

Reel II

FSG 30
23.128.2
MF 289.255

- 70-65. Tall story, hunting. Told by Carmen Falkland of Grand Manan.
- 65-64. Story of yellow dog. Told by Carmen Falkland of Grand Manan.
- 64-62. Story of dog taken by shark. Told by Ivan Thomas, Port LaTour.
- 62-55. Story of strong man (tall tale). Told by Ivan Thomas, Port LaTour.
- 55-40. Rifle Club. A sketch of its history and place in community life. Told by Vincent Worthen, Port LaTour.
- 40-40. Story, Englishman, Irishman and Jew. Told by Ray Worthen, Port LaTour.
- 40-33. Fish story. Told by Ivan Thomas, Port LaTour.
- 33-32. ~~by~~ Isabel and the Elf Knight. Incomplete. Sung by Robert Chettwynd, Baccaro.
- 32-30. Bonny Barbara Allan. Incomplete. Sung by Robert Chettwynd, Baccaro.
- 30-25. Original verses on ~~first crossing~~ building the Causeway to Cape Sable Island. Recited by Ossie Sholds, Bear Point.
- 25-22. Original verses on First Crossing On the Causeway. Recited by Ossie Sholds, Bear Point.
- 22-12. Original verses, Life's Cahanges. Recited by Ossie Sholds, Bear Point.
- 12- End. Wreck of the ships Codseeker and Hungarian told by Ossie Sholds, Bear Point.

These places are all in Shelburne County, N.S.

Tall Story

Reel 11, No. 1

People were arguing over who had the best dog, and they all told their stories until one told his story. He said:

When he'd take his shot gun down his dog would head for the shore to go duck hunting, and when he'd take the rifle down the dog would head for the woods to go deer hunting.

He thought one day that he'd try to fool the dog so he goes and takes the fishing rod down off of the hook, and the dog went through the door just the same, and when he went to the door he hollered and whistled and hunted and he couldn't raise the dog and it wouldn't come back so he had to go ~~knock~~ looking for him, and he found the dog out behind the wood house. There was no grass there, just dirt, and he was digging in the earth for worms.

Told by Carmen Falkland, Grand Manan, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 28, 1949. The tale is one he picked up at Port LaTour where the recording was done, but the speech is that of Grand Manan.

True Story

Reel 11, No. 2

My grandfather had his yellow dog with him one day on a vapory morning gunning, and he shot a duck, and when he sent the dog after the duck the tide was running from the Point and the dog went out of sight in the vapor and he's never seen him since.

Told by Carmen Faikland, Grand Manan, and recorded by Helen Creighton at Port LaTour, Aug. 28, 1949.

This man tended the light on Northern Point on Briar Island and he used to take his dog down for exercise, and one day he took his dog down and he threw off sticks in the water for his dog to go for, and the dog went off for a stick and supposedly a shark bit him in two and they've never seen him after.

Told by Ivan Thomas, Port La Tour, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 28, 1949.

Tall Story: Strong Man.

Reel 11, No. 4

There were several fishermen down in the forecastle swapping fish yarns. I don't remember the first two yarns, but they seemed to be stories of strong men they were discussing.

They were terribly strong too. A certain guy was going along the shore and he seen a log and thought he'd like to have it for firewood so he threw it over his shoulder and he came to a boat that was wrecked on the shore. The engine was still there and the hull was gone, so he thought he'd like to have the engine, so he put it under his arm and he went along till he came to a three or four hundred pound anchor so he put that under his other arm and starts off, and he went along a mile and a half and he began to get tired and he thought his strength was leaving him. He thought he must be getting old, or else it was the cold he had so he sat down to rest and he looked around and there was a three master there on the end of the chain that was leading from the anchor.

Told by Ivan Thomas, Fort LaTour, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 28, 1949.

History of Blue Ribbon Rifle Club at Port LaTour. Reel 11, No. 5

The Blue Ribbon Rifle Club of Port LaTour was started more or less for recreation for fishermen in the winter. This club dates back about fifty years. They didn't have small rifles then; they used high-powered rifles. Now we use twenty-two's. I've only been connected for ten years. The Club hasn't run continuously. This one started two years ago. The original clubhouse and range fell down so we reorganized with fifty members, and we all subscribed two dollars each. We built a new clubhouse 20 by 12. It is a sixty yard range with two inches bull's eye. Or maybe three.

All around the country there are several clubs; Woods Harbor, Baccaro, Cape Negro. There are cups, and we hold team shootings and we pick the high five of certain shootings. They journey to other clubs and meet their high fives.

One hundred and twenty-five shot here one day. It took six hours. There were ten shots to each person, and five on a team. There are also individual cups. We only retained one cup last year.

Cape Negro is good. They have so many in their club and there are so many good shots that they have reorganized into juniors and seniors.

We pay fifteen cents for each man to enter. The Club takes a percentage and the remainder is divided up unto prizes. We hold shoots twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays. A number can't attend during the day so we had the club wired and shoot three evenings a week. Others can come in at any time. They are perfectly welcome.

Cape Negro and Woods Harbor have most of the cups. The Woods Harbor men averaged forty-nine points. By the way, a poor shot is called a scrub shot.

We have nice sport over there in the evenings. We generally have card games and a fire going. We play forty-fives and cribbage. It is a man's club exclusively. There are only one or two women who are good shots. There is a girl at Baccaro who is a good shot.

Told by Vincent Worthen, Port LaTour, Shelburne Co. and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 28, 1949. Mr. Worthen is probably in his early thirties and a native of Port LaTour, yet his accent is not so pronounced as that of Ivan Thomas.

Story, Englishman, Irishman and Jew.

Reel 11, No. 6

There was an Englishman, and Irishman, and a Jew.
A person died and they had to put money in the casket, so
the Englishman he put in ten dollars and the Irishman put in
ten dollars and the Jew put in a cheque for twenty dollars and
took twenty dollars out. He knew it would never be cashed.

Told by Ray Worthen, Port LaTour, Shelburne Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 29, 1949.

Lobster traps were set along the shore, and fishing officers would come down and get the sizes of the catch. This day a young chap was in the cook house where the crowd was to eat. It was out of season for lobsters, and the fisheries officer came in. He saw what was going on but he didn't say anything, but when he got home he thought he'd have some fun with the cook. He called him on the telephone and said,

"What time will the trap boat be in?"

He said, "It'll be in in about half an hour."

Then he said, "I'll be down. By the way, sniff, sniff, what's that I smell cooking?"

The cook dropped the 'phone and ran out and buried the lobsters in the ground before the fishing officer could get there.

Told by Ivan Thomas, Port LaTour, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 29, 1949. It is interesting to note that practically all their stories have to do with fishing, and these are typical of the tales they tell. This is, of course a fishing community.

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight.

Reel 11, No. 8

She mounted on her milky white steed,
On a milky white steed rode she,
And throwing both arms around his waist
She threw him tight into the sea.

2

"Lie there, lie there, you cold-hearted wretch,
Lie there, lie there," cried she,
"Six pretty fair maids you've drowned here
And the seventh one you shall be."

Sung by Robert Chattwynd, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 30, 1948.

Apparently I did not write these words down, but as I recall it, there was only one verse which I recorded for the tune. I had expected many songs from Mr. Chattwynd, but these seemed to be the only two he knew which had not been learned from phonograph records.

Sung by Robert Chattwynd, Baccaro, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 30, 1949.

Listen to the jingle, the rattle and the roar,
Hauling rocks and gravel o'er the highway to the shore,
They're going to build a causeway and they'll make it wide and tall
And we'll journey to Cape Island riding on a great stone wall.

2

Some folks wouldn't believe it, and plainly said to me,
They will like fun, it won't be done, that's all you'll ever see,
But they're hauling rocks and gravel, and take them to the shore,
They dump them in the ocean and then rush back for more.

3

Come those who don't believe it, just take a tip from me,
Plain to be seen behind that scheme a lad called Dauphinee,
And they're hauling rocks and gravel and the truth to you I'll tell,
There is another just like the other, a chap called Angus L.

4

Then listen to the jingle, the rattle and the roar,
Hauling rocks and gravel o'er the highway to the shore,
They dump them in the ocean, on Davy Jones they fall,
And we'll journey to Cape Island riding on a great stone wall.

5

Then listen to the foreman, just hear him shout and call,
Come on you men and get to work, it must be done next fall,
For we're going to build the causeway, we'll make it wide and tall,
And we'll journey to Cape Island riding on a great stone wall.

6

Then listen to the jingle, the rattle and the roar,
Hauling rocks and gravel o'er the highway to the shore,
They'll close the old passage and stop its whirling tide,
And those who don't believe it, come o'er and take a ride.

7

Then listen to the jingle, the rattle and the roar,
Hauling rocks and gravel from the highway to the shore,
They'll scuttle the old car ferry, to Davy Jones she'll fall,
And we'll journey to Cape Island riding on a great stone wall.

8

Then listen to the jingle, the rattle and the roar,
As you travel through the woodland o'er the hills down to the shore,
You'll journey to the Island, and on your friends you'll call,
Then back to the mainland riding on a great stone wall.

9

And now good friends and neighbors, come listen one and all,
When you journey to the mainland just give us a call,
And we'll be here to meet you and greet you one and all,
When you journey to the Causeway riding on a great stone wall.

10

To you folks on the Island, a great blessing I know,
To you in your travels when you journey to and fro,
In good old summer sunshine or when wintry winds does blow,
We'll journey on the Causeway where the rippling waters flow.

Composed and recited by Oscar Sholds, Bear Point, Shelburne County, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 30, 1949. Mr. Sholds is now sixty-eight and discovered at the age of sixty-six that he could write verse. He writes his verses in longhand and pastes the sheets together so that they form a scroll. From his home on the mainland he can see the Causeway, and it is interesting to see how this great engineering feat has impressed the people all along the shore. Having seen how strong the tides and currents were at this point, one would never have thought a causeway possible. Mr. Sholds has lived at Bear Point all his life.

Some years ago this great need was thought of,
And of ice piers and bridges there just seemed no lack,
But a change of government altered the situation
And the whole plan just simply fell flat.

2

But a great causeway has been built all the way to the Island,
Of great heavy stone that weighs many a ton,
And you'll say as you look at those great heavy boulders,
I know it will stand for generations to come.

3

Many times in the cold you have patiently waited,
Many times through pack ice the old ferry did squeeze,
But in the future oh we hope you'll enjoy it,
And back and forth on the causeway come and go as you please.

4

And when you travel with future generations
And those little children say oh daddy how come?
Just mention the names of Wilfred and Angus
For they are the lads that had got the job done.

5

And now follow on the mainland when you're tired and weary,
And you hop in your auto and start for a ride,
Just cross to North East Point on that great stone causeway
And take a trip to The Hawk and South Side.

6

And when you've travelled all the way to Clark's Harbor
On a hard-surfaced highway so firm and so slick,
You can bet your last dollar against a half doughnut
'Twas Angus and Wilfred that sure done the trick.

7

And when the summer heat is oppressive
And you long for cool air, then give you a sneeze,
Just take a trip to South Side and Stony Island
And get a good sniff of the salt sea breeze.

8

And you'll meet good friends over on that Island,
And of their very best dainties they'll bring,
And they'll give you a great welcome, of that I am certain,
And then set before you food fit for a king.

9

And now ho-o-ray for Cape Island, three cheers for its people,
For Angus and Wilfred oh give them a cheer,
For with Angus at the helm and Wilfred on the lookout
I tell you my laddies there's nothing to fear.

Composed by Oscar Sholds, aged 70, Bear Point, Shelburne Co.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 30th, 1949.

The Angus referred to is Angus L. MacDonald, Premier; Wilfred
is Wilfred Dauphinee, member of parliament. The names & places are
all settlements on Cape Sable Island.

While enjoying the sunshine
 On a bright and beautiful day,
 From the distance comes gay laughter
 Of some children at their play.

2

And my thoughts turn back in memory
 To a far and distant day
 Bringing back scenes of boyhood
 When I too was a child at play.

3

And I think of the many changes
 Taken place since that day,
 And of the old folks I used to know
 Since gone and passed away.

4

The old Pastor and Doctor with horse and buggy,
 O'er a rough highway they speed,
 Carrying relief to the sick and suffering
 Or minister to some poor soul in need.

5

The old fisherman and his sailboat
 To my memory I recall,
 White sails filled to overflowing,
 The most beautiful of them all.

6

The schooner, steamer and squarerigger
 Majestically they passed by,
 Carrying their rich merchandise
 To lands 'neath a far distant sky.

7

And the little coastal steamers
 That at our ports did call,
 Carrying our goods and bringing our needs,
 Of great service to us all.

8

An engine roars high in the heavens,
 And a 'plane soars high overhead,
 And the passengers up there so high in the sky
 Seem neither alarmed or afraid.

9

A mist rolls in from the ocean,
 And I hear the old fog horn,
 And yonder in the distance
 A causeway slowly but surely takes form.

10

So there'll be no more waiting for the old ferry,
 No more waiting in the cold while you freeze,
 But to and fro on the causeway
 They'll come and go as they please.

11

A hard-surfaced highway extends through the land,
 Along the route the electric poles stand,
 And the lights go on or off in your dwelling
 By a simple touch of the hand.

12

And as you look on in wonder,
 You there in astonishment stand,
 For the power that does your labors
 Seems like an unseen hand.

The Codseeker was lost seventy years ago. She was a small fishing vessel from Bear Point. Eight were saved. There were two men in her forecassle who were confined and couldn't get out when she capsized. A volunteer crew went out and took off four men and another one drowned before they reached him. They were unaware that there were two men in the forecassle.

Later another ship went alongside and they heard tappings and they called out to the men inside and they answered them. Then they made a hole and got them out.

This happened in 1877 off Baccaro. Three men got in a dory and landed at Cape Sable Island. The two men who had been in the forecassle died just a few years ago, and the story was told me by James E. Smith, one of the survivors.

Told by Osear Sholds, Bear Point, Shelburne Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 30, 1949. The number saved don't add up right, so the narrator must have got them mixed. It seems to me that Dr. McMechan tells this story in one of his books, but I am not sure.