

[Page 11 - Isabel Bartlett Remembers George](#)ISSUE : [Issue 43](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1986/8/1

(Did George have any problems of conscience, working for the war effort?) Nope. He didn't seem to. By that time he figured they had to defeat Hitler. He didn't think any war was a good war, but he thought it was the lesser of the two evils then. Once it had started, it had to be finished. I hope I'm getting right, what he thought. But he always, all his life, was very skeptical about anything he read or heard on radio, and anybody that was good at making speeches, he always analyzed them, and looked up both sides. We got different kinds of papers and magazines. And (he) had no education. Actually. Perhaps grade 3 or 4. See, he was ill a lot when he was young. He had polio. He had spinal meningitis. He had typhoid. He had all those things. They told his mother he wouldn't live. My own sister died at the time, when he had polio. But he was a long time--he must have been 10 or 12 before he got rid of the iron brace on his leg. And he sold newspapers, going around dragging that brace! He was selling newspapers, walking all around Sydney Mines. (A lot of illness.) Yeah, when he was young. And even up to the time that I met him. Like I said, the doctors said he wouldn't live if he didn't get out of the mine. But he couldn't until he went to the union, so he could transfer his job to his next brother, his oldest brother. And I remember, he got the thing transferred Monday morning. And we got married Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. And he was a whole hour late for our wedding. I thought he wasn't coming. (Married in a church?) No, in the manse, the minister's house. We just had his mother and my parents and the witnesses. (Where'd you go for a honeymoon?) That's really funny. At those days, I used to get carsick. Of course, he didn't have a car, I didn't have a car. A friend of his brother's drove him up, and they had three flat tires--that's why he was a whole hour late. And the minister had a funeral, and he hurried up and planted the poor corpse, rushing back to marry me. And I thought something happened, George decided not to come. Oh, well--that's a lot of foolishness. Anyhow, my father said, "Everybody deserves a honeymoon." So he gave George some money to take me down to the Isle Royale Hotel (in Sydney)--it was new--take me and the best man and my bridesmaid--go down and have dinner there. We weren't going to stay all night or anything. Well, he often said afterwards, he had to stop at every telephone pole for me to get out and throw up! But we kept going. We got as far as Sydney Mines. I had to go in to his mother's place and lie down for a while. And I thought I was fine again. And I had never in my life--I suppose he hadn't, either--eaten out dinner in a posh place. We got in the car and we drove 3 miles, as far as North Sydney--I couldn't go any further. So we drove from Sydney Mines to North Sydney, and George and I sat in the car outside, and Annabelle and Gordon went to the movies. And afterwards, I had a cup of tea in the restaurant--oh, a little queer hole in the wall--I forget what it was. And coming home, I was sick, CONTINUED NEXT PAGE FEATURING THE WHEN TRAVELLING IN THE SYDNEY AREA. BE SURE TO STAY AT HOME DUNNOON WELCOME HOME 539-3700 Theatre Project WANDLYN INN FINE DINING AND WARM HOSPITALITY 100 KING'S ROAD, SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA 1-800-561-0000 (902) 539-3700 (U)