

[Page 90 - With Jessie Morrison of Cape North - A Cape Breton to Alberta Pioneer](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 66](#)

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she would play the records. Now, if one of the neighbours needed to make a phone call, we would just lightly retire until the conversation was over--and then we'd pick up. And I have often said that Mrs. Strong was the first broadcaster in Alberta. It gave me great pleasure. At that time I was getting the Lady's Home Journal as a gift subscription from my aunt in California. And each month they would run a biographical sketch of the great artists. And it was an educational experience for me as well as, to a point, satisfying my great love of good music... Now the economy depended entirely on the rainfall. When the rain did come, the crops, the pasture, the gardens grew luxu-

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Sid's Used Furniture Phone 564-6123 436 Charlotte Street. Sydney Industrial Cape Breton Board of Trade Serving homes and businesses throughout Cape Breton Island Distributing the White , "H" "H'H' ."M .'" Maple Leaf Products of syhco' ENERGY FUELS 38 Lewis Drive Sydney River 539-6444 FURNACE OIL • STOVE OIL • DIESEL • GAS ?? LUBRICANTS riantly. There were no fertilizers, no pesticides in those days. There were cat? tle raised, but not in great numbers. It was, as I mentioned before, not ranching country.... With regard to food, in the early days ac? quiring fresh meat was a problem. I recall an incident: one Sunday morning we saw a few antelope grazing nearby. And a bache? lor neighbour--he also saw the antelope and came over and proposed shooting one. Now my father hesitated. For one thing it was out of season, and secondly it was against the law at that time to bear arms or shoot on the Sabbath. However, hunger prevailed. Mother was rather distressed. She didn't approve of this. But Father and our neighbour, using the neighbour's ri? fle, stalked the animal and shot him. They then took the carcass to the neighbour's place and dressed it. They hid the skin and the entrails in the manure pile. They cut up the carcass and hung it down the well. And later they brought (some) to our house for Mother to fry up for supper, which she said she would do but with great reluctance. But, oh how good to smell fresh steak frying. When, lo and behold, a visi? tor: the Northwest Mounted Police whose station at that time was thirty- five miles south. He was on his way making a call at a community twenty- five miles west of us. So he wanted to stay overnight at our place. Well...poor Mother. Poor Mother. Noth? ing was said that evening. And after breakfast the next morning Mother broke down and confessed. The consta? ble's reply was, "Mrs. Morrison, I didn't see, I didn't hear, or do I know of anything of this. Enjoy the steak." You can't imagine the hunger for fresh meat when you can't get it. We had some salt pork. Dry, and monoto? nous, and unpalatable. Apples came for the winter. And for a few years we got salt cod and herring from Cape Breton. And then later from other sources. As I remember we used sa5>e?

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