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ACROSS THE ISLAND

Daddy's Safe Word Came Through Child

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RECALLING THE story I wrote several weeks ago of the wreck of the "Barbara MacDonald" on her maiden voyage and the climb up a steep cliff that was rated anywhere between 350 and 500 feet high, that the members of the crew made for their lives, after the ship had been dashed to pieces on the rocky Newfoundland coast, I find there is a sequel story that is possibly even more interesting.

I said previously that it was Mrs. Gertrude Allen of Cardigan, a daughter of the late Senator John A. Macdonald who owned the Barbara MacDonald, who sent me the old newspaper from which I wrote the story.

But I found only this week the letter which Mrs. Allen sent me, along with the old paper, and it says in part:

"ONE SMALL item that might be of interest to your readers is an incident that happened in the Macdonald home the night of the climb up the cliff. My mother had her sister, Margaret staying with her as they feared all hands had been lost, including my father. Early that morning one of the children, then only about two and one-half years old, climbed out of her cot and went into mother's room and announced calmly 'Daddy is safe'. Mother turned to her sister and said 'Did you hear what the child said?' The child then repeated 'Daddy is safe' and returned to her bed and to sleep."

I have heard many stories of the occult in my time, but that is the first I ever heard which featured a child of less than three years.

German Prison Camp Transfer Seen

RODDIE MacDONALD, Grandview, commonly known as "Roddie Spreck" told me of a dream he had in the First Great War where he saw Daniel Simons being transferred from a German prisoner-of-war camp to Switzerland. The dream was so realistic he told a neighbor the next day "Dan Simons has been transferred to Switzerland." There was an arrangement worked out in the latter stages of that war for such transfers, and of course a transfer to Switzerland, a neutral country, was a vast improvement on a German prison camp. Simons came from Cable Head.

When asked how he knew of the transfer, Mr. MacDonald explained he had seen it clearly in a dream. The neighbour could be pardoned for being skeptical, but several days later Dan Simons's mother visited the same neighbour and she confirmed the transfer story of her son. She had received official notification from Ottawa.

So far as "Roddie Spreck" was concerned, though, he was sure of the transfer from the time he had seen it so clearly in his dream.

Squeaking Shoes – Status Symbols?

THIS STORY is a bit different. I took one of my daughter's shoes to Vern Currie's shoe repair shop recently, to get an annoying "squeak" taken out of the sole. While there I recalled that as a boy I had heard people walking down our church aisle with squeaking shoes that never did seem to get repaired.

Mr. Currie told me he had heard his father, the late Frank Currie, talk about squeaking shoes in former years, and that brought Joseph Hennessey, Sr., in on our conversation. He told me that people used to come to shoe repair shops in those earlier days, and ask to fix their shoes so they would squeak.

Mr. Hennessey explained it was a simple operation. The sole was opened and a bit of dry leather, I believe he told me, was inserted. That produced the squeak and everybody was happy. Apparently the squeaking shoe was an attention caller, possibly a status symbol of a half century or so ago.

Button Hooks – Do You Remember?

RETIRED NEWSPAPERMAN, Maurice Burke, told me some time ago that he needed a button hook – they were used in former years on shoes that buttoned on the side, and closed that way instead of by laces. Mr. Burke wanted the hook, he explained to me, to help him tighten his shoe laces when rheumatic pains made it difficult for him to bend down and lace the shoes the way the job is normally done.

But the young lady clerk simply didn't know what he was talking about, and he thought that was strange. It got me to wondering just how long it has been since the button hooks were used.

I never did have a pair of the buttoned shoes, but I recall that they were considered to be stylish at the time. I guess they were called boots, for the ones I recall were not the low, shoe-type footwear most of us wear today.

Buggy Whips Are Recalled

MR. BURKE – he wrote for the New York Times among other papers, I believe – also suggested I ask about the horse whips that were in every farm home and were used in the days when horses were a means of transport.

I didn't think at the time, but horse whips are still used wherever standard bred race horses are trained and driven. But the whips to which Mr. Burke was referring were a much longer type. Bill Taylor, Guardian photographer, tells me they were usually called "buggy whips". They stood in a socket that was placed on the dash board of the old driving wagons, or buggies.

It's been a long time since I saw one of those whips. I wonder if there really are any left. My friend, Claude Murphy, doesn't believe there are. It's been years since he saw one.

Buggies Were Tops For Courting

THE BUGGY was a driving wagon with a "hood" or "top" that could be raised to keep out the rain. There was a back to the hood, and there were sides which came up far

enough to afford ample protection from the rain. But the buggies also had other uses, as this story will explain.

Several years ago Mrs. Matheson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Carver, Hazelbrook and I were driving home from a singing engagement in Peters Road. Jessie (Mrs. Carver) observed that our car rode smoothly, or some such remark.

My reply was something to the effect that all modern cars ride smoothly, but that they do not compare with older-type cars for courting. Asked to explain I recalled the first car we had, for example, had a blind one could pull down to cover the back window, and some cars even had curtains, or blinds on the sides of the back seat. It was really good for spooning, I suggested.

But Jessie retorted quickly "Yes, that's probably right, but none of the cars were as good for courting as the old buggy". I told the story last year to Margaret Roberts in Highfield a few days after she and Garfield had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, and she agreed with Jessie 100 percent.

Only recently I told the same story to Mrs. Wallace MacKay, the New London lady who is spending the winter in Charlottetown with her husband, and the former Esther MacLean of Heatherdale who also agreed the buggy was best. The MacKays celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary several years ago.

'Brig Fanny' Personnel Recalled

SEVERAL MONTHS ago I wrote a story on the Brig Fanny and mentioned names of several people who sailed on her "round the Horn" to San Francisco in the gold rush period of 1849. I have met many people since then who told me they had a relative on the Fanny. So here's a list of all those who sailed out of Charlottetown on November 12, 1849. The list is from the book "Prince Edward Island" which was loaned to me by a friend recently.

Members of the company that bought the ship and cargo for \$4,000 were Edward Buxton, James Hancock, John H. Gates, John McDonnell, John Pidwell, James Connel, John Norton, John Orr, Douglas Davison, Robert Percival, Malcolm MacGuigan, Stephen Bouyer, (this may be spelled Bovyer), Thomas Keating, George W. Owen, Charles Wright, B. J. Hodgson, Stephen McCallum, Christopher Smith, Edward Love, Thomas Snelgrove, J. MacLaine, Richard Smith, Peter MacKinnon, George Holman, William N. Kewell, John Putnam, John Hawkins, Charles Blatch, James Howatt, James C. Pope, Artemas Davison, Edward Moore, James Millner, Thomas Chappell, William Barrett, Isaac Rider, Jabez Bernard, W. W. Moore, Robert Boyle and George Moore.

CAPTAIN IRVING was in charge of the boat (first name not listed), the first mate was a Mr. Smith, second mate was Fred Compton and other crew listed were W. H. MacKay, Duncan McGougan, John Sinclair, and two men named MacRae.

Passengers were Edwin White, Thomas Poole, and a Mr. Gardener whose first name is missing.

The company members who had paid \$4,000 to James Peake in Charlottetown had agreed to stick together for at least three years. But they changed their mind on arrival in San Francisco and sold the Fanny for \$8,000 to Bolton and Baron, commission agents for a rich Spaniard in Mexico, John Orr of French River reported. I do not have the addresses of the other men.

The Fanny was built by one James Pippy, the old story said.