

[Page 8 - Dr. Austin MacDonald, Down North](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 39](#)

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and he'd take 'n out, 'n you don't feel at all!" And the second spring we were there, I couldn't believe it. I had sent up to Har? ry Pollett for a thousand carpels of pro? caine, you know, for pulling teeth. In a week, I didn't have one! I had to send a telegram to send me 2000 more, because 3/4 of these hookers were still off the shore, full of bad teeth. And I didn't want to start pulling any without anesthetic be? cause my reputation would be ruined. And every spring from then on, I used to get 10,000 carpels in. And by the time the New? foundlanders sailed back to Newfoundland a- bout the first of July, I'd have all the bad teeth pulled out. But Marie and I were down in a little place in the south coast of Newfoundland one afternoon. It was one of these Septem? ber afternoons with sunshine for awhile, and then a big cloud would come over and a little burst of rain, and then a rainbow would be over, and the high hills on the other side of the bay--it was a beautiful sight. And Marie was down near the shore trying to get pictures of some of these phenomena, and I was lying up on the hill? side in the grass, just enjoying life. And there were 4 houses above me, every one with what they call a bridge across the front, that's a verandah. One door opened, and this big fellow walked out. When I looked up at him, I knew I'd seen him some? where before, but I couldn't recall when or where. And after awhile he called down to me, he said, "I know you." I said, "I know you, too, but I can't name you." He said, "You're a doctor." I said, "That's right. How do you know?" He said, "You live over to Cape Breton, Neil's Harbour." "Right," I said. He said, "1943, we were fishing off there in a hooker. And," he said, "our skipper got sick. We took him ashore in a dory. You kept him ashore and you looked after him that night. He was dead the next morning!" (Marie) was down at the shore. Laughing! "That fixed you, boy!" (You thought it was going to be praise!) The skipper, he was in his 70s, and he had had a stroke aboard, and he just fell on the deck, see, but still breathing. So they took him ashore. And there was a lady lived next door to us, who was an old re? tired nurse, and she offered to keep him in her house overnight. And she looked af? ter him all night, and it was about day? light he died. There was nothing you could do. He was going to die, and that was it. But the way this fellow put it. "You looked after him," he said. "He was dead next morning!" Called one winter day to Smokey, or the foot of Smokey, at Ingonish Ferry. And this girl, about 14 years old, was very sick with lumbar pneumonia. Her fever was up near 104 or 105. And I went all over her, you know, looking for side effects of the pneumonia. But her feet were all wrin? kled up, the soles of her feet, they were just ridged, the skin on them. I said to

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