

July 30th, 1926.
Ironbound.

Charles is dead. That was the first intelligence I got when I stepped on the launch today. Langille, his hair redder than ever his face covered with almost a week's growth of whiskers, was there to meet me. He said, "Well we've lost Charles." "What!" I cried. "How?" "Died of pneumonia in March." When Harris came in from the nets his announcement was more dignified. "One of our crowd's gone." The crowd being John, Charles, Harris and me. "We had a letter from Charles saying how well he was doing and two weeks later came a letter from John saying he was dead. We wrote his wife and asked what we'd do with his trash but not a word did we hear. She wrote us when he died saying she'd be glad to give us all the particulars." "Where is all his stuff?" "Stored in the closet in the front room, pictures, books, models, tools, everything. John and Boss are coming down in October."

My heart sank into my boots. I am always hearing now of death. This one is dead and that one is gone and with each oozes out a little of my wine of life. Duddie carried so much of the joy of life with him and now Charles whom I knew so little but liked is gone. He was a joyous creature, a mad freckled creature that reminded me always of a Bocklin's water monsters; something of the grimness of Grendel and his mother. His laugh was juicy and infectious. He was an individual wandering alone through life. All gone

now, decayed, a part of earth.

I went out on the back of the island and lay down on the springy moss through which a coarse plant pushed that made a cushion five inches thick. Scattered through this were little sweet scented flowers with four bent back petals and a brown spiked stamen. They were like the starry flowers that Boticelli and painters before Boticelli besprinkled the grass at the feet of their Virgins. White clovers along the cliff's edge filled the air with fragrance. Below ~~the~~ me the sea surged in and out of a dog hole though it was a day of infinite calm when one could see far far out. To the southward of Green Island Harris's boat was apparent looming up to a great size. He had gone out to haul his Green Island nets when he heard that the Finks had found herrings in theirs.

The great infinite stretch of sea, the loneliness and the news of Charles' death filled me with a deep melancholy. What is the secret of Life and Nature. She seems but to have two impelling motives, creation and destruction. She drives us to reproduce ourselves and then destroys us. Birds mate, fish and frogs fill river, lake and ocean with spawn, the moose stalks up to the rifle's muzzle with the urge of reproduction, men and ~~women~~ women risk honour, property, reputation, everything, for a moment's bliss: so ~~easy~~ does nature drive us. Today we penned in a cove a million spawning herring on yellow sand and "shot" a seine about them and piled boats with shining masses, then came giant albercores tearing herring from the nets and making swirls on the surface as if a ton of rocks had been dumped (The immensity of the ocean, the vast distance to the horizon, the eternal worry and restlessness of the sea added to my melancholy.)

overboard. Albercore and cod followed the herring to destroy them: crowds of gulls screamed aloft. Living things create as fast as they can and then destroy themselves and others. And not only living things: Ironbound is ^a thin scum of black earth upon black and red slaty iron ledges; the rock is obviously aqueous and was once laid down flat by water; then came a grinding upheaval and the skeleton of Ironbound was heaved on edge above the waters, birds came with seeds and vegetation began, rotted and made the scum of earth that is wondrous rich, and fertilized with fish water and fish heads grows giant timothy, potatoes, beets, carrots, strawberries and cabbages the like of which are not bettered in the world. Now the sea snarls in the dog holes and begins to destroy what nature so beneficently created. Ages hence there will be where once gardens bloomed two plotted shoals marked with some such legend, "Ironbound shoals, three fathom, dangerous to mariners".

Percy and Uriah had gone in the morning to Chester with a load of produce, barrels of herring, five bushel of new potatoes, twelve quarts of strawberries, beets, carrots: all these they sold. Harris was in by twelve with his boat half filled with herring with word that herring were in schools on the north of the island. We sat down to lunch, beef stew with new potatoes, dumplings and gravy, lettuce, plenty of gravy, rice pudding, lots of cream and tea. Harris who was in a hurry ate for three or four minutes in the kitchen. In a few minutes Ralph came back with word for me to hurry if I wanted to go. I had on my rubber boots and oil coat in a minute and went down to the boats. Harris greased the boat's bottom with a smear of gurry and we pushed off down the launch.

The Finks joined company with the Youngs, Harris and Eddie and Peare with Harvey and Harris Young. Percy and Uriah were in Chester selling herring and vegetables. For the first time in many years Youngs and Finks work together on the seine, perhaps because the Youngs are short handed on their crew since George moved to Steam Mill Village near Kentville for the sake of his consumptive wife who died last month. Now George has a farm on his hands and three small children and is among strangers that have none of the ways of the Ironbounders. He is probably yearning to sell his place and be back with the great brothers lugging barrows and doing feats of strength.

Harris led the fleet of boats round the eastern point of the island: one man rowed and another sat straddling the bows and peering down into the water that was not more than three fathom deep.

"Here are herrin'! Here are herrin'. Not enough yet." They raced in huge schools so thick and opaque that the bottom was hidden; their green backs made the water vibrant. "Lots o'herrin', ain't it?" "We'll shoot here," said Harvey, as the boats came to a little rocky cove into which the sea smashed and bellowed over stones clad in brown and yellow rock weed. Harvey took his boat in close to the rocks and cast over the end of the seine and he paid it out as Eddie Fink rowed east to the sea, then a sharp turn northward to the left, another sharp turn to the westward and hundreds of thousands of herrings were penned in the cove. The ends of the seine were brought together and tied, now it floated in a great corked circle, the water with a tunnel of blue green crowded with herrings. At the first rush of the imprisoned fish against the twine the seaward corks went under.

"Quick, get on the Buoy," bawled Harvey, "or the fish will get over the top."

The head ropes were dragged up on the prows of the boats, the big white floats were tied on and moorings with grapnels run out to southward, eastward and northward to hold her against the rush of the tide. Still the head ropes hung under for the seine twine was now white with meshed herring, huge big fellows: the smaller ones went through the meshes and to sea again.

"Quick now Harris with the net," shouted Harvey. Inside the seine went the boats and circled the inside of the seine with a net drawing it into a smaller circle. Harris Fink hurled in the "giggler", a great stone and piece of white wood tied to a rope, to scare the fish into the meshes of the net for they do not mesh easily in daylight. Harris and Will Eddie darted down to the bottom and caught their handles neatly as they bobbed up out. It reminded me of the hand that rose from the lake holding the sword Excalibur. Once in an interval of shouting, "Herrin'! We got two hundred barrel, ain't it! We got five hundred barrel! Throw in the giggler! Drive down the oars," Harris a grim figure balanced in the stern turned and said to me, "Once an old fellow dove his paddle like that and it went deep and didn't come back soon enough, so he peeped over the side; out popped the handle and struck him fair in the nose, stunned him and knocked him over on his back in the boat." His mouth drooped for a second at the corners, his eyes had a flicker of mirth. Then he was a wild fisherman again intoxicated with the great catch of herrings, shouting, driving down his paddle. "The herrin' not been on the shore like this for twenty year, ain't it."

The inner net was hauled now, one end in each boat, the net was heavy with gleaming fat herring meshed on both sides. The men dragged in head rope and tail and shook the fish into the boats a

half bushel at a time; those stuck fast in the twine they tore out with a rending of gills and sometimes the loss of a head. Lower and lower sank the boats, only a streak clear now. The net is picked and set again. "Bring in the other boats," bawled Harvey.

What a picture. A little cove closed on the westerward and partially to ~~seta~~ southward and northward by sheer cliffs of slaty black and iron red rocks, seamed and fishboned with cracks, full of light, colour and shadow. Above this a narrow margin of green turf in a fine curve where the turf held above the rocks all crowded by masses of stunted thick windblown spruces, crowding like horses in a gale, tail to the sea wind. At the foot of the cliff fallen boulders with a strip of raw sienna rock weed, the sea washing in with a roar and a bang, lashing itself even on this calm day in a fury of foam and creamy whiteness.

In the cove the "Vikings", Youngs and Finks, toil, great shouldered, red faced, in yellow oil pants shouting, pulling, shooting, next balancing on thwarts, hurling the gigglers, darting oars, picking fish, wild with excitement though they had done this a thousand times before, the sea black green, vibrant with the shining backs of herrings, swimming round and round in an effort to escape net or seine.

Again they pulled the net and picked it. They set an inner net in a circle and picked the seine that they dared not leave so near the shore. They took thirty barrels and let the rest go: it was all they could dress that night. Thus the world is fed. Work drives these men on as a passion. They talk much of money and are greedy for it. The Levy's their mother's people are undoubtedly Jewish. "George took away

between twelve and fifteen thousand cash money to Kentville," said one of them.

Four-thirty P.M. When we got back to the launch Percy and Uriah were back from Chester. Uriah was in his glory, "Helpin' the boys to make money". Harris took a five minute snack and started back to the fish house. "Don't hurry," said his wife, "George isn't down yet."

"Yes, but Harvey is." Off he went. The women in oil pants, rubber boots and stocking caps came to help gib (tip open) the herring. Before each gibber was a tub into which he cast his fish guts. First he slit the herring neatly up the belly with a keen knife, then reached his hand in and tore out entrails, milt and roe.

"Most of the fish is he's, ain't it?" said Uriah. "These ain't the herrin' that was here in June, Percy."

Tubs became full of guts; the stink was colossal. As soon as the herrings were gutted they were cast into great tubs, half puncheons, and soused in sea water, a dory full of which had been drawn up on the launch just outside the fish house door. Uriah, Polly (Harvey's wife), Percy's wife Dorothy, Harris and Alan gibbed and tore out guts. Percy carried water and washed, Harvey salted. The fish after being washed in two puncheon tubs were scooped out into wire baskets, then dumped on a flat edged table covered with salt. Harvey stuffed the belly of each full of salt and packed them in great puncheons.

The fog shut down.

"potatoes only fetched a dollar and a half a bushel today." (Percy) "Last week they was three."

"Market was stuffed but strawberries went quick. Sold everything out."

"Oranges thirty-five cents, last week same kind twenty-five cents." (Uriah)

Nearly all the talk of trade, stores, money, prices.

Two sailing yachts en route to the races in Chester loomed through the fog, luffed up in the light air and jogged to and fro. A boat put off and reached the launch.

Would someone tow the two yachts to Chester, and would someone go after the Hayseed that they last saw off the buoy four miles to the eastward?

Another chance to make money. Yes, Eddie Fink would tow the two boats in and Percy would go and find the Hayseed. In a minute they ran their boats off the launch, jumped in and chugged away. About ten Harris heard Percy's engine: he was fast to the Firefly and taking her up the eastern passage between Little Tancook and Aspetogen. Eddie was back at two a.m. ten dollars, Percy at five a.m. fifteen dollars, complaining rather bitterly at the smallness of the pay. It was too small for the Hayseed was seven miles to the eastward and he had to hunt her in the fog, find her by chance when the fog lifted and tow her twelve miles to Chester. A big day for Ironbound.

Uriah and Percy sell in Chester:

5½ bushels potatoes \$1.50
5 quarts strawberries
Onions, beets, carrots, butter, eggs
15 barrels herring

and bring back gasoline and herring barrels. Harris and Harvey take twenty-five barrels of herring when they divide with the Finks barrel for barrel as they carry them out of the boats.

The Youngs put all their money in a box (except produce money) and divide it at the end of the year in shares.

"I never takes no money out of the fish," says Uriah. "I let's the boys have that, they've got children."

Lanterns are lit in the fish houses. The Youngs and their women rip, gut, wash and salt in one fish house, the Finks and their ~~owmen~~ women in the fish house across the launch. Uriah sits on a box, his legs will no longer carry his great bulk.

"My body is well but my legs is gone," he says.

Men and women are blood stained to the elbows. Yellow oil skins are blotched with crimson, the floor is soaked with blood and brine.

"Doesn't this floor rot?"

"Dis floor last for a thousand years wid de brine on it, ~~ain't~~ ain't it," says Uriah. She is made from the planks of an old ship that was lost down here to de eastward and drifted up here. Beech and maple and birch de planks is, see de ~~tunn-~~trunnels in her."

~~Lanterns-~~ Lanterns sway casting dark circular shadows. Ten o'clock and the talk drops down though no one ever says he is tired on Ironbound. Tubes full of guts are stood inside to be poured on the hay lands as soon as the hay is cut. Someway the Youngs have softened or did I see them wrongly then. Harvey has a noble honest face; his little child aged three toddled into the fish house; "Want to salt fish, want to help Dad." His hands and arms were covered with salt and blood but he stooped and kissed the child on the cheek. These women love their men and help them; no wonder they love such giants. Percy's wife came into the fish house with a box of

cherries and stuck three or four in each man's mouth. Urish refused but at last consented to have three or four tucked in. Then she whispered to her husband and came to me and offered cherried. They are a little ~~ashamed~~ ashamed for me to see them in oil pants and covered with blood. But they are easier since I came in from the seine soaked with water and thick with herring scales and Polly let me tie on her finger stall. The Fink women hid when I came by the fish store.

Monday, August 2nd.

Harris pounded at my door at a quarter to four and I crawled out of bed and scrambled about for my things in the darkness. May was up and had breakfast, tea and cornflakes and boiled eggs, an unusual event in my honor for Harris and the others never eat breakfast before going fishing but ~~eat~~^{munch} a piece of bread or cake as they jug at the hand-line. Harris lent me his new oil pants and we set off with Ralph the little boy of seven who cries if he is not allowed to go fishing with his daddy. Harris put in nets, an ~~albeereer~~ albeere hook and a sword-fish spear and off we were in the fog. Percy helped push us off the launch; a long sea was running breaking over the ledge by the launch and making a mountain of foam over "The Grampus" to the eastward. We rounded the western end of the island and Harris fished an old compass from the engine box and placed it on top of the fish box and looked at his watch.

"Charles giv me that," he said.

In less than an hour we were at Green Island (Pearl Island) and stood along the northern shore as far as the launch but as Mather was not in sight we turned and chugged off to the nets.

Ralph picked up the buoys far off: on the way out Harris gave Ralph the job of cleaning up a mooring rope and let him steer while he oiled the engine. The little boy was delighted to have a duty. Ralph is a naughty little boy and is quite spoiled by Harris and May who often threaten whippings but never give any. I understood that, when Harris told me about his childhood. After the death of his father who built the house in which he now lives his mother married a man named Covey who used to beat him unmercifully and not give him enough to eat. He used to go around and beg a piece of bread.

"I always had welts and cuts on my legs and lumps on my head as big as a whore's egg."

Harris is gentle, generous and tender hearted and the memory of his early troubles makes him spoil Ralph who often deserves a whipping. It's a great question though whether besting a child does more than degrade punisher and punished.

"Look now Ralph my son and pick up the buoys."

Ralph picked them up with his sharp little eyes. We came up to the buoys and Harris hauled the nets. He had an extra net in the boat and intended to set a fleet if there were any herring: but there were only two heering in it, a squid and about twenty dog fish wrapped and tangled in the twine. The dog fish is like a small shark with a mouth underneath lined with sharp teeth - sometimes in tearing herring out of the nets they take out a whole mouthful of twine and swallow it into their stomachs - and a sharp spine near the rear back fin about an inch long. They are dangerous fish for an amateur to handle and they can soon ruin a net.

We steamed back to Green Island to meet Mather Pearl whom we had seen standing at the door of the lighthouse on our way to

the nets. When he saw us returning he began to run towards the launch on the north side of the island. He ran along the top of the ridge and in the fog that was lifting he was silhouetted like a gigantic and unearthly figure. He pushed off his grey gasoline boat; Harris threw over his grapnel and Mather came alongside. Harris gave him his bundle of mail that the boats had fetched from Blanford on Sunday and a box of beach rocks for sinkers that Ralph had picked up. Though Green Island is nothing but a rock with a frosting of green turf there are no stones suitable for net sinkers to be found on it.

Mather was a great red faced giant with a lofty forehead, blue eyes and great drooping moustache. What a Viking! Bold of eye and free of speech and generous in his ways he was. He weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, he was thick of chest and shoulder and his chest muscles stood out in huge lumps under his thin shirt. A great drinker of rum and lover of women; he was sanguine.

"Come ashore and have a drink." (Mather)

"And get the candies you promised Ralph for the beach rocks, a bargain's a bargain." (Harris)

"Come on." (Mather)

We pushed off in his boat and entered the gutter, a long narrow cleft in the rock about thirty feet wide into which the sea roared; a big sea washed us up on the launch and we scrambled out and tugged on the painter when a big sea lifted her.

"I've got a leg of lamb I killed yesterday here rottin'." (Mather) "I killed it for the folks I expected from Halifax and they never come."

"I'll buy it and get Percy to weigh it." (Harris)

"All right. It's spring lamb." (Mather) "Go over to

the light and get it from the woman and son you ask her for the candies."

Mather and I were left alone in the boat-house.

"I'm an agnostic, an athiest, a free thinker," he announced, "and I read all the time, Byron, Shakespeare, Wordsworth and history." "Have you read Well's Outline of History?"

"I have my man, and it's a great book but I only borrowed it: I wish I owned that book."

"Perhaps I can pick it up second hand in the States and send it to you again."

"Do that and let me know what it costs."

"Have you read Tolstoy's 'Resurrection', Mather?"

"Yes, I read it this spring yet, it makes one understand the Russian Revolution.

(Mather's father who kept the light before him was a man learned in law who told the law to all the fishermen.)

Then Mather got a pitch fork and prized up a loose plank in the floor of his boat house and produced a bottle of rum. The rum runners "D. A. McKenzie" and Wentzel from Mahone Bay lie twelve miles off and are visited daily by the fishermen's boats.

(Uriah says he never saw the like of drinking since prohibition.)

"My wife's a temperance fanatic. Have to keep rum here." He poured a gingerale bottle full and gave it to me. Harris dodged in for a minute. Mather mixed up some rum water in another gingerale bottle. Harris drank it and dodged out in his restless way.

"I've drunk a lot of rum in my day." (Mather) "When I'm drunk I give away all my money." (This is confirmed by Uriah who told me this morning in the fish-house when Mather landed on

Ironbound for potatoes and gooseberries. "Ive "I've saved his money" (Urish) "When he was drunk. I went into a drinkin' shop for him, ain't it. King in Lunenburgh said he'd have me- him arrested and said are you lookin' after this man. I said is, I said. I want this man and I got him in de boat. Once in a house in Chester he was drunk and he guv me all his money. 'Keep it,' says he, 'I don't need money.' I put it in my pocket for him. When we was between the Tancocks Mather got some sense and began fumblin' in his pockets. 'I've lost my money, head back for Chester.'

" 'I've got your money, Mr. Pearl." (Urish)

" ' No you ain't," and he grabbed the tiller out of Percy's hands and swung her round. Then I pulled his money bag out of my pocket and held it up by the draw-string.

'Dat's your money, ain't it?' (Urish)

" 'Go on. Keep it for me.' (Mather)")

Mather went on to talk.

"Yes, I'm an Agnostic. I've got Tom Paine."

"Yet there's something wonderful and mysterious about nature."

"Ain't it." (Mather) "I kin jest sit on a moonlight night with a man and drink in the beautiful nature."

"I done lots of wrong in my life, drinkin', swearing and
_____ women."

"That isn't evil especially the last, it's only a function of nature."

"That's what I says. Now my wife she's havin' a change of life and seh-w she won't let a man go near her. Those old fellows long ago used to keep lots of concubines and nothing thought of it. I need two or three concubines.

"But say, what is evil?" (Mather)

"Hurting another human being by ^avicious, cruel act or malicious tongue. Stealing and lying are evil but natural functions are not evil."

"I was full of sympathy for that minister Richardson who was engaged to an heiress and _____ the choir girl and poisoned her."

"The last act was evil.

"Come out and stay with me. I like to swap lies. (Mather)
Come in October for the sea ducks. I shoot them off that pint."

Then a little delicate boy who looked like Donald came round the corner of the boat shed.

"Are you daddy's boy?"

"No, I'se mummy's boy."

Then we pushed Mather's boat off through the surf and hauled his lobster trap and got five lobsters which he gave Harris. Harris had a basket from Mrs. Pearl with a lunch, a box of candies and a leg of lamb. As we chugged off Mather said, "I was named Mather after Mather Desbrisay the judge. He wrote part of his history of Lunenburg County here on this island. Yes and I'm named after him."

"No a very good book, not like Wells."

"No, man Wells is a genius."

When we got in to Ironbound Harvey and Percy had shot on the eastern side but only a couple of barrels mashed in the Seine. A boat from Blanford with cousins of the Youngs was there. They shot but got little. The Youngs and Finks pulled their seine and the fleet of boats set off, a man peering at the bottom over each bow. Just to the eastward of the south cove they

shot again, encircled a school and took out twenty-five batrels.

By two-thirty the boats were at the launch and Finks and Youngs shared barrel and barrel. Uriah grumbled.

"They got no gear, ain't it. How does they get half?" But Percy made the bargain and as Harris says, a bargain's a bargain. "Yes my son, yes my child, a bargain's a bargain."

Uriah was mad too because the women hadn't helped him get the herring in pickle from Saturday's catch of eighty barrels. I helped the women rake up three loads of hay. The problem before the Youngs now is how to take the herring that are on the shore every day and to get their hay made (twenty-five or thirty tons). The timothy grows rank on the western hill. They talk of hiring men but Percy hates to pay out money.

Percy got \$10. for lobsters	\$5.00 for albacore spearing
\$15. for herring,	\$2.00 for herring

This is supposed to go into the common box and to be shared. No sharing has been done since March. Harris says Percy's accounts are mixed and he's afraid to settle.

After the hay was hauled and the last herring gutted Harris had his dinner in the kitchen and I sat and talked with him till eleven o'clock. Harris is left handed: his cup and saucer have to be set on his left side.

"Well that Charles always wanted to see a _____ same as he wanted to see a sun fish. One day I was out on the ridge and I got hold of a bugger. I pulled him in the boat and got the hook out of him. Now, says I, there's something for Mr. Charles to see - you know they're all mouth and stomach. I chucked him in de forward box and when I got into de launch I sends Ralph up for Charles to see one of the wonders of the sea. Charles came down and looked at it and ~~he~~ turned it over. Then

he discovered sometin' I'd never noticed though I'd seen them for years. They have a false bait on their whiskers that they can stick out eighteen inches or two feet; the _____ a slow fish and he lies quiet in de mud and sticks out his decoy, when a herrin' or such like comes near he draws in his whiskers and then he jumps and snaps wit his big mouth. Charles looked him over and studied him.

"But that isn't the end of the _____ racket yet. Now, says I, we'll have some fun wid the old man. He goes round every afternoon wid a fork pickin' up the dog fish and perch and stray fish to put on de land. So Charles and I takes four or five big beach rocks and pushes them down the _____ trout into his stomach. Along comes de old man and sticks his fork into him but he couldn't lift him - Charles and me watchin' from the salt bin in de fish house. He turns him over and tries again - no go, de old man couldn't lift him. Then he sticks his fork in de belly and hears de beach rocks click.

" 'Who done that; that's a fine trick, ain't it?'

"Some of de children must have shoved beach rocks down him, says I, commin' out of de fish house, John and Charles lyin' in de salt wid dere handkerchiefs stuffed in dere mouths.

"But dey had more to laugh at dat day. De old man and Harve was breakin' out a puncheon two-thirds full of gurry and rotten pickle - booze water, John called it. De puncheon stood up on top of anoder puncheon. Harve lost his hold and de puncheon ratched back agsin the wall of de fish house, When it struck about five gallons of it swilled over de front and struck the old man fair in de whiskers. Well, you should have seen de old man cutting out of de fish house and down de launch for de salt water. John and

Charles was there. For years after that John would say to me in the kitchen at night. Remember de day Uriah got de booze water in his whiskers and him and Charles would sit and giggle like two kids.

"I haven't got a dollar now. Percy hasn't shered up since March. Percy handles de money now. First Harve handled it and Percy ssid he swindled him out of thousands and thousands of dollars. Dey fought to and fro about it. Polly and Amy (Percy's wife) didn't speak till dis spring. Percy said if Polly came down to de fish house he'd slap her in de face wid a haddock. Then George he took it and Percy claims he kept some of de money back. I didn't know nothing about it but one day Perc and me was on de ridge fishing and we got talkin' about it and I says, 'Did he keep back twenty-five dollars?'

" 'Twenty-five dollars,' ssays he, 'more dan dat, a lot of money, man.' Now Perc keeps de money. Yes, my son, now dat settles dat.

May: "Percy got \$34. today. He only accounted for \$25. I'll see Mr. Percy about that." She made a note on an old envelope: lobsters ten dollars, fifteen for herring, two more for herring from Barkhouse, five for trying to spear the albercore for the Americans and three for ice. "Tonight when I was over dere he says I'll put in de lobster money if you'll put in the board money you got from de people you kept over night." (May)

"De dirty brute!" (Harris) (His jocular expression for everything: there is no malice in Harris.)

"Why don't you keep the money, Harris?" (me)

"I couldn't keep no man's money. Look, I couldn't keep

no man's money. Look here, when I got anyone's money I'm that nervous I can't do anything. Then if I couldn't account for five or ten cents I'd hear about dat for years. Why here two years ago a man on de main (Exp. On the main - main land) giv me two hundred dollars to buy rum off de vessel. I got ~~the~~ Finks to help me but I made them take over dere money. They went out an got it but do you spose they'd take it on the main on the ~~night~~ named night. They was scared, the dirty brutes! I giv the man back his two hundred dollars."

The rum running episode -

"Three year ago a man came to me and asked me if I'd help him hide some rum here on de island. I said I would. He was going to land ten thousand gallons in five and ten gallon kegs. I told him I couldn't ~~handle~~ so much but to bring some. I got Eddie and Willis Fink to help me. I was wishin' John and Charles was here to help me, they'd have been de boys. Well, he come off de Sand Cove and he bring it ashore by dory loads and me and de Finks carried it up and hid it in de woods. It was hard work, Mister. Dem five gallon kegs weighs about ~~one~~^a hundred and twenty-five pounds and de ten gallons about two hundred and fifty. Den we took twenty-five kegs and bored a hole in de Finks hay mow and not a soul on de island but us know'd it was dere. It was a bright moonlight night."

May: "And I never put in such a night in my life. There was the wheelbarrows crunching around on the gravel and if Ralph or Percy or Harvey had got wind of it den it was all up."

Harris: "When dere fishin' everyone's dead on de island from eleven till half past two yet. A man can do anything den. I was to get six kegs for landin' dem but de poor bugger he lost his boat and when he cum for de rum and says how much do you want,

I says I don't want nuthin'. I had sport enough out o dat racket to pay me. So I took nuthin'. Yes, my son, well, dat settles dat."

Exp.: The blood was in back of de shingles yet.

The light on Green Island was built after dat yet.

Mum or mump fish.

Conversation: "Well, we had the world's most famous stink on the island yesterday. I tried to follow the Fink's cart up the road yesterday but I had to give up or I'd have lost my dinner. I couldn't believe the stink was coming from the cart because the two Fink men was walking alongside it."

Uriah in rebuttal: "They tells me them toilets in de house stinks somethin' awful. My woman she lived in Halifax and she told me it nigh made her sick till she got used to it. De people in de house was used to it."

"No, they don't stink. You flush it out with water."

"Don't dey stink while you're sittin' on dem."

"No."

"Where does dey have dem, in de cellar?"

"No, next to your bedroom."

"Ain't that awful, ain't it. Now I owns a house in Lunenburg and de people wants ~~me~~ one put in dere kitchen. Wouldn't that spoil the cookin', ain't it? I tinks the place for dem machines is in de cellar." (Uriah)

Harvey: "We don't mind dem fish stinks but if us fellows goes into a horse stable we can't stand it. It is all de kind of stink you're used to."

Uriah: "That it is, ain't it."

Exp.: De bread is all, de fish is all, de wood is all, to go with, to set him over on de main.

Harvey: "I made a smoke for Harris to come in (he was on de Rock for line fish) when we struck de herrin'."

"If Mather wants us to come off, he makes a smoke or shoots some kind of a flare in de night." (These people are forever watching.)

From Uriah and Howard Baker (Herman Island).

Years and years ago George and Edward Young (Uriah's father and uncle) and _____ Baker (Howard Baker's grandfather) went to Green Island for sea ducks in January. When they got there the ice closed in the bay and they were cut off. There was no light on Green Island then nor no house, only a little shelter hut and it was bitterly cold. No trees grow on Green Island and there are no beaches for drift wood to wash ashore. The men were in desperate straits. They rationed themselves but in four days their bread was all. Towards night they used to chip bits off the building and heat flat rocks to lie on at night. They had no cover, they feared to go out in the biting cold. They tried to eat raw or partly cooked sea duck when the bread was all but sickened of that. The people on the main would watch with glasses for the faint curl of smoke towards evening and would say, "They're alive yet, God help them." On the seventh day the tide opened a water way. They got the boat off and made as far as Ironbound. Next day the ice opened and they made Blanford and home, the boat half full of frozen sea-duck.

Harris in the kitchen: "I almost turned in my number since you was here. Eddie and I went over on de western side of de island in de sand cove to cut some rock weed. We got de dory loaded but de tide fell and we couldn't push her off. I went over for Perc and Willis to help us. We pushed her off and den Willis

ssid: "Let's put on anoder barrow load, she'll carry it all right. I'll go any man's dare. We loaded her heavy and pushed off: dere was quite a lop runnin'. We pulled round de point, Eddie in de bow and me amidship. We was low: I stood up and see a lot of water in de stern. "Eddie," says I, "dis dory's filling, she's goin' to swamp."

"No," says he, "dats only de drain off de weed."

Presently I looks again and she was nigh full.

"Eddie," says I, "we're sinkin'."

We was just abreast of de house den and Perc and Willis followin' along de shore. "What'll we do," says he, and began hollerin' and yellin'.

"I'm goin' to stick by de dory," says I.

"I'm goin' to jump," says he, and he took one of dem long nine foot oars and stuck it under both arms and jumped. I tried to fork ~~off~~ off some of de dung but ~~net~~ it was no use, de dory sunk under me, trowed me out, dumped de weed and turned bottom up. I kin swim two or three strokes but no more. I got hold of de dory and just managed to climb on her bottom. Now, my son, it's hard to stay on a slippery dory's bottom in a lippy sea. Dere was a little lap ridge stuck out on each side of de bottom and I dug my fingers around they. Eddie he drifted out to the northward in de tide. His arms turned right stiff so de oar couldn't come out or he'd have been lost. It was perishing cold. Harve and Percy pushed off a boat and cum for us. They picked up Eddie first for I could hang on. He near died that night. Such shrieking and yellin' you never heard among de women. Yes, my child, that settles that, yes, that settles that."

Exp. Quite a swag of a sea in de sout-east cove. (Uriah)

A jag of herring.

They all drive one another except Harris who ~~lets~~ lets no man excel him. Percy and Uriah the driving forces. Uriah still king. On a rough morning when the boys are debating at the launch whether to go out, Uriah comes down and says: "When I was a young man I used to go out in weader twice as bad as dis." Then they set off. (Alan Langille)

"The old man's never happy except when dere's fish on the floor." (Harris)

The love of money is the root of all evil. On that side they are weak. They suspect and mistrust one another in money matters though they are all essentially honest.

They have a passion for retrieving or salvaging something from the sea. Harris and George with a boat load of nets and four quintals of fish grapnel the casses of alcohol thrown over from the rum runners. Boxes of salmon and rolls of book binding paper from the _____ wrecked away down to the eastward.

Wednesday, August 4th.

Herring today in the seine again off the southeast cove, a little to the eastward toward Lynch's cove. Youngs and Finks joined up with the Blanford crew and shot a big seine. Alan and I fished on the shoal to the eastward and caught thirty cod.

In the evening hunted Percy's steer and found him alone and waterless near Eastern End. Hewas in bad condition and the crows were circling near. On flat island the crows pick out the eyes of the sheep so that they starve and die, whereupon the crows have a banquet. Dorothy and I circled the western fence along Fink's strip and May and Vera followed around the eastern
~~one foot~~

cliff. The spruce woods are thick. In the cut off places young firs are sprouting up. There is a scattering of yellow birch, maple and beech and dogwood. In the heart of the wood there is a great cranbeery bog and along the cliff crowberry makes a soft mat five inches deep. Wood sorel and twin flower are among the spruces and through the crowberry masses the pink cranberry vine pushes up its blossoms. In places fireweed is massed.

We drove the little steer through the thick woods till we met Percy and we dragged him down to the cow pasture, I pulling by ears and a bit of cod-line about his neck and Percy pushing on his buttocks.

Seasonal employments:

Spring - Mackerel Cod fishing Planting Lobsters (Lobsters kept in the car - boats call for them)	Fall - Cod fishing Mackerel going south Herring Cabbage Making kraut Getting potatoes Drying fish Selling fish
Summer - Cod fishing Gardens Selling Herring Hay-making (Trips to Lunenburg or Chester loaded with herring and produce - bring back salt and herring barrels.)	(Boat loads of cabbages and kraut to Chester, Lunenburg, Dover, Mill Cove, Mahone Bay, etc.) Winter - Wood Nets to repair Boats to repair Ducks

Careys: Alan's boy had one tied by a string and let it fly a little bit at a time. It is a bird somewhat larger than a robin, of a bluish grey colour all over, and stinks of oil and liver. (Mother Carey's Chickens - The Stormy Petrel) The woods and turf about the cliff's edge are full of them. They are night flyers and in the dark about Harris's house one hears ~~them~~ their

continual whir and chatter. Green Island is full of them so that it is impossible to dig a well for they stink up the water with their evil odour. In fog and a gale of wind they are always on the sea and follow the fishing boats to pick up guts or liver. Sometimes they are close to the boats in a cloud and with an oar one can knock down a dozen. The gulls eat them; sometimes the maw of a big gull is stuffed with Careys. Harris shot a mess of big gulls for Percy but they stank so of Careys in their stomach that they couldn't eat them. "When I'm out on a day foggy and blowin' half a gale de Careys is tick and when I'm comin' in and lose de Careys I know's I'm past Green Island." (Harris) (A fisherman's mark.)

Dorothy: "I have to stomp the kraut."

"What with, your feet?"

"No, with a big stomper."

May: "In the old days the girls used to stomp it wid their feet."

Uriah said he'd drown himself if George built himself a house for the people on de island would say they couldn't get on togeder and dere wives couldn't agree. (George lived in half of Uriah's house.)

Harris: "He told George he'd drown himself agin if he went away but de old man's still here."

The Grampus - The Bull - fine names for shoals. One-half fathom at low water.

Mather's ~~stone~~ never leaves Green Island when the Rock is breaking. (A fisherman's sign.)

How deep a shoal will break in a gale.

It always takes all of Willis's fish to make up what Eddie hails, that is announces on arrival at launch.

Uriah in the fish house as he salted:

"yes, I had some pretty close shaves in my time. Once I was on a vessel when she up sot. I said to the captain three times, 'Captain, you're carryin' too much on, you're going to upset her.' He said, 'Slap it to her, carry on.' He had her lee rail under all de time. Presently a gust of wind come out of de nor-west and over she went flat on her beam ends, her sails layin' flat in de water. De captain was very brave before but now he lost all his courage. He wanted all six of us to get into a little single dory with one small pair of paddles. I never was scared of nuthin' and I ses to him, 'Get in de dory if you want but I won't go wid. I stays wid de vessel.' Den some of the men says they'll stay wid de vessel, too. Den I gets a couple of dem and we goes and slacks de halliards and pulls in de sails. I ses to them, 'If we gets de sails in and de bow drifts round perhaps a big sea will right her.' Well, we gets de sails in, de sea breaking over us all de time, first de main sail and den de foressail. De captain he done nuthin' but hang on to de wheel: I was really captain and de men done what I said. Sure enough when we hauled de sails in wid de down hauls de bow drifted off, a big sea struck her under the quarter and righted her. Den we put de foresail and jib on her and off we ran for Blandford. De wind breezed up again. 'Captain,' I ses, 'you'll upset her agin.' 'Down jib,' says he, 'and reef the foresail.' He listened to me dat time all right. So we runned into Blandford under a reefed foressail."

"Another time me and my ~~brether~~ brudder was upset in a boat off de Ravens Hole. I shot some ducks ~~and de captain~~ on de Eastern

End and we went off in de dory to get dem. We went in too close and a big sea carried us in on de rocks, smashed her gunwale and upshot her. Sim he got hold of de rocks and clum out but I hung on to de dorry and de undertow sucked me out. De paddles washed ashore and Sim he got dem and when de next big sea washed me in Sim stuck out de paddles. I grabbed one and he wharfed me in over de rocks. It was in March and perishing cold but we watched our chance and when a sea brought de dory in we grabbed her and drug her out. De toe pins was all broke out of her but we got some spruce bows, stuck 'em in, launched her and rowed her home. When we was just abreast of de Grampus I found I hadn't any mittens. 'Sim,' says ses I, 'Iv- 'I've lost my mittens.' Yes sir, my mittens was gone and good mittens they was, too. Yes, that they was. I never knowed when or where I lost 'em. When we got to de launch our clothes was all freezed stiff."

Harris in the kitchen, sitting on the floor by the wood box (his favourite place) smoking his pipe - Was Charles a spy.

"Lots o' people tought Charles was a spy. He certainly did queer tings. He used to go long walks at night, come in two and tree in de morning, said he had headaches. Him an' Johnny had a path cut to de western end through de woods."

"He'd be devil enough to do queer things to make the people talk."

"Maybe, maybe. He was here when de submarines was out. Harvey and May seen it steamin' in here to de eastward when dey was comin' from Blanford. You mind when it sunk de vessels. Well dey had to get gas and oil somewhere. Dere was a light always blinkin' in Chester. Dr. _____ done dat, his wife was a German woman, dey carried him off afterwards. Well, Mrs. Fink said dere was

a light showin' down under de cliff and de folks on de main in Blandford and Deep Cove and New Harbour said so too and dey got ~~talking~~ talking about it and said Charles was a spy and showin' light for de submarines. Well, I ses to myself, 'It's queer if anything goes on on dis island widout me knowin' about it.' Well one night Charles acted queer, he fussed around and about nine o'clock he says it's time we all was in bed - he never goes before half past ten or eleven, sittin' round de kitchen talkin'. 'Well', says I to myself, 'tonights de night. If he's showin' lights he'll show 'em tonight.' So we all goes to bed but I soon slips out in my socks right early and goes to de back door. Den I pulls on my boots and goes down by de launch to watch. I couldn't see no lights. I stayed dere a long time and presently came up de road. Den I heard a lot of whispering: I crept up de path. Anapest and de Fink girls had dere heads out of de window watchin', too. I couldn't see nuttin'. I watched awhile den it was about one o'clock. I went in de hall and called, 'Charles', tree times. On de tird call he says, 'Hello, what'. He was in bed asleep. I says, 'I tot I heard somethin' drop in your room and that your dog was out.' Charles had a dog then and used to keep him under his bed. He never knowed why I called. Yes that settles that story, my child."

Percy, setting a net on a fine afternoon. "It's a wise man that puts on his oil pants on a fine day."

Uriah, gutting herring. "Canaan to de nor'east of Egypt, sin't it?"

"Yes." (A guess)

"I knowed it was cause de Children of Israel always talked about goin' down into Egypty and up to de promised land. Now we says here go up to Halifax to de eastward and down to Lunenburg to de westward."

Conversations in the fish house about money, life insurance, investments. Their greed makes them easy gulls for fake stock promoters. Harvey lost all his money and some of Uriah's investments in Western Lands: two years ago Huebler came and took twelve hundred dollars off the island to invest in the fake Russell Scott Company, Toronto.

The turf above the cliff is matted with crowberry vines, through the tender green spikes the cranberry pushes its pink blossoms, four petalled with a tall brown pistil spike. Within the woods in early August are twin flowers and wood sorrel with its wonderfully ~~pr~~ purple veined flowers.

Uriah in the fish house: "Once a vessel, a vessel from de West Indies, came ashore in de dog holes to the westward of south east cove. Three niggers got ashore on a piece of de deck dat broke off. De mate was ~~drowned~~ drowned and dey said de captain went down in his cabin and never came up. De three niggers said another one jumped over on a rope to see how deep it was. When dey pulled him up he froze. His feet cum ashore in his boots some days after and my uncle Edward ^{buried} ~~hurried~~ dem in de field near the light.

(Ghost of a bootless nigger looking for his feet: the Careys shrieking at night, "Where's my feet and boots?")

(Uriah meets the footless nigger when he goes to stake out the bull.)

The women singing in the fish house.

Hauling the nets at sunrise.

Harvey as we salted herring: "I don't see no religion in those old whoring stories in de old Testament. Why if you had a novel with such like stuff in it you wouldn't let de children get hold of it.

Now if a man could follow the teachings of Jesus Christ he'd have somethin' but I don't take no stock in old David and Solomon whoring with their concubines nor these old patriarchs stealing sheep from one another by tricks."

An extended argument as they gutted herring over the Annapolis Valley where George lives and Ironbound. Percy and the old man vs. Harvey. Harris says nothing. The old man thinks Ironbound the best spot on earth. Harvey says, "It's de people makes de place. Look at Wilson and Crooks, could dey make Ironbound go. Den de Youngs come and dey worked and Ironbound a good place.

Harvey in the boat hauling nets 5 a.m. off Sou'west Gutter Rock - Saturday: "The old belief in ghosts and haunts is dying fast. We used to have an old fellow come to make shoes for us, a travelling cobbler. He could tell ghost stories and he'd get so excited he'd stand up and race about the room and shake his fists. He could make the hair start on your head.

"Johnny Pubincover was a ghost catcher."

"How did he catch them?"

"In a bag. There was one haunted ~~room~~ round Blandford and the folks there got Johnny Pubincover to come and catch him and take him out to Flat Island. One night the boys was out there and the ghost got in the boat with them, The boat went right down, only gunwale clear, and stayed with them till they got to Blandford.

"_____Levy rowed the devil from Little Tancook to Big Tancook. He sat in the stern (compare driving through Granite

Village wood at midnight.)"

Friday.

The Youngs gibbed fish all day and put in six loads of hay from Wilson's Hill between four and sun-down.

Mr. Wilson the baptist minister came from Tancook to hold service. He preached in Harris's parlour and all the women and children were gathered by 8:30. All were dressed in their best. Dorothy and May wore their new hats though the meeting was in their own house. What a polishing and scrubbing. Lily Langille played the organ and Mildred Fink (Willis's daughter) was so annoyed that she said she wouldn't come. We sang the old evangelical hymns. The minister began the service in the south-east corner sweating terribly by the heat of the mantle lamp his predecessor had sold Harris. (Thus do we suffer for the misdeeds of others.) Before he began to preach he complained of the heat, the front door was opened, a new lamp was fetched, Mrs. Willis was moved and the person was installed in the northwest corner where he still sweated. He kept licking his lips. He read a passage from Exodus about Manna (what is it) and a passage from the new testament about manna and the new birth. His discourse was very good. He described the miracle of manna (the islanders love miracles and mysteries and tales of horrors) and went on to say that the miracle of the manna was nothing compared to the miracle of the New Birth. He told a long story from a book he had read, Harold Bigbee's "New Born Men", of a guardsman, a police officer, who had the new birth. He was a vicious person who took a girl out, raped and tried to murder her, hated his wife, threatened her life each day, hated his child and was converted at the third trial by the

Salvation Army. (Are such vicious people ever converted or is viciousness an inherent thing with some physical motivation such as improper gland secretion.) After the service he turned first to me and said: "Are you on the right side?" I said, "I don't know." Then followed a long talk. Buddy went to sleep and had to be carried out. Harris in his blue shirt and woolen underwear listened from the dining room in company with Alan L.

Dorothy the new generation longing to get away from Ironbound - Orders to T. Eaton - the Green hat bought in Lunenburg. Miss Mason the dress maker arrives in Eddie's boat en route for Tancook and stays four days. Materials, remnants, bought from the pedlars pack. Striped heliotrope and jade.

The argument between Uriah and Harvey on education in the fish house and the merits of the late teacher. Interference of parents. The New school house.

Expressions: Thick-a fog, Kench, tierce, quintal, puncheon, his'n, paddles, wash board.

Harris Fink's wife a Wanbolt from Fort Mouton.

Anapest a sister of Harris's father.

Noble Melville the hired man who made the hay. He had been on Ironbound twenty-five years before. He had been watching the light for Mather and the flour got low, only one barrel. He was sent in a boat to Tancook, got two barrels and was shut in there for a week, the ice opened and he got to Ironbound and stayed another week, then got out to Pearl Island. The fight between Harris and Nable on the launch. Afterwards he had gone to Montreal to become a stationary engineer and was sent to Blandford for his health.

"When my boys was growin' up I hired the teacher and paid it all and boarded her for a dollar a week. John Fink wouldn't pay nuthin'. My fader he learned his boys himself and when I didn't pay attention he giv me a clip on de ear. When I went to church wid de oder boys he said, "Now behave yourself," and I never forgot dat. Yes, he said, "Behave yourself".

Uriah begins to talk getting in hay at noon, Harvey and Percy demur - the clover is too green. He renews the attack at one and two. At two-thirty Harris is sent off, at three Percy goes, at four Harvey when the last fish is salted. Uriah still the general of work. "Why I stood on dat beach and gibbed macerel two nights and a day wid nar a wink of sleep."

Polly singing hymns as the women gib in the fish house.

{Uriah} "My broder and me and a hired man gibbed thirty barrels of herrin' before daybreak, it's a funny ting if dis crew can't gib forty barrels before midnight. I never worked on Sunday and my fader never worked before me and I won't work on Sunday." No one looked at clocks and the old man left at one a.m. when the last herring was salted.

Old salt out of the Lunenburg vessels home from the banks.

It takes two weeks for the salt to strike the herring.

Tubs of guts are flung over the new cut hsy land.

The old house:

In the old house lived George and Edward Young. George had at least three boys, Uriah, Simon and _____, and one girl (old Mrs. Levy present at meeting in Harris's house). Edward has five or six children. How did they crowd in. In the early days Harris says men and women slept together. Girls used to come for the potato hoeing and slept up in the unfinished loft with the sharesmen. Marjorie, one of the potato girls, had three children but never got a man. When someone remonstrated with her she said, "It was made for the use of man and man's going to have it." Marjorie was a pretty girl and only died two years ago. One of her girls married a Levy who made money on Cross Island but who gave up and bought a house in Lunenburg where they now live. She refused to own her mother ~~in her~~ when her mother died.

The old house has three floors, the cellar, the eastern end of which was finished to be lived in, the foundation is of massive slate blocks. On the ground floor are two big rooms and two or three smaller rooms. In the west room is a big fireplace with a slate fire stone and a great iron on which to hang pots. The staircase bends in a curve and upstairs in the loft the sharesmen and Marjorie and the potato girls slept. The old house tells a story of the primitive life they led. Half is owned by the Finks and half by the Youngs. Anapest inherited her share from Edward who died intestate. There is an original old chair, shelves, cupboard and milk racks, the fireplace is fine. Grey it stands with a broken chimney and broken windows.

Harris in the kitchen: "What about this ghost catcher Harve was telling me about this morning. I was almost seasick and

(People fearless in face of danger but panicky about ghosts and spirits) couldn't listen."

"He took de ghost to Green Island and its always been haunted. I stayed out dere two nights with Mather and one night it was blowin' half a gale. One of de glasses was cracked and we thot de rain might blow in and we decided to stand _____ watches. I had de **first** watch. Mather he gets in bed and in a minute he was snorin'. He was an awful man to go to sleep quick. Well, I lights my pipe and keep awake. In about five minutes there was the awfulest racket up in de lamp, glass smashing, heavy tings fallin' and glass rattlin' down de steps.

" 'Mather,' I yells, 'de lamp's smashed all to hell.' Out he jumps and runs up de stairs and me after him and der was de light burin' peaceful and **everything** everyting calm and in order. Down we goes and Mather gets in bed **again** agin and lights his pipe. He was an awful man to smoke in bed. In two or three minutes the awful bangin' and smashin' began agin, glass clatterin' as if someone had took a stick and smashed a shelf full of lamp chimneys and throwed them down de stairs and pounded wid iron and throwed beach rocks on de floor. Out o' bed cuts Mather and up de stairs and me after him. Dere was de lamp burning calm and peaceful and nuthin' broke or out o' place. Down he goes and he says nuthin' but no sleep did we get dat night. I stayed dere wid him three weeks and never heard nuthin' like dat agin."

Alan: "I stayed alone on Green Island **one** night."

"How was that?"

"I was keepin' de light for Mather while he went to Lunenburg. Coming home in de fog he missed de island and made in to de northward and made Ironbound and stayed dere all night."

"Wasn't you scared?"

"Not scared, but I certainly did feel queer, not like I was in a music hall or a company of people. Arter it ~~eam-~~ cum dark I thinks I'll get a book and have a good read. Mather has lots of books. I picked out a big fat one wid a red cover (one books much like anoder to me). Boy, it was full of pictures of devils (Harris' ~~edditien~~ edition of Dante's inferno with illustrations by Gustav Dore which he had bought from a pedlar on account of the pictures and lent Mather). Boys, I slammed dat book away quick."

"When de builder (Harris) made de foundationjs for de light on Green Island he said things wasn't as dey should be. No my son, dey wasn't as dey should be. Along about from six to sevn down where de women was washin' dishes there used to be de awfullest ~~=~~ uproar on de shore by de launch. Men shoutin' and cursin' and **Bangin'** about. Mather's daughter came down to stay with him and when she was washing de dishes she heard it and comes runnin' over to de shore. Mather says, 'Go back my child, dat's ~~at~~ nuthin'."

"John and Henry Brunner de cobblers was de fellows to tell ghost stories."

Dorothy: "Mrs. Fink told me dat one night in de old house she woke up and dere by her bed was a woman spinning. She turned over and put the quilt over her head and she heard de woman go on spinning. In de morning de lamp was turned low and de blinds all pulled down."

"Did anyone ever dig for tressure here?"

"Tressure, yes."

Harris: "One morning early Edward my grand-

daddy was skirting round de western end for ducks when he saw some people digging below cow pasture point on de beach. First he thot he'd fire his big duck gun over dere heads and run back in de woods and give dem a scare. Den he decided not to. Dey was diggin' for burried treasure.

"Den dere was an old woman in Lunenburg who used to dream about gold. Twice she and a gang come down here to dig ~~se~~ on de bar. They ast de old man if dey could dig and he ~~said~~ said, 'Yes, dig all you wants if you fills de holes in.' De dug some enormous holes and filled dem all in level. Dey didn't find no gold. Dey said ~~the~~ de Youngs had found it."

(Tradition on the main of the great wealth of the Youngs. Uriah \$20,000? Percy \$15,000? George \$2,000? Harvey in debt. Harris \$4,000? and slick stock agents coming to sell bad stock and take their money wrung from the sea.)

(When did the Jews become baptists? Are the Silvers Jews? The Levys of Little Tancook.)

Saturday afternoon Harvey told me I could go up and look in the lofts in the fish houses. The big red fish house where the herring are salted was built by George Young (Uriah's father) and the planking of the floor is made from the planking of a vessel washed ashore. It is of beech, birch and maple, full of trunnels and soaked with eighty (?) years of pickle. On this first floor are perhaps sixty puncheons full of codfish, pickled lobster bate, half puncheons and half barrels and a great salt bin. Upstairs on the second floor the ceiling is about sixty-four inches high; it is lathed and plastered now falling,

and has a fire place and stove. Urish lived here three years after he married. His new house has been built fifty years. There was a wonderful collection of stuff: nets, lobster pots, paint cans, bricks, decoys, twine, buoys, a stove, nail kegs, boxes of hooks, rope, sails, tanbark (there was a pleasant smell of tar and tan bark -hemlock?), blocks, oars, net floats, tubs of trawl, lines, albercore harpoons, lathes, ~~barrs~~, batteries in the closet, hanging weighing scales, yoke (oxen).

It must have been cold for Urish and his young wife in the loft of the fish house.

Wrecking the City of Brunswick and the Lady of

_____ - The Lady of Gaspe.

Wreck of the Bohemian from which whole pigs, salmon and bookbinding cloth floated. All along the coast from Blandford to _____ the little boys wore suits of book-binding cloth.

Harris: "I got a good divvy ."

Ghosts - May at table: "You know Harris had this house let to Mrs. B _____ before we lived in it and when we came they all said we couldn't live in it because it was haunted. Something came and smashed up a chair and stuck the rungs into that cupboard there and they used to tell me that the quilts would be twitched off me at nights. Well, I came and Harris had to sleep over with the sharesmen and I was many a night in the haunted house alone. Well whenever Harris was away there'd be awful knockin' and groanings and sometimes furniture smashed. Once when Harris was upstairs painting in de night something came and rolled beach rocks in de front

door and along de hall."

Dorothy: "That was a live ghost and daddy's a bad man to play ghost with."

May: "Well one night Harris was home and there come an awful bangin' on the front ~~door~~ of de house. Harris grabbed his long duck gun and stuck a shell in ~~it~~ and runned out de back door, only he went round de wrong side of de house: Harris went round de western side of de house and de ghost round de eastern side. When Harris come round the front of de house he heard de ghost's boots on de roadway. He let fly wid his gun as best he could in de night and there was a clatter of glass. Next morning de glass was knocked out of de old house and we never had no more ghosts."

"What was it?"

"Someone on de island still on de island trying to scare me away from de house so he could buy de property cheap."

May: "De fish house, de big red store, is hanted all right. Mamma was weedin' in de cabbage patch one morning early and an old man walked down de stairs and stood in de door-way. He had white whiskers."

"Sometimes when the squid are coming over on de beach by de launch Harris stays over in de store in a hammock and one night he heard an awful noise as if someone had dumped a load of beach rocks on de floor."

Uriah re ghosts: "Dere here but you can't grab dem."

Spirits and witches on Tancook. The old woman who made calves and pigs sick and made the harness fall off horses,

chairs break and the yokes fall off oxen so that the men couldn't work in the field.

Niggerpond: In winter the Ironbound children say, "We're goin' to skate on Nigger Pond." Between the two little ponds in a sandy mound where old Edward Young buried the nigger and a white man who came in from the wreck. He put bones and fragments into two fish boxes, carefully separating the white man's fragments and bones from the nigger's (the nigger's bones was right yoller - Anapest -) read a piece of de bible over them, mumbled a few prayers and buried them by nigger pond. He untangled and sorted the remains to avoid complications on Resurrection Day. He didn't want the white man to rise a piebald with a white left and a blue right leg.

Later another nigger's feet came ashore in his boots and Edward Young buried these in the field below the light. When the Carey's shriek on foggy gusty nights a footless nigger flits over the field with a spark of light looking for his feet.

Mather: "Percy said that when the Finks gets a good catch of fish he can't sleep that night."

Mather: "I've got \$50. I laid aside and when I get my leave I'm goin' on de main for ten days of sinful pleasure."

Mather going to bed - He slips off his pants, lets them fall ~~em~~ in a heap on the floor and turns in all standing under a feather bed (German custom).

Mather and I sat in the lighthouse tower till one-thirty blathering and swapping lies. I read him the passage

from Othello (Othello's account of his ~~will~~ wooing) and the passage from The Tempest, "Our little life is rounded with a sleep". He recited, " Hostler Joe", a well written sentimental ballad.

"Then months passed and came a baby" (Mather's note in passing - He had her knocked up.)

Harris sitting on crowberry vines and cranberry flowers on the edge of the cliff above the dog-holes: "We used to sleep in de sharesman's room in de old man's house. Some stink, five double beds and two men in each bed and their dirty clothes hangin' on de wall waiting to be washed. When you'd come in from the fresh air it would almost knock you down. There was **only** one little window. _____Richardson was the worst man to f_____ I ever heard. He could toot off "God Save the King". Well with Richardson f_____g and no ventilation it was no wonder we turned in late and rolled out early. George and Percy used to sleep there but Harve had a little room to himself wid no window. He had a little window cut in de door and that was all the air he got."

(Mather's comment, "When Ury built dat house he built it for a consummation trap.")

Harris: "Den a feller came from de main and fetched bed-bugs. I didn't know what dey was but I felt dem crawling over me. I showed dem to a feller and he said dems bed bugs, de place is swarmin' wid dem. He pulled down an old fur cap from a hook and turned down de flaps; dere was hundreds of dem. De girls was too young to keep de place clean and de old woman was worked to death. When I told de old woman about de bed bugs she had de beds torn out, some of de ticks burned and de floors

painted and de cracks kerosened. Dat ended de bed-bug story. Right after de bed-bugs cum anoder sharesman from de main wid small pox. He had white pussy pimples all over him. He said it was hives. We didn't know no better. Well I got dem and one day I went off to Chester with Harv for a load of barrels and on de way back I was like to die. Den we found out we had small pox. Everyone soul on de island had it but de old man was only sick two days. Man, you couldn't lay de point of dat pencil anywhere on my face between dem pimples. It dried up after a while: it wasn't de bad kind, de black small pox."

"Well, tree weeks after we got over de small pox Perc and me was loadin' duck shells upstairs. Dere was two open kegs of black powder in de room. Dem days we used to bore a hole in a hard woob block, make a small deeper hole in de bottom so de cap wouldn't explode and sake the powder . I cum down on one cartridge wid a sledge, it went off and almost blowed me tru de window. Some of de burning waddin' lit on de powder kegs and if Perc hadn't snatched it off quick we'd of blowed de end out of de old man's house. My face and arm was burned bad but not so bad as de time I was splitin' de beech log. I bored a hole, put in de powder, tamped it down, and made a powder monkey for a fuse. Now a powder monkey must be wet but not too wet or it won't burn, and dry but not too dry or it'll go fizzy quick. I made dis one too dry and it fized and de plug busted thru de rim of my hat and de powder burned my face and all de skin off my right arm and set my coat a fire. De only ting dat saved me was dat de core of dat log was punky and de punk blowed out at both ends."

Topics: The school house.

How Uriah over-reached himself on the lighthouse.

Uriah had thirteen children, six are dead of consumption, seven alive. May is tubercular, Harris's father and mother died of consumption, George's wife died of tuberculosis and Percy's wife, her sister, is threatened. Nothing could kill Uriah. This generation lives better. Compare old house and Harvey's.

George had sixteen children, only four lived, Uriah, Cyrus, Simeon, Mrs. Levy. Twelve were still born. The pregnant mother worked up to the ~~birth~~ birth of each.

Herring gulls swarm on Green Island and drive off all other small birds and even crows and ravens; not a ~~fewer~~ plover nor a curlew do they allow to land. They are saucy and courageous and on your passage from launch to light fly above you, dart down within a few inches of your head with a fierce grating squeak, plane above you and let their droppings fall on you. The swallows are too fleet for them and come each year to build in boat house and barn. When the old ones fly off to the main and the fog shuts in they never come back till the fog lifts even if they have young in the nest.

Mather: "I fed young in a nest for five days while the old ones was on the main in a fog: caught flies and gave them."

Mather: "The fishing boats swarm round Harris like a flock of Careys around a junk of liver. He's the best fisherman hand liner on the Atlantic Coast. He always goes alone and never where there's another boat. He throws a whole mess of guts

and old fish over to bait them up, gets his bearings from buoys, lights or houses on the main and next day puts his boat on that spot. One day Eddie Finck and he struck de fish; they was gettin' two big fish on each pull. A blandford boat came to them. 'Don't pull up your line, Eddie,' said Harris. The Blandford boat jogged long side them. 'Any fish!' 'A scatterin' small one,' said Harris and him with his line on bottom with two big cod hooked fast on it. He started fishing when the Blandford boat got out of sight and come home with five quintal of big fish in his pens.

"Lies man, everyone lies about ducks and lobsters. You can't believe any man about where they are or how many they're getting. Hush man. Why old Cyrus Young come out to Ironbound duckin' one day just as the Young boys was pushin' off the launch to go gunnin'. Cyrus was dere own uncle Ury's brother. "Where's de ducks, boys?" "Out round Flat Island and de Bull." "Is dey any bedded on de Rock (Northeast shoal)?" "Haven't seen none."

Now de sea-ducks was bedded by thousands on de Rock and de Young boys knew it but do you suppose dey'd tell dere old uncle. De boats came round the sou-west rock together and Cyrus's boat was to windard. Percy's boat was faster but he jogged his boat and loffed her up and kept his sail between the old man and de Rock so de old man wouldn't see dem. Dey parted at sou-west gutter and Cyrie sailed over to Flat Island and got nary a feather.

De Young boys goes down to de Rock where they knowed de sea-ducks was bedded, got out dere decoys and duck tub and shot a hundred and forty sea-ducks."

Percy's ruse on Joshua Fink.

"Josh Finck had his seine in de boat one day and wa' going to shoot her for herring. Percy went out on Sou-west gutter rock and saw de herrin' schools on de shore. Now if Josh got off first he'd shoot his seine around that school of herrin' and get dem all. Percy ran through the woods, crouched, crawled on his belly across de south-east cove bar, got on de eastern end and came down de road by de light waving his hat and shoutin', 'De herrin' 's here, quick get de seine in de boats.' Josh was all ready and he pushed off with Eddie and Willis. Naturally seeing Percy come from de east he thought the herrin' was on de eastern end and he went round the east end. De Youngs tore round, got dere seine in de boat, rowed like hell round de western end and shot dere seine round sixty barrels of herrin' in de sheer net cove before Josh got round de island."

After that exploit Mather nicknamed Percy, "Muskrat Young". Percy is handsome and admirable but has all the avarice of the Jew.

Israel Baker and his wife Sophia - "Israeel's Soph on Tancock went to the Hackmatack where some Americans gave Sophia an evening dress with a train, a ~~kimono~~ kimono and for Israel an old dress suit. Next Sunday morning they appeared in Baptist Church, Sophia in the evening dress and

Israel in the battered dress-suit. In the evening she wore her kimono." Mather of Mather's poem.

Mather sets a trawl and one net not so much to get fish as for the fun of fishing and an excuse to gossip with the boats and get the news. His wife keeps one eye on him and he doesn't like to go to Chester or even Ironbound without her consent. He sets out from the island and visits boat after boat on the pretext of buying bait. Joggs up along side and gets the gossip from Tancook. Just as one saunters down street in a town and stops to chat at the corners. He is very shrewd at checking one story against another and getting the essential truth. First he visited Israel Slaughenwhite who was hand lining to get a few fish for winter with his son a handsome rosy cheeked young man with gold fillings in his teeth.

"Well Israel, how are you?"

"Not much Mather."

"I heerd you was sick last winter. What did you have?"

"Indigestion of de bowels."

"Well you certainly has failed."

"How's de cabbages?"

"Good."

"You'll teach dose Lunenburgers how to ~~see~~ grow cabbages."

"How's Dennis?" (Pearl)

"Hush man, I ain't been on Tancook in two years. I hear he's crazy."

"Get out."

"Mattie Slaughenwhite's back."

"Is Howard wid her?"

"No."

"Dere's a woman could put it over her man."

We drifted off and steamed for the net.

"That old fellow Israel Slaughenwhite left Tancook and bought a farm near Lunenburg. Hush man, he knows how to grow cabbage; he can grow them as good on ~~th~~ de main as on Tancook."

The net was empty save for three squid and a pilot fish something like a mackerel with a tail like an albercore.

"I got to get some bait. There's Howard Baker hand linin'. I'll go get some from him."

We steamed down. Mather's net was set due south from Green Island half way in a direct line from the island to de groaner buoy marked Pearl Island.

"Got any herrin' Howard? Can you sell me some bait?"

"Yes a few, how many will you be wanting?"

"Two dozen."

"I'll give them to you."

"Make it forty for a quarter."

"All right."

"Big ones, yes big fat herrin'."

"De Youngs and Finks lost all dere nets in de storm. Harris didn't have a hand full o' twine from his new deep net; head rope parted."

"Don't tell!"

"Harve and Percy saved three nets out of five fleets."

"They've got lots more. Ury keeps them mended up for de boys."

"Ury's right smart for a man seventy-six."

"How's he gettin' on wid his woman."

"All right, hush man, she's as full o' religion
as a squid's full o' poison juice."

"Dere a feller tryin' to tow in a buoy dat wen adrift
in de storm. Poor fool, he parted his rope tree times."

"Dem groaners is worth \$2500. or \$3000. He kin make
wages."

"Yes, if he gets her home. She's deep."

(Red Jebbie or 'Runover' who kept the house on
Tancook. When she sat down on a chair her fat hams ran over
the edge like rising dough over the edges of a pan, hence
'runover'.)

"Dere's anoder adrift to de eastward. Dem little ones
sin't worth savin'; a man kin make wages if he tows a big un."

We drifted away and steamed off.

"Let's go see dat feller fast to the buoy."

We steamed round the buoy marked "South East Breaker."

"Where you get hold of dat?"

"Outside."

"Where's she from?"

"Eastward of Halifax."

"Hard to tow?"

"I parted three times already. Can't run my engine
slow en~~a~~ enough."

"De wind is comin' from de sou-west, you can set your
sail."

"Will I get somethin'?"

"You'll make wages. Send in a bill for \$25., they'll

Tow her in and moor her by de government wharf off Herman's Island."

Away we went.

"I could a diddled that feller, told him to cast off dat it was my job to report driftin' buoys. I wouldn't do dat. He'll make wages."

We under-ran the trawl. It hadn't been baited for several days. No fish till near the end (He had two tubs out moored and buoyed at each end southeast and northwest.) Near the southeast end a vast shadowy form showed in the depths.

Me: "A big cod coming?"

"Jesus no, it's a halibut and I ain't got no rope. He rove the end of the painter through the hole in the gaff, drew him gently to the surface, gaffed him in the throat and together we hauled him into the boat.

Mather: "A hundred and thirty pounds, a big ~~fish~~ chicken. Boy, there's wages; twelve or fifteen dollars in that for me."

We baited up as we under-ran and steamed home. I steered and Mather sat in the bow. Whenever his eye fell on the halibut he smiled to himself, a rich juicy smile. He chortles like Colonel Parsons when he thinks of something funny.

"I'll take it in and get Percy Young to sell it for me in Chester."

"How much will he charge you?"

"I don't know, perhaps a dollar, perhaps two dollars. One

bugger out here in de boats gouged me. I got a big halibut, he carried ^{it} in to Chester, sold it for thirty dollars and charged me ten."

Next morning it was thick-a-fog and we steamed too far to the eastward and missed the net. Some Yankees fishing from a whaler hailed us.

"What's the course to New Harbour?"

"North by east," shouted Mather, and to me, "that'll clear the Rock (northeast shoal) and de eastern end ~~of~~ o' Ironbound. Den de buggers kin make New Harbour."

We steamed off to the buoy and sailed in due north, picked up the net buoy, nothing in it and took a course west $\frac{1}{2}$ south for the trawl. No halibut but three-fourths of a quintal of big cod and two goats (hake with whiskers).

"What's de course home?"

"Northeast by east."

"Good, try her."

We struck Green Island just under the light house.

Pearl or Green Island.

- 1 - light
- 2 - toilet on cliff weighed down with big rocks
- 3 - barn for cow
- 4 - oil house
- 5 boat house
- 6 - launch
- 7 - groaner to south
- 8 - net
- 9 - trawl
- 10 - Howard Baker's boat
- 11 - Israel Slaughenwhite's boat
- 12 - Yankee boat from New Harbour

Black Sim Corkum the sharesman and how Eddie got drunk at fourteen sipping Black Jack or nigger rum and how he set the thirty lobster pots close in shore. Next morning it blowed light from de southeast but his head was too big to go off and haul his pots. That night it breezed up and blew half a gale and he lost the thirty pots. Never again drunk, says he. "How I ~~managed~~ managed to crawl up de launch and into de house I never knowed. After dat I never takes more dan two drinks of rum."

Folly set her rake upright and twirled it at me as I came round the western end.

Dorothy's on de land today (Making hay).

The Fincks see a patch of floating sea-weed and steam out and fork it into their boat.

Dung - rotted sea-weed or any kind of eel grass or kelp or rockweed.

Ruth Sawler the school mistress and her conduct of the school, her flirtation in the beck seat during school hours with Wilbur Cross from Tancock.

Uriah vs. Harvey in the fish house:

Harvey: She wasn't no good."

Uriah: I says dat no parent ain't got de right to come to de school house and take out a child when de teacher's kept her in. Dat breaks down de tescher. (Shot at Mrs. Willis.)

The strap in the desk. Willis ordered it from Simpsons.

Ruth Sawler peeping out the window of Percy's house.

To under-run a trawl or a net.

A duck tub.

A snood or gugdgit or gugeon.

Haddock trawls, halibut trawls. Hush man, de Youngs is out here in de spring and sets haddock trawls all over de best ground before anyone else and if anyone else sets it's, 'lock out you'll be a foul of my trawl'." (Mather)

Ralph Breaks Joseph's Coat and the Begonia stalks on the kitchen window sill.

May: "If I'd knowed what he was doin' I'd a come out and give him a good spankin' and put him to bed and then he'd a settled himself to an anchor."

Harris: Hush now, quit talking about stalks and talk about lamps and get dem filled."

May to Ralph: "Don't tell me no lies." Her voice rose into the first shrill. She loves her plants as Harris does his garden.

Harris (to minimize Ralph's fault): I don't set no store by stalks widout flowers."

Joseph's coat suffered most.

Hezekiah Slaughenwhite and his son Aaron who married the cripple.

Green Island: There is not a tree on Green or Pearl Island and the Careys have riddled the turf with their holes. Once trees grew there for Harris says that at low water on the spring tides he has seen the stumps and roots of hardwood trees under water. There is the lighthouse, a little barn, a toilet, an oil house on the south end, and a boat house and launch on the north (te nore). Sheltered northward side. It is terribly ~~het-te~~ hard to land and launch even on a comparatively smooth day. The ground swell swirls savagely into the cleft in the reef into which the end of the launch pushes itself. Mather keeps his rum hidden beneath the planks of the boat house. A well worn path leads from launch to the light. On the southward side before the light a great stone block like a pier runs boldly out into the ocean, above it a long shelving rock inclined at an angle of perhaps twenty degrees to the sea's surface. The rock which is aqueous is laid down into thin strata but ~~heat~~ or upheaval has broken it in cracks that are perpendicular to the cleavage of the strata. The raging winter sea breaks the rocks off in pieces that are shaped like huge coffins. These ~~lie~~ lie scattered about as if workmen had orders from a hundred Pharoahs. Then comes the winter sea in the spring tides, picks up these massive coffins waighing many tons and hurls them bodily onto the

gentle slope of the shelf. They lie there as if slaves were building a pyramid and had left their blocks halfway up the inclined plane.

Mather has one cow. The bold herring gulls drive off all small birds, curlews and plover and even ravens and crows. Only swallows come that are too swift of wing to fear the gulls and Careys that burrow in the ground (and lay a single egg ?). There is no sand beneath, the island is rock girt.

- 1 - Revolving light - The new mantles
- 2 - stairs
- 19 - Upper room where Mather and I drank rum and talked
till 1:30 after the women slept
- 3 - 6 - Table where I wrote on the sly pretending I was
preparing Shakespeare lectures
- 4 - Guys
- 5-19-7 - Stairs from bedroom to upper room
- 8 - Mather's bed
- 9 - My bed
- 10 - Desk for light diary
- 11 - kitchen
- 12 stove
- 13 sink
- 14 - dining table
- 15 - outer room
- 16 - 2 cellar rooms
- 17 door
- 18 -
- 20 - bookcase

Villages on Big Tancook: Nor-west Cove, Sou-east Cove,
Back-along, Canvas town or Campertown (where rougher people
live)

Red Jennie - Runover - Mrs. Wilson.

Nothing but Levys on Little Tancook except one
Mr. Jollimore who married a Levy. It was arranged in the
old wills of the old men that land should only be sold to
a levy (Louise Mason).

Louise Mason the dressmaker who travels from island
to island.

They throw candies at the preacher from the
gallery. One Sunday a hand came in through the window and
placed a glass of rum on the pulpit of the Rev. _____,
a temperance fanatic.

Topics: A summer storm
Mather and the ram
Mather ashore sandbeach
Mather and Percy (taking your picture)
The little boy - the woman
Character sketches
Mather(the converted) and the preacher
(Sermons and Soda Water)
The Ragged Islands.

The Levy's were German Jews (Miss Mason - a matter of common knowledge)

The Pearls are probably Irish. Has O'Farrel broken down to Pearl.

Mather's Poem (Baker)

How Israel's Prayer was Answered.

Oh Lord above poor Israel cried
As he humbly knelt by Sophia's side
Oh Lord look down and hear my prayers
And cut off Gabe and all his heirs
And save the land old Jake has given
To Tim and me and Liza Jim
Again he prayed to his Majesty
Oh Keep me safe on life's rough sea
And keep my loving Sophie pure
And guard her from the tempter's lure
But ballic rot and a pochey t - t
Was the only answer Israel got
Again he prayed he prayed in vain

~~He-prayed-like-en~~

He prayed like one who prays for rain
He prayed and prayed till his knees was sore
He prayed till he vowed to pray no more
He vowed that he no more would pray
Till Gabe and Jake was took away
And the land given back to him and Jim
And a deed of the house to Liza Jim

And then he'd pray with all his might
To the Lord who doeth all things right
But until his heavenly prayer was heard
In prayer no more he'd utter a word.

(Composed alone on Pearl Island looking from the
light tower in towards Ironbound.)

On de 26th day of December
The wind from the East did blow
With hail and sleet salt water spray
And two or three inches of snow
Then the wind hauled out to South-Southeast
And blew forty miles an hour
Gee anyone's a lucky guy
Who's got plenty beef and flour
Next day de wind hauled South-Southwest
Blowing hard as before
The fog shut in at half past twelve
A mountainous sea on the shore
Toward evening then the wind hauled west
And the fog cleared up you know
I could see the light on Ironbound
Between the squalls of snow
Next day the wind came off the land
And the sea went down a bit
But cold enough to freeze your b - ls
If you went outdoors to sh - t
Towards evening the wind died out
And hauled west a little more
Oh you can't get drowned or froze to death
If you only stay on shore.

Moral.

Now all you Ironbound gunners
Take warning by this storm
And put your duck tub up aloft
And haul sea-dung on your farm
Mend your nets and make your traps
And get ready for the spring
For shooting sea-ducks in close season
Isn't a lawful thing.

The influence of poetry: "Some of the Slaughterwhites made up some poems on the Pearls," said Mather, "and Dennis come to me (Dennis is a revengeful bugger). Git to work, Mather," says he, "and make up some poems on de Slaughterwhites and I made some dandies and one fellow, Dave Slaughterwhite, had to leave the island."

Mather's father's books - the old man was an infidel and agnostic and took great joy in refuting the clergy. I found these in the kitchen closet:

Prayers for the departed

Bible Temperance - Edwin C. Walker

Crimes of Preachers in the United States and
Canada - Truth Seeker Co.

The Devil Does he Exist and What Does He Do -
Fak Father Delaporte

Marriage and Funeral Ritual - A.R. Ayres

Crimes against Criminals - R.G. Ingersoll

Will the Coming Man Worship God - B.F. Underwood

~~Byron~~ Byron - 2 vols
Milton
Tennyson
Shakespeare
Corbett
Homer's Iliad- Lovel Library
Des Brissay's History of Lunenburg Co.
A Work in Navigation
Pickwick Papers
Book of Common Prayer

The quarrel between Percy and Mather:

Harris: Mather's wife was away for awhile in Halifax and he arranged with May to have his clothes washed - you know Mather ain't none too clean. He promised May a basket of big lobsters for doin' the job. Mather left de lobsters and de clothes at de launch as he was in a hurry. Harve comes along and spies de lobsters and dey looked mighty good to him so he takes lobsters and clothes home for Polly to wash. Next day Polly had de clothes in a tub on the verandah stirrin' them up wid a stick.

"Wat you doin', Polly?"

"Washin' Mather's clothes."

"Why don't you wash them wid yr hands proper?"

"I wouldn't put my hands on dem things, they're not fit for a dog to touch. They're filthy. If I left them here on the verandah they'd walk off by theirselves."

(Thus Percy reported the conversation.)

"Percy was haulin' pots round Green Island next day and he went ashore and told Mather what Polly had said about his clothes. Mather was some mad and he jumped in his boat and put for Ironbound (it was a rough day and a ground swell) and went straight to Harve's house. Polly denied the whole thing. When Perc got back from his traps dere was some row. Dat was when Perc said dat if Polly come down to de fish-house he'd smear her wid gurry and ~~make-her~~ smack her in de face wid a haddock. Dat was tree year ago and Perc and Polly has just begun speakin' dis spring.

"Den Mather believed Polly and had it in for Percy. When Percy came round Green Island tendin' his traps Mather would hail him and when Perc looked up Mather would have his pants down and stick his bottom out over de rocks at Percy. Mather called it "takin' Perc's picture" and it used to make Percy some mad. Dat's a great trick of Mather's, he's full of de devil, he's took my picture a score of times. He'd hail me when I was right in de breakers off de launch and when I'd look up there'd be his big, round, fat bottom."

Alan: "Perc and Mather sure did sling de dirt de day de boats was fishin' togeder on de rocks. Perc was awful aggravatin'. He had it on Mather that day. Perc knowed all about him. I bet Mather could do him now he's studied up ~~his~~ Perc's pedigree.

(This accounts for Mather's poem "Mud Rat Percy" which he recited to me in the tower.)

"Mather got mad and got all hettid up and at last he picked up a sinker rock and said he'd drive it through Perc's head if he didn't shut up. Den Perc kept quiet."

Topic: A fight in the boats.

Alan: "De Tancook women was scared of Mather."

Den Slaughenwhite had six black pigs (Berkshires ?) and one night Mather whitewashed de lot and in de morning turned de white pigs all out of his pen, tot someone's pigs had broken into his pen. (Alan)

Harris, Alan and I in kitchen:

Alan: "And dian't Mather and Dennis love to play de dirty tricks on each other. One day Dennis and Mather was comin' in from fishin'. Mather went to sleep in front of de fish pen and laid his pipe on de thwart. Dennis had to do a job and as he was sittin' out over de washboard he picked up Mather's pipe and stuck de stem way up his a____. When Mather wakes up he grabs his pipe (Harris - he always do when he wakes up from sleep) and sticks it in his mouth, lights up and begins to puff and suck. 'Dat's a damn funny smell and my pipe won't draw,' says Mather. Den after he'd puffed and sucked for a long time Dennis busts out laffin' and tells him what he'd done.

"My God Mather was mad. 'I'll be even wid you, Dennis Pearl,' says he."

Harris: "Mather had to wait two years for his revenge - De Pearls is revengeful, Dennis is worse ~~in~~ dan Mather - We was all out on Green Island one day in de spring and Mather's wife was in Halifax. ~~Mater~~ Mather was de cook an' he's some uirty cook. Dennis was dere and Mather made a pot of soup. When he got de pot boillin' good he took one of his filthy old

socks - he walks round de yard in dem and gets dem full of goose and chicken s____t - and pops it into de soup.

"Dennis comes in from de ledge wid de tollers off where he'd been shootin' sea ducks, hungry as a ragin' lion.

" 'What you got for dinner, Mather?'

"Soup. I had my dinner already. Help yourself, eat it all."

"Dennis scooped de ladle into de pot and eats two or tree bowl fulls. 'My God dat's good and hot, rich too. Tastes good after lyin' on de rocks.' Mather stood behind de stove red as a turkey cock, ready to bust. He'd tipped me off not to eat any soup and to say I'd had dinner. On de last ladle full Dennis fished up de old sock.

" 'What de Hell's dis in de soup?'

"Den Mather burst out and roared.

" 'Dat's for stickin' my pipe up your a____ two years ago.'

"Dennis made for him but Mather dodged round de stove and he couldn't catch him."

Alan: "Mather would be mixin' bread in de pan and when de dog would come in Mather would cut off a piece o' dough, roll it in a ball, paste de dog on de head wid it and den pick de douch up and stick it back in de pan. "

Harris: "He'd paste anyone wid dough when dey wasn't lookin'. He's pasted me many a time. Well de airtiest trick I ever done was on an old sharesman we had once.

"We smeared de old feller's halliards wid gurry. Down he come in de asrk o' de morning, shoved off de launch and begun to hist his sail - dem was de times before engines. De old feller's hands slipped and he couldn't make out where de

awful slipperiness and stinks was comin' from. When he gets out on de Rock and day broke he sees dat his halliards was all gressed wid gurry. He was some mad but he never knowed which of us done it."

Harris: "Did Mather ever tell you about his ram?"

"No."

"Well Mather had a ram on de island one spring to serve his sheep. He was a savage brute. Hush man, if Mather's wife ever ventured out o' de light she'd never get back. He'd make a run and cut her off and drive her into de cook house. He used to follow me up de path from de launch. He'd be all right, ~~stand~~ stand and look at me if I'd face him but de minute I'd turn my back to walk he'd butt me in de backside. I stood dis several times. I didn't want to hurt Mather's ram but one day Mather says, 'Hit de bugger, don't let him butt you.' By God dat's what I was waitin' for. I don't like to hurt brutes but dis brute was hurtin' me and aggravatin' and annoyin' me. Well I gets a piece of an oak oar handle and de next time he charges I wangs him bang over de nose and de blood flies out his nostrils. Den Mather was mad at me for hittin' his ram so hard.

"Well a few days after dat I was out on de island and Mather was comin' out wid me to haul a few pots. I runs down on de launch to shove off de boat - it was a smooth day.

" 'Hold on,' says Mather, 'I got to do a job,' and up he runs on de grass at de edge of de cliff. Die ram was loose in de field and when he saw dat big white bottom exposed it was more dan he could resist.

"I could see him sneaking across de grass wid his head

low. Den he gives Mather one ~~mountaineeas~~ mountainous bump in de ass and over de cliff comes Mather - it was only low - wid his hands full of sticks and stones and grass roots, wid his pants danglin' about his ankles, and lands bango in de rockweed. He was de maddest man I ever see. He stood dere cursin' in his shirt tail.

" 'Wait till I catch you, you G__ D__ J__ C__ less treacherous creepin' bugger. You're too God-damn lazy even to f__k my sheep. You're good for nothin' but to butt from behind, you bloody coward.'

"Den he grabes an oar handle and chases dat ram all over de island till he catches him. He beats him till de ram can't walk and ties him up to de fence.

" 'He'll be dead when we gets in,' says Mather. But when we gets in old Mr. Ram was as well as ever."

Mather:

"Harris Young was some hellian for de women when he was young. He had May knocked up and at de same time he had a bastard (she's married now) on Tancook and was goin' wid a Levy girl on Little Tancook. Ury made him marry May."

Percy's remark in de fish house - "You f__d your way into our family."

The general quarrel in the fish house. Percy to Harve: "Your a fine older brother - you ruined my life. You took me over on de back of de island when I was five years old and f__ me off."

(Kindness and great coarseness mixed like gold in quartz.)

Mather's shipwreck: Mather in the kitchen:

"Can you swim, Mather?"

"I can, Boy. One time I was comin' along in my sail boat to de westward of Tancook; I was runnin' free, de wind was dead aft when a gust comes down from dose Tancook woods and cliffs jibbed over de sail and in one second she was upside down and I was in de water. It happened so quick I didn't know nuttin'. I clumb out on de top of her, hung on to de keel, took off my oil skins and rubber boots and swimm'd a half a mile ashore. Dere isn't a house dere on de western end. I got into de pier and climbed up. I had one sock on and one off. I trowed it away in my rubber boot. Dere was tree inches of snow and slusk on de road and tro it I paddled. When I got to de firsthouse de woman was scared and wouldn't let me in. Dat was some rough jest. On I goes to Danny Eisenhauer's and he open de door. De one foot was all right but de foot widout de sock was froze.

"Yes dey went out and picked up my boat and righted her. She wasn't hurt any."

(When I recounted this to Harris in the kitchen.)

Harris: "But did he tell you about de time he runs ashore in de sand cove. One night he was comin' in from Mahone Bay wid a load of salt and barrels and he runs de old man's boat ashore plunko in de sand cove. Old man Pearl was alive then and keeping de light and Mather was livin' wid him. Well he come tro de wood and over de mowin' field shrieking and yellin' and scared us nigh to death."

"How could he run in the sand cove?"

"Sleep drunk."

"Well we all turns out to help him. We gets out two big

anchors and rigs pulleys; de tide was comin' in-, it ris her and we pulls her off. He made us promise not to tell de old man he'd run her ashore. When he gets to Green Island de old man comes off in a skiff to meet him - they used to have a moorin' for smooth weather in dem days."

" 'You had her ashore,' says old man Pearl.

" 'No I hasn't,' says Mather.

" 'You has, I knows de signs. Look at all dat sand on de gunwale.'

"Still Mather lies. Next morning old man Pearl comes into Ironbound and gets Uriah in de fish house and Uriah tells him de truff. Yes dat settles dat."

No man uses a toilet outhouse in Ironbound. Charles says they consider it unmanly for a man to go in an outhouse, they are for women and children. They use the beach or a cleft in the cliff. I saw Uriah in the early morning easing himself on the beach.

Mather crying to Miss Mason on Ironbound because he didn't dare go to his wife drunk. She'll scold me he said and wept.

Mather's twelve sheep.

Harris is fond of birds and flowers. He has his fenced in garden full of pansies and roses and a cactus (a poor thing but he loves it) and he will allow no cat around to chase the swallows.

"Once when I was in Southeast cove doin' a job a swallow

kept dartin' at my head. I don't know perhaps her nest was somewhere among de rocks. When I ris up I picked up a stone and trew it at her in de air. Somehow de swallow met de stone and it smashed in her bresst. I was awful sorry. Anoder time dere was two black robbins (we calls dem) (perhaps black birds).

"Dey have yellow bills yes.

"I haven't seen any dis spring, dey comes in pairs. Well two o' dem was chafferin' and chatterin' by de old guano tub one morning early and I up wid a stone and lets cut and I knocks de head clear off one of dem black robbins. I felt awful sorry. I never meant to hit it only scare it. After dat I never trowed a stone at a bird."

Topics: The lonely little boy on Green Island.

A resourceful woman. "First I was going to make beefsteak for dinner but den I decided to make eels."

Preacher-(A Jollimore in the community where there were so many Christian Jollimores that some had taken the surname Christian)

"Are you a Christian?"

"No sir, I'se a Jollimore."

Molly the Potato Girl.

The old house that George and Edward Young built on Ironbound still stands, now half filled with lobster pots and nets to be mended, fifty yards above the launch by the fish house. It is old and weather beaten, some of the windows are broken and bracks have fallen from the chimney. In this house Urish was born along with _____ brothers and sisters; Edward had _____ children

though _____ of them were still born since the women worked till the last minute at the fish. The cellar is divided into two parts by a bulk head; the eastern part was used as a kitchen, the western part as a storeroom for vegetables. ~~One~~ On the first floor are two large rooms, the western one equipped with a fire place, with great cranes for pots, and three tiny bedrooms. In these five rooms were born and reared George's and Edward's _____ for the unfinished loft one big room the length of the house to which a fine circular stairway leads was reserved for the shshresmen and potato girls. What a crowding and bustling there must have been! How did they manage to crowd into that tiny space?

Old Edward and George were hardy men from Blandford who demanded little and were used to little but hard knocks and rough seas. They had bought the island and they meant to stay there. Before them ola Wilson had taken the island, ~~built~~ built a little shack and cleared a hill but loneliness and bitter cold had driven him back to the main: then came Crooks who cleared another hill to the westward - the two cleared places are called Wilson's and Crook's hills to this day - but he too could not endure the hardship and awfulness of the solitude. But old Edward and George were of a sturdy breed that had come from Lunenburg and hewed farms out of the spruce woods. They knew how to work, these Youngs from Blandford led the way and neither spared themselves nor the shshresmen who slept in the unfinished loft. No hand-line boat left the launch later than three in the morning and when the herring came in August and September in great schools in the coves, when they shot the great herring seine and took out in the spiller a hundred barrels of green backed glittering fish men and women toiled in the fish house to gib and salt the boat loads of fish. A dory was drawn up full of sea water, lanterns hung from the

Send description MWD

rafters made yellow spots of light and when the wind shook them made fantastic shadows in the dark corners by the fish puncheons and salt bin; men and women clad in yellow oil skins and spattered with blood laboured away till far into the morning hours. Towards midnight they began to sing old hymns to cheer them with their work. Men and women joined in softly an accompaniment of knives ripping the bellies of herring and torn guts and milt flung into gut and milt ~~tubes~~. tubs.

"There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith I can see it afar
For the father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

Harvey's wife raised the tune and Molly the potato girl joined in in a sweet low second. Once in his youth when the March mackerel came in great schools on their migration northward (March?), Uriah stood on the beach and split mackerel from three one afternoon till five the next afternoon without sleep eating only what was carried to him and held to his mouth.

Not only must the fish be caught and cured but crops must be planted garnered for Ironbound is famous for timothy, cabbages and potatoes. The soil of the island is thin sometimes only a foot or six inches of loam above the cliff but in winter thousands of cart loads of sand are hauled from the beaches and when this is soaked with fish water and fish guts timothy grows from it six feet high and potatoes that are famous for size and quality all along the main.

Now by some stroke of good or ill fortune the fish always come plentifully just when the hay has to be cut or the potatoes and cabbages planted. Then the men must take to the boats and

girls must be brought from the Tancooks on the main to deal with the crops and as the major crop is potatoes they are called potato girls.

Molly the potato girl from Tancook was one of these. She was strong and sturdy with deep bosom and broad hips; when she pinned up her skirt to hoe among cabbages or potatoes her shortened skirt revealed strong ~~and~~ ankles and well muscled calf. She sang as she worked and was never tired. Her eyes were light blue, her face tanned brown, her cheeks fresh and ruddy, her yellow hair faded in streaks for she went hatless on the land, hung in short curly masses about her neck. She was a comely girl and her disposition was to comply with those around her. She liked people, was amiable in her nature, was anxious to oblige and do a good turn for anyone in her company. Molly had a passion for cleanness and ~~is~~ tidying up. In her chest that had been brought from Tancook she had three cotton dresses of a small blue and white check. These along with her underwear she washed and ironed often. When she came whistling in from the potato fields at night her hoe over her shoulder she used to repair to the beach behind the fish house, strip, wash herself and put on clean fresh clothes for the evening. It mattered not to her if any of the men peeked or not, that was their business not hers. She had nothing to be ashamed of. Molly's cleanness in a place where everyone was crowded and nearly everyone dirty at least through the week was almost a miracle. There was something dainty about Molly:

(A fisherman shaves once a week on Sundays. You can almost tell the day of the week by the growth of beard.)

transplanted from Ironbound to London, clothed well and in a month she could have carried **if** off with any of the season's beauties. She had a natural inborn grace that belongs to some women in all

walks of life. Guy de Maupassant says in Le Bijou (Quote)- - -
- - - -

and Molly was a perfect example of this type.

Every night she sat round the fire for a little and played with the children before she went up the circular staircase to her bed in the loft with the sharesmen, great brawny fellows from Blandford or Deep Cove that old George had hired to help with trap, nets and seine. It was not so bad for there was an open window under either gable through which the night air blew through. Of course it smelled of fish and sometimes of sweaty underclothing too long unwashed.

Almost every night one of the sharesmen slept with her; she never refused and made but one condition that the man should scrub himself in the sea and put on a fresh shirt before he came to her. She could not refuse these men because they were such great brawny animals and because they needed her so much. Sometimes the married women of the Youngs remonstrated with Molly for they could not be unaware of what was going on in the loft. Molly made neither defence nor denial but simply said: "It was made for the use of man, they cannot do without it and man's going to have it." After all had the Youngs really cared more for morals than fish they would not have herded men and women together in the loft and Molly instinctively felt this.

Molly bore three children, all girls, all of whom grew into stout lasses like their mother though none had the sunniness of their mother. She never knew who was their father beyond that it was one of George's sharesmen, nor was there any reproach cast by these men upon Molly. She sought out no one, her work was beyond reproach, she was scrupulously clean and tidy and she took no presents from any man. What she had to give she gave freely

and willingly. In course of time the three daughters of Molly grew up and married for "bastard" is not a term of great reproach in the islands. After all the beasts of the field and birds of the air are all bastards and the people live close to nature.

When Molly was very old she lived comfortably in the town of Lunenburg in a little house that was her own on the money she had saved from a life of labour. The little house was a model of cleanliness; Molly was the best of neighbors and always had something to spare from her kitchen garden.

When Molly felt death coming upon her she sent for her three daughters to come to her but none came for they were ashamed of their mother and ~~they~~ their parentage. One morning the neighbors found her dead smiling sweetly upon the world from her white valanced bed.

Lies:

"Yes," said Mather, "everyone lies about ducks and lobsters even to his own brother. I lie too: I like to lie to the Youngs on Ironbound (Mather knew that greed and a desire to get ahead of everyone else was the weak side of the Ironbounders). One winter day I see somethin' floating between Green Island and Northeast ~~shere~~ shoal: it looked like the ~~spara~~ spar out of a vessel but when I got de glasses on it I see it was the trunk of a big fir tree with branches. The bark had washed off and it was arifitin' wid the tide to the eastward. I knowed the Ironbounders would spy it: they see everything floating on the sea. It was nearer Green Island than Ironbound and I calculated they wouldn't be able to make it out. It was ten days before I got off to Ironbound, the sea was so high. When I did I went up to the loft

where Uriah, Harvey, George and Percy was workin' on a rotten old seine. Do you know some of them **nets** of theirs Uriah had when he was a young man. (Life of a net ?)

"Well, you Ironbounders are some slow! Didn't you see dat spar driftin' down to de eastward ten days ago; de spar out of a big vessel lost down to de westward near Little Hope? Why de blocks and rope on it alone was worth \$150.

Percy's eyes fair stick out of his head. Harris came into de loft and had wit enough to know I was lyin'.

"Yes," said he, "Martin of Polly's Point picked it up and got \$200. for de ropes and blocks and \$300. for de canvas; she had a good topsail and a whole main sail trailin' on her."

A Summer Storm.

On Thursday long swells began to come on the back of the island and roll in with a crest of foam though no wind blew; hardly a breath moved the leaves on the tree tops. The islanders said there has been a storm somewhere at sea. On Friday ~~the-se~~ the sea increased though there was still but a gentle breeze from the southeast. By Saturday night great rollers were smashing against the rocks filling the dogholes with lather and making the cannon hole roar and spout like a great whale. The spray was flung over the crow berry vines and little spruces at the cliff's edge.

The herring were still on the shore and both Fincks and Youngs set their nets as did the Blandford people and the Tancookers. All were fishing just to the southward of Ironbound. By nine o'clock that night the wind was blowing half a gale from the southeast with thunder and heavy gusts of rain. Harris's tank was almost dry and after the rain had washed the roof he

attached the pipes and we heard the water go pouring into the cistern in the cellar. "I wish Johnny was here," said Harris. "He's been coming down for ten years and he's never seen a real summer storm. About twelve the wind hauled to the Northwest and blew hard off the shore. By morning it hauled agsin to the southeast and a mountainous sea beat against the cliffs. That night the Youngs lost all but one of eight fleets of nets, the Finks lost five fleets and many Blandforders and Tancookers lost everything they had.

"You might a knowed you'd a lost them," said Uriah. "I wouldn't a set no new fleets on Saturday night wid dat sea risin' and runnin'."

"There warn't no wind," said Percy.

"Nuttin venture nuttin' have," said Harris who had lost his ~~deep~~ brand new deep net the first time it was set (he only got back ~~as~~ a handful of twine). Uriah was a sport, "I remember when I was a young man I set six fleets of nets on just sich a night and lost dem all. De poor fellers from Blandford are de ones dat will suffer; dey ain't got no more nets and we got lots more in de loft."

Ernest Bachman's boat went ashore in Deep Cove and was smashed to bits. That night the Sadie Knickle and the Sylvia Mosher out of Lunenburg were lost with all hands. Captain Johnny Mosher aged twenty-five sailed the Sylvia Mosher (named after his daughter) and he was the smartest skipper out of Lunenburg. In 1925 he was high line in the fleet and he had picked the smartest crew of men most of them from the La Havre Islands. Hand-line Johnny he was knows as, a smart fisherman and a good sailor.

Saturday, August 7th.

The great seas on Ironbound had been caused by a rotating, gyrating hurricane that started in the Carribean Sea and swept northward along the American coast. The Sylvia Mosher had no wireless, the barrometer fell but the fishing was good, the vessel was almost loaded and in a day or two they would be homeward bound, the first of the fleet in with hole full and decks piled high.

(Get names of fishing vessels - Nova Zembla, The Springwood, etc.)

So hand-line Johnny disregarded the long rolling waves ever increasing in length and height and lay with his cable out thirty miles to the southward of Sable Island, that treacherous crescent of rolling sand dunes tufted with grasses whose arms stretch under water twenty-one miles to the westward and fourteen miles to the eastward. There are two lights and a life saving station. When the hurricane struck the Sylvia Mosher on Saturday evening the dories were all alongside; the wind was blowing from ninty to a hundred and ten miles an hour. Dories had to be got aboard, hatches battened down, and the riding sail hauled down. The cable was cut (there was no time or opportunity to get the anchor), mainsail and foresail were lashed down with double stops and away she went before the fury of the gale under a single reefed jib. Hand-line Johnny and _____ from La Have Islands held the wheel steady but the great seas against the rudder almost tore the spokes (?) out of their hands. It was impossible to haul her up in the wind for that would have meant a piece of mailsail up and that was

impossible in the roaring gale; moreover to put her in the trough of those mountainous seas might have upset her. Hand-line Johnny saw the western light for the weather was clear and knew that if he held his course he would run over the western bar. But it was his only chance, there were channels through the sand, perhaps he might strike one, moreover the tide was high and he had run over the bar before in moderate weather, moreover, ~~as~~ he could not bring the vessel to the wind, the only thing to do was to keep as far out on the end of the bar as the vessel would stand without getting in the trough of the sea. The reefed jib cracked and bellied and tugged at halliard stay and sheet: if that went he must set a corner of the inner stay-sail. Four men of the watch _____ were forward on deck lashed to stanchion or belaying pin for the seas swept her from stem to stern. Most of the men were below in the forecabin or afterhouse with companion way and forecabin hatch tight closed; they could do no good on deck and had great faith in the luck and courage of the "old man", Hand-line Johnny.

Now the seas began to break white all round the Sylvia Mosher. "We're on the shoal water near the bar," yelled Hand-line Johnny to _____ who was helping him hold the wheel. "God give us luck this night." Everything sang and shrieked and yelled, rigging and halliards strained with the groaning spars, piled dories tugged at their lashings, a water keg broke from its lashings and went booming along the deck to crash into the forecabin hatch. A mountain of white gathered behind the Sylvia Mosher, rose slowly with malicious dignity and crashed down upon the poop. Both steersmen were flung against the deck

house but hand-line Johnny clung with his right to the wheel spokes. When the sea washed clear and he staggered from his knees he was alone.

Then the Sylvia Mosher struck on the bar; they had no luck that night. It was all over in a twinkling of an eye; she was travelling at twenty knots an hour deep loaded with fish, as soon as she struck keel, kelson and bottom tore out of her clean as when a boy cuts a shaving from a pine stick with a sharp jackknife. Two thousand of fish and the unwetted salt dropped down upon the yellow sands, out came the spars with an awful crash and deck and upper hull turned over. Within thirty seconds from the time she struck there was no living thing aboard that vessel. Away they went, poor scraps of humanity weighed down with rubber boots and oilskins, a flash of yellow oilskin, a hoarse cry that made no sound in the fierce choas of the sea and they were gone, some swam a stroke or two, some clung for a moment to rigging or the side of a broken dory but none clung long in that breaking sea.

The Sylvia Mosher was a new vessel built by the MacLeans in Mahone.

A Summer Storm.

On Sunday morning the great seas were still running against the back of the island; even at the great seas were singing around the corner of the ledge so that the boats were all hauled into the roadway. In Southeast Cove at low water were hundreds of carloads of eel grass mixed with long streamers of kelp and rockweed. Mussels torn from the

bottom were everywhere among the beach rocks and a feathery old rose sea moss lay strewn about. In sand cove on the western end there were tons upon tons of broad leaved kelp.

Mather and the Light.

Mather's light on Green Island is worked by a kind of clock spring that he winds every night with a crank when he lights the light. The oil is forced up into the lamp from a tank that he pumps and puts air pressure on. It is on the same principle as a Swedish lamp; the flame burns within a mantle.

The clock spring turns a glass cylinder about the light with three black strips painted longitudinally up and down the sides and when the timing is right the light is obscured by the black strip for three seconds bright for five seconds occulted for three seconds bright for five seconds occulted for three seconds and bright for twenty-one seconds. The glass cylinder with the black strips turns round completely in forty seconds and it must be timed and always revolving in proper order for by the time of the flashes and occults the mariner~~s~~ at sea reads that he is off Green Island.

Once Mather's spring broke. It was a fine day and he took his motor boat and steamed to Chester (and there telephoned the department in Halifax).

"What shall I do?"

"You must keep the light going."

"It won't turn, the spring is broken."

"You must keep it turning, turn it by hand."

"When can the supply boat come?"

"In not less than ten days."

Mather steamed back to his island and reached it just at sun down, tramped over the turfy path, climbed the light tower and lit his lamp. Then he sat down to the weary task of turning the cylinder by a hand crank looking closely at his watch to see that he made each revolution in exactly forty seconds. All through the night he ground and watched. He was very tired; he sang all his songs and repeated all the poetry he knew. Towards morning his head drooped forward on his shoulders in spite of himself. He thanked God for the first glimmer in the east and voted light keeping a great bore. When dawn came fully he extinguished the light, went downstairs, threw himself on his bunk and slept like a rock till well on in the afternoon.

When he woke there was a strange idea in his head. He could not think how it had come there; he did not know that the little old man in the cellar had been working while he slept. He thought of the weights in his grandfather's clock on Tancock, that was before the time of springs. The idea grew. He raced up into the light tower and examined the mechanism.

"Yes, he could do it."

He got a small block of maple; made in the end of it a square hole and fitted it over the square iron on which he stuck the winding handle. To the maple block he made fast one end of ~~s-amsit~~ a small rope, wound the rope round and round the block, took the rope through an open window and rove it through a pulley that he fastened with a great staple to the outside of the light and fastened a great beach rock to the end

of the rope. There was his grandfather's clock! He timed it exactly to run forty seconds. Every evening he hoisted up his beach rock to the level of the light, wound the slack rope around the pulley, dropped his rock and turned in to sleep. When the supply boat came the light was occulting and flashing in perfect time and Mather was sleeping o'nights. Mather allowed that that was the cleverest thing he'd ever done in his life and allowed that no light-keeper on the coast could have thought of it.

Mather Converted.

"An old parson came out here one time to stay a while, my wife's religious you know. He was a decent old fellow and I talked considerable to him about religion. You know I'm an agnostic but I can't never git over de mystery of de whole of creation and if a man's reasonable I'll talk religion to him if he knows somethin'.

"Well, dis old guy goes back to Ottawa where he lives and wrote an article for de Baptist Advocate tellin' how he'd converted an agnostic on a light house island. Then he had the nerve to send me a copy of dat paper. He didn't mention no names but I knowed it was me. I sot down and I wrote that old bugger one stinger of a letter - I was mad him convertin' me - Man, I knowed things he'd never dreamed about. Says I to him, 'I drinks my rum and has my women and lives accordin' to nature and its sermons and soda water the day after.' "

The indignation of Mather at being reported converted. Mather is as lustful as a young bull and as restive as a young bull alone in a field next to a pasture full of heifers in heat.

Plan for An Island Courtship

Love on the Islands
An Island Tragedy
Mather's Love Affair

Uriah
Harvey
Mather
Polly

Harvey and Mather both in love with Polly, the schoolteacher on Ironbound.

Mather a young bull.

Harvey a red-faced farmer fisherman type.

The signals

Uriah's stratagem. Uriah takes down the handkerchief.

Mather cut off by ice for six weeks.

Polly marries Harvey - \$12,000. cash money.

Mather's greeting at the launch.

His return to the Light.

✓ His fight with the

His talk with the devil

Mather and Harvey on the Bull.

Expressions: "He would get right foolish."

"That they do."

Topic: "Swamped on a Shoal." "The Grampas."

or "The Bull"

Topic: Meetings -

The service is held in Harris's parlour.

Usually the preacher preaches; once he called for testimony. _____ rose and said: "_____ says my wife stole the missionary money," and sat down.

Expressions: Line fish.

There are fifty-seven varieties but the vilest of all these is that wafted from herring guts that have stood for ten days in the sun and are then spread on the fields. I started for a walk to the light today but the Fink's cart was on the road before me and I had to turn back. At supper May sniffed suddenly, "The Finks are spreading on their pasture field, run quick Dorothy, shut de windows or we can't sleep in this house tonight."

(?) Harris's father Edward Young and Anapest Fink, married Joshua Fink, were brother and sister.

May: Showing me _____ book.

"Harris borrowed that from Mather. Harris had a good book named Shakespeare and he traded it and got one that was no good. He lost on de trade."

Expressions: "The boat rutches me too much."

"To rutch up against anything."

"Ain't it."

"I'll see."

"A scatterin one."

"The foot of a net."

"The head rope."

"Sile" - seal

"Pearch" - perch

"The shanded whale bottered like - creetur."

"Kaulback's head whale sold for twenty-five
dollars."

←? Birds: Gamet - the real Mackerel gull
White winged coots
Murls
Cock-a-wees
Sea duck
Geese
Sand pipers in the cabbages
Checker backs
Robins
Small and large gulls
Lords
Black duck
Coots
Swallows in the fish houses leave in end of
August - fly catchers, put on screens when
~~fly-catchers~~ the swallows go.

Family History gleaned from Uriah as he sat gibbing / the
herring he thought the women should have done.

George Young) bought Ironbound - each owned half.
Edward Young)

Before them a man named Crooks lived there.

George Young - Cyrus (lived partly on Blandford, partly
Simeon Ironbound)
Uriah - Harvey
George
Percy
May - Harris's wife
Mabel - in Mill Cove

George Young gave Uriah five-tenths of Ironbound: to Cyrus
and Simeon he gave Blandford farms.

Edward Young died without will and his part of Ironbound
was divided into five shares.

Edward Young - Harris's father $1/5$ share - $1/10$ Ironbound
Anapest Young $1/5$ share - $1/10$ Ironbound
(Married Joshua Pink -
Eddie, Willis, Pearlous)
Uriah bought out other $3/5$ - $3/10$ Ironbound
Uriah owned $5/10$, now acquired ~~$3/10$~~ $3/10$ -
 $8/10$ Ironbound.

Uriah's grandfather born in Martin's River married
a girl who inherited a strip of land on Tancook. Thus this
branch of the Youngs got on Tancook.

Uriah married a Levy - 2nd a Mrs. Gates present
wife.

Ironbound - 160 acres

Names in Smith's Cove - Church Yards:

Azuba Morehouse
Terah and Chanty Morehouse
Cutter Morehouse - drowned aged 19, son of Captain
George Morehouse died Demarara aged 24.
Gershom Morehouse
Layafett, drowned aged 17) children of George and
Bernard, drowned aged 15) Mahala Morehouse

Mary Ann Morehouse
Sarah A. Morehouse
Augustus Morehouse who was lost at sea on a

voyage from Hayti to Liverpool 1847 aged 17.

Gidney (surname)
Relief Tucker
Reuben Tucker Morehouse
Mary Ellingwood Morehouse)
George Wentworth Morehouse) grand names
 Morehouse, Esquire in grand flourishes.

The Morehouses were once grand people. Now dead
and gone - drowned at sea - short-lived the old people.

Two graves side by side -
William W. Saunders - 1847-97 - died at sea
(his son ?) Jeffrey H. Saunders - 1888-1917 - April 28
killed at Vimy.

1. South-east Cove
- 2 - Sand Cove
3. Cow Pasture Point
4. Cove Launch Landing Place
5. Lynch's Cove
6. The Light
7. Whale Cove - Whale ran ashore in the olden days
8. Raven's Hole
9. Eastern End
10. Sheer Net Cove
11. Cow Pasture Cove
12. Sou-west Cutter Rock
13. The Grampus
14. The Rock - Northeast shoal $\frac{1}{2}$ fathom (Mather's father
never left Green Island when "The Rock"
broke)
15. Dog Holes - where the niggers came ashore
16. Camon Rock
17. Wilson's Hill - Wilson the first known settler. He
cleared this hill.
18. Crooks Hill - Crooks the second known settler before
Youngs. He cleared this hill.