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bad heart. So, he said, "A third man will come along with us, that shouldn't be with us at all." Well, all right. He left me, like that. There was no roadwork. We had a cup of tea, and he left. "Well," I said to myself, "what in the hell did he see, anyway? Or, who saw me?" A month went by. Two or three months went by, and nothing had happened. But by golly, just this Eddie Smith that you were talking about--his wife's father died. And his wife's father used to be mine manager in Inverness. And Ronald Rankin worked with him a lot. And I was first-door neighbour. And, when he first came over from the Old Country, they had a little girl that died. And the graveyard was up the Banks, down to the shore, way down to the shore. And there's where the little girl was buried. And when his wife died, she too was cre? mated, and put down there. So when he died, by golly, didn't they ask Ronald Rankin if he'd be a pallbearer. And they asked me if I'd be a pallbearer. And we consented. So, we had to take the remains and go down, and go up the Banks--in place of going into Inverness graveyard--go up the Banks about a mile, transfer the remains from the hearse into a wagon, an express wagon, horse and wagon. And go down a mile or so into the field. Understand me? (Along the shore.) Through the field where we were supposed to have been seen. And, my God. We only went in there about 30 feet. I thought, "Here's where we were seen." And the first thing that I thought of, "You have a bad heart, mister. I wonder if you're going to take a heart attack and die." Do you understand? This was the first thought. But the third party came along--the fellow that wasn't supposed to be there. Loaded to the eyes, and loaded down with moonshine. He had moonshine on him--full. And wanted us to go with him. So Ronald--we just had to take him away, and leave.... See now? And that was seen months before, and told in this house. (Did you yourself see things, before they would happen?) Yes, I did, yes, I did. I've seen different things. I told it before.. I was night watchman on the Great Lakes. Well, okay. On Sunday--in order to get Sun? day off, a day off, you had to work 7 days a week--the firemen, and watchmen. In order to get a day off, on Sunday, you'd work the 16 hours. And that would give you a Sunday off. So I was firing then. I was fireman. So, on Sunday I'd have to go firing. And I'd stay the 16 hours and take the night watch, too. Get me? The other fellow'd get the 16 hours off. And it was a steel hull, and the boil? er and everything was down below. Big dredge. Okay. This night I went out. This Jimmy La- cey--an awful fine man--he had a son a priest, too. He'd be a man in his very ear? ly 60s, possibly. But those days, you didn't retire at 65. You worked till 95 if you were capable of working. But Jimmy was the most cowardly man I ever saw in my life. All you had to say was mention a ghost, and Jimmy was--oh, he was awful. And Jimmy knew that I was a teetotal stranger, that I didn't know anything about the rigs, I didn't know anything about the area, anything about anything. And he knew all about Dunbars--he was with them for years. However, it was my turn. And I went on at 4 o'clock, and I was to work through till 7 o'clock in the morning. And we were out 7 miles in the lake. Seven miles is what we were out. And we had a rowboat. And



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