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Donald Ross • A Poet in Baddeck This article is edited from little visits with Donald Ross by Catherine Ann Fuller and Cape Breton's Magazine. Donald has had four volumes of poems published so far. In some of them he has also included poems written by his father, William Ross. This article includes both full poems and portions of poems. Donald Ross: I start them out with making fun of myself, so that nobody can find fault! Ladies, take a good look at the features of this man; The evil ones will say it looks just like a frying pan; But you and I know different, of that there is no doubt; And because they are so ignorant, his good looks I will point out.... Now take a look at that wonderful nose; on any face it would stand out; Again the evil ones will say it is nothing but a snout. And those lips that are so kissable, aren't they simply just divine? Any lady just to touch them would have a tingle up her spine.... Now most men they'll look and snicker, and this picture try to mock And say that any face like that would stop an eight-day clock; "He reminds me of Clark Gable," poor old Grandma sighed and said; "That he does," old Grandpa snorted • "two years after he was dead." from Donald's poem "The Picture' Donald continues : (My father, William Ross) worked at the steel plant, when it started over there. He worked there for a number of years. Then he was in the army.... But he had one big problem. He was an al?coholic. Only for that he could have--you know what I mean--he could have gone plac es. I often tell, when I was (young)--he' be up at 2 o'clock in the morning, still reading. You could ask him anything, go back two or three hundred years. I heard people asking him--kings of England, and so forth.... He was born in Peter's Brook. That's about 5 miles out back of Baddeck. There were, I think, seven. They moved to Sydney. And my grandfather--my father's father--he was a carpenter, a first-class carpenter. And he started building houses over there. And he got a splinter in the palm of his hand. And he got blood poisoning. And that fin? ished him. He was only 56. (You mean he stopped working?) It killed him.... And then, the house was fairly large, and my grandmother took in boarders. And she kept the place going. (In Sydney.) Yeah.... You see, my father he was, I suppose, 18 or 20. And there were three other brothers. And just like a lot of young men from the farm, they went over and they hit Sydney-- just when everything was booming. I remem? ber my grandmother telling me she could stand at an upstairs bedroom and she could count 9 barrooms.... Nothing else to do. He was a good carpenter and he was a stonemason, he could build chimneys. (This was your dad.) Yeah. (But even at that age he started drinking.) Oh, yes, around 18, 20. Every one of them. Most of those young Bird Island Tours • ?'SSSSSS' MOUNTAIN VIEW BY THE SEA Camping and Cabins 4 miles off Trans-Cafiada Highway (Route 105) * BIG BRAS D'OR, CAPE BRETON • (902) 674-2384 TOURS 7 DAYS A WEEK June1-30: 10 AM & 1:30 PM • Sept. 1-15:1:30 PM July 1 - August 30: 8:30 AM & 10 AM & 1:30 PM ~ 40 YEARS OF SERVICE TO CAPE BRETON • a| ?t|c (Hiiihvm'B Aiji 'orietQ of (Hape Mntan INTAKE HOME STUDIES PROTECTION FOSTER HOMES ADOPTION probiem identification; referral support services; crisis intervention all ages, in permanent homes CHILDREN IN CARE I Suite 7, Provincial Building, 360 Prince Street, Sydney,



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