The Nowlans of Guysborough County 1783-1990

As Revealed To Me Alfred W. Nowlan

> US/CAN 929:271 N867h



Frances and Alfred Nowlan

It gives us great pleasure to present this
"History of the Nowlans", to all descendants
of my parents, other relatives and friends,
on this our

50^{th. Wedding Anniversary}
July 9, 1990

Dedication

This book is dedicated to John and Margaret Knowland who with two small children landed in the wilderness of Country Harbour on Christmas Eve, December 24th, 1783.

To the memory of my parents, William Clayton Nowlan and Laura Jane (Kirby) Nowlan. All of whose mental stabilities, christian resources and perseverance were instrumental in creating the high principles we all uphold today.

One generation passes away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever -

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hastens to his place where he arose -

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 1, Verses 4 & 5

Introduction

This book is an effort by a humble man in the later years of his life to find his "Roots".

When discovered that his family are descendants of a soldier, late of the King's Carolina Rangers, who fought in the American Revolution for his King and Country, who drew land (a land grant) at Country Harbour, Guysborough County, Nova Scotia in June 1784, in what was known as the Wright Grant. It is then a search for the location of the area in which these Loyalists settled, which proved to be an area they named Stormont, on the east side of Country Harbour. It was then a search for the history of this area and an effort to trace family members who landed there.

Later as family members apparently moved to other areas of Guysborough County, along Chedabucto Bay and elsewhere, it is a search for family members and relatives as well as the history and background of this area.

Then it is an effort to outline the times of joy, sorrow and tribulations of my parents, who moved to Pictou County. Their family of whom the writer is the youngest member, their way of life and accomplishments.

Lastly, it is an effort to outline the lives of my sisters and brothers, their marriages, children and children's children, so that at some future date newer generations who may be interested will know of their proud heritage.

As family information began to gather, I felt that this book had to be written and if it was to be done by a member of my generation, it was up to me to take up the task.

References

In this endeavour I am indebted to books written by the late Arthur C. Jost's "Guysborough Sketches and Other Essays"; Harriet C. Hart's "History of the County of Guysborough" written in 1877 and re-published in 1975; Lillian V. Salsman's "Homeland Country Harbour" Volumes 1 and 2; Bruce MacDonald's "Guysborough Railroad"; Auldon Carter's "They Came to Phillips Harbour". Mr. Carter brought our family tree up to date with a great deal of research.

To the above we must add the Nova Scotia Public Archives for photo-copies of Marriage Certificates, Deaths and Land Transfer Deeds, as well as the courteous staff of the Pictou-Antigonish Regional Library who endeavoured to produce all reference books requested.

I would also thank Edison Horton of Prince Edward Island, who supplied our mother's ancestors, and Wayne L. Nowlan whose co-operation was of great assistance and encouragement, as well as all other family members and relatives who assisted in so many ways.

I am especially indebted to my wife, Frances, for her encouragement and enthusiasm in research, her reading of rough drafts, corrections in prose and punctuation, plus many hours of typing.

A study of the family trees to follow indicate clearly that we, Nowlans, are related in some form or other to the Hendsbees, Carters, Jamiesons, Rhynolds, Creamers, Greencorns, and others.

Contents

Dedication		
Introduction		
Chapter 1	The First Nowlands	1
Chapter 2	United Empire Loyalists	11
Chapter 3	Stormont-Country Harbour	23
Chapter 4	Chedabucto Guysborough-Phillips Harbour Half Island Cove	35
Chapter 5	Early Family Trees	49
Chapter 6	Family of William and Laura Nowlan	57
Chapter 7	Later Generations	77
Chapter 8	Notes and Anecdotes	91
Chapter 9	European Travel	101

Chapter 1 The First Nowlands

The First Nowlands

There can now be no doubt that the Nowlan name originated in Ireland. In writing in the Atlantic Insight Magazine, Alden Nowlan mentions that he visited Ireland in 1967 and again later to search his family roots. I now quote from the article "The Clan O'Nuallain, whose name in Irish means the Sons of the War Cry, and which has been translated into English as O'Nolan, Nolan and Nowlan. Now Alden goes on to say the chief of the Clan O'Nuallain is known as O'Nuallain Mor, which translates literally as "The Big Nowlan" was one of Ireland's 300 Kings. In this article Alden states, "My branch of the Nowlans originated in the 1820s, when my ancestor Patrick Nowlan left there for the New World, in his day emigrants seldom know where their ship would drop anchor. He landed in Nova Scotia, where he made his way to Digby". Their old home was in Bunclody, Wexford County, Ireland.

Thank you Alden, wherever you are, sorry but we beat you by 37 years. John Knowland, late of the Kings Carolina Rangers arrived in Country Harbour in 1783. In his writing Alden mentions that nobody in Bunclody now spells the name "Nowlan". There are only 22 Nowlans in the Telephone Directory for the entire Republic, 17 of them in Dublin. In Ireland, Nowlan is generally pronounced Nolan, so families using the former spelling tend to drop the "W". It is on record that a Patrick Nowlan was a hedge schoolmaster, which means that he taught Catholic children when this was illegal under the British Penal Code, which deprived the Catholic Irish of partially all civil rights. It is stated that when they migrated to Nova Scotia, the hedge schoolmaster's descendants became Baptist.

Now in World Travel, Volume 2, edited by Nelson Doubleday and Earle Cooley (Doubleday & Co, Inc, on Ireland) we read: Ireland's recorded history is said to have began with the arrival of Saint Patrick at Downpatrick in 432 A.D. when he began his great mission of converting the Island to Christianity. On arrival he found a simple pastoral people who spoke Gaelic. They tended cattle, raising few crops, and lived in huts scattered over the countryside, there being no towns or villages. Eventually small kingdoms grew up, and later combinations of them formed the Provinces.

Ireland's golden age came between 600 and 800 A.D., when art and learning flourished in the monasteries, and saints and scholars dominated its social life. Students from all over the Western World came to study here, and Irish missionaries ranged over much of pagan Europe. Monks produced fine masterpieces such as the beautiful Book of Kells.

Of course these two centuries were exceptions to the general rule

as Irish history is mostly a story of fighting and bloodshed as its people fought invaders or factions among themselves. Irelands most enduring and tragic disputes have been over religion. The Irish people remained loyal Catholics after Britain's break with the Church of Rome. In an effort to stamp out Irish Catholicism British Kings after the sixteenth century established "Plantations" of Englishmen in Ireland, hoping that the new settlers might induce the Irish to give up their nomadic way of life as cattle herders and settle down to farming. But the Irish, resenting the taking of their land, moved into the hills and made periodic raids on the English settlements.

It is easy to understand why many sons left Ireland, some went to England, others to the British Colonies in North America. It appears many joined Military Units.

It should be pointed out that we are writing of the descendants of the original John Nowland who arrived at The Mount in Country Harbour on Christmas Eve, 1783. Although descendants of John and Margaret Nowland, son John and daughter Sarah scattered across Guysborough County and other parts of Nova Scotia, as well as Canada and the United States, it should be emphasized that other distinct Nowlan families do exist and are not related to us unless we go back to the original Roots in Ireland.

Years of research and study have indicated that there never was a "K" associated with the Nowland name. The reference to John Knowland which appears in the original muster roll of the King's Carolina Rangers, in the Wright Grant (now housed in the Nova Scotia Public Archives, Halifax) appears to be an error, his wife Margaret, son John and daughter Sarah are listed in the same document as Nowland. In addition to this we have a photo copy of John Nowland's signature, in beautiful script like writing and the spelling is John Nowland. This signature appears on a Land Grant, dated July 4, 1806 (Guysborough Deeds, Book C, Page 385)

Since this time there has been various spellings of our name, this is due to the state of literacy of those writing it. In view of this one must remember that many of the Pubs and Inns in England and Ireland are identified with a picture such as "Fighting Cock", "Goat Inn", "The White Hart" and "Red Lion Hotel". During our travels Frances and I have stayed at a number of these Inns. These pictures were used due to the fact that in early England, but not so much in Ireland where they had an early education system, many people did not have the ability to read.

In her writings, Shirley I. MacDonald of Sovereign Heraldy, under "Origin of Surnames" states that about 1100 A.D. most people had only one name. As the population grew it became awkward to live in a village where a third of the male population were named John, William, etc. So

to distinguish one John from another, a second name was needed. So the local house builder became known as John Carpenter; the food preparer as John Cook; the grain grinder as John Miller; the suit maker as John Taylor and so on. Other samples are given and although we have been unable to trace it, the Nowland name seems to indicate someone who owned property.

It appears that when the Loyalists arrived in 1783 many were well educated, however in establishing living quarters and providing food for their families, education was neglected. So we have several generations of poorly educated children, who when they grew into adulthood were semi-illiterate. Witness the spelling of the Nowland name on the marriage certificates, land deeds, etc. shown throughout our history. Probably as a result of all of this, the "D" was dropped from the Nowland name.

Our father, William Clayton Nowlan, born 1882, baptized March 6, 1896 (Queensport Baptist Church) now known as Phillips Harbour Church, married 1904, as well as members of his family bear the Nowlan spelling on their birth certificates. There is an interesting story on the above Church. I am advised by Mrs. Jean George, current clerk "The Queensport and Phillips Harbour Church are the same Church. At one time the lines marking off the different communities came between Frank Carter's house and barn, so our Church was in Queensport. These lines are now changed, the Church is in Phillips Harbour, but called Queensport Baptist."

It has been our intention to state here that due to our extensive research, we had believed that John and Margaret, our ancestors, were the first Nowlands to migrate to Nova Scotia. However, a few days ago we received the following letter from Aileen Nowlan of Halifax, it reads:

The first Nowlan in my family was born in Ireland. He left home and went to England where he joined the British Army. He was sent to the British Colonies and ended up in Concord, Mass. where they fought the American "Minute Men" and were defeated. At the end of the Revolution his regiment was sent to Shelburne, Nova Scotia. While there he received word from England that he was to receive a grant of land in Escuminac, (New Brunswick). This was in the year 1783. He married a woman by the name of Casey, they had 12 sons and he lived to be 108 years.

Unfortunately this lady has given us no first names, but due to the date she mentions and other material on hand, we have reason to believe that her ancestors could have been a brother of our John who was shipped to Country Harbour that same year.

In written compositions we read that the well known Annapolis Valley Nowlans took root in Nova Scotia on New Years Day 1818, when

Patrick Nowlan, a tutor from County Cork, Ireland arrived in Weymouth by boat.

In researching early family history one must bear in mind; before the Marriage Act of 1831, Baptist Ministers were not allowed to perform marriages. An earlier Marriage Act of 1797 had allowed marriages to be performed by other denominations than the Anglicans and Catholics. However, it very carefully described as Church of Scotland, Presbyterians, Calvinists or Lutherians. Since Baptist were not mentioned, our people who were Baptist had to find a minister of another faith to marry them, usually Calvinists or Lutherians. The first marriage by a Baptist Minister on record took place in London, Ontario in 1807. (Baxter - page 8).

The lack of early Church records as well as failure to record births, deaths, etc. has greatly added to our task of searching for family history.

Although much information is still lacking for the period after John and Margaret arrived in Country Harbour with their children John and Sarah, we have discovered that a son Thomas was born in 1794. Records in the Archives state "Thomas Nowland, son of John and Margaret Nowland died in 1864 at the age of 70 yrs." In addition to this we believe, based on the following information that another son, David was born to them c. 1789. Official records state, "David Nowland had a 13 year old child in District 9, Halfway Cove in 1832". Also our researcher reveals "I found a reference to David Nowland in the Guysborough Church Records. A list of the members of that church includes a David Nowland who joined June 27, 1830. In the minutes of the church on Page 37, it reads "David Nowland was received by letter from Rev. Joseph Dimock who was the Baptist Minister at Chester". We believe both these references are to the same David, who due to the dates mentioned must have been a son of the original John and Margaret Nowland.

In support of the above we read in H.C. Hart's book "History of the County of Guysborough", Baptist Ministers began to arrive in Guysborough County around 1808. They preached in the groves of beautiful forest trees, as well as in the homes of the people. Rev. Joseph Dimock was among the first to arrive in this area. He served in Chester, N.S. for some 53 years, but he was also known as a "Circuit Preacher" travelling to various communities in Nova Scotia, especially to those areas where little congregations and churches were being established. It was most likely, that is why he received David Nowland into membership of the Guysborough Baptist Church in 1830.

Now we have John and Margaret Nowland with four sons and one daughter Sarah. John born c1772, Sarah born c1773, Joseph born

c1785, David born c1789, Thomas born 1794.

Since our family descended from son John, who we will in future refer to as John 2nd, and we have a good history from him to date, we will leave him for now and proceed with the others.

Thomas (1794-1864). The 1860-61 Census shows him with five sons and two daughters. Although at this date we have located only one son, James, who witnessed his Aunt Sarah Ann Nowlan's second marriage to Thomas MacMillan in 1869.

In the 1871 Census of Crow Harbour, there is recorded under Deaths in the last twelve months. Death # 11, Nowlan, Elizabeth female, age 70, Baptist, born Nova Scotia, widow, died February. We now assume that she was the widow of Thomas Nowland, as she was a widow in 1871, he had died in 1864.

Now this Thomas Nowland must have been an energetic worker. The 1860-61 Census, District 8, Abstract 3 No. 7 (District # 8 is the Goldboro-New Harbour Area) reveals him as follows:

In household: 6 males, 3 females.

1 male, single 10 - 15

1 male, single 15 - 20

2 males, single 20 - 30 1 female, single 20 - 30

1 male, died 20 - 30 (since March 30, 1860)

1 female, single 50 - 60 relative

1 male 60 - 70 Thomas (father) 1 female 60 - 70 Elizabeth (mother)

Now let's look at this man's accomplishments, the 1860-61 Census shows his holdings, he is now 66 years of age.

6 acres - cultivated upland

6 neat cattle

9 milch cows

4 horses

12 sheep

1 pig

4 nets and seines

38 barrels herring (salted)

10 tons of hay cut in 1860

50 bushels oats

100 bushels potatoes

30 yards, not full cloth, made in 1860

300 pounds of butter made in 1860

This seems to me the history of a man of whom we all can be proud, if I do not succeed in my search for his family, it is my sincere hope that a member of a later generation will carry on this task.

Joseph born 1785c, married Sarah Ann McKay. He must have died before 1869 because we have the following marriage record from the Guysborough County Marriage Register, PANS RG32.

Married February 7, 1869 St. Marys River, Church of England, Thomas MacMillan, age 38, miner, resided in Goldenville, born Scotland, parents Thomas MacMillan and Mary (Ferguson) MacMillan, to Sarah Ann Nowland, age 40, widow, residing St. Marys River, parents John MacKay and Catherine (MacLean) MacKay. Witnesses: James Nowlan and Ann Nowlan. Guysborough Marriage Records (PANS RG32) 1868-69 page 28, No. 46.

Since the 1860-61 Census indicates that Joseph was 20 to 30 years older than Sarah Ann and the above lady bears this name, we must assume that Sarah Ann Nowlan had been the widow of Joseph. (District # 8 is the Goldboro-New Harbour Area)

The 1860-61 Census, Guysborough District 8, abstract 5, No. 27 states:

In household, 2 males and 4 females.

2 females, single 5 - 10 1 male, single 10 - 15 1 female, single 10 - 15

1 female 40 - 50 Sarah Ann (mother) 1 male 70 - 80 Joseph (father)

His assets are:

3 acres, cultivated upland

1 1/5 tons of hay, cut in 1860

1 neat cattle

2 milch cows

1 sheep

9 yards not full cloth made in 1860

100 pounds of butter made in 1860

It is notable that both Thomas and Joseph resided in District 8, Guysborough County. Since Joseph had no horses and Thomas had four, it can only be assumed that they worked closely together.

Our records indicate that Joseph and Sarah had four children, to date we have located three, John Edward, Annie and Ellen, confirmed by the following Marriage Certificates.

Marriage License Goldenville, December 24, 1869

John Edward Noland 20, bachelor, sailor, of Goldenville, born St. Marys, son of Joseph and Sarah Noland, fisherman, married Margaret Julia Jordain, spinster, Goldenville, daughter of Peter and Sarah Jordain, Ship Carpenter. Witnesses: Margaret Cakerry and George Baker. Clergyman Rev. J.H. Oxford, Church of England. The 1871 Census show John Edwards and Margaret (Jordain) Noland now to be the

parents of two children, Charles age 6 months and Ida May age two years.

Marriage License Goldenville, December 24, 1869

George Byrons, 21, miner, bachelor, Goldenville, born Guysborough, son of Robert and Catherine Byrons, farmer, married Annie Nowlin, 19, spinster, Goldenville, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Nowlin, fisherman. Witnesses: Angus McIsaac and Ellen Nowlin. Clergyman Rev. J.H. Oxford, Church of England.

Note: This is a double wedding ceremony performed on Dec. 24, 1869. The officiating clergyman had the name spelled Noland, Nolan and Nowlin between the two slips. Annie Nowlin signed as such but her brother signed as Noland on his slip.

David born c1789. This man has been difficult to trace. Records indicate he had a 13 year old son in school District 9, Halfway Cove in 1832, so if he was at least 20 when he was married, he would have been at least 33 years at that time, so he would have been born c1789. Since John 2nd and Susannah Hurst were not married until Nov. 16, 1802, he could not have been their son, so he must have been another son of the original John and Margaret Nowland. (District # 9 is the Dover - Canso Area)

What do we know of him, very little. We haven't found any reference to him in the Census of 1860-61, although other records indicate that he had a son Patrick (apparently the one referred to above). As far as we have been able to discern he was the only Nowlan, up to our grandfather's generation, listed in any Church record. He was listed as a Yeoman when he sold land to John Hewit in 1848 and living in Crow Harbour (now Queensport). No doubt there were other members of his family but Patrick Nowlan is the only one we have discovered. We have on hand a copy of a Bill of Sale, it is short so we will write it as recorded.

Know all these presenth that I, Patrick Nowlan, of Melford, in the County of Guysborough, yeoman for and in consideration of the sum of torty pounds of lawful money of the province of Nova Scotia to me in hand, well and truly paid, at or upon deliverance, witness by these presenth, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged have bargained, sold and delivered to Patrick Bradlow of Melford aforesaid, seventeen nets, one whaleboat, one flat bottom boat, one cow and calf, and all accessories belonging to the above nets. To have and To Hold, the said whaleboat, etc. unto the said Patrick Bradlow, his heirs and assigns, to his or their proper use, benefit forever. Witness thereof I have delivered, granted this 29th day of June 1855.

Witness, Bill of Sale

This Bill of Sale is signed by his x mark
Granted July 3, 1855.

Patrick Nowlan, Loyalist Settler.

By William Morris, Registrar Guysborough, Vol L -pp 381

Sarah as yet no records have been found for Sarah, it is possible she may have died that first winter at the Mount, when we are told that the situation was so desperate that one third of the original Loyalist settlers did not survive. Incidentally there is an old burial ground at Stormont but unfortunately there being no stone carvers among the Loyalists, no headstones exist.

John 2nd, son of John and Margaret Nowland.

Since our Branch of the family descend from son John, who we will refer to in future as John 2nd, we have a fairly complete record of his family. John 2nd married Susannah Hurst on November 16, 1802, she was the daughter of Samuel Hurst, a member of the disbanded 60th Regiment, who drew land along Chedabucto Bay. It appears she was of German extraction. It shows from Land Transfer Deeds, etc. that John 2nd moved to this area, as this is the area where Susannah's family settled. Statistics indicate that his family consisted of:

- 1. John W. born c1806, married Eleanor Diggdom, Aug. 7, 1826.
- 2. Elizabeth Mary, born c1808, of whom we have no record.
- 3. James C. born c1812, of whom we have no record.
- 4. Abigail, born 1821, married John Hendsbee March 1, 1843.
- Julianna, born c1823, of whom we have a record because she signed a total abstince document in 1843.
 - 6. Jane, born c1829, married William Ryter, moved to U.S.
- John 3rd. born c1831 died 1918, from whom our family descended. He is the grandfather with whom our father resided in his youth.

Note: John 3rd, his family will be listed in our family tree.

As we were about to go to press, we have received information which indicates that our branch of the Nowlan's originated in Killane, County of Wexford, Ireland. Now this is close by Bunclody of which Aulden Nowlan writes in the Atlantic Insight in our first chapter, all of which area in ancient times was under the control of O'Nuallain Mor, one of Ireland's 300 Kings.

The following is taken directly from the Township of Stormont Record Book 1784 - 1810.

"Articles of Agreement made and concluded upon between Charles McIntyre, of one part: John Nowland of the other.

That I, Charles McIntyre doth agree to Exchange a Town Lot in Stormont known by the title of No. 2 with the above mention John Nowland for a Lot No. 16 in the aforesaid town. Given under my hand this 28 June, 1784.

Charles McIntyre

Witness: John Campbell"

From the Acadian Recorder Saturday, 13 September, 1828 edition: Married 11 September at St. Peter's Church - Thomas M'Carty and Mary, daughter of late Thomas Nolan, Killane, Ireland.

From the Acadian Recorder Sat. 25 Sept. 1824
Married 20 Sept. (Halifax Journal 19 Sept.) by Rev. J. Carrel, Mr.
John Knowland and Miss Sarah M'Farland.

From the Acadian Recorder Sat. 2 Jan. 1830 Died 2 Jan. Mrs. Catharine Nowlan, 99 years, from Ireland.

From the Acadian Sat 5 Oct. 1839
Married 17 Sept. at Boston: George Drutt, London and Miss Ann
Nolin, Halifax.

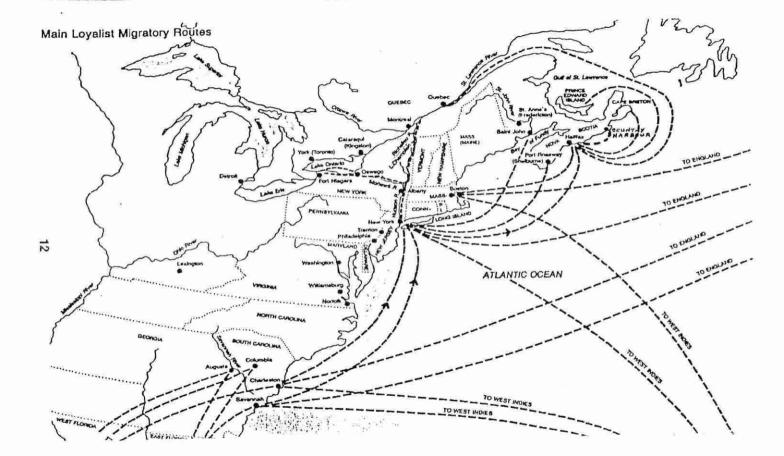
From the Acadian Recorder Sat. 9 Nov. 1827
Married 7 Nov. by Rev. M. Willis, Richard Tucker and Miss
Rebecca Knowlan, both of Halifax.

The Acadian Recorder was published in Halifax 1813 - 1830. Now time does not permit me to endeavour to link the above, with the exception of the first item, with our family. I have supplied it as recorded for the record.

Received word from Clarence A. Knowlan, Farmington, Maine which is interesting. Alfred, who was Lydia's brother, and would be our father's uncle, went to Maine in 1911. He was accompanied by four sons: Elias, John, James and George, also four daughters: Retta, Jane, Ann and Elizabeth. George was the father of this Clarence, who tells me there is only one brother and a cousin now living. Two daughters remained in Guysborough County. Martha who married Alan Jamieson and Laurella who married Hiram Hendsbee, Jr.

Chapter 2

United Empire Loyalists



United Empire Loyalists

During the American Revolution, thousands of men in Britains North American colonies enlisted in what were called Provincial Corps of the British Army, which were similar to numbered British Regulars of toot. The more popular name for a Provincial Corps was Loyalist Regiment. Corps of Provincial Troops were based wherever the British regular army was in control, and they took part in many expeditions and raids into the parts of the American colonies that were controlled by the rebels.

Although some refugees reached Nova Scotia early in the war (1776 - 1783) the main exodus to Nova Scotia, amounting to between 30,000 and 40,000 people, began with the sailing of the "Spring Fleet" from New York City on April 26, 1783 which was under the control of the British until late in November 1783. Sent to Nova Scotia were Provincials of the Central Department, who had served in the Carolinas including the Kings Carolina Rangers in which John Nowland served. Also included were British Regulars who wished to settle in Nova Scotia because their regiments were being reduced, as well as many civilians. For this journey men who had not been in the Provincial Corps were organized into Militia Companies under specially appointed officers, and accompanied by their families. Though in Militia Companies, these men were still civilians and did not have the same status as Disbanded Provincials and Regulars.

So now we know the route which took so many months for the Carolina Regiments to reach Country Harbour, was from Charleston, North Carolina to New York City where considerable delay was experienced, although the city was crowded, food and lodgings scarce, and then on to Halifax, another unacceptable stop on to the wilderness of Country Harbour.

Although I have studied many histories of the Loyalists Settlements in Quebec and Nova Scotia (the then Canada), with the exception of that of Lillian V. Salsman's Books, we have never found any writing on Stormont. Even then, Miss Salsman made no attempt to deal with that first winter of the Carolina Regiments in Country Harbour. In fact, nowhere have we found a detailed account of their existence between the year 1783 when they arrived until their little village was destroyed by the gales of 1811.

However, we did find a written description that could very well fill the gap, so that future generations would know the calibre of people from whom they descended. A settler writes:

"At first we lived in a tent. We had rations given to us by the British Government, flour, butter and pork, etc. tools were also given to

the men. Our site was wooded, first trees had to be felled, cut and burned to make room for our log cabin, a one room hut. At first there was no floor or chimney, a hole in the roof sufficed, but we did have a roof and a fire to survive by. Eventually a floor was laid of split pine and a ledge built higher up for sleeping, a chimney was built of sticks and stones and plastered with clay. There were no stoves then, all food was cooked in dutch ovens. In those days there were no matches either, lighting a fire was not easy, if embers could not be borrowed from a neighbour, sparks could be made with a knife and flint to ignite dry grass, etc., or sufficient heat could be generated by friction of two dry sticks rubbed together. Most settlers tried to keep their fires going but this too could be a hazard, in some cases destroying their own hut, trees and even their neighbour's hut."

An urgent necessity was a latrine, at first just a hole in the ground with a pole across it at a height convenient for all, as soon as time permitted this was closed in with a shelter of sorts. The next priority was a bed, these were at first crudely constructed of poles with mattresses of balsam fir boughs or any other suitable material at hand. Bear skins made excellent blankets, as did smaller skins sewn together. Next came a rough hewn cupboard, a table made from a suitable stump and benches cut from fallen trees. Most cooking utensils, knives, etc. were supplied by the government, or brought along from home by the settlers. Cups and bowls for table use were hewed from wood.

Now clearing land for crops began, first the underwoods or brush cleared, then large trees were cut, (up to four feet at the base) and again cut into lengths to be burnt, smoke was everywhere. Some settlers girdled trees, (a one inch notch cut around the trunk) cutting of the sap flow. In a year or so the trees died, gradually decayed, or could be cut for fire wood to heat the huts. As oxen were not then available stumps were left to rot, this took several years, so crops were sown among them. Two expert woodsmen could fell a tree in less than thirty minutes and clean an acre in less than a week. A single man without experience would take more than a week to fell and clear away one tree. The wood also had to be burned and the land prepared for planting.

Access to drinking water and transportation was a priority. At first all travel was by water, later trails were blazed through the forest, as time permitted a trail was cut so that the settlers could communicate.

Eventually the huts became overcrowded, larger cabins were built, proper door and windows installed, an attic was provided for storage and an extra room added. In time some men obtained the equipment and sawmills were created, now squared lumber and boards were available, so proper buildings could be attempted. Storage cellars were dug outside or under the floor, fish were caught and salted,

eventually smoked. When available venison was salted or dried for storage, all eatable berries picked and preserved. All this time crops had to be attended, those fortunate obtained an oxen (cows and horses were beyond their means), a few chickens and rabbits were raised for food.

On page 154 Hart writes: "The finest harbour in the county west of Whitehaven is Country Harbour. It is navigable for the largest ships eight miles from its entrance, and beyond this the river runs yet twelve miles further, affording a passage for boats and having several mills upon its banks".

The earliest inhabitants of Country Harbour were the Micmac Indians, this is indicated by numerous Micmac names, some of which still survive, such as "Moukodome", now known as Cape Mocodome which lies a short distance outside the entrance of Country Harbour.

The first recorded white settlers to this area was in 1607. History states Capt. Savalet of St. Jean de Lux, France had sixteen men at Country Harbour engaged in fishing, he had made more than forty voyages to and from France and had prospered greatly. The first grants of land given on the west side were to Messrs Binney, Cochran and Green, reputedly officers in the forces of General Wolfe, (1759 - 1760), however there is little evidence that they ever resided there.

The first permanent settlers, therefore, were the United Empire Loyalists, (Websters dictionary defines Loyalists as persons who are loyal to the government in time of revolt).

At the end of the American Revolution in 1783, the peace settlement at Paris was a disaster for the Kings Men, the loyal Colonists, the British Troops and their fellow Mercenaries, who were stripped of all properties and driven from the land. Many were in New York, Charleston and St. Augustine waiting for ships to carry them to Halifax and a new home. Eventually many came to Country Harbour and Chedabucto, (Phillips Harbour, Half Island Cove, and elsewhere along the coast of Nova Scotia).

Wallace Brown in his book "The Good Americans" estimates that nearly a hundred thousand Loyalists of the American Revolution fled from the United States. A few returned to Great Britain, the Germans drifted back to their homeland, some Loyalists settled in the Caribbean, but about half the total number in 1783 ended up in what became the confederated Dominion of Canada (1867), many going to Quebec and Ontario.

Sir Guy Carleton, for whom the town and county of Guysborough is named, and his Commissionaire General Brook Watson were responsible for placing the Loyalists in a new land, he proved to be their protector and defender. In 1789 Sir Guy Carleton ruled that all those who had joined the Royal Standard before 1783 Paris Peace Treaty should,

together with their descendants, be given a "Mark of Honor". This consisted of the right to affix the letters U.E. (United Empire Loyalists) to their names, this distinction was greatly treasured.

Guy Carleton was born in Straham, Ireland on September 3, 1724 and died in England in November 1808. During his long career in public service, of all Englishmen he was the leading authority on British North American affairs. One of the great statesmen of the British Empire he did not receive the publicity or fame warranted.

He began as Quartermaster General under his friend General James Wolfe (under Field Marshall Jeffrey Amherst) at Louisbourg. He was wounded at Quebec in 1759 when both General Wolfe and General Joseph Montcalm Gazon were killed.

His career in British North America spanned the period from the capture of Fort Louisbourg in 1768 until 1796. Because of his fair and astute statesmanship in dealing with the vanquished French he endeared himself to the French who supported him in 1775 - 1776. By this support he defended Quebec successfully against Benedict Arnold and Richard Montgomery in their attempt to capture it for the thirteen colonies. Montgomery was killed at Quebec, Dec. 31st, 1775 and Quebec was saved for the Crown.

In 1782 Sir Guy Carleton was made Commander-in-Chief of all British Forces in North America where he remained until the Treaty of Paris was signed on Sept. 3, 1783. In 1786 he was returned to British North America as Baron Dorchester. He was Governor in series of all British North America, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec.

Sir Guy Carleton has had few if any peers as Commanding Generals, Governors, Statesmen or Public Servant with equal understanding and thoughtful sympathy for people involved in wars, both as the vanquished and the victors. His role as the protector and defender of the Loyalists was outstanding; without Sir Guy Carleton, the fate of the Loyalists would have been more bleak and awesome, if possible, than it proved to be.

In 1796 he insisted upon being relieved of his position so that he could retire, he was 72 years of age.

Caught up in all this were the remnants of the three Southern Regiments: The Kings Carolina Rangers, the North Carolina Regiment and the South Carolina Royalists. All the officers and the men were given the opportunity to embark on the transports to Halifax, Nova Scotia, but not all choose to do so. Those who did left St. Augustine, Florida sometime after April 26, 1783.

The Kings Carolina Rangers were organized in June 1779 under Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Brown, a native of Augusta, Georgia, and a noted Loyalist. The Regiment consisted of nine

infantry companies and a troop of dragoons, with a maximum strength of four hundred in all ranks.

In June 1782, Captain Joseph Marshall and Ensign Lafford Waldron, who served in the Georgia Loyalists, transferred with their companies to the Kings Carolina Rangers. Both of these officers acquired land in Country Harbour, and along with a considerable number of King's Carolina Rangers stationed in St. Augustine, at the wars end, elected to disband in favour of Nova Scotia.

The Royal North Carolina Regiment. Sometimes called the North Carolina Regiment, was organized in 1770 under Lieutenant Col. John Hamilton. There were eight companies in the regiment with a maximum strength of five hundred in all ranks. The regiment was mustered at St. Augustine on April 26, 1783, and a large detachment came to Nova Scotia to be disbanded.

The South Carolina Royalists were also known as the South Carolina Regiment. It was raised in 1778 under Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Innes. While it began entirely infantry, the South Carolina Royalists were reorganized in 1781 as one infantry company and nine cavalry troops, making a strength of four hundred men in all ranks.

This regiment saw considerable service in Georgia and the Carolinas. It was strengthened by the addition of the South Carolina Rangers to it in April 1782. The Rangers were organized by Major John Harrison around June 4, 1780. In 1783 at the war's end, the South Carolina Royalists revered to an infantry regiment stationed in St. Augustine. Only a small fraction of this regiment desired to migrate to Nova Scotia to be disbanded.

In her book "Homeland Country Harbour" Volume 3, Page 114 L.V. Salsman writes: The east side of Country Harbour was settled on Christmas Eve, 1783 when Empire Loyalists, remnants of the three above mentioned Carolina Regiments, disembarked with their families from the transport NYMPH in a snowstorm to take possession of lands which his Majesty George III granted them in lieu of estates left behind in the sunny South.

Counting both men, women and children, both white and black, the number of persons who originally came to Country Harbour included 900 souls. A copy of the Wright Grant gives names of all men involved and the amount of land each was to receive when the Town of Stormont was to be laid out on the east side of Country Harbour in May 1784.

Being from a very warm climate, they suffered greatly the first winter. However, they went to work, trees were felled and log huts built. They had been turnished by the government with food for three years, garden seeds and the necessary tools. Voyages to Nova Scotia were

dangerous, especially when taken in the fall or early winter. The NYMPH and the supply ship bringing lumber for house construction met serious storms in route. The supply ship was blown so far off course that it arrived late and depleted of cargo lost at sea.

In the end Governor Parr of Nova Scotia found himself with more than 30,000 refugees from whom to find a home, these refugees had arrived at Halifax in British Ships from the American Colonies. Among them were many negroes who fought on the side of the British. Some came to Country Harbour where they found the climate and living conditions very difficult. In 1792 Thomas Peters, a former sergeant in the "Black Pioneers" led many of his black regiment to Sierra Leona in West Africa, where they were of great assistance in forming this colony.

The question is repeatedly asked: Why were the southerners sent into a northern wilderness at that time of winter without provision being made for their shelter? Why did they not spend the winter in Halifax? The answer is that Halifax was swarming with refugees from the American Revolution. No tents were available in Halifax, earlier refugees had already set up meager shelters in the streets, and the people had to fight for sufficient food. The new arrivals from the NYMPH could not be accommodated and they were not wanted. Their commanding officers therefore considered it better to press on to their destination at Country Harbour. Battling the northern wilderness of ice and snow seemed preferable to spending a winter of bedlam in the overcrowded city. The weather that winter was bitterly cold. Freshets followed deep snow, spring arrived late. Many hardships brought havoc among the settlers and it is said that three hundred died that first winter. It is a miracle that our ancestor John Knowland survived and lived to be a father of additional children.

These helpless immigrants were buried in the cemetery on the commons. The settlers lack of materials and stone carvers precluded any efforts being made to provide memorial monuments of tombstones at that time.

Since John Knowland served with the King's Carolina Rangers, we will now list the members of this regiment who drew land in the Wright Grant at Country Harbour on June 4th, 1784 when the town of Stormont was surveyed. They had arrived there and landed on what is known as the Mount on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1783.

Major Sir James Wright & family Lieut Daniel Ellis & family Ensign Benjamin Douglass & F. Ephraim Clyburn & family Sergeant James Dobbins James Ballentine

John Knowland & family George Sanders Thomas Jessop James Brooks & family Black Peter William Morris & family John Hamilton John Phinney Mr. Cameron & family Sqt. William Hopkins William Stuard Charles Gallihow Benjamin Lindsay Sqt. Armstead Mills & F. Capt Joseph Marshall & F. Abraham Upham & F. John William Thomas Young Corp. John Owens John Phinney Charles McIntyre Peter Connor Johathan Holly Henry Boyd George Smith & family John Jarvis Sqt. Thomas Filee & family

Roger Sweeny

Gilbert Yellow William Raymour John Birmingham **Ezekiel Bates** James Hopkinson Ensign Lifford Waldron & F. Lieut Archibald Cameron Thomas Beny Sqt. John Campbell & F. Christian Hilsendagon Sot. Jacob Fenton John Stephenson Corp. Roger Boyle John Lawrence Gamaliel Haves Thomas Bates Corp. Cook & family Marmaduke Crozer Bartholewmew Slim Lovet Thorogood William Redmond William Thomas

This group also included 11 women, 6 children under ten, 3 children over ten, two of which were - John Knowland II and his sister Sarah Knowland. There were seven others listed as servants for the officers and their wives.

The above list is signed by: Capt. Joseph Marshall Lieut. Archibald Cameron

Records show that the NYMPH transported 56 Kings Carolina Rangers, 90 Royal South Carolina Royalists, and 140 Royal Carolina Regiment.

Members of the Carolina Regiments contributed much to the well being of the region in which they settled. John Campbell who had been a Sgt. in the Kings Carolina Rangers taught school for forty years, first at Stormont, then Boylston and Country Harbour. A log school house had been built on the Clam Harbour Road, near the property of the late John J. Marshall. Mr. Campbell lived in this neighbourhood and had charge of the ferry across to Smith's Point as it was then called.

Joseph Marshall who had been a captain in the King's Carolina Rangers moved to Guysborough, was appointed a magistrate, and became custom officer. He was a Colonel in the Militia, spent his last years with his grandson, Judge John George Marshall, when he passed away on June 3, 1848 at the age of 93 years.

The Wright Grant

To All Whom There Present Shall Come Greetings

This document is housed in the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. This document reads:

To J. Parr

From George 3rd, by the grace of God, Britain, France and Ireland. King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

No. 33 dated May 13, 1784 Registered June 27, 1784.

Know ye that we of special grace, certain knowledge and mere notion have given and granted, and by these present for us and our Heirs and Successors, do give and grant unto James Wright, Esq., Captain Joseph Marshall, Capt. John Leggett, Capt. Daniel NcNeil. After naming all the officers and men, and after giving the exact number of acres allotted to each at Country Harbour the Grant continues as follows:

This Grant is bounded and described as containing sixty-six thousand acres. Allowance was made of four thousand seven hundred acres for a "Town Plott, Glebe School and Common" and for all such roads as may hereafter be deemed necessary to pass through the same "and hath such shape, form and marks as appears by a plott hereof and hereunto annexed".

Grantees owned privileges as described "together with all Woods, Timber Trees, Lakes, Ponds, Fishings, Waters and courses, Profits, Commodities, appurtenances & Hereditaments to whatsoever thereunto belonging or in any appertaining, together with privilege of Hunting, Hawking and Fowling, in and upon the same, and Mines, Minerals, saving & reserving to us, our heirs and successors all mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead and Coals ".

The Grant then goes on to specify the terms under which these grants shall remain lawfully in the possession of the grantees. The Terms are as follows:

The grantee must erect on some part of his assigned grant a good dwelling house to be at least twenty feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth, within a three year period from the date of the grant.

Terms further demanded that within a three year period each grantee for every fifty acres of plantable land must clear and work three acres at least in that part thereof as he may judge most convenient and advantageous or else clear and drain three acres of swampy or sunken ground, or drain three acres of marsh, if any such is included therein.

Otherwise if any part of the tract shall be stony or rocky ground

and not fit for planting or pasture, the grantee within the three year period shall begin to employ one good and able hand to work for three years on every fifty acres in digging any stony quarry or mine and it shall be accounted a sufficient cultivation improvement.

After the expiration of ten years from the date stated on the grant, each grantee shall at the Feast of St. Michael every year pay to the King and to his Heirs and Successors or to the Receiver General, for the time being, or to his Deputies yearly at the Feast of St. Michael, at the rate of ten shillings for every hundred acres and so in proportion according to the quantities of acres hereby granted, the same to commence and be payable from the said Feast of St. Michael which shall happen ten years from the date thereof. The document closed with the following statement:

Given under the Great Seal of our Province of Nova Scotia witness our trusty and well beloved John Parr, Esquire, our Captain General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over our said Province this thirteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and eighty-four and in the twenty-fourth year of our Reign.

Signed in Council By His Excellency's Command

Richard Bulkeley. Richard Bulkeley.

John Knowland, his wife Margaret and children John and Sarah received 250 acres in this Wright Grant.

Sir James Wright for whom the Wright Grant was named and who is shown in the muster of 1784 as drawing 1150 acres at Stormont for himself and three servants, apparently did not settle in Country Harbour. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated in England and returned to Charleston where he practiced law. He became Chief Justice, and Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina in May 13, 1760, was appointed Royal Governor of South Carolina in 1764, and was in power at the time of the Revolution. He was rewarded with a baronetcy in 1772, and died in London, November 20, 1785. Wrightsborough, Georgia, was named in his honor.

Chapter 3

Stormont -Country Harbour

Stormont - Country Harbour

Country Harbour is mentioned as early as 1753 in volume VIII of the collection of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, it reads: "In April 1753 two men whose names were John Connor and James Grace arrived at Halifax in an Indian canoe, bringing with them six Indian scalps. They informed the council that they and two others put in a place between Tor Bay and Country Harbour in a schooner, were captured by Indians, two of their companions were murdered; that they had surprised the Indians at night, killed several of them, whose scalps were secured. They then escaped to the seaside, seized a canoe and made their way to Halifax".

Country Harbour includes Country Harbour Lake, Borneo, Cross Roads, Country Harbour Mines, Middle Country Harbour, Stormont and the Post Road extending from what was known as Milard's Place to the head of Isaacs Harbour.

Stormont is located on the east side of Country Harbour on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia. It was named after Lord Stormont, who was Secretary of State 1779-1782 and later Lord President of the Council in the United Kingdom.

Hart notes on Page 219, a return made to Col Edward Winslow in 1785, an estimate of the fish taken, lumber made and the vessels belonging to the Town of Stormont, Nova Scotia for the year 1784 was as follows:

- 78
- 6
- 12
- 800
- 3000
- 50,000
- 50,000
- 30,000

The growth in general is Birch, Beech and Maple of a large size; with a mixture of Pine, Spruce and Hemlock. The above is signed by:

John Lagett, Capt. Late Royal North Carolina Rangers Joseph Marshall, Capt. late King's Carolina Rangers George Dawkins, Capt. late South Carolina Rangers

In 1792 Bishop Charles Inglis reported the inhabitants of Country Harbour have petitioned for a school master. The village is called Stormont, it is 96 miles east of Halifax, there are thirty families, all Loyalists, very industrious and peaceable. They have 67 children fit to go to school. Mr. Matthew Gregg is recommended for the office and will read prayer and a sermon to the inhabitants on Sunday.

In 1797 the Right Rev. Dr. Charles Inglis, the first Bishop of Nova Scotia visited Guysborough County, and his son, Bishop John Inglis visited here in 1827 and again in 1834, at that time he visited the little church at Stormont, which the people had built at their own expense. He commented on the fact that John Campbell who was associated with the Society of the Propogation of the Gospel had conducted services in the little church for many years. His report at that time was "The scattered population of this Harbour amounts to about 270 souls, of these 24 are Roman Catholic, 20 Presbyterians and the remainder belong to the Church of England.

In 1811 a great gale accompanied by extremely high tides ravished the coast of Nova Scotia, and on Stormont a sudden and horrible misfortune fell. The great forests, the source of its chief life, were so ravished that scarcely any timber of value remained, for the winds killed and laid flat the trees.

Great billows covered the Long Beach, and swept off a large quantity of dry codfish which had been piled there, belonging to Mr. Barss of Barrington, who had just returned from a voyage to Labrador. His vessel was anchored in Pompey's Cove, just inside of the beach. The force of the tempest soon upset her as she was light, and one of Mr. Barss's sons was drowned. A white sloop, owned by an Indian, named Propser, left Fox Island with three or four persons on board, but before they gained the harbour the sloop foundered, and all on board were lost. A vessel belonging to a Mr. Cutler also started from Fox Island that morning. She was borne by the waves upon the Long Beach, grounded there, and after the gale subsided was launched off into the harbour. Trees, fences, barns, house roofs were dashing widely about, and above all the din came yet a louder crash, and the people saw to their dismay that the church was a mass of ruins. The people discouraged and disheartened by this disaster, moved away. Some went to Guysborough, others to Halifax and other provincial points, until only a few families remained.

One ambitious Negro, Isaac Webb by name, who lived on the west side of Country Harbour, north of Mount Misery found himself and his family left to fend for themselves when his master decided to flee the Stomont curse. Isaac not wanting to remain in this place of evil and not wishing to go too far from his friends, moved his family to a beautiful harbour two miles to the east of Country Harbour. There he built a home and started to clear land. Isaac worked hard and the years went by, his family grew, with many hands to lighten the toils of the farm. The curse, so evil only a few miles away, had no effect here and the family became quite prosperous. Here also the old Southern Hospitality prevailed and everyone, rich or poor, black or white, was welcomed at the door of the

white farm house with open arms. Isaac Webb lived in peace and harmony with the world and his neighbours, the Micmac Indians, his name was honoured and respected by all who knew of his sincerity and kindness.

Many ships sheltering in the harbour from the storms that would lash the coastline from time to time would purchase fresh provisions from the Webb farm, and the crews of the ships came to know this man as a friend. Whatever names this tranquil little harbour may have been known by before were forgotten and it became simply Isaac's Place until the name Isaac's Harbour was chosen for the little community growing there. The name stands today despite several attempts in the past to have it changed.

In Days of "Long Ago"

They stood upon the wooded hills
Beneath the whispering pines
They blazed the trails for you and me
Across the years of time
Their tools were crude and roughly made
But straight and true the course they laid
Those men of "long ago":

The wooded hills are stripped and scorched The rippling creek is dry
The sun scorched fields lie baked and hard Beneath the summer skies
Deep gutters rut the fertile land
Where once there used to grow
The fields of oats tall as man In days of "long ago".

You tell me of the modern ways
And wondrous works of man
Of doughty deeds you've done yourself
And feats that others can
But are you better men to-day
For all your vaulted show
Than were those hardy pioneers
The men of "long ago".

They had no labour-saving tools With which to ease their load No other help but steadfast strength And bountless faith in God To plough and reap and sow I wonder if we'd do as well As they of "long ago".

Now since members of our family, John Edward and Annie, children of Joseph and Sarah Nowlin were wed in Goldenville, we must assume that they migrated there. Joseph's profession is stated as fisherman, John Edward's as sailor and Annie's husband, George Byrons, as miner. So we will write a short history of Goldenville.

Gold was discovered on August 21, 1861 among the boulders about two miles from Sherbrooke, on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Nelson Nickerson, who had some previous experience with this precious metal began to search and dig in the area of what is now known as "Boulder Lot". After some time others discovered what he was up to and on Oct. 18, 200 men were at work. A survey was carried out and buildings went up. The following spring two wharves were built at the nearest convenient landing opposite Sherbrooke. A road was built to the diggings, houses and stores sprang up and a little town appeared which was named Goldenville. A fine bridge spanned the river to connect with Sherbrooke and a general spirit of enterprise and activity prevailed.

The Good Templers erected a hall in 1867, which was also used as a church, the Presbyterian Minister from Sherbrooke and the Methodist Minister from Country Harbour holding services there. An Orange Lodge was formed in 1868 and a hall was built for the society in 1869. The lower story of the building was used as a school-room. The "Hiram" Masonic Lodge established in 1869, built a temple that same year.

A Roman Catholic Church was built in 1871. It is interesting to note that among the companies mining at Goldenville were the New Glasgow Gold Mining Company and the Stellarton Gold Mining Company.

About this time gold was discovered in Isaac's Harbour and other areas and the Guysborough Gold Rush was on, to peter out about 1896. Renewed efforts have been made to revive abondoned mines in many areas of Guysborough County in later years without too much success.

Land Transfer Deeds

Previously we have mentioned Land Transfer Deeds as supplied by Wayne L. Nowlan, after decipering them, don't forget some of them are over two hundred years old and are faint, you will realize that it is impossible to detail them all. However we will detail (copy) the earliest and the one we consider the most important as it contains the beautiful script like writing and signature of our earliest forefather to settle in Canada. This was an educated man, in an era when most of his contemporaries signed with an X. So here is his first land transaction after arriving in Country Harbour. We should all be proud that we descended from such a man.

This indenture made this twenty sixth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty five, between John Brimagan, late of the King's Carolina Rangers, but now of the county of Sydney and Province of Nova Scotia, of the one part and John Nowland of the county and province aforesaid of the other part witnesseth that the said John Brimagan for and in consideration of the sum of three pounds sterling, to him the said John Brimagan in hand paid by the said John Nowland doth hereby confirm and acknowledge and thereof and from every part thereof does acquit, exonorate and discharge to said John Nowland by these presentth he the said John Brimagan hath given, granted, bargained, sold released and confirmed and by these presents doth give, grant, bargain, sell, release and confirm unto said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns forever all the tract of one hundred acres of land, No. 15 in Nova Scotia as will more fully appear by the patent bearing date, the twelfth day of May, one thousand seven hundred and eight-four, being a part of sixty six thousand acres of land granted to the Kings Carolina Rangers, the South Carolina Rangers and the Royal North Carolina Regiment and all yards, gardens, trees, woods, underwoods, ways, waters and water courses therein contained and all profits commodated here ditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining either in equity or in law of him, the said John Brimagan or heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns in or to the land or premises with the appurtenances and every part thereof and also the reverse and revision, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and services there and all the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of him the said John Brimagan or his heirs or assigns of in or to the land or premises with the appurtenances therein belonging or in anywise appertaining to have and to hold the said 100 acres of land with the appurtenances and every part thereof to the only proper use and behavior of him the said John Nowland, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, free and clear of and from all encumbrances whatsoever, the guit rents or services, to grow due or payable for and in respect of the premises only excepted and the said John Brimagan for himself and his heirs doth further covenant and grant to and with said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns that it shall and may be lawful for the said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns to have, hold, occupy, profit and enjoy the land and premises without any interruption claim or demand of him the said John Brimagan, his heirs or any other person or persons whatsoever and the said John Brimagan for himself, his heirs and assigns, the track of one hundred acres of land with the appurtenances unto the said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns will warrant and forever defend of all persons whatsoever. In witness whereof the said John Brimagan hath and also the reverse and reversion, remainder and remainders, rents. issues and services thereof and all the estate, title, interest claim and demand of him the said John Brimagan or his heirs, assigns of in or to the land or premises with the appurtenances there onto belonging or anywise appertaining. To hath and to hold the said one hundred acres of land with the appurtenances and every part thereof to the only proper use and behavior of him the said John Nowland, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns forever, free and clear off and from all encumbrances whatsoever, the guit rent or services to grow due or payable for and in respect of the premises only excepted and the said John Brimagan for himself and his heirs doth further covenant and grant to and with the said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns that it shall and may be lawful for the said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns to have, hold, occupy, profit and enjoy the land and premises without any interruption, claim or demand of him the said John Brimagan, his heirs and other person or persons whatsoever and the said John Brimagn for himself and his heirs and assigns, tract of one hundred acres of land with the appurtenances unto the said John Nowland, his heirs and assigns will warrant and forever defend of all persons whatsoever. In witness whereof the said John Brimagan has here onto set his hand and seal the day and year above written.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of:

witness: John Campbell his mark X Ephram Clyburn

his mark X John Brimagan L.S.

Note: John Campbell was a sargeant in the Kings Carolina Rangers who drew land at Country Harbour on June 4, 1784. Ephraim Clyburn and family are listed among the Kings Carolina Rangers who also drew land at Country Harbour on June 4, 1784. It is significant to note the following at the bottom of this Deed signed by "John Nowland"-

Know all men who it may concern that I have bargained and sold to Stephen Saunders my full right of the within deed of land for four pounds, this currency, August 1st, 1791.

This document is signed by the beautiful signature.

John Nowland

Now there can be no doubt of the proper spelling of our name. Deed, Guys Vol B, page 85.

The next Land Deed we will outline took place in 1806 No 2 when John Nowland sold land to James Morris, it is described as a certain part or tract of land, situated and lying on the north side of Country Harbour River, being the lower part of Lot No. 15 containing 200 acres, more or less, which said lot was originally laid out to the above John Nowland. References to the Wright Plan Grant and survey for a more particular description. Since John had been granted 250 acres, we will assume that he retained 50 acres. Now James Morris operated a sawmill at Country Harbour, probably on this land since it was at the river side. In any case he was the first Superintendent of Sable Island, had been appointed in 1801, he was very conscientious, his health failed and after making a third visit to his Mill in Country Harbour in May of 1808, he returned to Sable Island and passed away on October 29, 1808, shortly after his return. His wife and son who accompanied him to Sable Island, returned to their home in Country Harbour. This Deed is signed by John Nowland (L.S.), it is witnessed by Benjamin Douglas and Alex Rattney. Certified by Thomas Cutler.

Deed Guys Book C, page 385

No. 3 John Melison sold land to John Nowland Junior, 10th day of July 1809, described as a certain tract of land situated and lying on the south side of Chedabucto Bay and being the same lot that John Melison purchased from John Greencorn which was his original land grant. This Deed is signed by his mark X

John Melison (L.S.

Signed, sealed, in the presence of Thomas Cutler, Caroline Cutler Guysborough Deeds 1810, Book D, page 18.

- No. 4 John Nowland Jr. purchased land from Herman Dieckhoff. Unfortunately we do not have a copy of this Deed but can refer you to (Book D 1810 Chedabucto South, Pg. 20)
- No. 5 John Nowland sold land to Robert and Thomas Cutler on July 2, 1830. Land was at Halfway Cove lying on the south side of Chedabucto Bay in the lower district of the County of Sydney; bounded on the east by lot number 23, on the south by ungranted land, on the west by lands owned by Thomas Cutler and on the north by waters of

Chedabucto Bay, containing 300 acres more or less.

Guysborough Deeds, Book F page 475, 1834, Halfway Cove.

No. 6 David Knowlan sold land to John Hewit. This Deed for land and property, dated March 26, 1848, between David Knowland of Crow Harbour, and John Newitt of Isaac's Harbour for the sum of 30 pounds is described as follows: --- on the south by Country Harbour Bay, on the west by the estate of the late John Campbell, on the north by the estate of the late John Campbell, now in possession of James Holly. It contains 500 acres more or less and is the lot of land formerly granted to John Knowland and Thomas Fitz. This land appearently was inherited from the original John Knowland as the following is inscribed. "David Knowland is and now stands seized of a good and sufficient estate of inheritance in fee simple of the land and premises and good right and title and lawful power and authority to sell".

Registered April 1, 1848 This Deed is signed by his Alexander Manson, J.P. mark X David Knowlan and Robert Hartshorne
Guysborough Deeds, Book 1 page 49, 1848 Isaac's Harbour

No. 7 John and Eliza Knowland sold land to Elizabeth Greencorn. John Knowland of Phillips Harbour and his wife Eliza on the one part and Elizabeth Greencorn of Phillips Harbour of the other part, Witness: John Knowland and Eliza Knowland in consideration of the sum of 30 pounds sold to Elizabeth Greencorn a tract of land on which John Knowland has for several years resided. Bounded as follows, on the north by the old public road, on the east by lands owned by George Greencorn and on the west by lands of Thomas Greencorn. This Deed is a bit confusing and is condensed, it is signed by:

Witnessed by:

John Ehler his X mark John Knowland L.S.

Arthur Ehler her X mark Eliza Knowland L.S.

Registered by William Moir, October 9, 1860

Guysborough Deeds, Book 0, page 106, 1860 Phillips Harbour

- No. 8 John Knowland (ats) Wm. Hart Deed not available (V4 Book U, page 27, 1874)
- No. 9 John Knowland (ats) Peter Manley (Book U, page 288, 1874)
- No. 10 John Knowland to Peter Manley, Jan. 7, 1890. This seems to be further action on Deed No. 9, it is entered as Indenture and

is signed by William S. Peart, on Jan. 9, 1904. It is entered in Guysborough deeds, Volume 12, page 307.

The above Deeds are listed to denote location of family members in early years and to avoid duplication of research by further generations.

Bicentennial of Country Harbour

In the fall of 1983 Country Harbour reached her Bicentennial of permanent settlement. by the Loyalists, the Carolina Regiments and their wives and families, who arrived at the Mount on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1783. Commemorating this two hundred years of settlement began with a public assembly at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon July 31st, when more than a thousand descendants of the Loyalists and friends coming from all parts of Canada and the United States, gathered together with the residents of Country Harbour, at the original landing sight on Mount Misery.

Since much of the area of this first settlement had been overgrown with forest, the local citizens worked hard to restore it to it's original state. This took research and a great deal of labour but resulted in outstanding results at Leggett's Landing and the Common. After trees and underbush had been cleared, a replica wharf was constructed, a general store erected just above the wharf. A log cabin was built on the steep path leading up the hill to a new earth road. This road which was built for automobiles was one and a half miles long extending from the main highway in Stormont to the top of the steep hill above the Common (unfortunately this road has deteriored greatly, we tried to drive in during August 1989 and had to back most of the way out). We are told that the old Cemetery connected to the Commons had been cleared.

At 2 p.m. Sunday, July 31st, a group of Loyalists descendants in period costume arrived off the site in the schooner "Airlie" and were rowed ashore in wooden boats to join the people already gathered, many of whom were also in period costume.

Mr. Clifford Hudson, Master of Ceremonies, co-ordinated the program. The festivities continued with everyone singing "God Save the King" just as the first settlers had done. Then Sandy Greenburg sang the Loyalist Bicentennial Song "Sail to Nova Scotia". The Union Jack was raised by Katie (Fenton) Hodgson, aged 94, a fifth generation Loyalist, with the assistance of John Hayne and Walter Hines, also Loyalist descendants. The platform guests were then introduced, these included the Rt. Rev. Leonard Fraser Hatfield, Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mr. & Mrs. Sandy Cameron, Fisher Hudson, Mrs. Gillis and John

Perry, Representatives of the Halifax Headquarters of the Nova Scotia Loyalist Association, plus the entertainers.

The entertainers included the Old Timer's Band, the Upper Big Tracadie Loyalist Baptist Choir (descendants of Black Loyalists who originally settled in Country Harbour) and the Antigonish Barbershop Quartet. An ecumenical service of Thanksgiving for 200 years of Loyalist Heritage was conducted by Bishop Hatfield, followed by a Communion Service.

The Loyalist Monument was unveiled by Dalton Hudson, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. William Gallen and Charlotte (Hudson) Sangster, and blessed by Bishop Hatfield. The Plaque on the field stone monument reads:

Dedicated
To The United Empire Loyalists
Who Settled Here In 1783
Erected by Their Descendants in 1983
Salsman Book I, page 248

Chapter 4

The Chedabucto Area

The Chedabucto Area

The entire coast of Nova Scotia is both rugged and beautiful, nowhere more picturesque than the fishing villages on the south side of Chedabucto Bay. Let's take a short drive along this scenic route.

After crossing the bridge at Boylston we drive along the estuary of the Guysborough River, formerly known as Milford Haven, eventually reaching the shire town of Guysborough, so called in honor of Sir Guy Carleton due to his efforts to help the United Empire Loyalists in this new land. Guysborough, once Chedabucto, (and briefly Manchester) has a long and interesting history. It is a small town in a charming setting beside beautiful quiet waters. It is the municipal centre of a large rural district, it serves the people around in many ways, court and legal matters, registry of land titles, seat of municipal Government, assessments and tax collections, school administrations and educational centre as well as a meeting point for political gatherings. It is also the local centre for provincial and federal services, transportation, forestry, health and community services, postal and customs, R.C.M.P. and others.

Further along this scenic route we arrive at Halfway Cove, from whence we can look across the beautiful waters of Chedabucto Bay, a distance of about six miles to Port Shoreham. Still further along to the right lies the entrance to the Strait of Canso and the railway town of Mulgrave, once a ferry terminal to Port Hawkesbury on Cape Breton Island.

In the year of 1955 the Angus L. MacDonald Causeway was built further up the strait, much to the pleasure of the travelling Cape Bretoners and the tourist traffic, which much enriched the entire area of Cape Breton. The building of this causeway was very detrimental to the former migration of many species of fish, much desired and needed to support the livelihood of many fishermen of the Chedabucto area.

Now we move on to Queensport, a very important village to the fishermen of Guysborough County, it was here the fish plants were located to which they daily took their catches. Other fish plants collected fish from the fishermen of each cove or harbour with boats known as Smacks.

In the early days Lunenburg schooners who were fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland used to arrive at Queensport under full sail to purchase squid for bait. The schooners would arrive from Lunenburg with their two man dory crews, sail to the banks, set their trawls there, and stood by while the dory men hauled their trawls, and returned aboard. The catches were cleaned, split and salted down in the hold below deck. With the holds partly filled, they would run out of bait.

Under full sail (no engine) they came to Queensport for bait, at least once a season and returned to the Banks again, until fully loaded with fish they returned home to Lunenburg Harbour. One of these vessels was the original Bluenose, under the command of Capt. Angus Walters.

This man, a fabulous sailor who I have never heard spoken of other than as Captain Angus Walters of the Bluenose, is now a legend. Here was a vessel built to fish on the Grand Banks which she did with great success, and then return to her home port of Lunenburg, get cleaned up and go out and beat boat after boat that our American cousins built for the express purpose of racing. Was it the ship or the man? We shall never know. Unfortunately I was too young to sail on the original Bluenose (yes, she also made excursion trips out of Halifax). If my memory serves me right I believe my brother Leith mentioned doing so.

However, when it came time to build her replica, the Bluenose II, I was Johnie on the spot, making a number of trips to Lunenburg to watch and photograph her construction, one day a worker let me take his cutting tool and chip away at her side, such things are dreams made of. At the day of her launching Kirby was on the spot early, he had spent the night in his Austin. He was equipped with both a movie and 10 mm camera, he went to work, we can now launch and unlaunch (return to the shed) her at random. We also have some of the chocks she slid out on.

Now what I am getting around to saying is that Frances and I were on board when she made her first excursion voyage out of Halifax. As we cleared the harbour, the words rang out "Hoist the Sails". I will never forget the snap as she caught the wind, leaned over and took off. Since then I have travelled far but I believe this was one of the greatest thrills of my life. Who says we Nowlans don't have sait in our blood. (Letter confirming reservations is on next page.)

On occasion there has been more than twenty sailing schooners, lying in Queensport waiting to secure bait and return to the Banks. Should you ever wish to see one of these great sailing vessels, visit the Theresa E. Conner at the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic in Lunenburg.

There are two fish plants at Queensport, both subsidized by the Federal Government in those years. Wages were low, as little as 15¢ per hour for plant workers, haddock prices fell as low as 50¢ per hundred weight (that is 1/2¢ per pound). In return for their fish the fishermen were given a due bill for credit at the company store. At the end of the fishing season, if the return from the catches balanced the amount of the fisherman's purchases for gear, household goods, etc. it was considered a good year.





Bluenose [[

OLAND & SON LIMITED . 1475 HOLLIS STREET . HALIFAX . NOVA SCOTIA . CANADA CABLE ADDRESS "OLANDRON" HALIFAX . TELES NUMBER DIS-25103 . AREA CODE 808 . TELEPHONE 428-7501

July 7, 1969

Mr. Alfred W. Nowlan 505 Nelson Street New Glasgow, N. S.

Dear Mr. Nowlan:

This is to confirm your request to book two reservations on board the BLUENOSE 11 for July 15, as mentioned in your letter of July 5, 1969.

Your tickets are being held at our ticket office upon your arrival, at which time they can be paid for.

I am enclosing a brochure, which was sent to all tourist bureaus, which I presume you will find most informative. Should you have any further questions, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours very truly,

(Mrs.) Edith E. Smith Secretary to Don J. Oland

ces/encl.

Now we move on to Phillips Harbour where the remains of several houses and stores (fishing shacks) were found by the early British. They had evidently belonged to the French. This is the area which is most important to us. The beach known as Phillips Harbour is really a unique cove. This cove, with a beautiful gravel covered beach, is in the form of a half circle, with sheltering headlands on both sides of its entrance. On the eastern point is the homeland of the Rhynolds.

In my youth the centre of this cove, nearest the road was lined with fisherman's shacks (known as stores) where they kept all their fishing gear. It was here that my father spent his youth until leaving around 1917 to migrate to Pictou County. At that time he had become proficient with the many tasks of maintaining this gear, even to the extent of knitting nets.

One of the big surprises of my early teens was when he arrived home with balls of twine, sat down and whittled a net needle and proceeded to knit a large net for one of his fellow workers at the mine. I guess it's like swimming or bicycle riding, once learned, never forgotten.

It is believed that both the village and Phillips Harbour, (the cove) were named for General Richard Phillips, governor of Nova Scotia after 1717, who visited Canso in 1723 to look over its fortifications. He thought that it (Canso) and the islands nearby would become the greatest port in America, of course this didn't come to pass.

However in 1784 elements of the Sixtieth Regiment (Royal Americans) who had fought in Georgia and St. Augustine, and the Duke of Cumberland's Montague Corps drew land on both sides of Milford Haven (Guysborough River). Cumberland's regiment was most fortunate drawing lots on the east side of the river, a land suitable for mixed farming and stock raising. The 60th Regiment was less fortunate drawing land on the west side of the river, with town lots at Guysborough and remote holdings reaching eastwards towards Canso, as far as Half Island Cove, this area of course includes Phillips Harbour. After investigation it was discovered that the generous outlying area lay as many as fifteen miles away, with only the open waters of the Bay as a means of getting there. It was a tough winter and many settlers didn't survive, many who did left the area, but a few choose to remain at or near Phillips Harbour.

We have reason to believe that Samuel Hurst of the 60th Regiment who drew land on the south side of Chedabucto Bay remained somewhere in the general area as his daughter Susannah, born early in 1784, eventually married John Knowland II, son of John I and Margaret, on Nov. 16, 1802. Apparently John II must have migrated to this area of Phillips Harbour as this is where his son, John III (1831-1918) who married Elizabeth Greencorn resided. He would be my father's

grandfather.

There were several methods of catching fish. A few fishermen used traps, many used trawls, long ground lines, each about 50 fathoms in length with short lines at intervals of eight or ten feet, each having a baited hook. These trawls were made up of a series of lines, each one about fifty fathoms in length (a fathom is 6 ft.), connected together, enough to fill a tub made by cutting a flour barrel in half. These trawls had to be checked every day, mostly in a dory by a fisherman with a pair of sturdy oars. He would overhaul his trawl, passing the ground line diagonally across the gunwales of his boat, taking off all saleable fish and placing them in his boat. The unsaleable were disposed off back into the sea by a method known as slashing, in my early years I have witnessed this operation.

Then there was a handline, sturdy treated cotton line on a big reel, long enough to reach bottom in forty fathoms, having a lead weight with several large hooks on the lower end. This would be baited with herring, mackerel or gaspereau and lowered into known areas of fish runs. A nibble signal meant a cod or some other larger fish had struck, a slight jerk on the line and he was secured and landed in the boat. This method was slow and mostly used only by those unable to secure more advanced equipment. Incidentally, in those days Dog Fish, which are retailed in well known grocery chains today, were unmarketable and were used as fertilizer, or dried and used as dog food for the fisherman's dog, hence the name Dog Fish.

WELL I REMEMBER, my first trip to Phillips Harbour! Along about 1932, my older brother Leith, had purchased a 1929 Ford Roadster, it had a canvas top that folded down and a Rumble Seat where the trunk space would be, it's top speed would be about 60 miles an hour, hence the expression "going like sixty". It was his pride and joy, yellow in colour, spoked wheel recessed in both front fenders (mud guards) behind which stood tall chrome spotlights.

Anyway, after an absence of many years my father returned to the place of his birth. Leigh, my mother and father in the front and Lloyd and I in the Rumble seat. The roads were poor, narrow and crooked, so it took us quite a few hours to make the trip. Dave didn't get to go that time (no space) and my mother kept telling her old friends what a big fellow Dave was. On the way home Leith remarked "You will have them re-enforcing all the bridges".

My first glimpse of Phillips Harbour was a circular gravel beach lined with shacks (they were referred to as stores) where all the fishing gear was kept, on the right all the way to the point, the beach was covered with salted cod, split, cleaned and salted with the inside exposed to the sun to dry. Hence the term "Dry Salted Cod" which in

those years was a staple of their diet as well as being shipped to distant points.

Soon after our arrival the word passed along "Little Bill has come home". These were hard times and people shared what little they had. I remember one day we were asked to stay with a relative for dinner. They had potatoes in the garden, so went over to the beach to get a dried cod and on the way back stopped at a neighbour's garden and picked a couple of cucumbers, so we set down to a dinner of salt cod (if properly cooked it is a treat), potatoes and cucumbers. For dessert we had homemade bread with butter from another neighbour. I noted that the floor was spotlessly clean, almost white and was told that it was spruce sanded, and take that literally, they actually went down to the beach, got a bucket of sand and went to work. After my father bought a car we made many trips down there but his first one I shall never forget. Father always took Enos, a semi-invalid, a supply of pipe tobacco.

I am no stranger to hard times, hadn't my father brought up a family of four boys, when his work at the Drummond Mine was down to two days a week, wages were \$3.35 per day (not an hour) and there were what they called off-taxes, union dues, hospital and doctor, coal if you could manage to get a half ton. We often burned old mine props, they were pressed hard and compacted from holding up the roof. Boyl were they hard to saw and split. Speaking of coal, I remember being sent out for a bucket of coal, approaching a large lump I would swing an old axe, there was so much stone in that coal that the axe would fly back and I had to duck to keep from getting hit.

In those days my father had a grocery account with Andrew McCoull (a man among men). Eventually it became my turn to go for the pays (Leith had gone to work then and paid my mother \$5.00 a week board). anyway often there wasn't sufficient funds to pay the grocery bill in full so I was told how much to pay on the bill. Eventually my father paid every nickel he owed. So you think that's rough but things can get worse but I'll not go into that. It never got so bad as those early days in Phillips Harbour.

Further along this picturesque coast we arrived at Halibut cove, it has an exposed but lovely setting with a crescent beach, a lively brook and beautiful spring water. It was here in the early nineteenth century that Thomas Carter Sr. (1829-1908) and his wife Mahala (Hurst) Carter (1830-1891) settled. Immediately they started clearing land, eventually about ten acres were cleared and cultivated, here they raised field crops, cattle and sheep in spite of the stony soil. Thomas also established a fishing stand and tended a seine and mackerel nets in the bay, salting his catches for shipment to Canso and Halifax. Mahala worked beside him on the shore, tending the livestock, clearing stumps and stones,

spinning and weaving. These Carters lived out their lives in Halibut Cove, she passing away in 1891, he in 1905.

It was here that John Freeman Carter was born in 1867. He married Carrie A. Rhynold (1882-1964), daughter of Alexander Rhynold and Abigail Knowlan (born 1855). This Abigail was a sister of Lydia, our Grandmother). They had four children, Ethel, Ralph, Auldon and John Freeman 2nd. Auldon B. Carter is the author of the book "They Came to Phillips Harbour".

All this time the Carters had an eye on the more sheltered cove of Phillips Harbour, and finally in the year 1909 a small lot was purchased from the Rhynold Property and a new house was built.

So on we go, the next cove important to us is Half Island Cove. Apparently it was here that John Hendsbee 2nd who married Abigail Knowlan (born 1821) settled, she was the daughter of John Knowlan 2nd and Susannah (Hurst) Knowlan. Their son, Elias Hendsbee, (1848-1935) whose second wife was Caroline Knowlan whom he married on January 1, 1876, (Lydia's sister) were the parents of Alfred Hendsbee. Alfred Hendsbee married his cousin Lettie Rhynold (1882-1964), daughter of Alexander Rhynold and Abigail Knowlan, (born 1855) another of Lydia's sisters.

Alfred Hendsbee was a steadfast church and community man, as well as a prominent fisherman. They lived on the point, separating the upper and lower coves, where his traps and nets could always be seen.

In later years a government wharf was built on this point for the convenience of local fishermen. It was here that the Hendsbees built an ice plant which was of great assistance in shipping fresh fish, now that salting and drying or pickling was no longer desired.

Alfred's family was Mildred, Lockie, Ansel, Vertie, Addison and Wylie. It is Ansel and his family with whom we are interested, he married Margaret Ehlar. Ansel kept a general store at the cove for many years, he was also active in every group association or development of the area. Ansel and Margaret's family are Winston, Paul, Claire and Wanda, all professional people.

Copies of two marriage certificates are in our possession which are of great historical importance to our family.

(1) Dated June 22, 1887

Fred Rhynold, 23, bachelor, fisherman of Phillips Harbour, born Lam's Landing, Guysborough Co., son of William and Margaret Rhynold, fisherman, married Lydia Nolan, 26, spinster, of Phillips Harbour, daughter of John and Eliza Nolan, fisherman, Phillips Harbour. Witnesses are William Nolen and Jane Williams. This ceremony was performed by the Reverent James Scott, Baptist Church.

Guys Mar. Lic 1887 #29 (2) Dated August 16, 1887

William Nolen, 22, bachelor, fisherman of Phillips Harbour, son of John and Eliza Nolen, fisherman, married Mary Jane Williams of Halfway Cove, born Crow Harbour, daughter of Jacob and Margaret Williams, fisherman of Halfway Cove. Witnesses are David Creamer and Mary Rhynold. This ceremony was performed by Reverent James Scott, Baptist Church. (1887 #43)

Of significance in these marriages is the fact that Lydia Nolan was our grandmother, William was her brother, locally known as "Big Bill" to designate him from my father who was known as "Little Bill".

The clergyman who performed these marriages is worthy of special mention. Rev. James Scott (1839-1903) was a Scottish Medical Missionary, native of Lacherbie, in Dumfrieshire. He was trained in medicine and arrived in Phillips Harbour at a time when there was no established educational or medical systems and many fatal diseases were rampant. He and his wife, Margaret, attributed much to the better health, spiritual and literate development of the people to whom he administered.

Their family consisted of William (1858-1933), Flora (1861-1946), Margaret and Bella Grace (1879-1962). Daughter Flora married Robert Matthews (1860-1930), who with her brother William founded and operated the Scott and Matthews, General Store and Fish Plant at Queensport, mentioned earlier.

In her youth, daughter, Bella Grace, also was an important contributor to the area as well. She was an enthusiastic church and community worker, operated a small store next to her home where she sold groceries and other essential household needs. Her speciality being ladies hats which she created and decorated. These also were an essential requirement, at that time no woman would dare appear in church with an uncovered head. She also studied and read her father's medical books, using her knowledge to help those who were ill and required medical attention when her father was no longer available. Eventually she closed her store and joined the family business at Queensport, finally marrying James Sullivan. There were no children. Margaret Scott married Charles Spurgeon Horton, son of Isaac and Eliza Horton.

Thomas Cutler

Now since Thomas Cutler contributed so much to the benefit of these early settlers we feel it in order to write a brief outline of his career.

Mr. Cutler joined the British Army during the revolutionary war, he

was an ensign in the Kings Orange Rangers and when the regiment was disbanded he came to Guysborough. He was a lawyer, a graduate of Yale College. When William Campbell, who was a quartermaster in the British Legion, came to him for advice he was advised to study law under him, Mr. Cutler, which he did with tremendous success, we will get back to him later.

When the Town of Guysborough was laid out he was appointed Town Clerk. In 1791 he was appointed a Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Sydney. He was president of the General Sessions in 1817, in 1819 he shows up as president of the Manchester Farmers' Society, in 1825 he donated land on which to build a Westleyan Methodist. In 1830 the Grand Jury presented an address to Thomas Cutler Esq. on his retiring from the bench. Mr. Cutler passes away on February 8, 1837 at the age of 84 years.

William Campbell

Now lets say a few words about his student. William Campbell had been a quartermaster in one of the regiments of the British Legion under the command of Lieut, Col. Farleton during the American War of Independence, his regiment built a town in the autumn of 1783 which was named Guysborough. In the spring it was discovered that the land on which they had settled was unsuitable. A group was sent out to scout for a better location and they decided on Chedabucto, when they arrived off the harbour a group was sent ashore under the command of William Campbell, a young guartermaster. This is the man Thomas Cutler befriended. After years of training, a lawyer was required for Sydney, Cape Breton. William Campbell was appointed as Attorney General for Cape Breton in 1804, which had a separate government from Nova Scotia. In 1811 he was made a judge and in 1825 Chief Justice of Canada. After some time he was knighted, and the young quartermaster of 1784, is now spoken of as Sir William Campbell. Among the records of baptisms for the 1792 is that of Catherine Stewart, daughter of Hannah (Hadley) and William Campbell. (It was at the Hadley home that William Campbell requested a pilot to guide their ship into the harbour). The records of 1800 election states that Joseph Marshall and William Campbell had been returned to parliament.

It had been our intention to end this narrative at Half Island Cove but as we became involved the significance and historic past of Canso became overwhelming. (Canso, Cansoke, Camseau, Canceus, Cancoe, Canseau). So we will include a brief narrative of this great historic settlement. Starting in 1688 when France anticipated war with Great Britain, Louis XIV sent Sieur de Pasquine to report on the defences of

the colony. His report was favourable, but he recommended that the seat of Government be removed from Port Royal to Canseau. Again in 1700 it was reported that "Canseau" was of greater commercial and military importance than Port Royal. However in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV of France made over to Queen Anne of Great Britain and her crown forever, all rights to Acadia. The only settlements of any note at this time were Port Royal, Minas and Canso. Halifax was not founded until thirty-six years later.

General Richard Phillips succeeded Governor Nickolson in 1717 and was Colonel of the regiment quarted at Canso. At midnight August 17, 1720 a band of Indians attacked the village of huts occupied by the traders and fishermen. Unarmed they could make no resistance, so the fishermen fled to their boats in the harbour, leaving the traders and their merchandise at the mercy of the Indians. Four Englishmen were killed and their stores plundered to the amount of 20 thousand pounds sterling. In the autumn the government sent a small detachment of soldiers to Canso under the command of Major Armstrong. His orders were to take possession of the small fort the fishermen were erecting and defend the place until spring when the people returned to fish. Governor Phillips advised Major Armstrong that he would visit Canso about the last of May in a Man-of-War, commanded by Captain Durell.

Who was Captain Durell? A paper dated 1725 contains a list of allotments at Canso, called fishing rooms, with the holders. No. 1 is a large island, Capt. Thomas Durell and Company are the occupants. Note: The narrow strait between Durell's Island and the mainland is called the tittle. The adjacent country also takes the same name, and in 1814 a few families located here, made some improvements, chiefly such as were needed to carry on the fishery.

For over a century a winding trail had served the fishermen along the bay, as their horses and early motor cars moved them and their goods between Guysborough and Canso. In the summer of 1921, an effort was being made to construct a proper road, it too was crooked and lined with granite boulders. However with government assistance it was widened, ditched, new clay crock culverts added and covered in gravel. it was dusty but for the first time ever there was a Canso road that would allow two cars to pass along the entire route between Guysborough and Canso. Eventually a paved road was constructed from Monastry to Guysborough in 1939. It was not until 1951 that the pavement reached Phillips Harbour and on to Canso.

Daily Coastal Freighters, subsidized by the government connected Guysborough, Queensport and Canso with the nearest railway station at Mulgrave. The M. V. Queira also called at Arichat on Isle Madame. Should one wish to travel outside the area, they boarded

the train at Mulgrave, reaching Truro you could travel on to Halifax. If bound for Boston, Montreal or other far away places, you could spend the night at the Scotia hotel, Truro for \$3.00. This was two days pay on a fish plant wharf, so they often slept in the large waiting room of the Truro station. It had a large bar type restaurant and prices were reasonable. I remember this set up well from my youth and travels while in the R.C.A.F.

The Guysborough Railway. Late in the nineteenth century the people of Guysborough County requested railway facilities, to open up and develop their resources and industry. On January 30, 1897 a meeting was held in Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax County, where a proposal was endorsed to construct a railway from Halifax to Guysborough Town. Another meeting was held in Guysborough Town, on Wednesday February 10, 1897 at the Court House where the proposal was approved.

However, all citizens of Guysborough didn't approve of this route and proposed an alternate route starting at Sunnybrae. In addition to this disagreement, a political situation arose, whereas the Liberals and Conservatives endeavoured to use the railroad as a vote getter. After much political wrangling, starts and stops, a route was finally decided upon and on September 17, 1929 tenders were called for its construction. The proposed route was from Sunnybrae to Newtown, then to Aspen, Country Harbour Cross Roads, Salmon River, Odgen and on to Guysborough Town.

On October 18, 1929 it was announced that the contract for the construction of the Sunnybrae-Guysborough Railway had been awarded to the Dominion Construction Company of Toronto, so on November 19, 1929 men and construction material began to arrive, and construction had began. By the summer of 1930 the roadbed had been completed and most of the concrete abutments and trestles had been built, 22 miles of track laid from Sunnybrae to Guysborough. King was defeated by R. B. Bennett who immediately issued orders to The Dominion Construction Company to cease all work on the project. The subject now lay dormant until raised by John A. Kirk M.P. on May 22, 1932. By August of that year 72 per cent of the line had been completed. During the 1936 session the completion of this endeavour was brought up by Mr. H.B. McCulloch, M.P. member for Pictou County. Finally Mr. J.A. Kirk, M.P., the member for Antigonish, spoke on the matter on February 28, 1939, quoting from the Eastern Chronicle:

"... No sadder picture can be imagined than to drive through that county (Guysborough) and note the political ruins of that enterprise. The grading has been completed and is now growing grass. The right-of-way belongs to the government, having been purchased, and paid for. The

concrete abutments for the bridges are in place. All seems ready for the ties, rails, steel bridges and the station-houses and platforms. As it stands today, it is a travesty upon the viciousness of party politics. For half a century the road has figured in public debate . . . " This then may be taken as the obituary of a cause long dead.

This short transcript is taken from the Book "The Guysborough Railway", 1897-1939 by Bruce MacDonald, by Formac Ltd. April 1973.

This is an extract from the book by H.C. Hart written in 1877, awarded the Atkins Historical Prize Essay Competition for 1877, by the University of Kings College. This book "The History of the County of Guysborough", being the original History of the County was republished in 1975 by the Mika Publishing Co. of Belleville, Ontario. In it she states:

The County of Guysborough is situated at the eastern extremity of the Province of Nova Scotia. It extends on the north the entire length of Antigonish and Pictou Counties. At the northwest corner, Halifax, Colchester, Pictou and Guysborough meet around a large pine tree. The western boundary separating Guysborough and Halifax is a line running diagonally from this corner passing through several lakes and following the course of Moser's River, thence to Ecum Secum River and harbour, a distance of thirty-three miles. All the southern shore of the county is washed by the Atlantic, from which Chedabucto Bay and the Strait of Canso run in and bound it on the western side.

These boundaries have been changed as follows:

Guysborough County, Nova Scotia has an area of 1,643 square miles, it is bounded on the north by Antigonish and Pictou Counties, on the west by Halifax County, on the south by the Atlantic Ocean and on the east by the Strait of Canso.

Chapter 5 Early Family Trees

Early Family Trees

Now we come to a period with which I am quite familiar having visited Phillips Harbour in my early youth. I was personally acquainted with my grandmother Lydia, her sons Vincent and Enos. It has been our pleasure of becoming acquainted with Martha (Dolly) whose mother Gladys was Lydia's daughter. Dolly still resides on the original Rhynold property in a nice home to which we are always welcome.

{Note: (*) an asterisk indicates a foster, adopted or domiciled child.}

John Knowlan #3 married Elizabeth Greencorn 1852. Children:

	Martha	born 1853 - married George Creamer		
Abigail		born 1855 - married Alexander Rhynold		
	Alfred	born 1857 - married Margaret Rhynold born 1859 - married Elias Hendsbee		
	Caroline			
	Jane	born 1860 -		
	Lydia	born 1862 - married Frederick Rhynold		
	John #4	born 1864 - died young, 1880, diphtheria		
	William	born 1866 - married Mary Jane Williams		
	David	born 1869 -		
٠	Minnie	born 1880 - married George Meeds		
*	William Clayton	born 1882 - married Laura Kirby		

Martha E. Knowlan married George Creamer. Martha (1853-1897) Children:

Minnie	born 1876 - never married
Hannah	born 1877 - married Isiah Meeds
Gordon	born 1879 - married Henrietta Snow
Robert	born 1880 - married Naomi Ellen Meeds
lda May	born 1881 - married Howard Carrigan,
75	(2) Lester Ellis
Cynthia	born 1885 - married William Snow, no family
Lydia	born 1886 - married David W. Duncan, no family
Deltha	born 1888 - married Stanley Curtis Pyche
Martha	born 1889 - married Joseph Pyche,
	(2) Wm. Cranton
Melvin	born 1890 -
Minnie Priscilla	born 1895 - never married

Abigail Knowlan married Alexander Rhynold - May 10, 1873. Children:

Elizabeth born 1874 - died in infancy Carrie born 1876 - died in infancy

Elizabeth #2 born 1877 married J. Ross Armsworthy

Carrie Aleta #2 born 1880 - married John F. Carter
Lettie born 1882 - married Alfred Hendsbee
Nathan born 1887 - died as a youth of 13 years
Emily born 1891 - married Coleman Greencom

(2) Fred McGinnis

Freeman born 1893 - married Harriet Faulkenham Rosamond born 1896 - married Lemuel Bennett

Caroline Knowlan married Elias Hendsbee. (His first wife was Margaret Hendsbee). Children:

Alfred born 1876 - married Lettie Rhynold Naaman born 1880 - married Arvilla Hendsbee

Alfred Knowlan married Margaret Rhynold. Children:

Elias born 1878 - married Margaret M. Munroe

John born 1880 -

Eliza born 1881 - never married

Martha born 1882 - married Alan Jamison

Retta #1 born 1882 - died 14 years

Laurella born 1885 - married Hiram Hendsbee Jane born 1887 - married Lloyd Hendsbee James born 1891 - married Nelvine Cameron

George born 1893 -

Ann Born 1895 - married John Gordon

Retta #2 born 1897 - married Chester Gordon (John's

brother)

Lydia Knowlan married Frederick Rhynold. June 22, 1887. Children:

Stella born 1888 - married James Feltmate

Norman born 1890 - married Mary Rhynold

David born 1891 - married Elizabeth Duncan

Enos born 1894 - never married, semi-invalid

Vincent born 1896 - never married, active fisherman

Retta born 1897 - married William Jamieson
Gladys born 1900 - married Otto Munroe
Baker born 1902 - married Lexie Penny

William Knowlan married Mary Jane Williams, 1887, he was known as "Big Bill". No children but brought up in their home:

William George * 1893 - married Lillian DeRabbi Roland S. Nolan * 1901 - married Eurilla Meeds Gertrude Pellerin * - married Kenneth Fitzgerald

* Minnie Knowlan married George Meeds. Children:

Evelyn born 1901 - married Chester Snow

Clayton born 19

Norman Rhynold (Lydia and Frederick Rhynold's son) married May Rhynold. Children:

Stella Lydia Frederick David Herman Angus Havelock John

Edward

David Rhynold (Lydia and Frederick's son) married Elizabeth Duncan. Children:

Wilfred Arthur

Carol Clarence

Retta Rhynold (Lydia and Frederick's daughter) married William Jamieson, Children:

Willard Sylvester Beatrice Basil Viola Winifred

Gladys Rhynold, born 1900 (Lydia and Frederick's daughter) married Otto Munroe. Children:

Martha-born 1918 Cecil-born 1923

Rita - born

Martha Rhynold, devoted mother of three sons.

Douglas born 1936, never married, fisherman and

tradesman

David born 1943, married Marie George

children: Anna, David, Ronald

Seward born 1945, married Verna Boudreau Hamish

children: Jodie, Shane

Baker Rhynold, born 1902, married Lexie Penny, (Lydia and Frederick's son) Children:

Basil born 1924, never married

Earl #1 died in infancy

Earle #2 born 1928, married Mona Carter (5 children)

Beatrice Leona born 1931-1957 married William Moss
Havelock Fred born 1923-1979 married, no family
Leo Roy born 1934, married Twila Bradford

(5 children)

Eva Joan born 1936, married Alfred A. MacDonald PEI

Leonard Arthur born 1939 married Valerie Walsh

Rodney Mark Kimberly Lynn

Karen Ann Donna Joan Christopher

Judy born 1943, married James Grant (Lydia E.)

Allison, 1974 Mary Ann, 1976

Wayne Victor born 1945, married (5 children)

Lorraine D. Kelly L., 1966

Celene H. Deanna L., 1978

Carol C., 1965

Allan Jamieson married Martha Knowlan (daughter of Alfred Knowlan and Margaret Rhynold).

Douglas, born 1905 M

Mary, born 1915 Mamie, born 1919

George, born 1908 Louise, born 1912

Earl, born 1921

Murray, born 1914

Douglas Jamieson (his mother was Martha Knowlan) born 1905, married Emma L. Jones. Children:

Elaine born 1929, married Blair Baker - Arnold

Harris

Donald born 1932, married Beverly Boutilier Joan Marie born 1937-1985, married Fred Rice Allan born 1939, married Marion Quinn

Sylvia born 1945, married David Banks

Louise May (Lulu) (daughter of Martha Knowlan married to Allan Jamieson), born 1912-1984. Louise M. Jamieson married Elmer Lank. Children:

Shirley Michael John James William Sandra

Robert

Carrie Aleta Rhynold (1880-1948) daughter of Abigail Knowlan and Alexander Rhynold. This Abigail was the sister of Lydia, married John F. Carter #1. Children:

Ethel Raiph E. Auldon B. born 1906, never married, retired teacher born 1910, married Hilda Munroe, no children born 1912, married Josephine McMahon,

April 23, 1943

Thomas G, 1950 Mary E., 1952

Margaret A., 1954 Robert J., 1959

John F.

born 1916, married Frances Blanche Vincent

Auldon B. Carter born 1912 (son of Carrie A. and John F. Carter) married Josephine McMahon, 23 April 1943. Children:

Thomas Gordon, 1950 married Evelyne Pitt
Patricia Ann, 1970 Victoria Mae, 1986
Mary Elaine, 1952 married William Fitzpatrick
William Clayton "B.J." Peter James, 1985
Margaret Ann, 1954 married Gregory Rheaume
Laura Doris, 1986
Robert James, 1959 married Beverley Bast

Amanda Caroline, 1988

Freeman Rhynold (1893-1969) son of Abigail Knowlan married to Alexander Rhynold. Abigail is Lydia's sister. Freeman Rhynold married Harriet Faulkenham. (1891-1981). Children:

Nathan William, born 1914

* Jean (Bennett) 1927

Nathan W. married Gertrude Jamieson, their children:

Barbara, 1946, married Robert Priest Oren, 1948, married P. Hendsbee

Nathan, 1966

John Hendsbee married Abigail 1821 (daughter of John II and Susannah Hurst). Children:

John #3	born 1843	Barnabas	born 1854
Tyrus	born 1845	Abigail	born 1858,
Matilda	born 1847	Annanias	born 1859
Elias	born 1848	David	born 1861
Silas	born 1849	Zacharius	born 1864
Charity	born 1850	Cornelius	born 1865
Lydia		(Two infants)	

Elias Hendsbee married Margaret Hendsbee, 2nd - Caroline Knowlan on Jan. 1, 1876 (Caroline was Lydia's sister). Children:

Alfred

born 1876, married Lettie Thynold

Naaman

born 1880, married Arvilla Hendsbee

Alfred Hendsbee (1876-1848) married Lettie Rhynold (son of Caroline Knowlan and Elias Hendsbee). Children:

Mildred

born 1906, married Clifford Harrington

2nd James Leslie

Lockie A.

born 1912, married Marion K. Hendsbee

Ansel E.

born 1917-1988, married Margaret E. Ehler

Vertie Addison Wylie

Ansel E. Hendsbee (1917-1988), married Margaret B. Ehler. Children:

Wayne

born 1941-1943

Winston

born 1939 married Minnie MacNab,

adopted daughter, Cheryl

Paul

born 1944, married Reta Sangster

two sons - Derek, Gregory

Claire

born 1949, married Darrell Crandall, no family

Wanda

born 1960, not married, nurse in N.W.T.



Family of William and Laura Nowlan 1966

Seated Blanche, (Mrs. A.G. Allbon), left to right, Leith, David, Lloyd, Alfred.

Sixth Generation Loyalists

Chapter 6

Family of William and Laura Nowlan

William Clayton Nowlan (1882 - 1950)

After these illustrious ancestors are recorded we must now get on with the families of this generation, of which my father, William C. Nowlan (1882-1950) was the head.

My father was born to Lydia Knowlan in Phillips Harbour, Guysborough County in 1882. His early years are difficult, if not impossible to trace; but we do know that in his youth he fished with the renowned John Carter and possibly others until he migrated to Pictou County. Later he returned to Phillips Harbour to reside with his Grandfather, John Knowlan 3rd, for some time.

My father was a skilled and talented man who could turn his hand to any task. During the first World War he worked on shells at the Trenton Steel Works, later he assisted in building or repairing the coal pier at Abercrombie, (now Scott Paper, the remains of which can be seen from the Harvey Veniot Causeway, where the coromonts now nest). Later he was employed at the Drummond Mines, first as labourer, then teamster, boss farmer, (they grew feed for 20 or more horses which were used on the surface in those days) and finally as Stableman, when he fed, harnessed and cared for these horses used on the surface. Yes, they used horses in the mines, and he has told me that when they came to the surface after becoming unmanageable below they were nearly blind. This job necessitated his rising at 4 a.m., going to the stable to feed and harness the horses, then returning home for breakfast and a nap.

In those days range horses were shipped in from the western ranges in cattle cars, it was my father's job to assist an official of the mine in selecting those they would buy. Often he had to break these horses to harness to use at the mines, he did this by using them in various duties around the mine, town and county. At times when I was travelling in the Westville area, I called in at my old home for a short visit and had to leave my car outside the gate so as not to scare the wild horse which he had used to come home for breakfast.

I have been told my father could communicate with horses, maybe so, but unfortunately some of the employees abused these horses and they got mean, the result of which was that one day he was jammed in a stall, later arthritis set in and after years of suffering he passed away at the age of 68 years in 1950. He was a genuine christian and lived and suffered with a firm belief to the end. This man with little formal education knew his bible by heart (in fact I have heard it said that he polished up on his reading from his bible). He could preach, pray and sing the old fashioned hymns with gusto if not harmony. He had unique characteristics, in his sleep he could recite verses from the bible and

sing all the old fashioned hymns at the top of his voice without wakening himself but all others in the household. Other members of his family will verify this.

He was not one to boast, so I never heard him say, what a fine fellow I or my brothers were, but he was pretty proud of his son-in-law, Ackie Allbon of the great Springhill Fencebusters, (baseball to young fellows), Ackie was their star pitcher, so a little yarn might fit in here.

We had journeyed to Springhill to see this guy perform, as we set in the grandstand and the great southpaw climbed up on the mound, a great cheer went up. Now my father couldn't know much about baseball, he had not attended many games, but he had come to see that boy do his stuff, well Ackie had what he referred to as an off day, so with two on base he headed to his spot in centre field. Well that pitcher didn't do much better, so out comes a fly ball, it landed a few feet in front of our boy, takes a mean bounce and right through his legs. My father pretty vexed by now, said in a loud voice "JUMPING KING! YOU CALL THAT A BALLPLAYER!"

Just to give you young folks an idea what these men had to put up with I'll tell you a story. In the early days there were two mines in Westville, Acadia and Drummond, both of which belonged to the Intercolonial Coal Company. They had a salesman, apparently he received his coal free of charge when things were booming, as my father used to haul coal to him when he was a teamster. One fall my father filled his coal bin right up to the ceiling, the next week this man approached him, "Bill, haul me a couple of loads of coal". My father replied, "I filled your bin last week". "Oh" says he, "You can put some more in, just tuck what's there back between the sills". So, what could he do? a short time later word got around that things were so slack, that coal wasn't seiling, and the salesman was being laid off. Such is the greed of much of mankind.

He tells a story and this is an actual fact. One day during the time when he was a teamster, he and two helpers were loading pit props from the wagon to be taken to the pit head, to be placed in cars to descend into the mine. This is miserable work at any time but this day the rain was coming down in sheets, the men were wet and dirty. Along comes the boss, followed by his old cur dog. He sized up the men and their load, turned to go away and then barked; "Go Home, Go Home". So my father had the team unloaded and put the horses away and he and the men departed. Next day, first thing in the morning, along comes the boss and barked "What happened to you men yesterday?" My father being the foreman answered, "You told us to go home". "Like hell I did" he says, "I was speaking to my dog".

Laura Jane (Kirby) Nowlan (1878-1966)

My mother, nee Laura Jane Kirby, for whom my son Kirby was named, was the daughter of Capt. Charles Kirby and Elizabeth Sharam. Her early childhood must have been unhappy as her father died at an early age and she and a younger brother went to live with a family by the name of Cowan. She was further grieved when her little brother passed away at the age of ten. This family treated her and her brother well, she often told me they had a farm near Murray Harbour with a floating garden in a pond.

In her later years I was privileged to take her to visit these fine people, the floating garden was gone but the love and kindness still existed.

In her late teens she came to Pictou as a domestic, (she often showed me the house). It was here that she met my father on one of his boat trips to Pictou. Records show that William Nowlan, age 22, and Laura Jane Kirby, age 24, were married in the Half Island Cove Baptist Church on November 20, 1904, the year in which the church was built.

My mother, a finer Christian lady of whom I have never known, lived through hard times in the early years of her marriage, in fact it appears to me that she and my father didn't come into their own until after the depression of 1929-30. In spite of all this she bore two daughters and four sons in the firm belief that the Lord provided. She was proud of her children and greatly grieved when my sister Gladys passed away at the early age of 15 years. My sister, Blanche, with whom she made her home in later years was a very special person, but my mother always talked of how proud she was of her sons.

Imagine how my mother must have worried with two of her youngest boys in the Armed Forces during the second World War. One serving overseas in the battle zone, the other in the R.C.A.F. servicing and flying in obsolete aircraft which dropped parts at random.

Since her death (1878-1966), and through the kindness of Edison Horton, whose mother and my mother were first cousins, their parents being brother and sister, Henry and Elizabeth Sharam. Edison gave me access to his years of research of the Sharam Family, from which I have learned that my mother, Laura Jane Kirby, the daughter of Elizabeth Sharam and Captain Charles Kirby, had an illustrious background indeed.

The Sharams

The origin of the Sharam name is interesting. First, it was suggested that it came from "Shearman, Sherman, She

or Sherm" - meaning a shearer of cloth. Another answer could be that the family being farmers were the recipients of tracts of land at the time of the Norman Conquest, when in allotting land for growing food crops, each family was given three tracts, one of good soil, one medium and one poor, so that all should share equally, therefore Share-man. The Sharams were as ourselves subjected to various spelling of their name over the years. Listed in the International Genealogical Index in Devon, England are: Sherum, Sherham, Sherom, Sherem, Sheram, Shurem.

In any case we will pick up the Sharam Family History on August 21, 1744, when it was recorded that Samuel Shurem married Mary Vinicomb at Stoke Canon, Devonshire, England. While I will only trace the history as it pertains to those from whom my mother descended, I have records (not entirely complete) from the date mentioned above. Residences of these descendants of those of Samuel are listed as: "Rue by Exeter, Bickleigh, Nether Exe, Saint Pancrus, all English addresses.

<u>Samuel</u> Shurem and wife Mary Vinicomb had four children: Betty baptized May 15, 1745; Samuel, Feb. 7, 1747, <u>William</u>, Dec. 16, 1750, Ann, Nov. 3, 1754, Stoke Canon, Devonshire.

William Shurem married Sarah Gale on Oct. 11, 1775 at Silverton, Devonshire, England They had a family of eight children: Samuel, Sarah, James, John Baker, Mary, Thomas, Elizabeth and Henry. This son James, baptized on May 14, 1787 at Bichleigh, England, married Elizabeth Major on Feb. 17, 1813 at Saint Pancras, Devonshire, England. He emigrated from Devonshire, England to Vernon River, Lot 50, P.E.I. and in 1850, 50 acres of land were purchased from Marie Fare. Among their children was another James, baptized on April 8, 1814 at Nether Exe. before coming to Prince Edward Island. He was the son of James Sheram and Elizabeth Major, and married Caroline Matilda White, daughter of William White and Mary Parker at Murray Harbour, P.E.I., on April 13, 1843. He lived in Vernon River with his parents, and a number of years after marriage to Caroline, later moved to Gladstone, P.E.I. where 100 acres were purchased, the settlement became known as Sherams Point.

They were blessed with a family of eight children, in names of <u>William</u>, Elizabeth, approx. date 1846 at Vernon River, James Major, Lydia Ann, Henry, Annabelle Matilda, John Thomas, Lemuel Parker. We will mention William Sharam (1844-1913), he was a shoemaker by trade and was a store owner and operator for a good many years at Murray Harbour. He had married Jemima White and had seven children. Ada May (Jan 28, 1877 - Jan 27, 1967) and Reta Annabelle (Oct 4, 1896 - Apr. 17, 1987) were first cousins of our mother Laura Jane, and in the later years she crossed over to the Island to visit each summer with them.

Henry Sharam (1859-1935) son of James and Caroline White married Annie Herring (1846-1889) on Feb. 12, 1876. Their daughter, Mary Elizabeth (1876-1962) married Adam Wight (1864-1941) on August 8, 1895. They had eight children, the one in which we are concerned is Mary Margaret who married Isaac Stewart and resided at Flat River, PEI. In later years her mother Mary Elizabeth lived with them. She was a first cousin of my mother, who visited with them each summer for a few weeks, from where she visited around the Island.

After the death of Annie (Herring) Sharam, Henry then married Elizabeth Murdock Sanders (1875-1949). By this marriage there were two children, David Percy and Hazel Matilda. This Hazel married Daniel Nicholson Horton on Jan. 15, 1930. They had three children, one of whom is Thomas Henry Edison, born Oct. 31, 1935. Edison married Mary Margaret Cohoon, they reside in Murray Harbour and have one daughter, Pamela Jill, born March 21, 1958.

David Percy Sharam (1897-) son of Henry Sharam and Elizabeth Murdock Sanders (his second wife) married Lillian Ada Cook (1900-1978) daughter of Thomas Cook and Jane Munn. They had three girls, Clara Elizabeth, Joan Lois, Emma Lillian, and one boy Henry John born May 1940. Henry attended Acadia University with Kirby Nowlan, and officiated at Kirby's first wedding at Manning Memorial Chapel on the campus in 1967. Henry John Sharam, son of Percy Sharam and Lillian Cook, married Lynn Gazeley on Dec. 20, 1969. They have two sons at this date: Gregory and Stephen, and reside in Halifax.

Lastly this brings us to Elizabeth Sharam, the daughter of James Sharam and Caroline Matilda White - Elizabeth Sharam is Laura Jane (Kirby) Nowlan's mother. Elizabeth Sharam was born in 1846 at Vernon River, PEI, the second child in a family of 8 children. She married Captain Charles Kirby. Capt. Charles Kirby was born C. 1842 and died C. 1882, at an early age, due to a foot injury which was then referred to as blood poisoning. He left three children, a son Henry Coleman, born April 11, 1877, our mother Laura Jane, born Oct. 31, 1879 and Mary Blanche born Oct. 12, 1881, a baby in arms.

Henry Coleman, died young, approximate age 12 years. Mary Blanche, who we referred to as Aunt Minnie, married Benjamin McLellan, they had one child Ida, who died in her late teens.

Elizabeth (Sharam) Kirby later married John Gay, she then had two sons, Frederick born Aug. 25, 1887 and George McIntosh born April 20, 1889.

I knew Fred very well and often visited at his home in Amherst. He was a mailman, his hobby was stamp collecting, he had a fantastic collection, being very popular, the people on his mail route saved stamps for him. Having no children of their own they adopted a daughter Rose, a

little younger than myself, she was a good friend of mine in those days. I have lost track of her, the last time I saw her was during the war while serving in the R.C.A.F. She had married and was living in Halifax. Fred Gay was married to Violet, whose last name escapes me. Violet was a very kind woman and treated me well on my visits, even to the extent of giving me spending money.

Being young then I did not make an effort to become acquainted with George McIntosh Gay, so have no information on him.

Mrs. Alfred G. Allbon nee Blanche D. Nowlan (1905-1972)

My oldest sister, Blanche, was an outstanding and courageous woman to whom I and all my family will always be grateful. Despite long periods of illness she carried on with courage in her home, her adopted town and her church, where she was very active. Blanche was a member of the United Baptist Church, Springhill, at one time serving on the finance committee. She taught Sunday School there for more than fifteen years.

I have often marvelled at her love for her family, who were most welcome in her home which was always spotlessly clean, and the meals well prepared and served with flair. On many occasions all of us Nowlans piled into any car available and journeyed to Springhill.

However my sister was no push over, she had strong personal opinions, and if you got out of line you could expect to hear about it. From the time of her marriage, when I was thirteen, I spent several weeks of many summer vacations with her and Ackie. When my father became ill she took him into her home and nursed him; later when he passed away she insisted that my mother come and live with them where she passed away in 1966, at the age of 87 years.

On my mother's 86th birthday, Oct. 25, 1966, Blanche invited her entire family and their families to a grand celebration. Twenty-five of us gathered at her home for ceremonies and a delicious meal; there was no catering service, she did it all.

Blanche served her community in many ways, she was Past President, Past Secretary and a Life Member of the Beth Crossman Womans Missionary Society; Past President of the Cumberland-Colchester association of the Womans Missionary Society and an active member of the Cobequid Chapter I.O.D.E.

My sister was an active and enthusiastic gardener, her specialties being Roses, and a beautiful, well maintained Rock Garden. On every trip to her home we were given the Grand Tour of her entire property. Her flowers and well maintained grounds contributed much to her neighbourhood.

Blanche was very fortunate in her choice of a mate, who stood by her in all the trials of life, in happiness, sorrow, sickness, and to her final hour. On September 18, 1929, she and Alfred (Ackie) Allbon were married at the United Church Manse in Westville by the ever popular Rev. W.S. Godfrey.

Among my many regrets, is the fact that Frances and I were in Spain when she passed away; but will be ever thankful that we visited with her in the hospital shortly before that trip and said what I then felt was our final farewell.

Gladys B. Nowlan (1907 - 1923)

Writing about my other sister, Gladys, is a difficult task because being only a little over five years when she passed away at the early age of fourteen, I do not remember her, I do however remember many trips to the Auburn Cemetery in Westville with my Mother and brothers to visit her burial place, cut the grass (hand clippers) and leave a bouquet of fresh flowers. In this same lot my father and mother are now interred close by her side. On my father's death my mother stated quite unconsciously "He's with Gladys now". Such was her belief, how I envy this great Christian belief. Before too many years I too shall reside at the Auburn.

Leith Wellington Nowlan (1908 - 1979)

Now here's a man my talent is not great enough to describe. He was the oldest son, I was the youngest, in my early years he was like a second father to me. How can one paint a raindrop?

At an early age Leith went to work at the Acadia Mines in Westville. This being before the Iron Fireman, there was no market for slack coal, his job was hauling this slack coal from the pithead to the largest pile of coal one ever saw, with a horse and dump cart.

Then along came the Iron Fireman and a market sprang up for slack coal. So Leith started all over again, his job now being to haul the coal to a conveyor which loaded box cars. Now his job is more strenuous, as he had to shovel it twice, first into the dump cart, then into the conveyor. The problem here was keeping the shovel from being caught in the conveyor. Several employees were not so successful at this.

This task was carried out at the Acadia Coal Company on Main Street, Westville. At the end of each day he returned his horse and another which worked there to the stables at the Drummond. He travelled the back route and I often met him, I can see him yet, mounted on one horse without a saddle, leading the other, just like Roy Rogers?

Later this brother of mine went to Night School, studied and graduated as a First Class Steam Engineer. At first he run the rakes (loads of coal or men) down into or up from the lower levels of the mine. Later he run the fan (it pumped fresh air to the men below).

This man like the rest of us, who flared up when vexed, was also a sentimentalist. These tales I have heard from him first hand. At the fan there was a great bull wheel which spun at a rapid rate, one day as he was having a snack, he noted a black bur on the wheel, slowing it down he discovered a cat clinging there. After getting permission, he stopped the wheel momentarily, removed the cat and nursed it back to health.

Now this fan was located in the bush just down beyond the mines, so in those long nights he adopted a little fox which he fed nightly. One evening as he approached the door to relieve the day operator, there was his pet fox dead. As I mentioned above we flare when vexed, I'm sure had he known who did this dastardly deed, the future of them both would have been different.

In his youth he was somewhat of an actor and starred in many local plays (stage productions) in Westville, New Glasgow and area Leith married Daisy (Dee) Thomas, a beautiful Welsh girl. They had a son, William, named for his grandfather, and a daughter Gwen, then years later two more sons (see family tree). They are all married now, have children of their own.

My humble description of this man, one of the finest I have ever known, is a poor effort but then I am a poor writer who wishes to pass on to others the way it was in our time, the great happiness and love we shared at a time when the very country shuddered with problems of which future generations shall never know. Leith and Dee are now interred at the Heatherdale Memorial Gardens on the old Pictou Road.

David F. Nowlan, Born 1913 -

My brother, Dave, has been interested in different types of work. At an early age he worked on a farm and then on to Eastern Car Works. A few years later he went with a plastering contractor, with whom he remained for three years.

With the offer of higher wages, he went to work with the Intercolonial Coal Mining Co. where he was employed for nineteen years at both the Acadia and Drummond Collaries on surface work. Many of the years spent at the Drummond were in the blacksmith shop working with Mr. Paul R. Smith, who was outstanding in his work, and from whom Dave received splendid teaching. Sometimes Dave went into the Mine to

repair pipes. Often the space was so low they had to crawl on their stomachs and push acetylene tanks ahead of them.

In 1954, the Drummond mine began to work on a much smaller scale and many, especially single men, became unemployed. Dave was informed of this one morning at 7:15 a.m. and at 7:40 a.m. the same morning he began work at Albert Munro's grocery store where he remained for two years.

Then he went to work with Fraser Cunningham, Alma in his grocery store. Here he learned to be a meat cutter, a trade he enjoyed. Dave served the public well for twenty-three years and also made a great many friends.

Dave retired at age 65, but wasn't idle long because Tom Foley wished to have him in his fish market, where he worked part time and full time for seven years. From Tom's long experience in handling fish Dave learned a lot about the fish business. Again he was happy to meet the public and endeavored to serve them well.

Over the years Dave has also given some assistance to his brother, Lloyd, with "Art in Black".

During most of his life Dave has been an outdoorsman interested in hunting and especially fishing. He is an expert fly fisherman. Each spring with some very good friends, always enjoys a fishing trip to a chain of lakes. From the age of ten he has been interested in ice fishing for smelts. For many years he and his friends have fishing shacks at Big Island and enjoy many days fishing during the winter.

Dave and Alice spend the summers at their cottage at Black Point where he spends a lot of time caring for his lawns (both in Westvile and Black Point), and a garden from which he gathers a lot of vegetables for home use, as well as sharing with friends. Whenever he has a chance he is off in his boat to cruise and explore.

The church has always taken a prominent place in Dave's life. He is a member of St. Paul United Church, Westvile, where he has served as an elder since 1950, is chief usher. He also began taking up the offering in the 1930's and at times still assists.

Dave is a Past President of Westville Rotary Club but after some years had to resign from Club due to different working hours. He is also a former member of the Curling Club, a game which he thoroughly enjoyed.

In 1961, David F. Nowlan and M. Alice MacKenzie were married at the home of Jean MacKenzie, Halifax (Alice's sister) by Rev. M.A. MacMillan D.D. in the presence of some friends and relatives. Alice was the daughter of D. Chester and Margaret Colligan Hamilton MacKenzie, and has always lived in Westville. A school teacher by profession, she was the vice-principal of Junior-Senior High School at the time of her

retirement.

In 1986 Dave and Alice celebrated their 25th Wedding Anniversary at the Heather Motel with relatives and friends. Their nephew, Gary Nowlan, was Master of Ceremonies. Rev. and Mrs. MacMillan were present. Among those speaking after the dinner were Rev. Mr. MacMillan, Rev. Harold King, A.G. Allbon and Alfred White.

Like Dave, Alice is also interested in the work of the church - a former choir member and an active member of the U.C.W.

Dave and Alice love the months they spend at their summer home and enjoy many visitors from near and far.

Lloyd G. Nowlan, Born 1915 -

Now here's a fellow who did it the hard way, I should know as I was closely involved with him in those early years. The first year of employment he boarded the Jitney (a small version of today's railliner) in Westville at 5:45 a.m., arrived in New Glasgow at 6:30, and rested in those big chairs in the ladies parlor, when the first employees arrived he went to work.

Later when I went to work in New Glasgow, we purchased a motor cycle jointly, this was followed by a beautiful 1930 blue Chev. Roadster.

Lloyd went to work at the old Metropolitan Stores on Provost Street in 1934 as a stock boy, wages \$7 or \$8 a week and eventually rose to the top as District Manager. This brother of mine, who I will always consider was one of the best merchandiser who ever walked Provost Street, served in many Metropolitan Stores with various positions, but always with enthusiasm. After several long years he was promoted to assistant manager at a weekly salary of \$10.50. The following year he was transferred to Halifax where he worked in both the Gottingen and Barrington Street Stores. This is probably where he first met his future wife, the lovely Patricia McGrath.

Then came the war years when he served with the Canadian Army for four years in England and Europe. Being repatriated home he returned to the Met, where he worked at stores in Dresden and Stratford, then was transferred as Manager to a new store in Dartmouth, then a transfer to Kentville, where due to his outstanding efforts he was made District Manager.

Lloyd's responsibility as district manager included supervision of stores in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick during different periods. This was during the expansion years and there were great demands on his time, efforts and ability. It was during this period that he suggested the slogan "The Friendly Met",

which continues today.

Retiring from the Met in 1980 after 46 years of service, he devoted full time to his artistic talent and created "Art in Black" which is still popular today. In recent years he has designed and developed beautiful third dimension scenes and clocks in natural colour.

Lloyd and Pat now spend their winter in a mini-home which they own in Florida and their summer in New Glasgow, where they both hustle to supply the gift store demand for his ever popular "Port Hole Scenes" and colorful scenes and clocks.

Many years ago he quoted the following:

As you travel on through life No matter what your goal, Keep your eye upon the doughnut And not upon the hold.

I never understood this little ditty but I guess he did, "He lived it".

At my request Lloyd supplied a digest of his military service, here it is as he wrote it:

"Now that I look back it seems like a dream. I had good times I guess and bad times, I still feel sad when I look back, and would not care to go through it again. Even today when the Pipes play, I get a far away feeling, and I remember. However I have been lucky ail my life. I now belong to the New Glasgow Canadian Legion, and there is a chance that I may return to Holland and Germany, and most of all to Beny Sur Mer in the spring.

I arrived in England on a wet November day at 5 a.m. in 1942, spent the first three months in Borden, outside of London, it was a long winter. Spent another winter in Dorking, England, and went to Aldershot, England on a Regimental Training Course. Times were pretty tough.

One spring, I think it was 1943 shipped off to the Isle of Wight off the coast of Portsmouth, taken on strength of the RCEME, Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, 7th Infantry Brigade, Light Aid Detachment, Detachment 2. I remained with this outfit to the end of the War. This is the 3rd Division, the brigade as I remember contained the Regina Rifles, Toronto Scottish, etc. I did administration work.

We sailed with the Infantry, from Southampton one afternoon, June 10th, 4 days after D-Day, we landed with difficulty around midnight. I was in the 2nd Light Aid Detachment, the first Light Aid Detachment went ashore on D-Day, I never saw them again.

We landed at Beny-Sur-Mer, I think there is over 2000 Canadians buried there, including a friend of mine Frank Alyward, as well as others. Many of the Toronto Scottish were lost there.

We went through France, Belgium, Holland and into Germany;

crossed the Rhine River on Pontoon Bridges. I was in Lahr, Germany when the war ended.

Fifteen of us were misplaced for 3 months, the authorities thought we were home in Canada, but we were still in Germany. I left Germany on the 12 October, 1945 on my birthday, for the greatest Country in the World, arriving in Canada on Jan. 1st 1946".

Alfred William Nowlan, Born 1917 -

Memories of my early childhood are elusive, in fact my first lucid memory is the time I walked from the Drummond Square to see the house my parents were considering purchasing for our home. As we walked down McKay Street, on a little ash sidewalk, with wild roses blooming along one side, I would be about six years then, and saw the country, the wild flowers and the gardens, the bush and trees I must have thought to myself, "Oh Boy! this is great". I have no memory of moving in but as years passed I loved this place and even today, when the old house is no more, I drive up and down Spring Garden Road when opportunity permits.

However living in the country has its disadvantages too. Those first years we had no running water, it came from a hand dug well close by. We had no electric lights, two kerosene lamps sufficed. No inside plumbing, that little house in the back yard and an old Evening News did the trick. Heat was supplied by a coal stove in the kitchen, at the end of which was a tank for our warm water, there was another stove in the living room and one upstairs which was lit in very cold weather. The last two were taken down each spring.

In those early days, to help support his family, my father had a garden in which he grew our winter's supply of vegetables. In the clay cellar he had built bins well up from the bottom, one for potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbage, etc. Entrance to this was gained through a hatch in the storage room, just of the kitchen,. We always had a flock of hens, a cow and most times an old horse, John or Jim, which he used for ploughing, trips around town and surrounding areas.

In those days Spring Garden Road was blocked with snow all winter. One day Dave hitched up old Jim in the sleigh and went to the Drummond Mine for a half ton of coal, coming back up the road, chest deep in snow, old Jim thinks " Enough is enough"; so he stops and defies Dave's efforts to get him to start again. Now Dave was cold and angry, so he thinks to himself "all right, old boy, I'll just go home and have a lunch and then we'll see about you". Our lot had a five hundred foot frontage, old Jim had stopped at the end farthest from the house, in between was a garden, hay field and a half dozen apple trees. So Dave

is sitting there eating, we hear bells and looking out the window, we see old Jim cutting across the field, on under the apple trees heading for the barn, I often wondered, could he have had more moxy than Dave, there was very little snow on the route he travelled.

Shortly after moving in, my education had to be considered, as we had lived in the old Drummond Square, Lloyd and Dave attended the Victoria Street School, and since there was no space in the old Chelsea School on Diamond Street, I too was enrolled there. This meant walking right across town in all sorts of winter weather. I attended grades one and two there. We took our noon day lunch along and ate in the Domestic Science room, where the domestic science teacher supplied us with a cup of tea for one cent. Eventually the new Chelsea School was finished and I moved there for Grades 3 to 6. These weren't happy years as I was not a good scholar and not being in the best of health missed considerable time.

Then came a move to the Church Street School, which was then the High School, for grade 7 to 10. The principal there was F.I. Lent and he ruled with an iron hand. Apparently about grade eight under the influence of one of my favourite lifetime teachers, Anna Lochead, "I pulled up my socks" and had very few school problems after that.

It was in those years that I branched out, along with my brother Lloyd, Ken Leavitt, Dave Matheson and Bill Gammon, we organized the 4th Westville Boy Scout Troup and many other activities. From my High School years in Westville I remember with respect, old F.I., Estelle Saunders and Minnie Carr, she was a lady and a good educationalist. George MacKenzie, later Inspector of Schools for Nova Scotia, was there also. Him, I will not judge, other than to say, at the end of Grade 10 I had enough of the Westville School System and for Grade 11 enrolled at Pictou Academy. Boys and girls from Stellarton, Westville, Loch Broom, Sylvester, etc. boarded what we referred to as the Jitney and travelled to Pictou. We took our lunch along and about 2:30 p.m. returned to the station for the return trip. The Jitney was the fore-runner of the Railliner.

At Pictou Academy under the guidance of the great C.L. Moore, who was a gentleman supreme, a scholar superb, who addressed all students as Miss or Mr. I carried on, recovered lost ground and received my certificate successfully in June, 1936. This was the end of my formal education, shortly afterwards I went to work.

Other than a few weeks at Christmas when I assisted my brother, Lloyd, in the stock room at the Metropolitan, my first employment was with Morris Spiro, a gentleman Jew, who ran a department store. He carried furniture, appliances, men's and ladies clothing, etc. My job had much variety. He sold on credit, so had two collectors, one of which I

was. On Saturday at noon I started out all over Pictou County, calling on customers, getting 50¢ here, a dollar there, etc. until I finished the route about Tuesday at Noon. For the balance of the week I worked in the Men's department and assisted all over the store, that is when I wasn't out assisting on repossessions. You don't know what repossessions are? Well, I'll tell you. When someone who could, and wouldn't pay, we simply went out and took the item back to the store, this was rough business. I have even been threatened with an axe, I was the spokesman. On one occasion we were sent to Thorburn to repossess a stove. When we arrived dinner was being cooked and the pots were simmering and bubbling on the stove, they were removed from the stove, set aside, the smoke pipes removed, and the stove with the coal still burning was carried out, loaded and taken back to the store. There we were met by Mr. Spiro in tears, we must take it back immediately, the clergy had intervened. This occasion I shall never forget. At that time my wages were \$8.00 per week on starting, \$13.00 per week when I left.

So a fellow can only stand so much, when an opportunity arose I left the employ of Mr. Spiro, again in tears and moved to the new Zellers Store on Provost St., at wages of \$12.00 per week. The manager there was John Mather, later Superintendent, etc., except when under pressure he was a kind man.

It was during this period that Frances and I, on July 9, 1940 eloped to Truro and were secretly married. We were in love and there was no other way, my wages were \$15.00 per week and she worked with her family for peanuts. She was a graduate Grade XII of the New Glasgow High School and the Maritime Business College. Times were tough, on graduation she had been offered a position paying \$8.00 per week and would have to pay \$5.00 board. It had been our intention to live apart until we got on our feet but nature intervened, so the plan fell through and we lived for a short period with her family. It was then I was transferred to Saint John, N.B. at \$18.00 per week. Some months later our son, Kirby, was born and I transferred back to New Glasgow.

Shortly after the manager at Zellers changed, this new man was a tyrant, so I decided to go into war work. I was immediately hired as a priority Clerk at the Trenton Steel Works. Some months later, with all my friends in the Armed Services, I joined the Royal Canadian Air Force.

This was quite an experience, we gave up our flat and Frances and Kirby moved to her home, while I boarded the train for Manning Depot in Toronto. This was at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds, and our barracks was the Sheep Pen. Each day while we were on parade, doing drill or learning basic warfare, the caretakers hosed out the buildings. Naturally there were hollows in the floor where water lay until it was frozen the next night. We had two grey blankets and our

greatcoat to keep us warm, one had to be careful next morning when taps went, often I have jumped out of my bunk, broke through the ice and landed in my sock feet in an inch of water.

After basic training at Manning Depot, I was posted to the Technical Training School at St. Thomas, where I was to train as an Electrical Aircraft Technician We were billeted in a new building compound which was built as a home for the mentally handicapped. It had underground passages everywhere, a beautiful hospital wing (where I spent sometime while ill with the measles). St. Thomas was a beautiful town of wonderful people, I shall always remember their kindness, the very name thrills me. I was very pleased that my wife, Frances, was able to visit me there for six weeks.

Always being interested in growing things, on weekends some of us airmen visited farmers for whom help was unavailable. We felt privileged to work with them, in most cases their sons and daughters were off to war. During this period I planted and picked tobacco, fruit and what have you. A popular vegetable there was the large white dessert onion, they were so large, that one slice was all that was necessary between two slices of bread to make a delicious sandwich. Many lunches have I had of onions (they were not strong like our common onion) a little salt, and two slices of bread.

So all good things come to an end, I graduated eighth in a class of 30, so I had my choice of posting, naturally I choose Dartmouth, to be handy home for a short while. I had been posted to a Bomber Squadron, but due to train schedules I arrived late, it had left for Newfoundland on its way Overseas.

So what to do with me, send me along where I might not make it in time to join them or put me "Up for grabs". After studying my record and graduation marks, Sgt. Harry Heard of Squadron 121 said: "I want this man!" I thought that was great but things were a little different later, anyway I asked for leave for which I was overdue. I shall never forget Sgt. Heard's reply, "You might as well go now, you are no good to me until you learn something". In later months when a plane needed special attention by someone he could depend on and he addressed me as Noley, I wondered if he remembered the day I arrived. After the war he visited me in New Glasgow, so I guess I must have become one of his boys.

After I had settled in Squadron 121 I found to my sorrow that all members of this squadron were frozen there for the duration. Some of the men I later worked with had been in the squadron for four years and were cracking to get overseas. Our job was towing targets for the Army, Navy and Airforce. We later took over Air Sea Rescue and dropped the first twinscrew boat in Canada. All this was accomplished with what

would be (they hadn't made it) and (had been there) pilots who had returned after a series of missions, to wind down. Our Squadron Leader had been of the American Flying Tigers.

We conducted all sorts of repairs on a number of different aircraft, our own, others on the station who had no crews, still others who had just dropped in. When I joined the squadron they were flying Bowlingbrokes. "Boy some job", climbing into those babies. Later as they returned from overseas we got Hudsons. I learned to love this aircraft, even had my favorite one, and every one lost or damaged made me unhappy. The rule of the game was "if you fix it (major repairs) you fly in it on the test flight". This nearly became my undoing, you can crash just as hard 20 miles off our coast as you can anywhere on earth or sea.

On Aug. 30, 1945 I was discharged from the Airforce, put on reserve and formed a partnership with C.P. Smith and his son, Everett, recently discharged from the Navy. Due to family friction, the partnership didn't last long, so I pulled out and opened "Nowlan's House Furnishings". When I found that Frances and I were both working sixteen hours a day, instead of myself working eight hours a day, we also had to consider a very young son, Kirby, I terminated this business although it had been successful.

Shortly after this an old friend, Norman Brown, one of the best salesman I have ever known, invited me to join the Greendal Company, of which he was manager. I worked there several years and it was recorded in the company records that on one day I sold the most garments, suits, sport coats, topcoats, etc. ever recorded. I do not remember the exact number but I must admit it was outstanding. I do remember serving and closing a sale with at least 17 customers. Apparently the owner, Maxie Dalphen, who had an office just above the sales floor was taking it all in, so when a customer didn't buy he leaned over the rail and said "Haw! that one got away". I was riding high so looked up and stated, "You come down here and sell and I'll go up there and critize", he ducked back and I never heard of the incident again.

In the meantime Barcley F. Grant, a fine guy who didn't know much about merchandising had taken over his grandfather's firm of J. Fisher Grants. He invited me to join the firm, which I did and on my first year there we tripled the business. Unfortunately Barclay's health failed, he was influenced by his son, John, now a trucker, who eventually took over a business in which he was not interested or qualified to run. In 1974 the firm of J. Fisher Grant Ltd. ceased to exist putting me out of employment after 21 years of service with the firm.

So, for awhile I collected U.I.C., but being born to run, not creep, I joined the Canadian Core of Commissionaires, open only to veterans. My first service was at Scott Paper, where I rose to Sgt. They are a

wonderful firm, but the Union is strong and the job vexed me no end. So I transferred to the Nova Scotia Power Commission as a plain Commissionaire A. W. Nowlan. The management and employees of the Power Commission were as fine a group of people as I have ever known. The older men keep dying off but I am pleased to note that those still with us, even today, treat me with friendly respect, with which I had always treated them. Working as a Security Officer is a most difficult job.

During my service at the Nova Scotia Power Commission I spent many long nights (eight years on the swing shift) during that time I constructed miniature buildings for my extensive H.O. railway, now in my basement. I had intended to dismantle and sell this railway, it fills 25% of my basement, but on June 19, 1987 I was blessed with a grandson, now 2 1/2 years and taking an interest in it. Therefore I will leave the decision on what to do with my railway to my son, Kirby, who has taken great interest in it, in the past. During the above period I also wrote short stories.

So after retirement I have divided my time to my lifelong interests of gardening and wood-working. Currently my wife, Frances, and I are members of the First United Church in Trenton, we kept up on our dues but are not workers. We miss a lot of Sundays in the fall and winter because we sell our Wood-Crafts on Sunday Mornings at the market. We should terminate this but over the years we have developed so many friends, both among the sellers and buyers alike that it is hard to call it quits.

After the 1967 Expo which we visited in Montreal for a week, we decided to see some of those countries first hand. So in 1970 we took our first of seven European Tours, visiting more than twenty countries. In 1977 we landed at the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea, when the International Motorcycle Races were in progress, and I was hooked again. First there was a 100 c.c. Gopher, to see if I still had it. This was followed by a 450 c.c. Suzuki, then two 650 Hondas, a 1000 c.c. Gold Wing, and finally a 1200 c.c. Honda Interstate with which we both travel today. In all I have owned seven new motorcycles. I have also owned many new cars since the war, but who hasn't?

Much of this could not have been accomplished without the help of my wife, Frances, who in her folly has loved and supported me for fifty years (1940-1990) in all my endeavors (sometimes foolish). She has given me a son of whom I am justly proud, seen to his education, etc. On June 21, 1987 we were blessed with our only grandson, John Evan Nowlan; please note he bears the name of the original Nowlan (Knowlan) who landed at Country Harbour in 1783, a member of the disbanded Royal Carolina Rangers.

I will deal with our son, Kirby and Evan, as his mother choose to

call him, later.

Now at 72 years of age I haven't accomplished much other than financial independence, but believe me "I DID IT MY WAY".

Alfred George "Ackle" Allbon

In consideration of the high regard in which he was held by all members of my family, I have asked Ackie Allbon, my brother-in-law, to write a short history of his life for these records. Here it is just as he wrote it:

My teenage and latter years were spent with very lovable parents in a christian home and was one of a family of four sisters and four brothers.

In September 1923 while enrolled in High School my father was appointed Town Clerk and Treasurer by the Town of Springhill, and at his suggestion approved by the Town Council, I was appointed Deputy Town Clerk

On September 18, 1929 I married Blanche D. Nowlan of Westville, N.S. and we enjoyed a very happy partnership for 43 years. We were not blessed with any children. Blanche passed on May 29, 1972, and I remarried on October 27, 1973 to Miss Lillian Matthews of Springhill, N.S. Lillian was deceased Nov. 25, 1985.

In the year 1944, following the death of my father, Charles J. Allbon, I was appointed Town Clerk and Treasurer, and held that position until illness prompted my resignation in 1972.

During my tenure as Town Clerk and in the year 1967, I was presented with a 1967 Centennial Medal, in view of service rendered during the mining disasters of 1956 and 1958, in which a total of 114 men lost their lives.

I was very much interested in the game of baseball and as a member of the team widely known as The Springhill Fencebusters, I was very fortunate in being an important coq in the success enjoyed by that team. At the young age of 16 years I was asked to pitch in a Provincial playoff game in Yarmouth and the game went 14 innings with the score Springhill 3 - Yarmouth 1. This was the beginning of my baseball career over a span of 13 years. I retired in 1934. Incidentally baseball rivalry during the period involved important games between Springhill and Westville.

I enjoyed a successful baseball career both as a pitcher and centerfielder and as a result was one of the first inductees to the Nova Scotia Hall of Fame. Notable achievements during my participation in baseball included "striking out" 21 Halifax batters in 1929, and having played in three of the longest baseball games ever played in Nova

Scotia. In Yarmouth in 1922 (14 innings) and two games in 1925 (13 and 15 innings) against Westville.

Chapter 7

The Later Generations

The Later Generations

William C. Nowlan 1882-1950 married Laura J. Kirby 1878-1966.

Children:

1. Blanche D. Nowlan
2. Gladys B. Nowlan
3. Leith W. Nowlan
4. David F. Nowlan
5. Lloyd G. Nowlan
6. Alfred W. Nowlan
1905-1972
1907-1923
1908-1979
1913
1915

- 1. Blanche D. Nowlan married Alfred (Ackie) G. Allbon Sept. 18, 1929, no children.
 - 2. Gladys B. Nowlan, died young
 - 3. Leith W. Nowlan married Dee (Daisy) Thomas May 3, 1933.

Children:

- 7. William T. Nowlan, born November 10, 1933
- 8. Gwendolyn B. Nowlan, born March 17, 1937
- 9. Wayne L. Nowlan, born November 26, 1947
- 10. Gary D. Nowlan, born July 31, 1949
- David F. Nowlan married Alice MacKenzie, June 26, 1961, no children.
 - 5. Lloyd G. Nowlan married Patricia McGrath January 24, 1946.

Children:

- 11. Gail Alice Nowlan, born April 25, 1947
- 12. Jane Patricia Nowlan, born October 30, 1949
- 13. David Edward Nowlan, born October 23, 1952
- 14. Paul Cowan Nowlan, born December 15, 1953
- 15. Colleen Marie Nowlan, born June 18, 1955
- 16. Michael Joseph Nowlan, born November 27, 1956
- Alfred W. Nowlan married Frances C. Smith, July 9, 1940.
 Child: 17. Kirby C. Nowlan, born March 9, 1941
- 7. William T. Nowlan married Marjorie Jean Hodge, Aug. 3, 1957. No response to second request for information. Children:
 - 18. Sherri Lee NA
 - 19. William C. Nowlan, born Aug. 3, 1969
 - 20. Heather Nowlan NA
- 8. Gwendolyn B. Nowlan married Aubrey Jeffery, June 21, 1958. Children: 21, William Mark Jeffery, born March 5, 1959

- 22. Dale Stephen Jeffery, born July 21, 1960
- 23. Lisa Jayne Jeffery, born September 15, 1965
- Wayne L. Nowlan married Patricia Ferne Wilson, June 15, 1968. Children: 24. Laureen Patricia Nowlan, born June 10, 1971
 - 25. Sylvia Ferne Nowlan, born November 18, 1972
 - 26. Leith Adams Nowlan, born May 27, 1974
 - 27. Curtis Wayne Nowlan, born August 23, 1976
- Gary David Nowlan married Marilyn Theresa DeBaie, April 25,
- 1970. Children: 28. Gary Stephen Nowlan, born November 14, 1970
 - 29. Wendy Leah Nowlan, born November 11, 1973
 - 30. Sharon Marie Nowlan, born December 11, 1974
- Gail Alice Nowlan married Wayne Francis Murray, Sept. 9,
 Children: 31. Jeffery Edward Murray, born July 7, 1968
 Colleen Patricia Murray born Nov. 27, 1973
- Jane Patricia Nowlan married Gary W. Whittier, Dec. 12,
 1970. Children: 33. Erica Jane Whittier, born April 13, 1973
 34. Marc Lloyd Whittier, born March 19, 1975
 Adopted August 13, 1975
- David Edward Nowlan married Aug. 12, 1978 Divorced Oct.
 80.
 - Paul Cowan Nowlan married Dale Reynolds
 3 step-children
- Colleen Marie Nowlan married Earl Rand Kellock, May 3,
 Children: 35. D'Arcy Rand Kellock, born October 30, 1976
 Laura Colleen Kellock, born Feb. 9, 1979
 - 37. Mitchell Nowlan Kellock, born October 13, 1982
- Michael Joseph Nowlan married Ann Renée Robichaud, May 4,
 Children: 38. Sarah Emily Nowlan, born October 5, 1986
 Danielle Marie Nowlan, born January 25, 1988
- 17. Kirby C. Nowlan married Barbara A. MacPherson, July 15, 1967. Divorced October 5, 1983. One adopted daughter, Wendy Christine Nowlan, born February 28, 1975.
- Kirby C. Nowlan married Deborah Anne Molyneaux, July 21, 1984. Child: 40, John Evan Nowlan, born June 19, 1987

Gwendolyn Blanche (Nowlan) Jeffery

Gwen is the daughter of Leith W. and Dee (Daisy Thomas) Nowlan, born on March 17, 1937 New Glasgow, N.S. Lived in Westville with parents, attending local schools and at age 17 years was employed by the Bank of Nova Scotia.

On June 21, 1958 my husband, Aubrey William Jeffery of Calgary, Alberta, and I were married in the United Church in my home town.

Aubrey and I then moved to Toronto, where he was working for The Bank of Nova Scotia. The two boys, Mark and Dale were born there. In 1962, due to a job transfer we moved to Montreal, Que. where daughter Lisa was born in 1965. In 1972 transferred back to Toronto, where we have lived since.

In 1989, after 42 years with Scotia Bank, Aubrey retired, and we are now enjoying a more relaxed life style, pursuing new interests and travelling.

William Mark Jeffery, born March 5, 1959, Toronto, Ontario 1978 - Waburn Collegiate Institute 1980 - Centennial College employed - Ministry of Transportation and Communication

Dale Stephen Jeffery, born July 21, 1960, Toronto, Ontario 1978 - Waburn Collegiate Institute employed - Victoria Grey National Trust

Lisa Jayne Jeffery, born Sept 15, 1965, Montreal, Quebec

1984 - Waburn Collegiate Institute

1987 - Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario B.A. degree - Psychology and English

1988 - Queens University, Bachelor of Education Employed at Lincoln County, Board of Education, St. Catharines, Ont. - teacher

 Presently attending Brock University, working towards B.A. Honors Degree in English Literature.

Wayne Leith Nowlan

Son of Leith W. and Dee (Daisy Thomas) Nowlan, born November 26, 1947, married Patricia Ferne Wilson on June 15, 1968. Children: Laureen Patricia, born June 10, 1971, Halifax, N.S.

Sylvia Ferne, born Nov. 18, 1972, Moncton, N.B. Leith Adams, born May 27, 1974, Goose Bay, Labrador Curtis Wayne, born Aug. 23, 1976, New Glasgow, N.S. Now here's a fellow I have underestimated for too many years, he did his own thing. I hope I didn't say quietly, because he sure makes a splash as he goes by. Right now he is up North, (Yellowknife, N.W.T.) teaching the Eskimoes a thing or two.

Wayne, has been involved in many endeavors on his own? Not really, he has had the assistance of his wonderful wife, Ferne, who like my own wife has supported and encouraged him in all endeavors, some of which must have seemed far fetched and ill thought off. Through it all he has emerged as a Boiler and Pressure Inspector for the government of the North West Territories at Yellowknife, Department of Safety and Public Services.

After a series of jobs, which would be the envy of many of his compatriots, such as Sobey Stores; Eastern Meat Packers, Cost Accountant; L.E. Shaw, plant clerk; Conron Pipe Division, Inside Sales Co-ordinator; Domtar Ltd., safety Officer; DND Manuel Norad Control Centre, Goose Bay, Labrador, Stationery Engineer; Harris and Roome Ltd. Technical Sales Rep.; Government of N.W.T. Supervisor of Public Works.

At first these positions were clerical, then Wayne decided to be a Stationary Engineer, as his father had been before him, then back to school to complete Grade XII. Then to Middleton to commence training as a Stationary Engineer, after which he served as Supervisor of Public Works, N.W.T. Inspector Registrar, Province of Nova Scotia; Dept. of Labour, secretary to Stationary Board 1985-89. While there he re-wrote the Regulations under the Stationary Engineers Act, and saw these new regulations through Order in Council.

Now Wayne, a graduate of the Westville School System, not always enjoying perfect health, (Asthmatic) had to forego sports, however he served in the Air Cadets, Squadron 374, where he played fife and glockenspiel.

This is Wayne's second visit to the North. He has been appointed as a Commissionaire for Oaths in the N.W.T. He was the first white man elected to an Eskimo Council in the Central Artic (Spence Bay 1978) with second highest votes in the running for four seats. During his term he debated for constitutional Development with C.M. (Bud) Drury, finally appealing to Prime Minister Trudeau and having the Drury Report shelved.

Wayne has travelled extensively with the Netselibmint Eskimoes, on one occasion travelling more than 400 miles by Skidoos and Hamitak Sleds from Gjsa Haven on King William Island, across Rosimussan Bay, onto the Bothia Peninsula to Mucheson River and return. While in the Central Artic he visited the grave site of Sir John Franklin's last crew at Starvation Cove.

He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, became a Master Mason at Western Star Lodge #50 at Westville at age 21, was admitted to the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Eng. in 1989. Also a talented musician, playing piano accordion, mouth organ, fife, glockenspiel and piano. His hobbies are of course, music, history, old books, fishing and as he says "small politics".

Wayne's wife, Ferne, is a talented musician, a Grade 7 graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, played the organ in the Garloch Church, a piper in the Dunvagan Girls Pipe Band, a piper in the N.W.T. Pipe Band. In addition to all this she was a bank clerk for many years, and of course her hobbies are music, music and music. Currently Ferne is Secretary to the Director of Energy, Mines and Petroleum Resources for the Government of the N.W.T. at Yellowknife. Their Children:

Laureen Patricia, born 10 June 1971 in Halifax, N.S. Currently a first year student at Acadia University, is also a talented musician, being trained in clarinet. In 1989 she won an award for her speech on Human Rights, given by the Nova Scotia Multiculture Association. She now resides at Falmouth and works part time at Pathier Motors. Laureen plans to become a human rights lawyer. Her hobbies are music, writing and apparently speech making.

Sylvia Ferne, born 18 November in Moncton, N.B. 1972 is a grade XI student at the Sir John Franklin High school, Yellowknife. She is sports inclined, a horse back rider and inclined to be a socializer.

Leith Adams, born 27 May, 1974 in Goose Bay, Labrador. Boyl has he got some name to live up to: but I guess he is well on his way. He is a grade X student at Sir John Franklin High School. Leith has studied baritone saxophone at the Acadia Summer School for three terms. He was accepted at 15 years to an adult Big Jazz Band in Yellowknife. Presently assists with music instruction and organizing, a member of the High School Jazz Band at Sir John Franklin High School. Plans to continue with music study and become a professional musician in the Canadian Armed Forces. In 1989 when the Windsor Regional High School won the silver award in the Toronto Music Festival, Leith gave a Cameo Solo Performance with the Baritone Saxophone.

<u>Curtis</u> Wayne born 23 Aug. 1976 in New Glasgow, N.S. is musical inclined also, a handsome young lad, very much resembling his Dad at that age. Curtis has studied Guitar at Windsor Regional High School and attended Summer Music School at Acadia University for Bass Guitar in 1988. He plays bass guitar in the school band at Wm. MacDonalds Junior High School, Yellowknife. His hobbies are music, basketball and watching hockey. He has a Nowlan talent for drawing and art work.

Gary David Nowlan

Son of Leith W. and Dee (Daisy Thomas) Nowlan, born July 31, 1949. Gary David Nowlan married Marilyn Theresa DeBaie in Mabou, Cape Breton on the 25th of April, 1970.

After their wedding they returned to Montreal, P.Q. where Gary was employed as a Construction Planner with the Shawinigian Engineering Company. It was in Montreal that their son Gary Stephen was born on the 14th of November, 1970 at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

In September of 1972 they returned to Nova Scotia to live in Alma, Pictou County, where Gary had been employed by Michelin Tires Canada Ltd. They also have two daughters, Wendy Leah, born on the 11th of November, 1973, and Sharon Marie, born on the 7th of December, 1974. Both were born at the Aberdeen Hospital in New Glasgow, N.S.

Gary has been very active in the community and has served in such roles as Fireman and Treasurer of the Alma Fire Department, Chairman and Leader of the Alma Boy Scouts, President of the Alma Community Centre, President of the Pictou County Mariners Swim Club. He enjoys just about any creative activity such as house building, woodworking, photography and painting.

Marilyn, with three children, has been a very active homemaker and has a reputation of being a fine cook, as well as being skilled with a hammer after helping Gary build three houses. She enjoys piano playing, reading and swimming.

<u>Stephen</u> is studying Pre-Engineering and Applied Science at Acadia University and plans to go on to become an Architect. He enjoys sports and is a strong competitive swimmer.

Wendy attends West Pictou District High School and plans to pursue a career in Education. She is a fine student and enjoys playing school sports and swimming.

Sharon also attends West Pictou District High School, and plans to study the Sciences. She enjoys the piano and collecting stamps and coins.

Gall Alice (Nowlan) Murray

Gail, eldest daughter of Lloyd G. and Patricia Nowlan, born in Halifax, N.S. on April 25th, 1947. I graduated from King's County Academy in 1965 in Kentville, N.S. Upon graduation I entered Wells Academy in London, Ontario, graduating as Executive Secretary.

I married Wayne Francis Murray from Kentville, N.S. on

September 2, 1967. Our first child was Jeffrey Edward Murray, born on July 7, 1968 in Newcastle, New Brunswick. Our second child Colleen Patricia Murray, born on November 22, 1973 in Moncton, N.B.

My interests include piano and voice studying at Acadia University for three years. I am very interested in crafts and cross-stitching is my passion. Now, I am Accounts Receivable Supervisor at B. & B. Paper Plus Ltd. in Berwick, N.S.

My husband is Operations Supervisor with Co-Op Insurance.

Jeffrey graduated from West Kings District High School, Auburn, Nova Scotia in June 1985. He played on several Provincial Hockey Teams and High School Team. He is a third year Physical Education student at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S.

Colleen graduated from Berwick School in June 1989, and is a Grade 10 student at West King's District High School. Colleen is a figure skater and now coaches Canadian Figure Skating at the Berwick Arena. She was chosen Winter Carnival Queen for Berwick in February, 1989. She is also an excellent downhill skier.

David Edward Nowlan

Son of Lloyd G. and Patricia (McGrath) Nowlan, born on October 23, 1952 at the Blanchard Fraser, Kentville, N.S.

Resided Kentville, N.S. until August 1965

Activities: Kentville Elementary School until Grade 6
Minor sports

Resided London, Ontario - August 1965 until March 1966 Activities: Notre Dame Junior High School minor sports Resided New Glasgow, N.S. - March 1966 until Sept. 1968

Activities: New Glasgow Jr. High - Grades 8, 9, 10

Minor sports, outdoor activities

Resided Port Hawkesbury, N.S. - Sept. 1968 to June 1969

Activities: Port Hawkesbury Senior High - Grade 11

Member Nova Scotia Jr. B Champions, Strait Pirates

Resided Sydney, N.S. - Sept. 1969 to June 1971

Activities: Sydney Academy - Grade 11 & 12

President Young Progressive Party - 1970-71 Member Cape Breton Metro Jr. A Hockey Club

Resided Montreal, Quebec - Sept. 1971 to May 1972

Activities: attended Loyola College

Member Montreal Jr. Canadians

Resided Halifax, N.S. - Sept. 1972 to Sept. 1976

Activities: Bachelor of Commerce, St. Mary's University 1976 Various awards St. Mary's Huskies Hockey Resided Port Huron, Michigan - Oct. 1976 to Jan. 1977

Activities: Member Port Huron Flags after tryout camp New York

Rangers

Resided Newcastle, N.B. - Jan 1977 to Sept. 1977

Activities: Newcastle Northmen Hockey Club

Employed: Mirimachi Timber Resources

Met future wife, Rosalyn Godfrey from Mill Bank, N.B.

Resided Saint John, N.B. - 1977 to present

Activities: Employed Irving Oil Ltd. until Sept, 1978

Employed Sports Experts until March 1979

Employed Fiberglass Canada Inc., Oct. 1979 to present

Events: Married Aug. 12, 1978 - Divorced Oct. 1980

I've coached and continued to play hockey at various levels.

Fly fishing and hunting, followed closely by gardening provide many hours of relaxation.

Presently I live in a 75 year old farm house located on the Kennebecasis River, 15 miles north east of Saint John. This home is blessed with the beautiful Catherine Eileen MacDonald, my fiancee and friend, since 1980. Our major project at this time is restoring our home. We have one dog "Champ" and two cats "Mother" and "Sneaky".

Association Memberships:

Hammond River Angling Association - Director

Atlantic Salmon Federation

Canadian Wildlife Federation

New Brunswick Roofing Contractor Association - Director

Saint John Construction Association - 1st Vice President

Colleen (Nowlan) Kellock

Colleen Marie Kellock, daughter of Lloyd G. and Patricia Nowlan, born on June 18, 1955 at the Blanchard Fraser Memorial Hospital Kentville, Kings Co., N.S.

Education: Elementary, Kings Co. Academy, Kentville, N.S.; Notre Dame, London, Ontario; Acadia St., New Glasgow, N.S.; St. John's Academy, New Glasgow, Jr and Sr. High Schools, New Glasgow, graduated, 1973; Kingstec Vocational, Accounting 1973-74.

Employment: H.H. Marshall Ltd. 1974-75; Saint Mary's University Library, 1975-76

Married in 1975 Earle <u>Rand</u> Kellock, son of Earle Clyde Kellock and Patricia Aleen (Dunbar) Kellock, Plymouth Park, Pictou Co. Rand is a graduate of St. Mary's University, Bachelor of Commerce in 1975 and Bachelor of Education 1976. Golf Star Athlete; MUP Hockey and softball player.

Rand Employment - 1976-77 Technical Director Minor Hockey, Saint John, N.B.; 1978 Teacher at Kennebecasis Valley High School, Ouispamsis, N.B.; 1979 - present Olands Breweries Ltd. residing in Berwick, N.S.; an avid hunter and woodsman.

Colleen Hobbies - Figure skating, President of Berwick Club, tea organizer for Apple Blossom Festival, Town of Berwick; Alpine and Cross Country Skier; Tennis, swimming; short story writer; interior decorating; very active in children's activities.

Children: <u>D'Arcy</u> Rand Kellock, born on October 30; 1976 at Saint John General Hospital, weight 6 pounds 6 ounces, difficult birth delivered by Cearsarin. Education Grade 1 - 7 Ouispamsis Elementary, now Grade 8 at the Berwick School. Interested in sports; hockey, baseball, basketball, swimming, alpine and cross country skiing, drama, also enjoys art-drawing. A good student with a vivacious personality, also is a learning woodsman and fisherman.

Laura Colleen Kellock was born on February 9, 1979, Saint John General Hospital, 7 lbs. 6 oz. also by Cearsarian. Laura attended 1-3 at Ouispamsis Elementary, 3-5 at Berwick, N.S. She is a Girl Guide, figure skater, plays hand ball, soccer, tennis, swimmer, Junior figure skating coach, very gifted child, academics, writing stories, enjoys all friendships and is a very outgoing and exuberant child. Laura is outgrowing asthma and has many allergies. She also shows a great interest in arts, crafts and music.

Mitchell Nowlan Kellock was born on October 13, 1982 at Saint John Hospital, weight 8 lbs. 2 oz. also Cearsarin birth. Primary and Grade 1 at Berwick School. Plays ball, swimmer, Beaver (Boy Scouts) very friendly, witty and loving, with no medical problems, also plays hockey.

Family religion: Rand is the United Church, the children and myself Roman Catholic, children attend Sunday School as well as Mass.

Paul Cowan Nowlan

Paul is the middle son of Lloyd and Patricia Nowlan, was born on December 15, 1954 at the Blanchard Fraser Memorial Hospital in Kentville, N.S. Education at Kings County Academy, Notre Dame in London, Ontario, Brown School in New Glasgow. Junior High in New Glasgow, N.S. and left school to work with the Metropolitan Stores. Later went with Towers Dept Stores. Presently is a very successful buyer with Collegiate Sports Ltd. Ontario.

He resides in Burlington, Ontario and is a skier, golfer, woodworker and artist. He is married to Dale Reynolds and has three stepchildren: Stacey, Shauna, Craig.

Michael Joseph Nowlan

Michael Joseph Nowlan is the youngest son of Patricia (McGrath) and Lloyd G. Nowlan. Born Nov. 27, 1956 at Blanchard Fraser Memorial Hospital in Kentville, N.S.; moved to London, Ontario in 1964; moved back to New Glasgow, N.S. in 1965; graduated from New Glasgow High School in 1975; graduated from Dalhousie University in 1979 with a Bachelor of Commerce Degree; Bank of Montreal (Assistant Manager) in Moncton, N.B. 1980; Thome Ridell Chartered Accountants in Moncton, N.B. 1980-82; Shoppers Drug Mart head office (Moncton) 1982-87 held position of "Internal Auditor" and "Operations Accountant".; Shoppers Drug Mart (Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.) Store Manager, 1987-89; Lawtons Drug Stores Head Office, Dartmouth, N.S. 1989; present position "Inventory Management Co-Ordinator" promoted to "Director of Operations"

Sports: member of N.S. Rugby Championship Team 1973 and 1975; member New Glasgow Bombers Junior "B" Hockey Club 1971-75; member Dalhousie University Rugby Club, 1975-76. Avid Hunter, salmon fishing, wood carving and bird watching.

Married to Ann-Renée Robichaud of Moncton. N.B. on May 4, 1985 the daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Langis J. Robichaud, and was an Airline Stewardess with Air Canada. Her grandfather was Louis J. Robichaud, Q.C., member of Parliament for Richabucto, N.B. under Prime Minister McKenzie King.

Children: Sarah Emily, born Oct 5, 1986 and Danielle Marie, born Jan. 25, 1988.

The Nowlan Family Bible was given to Michael J. Nowlan, the grandson of our parents, William and Laura.

Kirby C. Nowlan

Now, as most of you know, it is difficult to write of one's own, but our son, Kirby, is an exceptional character. He has very little to say, unless it is pertinent, a reminder of my father, his grandfather. His name Kirby was my mother's maiden name, Laura Jane Kirby. He was born on March 9, 1941.

After graduation from the New Glasgow High School, he went on to Acadia University with five credits. I remember the day we packed his trunk, it was upstairs and he was reluctant to carry it down. A young man leaving home for the first extended stay has much to think about. Then there was the great difference between school and college training.

So off he goes to Acadia and many were the stormy Sundays we drove him and some friends back to Wolfville, only to turn around and

return home. He was the first Nowlan of our family to acquire a University education. He graduated in 1962 with a Bachelor of Arts degree and returned the next year to acquire a Bachelor of Education Degree. Before graduation he was offered and accepted a teaching position with the Halifax West High School, where he is still teaching. He tells me this is his 27th term. Can that be right? I must be getting old.

Since joining the staff Kirby has assumed many extra teacher activities, such as custodian of all projection and duplicator services and any other odd job that came along.

On June 15, 1967 Kirby married Barbara MacPherson of Wolfville, a graduate in Home Economics from Acadia University and Dietitian at the Victoria General Hospital. They had no children for seven years, then adopted a baby girl, Wendy is now 15 years and a very attractive young lady. After fifteen years of marriage, Barbara asked for a divorce, stating she wished to devote full time to her profession. Wendy now resides with her adoptive mother and we see very little of her.

After a long session of shock at this sudden change in affairs, Kirby again got on with his life and on July 21, 1984 married Deborah Molyneaux of Kentville, also a graduate Dietitian, from Acadia University 1971 and Halifax Infirmary, 1972, she is employed at the Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth as Administrative Education Dietitian. One of the great benefits to Frances and I was the birth of their son, John Evan on June 19, 1987. He is now between two and three, is very intelligent, rugged and behaves as a child much older. We enjoy our visits with him, imagine having your first and only grandson at the age of 69 years. At the time of his birth his mother had reached her 37th birthday and his father was 46 years.

Throughout his college years and early married life Kirby has been blessed with many fine friends. In college years there was the ever faithful John Patterson, who remains a close friend after all these years, in fact he is Evan's godfather. In his early married life at Lewis Lake, there was Bill Burnett and Ric Chenier, their homes next to one another. Throughout his marriage problems they stuck with him, as did the many teachers at Halifax West High School. Believe me, friends of this calibre are not easy to find, they must be earned.

As time passes, education requirements change, so now we are in the computer era, several years ago Kirby decided to add computer science to his educational qualifications. At present he teaches "Introduction to Computers" at night school, in January 1990 he will start his 6th teaching class.

Kirby has many spare time activities, during the summer months he spends a great deal of time boating, we got into this many years ago when we built a cottage at Chance Harbour. Our first boat was hand constructed, since then we moved to a Paceship (laminated hardwood) and now a fiberglass job. In the meantime we have literally worn out seven or eight outboard motors.

Kirby and Debby have a cottage at Aylesford Lake, not far from Kentville, where with their son Evan they spend a great deal of time each summer. His pride and joy now is a fiberglass boat with a 60 horsepower Mercury Outboard. They also have a sailboat and have become accomplished sailors, even to the extent of winning trophies. In addition to all that he is kept busy with on-going improvements at the cottage, as well as caretaker of their new home on Auburn Drive in Dartmouth. It is a split level, in the basement Kirby has a study or should I say a computer base and a workshop, where he spends much of his time, when not assigned to the supervision of the ever active Evan.

Your Name

You got it from your father. "Twas the best he had to give. And right gladly he bestowed it. It's ours, the while you live. You may lose the watch he gave you - and another you may claim,

But remember, when you're tempted, to be careful of his name. It was fair the day you got it, and a worthy name to bear When he took it from his father, there was no dishonor there; Through the years he proudly wore it, to his father he was true, And that name was clean and spotless when he passed it on to you.

Oh, there's much that he has given that he values not at all.

He has watched you break you playthings in the days when you were small.

You have lost the knife he gave you and you've scattered many a game,

But you'll never hurt your father if you're careful with his name. It is yours to wear forever, yours to wear the while you live. Yours, perhaps, some distant morning, to another boy to give. And you'll smile as did your father - with a smile that all can share If a clean name and a good name you are giving him to wear.

Edgar A. Guest

Chapter 8 Notes and Anecdotes

Notes and Anecdotes

The Family:

William Clayton and Laura Jane Nowlan now have 36 living descendants.

At this time I would like to point out to all of you, Nowlans, that the proper spelling of our name would be Nowland. All other spellings are due to educational deficiencys. I now have positive proof that the original John Nowland was a well educated man when he arrived with the King's Carolina Rangers in Country Harbour. I have his writing on a land grant transfer deed and his signature is beautiful scrip like writing, his name is clearly signed Nowland.

I would have been pleased to have more information from some of you but I was obliged to print what you supplied. I would hope that all present and future generations will find this an interesting history of their ancestors. This then, is my contribution to preserving our heritage.

After I began to study the Nowlan History I discovered certain facts that made me proud of our ancestors. Now, after studying the life of my nephews, nieces and their children, I am proud of you all.

A number of years ago when my employer of 21 years closed shop I joined the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires, this involved what we referred to as the Swing Shift, three men each working eight hours. This of course involved nights of solitude while others slept. Being employed at a desk job, there was very little activity on the midnight shift, the nights were long and lonesome. So to pass the time and stay awake I decided to try my hand at writing, it so happened that several of my short stories were considered very interesting and popular, but after a time I realized that I didn't have enough background to continue so I laid up my pen. You have heard it said "Some people can only write one good book". In reading over these tales written in the early seventies I have chose the one most popular, The Old Vet which expresses my respect for all men who served, it is now offered for your consideration.

The Old Vet

John Cook wasn't a religious man but he believed in God, still there were times when he wondered, looking back on life he reflected, his childhood had been happy, his parents wonderful, both gone now. He had met Stella, it had been love at first sight. They had only been married a few years when she had been tragically killed when the ambulance taking her to the hospital for the birth of their third child, skidded into a snow plough and burst in flames.

Then the war, why did he join the R.C.A.F., it certainly wasn't

lovalty and he was offered a war job, oh! he loved his country but he hated violence equally well. He missed his old buddies who were already gone and it was that dreadful loneliness. What a nightmare his service life had turned into, he had crashed a Harvard in training, been washed out of Aircrew, and then that fateful day many years ago. He had transferred to the R.A.F. in order to get Overseas and was stationed in France. Recently his squadron had moved to an unknown airstrip and he was with a party clearing bush at the end of an old landing strip. He saw it coming, it was a Spit, his favourite plane, he always watched them land. Several had limped in, but this one had been badly axed, one wing hung low, the tail plane seemed to be askew but on it comes. One bounce and he knew it was doomed, off went the undercarriage, it flipped over twice and skidded into the bush a hundred yards from where he stood and burst into flames. His first thought was, get out of here, but then he remembered Stella, her screams as they tried to get her out of that fiery furnace of an ambulance.

Someone was flying that plane, it could have been him. Before he knew it he was clawing into the wreckage, had grabbed a man in a burning flying suit, but as he lifted that struggling, flaming burden there was a blinding flash, the air was sucked from his lungs, then a great roar. Somehow he had dragged the man clear before he collapsed into oblivion. Days later he came to in a hospital room, soft music was playing, could he be in England. His first thought was, I'm still alive, his face is bandaged, only one eye is exposed, his left side seems to be paralyzed, can't move that arm, leg must be OK, he wiggled his toes. Vaguely he remembered an explosion and of carrying someone or something before he collapsed.

Now it is years later, he has learned to live with his impairments. his wartime pension had been ample to take care of his simple needs. But he had not been happy, too much inactivity. Oh! he tried different jobs, in fact a great many but always that thought am I doing a fair share. The Good Lord must have spared me for some purpose. In desperation he moved on, to wander again, find another job, leave it in frustration. The days were long and the nights lonely, he would have to try again but who in this great city wanted to hire a middle aged semi cripple, anyway no one would know him and he could ignore the pity in their eyes.

Phillip Bellows III, Vice President and Chairman of the Board of Bellows International Banking, set in his office high above Wall Street. He was thinking, these days he thought a lot, his children were grown and married in another state, his wife had passed on two years ago, it seemed like half a lifetime. What had life meant to him, what had he accomplished, maybe somewhere out in the world tonight lived and

suffered a man to whom he owed his life. He envied those boys on the way up, how their face lit up with every little promotion or raise in pay. This simple pleasure had been denied him. What had John Kennedy said, "To him who is given a lot much is expected". Why, the last great personality in his family had been his old Irish Grandmother, she had pioneered the Canadian West, some woman her, how he loved those tales of her hoeing the garden with a shot gun propped against a nearby stump.

He should have broke clear of the family, after college, even after the war but there were his war wounds. His hand reached up to an ear with little feeling, a nose, both man made, thankfully his eyes had been saved by his goggles, they now rested on the little silver Spit on his desk, it had been given to him by the great Winnie during those days of agony. The first full thought he could remember were that booming voice, "I brought your Spit son, get up and fly her, if the Good Lord had no further use for you, you wouldn't be here". Guess that applied to him, since a better man may have died to save him, his future was quaranteed by the wealth of his father. Oh! he rebelled a few times, what a fuss they had made when he had secretly joined the Royal Canadian Air Force so that he could transfer to the R.A.F. and get over there. He had been one of Churchill's "few" and had paid the price for a few months of glory. How many men had he killed, God said "Thou Shall Not Kill" but he didn't give you an alternative, there was a war to win, and freedom to regain for the oppressed.

His thoughts were interrupted by a tap on his door and his secretary Miss Marsh entered, how did that woman retain her youth? She had been a chart room attendant those many years ago, in fact that was what brought her here. Years ago he had decided, if I can't find the man I seek, I shall do something for all veterans who have been wounded, he would establish an organization for their employment. That too had been too easy, how better men than he had bowed to his wishes because he was J.P.'s son. Oh! there was some criticism behind his back, especially when he interrupted a board meeting to talk to an Old Vet, but he had made his purpose clear and his wishes that he see them all personally was respected, even though sometimes resented by the would be great.

Miss Marsh had been the first, he had advertised for an understanding female veteran with war wounds to carry out a mission. Boyl that advertisement sure created some stir in the V.I.P. Board Room. One snowy morning as he arrived late at the office, she sit in his waiting room, a small figure with a cane across her knees, her left wrist in a brace. It later developed that she had stayed a little too long after the siren went to help a buddy and would bear the scars forever. But she sit

there, not morose but beaming, in her mind she had found a kindred soul and was chafing to get into harness. It had worked out well and now thirty years later she anticipated his every wish, in fact were it not for his strict rule that he must see every handicapped veteran she could have run the operation herself.

Yes Miss Marsh, what is it this time? Sir, "I told you not to call me Sir", we both served our country in our own way". Well then Mr. Bellows, there is a man outside, he may be difficult Sir. Darn her why can't she stop calling me Sir, how it humbles me as if I were as great as he. Does he meet our qualifications, Miss Marsh, is he a veteran, does he have battle scars as you and I do? Yes, he has been badly burnt and is quite crippled. Show him in, Miss Marsh. But Sir, you have a board meeting in twenty minutes. Darn the Board Meeting, show him in!

The two men face each other across an expensive desk, they are strangers, both handicapped, one looks prosperous but in reality insecure in mind and purpose. The other just an old Vet, arrogant and grouty. Have a seat, Sir. Now I'm doing it. I'll stand thank you and don't patronize me, please explain why I have to come up here just to get a door mans job. You don't, you came because I want to see you and talk to you. The Old Vet winced, his one good eye had fallen on the little silver Spit, he is transformed, his crippled body becomes tense, there is a roar in his ears, his hand reaches out towards the offered chair and he shuffles into it.

Phillip Bellows III is startled, his face blanches. What is happening, his hand reaches out towards that lifeless ear. The two men stare at each other, something has passed between them. Bellows is first to speak. Were you in the R.A.F. Sir? he queries. The other man could only nod. Did you save a Pilot from burning to death somewhere in France? The Old Vet is on his feet now, he is shouting. Were you the man in the Spit, did you crash, explode and burn up? I was and did. Where did you disappear to? I searched for you on two continents, I thought you had died. I owe you my very life, and with that the great Phillip Bellows threw his arms around the Old Vet who said, "I thought you had died too, Sir, I inquired."

Now Mr. Bellows stood back and gazed at the Old Vet, he then turned and opened a drawer in his desk, from it he withdrew a little box and removed a small gold Spit, on it was an inscription. "To the other hero, your obedient servant, Winnie". He passed it to the Old Vet who seemed to gain in stature, he straightened, his grin was crooked but his hand was steady as he reached for the little Spit, which was symbolic of those years so long ago.

The following is taken from the Book of L.V. Salesman, Volume One-pages 203-04, under the heading Folklore and Anecdotes.

The Bachelor

Ned and Henry: one day an inquisitive niece posed the question to her great uncle "Uncle Ned, why did not a kind handsome man like you never marry?" The uncle replied "Me child since you have asked, I'm glad to tell you. When I was young I had a lovely sweetheart. She went to Guysborough to work and be independent. I missed her so much I decided to go after her. On a Saturday afternoon, me dear brother Henry said he would go with me. We dressed in our best and set out with a beautiful horse and a bag of oats to walk and hitch to Guysborough."

The youngster asked "What is walk and hitch?" "Me child" said Uncle Ned, "There was not but a horse path between here and Guysborough in them days. Two men would start out with a horse, one walking and the other riding. After some miles of riding the man on the horse would hitch it to a tree where the horse could nibble grass or have some oats if it were feeding time. Then that man walked on. The man on foot walked until he overtook the horse, untied him and rode some miles past the man walking when he again tied the horse to a tree. This went on repeatedly until the forty miles to Guysborough was covered with ride and hitch.

"Now to get on with my story. Me dear Emma worked for the well known DesBarres family. Brother Henry and me put up with a friend's family in Guysborough for the night. Next morning we freshened up like dudes and went to church. I saw me Emma there and told her we would call on her after dinner, in the early afternoon. She appeared right happy and said it would be good to have news direct from home. Well, during our call I said to her in right clear language: Dear Emma, which do you choose to be a mistress in my house or flunky-in-DesBarres Kitchen? She looked right pleasant and said: "I choose Flunky-in-DesBarres kitchen." Soon after that me brother and me told our friends "Good Afternoon" and started back to Cross Roads to be on time for a good nights sleep, before our morning work at sun up."

I'm always happy with me farm work and me mind was completely settled after that. Me brother and his wife, the grandest people on earth let me live in their home with a room of my own. I've had a wonderful, peaceful and independent life. I never went courting again.

Buckingham Palace vs New Glasgow Lumber

James Alexander Mason (born 1874) son of William Hodgson Mason and Amy Hines Mason, descendant of the original Empire Loyalists who arrived in 1783, discovered in the early part of the 1900's that timber was being cut on one of his Country Harbour woodlots by men hired by a well known ship and lumber company of New Glasgow.

He told the lumbermen to cease and desist, as the woodlot belonged to him. They paid no attention to his order so he filed suit against the New Glasgow Company. When the case was called into court the judge asked James Alexander the name of the lawyer defending his case. He told the judge he was defending his own claim. The judge then asked him how much time he needed to prepare his suit and he answered it would take a bit over two months. The well educated lawyers of the company who were on hand smilled to themselves because they knew that Mr. Mason had no preparation in the law. They were sure he had not gone beyond the tenth grade at the Cross Roads District School

The date of the trial was set for 2 1/2 months later, the sophisticated lawyers feeling somewhat derisive. When the court was set and James Alexander was called upon to defend his claim, he quietly walked up to the bar and laid upon the desk of the judge a letter from Buckingham Palace, the seal of which was broken. The letter read to his effect:

My Lord:

The land described in the enclosure of your letter referring to the May 13, 1784 Wright Grant has been carefully researched and the grant is valid. This land is to you and your heirs forever.

Signed and Sealed by:

His Majesty George V of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India.

The judge had no choice but to decide the case in favour of Mr. Mason. James Alexander and his wife Edith had this letter framed and hung in the front hall entrance of their home. It was there as long as they lived.

A Short Review of They Came to Phillips Harbour by Auldon B. Carter

Auldon B. Carter in his book "They Came to Phillips Harbour" covers topics which should be of interest to many, especially the descendants of the original Loyalists settlers, and there are thousands of them. The disbanded soldiers of the 60th Regiment (Royal Americans), the Duke of Cumberland's Montagu Corps and other military units who arrived in Milford Haven, Chedabucto Area after the American Revolution in 1784.

In his well researched book Mr. Carter outlines their early years and those of their descendants, how an effort had been made with considerable success at farming on the stony land allotted to them, and how they turned to fishing in an effort to support their growing families. He then explores their history, even to the extent of bringing the family trees up to date, a tremendous task that had been neglected for years.

He then writes of the life and times of the area as only a native son could, he explains the fishing industry, the methods used to catch tish, the low prices paid to the fishermen for their hard, intensive and dangerous labour. There is a brief outline of the Churches and Schools of the area. How the wars and even the Halifax explosion affected the descendants of the original settlers of this two century old settlement on the rocky shores of Nova Scotia's Chedabucto Bay.

So that you, the reader, will feel more at home and associated with his writing the author then goes on to outline his early years in the little fishing village of Phillips Harbour, his growing into manhood, his education and lifelong profession as a school teacher in many areas of Nova Scotia. His wartime service is outlined and the special effort he made to assist others along the way, as is his eventual retirement in the area of his choice, the beautiful Annapolis Valley. This author is however so attached to his homeland area that he still maintains a summer home on the old property of his ancestors.

This enlightening history was written at a very opportune time, it had been neglected so long, that those who could tell the story from actual experience and knowledge of the area are few. Mr. Carter was born in 1912 and may be the last informed person of his generation who can take up his pen and "tell it the way it was."

This book should also be of interest to all native sons of Nova Scotia, especially those who are interested in preserving the history of those early years and the arrival of the first settlers. Too little has been written of our local areas and much of the history of our early life has

been lost. I ought to know having spent the last two years in an extensive search of family history and my "roots".

Thank you, Mr. Carter for a job well done, it must have required an exhaustive effort. Should this book not be available in your local area, you can contact Mr. Carter at 50 King Street, Box 771, Middleton, Nova Scotia, BOS 1P0, there may be a few copies left.

Chapter 9 Travel

Travel

When Alf returned from service in the R.C.A.F., it seemed like he never intended to leave Pictou County again. In spite of difficult times here, he refused a number of positions away from Home. So it came to me as a surprise when in 1967 he then suggested that we go to Expo 67, we did enjoy ourselves immensely, and we were both hooked.

So we started out, to get our travel legs under us so to speak, with our first trip by car across Newfoundland. That was in 1969 and we followed this by St. Pierre and Miquelon.

In 1970 we took the plunge with a nine country tour of Europe with Global Tours. There is only one First Trip, the thrill and excitement felt that first time, never dims in your memory.

1970, Nine Country Tour - Global

Across by ferry to Ostend where we boarded a 52 seater coach and meet our Courier, Al, who added so much to the trip. Our first night we admired the splendid illuminations of the Grand Place in Brussels and purchased "Tommy" to take home, he is the national monument of Belgium. Through the heart of the Black Forest region of Germany to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, being 1970 it was the special year to be there. Into Austria, then over the Brenner Pass, heading for Venice. We took many slides to capture it all, so we could see it again next winter. Florence on a sight-seeing tour revealed the Baptistery Doors, the Ponte Vecchio - then Rome. Rome, the eternal city, so much to see. The Colosseum, St. Peter's and the Vatican - one of the art Wonders of the World, Michelangelo's "Pieta". Throw "three coins" in the Trevi Fountain and you shall return here, I tossed the coins in, never believing it could possibly happen. We cross over the top of the Swiss Alps, St. Gotthard Pass - the sun was shining, perfect weather, the view from the top is tremendous. We arrive in Lucerne, Switzerland. Here Alf takes the trip to the top of Mount Pilatus, up by cog-railway, through tunnels in the Mountains, on top of the world; then down by cable cars, a thrill of a lifetime. Paris was everything they promised, Notre Dame Cathedral, Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffle Tower, and a gala night at the Moulin Rouge. We packed our memories carefully as we headed home to London. London we grew to love, the greatest city in Europe.

1972 - Spain and Portugal - Wallace Arnold

Friday night, May 26th, finds us in the air flying to Spain. Arriving in Alicante about 3:45 a.m. we meet our Courier Pepy, he turns out to be a favorite of ours, an excellent courier. Ah! that balmy warm night, and yes! there are ripe oranges hanging on the trees, no orange can equal

the Spanish orange. Alicante on the Mediterranean Sea, and Alf must dip his foot in the ocean on our way to explore the castle of Santa Barbara.

Granada is the capital of the old Moorish kingdom and the Alhambra is the beautiful palace to be seen and remembered. Then the ride to the top of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, not to be compared with the Swiss Alps.

We were in Seville at the time of the "Corpus Christ" holiday and viewed the parade and joined in the pleasure of viewing the Flamenco Dancing at Club Andalucia. Seville has the largest cathedral in Spain. No trip to Seville would be complete without a visit to Sandman's Winery at Jerez de la Frontera. Oh Lay!

We moved on to Portugal and Lisbon, with many side excursions. The narrow winding streets of Lisbon's old Alfama district in the shadow of the Moorish castle of St. George, was that Sunday afternoon not to be forgotten.

In Madrid the Royal Palace, then side trips to "Valley of the Fallen" a memorial to the thousands who died in the Civil War. Here General Franco is buried, after dictorial rule of 44 years. Also the El Escorial, the monastery and the burial place of the Spanish Kings and Queens.

We were not on the sunny coast but in the heart of Spain to see these Spanish country people live a hard, simple but happy life. Alf spoke of Spain as his favorite trip, he enjoyed it all so much.

1973 - Holland and Austria - Wallace Arnold

It's Spring - we plan another trip to Europe, after much searching Alf comes up with an itinery which included two tours which would work into our 22 days abroad.

Wed. May 30th we fly to London. Extra time in London is used to explore Britain with the aid of day trips with Evan Evans. Saturday at 1:30 p.m. we join the group for Holland, this time we cross the Channel by Hovercraft, very windy with a high swell so the longer route is taken, 55 minutes from Ramsgate to Calais. We were met by the Courier, Ann. Dinner that evening was at Calais, then crossing the Belgium border to Wevelgem for the night. The hotel was crowded, ourselves and two other couples were taken to the owner's residence, a room fit for royalty. About noon on Sunday we arrive in Valkenburg, a very popular resort, situated so that day trips can be taken to points of interest. The American Memorial Cemetery at Henri Chapelle where 7000 Americans are buried beneath the crosses of white marble. The fairy tale town of Monchau in Germany, captured in slides, then on to Aachen, crossing through the Siegfried Line. Next day the German city of Cologne, a

Rhine cruise up as far as Remagen, then through the wine districts of the Ahr Valley. Wednesday the small towns surrounding and on to Maastricht, the capital of Limburg province of Holland. Thursday, up very early to arrive at Aalsmeer, the largest Auction Flower Market in the world. There are 54 square miles of buildings and they auction off 1/2 million dollars worth each day. They have 3000 employees, flowers are packed for flying out. Germany is their largest customer, followed by Switzerland and Sweden. Next a day in Amsterdam, that cruise through the canals, this place is unique and worthy of another visit sometime. Friday comes and we start the journey home, the night is spent in Middlekerke. London is reached at 2 p.m. Saturday afternoon. The weather had been perfect - it had been a most enjoyable week.

"Austria" Monday at 6 a.m. - 41 in number checked off the list, the Seaspeed Hovercraft for a very smooth crossing, landing in Boulogne. A large new coach awaits us, proceeding through the French countryside, crossing Belgium, we arrive in Cologne for the night. The second night in Augsburg, Germany, joined by 3 other couples we explored the city that evening. The next morning we cross into Austria. The Austrian homes are long with three sections under one roof, the living quarters, next the cattle, and then lastly the feed and hay barn. Two nights in Saltzburg, known as "The Sound of Music" city, how I enjoyed it. On to Vienna, a beautiful city, the first evening we went to the Kursalon, the State Opera House. Johann Strauss is being honored this summer and the music was beautiful - three couples, the girls in bright ballering gowns waltzed so nicely. A white haired retired school teacher is our tour guide the next day for Schonbrunn Palace, this was without doubt one of the wonders of art in the world today. Once more we cross Austria, the weather perfect and the scenery was wonderful. That afternoon was perfect as we viewed one picturesque town after another. We arrive in Innsbruck, this proved to be Alf's favorite of the whole trip. One of the highlights was a Tirolean Evening, really excellent, we took slides of the action and purchased a record of the music to hear and bring it all back. It poured rain all day but we didn't waste a minute of our time. Yes, some of the slides show the rain bouncing of the pavement and by 5 p.m. we were quite wet. That evening there was a farewell party. Next morning started the journey home, through Germany it was familiar from the last time. heading for a night in Luxemburg. We arrived at the Hoverport for a 7:30 p.m. crossing, then a 2 hour 15 minute drive to London. Another tour is over and tomorrow we fly home to Canada. It had all been very successful with not a hitch, as they say.

1975 - Yugoslavia - Cooks

This tour begins and ends in Vienna, so we took the Austrian Air Lines for a 1 hour 50 minute flight to Vienna on Tuesday, May 27th. Next morning 8 a.m. we are on our way, this was my favorite tour because Yugoslavia was so entirely different, although under the Communist rule of Tito, he was a wise ruler and loved by the people. Beautiful weather, sun shining as we crossed Austria, passed over the Semmering Pass, the Alpine village of Kingberg was unique with its high Maypole and numerous fountains. Crossing the border into Yugoslavia we were held up, one of our party had failed to obtain the necessary Visa. Our Tour party was under the watchful eye of the Putnik Agency, the government tourist bureau, but Cooks were given every consideration and we proceeded. Most of our party were Australian, a happy group to travel with, all seasoned travellers. Our first night was in Ljubljana, and then at noon the next day we arrive at Opatija, it was beautiful looking out over the blue waters of the Bay of Kvarner. When we left Opatija, the highway was like the Cabot Trail along the edge of the cliff of white limestone rock, it was only fifteen years since this road was opened. The Velbrit Mountains run down the coast line.

The older generations all wear long black skirts and covered their heads with black shawls. The woman walks 3 yards behind the man, and if there is a donkey the man rides on the animal. That morning we discovered our first old walled town, "Come quick and see, it's something you will never forget". The streets were 6 feet wide, narrow tunnels leading into their house and up stairs to the living quarters, a wall surrounded the little town. We were to see many during our trip. The Roman Town of Trogir had a water moot all around the wall, the tour coach remained outside. Split had a population of 100,000, we had a conducted tour there.

We arrived in Dubrovnik, known as the "Pearl of the Adriatic", we checked into the Imperial Hotel for three nights. Last winter Alf had shown me the street in the walled city where he would have his picture taken — and now he stood ready to have the slide taken. We walked around the top of the wall as Queen Elizabeth had done on her trip here. One of the side trips was to Montenegro, we went to Kotor at the head of the Bay and started up the Lovcen mountains with 26 hairpin bends. The driver had removed the Cooks signs off the sides of the coach, knowing they might be torn off by the rocky sides of the cliffs. The bus was so large that, on certain places on that narrow road, part of the actual coach was out over the drop away of thousands of feet. I was frightened and so were some of the men especially as a heavy fog rolled in as we neared the top at a height of 5500 feet. We returned by a different route.

After Dubrovnik we went inland crossing the mountain range to

the interior, the weather was much cooler. Mostar, built by the Turks 400 years ago. In the 9th century the start of the Mohammed Religion took place. Sarajevo is the heart of the Moslem country. There we visited the Bas-Carsija, the old Turkish market, our souvenir is a Turkish Coffee Pot for 380 Dinars or \$22.80 Canadian. Dramatic scenery takes us to Jajce, on to Zagreb and the Hotel Esplanade Intercontinental, the grandeur surpassed all Hotels we have seen to this date. Leaving Zagreb we reenter Austria, but not without the strict formality of leaving the country of our Tour. We proceeded to Graz in Austria for the night, we were out to explore Graz and found it so unbelievable we wished we could stay longer. The 15th day we are back in Vienna overnight to fly home to London. No trip will ever surpass this one.

1976 - Greece - Cosmos

This time it is Greece, we are to join the Tour in Athens. We board the British Tri-Star Jetliner, the largest plane we have been in to date, 10 seats across with two aisles, 37 rows of seats and the plane was full. Lift off at 9:50 a.m. and the flight time was 3 hours and 20 minutes, we crossed over the Alps at Mt. Blanc, on Wed. June 16th. A large room at Hotel Asty facing the front, Firstly the "Sound and Light Performance" at the Acropolis, and then a visit to a Greek Night Club. The old native section of the city "The Plaka" interested us. On Saturday we left Athens with a Greek guide, who would be with us for the tour to ancient sights. We travelled through the Parnassos Mountains to Delphi where we viewed the Temple of Apollo and the greatest Oracle of the ancient world. To fully appreciate Greece a study of ancient Mythology would give the necessary knowledge, because this country is today the ruins of the ancient past. We crossed from Antirion to Rion across the Gulf of Corinth, the sea was a deep indigo blue colour and looked like ink. We were headed for Olympia, the Temple of Zeus and the sight of the first Olympic Games and where the Olympic Flame is lit. We crossed the Menalon Mountain range to Nauplia. Wednesday on to Epidauros, a theatre built in the 4th century with wonderful acoustics, each in turn Mycenae and Corinth. Then we drove westward to Patras and boarded the large Cruise ship, we shared the cabin with another couple. A beautiful night, warm and the sky full of stars, we stayed up on deck till the lights of Greece faded in the distance. The Cruise Ship would take us through the Greek Islands, across the Ionian Sea to Brindisi in Italy. Another courier, an English girl, was waiting for us, we spent that night at Cerignola. Next day we proceeded to Naples, the Bay of Naples was beautiful and we were going to Sorrento for a few nights. We had a full day trip to the Isle of Capri, the Blue Grotto is worthy of mention. The next day we visited the ruins of Pompeii, where the clock of history stopped Aug. 24, AD79, when the eruption of Mount Vesuvius entombed the city in ash. Alf remembers the crunch of cinders giving way under each step, as he made his way, in his new Hartt shoes, to the top of Mount Vesuvius. He looked down into the crater and was awed by being there. I didn't attempt that trip.

Another thrill I shall never forget is the Amalfi Drive, it was breath-taking in beauty along that rugged coastline, the pastel coloured buildings clinging to the sides of the cliffs. Sunday morning was sunny as we headed for another visit to Rome, the three days were filled every minute. This time I purchased the "Pieta" of white marble and very heavy, it was an effort but I got it home to Canada. We took the Wednesday afternoon flight to London, another Tour was over.

1977 - One week on the Isle of Man and eight country tour

For months I had gone to sleep with thoughts of travel in my head and I felt I did so want just one more trip. We arrived in London the day of the Queen's Silver Jubilee Parade, Tuesday, June 7th. The city was decorated for the event, we joined the crowds in front of Buckingham Palace where the Royal Family made three appearances. On Thursday, June 9th, we joined the Tour headed for the Isle of Man, an island in the Irish Sea, half-way between England and Ireland. We had a most enjoyable week, much to see and do. I want to tell you how this week made a change in our lives. When I met Alf he drove a motorcycle, Lloyd and him had purchased a motorcycle B.S.A. for transportation back and forth to Westville. The T.T. Races (International Motor Cycle races) were being held on the island that week. The sound of the cycles revving up was music to Alf's ears, there were 10,000 cycles of all kinds on the island that week. We watched some of the races with great interest. The following Friday, June 17th we arrived back in London, the Isle of Man is now very real to us both with memories.

On arriving home from our trip that summer Alf purchased a small motorcycle. When he came home with one helmet, I sent him back for another. I intended to be a part of this sport. One motorcycle traded each time for a larger one, till now we drive two-up on a 1200 C.C. Honda Interstate completely equipped. When I put on my pants and leather jacket, fasten on the helmet I feel like 16 years again and that's good at my age, how I enjoy the drives we share together.

1977 - Eight country tour - Wallace Arnold

On Saturday, June 18th, we once more head for the continent, this time we cross the channel by Townsend - Thoresen Ferry arriving in Calais at 1:20. Our courier was waiting with the coach, his name Jan Hofkens, a dutchman. I had chosen this trip mainly for the special 2 days

spent going over the Swiss Alps - we shall see. The eight countries were France, Switzerland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Austria, Germany, Luxembourg and Belgim.

Our first night was in Paris, the next day I had time to view the interior of the Notre Dame Cathedral, after our sight seeing. We reached Chaumont on the Marne for the second night. Entering Switzerland we are headed for Lucerne, it has been 7 years since we were here. We take the boat, following the shores of this beautiful lake to Fluelen for a two night stay. We take the train next day to again visit Lucerne, the trip along the lake and through the mountain tunnels was exciting. When we left Lucerne, we climb up and over the mighty St. Gotthard Pass. The resort of Stresa in Italy is our destination for two nights. Opposite this resort on the shore of Lake Maggiore are three islands, Isola Belle, Isola Madre and Isola Pescatore (the fisherman's island). One had to see the narrow streets, ancient houses of centuries ago still lived in today. Ah! "Isola Belle" is quite a different matter - the grandeur of the palace, so beautiful with the sculptured garden, so amazing and unbelievable. We took slides and bought the Book but failed to capture such perfection as we saw that afternoon. All too soon it is time to leave Stresa. Friday, June 24th, retracing our steps back and then we take the high road over San Bernardino Pass. In one place there was a 5 1/2 mile tunnel through the highest mountain. The sun came out, we saw the start of the Rhine River, the scenery was simply wonderful, my second crossing of the Alps on this Tour has come to pass. We follow the Rhine River and stop in Liechtenstein's capital, Vaduz, for lunch. When we travelled along Lake Constance and through the Black Forest region of Germany the scenery was so familiar. We arrive in Brussels early Saturday evening and have a very extensive guided tour on Sunday. After lunch we head for the Channel port of Zeebrugge and the Ferry to Dover. Heavy sea today and it took 3 hours to cross the Channel to Dover. A slow trip back to London, heavy Sunday traffic bumper to bumper, because of road construction. Monday arrives the day to go home, travelling with Laker Charter, a British Airline, the flight time is 7:15 p.m. for Canada.

1979 - Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Scandinavia - Cosmos Wednesday June 6th, time for our annual vacation rolled around, we boarded a Lockhead L1011 for our flight to London. This plane was a wide body with two aisles and 9 seats across, but it was very noisy. The fare this year was \$357.00, Halifax to Heathrow, London. Alf hoped I wasn't superstitious, as it was our 13th Transatlantic crossing. Sat., June 9th, took the train to Dover and the Ferry across to Ostend, Belgium. Our courier was Annuska, a girl from Finland. This trip was to be excellent, fine sunny weather warming up to about 70 deg. F. in the

afternoons, extra hours of daylight as we are quite far north.

We cross Belgium, dinner that evening was in Arnham, and we went on to Doetinchem for the night. Sunday we enjoyed a real Dutch breakfast and became acquainted with our fellow travellers from Australia, Wales, London, 3 other Canadians, a couple from Malasyia, 2 girls from Singapore; these four passports were always given a second check at each border crossing. We arrived in Hamburg, Germany for lunch on Sunday, and that afternoon a guided tour of a beautiful city with Lake Alster in the center, although 80 miles from the North Sea the deep harbour is a busy port. Monday, breakfast at 6 a.m., a two hour drive to the Ferry to cross from Puttgarden to Rodbyhavn, Denmark and we join the Motorway direct to Copenhagen for two nights at the Grand Hotel in the center of the city. Sight seeing the next day takes us into the countryside and a visit to three castles, the most outstanding being Frederiksborg. Then we cross the Sound to Swedish Landskrona, this was a very scenic drive to Stockholm for two nights. Stockholm is named "Queen of the Waters", 50 bridges connect the many islands that make up the city; the lake in the city center is so clean that they can swim there. Thursday was the day to discover this city; the City Hall, the Royal Palace, the old town with its Medieval streets of old buildings, the WASA (man-of-war) raised in 1961 from the bottom of Stockholm Harbour, she had sunk on her maiden voyage in 1628, all of great interest. It was a fine sunny morning on Friday as we head westerly, a distance of 330 miles to Oslo in Norway. We pass through the Swedish countryside, skirting lakes and unspoiled forests to southern Norway and two nights in Oslo. A local guide was very good, Frogner Park (40 acres) hugh larger than life sculptures by Gustav Vigeland in Granite. Others were in bronze and iron to show life from birth to old age and death. Viking museums, City Hall and to top it off a ferry ride on the Fiord. We have reached the turning point so on Sunday morning we start southward, we enter Sweden again on the western side and arrive in Goteborg at the Scandianavia Hotel, real nice. A swedish girl, Monaco, had a city tour lined up for us, a whole morning to enjoy one of Sweden's most charming cities. About noon we board a large white ship for a 3 1/2 hour crossing to Fredrikshavn, on the tip of Denmark. We had a delicious lunch on board, and enjoyed the variation in our travel. On docking we travelled south to a night in Veile. We cross the German border and sweep south past Hamburg to Hanover. A large modern motorway takes us by the farmlands, meadows and windmills of Holland. We have once more arrived in Amsterdam, that well remembered canal ride, another visit to the Diamond Factory, the evening to explore on our own. We have an extra day here so we drove to The Hague, with the packed lunches on the back window of the coach - this is a custom here - to

view Madurodam. Amazing, it took two full years to build this miniature city. It is a replica of a typical Dutch Town with trains, ships, traffic on the roads, churches, schools, everything. At night it can be lit up with 46,000 miniature lights. Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Muduro donated the initial capital, in memory of their only son George, who died in 1945 in a Naziconcentration camp at Duchau. We only had time to see a small part of it. Next day an early start to Ostend and the Channel Crossing, then the train back to London. The trip had lived up to our expectations and had been so enjoyable. It was late when we arrived in London.

Breathes there a Man With soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said: "This is my own, my native land" As homeward his footsteps He has trod, From wandering on a foreign sod.

1980 - Canada - Horizon Tours.

Let me tell you folks that you haven't lived until you travelled across this wonderful country of ours. I had often read in the travel folders "See your Country First" but this husband of mine doesn't always go by Hoyle. So when one day he says "Let's go and look around Europe", we can travel across Canada when we get old". There were times when I wondered did I fully appreciate the greatness of Canada. Alf had told me of how during his wartime service in the R.C.A.F. he along with other airmen had been assigned to assist wounded veterans to disembark from the lle de France, how some of these men, who had been through Hell, knelt down and kissed that dirty old wharf in Halifax. What did they know that I had missed? Well, now we are going to have a look. I will try to tell you about it.

Canada: Saturday June 28th, in order to join the tour in Toronto, we flew from Halifax at 7:25 a.m. and met most of the travellers before we boarded the train. I had chosen the train in order to view Dief's Saskatchewan and the Prairies. We arrived in Calgary Monday afternoon, the tour coach was waiting and our first two nights were at Banff Springs Hotel. A trip by gondola lift to the 7500 ft. summit of Sulphur Mountain gives a superb view of Banff and the mountains. Along the Banff-Jasper highway we see some of the most majestic scenery in the Rockies. The most awe-inspiring sight of the day was the Great Columbia Icefield. In a 40 passenger snowmobile we cross over

the Athabasca Glacier. On the most beautiful lake in the Canadian Rockies we spend the night at Chateau Lake Louise. We continued along the Trans-Canada Highway crossing the Great Divide, through Glacier National Park's Rogers Pass, turning south into the Okanagan Valley, where orchards are protected by the mountain peaks and nurtured by sparkling lakes, we spend the night in Kelowna.

Continuing west, following the Fraser River to Hotel Vancouver for three nights. Sight seeing in Vancouver was extensive. Lion's Gate Bridge, Salmon Hatchery at Capilano, Stanley Park, Gastown, Chinatown, etc. Sunday, July 6th, we board the Ferry for the scenic cruise 25 miles across the Strait of Georgia to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. We stop at the Empress Hotel, near to the Parliament Buildings facing the water. Alf really enjoyed the Butchart Gardens (30 acres of beautiful flowers) and then a drive around the city. On the 10th day we start back, driving along the Fraser Canyon. We discovered the "Hell's Gate Airtram, we crossed down to the restaurant for a special salmon dinner. The road curves eastwards and joins the Thompson River leading us to Kamloops for the night. Then northward we pass Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Rockies (12,972 ft.), we continue into the magnificent beauty of the Yellowhead pass, crossing into Alberta we spend the next two nights at Jasper Park Lodge. Our luxurious cabin is set in a trim and restful garden. The central lodge looks over Lake Beauvert. We enjoy an excursion to Miligne Lake. Here the next evening, on July 9th, at dinner we celebrate our 40th Wedding Anniversary. The huge cake was carried in decorated with tiny sparklers. after being cut and served with wine to our fellow travellers. This was our last dinner together for tomorrow we head back to the Calgary airport for our flight to Toronto, and then home to Halifax.

It has been my pleasure to share our travels with you.

Frances C. Nowlan



ALFRED W. NOWLAN
Loyalist descendant and veteran of the Royal
Canadian Air Force. Member of Genealogical
Association of Nova Scotia.

Every effort has been made to insure the accuracy of statements made in this publication. However, as a researcher it has been necessary to depend on old records, statements made or written by others and research conducted by a Certified Genealogist at The Public Archives of Nova Scotia. So if errors, omissions or confidential facts are revealed, --- please bear with me, after all I am an amateur.