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We finished poggy fishing in September 1915 and went back home for the winter. But we got lonesome for city life and in 1916 went back to Halifax. We went to the employment office and got jobs with a superintendent who was hiring men to work on trawler boats in Collingwood, Ontario. The boats were built for war purposes. He signed up eighty of us and paid our fares and meals on the train. When we got up there we were taken to a boarding house. All this service was taken out of our pay cheque. On pay day I was having a wonderful time. I went up to the roller rink. A fellow asked me if I could roller skate, I said, "No, only ice skate." He said, "Now is the time to learn. Do you see all the girls sitting in the balcony? All you have to do is pay for the skates, they rent them here." I went up and picked a pretty blonde, took her down and had the skates fitted on her shoes, then paid the fellow twenty-five cents. I got him to fasten a pair of skates on my shoes also. We started skating. Some of the good skaters were cutting in and out in front of us. Coming out around the turn I hooked my skate in hers and we both fell on the floor. I felt sorry for her because her skirt went flying over her head. I know she must have been terribly embarrassed because she was a good skater. All the other skaters laughed at us. I said we better go back in; she said, "No, don't, this is not the first spill I've had until I learned to skate." I walked her home that night and I told her I would like to learn how to roller skate. She said, "I'll help you." So I kept going to the rink with her and she became my girl friend. Her mother was a widow and a very nice person. She would say to me, "Take care of my daughter, Viola, she is very fond of you." She talked about marriage to me and I think I would have but my step brother James messed it up on me. He had a fellow with him who stayed home every night. They both bought pencils and scribblers and tried to write. Neither one of them had any learning. They got lonely for home, left their jobs and went back to Halifax. James got someone to write a letter to my mother. He told her that I was going further out west. Mother sent letters trying to get me back home. Then she sent a telegram to me saying my father fell off the roof of the house and she couldn't get anyone to cut the hay. Please come home. I went to the boss of the shipyard and told him. He said, "Go and help them out but be sure to come back. It's hard for us to get men while the war is on." So when I arrived home. Father was all right. Mother said she lied because I was her baby and she was afraid I wouldn't come back home. I stayed long enough to finish the haymaking.



ing, and went back to Halifax in July 1916. I got a job on a boat carrying fresh water to the ships in Minas Basin, In the year 1900, my future wife's parents moved from East Jeddore, Nova Scotia, to If you don't like the weather...wait a minute. Our weather cianges so fast tiat hazardous road conditions have become a fact of life. Be aware of these conditions at all times and prepare yourself to drive carefully. Caution is the critical factor Transportation and Communications Honourable Ken Streach Minister