

[Inside Front Cover - Celebrating The Iona Ferry & The Opening of the Grand Narrows Bridge](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 65](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1994/1/1

Celebrating The Iona Ferry & the Opening of the Grand Narrows Bridge • A POEM by STERLING McNEIL, ALBERTA • I'll tell you a Cape Breton legend, A story that's strange and that's scary, Ofa black stormy night, With the wind at its height, And a trip on the Iona Ferry. Some have refused to believe it. Others say it's too bold. But they talk through their hat. For the main reason that The story has never been told. It started one night in November, On the dock in Grand Narrows town. When the forecast was read. The captain then said, "I'm sorry we're shuttin' her down." Well, there arose such a deafening protest, You'd think that it never would stop. For the line-up of cars. Was backed up as far. As the turn at the Boisdale Co-op. Now Captain MacNeil from Iona. Was the target of pushin' and shovin'. And the threats on his life. And the thought of his wife, With his supper back home in the oven. His decision he now reconsidered. As the wind now had started to wane. But unknown to all, They had started to fall. In the eye of a dread hurricane. The order was given for loading. Though he knew that it wouldn't be fiin. And hoped his decision, Wouldn't send him to prison. For making this perilous run. As soon as the crew dropped the cable. The first car was on in a wink, And amid all the frenzy, Alexander MacKenzie's Car ended up in the drink. To rescue the car and the driver, The crew yelled the name of the Lord, With shock in their eyes. When they turned in surprise. They saw every damn car was aboard. The ferry looked more like a mountain. It was an unbelievable sight. For the trucks and the cars Were stacked to the stars At the dock in Grand Narrows that night. "The Iona Ferry" continues on page se FRONT COVER PHOTOGRAPH: Evelyn Smith, Margaret MacRae, Annie Mae MacLeod • MacDermid sisters.