

Reel 16.

Recorded by Helen Creighton

- 70-62. Tall story of Beaver and Bear. Told by Buzz Ring,
Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.
- 60-50. Story of Glass Eye. Told by Bungy Everett, Victoria
Beach.
- 50-40. Trip on Fairmile in late war. Told by Joe Casey,
Victoria Beach.
- 40-30. Stories on Tides at Fundy. Told by Joe Casey, Victoria
Beach.
- 30-30. Story of Tourist at Pines, Digby. Told by Joe Casey,
Victoria Beach.
- 30-22. Dulseing with Boxer. Original verses read by Ina Haines,
Victoria Beach.
- 22-20. When We Had Both Mum and Dad. Original verses read by
Ina Haines, Victoria Beach who was greatly moved by
hearing her mother's voice on a record.
- 20-10. Stretching Traces. Tall Story. Major Whitman, Annapolis
Royal.
- 10-edge. Sam and Fishing Trip. Told by Major Whitman, Annapolis
Royal.
- Christmas Cheer. Told by Major Whitman, Annapolis
Royal.

(These were recorded largely for dialect. Words of all these
stories have been taken down and will follow later)

Tall Story. Bear and Beaver

Reel 16, No. 1

One time I caught two beaver in a trap and I was just going to get them when a bear came along so I got up a tree. After a while the bear went, so I got down and went for my rifle. When I went down for the rifle I see the bear coming back again, so I got in the brambles and hid. Here he was a-coming with the two beavers and going back to get me. I told the men and they went back and looked, and sure enough, the bear had let the beaver out of the trap and had taken them to cut the tree down.

Told by Buzz Ring, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co., and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949.

Mr. Johnston was having a birthday party, and among the people coming to the party was Ansel Ord and he had a glass eye. Mr. Johnston knowed it but he was pretending he didn't.

After the party was over he thought he'd have Ansel to stop over and they had something to drink. Ansel got beered up quite well and they went down on the flats to get some clams, Ansel he fell and Horace see his eye was full of mud and he thought he'd put his eye out. So he took him home and Annabel, his wife, washed his eye out and while she was doing it along come a man and he said,

"Ansel Ord always had a glass eye and he lost it in the clam flats." So they got a searching party out to look for Mr. Ord's glass eye and they were looking for something the size of a marble, and when they found it it was the size of a milk can!*

Told by Bungy Everett, Victoria Beach, Annapolis Co.,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949

In November 1945 I was coming across the Bay of Fundy in a Fairmile. I had trained as an able seaman to coxswain, to first lieutenant and skipper on two boats. I had had experience at Victoria Beach and knew local conditions, tides and ship handling.

In November 1945 we were laying in St. John. I was at that time 1st lieutenant on a Fairmile. A Fairmile is 112 ft. long and has 2400 horse power and they go very fast. I wanted to come home but I couldn't get a weather report so I came anyhow. I kind of urged him on, and we started after the Princess Helene.

After we got out it kept breezing up, and when we were in mid bay it went from forty-five to sixty miles an hour from the north east. It blew so hard we couldn't find the compass. We decided to follow the Princess but she made a mistake in her course about three miles. She had difficulty but we, being smaller, it was even worse. We ran three miles laying on her side. Ships have been tilted at a 90° angle and have come back. The quartermaster asked me what our chances were of coming back and I said fifty-fifty. He kind of paled when I said that.

When we rang the engine room we didn't always get ~~XXXX~~ a response as the engineer was thrown away from the controls and the propeller was out of water. I was relying on the eddy. The tide was running out, but at this particular place it runs in. We were running twenty-four knots right at the rocks. I was hoping the tide would turn and it did. They sighted us from home and we were going full speed ahead for the rocks.

This particular eddy was our salvation, but another navigator's downfall. Champlain when he came in made a trip from Port Royal, and when he was coming out he got caught in the eddy and it put him ashore.

When we got in Captain Edwards was down on the wharf to greet us and he wasn't any too pleased. The jetty had been torn ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ away where we were to tie up. He called us fools at first, but later praised our seamanship. In this particular place with the tide running out and the eddy running in, the eddy took our bow while the stern was on the main tide. There was only one thing we could count on; if it had been a little earlier in the tide it would have piled us up. That afternoon the Princess Helene didn't go across. They clocked that breeze at seventy-five miles an hour at Cornwallis.

A Fairmile will take anything. One of them had her anchor come unlashd and it had chewed three feet off the bow of the boat. Her number one was knocked off the bridge and all her top gear was washed off. I think they're as nearly unsinkable as any craft can be.

Told by Joseph Casey, Victoria Beach, Annapolis, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949.

(Joe had quite an unusual war experience. With only the education that Victoria Beach provides he became a lieutenant in the navy and was considered extremely capable. He is clever and resourceful and has a winning manner and a way with men. A tight spot is a challenge to Joe, and he always seem to know the way out. And he has a delightful sense of humor).

Tides in the Bay of Fundy are the highest in the world. They come in six hours and go in six hours. One time a lady from the mid-west United States stayed at one of the hotels and she knew nothing of the tides. She woke up at night and saw the river and it was dry. She thought it was awfully strange but she went to sleep and she woke up in the morning and the river was full. She thought she'd had a bad dream and she was explaining it to the proprietor. He explained the tides so she said she'd have to get a sample of this expanding water and show her friends, for they wouldn't believe it. So he got her a bottle and she filled it. He said,

"Was the tide in or out?"

So she said it was about half way, and he told her she'd have to pour some of it out and she did.

Told by Joe Casey, Victoria Beach and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949.

(This was always one of my favorite stories, but in my version it was the old lady who only half filled the bottle and when asked why she said it was to let the tide come in).

Local True Story on Tides.

Reel 16, No. 4 part 4

There was a man living at Victoria Beach whose wife was going to have a baby, so her husband called the doctor to come from Digby. That meant the man would have to go across by boat and fetch him. The doctor said he had an operation and couldn't come for several hours. So he said well, he guessed he'd ~~xxxxxxx~~ better wait till the next high water. (That would be six hours later; he didn't want to launch his boat in low water).

(Considering the exceptionally high tides in the Bay of Fundy, it is not surprising that local men get great enjoyment out of visitors' ignorance respecting these waters. They also like stories showing the tidal effects upon their own actions).

A man wanted some water for his radiator that wouldn't freeze. He noticed that water in the centre of a certain stream never froze, so he put that in his radiator, but of course he hadn't realized that it was the motion of the tide that had kept the water from freezing.

Big Business in Water.

Reel 16, No. 4, part 3

A fellow was staying at the Pines Hotel at Digby. The doctor had prescribed that he soak his feet in salt water. He wanted a bucket of water, so it was brought to him and he soaked his feet. At that time the tide was in, as he could see. When he came back to the hotel six hours later the tide was out and the water all gone, so he said,

"They must do a hellish big business here!"

The first thing Monday morning
Just at the break of day,
We thought we'd go a-dulcing,
So Boxer led the way.

2

We had to launch our rowboat,
From high water down to low,
It wasn't very easy work
But we were after dough.

3

At last we got it started,
Around the points we went,
We didn't know just where to go
But Boxer was hell-bent.

4

We rowed off by Moose Hollow,
And what do you think we spied?
Three trap buoys floating in the water
Almost side by side.

5

Then Boxer said, "Let's haul them,"
And we began to sing,
So we rowed off and hauled them
But we didn't get a thing.

6

At last we reached the dulce rocks
Just abreast of Shagg's,
It didn't take us very long
To fill up seven bags.

7

The first thing Tuesday morning
While the sun shone from the sky,
We picked up Reg and Theodore
And set out to get it dry.

8

We spread it out on Rattlin Beach,
The sun it soon went in,
We didn't get it very dry
But we picked it up again.

9

Wednesday morning rolled around,
We thought we'd dulce this tide,
We left the house at six o'clock
With Boxer by our side.

10

He rowed us down below the light,
We found some dulce by chance,
But when we started home again
Boxer had tore his pants.

11

The leg was ripped from leg to leg,
It was an awful tear,
And when we both began to laugh,
Boxer began to swear.

12

So me and Nina got the oars
And paddled off from shore,
Boxer he looked awful mad
So we didn't laugh no more.

13

At last we saw the steam boat
Coming at full speed,
While both our hearts rose in our throats,
Boxer paid no heed.

14

So I says to my friend,
Let's paddle for the shore
And leave the boat in Boxer's care
Until the great big seas are o'er.

15

Boxer says, "You can't do that,"
But my friend says, "I am,"
And as we slowly reached the shore
Boxer began to damn.

16

He called us all the blamed fools,
And said he wouldn't wait,
He said that he was going home
Before it got too late.

17

So off he went to meet the sea,
Says I, "He's going home,"
But he didn't dare to leave us,
So back to shore he came.

18

After the seas were over
The water got quite still,
We reached the Flats in safety
And Boxer climbed the hill.

19

But on our homeward voyage
We sure were feeling glad,
We sang some songs to Boxer
Which made him awful mad.

20

They were just little ditties
About his old felt hat,
It was dented in the middle
And turned up in the back.

21

He had on a couple sweaters
And a couple pairs of socks,
He sure did look some funny
When he struck those old flat rocks.

22

He didn't stop to help us out
But securely tied the boat,
He then put up that rocky road
And left us "all afloat."

23

He said he wouldn't take us
A-dulsing any more,
So we picked out our share of dulse
And carried it ashore.

24

Now friends beware of Boxer,
He's as ugly as an ox,
So when you go a-dulsing,
Leave Boxer on the rocks.

Compsed and recited by Mrs. Ina Haines, Victoria Beach,
Annapolis Co. who wrote this fourteen years ago at the age of
eighteen. Boxer is her brother and, although the story ends up
with unflattering words about him, they all in the family consider
it very funny. Reg and Theodore are also brothers. The title is
typical; they would never say there were going for dulse. Nouns
become verbs here, and consequently they go dulsing. Some idea of
the difficulties of the process may be gleaned from the story.
This reel should also be good for dialect.

Now Miss Creighton wanted some old songs
But this made me feel sad
For they bring back to memory
When we had both mum and dad.

2

For ofttimes in the evenings
When I was just a tot
Mother would bring the big arm chair
And dad would find the cot.

3

And all us little youngsters
Would gather around the fire,
While mum and dad would sing old songs
Of which you'd never tire.

4

Until we'd get so sleepy,
Then we'd say our prayer to God,
Then got to bed while they would sing
The Beautiful Land of Nod.

5

But being youngest of the ten
I can't to memory bring
The words of those beautiful old songs
They used to love to sing.

6

But one thing I will not forget,
Though the memory makes me sad
Are those evenings by the fire
When we had both Mum and Dad.

Composed and recited by Mrs. Ina Haines, daughter of Mrs. Aggie Everett, Victoria Beach, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949.

Mrs. Everett was anxious for her daughters at the other end of the village to hear her recordings, so word was sent out that they would be played one evening. When the time came, the room was full, for the Everetts have a large connection. Although their mother is still living, the three daughters present showed signs of deep emotion as they sat quietly listening to their mother's voice coming from the machine. The next day I asked Mrs. Haines to recite some verses she had composed, more for her dialect than anything, and she surprised me by producing these which the previous evening's experience had inspired. After reciting it for the record she had difficulty in controlling her voice, so strong and tender were the memories of her childhood.

Moose Hunting Story - Stretching Traces.

Reel 16, No. 6x7

For text see my notes for 1947 under Tall Stories,
Annapolis Royal, Englishh & Scotch, May/47.

Told by Major Whitman, Annapolis Royal, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, Sept, 9, 1949.

For text see notes for 1947 under Anecdotes, Annapolis Royal, English, Irish & Scotch, May/47, beginning, "There was a fellow wanted me to go fishing." As told in '47, he has given it a little differently and used different names. But the sense of the story remains the same.

Told by Major Whitman, Annapolis Royal, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949.

A colored man wanted a little Christmas cheer. There was a Scott act in Nova Scotia and it was not very strictly observed. A man had a barber shop and in the back he used to dish out beer. A colored man ~~named~~ by the name of Danny Moses was very anxious to get some for Christmas. He had a two gallon jug with him, and he walked into the barber shop and said,

"Good mawnin' sir."

"What can I do for you Danny?"

"Well Mr. Garge, it's comin' on Christmas and a man's got to have a little Christmas cheer. Could you spare a little rum, Mr. Garge?"

"Well yes, Danny."

"I've got my jug right here, Mr. Garge. I'll hold the jug for you and you can pour it in." So they went out to the back shop and they poured out the rum.

"Now," he says, "Danny, that will be six dollars."

"Yes sir, six dollars, that's what I thought. Come Saturday if the Lord spares me I'll pay you."

"No Danny. Six dollars right now."

"Yes sir, that's what I thought. Now Mr. Garge, Saturday I'll pay you for sure."

"No Danny, six dollars."

"Well I'm awful sorry, you've got to take your rum back."

"Well you hold the measure and I'll pour." So they poured out two half gallons from the jug, and Danny thanked him very politely and went out. But before Danny went in he'd poured a gallon of water in, and so he went out with a gallon of rum-and-water free.

Told by Major Whitman, Annapolis Royal, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Sept. 9, 1949. The same story, given a little differently, is among my notes for 1947.