

R. J. CA VE LAMENT by Leading Seaman Edward L. Snow

*Twas a Sunday evening
When everything was calm
We were momentarily startled
When we heard the fire alarm
That there was a fire
None of us had any doubt
And our first thought
Was - get the Pumper out*

*Bay Roberts was kind of sleepy
A t a quarter after five
But at half past it changed
And became very much alive
Quickly the scene was changed
And from one of idle rest
There was heard the pound of feet
And rasping of breath spent fast*

*Quickly I arrived there
And the only one to see
Was the Assistant Fire Chief
Coming furiously with the key
Next on the scene was Hayward
Then Douglas followed too
And with Raymond Garth and Lester King
We formed six of her crew*

*Then young Blackwood and Roland Baggs
Came dashing along as well
Then Walter Joe and Harry White
Caused our ranks to swell*

*Quickly the doors were opened
and we all dashed inside
And there stood the shining Pumper
R. J. 's and Graham's pride
Fast we donned the water proof
The boots and helmets too
And there we were for all to see
The Volunteer Pumper's crew
Then along came D. H. Atkinson
And informed the fire Chief
That the fire was in progress
Near his Hodgewater Line shack
The engine was ticking over
and Raymond Garth was at the wheel*

*And then we realized that very soon
The evening breeze we'd feel
And then we went through the doorway
And soon we were in the clear
And as we turned to Port
Jim White raised a cheer*

*With the Pumper siren screeching
Amidst a cloud of dust
A t forty knots we were underway
For the Hodgewater Line, or bust
The trip was fast and furious
And of this I have no doubt
And everyone in Clarke's Beach knew
That the Bay Roberts Pumper was out*

*We reached the scene of the fire
A t ten minutes to six
And it didn't take long for us to jump off
Prepared to do our tricks
The fire was raging madly
T'was the size of a corn on the cob
And Wallace Hillyard was detailed off
With a bucket to do the job*

*Then along came R. J. Cave
And gave us all a bawling out
He said, it's a G. D. racket
Of that we have no doubt
My Sunday shirt was daubed with mud
I stayed there and listed to Ray
And I would have chucked him out in the pond
If he had much more to say*

*Then up spoke Harry White
A Christian brave and true
And told R. J. he shouldn't speak
So harsh to the Pumper's crew
The matter was quickly settled
We said no more would we roam
And with heavy hearts and tear stained faces
The Pumper started for home
Midst dust and dirt and the howling wind
It wasn't a pleasant drive
And after we left the paved road
Twas lucky we remained alive
The Driver was a careful man
He sure took us about*

*That he was capable of the job
None of us had any doubt*

*When we arrived in Bay Roberts
There was no welcoming committee to see
The only one was young Jim Snow
To welcome Garth and me
At seven o'clock on the dot
My supper I did eat
And about two hours after
I got life in my hands and feet*

*And so here ends the ballad
Of the Pumper crew's mad rush
Into the Hodgewater Line
To put out a blueberry bush
We were all sharply criticized
For setting forth that day
Taking the Bay Roberts Pumper
So very far away
But we are not down hearted
We are all brave and true
and the next time the siren sounds
We'll form the Pumper's crew
They say that practice makes perfect
And if that saying is true
The Bay Roberts Fire Brigade
Will soon become an experienced crew
We are not so wise as some lawyer guys
By us many mistakes are made
But you'll never find the beating
Of the Bay Roberts Fire Brigade*