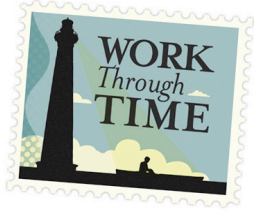


# WORK THROUGH TIME

*Cape Breton Stories of Land & Sea*



## **Ann Terry's Camera Tour of Cape Breton**

A hundred thousand welcomes to Cape Breton Island. And whether the welcome is in English, in melodious French, or traditional Gaelic, you'll find the hills and the dales, the glens and the mountains, the sea trails and the towns expressing their greeting to you.

Now your highway map will give you a variety of routes to follow in your approach to Cape Breton Island, all of them filled with a variety of scenery and the historical background for which Eastern Canada is so justly famous.

The map of Cape Breton is lobster shaped, and this, I suppose, is significant, since many of our communities depend on fishing for their livelihood. But the very shape of the island provides an interesting stage upon which to set the scenery that you'll see around every bend in the road, over every hill, and along every trail. And that scenery begins as you approach the Strait of Canso.

You'll come 'round a gentle curve in the road, and winding like a ribbon before you will be a road to the isles. Now this is the world's deepest causeway, 210 feet, and it was constructed at a cost of 23 million dollars, to take both rail and highway traffic to and from Cape Breton Island. After you pay your toll at the white booth, and start across the road to the Isles, look back over your left shoulder, and see the scarred face of the mountain called Porcupine. It was from this mountain that the rock was taken for the causeway, and Porcupine looks benevolently down, with a craggy brow on the millions of cars that pass beneath it.

Follow route 4 when you leave the causeway, drive over the paved highway about 55 miles, and you'll see a sign pointing to Marble Mountain. Now the name alone should take your fancy. Turn your car down this road and find a trail of breathtaking beauty, with the blue of the sky reflected in the lake. Perhaps you'd like to have your dinner here, some excellent country hotels serve very good food, and their proprietors will give you the history of the village of Marble Mountain.

Now briefly it was called North Mountain, 'til the discovery of marble in 1868. Nicholas Brown of PEI was going through the area looking for oysters, so the story goes, and in walking along a path over the mountain he discovered marble, and the story of development follows. There are 3 different veins of marble in the quarry, no longer in operation, and the color of pink and blue and white shimmer on Marble Mountain, once industrially busy, now a dreaming lovely community, with lavish scenery to delight the visitor.

When you come into Whycocomagh, the name will intrigue you first of all, it's an Indian name meaning "head of the waters", and these original settlers of the area described it well. This is now Trans-Canada highway territory and the wide, beautiful paved highway takes you along the Western shores of the Bras d'Or Lakes with the village itself beautifully situated, and surrounded by

mountains, deep glens, and always the waters of the bay. Incidentally there are some excellent camping areas throughout Whycomagh, and if you feel like walking, you can climb Salt Mountain, and see the world stretch before you, and anybody in the village will give you directions.

Of course, Baddeck will be on your itinerary. And as drive towards it, you'll see it, across the bay: a town that numbers among its most famous visitors, and eventually its most famous resident, the late Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone among other things. Now the other things you'll see in Baddeck, and you'll also see the exquisite situation of the town, the great charm of its homes and its streets, the hospitality of its people, and its many claims to historical fame. To examine this more closely, drive through the town and on to the Bell Museum.

Now the location of the museum, the shape of the building, and the precious treasures housed within it, are all worthy of your closest attention, and you'll see even on the very panes of glass in the windows of the museum, actual notes from Dr. Bell's notebooks. And from the museum you can see directly across the bay to Beinn Bhreagh, Gaelic for 'beautiful mountain', the home of the late Dr. Bell and his wife. And on top of this Beinn Bhreagh, this beautiful mountain, you can find a small plaque, marking their graves, for they are buried in Cape Breton. The home, incidentally, has remained in the family, and they come here ever summer.

Summer is beautiful in Baddeck, and if you have a boat with you, or you'd like to rent one, or even to meet friends who enjoy the blue waters of the Bras d'Or Lakes, you'll find plenty of company in Baddeck, for Baddeck is a yachtsmen's town, and you'll find them here from all parts of the continent.

But when the ice on the bay freezes, it looks as it must have looked on February 23rd, 1909, when the first heavier than air flight in the British Empire took place. A few years ago, the scene and even the original airplane, the Silver Dart, were recreated for the 50th anniversary of flight. A plane that now resides in the Airforce Museum at Uplands Airport in Ottawa, a tribute the genius, and pioneering spirit. There are many people today living in Baddeck who were on the ice on that first historic day, and of course the museum has many photos that you can study at your leisure.

One of the most magnificent views in a land of great beauty is from the new Trans-Canada highway bridge across the Bras d'Or lakes. This has opened up a new approach from Kelly's Mountain, with Trans-Canada highway riding high, wide and handsome, over a mountain that gives you a memorable sight of scene and lake at every point.

Follow the signs that take you to Englishtown, and see the grave of the famous Giant MacAskill. Now this grave is located in a cemetery that has headstones dating far back into the history of Cape Breton. But you'll especially want to see the grave of the Cape Breton giant, and read the specifications of his size on the tombstone. As you look at his grave, however, it might also interest you to know that the coffin in which he was buried was 13 feet long and made of pineboards. It's said that it would float 3 men across from St. Ann's Bay. Incidentally you will see relics of his personal wardrobe, and his home, at the Gaelic College museum at St. Ann's nearby.

Now there are many beautiful lakes throughout the island besides the famous Bras d'Or lakes, and this is one of them. Lake O'Law, deep in the Margaree valley with a soft, gentle quality about it, and with green, plush mountains that come down to meet its blue surface.

The pastoral quality of the Margaree Valley has been an inspiration to artists, poets, painters, weavers and woodcarvers down through the years, and you'll find them still drawing artistic inspiration from the green of the fields, the contrast of river and glen, the lushness of the farmland, and even the variety of scenery. Of course, fishermen know the Margaree River, from years back for its salmon, and if you have a rod along, make sure you take advantage of this most famous fishing stream.

The trees are particularly lovely in the Margaree Valley and a scene like this one is frequently encountered and never failingly beautiful.

Now there are several Margarees; there's the Southwest, Northeast, Margaree Forks and Margaree Harbour, and when you approach Margaree Harbour, you'll see along bridge that crosses the water, and leads you to the North of the island, continuing on the Cabot Trail and down to the Cape Breton Highlands National Park. But just before you cross the bridge, stop and see this model fishing village. It's perfect in every detail, and you can study it, and photograph it from every angle.

Now you are entering one of the predominantly French settled areas of Cape Breton Island, and the village of Cheticamp is charming, historic and very modern, with plenty of accommodation for the visitor, and among other things, a magnificent church to visit. This is St. Peter's church, and is built of freestone from Cheticamp Island. The interior is beautifully decorated, the church is open every day, and you're most cordially invited to see it.

Incidentally, Cheticamp is particularly famous for its weaving and its rug making. And one of their most famous rugs is in the residence of the Governor General in Ottawa. But the women of the village have a traditional style and a technique that makes even the smallest Cheticamp piece unique and unquestionably beautiful.

Now 6 miles from Cheticamp, the Cabot Trail enters the Cape Breton Highlands National Park. You can register here, you can see the map of the park area, and you can learn that approximately 390 square miles are included in this park.

The Cape Breton hills within its boundaries are the highest in the province, and your approach will take you to Cap Rouge, whose lined face shows how the roadbed was constructed for this part of the trail. And then the thrilling contrast of sea and mountain begins.

When you view the craggy, brilliant coastline of Presque Isle, and from certain angles, as you stop to take photographs, you'll notice how the erosion of the sea, down through the years, has literally landscaped the coast line, so that you have one section, Presque Isle, nearly an island. And from here on begins your soaring trip through the Cape Breton Highlands National Park, and over the lofty peaks, and through the deep stream lined valleys, crossing the summits of French Mountain at 1300 feet, and MacKenzie Mountain at 1200 feet, all over beautifully paved road, that still has plenty of thrills built into it.

Now about 4 miles East of Pleasant Bay, beside the Cabot Trail, is the Lone Shieling. A memorial, as you will read on the suitably inscribed plaque. But also an exact replica of the stone huts used by the Scottish crofters in tending their sheep. And I'm sure you'll want to remember the lines of the Scottish exile: "From the Lone Shieling of the misty islands, mountains divide us, and the waste of

seas, but still the blood is strong, the heart is highland, and we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

And then your journey takes you on to Sunrise Valley after you cross over North Mountain, with an elevation of 1460 feet, the highest point in Nova Scotia. And now deep into the valley, with a vista of rolling hills beyond, and with many interesting roads taking you even further North, than the park outlines.

Bay St. Lawrence, for instance. At Money Point, near Bay St. Lawrence, the first Atlantic cable was landed in 1867, and the cable continues by landline from here to North Sydney to the cable station.

Now after you drive a few miles through wooded areas with not too much sight of the coastline, this view comes suddenly and with a spectacular brilliance, and you know that you're approaching Ingonish. This area is called Black Brook, and yet your impression is of coastline, sun, sand and the soft semblance of the sea nibbling at the beach.

There's a wonderful picnic area here, with tables, stone fireplaces, and even a spot for pitching a tent if you feel so inclined.

But even if you stop for only a short time, clamber over some of the rocks on the beach that give rugged expression to the coastline, and see the beauty of the colors, the amber and the green, and even deep rose pink in sections. There's a tiny waterfall nearby, and a little stone foot bridge that will take you to an outlook, if you want to explore further.

And then you'll travel down the road to Celtic. En route you'll pass through North Ingonish, and then watch for signs that will take you to this entrance. Up a paved road, under an arch of elegant birches, and then you'll get your first view of the government operated Celtic Lodge, located on Middle Head, and offering some of the finest accommodation in Eastern Canada. From here the Cape Breton Highlands Golf Links starts: 18 holes, 6'600 yards, and one of the most challenging golf courses that you'll find anywhere.

And wherever you look from Celtic, there's a vast stretch of the Atlantic, the height of the hills, and the rough hewn coastline.

Now there's another entrance to the National Park at Ingonish, and even although you've registered already at the Cheticamp entrance, you might like to stop here at the official administrative offices of the park, and talk with some of the officials on duty, many of them have worked in the park since its beginning, and can tell you of the progress to such beauty.

And you'll also want to examine more closely the manicured perfection of the flowers at the entrance to the park with a tapestry of colors that changes as the season deepens, from the pastel of spring, to the flamboyance of autumn.

Now there's a lookout high above the entrance to the park, and here you can stand, monarch of all you survey and Cape Smokey in the distance becomes part of your domain, a massive headland, towering 1,200 feet above the sea, and often split halfway up by a fleecy cloud which givesthe headland its name.

And also from your vantage point you can see the village of Ingonish, with excellent tourist accommodation, and a historical background that dates back to the 16th and 17th century. In 1740, we're told, the French had a thriving settlement here, with 54 fishing vessels in port. But the name Ingonish itself is supposed to be of Portuguese origin, and tradition says that the Portuguese had a fishing settlement here, as early as 1521. Today, of course, you'll find people from all over the continent visiting in Ingonish, and a government supervised and superbly equipped camping ground in the area is further inducement.

Then as you continue along the trail from Ingonish, you'll see more of the rugged coastline that has made the Northern part of Cape Breton famous. And from the largest rock to the smallest pebble, the surf never fails to find a splashing spot.

The placid beauty of Ingonish Bay, and the landing point at Ingonish Ferry, are two more sections of the area worthy of your attention, and you'll find fishing and ferrying both very interesting from these points.

And then you'll begin to climb Cape Smokey, a steep but paved climb with breathtaking scenery with the ocean stretching serene and lovely on a fine day, or churning and grey on a windy day.

Or directly down, you look to the foam of the surf, and the dramatic contrast of rock and sea, sky and mountain, hill and dale.

And then as you drive towards St. Ann's and the Gaelic College, you'll come to a high, green bridge that crosses a quiet brook. This is Indian Brook, with deep, chasm like view, and the still depth of the water moving serenely and darkly past.

And then on to St. Ann's Bay. Now here is the Gaelic College, the only one of its kind in North America, and here also a centre of weaving, that offers some magnificent hand-woven clan tartans. The fisherman, incidentally, will note that both trout and tuna have been caught here, and the historian will remember that from the placid waters of St. Ann's Bay back in 1851, the Reverend Norman MacLeod and a group of Scottish settlers set sail for New Zealand, and in the next 8 years after that he was followed by nearly half the population of St. Ann's, making many of the families of St. Ann's, Cape Breton, and Waipu, New Zealand, quite closely related.

Now as you approach Sydney Mines, you'll see the communications building and the microwave tower of Eastern telephone and telegraph company.

And then of course this is a familiar springtime sight in the town of North Sydney. The Portuguese fishing fleet comes into the harbour every year to take on bait and supplies, and their historically classic ships are picturesque and beautiful, lending a still further historical touch to a town that has a long and distinguished career. This is a terminal town for the CNR service to Newfoundland, and from here a car ferry service operates to that province.

Wentworth Park is a beautifully landscaped entrance to the beautiful steel city of Sydney, and as you drive down the esplanade you'll get an excellent view of the harbour called by mariners one of the finest harbours in America.

Sydney was founded in 1785, and the first settlers were loyalists from the state of New York. Later immigrants from the highlands of Scotland sailed up the harbour and landed on her shores.

Today it's a busy industrial city, with a city proper built upon a peninsula, and with a skyline distinctively marked with the silhouettes of the steel making industry, located here.

Sydney is home of the largest self contained steel plant in America, and throughout the summer months, tours are given daily throughout the plant, and you can get further information in the steel city of Sydney.

But it's a brilliant and dramatic sight, and it gives you an insight into the industrial development of the area. Steel rails and many other steel products are manufactured in the Sydney plant, and of course there are various subsidiary industries, together with foundries and machine works. And here you'll see some of the last steam locomotives of the area, still operating on the plant.

While Glace Bay is the center of the coal mining area, the harbour of the town attracts thousands of visitors every year because large quantities of sword fish are brought into Glace Bay every summer. Many of the commercial boats that operate out of here offer accommodations for visitors who are interested in the harpooning of these giants of the sea, and you can get information at your tourist bureaus.

Commercial fishing for cod, haddock, halibut and lobster is carried on in Glace Bay as well. And when the boats land in the evening, you can be on the dock to see the catch.

Now the area of Main-à-Dieu has been called the lobster land of the Maritimes, and that's because lobster is their prime industry. The village is located in a picturesque harbour which is both quaint and modern. The excellent wharves provide facilities for the landing of lobsters, and the ships in the harbour are rugged and seaworthy, for the men of Main-à-Dieu demand service from their vessels.

If you're visiting in the area during the proper season you can attend a lobster feast. You can see the delicate shellfish cooked to perfection, and served with instruction from the fisherman on how to get the maximum of flavor. There are some excellent packing plants in the village as well, and their stores will take your orders for canned Main-a-Dieu lobster, packed and shipped from the village to your home, wherever you live, and shipped any time of the year.

Now whether you approach Louisbourg from the paved highway or along the shore from Main-à-Dieu over the coast road, you'll arrive at the fortress town that was one time known as the Dunkirk of America. Drive through the new town, and then circle the end of the harbour, and see in the distance the marking lighthouses, and the administration building of the fortress, now a national park and historic site. And then as you approach the old fortress town, drive your car through one of the ancient gates, and so arrive at the old walled city that was a strategic military and naval station built by the French in 1717 with construction continuing until 1740.

Inside the museum, you'll see the model of the town as it was in the days of French possession. 328 acres with a unique situation. The harbour, the rocky mouth, and the frontal island, the Atlantic lashing against the craggy coastline, and grassy meadows and marshes at the back. And herewas the fortress. The replica can be seen at the museum which has many fine and rare relics of the flourishing days.

Many cannons have been unearthed, and keep a ghostly vigil over the ramparts still standing. And in the last years still another cannon was given up by the harbour, which saw the siege in its

original fury. Reconstruction of the old fortress has been undertaken, and the hospital, the convent and many other buildings are once more rising from the rubble that lies beneath the grass.

The road leading on past the entrance to the park continues to Kennington Cove, 4 miles away, where General Wolf landed in 1758. A small cairn marks the spot where began the operations which ended on July 26, 1758, with the capitulation of Louisbourg. It has been said that the road leading to Kennington Cove was constructed by American volunteers during the siege of 1745.

And around the shores beats the ever surging surf.

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