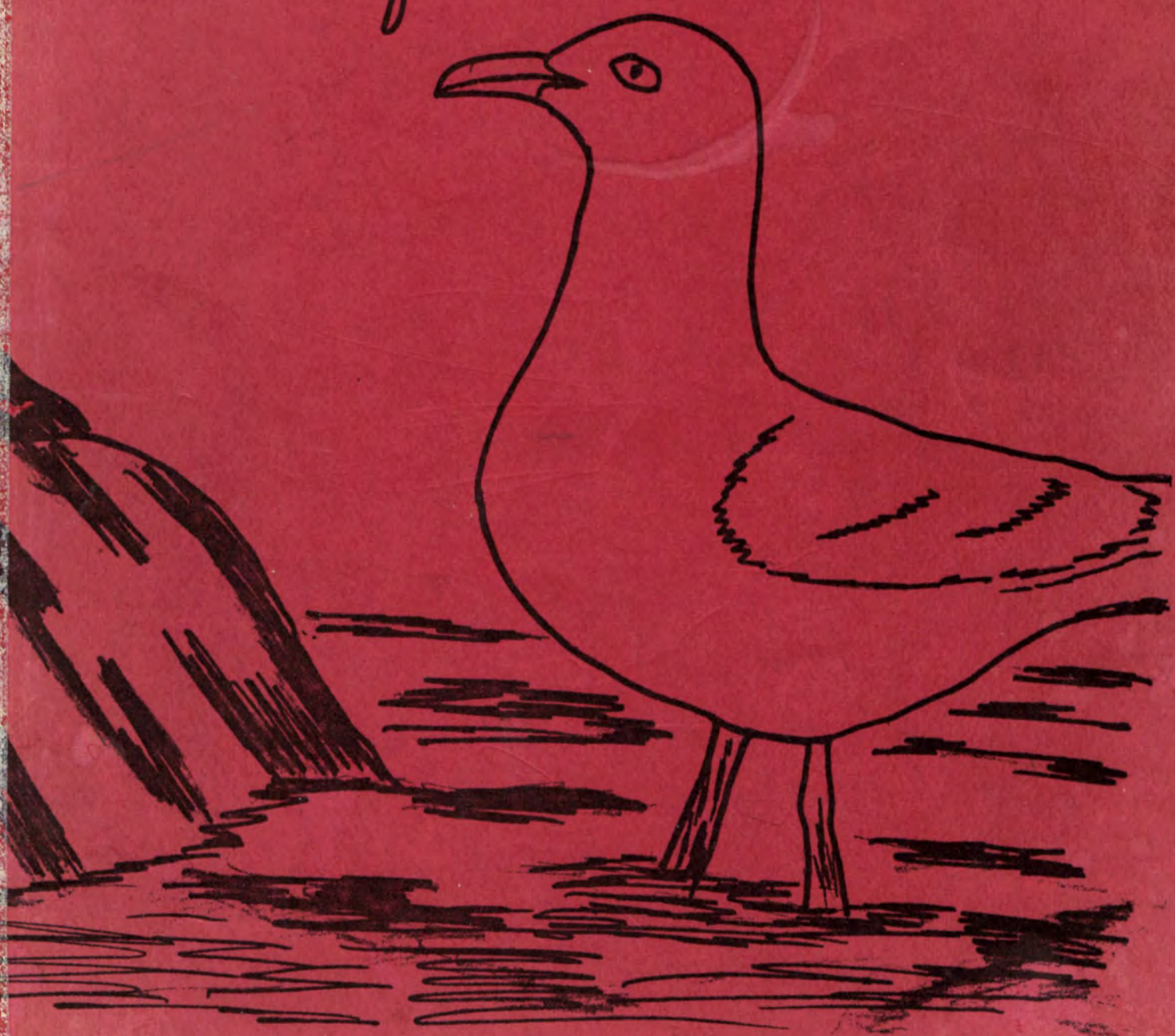


1978

Forget-Me-  
Not  
Reflections



*G. K. Forsythe*



FORGET - ME - NOT

REFLECTIONS

BY - HELEN M. JENNEX



FIRST EDITION  
1978

This Page Designed By -  
Commissioner Tom Draper  
Halifax County Municipal School Board

RIGGING SHIPS

SAILING BOATS

The wind fills  
 your white sails  
 as to sea you go,  
 To many foreign  
 ports you sail  
 to and fro;  
 Then at sunset  
 your red sails are  
 beautiful to see,  
 As you sail up  
 the harbour,  
 from your trip  
 at sea.



SQUARE - RIGGED SHIP



BRIG



BARK



BRIGANTINE



BARKENTINE



SCHOONER



SPRIT SAIL



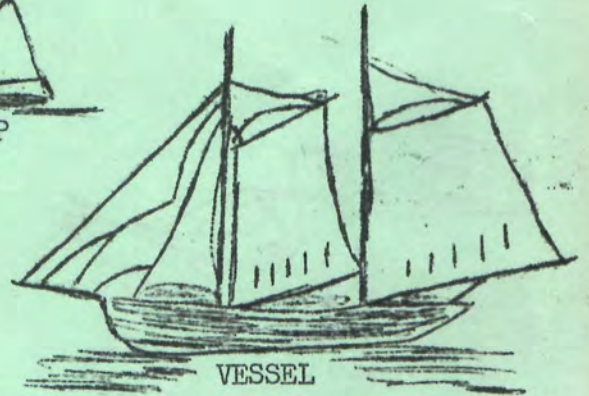
MARCONI RIG



SLOOP



TRYSAIL on ICEBOAT



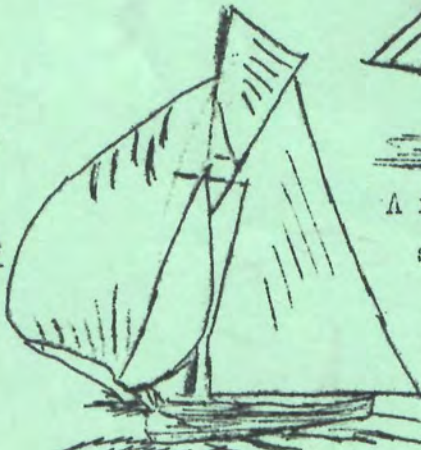
VESSEL



TRYSAIL on CANOE



LUGSAILS



RACING SLOOP

A feeling of loneliness for the  
 sailing ships of yore,  
 Which coasted for many years  
 along the Eastern Shore;  
 Cause many older folk to  
 suppress a sigh,  
 For no longer they see these ships  
 sail by.



KETCH



YAWL

*C. J. Penney*

## INTRODUCTION

TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE MARINE HIGHWAY MUSEUM SOCIETY & MY SISTER, MYRTLE

FORGET - ME - NOT REFLECTIONS is not meant to be a book of notable excellence. We are not Tennysons or Shakespeares but humble folk who want to pass along to future generations the authentic evidence of their heritage.

The older citizens of the Eastern Shore have enjoyed relating local history as they remembered it. They are convinced that "memory is the treasure house of the mind." They also realize that with age there are memory lapses; therefore, it would be appreciated if any inaccuracies or omissions would be brought to my attention.

I agree with Cicero, the great orator, who said, "To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be ever a child."

According to a French Proverb, "Gratitude is the heart's memory." I am very grateful to all contributors to this book. The names of these interested persons appear in the parentheses.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

Special THANKS to the Editors of the MAIL STAR and DARTMOUTH FREE PRESS for permitting me to use material from their papers;

Mrs. Harold (Ada Mitchell) Jennex for all the news clipping she gave me;

Mrs. Grace Forsythe for lending me her Mother's Scrap Books. Grace is now compiling a book of her Mother's (Ada Williams) stories which will be published in the near future;

My son, Carl, for all sketches, (unless otherwise marked) and cover design; also for his help in turning the Gestetner to print all the pages;

CENTURY BOOK OF FACTS dated 1902, donated to Museum Library by Mrs. Ralph (Joan) Hughes' sister, Mrs. Margaret Giroux;

THE SPINNING WHEELS COMPLETE BOOK OF ANTIQUES by Albert Revi.

All persons who bought copies of REMINISCENCE and RAMBLING MEMORIES to help promote our MUSEUM Project.

Mrs. Blanche (Kent) Baker for her encouragement and donations.

The Lobster Season just opened in the Jeddore area. As I see the boats leaving the Harbour, I think of this verse by David Hope:

Trustful, Abundance, Reliance and Grace,  
Making for port with the tide,  
With men who've looked on the sea's wide space,  
And seen where the great winds ride.  
In faith did they sail with the morning star,  
In faith did they cast their net,  
For frail do they know men's playthings are,  
And the sea is the master yet.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

Grateful acknowledgment is due the following people who have contributed original material for this book:

(Beatrice Greenough), (Marietta Silver), (J. L. Martin), (Grace Forsythe), (Herman Hartlin), (Otis Jennex), (Jennie Hartlen), (Cecil Mitchell), (Reuben George), (Cora Myers), (Everett Mitchell), (Gordon & Alice Gray), (Arthur Marks), (Norman Hutt), (Donald Russell), (Howard Day), (Clyde & Jennie Siteman), (Lena Fergusson), (Hattie Densmore), (Edith Eisan), (Margaret Drake Parsons), (Don Freeman), (Una Newcombe & Dorothy Williams), (Annette Keating), (Thelma Marks), (Ted Germaine), and (Joe Mitchell).

Special recognition to Ross Jennex and Carl Jennex for the many hours of Volunteer Assistance they gave to help me in my role as Curator at "Fisherman's House Museum" and Cultural Center. They assumed responsibility for chores that many would consider insignificant; however, who would have cleaned up the garbage, stored away the wagons and artifacts for winter, planted the scarlet runner beans as an added attraction at the Museum, cut poles for the hop vines, mowed the grass, accompanied me on late night visits to Museum when strange lights were blinking in the Museum road? If tourists came from far-away places, Carl would open the Museum after hours to please them.

SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL WHO HELPED MAKE 1977 THE BEST YEAR YET!

*Helen M. Jennex*

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April, 1978  
Helen Jennex

FORGET - ME - NOT REFLECTIONS -Compiled by Helen M. Jennex

Mrs. Helen M. Jennex was born in Jeddore, Oyster Pond, daughter of the late Elijah and Mary (Duffett) Mitchell. She received her early education in the little one-roomed schoolhouse and later attended Provincial Normal College and took extension work and summer school courses from Mount Allison University and Dalhousie University.

She taught school in the Eastern Shore communities for 39 years. She was the first principal of Robert Jamison High School when it opened in 1957. Later she became principal of Eastern Shore High School and supervising - principal of the Marine School District.

In 1967 she was awarded the Canadian Service Medal in recognition of her service over the years. She was also the recipient of a Red Cross Service Medal for her work in Junior Red Cross; a Leadership Badge for participation in 4-H Club activities. In 1977 she was the recipient of the QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE MEDAL in acknowledgment of her service to Education and to her Community.

Since 1972 she has enjoyed retirement. She is a Commissioner of the Municipal School Board and of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. For many years she has been Organist of St. John's Anglican Church.

Mrs. Jennex worked to establish "Fisherman's House Museum" of which she is Curator, and has developed the Cultural Center in her old home as an Historical Library and recreational place for senior citizens or "Goldenagers" to gather. This year, 1977, she was responsible for the restoration of the old Oyster Pond Post Office. After five years of responsibility, Mrs. Jennex is very grateful to the Provincial Government for assuming the operation of the Museum. She is hopeful that in future years this Museum with its seaside environment will be developed to its full potential under the expertise of the Nova Scotia Museum.

She is married to Otis Jennex. She has two sons Carl and Otis Jr.

"Retired but busy" aptly describes Helen Jennex.

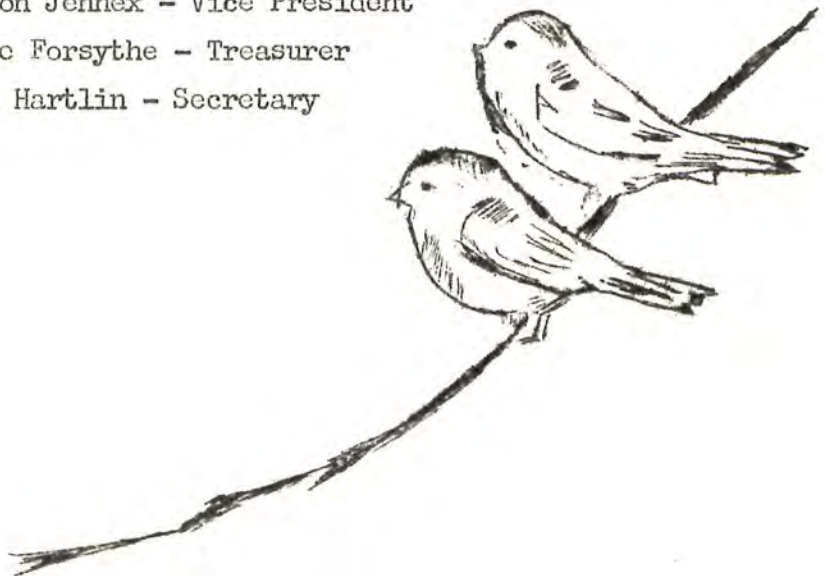
Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society,

Dorothy Fahie - President

Marion Jennex - Vice President

Grace Forsythe - Treasurer

Leah Hartlin - Secretary



## DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE MUSEUM - J. L. MARTEN

Introduction - In a letter to the Honourable George Mitchell dated April 12, 1977, the Honourable Garnet Brown stated that in view of the impending development of a Provincial Park System on the eastern shore, and the increasing number of tourists in this area, and the fact that the Nova Scotia Museum does not have an historic site in this area, he would urge that immediate steps be taken to place Fisherman's House Museum under full operational control of the Nova Scotia Museum.

The Board of Governors of the Nova Scotia Museum at a meeting on June 14, 1977, passed the following motion:

It was moved by Dr. C.B. Weld and seconded by Dr. C.B. Fergusson that the request from the Honourable Garnet Brown be considered, and that the museum staff prepare a development plan for the Oyster Pond site to bring it up to the standards of a provincially operated site. This plan to be submitted to the Board of Governors for approval, and then to be submitted to the Honourable Garnet Brown and Mrs. Helen Jennex for their consideration.

The Fisherman's House Museum - In 1972, largely as a result of the efforts of Mrs. Helen Jennex, the Marine Highway Museum Society was organized for the purpose of establishing a museum at Jeddore-Oyster Pond. At the request of the Honourable Garnet Brown, the Myers property was acquired by the Province and was turned over to the Society for museum purposes.

In July, 1973, the Fisherman's House Museum was opened to the public, with the objective of illustrating the life of the fisherman on the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia. No attempt was made to furnish the house completely as it was when the Myers family lived there. The lower floor was used to display furnishings and miscellaneous materials donated to the museum, while the second floor contained a display of school work of the pupils of the Jeddore-Lakeville school, artifacts of World War I, sewing machines, cobbler's tools, skates, etc. Thus, although the objective of the museum was quite specific, the collection displayed was more that of a general historical museum.

With funds provided by the Province and L.I.P. grants from the Federal Government the house was repaired, a wharf was built on the back harbour side (Navy Pool) and a small fish house was built on the south eastern side (Jeddore Harbour). With the assistance of the Department of Highways, a semi-circular gravelled driveway was built through the property from Highway 7. Rail fences were built around the perimeter of the property, but the land itself was not developed as a part of the museum program.

In other words, the museum presentation and program was largely based on the house and its contents: a somewhat general collection of objects from the local area.

Historical Background of the Myers Property- James Myers acquired approximately 8 acres of land and built his house about 1850. The original house was 22 feet by 34 feet and had no cellar. The first floor was divided into four rooms, a large kitchen-living room with a fireplace for cooking, a small bedroom off the kitchen for James and his wife, a small parlour, seldom used, and a small guest bedroom off the parlour. The roof was originally somewhat lower than it is now, and the second floor was probably little more than a sleeping loft.

James Myers was a fisherman all his life. At first he fished from a rowboat or single dory, but when his sons were able to help he used a double dory. He had a fish house on Roger Barren Island in Jeddore Harbour, where he kept his gear and landed his catch. Salt and fishing gear were brought from Halifax by coasting vessels, and the salt fish was shipped back to Halifax in the same manner.

He planted a small orchard of twenty to thirty apple trees and maintained a garden where he grew potatoes, turnips, carrots, peas and beans. He kept

a horse, one or two cows and some hens.

James was born in 1834 and died in 1915. He was married twice, first to Hannah Doyle and then to Elizabeth Jamison. They had seven children.

In 1907, James passed his property on to his son Ervin. Ervin was also a fisherman, but worked during the winter as a cook in the lumberwoods of the Musquodoboit Valley. He later became superintendent of roads, and gave up fishing as his main occupation.

Ervin and his wife Ethelda had thirteen daughters, one died in infancy but ten are still living today. Shortly after he was married, he raised the roof of the house and remodelled the upstairs to provide for one large and two small bedrooms. He and his wife slept in one bedroom, and the large bedroom housed most his daughters sleeping three or more in a bed.

Ervin added the kitchen ell to the east end of the house and installed a waterloo stove, and the cooking fireplace in the earlier kitchen was removed. The furnishings of the house were simple, many of them homemade by James or Ervin. The walls were bare wood, and the floors were partially covered with homemade hooked rugs. The family sat on chairs in the kitchen-living room, since there were no upholstered couches. The ell of the west side of the house was built in 1939 for Ervins' fourth daughter, Ida, who had tuberculosis. Ervin and his brother built a two-story fish house on Jeddore Harbour and they dried their fish on the shores on Navy Pool. He acquired an open motorboat as well.

The story of the Myers family is typical of that of most shore fishermen's families in Nova Scotia in years past. They were poor, but independent. They raised most of their own food, buying only such commodities as sugar and tea. Fishing provided their cash income, and in many cases this did not exceed a few hundred dollars per year. Since this is the background from which so many of our people came, it is important that it be dealt with in one of our historic sites.

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The Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society are very grateful to Eastern Shore, M.L.A. ~~Hon. A. Garnet Brown~~ for his leadership role in initiating the above Development Plan and to Mrs. Helen Jennex, Curator, who has seen her Jeddore-Lakeville School Project expand to include not only the Fisherman's House but a Red Barn Craft Shop and Display Area, Restoration of old original Oyster Pond Post Office, Cultural Center with an Historic Library, consisting of a Canada Room, a Reference Room and a General Reading Library.

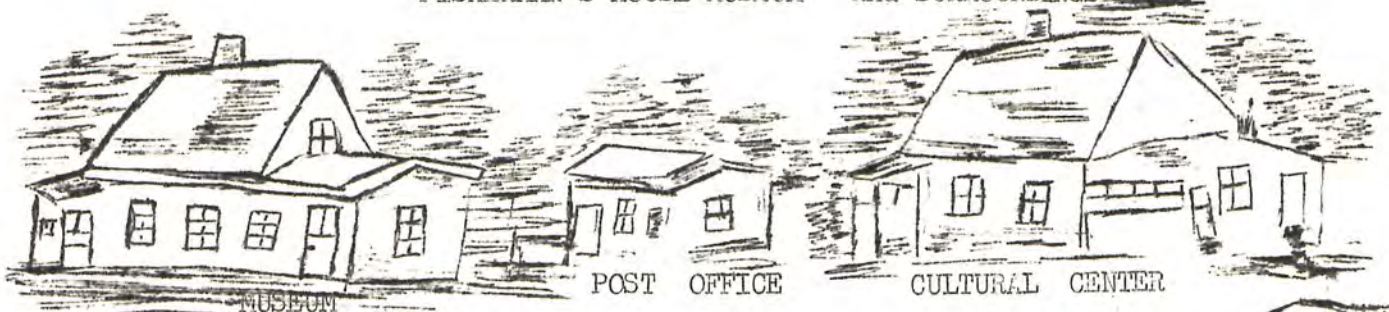
The Society Members also want to commend Mr. J.L. Martin and his Staff for the excellent informative plan presented to the Minister of Education, Hon. George Mitchell. They are also very appreciative of the support given to a humble Museum by the members of the Board of Governors of the Nova Scotia Museum.

Ida (Myers) Bonn and Jean (Myers) Webber, daughters of Ervin and Ethelda Myers are advising the N.S. Museum Staff on renovations. They are very pleased to know that their Mother's beautiful flower garden will be replanted and their Father's barn and other out buildings restored. They were asked what their father kept in the barn. They chuckled as they told about the imaginary journeys they took in the old wagon and riding sleigh which were kept at the back part of the threshing floor. Guiding the officials through the pasture they stopped by two rocks then one said to the other, "Doody and Lila are still here waiting for us to come and play." What pleasant childhood memories!

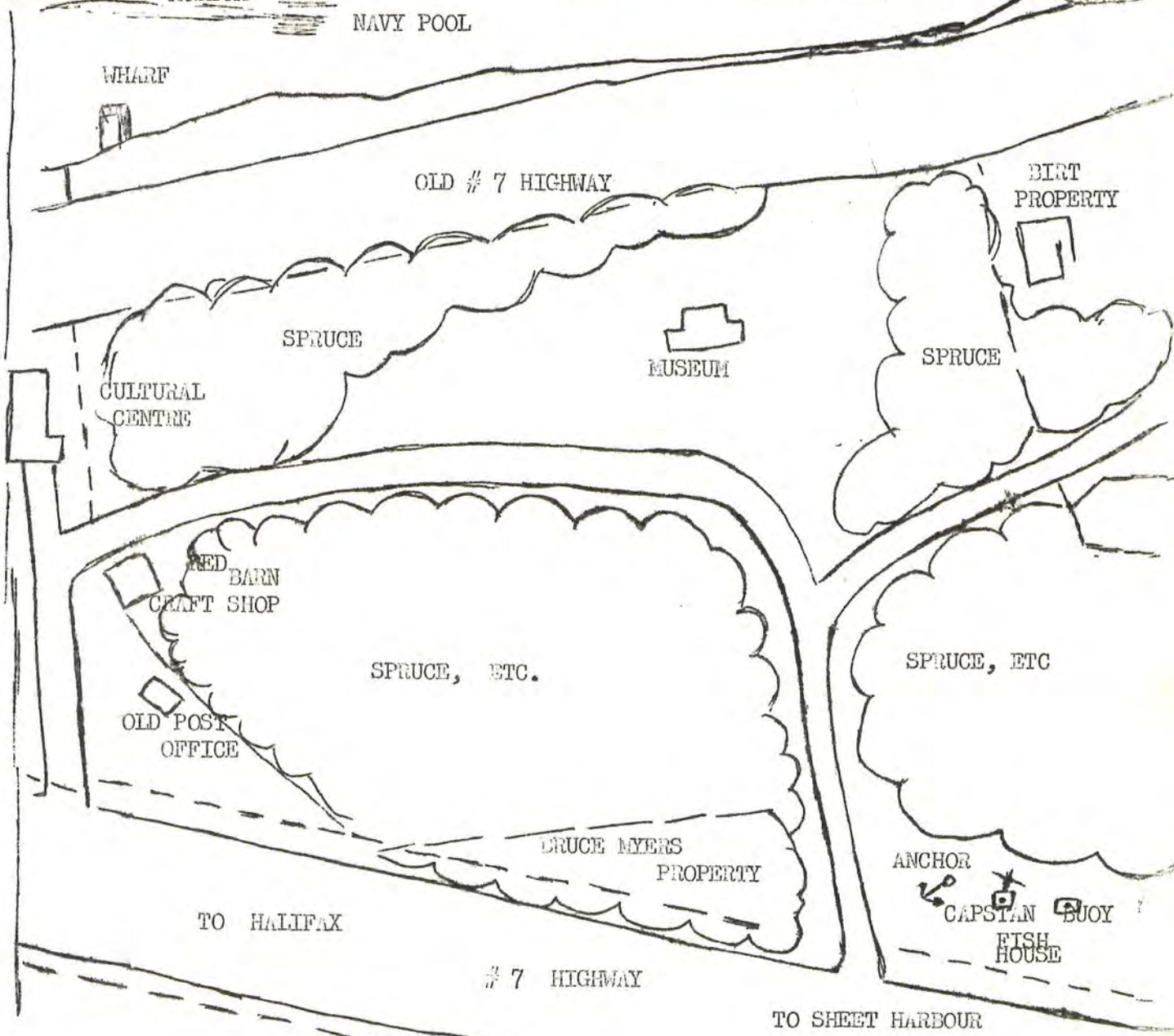
All relatives must be justly proud to know that the old home will always welcome them back at any time they want to visit in a similar condition it was when they left 35 years ago. This is certainly an honor to this wonderful family.

I am very proud that my brother, Carl, sold our old home to be used as a Culture Center. I know he must feel a sense of satisfaction to know all our family members can meet there to reminiscence and to browse among the books that our Mother enjoyed reading.

"FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM" and SURROUNDINGS



MUSEUM POST OFFICE CULTURAL CENTER  
NAVY POOL



EASTERN SHORE HERITAGE DAY - AUGUST 20, 1977

To the skirl of the Bagpipes played by Rosyln Duffus of Bedford by the placid waters of Jeddore Harbor under a beautiful sunny sky, the Marine Highway Museum Society proclaimed Eastern Shore Heritage Day, August 20, 1977.

Throngs of people viewed with interest and nostalgia the exhibits in "Fisherman's House Museum", the old original Post Office, the Cultural Center and the Red Barn.

A LOOM, over 100 years old, had been repaired by Roslyn Duffus and on this day her mother, Carol Duffus, was demonstrating the art of weaving. (This loom belonged to my grandmother, Lydia Mitchell.)

Dawn McNutt of Dartmouth demonstrated the process of spinning - from sheep's wool to yarn.

Eleanor Keeping of East Jeddore was busy hooking on a mat.

Charles (Goldie) Borgal's Boats and Dorics were admired.

Jim, the folksinger, entertained for an hour.

The Shaw Family's Music brought back memories and was appreciated by all.

To the clapping of hands and tapping of feet the old time music by Violinists, Lillian Mitchell and Fred Brothers; Guitarists, Otis Jennex, Sr. and Otis Jennex Jr.; and Pianist Helen Jennex with Callers, David DeBaie and Ray Webber all enjoyed the demonstration of the old time Plain Set and Waltz.

Amid all the entertainment many local residents were conducting a Flea Market.

The Golden Agers were active in the Cultural Center with a pantry sale and afternoon tea.

The most outstanding features of the day were the Hand Shakes, the Chatter, the Friendliness, and the Laughter as old friends met and exchanged personal happenings.

The Red Barn Craft Shop did a thriving business.

Finally Rosyln's Pipes sounded, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

HERITAGE DAY was very successful. Many requests were made to make it an annual event; therefore, Helen Jennex, Curator, on behalf of the Marine Highway Museum Society, proclaimed that the third Saturday in August of each year be celebrated as HERITAGE DAY.

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DID YOU KNOW?

- That Mrs. Edith Clayton, East Preston was a recipient of a Silver Jubilee Medal and a Letter from Queen Elizabeth II recently. Mrs. Clayton received the Medal as an expression of appreciation of "worthy and devoted service rendered."

- That Mr. Keith Perry, Inspector of Halifax County Schools, will be retiring in 1978. He recently received the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal. As a retired school-principal, I know from experience, that for his dedicated service no one is more deserving of this respect and honor.

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## ANTIQUES IN OUR MUSEUM - "UMBRELLAS"

The late, Miss Nora Myers, granddaughter of Grandpa Jim Myers, the builder of "Fisherman's House Museum" donated an old Umbrella to our Museum collection. I am endeavouring to find the origin of many of our artifacts. In research, I found the following information about UMBRELLAS.

UMBRELLAS are of Eastern origin. The name, umbrella is derived from the Latin word "umbra", which means shade. They were at first used as protection from the hot sun. In some countries the umbrella signified royalty.

In 1611 in Italy many ladies carried umbrellas made of leather.

Umbrellas were introduced into England around 1732. At that time they were spelled "umbrellows". At this time they were only used by ladies.

Jonas Hanway was considered to be eccentric; however, he was supposed to be the first Englishman who habitually carried an umbrella to use against rain.

The first umbrellas in America were heavy and awkward, with long handles and cane ribs covered with cotton or silk. Later gingham and a glossy black fabric of cotton and wool were used which gave the flaps more flexibility.

In 1852, Samuel Fox patented an umbrella design with "Paragon" ribs very similar the umbrella ribs we know today.

In 1772, an American bought an umbrella from a sailor on a ship docked at Baltimore. Being very proud of his purchase; he opened it, and started for home. As he walked down the street, horses bolted, ladies screamed and children threw stones at him; however, the umbrella was here to stay!

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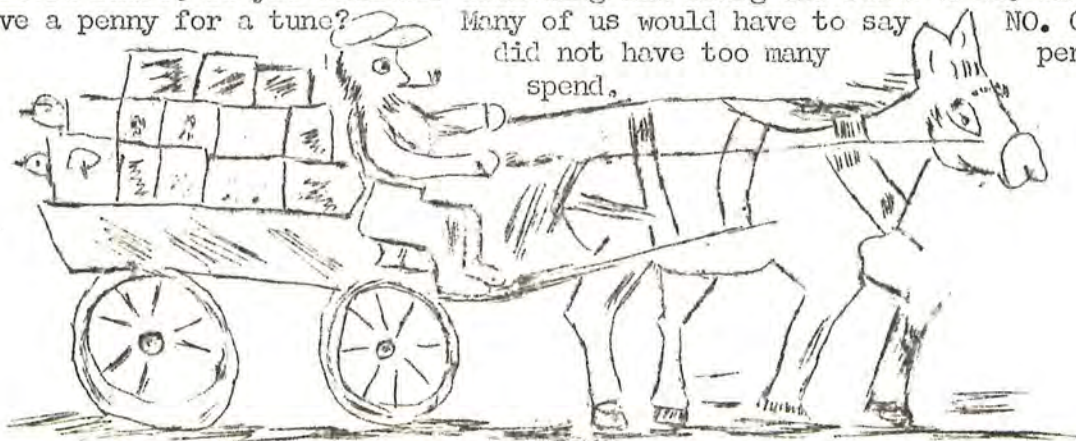
## HUCKSTERS

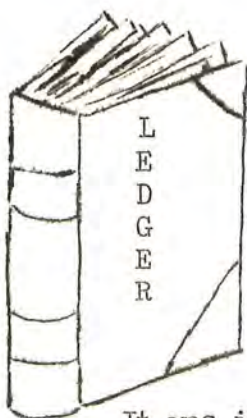
The Hucksters who bought eggs, poultry and feathers along the Eastern Shore were always appreciated by the residents. They, too, like the peddlers were always ready and willing to do favors for their customers. I remember Mr. Redmond would take wool to the Carding Mill at Smith Settlement for my mother. The next trip back he would bring the rolls.

Seymour Warnell lived near Salmon River Bridge. He had a small store to supplement his huckstering business. His mother, Mrs. Dan. Warnell would knit mitts and socks for my father.

The ORGAN GRINDER always stayed at Mr. Dan. Warnell's on his trips down the Eastern Shore. Do you remember following him along the road? I do. Did you always have a penny for a tune?

Many of us would have to say NO. Our parents did not have too many pennies to spend.





When you visit the Library at "Fisherman's House Museum", take time to study the General Store Ledgers of John Homans of Clam Harbor, Wilkes Store at Meagher's Grant, and others.

Many visitors will glance through these Ledgers hurriedly; however, if a person wants to appreciate what is in them and why they are in a Museum, one must study the interesting data in them which reveals the profile of our rural communities.

Following is some information which I gleaned from the pages of these ledgers:

It was interesting to see just how many people came into the store each day. The biggest shopping day seemed to be Saturday.

The largest Daily Sale was sometimes less than \$10, the smallest 2¢ for a yeast cake or 1¢ for an envelope. 1 stalk of rhubarb sold for 1¢.

All accounts were charged to the husband. Sometimes a woman's name appeared and in checking the account, I assumed she was a widow or spinster.

Food staples such as flour, sugar and molasses were sold by the barrel, pound or gallon. Few can goods were sold. Fish, meat, poultry and vegetables were very seldom bought showing that the local people must have had gardens of their own. They, no doubt, raised their own cattle for beef, chickens for food, and were, more or less, self supporting.

Dry goods sold well, especially yards of cloth such as shirting, muslin, calico, plaid, chintz, cambric and flannel. Doesn't this mean that clothing was made in the home? These fabrics sold around 15¢ a yard.

10¢ items were very popular. What could you buy for 10¢? 1 window pane; 1 dozen aspirin pills; 2 plugs of tobacco; 1 bottle castor oil or Epsom salts, and many more sundries.

The records show that the merchant sometimes took produce in trade from his customers. I remember taking eggs to W.M.O. Mitchell's store and getting sugar or some other necessity in exchange.

I believe that buying patterns reveal character. I took particular notice of one customer who often visited the store three to four times a day. I suspect he was a bachelor who was lonely and liked to "chew the fat" around the pot-bellied stove. How many often went to W.M.O. Mitchell's store to play checkers or to Ned Mark's to play cards?

I could quote prices from the Ledgers; however, I am going to let you look them up for yourself. Imagine 25 pounds of Rolled Oats for 35¢!

I derived a great deal of pleasure in formulating the above assumptions from the old Ledgers, maybe, you would like to formulate some of your own? It's fun, try it.

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#### LINEN TABLECLOTHS AND BEDSPREADS AT THE MUSEUM

Linen is made from the flax plant. This plant is about two feet tall, with small bright blue blossoms. When the blossoms fall off and the stem turns yellow, it is ripe. Then the farmers pull it root and all and leave it in the sun to dry. When it is dry the little seed pods are pulled off. Then the seeds are pressed to get linseed oil, which is used for sick cattle and horses. The linen threads are in the stem of the flax plant; therefore, the stems are put in water for about ten days. Then they are dried.

When the stems are dried, they are rolled and scraped until only the linen threads about two feet long are left. They are combed and thinned and twisted into yarn. Many threads are joined together and rolled on a spool. This thread is very strong. Now when you weave this thread over and under you will have a tablecloth, a bedspread or a towel, whatever you set up the loom to weave.

## LEGEND OF THE WILLOW PATTERN

(Willow Pattern Garden, Hawera, New Zealand. - One of the features in the 20 acre King Edward Park is the colourful, picturesque Willow Pattern Garden. Only recently established, it depicts the story used on the old world china)

How many people visiting Ervin and Ethelda Myers would ever forget their corner cupboard of beautiful dishes? I can still visualize the very large platter on the bottom shelf. This platter was of porcelain and on the other side was printed, Staffordshire, England. It was Thomas Minton who developed and engraved the beautiful Willow Pattern Design in 1780, and this was the pattern on this much admired platter.

Mrs. Aubrey (Dorothy) Siteman donated a small Willow Pattern Platter to our Museum; however, somebody was mean enough to steal it.

Well, what does this design mean? It portrays the garden of a rich Chinese mandarin whose beautiful young daughter elopes with his secretary. The lovers, overtaken on the bridge by her father, are transformed by the gods into birds and flutter beyond his reach. The scene with its willow tree covers the central part of platter, plate, dish or bowl, with a border of butterflies, daggers, a fret, or other motif.

The blue-and-white chinaware on which it appeared became very popular, and the design was reproduced with variations by many European potters and even in the Orient. Today this chinaware is a collector's item; therefore, the cost of originals is very expensive.

Recently Mrs. Beatrice (Stevens) Greenough of West Petpeswick sent me a beautiful colored Post Card of WILLOW PATTERN GARDEN, HAWERA, NEW ZEALAND. She had received it from her sister, Daisy and her husband Harry Beveridge. This message was written on the back, "This is the garden Harry made that was officially opened by the Chinese Ambassador to New Zealand."

(Daisy (Stevens) and her husband, Harry Beveridge, lived over 30 years in parts of New Zealand. On retirement in 1977, they moved to Australia to be near their only daughter and her husband. Their only son, Paul lives in Christchurch, New Zealand. Interesting news of another Eastern Shore resident!)

DO YOU REMEMBER THE NURSERY RHYME ABOUT WILLOWWARE? I learned it years ago from my mother.

"So she tells me a legend of centuries old  
Of a Mandarin rich in lands and gold,  
Of Koong-Shee fair and Chang the good  
Who loved each other as lovers should.  
How they lived in the gardener's hut awhile  
Then fled away to the beautiful isle,  
Though a cruel father pursued them there,  
And would have killed the hapless pair,  
But kindly power by pity stirred,  
Changed each into a beautiful bird. (As you study the design note..)

Here is the willow tree where they talked,  
Here they are running away,  
And over all at the top you see,  
The birds making love alway." Anon.





Spring Cleaning revives memories as treasures and momentos are dusted and sorted once again.

There sits my grandmother's lovely cut glass "Butter Cooler" that held a round half-pound of homemade butter, the top design so pretty one hated to cut into it. (When you visit the Museum, note the beautiful designs on the butter prints there.) This was one of her wedding gifts which is now 94 years old, a treasured antique that has taken the eye of many a collector. Washing down the dishes on my grandmother's sideboard was a pleasure for a teenager who had time to stand and stare and admire and daydream. Once I broke one of a pair of mercury glass vases that had been a wedding gift from her brother. Oh, how grieved I was! The mate survives to this day.

Here is a little pressed glass cup given to

me by the old lady next door, "Aunt Lou" to the whole village, who welcomed a dishwasher or just someone to 'tidy up' her kitchen.

My pink Dresden china shoe with the white rose on the toe was a gift on my 5th birthday from a neighbor to whom we delivered milk. I went with my sister that evening a half century ago, and carried my shoe home with such pride.

Grand-daddy's clock still ticks away the hours. It always hung above the mantel in the living room, and must date back 80 years. As a young man he won it in some sort of contest or for a premium, which gave it special meaning in their lives.

Once the bright March sun showed up the dust that had gathered during the winter, housecleaning fever struck. I had to hurry to be at my grandmother's early each morning, as she rose with the dawn. After breakfast the kitchen fire was let go out so that the stoves and pipes could be the first to be cleaned. Grand-daddy would groan and heave deep sighs as he took down the long links of pipe in the hall and kitchen and carried them outdoors to be cleaned. The Waterloo stove was dusted inside with a goose wing and the outside soon shone from a generous application of Nixie's stove polish mixed with vinegar and applied with a rabbit's paw.

The parlor carpet was hung on the clothes line to be beaten. Its in-between cleanings were vigorous sweepings with cornmeal laid down as a cleaner. This replaced the yet unknown rug shampoo of today. Windows were cleaned with Bon Ami, and polished with newspaper. Old Dutch Cleanser and Surprise Soap (The wrappers from Surprise soap were valuable for premiums. In the Museum you will see a beautiful picture of PANSIES that Aunt Emily Obed Mitchell got for her soap wrappers.) removed all smoke and marks from the painted woodwork. Chairs and organ glowed once more from beeswax, turpentine, and kerosene applied with much elbow grease. My grandmother's "fiddlestick" made sure that all corners and cracks were spotlessly clean. Curtains stood like sentinels in their starched crispness after drying on stretchers, and hung from the wooden poles in all their lacy finery. When the parlor was 'back to rights', who can ever forget the mingled odors of polish and Cleanliness that greeted one when the door was opened for some special occasion.

Upstairs, the straw sacks that had been filled the fall before were well stirred for increased comfort. What delight to snuggle down under sunshine fresh bedding on those grass beds that covered the slats or rope 'springs' for a few nights until another stirring was needed. Mats were scrubbed and hung on the fence or spread on the grass to dry, while each room had a thorough cleaning.

(House Cleaning)

Lamps were emptied and washed; the tops scrubbed in soapy water, and wicks freshly trimmed for an even flame. Brick dust applied with a damp cork cleaned the kitchen utensils and cutlery, while Bon Ami did the silver. Even the clothes pegs were boiled in bean water so they would leave no marks on Monday's washing.

Shelves and tables in the dairy and cellar were given new coverings of newspaper, while corners were carefully checked for spiders' webs. The whole house sparkled and glowed in its new look, and my grandmother glowed with pride in a job well done for another year.

Spring-cleaning nearly a half century later not only polishes the house and furnishings with modern cleaners and gadgets, but keeps memories like these alive and shining. As I wash and polish, these loved ones keep me company and lighten the task. I take time to stand and stare once again. How true it is that no one ever dies while we who are left remember.

THE BODY'S SPRING CLEANING -

My Mother, Mrs. Ada Williams, tells of an "interior" spring cleaning of her generation that we either escaped or had replaced by more "modern" drugs. She relates her story thus:

"Mothers got busy as they felt the urge to follow up the herbal medicines of the winter with a spring tonic, or conditioner, to drive out impurities. About March, the large brown bowl was filled with molasses that was cheap and had no tax! Added to the molasses was a certain amount of sulphur and cream of tartar, thoroughly stirred and mixed. This bowl was put aside for a day or two to "set". The dose was one tablespoon each morning for three days, then rest for three days.

Just why certain days were set has ever been a puzzle. Believe it or not, the dose was not obnoxious; in fact, some of us would not have refused the second spoonful, but we had our warnings of the danger. A young lad in a nearby village had committed such folly when he had stealthily helped himself regardless of the warnings, and as a result the sulphur dose was too much for him. After being very ill, he survived, but was lame for life. The fate of Lame Rube was held up as our warning.

Everyone faithfully partook of our spring tonic. Most of the mothers agreed it was a wonderful cleansing for the interior organs. Some, who had not been treated, looked upon us with disdain, especially when the heat from the wood stove in the little one-room schoolhouse brought forth the sulphur fumes that must have been hard on the poor teacher."

Yes, clean your house, and clean your shed,  
And clean your barn in every part;  
But brush the cobwebs from your head,  
And sweep the snowbank from your heart.

-S.W. Foss



COUNTRY ROADS, TAKE ME HOME TO THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN --

EASTERN SHORE, EASTERN SHORE, WHERE I BELONG--

Settlers along the Eastern Shore made trails through the forests from one settlement to the next. Roads through the wilderness were being built. They were rough with rocks and swamps. Trees brushed the sides of the wagon. Riding was very dangerous ! many times a horseman would have to dismount and lead his horse through mud that was knee-deep. On swampy ground "corduroy" roads were made by laying trunks of trees crosswise and covering the trunks with gravel.

Around 1876 a Mr. Parker drove the mail from Upper Musquodoboit to Trafalgar along an old road called "St. Mary's Road".

In 1786 a road had been cut through the forest, 12 feet wide leading from Sheet Harbour to Upper Musquodoboit a distance of 28 miles.

The first road from Dartmouth was four rods (66 feet) wide and started in Cole Harbour in 1765.

The road to Preston was laid out in 1766, and in that year 300 pounds (approximately \$843.00 in 1960) was granted for a road from Preston to a point in Musquodoboit where the new Guysborough Road met and on to meet the Musquodoboit River.

In 1803, the Legislature granted money for this new Guysborough Road which was to run up the west side of Porter's Lake and along to Musquodoboit. In 1827 + this portion of Porter's Lake was built and a horse track as a winter road was built to Chezzetcook.

In 1834 there was no road from Jeddore to Sheet Harbour. About 1851 there was road building activity from Jeddore to Ship Harbour. The road along the shore line of Ship Harbour presented great difficulties because of the high rocky cliffs. A road was built called "Dr. Jamison's Road" which turned south two miles from the Head of Ship Harbour coming out to the waters of Ship Harbour near Mr. West Ship Harbour. From here a ferry operated crossing to East Ship Harbour at a small wharf near the home of Will Tracey.

An old wood road turned off to or near Mooseland Road and kept inland by-passing Pope's Harbour and Spry Bay. It came out to the present #7 Highway, not far from "Grand Lake Stream" passing the Mushaboom Road.

So the Eastern Shore Roads slowly opened up. Sections of the old original roads through wooded areas can still be located.

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DID YOU KNOW?

- That according to legend that when Jesus was walking in the Garden on Easter morning, each flower raised its head to see Him. The violet was sad because of its short stature and its partial concealment by its many leaves that it would not be noticed. However, Christ stopped to admire the beautiful purple blossom. Since that time the violet has bowed its face toward the sod in remembrance of that meeting with Christ.

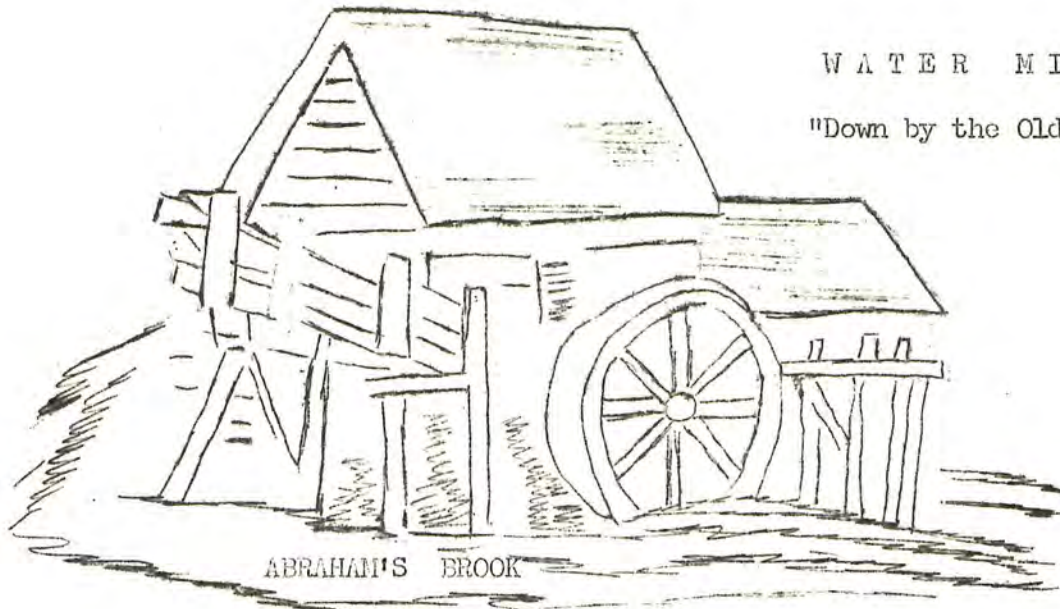
- That lumbering in the Sheet Harbour area dates back to 1783 when the first saw mill was constructed by Thomas Lydiard.

- That Rev. George Sutherland was the first Presbyterian minister to settle in Musquodoboit Harbour in 1854.

- That recently Otis and I attended a Birthday Party for Mr. Austin Hartlin at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Webber, Lake Charlotte. He was 93 years of age. Aunt Bertha, age 101, attended and she sang along with the other guests.

## WATER MILLS

"Down by the Old Mill Stream"



ABRAHAM'S BROOK

Did you ever wonder where the name Abraham originated for the name of the Brook and Lake in Oyster Pond?

Well, years ago, a 200 acre Grant was given to Abraham Cunard in the Jeddore area; therefore, his christian name was given to these two bodies of water.

Later the land was sold to Elgin Murchy (his brother David built St. John's Anglican Church, Oyster Pond) then it was bought by Jonathan Jennex (father of my husband, Otis Jennex).

At the mouth of Abraham's Brook, one can still see the old sites of a carding mill, water mill and lobster factory. The OLD PINK was a lobster boat at that time which brought the lobsters to this factory.

Jonathon Jennex and his brother, James R. Jennex operated a water mill there for sawing laths, long shingles, palings, lobster sills, etc. They used a smooth shingle for a ledger.

In case of a shortage of water, dams had to be built to reserve the water in Abraham's Lake. Many times the sons of James R. and Jonathan had to leave very early in the morning, go back to the dams and raise the gates. Often they had to take a lantern to light the way. Strange noises in the woods frequently startled them; however, they knew the water must be down to the mill at starting time so onward they trudged. Then in the afternoon they had to go back again to lower the gates.

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### FAHIE'S WATER MILL

John Fahie had a water mill at Little River Lake about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile off #7 Highway, just beyond Head Ship Harbour.

John Fahie employed men to cut logs in the winter season. Then in the spring and summer he would have the same men hired to saw lumber, lathes and shingles in his mill. Howard Pettipas of Chezzetcook was his sawyer for many years.

John Fahie's Wife was Elizabeth Blakley. John died when he was only a young man. His sons and daughters have made ~~many~~ many worthwhile contributions to the development of the Eastern Shore. (Max, his youngest son, is noted for his Kindness and Generosity. On different occasions people were lost or hurt in the woods and I heard, "Get Max, he knows the woods well." A car broken down on the highway; I heard, "Call Max, he'll come for us." Through the years he delivered firewood to people in need. I often wonder how many appreciated and paid for this service? Max is an ardent sportsman. He enjoys sharing his trout and deer meat with others.)

THE FIRST RURAL MAIL SERVICE ON THE EASTERN SHORE -Beatrice Greenough

The first Rural Route Mail Service on the Eastern Shore had its beginning in my home, and that of my husband, Edward Greenough of Greenough Settlement on March 1, 1948.

The antiquated system at East and West Petpeswick prior to March 1, 1948 consisted of a Tri-Weekly service delivered by team, from the Musquodoboit Harbour general Post Office, Monday, Wednesday and Friday to the Post Office at Greenough Settlement in the home of Giffin Greenough - deriving the name Greenough Settlement through the seven families of Greenough who patronized this service. In lower West Petpeswick the Post Office was in the home of Alex (Sandy) Anderson. At East Petpeswick, Frank Bayers' at Bayers Settlement, and lower East Petpeswick in the home of William Conrod.

The granting of a Daily Mail and Rural Route Service did not come easily. My husband, Ed, was Chairman of the Liberal Party in our District; (I have held this position since 1933) therefore, we were both very active in politics when Gordon B. Isnor, Halifax business man and John H. Dickey, Halifax lawyer were elected to Parliament. We knew them personally and were not shy in pressing the needs of our community and the people of our area. Ed said, "Now is the time for us to work for, and have granted the long awaited dream of a Daily Mail Service." His Dad, Herbert Greenough, had tried, unsuccessfully, for this system when he was County Councillor and Justice of the Peace in 1922.

Our first letter to our Members at Ottawa was acknowledged but it was not too encouraging, full of "pro and cons": not enough revenue from the four small Post Offices was the chief reason.

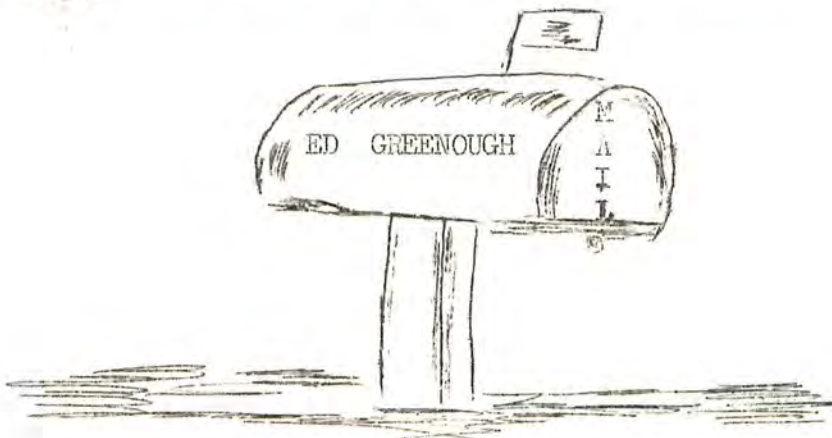
Our next letter brought to their attention, the fact, many far from the two local general stores when shopping on week ends, patronized their general Post Office thus adding to its revenue which otherwise would rightly belong to the small offices. We pleaded "this" be taken into "consideration". IT WAS!

The next reply from the Post Master General was very encouraging. We were asked to prepare a petition, duly signed by all interested parties. This was done. On October 29, 1947, we received a letter stating that we were going to have our Daily Mail Service granted. Tenders were being called, and we were advised that our SERVICE would be placed in operation very soon as 50% of the eligible residents had purchased boxes. Needless to say "this" was the easiest part. -

On February 25, 1948 at 10 P.M. our phone rang "long and loud". My husband answered.

A dear friendly voice said, "That you, Ed? This is Gordon B. Isnor speaking from Ottawa. Ed, your mail service will be in operation on March 1, 1948. Your mail driver will be Morton Anderson of East Petpeswick."

Though our mail drivers have changed over the past 30 years, yet, at present our Mail Driver is Morton Anderson. When I see the joy and comfort this R.R. System has brought to the residents of the Eastern Shore, I feel Ed and I were amply rewarded for the many hours we puzzled over the letters we sent to Ottawa that indeed bore fruit!



## VALENTINE LORE

On the marbled wood mantel-piece in "Fisherman's House Museum, you will see two beautiful old-fashioned Valentines in ornate lacy patterns hinged to embossed flowered backgrounds. They were donated to the Museum by Miss. Ethel Hartlin, Oyster Pond.

How did the custom of sending love tokens on February 14 originate? According to traditional stories, February 14 was the day of the feast of St. Valentine who was martyred in the third century in Rome; however, the Dictionary states that there was really no connection with the saint. Scholars have tried to find the connection with St. Valentine; however, they have not been successful even though it was celebrated at a very early date in England.

H. Bourne, an English theologian (1772-1852) believed that, on this date and in agreement with Chaucer, that every bird chooses its mate; therefore, every man, in this season should do the same.

Charles, Duke of Orleans, in 1415, wrote a poem with these words: "Oh, thou bright morning star, 'Tis I that comes so far, My Valentine to seek." Shakespeare's HAMLET written in 1600 contains the following lines sung by Ophelia, "Good morrow! 'Tis St. Valentine Day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine."

In his famous diary Samuel Pepys tells how he and his wife celebrated Valentine Day on February 14, 1660.

During the past years commercial Valentines have become "big business." In 1857 over three million valentines, both sentimental and comic were sold at prices from 3¢ to \$30.

Do you remember this verse? Going up and down in spelling class?  
"I'm sorry that I spell'd the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because" - the brown eyes lower fell, -  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

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### FLOWERS THAT TELL THE TIME

There are flowers that act as timekeepers for those who have by observation studied their ways and habits, and so punctual are they that labouring men in some countries tell from them when the hour for dinner and leaving work has come. In certain districts school children are said to be dismissed when the goat's - beard closes, which it does punctually at the same time each day.

The gardener to a millionaire has provided a flower-clock in the shape of a circular flower bed, with twelve divisions, from one to twelve, containing flowers which open or close at the corresponding hour. Thus the two space is occupied by a II, made of hawkseed, which closes at 2 p.m. precisely, and so on. He had no difficulty in finding flowers to suit the several hours, and in some cases the figure has been made of more than one flower. Amongst the flowers used are the snow thistle, blue chicory, pimpernel, marigold, Star of Bethlehem, and evening primrose. The most unique greenhouse for flower cultivation in the world is at Yellowstone Park. The heat here is obtained from one of the natural hot springs or geysers, the water of which issues from the earth at a temperature near boiling point.

The shortest lived flowers are the dew-flowers of the Death Valley in California. Heavy dews are wafted by the winds from the mountains over the parched plain, an hour or two before sunrise.

Flowers have long been glorified in the arts, and they have occurred as emblematic devices in heraldry (ROSE), in religion (LOTUS), and in politics (VIOLET).

An Irish Blessing

May the road rise to meet you

May the wind be  
always at your  
back

May the sun shine warm upon your face

May the rains fall soft upon your  
fields

And until we meet again

May God hold you in the palm of  
His hand

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Winston Churchill - Speech  
June 18, 1940

Let us therefore brace ourselves  
to our duties, and so bear our-  
selves that, if the British Empire  
and its Commonwealth last for a  
thousand years, men will still say,  
"This was their finest hour."

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

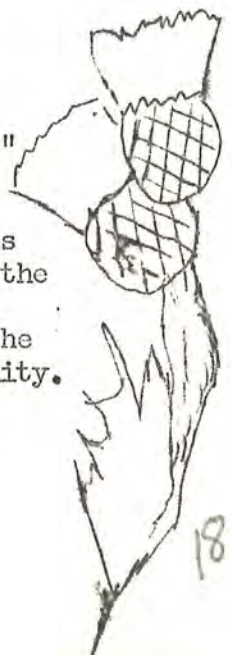
Robert Burns' Grace

Some ha'e meat an' canna  
eat  
And some wad eat that want  
it-----  
But we ha'e meat and we  
can eat,  
And sae the Lord be  
thankit !

The rose which is called "the flower of flowers"  
is the national flower of England.

The thistle became the national flower of  
Scotland because an invading army fell on thistles  
while attacking at night and their cries wakened the  
defenders of the castle, who drove them off.  
When St. Patrick brought Christianity to Ireland he  
used the shamrock to explain the idea of the Trinity.

THE THISTLE, SHAMROCK, ROSE ENTWINE THE MAPLE  
LEAF FOREVER!



## EATON'S CATALOGUES - NOSTALGIC MEMORIES

( Guarantee: Goods Satisfactory or Money Refunded )

Eaton's Catalogue with its latest colors and styles has not been available since 1976. Many people, especially elderly folk living in rural areas, feel as if they have lost one of the few things most neighbours had in common was the fact that they all sent orders to Eaton's.

Timothy Eaton went in business for himself in 1869. In 1884 T. Eaton Company brought out its first 32 page catalogue; however, it only had price lists, no illustrations. Later Eaton's were sending out two catalogues a year, Spring and Summer and Fall and Winter.

In 1894 copies of Eaton's first Christmas catalogue were sent out. In 1896 the Christmas catalogue had 16 pages; in 1897 it had 75 pages. On the back cover was Santa Claus and inside a 35 pound pail of Christmas candy for \$3.50.

Few folks remember Eaton Beauty Doll selling for \$1.00 in 1901! Even at that price it was too expensive for many parents to buy.

From 1908 - 1953 Eaton's Christmas catalogue was discontinued. In 1948 Punkinhead, the little bear, was the dream of many small children and it was found in many stockings on Christmas morning.

One often chuckles at the old familiar scene of a fisherman trudging knee-deep through snow banks to the outhouse with a shovel under one arm and an old edition of Eaton's catalogue tucked under the other.

How the children enjoyed cutting out pictures of things which delighted their fancy!

I recently read in a magazine where an eccentric old maid thought she could order anything she saw in Eaton's catalogue. One day she cut out the picture of a handsome man and sent for him. I wonder if he ever arrived!

In many homes across Canada Eaton's catalogue was second only in importance to the Bible.

Now, only Sears carries on the reliable mail-order service similar to Eaton's.

At Fisherman's House Museum we have a 1901 Eaton catalogue donated by Ada Williams, 1911 catalogue donated by Thelma Marks. We are also keeping the 1976 copies for future generations to enjoy.

HANK SNOW, THE YODELLING RANGER, bought his first Guitar from Eaton's for \$5.95.

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### DID YOU KNOW?

- That there was a Gold Rush in Goldenville, Guysboro County in 1862 with an influx of almost 2000 people. The last company to carry on mining there was the Guysboro Mines Company in the 1930's. Many miners from Goldenville played an important part in the rescue at Moose River Mines in April, 1936. Trueman Hirschfeld was one of the first miners to reach the imprisoned men. Millions of dollars worth of gold has been taken from Goldenville Mines over the years. Operations ceased during World War II.

-That the Belleclaire Hotel of East Chezzetcook was operated by Mrs. Jennie Connors. It was built in 1916. It ceased to function as an hotel in 1938. Mrs. Connors is still living at the age of 94. Best Wishes, Mrs. Connors!

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-That the lily-of-the-valley is said to have sprung from the tears of Mary, the mother of Jesus, as she wept at the foot of the cross.

## VALUABLE ANTIQUE POTTERY

A long time ago, the Queen of England ordered a tea-set from a small, little-known firm in the Potteries run by a young man of courage. At fourteen, Josiah Wedgwood was crippled for life, as his right leg had to be amputated after small-pox; and, since it is the right leg which is used to turn a potter's wheel, the outlook for him must have seemed black. Josiah was ill for many years, but used his spare time for thinking up ways of producing new methods, new designs and effects for the craft he had been working in since he was nine. Queen Charlotte was so delighted with her tea-set that he was allowed to call himself "Potter to Her Majesty," and to name his ware "Queen's Ware" as it is still called today.

The Wedgwood family, by Parish records, goes back to Gilbert Wedgwood, 1588 - 1678.

Since then, the now world-renowned firm honors another man of the same century, William Shakespeare who was twenty-four when Gilbert was born. Their Queen's Ware commemorative mug is printed in black with bands of pink at the top and blue at the bottom with designs of characters from Shakespeare's plays, adapted from Bell's prints in the Stafford Memorial Theatre Museum. Among them Mrs. Garrick as King Lear, Mr. Kean as Hamlet, Mrs. Lessingham as Ophelia, Mr. Grist as Othello, Mr. Smith as Richard III, Mr. Garrick as Macbeth, Mr. Shuter as Falstaff, Miss P. Hopkins as Lavinia, and Mrs. Hartley as Hermione.

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In 1858, John Mason invented his famous jar with screw threads molded in the glass, on the neck, so as to provide an airtight one-piece top. This new jar was very effective in preserving perishable foods. It gave the idea to others in designing the modern salt shakers.

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See the display of wooden Rolling Pins at the Museum. Most of them were made by individuals for members of their families. My mother would never allow us to wash the wooden rolling pin with water. We wiped it clean with a cloth and let the oil or fat in the dough preserve the wood. An old superstition: "If you put water on, the biscuits will not be light, the cookies will be tough, and you just can't eat the pie crust."

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Visitors to our Museum look at the cookie cutter on the table and to them it is an object of mystery. When it is pushed by the handle on a sheet of dough, the head revolves and cuts continuous circles of cookies. See it for yourself.

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How did the Corks get in the bottles? When putting a cork into a bottle, it was the usual practice to soak the cork in water, then compress it and insert it into the neck of the bottle.

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In Pioneer times Corn was a very staple food. Cornbread was the staff of life. Mattresses were stuffed with cornhusks; Christmas trees were decorated with popcorn; toasted corn was added to coffee; cornsilk was mixed with tobacco; and from corn mash they made whiskey. For breakfast: Popcorn, molasses and milk. For supper: Corn soup and popcorn pudding. For dinner: Roast ears of corn or fried corn meal mush.

Nothing was wasted. Cornstalks were made into toy swords, darts and even fiddles. Cornhusk Dolls were first made by the Indians. The hair for the dolls was cornsilk.

Today the making of Cornhusk Dolls is being revived; however, they are no less delightful than they were in pioneer times!

## WEDDING CUSTOMS OF OUR ANCESTORS

Years ago it was customary to hold marriages on Thursday. On the first of the week the father of the bride went from door to door inviting guests.

For the Wedding Dinner oxen and sheep were killed, and delicious roasts of beef and mutton hung on the spits before the open fireplaces. Boiled potatoes and plum pudding were also enjoyed at the wedding feast.

On the day before the marriage, dancing and feasting began in the bride's home. On the Thursday named for the wedding the bride and groom went to the church accompanied by their guests in a colorful procession. In the early years everybody walked; however, when horses and carioles became common, the wedding parties drove to church. The minister always met the bride and groom at the church door and walked in with them.

After the wedding many young men desired to give an exhibition of the speed of their horses; however, they had to remember that it was a violation to pass the carriage of the bride and groom.

The wedding feast was followed by dancing. Dancing sometimes continued for three days. The dancers danced in moccasins. Many wore fancy moccasins trimmed with bead work. It has been said that one lively dancer wore out more than one pair of moccasins at a wedding.

On the Sunday following the marriage, the bride and groom, accompanied by their attendants drove to the church and sat together in the front pew. This was called "kirking." After the service they drove to the home of the bride's parents to a special Sunday dinner.

Rice was thrown after the bride and groom to wish them fruitfulness.

The old slipper thrown by the father was a symbol of good luck. Tradition is that if the shoe or slipper alights on the carriage in which the bride and groom are departing, they will know no unhappiness in their life together.

### WEDDING CLOTHES:

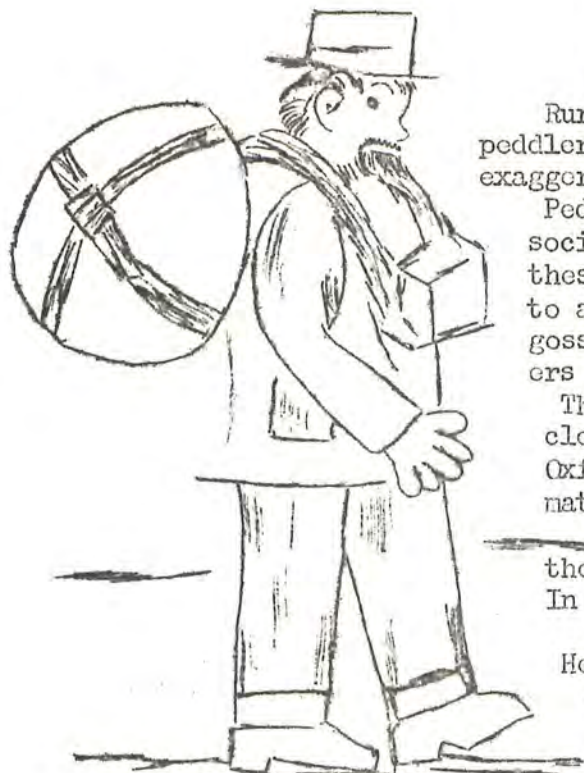
(Recently Dorothy Fahie of Ship Harbor brought to our Museum a beautiful wedding dress which had been donated by Ralph and Eva Blakeney of Bible Hill, Truro, N.S. Ralph Blakeney is the son of the late John Blakeney of Ship Harbor. John, Ralph and Elizabeth (Fahie) were children of James Blakeney and Maria (Newcombe) Blakeney. Maria lived on Gerrard's Island before her marriage. The Blakeney's lived near Ship Harbor River.)

This wedding dress is long, barely clearing the ground, and is gathered very thickly to the waist band so that at the back it stands away with the effect of a train. It is lined with white, silken cloth, slightly stiff. The bodice is short and pleated with inserts of lace. Darts fit it closely to any bride with a sixteen inch waist. It has a high neck..

The day bodice is long, reaching down below the knees. It has a lacy front, and is fastened with hooks under a row of covered buttons. The back has drapes, each edged with narrow box-pleated frills and gathered tightly at the waist. The sleeves are long edged with fine lace. It was very popular to fasten the dress at the throat with a large cameo brooch.

It was not unusual for the groom to wear light yellow trousers and a dark blue coat. His trousers fitted tightly and were strapped down over his boots as a spat. His coat was double-breasted, cut short in front and had long tails behind. He wore a stand-up collar. His shirt had a frilly ruffle above his red velvet waistcoat.

## PEDDLERS -ALONG THE EASTERN SHORE



Rural communities are filled with stories about peddlers (pedlars). Some tales are true; however many are exaggerated.

Peddlers were an important part of Eastern Shore society. With few telephones and irregular mail service, these itinerant vendors carried news from one village to another. They enjoyed the friendly house to house gossip. They often delivered letters for their customers to relatives and friends along the Shore.

They sold a conglomeration of necessities - textiles, clothing and notions such as needles, combs, pins, etc. Oxford Homespun and APH pants sold well because the material in them would soak up the dampness.

Many peddlers on the Eastern Shore started their routes on "shank's mare", that is, they walked. In some areas they pulled a two-wheeled cart.

A peddler's life was not easy by any means. He was his own doctor and cook. Often he found it difficult to find a place to stay at night. I have heard my neighbor tell of the plight of one poor peddler who was allergic to feathers. Late one evening he arrived at a friendly home and was offered a night's lodging. He was very weary; therefore, he did not bother to check the feather tick on his bed. Toward midnight what a commotion! The poor man started to sneeze, and cough. You can imagine how he felt in disturbing the whole household!

One peddler told of staying in a home where he was, "drove out of bed by bed-bugs." Another peddler had an experience with mosquitoes in his bedroom - "more than enough to kill body and soul. No sleep on the bed, none under it, no sleep anywhere not even on the piazza."

Despite the hardships of peddling, many young men who wanted adventure enjoyed it and were more successful than college graduates. Several Halifax stores were originated by honest peddlers who travelled along our Shore.

Older folk often tell the story of Cling Clang who peddled through parts of Nova Scotia using brass-tipped poles for carrying his wares in a sack. Cling Clang had peculiar eating habits; he would drink a mug of tea, then suck a spoonful of sugar. His clothes were made from a coarse, heavy material made of jute or hemp. He went barefoot except in mid-winter. He was terrified to hear a rooster crow; therefore, if he saw one near a house, he would not call there.

In certain places peddlers were fobbed and killed. Old timers often remind us about the following places where peddlers were robbed and murdered and their ghosts still haunt the areas, such as, Spook Hollow and Peddler's Bridge.

My Uncle Reuben Mitchell would often tell the following tales :

**ON NO HEAD HILL** - Here a peddler had his head cut off; however, his ghost still wanders there looking for its head.

**HORSE HEAVEN HILL** - A peddler's cart rolled over a steep embankment on the brow of this hill. Apparently the driver yelled to his horse, "We'll meet in heaven". Thus the name?

In another tale a peddler's ghost returns each year at the exact date of his murder and floats across the lake moaning. One would think it was a loon.

Do you hear the creaking of wagon wheels, the clippity-clop of horses' hooves in the distance? Now it stops. Why? Well, the horse and cart stopped at the haunted mill where a man was killed!

## WELCOME VISITORS TO WEST JEDDORE

(Submitted by Grace E. Forsythe, as told by her mother: Mrs. E. S. (Ada) Williams.)

As far back as I can remember, peddlers were always welcome at our house. Three brothers, Frank, John, and Peter Laba, were the earliest, travelling on foot in the early 1900's. Frank went to the States, but John and Peter travelled along the Eastern Shore until the early thirties, by then driving a car.

They would send a pack down from Halifax on Captain Sam Weston's vessel or the S.S. MARGARET to the government wharf at East Jeddore, where Papa and Owen would go across the harbour for it in a rowboat. It would be put in Mama's parlor to await their arrival. Whenever they came to West Jeddore, they stayed overnight home, and went on through the woods to Pleasant Point and Ostrea Lake the next day. Papa always enjoyed talking with the men that evening, and often neighbours came in to get news and views of the outside world.

The highlight for Mama and us kids was opening the pack next morning, to view the latest dress materials, lingerie, and styles of the day. Pay for overnight lodging might be a yard of towelling or cotton, a new comb, or some thread. No one ever CHARGED! That would be a violation of the code of hospitality in Harpell's Cove. Although there wasn't much money, Mama always managed to buy some little thing "to help them out".

I remember one Sunday morning Mina and I, just teenagers, walked down from church behind Mrs. Dellie Harpell. As she walked along, she hold up her skirt daintily to show off her new petticoat. Mama, Aunt Keziah and Aunt Eunice crowded about her with exclamations:

"Good soul! Isn't it handsome." "Where'd you get it, Dellie?" "How much did it cost?" etc...That petticoat was a sensation, believe me! It was black and red checked flannolette from Peter Laba's pack, and I think it cost four cents a yard. Mrs. Dellie had made it up in the very latest style.

It must have been 1929 or '30 that John Laba and his young son, Anthony, stayed at my house overnight on one of their trips down. For safety, he drove the car up behind the back porch and locked it for the night. John and Stuart spent the evening settling the economic, political, and religious problems of this world, while Beula and Luther took Anthony down to visit Papa and Mama. It was a beautiful moonlit night in the fall of the year, the chatter and laughter of these three teenagers harmonized with the cadence of the waves on the rocky beach as they sauntered down the road.

Next morning, their Nash just sat there in the frosty grass and spun her wheels. In no way could Mr. Laba get her out. Finally, Luther hitched up old Tug, the red ox, and hauled the car down to the road for them to get on their way. Mr. Laba gave Luther fifty cents, a fortune to a young boy then, and Luther was so proud.

Father Anthony Laba now at St. Ignatius Church, Bedford, remembers that trip as well as others he made along the Shore, and the friends they made.

Those days are just a part of our history now, but the memories remain to bring pleasure to us as we grow older, as well as to readers and listeners. No visitors ever received a greater welcome or brought more pleasure than the peddler with his pack, especially the Laba brothers.

(Peddlers on the Eastern Shore) - Charles Assaff (Peddler)

(Mrs. Annette Keating, Curriculum Consultant, for Eastern Shore Halifax County Schools contributed the following poem. Her Mother, Mrs. Reuben Power, Mushaboom, remembers when it was a popular song of this area. I hope that some time I can get Mrs. Power to sing it so I can write the music for it.)

The poem is sad; however, the writer is sincere in warning others of his plight and trusting that others will not do as he did in a moment of human weakness and frustration.

Come all, my young Sheet Harbor Friends  
With broken downcast look,  
Pay strict attention to these lines,  
Prescribed by Edward Cook.

It was early last December,  
When I sealed my hopeless doom,  
To rob and kill an honest man,  
Who strayed far from his home.

I asked him to come with me  
Down by the meadow gate;  
But little did poor Charlie think,  
His precious life I'd take.

I put a bullet through his heart,  
Without the least regret,  
With the heavy swing of a sharp keen axe,  
He died an unhuman death.

I will be led out on the scaffold,  
Condemned to brutal shame  
For the killing of Charles Assaff  
Down on Sheet Harbor Lane.

To young men I leave a warning,  
To none I bid farewell,  
The Lord in heaven has cast me out,  
My soul is bound for Hell.

My parents died and left me,  
When I was but a child,  
Brought up by friends and relatives  
Both reckless, bad and wild.

If I'd been taught to serve my God  
And love His precious name;  
I never would have killed that man,  
Or caused him any harm.

Come all young men a warning take,  
A warning true and clear,  
Never let the devil rule your heart,  
Or whisper in your ear.

But pray to God in Heaven above  
To rule your heart instead;  
That you may live an honest life,  
And not to the gallows led.

And at that resurrection hour,  
My sad heart will be tried,  
When God shall call his righteous home,  
And I shall be denied.

When he shall say, depart from me,  
With Satan you must dwell,  
All ye who come through wicked crimes,  
In the burning flames of hell.

With sorrowful heart and blood stained  
And on the gallows high <sup>hands,</sup>  
To pay the heavy penalty,  
I am condemned to die.

Now all kind hearted men and boys,  
As you roam from place to place,  
Don't ever do as I have done,  
Your people to disgrace.

I lived a bad and wicked life,  
Till I became a man,  
If I had only died in my mother's arms,  
I'd never have killed that man.

I prayed to God both day and night,  
As I'm bound in an iron cell,  
To bring this man I slayed, to life,  
And save my soul from hell.

But never shall I regain my soul,  
Though once I held it strong,  
But for spilling the blood of an innocent  
I am guilty lost and unknown. <sup>man,</sup>

I had a handsome fine young girl  
Brought up in Elmer Park,  
Till I became a murderer  
Which caused us to depart.

She wept and cried most bitterly,  
Tears from her eyes did flow,  
To think that I had committed a crime  
And to the gallows go.

May God protect my only girl,  
To whom I brought to shame,  
And to all my friends around me now,  
I'll bid my last farewell.

I'll never meet you in this world,  
Or in the world to come,  
I've died a guilty murderer  
Bowed down in shackles strong.

The sentence is passed upon me,  
The time is hurrying soon,  
The gallows high remain for me  
The very last day of June.

(Charles Assaff)

High on the gallows here I stand,  
For the deed which I have done,  
Surrounded by a canvas wall,  
Till the fatal trap is sprung.

The rope is placed around my neck,  
I'll breathe my long last breath,  
Good-bye my friends and fare you well,  
I'll close my eyes in death.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### SIMON PETER

Simon Peter was a faithful peddler on the Eastern Shore,  
His visits were punctual you may be sure;  
With honesty and integrity he served his customers well,  
As clothing, linens and other household articles he to them did sell.

When he called at a home, children were curious as could be,  
And always welcomed his visit with glee;  
They would sit on the floor while he opened his pack,  
But they dare not touch or their fingers he'd whack.

He always seemed to grumble as he walked along,  
However, he must have been healthy and strong;  
To carry the heavy pack day after day,  
As he trudged wearily along the country highway.

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#### HUCKSTERS - SEYMOUR WARNELL & ANDY MANETTE

(Howard Day, Ex-Councillor of the Jeddore District, always enjoys helping with our Museum Projects. He never refuses a story for my Books. In the following story he is recalling "old times and doings" in his own village.)

Let's go back to the horse and buggy days when the Huchsters played an important part in the lives of our parents. How we waited for Mr. Andy Manette to come to buy our moose meat, rabbits and trout. He would take these items to the Halifax Market. The money from the sale of a large moose carcass would buy our winter's supply of flour, sugar and tea.

We also sold to Mr. Seymour Warnell, our neighbour. When he became ill, we thought we would try to take our own articles to market. We would go to Dartmouth on the train one day and return the next.

On one trip I was accompanied by Billy (Jake) Myers and Murray Myers. (Murray is the son of Aunt Bertha Myers, age 101. He is Curator of a Museum in the West.) What a pleasant trip! Billy would say and do things just to get us to laugh. Of course, we had a Toddy which added to the merriment.

Billy was referred to as "Billy Jake" or "Billy Seth". In spite of his deformity, he was always active in community affairs. I can still visualize him in his shirt sleeves with very wide arm bands, across the front of his vest dangled a watch chain with several fobs attached, his brown hat on the side of his head and brown laced shoes with the wide high rounded toes. He would call the "Plain set" and when he said, "Honor your partner", he would bow gracefully while doffing his brown hat.

I can just see him walking up to the altar in St. John's Anglican Church with the collection plate. He was Warden of this church for many years.

I could never understand how he could calculate a Crib Score so quickly. I have heard it said that he was always ready to check the scores of others but nobody ever had the opportunity to check his.

At a Pie Sale he often acted as Auctioneer. He always made the first bid himself, generally \$1.00.

A SECRET CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION

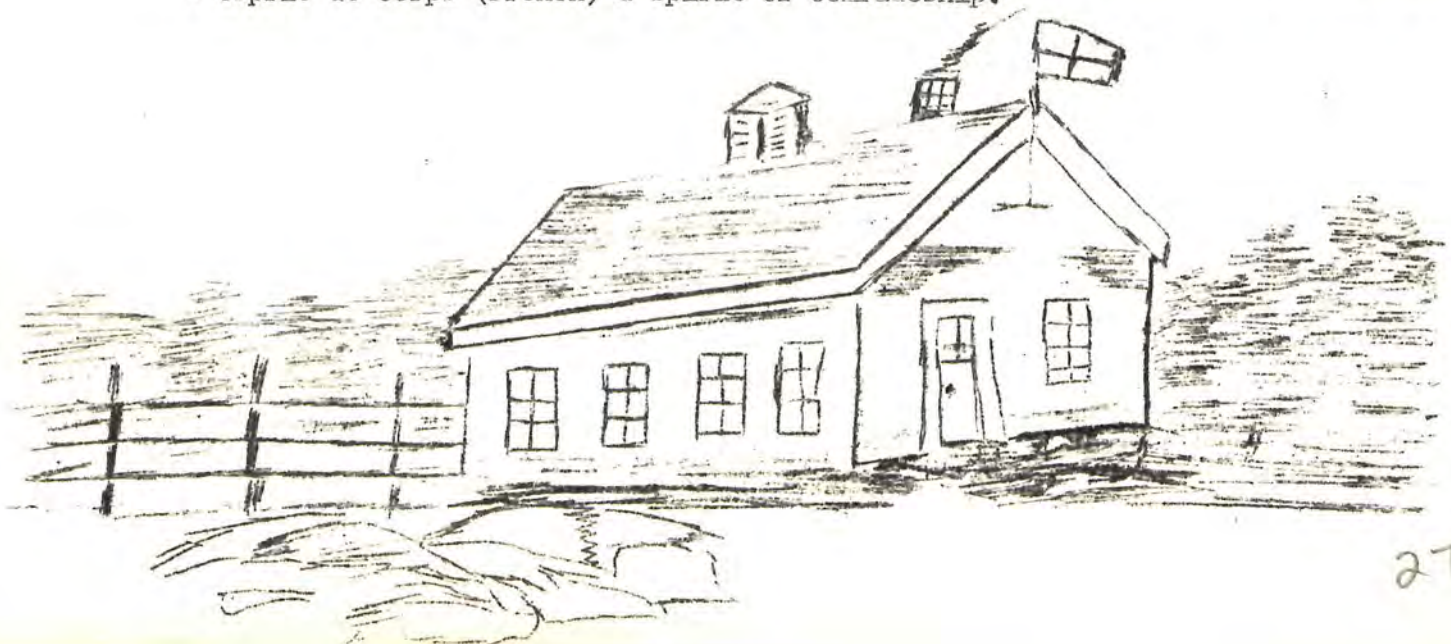
(OYSTER POND SCHOOL 1900)

(This article had been reprinted from the February, 1963 issue of the Nova Scotia Teacher. It is an autobiographical account of the trials and tribulations of a beginning teacher written by the late Dr. G.G. Sedgewick, a former well-beloved professor of U.B.C. and a native of Nova Scotia. His inimitable style of writing is delightful and his one room school is typical of the time.) ..

In August, 1900 John Doe, aged eighteen, was hired to "keep school" at Oyster Pond, Jeddore, a Nova Scotian fishing - village forty miles east of Halifax. If he had known the Atlantic of trouble he was facing, he would have turned tail on pedagogy before he ever began. Luckily for him he never quite found out, and he got through his first year in an ignorance that certainly wasn't bliss but that proved the folly of wisdom. To this day, when he hears young things cheerfully announce that they are going off tomorrow to their first school, a shiver of goose-flesh passes over him. How on earth will they manage to survive the first day of school-teaching, let alone the whole first year!

Of course, it is the proper thing for John Doe to say that the "dear children" are the chief sufferers in a schoolroom headed by a First-Yearling. And he does say so in public. But since this is a secret and unlawful document, he will now leave all that sentimental tosh to the professional educator and proceed to tell the truth. Though dear children do suffer, sometimes, under a tempered old battle-axe of an experienced teacher, Doe holds it is also true that learning becomes a joy under a beginner. The worse the beginner is, the more fun and profit the dear children get out of him. Their wits are constantly and efficiently exercised in devising schemes to make a monkey out of the master. They learn to express themselves in an utterly uninhibited manner. Every minute of the day they are in the middle of a "life situation": and, as everyone knows, knowledge as power is never gained except in life situations. What is more important, they get a whole year of free individual experimentation, in the best laboratories, at a very low per capita cost: no equipment needed but a bent pin or two and a few spit balls, no overhead, no contingent expenses except possibly a little repair to the classroom. To John Doe this looks like an ideal educational setup. He recommends it to school boards as a means of keeping down taxation, cutting out frills, and at the same time developing in the citizens of tomorrow a lively \*esprit de corps. He would even go so far as to propose that no teacher be permitted to teach more than one term.

\* esprit de corps (French) a spirit of comradeship.



This secret chapter of history; however, is to deal with the pain of the shepherd rather than the pleasure of the flock. John Doe now realizes that he was a vile corps on which an esprit was expected to experiment; and, he repeats, if he had known then that he was to be a guinea-pig for a year he wouldn't have been caught near the laboratory. This moves him to warn authorities that, after catching their victim, they should hold it under guard until the time for the next experiment.

No guard was ever set over John Doe, but he was caught in the nets of that fishing village, Oyster Pond, Jeddore on or about August 20, 1900. At 8:45 a.m. of that day, he unlocked the door of the school lobby, and at 9 a.m. he faced some 50 young spirits, male and female, ranging in age from five to sixteen, and in academic equipment from tabulae rasae to second - year high school (including Latin and Greek). Ten grades in one room. In the course of the next month the enrollment went up to 88, of which he often dreams that 44 came one day and the other 44 the next. In any case, John Doe was always bluffing a full house with a pair of deuces; more than once he came mighty near to being called. But he never knew that until years later. The chief virtue of the yearling is that he never knows his danger until it is all over.

#### A REALLY RURAL SCHOOL

Oyster Pond School was built on a level bit in a mild slope, about twenty - five yards above the main road going south to the sea. To the left and the rear was a clearing strewn with grey granite boulders, and to the right a thicket of evergreens into which the road disappeared. Below the road the slope went down rather sharply to a cove (Mitchell's Cove) of Jeddore Harbor. On or near the level bit of school-ground, there must have been springs, for as far as Doe remembers, the yard was never quite dry. The building itself was a low wooden gabled barn of a thing, some 45 feet by 25 or 30. The door which Doe unlocked was at the left-front and it opened on a lobby where wood was stored. Adjoining this lobby, on the right-front of the building, was a sort of closet or cubby-hole where senior pupils were expected to "hear the lessons" of the junior grades. (After a lapse of forty years, John Doe is still blessing the memory of his two senior pupils.) The main room was in accepted rural-school style: lowish ceiling and spruce - deal floor, walls of dingy cracked plaster, on which hung a tattered map or two; blackboards at front and sides; teacher's platform and table, complete with bell, pointer, register, chalk-box, sheep-skin eraser - and strap; three and a half rows of double desks; and a stove sitting as near to the middle of the room as it could be put. Around this stove, in the winter months, the various grades remote from heat would gather, in turns, to get thawed out, for the "school contracts" did not call for fire to be kindled until about 8:45 a.m. and the room was therefore more or less arctic until about 10. The contracts probably provided for some cleaning operations, but John Doe doesn't remember seeing any of these performed. He imagines that the place was treated to soap and water at least once or twice a year. "Plumbing" was distinctly of the outside variety.

Such was the place in which John Doe applied himself to the perilous job of keeping the lid on. If a fish diet doesn't make brains, as some think it does, it certainly feeds the animal spirits, as the middle ages well knew. Take Roly Hartling, aged seven, for instance. Roly was globular in general form, covered with a fleshy and resilient plastic, and possessed of a voice that would have brought down the walls of Jericho. Strapping was a JOY to ROLY; it induced a pleasant warmth in his extremities and it provided a legal excuse for releasing that fog-horn of a voice, whereat the seagulls flew off to the other side of the harbor. Consequently, Roly did the right and proper thing whenever he possibly could: he invited, he challenged, John Doe to bring out the strap.

\* tabulae rasae - clean slates; empty tablets; ~~ninds~~ before being exposed to experience. (Latin)

Then there was the case of Lowry Mitchell, aged fifteen, two inches taller than John Doe and already a seasoned able-bodied seaman. In due and ancient form he set out to exercise his spirit on John Doe's person. His technique developed successfully and with increasing confidence for a month, to the gratification of all hands holding the full house. In fact, he got over - confident. One Wednesday morning at singing-lesson - the Arts were very much alive in Oyster Pond School - he was unwary enough to be caught off-guard in the course of delivering an insult; and, with some damage to ears, hair, collar and seat of pants, he was ejected from the school. At that moment of victory John Doe had just two seconds worth of gas to spare. This Lowry did not know; however, nor did the other 43; and Doe's remaining gas was just sufficient to establish, for the moment, a more or less complete control over the astounded field. It was the major, in fact the only notable, triumph of John Doe's career.

No, that isn't quite true. Lowry Mitchell chopped wood for a week or two, returned to school, attended every day still unaware of power, behaved in model fashion except for one minor outbreak, and carried off the school -prize for highest attainment (Treasure Island, 75¢).

#### PERILS BESET A YEARLING TEACHER AT OYSTER POND

Far more deadly than Lowry was a young female who should have been christened Pestifera. She was a lanky-yalla-haired girl. She was spoiled and always whining for attention. Doe couldn't apply the strap to a girl, though he didn't refrain out of mere gallantry, or devise any restraint to a sickly girl who, unhappily, was conscious of advantage. One afternoon, pestered beyond endurance, Doe sent Pestifera home. Whereupon her grandfather, aged but mighty seaman marched up to the school (you could hear him coming), stomped in, and roared that he would cut out John Doe's heart. He might easily have done so on the spot, but like Lowry he didn't know; therefore, having marched up the hill, he just marched down again. Talk of hair-breadth scapes in the imminent deadly breach - they are as nothing to the perils which beset a yearling teacher.

It is now a wonder to John Doe why there weren't still other narrow squeaks and how miraculously his luck held. His general ignorance of mankind and of teaching must have been an endless incitement to revolt; no yearling could possibly be more clumsy, more inept, more witheringly boresome. But did any one succeed in making the alphabet into a Life Situation? Doe had never heard about new methods of teaching dear children how to read: he himself had been "taught his letters", though he didn't remember it, and the books prescribed for Minium Professional Qualification (I wrote the same examinations in M.P.Q. in the late 20's.) hadn't mentioned any other method. To the best of his memory, they hadn't mentioned much about teaching anything.

There was, it is true, a book on School Hygiene, but everybody thought it was for examination purposes only. Its doctrine, if any, could rarely have been brought to bear on the "outside plumbing", as far as Doe has ever been able to observe. Generally it was thought indelicate to approach the plumbing. For the life of him, John Doe can't remember what he and the others did. But one mustn't let one's mind dwell on such things.

Anyway, to come back to the alphabet, it was a problem in Oyster Pond School in 1900. One thing John Doe can proudly say - he taught the ABC's to all four of the school's matriculants: the Webber twins, Wesley Mitchell, and a scion of the huge Myers clan. These young pundits triumphantly passed a severe oral test, in the presence of visiting witnesses, at the Annual School Examination. (Wesley Mitchell was Chief Engineer on the LORD KELVIN for many years. He was Lowry's brother.)

## TEACHER IN TROUBLE

Unhappily Doe was not quite so successful with the Visual Arts. Every morning fifty pair of eyes, gleaming with ironic expectations, were directed at the north-west corner of the front blackboard when teacher's drawing for the day was unveiled. Doe did pretty well with the hen who lived in a pen (poetic license) with her ten chicks. But when he advanced to the mouse, Roly Hartling announced that it wasn't a mouse, it was a muskrat. This rather put a crimp in the lesson, and there was nothing to do but turn the young devils over to Stella Homans, one of the two blessed seniors who herded them into the cubby-hole where she put up with no nonsense. A drawing of the local landscape as seen from the first window to the north went over big with the Inspector (at whom it was hypocritically directed), but it was regarded by the school as a bad example of post-impressionism: Wesley Mitchell, aged six, pointed out that his father's (Andrew Mitchell) fence was out of line.

Perhaps the greatest of John Doe's merely pedagogical troubles was fractions. To this day he wants to know how in the devil you teach fractions. Dividing apples is all very fine, especially when they are gravensteins from Billy Mitchell's store at a cent each and remain reasonably edible after division. But the process becomes complicated and unrewarding when you reach seventeenths. And when it came to multiplying fractions, John Doe simply threw in the sponge and announced that, if everybody didn't multiply the top figures and then multiply the lower figures and then dispose the first result above the second result with a line between, there would be the deuce to pay - and there was to be no back-chat and no reasoning why. What the new educators do about multiplying fractions John doesn't know. Perhaps they side-step the problem as not occurring in a real life situation.

It was the same way all through the hours and all along the many lines of learning. Besides, there was the pervasive difficulty of trying to keep nine grades under the lid while one grade was allowed to emerge for a quarter - hour of immediate wrestle with John Doe. He could safely banish one lot into the cubby-hole with Stella Homans or Sabina Stoddard, who would put the fear of God into a "lesson". But, after all, there were eight lots left behind, one of them usually directed by that able guerilla, Roly Hartling. During the year John Doe often thought one change should be made in the Prayer Book - "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night;" instead of this night it should have been "of this day."

Lastly, if only out of shame-faced obligation, he had to give some few minutes of "teaching" each day to Stella Homans and Sabina Stoddard, one preparing for High School Examinations, Grade D, and the other Grade C. The treatment accorded them was, otherwise, almost wholly absent. Doe does remember showing Stella how to sharpen her pencil so as to make good clean narrow lines on a mathematical drawing. But usually the hungry sheep went unfed - a hackneyed allusion which is also unfair, since Stella was a good-looking and spirited girl. Happily, she never looked up, as the flock in Lycidas were foolish enough to do. She didn't have to, and she knew she would get no nourishment if she did. She just bent herself down to the task of gathering her own vitamins. John Doe once brought to school for her scientific investigation a flower new to him (as what flower wasn't?), and he fatuously suggested that it might belong to the mustard family, the Cruciferae. Sceptically she got to work with pocket-lens and Gray's Botany, and proved beyond a doubt that it was one of the Rubiaceae, *Houstonia Caerulea*, or "bluet" to you. Every now and again she would rise from her desk at Doe's call and imperturbably herd Roly Hartling's gang into the cubby-hole for instruction and discipline. And by dint of both grace and good works she "got through" with a decent record.

Likewise Sabina. She was quite as successful in bouts with Roly and the rest; and between times she learned enough Double Entry Bookkeeping and Greek - yes, Greek - to satisfy a stern Scottish examiner who was fussy about "Bills receivable," and an Englishman of King's College who was equally fussy about Greek accents. How she did it - well, John Doe expects to hear the mystery explained in Heaven to the accompaniment of lost chords.

#### SOME SPECIAL EVENTS

Some extraordinary formal events occurred during the year - extraordinary because, for some unknown reason, one or two of them didn't turn into riots. There was an Empire Day performance provided wholly by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, though without his direction or authority. Lowry Mitchell, as Doe remembers, was ill-cast but terrific as Halifax in Kipling's pageant of empire: he could have been heard in that city forty miles away. Three months before, a solemn rite devised for Queen Victoria's funeral had been memorably interrupted. In the presence of all the school, the flag was raised to half-mast; but since the pole was only six or seven feet high, the flag flapped indecorously against the gable. At this moment, Pestifera's grandfather (no longer eager for a cut of Doe's heart) was passing by, and he stopped to point out vigorously that that flag had been bought at great expense from the proceeds of a bean supper got up by the preceding teacher - there was a teacher as was a teacher - and he wasn't going to see it torn to rags flopping against the roof. Some one told him to shut up, the Queen was being buried. Without another word the old man took off his hat, saluted the flag, and went off down the road bare-headed.

A very special word must be said about an Arbor Day that did turn into a riot. In an unguarded moment the morning of that May Day, Doe said it was customary to plant a tree, but no arrangements had been made. Immediately, there was a unanimous and decisive clamor to plant a tree right then and there, and poor John was swept along helplessly on the tide. The proceedings were unrehearsed, but expeditious and uproarious. It was raining cats and dogs, and the school ground was a quagmire. But what does the fisherman's boy or his sister care about a spot of wet? Above the din, Lowry Mitchell and Pug Myers were heard appointing themselves a committee of two to fetch a likely tree. To the great surprise of John Doe, they were gone less than ten minutes, and in this interval, inspired by the hullabaloo, big lazy Arthur Webber had enthusiastically dug an enormous hole, which was brimful before he threw down the shovel. There was no time or desire to get advice from a gardener; fifty kinds of advice were rocketing to the sky. And when Lowry and Pug returned with a black spruce sapling, it was jammed down into the hole without benefit of clergy, and mud was packed around it amid geysers of splashing and hurricanes of sound. By this time everybody was pleasantly soaked and weary, and for the rest of the morning the school relaxed in a rich and soothing vapor. It had been a grand Arbor Day, all of their own devising - a happy release from the pursuit of alphabets and fractions and Gray's Elegy. Luckily no pneumonia resulted; and, believe it or not, that spruce was still living when school closed at the first of July. It was a very healthy young thing.

All of which, in John Doe's opinion, supports his theory of education. It would puzzle the most advanced psychologist to say what more Stella Romans and Sabina Stoddard could have learned about private initiative and free enterprise. As for the rest, they had spent a whole year sharpening their wits upon the negligible person of John Doe; and they had certainly been involved in a continuous whirl of life situations. John still holds that such a flawless procedure could not be followed except in the classroom of a Yearling.

But he wouldn't be one again, if he had his life to live over - no, not even for the promise of an extra quart on New Year's Eve.

(Continued) OYSTER POND SCHOOL - 1900

Let us see what happened to the pupils mentioned in the previous story.

Lowry Mitchell, who had caused the teacher so much anxiety, became a Deep Sea Captain at the age of 25. His sea career started as ship's boy on the schooner PLEROMA. Two years later he passed examinations for second mate at Halifax. At the age of 17, he shipped as third officer on the steamer CLINDA, which left for England, after being under charter to Pickford and Black in the West Indian trade. In England he secured a berth on one of the Branch Line steamships and later was a successful candidate for both foreign mates' and masters' papers.

Lowry Mitchell comes of a family that for more than a century followed the sea out of Jeddore. Notable among them was Captain Alonzo Mitchell, his second Cousin, who at that time, broke the world's trans-Atlantic record for a sailing vessel when he forced the schooner yacht LASCA ( in REMINISCENCE I referred to this schooner as the ALASKA; however, Fanning Mitchell and Aubrey Siteman have assured me it was the LASCA) from Halifax to Glasgow in 12 days and 15 hours against boisterous gales. (Captain Alonzo Mitchell deserved many happy years of retirement; however, he never lived to enjoy any leisure years. One morning eager to get an early start to sea, he started to raise the mainsail to help the engine to increase the speed of his schooner. While he was hauling on the halyard, it broke and hoisted him aloft. He fell on some barrels on the deck and died a few days later. After the accident, the boat was in charge of Captain John H. Siteman. Later Captain Porter Mitchell of Jeddore, sailed on to Labrador.)

There were many Pestiferas who pestered the poor teacher; therefore, I am not certain just who was the one to whom he referred.

Sabina Stoddard, daughter of Fred and Emma Stoddard, became a successful school teacher. (Fred Stoddard was one of the best known carpenters of the Eastern Shore.) She married Guy Mitchell, school teacher, son of John and Annie Mitchell.

Stella Homans, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. William Homans was also a very successful teacher. Her father was a blacksmith. His blacksmith shop was situated just behind St. John's Anglican Church, near the place where Blake Mitchell's home is now. In later years she and her husband kept an Hotel in Meitland.

The Webber twins were Maynard and Arthur Webber, sons of Arthur and Jennie Webber. Arthur Sr. was a prosperous merchant and mill owner. Maynard carried on his father's mill business. Arthur, Jr. served in the Dalhousie Medical Corps during the War and after leaving the Service, he was an official of the Custom's Dept. (They had a brother Nelson who at one time was County Councillor for this area.)

Roly - Roland Hartlin was a very respected citizen. His career as Chef started on his father's vessels. (Captain Peter Hartlin was his father. He built two vessels the MORNING STAR and the VIOLA G.) Then he was Chef on the S.S. SKIPPER and later Head Chef at the Nova Scotia Hospital. His second Wife, Leah, is Secretary of our Museum Society and a very active member of the "Golden Agers" Club. (Leah's cooking is delicious. When she serves meals and lunches at the Cultural Center, I always "drop in" to partake of her goodies.)

STATISTICS OF LOWER LAKEVILLE SCHOOL - 1888

Lower Lakeville School - Section No. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  for the School Year Ending  
October 31st, 1888.

PUPILS ENROLLED: George Wilson, Jessie Siteman, Leah Siteman, Clara  
Turple, Ella Turple, Hattie Webber, Maurice Webber,  
Stanley Wilson, Henry Wilson, Bennie Gouldworthy,  
Millie Webber, Annie Anderson, Edith Anderson,  
George Anderson, John Forest, Ada Webber,  
Georgina Webber. Total 17.

Term started Last Week in April and ended October 31st, 1888.

TRUSTEES: Isaac Webber, Jno. Siteman, Jacob Webber, Howard Webber, Sec'y.

INSPECTOR: H. Condon - His Remarks: Present 14. School orderly. Children  
young. This school should be kept open for this  
winter term - if possible.

TEACHER: Kate H. Major.

1899 STATISTICS Lower Lakeville School

Enrolment 38.

Teacher: Winnifred Murray; Salary \$90.00 + Grant

Secretary: Howard Webber

Trustee: John F. Webber

Inspector: Graham Creighton.

School Year commenced August 25; Closed July 7.

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EXCERPTS FROM MINUTES OF SCHOOL MEETINGS HELD IN EAST JEDDORE

- 1902 - Resolved that the School be continued for the next year.
- Resolved that we engage Miss Lucy Mitchell (Cecil's Sister, later Mrs  
Avery Hill) for the ensuing year as Teacher. If she should not wish to stay,  
resolved that we engage a "C" teacher. (Grade 10)
- Resolved that we levy \$150.00 on the section for the next year.
- 1903 - Resolved that we build a Water Closet for the Girls.
- Resolved that we have a "D" teacher for the next year. (Grade 9)
- 1905 - Resolved that we keep Mrs. Stoddard for another year if she will stop.
- 1907 - Moved by Lawson Corkum and seconded by Arthur Guild that Mr. MacLeod get a  
Vote of Thanks for the map he gave to the school.
- 1908 - Harris Arnold, Chairman and Leonard Harpell, Secretary of Annual Meeting.
- Resolved that getting wood, lighting fires, cleaning school four times a  
year be sold at auction, not duty bound to accept any offer.
- Resolved that we have the two end windows changed to lower from the top.
- Resolved that the Roof of the building be painted with pine oil and mineral  
paint. (100 pounds of Mineral Paint \$2.00)

Expenses for 1903: Cleaning closets, glazing glass and knob on door \$1.25;  
1 pound of Putty 4¢; 1 Box Chalk 15¢; 1 zinc bucket 20¢;  
1 broom 25¢; 1 dust pan 12¢; 1 knob for school door 15¢.

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS, DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS - J. Hartl n

( Mrs. Frank (Jennie) Hartlen is the daughter of the late Jacob Mitchell and Wife, Ada, (Warnell) of Oyster Pond. Her husband, Frank, is the son of James and Annie (Webber) Hartlen of Oyster Pond. The members of these families were devout Presbyterians, now the United Church of Canada. Jennie started to play in her church when she was only 11 years of age. Her music teacher was Mrs. J.W. (Annie) Mitchell. She and Joyce Stoddard shared the responsibility of playing the organ in their church for many years. Jennie and Frank lived 43 years in Halifax. When they returned in 1969, Jennie resumed her job as organist in "the little United Church on the hill by Navy Pool". She has six children living and the family bonds are linked together with love and devotion. Since we attended the same school, I asked Jennie what she remembered most vividly about our school days. She tells the following events which were very important to all of us.)

I enjoyed going to school where our dedicated teachers taught us to respect the "Golden Rule". Let us take a trip back to the little schoolhouse and relate some of the experiences which developed our capabilities and trained us to become law-abiding adults.

- Standing in a straight line in front of the classroom for the reading lesson. We had to read correctly observing carefully the meaning of the punctuation marks, modulation of the voice and articulate pronunciation of words.

- The memory verses we studied and still remember. How delightful it is to attend a Golden Agers Birthday Party and hear them recite poems that they studied over fifty years ago.

- The periods of mental arithmetic sharpened our wits.

- Going up and down in spelling class motivated us to study our spellings.

- The homework united the family members because everybody became involved by asking each other questions, hearing spellings and memory verses. Even poor old Dad would hold the book while we repeated our lessons to him. What cherished memories!

- About once or twice a year Mr. Graham Creighton, our School Inspector, would drive up to the school with his beautiful black horse and shiny wagon. How respectfully we stood when he entered our classroom. How dignified he was! How nervous we became when he asked us to read. How sad we were when he scolded us for not reading up to his standards. How embarrassed the teacher became when he corrected us for something the teacher had already approved.

- Public Examination Day was an exciting time. Dressed in our Sunday clothes we recited, read and sang; however, we never knew what questions we were going to be asked by the guests.

These memories prove beyond a doubt the efficiency of education in the one-room school.

Today I understand reading and continuous progress programs are being introduced as something new. How Strange! (Jennie, your memory has not lapsed!)

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1977 - MUSEUM LIBRARY BOOK DONATIONS GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED

A selection of 40 books - Eric Hill, Druggist at Forest Hill Drug Mart.

FLOWERS FROM DICKENS and others - Mrs. Alfred (Edith Eisan), Ship Harbour

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN WOODCUTS - Halifax County Library

A selection of 6 books including an Alger & Mary J. Holmes -- Carl Jennex

4 Volume Webster Dictionary Set -- Mrs. Florence (Kent) Colbert, Musquodoboit Har.

A selection of 15 Books - Ida & John Bonn, Head Chezzetcook.

THE GREATEST THINGS IN THE WORLD, Published 1892, - Mrs. George (Myrtle Mitchell)

WESLEYAN - METHODIST MAGAZINE for January, 1825.

A selection of Books -- Reuben & Emma George, Myers' Point.

100 Volumes of Books and Brochures relating to Canadian History -- Senator Carter & Wife Elsie (Webber).

CENTENARY OF FREE SCHOOLS - 1964

(When Charles Tupper was Premier of Nova Scotia, the Assembly of Nova Scotia passed the Free School Act in 1864. This act provided for free schooling for all children living in every district of the province.)

An Eastern Shore man who was but a child of two when the Free School Act was passed, one hundred years ago, was on hand at Robert Jamison High School with about three hundred residents of the area, to commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the event.

Mr. George Myers, 102 years of age, was one of several older residents of the Jeddore area who participated in an enjoyable Centenary Program.

Presiding over the Program of skits, singing, recitations and displays was Gerald Dooks, Chairman of Robert Jamison School Board.

After Mr. Dooks' opening remarks everybody sang "Faith of Our Fathers".

Edward Sweet, a Grade 12 student, gave a talk on how the Free Act became a reality.

Students attired in costumes of a century ago, danced the Virginia Heel.

Mrs. Helen Jennex, Supervising Principal, introduced the following citizens:

Mr. George Myers, Oyster Pond, age 102, spoke briefly on the importance of Education;

Aunt Bertha Myers, Oyster Pond, age 88, offered a solo selection. (Aunt Bertha Myers celebrated her 101st Birthday in November 1977. Just the other day, Fay Hartlin, our neighbor, called and said, "I was just up to see the teenager, Aunt Bertha. My, oh my, she is a picture. I have a barrel of fun with her. I tease her but she always has an answer!")

Mr. Horne Arnold, East Jeddore, age 85, gave a recitation.

Mr. Freeman Young, Petpeswick, age 91, sang a folk song. "The Jolly Miner".

Mr. Isaac Doyle, West Jeddore, age 92, sang "Little Moose Hill."

The songs of Stephen Foster (1825-1864) were featured throughout the program. A Reading of excerpts from the Superintendent of Education, T.H. Rand, 1865, by Wayne Dooks was very informative. (Wayne is now Rev. Wayne Dooks, of the Pentecostal Church, Liverpool.)

Vice-Principal, Mona Mosher, directed a dramatization of "Schooltime, 1864".

The program was concluded by Solos - Rose Day of Head Jeddore. (Rose Day and Ross Day were always commended by the Adjudicators of the Music Festivals for their Solo Renditions.)

Prior to and after the program, those attending viewed a display of century old artifacts collected for the occasion.

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In 1964, Sylvia Mosher, daughter of Earl & Queenie Mosher, represented our School on a Centennial Trip to Western Canada.

Sylvia was loyal to Robert Jamison High School as the following quotations from her VALLEDICTORY prove: "Mrs. Jennex and Staff Members, someday we will prove to you that your time has not been wasted"; "We will endeavour to maintain the high standard received at R.J.C.H."

In 1964 Verna Power, daughter of Harpell & Pearl Power represented R.J.C.H. at a Junior Red Cross Training Center at Acadia University.

In 1964 Janet Mitchell, daughter of Fortescue and Margery Mitchell, was a Delegate to the Junior School of the Arts at Camp Kadinah. (Verna & Janet are both Teachers and Wives of Ministers of the Gospel.)

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In years gone by many teachers in Ontario signed the following contract before being hired with a Board of Education in Ontario.

### TERMS OF AGREEMENT:

Not to get married.

Not to keep company with men.

To be at home between the hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. unless she is in attendance at a school function.

Not to loiter downtown in ice-cream parlors.

Not to leave town without permission from the chairman of the board of trustees.

Not to smoke cigarettes.

Not to drink beer, wine or whisky.

Not to ride in a carriage or automobile with any man except her brothers or father.

Not to dress in bright colors.

Not to dye her hair.

To wear at least two petticoats.

Not to wear dresses more than two inches above the ankle.

To keep the classroom clean; to scrub the classroom floor once a week; to start the fire at 7:00 a.m. ; to carry out the ashes at least once daily.

Not to use face powder, mascara, or paint the lips.

-from an old news clipping in a scrap book.

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### SEVEN WINNERS OF ART AWARDS HAD SAME TEACHER - Newspaper Clipping

Students from Eastern Halifax County schools have chalked up an outstanding record in art work competition at the Canadian National Exhibition in the past seven years. Throughout that whole period the top Nova Scotia entry in the Exhibition has come from this area.

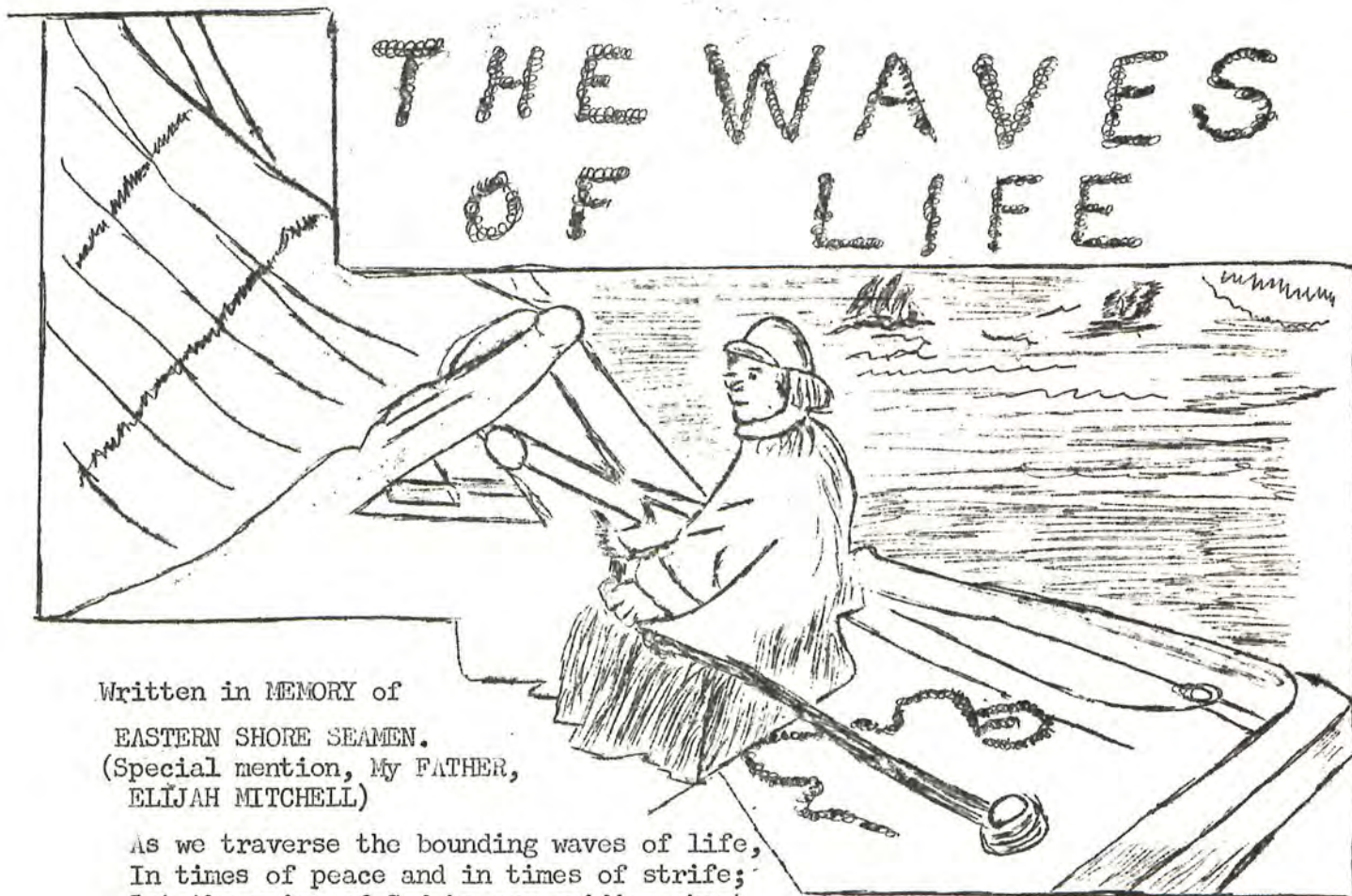
More unusual is the fact that every one of the last seven winners has been taught by the same teacher - in the person of Mrs. Helen Jennex, principal of the newly opened Robert Jamison High School at Oyster Pond.

These facts were revealed by Inspector of Schools for Halifax County, B.C. Silver. He said that in the past seven years, Mrs. Jennex has taught art work in the schools at Musquodoboit Harbour, Head Jeddore, Oyster Pond and North Ship Harbour and on every occasion a student from her class has topped the field in the drawing of murals in the C.N.E. competition.

Mr. Silver praised Mrs. Jennex's work in this field and presented her with two silver trophies to be passed on to the C.N.E. competition winners for the years 1956 and 1957 in the persons of Bruce Rowlings, 12 year old Musquodoboit boy; and Alfred Hill, Grade 9 student at Oyster Pond School who won the prize this year for his artful depiction titled "My Community". Bruce Rowlings' winning mural "My Favorite Pastime" now hangs in Mr. Silver's summer home. This year's winning mural was on display in the lobby of the school during the opening ceremonies of the school.

(When I taught in Jeddore-Lakeville School, Shirley Hartlin, won first place honors and Chris Perry, second.)

# THE WAVES OF LIFE



Written in MEMORY of  
EASTERN SHORE SEAMEN.  
(Special mention, My FATHER,  
ELIJAH MITCHELL)

As we traverse the bounding waves of life,  
In times of peace and in times of strife;  
Let the voice of God be our guiding chart,  
And always trust Him with a cheery heart.

Life's winds and tides are hard to bear,  
We must strive and struggle to banish care;  
Forth on life's sea we'll endure many shocks,  
Therefore, beware of the hidden rocks.

Smooth is the sea as we sail away,  
Will the waves be serene all through the day?  
No, soon the darkening clouds threaten a storm,  
Then on the calm sea huge waves will form.

Then to sea, to sea, the storm is here,  
The sails swell full but there is no fear;  
Our sturdy vessel will then swing free,  
O'er the billowy waves to the open sea.

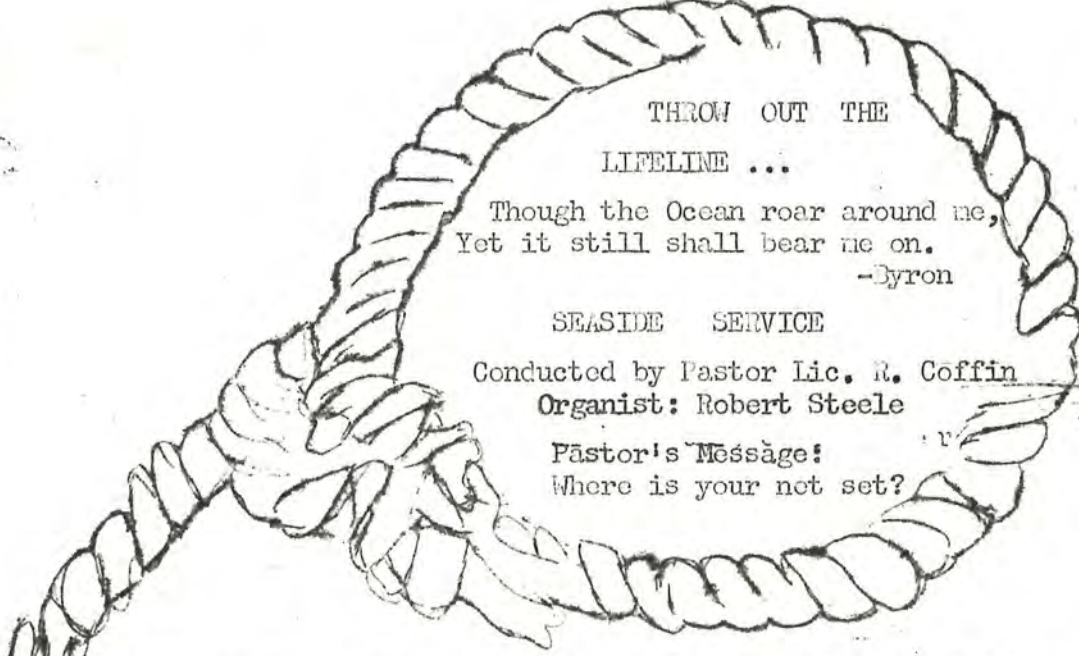
Time has borne many brave seamen away,  
To the land where tempests hold no sway;  
Where God's strong arm binds the restless wave,  
And from all earth's dangers He them will save.

I WONDER??

Will our anchor hold in the storms of  
life?  
Will our line and compass of LOVE  
banish strife?  
Do we trust our MASTER to shield us  
from tempest and foe,  
And to protect us all where ever we may  
go?

A PRAYER:

Eternal Father, guide us with Thy Love,  
That our frail bodies may ever be;  
Amid the waves of grief and fear,  
On a calm and peaceful sea.



THROW OUT THE  
LIFELINE ...

Though the Ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on.  
-Byron

SEASIDE SERVICE

Conducted by Pastor Lic. R. Coffin  
Organist: Robert Steele

Pastor's Message:  
Where is your net set?

One Sunday afternoon I attended a Seaside Service held on the Government Wharf, East Jeddore. As I looked around at the crowd of people, the beautiful setting, I was filled with awe. The scene reminded me of the words in the poem, "Vestigia" - "I took a day to search for God, But found Him not, But as red..."

..I gazed at the rocky ledges and harbour bar,  
The Bell Buoy and Jeddore Rock in the distance far;  
On the blue waves the sun sparkled and shone,  
While many small boats drifted lazily along,  
Marsh Point on the opposite shore portrayed no life,  
It no longer boomed with activity or early strife.  
GOD created this environment His LOVE to impart,  
and I felt His presence within my heart.

George Power, now Reverend George Power,  
directed the singing.

After the Seanan's Psalm, (quoted in REMINISCENCE) they sang, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name". The 50 voice choir sang, "Master the Tempest Is Raging".

Duet: "Drifting" - George & Joan Power

Solo: "The Stranger of Galilee" - George Power

This Service was sponsored by the three Jeddore Baptist Churches.

(I am an Anglican and have been playing the organ in St. John's Church for many years; however, I am always inspired with the congregational singing in the Baptist and Pentecostal churches.)

WHAT IS PRAYER? --Dr. R. C. COFFIN

True Prayer is COMMUNION with God. Prayer is not only our conversation with God but God's conversation with us. We would do well as a worshipping congregation to remember the admonition of the Psalmist:

"Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10)





## LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy  
From His lighthouse evermore;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave!  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may rescue, you may  
save." - P.P. Bliss

## TRIBUTE TO ALL LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS

Lighthouse Keepers their long weary vigils kept,  
Sometimes for days they hardly ever slept  
For fear of their lights failing to glow,  
Then the dangerous rocks would not even show.

Their remuneration was very small pay,  
Considering the loneliness of each night and day;  
To the Memory of all who are now free from care,  
We bow our heads humbly in a moment of Prayer.

## EASTERN SHORE KEEPERS OF SABLE ISLAND LIGHT -

First World War, Captain Joseph Blakeney, Wife and Family. At that time there was a wireless station on the island. (from West Jeddore)

Following Captain Joe was Charles Faulkner, Wife and Family. (from West Jeddore)  
Arthur Dooks, Wife and Family from Head Jeddore.

RANGE LIGHTS in West Jeddore were established in 1901. They were converted from oil to electricity in 1967.

The BELL BUOY was placed at "Thorn Shoals" at entrance to Jeddore Harbour in 1915. First it was operated by gas later by electricity. The BUOY on Marsh Point functioned in the same manner.

## JEDDORE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE:

In 1881 Jeddore Rock Lighthouse was built. It was operated by John W. Mitchell of Oyster Pond. He was the Keeper there for 40 years and 9 days. The first Keeper was John W. Mitchell's father-in-law, Mr. Crockett, a school teacher, who held classes in the homes of the early settlers.

Reginald and Rose Baker, Otto and Violet Baker, Howard and Lillie Blakeney, Everett Baker, Albert and Winnie Arnold, Captain Frank and Blanche Baker.  
(Read REMINISCENCE for more detail)

## EGG ISLAND LIGHT:

Howard and Sandy Stoddard, Ship Harbour, sons of James Stoddard. (Aunt Bertha Myers' brothers. Aunt Bertha is 101 years of age. She told me her Mother died out on Egg Island.)

Sam and Melissa Webber from Clam Bay, Henry Eisan, Clam Bay, his assistant.  
Everett Baker, East Jeddore. Warren Kidson, Lake Charlotte

## WOLFE'S ISLAND LIGHT:

Howard Palmer, Wife and Family of Ship Harbour. He received a Medal for the many years of service he spent on this Island. His daughters who were self-educated with the help of their parents and Correspondence Courses became teachers. His daughter, Katherine, visited our Museum last summer. She was in company with a group of retired teachers.

(LIGHTHOUSES)

WOLFE'S ISLAND LIGHT:

Jim Hutt and his Wife, Polly (Murphy) were competent keepers of the Light; however, one day Jim went duck hunting and slipped on the cliff which caused his gun to discharge wounding him. He died several hours later. This happened in 1946.

"Lad" VanBurskirk also kept the Light burning.

OWL'S HEAD LIGHT:

Sidney Blaxland, Clifford Hutt, John Palmer and Wife, Etta (Weeks) were there for over 30 years. Oscar Mason and Fred DeBaie.

JOSIAH (Joe) Mitchell is a retired Lighthouse Keeper living in Little Harbor. He is a native of Oyster Pond, son of Captain George Hamilton Mitchell a brother Of Captain Porter Mitchell and the Carpenter Archie Mitchell.

Joe was a Tram Car Operator for sixteen years. He spent 1½ years on Guin Island Light, off Gabarus; 12 years on St. Paul's Island Light, 23 miles out to sea from Dingwall; 7 years on a land light station in the Bras D'or Area at Point Aconi.

His Mother was Mrs. Emma Mitchell, a reputable Mid-Wife.

We must remember that these Lighthouse Keepers were also Fog Alarm Operators and Beacon Operators; therefore, they had to be alert at all times.

The LADY LAURIER was a lightship patrolling the Eastern Coast of Nova Scotia.

The EDWARD CORNWALLIS was built in 1949. This boat now tends lightstations and buoys. My youngest brother, Carl, is Chief Supply Officer on this boat at the present time. He has had a long and strenuous seafaring career. He served in the RCN during World War II.

The Sambro lightship was built in 1956. This steel steamer was anchored about 12 miles off Halifax Harbour. It was under the command of Captain Earl Jennex, son of James R. and Mary Jennex of Oyster Pond.

I often heard my Father talk about Devil's Island and its lightstation. He would often refer to the three children who lived there and became ill with small-pox and died.

The first Fog Alarm was put in operation in 1869.

The shoals around Scatari Island, Sable Island, Seal Island, and St. Paul's Island are considered very dangerous.

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THE FIRST SCHOOL IN NOVA SCOTIA

A School in Port Royal, now Annapolis Royal, competes with one in Quebec for the honor of being the earliest formal school in North America. This school was founded in either 1633 or 1636 - the date is in question - by the Capuchin friars for the education of boys of the French settlement and the Indian boys. In 1641, a school was founded for the girls. These schools were racially integrated; French and Indian children sat side by side and received the same instruction. When these schools were at their largest, as many as 12 Capuchins ( member the Franciscan order) taught in them. Seizure of Port Royal by the English in 1654 ended this pioneer work. - Taken from N.S. Teachers Union Paper.

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RETIRED FROM LIGHT SHIPS: John W. Jennex and Walter Jennex, sons of Howard Jennex, recently retired from Service with the Department of Transport ships.

## BRAVING THE STORM - Herman Hartlin

On a cold December day in 1922 when I was 16 years of age, my Father, Capt. Peter Hartlin and I started for Halifax in the VIOLA G. HARTLIN. (Captain Peter built this vessel and named it after his youngest daughter.) We were loaded with cord wood. James Hartlin and his 14 year old son, Frank, were part of our crew. The afternoon before, we sailed down to East Jeddore and anchored below Marsh Point. About the time we were heaving up our anchor, the LOUISA MAUD came around the Point sailing in a direct course toward us.

I became very excited and warned my Father of the impending danger. My father yelled in horror, "Keep off, you are going to run into us."

Nelson Mitchell, Captain of the LOUISA MAUD shouted in desperation, "I can't, I have been trying for the last half hour to keep my vessel on course."

My Father, trying his best to avert a tragedy, said, "Drop your main peak". This was not done, the LOUISA MAUD was beyond her Captain's control.

The awareness of threatening danger filled us all with apprehension as the LOUISA MAUD drifted nearer and nearer to us. With bated breath we waited for the crash -two side-guys on the bow-sprit were broken, luckily the fore-rigging was intact. With a sigh of relief, noting the minor damage, we watched helplessly as the LOUISA MAUD drifted past us. Our chief concern was, "What was going to happen to Nelson and Seldon Webber?"

Captain Alec Jennex in the HELEN MAUDE was anchored a short distance below us. In dismay, he shouted advice to Nelson; however, it was just an act of God that prevented another crash. It was a terrifying day to be out on the ocean in a sailing vessel without any motor. How do you suppose Nelson felt?

My brother, Roland Hartlin, was cook on a freighter called The IRONBOUND and he said the temperature was 14° below zero on the bridge.

As we sailed up near Shetland Island, the wind began to blow from the north-west. The vapor was so dense that you couldn't see past the bow of the vessel. We made the automatic buoy at Thrum Cap. Our vessel was like a big chunk of ice.

My father gave the following order, "Haul down the mainsail and put in a reef." In spite of all our efforts the mainsail wouldn't come down because of the ice on the halyards. We got the fore-sail down on the outer jib believing that we would be able to sail under full mainsail and jumbo; however, we only drifted sideways. Then we set our outer jib and made a long tack and then a short one. The waves were high and our vessel a block of ice that all we could see was the tops of trees on Sambro Head. The salt spray was flying all over us; therefore, a full mainsail and outer jib were a poor combination in that kind of weather. Soon we heard the horn on Meagher's Beach which kept us away from the rocks inside Thrum Cap.

At last the sea was becoming more calm and we anchored inside Meagher's Beach. We beat ice for hours to get the sails lowered. Just as we started to relax a bit, I saw two high masts coming towards us. We all shuddered with fear; however, this vessel the ARMATRUDE sailed by piloted by the courageous Captain Ernest MacKenzie. He had his vessel under good control.



(Braving the Storm)

The next morning after clearing away the ice we were able to hoist the sails. We arrived at DeWolfe's Wharf about 2 p.m. We were gravely concerned about the safety of the men in the other vessels.

LOUISA MAUDE:

After many agonizing experiences, Nelson and Seldon realized that their vessel would sink; therefore, they left their boat to the mercies of the elements and put to sea in their dory. They were picked up by a Dutch freighter about 25 miles off Halifax. The freighter took them to Holland. It was some time before their families knew what had happened to them.

IOLANTHE:

That same day Captain Wallace Mitchell and Elijah Mitchell (my Father) left Jeddore in the IOLANTHE. They experienced the same fury of the elements and drifted with the wind down east of Quoddy. They arrived back in Jeddore a few days later with ears and hands partly frozen. They had lost their dory and jib. When they anchored in Jeddore Harbour, Reuben Blakeney of West Jeddore went aboard and took them to his home where Aunt Jessie (Wallace's sister) cared for them until they were able to make home port, Navy Pool.

Their food supply was exhausted. (My Father would often tell us the story of Aunt Betty's Christmas Cake that had been given to him to deliver to Aunt Betty's son, Colin, who lived in Halifax. Aunt Betty was Mrs. Colin Mitchell, Sr. Mother of Cecil Mitchell. My father said, "We were tempted to cut on the Christmas Cake; however, I had made a promise and I would try to keep it. Another day at sea and we would have had to eat the cake. Knowing the kindness and generosity of Aunt Betty I know she would have wanted us to enjoy it. In the end Collie P. got his cake."

VIOLET WEST:

The VIOLET WEST was owned by John Abriel. On the same day this vessel left Ship Harbour with Aubrey Siteman as Pilot. This boat lost its fore-sail and many times the members of the crew sensed all was lost; however, the MASTER PILOT guided their boat over the tempestuous sea to safety.

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SEAMEN'S SUPERSTITIONS

Whistling on a ship causes the wind to blow hard.  
An umbrella on a ship is bad luck.  
Never turn a hatch upside down; it is bad luck.  
Never turn a ship against the sun.  
Never take a cat aboard a ship.  
Never wear colored mitts on a ship.  
A loaf of bread turned upside down means bottom up for ships.  
A shark chasing a ship is bad luck.  
If you put a quarter in the mast when building a boat, it will bring good luck.

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WEATHER WISDOM FOR SEAMEN

Red sky in the morning the sailors take warning; red sky at night a sailor's delight.  
Sailors know that fowl tend to fly higher in good weather than in bad.  
Sailors know that it is lowering clouds that drop rain.  
Face the wind and the storm will be on your right.  
High visibility over salt water means that rain is on the way.  
When the air is humid, rain is more likely at low than high tide.  
Falling tide reduces atmospheric pressure.  
Smells are stronger before rain.  
When distant sounds are loud and hollow, look for rain.

## SHIPWRECKS ALONG THE SEACOAST - Lena Ferguson

(This story is republished from the "Dartmouth Free Press" - by permission)

NOTE: For the following article I received information from: Mr. Arthur Murphy of East Chezzetcook; Mrs. Margaret LaPierre and Mr. Eugene Bellefontaine, West Chezzetcook; Mr. and Mrs. William LaPierre and Mr. Norman Julien of Grand Desert; Mr. Edgar Nieforth, Seaforth; Mr. Roy Conrod, Mr. Russell Sellers and Mr. Cyril Conrad of Lawrencetown and also from a History of Three Fathom Harbour written by Rev. Kennedy Wainwright.

### S E A F O R T H

Seaforth, Halifax County, Eastern Shore, is a small but uniquely beautiful village, situated on the south Eastern Coast of Nova Scotia, approximately 22 miles from Halifax, by road and 12 miles by water. Three Fathom Harbour and Lawrencetown lie on one side of this village and Grand Desert on the other.

Seaforth was originally part of Three Fathom Harbour but later on the beach built up forming two distinct harbours. Seaforth was named by the Rev. Octavious Mausel Grindon, the first resident Anglican minister of Seaforth, in 1867. Rev. Grindon "loved the view of the ocean from his house." It reminded him of his home and the Loch of Seaforth, that body of water that separates Harris from Lewis in the Hebrides-Scotland. The name Seaforth was first used by Mr. Grindon in 1871.

The coastline of Seaforth and Three Fathom Harbour is very rocky. There is also the hazard of hidden sand bars as the tide is beginning to lower. The high winds blow the waves in torrents and on stormy days the sound of the sea breaking against the shore can be heard for miles around.

### S H I P W R E C K S   N U M E R O U S

Years ago, when people depended upon the sea for their livelihood, and ships were the number one means of transportation, shipwrecks were very numerous along these shores.

wrote

Rev. Wainwright, THE ENEEIRLY was one that went ashore many years ago having a general cargo, with even hens aboard. In August 1892, a vessel, the GEORGINA, from Tusket, loaded with codfish, was found on her side off the mouth of Three Fathom Harbour. She was towed in by CAN'T HELP IT, and the water pumped out. All but four of the crew of sixteen had been washed overboard. The four remaining were found in their bunks suffocated. Snows Undertaking service came down from Halifax and took the bodies. Rev. Wainwright wrote the DORCAS and the ETTA STEWARD went ashore at the southwest point of Shut-In- Island, August 21st, 1893. It was blowing a gale when the tug DORCAS towing the barge ETTA STEWARD was blown in toward shore. Instead of having a rope cable they had a steel hawser, thus they could not cut it and both were drawn down to their doom. Twenty-six persons were lost and the bodies carried ashore and laid on tables that were built. It was there that the relatives came to identify their loved ones' remains. A number of the dead are buried in "Gaetz Island".

Mrs. Margaret LaPierre, now 101, recently said, "When I was about fifteen years old, in the fall of the year my sister and I had walked seven miles to pick foxberries along the Minesville Road. We got caught in an awful rainstorm. That night a ship the DORCAS with Captain Sharp at the helm, struck a shoal or rocky ledge at Shut-In-Island, Three Fathom Harbour. Many bodies were brought ashore. Captain Sharp's wife came down after the bodies were found. Many were buried in the Church Cemetery at West Chezzetcook." Mr. Eugene Bellefontaine said, "My father told me many of the dead were wearing religious medals and were presumed to be Catholics so were buried in the cemetery here." (Con't)

(SHIPWRECKS--)

GERMAN SUBMARINES CAUSE OF SHIPWRECKS ALONG THE EASTERN SHORE OF N.S.

During the First World War, many vessels were driven off course by German submarines. Men of Lawrencetown told me of the shipwreck of the SIBERIAN PRINCE, having a load of 109 mules on their way oversea to be used in the trenches and battlefield. June 1917, the boat driven off course by a German submarine, landed on a mud shoal between Egg Island and Fox Point, West Lawrencetown. Some of the mules swam ashore and came up over MacDonald's Hill and some to Cow Bay Beach. The mules were taken from the ship, tied four abreast and led to Mr. W.D. Conrad's pasture in Lawrencetown. Mr. Cyril Conrad said, "It was June when the shipload of mules arrived. We were setting out garden plants at the time. The mules were brought to my father's pasture in Conrad Road. The mules honked and brayed all night. In the morning the field was cleaned bare of grass." Mr. Conrad continued, "A DR. Fitzgerald looked after the mules and after being there a short time, the mules and ship's crew were taken to Halifax by train." Mr. Conrad went on to say, "included in the ship's cargo were also large casks of tobacco leaf and cases of American cigarettes. There was a great deal of pine lumber on deck. The cargo was salvaged by residents of the area and the ship refloated and taken away by the owners."

Mr. Arthur Murphy told of the wreck of the vessel GEORGIA LINWOOD owned by Nicholas Pettipas, "This boat was lost on a bar at the entrance of Chezzetcook Harbour. It was loaded with a cargo of supplies for the East Chezzetcook picnic - nothing was salvaged." He went on to say, "Around 1919 there was also a boat from the United States, wrecked off "Shag Rock" off East Chezzetcook Harbour. It was loaded with 500 lb. burlap bags of saltpeter. In order to get the vessel off the sandbar, they had to unload the saltpeter. They threw it overboard. The minute it hit the water it dissolved. We gathered the bags that washed ashore and piled them in piles. We got 1¢ for each bag. When the cargo was removed, the ship was refloated."

A D V A N C E

On July 2nd, 1923 the ADVANCE went ashore on Shut-In-Island, off Seaforth, with a general cargo. When she struck, she broke in the centre. Speaking with Mr. W. LaPierre, he said, "The ADVANCE was sailing from Portland, Maine, bound for Newfoundland. Men came with their boats and unloaded the cargo. We got a lot of canned goods, shoes and tobacco. There was an old car on board. The car was a wreck." Mr. LaPierre concluded, "There were 75 passengers and crew aboard. One man suffered a broken back but to my knowledge no lives were lost. They were removed by boat and possibly taken to Halifax."

AN EYE - WATERING STORY

Rev. Wainwright wrote: "May 1st, 1925, the MOULDEGARD went ashore on Shad Rock, near Seaforth, with a cargo of onions, under the command of Captain Neilson." The onion boat came from Egypt. Mr. Eugene Bellefontaine said, "The boat was high and dry. We went with our gunloc, a low flat bottom boat once used by residents of the Chezzetcook areas to haul marsh hay and supplies from the schooners, and got bags of onions off the ship. I sold a lot of onions at 10¢ a pound in the city and around Chezzetcook." Mr. W. LaPierre said, "Many onions floated ashore and the people gathered and dried them for their own use."

(SHIPWRECKS -)

The wreck of the TRAVERSON, October 25th, 1927, must have caused a great deal of excitement and interest for residents of the area. This ship, under Captain Randell and Mate Miller, came from the West Indies with a cargo of molasses, probably bound for the molasses factory in Dartmouth. Mr. Eugene Bellefontaine said, "The ship lost its rudder off Egg Island Buoy. It was left to the mercy of the sea and of the south east wind. She drifted into Three Fathom Harbour where she landed, on Roodie Island, high and dry, abandoned as a total wreck." Mr. Bellefontaine continued, "Anyone was allowed to take the molasses. Four of us went from Chezsetcook with our gunloe. The molasses was in puncheons in the hold of the ship. We had a block and tackle with us and hooked the 100 gallon puncheons of molasses and loaded them in our gunloe. We hauled 400 gallons at a time, making three trips. Altogether we had 1200 gallons of the best kind of molasses. Molasses at that time was selling at a price of 25¢ a gallon. We sold a lot to the farmers at Cole Harbour for stock feed." Mr. Bellefontaine said, "We bought the motor and hoisting gear of the TRAVERSON from the Boston Insurance Company and later sold it to a Mr. John Cruickshank."

Mr. A. Murphy on relating the story of the salvaging of the molasses said, "People from far and near came for the molasses", and he added with a chuckle, "there was nothing but "Moonshine" for about two years after."

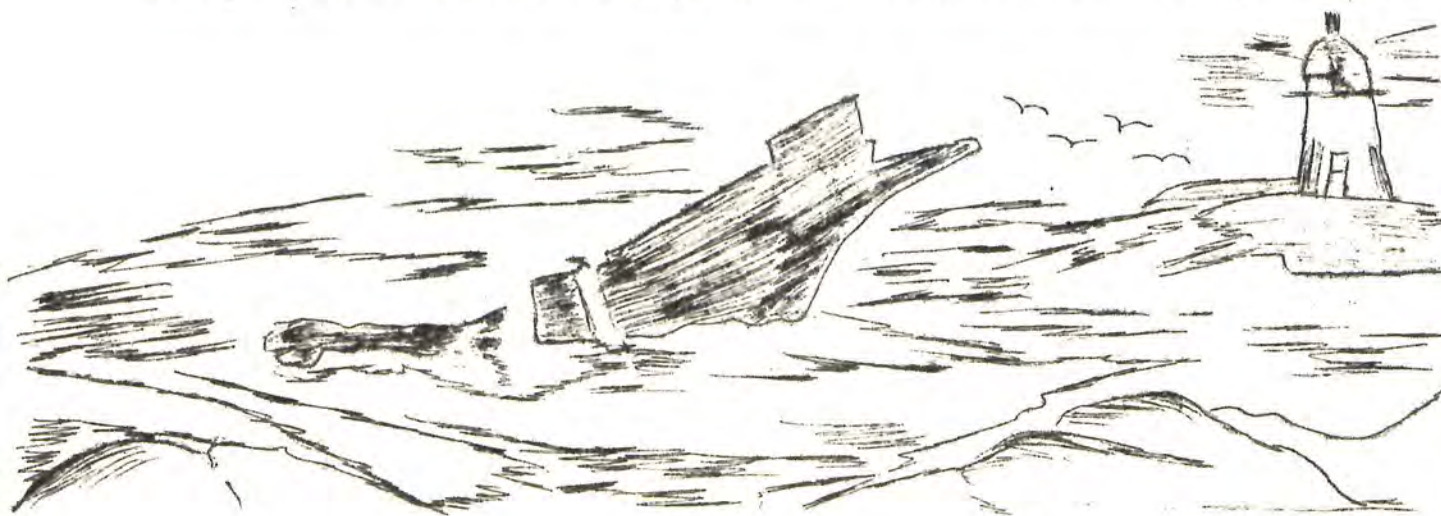
One man was bailing molasses by bucket from the hold of the ship, when another man above accidentally emptied a pail of molasses over his head. The sticky job soon came to a standstill for the man below.

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My Father, Elijah Mitchell and Captain Wallace Mitchell, as well as many other Jeddore men, were engaged in the Coastal Trade between Jeddore and Halifax. Many times I have heard him relate the above stories which Mrs. Lena Ferguson has recorded. Their vessels were the ORIOLE B., IOLANTHE, and the VIOLA G.

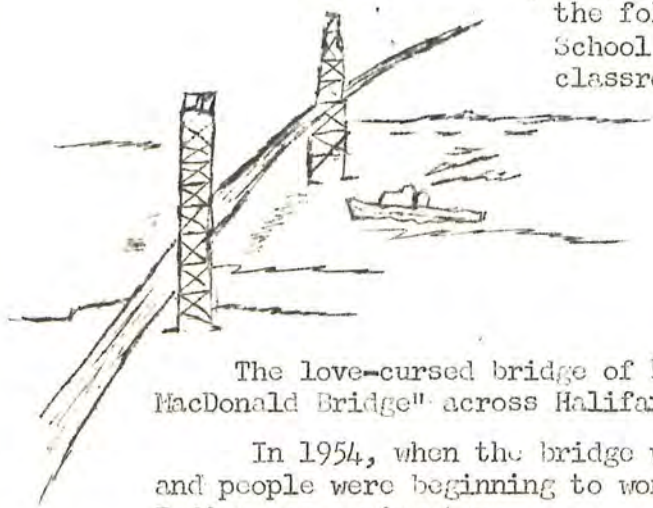
My Father told about the ship that had a cargo of flour going overseas which was wrecked off Egg Island. The crew rowed ashore to West Jeddore. Many Jeddore residents salvaged some of the flour before the ship sank completely.

In April, 1975, the caption of a seacast picture says: ATTEMPT FAILS - Heavy surf flooded over the main deck of the M.S. COLON BROWN as efforts to re-float her from rocks about one half mile from Meagher's Beach Lighthouse on McNab's Island failed. The seas were so severe that it was difficult to place any salvage equipment on board the vessel. The 26,137 deadweight ton bulk carrier owned by Skaarup Shipping Corp. of New York is less than one year old. A marine survey report stated that the ship's bow and double bottom had been punctured.



Nova Scotia's Love-Cursed Bridge - Margaret Drake (1957)

(Margaret Drake now Mrs. Calvin (Margaret) Parsons wrote the following story for the 1956-57 Marine Whispers School Year Book. Margaret attended the overcrowded classroom of 52 students (Grades 9 to 12 inclusive) at Musquodoboit Harbor. Margaret drove from Clan Harbor each day in a panel truck school bus. She was very successful in her school work. Today (1978) she is a very competent Bank Teller and accountant at the Royal Bank, Musquodoboit Harbor. I am always proud to see my former students doing well.)



The Love-cursed bridge of Nova Scotia is none other than the "Angus L. MacDonald Bridge" across Halifax Harbor.

In 1954, when the bridge was being built, the fifth victim met his death and people were beginning to wonder if the prophecy by the ancient Micmac Indian was coming true.

Approximately two centuries ago, a Micmac Indian Chief cursed all the bridges over the Narrows to destruction. His hex had come true twice and many wondered whether or not his superstitious rites were still working.

The link between the shores had become doomed since the time when a young naval officer found pleasant company with a beautiful young squaw. The girl, her husband and her tribe lived on the Dartmouth side of Halifax Harbor. The story goes that one night her husband followed her across the temporary bridge of canoes that linked what is now called the Narrows. As he had expected, he found his wife and the naval officer together. He killed them both and pronounced his terrible curse.

This was his curse: Three times a bridge was to be built over the waters, and each time the bridge would fall. One by storm, one in silence, and the last by death.

For years the curse was feared and men would not attempt to build a bridge. Finally they decided to challenge the curse. Just note what happened.

In 1884, a bridge was built, and in 1891 it was swept away by a storm which apparently only struck at the harbor.

In 1891, a second bridge was built, and in 1893, it collapsed one night when neither tide, wind nor waves were present.

A third bridge was attempted, and even before it opened five men met violent deaths.

Is it possible! Is the Indian's curse at work again? And so the legend lives. The Quebec bridge may be higher, Vancouver's Lion's Bridge longer, but where else but Halifax is an Indian-cursed bridge?

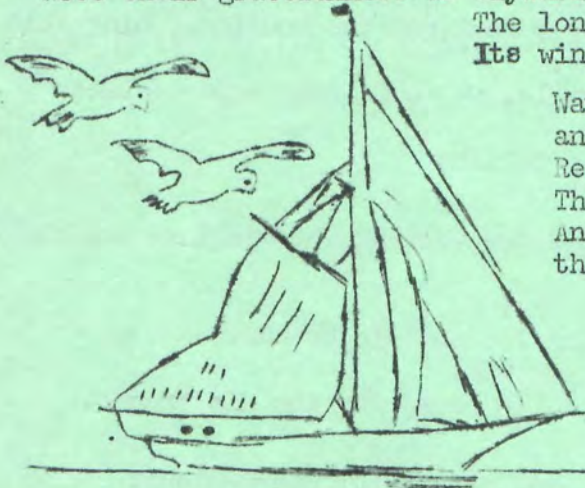
(Well, Margaret, a second bridge has been built since you told your story. These magnificent spans across the harbor are vital links between our Twin Cities and the Eastern Shore. We must trust that God will protect ALL who use these bridges and guide them safely to their destinations.)

## SEA BIRDS

When you visit "Fisherman's House Museum" some fine, sunny day,  
Take time to view the beautiful scenery across Jeddore Bay;  
Enjoy your lunch amid the wild flowers and mountain ash trees,  
And watch the tall grasses and hop vines sway in the breeze.

Go down to the beach to hear the sea birds cry,  
Note their gracefulness as skyward they fly;

The long-legged crane does not fly very high,  
Its wings almost touch the water as it flies by.



Watch the shrieking grey-white gulls soar  
and glide,  
Regardless of winds, or mist or tide;  
They follow the fishermen to and fro,  
and plunge for the refuse the men to them  
throw.

See the sandpiper strut nimbly along  
the shore,  
In what direction it does not seem  
sure;  
It is related to the curlew and snipe,  
Its piping call resembles the sound  
of a fife.

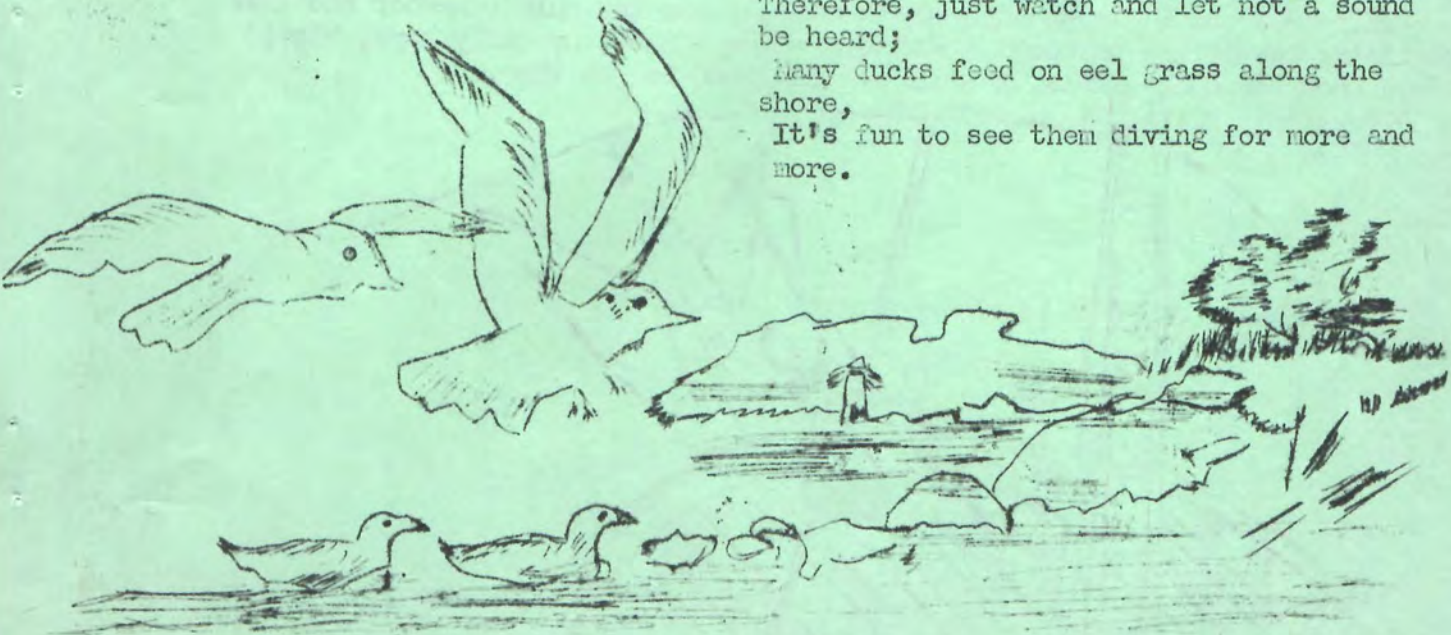
Listen to the weird laughing cry of the loon,  
According to legend rain will fall soon;  
To escape danger they dive rather than fly away,  
For to take off in flight their legs cause delay.



Look at the graceful tern in flight,  
It flies so fast it is soon out of sight;  
It resembles a swallow as it glides along,  
Its forked tail and wings are indeed  
very strong.

Wild ducks fly or swim very fast when  
disturbed;  
Therefore, just watch and let not a sound  
be heard;

Many ducks feed on eel grass along the  
shore,  
It's fun to see them diving for more and  
more.



## SEA SHELTER or SEA CHANTY

Many times my Father, Elijah Mitchell, would tell of the dangerous storms which threatened to swamp vessels unless the members of the crew worked steadily and quickly to reef or lower the sails.

Since very early times sailors have sung sea shanties whenever hard pulls were necessary. One of the oldest shanties is "Haul on the Bowline". The Bowline was a very important rope which enabled the crew to flatten the sails putting the cutting edge into the wind. Later yard-arms replaced the bowline. Being able to tie a Bowline Knot was a must with sailors.

When I taught school at Jeddore - Lakeville, we would sing some of these Sea Shanties.

"Haul on the bowline, our bully ship's a-rollin;  
Haul on the bowline, the bowline HAUL!"

One of the most famous and melodious songs for working the windlass was the "Rio Grande;"

"I'm bound away this very day, Oh! you Rio!  
I'm bound away this very day, I'm bound for the Rio Grande.  
And away you Rio! Oh! you Rio! Oh! you Rio!  
Fare you well, you pretty young girl, I'm bound for the Rio Grande.

"Old Storm Along" was over a favorite;

"I wish I was old Stormy's son - aye, aye, aye lister Storm-along!  
I'd build a ship of a thousand ton, To my way storm-along -  
Way, hey, storm-along!"

"Reuben Renzo" was a favorite song for long hoists, where a number of pulls were required, as with the topsail-halyards. The melody is very pleasing:

"Oh, pity poor Reuben Renzo, Renzo, boys, Renzo!"

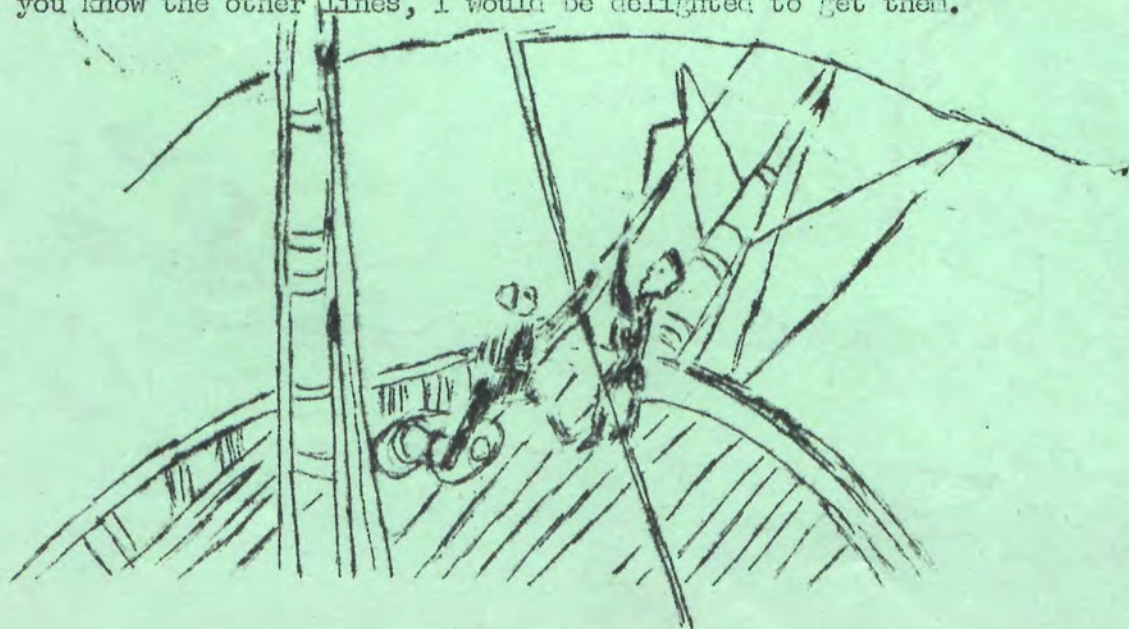
The words recount the sorrowful tale of Reuben, who kissed the Captain's daughter, and was thrown into the water for his undue familiarity with the lass:

"They dipped him into the water - Renzo, boys, Renzo! -  
For kissing the Captain's daughter - Renzo, boys, Renzo!"

You must remember the shanty which described the fortunes of Bonaparte?

"Oh! Boney was a warrior - Away, hey yah!  
Oh! Boney was a warrior, John Francois."

There was one I always enjoyed; however, I can now only remember the last two lines: "She's got on board a charming widow - Blow, my bully boys, blow!"  
If you know the other lines, I would be delighted to get them.



## SHIP BUILDING ALONG THE EASTERN SHORE

There lives a hardy seaman race upon the Eastern Shore,  
Who designed all types of vessels, possibly a score;  
Eastern Shore boats in almost every port built by a  
Bluenose breed,  
Brave, courageous, daring men, adept and skilled indeed.

After you have visited "Fisherman's House Museum", go  
East along #7 Highway to Lake Charlotte, then turn right  
and travel along the scenic route to many places of  
interest.

The green marshes in Clam Bay are beautiful. What an  
ideal spot for a sea bird sanctuary.

You will want to spend a little time on Clam Harbor  
Beach. Beachcombing here is very exciting. See if you  
can find some-dulse, Irish moss, driftwood, and long  
vines of kelp.

Wallace Russell, a retired boat builder, lives in  
this village. A friendly chat with him would brighten  
your trip.

Continue on to Owl's Head Wharf. Isn't the scenery  
delightful?

Situated near this wharf is Norman Hutt's Boat  
Building Shop. Stop there for a while and Norman  
will answer any questions regarding the area or  
techniques of boat building.

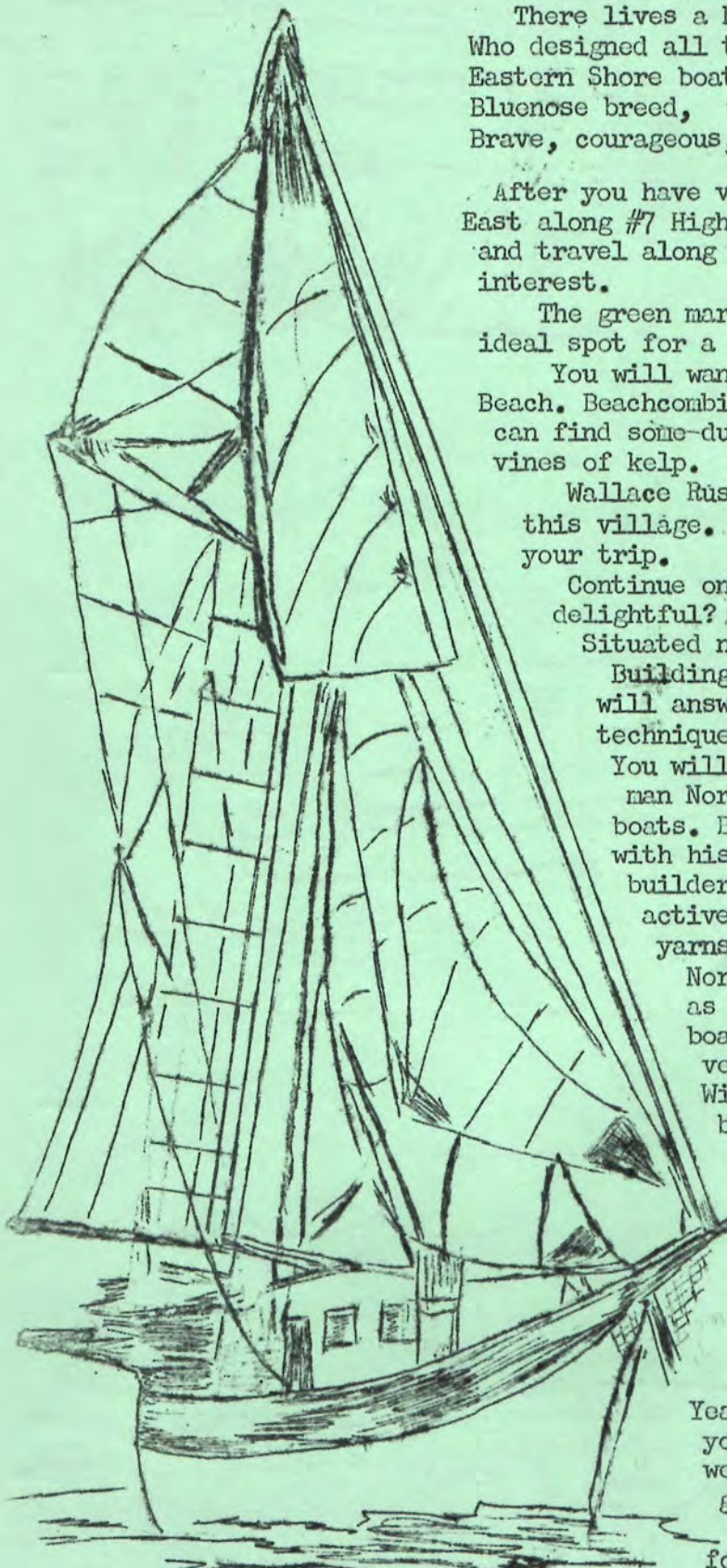
You will see for yourself what a skilled crafts-  
man Norman is! In this shop he has built 391  
boats. Before he had his own shop, he worked  
with his father, Reuben Hutt, a noted boat  
builder. Reuben is now 90 years of age, still  
active. He drives his own truck and can "spin  
yarns" that will fascinate any visitor.

Norman spent 5 years in the RCAF. He served  
as a Motor Boat Crewman to repair smashed  
boats. He has always been actively invol-  
ved in Community work, especially school.  
With two helpers, Norman can build a 36'  
boat in 6 weeks. He has sold boats from  
Newfoundland to Nassau, British West  
Indies.

Now you can turn right and go to  
the unique fishing village of Little  
Harbour. These fishermen have a great  
deal of responsibility; therefore,  
quietly observe them at the wharf  
cleaning and curing their fish.

Years ago the first two to greet you as  
you stopped at the dock in Little Harbor  
were Libby and Ned McKay. They have now  
gone to their eternal rest; however,  
memories of these hospitable, humble  
folks will remain.

Gordon and Ethel Stevens live near the wharf. They have been generous and  
true friends of "Fisherman's House Museum."



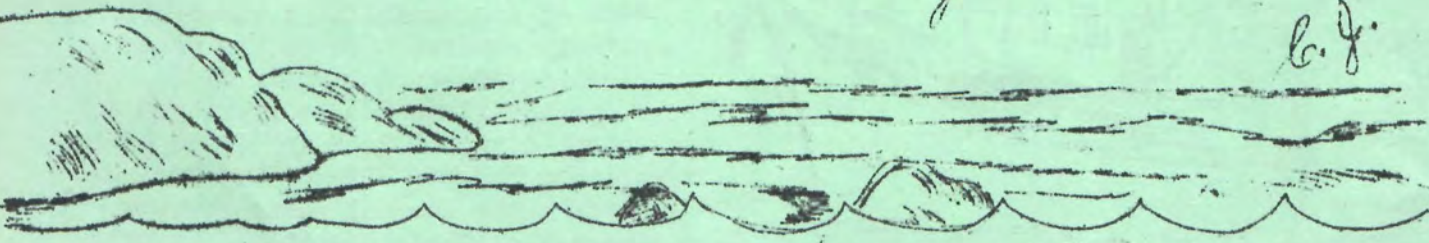


Slam Harbour Beach



Local Fishing Boat

C.F.



(Ship Building)

Before you leave Little Harbour, you might be fortunate enough to see Norman McKay building a seaworthy Cabin Cruiser.

You have already enjoyed viewing Norman Nutt's sturdy Cape Island Boat and I am sure you will be thrilled to see the luxurious "Bluewater Boat" built by Cyril Russell, DeBay's Cove. As you note the superb finish, the mahogany planked hull and the modern facilities in this yacht, you will wonder whether or not you will ever be able to afford to buy one.

This winter, 1977, Cyril is building 2 - 40 foot Fishing Boats. His helpers are: Bruce Turple, Jimmie Dale and Ronnie Day.

Continuing on the Loop Road, you come to Lower Ship Harbor. There are many places of interest in this village; Eldred Power's Blueberry Farm; the Old Ferry Landing; the Government Wharf, where my father Elijah and Captain Wallace would often dock. I remember them retelling the tales told to them by Bob Carter.

Years ago we often visited Mrs. Clarey Laybolt on Laybolt's Island. I understand that Mrs. Clarey is still active; therefore, if she should be at home a trip out on this Island would be worthwhile just to enjoy her hospitality.

The United Church of Canada on the next hill is unique. It is always open to welcome tourists and visitors.

To really recall the days of yore be sure to call at Lee Siteman's Country Store. This store is the heart of Ship Harbor where the villagers meet to exchange the news and friendly gossip, regardless of their purchases. Here the shelves and counters are all heaped high with all kinds of wares. There's a charm that seems to linger all around the old store and you feel sad as you leave knowing that it will be sometime before you return.

Just across from Lee's Store is an old-fashioned cottage where Mrs Jessie Edwards kept the Post Office for many years.

Everybody has heard of Dr. Jamison so a little further up the road you will see his old home in a grove of cedar trees. In collecting artifacts for the Museum, I often wished that I could have seen the inside; however, every time I went that way, it was always, "That house with nobody in it."

Journey up on the Rectory Hill and the visit to the Rectory will only be a nostalgic memory because the Rectory has been torn down. On this site is a newly erected hall known as, "Tanton Hall". Of course, named in honor of Archdeacon Tanton who worked so faithfully for the people of the Barbour Shore.

While you are on the Rectory Hill, visit the Boat Building Plant of Donald Russell, brother of Cyril Russell, the Boat Builder. Very few people in our own communities realize the skill of these young men. One need not drive down to Sherbrooke Village to see boat builders in action because we have many in our own vicinity.

Donald builds yachts designed by Rosborough of Halifax. They are very luxurious. This winter he is building a 28 foot fishing boat along with one of his yachts. His helpers are; Darrell DeBaie and Peter DeBaie.

Before you leave Lower Ship Harbour, go and see St. Stephen's Anglican Church. For many, cherished sentimental Memories will come tumbling back and they will be able to take a quick, pleasant "Day Dream into Yesterday."

EXPERT BOAT BUILDERS OF YESTERDAY: Edward Day, (Uncle Eb. Day). His son Blanchard also builds boats and is a skilled carpenter as well as another son, Vernard. Nelson Mitchell; Archie Mitchell; Morris Mitchell; Andy Day; Charles "Goldie" Borgal. If you know more, please send names to me for next Edition.

Of course, the Master Vessel Builder of our area was Captain Peter Hartlin. He built and sailed the MORNING STAR and the VIOLA G. Captain Peter's children, now living are: Rev. Howard Hartlin, Herman Hartlin, Ethel Hartlin and Viola G. Hartlin now Mrs. Johnston; Addie (Myers); Grace (Bourne).

## BACKWARD GLANCES INTO EASTERN SHORE HOMES

My husband, Otis Jennex, was a Familex Products Salesman for over 30 years. A few years before he retired he was District Manager for Familex Company. He had a very successful business; however, because of ill-health I often had to help deliver his orders to customers on week ends and holidays. I remember the old 1931 Ford which I often had to crank to get started.

I could write an entire book on the wonderful people I met. In every home the hospitality was sincere.

An early morning call in Murphy's Cove was at the home of Mrs. C.A. Beaver, (Aunt Suzanne). I can still visualize her sitting by the end of the table with a large bag of "Fluffs" in her lap. On the table was a brown jug full of butter-milk. She would pour a large cup full of the butter-milk then she would eat a handful of "Fluffs" and take a drink of the butter-milk.

She always seemed happy to see me and, of course, wanted to share her breakfast with me. Sometimes I would take a handful of "Fluffs". She could never understand why I did not like butter-milk because it was such a nutritious drink. She always bought a good supply of Gadaphos Tonic because it contained Cod Liver Oil. She lived to be a very old lady. Her son, Theodore, lived with her. The old brown butter-milk jug is now in our Museum. It was given to me by a friend after she died.

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How well I remember Mrs. Melinda Hilchey, in Pleasant Harbour. She was the mother of Esson Hilchey. She knew what she wanted to buy and had her order written down. She was always anxious to come to the car to get her supplies. She would buy a can of every kind of Pie Filler we had and many other products which she put in the fold of her long apron. Then with a cheery word of encouragement, a friendly smile and a wave of her hand, she hurried back to the house.

At the home of her sister, Mrs. Annie Cooper, in Tangier, I enjoyed a similar experience.

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Dear Aunt Celia Chapman of DeLay's Cove was a faithful Familex customer. She was very generous and no matter what time of the day you called, she expected you to have something to eat. One day she asked me if I liked foxberry pie. I told her it was my favorite pie. She immediately brought me about one-quarter of a delicious fox berry pie. In spite of my protest that the portion was too large, she insisted that I eat it. Everybody knows that whipped cream on fox berry pie enhances the flavor; therefore, when she wanted to know if I would like cream on it, I replied in the affirmative. She skimmed the rich, yellow cream off a pan of milk and put it on the pie. I could hardly wait to taste it!

Alas! the first mouthful almost made me sick because the cream was rancid. Aunt Celia stood there proudly with her arms folded to watch me enjoy her treat. What was I to do? I did not want to hurt her feelings; therefore, I forced down a small portion of it and then I explained to her that it was very rich and I was not hungry enough to finish it. (I afterwards regretted that I had not been more candid.) She immediately decided that I should take the rest with me and eat it when I got home. She carefully put it in a container and carried it out to my car so that I would not forget it.

As I drove away, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. One thing I did realize was that she had a "heart of gold."

These dear, old ladies are now on the other side of the rolling tide,  
In the Land of Endless Day where Joy and Happiness abide.

## JEDDORE OR THEODORE (1699)

Jeddore is one of the oldest names on the coast between Halifax and Canso. It seems at first to have been applied somewhat indiscriminately to a large section of the coast. The name first appears in something like its present form in a document of 1727 where it is spelled "Jadore", but Jadore is the English - man's mistaken pronunciation of "Theodore", the French name which was in use before 1700. Denys describes the "River of Theodore" in 1672, taking the harbor to be the mouth of a large river. Villebon, in his description of the harbors of Acadia, written in 1699, describes "Theodore", and its location is modern Jeddore.

In the Land Grants at the Public Archives there is a petition in 1789 from James and Robert Bennett asking for land in Jeddore. They came from Savannah and were loyal to the King during the American Revolution. In 1812 John Henry Myers, a native of Nova Scotia and living at Jeddore asked for a certain lot on the East Side of Jeddore Harbor which was originally laid off to John Ballard, who died in Halifax some time before. John Henry Myers had a wife and three children. In a petition of 1818 John Henry Myers stated that he was a son of Andrew Myers, a Loyalist who did not receive any land in Nova Scotia. He had a wife and five children. And as he had settled on unoccupied land five years before and had made many improvements, he wanted a legal right to the property. At the same time the Mitchells asked for lands at Jeddore. Collin Peter Mitchell, Alexander Mitchell and John Mitchell, all of Jeddore, sons of Colin Mitchell who emigrated from Scotland 34 years before.

In 1818 Collin Mitchell and John, George W., Peter, Philip and Samuel Weber each received 250 acres at Jeddore. The Webers said in their petition that they were brothers, and lived on land purchased by John George Weber, a Loyalist. Collin Mitchell was their brother-in-law.

On July 9, 1843, Bishop John Inglis visited Jeddore and consecrated St. James Church of England. Bishop Inglis sailed from Halifax in a vessel named FAIR ROSAMOND, which had been lent to him by Vice-Admiral, Sir Charles Adam. Following is his description taken from a book, The Church in the Colonies.

Sunday, July 9 - We were early in our boat, and although we had to twist about in a wonderful manner to avoid mussel beds and shoals, on which we sometimes grounded, we were at the Jeddore Church before 10 o'clock. One hundred sixty persons were assembled, and completely filled the church. Mr. Jamison, the visiting Missionary on the Eastern Shore, was waiting for us. The church was consecrated, and named St. James, partly in honour of Mr. Jamison. From the pulpit I fully explained the nature of the service, as well as that of Confirmation. Thirty-three persons of very serious deportment were confirmed.

In Joseph Howe's newspaper, The Novascotian, for January 19, 1837, there is the following description of Jeddore:

This very winter the writer witnessed a scene at Jeddore. I know it would have delighted you, who love to see the muscle of Nova Scotians. After one of those heavy gales which closes the month of November, a fleet of thirty sail were found one morning, all grouped together in Jeddore --- the reefs broke mast high, a white row of boar's teeth foamed across the mouth of the Harbor. No one wished to stir --- yes, one daring bold-hearted fellow (Mitchell from Jeddore) ventured upon the danger. Most of our men watched from the tops, till, with relief to their feelings, they saw his little craft stagger through the breakers and escape. About ten o'clock the beach presented a sturdy body of muscular stout men as I had ever beheld - the fantastic variety of their costumes gave them, to a strange eye, a banditti like appearance. Here a group of square shouldered colliers from Maindieu and Louisbourg, with their red bonnets, shot pouches slung across their backs, and their large barrelled muskets, took to the woods in quest of game - while another party in their fur cap and axes over

their shoulders, made amends for their demurrage (the detention of a vessel beyond the specified time for departure as a result of an emergency) by felling their winter fuel.

My friend and myself strolled along, in search of some additional sea stock, and could not, in the harbor, procure one dozen mackerel at any price; such has this year been the utter failure of the catch. Butter was very high-priced in Halifax and we were told that there was an abundant supply at the head of the harbor; however, we found there were no means of conveyance. By land was impossible (for there was no road) and by water - such a one and such a one were off with freights to P.E.I., or had taken the shallop to Boston, and would not return until Christmas.

HEAD of JEDDORE: Its name means "a place of sea duck".

The Jeddore district is the centre of a large lumber industry as well as cutting puplwood. In 1727 Indians murdered several Englishmen who were fishing at Jeddore. An investigation was made and an Indian of Liscomb, Souillier and Chief Paul Tecoumart and his two sons were brought to Halifax and questioned by government authorities. They claimed ignorance of the murders and offered to bring in the real culprits. The treaty signed by their Chief was read to them and made impression. The authorities also gave them presents to encourage them in their good intentions; however, none of the murderers were ever brought to justice.

MARSH POINT: One day as a pioneer, who lived at Marsh Point, West Jeddore, returned to his home, he found an Indian at the table eagerly eating the food which his wife had been compelled to give him. Not waiting for an explanation he seized by the tail a cod he had been curing and with it beat the Indian over the head and back. To every blow the Indian made a wild response. When the Pioneer felt he had punished him enough, he let the Indian go with the warning never to return. The poor Indian escaped into the forest to care for his beaten pate.

In May, 1753, Governor Hopson sent seven men in a sloop to move an Indian, Major Cope, from Jeddore to a place nearer Halifax. They reached Jeddore the day after sailing from Halifax but were surprised to find at Marsh Point a large group of Indians, far more than their little sloop could carry at one time. The Indians seemed friendly so they started their task. As soon as they went ashore, they were seized and bound by the Indians who then made an attempt upon the sloop. The Indians tomahawked them all except a man by the name of Castell. They burned the sloop, Cope boasting at the burning that this was a good way to distress the English and to keep them away from this area.

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FIRST HORSE-CARS WERE "ELEGANT"

DID YOU KNOW?

- That the gala opening of Halifax City Railroad Company was June 11, 1866. Tickets sold for seven cents and 16 for \$1.00
- The Halifax Railway Company, the second transit business, was incorporated in 1884.
- The Halifax Street Railway Company, Limited, was incorporated in 1866.
- The horse cars had seen their best days. The Hollis Street branch was discontinued in 1893 and the northwestern branch in 1895.
- Halifax Electric Company, the first, functioned from 1884 until its take-over by Halifax Gas Light Company in 1887.
- Halifax Electric Tramway Company was incorporated in 1895.
- The first electric car started to operate February 12, 1896.

## THE COMING OF THE LOYALISTS TO SHIP HARBOUR - Jennie Marie Siteman

( In early times the United States was settled by British people while Canada belonged to France. England and France fought the Seven Years' War with the result that Britain won Canada. This War cost the British a large sum of money; therefore, they expected to tax the people of the United States to help pay the debt. Since the United States did not have a representative in the British Parliament, they flatly refused to pay any taxes.

George III insisted that they pay taxes; the Americans then wanted to be free from British rule. In 1774 the American Revolution started and it was nine years before the United States was a country by herself.

Many Americans still loved their Motherland and wanted to remain loyal to her. When they refused to fight against Britain, they were treated as traitors. They suffered from mobs burning their houses and taking all their possessions. The British urged them to escape to Canada.

The Loyalists, as they were called, who came to Nova Scotia were granted so many acres of land. Flour, pork, beef, butter, and salt were promised them for three years; seed and implements were to be provided. A plow and a cow were allotted to every two families; a whip-saw and a cross-cut saw to every four families; and a portable mill to every settlement. Each family received a hammer, a hand saw, some nails, and a few panes of glass for the house; while every five families had, among them, a full set of tools, a musket and some ammunition.

As we think about the following people who came to Ship Harbour deprived of everything they had, separated from their friends, set down alone in the thick woods - what must they have felt?)

In June 1784 the Loyalists came to Ship Harbour. An old Grant reads that 3000 Acres were granted to Malcolm McCullan and others by King George III. The Grant was signed and sealed by John Parr, Esquire, Captain General, Governor and Commander in Chief of Nova Scotia.

Another record says Captain Thomas Green brought them to Ship Harbour. Lots were given to each of the following: Malcolm & Mary McCullan; James and Mary Beaver; John McVicker; Christian and Juliana Zong; John G. and Mary E. Webber; Robert McEwen; James Lenox Goff; Nicholas Crumb; Conrod and Maria Shady; William and Catherine RittenHouse; Adam Newgesser, William and Margaret Melton; Lawrence and Mary Marks; Joseph and Hannah Lumb; Chambers and Catherine Blakely.

Maria Hamill, widow of Christopher who was killed in the war, never took up the lot she was granted as she was drowned either in Ship Harbour or Halifax before she could. It is not known where her four children went.

Jane Newergarer and her daughter Catherine never claimed their grant.

Others who stayed a few years and then found life too hard were the McCullans, and Beavers so they moved farther down the shore into what was known as Shoal Bay. They were followed by the Vickers, Crumb, Shady, RittenHouse, Newgesser, Melton, Lumb, Goff and McEwen.

Andrew and Mary Myers went to Jeddore where some Myers' had built homes. It is not known whether or not they had any children.

Henry (Seidenann) Siteman took up a Grant at Head Jeddore. Today St. James Church stands on what was a part of his lot. Henry and Barbara had 8 children, Henry, John G., Catherine, Barbara, Susannah, Elizabeth, Charlotte and Andrew. In 1810 Henry bought the lot from John G. Webber and moved to Ship Harbour where he bought several more lots. By this time his three daughters had married; (Con't)

(Loyalists -Con't)

Catherine to John Webber, Barbara to George H. Webber, and Susannah to Samuel Webber. John and Samuel lived in Clam Bay, while George lived at Abbycomeback. Henry Jr. married Elizabeth Day and remained at Jeddore for some years then moved to Ship Harbour. They had 12 children.

John G. married Annie Elizabeth Garrett. They had 14 children.

Later Elizabeth married John Newcombe. Charlotte married John Eisan and Andrew married Catherine Garrett and lived in Ship Harbour until his death, June 9, 1871. He had 11 children.

Henry Sitenan, Sr. is buried on the top of the hill back of his home. It is not known when Barbara died or where she is buried.

John Zwilling and son George also took up a Grant at Head Jeddore; however, he moved away after a few years.

Christian and Juliana Zong gave their Lot to their daughter, Elizabeth who married Jason Chapman and this land is still in the Chapman family.

Although Conrod and Maria Shady didn't stay in Ship Harbour, mention should be made of Maria's daughters. Elizabeth married George Shellnut. Margaret married Lovett Throughgood. Susannah married Richard Tucker and they lived in Little Harbour in 1827. Hannah married Daniel Weeks. There is no record of Catherine's marriage.

Lawrence and Mary Marks had three children, Jacob, Elizabeth and Susannah.

Chambers and Catherine Blakely had four children, William, David, Lawrence and Catherine. I believe that there were other children??

Michael Eisan who originally settled in East Jeddore moved to Ship Harbour. Smaller lots were sold to John Lovett Throughgood who resold to John Reardon in 1810. Thomas Merryweather rented one of his lots.

George Shellnut and Richard Garrett settled on one of the lots and a Henry Crumb owned 25 acres nearby.

Henry Peitzsche lived in this vicinity for many years. He had a large family.

John G. and Mary E. Webber moved to Clam Bay. Their 5 sons and son-in-law Colin Mitchell bought the Campbell Grant. Colin Mitchell came from Fifeshire, Scotland, as a ward of his uncle Sir Colin Campbell. He married Elizabeth Webber and settled in Oyster Pond, near Mitchell's Cove.

Peter Webber married Elizabeth Merryweather and lived at Oyster Pond. His daughter Mary married William Myers. They were the parents of Grandpa Jin Myers who built the "Fisherman's House Museum". His son Peter and grandson James were among the first settlers in Upper Lakeville.

Philip Webber married Sarah Wisdom and lived at Owl's Head. He had 11 children.

When Samuel F. Webber died, May 18, 1864, he was the last of the Loyalists on the Eastern Shore. He and his wife, Susannah, are buried at Campbell Hill Cemetery and the names on their tombstones are still readable.

During this time, or a little before, the Weeks came to Ship Harbour.

The Stoddards came to Little Harbour around 1776.

(Thanks, Jennie, for the information. Are any of your ancestors mentioned among the Loyalists? My family is descended from Sir Colin Campbell.)

*July 20, 1891 Newcastle, Jamaica - dau. of Charles Lock - Rachael Duke  
Lester M. Duke*

## WOMEN'S WORK IN EARLY DAYS

A pioneer woman was responsible for making the clothes worn by her family. How did she manage? Well, her husband would first shear the sheep and pass the wool over to his wife. She cleaned, combed and carded it until the hairs lay smooth. Then on her spinning wheel, she spun it into yarn. When the yarn was spun, she dyed some of it brown with the bark of the hemlock tree and some she dyed yellowish - brown with onion peelings.

Then the long threads were stretched upon the pins of a home-made loom. (In the Red Barn Craft Shop we have an old loom like the early settlers used.) Then the mother wove the shuttle under and over, under and over, until she finished the web of strong cloth which was called "homespun".

The women were up at five attending to the milk which had been standing in wooden pans over night. They used a home-made willow brush to scrub these pans. They were then scalded and placed out to air ready for the evening supply of milk. It wasn't until 1860 that tin pans were used.

Breakfast was at six o'clock. It consisted mainly of corn-meal porridge eaten with maple sugar. Tea was expensive so it was used sparingly.

After breakfast the women usually baked bread in an outside oven. The flour had been made by pounding grain in a stump with a hollowed top. Sometimes they baked bread in a big covered kettle around which hot coals were piled. If flour was scarce, they mixed it with fish, making fish rolls.

Then there was the tedious job of drying the meat and fruit to preserve them. The raspberries and blueberries were dried in cakes; therefore, when fruit was wanted for the table, pieces were broken from the cake and a little sugar added. Choke-cherries were pounded and used as jelly.

For the children they browned some flour and mixed it with molasses. This was the only candy the children knew.

Corn-meal and buckwheat pancakes, with wild honey, was often served at the evening meal. Often the cold porridge left from breakfast was sliced and fried.

Often there was soap to be made or blankets to be washed. New blankets were hard to wash because so much sturgeon oil was used on the wool to make it work easier when it was teased and carded. In an enormous tub they would put hot water and home-made soap. When the blankets were put into the tub, the girls took off their shoes and stockings and got into the tub, treading the dirt out of the blankets with their bare feet. The blankets were so heavy that the men had to be called to help wring them.

Sad irons were used to iron the ordinary clothes. Italian irons were used for the frills of their caps and the ruffles on the boys' shirts. (There is an Italian iron at the Museum. We call it a frill iron.)

They made their starch from potatoes. The potatoes were ground up and then pressed through a straining-cloth over a tub partly filled with water in which the starch settled. Indigo is a blue dyestuff extracted from a shrub. Indigo was put into the starch which was to be used for clothes; that used for puddings was made separately.

Shoes made from the tanned hide of cattle were called "beef shoes."

A trip to the store was interesting. Paper and string were not used. If one bought tea or sugar, you would also buy a cotton handkerchief in which to carry it home.

THE U B W M U of Oyster Pond, Jeddore -Submitted by Grace Forsythe

Through the years, records of organizations are often lost. Minute books have been thoughtlessly discarded or mislaid, and succeeding generations suffer. Part of their heritage is gone.

So it is with the records of the UBWMU of Oyster Pond, Jeddore. We do know the Baptist Church was organized in Jeddore in 1819, with members from the whole harbour attending the Mother Church on the West side. The congregation met in the 'little meeting house' that stood south of the present cemetery, and travelled by boat. Enos Baker was Church Clerk. By 1880, there were 245 members on the field under the Rev. James Meadows. (One day Rev. Meadows was visiting Aunt Emmy Obed. She wanted him to stay for dinner. He said, "I am very busy. I have a large field to care for." Aunt Emmy said, "Oh, I see. do you mow much hay?") The present church on the West side was built and dedicated in 1885. In 1895 the building on the East side was opened, serving both East Jeddore and Oyster Pond members. There were 56 who withdrew from the West side church at the time. In 1907 the present building at Oyster Pond was dedicated.

Although no minutes are available, Mrs. Annie (Crockett) Mitchell has left a record in her diary through which we can trace the origin of our UBWMU. She recorded: "Feb. 2, 1927. 42nd anniversary of the Women's Missionary Aid." This dates the organization to 1885, making the Society 91 years old in 1976. Present at that meeting in 1927 were:

Mrs. Peter Hartlin (Civilla Arnold), Secretary then and for 60 years.  
Mrs. William David Mitchell (Irene Bevans).  
Mrs. Howard Jennex (Annie Weston); Mrs. Colin Mitchell (Betty Hartling);  
Mrs. Obed Mitchell (Emma Hartling); Mrs. Daniel Hill (Ella Blakeney);  
Mrs. John P. Webber (Eudlavilla Mitchell);  
Mrs. Archie Mitchell (Emma) and Mrs. James R. Jennex (Mary) both from Nfld.;  
Miss Marguerite Mitchell, now Mrs. Maurice Baker, a member of East Jeddore;  
Miss Inez Jennex, (Mrs. Wm. MacKenzie of Dartmouth); Miss Olive Leslie,  
(School teacher from Spry Bay); Miss Hilda Mitchell (daughter of James and Mary); Miss Merle Mitchell, now Mrs. Cyril Blakeney, secretary of our Society;  
Mrs. John Will (Annie Crockett) Mitchell, President.

Mrs. Annie (Crockett) Mitchell was one of the members of the West side church who transferred her membership to Oyster Pond. She is listed as a member of the West side in 1902. According to her notes, the WMS was organized in Oyster Pond before the church itself was built, while the centre for worship was on the West side. Apparently, each community had its own women's group soon after Maria Norris inspired women in Nova Scotia to further the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands.

Mrs. Daniel (Ella Blakeney) Hill was the first Baby Band leader in Jeddore. As one member recalls - 'I can see her yet, as she set out to visit her 'babies', usually with her youngest in the carriage. She carried her lantern to light the homeward way.

The present WMS after 50 years with 12 members meets monthly. The President, Mrs. Cora (Harpell) Myers, is a daughter of Mrs. William A. (Civilla Myers) Harpell who belonged to the group on the West side. Two Daughters of Mrs. Civilla Hartlin are Miss Ethel Hartlin and Mrs. Harvey (Addie) Myers. Addie is our oldest member, and is treasurer. Her mother, Mrs. Civilla Hartlin was 20 years old when the WMS was organized, and was one of the founders. Two of her daughters-in-law are Mrs. Herman (Lilah) Hartlin, and Mrs. Roland (Leah) Hartlin. Mrs. Iona Jennex is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Howard Jennex. Mrs. Emma George is a niece of Mrs. Obed (Emma) Mitchell, and Mrs. Maurice Baker is a daughter of Mrs. Archie Mitchell. Mrs. Merle Blakeney is a daughter of Mrs. Irene Mitchell. Mrs. Margery Mitchell is a niece-in-law of Mrs. John P. Webber. All descendants of those who met in 1927.

A WOODSMAN TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES

-- Clyde Siteman

(Clyde, I didn't know that you had an aptitude to write poetry.)

LOGGING

We work in the woods at Chezzetcook Lake,  
Cutting large logs our living to make;  
We eat in a camp repaired by the crew,  
'Twas built years ago and none of it now.

'Tis covered with canvas brought in from the mill,  
It belonged to another camp over the hill;  
The stove is a barrel, the pipe has a knee,  
There's a half gallon kettle for boiling the tea.

In the middle a table where we sit down to eat,  
Upon two wide benches which do for a seat;  
When dinner is finished and eating is o'er,  
The music you hear is a very loud snore.

Outside are our horses, the working three,  
Each with plenty of power as you plainly see;  
There's Mike and There's Pete with plenty of weight,  
Both of them walk at a very slow gait.

Oh, yes, there's Ogenie, a little black mare, 1-3  
She's not quite so heavy but she handles her share;  
We travel all day, back and forth, hauling logs,  
Over hills and hollows and across the bogs.

Harold has a camera, a movie one too,  
For taking pictures of all of the crew;  
One picture shows us securing the logs,  
By using devices known as dogs.

Out on the ice along the Lake Shore,  
We unload our logs and go back for more;  
Driving our horses with a "Gee" and a "Haw",  
And with other "choice" words we lay down the law.

When we are finished and our day's work is done,  
We head up the lake with our horse on the run;  
Then to the stables two miles away,  
We are happy to relax after a long, weary day.

\*\*\*\*\*  
(I have learned many facts about Ship Harbor Lake from Clyde's stories and I am sure the many people who worked up Ship Harbor Lake will recall the names of places and woodsmen of the times when lumbering was a thriving industry along the Eastern Shore.)

(Clyde) I will write here one or more of my experiences I had while starting out to work sometime after the middle twenties.

The first story is of working to repair dams on what is, and was called, Cowan Brook. First, perhaps, I should give the reader a picture of the waterways that started somewhere around Moose River. This river starting from various lakes and streams fed into what is known as Fish River. Fish River emptied into Ship Harbor Lake and mingled with the waters flowing out of Long Lake.

(Clyde, Con't.)

Long Lake is four miles long with water flowing into it from an area around Murchyville and Middle Musquodoboit.

The water in Ship Harbor Lake, (Lake Charlotte) is very deep in some places, reasonably wide and is one of the four largest lakes in Nova Scotia. It is said to be 10 miles long and flows out near the lower end into the Second Lake through the Third Falls.

The Second Lake is, I think, over one mile long and it flows down through the Second Falls, where at one point the Cowan Brook flows into it. Next comes Week's Lake, then on through the First Falls into the Head of Ship Harbor, which is one of the finest harbors along the Eastern Shore.

Now, back to my story of repairing dams on Cowan's Brook. Percy Palmer was the foreman on that job. We stayed at the Lower Driving Camp which had one large log for its side wall. One end was the sleeping part or Bunk House. The bunks were spruce boughs placed on the ground the whole length of the room. On the other side was a stove. This stove being, I think, a forty-five gallon oil barrel with a door in one end and a pipe fitted on top of the other end.

The bunks were called "Muzzle Loaders" because you had to crawl in head first. There wasn't enough room at the head to sit up, if you did, you would get a pretty good bump. The partition between the bunks was only a pole cut and nailed from head to foot far enough apart for two persons to sleep together. Sometimes if you did not have a good grip on your edge of the blanket, you would wake up a bit cold with the blanket wound round your bed partner. Then you had to a diplomat to get your part without causing an argument.

There were four Dams on Cowan Brook. The first one was at the foot of a small Lake called the Mill Pond it was the Union Dam. The next one was Puni-Roy then there was Mike's Dam. The farthest one up was called Victoria Dam at the foot of Victoria Flowage, which covered a large area of land.

We repaired each Dam and caulked them with moss. To caulk in between the up-right logs we used a piece of wood shaped like a wedge with the upper end just large enough to hold to and a mallet made of wood. These would soon wear out; therefore, you always had to have extras. At times there had to be holes made with an auger to hold the logs together. Then a piece of wood to fit into the holes, this piece of wood, I think, was called a trunnel. If the trunnel did not fit perfectly, the boss would be cross. In fact, one day this remark was overheard, "No d.. good, As-a-riar. Make another."

At one dam we had to fix the gate, this was the part of the dam which could be raised and lowered to let out water or close it off also to run the logs through or stop them.

#### A TRIP FROM THE PEG MILL TO GRASSY LAKE

During peeling time, about June, the logs and trees would begin to loosen their bark enabling them to be peeled easily and if the hardwood was cut at this it would float lighter. A crew had been sent up to Monument Ridge to fall the hardwood. At the foot of a part of Monument Ridge was Grassy Lake, where the Lewis Company had built a camp.

I, with three others, in name, Rufus DeWolfe, Reuben Eisan and Alfred Eisan, started from the factory with two horses to travel up Cowan Brook to Grassy Lake. I think it was Reuben Eisan who professed to know the way, anyway, we started very early in the morning. There were two ways to travel, the River Trail or the Mountain Trail. We travelled along fine until we came to the Upper Driving Camp at Victoria Flowage. Guess what? Nobody seemed to know in which direction to go. After a brief discussion, it was decided to go down river a few yards, cross the bridge and travel along a reasonably wide road which could take us to Grassy Lake. Getting to the end of the road, lo and behold, there was Ship Harbor Lake!

(Clyde, Con't.)

The only thing for us to do now was to walk along the side of the lake. (I thought of a night in the woods.) After walking for two or three hours, we came to a pulpwood camp. Who should be there but Vaughan Webber. (Woodsmen have often made comments about Vaughan's sense of direction. For Vaughan to get lost in the woods, even though he never carried a compass, would indeed be unusual.) He listened to our story, gave us a bite to eat and put us on the trail to Joneses' Cove. At Joneses' Cove we took the Totô Road and arrived at Grassy Lake around five o'clock. Can you imagine the "ribbing" we got from the others?

Because I was young and just starting at woods' work, I was given the job of helping Rufus DeWolfe in rolling brow. My, he was particular! Logs had to be placed evenly at the front end and one couldn't be out six inches. The logs were heavy and slippery and I was always happy when the Snake Horse was a long time making trips.

At noon the Lunch Carrier arrived, prepared the lunch and yelled, "Luncheon". We all pitched in to collect our meat, bread and molasses or jam, a mug of tea, maybe, a cookie or cake. It was no fun standing up to eat; therefore, we would warm small branches over the fire and sit on them.

The cook at the camp was Jim Lou Marks. In all camps food was more or less the same; however, with Jim Lou we would have had cod fish and apple pie (Dried apples) for dinner on Friday then codfish hash and plum pudding for supper. Every Saturday night he would lead in a sing song. Before retiring he would treat us with a mug of ginger tea.

#### MONUMENT RIDGE:

Monument Ridge got its name from the fact that Cyrus Mitchell and Tom Webber were shot and killed during the hunting season. (There are conflicting stories just who did the shooting, Annands or Taylors, maybe you know?) This shooting was witnessed by Alvin Webber and John G. Mitchell. Alvin was wounded in the arm. (Cyrus and Tom are buried in the united Church Cemetery, Oyster Pond.) A wooden Cross or Monument was erected on the spot where they were killed with their names painted on it. This was often replaced because wild animals, especially bears, would destroy the wooden structure. Later the Monument was replaced with one built of cement. I wonder if it is still there?

Near Monument Ridge was Gold Lake where one still finds traces of the old mine and a rusty steam boiler.

Other places of interest as well as camp sites      Stover Bog, Honey Hole, Taylor's Road, Melville Dam, Pug Hole, the Meadow, Ox Bow Crossing, Codline Rips, and Tea-Camp Landing.

How well I remember the river driving and the towing of booms to the Peg Mill at Ship Harbor and George Monk's Mill. Driving pulpwood out of Hortman's brook to Ship Harbor Lake was very exciting because of the steepness of Hortman's Hill. When the wood started to jam there, look out!

(Mr. Hortman, often referred to as "Old Man Hortman" lived alone in a small cabin at the top of the hill. Older residents of our area have told that Mr. Hortman was a Tea addict. He would drink so much strong tea that he often got in a state of stupor or drunkenness. To get supplies to the top of the hill everything had to be put in small containers, for instance, a barrel of flour was opened at the foot of the hill and put in small bags to be carried to the top. Major Hogan of Lake Charlotte prospected for gold at Hortman's not too long ago. His findings were never made public.)

(Clyde, Con't)

Let me get back to towing booms. One time when I was on Ship Harbor Lake with Ernest, "Ern" Webber towing a boom to Ship Harbour and after moving slowly all night, I was glad to see Harbour Island and Moose Hill Point. I was getting hungry; however, Ernie timed it well because soon Murray, one of Ernie's sons, came out in a boat bringing our breakfast.

We kept on towards the Third Falls. I still remember the delicious dinner of corned beef and potatoes cooked by Ernie's wife and brought out to us by either Murray, Eugene or Gerald. "It sure tasted good."

It took time to get the logs over the Third and Second Falls and down to the Peg Factory at Ship Harbour. Logs going to George Monk's Mill had to be driven through the dam at Week's Lake.

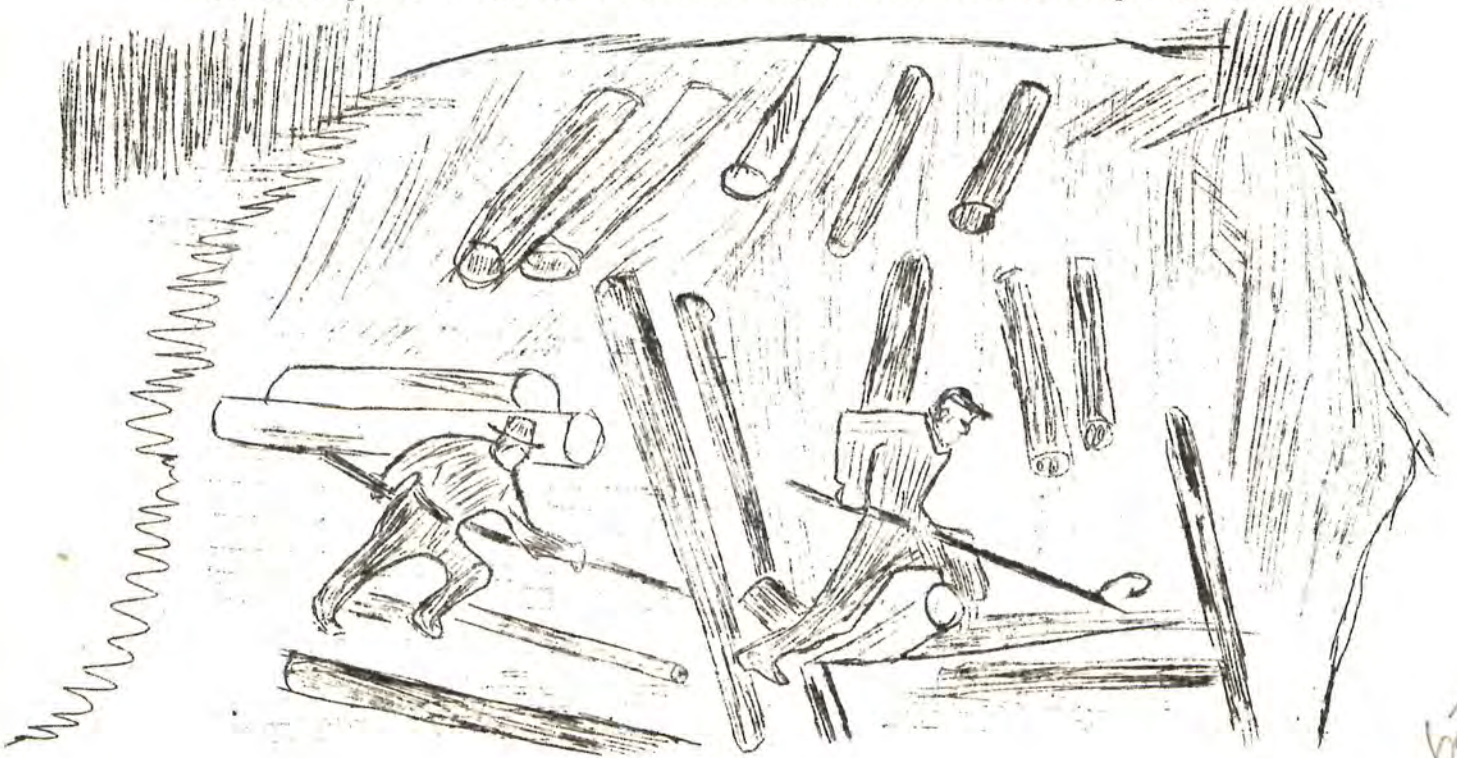
And, oh, yes, I must not forget to mention the delicious cooking of "Big Jim" Myers, from Jeddore.

Poor Harland Mills of Jeddore took his cooking job seriously. He was quite concerned about how he would keep his bread dough warm overnight so that it would raise properly. The camp crew told him to put a lighted lantern in the bottom of an empty flour barrel and to place his bread pan in the top of the barrel. Harland mixed his bread and did exactly what he had been told. The next morning anxious to get his bread into the baking pans, he lifted the cover to find just a flat mass of half cooked dough.

What happened? Well, in the first place nobody told him that he had to bore holes in the side of the barrel to allow some of the heat to escape; therefore, with all the heat in the barrel it baked like an oven.

I could ramble on and on about my experiences but that is not needed in this narration, I suspect; however, I would like to mention the names of some of my pals who made working in the woods a pleasure. Hub Eisan, William Eisan, Byron Mitchell, George Monk, John Foley, Ivan Myers, Ross Keating, Harold Siteman, Joe Richardson and Alan Chapman, as well as those I have already mentioned in the story. Arthur Marks and Guinn Marks were two fine Foremen.

In later years I did mill work and marked and tallied many feet of lumber.



## DID YOU KNOW ?

- That Jeddore itself is shaped like a horse shoe from West Head along to East Point, both jutting out into the broad Atlantic Ocean and is supposed to be 22 miles from point to point and also one of the finest harbours on the Eastern shore.
- That Mrs. Margaret LaPierre of Chezzetcook who was 101 years of age in September, 1977, attended the closing of "Fisherman's House Museum".
- That WOOD'S 7¢ STORE, 131 Granville Street, Halifax, Importers of Foreign and American Novelties, sold to local Eastern Shore Merchants in 1890.
- One of the oldest grave stones in St. John's Cemetery is that of Alexander Mitchell, dated 1860.
- That during World War II a German spy pushed a drum along the Eastern Shore deceiving the residents in making them believe he was only doing it for adventure. People treated him kindly giving him food and lodging. To help pay his expenses, he sold small photographs of himself for 25¢. Later he was arrested in Boston. He had sketches of all the harbours along the Eastern Shore in his possession.
- That our first Christmas Cards were made in 1843 when Sir Henry Cole sent out the first card. Santa Claus appeared on cards in 1860 he was called St. Nicholas.
- The first Motor Vehicle Act in Nova Scotia came into effect, April 28, 1901. It cost \$5 to register a car in 1907.  
Maximum speed in towns and cities was  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour, in country areas 15 miles per hour.  
Early motor vehicles were called, "Devil Machines".  
In 1907 there were 59 cars registered in Nova Scotia.  
W.L. Kane of Halifax owned a car in 1903.
- That the Sibley Brothers, master chair makers around 1850, made chairs in a factory at Wittenburg, Colchester County. The saw mill was located by a stream that provided power for the mill to cut materials. The mill was later moved to Stewiacke because steam power was more economical. There are Sibley chairs in the Museum.
- That the first Post Office in British North America was established in 1755 at Halifax, Nova Scotia.
- That an epidemic of sea urchins (hoar's eggs) is believed responsible for the disappearance of lush seaweed growth around the coast of Nova Scotia. The lobster that normally lived among it is fast disappearing also.
- That on "Fairway Shoal" in Jeddore Harbour there is what is called the "Groaner" a mournful but welcome sound to the mariner. There is also a flashing light on "Fairway Shoal".
- That in 1878 there was a diphtheria epidemic in the Jeddore area.
- That sailing vessels once navigated Porter's Lake. It has been told that a ship entered the lake and was scuttled or sunk off "Duck's Head".  
That a ship CITY OF BOSTON was wrecked off Jeddore Head.
- That Archdeacon G.S. Tanton was honored recently with the opening of Tanton Hall in the Tangier Deanery Centre. He is still loved and held in the highest esteem by the people of the Eastern Shore to whom he ministered for 14 years.

## DID YOU KNOW?

- That the first ALMANAC in England was printed at Oxford, in 1673.
- That FEATHER BEDS were used in England in the reign of Henry VIII , 1509 -1547.
- That the Christians of Egypt burned butter in their lamps instead of oil, in third century.
- That bottles in ancient times were made of Leather.
- That the earliest record of wooden coffins among the English speaking people is that of the burial of King Arthur in an entire trunk of oak, hollowed, A.D. 542. The patent coffins were invented in 1796.
- That Corsets were used in England in the latter half of the fourteenth century. They contained rods and plates of whale - bone and steel, and were designed, to conceal the defects and exaggerate the beauties of the body.
- That Bells were used in churches by order of Pope John IX, about 900, as a defense, by ringing them, against thunder and lightning. Bells were often baptized as were ships; however, with more religious solemnity.
- That silver forks came into general use in England about 1814.
- That in 1404 A Swiss manufacturer of Paris invented the first hat.
- That a Lamp was constructed to produce neither smoke nor smell was patented in 1784 by Argand, a Frenchman.
- That the directions are given for making the holy incense, or perfume, in Exodus, Chapter 30, 1490 B.C.
- That Pins are first mentioned in the statutes of England in 1483. Brass pins were brought from France in 1540. They were first used in England by Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. They were first manufactured by machinery in 1824, under a patent of Lemuel Wright of the United States.
- That Playing Cards were introduced into Europe by the Saracens about the end of the 13th century. In England under Edward IV , 1461-1483, the manufacture of cards was a thriving business. Certain governments prohibited the use of cards because of immoral influences. The marks upon the suits of cards are believed to represent symbolically the different classes of society. The hearts stood for the clergy, clubs for the soldiery, spades for the serfs and diamonds for the merchants.
- That the SAW was invented by Daedalus. It is said that he found the jaw bone of a snake. He used it to cut through a piece of wood, and then formed an instrument of iron like it. Norway had the first sawmill in 1530.
- That WEAVING was practiced in China more than a thousand years before it was known in Europe or Asia. Poets assign the art to the spider. The Saviour's coat had not any seam, being woven from the top throughout, in one whole piece.
- That According to legend because of the preternatural sagacity of the living rabbit, the dead rabbit had magic powers. The belief is that to carry a rabbit's foot in the pocket is not only a charm for good luck, but is a specific for diseases. The left hind foot of the rabbit is believed to have the most magical power, and if it be taken from a rabbit that runs in a graveyard, its supernatural properties are believed to be quite irresistible.
- That according to records Spectacles and Reading Glasses were invented by Roger Bacon, about 1280.
- That in 1820 Joseph Gillott perfected the present form of steel pens to replace the quill pen.

LEST WE FORGET - OTIS JENNEX

O Canada, Let not the Memory die, Of these dear lads in far-off graves who lie;  
 With valiant hearts themselves they gave, In air, on land, on sea,  
 They stood on guard, O Canada, That still thou might be free;  
 O Canada, thy destiny Was sealed by those who died on guard for thee,  
 By those who nobly daring, died for thee.

WORLD WAR I  
 ROY BAKER  
 VICTOR BOWSER  
 CLARENCE BOWSER  
 ROBERT DAY  
 BENJAMIN DAY  
 JOHN FOLEY  
 ROY FAULKNER  
 SAM COX  
 FRANK GUILD  
 JUDSON HARTLING  
 JOSIAH HARTLING  
 THOMAS HARTLING  
 CHARLES HARTLING  
 W.F. HOSKING  
 GORDON JENNEX  
 ROBERT MITCHELL  
 PERCY MITCHELL  
 CAPT. L.A. MITCHELL  
 GUY M. MITCHELL  
 CAPT. H.C. MITCHELL

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\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*HONOR\*  
 \*ROLL\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

GREATER  
 LOVE HATH  
 NO MAN THAN  
 THIS, THAT  
 A MAN LAY  
 DOWN HIS LIFE  
 FOR HIS  
 FRIENDS.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 AT THE GOING  
 DOWN OF THE  
 SUN AND IN THE  
 MORNING  
 WE WILL  
 REMEMBER  
 THEM.  
 \*\*\*\*\*

WORLD WAR I  
 B.H. MITCHELL  
 JOSEPH PERRY  
 DR. R.H. STODDARD  
 WILLIAM SLADE  
 SELDON WEBBER  
 NELSON WEBBER  
 ARTHUR WEBBER  
 NELSON A. WEBBER  
 LEONARD WEBBER  
 EDWARD WEBBER  
 EARL WEBBER  
 HUDSON WEBBER  
 MORRIS TURPLE  
 KILLED IN ACTION  
 ERNEST ARNOLD  
 AMOS BAKER  
 AMOS MITCHELL  
 CLARENCE MYERS

\*\*\*\*\*

LEST WE FORGET

1914 - 1918

1939 - 1945

HARRIS BAKER  
 OWEN BAKER  
 MELVIN BONN

HARLAND MITCHELL  
 THEODORE WARNELL  
 RALPH WEBBER

HARLAND HARTLIN  
 ISAAC HARTLIN  
 WELDON KIDSON  
 MARVEN MACGREGOR

DIED IN ACTIVE SERVICE

WORLD WAR II

1939 - 1945.

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED IN 1926.

## THE WAR MEMORIAL AT OYSTER POND - Cecil Mitchell

In 1926 the Monument In Memory of our men who served in WORLD WAR I was erected at the crossroads of the Main Highway and East Jeddore Road under the supervision of Nelson Webber of Oyster Pond.

The Promoters of this Monument Project were Seldon Webber, Josiah Mitchell, Elijah Mitchell, Reuben Mitchell and Cecil Mitchell. All members of the Orange Lodge approved of this Memorial. It was purchased from Alonzo Harpell. Captain Wallace and Elijah Mitchell were responsible for transporting it from Halifax to the Oyster Pond Government Wharf. When the IOLANTHE docked at the wharf, men came from all around to help unload it because it was awkward and very heavy.

Of course, where was it to be placed? Each church denomination thought it should be erected near its cemetery. After friendly discussion, it was decided to locate it at the crossroads. It was for many years a landmark; however, when a new highway was built, it was moved to its present location, the former site of Fred and Thomas Stoddard's work shop.

In this picturesque setting it is a credit to the Eastern Shore. Remembrance Day is more significant to the veterans and residents when they gather around this Memorial and see the names carved thereon.

Ex-Councillor Ronald Jennex is now responsible for the maintenance of this statue and the small park that surrounds it.

After WORLD WAR II the names of our men killed in action are written on a Plaque affixed to the Memorial. See the names for yourself on the previous page.

### REMEMBRANCE DAY, NOVEMBER 11.

In many raids and battles men realize that chances of returning are very slim. The fears of soldiers are never unfounded. After one officer had been killed in a daring raid, an operational order paper was found among his belongings. Across the top of it was written in a firm hand: "I go forward not knowing the thing which shall befall me, but I know in whom I believe." The unit commander was so impressed that on every operation his men carried out after that, he saw to it that these words were printed across their orders. They became a comfort and guiding light to the brave men. May we never forget such courage!

Many Canadians are buried in Flander's Field,  
They fought very bravely but would not yield;  
White crosses and poppies mark the spot,  
Where our men are sleeping, our Freedom they sought.



IN FLANDER'S FIELD

Recently my brother, Everett Mitchell of Rockland, Mass. donated to the Museum Library a copy of THE STANDARD - CANADA'S AID TO THE ALLIES AND PEACE MEMORIAL. The full-page Canadian war illustrations and portraits of Allied Leaders must be seen to be appreciated. He bought it at a Flea Market for a few cents.

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anything I know,  
 There ain't a single nother thing that helps  
 yer feelin' so.  
 Some days I stay in Muvver's room a gettin'  
 in her way;  
 An' when I've bothered her so much she sez,  
 "Oh, run an' play!"  
 I say, "Kin I go barefoot?" En she says,  
 "If y' choose" -  
 Nen I alwus holler when I'm pullin'  
 off my shoes!



It's fun a-goin' barefoot when yer playin' any game -  
 'Cause robbers would be noisy an' Indians awful tame  
 Unless they had their shoes off when they crep' up  
 in the night,  
 An' folks can't know they're comin' till they  
 get right close in sight!  
 An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when  
 I get old,  
 An' haven't got a nurse to say, I'll catch  
 my death o' cold!

An' if yer goin' barefoot, yer want to  
 go outdoors.  
 Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels  
 in stupid hardwood floors

Like you kin dig 'em in the dirt and where the long grass grows,  
 The blades feel kinder tickley an' cool between yer toes.  
 So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty 'fraid I'll cough -  
 'Cause then I know Ma'd stop me 'for I got my stockin's off!

If y' often go round barefoot there's lots o' things to know -  
 Of how t' curl yer feet on stones so they won't hurt y' so -  
 An' when the grass is stickley and pricks 'y. at a touch,  
 Jes' plunk yer feet down solid an' it don't hurt half as much,  
 I lose my hat mos' every day. I wish I did my shoes -  
 Er else I wisht I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!

News Clipping

\*\*\*\*\*

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book ---  
 The children are the leaves,  
 The parents are the covers  
 That protecting beauty gives.

At first, the pages of the book  
 Are blank and purely clear,  
 But Time soon writeth memories  
 and painteth pictures fair.

Composed by the late Annie (Harpell)  
 Kennedy, eldest daughter of William  
 and Civilla (Myers) Harpell, West  
 Jeddore, and granddaughter of James  
 and Hannah (Doyle) Myers.

( Her picture is in the Museum.)

Love is the little golden clasp  
 That bindeth up the trust;  
 Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves  
 Should scatter and be lost!

1886 - 1966

GOD BLESS OUR MOTHERLAND - Burns Marks , Ship Harbor

(Burns is not a Tennyson; however, with his limited educational background, he had an outstanding gift for vocabulary and sense of rhyme. With all the emphasis on reading problems to-day, I wonder where poor Burns would have been placed?)

Across the sea from Canada's shore,  
Old London town we'll find;  
Where dwells our noble King and Queen  
With pleasant heart and mind.

In 1918 all the harps in Heaven,  
Rang loudly on every strand;  
With victory, peace and glory;  
For dear old Motherland.

Our Queen is a Highland Lassie,  
She has two daughters fair;  
Each one a charming maiden,  
With pretty flaxen hair.

Many friends and relatives weep,  
For those in battle slain;  
May God send peace to this earth,  
To ease our woes and pain.

In distant lands under Britain's reign,  
Our Union Jack is seen;  
Flying high to give a welcome,  
To our noble King and Queen.

Bright poppies are a token,  
To those who have gone to rest;  
And the white crosses are remembrances,  
For all who gave their best.

Their Majesties from London soil,  
Rule England true and grand;  
Also the lands of Ireland green,  
And Canada's emblem land.

May Britain now enjoy some peace,  
Upon the land and sea;  
And eternal rest for all who fought,  
To set old England free.

Britain is our Nation's pride,  
To her, all hopes are given;  
Many Canadians fought for Motherland,  
And are not now among the living.

\*\*\*\*\*  
(The King and Queen referred to in this poem is George V and Queen Mary. George V, the grandson of Queen Victoria, became king in 1910. He had to face many serious problems, such as, labor problems, difficulty of English rule in Ireland and India, and World War I. (1914 - 1918.)

Attempt was made by other lands,  
Old England to destroy;  
But her children gave a helping hand,  
Which filled England's heart with joy.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following poem was one written by Elisha Harpell, son of Stephen and Annie (Hopkins) Harpell, West Jeddore, shortly before he died at the age of 22 in 1892. He was "of a poetical nature, but very poorly educated. With good education and a fair start in life, he may have accomplished much in this world, but God saw fit to take him at the early age of 22." Dec. 14, 1869 - Apr. 15, 1892.

THE OCEAN

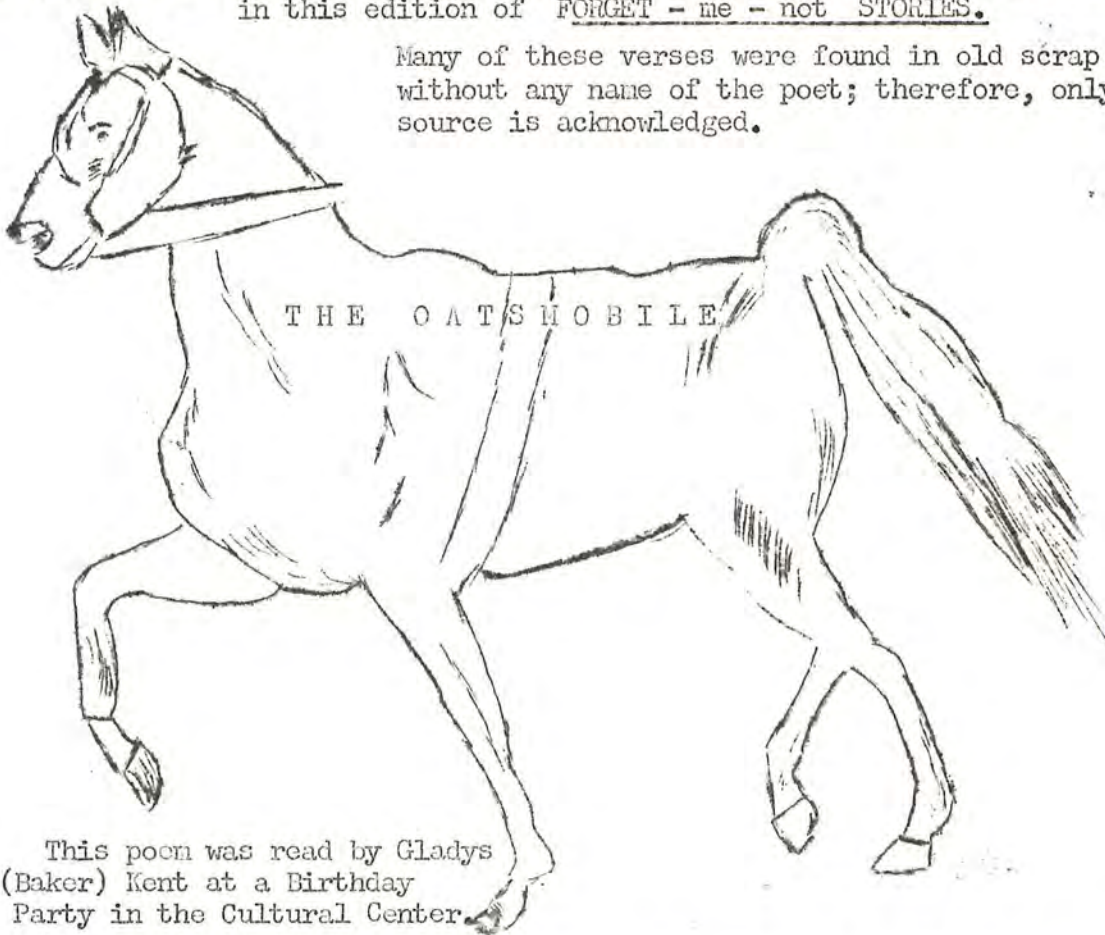
Oh, thou broad and boundless ocean,  
On thy bosom now we gaze;  
As adoring we behold thee  
And thy Maker do we praise.  
Tranquil as a sleeping baby,  
Thus in grandeur dost thou roll;  
And our minds are filled with rapture  
For His working we behold.  
How could I behold thee, thoughtless?  
How could I upon thee gaze  
Without thinking of the Maker  
Who is worthy of all praise?

Thou art hushed in quiet slumber,  
For the Voice has said, "Be still!"  
Yet how soon upon thy bosom  
Differently could be Thy will.  
If He would speak upon thy bosom,  
Billows then could have their sway;  
And we'd see a raging tumult  
'Til again, "Peace", He would say.

July 18, 1888

THE "GOLDEN AGERS" (NEW HORIZONS) enjoy the following poems of bygone days. Here are some favorites which have been selected to be published in this edition of FORGET - me - not STORIES.

Many of these verses were found in old scrap books without any name of the poet; therefore, only the source is acknowledged.



This poem was read by Gladys (Baker) Kent at a Birthday Party in the Cultural Center.

Oh, horse, you are a wonderful brute, No buttons to push, no horns to toot,  
You start yourself, no clutch to slip, No spark to miss, no gears to strip.

No license buying every year, With plates to screw on front and rear,  
No gas bills climbing up each day, Stealing the joys of life away.

No speed cops chugging from the rear, Yelling a summons in your ear;  
Your inner tubes are all O. K., And, thank the Lord, they stay that way.

Your spark plugs never cease to fire, You never get stuck in snow or mire,  
Your frame is good for many a mile, Your body never changes style.

Your wants are few and easy met,  
You've something on the auto yet.

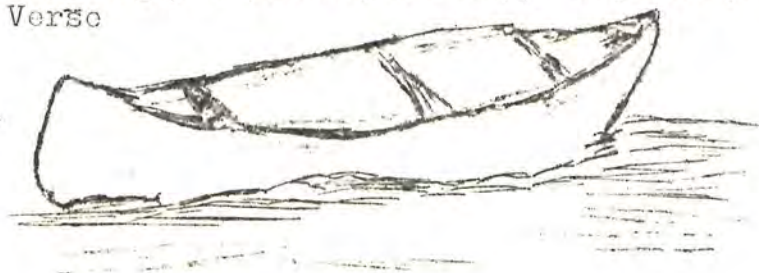
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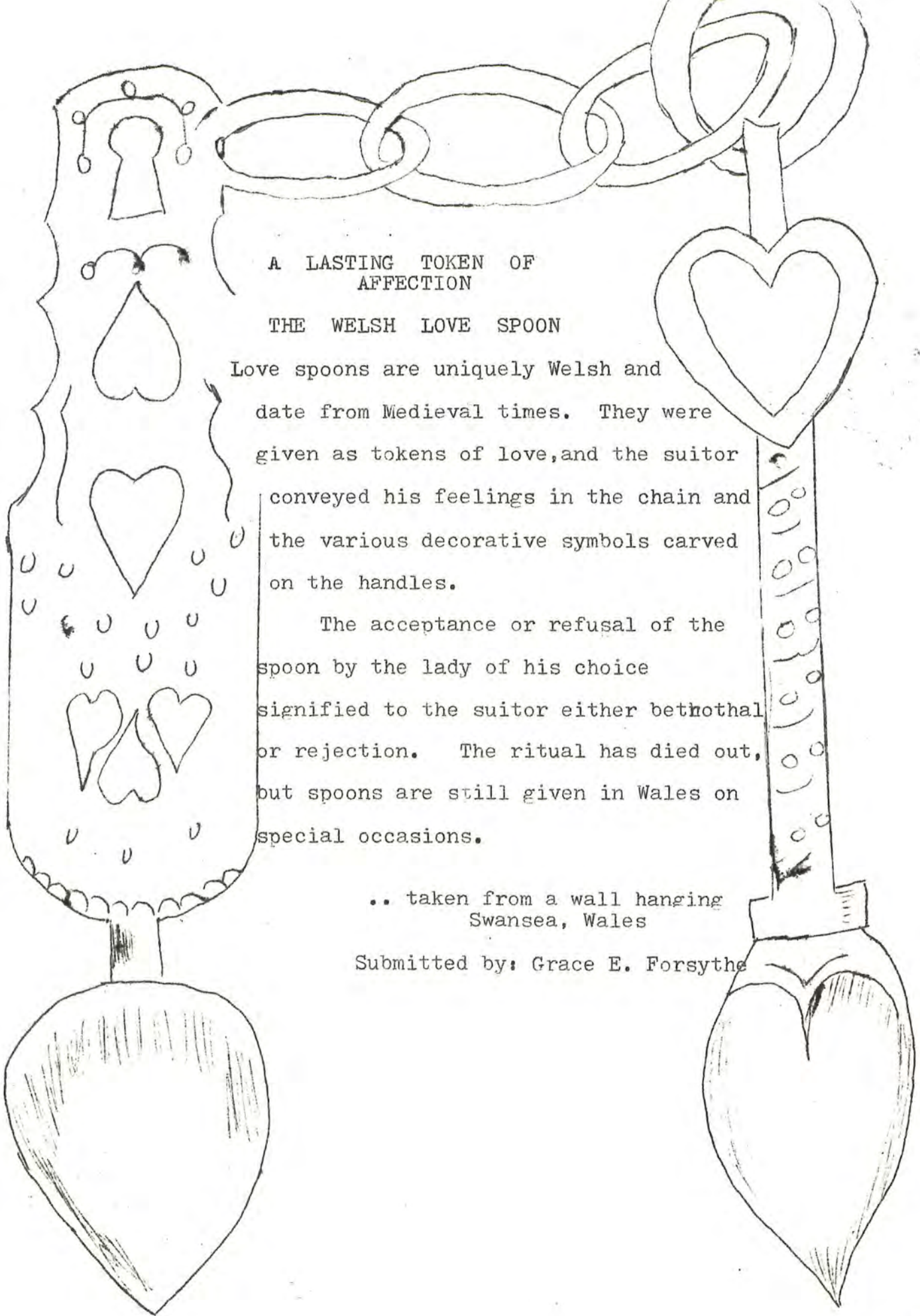
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE - Myrtle (Mitchell) Bonn

It's all very well to depend on a friend, That is, if you've proved him true;  
But you'll find it better by far in the end, To paddle your own canoe.

To "borrow" is dearer by far than to "buy", A maxim, though old still true;  
You never will sigh, if you only will try, To paddle your own canoe.

A Memory Verse  
from  
School  
Days.





A LASTING TOKEN OF  
AFFECTION

THE WELSH LOVE SPOON

Love spoons are uniquely Welsh and date from Medieval times. They were given as tokens of love, and the suitor conveyed his feelings in the chain and the various decorative symbols carved on the handles.

The acceptance or refusal of the spoon by the lady of his choice signified to the suitor either betrothal or rejection. The ritual has died out, but spoons are still given in Wales on special occasions.

.. taken from a wall hanging  
Swansea, Wales

Submitted by: Grace E. Forsythe

## THE SAGA OF THE SODDEN MARCHERS

(Eastern Shore folks were always interested in Dartmouth Natal Day. Epic events have a way of creating their own poet laureates, and Dartmouth's Natal Day Parade, the wettest in history, is a case in point. It occurred to many, as they watched the parade persist in the march past through streets that ran like rivers, that such devotion, well above the call of duty, was worthy of being immortalized in verse. Reuben George of Head Jeddore, who was as wet as any of them, came to the same conclusion, went home, dried himself out, and penned these lines which we are proud to share with any and all who stood on the side lines, marched in the parade, and are now probably nursing colds in their respective heads. FREE PRESS.)

### PARADE IN THE RAIN

We stood down at the curb-side  
On Dartmouth Natal Day;  
With many, many thousands  
Who, with us, did line the way.

Some came with small protection,  
In case the rain might fall;  
But most were just in summer clothes,  
With little on at all;

The sky grew dark and ominous,  
As we thought - what will they do?  
If it rains now, all these watchers  
Will sure be in a stew!

Then down it came like "cats and dogs"  
And drenched us to the skin;  
The "cats and dogs" were oversize,  
With a few elephants thrown in;

Some ran, some ducked and others fled,  
Yet many stood their ground;  
And, while it poured, we waited  
'Til that sad parade came 'round;

Some crowded to verandahs  
Of the nearest house they met;  
A shotgun wouldn't chase them off,  
As they dashed in from the wet.

'Twas wonderful to see them march,  
With noses dripping rain;  
The clowns, the floats, the bandsmen,  
They - some medal should attain.

It disbanded many of the bands,  
When their instruments got wet;  
The water ran down the big brass drum  
And in the holes of the clarinet.

The Majorettes marched best they could,  
And tried to step and dance;  
Wet caps and tunics bothered them  
And, maybe, their wet pants.

The clowns were sore bedraggled,  
One with a pail and mop,  
Tried furiously to dry the road,  
But the rain he could not stop.

The Firemen came marching by,  
Drenched to their noble toes;  
Their socks with water spouted,  
Or should I say - their ROSE?

The "Trainer" and his "Tigers"  
Were together on the float;  
Because 'twas drier in the cage,  
Much safer in - than out.

The clowns tried hard to "live it up",  
As we waved them on their way;  
They must have had the laugh on us,  
'Cause we didn't have to stay.

Just why we stayed I'll never know,  
In all that rain and mud;  
I got so wet I thought 'twould rust  
The iron in my blood.

The Mayor may know many things,  
When you bulk them all together;  
But he's just like the rest of us,  
When it concerns the weather.

He can start things off officially,  
He did right, we all supposed;  
But Someone Else had more to say,  
When that Parade "officially" closed.

So home we went like rats, half drowned,  
To change to something dry;  
But we'll be there at the curb again,  
When next Natal Day comes by.

(Written by Reuben August 11, 1965.)  
(Reuben and his Wife, Emma, have worked faithfully to promote the SUCCESS of our MUSEUM. When they accept a responsibility, their integrity makes Achievement inevitable.)

When Reuben sells his own Poetry Books, he always shares the profit to help finance the Museum Project.)

## THE SPIRIT OF OYSTER POND

(The following poem was written by Mrs. Morris (Emma) Mitchell. She participated in all Community activities. I often think of the many times we bothered her for a drink of water; however, she always had a kind word and pleasant smile for us, because she knew that in our school we had no water supply.)

Oyster Pond is a kindly little village,  
Nestled by the sea;  
It's a spot of charm and beauty  
And great hospitality.

The folks --just ordinary,  
As common folks do go,  
You sense the spirit of kindness  
As they ningle to and fro.



They do not care for riches,  
Or on pomp and glory stand;  
But you will find them always ready  
With kind word and helping hand.

The food --it's just plain cooking,  
Old fashioned - Home Cooked style;  
But there is always plenty of it,  
And they serve it with a smile.

The scenery -- a bit of Heaven,  
God dropped by the ocean strand,  
I think He wanted to show us,  
What it's like in the Promised Land.

Just stand some calm evening,  
On the road called Rectory Hill;  
Just as the sun is setting  
Behind the distant hill.



Look up over Oyster Pond,  
And down over the Harbour wide;  
You will see a scene of beauty,  
That will fill your soul with pride.

As you gaze into the sunset,  
And its reflection in the water below;  
I think you will feel as I do,  
That only God could make it so.



Boys and girls, be proud of your village,  
That God dropped to us from above;  
Keep it a happy place to come back to,  
And fill it with the spirit of love.

(Emma wrote this for a Year Book for Oyster Pond School - 1957. At that time she did not sign her name. She wrote -A Home and School Member.)

The name of the Year Book was ROUND - UP. The Principal was Miss. Elizabeth Williams; Editor - Anne Hartlin; Assistant Editor - Ron Jennex; Advertising - Ward Blakeney. Primary Teacher - Miss Grace Day. Carol Mitchell suggested the name: Round-Up.

THE APPROACHING SNOWSTORM - Marietta Silver

(Marietta Silver is the wife of our former Inspector of Schools, Dr. B.C. Silver. I often read in papers and magazines where Mrs. Silver has often won awards for her short stories and poems.)

The dull December day departed dark  
Before its time;  
A weird, deep gloom came down  
And filtered through the farmyard in the glen.  
In the trees the wind moaned distantly.  
The friendly hills shut out the driving gales,  
But, through an eastern gap,  
The ominous roar  
Gave warning of a swirling, blinding storm.

The noble collie sat,  
Disturbed and lone,  
And sniffed the clinging chillness in the air.

The farmer early lit his lantern,  
Dim with age,  
Took up his pails and trudged out to the barn  
To do his evening chores.

The housewife in her kitchen lit the lamp  
And set the table for the evening meal.  
The bold storm shook the window frames  
As from the pane she wiped the steam  
To see the lantern slowly moving at the barn.

Thru the blackness of that early winter night,  
Security and peace she felt,  
As, Trudging homeward from the distant yard,  
She saw  
Feet moving in an arc of light  
Shot thru  
With driving flakes of snow.

\*\*\*\*\*

I don't know how he is on creeds,  
I never heard him say;  
But he's got a smile that fits his face  
And he wears it every day.

He sees the good in everyone,  
Their faults he never mentions;  
He has a lot of confidence  
In people's good intentions.

If things go wrong, he won't complain -  
Just tries to see the joke;  
He's always finding little ways  
Of helping other folk.

No matter if the sky is grey,  
You get his point of view,  
And the clouds begin to scatter  
And the sun comes breaking through.

You'll know him if you meet him,  
And you'll find it worth your while  
To cultivate the Friendship  
Of the Man Behind the SMILE, Anon.

\*\*\*\*\*

This poem was sent to many people  
With the Compliments of Gordon B. Isnor  
Senator

Senator Chesley Carter moved into the  
office of Senator Isnor after his death.  
The many pictures in the Cultural Centre  
came from Senator Isnor's office. I am  
sure Senator Isnor, if he were living,  
would be pleased to know that his  
pictures are appreciated by the people  
of the Eastern Shore who elected him  
to Parliament.

CHERISHED MEMORIES - Everett Mitchell

Scenes from my childhood days often appear,  
And bring back memories which I hold so dear;  
I have spent many years in a U. S. town,  
Away from my favorite haunts where joys did abound.

Looking for eels with a hand-made spear,  
And on the bow of the boat a bull-rush flare;  
Catching smelts through a hole in the ice,  
Even though it was cold, we thought it nice.

Going up the Pond to cut wood with my Dad,  
These were some of the best days I ever had;  
Felling the trees that stood tall and straight,  
And getting the firewood ready to haul home that night.

The flavour of the tea brewed in a lard kettle old,  
Over a blazing fire which kept us from getting cold;  
With bread and molasses, gingerbread and baked beans,  
No wonder our appetites were always so keen!

With impatient Jerry, Wallace's horse, we'd haul the wood  
down the Pond,

Then along the Main Road to our home, just beyond,  
Many times we had to put snow on the bare bridges,  
So the sleigh would pull easily  
over the ridges.

Setting rabbit snares on Burnt Hill was fun,  
On cold frosty nights the rabbits would run;  
How proud we were to catch one or two,  
So that Mother could make us a delicious stew.

Wallace Day, a trapper, caught rabbits, quite a few,  
His family always did enjoy a savory rabbit stew;  
It is said that in haste to get a dozen in the pot,  
He forgot to skin one and it went in with the lot.

I often wonder if this tale was right,  
Or if some one told it to act smart or bright?  
Wallace, the son of the story-teller, Henry Day,  
Could relate his own experiences in a convincing way.

These cherished memories may not interest all;  
However, a way of life they do recall,  
In rural areas life styles were, more or less, the same,  
Folks lived in harmony and not jealous to see others  
climb to fame.

Memories what would we do without them?  
About what would we have to day-dream?  
Our childhood castles were happy and gay,  
In that Wonderland of yesterday!

IN MEMORIUM by JAMES WALSH - (Contributor Cyril Blakeney)

Lines written on the loss of the SYLVIA MOSHER and SADIE KNICKLE, lost with 47 men off Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic", August 7 or 8, 1926.

O Lunenburg, in your hour of sorrow,  
All people mourn with you  
In the loss of Husbands, Brothers  
And Fathers, kind and true.  
They sailed away on a summer's day  
When the flowers were fair to view,  
They met their fate on that August night  
With all their noble crew,

O treacherous Bars of Sable Isle,  
What awful tolls you claim;  
Of gallant ships and sailors' lives,  
Which won for you your name.

There's mothers, wives and sweethearts  
And fathers old and grey,  
There's little lads and lassies  
Who wait in vain to-day,  
And long to clasp the hands they love,  
Forever cold in clay.

Farewell you fisher laddies,  
Who sail the briny deep;  
While loved ones wait with hearts that  
ache,  
and eyes that often weep.

No more we'll see their topsails gay,  
From headlands fair to view;  
But when the sea gives up its dead  
They'll come smiling back to you.

Then dry your eyes, O fisher folk  
Who dwell on Scotia's shore,  
Take your Creator for your guide  
He'll pilot you safe o'er:  
No more to part with those you love  
Upon that other shore.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE WOULD - BE DICTATOR - Clyde Siteman

You've heard of old Saint Peter,  
The guardian at Heaven's gate;  
He was put there by our Saviour,  
To tell people of their fate.  
One day as he was standing there,  
With nothing much to do;  
Up stepped a would be dictator  
And said, "Peter I tell you  
You are getting old and feeble,  
You cannot do your job;  
So now I'll take it over  
With Charlie, Dick and Bob .  
They are my little devils,  
And I have taught them well;  
We'll take this place called heaven,  
And turn it into H....  
Soon we'll have an army,  
That will do just as I say;  
We'll go around with petitions,  
And gather up our pay.  
We'll persecute the angels,  
And get them to do wrong;  
They'll be glad to join in with us,  
When they hear our devil's song.  
Of course we'll call on others,  
Our great and evil band;  
For I know they all will follow,  
When I take them by the hand.

We'll hold a lot of meetings,  
We'll tell a lot of lies;  
The people who are ignorant,  
Will follow us like flies.  
I'm telling you, Saint Peter,  
Your guardian days are o'er;  
If you will not join in with us,  
Go, and come back no more."  
Peter stared right at him,  
and said, "You simple man,  
Don't you know the Lord, our Saviour,  
Is the ruler in this land?  
Your name has oft been mentioned,  
It is written in our books;  
You and your evil partners  
Have been classified as crooks.  
Your fate's already settled,  
We've been waiting patiently;  
Now that you have come among us,  
'Tis a joyous day for me.  
Now I'll call the Master,  
Who will tell you of your fate;  
You've earned everlasting Hell Fire,  
And no entrance to Heaven's gate.  
Your judgment sentence has been passed,  
Too late to make just amends;  
You now pay dearly for the wrongs you've  
done,  
To many true and trusted Friends."

## MUSICAL RALLY - OYSTER POND

"THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE ON THE EASTERN SHORE!"

(This article has been reprinted from the TOP GENERATION NEWSLETTER,  
E.B.S. Miller, Editor.)

The above quotation was expressed by many people who attended the MARC II Musical Rally for Senior Citizens in the Robert Jamison School at Oyster Pond on Friday, October 28th, 1977.

Everyone assembled in the school around 4:30 p.m. for registration. It was very evident from the number of cars on the parking lot and from the crush of people in the corridors of the school that many more came than had been expected. Senior citizens were present from Middle Musquodoboit, Sheet Harbour, Port Dufferin, East Jeddore, Oyster Pond, West Jeddore, Head Jeddore, Ship Harbour, Clam Bay, North Preston, Chezzetcooks, Elmsvale and Musquodoboit Harbour.

About 5:30 p.m. all sat down to a delicious meal served by the ladies of the Baptist Church in Jeddore. Extra tables had to be set up as the estimated number was around 200, but 228 arrived. This filled the auditorium to capacity.

Mr. Harpell Power, President of the Golden Agers of Jeddore, acted as Chairman. Greetings were brought from Hon. Garnet Brown M.L.A. and Mr. E.B.S. Miller of the Nova Scotia Senior Citizens' Commission, as well as the presidents of the various clubs who expressed praise and thanks for the wonderful evening together.

Mrs. E.B.S. Miller, the Co-ordinator, brought greetings from the New Horizons and expressed the regret of Mr. Kevin Ryan who was unable to be present due to a previous commitment. The emphasis was placed on more participation in musical programs on the part of club members.

One of the best musical programs we have been privileged to listen to was then presented by the participating clubs. We had a choir, a quartet, a solo, several small bands and even stepdancing. So enthusiastic was the crowd that the entertainment ended in a dance, which saw many older folk tripping the light fantastic. All in all, it was a wonderful evening, a joy to be associated with the Rally and a pleasure to be in attendance.

A joyful sing-song, followed by all joining in the song-HOW GREAT THOU ART-completed a memorable event.

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Aunt Bertha Myers, age 101, was present harmonizing in the singing and her toes tapping to the rhythm of the old time music.

Ada Williams, our beloved correspondent, was also present. As usual she wrote the story for the "Dartmouth Free Press." Here is an excerpt: "...The entire program, including the supper was thoroughly enjoyed by all. If one came to chat and age had dimmed the hearing, there was no doubt as to whom he or she was, as each had a registration badge pinned securely. It was a pleasant get-together and a bright spot in the lives of those on the sunset trail of life."

The step dancing by Mr. George Snow and Mr. Crawford thrilled the guests.

With so many talented fiddle players in attendance, we could have had our own "Old Time Fiddlers' Contest!"

HALIFAX IN TEARS - JOHN H. MYERS

On the sixth day of December nineteen and seventeen,  
Does anything remind you here to make you watch and keen?  
The morn was calm, the sea was smooth, no breeze to stir the air,  
May not it be when Christ shall come and take us unaware.

Long years ago He then forctold that He would one day come,  
No time He gave but said to watch - has all obeyed or none?  
The man that was set here to watch for years had been asleep,  
His lamp gone out, in darkness wake to hear the people weep.

The world had just awoke to life, the day's work just begun,  
When quick as thought without a fear their work on earth was done;  
They went the way they often went perhaps without the Lord,  
When Death came steaming up the stream to claim its just reward.

And in a moment did its work, - a fearful sight to see,  
Of dead and dying, blind and torn, a warning take to thee;  
In future years trust not ~~the~~ man, perhaps he'll lead you wrong,  
But trust in God, he cares for you, His arm is always strong.

Many little children, sad to say, for the last time saw the light -  
So young to sit and moan away their life-long dreary night;  
I know your voice, my papa dear, but cannot see your face,  
Shall I in darkness grope my way, how sad shall be my case?

No mortal's face shall I behold or mother's smiles to see,  
From this dark grave when I shall wake my Saviour's face to see;  
I shall no more be groping round in fear that I should fall,  
For in that light the eye is bright and Christ is Lord of all.

But when this sad and dreary night in darkness shall pass away,  
My eyes shall see your loving face in that long happy day;  
When God shall wipe away all tears and I shall clearly see  
Your loving faces, my parents dear, and sit upon your knee.

Some people that were thinly clad in terror fled away,  
Not thinking death would overtake and end their life that day;  
They fled to places far and wide in terror - stricken wild,  
Not dreaming they had left behind their blind and bleeding child.

Sorrow and grief have forced their way, a tear bedims the eye,  
In busy life their minds were fixed, they did not care to die;  
May God in mercy pardon all and grant that they shall rise,  
In Jesus' strength leave earth behind and soar beyond the sky.

They found their bodies dead and cold and bruised in many ways,  
Somewhere in God's wide Universe their spirits rest to-day;  
To wait the Resurrection morn, when souls and bodies rise  
On angel's wings will float away to mansions in the sky.

John H. Myers was a resident of Head Jeddore. He married Millie Blakeney, aunt of Alan Blakeney, present Premier of Saskatchewan. In later years he moved to Elderbank.

## PROSPECTING FOR MANGANESE

People often ask, "What were they mining for in Lake Charlotte?"

Manganese is a hard, brittle, grayish white metallic element (symbol Mn), oxidizing readily and forming an important component of certain alloys. Its chief use is for hardening iron and steel. It is also used to make dry-cell batteries and in the preparation of medicines for treating athlete's foot, poison ivy, and other ailments.

In 1871, Mr. Otterman discovered manganese in the Lake Charlotte area. He shipped some of it to England; however, because it was analyzed as bog manganese, it had no commercial value at that time. The venture was given up.

Manganese was known to be in this area in the bed rock for some time, but it was never prospected to any extent until James Kidson uncovered a lead with his bulldozer in 1954. The manganese deposit was shown to Colonel L.A. Hogan of Lake Charlotte who spent much time in probing the quality of the mineral.

The mineral rights of the surrounding area were taken by James Kidson, L.A. Logan and E.J. Webber. These men prospected the claim for many months and traced it from Jeddore Harbor to Ship Harbor, finding the best showing at Lake Charlotte, because the bed rock was nearer the surface here.

Several Canadian and American Companies sent their engineers here to examine the mineral, but it was not until October, 1955, before the owners were successful in finding a Company interested enough to take over the claims.

The Canadian Company, the Stratmat, Head Office, Montreal a branch of Strategic Metals of U.S.A. surveyed and mapped out part of the region. Later they dozed the overburden, blasted trenches and shipped the ore away to be tested.

After Christmas they discontinued operations because the snow was too deep for prospecting; however, nothing worthwhile developed.

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### GOLD MINING AT LAKE CATCHA

Lake Catcha Gold District is about 10 miles from Musquodoboit Harbour, situated between East Chezzetcook and West Petpeswick.

Records show that mining was started in 1866 and continued until 1928.

The gold obtained during the 62 years was about half a ton. About 1950, a Mr. Gould of the Standard Construction Company rebuilt the shaft house and crusher and sunk a long shaft out into Lake Catcha. He operated for about two years, then stopped as the lake water was getting into the workings.

In 1953, while walking through the old road we met three men who were crushing the old mine dump. They were looking for small traces of gold that had been missed in the mills. They had what is called a "ball mill" made from an old gasoline drum. It was driven by a pulley and belt, from the rear of their car, which was jacked up, a rear tire removed, and with the belt passed around the wheel. They said they got a small jam bottle of gold each time they operated. Today all the mining areas are in ruins with stacks of piled crushed rocks. (Isn't it strange that these old mines remain deserted?)

There was another gold mine opened up at Lower West Jeddore, near the Cape area. The pit still remains. It was called "Burnt Hill" as it was burned in order to operate. Doubtless it was started in the early 1860's. During the past 35 years many interested folks have visited the area; however, it is apparent that they would rather spend large sums of money hunting for the seemingly imaginary treasure of Captain Kidd.

## THE PEG FACTORY AT SHIP HARBOUR - 1915 - 1945

( This story was compiled by Dorothy (Martin) Williams and Una (Laybolt) Newcombe, two employees.)

Ship Harbour was a very prosperous community for many years because of a Peg Factory established there by John Lewis in 1915.

The people were very grateful for the employment. Everything was going well until 1923 when the factory burned down. Gloom spread over the village; however, the debris was soon cleared away and Mr. Lewis announced that another factory would be built immediately.

Misfortune again in 1937 when the factory burned down with an estimated loss of \$50,000 and 100 workers unemployed. In trying to control the fire, Donovan Laybolt was badly burned about the head and to make matters worse, he got a hot cinder in his eye. Fraser Marks had his back and neck burned.

Can you imagine the distress and suspense of all the inhabitants of Ship Harbour? Where would the employees find jobs? What had caused the second fire? Would Mr. Lewis have the stamina to rebuild again? Finally the questions were all answered, another factory would be built and in operation in 1938.

This Industry was successful because of the dedicated workers. The following persons accepted the responsibility of keeping the factory running smoothly:

Mr. Baker and Mr. Clark were two competent Managers.

Bruce Marks, George Eisan and Kent Martin were skilled Machinists.

Ernest Newcombe was an expert Mill-wright and Scaler.

Otto Weeks was a dependable Chauffeur and Truck Driver.

Alfred Eisan and Fraser Marks were capable Teamsters.

Donovan Laybolt and Herman Monk were Foremen and Shippers in the packing room.

Charles Martin was a faithful Engineer.

Alton Boutlier and Tom Fahie were keen Night Watchmen.

Arthur Marks and Gregory Fahie were conscientious Contractors for Logging in the woods.

Stanley Newcombe was the Cook in the lumber camp.

Una (Laybolt) Newcombe was the Floor Lady in the Skewer Room.

Melba (Russell) Monk was Floor Lady in the Packing Room. She was responsible to see that the ice-cream spoons, candy sticks, and tongue depressors were packed properly according to size.

In this factory they made rolls of thin wood which were shipped to Germany to be cut into pegs for shoes. Many girls worked on the Shank Machines. These different sized shanks were shipped to Mexico and other foreign countries.

Mr. John Lewis had his own vessel the CASHIER which was built in Sheet Harbour, Nova Scotia. It made its last trip in October 24, 1928. It was then grounded and dismantled on the shore of Ship Harbour at Eisan's Cove. For years you could see the wreck; however, it has now disappeared. Mr. Lewis was now using trucks for transporting his products to the Railway Station. (In Ship Harbour there was a Credit Union named the CASHIER CREDIT UNION. No doubt it was called after the vessel CASHIER? This Credit Union Office was in the Community Hall next to St. Stephen's Anglican Church.)

In the early forties, it was rumored that the factory would be moving to Grande Mere, Quebec, because a sufficient amount of hardwood was not available to keep the factory operating at full capacity. The shock came in 1945. The decision was to move leaving 100 persons out of work. Kent Martin, his Wife and Son decided to stay with the company and move to Quebec. They have lived there ever since.

Mr. Lewis died in 1944. Just before moving the name of the Company was changed from John Lewis to Frontenac Wood Working Products, Limited.

We were employees of Mr. Lewis; therefore, it was with mixed feelings we accepted the decision. We were sad to see the industry move; however, we were grateful for the many happy years we spent working together in the factory situated by the beautiful Ship Harbour River near Weeks' Falls and #7 Highway.

(PEG FACTORY)

Mr. John Lewis was born in Economy, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia in 1860. He died September 17, 1944. He was a prominent Industrialist. He lived in Brownville, Maine for more than 50 years. He was President of the John Lewis Industries and the Peg Wood and Shank Company with factories at Brownville and Princetown, Maine; Somerville, Mass.; Ship Harbour, Nova Scotia; and Grande Mere, Quebec. He was an outstanding designer and inventor who built most of the machinery used in the Industries which bore his name.

In "Fisherman's House Museum" you will see a display of all the Wood Products manufactured at the factory in Ship Harbour.

And so we close another chapter in the Life Story of the Heritage of the Eastern Shore.

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CHRISTMAS PAST - GRACE FORSYTHE

Christmas is a time for remembering. And, as with all special occasions, some stand out sharp and clear among the highlights of life.

We were keenly disappointed that day before Christmas in 1925, 50 years ago, when I was six. The mailman had not come. The stagecoach that brought the mail to the Post Office ten miles away where it was sorted for delivery to the villages off the main highway must have been delayed. The much-looked for parcel from an aunt in the United States was not among our gifts to be opened next morning.

Everyone had gone to bed early that crisp moonlit night when the snow covered fields sparkled with millions of frosty diamonds. My sister and I snuggled down under the homemade quilts in the unheated bedroom, wondering what Santa might bring. But no mail had come today!

Suddenly we heard sleigh bells. We jumped out of bed to make sure, and there was our mailman in his smart horse and cutter speeding along the road. Across the pond ice he went as a short cut to the Post Office a mile below where local mail was sorted. With noses pressed to the frosty panes where we breathed a peephole, we waited.

Soon the bells sounded again, and around the bend dashed horse and sleigh, stopping at our gate where Dad got the mailbag. Sure enough, a beautiful doll dressed in a frilly orange dress, with dark brown curls and eyes that 'slept' was mine. What joy the faithful mailman, Clyde Faulkner, brought to a six-year-old that night. He had waited hours for the stage from Halifax to ensure that His Majesty's mail must go through.

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BAKER'S POINT, EAST JEDDORE

Older citizens tell us that Baker's Point was granted to a Mr. Foote by the British government. Later Mr. Foote sold it to a Mr. Baker from Tancook who had nine boys namely: Stephen, Eli, Phos, John, Samuel, Azariah, Ephriam, Parker and Solomon. The two latter met accidental deaths in their early ages. John settled in Dartmouth. Stephen made his home in West Jeddore. The remaining sons built their houses and lived on Baker's Point.

The two girls Caroline went to New Hampshire, and Margery married William Arnold. She was the mother of Ann's Givilla Hartling, wife of Captain Peter Hartlin.

Baker's Point is a pleasant place to see,  
From the Government Wharf you look out to sea;  
The Bakers who still live here are friendly to all,  
And a Welcome awaits anyone who wants to call.

THE BOUTILIER BROTHERS

Through the years the BOUTILIER BROTHERS have established a fine reputation among Canadian Bluegrass fans. Originally the group consisted of Bill and Larry, Sons of William and Verna Boutilier, Mushaboom, Eastern Shore. Their younger brother KEN has added fine Banjo picking to place the trio in strong contention for all out honors among Canadian Bluegrass groups.

The Boutilier Brothers have been seen Trans-Canada on the CBC TV Network and are in popular demand in their home province of Nova Scotia. They recently filled a three week engagement

at the popular Monterey Club in Montreal where many Bluegrass fans came from Neighboring Ontario to see the group in person.

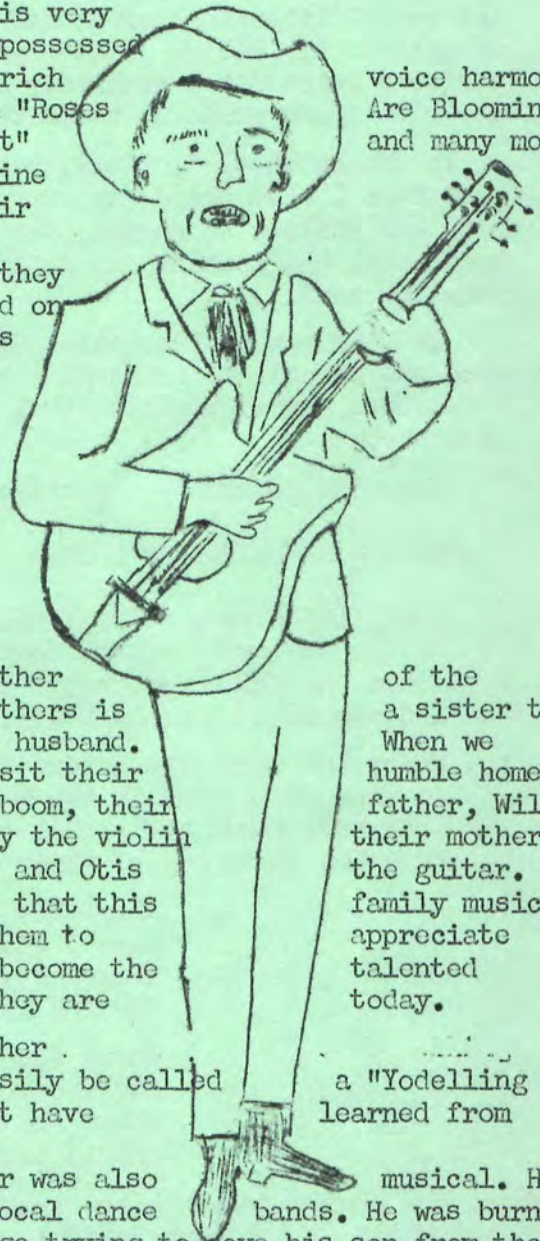
The appeal of the

Boutilier Brothers comes from their cheery confidence rather than feigned innocence and vulnerability.

Larry's voice is very precise and self-possessed and when Bill's rich tones harmonize with his in "Roses" "Pain In My Heart" one gets a genuine feeling of their sincerity.

For years they appeared on Christmas Daddy Show.

voice harmonies - "Are Blooming" and many more



Verna, the mother of the Boutilier Brothers is Otis, my husband. We would visit their home in Mushaboom, their father would play the violin, the organ and Otis would play the guitar. I believe that this started them to appreciate music and become the talented musicians they are today.

of the family music appreciate talented today.

Gerald, another brother can easily be called "Ranger". He must have learned from Wilf Carter.

a "Yodelling" learned from

Harris, another brother was also musical. He played the guitar in local dance bands. He was burned to death a few years ago trying to save his son from their burning house at Porter's Lake.

FRANCIS EDWIN (TED) GERMAINE

(I wonder how many of us on the Eastern Shore appreciate the efforts and abilities of our own Country Music Artists? How many of us buy their records? How many of us take time to commend them for their initiative and talent? How many of us invite them to come back to the Shore to entertain? The real purpose for editing FORGET-ME- Not REFLECTIONS is to reveal the Culture and Traditions of the Eastern Shore.

There is an old saying, "To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die."

MEET: -

Francis Edwin (Ted) Germaine, son of Captain F. Albert and Wavie Germaine of East Jeddore.

Ted has had a very colorful singing career. His ability and versatility are appreciated by all music lovers, as well as his mellow, velvety style, his soothing baritone voice and a sincerity as firmly rooted as the blue grass music he loves to sing.

In "Wagon Wheels", "Cool, Cool Water" and many more that I have heard him sing, I was impressed with his ability to change pace and mood to complement the meaning and feeling of the songs he sang.

Ted interprets the pathos of the ballad mood and is able to transmit a kind of loneliness and wistfulness that stir the listener.

Note the qualities in this original:

ON OLD SABLE ISLAND SHORES

Come listen to a story I will tell to you  
Of the graveyard of the deep;  
Where the ships are caught by the shifting sands  
And remain in eternal sleep.

Where the bars of sand are the hands of death,  
As they sleep beneath the surf;  
They have taken their toll of the ships that pass,  
From the first day of their birth.

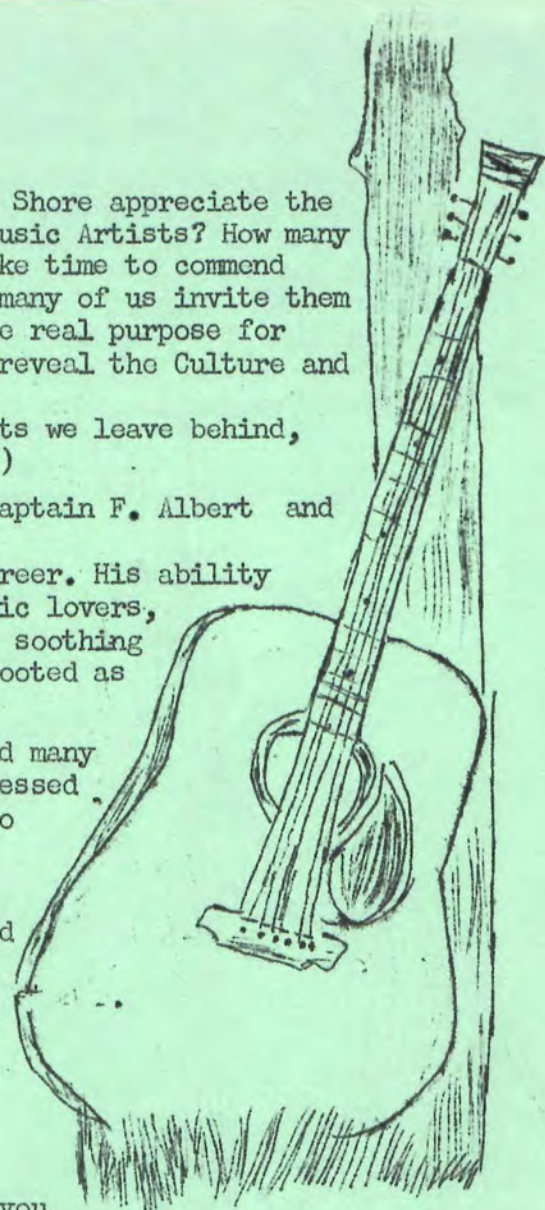
Where the lifeguards wait for the day to come,  
When a ship is doomed for the grave;  
Where they glide from the beach to the roaring surf,  
For the lives of the crew to save.

Where the mountains high meet the pale blue sky,  
And the great white breakers roar;  
Where the moon at night spreads its veiling light,  
On old Sable Island Shores.

Where the ponies graze on the bright green grass,  
On the hills of the sandy range;  
Where they herd to the valleys of sand at night,  
To be hidden from the wind and rain.

Where the man at night watch a  
turning light,  
Send its beacon across the wave;  
Where they trust in God up in  
heaven above,

To save the ships from a watery grave.



(One would really have to hear the melody of this song to appreciate it.)

(Ted) (When Ted was away, he often became homesick. In a mood of loneliness he wrote the following song.)

SINGING WHEELS

Chorus: Wheels keep a-turning , keep a - rollin' along  
Keep a-poundin that steel and keep singing your song;  
Carry me back to the raging foam,  
To Nova Scotia and my country home.

Where the fields are green and the skies are blue,  
The girls are pretty and their hearts are true;  
Sun is shining most every day,  
Where your cares and troubles just fade away.

Where you're up with the farmer at the break of day,  
With the smell of the ocean and the new mown hay;  
You work like mad 'till the day is done,  
And you head for town to have a lot of fun.

The fishermen hop on their boats at dawn,  
Across the bay and from sight they're gone;  
Where the women wait for the day to pass,  
When the men return with a big days' catch.

Now I've travelled all over this beautiful land,  
From old B.C. down to Newfoundland;  
Now I'm going back where I belong,  
To Nova Scotia where I was born.

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Ted's Wife, "Kewps" is a lyricist. Ted writes the melody of many of her lyrics. One day while "Kewps" was strolling along the East Jeddore Road, she expressed her inner feelings in "COUNTRY LANE".

You may travel this whole world over, And homeward turn again; But have you ever known the perfect peace Of a walk down a country lane?	Soft winds blowing gently, Making the long grass laugh, Neighbors that smile and gaily wave As you walk that well known path. The lonely road that you travel; But you never feel you're alone, 'Cause round the bend that's just ahead, Is the place that you once called home.
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CHO: Down a country road, down a country road,  
Where people are all the same,  
Have you ever known the perfect peace  
Of a walk down a country lane?

CHO: That old white house by the  
seashore,  
That's known both laughter and pain;  
Welcomes with love, the traveller,  
At the end of a country lane.

("Kewps" pronounced "Koops".)

The last verse refers to Ted's home. It is the last house on East Jeddore Road. If you want to see the ocean, drive down and I am sure his Mother, Wavie, will allow you to cross her property to enjoy the sound of the waves, the sea birds, etc.

## EASTERN SHORE FOLK SINGERS & MUSICIANS

George Brothers, son of Kay and Fred Brothers, of Oyster Pond, has been very successful in his Career of Music. George is a graduate of Robert Jamison High School. At Robert Jamison I taught George geometry and at first he had the idea he didn't like the subject; however, with a little encouragement George made a mark of over 90 in the Provincial Examinations. George and Arthur Rowlings sang and played well together for school concerts and festivals. At a very early age George played in his father's band for old-time dances.

George Brothers & Ol' Blue has a reputation of being one of the most versatile bands in Eastern Canada. They are described as a progressive country rock group. They have a very impressive repertoire of Irish, Newfoundland and Cape Breton music. They also sing folk and Blue Grass as well as many original numbers, such as, "Downward Journey" and "Homeward Bound".

To everything George sings he brings an aptness of phrasing and intelligence of manner that are very appealing. His tone of voice and musical intuition make him a very pleasing performer.

George and his group are now touring the Atlantic Provinces performing in many concert halls.

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THE PIG and WHISTLE DANCE BAND played for the Legion Dances in East Ship Harbour and Sheet Harbour. This Band was popular because it played the old time tunes that everybody enjoyed dancing to and singing along at the same time. Members of this Band: Otis Jennex, sr., Guitar; Otis Jennex, jr., Piano Accordion; George Langston, Drums; Clyde Lundrigan, Leading Accordion. There is hardly a village on the Eastern Shore that did not enjoy the music of this Band.

Fred Brothers and his band members have played on the Eastern shore for many years. I always enjoyed playing the piano along with my Husband and Son to Fred's violin music. We played for the opening of the Consolidated School in Tangier and I still remember how Dr. Moffatt, Deputy Minister of Education, tripped the light fantastic with so many pretty ladies!

Claude Webber often played the accordion with Fred. Others included Alex Faulkner, Jackie Myers, Ted Germaine and Otis Jennex, jr.

Carl Dooks, son of Jennie (Myers) and Nathional Dooks, recently gave a Piano Recital for the Golden agers in the Cultural Center. He was accompanied by Otis Jennex, sr. with guitar.

Who can ever forget the violin playing and banjo picking of Douglas and Everett Greenough?

Do you remember Young Jim Myers playing the mouth organ and auto harp for parties?

DID YOU KNOW?

- That Mrs. Irene Hubley of Lushaboom played the organ for Sunday Services at St. Paul's Anglican Church in Lushaboom for over fifty years. She received her first lessons from Mrs. Marion Leslie and Mrs. Mary Bollong.

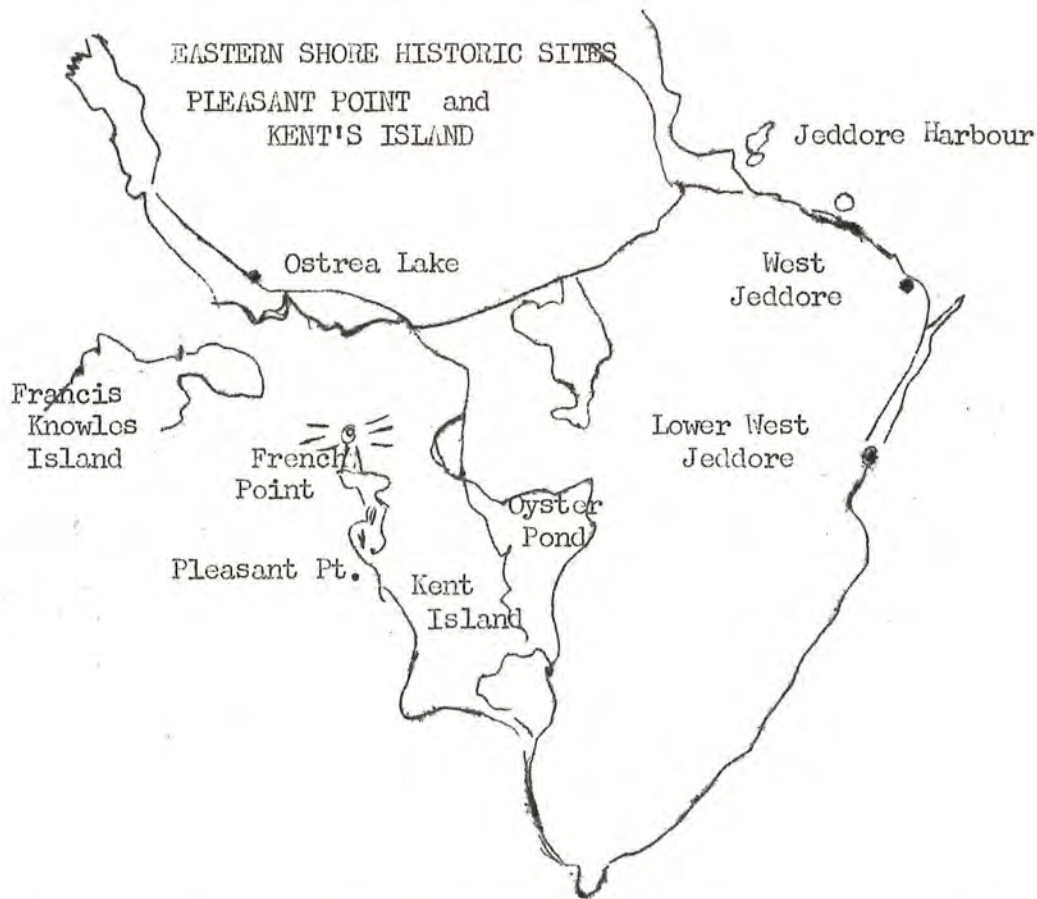
- That Mrs. Alton (Alma Siteman) Boutlier had a similar record as Mrs. Hubley in St. Stephen's Church, Ship Harbour.

- That the Museum Library received a kit of 200 Books by Canadian authors to be placed in the Canada Room with the collection of books from Senator Chesley and his wife, Elsie (Webber).

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Ethel Hartlin, in a Scrap Book you loaned me, I saw the following AD:

COW FOR SALE - Slightly used 1931 Jersey hay burner, hornless and in wonderful running condition, hits on all fours, self filling radiator with four good faucets. D.M. Langworthy, New Hope District.



As you travel along #7 Highway to "Fisherman's House Museum" in Jeddore, Oyster Pond, take time to turn right at a road sign, just beyond Musquodoboit Harbour, marked, Ostrea Lake - Pleasant Point.

Driving along a very windy road you will come to the Village of Ostrea Lake. Continue on and you will see the crossroads, the road to the left goes to West Jeddore so drive straight ahead to Pleasant Point, a place steeped in history and picturesque character of nature. You will cross a small bridge which is over the tide run from the Oyster Pond. Now, what do you think of Pleasant Point situated on Kent's Island?

Originally Kent's Island was Williams' Island because it was granted to Patrick Williams for his war services; however, he did not claim his grant in the required period of time so all rights were transferred to William T. Kent, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was also a veteran of Nelson's battles of the Nile and Trafalgar.

A small island directly across from the Ostrea Lake government wharf has always been called "Francis Nose"; however, the actual name is "Francis Knowles" named after an Indian Chief. There are many stories relating to "Francis Knowles" some claiming that there was a chapel there and when the island was captured by the English the French threw all the valuables of that chapel into a nearby pond. Older residents still believe that relics must still be there.

Visit the old cemetery where some of the Indians may have been buried but it is definitely the resting place of the older inhabitants of Ostrea Lake as well as some from Pleasant Point, before St. George's Church cemetery was started. Many have been taken across the narrow channel to the "Knowles" or "Nose" for interment wherein their ancestors have been interred.

Jeddore residents buried there are Mr. & Mrs. Wallace (Mary) Baker, Mr. Leonard Jennex and Mr. & Mrs. John (Jane) Baker.

Mrs. E.S. Williams, Ada, describes her visit to Pleasant Point -

One beautiful Sunday afternoon we drove to Pleasant Point to visit a little cemetery on a hillock overlooking the sea where a few stones still stand dating back to 1867.

Years ago the driveway was along a stretch of beach. A road became a necessity and after a lengthy period materialized, thus placing the little cemetery apart, as it were.

Memory goes back over the years when a little church stood there surrounded by graves of many of the first settlers of Pleasant Point.

In those days the small houses of worship were called meetinghouses. This was a Methodist Church, the first for Pleasant Point. The foundation of that little Methodist meeting house (which would seat about 50 people) is still visible while the remaining stones and formation of graves stand as sentinels against the elements.

As I stood gazing at the stones of three teen age girls, this verse from Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" came to my mind:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air  
Far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stay."

One stone had this inscription on it, "Father, I am going to Jesus, have you a message to send, there will be no sorrow here."

My elder sister and I would often visit Aunt Miriam and Uncle Amos Slauen - white. The former being a staunch "Methodist" while the latter was a hard shell "Baptist". Of course, we accompanied them to church. There was a little organ close up by the pulpit. Cousin Florence would play it while Aunt Miriam would have sister and I sing some special hymn which we had learned.

As the little meeting house gradually succumbed to the elements of nature and the passing of the faithful ones, in the year 1905, a Baptist church was built and a new cemetery dedicated which today shows love and care from the entire Pleasant Point community.

Another church stands nearby, the United Church of Canada. The Baptist church ceased to function and was sold in 1964 and demolished.

It was with nostalgia that I gazed across the hillock where the stones as sentinels stand over the ones who sleep beneath the mounds of earth.

(John Hawkins and his Wife, Belle owned a large tract of land in this area.

John's mother was a sister to Grandpa Jim Myers, the builder of "Fisherman's House Museum". I often wonder if they were forefathers of John Hawkins, our present Minister of Agriculture?)

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#### DID YOU KNOW?

- That in parts of Europe, the wild rose was supposed to have been used in Christ's passion. The flowers were originally white; however, the color changed to red having been dyed with the Saviour's blood as the crown of thorns rested on his brow.

- That the beautiful pink Martha Washington Geranium is a favorite Easter plant.  
- Larkspurs were flowers growing in the Garden where Jesus walked after the Resurrection. Legend tells us that in the center of each blossom is an image of a little rabbit who waited there three days and three nights to greet the risen Lord.

- That St. Patrick and his followers were lost on a cold night with no fire. St. Patrick got his disciples to gather ice and snow. He breathed on them and they burst into a hot blazing fire.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO MRS. E.S. (ADA) WILLIAMS

Mrs. E.S. (Ada) Williams your pen has been laid aside,  
You have gone into richer service with God to abide;  
You have been called apart to rest awhile,  
But we'll always remember your friendly smile.

You supported our Museum project so it would not fail,  
You published our successes in every detail;  
Your Memory is preserved in the old Post Office small,  
Your picture hangs proudly on its historic wall.

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John Homans, another generous Friend of Fisherman's House Museum, has gone to be "forever with the Lord". He was a prominent Merchant of Clam Harbor.

Percy H. Weary of Musquodoboit Harbor was buried on the same day as John Homans. He, too, was a successful Merchant.

Both of these respected citizens strived to help all worthwhile projects which would benefit the people of the Eastern Shore.

Many other Eastern Shore residents fought the good fight and finished their course in 1977. They followed the footsteps of the guiding Shepherd through the dark valley of death - softly murmuring "Thy will be done."

I would like to quote a verse for all bereaved Relatives and Friends:

"The sun will shine and the clouds will lift,  
The snow will melt though high it drift;  
across the ocean there is a shore,  
Must we learn the lesson o'er and o'er?  
To know there is sun when the clouds droop low,  
To believe in the violets under the snow,  
To watch at the bows for the land that shall rise,-  
This is real Victory in disguise." anon- From an old Scrap Book.

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DID YOU KNOW?

- That the Church of England has approved a new version that puts the Lord's Prayer in modern language. The new version is:

"Our Father in Heaven, hallowed be Your name. Your will be done on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. Do not bring us to the time of trial, but deliver us from evil. For the Kingdom, the power and the glory are Yours now and forever. Amen."

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A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO MRS. LORNE ARNOLD, SR.

Mrs. Lorne Arnold, Sr., affectionately known as "Aunt Lydia Lorne", a devoted member of East Jeddore Pentecostal Church, was called to the "Haven of Rest" to enjoy Heaven's Peace, Perfect Peace. Aunt Lydia was always optimistic. She encouraged OTHERS to banish sorrow and to sing of cheer, of joy and of hope.

She was a generous donor to "Fisherman's House Museum". She donated written of her own knitting to the Craft Shop to help us honor our commitments.

Many older citizens have entrusted some of their priceless possessions to the Museum with the understanding that they would be preserved as part of their Heritage; therefore, we must not fail them. I think of our Museum as a Shrine, made sacred by historic relics which were cherished by the persons who owned them.

"The MEMORY of the Just is Blessed." (Proverbs 10:7.)

AN UNUSUAL LIGHT -- CORA MYERS

Not at all troubled at this time of year (February 1978) with blackflies or mosquitoes, yet my mind drifts back to a happening of many years ago at "Salmon River House".

Late one afternoon a gentleman arrived for evening meal and a night's lodging. I took him to Room 4 in which from one window he had a nice view of the river, and from the other window the mountain.

After the evening meal he went to his room. All was quiet from that direction, and as the evening advanced, I got to my room for a peaceful slumber, so I thought, when lo! before I had chance to rest my weary limbs, let alone slumber, what did I hear but a loud knock on the kitchen door.

I hastily called out as to what was wanted when the retort was, "I am checking out".

I replied, "Well, why did you ever come in as it is not yet midnight".

His answer was that there were too many flies in his room that he couldn't see straight. On hearing this, I was almost speechless; however, I managed to reply that I would go up with him to see "what was what". Hastily, donning a dressing gown I accompanied him up to room 4, and lo! what did I behold but some kind of a huge, glaring light he had supplied himself with which just about blinded me. Although there were screens on both windows, yet the entire windows and curtains were literally black all over as if that was their natural color. Also on the mysterious lamp of his a circle of flies was apparently having a grand dance around, and truly from Ecum Secum Bridge to Salmon River Bridge they evidently had arrived in swarms seemingly attracted by this unusual type of light.

Naturally I led him to another bedroom and advised him not to turn on his powerful light there. So next day just use your imagination as to what the interior of room 4 looked like -- You could say one's imagination was on a real vacation. Truly said, and yet the years of catering to the public provided many pleasant memories and food for thought on a far more pleasant level than that "mosquito and black fly night".

Pleasant memories we cherish and there are many I recall, and relive as it were. Time is a healer, but memories never fade away entirely --- not even this one regarding the army of mosquitoes and black flies. Just take it all in your stride and plod along until such time as we join our loved ones gone before in "The land where we will never grow old".

I often wonder if that gentleman who entertained the large buzzing audience by that powerful light is still on earth, and, if so, has it provided him with a chuckle as it has to "yours truly" ...Cora Myers

Arnold Logan, newspaper reporter, during his stay in 1954 at the Salmon River House, composed a poem which Mrs. Cora Myers treasures among her souvenirs of earlier, busier days.

Excerpts from poem:

From the time Cora Myers welcomes you,  
And you've warmed to the charm of Sandy;  
It suddenly dawns on you, "Now who  
Could treat you half so dandy!

So you linger awhile though you  
should be off,  
And before you know it it's dinner!  
The hat you've put on you immediately  
doff ---  
Your waistline will get no thinner!"

Arnold Logan's sincere wish is that some day a real poet will "do" justice to Cora and Sandy and the "Salmon River House".

F R I E N D S

If you have friends worth loving, Love them. Yes, and let them know  
That you love them, ere life's evening Tinge their brows with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said Of our friends till they are dead?

-Daniel Hoyt, A Sermon in Rhyme

Miss Annie MacDonald has been our faithful Insurance Agent for many years. Years ago fortune did not smile on us; therefore, there were times when insurance financial obligations could not always be honored on the exact date that they were due. Annie was very understanding and assured us that she would see that our Insurance Policies were paid on time and that we could pay her at our convenience. How can we ever repay her for the trust she had in us? When we had misfortune and needed insurance adjustments, Annie came immediately to our assistance with sympathy and satisfactory settlement. We relied on her honesty and integrity and were never disappointed.

Just today she called at our home and we were impressed with her initiative and alertness of mind for a lady her age!

She is a Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and during her years of serving the public along the Eastern Shore, she has signed countless legal documents as well as writing out deeds and wills. (I don't believe that she charged for these legal services?)

Her advice to others is the same as Chesterfield gave to his son:

"Know the value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

We must all admit that she practised this same philosophy.

Annie, I am very grateful to you for all your encouragement and support in times when I needed trustworthy friends.

We must not forget the many years of Volunteer Service Annie gave to Community Activities in the Sheet Harbour area to promote industry, Building of schools and hospitals, etc.; her financial donations to churches, clubs, museums, etc. as well as TREATS for the aged, the sick and the needy along the Eastern Shore.

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Mrs. Max (Dorothy Faulkner) Fahie has played an important role in the Success of "Fisherman's House Museum". She is now President of the Marine Highway Museum Society also a Director.

As I grow older, events of yesteryear reflect with a different perspective. Pleasant memories become more pleasing; however, trials which I endured now create a feeling of "why was it so?" Why did friends I trusted and whose children I taught faithfully and often promoted to help them in their chosen careers try to destroy my profession?

Dorothy Fahie, a parent with whom I had very little personal contact, proved to be my Deliverer from the attacks of my enemies. You know that now I often think of the Bible stories which relate to a group of ten. The ten lepers who were healed by God but only ONE returned to Thank HIM. The ten virgins but only ONE were wise enough to keep their lamps filled with oil to be ready when God called. A committee of ten formed to disqualify me as Principal of Eastern Shore High School, only ONE, Dorothy Fahie, made a statement of the truthful situation to save my reputation as a school administrator.

How can I ever prove to Dorothy Fahie that the hours she spent in Supreme Court in my defense presenting the truth are appreciated? Friends of this degree of personal excellence are difficult to find.

Dorothy's Philosophy: "He who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both."-M. Muller.  
"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

Luke 17:17

TRIBUTES OF PRAISE

Mrs. Grace Forsythe:

Mrs. Grace Forsythe, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E.S. (Ada Harpell) Williams of West Jeddore retired from teaching in June, 1977.

Grace has proved that teaching is a challenging and rewarding experience. During her years of service, she met efficiently the new situations which unfolded each day. She kept stride with the changes in education. After graduating from Provincial Normal College she attended Summer School classes. Just a year before her retirement she received her B.A. Degree from Mount Allison University.

I taught her when she was in Grade 7. She taught in one-room schools. Our present Deputy Minister of Education, Carmen Moir, took his student teaching practise under her supervision. She was a bulwark of strength to my administration as Vice-Principal at Robert Jamison and on the Staff of Eastern Shore High School.

She was Principal of Jeddore-Lakeville School for two years and also Principal of Head Jeddore School for two years. She was a very competent classroom teacher. During her last four years of service, she was Librarian at Eastern Shore High School.

In 1955 she was awarded a Service Badge for organization of Junior Red Cross Branches in the various schools.

I have always admired her unselfishness. She would give and lend priceless teaching aids which she had saved during her teaching years.

Grace is a talented writer which is obvious from the stories she has written for REMINISCENCE, RAMBLING MEMORIES and FORGET-ME-NOT REFLECTIONS. One of her stories was recently published in the MARITIME FARMER, St. John.

Her son, Dr. Michael Forsythe, is an Orthopedic (Bone) Surgeon. At present he is specializing in Neuro Surgery and Spinal Surgery at the Pennsylvania State General Hospital in Philadelphia. He graduated from Dalhousie Medical School in 1971.

I am convinced that as Grace recalls the rewards and challenges of her teaching career which she reached for with an open heart and hand, she now finds her heart welling with pride and satisfaction, and her hand closing over many rich rewards.

(As I was writing the above paragraph, two other Eastern Shore Teachers who retired in 1977, deserve commendation for their contribution to education and to their communities, Tena (Arbuckle) Beaver and Kathleen (Mason) MacDonald.)

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My Students and Graduates of Robert Jamison High School who returned to teach with me and are still competent leaders in education:

WILSON BAKER was a successful classroom teacher, Principal of Robert Jamison Elementary School and Principal of all the Elementary schools in the Musquodoboit Valley.

JO ANN (MONK) COOLEN - successful classroom teacher, Principal of Robert Jamison Elementary School and Vice-Principal of all the Elementary schools in the Marine District.

MONA (BLAKENEY) MOSHER - successful classroom teacher, Vice-Principal of Robert Jamison High School, Principal of Jeddore-Lakeville school and now Head of the Mathematics Department at Eastern Shore High School. Mona was the recipient of the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal for outstanding service in education.

WAYNE WOLFE - Physical Fitness Instructor at Eastern Shore High School.

DAVID WEBBER - successful classroom teacher now Head of the Mathematics Department at Duncan McMillan High School, Sheet Harbour. David and his pupils at Jeddore Lakeville helped to establish "Fisherman's Life Museum". He was the first teacher in Halifax County to initiate and conduct successfully an outdoor Endurance and Survival class.

DIANE (COOLEN) RUSSELL - PRINCIPAL OF FOUR HARBOUR SCHOOL, Owl's Head. Successful classroom teacher at Robert Jamison High School.

CHARLIE KEATING'S ROAST - Gordon & Alice Gray

Recently we attended a "Roast" for Charlie Keating at Porter's Lake Community Center. When we were invited to go, we said, "What in heaven's name does a 'Roast' have to do with Charlie Keating?" However, the only way to find out was to go even though the night was rainy and foggy.

The theme of the "Roast" should have been, "Laugh and ~~Grow~~ Fat" because the hilarious laughter created by the "ribbing" of Charlie plus the delicious food provided by the Community Caterers certainly created a pleasant atmosphere of relaxation.

Pat Connolly, Sports Broadcaster, was a very witty Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Hollingsworth, Editor of the Dartmouth Free Press, Arnie Patterson from , , C.F.D.R. Radio Station and the Hon. Glen Bagnell, M.L.A. from Dartmouth, chided poor Charlie with many personal life situations, maybe a bit exaggerated; however, Charlie responded with ready perception and happy expression of the unexpected.

The Roasters tried to make Charlie self-conscious and uncomfortable about his trips to New Zealand and his knowledge of Maori. Here Charlie had the advantage because he knew how to pronounce articulately the names of the places he visited.

One Roaster could not understand how Charlie could have both a tavern and a liquor outlet in his Shopping Center. Charlie responded and assured him it was because of his unbiased opinion regarding politics, one was granted to him by the Progressive Conservatives and the other by the Liberals.

Two huge cakes were displayed on the center table. The icing on one represented Canada, the other the Province of Nova Scotia. Charlie and the Hon. A.G. Brown, our Eastern Shore M.L.A., did the honor of cutting the cakes. With no particular choice Charlie cut the cake of Canada while Mr. Brown cut the N.S. cake. The Master of Ceremonies quickly took advantage of this incident to point out that Charlie assumed a more important role than Mr. Brown because he was cutting up Canada while Mr. Brown was left to cut up only part of Canada, Nova Scotia.

It was not a political meeting; however, the guests insisted on hearing from Mr. Brown. He received a standing ovation. In his brief remarks he assured everyone, regardless of political affiliation, that he was always available to listen to their problems and to help them if at all possible. \*\*\*\*\*

(It was the 14th Anniversary of the Opening of Lakeview Shopping Center, Ltd. by Charles Keating. ~~What~~ PROGRESS has been made in the 14 years! I wonder if we ever realize the number of jobs that have been created through Charlie's initiative? Charlie's mother was Beatrice Redmond of Chezzetcook and his father, Charles Keating of Little Harbour; therefore, we can proudly say, "another Eastern Shore Country Boy who is doing well".

Mr. Keating is very sympathetic especially to a person or persons who are at a disadvantage in a struggle or victimized by a sector of society. Sometimes it seems that our own Eastern Shore citizens are not appreciated enough for the active role they play in promoting prosperity and culture. I guess it is because, "A prophet hath no honor in his own country."

In the September, 1977, edition of "The Atlantic Advocate", I was pleased to read the following: "Loto Canada Inc. is pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Charles V. Keating as Chairman of the Board of Directors of Loto Canada. A prominent businessman, Mr. Keating operates eight businesses including the Dartmouth Cable Television Ltd, Lakeview Shopping Centre Ltd, Lakeview IGA and International Managements Ltd. He is President of the Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce, and serves on the Board of Directors for the Dartmouth General Hospital and the Dartmouth Regional Vocational School. (Con't)

C.V.K. Com't)

He is Commissioner of the Dartmouth Industrial Commission and a member of the Young Presidents' Organization, Atlantic Chapter. Mr. Keating has also served as Vice-Chairman of the New Brunswick Canadian Association for Retarded Children, President of the Eastern Shore Tourism Association and a Promoter of "Fisherman's House Museum".

CONGRATULATIONS! Mr. Keating, Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society.

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BEST WISHES TO GORDON SMILEY

For the past 31 years Gordon Smiley an Eastern Shore Assessor has been calling on residents of the Eastern Shore discussing with them the assessments of their properties.

All tax payers respected his honesty and integrity. He was just and fair always ready to listen to reason. He trusted the owners of property to tell him the truth about any improvements to their estates.

Recently he retired; therefore, all the Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society wish him many years of HAPPINESS!

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COLONEL S. R. BALCOM - An Eastern Shore Native

Col. Samuel R. Balcom LID, is the chief Administrator of the Province of Nova Scotia. He acts as head of the province in the concurrent absence of both the Lieutenant governor and the chief justice.

Colonel Balcom was born in Port Dufferin, Halifax County. He graduated from Dalhousie University in arts in 1911 and in pharmacy in 1915. He was given an honorary degree in law by Dalhousie in 1969.

From 1950 until 1957 he was a Liberal member of Parliament. During World War I he was overseas with the Dalhousie Hospital Unit in the rank of lieutenant. When he retired from that Unit, his rank was lieutenant-colonel.

During World War II he served in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps as Inspector General of Medical Stores in Canada.

He is the immediate past-president of Balcom-Chittick Ltd., a drug store chain, retiring in 1975.

He has been very active as you will note by the following honors he was awarded and the activities in which he was involved:  
Representative to World Health Organization in 1956;  
Member of Dalhousie's Board of Directors from 1939 - 1969;  
Honored by Rotary Club; Received the Meritorious Service Medal from R.C.L.  
Member of Halifax School Board; President of Halifax Board of Trade;  
Member of Advisory Board of YMCA; Past Director of the John Howard Society;  
Director of N.S. Arthritis and Rheumatism Society;  
Director of Dalhousie Alumni Association and Dalhousie Review Publishing Company;  
A Trustee of Maritime College of Pharmacy, the Halifax Visiting Dispensary;  
A member of the Red Cap Snow Shoe Club;  
He was President of the Halifax Retail Drug Association, the N.S. Pharmaceutical Association.

All Eastern Shore residents are justly proud of the service Colonel Balcom has given to N.S. as a citizen, as a soldier, and as a businessman.

(When I was taking a University Course in Political Science, Col. Balcom gave me books and other material which helped me to pass the course. I will always remember his Kindness and Generosity.)

BEAR NO MATCH FOR WILLIE WESTON, 94 YEARS OF AGE -Hattie Densmore

(Permission was given by Staff of Mail-Star to reprint the following story)- . ,

A bear in your backyard isn't very good company according to 94-year-old Willie Weston, East Chezzetcook, so he proceeded to get the bear drunk and then capture him.

Mr. Weston said every evening last summer friend bear would come out behind his home where he lives alone. "I'm not as good as I once was on my feet", he said, "and I just didn't like him around. I thought and finally came up with how to get rid of him."

"I put a wash tub out in the yard and filled it with a gallon of moonshine mixed with a gallon of molasses. I stirred it up then waited inside the house for the bear to appear. At dusk it did and immediately stuck its nose in the washtub to taste the liquid."

"It liked the taste and licked some more." Mr. Weston wove back and forth in his high back chair with his eyes twinkling as he described how the bear licked and became drunk.

"He got both paws in the tub, then lunged back out of it and lay, stone drunk, on the ground. Then I called the Department of Lands and Forests and a man came and took it to the wild life park in Shubenacadie."

Mr. Weston has a quick wit and a warm sense of humor that makes talking to him an enjoyable experience. His experience over 94-years has been varied and he still has good health, suffering only from arthritis.

When he was a young man, he worked in the Gold Mines at Oxford, about three miles back from East Chezzetcook. His bad leg today is a result of a mine accident when fire broke out and he and the late Tommy Richards were down in a shaft.

"We started up on the bucket but when we were up about 40 feet, the rope broke and we went flying back to the bottom of the shaft. We had to crawl up a ladder even though my leg was hurt and I had put my teeth through my lips."

Mr. Weston said the men on the mine deck were pouring water down over them to keep the fire away as they came up the ladder.

He went to work at the young age of 14 in a mill at Ship Harbour. (Hill and French saw mill on Ship Harbour River next to the Harbour. Four Masters would anchor off the shore and the lumber would be taken out to the vessels on scows.) His wages were \$12 a month.

"I've always worked hard, that's why I am so healthy. And, his health is good, with the exception of arthritis.

Mr. Weston loves cats. He has five now and has kept up to 15 at a time. His husky dog "Tiger" who often gets away from him because he can't hold him on the rope any longer, is his constant companion.

Mr. Weston kept an ox up until last year. When he was young, he used to pile drive on the government wharf with his oxen. He does his own cooking, his favorite food being fish and rolled oat porridge. He also digs clams and cooks them for himself. He also splits wood and up until this year cut it in the woods.

He loves to tell jokes and with a straight face tells of when he was in the Army he killed 100 men. When you ask where the battle took place, he looks back, tips his head and says, "There wasn't any battle, I was the cook."

He recalls the days when there were no cars in East Chezzetcook, and no snow plows. The winters were colder and much harder then. He remembers when they brought houses on the ice over from the offshore island called Bobby's Island, where they were made near a brick factory there.

## CAPTAIN ERNEST DAY OF JEDDORE

Captain Ernest Day was born in Jeddore in 1893. He was the son of Arthur and Rebecca (Mitchell) Day. He began his sea career at the age of 12 with his father in fishing and coasting vessels around Nova Scotia. In 1909, he left his father and continued his sea life out of Canadian and British ports until 1916. At this time he went to the United States and sailed out of the port of New York as a seaman until he obtained his 2nd mate's license in 1918. He received his hard won Master's Certificate in 1920.

During World War I, Captain Day, pursued his chosen career on foreign going ships of the United States. He was on the ship that took Admiral W.S. Sims to England early in 1917, in order to be ready should the United States become involved in the war with Germany. However, Admiral Sims did not have to wait as war was declared before the ship arrived. In passing, it is well to note that they had their first contact with the enemy before arrival as the ship struck a mine and was badly damaged but made port safely under her own power. Captain Day had the honor of being assigned to the Sims lifeboat.

During the World War II years, Captain Day commanded various tankers of the War Shipping Administration, doing convoy duty in the Atlantic and Mediterranean for which he received commendation from the New York Port Director for excellence in navigation and convoy discipline and for outstanding performance of duty as Commodore.

After World War II, and until his retirement, he spent the most satisfying years of his long life at sea in command of United States Navy tankers. During and after the Korean War, his command supplied the various Naval Bases in the Pacific with fuel from the Persian Gulf and supplied fuel for the atom bomb tests carried out by the Navy on the Bikini Atoll, in the Marshall group, discharging his cargo at Kwajalein Atoll of the same group.

On his final voyage, and to close a successful career with never an accident to his ship, he fulfilled his earliest dream for the fourth time, that of circumnavigation of the earth with his own command and was thus satisfied to leave the sea to younger men.

(Captain Day died in Chipley, Florida.)

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## GREAT LAKES CAPTAIN WAS JEDDORE NATIVE

Captain Frank E. (Guild) Gould was born in Jeddore. He was the son of Henry Sibley and Margaret Maskell Gould. He spent most of his life away from his native province. He commanded ships on the Great Lakes for many years, and later was a pilot on the Great Lakes.

(I have lived all my life in Jeddore; however, I never remember hearing the life stories of these two Captains. I have a feeling of satisfaction in recording stories about Eastern Shore folk who did well with very little academic education just to show that it takes perseverance, ability, decision and patience to achieve success. "Every man's work shall be made manifest." Corinthians. III. 13 )

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IMAGINE! I saw a cowslip through the fence.

A horsefly in the store;

I saw a board walk up the street,  
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road;  
A morning break the gloom.

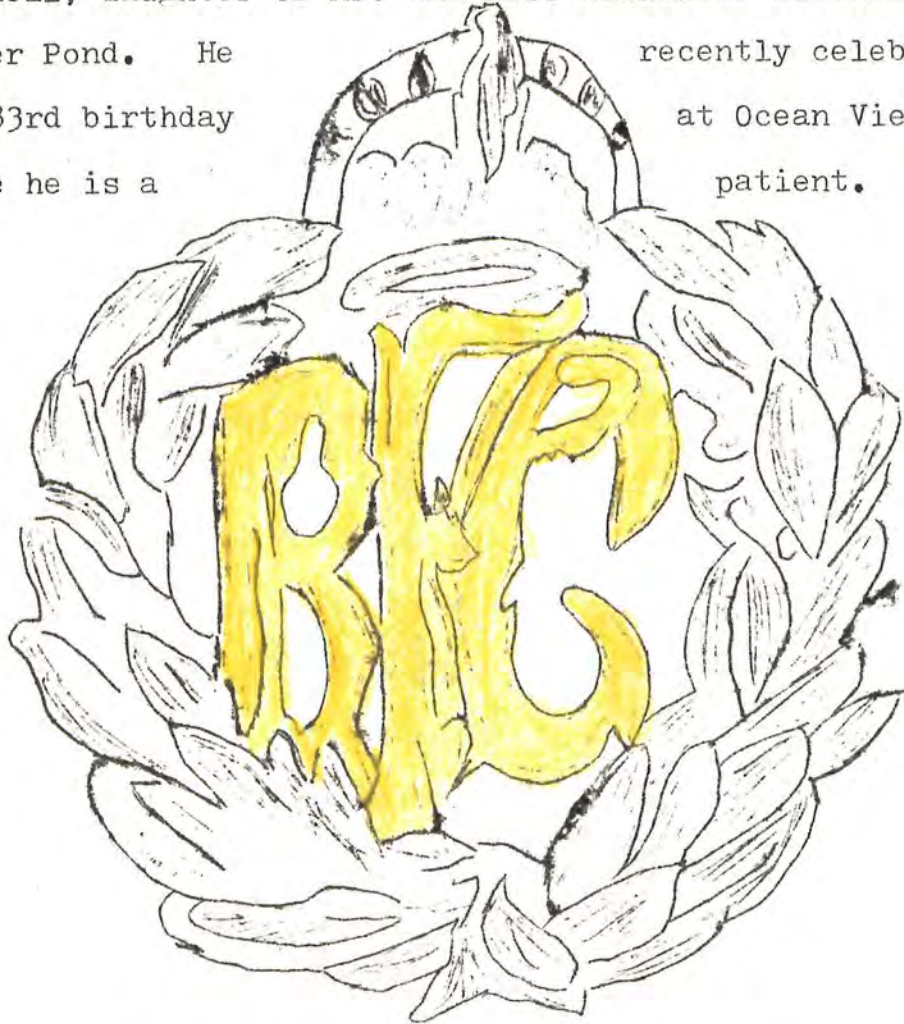
I saw a nightfall on the lawn;  
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high;  
A sardine box in town.

I saw a bedspring at the gate;  
An inkstand on the ground.

Eastern Shore 'Wings'

Otho Alexander Curran Gibbons was born at Halifax on January 11, 1895, the son of James Gibbons of England and Sabina Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mitchell of Oyster Pond. He recently celebrated his 83rd birthday at Ocean View Manor, where he is a patient.



Mr. Gibbons has a background of distinguished service to Canada. For his invention, in competition with United States and International patents, he won the Award of Merit, the only Canadian so honored. This was for a "Rapid Transit System" designed to carry passengers remaining in their cars to be whisked over congested areas, cities, etc. A monorail type of gondola, suspended on stanchions above the ground. To board this conveyance, cars go up a ramp. Passengers can be let off at stations along the way, still remaining in their cars. This was at the Inventors' Exhibition, New York, on Sept. 18, 1966.

Then a young lad apprentice bricklayer, he volunteered for service in the 63rd Halifax Rifles in 1912. On August 5, 1914, he was called for Active Service, and was soon promoted up the line from private to Sergeant-Major. He was in the 1st Draft 63rd for overseas duty in December, 1915. In January, 1916, he was with the C.E.F. in the United Kingdom.

Selected to attend Oxford University, he received his Commission in the Royal Flying Corps, as 2nd Lieutenant, in April, 1917. In April, 1918, when the Royal Air Force was formed, he became Flight-Lt. He is still a member of the R.A.F. Club, 128 Piccadilly, London, England.

Following World War I, he was with the R.C.A.F. in Camp Borden, as a Commercial pilot with Air Engineer Certs.

In World War II, he served as D.O.T. Traffic Control Officer, and opened the bases at St. Hubert, Que., Malton, Ont., and Moncton, N.B. He then resumed active flying as Commercial Captain of Aircraft No. 10 Air Observer School under the Empire Air Training Plan at Chatham, N.B., as advanced training instructor and assistant operations manager. After a year of heavy flying duty, three flights of three hours each per day, Otho retired with all Certificates, fit and active in December, 1942.

After three weeks retirement, he was appointed Group Controller of Asdic and Radar at RCN Dockyard, Halifax. On completion of this service in 1945, Mr. Gibbons started his own business, The House of Otho Gibbons, Import-Export, established in both Canada and International markets for patented Mobile Storage systems. One of the first cabinets to be installed was at the Victoria General Hospital, for records.

Following retirement in 1967, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons resided at "Sunnyholme", the family home at Oyster Pond, for five years until ill-health forced him to cease activity.

In 1969, members of the Royal Flying Corps were entertained at the R.A.F. Club's 50th anniversary in London, where they were presented to the Queen and Prince Philip. He is one of the few surviving members of the RFC, with many experiences and memories to brighten his sunset years.

One of Mr. Gibbons' artistic ventures was designing fireplaces from native stone. At "Sunnyholme" three of these are standing. One has the RFC 'wings' over the mantel, made of stone and brick, and complete with jewelled crown. Another is faced with amethyst ore-- beautiful indeed. He was one of the first to generate electricity for his home. Otho is well remembered for his part in local concerts at St. John's Hall, where his talent for acting and memorizing helped 'make the show'.

Although much of his life was spent away from Oyster Pond, Otho will be remembered as a 'son of the Eastern Shore', and is one of the few remaining Canadian members of the RFC.

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#### High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds -- and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of -- wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlight silence. Hovering there  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

..John Gillespie Magee

Contributed by G. E. Forsythe

## SPORTS AT ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL

It would take many pages to record the Robert Jamison Sports Program; therefore, only a few excerpts from Year Books will be published here.

"The Sports Directors wish to thank in a very special way Harold (Skip) MacKenzie who was responsible for organizing the Sports Council and directed all the sports activities in his congenial manner which made everybody happy. Skip spent many extra hours planning and working to make this the best year ever for Robert Jamison High. We are very grateful for all his outstanding accomplishments and we hope he will be back next term to continue the excellent leadership started this year."

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I often wonder what happened to Mr. Speller, Teacher Adviser, for sports at Robert Jamison.

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SPORTS at Robert Jamison High School were very popular in 1961-62. This term the ball field was expanded and a new backstop erected. Another ping-pong table was purchased which gave more players chance to participate. Badminton became more popular.

May 26, 1962, just about every student took an active part in the Track and Field Meet.

- Paul Power, Grade XI

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In 1963-64 the head of the Sports Council was Glen Brown. Sports coaches: Fred DeBaie, Bruce Young, Wayne Dooks, William Coolen and Eddie Sweet.

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Diane Coolen and Fred Debaie voted as top athletes by their classmates.

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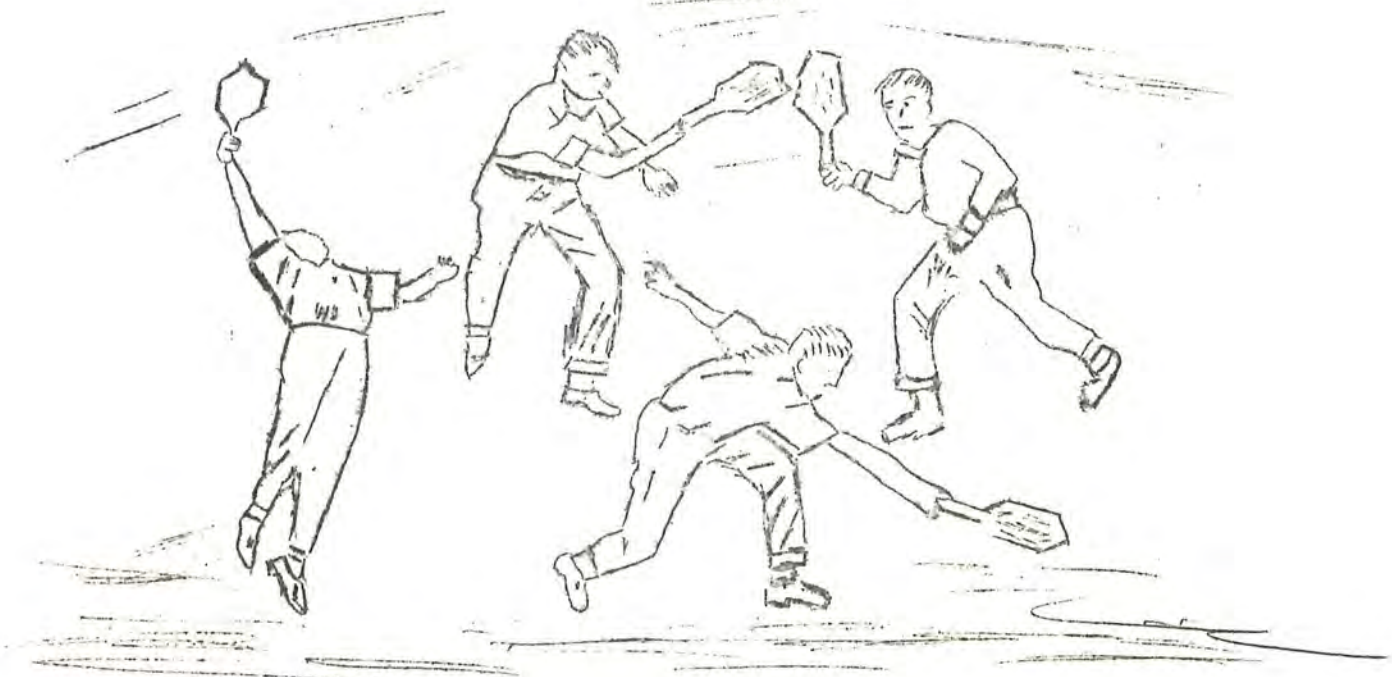
Senior Softball Captains: Ivan Newcombe, Dennis Day, and Barry Bayers.

Junior Softball Captains: Ansel Day, Miles Keating and Eddie Arnold.

Captains of the Girls' Teams: Margaret Hill, Nancy McNamara, and Elaine Dooks.

Mr. Narang, Teacher, was a very popular sports director.

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## OPENING OF ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL

In honor of an Anglican priest, Robert Jamison, whose principal ambition eighty-eight years ago was to make the Eastern Shore educational opportunities equal to those of other districts was at last materialized, we held the Opening of the Robert Jamison Consolidated High School on November 16, 1957, at Jeddore, Oyster Pond.

The ceremony, conducted by **Harpell Power**, Chairman of the Marine District School Board, opened with the Doxology. Then "O Canada" was sung, followed by an opening prayer by Rev. Mrs. Moore.

Rev. C.S. Hebb gave a summary of the work of the late Robert Jamison who toiled diligently to advance education along the Eastern Shore.

The formal opening was declared by Warden Leverman. A plaque bearing the coat of arms of the County of Halifax, to be mounted in the School lobby, was presented to Harpell Power by Mr. Leverman.

The opening ceremony was highlighted with addresses by Warden Leverman, introduced by Councillor Joe Davis, by Dr. H.P. Moffatt, Deputy Minister of Education, was introduced by Mrs. Helen Jennex, Principal of the new School; and B.C. Silver, Inspector of Schools for Halifax Co., was introduced by Mr. H. Power.

A very fitting tribute was paid in memory to the late Terrance Newcombe, trustee of the School Board, by Inspector B.C. Silver. Books have been placed in the School in memory of Terrance Newcombe.

Many presentations were made. Mr. Innes MacLeod, Assistant to the Premier of Nova Scotia, as an official representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, presented to the Principal, a Holy Bible for the School. Other presentations were made during the ceremony which included donations from the six Dartmouth Chapters I.O.D.E. An Auditorium Union Jack was presented to trustee Bryon Myers, by Mrs. Clyde Teasdale, Regent of Maid Marion Chapter, Classroom flags were presented to trustee, Edward Webber by Miss Edith Rowlings, Fairview Chapter; pictures of the Royal Family were presented to trustee Cyril Young, by Mrs. Harold Sullivan, Fort Clarence Chapter.

Inspector B.C. Silver presented Mrs. H. Jennex with two silver trophy cups, Nova Scotia awards for Art at the Canadian National Exhibition won by Bruce Rowlings and Alfred Hill, former pupils of **Mrs. H. Jennex**.

**Mrs. H.H. Walsh**, Regional Vice President of the area, presented Mrs. H. Jennex with a Badge of Service of the Canadian Red Cross for Junior Red Cross work during the past fifteen years.

The closing prayer was pronounced by Father Quinn, followed by the Queen. Mrs. English was the pianist.

After the closing of the program, the large number of guests present inspected the school and later attended a supper at the Oyster Pond Hall. Later in the evening entertainment in celebration of the official opening of the School, was enjoyed at the New School.

## EIGHT YEARS AT ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL

During the eight years that I spent as Supervising Principal of Robert Jamison High School at Jeddore, Oyster Pond, the teachers and I believed in the training of the mental, moral, and physical powers of our students by instruction, control, and exercise. Very seldom did the Staff have to take disciplinary action for the sake of training or misbehavior.

When I reminisce on those eight years and read in the Year Books of the accomplishments and activities of the students, I have no regrets. The students were always actively engaged in studying, sports, music, clubs, etc. In the next few pages mention will be made of a few of their achievements. We must never forget the excellent manner in which the students conducted themselves.

The Staff and students in this high school believed, "Let all things be done decently and in order." I Corinthians XIV, verse 40.

Use your imagination to get an idea of the manner in which the students conducted themselves: Every morning at 9 o'clock an orderly march down to the auditorium; formation of lines; humbly bowing heads and the Lord's Prayer repeated in unison; at attention for "O CANADA", then the School Hymn, "O Master Let Me Walk With Thee". How proud we were of the respect shown by these students! I often wonder if they ever think about what was wrought into their characters during the first fifteen minutes of each day at Robert Jamison?

Following is an affirmation of Steadfastness exemplified by both Staff and Students, written by Mr. Narang. (1963-1964)

Here dies another year! But I think I have lived this year. My first year in Canada had brought me valuable experiences and sweet memories which are too dear to part with. It has been a year of struggle. The memory of it will remain ever green; however, I cannot forget the initial and inevitable difficulties I had to surmount.

My difficulties, which are common to all people coming from the far East, were many. I shall never forget the hard time my pupils and colleagues had in understanding my pronunciation. At times I felt I was a misfit. But can I forget the patience they showed?

When I left India, I was full of excitement over the idea of visiting and working in the New World. Fear, too, had a seat in my heart. How shall I adjust myself in the new society? Whether the East and West shall meet? Well, they did meet. The co-operation, the warmth, and the amicability of the people made me forget that I was an alien in this land. The help and co-operation which I got have left an indelible impression on my mind. My whole heart rises to thank all those who welcomed me.

How shall I adjust in the school with my pupils and my colleagues was another major problem. But they really helped me more than I ever expected. I got from the school (Robert Jamison) family more than I deserved.

Now to-day when I reflect over the year which has gone by, I feel I am not sadder but wiser. The outstanding feature of the school in which I had the privilege of working in the first year of my stay in Canada is discipline. This perfect discipline made my work in Robert Jamison High School much easier. I cannot recollect a single day when I had to face this problem which is so common all the world over. It is no exaggeration but a statement of fact. I think this gave us more time to concentrate our energies over other activities of the school program which are so vital in the present day education. In fact, I got more from Robert Jamison High than I gave.

ROBERT JAMISON STUDENTS EXAMINE CAREERS - 1961

Approximately 200 students, representing the Central Consolidated School at Tangier and the Robert Jamison High School at Oyster Pond, Jeddore, participated in a unique Career Conference at the Jeddore School.

The Conference was inaugurated by Helen Jennex, Principal of Robert Jamison School with the idea of providing students in the advanced grades in her school with an insight into possible careers or professions as an aid in formulating plans for when they leave school.

She invited the Central Consolidated School at Tangier to send a group of students to participate in the Career Conference and as a result 47 students from that school, headed by their Principal, Melita Ford were also participating in the program. The 150 students from Robert Jamison represented 19 rural and village school sections.

The inaugural conference heard specialists in various careers and professions outline the advantage and types of work involved in their particular fields.

Inspector of Schools B.C. Silver, opened the Conference and presided over the preliminary session which was followed by an adjournment into separate sessions during which the speakers addressed the students and answered questions pertaining to their work.

Harpell Power, Chairman of the Marine District School Board welcomed the students participating in the Conference and thanked the speakers who had made available their time and ability to outline their vocations to the students.

Helen Jennex, School Principal, introduced the session speakers and thanked them for co-operating in the experiment which she hoped might become a regular affair if student acceptance was evident.

R.G. Speller, Career Counsellor of Robert Jamison, addressed the assembly and introduced Kenneth Ross, secretary of the Halifax Board of Trade. Mr. Ross spoke to the students on the important step they were taking in choosing a career. He said they had tremendous opportunities to develop with Canada's expanding economy.

Herman Hartlin representing the Eastern Shore Board of Trade, Councillor R. Williams were present and served as chairmen for the separate seminars along with the Teachers of Robert Jamison. The Clergy of the area also assisted in seminars.

The various speakers were as follows: RCAF - F.L. Wilson; Banking - Ken Ross; Army - Lt. G.C. Beal; Business I - G. Lantz; Business II - C. Marshall; Civil Service - L.V. Thornton; Engineering - Professor V. Vaughan; Trades - R. Delaney; Navy - Lt. Cdr. R. Mercer; Nursing - Mrs. W. Langille; RCMP - Cpl. Christensen; Social Work - Miss. E. Griffiths; Teaching - B.C. Silver and Karl Perry; Dalhousie - Professor C. Archibald.

SECOND CONFERENCE

The second Career Conference was held the following year with similar proceedings as the first; however, there were changes in speakers and seminar leaders. Inspector Keith Perry presided over the Assembly. Mr. E.T. Marriott, Chief Administrative Officer for Halifax County School Board introduced the chief speaker Dr. Henry Hicks. Dr. Hicks predicted that "in the not too distant future" bankers will require a Bachelor of Commerce degree to obtain a bank manager's position.

The various speakers were: RCMP - Cpl. H.H. Kempster; Army - Lt. D.P. Ludlow; RCAF - F/L L.C. Wilson; RCN - Lt. Cdr. A.T. Love; Banking - W.D. Morrison; Imperial Oil Limited - N.J. Bloomer; Light & Power Industry - K.W. McGrail; Teaching - D. Moses; Civil Service - Miss Cummings; Nursing - Mrs. L. Jardine; Trades - Mr. MacIsaac & Mr. MacLean; Social Work - Mrs. Joley

(According to Sally Siteman, Grade 11 student, the conferences were very successful and she was convinced that all students appreciated what the School Staff had planned for them.)

A VISIT TO THE LEGISLATURE - Diane Clattenburg, Grade XII

On April 5th, 1962, the Grade twelve students from Robert Jamison visited the Legislature. They were accompanied by the Grade twelve students from Sheet Harbour and Tangier. The Principals, Helen Jencks, Norman Deale, Donald Leslie and Kay MacDonald were on the tour also.

This trip was arranged by Dr. D. MacMillan, Eastern Shore, M.L.A. who had also ordered and paid for a delicious turkey dinner for us all at the Green Lantern Restaurant.

At the Legislative Building, we were impressed with the Red Room, the Library, the beautiful chairs and the pictures of famous men and women which adorned the walls.

We spent a very informative hour in the Balcony listening to the debates and learning how the Speaker conducted the business of government. When the Speaker is present, the Mace, the symbol of authority, is placed on the Clerk's table. When he leaves, the Mace is removed.

We are sincerely grateful to Dr. MacMillan who had arranged this visit for us. I am sure we all had an enjoyable and profitable experience.

DOCTOR D. MACMILLAN,

Time has passed and a few years ago this beloved country doctor who gave his entire life, both day and night, to the service of both rich and poor for 40 years on the Eastern Shore was called to that land "that is fairer than day". The Conservative Premier, C.I. Smith said, "His was a personality of the highest integrity, of warm sympathy and sound judgment. Though he treasured his rich Scottish heritage, those of every race, color and creed commanded his service, his help and his friendship."

Our present Premier, Gerald Regan, was at the time of his death leader of the Opposition and I would like to echo the tribute that Gerald Regan made to Dr. Duncan MacMillan, Liberal M.L.A. for Halifax Eastern Shore.

"Dr. MacMillan was a country doctor who served all from the highest to the humblest. Through his profession and his long residence on the Eastern Shore, Dr. MacMillan understood the problems and the aspirations of the people living in that rural area of Nova Scotia. This knowledge and his concern for people served him and the community well when he was elected to public office, first as a Halifax County Councillor, and later, for a total of nine years, as Liberal member of the N.S. Legislature, representing the region he knew and loved so well."

It has been said that Dr. MacMillan was very generous to the poor and needy, not only giving them groceries but cash as well.

My tribute to Dr. Macmillan is a quotation from Shakespeare,

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world,  
This was a MAN!

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STUDENTS OF ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL WHO MAKE LEADER HEADLINES!

Many students who attended Robert Jamison High School have become well known all across Canada. If you read the results of some of the Music Festivals, you will notice that Wayne Patriquin always made very high marks for his solo work. Recently I heard from Wayne and am very pleased to record some of his accomplishments. Wayne is the foster Son of Margaret and Gerald Dooks, West Jeddore.

Wayne began his musical career in Halifax County Schools. He has received various degrees in music in piano, pipe organ and voice. In our Centennial Year, 1967, Wayne directed a choir of 1400 young people on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. His career has seen him as a music program teacher for the Calgary Separate School Board, an adjudicator with the CBC Kiwanis Music Festivals.

Wayne's keen interest in advancing music for young people led to the formation of the North Hill Boys Choir in the fall of 1975 which has grown steadily since to the present time where there are now three different groups in the total choir assembly. His dedication led to his receiving the Alberta Achievement Award and Citizen of the Year from the Alberta Department of Culture in 1977. He has travelled to the United States, Vancouver, Edmonton, Banff and Regina as an adjudicator for voice.

He finds time to be an active member of the Jaycees of Calgary, the Alberta Crippled Children's Hospital for raising funds, and the Cerebral Palsy Association.

Prime Minister Trudeau commended Wayne for his training of young people. Quote, "Truly the people of Calgary, Alberta, are most fortunate to have such a fine dedicated musician. Success and Best Wishes for the future, Wayne."

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Robert Harris, foster son, of Margaret and Gerald Dooks, West Jeddore, owns and operates a Chain of Cafes in Toronto. They are known as the Groen House Cafes. Groen is the Dutch for Green. If you are ever in Toronto, call and see him.

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Rev. William Wamboldt to fill Diplomatic Post in Bangladesh

A Priest of the archdiocese of Halifax, Rev. William Wamboldt, left Head of Chezzetcook this week for Bangladesh, to become attache to the apostolic nunciature, the Vatican's embassy, in Dacca, April 1, 1978.

Father Wamboldt is the second English-speaking Canadian priest to become a career diplomat for the church.

Father Wamboldt, a son of William Henry and Mary (Burke) Wamboldt of Head of Chezzetcook, has been on loan to the secretariat of state in the Vatican for the last four years.

Since his ordination May 30, 1970 in St. Genevieve's Church, East Chezzetcook, he served the archdiocese in the Parishes of St. Patrick's, St. Stephen's and St. Joseph's, Halifax before travelling to Ottawa to continue his studies in canon law at St. Paul's University. While in Ottawa he acted as secretary to the papal pro nuncio before he was requested to continue his studies in Rome.

I especially liked his quotation as appeared in the MAIL-Star, "Vatican delegations are not only concerned with Catholics. The Holy See is concerned with any kind of religious or human rights problem."

Father Wamboldt believes in the principle, "if you give, you get."

(Father Wamboldt, although you only spent one year at Robert Jamison, I am very proud to have played a small role in your education. Congratulations!)

Wayne Roma, a Grade 12 Graduate of Robert Jamison is a very successful Engineer in Alberta.

ALLIED YOUTH

OFFICERS -

President: William Bonn

Vice-Principal: Doleina Malay

Secretary: Joan Power

Treasurer: Diane Lynch

Membership:  
Faye Bobbitt

Publicity: Eugene Doyle

Sponsor: Helen Jennex  
Principal

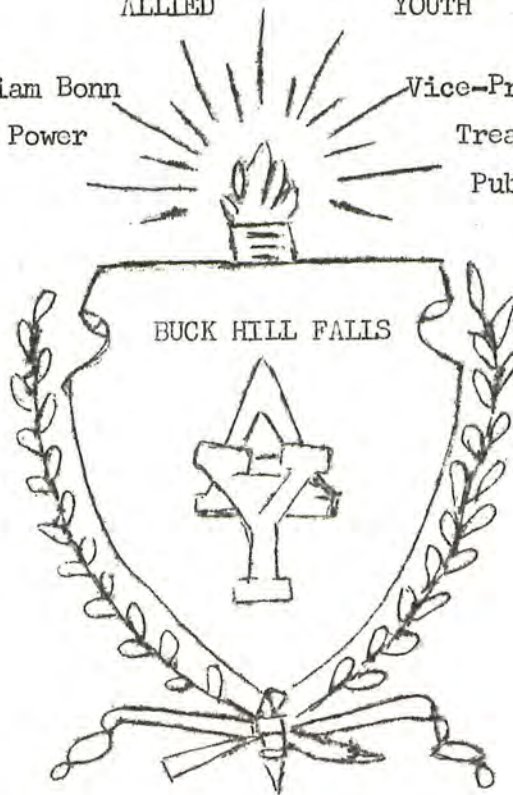
DELEGATES TO

Grace Malay

Ronald Bayer

David Webber

Heather Homans



PENNSYLVANIA

Ronald Jennex

Marion Rowlings

"Skip" MacKenzie (Queen's Scout)

The Allied Youth Post of Robert Jamison High School received its Charter on December 14, 1959.

The goal of AY is "To seek the truth concerning beverage alcohol and the best way of life in relation to this problem."

In reviewing the reports of the Delegates to Buck Hill Falls, I was very interested to read the following excerpts:

"Dr. Shipp of Texas told us the three best degrees in life are; BS - Be Somebody; MS - Mean Something; PHD - Philosophy of Doing."

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Founder of Allied Youth gave us an equation of VICTORY: (INFORMATION + INSPIRATION) X PERSPIRATION = CONSUMMATION

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS OF ROBERT JAMISON

Every Monday at noon the Ministers of the local churches came to R.J. to meet the students of their Parish. They contributed a spirit of unity among all concerned. Following is a brief comment from each :

Rev. Rowland G. Hill, "It was really a time of cherished fellowship."

Rev. C.S. Hebb, "We, the clergy count it a great opportunity to talk with the youth of our day and if we can in some way guide them in the truths of life, we then share with all educators a most important role."

Rev. Father Quinn, "Religion presents few difficulties to the humble; many to the proud; and insuperable ones to the vain."

Rev. Fred Withers, "May I hope that the years we have spent together may have helped mould your thinking so that you will accept Christ and stand up and be Counted."

Rev. A. Pitcairn, "Young People, Look after your opportunities, study diligently, set your sights on a high attainment and at all times have complete trust in Jesus Christ."

## B.C. SILVER TELLS GRADUATES TO SHUN THE SHODDY

The graduating exercises of Robert Jamison High School, at Oyster Pond, Jeddore, were carried out on Tuesday evening, June 21, 1960, in the school auditorium which was crowded and overflowed into the corridor and anterooms.

Forty members of the graduating class, led by Head Boy and Girl Joan Power (Joan later became a R.N.) and Hubert Sproule (Hubert is now Principal of a school in N.S.) were seated in the front row of seats. Twenty of these young people were from Lakeview Consolidated School at Porter's Lake, having attended matriculation classes here for the term.

Following the Invocation by Rev. Cecil Hebb, Mrs. Helen Jennex, Principal, welcomed the guests. Charlotte Gully sang "Ave Maria", accompanied by Mrs. Mildred Pitcairn at the piano. Diane Coolen gave a dramatic monologue from "The Last Duchess".

Two duets, "The Lord's My Shepherd" by Mary Warner and Ellen Ashford; "Whispering Hope" by Betty Verge and Roberta Stevens, were much enjoyed. The boys sang "Rio Grande". The valedictory was given by Hubert Sproule.

Presentation of prizes included: Cup for Public Speaking from 4-H Club to Evelyn Kent. (Evelyn became a R.N.)

Marine District Home and School Scholarship to attend the Junior School of Arts at Lunenburg. (Diane was Principal of Four Harbour School.)

Birks Medal for Leadership, Hubert Sproule; Provincial Scholarship to Normal College, Marion Parker and Catherine Laybolt. (Catherine is now teaching in Jeddore Lakeville School.) Marion and Catherine also received \$25 from Eastern Shore Board of Trade.

Other Leadership Awards to Joan Power, Charlotte Gully, Fred Kent, John Powell.

Presentation to Junior Red Cross delegate to the Study Centre at St. Jean, Quebec, Evelyn Kent, \$50.00; Allied Youth Award for Leadership, Grace Malay; Encyclopedia Britannica to Mrs. Helen Jennex in recognition of her 27 years of service in the district made by Harpell Power, Chairman of School Board.

The school prizes awarded for highest marks in 1959 Provincial Examinations, Grade 12, Alan Jollymore; Grade 11, Pamela Westhaver. Grade 10, Marion Faulkner, Geraldine Conrod, Charlotte Gully.

Gordon Speller, teacher and sports director awarded prizes to the following: Diane Coolen, Charlotte Gully, Geraldine Day, Stanley Stevens, Paul Power, Laurie DeBaie.

Mrs. Barbara (Aner) Gibbons was presented with a gift by Helen Jennex in recognition of her dedicated services since the high school opened.

Mrs. Jennex presented a seascape painting to Inspector (now Dr.) B.C. Silver from the students and teachers.

Rev. A. Pitcairn presented the Inspector with a life-sized carving of a tern, the work of Harvey Myers, from the Marine District Musical Festival Committee.

Grace Forsythe, Vice-Principal, presented Miss Elizabeth Orchard with an amethyst pin from the school. Miss Pansy Blakeney presented Mrs. B.C. Silver with amethyst ear-rings.

Two other guests, Councillor H. Redmond of Chezzetcook and Inspector McGill of Lunenburg County were introduced.

Directed by Mrs. Mildred Pitcairn the students sang "Our Heritage", composed by Inspector Silver. Rev. Rowland Hill pronounced the benediction.

On Thursday, June 23 the students of Grades 11 and 12 begin writing Provincial Examinations at the school under the supervision of Miss Myrtle Thompson.

(Con't)

(B.C. Silver, Shun the Shoddy)

Inspector Silver, whose charge to the graduates was that "success will not come at once. The going may be difficult, and there will be times when you will want to return home for the maternal and fatherly advice which means so much to young people who have been brought up in homes where confidences may be exchanged. Some time in your life you will suffer physical defects, but do not let this daunt you. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and a steady hand, men possess opportunities and a will, men who have honor; men who will not lie. I would urge you to despise the shoddy, shun the mediocre, and strive for the best. You have always been proud of the school to which you belong; you have been loyal to it. That loyalty you must carry on into your future experiences.

(Dr. B.C. Silver was a true friend to all at Robert Jamison High School. He has been affectionately referred to as "Mr. Education".)

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CADET REPORT - Harland Dooks, Grade XI

(The Cadets were very active At Robert Jamison and it would take pages to record what they accomplished; therefore, I am only going to give a brief review here with more information in the next publication.)

It was indeed an honour for me to represent Robert Jamison Cadet Corps at the Eastern Command Summer Camp at Aldershot. I enjoyed the experience tremendously. I met many new friends from all parts of the Atlantic Provinces.

The course consisted of First Aid, National Survival, Map Usage, Field Craft, Judging Distance, Man Management, Physical Training and Shooting Competitions. Although, I did not actually look forward to the two hours drill each day, it was urgently needed, especially in the Company with which I was stationed. The parents will be pleased to know that every Sunday it was compulsory for all Cadets to attend Church Parade.

I feel I have learned a great deal from this training. My only regret is that I did not have this opportunity to join at an earlier age. As this is my final year, I encourage all boys to join the Cadets for the main purpose - to make better citizens. I wish to thank all those who made it possible for me to attend this Training Camp.

Other Cadets who attended this Camp were: Elroy Mattatall, Gary McDow, Derek Gaetz, Russell Turner, Stephen Turner, Richard Day, Ansel Day and Lloyd Smith.

Cadet Instructors at Robert Jamison: Brad Pellerin, Clarence McLennan and Alex Allen.

- P. P.

MISS FRED A HEWES:

Having been a teacher at the Robert Jamison High School, I should like to record my impressions before the name as a high school becomes a memory.

In general, I have nothing but praise for the smooth running of the school.

The teachers have been most congenial, especially Mrs. Jennex, for whom I have the highest regard both as a person and as a principal.

Finally I have found the students as attractive a group as I have ever had the pleasure of working with, if not, the most attractive and respectful.

Did you know that in a Folk Song Class with over twenty competitors in the Halifax Music Festival Ross Day won First Place, Ramona Dooks, Second Place and David Andrews tied for Fifth Place?

(Aren't you proud of these folk singers? Many forget the high standards of Robert Jamison students!)

## REUNION AT ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL

The following article was written by Mr. J.I.C. INNESS for "FREE PRESS".)

On May 8th, 1965, I attended the REUNION of students from Robert Jamison High School. The event was well paced, not too long, and covered almost everything.

Sylvia Mosher, President of the Student Council, opened the proceedings by welcoming everyone then turned things over to Helen Jennex, Supervising Principal. The following Musical Program was presented under the direction of Mrs. Gertrude Inness: School Hymn; Solo, Donkey Riding, Ross Day; Boys Choir, Song of Nova Scotia; Girls' Choir, Where are All the Flowers Gone? and Let All Things Now Living; Solo, A La Clair, Rose Day; Duet, Grandma's Advice, Brenda Power and Ramona Dooks.

Among the special guests were: Members of the Municipal School Board, Mr. Keith Perry, the Inspector of Schools for Halifax County; Mr. (Dr.) B.C. Silver, former Inspector of Schools for the County, (he was the special speaker for the Reunion), and Mr. Nelson Gactz, H.L.A.

In their remarks, both Mr. Perry and Mr. Silver paid tribute to the "inspired leadership of Mrs. Helen Jennex and her staff of dedicated teachers", and they cited the many achievements of Jamison students in the years since the school opened. At the close of their remarks, everyone in the hall rose to give a spontaneous, standing ovation to Mrs. Jennex.

After singing the Queen, everyone had a chance to renew old friendships and enjoy sociability and refreshments. The guests enjoyed dancing to the music by the Boutilier Brothers.

This term will be the last in which Robert Jamison functions as a High School, it is considered that it has set a standard of achievement for High Schools in Nova Scotia.

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## HUNDREDS JOIN IN MUSIC FESTIVAL

Hundreds of eastern Halifax County Schools converged on the Robert Jamison High School at Oyster Pond yesterday to participate in the annual Marine District Music Festival.

Adjudicator F.H.G. Wright in reviewing the numerous selections on the program, expressed high praise for the musical abilities displayed by many of the competitors.

Chairman of the program Rev. A. Pitcairn, welcomed the exceptionally large turnout of competitors and parents and paid special credit to those who had worked behind the scenes to make the Marine Festival such a tremendous success.

Receiving special praise were the music directors including Miss F. Macdougall, Mrs. M. Miscner and Mrs. Janet Dooks; and the festival committee which included Mrs. Helen Jennex, principal of the host school; Mrs. Grace Forsythe, Mrs. Mac Dauphinee, Mrs. Annette Keating and Mrs. Iva Baker.

This year's program was the largest ever undertaken at Robert Jamison. For the first time it included school students covering a wide area of the Eastern Shore. Communities represented included Lakeview School, Porter's Lake; East and Head Chezzetcook; the Oyster Pond and Jeddore-Lakeville area; Musquodoboit Harbor School; Head and West Jeddore Schools; Schools in the Ship Harbor Peninsula, as well as the host school Robert Jamison.

(MUSIC -)

The program also extended into the evening with a special competition for church choirs, solos and duet selections. Duets were presented by Rev and Mrs. Pitcairn; Clyde Smith and Mrs. Jane Jones; Mr. and Mrs. George Power; and Margaret Hill and Patsy Arnold. Among the senior soloists were Mrs. W. Fraser, Mrs. Jane Jones, and Mr. Pitcairn. Of special interest was a guitar solo "Prelude Heitor Villa" by Walter Purcell.

The main festival program which featured school competitors included both class, solo and duet items.

Audience interest was particularly high in piano solo selections by Patsy Henderson, Wayne Patriquin of Robert Jamison; Sharon Dooks of Head Jeddore and Wanda Grant of Musquodoboit Harbor.

A brief review of the HI-LITES of the Music Festivals at Robert Jamison:

A talented trio of Ostrea Lake students Patricia Kent, Vinna Baker and Joanne Kent sang "The Boat Song".

Adjudicator Clifford Gates praised the efforts of the trio Carole Day, Colleen Kelly and Frank Myers in the rendition of "Flow Gently Sweet Afton"; a Duet "The Four Winds" by Audrey and Betty Verge; "The Ash Grove" and "A Merry Life", girls' chorus from Robert Jamison; "The Vesper Hymn" boys' chorus; and a delightful duet "In the Garden" by Ronald and Lee Arnold.

The 11 piano selections on the program were all worthy of honorable mention. "Butterfly" by Charles Moore; a Rondo by Judith Stevenson; "Humpty Dumpty" by Donna Anderson; "The Hunting Song" by Annie Gatz; Waltz by Janice Bayers; "Trumpeters" by Mazie Bayers; and a Duet - "Canadian Capers" by Joan Power and Faye Bobbit was enjoyed.

Noreen Young played "Little Spring Song," followed by Joan Power playing "Ecossaisses". Elaine Hosking did a capable job on Bach's "Prelude" and Faye Bobbit clinxed the program with "Paderewski's Minuet".

Students winning top honors: Faye Bobbitt, Grade 12 for her piano solo "Silver Waves"; Joan Power for her piano solo "Cordnach"; Betty Verge and Roberta Stevens for their vocal duet "Land of Spain"; Charlotte Gully for her vocal solo "Thorny Roses"; Glenda Power, "Rondo Mozart"; Donna Anderson, "Lady of the Gardens"; Nancy Mosher, "Sonatina"; Bobby Mosher, "Curious Story"; Mazie Bayers, "Bedtime Story" and Sheila Blackley, "Waltz".

George Brothers and Arthur Rowlings were often commended for their Guitar Music and folk singing.

Mrs. Florence Banks of Dartmouth was Adjudicator for one Music Festival. She commended the following: Wayne Patriquin for his solo, "Stars of the Summer Night"; Girls' Chorus from Jeddore-Lakeville School, "The Shepherdess and the Cuckoo"; Musquodoboit Harbor School Chorus, "Robin on My Lawn"; Karen Taylor's solo, "Little Roses".

Mrs. Banks especially praised a group of students from the Four Harbors School at Owl's Head - Ship Harbor, who received their musical training without the assistance of a piano and presented their selections without an accompanist. Mrs. Banks said their music teachers deserved praise for their enthusiasm. Betty Ann Bayers, Judy Stevenson and Janice Bayer were commended for their rendition of "The Lord Is My Shepherd".

Mrs. Joyce Crowell, a Staff Member, of Robert Jamison was always ready and willing to assist in the Music Program of the High School.

ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL

Robert Jamison High School functioned efficiently because of the Fairness and Sincerity of two very capable Chairmen, Harpell Power and Gerald Dooks. These Chairmen together with the other Trustees co-operated well with the teachers who taught conscientiously and did not need coaxing to participate in extra-curricular activities.

Let's see how these Chairmen felt about the High School:

As chairman of the School Board of Marine District, it gives me great pleasure to use this space of the 1960-61 Edition of MARINE WHISPERS to express my thanks and congratulations to all who have made this term so successful.

First of all, I wish to express special thanks to Mrs. Helen Jennex, Supervising principal, for the efficient way she has met all problems facing the school this term. To the vice-principal, Mrs. Grace Forsythe, and all other teachers, I am very pleased with the way you have conducted your respective classes.

Student Council members, 4-H Club members, Junior Red Cross members, Allied Youth members and all other Leaders, my sincerest appreciation for all your efforts.

I also wish to thank the Janitor and Bus Drivers for their efficient service.

As a last note - Graduates: Seek and strive and you will succeed. Future Graduates: Stay in school and be determined to be successful.

Harpell Power

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As Chairman of the School Board of the Marine District, I want to express my appreciation and congratulations to ALL who have made this year successful; Mrs. Helen Jennex, Supervising Principal; Mrs. Mona Mosher, Vice-Principal; Teachers; Leaders in Extra-Curricular Activities; Trustees; Janitor; Bus Drivers; Students and Parents.

It was indeed a pleasure to attend our Music Festival. Much credit is due the Festival Committee, Mrs. Gertrude Inness, Mrs. Joyce Crowell and all the different instructors who worked so diligently to make the Festival so challenging and rewarding.

As we say "Good-Bye" to Robert Jamison as a High School and journey to our new High School, may we take with us the enthusiasm, good will and co-operation which we enjoyed at Robert Jamison. Let us look forward to a bright and prosperous future.

In closing I wish to extend Congratulation and Best Wishes to all Graduates.

To the Under-Graduates: "Strive to learn much before you grow old,  
For learning is better than silver and gold;  
Silver and gold will vanish away,  
But the virtue of LEARNING will never decay."

- Gerald Dooks

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DID YOU KNOW?

- That when Lake Charlotte School burned during the term 1960 -61 the pupils were brought to Robert Jamison High School where the Library became their classroom.

- That the top Winners in the Grade VIII Speech Competition for the term 1957-1958 were: Diane Mosher, Geraldine Conrod, Charlotte Gully, Eugene Doyle, John Powell and Michael Forsythe. (Now Dr. Michael Forsythe, Specialist in Bone Surg.)

- That on October 24, 1958, under the leadership of teachers Mrs. C. F. Stalker and Mrs. Joyce Crowell, the students of R.J. presented a very impressive ceremony to commemorate United Nations Day. Peter Hartlin was responsible for appropriate stage settings and Year Book design.

(Robert Jamison High School)

FAREWELL, ROBERT JAMISON HIGH - PAT JENNY, NEW YORK

The months have dwindled into weeks, and the weeks into days until finally I will pass through the same doors that just ten months ago I entered for the first time. As I embarked upon this venture, I could well be termed "a city hick", for rumbling subways, concrete and steel have always been my milieu. The quote of Cowper has fuller meaning for me each day "The city is mans', but the country is Gods". Nova Scotia, especially the Eastern Shore, which I have grown to love is a testimony of a magnificent work done by His hand.

These months spent with you have enriched my life and broadened my horizons. It was a case of teacher being taught, from sailing to filling in monthly reports. I would especially like to thank Mrs. H. Jennex and my colleagues on the staff, whose friendship I shall always cherish. Robert Jamison High School, more than any school I have known, will always stand in my mind as a bulwark of what discipline should be.

Words cannot express my gratitude to the students for making my year so worthwhile. For many of you it was a critical one, which you pulled through with flying colors. I could never have wished for a finer group of students than the Grade IX. I sincerely hope each of you will make use of the great potential you possess.

My memories of Nova Scotia will never die, because the intangible can never die in the heart.

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#### SPEECH FESTIVAL - FINE EXAMPLE - Editorial from Halifax Herald

While the idea is not original, the speech festival which appeared on the N.S. scene recently is a rarity in this province. In our view, more should be held and on a regular basis. The event took place in the Robert Jamison High School, Jeddore, and attracted more than 200 participants from seven Eastern Shore Schools.

The purpose of the gathering, according to Mrs. Helen Jennex, the co-ordinator of the festival, was "to create more interest and efficiency in oral expression." This is a laudable goal and one to be sought after throughout the provincial school system. It is deplorable that so many young people are growing up lacking in the ability to read or speak properly in the presence of others.

It is unfortunate that there exists a general apathy towards the matter of speech. Public speaking classes are few and far between in Nova Scotia and, to make matters worse, nobody appears to care. People who are careful about their clothing and appearance, and who will make every effort to improve a singing voice, are content to be slovenly in their speech. The mousing of words, lazy lips and indistinct delineation of words are only a few of the maladies which detract from our oral communication.

Nova Scotia has benefited from drama and music festivals. Why not from speech festivals, also? After all, more people are affected by speech than by other arts, and more stand to profit from cultivation of this talent.

The adjudicators of the Marine Speech Festival at Jeddore were warm in their praise of the effort and expressed the hope that it might become an annual event. We hope so, too.

PRIZE WINNERS: Edward Sweet, Grade 12; Elaine Dooks, Grade 11; Kris Ann Richards, Grade 10; Wayne Dooks, Grade 12.

OTHERS: Debbie Dunn, Brian MacGregor, Gloria Doherty, Lorraine Laybolt, Donald Purcell, Sharon Dooks, Brenda Power, Glenda Webber, Ansel Day, James Sutton, Dale Westhaver, Lorraine Keating, Victoria Smith, Merdon Hosking, Linda Siteman, Elizabeth DeBaie.

FESTIVAL CHAIRMAN: Vice - Principal, Mona Mosher. Assistants: Harland Dooks, Nancy MacNamara, Cheryl Newcombe, Patricia Dominey, Janet Dooks, Linda Siteman, Kris Ann Richards and Elaine Dooks.

CALL SPECIAL MEETING ON ESTABLISHMENT OF FIRE DEPARTMENT - December, 1962

A special meeting of the ratepayers of District 19 (Oyster Pond -Jeddore areas) will be held 8 p.m. Thursday at the Robert Jamison High School to discuss the formation of a fire-fighting unit for the area.

Councillor Howard Day told the MAIL STAR that he had been disappointed with the outcome of a recent ratepayer's meeting in the area which voted 22-17 against the establishment of a fire department.

Fire fighting equipment, including a truck, pumps, hose, etc., had already been purchased for the area and last week's meeting had been called to find ways and means of housing the equipment and operating the service without any cost to the ratepayers of the district.

Councillor Day said he had represented the area on the County Council for 10 years and during all that time he had argued against unnecessary expenditures.

He said he took office at a time when the district had but \$7 in its district fund. During the years that followed, he said he had looked after the district welfare cases, (my husband, Otis, was an Overseer of the Poor at that time. He received no remuneration.) including funerals, and had built up a fund of approximately \$3000. Councillor Day said he did not spend as much during the 10 years as the county welfare department spent in his district in only one year (approximately \$7000 last year).

He said in the spring of 1961 George Smith of East Jeddore called a rate payer's meeting and asked him to attend to discuss fire-fighting equipment and the possibility of establishing a department in the district. At that meeting I informed the ratepayers that I would put \$2500 district funds into purchasing the equipment and that no area rate would be needed in 1961.

We had a couple of meetings and at the last one I attended at Oyster Pond, Mr. Smith was appointed chairman. It was agreed that he would call meetings in all the communities of the district to discuss the need of a fire department. I promised to attend all meetings; however, I drove to West Jeddore to attend a meeting and I learned there were no posters up and nobody knew anything about a meeting.

"I waited until 1962 for some action to be taken and then I went and bought 3 pumps, 1500 feet of hose, 3 fire extinguishers, a ladder and a truck. Irving Oil donated a 700 gallon water tank. All this cost \$3500", said Councillor Day.

Last week's meeting was called to find a place to store the truck and equipment so that it would be ready when needed to fight a fire. And also to try and make some plans for building a permanent structure in the future at no cost to the ratepayers, he said.

William Siteman of Oyster Pond donated the property for the location of the building. Councillor Day added, "If the residents of Chezsetcook and Musquodoboit Harbor can raise funds to protect their lives and homes, I am sure we can do it too. I think it is a credit to any community to offer this security to its ratepayers.

The Department of Highways granted a Permit to erect a structure for the purpose of a Fire Hall in Oyster Pond on October 7, 1965. The application had been signed by Otis F. Jennex, Secretary-Treasurer for District 19 Fire Department. Otis Jennex, Jr. was Secretary-Treasurer of the Department for a number of years until he moved to Dartmouth. He was made an Honorary Member of this Volunteer Fire Department.

(Talking with Howard Day about this project he felt that J.I.C. Inness, "Bud" Langille, Jack Dunn, William Siteman, M. Walker, Angus Mosher, Ronald Jennex, Drew Blakeney, as well as many others were among his best supporters.

The Fire Hall was built by Vernard Day and son, Walter. Morris Mitchell and son, Blake donated the furnace. Donations were received from all surrounding areas. Dr. R.H. (Bob) Stoddard, a native of Oyster Pond made substantial financial donations.)

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## HISTORY OF DISTRICT 18 VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

(This historical background of this efficient Fire Department was given by Chief John Jones at the official opening of the Fire Hall, Oct. 7, 1967.)

In 1957 three or four business men of the community and their wives were spending a social evening together. During the course of the evening while the ladies were engaged in interesting conversation, we, the men, started to discuss the need for fire protection in the district. This ladies and gentlemen, is how District 18 Volunteer Fire Department came into being; however, it did not happen just that quickly, in fact, the formation of a Fire Department in this district was very slow.

After this social evening conversation, little was accomplished for the next year or more, except a lot of talking. Finally a few interested persons along with Councillor Joseph Davis decided that some action should be taken and the need for an organization to sponsor the formation of a Fire Department. It was decided to invite members from the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs as well as the Board of Trade to come at different times to outline the details of their organizations and their role in the community. After hearing and discussing the activities of each, it was decided that a Board of Trade was the organization best suited for this district.

A Board of Trade was formed and accomplished many services for the residents of the district. A Fire Department Committee was appointed from the Board to investigate and report on how Volunteer Fire Departments operated, how they were financed, what type of equipment was used and other information that would be helpful in the formation of a department in this district. This Committee was rather slow but very determined in their efforts. They visited the Fire Marshall's office and other rural Fire Departments seeking information and advice. About two years later they presented their report. This report was studied in every detail and in 1961 it was decided to form District 18 Volunteer Fire Department.

Then our new Councillor, Raymond Williams, being somewhat of a scrounger located a 1949 two ton truck in Halifax for \$200.00. This was our first piece of equipment. Our scrounging Councillor then scrounged for free a gas cargo tank from one of the oil companies. We now had a truck and a tank our next requirements were a pump, some hose and other essentials necessary to put water on a fire. We purchased two portable pumps and some hose and our department was in BUSINESS.

The first slate of officers: President - Donald Rowlings; Vice - President - Ivan Kent; Secretary - Bert Weary; Treasurer - Cyril Young; Chief - William Turner; Deputy Chief - John Jones; Captain - Donald Hilchey.

Chief Bill Turner then undertook the job of training the members of the department in some of the methods of successful fire fighting. Training sessions were held once a week with a general business meeting once a month.

We now had a Fire Dept., some equipment and some men with a minimal amount of training. The need for a fire hall, a place to house our equipment and do our training was very apparent. After looking at several sites, some of which were offered as a donation, others which were out of reach price wise, the present site was chosen; During the summer of 1963 construction on the first section of the hall was started. This work progressed rather slowly as most of the labour was volunteer, in fact, I believe the actual amount paid out for labour on the first section of the hall was less than \$100.00. The plans for the hall were for a building 35X55 feet, but due to a lack of funds we were forced to build it in sections, the first being 35X35, with three walls being of cement block construction with the back end was of wood construction on a temporary base. During the winter of 1963-64 this section was completed to a point where it could be used to house the equipment. In 1965 it was decided to add the other 20 feet to the hall and complete the bottom section, which at the present time in nearing that stage. We now have hopes of erecting the top storey on our hall during 1968. At this time I would like to extend sincere thanks to Lester Page who designed the plans for the hall. Any imperfections you see in the building, I assure you, are not the fault of the architect but are those of the inexperienced tradesmen who built the hall.

HISTORY DISTRICT 18 -

I would like to mention here that District 18 covers a large area. It includes East and West Petpeswick, Ostrea Lake and Pleasant Point. We have a portable pump and hose on a trailer located in that area of Ostrea Lake and Pleasant Point. Recently we purchased an unused two room school at Ostrea Lake and are in the process of turning it into an auxillary firehall to serve these two villages.

In 1966 we purchased a bigger and better truck so we now have two trucks. We are well aware of the fact that our equipment, such as it is, is a big improvement over what was available in the District 10 years ago for fire protection.

I would like to explain why we are spending money to put a top storey on the hall before providing ourselves with better equipment. Our main reason is that the financing of the department is through the social events which are held in the hall once a week. We feel that if we are to continue to fund our department, we must provide the public with a larger and more suitable hall for such events. When the top storey has been completed, we will then concentrate on more and better equipment. I should mention here that our first finances came from a district fund, where we were able to obtain \$3500.00, also the Board of Trade has been very generous and have given us \$2000.00. We have conducted three house to house campaigns in the district where every house has been canvassed rather than have a rate put on the taxes. The residents of the District have been very generous in support of their Fire Department.

In February of this year the wives of the firemen formed a ladies auxiliary. Since that time the ladies have been busily engaged in holding social evenings and have recently served a bean supper which I understand was very successful. At least I know it was a delicious meal, I was there!

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a brief history of District 18 Volunteer Fire Department of which I am proud to be a member.

PRESENT FIRE CHIEF - DON FREEMAN, 1976 - 1978.....

1968: Upper Section of Hall completed. This included a Kitchen, Washrooms, and a Meeting Hall. Area: approximately 35 feet by 50 feet.

1971: New 850 gallon Pumper received from P. Thibault Ltd., Quebec.  
Cost - \$20,000.00 approximately.

1976: New addition to west side of hall completed, 2 storey. Hall now 60 feet by 60 feet; 3 bay garage.

1977: New 1100 gallon Pumper received from P. Thibault Ltd. Cost \$42,500.00

The Department operated without any government assistance until April 13, 1978 when a 10% Fire Tax rate was approved.

The Department has a fully trained and equipped Ground Search and Rescue Team of 40 men which is sponsored by Emergency Measures Organization and is one of 17 registered in N.S.

The Department started as District 18 Volunteer Fire Department but as the Districts changed over the years several times, it was decided to call it just the Musquodoboit Harbour Volunteer Fire Department to avoid costly changes on stationery and equipment.

(CONGRATULATIONS, to a fine Fire Department!)

A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE is due Lawrence MacIvor of Musquodoboit Harbour for the many hours he gave to assume the responsibility of directing the BINGO games along with other members of the Fire Department thus helping to swell the Department's financial resources. BEST WISHES, LAWRENCE!

The citizens of Chezzetcook and Lake Echo must be Proud of their Fire Halls. I admire how well they are maintained every time I drive along #7 Highway.

EASTERN SHORE BRIEFS

TWINS CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY: Mr. Fanning Mitchell, faithful friend of "Fisherman's House Museum", and Mrs. Alice (Prest) Clattenburg celebrated their 80th Birthday with an "at home". Many friends and relatives brought good wishes making the occasion a memorable one. Parker Kennedy proposed the Toast to the couple. Sons of Alice are: Murray, Sidney, Burnham, Dougal, Fraser, and Sterling Prest. Daughters: Marcheta, Madonna, Donnis and Margaret.

BEST WISHES! Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society.

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James and Pearl Mitchell on behalf of James' Father, Charles Mitchell, sr. who was 98 in August, 1977, extend Best Wishes to all the Golden Agers. Mr. Charlie is a resident of Ocean View Manor. He is enjoying good health and recommends Ocean View as a very comfortable rest home.

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Mrs. Douglas (Shirley) Hartlin has been donating Birthday Gifts for the Golden Agers for the past years. Emma George informs me that she has just received another generous supply for 1978. Shirley, your thoughtfulness for the older citizens of our area is appreciated.

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I am very grateful to my grandchildren, Philip, Debra, Michael, Mary Ann and their friends, Leah McBride and Mary Mattall for the help they give me in the Museum Projects and publication of my books.

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Garth & Mildred Hosking, your donations of a display cabinet and a store counter from your country store have been placed in the Museum Red Barn Craft Shop. Pleasant reminders of the service you and W.M.O. Mitchell gave to Jeddore District.

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"THOSE" GOLDEN AGERS

When you gaze at "Golden Agers",  
Resting quietly at ease;  
Don't think there's no life in them,  
That they could never bend their knees;  
That lady in the wheel-chair  
Was the smartest gal in town,  
And the man with the crippled hands  
Was a musician of great renown;  
All played their part to make this world  
A better place for you and me;  
They're lucky to be hanging 'round,  
Their past..a Golden Memory!

The lady with the knitting bag,  
Was a Ballerina years ago;  
And that fat guy smoking the briar pipe  
Could make a fast Polka Dance look slow!

So, don't sell these people cheaply,  
Give them a smile -- a helping hand;  
Remember they have USED THEMSELVES  
Making Canada a mighty land!

Reuben George,  
Jeddore, N.S.  
April, 1978

DR. D. M. ROWLINGS PIONEERED IN TREATMENT OF T.B.- Howard Day

I would like to say a few kind words for Dr. D.M. Rowlings of Musquodoboit Harbour who pioneered in treatment of T.B. along the Eastern Shore. He saved others but himself he could not cure because he died when he was only in his prime.

When I was in my twenties, I took sick. I went to Dr. Kennedy, our family doctor, who prescribed a yellowish gas medicine and plenty of rest. That fall when father went moose hunting, he refused to take me because of my ill health. After he had gone up Ship Harbour Lake, I decided to go up Oyster Pond to shoot partridge. I hunted around the place where Amos Webber had his mill and through the many roads over the 100 acres owned by my father.

The moose hunting season was open and even though I only had an old shot gun and two bullets I was alert and hopeful that I might get a shot at a moose. I crept along and suddenly I saw a big moose run and was soon out of sight. Of course, I was disappointed. Hearing a noise behind me, I turned and there was a big bull moose running up the ridge. Collecting my thoughts I knew he had to cross an old road and when he did, I fired. When the smoke cleared away, there was my moose trying to get up. I had shot off all the big cords in its neck. I soon finished him with the other bullet. How happy I was! I only carried the head and horns home that night; however, when I arrived home I was exhausted. I went to bed and that night when Everett Myers came to see me, I was feverish and you could wring water out of my clothes.

From then on I got worse so Dr. Kennedy was called. He sent me to see a T.B. Specialist in the T.B. Hospital, Halifax. He X-rayed me and told me I had about three months to live. How do you suppose I felt? Many of my friends had already died from this disease. My parents could not afford to buy extras for me. I wondered why I had to cough and sweat all night when my other brothers and sisters were going to dances and having a good time.

One day my brother, Lester, got his hand hurt while working on a pulp boat. Dr. Rowlings came to bandage it. When he finished, he asked my mother if she had a son in the Sanitorium. My mother informed him that I was in the next room. He asked my mother if he could see me. When mother brought him to my room, I did not want to see him because I was sick and tired of ~~doctors~~ examining me. When I saw the concerned look on his kind face, I agreed to let him examine me. He talked and tried to cheer me up. He got up off my bed and after pacing back and forth from my bed to the door, he came back to my bedside, stood there silently, and then said, "If you do what I tell you, I will have you up and working again." I'll never forget his words!

He gave me a thermometer and taught me how to take my own temperature. He promised that when my temperature was normal, I would be able to get up for a little while each day. That was in the fall and in March I got up for the first time. To help cure my stomach disorder he brought down a gallon jug full of powder. I was to take it at certain times but if it did not help he could do nothing for me. I did not take the half of it before my stomach was o.k. and I could eat a horse.

One night I took a hemorrhage and Dr. Rowlings came to our house at 2 A.M. He came in a sleigh drawn by a small black horse. When he entered my room, half the battle was over. He was like an angel or a prophet or a bright sun shining through a foggy dark day. I don't know why the Lord did not take me and let a doctor like him live to continue to help sick people.

I never had any money of my own to pay him but my brother, Arthur, used to give me money to pay him. When I would offer the good doctor the money, he would insist that I keep the money and buy nutritious food for myself, then when I was able to work, I could pay him.

DR. D. M. ROWLINGS:

He made me sleep in an open tent in the woods to get all the fresh air I could. Dad built a room on the house for me. It had lots of windows to allow fresh air to flow through. When I went for a walk, I had to walk through the woods instead of along the dusty road. He told me to eat plenty of wild meat.

Fifty years has passed and I now weigh 230 pounds but when Dr. Rowlings treated me I only weighed 90 pounds. Believe it or not, I sold groceries from door to door for twenty years. In the spring of the year I sold lobsters on a roadside stand in front of my store. I run "Happy Landing Dance Hall" for many years. I was the Post Master for Salmon River Office for 30 years. I represented my area on County Council for 18 years. I am still a member of the Halifax County Hospital Board.

With the help of Dr. Rowlings and the power of Prayer, I have lived a very busy life.

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THOUGHT FOR TODAY: Don't let this day pass without doing something you'll be glad about tomorrow. The minutes and hours go by quickly - take any chance you get to say a kind word to somebody. LEND A HAND TO SOMEBODY. As I typed these words, I thought about three persons who are always willing to lend a hand; Sam Weye, Principal of Jeddore-Lakeville, Robert Jamison and Musquodoboit Harbour Elementary Schools; Bob Stevens at Hypermarket and Eric Hill at Forest Hill Drug Mart.

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#### A VISIT TO THE HOME OF ERVIN WEBBER - OYSTER POND

Ervin had told me that he had a copy of a poem about the two men shot up Ship Harbour so this morning I went to get it from him for this book; however, he had misplaced it and it could not be found.

Ervin was trying to house clean. As I gazed around his kitchen, I noted all the old antiques, including framed pictures which would be so fitting to be hung in the renovated upstairs of "Fisherman's Life Museum". Of course, I hinted and told him how beautiful they would look in the Museum. Even though the glass is very dusty, Ervin loves every one and, no doubt, we would too.

Just before leaving, trying to be tactful, I asked him would he be willing to sell only one and I would hang it in the girls' bedroom as a gift from him. He thought a moment and then added that he had one upstairs that he might give. He went upstairs (how I wished that I might see the relics he had up there including a wooden bed that we need so desperately) and brought down an old framed picture laden with dust. After he wiped off the dust, I saw that it was the picture of a beautiful young girl **doing** needle work. It was "THE PRINCESS - AT WORK". My heart skipped a beat because I still was not sure whether he was going to let me have it for the Museum. Finally he decided that he would give it in honor of the thirteen girls. I believe that a bit of my joy was contagious and Ervin was beginning to see that this picture would be enjoyed by so many people that he said, "Well now, I have a picture upstairs without a frame that I will give you." Assuring him that I would soon find an old frame, he presented me with the picture "Mother's Treasures", from the original painting of Arthur J. Elsley. Mother's Treasures are two beautiful girls ready for bed. What could be more appropriate for the girls' room in the Museum! THANKS, ERVIN.

Church

Ervin has been ringing the Bell in St. John's Anglican since he was 14 years of age. He is now 77. He has been Church Warden for approximately 50 years. He attends church regularly; however, I sometimes wonder how much of the service he hears between his "cat naps"! Ervin has a small farm. He has great faith in mankind because on his vegetable stand by the side of the road, he leaves a box for customers to leave their money in to save them from contacting him or calling to his house. Self-Service, eh?

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