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fingers. She was in quite a bit of pain. I was up playing with her all night. Christy Ellen gave her some little toy animals, roosters and hens, played with her all night, and it kind of took her mind away from it. She got over it very quick. She got along good without them, she never missed them. Mother St. John asked her one day, "Oh Elizabeth, what did you do with your fingers?" "I ate them," Elizabeth said. (Laughter.) They laughed, they thought that was the best they ever heard. There were no midwives. We went to the hos? pital to have children. All but Gloria, she was born home in August 1947. There was a forest fire burning at the time. I blame dragging all the furniture from upstairs, that she came a month early. She was in a hurry to get into this world. Christy Ellen was there. Margaret Beaton came over, Brid? get Rankin was there. That was the time of the fires, everything was burning. Bridget made a big cake that day for the fire fighters, and I used to keep my rennet in a vanilla bottle. (Some used to buy rennet-- you would use it to make curds and cheese-- but some made the rennet by pouring milk into a pig's bladder, and then hanging it somewhere. After awhile you'd have your rennet.) So she made this great big cake, and she came down to the bedroom, "You know the taste is different," she said, so I tasted it. "What flavouring did you put in it?" "Vanilla...." They ate it, not a boo out of any of them. They ate it. Up at the old place you had to do every? thing with the rubbing board and a tub. I used to do it the English way. Don got a wooden barrel for me, ' • >. and he Locally owned and operated King Street North Sydney made what was called a "pos- stick." It's round, cut it in four quarters, and a long handle on it, one goes through, poss away and it takes all the dirt out, but still you had to wring by hand. We didn't have a wringer. But it was easi? er than the rubbing board, especially for the sheets and things. It took awhile, but we got things worked out. After that we used to have a wringer washer, and the wringer was on back of the tub. Gloria and John were having a fight, a little scrap, me hollering at them, and I got my fingers caught in the wringers, pretty near broke them off too. This one went in, and these went up. Those wringers were strong. If you banged it on the top it would open, and I happened to snap it open. My fingers were sore for weeks after, the wedding ring too, it dug right down into my fin? ger. The mark is still there. I was lucky that day, because a little girl a few days before got her arm in there, the wringer, and it split her arm before her mother knew what she was screaming for. Them things happen so fast. LgQngyd M'gLll'n: You mentioned that many war brides returned to England for good. Did you ever feel like doing the same? Welton Street Sydney Locally owned and operated Alma: No. This was where I was going to be, so what could I do with it? We were brought up that if you were married, you stayed where you were; you weren't al? lowed to come running home to Anderson Nathanson Barristers & Solicitors Glenn Anderson • Sheldon Nathanson • Robin Doyle Wills, Estates & Trusts Insurance Personal injury Litigation 797 Victoria Road Sydney, Nova Scotia Telephone: 902-562-1929 Facsimile: 902-539-0637 andnat ??auracom. com 1060 Kings Road Sydney River, Nova Scotia Telephone: 902-564-2127 Facsimile: 902-564-5884



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