

TRANSCRIPT OF PERTINENT PARTS OF A TAPED CONVERSATION
WITH STEPHEN ORR OF REXTON, N.B. ON OCTOBER 28, 1973

ME: (Showing Steve a picture of the sword in Edey Fay's book) "Was that the sword that-a-that you had? Or did it look like that?"

STEPHEN: "No...no."

ME: "That's not it?"

STEPHEN: "No."

ME: "What di-what did the one that you had look like?"

STEPHEN: "It had a-a handle on there (indicating a "finger guard" around the handle) you know, came out that way."

ME: "Oh, yeh. Was it a-was it a round-a curved..."

STEPHEN: "It was short. It was broke off there"(indicating a point about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way out the length of the blade).

ME: "Yeh. Was it a-was it a curved blade, you know, like a..."

STEPHEN: "No, it was just straight, like that."

ME: "Um-hum."

STEPHEN: "But it was broke off in the middle. It was broke when he got it."

ME: "I see."

STEPHEN: "But they shortened it again. They used to kill pigs with it,

when they raised pigs, sometimes...everybody had their own pig, and-a-but-a-it got broke again, and, you know, it was just square across there."

ME: "Um-hum."

STEPHEN: "But it had a handle there—what they call a cutlass."

ME: "Uh huh. Well..."

STEPHEN: "See, that there...that there looks more like a—a Navy sword..."

ME: "Yeh. Did it have any emblems or anything on the handle?"

STEPHEN: "No."

ME: "Just-just plain?"

STEPHEN: "No, when he first-a-got it, it had tassels, you know, and trimmins'—fancy trimmin's—velvet, like."

ME: "Um-hum."

STEPHEN: "It was covered with velvet and it had a couple of tassels hang-hangin' on it, but that was all the decoration, there was nothin'—no marks...to say anything about where it was made or anything."

ME: "We-a-who has it-a-you say that you gave it to your nephew?"

STEPHEN: "Yeh, in Scarborough. George Orr...19 Manhattan Drive."

ME: (Showing him a picture of the 'Amazon-Mary Celeste' in Edey
Pay's book) "That's the Mary Celeste."

STEPHEN: "Yeh.... You see, when that fella...called it Mary Celeste,
it shoulda been 'Marie'."

ME: "Ummmm."

STEPHEN: "I think-a-Celeste is Spanish, you see, and it shoulda been
'Marie' to go with Celeste, there, and that meant 'Holy Mary',
you see."

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ME: "Well, listen. You're an Old Man of the Sea-a-would you ever
put a hatch cover upside down on deck?"

STEPHEN: "...Well, I tell ya, the Old Man would never let us do a thing
like that..."

ME: "Why?"

STEPHEN: "Anyway, if you stepped on it, you'd pull a nail. That was
one thing....it was bad luck, anyway. It was supposed to be
bad luck."

ME: "Well what-a-what were you s-you were telling me the last time I was up here about the-a-the sand islands."

STEPHEN: "Oh, yeh-a-that's what my father figured, you know, that she had run aground on one of these sand islands, you know—quicksand—[they] form overnight and sometimes they'd last 3 or 4 days. He thought that maybe she had run aground there, you know, and they got on the island there and she had floated away. That was the only way he could figure it."

ME: "Well, did-did he ever run up against any of these when he was sailing?"

STEPHEN: "Oh, yes. They passed them often...."

ME: "Well, ho-how far above the surface do they come?"

STEPHEN: "Oh, sometimes they're 3 or 4 feet above the surface."

ME: "And they just-just go down?"

STEPHEN: "Yes, they can disappear overnight, or stay maybe 3 or 4 days...whatever makes them—must be a whirlpool..."