

[Page 39 - Danny Mike Chaisson, Belle Cote](#)ISSUE : [Issue 54](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1990/6/1

Danny Mike Chiasson, Belle Cote (My father) was a stonemason. And had a little farm. And he was almost the only veterinarian that there was in this part of the country. And he travelled from Cheticamp to Margaree Forks. (Was he a profession? al veterinarian?) No, no. But he had worked in the mines, in the stables there. And he used to work a lot with a veterinarian there. In Glace Bay. And he learned a lot from that. And when he came (back) to the country, there was no veterinarian. It's only in the last few years that there is such a thing in this part of the country. I don't know if there is any now, because there's no more cattle or anything left. But there was for a few years. So. He used to travel from Cap Rouge to Margaree Forks. He spent most of his days-- though he should have been home. He'd do that, and he had nothing for it. And the (farm) would go back here. He spent too much time on the road. You know, in those days, he didn't dare charge anything. He had no license, number one. And he was good-hearted, number two. So he spent a lot of the time when he should have been home. Although he made a good living--it was a good living. He was a stonemason or farm? er- -that was his trade. But (being a vete? rianian) would be in the evening. Spend half of his nights on the road. He worked with a Dr. Jakeman in Glace Bay. (Was he born in Glace Bay?) No, no, he was born in St. Joseph du Moine. (He went over to work in the mines?) In the stables--he worked in the stables there. Not the mining. I think they had the stables down under? ground. (Yes, they did. For the pit horses. See "Horses in the Coal Mines" in Issue 32 of CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE.) Yeah, that's right. (Now, when your father would go around be? ing a veterinarian, did you travel with him?) Oh, I did--some. When we could sneak a ride with him. Sometimes he was too much in a hurry or didn't want to be bothered. You know kids--want to be going all the time. So, when he died, they thought that I should do the same. You know, that I should do the doctoring. So I did, for a few years. Wasn't a qualified vet, but I had learned from him. And I read, you know, I had a fairly good education--Grade 12. But he couldn't write his name when he first started out. But my mother taught him enough so that he could write his name on a cheque or a bill or the like of that. In his family there were 8 boys and 2 girls, you know. That was a big family to take care of with no money. You know, nothing--so. (So he didn't get much of a chance at educa? tion.) No, none. Well, they kind of farmed him out. He was a twin. There were 4 sets of twins in his family. And when he came, after awhile he was sent out to live with the aunt--an aunt or an uncle. And, just about the time he was starting to go to school-- they had a spoiled brat, apparently. And when he'd take out a book, the other fellow, young fellow, wanted a book, so they said, "That's it," you know, "no books out." So, he never had a chance to learn. Bird Island Tours A 21/2 hour cruise from 'c'ycVj''on''?vf'''' mountain view by the sea 7 DAYS A WEEK (902)674-2384 Camping and Cabins 4 miles off Trans-Canada Highway (Route 105) at BIG BRAS D'OR, CAPE BRETON