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(And what was the third?) Well, the third one was just off the back of the island. I'm not sure now the name of the place. Well, nobody was drowned. But they were there, shipwrecked, for quite awhile before I knew it. But the night of the big storm, we were sure the boat had gone down. Boy, it was terrible--oh, it was a dreadful gale. The wind blew two windows out of my bedroom upstairs. And I can yet see (my son) Earl helping me to get those windows in again. But I could tell you now something about-- perhaps you're not much interested--about when I was growing up, a child. About the gypsies coming. That was quite a time, when we looked for the gypsies. I remember the first crowd of them came, there was, oh, quite a crowd. A caravan, they called them. And there were 3 broken-down horses
Nightingale Nursing Services ' {2 24 hours; 7 days a week service i2 R.N.'s - C.N.A.'s {21 Homemakers & babysitters {2i Care provided in liome or hospital {21 Bonded & insured {21 Reasonable rates FULL T>ME R.N. NURSING SUPERVISION Local People 562-6274 Professionally Serving Local Needs SYDNEY SERVING ALL CAPE BRETON ISLAND or ponies or something--pretty raggedy looking. And they'd come around. Women come to the door; they would be selling lace, or some sort of fancy things they were making. It was lace, particularly. And then they had tin pans, all sorts of tinware. And the women would say, "Tell your fortune, pretty lady!" Mae laughs. Well, some would get their fortune told, but not much. We didn't believe in it-- there wasn't many people did. Anyhow, after a little bit they came back. And they'd want bread. They'd want eggs. They'd want milk. They'd want potatoes. And my grandmother used to say, "Well, the hungry must be fed." She'd always give it to them. And when the night came, toward evening, they'd go down outside the vil? lage, they'd make the fire. And the morn? ing, they were like the Arabs--they'd fold their tents and silently stole away! But I got lost in the woods, I can tell you that! But I don't believe my stories are very interesting. (Oh, that's not true. They are very interesting.) Anyhow, my aunt--I was about 15, I guess-- she came down from Louisbourg and she said, "I'm going. Will you come berry- picking with me?" Well, all right, we'll go berry-picking. Fine, nice day in Sep? tember, I guess. So she went up in back of the church in Lorraine. There was a church in Lorraine one time. We went up back of it. My goodness, we were picking the ber? ries. And the first thing that came, the loudest clap of thunder. And then the rain started. "Oh, my," she said, "we'll have to go home." I was only a child, about 13 38 Lunchtime, dinnertime, partytime, anytime, it's finger licicin' good. Kg BnedCWdwn No matter what you're d