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Stephen Patrick Sampson • My Life My mother lived in Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, with her first husband long before she met my father. Her husband was a shoemaker, that's what he did there for a living. She bore two boys and one girl for him. After he died, she was left with three small children and had to go out and work by the day to support them. Some people felt sorry for her and took their clothes to her to be washed. Besides that, she started a boarding house. There were no restaurants or Goldie (Arnold) & Stephen Patrick Sampson. Right: With his daughter-in-law and her sister at Point Edward around , . -, 1949 • Ann MacDonald Williams, Stephen Sampson, Bea- o e s or p aces trice MacDonald Sampson, and grandson Joe Sampson. to eat in Georgetown at that time. After her chil? dren grew up, her two boys got married and the girl stayed single. After Father's first wife died, he moved to Prince Edward Island with his family, one girl and three boys. The boys were grown up and they were hired on schooners; the girl only lived a short time, she died with tu? berculosis. My father and his family moved in with Mother. Father and Mother got mar? ried in 1898 and I was born March 18, 1899. My father at that time was captain of a small fishing boat. His work involved picking up lobsters from the fishermen along the coast of Prince Edward Island and bringing them to the nearest factory to be canned. He also worked in the win? tertime on two icebreakers named the Stan? ley and the Minto. They brought supplies from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. They would go as close as they could to Georgetown Harbour and unload their supplies on the ice. From there the stevedores would haul the sup? plies to the shore. In the fall of the year the farmers would haul their produce to the schooners that were tied up at the wharf in Georgetown. The captains would buy their produce, sail to Cape Breton, sell their cargo, then load up with coal from Glace Bay and sail back to Prince Ed? ward Island and sell their coal. When I was a little boy. I used to follow be? hind the farmers' carts. In the fall of the year their carts would be loaded with po? tatoes going to the starch factory. At that time, they were getting eighteen cents a bushel for them. The roads were very rough, all mud with plank sidewalks. A lot of potatoes would fall off the cart and I would pick up as much as I could carry and bring them home. The same ap? plied to the farmers whose carts were filled with cabbage, turnips, carrots, and parsnips, going to the schooners tied up at the wharf in Georgetown. Their carts would rock and roll. The farmers would not bother stopping to pick up what fell off, so I would always get my share of vegeta? bles. My mother was very proud of me and thought I was a big help to her because she was keeping a boarding house and her grocery bill would not be so high. My father and mother were both married twice. I was the only child born from the second marriage. So my stepbrothers and stepsisters were very kind to me, I guess