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take money for showers or weddings • I never would do that. But then we played for school dances • we played down Middle River, West Side, through Middle River, this side of Baddeck, the hall up here. Big Inter? vale • and people would dance. That was an awful job. No pick-up or anything. You'd be played out, press so hard on the bow so they could hear it. We'd get paid 10 or 12 dollars for a night. Compared to Hilda's, my work was just or? dinary work, you know. You just went out and worked. But hers was care. My God, look here, you take the care of those kids, up. at night. There was one, the little girl that died • she was 16 months old • I am sure Hilda didn't sleep two hours in six weeks, up with that child. She was sick for six weeks. And she never smiled nor never cried from the time she took sick. I was never any good in the house. Like I told her when we first got married • she wanted to learn to milk • your work is in the house and my work is outside and you're not doing any? thing outside because if you start doing anything outside, then I'll be expecting it. Hilda was very religious. She'd walk to church and take those kids by the hand in deep snow and, look, stay up all hours of the night to teach them their catechism • nobody knows. Somebody'd come in and per? haps stay till 10 or 11 o'clock. I'd go to bed. I'd say, "Hilda, get in bed." "Go to sleep," she'd say, "I've got my prayers to say." She'd pray for hours. I'll bet she'd stay up till 2 o'clock some nights praying. And she'd light those candles. And if we were going anywheres for a drive and she forgot her beads • if I was halfway to the Forks I'd have to go back and get them. She did the praying and I did the cursing • that's awful but it's the truth. I wish she was still living today, when we could en? joy • that we could go driving, you know. She worked too hard. She would not stop. She wouldn't stop. We had 1k children. There's 12 living. And there's 5' grand? children. And I think it's 1k great-grand? children. She never growled nor ever com? plained. You imagine. I'm not bragging but by God she was a great woman. Hilda and Johnny Murphy with some of their children and graindchildren and great? grandchildren, during their 50th Wedding Anniversary celebrations. Our thanks to George Thomas. Margaree Hairbour.'for both this and the back cover photograph. The opening photograph is Johnny with Murphyville (now Margaree Centre) behind him. Caoe Breton *s Mag'adLne/ai