

[Page 24 - Alma MacDonald - A War Bride in West Mabou / A Taste of Leroy Peach](#)
ISSUE : [Issue 73](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1998/6/1

mama. I fell down stairs once. I asked Don so many times to fix the very top step. It went down on an angle, but he didn't do it, and my feet went, and I came down? stairs , from the top to the bottom on my back. I was mad, mad as old hell. I told him if he didn't fix it I'd be gone. Oh, it was fixed right away. (Laughter.) Our thanks once again to Leonard MacLellan for letting us share In his continuing family history. Alma wants to dedicate this arti? cle to her 3 great-grandchildren, 31 grandchildren (one of whom is deceased), and her children: Elizabeth, John, Gloria, Norman, Veronica, Gerard, Catherine Ann (deceased), Donnie, Frances, Ber? nard (deceased), and Janice. Other interviews by Leonard Mac? Lellan which have been published in Cape Breton's Magazine are: "Donald Johnny Murdock MacDo? nald: The Blind Man's Seventh Son" in Number 68, and "Mary Ann MacLellan MacEachem • Stories from River Denys Mountain" in Number 70. A Taste of Leroy Peach From Inlets of the Heart, a new book from University College of Cape Breton Press Schooner Pond Autumn storms attract me to this place, A godforsaken cove where father fished, Where northwest winds Bullied the sea and shore. And so in this November storm I park my car upon a jut of land Right before the lot where father Had his fishing Shack and boathouse. It is as close as I will come to history, Though not as close as I have come to him. Waves plume and fall apart Like a bad argument. Surfing gulls sUde peacefully between Troughs as though the storm Had wakened in them Bla/t FurrKice YOU'RE ONLY A STRANGER ONCE! 80 DORCHESTER STREET • SYDNEY 539-3438 Some primeval worship. A brown kelp heaps upon the sand. A net of buntings flings away to forest. And at a nearby headland Surf flounces like a Spanish dancer Against cUffs that die daily. Like Lear I stand before the howling wind Calling up dated memories: Make-and-break engines Drumming the sacred dawn. Boats playing hide and seek In coastal swells. My father's voice, Imperious, excited at landfall, His pipe clenched firmly in his mouth, His sons Uke dead men in the boat, Green around the gills from dirty weather. The fishing fleet laid up on slips like trout, The gritty fishers placing the crates of lobsters Into the dealer's truck. I see an unpainted Shack Where father and his brothers Lived on weekdays • Half-eaten homemade bread Lying upon the stark linoleum table, The smell of disorder, Clothes scattered on chairs, Oilskins in the porch, The rank reminders of a dubious trade. And I can hear the crackling argument, Its certain dissipation into a night Of song and rum-drenched laughter. These are all attestations of a spirit. They are the scraps I've drawn From my forgetting. November storms attract me to this place, A clean slate now. Empty of everything But mocking laughter. Inlets of the Heart by Leroy Peach is available in bookstores or di? rect from UCCB Press, ISBN 0-920336-59-0, 85 pp, paper, \$12.95. Need a Radiator? Muffler? Shocks? Brakes? RAD-PRO Specializing in Radiator Repair & Recores Heaters Water Pumps, Etc. FIVE LOCATIONS: Sydney Downtown 562-2300 and Grand Lake Road 564-5547 tniDAS 'Specializing in Mufflers Brakes Shocks Springs Antigonish: 863-6090 • Port Hawkesbury: 625-3781 • New Glasgow: 752-8777