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boards would be in the mud. And that car when I bought her was in lovely condition --beautiful little car • and when I sold it after the month in the mud • 31 days I sold it • I got 5 dollars for it\* The fenders were in pieces, flapping on it like canvas and the running boards were all smashed off of it and the car except for the engine was wore out. The engine went in a boat and the man used it for years afterwards. Of course I changed the oil probably every second night. It was working so hard. I went out that road 50 years ago. And that road was lovely in the summertime\* When I started in 1928 the road was very crooked • but for months all summer there was only one little bump in the gravel road the whole way. There was nothing you had to stop for\* Maintainers on the road--a flat, steel blade; a scraper on edge • they'd drag over the road so far then turn back on the opposite side\* Usually a string of gravel down the centre of the road. And the roads were crowned more than today; rain drained off and they kept the ditches clean. There was no problem--except for dust\* And the dust was desperate. (And which was worse, snow, mud or dust?) None of them\* The worst was the ice on the road. This hap? pened only once--and I was all alone in the bus at the time • the road was that icy I was scared of it\* Terrible, terrible bad --worst I ever saw And this particular time I took to the ice on the lake and I went from St. Peter's to MacNab's Cove on the ice. And the Indians were on shore waving at me • and I thought they were just waving in a greeting and I waved back and kept going. Next time I was talking with one of them, he told me: "Eddie Gordon, you're crazy. You took that bus where an Indian wouldn't walk." Archie Carmichael, Baddeck: I was born at River Bennett, June, 1905. I took the mail from the train at Little Bras d'Or to Ingonish Ferry. I started in 1940\* I took it by truck\* In the wintertime I didn't go all the way. You see, there was no Seal Island bridge on the Bras d'Or • there was just a ferryboat and when the Bras d'Or got frozen up I couldn't cross there. In? stead, there were three outlays of horses and sleighs, going north. Alex and Sandy Bain • two brothers--in bad weather they often went together • came from New Campbellton across the ice to meet me at the ferry at Big Bras d'Or. Sometimes the drift ice would come in the bay there • clampers • and it would freeze there. And they'd cut a track • cut a road through the clampers • make it quite smooth. And then bush it. (How would they cut a road through that ice?) Well, it's surprising how they'd take the top off those big clampers, with just the axe\* they'd put the mail on the sleigh and go back across the ice and then down to Englishtown over the old road over Kelly's Mountain. Then another team from Indian Brook • Dan Smith--came up to Englishtown and went down to Wreck Cove\* And then Dan MacKinnon was coming from Ingonish Ferry every day he could come over Smokey • and there were some days, stormy weather, he couldn't come • and he'd take the mail down to North Bay. So in the winter? time I took it from the train to the ferry at Big Bras d'Or. Nothing would stop the train. Then once the ice broke up and the ferry was working I went all the way through. I would take the truck across the CAPE BRETON'S OWN PURNXTDBE SHOWROOM'S Tables Chairs Rockers Sofas Televisions Ranges Refrigerators



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