

[Page 5 - A Visit with Jack Sam Hinkley](#)ISSUE : [Issue 16](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1977/6/1

I'll sing you a song they sung here at milling frolics. There was no Gaelic sung around Pleasant Bay at the milling frolics. My father used to sing this one: In Canso Strait our ship did lay She's just arriving from the Bay She is well-built, both stout and strong To Gloucester she do belong. We were homeward bound across the sea I'en a drunken captain got on a spree He cajne on board and to us did say Get your anchors up and fill the way. We filled a way at his command IWith all sails out we left the land We left Sand Point all on her lee As we stood her out in the heavy sea. We called our watchman with an angry frown Says our capt. says fill in to the deck's sky- We asked him again for to shorten sail /light Or we'd be lost in the heavy gale. He cursed and he swore aind he tore his hair Said, "I'm master here, you need not fear I'm master here and I'll never fail And I'll shoot the first man shortens sail." Up spoke one of her noble crew Sayin', "There's 12 of us right here to you We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go If you interfere, you'll be lashed below." We asked him kindly to shorten sail We reefed her down and we steadily steered Or we'd be lost in the heavy gale Of the breaking ledges we'd soon be clear He cursed, he swore, if the wind would blow She's heading out by Cape Shoal now He would show us how he would make her go As she throws the white foam from her bow. Down came a squall from the angry sky She pitched and plunged but she would not Her jib she parted and came to wind /rise We put in her jibs for we knew she'd spin. But when I get home I will no more sail Like a lonely seagull, she cannot rest But when I get home I'll no more sail With a drunken captain in a heavy gale. My parents are buried here. They were both 81. And my grandfather is buried here. He was 92 when he diedo He was born in 1818 on the 3rd of June, and he was 12 years old when he came to Pleasant Bay. Came from East River up in Pictou • it's New Glasgow now. And I can't understand why they'd leave a place like that and come to Plea? sant Bay. There was nothing here then. One reason they came: there were reports that the people were getting most of their living on the shore here. Shipwrecks. Groceries and butter and God knows what kind of stuff. They got lumber out of wrecks to build their buildings. But I can't understand why they came. They passed good places like Cheticamp and Margaree-to come where there was nothing. Other people came here besides them. The first family to stay any length of time, his name was Robert, MacLeod. He lived right over there where the church is. There was a fel? low stayed one winter before that • his name was Mac Wilkin • he stayed on the other side of the harbour here. He left in the spring and he went up to the other side of Margaree Harbour and took land up there. Lived there for years after that. Then MacLeans came in, then Sutherland, then the Hinkleys, then Macintoshes, then Frasers, then Moores • then from that on that was about all that came in in the beginning. Getting married. Yeah. Preparation of this article was aided by the Explorations Pro.'ram of the Canada Council, and is part of an on-going project of Lives on Cape Breton. Cape Breton \*s Magaxine/5