

1. Taivas on sininen: a young girl sings her thoughts to the stars and the sky; 2 vs.
2. On neidolla punapaula: the girl that is dancing has a ribbon and the boy ties it on her arm; 2 vs.
3. Oi' kaunis kesailta: boy and girl meet in the forest where he is playing an instrument and falls in love; 2 vs.; beautiful song
4. Sa kasvoit, neito kaunoinen: like a flower on a green field; this song extols the beauty of nature; 3 vs.
5. Heilani Kitiin: light little love song with pleasant tune; tells way to girl friend's house; 4 vs.
6. Hilu-Hilu; this is a gay drinking song with amusing story following ~~xxxxxx~~ about the next song, sung on tape 192.

All songs sung by Mrs. Anna Palojeimo, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, formerly from Kajaani, Finland. These are pretty little songs, nicely sung, and with short explanations in English. For other songs by same singer, see tapes 105B & 192.

~~XXXXXX~~

Taivas on sininen

Reel 198BNo.1

Question: Will you tell me what your name is please?

Answer: My name is Anna Paloheimo, and I'm from Kajaani, Finland. I came here six years ago.

Q: That is in the centre of Finland, is it?

A: Yes, that's in the centre of Finland, surrounded by lakes

Q: You learned these songs when you were a child at home?

A: Yes, I learned them when I was at home; we often sang in the evenings

Q: What is the first song that you're going to sing?

A: It's called Taivas on sininen, and a young girl is singing about the sky and the stars in the sky, and she tells how her heart is full of thoughts, just as the sky is full of stars, and she will tell these stories only to the sky and to the forest.

Taivas on sininen ja valkoinen ja tähtösiä täynnä;
Ninn on nuori sydämeni a jatuksia ~~XXXXXX~~ täynnä.

Enkä mä muille il moita mun sydänsuru ja ni;
Synkkä metsä, kirkas taivas, ne tuntee mun huoli a ni.

Sung by Anna Paloheimo, St. Andrews, N.B., and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1, 1959

Question: The next is a lively song, is it? And what is its name?

Answer: It's name is On neidolla punapaula. This girl that is dancing has a ribbon. The boy ties the ribbon on her arm, and then the girl asks, why do you make it so tight? Do you think that I run away?

On neidolla punapaula, kun tanssihin käy,
On neidolla punapaula, kun tanssihin käy,
Käsvartehen kultansa sol mii hän sen,
Käsvartehen kultansa solmii hän sen.

Miks' niin lujalle sa solmit, oi armahani,
Miks' niin lujalle sa solmit, oi armahani?
Val luuletko, että mä karkajan pois,
vai luuletko, että mä karkajan pois?

Sung by Mrs. Anna Paloheimo, St. Andrews, N.B., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959

Question: In Finland when you sing these songs do you sing them unaccompanied, or do you have an instrument?

Answer: Our instrument is called kantele, and it reminds of guitar; a stringed instrument, box like to hold on a table in front of you and use your hands to pick the strings.

Q: Can you play it?

A: No, I can't play it, I'm sorry. There are very few people in Finland who do play this instrument any more. It's dying out like the folklore is dying out.

Q: When you were a child and sang these songs did you have an instrument to accompany you?

A: No, often my sisters and brothers, we sung together. There were seven of us to sing.

Q: What are you going to sing next?

A: There is another sad song that I like very much. It's called Ol' kaunis kesäilta.

Ol' kaunis kesäilta, kun laaksossa kävelin,
~~ol' kaunis kesäilta, kun laaksossa kävelin,~~
~~ol' kaunis kesäilta, kun laaksossa kävelin,~~
 seill' kohtasin neidon, jot' aina muistelen,
 neidon, jot' aina muistelen,
 siell' kohtasin neidon, jot' aina muistelen.

2 ma

,: Han kanteloa soitti
 ja laulun lauleli :,:
 :, se tunteheni voitti)
 ja heltyi syömeni :, :) bis

Sung by Mrs. Anna Paloheimo, St. Andrews, N.B., and
 recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959

This song tells about the boy walking in the woods, and meeting a girl, and this girl is playing this instrument. - our instrument in Finland called kantele, and this boy fell in love with the girl in the forest.

Question: I was going to ask you, you say in your part of Finland you sang at home a great deal when you were children.

Did you have any training at all in school or in church?

A: Yes, we have training in high school for three years, but that was the only formal training I had. Unfortunately I didn't like the music teacher in school, so I feel that I didn't learn very much. It makes a difference. I think we realize later on how much difference it makes. I didn't at the time. It would be group singing mostly.

Q: And have you another song here that you brought from Finland? These songs are short; are many of your songs short?

A: Well actually I think that they have been long, but I haven't learned them as long as perhaps my mother learned them, because they had more time in her day probably. This is another of our sad songs.

Sa kasvoit, neito kaunoinen

Reel 198BNo.4

Like a flower on a green field.

Question: They sing a great deal of nature, do they?

Answer: Yes they do, because nature is so close to us in Finland. We have it all round, particularly in the countryside. There's a lot of lakes and forests.

Sä kasvoit, neito kaunoinen, i säsi majassa,
kuin kukka kaunis, suloinen vihreellä nurmella.

2

Lapsuutes ajan hellömmän sä leikit kanssani,
ja oilt paras ystävän, ja ainoo iloni.

3

Maaailma sitten vieroitti pois meidät toisistaan,
vaan sua, armas, iäti mä muistan ainiaan.

Sung by Mrs. Anna Palojeimo, St. Andrews, N.B. and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959.

This tell about the way to the girl friend's house; there is a straight way and a crooked way, and then this fellow asks, was my girl with another boy? but there's no answer to that, and then we find him making coffee for his friends with a great big pail, and then he asks everybody to drink the coffee with him.

Heilani kotiin kulki kaksi tietä,
Heilani kotiin kulki kaksi tietä,
Heilani kotiin kaksi tietä,
oikoinen ja väärä, oikoinen ja väärä.

Olikos mun heilani toisen kanssa
Olikos mun heilani toisen kanssa
olikos mun heilani toisen kanssa
huvitella määrä, huvitella määrä.

Heilalleni minä kahvia keitän,
heilalleni minä kahvia keitän,
heilalleni minä kahvia keitän,
ja tuon vaikka ämpärillä.

Siinä saa olla sekä uudet että vanhat,
siinä saa olla sekä uudet että vanhat,
siinä saa olla sekä uudet että vanhat,
sen ämpärin ympärillä, sen ämpärin ympärillä.

Sung by Mrs. Anna Paloheimo, St. Andrews, N.B., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959

do

Question: And does the girl come back?

Answer: It doesn't tell/

Q: You say that everybody in Finland sings. They sing at their work?

A: They do very much. In the countryside you find that they sing all day long. They have to be in a good mood when they sing, but we do sing much more than I find people do here. We probably don't have so much other entertainment; we entertain ourselves.

Q: That must mean that they have happy hearts.

A: Well, I think they are contented, they're happy with their surroundings and the people there.

I think this is one of the drinking songs, probably. I can't really tell the story; it doesn't tell much. A very gay one.

Silkistä, sametista, nirunarukengät
oli entisellä heilallani
Enkä mä häntä riianut kuin
ilman pilkalla ni.

2

Hilu-hilu-hilu-hilu, mun tuli vilu,
tuolla kynttilän valkiolla,
vaikka heila istu polvella keinustuolissa
kammerin lattialla.

3

Puoliksi palanut se kynttilä oli,
mutta toinen puoli paloi vielä,
Puoliksi sammunut rakkaus mull' oli,
- häällä se roihusi vielä.

4

Lumisade sekotti ne varsan jäljet
järvellä ajellessa.
Kynttilä palo, palo jalkaan asti
heilillä ootellessa,

5

Tuli-tuli-tuli-tuli harmaja käki
minun mökkini päälle kukkuun.
Silloin ne pojat kylään lähtee,
kun muori ja vaari nukkuu.

Sung by Mrs. Anna Palojeimo, St. Andrews, N.B. and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1959.

Question: In Finland do you sing these songs alone or as a group?

Answer: We do sing them a lot as a group, but during the day when we work, we also sing, alone. I remember a very cute story. I was a nurse in a mental hospital about a month, and there was a patient who had been brought in just recently and was confined behind bars and she was violent when she first came, and one day she made a terrible mess and I was a student nurse and I had to go to clean the room, but she didn't let me in, and then I started singing, and she was very fond of singing. She sung by herself there every now and then, and I chose one of these Finnish songs, and she went and sat in a corner on the floor and listened to my singing, and while I was singing I got the floor scrubbed, and the song was called Tammerkosken Sillalla.

See tape 192

Reel 155A

- No. 1. Sir James the Ross; 53 vs. less the first six; taken from old note book; 1 ~~vs.~~ only recorded; sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Road
- ✓2 The Little Low Plain; sung by Mr. Wilson; 9 vs. fairly well remembered & sung to pleasant tune; see also reels 186A & 203A; lumberman's song
- ✓3 The Banks of Claudy; sung by Mr. Wilson; broken ring theme with pleasant tune; words a little difficult to follow; 8 vs.; see also reels 127, 159, 167 & 171
- ✓4 Babes in the Wood; sung by Mr. Wilson, 3 vs. only; English folksong; see reel 197B by same singer
- ✓5 Sir Neil and Glengyle; sung by Mr. Wilson; 6 vs. of very old Scottish song; also have it from Mr. Dornan and Capt. Chas. Cates.
- ✓6 Riddle told by Mr. Wilson; life saved if riddle made no one could answer.
- ✓7 Ghost stories and Faith Healing; told by Mr. Wilson; haunted house and dead man seen in daylight; healed by faith, salve and medicine.
8. Complainte de Springhill; sung by Mrs. Amie LeBanc, Shediac; repeated on 155B; look there for words.

6

Long had he wooed, long she refused
With seeming scorn and pride,
Yet oft her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied.

7

At last she blessed the well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim,
She vowed to him her tender heart
And owned an equal flame.

8

Her father' Buchan's cruel lord'
Their passion disapproved,
And bade her wed Sir James the Grahamz Grame
And leave the had she loved.

9

At night they met as they were sent
Deep in a shady grove
Where on a bank beside the burn
A blooming rough tree stood.

50

Concealed amont the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir James the Grame
To hear what they would say.

61

When thus the maid began, "My sire
Your passion disapproved,
And bade me wed Sir John the Grame,
So here must end our love.

12

" My father's will must be obeyed
Naught bodes me to withstand,
Some fairer maid in beauty bloom
Must bless thee with her hand.

13

"Matilda soon will be forgot
And from the mind effaced,
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never taste."

14

in this the
the Rose replied
Matilda wed the Grame

15

His sword shall soon pierce my heart
Then waive me of thy charms,"

Then clasped her to his beating breast
Fast locked into his arms.

16

"I spake to try thy love," she said,
"I'll never wed man but thee,
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
The Grame my husband be.

17

"Take then dear youth this faithful kiss
In witness of my troth,
And every plague become my dot
That day I break my oath."

18

They parted thus, the sun was set,
In hasty Donald flies,
And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth
He loud insulting cries.

19

about the fearless chief
his sword he drew
blade before his breast
his tartans through

20

"This for my brother's slighted wrong love,
His wrongs sit on my arm,"
Three paces back the youth retired
And saved himself from harm.

21

Returning swift his hand he reared(?)
From Donald's head above,
And through the borin(?) and crashings banes(?)
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

22

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay.
"So fall my foes," cried valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

23

Through the greenwood he quickly did go
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
And to Matilda's window stood
And thus began to call.

24

asleep Matilda dear
love awake
lover on thee call
is well to take.

25

For I have slain fierce Donald Grame,
His blood is on my sword,
And distant are my faithful men
Nor can assist their lord.

For he hath slain Sir Donald Grame

"To Skye I'll now direct my way
Where my two brothers bide,
And rise the valiant of the isles
To combat on my side."

"Oh do not so," the maid replies,
"With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night
And dangerous is the way."

"All night I'll watch in the dark,
My faithful page I'll send
To run and raise the Rose's clan
Their master to defend."

bush he laid him down
ped him in his plaid
nbling for her lover's fate
stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hills and dale
Till in a lonely glen
He met the furious Sir John the Grame
With twenty of his men.

"Where goes thou little page?" he cried said,
"So late who did thee send?"
"I go to raise the Ross's clan
Their master to defend."

"For he hath slain Sir Donald Grame,
His blood is on his sword,
And far far distant are his men
That should assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"
The furious Grame replied,
"Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me e'er morning dies."

where is Sir James the Rose
thee well reward,"
within Lord Buchan's park
the guard."

They spurred their steeds in furious mood
And scowled along the lee,
They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers
By dawning of the day.

36

Matilda stood without the gate
To whom the Grame did say,
"Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night,
Or did he pass this way?"

37

"Last day at noon," Matilda said,
"Sir James the Rose passed by,
He furious pricked his weighty steed
And onward fast did he.

38

By this hour at Edinburgh
If horse and men hold good,"
"Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood."

39

her hands and tore her hair,
thus are betrayed,
by those means," she cries,
I hope thine aid."

40

By this the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin strikes he heard,
And up he rose and drew his sword
When the fierce band appeared.

41

"Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
And e'er the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine."

42

"You word it well," the chief replies,
But deeds ~~approve~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ will prove the man,
Set by your band and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

43

"Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden Field
When you kept in the rear."

44

ther step he forward strode
him to the fight,
Grame gave back and feared his arm
he knew its might.

45

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword,
But still he scorned the poor revenge
And sought their haughty lord.

46

46

Behind him bravely came the Grame
And pierced him in the side,
Out spurting came the purple tide
And all his tartans dyed.

47

But yet his sword quit not the grip,
Nor dropped he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steed
Had forced a mortal wound.

48

Grame like a tree with wings o'erthrown
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sank the Rose
And faint and dying lay.

49

Matilda saw him fall
his life," she cries,
Buchan's daughter begs his life
not to be denied."

50

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fired them on the weeping maid
And weakly thus replied.

51

Q In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest denied,
My race is run, adieu my love,"
Then closed his eyes and died.

word 52

The sword yet ~~warn~~ from his left side
With frantic haste she drew,
"Come Sir James the Rose," she cried,
"I come to follow you."

53

She leaned the hilt against the ground
And bared her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's face
And sunk in endless rest.

Sung by Mr. Wm. Willson, Ratter's Corner, and recorded by
Helen Creighton, June 1959

1 vs. only recorded, the rest copied from his old book, and
written. Where words are missing the book has been torn and the edge
lost.

One evening last June as I rambled
 Through the green fields and meadows among,
 I chanced ~~for~~ to meet a young school ma'am,
 She sighs with a pitiful strain,
 Saying, "Oh did you see my jolly young raftsman
 On the banks of that little low plain?"

2

I stepped up unto this young schoolma'am
 And thus unto her I did say,
 "What makes you mourn so sadly
 While nature looks happy and gay?"
 She says, "For my jolly young raftsman
 For him I do sadly complain,
 For he's gone to that west continent river,
 Far away from that little low plain."

3

Pray tell me the name of your raftsman,
 I used to know him very well,
 I also belong to that river,
 I used to know him very well,"
 "His name it was honest John Murphy,
 And on him there ne'er was a stain,
 His name it was honest John Murphy,
 And on him there ne'er was a stain.

4x

"When he went away with Ross Campbell
 Away from that little low plain,

4

"Pray tell me was _____ of clothing
 Your jolly young raftsman did wear,
 I also belong to that river,
 Perhaps I have saw him somewhere,"
 "His pants they were made of two meal sacks,
 With a patch on each knee it was ~~xxxxxx~~ square,
 His jacket and shirt they were dyed
 In the back of a butternut tree.

5

How wore a red sash round his middle,
 With the ends hanging down by his side,
 His boots numbered twelve feet of cowhide,
 With heels on that _____ wide.
 He wore a large open-faced tucker,
 And on it a foot of steel chain,
 When he went away with Ross Campbell
 Away from that little low plain."

6

"If Johnny's the name of your raftsman
 I used to know him very well,
 But sad is that news I've to tell you,
 He was drowned in the dell,
 We buried him beneath the scrub Norway,
 His face you shall never see more,
 His stone marks his grave of salvation
 Far away from that little low plain."

7

When she heard of those sad tidings
She fell on the ground as dead,
I scooped up my hat full of water
And poured it all over her head,
She opened her eyes and looked wildly,
Like one that was real ly insane,
I thought to my heart she was going crazy
On the banks of that little low plain.

8

"Oh my curses attend you Ross Campbell,
For coaxing my Johnny away,
May the eagles seize holt of your body
And shake it far down in the clay,
May the lumber go down to the bottom,
Never rise to the surface again,
For you was the cause of my Johnny
For leaving that little low plain."

9

"So it's now I resign my location,
I'll teach this big school no more,
I'll roam through some foreign countries
To England and Ireland and Spain,
For ~~But~~ the thoughts of my own Johnny Murphy
For leaving that little low plain.

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Corner, N.B., and
recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959

As I walked out one evening
In the pleasant month of May
Down by yon flowery garden
Where I by chance did stray,
I overheard a fair maid
In sorrow to complain,
Saying, "It's on the banks of Claudy
I am told he doth remain."

2

I boldly stepped up to her,
I put her in surprise,
She owned she did not know me
I being in disguise,
Says I, "My brightest jewel,
My joy and heart's delight,
How far do you mean to travel
This dark and dreary night?"

3

"As far as the banks of Claudy,
Kind sir would you please do so,
And pity the distresses
For it's there I mean to go,
I'm in search of a false luyver,
Young John was his name,
And on these banks of Claudy
I am told he doth remain."

4

"Here is the banks of Claudy
Where by you now do stand,
Don't you depend on Johnny
For he's a false young man,
Don't you depend on Johnny
For he'll not be through here,
So sally (tarry?) with me on Claudy
No danger need you fear."

5

"If Johnny was here this very night
He would keep me from all harm,
I fear he has gone to the fields of battle
His fool she doth defy,
Like the royal George of honour
Gone to the fields of toil."

6

"Don't you depend on Johnny
For he'll not meet you here,
His ship was wrecked as I am told,
Off of the coast of Spain.

7

When she ~~felt~~ heard those dreadful news
She fell into despair,
By the wringing of her hands
And the tearing of her hair,
Saying, "If Johnny he is drowned
No man else on earth I'll take,
Over lofty hills and valleys
I'll wander for his sake."

8

When he saw of her loyalty
He could no longer stand,
He flew into her arms
Saying, "Betsy, I'm the man,"
Saying, "Betsy I'm the false young man
That has caused you all your pain,
But since we have meton Claudy
We ne'er shall part again."

N.B.,

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Corner, and recorded
by Helen Creighton, June 1959

Babes in the Wood

Reel 155A No. 84

Now ponder well you parents dear
These words that I shall write,
A doleful story you shall hear
In time all for to write.

2

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk sailed of late,
Who did
Most men of his estate.

3

So sick he was and like to die,
No help his life could save,
His wife by him as sick did lie
And both possessed one grave.

(I think that'll do.

That's all you know isn't it? That's the Babes in the Wood
isn't it, the English one?)

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson Ratter's Road, King's Co.,
N.B. and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959. See also
reel 197B

Was in yonder isle beyond Argyle
 Where the flocks and herds were plenty
 There lived a squire whose sister Ann
 Was the pride of all that country..

2

Young Glengyle he did her love,
 Intending her to marry,
 But a Highland lord who she preferred
 Was handsome, brisk, and merry.

hired

3

Till life by Glengyle(?) to her brother came
 That Sir Neil had boasted proudly,
 "I swear by all our friendship's faith
 If I live until the morning,
 Either he or I shall breathe our last
 For I'll live no more in scorning."

4

Down by the seashore where the proud waves roar
 A challenge was sent for fighting,
 Where two men met before sunrise
 Not a living creature nigh them.

5

"What ails, what ails my dearest friend?
 Do you mean for to destroy me?"
 "None of your flattering tongue Sir Neil,
 But unsheath your sword and fight me."

6

"Sheathe up your sword you young McVaughan
 And don't presume to fight me,
 For well thou knowest in Scotland all
 Could wield that broadsword like me."

x̄xxx

Sung by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Corner, and recorded by
 Helen Creighton, June 1959

Riddle

File 155A No. 56

Question: Mr. Wilson, you were telling a riddle outside; do you remember what it is now?

Answer: About the nigger? Yeh, in slavery days when the man had the nigger on his farm and he was going away and he told him if he could make a riddle when he come back that he couldn't guess that he'd let him go. So the nigger he made the riddle there, and he come back and he ask him,

"John ~~have xxx~~ could you make a riddle?"

"Yes." He says, "If he come he no come, if he no come he come."

Q: Well now, what's the answer to that?

A. Well he was plantin' corn and he says if the crows come the corn wouldn't come, and if the crows didn't come the corn would.

N.B.

Told by Mr. Wm. Wilson, Ratter's Corner, and recorded by Helen Creighton, June 1959

Question: You were telling about a haunted house. Was there one near where you live?

Answer: Yes. I was thinking about the worst haunted house in England. You ought to see that.

Q: No, I want something about the one that you know about.

A: Well we seen the light from the house; from me own house yes. It was a neighbor's house, and they were all away but an old woman about eighty years old and the hired man. The binders was over and everything, and along in the night about 10 or 11 o'clock we seen this light light up the stable door, and it run back and forth, shut the door, open the door, and run back and forth in the light, and I went down to see what it was like, and now you may pinch(?) they thought it was something going to eat me up, but a ghost never eat anybody anyway, and I went down. It kept going that way till I got within 20 rods of the barn door, and the two large barn doors were open that went in the barn door and the light run right around, just like somebody run ~~xxxxxx~~ and went right in, and the light shone out all over the yard and I thought it funny, and I said,

"I'll ~~xxxx~~ ketch ye," and I kept on walkin' and ~~xxxxxx~~ watchin' and watchin', and just two steps would have throwed the barn floor all in sight but it hung back agin' the wall, but before I got the two steps it went right out, and I stood long enough for it to light up or anything you know, and there was no light, and then I walked I suppose about 80 rods going home, sideways and backed up, and ~~xxxxxx~~ every way to see if it would light up again.

Question: You were watching it all the time?

A: Yeh, I was watchin' the barn. And when I stepped over the line fence on me own place, it lit right up the stable door the same as we seen it first, and it just run a little while back and forth and just like somebody run with a great big red light and it run halfway to the house and it just lit up my kitchen like a red flame and went right out. And that was the end of it.

Q: What do you suppose it was?

A: Well it was a ghost; it was nothing else. It was something.

Q: Did anything ever happen in that house?

A: It happened in the barn. The man that owned the barn hung himself. Hung himself in the barn, a good many years before that.

Q: Did they ever see anything else there?

A: Oh they see something there all the time, back and forth.

Q: They still do?

A: Yes, I'm sure they do.

Q: If I went out would I get a fright?

A: Oh I don't think. Couldn't frighten you.

Q: I'm not so sure.

A: I was never frightened of no ghosts. Not lately.

Q: You said that you saw somebody the other day in broad daylight.

A: Yes, I saw a man. He wasn't 20 rods away, at noonday, with a white shirt on, bare-headed, and a cold day too. And I thought something happened to his car and they run back to the barn for to get a horse. I wasn't 20 rods away from him, and he was bare-headed with a white shirt on, and just as natural as if he ~~xxxx~~ was there himself, and my son was in the barn and I just turned around and run and put me jacket on, and run to the barn cause I thought that something happened to his car, and he wanted a horse, and I run down and asked him if he seen George. No, he says he wasn't here. "Well," I says, "he went in the horse barn." He says, "I was in the horse barn, so it show you -."

Q: He jus twasn't there at all?

A: He wasn't there at all.

Q: How long did you see him? Did you see him for two or three minutes?"

A: Oh yes, he balked as far as from here to that car with the yellow top on it. (that would be across the street and beyond) Yes, before he went into the barn, just as fast as he could walk. It was right at noon day, so that was plain enough. People wouldn't believe it,, but that's true enough.

Q: Did that ever happen to you before?

A: Yes, different times. I seen a man go into a barn and me right handy to it, and I went in the barn and there was nobody in. I seen, oh I seen lots of things and I've always heard say there is only such person will see these things, and the Scripture tells you before the end of time you'll dream dreams, see visions, and all of these things, so we must believe something of the scripture line, what? And I always did and always will. I'm kind of weak in my legs, and they wanted me to go to a doctor, have a needle; I turned black up to my knees and I said that I wouldn't. I said that the doctors killed more people with them needles than they ever cured and I wouldn't go. There was a young fellow told me about some relation he had at Rothesay could cure this, and I went down and seen her, the old lady, and I went in, showed her my leg, she said yes. So she rubbed my leg and give me some salve and asked me if I believed in faith and I said I always did. I believe in faith and I believe in God. I says, they tell me you belong to the Catholic Church. No no, she says, I don't. I'm a Baptist, but, she says, I always believed in faith. And she give me a salve and rubbed on my legs and it took every bit of that black out.

Q: Did it? Did she say words?

A: Not a word. She told me not to speak and say nothing. She took that out of the Bible. She told me that there were I don't know how many women down there she cured with that. And she said there were two neighbor women wouldn't come hear, and she said she only had a little while she had and she had a leg cut off. In three weeks time she died, and she said she could have cured that woman. But she said a little while afterwards there was another one and she asked her to come and

She wouldn't go, and she said the same thing happened to her. She got her leg cut off and she didn't live three weeks. Now what do you think of that?

Q: What was the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ salve that she used, do you know?

A: Yes. I don't know what it is. Nobody does.

Q: Do you know the words that she said from the Bible?

A: She didn't say no words at all. No, no. Everything was secret, and she told me not to speak. But now there's an old man here, lives right up here, and he has a sore on his face and he couldn't get it cured, and I told him I'd bring him out a little of the salve, but I never seen him and it's been in me pocket ever since. But I'll show you the salve. They've been trying, s he told me, everybody, to get that salve, but they can't get it, but I'll show you what it's like.

Q: She makes it, does she?

A: Oh yes, she makes it herself, and I told this feller I'd bring it out. He thinks that it's cancer and I thought it might cure it, you know. The first time I see him I'll give it. (He shows the salve which was light in colour). Well now I'll tell you another story. I have a daughter takes weak spells and she works in St. John, and they had an old faith doctor over there and she said she had been to doctors and they done her no good and she heard tell of this faith doctor and she went over to the west side to this faith doctor, and she said he must have known she was comin'. She said that he come to the door and opened it, and she said that she thought she would fall, but he caught a hold of her and he says there's something wrong. She says yes, and he says come right in. She said the minute he touched her she brightened right up. She sat down for a minute and he says I think I can cure you, and he give her a bottle of medicine. He told her to take that. Well she took that bottle of medicine home with her and took it and she was as well as ever, and she said she was down there about a year later. She said it come back on her and she went over and got another bottle, so she was all right. So she was going to leave there and come home and she said it just struck her head that something might happen that man and she couldn't get it again, she said she took the bottle as long as she was coming home and she'd have it, and she said when she went along to the Union Street there at the drug store she walked by it, and it just struck her head that she might get that stuff from the drug store, so she went in and asked them about the medicine and he wanted to see it. She give him the bottle and he says, you won't want to use this for a week? No, she says, I was going home, and I just thought I'd go over and get it. Well, he says, if you ain't away in a week's time and can wait, you leave me the bottle and I'll get you the medicine, and he sent that away and got it analysed and she said she went in and got her bottle of medicine and it was the same thing. Npbody knows what it was. It was a kind of a secret medicine I suppose he had made, and when they sent it away and got it analysed, they could make it themselves. I imagine the same would be with that salve, but she won't tell nobody, what it is.