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I looked up where she was pointing and there were the rockets going up around 100 feet. And the moose bawling was distress calls from the ship, which meant a ship ashore--I could tell from where the rockets were coming over the mountain. So I said to myself, "John Angus, here we go again." And it was really true, for the next couple of weeks we really went. The first thing, the R.C.M.P. were called, and the rescue party, as it was so rough on the water that no ship could get near it. Then we all proceeded by land to where the ship was ashore. When we got overlooking the ship there was an approxi? mately one-hundred-foot bank--sheer cliff-- no possible way in the world to get anyone off by land. But we managed to pull some cables ashore by the ship's crew firing a rocket with a small cable, and pulling up a big one and anchoring it down. But that didn't help the crew any as the gale was pretty bad by then, and the wind was so John Angus Fraser's late wife "Ronie," Sadie Veronica Mac? Lellan Fraser (left) • with her sister, Emma MacLellan Hines. Photo courtesy Mr. & Mrs. George Fraser, South Bar. Farming Today For Tomorrow The Agri-food Industry in Nova Scotia is committed to the protection of our natural resources and the preservation of farming for the benefit of everyone now and in the future. Department of AgricuHure and Marketing Honourable Wayne J. Gaudet, Minister Dr. Leslie Haley, Deputy Minister heavy that a helicopter couldn't fly. As I am writing this tonight the radio is on, and there's a song that just came on it ("Here Comes My Baby Back Again"). I'll tell you, that's the hardest thing in the world for me to take. It could be due to my writing this and thinking about Ronie, but it's hard for me to keep from breaking the radio, or running and putting my arms around it and kissing it. Be? cause that is one of the songs Ronie and I were dancing to about five in the morning, when I returned from the Kismet loaded with whiskey. That morning we were still dancing, as the people were passing the house thought we were crazy--music going and us dancing at 9 or 10 in the morning. But I'll tell you more about that later. How about more of the Kismet. But the Kismet is the Kismet. But everything odd happened in our life, like that ship the Kismet, it being from Europe, and millions of rocks further off the shore than the rock that the Kismet hit, and then drifted practically on our doorstep. And our house being the clos? est to the ship, as we are the last house in Meat Cove. On hitting this rock she lost her rudder and couldn't steer. But anjn'ray, it made our house the centre of everything, as everyone coming and going would call in for lunch or information. The ship was approximately 300 feet, 5 thou- OVER 200 SITES IN A15 ACRE PENINSULA Ben Eoin Beach Campground 32 km (20 mi) west of Sydney on Rt. 4 112 km (70 mi) east of the Canso Causeway A spectacular peninsula surrounded by the unpolluted salt water of the Bras d'Or Lakes • Beach • Swimming • Paddleboat & Canoe Rentals • Playgrounds • Picnic Tables • Rec Hall, Canteen, Games Room • Dumping Station • Laundromats • Multipurpose Court • Lighted Grounds • Clean Washrooms • Hot Showers • Ice, Firewood, etc. • Night Attendant • Public Phones SUMMER (902)828-3100 WINTER (902) 562-4978 PO Box 1115 SYDNEY, NS B1P6J7 20