

[Page 116 - With John J. and Sadie Theriault](#)ISSUE : [Issue 50](#)

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At the time, when we were first married, we'd go from house to house, you know. We were singing. One singing and playing the violin, maybe till 1 o'clock in the night. That's what they used to do. Go from house to house. Couple of fellows (playing). The other ones, men and women, would be sing? ing, what songs they knew. John; Yes, eve? rybody used to sing in those days. (Did John sing?) Sadie: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. He was a great singer; he used to be. (And you were a good listener.) Sometimes! John: This is the most interesting conver? sation I ever heard about--the first time I knew that I was in line with the poetry. That's the first time I knew, I had any idea at all, that my poetry was any good. (You mean, my telling you this?) Yeah. It's the first time I knew that it was any good. When you noticed it, you must have thought it was good. (But if people sang your poems--if people put an air on your poems--they must have thought the poems were very good.) In Memory of Thomas Fitzgerald written by johnj. theriault who died in a tragic hunting accident, October 27th, 1966 Ye people all I pray give ear To these few lines I write And with the greatest of sympathy I try now to recite. How Tom FitzGerald came to his death It grieves us now to hear A comrade fired that fatal shot Mistook him for a deer. The month it was October 27th was the day When Tommy, Freeman and Andrew Left home, their hearts were gay. When from their homes that morning Together they did go How little did they ever dream Th't death would use them so. npn, Harold learned Jphn J.'g ppem in mgmpiry of Thomas Fitzgerald and often sang it both at home and in concerts, to the tune of "Star of Logev Bay." It's when they reached that fatal place Down by the Petrie's farm They thought if they would separate It would surely do no harm. And as they entered in the bush Each one was on their own And for awhile they hunted They hunted all alone. As Andrew now was in the lead He came unto a turn And here he saw the bushes move And aimed that fatal gun. When Andrew saw what he had done Was taken to the wounded man His senses soon were gone But shook his head in woe He wrung his hands and called his Poor Tommy's life was nearly friends gone And threw away his gun. There was nothing he could do. As Freeman now not far from there Did hear his comrade scream And racing to that fatal place Oh, what a desperate scene. Poor Tommy lay upon the ground His life-blood ebbing past And Freeman was the only one That could get help now fast. A message then was sent ahead To warn his family dear And in that little cottage All eyes were wet with tears. So, hunters, now a warning take From this sad tragedy And never aim that fatal gun At what you cannot see. But oh, too late! Oh, cruel fate As Freeman left for the nearest home For it could be a brother. The awful deed was done About a mile away A father, or a son And Tom FitzGerald fell to the ground A message to the doctor And when that shot is fired Caught by his comrade's gun. Who came without delay. The awful deed is done. Lovingly remembered and sadly missed by his aunt and uncle, John and Sadie Theriault. Our thanks to Rosetta MacKinnon, who sent us a copy of her father John Theriault's poem for Thomas Fitzgerald. Our thanks, also, to Bob Fitzgerald, Dingwall, for permission to publish the photograph of his painting, "White



Point Village"--as it was around 1935. It's the White Point he grew up in: "All that is gone today." 116