

[Page 84 - With Jessie Morrison of Cape North - A Cape Breton to Alberta Pioneer](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 66](#)

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appearing out of nowhere. And listening to the coyotes howling at night. It was quite an experience. But common. Common to everyone who homesteaded. (Were you able to speak to your mom in later years about this?) Oh yes, we often reminisced. And she so often spoke of the loneliness and how much she missed her family. I was allowed to bring with me, of course, some of my toys. And one of them was a lovely little piano. I think it probably had an octave, or an octave-and-a-half. It didn't have any black keys. They were just painted on. And that was a great amusement for me, at least comfort for me. I could pick out the tunes that were within the span of the octave. And when I think of my mother I wonder how.... I marvel at how resourceful she was. As an only child, of course, I had post cards sent to me from all the relatives all over Canada, wherever they were located. And Mother had kept the Valentines, 233 Esplanade • 562-7646 An Historic Setting Overlooking the Harbour Centre 200 (ke o/vowcaee 0' 200 ADMINISTRATION 564-2200 CENTRE LINE 539-1100 ??"??1 Credit Cards: Box Office 595-2130 OILERS FINERY 481 George St., Sydney • 564-8171 Official Souvenir Shop for the Cape Breton Oilers OPEN MON-SAT 9-5 PM Easter, St. Patrick's Day. and Bobby Burns' Day, Christmas of course, a whole lot. And she packed an old suitcase with all these old postcards. And if only I had them now. Think of the postage stamps that would go back to 1905 and 1906. But I spent endless hours going over the post cards . Looking at the pictures and reading the messages. (For entertainment, what did your mom do?) She was very fond of reading. And that was another phase or facet of her nature. What she felt were her needs. She packed a box of "Dr. Elliot's Six Foot Shelf of Books" that was advertised in one of the maga? zines. I believe it was the Christian Herald. And she specifically got that set of books because she knew that they would pack easily--they were small volumes. Mind you, she brought other books as well. But these covered nature, adventure, and travel. If I remember rightly. Dr. Elliot had one time been President of Harvard University. Well, they were, of course, a sense of great entertainment--and knowledge. Which I enjoyed. I would rather read than do anything else. Especially washing dishes. Or hoeing the potatoes. Or walking a mile to bring the cows in when we had cows. Anything bothered me then. I would prefer to read. Mother brought her music. And it so happened that Norman Stewart's sister Minnie was visiting in that summer. And she was a music teacher who taught piano in Regina. And, anyway, of an evening that first summer, Norman and his sister Minnie would often walk to our place--roughly three-quarters of a mile. And they would sing. And my mother, of course, sang. And they would sing for hours. That was a great help to my mother--to help her accommodate and settle into the prairie life. And my father loved hearing music but he couldn't carry a tune in a paper bag, poor soul! They would sing hymns and they would sing old ballads and old songs. "Just a song at twilight. Overlooking the Margaree Valley at the Junction of Route 19 and the Cabot Trail A full-accommodation Lodge featuring: DINING ROOM LOUNGE SWIMMING POOL SPACIOUS ROOMS Take advantage of nearby recreation: BEACHES GOLF FAIRWAYS



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