Nova Scotia humour.

Tales that are told, plain and ribald

mainly

Queens County Yarns

TALE TOLD BY ROBIE COOPS

(The philosopher, temperance advocate, trout fisherman, watch-repairer, sewing-machine and melodeon-fixer of Moose Hill.)

Years ago I was doing a job down Barrington way. It was just at the time of the kiack run, the brooks were full of 'em, and the folks I went to work for were getting more than their share of the catch. I got there in the morning and we had fresh fried kiacks for dinner. For supper we had fish chowder -- the fish being kiacks, of course. The next morning when I sat down to breakfast there were kiacks again. I finished eating and went up to my room and packed my bundle. When I came down the man said,

" What's the idea ? "

"Goin' up-river to spawn", I says, and lit out.

TALE OF JOHN FRANCIS

Years ago old Phil Kempton, of the logging firm of Harlow and Kempton, wanted to get John Francis, the Indian, to go and work in one of his camps for the winter. He knew it was of no use to approach John in December, with the Christmas and New Year drinking to be done. So on the second day of January he went up to Two Mile Hill and found John sitting in his shack. John didn't want to go logging and Phil used all his arts of persuasion. Finally John shook his head and said,

"Too late."

"What do you mean, too late ?" snorted Phil.

John shook his head again. " Here's January near gone ... Feb'ry ... Feb'ry's on'y a little month ... and March ... you can't 'pend on March these days. No, sir, too late."

The next year Phil approached John early in the Fall, and John was short of booze-money so he went over to work in a camp on Broad River. After he had been working there six weeks it occurred to him that he had forgotten to ask about the wages. He said to one of the other loggers, "What's wages here?"

"Seventeen dollars a month and found."

"I ain' comin' !"

TALE TOLD BY ROBIE COOPS

(The ~~jxxxxixxx~~ watch-repairer and fixer of sewing~~/~~ machines, melodeions

STORY OF KATIE FRANCIS

Katie was not a badlooking squaw when she was young, and she believed in making the most of it. She got a little plump in her thirties but she was still as springy as a sapling birch and her appetite was undiminished.

One day in December long ago she was out gathering basket material near the Five Mile on the Annapolis road. There was snow on the ground and more coming, and she stopped at L's camp at Five Mile to beg her supper. L. had a small log camp; he was cutting hemlock on his own land, employing his brother and four or five others. They were all steadygoing married men who liked to work handy the village so they could spend the week-ends in the bosom of the family.

A lumber camp however small is always open house for the wayfarer, so L. told Katie to"sit in" at the table. After supper L. looked out the camp door and said, " Katie, there's a snowstorm blowing. You'd better stay here the night. No need of you tramping back to Two Mile Hill in the dark, the weather the way it is."

Katie nodded calmly. L. pointed out a spare bunk and some blankets and she went over and proceeded to undress. When she was down to her ragged chemise she sat on the edge of the bunk, ########## stroking her round bare knees in an absent-minded sort of way, and gazing from man to man with the pleased and expectant air of a cat in a dairy.

The men were a little amused at her lack of modesty in preparing for bed, but they were tired with the day's chopping and torpid after a hearty supper, and they lost no time in taking off their boots and rolling into their blankets. By# the time L. blew out the lantern some of them were snoring.

There were sounds of movement from the direction of Katie's bunk, and in a moment or two L. opened his eyes and saw her in the doorway, outlined against the flying snow. She was fully dressed and had her bundle of basket-wood on her back.

He called out, astonished, " Hello, Katie, where you goin' ? "

" Home ! "

" What's the matter ? "

" All thees beeg strong men -- an' me -- an' no wantum ! "

The door slammed and off she strode into the storm, an image of outraged femininity, bound for Two Mile Hill where men were men.

TALE OF KATIE FRANCIS

Katie had several daughters and when they grew up and discovered the pleasure of men they were charmed with the world and particularly with the village of Milton. All the young scamps of the village began to trek up Two Mile Hill of nights. It became a scandal in the village and one day when Katie was making her rounds, begging at the back doors, a good lady of the Congregational church took her to task. " Katie, it's a disgrace the way your daughters behave. If I were you I'd be ashamed of myself."

Katie answered with dignity, " I don' know 'bout you. I jus' know 'bout me." And after pausing a moment to let this sink in, she added stoutly, " On'y trouble with my gals -- they're jus' too 'bligin'. " And away she went.

TALE OF THE MUSICAL HOBO

It was a cold January day in 1940 with about 6 inches of snow on the level, drifted here and there. I had been to Bridgewater to address a Kiwanis luncheon and was bowling along the highway to Liverpool in the afternoon when I came upon a wayfarer in the woods just past Hebb's Cross, tramping in the snow beside the exposed strip of asphalt, and waggling a thumb. I stopped and took him in. He was about 25 or 30, with a lantern jaw, a short Roman nose and a large mouth full of badly stained teeth. His face was covered with a five or six days' stubble of soiled blond whiskers. He wore moccasins and thick country-knit socks, a pair of mackinaw breeches and a mackinaw jacket -- both ragged and patched. On his head, pulled well down to keep his ears warm, was a woman's light blue beret. His hands were bare (thrust deep in his trousers pockets when I first saw him) and his sole baggage was a large guitar slung from his shoulder by a cord. He was, he said, " thumbing my way from Hebb's Cross to Lockeport, from one lady to another." I murmured that he was fortunate to be wo well provided.

" Well, it's like this," he began. " I been workin' as handy-man for an old woman that has a bit of a farm back in the woods at Hebb's Cross. It's a queer place, that. The old Meguma mine, see ? Only the mine ain't been run for years and all the people's gone away, 'ceptin' this old wmman and her farm. Old rotten shacks and barns, and old cellar-holes -- quite a place it must have been when the mine was running.

I'll tell you about myself. I'm on the pike -- I'm a hobo; and I don't know why. I come from respectable people Moncton-way. But I got on the pike and it seems I can't get off it. Seventeen months ago I struck hard going, and it was pretty near winter, and this old lady at Hebb's Cross took me in. She ain't got much, but she gave me enough to buy smokes and a newspaper once in a while at the store, and I looked after the cows and the other chores for my board. Well, here it is the middle of the winter and I got the old itch in my feet again and here I am on the pike."

" It must be tough on the pike in winter," I said, driving steadily along the road.

" Oh, not so bad. With the roads being kept open all winter as they are now, why, ### there's cars and trucks on the go all the time and you can get a ride easier'n in summer. Same with a meal at the settlements. Ain't so many bums on the road in winter, for one thing; ~~besides~~ people feel more sorry for you. Well, I take my ol' guitar along and give 'em a tune and a song for my supper, so it ain't like plain ~~bummin'~~ bigging'. And if the worst comes to the worst, why, you can always make for a town and go to the cop and get a night's lodging. They used to put you in a cell in the jail and let you sleep there till morning. But along this way I must say they use you pretty good. Take Bridgewater, for instance. They send you up to Nathan Cohen's with a docket. A docket ? That's just a note to somebody telling them to give you something and the writer of the docket will pay for it. Lots of people won't give a hobo money for fear he'll buy booze with it; so they give him a docket to a restaurant or something.

"Well, in Bridgewater the town pays Natie Cohen 25 cents for a bed for a bum, one night only, and you take your docket up to Natie's and get a real nice bed. Now in Liverpool they actually pay the Evangeline Hotel a dollar to put up a bum over-night. Sometimes in Liverpool you go to the Salvation Army, and they give you a docket to the Evangeline for a night. And d'ye know what that woman does ? She gives you a little hard bed away up in the rafters, with hardly no blankets -- and the town or the Army payin' a dollar for it. Somebody ought to tell 'em. Liverpool's a good town and the cop's a gentleman. White's his name, Bob White. He'll stop you and say, ' Listen, feller, what are you doing in this town ? How do you make a living ? " ' Just passing through', says you. ' Well,' he says, ' don't be more'n two days in the passing, son ' . And that's that.

That gives you a coupla days to pick up a little change at the doors and beg a meal or two before you pass on.

" I lived in Liverpool for a time, a year or two ago. There was a woman MacDonald that was a war widow and had a pension of $75 a month, and kept a fancy man named Percy Trout. She was old enough to be his mother and she sold a little booze on the side. Trout, he did a little work in the way of Furniture Repairs, and drank like a fish -- like his name, see ?

I went to their door asking for a hand-out and Trout wanted a feller to be handy about the place -- help with the drunks, and all that -- so I stayed a while.

It was all right, good grub and everything, and fun sometimes. There was a fat man, a business man, that used to come and get awful drunk. He must have been rich -- he sure carried a big roll, anyhow. One night he passed right out so we couldn't get him home, and had to put him to bed; and there was an awful fuss in the morning because he didn't want anyone to see him coming out of there in the daylight.

"Well, things got a little tough after that. Somebody tipped off the Pensions Board that the widow was keeping a fancy man, and a feller came down, asking questions, pretty sharp. He didn't get nothing out of me, nor Trout nor her; and she showed him a room we had fixed up with a bed for drunks, and said that was Mr. Trout's room. But I guess she didn't fool the guy because they cut her pension off.

So one night Trout and her loaded all their stuff in the little old Ford car they had, and flew in the middle of the night. Hadn't paid any rent for months.

They never said nothing to me, and I stuck my head out the window and said, " What's up ? ' And Mrs. MacDonald, she says ' We're off to Ontario. Want to come ? '

But there was pretty good times along the South Shore, those days, so I said No, and lit out on the pike again.

" Ah, well. Me and my old guitar. Sometimes there's an# amateur show in a village somewheres, and I play and sing and catch a dollar or two. Onc't I won the first prize in an amateur singin' and dancin' show. Well, mister, you've give me a ride so I'll give you a song. What'll you have ? "

" Can you do The Letter Edged In Black ? "

" Och, man I know all them songs." He hitched himself into the corner (CORNER) of the car seat and stuck the tip of the guitar over the back of the seat and proceeded to give me, after a few preliminary chords, a long mournful chant in the Kentucky-mountain manner which all our backwoods musicians now imitate so well. When he got through the last doleful chord of The Letter Edged In Black he went on into another.

The chorus insisted that he was " Goin' to see my darlin' ", and when he came to the end, with a final strum of the $$$ instrument he said, " That's me. Got a little lady in Lockport I'm goin' to see. She was out of work when I first fell in with her, and we piked around together for a time. Now she's got herself a job as a house-maid and I want to see how she's making out."

I was about to suggest another song when he exclaimed, " Ah ! Here's Brooklyn, a good little town and open-handed people that likes a bit o' music. Let me down at the foot of the hill, and I thank you kindly."

As he stepped out into the snow he grinned, " Maybe I'll be# giving you a ride some day."

I said politely that I was sure I hoped so, and drove on. In the meantime he had given me one of his fleas.

TALE OF BILL MURLEY

Bill is 76 (1940), a little gaunt man as spry as a cricket, brown with ###### weather, his face deeply lined; a pair of candid blue eyes look out at you from behind a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and when he smiles the upper set of false teeth drops down on the lower with an audible click.
Bill used to go hunting and fishing in the region of Big Falls when he was a boy, with his father. In those days Big Falls was pretty remote, only to be reached by canoe up the river or by a long tramp along the old river road.
As a young man Bill emigrated to the States, learned the carpenter's trade, and spent the next 40 years trying to save enough money to come home. He was a hard drinker and it was hard to put the dollars by. He dreamed of coming home with enough money so that he could build a little shack at Big Falls and do nothing the rest of his life but hunt and fish. Sometimes he would manage to get home in the Fall for a bit of moose-hunting; and once when things were dull in the U.S. in the 1900's he came home and worked a whole winter in a lumber camp on West Brook, where his brothers were logging.

In 1928, when Bill was 64, he came home for good at last, a little gaunt-necked man with a shock of white hair, a confirmed bachelor with one ###### burning purpose. The scene up-river was then undergoing a violent change, the Power Commission was building a big dam at Big Falls and there was a motor road up the river where in the old days there had been nothing but the stony old tote road. Nothing daunted, Bill bought an acre of woodland by the road at Big Falls, overlooking the little flat and the pool below. The land cost $27. The little shack, 10 feet by 12, he built himself of boards and tar-paper. He installed a small cot, a table, bench, stove, and later on made himself an armchair.
But the chief installation was an earthenware 5-gallon jar in which to brew fire-water.

There Bill has lived happily. There is salmon fishing and trout fishing in the river below, and duck-shooting, partridge-shooting and deer-hunting in the Fall. Three or four sportsmen from Liverpool have built shacks not far from his, and a few hundred yards away lies the little village of the electric power station men, so he is not lonely. And visitors come up the motor road, and as Bill is a "character" they seldom fail to obey the sign he has nailed to a roadside tree, " Dew Drop Inn" -- although the "drop" Bill offers them is anything but " dew."

On July 1st, 1940, I called on Bill. It was the coldest, wettest summer in years and the day was grey with a bleak wind ruffling the hardwoods on the ridge across the river, ruffling the stillwater below the Falls, ruffling even the spirits of Bill, who had closed his door and gone to bed, shutting his eyes firmly on the whole business.
I knocked and entered. The interior of the shack was grubby but not dirty. The floor was bare and worn and stained. The board walls were stained too, with irregular brown splashes everywhere. I did not like to ask, but I suspect that some of Bill's experiments in the brewing of moonshine had gone off with a bang. One or two old calendars hung on the east wall. There was a shelf over his bed for tobacco and groceries, and another next the door for his simple kitchenware. The west wall held a large number of snapshots, tacked, and curling from the alternate heat and damp.

The five-gallon jar stood on a little wooden platform beside the stove, with a thin length of red rubber tubing hanging about its neck. Bill hailed me and got out of bed, groping for his glasses. He was fully dressed in ragged black trousers, grey socks, and a grey flannel shirt, with a faded bandana tied about his neck. He put his glasses on and found his pipe and tobacco. The pipe had a curved stem, very thin and strangely warped, as if at some time it had fallen into hot water and got out of shape. Bill has a rather deep voice and he cursed the weather and the poor salmon fishing in a cheerful sort of way. I could see his salmon rod, dis-jointed,

in a corner, and his old shotgun on a wooden rack. Then he said abruptly,
" Have a drink !"

I couldn't very well refuse, though I was dubious. Bill took a stained white-enamel mug off the shelf and knelt down before the jar.
" Have to siphon it out," he explained casually, " ' cause the jar's dam' heavy, and besides tippin' it would disturb the stuff."
" Hold on a minute," I said. " What's in this stuff ? "
" Oh, it's all good stuff, all good stuff -- cracked corn, molasses, yeast, and a bit o' ginger to give it a flavour." He $$$$$$$$$$$$ stuck one end of the tubing into the jar and began to suck on the other. " Tiff ! Tiff ! " he announced, spitting, " there's some o' the corn now ! " A thin brown stream began to flow, and he directed it into the mug.
" Not much," I said hastily. But the mug was full.
I said " Well, here's health ! " and took a good swig. I nearly choked. It was fearful, brown as strong tea, with a sour yeasty taste that puckered the tongue.
" Well ? " said Bill, watching me with a bright-eyed interest.

I said, gasping a little, " Bill, far be it from me to criticise another man's liquor, and him giving me a drink out of the goodness of his heart; but Bill, I'm afraid I can't go it. Maybe it's my indigestion. Maybe it hasn't fermented enough, or it's fermented too much, or something. Frankly, Bill, it's awful."
Bill considered this for a moment. " She's fermented enough," he said. " T'aint that. Looka here, last Saturday one of those dam' Injuns from Milton -- John Francis -- d'ye know John ? -- he come here to fish for salmon, and it was rainin' and the fish wouldn't bite, and along about nightfall John come up here and wanted to know could he sleep on my floor in the warm. So I said Sure, and chucked him down a blanket. He curled up on the floor by the stove.
In the middle of the night I woke up and heard a gu'glin' sound. Couldn't figger it out. Went to sleep again. By-and-by I woke up ag'in. Heard that gugglin' ag'in. Then I knew. That dam' Injun had the end of the rubber tube in his mouth and was suckin' away like a thirsty calf. That's all he wanted. That's all he begged a night's lodgin' for. Smart, wasn't he ?

Well, sir, I thought same as you -- she hadn't fermented yet, for the stuff was on'y five days in the jug. So I said to myself, Suck away. Several times in the night I heard the gugglin' ag'in but I didn't pay no 'tention.
Well, sir, that was Saturday night. All day Sunday that dam' Injun lay on my floor like a statue -- all stiff arms and legs; he never made a sound, he never moved, he didn't hardly breathe that I could notice. By Jiminy I was scared. I pulled him and I pushed him and I kicked him, and I couldn't git any life into him.
Sunday night I give him up for dead and made up my mind I'd have to do somethin' about him in the mornin'.

Monday mornin', come daylight, I woke up. I could hear a little moanin'-like. Then I saw John, on his hands and knees, makin' for the door. He grabbed hold of the doorpost and pulled himself to his feet. He looked back over his shoulder at the jar and I see him shiver a little, then he looked over at the bed and seen me lookin' at him.
" Beel," he says, giving his head a shake towards the jar, " tha's h'ugly stuff ! " and off he went. Ain't seen him since.
But don't tell me that stuff ain't fermented ! That was a week ago and she's worked some since ! "

J H R

TALE TOLD BY BILL MURLEY

Bill left Milton for the U.S.A in 1888 and his visits home during the next 40 years were so few and far between that he remembers very little of Milton as it was during that time. But, curiously enough, this blank has fastened in his mind the memory of Milton as it was in his boyhood.

For instance, he remembers that in the 1870's quite a few Milton men were veterans of the American Civil War; they used to talk about Gettysburg and other battles, and several drew pensions for wounds.

He remembers when the Indian settlement on Two Mile Hill was much bigger than it is now. " They didn't have shacks like they have now. They lived in wigwams covered with moose-hides and birchbark, with the poles sticking out of the top, and a hole left there for the smoke to go out. There must have been 20 or 30 wigwams.

Old Newell (Noel) Paul was the first Milton Indian to build himself a shack, white-man style. They used to wander about a lot from one season to another. Come spring, they would all pack up their stuff and go off somewhere, God knows where. In the Fall they would come back to their wigwams again.

" My father was friendly with the Indians and spoke their language some. When he was a young man -- that would be about 1840 -- a very old Indian showed him where the Indians used to camp on the hill above Salmon Island Cove at Milton, what they call now Rufus Ford's Hill. There was a great view from there, and from a pine top you could see the whole of Liverpool harbour. This Indian told my father that the Micmacs were camped on that hill when the first white men came. They saw the white sails of the ship and were afraid, and went inland."

" Greenfield for a long time went by the Indian name of Panook, and the lake still goes by that name. It means First Lake in Micmac. After a time the settlers decided to have a fancier name, so they called it Greenfield. Well, the Indians kept right on calling it Panook. Old Mr. Hunt was one of the first settlers at Greenfield and one day he was talking to an Indian and the Indian said something about Panook.

' Greenfield, man, call it Greenfield ! ' says Mr. Hunt.

The Indian said nothing for a minute, then he burst out, " I 'member when you used to h'eat mink ! '

It was true, too. Those first settlers had a hard time, dam' near starved, and ate anything they could get their hands on.

TALE OF JIM MACLEOD

" Back in the '90's when I was a boy on the old farm at South Brookfield, there used to be quite a number of Indians. One was a grim old fellow named Francois, who used #### to come begging for grub now and again when he was very hungry. He was proud and wouldn't beg if there was any other way to make shift. Like all the Indians he was a great wanderer and there were months on end when we didn't see him at all.

One cool Fall day my father butchered a cow in the back pasture. I was there helping him to pull out the guts and cut up the meat. I saw a shadow fall across the heap of guts and looked up and saw old Francois. He had a starved look and was as ragged as a scarecrow. He watched us for a minute, then without saying a word he took out his knife, cut ##### a strip off the paunch, about 10 inches by 4, scraped it clean with the knife blade and ate it. We were astonished. Father said, " Francois, you must be hungry. Go over to the house and tell the women I said to give you a good square meal."
Without a word the old fellow turned towards the house. Then we noticed that the whole seat was out of his trousers. Father was afraid the women might be shocked. He didn't want to offend old Francois' feelings, so he called him back and said, carefully, " Francois, isn't $$$$$$$$$$ your behind kind of cold ? "
FRANCOIS (after due deliberation) " Your fa-ace cold ? "
FATHER " No."
FRANCOIS " Well, my arse same your fa-ace."

The old Indian wasn't trying to be insulting. He was stating a simple fact. His behind had been bare so long that it minded the cold Fall weather no more than his face. "

TALE OF JIM MACLEOD

" I have been in the woods most of my life, and made a profession of guiding sportsmen into the hunting and fishing regions of North Queens. The best customer I ever had was an American doctor named Henderson, who came to hunt in North Queens year after year. We used to go hunting moose and bear in the bush country around Indian Lookout, which is a high rock near the place where the five western counties meet. Henderson grew very fond of the place and often said he wanted to be buried there.

"He was in the forties and had a rich practice somewhere in or near New York. There was a bit of mystery about him. I think he had once tried to commit suicide by swallowing a corrosive poison. Anyway the lower part of his gullet was grown together, or blocked, or something, and his food had to be poured into his stomach through a tube. It was a rubber tube, and the wall and skin of his stomach were sewn to it, and there was a metal clamp on the tube which he screwed tight after "eating". We used to cut up his food very small and stir it up in a bowl with some kind of digestive fluid to take the place of saliva, and a certain amount of olive oil. Sounds strange, doesn't it ? But it seemed to work all right.

What's more he used to "drink" whiskey, lots of it, in the same way. He said that whiskey taken direct into the stomach like that gave a real kick right off the bat. He seemed quite hale and hearty, so I was surprised to #### hear one day that he had died at his home. He was only 47.
One of his friends afterwards told me about Henderson's will. All his money went to a married niece, with instructions to have the body cremated. The urn containing his ashes was to be buried at Indian Lookout, and I was to see that it was done; and a brass plate was to be fastened to the rock, inscribed with his name and " I always got a bear here ". Just that, and nothing else.

The will instructed her to set aside $1000 for the purpose. But the niece

thought the whole d$ idea was scandalous, so she had the ashes scattered over Long Island Sound from an airplane " because he was so fond of yachting as a young man."

There were some guns and other hunting gear that I was supposed to have when he died, but I never got them."

TALE OF JOHN Mc.ISAAC

)(A pipe-fitter employed by Mersey Paper Co. 1938)

" I am from Cape Breton and I heard this story long ago in the Gaelic. My grandmother spoke Gaelic only, had no English at all. It was back in her time there were a few niggers living down River Denys way that had the Gaelic.
It seems that one or two nigger families had drifted there from somewhere, back in the old, old time, and the children, brought up amongst people that had nothing but the Gaelic, grew up to speak it as their own tongue.

One of these niggers became a real witty fellow. I don't know his name. Anyway, a priest -- a Father McGillivary, I think -- was sent down amongst the people and he was travelling the road looking up the Catholics of his new parish. He stopped this nigger with a question in English, asking where so-and-so lived, and so-and-so. The nigger answered in Gaelic and they struck up a conversation. Finally Father McGillivary asked him, " And are you a Cathaaic ? "
And the nigger came right back with, " Oh, no, Father ! Far from it ! I am fear dhu ! "
"Fear Dhu" is the Gaelic for black fellow, and a name commonly applied to the Devil by the Highland folk of Cape Breton.

TALE OF SAM FREEMAN

" About the year ~~1910~~ 1908 a big British steamer, called the Mount Temple, went ashore in a fog near Lahave. The underwriters took off her cargo and eventually refloated her; but during the few days after she was first ashore the local fishermen had some fine looting. # She had a general cargo from Europe and the stuff was to be had, at ridiculous prices, all over Queens and Lunenburg for a time.

One day I was driving a horse and buggy down the Lahave shore -- I was selling life insurance then. It was a hot and dusty day and I was dry, so I went into a little store and asked for Kempton's ginger ale. (I believed in patronising home industry, and in those days old Captain Sam Kempton of Milton ran a little aerated water works and sold his stuff allover the western counties.)
The woman behind the counter answered in a broad "Dutch accent, " Yess, ve got dat Kempton stuff, and ve got diss champagne stuff."
I raised my eyebrows. " How much for the champagne ? "
" Same as for Kempton's stuff, five cents a glass."
So I ordered a glass of the "champagne stuff", of course. And by Gosh, it was champagne. I got a look at the bottle after a couple of sips, and it was Piper Heidseck 1890. The good woman didn't know what it was, really; as far as she was concerned it was just some kind of foreign aerated water -- she could see the bubbles. She admitted#, giggling, that it had " come off o' dat wreck down to de Islands."
"Madame," said I. " This stuff has rather a pleasant taste. How much have you got ? "
" A whole case."

Grounding 55 years ago recalled

By J. KEITH YOUNG

LUNENBURG — Fifty - five years ago, in the month of April, the steamer Mount Temple again floated in her proper element, the Atlantic Ocean. Between the month of December, 1907 and this April of 1908 the steamer had laid high and dry on the shoals off LaHave Ironbound Island, helpless to the vagaries of wind and tide.

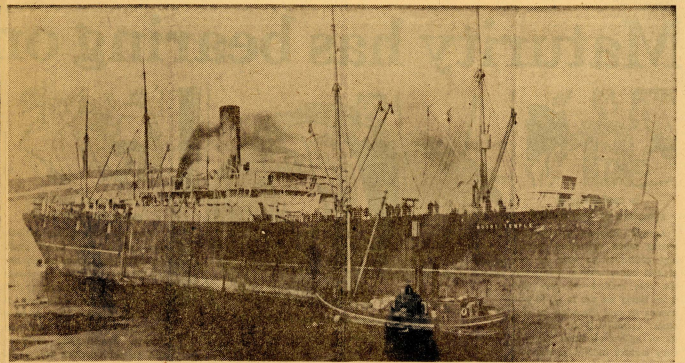
Visibility on the night of the steamer's rendezvous with Fate was practically nil, with a driving snowstorm obscuring familiar landmarks. Little anxiety was had aboard the Mount Temple as she headed toward the port of Saint John, New Brunswick as many such winter storms had been experienced by her crew and Captain. But the lonely lightkeeper on the shoal-infested Ironbound Island carefully checked his light an additional time as he glanced at the storm beginning to rage outside.

The big steamer was lurching badly as she continued on her course but the fury of the wind insiduously pushed her off her course and with a sudden crash the Mount Temple shuddered and stopped dead in the water. A frightened glance at the raging, white water under her bow and all realized the steamer had struck on the shoals off Ironbound.

Engines were at once rammed in reverse but to no avail; again and again full power was put to the engines but the Mount Temple was doomed to her rocky berth. The weather was desperate but everyone reached shore safely to leave the steamer to the mercy of the seas pounding her sides.

Following the storm and at day's first light, the Mount Temple was seen to be still in possible good shape except being held fast on the jagged rocks. Schooners, shore boats and tugs hastened to her aid, but all their work could avail little against the sea and rocks. The entire cargo was transported ashore and the steamer left to remain a deserted hulk off the island. Tides were carefully checked and when, in April, an exceptionally high tide was reported from the area, a tug was dispatched in all haste to again try her luck in pulling the steamer off the rocky perch where she had stubbornly remained throughout the winter and early spring months.

Heavy ropes were attached to the steamer and as the tide rose to an exceptional height suddenly, with a lurch, the Mount Temple at last slid off her restraining anchors of rock and floated free in the water. The ship was still serviceable despite her strange harbor and offered a floating warning to mariners of the always dangerous enemy of ships — the relentless sea.



High and dry for months was the steamer Mount Temple, stuck on shoals off LaHave Ironbound Island back in 1907.
(From the J. Keith Young collection.)

" How much for the case ? "
" Oh, I dunno. Vould you t'ink fife tollars wass too much ? "
I forked over the $5 like lightning and went on my way rejoicing. That evening at a Bridgewater hotel, in the company of several congenial drummers, I helped to kill that case of Piper Heidseck to the last drop."

TALE OF BILL SHEPPARD

(William Sheppard, Prothonotary & Clerk of the Court at Liverpool for many years.)

" Some years after the 'Mount Temple' was wrecked at Lahave I was working in my garden in Liverpool when a farmer from Beach Meadows halted his ox wagon in the street outside. He leaned over the fence and announced, ' Them's purty flowers, but I'm surprised to see a town man $$$$$ botherin' to grow wild flowers in his garden."
I said, " Where did you ever see daffodils growing wild ? "
"Down home. They grow in the woods by the shore."
I thought he was pulling my leg, so I said, " If I come down to Beach Meadows next Sunday, will you show me daffodils growing wild ? "
" Sure thing ! " he said. And he did, when on the following Sunday I drove down there in Harris Haughn's car.
There was a strip of swamp running back from the beach into the woods, and that #### swamp was ablaze with daffodils. It was a long way from any of the farms. Nobody seemed to know anything about the flowers. The only thing I can think is that some of the Dutch bulbs known to have been in the ' Mount Temple' cargo drifted along the shore and were washed up over the swamp by a high tide; or perhaps were buried by children who had found them on the beach. Anyway, I dug up a lot of them for my garden, and I call them my 'Mount Temple daffodils.'."

TALE OF SCABBY LOU

(Heard at various times in various parts of Queens County)

Scabby Lou's real name was Louis Labrador. He was born about 1840, died in 1908. He was very dark and hairy and his face was pitted by smallpox, hence the name by which he was known all over the County. He was a great character in his day, much consulted on woods lore and the weather.
One very dry summer when all the wells were going dry and the crops perishing for lack of moisture, John Morton, the Milton merchant, asked Scabby Lou when it was going to rain. Scabby Lou consulted the sky and said," Tomorrow afternoon."
Morton looked at the sky. It was blue and clear and very hot.
" I don't believe it."
"Bet you fi' cents she is rain tomorrow ! " snapped Lou.
" Done ! " said Morton.
The following morning the sky was cloudless as ever, but shortly afterndinner a few small clouds came up and a sprinkle of rain fell, barely enough to be seen.
Lou appeared in Morton's store for his money.
" But that was only a sprinkle ! " Morton objected.
"How much rain you want for fi' cents, Morton ? " demanded Lou.
He got his money.

TALE OF SCABBY LOU

It was a hot day in the 1890's and the water bucket and mug in Bell's blacksmith shop in Milton were in great demand, not only by the smith and his partner (who kept a private mug hanging on a beam overhead) but by the teamsters and lumbermen and others who had business there or chanced to pass along the dusty road -- all of whom used the "public" mug.
In mid-afternoon several men came into the forge and made straight for the water bucket. Old Scabby Lou was sitting by the bucket, resting in the cool gloom of the forge, an unlovely figure in his old rags, his mane of black hair, straggle of black chin-hairs and pockmarked cheeks. One by one the men drank from the mug, taking care not to $$$$$ put mouth to the obvious part of the rim.
When they were finished, old Lou spoke up in his reedy monotone.
" Tha's right, men, drink by de $$$$$ hundle. Good pla-ace, drink by hundle. Always drink by hundle, me ! "
There was a guilty silence for a moment but the teamsters burst into laughter at last, and the tale has been told around the County for years.

TALE OF JOHN FRANCIS

John Francis (born ~~about 1875 or 80~~ in 1876) was a famous guide to hunters and fishermen in South Queens and a character in his own right. He enlisted in the 25th Battalion ~~Nova Scotia Highlanders~~ Western during the First Great War and served for some time in France. He and other Milton Indians were much used for scouting in No Man's Land. In after years none of these Micmacs would talk very much about their war experiences; there was a certain uneasiness about them, as if they were not quite sure of the legality of killing white men. But one evening we got John to tell about the first German he killed. The battalion was in the line on a comparatively quiet part of the front; there was a good deal of patrol activity and some laying of barbed wire in No Man's Land at night, that was all. Up to the time of this incident none of John's battalion had actually seen a German. John was not even sure what a German looked like. He was scouting alone in No Man's Land one night. There was a moon but a good deal of ground mist and appearances were deceptive. However John heard an odd little sound not far away and crawled over to see what was afoot.
" And dere was a man drivin' fence posts with a beeg maul. And dat maul don' make no sound on'y a fonny kind o' Woomp Woomp. Well, eet scare me, I tell you. Why dat thing don' make no noise ? Hey ? Tha's beeg maul, by gracious ! Well, I watch dat man long time, drivin' dat post, makin' a beeg sweeng wit' de maul, an' de maul comin' down, an' you expectin' a loud crack, an' nawthin' but dat Woomp, very gentle, very sof'. Den I saw ! Dat feller's got hees coat off an' tied it roun' maul so it don' make no noise. Tha's what !
So I said to myself, ' By Gud, dat's dirty trick ! ' Deed'nt look like none our fellers so I wait tael he's got dat maul up over hees head ag'in -- and I let him have it, Bang ! ' Yes, sir, tha's how I killed firs' German ever I saw."

TALE OF JOHN FRANCIS

John was a bad old man, fond of rum, fond of women, and none too fussy about the quality of either. A long and close acquaintance with venereal disease made him a sort of expert in the treatment, and on these matters he was consulted by the denizens of Two Mile Hill. Like several other Indians I have known, he used to gather certain herbs and roots and brew a medicine which he claimed to be a sure cure. It was taken internally and also applied to the afflicted part of the anatomy.

One summer a half-wit white girl drifted down the Annapolis road and came to rest at the Two Mile Hill. John took her in. Before long he discovered that she had a case of gonorrhoea -- probably an infection from himself, for he had suffered with a gleet for years. So John applied his medicines and his own peculiar methods. One evening some of the younger Indians came in to pay a call. They all sat on the floor against the wall, Indian fashion. The strange girl sat on the table. She had her knees up and as she had no underwear she was showing what Chaucer would have called her " quaint". The young Indians grinned and nudged each other, for they observed that the lady's "quaint" was closely shaven -- a usual preliminary to John's medical applications.

John noticed them grinning and peeking and he turned and gave them a sly look over his shoulder.

" Yes," he announced, " and I'm the barber round 'ere, too ! "

TALE OF JOHN FRANCIS (Born 1876)

Amongst John's accomplishments was a knack of making artificial flies that would really catch fish. Some of them became famous locally. One was the "Niggerhead", which had the usual hackles and hook plus a number of kinky white hairs which had a peculiar look and motion in the water. Everyone asked John where he got these hairs and after a time he confessed that he got them from an old negro at Port Medway, a retired boxer with a handsome head of pure white wool. Every time the negro had a haircut he would send John a clipping in an envelope and John mailed him back 25¢. (This negro's name was "Honey" Taylor)

The popularity of these flies enlarged John's ideas. He had always had great faith in human hair for fishing-flies. A couple of years after he came out with the popular Niggerhead, there was another which in certain weather proved a killer for trout. This one had no name. It was like the Niggerhead but the hairs were not white, they were auburn with a kink. This was in the late 1930's. A number of Liverpool sportsmen, including Harry Madden, Jim Buchanan and others, all possessed themselves of the new fly. John would not reveal where he got the hair for it, but it wasn't long before someone figured out the source. There is only one source of red hair with a kink, in Queens County -- perhaps in the world -- and that is a family of mulattos named Johnson who live out on the Western Head road outside Liverpool. The two older daughters in particular had great fuzzy mops of kinky red hair. These two were rather good-looking in a tawny sort of way, and old John had been observed on the back road more than once, talking to the one called Georgina.

So the secret was out at last, and local sportsmen began to call the new fly the "Georgina". This led to further discussion and further questioning, and finally John was asked point-blank just what part of Georgina's anatomy the hairs came from. John would look sly and say nothing. One of the other Indians

dropped a hint for what it was worth -- the word "Mijwee". Now Mijwee is the Micmac word for a woman's "quaint". So at once the sportsmen changed the name of the fly to " Georgina Mijwee". There was a good deal of hilarious talk about these flies, and a good many of them were in use along the river for a time.. Chronicle The climax of the joke came when the Forest and Stream column of the Halifax Herald, which prided itself on keeping close touch with anglers and the latest wrinkles, came out with a solemn paragraph to the effect that a new fly called the Georgina Mijwee was proving very successful for trout along the Mersey River.

TALE OF JOE JEREMY

Old Joe Jeremy, the Indian who lived in sole possession of the old Micmac reservation at Molega, in 1942 married a second wife. He had been 20 years a widower. Vic Lacy of Caledonia met Joe one day and stopped to congratulate him on his new marriage.

" Joe, I hear you've got a new wife."

" Ain't new," grunted Joe. " Bin # used a leetle."

(or " Not new, used some."

TALE OF LEN SEAMAN

Len was a tall roaring grey-whiskered old fellow when I knew him in the 1920's. He lived amongst the Indians at Two Mile Hill in the jib between the Annapolis Road and the Rapid Falls Pulp Mill road. He was a character and so was his wife Betsy, a big woman who paddled about the house in her bare feet and smoked a pipe. Len made a living as an ox-teamster. He and Betsey lived like Indians but Len always managed to keep a fine pair of oxen.

One day Len's ox Lion trod on Len's right foot and crushed it painfully.

Len didn't do anything about it for a day or two; but it kept swelling and finally Betsy spied Doctor J.W.Smith of Liverpool driving past in his little Model T Ford, and ran out and hailed him. In came the doctor, and ordered Len to take off boot and sock. Len did so, and exhibited a foot that was not merely swollen but extremely filthy and stinking to heaven.

"Len Seaman ! " snorted Doc. Smith. " I bet that's the filthiest foot in Queens County."

" How much'll y'bet ? " snapped Len.

" Bet a dollar."

" You lose ! " roared Len -- and took boot and ### sock off the #### other foot.

The hurt foot Betsy had daubed with a rag, the day of the accident.

The other foot hadn't been washed in Len's life.

Doc Smith paid up, so the story goes, and told it on his rounds.

TALE OF BILL FOSTER

Bill Foster was a little old whining loafer who lived mostly by begging, with some aid from the overseers of the poor. He was married and had raised a brood just like himself. As each came of age he (or she) left the parental shack to loaf and beg on their own. When Bill wanted cash very, very badly -- and not before -- he would come to the old Macleod pulp mill and work for a few days. Then he would quit, pleading bad health.
The rest of his time was spent in fishing for salmon or trout, or sitting over a stove, or loafing on Milton corner.

When the dams were built on the Mersey River in 1928-29 there was a great demand for labour of all kinds, and life became very awkward for the loafers on the corner. Somebody was always driving up and offering a job. Also the overseers of the poor became hard-hearted, pointing out that there was plenty of work and no need of relief. All this was too much for Bill. For the first time in his life he left Milton and went off somewhere (nobody ever knew where) to parts where work was scarce and loafing a recognised occupation. He stayed there a couple of years. When the boom on the Mersey was over, and the whole thing had blown over, so to speak, Bill came back and established himself happily on the relief rolls once more.

When he reached the age of 70 and qualified for an old age pension he was in seventh heaven. He had the satisfied but long-suffering air of a man who has struggled a lifetime to attain independence. He bought himself a new Fedora hat, begged a fairly respectable suit of clothes, and from God knows where acquired a pair of pince-nez glasses on a black ribbon -- all of which gave him the look of a deacon in need of a shave.

He was wearing this costume one day in May 1941 when I saw him on one of the timber piers of the lower highway bridge at Milton, wielding a dip-net on a long pole. He had nailed pieces of barrel stave down the side of the pier so he could get down next the water. It was the time of the kiack run and Bill had arrived at the river too late to occupy one of the better dipping stands.
Up further towards the dam, in all the best places, a number of young men and boys were dipping furiously and flinging out fish after fish. Bill had nothing, though he stooped and dipped with careful sweeps. In one of these fruitless scoops his glasses fell off and dropped to the end of the ribbon. Bill straightened up to put them on again, and saw me and Cecil Brown looking over the bridge rail at him. There were tears in his eyes.
"Here I am," he whined, " a tax-payer all me life, and can't get a place to dip kiacks ! "

THROUGH THE MILL

In January 1942 I walked with Parson Nicholson of the United Church, Liverpool, to call on young George Brand, who was running a logging camp on Beech Hill. The camp was in a big clearing about 2½ miles from the last farm on the road from Hunt's Point, a roomy thing of good-sized logs, the chinks stuffed with moss and bits of sacking, the interior very dim, lighted only by a couple of little old window frames that looked as if they'd been swiped from a Beech Hill hen-house. We had a good supper of baked beans and brown bread and later had a yarn with the cook. He was a small bright-eyed lean man of about 50, in shirt sleeves and wearing a flour-bag apron. His sleeves were rolled and I noticed that his right arm was crooked at the elbow and again at the wrist, and that two fingers of his right hand were missing and the others mis-shapen.

Also he walked with a queer limp.
"How did that happen ? " I asked, pointing to his arm.
" I got that goin' through the mill," he said.
" Yes, Yes," said the parson, " that is how we all suffer -- going through the mill, but how did this happen, precisely ? "

" I told you the truth and nothin' else but," returned the cook. " I got it goin' through the mill. I went slam-bang through the mill from one end to the other in one flip. T'was like this. I'm a Selig from Port Medway, see ? Though I live now at New Albany on the South Mountain for my wife's lungs. All us Port Medway young fellers used to go to sea, and I went into fishin' vessels as a cook's flunky and finally as a cook. Went to the Banks for years. Got tired of it at last and made up my mind to settle ashore somewhere, doin' anythin' else but cookin'.
So I got meself a job in a sawmill 'way back in the Lune'burg County woods.
T'was one o' them li'l portable mills with a steam boiler that's fired with slabs, and all the machinery under a low shed, open both ends, made o' roughage lumber.
The fore end was towards the lake, where the logs floated and come up to the saws on a chain. At the back end o' the shed was a planer. They put me to work on the planer.

T'was cold weather and I wore a mackinaw and mittens. After I'd bin at it a couple of hours I felt like an old hand. Nothing to it. Jist about then I stooped over the belt to pick up somethin' and my mitten caught in the belt lacin' somehow. I was drug off me feet in a second, and pulled along to the shaft quick as lightnin'. The shaft caught in my mackinaw and whirled me around and 'round like sixty, fetchin' me a thump ag'in one o' the roof joists every trip.
Didn't have no breath to yell, nor time for that matter. The other fellers was all up at the fore end o' the mill hoistin' out some more logs.
The spin o' the shaft bored through the mackinaw and took hold o' my other clo'es, even to my underwear, and kep' twistin' an' twistin' till finally all my rig tore loose at once. Yes, I was shucked out o' my clo'es like a skun rabbit, and went flyin', restin' partly on the big belt, till it reached the pulley up for'ard.
Over the pulley I went, and through the openin', and smack into the midst o' the fellers on the haul-up. And there I laid, with nothin' on but me hat and socks and boots; me right arm broke in two places, two fingers a'most tore off, me right hip broke, and me right leg broke below the knee. And some ribs cracked. Besides which I was cut and tore up somethin' scandalous.

Well, they gathered me up in a blanket and hustled me off to a doctor.
He amp'tated the two hangin' fingers and so on, and set me arm and leg, though me arm never set straight ag'in, nor me leg. But anyhow, when he got through he says to me, " What happened ? " -- jist like you done. And I give him the same answer, " Doc, I went through the mill."
So after that I went back to cookin' again -- but in loggin' camps, like this.
Sometimes the boys come in from the choppin's and say, " Ah, cook, you sure got it soft, indoors in the warm all the time ! "
And I tell 'em, " Ah, yes, boys. But I been through the mill in me time, boys, I been through the mill ! "

HERRING AND POTATOES

(Story told by Rev. John W. Nicholson)

A Presbyterian parson in Cape Breton went calling on one of his flock, a man in fairly comfortable circumstances who had married a wife of very frugal habit. The parson had send word of his coming beforehand, hoping that this prosperous member of the congregation would have ready a first-rate meal. He arrived, and after pious greetings and salutations he sat down to dine with them. Great was his surprise to be confronted with the Cape Breton staple, boiled salt herring and potatoes. He looked at it severely.

" Will ye say grace, minister, please," said the good wife smugly.

" O Lord," intoned the parson in a loud voice, " who hath ransacked land and sea to provide us with this feast, we give thee thanks ! "

ON MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS

(Story told by Rev. J.W.Nicholson)

At Hartland, New Brunswick, where I once had a church, the St. John river is crossed by the longest covered bridge in the world -- or that is what I'm told. I loved to walk across that bridge early on summer mornings and look at the town across the great river. One dewy morn I came upon a tall elderly fellow mowing hay, and as my habit is, I struck up a conversation by asking questions, mostly about his farm and himself. At last I said, " And what's your name ? "

" Seeley," he said, and leaned on his scythe. He had a whimsical look in his eye; he was what you'd call a character.

" A good name," said I, " though I've not met it often."

" Ah ! " said he. " At one time the world was full of Seeleys."

" Well, well ! And what became of them all ? "

He ran his tongue around his cheek. I saw that I had asked the right question.

" T'was long before Moses and his commandments. When the world was full of Seeleys there was only one commandment -- ' Mind your own business'. Every time a Seeley broke the law he lost his name, and had to take another. I've still got mine."

He fixed me with a quizzical eye -- and I took the hint and left him to his mowing.

THE RETORT PIOUS

(Story told in Cape Breton)

The train was drawing near to Port Hawkesbury and Point Tupper, where the ferry runs across to Mulgrave, and the noisy boor from Sydney had been roaming up and down the cars talking very loudly, making a thorough nuisance of himself. Now he approached a new victim, a quiet-looking old Highland gentleman from Strathlorne.

" Hey, Mac ! " he demanded. " Does this train stop at Point Tupper ? "

The old gentleman did not even turn his head. Addressing the air in front of him in a voice full of feeling he declared, " If she doesna, may the guid God Almic'ty help us all ! "

JERRY NICKERSON'S TALE

(He swears it is true)

Years ago in a little place on the Bay of Fundy shore, a schooner lay on her beam ends on the flats, for it was low tide. While she lay thus, the owner-skipper, who lived nearby, sent an old fellow to caulk some of her seams. He was a good caulker but too fond of the rum; and he chewed tobacco and drooled at his work so that his whiskers, long and bushy, were mostly a rich brown from tobacco juice. The skipper watched him tapping away under the Mary Ann for a time and then went off to his house in the fields looking out over the flats. For a long time the steady tick-tack of the caulker's mallet and iron drifted shoreward across the dry flats. Then it stopped. But nobody noticed.

After several hours the skipper looked out and saw that the tide was coming in, in fact it was already lying over the flats in a thin bright sheet. He looked to his anchors and cables and saw them in $$$$$ order from where he stood. Evidently the caulker had $$$$$$$ finished his job# and walked ashore and home. But now the skipper heard a yell, faint and ~~scart~~ and muffled. It seemed to come from the schooner. She lay careened still, for there wasn't more than an inch or two of tide over the flats yet, and the sloping deck faced the shore with no sign of life about it. Again the yell. It was the caulker's voice !

The skipper and his sons ran out on the flats, splattering in the water. On the seaward side of the vessel lay their caulker, fastened to the ship by his beard. Do you know what that drunken old fool had done ? He was lying on his back, hammering away at the bottom seams, and mistook his own whiskers for part of his handful of oakum, fixed them neat in the seam with his iron, and drove them home with the mallet. There he was, fast to the vessel's bottom, unable to reach around and get his jack-knife to cut himself loose -- and the tide already trickling along the back of his neck.

EPH HUNT'S TALE

(definitely tall)

I had a camp of 20 men up in the Tobeatic country cutting pine, and one of them was a smart young feller that could imitate birds 'specially owls. One night he called up a whole bunch of owls and they sat in the pine trees around the camp and hooted and screeched at him and each other -- you know the way they do. Well, the old hands wanted to get to sleep, so they went out and chucked rocks and drove the owls away. But there was one big old horned owl that kept coming back. He would sit square on the camp ridge-pole and let out them real deep hoots like the sireen off a steamboat. The men cussed, and kep' turnin' out to rock him off o' that. And back he kep' comin'.Finally I said, " Gimme the lantern, and I'll fix the son-of-a-gun."

I took the lantern and I started walkin' easy round the camp clock-ways. You know how an owl## will set still and keep his face broad towards you by jest swivelling his head as you move ? Well, I kep' goin' round and round, walkin' faster and faster, and the owl turnin' his head and follerin' the glimmer o' the lantern. Then I begun to run, and pretty soon I was sweatin', and gittin' dizzy, and begun to think maybe t'wouldn't work, maybe owls' heads had a ball-and-socket j'int. Just when I was out o' breath and ready to give up, off comes his head and rolls down the roof ! Yes, sir ! You can ask anybody. It come o' reasonin' and patience. Everybody's walked round an owl once. But who ever done it fifty times ? The secret is move fast and don't give him time to unwind. If you don't believe me, you can ask Dinny Cleary. No, I guess Dinny's dead. No matter. Truth and science, boys, walks hand in hand, and needs no witnesses."

JOE PATERSON'S TALE

Joe: " Them Norway pine back of Tobeatic is so tall it takes two men to see the tops."
George Banks: " How's that ? "
Joe: " One feller looks up as far as he can see, and t'other goes on from there."

GEORGE BANKS' TALE

One time an American lady tourist hired Pat Cannon to give her a trip around Kejumkujik Lake in his boat. She was a retired schoolma'am by the sound of her, and she was parched with the thirst for information. She asked Pat the durndest questions. She kept it up the blessed afternoon. At the end, when the boat was heading back for the lodge, she asked one too many.

It was a calm day. The lake was like a sheet of glass. But now little stirs of air over the lake began to make dark streaks on the surface of the water here and there. It so happened that the boat was heading along $$$$$$$$$$ a smooth patch between two of the ruffled places.

LADY. " What makes this part of the water so smooth, Mr. Cannon ? "
PAT. "Why, ma'am, this here is where Mike Donnellan hauled medda-hay over the ice last winter."

HUGH DUNLAP'S TALE

Did you ever see a gannet? A gannet is a kind of gull. Now a gannet's insides aren't all balled up in a knot like yours and mine. A gannet's guts are all in one piece and straight as a piece of pipe. In fact a gannet is all straight -- straight beak, straight neck, straight stomach, straight intestine, straight .... well, to get on with the story....

One time I saw a gannet swallowing an eel, or trying to. That gannet was three feet long from stem to stern. The eel was four feet long. He grabbed the eel's head and swallowed it. Just as he was gulping down the last of the tail, be-gosh, he looked down and saw the eel's head between his legs. So he swallowed it again. I watched that thing for hours, that dam-fool bird swallowing and swallowing, and the eel going round and round like perpetual motion. I had to go home to supper at last, and in the morning the pair of 'em was gone.
I don't know yet which gave up -- the gannet or the eel.

BRENT SMITH'S TALE

The first circus that ever came to Liverpool pitched its tents in what's now the baseball field, just across the railway tracks from the town. The ball club has fixed up the grounds a lot. In those days it was just part of the marsh, a bit higher and dryer than the rest, that's all.
Old Harry So-and-so used to cultivate the marsh. He got fine hay crops off the lower part and grew vegetables where the ball diamond is now.

Well, he was pretty glad to rent his field that year to the circus for a pretty good ### sum. The circus stayed two or three days. They had many horses and a big menagerie, and the people flocked from miles around. After the show had gone,

Harry found himself with a mess to clean up. He gathered up all the loose paper and burned it. He was going to scrape the dung into the ditch when it struck him suddenly that all this was good manure. So he ploughed it into the field that Fall. Next summer he raised a fine crop of ############ vegetables. He took some over to town in the cart to sell, and everybody admired them, and complimented Harry on his industry, and said it had been a fine growing season, and there was no doubt that marsh land, properly drained and tended, would yield as fine a crop as any soil in the country.

" Hell ! " said Harry. " T'was industry, maybe, that kept the bugs off the 'taters. T'was the fine growing season, maybe, that raised the peas so high and handsome. T'was the dreened marsh mud that grew the beets so good. But them big turnips -- that was the elephant shit ! "

TALE OF SCABBY LOU

(Told by Edgar Wright, Liverpool,N.S.)

One time Scabby Lou came into the store of Robert Smith, who sold meat and groceries in a building (since removed) between the Patch house and what is now Herman Winters' barber shop. Lou wanted a piece of fresh beef, and Smith cut him off a piece that was mostly bone, wrapped it up, and declared the price. Lou paid, and walked off to Milton with the parcel.

In the spring Lou appeared in the store again, this time with something to sell --a box of maple sugar in large square slabs. Smith haggled with Lou over the price but finally bought the lot. Off went Lou with the money.

It wasn't long before some customers drifted into the store, spotted the maple sugar, and bought it all at Smith's price, which was of course much more than the amount he had paid Lou. Smith was pleased with his bargain.

Then the customers began to come back with the maple sugar, and they were pretty mad. When broken, each slab of sugar was found to be full of meat bones, broken up small and dropped into the pan when the sugar was still in a molten state. Smith had to make refunds all round.

Scabby Lou kept out of Smith's way for a long time after that, but one day in the summer Bob saw the old Indian shuffling along the sidewalk and accosted him.

" Lou ! You old scoundrel ! What d'you mean by selling me maple sugar full of bones ? "

Lou fixed him with a beady eye. " They's bones in meat, ain't it ? ####
So ! h'All right ! Bones in sugar, too ! "

TALE OF KATIE FRANCIS

When the Halifax & South Western Railway was built along the South Shore it reached Liverpool about the summer of 1904. Trains began to run right away, although there was no station, nothing but a freight shed. You just got on the train, said where you wanted to go, and the conductor sold you a ticket.

The railway was a novelty and a lot of people just got on for the sake of a ride, and there were others who came in from all the country round about, just to stare at the engine and cars and watch them coming and going. Amongst these were the Indians from Two Mile Hill. Before long Old Katie Francis made up her mind to get on the train like the white folk. She had [redacted] in her hand, and the assistant conductor asked her where she wanted to go.

Katie demanded the names of some of the places where the train went, but none satisfied her. Finally he went along to Jerry Foster who was then the chief conductor.

" There's an old squaw on the train, and she doesn't know where she wants to go, except she'd like awful well to visit some Injun people at a place called, as far as I can make out, Shin-up-an-apple-tree ! "

Jerry, who knew something about Indians, thought for a minute.

" Ah ! I know -- she's saying Se-gub-un-acadie , that's the Indian word we call Shubenacadie. Sell her a ticket to Shubenacadie."

Nobody knows to this day what old Katie was really saying, but she went to Shubenacadie, stayed a while with the Indian people there, and came home on the train in triumph. She was the first Indian to travel on the cars, from these parts anyhow.

The Indians had a special rate on the old Intercolonial Railway between Halifax and Levis of 1 cent a mile, and I fancy the conductor gave Katie the benefit of it over the H. & S.W. as well. She could have gone a very long way for a few dollars at that rate, and everybody's wondered since what would have happened if Katie had mumbled something like Vancouver.

TALE OF BILL MURLEY

(Told by Andy Winters)

One time in the Fall we were up the river after ducks, and we picked up Bill Murley at Number Three. Bill brought a jug of his moonshine along and we sat in a brushwood blind by the stillwater below Big Falls, watching our decoys and waiting for the birds to come along. It had been a pretty cool night but after the sun came up the air got pretty warm. There wasn't any wind and you'd have thought it was a day in September or May, say, for there were even blackflies -- not the biting kind but the smaller kind that hang around in the fall on warm days and crawl over your face and ears.

Well, sir, Old Bill kept sucking his jug from time to time but we didn't take any because we couldn't stand the taste of it.
All of a sudden Bill roars, " Ducks ! Ducks ! Let 'em have it boys ! "
We looked all round, this way and that, and couldn't see a duck anywhere.
" Where ? Where ? " we yelled, cocking our guns and staring up at the sky.
" All round ! " says Bill. " Can't ye see 'em ? Where's your eyes ! Gimme a gun somebody -- Gawd sakes, I ain't seen so many birds at one time since '29."

I started to pass him my gun -- and then I saw his "ducks". Believe it or not, boys, there were twenty or thirty of those little blackflies buzzing in front of that red nose of his, and crawling over his spectacles -- and those little old blue eyes of his nearly stickin' out of his head, and his hands going, reaching out for guns. Yes, sir, he was as drunk as an owl -- seeing ducks wherever he looked and cussing us for a bunch of blind fools that should be peddling pencils with a tin cup on a corner somewhere."

A SWEET STORY

(Told by Ike Smart)

Out home at Caledonia there is a poor family named Mansfield. The local Poor Committee is always scratching its head over them, and the women are always taking out grub and made-over clothes and quilts and such-like. This Mansfield is a no-account sort of fella and he and his wife turn out a baby once a year as regular as clockwork.

~~This~~ spring one of the kids came into the village with word that Ma was sick, so some of the women and Doc Smith went out. Mansfield was off in the woods somewhere. His woman lay in the bedroom and Doc Smith went in and had a look at her. He's a quick, short-spoken fella, and he came out saying to the women, " Give her a douche right away. That's pretty well all she needs."

One of the women went out to the back stoop to look for ~~the well-water~~ WATER, and there was a pail full at the top of the steps, nice and clear and cold. She emptied some in the kettle and heated it up, and filled a hot-water bottle and they went inside and gave the Mansfield woman a thorough douching.

About the time they got through they heard Mansfield on the back stoop, hollering " Who the hell's took me sap ? " And there he was, just back from the sugar-maple trees back of the house with another pail-full. The women got awful red in the face but they didn't say anything till they got home. Then they laughed fit to bust, and the story got around.

Well, sir, this spring I was out that way and I met Mansfield in the road. " Hear your woman got a nice douche last year, " I said, offhand-like.
" Sure sweetened her up," he said, grinning. " That was just eleven months ago and durned if she didn't have twins last week."

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a sweet

A SWEET STORY

(Told by Ike Smart)

Out home at Galeshula there is a poor family named Manaflish. The local Poor Committee is always scratching its head over them, and the women are always taking out grub and mash-over clothes and quilts and such-like. This Manaflish is a no-account sort of fella and he and his wife turn out a baby once a year as regular as clockwork.

Now spring one of the kids came into the village with word that he was sick, so some of the women and Doc Smith went out. Manaflish was off in the woods somewhere. His woman lay in the bedroom and Doc Smith went in and had a look at her. He's a quick, short-spoken fella, and he came out saying to the woman, " Give her a dounce right away. That's pretty well all she needs."

One of the women went out to the back stoop to look for thermometer, and there was a pail full at the top of the steps, nice and clear and cold. She emptied some in the kettle and heated it up, and filled a hot-water bottle and they went inside and gave the Manaflish woman a thorough dounching.

About the time they got through they heard Manaflish on the back stoop, hollering " Who the hell's took me asp ? " And there he was, just back from the sugar-maple trees but they didn't say anything till they got home. Then they laughed fit to bust, and the story got around.

Well, sir, this spring I was out that way and I met Manaflish in the road.

" Hear your woman got a nice dounche last year, " I said, offhand-like.

" Sure sweetened her up," he said, grinning. " That was just eleven months ago and durned if she didn't have twins last week."

STORY OF COLONEL FRED FORD

Fred S.L.Ford and his brother Enos, of Milton, were a pair of skinflints from early youth, and many are the tales about both of them.

Fred Ford had quite a career. He studied medicine, teaching school to get the necessary money, and finally got his degree. He started a practice at New Germany, Lunenburg County, in the 1890's. Like his brother Enos he stood over six feet, carried himself well, and had a long dark intelligent face with an acquisitive nose. New Germany was a prosperous farming and lumbering region and Fred Ford found it a lucrative field. He was a good doctor, had more or less a monopoly in the district, and made the most of it. His fees were high and he collected them diligently. He boarded with a small farmer and paid a very low rate of board. When the farmer died his widow summoned courage to demand a higher rate of board from the diligent doctor. Said Ford, " Very well. Tell you what I'll do. I'll continue to pay you the old rate month by month, and at the end of the year or thereabouts I'll make up the difference." The widow agreed.

What she did not know was that in something like ten years' practice Ford had gathered the sum of $30,000, a fortune in those days, and he had determined to leave New Germany and try his talents in a larger field. This was about 1908 or 1909. Throughout this final year he collected back bills mercilessly, even threatening legal action, so that some of them actually mortgaged their farms to pay the doctor's demands. Then he left with his fortune -- and without paying the extra board he owed his landlady -- a thoroughly hated man throughout the district.

The landlady had indignation enough to take her bill to a lawyer, who succeeded in collecting it from Ford.

Ford returned to Milton, where his brother, a bachelor like himself, too mean to marry, was living on the old homestead. He told his friends there that he had been obliged to quit his medical practice for a year or two on account of his health. He hinted at tuberculosis. Just what his real plans were, no one will ever know. He lived at ease in Milton for several years, doing a little medical practice and bill-collecting in the old manner. He was interested in the militia and when the First German War broke out in 1914 he was a militia colonel, commanding Queens County's only unit, a casualty clearing station, which he had taken to Aldershot Camp for several successive summers. He liked his rank and uniform, he was a man of immense dignity and cut a fine martial figure.

In August 1914 the First Casualty Clearing Station was called up and ordered to Valcartier. Colonel Ford went off with his men, with great eclat, and at Valcartier the unit was brought up to strength by a draft from Ontario. They went overseas and after a short spell on Salisbury Plain went on to Taplow, where the Astors had turned over their fine estate Cliveden for use as a Canadian hospital.

Ford's unit remained at Cliveden for some time, and when it went over to France the diligent colonel carried off some of Lady Astor's best bed linen, embroidered with her monogram. She wrote for its return,politely, and the colonel sent it back from France, with regrets for the "mistake". He had been using ~~some of~~ it on his own bed.

For a long time the 1st Canadian C.C.S. was posted with a British army in France. The proper place for a CCS was close to the fighting, but Ford had a pronounced aversion to such an uncomfortable position, and by playing off his unit's Canadian identity against the ~~instructions~~ of the British medical command, he succeeded in keeping his unit well back of the line. In that position he was able to maintain, at no cost to himself (the Red Cross hospital comforts stores made an agreeable source of supplies) what was acknowledged to be one of the best-fed officers' messes in France.

Brass-hats seeking a good meal in comfortable surroundings made for Ford's mess by instinct; and when the time came for decorations to be awarded Canadian units, the commander of the first Canadian unit to reach France was not forgotten. He got a plum -- ### a Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In June 1917 he made his first and last mistake. He decided to ride up to newly

taken Vimy Ridge and call on some friends in the staff of the Canadian 2nd (Infantry) Brigade, which had just come out of the line. He found the staff (my father, T.H.Raddall 1st, was one of them) resting in a group of Nissen huts on the reverse slope of the ridge, near St. Eloi. It was dark when he got there, and he found a naked light outside one of the huts and complained about it loudly, pointing out the danger of attracting enemy attention. The 2nd Brigade people brushed off his worry humorously, pointing out that this side of the ridge was dead ground to enemy fire.

But before he had been inside one of the huts an hour, several German planes of a large size (Gothas) came over and dropped a number of 1000 Kg bombs, one which fell into the Nissen hut where Ford and a number of others, including my father, were chatting. Several officers were killed, the rest badly wounded. (My father was blown clean outside the hut with severe wounds in both hips, but he recovered and was afterwards killed while leading the 8th Canadian Battalion at Amiens in 1918.)

A piece of the bomb penetrated the back of Ford's skull, passed under the brain, and was subsequently removed through an incision in his cheek. He was invalided back to Canada and made a very convincing hero to the home folk, what with his C.M.G. and the scar in his cheek and his fine military figure.

He remained in the army but did not apply for further overseas service. Instead he got a very good billet in connection with hospitals in the Toronto Military District. (In the meantime his CCS in France, under the command of Major Dixon, had got itself transferred close to the fighting line and thenceforth saw some of the bitterest action of the war. But that is by the way.)

After the war Ford became chief medical officer in the Toronto Military District, and retired on pension about 1934. He made his home in Toronto, having a small apartment in a block occupied largely by retired officers like himself. He came to Nova Scotia nearly every summer for a holiday, staying with his brother Enos at Milton, and persuading various acquaintances, including some of his old unit, to drive him hither and yon in their cars.

If possible, he lived more parsimoniously than ever. I met him a number of times on these vacations, and (he was fond of reminding me that he and my father had been "comrades in arms", and wounded by the same bomb), and he was forever grumbling about the lack of thrift in the younger generation, and the financial irresponsibility of the times. He hinted that he had investments but never went into details, was fond of saying he couldn't afford this or that -- a taxi ride from Liverpool to Milton for instance, which cost 25 cents in the 1930's.

Several members of his old unit belonged to the Queens County branch of the Canadian Legion, and for years, out of loyalty to an old commander, they saw that his name was retained as Honorary President. He accepted the honor -- but never gave the branch a cent.

In 1944 he died in Toronto, leaving his affairs in the hands of a trust company. He had drawn up elaborate plans for his funeral, amongst other things commanding that he be buried in the family plot at Milton, with the Canadian Legion, the local Reserve Army units, a detachment from the Navy if possible, the Bridgewater, Liverpool and Milton lodges of Freemasons in attendance at his funeral.

The body was shipped to Milton, dressed in his best uniform, with his sword and medals, and as I was president of the Canadian Legion branch that year the relatives requested me to take charge of the funeral and see that his wishes were carried out. The Navy (very properly) refused a detachment, and none of the Freemasons of Bridgewater or Liverpool turned up; but I got the Legion out, and a firing party from the local Reserve unit, and the Milton Freemasons looked after the Masonic end of the funeral. I appointed several old members of Ford's unit to be pallbearers (they said it was a hell of a fuss to make over the old curmudgeon but carried out their duty cheerfully) and he went to earth in a howling rainstorm with the C. of E. parson from Liverpool conducting the last rites.

Shortly after this, the contents of his will were announced by the Toronto

trust company. He had left more than $200,000 ! It astonished everybody at first. But since money invested at 6 per cent doubles itself every 12 years or so, and allowing for investment losses, and quite possibly a lower rate of interest here and there, but added the continued careful savings from his pay and pension, it was easy to see that Fred Ford had kept the $30,000 of his New Germany days and turned it into a fortune even by modern standards.

Dominion and Ontario death duties took a large slice of the $200,000. The rest went to women -- one of them a favorite niece -- and $20,000 to his brother Enos, who only lived a year or so to enjoy it.

Many authentic anecdotes are told of Colonel Ford. This is the one I like best. One summer in the 1920's he came as usual to Milton for a holiday. One afternoon the Colonel went to the post office for his mail, and on the way back dropped in to see an old friend of his boyhood days, Clarence Freeman, who was sick. He found Mr. (later Magistrate) Edward Hendry there, and in a lull in the conversation he looked at his mail. There was a fair-sized parcel addressed to him from Toronto, and he recognised from the paper and string that it had come from some person or persons in the staff office of the Toronto military district.

He wondered aloud what they could be sending him, and finally decided to open it. He cut the string and began to remove wrapping after wrapping of paper, remarking once that Freeman and Hendry should observe how carefully the military people wrapped anything to be sent through the mails. As the various wrappings came off the object got smaller and smaller. Finally it was revealed -- a small dry sponge. Nothing else. Not a scrap of writing inside or outside.

The worthy Colonel muttered something in his throat, turning brick red at the same time, stuffed the sponge in his pocket and took a hasty departure, while Freeman and Hendry lay back stifling their laughter until he was safely out of earshot.

MACHINE GUN CURRY

Mark Curry was not a retired Indian Army major but he looked like one, carried himself like one, and had many of the mannerisms. He had never been in any army in his life. He was one of the Amherst family of Currys who made a large fortune in the woodworking business (Rhodes, Curry, Company) before the First German War. Mark appears to have been, if not the black sheep of the family, at least its least popular member; and some time before 1914 the older brother "Nat" Curry, who controlled the family purse-strings, paid off Mark in a lump sum and suggested that he remove himself far from Amherst. Mark was a man of irascible temper and doubtless it was a family trait, which would account for the row.

At any rate Mark, in or about the year 1908, up and married a spinster of 34 named Mamie Freeman, a native of Milton, Queens County, N.S., and on her persuasion removed to Milton. Mark was then about 48. They arrived in Milton in a motor-car -- the first ever seen in Milton -- and created a great sensation, moving into Mamie's house and having it repaired and changed to suit their apparently ample means.

There they lived comfortably the rest of their days. No children were born to them. Mark was a very positive, know-it-all sort of man, and it is supposed that he made some bad investments, because the Mark Currys drew in their financial horns quite a bit as the years went by, although they were always able to keep a good car and lived well.

When the First German War broke out, Mark had been living in Milton about 6 years and doubtless found it rather dull. About the spring of 1915 the repeated defeats of British and French troops in the field during the previous summer and autumn had caused some bewilderment at home. The superiority of the Germans in machine guns was greatly stressed, and -- as if our government had not placed huge orders for guns in the U.S.A. -- it became the fad of the moment to raise money by tag-days etc., buy an American machine-gun, and present it to the local regiment.

In Halifax a young woman named Annie Kirk started such a fund, the newspapers took it up, there was a great hue and cry, and finally the money for the " Annie Kirk Machine Gun " was sent off to the States. The American manufacturers were of course booked up with Allied government orders, and it was only after long delays that the "Annie Kirk M.G." was finally presented, suitably inscribed, to the 25th Nova Scotia Regiment overseas. (The gun had a curious career. It was captured from the 25th in a trench raid, and long afterwards was found mounted in a wrecked German aeroplane behind the lines. It had been adapted to German ammunition, and the Annie Kirk plate was still on it.)

This sort of thing fired Mark Curry with the same idea. He started a fund in Queens County, got a lot of publicity locally for it, and managed to raise a considerable sum for the "Mark Curry Machine Gun". The disposal of this sum remains a mystery to this day. Mark always maintained stoutly that he sent off the money to an American manufacturer, that the sum was found to be insufficient, the price having gone up; that the manufacturer was booked up with Canadian government orders anyway, and that finally he had directed that the money be paid against the Canadian government's account with the firm. In short, the money was donated to Canadian Government account with the manufacturer, and not to the purchase of a particular gun for a particular regiment as Curry had originally intended.

All this proved a little difficult to explain to the people at home. Especially in Milton, where Mark and Mamie Curry were regarded as "snooty" and suspected of "keeping up appearances" on something less than a fortune. It was whispered that Mark had simply stolen the money.

In 1917, when Liverpool commenced the construction of a large wooden steamship for the British Munitions Board, and there was a great demand for labor, skilled and unskilled, Mark Curry went to town and got himself a job as time-keeper on the job. Mamie explained this in her lofty hot-potato-in-the-mouth voice -- " Mark wants to do his bit, you know." This was repeated with jeers, with emphasis on the "do", in Milton for years.

The tale was still being told when I came to Milton in 1923. Mark then was a short, bowed, brisk man, largely bald, with a grey fringe and a grey moustache, a clipped and rather brusque manner. He was then about 63. Mamie, at 49, was a tall dignified woman, pleasant in a lah-de-dah manner, very much the lady.

About this time Mark, seeking again to add to his income, took the local agency for one of the more expensive makes of motor-car -- I forget which. I don't think he managed to sell any. But he got one himself and saved the dealer's commission.

Milton men returning from the war were told the story of Curry's machine-gun, and the tale went on. Some time in 1923 or '24, machinists at the Rapid Falls pulp mill "manufactured" a machine gun, something on the style of a Maxim, but of comical material and proportions -- using a piece of stove pipe for the cooling jacket, a length of galvanised inch water-pipe for the barrel, etc., and set it up on its tripod on the Curry doorstep one Saturday night.

The Currys, as became an elderly couple of leisure, rose late. Everybody going to church on Sunday morning saw the "gun" -- as its makers had intended . The street rang with laughter. When Mark saw it there he came out and whisked it away, and no one ever saw it again. Whatever he and Mamie may have thought, they said nothing outside. They continued to live in their secluded fashion, withdrawn from the village except for the Saturday evening game of bridge with the Levi Minards, their lifelong friends, who lived at Potanoc.

Mark Curry died in the late 1920's. He was known to the end of his days in Milton as Machine Gun Curry.

ARCH JOUDREY'S HOT DAY

(Tale told in Greenfield, Queens County)

Arch is a nice fellow, a big ruddy-faced man, veteran of War One. Has a neat little farm beside the Medway River at Bang's Falls, and picks up quite a few extra dollars in the salmon season by acting as guide to American anglers. Arch is not lazy but he likes to do things in a comfortable manner.

One hot day in August, after the salmon season was over, Arch was busy about the house getting his breakfast and washing up, and sweeping up and putting the house tidy, his wife being away. He felt kind of warm about mid-morning and he stepped to the kitchen window to look at his thermometer. It was one of those outdoor thermometers that you fasten on the window frame so that you can look through the glass on a cold winter day (or a hot summer one, for that matter) without going outside. It was made in two parts, a half-cylinder of metal stamped with the various degrees Fahrenheit, and the usual tube with the thin thread of red alcohol, or whatever it is that they put in those things nowadays.

Well, Arch looked at the thermometer and was thunderstruck. It said 103. He said "Migod" and took a turn around the kitcheh and came back again, thinking maybe his eyesight had gone a bit funny. But there it was -- the same 103. Well, he thought, I knew it was hot; I'm certainly sweatin' a bit; but Jee-rusalem, 103!

And he went and laid down on the couch in the parlor, where the blinds were always down to keep the sun from fading the carpets, except on Sundays or when the minister called; it was always the coolest part of the house. It's certainly too hot to work today, Arch thought. And he thought of all the field work that had to be done. It bothered him, thinking about that; and about an hour later he got up and had another look at the thermometer. This time it said 108. Arch felt the sweat streaming off him. He went back to the parlor couch. He didn't try to get any dinner for himself. It was too hot even to eat. Once he felt a little hungry, along about two o'clock in the afternoon, and he went out into the kitchen thinking he might fix himself a cold sandwich or something. But when he looked out the window and saw the thermometer standing at 110 in the shade he just sort of melted back into the parlor and lay there sweating and gasping on the couch.

Along about four o'clock in busts Jim So-and-so, his neighbor on the next farm.

"Migosh," says Jim, " You sure look bad, Arch. It come to me sudden that you must be sick, not seein' you around. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," says Arch, wiping the sweat off his face with a towel, " except it's too durn hot to work today. Why, it's awful. Ain't ever seen such weather. Don't see how you got up energy enough to run over here like that."

"Hot?" says Jim, looking a little puzzled. " She's hot a bit, I s'pose. Jest a nice warm August day. Don't bother me none."

" Just a nice warm hell," Arch says."Have you looked at the thermometer?"

"Sure. It was just 80, at noon anyway."

" 110", says Arch, making another swipe at the sweat on his face.

" Hunnert-an'-hell," says Jim, " 80. I got eyes."

That made Arch indignant. He took a chance on a heat-stroke and drug Jim into the kitchen. He poked a finger at the thermometer. It showed 105 -- the sun getting down.

" What do your eyes say to that?"

Jim stared at the thing. Then he looked at Arch, puzzled. Then he went outside and grabbed hold of the thermometer.

"Why, Arch, you durn fool, the kids have been over here playin' with the thing. Got the glass tube shoved way up inside the gauge part. " He grabbed hold of the tube and hauled the thing down into place, and the temperature outside Arch's kitchen went down thirty degrees, plunk. When he got back into the kitchen Arch was walkking round and round, cussing awful. He wasn't sweating no more. He felt actually cold, thinking how he'd lost a whole day's work and hadn't even got no pleasure out of loafing. It was all clear, now that Jim had explained the weather. But Arch never believed that durn thermometer again.