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Isabel Bartlett Remembers George For nearly 20 years, George Bartlett ran a dairy in the village of Baddeck. He stood as a kind of unofficial greeter at a crossroad of Cape Breton. Before that, he worked long years in a gas station, and before that he made the barest of livings from what odd work he could find. Everyone has a story about George • in fact, we would like to gather those stories • the jokes and one-liners that gave laughter and insight to the day. It is to our great shame that we never interviewed George. On the other hand, his personal combination of pri? vacy and boldness may not have made taped inter? views possible. George Bartlett died in September, 1984. We have since talked with his wife, Isabel, and we offer here portions of our conversations. (Where did you meet George?) Sydney Mines. I grew up right here in Baddeck, next door. The 5 generations, the 5 houses--you could stand in the middle and throw a stone and hit 5 generations: my daughter's, mine, my mother's, my grandmother's, my great-grand? mother's. You could actually throw a stone--they were all around here. (How did your people get to Baddeck?) My Grandfather MacKenzie, he was a carpenter, and he was working here--he came from Boul? arderie. He was the first caretaker at.the old post office, which is the public li? brary now. They lived there, on the third floor and the second floor, when my mother was born. Now my father's father and his father (the Fergusons) came from Scotland. Directly to St. Ann's. He was one of the ones that had a falling-out with Rev. Norman McLeod. Rev. Norman McLeod told them to have nothing to do with this (certain) fellow. He sort of CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE, NUMBER FORTY-THREE WRECK COVE, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA SECOND CLASS MAIL -- REGISTRATION NUMBER 3014 (1)