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have gone down." And they looked and looked. She said, "Go out and look again." All they could see was just the whitecaps and the rolling grey seas. But she kept on with the--she hoped, she said, and prayed, that he'd be.... One of the boys came running in--I think she said it was Don. "Oh, we see the sails! We see the sails!" Well, was she ever thankful. He had them down to reef them. And when he put them up again, of course.... (Did you sail with him yourself?) Oh, yes, I used to sail with him a little fellow. And one night in particular was in the story Loojc to the Harbour--I call it "The Night of Terror." It was a real storm. We left--we - went over with a passenger, and ' we went to visit the MacGregors and we went to visit the MacLachlans. And a car came along--a MacLachlan Buick, and it was driven by a MacLachlan, and I thought, "That's strange." And then we crossed Little Harbour and we stayed at the MacInnes home for the night, on the east side of Little Harbour. And then next day Pop sawed wood with (him)--and I played with a tire down the hill. And we headed out, and it was foggy, and one of those evenings I didn't like. Then it got very calm and the moon was back and forth. And Lord, I woke up with about a bucket or two of water in my face. It was a sou'wester, coming off the land. And we headed up for the harbour. The moon would come out once in awhile, and scudding. It was so stormy that, there was washboards on her about that wide with a rail about that high, and the head was clean out of sight. And off Rabbit Island I began to think of this other Pringle fellow that was drowned. And Lord, there was this report, and I thought we were gone for it. But what was it but the wind had torn-- that showed you how it was blowing--had torn that canvas--big rip in it. On the mainsail. So that eased her up a bit. I had good faith in Pop, but Lord--when the moon would show, he was sitting there chewing tobacco. We came in the harbour and we were nearly drowned in the harbour. We were coming along and my father said, "Oh, my God!" and he slammed the tiller down, and we went up into the--we just missed this French pink. It was all black, I suppose, with paint or tar, a two-master, and it had anchored in the harbour while we were gone. And no light, riding lights or anything. We nearly ran right ??into it. Keltic Lodge, The Spirit of the ffighlands A resort on clifife overlooking the ocean, commanding a view like no other. Romantic Inteilude The champagne is chilled and waiting for you. Fresh flowers, fruit and our own Keltic-made chocolates are already in your room. Get ready to make your escape! Golf Getaway Are you up to the challenge of the famous Highland Links Golf Course? Designed by Stanley Thompson, it's a par 71 walking course. Both packages imltide two nights accommodations plus dinners and breakfasts. For information and reservations, call or w KELTIC LODGE "/I tradition of excellence Keltic Lodge, Middle Head Peninsula, Ingonish Beach, Nova Scotia, Canada BOC ILO Tel: (902) 285-2880 Fax: (902) 285-2859 I said in the story, when we got into our bed? rooms I was thankful to God for getting safe? ly ashore, and I knew Pop was thankful too. END The drawings in ttiis article are by Will Pringle, from his book Pringle's Mountam. Will's other books include Look to the Hartx>ur, The Twain Did Meet, The Mari? time Pioneers, and the chil? dren's book



On the Hilltop. Our thanks to Ronald Pringle and Alex Merrill for help in locating photos.