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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

Several 'Forerunner' Examples Given

By NEIL A. MATHESON

I HAVE SEVERAL examples this week of the unusual stories known commonly as "forerunners" that were common in earlier days, and have been seen less frequently by people who are alive today.

A White Sands man told me one recently that goes something like this:

"One March evening in 1924, I came from the sawmill with a load of boards. I left the sleigh in the yard with the load still on it.

"After supper I went out to take off the ones with the uneven edges, as I was selling the lumber.

"I heard a voice call distinctly, it said my name.

"I looked around and there was nobody in sight. Yet the voice calling my name was so plain and unmistakable that I replied 'What?' when it called me.

"I looked around again, and there wasn't a soul to be seen. I went into the house, in case some member of the family might have called.

"It was probably one week later, I was working at the east end of my barn cleaning the stable. A neighbor was out at the wood pile in his field.

I saw a sleigh coming along the road from Murray Harbour. I knew the horse and sleigh, and saw the man in the sleigh hand a piece of paper to a neighbor.

### Voice Was Real This Time

"THE NEIGHBOR took it and read it. After he read it, he sung out my name.

"I said 'What?' and he said 'Come here'. These were the very same words, and the very same voice that I had heard so distinctly a week earlier, in my own yard.

"This time the neighbor was telling me of the death of his son in Saskatchewan. The paper was a telegram and that was the sad message it contained," the White Sands man told me.

"Never before or since", he added, "did I see anything that might be construed as a forerunner, yet that one was unmistakably clear.

"I've travelled all roads in the vicinity, walking, on a bicycle, in a horse-drawn rig and automobile. And I've never seen or heard anything else."

But that one time, back in 1924, the voice and the words were unmistakably clear, the man told me.

### Strange Light At Victoria

THIS STORY comes from Victoria and it was told to me by Howard Wood at his Dunrovin home, where he and his wife, Kay, cater to many tourists in the summer months.

The incident occurred back in the early 1940's, Mr. Wood told me.

The Woods, Howard and Kay, were down to Clyde River to visit the Dixons. Kay is a sister of Mrs. George Dixon. The old Victoria Bridge was still in use at the time, though it had been condemned by the provincial department of highway engineers.

"Suddenly Kay asked me: "What's that light blinking out there?" She was referring to a light that could be seen out over the water. I replied, 'I don't know, it might be a ship or something,'" Mr. Wood told me.

"As I looked", he continued, "the light seemed to be moving in towards the shore. It looked to be about one mile out over the water when we had first sighted it."

"We stopped the car and watched the light for a time.

"At first, as we watched the blinking light, we thought perhaps we were mistaken. It might be Gordon MacDonald – he lived close by – or another neighbor, with a flashlight. The light was blinking steadily.

"So we started the car and drove along the road.

"That light came up right across the field, and came within six or eight feet of our car windows.

#### Light Was 'Very Bright'

"IT WAS BRIGHT, very bright; it was so bright indeed that one could scarcely look at it. It seemed as though the light were giving a coded message. It would give two or three short flashes, then it would pause, and there would be a long flash.

"I said to the wife", Mr. Wood recalled, "I'm going to stop the car, and see what that really is."

"Oh no, you're not. You are not getting out of the car and leaving me all alone here", she protested. So she shut her eyes, and kept asking: 'Is it still there?' as we drove along, Howard told me.

"I would tell her 'Yes, it's still there". I could see it as we drove along.

"It was right outside the window. I was driving at 30 miles per hour. I thought we might leave it behind", Mr. Wood remembered.

#### Said 'It's A Forerunner'

"KAY SAID: 'It's a forerunner; we're not going to get across the old Victoria Bridge", Mr. Wood told me. The bridge that had been condemned under the Jones government was scrapped sometime later. Today there is a causeway bridging the spot where the old bridge stood in the past.

Mr. Wood said to his wife: "Oh, no, there's nothing like that."

Her reply was: "We'll soon know when we get down to the bridge and see if it's still there."

Mr. Wood had replied: "It's still there, I can see it."

"When we got down, almost to the bridge, the light veered off and went back out over the water again, until it finally disappeared.

"When we got home, my wife was pretty shaky. She didn't go outside for two or three nights," Howard told me.

The light, he told me, had seemed to be low over the water. When it was travelling along side their car, it appeared to be just about the height of the car window. It had stayed right outside of the window as they drove along.

“We never could account for the strange light, nor for its antics”, Mr. Wood told me, as he thought back to that night considerably more than 25 years ago.

“It was a big, strong light, perhaps four inches across. It was self contained, there was no beam behind it.” Some folks had suggested it was a beam from the ferries in the Northumberland Strait.

“It was so bright you could scarcely look at it. It was like a big and very strong flashlight. Yet it was not on steadily. It blinked all the time, as though it were trying to convey a message. It seemed to be in code”, Mr. Wood repeated.

### More Seven-Leaf Clovers

MY WIFE and I were shopping at the Royalty Mall recently when a lady approached me and said she has picked a seven-leaf clover. She was Mrs. Ralph Horton of Mt. Albion and I believe she has picked several of the unusual seven-leaf clovers. Or are they as unusual as I thought when Mrs. Elmer McQuaid of Bedford first told me about finding one several weeks ago.