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me? So, we'd have to put the lanterns out. But the fellow on day was to have the lan? terns all ready--he had nothing else to do. So, all I'd have to do is light them and put them on the four corners, and put one on the steam gauge and one on the water glass, and so on. ' So. I was sitting in the galley. She was equipped--had quarters on her for boarders at one time. But we were boarding ashore. I was sitting in the galley. And there was a good chair on her. T""aB sitting on the chair. And it was around, oh, in the even? ing, late in October--about this time, little later, late in October. And--I heard somebody at the boiler--and everything fixed for the night, you know! You banked the--I don't know as if you know anything about the steam boiler or any? thing. But you bank it up and you fix it up for the night. Put enough water in it, put enough coal in it, to carry you over pretty MANAGEMENT OF FISH HABITAT One of Canada's most precious resources is the habitat which nurtures and sustains the nation's fisheries resources. The Department of fisheries ""I'5?2'?ff'ffljRj" and Oceans' new policy on fish habitat management is designed to achieve a net gain of habitat for Canada's fisheries in a manner that benefits all users of Canada's aquatic renewable resources. " tTTjxViVaW?! 'a W| ?? jll Fisheries P??ches ?? t and Oceans et Oceans Tom Sidcton Tom Siddon / // SVt, Canada near for the whole night. Do you under? stand? Fix it up for the night. Well, I had it all fixed up. Nobody'd have to go near it till about morning. I was sitting down. Now, I'd not much more to do. I had the light all out, ready. It was lan? terns we had. I had the dynamos all shut down. And, sit down. And God, I heard some? body shovelling coal down below. Was he ev? er shovelling coal! I was listening. And he was banging away with the old pan shovel, driving coal in the boiler. I jumped up, you know, and I was pretty cross. What business did anybody have putting coal in the boiler? I fixed the boiler up. I got up, and I had my own lantern, the one that I carried. I grabbed the lantern, and I started down. When you'd get down below, it'd be dark. Up above was good enough-- just dusk, you know--but when I'd get down below, it'd be dark. I grabbed the lantern, and down I went. And I said, "What in hell are you interfering with my boiler for?" I said, "Whoever you are, stay the hell away from the boiler. I've got the boiler fixed for the night." I didn't know who it was. And I looked, and I I pulled open the door and I looked. There wasn't a speck of coal put in it. I looked--the shovel was where I left it. I looked, and I couldn't see that anything was done. "Well," I said to myself, "holy sail? ors , what a fool. I was dead asleep, and I was dreaming. Hell," I said to my? self, "I was dream? ing, and I thought I was awake"--you know. I looked, and sure enough, it's just supptime. "I might as well have a lunch." And I start? ed eating my lunch out of the can. Well, I was wide awake this time. I had a big thermos bottle, and eating a sandwich. The boy started shovelling again! Well, I'm (83)