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went guide for a party of sports, moose hunting. That winter I went up the Mersey River and built a little camp on Wildcat Brook, which flows into Pescawah Lake. I trapped there all winter alone. Mink, otter, fox, wildcat, and beaver. The beaver was against the law. In the spring I took the beaver skins to a man named Maurice Wells who lived in the Valley between Annapolis and Round Hill. He used to buy beaverskins. He bought all mine for \$5 each, I had another little camp of poles chinked with moss and covered with bark, over by Pebbelogitch, a small lake that flows into Shelburne River. It was the far end of my trap line. One night I was there, out of tobacco. I decided to walk through the woods the next day to get some at Bear Riv? er, where there is a Micmac settlement. It was cold weather and the lakes and streams were frozen thick, but there wasn't much snow. I left Pebbelogitch about 7 o'clock in the morning, and at 3 that afternoon I walked into old Malti Pictou's house at Bear River. (Note: The distance in a straight line through the woods from Peb? belogitch to the Indian shacks at Bear Riv? er would be about 30 miles--THR.) I was lucky on the way back. The next morning I got a ride on a logging sled as far as Lake Jolly, near the headwater of Bear Riv? er. I reached my camp at Pebbelogitch just before a big snowstorm. I lived like that, guiding sports in the spring. Slammer, and fall, trapping in the winters, till the fall of 1915. That fall I was working with a small gang at Five Mile on the road from Milton to Annapolis. We were felling hemlocks for a Milton lum? berman named Lloyd. The trees were big and we worked in pairs. I worked with another Indian from Milton, named John Francis. The weather was hot and it was hard work. One day, after John and me had felled a big hemlock, we stuck our axes in the stump and sat down for a rest. We were tired of the whole job, really. We knew a- bout the war overseas, and we knew the Can? adian army was paying \$1.10 a day, besides your clothes and grub. So John said to me, "Sam, let's go to the war. It can't be no worse than this." So we got our pay from Lloyd and quit the job. We walked down to Liverpool. A doctor named Trites examined us and sent us on to Halifax, where the Army signed us on. We were sent by train to join a new regiment, the 64th Battalion, at Sussex Camp, New Brunswick. Some time that winter, after Christmas, I think, we sailed to England with the Battalion. We landed at Liverpool and got off the train at Liphook Station and marched to Bramshott Camp. We were there a few weeks, and then went to a camp at West Sandling, near the town of Hythe in Kent. We were there quite a long while, drilling every day, and shooting on the ri? fle ranges at Hythe. They were taking drafts from our battalion for the regiments on the Western Front, and my friend John Francis had gone across to France in a draft to the 25th Nova Sco? tia Regiment. I was chummy with a fellow named Steve Battersby who had been a coal miner in Cape Breton. We were in the same tent. One day I was in the tent and Steve stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Come on, Sam. Quick! Get out on this pa? rade with me." So I went out on the parade with him and quite a few others that had been miners before the war. The army in France had sent a call for volunteers for a fining company of the Canadian Engineers. I told Steve, "I'm not a miner," and



he said, "Shut up. You want to see France, don't you? First thing we know, the war will be over, and the 64th is never going to get there." So I shut up, and we were all sent to a camp at Shorncliff. Then we went by train to Southampton and crossed over the Channel to Le Havre. From there we went by train to a place called Poperinghe in Belgium. It was near a place called Wipers (Ypres) where there had been a lot of fighting, and the Germans were dug in on the high ground. At Poperinghe, I and some others were picked out of the draft and sent to No. 1 Canadian Tunneling Company. Royal Canadian Engineers. They were at a place called La Clyte. We could see the German lines along Messines Ridge, and I'll never forget the first night. I stayed out most of the night, watching the flares go up over no-man's-land, like fireworks, and hearing the constant bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire.

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