

HALIFAX EXPLOSION MEMORIAL BELLS

by core design group,
keith i. graham with
n. fowler, j. rowe, j. thomson

PRESS RELEASE

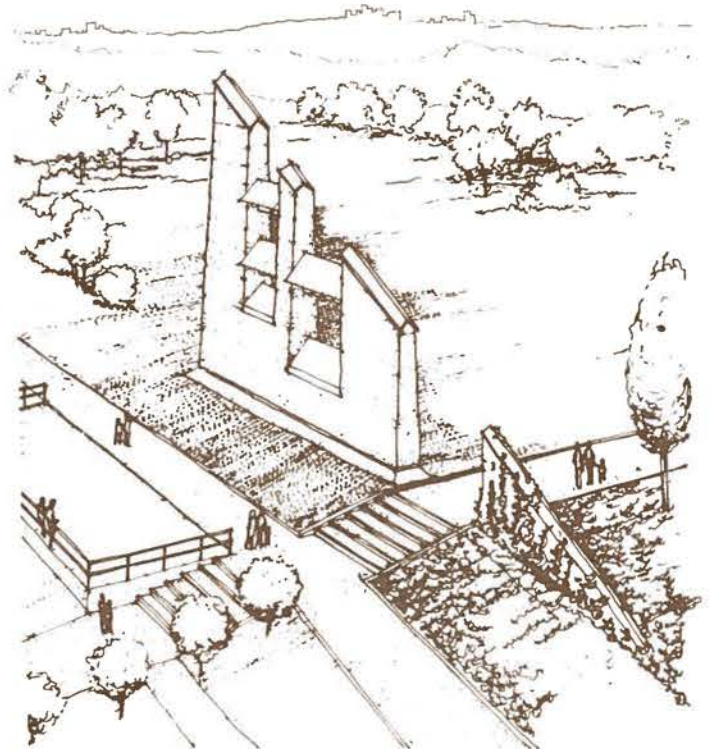
Monument Design Unveiled

HALIFAX, N.S. —The design of a bell tower to commemorate the 1917 Halifax Explosion was announced at a public meeting in United Memorial Church.

Reginald A. Prest, Chairman of the Halifax Explosion Memorial Bells Committee said the design was selected because it makes a dramatic statement suggesting an image of destruction while simultaneously evoking the energetic civic renewal that followed the devastation.

Placed on a granite platform, the \$200,000 structure is proposed for the north-east corner of Needham Park. The site, donated to the city years ago by the Halifax Relief Commission, overlooks the Narrows where the collision of the Imo and Mont Blanc took place. The monument will be clearly visible from both the surrounding area and the Harbour shores.

The narrow, angular construction will be 60' at the highest point, sloping 150° to disappear into the side of the hill. Several rectangular openings will house bells of the carillon donated in 1921 to United Memorial Church in memory of the Samuel Orr family. Placed perpendicular to the harbour, the form will direct viewer attention to the explosion site.



view from union st. entrance

Monolithic hydrostone will be the principal building material, with copper sheathing for the inclined surfaced and to protect the bell enclosures. "Traditional materials will reflect the history and character of the adjacent neighbourhood and project a feeling of stability and permanence," Prest noted.

Ornamental plantings will compliment the structural form. There will be opportunities for commemorative tree installations around the base. Walkways and paths will be upgraded minimally in the immediate area and strong lighting installed to highlight the monument.

It will be possible to play the carillon from United Memorial Church and the monument platform.

Prest stated, "We feel that the structure, with its simplicity, boldness of form and sympathetic setting will become an important addition to Needham Park and its vicinity, as well as a significant feature of the Halifax-Dartmouth area."

The project dedication date is December 6th, 1984, the 67th anniversary of the Explosion.

view from gottingen street



SUPPORT THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION MEMORIAL BELLS FUND



HALIFAX EXPLOSION
MEMORIAL BELLS COMMITTEE
P.O. Box 1267 Halifax
North Postal Stn. B3K 5H4

HALIFAX WRECKED

More Than One Thousand Killed In This City, Many Thousands Are Injured And Homeless.

MORE than one thousand dead and probably five thousand injured, many of them fatally, is the result of the explosion yesterday on French steamship *Mont Blanc*, loaded with nitroglycerine and trinitrotuol. All of Halifax north and west of the depot is a mass of ruins and many thousands of people are homeless. The Belgian Relief steamer *Imo*, coming down from Bedford Basin, collided with the *Mont Blanc*, which immediately took fire and was headed in for Pier No. 8 and exploded. Buildings over a great area collapsed, burying men, women and children. Tug boats and smaller vessels were engulfed and then a great wave washed up over Campbell Road. Fires broke out and became uncontrollable, stopping the work of rescue. Not a house in Halifax escaped some damage, and the region bounded on the east by the harbor, south by North street and west by Windsor street, is absolutely devastated.

THE wounded and homeless are in different institutions and homes over the city. The *Halifax Herald* is collecting information regarding the missing, and citizens who have victims of the disaster at their homes are requested to telephone to The *Herald* office. Hundreds of the bodies which were taken from the ruins are unrecognizable and morgues have been opened in different parts of the city. Citizens' committees are being formed for rescue work. Bulletins will be issued thruout the day giving information for the assistance of those who have lost relatives and friends. While practically every home in the city is damaged, those who are able to give any temporary accommodation are asked to notify some of the committees.

Military and naval patrols are keeping order and superintending the rescue work.

THE AWFUL STORY OF DISASTER

AT 9.05 o'clock yesterday morning a terrific explosion wrecked Halifax killing over a thousand, wounding at least five thousand, and laying in ruins at least one-fifth of the city.

The Belgian Relief steamer *Imo* coming down out of the Basin in charge of Pilot William Hayes collided with the French steamship *Mont Blanc* in charge of Pilot Frank MacKay. The French steamer was loaded with nitro glycerine and trinitrotuol. Fire broke out on the *Mont Blanc* and she was headed in for Pier 8. It was eighteen minutes after the collision when the explosion occurred. The old sugar refinery, and all the

buildings for a great distance collapsed. Tug boats and steamers were engulfed and then a great wave rushed over Campbell road carrying up debris and the corpses of hundreds of men who were at work on the piers and steamers.

Without the loss of a moment hundreds of survivors rushed to the rescue of those buried in the ruins. Fire broke out in scores of places and soon the great mass of wreckage was in the grip of an uncontrollable fire checking the work of rescue.

The military and naval authorities almost immediately took charge of the situation. Fearing that the fire would reach local magazines of explosives military messengers were sent over the city warning the people

out of the buildings and advising them to take to the citiadel and open spaces. This was not by authority.

Practically every house in the city was damaged. The entire business district was windowless and to prevent pillaging patrols from warships in port were paraded thru the streets.

All along Gottingen street and throughout the northwest part of the city there was a pitiful scene as women and children lacerated with flying fragments of glass rushed from their homes. Truckmen, hackmen, and taxi-cab drivers rushed victims to the hospitals for dressing. At the Naval hospital many of the sick sailors were badly cut and, fearing an explosion from the magazine at the Wellington barracks, they were taken away.

THE home of The *Halifax Herald* and The *Evening Mail* is badly wrecked. Every pane of glass and window in the building is smashed. Partitions have been blown down. Our press is filled with glass. Some employees have lost their homes and families. Our power service is cut off.

We are sending out a copy of this hand printed bulletin to every town in order that as many of our readers as possible may know at least some of the details of the disaster. We hope to be in a position to publish tomorrow. In the meantime we ask for patience.

A public meeting is called for city hall at 11.

Please make cheque or money order payable to:



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Mother, Dad and brother killed in explosion
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& Lousia M. Nudds (Pushman)
George Bardsley
Loyola Upham
Loyola Upham
James Bennett who lived at 75 Dresden Row
in 1917 - motorman Halifax Tramways
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Clara May Stockall, Mrs. Robert P. Smith
and her son, Kenneth (6 months) killed in
the explosion.
Mary Joan (Bell) Burton (deceased May 29,
1984) who lost five members of her family
in the Halifax Explosion
Her mother, grandmother and three
brothers who perished in the explosion
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Mary Elizabeth (Bottomley) Shea
Mrs. Alice Martin
Ernest Pyke killed in explosion

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Mother, Grandmother and two brothers
killed in explosion

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Arthur Andrew Jones

Anthony and Grace Mader

May, Florence, and Ruby Currie - lost
in Explosion

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Regina
B3H 1N5

We were living at "Glenora" where Simpsons is now - Our father and older and younger brothers were pushing the Baby Grand Chev. 5 passenger out of the garage - to start it running down our driveway. I was looking out of the window watching them. At that moment everything happened - a piece of the window hit me in the neck but I pulled it out and I turned to see Mother, our cook, turned into a black mammy something I had always wished for. We gathered together and our first thought was that a submarine had come into the Arm and had torpedoed us - we went into the dining room and crouched under the large table - then we went upstairs to our parents room. The only one with windows intact and we knelt and prayed. Then the soldiers came around and warned us that another explosion might happen so we went out in St. Patrick's Home field where others were gathered. We decided then to get out of town and eight children, our cook, parents and nurse maid all got in the five passenger car and down the Chetwicks Road we picked up big Mrs. Murphy so thick of us start off. The Road was packed with cars and people on foot - lots with bandages and injuries - all trying to get out of town. My older brother wanted to stay at home and let Pruce - our beautiful dog get instead of missing after a stop to go situation we arrive at Sambellon and a wonderful family took us all in. The next day Daddy, Mrs. Mother, Nursemaid & I start back to get the house ready for the others - blizzard come up and car get marooned - so we walk I cleared out

We ate snow because we were hungry and thirsty - finally, we came to a wood cutter shack and he took us in and fed us beans which tasted like ammonia - we slept on chairs and next morning were ready to take off again - I spied two yeast cakes on the window sill and thinking we might starve before we got back to Halifax, I tucked them in my voluminous convent bloomers, as we walked to the door, they fell out. I was very embarrassed, but after all, I was only nine years old. We caught a train & got into Falmouth & then walked the rest of the way. I was very happy to see Norman Currie, my best friend's father, he was digging out bodies & piling them up wrapped in bed spreads.

What we didn't know then was that part of the anchor of one of the colliding ships had come right over the garage where our men were taking out the car and had cut a swath through our trees and buried itself in our woods - it weighed about 200 lbs. a large part had continued on to Edmond's ground is now at Tom Hunt's, Hackett Cove.

An aftermath to our story was that some years later Dudley was on jury duty and one benefactor from Dartmouth was on trial for non-payment, a way of life for the fishermen then, but my father swore the jury and the foreman got \$1000. A small repayment for Ben's kindness.

Wallace and family "glenora" - Margaret Jarvis

Explosion

We were living at "Glenora" where Simpsons' is now – our father and older and younger brothers were pushing the baby [grand?] Chev 5 passenger out of the garage to start it running down our driveway. I was looking out of the window watching them. At that moment everything happened – a piece of the window hit me in the neck but I pulled it out [redacted passage]. We gathered together and our first thought was that a submarine has come into the Arm and had torpedoed us – we went into the dining room and crouched under the large table – then we went upstairs to my parents' room, the only one with windows intact and we knelt and prayed. Then the soldiers came around and warned us that another explosion might happen, so we went out in St. Patrick's Home filled up where others were gathered. We decided then to get out of town and eight children, fat cook, parents and nursemaid all got in the five passenger car and down the Chebucto Road we picked up big Mrs. Murphy and then the thirteen of us start off. The road was packed with cars and people on foot -- lots with bandages and injuries – all trying to get out of town. My older brother wanted to stay at home and let Prince, our beautiful Irish setter go instead of him. After a stop and go situation we arrive at Tantallon and a wonderful family took us all in. The next day Daddy, two brothers, nursemaid and I start back to get the house ready for the others—blizzard came up and car gets marooned – so we walk. It seemed endless.

We ate snow because we were hungry and thirsty. Finally we came to a wood-cutter's shack and he took us in and fed us beans which tasted like ambrosia. We slept in chairs and next morning were ready to take off again. I spied two yeast cakes on the windowsill and thinking we might starve before we got back to Halifax, I tucked them in my voluminous convent bloomers. As we walked to the door, they fell out. I was very embarrassed but after all, I was only nine years old. We caught a train and got into Fairview and then walked the rest of the way. I was very happy to see Norman Currie, my best friend's father. He was digging out bodies and piling them up wrapped in bed spreads.

What we didn't know then was that part of the anchor of one of the colliding ships had come right over the garage where our men were taking out the car and had cut a swath through our trees and buried itself in our woods. It weighed almost 200 lbs. A larger part had continued on to Edmond's Grounds across the arm. The piece of anchor is now at Tom Monts, Hacketts Cove.

An aftermath to our story was that some years later Daddy was on jury duty and our benefactor from Tantallon was on trial for rum running a way of life for the fishermen then, but my father swung the jury and the fisherman got off -- a small repayment for their kindness.

Transcription available for this handwritten letter, see following pages

BOUQUET OF FLOWERS 18.313

From an Original, mouthpainted by
I. Schricker

Published by Rehandart Canada Limited
Lithographed in Canada by McLaren, Morris & Todd



3405 Nova Scotia Dr.
Halifax, N.S.
Jan. 27/84

\$ 25.00

Halifax Explosion
Memorial Bells Com.

Wishing you success in
your endeavours for a
tower on Fort Needham.

Dear Sir
Enclosed please find a cheque
for \$25.00 (twenty five dollars)
for Memorial Bells.

Yours truly

As a former member of United
Memorial, I have always been
interested in the bells. Always
enjoyed having them as I child
going to church.

(Mrs. H. L.) Major J. Matthews

I feel Fort Needham is
most appropriate location for
them.

Notes 45.00	145.00
+ 5.00	+ 50.00
<u>450.00</u>	<u>195.00</u>
Remt \$145.00	

Halifax Memorial Library Box 1267
"Explosion"

My Dear Brother was dead John Edward
He was 10 years old but Carson, 1984
he was not in Richmond School,
Devenshire Avenue, at the time of the
Explosion he was a patient at the
V. S. Hospital, and his sister
was not at school that morning, but
my dear Parents John Robert Carson, 1984
Kathleen Major Carson, two Brothers
and a Baby sister Lillies died in
my Mother's arms. Also Mrs. Jim Smith,
my Dad's sister Agnes Carson,

I am the only surviving member of
my parents family, Mrs Kathleen Reed
Kathleen Carson.

In Memory of my dear Brother John
Edward Carson buried in Liverpool
N. S. Borne in Halifax City

McKeen Manor, Apt 805
1186 Queen Street
Halifax, N.S.

May 6th 1982

~~Dear Mother~~ Dear Sir,
I have lost my dear Parents,
John Robert Carson, Kathleen Major Carson,
Two Brothers and a baby sister, who died
in my Mother's arms.

Also Mrs Jim Smith, Agnes Carson
Dad's sister, my dear Aunt.

But my dear Brother was only 10 years old
and at the V. S. General Hospital, he died 1984 7 1/2
He never got over losing his parents.

But I was not at school either at that time.
I am an only surviving member.

Mrs Kathleen Agnes Carson Reed, sister of
Halifax, my dear Mother John Robert Carson, Kathleen Major

Yours Respectfully,
Mrs Kathleen Agnes Reed (widow)

This is in memory of my dear Brother John Edward
Carson, who never really got over losing
his dear Mother and Dad, usually he would
remind me to put it in the World, but my
priest told me they are all in Heaven.
I believe this, this is all that keeps me going.

B34 253

Halifax Memorial Library

Explosion

My Dear Brother now dead John Edward Carson, 1984. He was 10 years old but he was not in Richmond School, Devonshire Avenue, at the time of the Explosion. He was a patient at the V.G. Hospital and I his sister was not at school that morning, but my dear Parents, John Robert Carson Enfield , N.S.... two Brothers and a Baby Sister Lilian died in my Mother's arms. Also Mrs. Jim Smith, my Dad's Sister, Agnes Carson.

I am the only surviving member of my parents family, Mrs. Katherine... Carson.

In Memory of my Dear Brother John Edward Carson buried in Liverpool, N.S. Born in Halifax City.

Dear Sirs,

I have lost my dear Parents, John Robert Carson, Katherine Marjorie Carson, two Brothers and a baby sister what died in my Mother's arms.

Also Mrs. Jim Smith, Agnes Carson, Dad's Sister, my dear Aunt.

But my late Brother was only 10 years old and a the V. General Hospital, now dead. He never got over losing his parents. But I was not at school either at the time. I am only surviving member.

Yours Sincerely,

Mrs. Katherine Agnes Rees ...

This is in memory of my dear brother John Edward Carson, who never really got over losing his dear Mother and Dad.... But my priest told me they are all in Heaven.. I believe this, this is all that keeps me going.

I have fond memories of United Memorial Church during its construction days and for many years following.

As a boy of twelve years of age I was in the tower, among the bells, when the representative of the manufacturer tested them for the first time.

G. L. Collins

apt 608

211 Willett St.

Hfx N.S B3M 3<7

P. O. Box 502

Chester, N.S.

BOJ 1JO

Free Note

Enclosed find ~~find~~ Cheque for
\$ 2500 for the Memorial
Bells project in memory
of Isabel K Lavers and
her father John(?) Walsh.
Mr Walsh was killed when
his home burned. Mrs Lavers
was treated in Camp Hill
for severe injuries but
lived until 1962 - age 92.

Elizabeth Lavers



Halifax Explosion Memorial
Bells Committee.

6265 Willow St

July 16/82

Mr. Reginald A Prest

Dear Sir

Enclosed is check to have
Christine M. Duggan Grant R.N. etched
on the Bronze Plaque.

Christine was about eight years
old when she was scarred by the
Halifax explosion.

Christine was a graduate nurse
of the Halifax Infirmary. and the only
nurse, Not a Sister of Charity, picked
to be supervisor of a floor in
that Hospital, when it was operated
by the Sisters.

Christine also was the first to use

from Ottawa.

Christine's Mother Margaret Duggan was also in the explosion. She was blown from the house with part of the house.

Mrs Duggan went up the swinging stair case to get her wedding ring from the Bed Room.

Both Christine and her Mother were taken to the South end in a milk wagon. On the way they passed a rug from their home, being used for a shelter for a delivery room.

Christine's father Mr. Thomas Duggan was in the Imperial Army and on his way to the Boer war, when in Halifax the war ended and he had a choice to remain here or go back to England. He remained

and joined the Canadian Army
An interesting point is Mrs Duggan
was blown out of her home. Mr
Duggan in the trenches was buried
in a cook house by an exploding
German shell.

Hoping you have good luck in
your endeavor

Yours Truly

John P Grant

July 16/84

Halifax Explosion Memorial Bells Committee

Mr. Reginald A. Prest

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is check [sic] to have Christine M. Duggan Grant RN etched on the Bronze Plaque.

Christine was about eight years old when she was scarred by the Halifax Explosion.

Christine was a graduate nurse of the Halifax Infirmary and the only nurse, not a Sister of Charity picked to be supervisor of a floor in that hospital, when it was operated by the Sisters.

Christine also was the first to use penicillin that required permission from Ottawa.

Christine's mother Margaret Duggan was also in the explosion. She was blown from the house with part of the house.

Mrs. Duggan went up the swinging stair case to get her wedding ring from the bedroom.

Both Christine and her mother were taken to the South end in a milk wagon. On the way they passed a rug from their home, being used for a shelter for a delivery room.

Christine's father Mr. Thomas Duggan was in the Imperial Army and on his way to the Boer War, when in Halifax the war ended and he had a choice to remain here or go back to England. He remained and joined the Canadian Army. An interesting point is Mrs. Duggan was blown out of her home. Mr. Duggan in the trenches was buried in a cook house by an exploding German shell.

Hoping you have good luck in your endeavor.

Yours truly,

John P. Grant

Repean, Ont. Dec 27/83

Marion D Oxley \$10.00 Rec Just
33 Jonsen Rd.
Repean, Ont K2H5W6

Dear Sir

enclosed please find a

small contribution toward your Memorial Bell fund a very worthy cause. I too went thru the Halifax explosion and vividly remember it. I was 10 at the time.

My 2 sisters and I attended Richmond School and on the morning of Dec. 6, we overslept. Our 2 friends from across the street called for us and went on without us. They were killed. All around us was death destruction and fire. Dante's Inferno.

I was the only one in our family who was hurt. Thank God I had only superficial cuts about the face and hands. I ran to the window to see what happened and the glass flew all around me. The

God had watched over me so I would have lost my eyesight. I didn't.

He lived at 22 Merkel St, then known as Hungry Hill.

He attended the same church as Barbara Orr Kay Grove, and I remember her ^{her} father and mother and her cousin & lady's or.

Thank God and I do thank him continuously for sparing ^{my} mother (my father was overseas with the 25th Battn, and killed the following year) my wee brother and 2 sisters. I hope you forgive me for rambling on. I wish you the best in the Remembrance bells

and you and dear old Halifax the best for 1984. I watched it grow up ~~and~~ as I was there from 1914 to 1969.

Yours truly

Maureen (Just) Oxley

Marion D. Oxby nee Just

Nepean, Ont. Dec. 27/83

Dear sir,

Enclosed please find a small contribution toward your memorial bell fund a very worth cause. I too went thru the Halifax Explosion and vividly remember it. I was 10 at the time.

My two sisters and I attended Richmond School and on the morning of Dec. 6, we overslept. Our two friends from across the street called for us and went on without us. They were killed. All around was death, destruction, and fire. Dante's Inferno. I was the only one in our family who was hurt. Thank God I had only superficial cuts about the face and hands. I ran to the window to see what happened and the glass flew all around me. The God Lord watched over me or I would have lost my eyesight. I didn't.

We lived at 22 Merkel St., then known as Hungry Hill.

We attended the same church as Barbara Orr, Kay Grove, and I remember her father and mother and her cousin Gladys Orr. Thank God, and I do thank him continually for sparing my mother (my father was away with the 25th battalion and killed the following year), my wee brother and two sisters. I hope you forgive me for rambling on. I wish you the best in the Remembrance Bells and you and dear old Halifax the best for 1984. I watched it grow up as I was there from 1914 to 1969.

Yours truly,

Marian (Just) Oxley

Dec 6/23
Harpur's Island
Western Basin
BOSTON.

Sir:

Please accept this small
donation to the memorial
Bell fund.

As a native haligonian
& vividly recall the
devastation after the explosion.

At the time I was twenty-
seven months old & lived
at 65 Belby St in the
north end of Halifax.

Our home was destroyed
but fortunately myself & three
siblings were not injured
although my mother received
severe cuts from flying
glass.

Just a brief account from
a survivor.

Best of luck.

Yours Truly

Fred Machen.

Madine Jordan
275-3rd Street, S.E.
109, Medicine Hat, Alta.

14 Dec. / 83

To whom it may concern:

I have enclosed a cheque for the sum of Fifteen Dollars, to help towards the building of the Halifax Explosion Memorial Tower.

Please add my name in respect of the dead.

I have just moved to Medicine Hat, from the East. I have one sister living in Nova Scotia, Dartmouth. She has been there for some years. She sent me the entire News Paper clipping, a whole two pages of it. The Chronicle-Herald

I hope you are very successful in this honorary endeavor.

Sincerely
Madine Jordan

Feb. 17/84

Dear Bells Committee,

I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear from my brother Jan (Moncton) about the progress of the Memorial. The enclosed chyn is a token; but I hope to do a little better when we return to Canada in June.

Though my ministry has kept me in the West (my wife's home) for years, I have been greatly concerned about these bells. Bill Orr taught Neil Van Allen and me to play them about 1940; and there were few Sundays for the next 5 years that I didn't get to play them at least once. Sometimes in the summer I rode my bicycle back in from Seabright in order to play them from 10:30 to 11:00; then rode back out in the afternoon. I don't recall any feeling of "duty" or "service"; rather, it was a great privilege, well worth the effort. It will be a great joy to hear them ring again.

Sincerely yours in Christ
David K. Christ

P/1
70
R.R. 1, Shubensadie N.S.
April 29 1984.

Dear Sirs:

Having survived the Halifax Explosion and having played on Dart Needham as a youngster I would like to make a contribution to the Memorial bells.

My parents Mr & Mrs R. S. Reid, my sister Edith & myself were living in the North end that day & I had a very vivid memory of losing our home & possessions, we were all lucky to escape with minor injuries & returned to the Hydrostone area & lived there until 1922.

Wishing you much success with your project - Respectfully,

Gertrude MacPhee

Enclosed find cheque for \$20.00.

Shubenacadie N.S.

April 29, 1984

Dear Sirs,

Having survived the Halifax Explosion and having played on Fort Needham as a youngster I would like to make a contribution to the Memorial bells.

My parents Mr. and Mrs R.S. Reid, my sister Edith and myself were living in the North End that day and I have a vivid memory of losing our home and possession. We were all lucky to escape with minor injuries and returned to the Hydrostone area and lived there until 1922.

Wishing you much success with your project.

Respectfully,

Gertrude MacPhee

Enclosed find cheque for \$20.00

6969 Bayers Road, Apt 8,
Halifax NS B3L-4P3

Halifax Explosion Committee

Dear Folks: I enclose my cheque for \$25⁰⁰ for the Memorial Bells. I notice on the radio and in the Mail Star that the explosion took place before 9 A.M. Dec 6/17. My impression was it took place between 9.05 and 9.10 A.M. I was in grade 9 at Morris St School at the time and we were in the classroom starting morning exercises when it happened so I feel it was after 9 A.M. and not before.

I hope you reach your objective and that the Memorial will be ready by next December.

Yours truly

J. Edgar Holloway
(T. EDGAR HOLLOWAY)

Halifax, N.S

Halifax Explosion Committee

Dear Folks: I enclose my cheque for \$25.00 for the Memorial Bells. I notice on the radio and in the Mail Star that the explosion took place *before* 9 A.M. Dec 6/17. My impression was it took place between 9:05 and 9:10 A.M. I was in grade 9 at Morris St. school at the time and we were in the classroom starting morning exercises when it happened so I feel it was *after* 9 A.M. and not before.

I hope you reach your objective and that the Memorial will be ready by next December.

Yours truly,

T. Edgar Holloway

10/

Shelburne, N.S.
Dec. 6/83

DEC - 8 1983

Halifax Explosion Memorial
Bells Club,
Box 1267,
Halifax N. Postal Str.
B3K 5H7.

Dear Sir,

I am very happy to be able to contribute in this small way to this worthwhile cause.

My mother is a survivor of the Halifax Explosion. She was working at the V.S. Hospital at the time & ran to a window to look out when she heard the explosion & was cut over the eye by a piece of flying glass. She didn't ever realize it at the time, as soon they were busy looking after the injured. Mom said they were lying everywhere - in the halls, with eyeballs hanging out on their cheeks & other such horrible sights. Not until much later did she go to see about her own cut. As far as we know, the piece of glass is still in there - around the eyebrow level, but it doesn't seem to have done any harm over the years. She is still alive at 84 & living in the

2

Annapolis Valley.

In a way, this contribution is in thanksgiving
that my mother was spared this terrible explosion
or I wouldn't even be here!

Wishing you every success in this important
endeavour.

Sincerely,
(Mrs) Marion Hogg,
Box 553,
Shelburne, N. S.

Shelburne, N.S

Dec. 6/83

Halifax Explosion Memorial Bells Fund

Dear Sir,

I am very happy to be able to contribute in this small way to this worthwhile cause.

My mother is a survivor of the Halifax Explosion. She was working at the N.S Hospital at the time and ran to a window to look out when she heard the explosion and was cut over the eye by a piece of flying glass. She didn't even realize it at the time, as soon they were busy looking after the injured. Mom said they were lying everywhere – in the halls, with eyeballs hanging out on their cheeks and other such horrible sights. Not until much later did she go to see about her own cut. As far as we know, the piece of glass is still in there – around the eyebrow level – but it doesn't seem to have done any harm over the years. She is still alive at 84 and living in the Annapolis Valley.

In a way, this contribution is in thanksgiving that my mother was spared this terrible Explosion – or I wouldn't even be here!

Wishing you every success in this important endeavor.

Sincerely,

(Mrs) Marion Hogg

Shelburne, N.S.

Dec 9, 1983
Halifax, Co. N.S.

Dear Sir,

Enclose find Cheque for the Halifax
Explosion Memorial Bells I would
like to be able to give more but unable
to at present.

I am a victim of the explosion I was
3 yrs old at that time, my mother
was also one of the worst victims, and
I had 2 brothers hurt also

I guess by now there isn't too many
left.

Sincerely

Alma (Henry) Washington
876 - 7389

Dec. 9, 1983

Halifax Co., N.S.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed find cheque for the Halifax Explosion Memorial Bells[.] I would like to be able to give more but unable to at present.

I am a victim of the Explosion[.] I was 3 years old at that time, my mother was also one of the worst victims, and I had 2 brothers hurt also.

I guess by now there isn't too many left.

Sincerely,

Alma (Henry) Washington

R.R. 7, Seamill Ferry
Anna, Co., N.S.

BOSIKO

March 25th/8

Dear Sir,

Enclosed a small
contribution toward the
Halifax explosion Memorial
Bells monument,

Although I never lost
any of my family in the
Explosion, I can remember
that day very well, we
lived in what was then
South Woodside on the
Dartmouth side of the Harbour
I was seven years old. I can
still see that awful
cloud of smoke etc that
went up in the air,

wishing you every success
in your collection.

Yours truly,

Winnifred Bent.

RR #1. Granville Ferry

Anna., Co., N.S.

March 25th/84

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed a small contribution toward the Halifax Explosion Memorial Bells Monument.

Although I never lost any of my family in the Explosion, I can remember that day very well. We lived in what was then South Woodside on the Dartmouth side of the Harbour. I was seven years old. I can still see that awful cloud of smoke [...] that went up in the air.

Wishing you every success in your collection.

Yours truly,

Winnifred Bent

My father, Walter C. Nickerson was a member of the crew aboard the tug, 'Stella Maris'. This tug boat and crew were along side the munitions ship, Mont Blanc on that fateful day. They were attempting to tow the Mont Blanc away from the pier. Just as they were swinging the larger hawser up to the deck of the Mont Blanc the blast occurred.

The captain of the tug, Horatio Brannen, was killed outright. He was the brother-in-law of my father.

There were only four survivors from the 'Stella Mars'. My father was one of them. He lived to be 88 years old.

Mary J. Nicoll
Clyde River
Shelburne County
N.S. BOWIRO

15 Kennedy Drive Apt 810
Dartmouth,
Nova Scotia,
B2X 1N7

April 10th 1984

Halifax Memorial Bells Committee,
Box 1267,
Halifax,
B3K 5H4

\$ 10⁰⁰/₁₀₀

Dear Sir/Madam,

I am only too pleased to enclose a cheque for amount of Ten dollars, for my contribution to the Memorial Bells and my Husband and myself expect to attend the unveiling when that day arrives.

I myself was in the area on that fateful day in 1917, at that time I was 6½ years old and was attending St Joseph's school at the time, I remember walking slowly home that morning stopping to gaze at all the fires along the way, and my Mother breathing a sigh of relief when I appeared home, which at that time was on Columbus Place, and with my Father being in the Army and at the time being overseas, My Mother, Sister, who was home from school that day sick, and myself moved away immediately to the country to stay with relatives.

Yours truly,

Leah M Goodwill (nee Smith)

Leah M Goodwill

435-7332

Mrs. Arthur Baird
404 - 5959 Spring Garden Road
Halifax, N.S.
B3H 1Y5

Jan. 19, 1983

Dear Sir or Madam:

A memorial for the victims of the Halifax Explosion is long overdue, and I am enclosing a cheque for Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) which I hope will help toward having the bells placed as the Committee wish.

A cousin of mine, the late E. G. L. Wetmore, as a young lad, worked with a horse and cart during that terrible time, gathering victims; and it would be my wish (IF POSSIBLE) to use his name as a donor? Some of your committee may recall this late Bert Wetmore, as a reporter-photographer with the Herald and Mail. I WILL UNDERSTAND IF THIS WISH IS NOT POSSIBLE.

Sincerely

Shirley Baird
Shirley Baird

6095 Coburn Road #805,
Halifax, Nova Scotia,
B3H4K1
Jan. 16th 1984.

Dear Sirs -

Being 5 years + 10 months old
at the time of the Halifax Explosion
I have a vivid memory of the morning
of December 6th 1917 -

Having been lost for 3 days
before my Father found me in Camp-
Hill Hospital with injury and
loss of sight in one eye.

I would like to remember
the many who lost their lives also
the injured.

Enclosed please find
cheque for \$500.⁰⁰ for support to build
the Halifax Explosion Memorial Tower.

Sincerely,

Rhoda Simon Goldberg.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Jan. 16th 1984.

Dear Sirs –

Being 5 years and 10 months old at the time of the Halifax Explosion I have a vivid memory of the morning of December 6th, 1917 -- Having been lost for 3 days before my father found me in Camp Hill Hospital with injury and loss of sight in one eye[,] I would like to remember the many who lost their lives[,] also the injured.

Enclosed please find cheque for 500.00 for support to build the "Halifax Explosion Memorial Tower."

Sincerely,

Rhoda Simon Goldberg

Box 24 Maxwell Ave.
St. Sackville, N.S.,
Oct. 21, 1984.

Dear Sirs -

Enclosed please find cheque to be used toward the Memorial Bells. This remembrance is dedicated in loving memory of my parents - John and Gladys (Orr) Oland. Mrs. Oland was a first cousin of Barbara (Orr) Thompson and in 1976, recounted her experience of the Halifax Explosion for her grandchildren. For your interest, I have enclosed a copy of this account.

Yours truly,
Lois Mason

Dedicated in loving memory of John and Gladys (Orr) Oland by their daughter and son-in-law Lois and Paul Mason and by their grandchildren, Jennifer and Paul Mason.

Lr. Sackville, N.S

Oct. 21, 1984

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed please find cheque to be used toward the Memorial Bells. This remembrance is dedicated in loving memory of my parents – John and Gladys (Orr) Oland. Mrs. Oland was a first cousin of Barbara (Orr) Thompson and in 1976, recounted her experience of the Halifax Explosion for her grandchildren. For your interest, I have enclosed a copy of this account.

Yours truly,

Lois Mason

“Dedicated in loving memory of John and Gladys (Orr) Oland by their daughter and son-in-law Louis and Paul Mason and by their grandchildren, Jennifer and Paul Mason.”

THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION

DEC. 6, 1917

Written by Gladys (Orr) Oland to her grandchildren, Nancy and Susan Oland and Jennifer and Paul A. Mason of her experiences Dec. 6th, 1917, the Halifax explosion.

Dear children,

I was twelve years old at the time and my brother William Orr was five. It was a beautiful sunny morning with snow covering the ground. We lived at the time, at the corner of Gottingen and Cabot streets.

I was not at school that day having had a bad cold the first of the week. The morning being so very nice, I was allowed to visit my grandmother Buchanan, who lived across the lawn from our home. While there, I watched my little friends going to school and waved to my friend Katie Taylor.

A short time later I heard the fire engine, the Old Patricia going down Kenny Street to Acadia Street and wondered where the fire was. I bundled myself up and ran home. Bill and Mother were on the front lawn. We watched the billows of smoke and flames. It was said the clouds of smoke went two miles high. I heard glass breaking and wood crashing. I did not see anything as I was blown under the front verandah. While under there, I felt I was falling down a dark well.

I could hear my cousin Barbara Orr telling us children if you ever dream about falling down a well, wake up or you will die. The fear of that jolted me and I crawled out, minus coat, hat, gloves and glasses.

What had once been a beautiful day was now quite dark as the smoke had darkened the day and you could hardly see three feet ahead of you.

We went around to the back porch and Mother put my uncle's coat on me. The collar formed a hat and a scarf was tied around the neck to keep the coat from dragging on the snow. Mother then went and got her father out of the cellar. He was badly hurt. She pushed him up to the window and I pulled him out. At the back of his house the chimney had fallen on the ground. We all sat on that to keep warm. Mother was so sure it was the Germans, she decided to stay where we were. While she had these thoughts, we saw a young girl come limping up the driveway. We had no idea who she was as her hair and face were blackened by the explosives and water. Mother went over to see if she could help her. To her surprise the girl called her Aunt Edna. It was Barbara. Mother asked her about her family. She told Mother that her brother Ian was ill with the measles and none of the children were in school. He had looked out of the window and said it was an ammunition ship on fire, and went back to bed. She put her coat and hat on and ran to Fort Needham to watch the fire.

When she returned home the houses and lamp post were ablaze, and she could not cross the street. Her mother, two sisters and three brothers perished in the fire. Her father was killed on his way to the office, and another uncle was alive after the disaster; only to jump to the ground and be killed by a loosened granite block which fell on him.

The business was known as the Richmond Printing Company. Barbara's father, Samuel Orr was in charge of the office. David Orr was in charge of the printing and Father was buyer and traveller. There were thirty-eight who lost their lives there.

After hearing her story, we gathered ourselves together and walked through to Parker Muir's home. The house was filled with wounded and four or five people lying across beds. Just before we left our home, I walked around the house and saw my dolls and doll carriage on the lawn but ignored them. I picked up a bolt of unbleached cotton that Mother was to use to make sheets for the Red Cross. I picked it up and put it under my big, long coat and said the Germans would not get this. It was heavy but no one noticed what I had done.

Mother, in the meantime, went in the house and up the stairs which were hanging from the wall as the supports were gone. She got her fur cape and engagement ring and other prized possessions. On her way down the stairs, she heard the lady

next door call for help. She was trapped and the house was on fire.. The baby in her arms was unconscious. Mother dropped what she had, and it went right down to the cellar. She was so intent to help, she never thought what she had in her hands; her thoughts were on saving two lives.

Now to return to the Muir home. We had not been there long when Mother saw something white under my coat. When she saw what it was, she told Mr. Muir , who said it was just what was needed to cover the glassless windows. He covered all the windows and it helped to keep out the snowflurries and wind. I often wondered what told me to carry that bundle. It certainly served a purpose.

A friend of the family, Mr. Robinson of Robinson's livery stable came looking for us. He took Barbara and my grandfather to the hospital and later came for us and took us to his home. We stayed there a few days and and then went to friends of the family, Dr. and Mrs. Jakeman. That night there was a terrible blizzard that stopped the rescuers. Many people died during the storm due to exposure.

Mother had gone out each day to the morgues where she found my two uncles. On Monday morning, she was walking up Barrington Street and a gentleman came over to her and asked her if she had seen a note at St. Paul's Hall, written by someone but signed by my father. She could not believe what she was

told. The gentleman was a tenant of Father's and he knew the signature, as he said he had seen it so many times on receipts. At St. Paul's Hall, there was the note pinned to a board. It told that Father was on the Old Colony, a hospital ship sent over by the U.S.A.

Mother hurried back to Bill and I and Mr. Robinson took us up to the Dockyard to see Father. He was badly injured and blackened. His ankle and shoulder were broken and he was hurt internally. He told us that he and his friend Controller Harris, had gone down to a yacht club to watch the fire. His friend was killed and he was blown against a box car. Father crawled up Russell Street, going near the burning houses to get warmed. His coat and suit were blown off him. He was picked up on Gottingen Street and then lost consciousness. He could hear people talking but could not speak himself. It was at Camp Hill Hospital where he was left. At one time he heard someone say, "that man is gone," and they passed him by and took another man. Soon after that he heard a doctor say, "I am taking this man". Father knew the voice of his friend, Dr. Dan Cox, a returned missionary from India, home on furlough. He had come down that day from Truro, N.S. From Camp Hill he was transferred to the Old Colony where we found him. He said he had never expected to see us again.

The family went to Truro the middle of January, 1918, and did not return to Halifax until May. In February, Father started

a business known as the Richmond Paper Company. It was the middle of May when a man came to his office and told him he had something belonging to Father. The man said he was rowing across the harbour, when he saw something listening on a piece of wood. He rowed over to it and it was Father's Waterman pen with his name engraved on the gold clip. The pen was on a piece of his coat that was caught by a nail. The pen that had been in the water of Halifax Harbour for nearly six months was unharmed and used for many years. Sad to say, it was later stolen. I hope this story will prove interesting to you.

Your loving,

Nana Oland

The two ships that collided in the harbour were:

Imo-a Belgian relief ship

Mont Blanc- contained T.N.T. and glycerine

Barbara lived with us until her marriage to T.W. Thompson in July, 1927.

Dorchester, N. B.,
December 7, 1983

Halifax Explosion
Memorial Bells Committee,
P.O.Box 1267,
Halifax, N. S.,
North Postal Station., B3K 5H4

Dear Sirs:

Herewith find enclosed cheque for twenty dollars, a donation
from:

Rev. L. K. & Mrs. Baker,
Dorchester, N. B.

One of my very early childhood memories (I would be just
over four years old at that time) was one coldish day out in our driveway
where ~~he~~^{dad} was talking with a neighbour. The discussion must have been
about the explosion. My only recollection is of asking my father, "Which way
is Halifax anyway?"

He pointed in an east, south-easterly direction, just over
the upstream edge of Windsor which is just across the Avon River from
my old home in Falmouth.

Kindly send receipt in my name as per address below, and
I wish you every success -- a memorial is certainly in order.

Yours truly,



Rev. L. K. Baker,
P.O.Box 50,
Dorchester, N. B.
EOA 1MO