

# Time and Tide

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Maritimes 2018



Russ & Terri (Bear) Paton

# The Smell of Roses

September 26, 2018

Air Canada Flight 1692 to Halifax

Last week I took a short but exciting trip in this rig. I was in the Bobcat preparing to unload it from the trailer when the driverless truck started to slide on inclined, snowy grass. By the time it came to



rest the truck had wiped out a corral fence and jackknifed against a spruce tree. The trailer bucked sideways, and the Bobcat rolled off the side, with me in it. The door wouldn't open, and I could smell diesel fuel leaking.

Fortunately, Bobcat's engineers designed an escape hatch in the rear window. I am about two pizzas and a cheeseburger shy of not being able to crawl through the hatch, but I wiggled out and made it onto solid ground.

Not a scratch, but I was some shook up.

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I spent a little time thinking about the hereafter as I surveyed and unraveled the wreckage.

Mark Twain once said: *"I do not fear death. I had been dead for billions and billions of years before I was born, and not suffered the least inconvenience for it"*.

I don't suppose it will be much different when I am gone, but I am not ready to find out just yet. I haven't spent enough time with Bear and the kids, or my extended family and friends. Who knows, there could be a half-dozen grandkids I haven't met yet. So, I am going to have to stay safe and healthy, and make sure I don't miss a minute.

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That "stay safe" thing has been an issue for me. I tend to live on the edge – I drive too fast, fly airplanes and motorcycles, and generally push the limits in everything I do. Aerobatics in a Bobcat

isn't my first near-miss; I could write a book about car crashes and farming accidents, all of which might have tested Mark Twain's theory about the hereafter. I have been incredibly lucky.

There is no need to push the limits anymore, and I must have nearly filled my quota of lucky breaks, so I better find a way to slow the pace. But changing life-long habits isn't easy; I need to observe calm people, learn from them and alter some deeply ingrained habits.

Last time we were in the Maritimes I noticed that the level of urgency is significantly lower there than I am accustomed to. Nobody seems to be in a hurry, yet what needs to get done, gets done.

**I think Nova Scotia is a place to learn the smell of roses.**



# Liverpool Packet

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**September 26, 1798**  
**Liverpool, NS**

The difference between a pirate and a privateer is government authorization - not unlike a thief and a tax collector. Joseph Barss was both.

Born in Liverpool, NS in 1776, Barss became a mariner; he rose to the rank of Captain of the schooner *Liverpool Packet*. During the war of 1812, *Liverpool Packet* received authorization from the British Navy to sail as a privateer vessel. Barss captured between 100 and 120 American vessels during the war, making him one of the most successful privateers on the North American Atlantic coast.

Any vessel captured by a privateer was considered a “prize”. The vessel would be delivered to Halifax where a Court of Vice Admiralty would determine if the prize was captured legally. 50 of the American vessels Barss captured were deemed to be legal “prizes”, making 50 to 70 illegal.



Doing the math, Barss was approximately 45% Tax Collector - 55% Thief.



We are staying our first night in Nova Scotia at a hotel that was once the home of Joseph Barss. He lived here with his parents and 13 siblings, from 1798 until he sailed with the *Liverpool Packet* in 1812.

Joseph Barss survived the War of 1812, but died in Kentville, NS at the age of 48.





# Bigger than Elvis

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September 27, 2018

Hank Snow Museum Liverpool, NS

The only Canadian in the *American Country Music Hall of Fame* is also from Liverpool, NS. Hank Snow had more than 85 hits on the *Billboard* charts from 1959 to 1980, including *A Fool Such as I*.

Hank may have been a self-deprecating “fool”, but he had the good sense to hire a young guy named Elvis Presley to open for him at the *Grand Ole Opry* in 1954. *The Tennessean* newspaper posted this picture after the show, with the caption:



*“Here’s Hank with Elvis Presley, who also caused a lot of excitement.”*

**That was before Elvis got *All Shook Up*.**

<https://itunes.apple.com/ca/album/a-fool-such-as-i/301138573?i=301138849>

# Blue Noses

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September 27, 2018  
Lunenburg, NS



I thought *Bluenose* was just the name of the schooner on the Canadian dime until I visited Nova Scotia, but it is much more than that. The people of Nova Scotia were referred to as *blue noses* as early as 1785. Nobody really knows why – it could be the actual colour noses become in a cold, damp, north-maritime winter, or a reference to a purple potato common in the Annapolis Valley and eaten by most Nova Scotians at the time.

Whatever its etymology, *Bluenose* is as familiar in Nova Scotia as, well... the nose on your face.

The term's first recorded use was by Reverend Jacob Bailey in a disparaging remark about political rivals in Nova Scotia. Referring to belligerent old inhabitants he said, "the blue noses exerted themselves to the utmost of their power and cunning".

What was meant as a derogatory comment was adopted and carried as a badge of honour by stalwart Nova Scotians. They continue to proudly use the idiom as a term of endearment.



In 1920, when a consortium of Maritime shipbuilders decided to build a fishing schooner of unparalleled quality and speed, it is little wonder they chose to name it the *Bluenose*.

**Bluenose II at Wolfville Pier**

Modern name-calling politicians would do well to consider the story of the blue noses. Nova Scotians turned a crass political slight into the pride of a nation - no telling what political barbs like; Crooked Hillary, Fake News CNN, Lyin' James Comey, Pocahontas, Little Rocket Man or Crazy Bernie might set in motion.



*“As close to heaven as sailors ever get”*

Narrator of History of Nova Scotia Fisheries documentary – about the ship’s crow’s nest.



# Dignified Calm

September 28, 2018  
Wolfville, NS

We bumped into this lady in Wolfville, Nova Scotia.



Here is a partial list of Mona Louise Parsons' achievements and attributes:

- ❖ Nova Scotian – born Middleton 1901.
- ❖ Elocution teacher.
- ❖ Actor.
- ❖ Ziegfeld chorus girl.
- ❖ Nurse (graduated *cum laude* from Jersey School of Medicine).
- ❖ Married millionaire Dutch businessman Willem Leonhardt.
- ❖ Resistance worker during WWII - sheltered downed airmen in her home in Laren, Netherlands.
- ❖ Arrested by the German Gestapo.
- ❖ Prisoner of war (the only civilian Canadian female to be imprisoned by the Nazis).
- ❖ Tried, found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death by firing squad.
- ❖ Responded to her sentence with such dignified calm that the chief judge permitted her to appeal.
- ❖ Sentence commuted to life with hard labour.
- ❖ Prison assembly line worker, making plywood aircraft wings and knitted socks.
- ❖ Fell ill in prison, endured hunger, cold, isolation and humility.
- ❖ Escaped prison, walked 125 km through occupied Germany for three weeks, in winter with ragged clothes and no shoes, to Vlagtwedde, Netherlands.
- ❖ Rescued by North Nova Scotia Highlanders.
- ❖ Husband died in 1956 and left his substantial estate to his mistress and a biological son, leaving Parsons penniless.
- ❖ Returned to Nova Scotia and married Major General Harry Foster.
- ❖ Died at Wolfville, NS in 1976.



The epitaph etched on her tombstone in Wolfville Cemetery is embarrassingly short on detail. Mona Parsons' ordeal and achievements deserve to be eternalized as much more than "wife of".

A statue by Dutch sculptor Nistal Prem de Boer, of Parsons leaving Germany, is a much better depiction of her character and attributes.



*The joy is almost too much to bear.*

Statue of Mona Parsons in Wolfville, NS

# Acadian Driftwood

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September 28, 2018  
Grande Pré, NS

We met Evangeline a few years ago when we were in New Orleans. She had travelled to St. Martinville, Louisiana from Nova Scotia, in search of her lover Gabriel. Today we visited Evangeline where her search began, in Grande Pré, Nova Scotia, in 1755.

In Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's epic poem, Evangeline is separated from Gabriel on their wedding day as she and her Acadian family are expelled during the Great Upheaval. Evangeline spends a lifetime wandering through Acadian settlements up and down the east coast of North America in search of Gabriel. As an old woman, working among the poor in Philadelphia, Evangeline finds Gabriel among the sick and he dies in her arms.



The poem is a work of fiction, but it is relevant as a piece of Canadian history – *Evangeline* accurately depicts the epic struggle of displaced Acadians in the years following the Expulsion.

While the poem has a tragic ending, the story of the Acadiens is one of robust and enduring culture. The struggle of being uprooted, exiled and marginalized, strengthened Acadian culture and bound the Acadian people in a vibrant chain, stretching from Grande Pré to Lafayette.

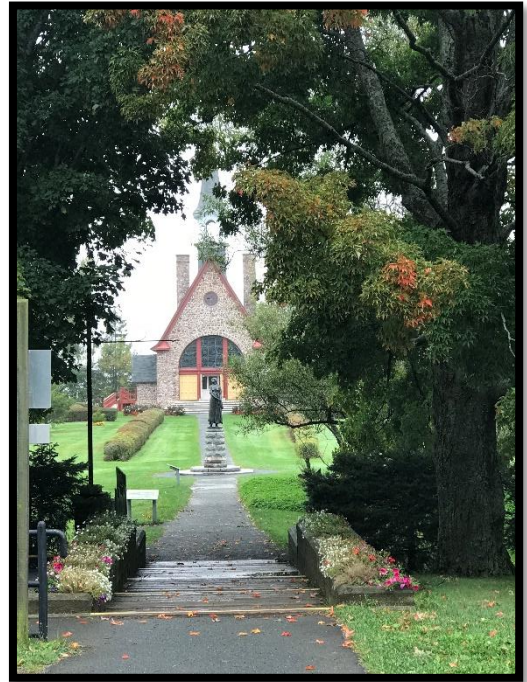
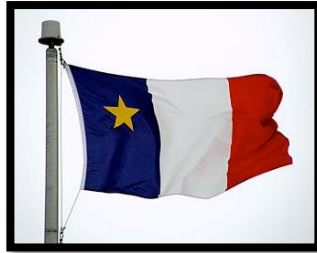


**Sais tu, Acadie j'ai le mal du pays, ta neige,  
Acadie, fait des larmes au soleil.**

(Do you know, Acadia I'm homesick,  
your snow, Acadie, makes tears in the sun)

*from "Acadian Driftwood" – The Band (1975)*

Everywhere we went in the Maritimes we encountered this star. It took a few days to understand that the symbol is not just a common decoration; it is Stella Maris (Star of Mary) from the Acadian flag. The star is prominently mounted on homes of Acadians, as symbol of pride and belonging.



Evangeline et Gabriel



# The Best Prime Minister Canada Never Had

September 29, 2018  
Truro, NS

When I was a kid we didn't wear underwear, we wore Stanfield's. Stanfield's were sturdy undergarments, Canadian-made for a northern climate - they could be ordered from Sear's catalogue. I mention this only because the brand name of my choice of underwear was also the surname of the best prime minister Canada never had.



Robert Stanfield, of the Truro Nova Scotia underwear Stanfield's, was Harvard-educated (with honours) and one of Canada's most distinguished and respected statesmen. He was premier of Nova Scotia for four terms from 1956 to 1967, then moved to federal politics.

During his student days in the 1930s, Stanfield witnessed the poverty that the Great Depression produced, causing him to become interested in interventionist economic theories. Stanfield considered himself a socialist at this time. Over time, he was less attached to socialism, but its influence on him remained, as he was considered a Red Tory for his appreciation of the common good<sup>1</sup>.

During Canada's centennial year Stanfield took the helm of a beleaguered federal Progressive Conservative party and brought them high in the polls, prompting many to expect him to defeat the Liberal government of the aging Lester B. Pearson.

Then, Pierre Elliott Trudeau entered the political arena. Trudeau assumed leadership of the Liberal party from an ailing Pearson, at a time when Canadians were on the world stage and yearning for excitement. Trudeau gave it to them - he was a populist; brash, flamboyant, and ready to incur boundless public debt to advance his political agenda. Stanfield's unilingualism, laconic speaking style and conservative spending

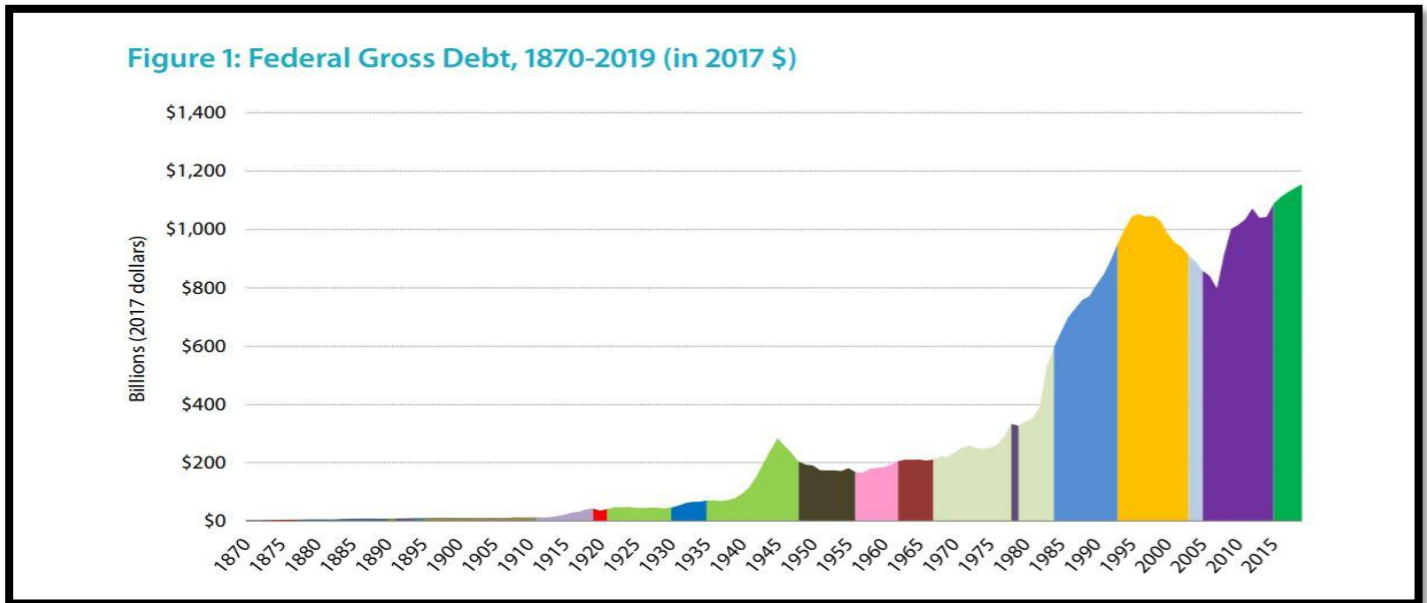


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<sup>1</sup> Wikipedia

agenda contrasted poorly with the flashy Liberal leader. Trudeau won the 1968 election in a landslide ending Stanfield's political career. We will never know the effects fiscal prudence and an acute social conscience might have had on the Canadian economy.

During Pierre Trudeau's term in office the federal deficit rose three-fold, from \$200 billion to \$600 billion. The meteoric rise in Canada's debt during Trudeau's two terms in office set a trajectory that subsequent governments have been unable to alter. Despite a dip in spending during the tenure of several boring but fiscally prudent prime ministers, the federal deficit now hovers in the \$1.2 trillion range, with projections into the stratosphere.



Truro, Nova Scotia's Robert Stanfield was my choice for Prime Minister when Trudeau the First ran for office.



I intend to vote "fiscal conservative – social liberal" again, the next chance I get.



**Canada needs more boring -  
in our underwear and our prime ministers.**

# Taking Fausty Home

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**September 29, 2017**  
**Truro, Nova Scotia**

I learned a new word today, and it is really coming in handy. Nova Scotians refer to the smell you encounter in a damp, unventilated basement as *fausty*. It could also describe a wet wool mitten with a fart in it, or your uncle Archie's bachelor apartment.

Once I heard it, I can't get *fausty* out of my mind – it is a word I intend to take back to Alberta and make some use of. But before I do, I got a little practice right here in Nova Scotia.

It was raining this morning, so we decided to find some antique stores and start our day inside. Antique stores can be a little funky at the best of times, but the one we encountered in Port Williams was *faustier* than most. Country Barn Antiques was closed when we arrived, but the owner soon



showed up, apologizing for sleeping in. He was a dishevelled looking specimen, 70ish and barefoot, with a riot of gnarly grey chest hair boiling out of an unbuttoned shirt. He unlocked the front door, but not before chastising some pigeons who had come to roost on the roof.

Fausty greeted us at the door like a wet dog blanket, and followed us through four floors of moulding, garage-sale rejects. The aforementioned pigeons had found their way through a broken third-floor window and were making deposits on merchandize, adding to the funk. By the time we had done the entire tour (and concluded a purchase of a superb old, wooden berry picker), we were starting to smell a little fausty ourselves.

It was still raining, and we didn't have much luck finding other antique stores, so we decided to continue our journey north along the valley. We made it to Truro about 5:30 and agreed to call it "home" for the night.

We hadn't made a reservation (who goes to Truro in late September, we thought). It turns out every sports team on the east coast does, as does a convention of scrapbookers. The hockey teams should not have been a surprise but, *scrapbookers*, who even knew there was such a thing?!

The long and the short of it is that there was not a hotel to be found in the suburban Truro area. We found a motel on the outskirts that had rooms available, so we booked the *Tidal Bore Inn* sight unseen.

A tidal bore is a natural phenomenon, unique to the Bay of Fundy, where the incoming tide causes a wave surge along river inlets. There were tidal bore tours advertised all around Truro. The *Tidal Bore Inn* promoted a “view”, which I assumed was of the river and the wave.

Not so much! The Inn is high on a hill, overlooking an industrial park and the town of Truro beyond. There is no river or tidal wave in sight, but we did have a nice view of a Kubota Tractor dealership.



Inside the room I got my most profound and accurate definition of the word *fausty*. Fifty years of traveling salesmen, bikers, smokers, drinkers and cat fanciers were etched into the carpet and bedding. There was a little fan that redistributed fausty from one side of the room to the other but, other than that, there was no escape.

A new word, and a sample of it, will be going home with us.



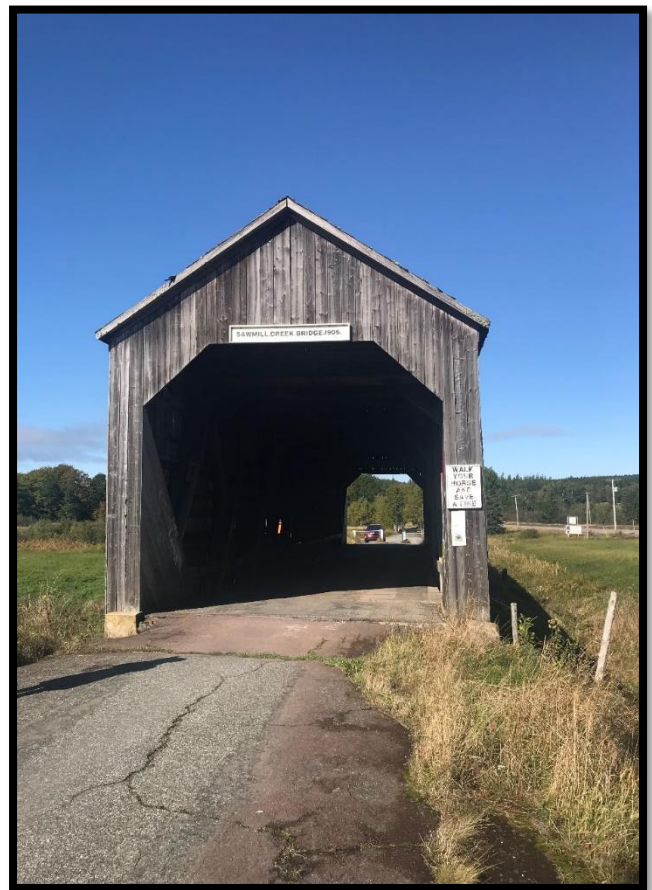


# James and Bill in a tree, k.i.s.s.i.n.g.

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September 30, 2018  
Derry's Corner, NB

Sawmill Creek covered bridge doesn't accommodate motor traffic anymore. Pedestrians, bikers and horses are welcome - provided you don't ride the horse. Not sure why?



Lovers have been carving their names on the bridge walls for years.



And at least one comedian made his mark.

# Time and Tide

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September 30, 2018  
Hopewell Rocks, NB



Hopewell Rocks,  
at 8:00AM  
and 3:00PM

*"Time and tide wait for no man"*

- Geoffrey Chaucer





# Bud the Spud

**October 1, 2018**  
**Florenceville, NB**

Bud the Spud might be from PEI, but New Brunswick is where potatoes went global.

The McCain family were farmers, and like most New Brunswick farms they grew potatoes. The McCains were honest, hardworking people but they wanted more than the hard-scrabble life basic agriculture provided. The family diversified into seed production, which elevated the farming operation into a business enterprise. Still not satisfied with the level of success they had achieved, the four McCain brothers sat around a bowl of potatoes at the kitchen table one day in 1956 and discussed ways to expand the family business. They decided at that meeting that brothers Harrison and Wallace would diversify into manufacturing frozen potato products. That decision spawned the largest potato products enterprise in the world.

By 2017, McCain Foods Limited was operating in 30 countries with 20,000 employees and annual sales of \$8.5 Billion. Harrison and Wallace have gone to that big potato field in the sky, but McCain Foods is still a private New Brunswick company operated by their descendants.



Bud the Spud's family is still picking bushels of potatoes on their farm over in PEI. The difference is, the McCain brothers picked just one potato and looked at it differently.

**Rollin' Down the Highway Smilin'**

<https://itunes.apple.com/ca/album/bud-the-spud/1250630099?i=1250630108>

# To Prince Edward Island

October 1, 2018

## Confederation Bridge to Prince Edward Island

Artist, Alex Coleville is also buried in Wolfville Cemetery - there seem to be a lot of Canadian heroes resting there.

I wish I could have met Coleville before he died in 2013, I have a few questions for him:

What is the purpose of that gun? Is she looking *at* me or *through* me? What will happen when the train and horse meet near that road sign?

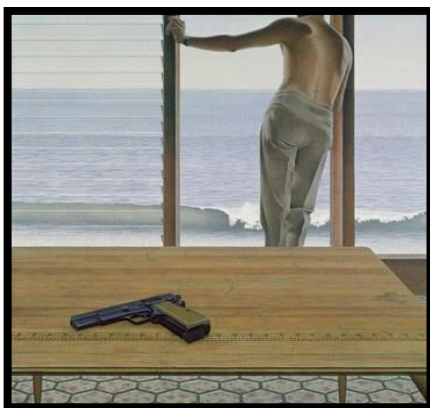
I guess I will never know.



*Horse and Train*



*To Prince Edward Island*



*Pacific*

*Against a regiment I oppose a brain  
And a dark horse against an armored train.*

Excerpt from a poem by Roy Campbell, said to be the inspiration for *Horse and Train*.



Ferry "To Prince Edward Island"



# Down Deep

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October 1, 2018  
Cavendish, PEI

PEI is renowned for agricultural production, but Lucy Maud Montgomery is responsible for the province's biggest export. People worldwide have ingested more *Anne of Green Gables* than PEI potatoes.



Montgomery was born in Clifton, PEI in 1874. Her mother died when Lucy was very young. Her father, stricken with grief, placed her with her maternal grandparents and moved to Prince Albert, NWT. Montgomery endured several unsuccessful relationships as a girl and entered into an even more miserable marriage. Throughout her life she suffered bouts of depression and, ultimately took her own life when she could suffer no more. Lucy Maud Montgomery was 67.

Montgomery drew from the dismal reality of her own life to conjure idyllic fictional characters, Anne Shirley, an 11-year old orphan in particular. *Anne of Green Gables* was published in 1908 and received immediate, worldwide acclaim. The book has sold more than 50 million copies in 36 languages.



**"down, deep down under all the discouragement and rebuff, I knew I would 'arrive' some day." - Lucy Maud Montgomery**

# Flapping Diphthongs

October 1, 2018

Pictou, NS



Hopewell Rocks and Peggy's Cove are maritime destinations worth traveling three time zones to see, but my favourite east coast attraction has nothing to do with the scenery. I would crawl to Nova Scotia over broken quahog shells, just to hear east coasters talk! Their accent is like folksy music, usually delivered with a dash of humour.

I heard this pearl about a heavy drinker somewhere along the trail and have had a smirk on my face ever since:

*'e woiped mare whiskey frum 'is chin then other fellas drink.*

(He wiped more whiskey from his chin than other fellas drank.)

Or, consider this cuss word-salad from *The Trailer Park Boys*:

*"Holee Jesus cocksuckin' Murphy,  
she was some fuckin' cold and a  
pocketful of fuck yester' night, I'll tell ya  
right now."*



Or,

*"Why can you not sit still, you are moving around like a fart in a mitten!"*

I checked the Google to find out what it is that makes the east coast accent so melodic, but it wasn't very helpful:

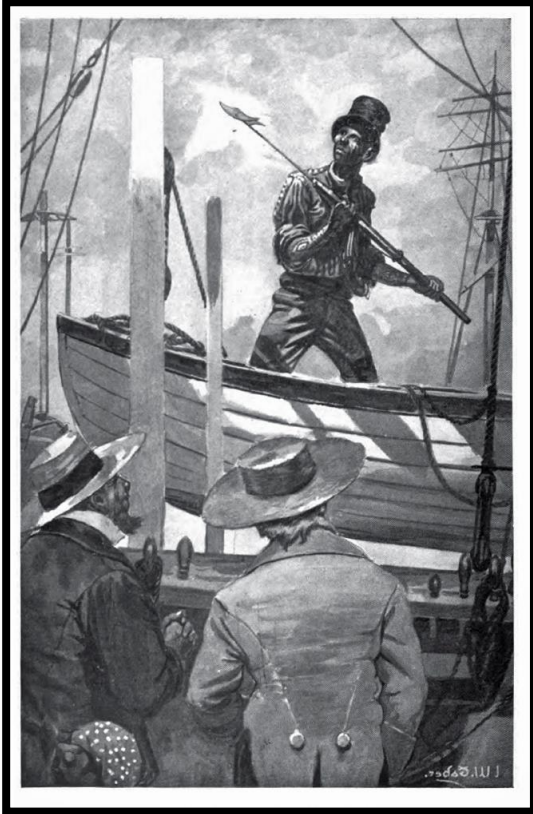
"The flapping of intervocalic /t/ and /d/ to an alveolar tap [ɾ] between vowels, as well as pronouncing it as a glottal stop..... This means the diphthongs /aɪ/ and /aʊ/ are raised to, respectively, [ɪɪ] and [ɪʊ] before voiceless consonants like /p/, /t/, /k/, /s/, /f/....."

**Holee Jesus Murphy, that's some  
fuckin' malarkey!**



# Queequeg, Quohog and Quahog.

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*"I say, Quohog, or whatever your name is, did you ever stand in the head of a whale-boat? did you ever strike a fish?" – Starbuck to Queequeg, from Herman Melville's Moby Dick.*

Queequeg



*"At one time, you could pay your tuition at Harvard College with quohog shell beads, known as wampum" - from About the Quohog, by C.H. Gates.*

Quohog



*"[about Peter] This is a man who thinks the plural of goose is sheep". Lois from Family Guy – resident of Quahog, RI.*

Quahog

# Until We Meet Again

October 2, 2018

Halifax, NS

## Pop Quiz:

Hockey Night in Canada was the top-rated television show in the 1960's. What was the #2 rated show?

## Hint:

It wasn't *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

## Second Hint:

It was broadcast from Halifax.

## Next Hint:



When the CBC pulled *Don Messer's Jubilee* from the air in 1969 it caused a nationwide protest, including the raising of questions by Members of Parliament in the House of Commons.

## Which proves just one thing:

Canadian's entertainment expectations were much, much lower in the 1960's.

*Until We Meet Again<sup>2</sup>*

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1 [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3b\\_fVhiLRFw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3b_fVhiLRFw)

# Go Home Early

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October 2, 2018

Robert L. Stanfield Airport, Halifax, NS

Our mission this week was to smell a few roses. We covered a lot of ground, so there wasn't much time for sniffing, but some of the essence of the east coast seems to have rubbed off. I was able to pack my sense of urgency into a suitcase for a few days and be in the moment.

Having said that, the reality of a pending memorial service in St Albert, a birthday party in Westlock and Thanksgiving this weekend thrust us back into reality. We started adding up what we need to accomplish and decided the next two days would be better spent at home. I rummaged through my luggage and unpacked Urgency; we are sitting at the Calgary gate at R.L. Stanfield airport ready to board for home, two days early.

**But I did learn a few things this week:**

Maritimers are.....

- **Unpretentious** – If there is a way to do it well, without anybody noticing, that's the way they do it.
- **Laidback** – Maritimers leave for work late, so they can go home early.
- **Trusting** – *"You can pay later; the key is under the mat."* – Almost any B&B owner.
- **Humble** – *"There's only one me, and I am stuck with him"*. – Robert L. Stanfield.

**And, above all.....the Maritimes are beautiful.....**





# Maritimes – Supplemental



# A Lack of Imagination

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September 27, 1775/2018  
Hortonville-Grand Pre, NS

Following are excerpts from an *Historica Canada* article entitled “*The Deportation of the Acadians*”. Words and phrases have been replaced in the paragraphs beneath, to illustrate a similar expulsion under consideration in the United States today.

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*The Acadians had lived on Nova Scotia’s territory since the founding of Port-Royal in 1604. They established a small vibrant colony around the Bay of Fundy, building dykes to tame the high tides and to irrigate the rich fields of hay. Largely ignored by France, the Acadians grew independent minded.....They felt secure, even when sovereignty over their land passed to Britain after 1713.*

*The Dreamers had lived on American territory since their parents brought them there as undocumented immigrant children. They established large vibrant communities all over America, adding to the tapestry of the land. Largely ignored by America, the Dreamers assimilated.....They felt secure, until President Trump was elected in 2016.*

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*In 1730 the British authorities persuaded the Acadians to swear, if not allegiance, at least neutrality in any conflict between Britain and France. But over the years the position of the Acadians in Nova Scotia became more and more precarious. France raised the stakes by building the great fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island.*

*In 2016 Americans persuaded Congress that Dreamers were a threat to the economy and the American way of life. America raised the stakes by building a great wall along its southern border.*

*While previous British governors had been conciliatory towards the Acadians, Governor Charles Lawrence was prepared to take drastic action. He saw the Acadian question as a strictly military matter ...*

*While previous Presidents had been conciliatory towards the Dreamers, President Trump was prepared to take drastic action. He saw the Dreamer question as an economic and ethnic matter...*

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*Lawrence had strong support in his Council from recent immigrants from New England who coveted Acadian lands.*

*Trump had strong support in his political base who coveted Dreamer's jobs.*

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*The decree that was read to the assembled and stated in part: "That your Land & Tenements, Cattle of all Kinds and Livestocks of all Sorts are forfeited to the Crown with all other your effects Savings your money and Household Goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this Province."*



*The Deportation Cross in Hortonville - Grand Pre, NS*

*The decree that was tweeted to the assembled and stated in part: "That your Citizenship and Freedom of all Sorts are forfeited to the Base with all other your effects Savings your money and Household Goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this Country."*

**History has judged the Expulsion of the Acadians as pointless and cruel. I expect that future historians will summarize the deportation of the Dreamers in much the same way:**

*The expulsion proved to have been as unnecessary on military grounds as it was later judged inhumane. Governor Lawrence's lack of imagination played as big a part as greed, confusion, misunderstanding, and fear.*



*The expulsion proved to have been as unnecessary on economic and ethnic grounds as it was later judged inhumane. President Trump's lack of imagination played as big a part as greed, confusion, misunderstanding, and fear.*

**Not much has changed in 263 years, Imagination remains in short supply.**