

2010.8.2



CULTURAL CENTER

FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM

NUMBER 7 HIGHWAY

REMINISCENCE

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Designed by
Carl Jenner

REMINISCENCE

by

HELEN L. JENNEX

First Edition 1976

*"Thank" Ada, for all
your encouragement!
Love,
Helen Jennex*

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I N T R O D U C T I O N - Helen Jennex

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN, PHILIP, DEBRA, MICHAEL, and MARY ANN JENNEX

REMINISCENCE is planned with one simple aim in view - to try to preserve part of the HERITAGE of the Eastern Shore. (Supplement to "Fisherman's Museum.")

The recalling of past incidents; events and experiences are incomplete; therefore, it is hoped that additional information will be made available to me so that another Volume of REMINISCENCE can be edited.

My attempt at poetry is only to make information more original because "Home Remedies", for instance, could be easily copied from other brochures.

The poems by my pupils in Jeddore-Lakeville are well worth reading and can lead you in an imaginary journey through their villages.

The contributions by senior citizens, whose names appear after the title of their stories, are very significant to local history. I am very grateful to all of them for their interest and help.

I am indebted to Grace Forsythe for the editing of stories from her "Father's Log" and her personal interviews with local people.

My appreciation to Cheryl (Newcombe) Mason, teacher at Eastern Shore High School, who typed some of the stencils. Her professional touch and spacing are quite discernible from my irregular typing.

To Carl, my son, who did the sketching and hours of manual work to complete the pages, I owe a debt of gratitude.

I must also acknowledge the encouragement given me by Reuben and Erna George, (Reuben has just issued a volume of poems, "Verses 'Raked-Up' Along the Eastern Shore", Congratulations, Reuben.) Dorothy Fahie, Lilah Hartlin, and Jean Webber to complete REMINISCENCE. To Otis, my Husband, for his endurance of the sound of the typewriter for hours and hours.

I trust my personal comments, recollections, and experiences will create new interest in the past so that the readers of to-day will be able to say, "Yes, I remember!"

To Harpell Power, Herman Hartlin, and Harold Webber, chief executive officers of "New Horizons", sincere thanks for the financial assistance in the publication of this Brochure.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. JOYCE (WEBBER) STODDARD

Just as I was typing the above Introduction, May 10, 1976, I received word that one of my most trusted Friends, Joyce Stoddard, had died. She was an active and valued member of the "Marine Highway Museum Society" and one of the "Golden Agers". Her involvement in all charitable organizations and community activities will be long remembered. Her donations to the Museum and books to the Library in the Cultural Center will be lasting Memorials to her.

Joyce and I taught together in the two-room schools at Head Jeddore and Oyster Pond. Her praise and encouragement to her pupils won for her the well-deserved title, "Our Beloved Teacher".

IN MEMORIAM

Joyce, a Sincere Friend to all, has passed away,
She has gone to the Land of endless day;
Countless stars will adorn her heavenly Crown,
Because of her Kindness, Generosity, Rectitude, and Renown.

Joyce was the Wife of Thomas Stoddard. Thomas Stoddard was the son of Fred Stoddard, the well-known carpenter, noted for his church designs and carvings of church altars and pulpits. St. John's Anglican Church has furniture carved by Fred Stoddard.

REMINISCENCE - Compiled by Helen M. Jennex

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

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

In 1967 she was awarded the Canada Service Medal in recognition of her service over the years. She was also the recipient of a Red Cross Service Medal for her work in Junior Red Cross; a Leadership Badge for participation in 4-H Club activities.

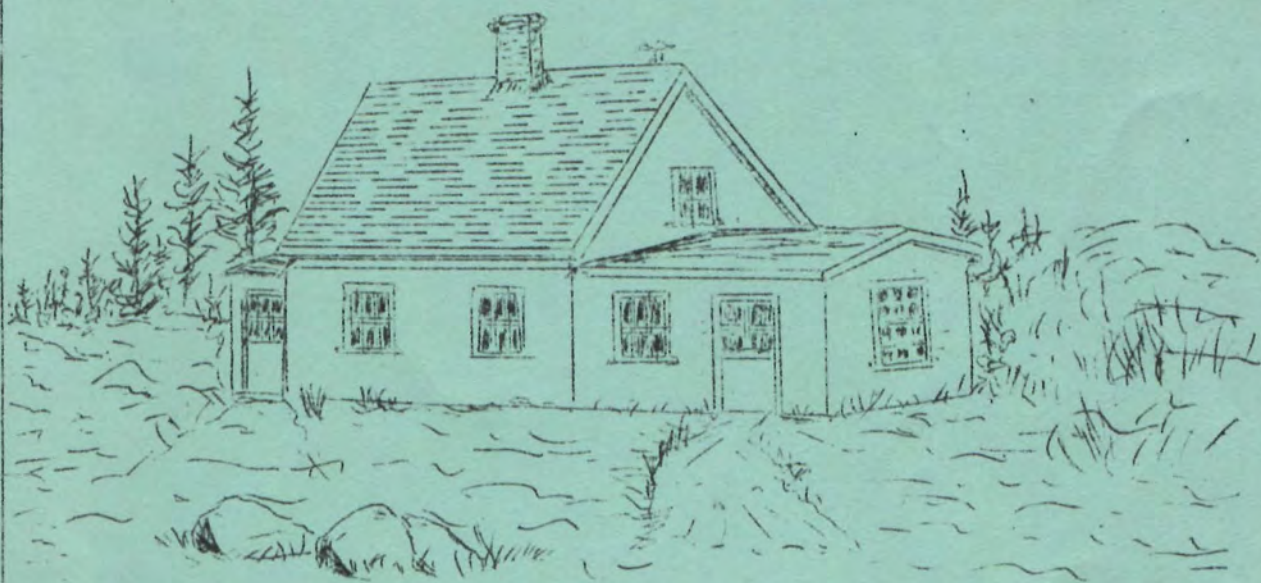
Since 1972 she has enjoyed retirement. She is a Commissioner of the Municipal School Board and of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. For many years she has been Organist of St. John's Anglican Church.

Mrs. Jennex worked to establish "Fisherman's House Museum" of which she is the Curator, and had developed the Cultural Center in her old home as a recreational place for senior citizens or "Goldenagers" to gather.

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

"Retired but busy" aptly describes Helen Jennex.

Members of the Marine Highway Museum Society
Grace Forsythe - President



THE "FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM"

IS A RETROSPECTIVE DREAM,
'TIS A RE-RUN OF A LIFE THAT USED TO BE;
WHERE THE RELICS OF THE PAST
FORM A PICTURE THAT DOES LAST
OF THE HOMES, FROM WHICH
THOSE MEN PUT OUT TO SEA;
WHERE THEY LIVED A RUGGED LIFE,
THE MAN - THE KIDS - HIS WIFE -
YET I'LL BET THEY WERE AS HAPPY AS COULD BE,
OF THE SEA, THEY SHOOK THEIR FEAR,
THEY THOUGHT MORE OF BOATS AND GEAR,
AS THEY THRIVED AND RAISED
THEIR SPLENDID FAMILIES.

REUBEN GEORGE,
JEDDORE, NOVA SCOTIA.

FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM RIGHTLY NAMED

Explained by Mrs. E.S. (Ada) Williams - Dartmouth Free Press Writer

The name "Fisherman's House Museum" given to the old homestead, the property of the late James and Hannah (Doyle) Myers at Oyster Pond, Jeddore, has been rightly named. The late James Myers and two sons would row out early on Monday morning to Roger Island where they a camp built. They would fish from that location and return home on Saturday.

My Mother, Civilla, was born in that old home on February 14, 1864. My grandmother, Hannah, died when my Mother was 14 years of age, leaving a family of seven children. The eldest, Adam, died as a child. Others left were my Mother, Civilla, Annie, Clara, James, Addington, Edward and Ervin.

Years slipped by, the family members had married and in their own homes. Ervin married Ethelda Stoddard and they settled in the old home with Grampie and Step-Grandma, Lizzie, (Jamison).

Once more the old house rang with childish glee and laughter, for 13 children, all girls, entered life in that old home. Grampie loved each little girl that came, calling them his little "girrels". Grampie always called Navypool "Auripool".

Marion, Rita*, Audrey, Ida, Margaret*, Jean, Vera, Frances, Gwendolyn, Inez, Violet*, Dorothy, Winifred, the daughters of Ervin and Ethelda, were very successful in life, either in the nursing profession or business world.

As relatives and friends visit this Museum and reminisce, they say, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

* deceased

LET US REMEMBER THE CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE "MARINE HIGHWAY MUSEUM SOCIETY

Hon. A. Garnet Brown because of his Interest and Initiative in establishing "Fisherman's House Museum" was named Honorary President.

Honorary Directors: Jean Webber, Ida Bonn, Hugh Conrod.

Directors: Dorothy Fahie, Councillor Ron Jennex, Harpell Power.

President: Helen Jennex; Vice-President: J.I.C. Inness

Secretary: Doris Myers; Treasurer: Grace Forsythe; Social Convener:

Ada Waye; Advisers: L. Martin & Richard Wilcox, N.S. MUSEUM.

Charles Keating, George Gosley, John Homans, Annie MacDonald, Otis Jennex,

Elva Trask, Joanne Coolen, Harold Webber, David & Frances Webber, Joyce

Stoddard, Senator & Mrs. C. Carter, Kelly & Jean Nussey, Sam Waye,

Grace Monk, Cora Myers, Ada Williams, Jack Bonn, Marion Myers, Winnie Day,

Audrey Brown, Dorothy Harding, Inez Watts, Frances Royds, Vera Myers,

Gwen Moore, Mike & Jose Smythe, Levia Brown, Bea. Gaetz. (Inc. Nov.21,1972)

DID YOU KNOW??

Plessa (Myers) Wilkinson, grand-daughter of James & Hannah Myers, donated many valuable items of china and glass?

Captain Fred Faulkner, ^{donated} an old reliable Sextant, an instrument for measuring angular distance between two objects, as a heavenly body and the horizon, used especially in determining latitude at sea. An arc of 60°?

Everett Kent and John Homans ^{donated} old time Mariner's Compasses?

Earl MacMillan of Sheet Harbor, ^{donated} an old fashioned Typewriter? (The first practical typewriter was invented in 1867. In this Typewriter the paper is placed in such a position that you cannot see what you are writing. You write a few lines, then lift up the top part and look.)

"Look at the display of Buttons on the upstairs wall,

John Homans of Clam Harbor donated them all."

A more complete list of donations and Donors will be mentioned in the next Publication.

Our Appreciation and Thanks to ALL who helped in any way to make the "Museum" successful.

CREATION OF A MUSEUM - Alice Bardsley

Never undervalue the potential of rural school students, especially when they are teamed up with a teacher such as Helen Jennex of Oyster Pond on Halifax's Eastern Shore. In an "explore-our-heritage" project, the product of Helen's fertile mind, the young folk were asked to approach their parents and grandparents for relics and artifacts which might have been stored away in attic or basement. Even Mrs. Jennex was amazed at the results.

The entire school population of Jeddore-Lakeville became involved. Back came an avalanche of moustache cups, kerosene lamps, butter presses, sheep shears, jugs, saeur kraut maker, iron lasts for making and shaping shoes. Thus it went from attic to school to museum to become the start of the present "Fisherman's House Museum".

"From the classroom, in the beginning, we moved the treasures temporarily to an old post office building donated to us by a former student, Barbara Jack," said Mrs. Jennex. "But it was soon bulging at the seams."

Persistent efforts on the part of Mrs. Jennex, and with the co-operation of A. Garnet Brown and the generosity of the owners Jean Webber and Ida Bonn, it was possible to purchase an old but sturdy homestead the property of the late James Myers - who was a fisherman.

Situated 30 miles east of Dartmouth, the Museum was officially opened on July 28, 1973 and is open daily after June 1.

Many of the museum's contents, apart from the student's efforts, were acquired by door-to-door canvassing as well as by donations. Helen was determined to furnish the house; therefore, she must meet the challenge. "I guess I knocked on nearly every door along the Eastern Shore, as well as parts of the Musquodoboit Valley. People were very generous. Space does not permit me to list the names of all donors; however, I must say that if one were to take out of the Museum all the furnishings received from Mrs. Blanchard (Levia) Brown of Porter's Lake, the home certainly would not be as "homey", said Mrs. Jennex.

In 1975, adjoining house and property were acquired for library facilities, recreation and other activities.

OPEN HOUSE - "FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM" - Ada Williams

All are WELCOME at the "Fisherman's House Museum" to an "Open House", generally held on a Sunday afternoon, to join in singing the old hymns around the parlor organ. Those grand old song service hymns are a part of the yesteryears, so be there to stroll around the old homestead, gather around the organ, where our Curator, Helen Jennex will play any hymns requested.

Even though one may not sing notes perfectly, methinks they will sound perfect, in contrast to what one hears on T.V.

Now here comes the originality after the hymn sing a social time follows. Have you guessed what the lunch will be? Well, corn-meal cake or muffins and tea. At the opening of the museum, gingerbread and tea were served. A century ago corn meal (mush), as it used to be called was largely used, floating in rich milk and molasses. Over all then corn meal lavishly spread with home churned butter. Only the older folks drank tea, so milk or butter-milk was for the younger folk. Yum-yum, doth not the memory of such a repast make you hungry?

"A TRIP TO "FISHERMAN'S HOUSE MUSEUM"

About thirty miles East of Dartmouth on #7 Highway,
Visit this Fisherman's home which is open each summer day;
This house depicts the poor, simple ways of life in times long past,
When the ideals of Kindness and Honesty were taught, and held fast.

The rustic surroundings of this old house is unique. The fragrance amid a profusion of wild flowers, flowering shrubs, apple trees, and lupins is exhilarating. The cool breeze from Jeddore Harbor on a hot summer day is stimulating and the sunsets over Navy Pool are picturesque and colorful.

The entry door is one which depicts the cross and open Bible which was used by the Loyalists to ward off evil. A stranger knew by the symbols on the door that the occupants were Christians.

The Mural, drawn by Carl Jennex, portrays the different phases in the life of a fisherman, and is the Theme of our Museum.

The hand pots, cod line and reels, buoys, shells, etc. are interesting. The pictorial interpretation of "The Maple Leaf Forever" is informative.

CHILD'S BEDROOM (UPSTAIRS)

Rock-a-bye Baby in your cradle so small,
Many children slept soundly in the cribs by the wall;
The pictures on the wall, the mats on the floor,
Are very apt and make beautiful the bedroom's decor.

The dolls on the bureau are still in their places,
But gone are the children's smiling faces;
In this room visitors like what they see,
Because it is furnished as it used to be.

Hush, hush, and stand silently here,
Bow your head in a moment of Prayer;
"God Bless little children everywhere,
May they all be as happy as those who slept here."

THE DINING ROOM

Come into the dining room and look around,
Many "old treasures" can be found;
Sit down and reflect on the things you see,
Maybe Grandma will serve you a cup of tea.

Our corner cupboard is very bare,
Somebody took all our best china ware;
However, we hope that we can find more,
To put on display and its safety insure.

Many plans were made by this fireside bright,
Where the family would gather every night;
On this old lounge Papa would recline,
And puff on his pipe time after time.

What would we do without memories and dreams?
A family cannot always stay together, it seems;
Years slip by so very fast,
But memories will forever last.

MUSEUM PARLOR

As you step inside our Museum door,
See the beautiful hand-hooked rugs on the parlor floor;
The chairs, the stove, the organ are all unique,
In fact, all the furniture is classified antique!

The organ has a beautiful tone. It is used for Hymn-Sings and other sing-songs. Tourists enjoy hearing it played. The most requested hymn by the visitors has been, "What A Friend We Have in Jesus". (Organ-Goderich, Ontario)

See the beautiful Fan on the top of the organ!

Next to the organ, on the wall, one will see two Samplers. A Sampler is a fine piece of needlework, so called because it was originally done as a test of a beginner's skill. (One came from Dr. Stoddard's home, other Dr. Miller's)

Aren't the portraits of Grandpa Jim and Grandma Hannah beautiful!
Grandpa Jim built this house in the mid 1800's.

The Family Picture, on the adjoining wall to the portraits, show some of the sons, daughters, and grandchildren. The man on the extreme right is Ervin and directly behind him is his wife, Ethelda, parents of the thirteen girls. The individual pictures are sons and daughters of Grandpa and Grandma.

Did you know Diplomas in Sunday School Teaching were issued in the 1800's? Notice Ethelda's awarded in 1899.

If you have time, sit down in one of the two hand made rockers and look at the old family albums. Styles interesting, eh? The pictures are of fine quality for that period of time.

Of, course, every home had a Bible stand. In this Christian Home the Bible was the guide of all family members. The small branches from trees interlaced make a unique pattern for the Bible stand.

I guess we will not light a fire in the old-fashioned parlor stove to see the flame shine through the ising glass doors. because the stove pipe might get too hot. The stove pipe goes up through the parlor ceiling to the upstairs bedroom, across the stairway and into the chimney.

How ever did Blanchard Brown make the moose horn table! The natural wood base, just as it was cut from the tree, looks made to order. The horn must have belonged to an enormous moose. On the top of this table is the dried pulp of a large coconut, sent to Grandpa and Grandma from their adopted daughter Ida.

No, the gramophone in the corner does not work well; therefore, it is only a show piece. (Apex Model, Machine)

Oh, look at this group by the Orange Hall. I believe I see Aunt Jessie Beaver. They all seem happy. No doubt, they are enjoying an old fashioned picnic.

No, that mantel is not marble, it is marblized wood. Isn't it different? The artifacts on the mantel are priceless.

Do you like the Duncan Phyfe Candle Table in front of the mantel?

Did your mother save the Surprise Soap wrappers? That picture, over the mantel, of the colorful pansies was obtained by Aunt Emmie Obed (Mitchell) by sending away the ovals from Surprise Soap.

Just about every home had a picture of Queen Victoria; however, this home also displays the picture of her son, Edward VII. In 1862 when Edward VII was Prince of Wales, he stopped at Ship Harbor in order to visit Tangier gold mines on his trip down the coast to Sydney.

Oh, look, here they are skating on the Pond. (Local picture)

The portrait of James, a son is on the wall right above the rocking chair he made. His wife, Aunt Lyde, next in the smaller picture.)

Yes, this family was Anglican. I guess you could tell by seeing Bishop Worrell's portrait on the Parlor wall.

As one stands in this humble perlor, one realizes that "There is no place like HOME"!

Upstairs in the Museum...Large Display Room

As we climb the flight of stairs covered with a "Crumb" design hand hooked rug, we wonder how the Mother of the thirteen girls ever found time to do such a long stair runner.

The display room brings back many memories. The walls are papered with Murals drawn on thick brown paper; depicting facts about the early explorers and changes in transportation, communication, etc. These murals were drawn by my pupils in Jeddore-Lakeville School.

I used the old hand made Teacher's Desk in the twenties. The old Readers, the slate, the ink well, pens, bell etc., all reflect the days of the little red schoolhouse. In those days we were very proud of the manner in which pupils wrote and the smoothness, grace, and expressiveness in oral reading.

The block of wood with the horse shoe embedded in it tells a story. One day when John Homans of Clam Harbor was sawing lumber in his mill, the saw hit metal. On investigating, he found that the saw had cut off part of the shoe, as you can see. Apparently, somebody had thrown that horse shoe over a sapling and the sapling continued to grow. On counting the annual rings, it seems that the tree grew for almost fifty years with that shoe in the trunk of the tree. A Mr. Palmer of Owl's Head cut the tree in the woods.

According to records Henry Day shot 103 bears during his hunting career. The bear skull, you see here, was given by his grandson, Henry, who lives on the Meagher's Grant Road.

The two Spinning Wheels, Carders, Wool Winder, etc., speak for themselves. Other items which need no explanation:

Yokes for Oxen, Broad Axe, Foot Warmer, Oil Wick Stove, Jugs,

Planes, Bells, Horse's Marsh Shoe, Hand Seeder, Wooden Tally Pad,

Iron Lifts for putting hay up into the mow, Candle Holder (Sticking

Lony), Cameras, Heater from Model T. Ford, Spoke Shave, etc.....

We are very proud of the heroism displayed by our local men in the War of 1914 - 1918. The pictures on the wall over the stairway relate to this War. We would like to get more pictures and stories for this section.

Notice the picture of the "Niobe". This boat was the grandmother of the Royal Canadian Navy, the first cruiser to be stationed at HM Canadian Naval Dockyard at Halifax.

The short, crooked walking stick belonged to Jailer, Malcolm Mitchell.

Now, let us see what is in the little room to the right of the display area.

Oh, my, he scared me!! Who? That Indian standing in the corner? Well, he is very quiet as he stands in full dress uniform to remind us that Indians were among the first settlers in this area. In fact, some of the older residents have referred to him as "Ben Jeddore". Yes, we plan to get him a new face because an Indian never grew a moustache. His suits and ornaments are authentic.

Grandma has the buttons, pins, hooks and eyes handy to use when she wants them. I wonder which sewing machine she liked best? From 1830 - 1850 makers of sewing machines were: Elias Howe, Walter Hunt, Isaac M. Singer.

Where did this church kneeling bench come from? First St. Paul's Church, then Porter's Lake Anglican Church.

What a display of wooden skates! Each pair different. I notice that this pair belonged to George J. Myers. Skating must have kept him in good physical condition because he lived to be 103.

I never knew all those different things were made in the factory at Ship Harbor.

I can see Papa now mending the shoes. The lamp on the wall gave him very little light. Yes, he used the wooden pegs instead of tacks. Old used leather was reused to help save money. That was restraint, eh?

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EARLY HOUSEHOLD ACTIVITIES

"THE MUSEUM KITCHEN:

Let us use our imagination and visualize the activities in this room years ago.

Oh, yes, here are the Butter making utensils; milk pans, bowls, creamer, wooden firkins, butter prints of all sizes, churns of different decades, milk releaser, and cream crocks.

First let us set out the dash-churn and pour into it the sour cream from the cream-crock. Slide the lid over the dash, then tuck a clean cloth round the opening through which the dash moves so that the cream does not splash on the floor. Lift the dash briskly up and down. Once in awhile give a little twist with your right wrist to keep the cream from clotting on the dash.

One never knows how long it will take! That is why children did not like to do the churning. Have you heard this before? Is it my turn to churn to-day?

Well, that means I'll not get out of doors to play;

But butter is needed for our bread;

Therefore, this chore I must not dread!

Butter must be washed in at least three waters to wash out the butter-milk before it is put in the prints. To keep the butter it is put in a crock of brine in a cool place. The fresh buttermilk is very nutritious and is a treat with hot gingerbread. Sometimes butter is wrapped in a rhubarb leaf to keep it cool.

The lamps on the shelf tell us that somebody had to clean the shades, fill them with kerosene, and trim the wicks. (Note the wick trimmer and the candle snuffer hanging on the edge of the shelf.)

The iron pots, skillets, a flat iron, a sad iron, and other cooking utensils are all displayed by the old Waterloo Stove.

Why so many jugs? This is the Yeast Jug. Here is how Yeast was made: Take one gallon of water and in it boil two handfuls of hops. Then add one pint of grated potato, strain through colander, and when lukewarm add one cup of salt, one of sugar, and of yeast. Let it raise and in a few hours transfer to jugs and cork up tight. A teacupful of this will make four loaves of bread.

Then the other jugs were used for herb teas, brine, corn coffee, Cream of tartar drink, dandelion wine, etc.

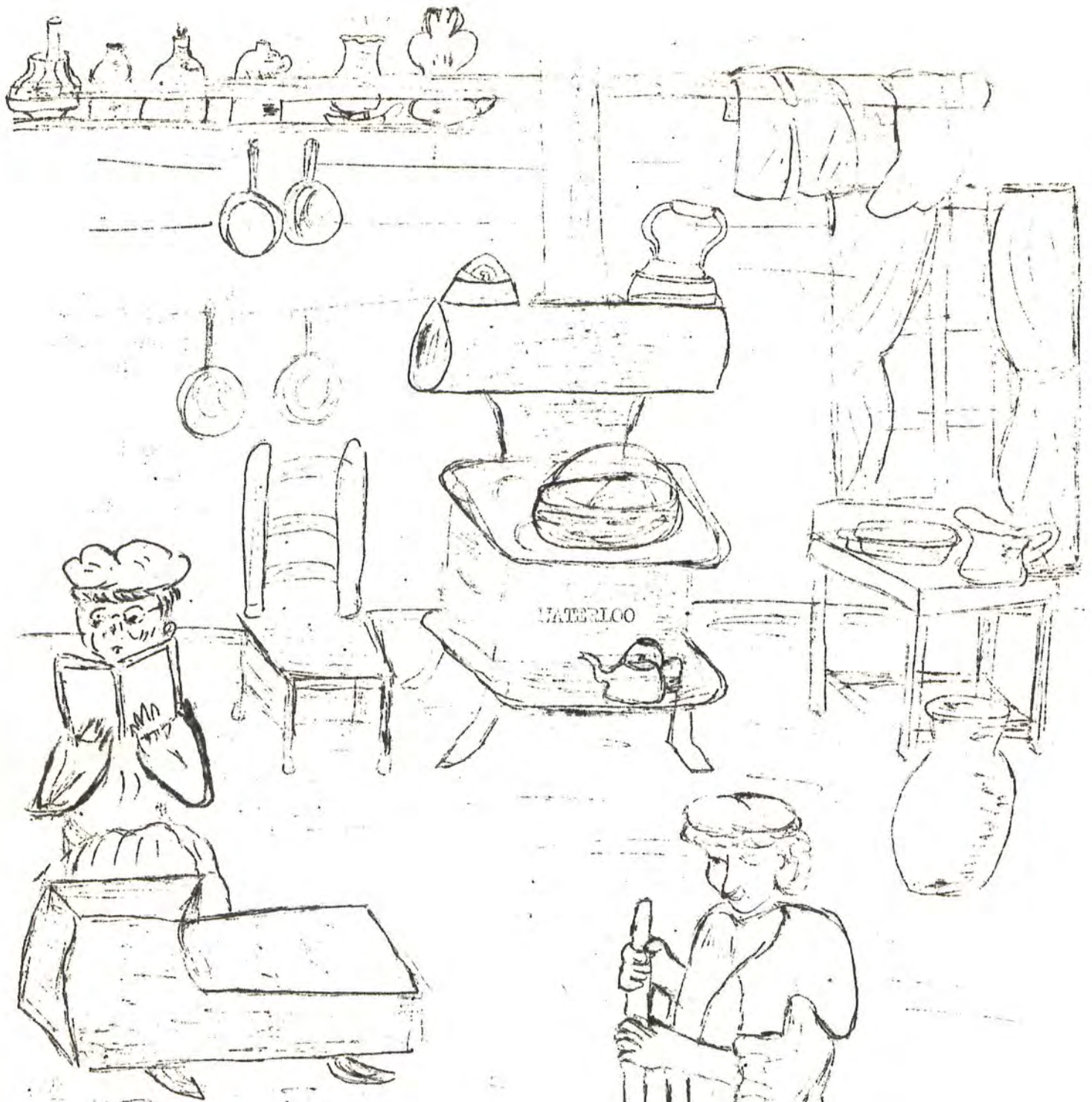
The wooden wash tub and washing boards in the corner remind us of the way washing was done and how exhausting this chore must have been. Note the pole line over the stove which was used to dry the clothes!

See the Sacur Kraut Maker. Grandpa put the cabbage in the box which has a cutter in the bottom. He moved the box back and forth thus slicing the cabbage. Then he would take out the shreds, put them in a wooden firkin with some salt and pound it down with the crudely made pestle. In a few days it was ready to eat. He made turnip kraut in the same way using turnips instead of cabbage.

The shape of the rafters show just how well Grandpa could use the broad axe.

The Apple Peeler and Lemon Squeezer, on the drop-leaf pine table, are unique.

The Catchall over the kitchen table depicts the hand craft of a fisherman.



Visit our kitchen and you will see,
These artifacts and activities which use
to do!



MUSEUM KITCHEN (continued)

Grandma, seated by the window, is taking a rest from knitting her knee pads, for rheumatism, and is looking at a 1901 Eaton catalogue. She gently nudges the cradle in front of her to keep the baby asleep while Mother does the chores. (Her face with its thoughtful expression, was made by Reuben George of "papier-mâché").

See the ox shoes and ox horns on the kitchen wall. Oxen were often used by fishermen to haul their firewood and plow their gardens. "Whoa"! "Gee! Haw! Ciddup!" were familiar cries as the teamsters urged the slow oxen to move faster.

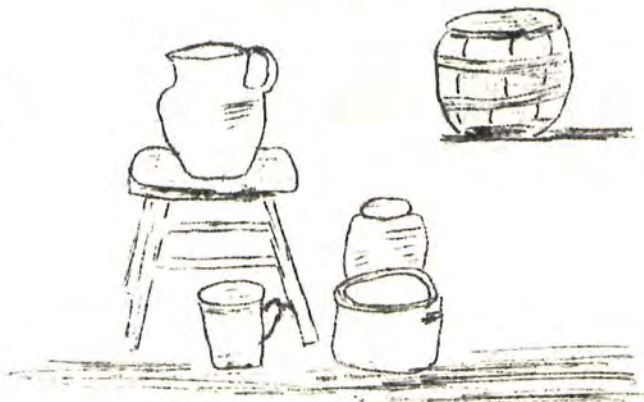
The chairs are styles of the 1800's. They are unique and show by their worn condition that a fisherman of that era could not afford to buy expensive furniture. Just about every home had a hand made bench which was used at meal time to accommodate the large families.

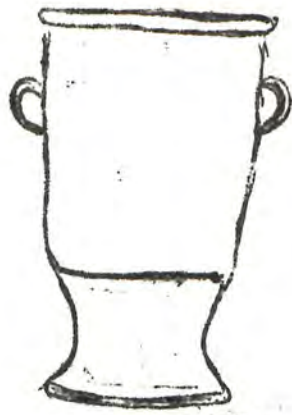
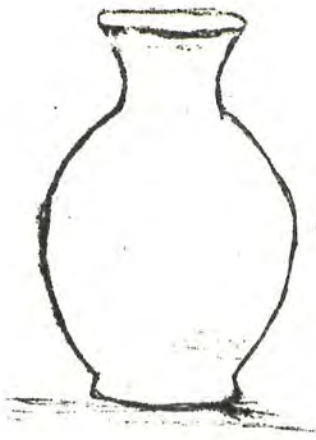
The Waterloo Stove is an original. It was first owned by James Myers, the blacksmith, Head Jeddore. The Museum purchased it from a local fisherman, Douglas Day.

The Gum Barrel, on the shelf, was made by a lumberman. Every chance he had he would gather spruce gum from the trees and try to fill the barrel so that he would have a treat for his family when he returned home in the spring. This gift was appreciated more than the bouquet of flowers or box of chocolates to-day!



Scenes from KITCHEN
"Fisherman's House Museum"



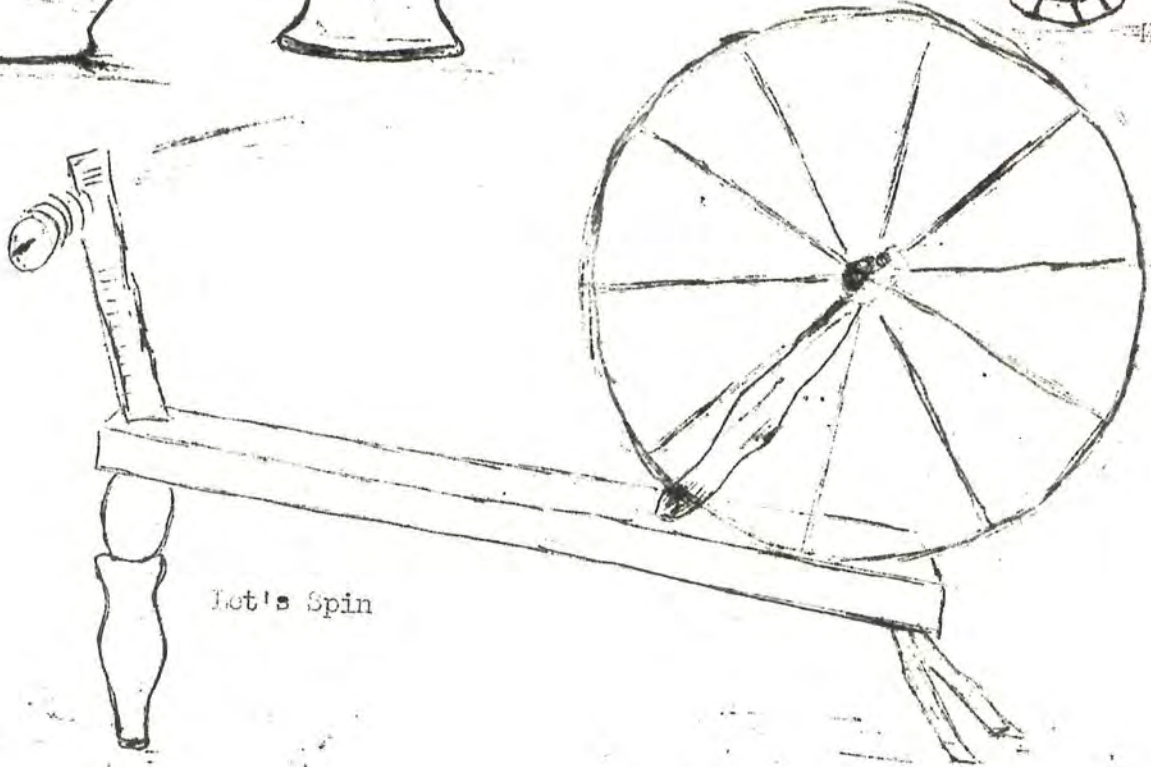


Cup salvaged from
"Mount Temple"

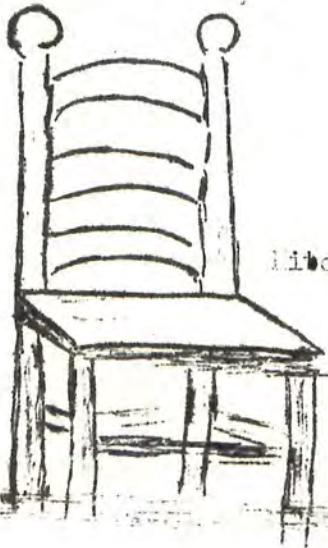


Teapot

C. Heating
Ship
Harbor



Let's Spin



Kitchen Chair



Monday, Wash Day



SOAP MAKING

Grandma saved and collected in the soap-box dripping, pork rinds, every scrap of fat and grease until she had enough to make a batch of soap. She never made soap when the moon was full, lest the soap, drying as the moon waned, should shrink.

She always chose a day when the moon was new.

Behind the house stood the ash-leach. It was a hollow bass-wood log set on end upon a board raised about two feet above the ground. The board was grooved and the log slightly tilted. At the bottom of the leach they put a layer of straw; then a layer of lime, covering that with hardwood ashes. Water was then poured several times a day into the leach. As it soaked through the layers it dissolved the alkali in the ashes and, as lye, ran down the groove into the crock set below the board to catch it.

Grandma got out her big iron soap-kettle. The boys drove crotched sticks into the ground a few feet apart and laid a stout pole across them, and attached to the handle of the kettle which was raised a foot or more from the ground. The boys built a fire beneath the kettle, piled plenty of wood near, and then Grandma took charge.

She put the collected grease and lye in the kettle and boiled them together. There were two kinds of soap: hard and soft. Soft soap was used for scrubbing, cleaning, and sometimes for washing; the hard for personal use. When the grease and lye had boiled together till the mixture was a clear slimy mass, Grandma dipped from the kettle enough to fill her "soft soap crocks." To the rest she added a little salt and resin, boiling it a little longer. It was then put into shallow pans to harden. Before it was quite hard, Grandma cut it into cakes of various sizes. Making soap was a long hard day's work.

THE PARING BEE - Making Dried APPLES

The Paring Bee took place in the autumn, around the long kitchen table the young folk seated themselves alternately, first a girl and then a boy. Fresh supplies ^{of apples} were brought in from the cellar. This is the process: The young men peeled, the girls quartered and cored them then passed to the youngsters who sat by the fireplace with darning-needles threaded with lengths of stout linen thread in their hands. With these they "strung" the quarters, handing them over to the mistress who hung them to dry upon poles placed near the kitchen ceiling. In one evening maybe 20 bushels of apples were pared. (The girls washed their hands in the fragrant juicy mass of cores and skins to keep them white,)

"The Bedroom in Fisherman's House Museum"

Adjoining the parlour in the Museum is the master bedroom. One will surely be impressed with the furnishings. The walls and ceiling are made of wide pine boards showing how large the pine trees grew and how fine was the craftsman who planed them.

The wooden bed^s with its slats, is covered first with a feather tick. Grandma always plucked her own geese. She usually plucked them four times a year. This was her general procedure. She drove her flock into one corner of the yard and caught one. Carrying it into the wood-shed, she drew a stocking over its head to keep it from biting. She then thrust its long neck under her left arm and, with the fat body in her lap, drew out its feathers and removed the down, necessary to make feather ticks and pillows. Does this sound cruel? Sometimes Grandma made woollen jackets to cover the poor plucked geese. If Grandma didn't have enough feathers to fill the ticks on all the beds, she would use newly dried hay or fresh straw.

The bed is covered with a spread, hand-knit of linen thread in an elaborate pattern. It is also interesting that a local resident*donated this spread. The flax was planted, harvested, spun and knit by his Great-Grandmother of Upper Musquodoboit. At the foot of the bed is a red and white blocked quilt* It is made of fine salt bags. If you look closely, you will see the imprint of the salt bag label. A beautiful wool "puff" made by Ethelda Myers, Mother of the thirteen girls, is also on display.

The wearing apparel in the room reflects styles of yore! A red flannel covered iron used as a bed warmer, a pewter ring case lined with red velvet, Curling irons, hair-receiver, shaving mugs, bedroom china, hair pins, combs, jewellery are all items relating to our Heritage.

The candle on the bureau was made by Grandma. After the sheep had been killed, the tallow was melted in a large pot of boiling water, one-third tallow and two-thirds water. The tallow rose to the top, and the pot was placed on the floor between two kitchen chairs.

Two long poles were placed on the backs of the chairs about eighteen inches apart. Grandma then got out her candle rods, sticks twenty inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Over each of these she doubled a piece of cotton wicking ten inches long. Six of these wicks were placed on each rod so that they hung about two inches apart.

When all is ready and the tallow hot, the dipping began. Beginning at one end of the line, the dipper lifted each rod with its six wicks in turn and plunged the wicks into the liquid tallow. Removing it quickly, she placed the rod again across the poles, leaving the grease to thicken on the wicks as she worked down the line of rods. This process was repeated until the candles were the right size.

* Wooden bed(Mrs. Douglas Jennex); Local resident(Garth Hosking) Quilt(Levia Brown)

(From this story we learn many things about the early chores and crafts.)

Whenever I see a loom - either a modern compact one in a handicraft shop or an unwieldy, hand-constructed one in a farmhouse- I am always reminded of a weaver who went away many years ago leaving a beautiful tweed cloth half-finished in an old-fashioned loom. My mother was not only a weaver, but a knitter as well, and many an afghan, spread and rug found rest in the hope chests of her four daughters. The only materials my mother purchased were a few packages of dye to supplement the ones she made at home and the occasional skein of cotton warp which was added to wool in some bedspreads and floor coverings to make them durable.

Preparations for Mother's weaving started with the new-born lambs in March and April. Our family considered it a distinction to be the first to find a new lamb, usually a damp little creature with tissue-thin ears. Sometimes the newer mothers were loathe to take on their responsibilities and had to be held while the lambs had their refreshment. We children loved to carry pails of warm bran mash to the sheep and warm their drinking water on the hospitable kitchen range. The mothers drank warm water for the first few days following the experience of lamb-birth.

Occasionally, there was an orphan or a twin whose mother could not face the double task. This offspring was brought up on the bottle and a great deal of love from all of us. We were usually rewarded for our trouble by being bunted, for a pet lamb often develops saucy habits.

While the lambs were busy growing up and covering themselves with wool, we gathered grey tree mosses and later on, golden rod for Mother's dyes. Mother put the golden rod into a large iron pot with some salt and vinegar, and it bubbled over an outdoor fire. The pot hung on a tripod made by driving the sharpened ends of three alder sticks into the ground and hooking the opposite, forked ends together. When this mixture had boiled for an hour, it was strained through several layers of cheesecloth, and used to dye beautiful white wool skeins a golden color.

The grey moss found only on aging trees had to be processed longer. It was a real holiday to go with empty sacks into the woods to find the moss. Although the moss was light, a sackful was awkward to carry, and we used to tumble and fall all over the sacks as we carried them home. Later, the moss was packed in a pickle barrel and left to ferment until the soft grey color could be extracted.

When the sheep were ready for shearing, the women helped with the task. The sheep were tied and placed on a home-made trestle-table, high enough to discourage backaches. Shearing by hand was a slow job, but each farmer usually had three or four in his household who could help, and there was a lot of friendly competition to see who could shear the most sheep in a day.

My Mother washed her wool by hand in tubs placed on stools. The fleeces required eight rinses to get rid of all their excess oil and dust. Then they were spread out on the grass in a sheltered spot. If it rained on the wool, so much the better for it made the fleece whiter. Once dry, the wool was carried home and picked over to make it light and fluffy. This was done by taking a handful of wool and pulling the strands apart with quick, tearing movements. My Mother had tools for carding, and I remember watching her make hundreds of rolls for spinning.

After carding, the wool was spun. The homey sound of the wheel's whirr mingled with the song of a large iron kettle that stood, set back on our stove. From the wheel the spun yarn was wound onto a home-made machine called a jack-reel. This was a wooden wheel with little crossbars that held the yarn and made a clicking sound every tenth turn. Ten clicks made a skein.

When the skeins were dyed, the quills that fitted into the shuttles were filled with wool. There was an attachment on the spinning wheel to wind the wool on the quills, but the rapidly winding threads had to be guided skilfully to prevent uneven spots which would interfere with the free shooting of the shuttle from side to side.

Our loom, set up in an unfinished room by a window, was large and cumbersome, a far cry from to-day's easily operated looms. The wooden parts were coated with an evil smelling mixture of cod-oil and turpentine to discourage wood ticks, and covered with layers of newspaper. Once an English artist visited our home and painted my mother sitting at her loom. The picture was hanging at one time in a famous art gallery in England.

The patterns my mother used were called by such intriguing names as Church Windows, Cart Wheels, Chariot Wheels and Olive Leaf. The fame of Mother's rugs and spreads travelled far and wide. I went with Mother to the Beautiful estate of Alexander Graham Bell in Baddeck several times when she was delivering her tweeds and spreads. Her original tweed sold much faster than she could produce it.

Mother was experimenting with colors for a new tweed when the shadow fell. It was a long time before we could bear to have the unfinished cloth removed from the loom, and although many years have passed since then, her children still remember her as one who laid her hand to the spindle and the distaff and was a joy to all her household.

(Let us think of the last sentence as a tribute to ALL NOTIERS of the

Eastern Shore who were Spinners, Weavers, etc.)

(Alice Bardsley's home was in Cape Breton)

"Grandpa's Splint Broom"

Grandpa just returned from the woods with a thick stick of green hickory. Let us watch him make a broom. First he removed the bark from the stick. His knife was not sharp enough to splinter the hickory; therefore, he looked around to see who would turn the grindstone. The grindstone was that enemy of the small boy who had to turn the wheel when there was sharpening to be done. After he had the knife sharpened, he splintered the stick upward for about ten inches. When he had enough splints for the center of the broom, he cut off the core. Next he splintered the broom from the top downward, leaving enough "stick" to form the handle. Then he bent the splints down from the top over those at the bottom and bound all together in a bundle. How proud we were of Grandpa's Splint Broom!

LETTER WRITING

Many people did not know how to write one hundred years ago; therefore, not many letters were written. However, ink was used for special signatures and important documents. Ink was made in the home by boiling the inner bark of the soft maple and adding a little copperas (Blue vitriol) to the solution. This made very good ink because it did not easily fade.

Goose quills were used as pens. The quills were boiled to remove the oil. The feathers were stripped from the quill about two inches back, and Grandpa sharpened and split the point with his "jack-knife".

A box like a pepper-shaker filled with fine sand was used for a blotter. The fine sand sprinkled over the wet ink dried it quickly.

BREAKFAST: Bible reading, Prayer, Sage Tea, Fewter Bowls of Porridge. As there was not enough bowls to go round, the children ate in pairs, two from a bowl. They drew lines with their horn spoons, dividing the bowl in half. Ham, Johnny Cake, Bread. Only the elders were allowed to use butter.

"CULTURAL CENTER AT JEDDORE, OYSTER POND"

Parking and turning facilities for tourists at the "Fisherman's House Museum" were found to be inadequate. Our M.L.A. Hon. A. Garnet Brown and L. Martin of N.S. Museum recognized the problems and negotiated with the Dept. of Public Works to purchase the adjoining Carl Mitchell property to help solve the problems.

We are very grateful to the above mentioned persons because the property acquired provides extra parking space, exit and entrance to Museum from #7 Highway. The old home on the property built by Jonathan Myers in the late 1800's and sold to Elijah and Mary Mitchell in the early 1900's has provided more space for community activities, historic library, craft room and display and sale of local crafts.

The scenic view of Jeddore Harbor and Navypool from this house is priseless!

Helen Jennex, Curator of Museum, organized a committee of ten senior citizens to apply for a "New Horizons Grant" from the federal government.

The COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Harpell Power, East Jeddore, President
Harold Webber, Oyster Pond, Vice President
"GOLDEN AGERS" Herman Hartlin, Oyster Pond, Secretary-Treasurer
Arthur Marks, Ship Harbor
Grace Monk, Ship Harbor
Burton Fahie, Ship Harbor,
Agnes Etter, Ship Harbor
Cecil Mitchell, Oyster Pond
Frank Jennex, Oyster Pond,
Cora Myers, Salmon River Bridge

This Committee was successful in obtaining a Grant and have used the money wisely in renovating and furnishing the Mitchell house. (Cultural Center)

Reuben George, well known poet and bird carver, has summed this endeavor up in the following poem:

"THE CULTURAL CENTER AT JEDDORE"

O come to the "Cultural Center",
It's for all of those folks I am told;
Who are sixty or MORE from Ship Harbor to Jeddore,
There's always room for ONE MORE in the fold.

Meet again your old friends and your neighbors,
Let them see you are STILL GOING STRONG;
Play BINGO or CARDS every Wednesday,
Read a BOOK - play a GAME - sing a SONG:

We make HAND CRAFTS and have a small LIBRARY,
You can sit there and READ, KNIT or TAT;
But if you can't do any of these things
Just come in and LISTEN and CHAT:

Attend EVERYONE of our MEETINGS,
It's been provided for folk such as YOU;
We hold a "BIRTHDAY PARTY" each month
(with a prize and light lunch)

WE HAVE LOTS OF FUN ----- SO CAN YOU!



A REPORT ON THE OPENING OF THE CULTURAL CENTRE - JULY 12, 1975

The day the Cultural Centre opened
A goodly crowd was there;
Not an inch of space was vacant,
Almost two on every chair.

CULTURAL CENTER

It was warm and hot and humid,
'Twas a nice, yet foggy day,
When one could perspire without a fire,
Although no one stayed away.



There were dignitaries everywhere,
The honorable --Garnie Brown
With his chum, Mike Forrestall
Had both driven out from town.

There were speeches and presentations,
And the "Golden Agers" sang;
They whooped it up in joyful song,
'Til the very rafters rang!

Built by Jonathan Myers

The home of Elijah & Mary
(Duffett) Mitchell -

They served bowls of fine fish chowder,
Made by Carl, Elijah's son;
And other dainty refreshments,
Were served to everyone.

Family: Myrtle, Everett,
Gerald (deceased), Fortescue,
Helen, and Carl

They all enjoyed the great event,
and had a very pleasant time;
Two of the ladies were up in years,
Aunt Bertha boasted Ninety-nine.

They declared the place was open,
Had cut a ribbon made of silk;
They now can serve the "Golden Agers",
With cups of coffee, tea, or milk.

A presentation then was made,
And the honored guests looked glad;
Decked out in smart Sou-westers made
Of real Nova Scotia plaid.

We cannot close without a tribute
And without a word of tellin'
That all this would not have come about,
Without the work of Helen.

Respectfully submitted,
Reuben George, Head Jeddore



THE UPSTAIRS LIBRARY

In the "Cultural Center" visit the Library upstairs. No Librarian with pen, card and rule guards it. Read or borrow the books of your choice. Record your own books in the Library Book on the table. Quietly enter the small room, heavy with the indescribable odor of old books, most delicious of perfumes in the nostrils of the book-lover. The walls are lined with books; the tables covered; yes, and there are even some on the floor. There you may enjoy the small stout volumes that our great-grandfathers loved. There you may read till the light fails, with never a sound but the splash of the waves on the beach to break in upon your day-long dream.

DO YOU REMEMBER????

Buying broad-toed brown slip on rubbers from Arthur Webber's store?

Buying well-butchered meat from John P. Webber of Upper Lakeville?

Buying lump fish from Scott Day?

Buying long shingles sawed in the water mill owned by Jonathan and James R. Jennex at Abram's Brook? Their bookkeeping was done on a wide smooth board.

The expression on the storekeeper's face when you called him or her from the house to the store for a penny candy or something they never had in stock?

Buying Leah Myers' home made chocolates? (Delicious, eh?)

The Organ Grinder who played tunes for a penny?

The stopping place for the Gypsies at the "red House" at Navypool? (We would be too afraid to pass when the gypsies were there so Mr. Ervin Myers (father of the thirteen girls) would accompany us as far as the United Church and then come to meet us there after school.)

Rowing across Jeddore Harbor to ' Jim Day's Barren' for blue berries?

Bothering Mrs Andrew (Mary) Mitchell and Mrs. Morris (Emma) Mitchell for a drink of water? (When we went to school, there was just no place you could get a drink of water; therefore, these ladies were very kind and amiable to oblige us.)

The School Sleigh Rides? (Oyster Pond School to Musquodoboit Station)

In spite of parental objections, boys and girls jumping from ice pan to ice pan as it floated across the "Gut"?

The freehand drawn designs in pencil of geometric figures, scrolls, flowers, etc. drawn by our mothers on burlap the backing for the home made rugs?

Standing in the doorway of Fred. Stoddard's work shop watching him and his son, Tom, planing the wide pine boards to make coffins? (Sometimes, we were told to move on to school!)

The Day boys teaching our teacher how to call a moose?

The smell from the "moose shanks" worn by some pupils? (These "Moose shanks" were just as stylish looking as some of the snow boots of today.)

When Max Webber's barn was the Anglican Church Rectory on the Rectory Hill?

Billy (Seth) Myers calling the "Plain Sets" and "Lancers" at Roy Myers' shed?

The dances and parties at Howard Day's "Happy Landing Dance Hall"?

The fine fiddle playing of Jerry Myers, Will. Day, and Lavina Hartlin?

Leo Baker's beautiful Accordion music?

The competency of Frank Marks of Ship Harbor as Forester and Game Warden of our area and also C. Day of Musquodoboit Harbor, Fish Warden?

The village Blacksmiths Richard Webber, Arthur Myers, Welsford Bonn, Ralph Bonn, Wray webber, William Homans, James Myers, Alec. Bonn? (others?)

Stopping in front of the home of Clarence Cooper, Oyster Pond, to listen to Clarey and his Mother singing hymns?

The hucksters who came to buy eggs, chickens, and fowl?

COMMUNITY CONCERTS

Community Concerts were very popular when I was a school student. Let me share some of my recollections with you.

There was never a dull moment when "Uncle" Porter Mitchell was "Master of Ceremonies" at a concert. His ready wit and humour brought applause and laughter from the entire audience. His fine rendition of "Old Black Joe" was certainly a high light!

His persuasive and humorous remarks, when he was the Auctioneer at a "Pie Sale", caused the bidders to pay high prices for the pies.

Aunt Bertha Myers (she is now 99) will long be remembered for her Recitations. The one which always sent an icy chill up my spine was....."the goblins will get you (she always seemed to point her finger at me) if you don't watch out"!

Mrs. Charles (Ethel) Mitchell reciting very emphatically- "Curfew must not ring to-night".

Otho Gibbons singing - "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town".

Aunt Jessie (Mitchell) Beaver's twinkling eyes and shy smile as she recited - "The year is going--let it go,
Ring happy bells across the snow".

Gertie (Mitchell) Jennex held the audience spell bound by her own interpretations of poems, readings, etc.

Nora Myers' Star Drills! "Square your corners, girls".

The fine acting of Dennis and Lena Wernell in the one-act plays.

Everett Mitchell, with flag draped across chest,
It's only an old piece of bunting,
It's only an old cotton rag;
But thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for their FLAG."

Rev. Howard Hartlin's diction and poise in reciting, "Sam Mcgee from Tennessee".

Pearl (Stoddard) Blakeney's leadership role in all community activities was outstanding. In concerts she could act the comedian or the most serious part with wonderful success. I always admired her determination to get projects started and completed. She taught me, my children and my grandchildren in St. John's Anglican Church Sunday School. Her outlook on life was always optimistic.

Fred Hoskings' "Kazoo Band" was a Hit!

Leading male voices in community singing were Spurgeon Jennex (tenor), Otis Jennex, Frank Hartlin, Herman Hartlin, and Roy Mitchell.

One of the oldest General Stores at Oyster Pond, Jeddore, was started after the death of John Duncan Mitchell in 1883 by his widow, Flora (Henry) Mitchell, known by many as Aunt Flo Dunc.

The Store was started in the eastern front end of the old house. Business grew and about 1893 the store was constructed by the local carpenter, Fred H. Stoddard, at the cost of \$350.00 - records still exist. Mrs. Mitchell carried on the business with the help of her daughter Roxana, and son William, until her death in 1918. The business was then taken over by William, known as W.M.O. or Willie O. until his death in 1949. It was then given to his nephew, Garth Hosking, the only surviving member of J.D. Mitchell and grandson of Mrs. John D. Mitchell. It was operated by his wife, Mildred, until it was closed out in 1975.

During the early years, produce was received by coastal schooners, landing this freight at the Government Wharf, situated near the Irving Oil Tanks, across from the home of Edward Myers (Aunt Bertha). When the railway was built to Musquodoboit Harbor, freight was landed there and hauled by horse and wagon to Jeddore. All heavy freight was still handled by coastal vessels. These items included kegs of vinegar, puncheons of molasses, barrels of flour, drums of oil, bags of feed, etc. In the early 30's freight trucks started a daily freight service. The first service was managed by P.W. Judge and later Dan Dauphinee.

About 1919 an ice cream parlor was opened on the second storey of the store. Twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, ice cream arrived via the train to Musquodoboit Harbor from Scotia Pure Milk in Halifax. On these two evenings people would gather from all surrounding areas to enjoy the treat. Sometimes a social evening was enjoyed.

In early years; stock included everything needed in everyday life; such as barrels of apples, barrels of fox berries in water, and boxes of dried apples. Also clothing, boots, shoes, and hats were sold. When there was no room on the shelves, hardware was hung on hooks from the ceiling.

About 1910 the large warehouse was added to hold feed, flour, molasses, oil, etc which had to be stored for the winter months when the harbor was frozen.

Progress must go on, so as many more on the Eastern Shore, the small general store has given up to the Supermarkets and remains only a memory of many an enjoyable evening spent around the pot belly stove in the first half of the 20th century,

Cecil Mitchell recalls one occasion when Aunt Flo Dunc was returning to Jeddore from Halifax on the vessel the "Rival". The "Rival" was going in the West Bay to unload some freight, Aunt Flo, wishing to get home early, hailed the vessel the "P.C. Hill" which was sailing very close behind. The "P.C. Hill" rounded up beside the "Rival" and she stepped from the "Rival" to the "P.C. Hill" and proceeded to Oyster Pond. (Jeddore Channel)

How many times I was sent to this store with eggs, each individually wrapped in paper, to trade them for tea, sugar, etc.

My brothers always enjoyed watching Willie O. play checkers with Mr. Hutton, Baptist Minister who had no arms. Moved checkers with pencil held in his mouth. Mrs. Mitchell paid 5¢ a quart for blueberries. Getting that 5¢ certainly made us proud.

Buying boxes of broken biscuits was very common in Willie O's hey-day.

Lyall, Garth's brother, (now deceased) was a favorite of all the store's customers.

Mrs. Roxie's generosity, especially with children, was certainly appreciated. She was always interested in your school work and o her activities. A special tribute to her kindness is justified.

An uncle of mine, had an experience that changed the whole course of his life. In the early days of his marriage, he was a heavy drinker. After a night of cards and drinking, he wended his way home. When he arrived at the gate, he saw a beautiful white dog lying there. The dog looked very friendly, lying there with his nose resting on his front paws. Because my uncle liked dogs, he stopped to pat him. But, suddenly instead of a dog there was a furiously burning fire.

My uncle took this as a warning from God. Never afterward until the day he died, did he touch cards or drink. Indeed, his whole life pattern changed. He helped to establish a Sunday School in his home village, became a pillar of the church by taking part in all good works and was responsible for beginning Christian Endeavor Meetings in the next community.

Later his wife (after having promised secrecy) told my father that one evening on his way to the Christian Endeavor Meeting, two angels met him, joined hands and danced around him.

ENJOYABLE ACTIVITIES - Alice and Gordon Gray

We are members of the "Golden Agers Senior Citizens Club" which was organized in May, 1975.

We meet on Wednesday afternoons from two to four o'clock. Usually we have Bingo, Cards, listening and telling tales of away back when.

On the last Saturday of each month, we have a Birthday Party for all those who have a birthday that month. Each one receives a small gift, and of course, there is a delicious birthday cake. We have games, singing and reciting of poetry. Emma and Wouben usually do the reading of the poems.

We all agree that this Senior Citizens' Club in this area is almost a must.

The "Golden Agers" (women) have formed a Cancer Club*. We meet every second Wednesday after the regular entertainment. We make bandages, bed pads, etc. for the Cancer Society. (Voluntary) We all hope that all our activities will continue for some time, as we sure appreciate it.

As for the "Fisherman's House Museum" that is really needed here also, and is indeed appreciated. We are very fortunate in having such an interesting place for tourists to see and enjoy the many artifacts that they have never seen or heard tell of before.

In the "Golden Agers" and "Fisherman's House Museum" everything is well organized; therefore, we must say we are really thankful and pleased.

* Alice Gray is the leader of this Cancer Club.

** Olive (Parker) Robbins is a retired teacher. She taught in our local school for almost forty years.

Did Mr. and Mrs. Albert Foley ever find the treasure buried just west of Salmon River Bridge?

How many have seen the headless woman at Wild Cat, Head Jeddore?

Have you ever met the woman in the beautiful light grey dress by the United Church, Oyster Pond?

The headless woman dressed in white who scared so many people at Corkum Hill, East Jeddore, proved to be a white cow.

Who were the Municipal Officers in our District #27 in 1880?

Councillor William Guild, Jeddore
Assessors of Rates..... William Robinson, Daniel Blakely,
Robert Stevens.
Overseers of Roads William Warnell, John Warnell,
John G. Myers, Nathaniel Dooks, Richard
Richardson, Jeremiah Harpell, Isaac Hopkins,
William Arnold, Jr., George A. Jamison, Esq.,
M.D., James Marks, Jr., George Stoddard,
Alex Russell, Joseph Parker, John R. Webber,
Frederick Slaughenwhite, George Mosher, Sr.,
William Faulkner, William A. Webber, Jr.,
John Faulkner
Constables..... Isaac Foley, John Baker, Jeremiah Harpell,
John A. Blakeley, Albert Myers, Henry S.
Guild, Robert Dooks, Philip Mitchell,
Lawrence Marks, Sr., David Cowan, Fred.
Stoddard, William Homans, Richard Stevens,
John Williams, William Robinson.
Collector John D. Mitchell
Fence Viewers Joseph Dooks, Simeon Richardson, James
Myers, John Laybolt, William Robinson,
Jacob Richardson, Jacob Robinson, Charles
Slaid, John Smith.
Overseers of the Poor..... Colin Mitchell, John Maskell, Conrod Marks.
Hog Reeves George Stoddard, Andrew Siteman.
Presiding Officer for holding Municipal Elections, George A. Jamison, M.D.

In 1880 the Overseer of the Poor reported that Nothing was required in the Jeddore area.

The Ship Harbor Ferry Service was established in 1880. The Ferryman was to be licensed and responsible for many regulations, such as: Hours of Service from sunrise to ten o'clock at night. If a Ferryman had to make trips after ten o'clock at night, he was able to charge each foot passenger 14¢ instead of the regular fee 7¢. (A well known Ferryman, Will Tracey) Thistle Wardens were appointed to direct the destruction of thistle and noxious weeds so as not to injure a neighbors' lands.

No person shall be allowed to collect, pile, haul away or remove kelp or sea manure from any shore or beach before sunrise or after sunset.

Excerpt from Halifax City Directory 1873-73. This book was donated to "Fisherman's House Museum" by Mrs. Laura (Bayer) Day of Musquodoboit Harbor.

Archibald's Stage (carrying H.M. Mails) leaves Halifax for Musquodoboit Harbor, Jeddore, Ship Harbor, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Salmon River, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning at 6 o'clock, returning the intervening days.
A Mr. Tracey was a Mail Carrier at this time also.

TO TANGIER and SHEET HARBOR

Innis' Porter's Lake.....	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	Tangier (56)	8
Ormon's Chezetcook Road.....	2	Sheet Harbor.....	18
Musquodoboit Harbor	10	Beaver Harbor.....	10
Webber's, Lakeville.....	11 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Ship Harbor	8	Total,	84 Miles

A TRIP ON THE "S.S. MARGARET" along the Coast of Nova Scotia

Captain- Paul Cooper Purser - Mr. Flaherty

Evening - leave Halifax - Next Morning at 7, Jeddore, Baker's Point
Agent - Angus Day

<u>Ports of Call</u>	<u>Agent</u>
Ship Harbor	George Monk
Lushaboom	Fred Fields
Sheet Harbor (East River)	Tom Hall
Sheet Harbor (West River)	Theodore Martin and Bob Hall

The "S.S. MARGARET" burned near Liscombe. Mr. Flaherty met his death in the fire.

The "S.S. Dufferin" and "Scotia" were then the coastal steamers. This coastal service was discontinued during War II.

Let us REMEMBER the EASTERN SHORE MAIL DRIVERS: Jim Rowlings-Contractor
Billy Gordon, Musquodoboit Har. Jack O'Melia, Musquodoboit Har.
George Hawes, Spry Harbor Harry Henley, Spry Harbor
Stanley Fergusson, Tangier Jimmie Gaston, Tangier
Ed. Henley, Spry Bay Odous Webber, Upper Lakeville
Craig Fahie, Ship Harbor Jim Myers, Head Jeddore

(In the early 1900's all high school students in Grades 9-12 had to go to Halifax to write their Provincial Examinations. This is about the only time some of us ever visited Halifax; therefore, we were very curious to know more about our capital city. I was very impressed with the Trams. The following story by Alice Bardsley about Trams fascinated me ; therefore, by her kindness, I am going to pass the story on to the readers of this Brochure. - H.J.)

It was a rare day indeed on June 11, 1866, when citizens of every colour, class, and race gathered near the Province Building in Halifax, to see the horse-railway cars roll over the line for the first time. Haligonians, who had been at the mercy of high-priced cabbies, and suffering from leg pains brought on by long and rocky walks to work, thought they witnessed a miracle. Some of the old timers refused to call this new thing progress and said no good would come of such new-fangled notions.

However, the general spirit was one of pleasant rejoicing. Huzzas filled the air when the five guest-laden cars moved off on their maiden journey, stopping at Government House to pick up Sir Fenwick Williams and other high officials. The 4th Regiment Band, occupying a place of honor on one of the cars, played stirring music as the cars passed through Pleasant, Hollis, and Granville streets and on to the depot at Richmond. Here William D. O'Brien, who had incorporated the Street Car Company in 1863, entertained many distinguished guests at a bountiful feast. This was arranged on a flower and bunting bedecked table at one end of the depot.

The newly installed trams started each day at five a.m. in order to meet early trains, gave fifteen minutes service, and the price was sixteen tickets for one dollar. Trams meeting the trains were marked "Train", and the trunks were carried free. It was a happy time for Haligonians and a sad one for the cabbies. The latter while bringing home the bacon had failed to set any aside, never dreaming their plundering was to end so abruptly. They had been charging sixty-five cents per passenger for transportation to the business area of Halifax from the Richmond depot, a distance of three miles. This was a high price at that time.

There was no Sunday tram service. The busiest week-day hours were early morning, and again at closing time, as all cotton mills and factories started work at seven and closed at six. Eventually the number of tram travellers increased so that in 1874 the company had to import larger cars, run them oftener, and fares were lowered to twenty tickets for one dollar, and three cents for children. In that same year, heavier rails were placed to carry larger cars. A winter of continuous snow-storms forced the company to use sleighs after the heavier snowfalls.

For the Windsor Street area, catering to larger bank accounts and finer feathers, a fancy tram was put into use. It was painted a bright yellow--dubbed the "Yellow Monstrosity" by still smarting cabbies - and was very impressive to colour-seeking eyes. The driver's seat was on the front part of the roof.

Jacob Street was one of the chief headaches for O'Brien's Company. An extra horse had to be kept at this point and to be hitched on to get the heavy car up the hill. Descending Jacob Street meant many a headache for the drivers and many a pain in the head for passengers. When snow fell abundantly in the winter of 1875, a three-seated sleigh was used. Many a dignitary had his dignity exposed, and many a lady forgot she was a lady on the various occasions when the sleigh upset while going down Jacob Street, leaving its passengers wallowing in drifts while affrighted horses bolted for Water Street.

All was not sugar and spice for O'Brien and his horse railway. Snow removal costs were high. Truckmen complained that the rails jolted their loads,

Continued (over)

and merchants berated him for clearing snow from his tracks to deposit it in unsightly piles before their places of business. The city complained that if the streets were shovelled bare other vehicles travelling on runners were held up. At this point a fight ensued in trying to decide whether or not Halifax city streets belonged to Halifax citizens or to Mr. O'Brien.

To cap O'Briens financial difficulties, some ailment which was difficult to diagnose hit his horses. While he struggled with this problem, the Intercolonial took over the N.S. Railway, and the horse car rails had to be removed to make way for the new railway's expansion. This was a temporary arrangement. The public, having lauded O'Brien in the beginning, now in 1876 failed to rally in his hour of need. Thus, for a time, the people of Halifax were reduced to walking again and the cabbies were back in money.

The Halifax Street Railway came into being and operated trams until this service was taken over by the Nova Scotia Power Company who hoped to use electricity. After many difficulties, The Halifax Electric Tramway was incorporated in 1895.

The Halifax tram and trolley drivers have won for themselves the reputation of being the most courteous men to be found anywhere. (We are pleased that many men from the Eastern Shore are included in this group.) They are the last to admit the presence of cranks among their passengers - cranks who blame the drivers for everything from slippery driving conditions to fires that held up traffic. Women berate drivers for starting before they get all their little free passengers stacked away on the seats. Later the same women blame the drivers for mud on their skirts left there by the same little passengers' feet.

Perhaps the greatest menace is the gossip woman who drapes herself over the front railing to chat, thereby obstructing the driver's view and making it difficult for passengers boarding the car. We must not forget the irate person who hails Number 5 car to ask what has happened to a Number 3. Drivers are expected to be a combination of information bureau, bell-hop and lost-and-found department. Their constant courtesy towards passengers - and the number includes some who do not deserve it - is a marvel.

Alice Bardsley has been a true friend to "Fisherman's House Museum". She and her husband Henry (Henry was the first man to install hot air furnaces in Oyster Pond) have a summer cottage in Clam Harbor.

Alice (Mackay) Bardsley is the great - great granddaughter of the Donald MacKay who piped the pioneers ashore from the ship the "Hector" in Pictou. Six of his family tree acquired holdings in Cape Breton - where Alice was born.

Alice wrote her first poem, which was published, when she was 14.

Alice is an active member of the Canadian Author's , Nova Scotia Branch, past Provincial Treasurer of the same, at present Press and Publicity Secretary. Over the years Alice has written for the Family Herald, Star Weekly, Country Sounds (in Winnipeg), Atlantic Advocate and others. She was also Travel Writer for Ottawa for a year - one of her items appeared in Readers' Digest. She taught school for a year before moving to Halifax to take a position at Victoria Hall.

EAST JEDDORE

East Jeddore is a wonderful place to stay;
It is about three miles from #7, the main highway;
To visit this fishing village on the Eastern Shore,
Follow the Dolphin signs about thrity miles or more.

Drive along until you come to the Church Hill,
Then stop your car and sit very still.
Look over the harbour, and you will see
Jeddore Rock* at the entrance, washed by the sea.

Directly across from where you are,
Hug waves break against Jeddore Bar;
The Bar buoy groans and glows when the waves are high,
Warning the fishing boats that danger is nigh.

Marsh Point that you see on the other side
Is being washed away by wind and tide;
However, on this Point, a long time ago
Indians and white men roamed to and fro.

Look. On the horizon we see small dots.
As they steam nearer we see bigger spots;
They are the fishing boats returning home.
Loaded with fish which they now own.

These hardy fishermen mostly have a good catch
Which they get in traps or very strong nets;
Mr. Harold Baker has a fish pound fine
Where lobsters are bought and sold all the time.

Mr. Keith Mitchell built a house big and strong,
Made of glass bottles** which will last very long;
All the other homes are attractive and clean,
And the whiteness of the churches for miles can be seen.

The Government Wharf is a good place to fish,
There you catch mackerel, as many as you wish.
A conger eel might grab your bait,
And may be more than six pounds in weight.

* Jeddore Rock is a huge rock upon which stands a lighthouse. Mr. John Will Mitchell was the keeper for many years and his wife's father, Mr. Crockett, from England, was one of the first teachers here.

** Hundreds of bottles were used for this glass house. The base of the bottle is exposed to the outside, giving an even, rounded appearance, while the rest of the bottle is embedded in cement.

At the end of the road there is a rocky beach
Where the sandpipers run within our reach;
The big smooth rocks roll as the waves hit the shore,
And for miles around you can hear the sea roar.

Among the eel grass and seaweed on the rocks,
Gulls, cranes, and loons feed there in flocks;
Maybe on a bright sunny day
You'll see seals splashing there at play.

We are all very proud of East Jeddore
This fishing village on the Eastern Shore;
To such a pleasant place come and relax;
It's about forty miles from Halifax.

OYSTER POND

The Indian name for Jeddore was "Wineboogwechk,"
While Oyster Pond was called "Pegoodebeck";
"Wineboogwechk" means 'the swearing place'
And "Pegoodebeck" a second apartment or space.

At the road where you turn to East Jeddore,
A War Memorial is there by the shore;
On Remembrance Day a service is held there,
And all bow in two minutes of silent prayer.

In Oyster Pond by the Atlantic Sea,
Many beauties of Nature tourists will see;
In the Pond itself, and the lakes nearby,
You might catch a fish if you want to try.

Don't miss a trip up Navy Pool,
And fish in the brooks clear and cool;
Around these brooks is a cranberry spot
Where the berries ripen when the sun is hot.

Years ago oysters were found on the pond,
But sawdust from mills killed the fish here and beyond;
Now there are no mills there at all,
Maybe the oysters will breed in the fall.

If you want something very good to eat,
"Goose Grass" on the marsh is a delicious treat;
Clams on the beaches, mussels on the rocks,
Are tasty and good, so tourists come in flocks.

On Teaberry Point by the Anglican Church,
For some of these red and white berries let us search;
Blueberries, raspberries, and foxberries ripen around the pond,
Also blackberries and strawberries of which we are fond.

Miss Helen Creighton, in her book "Bluenose Ghosts,"
Tells that in Oyster Pond there is a haunted house;
We wonder if ghosts really haunt there,
And if the people in that house are of this aware.

Many years ago in times of old,
Some Oyster Pond residents dug for gold;
Many scarey stories these men did tell,
The ghost ship and lady are remembered well.

In Oyster Pond, Abraham's Brook chatters along
Years ago at its mouth was a water mill strong;
This beautiful brook empties into Jeddore Bay,
Carrying green leaves and white foam on its way.

Years ago Oyster Pond was a very busy place,
Ships were built and mills were sawing in every little space;
Sailing vessels* were carrying freight to and from town,
And woodsmen in the forest large trees were cutting down.

Three and four masted schooners came to Jeddore
To carry lumber and pulpwood to a foreign shore;
The "Liverpool Rover" was well-known here,
Which our men loaded with pulpwood many times a year.

Today, on the "Old Women's Bog" no bakeapples are found,
But in times past they covered the ground;
Look for a stagnant pool on this wet spongy bog,
But you'll find nothing in it, not even a frog.

Oyster Pond is well-known to us
Because we come to school here every day by bus.

* Many of the sailing vessels were built and owned by men in the area. Chezzetcook was an important boat building area and some ships were built in the United States and brought up to Jeddore. These ships included such names as: MADELEINE, MIDNIGHT, MARION R., SEA JIM, BRITAIN STAR, HIGHLAND JANE, VIOLA G., JAMES R., BESSIE JENNEX, J. D. MITCHELL, LILY, LENA, PINK, RIVAL II, RIVAL I, ROVING BIRD, HELEN MAUD, P. C. HILL, J. OLINTHA, JESSIE, SOVEREIGN, DIEGO, SAN JUAN, J. J. COX, JENNY M., LOUISE MAUD, TWO BROTHERS, J. J. ARNOLD, MAUD CARTER, VIOLET WEST, ROSE, BRITISH TAR, TWILIGHT, WINIFRED SNOW, ANNIE B., BELLIE LOUISE, GOLDEN ROD, ST. PATRICK, AND IOWLANTHY.

SALMON RIVER

Let us leave Oyster Pond and go west on the highway
Where the beautiful Salmon River flows into Jeddore Bay;
The sunset over Salmon River shades it purple, red, and gold;
The view from Salmon River Bridge is a sight to behold.

From the little red schoolhouse on Arbor Day,
Pupils hiked to Salmon River mountain merry and gay;
After climbing this hill they would look out to sea,
And homes in Myers' Point, East and West Jeddore, they would see.

Drive down along Salmon River on a winter night,
And, as you look, you see a light;
Oh, yes, of course, it's the smelter's lanterns which shine,
They are catching smelts in Palmers' Cove with hook and line.

Up and down the River the speed boats go,
With a hum and a roar, the white spray they throw;
The sea birds swoop and fly away,
While the timid animals stop their play.

Don't miss a visit to Salmon River in vacation time
And enjoy all the beauties of Nature so fine;
It is a pleasant place to have fun and relax,
And it is only thirty miles from Halifax.

CANADA IN FLOWER

Original Verses by Grade 4 (1969-1970)

NEWFOUNDLAND *** PITCHER PLANT

Queen Victoria selected the Pitcher Plant to be engraved on the
Newfoundland penny in 1864,
The government of Newfoundland adopted it for their official
emblem in 1954;
This colorful red plant grows in marshes, swamps and bogs,
It can trap many harmful insects but not the big green frogs.

NOVA SCOTIA *** MAYFLOWER (TRAILING ARBUTUS)

The name mayflower means "creeping upon the earth,"
To pick this fragrant pink flower in spring brings us mirth;
It was used on coins and stamps before Confederation,
And in 1901 as our emblem it was given legislation.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND *** LADY'S SLIPPER

Lady's Slippers are known as the Moccasin Flowers,
It's rosy, pink blooms are found round many bowers;
It became the official emblem in 1965,
In shady, moist places it will best survive.

NEW BRUNSWICK *** PURPLE VIOLET

In 1936 New Brunswick adopted the Violet,
It grows very well where the ground is wet;
We see them blooming from April to May,
Then in the hot weather they fade away.

QUEBEC *** WHITE LILY

In 1963 the White Lily replaced the Iris emblem,
It has a beautiful white flower with a very long stem;
White is the symbol of purity,
But for Quebec it means security.

ONTARIO *** WHITE TRILLIUM

The White Trillium grows in groups of three petals,
Three broad leaves and three green sepals;
In 1937 this emblem for Ontario was chosen,
It begins to grow when the ground is frozen.

MANITOBA *** PRAIRIE CROCUS

For a sure sign of spring the Prairie Crocus blooms,
Its yellow-centered lavender blooms stay open until June;
In seed the head scatters like prairie smoke,
In 1906 it was chosen by the Manitoba folk.

SASKATCHEWAN *** PRAIRIE LILY

On the prairie this lily is known by all,
It was selected as the emblem in the fall
Of 1941 the official year,
Its orange red flowers are found everywhere.

ALBERTA *** WILD ROSE

The Wild Rose of Alberta is the sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere but none will compare with the wild Alberta Rose;
This emblem was adopted in 1930 by all,
The hip of this deep pink flower is gathered in the fall.

BRITISH COLUMBIA *** PACIFIC DOGWOOD

The Pacific Dogwood was adopted in 1956 by law,
Its beautiful white flowers change to red berries in the fall;
No person is allowed to destroy these trees,
Which sway back and forth in the Pacific breeze.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES *** MOUNTAIN AVEN

The North West Territories are near the Arctic Sea,
Where many pretty flowers are hard to see;
The pale, cream colored flower the Mountain Aven,
Was chosen as the emblem in 1957.

YUKON *** FIREWEED

Fireweed grows well in the far North,
Its four foot stems and pink flowers sway back and forth;
In 1957 this flower was chosen,
And on very cold days it is almost frozen.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MOOSE RIVER MINE

By Burns Marks, Ship Harbour
May, 1936

Come all ye brave Moose River lads,
And listen what I say
About a sad misfortune
That took place here one day.
It was in Moose River
Where the mines had caved and fell,
And three were trapped in darkness,
Which held them like a spell.
Those three men came from Toronto,
Their business to attend.
And in a shack quite near the mines
Were spending their week end
They had a misunderstanding of where
something could be,
And to prove who was right,
Went down in the mines to see.
And while they were downward going
They had but little fear
Of what was due to happen,
Or danger was so near.

They scarcely then had entered
When they heard a rumbling roar.
Down the mines has caved on them
And in the ground did pour.
Those three were shocked and frightened
Trapped in the mine below.
The mine has caved in on us,
Oh, God, can it be so.
While others heard the racket,
When down the mines did cave.
And faithful miners set to work,
Those victims for to save.
They toiled along for ten long days,
Each swinging blow they hit
They had bright hopes that they would
rescue
Those three victims yet.
While they were trapped beneath the
ground
And breathing with a strain,

They had but little hopes
That they would see the light again.
Till one young man with courage,
Spoke up to gladly say:
We must not be discouraged,
For the Lord will clear the way.
While they were trapped beneath the ground
They heard a banging sound
That was miners trying to save
Those men beneath the ground.
While others got together
And they took a diamond drill
And bore a hole down through the ground
Their hearts with hope to fill.
When they got light of rescue
Awaiting up above,
Where mothers and their dear wives
Ascending down their love.
And courage in their hearts they seek
When they saw rescue lines
That they may yet be rescued
Within Moose River Mines.
But through their hard experience
I'm sorry for to say
With an attack of illness
One young man passed away.
They laid the dead man on his back,
With his hands crossed o'er his breast.
Free from this hard world of sorrows
God comfort him at rest.
At last their task was ended.
They saw a ray of light,
Oh, God, may we be rescued
Upon this very night.
The victims said "God bless you,"
While still within the pit.
They told of their experience
That they never would forget.
Through all this wide world's troubles
When tasks are to be done,
Trying never has been beat
For it has always won.
And when they came to surface
Their friends came to and fro
And sang a hymn, which says:
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

While summer winds will freely blow
Among the swaying pines,
God's care has safely watched below
The rescue from the mines.
There is a faithful pilot
Who's love will freely give
May God's hand lay between their foes
And those two still may live.
If we will trust our faith in God,
Our reward will be His care.
That care is God's great gift to us
As free as summer's air.
There was a loud rejoicing
From woman, man, and boy,
And thoughts that they were rescued
The church bells rang with joy.
The bells of handy churches
As sharp as blades of steel
In glory to the rescue,
Rang in the air a peal.
One young man was a Doctor,
That gave another aid
That he may be a comfort
While in the mines they stayed.
Some weep for that poor man that's
gone
Within the mines did die,
When now is crowned a better life
To reign above the sky.
To think the whole thing over
The world and all should heed
That they had friends so faithful
To do a noble deed.
When little Lucy said her prayers
One night beside her bed
Her prayers were freely answered,
These were the words she said:
Oh, may God spare those two or three
Within the damp cold mine,
And let them breath once more the air
Where brilliant sunlight shines.
Strong may our Pilot's guarding be
From the high and golden stairs
But to others gave the privilege
For to rescue two with care.

"METHUSELAH"

On Cora's 80th Birthday, she received a gift from her niece, Olga, wife of Rev. Stanley Holliston, Mass. On the Customs Declaration Card was written, "a Nightie". Cora explains. Apparently, Stanley thought she was buying her a nightie, so when he mailed the parcel, this is what he stated.

 A dear little girl called Olga
 Went shopping for a gift
 For an Aunt by the name of Cora
 (Yes! I prefer that to Nora or Dora)
 First she wanted a nightie -
 It developed into a sheetie -
 And on spying it, thought Aunt Cora
 This will cover many a toe -
 I never had a nightie this big
 Why for a ship it would be a rig --
 And so she began to dig
 This corner - that corner -
 And all around the border.
 They must think I've gotten big
 Truly 'tis a very big undee
 'Twould cover me from here to Fundy --
 And so there was many a sigh
 Until the cobwebs flashed away
 And her eyes caught the full
 It truly was a sheet!
 Why tho' was it mailed as "nightie"
 Still puzzled the brain of weary Auntie
 Who thought of this, and thought of that--
 Even to wearing a beautiful hat--
 Nothing tho could lift the web
 That was now tangled in her head
 Until by Olga - her letter to-day
 Unveiled the mischief I will say --
 The sin of the parson!
 And who could believe it from such
 a person!
 A chuckle it does provide for me
 As I lay me down to sleep,
 For if I feel I ought to weep
 I just tumble in on that sheet,
 And should I dream about the parson,
 Could it be a better person?

Cora (Harpell) Myers is a grand-daughter of Grandpa Jim and Grandma Hannah. She was a successful school Teacher in the Jeddore area.

Cora is very concerned over the lack of Oral Reading and the proper usage of Capital Letters in the schools of to-day. How provoked she is when she sees Capitalization not used on T.V. screens properly!

Yes, he lived 900 years
 And those without even a fear
 That he would take too often a beer
 Which might cause him sadly to veer.
 And thus deprive him of a year
 Which apparently to him was most dear.
 What did he eat?

Now just remain in your seat
 And don't let me hear a beat
 About if he ever did a feat
 Or lie out in the heat
 With elevation of the feet
 Before he'd take a seat
 And gorge on jellies and custards
 And probably also mustards
 Along with cakes and cream
 That really made him beam
 (And possibly burst a seam)
 So piled up was that ice cream!
 All that tho was after the meats
 Piled high on a very big plate
 To cope with his appetite
 Which may not have been very light
 And he must have put on weight
 If not, that wouldn't be right
 But it has never yet come to light.
 Did he think of calories
 And also mini-skirted hippies
 In those far-off distant cities?

(Maybe 'tis a pity
 He didn't get to Mississippi.)

Oh me! I hear a groan
 As from a far away zone
 For I didn't recognize the tone
 And here am I all alone
 And fear in every bone
 And no one to condone.
 So please, my friends,
 Let us defend
 Our ancient dear Methuselah
 Who aghast he would have been
 Were he asked to have a "gin"
 But if he took it without din
 Would it have been considered sin?
 Alas, he is gone, may he rest in peace!
 While our memories of him never cease!
 And while we may wish for the century
 line

I'm sure we'll never multiply it by
 nine!*****

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"Fishermen's Yarns"

Oh, yes, what about the man and woman in Clam Harbor who dug up a copper bake pan full of English sovereigns?

Sure it's true! Many have tried to find the money chest lost by a boat when it was wrecked near Egg Island. Fishermen found skids in Laybolt's Cove where an iron box had been removed from the shore.

Strange happenings on Goose Island about 6 miles out in the Atlantic from West Jeddore: (1) A phantom boat is heard rowing, rowing around the island; (2) On the western end of the island noises like glass being broken against the cliffs; (3) Three spruce trees, on one a blood red bird, on another, a jet black bird, on the other a pure white bird, are perched as if guarding buried treasure.

On Goose Island: *****

Initials and signs carved on eastern side of island. What do they mean?

From Mashaboom a story of a full-rigged schooner crossing the ice every February, then dropping anchor in one certain place. Could there be pirates' gold on Blackmore's Island?

Who has seen the vessel sail up Pleasant Harbor and vanish in^{to} the woods?

A sailor in full uniform was often seen at Myers' Point, Jeddore; however, he would vanish as soon as one approached him. One dark night some boys went to skate on a pond near the place where the sailor was seen. They were joking about the sailor ghost and one boy challenged the sailor to come and light up his lamp so they could see how to put on their skates. Immediately the whole pond lit up. The frightened boys ran for home. The pond, thereafter was named, "Ghost Lake".

What about the full-rigged ship sailing up Jeddore Harbor, tacking across the channel to Salmon River and then coming directly to Mitchell's Point? This story as well as the story of the fire on Mitchell's Point as told by Uncle Steve Jennex, was the chief reason that Elijah Mitchell, Ervin Myers, and Edward Myers dug for treasure on the Point.

Did they find gold? Who knows? Maybe, the pirates took it?

At midnight the three above named men, accompanied by a dog, took their tools and started to dig for the treasure on the Point. Sure enough, the phantom ship sailed in on her regular course and dropped anchor off the shore of the Point. The rattle of the anchor chain sent an icy chill through the diggers. The pirates lowered their long boat and rowed toward shore. Reaching the shore they advanced toward the men, their sabres rattling. The treasure hunters were speechless and motionless. The dog's howls could be heard over the whole village! As the men from the galleon reached the edge of the circle, which had been dug by the men around their excavation, they stopped. What next, you ask? Well, the three local men became faint-hearted and ran for home.

The next day when the men regained their courage, they returned to the Point. All they found was a big rusty key. Are the above questions answered now? The indentation of this excavation is still visible on the Point. See it for yourself the next time you visit the Musgun.

BOO! Who has seen the ghost lady on Betty's Island, West Bay, Jeddore Harbor? She carries the head of Betty, the slave, under her arm. Betty is supposed to be buried there.

RUN! RUN! Here comes the 200 pound headless man over the Turf Bog, East Jeddore!

SUPERSTITIONS

"Superstition," said my Grandma, "is a thing I can't abide,
But there's one thing that I believe in and it cannot be denied,
Every time I drop my dish cloth, whether morning, night, or noon,
Just as sure as you're a-living there is company coming soon,
Once, for instance, just to show you when I tore my cloth in two,
All I dropped was half my dish rag and I wondered, wouldn't you?
Company came, well, yes, a man came, never doubt the sign, I beg,
All I dropped was half my dish cloth and he had a wooden leg.

.....Unknown

It is unlucky to spill salt unless you immediately throw a pinch of
it over your shoulder.

13 is an unlucky number, 7 is a lucky number.

A rabbit's paw, a horseshoe or a four-leaf clover brings good luck.

It is unlucky for a bridegroom to see the bride on the day of the
wedding, until they meet at church. It is lucky for the bride to wear
"something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue."
It is lucky for the bridegroom to carry the bride over the threshold of
their new home.

It is unlucky to predict any good fortune, but immediately knocking
on wood will keep it from being unlucky.

It is unlucky if a black cat crosses your path, if you walk under
a ladder, if you throw your hat on the bed, if you put on your coat before
your hat, if a bird flies in the window, or if you break a mirror.

When an old cat chases her tail or is otherwise excited, look out
for high winds.

Never leave a loaf of bread upside down. Someone will die.

When sparks fly from a wood fire in the winter time, a soft spell
is near.

When oxen become unruly, a thunder storm may be expected.

If the first snow of the year melts with rain, so will every
snowstorm the rest of the winter.

If a cat, while washing herself, puts her paw over her ear, there
is company coming.

Circle around the moon means storm or rain.

A crescent moon with ends tipped up will be a dry moon. If standing
straight up and down so the water can run out, it will be a wet moon.

See the new moon, for the first time, through glass, bad luck.

Violets in autumn mean an epidemic.

EELING ALONG THE EASTERN SHORE

Eels always seemed to be plentiful along the Eastern Shore. They were easily caught where they burrowed many feet into the mud and, in winter bedded themselves in the muddy flats, or under the salt marshes.

In winter the fishermen used a spear with fine prongs, the ends of which were turned up inward in sharp points. Holes were cut in the ice and the spear thrust deep into the mud below. As the spear pushed into the mud, the prongs spread open a little and the eel was caught between them; as the spear was drawn up, the sucking mud forced the prongs together again, pressing the eel firmly against the points of the spear.

In summer, eels were taken by torchlight; the calm nights in June and July one would see many torch lights on Navypool. The torches were made of bull rushes or white birch twigs. These torches were fastened in the bow of the boat, and each took a cleft stick in his hand. As the boat moved slowly over the water, the eels, fascinated by the light, came swimming up alongside. The fisherman slipped his cleft stick over the eel's back and pressed down until he held the fish firmly enough to lift it into the boat.

Sometimes the fisherman would make a spear by straightening out two cod fish hooks and attaching them very securely, one on each side, of a round pole, beards turned inward. With the torch they would look for the eels standing straight up in the eel grass near the shore. When one was seen, they would jab it with the spear.

Today eels are also caught in eel pots. Some pots are made of withes others of laths. The pots were set in the fall of the year.

The housewives put the eels down in brine. Their pantries were often bare; therefore, the fine flesh of the eel was a welcome meal. A barrel of eels was reckoned equal to a barrel of salted pork as food for a hard working man.

LOBSTER FACTORIES

Early records show that a general merchant of Yarmouth bought 100 cases of lobsters in 1849 at one shilling (12 pence) per can and shipped them to London, from where they were returned --No Sale. Lobsters were reported sold for 50 cents per hundred. Canneries were set up in Eastern Shore communities, giving employment to women and girls as well as the men. A canning factory was operated at West Jeddore by a Sambro citizen, George Gray. The fishermen sold their lobsters daily to the factory where they were boiled in huge pots or vats, and shelled for canning. Another factory was operated at East Jeddore, and one at Little Harbor; the latter by Ebenezer Homans. The West Jeddore factory was located near the John Richardson property, now owned by Charlie Baker. When the industry closed out, the building was used as a store-house and social events such as a pic sale and dance until it gradually fell into disrepair and was torn down.

SEASIDE PLANTS

A visit to "Fisherman's House Museum" would not be complete without a stroll down to the shores of the Harbor and Navypool to see the plants hanging on the rocks. We call these plants "seaweeds".

Seaweed plants do not have roots; therefore, they hold on to the rocks with tough suckers. When the tide is in, the seaweeds float gracefully in the water.

Seaweeds make food through the green stuff in their leaves, when the sun shines on them as they float in the water. Seaweeds breathe through the pores in their skin, that is why they are very slippery to walk on.

Rock weed, bladder whack or pop weed is the most common. Some people call it pop-weed because you can pop the bladders that grow side by side on its long, flat leaves. The seaweed must be dry for the bladders to pop. Fishermen used it to forecast the weather. They would hang up a bunch of it to dry and if it remained moist it was going to rain. The iodine we use for cuts comes from this brown seaweed.

Dulse has dark red, purple fronds. This seaweed can be boiled and eaten. Many tourists have gone to Clam Harbor Beach to gather Dulse for medicinal purposes.

Irish Moss, when boiled, gives a thick liquid that sets in jelly. This sea-weed is also used in hospitals for people with weak chests and in the home for making blancmange.

Garweed grows mostly in deep water; however, strong winds and waves tear it from the rocks and wash it on to the shore. There are two main kinds of garweed, one has a lacy edging, the other is divided up into long fingers. Both have thick stalks. The common name for this weed is kelp.

Goose Grass is a low plant with thick, rubbery blades. Delicious for greens.

Marsh Grass grows here and there all along the shore. Years ago when cattle wandered at will, they would sometimes eat this grass. The milk from the cows who ate this grass was unfit to use (for the peculiar taste) for a few days.

The yellow-horned poppy with its lovely, silky yellow petals blooms from June to September.

Sea holly has bluish-green leaves. Each blossom is made up of many tiny flowers packed closely together. The stems and jagged leaves are waxy and prickly. The roots are thick, and when sugared, were once used for making a sweetmeat.

Bladder Campion blooms on cliffs. Its flowers are white, with tints of purple on the papery balloons.

Bindweed is a climbing plant that binds itself around other plants. The blooms are rose color and striped with yellow or red. The flowers are bell-shaped.

Mild pea, yellow stonecrop, thrift, and lyme grass also grow just above high water mark.



HOME
REMEDIES



Years ago in Grandma's time,
A doctor's help was hard to find;
Therefore, cures depended on Grandma's skill,
To help all her neighbors who were ill.

Grandma's medicine chest was crudely made;
In it her remedies were proudly displayed,
Sulphur, salt, lard, molasses and kerosene oil,
Also leaves and roots of herbs ready to boil.

In an emergency there was nothing to dread,
Grandma knew what to do and kept her head;
The sight of blood did not make her faint,
She administered the remedy without a complaint.

For her services Grandma would accept no pay,
She always seemed happy, busy and gay;
Grandpa was always ready and willing to aid,
In the mixing of remedies Grandma made!



PEPPERMINT



FLAX



POPPY



HOPS

HOME REMEDIES: "HOP VINE"

Grandpa planted a hop-vine by the garden wall,
It twined on a trellis straight and tall;
Grandma used the leaves and roots of this vine,
To help keep her family healthy and fine.

The pale green blossoms were picked in the fall of the year,
They were dried to use in yeast making and home made beer;
Hop beer contained dandelion root, sugar and other things,
It was an excellent tonic which was used in the spring.

The root used as a powder or made into pills,
Soothed the irritation of urinary organ ills;
In a pint of water she added a tablespoon of hops,
A dose of this tea stomach ache did stop.

A hop poultice gave relief in painful affections,
Such as toothache and earache and other afflictions;
For diseases of the throat and chest,
The inhalation of hop vapors eased distress.

For restlessness hop tea produced sound sleep,
And in cases of insomnia it brought relief;
A pillow composed of hops brought peaceful rest,
And to prevent ill dreams it was the best.

C R O U P

Often Grandma was called out at night,
To help a poor mother her child's croup to fight;
She would use a poultice of a certain kind,
Cooked onions, tobacco, coal oil or bacon rind.

This quick remedy was hard to beat,
On one-half teaspoon of sugar sweet;
Drip ten drops of oil from the kitchen lamp wick,
Then give to the patient who was very sick.

Many of Grandma's other remedies were often tried,
Calfskin or homespun yarn around the neck was tied;
As well as a black silk ribbon soaked in goose grease,
And a drink of "nanny tea" gave the child rest and peace.

E A R A C H E

To ease earache Grandpa would blow tobacco smoke into the ear,
Or Grandma would drop molasses in as hot as one could bear.

I N F L A M E D E Y E S

To cure inflamed eyes cold tea poultices always suit,
Powder made from haddock bones, crab apples, or dried eels are substitutes.

E C Z E M A

To cure eczema ointments of sulphur and lard,
Or pitch and turpentine to the affected skin applied.

LUMBER CAMP REMEDIES

Remedies for cuts, sore throats, and a stomach cramp,
Were always found in a Lumberman's camp;
For colds, a drink of good hot juniper tea,
And for diarrhoea steeped juice from the bark of the old fir tree.

A salt herring tied around a very sore throat,
Brought comfort and relief without any doubt;
Just a dirty old wool sock, you may be sure,
When applied to a sore throat brought about a cure.

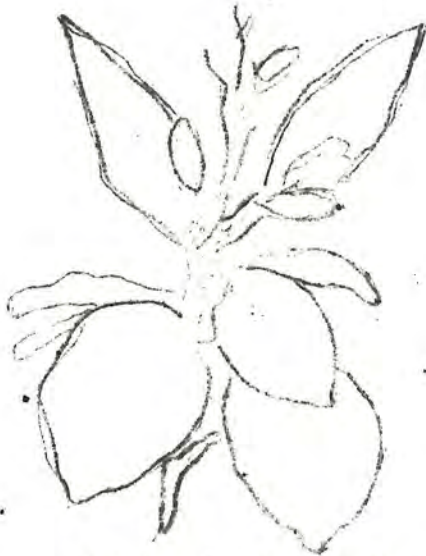
For cuts a poultice of pounded grass,
A bandage of chewing tobacco tied securely fast;
The oil from the blister of a green fir tree,
Healed the wound and left the flesh scar free.

Painful boils sometimes affected the men,
Poultices of different kinds were recommended then;
Molasses and soap, turnip, poppy leaves, to mention just three,
And drinks made from the steeped leaves of the winter beech tree.

Chilblains were common in the men's hands and feet,
Therefore, ointment made of lard and mustard brought quick relief,
Raw potato or raw onion rubbed on the chilblain,
As well as an oatmeal poultice which soon eased the pain.



LEMON



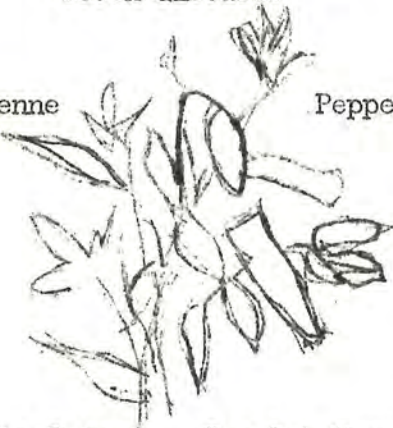
Treatment for twenty-seven diseases

TOMATO



Cure for Cholera

Cayenne



Pepper

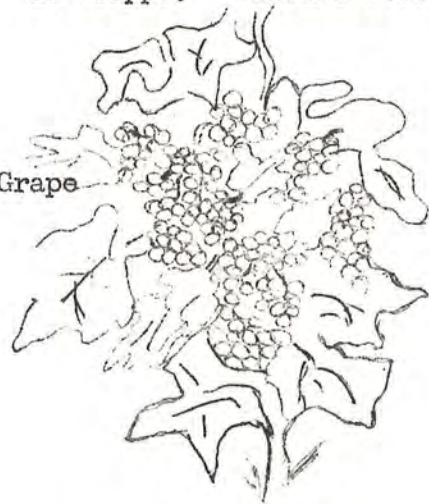
La Grippe. Scarlet Fever



C
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Treatment for Rheumatism

Grape



Vine

Cure for Dysentery



PUMPKIN - Cure for Tape Worm



Juniper Berries

Stimulates the action of the Kidneys.

" GRANDMA FOUND MANY CURES FOR COLDS"

The following has been contributed by Mrs. Addie (Hartlin) Myers,
Myers Point, Jeddore.

The coming of winter means the time of year associated with colds, coughs, and bronchial ailments. Taking a peek into "Grandma's Diary", we soon learn that, in her opinion, "people swallow more colds down their throats than they inhale".

For this reason, Grandma considered proper doses of molasses posset the most effective cures for colds. Molasses posset was commonly known as "stewed Quaker", and is prepared in the following way: Put into a saucepan one pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of powdered white ginger and one-quarter pound of butter. Simmer the mixture slowly for 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Do not let it come to a boil. Then stir in the juice of two lemons or two tablespoons of cider vinegar. Cover the pan and let it stand in a warm place for five minutes longer. Grandma said some of the mixture may be taken warm at once, and the remainder kept at hand for occasional use.

Half a pint of pure honey mixed cold with the juice of a lemon and a tablespoon of cooking oil is another remedy for a cold. This mixture should be taken a teaspoon or two at a time. This is especially good for coughs.

The old folks were equally inventive in finding remedies for hoarseness. What Grandma described as a "simple, pleasant remedy" is furnished by heating the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon and sweetening with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time.

Bake a lemon or orange 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When done, open at one end and take out the inside. Sweeten with sugar and molasses to make an excellent remedy for hoarseness.

Should none of the previous methods be effective, Grandma suggested that the patient go to bed. His feet should be placed in hot mustard and water and a bran or oatmeal poultice placed on his chest. Give patient a pint of hot gruel. In the morning rub his body with a coarse towel.

HOME REMEDIES --- R H E U M A T I S M

The pains of Rheumatism are hard to bear,
Home remedies have been tried for many a year;
The following old cures are some of the best,
That age has proved and given the test.

A copper put into your shoes each day,
Or elder leaves, sulphur or salt kept pain away;
A salted herring or mackerel tied on the feet,
Or a sock that contained alum brought quick relief.

Rings made of copper or a horse shoe nail,
Were worn on the fingers without fail;
A bag of camphor tied under each knee at night,
Relieved the rheumatic pains until morning light.

A dried eelskin wrapped on the wrist,
As well as red flannel with a double twist;
A copper bracelet worn on the arm all the time,
All helped the rheumatic patient to feel just fine.

Grandpa had great faith in the following things,
He was sure they all would comfort bring;
In your pocket carry a potato or a buckeye,
An Indian turnip or a ham bone dry.

A bee sting or a buzzard rendered into grease,
Was often tried the pain to cease;
Skunk oil rubbed on joints and muscles sore,
Proved very effective in those days of yore.

Celery or garlic tea was drunk each day,
To help keep rheumatic aches away;
Lemon juice every morning before breakfast,
Had a soothing effect that really did last.

Hold your breath and Hiccoughs will ease,
 Or take something to make you sneeze;
 Peppermint water with frequent sips bring relief,
 Or drops of cinnamon oil on sugar is another belief.

S O R E S

A plaster of mutton-suet will heal any sore,
 Or an ointment made of carrots or daisy roots pure;
 Moldy bread poultice was always a cure,
 The forerunner of penicillin you may be sure.

T E E T H

Years ago very few people cleaned their teeth each day,
 Their stable diet of fruits and vegetables prevented decay;
 Burnt bread or tobacco ashes were used by some,
 To whiten the teeth and toughen the gum.

Grandma's remedies to cure Toothache fast,
 Were vinegar, cloves, salt or oil of sassafras.

B O I L S

The pains from Boils were hard to bear,
 Therefore, many kinds of poultices were used with care;
 Molasses and soap, turnip, poppy leaves, to mention just three,
 And drink made from the steeped leaves of the winter birch tree.

At the sign of a boil Grandma declared,
 Bad blood was the cause and must be cleared;

A mixture of molasses, cream of tartar, and sulphur was given right away,
 And a tablespoonful of sarsaparilla tea four times a day.

C H A F I N G

For Chafing powdered starch was used freely after bathing,
 Scorched flour and rose oil were also very soothing.

C O L D S O R E

A slug rubbed on a cold sore several times a day,
 Or wax from one's ear healed cold sores right away.

C O R N S

Apply kerosene oil to Corns each night,
 Or dry codfish skin tied very tight.

I T C H

Scratch, scratch, scratch with the Itch all the time,
 Applied rum, kerosene oil, or sulphur made one feel fine.

WARTS

Many old tales about Warts have been told,
One was that they were caused by touching a toad;
However, warts disappear as mysteriously as they came;
Therefore, it was not possible the cause or cure to proclaim.

Rubbing warts with saliva, pebbles, potato or bacon rind,
The head of a rooster or the blood of a black chicken fine;
Scratching the wart until it bled with a coffin nail,
Giving pennies for each wart are all cures which will very seldom fail.

In each village there always used to be,
A Wart Charmer who had power to make warts flee;
This Charmer would make eerie signs and say words strange,
And soon the warts would disappear or change.

N O S E B L E E D

Chew a newspaper to stop nosebleed,
Or raise your arms above your head;
Put a dime on your forehead and then lie down;
Or stick the blade of an axe into the ground.

Wrap the little finger with a thread that won't slip,
Or brown paper soaked in vinegar under the upper lip;
On the back of the neck place a cold, sharp knife,
Or start to chew gum with all your might.

Sniff lemon juice into the nose,
Or run cold water over the wrists and toes;
Let your nose bleed freely on a white rock,
Then turn the rock over and quickly depart.

L A X A T I V E S - Alice Gray, East Jeddore

2 oz. Senna leaves, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Prunes or Raisins,

Mix altogether and put through meat grinder twice.

Mix well with 1 cup of Molasses. Make in little balls.

Store in glass jars.

P R E P A R A T I O N O F H E R B S

Roots: The best time to gather roots is before the sap rises in the spring,
but they may be taken after the leaves have dried in the fall.

Berries and Fruits: Hang in a cool, dry place or spread on tables.

Barks: Gather in the fall or early spring, and, after removing the outside
portion of the bark, cut and put in a dry place.

Seeds and Flowers: When they have fully ripened, place to dry in a shady
place.

Medical Herbs: Gather any time while blooming, before the autumn frosts,
and dry in the shade.

HOME REMEDIES

As recorded by Mrs. E. S. Williams, the former Ada Harpell, West Jeddore, in her "memory-book," written in her 82nd year.

Early in the fall Papa would take his annual trip through the woods gathering roots, bark, and herbs for winter medicines. Burdock, horehound, juniper, cherry bark, barberry were gathered from the woods, while the family garden provided senna, hops, and peppermint.

The old iron pot into which these were placed to boil could tell many a tale. Following hours of brewing, the contents were strained and molasses added. After more boiling, the medicine was bottled for winter use for whatever might befall us. It was by no means palatable, but there were no complaints, and definitely no refusals. Regular doses of this tonic from Nature kept us healthy and cured many ills.

If one had a sore throat, a thin piece of salt pork was wrapped around it, so that the butchered pig came in for more than stomach food with sauer kraut!

A thermometer was unheard of. A coated tongue and a hot forehead denoted fever, so a salt herring was split and fastened securely to the bottom of the feet to draw out the fever. The interior was treated to a generous spoonful of Castor Oil, and a liberal dose of Papa's medicine all of which was supposed to produce sleep. The result was supposedly that the fever was checked and the poor victim who was left in a weakened condition would survive. And they did, unless the symptoms were the dreaded diphtheria or smallpox.

Mumps was supposed to run a certain course. The first testing of the vanishing disease was to have the patient try to eat a pickle. The glands were

greased liberally with goose grease, the patient kept warm, and Papa's medicine did the rest.

As for measles -- hot drinks were given to drive out the rash. No cold water was permitted. The patient was smothered in blankets in a feather bed to avoid a chill that might send the measles rash to inward regions.

When smaller children suffered from whooping cough, they were saturated with camphor oil and goose grease. The aroma was far from stimulating. Added to this would be bags of caraway seed tied around the midriff. Many a haymow was searched in mid-winter for stalks of caraway to fill those small bags, once the supply from the summer harvest was gone.

If one suffered from earache, the clay pipe was filled with tobacco (referred to as the weed). When a good smoke was evident, it was blown into the ear. A cigarette smoker in those days was thought to be doomed to an early grave as each cigarette was an added nail in his coffin.

For toothache, one of the older citizens of the community, Uncle Jerry, possessed a pair of forceps; therefore, he was the dentist. Later, when he moved away, Papa took over his profession. Only when a sufferer could no longer stand the aching tooth, did he get nerve enough to visit the 'dentist'. He got seated, held on grimly, while the 'dentist' did his work. Infection was never thought of, but Mama always applied iodine liberally, using a hen's feather as applicator. It was truly an excruciating ordeal.

An old cookbook of 1877 gave medicinal 'recipes' as well as those for dainties of long ago and good, old-fashioned, substantial ones as well. To make a salve for a canker sore in the mouth, mix resin, mutton tallow, bees wax, and

camphor gum. Burn a corn cob and apply the ashes to a common sore. To make a poultice for neuralgia from the common field thistle and apply it to the affected part was never known to fail as a cure and relief from the pain and any further trouble.

Balsam was used for cuts to stop bleeding and prevent infection. From the balsam of the Balm of Gilead tree, monks of the early days prepared a medicine that we know as Friar's Balsam, a remedy for colds, sores, and varicose ulcers yet to this day.

Another remedy for a cold was a hot footbath with mustard and salt, until the patient sweated. Then a dose of senna, camphorated oil on the tubes and chest, a few drops of spirits of nitre in water or on sugar, then smothered in blankets to 'sweat it out'. We all survived to tell the tale.

When March came, and our mothers got the spring-cleaning urge, Mama followed up the herbal medicines of the winter with a spring tonic, or conditioner, to drive out the impurities in the blood. The large brown bowl was filled with molasses that was cheap then. Added to this was a certain amount of sulphur and cream of tartar, thoroughly stirred and mixed. The mixture was set aside for a day or two to 'set'. The dose then was one tablespoon each morning for three days and rest three.

Just why certain days were set has ever been a puzzle. Believe it or not, the dose was not obnoxious; it really tasted good. But we had had our warnings of danger. A young lad in a neighboring village had committed such a folly when he stealthily helped himself to extras, regardless of the warnings, and as a result, the sulphur dose was too much for him. He was very ill, and lame for life. His

fate was held up to us as a warning. Fire has been considered a purifier down through the ages, and sulphur was its symbolic purifier of our blood.

Our forefathers firmly believed that the healing of a nation is in the leaves of its trees, and that God gave herbs for medicinal uses. Burdock grows near poison ivy for a quick remedy. They often quoted Isaiah 38:21 as background for their belief in the use of Nature's remedies.

When they came to Nova Scotia, the Indians taught them which plants were good for food and medicine, and it is to them we owe a great deal of our knowledge and life-saving remedies. It is thus with all natives where white man has settled, for they lived off the land and the bounties of Nature.

As an example of Indian lore, my father-in-law, the late John Williams of Ostrea Lake, was cured of a pipe cancer when a relatively young man by an Indian chief at Shubenacadie. The mixture used has always been a secret, but "Daddy John," as we affectionately called him, was completely cured by following instructions regarding applications. The cancer was 'drawn'. The local doctor, Dr. Will Kennedy of that time acknowledged a cure, but never knew the formula for the salve used. No doubt he often wished he could add it to his list of medicines!

A bowl of sliced onions, sprinkled with sugar, was set on the back of the woodstove and kept warm. As the liquid rose, it was given in regular doses for a cold to 'cut the phlegm'. And it did. This was long before Vitamin C was heard of, but not before sailors took raw onions on their trips to sea to prevent scurvy.

Similarly, a bowl of molasses and kerosene was on hand for winter colds and croup. It cut the phlegm, too!

Today's drugstores carry Gripe Water. Our mothers made their own: barley water, peppermint tea, and in some cases a few drops of whiskey in the baby's bottle settled all their gripes.

Our beautifiers were sliced cucumber or vinegar for sunburn, and buttermilk for tan and freckles. Mutton fat kept hands soft, but we did not know it was lanolin! 'Wicked' women used lampblack or charcoal for eyebrows and eye shadow, and beet juice on their lips, but this was something we heard in whispers, not meant for our ears. Salt and soda was the toothpaste, and if we had no brush we used a face cloth or sticks. Vinegar and salt made a good mouth wash, but we hadn't heard of halitosis yet.

We were pretty well isolated and insulated from the outside world during our formative years, but Nature was all about us waiting to be used for keeping our bodies strong and healthy.

When a friend in her eighties went to her doctor in New York where she was living with her daughter, he remarked that she was unusually well for a woman her age. She agreed, and told him it was due to the fact that she had been brought up in Nova Scotia on herring and potatoes, plenty of bread and molasses, and oatmeal porridge every morning. Her daughter was horrified! She, too, was from an era when people lived close to Nature. (Ada Williams)

 These fruits, vegetables, and herbs were valuable in medicine in days of yore. The Chart below and on the following pages shows just what each did cure.

<u>Item</u>	<u>Form</u>	<u>Treatment or Remedy</u>
Almond	Oil from fruit	Prevention of wrinkles
Apple	Warm Rotten (Poultice)	Burning eyes
Asparagus	Boiled or Tea	Stimulates the kidneys
Beet	Juice	Gravel
Burdock	Leaves with egg white	Bruns
Catnip	Tea	Sleeplessness
Caraway	Oil from the seed	Relieve the stomach of gas

DIET DRINKS FOR INVALIDS - Dorothy Fahie

Rose Tea - Take half an ounce of red rose buds (the white heels being removed), three tablespoonfuls of white-wine vinegar, and one ounce of sugar. Put them into one quart of boiling water, and let the mixture stand near a fire for two hours; then strain it.

Cranberry Tea - Mash ripe cranberries thoroughly, and pour boiling water over them; let the mixture stand a few minutes, or till cool; then strain off the water and sweeten to taste.

Bran Tea - Boil a large handful of bran in a quart of water for ten minutes, then strain off the water into a jug, sweeten it with one ounce of gum arabic and a good spoonful of honey. Stir all together. This drink may be used in all cases of affections of the chest, such as colds, catarrhs, consumption, and also in cases of measles.

Oat Water - Into two quarts of cold water stir a single handful of fresh oats; let it stand fifteen to twenty minutes, or longer. Pour off the water as it is wanted and serve.

Irish Moss Tea - Soak half an ounce of moss in cold water for ten minutes. Remove and boil in three pints of water for a quarter of an hour, and then strain. The tea thus made possesses gummy properties, and may be flavored with orange or lemon juices and peel, and also wine. By doubling the quantity of the moss a mucilage is obtained, and when in a highly concentrated state the product solidifies into a jelly on cooling.

Jelly Water - Put a dessertspoonful of wild cherry or blackberry jelly into a goblet of ice water. Beat up well. This is an excellent drink in case of fever.

Lime Water and Milk - Take clear lime water and fresh milk, of each a wineglassful; mix. Let a tablespoonful or less be taken at once. This will generally soothe an irritable stomach.

Bread and Butter Broth - Spread a slice of well-baked bread with good fresh butter; sprinkle it moderately with salt and pepper. Pour a pint of boiling water over it, cover and let it stand to cool.

Senna Tea - Over one ounce of senna leaves, pour half-pint of boiling water. Let stand for twenty minutes and strain. Dose, one-half to one wineglassful.

Senna is a general and efficient laxative in cases of occasional or habitual constipation.

The cathartic effect can be increased and griping and nausea avoided by the addition of Epsom Salts in quantity as required.

Catnip Tea for Colds.

Peppermint Tea for sleep.

<u>Item</u>	<u>Form</u>	<u>Treatment or Remedy</u>
Carrot	Seeds (Powdered)	Increase the flow of urine
Celery	Tea	Chronic rheumatism
Cranberry	Cut in half	Apply to sore corns
Currants	Juice of berry	Diarrhoea
Dandelion	Tea made from root	Laxative, jaundice, sluggish liver
	Wine	Tonic, appetite
Elder	Tea made from flower	Scurvy, laxative
Flax	Tea, Poultrice, or Oil	Inflammation of the stomach
	Poultrice	Pneumonia, boils, pleurisy
	Oil (Linseed)	Burns
Geranium	Underground stem boiled	Appetite, digestion, nutrition
Garlic	Poultrice	Colic
	Syrup	Coughs
Grape	Sap from vine	Sore eyes
	Ashes from burned bark	Dropsy
Horse-Radish	Tea	Neuralgia and rheumatism
Hemlock	Juice from fresh leaves, seeds	Nervous disorders
	Poultrice	Painful swellings
Iris	Powdered Root	Worms, stimulates kidneys
Juniper	Tea made from berries	Stimulates action of kidneys
Kale	Tea	Tonic
Lemon	Juice	Scurvy, fever, rheumatism, gout, corns, jaundice, asthma, sore mouth, bilious- ness (Treatment for 27 diseases)
Licorice	Root extract	Laxative, coughs, sore throat
Lily of the Valley	Tea from root	Strengthens the heart; shortness of breath
Marshmallow	Powdered root poultrice	Gangrene
Meadow Saffron	Tea	Bring out the measles
Mustard (Hedge)	Tea	Cleanse ulcers and wounds
Nettle (Hedge)	Tea	Hemorrhage of lungs and stomach
Nutmeg	Original form	Hung around neck -- prevents rheumatism

<u>Item</u>	<u>Form</u>	<u>Treatment or Remedy</u>
Onion	Cooked as a sauce and eaten freely	Constipation
	Cut into slices-sugar-syrup	Croup
	Crushed Onion Poultice	Relieves pain of burn or scald
Oak	Boiled bark	Dysentery, diarrhoea
Pineapple	Juice	Diphtheria, sore throat
Pumpkin	Seeds	Worms
Peach	Tea made from leaves	Jaundice, vomiting
Plantain	Leaves pounded into paste	Stops bleeding
Poppy	Milk from unripe seed pod	Pain, produce sleep, relax spasm
Pennyroyal	Tea from leaves and tops	Colic; mosquito repellent
Peony	Powdered root tea	Spasms, whooping cough, St. Vitus Dance
Parsley	Tea made from root	Dropsy
Peppermint	Tea	Cramps, sleeplessness
Quince	Fruit	Constipation
Rhubarb	Juice	Chronic constipation, diarrhoea
Radish	Vegetable	Bright's Disease (Eat one, three times a day)
Sarsaparilla	Root	Tonic - appetite
Senna	Dried leaves - tea	Constipation
Saffron	Tea (Leaves)	Fever, measles, chicken-pox
Sage	Tea & Vinegar or Honey	Sore throat
Scurvy-Grass	Juice	Sore mouth, spongy gums, scurvy
Tansy	Cold Tansy Tea	Dyspepsia
Tomato	Ripe Tomato & sugar	Cholera Infantum
Thistle (Gold)	Tea from leaves	Colic
Unicorn Root	Tea	Falling of the womb
Wormwood	Tea	Worms, weak digestion
Wort (Liver)	Tea	Kidney Complaint
Wintergreen (Tea Berry)	Oil from leaves	Fever, Inflammatory rheumatism
Yam	Extract	Appendicitis

GRANDMA'S COOKING

Grandma was a splendid cook,
She did not even consult a book;
She only used what she had on hand,
From the garden, forest, sea or strand.

ROAST PARTRIDGE

When the bird is firmly and plumply trussed (the wings fastened), roast it before a nice bright fire; keep it well basted, and a few minutes before serving, flour and froth it well. Dish it, and serve with gravy and bread sauce, and send to table hot and quickly. A little of the gravy should be poured over the bird.

ROAST PORCUPINE

Dress and clean the porcupine thoroughly, and soak in salt and water. Put in a dripping pan and dredge with salt, pepper and a little flour. Cut salt pork in thin strips and place on top of the porcupine. Spread some butter over all, put a little water in the pan and roast in the oven until done, basting often. You can make a stuffing as for chicken, fill the porcupine, and then roast as above, if you choose.

FRIED RABBIT



Dress and clean the rabbit and cut up in pieces suitable to serve, let it stand in salt and water until white, put in a kettle and boil until tender, take out of the liquor and let it stand until it stops steaming. Have the frying pan half full of hot drippings or lard, dip the rabbit in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat; serve at once.

TRIBE

Tripe can be cut in squares and boiled over a quick fire, ~~seasoning~~ ^{seasoning} with butter, salt and pepper; or it can be boiled tender and then fried in butter, seasoning with salt and pepper.

EEL BROTH

One-half pound of eels; one-half onion, ten peppercorns, three pints of water, two cloves, salt and pepper to taste. After having cleaned and skinned the eels, cut into small pieces, and put in stewpan with the other ingredients; simmer gently until the liquid is reduced nearly half, carefully removing the scum as it rises. Take off all the fat from the top. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. This is very nutritious broth, and easy of digestion.

EEL STEW

Boil in a ~~stew~~ pot onions, carrots, turnips and parsnips. Cut up 1 lb. of eels in pieces about 2" (inches) long. After the vegetables have been boiling for one-half hour, add the pieces of eel. Season with salt and pepper. Boil for another one-half hour. Then mix up dough dumplings (boys) and put in on top of all the ingredients. Boil 15 minutes.

GOOSE GRASS GREENS

Grandma cooked greens with salt beef that had been soaked over night and par-boiled once. Boil meat for about 2 hours. Add goose grass that had been washed and allowed to soak in cold water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Boil $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Serve with mashed potatoes. (Some people boil the potatoes in the same pot.)

DANDELION GREENS

Tender leaves of the Dandelion cooked in the same manner as above.

STEMED CUCUMBERS

Cut the cucumbers lengthwise. Empty them of seeds. Put into boiling water, with a little salt, and let them simmer for 5 minutes; then take them out and drain. Serve with a mixture of melted butter and vinegar.

BOILED HOMINY (Kernels of dried, hulled white corn)

Wash the hominy and put into a stone jar. Do not fill the jar much over half full with the hominy; then fill up the jar with cold water, place the jar in a kettle of boiling water, and cook for 6 hours. Let be served as a side dish, season with melted butter, cream and sugar.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS

Use to each pint of vinegar, one ounce of salt, six peppercorns, (the dried berry of black pepper, once named in deeds as a nominal rent) nasturtiums. Gather the nasturtium pods on a dry day, and wipe them clean with a cloth; put them in a dry glass bottle with vinegar, salt and pepper in the above proportions. Bung up the bottles. Let them soak for a couple of months.

PLUM CATSUP

Put in a preserving kettle six pounds of plums, three and one-half pounds of sugar, and one quart of vinegar; boil until the plums are reduced to pulp; cool and press through a sieve, then add cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and allspice to taste. Put up in glass jelly cups.

KISSES

Two cupfuls of powdered sugar, the whites of three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix all together, drop upon buttered paper and bake until slightly brown in a brisk oven. (Two cupfuls of cocoanut may be added)

TAFY

Take four cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of molasses and one-half cupful of vinegar; boil until it crisps in cold water, then stir in one tablespoonful of baking soda. Pour into well buttered dishes, leave until sufficiently cool, then pull.

CORN COFFEE

Roast an ear of dry corn until the tips of the kernels are black. Break the ear in pieces, put in a bowl; then pour over it a pint of boiling hot water. Drink cold.

PORK CAKE

Chop one pound of fat pork very fine, and pour over it one pint of boiling hot water, then stir in three cupfuls of brown sugar, one of molasses, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one of ground cloves, one pound of stoned raisins, eight cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little water; stir four or five minutes and bake same as fruit cake.

GINGER SNAPS

One cupful of molasses, one of butter, and one of sugar. Put in a sauce pan, set on the stove and let it come to a boil; then take off and add a teaspoonful of soda and a tablespoonful of ginger; mix in enough flour to roll out easily, roll out very thin, and bake in a quick oven.

SUET PUDDING

Two-thirds of a cup of suet chopped fine, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, one beaten egg, one cup of raisins; stir together and steam for three hours.

BRIEF COMMENTS REGARDING MY TEACHING CAREER

During my 39 years of teaching experience, I taught under five Inspectors; Graham Creighton - He travelled by horse and buggy. He always wanted to hear children read. If his philosophy on reading had been appreciated and adopted, I do not believe that reading specialists would be required today.

William Stapleton - He was keenly interested in improving Library facilities in the schools.

Harold Weir - He was young and energetic. He believed in community involvement in the schools. He was only Inspector for a short time when he was appointed by the government to make a Survey of Educational Development in N.S. He toured the Province lecturing on the pros and cons of Rural High Schools. (He was one of the first to show 8mm colored Home Movies in our area.)

Dr. B.C. Silver - He was my Inspector for many years; therefore, his influence and guidance made my career very pleasant. He was a "beloved teacher", a "tactful leader" and a "true friend". He visited the classroom to teach, to help and to encourage. His positive thinking and dedication to his profession helped a teacher to meet the daily challenges. He felt that every obstacle a teacher surmounted on his or her own initiative, without his interference, made that teacher more confident. His Praise for work well done endeared him to both students and teachers.

When Dr. B.C. Silver retired from Halifax County, his successor was Keith Perry. Mr. Perry upheld the same basic principles of his predecessor; therefore, Robert Jamison maintained its high standard of efficiency. Senior students, interested in sports, always waited for Mr. Perry's visit to see which one could beat him in a game of ping-pong. Mr. Perry's sincerity and his unadorned simplicity with which he spoke plain common sense to his teachers won for him their respect, confidence, and admiration.

E.T. MARRIOTT - (Now Professor Marriott at Dalhousie University)

Mr. E.T. Marriott was the Chief Administrative Officer of Halifax County Schools during part of my career. He was indeed an Educational Missionary, when you realize all the responsibility he had and just how many now are accountable for the position he held.

He visited every school in the County, inspected their management, suggested improvements, and reported facts connected with education to the Municipal School Board. When unseemly and perplexing disputes arose, he would investigate upon the spot; many he adjusted by his presence and sound advice.

Mr. E.T. Marriott was straightforward, candid, master of his own convictions, just, and energetic. He systemized and elevated education in the County, and the moderate expense required to pay him has been repaid, by value received, ten times over.

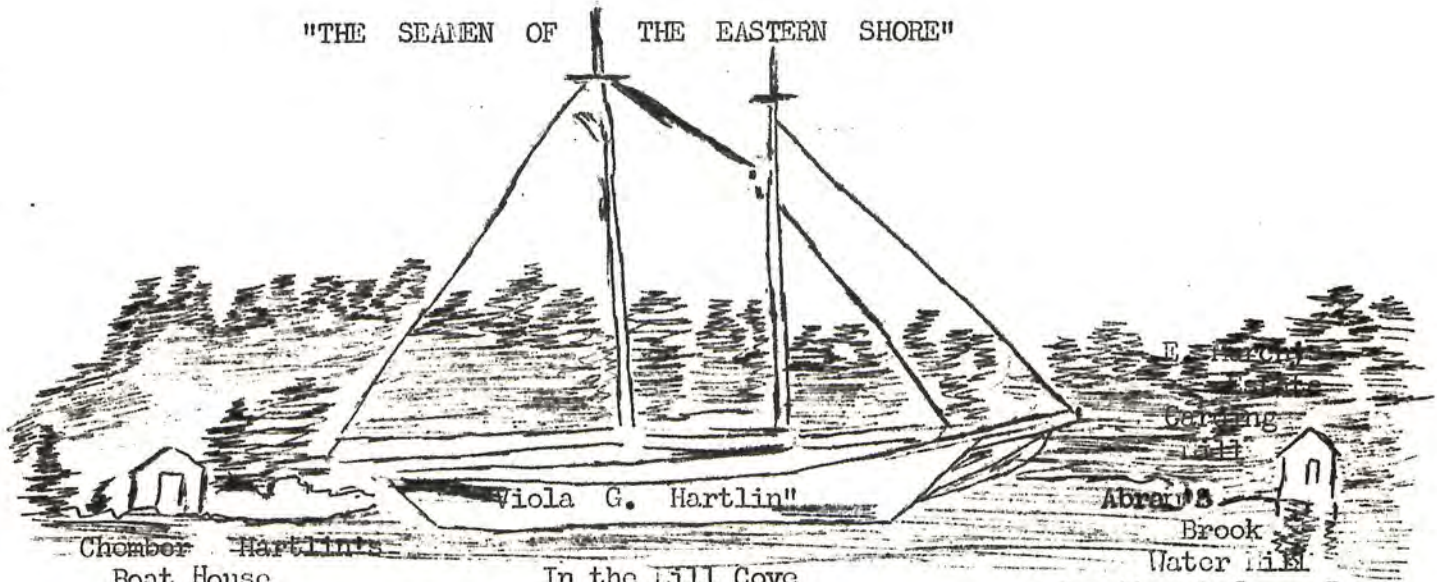
Dr. Tom Parker, N.S.T.U. - "A Friend in need is a Friend indeed!"

Dr. Tom Parker was a dynamic leader in the N.S.T.U. He encouraged many Teachers and advised them how to overcome their problems. He certainly deserves a Tribute of Praise from all of us.

"SMOKING??" Recently a friend said to me, "Helen, I know you have made many significant decisions during your career. What was the one decision you made that you regretted the most?"

I replied, "The one decision which I regretted, and still regret, was when I consented, under undue pressure from minority groups of students, parents, staff members, and my superiors, to permit students at Eastern Shore High School to have a Smoking Area. Before I gave my permission, I had Dr. Harlowe of the Nova Scotia Cancer Division show pictures and to lecture on the dangers of smoking. All efforts were futile. I was just a Voice Crying in the Wilderness."

"THE SEAMEN OF THE EASTERN SHORE"



Chamber Hartlin's
Boat House

In the Hill Cove
Jeddore Harbor

E. F. ...
Gardner ...
Abrams Brook
Water Mill
Jonathan & James R.
Jennex
Lobster
Factory Stand

BUILT by CAPTAIN PETER HARTLIN

"WE MUST REMEMBER THEM"

Stories of vessels and brave seamen along the Eastern Shore,
Include many daring experiences of the men from Jeddore;
Let's meet some of these courageous men,
Who braved gales, sleet and ice while at the helm.

So the memories of these Eastern Shore seamen will never fade,
Keep the relics in "Fisherman's House Museum" proudly displayed;
To the younger generation we leave this Brochure,
Trusting that in future years the Museum will be secure.

During a class discussion of the dangers of the sea, my pupils all agreed that "FOG" was of grave concern to the Fishermen. Here is how we expressed this peril. (Jeddore-Lakeville School)

Fog, fog, fog, for the past few days, We are tired of your misty haze;
How worried must the Fishermen be, Each day when they go out to sea!

Fog, fog, fog, ~~even like~~ birds are amazed, The Fishermen at their compasses
They must listen to the bell-buoy sound, ^{gaze;}
So that they will not put their boats aground.

Fog, fog, fog, nearly all the time,
Let us hope the weather will soon be fine;
The loud blasts of the fog-horns warn the boats,
To keep away from the shoals, if they want to float.

Fog, fog, fog, because of you,
The lighthouse lights shine dimly through;
Many times in fog it is God's hand,
That pilots our Fishermen to the land.

STORY OF SCHOONER "DIEGO-"As I Know It" -CECIL MITCHELL

"Diego" 50' long, 16' Wide, 6' Depth - Tonnage 34, Built in Port Medway.

The "Diego" was first used by her owners for fishing on the South Banks of Nova Scotia. Then the "Diego" took a trip to Cape Breton with her new owners the Peach Brothers from Fort Morien.

Captain Alonzo Mitchell from Ship Harbor bought her next. From her home port in Ship Harbor, she was used in the coasting trade.

Then the "Diego" arrived at Jeddore owned by Alex Faulkner of Head Jeddore. Faulkner and a crew of men went fishing on the North side of Prince Edward Island. He did not receive enough returns for his labour; therefore, he was anxious to sell.

Cecil Mitchell of Jeddore bought the "Diego" and went in the coasting trade from Jeddore to Halifax and to Prince Edward Island for a cargo of potatoes and small orders of oats for local residents.

Then George Monk bought the "Diego" and took her back to Ship Harbor. After a short period of time, she returned to Jeddore now owned by Jacob Mitchell.

One foggy, dark night while entering Jeddore Harbor they missed hearing (waves roaring on shoals) the Shore Route and the "Diego" grounded on the shore and in time became a wreck on the West Cape of Jeddore Harbor.

Thus the "SAILING DAYS" for the schooner "DIEGO" ended!

OTHER JEDDORE SCHOONERS

"RIVAL" was first owned by John H. Mitchell (Father of Elijah Mitchell) He sold her to Colin T. Mitchell and Jacob Mitchell. While on a coastal trip to Halifax, she was lost near the shore of Lawrencetown.

"Louisa Haud" was owned by Amos Webber. One December day as the local vessels were enroute to Jeddore from Halifax, the vapor and freezing ice on the schooners made conditions very disastrous. Seldon, son of Amos, and his crew mate Nelson Mitchell tried to reach shore in a small boat after the "Louisa Haud" started to leak and flounder. Not being able to see anything for the vapor, they drifted out to sea and were picked up by a passing steamer bound for Holland. Can you imagine the concern in Jeddore for the two men; however, word was soon received from Holland that the two men were there.

SUNLIGHT and STARLIGHT

The following is a Fisherman's version of the 23rd Psalm, written by Captain John Roberts in 1874.

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.
Yet though I sail 'mid the thunders and tempests of life,
I will dread no danger, for Thou art near me,
Thy Love and Thy Care they shelter me,
In the homeland of Eternity.
Thou anointed the water with oil,
My ship rideth calmly.
Surely Sunlight and Starlight shall favour me
On the Voyage I take,
And I shall rest in the PORT of the LORD forever.

"SAILS BEYOND THE SUNSET" - Aubrey Siteman, Ship Harbor

The Sailing Vessels have sailed away over the horizon and into the sunset; however, memories of them being built and beached on Eisan's Point, Ship Harbor, are often recalled by the older citizens.

The "CASHER", a four mast schooner, fore and aft rigged, was built at Sheet Harbor for John Lewis Company of Ship Harbor. This vessel went ashore on Eisan's Point, Ship Harbor during a gale. On grounding a hole was put in bottom of the vessel, and as the era of sail was coming to an end, she was never refloated. The old bones are still visible at low tide.

The "IMPRESSIVE" and the "M.O. CROWELL", three masted schooners, fore and aft rigged were built on Eisan's Point, Ship Harbor, during World War I.

THE ALASKA"

The yacht "Alaska" was built of steel. She was built in the United States. She was approximately 130 feet long, fore and aft rigged. She was famous for her great speed. under sail.

A Mr. Douglas from Montreal bought her from her American owner. The "Alaska" was delivered to Mr. Douglas at Halifax. The new owner interviewed several Captains to take charge of his boat. Captain Alonzo Mitchell, step-father of Fanning Mitchell, was chosen. He had his credentials of a "Master Mariner". He lived in Ship Harbor.

When the American owner delivered the "Alaska" to Mr. Douglas, the new owner, told him if he could get a Captain to beat the yacht's own record from New York to Scotland, he would refund \$5000. Captain Mitchell did just that in spite of gales and bad weather. Such was the ability of our N.S. Mariners! (When he set this record, he stopped, "hove to" for 19 hours.)

Captain Porter Mitchell of Oyster Pond, was also a skilful mariner who sailed this great yacht. The crew members were from Jeddore and Ostrea Lake.

The "Alaska's" fate was similar to another famous N.S. schooner the "Bluenose", she was wrecked on an island in the West Indies.

There is a picture of this Yacht and her Crew hanging on the wall in the Museum. I understand, that Charles Mitchell, Sr., is the only surviving crew member of this schooner. (Mr. Charlie Mitchell will be 96 years old in August, 1976.)

"Alaska" continued -

Fanning Mitchell of Ship Harbor has always had a keen interest in the Heritage of the Eastern Shore. If you are interested in folk-lore, you will enjoy a visit to his home.

When I called at his home looking for artifacts, he was indeed generous. His comments such as, "Is this Sibley chair of any use?" "Take these 'demi-johns", "Do you want this old picture?", etc... were very encouraging. He gave an old fisherman's stove but when I went to get it, somebody had already taken it. How disappointing!

Fanning knew the spot in Ship Harbor where an anchor from the "Alaska" had been lost. He was determined to salvage that anchor. Friends were not optimistic about the recovery of this anchor which had been on the bottom of the Harbor for 61 years. However, after spending much time and money, he landed both anchor and chain on the side of the road in East Ship Harbor. What an accomplishment! Do you know he donated the anchor and chain to "Fisherman's House Museum".

Fanny talked of ways to get this anchor and chain, both weighing around 1500 pounds, to the Museum grounds. Douglas Mitchell, son of Captain Porter Mitchell, Oyster Pond, said, "No problem, I'll bring it up on the back of my half-ton truck." Doug was right, he brought the chain up in the first load, then the anchor in the second load without any difficulty. Doug's idea of putting it on a cement base and draping the chain around it is being done by members of the Museum Society. (Doug what a Tribute to your Father who was once the Skipper of the "Alaska".)

(Fanning Mitchell's Father was Alvin Mitchell. He had a Blacksmith Shop just opposite St. Stephen's Church in Ship Harbor. Fanning had his own saw-mill in East Ship Harbor.)

Mrs. Gertrude Inness (Mrs. Music), in private life Mrs. J.I.C. Inness, (Mr. Inness strongly supported and publicized our Museum Project in his Column, in the Dartmouth Free Press, "Along the Eastern Shore") was born in New York and received most of her musical education there, graduating from the Dunning Conservatory of Music, as a teacher. Before coming to Canada, Mrs. Inness was a member of the American Guild of Organists and was well known for her recitals of early church music.

Broadcasts, recitals and her interest in the Music Festivals have given Mrs. Inness a wide enthusiastic audience and her compositions are being used in recitals and broadcasts both in Canada and abroad.

Mrs. Inness is the owner of a spinet made especially for her by Alec Hodsdon of Lavenham, Suffolk, England and has cut a long playing record of early French music.

When I was Supervising Principal of Eastern Shore High School, Mrs. Inness trained a group of students who competed in the Music Festival and won high marks for their fine performances.

At Jeddore-Lakeville School the pupils participated in Mrs. Inness' original operettas. How delightful they were! With her help the singing in the Christmas Concerts was very enjoyable.

Mrs. Inness will be remembered in future years by the teachers and students with whom she shared willingly her ability as a great musician.

"SHIP HARBOR"

In the 1920's, 30's and 40's Ship Harbor was the most prosperous village on the Eastern Shore. Sawmills, Stores, Post Office, School, and Peg Mill made employment for approximately 100 people. What has happened to this prosperity? First Factory was built in 1922, it burned down in 1923. Second Factory built in 1924, it burned down in 1935, Third Factory built in 1935, it burned down in 1945. The first years of operation the Factory was called, John Lewis Industries, last five years it was the Frontenac Co., of Quebec. First Manager was David Baker, the next Manager Harold Clarke. (The last years of operation the hardwood was infested with a certain bug.)

"The Vessels in the Harbor are no longer seen,
 Their white sails on the horizon no more gleam;
 Their mournful fog horns no longer sound,
 But stories of them in this Brochure are found."

Alec. Mitchell, the Father of Captain Hiram and Wallace Mitchell, first owned the vessel, "P.C. Hill" which was stranded on the shore of Navy Pool after she was no longer seaworthy. Then he and his son, Wallace, Bought the "St. Agnes." After Captain Alec's retirement Wallace was responsible.

Charles Mitchell sailed with Wallace for a few years. After Charles went away, Elijah Mitchell, my Father, took his place. Captain Wallace and my Father (people referred to then as Wallace and Lyge) sailed together for many years until their retirement.

Wallace spent much of his spare time at our home. He and my Father would get me to play their favorite hymns, "Throw Out the Life Line", "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me", "Let Your Lower Lights Be Burning", and "Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life", on our family organ. (Our organ had historic significance. First it was used in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, then in the Baptist Church, West Jeddore. My Father bought it for \$5. He paid Mrs. Thomas (Joyce) Stoddard \$5 for teaching me 25 music lessons. Imagine, 20¢ a lesson!)

After the "St. Agnes" Captain Wallace bought the "Aurile B." (An account of the launching of this vessel is included in this Brochure.) Other schooners sailed by Wallace and Elijah were the "Iolanthe" and the Jeddore built schooner "Viola G. Hartlin". After a very colorful history, the "Viola G. Hartlin" sank by the Shore of Navy Pool close to the shore line of "Fisherman's House Museum", A fitting resting place! Channel. What excitement whenever we saw the vessel coming up the We would hurry to the Government wharf each one anxious to catch the tying hawser and secure it over the spile on the pier. Then eagerly we would jump on board and hurry down to the fore'st'le to see what was good to eat. Truthfully, the food had a peculiar taste absorbed from the odor of the vessel; however, it was different and we enjoyed it.

Soon the freight was being unloaded. Merchants and private citizens arrived by boat, truck wagons, dump carts, etc. to get their supplies. Every one gazed in amazement when W.H.O. Mitchell was seen coming in his beautiful express wagon, holding back on the reins of his spirited horse, Joe.

When the vessel was unloaded, she would sail over to the GUT to load cordwood. The cordwood had been hauled and piled along the shore line by the Orange Hall. This meant that Wallace and my Father could only work at high tide. They had a big loading boat which was brought into the shore to get the wood. Then they rowed out to the vessel and stowed the cargo in the hold and on the deck. All they needed now, was a fair wind for Halifax. This loading of the boat was hard work and they often labored after dark according to the tide.

What suspense in Jeddore awaiting the return of the vessels from their long summer fishing trips! What joy when all were safely at anchor in the Harbor! The salted fish would then be unloaded at the different places where they were to be dried. Jonathan Jennex, James A. Jennex, Capt. Peter Hartlin and "Big" Peter Hartlin, generally cured the fish. In the fall the dried fish would be taken to Halifax and sold.

The old Salmon River Bridge had a section that was raised by Al Warnell or Dan. Warnell to permit the vessels to go to the head of Salmon River to load lumber and deal from the mills of Peter Iyers and Arthur Webber. What a thrill it was to see a loaded vessel in full sail and tight sheet sail swiftly and gracefully out through the Bridge and into Jeddore Harbor!

SCHOONER "AUREL B. LAUNCHED

Description of the launching of Capt. John Bellefontaine's vessel at West Chezzetcook,

West Chezzetcook, March 5, 1908

Editor Daily Recorder:

Dear Sir:--Will you allow me to tell yourself and many readers in the city about the launching of the schooner "Aurel B." which took place here on Monday, March 3rd. The schooner was begun one year ago, when Capt. John Bellefontaine and his sturdy sons went up into the big timber at the head of Porter's Lake, to get out the necessary material. After getting all the "stock" on the ground, work was begun by Mr. Conrod, of East Chezzetcook and now the schooner being finished, all the neighbours around began to speculate as to their chances of being invited to the launch. Monday Morning, men and cattle approached the old Bellefontaine homestead in groups, ready and eager for the work, and the fun which they knew would surely follow, not to except the good fare which would be provided for them by the captain's good wife. Soon the good priest arrives on the scene to "bless" the schooner and give her the name which was chosen by jolly "Luke" the sailor boy, late of the crew of the "Mackay-Bennett". All the ropes and chains being in place, the "launch" was on. I would like to describe it to you as I felt it, with all the love of the sea, and the white sailed fisher boats, and fearless, reckless, fisher lads, that stirred the blood of a descendent of long generations of "fisher folk." The schooner was built in such a way that she had to be turned so as to slip more easily down the incline to the water. Now all is in readiness. The drivers of the cattle yelled, "get up", and those who pulled the ropes roared "heave", and she swung round right where they wanted her. I heard one man say to another "Hello, where are you going with that pair of calves," as the pair of cattle in question swerved past him, every muscle strained. "Well they don't do too bad, 'cause they were only born last night in time for the "launch", yelled their owner. Then out came Capt. John with his face all wreathed in smiles, and "one of those big yellow jars he held within his hand." After everyone was refreshed, the cattle were turned and the men paid out the hawsers and once more "get up, heave" and the vessel started down the hill. Captain Martin Julien was in command of everyone and everything. It was most interesting to see the long double row of oxen, fifty oxen, I think, and sixty men pulling away with a will and vim which was to say the least astonishing. At last they have the schooner on the shore. Now there is a stretch of ice to be gone over before the channel is reached. This was the best of it. The long line of yoked cattle, and the bright colored "jumpers" (coats) and kerchiefs of the women as they stood in groups with the black hulk of the schooner looming in the foreground. Well the "launch" is all over now and after stabling and feeding the cattle, everyone is off to the house. The tables are spread most bountifully and as there is no "prohibition" at a "launch" the "little brown jug" is there too. Songs and good fellowship prevail, and at a reasonable hour the party broke up in mutual satisfaction.

Thanking you for your space Mr. Editor, I remain

Yours very truly,
ACADIAN FISHERY

This schooner "Aurel B." was later bought by Captain Wallace Mitchell of Jeddore who with the help of Elijah Mitchell of Jeddore made many trips carrying cord wood, lumber to Halifax and bringing to Jeddore the supplies for the local stores and residents.

Everett Mitchell, son of Elijah Mitchell, sent the above copy of the "launch". Everett now resides in Rockland, Mass.

"CAPTAIN PETER HARTLIN, MY FATHER" - Herman Hartlin

My Father, Captain Peter Hartlin, believed that "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread", because he was always busy. He had a great love for the sea.

With the encouragement of my Mother (Civilla) he built two vessels, the "Brilliant Star" and the "Viola G. Hartlin". (I have a sister named Viola Gladys)

The "Brilliant Star" was built in Oyster Pond and launched in 1886. Length 47.6 feet, breadth 18 feet, depth in hold 7.2 feet. Tonnage 35.59. My father and his brother John were co-owners of this vessel. They fished off East Point, Prince Edward Island.

She was sold and changed hands many times. The last owner was Captain L. Lavache. In 1910 the vessel was no longer seaworthy so she was stranded at West Arichat, Cape Breton.

"VIOLA G. HARTLIN

The Viola G. Hartlin, a sailing vessel, was built on Hartlin's Point by my Father, Captain Peter Hartlin. All the lumber used to build the vessel was cut up Ship Harbor Lake and hauled down by large hand sleighs 8 feet long. The tools used were the broad axe and dubbing axe together with hand tools.

When the vessel was in frame, an August gale blew her over and many men from all over Jeddore came to upright the frame. It took more than two years to build the vessel. She was 51 feet long, 16 feet broad and 25.24 tons. When completed, a large crowd came to witness the launching on October 20, 1910. About 50 men were aboard and rocked the "Viola G." back and forth to see how far they could lower her down to the rails.

After the launching, she was anchored off in the cove. Then the crowd came to our home for a corned beef and cabbage dinner.

She was one of the fastest sailing vessels in N.S. Her maiden trip to Halifax was made in less than 4 hours, the fastest trip she ever made. There were no motors in those days.

For many years my Father and his crew of 5 men fished off East Point, P.E.I. leaving in June and returning home in September. In 1918 they started to fish off Scaterie, Cape Breton, catching cod-fish. The price per quintal (100 lb.) was \$3.25.

On one trip to Cape Breton, when the vessel reached Owl's Head, there was such a gale of wind, north-east, we had to come back. Before the vessel came to Jeddore Harbor, the steering gear broke right in front of the two big rocks, known as "The Sisters". One member of the crew said, "My God", we are going to be wrecked on "The Sisters". "Big" Peter Hartlin hauled down on the wheel and broke the ropes and the vessel swung nearer the rocks. I (Herman) ran forward and hauled down the jibs, so she could pay her way. The vessel finally reached the Harbor and anchored above Myers Point.

My Father later sold the vessel to Captain Wallace Mitchell and Elijah Mitchell. The rest of her story is told in this Brochure.

SEA EXPERIENCES -- EARL POWER, EAST JEDDORE

The "Quickstep" missed the Bell Buoy and grounded on Jeddore Bar. The members of the crew stayed all night at Nelson Baker's.

Three lobster fishermen drowned in Jeddore Harbor, off Roger Barren. These men were Fred and Stan Baker, sons of Enos Baker, and Everett Mitchell son of Mark Mitchell.

Captain Joe Jennex piloted boats to and from Bermuda for molasses and rum. He died while on one such trip. He was buried at sea.

Captain John Weston owned the schooner the "Alice". The "Alice" grounded on Jeddore Bar. Frank Walsh was in charge. The vessel was loaded with oats.

Captain Frank Walsh married Rhoda Baker from East Jeddore. He was Captain of the "S.S. Margaret" and the "S.S. Madeline", two steamers which made regular trips along the Eastern Shore carrying passengers and freight. Capt. and Mrs. Walsh now live in Spry Bay.

The "Jennie M" was owned by Peter Faulkner. This vessel made regular trips to Halifax. At this time motors were being installed in the schooners. The "Jennie M" had a powerful engine compared to the slow "puck, puck" of the Iolanthe. "Jennie M." would go so fast that she was nicknamed, "Leaping Lena" and the "Savage Gander".

On one trip while tacking up Jeddore Channel, the "Jennie M" ranned the "Iolanthe". The "Iolanthe's" rail and mainsail were shattered.

Archie Mitchell repaired the rail and Maynard Webber took the mainsail to Halifax and had it mended.

Three white schooners the "Minnie D.", "Mollie" and "Mona" would bring a cargo of food to Jeddore to trade for dried fish. One Captain was John Maskell.

O.K. Service Line for fishermen -- from base Lunenburg -- to East Jeddore -- to Boston.

Captain Eli Baker, sailed the coaster the "Maple Leaf". His son, Harold, now operates a prosperous fish business in East Jeddore. His daughter Sabina, Mrs. Ralph Baker, operates a home for Senior Citizens in West Jeddore. She is to be commended for her initiative and kindness in this worthwhile project. Captain Eli's wife, Florence, was always noted for her hospitality.

The "Mount Temple" was a square - rigged vessel wrecked off Egg Island at a place now known as "Ship Ledges". My Father salvaged some cups and saucers from the wreck, which are now in "Fisherman's House Museum". Mrs. Sam Webber, Clam Bay, donated a matching moustache cup, which her husband had salvaged from the same wreck.

Three Norweigen boats arrived in Jeddore to get cargoes of lumber. One man died while here in port. He was buried in the East Jeddore, Baptist cemetery.

The "Oasis" was owned by Isaac Hopkins. First named the "Louis Ruby".

"Mary Louisa" owned by the Harpell family.

"Highland Jane" sailed by George Hartlin.

CAPTAIN GEORGE L. BAKER - Fulton Baker

Another "Son on the Sea" was Captain George L. Baker, West Jeddore. His sons, Frank and Fulton, sailed with him.

These seamen had great faith in the "Master Pilot" for "He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

He used his vessels mostly for coasting. In the early 1900's he owned the "San Juan". The next schooner he had was the "Florence B." built by a Mr. Bellfontaine in Chezzetcook. (Was the "Aurile B. built by the same man?) He sold the "Florence B." and bought the "Ellen Mary".

In 1914 on a fishing trip to Prince Edward Island in the "Ellen Mary", we grounded on a sand bar at the entrance of Malpeque Harbor. The vessel started to leak. The night was dark and everything was dreary!

The vessel was pulled off the sand bar by two tugs. The tugs towed us to the wharf at Malpeque where our cargo of salt was unloaded. She was given a general overhauling and the leak was found on one side between the garboard and the keel. When the caulking was completed, the "Ellen Mary" started to settle. My Father released the tackling; however, the vessel did not upright herself but fell sideways, masts across the wharf. Many spectators were on the wharf; miraculously, only one person was slightly touched.

A vessel, "Hazel Glen" from Baie de Chaleur, N.B. came to our aid. After pumping out the "Ellen Mary" and other minor repairs, we were ready for the sea again.

The last vessel in our family was the "Ella Pearl". She was built in Sheet Harbor in 1924.

"MIDNIGHT" - CAPTAIN SAM WESTON - Frank Jennex

Captain Sam Weston owned the vessel the "Midnight". Late one evening in a brisk North West wind and snow squalls this vessel was rammed by a 250 ton schooner the "Lilah D. Young" loaded with a cargo of ice for Canso. This accident occurred off the shore of Beaver Harbor.

Captain Sam Weston and his wife Edna (Baker) were both drowned. It was reported that when Sam tried to rescue his wife by grabbing her foot, his grasp was not firm enough so he pulled off her shoe. However, he too was drowned in spite of his heroic attempt to save Edna.

William A. Power was first mate on the "Midnight" and Harvey Power was the cook. Both these men survived.

"The Bessie Jennex" - George Jennex

Capt. Will (son of Uncle Pro) Jennex built the "Bessie Jennex" a 100 ton schooner on the shore of Jeddore Harbor. On her first trip the "Bessie Jennex" took a load of fish to the Island of Puerto Rico and brought back a cargo of molasses for John Tobin, Halifax.

Captain Will Jennex was captain of the Dartmouth-Halifax Ferry for many years.

Captain William Charles Power - Eva B. (Power) Smith (Daughter)

William Charles Power was born at Musquodoboit Harbor. At an early age, due to the death of his parents, he shipped on a vessel owned by Captain John Hopkins of East Jeddore, as a cabin boy. Captain John Hopkins was engaged in the Labrador trade at that time.

He was to sail many seas to far away places. In his late twenties he married and bought property at Baker's Point, East Jeddore. In order to spend more time with his family, he decided to try inshore fishing. After a few years he purchased a vessel, which was one of many, that he owned. The "Gladys Helena" and "Marion R." were two of the later ones which he used in freighting along the Eastern Shore.

Ill health forced him to retire at the age of 70 years. This was a hard blow for a man who had been a Seaman the greater part of his life.

" A Tribute to My Ancestors" - Ron Jennex, Jeddore, Oyster Pond

For many years my Grandfathers went down to the sea in ships, and did business on the great waters. They braved many perils of the sea and left to us cherished memories of our seafaring Heritage.

My great-great Grandfather, Captain Bill Jennex, owned and sailed a vessel named "Sea Jim".

My great Grandfather, Captain Alexander (Alec.) Jennex and my Grandfather, Howard Jennex first owned a boat called, "St. Patrick". This vessel was bought from Harris Corkum in 1911. Unfortunately, they did not have this vessel very long, for in that same year with James B. Jennex as a third member of the crew, on their way to Prince Edward Island for a cargo of produce, it was shipwrecked near a place named Dingwall.

They returned home from this unfortunate voyage and soon bought the "Helen Maude" from Captain George Faulkner. They then sailed to the waters of Newfoundland to catch fish. When on these long fishing trips, they carried 4 dories on deck. Two men would fish from each dory.

Between fishing seasons they carried freight from Halifax to various places along the Eastern Shore.

In 1925 the "Helen Maude" was sold and my Grandfather bought his last vessel, the "Wilfred L. Snow". This vessel was purchased in Freeport, N.S. From 1925 to 1929, this vessel was used to carry pulp wood to Sheet Harbor, fishing, and general coasting along the Eastern Shore.

Finally in 1929 the "Wilfred L. Snow" was sold to a buyer from Newfoundland.

What a colorful career for these men of the sea!

MEMORIES! MEMORIES! -Bessie (Faulkner) Webber

Memories of my Father, Captain Freeman Faulkner, often make me wonder how the seamen of his era, guided their vessels through the fog and storms far out at sea and then made a safe return. God was certainly the Master Pilot.

I often visualize his vessel the "Sovereign" at anchor in the West Bay of Jeddore Harbor, near Mackerel Island.

My brother, Harvey and Dave Faulkner sailed with my Father as he coasted along the Eastern Shore.

"THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

Plans are now being made to close the one-room school in Hooselsnd. The parents are concerned and I sympathize with them. The accomplishments of this small school under the direction of their competent Teacher, Valerie (Kennedy) Prest have been outstanding.

Let us consider some of the positive advantages of a one-room school.

- an ideal situation for continuous learning;
- no excessive amount of Testing for I.Q.'s, Aptitudes, etc. and then placing pupils in certain classes according to these uncertain results;
- more personal relationship among pupils, parents and teacher;
- participation of all pupils, regardless of disability, in school projects;
- pupils more self-reliant;
- the clever pupils help their more unfortunate classmates in many ways, such as; taking them to the blackboard and showing them how to do problems, and encouraging them in numerous activities to make them happy;
- the oral reading was delightful;
- the spelling bees and Classes were challenging. The pupil was required to pronounce each word distinctly, sounding every syllable, and then the correct spelling; (writing spelling and having no idea how to pronounce it was forbidden.)
- basic teaching aids, blackboard and chalk;
- more Community involvement and Interest;

I could write a Book on the Accomplishments of the One-Room School as I have experienced them in my Career.

Let us think for a minute about what the one room schools in our area have contributed to the progress of our land.

Captain Hiram Mitchell, noted Sea Captain. He was Master of the Red Cross Liners from Halifax to England. Just before he retired, he was a New York Harbor Pilot.

Captain Lowry Mitchell, son of Andrew and Mary Mitchell, was at the age of 25, the youngest Sea Captain in the Commonwealth holding both Canadian and English credentials.

Doctor Robert Stoddard, the well known Eye-Ear-Throat Specialist was another notable graduate.

Rev. Howard Hartlin, his story in another part of this Brochure.
The little Ostrea Lake School turned out Nine Sea Captains. These men learned their ABC's in the little red schoolhouse. Would you like to know who they were?
Captain Ralph Williams, of the "S.S. Liverpool"; Captain Charles F. Williams, of the Mersey Ship "Barkland"; Lieut. Comm. Fulton T. Williams, O.B.E., R.C.N.(R); Captain L.J. Williams, Captain Wm. R. Williams, C.G.S. "Lady Laurier"; Lieut. Comm. Clifford G. Williams, R.C.N.R.; Captain Jeff. Williams, Dept. of Fisheries; Captain Gerald Kent, R.C.N.R.; Captain Owen H. Williams, lost in the motor-ship "Dorin" on a voyage from Turks Island to Yarmouth, N.S. in 1933. His mate was Enos L. Williams. Two Pleasant Point Captain's mates were Stanley Kent and Adam Bowser.

If you visited Ostrea Lake when all these Captains were home "off Duty", the little village fairly sparkled with gold braid. How much gold braid sparkles there now as compared with the better educational facilities and the little one-room school?

From the one and two room schools came the finest young speakers ever to speak in the Orange Hall, Oyster Pond. Yes, I mean the "Speech Festivals". The students delivered their own original speeches with simplicity, directness, and geniality. These students were able to take the members of the audience into their confidence, and to share with them their interest in the topic they were discussing.

DO YOU REMEMBER??
SPEECH FESTIVALS:

The large crowds who attended these Speech Festivals held in the Orange Hall, now St. John's Hall, Oyster Pond?

The Silence when B.C. Silver (now Dr. Silver) officially opened the Festival?

The Thrill of hearing the participants and audience singing "O Canada"?

The Cadence of voices of the Choral Groups?

The Confidence of the pupils as they stood before these large audiences?

The Remarkable Speeches, such as the one delivered by Kingsley Brown of the one-room school, West Jeddore, Teacher, Grace Forsythe?

(He spoke on Robert Service.) (Kingsley is now with CBC News Magazine.)

The difficult task it was for the Judges to select the winners?

How well the children recited and dramatized the old favorite poems?

The Patience and Dedication of the Teachers as they directed their pupils?

The Encouragement given to Pupils and Teachers by Eastern Shore Clergy, especially Rev. G. Tanton and Father Laba? also Joe Hemsworth? Fred

Withers?

MUSIC FESTIVALS:

The Harmony of the Church Choirs?

How well Rev. Lewis White, Mildred Pitcairn, Joyce Crowell, Gertrude Inness, Betty Murray, and M. English, directed the music! Also-

Miss M. MacDougall?

These Soloists: Velma Bonn, Rose Day, Ross Day, Brenda Power, David Andrews, Brenda Baker, Shirley Roma, Wayne Patriquin, Charlotte Gully,

Diane Rowlings?

Duets: Roberta Stevens & Betty Verge, Christina Cleveland & Gloria Burnham,

The delightful School Choruses?

Trio: Betty Bayers, Judy Stevenson, Janice Bayers

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICES: (These Services were sponsored by the Staff and Trustees of Robert Jamison High School under the Chairmanship of Harpell Power. George Power, now Rev. George Power, Pentecostal Minister in Ontario, directed the singing of Carols.)

The many Church Choirs which participated?

The Solos of Rev. Pitcairn, Mildred Pitcairn, Brenda Power, Nita Maskell, Jane Jones, Clyde Smith, Gerald Dooks, George Power,

The Duets of George & Joan Power, Gerald Dooks & John Homans (Bass), Gloria Burnham & Gerald Dooks, (More in the next publication)

ACTIVITIES AT ROBERT JAMISON HIGH SCHOOL:

Career Conferences - as many as 30 consultants present?

Christmas Concerts?

4-H Club - Olive Robbins?

Junior Red Cross - Grace Forsythe? Drama Festival - Mona Mosher?

Track and Field at Beech Hill - Otis Jennex & Robert Speller?

Sports - "Skip" MacKenzie?

The Graduation Themes?

Wayne Dooks? Paul Power?

Glee Club - Joyce Crowell? Gertrude Inness?

Teacher Director - John Mercer?

Allied Youth - Grace Malay?

Trip to Legislature - Dr. D. MacMillan, M.L.A.?

Cadets - B. Pellerin & C. McLennan? Square Dancing - Mildred Williams?

Projects: Barbara (Amer) Gibbons?

Physical Education: Barbara (Amer) Gibbons? Counsellor: Rev. Marshal Sproule

"The Telephone in Our Area" - Mrs. Clyde (Jennie) Siteman

On March 10, 1876, while Alexander Graham Bell was working in his laboratory, he spilled something on his suit and called to his assistant upstairs, "Mr. Watson, come here; I want you." This was the first telephone message.

In 1920 or 1921 a group of men got together and formed the Ship Harbor Lake Mutual Telephone Company. In 1921 a switchboard was installed in the home of the late Henry Wilson Webber and operated by his daughter, a widow, Faith Harpell. It served East Jeddore, part of Oyster Pond, Upper Lakeville, Lower Lakeville, Clam Bay, and Part of Clam Harbour.

Wilson Webber died in 1923 and his daughter having then remarried William Hartlin, son of Captain Peter and Civilla Hartlin, Oyster Pond, moved to Humberstone, Ontario.

The Central Office was moved to the home of William Turple where his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Turple, was the Operator; however, two months later they decided to move to the United States and it again moved to the home of Alvin Webber.

In February of 1929 when Mrs. Webber (Aunt Melissa) became too ill to operate it any longer it was moved across the field to the home of Burton Webber, where it was operated by her grand daughter, Jennie Marie, now Mrs. Clyde Siteman, Musquodoboit Harbor.

(Jennie Marie's grandmother had taught her to operate the telephone when she was only 8 years of age; therefore, Jennie Marie was very efficient.)

In 1932 Jennie Marie went away and her mother, Pansy Webber, became the operator until 1942 when illness prevented her from carrying on. (Pansy was beloved because of her kindness and patience. Her "Hello" ,in a pleasing voice, endeared her to all callers.)

Now the Central Office was moved to the home of Charles Mitchell, Lake Charlotte, (the former home of William Turple). Mrs Marion Mitchell, operated this Exchange until her illness in 1970.

Isn't it interesting to note that the Central Office was moved for the last time to the home of Edward McKenna, (the old home of Wilson Webber where it first started in 1921). Dorothy McKenna of Lake Charlotte was a competent operator who was in charge when this system was discontinued in 1975.

Miss Grace Monk of Ship Harbour was an efficient and dedicated operator who served the communities of Head Ship Harbour, Lower Ship Harbour, Owl's Head, Little Harbour, Clam Harbour until it was amalgamated with Lake Charlotte.

(Other dedicated Telephone Operators along the Eastern : Laura (Bayers) Day, Mrs. Stanley Mason, Mrs Keizer, Others?? A Tribute of Praise to all.)

Do you remember how Bob Cook and William Mosher struggled to keep the telephone wires, etc. in good working order?

DO YOU REMEMBER??

The "Minto House" owned by John Blakeney? It was at Salmon River..

When Bob Stoddard and his sons, Clarence and David (twins) delivered the Eastern Shore mail? also Ralph Blakeley?

Harry Marks' blacksmith shop?

The Fish Hatchery at Navy Pool?

The "Open Houses" on election day? (The delicious meals!)

Ball Games on Marsh Point?

Using a ball made of yarn in a game of ball and having to hit the player with the ball before he was OUT?

The Games of Red Line and Tag played at Sunday School Picnics?

"Rectory Hill" and Foley's Field" two favorite Picnic Spots?

"Lakeview Hotel" in Ship Harbor operated by Mrs. Sara Blakley?

"Stoddard Hotel" in Clam Harbor operated by Mr. & Mrs. Walter Stoddard and daughter Laura? (Mrs. Roy Sanford). Roy Sandford, well known as a telephone technician.

MEMORIES -Leila Mae (Jennex) White

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, ALL AROUND JEDDORE"

A more beautiful spot is hard to find with its harbor of many lovely islands, inlets and coves.

Many still remember the S.S. "Margaret" steaming in to pick up passengers at the Government Wharf to take to Halifax, a good seven or eight hour trip.

If the wind was right, the Mail Coach Horses could be heard crossing Salmon River wooden bridge for miles around.

Picnics were held on Foley's field in the day time, but at night people would hurry by as it was believed that the ghosts of the Foleys buried there would roam at night.

As a child I can remember the vessel of Wallace Mitchell sailing past the islands, going up to Oyster Pond with all its sails unfurled.

Mrs. Clarice Jennex (my Grandmother) known as Aunt Clara was the midwife around the now known Hartlin Settlement.

To hear the sound of Dr. Kennedy's horse and buggy on the road, told us some one was sick.

The visit of the peddler with his pack on his back was a real treat. He would display all his wares on the floor for all to see, and buy what was needed, men's braces and armlets were all the style, and button hooks for boots for the ladies.

Walking the dirt roads, in bare feet, down to Lou Jennex's store for penny candies.

The Harbor dotted with row boats on Sundays rowing to the Baptist Church Services, sometimes getting boats twisted around in the fog.

A Pic Social at the Orange Hall was a Grand Event!

SCHOOL DAYS - Everett Mitchell, Rockland, Mass.

The school I attended in Oyster Pond often comes to my mind. There were 12 grades, 120 pupils, (not all angels, by any means). I recall many of the Teachers; Miss Pinco, who came from New Brunswick, I think, never used the strap once, but had discipline all the way. We all loved her very much. Miss Maude Webber was another; that year I received a prize for good conduct, believe it or not! All my Teachers were very dedicated to their profession.

As I said before, we were no angels; the boys I mean. One day in the spring the Teacher went home for dinner. While she was gone, the boys made the girls go outside. Then we got driftwood from the shore and made a fire in the stove, hoping we would get the afternoon off. What did happen was that the Teacher locked the boys in the classroom and gave the girls the afternoon off, while we had to sweat it out!

Another day when the ice was breaking up in the harbour, some of us boys, (I say some of us because all the boys were not full of mischief), got on some ice cakes or clumperts and floated about the harbour. The school bell rang - down to the shore came the Teacher, swinging the bell. We waved back at her, forgetting what the penalty was. I do remember having to stay after school and having to write, "Silence is golden" 500 times.

Again, a TRIBUTE of PRAISE to all these poor teachers whose salaries may have been between \$200 - \$350 per year. (I must not forget the Webber girls, daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Amos Webber, Myrtle, Ureta, & Erva.)

One year our school was closed because we had no teacher. We used to row across the harbour to the home of Mrs. Lucy (Mitchell) Hill who taught us. Her kindness will always be remembered. One day I had a cold and she gave me raw onion to eat to help my cough. Did I make faces???

This is an event in my life which I will always remember. One night I called my Mother and told her I was not feeling well, had pains in my stomach and indeed felt very sick. Good old Dr. W. Kennedy came and said, "Get him to the hospital."

Mr. Reuben Webber, (Ervin's father), came with a horse and wagon. They put me on a stretcher and loaded me on the back of the wagon. Then we were off to the Railroad Station at Musquodoboit Harbour. We had a wait for the train and when it came I was reloaded to the baggage car, and on the way to Dartmouth.

There a horse drawn ambulance was waiting. Again I was reloaded, then we went by way of the ferry, to the Victoria General Hospital. I was operated on for appendicitis; the abscess had broken and all they could do was drain it. I still have my appendix and was the first person to survive peritonitis. If I remember right, the Doctor's name was Dr. MacIntosh.

After a stay of two weeks with good food and good care, I was discharged, and I arrived home without the interruptions of the trip in to town. Like a cartoon that used to be in the Halifax paper, "Big events in the lives of little men."

DEDICATED DOCTORS WHOSE GOOD DEEDS ARE STILL REMEMBERED

The three Doctors who alleviated so much suffering and sacrificed their own pleasures in life to give joy to others certainly upheld the Motto, "Others before Self," were Dr. W.J. Kennedy, Dr. D.M. ROWLINGS, and Dr. R.H. Stoddard.

Dr. W.J. Kennedy got his first glimpse of the Eastern Shore from a vessel which landed him in Tangier. (He was sea sick on this trip). After staying in Tangier for a short time, he moved to Musquodoboit Harbor. For almost 57 years, he cared for the sick from Lawrencetown to Tangier and part of the Musquodoboit Valley. (He received his Doctor training in Ontario.)

He travelled by horse and buggy for some years; however, in 1912 he bought a Maxwell car.

He confirmed his Love for his Country Practice by twice refusing the offer to become Superintendent of the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax.

He was very active in politics, church circles, and education. The Elementary School in Musquodoboit Harbor was built because of his untiring efforts to better the schools on the Eastern Shore.

Do you ever listen to Hank Snow singing "Doc. Brown Has Moved Upstairs"? When I hear it, I always think of Dr. D.M. ROWLINGS because, in my mind, he possessed all the tender characteristics of Doc. Brown.

Dr. Rowlings was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Rowlings of Musquodoboit Harbor. He was a Graduate of Dalhousie and Harvard Universities. He practised in Sheet Harbor before opening an office at his home in Musquodoboit Harbor. (He also took a special course in Medicine and Surgery in London, England.)

Dr. Rowlings was born in 1900 and died in 1942. How many times did he travel through all kinds of weather conditions to treat his patients when he should have been having medical treatment himself?

Dr. R.H. Stoddard, affectionately referred to as "Doctor Bob", was born in Clam Harbor in 1890. After graduating from Dalhousie University in 1916, he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps, and while in this service served in India and Mesopotamia. In 1918, after the War, he went with an expeditionary force to Vladivostok, Russia.

He attended the one room school in Oyster Pond. He was the son of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Stoddard. Many people from the Eastern Shore always went to Halifax to have him treat them when he became a noted Eye-Ear-Nose Specialist.

We are sure that "Beyond the Sunset" Light perpetually shines upon them. In the end --

Many Noble Women of the Eastern Shore do not worry about "Women's Lib." Their dedicated and voluntary Services to help develop this Shore are challenges to all men. They are not concerned about their supposed inferior status, because they feel capable of competing in any vocation of their own choice.

ALL GOOD HOUSE WIVES must be commended for their dedication to their homes and families.

AUNT BERTHA MYERS, who is now 99 years of age, has followed the "Golden Rule" all her life, as well as, the Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Her advice to the younger generation is, "Keep busy and try to spread Happiness". Many of Aunt Bertha's stories are told by Helen Creighton in Bluenose Ghosts.

Mrs. E.S. (Ada) WILLIAMS, the well known Correspondent for "The Dartmouth Free Press" has always been active in school, church and community affairs. Her style of writing the History and Folk-lore of the Eastern Shore has intrigued readers all across Canada and the U.S.A.

Ada's stories, in this Brochure, are informative, interesting and creative. Her pleasing personality, her hospitality, and her wealth of knowledge have won her many friends. She has extolled our efforts in her News Column, which has helped to promote Museum activities.

Mrs. Laura (Bayers) Day, known all along the Eastern Shore as a Telephone Operator who often acted beyond the "call of duty" to obtain medical assistance for people when the lines were "out of order".

Laura has been involved in Community, Church, and School functions. Her Smile and Cheery Greeting have endeared her to many. Her encouragement to OTHERS in times of distress has been uplifting. Her frankness and open-mindedness are admirable.

She was a Promoter of Twin Oaks Memorial Hospital and an ardent supporter ever since its establishment. (Ida (Myers) Bonn and I solicited funds at the time. Mildred Williams was also a worker in this campaign.)

Mrs. Helen Langille, R.N., wife of Detective Harry Langille, has all the characteristics of Florence Nightingale and has been the "Lady of the Lamp" in many homes in this area as well as in different hospitals in the Province.

Helen's competence, patience, and willingness to help OTHERS have made her the "Beloved Nurse". Her efficiency as Matron of Twin Oaks Memorial Hospital, Musquodoboit Harbor, created in that Hospital, the atmosphere of well-being.

Mrs. Levia Brown, wife of Blanchard Brown, Lumber Contractor of Porter's Lake, will be long remembered because of her voluntary Activities in the Cancer Society. For many years she has been Campaign Manager for the Eastern Shore to Ship Harbor and part of the Musquodoboit Valley. She encourages and inspires her Workers so that they always exceed their quotas. Just recently she was awarded a Service Pin and a Trophy for the Success of her Campaign.

Levia is also very active in Red Cross, Community and Church affairs. She has been a zealous Promoter of "Fisherman's House Museum". If one were to remove from the Museum all the antiques Levia entrusted to our care, the house would be very bare. (Fortunately, none of her Relics were taken in the recent robbery of the Museum; however, we are optimistic that some of our dishes will be found. Do you remember Old Mother Hubbard who went to her Cupboard and found it bare? Well, that is our plight.)

Miss Annie MacDonald of Sheet Harbor, a prominent Business Woman of the Eastern Shore, amazes me just how she continues to be so energetic, so capable, so pleasant after so many years of competent service to her Insurance Customers.

Annie has always been involved in voluntary Community and Charitable activities. She, along with Dr. D. MacMillan and others were responsible for establishing a Hospital in Sheet Harbor. She was Secretary of the Hospital Board for years, also Secretary to Trustees of Sheet Harbor Schools. She is a Member of the Halifax County Library Board. Her financial donations and gifts to the needy make this Prayer sincere, "God Bless, Annie!" (Many, many more Deeds of Kindness.)

BRIEF ANGLICAN CHURCH HISTORY

In my childhood, we referred to our church as "The Church of England". Records show us that Bishop Charles Inglis visited Ship Harbor in 1805.

In 1821 Rev. J. Burnyeatt, a travelling missionary, visited Ship Harbor and reported 114 Protestants living in Ship Harbor at that time.

In 1833 James Stevenson, a King's College Professor, visited Ship Harbor. He was very impressed with the sincerity of the people in this area, who were endeavouring to build their first church.

In 1834 Prof. Stevenson accompanied by Bishop John Inglis visited Ship Harbor and were pleased to have Protestants of other faiths attend the services. Bishop Inglis travelled on a British Warship, which anchored off Little Harbor. He was rowed ashore to Clan Harbor. He admired the beautiful Clan Harbor Beach! He visited Owl's Head in the midst of an August gale. He was delighted to find such an intelligent congregation. He had a favorable impression of all the people he met on the Eastern Shore. He said because of their sound principles, superior intelligence, respectable character and exemplary consistency of conduct, they were a credit to any church. (We can confirm those same statements to-day.) (St. Matthews, Owl's H.)

Robert B. Jamison was ordained Priest in 1841. He was appointed then Missionary of the Eastern Shore.

In the year 1843, St. James Church, which came into being in 1825, was consecrated. Rev. A. Pitcairn, an Anglican Minister in Musquodoboit Parish, published a Brochure on this oldest Anglican Church in our area. Rev. Pitcairn and his Wife, Mildred, were very active in community projects, especially Music Festivals, Religious Training in Robert Jamison School, Carol Services, and other activities. St. James Church, Head Jeddore, was given the name St. James partly in honor of Rev. Robert Jamison.

In 1853 another church was started in Ship Harbor. It was opened on Christmas Day, 1855 and consecrated in 1858. (St. Stephens)

Rev. Jamison was still rector in 1877 when St. John's Anglican Church was built by a carpenter named Murchy. Our church always had a very good choir under the direction of a dedicated and competent Organist, W.M.O. Mitchell.

Upper Lakeville Church, St. James, was consecrated Dec 1, 1905. My Aunt Eudivilla (Mitchell) Webber was organist for many years, then her daughter, Mabel (Webber) Whidden, and Bessie (Faulkner) Webber. Singing led by Guy Faulkner.

The Church, St. Matthews, was built in 1893. It was consecrated on the same day as St. James, Upper Lakeville. Dedicated Church Organists were: Carrie (Nemo) Stevens, Gladys (Houans) Parker, Lola (Palmer) Cooper, and Alma (Sitenan) Boutlier.

Rev. Philip Jefferson must be given credit for making the public aware of the outstanding work of Rev. Jamison and having Robert Jamison High School named in his honor.

Rev. Tyers baptized me. He was responsible for planning the Church Calendar for the year 1913, now on the wall in the dining room of "Fisherman's House Museum." Mrs. Tyers & Mrs. Townshend trained children for concerts.

David Mitchell, son of Nelson and Jamina Mitchell, studied to be a Rector by taking his training with the Church Army. David is now a Canon in Oshawa, Ontario.

Rev. Louis White will always be remembered for his fine organ music and singing, especially his tenor.

Rev. Alton Fudge was as near as his phone. If you had problems, he would help solve them with sympathy and understanding. Rev. and Mrs Fudge are now in Falmouth, N.S. Mr. Fudge has been a rector for many years; therefore, retirement must be in the near future.

St. John's Church, Oyster Pond, was struck by lightning April 23, 1906. Rev. Edward Parsons was the dedicated Rector and in spite of his own illness, did his best to encourage and help others in their Christian endeavors.

DID YOU KNOW??

Robert Jamison High School was officially open^{ed} on November 16, 1957.

Program: Doxology; "O Canada"; Prayer-Rev. Mrs. Moore; Address-Rev. C.S. Webb; Speakers: Warden Leverman; Dr. Moffatt, Dr. B.C. Silver. Presentations: Bible to Principal, Helen Jennex; Auditorium Flag to Trustee Byron Myers; Classroom Flags to Trustee, E.J. Webber; Pictures to Trustee, Cyril Young; Red Cross Service Badge to Principal, Helen Jennex. Harpell Power, Chairman of Trustees, was Master of Ceremonies.

When this school was opened, it had no typewriter, piano, Gestetner, etc.; therefore, Harpell Power called a meeting to discuss the situation.

At this meeting Otis Jennex, Sr. was elected Chairman of a special Committee to organize a "Blitz Day for R.J." to raise funds.

Do you remember a Card like this? I still have mine.

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

Has become A FRIEND of the
ROBERT JAMISON MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL
By a contribution of _____
For the extra equipment necessary for the
complete basic furnishing of the school.
Date _____

Canvasser

Thanks to the Chairman and his Canvassers, the sum collected was just a few dollars short of \$1000.00. Quite a Blitz Day for R.J.! The Donors were indeed generous; therefore, we were very grateful to them.

(The Piano was bought from Rev. P. Jefferson.)

THE PENTECOSTAL CHURCH IN JEDDORE

The Pentecostal Congregations in the Jeddore area have been very successful in their Christian Endeavours.

W.A. Power, Harvey Power, and Hugh Dooks were responsible for spreading the Gospel by going to different places holding open air services. Then Mission "Lighthouses" were established in East Jeddore, West Jeddore, and Head Jeddore. Today they worship in a very modern, beautiful church in East Jeddore.

Rev. Way was the minister when the new church was built. George Power, now Rev. George Power, led the singing in that church for many years.

The singing in this Church is inspiring. The harmony is delightful. I always enjoy the organ playing of Habel (Power) Meade and the organ and piano duets by Habel and her Sister, Erma (Power) Smith.

When we visit this church, we are impressed with the friendliness of the members and minister. The Carol Singers from this church always sing for us at Christmas. The Sunday School classes are a credit to any community.

Wayne Dooks of Head Jeddore graduated from their College and is now conducting a parish of his own. Jean Blakeney, daughter of Walter and Clara Blakeney, West Jeddore, graduated from the same college as a Deaconess.

DID YOU KNOW????

Oyster Pond Home and School Association was organized on October 4, 1943, with Mrs Byron Mitchell as President and Helen Jennex, Secretary?

That Tom Parker Sr. of Owl's Head was 107 years old when he died?

That Mrs. Coelia Chapman was 103 years old when she died? (DeBay's Cove)

That George J. Myers of Oyster Pond was 103 years old when he died?

That Colin Peter Mitchell, Alexander Mitchell, and John Mitchell were sons of Colin Mitchell. Colin Mitchell emigrated here from Scotland?

That John George Weber, a Loyalist, was a brother-in-law to Colin Mitchell?

A Tribute to the Roman Catholic Priests who served with distinction
the Communities along the Eastern Shore

Father Geary travelled along the Eastern Shore as far as Sheet Harbor. He was an untiring and missionary-minded priest. He often said public Mass in the home of Adam Murphy. In 1842, Hon. Joseph Howe with the help of Father Geary promoted a Sunday School for Indian children. This Priest was an ardent promoter of Temperance. His work was also a factor in the founding of St. Peter's parish, Sheet Harbor.

Rev. John Carmody of Chezzetcook contributed to the early development of the Roman Catholic Church along the Eastern Shore. Between 1840-1850 this parish came to include Ship Harbor where a church was built.

In 1857, Rev. David O'Connor became the parish's first Priest. In 1945 Ship Harbor became a separate parish.

Rev. Father Thomas A. Johnston served these parishes well. He was assisted by Rev. Leopold D'Entremont.

The first Ship Harbor parish Priest was Rev. Anthony J. Laba. He was responsible for the area from Salmon River Bridge to Spry Harbor. Father Laba was the first Priest to celebrate Mass in the church of St. Anne, BeBay Cove, in 1949.

Father Laba was very active in school and community affairs. He encouraged the "Speech and Musical Festivals" along the Shore. In our area of Jeddore, he would act as a judge in our festivals. He visited the schools often to get to know the young people. One day in the two-room school in Oyster Pond he gave a very interesting and informative lecture on the importance of the study of history. One of my pupils expressed his dislike for history and could see no reason why it should be on the school curriculum. I can still visualize the kind smile of Father Laba as he said,

"Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime,
and parting leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time."

Father Quinn another Priest from Ship Harbor came to Robert Jamison School, every Monday at noon, to conduct religious study classes. As Principal of that school at that time, I must say that the school was enhanced by his presence and discipline.

Other familiar Priests: Father Butts, Father D'entromont, Father Johnson, Father Dockerty was killed in 1975 on #7 Highway, East Ship Harbor.

UNION CHURCHES NOT UNCOMMON IN THE 1800's

Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches united in 1925 to form the United Church of Canada.

The Methodist Meeting House, in Head Jeddore, now the United Church of Canada, is a well-kept unique Church by the side of the road, overlooking the village of Head Jeddore and West Bay of Jeddore Harbor. Many sincere Pastors and Members of this quaint Church have left many memorable achievements to better the Culture of the Eastern Shore.

In Oyster Pond the Presbyterian Church, now, of course, the United Church, is situated on a hill overlooking Navy Pool. I remember attending this Church many times. I always enjoyed the singing led by Aunt Bertha Myers (now 99 years of age), Uncle Peter Mitchell and Uncle Porter Mitchell. The organists Mrs. Will (Ida) Mitchell, Joyce (Webber) Stoddard, Ruth Webber, Jennie (Mitchell) Hartlin, rendered beautiful church music.

Early Presbyterian Ministers were Rev. John Sprott and Rev. Anderson. Aunt Bertha tells that Rev. Anderson Baptized her, received her in the Church, and married her.

In the cemetery, we find the graves of Cyrus Mitchell and Tom Webber, both were killed with the one bullet while working up Ship Harbor Lake.

"Baptist Churches"

The first Baptist Church was organized in West Jeddore in 1819. The Baptists were organized by Rev. David Wutter in 1823, then again in 1833 by Elder David Harris. In 1834, the Jeddore Church became a member of the Nova Scotia Baptist Association. During Mr. Maider's ministry a new church at West Jeddore was dedicated in 1885.

A church was built in East Jeddore in 1895, one at Pleasant Point in 1905, and one at Oyster Pond in 1907. (At this time Mr. Maider's salary was \$300. In the 1930's my salary, as a school teacher, was \$300 per year also.)

The Jeddore Baptist pastorage is the oldest on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore.

Many outstanding preachers have served the Jeddore Churches well. Rev. Marshal Richardson of West Jeddore and Rev. Howard Hartlin of Oyster Pond are two local sons who went out from Jeddore to render distinguished service to their Master's work.

An event in connection with the special anniversary service of the First Baptist Church of Annapolis Royal held last Sunday morning was the appointment of Rev. H.S. Hartlin to the honorary position of Pastor-Emeritus of the Church.

The citation of Mr. Hartlin to this office was made by Deacon Allison Dalton on behalf of the Board of Deacons and the congregation, and read as follows:

"Reverend Howard S. Hartlin, Minister of the Christian Gospel for over Fifty years in Baptist Churches, We wish to honor.

He was pastor of this church from October, 1970 to July, 1971; and from July, 1973 to June, 1975.

HE united our people in his quiet and thoughtful manner. Not only was he the minister but he was counsellor, News Editor, Organizer and church historian. He also organized this church's Centennial celebrations.

Because we hold him in such high esteem, we do hereby appoint him Pastor-Emeritus of the Church by unanimous vote of its members."

Dated at Annapolis Royal, N.S., Sunday, October 26, 1975.

Deacons

Eleanor Douglas

Margaret Smith

Alden E. Hubley

Allison Dalton

William L. Nelson

Following the citation, Mr. Hartlin expressed his thanks and his deep appreciation of the honor accorded him. The pastor of the church, Rev. Robert Matthews, extended a cordial welcome to Mr. Hartlin and offered a brief prayer. (This report submitted by Ethel Hartlin, Howard's sister.)

Mr. Hartlin continues to supply Sunday services to pastorless churches, and during the month of November will be engaged with Temple Baptist Church in Yarmouth." Howard is the son of Captain Peter & Civilla Hartlin.

After Rev. Marshal Richardson moved away, he was greatly missed; however, whenever he would return for a visit and preach in his home churches, people would come from miles around to hear him.

The wonderful singing in the Jeddore Baptist churches was noteworthy. In attending the East Jeddore Baptist Church, I always enjoyed hearing the deep bass of Harris Arnold, the tenor of Fred Baker, the beautiful soprano of Beatrice (Harpell) Power, and the organ playing of Thelma Power. Many more names could be included such as, Tom Jennex (bass), Veryl Harpell (alto), Angus Harpell, Eva Mitchell (organist) and many, many more. Organists: Merle (Mitchell) Blakeney, Ada (Harpell) Williams, Blanche (Kent) Baker, Fred Baker,

An old newspaper the "Family Herald and Weekly Star", which recently came my way, contained a wealth of information for old and young.

In looking it over, I noted an advertisement for "Madame Allens Beauty Soap." An offer having been made - a 96 piece set of English dishes for selling 1/4 boxes of the soap. Three large cakes of highly scented soap for 25 cents. Evidently the offer had been running for some years.

That offer in that old newspaper brought back memories of 65 years ago. So it was my desire to get that set of dishes for my mother. In a large family, dishes were often broken. Visions of a 96 piece set filling the cupboard shelves made me determined to set forth as a saleslady for "Madame Allen." Naturally, there were those who joked and predicted it would be a toy set. Even so they did not dampen my desire to get that set. If only a toy set, my younger sisters would doubtless be delighted. It was with many misgivings, I answered the advertisement.

The days and weeks passed and the "I told you so" people were by no means encouraging. I had wasted a three cent stamp.

The case containing the 1/4 boxes arrived on one of the Jeddore coastal vessels. Captain John Weston of East Jeddore, my elder brother, rowed across the harbor bringing the case home, where it remained in state, highly perfuming the house. I was truly jubilant. Never having been farther from the Cove than around Jeddore, it was quite an adventure to set forth on my own. Taking as many boxes in a basket as I could carry, my brother set me across the harbor to the first house at Lower East Jeddore, that of Isaac Hopkins, whom we called Uncle Isaac. His housekeeper was Mrs. Jobina Jennex, better known as Aunt Jobie. (Aunt Jobie died in 1974 at the age of 98. Mrs. Harold (Ada) Jennex cared for Aunt Jobie during her sunset years.) To my delight I sold my first box at that house. I canvassed every home and sold a box where it was possible. At that time 25 cents meant just that.

I travelled along until I arrived at Oyster Pond where I made my headquarters at the home of my grandfather the late James Myers, my mother's Father. (This home now "Fisherman's House Museum".) I was glad to get a rest and was feeling happy with visions of that 96 piece set of dishes. Even though there were many discouraging looks on faces which I recognized as doubting, the fact of me receiving such a wonderful premium. One of the neighbor's girls, about my own age, volunteered to travel around with me, as she knew all the folks. She was a niece of my grandparents, Jessie Myers.

The storekeeper, W.M.O. Mitchell offered to drive us to Upper and Lower Lakeville, so when evening came we set forth in the buggy and a smart horse. Sold a number of boxes and met with much kindness but seemingly the set of dishes was, more or less, in doubt. My travelling expenses were looked after by my grandfather. My shoes which had cost \$1.50 being solid leather were getting a bit worn. I was enjoying the trip from house to house by no means well populated at that time.

After covering Oyster Pond, I set forth toward Head Jeddore and soon arrived at the Post Office which was kept by the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Warnell. From there I came down home with the mail driver, the late Mr. Seth Dooks, driven by buggy and "Dobbin".

The next day I set forth to cover the homes of West Jeddore. As I remember, mother purchased a couple of boxes which we all enjoyed using ^{as} change from a non-smelling Castile soap.

Believe it or not, I sold those 1/4 boxes so away that \$34.00 went to the company in Montreal "registered". I was quite proud of the fact that I had actually sold them all. Then came the waiting period! The days slipped by. There were many jokes as well as doubts. Captain John Weston from East Jeddore, in some way, got word to my father that there was a barrel of dishes on his vessel for me. I was fast becoming important in my own estimation, my vision of dishes was fast becoming a reality. (continued on next page)

"Madame Allen Calling"

My father and brother crossed the Harbor to Capt. John Weston's for the barrel which was carefully carried by them from the shore and placed in the middle of the kitchen floor.

The excitement was tense, the barrel was opened. Each dish carefully packed not one broken; a beautiful 96 piece of English ware.

The next move was to thoroughly wash them and place them on the cupboard shelves. As for me, I believe I had a fixed smirk on my face and a longing to shout, "I told you so". The neighbors called to see the dishes. Some displayed a bit of envy. The doubting "Thomases" were silent. My travelling days as saleslady had ended.

The houses, at that time, were widely scattered and many could ill afford 25 cents but the sight of that lovely soap could not be resisted. "Madame Allen" calling!

USHERED 400 CHILDREN SAFELY INTO WORLD IN LONG YEARS OF SERVICE

In a Scrap Book, loaned to me by Ethel Hartlin, the above Head Line from an old news clipping fascinated me. This news item was referring to Mrs. Margaret (Fraser) Arnold, a Midwife, from East Jeddore, wife of Captain Harris. Arnold. Mrs. Margaret died at the age of 102.

Years ago when in the tiny hamlets of Nova Scotia's rocky shores, doctors were few and communication by road almost entirely lacking. From early girlhood study of medicine had been Aunt Margaret's hobby and into the world through her kindness and skill were ushered 400 children in the district of Jeddore. Even when she was 94 years of age and medical aid could not be secured, she was called upon to act and today a man in that part of the province is alive because of her efforts.

In 1879 East Jeddore's first post office was established in her home. She and her husband carried on the post office until 1885. Then Captain Arnold died and Aunt Margaret was postmistress until 1919. The post office was then managed by her son, Harris. Harris Arnold was Custom House Officer for many years.

Thinking about Aunt Margaret brought memories of many other Midwives; therefore, I felt that -

A Tribute of PRAISE to the MIDWIVES of yore,
Who helped women in travail along the Eastern Shore;
May the memory of these saintly women inspire us,
To do good to others and in God to trust.

How many do you remember? :

Mrs. Phoebe (Bonk) Newcombe, Ship Harbor; Elvie (Moshier) Faulkner, Misquodoboit Harbor; Josephine (Weston) Foley, East Jeddore; Emma (Long) Debaie; Eliza (Keating) Debaie, both of DeBay's Cove; Mrs. Tom Keating, E. Ship Harbor; Mrs. Isaac Keating, Sou' West Cove; Eliza (Slade) Arnold, East Jeddore; Linnie (Mark) Mitchell, East Jeddore; Mrs. Ellen Dooks, Mrs. Isa Day, Mrs. Bessie Bayer and Mrs. Mina Faulkner, all of Head Jeddore. (Others?)

DID YOU KNOW?? Mrs. Civilla Hartlin, wife of Captain Peter Hartlin, was Secretary of the Baptist Women's Missionary Society for 60 years? The first couple to be married in the Oyster Pond Baptist church was Addie Hartlin of Oyster Pond and Harvey Myers, Myers' Point? (Married September 30, 1914.) Harvey was a Cabinetmaker and a skilful "wood-carver. His life-like birds fly round the world. (Reuben George of Myers' Point carves practically every bird that flies in N.S.)

HUNTING STORIES - Howard Day, Grandson of Henry Day

(Howard Day was County Councillor of this area for 18 years. His Grandfather was the greatest story-teller in Jeddore. Even today, when a person tells a yarn or seemingly incredible story, with a wink, one will ask, "Is that one of Henry Day's?")

My Grandfather, Henry Day, and his sons were hunters and trappers. My Father, Alexander (Sandy) day was a guide and woodsman. I often went hunting with him. One time, just before Christmas, Uncle Wallace got my father and me to go with him to help him carry out a big moose which he had shot. Uncle Wallace was a big man, weighing about 240 pounds. He loved his Eats!

At Oyster Pond there was a store kept by a lovely, old lady. They used to call her "Mrs. Dunk" at that time. When we got down there, my uncle gave me two cents to go in and buy a little bag of fine salt. I wondered what he was going to do with that bag of salt.

We went up Oyster Pond in a boat about a mile and one-half, then walked about five miles back into the woods. When we got to the moose, we skinned it. They gave me about 25 pounds to carry out. I only weighed about seventy-five pounds then. (I only weigh 230 pounds now!)

Uncle Wallace cut off a big rump roast and put it into his knapsack. Then he got the rest of the big quarter on his back. I would say he was carrying about one hundred seventy-five pounds. We started for home. We went a little piece and he downed with the bag and the quarter. He got some hardwood and made a good fire. When he got lots of good hardwood coals, he cut a big steak all the way around that quarter about one and one-half inches thick. Then he took the bag of salt and rubbed the steak. He hung it over the fire to broil. It was some good!

Again we started on with our load of meat. We only went a short distance when he down load and did the same thing again. By the time we got to the boat, all he had left was a big soup bone and roast. He had broiled and eat most of it himself.

I was looking forward to another trip with him. We went up to the camp and while Dad and I went to look the traps, Uncle Wallace went moose hunting. We were to meet at the camp in the evening. In those days, when times were hard, the older hunters always killed a moose for their winter. They would hang it up in the woods and hide it with brush. When they needed meat, they would go and get a load.

When we got back to camp, it was very cold and stormy. We got supper ready but my uncle did not return. Dad said we would wait until morning and if he did not show up, we would go out and get help. We did not get any sleep that night. Dad just walked the floor.

When morning came, the sun began to shine. We got a cup of tea and were getting ready to go out and report my uncle lost in the woods when we heard a noise outside. We went outside and there was my uncle with a five or six hundred pound moose on his back.

He explained how he had become lost and because it was getting dark, he decided to stay right where he was. (Good judgment, eh?) He became very cold; therefore, he thought of this plan. First he opened up the moose, took out its insides, washed the blood out of it, and then crawled inside of it to get warm. Alas, he fell asleep! When he awoke, he was frozen right in it, so the only way he could get out of the woods was to carry the whole thing on his back. It was one heck of a load to carry that way! with the long neck and big legs dragging on the ground. He even had to cross the river on a big log. (What a picture that would have been!)

We cut the moose off his back and my uncle's pleasant, but tired, smile assured us that all was well.

I said, "Uncle, how did you ever carry such a heavy load?"

He said, "Mighty japers, boy, I don't want that to happen too often in my life." (A true hunting story)

BUTTER ON SUNDAYS - Grace Forsythe

In the 1930's the pulpwood industry boomed in the woodlands, rivers, and harbours surrounding the Musquodoboit-Jeddore-Ship Harbour areas. The late Alan Parker, James Ritcey, Charles Myers, and Byron Mitchell, who were agents or contractors for the Mersey Paper Company of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, hired gangs of men during the winter months to work in the woods at the head of Ship Harbour and Jeddore Lakes.

Camps were established in these woods, where men worked for \$1 a day, using crosscut saws, axes, ox teams, and horse and sleds. There were no power saws or tractors in those days. Muscle power did the job. Men travelled to camp and came home an occasional weekend on foot, or, if the ice was safe, they skated up the harbour and river, across lakes to their work.

Camp life was rugged, but not unpleasant. As related by Luther Williams, we have this story:

"I worked in the woods three or four winters in those days for Mr. Charlie (Myers) or Alan Parker, and one winter Harvey Dillman was the contractor. I was a chopper, but one winter I took Uncle Ezra's ox and was teammaster or snaker.

Our day began early. We went to work with the stars in the sky and came back at night in the starlight. There were 25 or 30 men in the camp, usually. We had an old Waterloo cookstove and a Quebec heater for comfort. Parker Baker was the cook one year and baked bread every day. Mr. Charlie had told him "no leftover beans," so we had fresh baked beans daily, too. The only time we had milk was if we came out home and took our own in. Then we had to watch it because everyone wanted to use it, and it could easily disappear. Some of the men took sweetened condensed milk for their tea. Otherwise, we drank it black. We only had butter on Sundays, but there was always molasses.

After supper we would play checkers or cards, mend our mittens and socks, dry our clothes that needed it, sew on buttons. There weren't many books or magazines, and no radios then. Sometimes one of the men played the mouth organ, and we would sing or just talk. Ev Harpell and

Ted Power were two who loved to sing the old songs and hymns. Lights were out at nine o'clock.

Two or three times a week Creighton Ritcey would bring in supplies and we would hear the 'outside' news from him. The winter the Queen Hotel in Halifax burned down, we didn't know anything about it for two or three days.

We piled the pulpwood on the ice or shore to wait for the spring break-up, about April.

The winter of 1938 was the last winter I worked in the woods. Then the War came and work like that was ended. It's never been the same again."

When the spring break-up and drive began, great masses of pulpwood logs came down Salmon River to the Bridge, where they were secured in booms to wait for the boat that made regular trips from Liverpool to collect the winter's harvest.

From their fleet of pulp carriers, LIVERPOOL ROVER was a regular caller to Jeddore, anchoring just south of the Bridge or over in the East Bay at Oyster Pond, where teenagers joined the older men who were glad to get work loading. They rowed or walked from their homes to their job, and stood on rafts to load the slings that were hoisted on board and stored in the hold and on the deck. Their pay was 20 cents an hour for a ten-hour day.

The ROVER was in charge of the late Capt. Ralph Williams of Ostrea Lake and piloted by Stuart Williams of West Jeddore. Each summer the ROVER was a familiar visitor. On Salmon River 'mountain,' just north of the Salmon River House, the men had a slide where pulpwood logs were sent down the hillside to the ice below.

In 1938, the largest ship ever to enter Jeddore Harbour made her maiden voyage from Hamburg, Germany, for a load of Nova Scotia pulpwood. HANS LEONHARDT came straight to the bell buoy at the entrance of the harbour where she stopped and blew the horn for a pilot. Stuart Williams went out and stayed on board overnight until the fog lifted the next afternoon so she could be piloted in to the mooring by Salmon River Bridge.

Her captain, who spoke excellent English, wore a suit that had been made from Nova Scotia pulpwood. The first mate, August Wölck, had been a P.O.W. in Canada in World War I and had warm feelings for Canadians. The second mate spoke very little English. The crew was made up of very young boys -- Hitler Youth, if we had known. At that time, Germany was just a name on a map, across on the other side of the world, thousands of miles away.

By this time, war clouds that had been gathering in Europe, were to spread to Nova Scotia, for the Czechoslovakian crisis occurred while the HANS LEONHARDT, was in the harbour. The day pilot, took me and some friends on board. Hitler made his speech which was a deciding factor in the fate of the ship and the crew for that year. Everyone stopped work to listen, while we sat, wondering what would happen. As Hitler spoke in German, we had no way of knowing his message except by the expressions on the men's faces. If war had been declared then, HANS LEONHARDT would be seized and the crew interned in Canada. This is what Mr. Wölck wished would happen as he had pleasant memories of P.O.W. camps in his younger days. When Hitler's speech ended, and the men picked up their tools to go back to work, the officers shook hands with the pilot and everyone relaxed. War clouds had cleared for the time being. That was the first time we had seen the Swastika that flew from the ship's stern.

As the harbour was too shallow for a full load, HANS LEONHARDT went to Pictou to finish. While there, Hitler recalled all ships, so she slipped out of the harbour at night without lights or pilot and went back to her homeland. We often wonder what was the fate of such a lovely new ship in the years that followed.

With the War, the pulpwood and lumbering industry declined. Ships were replaced by trucks that collected the few cords of wood that individual men piled on

So.

the roadside after cutting from their own woodlots, and took it to Liverpool or to the station at Musquodoboit Harbour to be shipped by rail. No doubt there are many men in the surrounding districts who could tell stories of those days when Jeddore Harbour and its surrounding lakes and rivers echoed to the ringing of the axe on frosty mornings, the shouts of teammasters and river drivers as they earned their living the hard way a generation ago.

MEMORIES OF GEORGE HARPELL - Grace Forsythe

The late George Harpell who was born and lived in Harpell's Cove, Jeddore, until the early part of the century, recalls his old home. The following is found in his diary of 1926, 50 years ago when he was 55 years old. It gives a good picture of the average homestead in the country village of that time.

I can still see in my mind's eye the old house where 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 story and a half high, low ceilings, whitewashed walls, and black tarred roof. The house would be whitewashed every spring. A garden in front with paling fence, also whitewashed; a stonewall around the field surmounted by two or three poles which 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, and they often did -- ruin a field of good hay in a short time. They would trample more down than they ate, to the great annoyance of the owner.

All the houses around the harbour 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, some young steers and heifers, also everyone had a flock of sheep of which I will speak later.

In 1975 when road machinery tore up the field of the late Mark Harpell, George's uncle, the dry stone wall with its gate still intact that once enclosed a sheep pen was discovered in the woods. Through the years once cultivated fields that were cleared by our pioneer forefathers have gone back to Nature, covering the results of

many hours of labor when they cleared the land of virgin forests and established homes carved from trees and rocks.

"My home," he continues, " was situated on the west side of Jed-dore Harbour, at the entrance of the harbour, 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 shore so sadly from what it was when I can first remember, that it made me when on a hurried visit to the old home a few years ago, lonesome to think of. The shores are formed of stones worn round and smooth by being cast up and drawn back, and cast up again for countless centuries.

Years ago in our country communities every household had livestock which meant the family livelihood, but it all meant work and working together. During the fishing season, the men fished and the women and children had care of the 'farm'. Fields of hay were prized, for that meant the winter feed for the animals. Our supply of meats meant pork, mutton, beef, goose, and chicken. I might say that the latter were called hens until they became past the egg production stage; then, somehow, they became chicken.

Everyone had a large garden which meant our winter stored vegetables. When the fishing season was closed, fish having been cured on the flakes were loaded on a vessel bound for Halifax. Flour and sugar were purchased in barrels instead of five and ten-pound bags; molasses, in five-gallon kegs instead of a package. One thing we surely did not know was the word 'vitamin'. However, we had overdoses of it, unaware of it.

There was no income whatever to the families old and young, just lots of hard work, contentment, and good management. Wood from the forest was used for fuel, and for building boats and schooners. A man could take his axe and chop wood all day, coming home at night to sit and smoke his pipe beside the wood fire. The women worked alongside their husbands whenever possible, and children were trained to assist in chores around the homes."

As the late George Harpell wrote in his diary fifty years ago, recalling his first day on the fishing grounds with his father, Luke, he was 'about ten or eleven'. This would be a picture of a day in a young boy's life in 1881.

"As the chief industry of the people was fishing," he records, "as soon as the boys of the family were old enough they went fishing with the father or brother, and the first day out was looked forward to by the boy as the one great event in his life.

I remember the first day I went codfishing. 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 fish house and asked, "Would you like to go fishing tomorrow George?" Of course, that was just what I was longing for, so I gladly assented. The weather gave promise of a fine day tomorrow, and Father said I must go to bed early as we would leave the house about three a.m.

Soon after I went to bed I fell asleep, to dream of catching fish. Suddenly, I awoke with a start and jumped out of bed, thinking it was daylight and perhaps Father had gone and left me, or that he had overslept. The full moon was shining out of a cloudless sky, casting a reflection across the calm water of the harbour and the pond not more than a couple of hundred feet from the house. I ran downstairs and to the bedroom door and awoke Father. "What time is it?" he asked. Then I looked at the old square clock and found it was only twelve o'clock. "Go back to bed, boy," said Father, "I'll call you when it's time to get up."

When three o'clock came, I was glad to rub the sleep out of my eyes. We soon had our breakfast and started. Father had his nets set just inside Jeddore Rock, about two miles from the mouth of 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 the herring out of the net, he baited my hooks and I dropped the lead over, letting the line run off the reel till the lead struck the bottom, then hauling back just far enough for the hooks to be clear of the bottom, and holding the line over the gunwale of the boat. It was not long before I felt the slow pull of a cod. I soon got used to it, although I had to have Father pull a couple for me, as they were a little too heavy for me. I remember I caught 19 codfish. Of course, Father got a lot more.

About ten o'clock the wind came in from the south-west and breezed up, soon making the water lippy, and the boat began to rock and pitch. I got the feeling experienced by everyone when they first get on the water clear of land. I had been in a boat every day in summer since I was able to crawl over the side, but I never got seasick as I was so near the shore I got all the scent of the trees, flowers, and grass. It may have been that, but I never was sick near the shore. I got enough of codfishing, as I often would get seasick, although not so bad as some of the boys who had to go fishing, and every boy had to as that was the only thing there was to do. 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 we had no power in the boats then as they do now. All manpower then, with oars when it was calm, and we had lots of calm weather. And the fog! The awful fog that is the bane of the fisherman's life along the Atlantic coast. On the south shore of Nova Scotia I have seen it for two weeks with never a letup. As soon as the wind comes southerly in the summer, it is almost sure to be foggy, so day after day we would go out in that wall of fog, fish all day, always steering by the compass and seldom miss the point steered for.

Our fishing season began with lobstering in the spring, and as soon as the time came for the mackerel (which was somewhere about the latter part of May) one would tend the lobster traps till the end of the season, the last of June, and the other boat would tend the nets and go codfishing. I was always glad to get the chance to go codfishing, and glad when the fall fishing ended and we hauled up the boats for the winter, which would be the first part of November.

For a good many years, the fishermen were not bothered with dogfish, but for the last 25 years they have been a scourge. Every year they cause the fishermen to lose gear, and sometimes to give up altogether, for they will load the nets down, and a net full of dogfish is ruined. They bite and chafe the twine so that you never know where a net is mended, as some of the twine will be almost cut in two and you don't notice it.

I went shore fishing until I was sixteen, when I got the notion in my head to go to sea; that is, to go in a vessel. Some of the older boys had been fishing in North Bay, P. E. I., which at that time was a great spot for fish. More than a hundred men would go to North Bay in the summer season from Jeddore. So, although Father was very much against my going away from home, he consented and got me a chance on a small schooner named the ZEPHYR with ten men in the crew. We left home about the first part of July and spent the summer fishing in North Bay."

George does not give any further detail of his summer away from home, nor of his share in the catch. But other Jeddore men who went fishing off P. E. I. married and settled there. Among these I recall Atwood Blakeney, Josiah Baker, and Asaph Blakeney; the latter going into the silver fox farming business at a later date and was making a great success of his venture.

"Father was the only man in the Harbour who had salmon nets. Those we set about the 20th of May, as soon as the first sandpeeps

came, which was the sign Father waited for. The best winds to get salmon would be moderate southerly and easterly and the first of a norther, but a north-west or southwest wind was poison for salmon. How I would love to see the silver beauties in the nets. Sometimes they would mesh near the headlines and jump over it to mesh again on the other side, leaving their tails standing out of water which we would see a long way from the nets. We set them with bags laced together at the bottom. The hook was a grapnel or killick we called it, made of wood claws enclosing a large stone to which we fastened the net. Along the headline were buoys, and another killick at the end. The salmon would follow the shore until they struck the net, then follow it along till they were in the bag which was too narrow to turn in. There they would mesh. I have been just going along the headline and would see a salmon ahead going up in the bag and see him mesh there. The water would fly and we would always wear a mitten in taking a salmon out of the net to hold him better, for believe me, a salmon from twelve pounds to as high as thirty pounds is no easy fish to hold. We always grabbed for his tail to get a better hold."

Spring brought the lobster season along the shore. The late George Harpell describes the method of hand-potting in his youth.

"After I was eleven years old," he says, "I did not go to school after the first of May, as I went fishing during the summer months. I first started lobster fishing with my brother by just going a little way from the slip (the place we hauled our boats up), dropping some bait along on the bottom and then dipping the lobsters from the bottom with a dipnet. The 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 as there is no mud, the bottom being covered with moss-covered stones and spots of sand near the shore. A little farther from the shore is kelp. In some places near the 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 or a baited handtrap was dropped near it.

A handtrap was formed with two iron hoops about as big around as a barrel, a bottom knitted in one with cotton twine or marlin, and around the sides of the other, and then fastened together so as to form a tub when the top hoop was lifted up. It had knitted sides and a bottom three hangers coming to a leading line with several corks fastened at intervals along the length of the line. At the end was a buoy of wood to mark the place where the trap lay on the bottom.

Each boat had twenty or twenty-five of these handpots with bait tied in the middle. They were dropped at regular intervals along the bottom, and we began at one end hauling each trap up, taking the lobsters off and dropping it back again till the end of the row was

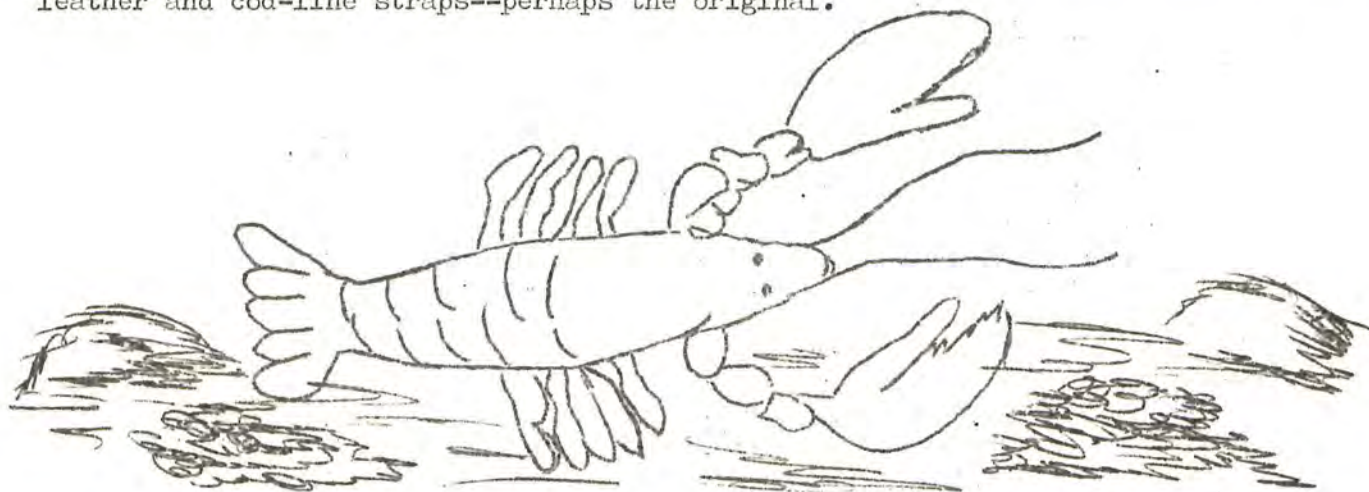
reached and then going back to the end again as long as we could get any. When fished out, we shifted to another place; a great many lobsters were caught in that way."

No mention is made of the price of lobsters in the 1880's when Mr. Harpell was a teenager. Writing in 1974, Mrs. E. S. Williams, correspondent for the Dartmouth Free Press and niece of Mr. Harpell, recalls that,

"In the Cove lobsters were plentiful. One could stand on the shore and see them swim toward the baited handpots.

Between the house and the Cove was a pond of about twelve or fourteen acres in extent, divided from the sea by a narrow line of beach stone on which were built the 'fish stores' as we called them, and also the flakes back of the fish houses for drying the salt fish. When the skating was good, the pond in front of our house called Harpell's Pond, was covered with skaters from miles around. You would seldom see a girl on the ice then, only for a few minutes just to slide, but never to skate as at that time a girl was considered a Tomboy if she skated. I had five sisters, but not one learned to skate except my youngest sister, Clara, as they were not allowed on the ice and they never seemed to mind it, as it was the rule among girls of that day. What happy hours my brother and I spent on that pond in both summer and winter!"

A few years ago, when the old home was cleared out for selling, the writer became the owner of George's skates, hanging far back in a closet under the stairs. About five years ago, his son, Sandy visited Nova Scotia, and recognized them. "Yes," he said, "they were father's." Wooden skates with steel curved blades, with leather and cod-line straps--perhaps the original.



Grace edited this story getting the information from her Father's Log. (Father - Captain E.S. WILLIAMS)(Grace's Mother, Ada Williams, well known for her stories of the Eastern Shore.)

DOWN TO THE SEA - Grace Forsythe

"Sailed at two p.m. from Halifax for South Atlantic sealing grounds, taking my departure from Chebucto Head, bearing west. Course S.E. by S. Winds S.S.W. with fog and rain the whole day. So ends this day. All goes well. Lat. 44°26' N. Long. 63°33' W. Lookout all strictly attended to."

Thus begins an adventure of nearly ten months for Stuart Williams of Ostrea Lake, mate on the E. B. MARVEN with Capt. Arthur Hiltz, nearly seventy years ago on September 6, 1907. An adventure that was to last until June 23, 1908, and cover many thousands of miles to the hunting grounds of the Falkland Islands, where fur seals lived in abundance. An adventure that took him, at the age of 26, through all kinds of weather, through experiences with men and the elements that silvered his hair prematurely, and brought him safely home from one of the eleven trips that he made south.

"Time passed quickly on the voyage down. Daily chores were done with pumps, lights and lookout all strictly attended to and crew engaged in painting or repairing boats. On October 1 two heavy rain squalls during the day. Caught some water."

Just one month later, we read: "Lat. 00° 00'. Right on the equator. Entering South Atlantic."

Although the log does not record the event, each crossing meant the traditional celebration with Neptune's arrival to initiate greenhands among the crew. The fun broke the monotony and made a bright spot in what must have been a lonely trip. Weather, too, helped to break the monotony. On October 16, his 26th birthday, the seaman recorded:

"10 p.m. Breezes up a storm. Carried away main throat block at 4 a.m. and bursted sail. Repaired it and set reefed mainsail. Took in jib topsail 10 a.m. Reefed foresail at 2 p.m. Blowing hard W.S.W."

And on October 18-19: "Lowered mainsail to repair it at 8 a.m. Main top gallant stay parted 1 p.m."

Events of those three days would leave little time for boredom.

Most of the voyage was made alone, with a sail sighted at intervals. On September 9: "In company with BADEN POWELL all day." And the next day: "Sighted BADEN POWELL from the masthead." But there was no indication of which vessel was in the lead. One week later: "Sighted three sail from masthead." This indicating they were at some distance.

October 26 was one of great excitement. "Sighted AGNES DONAHUE at 6 p.m. Spoke her at 7 a.m. Reported making passage in 52 days." The E. B. MARVEN had been 51 days. "Spoke one of ALICE GERTRUDE's boats. Reported 50 days in passage and 73 skins to date. Lowered boats 8 a.m. Got no seal."

They had reached the hunting grounds at last. There, for the next three months the boats were lowered as early as 5 a.m. and the men hunted among the islands. The Falklands comprise about 340 islands of various size, of which East and West Falklands are the largest. Ian Strange, conservationist, describes them as "isolated, bleak, and nearly void of human life." There, in the early part of the century, millions of seals were slaughtered for their hide and oil. Strange gives 1784 as the date that the first experimental cargo of pelts numbering some 13,000 was taken from the Falklands by an American vessel from Boston. So it was approximately 150 years later that seaman Williams recorded on January 25: "Catch of skins, 2. Total catch, 251. Lowered boats 6 a.m. and came on board 5 p.m. with one skin." Another boat had reported a total catch of 603 to that date.

Greetings and visits were exchanged among crew members of the vessels in the vicinity, with many tales of the experiences on the voyage from home.

"Spoke AGNES DONAHUE. Sighted EDITH R. BALCOM. Mate of BEATRICE CORKUM made passage in 48 days. Spoke VILLAGE BELLE just arrived on Jan. 29. Spoke CAMERON."

December 25, 1907,: "Lowered no boats" is the lone entry. What did these men do on Christmas Day, thousands of miles from home on a sealing vessel? What memories of Christmases past were in their thoughts or in their conversations? What longings for the Christmas present filled their minds? No mail. No gifts. And three--nearly four--months since they left Halifax. Our imaginations must fail in answer.

Unusual happenings were noted. January 20: "Steamboat passed schooner at 6 a.m. Bound S.W. Sighted full-rigged ship." On March 17: "Spoke ALBERT BICKMERS, Bremerhaven, bound for Portland, Oregon. Fifty-eight days from Hamburg, Germany."

On January 25, the boats came on board at 8 a.m. after two hours' hunting, and preparations were made to sail to Port Stanley, arriving there February 9. "Sighted SALVADOR HILLS when came day. Dropped anchor Port Stanley 3:30 p.m."

As one seaman, the late Capt. Frank Young of Arichat, expressed it:

"It certainly looked good to the eye, with the hope of shelter in the beautiful land-locked harbour of Port Stanley, and getting something fresh to eat and a chance to stroll on shore."

The reason for coming to Port Stanley was to ship the skins. It had been decided in Halifax that the skins could be shipped from here with less chance of a loss than bringing them all the way back, and it proved to be a good decision. Skins shipped from the Falklands reached London in good condition. They were packed in dry salt in casks ready for the first boat to London. So the log records:

"February 10 - 18, crew engaged in putting up casks of skins. Shipped 385 skins in good condition. Put eleven casks in storage at East jetty."

Capt. Young also relates that the men on the voyages received \$1 per skin and a \$20 bonus. All guns, ammunition, and other supplies were supplied. The rower in

each boat from the schooner received 50 cents for each skin taken. In "Sails of the Maritimes," W. Parker reports:

"The price of a good pelt in London ranged from \$25 to \$40. These furs were classed as the finest obtainable and were much in demand."

That was in 1910.

Repairs and painting jobs were finished while in Port Stanley, and fresh food and water taken in store.

"Took on board 1 ton of potatoes, four sheep. Left to go to Sparrow Cove to fill water casks. The E. B. MARVEN was ready for sea again by Feb. 21st., when left Sparrow Cove for sealing grounds at 7 p.m. Taking my departure from Cape Pembroke light."

Port Stanley at that time had a population of about 1,000 people, where the crew were greeted by the kind people and soon became acquainted. "Good English ale was three pence a glass," wrote one seaman, "and the froth thrown in." In his report, Capt. Young mentions the romance that blossomed between some of the sealers and the Port Stanley ladies. Mrs. Enos Williams (Annie Ryan) of Ostrea Lake and Mrs. Stuart Eddy of Pope's Harbour were two who left their homes to travel halfway round the world to become brides of Nova Scotian men and remain to establish homes and raise families.

On the way back to the sealing grounds, February 27-28 brought a 'dirty squall.' We read: "Lightning struck the schooner several places on both quarters at the edge of the copper, but not through." Hail raked the vessel. At 1 a.m. seas were breaking over the deck, and one boat was broken. "Hove to at 5 a.m. Heavy sea running. Reefed sails. Barometer rising." These were brief comments from a brave seaman in what must have been a time of grave peril.

For the next two months, the E. B. MARVEN cruised the hunting grounds, with rather poor catches reported. "Lowered no boats. Saw no seal. Saw no ship. Total catch 248."

HOMeward BOUND

April 28, all boats were called on board at 10:30 a.m. "Set sail. Started for Montevideo," where they arrived on May 3. The next week was spent in packing skins and taking on supplies, while repairs were made to the vessel. "Took on board 1½ ton potatoes, 4 sacks flour, 1 basket vegetables, meat."

May 8, 1908. "Left Montevideo at 4 p.m. Bound for Halifax and home." The AGNES DONAHUE and VILLAGE BELLE had already left for home.

On this trip, however, the E. B. MARVEN took on board more than supplies and staples. Two days out, May 10, we read: "Steward found stowaway in coal bunker at 6 a.m. How he came there I know not." And what was done with him we know not!

Up to the equator, following Long. 54°-55°, the vessel was buffeted with "heavy rains, squalls, and wind baffling all around compass," accompanied by "heavy thunder and lightning". The South East trades "carried away main topsail sheets and topmast staysail halyard" at one point.

Then, once again, they entered the North Atlantic on June 2. "Cloudy. Rain squalls. In doldrums. Head sea from North East trades" were reports. Their distance varied from day to day, depending on the wind, with "Distance run 253 miles today," June 6, being the greatest and "Distance run 73 miles today," June 10.

June 12: "All goes well."

June 18: "Passed Bermuda this day."

June 20: "Entering Gulf Stream. Sea very smooth."

June 21. "Crossing Gulf Stream. Lat. 41°49' N."

June 23: "Soundings on LaHave Bank. 7:45 a.m. All is well. Caught sight of BEATRICE CORKUM. Day ends fine."

Was BEATRICK CORKUM the racing schooner for that voyage home? On June 1 we read: "Passed the racer at 9:45 p.m." The annual race home from the sealing

grounds gave the men great interest and bets were made on the outcome. With a new set of sails, the men sailed their vessel for all she was worth. And this time, the E. B. MARVEN appears to be the winner.

Another race is related by Capt. Young between the LESLIE L. with Capt. Gilbert and the EDITH R. BALCOM commanded by Capt. R. Balcom from Port Stanley, when he and Stuart Williams were shipmates.

"We kept close together all day, and when night came we lost sight of our friend the EDITH R. Morning dawned with a clear horizon and not a sail in sight. We all came to the conclusion that foxy Capt. Rube had given us the slip in the dark.

After a voyage of 51 days and 3 hours we sighted the long-looked-for light: Sambro Island. Coming in under Chebucto Head, the first thing our captain said was 'What time did the EDITH R. BALCOM arrive?' Upon learning from the pilot boat that she had not yet arrived, three hearty cheers went up from the crew, for the LESLIE L. was a winner.

It was not until ten o'clock the next day that we saw our rival coming up the harbor with all sails set. He did not know we had arrived, as he had not spoken to the pilot boat. When her lines were thrown ashore, the crew of the LESLIE L. were there to receive them."

Greetings can well be imagined.

Although Mr. Williams refers to his ship as a 'vessel' or 'schooner', another type was known as a 'tern'. In "Sails of the Maritimes," the author, William Parker writes of the HILDA R., 99 tons, built in 1910 at Conquerall Banks. She was "a superior vessel and the only Canadian tern built for Southern Ocean fur-sealing." Thirteen of these tern were built in 1910.

In 1911, as mate of the YOLANDA, with Capt. W. H. Henneberry, seaman Williams recorded in his log:

March 31: "Spoke HILDA R. to S. W. Her catch 75."

April 1: "Alongside HILDA R."

Mr. Parker relates:

"In 1912 the HILDA R. made two sealing voyages to the Antarctic and sailed completely around the world on each by way of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn."

This trip was not unusual for the sealing vessels, as seaman Williams rounded the Horn in 1912 to Victoria, coming home to Halifax by train. On other trips, he visited Cape Town and other parts of South Africa.

The HILDA R. was sold for the salt fish trade in Newfoundland, and while on duty was torpedoed by a German submarine on November 3, 1917, 22 miles S.E. from Cape St. Mary, Spain, while commanded by Capt. Yetman.

These men knew a way of life in an era that ended just before World War I. They loved their ships and regarded each as a living thing, to be helped, and to sacrifice their lives for if necessary. No matter how rough the voyage, or how back-breaking the work, they always remembered the good times and happy associations. They were part of the ship and sea itself.

Life was not all work and no play as we know by tales told over the years. On one trip they visited Tristan da Cunha, about halfway between South America and Africa, where they had a memorable feast. The men knit a small net that was attached to a barrel hoop to serve as a handpot or dipnet. Seven dips from the deck to the rocks below were enough to fill a pork barrel with crawfish to provide a meal for the crew. Fishing and canning crawfish has been the chief industry on Tristan throughout the years.

To supplement their diet, the men would watch a mother turtle go ashore at night to lay her eggs in the sand. In this way, there were fresh eggs for many breakfasts to follow their night's adventure. The same was done with nests of the albatross, one egg of which was equal to a dozen hen's eggs, and practically filled a platter.

Seal steaks, flippers, and livers were delicacies, and turtle soup did not come out of tins. The Williams children were rocked, and in turn rocked their dolls, in the three-foot long turtle shell with the one bullet hole in the back, that had come from the Falklands. The writer possesses a blown albatross egg brought home in 1911.

On another trip, the vessel delivered a priest to Easter Island, where the men could examine the mysterious standing stones that have interested scientists ever since their discovery.

Somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean in the early part of the century, the crew on which Stuart Williams served were involved in a rescue. A Norwegian whaler was wrecked on the rocks of one of the outlying islands and the men taken on board the sealing vessel. On the way back to port, the captain of the whaler painted a scene of the wreck on ordinary sail canvas with ship's paints. This has survived through the years as a conversation piece and is in surprisingly good condition with bright colors yet.

Other Nova Scotian names appear in clippings, lists, and memories, of men who sailed on the fur-sealing vessels. The first sealers from Ostrea Lake were the late Isaac Bowser, Stephen Baker, John Baker, and Reuben Baker. Enos, Stanley, Howard, and Wallace Williams, brothers of Stuart, all had trips south in their youth. Enos was lost on the DORIN in September, 1933, with Capt. Owen Williams, on their way home from Turks Island with a load of salt. It is thought the DORIN foundered in a hurricane.

Captains from various parts of the province were Capt. Joe Gilbert, Capt. Sprout, Capt. Sam Balcom, Capt. Reuben Balcom, all of whom would have relatives and descendants living today with memories of tales that were told over the years. It

Con't -has been said that there is no ordinary person. Everyone is a little bit of a poet or a storyteller, and every life is a book. Williams, Bowser, Baker, Young, Balcom, Gilbert, and Palmer -- these were men who sailed the seas and saw the wonders of the deep. Theirs were lives of adventure, and each, like us all, lived his life "like a tale that is told."

SEALING MEMORIES - George Smith, Baker's Point, East Jeddore

I signed on the sealing ship the "Yolanda" when I was 15 years old as a cabin boy but was accepted as boat steerer.

The voyage to the South Atlantic, the sealing grounds, took 47 days. Following the seal hunt we proceeded to Montevideo where the skins were packed in casks and shipped to London. Our ship then sailed for Egg Harbour on the Uruguay coast. Our crew members spotted five deer and killed four for fresh meat. There were also some sheep in the vicinity, and our men shot some of them. When the sheep herder heard the shots, he came to the spot and we invited him on board our ship; however, he did not see the sheep carcasses hanging there.

Our ship was cleaned and painted at Egg Harbour, then went back to the sealing grounds. She returned to Montevideo where more skins were shipped to London.

Leaving for home, a cyclone hit when our ship was half way down the River Platte and the sails were damaged in the storm. Our ship took 57 days on her return voyage to Halifax.

I weighed 122 pounds when I signed on the "Yolanda" and 147 pounds when I was discharged at 16 years of age. I always remember Sundays as plum duff was served on that day.

Captain Henneberry was Master of the ship with Stuart Williams, first mate, Mr. Christian, second mate and William Williams, third mate. The "Yolanda" displaced 77 tons. (Mr. Smith was born in Chester 82 years ago. He was brought up by foster parents on Tancook Island.)

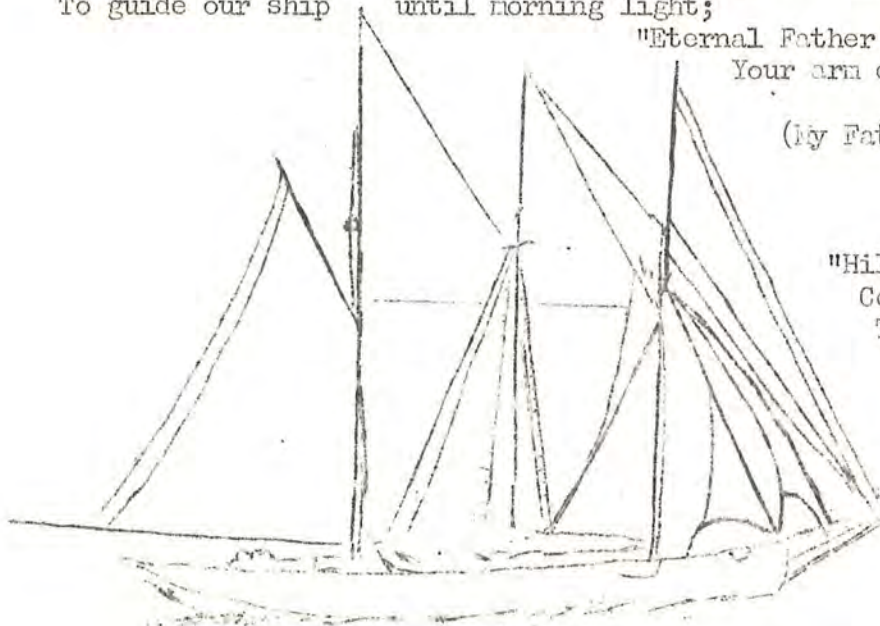
"Throw Out the Life Line" these seamen sang,
While near the shoals the bell buoys rang;
"Will Our Anchor Hold" in this terrible gale?
"Jesus Saviour, Pilot Us" as onward we sail.

"Let the Lower Lights be Burning" all through the night,
To guide our ship until morning light;

"Eternal Father Strong to Save"

Your arm doth bind the restless
wave.

(My Father's Favorite Hymns.)

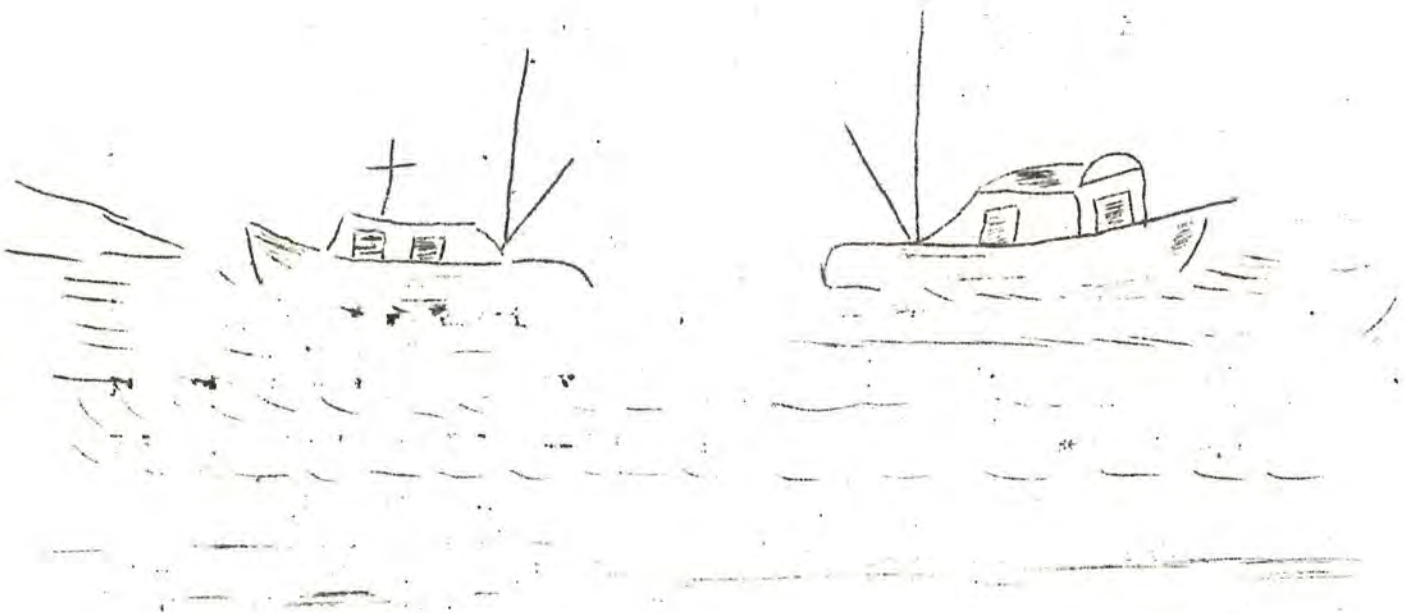


"Hilda R." Built 1910 at
Conquerall Bank, N.S.
The only Canadian term
built for fur-sealing
trade.

Sails of the Maritimes

John P. Parker

"HILDA R."



FISHING - Pupils of Jeddore-Lakeville School

In our community there are many men who
go fishing
For lobsters, haddock, cod, mackerel,
halibut, and herring,
They brave the wild storms and the very
cold weather,
But little they care because their
clothes are oilskins and leather.

The fishermen's boats are from thirty
to forty feet long,
They use gasoline and car engines
which sometimes go wrong;
They only use sails when their engines
stop,
To bring them home safely over the lop.

What a thrill it is to see,
The fishing boats return at three;
The beautiful white gulls swoop down
from the sky
With shrieking sounds as the boats pass
by.

Smelts are small silvery fish,
You can eat as many as you wish;
Fishermen catch them with nets and
line,
In the winter you catch them any time.

In East Jeddore, Mr. Harold Baker
keeps a fish pound,
Where lobsters are kept half the year
round;

He buys and sells the local fishes,
Which he sends wherever his company
wishes.

Many sailing vessels were built in
Jeddore,
Captain Peter Hartlin built the "Star-
lite" and "Viola G." on the shore;
The "Iolanthe," "Aurile B.," "Helen
Maud," "Bessie J." and many more;
Made regular trips along our shore.

These sailing vessels carried the
freight up and down,
The lumber and cord wood to firms in
town;
Then groceries and feed they would
bring to the pier,
When they returned with the wind so
fair.

We must not forget the "Margaret,"
"Scotia," and "Dufferin,"
Three small steam boats which
travelled along puffing,
Calling regularly at the local
village wharves,
To pick up the passengers along the
Eastern Shores.

As a tribute to our men of the sea,
We write these verses, you and me;
And in our little museum by the shore,
We have many memories of their lore.

MY SEA TIME

Written by Capt. Fred H. Faulkner in his 80th year, 1975.

I commenced my sea time with Father in 1911. The schooner freighted lumber from Webber's mill at Salmon River. This continued for two seasons. In the fall of 1912 she was sold. 1913-14 I went as seaman on board the SCOTSBURN, with Capt. Spurgeon Maskell. I kept shifting in ships. In 1915 I became quartermaster on the C. G. S ARANMORE. During the winter of 1916 she was under refit. I went to Navigation School and got my first mate coastwise certificate. I joined the ship and as second mate ran from Prince Edward Island to St. John's, Newfoundland. Then I took a job as third officer on an oil tanker ROYALITE. Remained there until May, 1917. Her being a Great Lakes ship, a fresh water crew joined her. I joined the Navy in June, 1917.

After serving on several ships being brought from Quebec, I was made Master, my first trip being to St. John, N.B. for repairs. When this completed, I returned to Halifax, N.S. I was put on patrol off the coast, then appointed command of a trawler on off-shore patrol, all convoy duty. Subs were in the area at that time and mine sweeping came to clear a lot.

On one of our patrols, a very low object was sighted several miles away, which I took for a submarine. When chasing, I could see it was a schooner partly floating from her after chain parts. On examination, I found her to be the three-master schooner GLADYS M. HATTIE from St. John's, Newfoundland. We made ready to tow her to port.

We had no heavy hawser, so used wire spring and mooring lines to tow. Only one bin on the quarter was above water to tow by. She had been bombed by a sub, with a full cargo of herring for Boston. However, the tow was completed in 24 hours to Halifax.

I continued with the Navy until March 1919. Went Master of the ROSE MARIE for three months. She carried lobsters on the Cape Breton coast. From her I went Master of the MADELINE on passenger-freight service from Arichat, N.S. She was sold in 1920. I had a vessel for two years. Then I went third officer on the ROSLAND, and remained there until 1926 when she laid up in New York.

I joined the EMPEROR OF HALIFAX as second mate, remaining two years, sailing to the West Indies, England, Madeira, and Spain. The company failed in 1928. I joined the C.N.S. as third officer and second officer, running to Jamaica.

In 1932 I joined the R.C.M.P. marine section as second mate, and one year later I was mate. In 1934 I was Master of one of their second class ships patrolling the coast for rumrunners, of which there was a fleet. Some of them were: FRANCES T., the

FLORAN, the MAVIS, the WILLIE J. BANKS, the FANNY MAY, and several others with no names attached as inshore boats. We would locate them off the coast and follow them during dark hours. They would try to out-manoeuvre us, but a ship with a high bridge could follow their smoke and tag on them.

One ship I was after we had her for 10 days located off P.E.I. The chase ended off St. Pierre. Others, the fog would shut in and they would be lost to sight. My first rumrunner located was the MAVIS. We followed her until fog shut in. We located her off Jeddore about 20 miles. Followed her for three days when fog shut in. We did not have radar at that time, and dark nights she could not be followed. FRANCIS T. was a small rumrunner that made shore contacts from the large ships off shore. She was seized in St. Margaret's Bay. STANDARD COASTER was an off-shore ship that would get her cargo in Bermuda or other southern ports. We followed her to St. Pierre and stayed with her for seven days. CYNTHIA S. was located off P.E.I. We stayed with her for one week. By that time she was off the coast of Newfoundland. NELLIE BANKS operated off P.E.I. She was seized when the 12-mile limit came in force. HELEN G. MACLEAN operated off N.B. coast and stopped business when the 12-mile limit was enforced. MUIR was a landing craft. She had been followed about 14 miles off Escuminac light, had contacted a shore boat and loading began. We could not seize at that point, but the small boat dumped her cargo. About 30 kegs were located floating at daylight next morning. The FREDERICK H., another contact boat from the offshore rumrunners, operated in 1939. She was taken over by the R.C.A.F. marine squadron in 1940 as a freighter. My patrol when Master was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, also working with the shore detachment making seizures, some paying fines, some going to jail to serve their time. In all, I made a number of seizures.

When War broke out in 1939, the ship I was on went to the Air Force in Sydney to look after rescue work in case of aircraft being in a crash. One crash was in 1940. I had the DETECTOR, very fast, 25 knots. In one hour we stopped at the position and looked for survivors. One man was seen swimming to an island nearby. Only a life belt was found at a 20-ft. cliff. A boat and divers were sent out and the aircraft raised. We took the bodies to N. Sydney.

In 1945 I returned to the R.C.M.P. marine section for rescue work. I served as first officer until my pension time came to me in 1950. I did some relieving in the Department of Transport, then gave up the sea for the rest of my life.

(Capt. Fred spends his winters at a cousin's home in Halifax, but returns to his home at Lower West Jeddore for the summer months. A visit with him to hear his stories is a step back in history.)

SALMON RIVER HOUSE - Grace Forsythe
JEDDORE

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man" might well have been the motto for Sandy and Cora Myers at Salmon River House, Jeddore. Their home has stood as a landmark on No. 7 Highway of the Eastern Shore for over half a century, and its hospitality and home-cooking are part of the memories of many travellers throughout those years.

Originally, the house belonged to Mr. & Mrs. Albert Wournell and their family. In 1920, Mr. & Mrs. Myers bought the house and opened it to the travelling public. In 1924, the house was moved back farther from the road on to its new and present foundation. This work was directed by the late Nelson Webber of Oyster Pond, Jeddore.

As business increased, the house needed enlarging and remodelling. Accordingly, in 1932, the late Fred H. Stoddard and his son Thomas rebuilt the house. A bathroom and furnace were installed, sunporches added over the years, until its present size was achieved.

Salmon River House has enjoyed a wide reputation. Dr. Will R. Bird, who spent fishing holidays with Sandy at various times, writes in his "This Is Nova Scotia":

Salmon River Bridge was simply a bridge over an outlet to the sea, and there was beside it but an ordinary-looking inn..... Sandy Myers was the proprietor and Mrs. Myers, an excellent cook and hostess. The price was moderate, but the meal was as good as any at twice the price in the city, and to talk to Sandy is to feel you know the woods, that you have 'breathed the faith of fir trees, slept with naught but sky o'erhead, waked at dawn with proud possession of the day that reached ahead.' For many years he had camps at lakes of the interior and his guides took their parties of city anglers who spent days whipping the pools and regaining the vigour the wilderness can impart.

It was hard to tear away from Sandy, for I had known him in other years, and gone to his beloved lakes and fished them with fine companions.

Further expansion included the two-bedroom cottage next door to the main house and the annex. This latter building had been across the old highway as a general store owned by Robin, Jones, & Whitman, and managed by the late Josiah Mitchell. When it was moved across the road to its present site, the upstairs became four rooms and bath, while the lower part was Sandy's workshop. These two buildings were open during the summer.

Following several years of failing health, Sandy died in 1957. Mrs. Myers continued to operate, gradually on a reduced scale, with the help of her nephew, and retired from serving the public, in 1965.

The late Arnold Logan, editor of Dartmouth Patriot holidays here, and called it his "base for jaunting around the countryside." From the Salmon River House, he visited villages and interviewed people on the Shore. In his column, As We See It, he wrote:

"... and if you've ever sat down to one of Mrs. Sandy's meals, your mouth is probably watering at this small reminder.

And she asks if you want second helpings too! Now see if you can follow us all the way through here: first she serves you a lovely strawberry shortcake. After that just melts away in your mouth, she asks if you want a second helping. Yep, you're right, it's just pure heaven when the Myerses say they can accommodate you at their table. And maybe the traveling salesmen don't know about the hostess's culinary talents. You see them knock on one of her verandah doors, and hardly before the good lady can answer, they're eagerly putting up sound arguments for a meal. The accommodations are limited, however, and suitable help is scarce, so you would be well-advised to give her a ring first. We don't really have to tell you about the Salmon River House, though. People all over the province have been praising it for as long as we can remember. We feel very fortunate we were able to make it our headquarters for the last two weeks, to sing hymns to

Mrs. Sandy's accompaniment; to sing bass to Ross Day's tenor, and tenor to Sandy's bass. We'd sing old songs around their lounge piano every second night, and in-between we massaged our strained vocal cords. Once there was a Baptist, an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a United Churchman around the piano at the same time, each trying to drown the other with his version of "The Old Rugged Cross."

That's what it's like at the Salmon River House--on Sunday evenings anyway, and every now and then, when Sandy doesn't need him to mow the lawn or hoe the garden, or milk a cow, young and personable Billy Hartling, 11, will, for a very nominal fee, dig clams for you, make a fire on the shore, steam them for you, or he'll row you up the river. If you run out of clean shirts, he'll even have a neighbor wash them for you.

Let's see, now. This neighbor cleaned and pressed a pair of sports trousers for us, three shirts, three pairs of socks, and four handkerchiefs. "What did she charge, Billy?" we moaned, thinking of our 'town prices'. "That'll be seventy-five cents," replied Billy, if you don't think that's unreasonable."

MEMORIES - Mrs. Cyril Blakeney (Merle Mitchell)

Years pass, older residents still recall the obnoxious odor, at low tide, that filled the Oyster Pond area at an outlet of Jeddore Harbor (the Gut) near the saw mill because of decaying sawdust, which formed hydrochloric acid gas.

This mill, which has now disappeared, was the center of a lumbering industry owned and operated by brothers, John G., David, and Andrew Mitchell. They sawed lumber, laths, and staves. About 30 men were employed in the operation of this work, during winter and summer.

The mill was situated at the entrance to a large Pond where oysters for hundreds of years had their beds on its banks. Chief Jeddore and his Indian tribe (Micmac) made an annual trip here for oysters enroute to their reserve at the head of Ship Harbor Lake. Proof of which can be found in the old shells found on the path leading to the Indian Reserve at Indian Point, Ship Harbor Lake.

To have enough water to turn the mill wheels required a dam across the Pond. This dam prevented the salt water from washing in at high tide, as the oysters needed it; therefore, the oysters died. But the name Oyster Pond was retained.

Morris Mitchell and Byron Mitchell, descendants from the three brothers, also owned and operated saw mills. Byron, a County Councillor for three terms, had one saw mill on Cooper's Point, one in Owl's Head and one near #7 Highway and Ervin Webber's home. Morris' saw mill was in his field near the Marsh at Mitchell's Cove. His son, Blake, helped in the establishing and development of this mill business. (Blake is the well known and competent plumber, electrician, in fact, a man who is capable of helping in any ~~other~~ relevant to his work.)

Uncle Reuben Mitchell and Daniel ~~Mitchell~~ were well known lumber scalers.

Grace (Williams) Forsythe a very successful one-room school Teacher. She was Vice Principal of Robert Jamison High School, Principal of Jeddore-Lakeville Elementary School, Teacher at Eastern Shore High School, now (1976) , Librarian, at Eastern Shore High School. I taught Grace when she was in Grade 7. Grace and I have been Friends and Co-workers for ~~over~~ 4 years. She is to be commended for her integrity, dependability, unselfishness, and dedication to her profession.

SAILS ALONG THE SHORE - Grace Forsythe

One of the traditional crafts of Nova Scotia is the building of ships. For generations, fine timbers from the forest have been shaped by men of the province to fashion the vessels in which they earned their livelihood and from which they derived much pleasure. These men would cruise a stand of timber, eyeing the trees until they found the right size and shape for a stern post or a keel, fell the tree, "rough out" the desired part, and take it home behind the faithful ox, or, more often as not, on a sturdy shoulder.

Petpeswick was one of the harbours noted for building and launching vessels. The DARTMOUTH ATLANTIC WEEKLY files for May, 1896, tell of the "Oregon," built by Isaac Greenough at West Petpeswick, 1894, 64 tons.

"On Monday morning, the OREGON sailed for Halifax from Petpeswick with 16,000 feet of shingles and 5,000 feet of lumber."

And, again, December 8, 1896:

"Arrived at Halifax from West Petpeswick, December 3, schooner OREGON, Capt. Richards, with 12,000 feet of lumber and 10,000 laths."

This harvest from the forest would be the product of mills at Musquodoboit Harbour operated by: Rowlings, Sutherland, Logan, Gilbert, Dauphinee, and Robin, Jones, & Whitman. The OREGON was named for the kind of pine that made up most of her structure.

In 1919, the record states:

"A splendid new schooner, the NAMARA arrived here (Halifax) this week from Petpeswick, where she was launched April 2, and is now at Farquahr's wharf. It is expected she will leave for Mahone Bay tomorrow to be rigged and made ready for sea.

The NAMARA which will measure about 125 tons net, was built for J. A. Farquahr & Co., who it is understood will use her in the

coastal trade. NAMARA will be rigged as a two-master. She will have no topsails, her rigging consisting of mainsail, foresail, and two jibs. The NAMARA is fitted for auxiliary but no engines have been installed, and also has power for hoisting sails. She will probably carry a crew of six men."

Mrs. Beatrice Greenough of Petpeswick recalls that the LAURA, built in Petpeswick, took lumber from there to Little Harbour, from where it was boated to Clam Harbour, then by team from the shore to the site of the new Clam Harbour schoolhouse. The lumber was a gift from Ebenezer Homans, and labor was voluntary. This schoolhouse replaced the first one that stood across the road from Stoddard House, now the residence of Gordon Hammond. Built around 1905, it is the Community Centre today. On her return to Petpeswick, the LAURA brought a load of rockweed as ballast and to be used as fertilizer in the gardens.

The launching of a new boat is a most exciting experience. No matter how often one witnesses such an event, there is always a fresh and delightful thrill in seeing a completed hull sliding down the ways, curtsying gracefully to those on shore as she makes her debut upon the surface of the sea.

Perhaps the best known schooner from the slipways of Petpeswick was the JANE ANDERSON, launched September 10, 1910. The widow of John Anderson, beloved by all, was honored by the naming, as Miss Frances Rowlings christened the new schooner in the traditional manner. When she swung, she nearly touched the shore and Jake's Island.

Launching meant celebration. People came on foot, by boat, by horse and carriage, for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stoddard were guests from Clam Harbour. Church ladies served meals until they ran out of food and had to canvass the neighborhood for more.

The skipper's announcement that 'if you can rig up enough lanterns, you can have a dance tonight' was greeted with much enthusiasm. Finding enough lanterns and setting the stage was no problem at all. Violins and banjos were tuned, and dancing enjoyed for two nights. Overnight guests were accommodated among friends and relatives. Violins changed hands 16 times so that the music could continue, and the band played on. A gala time indeed. Miss Lillie Bayers was declared Belle of the Ball for her grace and beauty.

When Edward Greenough brought his bride, Miss Beatrice Stevens, to Petpeswick in 1922, his father, Herbert's, wedding gift to the young couple was a boat he had designed and built himself. What better name could be found than the one they chose: the NEW ERA. She was their means of transportation to points along the shore for many years.

In a letter to the Editor, Dartmouth Free Press, July 26, 1962, the late C. P. Young recalled the days of sail in Petpeswick.

"I remember quite well when Petpeswick was an outlet. I remember when vessels carried millions of tons of lumber out of Petpeswick and returned hundreds of tons of general cargo. I have seen lots of schooners in this harbour registering 60-80 tons, especially a three-master. (I cannot remember her name, but I do remember her skipper, Capt. Curtis.) Petpeswick has a basin 1½ miles wide, with deep water from shore to shore which would make a sporting place for many yachtsmen."

Here was foresight from the pen of one who signed himself "Oldtimer."

It has been said that all history resolves itself into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons. In 1963, the late C. Walter Bayers wrote thus of a son of the sea who was born in West Petpeswick.

"Lewis & Dryden's book, Ships of The North Pacific, contains a partial biography of William Douglas Bayer, one of the crew of the PATHFINDER, who became captain at the age of 27 and was rated as one

of the most successful sealing captains out of Victoria. He was a member of the delegation that went to Washington, D. C., in 1911, when the Pacific seal treaty was being settled. After retiring from deep water sailing, Capt. Bayer operated a ferry from Sydney, Vancouver Island, and Gulf Islands in the Strait of Georgia."

He is another Maritimer from the Eastern Shore who helped to make marine history.

CLAM HARBOUR, 1922

An event of more than usual interest took place at Clam Harbour on Thursday, July 27, when the new vessel designed and built by E. M. Gardiner of Brooklyn, Queens County, for the well-known resident and merchant, Ebenezer Homans, was launched with impressive ceremony.

More than an hour before the time set for the launching, crowds gathered from far and near in carriages, autos, and motor boats, filling the shipyard, where they admired the trim appearance of the vessel in her dress of French grey and white. The weather was ideal for the event, and the bright sunshine was much appreciated after such a lengthy spell of foggy, rainy weather.

Promptly at ten o'clock, James Stevens knocked out the supporting blocks, and the vessel glided down the ways, taking to the water as gracefully as a swan. The christening was carried out in the time-honored manner by the owner's daughter, Mrs. A. G. Parker (Gladys) who named her MAGGIE HOMANS in honor of her mother. The vessel is a trim little craft and is a credit to her owner and builder. She will be towed to Little Harbour where her engines will be installed and her sails set.

Mrs. Beatrice Greenough of West Petpeswick recalls being there, travelling by horse and carriage, and was one of those who enjoyed the picnic that was spread in the new addition to the Homans general store. "My grandfather helped to build her, and we had a wonderful day," were her comments, as her eyes took on a faraway ex-

pression, seeing and remembering events of a half century ago. Events that underscore the truth of John Buchan's words: "The memories of a happy past are in themselves a solid possession."

GUARDIANS OF THE DEEP (Told by Mrs. E. S. Williams and Mrs. Blanche Baker)

Looking out over the broad Atlantic which is a beautiful shade of blue, Jeddore Rock stands like a sentinel. Covered with ice and snow in winter, spray freezing as it washes over the sides, it is a lonely spot during those months. As spring approaches, the flat, soil-covered top awakens and the thin soil wears a coat of green. Only a few hardy roots of rhubarb struggle for life. At one time goats were kept for milk, but this proved unprofitable when they slid over the cliff into the sea.

Since 1881, lightkeepers have spent many weary hours of vigil to make sure the revolving globes were bright and shining, the oil supply full, and the wick trimmed, to aid ships passing in the night. To them, it was a sacred duty. In 1958, the light was converted to electricity, and today it is automatic, with no keeper needed on the lonely outpost.

The first lightkeeper on the Rock was Mr. Crockett, an early teacher who held classes in the homes of the early settlers. 'Old man Crockett,' my Grandfather used to call him, a pioneer whose name remains in Crockett's Brook and Crockett's Place where he had his home. Today one can trace the outline of the house and walk the dry stone wall that borders the clearing near Jeddore Head. The membership list of the West Jeddore Baptist Church for 1902 registers Mrs. Harriet Crockett and daughters Drucilla and Annie.

Mrs. Williams related:

"Annie married John W. Mitchell of Oyster Pond, and John Will succeeded his father-in-law as lightkeeper for the next forty-odd years. Mrs. Annie John came ashore to Harpell's Cove to have her babies -- Wesley, Guy, Robert, and Hall. I remember the day that the horn -- a conch shell -- sounded from the Rock and Papa and Uncle Jeremiah rowed out to answer the signal for help. They landed in the Cove with Mrs. Annie John who walked up the lane to Mrs. Grace Blakeney's where one of the children was born. I was pretty small and, of course, Mama and the neighbours spoke in whispers with much nodding of heads and meaningful looks. As the boys grew older, the family moved to Oyster Pond where they went to school and visited the Rock on holidays or weekends when the weather permitted. Three sons went on to the business or professional world, but Hall stayed with his father until he retired, and they lived out their lives at Oyster Pond. Hall often rowed ashore to our shop and I always saved magazines and papers for them."

Other keepers were Reginald and Rose Baker, Otto and Violet Baker, Howard and Lillie Blakeney, Everett Baker, Albert and Winnie Arnold, Capt. Frank and Blanche Baker.

On November 25, 1942, Dartmouth Patriot -- now the Free Press -- carried this report from Mrs. E. S. Williams, Jeddore correspondent:

Stards on Guard at Jeddore Rock Light

Tonight, and we hope for a good many nights, the lonely light at Jeddore Rock is burning bright and sending its beams forth to mariners passing by. For one of our highly respected citizens and his wife said good-bye to friends and relatives and have settled on Jeddore Rock.

Capt. Frank Baker, who has followed the sea all his life, and has been captain of his own ships has again found himself in the Atlantic Ocean. Only this time his ship is anchored and is without sails spars, or rudder.

We ashore wish Capt. Baker and his wife, Blanche, the best of luck in this new undertaking.

The late George Harpell, who lived in his father's old home, Luke Harpell II's residence, at Lower West Jeddore, by Harpell's Pond, and later moved to Worcester, Massachusetts, recorded information about Jeddore Rock Lighthouse in his diary of 1926. Writing from memories of his boyhood, he says:

"Before the lighthouse was built on Jeddore Rock (which was about 40 years ago), the sea birds: gulls, sterrings, sea parrots, and ducks laid their eggs and hatched their broods in great numbers on the Rock. I remember my father and brothers often landed when smooth enough in the laying season and gathered lots of eggs. We children would have the shells for playthings after being blown out. The eggs were spotted green, white, and black. There are no birds laying 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 something wonderful. The light showed red, fixed. I think the first year the light was tended by a man by the name of Al Wournell and after that it was always kept by John Will Mitchell, till last fall, when he completed 40 years service. He was a very faithful man in his duties; and when I grew to be a man, I always enjoyed an evening with him and his wife.

I think the light shows white now since 1916, on account of the fear of German submarines identifying the harbour and gaining an entrance during the night. I do not know if it has been changed since that or not."

As Mr. Harpell was born in 1871, he would be a teenager when the lighthouse was built, and the work would indeed be a 'great event' in his secluded life. Many changes, as already mentioned, have occurred on "The Rock" since he wrote in his diary fifty years ago.

What would it be like to live on Jeddore Rock more than thirty years ago? For an answer, Mrs. Blanche Baker has given us her story as follows:

"Jeddore Rock Lighthouse is about three miles from where we live. On November 22, 1942, we moved out there. Capt. Frank L. Baker, my husband, always sailed his own vessels and now found the work getting hard for him. Help was scarce and he sent his name in to see if he could get the job of lightkeeper of Jeddore Rock. When the news came, he told me he had the job and thought it would be easier for him.

I was not so anxious about leaving home to go there, but went along with him. We packed up what we had to take with us, and hired Arthur Doyle to take us out in

his large fishing boat, the TURRET. When we got there I thought it was a lovely place, but didn't think so after a few weeks. However, we put in three and a half years out there.

It really was not all sunshine either. All winter I hooked mats and did some knitting, besides cooking and eating and sleeping. Frank mended nets for fishermen for ten cents an hour. That was about all there was for him to do and tend the light. Night time was the worst as you had to be on the lookout all night in case the light would go out.

It was a big building with three flights of stairs to climb to get up to the light. We had to rig up warm as it was so awful cold up where the light was. It was all iron with an iron railing around it and cold enough to freeze one in winter. It was a big place; I just forget how many rooms.

On the level with the lighthouse there was an oil house, hen house, and a little outhouse. Halfway down the cliff was the boat house. The big steamers used to bring our coal and supplies down from Halifax and land it in the boat house. Then we had to get it up to the main house as best we could. Of the two winches, one was down in the boat house and one up at the main house. We would load the cart down by the boat house, then I would wind the cart up. It was quite steep and a long haul. When I was nearly up to the top winch, the pulley wire gave way and down it went. It ran into the boat house and damaged it. A barrel of flour on the cart got the worst of it when the head smashed in.

There were times we couldn't land on account of the rough weather and high seas. The Department of Transport men put slips down, bolted them to the cliff, and a big gale of wind and rough seas would wash it away. Then we had no way of getting on.

We had no way of talking to shore, no radio or anything else. We were out there a year or more before they gave us something to talk ashore when we needed help.

After the slips washed away, they built a wharf with a winch and hoisting gear on it. This was to hoist up the boats. After a big storm one night I went and looked out the bedroom window. I went back to tell Frank that the winch was washed away. The next time I looked, the wharf was gone too. So there we were. In those big storms the waves used to hit the cliff and splash right up on the windows. In the first two weeks I was there I was scared to death in those first storms.

"Don't be scared, Husky," Frank would say. "She's well anchored." 'Husky' is what he always called me. After that I wasn't so scared.

One Saturday in January, 1943, Frank left to come to the mainland. He got storm stayed in home and I was out there ten days all by myself. I didn't mind it so much until the last two or three days. Then I was very nervous about being alone.

On Monday, Frank thought it might be fit to land, so he rowed out in the dory with a load of supplies. It was half-past nine in the late evening when he got to the Rock and he went around on the south end to yell out so I might hear him. I was hooking on a mat in the kitchen when I heard him letting out. I knew his voice right away. I jumped and dressed in all my warm clothes, got down on my hands and my sitdown and went from pole to pole down the steep slip that was coated with ice.

I told him he could never get ashore and to go back home before something happened. By now it was ten o'clock at night.

"Will you be okay?" he called.

"Yes, I'm all right," I yelled back.

So he left for home, three hours of a row, and I never knew if he ever got home that night or not.

When he came back the next week, there were two boats and three men. When someone pounded on the outside door, I jumped, thinking it was Frank. It was one of the men with him.

"Is Frank all right?" I asked.

"Yes, he's here; he's safe." was the reply.

As there was no slip, they had to land on the rocks and haul the dory up by hand, then carry the stuff to the lighthouse. I was so nervous I cried for three days after Frank got back that time.

"You're never leaving me here alone again." I said.

After that he always went and got back the same day.

In winter time we only got mail once a month. My brothers used to watch for a good smooth time to come out. Any time they couldn't land we had a kettle with a long piece of cod-line tied on. We would throw the line that had a stick tied on the end to the boat. The boys would pull the kettle into their boat, take our mail out, and put theirs in. In summer I used to get ashore quite often, but that meant leaving my husband there alone and I didn't enjoy the trip knowing he was out there by himself.

Some mornings my brothers would bring Frank out with them when they went to the fishing grounds outside the Rock. That would mean I had to be up watching for them at four o'clock in the morning. One of these times they left him in his dory as it was too rough to land. They got him in tow and took him back to land. It

was hard to be getting up early so much, but there was no helper, only myself, so I had to be there. We never had a relief or a holiday while there. I think Frank got \$109.00 a month.

Another time they brought him out it was quite rough. They would circle around and get in as close as they dared to, so Frank jumped out on the cliff. Then they would circle around and throw out a box or can of supplies for him to catch. While they were doing this, a big wave came in and washed him right overboard. What an experience that was! I was up on the high part of the Rock and saw it all.

They got close enough to get hold of him, but he was a big man over two hundred pounds, with a lot of heavy clothes on. His boots were filled with water. They had some job to get him in the boat.

"What will we do?" called John. "Try to land?"

"No," I said, "take him back home. I am better alone out here than to see him getting drowned."

So they left for land once more. What a feeling it was to think that I would have to get up every morning watching for them to come out, thinking that something might happen getting ashore.

The Department sent a large dory down from Halifax for our use. We used to go out fishing in it around the Rock and get herring from the fishermen for bait. One day we had quite a good catch of fish so we both got up on the wharf and hooked on the dory. Soon after we started to wind it up, the dory broke in two, so it could not have been very strong. It was a good thing we were both up on the wharf, for if one of us had been in the dory it would have been the end.

After that, Frank got his own dory in from home. We had a good lot of fish, so we cleaned and salted them. When they were in pickle for a length of time, we

washed them out and dried them. We got up early one morning, put them in the dory, and shoved off, each with a pair of oars. We rowed the three miles in to the fish plant at East Jeddore, sold our fish, and went over to West Jeddore to the grocery shop. After we bought a few things we wanted, we went to my home in West Jeddore. My brothers took us back to the Rock in their big boat. It had been a lovely calm day and we got back without any trouble.

We thought we could do some planting out there, but nothing would grow in the thin covering of soil on the cliff. We used to walk out to the eastern end and sit on the rocks in the sun during the summer when it was nice and warm and there was lots of sunshine. On a fine clear day we could look in home through the glasses and watch the people going to church. One Sunday Frank was in home I saw him and his mother walking from the gate up to the house after they had been to the church which was very near home. We had bought the spy glasses from a man in town for \$125.00. They were good glasses and I have them yet.

The last six or eight months we were out there, Frank wasn't so well. He used to take spells in the night that he couldn't lie down, and we would be up most of the night. One night I thought he was going to pass out. What would I do out there alone?

Different times my brothers would come and take him home; he would go to the doctor and would be okay for a time after he came back. So often that would happen. The last going off he got so bad I started one morning at four o'clock to blow the horn for someone to come. I blew the horn until three in the afternoon, and by then the boats were coming in from the fishing grounds outside. There was one boat in particular that called. He was a great friend of my husband's. "There must be something wrong on the Rock," he had said to his son. "They are blowing so

long." I went down as near to the foot of the cliff as I dare go and called to Mr. Arthur Day to send someone out as Frank was sick. He took word ashore and a boat came for Frank. The next day on the way home from fishing Mr. Day called again and asked if Frank would be coming back. I said, "No. You call up the Department and tell them that the lighthouse keeper is sick."

Word came back from the Department, "Did his wife go ashore with him?"

"No," replied my brother, "she is out there alone."

"Oh," they said, "she should have gone in with him."

After they left, I started to pack our belongings and worked until nearly morning. In two or three days I was ready to go home.

Frank never got over his sick spell. That was June 26, 1946, he went ashore and he passed away November 26. It was his heart.

These pictures show a bit of what the Rock is like. In one, Ralph Baker and Walter Blakeney are working on the slip and wharf. It was quite rough so they have a rope around their waist and Frank is up further on the cliff holding each rope. If they were to fall off or be washed over, he could hold the rope and pull them back. But that did not happen. They worked with their oil clothes on and up to their knees in water. A storm soon washed away all their work.

Those three and a half years weren't so bad, but I don't think I would want to go through that again."

Mrs. Baker now lives in her parents' home at West Jeddore keeping house for her brother George Kent, a retired fisherman. She has been active in the Sunday School, Missionary group, and acted as organist at the Baptist Church for several years.

Lonely Jeddore Rock was not overlooked by Cupid on his flights to unite

hearts and lives. On July 25, 1935, a romance that started several years before when 'a young girl on a rockbound lighthouse began writing to an equally lonely lad on another such isolated spot' ended with wedding bells as reported by the local newspaper. Miss Edna Blakeney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blakeney, Jeddore Rock lightkeepers, became the lovely bride in a misty veil of white of William Martell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Martell, Flint Island Light, off the coast of Cape Breton. They were united in marriage by the Rev. L. Wallace in the West Jeddore Baptist Church that overlooks the harbour and has been a landmark for mariners for nearly a century. Following their wedding, the Martells went to live at Flint Island where they maintained their way of life keeping the lights along the shore.

THE OLD MAN

Visitors have always been interested in the huge rock which is about 2½ miles off the land, called the 'Old Man.' Just how or why it has always been called that is not known. Although, at a distance, it does resemble hunched shoulders and a massive head. Imagination has done the rest, just like the Great Stone Face made famous by Hawthorne. During a storm, or in rough weather, our 'Old Man' remains seated while a seething mass of foamy breakers wash over his head. In calm weather, at low tide, a sheltered gulch is the duck hunter's paradise.

Bertha, daughter of the late Capt. George L. Baker, a coastal skipper of years gone by, tells her thoughts in this poem:

My father once told me about him:
He was cheerless, treacherous, and cold;
And apart from this gloomy picture,
Nothing more of his life can be told.

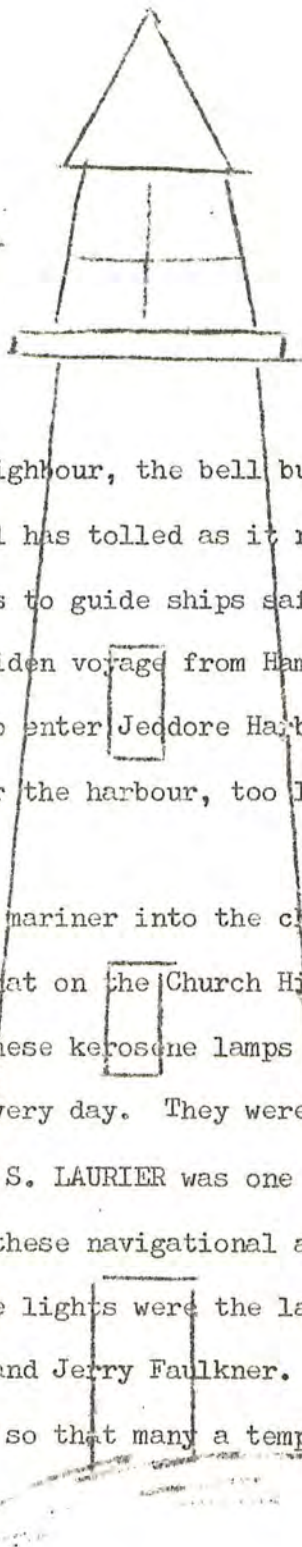
So I wonder often about him,
Just how did he come by that name?

Does he, perhaps, hold a secret
Of history, pirates, or fame?

If you know, I wish you would tell me;
For, you see, I can't get him to talk
Folks always called him "The Old Man";
To be sure, he is just a big rock.

On navigational charts, the 'Old Man' and his neighbour, the bell buoy, mark the entrance to Jeddore Harbour. Since 1915, the bell has tolled as it rocked in the waves at the end of Fairway Shoal and Thorn Shoals to guide ships safely into the harbour. In 1938, the HANS LEONHARDT made her maiden voyage from Hamburg, Germany, straight to the 'Old Man' to await a pilot to enter Jeddore Harbour to load pulpwood. She was the largest ship ever to enter the harbour, too large to take on a full load for the depth of water.

Leaving the 'Old Man' two range lights guide the mariner into the channel. When the light on Jack Day's Hill is directly above that on the Church Hill, the way is clear. Since they were established in 1901, these kerosene lamps had to be cleaned, trimmed, filled, lighted, and extinguished every day. They were converted to electricity in 1967, and are now automatic. C. G. S. LAURIER was one of the ships from the Department of Transport that serviced these navigational aids through the years. Among keepers of the Jeddore range lights were the late Jeremiah Harpell, Ezra Harpell, Capt. John Faulkner, and Jerry Faulkner. These men and their families faithfully trimmed their lamps so that many a tempest-tossed seaman was guided into safe waters.



FAMILY TRADITION - Mona (Blakeney) Mosher

(Mona was a student of mine for many years. She became my Vice-Principal at Robert Jamison High School, then Principal of Jeddore-Lakeville School and now Head of the Mathematics Department at Eastern Shore High School.)

Well, what do we tell our grandchildren when they ask about their ancestors? Many have nothing to tell, Why? Because nobody recorded the stories, as told by our forefathers. I am very pleased to be able to contribute a few facts about my Family Tradition in this Brochure, REMINISCENCE.

My Great-Grandfather John G. Mitchell was a resident and mill operator at Oyster Pond. He was married twice. His first wife was Eliza Smith, Smith's Cove. They had a daughter Mary and a son, Willouby David. (We always called him (Mr. Willie D.)) John G.'s second marriage was to Bessie Mitchell, a school teacher. They had one son, Byron who married Winnifred Balcom, Port Dufferin, a school teacher. (John, their son, is a well known Member of the Halifax Police Force.)

Mary married George R. Jennex, (Ross Jennex, East Jeddore, is a son.) a seaman. They resided in Oyster Pond.

My Grandfather, W.D. Mitchell, married Irene Baker and had one daughter, Merle, my Mother. W.D. and his wife took over the Post Office in Oyster Pond after my Great Grandfather, John G., resigned as postmaster. Their office was on the side of the road by the old homestead, now Byron's Estate.

My Grandfather was very active in community affairs. He was a Justice of the Peace and a Consultant of legal matters, Superintendent of St. John's Anglican Church Sunday School, Truant Officer, Assessor in the District, Lumber Scaler, and a member of charitable organizations.

My Mother, Merle, married Cyril Blakeney. They live in Oyster Pond in the home owned by my great-great Uncle David Mitchell. This home was the first Telegraph Office. It was operated by Jamina Mitchell. The messages came in the Morse Code; therefore, Jamina had to decode the message. Jamina was married to Nelson Mitchell who built the "M.O. Crowell" at Ship Harbor around 1918. Their son, David, is a Canon in the Anglican Church.

(It has been told that David Mitchell brought his wife home in a sail-boat. She brought with her her spinning wheel.)

(Merle and Cyril are both active participants in community affairs. They are always ready and willing to participate in the activities of the "Golden Agers". Merle is interested in reading; therefore, the Library at the Cultural Center is a mecca for her. Her role as Organist in Oyster Pond Baptist Church is told on another page in this brochure.) Cyril used to go to Port Morien on the local vessels fishing some years ago. He was the son of Benjamin Blakeney.)

Why not publish the story of your FAMILY???? Contact, Helen Jennex.

POEMS BY MY PUPILS AT JELDORE-LAKEVILLE SCHOOL --

LAKE CHARLOTTE

Lake Charlotte is a village on #7 Highway,
Why this name was chosen we just cannot say;
It was known as Ship Harbor Lake for many years,
And the name Lower Lakeville often appears.

Many tourists come to Lake Charlotte to stay,
At Rainbows Cabins they are treated in a friendly way;
At Webber's Motel you'll enjoy your night's rest,
And the food served in the dining room is the very best.

Sea Pool Fisheries was located out by the shore,
Where you look out to sea and hear the waves roar;
Along the road many small lakes are seen,
Throw out your fishing line, then relax and day dream.

Webber's Store and Post
Office is a very busy spot,
Where gas, groceries, and
sundries may be bought;
Its open for business all
through the year,

And the service is
friendly and really
sincere.

DID YOU KNOW????

That one of the first Year School Books published in this area was the Oyster Pond Post, 1948. The printing was done by Rev. G.S. Tanton, Rector of Tangier and Rev. Louis White, Rector of Ship Harbor. Without their assistance we would not have been able to publish it.

Rev. G.S. Tanton, like Robert Jamison and others before him, was a kind of apostle of the Eastern Shore. He never thought his ministry was a job for money. He considered it a calling from Christ saying, "Go ye out into the world teaching and helping all people"; which he did supported by prayer and sacred study. The Eastern Shore people owe him a debt of gratitude.

Rev. Tanton later became Archdeacon of Prince Edward Island. He is now retired. We all wish him many more years of Happiness!

Rev. Louis White is now Rector of St. Albans Church, Dartmouth. He, too, was always involved in Community activities to try to better conditions in the Parish of Ship Harbor. He encouraged music in the schools and trained the pupils, in his area, for the annual Music Festivals. (I was ill for a few days when I was principal of the two-room school at Oyster Pond, Rev. White taught my classes without thought of remuneration. The pupils will always remember his kindness. Our chief thought are of gratitude for a job well done in our parish. He is a supporter of our Museum and Senior Citizens' Projects.)

UPPER LAKEVILLE - Pupils of Jeddore-Lakeville School

Upper Lakeville is a village beside Ship Harbor Lake,
In the winter on this lake we go to skate;
In the spring it is a fine place to fish,
So come and stay as long as you wish.

This beautiful Lake is twelve miles long,
On each side are cabins built big and strong;
In a speed boat you go to Indian Point very fast,
You see the place where Indians lived in the past.

The people are friendly, clever, and wise,
They live in attractive homes of every size;
A Camping Site at the end of the road is a fine place to relax;
And it not so far from the Cities of Dartmouth and Halifax.

Come to Upper Lakeville and spend your vacation,
We can assure you of the following recreation;
Swimming, boating, bird-watching, and water skiing,
As well as fishing and just day-dreaming.

Did you know??? *****

That Miss Nora Myers, Mr. & Mrs. James Drake, three generous Donors and Promoters of "Fisherman's House Museum" died within the past few months. Their encouragement and their trust that the Museum would be maintained must be honored by the people of the Eastern Shore. Many relics in the Museum will always remind us of their unselfishness.

On May 18, 1976, the following Officers of the Marine Highway Museum Society were elected: Directors; Harpell Power, Dorothy Fahie, Ron Jennex; President: Dorothy Fahie, Vice President: Marion Jennex; Secretary: Leah Hartlin; Treasurer: Grace Forsythe; Publicity: Carl Jennex; News (media) Correspondent: Ada Williams; Grounds Improvement Workers: Carl Jennex, Ross Jennex, Cyril Blakeney, Fort Mitchell, Reuben George, and Fay Hartlin. The Curator, Helen Jennex, is responsible for hiring summer help.

Painting Cultural Center: Otis Jennex; Painting Museum: Jack Rowe
Cutting trees: George Day.