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painting. the gut at very low tide with this horse; the same horse pulled his snowplow in winter to clear the sidewalks. Jim resided at 50 MacLean St., Whitney Pier, Sydney." I was often on the wagon with him about 1906. I was sitting on the sand wagon. It says here now, "The snow piled from the tramway was left piled high until melted by rain or snow. The streets were gravel, not paved. The horses broke the snow down." That's going through it, you see. "This horse was very high-strung and cross, bite, kick, and squeal. His owner, if not in good mood, would do the same." This was about 1910. 0; And this black house, that was my father's house. He built that when they were building the steel plant here. He was a coal miner in Port Morien. That's where I was born. I came to Sydney when I was two years old, we moved in here, see. And he was working at the steel plant. And he built that house from scratch. He carried all the lumber for it on his back over from Chappells to the Pier. It was all woods and swamps going over there. There was no clay road. And he built that house and lived in it. And I remember my mother always had a beautiful little flower garden, you see? And a picket fence. And this old fellow that had this hurdy-gurdy we called it, a little organ that played different old-time little tunes like you'd have for skating in the rink yard, lalala you know, like that, and he had a plug hat on. It was a round hat and it was hard like a beaver hat, and he had it all cut here and showed its white thread, so he looked poor and miserable, you know, and he always had a queer forlorn look on his face, cuts on his clothes, and a little ANNOUNCING AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK (26)