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Anyway, by this time, there were quite a few settlers in the neighbourhood and they decided to form a school district and to organize a municipality. I'm speaking of June of 1912. So my father had been, of course, involved to a degree in setting up the school district. I mean as a resident, not an official. But Norman was one of the trustees. And he, that evening--now this would be the second day that we were on the prairies, a Tuesday evening. And I remember Mother looking out the window of the kitchen/living room/parlour--the whole entire room--and seeing this figure coming across the prairies. And of course it was (Norman Stewart). And he had a roll of blueprints that he wanted my father to check because these would be the plans for the new school. And my father was to build the school. He was the 6th Annual fuid'ffo' Plan for... Sunday, Aug. 21 When the slopes of Ben Eoin | come alive with the sound of traditional Scottish and folk music JOIN... and a world of musicians, singers, stepdancers, and surprises 1 P.M. at Ben Eoin Ski Slope • 20 km. west of Sydney • (W HIGHWAY 4 viUest Emcees Pull Food Service Refreshment Tent with a View Craft Sales • Farmers Market QUADCHAIRLIFT )r Overview of Concert & Bras d'Or Lakes PRICELESS VIEW: NO CHARGE! For more information, please contact: Dan MacDonald, or Ski Slopes Ben Eoin 828-2804 only carpenter. I think, within miles, and not only that but he seemed to have a good sense of working with cement. So Norman not only brought the blueprints for the school, he brought a bouquet of sweet peas that dear "Grandma" Stewart sent to my mother, a jar of milk, and an invitation to have supper with the Stewarts the following Sunday. So that was the beginning of our life-long friendship with the Stewarts. My father's next venture was to try and find a domestic cow. And someone said. Oh yes, I heard of so-and-so over so many miles--about thirty miles away--who has a cow for sale. So my father left immediately with a team and wagon to get the cow. Well, what a cow she turned out to be! I don't think she'd ever seen the inside of a barn. She was a pure range cow and kicked like a--well, the common expression is "kicked like a steer." But I'd say "to kick like Bossy," because Mother and Father gave her the name of Bossy. She was so miserable they couldn't give her a kindly name! And to milk her was an exercise. And after many kicks and upset pails, my father discovered that if you put--or probably somebody told him--that if you put a strap around her middle just ahead of the udder and pulled it fairly tight--that was the only way that Bossy could be milked. And she was a poor milker, too. Thin milk. She was a typical range cow. But the calf that she had about six months later was a docile lovely animal and we just loved her But: Bossy was something else again. But these were some of the necessities of life that were not available at that time. Chickens. I don't remember where my father collected the hens, but he got them from somewhere. He wanted a garden. And in order to assuage my mother's loneliness and missing the trees, he had dug quite a few little poplar trees, willow trees that grew around the slue. And he planted them in the fire break around the 'OcSSSo\*\* INN Sydney, N.S. Experience the charm of another era in this century-old mansion ,"



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