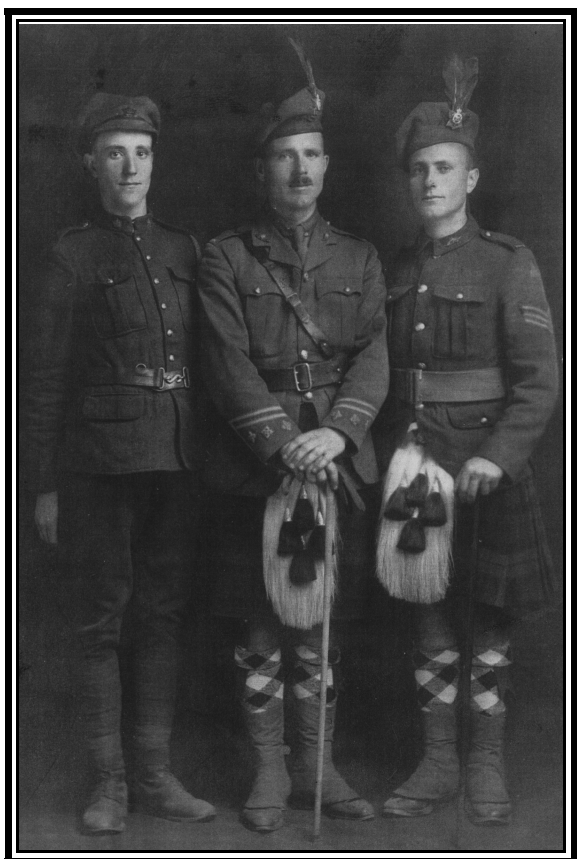


Chestico News

Spring Issue, 2007

The Chestico News is published by the Chestico Historical Society three times a year - Spring, Fall, and Winter. Enquiries and submissions may be sent to: John Gillies, Editor, Chestico Museum & Historical Society, PO Box 37, Port Hood, Nova Scotia, B0E 2W0, or email the museum at chesticomuseum@ns.sympatico.ca



Port Hood Veterans of the Great War, World War I

Pictured at left
The sons of Lewis and Veronica
MacDonald, Port Hood

(from left)
Private Oswin MacDonald
Canadian Army Medical Corp

Captain Angus Lewis MacDonald
*185th & 25th Battalion, 2nd Division
Canadian Infantry*

Sergeant John Colin MacDonald
*Royal Canadian Regiment, Canadian
Infantry/185th Cape Breton Highlanders*

*(Oswin went on to practise law, Angus L. became
Premier of Nova Scotia, & John Colin - killed in action)*

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John Gillies

From the Editor

Welcome to our 2007 spring edition of the Chestico Museum & Historical Society Newsletter. Thanks to those who have sent along articles and letters since our last issue. Contributions concerning the Chestico area and people are always welcome. Send to the address on the front cover or email them directly to me at john.gillies1388@ns.sympatico.ca



Anne Beaton

From the President's Table

The ice is gone, the lobsters are in the pot, the grass is growing and the doors of the Chestico Museum are ready to swing open. We are eagerly looking forward to a busy and productive season.

This summer we have hired Mary Janet MacDonald as Museum Director and we will be working with her on some new projects. With her background of music and dancing you can be sure

there will be some lively impromptu ceilidhs. Welcome, Mary Janet, to our Museum.

As well, we have received an HRDC Grant which will employ four people to work on different aspects of archival research and preparation for our new County Archives and Heritage Centre. Also, we will be able to proceed with the "Passages" program - a program where the artifacts, books, records, etc. in the Museum will be entered into a database which will be available online to all other museums, etc. This is a major, but necessary, undertaking by all Museums to keep on-stream in this fast-growing technological age.

A student will be hired on a Provincial Grant and we will continue our research on World War II veterans. We hope to have a presentation in place for the week of Chestico Days.

Speaking of Chestico Days - when in Port Hood for the festivities, be sure and drop into the Chestico Museum to meet our staff, enjoy our displays and maybe learn a step or two. Have a great summer!

New Executive



Chestico Museum & Historical Society Executive for 2007-08 was elected at the annual general meeting on Apr. 23, 2007.
Anne Beaton President
Charles MacDonald Vice President
Glenda Campbell Treasurer
Carmelita Gillis Secretary

In this edition we include three letters written by World War One veterans of the Port Hood area. The first is a letter from Rev. Major Donald MacPherson. At the age of 42 he enlisted in the Canadian Chaplaincy Service on April 28, 1915, and was discharged in July, 1919. During the war he had served on both the Near East and Western Fronts. Following his discharge he was sent as parish priest to St. Peter's, Port Hood, where he served from 1919 until 1957.

3 Canadian Command Depot, South Camp, Seaforth, Sussex, England, August 1, 1917.

Dear Professor MacDonald:

Among other letters awaiting me on my return to England was yours. I had a nice bunch to run through, as scarcely any mail was reaching me on my trip, as my whereabouts were, for the most of the time, unknown.

I am sorry to learn of the good Judge's death. I have said Mass for his soul. May he rest in peace!

How our friends keep on going before us as you term it. We stay behind and they seem to beckon to us to come after. How vain all that is mortal! Men like Sir Thomas More won't exchange eternity for twenty years of this earth's honors and riches and pleasures.



**Reverend Major
Donald MacPherson**

I suppose Mr. Broadfoot has given you an interesting account of things over here. In fact, I am afraid that when I get a chance to tell my story you will be all "fed up" with yarns of the kind, so I better give you some account of my last trip right now. From St. Martin's Plain in the Shorncliffe area, I went to London Easter Week on, I think, a trip for charity's sake. There I was

instructed to proceed to Newport, Monmouthshire, to take a hospital ship. (I had

come to London on a call from a distressed friend, and the trip must have come as a reward.). A few days later I took shipping at Avonmouth. The Goorka (Hospital Ship) did not sail till April 20, so we had plenty of time to see the surrounding country. I had a run to Cardiff. We went to Bristol frequently. I even did it on the Tug Klondyke, up the Avon, one day. On April 20 we started for Brest in France. When we arrived we found that the Portuguese patients we expected to carry along had gone. So we missed calling into Portugal. Our next stop was Gibraltar. Had about a fortnight here. Saw the rock of Tarik from top to bottom - a wonderful old place and it is not all to be seen on the surface. Kaiser Bill did the Rock in 1904 and 1905. Suppose he himself is the head spy, eh? While in Gib, I had a run into Spain in borrowed mufti. There was a pilgrimage to Almoraima, and I went.

About 2 a.m. of a Sunday we started for Algeria, and we had a day or days in Oran, Bougie, Phillippeville, Algiers, and Bizerte. Those towns are most interesting to our modern peoples. After a week or more in Bizerte we took a run for Malta, across badly infested waters. We were warned that a sub was only 15 miles away. Of course we steered away from the evil thing. It possibly was the same friend that got the Dover Castle with 600 on board going the opposite way to us at the same time. The Dover Castle makes five, of the boats on which I was a passenger, to be sunk.

Malta is most interesting, but I shall talk of it when I come to your place later on. I said Mass on Pentecost at the Convent of the Blue Sisters, about twelve miles from where St. Paul was shipwrecked. On we went to Crete. Here, ashore on Trinity, I said Mass at Suda. I met the Bishop of Crete at Canea the day before. He and his priests are Capuchins and, verily enough, paupers. Our next top was my old haunt, Salonica. My coming was most unexpected, and they thought my ghost haunted the place. One Lieutenant at Yamish refused to believe that a post card I sent him was from me, until he saw me.

The trip back was no less wonderful. We called into lots of Greek Islands. On July 1st I said Mass in Navarero. Very quiet 1st July. We finally disembarked from the Icolian steamer at Tarentum. We came on to Rome, and a few of us had three days there. I managed to be received by the Pope through Mgr. MacIntosh of the Scots College. The same day I said Mass in the Catacombs.

Now for Paris, and on the way across the Alps, through the tunnel. I had six or seven hours in Paris, and I let the eating business go to use as much time as possible on sight-seeing. So I landed in Folkstone the second time and found England much as usual, only the spring weather had vanished. Now, was not that a trip! What does mother say?

I have about 800 Catholics here and do two hospitals (here and at Eastbourne).

With best wishes, I remain, yours in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

D. MacPherson, C.F.

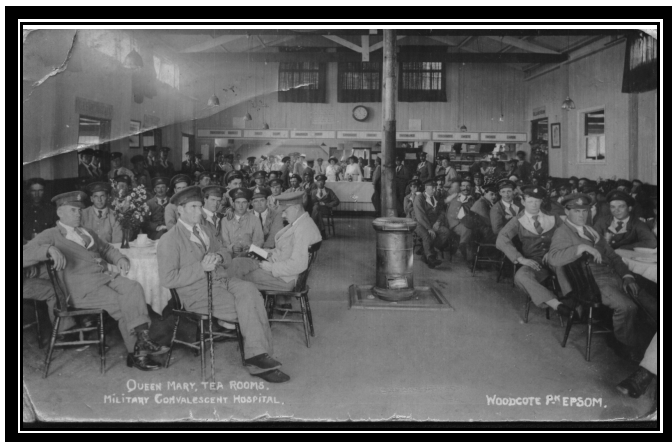
Jim St. Clair, long time supporter of our Society, has sent along a copy of a letter from Teddie Smith of Port Hood Island to his cousin Willie Smith of Mull River. Teddie was drafted for service on February 18, 1918 at 21 years of age. He survived the war, married Agnes Bell of Port Hood and they moved to Mt. Kisco, N.Y., where he died in 1963. Willie died in 1931 of appendicitis in Inverness County Hospital in Inverness. Willie & Teddie had been great friends. Epsom Army Hospital was in Surrey, south of London - a lot of the wounded from Vimy Ridge were brought there.

Epsom, June 16, 1918

Dear Willie:

Just a few lines this evening to let you know that I am still in the land of the living and getting along fine. No doubt you heard that I was sick. I was very sick for two or three weeks but thank

the Lord I am feeling much better but not well yet and never expect to be as well as I was when I left home but lucky to be as well as I am after going through what I did coming over on the boat. I took pneumonia. I was three weeks in bed with that and just out two days when I took rheumatism for two weeks. I could not move in bed and just got up around when I took the mumps and with them a hemorrhage of the lungs - that was the worst of all. Hope I will never have it again. The first four days I had pneumonia I was unconscious. I did not know where I was and knew nobody. The night they sent the message I was very low just about dying. They had the Minister in and two doctors. How I got better I do not know. I think there must be



The tea room at Epsom Hospital

something for me to do yet down here. The Sister told me that only one out of a hundred got over what I had. My temperature was 110. Very seldom they live after it goes to 106. For 13 days and nights I never closed my eyes and could not eat anything. I used to think of the goose dinner I had at your place. Tell your brother if he can get



Private Teddie Smith

clean of the army to stay out of it. It is no place for a fellow. I got enough of it now without going to France. There are eight thousand wounded here. A lot going back to Canada. Every day there are some going.

Well Willie, I would like to drop in and see you all.

I was to hear Sir Robert Borden this morning. He is a very good speaker. There are some nice English lassies over here. Good sports. I think I will take one back with me. Well news is getting scarce for this time. Hope this will find you both well. Write soon as you get a chance.

With love to all,

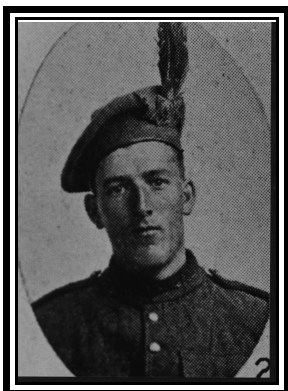
Pt Teddie P. Smith
1 Depot Batt., NS
B Company
Canadian Convalescent Hospital
Woodcote Park
No 3180383, Hut 28
Epsom, England

Diane (Cameron) Pierce of Port Hood Island and Halifax has sent along the third letter. It was written by her uncle, John Watts, to his mother. John had enlisted on April 5, 1916, at the age of 19, with the Cape Breton Highlanders. The other soldier John refers to in his letter is Angus "Big Sandy" MacDonald of Colindale, Port Hood. Angus also enlisted on April 5, 1916, with the Cape Breton Highlanders, at the age of 25. It is Angus' aunt, Mary MacDonald of Colindale, that John Watts and Angus go to visit on the Isle of Wight. Mary (see Mabou Pioneers, Vol. 1, pp 471-3) had married an English soldier and later moved to the Isle of Wight in 1894 (ca). Angus MacDonald later married a "war bride" from the Isle of Wight. Her name was Stella Poulter, and he brought her back to Port Hood where two of their five children were born.

In the letter, John Watts, refers to his brother Gordon, who was an enlisted soldier in the U.S.A. Army. The Davis family to which he wishes to be remembered are the Methodist minister and his wife at St. Stephen's Church - the Rev. Joseph H. Davis.

Dear Mother:

I think this morning I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am well and hope this will find you the same. I haven't had a letter from you for nearly two weeks but I suppose I will soon hear,



Pte. John F. Watts



*Angus "Big Sandy"
MacDonald*

the mail sometimes gets delayed.

Well Mother dear we are having pretty wet weather here now but I suppose we can't always have it fine. Well I have been down to the Isle of Wight and talk about a good time. Angus Big Sandy and I were down there for five days to Angus' aunt's place, and it was just like leaving home to leave down there. She was married to an Englishman and came over here about 23 years ago and I tell you, she kept me busy talking to me and asking about all the old places and people of Port Hood, and she didn't forget her Gaelic yet either. Oh Mother, I had a great time. They

could not do enough for us. When I would be going out anywhere she would watch me dressing and if she would see a wrinkle in my coat she would fix it. Just like you when I was home. And the best of it was she made me some Canadian Cake bread and oh mother it made me think of my dear old home. Every morning just when I would get up she would have a good hot cup of tea waiting for me before I would wash or do anything then after I was all dressed and ready, then we would have breakfast.

One morning her husband wasn't getting up, of course having a sleep in, so after Angus and I got up she said I must take Harry up his tea or he'd go bad - she meant he'd get sick. She is awful comical and I could sit and write about her all day but I can't. And while I was down there I saw a lot of interesting sights. One especially - it was the ship that Nelson fought on, you know what we used to read about in the old school books and she is just the same as her picture in the school books. They repair her every year and

the old guns are still on her.

Well, how is everything going down there. I suppose they are making lots of money lobstering, are they? When did you hear from Gordon, and how is he getting along? I heard there is going to be conscription in Canada. I tell you there aren't many fellows hanging around over here.

Well mother dear, I intend to go away anytime now, I don't think I will be here when I hear from you again. But we must be cheerful. Now I think I have told you about all for this time. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Davis, so now good bye and God watch over you and bless you while we are absent one from the other, from your loving son John. Be sure and put in care of Army Post Office on my address - this is all you need.

8 7945 Pte John F. Watts, A. Company, 185th Battalion, Witley Camp, Surrey, England.

Mrs. Richard (Dick) Anderson Interview

In the summer of 1979, Debbie MacDonald (daughter of Jackie and Anne) and Cathy MacMillan (daughter of Hughie and Mary) were summer student employees with the Chestico Museum & Historical Society. They conducted a number of interviews with older residents of Chestico. Below is the text of an interview they did with Flora (MacEachern) Anderson of East Street, Port Hood. (Questions are in bold and answers are in Italics)

Mrs. Anderson, could you tell us where you were born?

Yes, in Judique.

What were your parents' names and where were they from?

John Lauchie MacEachern and Margaret MacInnis of Judique.

How many brothers and sisters do you have and did any of them settle anywhere else other than Port Hood?

All in the USA, seven sisters and one brother.

Did you grow all your own food on the farm?

Most of it, like the vegetables.

How did you keep your food all year round when there were no refrigerators?

We kept our vegetables in the cellar and we had a milk house. It kept the cream and buttermilk cool and nice, yet it was a good cellar, we didn't find it hard.

What kind of animals did you have?

Cows, horses, yearlings, calves, pigs.

Did you ever go after the cows yourself?

Aye, it used to be my job, I had to go up Rocky Ridge about a mile every morning. Milk them in the cow yard. When the flies got bad we would put them in the barn.

Did they ever get loose on you?

Oh yes, indeed they did. I'd go to water them and they would run away on me. I'd be chasing them for two hours.

Did you used to cut wood or split kindling?

Yes I did, I cut wood all my life.

Did the men do it or was it your job?

Oh yes my husband did it, but this was years ago.

What else did you do?

Hay making, grain, potatoes, fencing.

Did you like living on a farm?

I did. I am sorry I sold it. But as you get older you can't do as much any more.

How close was your nearest neighbour?

Oh, about five minutes on either side.

Did you visit them often?

Oh yes, and they visited us too.

Would this have been a big part of people's lives?

Yes, playing cards, lots of stories and lots of tea.

When you were a child, did you go into Port Hood very much?

Oh yes, I went to school there.

Do you remember what Port Hood looked like when you were a child?

The church is the same, the old convent is not there though. A lot of buildings are gone now on account of the fire in 1942. That took most of the lovely buildings away like the bank, the hall, Rory MacDougall's store, D. F. MacLean's big house, MacDonell brothers meat market too.

When you went to Port Hood did you go with your parents or were you allowed to stay by yourself?

Oh, I took myself there and I just walked around.

How did you travel there?

Horse and wagon.

How long did it take you to get there?

Oh, about ten or fifteen minutes.

Did the horse and buggy ever get stuck in the mud?

No, the roads weren't that bad.

What about the sleighs in the snow banks?

Yes, we got them out with shovels. We always had shovels for the heavy snow.

Did you ever go to Port Hood Island on a sleigh?

Yes, several times across the ice from Sam Smith's to the cove on the island to visit friends and to fish also.

Did your family go to midnight Mass on Christmas Eve by horse and sleigh?

Yes.

Horses left outside?

Yes, there was a shelter for them and hay too.

Were there bells on the sleigh?

Bells on the sleigh and on the back of the horse. You never heard such nice music.

What was Christmas dinner like?

Same as today. Turkey or chicken, food like that; Mincemeat pies, breads, cookies, oatcakes.

Did all the relatives come over?

Yes, most of them, especially the neighbours. They would come and visit. Then we would visit them, just beautiful.

Can you remember anything Santa brought you?

Didn't bring me too much. They used to have these cotton stockings with small toys in them. They were about ten cents. I didn't expect too much. I only had one doll in my life.

Can you remember any specific Christmas spent out in the mines?

No, as far as I can remember, none.

How did people decorate their trees in their houses?

The same, but there was no electric lights, the only difference I can remember. We had candles, but they were a little dangerous so we quit putting them on. We put cards on the tree too. A lot of our own decorations.

Was the church decorated?

Yes, beautifully. Altar was decorated, it was just lovely. They worked hard to clean it.

What kind of games did you play when you

were a child?

We played house, ball, skipping - things like that. I had a lot of friends near me, so I could play all the time.

What was the longest trip you went on when you were a child?

Port Hawkesbury, by train!! It was a very big thing. When I arrived there, I thought I was in the USA . . . hahahahahaha!!!

Who did you go with?

My aunt.

How far was the school from your house?

About a mile across the hill.

You walk to school?

Every step, my feet wet to the ankles sometimes. Like that in school all day.

Where did your teachers come from?

Well, my teacher was Sister St. Olga. She was a Beaton from Mabou. She isn't living today. She was a very, very, lovely woman, she taught me grade seven and eight.

If the teachers weren't from Port Hood, where would they live?

At the convent.

What did the school room look like inside?

Clean and nice, not much different from today.

How many students were in the school?

In the school, in my class about 30 or 40. The biggest class in the convent I think.

Any stories you can tell me about when you went to school?

Bad ones, but I won't tell you those. Well I could tell you one about snow. I left home at the usual time, went down the hill by the swamp there to go to school and the brook was overflowing. So I went home. I walked over to you know the corner of East Street and down to the convent. Squeak, squeak all the way to the convent. I got there late. I didn't tell her the reason and I got into a little bit of trouble.

Anything any of the other children did?

No, play ball in free time. Sometimes little fights but nothing too serious.

Did you go to work anywhere after you finished school?

Yes I did, I worked in Port Hood town working for different people.

Do you mind telling us what people got paid?

Fifty cents a day and glad to get it.

What kind of work?

Sweeping, cleaning windows, things like that.

What did you do with your money when you got it?

Buy things for my family and myself.

How much did it cost to get into dances?

I forget, I didn't really go to dances.

Where were the dances held?

St. Peter's Hall, Mabou, Judique, different places.

Who used to play at these dances?

Alex MacDonald and Alex Michael, two good Port Hood fiddlers and a piano too. Chantelle Doucet would chord for them.

What time would the dances start?

About eight and end at twelve.

Were there any fights at the dances?

No, they were pretty quiet.

Were the boys more willing to dance than they are now?

I don't know, I don't go now. They were pretty willing to dance.

How did you meet your husband?

I knew him since I was nine years old. Brought up by a cousin of mine from Mabou. I knew him quite well.

Where did people go for dates?

Horse and buggy ride, boating.

What was your wedding like? How many bridesmaids did you have?

Blessed God, I only had one. Glad to have one at that too.

Was it a big wedding?

No. Went to the church, got married, and came home. It was in the winter time, snow up to your waist.

Where did you go on your honeymoon?

To bed, just upstairs, no other place to go. Who was going to have me . . . don't write this down! Hahaha!!!

Where did you live after you were married, was it here?

Oh no, East Street, you know where Jimmy Sutherland is now on the farm? We moved in with them.

Did you get many wedding presents?

Oh yes, quite a few wedding presents without a wedding. Nice presents. Good old times, I wish we could go through life again. Youth is wonderful, young, happy. Oh we were happy.

What kind of sports did people play?

Sports, as far as I know - baseball; baseball on the

hill; they call it Fraser's Hill. As much as 500 people gathered there. Inverness would come and play. We used to have a band and sometimes bag pipes, beautiful really good players. Special trains would come up from Inverness to the station here. Mount Royal they called it. Johnny Angus MacDougall used to be the ump, a short fella; he was Rory MacDougall's brother. Austin MacDonell playing baseball, Joe MacInnis - a singer from Colindale used to play, a lovely singer.

Do you remember the name of the best baseball team in Port Hood?

I don't remember the name. I bet Lawrence MacDonald would know. Ask him, I wouldn't know - if it wasn't in Port Hood - it was Glencoe Station.

Do you remember the horse races on ice?

I do vividly! I liked horse racing, grand altogether, good horses too.

Who had the best horse?

I don't know, mostly Little Judiquers. They were great for horses, used to have good horses there.

Did they have the races every week or were they only once in a while?

No - only once in a while. When the ice would be good they had it all the time.

How many races were run on one day?

I can't remember.

Did a lot of people go to the races?

Yes - oh God yes.

Was there a charge to get in?

No, no, I don't remember even paying a collection if they want to put money in.

What do you remember about the fire of '42?

I remember that morning, I saw smoke coming up the back of the hill. We kept on to church with the horse and wagon. We came to town and the place was on fire. That was July 2, 1942. So we turned in at Charlie MacLennan's and tied the horse there and walked to church, because the horse wouldn't go through the fire. The horse was scared. We went to Mass. 40 hours devotion was going on in church. After Mass the priest came down with the Blessed Sacrament, you know. He went all around, Ronald Beaton's up to Donald Smith MacDonell's. Wherever he travelled with the Blessed Sacrament - the fire didn't go near it.

Was there a lot of excitement in Port Hood?

There was no water, no fire equipment. We sent to Inverness for the fire truck and water from the

ocean. It wouldn't have burnt at all if we had what we have today. I saw it starting to burn in John Donald's store, back of the counter. It started as they went to church. They had an hour there and they saw the fire.

Do you know where the first Court House was?

Yes I do. I saw it burning. I don't remember the day or the year, but I saw it burning. Same stand as the new one. It was a wooden one. It was a Saturday night. I just can't tell you what year.

Do you know what started it?

No, don't know.

Do you know who the jailer was?

Yep, I think it was John MacDonald, John Lewis, from my memory - Angus L.'s brother. He was a jailer for years and years.

Did anyone escape?

Escape? Oh they were escaping all the time. One escaped the other night!

Do you remember who the doctor was?

Fr. Chisholm's brother Duncan, was it Duncan Chisholm? Dr. Chisholm anyway - he was a good doctor.

Did he have his office in his house?

No, another building.

Did he go around to people's houses if he was needed?

Indeed he did, many trips he made and many sets of twins he got. Two sets of twins in one night. The Watts in Marble Hill and Hugh MacLellan's at the Little River. Lovely doctor, a good doctor. He traveled by horse and wagon and the near ones he'd walk there. Very good doctor, never refused a call.

Was there ever a time he couldn't get there in time?

Not to my knowledge.

In your mother's time were babies delivered by doctors or midwives?

Midwives.

Do you know any midwives in Port Hood?

My aunt, Mrs. Lewis MacEachern, was a midwife. She delivered a lot of babies.

Any living today?

No.

Was there a post office in Port Hood when you were young?

Oh yes, opposite the glebe house, not there now, where Earl MacIsaac lived. Elmer Smith lives

there now. Post Office was there - Danny MacKay was the post master. He'd be Collie D.C.'s uncle.

How'd people get their mail? Did they go pick it up or what?

Pick it up - ya, no delivery.

Were there ever any hotels in Port Hood.

Yes, there was a MacIsaac one up at the other end of town, it was Neil J. . Eckie MacDonnell, with his mother, where John Angus MacDonald lives now, that was a hotel. One down by Little River, not now. There was 3 hotels, anyway. Big generator up there.

Do you know who ran these hotels?

Well Eckie MacDonnell and Neil J. MacIsaac and I don't know who was managing the other.

Was it people from Port Hood who worked in the hotel?

Yes, young girls would work there.

What did the hotels look like?

Big buildings, very well kept, good meals.

About how many rooms would there be?

They weren't that big altogether, I suppose about two stories, with ten rooms.

Where would the people come from?

Mostly agents, they'd come from different places in the summer for both business and to vacation.

Any other buildings in Port Hood that we didn't mention?

Nope - wasn't too many buildings.

Do you remember the first time you saw a car in Port Hood?

Yes, Rory MacDougall or A.D. MacIsaac, either of them. They both had a car around the same time. First time I ever saw it, they came up East Street, by Alex C. Gillies. I don't know what I was seeing. This model, the car going blalt lup, blalt lup. My God, the horses were going crazy.

What did you think of it?

I thought it was alright.

What did you think when you got your first drive in it?

Pretty good, better than the horse and buggy. The horses would go crazy and you're liable to end up in the woods. All horses were scared to meet the cars.

Biggest change in Port Hood?

Down there by the mine strip, you know, there isn't too much going on there today. Everyone is comfortable, too well off.

Would you rather live in the early days or

now?

Now, I loved the other days too.

Do you believe in ghosts and forerunners?

No I don't; never saw anything in all my life.

Anyone you know ever see a ghost?

No, I don't think, lots of stories. They never saw anything. They were drunk as skunks.

Do you know any ghost stories?

No, never listen to them; don't believe in them. My father was great to tell them. I heard lots but I don't like them.

Thank you very much for talking to us.

I hope I didn't say anything I shouldn't have.

No, don't worry about that, it was very good.

Excerpt from Flora Anderson's Writings

October 26, 1920

Today is fine. Collie MacIsaac had the mare today. I didn't vote for any side yesterday for I wasn't old enough. Hallowe'en is coming handy. I am going to eat a lot of foorack for God knows where we'll be living a year from now. But I hope that we'll be happy wherever we'll be. Winter is coming handy. Oh I love winter. Summer time is nice but still there's so much work to be done in summer and the days will be so hot. Winter a person must stay in, in order to be warm. Well those that are getting married now won't mind the cold much at night for one person with them clothes on won't pull through. Well I hope we will get through this winter and that we maybe able to see another one of those beautiful summers.

From the Summer Director, Chestico Museum & Historical Society

It's great to be here this summer and discovering first hand the great history there is in Port Hood which is kept alive and well here at the Museum. A great place to come and sit and find out about your roots, find out information for your family tree, or just come in to say hello. Remember to sign our guest book!!

I hope that you will come in and look at all we have - whether it be artifacts, house histories, or the various exhibits. This year we'll feature some additions to the exhibit on our War Brides, add a

new exhibit on World War II veterans, have a display on John Allan Cameron, feature another display on two family reunions happening this summer - the Big John MacDonalds, and also McNamaras, and a display honouring the 75th anniversary of the RCMP in Nova Scotia highlighting those who have served and continue to serve our country from the Port Hood area.

As well, every Thursday evening, commencing on Thursday, June 21st, beginning at 7:00 pm, we will have a weekly mini-concert series continuing through to the end of August. These one-hour sessions will feature a special guest and many local entertainers - there'll be nights with fiddle and dance, nights with Gaelic song, nights with sing-songs, and nights with a variety of entertainment. As well, it wouldn't be complete without the kindness of the members of the Society to fulfill the necessary free cup of tea after each concert. There'll be limited seating - perhaps 30 chairs, as we sit among the artifacts and remember those who walked before us. There'll be an admission of \$3.00 for all who enter.

Speaking of tea - this summer, during the day, we'll be serving tea to anyone who would like to sit at Lee & Ida Hart's dining room table at the museum. For only \$1.00 - you'll receive your tea in a 'proper' china cup and saucer and for an extra 50 cents, we'll give you an oatcake or a molasses cookie.

Dance, Dance, Dance - yes - there'll be lots of dancing daily as well. For a mere \$5.00, the Museum will test the wooden floor for an hour - as I will offer stepdance lessons and Alexandra McLennan-Brown will offer Highland Dance lessons. We can even review and experience a bit of local square dancing - so that when you go to West Mabou square dances on Saturday night, or to Glencoe Mills on Thursday nights, you'll feel right at home. Please spread the word and I hope you'll come in for a 'cuppa' soon.

Mary Janet MacDonald,
Summer Museum Director



Chestico Society Summer Tickets

In the summer of 2007, the Chestico Society will sell tickets on a Port Hood Tartan blanket. The blanket is handwoven and designed by Mary, Anne and Rachel Smith (daughters of Jimmy and Tootsie Smith). Each Society member is asked to sell two books of tickets which are enclosed with this Newsletter. Draw will be early September.



2008 Port Hood Calendar (World War II Veterans)

The Chestico Museum & Historical Society will also be selling a 2008 twelve month calendar this summer. It will feature photographs of more than seventy World War II enlisted soldiers (from Port Hood), as well as war brides. The purchase price will be \$12.00, plus postage, per calendar. Order your copy from the *Chestico Museum & Historical Society, PO 144, Port Hood, NS, B0E 2W0*

New Heritage Centre and Archives

For the past two years, our Society has been working on plans to redevelop our museum and to relocate it to the centre of Port Hood. This is a very exciting new adventure. The old Harbourview School has served us very well over the past twenty years but with new projects in the works for Port Hood, and after a feasibility study was carried out in 2005, we felt that a brand new facility, which is to be located on the site of the old Port Hood school with its stunning view over the harbour and islands, would be a great draw

for visitors and convenient for most local residents.

At the same time, the province of Nova Scotia, through its Heritage Task Force Report, has strongly urged that a regional or county archives be established. With this in mind, we are undertaking the additional challenge of creating an Inverness County archival facility within our new building.

We hope to have our exhibit area, our new Chestico Tea Room and gift shop on one level, and our archives vault and research/genealogy room on another (most likely the lower one). We hope that this new venture will create a real “heritage hub” right in the centre of Port Hood for everyone to enjoy. Our new building will also be a great venue for lots of new activities.

We have received support from many other heritage societies in the County as well as our local municipality and are now in the process of establishing links with government funding agencies. We hope that we can count on your support and interest.



*Old Port Hood Lighthouse
Inspiration for new Heritage Centre*



Chestico Museum and Historical Society

PO Box 144, Port Hood, Nova Scotia, B0E 2W0

Telephone: (902) 787-2244 (June 1st - Aug. 30th)

Email: chesticomuseum@ns.sympatico.ca



Membership Information

Name: _____

Address: _____

Province/State: _____ Postal/Zip Code: _____

Email: _____

(Please provide your email address if you'd like to receive the newsletter by email)

Membership Fee is \$15.00 per year. Your membership includes receipt of the newsletter, three times per year, plus special privileges such as a 10% discount in our gift shop and free daily admission to the museum.

Another excerpt found in the writings of Flora Anderson {wife of Richard (Dick) Anderson}- if the culprit is one of your ancestors, you should contact your local pastor!

I am a farmer's wife. In the evening, my husband came home with two hams we were having cured. The next morning I went down cellar and to my great, great surprise both were gone. My husband and I tried to plan and see if we could find the burglar. We never spoke a word to any person of our loss. The next month one of our highly respected neighbours, as we thought, was at our place for tea. During conversation the subject turned to stories of burglary and to our great surprise he said: "*By the way, did you ever find out who took the two hams you lost.*" He thought of course we told everybody. We said we had not but we know now who took them. And I guess he thought we looked wise for he jumped up and bolted for the door. The next morning one of our stolen hams were in the cellar with a note and a five dollar bill which was to pay for the missing ham. The note said: "*For God's sake, say nothing about this and I'm your friend forever.*" He has not been in to tea since and we still think our plan worked all right.