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ACROSS THE ISLAND

'Strawstack Sleep' Incident Is Recalled

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Provincial - Farm Editor

LINCOLN DEWAR ran into an old "strawstack, bed fellow" yesterday forenoon when Agriculture Minister Harry Hays stepped off a four-engine transport plane at the Charlottetown airport.

Mr. Hays told the Canadian Federation of Agriculture about the incident that happened at a cattle sale in the United States, when the minister spoke to the meeting. I checked for details last night and this is how it happened.

Lincoln took a Holstein heifer that had been Maritime junior champion the previous year, along with cattle of the late J. Walter Jones, and at Moncton they met a carload of cattle from the MacCarthy Farm in Sussex.

They left some of the animals for disposal at the All-Canadian sale at Brampton, Ontario and took the rest to the Royal Brentwood sale at Pabst Farm - owned by Pabst Beer - at Oconomoc, Wisconsin. That was in June of 1940 and Lincoln recalled last night it was on the day of the Dunkirk operation in France.

THE SALE went well for the Dewar heifer as she brought \$700 - the sale average was only \$335 - and a 10 per cent exchange on American money at the time brought it to \$770.

Mr. Dewar was married a few months later in November to Lois Jones, daughter of the late J. Walter who was an MLA at the time, but later became premier and was a member of Canada's Senate when he died early in 1954.

Harry Hays dramatized the story a bit yesterday when he said they slept together in "a strawstack". But he didn't exaggerate much, Lincoln told me, for they slept in a large pile of straw in one end of a huge cattle barn where the sale was held.

But it would be natural for the colorful Hays to get all there was in the story out of it, as he passed it on to farmers from across the nation here yesterday.

My friend Colby Lewis, Freetown had told me on the previous afternoon that he had often met Harry Hays on the show circuit, and recalled one afternoon that the Hays cattle were walked to the show barn in a drenching rain storm, and the man who is now Canada's cabinet spokesman for agriculture was wetter than a drowned duck. The minister recalled showing against Colby, against his son, Ira Lewis, York and the Walter Jones show herds of that day.

Strange Ground Sounds At Roseville

I RAN into something most unusual in Roseville in Western Prince County last Fall as I followed a clue received from B. Graham Rogers here in Charlottetown. On the farm of Bert Thompson, close to the highway, there are spots where a hollow thump is

heard, and some vibration felt, when one jumps on the ground. I guess anyone who saw Frank Weeks, Ernie Myers and myself tramping along the road edge of the field and jumping up and down every few steps, were sure we were “nuts”, but that was our way of finding the area that gave off the hollow thumping sound, with vibrations as I have described.

Mr. Myers told us that he and several others, Jimmy Wells, Dr. Kennedy and John A. Callaghan, an Elmsdale merchant, had planned some years ago to drill there “for natural gas”. That was in 1937, just before the tornado that tore through a narrow strip of the nearby area, leaving tremendous destruction in its wake.

THE PLAN was abandoned temporarily, then the Second World War came, and about 10 years ago a geologist took a core sample after drilling some 20 feet with a hand auger, and told them it was black shale that was down there.

The Trask well digging outfit had given them an estimate for drilling costs the day before the tornado, Mr. Myers recalled.

A paved road runs past Mr. Thompson’s farm now but, Mr. Myers told me, in the days of the clay road one could hear the thud of the horses’ hooves on the road from a distance of one quarter mile or even further when the night air was heavy.

Column Goes To Far Away Places

FRED LAMBROS told me a few days ago that three of his friends are making scrapbooks of this column in Calgary, Alberta and that reminds me that a Tignish lady, Mrs. William MacLeod, tells me that she sends this column to her son in India, which is the most remote spot I’ve heard of so far for these lines to reach.

Her daughter, Mrs. Reg Eldershaw told me, though, that she gathered up a bunch of the ghost story columns last summer and gave them to a group of visiting exchange students from such places as Saigon in South Viet Nam, the Phillippines and one who was an exile from Cuba. There was also a Cape Bretoner with them

THEY WERE staying at the Gaudet tourist home in Tignish - Senator Patrick Murphy and Lieutenant-Governor Joseph Bernard owned it previously - and they admitted next day that they had slept that night with the beds against the doors, after they had finished reading the ghostly yarns.

And that reminds me that a cherished Irish friend of mine tells me he enjoys the ghost stories, but he doesn’t dare read them late in the day, or he can’t go to sleep at night. Ghost stories have strange effects on some people, apparently.