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shore. They buried it some'rtiere. Then there was another fellow; he started in and he got down between the planks and he was in an open space in the water. He started to swim*, When he got pretty near to the shore the plank came in with the sea. Struck him in the back of the head- just straightened his two arms out • that's the last they seen of him • he was covered up with the plank. They were all saved on that one but five. They stayed at differ? ent houses • Norwegian Consul looked after them • we had three. Later, a fellow went over on the south side after the Ringhorn was lost. And he was hewing out a log, stooped down • he could see a man behind him. Straightened up, and he was gone. He did that four or five times. He left and came home. They said he was the same fellow who threw his clothes bag over? board. This was four or five raonths after. Brother Bill and Anthony Wadden • they were going out Southern Point shooting • going out before daylight. This was after the Ringhorn went ashore. And they were walk? ing out. When they got to a place called Sandy Cove they heard a bell ringing back in the woods. Brother Will wanted to go see what it was but Anthony wouldn't. And they kept on going out and they heard that bell • it'd be a half a raile back be? hind them, ringing. No such a thing there. And the night the Ringhorn went ashore, we were sitting down chewing the bone. Talk? ing. And all the covers on the stove turned bottom up. Had six covers on it. They all turned bottom up. That's hard to believe. I heard that somebody at Sou? thern Point stayed out there alone. He was asleep. It come up a big storm. Rain. Blowing. About 2 o'clock in the morning the camp door opened. In walked 8 or 9 Ladies and Children's Wiewar IXt 314 Charlotte Street SYDNBT mien with their oilclothes on. And they sat around the fire. And after a while he kind of rubbed his eyes • and there was no one there. Two days afterward there was a ship come ashore. 9 raen lost. But you can't believe those stories. There's none of that going on now • them ghosts. I was down after a load of rum • watching for them to land it. Right dafk. And I was standing up. All at once I felt like there was soraesome behind me. So I turned around to look. Seen a brown shadow. Fade like that. And that's what they used to bury them in • brown habits. The Catholic people. Just like a shroud, you know. I thought I saw soraething • but I might I>ave imagined it. (Did they bury people on Scatari?) Not if they could get them away. I had an aunt buried there. And a little brother • three years old. And one woman • she died in the winter and they kept her froze for two mouths • kebt her in a fishhouse • then Abbie and Edgar Spencer AVIS Rent a Car Try Our Weekend Special \$9.95 forra Friday Noon to Monday 9 A.M. 9