

- 1-10. Moose and Bear Calls and talk on Hunting by
Sandy Stoddard, guide, Lower Ship Harbour. Good.
- 9-12. Tall Story. Ticks Kill Moose. Told by Sandy
Stoddard, Lower Ship Harbour. Good.
- 12-16. Credit Union Lecture. Told by Sandy Stoddard, Lower
Ship Harbour. Words not typed. Not too pure!
- 16-20. Early Spring When I Was Young. Sung by Mrs. Chas.
Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Beautiful song.
- 20-25. The Cedar Grove. Sung by Mrs. Chas Mitchell,
Oyster Pond. Local wreck. Sad.
- 25-26. The Digby Murder. Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell,
Oyster Pond. Local. Incomplete.
- 26-end. My Love Is Like a Lozenger. Sung by Mrs. Byron
Mitchell, Oyster Pond. Quite nice; love song.

I'd sit down on the side of the trail with a moose calling not much further than from here to the side of the road. She didn't get no answer. But I had a good voice just about right for calling. The call is a wingin' or a whinin'. If the buck hears him and he's not comin' she'll winge, you know. Whine. (Demonstrates) She make the call. that long call. (Demonstrates the cows call and the grunt of the buck).

They don't all call alike. Me and Mac Blakeley listened to a moose call one time and ne'er a one of us knew it was a moose till the next day. She used to screech. Loud and make an awful racket. He went the next day and found her track where she had been calling. It was a cow moose. He swore it wasn't and I said it was because there was nothin' else in the woods would make that sound. I couldn't imitate that sound. She made all kinds of noises and sometimes you wouldn't know but it was a man hollerin' or a bear.

You can call for a bear. It's an ugly noise. I used to be able to do it well. I don't know whether I could now. (Demonstrates call for bear). You'll hear him and you go out and you can make about the same sound and he'll come. I've had them come right down by the camp.

I was calling moose one time. There was a moose answerin' and ~~xxx~~ comin' and three bears started to screech. He got frightened and run down across the bog to me and he said, "What's that?" I said "They're bears." "Will they harm me?" But the moose stopped comin'. The bears come close, but when we started movin' the bears pushed right off. You couldn't hear a sound. I suppose we travelled twenty feet from one of the bears that night. He never made a sound. I had the gun holdin' out behind me. That's where I expected them any minute. They made an awful racket I'm tellin' you. I wasn't frightened. I was timid - watchful But he was frightened. I'd say the man was skeered. I was guidin' for him. I went down and called, and was goin' to shoot.

I was primin' a gun all set for a bear and we ~~xxxxxxx~~ had shot a moose and he come and stole the hide and liver and we set a gun for him. It was set with a wire fast to the head and he come and he set that off and it was a cap gun and it had rained that night and it wet the powder in the nipple and I come and I was

laying down. I stood me gun agin a tree, and was laying down primin' the gun - putting dry powder in - and I heard a little noise and I looked up and there was a moose comin' up right abreast of me and I laid back, right back to reach my gun and then I straightened up and I fired and the moose dropped and I thought he was dead. He laid there stretched out and I stood me gun agin a tree and I leaned down. I leaned down and took him by the horn that way and went to put the knife in his throat and he sprung. He turned his head a little and he seen me. He sprung right to his feet and knocked me end over end. I was fairly on his back. I lost me shells They were in the belt and they flew out in the bog but I grabbed two or three and I had to run. He took a butt at me, and every butt he'd make at me, he'd make about two steps to a butt and ~~ixhaxtax~~ then I'd get these two steps in and I seen this rock and I went up on it. I rolled up right on me stomach and he rubbed his nose right in between the calves of me legs and I took a roll right over and turned the gun the other way and put it agin his ribs, and fired. Put the butt of the gun agin his ribs and he fell. Yeah, he got it. He was about four hundred. A nice buck. That's a fair weight for a young moose. We have got one eight hundred and fifty. That's large, very large. He had a large head, and we sold him, over thirty-two prongs. We sold him to an officer goin' over to England. That was the best moose we ever get. Gib and I both fired at once. Both shots went into him at the same time.

The biggest trout I ever caught in these waters here was four pounds and three-quarters. That's lake trout. Two days after he was caught he weighed that. The largest sea trout would be about nine pounds. Never caught salmon here. Never tried. The biggest lobster was about twelve pound.

Told by Sandy Stoddard, Ship Harbour guide,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952

Moose and Bear Calls

"Mr. Stoddard, will you give a moose call like you used to do in the woods, or do you still do it?"

"Oh yes, when I'm in there. I've tried a moose call every time I'm in the woods. Even now I try to call a moose up."

"How old are you now?"

"Eighty-six, in my eighty-sixth year, yeah, but the voice you know is getting husky. Well anyway, it's all right is it for?" (meaning the tape recorder) Then he demonstrates a moose call, and says, "Oh that's good enough I guess."

"How long do you do that?"

"You stop for four or five minutes mebbe, ~~and~~ ~~try~~ ~~again~~ if you don't hear any, and try again. When you get an answer you'll just go according then to how he's comin', how close he is."

"What does the answer sound like?"

Demonstrates answer of buck. "You'll hear the buck like that, you know." He demonstrates again. "Sometimes it seems like someone choppin' a tree, sittin' right beside a tree. A young one don't, a big old one of course - a young one's pretty sharp, a different sound from an old one, a big old buck."

He demonstrates again.

"What's that, a young one?"

"No, that's an old one. The young ones have a finer voice."

"Can you do ~~and~~ ~~try~~ ~~again~~ a young one?"

"No, it's about the same." He demonstrates again. "Very seldom they'll answer at all. A young one will creep up on you. Creep up, creep up. If the buck is not comin' soon she'll winge, you know, whine." He demonstrates this. "Hear her go. You wouldn't actually know what it was, But her call - she makes the call, you know see - it's the buck that answers, blats. She makes the call, the

lang call." He demonstrates. "That's the ^{cow's} ~~was~~ call. The buck just gives a grunt. "You know when you hear it, rightwell."

"Do you call for any ~~animal~~ other animal?"

"No, you can call for a bear."

"How do you call a bear?"

"Oh that's an ugly noise. I used to be able to do that rightwell, but I don't know whether I could now, I'm sure. The bear, you could hear him a long way off."

"Well, turn around this way, will you?"

"I was going to try this to see if I get the right sound." He tries, says yeah, and calls again. "You'll hear him and then you go out ~~xxxx~~ and make about the same sound and he'll come. I've had them come right ~~xxxx~~ down by the camp."

Moose and Bear calls by Mr. Sandy Stoddard,
Lower Ship Harbour, with questions by Helen Creighton.

Did you ever hear the talk about ticks killin' so many moose? A few years ago they said the ticks was eatin' the moose up. I was in the woods and I had a good gun, a good rifle, and I run across a big moose. He come out lookin and seen me. He gave his head three or four nods and he said,

"There, There's old Sandy," he said. "There's no way now I can get clear of that rifle. He's goin' to ~~down~~ me, and what am I goin' to do? He's got the rifle. I can't get clear of him. No use. I might as well lay down."

Well I seen the moose laying down. I didn't know what had happened. But anyway I thought, "I'll go closer," and still he laid there, and he took to groanin', shaking his head and firin' his head back and I noticed when I got up closer he had his hind feet up and he'd scratch under his jaws and up his belly and he'd scratch his sides and he was diggin' there like fury. I got up close to him. He give two or three moans.

"Poor fella," I said. "My gosh, I believe you're eat up with the ticks. No I won't shoot you. Or will I shoot you?" Then he give his head three or four shakes and he went no, don't shoot me. I'm not worth eatin' anyway. So I thought,

"I'll leave you and let you die." I put me gun on me shoulder and's tarterd off and I got about two hundred yards and I looked back and here was the moose goin'. He got over to the edge of the woods and he turned. He give his head three nods.

"Good-bye Sandy. I'll see you next fall."

Told by Sandy Stoddard, Ship Harbour, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952

Early spring when I was young
The flowers they bloomed and the birds had sung,
All was happy but none as happy as I
When my lovely sailor lad was nigh,
All alone, I'm left alone,
All was happy but none as happy as I
When my lovely sailor lad was nigh.

2

But scarce three weeks had we been wed,
And oh how swift the hours they fled
Till we had to part at the dawning of the day
And the proud ship bore my lover away,
All alone, I'm left alone,
Till we had to part at the dawning of the day
And the proud ship bore my lover away.

3

The months they passed and he came no more,
Left me a weeping bride on the ocean shore,
The ship went down in the howling of the blast
And my poor sailor breathed his last,
All alone, I'm left alone,
Till the ship went down in the howling of the blast
And my poor sailor breathed his last.

4

Long years went by and he came no more,
Still I was a weeping bride on the ocean shore,
The ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves closed o'er my sailor's form,
All alone, I'm left alone,
The ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves closed o'er my sailor's form.

5

I wish that I was sleeping too
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue,
With my soul with God and my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves rolling over me,
All alone, I'm left alone,
My soul with God and my body in the sea
And the dark blue waves rolling over me.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

Of late a noble steamer the Cedar Grove by name
 She ventured o'er the stormy seas, from London city came,
 While steering in one stormy night too thick to make the land
 By some miscalculation near Canso she was strand.

2

The seaman left the helm, he thought that he could tell,
 He knew we were too close to land by the heaving of the swell,
 He wished to give the warning but he knew it was not his place,
 By some miscalculation now you will hear the case.

3

The night was dark and stormy by the lookout on the port,
 The first we saw of danger was breakers on our port,
 The orders were quickly given the engines to reverse,
 "Starboard your helm," the captain said, "the ship's gone off
 her course."

4

She soon did gain deep waters, but still her doom was sealed,
 The waters they rushed in to her and back and forth did heel,
 Through the heavy weight of water from forward which did flow
 Rushed in the whole compartment and down the boat did go.

5

Our captain was a gallant man, on main deck he did stand,
 The boats were all got ready and manned at his command,
 Our officers and our engineers and sailors men also
 All for to save their own dear lives down in the boat did go.

6

We had a lady passenger, a visitor from St. John,
 She ventured o'er the stormy seas but now she's dead and gone,
 The officers tried to comfort her and tell her she'd not be lost,
 But soon the form of a maiden fair on the billows loud
 were tossed.

7

The same sea struck our captain and he was seen no more,
 Through the heavy weight of water the boat still lingered o'er,
 Two of our engineers were drowned just as the ship went down,
 Their bodies with the lady were no where to be found.

8

Our cargo was for Halifax from the city of St. John,
 From out of one of the latter ports the steamer did belong,
 She was firmly built on the banks of the Clyde, 10000 tons or more,
 But her strength lies near the Roaring Bowl off the rocks of
 Canso shore

9

And now the unlucky Cedar Grove to the bottom she doth slide,
 To save the best of her cargo the divers they do try,
 And those disfigured bodies were carried to the land,
 Our brave and gallant captain who died at God's command.

Sung by Mrs. Chas. Mitchell, Oyster Pond, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

'Twas April on the eighteenth day,
Pray do attend to what I say,
A gun was heard in solemn sound
Like thunder rolling on the ground.

2

I just picked up this careless gun
To snap her off in careless fun
When this poor boy with spirits large
Came up the hill and met the charge.

3

I did not know the load was in
Until I saw him droop his chin,
O gracious wonder, strange to tell,
He turned from me and down he fell.

4

Now this same thing I would you do,
Load this same gun and shoot me too,
I would to God that I were dead,
Where can I hide my shamed head?

5

The parents of this murdered boy
Have given up all hopes of joy
To think their son to mankind grown
Should die for folly not his own.

There are only a few lines on the record; the singer recovered more words at a later date. She thinks the murder was committed on a Sunday and that the young man took his life before waiting for the law to do it for him.

Sung by Mrs. Byrom Mitchell, Oyster Pond, ~~July~~ and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1952.

My love is like a lozenger,
'Tis small but very sweet,
And if I had a ton of gold
I'd lay it at his feet.

Cho.

Then bring me back the lad I love,
O bring him back to me,
If I only had the lad I love
What a happy girl I'd be.

2

My love is like a little bird
That flies from tree to tree,
But when he's with another girl
He seldom thinks of me. Cho.

3

My love has shipped and gone to sea,
He's on the raging main,
With silver buckles on his shoes
He'll ne'er come back again. Cho.

(In the chorus the words blue-eyed boy or brown-eyed boy may be substituted for the lad I love)

Sung by Mrs. Byron Mitchell, ~~xxxxxx~~ Oyster
Pond and recorded by Helen Creighton, July, 1952