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to respect them so much. Our parents, when the people came in, "Oh, you've got to be guiet--no word out of your mouth. If I hear a word, you're going to get it when they're gone. Just listen." Well, that listening was a beautiful listening. It's~ some of it that comes back today. But today there's no time. There's too much TVs and radios and cars, go, go. I don't mean to say, but they're lovely, the young ones, yes they are, they're price? less. But it's not--and it's not like-- they don't--the old ones--they don't real? ly care too, too much, you know, to be a- mongst them. Oh, probably if they were in? teresting or something. Oh, I don't know, maybe I'm wrong. I don't know. Do you find it that way? well. But those that came home made out pretty well. There's very few of my gang living any more, that was away with me, or that was here bom with me. It's terrible. It is just terrible. I'm an old-fashioned person. I had a love? ly life. I had all kinds of friends. Very, very lovely life. And I felt that, as I said before, marriage was--for me, like--a scared thing, at the time, because I saw so many broken marriages in my day. A big lesson. Worse today. It's a shame, it's a darn shame. I feel sorry for the young ones of today, growing up. Don't you? It's another way today. It's a big worry. I mean, there's too much dope and stuff a- round today. And you think you're smart. You have to be really brave to avoid this smoking and dope and drinking, because you're not smart today--I know it--in fact, in Halifax there--go out to a party-- you're not smart if you don't take drinks. And you know, the dear souls, the young ones, are going to listen to a lot of this dope stuff. (It's hard to say, "No.") Well, you think you're odd. Just put it that way. Because I know it. Oh, I've seen the world, and I've seen a lot of the world, and I was in danger, too, and often.. As I said, I lived in camps where there were only men. The 4 men, being married to Angus there, none of them ever showed dirt to me in my life. Often I was asked--that was in Que? bec, out in the big woods. That the little young fellow was going to get married to a girl, and he used to read the letters, and sit and talk to me for hours. Well, Angus wasn't the type that was jealous. He'd go and lay down. Here the two of us would be at the table. Now, that's a lot. As I say, they were beautiful people. And they were wild men, too, wild drillers. Because I can say--miners, they're very hard to find but wild. You know what I mean. I mean, they're good and bad. I probably shouldn't say, but you know what I mean, there's many men out in the wild woods, and noth? ing but drink--poor fellows away from their people and their homes, their wives. I know what I'm talking about, out in those places. But I never was afraid. (When you were younger, were you more in? terested in the older people?) More or less, I think. Because, in one way, we had Our thanks to Dan MacInnes, Antigonish, who first told us about Katie Margaret and Angus Gillis. See "Water Divining; Angus J. Gillis, Mabou Harbour" in Issue 37 of CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE. FEATURING THE lujflnDLvnl WHEN TRAVELLING IN THE SYDNEY AREA, BE SURE TO STAY AT HOME DOUINTOUN WELCOME HOME 539-3700 Theatre Project WANDLYN INN FINE DINING AND WARM HOSPITALITY 100 KING'S ROAD, SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA 1-80D-661-0000 (902) 539-3700