

# WESTMORLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# NEWSLETTER

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Well, 2020 is over and it will be a year that many will remember for a very long time—and that many others will be glad to have behind them. I hope in 2021 that we find ourselves getting back to normalcy and once again enjoying the company of others. I hope, too, that 2021 gives the Westmorland Historical Society an opportunity to get back to business as usual. We know this will take some time, but there is nevertheless some positive news on the pandemic front. Vaccines are now being administered throughout New Brunswick, as many roll up their sleeves for their first shot of the year. Hopefully, this means we will find ourselves recovering from the effects of this pandemic sooner than expected.

In spite of the pandemic's impacts, the Westmorland Historical Society has been successful in weathering the storm. The staff and volunteers have been working very hard to accommodate any pandemic issues and will continue to do so. They

deserve a great deal of thanks for keeping our operations going over the summer of 2020 and we are very grateful for all their efforts. I truly believe we will come out of this ok.

In this Newsletter Gene Goodrich has put together some interesting articles I am sure you will all enjoy. Some of these good reads are as follows: a retelling of the Gottfried Klotz story in Doug How's book *One Village, One War* and some updates on our 'Landau' coach and the Summer family that owned it. As a follow-up to his article on Dorchester's Mi'kmaq in our last Newsletter, he has also added some pictures of the Mi'kmaq artifacts in Keillor House.

Our board meetings continue as usual, using Zoom Video Conferencing. Our members can rest assured that the board is working very hard to keep things going on an even keel as

we sail through this crisis.

### New Exhibits:

As a result of the museums having to be shut down due to the second wave of the pandemic over the winter, we have no new exhibits on display or events scheduled

### Fund Raising and Events:

We were not able to put on any of our traditional fundraising events (Dinner with the Keillors, the Haunted House Tour, and the Victorian Christmas Dinner) but were able to participate in some Dorchester-related online activities. Miriam Andrews, owner and operator of the Lady Smith Manor in Dorchester, hosted a Christmas Market on November 21st. The Market ended up being an online event due to New Brunswick being in the Orange zone, but it was a success nevertheless.

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## KEILLOR HOUSE MUSEUM —SPECIAL EVENTS

*For updates on this year's Special Events, please check our website and/or FaceBook on a regular basis*

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Alice Folkins participated in the online Christmas Market on behalf of the WHS, selling various crafts. She was able to sell over \$300 worth of goods on behalf of the society and at times like these every little bit counts.

Miriam is currently a member of our board and is taking on the role of "Online Marketing Strategist." Having noted the success of the online strategy for the Lady Smith Manor, we are very pleased that she is doing this. Over the next few months I will be working with Miriam and other members to create an online strategy for the Keillor House Museum. Keep your eyes open for these events. We hope to have online auctions and craft sales and I am sure there will be a lot of exciting things for people to buy. The announcement of our online events will be on our Keillor House Museum Facebook page.

### **Collections and Museum activities:**

As the museum had to be closed, our Manager/Curator Donald Alward came up with a plan to protect artifacts over the winter. Various storage techniques were employed to protect them from cold, moisture, and light damage. All the historic costumes on display at the museums this summer were repackaged with new acid free tissue and placed in storage bins. The costumes were then taken to the climate controlled costume storage space in the Payzant & Card building. A large number of items were moved upstairs to the area just above the hearth kitchen to protect from any water damage.

Over the winter Donald will be working on grants for summer job funding from Young Canada Works and Canada Summer Jobs. He has also been developing our Museums Collections Management Policy and consulting with NB Heritage Branch to ensure that our new policy will meet all their requirements.

### **Graydon Milton Trust:**

The Graydon Milton Trust has provided a good deal of income for the society over the past fifteen years and has indeed played a large role in keeping us financially sustainable. No doubt it will continue to do so, but during the peak of the pandemic when stock prices collapsed in almost every sector, the Trust's portfolio was prudently put into cash and it stayed there for most of the remainder of the year. A looming contentious US election year also played a role in this decision. Over the fall, and after several discussions with our fund manager at Woody Gundy, our finance committee decided that late November would be a good time to get some of the trust funds re-invested. About 1/3 of the portfolio was reinvested in November and over time, as the market impacts of the pandemic resolve, the trust will be fully reinvested.

In spite of this turmoil in the markets, our finances remain strong, as several student grants over the year and a Heritage NB grant of \$18,827.00 has allowed us to meet all of our financial commitments for the year.

### **Properties Updates:**

Due to the dedication of Alice Folkins, our property manager, all of our rental buildings are now fully rented. Rental increases to offset general inflation were put into effect on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2021. Having our buildings fully rented has really helped us cover the cost of our operations over the winter. In the absence of much of our traditional fund-raising, this was a major plus.

The Sir Pierre Amend Landry House remains listed at a price of \$189,000. Jamie Smith with ReMax is our real-estate agent. You can view the details of this listing on Jamie's website. <https://thatjamieguy.ca/mylistings.html>.

### **Acknowledgments:**

In closing, I would like to thank Donald Alward, our Manager/Curator for his care and dedication to our museum activities and collections. I would also like to thank Alice Folkins for her ongoing commitment to the management of our properties and Dee Milliken for her supervision of the St. James Textile Museum over the summer.

Our board is continuing to work hard and despite a year that has impacted all of us to some degree I do believe we are on the mend. I would like to congratulate all of our staff, volunteers and our board members for another year under our belts, and another job well done!

*Bonnie Swift, President*

## SORRY FOLKS, IT AIN'T A LANDAU



Among the Keillor House treasures on display in our “carriage house,” right next to the Weldon hearse described in the February 2017 issue of this Newsletter, is a fancy horse-drawn carriage usually referred to as our ‘Landau’. We are very proud of it, as it is sometimes still used on ceremonial occasions, for example when it carried Lt. Governor George Stanley and Mrs. Stanley through the shiretown streets during the province’s bicentennial celebrations in 1984. It also features prominently in the painting by Peter Manchester depicting Mr. and Mrs. Keillor (they would have been Thomas and Mary Jane, not John and Elizabeth) being driven up to the door of Keillor House on a splendid summer’s day. (It’s hanging in the Keillor House kitchen.) It seemed like the right name for the vehicle because Landaus were—and still are—luxury carriages used to convey people of great importance, especially on ceremonial occasions such as weddings or coronations. Besides, that is what it is called in our acquisitions catalogue. So it must be a Landau.

Or that’s what I thought until I decided to do this article as part of a series of occasional pieces featuring one or another of our museum objects. Since I didn’t know any more about Landaus than the horses that pulled them—probably considerably less—I figured a little research was in order. Like a lot of people these days, I turned to Wikipedia, that modern oracle and font of all knowledge, and the first thing I learned was that we don’t have a Landau. A Landau is a very high-end carriage (the

Queen has several) with two very plush seats facing one another, usually, but not always, pulled by four horses driven either by a coachman on a raised seat in front or by a rider called a postillion astride one of the horses. It has a convertible top for foul weather that can cover either or both passenger seats, although of course not the coachman's, or the groom's either (if there is one). He has his seat at the back of the carriage. As you can see from these pictures of genuine Landaus, they are very different from what we have.



So, what *do* we have? Internet searches turned up a bewildering variety of possibilities but fortunately I was able to consult with my friend, Paul Bogaard of the Tantramar Heritage Trust. Paul knows a lot about horse-drawn vehicles, having been one of the movers and shakers behind the Campbell Carriage Factory Museum since its inception. He was able to determine that our carriage is a 'Victoria' and to provide me with some interesting information on its development and history.

As you have probably guessed, it was named after Queen Victoria, but the story is a little more complicated than that. A Victoria coach was a modification of a Phaeton, a light, open, fast, and rather dangerous 'sport' carriage popular with the jaunty set in the late 18<sup>th</sup> and early 19<sup>th</sup> centuries. It was named after the reckless son of the Greek sun god, Helios, who nearly set the earth on fire while trying to drive his father's chariot across the sky with Dad's very reluctant permission. (Teenagers, you know.) A safer version of the Phaeton was built for King George IV (d. 1830), who was immensely obese, and another one for Queen Victoria in 1850. Variations of the "tamed down" Phaeton made their way to France in the 1840s and it was here that they were first called "Victorias," in honour of the British queen. In 1869 the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, imported one from Paris. British 'milords' followed suit, and they soon became immensely popular with both the British and American aristocracy. The Victoria was particularly fashionable with ladies going for a drive in the park in order to see and be seen. Described by one of them as "a vehicle of delightful elegance and delicacy," it was characterized by a low body, with one forward-facing seat for two passengers and a raised driver's seat supported by an iron frame. Like the Landau, it always had a collapsible top for the passengers (but not the driver) to keep out the elements when they were unwanted. The following pictures of two Victorias, courtesy of Wikipedia, make it pretty evident that that is what we have. Ours is not quite as fancy as these and is probably a later variant that, Paul informs me, "could have been made in the Maritimes (there were several carriage factories in Moncton) or more likely imported from Boston or New York."



So, now that we know what we've got, how did we get it and what's the story behind it? One of our earliest museum objects, it was given to us by a Major W.A.N. MacDonald in 1967. There is no indication in the acquisition record of the Major's connection to it, but it is recorded as having come from "Sumner House" in Moncton. The only problem with this description is that there are (or were) two Sumner Houses in Moncton. Our acquisition record identifies it as the (former) "Roman Catholic Bishop's Palace," and indeed there was a Sumner house that was sold to the Archbishop of Moncton in 1947 and then to the federal government for an office building before it was torn down in 1960 to make way for an extension to the Post Office on Main Street. Called "Ravenwood," it was Moncton's largest stone mansion and it would, indeed, have made an elegant setting for our Victoria. But I don't think it is the right Sumner House—or at least not the only one that could have been associated with our treasure—because it was built in 1911 when horse-drawn carriages were about to make way for their horseless successors. More likely, it spent most of its useful years at or near the other Sumner House, which is still standing as 114 Alma Street (near St. George) and is a designated Local Historic Place, now the City Club.



It was built in 1876 for W.H.T. Sumner (d. 1909), the founder of a hardware store that eventually grew into one of Moncton's largest business enterprises (Sumner Engine & Machining and Sumner Plumbing Supplies are among the surviving descendants), but it appears that he was not the one who used the Victoria, at least not as his regular conveyance. According to John Edward Belliveau's book on the Sumner family, W.H.T. (better known as "Crackie" because his favourite expression was, "by crackie, if it can be done, I'll do it), although very wealthy, also maintained his Yankee habit of thrift. (He was from Lubec, Maine.) Wanting to ride in style, but also to save expense, when he got too old to walk to work—his favourite way of getting there—he had an upholstered armchair mounted onto one of the store's freight wagons. Of course



he and Mrs. S. could have used the Victoria to tool around the park on Sundays, but the one who probably used it most was his son, Fred (1855-1919), who bought the Alma Street house in 1891, and far outshone his father as a business tycoon. (He later built Ravenwood.) Belliveau says that he “was involved in more of Moncton’s business and civic affairs than any other one citizen, before or since. ... Besides being its first mayor, he was the richest man in town and president of just about everything in sight, including the New Brunswick Telephone Company. His big store sold everything then imaginable in hardware, heavy hardware and plumbing, heating and building supplies—to say nothing of cement.” Just the kind of man we’d want to have owned our Victoria.

As a final note of satisfaction, it’s entirely possible, maybe even probable, that Thomas and Mary Jane Keillor rode around Dorchester in a Victoria. As listed in the 1871 census, they owned no less than four carriages as well as a couple of sleighs. It’s most unlikely that one of them was a Landau, but on another final note of satisfaction, I can add that some, or all, of their carriages could have been built in Dorchester. According to the *Chignecto Post* (August 9, 1880), as recorded in “Marlene’s Scrapbook” in the June 2012 issue of the Newsletter, “Messrs Bishop and Son’s Carriage Factory has turned out a large amount of work this summer mostly Phaeton and Dexter Carriages. They are well fitted up with steam power and first class machinery, and are prepared to do all kinds of house work in connection with carriage work.” Why send off to Boston, or even Moncton, when you can buy one just around the corner?

Gene Goodrich

## GOTTFRIED AND DOUG: AN IMPROBABLE DORCHESTER FRIENDSHIP



Doug How 1919-2001

Over the years, a number of Doug How’s stories have appeared in these pages to cast their glow of warm light on Dorchester life ‘back in the day’. This is as it should be, for Douglas How (1919-2001), who grew up in the village during the 1920s and 30s and went on to a brilliant career as a journalist, war correspondent, editor (of the Canadian edition of the *Reader’s Digest*), historian, and novelist, was the first to be featured on the WHS Wall of Fame. He was nominated by Helen Petchey, whose many books have done so much to preserve Dorchester’s past, and this, too, is as it should be, for, although he left it in 1938, Doug could never get Dorchester and its people out of his blood and being—nor did he ever want to. This is nowhere more evident than in his best known historical work *One Village, One War, 1914-1945*. Conceived during a Remembrance Day ceremony in Dorchester as a tribute to the forty-one names on the war memorial, it evolved into an intimate and often moving collection of stories about the Dorchester men and women (or perhaps better to say boys and girls, for most of them were either still in, or barely out, of their teens) who gave their all for King and Country, many of them literally. But among those stories is also one of a Dorchester boy whose name is not on the war memorial, or on any list of Canadian veterans.

Gottfried Klotz was the son of a German immigrant family that farmed at Coles Point during the 1930s. He attended the Dorchester Superior School while Doug was there, two grades ahead of him. Not long after his graduation in 1938 the family returned to Germany. Although his father gave him permission to remain in Canada if he wished, Gottfried willingly joined them, having frequently expressed support for Hitler and the resurgence of Germany as a great power. He was drafted into the German army and served on the Russian front. After the war was over he tried, at first unsuccessfully, to contact some of his old Dorchester schoolmates to ask if they could help him get back to Canada.



Gottfried Klotz

Finally, in 1987 he managed to find Doug's address after reading one of his articles in *The Reader's Digest*. Doug answered, and so began a correspondence that led to a two-week visit with Gottfried and his wife in Germany. During it, Doug learned of Gottfried's ordeals during the war as well as his later successes, and the two reminisced for many hours over those now far-off days in Dorchester. Although they had been on opposite sides during the bloodiest and most appalling war in history, Doug conceived a liking and sympathy for his former schoolmate and decided to weave his story into those of the others whom conflicting patriotisms had turned into enemies.

And quite a story it is, well worth retelling both for its moments of drama and for what it reveals about Doug and a village that was able to reach across the chasm created by terrible events to embrace a common humanity. This is what I propose to do here because, although Gottfried's story is fully—indeed more fully—told in the book, it is so intertwined with those of the other Dorchester boys that it is easy to lose the thread, and easier yet to miss the emotional impact it can't fail to have when concentrated into a single narrative. Since it's a bit too long to be reproduced here entirely in Doug's words, I have condensed the non-essential parts and left the most important and dramatic ones as he wrote them. To distinguish the condensations from the full text, I enclose the latter in quotation marks.

Gottfried's father, Hans Klotz, was a victim of his times and circumstances. Born in Germany in 1888, he studied agriculture at college and dreamed of owning his own farm. But that was nearly impossible in the Germany of his day for anyone but the families of landowners, and so in 1912 he emigrated to Alberta where land was cheap. There he did well until the outbreak of the First World War, when he was interred as an enemy alien. At the end of the war he returned to Germany and married a widow with two sons and a farm. But the 1920s were hard years in Germany so he sold the farm and in 1928 emigrated again, this time to a farm in Manitoba—just in time for the Great Depression. Driven off by poverty, he fled to an abandoned farm at Coles Point by Dorchester Cape owned by the federal agency in charge of settling returned men on land, which he got because no one else wanted it. He also fled “into a tributary of the problems Adolf Hitler was creating in the world. For village people soon thought of him as a projection of nefarious things happening far away.”

“Part of what Hitler did penetrated into the life and mind of Hans' son, Gottfried.” Gottfried was twelve when the family moved to the Coles Point farm, and he and his younger brother, Uli, went to school at the nearby one-room school house at Dorchester Cape. An excellent student who did two grades in one year, he entered grade 9 at the Dorchester Superior School in 1935 when he was just thirteen, the first student from the Dorchester Cape school to pass the high-school entrance exams. That was when Doug met him. Doug was already in grade eleven, but all three high school classes were in one room, so they were not far apart. “He was a skinny, slightly awkward kid with an accent, with glasses and a nice smile that showed nice teeth. Neatly dressed, wearing boots and often a cap, he walked three miles from his home each school day, and sometimes I'd walk with him as far as I went...I liked him but it was not an easy time to be a German in Canada, especially when it was said your father had fought for the Kaiser, to get monthly cheques from Hitler's government.” When Hitler marched into the Rhineland, one of Gottfried's new schoolmates said, “Next time we'll clean those Germans out.” “That was the way things would be in the boy's three village high school years...Years later no two memories would agree as to how it worked out, but mine is that he faced taunts about being German, that he was called Hitler, that he got into fights, and that I came to respect him because he refused to apologize for being what he was.”

Others also befriended him, or were at least nice to him. Doug's cousin, Murray Dobson, even took him home to Guard Row once in a while. Bert Emmerson, son of Senator H.R. Emmerson, was another who took him to his home. But Gottfried didn't fit in. “He got to know and like people like Bud Brian and Bert Emmerson and Hazen Greenberg, and he attended weekly Boy Scout sessions, but essentially both his home and his niche were outside the mainstream of village life. Even so, it was he and two of his classmates in particular who would, to me, become most symbolic of what happened to an entire generation.” The other two were Bill Palmer and Joe Emery, both of them in the same grade as Gottfried and they will reappear later on in Gottfried's story .

Already feeling somewhat isolated and ‘different’ because of his background, Gottfried sought solace in his German heritage. “German newspapers came regularly to the Klotz home, and the boy read them with a mind psychologically prepared for their message.” The gist of their message, generated by the Nazi propaganda machine, was that the Great War of 1914-18 was not Germany's fault; that the German army was not defeated, but stabbed in the back by leftist politicians; that the Germans had been duped by President Woodrow Wilson's promises of a just peace into accepting the totally one-sided Treaty

of Versailles, which was anything but just, etc., etc.

“So the boy came to lead a sort of double life... His classmates read Canadian papers, heard Canadian news; heard anti-German war veterans, believed Hitler was evil... If Gottfried thought of Hitler he thought of him as doing good things that needed to be done. The family did not subscribe to a Canadian newspaper for the same reason it had no radio or car; they all cost money, and money was scarce.” German newspapers touted the success of Hitler in reviving the German economy and proclaimed that he was dedicated to peace as well as to undoing the injustices of the Versailles Treaty. He was just bravely asserting Germany’s rights. “It was a message the boy found consoling and a source of pride. He became a believer and he could be both stubborn and argumentative about it...”

“Given this background, what happened to Gottfried at the school was much less difficult and controversial than it might have been. It would eventually be his memory and that of others that by and large he was accepted, that things went well, that he was happy there. Ralph March, the principal, would say he saw him as just one boy among others. Moreover, he worked at fitting in. He didn’t boast about Hitler and Germany, didn’t try to start arguments. ...Helen Petchey, one grade behind him, would remember that the smile was like a banner of friendly intent... My sister Peg would say she saw neither meanness nor pettiness in him. What his own memory would tell him is that there were no fights at school, and if there were, they were probably about him being new. Yet, I can still see him fighting someone, his glasses off, his face pale, his hair distraught, his boots gathering dust, the two of them ringed by the brave, shouting faces of the unengaged. That may have been because he was new, but I heard others tell of fights with him too.”

“Yet I doubt that any of his schoolmates had any idea of how his attitude was being shaped by what he read...” But Doug got a glimpse of it during a brief moment in 1936 that they both remembered half a century later. This was the year Edward VIII abdicated and the three grades were asked to vow allegiance to King George VI and the Union Jack. For some reason Doug looked over at Gottfried. “...It left him confused because he didn’t know what to do. In the end he did what the others did, but that only compounded his embarrassment. He considered lies dishonourable, yet there he was doing something he didn’t believe in. For the allegiance he believed in was to the country of his birth, and he was shaken by what he’d done and by seeing me watch him do it. It was for him a complicated world...”

Another incident neither of them ever forgot was a Grade 10 essay contest. “The subject was peace, and Gottfried submitted ten hand-written pages that openly brought together for the first time the two strands of his double life. To his peers in one world he revealed the thoughts he’d accumulated in another. The boy who couldn’t lie expounded the lies of Joseph Goebbels. Hitler, he said, would never start a war. All he sought to do was to restore to Germany what was historically and rightfully hers. Then he’d stop...” To this Doug charitably adds that Gottfried “was not alone in his views. It was about this time that Canada’s Prime Minister Mackenzie King met Hitler and privately dismissed him as a simple peasant who’d never start a war. He [Gottfried] apparently thought it was possible to dissociate the good that Hitler did from the bad that Hitler did—if he was aware of the bad at all. But the day would come when he’d regret that essay more than anything else he did at the village school. Regretted, he’d say, because he felt it would make his schoolmates think he was a ‘big Nazi’.”

At this point Doug inserts a series of memories about his schoolmates and their families, a number of them poignant vignettes of the village’s ambiguous attitude towards the Klotz family. “Mrs. Klotz and her two daughters? Seldom seen in town because she felt uncomfortable there. She had a flower garden, but not one shaped like a Nazi swastika, as people said. The father? On the farm, milking five cows, sometimes hitching up the horses to go to town to buy and sell and talk about things at Herb Palmer’s store or at the hotel bar. Sometimes talking to a Danish immigrant farmer who came to town to sell meat, and admired Hitler. Was still said to have meetings with groups of Germans at his house, to get people to drive him to cities by car for purposes undefined, to have told Stanley Bateman that the Kaiser was a damned fool but Hitler was doing great things for Germany. Gottfried? Forming his own conclusions about Hitler’s Germany, rarely if ever, he’d say, discussing them with a father he suspected was less enthusiastic than himself. Lucky enough to get work with a German-born house builder from Moncton in the summer of 1937. [This man will come back into the story later.] At school, to the end, not quite like the others were. When a German zeppelin, the *Hindenberg* flew directly over the village to an explosive and fiery end in New Jersey, its route was said to be related in some way to what Hans Klotz was telling Hitler, and his son was asked to consider how dreadful it would have been if it had crashed in the village itself. Yet, more happily, he met in friendship people almost symbolic of larger entities. Met Hazen Greenberg when he came to Coles Point in a gravel truck to get sand, met him and liked him, as Hazen did him. Met and liked jaunty Marcel Belliveau, the returned man with the holes Germans put in him;



Marcel who came to fish off the wharf gave the boy and Uli good things to eat and occasionally went to the house to visit the Klotz family. As did his wife. As did his daughter Ling and her sister Ruth who had lived with her grandmother in England and only recently came to the village, who felt when she sat in the cozy Klotz kitchen that she was welcome and that she knew a bit about how different they must feel, as she felt that way herself.”

Then came graduation at the Dorchester Superior School in the spring of 1938. “Gottfried wore that habitual smile like some signal that he knew he was not quite like his schoolmates but wanted to be friendly with them all. His father was not present, perhaps because of the world situation and what village gossip made of it. Among the students in the audience, Florence Ison sat watching Gottfried, remembering that when, at her request, he had kindly helped her with a math problem, someone hissed that she was befriending a spy. Yet when Eileen Spence got up to deliver the class prophecy, she teased him just as she teased the others. The zeppelin ...may have gone down in flames but, she predicted, Gottfried would become the designer of a superior version, and everyone laughed.”

“Soon after [the ceremony] was over Bill Palmer and Gottfried Klotz walked downtown together. They stopped at the Vimy Canteen and there was something prophetic in them being there, beside a sign proud with the name of Canada’s most memorable battle. They thanked Ernie Partridge [the present Ernie’s father] for his congratulations and they chose hotdogs from what he had to offer. When he made them he obviously had not too much use of his left arm, due to his war wound, but they didn’t say anything about that. They stood in the quiet street and the soft summer night and ate the hotdogs, and they went home because there was nothing else to do. They had no inkling of the ironies time would find not only in them being in a modest enterprise that harked back to the war, talking to a man the war had maimed, but also in the name of the last song on their graduation programme, one entitled ‘Comrades of the Road.’ Or did they?”

Not too long after his graduation Gottfried’s job with the Moncton contractor ended as suddenly as it had begun. Apparently he was fired for some minor misdemeanour and in the fall of 1938 he was looking for work. It was at this point that his father said the rest of the family was going back to Germany (he could see the war coming and feared that he would be interned again), but that Gottfried, being now an adult, had to make up his own mind. Many years later, he would tell Doug that if he had found a job he might well have stayed because, Doug believed, strong as it was, “the pull of German patriotism was not what turned out to be crucial. What he did was far more human and simple than that. He was never happier, he’d say, than when he got home. In the end what was decisive was the love of a sixteen year old boy for a home that was going away. He met Joe Emery and a brother of Joe’s on the street in Moncton, and told them what was happening. ‘If you go back to Germany, you’re crazy,’ they said. ‘There’s going to be a war.’ When word got out the village people were confused, but inevitably there were those who said Hitler’s Nazis must have summoned them home.”

After a marvelous passage on the famous German liner the *Bremen*, Gottfried arrived in his native land with growing enthusiasm but then almost immediately “saw things that surprised and shocked him.” He didn’t like the red background of the Nazi swastika banner, as it was the colour of communism. He thought the stiff-armed ‘Heil Hitler” salute looked silly. He had an obnoxious cousin in the Hitler Youth (the Nazi version of the Boy Scouts, who were now banned in Germany) who loudly touted all that Hitler was doing for Germany. Gottfried began to resist the arguments, countering with many of the very points he had argued against in Canada. “Democracy was corrupt and inefficient and stupid, the cousin said. Democracy was far more than that, Gottfried said. Opposition political parties are unnecessary and potentially dangerous, the cousin said. Political parties might be stupid and corrupt, but they were a necessary ingredient of freedom, Gottfried said. Freedom, said one cousin, was what came after the security and wellbeing of the collective state. Freedom, said the other, was rooted in the individual.” In spite of himself, it seems, Gottfried had absorbed more Canadian political values than he realized and, although he continued for some time to believe in the Nazi programme of restoring Germany’s power and prestige, they formed the nucleus of a disillusionment that only grew with the terrible events to come.

The Klotz family settled in Mulda, a farming village in what would later become East Germany, and Gottfried went to work for his father, while Uli and his two sisters went to school. “Like the rest of the family, he soon felt at home and soon began registering the subtleties of daily life. There was a synagogue in Mulda and there were people who didn’t like what they were hearing about the persecution of the Jews. There were people who didn’t like the public burning of books that Hitler found distasteful, that a prominent local man had gone to jail because he’s made a joke about Joseph Goebbels [the Nazi propaganda minister]...But there was broad agreement that it was wise to keep your thoughts to yourself because there were informers

everywhere...At the same time the boy sensed an undercurrent of foreboding...Ordinary people kept wondering why other countries had let Hitler get away with so much, and whether he'd finally go too far..."

Of course he finally did, and the war started with one smashing German victory after another. Gottfried couldn't help being caught up in the euphoria. "What [he] would remember of that spring [1940] was that it was like having your team blessed with an overwhelming victory. It was easy to be proud and pleased. Still, he was in no hurry to enlist. It was his old classmates who were, they and a lot of others from the village he'd left behind...He knew he'd be called up in 1941...He also knew he could enlist earlier, but he didn't. He hung back as well from joining the Hitler Youth but under the influences of the hour, eventually did... It seemed like the war might soon be over before his draft call came."

"In Mulda, even as the Battle of Britain raged, four French prisoners of war were assigned to the Klotz farm... They were young and likable and it wasn't long before Gottfried joked with them as they worked together. Yet one thing gave him pause. Hitler may have crushed their army and their country...but they were convinced he'd lose the war. They said so, and they very obviously believed what they said."

The call came sooner than Gottfried expected. In 1940 he was drafted into the army just as Hitler was invading Russia and again scoring smashing victories. "Yet even as he left home recruit Klotz knew some older people still feared Hitler had sealed Germany's doom. Nor had the four likeable French prisoners of war changed their minds that he'd sealed Germany's doom long before that. Even as he was about to leave Gottfried told them they were wrong, that Russia would be defeated in a matter of weeks. So they made a bet. Gottfried bet that it would be over before the end of the year. The four Frenchmen who had been soldiers bet it wouldn't. When this happened Hans Klotz must have thought of something he'd done because he feared he'd never get another chance to do it. Shortly after the war began, he got his children together and had their picture taken with himself, the two young girls in front, Gottfried and Uli and Arndt and Walter [his two stepbrothers who had not come to Canada] behind. He was heard to say he wouldn't worry about Gottfried and Arndt because they would survive. But he would, he said, worry about Walter and Uli because they were so 'idealistic.' Walter was with the army in Africa now. Arndt was with it in Russia. Uli was fifteen and still going to school."

"The Wehrmacht (the German army) put Gottfried in the signals corps and he liked it. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a lot of soldiers were proud that they had never joined the Hitler Youth. He also found that, as in Mulda, he was faced with a contrast: that in Canada he'd been thought of as someone from Germany and in Germany he was thought of as someone from Canada. Yes, and in Canada he'd dreamt of Germany and in Germany he dreamt of Canada. He seemed to have sprung from some halfway world, and he became used to being called upon for strange bits of information..." for example how to swear in English, "and since he's spent some time around pool rooms he was able to oblige in a way which added to his reputation... Although slated to go to the Russian front, he still doubted that there would be much more fighting there..."

Of course he was wrong again and in March 1942 he found himself outside Leningrad, the scene of probably the most terrible siege in history, which turned out to be even more disastrous for the Germans than for the Russians. As a member of the signals regiment it was Gottfried's job to maintain the communications lines between the infantry, tanks, and artillery besieging the city. It is interesting that, at first, the Germans "found the Russian people friendly as individuals, but in Klotz's words, 'very disappointed with the German administration.' Hundreds of thousands of Russian civilians had, in fact, greeted the Germans almost as liberators after years of Stalin's tyranny, only to face a new brutality of mass murder and destruction...In his own small unit Gottfried encountered resentment and dislike for Hitler's methods, but they did not go beyond where it was wise to go. If this bothered those who felt that way, they had a way out which he adopted personally. He would say he saw himself as one of millions called to duty by their country and doing what their country asked, as soldiers always had. In war, he'd say, it is your country right or wrong."

Meanwhile, back in Dorchester memories of the Klotz family hadn't gotten any fonder.

"In the village, some people said one aspect of the Battle of the Atlantic was right out there in Shepody Bay, very close to Coles Point, and the reason, they said, was what Hans Klotz had done when he lived there: he'd sent Hitler information about the bay and now submarines were using it. They had to surface frequently to store oxygen and charge their batteries, and one place they did it was in the obscure offshoot of the Fundy. So it was said. So it was said in varying and erroneous versions in many places, and the rumours had only gotten worse since the submarines sank some twenty ships in Canadian

coastal water between May and late October. In some places there were even stories that German sailors came ashore to buy food and go to dances and movies. At least, however, no one reported seeing Gottfried Klotz at one of the concerts or plays organized by Mrs. Campbell....

In fact, Gottfried *was* going to occasional dances at this time—in villages twenty-five miles below besieged Leningrad. Though they were not supposed to fraternize, at least not too much, sometimes at night the German soldiers of his signals unit would go to local dances and try and flirt and dance with the Russian girls. Sometimes there were fewer Russian males there than there might have been because some were out in the darkness cutting the communication lines Klotz's unit had laid. In the mornings the Germans would round up the same Russians to repair or replace the lines they had damaged or destroyed...Some soldiers played chess and cards, and Klotz worked at teaching himself trigonometry. Once he laughed as he remembered demonstrating how to do a math problem his own way and Principal March being taken aback because he's taught it another."

Until the later stages of the war, German soldiers were given occasional home leaves and Gottfried's first one was another eye opener. "When he got home he heard of the harsh way Russian prisoners of war were treated, that German girls were punished if they tried to give them things. It disturbed him. He listened to the Allied radio broadcasts and learned how things were going in the National Hockey League. He learned that military production was going underground to escape Allied bombing, and he saw so many signs [of austerity] ... that he told an uncle it was hard to see how the war could be won. He saw and heard what the bombing raids were doing to German cities and civilians, and he felt ashamed that he had it much better than this. He heard that in bombing raids people kept documents with them so they'd be able to prove to a peacetime bureaucracy that they had, in fact, existed and were entitled to certain things. At the same time he could only imagine what the people of Leningrad were going through under perpetual shellfire, bombing, hunger, sickness and winter's vicious cold."

After the defeat at Stalingrad in February, 1943, Gottfried knew that Germany could not win the war, but it still wasn't something you talked about. He read *Mein Kampf* for the first time and thought that Hitler was doing in Russia what he had planned to do all along, planning it even as he, Gottfried, was writing a Grade 10 essay that said quite different things.

A few months later, on June 24, 1943, Joe Emery, who was now a bomb aimer in a Lancaster with seventy missions behind him, was shot down near Antwerp, Belgium. He survived the crash, the only one of the crew to do so, but was taken prisoner after several days trying to escape through a maze of canals and dykes. He was taken to Stalag Luft III near Berlin, one of the "upscale" POW camps reserved for airmen and later the scene of the famous Great Escape—which he did not join because he didn't draw a lot that would have let him try. This was just as well, because most of those who did were later recaptured and quite a number of them shot. Joe wondered if one of the guards might be Gottfried Klotz.

Gottfried was nowhere near, indeed not even on the Leningrad front. "He was in Estonia on the staff of a signals school in Tallinn [the capital]; he would be there eight months. He had a girl friend and found the whole thing so splendid that when he talked about it later he would smile." That's where he was when the Battle of Kursk, the largest tank battle ever fought, took place during July and August 1943. The last German offensive on the Russian front, it cost the *Fuehrer* about half a million men. Needless to say, it failed.

From Estonia Gottfried was sent back to the Leningrad front where the Russian army finally lifted the siege in January 1944 and the battered Germans began their ghastly winter retreat. He "found himself heading back to Estonia but in a very unhappy way, with confusion and even panic everywhere. His unit was attached to a frontline infantry regiment, only now there was nothing for it to do. When an officer found them...stringing wires at the airport of Pushin, he told them to stop being fools and get out, get moving. The infantry regiment was decimated. Gottfried saw its survivors stumbling back...There was no front line, only chaos and shouting and the dissolution of hope and across his vision flowed images that would haunt him forever. The city of Luga burning, set afire by retreating Germans. In darkness soothing his face with snow. A sled loaded for flight, left behind in flight. Horses bolting across the bleak white landscape, men behind them gesturing, waving, cursing, animals and men terrified, the horses dragging guns the men had fired for months, dragging the artillery of broken siege, fleeing as fugitives flee. The regiment falling back with fewer and fewer men...In one way or another it would lurch on for weeks, and...Obergefreiter [corporal] Klotz was like some figure out of Tolstoy. But no Tolstoy would arise to tell the enormity of it all. Perhaps not even Tolstoy could have...

...In the nightmare of retreat his unit had come to Estonia then fled south to Latvia, with the Russians coming, threatening, and the Germans clinging to what they could hold and what hope they could find. His mind kept implanting images. In one, fleeing exhausted, he falls asleep on a woodpile and awakens to plunge on. In one he comes across Germans who don't know how close the Russians are, and when he tells them they take off... When his unit reached Estonia orders came to join the headquarters of an infantry division. In Latvia he was ordered to join an anti-tank regiment, and he learned that his half-brother, Walter had been killed in Russia's white wilderness, a captain once wounded in Africa, a volunteer slain trying to contain enemy breakthroughs. He had been buried in a grave with no address. Mourned by the step-father who had called him too idealistic for his own good."

"Uli Klotz was one of the thousands of soldiers slain that murderous June [1944]. He'd lived near the village for four years but many people didn't know he existed. Those who had known him at the Dorchester Cape school said he was popular enough and quite comical. He and Gottfried used to walk up the long hill together, play together on the rocks and sand at Coles Point... He had joined the Waffen SS [combat units of volunteers who had joined the Nazi party]. Recruiters had come to his school and said things that led him to join up." Gottfried was in Latvia when he heard Uli had been killed. "At 18. In Poland. So now the war had taken both sons whose idealism Hans feared would do them in."

The previous April Bill Palmer, who was posted in Africa and Italy and had flown many highly dangerous missions as a navigator in a transport squadron, was also killed—ironically not in a plane crash but by falling through a window in his sleep. Apparently, he had a sleepwalking problem.

By this time it was apparent to most Germans that they could not win the war, but many thousands continued to fight resolutely to the end. Gottfried told Doug that he "felt they fought that way not so much for Hitler as because his enemies were demanding unconditional surrender. From what he could see that meant either being killed by the Russians or taken prisoner and sent to a living death in Siberia. For them, what Hitler was doing in concentration camps was not something they talked about and not something whose veiled dimensions many may have fully grasped..." But they were aware of them, nonetheless, he admitted. They had also become cynical and resigned. "When a rumour spread that the Germans were going to smash free of that Latvian peninsula, strike at the Russians from the rear and rout them, the soldiers laughed as hardened soldiers laugh. When orders were issued that July that Wehrmacht soldiers should salute with the Nazis' extended arm, two months would pass before Gottfried's officers would pass the orders on."

In December 1944 Gottfried's unit escaped by ship from Latvia to Danzig and then began another agonizing retreat. "They were caught in a circus of catastrophe. Klotz would remember wondering at times if the war would go on forever, and yet he'd also remember being happy, as he seemed to be through it all. His one regret when he thought of being killed was the grief it would bring to his family, after Walter, after Uli. He had become what danger made him; had slept with shells falling on a roof above his head, been wounded by an exploding bomb, only to have more trouble with the medical treatment than the wound itself. He would remember being on a train with soldiers waving from open windows like kids going to a summer camp. By now, they knew Hitler was using boys and old men to help hold off his multiple enemies until the Third Reich could be rescued, rescued, he said, by secret weapons. Gottfried saw some of the boys acting as if the disasters in Russia, Africa and France had never occurred, or the defeat of the submarines, or the decimation of countless cities. Saw them full of a willingness and even an anxiety to fight for the Fuehrer, to protect and project his magic; and the others, the other soldiers like his twenty-two year old self exhausted, prematurely aged men with little or no faith left in the Fuehrer's secret weapons or in the Fuehrer himself, and with the conviction that what lay ahead was in all probability death or Siberia."

Hundreds of thousands of German civilians were fleeing westwards at this time and along with them were thousands of prisoners of war whom the Germans were herding in the same direction to prevent them from being liberated by the Russians and joining their cause. One of them was Joe Emery who had left Stalag Luft III with 10,500 of his fellow captives and was marching through what one of them later called "a pastiche of cold, hunger, human misery, and frostbite" to the Bremen-Lubeck area.

In late winter 1945 Gottfried's unit was among those that retreated into a long narrow peninsula north of Danzig and were trapped by the Russians to the south of them. "There was just one way to get out of the disaster, to get lucky," which

Gottfried did. "He volunteered one night for guard duty and was wounded a second time. It was not a severe wound but his officer ordered him evacuated." Klotz said he wished to remain with his unit, in which he had great pride. "He would, years later, say his comrades were 100% and there would be pride and defiance in his eyes. For there had happened to him what happened to many soldiers; in the final analysis they fought not for nations or flags or ideologies but for those who fought beside them."

But the officer said go, get out. He had seen enough of Hitler's orders to fight to the last man. It was time to think of survival and the future of Germany. So Gottfried found his way to a ship that had come to evacuate the wounded. There wasn't enough room for all of them so it left the worst cases behind and brought the fortunate ones to Denmark. The war was over for Gottfried and now all he had to do was find his way home through the nightmarish landscape of the destruction that was much of Germany. He proceeded by hitchhiking, by train and by truck. Along the way "he saw for the first time Jews being herded like cattle to extermination." By chance he passed not far away from where allied prisoners were awaiting liberation. One of them was Joe Emery. Once the train he was on was attacked by bombers and he and others fled into a ditch. The last miles to Mulda he walked. Almost miraculously he was able to call his parents on the phone, only to learn that the Russians were almost there and that people were hiding their daughters (the Klotzes had two, thirteen and twelve) and destroying any pictures, flags, etc. that might link them to the Nazi regime.

The scene now shifts to Dorchester. The veterans were barely home before convicted war criminal General Kurt Meyer of the Waffen SS came to serve a life sentence at the penitentiary because his men had murdered Canadian prisoners in Normandy. "For some time he was kept in protective isolation and there were fears he would commit suicide... Both on staff and in cells were ex-soldiers... They accepted orders that Meyer be treated as any other inmate." But it went beyond that. "Among other veterans Al Tower joined the staff after being wounded in Holland and what he would say about Meyer seemed to be what others felt: the war was over, prisoners had been murdered on both sides, so leave it at that."

From time to time Meyer had visits from a German-born Moncton man, Fred Lichtenberg, who turns out to have been the one who hired and then fired Gottfried in 1938. He also sent things to Meyer's family in Germany and, although Doug doesn't explain it, they seem to have had some connection to the Klotzes. Apparently encouraged by this, Gottfried, who was again working on his father's farm, now strictly controlled by the East German government, wrote to three of his former schoolmates, "saying he'd been wounded on the Russian front and asking if they could help him get back to Canada. Of the three Bill Palmer was dead, Joe Emery was elsewhere and having his own difficulties in getting over the war. Murray Dobson was still in the village but not much for correspondence. Thus his letter was never answered."

"In 1986 in the German edition of the *Reader's Digest* he read an article I'd written, got my address and wrote another letter. We began to correspond and he invited me to visit him in Bremen and in 1987 I did. But before I did I had a long talk with Joe Emery. I knew he didn't like to talk much about the war, felt a sense of guilt that he'd survived when so many good men hadn't. 'Who was rolling the dice?' Nor had he found it easy when he emerged from the war... without any special job training. Restless, even lost, he tried university and didn't like it, had trouble with the bottle, vanished for a time into the lumber woods, tried other things before he found his niche. For twenty-nine years he was on the editorial staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, then retired to small Quebec village... But he remained the solid, decent human being he had always been. When I told him I was going to visit Gottfried he asked me to extend his best wishes, said he'd be happy to see him.

Gottfried was pleased when I told him. I spent two weeks with him and Else, was warmly received. They were retired and living in a modest apartment where they insisted I be their guest. Gottfried was white-haired now. Else spoke no English, but day after day he and I talked for hours. Talked, stuffed ourselves with Else's good food, went for long bicycle rides, came back and talked again. Talked so much of the past that Else wondered why we did. But, to us, the past was like some fabled land crying out for discovery. Gottfried told things woven into this story. He had, in the village school, been an unwitting link with the follies of our time. Once the war was over he'd become a link with the follies of the West's so-called Cold War with Russia. For three years he worked for his father, but by 1948 Hans was fed up trying to meet quotas set by the communist authorities in East Germany. He sold the farm, the sixth he'd lost. At sixty he also lost his wife to illness and went to work in a zoo, and later as a school janitor. His son took off, came in darkness to the Iron Curtain, that forbidding mesh of guns and wire that barred the way to freedom. He found that smugglers went through nightly with black market goods, and

he went as they did. At 3 am he knocked on a door and asked someone if he had truly reached West Germany. For the rest of the night he sat in a railway station, feeling good, and then went on.

Into more trouble. He had little money and no profession, couldn't be employed because he had no identity card. Then his rusty English got him a civilian job with the British occupying forces. Cold War tensions were at their height and Germany was again in the frontline as he worked in Lubeck through the months of the airlift of supplies to prevent Berlin from being starved into Russian control. Later, he spent years as a military clerk in the Middle East. From 1957 to 1983 he held supervisory jobs in German industry, then retired on a state pension.

He had come to know a lot about the war, not by reading German books—losers don't write much about wars they lose—but by reading British and American books that impressed him with their objectivity. He was candid about the impact of Nazi propaganda on his youth, still felt that in war it is your country right or wrong, but now felt too that it was a stupid Germany that had started his war. Hitler, he said, was both a bandit and a madman and far too many Nazis were still embedded in German government. He dismissed the village stories about his father being a spy, asked 'How was he going to spy when we lived out in the country, had no car and no radio and didn't even get a Canadian newspaper?' He told about the fate of the mates he'd left behind near Danzig. They had, he'd heard, surrendered after peace returned and only after all their wounded were shipped away. He had never seen or heard of any of them since, but had no doubt that the survivors had gone to what they'd feared: Siberia.

In the war Else had been bombed out of one home, survived years of it. She and Gottfried were in their forties when they met, and it was touching to see their devotion, to hear about the long vacation trips they enjoy each year. One of his sisters was living in East Germany, the other in West Germany. His half-brother Arndt had been captured in Western Europe late in the war, now had a West German farm, and still believed in the cause for which he'd fought. The Hitler Youth cousin with whom Gottfried had argued now had an East German farm, and wished for politics and politicians a pox upon them all. Gottfried was obviously saddened when we talked about Bill Palmer, Bud Brian, Bert Emmerson and others killed in the war, obviously pleased to get maple syrup sent by Harvey Smith's daughter, Joy Johns. Shortly before dying of cancer in 1956, his father wrote him that returning to Germany was the worst mistake he ever made. Gottfried wouldn't say he agreed, but he told a story that had a message of its own. It was about a dream he'd had again and again. He was walking down the dirt road to the farm at Coles Point. When he came to the home of a neighbour, Elmer Buck, he dropped in to say hello, and then went on; and each time he hoped the dream would last till he got to the house where he'd been young, but it never did. When I reminded him that 1988 would mark the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his high school graduation and suggested a class reunion, he at first seemed hesitant. I think he was wondering what sort of reception he'd get, but then he said he'd like to see Joe Emery again; he'd like to see the village again. Yes, he said, he'd come and his face lit up. 'You know,' he said, 'your school-days are your utopia.'

It was surely a cause for celebration when men wanted to meet again in friendship after seeing war at its worst on opposite sides. Perhaps that helped what happened. Anyway, the reunion idea outgrew one for the Class of 1938, grew into a tribute to the village itself, into celebration of remembered happiness. By the time it took place on July 1-2, 1988, it was for anyone who'd gone to school in the village and was at least fifty years of age. They came from six American states, from eight Canadian provinces, and for two wonderful days they talked and laughed and reminisced. . . . .

Six members of the Class of 1938 came, Joe Emery among them. He had only recently been in the hospital and was not feeling well, but he came. Gottfried Klotz and Joe met and they didn't get emotional—'I didn't know what to say,' Joe would say—but each knew why the other was there. In fact, Gottfried and Else were overwhelmed by the warmth of the reception they got. They tramped across the Coles Point farm, now almost unrecognizable; abortive efforts to turn it into a chemical park had bulldozed both house and land. For a week they and my sister Peg and her husband George Sibley, brother Jim and I were guests in my cousin Frances (Turner) Matheson's big white house and when it was all over and Stanley Bateman was there to whisk them off to Fredericton for another visit, Else wept and Gottfried told someone it had been the happiest time he had ever known. Within days, Joe Emery wrote that it had marvelously exceeded all his expectations.

Through it all, the stone soldier in the square had watched, and everyone present had known war in one way or another, and



a layer of grief was in them all. But no one talked much about the war. No one said anything to Gottfried Klotz about Hitler and the Nazis, or his father being a spy. On the contrary, Frances (Turner) Matheson said, marveling, that for a week her big white farmhouse was filled with love, and I suspect this was true of the village too.”

*Doug How, as edited by Gene Goodrich*

### SOME KEILLOR HOUSE MI'KMAQ ARTIFACTS

Last issue’s article on Dorchester’s Mi’kmaq mentioned Chief Peter Thomas’ little store on Palmer’s Pond where “hundreds of American tourists” (and no doubt many Canadians as well) bought baskets, moccasins, and other beautiful items made by Peter or other members of the band. I didn't know it when I wrote the article, but Keillor House has some lovely examples of Mi’kmaq handicrafts. There is not enough information in the accessions catalogue to say that any of them were made by Dorchester Mi’kmaq, but they give a good idea of what attracted all those tourists to Peter’s “little store.”



Above left: knitting-wool holder made of fine splints and shaped like an acorn. The ball of yarn sits inside and comes out through a small hole in the top of the removable lid. The holder is held by the large ring looped around the wrist.



Above centre: Small open container made from a single piece of birch bark, cut, folded and sewn to an ash frame. The bark is inside out, with geometric markings on the outside.



The accessions catalogue has no information on the baskets above, below, and to the left. But they are very pretty anyway, especially the latter.



The big pair of moccasins on the right (in the picture on the left) are said to have been presented to Solomon Tingly when he became Dorchester’s Postmaster in 1869. The ones on the far left were worn as slippers by a member of the Wood family.





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