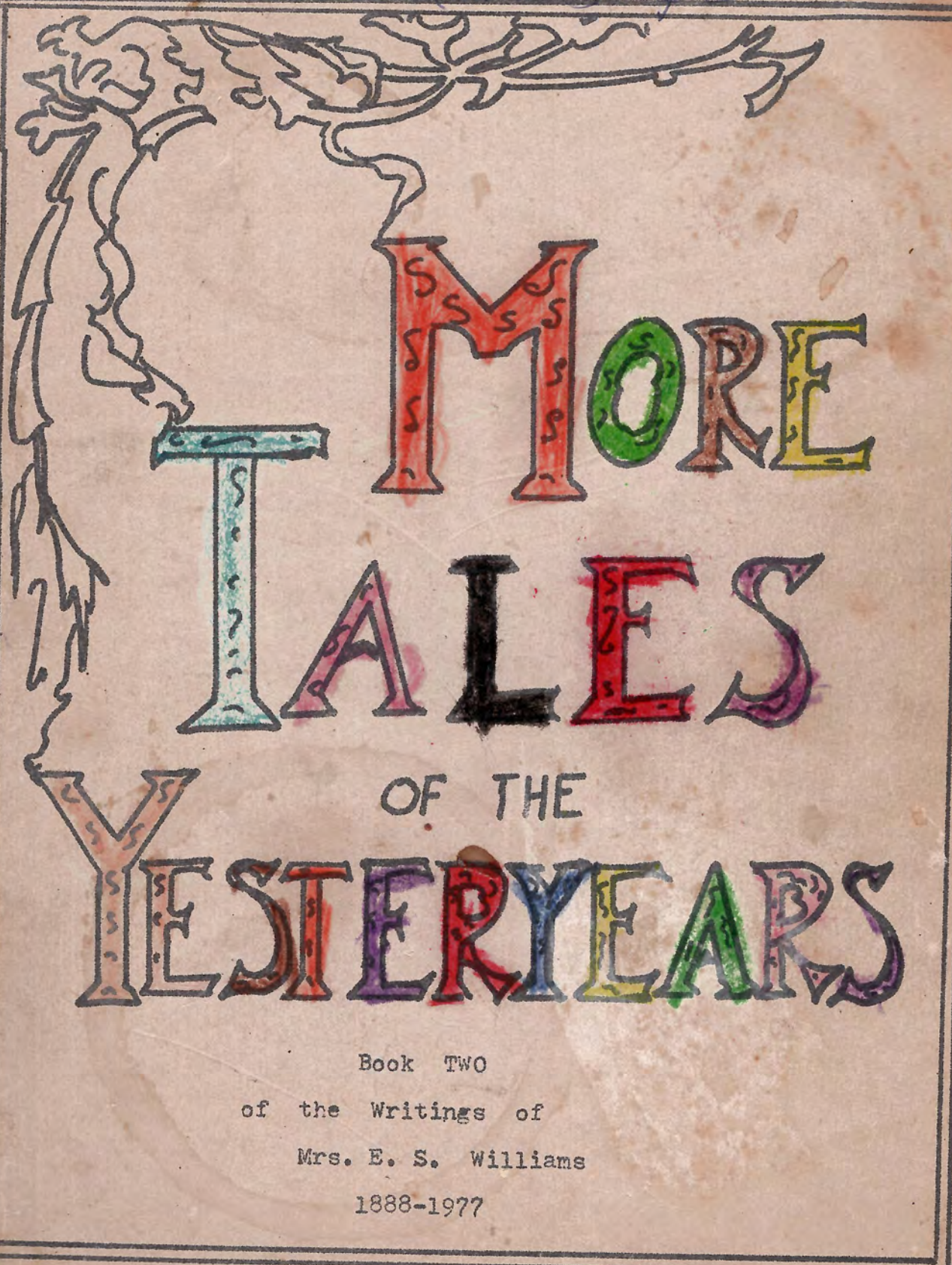


Mrs. E. S. Williams



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Book TWO
of the Writings of
Mrs. E. S. Williams
1888-1977

M O R E
T A L E S
of the
Y E S T E R Y E A R S

Book TWO

The Writings of

Mrs. E.S. Williams, West Jeddore
1888-1977

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G.E. Forsythe

March, 1980

*Best Wishes,
Grace*

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INTRODUCTION and ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Book TWO has grown out of "Tales of the Yesteryears". Again I am grateful for the opportunity to compile "More Tales".

Sincere appreciation is extended to all family and friends who have helped by adding or confirming material, supplying pictures, answering questions, or just giving encouragement for this project. Among them are the following:

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This book is dedicated to all readers of "Rambling Thoughts" in Dartmouth FREE PRESS over the years.

Proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated to the Canadian Bible Society in which our mother had a life membership.

G.E.F.
March, 1980



To many, writing is a vocation. To others it is a chore. But to Mrs. Ada Williams, writing is a pleasure, and she should know. At 89 years of age she is possibly the oldest columnist in Canada.

For 23 years she has written a weekly column for the Dartmouth Free Press and contributed to the old Patriot before that. (From the Free Press, August, 1977.)

THE NEW YEAR AND RESOLUTIONS

The closing of the old year of 1971 brought snow, and the plough came on our roads for the first of the season, which was quite a contrast to a year ago.

The closing night of the old year was one long to be remembered. With temperatures falling to zero, the scene was dazzling. The lovely snow-clad hills with a background of snow-laden trees glistening in the frosty air. The sea smooth and sparkling with moonbeams, the thickly studded stars with the moon high in the heavens in a cloudless sky made a picture that only the countryside can give. The beauty and majesty of it all made one feel humble and thankful to the Creator.

Our city friends are more or less deprived of the beauties of such a wonderful scene, as some have said, "We hardly know when it's moonlight."

Standing on a bridge over a brook bubbling and gurgling over the rocks with the moonbeams glorifying it, as it were, fills one with awe and reverence.

New Year's Day, 1972, was one of perfection. Crisp air flooded with sunshine brings to one's mind how much we have to be thankful for in the quietude of the countryside, far removed from the rush and turmoil of the outside. Travelling conditions were most desirable. Getting home for Christmas as well as for New Year's was no problem over the holiday season.

We have closed the door of the Old Year which left sorrow and saddened homes far and near, and now we enter the New Year with its clean slate for all individuals to make or mar.

The beginning of a new year usually means a variety of resolutions. What a wonderful reaction if all the resolutions made were kept faithfully throughout the entire year. The leaves of the New Year's book are clean and spotless, which is a challenge to all.

As children, we seemed to think resolutions in the New Year were important factors in our young lives, but alas, one by one they seemed to dwindle. For the time being we felt really noble and good in jotting down all our good resolutions, later to be forgotten or broken.

Time is God's gift to us. Whatever His plan is for our lives **must** be worked out in His way. There are years to be measured out and days to be lived. A new road and new experiences awaits us all. The following came to me as I started to write:

"Make each day one that we can look back on--tomorrow as the day before-- well spent. We cannot change yesterday, that is quite clear--nor begin on tomorrow until it is here. So all we can do that is left for you and for me, is to make today as sweet as we can, and leave our footprints on the sands of time."

I RESOLVE -----

A cousin of ours whose father kept a general store chewed on whole cloves while working behind the counter. The older women warned her again and again that the continued eating of cloves would "dry up her blood". But she chewed on. When New Year's came, she made a solemn resolution to chew no more cloves, going so far as to print and post her resolution on the wall so her prophetic friends could see it. However, the resolution died a natural death, and she chewed cloves. Whether her blood dried up or not was never known, but she lived to a good old age.

The following was written by a real 'Old Timer' in New Orleans as a New Year greeting:

Who remembers when butter was 10¢ a lb.; eggs, 3 doz. for 25¢; the butchers gave away liver? The hired girl earned \$2.00 a week and did all the family washing. Beer was 5¢ a glass; laborers worked 10 hr. a day and never went on strike. Men wore whiskers, chewed tobacco, spit on the sidewalk, and cussed. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries. No one was ever operated on for appendicitis; if attacked with pain, it was called inflammation of the bowels, so they died.

Microscopes were unknown. Folks lived to a good old age, and walked miles to greet friends on Christmas Day. Today, almost everybody rides in automobiles, play golf, smoke cigarettes, drinks hooch, never go to bed the same day they get up, watch T.V. and whatever comes over it. They think they are having a grand life. If they think so, and think such a life is worth living, then Happy New Year!

THE BELSNICKLERS

Memories returned when reading where the staff reporter brought to our attention the story of the Belsnicklers brought to Lunenburg by the Germans in 1753.

As children, we were supposed to be on our best behaviour as the Belsnicklers would be around evenings to find out the good or bad little boys and girls. Each evening when the oil lamps were lit, our parents would be busy with knitting and net mending. We children would be unusually quiet. Then there would be a cow bell ringing, much stomping of feet on the platform, and we would hear, "Any bad boys or girls in here?" In they came, usually three or four from Pleasant Point, wearing odd-looking garments, with a huge stick as long as themselves. Their voices were gruff.

We got around Papa where we felt safe. What a relief to us when he said, "No! They're all good." Mama would get some of her famous cookies for a treat. They would play a jig on a mouth organ and do a bit of dancing before they left for the next house. They were young men who knew us all and enjoyed the fun of it.

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

Following years of persuasion and accepting promises, the residents of West and Lower West Jeddore have finally succeeded in having phones placed in their homes, which truly could be said "Miracles do happen", even in 1971.

During the winter months, the linesmen worked in all sorts of weather, planting, as it were, the heavy poles for telephone service. Finally, the phones were placed in homes along the entire district. So now we look forward to some time in June when we can talk to far and near by phone.

During the war years there were many who worked hard to have phones installed, especially those who had loved ones arriving in convoy from overseas and deprived of getting home due to war restrictions.

It seemed useless to plead for telephones then because all materials were needed for war purposes. Therefore, in 1971, West and Lower West Jeddore are indeed grateful for what is a long dream realized. Truly, the years have brought changes, making one wonder what our forefathers would say being able to dial a number and talk to a neighbor next door. I believe our busy mothers would consider it time wasted to sit and talk to an unseen neighbor or visitor.

For many years, the only telephone in the community was at Uncle Peter Maskell's general store, from whence messages were delivered by one of his family. A few homes above the store had phones later. During the first World War, a telephone was installed in the Robin, Jones and Whitman factory on Marsh Point for business purposes. A walkway was built from the road out to the Point where one of the managers had his home. This house, occupied by Uncle Josiah Mitchell, was later moved to Doyle's Hill, and is now occupied by Ed and Bertha Doyle. The next nearest phone was at the Island View Inn in recent years.

Messages to come to the telephone were not too common, and one always thought the worst. No one would telephone unless there was a family emergency. One evening near Christmas, Uncle Jeremiah got word that he was wanted on the telephone at Uncle Peter's. Uncle Jerry's long legs soon covered the miles over snow and ice, fearing the worst. To his, and everyone else's great relief and joy, the message was greetings from Uncle Joe Blakeney on Sable Island wishing everyone a Merry Christmas! Uncle Joe was Governor of the Island then. Little did he realize the anxiety his call aroused that wintry night.

Thy Year

God bless thy year,
Thy coming in, thy going out,
Thy rest, thy traveling about,
The rough, the smooth,
The bright, the drear;
God bless thy year.

...Author Unknown

THOUGHTS ON EASTER

With the Easter season so close, we notice the usual commercialism taking over. We especially note the signs displayed stating "so many days for shopping before Easter". This special announcement follows the Christmas and Valentine commercialism.

It does not surprise one that children get mixed up with it all when rabbits, eggs, and what not predominate the beautiful season of the resurrection of our Saviour and the awakening of Nature after the long winter months.

According to ancient records, Easter happily celebrated the ending of winter. Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Persians each held a festival to announce the arrival of spring. 'Eastra' was the name for Spring.

The early people had rites to frighten winter away. Eggs were used to symbolize the universe. Certain flowers have an old meaning in connection with Easter. Lilies were a symbol of purity; violets of steadfastness; tulips were believed to symbolize the resurrection; daffodils, like a trumpet, a musical instrument often mentioned in the Bible. It is a joy to see the resurrection of nature in various ways. The beauty and majesty of it all is more than man can grasp.

The following story was told by a Sunday School teacher who was explaining some of the characters in the Bible to her class of kindergarten. Just to see how well they remembered, she decided on a short review:

Her first question was, "Who was John?" No hands went up. She then asked, "Who was Mark?" Still no reply. Then she asked, "Who was Peter?" For a moment there was no response. Then, a small boy rose and said, "I fink he was a wabbit, teacher."

THE PICTURE ON 8TH AVENUE

The Easter weekend brings back memories of Easter when we lived in Calgary, 1913.

It was the Saturday following Good Friday when the shops were crowded with those doing their special Easter shopping. Mingling with the crowd of shoppers on 8th Avenue, which was the most popular shopping centre in Calgary, we were jostled along with the crowd. No one was aware that anything unusual was being staged; but in that crowd apparently there was one in deep concentration, one whom we would call an amateur artist.

Apparently, the Easter season meant more to him than purchasing non-essentials. A week or more later, after Easter in Calgary, papers and placards announced the displaying of a picture called "Christ on 8th Avenue", at a hall in the city. Naturally, the outstanding title aroused a great deal of curiosity. The artist was unknown, but presumably he was near where the picture was shown and viewed by hundreds, or more likely, thousands. Many went out of curiosity, realizing they

were midst that crowd on 8th Avenue.

It was with feelings of awe and admiration we visited that hall (only 50 cents admission) and saw the picture "Christ on 8th Avenue". A picture ten feet or more in height portrayed Christ midst the jostling crowd, unknown and unseen except for one woman dressed in scarlet kneeling at His feet. Those two were the central figures in the picture, with crowds in the background. Many viewers stood in deep meditation, leaving with tear-dimmed eyes; while, to others, it was just a passing show.

The picture could not fail to leave a lasting impression on anyone who viewed it. Doubtless, the artist was deeply moved as thoughts of the Risen Lord occupied his mind. In all that crowd, he pictured the woman in scarlet recognizing his Lord.

The artist's name seemed to be withheld. It was presumed the charge of admission was to further his studies. The years have never erased the memory of that marvellous picture of Christ and the woman in scarlet on 8th Avenue. It stands out clearly after a period of more than 58 years.

(Written April, 1970.)

NATURE UNFOLDS AS SPRING ARRIVES

With the winter in the background, the first day of spring and the glorious Easter with us, we in our quiet country beside the sea have much to thank our Risen Lord for.

The awakening of spring and all it means to mankind after the dreary winter reminds one of an unknown author. quoting--

We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.

And the flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

On all sides, as the days advance, we see the unfolding of Nature. While many in this mad turmoil in which we live doubt the existence of God, the evidence of a living God is before us at every turn.

All along the roadside the fishermen have their lobster traps ready for setting. Boats are being painted in all readiness for the opening of the lobster season. Even though they face a busy summer's work, facing the elements and hazards of the fishing days, they realize it all fits in their line of work which our fishermen seem happy to be doing. To a true fisherman, as he sets forth, the evidence of a living God is before or all about him. On this closing day of winter, the sea has been a deep blue, even more so than the sky above. It has been smooth and smiling as night fell and the moonlight made it a mass of sparkling jewels. The wonders of the sea and all Nature awakening is the most wonderful part of creation.

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THE COMING OF SPRING

Now that April is here and the lobster season is drawing near, our fishermen are working under pressure. Boats are being launched, but the East and West Bays are solid with ice which our men anxiously watch. When they break into large sections and a strong wind rises, they are damaging to boats at anchorage as well as to the wharves piled high with lobster traps ready to be set.

A fisherman's life is an anxious one and hazardous, but living by the sea has an attraction, and from one generation to another, regardless of the hazards, they love the sea.

We did enjoy the day of sunshine on Easter Sunday. Lifting a bough that covered some plants, our spirits were uplifted when we beheld some crocuses and daffodils bursting through the earth after lying dormant for the winter months. Buds appeared on some plants--a wonderful awakening of Nature which makes one feel near to the heart of God and His marvellous works.

On Monday, snow descended in fury. Some of the motorists failed to hear the radio weather announcement at noon and set forth for the city stores for some after-Easter shopping bargains. But, alas, the storm came. After a perilous drive trying to stay on the road, home was a heaven. By Wednesday, the snow was still falling, but joyously I watched six robins descend on some bare parts of the lawn. It brought to mind a verse we children used to chant as we saw the first robins. "Pretty little robins, hopping o'er the carpet, picking up the crumbs...." We usually made up a tune to sing it. (Written 1972.)

Even though a great deal of ice lingers in our ponds and lakes, as well as in the harbour along the shoreline, our fishermen have been busy preparing their boats and traps for the opening day of the lobster season.

Along the roadside, newly painted boats are anchored, and lobster traps are piled high on wharves and banks. The days, weeks, and months slip by all too quickly from season to season, and "Time and tide wait for no man."

During the past week while mountains of sea rolled along crashing on the coastline, prospects for setting of traps were rather discouraging. But when Monday came, the scene had changed. The signal to start sounded forth from Marsh Point at 8 a.m.

The Harbour scene was tranquil when 30 or more motor boats loaded with lobster traps came down the Harbour and headed for the open sea. It presented a pretty scene, as the wake from the boats was over the whole Harbour while the sunbeams sparkled over the deep blue sea.

There were thousands of traps, all baited for the ocean bed to attract the lobsters. Thus started the opening day of the lobster season when our fishermen could set their traps, but no hauling till the 10th. The entire scene was truly one of beauty, as some went around the Eastern Head to the East Bay while others proceeded around the Western Head, passing by Thorn Shoals. (Written 1973.)

6

SPRING

With the month of May slipping by, we do appreciate the very few days of sunshine which has been our lot, leaving thoughts of snow in the background. We do not mind the rain that has been descending that in other years would be cherished by those who did a bit of gardening.

It is a joy to see the leaves unfolding, the early flowers opening, and a garment of green clothing the hills and fields. The resurrection of earth brings to mind a poem we used to have in our school readers many years ago.

God hath a presence that you may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun by noon day, the stars of the night,
In the storm cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land,
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where you may from sky to the sod,
Where can you gaze that ye see not God ?

How very true those words are. Regardless of all, humanity seems to be ever on the complaining side. The lack of complacency is widespread. In years gone by, country life was one of contentment with one's surroundings. Today, all that is far in the past. Quiet country life is non-existent.

We have been guilty of complaints against snow, rain, cold weather, and the next in line will be mosquitoes, which have been called "imps of Hell", then a variety of insects, but they are all a part of the awakening of Nature. Spring weather is slow in coming to us, so let us enjoy the days as they unfold, regardless of weather conditions.

Dark Day Ends in Brilliant Sky

To those who witnessed the brilliant sunset and rainbow on the evening of June 7 will never forget the beauty of it all. (1977) Following a day of fog and rain, the western sky became ablaze with color that reflected over the Eastern side of the Harbour. The setting sun midst the brilliant shades of color portrayed a scene of unusual beauty.

To add to the unusual display of color around the horizon, a rainbow perfect in shape and colors appeared in the eastern sky and extended far out over the ocean where it seemed to dip and disappear. The brilliant shades gradually faded as the setting sun sank slowly over the western hills. Those who watched realized the marvellous works of our Creator.

The scene aroused memories of a beautiful old hymn learned and sung many years ago.

"The day had been dark and dreary, and full of sad unrest,
I sat as it neared its ending and looked toward the west;
When a sweet voice seemed to whisper, "In steadfast faith abide,
And look when the clouds are darkest for light at Eventide."

These words are from the hymn "Light at Eventide", a publication of the past.

DISASTERS IN APRIL

As the month of April rolls around, memory takes one back to the calamities that stunned the world. One of those was the wreck of the "Atlantic". It was before my time, 170 years ago now, but I've often heard Papa and the older men talking about it. The story has been told and re-told through the years.

On April 1, 1873, the White Star Liner "Atlantic" was wrecked on Marr's Rock, near Prospect, 22 miles west of Halifax, with about 1000 souls on board. She carried 811 passengers and a crew of 141. She had left Liverpool, England, on Thursday, March 20, for New York, with passengers and a cargo of merchandise. The captain was James Andrew Williams. Rough weather was experienced in crossing, but nothing of note occurred until noon on March 31, when the captain decided to put into Halifax for a supply of coal. The sea was rough and the night dark.

She struck at 3.15 a.m. on the rocky coast. As she listed to port and fell over on her beam end, the raging sea swept in, and soon the hull became almost totally submerged. One boat was launched, which was immediately swamped and sunk. Only the bow and masts remained above water, where many took refuge in the rigging, clinging in desperation, but finally dropping to their deaths below.

A man walking along the shore in the early morning saw the wreck. He ran to the settlement of Lower Prospect, where a relief force was soon organized, making arrangements to rescue those still clinging to the rigging. Boats were manned by the Prospect men who made many trips to the wreck, rescuing 8 to 10 persons each trip. In this way, as well as by line, 420 persons were rescued and brought safely to shore. One little boy was saved by being passed over the heads of the men to land. When news of the wreck reached Halifax at first, it was greeted with smiles, for it was April Fool's Day, 1873.

The Rev. W.J. Ancient, Anglican clergyman of Prospect, with a couple of men, rowed to the wreck and succeeded in rescuing the last men who clung to the wreckage. Records show that 562 souls perished when the ship sank. Hundreds were asleep in their berths, many of them steerage passengers. As one writer said, "The sea swept them out of the steerage, and they drifted to eternity."

The wreck of the "Atlantic, so near the little fishing village of Prospect, was talked over from generation to generation, far and near. The bravery of those who put forth in the raging sea, the kindness of those who fed and cared for the rescued in their homes will ever be remembered. A memorial was erected at the mass grave for 277 persons, and many were the sad scenes as loved ones were identified before the final service at their last resting place.

In 1933, the local newspaper carried an article by W.D. Taunton, which included a ballad sent to him by Capt. Stanage Walters, of East LaHave. "It is a true ballad," he says. "He was nine years old at the time of the tragedy, and when he grew up, he followed the sea. His last command was the CLAYTON W. WALTERS, lost in the great gale of August 24, 1927, with all hands."

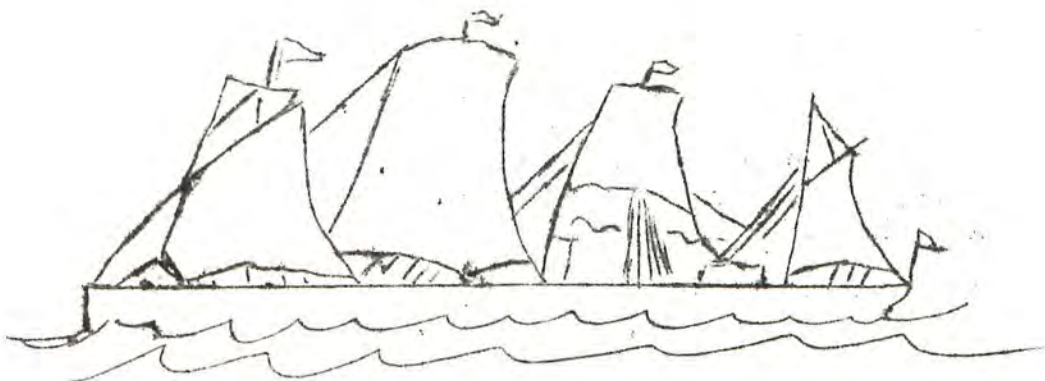
LOSS OF THE "ATLANTIC"

Dear friends come hear the mournful tale,
 The loss which we deplore,
 Of the gallant ship "Atlantic"
 Wrecked on Nova Scotia's shore.
 A most terrific accident
 Befell that fatal ship,
 As she approached our rocky shore
 On her way across the deep.

The sun had set behind the hills,
 Night spread her wings around;
 A night that will remembered be
 For many a year to come.
 Alas, a ship, a noble ship,
 Which had the ocean crossed
 Upon the rocky Prospect shore
 That night was wrecked and lost.

With near a thousand souls on board,
 Her captain had no fear;
 And heeded not the rocky coast
 Which they were drawing near.
 Until, alas, it was too late,
 The fatal shock was given;
 That noble ship had struck the rocks
 And midships she was riven.

The terror-stricken souls on board
 Oh, who could give them aid?
 Unto each other looked for help
 Each praying to be saved.
 Numbers overboard were washed,
 And perished in the deep;
 While others, frozen with the cold,
 Died on that sinking ship.



14.
Poor helpless women down below,
Of whom not one was saved,
Dear little helpless children too,
All met a watery grave.
Among the women there were two,
Beneath the waves that night,
Had each of them a little babe
That scarce had seen the light.

A lady with her babe in arms
Had reached the deck, we're told,
With nothing but her night clothes on
To shield her from the cold.
To save her life her slender form
Was fastened to the mast,
Where ten long hours she there remained
Before she breathed her last.

And ere she died, her little babe
Was swept into the sea;
What suffering did that mother bear
In those hours of agony.
With full a thousand souls on board,
And close upon the shore,
The splendid ship to pieces went
To sail the seas no more.

Third Officer Brady, a brave man,
Swam over to the shore,
And quickly sent a line on board
To help the others o'er.
Now the kind-hearted fishermen
Did gladly them receive,
Giving them freely of their store
Supplying all their need.

Next morning when the sun arose,
As the angry billows swell,
The people on the Prospect shore
A fearful sight beheld.
The rocks around were strewn with dead,
And as each wave broke o'er,
Bearing its burden to be laid
With sorrow on the shore.

Both men and women, young and old,
With clothes and flesh all torn
Upon the sharp and craggy rocks,
The angry waves had thrown.
A mother with her little babe
Clasped tightly to her breast,
Upon the tangled seaweed lay
Gone to her long, long rest.

All who came there to see the sight
 With heartfelt grief bemoan
 The fate of those who left their homes
 To cross the ocean foam.
 And far away from friend and home,
 In a foreign land to die.
 To strangers owe a burial place
 No friend to close an eye.

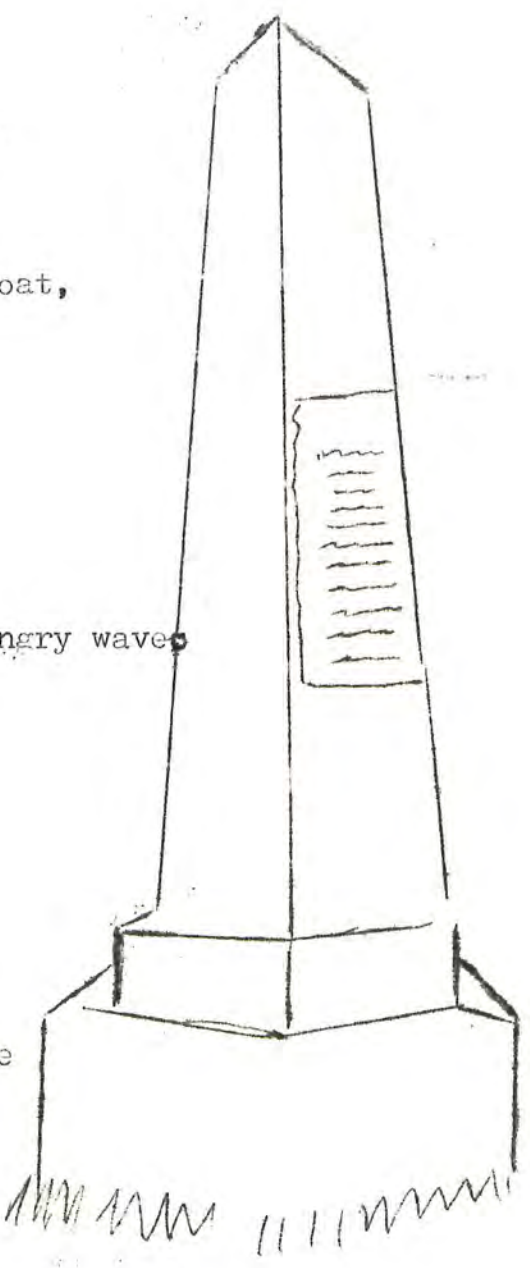
Among the men of Prospect shore
 Who risked a watery grave,
 And spurred up those around
 The shipwrecked men to save
 Was their kind and loving clergyman,
 Mr. Ancient is his name.
 Whose deeds deserve to be engraved
 Upon the roll of fame.

He said, "My friends, come take the boat,
 And try whom we can save."
 Then boldly took the foremost part
 The bravest of the brave.
 The hardy men who gave such help
 Deserve the highest praise,
 Oh, ne'er forget their noble deeds
 When thankful songs we raise.

The Captain in that trying hour,
 Spoke kindly to the men,
 Saying, "Be calm, good men," while angry waves
 Swept furious over them.
 When Mr. Street, a gentleman,
 Quite frantic with despair,
 From cabin came, and in his arms,
 His little daughter bare.

And to one, Ellery, he said,
 "Charley, pray take my child,
 While I may go my wife to seek,"
 The billows raging wild.
 And as the steward took the child,
 And saw her face so fair,
 His thoughts went quickly to his home
 He had one like it there.

The father did the mother seek,
 But neither one came back;
 As angry waves soon swept them
 From off the sinking wreck.
 Poor suffering little innocent,
 It cried out, "Papa, come !"
 Its clothes were thin, just taken from
 Its little bed so warm.



It cried out, "Pa," for a short time,
 But Papa never came;
 Expiring in the steward's arms,
 In pain and sufferings,
 Its little soul to Heaven flew
 To call its Papa there.
 I hope they hand in hand will walk
 Through Heavenly mansions fair.

Among those rescued from the wreck
 Was John Hinley, a brave lad,
 Who boldly struggled to the deck
 Bereft of all he had.
 His father, mother, brother, too,
 Had sunk, to rise no more;
 But he with help from strong men
 Got safely to the shore.

Kind friends then took him to their homes
 His wants they did supply;
 Strangers with pity in their hearts
 Beheld the orphan boy.
 When he arrived in Halifax,
 Warm welcome he received;
 And then we leave him journeying home
 With his sisters dear to live.

And never may those cruel rocks
 Another victim gain,
 Let lightships guard our rocky coasts
 For those who cross the main.
 To them who perished in the deep,
 We give a Christian grave;
 Our joys would have been greater far
 Had we the power to save.

And now the noble steamer,
 "Atlantic", she is lost,
 Which o'er the mighty ocean
 Oft times before had crossed.
 And sad and touching scenes
 Which never could be told,
 And many hundred lives were lost
 And many hearts made cold.

Now she will never sail again
 Unto that distant shore;
 To those who look with tearful eyes
 For friends they'll see no more.
 The dreadful sight will never from
 Our memories fade away,
 Till children that sorrowed us now
 Are feeble, old and gray.

Near this spot
 was wrecked the

 S.S. ATLANTIC
 April 1st 1873
 when 562 persons
 perished, of whom
 277 were interred
 in this church
 yard.
 This monument was
 erected as a
 sacred memorial
 by a few sympathetic
 friends.
 Jesus said
 "I am the resurrection
 and the life."

Oh, angry sea, give up thy dead.
Oh, rocky reefs sink low.
How could you part so many friends ?
Why did you cause such woe ?
Oh, goodly ship that proudly sailed
An hour before the shock,
Why did you not keep far away,
And shun the sunken rock ?

With all our friends around us,
We close our eyes in sleep.
Our thoughts will often wander
Across the dreary deep,
And grieve for those who closed their eyes
No thought that death was near,
But woke while sinking in the sea,
Shrieks sounding in their ears.

So, 'tis with us, my loving friends,
There's breakers all around,
And in an unexpected hour
The last great trump may sound.
And shrieks and groans and cries of those
Who fear the chastening rod,
All unprepared, more men come forth
To meet Almighty God.

An Old Seaman's Prayer

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the ship that I sail on;
Send the wind when sail is spread,
Keep us true with stars o'erhead;
Watch with us the day and night,
Keep our timbers strong and tight.

.....
The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

.....
"The Wreck of the HESPERUS" .. H.W. Longfellow

GREATEST DISASTER

Sixty years ago the sinking of the White Star liner "Titanic" occurred, causing horror throughout the world. On her maiden voyage, the finest, largest, and safest ship that ever sailed the seas, she was fitted with every appliance that human ingenuity could devise to cope with and overcome the dangers of the ocean. She was declared to be "unsinkable".

Sunday night, April 12, 1912, was calm and clear. All were looking forward to being in New York by Tuesday. But an iceberg struck a staggering blow that night, sending her to the ocean bed.

Being in U.S.A. at the time, I travelled by trolley from Needham to Roxbury, Mass., The car was crowded. Some were weeping, while others just looked stunned. Newspapers were in all hands. Unaware of the terrible tragedy, I inquired, as I had not seen the morning paper. It was handed to me, and then I saw the staggering headlines of the "unsinkable" TITANIC.

Personally, I was not aware of the notables on board, until my seatmate mentioned a number from New York. Regardless of their wealth and popularity, they met death with the humblest on that ship. It reminded me of an old song my uncle used to sing which dealt with the rich man and the poor man. Each verse would end--"but six feet of earth makes us all of one size."

A MOURNING CITY

Halifax became a city of mourning as our navy ship had gone out to bring in bodies from the scene of disaster. Two weeks later, when I came down to Nova Scotia, the gloom of it all was hanging over the city. There are many living today to whom the sinking of the "Titanic" is a story of the past, but many have memories of the horror of it all when news of the greatest marine disaster was flashed across the world.

The Cunard liner "Carpathia" had rescued 705 survivors the morning after the sinking, and would be landing them at New York. Special trains were sent to Halifax with those who would identify bodies. In the meantime, Canada had sent the cable ship "Mimia" and the "MacKay Bennett" (She was always called the "Mackie" Bennett.) to bring back bodies. The latter brought back 306 bodies, piled high on the deck. Many were beyond recognition, so they had been buried at sea.

Coffins were piled on wharves. Mourners claimed 89 identified bodies. The rest were given a mass funeral, 123 being buried at Fairview Cemetery; 19 at Mount Olivet; ten in the city's Jewish Cemetery. In the Protestant section of St. John's Cemetery, three long rows of markers have a single sign "Titanic". Many are marked "Unknown".

The graves are looked after through a special fund administered by the Cunard Steamship Company. Each year a U.S. coast guard ship has dropped a wreath over the Atlantic grave where ship and victims lie two miles below the surface.

19.

When the "MacKay Bennett" was sent to the area where the "Titanic" went down, orders were to pick up all floating bodies, but that order was impossible to carry out. It was a gruesome procedure which could never be forgotten by those on that ship.

Two of our young men from West Jeddore were crew members of the "MacKay Bennett". Peter Maskell, Jr., and Ernest Faulkner were among the rescuers. With tears in his eyes, Ernest told me of the scene. He saw the little golden-haired baby girl, in her nightie, with one sock on a tiny foot, floating toward them, her innocent baby face upturned. Strong men were unashamed of the tears that ran down their faces at the sight. Peter and Ernest were among those who made up a collection for the expense of her burial and the stone that stands at her last resting place in Fairview Cemetery.

When the rescue ship arrived back in Halifax, flags were at half-mast, church bells tolled, coffins were piled high waiting, and friends and dear ones were waiting to identify loved ones. On the MacKay Bennett was the Rev. Canon K.O. Hind of All Saints' Cathedral, who had gone to the scene of the tragedy and officiated at the committal to the deep of many souls.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY

Experts had said she was unsinkable, but there were some who were haunted with a premonition and cancelled their sailing.

A personal statement from a New York lady said that even though her passage was paid and her luggage on board, she became frantic with fear and requested that her luggage be removed. She went to find out if there was a possibility of locating it and having it brought ashore, only to be told that it would have to go on now to New York, but she need not go. One of the crew members told her the ship was unsinkable, that "God Himself could not sink her." She replied to the baggage master, "My baggage is worth much to me. I had better remain with it." Still, she could not throw off the feeling of depression. With a heavy heart, she remained, to make the voyage to New York to her family. All her wealth went beneath the waters, but she was miraculously saved.

She told that about four o'clock in the afternoon on Sunday, she went on deck and joined a group of men who were gazing at the water which was being thrown up from the propeller. It seemed to form a high waterfall, and the rays of a glorious sunset shining on it reflected blood red. All that group commented on the exquisite red reflection on the water. She remarked that it was, or could be, a forerunner. She considered that the lesson of the "Titanic" should be a lesson to mankind in general.

Just two hours and forty minutes from the time the unsinkable ship encountered the iceberg, she slid beneath the waters, a distance of two miles, where no man's endeavour will ever reach her. It all seemed incredible that the largest ship in the world, sailing on a perfectly calm sea, should sink. It certainly seemed that the "all powerful Hand of God" struck out toward mankind, reproving them for trying to be greater than Nature. God spoke to those who experienced a premonition although His voice was not heard. What a warning to humanity!

(Written April, 1972)

MOOSE RIVER MINE DISASTER

20.

The month of April also brings forth memories of the Moose River Mine disaster, on Sunday evening, April 12, 1936. The whole American continent and British Isles were focused on the little village in Nova Scotia where three men were entombed in the gold mine there.

Dr. David Robertson, a surgeon and chief of staff at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, Herman Magill, a Toronto lawyer, and Alfred Scadding, timekeeper at the mine, went down for a tour of inspection, and were trapped for ten days.

The horror those men must have gone through when down in the mine on Easter Sunday evening they felt the rush of air and heard the rumbling of rocks and earth. And then the terrifying sensation to know they were trapped in the depths of the earth with little chance of escape.

Offers of help came from near and far. The wonderful Draegermen, the hard rock miners from Northern Ontario, arrived and every conceivable device was placed at their disposal.

It was said men prayed as they never had before. As one of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police guards said, "Only the Lord can get them out."

The rescuers carried out their work with grim determination to reach the entombed men, regardless of the risks involved. Herman Magill succumbed to the ordeal, and died in his companion's arms. Dr. Robertson and Alfred Scadding survived.

On the eleventh day, the hammering and picks were heard, getting nearer and nearer. Voices were heard. The hoped for rescue was coming. What a thrill of joy must have gone through their weary bodies!

Finally, the last obstacle was removed, and the rescuers reached the men, bringing them to the surface. As they reached the top of the shaft, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" was started by the Salvation Army relief workers, and the miners joined in. When Magill's body was brought up, there was a silence except for the crying of his dog.

The joyous news "Rescued!" was flashed all over the continent. Patrons at a Vancouver theater rose to their feet cheering when the news was flashed on the screen. The new King Edward VIII sent congratulations to the workers. It was a marvellous work of heroism for all concerned, and an event that will ever be remembered as April rolls around each year.

THE BALLAD OF MOOSE RIVER MINES

Way down in old Nova Scotia,
Moose River it seems is the name;
Three Canadians, on Easter Sunday,
To the tumble down gold mine they came.

They descended the mine for inspection,
Never dreaming Fate trailed them close by;
With a crash that gave them no warning,
Entombed in that mine there to die.

Brave men from all over the country
Volunteered to give up their lives;
They slaved with unceasing effort,
It seemed as if death they'd defy.

On Sunday they got their first message
From the men prisoned far, far below;
"Can you help us?" they heard the men calling,
"Our suffering God above only knows."

Next message filled all hearts with sorrow,
As it heard them say, "One pal is gone."
"We are trying our best to hold on, boys,
Do your best; don't make it too long."

At last the great strain it was broken;
A miner out of breath brought the news:
"We have won the great fight," he was calling,
At last we have broke our way through!"

This fight against the dark angel
Is one hard fight all the way;
But at last it came with the rescue
From the tomb of those terrible days.

Well, friends, my story is ending
Of hardship for many a day;
But this story will go down in history
Of the gold mine down Moose River way.

(Taped from a 78 rev. record.)

Sung by Wilf Carter

BABES IN THE WOOD

The month of April revives other memories of tragedies of years gone by. On April 11, 1842, two Preston children, Jane Elizabeth age 6 and her sister Margaret, age 4, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Meagher, entered the woods on a lovely fine evening and became lost. Their farm was situated at the northern extremity of the present Barker Road, according to Dr. John P. Martin, Dartmouth historian.

"At the time the mother was confined to her bed with a new-born babe, and the father was laid up with measles. When the children did not return, the father sent the hired man to look for them in the late afternoon. By evening, the father roused neighbours who went with lighted lanterns to scour the woods,"he continued.

The search went on until April 17, when Rover, a shepherd dog owned by Peter Currie, picked up a scent near a hill at the head of Lake Major. "The children were found locked in each other's arms under the shelter of a big boulder. Their faces were pressed together; their legs were scratched and torn. They had travelled about six miles."

Their remains were placed in one coffin, and two days later were buried in the historic cemetery in Woodlawn, where a marker was set up in 1931.

The tale of the lost babes will never be forgotten. As a child, I remember my great-uncle Mark Harpell telling the story.

Dr. John P. Martin wrote the pamphlet "The Babes in the Woods" for the N.S. Historical Society on the 100th anniversary of the event, a book that I possess, and he also has an account in his "History of Dartmouth". Older folks will remember the ballad composed by Danny Blois as it was sung in many homes. It can be found in Dr. Helen Creighton's book "Nova Scotia Ballads".

BABES IN THE WOODS
 JANE ELIZABETH
 AND
 MARGARET MEAGHER
 AGED 6 AND 4 YEARS
 WHO WERE LOST AT PRESTON APRIL 11, 1842

THE MAR CHILDREN

The following poem was submitted by Mrs. Charles Whalley, who found it in one of her old school scribblers. She does not know who wrote it or when, but it is the story of the "Babes in the Woods". Although this poem may not be completely factual, it is part of our local history and should not be forgotten. Signed: Mike McPetridge. (Presumably, this was sent to the Dartmouth Patriot or Free Press, and is in a scrapbook. -G.F.)

Good people read these verses that I have written here
And when you have perused, you can't but shed a tear.
In eighteen hundred and forty-two, April the eleventh day,
Two little girls from Preston into the woods did stray.
Their father and their mother both sick in bed they lay,
While these two little children about the door did play.

Hand in hand together we saw them leave the door,
The eldest was but six years, the other only four.
Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Mar were both their pretty names,
Two fairer creatures ever seen or nature ever raised.
They walked abroad together and cheerfully did play
But marks that followed after showed how soon they lost their way.

'Twas in the lonely wilderness they spent a dismal day,
When night came on, they thought of home, their dreaming eyes
gave way,
Not a mother for to close an eye, nor friend to shed a tear.
And the beasts of prey they feared all day, and the screeching
owl so near.

It was early the next morning went out one hundred men
And there they found poor Mar and wife searching the lonely glen.
First casting their eyes to heaven and then upon the grove,
And tears and screams and dying words distressed them as they roamed.
It was all that week we hunted, but, alas, it was in vain.
When night came on they thought of home, their dreaming eyes
gave way.

Not a mother for to close an eye, nor friend to wipe a tear.
Oh, perish heart would surely meet their dying cry to hear.
On the twelfth day of April went out twelve hundred men
To search the woods and dreary plains like hunters used to do.
It was all that week we hunted until four o'clock on Thursday
A bloody rag was found. It was Peter Currie found them
On twelve o'clock the next day.

Near melancholy mountains and lands of breathless clay,
Their hair was dragged off their heads, their clothes were torn away
Their tender flesh from head to toe, the prickly thorns had torn.
We left them there no longer for birds and beasts to scorn.
But in decent burials we laid them, and grieved them with a tear,
We carried them home to their mother for she could hold them near.

She kissed them both a thousand times., their father quite
 Distressed and overcome with grief,
 The neighbours tried to comfort him, but could yield him no relief.
 The cries of their poor mother were dismal for to hear,
 And how true it was that Burns remarked that man was made to mourn.

On the sixteenth day of April, both in one coffin lay
 When gazing on Elizabeth, methinks I hear her say,
 "Return, my loving neighbours. Return. Dry up your tears.
 Let us two rest on this cold day until Christ Himself appears."
 You gentle folk of Halifax who did turn out so kind,
 I hope in heaven hereafter a true reward you'll find.
 Not forgetting the Dartmouth, that turned out rich and poor,
 And likewise those of Preston and round the Eastern Shore.

Now to conclude and make an end to this my mournful song,
 I beg you will excuse me for making it so long.
 Another thing like this, I hope, I'll never have to pen;
 It is the first, I hope the last,
 God grant it so. AMEN.

The story of another 'Babe' is told by older residents of Jeddore.
 The only baby known to be born on Jeddore Rock was an infant born
 to John Will and Annie (Crockett) Mitchell while they were light-
 keepers. Before the midwife arrived from East Jeddore, the baby
 had died and is in the cemetery in Mark Harpell's head field at the
 end of Lower West Jeddore road, among the many unmarked graves.

Travelling back over the years to May 29, 1914, the "Empress of Ireland" left Quebec on a voyage to Liverpool, England. She left the dock at 4.30 on Thursday afternoon, amid scenes of deep feeling to those taking their leave, bidding their "Good-byes" and "God bless you", while the Salvation Army band on board played "God be with you till we meet again". Then, the call came, "All ashore that's going ashore!" The last to leave hurried regretfully down the gangway.

Among the passengers was a delegation of 150 Salvation Army members going to the International Congress which was being held in London. Several hundred of the delegates sailed on the "Olympic" from New York. They had been offered cheaper rates to go along on the "Empress", but changed their minds and sailed on the "Olympic", planning to meet the Canadian delegates in London.

Captain Henry G. Kendall, Royal Navy Reserve, had been warned of the prevalence of fog in the lower river and smoke from forest fires over the St. Lawrence. Aware of it all, the captain was not alarmed, but took the usual precautions by reducing speed. He stopped his ship at Rimouski, a town of 2000 inhabitants on the way. As it was a mail station, bags of mail were loaded on board and the "Empress" moved out into the broad River. At this point the St. Lawrence is 30 miles wide.

Although late in May, the mercury had fallen to just above freezing point. The weather was cold with a piercing wind. Few passengers were stirring after midnight. At 9.30, May 29th, the "Empress" had reached "Father Point", where the pilot was dropped. After passing the Point gas buoy, Capt. Kendall sighted the Norwegian collier, "Storstad". At that time a fog bank was coming gradually from the land, passing between the "Storstad" and the "Empress". Capt. Kendall stopped his ship when he saw the danger of collision was inevitable.

The Norwegian ship, with Capt. Anderson as commander, crashed the "Empress", cutting down in a line between the funnels, penetrating the hull for a distance of 12 feet. A survivor said the water did not flow in, but rushed in. In fifteen minutes, the "Empress of Ireland" was no more.

Had there been time, hundreds could have been saved. Many had been asleep, and awoke too late to scramble to the decks. They were crushed and mangled by the bow of the "Storstad". Scores who were asleep were killed instantly. The terror and confusion of the few minutes while the "Empress" staggered, listed, and sank could never be put into words. Launching of the lifeboats became difficult. Many of those who were fortunate enough to get into a lifeboat were in night clothes. Boats there were plentiful, but time there was none.

The launching of lifeboats went on like clockwork. All in 12 minutes with remarkable discipline. Frantic attempts at rescue were made, but the doomed ship was rapidly settling. Her decks were awash, then with a spasmodic heave, the massive ship tilted to the bottom. The bulk of the collier alone marked the scene of the catastrophe.

The "Storstad" was built in 1911, owned by the Dampak Aktieselsk Maritime of Christiania, Norway. The captain of the "Empress" was shot into the sea from the bridge at impact, and taken down with the suction. He was picked up by one of the boats and landed on the "Storstad". About 250 persons were taken on board, and everything that the ship's stores contained was used for their comfort. Clothing was placed at their disposal.

The government boats "Eureka" and "Lady Evelyn" found a scene similar to those ships that went to the aid of the "Titanic". When the "Eureka", with 35 survivors, arrived at the Rimouski wharf, they telephoned ahead and ordered all the cabs and doctors that could be obtained. Within an hour they were being cared for.

There were unforgettable scenes as the living and dead were brought ashore. The "Lady Evelyn" arrived an hour later. At 6.10 a.m. the "Storstad", laden with coal from Sydney, N.S. and bound for Montreal came along slowly. Her bow was smashed in, but she was not damaged too much and proceeded to Quebec under her own steam. She also carried some survivors and bodies.

Twenty-two having died, relief stations were set up at the wharf and the railway station. The townspeople opened their homes to the suffering. A grim reminder that even the most perfect of modern liners is subject to the dangers of the sea was evident when the survivors who had gaily sailed from Quebec returned to that city, ragged, exhausted, and wounded, leaving hundreds of their shipmates dead in the River or along the shore. The stories told by the survivors were pathetic, but all told of the heroism displayed.

On Sunday, May 31st, every church in Canada held memorial services. It was with difficulty men spoke on the sad event which had touched the heart and lives of Canada and other parts of the world. At such times, blows like the loss of the "Empress of Ireland" teach man how fleeting is human existence, how uncertain the span of life, how our earthly days are measured. It shows how weak, how unstable, all our calculations are, how man proposes and God disposes.

The "Empress" had been on the Atlantic service of the Canadian Pacific Railway for eight years, and was regarded as one of the finest ships on the Canadian route to England. Comfortable, fast, and considered to be as safe as any ship afloat, she was a favorite with travellers. But, in fifteen minutes, the worst marine disaster in the history of Canadian navigation took place.

The "Empress" was built in Glasgow in 1906 by the Fairfield Co., and owned by the C.P.R. The terrible happening seemed worse than the "Titanic", as the 'unsinkable' was more or less a challenge, a marvellous piece of the work of man, but a formation of ice sent her to the ocean bed with hundreds of souls. The "Empress" sank midst a formation of fog. In 15 minutes she was at the bottom of the St. Lawrence River. Each was a disaster by the forces of Nature.

(Written May, 1972)

JACK MINER, A FRIEND OF ALL CREATURES

Looking over some scrapbooks of years gone by, it was interesting to find a copy of "The Northern Messenger" for home and Sunday School. It brought back memories of that and other worthwhile reading material which was passed out weekly by our Sunday School teachers. One wonders why those were discontinued, but suppose like all other changes that have taken place, they remain memories. But what are their substitutes? Doubtless, some of our readers have memories of these papers.

Going back over the years, one copy contained instalments of the life of Jack Miner, donated by his son, Manly F. Miner.

Jack Miner's father was a bricklayer by inheritance in Leicestershire, England, and his mother came from the same country. As he said, they were both "as English as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding" combined. His grandparents, with their six children, migrated to America in 1848, and settled in Ohio. His father came over in 1885 and married. They had nine children.

Jack, the fifth child, when only 8 years of age, trapped and skinned his first skunk, which did not give out any peach fragrance.

As he stated, in spite of the much needed and helpful kindness given to the big family by the people in Ohio, his father took another irresistible desire to migrate again. So, loading up their belongings in two wagons, the family included, they drove to Cleveland. Taking the boat from there, they got to Detroit, crossed by ferry, and arrived in Canada on April 23, 1878.

When Jack was thirteen years and thirteen days old, he was the proud owner of an Irish setter bird dog and fifteen skunk traps. When the fall days came, he hunted in order to buy warm clothes, and he soon developed into a professional shot and hunter. He said that no family could move into a strange country and be trusted more completely or be treated with greater kindness than they as a family were by the old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness Canadian people.

After his tenth year in Canada, he married "one of the best Christian young ladies this world has ever known." A beautiful tribute. His great love for children was quite evident, as children gathered about his sanctuary to watch him fastening bands on the birds' legs. It was an undisputed fact to him: when God created this universe, He made man supreme in every way. He gave man dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing that creepeth upon it. Then, He made man's brain supreme, but that does not say He didn't give the birds or animal kingdom brains and knowledge in some way. For instance, how quickly an animal will accept a friendship in place of hostility.

The stories of the variety of birds and their habits as told by Jack Miner are unusually interesting. He was their friend, and they all had the knowledge, or instinct, to accept his kindness. It goes to show the instinct given them by the Maker of all.

At the sanctuary, the ponds comprise only a couple of acres. It is a well-known fact that from 1909 to 1915 over 8000 Canada geese have had an aluminum tag placed on a leg, thus to study their routes of migration.

It has also been proven that these same birds come back to the same mud holes year after year for food and protection and kindness. It proves they know a friend from a foe; it also proves their given knowledge or sense, without the aid of compass, instruments, or such like.

They get up in early October at the Arctic Circle, and with their family following in single file, they come down on their little ponds in a short time, where they are safe. Then, in the early days of March, those that have escaped the deadly aims of sportemen along the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic seaboard rise up, out of the range of shot and shell, until they land in the safety of the sanctuary ponds.

They come from all parts of Canada and the U.S.A., and as far east as Labrador. One of Jack Miner's sayings was, "I never started living until I started believing. My bird sanctuary would never have been what it is, nor have gained worldwide recognition had I not taken God into partnership and given Him first place. I owe everything to God."

He started feeding, protecting, and caring for bird life in 1904, which activities formed the foundation of the Jack Miner Sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario. It was not until 1909 that he began banding, which made him the pioneer bander on this continent to obtain complete record of when and where a banded bird was shot and killed. Records of returns from the bands were kept for the purpose of securing authentic information regarding migration seasons, routes, and length of life. It was in 1914 there was incorporated in his bird-handing scheme a feature that made it successful beyond his dreams.

Early one morning, under God's guidance, the call came to him: "Stamp verses of Scripture on the blank side of your duck and goose bands." From the first time he stamped a Scripture verse on a band, he felt God had made his tagging system complete. He kept in mind Ecclesiastes Chap. 10, and part of the 20th verse, which says: "The birds of the air with wings shall carry Thy voice."

It was in the spring of 1914 that he started doing this. Nothing was heard of his "religious geese", as they were called, until early in the fall, when he received a telegram from the Rev. W.G. Walton of Cochrane, Ont. It read, "I am on my way to your home with several bands which you placed on birds, which have been taken off by Indians and Eskimos in the Arctic area."

In England, Rev. Walton had volunteered as an Anglican missionary, landing on the east coast of Hudson Bay. He performed duties in that bleak land the same as Sir Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador. It took him 28 days to come by canoe to see Jack Miner, and arrangements were made later to send him back by seaplane.

As he placed those priceless bands in Jack Miner's hands, he said, "Mr. Miner, I had to come to tell you those verses from the Holy Book have caused a great revival and awakening of religious feeling among our Indian and Eskimo people. They believe they came direct from God." They had depended on him to interpret the messages. Missionaries in the Hudson and James Bay area acted as agents in collecting them.

Having bands on over 50,000 ducks and 40,000 geese, readers would understand their letters would be interesting. The verses of Scripture interested every person. All humanity is absorbed in some form of Christianity, even though some do not admit it.

Jack Miner died in 1944. He was not only a great naturalist, but a worldwide missionary, a lover of Nature and of his Creator. His two sons carry on the work.

How true the following:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of Time.

***** (Written April, 1971)



SOME SOCIAL EVENTS

On April 12, 1971, Easter Monday, our oldest resident, Isaac Doyle, celebrated his 97th birthday at the home of his daughter Eleanor, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McGregor.

Mr. Doyle, a lifelong, highly esteemed citizen of West Jeddore, was visited, and received many gifts. He is the last surviving member of a family of 12 children, their parents being the late Rachel Day and George Doyle. His ancestors came from Ireland more than a century ago.

On Easter Sunday, Mr. Doyle's family gathered at the McGregor home and were entertained by his daughter Eleanor and Gordon McGregor. Others present were his eldest daughter Margaret (Mrs. Sylvanus Dooks) and Mr. Dooks; Viola (Mrs. Douglas Slaunwhite) and Mr. Slaunwhite; his son, Edmond and Mrs. Doyle, as well as several grandchildren and many friends.

On Sunday morning an organ recital was given by Jerry Naugler of Halifax demonstrating the new Hammond electric organ recently installed in the West Jeddore Baptist Church. The same was supported by many who gave liberal donations in memory of loved ones as well as free will offerings throughout the community by interested friends. The organ recital was much enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ritcey of Norwood, Mass., have been recent guests among relatives at Jeddore and Ostrea Lake. Mr. Ritcey is a former resident of Petpeswick, while Mrs. Ritcey, Nora, is the daughter of the late Harry Faulkner and Florence Williams. Mrs. Faulkner was killed in the Halifax Explosion.

The Ritceys celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Norwood. Mr. and Mrs. George Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bayers of Ostrea Lake and Oyster Pond, Jeddore, attended the reception. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Faulkner of British Columbia. Later they visited Ostrea Lake, it being the first time in 40 years that Albert visited his relatives. He is a brother to Mrs. Ritcey,

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Mitchell of Oyster Pond, Jeddore, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on December 31. On New Year's Day they were guests of honor at a reception at the home of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mitchell, 38 Dunstan Street, Dartmouth. A large number of friends and relatives gathered to congratulate them. (In 1978, the Mitchells were At Home on the occasion of their 60th wedding anniversary to receive the good wishes of friends.)

FORTY YEARS ACTIVE IN LIFE OF CHURCH

The West Jeddore Baptist Church on Sunday evening was the scene of a very impressive service, combining the three churches of the Jeddore field, West Jeddore, East Jeddore, and Oyster Pond, in honoring one of the older members, Mrs. Ada Williams, who, recently, due to failing health, has found it necessary to resign from her last remaining office as clerk of the church.

The service was conducted by Pastor Richard Coffin, with a combined choir of the whole field in attendance rendering as a special number "The Wonderful Grace of Jesus", with Robert Steele at the organ.

Gerald Dooks rendered the sole "Alone" before the message delivered by the pastor.

During the service, the pastor presented Mrs. Williams with a gold engraved plaque on behalf of the congregation in recognition of her many years of faithful service. She has served in many different capacities during the past forty years, including Sunday School work, organist, caretaker of the church, treasurer of the MREC, representative of the Canadian Bible Society, Women's Missionary Society work, as well as church clerk. One by one, she has reluctantly retired from those positions as the load became too heavy. However, she is still active, and her many friends join in wishing her many more years of attending worship services, and hope to hear her lovely contralto voice singing in the choir.

(Written, 1966, by Bertha Doyle. This plaque now hangs in the West Jeddore Baptist Church.)

SEASIDE SERVICE MOST IMPRESSIVE

On Sunday afternoon (August, 1966) an impressive service was held on the East Jeddore Government wharf with the three Jeddore Baptist Churches participating under the leadership of the pastor, Lic. Richard Coffin. Organist for the service was Robert Steele of Dartmouth.

Choir director was George Power, with a choir of 50 voices. A stage for the choir had been erected by members of the community. The service opened with the Fisherman's Psalm, composed by Capt. John Roberts, a seaman of New Zealand, in 1874, as follows :

The Lord is my pilot, I shall not drift,
He lighteth me across the dark waters,
He steereth me in deep channels,
He keepeth my log.

He guideth me by the star of holiness,
For His name's sake,
Yea, though I sail 'mid the thunders and tempests of life,
I will dread no danger, for Thou art near me.

(Fisherman's Psalm, cont'd)

Thy love and Thy care shelter me;
 Thou preparest a harbour before me in the homelands
 of eternity,
 Thou anointest the way with oil; my ship rideth calmly.
 Surely sunlight and starlight shall favor me on the
 voyage I take,
 And I shall rest in the Port of God forever.

The Psalm was followed by the choir singing "All Hail the Power" to the meter "Diadem". Other special by the choir was "Master, the Tempest Is Raging". Mr. and Mrs. George Power sang a duet "Drifting", and George sang a solo "The Stranger of Galilee". The pastor brought the message : "Where is your net set"? dwelling on the Scripture reading Luke 5: 1-11. Approximately 300 were present.

It was a beautiful setting for the service overlooking the harbour and far out to sea. With the sunbeams shining on the rippling water, the Harbour resembled a bed of diamonds. Many motor boats were anchored around the wharf with their occupants remaining therein.

Following the service, the pastor left for vacation with his parents in P.E.I.

SENIOR CITIZENS PARTY

Having attended the Senior Citizens party on Saturday, Dec. 2, at St. Thomas Hall, Musquodoboit Harbour, from 2-5 p.m., all who were there would agree it was a very pleasant get together, made possible by those connected with the four churches of the community.

There is always a great deal of work involved in preparing for such an event.

On entering the hall, one of the hostesses welcomed us and presented a corsage suitable for the occasion. There was much fun and laughter when two of the prominent citizens arrived in spectacular costumes and their acrobatic feats.

A prettily decorated Christmas tree stood in one corner. Tables around the hall held festive decorations as well as dishes of candy, and each guest was given a treat to take away. Carol sheets were passed around while Rev. John Earle at the piano led an enjoyable singsong. Following this, lunch was served by the younger ladies of church groups, and a social time was enjoyed around the tables.

Being the only senior from West Jeddore, I feel that those who did not attend missed a real treat. I am sure that all present would join in with congratulations to the groups which sponsored the party. The spirit of cooperation was admirable. The younger folks who waited on us all with an assortment of goodies apparently enjoyed the party and their part in making it a huge success for the seniors.

Leaving the hall, one heard on all sides: "We hope to see you next year." Doubtless, as time marches on, there will be some who will not be present, but here's hoping we will be here again to enjoy the party for Seniors, with more added to the list.

(Written 1970)

Picnic of Yesteryear

The annual Sunday School picnic was held on Tuesday afternoon (1970) on the hillside overlooking the sea. Due to a heavy rain, the grounds were not too suitable for a picnic, but everyone enjoyed the get together.

Years ago, the Sunday School picnic was quite an affair, as the schools of all three churches got together. It was more or less a community wide affair. It was a special day for us, when we children were taken by boat to either Head Jeddore or Oyster Pond. We were really travelling afar from the Cove! Our S.S. superintendent and teachers accompanied the children, leaving the parents satisfied for our safety and behaviour.

One of our best picnic spots was on Rectory Hill at Oyster Pond. Swings and other amusements were ready for us. Mothers had well-filled baskets of food, and it was always a treat to eat with some one else to exchange eats. Coming home, we always sang hymns, our voices floating across the harbour as the men rowed.

ROLL CALL SERVICE

The annual roll call service of the West Jeddore Baptist Church, scheduled for December 8, was postponed to Dec. 15 due to bad weather. Attendance was lower because of heavy rain and fog. The choir was under the direction of Rudy Dyck, and Mrs. Dyck was organist. Special musical selections were presented.

The clerk, Mrs. E.S. Williams, called the roll for resident members, and read letters received from non-residents. These were received with gratitude, and pleasing to know that although removed from the community, their home church was not forgotten.

The pastor gave a stirring message on church membership and our personal relationship to the Church and its foundation, our Lord and Saviour.

An offering of \$198.40 was received, which included donations from non-resident members. Despite stormy weather conditions, the service was one which one and all enjoyed. (Written 1969.)

U. B. W. M. U. MEETING

On Wednesday evening, the members of the United Baptist Women's Missionary Union met at the Williams home for their March meeting. Apart from the regular seven members, four guests were present: Mrs. Clara and Miss Pansy Blakeney, Mrs. Eleanor MacGregor and Mrs. Mildred Baker. Following the usual devotional period and Spiritual Life Committee memory work, Mrs. Rowland Hill, Mrs. Vera Baker, Mrs. John Maskell, and Mrs. Gladys Kent presented a play from the study packet, namely- "The World of Crisis", which was interesting and instructive.

Toward the close of the meeting, a presentation was made to the secretary, Mrs. E.S. Williams, by Mrs. Hill, the President, on behalf of the members. A box of stationery accompanied by a lovely card that was signed by all. It was a complete but happy surprise to the recipient.

A sale of surprise packages and various articles was then held among the group. Surprise packages usually create a lot of fun and laughter. I believe adults as well as the younger class enjoy a "surprise"--I know I do. Mrs. Neta Maskell took several flash pictures of the group.

Lunch was served, thus ending a very happy evening of fellowship. The total offering for the evening amounted to \$19.30. (Written 1960.)

25th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker were taken by surprise recently when friends arrived at their home to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. About fifty guests arrived, including Mrs. Baker's brother William and Mrs. Bowser of Dartmouth and Hank Karsten of Halifax. Their six sons were present; namely, Eldon, Stirling, Wilbert, Bernard, Morton, and Barrie. A two-tier wedding cake was presented by Eldon's wife, the former Merna Slaunwhite. Mr. and Mrs. Baker were recipients of a variety of gifts and many good wishes. (Written 1960.)

FROZEN HARBOUR BRINGS BACK OLD MEMORIES

Lower West Jeddore Harbour, like a good many harbours in Nova Scotia, is frozen solid almost to the mouth. Some of the residents of East and West Jeddore are enjoying the novelty of harbour skating. It has been many years since it was all frozen over, enticing and enabling folks to visit back and forth on foot, leaving their cars in the garage and saving gas. All boats are having a rest, being solidly frozen in.

Years ago our little schoolhouse being opposite the East Jeddore school, it was tempting to look across and not visit via the ice. Many of the boys and girls walked across and back before the teacher rang the bell, and she had no idea the trip had been made. We were

warned before leaving for school not to dare to venture on the Harbour ice, and watched with envy those who made the trip safely back and forth.

The greatest danger, and most excitement, was when the ice broke up when the boys, with long poles, got on the ice floes and tried their skill at jumping from one to the other. Many a boy received a good ducking and a severe reprimand from the teacher while they sat by the wood stove and dried their clothes. They all survived the shock of being plunged into icy waters and the punishment meted out to them on returning home from school. News travels fast among children, and there were always those who derived satisfaction from tattle-taling on the disobedient boys.

That was 60 years ago now, and once again the Harbour is bridged with ice. When it breaks up, there will be more sailing on ice blocks, regardless of warnings from anxious parents.
(Written 1960.)

ANNUAL ROLL-CALL SERVICE

The annual roll-call service of the West Jeddore Baptist Church was held on the evening of December 10. (1961) Assisting the pastor, Rev. Rowland Hill, was Rev. R.E. Whitney, superintendent of the Home Mission Board. The full choir was present, leading the Song Service as well as rendering special music.

Following Scripture reading and Prayer by Rev. R.E. Whitney, the Roll Call of resident and non-resident members was read by the clerk, Mrs. E.S. Williams. Rev. Whitney then gave a challenging message from the text, "Ye shall be my witnesses." An offering of \$81.00 was received, which included donations from six non-resident members.

CLOSING U.B.W.M.U. MEETING

The members of the U.B.W.M.U. met at the Williams for their closing meeting of the year.(1961.) The following were elected officers for 1962.: Re-elected- President, Mrs. Rowland Hill; Vice-President, Mrs. Gladys Kent; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. E.S. Williams. Other members are : Mrs. Meta Maskell, Mrs. Blanche Baker, Mrs. Barbara Baker, and Mrs. Vera Baker.

The total sum raised for Home and Foreign missions this year was \$127.33.

CHURCH CHÖIR VISITS

The West Jeddore Baptist Church choir motored to Musquodoboit Harbour on Tuesday evening, where they were guests of the Home and School Assoc. They presented a program of Christmas music.. Special solos by Rev. and Mrs. A. Pitcairn, Mrs. John Jones, and Mrs. W.K. Fraser, and numbers by the United Church choir, the Baptist Church choir, as well as group singing was thoroughly enjoyed by all. (Written 1961. December)

CANDLE LIGHTING SERVICE

On Sunday evening, Dec. 20, (1964) a candle-lighting service was presented at the Oyster Pond Baptist Church, with special music by the combined choirs of the field. The entire service was well prepared showing the efforts of all those who helped.

Following the service, the pastor, Lic. Richard Coffin left for his home in P.E.I. for the Christmas weekend. With colleges closing on the 18th, the students are enjoying the holidays as well as pupils and teachers of the rural schools. Michael Forsythe is spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. G. Forsythe, and his uncle, Elmer Williams.

HOUSE WARMING

A house warming party was given Mr. and Mrs. David Blakeney at their home into which they recently moved. Friends and relatives arrived on the evening of June 10th with a variety of useful gifts to the young couple, followed by a social time together.

MONEY RAISED FOR FIRE DEPT.

Members of the West Jeddore Fire Department have been busy selling tickets on a rifle, 300 Savage, and a box of shells, under the direction of Fire Chief Eric Doyle. The members sold nearly 400 tickets, and the lucky winner was Mrs. Garth Hosking of Oyster Pond, Jeddore. Funds from the sale will be used for fire equipment which is being placed in the adjoining shed of the Community Centre Hall. (Written 1968.)

A TALE OF THE SEA

The following item could be of interest to many of our local fishermen. Word was received from a Harpell relative in Princeton, Mass., and formerly of West Jeddore.

Friends of the Harpell family visited Nova Scotia this summer in the area of Lunenburg and Shelburne Counties. Travelling along a beach there, they found a buoy with the name Ezra Harpell carved on it. There are those who will remember that seven years ago this summer he was one of the fishermen from West Jeddore, it being his last fishing season. He died December 11, 1965.

The letter brought to mind many tales of the sea. That buoy was swept along by the waves and tides, and after seven years was found at Raspberry Head, approximately 150 miles from Jeddore Harbour. The buoy is now at the home of Sandy Harpell, Princeton, who is a first cousin to the owner. (Written 1972. October.)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

On Sunday evening, November 8, a special program of entertainment by the Alexander Brothers and John Allan Cameron was given at the Eastern Shore High School. It was an evening of music to be remembered.

The Alexander Brothers sang the old songs and ballads of Old Scotland, while John Allan Cameron sang the songs of Cape Breton and his New Scotland ancestors. Mel Hollander, an outstanding comedian, was Master of ceremonies.

C.A. Patterson, of Dartmouth, president of CFDR radio station, introduced Lt.-Gov. and Mrs. Victor Oland, Hon. and Mrs. A.G. Brown, and members of the County Council. The auditorium was well filled with approximately 700 present.

The closing performance was the wedding of Old Scotland and New Scotland, when John Allan Cameron joined the Alexander Brothers. Scottish songs were requested by the audience.

There was a happy, free spirit midst the thronging crowd as friends greeted one another and commented on the splendid program which had given three hours of enjoyment.

MISSIONARY SPEAKS

Miss Catherine McGorman, a medical missionary from Bolivia for the past 12 years, returned to Canada on a year's leave of absence. She has been touring Canada among our churches, and recently was the speaker at a service at the Oyster Pond Baptist Church. The meeting was well attended and her presentation of the work in Bolivia was impressive and interesting. (Written April, 1972.)

STUDENTS GIVE A BIT OF THEMSELVES

A Grade IX student at Eastern Shore Rural High School, Musquodoboit Harbour, Pamela Newcombe, age 14, is the first member of the Red Cross Youth of the E.S.D.H.S. to volunteer work at the local hospital, Twin Oaks. President of the RCY group, she made her own uniform and travels 17 miles every second Saturday from her home in Ship Harbour to the Twin Oaks Hospital for volunteer service. Her motto is "I Serve". Her comment is "I love it!"

Two Grade X students, Janie Davidson and Karen VanEe from Porter's Lake, do volunteer work with the Flowers of Hope Centre teenagers in Dartmouth. These girls are to be commended for their interest and the time in which they give a bit of themselves for the welfare of others. (Karen went on to get her cap as a Candy Stripper at the Children's Hospital, and, later, graduated in nursing at the Halifax Infirmary.-G.F.) 1972

38.

SENIORS VISIT

A bus load of Senior Citizens from Dartmouth arrived at Lr. West Jeddore on Thursday morning where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Faulkner who are members of the Club when they spend the winter months in Dartmouth. The eldest of the group was 92 years young.

Following a short visit, they proceeded to Petpeswick Harbour for lunch before leaving for Dartmouth at four o'clock. It is an annual event for the Club to come to West Jeddore to visit the Faulkners.

Mrs. Annie Faulkner is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Faulkner for some time this summer.

Dr. Michael G. Forsythe, formerly of West Jeddore, and family left recently for a year's residence in Philadelphia, USA. Dr. Forsythe completed his residency in orthopedics at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, and will take a course in spinal and neuro surgery at the Philadelphia General Hospital. They will reside in Stratford, New Jersey. (Written 1977.)

SPECIAL SERVICE MARKS MORTGAGE BURNING

A memorable service was held on Sunday evening, November 28, at the Oyster Pond Baptist Church when the mortgage on the Parsonage was burned. Despite the rain, the service was largely attended with the three churches East, West, and Oyster Pond participating.

Assisting the pastor, Rev. H. Foster, was a former pastor, Rev. Richard C. Coffin of the First Baptist Church, Dartmouth. He brought the message for the evening, first by expressing his pleasure in being able to attend and take part in the disposal of the mortgage and to reminisce of his pastoral years on the Jeddore field.

While attending Acadia University, Wolfville, he supplied the churches, coming down over the weekend.

In the early spring of 1965, the present parsonage was bought at the cost of \$14,000.. In the fall of that same year, it was dedicated while Rev. R. Coffin was pastor. The dedication service was attended by our former Home Mission Superintendent, Rev. R. E. Whitney, now retired and living in Wolfville. (Since, deceased.)

It was a memorable service for all. Special music was prepared by the church choirs. Following the service at the church, a fellowship hour was spent at the parsonage where disposal of the mortgage took place. Lunch was served by the ladies of the churches.

We were happy to have our former pastor present for this occasion. Mr. Coffin was very happy to meet his old friends on the Jeddore field. It was doubly so for our Mr. Coffin considering that he had become the proud father of a son that week. His name is Mark Richard. (Written 1971 .)

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

On November 15, 1959, the ladies of the Altar Guild and W.A. of Ship Harbour held their meeting at the Salmon River House. Present were :

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Mrs. Marcella Fahie | Mrs. Ruth Stevens | Mrs. Leona Marks |
| Mrs. Mary Newcombe | Mrs. Joye Marks | Mrs. Alice Marks |
| Mrs. Thelma Marks | Mrs. Ernest Newcombe | |
| Mrs. Gordon Marks | Mrs. Calvin Newcombe | |
| Miss Grace Monk | Mrs. Seymour Newcombe | |
| Mrs. Eva Marks | | |

STAFF DINNERS

On June 13, 1962, the staff of LeMarchant School, Halifax, held their staff dinner at the Salmon River House. Present were :

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mr. & Mrs. L.R. Black | Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Nichols |
| Mr. & Mrs. Charles Stone | Miss Barbara Naylor |
| Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Shupe | Miss Ola Tattrie |
| Mr. Burton Fraser | Miss Beth Manthorne |
| Miss Myrtle Matheson | Miss Kay Fultz |
| Miss Frances Burns | Miss Mary McCurdy |

On June 20, 1962, the staff of Jeddore-Lakeville School, Oyster Pond, held their dinner party. Present were :

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Mrs. Grace Forsythe | Mrs. Catherine Gordon |
| Miss Faye Redden | Miss Yvonne Richard |
| Miss Marion Parker | Mrs. Anita Giffin |
| Mrs. Erica Sproule | Mrs. Lilah Hartlin |

On Dec. 5, 1969, the staff of Jeddore-Lakeville School enjoyed a Christmas dinner at the Salmon River House. Present were :

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs. Helen Jennex | Mrs. Olive Russell | Mrs. Marg Baker |
| Mrs. Betty Baker | Mrs. Doris Myers | Miss Helen Chapman |

Who Were Host and Hostess?

In 1828 a Miss Whitman left Canso on a coastal schooner and had adverse weather so put into Jeddore Harbour. She stayed at the home of a Mr. & Mrs. Day in Jeddore. A black man was their servant and he had married a white girl. (From the N.S. Hist. Quarterly.)

85th BIRTHDAY

On Monday evening, March 5, a group of the Women's Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. E.S. Williams to celebrate her birthday. Following the meeting, the ladies provided a lunch as well as a beautifully decorated cake made by Mrs. Barbara Baker. Present were : Mrs. Gladys Kent, Mrs. Mildred Baker, Mrs. Blanche Baker, Mrs. Diane Baker, Mrs. Dorothy Williams. Mrs. Barbara Baker was unable to attend being called to Halifax where her husband John had met with an accident. She was accompanied to the city by Mrs. Marilyn Baker whose husband Keith is a patient at the Victoria General Hospital.

Tuesday evening visitors with Mrs. E.S. Williams were Mr. and Mrs. William Dooks and niece, Elaine. An interesting feature was a Christmas cake by Mr. Dooks' mother, Mrs. Ella Dooks, who died in December, 1961. The cake had never been cut for eleven years, having been kept well wrapped in tinfoil in a cake box held by the eldest son Maurice until Christmas 1972. It was cut by Maurice and pieces given to members of the family- William 'Bill'), Oland, Arthur, Maurice, and their only sister Marjorie (Mrs. Roland Maskell.)

The cake was deliciously moist and rich in flavor. Following the distribution of a piece to each family member, the cake was replaced in the tin and placed again in the care of the eldest son.

Mrs. Ella Dooks was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Myers, and lived her entire life at Head Jeddore. The eleven-year-old cake holds memories dear to the entire family. Pictures taken in 1972 were in color. It is rather unusual for a cake to be kept for so long, which shows a touch of sentiment reviving precious memories of the hands that lovingly made that cake.

To many it was just a cake, but to that family of adults it showed the memories of love displayed in families of years ago. It touched me deeply to have a member of that family who is past the half century mark bring the pictures and the history of the eleven-year-old cake. Without a doubt there are some still living who would remember the late Ella (Myers) Dooks, a lady of great beauty.
(Written 1973.)

KINDNESS

I shall pass through this world but once.
If, therefore, there be any kindness
I can show,
or any good thing I can do,
let me do it now;
let me not defer it or neglect it,
for I shall not pass this way again.

.....Grellet .

41.

WEDDING BELLS JUNE 3, 1912

Early in the morning, Papa rowed Grace and I across to East Jeddore to be there when the "S.S. Margaret" arrived from the Eastern Shore en route to Halifax. Before leaving home in the Cove, it poured rain, thundered, with lightning. It cleared before we got across the harbour. The steamer had arrived, so we went on board.

Nat Dooks was cook on the "Margaret", so I went to his room as I dreaded getting seasick. Grace strolled around the ship for a while, then came to the room with me. Mr. Nat was Ida's father, and we knew him well. He was very kind to us. It was quite rough, with a choppy sea due to the early morning storm.

We arrived in Halifax between five and six o'clock, and it was beautifully fine. Stuart met us at the wharf, and we went to the Carleton Hotel for lunch. Spurgeon Blakeney joined us, and we went to the Rectory where we were married by Rev. Armitage, rector of St. Paul's Church. Grace and Spurgeon were our attendants.

In the evening, Uncle Lemuel & Aunt Ermina Blakeney, ^{and} Stuart's sister Ada called at our room. Next day, we were driven out home in a double seated wagon hitched to a span of horses, all day on the rough and tumble road. We had a reception at Mama's. Guests for the evening were Uncle Jerry and Aunt Emma Harpell. Ivy Blakeney, Uncle Dennis and Aunt Clara Williams, Uncle Peter and Aunt Eudavilla Maskell, John and Belle Hawkins, Enos and Annie Williams with their boy Lewis, Wallace Williams, Bertha Harpell, and my sisters Grace, Cora, Theo, Audrey, Viola, and brother Ezra. Mr. Walsh, the minister, was just a young man, so they all had a pleasant time in the kitchen and served lunch. No elaborate spread at that time, and no heap of gifts like one sees in this age.

The next day we went to Ostraa Lake with Enos and Annie who had stayed overnight. The house was ready, partly furnished, and had been rented by Stuart for the summer. It belonged to Arthur and Beatrice Williams who had moved to the USA. We remained there until October, when we packed for the West.

Today, June 3, 1970, is also my sister Viola's wedding anniversary. She and Raymond Stuart would be 45 years married today.

I have mentioned before about Uncle Peter Maskell's sister Lavinia who married John L. Hirtle and lived in Mahone Bay. He was a descendant of Michael Hirtle (1691-1777) and Anna Maria Bartin from Goppingen, Germany, his great-grandparents. His grandparents were John Jacob Hirtle (1733-1809) and Susanna Catherine Selberger. His parents were John Leonard Hirtle (1782-?) and Rebecca Hiltz, who were married in Lunenburg in 1808.

Lavinia was born in Jeddore and died in Mahone Bay in 1917. Her husband John's dates are 1848-1917. Their family---- Margaret (1883-1965) m. Harry Flick; Pearl (1889-1956) m. Fred Fanning; Vernon J.L. (1889?-1914) m. Hilda Herman; Rev. Spurgeon ("Spud") Maskell (1897-1955) m. Evelyn Steele, England; Orland A. (1901-?) unmarried; Grace, died in infancy. I know of 13 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren of Lavinia's. "Spud" won the Military Cross in W. War I. One granddaughter married W.O. Mitchell, the writer, in the West. And so the families have scattered and built up other towns and cities.

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FROM A NEIGHBOURLY COOKBOOK

Many of the recipes in my mother's cookbook scribbler have directions like "a dash of salt", "flavoring to taste", "Spices to suit your taste", "enough flour to make a medium batter", "a pinch of nutmeg", "3 cups more or less", "fruit if desired", "makes a very soft batter", "delicious", "will keep well if not eaten", "apples, raisins, or what not", "flour to thicken",

Neighbors exchanged recipes. We find : Mrs. Kirker's chocolate cake. Aunt Lou's spice cake. Margaret's cake. Ida's cake. Marie's cake. Sarah's sponge cake. Theo's gingerbread. Madge's cake. Theo's light cake. Ida's sugar cookies. Elsie's cookies. Annie's angel fluff cake. Ethel Norm's cranberry recipe. Pearl's cookies. Mrs. Weary's dumplings. Grace Norton's blueberry cake. Aunt Lou's boiled icing. Mama's pudding. Viola Gates's light fruit cake. Dora's pie. Audrey's Washington pie. Pie paste from the Free Press.

It also has remedies.-- Rheumatic Dope

1 Qt. boiled water; Juice of 4 lemons;
3 Tblsp. Epsom Salts; 1 tsp. Spirits of Nitre;
Take 1 Tablespoon night and morning, if you can.

Excema Remedy:

1 pt. sour buttermilk
2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. salt.
Mix well and apply.
Believe it or not :

An old-time tonic from Josephine:

Boil 2 qt. water and juice of 2 lemons until one qt. remains. Add 1 cup corn syrup. When cold, add juice of 2 more lemons and 2 oranges. Dosage is not given. But Josephine lived into her 90's.

Rheumatic relief

2 Tblsp. Epsom salts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
juice of 3 lemons
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. cream of tartar
Place in qt. bottle and fill with boiling water.
Take a wine glass full every other morning.

At the Salmon River House, my sister and I usually start off in a reminiscent mood. Recalling the days of long ago often brought tears as well as laughter. In her younger days, she catered to folks far and near.

Recalling one Sabbath day when the rain was coming down melting the snow, she remarked to Sandy, "We will have a quiet day. No one would go out in this weather, so I'll get some letters written." The antique clock sang out one o'clock, when, lo, a car came in the driveway containing a mother, father, and four children. Dinner for six was requested.

Thoughts of letters were pushed to the background, and preparations went ahead. She looked out the window and gasped. Out of a car came a man, woman, child, and another; she counted seven altogether. They started up the driveway, some turning somersaults. She managed to remain cool, but her brain was whirling, wondering if she could prepare a dinner and serve this group. While dinner was being prepared, the children were fed cookies as they were hungry. However, all got settled around the table, and the meal proceeded.

As the rain had ceased, some of the group decided to climb the mountain. Returning from their jaunt, after several trips to the bathroom, thanks were extended, and "hope to see you again" and "take care," and the group left. It was then 3 o'clock.

My sister fled to the kitchen for a belated dinner, gnawing on the hind leg of a rabbit. Sandy came looking for her, and with a grin on his face, said, "Have you enjoyed the serene, tranquil Sabbath?" At that moment silence was golden. The day was over, so she settled in a comfortable chair with a book for relaxation. Writing letters was forgotten. But ever since that day, she has prepared a dinner on Sunday "in case some one comes".

SPECIAL TODAY

Price \$1.50
Tax .08

MENU

Split Pea or Barley Soup
Fruit juioe
Tomato juice

Baked Ham
Cold Cuts (Meat loaf, chicken, pork)
Chicken Salad
Fried Scallops

Desserts

Pie----Apple
Squashwith Whipped cream or Ice cream
Hot Mince
Jello and Cream Ice Cream and cake Apple Sauce and Cream
Tea Coffee.... Milk

BREAKFAST MENU \$1.00

- Grapefruit Orange
- Tomato juice
- Orange juice
- Apple juice
- Grapefruit juice
- Pineapple juice
- Rolled Oats Porridge Grape Nuts Flakes
- Corn Flakes Shredded Wheat
- Bran Flakes
- Bacon and Eggs
- Boiled Eggs
- Poached Eggs on Toast
- Toast Tea..... Coffee..... Milk

In a recent letter from our friend who travelled the Eastern Shore for 31 years, he spoke of arriving at the Salmon River House at 10 p.m. in 1940, only to be told the rooms were filled but he could have Sandy's couch in the living room, which he gladly accepted.

Sandy was well known for his jokes and, as some would say, his "Tall tales". He was a great entertainer while Mrs. Myers busied herself and staff preparing meals and rooms. One of Sandy's tall tales went like this:

Some sportemen arrived one day to go fishing up the Salmon River where Sandy had camps. So, after Mrs. Myers had packed substantial baskets of food, the sportemen and Sandy set forth in the motorboat. Well, they fished all day. The 'sports' caught nothing, while Sandy had a bag of lovely trout.

On their way down river, one of the party asked Sandy how he managed to get the trout while they got none. Sandy started, "You boys used flies and bugs, but I used cat bait." In one minute they exclaimed in unison, "Cat bait! What is that?" Then Sandy explained, "Don't you know cats like fish? Well, fish like cats, so I used an old Tom cat for bait." The sportsmen agreed that Sandy was stringing them along with his string of trout.

October 3, 1959, members of the Sunshine Club, Jeddore, enjoyed a dinner at the Salmon River House. Present were:

- Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Day Mr. & Mrs. Bud Langille
- Mr. & Mrs. Albert Cook Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Dooks
- Mr. & Mrs. George Doyle Mr. & Mrs. Percy Shirley
- Mr. & Mrs. Walter Myers Mr. & Mrs. Layton Day
- Mrs. James Baker Mrs. S.C. Bayers
- Mrs. Sandy Faulkner



SALMON RIVER HOUSE. Robin, Jones & Whitman Store. c.1920



SALMON RIVER BRIDGE with the drawbridge open. c.1920

FROM A BOX OF CLIPPINGS

46.

During a week that I spent with my son and daughter next door to Salmon River House, of which my sister is the proprietor, we were travelling down memory lane when my sister produced a box of clippings, special items of interest dating back to the early years of the century.

To those who visit the Salmon River House for Mrs. Myers' satisfying homecooked meals, seeing her in a whirl of activity, they might naturally wonder when she would have the leisure to place all those items in a scrap book. But, believe it or not, she visualizes the day when she will make a pot of paste, beset herself, and place those scraps in an attractive book. I think the day is far distant and her hands will be too feeble to paste therein, unless she confronts the travelling public with a glaring notice: "No meals served until I make my scrapbooks."

In the meantime, your correspondent reveals the contents of those boxes, with the promise of more to come.

Among the treasures is a copy of the Dartmouth Patriot when Arnold Logan was the editor. The paper was dated August 9, 1945. He had spent some time on the Shore visiting folks for news of interest. While here, he had talked with our oldest citizen, Capt. John Faulkner, 83, who lived to be 97. At that time he was greatly peeved at having to travel to Halifax, where three of his sons lived, over rocks and bumps on Highway 7. He suggested to the editor that he "just write in the Patriot that we want Highway 7 paved, and I think it will work." Whether it did or not, Highway 7 is paved, and the old gentleman had the pleasure of driving over the beautifully paved highway before he went to the Great Beyond.

Visiting at the home of Norman MacGregor, Mr. Logan talked with him about his son Marven who gave his life for his country in Germany while serving in the Royal Canadian Infantry. Marven had spent his 20th birthday in Holland that year. He had been the first boy to deliver the Dartmouth Patriot among the subscribers of West Jeddore.

The 1945 Patriot was of 8 pages only, but brimful of news from the Eastern Shore. Complaints were many and varied... about the beautiful countryside being spoiled by dust. The cry seemed to be, "We want paved roads!". And they hoped that having their wishes appear in the Patriot would surely bring results. In time, those hopes were realized.

Another visit with Uncle Dennis, the late Dennis Williams of Musquodoboit Harbour, developed the story of yacht racing in Jeddore Harbour. Dr. A. L. Huddleston and Ross O. Day, both of the Jeddore, sailed out of their respective coves, racing down Jeddore Harbour and out to the open sea.

Many of the older folks were thrilled at having a yacht race, especially those who in early life had been seafaring men. Death has claimed many since 1945, but memories linger. It is always a joy to discover old papers or clippings that bring back vividly the happenings of long ago.

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BOYHOOD MEMORIES

Not long after Uncle George died, Sandy sent me a notebook that was found in a box of keepsakes. He never forgot his home in Nova Scotia, and in 1926 he wrote of his boyhood memories.

Uncle George was born in 1871, son of Luke and Annie (Maskell) Harpell, one of a family of fourteen-- seven boys and seven girls. The old home still stands, one of the oldest houses in the Cove. He married Lillie Settle from Cole Harbour, who came to teach school and boarded next door. The family moved to Worcester in 1911, where he did carpentry. He died in 1942.

His memories were published in instalments in the Free Press in 1966.

I have often thought of writing a sketch of my life since I was a boy, or since I was old enough to remember. I suppose some would say (according to the slang of the day) I am "full of Coke" when I say I can remember one incident in my life as young as a year and a half. But what I am about to speak of seemed to have burned itself into my mind.

My father had got a little brown pup from my uncle who lived across the harbor and put it in the dairy. My mother took me by the hand and led me out to give me a surprise. I was delighted with the puppy, and she gathered up the domes of my little pinafore (or 'tire' they used to call it) and I held them while she laid the little puppy inside. Everything went well until I began to move around and it made a little whining noise. I dropped it in terror and yelled. Mother came and had to comfort me, and she carried the puppy into the house. He lived until he was twelve years old, till the lightning struck him during a heavy thunder storm. He remained in a state of coma for a week, and then we had him put out of his sufferings. I mourned for our poor old dog for a long time.

I suppose this is a queer way to begin to tell first thing about a dog, but it was just to show how young a child can remember.

I can still see in my mind's eye the old house in which I was born. Although in after years we made quite a lot of changes in the shape of the house, I love to remember it in the original-- a storey and a half high, low ceilings, white-washed walls, and a black tarred roof. It would be white-washed every spring. In front was a garden with a paling fence, also white-washed, a stonewall around the field, surmounted by two or three poles that had to be close together on account of the sheep that always fed around the edge of the fields and always tried every place they thought they could squeeze through to get inside where they would, if they succeeded, ruin a field of hay in a short time, as they would trample down more than they ate, to the great annoyance of the owner.

All around the harbour the houses were about the same style at that time, and the fields fenced in the same manner. Everyone kept some cattle, a cow or two, a pair of oxen, and some young steer and heifers; also everyone had a flock of sheep, of which I shall speak later.

My home was situated on the west side of Jeddore Harbour, at the entrance, in a beautiful little Cove formed by the action of the restless sea which beat upon the shores for ages past and which has changed the shape of the shores of the Cove so sadly from what it was when I can first remember it,--so much so that on a hurried trip to the old home a few years ago, it made me lonesome to think of it. The shores are formed of stones worn smooth and round by being cast up again and again for centuries.

Between the house and the shore was a pond of about twelve or fourteen acres in extent, divided from the sea by a thin strip of beach stone on which were built the fish stores and also the flakes behind the fish houses for drying the salted fish.

The fish were salted in tubs(half puncheons, or puncheons sawed in half), covered with pickle for about a week, washed out, pressed, and dried on the flakes.

What happy hours my brother and I spent on that pond in both summer and winter.

Before I go any further, I must say that I was one of fourteen children, some of whom I never saw as they died before I was born or before I can remember. When I was eight or nine years old, two died. They were two sisters, one a beautiful little girl three years old, the pet of the family, and oh, how we mourned for her ! The other was seventeen. We mourned her death too, but it seemed as if I would never be happy again after little Maggie died, as she was so cute and loving. It seems after all these years I can still feel her little arms around my neck when she would hug and kiss me. My younger brother, Enos, I was always with. He was two years younger. We slept together, played together, and had our little childish differences. We often disagreed, and I regret it even yet, as I know I was in the fault more often than Enos. But that is gone now, and Enos died when he was a young man of twenty-one, loved by all who knew him. I shall often have occasion to mention him, as we were great chums and he was good and noble.

The Harbour was about a mile wide at the plade opposite our house. Our fishing boats lay anchored off the shore about one hundred yards. We called them the big boats, but they were in reality only about eighteen to twenty-one feet on the keel or bottom, as some were centre-boards. They were launched in the spring after being painted and ballasted with stones, laid off with kids for holding the fish, with a shifting board between to keep the fish from shifting leeward. The boats were sloop or schooner rigged, whichever was preferred, mostly schooner as they would lay to better (more steady) when drifting for cod or haddock or other deep water fish. What an excitement it created among us boys when some one got a new boat, for everyone tried to get the best sailer in the fleet. And what foolish rows we had over which boat could beat which. At one time when I first can remember, there were all keel boats in the Harbour.

My brother Will, who was fifteen years older than I, brought the first centre-board in the Harbor, sloop-rigged, and a great sailer. She could beat any boat in the Harbor, big or little, beating to windward. But Mark or Angus would never give in to it until Uncle Mark,

their father, got her from my brother to take a load of fish to Halifax to the market. There was quite a fleet of boats that went at the same time--the mosquito fleet, we called them--and he was quite a helmsman. When he came home, he was quite enthusiastic about her sailing qualities and left right away for Tancook Island where my brother's boat was built and bought a centre-board for himself. That settled Mark and Angus. We had no more arguments, and from that time keel boats began to go out of use, until everybody had a centre-board. That was in the days before the power boats. Now everyone has power in their boats, and any old shape does as they don't have to depend on sails, and no one beats to windward now.

We would go off the land eight or ten miles to fish, and often the wind would come off from the north (or norrard as we fishermen called it). That was my delight then for a race to land, and the harder it blew the better I liked it. Will would steer and I would bail and wish for wind, and often we got it. I often think of what risks we ran,-- but not so much then as when I got old enough to own a boat myself, and also old enough to have better sense.

SCHOOLDAYS

I have a hazy remembrance of my first day at school in the old schoolhouse. I guess I only went one day in that schoolhouse, and then they built the new one. I was only four years old. (1875) The teacher boarded at our house. I can dimly remember her. I know she used snuff, but always did it very slyly. She led me by the hand to the schoolhouse but I don't remember anything else. I guess I did not go any more till I was a few years older. The schoolhouse was about a mile from home, and in summer we all went barefoot, both boys and girls. I got along pretty good at school. I seldom got kept in, and never was licked till I was sixteen years of age. The teacher that morning was not feeling in a very good mood, as she had a boil on her nose. A cousin, John Harpell and I were in the geography class. We were up on the floor, and it was always understood that you were permitted to talk about your lessons in school hours. John and I were talking about the lesson when she came towards us. Me being nearer, she grabbed at me and told me to hold out my hand. Well, that was a new experience to me, and I resented it. I thought I was just a little bit too big to be talked to in that manner. I refused to hold out my hand. She tried to get hold of my hand, but it was too much for her, and she was panting, for the most part with rage. After she was about giving up, I told her to hit me, and she did with all her might. But by that time I was mad clear through and I did not seem to feel it at all. I asked her if she could not get something bigger to hit me with-- the rod being only about two feet long and as big around as a pencil. So she turned to her desk and took from it a stick about four feet long and an inch in diameter at the butt, tapering to a point, which we used for pointing out names on the map. When she came towards me, I held out my hand. She just turned her back on me and said nothing more about it. She went on with the lesson. That was my last winter at school.

The schoolhouse was ceiled with pine sheathing, unpainted, and with as few nails as possible must have been used. (It must have been a contract job!) Some of the boards in the ceiling overhead would fall out when we would jump around in our play during recess and dinner hour.

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They never happened to hit any of us. The seats were all made of pine boards, not fastened to the floor. I have seen the teacher take hold of a pupil who had refused to come up to his or her class, and they would keep hold of the seat and drag it out in the aisle. The seats were always disarranged and out of line.

The schoolhouse stood only about one hundred yards from the salt water. A border of sand extended to the road from the water, and when the tide was out, you could walk another hundred yards on a perfectly level stretch of sand to the bank of the channel. There were lots of clams on the flats, and we would go out digging them at dinner hour when the tide was low and roast them on the stove when the teacher was at her dinner if she boarded near the school.

Sometimes we would carry the white dry sand into the schoolhouse and cover the floor to a depth of two to three inches, and that would keep us from making so much noise. Of course, some teachers would not have the sand on the floor as it would get into their shoes. The sand from high water mark to the road was always dry and powdery in summer, and when the wind would blow hard it would drift along and form into banks like snow. We would dig holes and bury each other face down, pretending we were dead. Then, the others would walk through the 'graveyard' and those in the graves would jump out and chase them. We would think it great fun. Dinner hour was always too short to us. We only had one hour.

We also had the swimming hole, as all scholars in the country have. We called it the 'crick'. It was a creek running in from the salt water along the road. There was a border of trees between the creek and the road, which, alas, have long since been cut away. We always had Nature's bathing suits, so we would undress in the edge of the woods and run for the water and jump in. On very hot days, the water in some parts of the creek where it was shallow was almost hot. The bolder spirits would go for the deep and cooler water, and they were the ones who learned to swim. I am sorry to say I was one of the shallow water boys and never learned to swim. Although I lived by the sea for more than thirty years and was on the water from the time I was old enough to get over the gunwale of a boat, and have been out in all kinds of weather from the pleasant summer breeze to the winter's gales, I was fortunate enough never to fall overboard, although I have had some narrow escapes.

When the school bell would ring, how we would run for the schoolhouse. Some of the boys would stay in the water till the bell rang, when they would have to dress, and would be late, for which they had to lose their next recess.

There was a pond near the school also, on which we would skate, and a hill bordering the pond where we would coast down the hill and across the pond. Our favorite game on the ice was Tag, we called it. At one end of the pond we had a 'Home' formed by cutting the outside edge until we cut a circle in the ice. Then we had one boy as tagger, named by pointing each boy out in turn to the tune of :

- Onery, orry, ickery, orn,
- Fallacy, fallacy, Nicholas John.
- Queever, quaver, Irish Mary,
- Stinkbum, stinkbum, Buck, you're IT.

Whoever was the last one pointed to on the last word was the one to stand in front of 'Home' and tag as many as he could. Anyone he tagged would help till all were tagged, and the last one was tagger for the next game. We never seemed to tire of that game, and we would be sure to have it every day. Sometimes we would play the game without a 'Home' and tag wherever we could, the one caught being the tagger. At night when the skating was good on Harpell's Pond in front of our house, the Pond was covered with skaters from miles around. Always that one game was played.

Until I was the age of eighteen or nineteen, you would seldom see a girl on the ice, then only for a few minutes just to slide, but never to skate. At that time a girl was considered a 'Tomboy' if she skated. I had five sisters, and not one learned to skate except my youngest sister, Clara. They were never allowed on the ice, and they never seemed to mind it, as it was the rule among all the girls.

In winter when there was no skating, we would play in the woods back of the schoolhouse. We would climb one tree, and when we were up among the thick limbs, we would climb to the next and see how far we could go without coming down. The trees being pretty close together, we could go a long way. The trees were for the most part fir, and, of course, they were covered with bulbs of balsam. When we went into the school at the close of the dinner hour, our hands were black and sticky, if we forgot our mittens. If not, our mittens got the full benefit of it, and would have to be greased and washed in hot water to get the balsam off; our hands having to be treated in the same way.

Some of the boys were pretty unruly. One in particular, Spurgeon, would do some things that no one else would dare to do. I remember one day the teacher told him to go out and bring her a switch to beat one of the scholars who had not been acting right. He brought in a long pole taken from a fence near the schoolhouse, about twenty feet or more long. It had been on the fence for a year or two, so was very dry and light. He brought it in through the centre outside door, but of course he couldn't get it in the schoolroom as there was a door at each end of the partition between the lobby and the schoolroom. It got jammed in the centre outside door and the end door, so the teacher made him back it out. Next, he brought in a tree that the men working on the road had cut down in widening the road. He tugged and pulled at it until he got it through the outside door, and was just trying to get it through the inside door, when the teacher made him take it out. The next time he brought in an armful of alders. The teacher used one of them on him, and by that time she had forgotten the other pupil, so he got clear. I saw him another time bring a big beaver cloth reefer coat belonging to his father. Stuffing this full of clothes and buttoning it up around himself, he came strutting into school. He was a boy then about fourteen years old, so the teacher had quite a tussle with him. As she could not hurt him by beating him about the body, she hit him over the head and legs. I often think he would be expelled from school if that happened in these days.

One winter we had a male teacher--a very tall, bony man-- who wore glasses. Mr Willoughby was his name. He looked very severe when he looked over the tops of his spectacles at some culprit. One day my cousin, Spurgeon, and another boy, John, started to box in school. I

looked back at them from my seat at the front of the room, and I dreaded to see the teacher look toward them. At the time, he was helping another pupil with an example, but at last he looked up and saw them. Being on the outside by the aisle, he grabbed John first by the collar and jerked him out in the aisle with one hand and slapped him with the other long, bony hand, knocking him to the floor; he then kicked him and jerked him to his feet. By that time, John's brother, Will, jumped to his feet and stopped him. He took John home and brought his father. We were all in hopes that the teacher would be sent away, but they fixed it up some way. I think the teacher apologized to their father, much to the disgust of the scholars.

Some days the boys would do about all they liked, and another day he would be very strict. He had a very poor memory, and one boy in particular would change his seat two or three times a day and seldom get caught at it. Lem would leave his seat and follow him around the schoolroom, always keeping right behind him, greatly to our amusement and also our dread for fear he would get caught. One day he was standing behind him, making all kinds of faces, and we were all laughing, when all of a sudden the teacher turned, swinging his cane which he always carried. He hit Lem quite a blow, at the same time saying, "What are you doing here?" But Lem rose to the occasion and said he was just waiting for him to help him with his example, and it all passed without further trouble.

I guess all boys have their little sweethearts. I had mine, and the sun shone or went behind a cloud just as the girl smiled or frowned on me. This was in the long ago, and the little girls and boys of that time are mothers and fathers, even grandmothers and grandfathers now. While many have gone to their rest, some have scattered to many parts of the world, while others still live in the old homes they did when going to school.

I often think of that beautiful poem:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight."

When I used to read it in an old school book, I read it lightheartedly. Now I can appreciate the meaning of the words; but all in vain, as we can never be children again.

LOBSTER FISHING

I went to school winters until I was sixteen years of age. I did not go in summer after I was eleven from the first of May until the end of September, as that was the fishing season.

I first started lobster fishing with my brother by just going a little way from the slip, the place where we hauled our boats up, dropping some bait along the bottom and then dipping the lobsters from the bottom with a dipnet. Lobsters at that time were very plentiful. Whenever any fish garbage was dropped on the bottom you would see lobsters around it, the water being very clear. There is no mud, the bottom being covered with moss-covered stones and spots of sand near

the shore. A little further from shore is kelp, while in some places near shore are large moss-covered boulders and shelving rocks--the real home for lobsters. I have seen eight or ten lobsters come out from under one big rock when bait was dropped near it, or a baited hand pot was set down.

A hand pot was formed with two iron bows about as big around as a barrel. A bottom was knitted in one with cotton twine or marlin, and around the sides of the other, and then fastened together to form a tub when the top bow was lifted up. From the knitted sides and bottom a leading line had several corks fastened at intervals along its length, and at the end a buoy of wood to mark the place where the pot, or trap, lay on the bottom. Each boat had twenty or twenty-five of these hand-pots with bait tied in the middle. They were dropped at regular intervals along the bottom, and beginning at one end, we hauled each trap up, taking the lobsters out and dropping it back again, till we reached the end of the row. Then, we started back at the beginning and hauled as long as there were any lobsters to pick out. When that spot was fished out, we moved to another place. A great many lobsters were caught in that way. Only the big lath trap is used now (1926), and lobsters are getting scarcer every year.

TRAGEDY IN THE COVE .

A very sad thing occurred on the lobster grounds when I was about twelve. My cousin, Walter Blakeney, was drowned at the age of 20. One fine morning, in the latter part of June, he in one boat and his father in another left the beach before daylight, going to the middle of Big Head. Uncle Joe was fishing, and he knew that Walter had set his traps just a little distance ahead of him. My brother Will was fishing not far from Joe, who rowed over and asked him if he had seen anything of Walter. It instantly flashed across Will's mind that he had seen a boat anchored, as he thought, as the boys from up the harbour would come down with the falling tide, anchor, and go to sleep for a while until daylight. The wind being offshore, the boat had drifted quite a way from shore. Will rowed out, thinking that possibly Walter had fallen asleep, but when he got there the boat was empty. Then they knew for sure that Walter had drowned. Poor Uncle Joe ! I seem to hear him yet, as he rowed home crying, "Oh, my poor Walter !" And Aunt Eunice--how she cried out for Walter.

That ended the fishing, for every man searched until Walter's body was found a week later. He was badly disfigured, so they did not let his parents see him. Walter had one leg in his oil pants, that made the men think he had lost his balance and fallen over board. That event cast a gloom over the whole community for a long while after.

FIRST DAY FISHING

As the chief industry of the people was fishing, as soon as the boys of the family were old enough they went fishing with their fathers or brothers, and the first day out fishing was looked forward to by the boy as a great event in his life. I remember the first time I

went codfishing with my father. The evening before, Enos and I were out on the beach cleaning salmon nets. It was a beautiful calm evening, the reflection of the trees and houses showed plainly in the water of the pond. Father came out of the fishhouse and asked me if I would like to go fishing the next morning. Of course, that was just what I was longing for, so I gladly assented. I was ten or eleven then.

A FALSE START

The weather gave promise of a fine day tomorrow. Father said I must go to bed early as we would leave the house about three o'clock. So I went to bed, soon falling asleep to dream of catching fish. I awoke with a start and jumped out of bed thinking it must be daylight and perhaps father had gone and left me because I had overslept. The full moon was shining out of a cloudless sky, casting its reflection across the calm waters of the harbour and pond. I ran down stairs to the bedroom door and woke Father. When he asked me what time it was, I looked at the old square clock and found it was only midnight. Father told me to go back to bed and not to worry, that he would call me when it was time to get up. When three o'clock came, I was sleeping. But I was glad to rub the sleep from my eyes, and we soon had our breakfast and started.

Father set his nets just inside of Jeddore Rock, about two miles from the harbour. We rowed out, and soon came to our nets-- me feeling quite a man! We had nearly a barrel of herring. While Father was picking out the herring, he baited my hooks and I dropped the lead over, letting the line run off the reel till the lead struck the bottom, then hauled back just far enough for the hooks to be clear of the bottom and held the line over the gunwale of the boat. It wasn't long before I felt the slow pull of the cod. I soon got used to it, though I had to tell Father to pull a few in for me, as they were a little too heavy. I caught 19 codfish, but, of course, Father got a lot more.

FIRST SEASICKNESS

About ten o'clock the wind came from the southwest and breezed up, soon making the water lippy. The boat began to rock and pitch, and I got the feeling experienced by everyone when they first go on the water clear of the land. I had been in a boat every day in summer since I was able to crawl into one, but never got seasick as I was able to get all the scent of the trees, the flowers, and the grass from the shore. I got enough of codfishing that day, and though I was often seasick again, I was never as bad as some of the boys who had to go fishing; and every boy had to as that was all there was to do there. When the weather was fine, I enjoyed it very much, but when it was rainy and foggy and rough, it was not so pleasant.

Oh, what a lot of rowing we had to do, as there was no power in the boats then. It was all manpower with oars when it was calm, and we had lots of calm weather in summertime. And that awful fog, which is the bane of the fisherman's life along the Atlantic Coast ! I have seen it for two weeks, with never a let up. As soon as the wind came southerly

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in the summer, it was almost sure to be foggy. Day after day we would go out in that wall of fog and fish all day, steering by the compass and seldom missing the point steered for. We would generally go lobstering for a month or two in the spring, then, as soon as the mackerel came, which was the latter part of May, one would tend lobster pots till the end of the season at the last of June, and the other boat would tend nets and go codfishing. I was always glad to get the change and go codfishing, and always glad when the fall fishing ended and we hauled up the boats for the winter about the first of November.

SAND PEEPS AND SALMON

Father was the only one in the harbour who had salmon nets which we set about the 20th of May. As soon as the first sandpeeps came, Father would say the salmon were here. The best winds to get salmon would be moderate southerly or easterly and the first of a norther, but a northwest to southwest wind was poison to them.

How I loved to see the silver beauties in the nets! Sometimes they would mesh near the headline, jump over the headline, and mesh again on the other side, leaving their tails standing out of the water which we could see a long way from the nets. We set them with bags laced together at the bottom. The hook at one end is a grapnel, or killick we called it, made of wood claws encasing a long, large stone to which we fastened a rope with the buoy attached, and buoys along the headline. The salmon would follow the shore-line till they struck the net, then follow the net along until they were in the bag which was too narrow for them to turn around, so they would mesh. I have been just going along the headline and would see a salmon going ahead up in the bag and see him mesh. The water would fly. We always wore a mitten in taking the salmon out of the net in order to hold him better. For, believe me, a salmon from 12 to as high as 35 pounds is no easy fish to handle. We always grabbed for his tail.

A PEST

For a good many years the fishermen were not bothered by dogfish, but for the past 25 years they have a scourge of the pests every year, sometimes causing the fishermen to give up altogether. They cannot set a net at all, as the dogfish will load the net down, and a net full of dogfish is ruined as they bite and chafe the twine so that you never know where the net is mended. Some of the twine will be almost cut in two, and you would not notice it until it broke.

OFF TO SEA

When I was sixteen, I got the notion that I wanted to "go to sea". That is, to go in a vessel. Some of the older boys had been fishing in North Bay, on the north of Prince Edward Island, and at that time it was a good place to fish. More than a hundred men would go to North Bay in the summer from Jeddore. Although Father was very much against it, he consented, and I left home early in June to go in a small schooner, the "Zephyr", with a crew of ten men, and spent the fishing season.

THE PLAYHOUSE TRICK

Before I was old enough to go fishing, Father always had a man or two to help my older brothers Jeremiah and Will. One of these hired men was Tom Bevans, who gave us quite a scare.

Mother always kept a flock of geese, and when the goslings were old enough to be let out to pasture in the spring, we children cleaned and washed out the goose house and papered it for our playhouse. We were supposed to be men and the two sisters were our housekeepers. We had a lot of broken dishes to eat from, and I'm sure we appreciated them as much or perhaps more than the children of today do their nice sets bought from a store.

One day we were in our playhouse having a nice time, when Tom took a pole from the woodpile nearby, ran it under the little house, and toppled it on its side. We all came out pretty quick, and I guess we thought it was an earthquake. Tom teased us about that for a long time, asking us if we had had any more earthquakes lately.

JEDDORE ROCK

Before the lighthouse was built on Jeddore Rock forty years ago (1886), the sea gulls, steerings, parrots, and ducks laid their eggs and hatched their broods in vast numbers on the Rock. I remember my father and brothers often landed there in the laying season and gathered lots of eggs. We children would have the shells for playthings after they were blown out. The eggs were spotted green, white, and black. No birds nest there now.

It was a great event to us young people when the lighthouse was built and we could hear the carpenters' hammers in calm weather, a distance of more than two miles. How anxiously we watched for the first night the lantern was lighted. We thought it was something wonderful. The light showed red and fixed.

The first year the light was tended by Al Warnell; after that it was kept by John Will Mitchell until last fall when he completed 40 years of service. He was a very faithful man in his duties. When I grew to be a man, I always enjoyed an evening in his home with him and his wife, the former Annie Crockett.

I think the lighthouse shows white now since 1916, due to the fear of German submarines identifying the harbour and gaining entrance during the night.

(Uncle George does not mention Mr. Crockett, who was one of the first keepers of the Rock Light.)

TO THE WOODS

When the frosty nights were on, we boys would spend our Saturdays in the woods setting rabbit snares. That was the day we had free from school to do as we liked. Many a good meal of partridges and rabbits we had from our snares in the fall of the year.

Uncle George's notebook has entries covering nearly three years of his work as an independent carpenter in Worcester 50 years ago. It is a source of interest for the sake of comparison, and to note how 'times have changed'.

Various jobs took him to familiar streets : Pearl, 49 Elm, Harvard, Summer, 31 Cedar, 57 Chatham, 28 Cedar, 40 Elm, 78 Franklin, 58 Mayfield, 76 Merrick, May, Highland, Columbus, Grove, Laurel, Lakewood, the Old Men's Home, the Blind Men's Home, Whitcomb Hall, and the job in Shrewsbury.

He worked a 9-hour day, 6 days a week, for \$1.00 an hour. Sometimes, he contracted for a job. Carfare was 25¢. Gas mileage to a job was 50¢ to Shrewsbury. On one job his helper helped finish a roof, working 8 hours for 80¢ an hour.

At one point he " took samples of shingles to City Hall to go before City Council. Did not get permit. Gave up job."

- Work was varied. "Jacked up timbers in cellar, Mrs. Mattison, \$5.00."
- "Put two posts under floor 8 Victor Ave. \$4.50 for job."
- "Partitioned attic. \$65.00 to be paid half in 30 da., rem. in 60 da."
- "Made offer to build Mrs. Rafferty's-fruit closet. \$30.00."
- " Agreement to do job at Old Men's Home. \$275.00."
- "Closed bargain to shingle house Germaine St., \$160.00 for labor, he to furnish all material."
- "Made handles for little girl's tricycle 50¢."
- "Put new riser in cellar steps. 75¢."
- "Made table for Dr. Dodd. \$15.00."
- " Signed contract to build sun porch. Sandy will help me."
- "Bargained to build a sun porch. \$26.00."
- "Cut glass for ends of greenhouse."
- " Fixed piazza posts." "Put saddle boards on Carter's house."
- "Took contract for put housing over cellar. \$65.00."
- "Contract to rebuild chimney. \$15.00."
- "Bargained to shingle house and build steps. \$395.00."

Prices of that day :

- 3 pr. hinges for door @ 35¢. \$1.05 Bolt, 95¢
- 2 panes glass 28¢
- Storm door hinges and lock, \$2.25
- 140 bricks and 1 bu. sand \$4.79
- 1 lb. putty 12¢ 1 chimney thimble 75¢
- 6 sq. asphalt shingles \$7.50
- 1 yd. sand \$2.00 20 lb. lime 60¢
- 1 qt. varnish \$1.30 1 brush 85¢ ½ gal. paint \$2.15
- 4 boards 2x4x20 ft. \$4.20
- 10 lb. flat head shingle nails 13½¢ per lb.
- Material for screens: 56 ft. cypress @ 11½¢
- Rubber heels on shoes 60¢
- Overcoat at Fields \$22.50 1 cap \$1.50

Every Sunday was the entry : "Church this morning." And very often: "To church this morning and evening."

The following poem, copied by Uncle George, showed his feelings for his home in Nova Scotia.

A Memory of Nova Scotia

I have been so long from the sea
My heart is hunger torn;
From desk and books I would hasten me
Back where I was born.

I want to rise at break of day
Where a window faces the sea,
To fill my soul with the smell of the spray
That has always been part of me.

I want to go when the day is young
Down where the tides begin;
Where all these years my heart has clung
And longed to return again.

I want to sit and watch the sea
When night is creeping on;
Where, scattered silently on the lee,
Ships' lights come one by one.

I want to watch the coming storm,
When sea and sky are gray;
To thrill at the ever-changing form
Of shadows in the spray.

I want to feel the sting of brine
Once more in an open boat;
To hear the wind in the canvas whine
Again, as it carries me out.

For the salt of the sea runs in my veins;
Its sounds live in my heart.
And ever it calls me back again
From the City's crowded mart.

Far from the dusty, crowded street
My anchor I would weigh,
Out where the sky and water meet
In a little boat I'd sway.

With the swell of the deep I'd drift along,
For I love its rise and fall;
Oh, the lure of the sea is true and strong
To those who have heard its call.

The tang of the deep lives in my heart,
And I hear the creak of masts.
From the City, I'll live a life apart
As long as memory lasts.

.....Anna Gerrard

MORE TWIGS ON FAMILY TREES

Records at Christ Church, Shelburne, N.S. show:

Ref. #37--Bapt. 1794, Aug. Elizabeth dau. Luke & Lydia Harpell

Ref. #40--Bap. 1796, Nov.3 Lydia dau. Luke & Lydia Harpell

Loyalists Land Grants, County of Shelburne show:

Ref. #22 Benjamin Arnold, granted land at Ragged Island Har.,
350 Acres. Lot #71

Records Loyalist entries :

George Harpel and wife arrived St. John, N.B., spring, 1783,
ship "Unity".

"Return of disbanded troops and Loyalists settled in Township
No. 1, Cataraqui, (Kingston) Ont. Oct. 3, 1784"---

Geo. Harpil(Harpell) 'age 21... 'Land not run out'.

U.S. Census taken 1790:

Heads of Families

Philadelphia Co., Germantown, George Harple
1 male under 16; 3 females ; 1 male over 16

Montgomery Co. John Harple
1 male over 16; 1 male under 16; 6 females

Ludwich Harple
3 males over 16; 2 males under 16; 5 females

Widow Harple
2 males under 16; 4 females

Bucks Co. Phillip Harple
1 male over 16; 1 male under 16; 1 female

Phillip Harple
2 males over 16; 1 male under 16; 2 females

The list of United Empire Loyalists maintained by the Crown Lands
Department in Ontario contains the surname Harpell, Harple, Harpil,
Harpelle.

Came from N.S. to Flushing, Queens Co., New York, 1821. Settled in Flushing and Whitestone. Several descendants served in Civil War 1861-1865.

Benjamin Harpell b. 1799 or 1800 Halifax Co., N.S.
Anna (Hoyt) Harpell, his wife
John Harpell, their son, b. 1820, Halifax Co., N.S.

John Harpell b. 1770's Halifax Co., N.S.
Eileen " , his wife b. 1770's Halifax Co., N.S.
Seth Harpell, their son b. 1818 Halifax Co., N.S.

Elizabeth Harpell, b. 1775 Halifax Co., N.S.

Two of Benjamin Harpell's 9 children were named Luke and Lydia. The question remains : Who were the parents in N.S. ? (Information supplied by Malvern Harpell, Kirkwood, N.Y.)

The North Cumberland Historical Society records show:

Baptist cemetery, North Middleboro---
Harpell, George.. 1801 1871
" , Eliza... 1792-1864 wife of George
" , Eliza... 1868-1881

Riverside cemetery, Middleboro-----
Harpell, James A. ... 1867-1947
" , Fanny E. Purdy.. 1862-1954, wife of James
" , Eva H. ...1894-1904 dau.
" , Percy ...1901-1931 son
" , Mark Judson 1870-1911
" , Annie(Baker)1875-1940 wife of Mark
" , Walter Gerald 1887-1944
" , Edith M. 1908- wife of Walter
" , Theodore H. 1865-1921
" , Eliza J. (Baker) 1866-1927 wife of Theodore

Book ONE, p. 5, lists Annie Harpell, daughter of Luke 1st and Lydia, as 'No record' Further research shows :

Married at St. Paul's Church, Nov.28, 1811
Chambers Blakeney, 1788-Dec. 23, 1862 and
Annie Jane Harpell, 1788-1858

Also
Married November 18, 1844
Chambers Blakeney, Nov. 19, 1820 -- and
Jane Mosher 1824 -

This Blakeney-Mosher wedding would be the next generation. The death of John, fourth son of Chambers Blakeney, June 4, 1844, would be the first generation .

61
From The Christian Messenger - Halifax, N.S. June 16, 1853

Died - At Jedore, on Wednesday, 25th May, Mr. Luke Harple, in the 96th year of his age, leaving 5 children, 74 grand and 76 great-grand-children, with a large number of other relatives and friends to mourn his loss. The deceased was a native of New York, and settled at Jedore in 1809. He was the first Baptist who settled there. He died in the full assurance of meeting his Lord in that Kingdom prepared for His people on high.

The funeral services were conducted by Bro. James Thomas on the Sabbath following. The day was fine, and there was a larger number of people gathered than was ever witnessed here at one time. A deep solemnity rested apparently on all those present. I felt it was good to be there. I pray that good may be done.

DESCENDANTS OF FREDERICK & BARBARA ANN (HEISLER) BAKER

1. Stephen m. Ellen Day. Family: 2 infants, Melvin, Calvin (d.)
Foster m. Edith Wright; Orney m. Bella Chaddock
(Parker & Donald) Tressie m. James Bowser
(Calvin, Harold, Irma)
2. Eli m. Melvina Jennex. Family: Austin, Rhoda, Roy, Harold, Sadie,
Maude, Raleigh, Leah, Jessie,
Raymond
2nd m. Florence Weston. Family: Sabina, Edith, Reginald, Harold.
3. Enos m. Jane Slaunwhite. Family: Fred, Stanley, Leo, Everett,
Gertrude, Blanche, Effie, Joyce.
4. Samuel m. Adelaide Day. Family: Percy, Rhoda, Isaac, Clenda,
Edna, Grace.
5. Azariah ("Essie") m. Cecilia Slaunwhite. Family: Ira, Clarence,
Norman, Spurgeon, Bessie, Ella,
Emma
6. Caroline m. Morton Bowers. Family: Burton, Eva
7. Margery m. William Arnold. Family: Seth (drowned), Reuben,
George, Civilla.
8. Parker.. Fell on his gun while hunting along the shore. Killed.
9. Solomon (drowned).
10. Ephriam m. Mary Hopkins. Family: Cynthia, Annie, Nelson

Members of the 4th, 5th, 6th generations, living today, can add their families. Information given by Grace (Baker) Norton, a granddaughter.

The Williams Tree

Three brothers, Richard, John, and Patrick Williams came to Nova Scotia from Newfoundland and received a grant of land of 300 A. near the mouth of the Mysquodoboit River. It was the beginning of Williams Settlement, now known as Ostrea Lake. Their ancestors had come from Wales to Maggoty Cove, near St. John's.

According to old records John received a grant of 400 A. of what became Kent's Island. His grant reverted to the Crown.

John (1802-1884) married Catherine Bowser (1818-1890). They are in St. George's Cemetery.

Their family:

George m. Bessie Slaunwhite.
Parents of Stanford, Viney;

William ("Bill") died young, 1869;

Elizabeth m. Henry Bayers;
Mary m. Abraham ("Abe") Bayers
Parents of Leonard, Arthur;

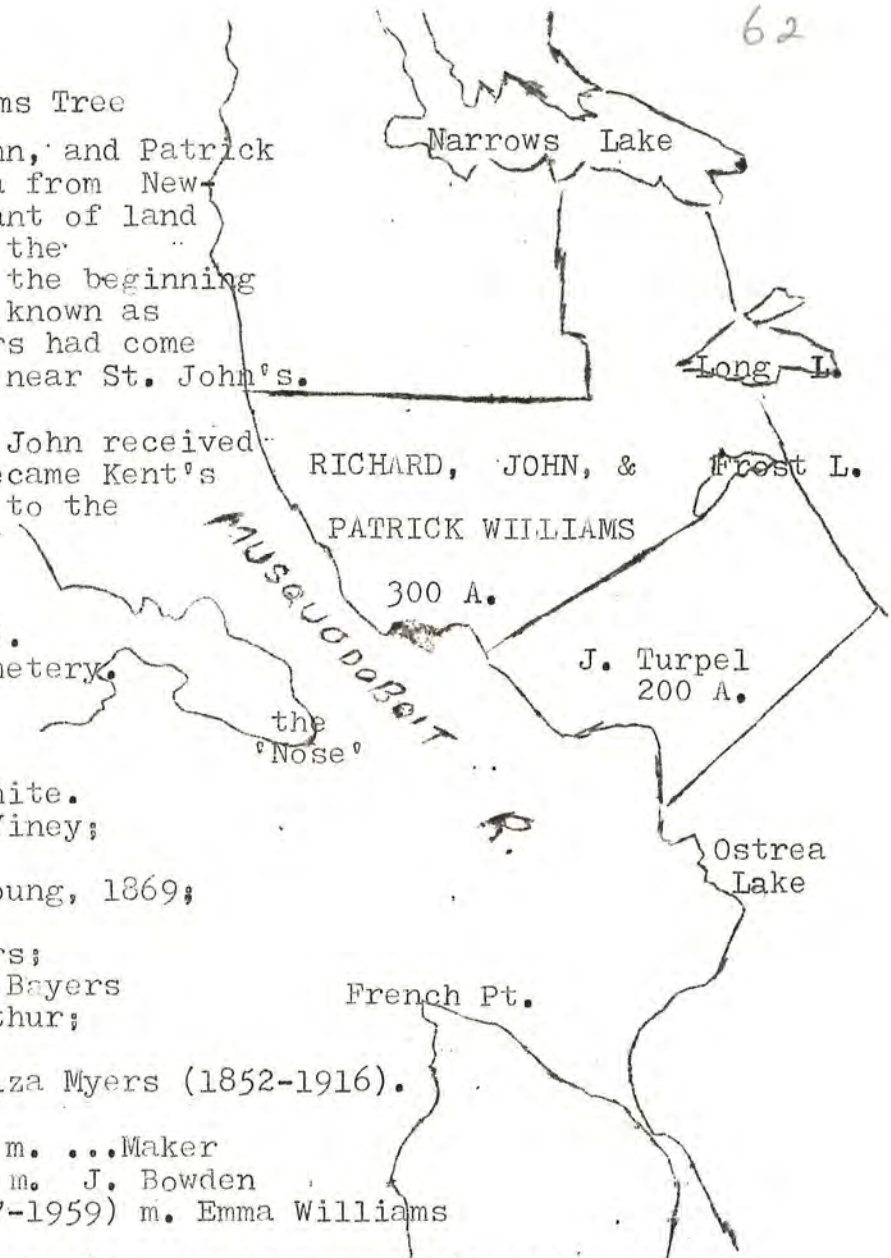
John (.1852-1930) m. Eliza Myers (1852-1916).
Parents of:

- Blanche (1874-(?) m. ...Maker
- Mary (1875 -1960) m. J. Bowden
- John Stanley (1877-1959) m. Emma Williams

Lemuel Enos (1878-1933) m. Annie Ryan (1884-1957) from the Falkland Islands. He was lost at sea on the "Dorin" in September, 1933, coming from Turks Island with a load of salt.

- Loretta Alice (1880- (?)) m. ... Osborne
- Edgar Stewart (1881-1961) m. Ada Harpell (1888-1977)
- Howard Milam (1883-1955) m. Maizie Slaunwhite (1885 -
- Ada Annie (1885 - ?) m. John Callaghan
- Wallace Lowery (1887-1966) Unmarried.
- Edith Isabella (1889-1918) m. Patrick Smith.

John moved into his house at Ostrea Lake in 1897. It is still standing, vacant since 1966. One descendant, Cora Kent, daughter of Stanley and Emma Williams, resides in her father's home.



Richard Williams married a Bowser girl. They are buried on the "Nose". They had two sons : Richard and Thomas. Richard was unmarried. Thomas married Eliza Young (1842-1925). He is buried on the "Nose"; Eliza is in St. George's Cemetery.

Their family:

Martin (1865-1939) m. Della Wournell (1872-1944). Parents of- Ralph (1899-1974); Harvey; Charles; Edna; Clarence ; Grace (1904-1924).

Dennis m. Clara Myers. No family. Gertrude adopted.

Philip m. Bertha Myers. Parents of -Margaret, Raymond, Fulton, Peter, Clara, Dorothy, Una.

Fred m. Roast. Parents of Eleanor. Moved to Portland, Me.

Annie ..

Ellen Unmarried. Nurse in USA.

Arthur m. Beatrice Stoddard. Parents of- Fred, Robert, Gladys, Myrtle, Marjorie.

Alexander (°Sandy°) m. Jennie Young. Parents of Geraldine, Marjorie.

Patrick m. Sheila Burke. The story is that she was the governor's daughter. They eloped and came to Nova Scotia. They are buried on the "Nose".

Their Family:

Michael (1853-1926) m. Ellen Bowser (1861-1908). Parents of- Fenwick, (d. Jan. 11, 1890 age 3); Clara (d. Jan 16, age 2 Earnest, (d. Jan. 18, 1890, age 11 m.) Maria (d. 1893, age 10 mo.) St. George's Cemetery.

Owen m. Kathleen Byrne. Lost at sea on the "Dorin", 1933. Their children: Byrne, Colleen, Mona.

Guy (Aug. 11, 1896-Nov. 26, 1921) Unmarried. Died age 25 World War I injuries. His father sent him to the West Indies for his health. He went to the Sanatorium in Kentville, then to Banff Springs, where he died. Five men were needed for identification for insurance. Four were Williams men. Adam Bowser was the fifth, which made identification °legal°. He served with the 25th Battalion. (St. George's Cemetery.)

Clifford m. Edna Williams (dau. of Martin). Parents of Guy.
2nd m. Kathleen Parents of Kathleen , George.

Grace m. Will Williams (son of David). Two infants.
(1891-1919)
2nd m. Frances Meahn. Parents of Charles, Grace.

2. David (1847-1933) m. Fanny Myers (1852-1941). Parents of-
Martha (d. 1886, age 6 yr.); Olive m. Billy Hubley ;
Leonard m. Florence Baker ; Ella ...
Rachael (d. 1896, age 21. Unmarried.
Jane m.Conrad; Bessie m.Maloney;
Will m. Grace Williams; David, unmarried;
Anne (1872-1950) m. Tom(Connors) Williams (1856-1932)

3. James m. Katherine Richards. Parents of -
George m. Janette Johnson; John, Unmarried;
Burton m. Laura Stevens. 2nd m. Lilah Bayers;
Geoffrey m. Olive Kennedy; Theresa m. Ira Stevens;
Ethel m. Charles Mitchell; Emma m. Stanley Williams;
Florence m. Harry Faulkner.

4. George (d. young)

5. Leonard . A diver. Moved to Michigan.

6. William. Lived in Halifax.

7. Richard. Went to Ontario.

8. Jane m. Tom Grant. 9. Elizabeth m. George May.

10. Patrick. Drowned. Age 25, while duck hunting in Martinique Channel.
In those days Ostrea Lake people went up to Smith Settlement by
boat and walked through to St. James Church at Head Jeddore.
The Sunday night before his death, Patrick said there was "some
one walked all the way down to the boat" with him from the church.
That was the 'forerunner' of his death. He is buried in St.
George's, but no stone.

11. Andrew. Lost at sea en route to Boston from Newfoundland with
a load of iron ore. Capt. Heather's vessel was never heard from.

(Information supplied by George Williams, Ostrea Lake,
age 90, March 1980.)

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN & ELIZABETH(BAKER) DAY

Arthur (1859-1923) -W.J. Cemetery- m. Rebecca Mitchell
Parents of Arthur, Ernest, Laurier, Leighton, Lloyd,
Effie, Stella.

Cornelius 1st m. Alma Myers; Parents of Milam, Roy
2nd m. Florence Day; Parents of Martha

James m. Etta..... from E. Shore. (St. James)

Allen ... Unmarried ;

Ellen m. John Emlo; Parents of Stanley, Elizabeth. Rockland, Maine.

Jobina m. Jim Myers; Parents of Alonzo, Cornelius, Jobina.

GILCHRISTS

It has been a privilege to be in correspondence with one of our tourists from Minnesota, USA, who visited Nova Scotia seeking relatives who had come from Scotland early in the 19th century. The party visited some cemeteries in the locality where they had settled, and he had a list of the ancestors. It was a pleasure to write details to them, and that five of his ancestors rest in the West Jeddore Baptist Cemetery, while one or more are in the Ship Harbour area.

Daniel Macdonald Gilchrist (1766-1860) and his wife Flora Jane (1776-?) moved from Scotland to Jeddore Harbour about 1827. They took up land at Ship Harbour, on what is known as the 'Gilchrist Farm'. Their family of eight included three boys who died as infants, all named Sandy. Daniel (June 14, 1813- June 17, 1884) followed the sea as his occupation for 30 years. He had a commission written on sheepskin signed by Queen Victoria, giving him the right to captain merchant vessels. He moved to Central City, Iowa in 1868. Another son, Archibald, was lost at sea. During the summer the men went off the Labrador Coast fishing. Daughters were Jane, who married a Frazer; Mary, married a Harper; and Christy, who married George Faulkner and lived at West Jeddore. It was George and his brother Benjamin who sold the land for the Baptist Church. Their house was on the hill in our field, just south of our house, where a hollow shows the location of the cellar. George and Christy, Benjamin, and two daughters, Emma and Annie are the five who rest in the West Jeddore Cemetery. Christy's son John and his wife Mary were my next-door neighbours all their lives.

Daniel married Catherine Faulkner. (Mar.1, 1819- Sept. 14, 1901) Their family included Catherine ("Katie"), Thomas, Sarah, Jane, Andrew, who moved to Iowa in Sept. 1869. Four others of the family remained in Nova Scotia--Archibald, Henry, Daniel, Flora Ann-- where their descendants live.

"Katie" returned for a visit in 1883. She recalled that "there was a cold spring that they carried water from on the old homestead," and found that "the meadow had shrunk to just a few acres" and that "the orchard was somewhat smaller than when she left in 1869." She "had forgotten how close by to the lake their house had been".

Our tourist was the grandson of her brother Andrew.

From a Family Bible

The following records are taken from the Holy Bible belonging to Great-Uncle Stephen Harpell, Lr. West Jeddore, son of Luke 2nd and Margaret Ann (Webber). He came to live with us Feb. 18, 1924 until his death Feb. 5, 1927.

The only date in the Bible is 1890, the copyright by A.J. Holman & Co., of the "Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names". The Bible is illustrated and has a "History of Herod, King of the Jews" by Rev. G.F. Maclear, D.D. It contains many other articles useful for study.

Marriage

This Certifies that the Rite of Holy Matrimony was performed between

Stephen A. Harpell of Jeddore and
Annie Hopkins of Jeddore on
Nov. 16th, 1864 at the Bride's home
by Rev. Obed Parker

Witness : Isaac Hopkins and Lydia Harpell

Births

Laurinda A. Harpell Jan. 7, 1866
Lilly Ada Harpell Feb. 18, 1868
Elisha Harpell Dec. 14, 1869
Johnny H. Harpell Aug. 1, 1872
Sylvia D. Harpell Mar. 23, 1879

Deaths

Johnny Harpell, May 22, 1881. Age 8 yrs. 9 months. 22 days
Laurinda A. Harpell, May 29, 1889. Age 22 yrs. 4 months. 22 days
Elisha Harpell, April 15, 1892. Age 22 years 4 months
Lilly A. Harpell, July 28, 1893. Age 25 yrs. 5 months 10 days
Annie Harpell, Jan. 24, 1910. Age 72 yrs.
Stephen A. Harpell, Feb. 5, 1927. Age 86 yrs.
Sylvia D. Harpell, Mar. 11, 1954. Age 75 yrs.

MORE ROADS

Over the past weeks we have been travelling back over ways of transportation by land and water. For a change we will go to Upper Musquodoboit where our friend Mr. Parker's father was born. He drove the mail from Upper Musquodoboit (then called Parker's Corner) to Trafalgar, along the old St. Mary's Road. That was when he was a lad of 16 about the year 1876.

His grandmother rode on horseback from Upper Musquodoboit to Sheet Harbour, 28 miles, and on her return she took back a grandchild, following the death of its father in 1858. At the age of 23 that lad was a school teacher in Sheet Harbour,

In 1766 a road had been cut through the forest, 12 feet wide, leading from Sheet Harbour to Upper Musquodoboit. The first road from Dartmouth was four rods wide and started in Cole Harbour in 1765.

The road to Preston was laid out in 1766, and in that year 300 pounds were granted for a good 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 the 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 cut through to Chezzetcook.

In 1834 there was no road from Jeddore to Sheet Harbour. By 1851 there was building to Ship Harbour. The road along the east shore line of Ship Harbour presented many difficulties. A "Doctor's Road" was built, turning south two miles from the head of Ship Harbour and coming out to the waters of Ship Harbour near Lower West Ship Harbour.

From here a ferry operated crossing to East Ship Harbour at a small wharf near the late Mr. Tracey's and close to the home of Tom Lawson. 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 Trunk 7, not far from Grand Lake Stream passing the Mushaboom Road.

So the Eastern Shore Road slowly opened up, roads being made to pass through the villages. Sections of the original roads through the woods can still be located.

Leaving the Cove, the lower road went through the woods about two miles to the Oyster Ponds, a name given because of the many oysters taken from it. Papa would often walk through for a basket of eels and a bucket of oysters.

That road was a very pleasant one, and during the rum-running days was used by trucks. It is still there, but is grown up with trees. R.C.M.P. officers, Capt Jack Kelly and Constable Melvin Schrader had many exciting trips over that road. It was used by our ancestors for hauling wood in the winter months, and was the main link between

the two communities. If we wished to cross the pond there was always a boat available instead of walking around the road and across the bridges. It is definitely a road that should be kept up as a convenience, but that is a 'dream' which not likely will ever materialize. (That 'dream' is being fulfilled as work proceeds in 1979.-G.F.)

After walking through the road, we come to three families. The late Tom Bevans and family; Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Young and family Mary, Frank, Ervin, Howard, and Sarah; Mr. and Mrs. John Hawkins and family of six. All that remains are the foundations of the houses and memories of families that lived there. The Hawkins family were Edwin, Carl, Aubrey, Ora, Edith, and Vera.

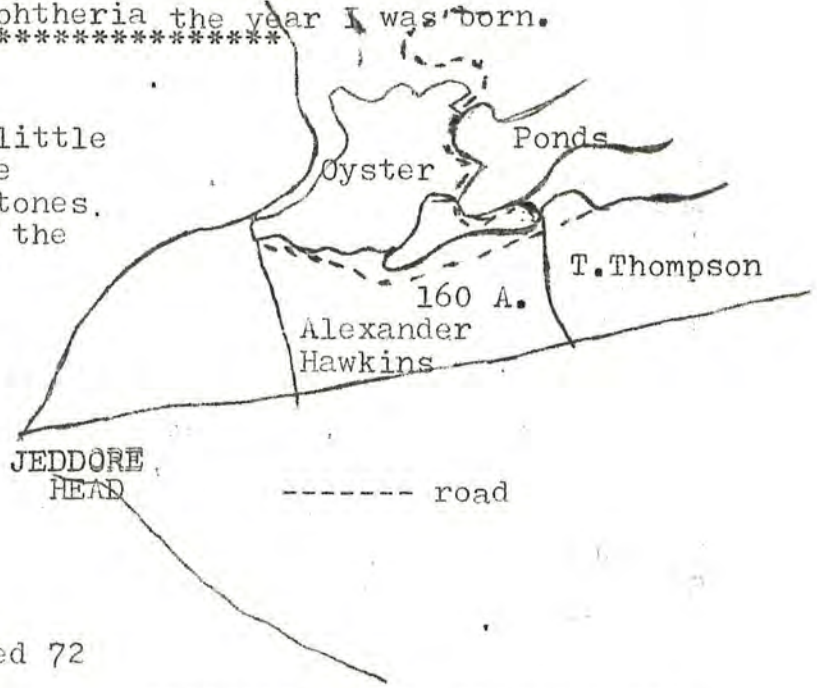
Sheltered by trees in part of what was their field are headstones in remarkably good condition at the graves of three:

Alexander G. Hawkins 1828-1883	Nancy M. wife of Alexander G. Hawkins 1830-1880	In memory of Mary A. Hawkins April 13, 1888 Aged 27 Gone but not forgotten.
--------------------------------------	---	---

Nancy M. was the sister of Grampie Jim Myers, so John and Alphaeus were first cousins to Mama. (Alphaeus 1870-1950.)

Mama said Mary died of diphtheria the year I was born.

I have written before of the little Methodist Meeting House across the Oyster Ponds, and mentioned the stones that mark some of the pioneers of the community. Among these were the Thompson and Nauffts families. In his last trip to the old home Alfred Nauffts of Toronto visited the site. He was the son of Leonard and Christy Nauffts of Pleasant Point. His mother and sister Minnie lived in Toronto, where he had a fur business.



Their family :

John Nauffts, Mar. 17, 1887, aged 72
His wife
Margaret, Jan. 13, 1890, age 77.

Leonard J. Nauffts, 1856-Apr. 26, 1918, age 62

Melissa B., dau. of Leonard and Christy A., Apr. 26, 1905, 6 yr. 6 mo.
Howard L., son of Leonard and Christy A., May 1, 1897, age 13 yr. 9 mo.
John Rozzell, son of Leonard and Christy, Feb. 23, 1889, 6 mo. 20 da.
(Pleasant Point Cemetery)

Nauffts Point, marked on old maps, would be the location of their homestead.

DEDICATED DOCTORS

69

By request from a lady whose granddaughter was preparing a project for school on the subject "Dedicated doctors of years ago", we will travel down memory lane to more than a century ago. Our country doctors were widely scattered and travelled on horseback or on foot along the shoreline or through wooded trails.

Our Eastern Shore doctor was Dr. George Jamison, stationed at Ship Harbour. Dr. MacLean in Shubenacadie covered the inland communities in the Musquodoboit area. Many sacrifices were made by those two doctors. They had adventurous trips, as there were many wild animals in those woods so their journeys were not always pleasant.

In order to contact either of those doctors, some one would be sent to report a patient ill, but that was not considered until some of the old time remedies failed. Then there were chances that the patient had died before the doctor arrived. The sight of one of those doctors arriving was always a great relief.

On a visit to the office in their homes, one found rows of innumerable bottles of drugs which they prescribed and mixed. Some of the drugs in their stock could have been handed down by our early Micmac settlers who had the experience of testing out the various herbs and roots from the forest. Those doctors were truly dedicated. If they were here today and could witness the progress in medicine, they would pass out for the second time.

The first resident doctor at Musquodoboit Harbour was Dr. William J. Kennedy, who came in 1899. He was the son of the late Rev. John and Mary Kennedy of London, Ontario. Born in 1870, he graduated in medicine from Western University, London, Ont., in 1897.

His first office was at the Clairemont Hotel, operated by the late Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm and their daughters Miss Belle, Mae, Bessie, and Jessie. Miss Jessie later became his bride.

Memories of Dr. Will stand out. As a young doctor he became a familiar figure on the roads, making calls day and night. His faithful horse and buggy, and later his car, carried him safely over the rocky roads at all hours of the day and night. The first patient he lost at West Jeddore was Winslow Baker, just a young boy, from pneumonia. Some one had prescribed a dose of turpentine for the lad, and Dr. Will was furious.

For 38 years Dr. Will remained among the people of this area, refusing offers of other positions. He chose to remain with people who accepted him as a sincere and helpful friend. An editorial at the time of his death stated: "While his duty as a doctor came first, yet he devoted much time to activities associated with school, church, and state, ever ready with his wise counsel and willing to accept a share of the burdens. His works live on, a memorial in the hearts of the people he served so faithfully over such a long period of time."

DR. DAVID M. ROWLINGS

The next resident doctor was the son of the late George and Laura Rowlings of Musquodoboit Harbour, where he was born in 1900. He graduated from the Dalhousie Medical School and practised five years in Sheet Harbour before going to Harvard University and London University for post graduate work in medicine and surgery. He chose to place his skill at the command of the people of his home district.

In "Forget-Me-Not Reflections", compiled by Helen M. Jennex, in 1978, Howard Day of Oyster Pond has written a glowing tribute to Dr. Rowlings. He says, "One night he came to my house at 2 a.m. when I had a hemorrhage. 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. He saved others, but himself he could not cure for he died when he was just in his prime." Mr. Day gives "Dr. Mack" credit for saving his life and curing him of T.B.

He would come unannounced and not summoned to see a patient at midnight because "he was worried about him".

At the time of his death, Mrs. G.K. Smith of East Petpeswick wrote a tribute to the press in which she said, "Known to us all as Dr. Mack, we say friend..... we feel he was our very own. He was born a doctor and gave his greatest interest to us all.

"He has answered our calls in this little community under great difficulties. In winter storms, leaving his car, he shovelled through banks of snow. He used a horse and sleigh, and often walked..... always entering our homes with his cheerful smile. He was a strong believer in smiles and his could never be forgotten. And so we have lost our good conscientious doctor and friend. He can never be replaced. We feel he gave his life for us, and no words could express our gratitude. We offer our prayers that God will reward him highly in His house of many mansions."

Dr. Robert H. Stoddard

Dr. Robert Harvey Stoddard was born in Clam Harbour, son of the late Fred and Emma Stoddard. He graduated from Dalhousie Medical School in 1916, and served overseas with the Royal Army Medical Corps in France, Mesopotamia, India, and Siberia. Following the war, he did post graduate study at Manhattan Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital. He practised in Halifax from 1928 to his retirement in 1959 as a specialist in his field. Dr. Bob always found time to treat people from the Eastern Shore, even if they went without an appointment, and is remembered with affection by many. He passed away in 1970.

Like many a country doctor, these men found their way to the home of their patient when some one at the house hung a lantern on the gatepost as a guide in the night.

A VISIT TO CLAM HARBOUR

In one of our recent newspapers there happened to be a lady from Vermont writing to the "Voice of the People" regarding the Eastern Shore park project. As ancestral history is a specialty, I wrote to her. Her reply was a pleasure, so through our Free Press many of our readers on the E. Shore and elsewhere will be pleased to know she is a lover of Clam Harbour and surroundings.

In 1799 Thomas Stoddard came to Clam Harbour from Kelso, Scotland, and from that day there have been Stoddards in Clam Harbour. The Stoddard House was well known and patronized by those far and near. The late Walter and Hannah Stoddard had a large family. Our Vermont lady is a granddaughter of the late Lola Stoddard Fogo, the latter having owned one of the first frame houses and land on the E. Shore which is now the property of Mrs. Catharine Cook. The Stoddard House is now owned by Gordon Hammond and his family.

Mrs. Cook and her family come to Clam Harbour every summer. They love the place, and she has said, "the people of Clam Harbour have always lived in harmony with the land and sea and can live in harmony with the park. But no one wants to be forced to leave their homes and live in a strange place." (Since then, the park project has been settled.)

CLAM HARBOUR CHURCH

The late Mrs. Stanley (Gladys) Robson prepared a review of the church history and congregation, mostly from memory, with the aid of records and information from residents. It covers the period 1861-1967. From it we find:

Clam Harbour is first mentioned in the Church Records on November 4, 1859; when Rev. Alexander Stuart wrote, "William Stoddard of Clam Harbour came before the Session of Musquodoboit Harbour, Robb Free Church of Scotland, requesting permission to become a member of this Church." After examining his knowledge of Divine truth, and knowing of his Christian character, he was accepted by the Session and given a token to the Lord's Table.

Two years later, 1861, Clam Harbour was again before the Session, when their minister, Rev. Alex Stuart stated, "that for the past 12 months, I have visited Clam Harbour every fourth Sunday, to meet with from 35 to 40 persons, regular in attendance, and that I believe it would be of spiritual benefit were existng ordinances be administered among them."

The Session and congregation agreed, and the date chosen to go to Clam Harbour was July 11, 1861. On that day, Rev. Alex Stuart with elders Duncan Bayers and William Anderson went to Clam Harbour, met with the group as planned, and formed a Church session. This included William Stoddard, Jacob Robson, and Alex Stoddard as elders with John Robson, Sr., and George Stoddard, Sr., as Deacons to serve in the Church organization.

Thus began the first organized service of the Clam Harbour congregation as part of the Musquodoboit Harbour charge, and has remained as such for 106 years.

Although church records give no definite dates as to the size of the first church built by these settlers, or of its time of opening, it is believed the church was used for worship services before 1861.

Rev. E.A. MacCurdy, who succeeded Rev. Alex Stuart, recorded--"On Saturday the Clam Harbour Session met at the home of Mr. Adam Stoddard to arrange for dispensing the Lord's Supper and repaired to the church on Sunday morning for the service.

In 1872, Rev. E.A. MacCurdy resigned, and Rev. James Rosborough was inducted in the Charge. Also, at this time, the name Robb Free Kirk of Scotland was changed to the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia.

Rev. Rosborough refers to a service at Clam Harbour ° in the school-house°, so it is assumed that the tale told by the older folk of an August gale destroying their Church building on Stoddard's Hill occurred in the late 1870's. From information given by Mrs. Roy Sanford a daughter of the late Walter and Hannah Stoddard, we have this statement written in her father's account book: "Minutes of a meeting convened at Clam Harbour for the purpose of selling the parts salvaged from the old church, the proceeds of which sale to be held in reserve until such time as a new Church shall be built.

By order of the chairman, Edmund F. Stoddard, it was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously, that Jacob Robson, Adam Stoddard, and Walter Stoddard conduct the sale. Terms: Cash to be paid to Treasurer, Walter Stoddard on August 1, 1880. Parts salvaged and sold included walls, windows, door, roof, floors, pulpit, seats, and spire. The names of buyers with amounts paid are written in the General History pages 23 and 24. Total amount realized from this sale, the sum of \$29.47 .

In 1883 Rev. James Rosborough resigned to accept a call to Shelburne, and Rev. James Anderson took his place. During his leadership, services were held at the Presbyterian Church in Jeddore, also at Lower Ship Harbour in the Lodge room, where Presbyterians worshipped until they built a church of their own in 1905.

Rev. James Anderson's career as pastor of the charge was a fruitful one, during which he trained choirs in all parts of the charge. The one mechanical aid of these choirs was the tuning fork, used by the leader. During his service, a site for the new church was chosen and donated by Walter Stoddard, the deed for which is recorded in the Law Courts of Halifax in 1890.

In 1891 Rev. Anderson resigned, and Rev. James Rosborough returned in 1892. At Clam Harbour he found plans and action for the new church building going well. Voluntary services by men and boys of the village cleared the site, working under the direction of Fred Stoddard and Henry Stoddard, two young men who were trained carpenters and sons of those who had built the earlier church.

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THE OPENING

In 1894, the church building, though not completely finished or furnished, was opened for worship by Rev. James Rosborough. We believe the time to be early August. Carpenters built benches, as few regular pews had been purchased.

Men and women in teams came from east and west of the area. They were entertained in homes of the village after morning and afternoon services. Rev. Rosborough had an assistant for the service, but his identity has not been established. Gifts on opening day included: a large leather bound Bible for the pulpit from Rev. and Mrs. Rosborough; a candelabra of lamps, suspended from the ceiling, from Mr. and Mrs. E. Homans. From Mr. MacLellan of Halifax, a guest of many years at the Stoddard House, a pulpit chair, small table and chairs. From Mr. Sinclair of Dartmouth, also a Stoddard House guest, a church bell, which was mounted after the belfry was erected.

Rev. James Rosborough continued to lead the charge in spiritual service until ill health forced complete retirement in 1908. He returned to Prince William, New Brunswick, the home of his youth, where death ended the life of a true disciple. In all, he gave 25 years of service to the Musquodoboit Charge.

Rev. Alex MacKean succeeded Rev. Rosborough, serving from 1908-1915.
Rev. John MacAskill served from 1916-1920.

In 1920, Rev. Murray H. Manuel came to the charge. The highlight of his service was the formation of the United Church of Canada by the union of Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist churches. The first minister to serve under the new order was Rev. E. Plowman. Others within our memory are Rev. Beck, Scoates, Graham, Sawdon, Drew, Constable, Withers, Fraser, and MacDonald. (To these I shall add Rev. Jones, minister at the present time.)

At that time pioneers built schoolhouses before churches, using them for social events and worship services on Sunday. Settlers of Clam Harbour did not "forsake the assembling of themselves together", but held regular prayer meetings, Sabbath Schools, and prepared suitable worship programs for each service. An offering was taken and held in reserve to assist itinerant ministers sent by the Halifax Presbytery to baptize, marry, or to dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The following story illustrates the high value placed by pioneers of this area on church worship and the observances of church ordinances in their lives.

This story was told to members of a Women's Missionary Society Auxiliary who met at the home of Mrs. William Russell, who was a member of the first church congregation in Clam Harbour in pioneer days. Her neighbors Mr. and Mrs. James MacIntosh had a baby son whose health was causing concern. Fearing that the baby might not live until a minister came to the area, the mother decided to go to Musquodoboit Harbour, where regular services were held, to have the child baptized and have his name written in a Church record. Securing the help of Mrs. Russell, then a school girl, to assist in carrying the baby, they left early one fine Sunday morning to walk to Musquodoboit Harbour.

Mrs. MacIntosh lived near the Clam Harbour sand beach, so they chose low tide in early morning. They walked across the marshes, wading the channels, until they reached a forest trail which brought them to the East Jeddore area. Here, a friendly fisherman ferried them across Jeddore Harbour to the highway at the Head of Jeddore. Then they were given a "drive" by a man with a team who took them to the Manse at the Harbour. The minister baptized the baby before Church service, and the mother and her helper returned on foot to Jeddore.

Their boatman brought them to his home where they were fed and rested. Later, they retraced their journey of the morning--through forest trail, across the marshes and channels--arriving at the MacIntosh home without incident, happy in the accomplishment of their mission. The baby lived to grow to manhood, and probably never knew this story of his baptism, nor of his mother's effort to have his name recorded in the Church Register. John MacIntosh, born 1856; died 1879, aged 23 years.

SOME FIRSTS IN THE CHURCH HISTORY

First Baptism: Olive Victoria, daughter of John A. and Edith (Palmer) Robson, October 14, 1894. Rev. James Rosborough officiating.

First Marriage: On July 6, 1898, Bertha Helena, daughter of James B. and Flora Ann (Mitchell) Stoddard of Lower Ship Harbour and Edward Myers of Jeddore were united in marriage. Rev. James Rosborough officiating.

First Funeral Service: Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Russell of Lower Ship Harbour, aged 18 years, was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Clam Harbour Church on March 20, 1895.

First Baptism by Immersion: The first baptism by immersion was performed by Rev. Karl Drew of the Musquodoboit Harbour United Church of Canada Charge, when Misses Pearl Zinck and Ruth Stevens were baptized in the waters of the harbour of Owl's Head, beside the wharf on August 8, 1943.

GIFTS TO THE CHURCH

Added to the gifts on opening day are the following:

From Judge F. M. Morson of Toronto who vacationed at the Stoddard House for over 30 years--

- The memorial window and the windows on both sides of the church;
- The remodelling of platform and pulpit;
- The electrical wiring and fixtures;
- The Communion table with cloth and pulpit fall;
- Copies of the new Hymnary for pulpit and organ, also smaller editions in the homes of the congregation;
- A bequest of \$100.00 from his estate following his death in 1944.

When the platform was enlarged, the carpet was the gift of Seldon C. Stoddard.

The Communion Service in use today is a gift from Mrs. Fletcher of Truro, in behalf of her sister, Mrs. Susan Parker of Owl's Head,

In 1946, Reginald Robson gave an organ in memory of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Onslow Robson.

Mrs. White and Mrs. Johnson of Truro replaced the pulpit Bible given by Rev. James Rosborough in 1894, with a new edition in memory of their parents Mr. and Mrs. James E. Stoddard.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stevens donated a Communion Cloth and Pulpit Fall in memory of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stevens. They also donated the organ in use at the special service in 1967.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Frame and family gave the set of offering plates in memory of their daughter Edna, wife of John M. Homans.

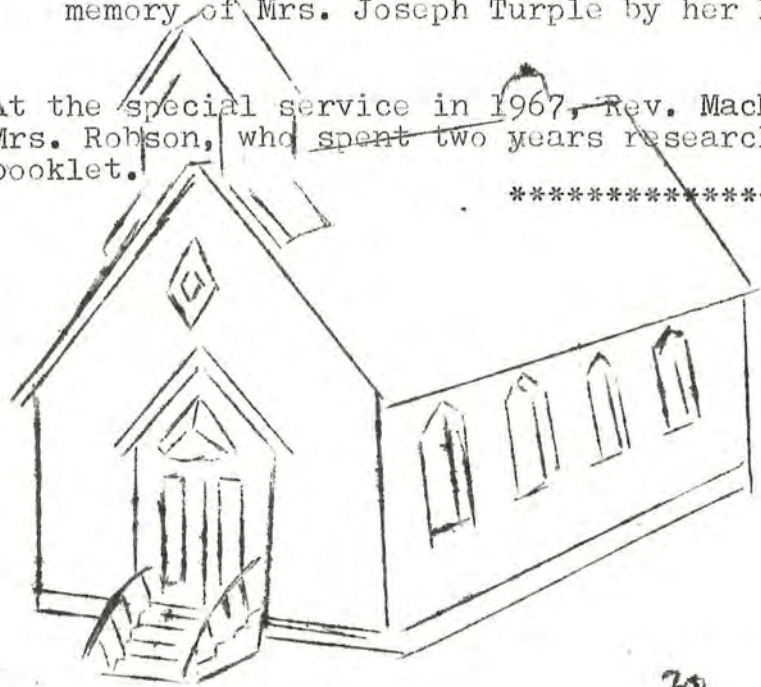
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Stoddard of Moncton donated a number of copies of the United Church Hymnary.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eisan and family gave a Guest Book in memory of their son Howard.

The oil furnace was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bardsley and son Keith of Halifax, who have a summer home in Clam Harbour. Mr. Bardsley and his men installed it in the gallery because our church has no basement. To minimize the noise of operation, the Hutt brothers of Owl's Head enclosed the area, donating their labor.

The new upholstery on the pulpit chair and seat was given in memory of Mrs. Joseph Turple by her husband and family of Clam Bay.

At the special service in 1967, Rev. MacDonald gave special thanks to Mrs. Robson, who spent two years researching and preparing the history booklet.



Alexander Lay was born on July 1, 1824, the son of Thomas Lay of England and Elizabeth Lockhart of Glasgow, Scotland. Both are buried in St. Paul's cemetery, Halifax.

Alexander was the youngest of six children, and five years old at the time of his parents' death. He was brought up in the home of Mr. Stingle, Musquodoboit Harbour. As a child, he was lame, and when he first went to school, he was carried there by one of the Stingle girls. At the age of 13 he was apprenticed to Mr. Legg of Halifax, where he spent seven years learning the tailoring trade.

On October 8, 1850, he married Jane Borthwick, the daughter of a graduate of Oxford University who taught school in his own home in Meagher's Grant. From 1850, they lived in Meagher's Grant, Mr. Lay travelling mostly on foot to do tailoring throughout the Musquodoboit Valley. They had 8 children; 3 girls and 5 boys. He was a staunch Methodist and took an active part in Church and Sunday School work. His widow lived to the age of 91. At her funeral all six grandsons were pall bearers, all over six feet tall. Lay's Lake is named for the family.

Following is one of his poems.

A VISIT TO CLAM HARBOUR

Again I have been at Clam Harbour
The home of the brave and the free
Where men are engaged in the summer
Gathering wealth from the sea.

The girls they are handsome and modest,
The bachelors say they are shy;
I think it's because they can't win them
Because they don't know how to try.

They have a nice school at Clam Harbour,
The children are healthy and gay
And quick to receive education
Their teacher, I think, is Miss Lay.

There is a nice store I would mention
Where all kinds of goods you can buy
From a needle or pin to an anchor,
Likewise, the renowned Diamond dye.

Tea you can buy by the bushel,
Old ladies declare it is nice
Sugar and cocoa and coffee
Flour and barley and rice.

Tobacco and soda and mustard,
Ginger and butter and lard,
Molasses so thick, will you believe me,
It's always retailed by the yard.

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Then there is brooms and nice buckets,
Dresses that never will fade;
Boots of all sizes, and rubbers
And thimbles and buttons and braid.

Then, there is candy called kisses,
I think by the name they are sweet;
Stockings and gloves and nice corsets,
Which make the young ladies look neat.

Dishes of every description
From china to pewter and lead;
Jubily bowls with a handle,
Nice to go under the bed.

Now I must stop; I am sleepy;
I find I'm beginning to nod;
God bless those dear fishers, and send them
Plenty of herring and cod.

Now do not get mad, gentle reader,
If those verses should cause some pain,
But remember the gray-headed writer
A little bit wrong in the brain.

(In an old scrapbook. From the Dartmouth Patriot.)

JOHN HOMANS COUNTRY STORE CLOSES

Some of our West Jeddore folks attended the auction sale at Clam Harbour at John Homans country store, the latter being the oldest store, begun by the late Ebenezer Homans,

Eb--as he was called-- was the father of Johnnie Homans. The Homans vessel collected lobsters from the fishermen along the Eastern Shore which included the Jeddores, Petpeswicks, Chezsetcooks, and Ship Har., before transferring them and clams to their factory at Little Harbour. They carried on a profitable business, as well as one of convenience to local fishermen. I well remember our fishermen from the Cove coming from looking their lobster traps, then waiting and watching for "Homans Smack" to appear around the Heads. The mode of transporting supplies for Clam Harbour and surrounding communities was by boats and vessels; on land, it was by horse and wagon or ox team.

Like all country stores, Homans store contained supplies that covered almost everything imaginable. As every household had its livestock, a various assortment of feed and stable hardware was essential. Stock included items of medicinal value, such as Life of Man Bitters and British Troop Oil.

Food supplies were handled in barrels, kegs, boxes, and puncheons. Going to Johnnie Homans store, one bought in quantities instead of the ounces and pounds as we do today.

The store was the meeting place for the local folks, especially the men, who would gather evenings to exchange views and news. A wood stove graced the center between the counters. Along their sides were kegs of nails, boxes, or a bench to accommodate the visitors.

Folks regret the closing of Johnnie Homans store, for one could get commodities there that could not be purchased elsewhere in this age. Well, 'tis no use to recall those olden times. There comes a time when we have to submit to the changing times as the years come and go.

As Johnnie Homans has closed his store, thus removing a landmark, we who know him well sincerely hope he will have many years to enjoy his leisure from business. But not from singing, for Johnnie loves to sing and has joined many groups in the past where his strong voice was always a welcome addition.

(Since this was written several years ago, John Homans has passed away. He died Nov., 1977. The buildings that housed his country store have been razed, and the landmark has vanished.)

SENIORS KEEN AT 98 YEARS OF AGE

We have noticed in our daily papers the names of some of the oldest voters on July 8, (1974) In our Jeddore Area, Mrs. Bertha Myers who will be 98 in November polled her vote.

Everyone knows Aunt Bertha of Oyster Pond, widow of the late Edward Myers, son of the late James Myers; builder of the Fisherman's House Museum. Aunt Bertha is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Stoddard of Clam Harbour, and was the first bride in the United Church there. She is the only surviving daughter-in-law of James Myers. She lives in the home where she came as a bride in 1898. Her daughter Elsie and son Fraser make their home with her. She is unusually active mentally and physically. A visit with her is a pleasure, as she takes one back in memory over the yesteryears.

If one happens to be needing certain dates of information, just call on Aunt Bertha. She enjoyed getting out to vote, and she was the oldest voter, we feel assured, in the Jeddore poll which covers a wide area.

In this day and age, it is remarkable to see one as bright and cheerful. She claims she has no aches or pains. She does not use the phone, but her daughter Elsie does that with her mother in the background.

(Since this was written, Aunt Bertha had a special celebration of her 100th birthday. At the time of writing, she celebrated her 103rd birthday on November 9, 1979. -G.F.)

Now we will visit down at East Jeddore with another elderly lady who was 98 last April. She is a remarkable citizen who everyone knows as Aunt Jobie. Aunt Jobie is the widow of Lewis Jennex, her maiden name being Cooper. She makes her home with Mrs. Ada Jennex and son Bruce. She is more or less confined to the house, but her mind is keen. She is fond of reading, and her knitting needles are rarely idle as she knits

the year around, and many little hands are provided mittens when Jack Frost takes over.

Some folks from New Brunswick were looking for dates and graves of relatives recently, so were directed to East Jeddore to see Aunt Jobie. She travelled back over the years and gave them directions as to where those graves were located. Following her directions, they found the stones in St. John's Cemetery, which supplied notes for the family tree.

(Aunt Jobie passed away in 1974, age 98 .- G.F.)

The S.S. LARCH

As we have been dwelling on historical facts, we take a trip to Baffin Island in the far north. Probably the trip, or recalling of same, may bring back memories to the descendants of those in our area who participated in that voyage.

On July 15, 1928 the "S.S. Larch" with Capt. William Balcom sailed out of Halifax Harbour for the North. The expedition was under the direction of the federal government, the purpose being to erect a direction finding station, the first of its kind in that region.

The following carpenters joined the crew : Harvey and Bert Myers of Head Jeddore; Edward Greenough, West Petpeswick; Clifford Bayers, Musquodoboit Harbour; Milam Smith, Smith's Settlement; George Williams, Ostrea Lake; and Charles Mitchell, Oyster Pond, Jeddore. George Williams, 82, and Charlie Mitchell, 92, from our area are still living. (Now, 1980, George Williams survives. Charlie Mitchell passed away in late December, 1979.)

Leaving Halifax in July, the men had no contact with their families at home, even though it was only 44 years ago. (1972) The ship lacked a great many conveniences which are taken for granted today on expeditions to all parts of the world. However, in conversation with the two crew members, they recalled that despite the fact of being unable to communicate with those at home, conditions on the ship were good. On their return to Nova Scotia in November, they encountered heavy storms.

An interesting part was that two years after the trip, a party of six from New York were visiting Nova Scotia for the first time and spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Greenough at West Petpeswick. They related having enjoyed the showing of this Northern trip at a theatre in N.Y. Mr. Greenough was delighted to relate in more detail his version of the trip. Presumably the photographer on that trip supplied the film for the showing. The building erected at that time in 1928 showed the men's initials. It was moved in 1966 to a site nearby.

One wonders how many of the crew are still living and how many of their descendants are aware of the trip that lingers in memory.

Well-known Jeddore Sea Captain

Capt. Ernest Day, who began his sea career at the age of 12, died at his home in Chipley, Florida Jan. 21, 1968. He was 75 years old.

Born at Head Jeddore, Feb. 22, 1893, son of the late Arthur and Rebecca (Mitchell) Day, he went to sea at the age of 12 with his father in fishing and coasting vessels around Nova Scotia. In 1909 he left home and continued his sea life out of Canadian and British ports until 1916. At that time he went to the United States and sailed out of the port of New York as a seaman until he received his 2nd mate's ticket in 1918.

He then sat for and received his hard won unlimited Master's certificate in 1920. Between 1920 and 1954, as he acquired the necessary experience in different ports on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, he passed the examinations for all principal ports between New York and Houston, Texas, including Los Angeles, for first class pilot indorsements on his federal license; thus bringing his license in the top brackets of the U. S. Merchant Marine.

During World War I, Mr. Day was on the ship that took Admiral William S. Sims to England early in 1917 in order to be ready should the United States become involved in the War. However, war was declared before the ship arrived, and they had their first contact with the enemy when the ship struck a mine and was badly damaged but made port under her own power. Mr. Day had the honor of being assigned to the same lifeboat as Admiral Sims, and often spoke of it.

During World War II, Capt. Day commanded various tankers of the War Shipping Administration, doing convoy duty in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean for which he received commendation from the New York Port Director for excellence in navigation and convoy discipline and for outstanding performances 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 naval bases in the Pacific with fuel from the Persian Gulf, and supplied fuel for the A-bomb tests carried out on the Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands, discharging his fuel at Kwajalein Atoll.

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 satisfied to leave the sea to younger men.

REGISTER OF ATTENDANCE WEST JEDDORE SCHOOL SECTION 80

For the year ending July, 1910

Teacher : Miss Sabina Stoddard Secretary: Peter W. Maskell

Trustees: P.W. Maskell, George L. Baker, William A. Harpell

Inspector of Schools: Graham Creighton, Nov. 10, 1909

Visitors: Rev. R.S. Meadows, Nov. 29
Rev. & Mrs. J.A. MacKean, Musquodoboit Harbour, Feb. 24
Margaret and Veryl Harpell, March
Sadie E. Hartling, Oyster Pond, April 12
William A. Harpell, June 25

Length of Term: August 30- December 23; January 3- July 7

Labor Day-Sept. 6 Thanksgiving Day -Oct. 25
Christmas holidays - Dec. 24- Jan.2, inclusive
Easter break - Good Friday, March 25
Taught two Saturdays -- Oct. 30 & Apr. 23
Days lost : Apr. 13 & 21
Holiday: King's funeral, April 20

REGISTER with Age and Grade

Audrey Harpell, 7, I&II	George Kent, 7, I&II
Verna Harpell, 7, III	Samuel Kent, 5, I
Lena Harpell, 12, IX	Jeremiah Faulkner, 7, I&II
Cora Harpell, 12, IX	Ruth Blakeney, 9, II
Ella Baker, 14, IX	Jean Richardson, 8, I
Muriel Gould, 12, IX	Blanche Kent, 8, II
Fulton Baker, 8, II&III	Florence Richardson, 11, V
Eva Baker, 12, VIII	Valla Maskell, 9, IV
Odessa Harpell, 9, V	Rose Maskell, 11, VI
Viola Harpell, 11, IV	Ethel Richardson, 13, VI
Myrtle Jennex, 7, I	Beatrice Meadows, 8, IV&V
Hazel Gould, 10, V	Greta Meadows, 6, I-IV
Clyde Baker, 10, III&IV	Roy Meadows, 9, II&III
Grace Baker, 16, VI	Reuben Blakeney, 7, I
Percy Baker, 13, III&IV	Cecil Maskell, 10, IV
Violet Faulkner, 13, VI	Theodosia Harpell, 9, IV&V
Una Harpell, 1-, V	Minnie Baker, 11 IV
Aubrey Baker, 12, III	Ernest Faulkner, 13, IV
George Baker, 10, I	Sandy Harpell, 10, VII
John Faulkner, 8, II&III	Enos Harpell, 12, VII
Ambrose Baker, 9, I&II	Hugh Harpell, 12, VII
Wilfred Maskell, 8, II&III	Gladys Meadows, 5, I
Robie Baker, 8, I	Lindsay Maskell, 6, I
Corey Maskell, 16, II	Bertha Baker, 5, I
Colin Blakeney, 10, IV	Fred Faulkner, 14, VI
Miscou Kent, 10, IV	Frank Baker, 15, VIII
John Maskell, 10, IV	Beatrice Harpell, 14, VII
Dora Mitchell, 8, I&II	Judson Richardson, 8 I
Lavinia Maskell, 7, I	Norman Harpell, 6, I
Sabina Baker, 9, II	Leonard Baker, 7, I
Margaret Doyle, 5, I	Arthur Doyle, 7, I

(Information given by a former

76 teacher, Mrs. Douglas Baker.)

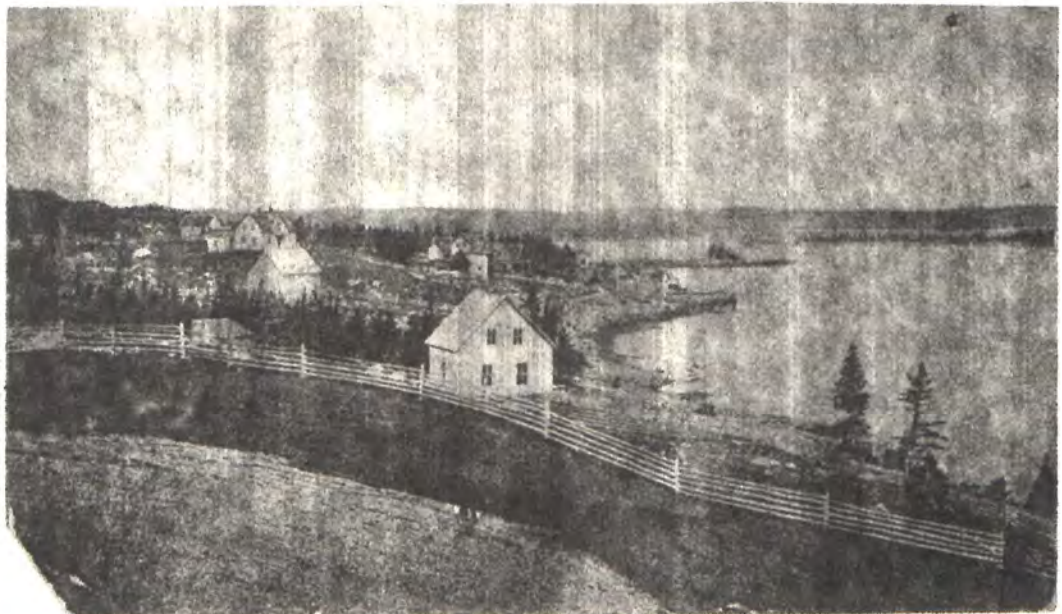


WEST JEDDORE SCHOOL 1941 Teacher: Margaret C. Bowser

Back row- 1.-r.: Ervine Baker, Russell McGregor, Seldon Doyle, Ernest Baker, Bazel Doyle, Owen Baker, Gordon Harpell, Warren Baker, Murray Baker, Weldon Bonn.

Second row. 1-r.: Pauline Whynot, Marie Baker, Phyllis McGregor, Gladys Baker, Teacher, Florence Baker, Bonnie Blakeney, Shirley Doyle, Eunice Baker, Ruth Baker.

Front row 1-r.: Ronald Blakeney, Wayne Doyle, George Doyle, Karl Faulkner, Paul Blakeney, Roy Baker, Merlin Baker, Howard Harpell, Horace Baker, Jr.



WEST JEDDORE, looking North West. Showing homes of Wilfred Maskell, Howard Blakeney, Norman McGregor, John Richardson

Teachers at West Petpeswick School:

Miss Georgina Robson.	1887	Clam Har.
Miss Ella Gaetz	1904	Musq. "
Miss Mattie Sibley	1906	Meaghers Grant
Miss Gladys Jewers	1907	E. Shore
Miss Mary Warner	1908,	two years Chèzzetcook
Miss Cooks	?	
Miss Ray Thompson		W. Petpeswick
Miss Cussie Ritcey		Musq. Har.
Miss Ethel Guild		" "
Miss Laura Smith		E. Petpeswick
Miss Alice Smith		Chezzetcook
Miss Elvie Myers		Jeddore
Miss Florence Greenough		M. Grant
Mr. Harris Colford		Chezzetcook
Miss Clair Turner	1931	W. Petpeswick
Miss Edna Goff	1932	M. Grant
Mrs. Ray Turner	1933	W. Petpeswick
Miss Mary Roast		Chezzetcook
Miss Eva Cameron		Beaver Har.
Miss Norma MacInnes	1949	Musq. Har.
Miss Muriel Myers	1936	Jeddore
Miss L. Settle		Lawrencetown
Miss Inez Turner		W. Petpeswick
Mrs. Cyril Young		W. Petpeswick
Miss Myrtle Thompson		W. Petpeswick Last teacher for several terms before consolidation.

(Submitted by Mrs. Beatrice Greenough.)

SNIPPETS OF HISTORY

March 2, 1860. Grist and saw mills, owned by George Anderson, Petpeswick, were totally consumed by fire on Wednesday.

Dec. 12, 1962. Our first snowstorm and a heavy one, remaining over the 13th and 14th.

Oct. 28, 1965. Our first snow arrived, followed with thunder and lightning, as well as huge hail stones.

1816. The 'year without a summer'. Winter weather extended into the summer months throughout the New England States, New York, and Canada. Ice and snow were common in June. Snow fell to the depth of 10 inches in Vermont; seven in Maine; and three in New York. In July, ice formed the thickness of window glass, and in August it was half an inch thick. Corn was so frozen it was cut down for fodder. Almost all green vegetables were destroyed. During the whole season the sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat.

In Nova Scotia, frost was hard in the woods in June, and the ground was frozen solid. Families were put to inconvenience to get food for their families. Alexander Grant, a miller of East River,

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came to Halifax to obtain a supply of flour. He bought 70 barrels of flour, for which he paid three pounds a barrel. On his way home the morning of the 5th of June, the ground was frozen hard enough to carry his horse and wagon. On his way up from Halifax, he saw a man trying to harrow his ground where he had planted grain. It was so cold he was wearing a great coat.

The flour was sent home by water on a coal carrier. When it arrived on a Saturday night, he put it in a barn owned by the late James Carmichael. On Monday morning, before Mr. Grant reached the barn, there as many assembled as there were barrels of flour. No sooner was the door opened than each man rushed to seize a barrel, asking no questions as to price. It was with some difficulty that he saved one for his own family.

JACOB'S WELL

There was once an historic small well at West Jeddore which was supposed to be discovered and circled with stones by our first settlers. It was a spring of delightfully cool water which never lowered even in the hottest and driest of weather. It was located at the foot of the hill on the property of the late Everett Baker, and presumably named for his grandfather Jacob.

Somehow, our older residents did not trouble to dig their wells very deep. When a dry season came, many carried water from Jacob's well for weeks, sometimes for nearly a mile. We children rather enjoyed setting forth early in the morning for the day's supply of water, with another trip at eventide. There was usually a group of boys and girls with their pails and pots. The containers were not always as full when we arrived home.

A well-worn path led to the well which was valuable to the vessels that gathered in the Harbour. This was the time when coastal vessels would harbour at nightfall or before a storm to wait for wind and tide before they would proceed to and from Halifax. Jacob's well was familiar to mariners.

As the years passed, the road along the pond became washed away, due to the sea breaking over the beach, filling the pond and submerging the road. A new road was built along the Baker property. The road workers were not aware of the value of that little historical well, so it has ceased to exist.

ORIGIN OF A NAME

In a recent article I wondered how Sober Island derived its name. It was a pleasure to receive a letter from a reader relating its origin.

It seems that some years ago a sailing vessel had a supply of strong stuff aboard. The men all drank freely, becoming drunk. When they finally sobered up, they were on this island. So as they regained their composure, they named it 'Sober Island'.

The 'Yo-Ho'

There was seldom any excitement in our small world. However, about 75 years ago, one beautiful moonlight night after most everyone had retired, those living in the Cove were startled to hear wild unearthly screams. Rushing out of our beds, we saw what looked like a human being coming up the road from the woods. We called it a 'Yo-Ho', because that is what it sounded like. After a few years we learned it was a tropical screech owl.

His legs were like spindles, and the feet resembled those that divers wear. The body was short and fat, and the face was like something we had never seen before. As he leaped and screamed along the road, he was heard for miles. We children were more or less stunned and felt sure it was Satan. There was not much sleep for anyone that night. Early the next morning some men came across from East Jeddore in their boat. They had heard the wild screams and saw the creature as he leapt along the road.

On January 14, 1976, a resident of Raymondville, Texas, was attacked by a huge bird with a bat face, and three Texas school teachers driving in separate cars on an isolated road were surprised to see an identical creature hovering over a herd of cattle. I had read recently in the Free Press of the Pteromodons, a bat-like creature of pre-historic times. Perhaps this was our 'Yo-Ho', a long way from home many years ago.

Periwinkles

As children we used to visit along the shoreline when the tide was low and gather periwinkles, a small sea snail that clings to the rocks. We would cook them- often in a tin can on the beach- and pick out the wee bit of meat with a large safety pin. It was truly a delicious flavour, but it would take a pile of them to make a meal. Am not aware whether they have ever appeared on the market.

One of my jobs was to gather these periwinkles and smash them for the hens, uncooked, to provide gravel in their diet. As I roamed the shoreline, it was my chance to daydream and imagine myself travelling all over the world. I had all the big rocks named for places in my Geography book, and had many wonderful journeys.

COACH STOP IS NO MORE

Driving along the highway toward Dartmouth through Musquodoboit Harbour, one notes the many improvements, too numerous to mention. It is with a feeling of nostalgia we see some of the old landmarks demolished even though modern buildings have taken their place. The demolition of the Claremont Hotel which years ago was a busy spot on what was called Chisholm's Corner, where people awaited the daily arrival of the coach, the one way for travellers going to villages along the Eastern Shore. Upon arrival from Halifax in all kinds of weather, passengers were glad for a brief rest, while the horses were either rested or changed for the further trip along the Shore. Hospitality shown to weary travellers by the Chisholm family lingers with one in memory. (Written 1969)

A recent letter from our friend, the retired road engineer of the Eastern Shore, tells of how unknowingly he assisted a German spy about mid-December in the first year of World War II.

Leaving Sheet Harbour about 6.30 p.m., headed for Halifax midst a heavy snowstorm, he picked up two men who were going to Mushaboom. About Grand Lake streams, a man was seen pushing what looked like a gasoline drum with rubber tires on both ends to act as wheels, and a long handle like a lawn mower. The man wore a small cap, but was bare-handed.

Stopping, I asked him where he was going. In reply he said he was going to the next town where he would stop overnight. He was informed there was no hotel at Spry Harbour, the nearest place, but was told he would need to go further for accommodation, so he was advised to throw the drum in the ditch and get in the car, then go back for it next day. Otherwise, he might freeze to death. He hesitated for a moment, then took a small box that was attached to the handle, and got into the car.

When asked why he was pushing that drum along the road in mid-winter, he replied that he was keeping a wager and must push it across Canada. He was asked how he made a living. He said he played the mouth organ at dances at different villages he passed through.

Thrusting a hand into his pocket, he produced a small photograph of himself which he sold for 25 cents. When given a quarter, he said, "They call me the 'great loan'. All the girls like me." Leaving him at Lower Ship Harbour, he was shown a house where he might get lodgings.

Months later, we read in the paper where a German spy had been caught near Boston. The drum was full of sketches of all the harbours along the Halifax County coastline. To quote our friend, "I, poor fool, was trying to act the Good Samaritan, had unintentionally assisted a German spy, and had been fool enough to buy his picture."

SAILING SHIPS ONCE NAVIGATED PORTER'S LAKE

Recently there came my way a brief history of Porter's Lake, a well-populated village on Route 7. The Lake is about 12 miles in length, and at one time was navigable for sailing ships.

In 1883 a swinging Span bridge was built at our present #7 road so ships could pass through. Rumors were afloat that one vessel entered and was scuttled off Duck's Head, the water there being very deep. A few years ago some skindivers from USA came. They searched the bottom of the Lake, but their findings were never disclosed.

A citizen of Lower Graham's Settlement said that when the tide was full, schooners could sail over the gravel bar and anchor inside.

The bridge at Middle Porter's Lake was built in 1909. It was a steel span of 75 feet with stone causeway approaches on each end and a

clearance of about 20 feet from the water. This would indicate that sailing vessels could not pass here.

In 1930, the gravel bar at the outlet of Porter's Lake was removed. This was done by Wm. Noonan Co. of Halifax. A line was run from the railroad, called Termind Beach. After the gravel bar had been removed, or dredged out, the sea came into the Lake. Today, this is a dry sand flat at low tide. Navigation has ended.

When the Dartmouth to Upper Musquodoboit Railroad was built about 1913, a concrete culvert was built and a channel dredged to form a canal. This provided a second outlet for the Lake. So Porter's Lake, with its expanse of water, its national park, many summer cottages, and a trailer court is an outstanding scenic village along Route 7. As our tourists swing their outboard motors up and down this expanse of water, they are unaware of the history that lies deep beneath the keel of their boats. (Written 1972.)

JEDDORE GOOD NEIGHBORS ENGAGE IN BUILDING BEE

Much interest is being shown in the Eastern Shore Building Bee that is underway for the widow, Mrs. Jean Clark and family who lost their home and all belongings several weeks ago at Head Jeddore by fire.

At sunrise on Saturday morning a team of men from nearby villages as well as Head Jeddore met on the site where the house stood, on a hill in Dooks' Lane, a beautiful spot overlooking Jeddore Harbour. When Mrs. Clark's husband was killed in a car accident a few months before their only daughter Dawn was born, the insurance money was used to purchase the cottage where Mrs. Clark and her five boys and one daughter lived until fire destroyed everything.

A cottage on the property of the late Nathaniel Dooks was fitted up for them, where they have been living since the fire. In the meantime, friends from far and near have been donating money and furnishings. The response to the Jean Clark Fund under the direction of Rev. A.F. Sheward of St. Thomas Rectory, Musquodoboit Harbour, has been one of true neighbourly love.

A week ago the basement was dug out, ready for cement. The team of volunteer workers, many of whom work in Halifax during the week, gave up their Saturdays to further the work on the house. So, carpenters, welders, and fitters are on hand to engage in a lot of hard work, but many hands make it lighter and the job is well under way.

This is truly a Building Bee such as was common in communities years ago where help was needed in erecting homes and public buildings. It was usual for people to work in sympathy and harmony, perhaps inspired by familiar words-"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

B.M. Myers Mill and Woodworking

The foundation of this business was laid more than a century ago by Burton M. Myers' grandfather, Colin Myers. The first phase of the undertaking was a cooperage, later expanding to shipbuilding, which was taken up by his father, the late C.J. Myers. The present phase of the business was begun by Burton M. Myers some forty years ago.

The site was established in 1922, and operated under the Myers name for four years, until shortly after the death of Mrs. B.M. Myers. It was taken over by other interests and purchased by E.R. Orlando in 1930, sold to Harvey T. Myers in 1937, and purchased by the present owner soon after.

The building is of frame construction, two and one-half storeys, with some 2000 square feet of floor space. The power plant consists of seven electric motors, a total of 50 h.p., with a 40 h.p. motor as the main unit. Most of the machines are automatic or semi-automatic, designed for speed and efficiency. On one side we manufacture shingles, laths, pickets, and small lumber. On the other, windows, doors, house trim, siding, flooring, cabinet work, boats, and general woodwork.

(Written by Harley Mills, Head Jeddore School, Grade IX, 1947).

THE BLAKENEY HOUSE

The Blakeney House was opened in the summer of 1935, just for summer tourists. A party of Americans, seven in number, came along one evening and asked where to stay all night. Ralph Blakeney was out working in the garden at the time. He told them where they could go, but they asked him why he couldn't put them up. So he talked it over, and they stayed all night. In the morning, after, as they said, a very comfortable night, they asked why we would not put out our sign and call it the "Blakeney House". We did, and for the first few years we were open May 1 to November 1. In 1942 we opened all the year round.

The Blakeney House is situated on the main highway, route 7, between the new road and the old. It has a lawn and flower garden on both sides, and is handy to the salt water for good bathing, boating, and fishing. Since it was opened in 1935, it has been enlarged in size and in business.

(Written by Clarence Blakeney, Grade XI, Head Jeddore School 1947)

Myers Point Post Office

The first Post Office on Myers Point was started about 1907, the post mistress being Mrs. Mary Foley. After her death, it was taken over by Philip Myers in 1926, who was postmaster for almost two years.

It was then transferred to Daniel Myers, who held it for three years. In 1931 it was taken over again by Philip Myers, who still holds it.

(Written by Jean Mills, Grade VII, Head Jeddore School, 1947)

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Blacksmith Shop

In November, 1945, Ralph Bonn started blacksmithing in Head Jeddore. At first, he started with a little building and the horses were shod outside; but a few weeks later a piece was built on for shoeing horses. Later, ox slings were bought for shoeing oxen.

(Written by Jear Bonn, Grade X, Head Jeddore School, 1947 .)

B.O. Myers Grocery Store

On the first day of November, 1930, Byron Myers erected and opened a store and gas service. His trade consisted of grocery, flour, and feed. He got his goods by transfer from Halifax. He delivers goods to the people of Head Jeddore and Myers Point.

The passengers who come from West Jeddore to meet the bus wait at his store. The Post Office is situated in his store.

(Written by Bernice Myers, Grade VII, Head Jeddore School 1947.)

Nathaniel Dooks Grocery Store

In the year 1856 Nathaniel Dooks opened a small general store at Head Jeddore. A larger store was built in 1885.

After Mr. Dooks' death in 1912, the business was taken over by his son Nathaniel. In 1917 a one-storey building was erected and attached to the house, situated on a hill overlooking Dooks' Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Dooks handle a variety of goods, such as groceries, drugs, hardware, and dry goods. Mr. Dooks can be seen going to and from the railway station at Musquodoboit Harbour for the freight, as well as delivering goods to his customers in the community.

(Written by Mona Cox, Grade VII, Head Jeddore School 1947.)

The Early Post Office

The early settlers of Jeddore went to Musquodoboit Harbour for their mail, and as travel was difficult, mail was not received very often.

Later, a Post Office was opened at Salmon River Bridge to serve the Jeddore area. The postmaster was Mr. Guild. When the population of the district grew, a post office was opened at Head of Jeddore, in charge of Alfred Day, who lived opposite Ben Day's present home. He was a tall, slight man with a long beard. Mr. Bert Myers remembers going for the mail and Mr. Day would go upstairs and drop the mail down through a crack in the floor.

The next postmaster was William J. Myers, who lived where Murray Myers lives now.

About 1901 Mr. Edward Wournell was appointed postmaster, and held that office for 28 years. Then Mrs. Ben Day was in charge for a short

time. It was returned to Mr. Wournell in 1930 for a few months.

In 1930, Orlando P. Myers was appointed postmaster. After his death in 1942, Mrs. Byron Myers became postmistress.

In those early days the coach was drawn by horses until 1931, when a station wagon and car were used for carrying the mail. There was very little parcel post in earlier days.

From Head Jeddore Post Office, mail goes to Myers' Point and West Jeddore.

The first mail carrier to West Jeddore was John A. Blakeney, and at present, Norman McGregor carries the mail to West Jeddore. He also drives passengers to the bus. The first mail carrier to Myers Point was Harvey Myers in 1905. The present carrier is Philip Myers.

The present Post Office is situated on the main highway in Byron Myers' store.

(Written by Bernice Myers, Head Jeddore School, Grade VII 1947 .)

RED CROSS

The Red Cross auxiliary was organized at Head of Jeddore in December 1945, with eighteen members enrolled. The President was Mrs. Harvey Myers.

Their objective was two-fold. Firstly, it is to carry on the good work of the Red Cross. This can be done by raising money to help provide for those who suffer from disasters or in emergencies. These may arise at any time, either at home or in places near or afar.

Secondly, the auxiliary is to play a part in connection with the proposed hospital to be built at Musquodoboit Harbour, by giving financial assistance. The members pledged the sum of \$150.00 to be paid to the hospital, and have met their obligation. In addition to this, a movement will soon be on foot to raise funds to help with digging the artesian well.

Quilts have been made as well as many articles of clothing. Also socks and sweaters have been knitted and sent overseas for service men. The members have adopted a widow in England and sent parcels.

(Writer not known. -G.F.)

HOME and SCHOOL

Head Jeddore Home and School Association was formed in the schoolhouse October 15, 1945, with a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer voted in.

Mrs. B.C. Silver fully organized the Home and School Association with 10 members on November 24, 1945. Much work has been with furnishing the school with a furnace, seats and desks, teacher's desk, maps, blinds, etc. There are now (1947) twenty-five members. (Jean Mills)

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BLAKENEY HOUSE



B. M. Myers Mill

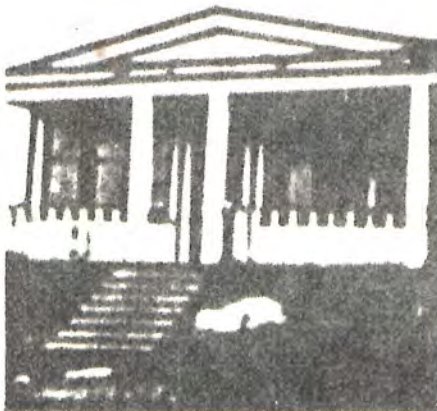


St. James Church

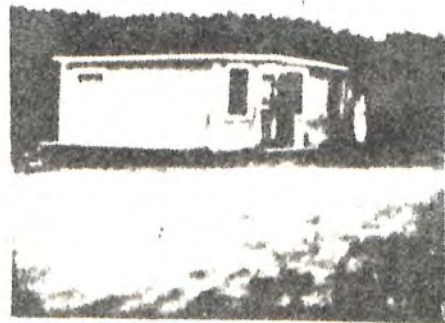
LANDMARKS



Blacksmith, Ralph Bonn



N. Dooks Grocery



B.O. Myers Grocery

Transportation has changed through the years

Our younger folks often wonder how we travelled in the days of the closing of the last century and the beginning of the present one that has gone so fast, leaving we older folks bewildered.

Our mode of travelling those years ago leaves one with pleasant memories, regardless of the hardships involved. Travel by road was by horse and wagon, over rocks and ruts galore. A double-seated wagon was far from comfortable, being cramped up in the one and only back seat, with the driver behind a horse that seemed to require a lot of chirping to keep up a reasonable trot as rocks flew right and left.

Our driver would keep up the encouraging chirps while occasionally he would look back to see if his passengers were still there. The one seated in the middle was more secure, while those on the outside hung grimly to the sides of the wagon, not knowing whether we would remain there or land on the road in a heap. Regardless of it all, we think we were as safe then as those of today travelling in cars. Even ox teams could be seen on the Halifax streets, coming in from outside villages loaded with produce from gardens. Today, those same folks speed into Halifax with their garden products. An ox and cart going up North Street in 1972 would create quite a sensation.

TRAIN CAME NEXT

The next way of travelling was when we had the privilege of driving by horse and wagon to Musquodoboit Harbour to await the train from Middle Musquodoboit en route to Dartmouth. Some of our older folks had their first train trip at that time. The line was officially opened on July 1, 1916, and became part of the CNR. Two of our local young men ran a "taxi" service station. The late Wilfred Maskell and Jerry Faulkner drove a horse and wagon, and later, their cars from West Jeddore to pick up or deliver passengers.

The Rev. Howard S. Hartlin, son of Capt. Peter Hartlin and Civilla of Oyster Pond, has told me of his first train trip from Musquodoboit Harbour. He was 16 years of age, and he walked from his home in a gale of wind and blinding snow storm on March 4, 1916. He was going to Halifax to visit his brother. There had been two feet of snow that day in Halifax, which confused him, and for a time he felt he was really lost. He has recalled that trip many times.

It was early in the spring of 1918 that a trip by train through to Dartmouth was decided, so early in the a.m. we started for Musquodoboit Harbour. There was no danger of the horse breaking the speed limit, so we arrived at the station on schedule. It was a relief to arrive safely and wait in the small station (at that time) where many had gathered to travel to Dartmouth, it being a novelty for some who had never been on a train. This was Mama's first train ride, and we were bound for Halifax to see my sister, Grace, who was ill.

An antique dealer today would be happy to possess the stove that sat in the middle of the waiting room, it being a tall monstrosity with an ornamental top which could be slid to one side to feed the stove with coal. The door in midriff had small panes of isinglass through which

one could see contents trying to ignite; otherwise, it was a cold stove.

PLEASANT ATMOSPHERE

The furnishings of the waiting room were wooden benches, very solid but by no means comfortable. Naturally, one did not expect to see easy chairs or chesterfields. A very pleasant atmosphere prevailed. Greetings of those who had not seen one another for some time were heard. "How nice to see you...You haven't changed a bit." The latter could be classed as a white lie, especially if a period of ten or more years had elapsed.

Midst all the chatter, the train could be heard puffing and steaming around a bend, stopping beside the station. The "All aboard" was welcomed, and there we met others from Middle and Upper Musquodoboit for more greetings and the usual salutations. On Saturdays the train was well filled, as folks took advantage of doing some special shopping as well as delivering farm products.

It was surprising how many small stations that train stopped at en route to Dartmouth. Passengers were soon on board. Some had baskets of eggs and butter, doubtless to supply customers, or as gifts for friends. Last but not least, we saw a jug of buttermilk. Quite a contrast to our cartons of such which we purchase. One would not mind having a glass of that rich buttermilk.

Somehow, a train of folks in those days was a happy get together. No formal introductions, just a real happy atmosphere of friendly folks. If asked where one lived, the questions arose-- Do you know Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So? At last we reached Dartmouth. There was no bridge to cross, no buses; so it meant a jaunt down to the ferry wharf and across to Halifax on the boat.

NO TIME TO WASTE

Being told when the train would be leaving for Musquodoboit, we knew we had no time to waste, so on to the shops and to visit Grace, where Mama stayed. Back to Dartmouth, we awaited the call "All Aboard". There was a large crowd to board the train, which dropped off passengers at the small stations along the line.

The car in which we sat was full, with a number standing in the rear. Among the latter group were three of our Jeddore boys, namely, Hugh and Sylvanus Dooks and Hugh Harpell. All three being well-known singers, they started to sing some of the lovely old hymns. Their voices blended and filled that car with music. All conversation had ended. Silence reigned as those three young men sang.

When a station was reached, some passengers seemed reluctant to leave. The years slipped by. The train made its final trip in January, 1960. Thus ended years of convenience for those who were considered isolated. But trucks and cars appeared on the roads and a more modern manner of living took place. As the old CNR station has ceased to be one for folks to gather, meeting and greeting friends, there are many happy memories. As it has become a museum, there will be much reminiscing, especially by those who travelled by train in their youth.

BLUENOSES : Potatoes, Loyalists, of a Cold Climate ?

The question has often been asked--Why are we Nova Scotians called Bluenosers ?

Years ago, landing in Boston Harbour from Yarmouth after a trip on what was called the "Boston Tub", one was greeted by hecklers with "Here come the Bluenosers" or "Herrin' Chokers" or "Down Easters".

On one occasion, when I had written an article on Nova Scotia for a Chicago journal, I used the pen name "Bluenose, N.S.". I received many letters, and one in particular was most amusing. It came from a lady who asked, "Why are you called Bluenosers? Are your noses blue?" I replied that we had been given that name by the Yankees.

Browsing through an old scrapbook recently, dating back to 1837, the origin of the name as given to the people of Nova Scotia indicated that the matter was in some doubt. By the time the name was given to the famous ^{schooner} now being reconstructed in the shipyards of Lunenburg, it had become an affectionate nickname rather than one of contempt.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript speaks of the origin and said, "The first use of the word as applied to Nova Scotia natives was found in Haliburton's "The Clockmaker", where Sam Slick had the following conversation :

"Pray, sir," said one of his fellow passengers, "can you tell me why the Nova Scotians are called Bluenoses?"

The reply was, " It is the name of a potato which they produce in great perfection and claim to be the best in the world. The Americans have, in consequence, given them the name of Bluenose."

In a dictionary of slang and colloquial English, the definition of Bluenose was : 'natives of Nova Scotia, due to the potato.'

However, there is the suggestion that the nickname refers to the blueness of the nose, resulting from intense cold. This reason is carried in the 1837 paper, at which time the climate of our fair province may have been such as to have given an aristocratic tinge to the nose.

There is a legend, or tradition, that when the Loyalists were expelled from the United States as the Revolution progressed, they called themselves the "True Blues", which Yankee derision soon changed to Bluenoses and accepted by the Loyalists as a very honorable nickname.

After years of enquiry as to why we are called Bluenosers, it was most gratifying to find that the name was given to our ancestral Loyalists, and, therefore, we feel proud of the name.

(Written 1967.)

ANTIQUÉ FEVER

During the week an antique buyer visited the neighbourhood, hunting up what are supposed to be antiques. The question comes up: What is an antique? An interest in antiques is as good a hobby as any other. Our ancestors were more interested in collecting the necessities of life. Old furniture meant nothing to them unless it could be put to use.

There is no charm in something old and worn unless it grew old in the service of those we love. Old kerosene lamps are becoming popular with antique dealers. But why cherish their memories when today we can place our finger on a switch and the room is flooded with light ?

Memory goes back to filling oil lamps, polishing the shades, trimming the wicks straight across to avoid peaks; then those tops that one had to polish, usually with brick dust, to remove the blackened condition. Speaking of such to an antique lover, the question came : Why didn't you use Javex? Such cleaners as Javex and many modern cleaners were unheard of years ago.

The antique dealer asked if I had any old lamps. When I answered, "Yes, I had four, but I gave them away," I'm sure the glance given was a question whether I might be going in the head.

When a blackout occurs, candles are much easier to use. Doubtless we keep things that become family treasures for sentimental value only.

Another "horrible" antique is the old spool beds of years ago. The question comes to me over and over --What became of the spool beds we had as children ? Our "grass" beds. Memories of scarred knuckles when tucking the bed clothes over the straw sacks that took the place of a mattress remains clear in my mind. The spool beds made good kindling wood for our stoves once the years rolled along and others were available. Believe it or not, a real look of horror and pity appears on faces when told of the 'death' of those spool beds.

Had an old wooden churn tucked away in the closet under the stairs, been resting there for more than 50 years. 'Tis a wonder it had not fallen a victim to the axe as the spool bedsteads had. That poor old churn had churned many pounds of butter, and, with all its memories of labour, it was unearthed and purchased. Doubtless there was a blank expression on one's face when the old churn had become valuable before my eyes, but not like the expression on the buyer's face when informed that my four oil lamps had been given away and the spool beds used to feed the wood stoves.

From a letter dated May 26, 1912 ; West Jeddore --

'School re-opens tomorrow after being closed for three weeks for DIPHTHERIA.'

OLD WATERLOO STOVES LEFT FOND MEMORIES

The general talk and headlines today seem to be of oil and gas, so thoughts go back to pioneer days when oil, gas, or electricity were unheard of for fuel.

The old Waterloo stoves of years gone by have long since been forgotten, but those who had one grace their kitchen have fond memories of them. They took up a large space in the kitchen, due to their shape. The long, round oven sat on what was called the neck of the stove. The main part being very low, it was a backbreaking job to keep it going. But the heat waves from that old Waterloo can never be forgotten. There was no furnace then to throw its heat through other parts of the house.



In many homes, the Waterloo sat on a bright yellow painted floor, with here and there a hooked or braided mat or two. Behind the stove was a woodbox of no particular design, but well filled with wood. Our tea kettle was solid iron, and "sat in". It had to be kept well polished too. You ask what polish? Well, Nixie's stove polish, which cost 2 for 5 cents. Mama dissolved it in an old cup, and it was applied with a rabbit's paw, then shined with a brush. After a vigorous polishing, the dust had to be wiped off the brightly painted floor.

We girls were insolent enough to name our Waterloo the Goddess Diana, much to Mama's surprise. Such an expression was very near a so-called swear word. However, that old Waterloo finally expired. One wonders if there are any in use today except in a museum. Some homes had a small stove in the parlor, which would be heated if company came. It seemed that many of the company preferred the cosy kitchen as they loved to hear the wood crackling in the Waterloo.

A reader at Lake Echo tells me there lives a gentleman at Wyse Corner whose father bought a Waterloo at an auction 100 years ago for \$9.00. The date 1875 is inscribed on a cover. He has burned nothing but hardwood in it, and it is in perfect condition. No doubt polished regularly with Nixie's ! (Written 1974)

DREAMS AND TREASURE

Many years ago the older folks were strong believers in their dreams. As the story goes, a relative went to visit Grandma Agnes about 100 years ago. She announced that she had brought Grandma a gift. Before she had a chance to present it, Grandma Agnes said, "I dreamed you had come and gave me a plate with a spray of moss roses in the centre." The fact was that the plate was exactly as it had appeared in Grandma's dream, and substantiated her belief in dreams. The plate is a large one of Royal Ironstone with a spray of moss roses and leaves in the centre.

Deep Pond Treasure

Down below Harpell's Pond, in front of great-uncle Stephen Harpell's homestead, lies the long, narrow, Deep Pond. One part of it extends to a breakwater beach that separates it from the Atlantic Ocean, but during a severe storm the breakers come over the beach, flooding the pond. It is surrounded by woods and a cranberry bog.

For years the bog has yielded cranberries, but during a recent storm the waves pounded over the beach, overflowed the pond, and covered the entire bog. Then a cold snap froze the pond solid, covering the cranberry crop for that year. For two seasons now there have been no berries. Presumably the salt water and ice killed the vines. When the ice melted and the water receded, numerous berries were left useless on the bank.

An interesting part of that Pond is a flat rock on the south side, just below the road that leads down to the Pond. According to legend and dreams, a pot of gold is buried by that rock.

For three nights in a row, Zachariah dreamed, or to quote him, he "was told" the location of the rock. He was to go at night, alone, with his lantern and dig. His wife denounced it as "the works of Satan".

The first night he set out with his tools and lantern when all other neighbours were peacefully sleeping. True to his dream, the first thing he found was an iron bar. When he reached that, he hurried home as he was more or less haunted by his wife's suggestion of Satan nearby.

Recovering his nerve, he set forth the next night to resume his digging. The second loot was to be a string of chain; the final find, a pot of gold. By this time, his nerve gave way, and hastily covering up the cavity, he fled home with his tools and lantern, and agreed with his wife that there was an evil spirit connected with the treasure pot. Naturally, his wife said, "I told you so!"

I've heard the story from childhood, and known others who attempted to dig. They found the iron bar and the length of chain, but the pot of gold is still there. Like many other stories of treasure in Nova Scotia, this one lies undiscovered.

DEPRESSION YEARS

Following the end of World War I, depression years were hard to face. It meant hard work for all concerned. With five children to feed and clothe, there were many sacrifices. We struggled along, with no child allowance or any help along that line. I sewed for neighbours and made over clothes for my children as well as theirs. A dollar then meant a lot. Prices of fish were low, and sometimes there was doubt whether they could be sold at all. It was a case of trading, for money from the fish went to buy staples that we could not raise ourselves.

There was a good community spirit. Everyone helped a neighbour and often shared a roast of pork or beef after an animal was butchered or a deer was shot.

When the fishing season ended, the men could cut pulpwood on their own land or go to the woods. The late Alan Parker, James Ritcy, Charles Myers, and Byron Mitchell hired gangs of men for the Mersey Paper Company of Liverpool to work in the woods at the head of Ship Harbour and Jeddore Lakes. Camps were established, and men worked for \$1.00 a day, using ~~crosscut~~ saws, axes, ox teams, horses, and sleds. Men travelled to the camps on foot, or, if the ice were safe, they skated up along the harbour ice and across the lakes. They came home on occasional weekends, late Saturday, returning Sunday afternoon.

When the spring breakup came, great masses of pulpwood came down Salmon River to the Bridge where they were stored in booms to wait for a boat. From the fleet of pulp carriers owned by Mersey, the "Liverpool Rover" was a regular caller to Jeddore, anchoring just south of the Bridge or over in the East Bay at Oyster Pond. Teenagers and older men rowed or walked to their job, where they stood on rafts to load the slings that were hoisted on board and stored in the hold or on the deck. Their pay was 20 cents an hour for a 10-hour day. Once they went on a strike, refusing to work, asking a 5-cent raise, but they didn't win.

The "Rover" was in charge of the late Capt. Ralph Williams of Ostrea Lake, and Stuart was fortunate in getting the job of piloting her in and out of the Harbour. The extra money meant a great deal at that time. The "Rover" called for several summers in the mid-thirties.

In 1938, the largest ship ever to enter the harbour made her maiden voyage from Hamburg, Germany, for a load of N.S. pulpwood. "Hans Leonhardt" came straight to the bell buoy where she stopped and blew for the pilot. Dad went out and stayed overnight until the fog lifted the next day so she could be piloted to her mooring at Salmon River. She was in charge of Capt. R.C. Matthiesen.

This winter work meant a great deal to everyone in those years.

THE LEND-A-HAND CLUB

In 1933 we organized a club among the women as a means to help one another. We called it the Lend-A-Hand Club.

Our President was Mrs. Grace Bonn; Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret (Blakeney) Dooks; Work Convener, Mrs. John Maskell (Nita). We met once a week at a member's home, or often went to the home of an older person or shut-in by invitation. We took a small collection, but had no actual dues.

Material for sewing and embroidery was donated by interested friends, and some we bought. One way of raising money was to make a "Friendship" quilt. Each block had five names written across the centre and corners, for which we charged 10 cents a name. We embroidered the names and bound the quilt in the color requested by the person who ordered it or according to our own taste. We quilted them at Nita's. Twenty blocks gave us 100 names and \$10.00. Embroidery cotton was 3 skeins for 10 cents then, and the broadcloth for the whole quilt was 10 yards for \$1.00. We usually had \$5.00 clear.

We made an outfit of clothes for each new baby in the community. In the fall or early winter we met at a home where there were several children and knit for the family to help the mother. Often, we took mitts or socks home to finish.

We remembered the sick with fruit. Our gift was always a dozen of oranges.

Some women who did not get out much were 'associate' members who helped with donations, and we met at their homes. Three I recall are Aunt Goldie (Mrs. Ezra Harpell), Mrs. Ethel Ross (Mrs. Ross Blakeney), and Aunt Floie (Mrs. Will Richardson). One evening we met at Margaret Harpell's, Aunt Floie brought a cake for a special treat.

Many of the older members are gone now, but we remember Mrs. Ada Stuart, Mrs. Ada John, Mrs. George Len, Mrs. Ethel Norm, Mrs. Laura MacGregor, Mrs. Annie Harris, Vinie Bowser, Margaret Harpell, Mrs. Grace Bonn, and Aunt Madge as faithful workers.

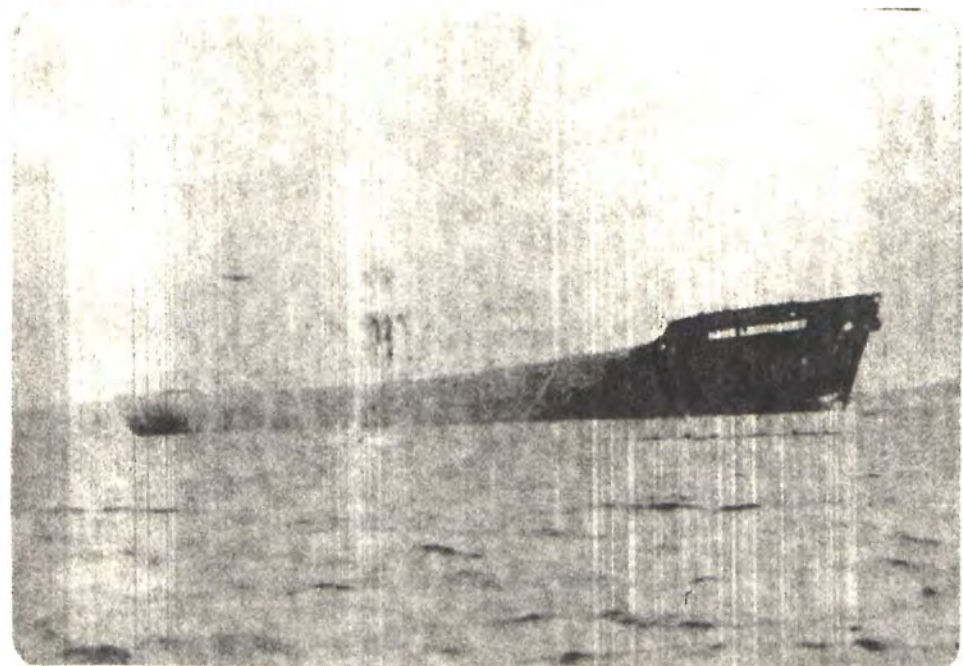
We sometimes had a sale, or made 'grabs' if we had work on hand in the spring. We kept going until the war, and then went into Red Cross work.

(Written records are lost. The above was given by Margaret Dooks and Nita Maskell.)



T.S.S. LIVERPOOL ROVER

Capt. Ralph Williams and his pilot, E. Stuart Williams, on the deck of the "Liverpool Rover", 1938.



HANS LEONHARDT in Jeddore Harbour, 1938

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THE WAR TO END WARS

Remembrance Day was celebrated once more, and memories go back over the past 60 years when war was declared. In our country homes, we had no radios, phones, or television sets. It was on a lovely day of sunshine in August 1914 when war clouds hung heavy over all. The days were tense. The late Capt. Frank Young came in the harbour in his vessel en route from Halifax to Arichat. Coming ashore from his vessel, he was on his way to the Cove to walk through the road to Pleasant Point to visit his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Young. He waved, then came to our door to tell us that war had been declared.

The news struck terror in our hearts, for all were aware of the months of horror which lengthened into years. We were well aware that sacrifice would be the price of victory, but we hardly grasped the magnitude of the sacrifices that lay ahead.

There was no need to call our brave Canadian sons to arms, as there were some who thought the war would be over before they got there. As one veteran said, "I only gave my eyes. I can still talk and sing. Many friends gave their lives. While we rejoiced, they could not see nor hear the victory won. They died for us. They rest in peace. They are asleep, while we came back to live where we belong. It seems as though a voice comes full of love and tenderness. They died so you may live, so use the time they gained for you to pray and work and give. When we review in memory their blood, their tears, and pain, their great and noble sacrifices will not have been in vain. Let us not forget our fallen friends wherever they may lie, and make in honor of their names, each day -- Remembrance Day."

Remembrance Day brings back many memories of World War I as well as the second World War. There were many who joined the forces even though they hated the thought of war. But love and loyalty to their country and loved ones led them on. The war years dragged on, leaving broken homes and broken bodies of loved ones all over the world. When finally the end came and peace was declared, it was stated that this was a real victory--a war to end wars.

The years once more sped by. Those who were little boys in 1914 were now called upon to join up in World War II. The horror and anguish of those who parted with loved ones came about all over again. The pride of Canada, our youth, were once more to go across the seas.

On November 11th we can gather in remembrance of those who sleep in Flanders Fields, and lift our hearts in thankfulness for those who returned to us. 'Tis a long time since 1914, but memories never fade. We remember those who lie midst the poppies.

The following was sent to me by a dear friend who lost her only son:

This, My Son

Hush, little son, the bugle is not for you--go to sleep, little son. It seems like yesterday that they placed you in my arms. They said, "Here's your son," and I was happy. But then, so soon, you toddled on short sturdy legs; out of my arms but never out of my heart.

You went off to school one autumn morning. I kissed you Good-bye down at the gate, but the next morning or so, you said, "Oh, Mum, cut out the baby stuff. Little tough guy!! After such a short while, you began to scrub freckles off your nose-- and you wanted a new blue suit with long pants, so I bought a new necktie too. Just the color of your clear blue eyes.

Just last June you graduated. One or two black marks on your report card, but none on your young soul, I know. You hugged me hard before you went to bed. "Good night, little son." Oh, God, why does that bugle keep calling? I've said "Good night", but if he must answer the call to arms and give his life for his country, dear God, help me to say it gallantly--"Good-bye, little son."

There are many mothers who gave their sons that we might not know the horrors and ravages of war. The loved ones that ne'er came home again, those who lived to come with broken bodies are remembered today.

Over the seas the autumn wanes,
Leaves are falling in Flanders field
Sweeping across Picardy's plains;
They strew the grounds between the mounds
With their crosses bare
That mark the graves of the men who fell.

Over the seas a winter's snow
Shall soon be falling as a shroud
To cover the earth and hide the scars of the blackened plain.

Then, over the seas when springtime comes
From sunlit graves where the brown bees hum
And the dewdrop sheds a dewy tear,
The lark shall rise with his heavenly song
And sing to the souls of the dead
Whose graves lay hidden the winter long.
The mothers of France shall guard them well
While they sleep midst poppies in Flanders Fields.

As another year has slipped away, and we pause for Remembrance Day, we go across the sea to a military hospital.

We come to the ward of the hospital. It was very quiet and one could hear the twittering of sparrows under the eaves. A period of quietness lingered until two new patients were brought into the ward and visited by the doctor.

The doctor left, and the new patients looked around with curious eyes of wayfarers who had come to a new land. Neither of them spoke. One of the new patients, a mere boy, smiled but as though it even hurt him to smile.

A nurse came into the ward, wheeling a little barrow covered with glass jars full of dressings and a tray of instruments immersed in water. Bringing it to the bedside of the boy, she said, "Don't be afraid. The doctor won't hurt you." The doctor then came to the bedside.

At night when the ward was still, the boy moaned in his sleep. When he awoke, the night nurse asked him if he were comfortable. "Quiet, nurse," he said, but his voice broke. Next day his eyes had a glow in them that the doctor described as fever. The corner of a telegram envelope was showing between the pillow and mattress. He kept watching the door of the ward.

The old clergyman who visited the wounded in this hospital sat down beside the boy. "Can I write a letter for you?" he asked. "Oh, no," said the boy, and he handed the telegram to the clergyman. The telegram read, "Coming today." "It's from my mother," said the boy proudly.

About sunset they brought a screen and put it around the boy's bed. The western sky was all red, so that the sterilizer on the ward table glowed like a lamp.

Men in the beds nearby heard the boy speaking about battles, trenches, and of those who were on the other side of "No Man's Land." He seemed to be explaining the whole mechanism of warfare. "Who is he talking to?" asked one man. "Don't you hear? His mother."

When the last strands of gold had left the western sky, and the hush of night descended, the boy died. The nurse was with him when he died. She came from the bedside to the ward and stood a while with a bewildered look on her face and shivered, for it is always cold when the Great Spirit goes by.

While she stood there, a little old lady with a sweet face came into the ward and called to the nurse. "Can you tell me if 'Private Smith' is a patient here?" she asked in a clear voice. When the nurse looked into the face of the lady, she choked on the words she tried to utter. After a long, long time, the old lady came out from behind the screen. It was nearly midnight. She thanked the nurse for all that had been done.

Two days later the boy was buried. They gave him a soldier's funeral, The flag of England draped his coffin. In front of the gun carriage soldiers marched with weapons reversed, but behind it only one solitary figure draped in black.

Some of the patients watched the procession from the windows. One remarked, "Her husband died a few weeks ago, and the boy was her only son." And they added: "Thank God for such mothers."

Each year friends and loved ones gather with veterans of both wars for a service at the War Memorial at Oyster Pond. It was erected in 1926 in memory of our men who served, under the supervision of Nelson Webber.

The promoters of the Monument Project were Seldon Webber, Josiah Mitchell, Elijah Mitchell, Reuben Mitchell, and Cecil Mitchell. All members of the Orange Lodge approved of the Memorial. It was bought from Alonzo Harpell. Captains Wallace and Elijah Mitchell were responsible for its transportation from Halifax. It came to the Oyster Pond Government, on the "Iolanthe", where men came with strong and willing hands to unload it.

After some discussion, it was located at the crossroads by the East Jeddore road where it was a landmark. When the new highway was built, it was moved to its present location.

Names of our men killed in action were inscribed on a plaque that was attached after World War II.

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,
And stood on guard, O Canada,
That still thou might be free.
O Canada, thy destiny
Was sealed by those who stood on guard for thee;
By those, who nobly daring,
Died for thee.



The following poem was sold on the streets of Halifax for 10 cents a copy.

HALIFAX IN RUINS

It was on the sixth of December, Nineteen hundred with seventeen, That Halifax suffered disaster The worst she'd ever seen.	And then when the crash was over, Those 'still alive struck dumb, Turned into living statues Wondering what next would come.
The morning was bright with sunshine 'Twas a typical winter day, None had a thought of danger As they wandered their busy way.	No one knew what had happened; Some thought it the end of the world. While others thought sure 'twas the Germans
The children had gone to their lessons, Their mothers were busy at home; While fathers worked on at the factory Little dreaming he'd soon be alone.	Marching in with banners unfurled. Then rushing out into the streets From their tumbling and shattered homes,
There came creeping up the harbour A ship loaded down to the rail, With the most horrible death-dealing cargo	Some with cuts and bruises, Others with broken bones, They were met with a sight more horrible
That was ever allowed to sail. She carried a deckload of Benzol And shells for overseas, In her hold a new explosive They called it "T.N.T."	Than any they'd ever seen; For there lay the dead and dying, It was worse than a battle scene, Houses were crushed like paper; People were killed like flies. The coroner's record tells us The toll was 2000 lives.
Now why should this death-dealing monster Be allowed to come creeping in here, To bathe our beautiful city In widows' and orphans' tears ?	Two thousand were maimed and wounded Hundreds will lose their sight, And God knows how many children Were alone in the world that night.
There comes a cry from a merchant, "There's a ship on fire out there!" But few pay any attention For that is the firemen's care.	From North to "Rockhead" hospital, West to the Exhibition grounds, There wasn't anything living And not a single sound.
The relief ship had rammed the monster Tearing a hole in her side, Then eased out in the stream again And drifted on with the tide.	The streets were filled with debris, With the dying, and the dead; There lies a little baby hand And there an old man's head.
It was at five minutes after nine, As those still alive can tell; The beautiful city of Halifax Was just given a taste of Hell.	There out upon the Common, That cold December morn Tender, innocent little souls Into the world were born.
The earthquake has its rumble, The cannon hath its roar; But this was worse than even those Yes, mulitplied by four.	

Women hugged their children
Their hearts were filled with fear;
While husbands lay beneath their homes
They all had loved so dear.

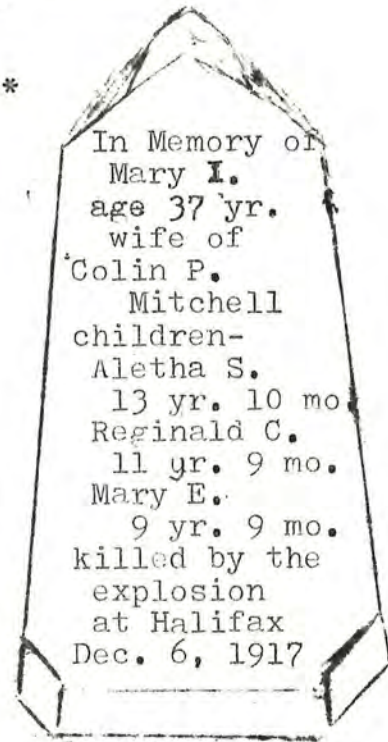
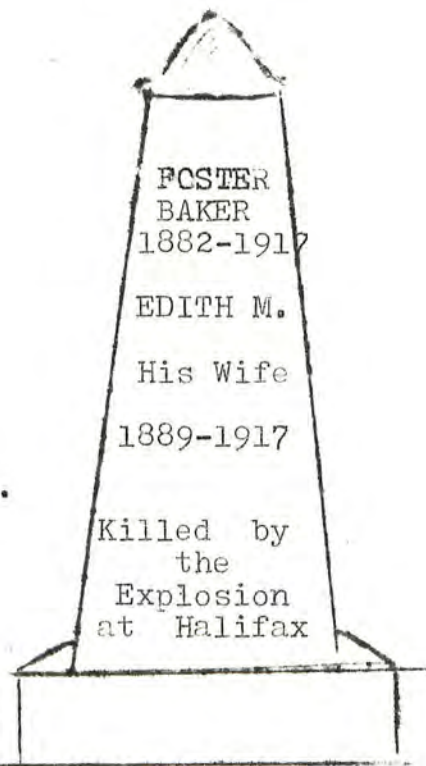
Old Time went on apace
Chill night was drawing nigh,
Many were those whose roof that night
Was just the bright blue sky.

And then the following morning,
As if to hurt them twice,
There came a storm from the ocean
A blizzard of snow and ice.

Freezing the poor unfortunates
Who had no place to go;
And many a poor soul drifted
To Heaven from out the snow.

The 'States' weep with you,
Halifax,
In this, your hour of sorrow.
They offer you their help and gold,
So don't wait till tomorrow.

Just wade right in and help yourself,
And we the bill will pay;
For that's the way we do things
In the good old U.S.A.



St. John's Cemetery
Oyster Pond, Jeddore

Monument in the West Jeddore Cemetery.

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CHRISTMAS OF THE 1890'S

With Christmas so very near, come along with me back in time to the closing years of 1890. What was Christmas like then ?

Early in December, child-like, our talks were on Christmas and what we would like Santa to bring us, even though our parents warned us that times were hard, we must not expect much, and must not be disappointed.

In January, 1902, the last addition came to our house, making a family of ten children. Our father was a fisherman, and we were fortunate to have our food supplied and our clothing found. The word vitamin was unknown then, but, as I remember, we were far healthier than a good many vitamin-fed children of today.

Papa had a large flock of sheep whose wool was put to use for garments. An aunt did the weaving and made the cloth that went into our school dresses, and our best dresses would have a band of velvet around the neck, thus keeping us from scratching too much when we went to church. Memories of the torture of that heavy woven material can never be forgotten. Our hand towels were also woven wool and warp mixed, and they certainly lasted longer than we wished. It was, however, with regret when our aunt became unable to weave that the store-bought towels came in use.

The sheep and lambs also provided tasty dinners. One or more pigs were kept, which supplied us with bacon and hams. Our cow kept us in milk, butter, and buttermilk, and the hens looked after our egg supply. I can still taste the lunch of homemade bread and molasses served along with glasses of rich buttermilk. A favorite place for lunch was on the big rock that is still by the kitchen door. Our gardens supplied winter vegetables.

We lived in a little fishing cove where a group of houses nestled facing the wide ocean, with a background of hills and forests. They were happy homes, content with very little of this world's goods, though the young undoubtedly wondered what lay outside their domain.

The men worked hard. There were no motors for their fishing boats, so they depended wholly on oars, wind and sail to convey them to the fishing grounds. Women and girls did their part by looking after the home duties indoors and out.

When the fall of the year came, the fish that were caught during the summer were shipped to Halifax on a trading vessel to be sold. The money was used to purchase necessary supplies that could not be raised at home.

On one occasion Papa went up with the vessel to sell his fish and lay in the winter provisions. A storm came up that kept the vessel tied to the Halifax wharf. In order to be home for Christmas, Papa and Uncle Lemuel walked home. They left very early in the morning and arrived home after dark, weary and worn.

I still have the story book he brought me that day in 1894, and remember the Alphabet Book of Fruit he brought Annie. (See Book one.) The vessel did not get home until the New Year, which meant that Santa's

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supply was very limited, as well as needs for Christmas baking. However, Mama made her famous gingerbread. We had the long black pan that just fitted the oven of the Waterloo stove well filled with home-killed pork and rabbits. Rabbits were very plentiful, and the flavour of roast pork and rabbits is well remembered by any who have ever eaten them. Plenty of home-grown vegetables completed the menu for our Christmas dinner. Last, but far from least, was Mama's plum pudding filled with those big, juicy raisins -- delicious!

This was Mama's recipe:

5 cups flour
1 cup granulated sugar
2 cups chopped suet
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons Cream of Tartar
1 teaspoon salt.

Raisins galore, and no other fruit. This was mixed to the required consistency with buttermilk, placed in a pudding bag or a steamer, and steamed for three hours. The sauce was brown sugar, water, a teaspoon of vinegar, and a generous lump of butter. When this boiled, it was thickened with Corn Starch, and a dash of lemon flavoring or a pinch of nutmeg might be added.

Our Christmas candy was molasses taffy. Molasses was very cheap. Papa usually bought a keg of 5 or 10 gallons for the winter. I can still remember the fun of pulling the taffy after it had been boiled to the proper consistency, flavored with peppermint, and a large lump of butter added. When it had cooled enough to be handled, we greased our hands with butter and the pulling began. I would not dare to say it was soil-resistant, but that just added to the flavour.

In 1901, Eaton's catalogue came to the postmaster, Aunt Lillie next door, and was passed around the neighbouring homes to make up a \$25.00 order which would be shipped to Halifax free of charge. From that point on it was up to us to get it to the Cove, but it always got down to East Jeddore on one of the vessels.

Our social life was limited but happy. We were trained to look forward to Christmas for all it meant to the world. It was the birthday of the Saviour of the World, not a day tainted with commercialism where the true meaning of Christmas was thrust in the background.

When we older children learned to our regret that there was no Santa we did what we could for the younger ones. One specialty was making rag dolls and dressing them in whatever scraps we could lay hands on. They were loved and cherished until they were too shabby to have about. As the years slipped by, they became quite popular and were called Golliwogs, though I've no idea where that name came from.

After December with all its festivities had slipped by, we would sigh and say, "Another whole year before Christmas again." While our Christmas may seem a very simple affair to young people today, it left behind precious memories that are treasured by all.

Did we have many visitors ? Well, the most important were the minister and the school teacher. The teacher usually called on all the parents before she left for her Christmas vacation.

Everyone had a parlor, whether richly or poorly furnished. Ours was of the latter, and all were kept closed up tight with window shades lowered. Only special company ever crossed their thresholds.

One afternoon a week or so before Christmas holidays, Mama took her knitting and went across the road to Mrs. Jessie's for a visit. We were warned to keep the wood fire going and if the baby wakened, to call her. All went smoothly. I rocked the cradle to keep the baby quiet, and Annie decided to try her hand at some fancy baking as a surprise for Mama. She started to make Lady Fingers.

In the midst of all this, a rap came at the front door. I sailed through the hall, opened the door, and there stood our teacher and Aunt Debbie Richardson, with whom she boarded. I ushered them into the parlor, which was more like a cold storage plant, and sent one of the younger children to get Mama.

"Who is it? Where are they?" asked Mama, coming in the door.

"In the parlor," I replied.

With a withering look and a groan, she went to the parlor. As she opened the door, she hear Aunt Debbie say, "I'm nearly frozen!"

In our flurry, and with Annie deep in the mysteries of Lady Fingers, the fire in the Waterloo had gone low, the baby awakened and started to cry. I must admit that our visitors did not remain very long.

There followed a lecture, which I ended with a fit of giggles. To this day, I don't know if those Lady Fingers ever got baked. I remember Mama saying, "When the cat is away, the mice come out to play," and that is what set off my giggles.

(Written December, 1959. A cartoon by Roy Reid of the Free Press had the following: "Christmas was a simple and holy festival in the home of an Eastern Shore fisherman of 1890. Life centered largely around the warmth of a Waterloo stove, wood fed, which was both a source of heat for the home and the cooking of meals. Big children made toys for the younger ones, and golliwogs were especially beloved.")

OLD CUSTOMS REVIVED OVER THE YEARS

As we are nearing the Christmas season when we celebrate the birth of our Saviour, it seems an appropriate time to travel back over the years and revive old customs.

During our Christmas season, the lovely poinsettias are symbolic of the season, almost as much as the holly. The following legend of the poinsettia seems to be quite outstanding.

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When Dr. Joel Robert Poinsett of Charleston, South Carolina, became U.S. minister to Mexico in 1825, he was attracted by a tall tropical plant with bright red foliage that he had never seen before.

On his return to his country four years later, he brought a few plants with him. In his honor, the 'immigrant plant' was named poinsettia. Because they are at their best in midwinter, they flaunt the crimson coat of Santa Claus and are part of the Christmas setting. The largest grower in the U.S. is Paul Ecke, whose 400-acre ranch in San Diego County, California, is a mass of flame when the poinsettia is at its best.

Our first Christmas cards date back to 1843, when Sir Henry Cole, a patron of the arts, sent out the first. A London artist, John Colcott Harsley, was commissioned to produce the first colored ones, 1000 that Sir Cole had ordered. What he did not use, he sold for a shilling each. As years sped by, the custom seemed to be catching on mildly, but the cost kept the custom to the upper classes. But in 1860 Christmas cards became widespread. The quality of the early cards was generally high, resembling oil paintings; birds and flowers were favourite subjects with a Scripture quotation.

A very lovely card was portrayed showing a quiet spot with ships at anchor, and the verse: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." This card conveyed the season's greetings from one Halifax family to another possibly 100 years ago. It was delivered by hand, being wrapped rather than sealed in a thin brown paper fastened by sealing wax. It bore the signature of "Mrs. Thompson" and the name of the family home FERNWOOD.

At that time there was no last minute mailing list, no overloaded letter carrier to worry about, not even a wait at the stamp wicket.

High cost became a problem in the 1880's, so one way to cut costs was in printing 'Xmas' as a substitute for 'Christmas'. The first use of postcards as Christmas greetings was in Germany. This lower cost made them popular, but people soon returned to the original idea of enclosing cards in envelopes.

Many of the early cards sent out by Sir Henry now are part of the Coutts Hallmark exhibit in the national gallery of Ottawa.

Santa Claus, called St. Nicholas, appeared on cards in 1860.

While Toronto remains the centre of the greeting card industry in Canada, many interesting designs originate with religious orders in Quebec. Up to the beginning of World War I, most of the cards used in Canada were made in Great Britain. However, the war put a stop to shipments from Britain, and an opportunity was presented to local manufacturers in both Canada and the U.S.A. The modern idea of extending greeting cards to cover other festivals and events began increasing, until we have a card for every occasion under the sun.

Designs are constantly changing. The main criticism of the cards imported from Britain was that they had little if any direct relation to Canada. Naturally, relatives living in the old country would be

interested in cards distinctively Canadian in originality.

Some of our distinguished Canadian artists made their appearance on the cards. No other country perhaps has so individual a series of cards, for a well-chosen collection of cards covering the period from 1920 to the present covers the whole expanse of Canada from the West Coast, Rockies, and way down east to Peggy's Cove.

Winter scenes seem to predominate, as might be expected, but to the exclusion of other aspects of Canadian landscapes. Each year new works and new painters are presented. Our manufacturers have good reason to be proud of their presentations of Canadian scenes and wonderful variety of beautiful cards on display.

It is interesting to be able to browse among the displays which shoppers have the privilege to choose or select. Each year the display is greater. They are not just simple Christmas cards; we must not forget that they are masterpieces of art, conveying greetings down through the years.

The joy of Christmas for children is brightened by the fact that they have a holiday from school, free to skate and skim snowy hills on sled or skis. This whole lovely winter world is theirs to explore for a week or more. Many of those scenes are portrayed on our Christmas cards.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING TODAY AND YESTERDAY

With the lovely Christmas season once more approaching, we often hear the remark "It just doesn't seem like Christmas any more." Said remark will be accompanied by a deep sigh.

'Tis true the years have brought drastic changes. The true Christmas Spirit seems to have been forced far into the background by so much commercialism. Naturally, memories of Christmas years ago crowd in; but regardless of it all, there are numerous things we enjoy today that were unheard of years ago. We do love to mingle with the throngs of shoppers midst the beautiful decorations on display in all the stores.

Looking at the wonderful display of cards, we often say, "The card business is a racket," but if we received no cards we would be deeply disappointed. Regardless of the fact, it happens to be more or less an exchange. Our cards of 75 or more years ago were very plain, but lovely, as many quoted a verse of Scripture and showed a flock of birds or bunch of flowers. Those would be a gift from our Sunday School teacher.

I have one from 1891 from a relative, the picture being a bunch of flowers twined around a horseshoe, the latter for good luck. There was no exchange of cards or pretty seals as we can buy today.

The first Christmas seals were started by a Danish postman in 1903. As Christmas mail began to circulate through Denmark and to other parts of the world, the first T.B. seals came out in 1904. In Canada, the first T.B. seals were sent out in 1908. They have circulated throughout the world, due to the idea of a postman, Elmer Hoboell, who died in 1927.

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Today as we travel through the stores, it is regrettable to see on all sides the notice "Charge", pay later. 'Tis a polite way of going into debt. Little children clamouring for toys of all description doubtless are not aware it is not cash. So harassed mothers pile the carts, perhaps wondering how and when they can be paid for. It is all in the game of commercialism. Our Christmas shopping since 1901 was done through the T. Eaton catalogue where tissue paper cost 1 cent a sheet. We cut it into strips and made yards of chain for decoration.

Gold or silver paint was 10 cents a bottle, small brush included. We gathered quantities of spruce and fir cones which we painted once they had dried and opened wide. We made decorations at school during recess and noon hour and while we practised for the Christmas concert that was an annual event. Even the very youngest pupil had to be included or tears would flow. Looking back, I marvel at the patience of the teacher practising 50 or more boys and girls of all ages.

During the busy season, our thoughts go to the postal workers on whom we depend to handle mail. With the increase in the amount of mail, it is up to the public to co-operate in every way to see that mail is properly addressed and parcels securely tied with strong twine and plenty of tape, thus avoiding the contents being strewn about.

It is very important to post early and address plainly with a pen other than a fine point. Our papers give dates for early mailing, so we can do our part by co-operating. The last minute rush in all work, as well as in all walks of life, is often fatal.

As we buy gifts for friends and loved ones, let us pause for a moment and reflect on some of the legends connected with the season. Candles are a part of Christmas. On the night of the birth of Jesus, the stable was shrouded in darkness when the shepherds came bringing their gifts. They carried torches of thornwood burning brightly, which they planted in the earth floor of the stable, and knelt by the manger. Those lighted torches symbolized the coming of Jesus. Down through the ages, candles have been used during the Christmas season to express the joy and wonder of that Holy Night.

The legend of the Christmas tree comes to^{us} from the early days in England. In those days, lived a holy man named Wilfrid. One day, being surrounded by a group of his converts, he struck down a high oak tree that had been an object of worship by the Druids. Turning to his followers, he split it in four pieces. There was a small fir tree nearby, so he said, "This small tree shall be called a Holy One as it points toward the heavens. Let it be called the tree of the Christ Child. Gather it in your homes as the tree increases in height, and gather around it at the Christmas season." From that day the fir tree has been a symbol of the Holy Season.

The story is told of a poor girl at the time of the birth of our Saviour who longed to present a gift to the Mother of Jesus. Having nothing to give, she picked a handful of common weeds to present to Mary. As she gathered the humble weeds, they were suddenly transformed into huge scarlet blooms, and thus was created the lovely Christmas poinsettia, called, in its native land, Flower of the Holy Night.

(Written 1973-4.)

Wooden Pegs Used Instead of Nails

As we travel along the West Jeddore road, we note a very attractive bungalow under completion, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilkes, situated on a hill overlooking the harbour on a lot adjoining the property of Mrs. Blanche Maskell.

Travelling down further, the Misses Weston of Halifax, who purchased the property of the late Orion Baker, have their bungalow near completion. The Baker house still stands, but ready for demolition. It was the home of Stephen and Ellen Baker.

Coming to the Cove, one of the oldest houses there is being demolished, that of the late Mark Harpell, who was one of our early Loyalist settlers, son of the first Luke Harpell who settled on Big Head. Mark and his wife Catherine Maskell had a family of eight children.

The house has been unoccupied for several years. An interesting feature is that the heavy beams are void of nails, wooden pegs being used. The house would be about 150 years old, and it is surprising how solid the beams are. There are four other houses of that age in West Jeddore, three being occupied.

Since the turn of the century, many fine houses have been built, and the entire area of Jeddore is well populated. There is ever a feeling of nostalgia comes over one in seeing a house that was once a home being demolished.



Mark Harpell



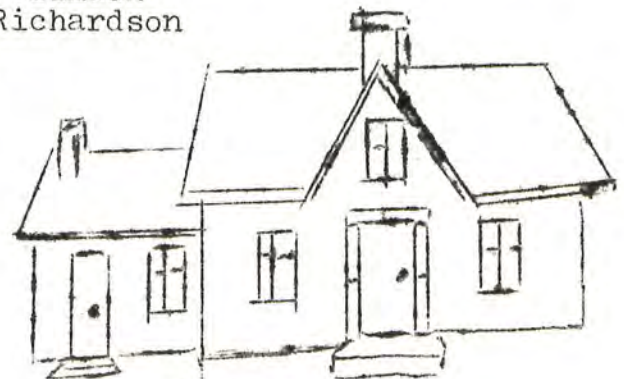
Richard Richardson



Simeon Richardson



Luke Harpell



John Williams
Ostrea Lake

OUR THANKS TO GOD

I cannot watch a sunset in the west
That does not bring my thoughts on God to rest.
I cannot see a sparkling crystal lake
But in my heart I know that for my sake
God made all things that we may beauty see
And praise Him who is from eternity.

We see the stars that shine so brightly in the sky.
How often caused in me a wonder why
All men whom God has blessed so bountifully
Do not believe, for they His works must see.
For who but God can this creator be,
Who does all nature wisely oversee?

Who made the stars and holds them in their place
Who makes a baby's sweet and lovely face
Who forms the clouds, and makes the waterfall
Who plants the stately pines and fir trees tall?
How can man walk so blindly day by day
And not see God in things along the way ?

How can he glimpse a bird up in the sky
And not believe in some great Power on high
Or see a mountain's snow-capped towering peak
And not at once become so awed and meek
That God could whisper to him His great will
And he would listen, waiting, wondering, still?

Then reverently he'd go on his way
And hasten to Omniscient will obey.
O God, Thou art, and evermore shalt be !
Why cannot mortal man this great truth see?
All Nature speaks of God's great love and glory.
Why cannot man believe this simple story ?

Why does man fail to praise Him, and to pray
As he awakens each morning to another day?
If I were God, I know that I would be
Downcast, my heart would surely ache to see
My people whom I sent my Son to save
So sinful, so unwilling to behave.

I wonder at God's patience with mankind.
I know that on the earth we cannot find
A man so wise, whose patience, mercy, and love
Can equal that of the great God above.
Yet men look to themselves for every need
And fail the will of God, their Lord, to heed.

I thank Thee, God, that yet each passing hour
In all of nature, bird, beast, and flower,
Thy will is still made manifest to me.
And I some day thy Gracious Face shall see
If I am thankful to Thee till the end.
O thank Thee, God, my Maker, King, and Friend!

EXCELLENT CARE AT TWIN OAKS

Judging by the many lovely cards, letters, gifts, and visitors I had, the Free Press travels a long way. The last Saturday of the Old Year(1974) I was rushed to the Twin Oaks Memorial Hospital at Musquodoboit Harbour where I was a patient for two weeks. There are many hospitals in Nova Scotia, but I cannot picture one, although small, better equipped with fine doctors and nurses and with such a homelike atmosphere.

The nurses, day and night, are on a 12-hour shift. Morning activities start before the night nurses leave at 8 a.m. At 6.30 the lights go on for a washup and getting wide awake. At 7 a.m. breakfast is served. The queen of the kitchen is Anne Linkletter, who leaves her home in Petpeswick at an early hour. Trays are brought around, and then at 8 o'clock bright and smiling nurses come on their shift. 'Tis little chance for a nap, as four doctors arrive, accompanied by a nurse to take note. We all relax and let them talk. When all the rooms have been visited, the doctors leave for the Medical Centre where they attend to patients with various ailments. So we say with reverence, "God bless the doctors and nurses."

Sometimes the maternity ward is busy when a new life is brought in. A new baby is a jewel. Matron Lowe is a busy person in her office, especially now as machinery and men have arrived to start on the new hospital which is surely needed as the population around Musquodoboit Harbour has increased at an amazing rate. (This is now a reality.)

Mrs Margaret Bowser arrives for her work in the laundry. When she is done, she slips in and out of the rooms, presumably looking for dusty corners which methinks are invisible as corridors and rooms are immaculate.

At this time I want to take the opportunity to thank them all for their love and kindness to me while under their care as well as those who remembered me in any way.

June, 1977 ----Three weeks were spent at the Halifax Infirmary, so 'tis time to concentrate and express my sincere thanks to the entire staff of the third floor for all their love and kindness. The following will express my gratitude:

Sunset Years

When the best of life is over,
And the golden years have gone,
There is a light at Eventide
That seems to linger on.

Like a long and lovely sunset.
Fading out of sight,
It touches with a rosy glow
The edges of the night.

The memories of happy times
And days of sweet content,
Carefree hours of love and laughter,
Life and merriment,

They have a glow that outlasts
The sorrow and the tears,
And lend a borrowed brightness
To the Sunset of the Years.

As we travel the Sunset Trail of life, it is natural that we
reminisce, but not always does reminiscing bring tears or sadness.
Much of it brings laughter as the contrast is so great. 'Tis hard for
our younger folks to understand it all, but as the years go by, they,
too, will travel down Memory Lane. Their memories may be far different,
but no more precious.

If I can help somebody as I pass along,
If I can cheer somebody by word or song,
If I can show somebody he is travelling wrong,
Then my living will not be in vain.

If I can help somebody by doing my duty as a good man ought,
If I can help somebody bring back beauty to a world it lost,
If I can help to spread Love's message that our Master taught,
Then my living will not be in vain.

They never quite leave us, loved ones who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love,

The books that they read, and the work of their hands
Speak mutely, but still with an eloquence rare;
And the words that they said, and the songs that they sang
Still linger and sigh in the desolate air.

