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We decided to run along the edge of the opening towards the east. We ran as fast as we could for about a mile but we soon got tired and had to stop. We couldn't find any passage in the eastern direction so we decided to return to where we had first found the opening. We figured that if our families began to get worried about us, they could come to our rescue by way of canoe (canot in the French). It was getting late and we decided to rest for a while, waiting to see if someone would come for us. As usual, we hadn't brought much food along as we had expected to be home with our families by supper time. We had already eaten a meal that day so we had very little food left, the remainder served as the meal that night. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and we figured that we were approximately two miles from solid ground. As we observed the ice, we noticed that ice near the solid ground was detached and coming towards us, blocking the opening. This gave us a chance to embark on the ice that was blocking the opening. We continued our walk towards solid ground but when we arrived at the water between the ground and the opening, we judged that we were still approximately three quarters of a mile from solid ground. Up until now, the weather was favourable so we decided to try screaming for help. We shouted with all our might to see if anyone would come to our rescue. We could hear the wind but no human response. We waited for about fifteen minutes to see if someone would hear us. After all this work, we began to get hungry and wished we were home with our families for a good supper. As we couldn't just wait there for someone to rescue us, we had to take matters into our own hands. We started walking in the eastern direction towards blocks of ice that might bring us closer to solid ground. From time to time, whenever we arrived on such ice, we'd shout out in cries for help but with no success. The night was very dark, no moon or stars in sight, the sky was very cloudy. From the western point to the eastern point of Cheticamp Island (La Pointe Enragee where the Cheticamp lighthouse is today), we searched for ways of finding blocks of ice that would stretch out towards solid ground. We hesitated to expose ourselves too much as there was danger of falling into holes and risking our lives. When we arrived at "La Pointe Enragee," we continued our cries for help in hopes that someone would come to our assistance. We estimated that it was around midnight. As we discussed our situation, the wind picked up from the east followed



by a snow storm. We were therefore forced to walk towards open sea to find solid ice. We found a pile of ice that provided some shelter for us until daybreak. At the crack of dawn, the snow storm started to subside and the temperature was getting milder. We started walking again towards the east without much hope of ever setting foot on solid ground again. We walked for about seven miles east until we arrived near Cap Rouge, a small fishing village inhabited by Acadians like us. We thought since they were fishermen who had canoes, we might be rescued. We were approximately one mile and a half from the coast. To make ourselves more visible so that someone might spot us, we hung our jackets on the end of our wooden sticks to use as a signal. Someone did notice us but the wind was strong and they didn't want to risk their lives trying to save us. If they could have read our thoughts, they would have simply sent us a canoe. If they could have reached us by telephone, we could have told them what to do. They could have put oars and bread in a canoe as by then our hunger was tormenting us. We could have simply kept the canoe as our aid for rescue and waited until the wind calmed down, then easily have reached solid ground. We waited for about one half hour to see if someone might think of this form of rescue as we thought it could easily be done. When we realized that we wouldn't be receiving any assistance, we started walking towards the west. The temperature was milder and the wind was now from the south. The temperature was so mild that at times we walked in water up to our knees. The wind and current carried the ice in such rapidness