

Relocating a Life Can Be A Pain In The Neck

Gerald Nadeau, Transcript

“The year before we were going to leave, a cookhouse was built out of logs, which was supposed to be a great improvement to the leaner that was there before. And this thing was going to have a stove in it and we could whittle in there in the winter, which was what I wanted in the worst way. We’d just got the thing—the logs of it—up, and the roof part of it on, when the Government came and said ‘you guys are going to have to leave, and get out.’ But anyway, Roger went in the springtime, and his time was running out, and he was living in the old house at the river where the lighthouse is. And he had with him a lady who was a French woman and she was a little thin woman. And she was down at the old house. He went up to the clearance and put on some of these logs of the summer kitchen to take it to move it down to the old house and then take it up the river. He put on some of these logs and started down the hill and right where the road takes a bend, the water was washing—there was a little stream there—so the ice had sort of washed out under one side, and unknown to him when he came to this place where the ice wouldn’t support the sled, it broke away. And he went down frontward and went over the front of the load and got under the logs. He was there for two or three hours before she realized he wasn’t coming back, something was wrong. When she came up, she seen the situation but she couldn’t do anything about it because she couldn’t lift the logs. So she had to walk up the ice to Balmer’s Bay, to where John Robert lived, and get him to come with her. And the two of them managed to unload the logs off him. They got him to the hospital and I remember seeing him in the hospital, and they had him all tied up with pulleys and ropes and what have you because his legs were all broken and they were in casts, you know?”

He lived through that, and the last time he got into problems was he was coming home from the Byways Hotel one night and walked in the middle of the highway and another car came and hit him again! And broke legs and arms and whatever I guess you can imagine and they thought, ‘what are we gonna do with him now?’ [Laughter]. Oh, he had a good sense of humor, but he was ninety two or three when he died, so.”