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fish hooks to each tub. We sailed out 10 miles from shore and baited the hooks on the way going out. When he got his distance from shore he would stop the boat, throw an anchor overboard with a buoy line fastened to it, then measure the depth of the water. He would start the motor and pay out enough line so that his trawl would be off the bottom of the ocean bed. That would keep the fish from being picked by the sea gulls and the fish would drown, unable to get off the hook. So one morning after he had set his two tubs of trawl, he took me out in the boat to the fishing ground where the trawls were. He told me to get into the dory, take the fish off the hooks and load the dory. He went back with the boat to shore, hitched his horse to the wagon, put his fish on it and went among the farmers to sell them. So while he was gone a storm started up and the wind was blowing hard and the waves were rolling high. I was in the dory that was loaded with fish. I didn't know what to do. At last I decided to throw all the fish overboard. Then I bailed the dory out, faced her towards the waves and prayed for the best to happen. My brother-in-law rushed back home, got aboard his boat and started out to rescue me. He knew what I was up against and wasn't sure if he could get back out. The north side of P.E.I, can at times be very rough. It's open to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Waves would break from ten fathoms out to shore, making it terrible hard to get out where I was. But he was a good seaman and quite capable of handling a boat. I was pretty happy when I saw his boat coming towards me but we were still in danger trying to get back home. I guess The Chopping Frolics I spent a lot of my time in Sampsonville among the French people and I even learned to speak French. I had a lot of fun especially in the winter going from one house to another. The old folks would put on chopping frolics; about ten of the young boys would take their axes and go in the woods on each old man's land and cut enough wood to keep his home warm for the winter and up to the warm weather in the summer. Some of the boys had horses and hauled the wood to each man's home. Another fellow in the village had a gasoline engine and circular saw mounted on a bench, with a pulley on the engine and one on the saw, and a belt to connect them together. With this saw he would cut up each homeowner's wood in stove lengths. Now in return for this kind deed instead of paying the boys with money, which was hard for the old people to get, they would roll back the mats in the livingroom and get a violin player to play for square dancing. Now the women would be busy baking and making molasses candy. The big supper would be made and ready to serve at seven o'clock in the evening. After supper the dance went on all through the night. Also a lot of storytelling about ghosts and visions and places along the road where someone heard voices. It was not our time to "go across" but we both learned a lesson. I couldn't make a go at fishing. So in October 1922, I sent my wife back to my home in St. Peter's. Cape Breton, with the two children and I got a job in Moncton, N.B., working on a powerline long enough to



make a few dollars to take me home. I stayed home with my wife; she gave birth to a boy June 22, 1923. From October 22, 1922, to June 1923. I stayed home and cut pit timber with my father. In June 1923, my two step? brothers and I went pogy fishing to a place that was called Newport News, U.S.A.. with another gang. 1 My wife had to go in the woods in all kinds of weather. She had to cut trees down and drag them out of the woods to the chopping block, cut them in stove lengths for firewood. She also had to milk cows in order to get milk for the children. She had very little money to live on; no money to buy furniture. It was pretty rough in rainy weather, she couldn't get dry wood to make a fire in the stove. There was no flue on the house, only a stovepipe running from the top of the stove out through the roof. The rain would run down the pipe and all over the

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