

Reel 94A

FSG30

23.215.2

MF89.428

- 1-8 Plane Disaster. Composed and sung by Mr. Frank
Turple, Upper Kennetcook. Local interest.
Conversation following shows dialect of
this district.
- 8-21 Benjamin Dean. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper
Kennetcook. 22 vs. Local murder song. See
also reel 68.
- 21-End. Constant Farmer's Son. Sung by Mr. Jack Turple,
Upper Kennetcook. Fair.

On a cool October morning
 Just before the break of day
 There was two young German fliers
 Came to grief in Cobequid Bay.

2

They had left the good ship Bremen
 With their orders "never fail"
 For to fly to New York City
 With a load of ~~country~~ mail.

3

And they stopped at Sydney airport
 For a load of gas and fuel,
 Then continued on the journey
 In the morning dim and cool.

4

In that little Noel village
 All were sleeping in their beds
 When they heard that awful crashing
 Which did fill their hearts with dread.

5

And they knew a plane had fallen
 For they heard their cry of two,
 But before a boat could reach them
 They had vanished from all view.

6

Then the men did search the ocean
 And our hearts were dull with care,
 While within that little village
 Every soul went up in prayer.

7

One fine day they found the body
 Of a German floating high
 And there remain told a story
 How the young man came to die.

8

Then I met another body
 In that water cold and grim,
 And although they never find it
 God is watching over him.

9

Far away in their dear country
 They are thinking of them there,
 And they find their only comfort
 In the blessed hour of prayer.

10

All young men of Noel take warning,
 Keep a boat within your reach,
 For some other poor young fliers
 May be wrecked upon your beach.

Composed and sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June, 1952. Mr. Turple was loading pulp
 at Noel and helped look for it. Happened in the 1930s.

Conversation following sing of song of Plane
Disaster:

It was back in the thirties. Mr. Turple forgets when it was but allows it was about thirty years ago. Mrs. Frank White kept the clipping until a few years ago.

Mr. Turple helped look for the plane. It went down opposite the lighthouse run by Bob Faulkner. He could tell there was something wrong with it before it fell. They found a man with a German dictionary in his hand. He drifted up and down three different tides. He had a German lifebelt on.

Jack Turple said, "I was living out on Noel Road then and loading pulpwood at the time. It was before the war. I don't know when I made it (the song) up, but I made it. It was a mail plane, and it was in the fall of the year in October. On a cold October morning. I didn't put the date, but I put the month. Faulkner kept everything marked. His son is there now. Bob's an old aged pensioner. I bet he'd have the date marked."

Come one and all both great and small
Read these few lines
These lines were written by a man
Deprived of liberty
Who is serving out a sentence
For a crime that I have done,
I fear it's here I will remain
Till my race on earth is run.

2

My name it is Benjamin Dean,
My age is forty-one,
I was borned up in New Brunswick
In the city of St. John
Near by the Bay of Fundy
Where the seagulls loudly call,
Where they rock with pride on the silvery tide
And the billows rise and fall.

3

My parents reared me tenderly,
Brought me up in the fear of God,
But they have long been slumbering
Beneath their native sod,
Side by side they slumber
In a quiet cemetery
Where the willows blow beneath the breeze
Far across the dark blue sea.

4

Here's adieu unto my native home
I will never see it more,
No more I'll watch those breakers
Upon each rockbound shore,
No more I'll see those ships go by
With sails as white as snow
Bound for some port across the sea
Before the wind that blow.

5

When I arrived in Berlin Falls
About twenty years ago
The town it was about one half
As large as it is now,
Labouring men of every
Nationality was there,
Work was plenty, wages good,
Each man could get his share.

6

The business men of Berlin then
They was making money fast,
I thought I too would invest
Before the boom had passed

I leased a house on Mason Street
And into business went,
I kept a fruit and candy store,
Likewise a restaurant.

7

My business proved successfully
For I did right by them all,
I gained the favour of the rich,
The poor, the great, the small,
To my surprise before one year
Had quickly rolled its round,
In glittering gold I did possess
More than two thousand pounds

8

The coming year I wed with one
The fairest of the fair,
Her eyes were of the heavenly blue
And dark brown was her hair,
Her cheeks was like the roses
And her form graceful and fair,
Her smiles was bright as morning light
And her step was like the air.

9

She was born of goodly parents
And they reared her tenderly,
But little did they ever think
She would be slain by me,
The day I gained her promise
And her hand to me she gave,
It would a been better far for her
Had she been in her grave.

10

It was true I loved my fair young bride
That proved a prudent wife,
But little did I ever think
Some day I'd take her life,
But as the years rolled swiftly on
Upon the wheels of time
I found the path of pleasure
That led to the fields of crime.

11

My wife would often caution me
My footsteps to retrace,
She said the path in which I trod
Led to death and disgrace,
Had I but heeded her warning
I would not be here now,
And she would still be living
With no stain upon her brow.

12

It was then I began my wild career
Caused by the greed for gold,

My property on Mason Street
For a goodly sum I sold,
I bought a building on Main Street
That cost a handsome sum,
I run a free-and-easy house
And took to selling rum.

13

My former friends of decent grade
My company they would shun,
But still I was content to live
The life I had begun,
For gold and silver like a brook
Came running in to me,
By its glitter I was blinded
And my danger could not see.

14

I then began to associate
With men of low degree,
My business kept me constantly
In their bad company,
I quickly went from bad to worse,
Done manys the dead of crime,
That never will be brought to light
In forty years of time.

15

The house I built upon the sand
Did crumble down and fall,
With it my wife, my family,
My money and my all,
And as I sat in deep despair
And watched it drift from me
Out on the tide of Jaspers run
The sea of eternity.

16

My fair young wife had fled with one
Whose name will not appear,
It is not necessary
That I would reveal it here,
To persuade her to return to me
It was my whole intent,
Unto the house where she dwelt
My steps I quickly bent.

17

I cautiously approached the house
And opened the hall door,
I found the way to my wife's room
Led to the upper floor,
The sight that fell upon my gaze
Was stamped upon my mind,
Upon the bosom of a man
My fair wife's head declined.

18

The very pang of hetl it seemed
My being to possess,
I drew a loaded pistol
And I aimed it at her breast,
It's when she saw the weepo(n) (weapon)
It is loudly she did cry,
For God's sake do not shoot me Ben
For I'm not prepared to die.

19

The bullet pierced her snow white breast,
In one moment she was dead,
"Oh my God you shot me Ben,"
Was the last words that she said,
The trigger of my weapon
Either pulled too hard or slow,
Or else another soul has passed
With her to share her woe.

20

The last time that I saw my wife
She lay upon the floor,
Her long and wavy dark brown hair
Was stained with crimson gore,
The moon shone through the window
On her pale and lifeless face
As the officers they led me away
From that blood-polluted place.

21

I have two daughters living,
They are orphans in a way,
If you chance to meet them
Treat them kindly I do pray,
Don't charge them for their father's crime,
For on their heads will rest
A crimson stain long after
I have moulded back to death.

22

And now young men a warning take
By this sad tale of mine,
Don't sacrifice your honour
For bright gold or silver fine,
Let truth and honour be your guide,
You'll find that you will climb
The ladder to success and fame
And not be tried for crime.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1952. Either Joe Scott or Ben Dean wrote this song in Andover, Maine where it happened.

John Garland was the other man. His name was in the original song but was later taken out. Mr. Turple was in the house a week after the murder and saw the blood stains which he says were in the dining room. The Garlands lived across the road from Mr. Turple at Upper Kennetcook later on.

This is the only place I have heard them say Ben, not Benjamin

There was a wealthy merchant
And in London town did dwell,
He had an only daughter,
Her parents loved her well,
She was courted there by lords and dukes
But all did prove in vain
For only one true farmer's son
Young Mary's heart did gain.

2

A long time Johnny courted her
And named the wedding day,
Her parents they gave their consent,
Her brothers they said nay,
"There is a young man in this town
And him you shall not shun,
You must betray or else we'll slay
Your constant farmer's son.

3

There being a fair not far from town
The brothers went that way,
They begged of Johnny's company
With them to spend a day.
As Johnny turning home that night
He swore his race was run,
And with a stake the life did take
Of her constant farmer's son.

4

As Mary on her pillow lie
She dreamt an awful dream,
She dreamt she saw young Johnny's form
Down by a running stream,
As she arose, put on her clothes,
To seek her love did run,
In yonder vale she did entail
Her constant farmer's son.

5

The solid tears was in his eyes
All mingled with his gore,
She tried for to console her grief
And kissed him o'er and o'er,
She gathered green leaves from the trees
To keep him from the sun,
And night and day she stayed away
With her constant farmer's son.

6

The hunger pangs came creeping on,
Poor girl did shrink with woe,
All for to find his murderer
It's straightway home did go,
Saying, "Mother dear you soon will hear
Of the dreadful deed that's done,
In yonder vale lie dead and pale
My constant farmer's son."

(over)

Up spake heroldest brother,
 He said, "It was not me,"
 Then up spoke the younger man
 And swore most bitterlee,
 But Mary said, "Dpn't turn too red
 Nor try the truth to shun,
 Yau've done the deed and you must bleed
 For my constant farmer's son.

The brothers soon confessed their guilt
 And for the same did die,
 Poor Mary sat in deep despair
 And bitterly did ~~xxx~~ sigh,
 Her parents they both passed away
 For the length of life had run,
 Poor Mary sighed, in sorrow died
 For her constant farmer's son.

Sung by Mr. Jack Turple, Upper Kennetcook, and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1952.