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Reel 15

- 70-32. Talk with John Casey, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.
- 32-24. Story of man killed by lightning while fishing. Told by Shark Ring and Buzz Ring, Victoria Beach.
- 24-12. Winkles Story. Told by Shark Ring, Victoria Beach.
- 12-end. So poor the family moved to the hog pen. Told by Spurgeon Lewis, Ogilvie's Beach, Annapolis Co.

In first interview, some of questions are asked by Martha Banning Thomas. There were no others present. The next three items were done in the sitting room at the Fandy View Hotel at Victoria Beach, with Miss Thomas, Mrs. Norman Rogers and others listening and occasionally asking a question.

A pillow was washed ashore from a wreck. The pillow was made by the wife of the wrecked man and washed twenty miles against the tide to shore beside his wife's house. That was the only thing washed ashore, and it came all the way from Parker's Cove to Port Wade.

There was a piece of the rail from the Empress that was burned at St. John. This came across on the same run she had made for twenty-five years. That was ten years later. Like the pillow, it was brought in against the tide. Capt Connolly of the Princess recognized the wood, and Joe Casey made picture frames of it and gave to the crew as presents. The rail came up at Mill Cove.

Yes, sometimes I feel things ahead of time. One time there was an officer coming ashore on a plank, and I reached out to help him ashore and the plank broke just then. I just happened to be there at the right time. Otherwise he'd have fallen twenty or thirty feet between the ship and the wharf.

One time we were driving scollops in the Bay. There was a thick fog and one of the crew got scared and said we should ~~we should~~ have a conch shell to blow, so I said I'd get him one, and I brought one up on the drag! It never happened before.

Yes, I was out in a little breeze one summer. It wasn't much of an experience. We burned our clothes for flares and lost them, and we didn't have too many. Mrs. Casey was watching from the porch. We kept our anchor from pulling, and had a spare set of propellers that helped weigh it down. To keep it from parting we kept pulling on the anchor chain and later we got a sail rigged.

One time we were lost in a fog down at Digby Neck and we blew at a house where we knew there was a 'phone. We took a gasoline funnel, and blew through that, and the life boat was sent out.

Yes, one time I saved a ship by shouting in the fog. I went down and told him where he was. He was getting in thin water. I called just in time to save her. I had a million dollar whistle given me by Miss Thomas. I told him where he was and he'd better go astern, and as I got him clear of the rocks I give him his course to steer. I could just see the make of the ship and the number. It was the Quinty, 166, a naval ship. It had been sunk earlier in the North Sea.

I pilot the ships between Digby and St. John. Sometimes it gets a bit rough. I've had no worst experience. I had to hang on to the ladder once in zero weather for fifteen minutes. I was on the ladder and the boat couldn't get alongside. It was cold and not very good standing. There was a forty mile gale and my hands got cold. They were afraid on board ship I'd fall off and called for me to go back but I wanted to go home. I had more ships coming, and this was during the war.

There were no submarines seen here during the war. I used to like ships, but now I like to stay ashore.

The first ship I brought in was a Norwegian full-rigged ship. I was a boy of eighteen. Nobody else would go aboard and I didn't like to back out and I got her in. I guess she probably drifted in.

I never had any very thrilling experience. The women on the shore get excited, but it's all in the days work.

Talk by John Casey, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., interviewed and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 8, 1949. The whole thing is understatement, for Mr. Casey is a most modest man. It is typical of Victoria Beach people to make light of big things, and use strong adjectives for little things. The Miss Thomas referred to is Martha Banning Thomas, author, who has on coattage on the Casey's grounds, and on the reel she and Mrs. Norman Rogers, ask some of the questions.

(The story is first told by Shark Ring):

I was right close to him hauling trawl and it rained so hard we couldn't see him. When the rain squall was over I said,

"I guess he got scared and jumped over or else the lightning came and killed him, and after we got alongside him he lay dead in the boat. Our engine wasn't ay good and we couldn't take ahold of him. Miles said,

"His only a dead man anyhow, so we might as well leave him.

(Shark said afterwards that what Miles really said was, "He's dead as hell)."

(Bungy Everett picks the story up):

When I come I was a-fishing, and when I come home I picked him up and took a hold of him and started to tow him home. I started to bale him out and the lifeboat come along. Captain Raymond and me were the only ones who would get in the boat, and we rowed him in. We took \$100 off him while we were towing him in which we didn't steal (winking as he says it). He was a Mr. Gilliard and was fishing alone. He come from the other side of the Bay and we call men from there scouters. They come out perhaps twice a year.

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Victoria Beach, Sept. 9, 1949

We were off scollop fishing one time when we saw a green light, and we thought it might be a submarine. We had a feller with us and he was awful scared of submarines and he wanted to knock right off and come in. I said,

"There's good draggin'. If it comes off we'll throw rocks at it." I don't know where it came from. I never could understand it.

(This much was told by Shark Ring. Bungy Everett adds his bit):

"You tried to get your engine going and you couldn't get her going and the men with you got scared and tried to walk over the water."

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Victoria Beach, Sept. 9, 1949. It is typical for a remark like Bungy's to be thrown in. Most such remarks are anything but complimentary, but they all take it in good part and enjoy the back-chat.

Fishermen's tales are usually about personal experiences. As Buzz Ring says, "We don't have to make them up. Nobody would ever believe the things that really happen."

One time we started out along the Bay of Fundy shore with a load of winkles. It breezed up and we had to throw part of the winkles over. It got pretty rough and we tried to land and couldn't. Gerald says,

"Suppose we can make it around from Point Prim?" We tried and the boat filled again. After a while we got around the Point but by Moose Holler I filled her again and it knocked Gerald down and he lost his oars. I said,

"Gerald, grab that bucket and bale her out." Just then a trap came alongside and I said,

"Gerald we might as well haul that trap."

He said,

"We'll haul no traps to-night."

When we got in, Gerald's boots were froze on his feet. The only thing we had in the boat was a deers Buzz (son of Shark) had caught. (out of season)

(Bungy Everett says):

"You can call that poor judgement on Shark's part."

(Shark again):

We had waited for the tide to get up to get the winkles.

(Buzz tells about trying to get his father. The wind was dead to the northward in February).

(Bungy says):

"It was a rough old night in the Bay."

(Buzz says):

"That was easy for Shark. He doesn't mind that. He takes about two nights like that in the run of a year."

(Shark says):

"One winter I was lost on Goat Island. We got froze on it and spent two weeks on it. On the last day all I had left for dinner was half a turnip and only tea enough to rig a teapot."

(Question):

"Buzz, weren't you going to tell a story about a hog pen?"

"Well, Spurge lived with a hog once and it wouldn't live with him."

(Spurgeon says):

"That was in my father's day. He couldn't pay the rent, so there was a hog pen there and we moved in there. It didn't take long to clean it out; a couple of days I think. At the same time mother thought she'd like to have a pig, so she built a little piece on and that was the only place we had to sleep."

(Buzz says):

"The pig didn't think much of himself sleeping with you."

(Spurgeon continues):

Later we moved to near Gulliver's Cove and fished there. That spring we moved up to Ogilvie's wharf and fished there, and when we went up there we had a black Jersey cow and used it for hauling the hay and we milked it too and it gave a good mess of milk. That gave her exercise.

Then we moved to Port Lorne. We got in there and I fell into the water from a boat. Captain Lewis picked me up by the back of my coat and I got in the boat again.

(Buzz says); You should have had the cow take your hand and help you out.

Spurgeon continues): We lived at Ogilvie's Beach this side of Black

(That, I think, is the conclusion).

Recorded by Helen Creighton at Victoria Beach, Sept. 9, 1949. How much of Spurgeon's tale is truth and how much fabrication I have no idea. None of them would hesitate to tell a good story, even though it cast a reflection upon themselves. But Shark's experience on the winkles trip must have been a close call. A "rough old night on the Bay" is really dangerous. All but Spurgeon are natives of Victoria Beach. Spurgeon comes from Port Lorne, and is a carpenter building a house for Buzz. The others are fishermen.