

Reel 156 A

1. Story of Vision of Destitute Family; a touching story of faith producing action told by Mr. Ashton Locke Castalia
2. My Old New Hampshire Home: late song, Mr. Bruce Stanley, North Head.
3. My Faithful Sailor Boy: sung by Mr. Bruce Stanley, North Head
4. Harmonica; Listen to the Mocking Bird, Golden Slippers, Yankee Doodle; well played by Mr. Bruce Stanley
5. Story of May Whose Eyes Were Frozen fishing story told by Mr. Stanley

All items from Grand Manan recorded by Helen Creighton in 1960.

and Other Visions

Q; This is a true story of something that happened to you, is it Mr. Locke?

A; It is, as true as I can tell it. This story was started after the first German war. Hard times struck Grand Manan about two or three years, two years after the war was over, and it was in the month, I think, of October and things was pretty tough on Grand Manan. You couldn't get anything to eat; you ~~xxxx~~ couldn't get anything from the store without you was strictly honest. So this is the way I'll start the story.

It was in the month of October when I had my garden stuff all in the cellar and snuggled up for the winter. And I had two bags of potatoes that I didn't sell and I was keepin' them. I didn't know but I might sell them through the winter. But anyway, this night my wife was settin' up to cook a pan of bread, and I said to her, ~~xxx~~ "I guess ~~xxxx~~ I'll go to bed, and the children was all playing around. So I went upstairs and started for bed, and I had taken one leg out of my trousers when I heard children crying and I hollered down to my wife and asked her what was the trouble downstairs. What was the children crying about? And she said, "There's no children crying. The children's not crying. You must be out of your mind, or you're hearing something." "Well," I said, "I heard something all right, 'cause I heard children crying." Well, I might have sat there half a minute more or a minute when I heard the mother say, "Children I'm getting you something to eat. Don't cry, I'm getting you something to eat as fast as I can." Then I knew that it wasn't my children, so I put my pants on and come downstairs and my wife had the bread in the oven. This must have been somewhere around nine o'clock at night, near as I can remember. And anyway I went down cellar and took some of each and every thing that I had in the cellar, I took two bags of potatoes and I took carrots and beets and all kinds of vegetables that I had, some of each. And I lugged them up and put them down by the cellar door and closed the door and I went to the barn and I harnessed my horse. A horse by the name of Rowdy, a white strip on his forehead. Well I come down

to the house and I loaded my cart. I put my horse in and I loaded my cart up and my wife says,

"Ashley, you must be insane. For gracious sake, if you take this food and take these vegetables to anyone's house will you be kind enough for my sake to ask them - tell them - ask them if they are destitute and if they're not destitute, beg their pardon and come home." So I said I would do that. Well at the time when I had the cart loaded and I got in the cart and started my horse up I didn't know where to go. I had no idea where to go but I knew I should go because I heard these children crying and I was sure I did. So I started down the road. Well, my place when you get to the corner, down here a short distance, about fifty yards or seventy-five yards, there's a road running to Grand Harbour, down by the cemetery, a back road. And the other road goes straight down by Mr. Small's Service Station. Before I got to this corner I heard a voice say, "Let the horse have his rein." Well, that was good enough for me. I made up my mind that horse had to lead me to where the home was destitute, and where I heard the children crying. So at every cross road I let the horse have his rein, and between these cross roads I let the horse have a little trot. When he got down to the service station he didn't go down the road towards Grand Harbour, but he went towards North Head and on the road to North Head at every cross road I let him have his rein. And when I got up into North Head the horse kept right on going over the road instead of going to Whale Cove or some of those other roads. He kept right on the main road going towards the steamboat landing. He went over as far as the steamboat landing and took the road up by Mr. Rayhay's door. Mr. Rayhay's dead now. There were two Rayhays (or Laheys) who had a store, one on each side of the road. My horse took the road that led to the left up this road. There were some lights burning along in people's houses, but it was getting late. It must have been somewhere around eleven o'clock when I got to North Head.

When my horse got abreast of a certain house I'm not saying what house it was, or who it was who owned the home - but when my horse got abreast of this house he put both feet right out straight forward, his forefeet right out straight

and put them down hard. And I said, "Get up Rowdy." He wouldn't move, and I spoke quite loud. I said, "Get up Rowdy!" and he wouldn't move so I said, "This must be the place. So I got off of my cart. I went to the door and I knocked. This house, I never was in in my life, and these people I didn't know - I wasn't acquainted with. Well, I knocked at the door and a man came to the door and I said,

"Mister, I've had a ~~wisdom~~ vision to-night and I heard children cryin' for something to eat and I heard the mother say as distinctly as could be that she was gettin' - 'I'm getting you something to eat as fast as I can.' That's the words the mpther said. That was good enough for m^e. So I'm up here to-night, so I'd like to know if you are destitute, and if you are, you are welcome to what I've brought here and if you're not, I'll take it back home."

The man said, "What's your name?"

I said, "My name is Ashton Locke." He said, "Mr. Locke, come in." I went in the house and there upon the floor lay four little children. If I'm not mistaken there were two boys and two girls, but I wouldn't say for sure. But anyway the children was laying upon the floor asleep. The mother and father were setting there in a chair there - the mpther was settin' in a chair - they had on a hot fire and a boiler of water on the stove all boiling, a pot on the stove, and the man said to me, he said,

"Mr. Locke, I've been all over North Head to-day and they wouldn't let me have a 25 pound bag of flour on time." I said, "Mr. I'm sorry that anyone would be mean enough that they wouldn't let you have a bag of flour, but, I said, you're welcome to what I've got here in the cart and I said, 'Come out and help me lug it in.'" So he did. He come out and he helped me clean the cart out, and I said to him, "This is the last time you'll ever come to want; you'll always have food from this time forth," and I guess, as near as I can tell, they never wanted for anything after that. I sat there a few minutes and he talked and they went to work while they was talkin', peeling potatoes and cleaning carrots and putting them in the pot to cook, and he thanked me for my kindness, so I told him I thought

it was about time that I was trying to get back home. I knew it would be late when I got back home.

When I come back home, it must have been two or three o'clock in the morning. I didn't trot my horse very much, it was quite a heavy horse, and when I got back home my wife was settin' up waitin' for me. And when I got my horse put up and come down to the house she asked me if I had found the place where anyone wanted food and I says, "Yes, I did, I found the place." Well, I've never mentioned this here place where it was. Never told the family that was destitute but much as -I don't know -it must have been a year or two after that* - (here comes my girl, I think it is) there was a woman came from Montreal to start the new hospital at North Head. When she went away it happened as though my daughter Katrina and myself was aboard the same boat the same day that she went away on. ^{We} ~~he~~ was in a little place there in the boat and I didn't think that anyone else was in there except a young fellow telling about saving a boy off the wharf up there at North Head. But this woman told a story and it seemed a true story so I thought to myself, "Now I'll tell a little true story that happened to me." So I started in to repeat the story before my daughter and this here nurse that was here to start the hospital at North Head. I started to tell the story and by the time I got it finished I didn't think there was anyone ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the apartment besides my daughter and this here lady and this boy, a young man. And then when I got my story finished I heard this cryin' and sobbin'. I turned around and there was a young woman sittin' behind me ^{there} ~~was~~ I didn't know was there, but she was there. And I said, "What's the trouble with you?" and she said, "Well, my mother told me the story so many times ." She said, "I can't help but cry. But," she said, "Mister don't feel bad because it's a true story which you're telling .Every word is true because my mpther repeated it to me a good man ~~is~~ times ."

Well this lady what was a nurse, that came from Montreal, she says, "Well that proves that what this man has told us is exactly true, 'cause there's the proof right behind , her cryin' and tellin' us the same story. Is is true, see.

* it would have been more like 20 years as he agrees later.

So I guess that's about all I can tell you, but I've never been in the house since and these children grew up and I don't know them when I see them. That's about all there is to it.

Q: Mr. Locke, when you told it first didn't you say that the table was all set, that the dishes -

A: Yes, the table was all set with clean dishes settin' on the table. The dishes was there, but nothin' in the dishes. Yes, I left that out.

Q: They didn't have anything to put in the dishes?

A: They didn't have nothin' to put in the dishes, only what I brought. He couldn't get a bag of flour in North Head, so that's the truth as near as I can think it.

Q: Mr. Locke, when the mother said that she was going to get them something as soon as she could, how did you realize from those words that she had nothing to get? Was it the way she said it?

A: The way she said it, that I ~~wasn't~~ realized she didn't have anything because the children wouldn't be cryin' on the floor if she'd had anything for them t'eat. She said, "I'm getting you something t'eat as fast as I can and she was settin' the table to make them believe that she was gettin' them something t'eat, but the children was laying down on the floor and cried themselves to sleep. I think she thought that someone would come and bring them something to eat. You know, a mother can see ahead sometimes and feel things too, you know, so I think she had some kind of a little vision that there would be someone come.

Q: And you say you took a loaf of bread when it was fresh out of the oven?

A: I took a loaf; I made my wife give me one loaf. She had three loaves in one. She had three loaves in the pan so I got her to break off one loaf out of the pan and I put it in a paper bag and I took that.

Q: You ~~wasn't~~ have a farm so I suppose you had a pretty well stocked cellar, but you have a big family yourself.

A: I had a big family myself but I had plenty for the winter as far as vegetables were concerned.

Q: There was just one other thing, Mr. Locke. It was quite a long time afterwards

that you told the story? Time enough for the girl to grow up?

A: The children ¹¹ had plenty of time to grow up and I never see the children afterwards. After that night I never see the children till I see this girl behind me that night. It must have been fifteen or twenty years; it must have been eighteen or twenty years, 'cause it was a woman, a young woman ~~so~~ that was ~~in~~ behind me.

Q: Mr. Locke, when you were telling this story you said that you told the man of the house that he would never be in want again. Did you ~~say~~ ^{tell} him that just to make him feel better? or why?

A: I told him that because I felt as though he'd never need food again. You know, he'd always be able to get plenty t'eat after that, for him and his family. I can tell pretty well, because I had that feeling.

Q: Have you had other feelings of that kind?

A: I've had all kinds of feelings. Yes, and that ain't the first trip I ever made over this Island, different places, yessum.

Q: So then your wife wasn't too surprised when you went off on a jaunt?

A: No, but on that racket, that night, she thought I was crazy, but she found out afterwards that I wasn't as crazy as she thought I was.

Q: And wasn't there another time when somebody thought somebody in his family was dying and you knew that the person was going to get well?

A: Yes, that was my son's wife's mother. They gave her up, said she couldn't live. Three doctors gave her up and said she wouldn't live an hour. I told my son's wife, I said, "Your ^{mother's} going to get well and she'll be as ~~well~~ ^{well} as she ever was in her life and she has been and she's been teaching school now for three or four years. And that's not all. I told different people things.

Q: Didn't you find somebody once digging a grave for somebody who was so -

A: Yes, I did so. He wasn't diggin' the grave, but he was cleaning up the lot 'cause he expected a woman to be brought home that night to be buried there. And I told him- he was diggin' the lot up on Sunday- and I told him, "You don't want to work on that lot because that woman is going to get well. She'll be here a good many times

on this island. She lived away off the island but she always come here on the island because this was her home and she was born here, and I said she'd come home and she did get well after the doctor gave her up. And she came back here to the island, oh I suppose half a dozen times, her and her sisters came to Grand Manan to visit the island here, and they had no hopes of her at all. This man got miffed at me because I told ~~him~~ ^{him} this woman was going to get better. He thought I didn't know what I was talking about but I did. I think I did.
Locke

Stories told by Mr. Ashton, Grand Manan, N.B., and recorded by Helen Creighton at Grand Manan in 1960.

Ashton Locke

Far away o'er the hills of old New Hampshire
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I,
By the streams where we once wandered in the gloaming
It was there I kissed my lover, said good-bye.
She clung to me and trembled when I told her
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay,
Now my heart lies buried with it 'neath the willows
In my old New Hampshire home so far away.

Cho.

Now the sunshine lingers there and the roses bloom as fair
In the wildwood where together we would roam,
'Neath that village churchyard ~~there~~ ^{where} sleeps the one I love so dear
On the hills of my old New Hampshire home.

2

Far away in my dream last night I wandered
And I thought my love was standing by my side,
Once again I tried to tell her that I love her,
Once again she promised me she'd be my bride.
But as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,
I called her but she was not there to hear,
Now my heart lies buried with it 'neath the willows
Of my old New Hampshire home I love so dear.

(In the chorus the word inked in is near).

Q: Where did you learn that song, Mr. Stanley? You say you're the only one who knows it.

A: I ~~was~~ remember when I was a kid we had this song and it's disappeared somewhere, I don't know where, and I never forgot the words of it. I liked it.

Q: Did you have much singing at home in the family?

A: Oh yes we had. All my sisters could sing around the organ.

Grand

Sung by Mr. Bruce Stanley, North Head, ~~Saxxi~~ Manan, and recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1960

My Faithful Sailor Boy

Reel 156A No.3

Was on a cold and winters night the snow lay on the ground,
A sailor boy stood on the deck, his ship was outward bound,
His true love standing by his side shed many the bitter tear
But as he pressed her to his breast he whispered in her ear.

Farewell, farewell my own true love, this parting gives me pain,
For you will be my guiding star till I return again,
These thoughts will be of you my love when storms are raging high,
So fare you well, remember me, your faithful sailor boy.

Q: Mr. Stanley, I wanted to ask you, is this a song you would sing alone? Or is this one that the family would sing together?

A: I always sang it alone. This one, I always sang it alone.

Q: And do you sing it standing up or sitting down, as a rule?

A: Sitting down as a rule. And without an accompaniment .

Sung by Mr. Bruce Stanley, North Head, Grand Manan and recorded by Helen Creighton in 1960.

One day in the winter my son and I, we started out fishin' and we fished all day. We fished all day. We had a fairly good catch and there was another boat alongside of us so we thought it was getting late in the afternoon and we'd start for home. Well we did, so I took my course for the buoy and it come up a gale of wind struck off here with a squall nor'west. On our way home we was looking for the boat behind us but we couldn't see no boat so we waved(?)*into the buoy and it never come to us at all. We couldn't see no trace of him, find no trace of him. So we went into the breakwater and waited for him about an hour. He hadn't returned then. So two brothers was there so he got a bat to go out and search for him and he asked me if I'd go out. I said no, I wouldn't do it because the boat wouldn't live out there.

So the boys said, Clifford he said, "I'll take the boat and I'll go out." And these two ~~brothers~~ brothers said, "We'll go out with you and find our brother." It was ten o'clock on the night then. I never had no hopes at all of ever seeing them. It was blowing a gale of wind and snowing, so they got off their course. They went 15 miles off their course. The wind struck, come round nor'west so they went with the wind and we kept on our course. Well we made the breakwater safe, but they was 15 miles off their course. So the boy went off about twelve o'clock in the night with these two brothers and they searched for him but they couldn't find him. So when they come in, the boat had got in before they did, so their boat was half full of water and my boat with the boy in, his boat was half full of water. Standin' in the water way to the knees. So when I heard that engine comin' it put a great relief; made me feel a lot better that I could thank God for seeing him again. But when the boys got in, one of the boys, his eyes was froze and after a few months he had to have an operation. He had to have his eye taken out. I feel good now to hear tell that he's still livin' but I don't think he's going to live long because on account of that operation on his eye, he's going to take his life. So that's all of my story now.

Q: How long ago did that happen, Mr. Stanley?

A: That was about fifteen year ago, so I hear now he's in the hospital. He has no hopes at all now of any doctor saving his life.

Q: Isn't it very unusual for eyes to freeze?

A: Yes it is, but the ice froze right over his eyes and we took him in the store when we brought him ashore and we had to pound the ice off his eyes and my boy Clifford, we had to ~~pound the ice off his head~~ knock the ice off his head so he could see to get up off the breakwater.

Told by Mr. Bruce Stanley, North Head, Grand Manan, and recorded by Helen Creighton in 1960.