



# Harbour Views



"He is not here;  
he has risen!"

Luke 24: 6-7



## Harbour Views

***“As surely as the sun rises, he will appear. He will come to us like the winter rains, like the spring rains that water the earth.” Hosea 6:3 (NIV)***



*The high barrens in the evening, Sambro. Submitted by Crystal Gilkie*

Dear Friends,

The snow has melted. The temperature is rising. Birds are singing. There can be only one explanation. It must be spring!

For Christians, spring is a reminder that God is busy making things new. Here are some verses to think about.

“I will send rain on your land in its season, both autumn and spring rains, so that you may gather in your grain, new wine and olive oil.” Deuteronomy 11:14 (NIV) Our Christian lives are a balancing act of working like everything depends on us, and trusting like everything depends on God. God will send us the rain we need as we do our part working in the fields.

“Let my teaching fall like rain and my words descend like dew, like showers on new grass, like abundant rain on tender plants.” Deuteronomy 32:2 (NIV) We’re never too old to learn about God and God’s goodness. As rain provides nourishment to plants, God’s word reaches into our hearts and reveals things to us we could never imagine!

“Why do you worry about clothes? See how the flowers of the field grow. They do not labour or spin. Yet I tell you that not even Solomon in all his splendour was dressed like one of these.” Matthew 6:28-29 (NIV) Take a good look at the flowers and the plants as they bloom around you. They don’t worry their way into such awesomeness, and neither can you. God cares about you, so let God carry your worries and your fears. (1 Peter 5:7)

Whether you take a walk on a sunny day or splash through puddles during a sudden shower, do soak up the blessings of spring. Let the sights, sounds and smells of this wonderful season bring to life something within you!

Spring blessings and love to you all.

*Rev. Helene*





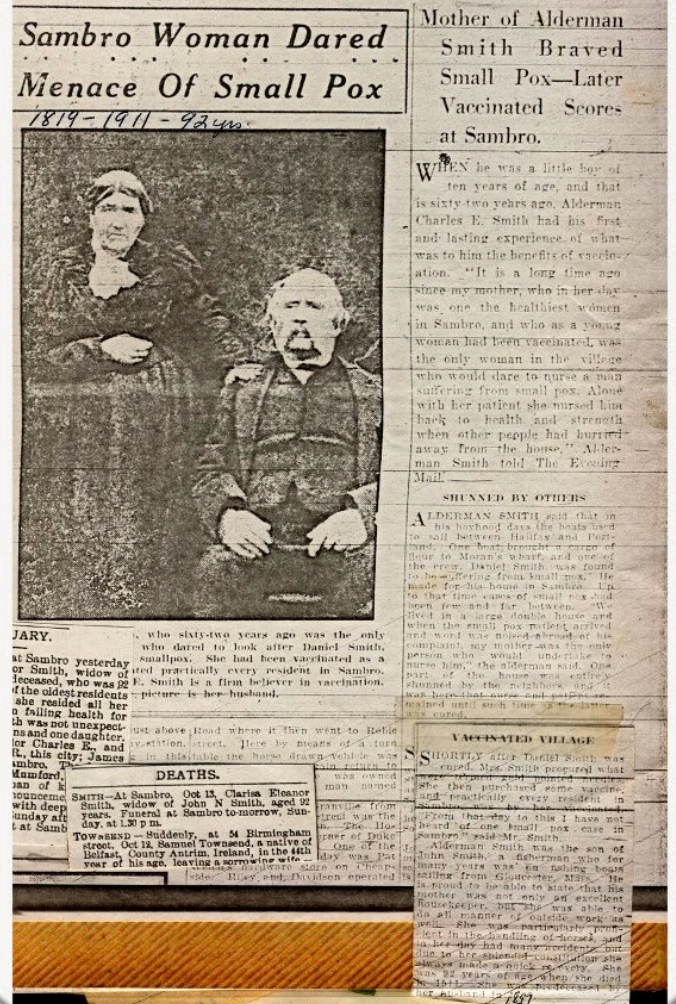
# Vaccinations in Sambro

My Thoughts, by Doug Garrison

We recently had a second covid 19 vaccination clinic at St. James church in Sambro. I don't know how many from the area took advantage of this clinic as many people in the area were already vaccinated. We are now bracing for the BA.2 omicron variant. In Canada, at this time, 82% of the population has been vaccinated and I would think Sambro is in line with this. Some have legitimate reasons for not getting vaccinated, but we too have our anti-vaxxers. With social media a lot of information is out there about vaccines, but it is not all accurate. All this has me thinking about vaccinations.

Back in the 1950s and 60s when I was in school in Sambro we had to have our "needles" before going to school. Polio was very dangerous back then, but now is almost non-existent, thanks to vaccines. We also had smallpox, tetanus, diphtheria, and whooping cough vaccinations. As we got older our immunity lessened and we were given booster shots. Some of these were given in the school and some we went to our family doctors for. I don't recall any anti-vaxxers speaking out in those days. A mother would have been thought to be off her rocker if she refused to get her children vaccinated.

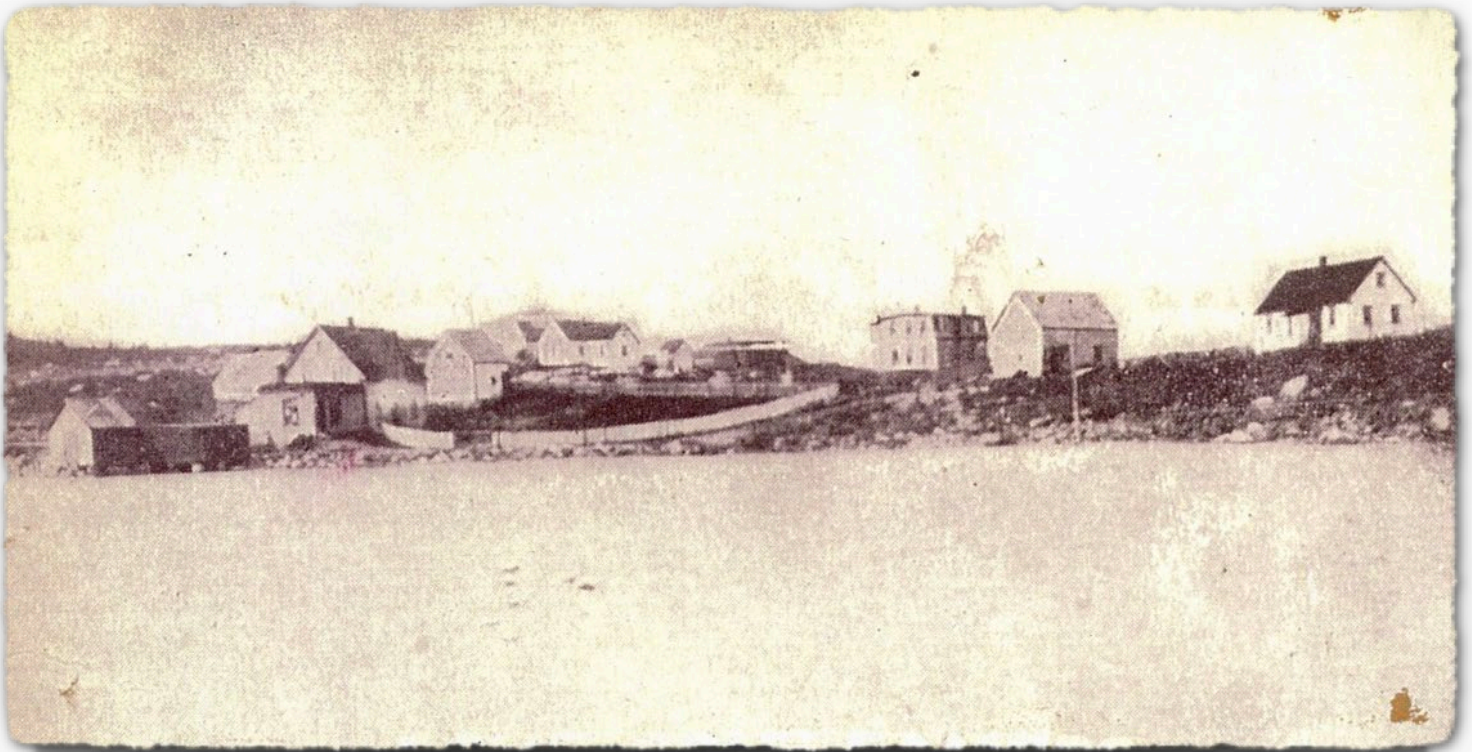
The earliest record of vaccination in Sambro I could find is from a newspaper article from about 1929. In the interview Charles E. Smith tells about his mother caring for Daniel Smith of Sambro. It was about 1867 and Daniel was a sailor on a ship that had just come from Portland Maine loaded with flour. When he arrived in Halifax it was found that he had smallpox. He immediately went home to Sambro where he was shunned by all but Mrs. Clarissa Smith who took him in. She had been vaccinated against smallpox and was not concerned about catching it. Clarissa was likely vaccinated in Chester where she was born 23 May 1822. She stayed with him in a separate accommodation from her family and nursed him back to health. Mrs. Smith then procured what were termed gold pointed needles and with some pus from Daniels sores or some vaccine ( I have read two different versions of the story) vaccinated practically all of Sambro. No one else in Sambro contracted smallpox.



## News articles Clarisa Smith

# Harbour Views

## *Vaccinations in Sambro Continued...*



*Postcard showing Truman's Corner*

As far as I can ascertain Charles' mother Clarissa was the same Mrs. John Smith that donated the bell to the church. She married John N Smith of Sambro in Chester in 1846. Her son, Charles, was the Sambro District county councilor for 44 years and county warden for part of that time. He was also a Halifax alderman for two terms. He was a prominent businessman in the city owning a fish and lobster business, construction and building business' and a bakery. Who would have better connections to get a bell from a city firehouse?

Charles stated his mother nursed Daniel in a large double house in an area separate from the family. Although on a 1856 plan of Sambro, the lot on which the Sambro Hotel sat is noted as belonging to John B Smith, I am convinced that this is where Clarissa nursed Daniel. I also believe she ran the hotel as John was away fishing. The home where I grew up sits on the hotel's former location. It's at 1727 Ketch Harbour Road and the chestnut tree in front was one of two that flanked the hotel. The hotel was torn down in about 1940.

Penny Henneberry is one Sambro resident that is descended from Clarissa. John and Clarissa's son James was the father of William Smith who was Pearl Henneberry's father. Penny tells me her mother told her that she was born in the hotel. James was also the father of Sarah Jane Henneberry, Andy and Pauline's Grandmother. Sarah Jane was also Jeanne Heneberry's Mother-in law.

*Many thanks to Alan Marryatt and Penny Henneberry for their help in the research for this article.*



### Place Names in Jollimore

The old core of Jollimore consists of a rough rectangle formed by human created boundaries to the north and west, and natural ones to the east and south. The northern edge abuts the southern limits of Fleming Park. The park is named for Sir Sanford Fleming who donated his large, rural, summer property to the city of Halifax for public use. Locally it is also called Dingle, which was, Fleming stated, the name used to describe the land before he acquired it.

The western boundary of the community is provided by the relatively recent Purcells Cove Road, which, as its name implies, was constructed to provide a means of transport by land for residents from Armdale to Purcells Cove, although, according to the late Lucy Scott, it was not paved until 1959. Previously only tracks existed to connect the military prison on Melville Island to the fort at York Redoubt by land.

To the east, the North West Arm forms a natural seaward limit to Jollimore. Originally this 3km long inlet of sea water was erroneously named Sandwich River until it was accurately designated as the north western arm of Halifax harbour.

The southern margin of Jollimore is formed by the rugged bastion of Mount Misery, an eruption of solid granite above the little community below. Formerly its bare rock crown, which rises above all the surrounding countryside, provided residents with a panoramic view up and down the NW Arm and inland to Spryfield, along with berry picking opportunities in the fall. Recently some young and sturdy pine and oak trees have grown up its sides and converted the panorama into vistas that still provide an engaging perspective over the site of Jollimore. The naming of Mount Misery remains a mystery, though it is evidently very old. The noted, local, nineteenth century author, James De Mille mentions Mount Misery in his novel Cord and Creese, published in 1869. The NS Archives holds a fine photograph taken c.1872 of a "View ... of the

## Song of Spring

Stirring in the frigid earth  
'neath duvet of ermine white,  
plant roots delve and shoots strain forth  
to greet the waxing light.

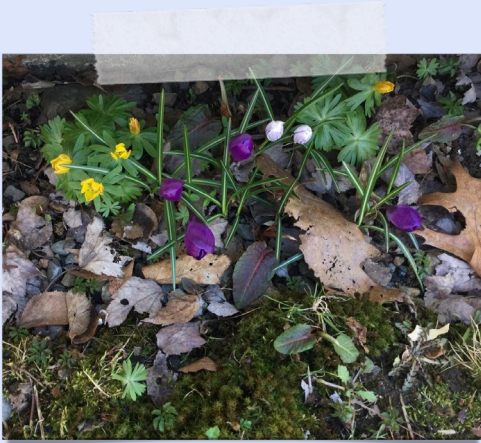
Once flocked birds now are paired,  
scattered wide to who knows where.  
Drawing succor from warming ground  
hoary trees now blushing crowns bear.

Even Sam with shadow twained  
is roused by the celestial tune,  
that well rehearsed chorus struck  
by Sun and Earth and Moon.

With breath suspended in silence list  
and to your senses they'll bring  
from copse to creek their voices ring,  
the many coloured song of spring.

- Gary Burns Feb 2021

## JOLLIMORE NOW



**Crocuses coming**



**Snowdrops stirring**



**Parkhill Woodlands  
with a Message**

-Sheila Kindred

### *Place Names in Jollimore Continued...*

Northwest Arm, the Dingle and Jollimore's "Settlement" that includes the "bare Mount Misery standing up on the middle skyline."

Jollimore was originally established by Jollimores, Boutiliers, and Slaunwhites, who were farmers, fishers and quarriers. According to Iris Shea, a local historian, they were intermarried families who came from the Head of St Margaret's Bay. John George Jollimore was the first to build a house in the area in 1829, although it was located at what is now Boscabel. It was two of his sons who purchased the land that forms Jollimore. At first, the little community was known as the Arm Settlement; later, it acquired the name Jollimore after the descendants of JG Jollimore. It subsequently grew into a regular village and its inhabitants were, on occasions, playfully labelled Jollimorons.

At first, Jollimore was only accessible by sea, although there were many paths and tracks in the community, which had local monikers. As Iris Shea has explained, official names were given to the principal routes through Jollimore when door to door mail delivery began in 1963-64. Thus the locally named Main Road became Parkhill Road, so named because it is a back route into Fleming Park down a very steep hill. The road is straight until it makes a double bend at sharp right angles down the steep slope to the shore. The

second bend, according to Iris Shea, was once known as Cookie Corner after Mrs George Jollimore, who lived in the early twentieth century in the house on the inside of the bend. She was a cook – hence Cookie – who had a winter kitchen in her house and a summer kitchen across the road! The whole slope was well known generally as the Big Hill (and recently by some as Lightening Hill) because it was a favourite site for go-cart races by village boys who would shout "Clear the Cookie" as a warning on their way down.

A second route through Jollimore, which was formerly known locally as the Back Road, is named Albion Road. Unlike the straight Parkhill Road, after Albion Road crosses the Mud Marsh, so named as Iris Shea has attested because "it had a muddy bottom ... [and] was not deep," it winds past the base of Mount Misery and alongside the course of a stream to the point where it meets Kirk Road. (The stream, probably with a track beside it, used to drain into the NW Arm at the foot of what is now McManus Road, where there was once a wharf.)

McManus Road came into being in an unusual way. Around the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries a number of substantial summer houses were built along the western shore of the NW Arm by wealthy Haligonians. One of those, named Unadilla, was owned by Andrew McManus, who



### *Place Names in Jollimore Continued...*

gave his name to McManus Road through unfortunate circumstances. When he went bankrupt, his property, which stretched inland from the coast to what is now Kirk Road, was subdivided into lots and sold. In the process of planning the lots, a new right of way was designed to run up the hill to Kirk Road, although it probably incorporated a much older track along part of its way.

Kirk Road, the fourth and last road in Jollimore, provides a link between McManus Road and Parkhill and Albion Roads. There was no purpose-built roadway to join Parkhill and Albion Roads but there is evidence from long ago of some sort of connection. First, the Slaunwhite family was quarrying stone on John Howe's land at what is now the head of McManus Road in the 1830s. A fine wall made of large, cut blocks of granite along Kirk Road are testimony to this business to this day. Second, the house numbered 25 Kirk Road today was built by Alexander Jollimore in 1855. It seems, therefore, that Kirk Road grew out of one or more of the old tracks in Jollimore into a regular travelled way for pedestrians and vehicles. It is still an unmade-up road that, incidentally, divides one private property along the way.

Formerly, Kirk Road was known as the School Road, although

local citizens called it the Little Hill, in distinction from the Big Hill at the bottom of Parkhill Road. Its designation as the School Road reflects the fact it provided a way for children in the village and along the shore to reach the first school in the area. It opened in 1867 and was located where the Jollimore playground now stands. The school, as noted by Iris Shea, was sponsored by the Church of England and was named after William Cunard, the second son of Sir Samuel Cunard of Cunard Line fame, because William bought and provided the site and supported the operation of the school for many years. Kirk Road was eventually so named, when postal service began, after the little church at the corner with Parkhill Road, which had been founded in an old co-op store in 1951.

Note: much information has been generously shared by Iris Shea, who writes a monthly column about the history of the area from Armdale to Pennant in the Chebucto News, and Heather Watts, who compiled *Beyond the North West Arm* for the Williams' Lake Conservation Company, 1979. The photograph of Jollimore in 1872 is held in the Royal Engineers Nova Scotia Archives number 7031 (Piers 397) / negative N-1468.

*-Hugh Kindred, April 2022*

## Photos by Gary



**Pheasant**



**Sharp-shinned Hawk launch**



**Robins and Starling**



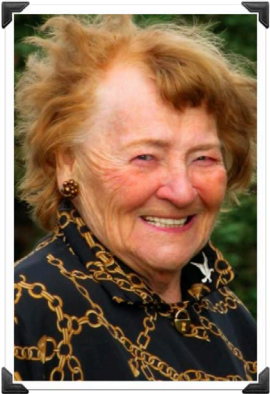
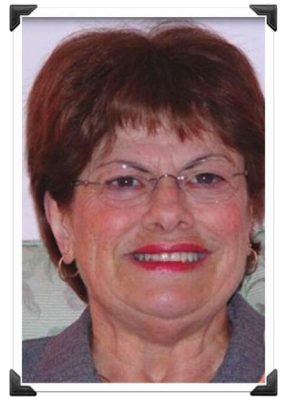
## Remembering with Love

*Since our last newsletter, some dear women of St. James have gone to their heavenly home, and we miss them.*



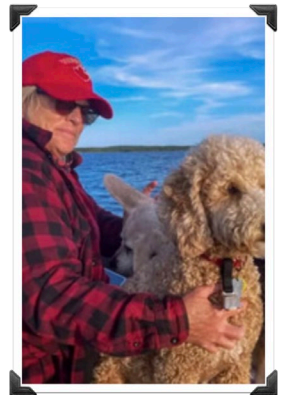
On December 2, 2021 Erna Gray passed away. A small woman with a big heart, Erna was quick-witted, funny, and firmly dedicated to family, friends, and all things Halloween!

Gloria Stoner passed on December 3, 2021 and left behind a legacy of music, love and laughter. Her family was close to her heart and music flowed through her veins. Her instruments—piano, guitar and voice—were heard in the family gospel group, women's barbershop and church choir.



January 16, 2022 was the day on which Jeanne Henneberry left this earthly life. An ordained Pentecostal minister, Rev. Jeanne loved to read and study scripture, laugh, pray, sing, preach, joke, travel, recite, tease, and share her love of the Lord.

Annie Drew Purcell, who passed away on March 13, 2022 brought a whole new meaning to the word "organized." After a year's retirement, she found a new dedication as office secretary of our Charge. Noted for her dry sense of humour, she loved her family, her dogs and the sea.



Kind and gentle, Verna Garrison was an all-around homemaker, pickler, canner, baker and cook. In her day she kept the home fires burning while her husband fished, and she still found time to quilt, knit and hook rugs. Dedicated to her family and her church, Verna passed on March 29, 2022, the day after her 91st birthday.

*Each of these women was unique and gifted in special ways. All of them will be forever remembered with love.*