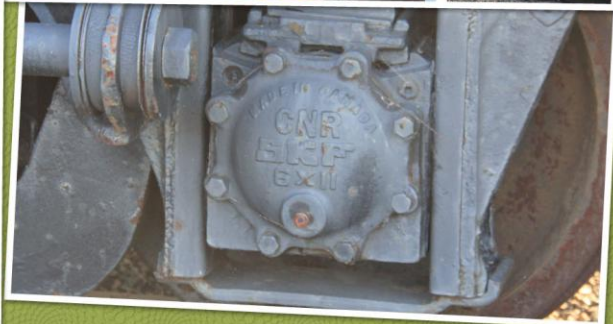
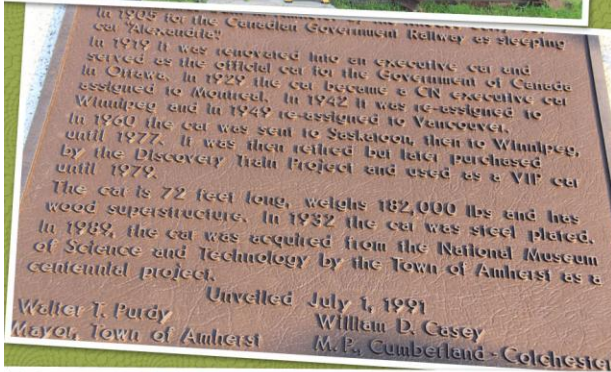
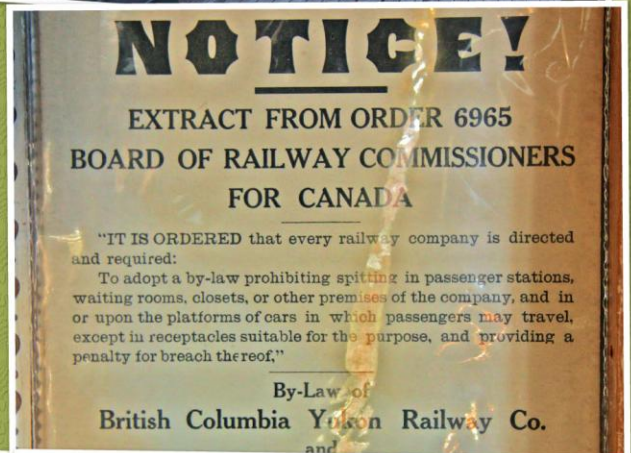


## *Day 9 – Tatamagouche to Halifax, Full Circle – July 13<sup>th</sup>*

We woke up in our caboose and marveled at our night. It was very quiet. Our bed was double size and neither one snored loud enough to scare the other. The TV in the room was 13 inches with a choice of about 4 stations. I made a pot of coffee and we packed our bags. Sheri had to hold the door open on the caboose and hand me the bags to set them on the platform. The caboose door was narrow, the entrance was narrow, the stairway to the entrance was narrow – a definite two person operation. We loaded our luggage into the van and headed to our light breakfast of coffee and muffins in the old train station waiting room. That in itself was quaint. Train memorabilia on the walls, I touched the handle of a track cleaning tool that fell to the floor with a huge BANG – The rotten handle blew out of the pick and clattered around some chair legs. Bits of black debris coughed out of the tool hole and settled all over the floor. I picked up the pieces from the floor and stuck the handle back into the tool hole and delicately leaned the tool against the wall – All of this while whistling nonchalantly that this was usual morning entertainment as to not startle the other coffee drinkers in the room. Actually I was related to the other person in the room and she rolled her eyes in disgust. After breakfast we exited through a small gift shop. In talking to the owner we found out that we are probably long distance cousins. He knows of a couple of cemeteries that he offered to visit and photograph for us. We enjoyed the train station and will definitely stay here on our next visit to explore our family roots.



## The Train Station







The scenery was a bit more rugged without the seascapes - Crossing the Wentworth Valley to Truro. We stopped the Masstown Market for a nature

break and I ventured to the fish market for some pictures – the meat market is a lighthouse – I digress. Your Market visit just wouldn't be complete without a stop in our new Lighthouse and "Catch of the Bay" Fresh Fish Market. Bob "Why don't you go up there and take a couple of pictures". I thought that was a great idea and went jogging to the lighthouse. I did not know it was a fish market. I went boiling in the door like I owned the place startling customers and mongers alike. I raced to some signs that said stairs and continued bolting up the stairs until I reached the top. Once outside on the platform it was so smokey all around us that the pictures weren't that great. Some Military plane flew by overhead and I grabbed a couple of quick shots (camera), then I came crashing down the stairs skidding past customers and out the door. Only then did I realize that the sweat was raining off of me, I was puffing like a steam engine and I had to go pee. I must have scared the beejeesus out of some of the people that this old fart came in like a Tazmanian Devil, did a 1 minute marathon through the premises – the silence was as thick as fog. I returned to the van and climbed in. Bob said "You're sweating". I said "It's hot outside". Bob said "You weren't up there very long". I said "I didn't have to be". Bob Said "Did you take the elevator"? Silence. "There was too much haze to take good pictures". We continued on towards Truro past sheep, beef and wild blueberry country. The rolling hills and scenery was very much like Peace River country - not.



## Tatamagouche to Truro





We stopped at Truro mainly the Colchester County Archives. The volunteers were very helpful in trying to find documentation on the Jollimore and Douglas Families. Information was limited during our time of search, but we did purchase a small book on the Jollimore – Pierre Jollimois and George Jollymore – The Jollymore Family Connections to Pictou and Colchester Counties – The Name is longer than the book. Some of the information we have accessed from other sources does not jive with the book information. We also have some documentation being sent by the electronic wizards of today. The folks at the archives were somewhat shocked when we paid for the copied book and documents and also made a small donation.



We left Truro and started to make our way back to Halifax, passing through communities such as Stewiacke, Enfield, East Hants and Dartmouth. We stopped for a last lunch with Bob at Saltscapes Restaurant where we both took a break from fish and had Chicken Cesar wraps – tasty.



During the last bit of the trip back to Halifax we reminisced about the last few days together. Bob asked if it had met our expectations. Yes, we saw more sights and points of interest than we could have completed on our own. Bob knew what would peek our interest. We saw more sights because we were not limited to a timed schedule or event and avoided traffic delays. The tour was for Rod and Sheri, made for Rod and Sheri, perfect for Rod and Sheri. It was more like a family tour. We were dropped off at the Prince George Hotel in the afternoon. After presenting Bob with a Chetwynd vest and thanking him for everything over the last few days.



## Shore Drive to Halifax



After the hot tub and a nap we decided to walk down town to the shopping mall at Scotia Square below Market Street. The walk is fairly comfortable in a cooled ground and below ground tunnel system. The walk takes about 15 minutes. We didn't want anything to fancy for supper, Sheri wanted some Timmy's chili and Me a Root Beer Bear hot dog. The two places were across from each other in the mall food court. Sheri went to her line and me to mine. For me the line progressed quite fast to my order. "Hot dog please". The lady at the counter says "Nay nay sir, te hamburgers tis te ones on sale sir and ye can gets hotdog wid dat". I reply "Yes okay whatever". The lady then says "And what woulds you likes to drank wid dat sir, root beer"? "Actually I would prefer iced tea ma'am". "NO, NO, dis is de root beer place and you'll has de root beer sir". What else could I say other than "Yes Ma'am". The lady in front of me got her order, but not what she wanted, the had run out of a certain mom paddy and gave her a pop paddy at no extra charge and the boy in the kitchen put in fries at no charge if that's okay. The man behind me got his order for a dad burger that was different than ordered because the boy in the kitchen was still learning the burger sizes, but added and extra paddy for good measure if that's okay. I'm standing at the counter waiting, I see Sheri enjoying her bowl of Timmy's chili and an icy coffee drink. I look at the lady behind the counter with a questioning stare, she barks out "Don't worry me love, dat boy in de kitchen spilt de gravy hall over de place, but dats no worry he dint burn himself hyouknow. He's jus walkin aroun dit has best he can cause its slipry. Just in dere a bit cause you whan de gravy hin yer chips anyway boy." Me "Yes Ma'am". Till lady "Dats okay der in de kitchen boy, jus picks up der pot and put it hin der sink eh, an try not to step in de mess eh its slippery." "Dat boy in de kitchen is new and he splilt de whole pot of gravy on de floor sir, but no worry its only 15 minutes till closen and we won'ts need de gravy till tomorra". I look at Sheri and she looks at me and frowns the What's Up look. I gave back my best whatever look. The lady behind the till takes another order "Ye can'ts have no gravy wit dem fries as de boy in de kitchen spilt de pot and don't has any". The fellow behind me had not a worry in the world about his pending order. Till lady started putting things in a bag "Would yous like napkins and a fork wit yer dinner sir"? "That would be fine ma'am". I got the order and sat beside Sheri. I wanted a hot dog. I got a hot dog, loaded with onions, bacon, a burger, root beer, fries and gravy.



