

[Page 41 - Aunt Annie MacLeod, Wreck Cove](#)ISSUE : [Issue 48](#)

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year-old child, only had gone half a term to school. They didn't have school (at Wreck Cove). They didn't have teachers. They just had one teacher for about half a term before I went out west. Well, they might have had her the term, but that's all I went. (As you were growing up then, what did you do with your days?) Oh, my gosh, I don't know--children entertained themselves then. I had a lot of imagination. And I did through quite a few years. I used to pretend I was talking to somebody or playing with someone. We used to play hide-and-seek. I remember hiding in the wagon house, or shed, what they call it. And it was a new covered- buggy wagon. I went in there to hide. Anyway, they couldn't find me. So they went in the house. And after awhile I went to the door to open the door, and I couldn't open the door. And what faith I had then--I went back in the buggy and I prayed. I came out--and the door opened! You know, how you remember little things like that? Even though I was young. It was something, you know, that stood in my mind, I guess. (What did you have for toys?) There was no such a thing as toys. I don't remember ever having any toys. I don't remember of any Christmas till that year, I guess, or two, before I went out west, when my aunt and uncle came (back) from the west, from Manitoba. They were home for about two years. I remember when they were there--that was the first Christmas I remember. Of getting up, and my stocking hung from the clock--the shelf of the clock--and the things I got in it. I remember one thing was a purse, and whatever else. That was on account of her putting things in it. But otherwise, I don't remember of anything. I remember playing house, but you know, it was always--I remember down at the shore there were a lot of little trees growing up, spruce trees--pretending I was going through a road, you know--I think it'd be the sheep road--going through a little road, and I was going to visit somebody. I know I used to pretend a lot. When I'd see a big steamer out on the sea, going, I suppose Aunt Kate Morrison, who raised Annie, to Newfoundland--I used to pretend I was going there, and seeing who was there. I had a lot of that. (That you were going to Newfoundland.) Oh, I don't know where I was going, because (then) I didn't know so much about where the boat was going! But I really remember that, of all those things. And looking out the window at nights, you know, and you'd be seeing--I'd be pretending I was going in that boat. (And) there was a hole in the wall where I was going upstairs. I used to pretend I was talking to somebody in there--that I was STRICKLAND INVEST AGENCIES SYDNEY 562-2578 AUTO - HOME - LIFE - BUSINESS LIFE ANNUITIES * RRIFs PERSONAL SERVICE COMPETITIVE RATES (EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS) The View at the Heart of Your Great Cape Breton Visit! Kelly's View East of Boularderie Centre 3/4 mile from the Seal Island Bridge Motel and Restaurant Cape Breton's Newest Motel at Affordable Rates c Modern Motel Units featuring Full Baths and Colour TV Fully Licensed Restaurant Home Cooking Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner 7 A.M.to 10 P.M. Your Hosts: Billie & Joe Smolenaars Overlooking the Bras d'Or Lakes and Kelly's Mountain 674-2473