

# Conversations With Everett Hardy

July 20 and 21, 1995

## At the Lady Slipper Villa, O'Leary, PEI

*Everett Laurence Hardy (December 6, 1901-June 1, 1996) was born in Freeland, PEI to Ernest Arthur Hardy (1877-1946) and Eva May Sharp (1878-1952). As a young boy, he had polio and was somewhat crippled for the rest of his life, though it never stopped him from working hard as a fisherman and farmer.*

*Everett worked in his father's lobster fishing business and later owned his own boat and gear. He built a small house overlooking the Freeland Creek, not far from his parents, his brothers and their families. He called his acreage "Wild Rose Farm", a wry nod to his battle with the tenacious plant for his entire farming career.*

*Never married, Everett shared his house with his sister, Lois, and her husband, William Stenberg. In the summers, he would move to Milligan's Wharf to live in a rustic shanty that had once been part of his father's cannery on The Sand Hills.*

*A long-time Freeland Presbyterian Church elder, he was a man of great faith. He lived by one of his favourite quotes, from Matthew 22:21: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." He loved to read, especially the National Geographic magazine, and was especially interested in all aspects of fishing.*

*After the deaths of Lois and William, Everett lived at the O'Leary Villa for a few of years before his death in 1996. He retained his extraordinary memory to the very end, able to relate stories from his childhood and things told to him by his parents and grandparents.*

*A Hardy family reunion was held July 29 & 30, 1995 in Alberton, PEI, bringing together the descendants of George Hardy (1735-1814) and Mary Powell. Our family comes down from George and Mary as follows: George Sr., George Jr. (1778-1860), George III (1816-1848), William (1848-1924), Ernest (1877-1946).*

*My mother, Vivian (Hardy) Phillips, is the daughter of Ernest's son, Wilbur (1903-1967). She and I visited her Uncle Everett on July 20 and 21, 1995 to tape some of his stories. He was 93 years old. The sound quality of the cassette tapes was poor, and there were also a few interruptions and unintelligible words and phrases, so this transcript is an edited version of those two taping sessions.*

*Thelma Phillips  
January 13, 2013*



### **Legend**

E: Everett Hardy

T: Thelma Phillips

V: Vivian Phillips



T: Hello, Uncle Everett!

E: Hello, Thelma!

T: How are you?

E: Not too bad.

E: Well, I was kind of expecting you today.

V: Were you? I wasn't here yesterday.

E: So, what's going on down in your part of the country?

V: Oh really exciting [*laughs*]. Everybody's going on these Sea-Doos. You just go along the top of the water. It's just like a Ski-Doo that goes on the water.

E: On the water, oh. Kind of a skater, eh?

V: That's right.

E: That's some of the lobster money that they got, Vivian, eh?

T: They got a good price for lobsters, didn't they?

E: Yes, there never was the like of it around here, never since I started fishing.

T: What's the most you ever got for lobsters?

E: Oh, I think it was a dollar and twenty-five cents one year after we moved over to the wharf, and we didn't get a very big catch.<sup>1</sup> We didn't get ten thousand pounds. We made more money than I ever made before that at any time.

T: Is that right?

E: Yes, in one year, you know, in one season. I think it was just at the time that gasoline was going to increase and we joined the co-op. They were going to give us the gasoline four cents a gallon cheaper – it was quarts and gallons then - and we got it for 24 cents that year. The next year it was a way up higher than that.

V: It's never stopped since. It went up five cents a gallon last week.

E: They're still jacking everything up. What is the matter with the world or the people that's in it, or what is it? They're putting everything up.

T: It'll never end, Uncle Everett.

E: They'll go off the tracks someday, there'll be someday an end to it. There'll be such a slump that everybody'll be making for a little patch of grass and woods and build a tarpaper shack. Someday that's going to happen, and it's not going to be too far long away, either, not too darn long away. They can't stand this. All those countries that have done this before are all bankrupt. They're all pulverized now.

What are you knitting now, Vivian dear?

V: Oh, I'm going to knit a pair of stockings. Something to do.

E: Well, it's something to do, all right. Do you knit, Thelma?

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<sup>1</sup> Milligan's Wharf in Freeland.

T: No, I don't knit, Uncle Everett. I want to learn, though.

E: Well, you want to learn because when you get up in years, it'll be something to take up your time. You can sit down and you can be contented when you're knitting. If you were just sitting there, you'd be tossed around, you wouldn't know what to do.

T: Did you ever knit, Uncle Everett?

E: No, I never knit.

T: Didn't you knit trap heads?<sup>2</sup>

E: Oh, yes, I knit trap heads. I knit trap heads after I stopped fishing. I knit a whole set of trap heads and I strung them all up in bundles.

T: We went to Howard's Cove and Skinners Pond last Sunday and they had their traps on the wharf ready to go. Everybody's raring to go, I guess.

E: Already. Well it'll be a good while yet.

T: I think they're anxious because the other fellows got such a good price.

E: Well, I don't know who's buying them. There must be a lot of money in the country. Somebody must be buying them, and it runs into money pretty fast at five dollars a pound. I sold the best catch of lobsters I ever got for either four or four-and-a-half cents a pound. I had almost 23,000 pounds that season. I never got 23,000 before or after that. Now, for the last four or five years, they've been getting a pretty good price for them, and they've been getting tremendous catches, too. 25,000 pounds is nothing for a boat now to get since they've let the little lobsters go out. The lobsters are escaping, you know, through the side of the trap, through the escape holes. Oh, they get now sometimes 2,000 pounds in one day.

See, before they used to take those little lobsters and they didn't get much out of them. The claws were small and just the tail was all that had any meat. They're letting them go now, the small ones just go out through the holes. You see, that little lobster, when he shells, he's coming up close to a market lobster. He's a great big canner if he isn't a market, and then when he shells again another time, he's a pound-and-a-half lobster, perhaps close to two pounds. They've got to shell like that because they renew once they shell, and that's the only time they'll grow. When they're small, the little lobster, those are the ones that are growing. The big fellows just lay right underneath the rocks and don't do anything.

The small lobsters have roe inside of them, that red stuff right up in behind their eyes. The eye has got to come out, and there's not one bit of vacancy left for spawn in there. That's in that body for a whole year. Then the next year, when the shelling process goes on, they shed their roe from inside to outside underneath their tail and they carry them for a year outside.

When I started fishing first, Boyd Lidstone fished with me, Dave Lidstone's young fellow, and he was a great fellow. He'd keep busy every day for the want of doing something. So, this day we got this big spawn lobster, early in the spring, just in May, and I was in the process of letting him go. He says, "Lets tie a string on him, on his claw, on his arm."

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<sup>2</sup> For wooden lobster traps.

Well, we got that lobster four times and it was around a mile in the difference in the travel, that's all it travelled up and down the shore. And all the difference that was in that lobster is that the eggs were riper. Every time we'd get it, it would be two or three weeks later. At the last of it, it was just coming on handy time to shed the spawn and you could see the little eyes in the spawn. They were kind of a golden colour and they're jet black when they come out first. The eyes were there and the curl of the tail. You could see the little streaks where the legs were and everything. The spawn was not an awful lot bigger, but it was growing a little all the time.

They just go in waves, those little lobsters. They're just like sand fleas. If you were down around the shore, they can jump end for end and go two or three or five feet just in a minute. They're like little lobsters, but no claws on them. You just stamp your foot in the sand and if there's one around, he's right around your foot seeing if there's anything that he can eat, little worms or something like that, I don't know what they eat. They're kind of a brown with little darker specks all over them.

It's a wonderful thing how it works. There's a lot of wonderful things, I'll tell you, when you're sitting here, now, and thinking about them.

T: What else is wonderful, Uncle Everett?

E: Well, those little birds that come up to the window, there, a little hummingbird. Now, the body on him is just about like a hazelnut, just a little tiny body, and the energy that they've got and all the things that they can do. They can come head on to that window and just stop [*clap*] just like that. You see them come up to that feeder there and they fight with one another and, boy, they are really active. About two drops of blood, perhaps, there's not much in them.

T: Did mom tell you I took sailing lessons up in Toronto?

E: No, she didn't. In a sailboat?

T: Yes, in a little 14-foot dinghy. We went out the harbour, out into Lake Ontario. Good fun.

E: It's good fun, all right. Did you have your life jackets on?

T: Oh yes, you better believe it, because we weren't very good sailors, but we learned.

E: That's what I did when I was little. They wouldn't let me do anything. I didn't have to work in the factory or anything like that with my crooked foot. I had a dory. I'd sail that dory just the same as the fellows get on a Ski-Doo today. I got as much enjoyment out of the dory as they are going to get out of that boat that they've got now, that skidder, and it didn't cost me anything. A little spruce pole for a spar and Mother and The Boss got the sail, a little piece of cotton.<sup>3</sup> We used to get that unbleached heavy, heavy cotton. The Boss cut the sail and Mother sewed it and I think Charlie Palmer, he did the roping on it and everything like that, and I had a sail.<sup>4</sup> I'd go all over the place in that, day after day. An old Indian dory that The Boss got from an Indian on Indian Island.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> His father, Ernest Hardy, was called "The Boss" by many of his sons.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Charles D. Palmer (1848-1929), a Freeland fisherman who owned a sailboat.

<sup>5</sup> Lennox Island, home of the Lennox Island First Nation, a Mi'kmaq community in Malpeque Bay.

There was a double bottom on it, there was a crossed bottom inside, you know, for shovelling oysters, I guess. I sailed that dory all over the place.

T: How old would you have been when you did that, Uncle Everett?

E: Oh, perhaps eight or nine or ten years old. Well, I was steering the boats for The Boss. He had a big gasoline boat and the rudder was in the stern, see, and the tiller and everything. He'd have to start the engine, run it, get in her and steer it, so I used to steer the boat. They'd tow boats in and out the harbour and tow them off of the sand bar and do everything like that. That gasoline boat could tow eight boats at one time, eight sailboats. They weren't very big boats. I suppose 27 or 28 or 29 feet long most of them. That went on for a long time, using sailboats.

Mother used to work for Uncle Shelton and Uncle Willard at Sharp's Shore down where Leslie is now, right in the very same place, the old site where Frank had the oysters.<sup>6</sup> It's washed back a little bit and the land is gone some, but not too much, maybe 20 feet or something like that. The outer shore is just the same pretty much, I guess. She used to work for them in the factory when she was a girl. They had a little boiler and they used to get lobsters in the bay - they were fishing in the bay, then.<sup>7</sup> Then when she got married to The Boss, they moved down to The Sand Hills. The Boss was fishing, I guess, he had a sailboat. Uncle Frank and Edward Kinsman, they were related, you know, somehow through Catherine Kelly.<sup>8 9</sup> It's all in that book. Yes, Vivian, that's the thing - you could read, or Thelma, could read some of it out of that book.<sup>10</sup>

Mother worked in the factory for them, down below the lighthouse, and by gosh, at the end of the season, they never paid her a cent. They never gave her anything or thanked her or nothing else. She said she was fed up with that and she wasn't going to work anymore, but she said to The Boss if he wanted to start a factory that she'd work for him. So, he went to Ambrose Boyles over at Boyles' river and got a piece of sand hills, two acres for two dollars, a 90-year deed. They started in 1901. They built the factory and for 45 years they never missed a season down at the shore there.

Find Catherine Kelly. That's where the Hardy's start in our line.

T: Is she the one who walked down from Cascumpec?

E: Yes, she's the one.

T: That's a good story. Tell us that one.

E: I don't know it all, really. She was married to George Hardy and he died.<sup>11</sup> She walked from Cascumpec down to Foxley River. She walked down Foxley River in the

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<sup>6</sup> Shelton Sharp (1876-1942) and Willard Sharp (1873-1915), brother's of Everett's mother, Eva. They were from East Bideford. Frank Hardy (1912-1976) was Everett's brother.

<sup>7</sup> Malpeque Bay.

<sup>8</sup> Frank Sharp (1880-1933), another of Eva Hardy's brothers. Edward Kinsman (1858-1917) married Mary Phillips, daughter of Robert and Catherine (Kelly Hardy) Phillips.

<sup>9</sup> Catherine Kelly (1819-1897), Everett's great-grandmother.

<sup>10</sup> *Descendants of George Hardy June 19, 1735 – June 9, 1814*, published in Alberton, PEI, July 1995, by the Hardy Reunion Committee.

<sup>11</sup> George Hardy III (1816-1848), Everett's great-grandfather.

wintertime, and she had two girls. Mother's story - theory of it - was that she was pregnant at that time and William Hardy, my grandfather, was born after she got down there. When she got to Foxley River, she went to where the bridge is. There was a Hughes fellow living there and she stayed there.

Robert Phillips was a young fellow and he was there when she arrived. They got married and moved down to below where Rollie Millar is now, Johnny Millers.<sup>12</sup> That's where Grandpa grew up. She married Robert Phillips and she had three more children: one boy, Tommy Phillips, and two girls. One married Bannerman Craig and one married a Kinsman fellow, I think, that was the way it was. That's how the Kinsmens got into it. Leigh Craig and Heber Craig and Rollie Craig and Ella Craig and Pearl Craig all were related to us fellows, see, on account of that. They're probably in that book.

Grandpa Hardy used to tell about when he was living down there at Guy Palmer's place. He used to hunt wild cats in the woods as a young fellow. He'd have a muzzle-loaded gun. Gus Gain used to snare wild cats in the woods along the Gain Road coming out from their place out to Tommy Cahills store.<sup>13</sup> There was one chasing Mrs. Richard Best<sup>14</sup> – from your corner, pretty close to the store – and all she had was a scarf. She had some kind of a shawl or a scarf and she kept waving it behind her and running. She ran all the way to Conway, mile and a quarter, mile and a half or something like that.

We saw one at the Black Banks in my time, a bobcat. There's a big territory of woods out there, you know, and I think there was one. We used to see its tracks. We had to go quite a piece to get water in the woods, you know, when we lived out at the Black Banks there in the shanty. I'll bet you that bobcat was watching us lots of times. I know, because the tracks would be right handy. They'd step in the snow and, oh, the great big paws on them. If he had attacked, you'd have a hard job to do anything with him. He'd likely claw you to pieces.

Gabriel Bulger saw him.<sup>15</sup> I never saw that fellow out at the Black Banks, but Gabriel Bulger did. He was going home one day in a snowstorm and he come out of a place - there was quite a big gap in that piece of barrens - and just about the time he came out of the woods, the bobcat was just coming up the road and he just bounded right across the road, just one big jump, and went right straight across. Then about that time, Gabriel let a whoop out of him and he started jumping and he went right though the peat moss, a plant about that high, and water all underneath it.

Well, Alvin Hardy has a different story.<sup>16</sup> He says Grandpa was born before she came down. Well, she was carrying him in her arms or something if he was born before she left up there. Grandpa Hardy was always going to starve to death, so that's one thing that's in favour of the theory that he was born after she got down here because she would be hungry from walking down and boy, it would be a hazardous trip. [*Uncle*

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<sup>12</sup> On Milligan's Wharf Road in Freeland.

<sup>13</sup> James Gain (1832-1920), fisherman, trapper and famer who lived in Murray Road. Thomas Cahill ran a general store in Freeland from 1912-1922. He sold it to Laughlin Murphy, who later sold it to my parents, Harold and Vivian Phillips, in 1946.

<sup>14</sup> Virginia (Ramsay) Best (1857-1934) from Freeland.

<sup>15</sup> Gabriel Bulger (1890-1964), a farmer and lobster factory worker from Foxley River.

<sup>16</sup> Alvin Hardy (1918-2009), Everett's first cousin from Freeland.

*Everett choked up a little]* I often used to think about her. We'd be going up and down fishing our nets there on the cold days.

She'd have a hard trip, and there's a half a dozen places, if she came right down the middle of the river, that the ice would be very thin underneath her, perhaps sometimes it would be open places. It's a bad river for oyster beds. All those oyster beds, when the ice freezes first, there's a little ice over them and then it thaws out and there's just a safe road around the shore. The roads were always bushed years ago and maybe they were bushed at those times, perhaps, I don't know. They'd have a little row of bush for lines to follow for anybody who was travelling that didn't know the ice.

Well, there's lots to talk about anyhow. And that's where we start from, see, Grandpa Hardy. That's where the Hardy's start down in Freeland. He married Ida Palmer and they had two boys and a girl, Ernest and George and Nelly.

V: Ellen, it was.

E: Well, they called her Nelly, I don't know, Aunt Nelly they called her.

V: A nickname.

E: That's what we used to call her. Her mother died, I don't know whether after she was born or what, not too long. Grandpa Hardy and her put in a bad time once. They just had the two boys down at The Sand Hills during a big easterly storm. The Sand Hills were still going down then, you see, the backshore was right up against the lighthouse. They had the range light out on a pile of rocks, just out above the high tide, and the range light washed off of the rocks and went over on the sand bar on its side. All he had for to tell the weather or anything was an almanac. He was checking the time when the tide was high and when it was going to turn for out.

There was a ringbolt on the corner of the lighthouse and he had the sailboat tied on that ringbolt. He had to get into that boat and get his wife and the two young fellows in there - and those boys wouldn't be very old then - and get out if the tide didn't go out, if it didn't ease up. But the tide turned for out when it was the appointed time in the almanac - they were right - and once it started to drop, it dropped fast. The tide always drops fast. Two or three waves will lower it down. It's something like the tidal bore in the Bay of Fundy, you know, a little bit.

T: Here's Catherine Kelly. George Hardy was born in 1816 and he died in 1848.

E: '48. He didn't live very long, did he?

T: No. He was the son of George Hardy II and his wife, Martha. George married Catherine Kelly, who was born in 1819 and died in 1897, a hundred years ago, almost.

E: Yes.

T: She was the daughter of Frank Kelly and Margaret Murray who lived at Kildare, PEI. They had three children: Martha and William and a daughter who died at an early age. Martha was born in 1844 and died in 1906, so she didn't live very long, either.

E: No.

T: Then there was William, who was born in 1848. Well, that's the year that George Hardy died.

E: Alvin's theory might be right.

T: Yes, might be. He died in 1924.

E: He didn't live very long.

T: When you [*Vivian*] were two.

V: Yes.

T: There was a daughter who died at an early age whose name they don't give.

E: Well, that shoots the theory about her walking down from Cascumpec being pregnant and two girls walking along side of her.

T: It's a long time ago, so who says that this is right.

E: Well, this is it. There might be a little variation or something.

T: Then there's William Hardy, son of George Hardy and Catherine Kelly. William married Ida Jane Palmer first but she died in 1887. She was only 27 when she died.

E: Oh yes, that's him.

T: William was a fisherman and lighthouse keeper and resided at Freeland. William and Ida had three children: Ernest Arthur, George William and Ellen Catherine. Later, William married Sarah Ellis, daughter of Harry Ellis and Katy Montgomery.

E: From Port Hill.

T: Yes, and she died the year after he did.

E: What year did she die?

T: 1925.

E: 1925, yes, Wilbur and I were to the funeral down in Port Hill.<sup>17</sup> We drove down there with a horse and wagon.

T: That's that. It's quite a book. Did anyone read you the information from the beginning, Uncle Everett?

E: No, no, dear.

T: I'll read you a little bit of it. You probably heard it all before. "George Hardy" - that's the original fellow.

E: Well, he was the fellow that left England.

T: Yes. "He was born on June 19, 1735, to John and Mary Hardy in West Knighton, Dorsetshire, England. According to the West Knighton parish register, he was baptised on March 20, 1747. West Knighton is a tiny village near the south coast of England about 5 miles southwest of Dorchester, the county seat of Dorsetshire. George Hardy immigrated to New York and later came to Lot 13, PEI, in 1766, with a family and stock, and proposed 'if the land is to be let upon reasonable terms, to bring 10 families who understand both farming and fishing.'" So he was going to set up a little town, I guess.

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<sup>17</sup> Wilbur Hardy (1903-1967), Everett's brother.



E: Well, at that time, you see, they were about to divide Prince Edward Island into lots, and all those lots were given to landlords and earls and lords and all kinds of fellows in England. It was a Warburton, I think, or one of those fellows who got Lot 11 and he wasn't doing very well. He wasn't bringing enough immigrants out to settle the land, so they sent a fellow out from England to investigate him - now I think perhaps this is the Warburton fellow.<sup>18</sup> He came and he got interested in it. He got into the government in Charlottetown. Freeland was the first "free land" that could be bought. You could buy a little farm, a hundred acres or a hundred and twenty five or whatever you wanted. Before that it was the landlords. You were working under the landlords.

John Yeo at Port Hill used to give out cattle.<sup>19</sup> He'd give a cow to a family in the wintertime. That's also where the store was. I heard Charlie Palmer telling a story about the people that lived on the Warburton place. There was an old, old lady and Charlie used to take her with a horse and sleigh to Port Hill. She'd always get a gallon keg of rum when she was down there to take home with her.

T: That's a lot of rum!

E: Well, a gallon keg would do her perhaps another month before she'd be back, or two months or something like that. It'd be a long time. Grandpa and William Palmer, one time they went to New Brunswick, you know, from Freeland here to New Brunswick, and they got rum, too, over there.<sup>20</sup> They were in the rum business at that time *[laughs]*. When they were coming back from the North Point to Hardy's Channel, they found it pretty rough. They pretty near didn't make it. It was just about all they could handle.

T: "George Hardy occupied a house in Lot 13..."

E: Low Point, that is.

T: Yes, "described in a book *The Westcountry Men in Prince Edward Island* as 'almost exactly one half-mile from the end of Low Point and one half-mile inland from Oyster Point was a wind mill and 200 yards south-west of it and 25 feet above the sea just where the French settlement was widest and the houses thickest, was Hardy's house.'" So, that's where it was.

E: Well, the French had vacated it then, you see, by that time they were gone.

T: Yes, that's what they say.

E: After the British won over at Louisbourg, that's it. I visited that place. The British, they fooled the French. They went along the shore a little piece and there was a quite a big hill. They rowed in between these hills and landed in behind, marched their army up and then went across the marsh and caught them from behind. The French weren't

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<sup>18</sup> Hon. James Warburton (1810-1892), Land Agent for Lot 11 owner Sir E. H. Walsh. Warburton came to Foxley River from Ireland in 1834 and later became a member of the PEI Legislature.

<sup>19</sup> Hon. John Yeo (1837-1924) was the son of the wealthy Port Hill shipbuilder James Yeo. John Yeo was a member of the PEI Legislature, a Member of Parliament and a Canadian Senator.

<sup>20</sup> William J. Palmer (1848-1938), a farmer, road inspector and Justice of the Peace who lived in Freeland.

expecting them and they took Louisbourg right there. Maybe that's what won the war, I don't know for sure, but that was one part of it anyway.

T: "On November 6<sup>th</sup>, 1775, the vessel *Elizabeth* beached on the sand bar off Lot 11."

E: Well, this was out back of the Seven Hills there, just a little bit below the Milligan Harbour. There's a bunch of little woods there, just a bunch of trees. That's where she came out, just above the Seven Hills.

T: "On board was a man named Thomas Curtis who spent 6 months on PEI in a harsh winter and several years later wrote an account entitled "Voyage to the Island of Saint John's."

E: That's the book that I read.

T: "He relates his experiences and mentions about going back to the *Elizabeth* for supplies and later going to George Hardy's house in February, 1776 and finding no one at home but 2 or 3 small children: 'they stood by the fire and partook of our little stock.' George Hardy helped them build a house and put them up. During the winter, George, with his oxen and sled, helped carry supplies off the *Elizabeth* to his house and later dogs and sleds carried the goods to Malpeque and New London. During one very bad storm, upon returning from the ship, George Hardy found them shelter in a French wig-wam up a creek." A French wig-wam?

E: It was likely an Indian wig-wam. Oh, there might not been any Indians here at that time, perhaps.

T: They only came over in the summer, didn't they?

E: I don't know, Thelma dear. It was after the British government got a hold of PEI that they allotted them Lennox Island for a reservation, just like, I suppose, in England they were handing out the land. The Indians came over here and I believe – and that's only my opinion, I haven't any proof for it – they could come in there just above Higgins Wharf and Grande Digue Point right up Percival Bay and portage their canoes across right at Lot 10 lake and then into Portage River, so that's why that area's called Portage.

T: Oh, because that's where they came across.

E: Well, they could come there. Besides that, going around North Cape, it's a rough passage. There's a fellow here went around here in a canoe...you know, a...

V: Kayak.

E: ...he went over a route they used years ago and he found that the worst of his whole trip was at North Cape.

T: Because that's where the tides meet?

E: The roughest place. The tides and the wind and everything. He had a hard time, and he was paddling. Well, I'm not listening to your story, Thelma [*laughs*].

T: Well, that's alright, you've got good stories.

E: You keep on reading, Thelma.

T: George Hardy's first wife was Mary Powell. They had 5 children when they landed, but she died sometime between 1779 and 1788 and they don't know where she's

buried. "After she died, George Hardy married Isabel MacAuley, the widow of Robert Gordon. Robert Gordon fell through the ice of Cove Head Bay in the winter of 1785-86 on his way home from Charlottetown." She had two little boys so she had to get married again. They describe the Hardy farm in Cascumpec.

E: Well, he was buried there on that land.

T: It says, "It had it's own orchard, so he had his own apples, about one-and-a-half acres. They had apple, crab and cherry trees, some of which still bear fruit. The rhubarb ran from the orchard to the spring, as did the gooseberry bushes. The farm also had a smoke house about 6 foot by 8 foot in which they smoked all their fish, layering the fish on 8 rows of poles about 8 inches apart and using sawdust for fuel."

E: They must have been fishing, too.

T: Yes. "In an effort to keep the sawdust from blazing up, someone had to continually keep watch over the smoking process. The Hardy farm had a swale." What's a swale?

E: Swale. Well, that's a mud hole, that's a poor piece of ground. A swale is a low place between two hills.

T: Oh, I see. "One summer prior to 1885, it was dug out and the pure black mud was spread over the 140 acre farm using a hand scoop, dump cart and a horse. The process resulted in crops growing to the top of the fences." So, that was a good idea.

E: Yes. Well, they used to dig mud down in Freeland in those mud holes. Ivan and I dug a whole lot just back of our place down in the woods, back of Elmer's there, and there was mud there about that thick.<sup>21</sup> You were standing down the hole, the sleigh was up on top, and you'd be in about 3 feet of mud, black mud, and down at the bottom was sand and gravel. When the ice moved back, you know, from the Ice Age, it was just at the bottom, all that silt.

T: "William Hardy was the last Hardy to farm the Cascumpec farm. He died in 1925."

E: William Hardy, was it?

T: Yes. "After he died, and having no sons to carry on the farm, his wife Hattie had to take out a mortgage on the farm to survive, and about 10 years later lost it in a mortgage sale when it was sold to Hugh Bryan. Thus ended over 140 years of Hardys owning the land."

E: Well, they owned it for a long time.

T: Yes. "The farm is now owned by Ernest Hudson."

E: Well, I was with this Phillips fellow here in O'Leary and they were working at the wharf down there. He was going to look for boulders, you know, rocks to face the wharf. They had a pile up in Cascumpec there pretty close to where the Hardy farm was. We went down to the shore and visited the cemetery, the French cemetery on the north side of the road, and George Hardy and widow Gordon were buried on the other side.

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<sup>21</sup> Ivan Hardy (1906-1974), Everett's brother. Elmer Hardy (1910-2002), Everett's brother who lived in their parent's home in Freeland.

The shore at that time was just bare cliff and there was a strip of sand hills just by Gordon's Point, you know, around Gordon's Wharf. Well, those sand hills have all disappeared and the old Gordon Wharf is washed completely away.

I can tell you another story. Wilbur and Perce MacArthur were up to Alberton with a load of wood in the wintertime and they were coming home.<sup>22</sup> They stayed up around there 'til pretty near eight or nine o'clock at night, and there was a snowstorm. There was a row of bushes across Cascumpec Bay to Large's Island and they lost the track of the bushes about half ways across. Perce used to drive along side of Wilbur and he'd say, "Keep in a little, Wilbur, you're going out. We'll go out Goose Harbour and we'll all be drowned," and Wilbur would keep in a little bit.

Well, just before they got to Large's Island, they went over a piece of sand hills - this was this little strip of sand hills between Gordon's Wharf and where the Hardy farm is there, up around Jocko's Cape. They went over the sand hills and just went a little piece and plunko, into the run this one horse went. The other fellow went right alongside him into the mud. They looked up a piece through the trees and there was a light shining through the trees, so Wilbur went and left Perce with the horses. He got a fellow from up there to come down with his horses. They hauled one horse out and took him up and put him in the barn. Then they came back and got the other horse. They stayed there all night. Just a little piece further and they'd have been driving into an opening.

T: You'd have to be careful.

E: That mud was great for growing Sow Thistles, all kinds of thistles. Sow Thistles would grow like everything, that high, and when you'd cut a sheaf of grain that was full of Sow Thistles, it was no good of thrashing it. You couldn't get your breath, they'd be all in your nose and throat, you'd be all full of Sow Thistle dust, you know, the wool off them. Boy oh boy.

T: What did you used to put on your fields? Did you get mussel mud?

E: No, we'd mix that with stable manure. Ivan and I would haul it out and pile it in a pile out in the field and then we'd spread it there, and that grows the Sow Thistles. They were an awful pest, you know.

T: What did you mostly grow, oats?

E: Yes, oats.

T: Hay?

E: We grew potatoes at one time, but we didn't have any success. 18 cents a bushel we recuperated, 18 cents a bushel, and they were hard to sell.

T: You stopped that.

E: Yes, we did. That ended pretty quick.

*A young woman entered, so that ended the taping for that day.*



*Taping on the next day, July 21, began with the conversation already in progress.*

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<sup>22</sup> Percy MacArthur (1889-1933) from Foxley River.

E: Were you ever down at the lower side there, the low pines, you know. What are they doing down there?<sup>23</sup>

V: They're all grown in.

E: They're solid woods now, they're that big, eh? How high are they? 10 feet?

V: Well, some, yes, some, and then there are some smaller.

T: There are lots of wild roses. That's what you called it, right?

E: Wild Rose Farm. When Wilbur was alive, we used to farm it quite a bit, you know, and we'd plant potatoes in the field. Well, you'd plow that field and harrow that spot three or four times and you'd go over it back and forth cultivating the potatoes. When you'd dig the potatoes in the fall, every here and there'd be a wild rose sticking up alive after all the cultivating. You'd catch hold of the root and it'd just stagger you to pull it out [laughs].

One time I had a dandy knife, a little knife. There was a set of scissors on it and a pearl handle on each side and double blades and everything. We were stooking grain right down at the lower side of the pines there and there was a tree. I got my knife out of my pocket and reached down to pull out the tree. Somehow I staggered a little bit and the knife slipped off of where I was going to put it on the tree, right on my thumb there, zippo, right into the side of the thumb. My dear, I almost cut my thumb off. It didn't cut the bone, but it cut all the meat off the bone, right through. I put my hand in my pocket and I went home. Mother wrapped it up with turpentine in a hankie and that was all there was to it.

T: Turpentine? That'd hurt!

E: It was pretty hot.

V: Grandmother had the old-fashioned remedies.

T: Turpentine. Was that a cure-all for everything?

V: Oh, a lot of things.

E: That's the cure-all. I had appendicitis. It was in the fall, in November. The roads were all frozen hard. The only hospital was in Charlottetown and Dr. Stewart said, "Can't do any more for him, that's all. He'll either live or die."<sup>24</sup> Well, Mother said, if he's going to do that, she was going to try her treatment. So, she got an iron pot, you know, real genuine iron. The bottom was rounded and there were four little legs down where you could set it on top of the stove. She put in about a half a gallon of water and she put in about a cup of turpentine into that. When she got that boiling, she went to work. She got two little sticks and she made a tourniquet, you know, a little bag, and she put the bandages into that, the pads that she was going to put on my side. She took them out of the hot water, swung them around a little bit and just dumped it right on my side. And boy, after the third one, I sat up and wanted something to eat.

T: Well, sir!

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<sup>23</sup> Everett had a pine tree plantation on his farm.

<sup>24</sup> Dr. John A. Stewart (1872-1942), a doctor from Tyne Valley.

E: Yes, sir! And two or three years later, Edna Palmer took the same dose and she went over there and did the same thing for her.<sup>25</sup> Dr. Stewart and Dr. Arbuckle and Aunt Flo, who was a registered nurse, and Dr. Stewart's wife, who was a registered nurse, the four of them sat and stood and watched Uncle Willard die with appendicitis.<sup>26</sup> They didn't know anything about it, they didn't do anything about it anyhow, and when he turned up black and peritonitis set it, they knew there was something wrong.

T: Dear oh dear.

E: That's a fact. He was only 45 years old. And Jean, his little daughter, was only five years old, same age as Vivian when her mother passed away.

T: Do you remember my mother's mother? Do you remember Thelma?

E: Thelma? Oh, yes. Well, she was Stanley Hutchinson's sister, and she and Stanley were brought up at Liv Williams', just when you're going into the McNeill Road.<sup>27</sup> You go across the railroad tracks just a little piece and there's a farm just back a little piece there, and that's where they were brought up.

T: Were you ever to Toronto, Uncle Everett?

E: Toronto? I was never was. When we went up the line, you know, from the boat up to that place where...

V: Aulac.

E: ... the roads all meet there, you know, going to Moncton and to Toronto and up across the Tantramar Marsh to Amherst? Well, that's the furthest north in that direction that I've been.

T: Is that right?

E: Once with Edgar and Harold, we went to Halifax.<sup>28</sup>

T: When was that?

E: Oh, I don't know. Vivian might remember, she had to keep the store for – oh, I don't know, three or four days.<sup>29</sup> We went down to Edgar's, Harold and I did - I had a pretty near new car - and went across on about the 4 o'clock boat.<sup>30</sup> We got as far as Great Village. Did you ever hear tell of a place called Great Village up in Nova Scotia there?

T: No.

E: Well, it was a lovely spot. There was a millionaire's home, just like John Yeo's in Port Hill, a great big house like that and, oh, the lovely furniture and everything and the beds. There were two women had it then and they were from Halifax. They were

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<sup>25</sup> Edna Palmer, daughter of John W. Palmer, a neighbor of the Hardy family.

<sup>26</sup> Dr. John William Arbuckle (born 1880) was married to Florence Annie Sharp (1878-1953), Eva Hardy's twin sister. Eliza Stewart (1882-1971).

<sup>27</sup> Livingston Williams (1880-1943), a brother to Barbara Ann Williams (1874-1908), Thelma (Hutchinson) Hardy's mother.

<sup>28</sup> Edgar Hardy (1925-1959), Everett's nephew and Vivian's brother.

<sup>29</sup> As Edgar died in 1959, and was sick for a few years before that, this trip would have been in the early 1950s.

<sup>30</sup> The ferry from PEI to New Brunswick.

running it just kind of like a little summer resort and it was a lovely looking location. It was after dark when we got there, but it was daylight when we left and they gave us a lovely breakfast. I forget if we got anything to eat when we got there or not. We went to Halifax. Edgar was selling potatoes - at that time he was dealing and selling potatoes. Harold was just touring, and so was I.

Harold was at Yarmouth for years and years, you know, two or three years, in the Air Force as a taxi driver for the big officers. Edgar was in Cornwallis - that's up along the Bay of Fundy, way up - for one whole summer training in the Navy. They were familiar with that place, they'd seen it more than once, you see, before I was there.

We went to Halifax and then we stayed in Lunenburg. We got to Lunenburg in the night, just at dusk, and they located a place for us to stay the night. Then they went down to the waterfront and there were two boats in there, two schooners, like the *Bluenose*, like that one up there *[pointing to a picture on the wall]*.<sup>31</sup> They were tied along side the wharf and they were just swaying a little bit. I don't know what it would be, wind in the spars or what it was, but they were just moving a little bit. Harold - I don't know about Edgar - but Harold began to get a little squeamish so he had to get out.

So the next morning we headed for down the South Shore and we pattered around Yarmouth 'til about dark. We had our supper at Yarmouth and it was foggy. It was 50 miles from Yarmouth to Digby. Edgar was driving and you couldn't see anything up in front of the car. The white line just showed over the nose of the car and that's all we drove by. In that whole 50 miles, we never saw anybody. Nobody passed us or nobody met us, there was no traffic on that road that night.

We got up to Digby, and, of course, they did the picking of the houses where we were going to stay. They looked at one and said that didn't look right, try the next one *[laughs]*. There was a whole row of houses with picket fences, so boy, one fellow went in and we left our suitcases right there. We got supper and went to the movies *[laughs]*.

We came back and got into bed. Harold told the woman that was running it that we were going to leave at two o'clock. This was Sunday morning, two o'clock on Sunday morning. So we got up at two o'clock and just sneaked out as quiet as mice. We had our suitcases all ready and got into the car and away we went. It was raining, just coming down like dogs and cats. We went up the Annapolis Valley and every here and there was a fruit stand. I got a hamper of Gravenstein apples. They were apples that were kind of yellow with little red streaks in them, kind of an early apple. We got some other things, too.

Harold and Edgar got in a hurry, then, to get home, so when we got up to the end of the Annapolis Valley, we went across an area that wasn't mapped out. They were working at it. They were building roads and there were places all torn up for a good many miles, but we stuck her all right.

When we got to Amherst, one fellow went and looked in the little office to see what time the boat was leaving. She was just going to leave in so long a time. Now, he said, if you drive, I don't know, 50 or 60 miles an hour or something like that, you'd catch it. I said

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<sup>31</sup> *Bluenose* was a famous 1920s fishing and racing schooner built in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

that's just like all the rest of the fellows that I've ever heard tell of, coming or going to catch the boat. They'd always break their necks trying to catch the boat.

I said, now, we've gone a thousand miles and we've had a pretty nice trip and no accidents or anything, why don't we take it easy going down *[laughs]*. Well sir, they did. The boat was just going around the pier when we got there *[laughs]*.

I spent the best part of that trip there. I saw the old Brant, the old boat that used to come when we were just little fellows and went out with The Boss to get lighthouse supplies at the harbour at our place.<sup>32</sup> Look, I got the biggest surprise of my life. I had her all pictured as a great big boat, you know, all rigged up nice and everything. One of the lifeboats was off of one side of her and that left her lop-sided. I went aboard of her - there wasn't a soul aboard of her and it was foggy and everything - and I looked her all over. There was just a little narrow place on each side and the coal shoved into little cubbyholes around the firebox, you know, so they could get it easy. The deck all rusted - look, an old tub that was ready to drown somebody.

They were fishing mackerel there, too, off of the wharf, young fellows and some old fellows, too. They were getting some - tinkers, some small ones, and every now and then one fellow would have a few good-sized ones.

T: That sounds like you had quite a trip that time.

*This was the last time I saw Uncle Everett. He died June 1, 1996 at the Community Hospital, O'Leary, aged 94.*



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<sup>32</sup> "Throughout the 1920s and 1930s a familiar sight each year on the sand hills was the arrival of the C.G.S. Brant, which provisioned the lighthouse at Hardy's Channel. There were two coat-guard ships by the same name. The original vessel had been built at Charlottetown in 1899 by a Prince County shipbuilder, John White, for \$16,000. Built entirely of wood, she was decommissioned in 1927 and replaced by a new 130 foot, steel-hulled vessel built at Sorel, Que. Fitted with a triple-expansion steam engine, the new C.G.S. Brant was immediately put on lighthouse and buoy service throughout Atlantic Canada. Her skipper, Basil Kelly, had assumed command of the old vessel in 1919 and by the 1930s was as familiar to local fishermen as the ship he commanded." From *Along the North Shore*, J. Clinton Morrison, Jr., 1983, *Summerside, PEI*, p. 63.