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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Story Found Behind Pig's Head Over Door

By NEIL A. MATHESON

A VISIT to Summerside this week brought me the story of the pig's head carved in the semi-circular stone work above the southern door of the Town Hall.

Grant Mollison, Summerside tipped me off to this unusual story several years ago, but it was only this week that I looked up Joe Brophy, town manager, the man Mr. Mollison advised me to see for the details.

The town hall building was built back in 1884, Mr. Brophy told me. Last spring when they tore the old vault out of the council chamber they found that the contractor was a McIsaac of Summerside – no first name was given – and he had the contract, apparently, under the J.J. Taylor Company, Toronto.

The stonecutter who did the fancy work on the semi-circular piece of stone above each door, apparently had a sharp difference of opinion with the contractor who had been nicknamed "The Pig" by some people.

AS HE cut the figure in the stone over the door at the north end of the building, he followed faithfully the architect's drawings. Later, though, as he was doing the work in the semi-circular stone above the door at the South end, he faithfully carved in some six partridges. That left him room for one more piece. It was at the lower left corner of the stone, as you look at it from the street that this time the stonecutter carved prominently the head of a pig.

Next time you pass the building stop and look over the door which is closest to main street and you'll see the head of a pig displayed prominently.

### Stonecutter Was A Spaniard

THE STONECUTTER is said to have been a Spaniard who apparently came in aboard a ship. There is some suggestion that the same man did some of the fine work on the St. Dunstan's Basilica. However I am not sure of that, nor could I find just what his name was. But his carving of the pig's head remains to recall his work to those who have heard the unusual story.

I had a most enjoyable talk with Mr. Brophy who comes from Cape Breton. As soon as he told me that, I asked him if he remembered the great Caledonia rugby team against which I played while with Mount Allison back in 1928. He did remember them and we were throwing names of former players around in great style, as we recalled some incidents from those far off days. I almost hate to think of it, but that was 40 years ago.

I received a most interesting letter recently from Mr. and Mrs. Roderick F. Dunphy, Gloucester, Mass. It started out a letter to me as a patient in the hospital. Many people wrote similar letters, or visited me, and to all of you my sincere thanks.

But the Dunphy letter had something else.

"We enjoy your articles in the Guardian", Mr. Dunphy wrote, "and I'm sitting here writing you and home-sick for our home in Rollo Bay."

I wrote a story back in 1966 when I visited Maine and Massachusetts and here's the Dunphy's letter's pertinent comment. I believe that it was Mrs. Dunphy who was writing this part of it.

"When I read your article about your trip to Maine and Massachusetts, I was interested, and as I continued reading and read about the piggery across from the supermarket, that definitely sounded familiar, and I knew it was Gloucester when you said you were visiting the Jack MacRae's on Crow Island. Jack was introduced to us by our mutual friend, Bill Mercer."

The Dunphys are correct, the piggery was in Gloucester and it was just across a narrow street from a supermarket.

As I recall it, there must have been a hundred pigs or more and they were of all sizes and many colors. They were running around and through a number of ramshackle buildings, including an old barn.

I thought of the old racing competitions between Gloucester's Ben Pine and Nova Scotia's Angus Walters with his Bluenose as Jack and I drove through Gloucester and paid particular attention to its waterfront. Pine's racer was the Gertrude L. Thebaud, if memory serves correctly.

### The Paper House

ONE ODDITY I saw in a town nearby was the house that was built out of newspapers. It was too dark to examine it effectively when we arrived. But I do recall seeing the shingles that were made out of newspapers. It must have a wooden frame, but the little pamphlet somebody showed me made no reference to it.

### Lennox Island Boy's Story

CPL. JOSEPH Arthur Francis was born on Lennox Island just off the province's coast in the Port Hill area, now he's a decorated member of the United States Marines who has just returned from a 13-month stint in Vietnam.

Now 21, Francis left Lennox Island at the age of 14, the Manchester, New Hampshire Union Leader says.

The former Lennox Island man has won the Presidential Citation, the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star medal, for heroic achievement against insurgent Viet Cong forces in the Republic of Vietnam.

In all, Francis was in 19 major engagements which lasted from five days to a month.

"It doesn't take a guy long to become a pro out there, we were up against well disciplined and well trained regulars of the North Vietnamese Army," Cpl. Francis observed. The New Hampshire paper was received from Earle M. and Florence MacLeod, Milford, New Hampshire.

### Was Florence MacDonald

MRS. MACLEOD was the former Florence MacDonald of New Argyle. I talked with her and with her husband when they visited our summer cottage site late last summer. I

recall that she was one of the early hairdressers here and I believe she was the first to give a Marcel wave in this city

Mrs. Matheson said this week she recalls getting a "Marcel" from Florence MacDonald as she was known then.

Mr. MacLeod is a Cape Bretoner.

Francis was an amateur boxer in civilian life, the New Hampshire paper says.

He was wounded by gunfire and enemy hand-grenade fragments during action near Phu Bai last August; after being hospitalized for some months, he was home this month for a leave, before being reassigned to serve the remaining five months of his two years.

One of his closest calls is described like this:

"A piece of fragment skidded inside my helmet, tore a groove in the liner and came to a stop at the top of my head. I can't figure out how I didn't get it right then."