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With Dan Angus Beaton, Blackstone Farm Life, Dredging on the Great Lakes, and Tales k (68) Dan Angus Beaton; Now as far as memory' is concerned, my memory is as keen today as it was from the beginning of time. I can go back--distinctly back--to 1910, and even further. I started school in 1909. I'm 81 (in 1984)--I'll be 82 my next birthday. I'll be 82 in February. I was born right in this very house. Oh, and there were no hos? pitals at that time, only midwives. And my grandmother was the midwife--that I know, from my mother telling me the story. (Did she tell you you were any problem com? ing?) Well, I was a problem, I guess, even the day I was born, and I was a problem from that day till this! My grandmother was a midwife for the whole area. I guess she . brought more children into the world than many a doctor. Her name was Catherine Ran? kin Beaton, and she was the midwife for the whole area here. And she was a noted mid? wife- -for being a successful midwife. But the day I was born, she walked out (to) the room where my father was, and she told him, "You have one hour or less to have the doctor here, or your wife won't be living." Breech birth, you understand? And she was having a problem for a period of time, her? self. So, the doctor was in Mabou, which was at that time--on the 4th day of Febru? ary, and snowbanks. There were no roads plowed in those days, and I guess it was a severe winter. And my father went--it had to be 8 miles or more. He walked out to the barn. I'll tell you the whole story as I was told. He harnessed the horse and started for the doctor. There were no telephones, there was nothing in those days. And he landed at 10:30 at night for the doctor, and the doc? tor was in bed. He got the doctor out of bed. And the doctor told him, "Go and har? ness my horse while I'm getting ready." He had to harness the doctor's horse in the barn, and he did. He put the harness on the doctor's horse and got the doctor's horse ready. And he told the doctor to take off. And the doctor told him, "You go ahead of me." Well, you think--after driving 8 miles, as it was, in the deep snow. And my father took off ahead of him. And in 55 minutes time he was back, walking in the house, on the return trip, with the doctor. So, I was born feet first. But they suc? ceeded in bringing me into this world, and here I am. My mother was saved. (Don't they say that there's something spe? cial about being born feet first?) There is. There was. And I didn't know, as I was a young boy growing up: anybody that would have a sore back, a fellow born feet first would be asked to walk on his back, that they'd cure anybody with a lame back. Well, I used to do an awful lot of that. I didn't