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An Orange in Cheticamp Remembered by Mrs. William D. Deveau There was no paper in my time. I'm not too old. I'm 70. That's not too old. I bet that maybe the richest ones that lived down here, maybe had the paper once in a while. There was nothing like the Cape Breton Post. The only paper we had was the Dr. Chase Almanac. We never used to have any Christmas cards. Maybe two or three cards. I remember my uncle sent me one. Well, look, I had that card in my clothes box for I don't know how many years. And when we used to have oranges • it was so rare. I remember we used to go to picnics. Under tents at the church. My mother and my brother and me. Before we'd go in the picnic ground, we used to meet the orange papers. You know, the orange papers that were kind of gallivanting to the wind. And we used to jump on them and smell them and say Oooh, doesn't it smell good. But there were no oranges in them. We weren't without fruit, in season. But no oranges, no bananas, and no grapes. So, before we'd go home. Mama would say, "I'll buy an orange." She bought an orange. We didn't peel it as we do today. I remember that so well. Mama made a hole in it. Then she kind of squeezed the orange, took a little, then she gave it to us. One after the other, we had each our turn. I used to squeeze and get the juice. My lips were so sore. Then I used to pass the orange to my brother. Okay, my brother had a suck for a while. Then he'd pass it back to me. We were walking from the church. We had that orange all the way home. When we got home Mama would say, "Now, don't throw that orange away. I'm going to make you some drink with it." There was the peeling and the pulp. She used to cut it in little bits. Then she took that orange peeling and put it in a jar with water and sugar. She said, "Now, it won't be ready for 15 days or three weeks." But once in a while, I used to beg her to go with the spoon to taste if it was getting strong. Well, after a few days it was getting to have a good taste. So, nothing was lost. We got that drink and what was left was no good at all. Mama said, "You better go throw it away." It was all soft, and it had given all its strength in the water. And we drank it. And it was good. Dans le Temps des Fraises This is a story my mother told me when I was young. C'etait une fois, il y avait un homme et une femme. Il avait trois enfants puis il avait leu mere qui restait avec zeux. C'etait la grand-mere des enfants. Un apres-midi, l'homme et la femme foulaient qu' y furent au marche, au3? "hops" comme on dirait. (b. fait que les enfants il alliont rester avec la grand-mere, mais les enfants vouliant aller ramasser des fraises. C'etait dans le temps des fraises, dans l'ete. Ca fait que quand l'homme et la femme furent partis pour aller au marche, ca fait qu' la grand-mere les laissit aller aiiix fraises. Mais quand ca rient vers quatre ou cinq heures, le enfants s'en veniont pas, ca fait que la grand-mere e- tait bein inquiete. Eile etait inquiete assez qu' a pleurait.

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