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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1987/6/1

cious of anything that is told to him or taught to him in later years. And if such exposures are considered disloyal this writer is in good company. I, An Observer, who dictated the first part of this history find it hard to continue with accuracy. I get mixed up with the "He" and the "I," so I have decided to seek out Mr. Fraser who does not live far from me, and ask him to continue the story, which follows. I have had only an ordinary education. I did creep up as far as high school but did not graduate. What knowledge I have has been supplied by reading and travelling. Reading English literature at school I loved MacAulay's Lays of Ancient Rome but hated all that Greek stuff about Homer, the hea? then gods and the hero Sirius who was sired by the god Zeus and whose mother was a white swan. This stuff, I understand, is considered classical but it is all just trashy lies to me. I have lived for a number of years in the United States and have a certificate in pharmacy from the state of Massachusetts. Never liked the profession. In those days very long hours and very little pay. I had an urge to wander, see what I could see and learn what I could learn. Among my tons of reading "Brings maritime tradition to new heights of subtly, sophistication and excitement. " SILVER DONALD CAMERON A CELTIC/CLASSICAL FUSION 'The Octet' was conceived in the fall of 1983 by CBC Radio Variety Producer Markandrew Cardiff and former Octet member Ruth Hoffman. The idea was to explore the blend of a classical string quartet with four rhythm players performing in the traditional (maritime) style. It is a unique blend of two distinct musical styles. In the spring of 1985, Halifax musician Scott Macmillan was awarded a Canada Council short-term grant to compose a concert piece for "The Octet". The result is "Songs of the Cape" a celebration of "Fiddle Tune" composers from Cape Breton Island. It is also Scott's personal tribute to the Bicentennial of Sydney, Nova Scotia. \$11.49 LP OR CASSETTE Now Available From University College of Cape Breton Press, P.O. Box 5300, Sydney, Nova Scotia B1P 6I2

- > down through the years I was attracted to the stories of Jack London who wrote much of the jungles and the free wandering life of the hobo. One day I collected the small amount of salary due me at the drug store where I worked, put on my coat and hat and walked to the railway station. There I bought a ticket for the nearest junction point, alighted there and walked away, away anywhere. I had a nice sense of freedom. No more regular duty, no more regular hours. It was summer time, but summer" would not last. I was heading south like the birds. In my pockets were a safety razor, a tooth brush, soap and a tablet of writing paper, also a couple of stubs of lead pencil. At a pawn shop in a small town I exchanged my city clothes for a suit of overalls, a cap and a cheap sweater, and got a few dollars in the bargain. I walked and walked, out into the wilderness. That night I slept under a tree beside a little brook. I could always entertain myself by repeating in my mind little verses in rhyme. I know most of Shakespeare stuff by heart. I also liked Doctor Drummond's little stories in verse. Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol. The pad of paper I carried and the bits of pencil were originally intended as material for a diary. When I got hungry I would stop at some cheap restaurant for a lunch. Verses were



constantly in my mind. I could supply some rhyme or proverb for nearly any experience that I met I was really religious and never missed my prayers morning or night. I wandered through many states and when I needed money I went to work. One can always find work if • PGPSI. THGCHOICGOF ANeWGGNGRATION. CAPE BRETON BEVERAGES LIMITED