

came in. And we all looked around. There was no radio or anything then, you know. And mama said, Oh, I've heard that often. Mama used to go for a walk, just in the woods around, and oftentimes she heard music.

I was 3 or 4 when I went out to St. Paul's. I can remember traveling by the Harlaw. A big steamer, she's been gone a long, long time. (The Harlaw was wrecked near St. Paul's April 7, 1911--first battered in a storm then crushed in the floes.) They'd anchor offshore and the lifeboats would come out to meet you. We were sort of between the governor's house and the lighthouse, and we had this big old fog alarm. The fog would come in very, very suddenly. Sometimes you'd go to bed at night the moon would be shining. You'd get up an hour later fogged in. They'd have to hustle down and until they got the steam up they'd have to pull the alarm on by hand. And as long as there was fog that had to be going. There was no weather forecast. It was very desolate. The winter was cold. But it was really a glorious world, a world of make-believe for us kids. It was beautiful when the sun came up over the ice. I have seen scenes from the Arctic that remind me very much. White ice for miles. And then the seals used to come in. The men would go sealing. That wasn't very nice, to see blood on the ice. And they used to pull a boat with them, just in case the ice would open up. It made excitement for them. And we used to eat the flippers. I don't suppose I'd eat them today but I thought they were great. My father when it was iced in would build furniture. Mama kept everybody busy. She'd be hooking mats. The boys from the lifesaving crew weren't fed very well. She'd have them up and she got them all hooking and she'd put a big feed on for them. I can remember one time she made a mattress and she got a bunch of them combing horsehair for that. They were nice boys. And they were lonesome.

One story that amused me. There was this old cow down at the governor's mansion and oh she'd been giving milk for years and years and years without having a calf--and she was as tough--you know, there wasn't too good a pasture. So the time came to cut Daisy's head off. The boys butchered her and fixed her all up. And one of the boys put a brand on her. He said, I'll know this old carcass if I meet her in H. And they shipped the cow away to the meat processing place. Anyway, the last boat that came in that fall with supplies for the winter--didn't that old carcass come back to the island for the boys to eat that winter? Two of the boys cried.

Best wishes to Cape Breton's Magazine

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