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uid Mountains and passed through the Canadian Rockies. These latter are of course higher, but the former seemed to me just ordinary green hills. I have heard mountains referred to as "mugged," but think those of this section of Inverness would be better called "ragged." They seemed to lack regularity • seemed like one mountain piled on top of another in disorder • one tottering on its toes and another balancing on its ear as if dissatisfied to remain in its present position. Passing below these, one was inclined to duck his head in the fear that a large section of the universe was about to tumble down on top of him. From such a scene a timid man is glad to escape, and after Sandy reassured the horse we started up the mountain to recover my sleigh. I noticed that while Sandy led the horse with one hand grasping the bridle, in the other hand he carried a long, stout rope, and because he kept assuring me that we would have no difficulty, I felt that he might himself have some doubts in the matter. Climbing the rough road that I had descended the night before in the dark, we finally came to what I recognized as "the bad place." I could see marks in the icy surface where McDonald had hacked into it the night before. On my right hand was the bare, slaty mountain, in front of me the narrow ledge, and at my left a straight drop, I know not how many feet or yards, down, down into the sea below. It made me sick to look. Guess I grew pale at the prospect of crossing that devil's dip. Noticing my hesitation, Sandy asked, "Are you scared, man?" And then added, "I admit some don't like it. But we must get across. You catch my coat-tail, keep close to the rib • don't look down or stop. Better close your eyes and think of something else." It was, after all, not a long trip, and after taking perhaps fifty steps behind Sandy, I heard him say, "There, now, that was not so bad." Then I opened my eyes, but my legs were shaky and my stomach rushing up into my throat. Observing me, Sandy said, "Take a rest man. Wish I had a drop of brandy." Sandy then went back to observe the ice on the trail. Some moisture from the upper mountain had made the ice slippery. There were no mountains like on well-trodden roads to hold the sleigh runners in a kind of groove, and I could see my friend feared that the sleigh would slip down into the depths below. It was then I realized why Sandy had carried the rope. He now went and attached one end of it to the outside runner of the sleigh, hitched the horse to the vehicle and gave me my further instructions. "Now, Fraser, I will get in the sleigh and drive over slowly, and you hold this rope and feed it out also slowly, so as not to let the sleigh runner slip over the side. You are quite safe here and so am I in the sleigh. Only for the damn ice there would be nothing to it." Of course, due to Sandy's plan and the sense of the horse, the crossing was accomplished. Sandy was delighted with himself and hopped back over the trail to my side like a toe-dancer. The only problem left was to get me back to the other side and strangely enough now the prospect of crossing did not seem so terrifying. On these pages I have somewhat enslaved the expression, "familiarity breeds contempt" and here again it was to some extent proven. It is always the prospect of danger that chills and not the experience. Many people



fear the dentist but are astonished to find, after they get into his chair, that he is not such a bad fellow. It is not on record that men experience much fear in battle, but the thought of receiving a bullet or bayonet thrust is very disagreeable. I recall a story I read of a naval man who was on a torpedoed ship. He described vividly how the ship turned over as he slid down the side; but what he thought peculiar was that he did not experience fear, but rather was disappointed to see his nice new service-cap leave his head and slide into the ocean before him. Still (or again) clinging to Sandy's coat-tail, I recrossed the "bad place" and we drove down the trail to the house. But would I drive over the Ben Ve? rick again? No, man, no! From Echoes from Lallyor's Wars • a collection of Dawn Fraser's writings about Industrial Cape Breton in the 1920s and his experiences in World War One. The book includes an Autobiography, and an Introduction by David Frank and Don MacGillivray. • See Order Form on page 75 • The only key to trouble-free and long car life is regular and careful maintenance. For over 25 years, maintenance • solely of European cars • has been our occupation. If you don't wish to maintain your car, neither do we!! If you do, we'd like to help!! EUROCAR SERVICE LTD. 649 WESTMOUNT ROAD SYDNEY 564-9721 RESIDENTIAL ?Rc,AL G.Landry's Vacuum Service Ltd. | SEPTIC SYSTEMS CLEANED INSTALLED & REPAIRED | BACKHOE BULLDOZER RENTAL | PORTABLE TOILET RENTALS. SERVICE Front Lake Rd. Sydney 564-8413 ?? / SERVING ALL OF CAPE BRETON J'- JONEUIM GENERAL CONSTRUCTION TILT-UP CONCRETE BUILDINGS CONCRETE STRUCTURES PRE-ENGINEERED BUILDINGS TURN-KEY PROJECTS DESIGN BUILD Riverview Drive, Sydney Fax. 539-0104 539-2222 The One Name You Need to Know: RAHEY'S VISIT IN SYDNEY MINES: J. R. RAHEY'S JEWELLERY STORE 158 Main Street • 736-6150 • and...for Comfortable Home Furnishings • Reliable Appliances • and the Latest in Electronic Technology J. R. Rahey\*s Furniture Stores 1095 King's Road IVlain Street Sydney River ' Sydney Mines 562-2500 W 736-9442 We\*ve Built the Name People Trust!