

Page 21 - Alma MacDonald - A War Bride in West Mabou ISSUE : <u>Issue 73</u> Published by Ronald Caplan on 1998/6/1

In England, you make tea for people and you'll go around with the cookies or the cake, or whatever you had. So after they all had dinner this day, I went around with the plate of cake and I came to John Johnny Angus MacDonald, "Thank you, thank you very much," says John. He took the whole plate! What could you say to him? (Laughter.) So we left the plate with him, and went to cut more cake for the rest of them. Oh dear, it was funny that day. Gloria Jean was the baby when we moved to Don's old home, on the Rocky Ridge Road. Don's aunts, Mary Matena (MacIsaac) and Mar? garet Agnes (MacIsaac) were living there. They were moving to Pictou with Matena's daughter, so we moved in there for about three years. We moved out here (to West Ma? bou Road) in 1951; this was an old house too. They fixed it up quite a bit before we moved in; there was a lot of scrubbing and clean? ing to be done too. Nobody lived in this house for a few years before we got here. We had two good horses. King and Nellie. Nice horses, but King was wild. You couldn't hold him. He was the horse that threw us out of the wagon when we were go? ing to Mabou one day, not long after I came over here. He got scared, oh he took off. There were some horses in the field, they came out guick out of the bushes, and he got scared and he just took a swerve. There was a big ditch there, and little bridge with no sides on it, right at Xavi? er Rankin's, and he threw us out. Down in? to the ditch we went, and he took off. (Laughter.) John D. Campbell, he saw him coming, and he had a truck-wagon with the horses, and he put them across the road to stop King from getting into town. He brought him back to us. Oh, he was a skit? tish horse, a big horse too. Mary Ann Batherson phoned up one day. She asked Don if he'd lend her the horse and wagon to go to town with. "Sure," Don said. He put Nellie in the wag? on, and took it down to Mary Ann. She was old. She was going into Ma? bou, down that hill as you go to the bridge, didn't the britching on the harness break, she got clear scared, she thought the mare would take off. She said, "Nellie kind of stopped, and when the wagon hit her, she jumped ahead, backed up again"--and held the wagon until they got to the bottom of the hill. She held the wagon. She was a very wise horse. If she saw a horse in front of her, she'd have to catch up with it; she could trot so fast. If a car came near her she'd stop: the car would go by, she'd go then. She was pretty nervous of them. Up at the old place, Gloria was crawling, she wasn't walking then, I put them out to play, i was scrubbing inside. Aunt Mary Matena was doing the wash that day, and I heard somebody holler outside. I came out, and Ronald Rankin was coming down the road; he was scared if he came, that the mare might take off or something. Gloria had gone over, and sat right up against its legs. Nellie was standing perfectly still, so I just hollered to her, "Gloria, come here," and she crawled away, and away the mare went then, wouldn't hurt her at all. Nellie, she'd come to the front window. my to :rifertainr'ntinc. mventk Concerts Artist Rave Eiltertdnme Kllnc. ?? " """rlotteSi "" : (902) 539-8800 Fax Patriot Cafe and Ice Cream Shoppe featuring CAPE BRETON MADE ''Kate's Ice Cream' COFFEE SLUSH HOT DOGS and SNACKS DOCkmateS Leisure Clothing ""S T-Shirts - Fleece Jackets - Tartans - Siueats - and



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