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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1982/6/1

all set. I had a great big crock of beans cooked, a great big jug of corned beef, and pies, and everything you could think of. That night about 6 o'clock there was a rap came to the door. And there were 7 men. They were wrecked out here. I had to take them in, some of them I had to give them dry clothes --they were wet, and they were hungry--were they ever hungry! Oh gracious alive, I just had about enough to feed them for supper. Then I had to find beds for them, make them comfortable for the night. And I had them for 5 days. But they were an awful good bunch of men. They used to help me wash the dishes, clear the table, set the table, bring the coal up from the basement. (I guess /O** they were glad to be alive ' I guess they were. Arthur: She was an old upper laker--not the real big ones, now--but these used to come down in the old days. This old Thor- duc. She was getting pretty ripe, anyway. DELAWANA Fourchy- ' Bear C_5p "> would have to pull up on his leg. And he got him to a house down on Gabarus Cape, Henry Bagnell's. And they got something to eat. And they came into Gull Cove afterwards. And the first fellow that left the ship, he died, and the last fellow. And I was there and saw them before they ever went off of the beach. One fellow had a chew of tobacco in his mouth. And they were no further from the camp than I would say from here over the harbour • right close there. Why the other fellows didn't go and get them I don't know. Perhaps they were too far gone to go and tell them that they had found shelter. (Did you see the wreck itself?) I saw a piece of it. Nice looking ship, painted white • 3-master. If they'd have stayed aboard in the forecastle, they would have been drove right in over the rocks. They'd've been all right. But the other went to pieces. And all this stuff came ashore on the beaches • rubber boots and everything, just cargo. Loaded. Bert Hardy, Gabarus, added: The John Harvey left Gloucester, general cargo, bound down to St. Pierre. That was her destination. She may have had other ports o' call in Newfoundland as well. But it was a southeast gale • worst storm of the whole year • and he got down off Scatari. And there's a shoal on the eastern end of Scatari called Hay Island Shoal. And it runs off there for maybe a couple of miles. Very shallow water, and breaks quite heavy in a storm and he was a- afraid he wasn't going to clear Hay Island Shoal. And he tacked and stood back to the west'ard. And when he ran back, he made this buoy. But he couldn't tell what buoy it was. It was all iced up. It was Guyon Island Buoy. He took it for Louisbourg Buoy. But he didn't see Louisbourg at all. He came up outside of it. And she went in between Guyon Island and the Big Shoal. And she struck up at the head of the beach. She cleared all the other shoals, went right in and struck shallow water at the head of the beach. On the 9th day of January, 1912. And by the time she reached the beach, he told me she was cleaned right off to the waterline • the bottom had gone right out of her. When she hit she turned broad? side and drove in with the sea. ("Then young John Foote a rope he took" is from a poem by Lillian Walsh. It's long and good and we hope to offer it in a future issue.) (9