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Ah yes! John O'Brien was in, and he asked for a drink of water. I got him a glass of water and there was a piece of ice in it. I took the ice out and put it down (laugh?) , put it down my father's back. Dhia, he got up quick. Oh, the fists, the fists, on my head. John O'Brien said, "That's good, that's good for you. That wasn't nice for you to do." (Laughter.) He didn't get the switch at all. You know, I was going to run away when I got the chance, but I never got the chance. (Would you sing me a Gaelic song? I've heard you're awfully good to sing.) I was good to sing when I was young. What I learned, I learned from my brother Alec Dan. He could sing better than me. (Irene: He died here at the house, on August 11th, 1968. He would have been eighty-four on August 16th.) At this point, Mary Ann sang a boat song. Then she sang a song about a MacLean man, who used to drink. He travelled on the Glenda walks me three times a day! i subtle hint to my o While you 'le away, I need full-time love c aihill Kennels gives me all ' When I board k- ';' with Glenda I'm nevei bored!! ' > And she even lakes cats!!! r, Vaccination certificate required. 2?iver Denys road, travel? ling here and there, and someone com? posed a song about him. She sang a third song. Then she sang a wedding song (see the song in the box, page 41), and she said: John Gillis was a neighbour of ours, and his daughter was getting married to Sam MacDonnell, a man from Centennial Road. They got married in Glendale, by Father MacPherson or Father MacIsaac, and the fellow who was the violin player played the wedding march. They all came back home to the Gillises', and everything was ready. The violin player was supposed to play, but he wouldn't. I don't know what was wrong with him, but he wouldn't play. He threw the fiddle on the table, and he said that if they wouldn't give him enough to drink, he wouldn't play at all. A fight broke out. One fellow got so scared, he went into a corner of the house to hide. He was scared of the fists, you know. The woman of the house was living then, and she hit a MacInnis fellow with the iron on the head. Hit him on the head with that. I don't know if she cut him or not. I cleared home, I was scared. My father was at that wedding, and I was only eight or nine at the time. They had another wedding there. John Gil? lis 's son got married to a girl from Ma- bou, Florence Cameron from Mabou. They had a nice wedding there, and his brother Alec stood for him. Mary Ann sang a fifth Gaelic song one about sailing, and the sea was awful rough. this A charming Victorian House ' tLtvAnrn mUUqC in the heart of B ADDE CK, with gracious dining in an elegant setting. A truly delightful Maritime Scottish Breakfast, Businessman's Lunch, and Daily Dinner Specials. Children's Orders as well. Open Every Day of the Weel(• Fully Licensed Dining Room Relax in the warmth of open fires, stroll at your leisure thru this historic house where courtesy and hospitality have been a tradition for over 100 years. A place to free the soul. Inquire About Our Weekend Room Rates • CALL 295-1100 (Did you ever have milling frolics at your old home in Den? nistown? The process of pounding woolen blankets, in order to shrink and sof? ten the wool.) My mother used to have milling frolics at the old home. I remember that well. The women would weave blankets, and bring them over. I



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