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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1985/1/1

he'd come back in the spring to fish lobsters. He had his own gear. (Did you fish lobster with him?) No, but I baited the traps for him, and I made the nets. I can make the small and the big nets. I can lace the traps. I'd help him all that. He did the traps. And I tied them. And I'd put the herring on them when he'd come in from the sea--the herring would be on the stick--and he'd only have to put them on the boat. I'd help him with them. Go out again with a load, come in, and they were all baited for him again to go out. That's all I did as far as lobstering. (That'd be when he'd be setting at the beginning of the season?) Yeah. And when he took them in, we saw they'd be cleaned off and put away. Very often we stored them in the bam. Then one year he decided that the perch were eating all the bait. And he said, "Katherine, take the sewing machine and make me a couple of hundred bags of linen or of strong, strong cotton, just little bags, and put them in a way that you can put a string in them and tie them tight." He got more lobsters than the whole rest because the perch couldn't eat through this, and the juice was coming out. Oh, we used to get smelts or trout, and we'd stick that, make the smell of that draw them. One year he was the leader. He was a great fisherman. I didn't think of this the last 30 years, until this man brought it up the other day. Didn't even tell anybody else. I wasn't bothering. (This young fellow) I guess he was getting into little jimmy-jammies in the city of Halifax and, oh, (his) father was thinking it would be better--which it is, very good--to drive the kids to a country place. They learn a lot. He was about 17. Halifax was--well, kids didn't have anything to do but go and meet people and probably listen to things they shouldn't. You know yourself, they were too idle. So the man, the father, had a few boys, and he decided to send them there. He was getting along good, he was a handsome young boy. Working on the farm. And he was there for a month, doing good. But he went on the (mowing) machine and moved a gear that he shouldn't. And then he stumbled, and down he goes in the scythe. Whatever I was doing at the time. I was frying or something--doing something up for their lunch. When this panel truck came. And he said, "Where's Angus?" So I told him. Just as he was looking for some books in the truck--by God, I look down at the tractor. He couldn't see with the trees what happened. But I could, because I was in the open yard. My God, a leg went up in the air. I saw it going up. And I ran down. But I had no idea what was going to be ahead of me. I figured, well, holy Moses, the other people, there's somebody going to come. So I just tore my apron, and it was a job, too. I know it was one of the big white aprons, wasn't a little stinking tea apron at all. And I twisted. And I got a piece of rock or a piece of a rough stick near, and I twisted and twisted. And I screamed and I screamed. I just took the apron off and put it around the foot of--this one was dangling. And lucky there was cold water near by, that they were working and they had it for drinking. So I just grabbed the end of the apron and put it on his mouth. He wanted water, but I was afraid he wouldn't swallow it, because he was the colour of that. He was fainting on and off. And he said, "Light me a cigarette, Katherine, light me a cigarette." And I'd light a cigarette and put it to his



mouth. All of a sudden, I'd hold the cigarette down and it would go. I took the apron and just made half of it and just rolled it around this one (leg). I didn't touch the other one at all, I was in too much excitement. Everything (Furniture courtesy Bonnell-Lubetzki's, Sydney) The shop with a difference everything handcrafted by a local artisan Island Crafts Beautifully displayed children's toys, sweaters and accessories; fashionable" hand-knit sweaters in a variety of colours and patterns; excellent weaving, quilts, unique pottery, handpainted jewelry, woodwork, Christmas display 'year round, and ever popular Cheticamp hooking. A complete souvenir line. OPEN YEAR ROUND: MONDAY TO SATURDAY, 9 TO 5; FRIDAY, 9 TO 9 Wholesale: full line of souvenirs 539-6474 329 Charlotte St., Sydney 564-5527 ?? (13)