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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Small Capital Began Expanding Local Firm

By NEIL A. MATHESON

HENDERSON AND CUDMORE open a fine new store on Grafton Street on Tuesday next, and that reminds me of a talk I had with Clive Cudmore sometime last spring.

Clive is a son of the late R. (?) Cudmore who founded the business, with partner Seth Henderson, back in March of 1914. Their first business came on Easter Weekend of that year, I am told, and it must have been a good omen for the partners did flourish from a humble beginning.

What do you suppose was the working capital the partners of 53 years ago had to start their operation?

Roy Cudmore had managed to save \$200 and he borrowed \$300 from W. Chester S. MacLure, a businessman of the city who later became a member of parliament.

Mr. Henderson had also managed to get \$500 together – I don't know his details – and the pair opened a haberdashery with that slim capital.

### Good Credit Rating Helped

THEY HAD good credit with a couple of big suppliers – Tookes was one – and they somehow managed to get enough stock to open business.

They went in for shirts, ties, socks, underwear, etc. It was not until considerably later that they were able to stock more costly items such as men's suits, and men's suits wouldn't cost so much a half century ago.

Now the Cudmore brothers of today, Clive and Brian, are opening an establishment with close to \$200,000 invested in the stock alone. That is much better than an educated guess.

I didn't attempt to assess the value of the building. My only observation on that score is to recall that it would have taken a long time 50 years ago to tear down the old one and build the new. The new store is located on the old site, although the new one also occupies the site formerly occupied by the Wellner Jewelry store.

The wrecking crew started dismantling the old buildings in May and the firm is now to move into the new one. That's the speed of modern development and change.

### Clarey Stories Are Popular

LAST WEEK'S column on Maggie Clarey proved unusually popular, if I judge it by the number of people who called or visited me to talk about this interesting lady.

The column carried several stories about Miss Clarey's uncanny ability to reveal the whereabouts of lost articles, and some even more unusual performances.

Mrs. Hedley Weeks, City, recalled how her husband had lost his pocket watch once, many years ago. Miss Clarey told him "you were down at the wharf looking at some boats. While you were examining one of them you bent over. The watch fell out of your

pocket. If you go back there and look in the spot where you did bend down, you will find it.”

Mr. Weeks had been down at the wharf and had done exactly what Miss Clarey told him. He went back to the spot, looked under the same boat and found the watch.

### Fox Lost With White Belly

WILLARD JORDAN, city, had several stories for me. The late Flo Campbell had once invited him to her home where Miss Clarey and a Dr. Ralph were to be that night.

When she spoke with Willard she said “you have been building something”. At first Mr. Jordan said he had not been building anything. Then Miss Campbell, the hostess, suggested perhaps he had been working on a fox building – he had some foxes in a ranch in Murray Harbor. Maggie Clarey saw a weakness in that building. But the story I like concerns the fox with the “white belly” that she told him he had.

She explained he was going to lose that fox, and added that if someone advertises that he has a stray fox on his premises with a white belly, don’t bother going to see him, the fox will not be yours.

Those were the days of black foxes, with no white markings. The white-marked and lighter color phase foxes came later.

Next day Mr. Jordan drove to his ranch and was told on arrival by Ray Stewart, who looked after them, “I have bad news for you Willard.” Sure enough a fox had escaped, as Miss Clarey had foreseen.

### Was Not Mr. Jordan’s Fox

BEN CLOW, Murray Harbor North did advertise that he had on his premises a fox with white on him. But the fox was not the one that escaped from the Jordan pen. The animal was a different sex from that belonging to Willard.

Later Willard met Miss Clarey on Grafton Street here. He asked her if she thought he would ever get his fox back. She replied “I hope so”.

When Willard pressed her to say where the fox might be, she said “he is to the south of your ranch”. The man lives in a dark house, he works with blacksmith tools sometimes.

I’m skipping some details here – I don’t want to further identify the man whose name I did not hear – but Willard told me he heard the fox was there, but for a very good reason, which I’ll not mention here, he did not go to the man and try to get his fox back.

Once Miss Clarey met a horse trader on the street, and horse trading was a game in which the trader, either one, often got the worst of the deal.

“The horse you got last night you do not like,” she told him, then added “The trouble is in his hip.”

And that’s exactly where the trouble was, Mr. Jordan told me.

### Ring Was In Unusual Place

MRS. FRED ANDREW, Charlottetown recalled for Margaret and me at our home – Fred and his wife were visiting us – that once when they lived in the Royalty, she had lost her ring.

Miss Clarey said you've been papering a room. And sure enough Mrs. Andrew had been doing just that. Then the lady with the unusual talents said a woman who was working with you took the ring. But she will think better of it later, and she'll leave it in a most unusual place, where you will eventually find it.

And again Miss Clarey's predictions came true, as did so many others made by this remarkable lady.

I think all of the people who talked with me about Miss Clarey emphasized that she would not take money for using her unusual talents. Everyone spoke most highly of her.

And that's all for this week.

### A Great Historian

THE DEATH OF Major T. E. MacNutt removed from our midst a man whom I always classed among the top Island historians. He was in a class by himself on Island military history, to my way of thinking. And his scrapbooks contained many other interesting references on the days that are gone.

I had the privilege of working closely with Mr. MacNutt in developing several of my more interesting columns. This is not the time to mention it, when the shock of his death is still so fresh on his family. But I would appreciate the privilege of looking through his scrapbook. He offered several times to give me that privilege, when he was alive. But as usual, I seemed to be busy to the limit of my mental and physical capacity.