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started, and we couldn't do anything about it but keep on going. And she was tough as the devil, and cross. She was a devil for --she'd get you in any way that she could. And I went across as far as from Johnny Sandy's watering place. Before that, the snow would blow off. You could drive your horse along the edge of the brook, the edge of the road. And the brook was so close to the road, and so shallow, that a horse could step over and get a drink, and then come back up, and then go on. But after this snowstorm, he couldn't get down there to get--I'd upset the mail sleigh. So, this day, they got down that far. And I didn't have a water pail with me, because I didn't need one before that, you know. And I had a big sou'wester on, because it had been raining when I left home in the morning, although it was beginning to freeze. And when I got down there, I knew that she was just dying from thirst. And I took this sou'wester off. And a horse is an awful clean animal--they won't look at putting their nose in (a bad) smell or anything. And that poor bugger. I went down to the brook, and I filled the sou'wester--it'd hold about a gallon of water--and bring it up. And I don't know how many sou'westers full of water that she drank! She was that thirsty and hot inside, you know. She drank and drank and drank out of that old sou'wester. Right: Herman Murphy's brothers Jim (standing), who also drove the northern mail, and Raymond. Above: Jim Murphy with his horse named Jack. And, well, I think that I was 5 hours that day going through to Neil's Harbour. But she had an awful trip. And her legs, after that, along the shinbones, you know--they were just about shaved off there, and even the skin was shaved off in places. When I left home in the morning I had boots made out of calfskin, and buckles on them, to put around her legs. I had other boots made out of the high-top part of .xp rubber boots. I knew what it was going to be like before I left home. And then I had about, probably, half a dozen ice bags. And I had to cut bandages up-- you know, long bandages, so I could wrap around. And before I got over the mountain, they were all gone. Everything was gone. The boots were worn out, and the bags were all worn out. And the rest of it she had to go without anything on her legs. And the poor bugger, she was so sore. Then, the next snowstorm that came--it was Your Vacation Centre The HIGH WHEELER Cafe * Deli Bakery '11 I • I • "" (Daily Specials * Excellent Eating) ENJOY THE DECK IN THE HEART OF BADDECK! Congratulations to Kathryn B. MacDonald on her achievement of F. R. L! CATHERINE E. HARVEY REALTIES LTD. Established 1970 Box 352, Baddeck, N.S. B0E1B0 WRITE OR PHONE FOR OUR BROCHURE OF LISTINGS Catherine E. Harvey, Broker • Kathryn B. MacDonald, F.R.I Telephone 902-295-2364 Fax 902-295-3019 HM?