

[Page 88 - "Is Your Father Dead Yet"? with Allan MacDougall of "Hughie & Allan"](#)

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all," he said. "Send me anywhere," I said. He said, "Somebody's gotta do it." He sent me up to the O.C.--"Wait, they want a dis? patcher (job) somewhere," and he thumbed through a few papers. "They want a fellow in Cape Breton, down Victoria Park. They have an Army Service Corps Depot there," he said, "and 5 or 6 staff cars, and 5 or 10 trucks, and the dispatcher is gone over? seas. Got his orders. So," he said, "if you want to go down to Cape Breton," he said. "I don't know what goes on down there, I'm not from Cape Breton." I said, "I am." "Where's your home?" I said, "Sydney." And I spent the next 3 years--4 years, I guess, pretty near--down in Victoria Park. Staff car picked me up in the morning. They weren't supposed to but--be good to the boys and they're good to you. Picked me up, drove me home in the evenings, stay at home all the time, slept here and ate with my mother. (Generals wouldn't have it that good!) I'll tell you, some of them didn't have it half as good as I did! When I landed here in Sydney, somebody picked me up with a staff car down at the station and took me down to the Army Ser? vice Corps barracks, and I was coming dS??f .o' 295-2234