980 I found no original voters' lists, but only lists of people added, and some pages indicating nobody had been added—a bit annoying when you have to wait for that page to download. It would be helpful if thumbnails could be shown to save that time.

Ancestry has a small collection of earlier Ontario voters lists; 732,643 entries for 1867 to 1900, and many others can be found for single localities in the texts section of the Internet Archive.

Ottawa (Gloucester) Tax Assessment Rolls

Also from *Ancestry.ca*, thanks to Lesley Anderson who scouts out resources for the company, are name-indexed images of Tax Assessment and Collector Rolls, 1855–1919, for Gloucester Township, the part of Ottawa situated east of the Rideau River.

The database contains images of both tax assessment and collectors' rolls. Tax assessment rolls provided estimates of property values that were used as a basis for municipal taxation. Collectors' rolls were used to record taxes paid. Both documents contain similar details, which may include name of occupier, age, occupation, name of owner, address or lot, acreage, value of property, and taxes assessed.

Forms may include marital status for women, religion, number of children and other breakdowns of residents by age, livestock owned or improvements made to property, as well as details related to taxation or population statistics. Browsing casually I found that the "population statistics" for 1910 included a count of all people residing on the property, and vital statistics for births and deaths during the year.

A map showing the land divisions is useful in understanding the locations within the township. Try the Ontario Country Atlas for Carleton County, Gloucester Township, online from <http://digital.library.mcgill.ca/countyatlas/search.htm>. Also helpful is the website of the Gloucester Historical Society, www.gloucesterhistory.com, especially the list of Early Gloucester Families.

Near my home a large area, including the land now occupied by the Ottawa Hunt and Golf Club, was settled by William Upton, who is recorded in these tax records. His interesting story prior to arrival in Canada is told in an article by Mark Jodoin at <http://goo.gl/9b2Cr>.

British Resources

Several other British regional and specialist databases were updated recently; check them out at www.anglo-celtic-connections.blogspot.com. Better yet, subscribe by email from the blog's left-hand column.

To highlight just one—new cemetery records being added by *Deceased Online*. The company made a special effort to add London-area cemeteries this year, the most recent being from the Royal Borough of Greenwich. These include: Charlton Cemetery, opened 1855; Eltham Cemetery, opened 1935; Greenwich Cemetery, opened 1856; Plumstead Cemetery, opened 1890; and Woolwich Cemetery, opened 1856. Expect further additions at deceased-online.com from elsewhere in England before the end of the year.

The Bookworm

BY BETTY WARBURTON



At this time of year we think about our ancestors who served during the two World Wars of the twentieth century.

Through donations and purchases, the Brian O'Regan Memorial Library has several books that may help researchers appreciate the sacrifices of their ancestors.

Most of the books about World War I, or the Great War (1914–1918), deal with the British army.

Bridger, Geoff. *The Great War Handbook: a Guide for Family Historians and Students of the Conflict*. Pen and Sword, 2009. (940.41242 BRI) If you know little about the conflict, this book is a good introduction. It gives the reader an overview of events, the structure of the army, and the meaning of some of the terms used, such as “stand to,” as well as describing sources to consult.

Histories of the Great War

Tuchman, Barbara. *The Guns of August*. Bantam Books, 1962. (940.444 TUC). A detailed account of the events of August 1914.

Lloyd, Alan. *The War in the Trenches (the British at War)*. Book Club Associates, 1976. (940.4144 LLO) As the author records the events on the Western Front, he also describes life in the trenches.

Masefield, John. *The Old Front Line: with an Introduction to the Battle of the Somme by Col. Howard Green*. Pen and Sword. 2006. (940.4272 MAS) It includes John Masefield's description of the battlefield after his tour in 1916, as well as Green's account of the battle along the Somme River.

Westlake, Ray. *Tracing British Battalions on the Somme*. Pen and Sword 2009. (940.4272 WES) Based on war diaries, the author summarizes the movement of each battalion of British regiments participating in the Battle of the Somme.

Wolff, Leon. *In Flanders Fields: the 1917 Campaign*. Penguin, 1958. (940.431 WOL)

Cave, Nigel. *Passchendaele: the Fight for the Village*. Leo Cooper, 1997. (940.4144 CAV) The author limits his account of the fight for the village of Passchendaele to the participation of the New Zealand and the Canadian Corps.

Histories of Regiments

Banks, T. M. and R. A. Chell. *With the 10th Essex in France*. Guy & Hancock, 1924. (940.41242 BAN)

Ewing, John. *The History of the Ninth (Scottish) Division 1914–1918*. Naval and Military Press, 2009. (940.412411 EWI)

Personal Accounts

Arthur, Max. *Forgotten Voices of the Great War*. Ebury Press, 2002. (940.48141 ART)

Bongard, Ella Mae. Edited by Eric Scott. *Nobody Ever Wins a War: the World War I Diaries of Ella Mae Bongard*. Janeric Enterprises, 1997. (940.48171 BON) The diary of a nurse who served in France.

Kennedy, J. H. *Attleborough in War Time—1919*. Archive CD Books Canada, 2008. (CD-ROM 001055) A history of the war and how it affected a Norfolk town.

McMillan, David. *Trench Tea and Sandbags*. R. McAdam, 1996. (940.48171. MCM)

Spagnoly, Tony and Ted Smith. *Sa-lient Points: Cameos of the Western Front, Ypres Sector 1914–1918*. Leo Cooper, 1998. (940.4481 SPA)

Finding Your Ancestor

National Roll of the Great War, 1914–1918; London. CD Archive Books, 2001. (CD-ROM 001034) If your ancestor lived in London you may find him listed here.

Swinnerton, Iain. *Identifying Your World War I Soldier from Badges and Photographs*. Federation of Family History Societies, 2001. (355.14 SWI)

Tomaselli, Phil. *Tracing Your Royal Air Force Ancestors*. Pen & Sword, 2007. (929.1072 TOM)

Tracing Your Family History: Royal Navy. Imperial War Museum, 1999. (929.1072 TRA)

Wright, Glenn. *Canadians at War 1914–1918: a Research Guide to World War One Service Records*. Global Heritage Press, 2010. (929.1072 WRI)

In Memoriam

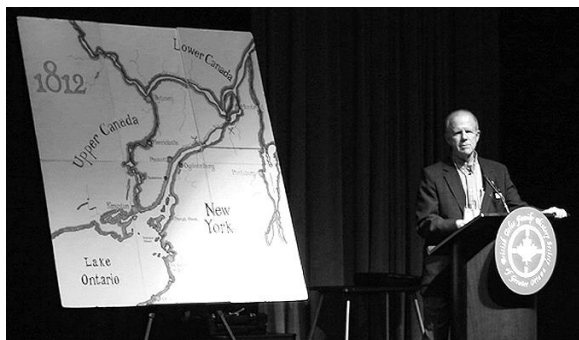
Tom Rimmer, 16 November 2012; member No. 383 since 1995, he served as BIFHSGO Vice-President and Treasurer, was a willing volunteer in various capacities, and gave several monthly meeting presentations.

Betty Burrows, 21 November 2012; member No. 390 since 1997, she served as Director of Communications from 2006 to 2010 and was awarded a Certificate of Excellence for her contributions to BIFHSGO.

Fall Conference 2012

The 2012 BIFHSGO annual conference was held at Library and Archives Canada, 14–16 September, and focused on Scotland. The event was as popular as ever, attracting 267 registrants and 55 new Society members. There were also four pre-conference seminars on Scottish records and research methodology, which were attended by 227 participants.

Featured speakers included Tony Bandy, Jane Buck, Lucille Campey, Susan Davis, Chris Paton, Shirley-Ann Pyefinch, Victor Suthren, Patricia Whatley and Ed Zapletal.



Well-known historian and author Victor Suthren's Don Whiteside Memorial Lecture, "A Strange, Unwanted Conflict: The War of 1812," provided the many attendees with an entertaining and wonderfully lucid discussion of this pivotal event in Canadian history.

Christopher Paton made the fullest contribution to the conference, delivering "Scottish Civil Records, Censuses and Marriages," a Friday morning workshop; "An Introduction to Researching Scottish Family History," Saturday's plenary session; and three lectures: "Scottish House and Land History," "The Godly Commonwealth," and "The Mount Stewart Murder."

Lucille Campey presented three lectures on immigration: "Lord Selkirk and the Settlement of Scottish Highlanders in Canada," "Seeking a Better Future: The English Pioneers of Ontario and Quebec," and "The Scots in Ontario—a New Look at the Data."

Tony Bandy focussed on technological aids to research in his Friday workshop, "Tablets, Netbooks, e-Readers and Apps for Genealogy," and his two lectures, "Dropbox, Evernote and Online Digital Notes" and "Online Books: Are these Really Good Resources?"

Patricia Whatley contributed a useful Friday workshop, “Scottish Archival and Lesser Known Resources Online,” and a lecture on “Scottish Poor Law.”

Jane Buck added to participants’ knowledge of genetic genealogy with her talks, “McDNA: Genetic Applications to Scottish Clans” and “New Avenues in Genetic Genealogy.”

The program was rounded out with a Friday workshop by Susan Davis on “Digital Descendants: Where to Find Them and How to Connect,” and lectures presented by Shirley-Ann Pyfinch on “What’s New at FamilySearch.org?” and by Ed Zapletal on “Writing for Publication: Pitching Your Family History Story to Editors.”



Ken McKinley, Brian Watson:
conference co-chairs



Christine Jackson and Deborah Baillie at Welcome Desk



Ann Burns (l) assisting registrant
in Research Room

The Research Room, organized by Ann Burns, attracted registrants eager to try out websites, and many brought their own laptops. The Marketplace offered 33 exhibitors with a wide variety of displays and was well attended as always. Registrants enjoyed a Saturday night dinner at the Southern Cross restaurant and the LAC refreshments catered by the RA Centre.

The conference’s success was due to the volunteered support of numerous BIFHSGO members. Next year’s event will focus on Ireland—volunteers of Irish or any other extraction interested in helping us to continue our tradition of excellence are welcomed. To learn more or volunteer, email BIFHSGO president Glenn Wright at president@bifhsgo.ca.

Call for Presentations—BIFHSGO Conference 2013

BIFHSGO is seeking proposals for presentations at its 19th annual conference, 20–22 September 2013. The focus this year will be on Ireland. Proposals for presentations on topics other than Ireland are also invited, as well as proposals for workshops or seminars at the Friday (20 September) pre-conference sessions. Details on writing the proposals can be found at www.bifhsgo.ca under the Conference heading. Please send your proposals to conference@bifhsgo.ca before January 31, 2013.

Ottawa Poet Allan Matthews

Allan George Matthews was born on 26 October 1910, in Taynuilt, Argyll, one of the five children of George Matthews, a stonemason. In 1929, father and son emigrated to Ottawa, as George had obtained a job working on the masonry for the Confederation Building, being constructed to complement the Centre Block.

George's brother-in-law, Archibald Campbell, owned and operated the Campbell Sandstone Quarries in Bell's Corners, and was instrumental in "bringing out" George and Allan to work here. They planned to stay for two years, accumulate some savings, and return to Scotland.



The Great Depression changed their plans: George brought the rest of the family here, and they all found work. Allan married Lillian Iles and shortly thereafter made the employment decision that set the pattern for the rest of his life.

Soccer was a favourite pastime during the Depression, and many businesses fielded teams; among them was E.B. Eddy. Because of his skill at the game, the company offered Allan a permanent job there if he would join its team. He stayed at E.B. Eddy until his retirement in the late 1970s, and achieved some fame due to his formidable playing.

About the time his twin sons, Garry and Glenn, were born in 1939, Allan began writing poetry and songs in free moments. His themes were memories of Scotland, the love of family, his new country, and the heroics or horrors of the Second World War. His verses were published in Ottawa newspapers and other publications in both Canada and the United States. He also wrote several articles on history for a variety of publications.

Allan's manuscripts were passed down to his sons after he died on 11 September 1977. The sons later approached Mr. Justice James Fontana about having their father's collected poems published, and he arranged for the issuance of *Memories and Reflections: the Poems of Allan G. Matthews* in 2010.

With the permission of the family, *Anglo-Celtic Roots* will be publishing Mr. Matthews' poems as space permits. Many of his topics are timeless and poignant, some are wry; they will appeal to readers with an interest in both Ottawa and "the auld country."

Jim....

I knew him as a boy so long ago,
We never thought—but then how could we know?
The horrors that this world would hold in store,
And he'd lie dead, a soldier, on a foreign shore.

Together, we had often gone to school,
He loved to play, to fight, or just to fool,
A brother, aye, far dearer than a friend,
I bet he was a soldier to the end.

Christmas Wish

Anticipation lights each eye,
As rapidly the hours fly,
Bringing quickly on the way
The joy and mirth of Christmas Day.

Each little girl, each little boy,
Is dreaming of some fancied toy
That near their stocking will be found
When Santa Claus completes his round.

I only wish that I were young,
And once again my stocking hung
Beside the fireside's rosy glow,
As it did so long ago.

No use, for those old days, to sigh,
Santa now just passes by,
And tho' his virtues still I sing,
The things I want he cannot bring.

Membership Report

BY KATHY WALLACE

New BIFHSGO Members 26 July–26 October 2012

Member No.	Name	Address
1524	Greg Marlatt	Toronto, ON
1525	Phyllis McConnachie	Vancouver, BC
1526	Susan Gingras Calcagni	Kirkland, QC
1527	Gail Dever	Dollard-des-Ormeaux, QC
1528	John Muir	Orleans, ON
1528	Michael Muir	Orleans, ON
1528	Gayle Maloley	Gloucester, ON
1530	Kathleen Daisley	Hamilton, ON
1531	Joyce Mackenzie-Hirasawa	Mississauga, ON
1532	James Bradbury	Kelowna, BC
1532	Maureen Bradbury	Kelowna, BC
1533	Cliff Scott	Ottawa, ON
1534	Liz Nieman	Ottawa, ON
1535	Shelley Richards	Ottawa, ON
1536	Wayne Brown	Ottawa, ON
1537	Sylvia Clarke	Ottawa, ON
1537	Dena Palamedes	Ottawa, ON
1538	Myrna Andrew	Ottawa, ON
1539	Joan Chadbourn	Norfolk, VA, USA
1541	Anne Westcott	Warkworth, ON
1542	W. Steven Danford	Chelsea, QC
1543	David McKellar	Nepean, ON
1544	Ann Heehn	Cheney, WA, USA
1545	Donna Carlaw	Warkworth, ON
1546	Barb Neil	Edmonton, AB
1547	Diana Henderson	Toronto, ON
1548	Ona Spratt	Nepean, ON
1549	Nancy Lee Campbell	Cornwall, ON
1550	Maureen Addison	Scarborough, ON
1551	Sharon Callaghan	Montreal, QC
1552	Craig Milne	Ottawa, ON
1553	Michael Baird	Portland, ON
1554	Jeanne L'Espérance	Ottawa, ON
1555	Lois Sowden-Plunkett	Ottawa, ON
1556	Dave Cross	Kemptville, ON
1557	Charles Barrett	Ottawa, ON
1558	Tansy Pauls	Courtenay, BC
1559	Janet Strangeways	Ottawa, ON
1560	Dale MacGregor	Kanata, ON
1561	Denise Marchand	Ottawa, ON
1562	Gael Grace	Ottawa, ON
1563	Barbara Lee	Ottawa, ON
1564	Janet Lee Evans	North York, ON

BIFHSGO Board of Directors 2011–2012

President	Glenn Wright	613-521-2929
Recording Secretary	Anne Sterling	613-596-2955
Treasurer	Marnie McCall	613-736-1101
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Publicity	Mary-Lou Simac	613-837-8256
Programs	Jane Down	613-741-1463
Education	Lesley Anderson	613-447-6477
Past President	Mary Anne Sharpe	613-562-4570

Associate Directors 2011–2012

Editor <i>Anglo-Celtic Roots</i>	Jean Kitchen
Web Manager	Laura Griffin
Publication Sales	Brian Chamberlain
Librarian	Betty Warburton
Conference 2012	Ken McKinlay, Brian Watson

Auditor

Darrell Kennedy

The Society

The British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa (BIFHSGO) is an independent, federally incorporated society and a registered charity (Reg. No. 89227 4044 RR0001). Its purpose is to encourage, carry on and facilitate research into and publication of family histories by people who have ancestors in the British Isles.

BIFHSGO's objectives are two-fold: to preserve, research and disseminate Canadian and British Isles family and social history for the benefit of current and future generations, and to promote genealogical research through a program of public education that teaches people how to do this research and preserve their findings in a readily accessible form.

The activities of the Society are to publish and disseminate genealogical research findings, as well as information on research resources and techniques; hold public meetings on family history; maintain readily accessible reference facilities; encourage volunteer participation in family history and genealogical research activities; and participate in the activities of related organizations.

Membership is available to all those interested in furthering its objectives and consists of anyone who submits an application for admission as a member accompanied by payment of the applicable fees or dues. The 2013 calendar year fees for membership are \$40 for individuals, \$50 for families, and \$40 for institutions. Annual membership benefits include the year's four issues of *Anglo-Celtic Roots*; ten family history programs, each of two hours' duration; up to six free queries a year; friendly advice from other members; participation in special interest groups that may be formed.

BIFHSGO Calendar of Events

Saturday Morning Meetings

Library and Archives Canada
395 Wellington Street, Ottawa

- 12 Jan 2013** *A Sense of Place: Following the A272 to my Sussex Ancestors!*—Christine Jackson will describe how studying a favourite stretch of road gave context to her ancestry.
- 9 Feb 2013** *The Box in the Closet: My Journey to Claim Who I Am*—Margaret Singleton will explain how she managed to uncover the mystery of her birth family and the importance of pursuing such a challenge.
- 9 Mar 2013** *Cosy Homesteads: The Life and Lore of Traditional Irish Dwellings*—Rhona Richman Kenneally's talk will overlay the experience of the Irish "cottage" as a physical space with the symbolic associations it has been granted over time.

Schedule

- 9:00–9:30 Before BIFHSGO Educational Sessions: Check www.bifhsgo.ca for up-to-date information.
- 9:30 Discovery Tables
- 10:00–11:30 Meeting and Presentation
- 12:00–1:00 Writing Group

For up-to-date information on meetings of other special interest groups (Scottish, Irish, DNA, Master Genealogist Users), check www.bifhsgo.ca.

Articles for *Anglo-Celtic Roots*

Articles and illustrations for publication are welcome. For advice on preparing manuscripts, please email the Editor, acreditor@bifhsgo.ca. The deadline for publication in the next issue is 19 January 2013.