

(Her husband Jack Adams died March 16, 1974 at age of 81. He worked in the Money Pit under Hedden and Hamilton from 1939-45. Her daughter Peggy -now Peggy Franklin of Bridgewater, who'll be 40 in Oct. 1976, saw the ghosts on the island at the age of four in 1940)

"We lived on the island from '39 to '45. We'd go over in September and leave in April but Jack would work over there with Hedden and Hamilton through the summers. We was caretakers in the winter time and he (jack) worked there in the summers. We lived in a tarpaper shack. Ruben Stevens lived there ahead of us as caretaker for Hedden. He's still alive; lives in chester. he was there in the '30s.

"Jack had a stroke and died march 16, 1974. He was sick before ~~he~~ that and had a tumor in his eye. He lost one eye. But it wasn't cancer; they took his eye out and it was very clean underneath.

"Jack was always exploring. (even after 1945) I remember once in the wintertime (in 1969) he was over by the pond (swamp) He had a big long pole and he was poking it down through the ice and he ~~fix~~ felt something. He brought up pieces of tin; tin that was rusted. He told Mr. Nolan about it and the last time he (nolan) was here he said some people told him that jack was only fibbing. well, i said he wasn't fibbing, for i saw it. it was a shell-like tin that was rusted. after he (nolan) said that, i said dont you come here anymore. I wouldnt even talk to him. the tin is lost now.

jack was 81 when he died. we was married 60 years. ~~ixix~~ i'm 83 now.

They've (successive searchers) destroyed the island something wicked since we lived there. when i was there last (about four years ago) I didn't even know where our cabin stood.

Jack found a key down in the pits over a hundred feet down and it was so rusted. Dan (blankenship) and a Mr. Richards from toronto came here once and they wanted this key. jack was in the hospital then and i wouldnt give them the key for anything. so they took it outside and took a picture of it. i've got the key yet. (Shows it to me. An old trunk key covered with layers of rust). I guess he found it about two years before he ~~quit~~ gave up working there. (i.e. found it in 1943). Mr. hamilton sent it up to ontario and the experts said it was very old and was smaller when it was used. it was rusted over a lot. He found that key in the pit, about 170 feet down. down where they were digging; i don't know if it was the money pit or not. Nolan has seen the key. he wanted it but jack wouldnt give it to him.

Old mr. restall; after he was gone (he and his son killed on oak island on Aug. 17/65) it was a big heavy sorrowful load. They were here (at the house) three parts of their time. First he (bob restall) came alone (1959) and was here two years alone and then his sons (robert jr. and ricky and wife Mildred) came. If he had papers to write, he'd come over here (to adams' house) to write them and then take them to the post office to mail.



I know of ~~xi~~ five people that have died in those pits. One was maynard kaiser, but that was long before i was born. And then there was the two restalls and the ~~nikhsmboyx~~ Hiltz boy and karl graeser. kaiser died when he was guiding the horses. they were digging a hole with horses to pull the mud out, and the chain broke and drove him back in the pit where he ~~drowned~~ drowned. (that was march 26, 1897. Another man died back in 1868 when a boiler, used for a pumping operation in the pit, exploded and scalded him to death. Several others were injured in that accident.)

We had six children (when we lived on the island) but they were mostly well growed up. two of them was married, and Harry was overseas. But we had to take two with us. The youngest one (Peggy) was not quite three years old when we went over the first winter).

Peggy was the one that saw something over there on the island. God only knows what it was. I never seen it; jack never seen it. But through that winter there was a little snow on the ground and we used to have a little storage cabin (near the money pit). She was out playing near there one morning and she came in the house. "mommy, she says, there's a crowd of men coming up from the shore (smuggler's cove)" she says, and she says "what pretty clothes they ~~havaxmox~~ got on." she says "there's big stripes down their pants." she was too young to know the colors of them. she was four years old then. It was the third winter we were over there. she was between four and five. And when Jack came home, i says, "jack there's somebody on the island. peggy says she's seen a pile of men coming up from the shore. there was snow on the ground, you know, so he goes down to the shore but he says there wasn't a track. This was down where the wharf was, on the east side of the island. Hedden built the wharf. So jack went down and he couldn't see nothing. But peggy said she did see men ~~wk~~ walking up from the shore. we thought it was someone coming (to the island) from chester (across the bay by boat). Now, we had never mentioned anything about pirates or the treasure to Peggy. we never mentioned to the children that everybody thought the island was haunted long ago. but anyway, we had to come home (to western shore) for easter dinner. The day after easter we went back to the island. Her (peggy) and I went back along ~~kox~~ the footpath to our house on the island. I went in and peggy was playing outside. I was in making a fire on the ~~sx~~ stove and peggy she went out to play and after a while she come in and she was crying. I said "peggy what's the matter." and she says, "mommy there's three big men down there." she says "there's one sitting on the wharf down there that looks like Luthor, the big man in the Mandrake comic strip. And she says there's another one with funny looking clothes on and there's another one with a big patch on ~~herkix~~ his eye" she says, "he must be blind." About that time jack came along and i says "jack, peggy says there's somebody down there." so he went down but there was nobody there.



That was all she ever ~~xxx~~ saw. She never said anything about it after that. she never said i'm firghtened over here or anything at all. but she don't like to hear the story.

Years later my son-in-law took me to the citadel museum (in halifax) when jack was in the hospital. And my oh my, when I went into this one room it just came right to my mind that I bet you that was the kind of things ~~people~~ that them people had on that peggy saw. She had said their clothes was so pretty with red coats and pants with yellow stripes down the legs. It was old British army uniforms in the museum. I remember when those coats were around, when i was a little girl people used to take those red coats and make quilts of them. She never saw anything like that again; three big men she said. And there was no tracks in the snow.

I remember she came in crying and saying there's three big men down there. And she was never a child with a big immagination. never in her life before did she ever say anything like that, she didn't even say anything about any dreams. It was unusual for her to say it.

Her real name is not Peggy; it's phillis. But we always called her peggy ever since she was a baby. She's a married woman with two children now. She was born in 1936; 39 now and she'll be 40 in october.

I remember when I was a very little girl there was a very old man that lived down the road. He was a rough old man and he used to tell us the story about the treasure on Oak Island. And he told us about the oak tree with a cut limb sticking out and there was a ridge around where the limb was to lower the chests. We were only little kids and he used to tell us the story how it was seven men that had dug the hole in silence and they was supposed to flag up on the tree and soaked it in human blood and there was supposed to be a man killed where they put the treasure. That was old mr. george hiltz that told me that story. That was young george hiltz' grandfather (george hiltz still lives around here.) Some of those old people say their fathers used to see pirate ships come in here in the 1700's. And lots of people around here have seen the "Teazer." on fire in Mahone Bay.

I remember one time when we was over living on the island and old man who was on the island said he saw a submarine in the water just off Oak Island. This was during the war. And he started saying around town that we was supplying a ~~submarine~~ german submarine. Well, seven policemen came over one day when I was there all alone. They asked me for the keys to the storage house where all our machinery and pipes ~~were~~ were. I said I 'm not supposed to let anybody in that room. I wasn't afraid; I had my shotgun above the door. They said if you don't give us the keys, there's seven more policemen and army men coming along the shore. Soon there was ten of them at the door. Three of them police from chester and seven army men. They demanded the keys and I gave them to them; what could I do. They looked in the shack but they wouldn't tell me what they were looking for. Then they wanted to go down into the shafts by the money pit. They were down there a long time. They thought there was a submarine base under the island. They thought we were supplying the submarines with oil.



There weren't too many oak trees on the island when we lived there. They were all dried up and dying. There was one big one we used to saw up for firewood. There was lots of spruce wood, apple trees, birch wood. It's mostly spruce trees now. When we was there ~~xx~~ there was cleared areas people used to cut hay on and we used to grow gardens. we planted enough cabbage to make saurkraut enough for the winter. We'd plant turnips in the spring and get them at the end of the fall. There was a lot of rabbits and deer there too. the deer used to swim out from the mainland.

There are still some ~~✓~~ old people around that used to work on the island. ~~Enos~~ Nauss (or Amos), who lives down at Marriotts Cove, near chester basin. He worked with jack and hamilton. And Ruben Stevens; he used to keep the island (for Hedden). He lives down the other side of Chester. He was caretaker before us. East Chester, I think he lives.

Jack always believed there was something there on the island but after he dug so long he didn't know anymore. I'd say there was probably some treasure on the other side of Frog Island, Little Birch Island.

The stone triangle, I saw it lots of times, ~~xxxx~~ was right down near where our cabin was. (in Smith's cove).

Dunfield was a terrible man. The very minute those people (restall) was taken away from that hole he starts working on the island. Without any investigation at all. That was such a terrible piece of work. he (restall) was such a careful ~~xxx~~ man. I can't understand why they let mr. dunfield put that causeway in there. At one time there used to be fishing vessels go through there. Now they have to go all the way around the island.

www.oakislandtreasures.com

Peggy Franklin (nee Adams) - Bridgewater, n.s.

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Statement made by telephone April 28/76.

I lived on the island when I was a child. There's truth to it (seeing the three men). I saw what I saw. I still recall it as much as you could recall something that happened that many years ago. I mean as the years go by it gets kind of distorted in your mind, but I still remember it. That was the only time something like that ever happened to me.

The part about me going to the citadel museum (described in Furneaux' book) was wrong. I was never to the citadel. My mom was but I wasn't.

I wouldn't like to discuss it further. I'm not exactly tired (of hearing about it) but they (writers and treasure hunters) did plague us and my dad when he was living and then as they got the stories, I suppose over the years things got a little bit twisted and things and some stories didn't come out the same a second time or something, and he was accused of stretching the truth. So it kind of annoyed me.

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