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Alex: It must have been all the cursing I was doing out there that blew that stove. Hector, you were the one who painted Don? ald's new shoes. Hector; Yes. We were working over at Mur- ray there, you know. And I was painting the boat • red copper paint • Donald was standing and he couldn't see me at all, but I could see his feet. Poor soul, it was a new pair of shoes. He was showing us the shoes before. So I got the brush under the board • I could get to his feet • and I painted his shoes red. Alex; Was it yod that took the can of lin? seed oil on a fellow, and put the gallon of waste oil in the can? Hector Yes. We were working at Hurray o- ver here, you know. There was work over there for years and then they quit, they were closing up, and aw, there was a lot of stuff they had over there • fellows used to swipe it, different ways. But I never swiped a nail. I wouldn't. But there was a gallon of linseed oil there, and one fel? low that was over, he says, "By gosh, there's something there that I'm going to have. I'm going to do a lot of painting when I move." So myself and another fellow went to work and we took the linseed oil out of the can and put old motor oil in, used motor oil. Next morning he came up • "Where's that can of linseed oil." "Oh, it's here." "Oh," he said, "that'll be aw? ful handy for me, anyway." Alex; Heading down the road with the gal- lon of waste oil. Hector; Yeah. I was wondering if he put it Th the paint. I never found out. Alex Remember there was a 5-gallon can of "BraXe fluid down there in the garage, and Ian took it for his own truck, and he was telling us about it, he was going to hide it. And Sandy was in there and he took it when Ian wasn't looking. He got it out the garage door and went up the doctor's brook with it and hid it up there. And I told Ian that he'd buried it in the sawdust out back where they used to keep the ice, told him he'd find it there. Well, he shoveled it right to the cement floor trying to find it, and he never found it to this day. Hector; We used to have a lot of fun out of'tlTere. Alex; Boy, I'm telling you. Well, Hector, Philip's wife was telling me a funny story this winter. About this fellow went to a wake, and I guess he was sitting down talking in Gaelic for awhile, and he said, "Oh, indeed, I think I'll go in the bed? room and cry for awhile. It won't look good unless I cry." And he went in the bedroom and you could hear him roaring all over North Gut. And then he'd come out ahd talk and laugh for another spell. And then he'd go back again and have another cry. And Hector, was it you and John J. put the snowshoes on the fellow the night of John's wedding? Hector; Yes. That was early in September, over in Murray there, a way up on the hill • there was a wedding there that night and a lot of people there. And there was this fellow, and we were having a few- drinks. And I don't know what possessed him, but he went up to the outhouse, and he met me, and he had the snowshoes with him. And I said, "Come on, put them on." So, he started walking around with them on on bare ground, and at last he went over a rock and he tumbled with the snowshoes on--and he couldn't get up. Another time, I played a trick over at Red Murdoch's one night. There was a milling frolic over at Rory Kerr's, you know. It was in the spring of the year. And the ice v/as bad, but I could go across from down here. I wasn't married then at all, and living up at the other home.



There was no? body went across the ice that wanted to go but myself. Went across. That was all right. They had the milling. Then, shortly when I was getting ready to leave, there was 3 fellows and 3 girls left there, and they came over to Red Murdoch's and they went in there, and I was coming behind them, -ind they were all sitting down in the kitchen. Well, I thought it'd be a great joke to lock the door from the out? side. I went to an outhouse there and I got a rope, you know, and there was a big tree right opposite the door. I tied the rope to the door and tied it tight to the tree. So after awhile, when the boys were ready to go home, they couldn't get out. But the kitchen was low, you know, and they went upstairs and they went out on a roof and they jumped off the roof--prob- ably 6 or 8 feet • and that's how they got home. But that wasn't the funny part of it. This fellow was still on the milling board. And when he was going home, he went right by Red Rlurdoch's. And they had a great big long platform crossing there, and there was a great big hole down below where they would throw everything, gar • bage • well, this fellow came along and he never noticed this rope and it tripped him and away he went, down among the garbage. Well, the first time he met me • "Oh well, you're a devil. If I had a gun, I'd shoot you." Alex; I remember Willy when he was up at the house one time telling us a story of old Peter when he was down at Murray. Somebody came up from Englishtown selling eels one day and old Peter bought some, and Willy watched his chance and he stole the eels on Peter • Peter was going to send a water boy or something for them, so his wife would cook them for supper. Willy watched his chance and took them in and was going to get the water boy himself to take them up, so Peter wouldn't know a thing about them. He took them up to the forge and he was telling the blacksmith