

[Page 66 - Sid Timmons: Pit Stories](#)ISSUE : [Issue 48](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1988/6/1

Discover Nova Scotia's Heritage 23 museums, historic houses and mills to visit throughout the province. "ii' Department Of .""V. Education Nova Scotia Museum 1747 Summer Street Halifax, N.S. B3H 3A6 (902) 429-4610 I had the worms all the time, you know. They were getting pretty lively then in my hand. I took some of the sausage out and chewed it up, and started to cough. I said, "Look " There was a squirt of vomit came out of that fellow, boy. He vomited all over the fellow in front of him. When the rake stopped he said to his buddy, "Let's go home. I can't work." And they went home. My brother and I got the (boxes). Yeah. Many's the time I made him sick. They got--well, they had two--but they got this third mule, and they couldn't get her down (into the mine). So, he came along to me one evening and he said, "How about tak? ing that mule down?" And I said, "Alright." So, I went out eleven o'clock that night. Instead of taking her down, I took her up on the bankhead. You know-- it was steep. And my father and--there were seven old fellows--big fellows. So, I got them to push her, 'til I got below the concrete. Well, the minute I got below the concrete she was alright, you know. I took her down. I spent two weeks with her on the back shift--alone. Breaking her in. I got her down pretty good. But she never moved 'til I'd get in the box. And I never had to speak to her. The minute I stepped on the box, she was gone. But anyhow, this day they brought an effi? ciency expert, and--they were touting the mine. There was the superintendent and the head engineer--general super--our manager (he was very sarcastic)--and the under? ground manager. And we had a fellow by the name of John Alec Brown. Aw, he was a character. He could jig a tune--you'd swear to God it was coming right out of a violin, you know. And there was a violin player two thousand feet above. So, John Alec had heard a tune, and he called up this violin player, you know. He wanted to know if he had it right. And he was jiggling the tune for him over the telephone. All alone. When all these officials came down and they opened the door--right below, they could hear this music, you know. Fellow going at it with the phone. So anyhow, they came in. And I was stand-