

*There used to be a rowboat service that would take you across the carenage. That used to be great fun! For 10 cents, you could board the boat by the fire station, and he would row you across to the other side by the post office. That saved the walk around the carenage (no self-respecting young person would take a bus for that short distance), and gave a pleasant few minutes out on the water. — Harold*

In the 60's, the Berean Bible Church, which is now on Lucas St., used to hold Sunday services on what was then Tyrrel St. (Herbert Blaize St.), but they had Sunday School in the Mechanics' Lodge on the Carenage (near where Andall's is today, but the building was demolished some years ago). So the children who attended Sunday School would then walk along the Carenage over to the building on Tyrrel St. for the Sunday morning service.

One Sunday, a particularly mischievous boy tried to "nudge" another boy into the water while they were on their way from Sunday School to church. However, the second boy, sensing something was not right, sidestepped, and the mischievous boy ended up going into the water himself and getting thoroughly soaked. Everyone who heard about it said it served him right, and he should have been better behaved on a Sunday. —Nathan.

In the early 60's, our family would often drive down to the post office to check our mail. In those days, the post office was where the financial complex is now. While we waited for our father to clear the box and do his business, we would stand on the edge of the water and throw small stones into the water.

Our little sister, who must have been around 3 at that time, saw what we were doing, and thought it looked like fun. So she grabbed a stone and ran up to the edge and threw with all her might. Next thing, there was a big splash. She had forgotten to let go of the stone, so she had actually thrown herself into the water!

Well she was dog paddling and doing fine, and we (the older brothers), were trying to work out an extraction plan. The problem was that black sea eggs (urchins) lined the wall under the water, so we had to try to find a place to pull her up that was away from the sea eggs.

Next thing we know, our father came running out of the post office. He had apparently heard the splash and came rushing out to see what had happened. He saw our sister in the water, and whipped off his belt (we were sure we were about to get "licks"), emptied his pockets, took off his shoes, and jumped in after her.

We looked at each other and looked at him in the water, and said, "Dad, we could pull our sister out, but how are we going to get you out?" — Reuben