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A Visit with Frank & Margaret MacRae Frank MacRae, North River Bridge: There was a fellow, once upon a time, they were living in a camp way out in the woods, And it was rainy that night. They were out hunting, but the fellow went to the camp. And he had two dogs; they were big dogs. I heard my father telling the story to my? self, and it was so interesting. There was no television those years or anything else, and it was so interesting to hear him tell? ing stories. An57way, a hen came to the door, a small hen. And it was raining and raining. So when he happened to open the door, the hen came in. And the hen stood alongside of the fire--he had the fire there. And once in awhile she would shake herself up. Then the hen started to get big. Getting bigger all the time. Then the two dogs started barking. Then the hen turned around and she talked to him, and she said that she was scared of the dogs. Oh my heavens, scared of the dogs, yeah. She had some twine. And she said, "If you tie your two dogs with this twine, I won't do anything." And sure enough, the old fellow turned a- round and tied his two dogs, you know, on the string she gave him., a cord. Oh God, the hen started to get bigger and bigger and bigger. And the dogs started to growl and growl and growl. God, the old fellow was scared. Then she was going to jump on him. Then she turned around and told them, whatever cord she gave them, to cut their necks off. And she got bigger and bigger--oh, Lord save us! Then they took off, you know. The hen took off. And the old fellow got the dogs, (cut the rope) to let them go and run after that dam hen. And they found out that it was somebody that--I forget how to put it in English. When he went home the next day they told him, his wife and the rest of them (told him), that the old lady out here, a neigh? bour's wife, that she'd come home last night all torn up with dogs. (When you first hear a story like that--) Oh, you're only a small boy. Yes, maybe ' or 6. And you could listen to those stor? ies night after night. Oh yes, it was my father that was telling me these stories. And maybe my sisters too, you know, along? side of me. We were all listening. When I'd take an interest in a story, I'd gener? ally be picking it up, and I'd keep it, you know. (And if you'd hear the story a second time or another day, would you still be interested in it?) Yes, certainly. I remember, too, we had a fellow by the name of Kenny MacLeod over here. And we were at a sawmill. And a bunch of us go? ing- -maybe 10 to 12 men--cutting firewood (blocking it up to stove length) with a machine. And this Kenny MacLeod, he had Gaelic and he could read Gaelic. And after dinner, everybody'd flop on the floor down (63)