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the airport, where I learned to fly. My brother and I were both born in the house. Coal company--it was the manager's house. The manager moved to a little bit newer residence. My dad was the man who did all the business and accounting and everything to do with the men's wages, and the cost 'nsITMctioKi A DIVISION OF LMAS CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION LTD. **PUT OUR EXPERIENCE TO WORK FOR YOU** Concrete Foundations Member of Commercial and Residential WaUs, Floors, Steps "" LANSING SMALL tel. 539-1003 A PART OF YOUR FAMILY FOR OVER 25 YEARS of everything. He moved into the manager's house. And there's where we were born. I was born in 1906. And, I nearly died. I was a preemie baby--I was less than 7 months when I was born. That's probably why I was only, when I was in my prime, I was only 5 foot 7 3/4 inches, or whatever. My brother was 6 feet and 280 pounds. Both of my sisters were good big girls--5 foot 6 or 7--tall girls. This is why I'm like-- I was the runt of the family, like they say. Although, I was husky and everything. The thing that saved my life was my dad's going to pre-med in Halifax. Because one day he came home from the mine in Reserve. And my mother said, or my grandmother-- either one of them said--they were both there. "IdkealxeakfixxTil yourdhoesw'th Kimtud'Rled Chicken! Kentud' Ried Chicken is a great reason for taking a break from any chores. Because it's so convenient Always ready, you just pk:k it up. Add Sonne of Colonel Sanders tasty salads and goklen brown French fries, and you've got tiie perfect reason to interrupt your yard-work, basennent cleaning or window' washkig! Kentucky Firmed Chkken is economical, too. And its finger lkin... good chrcken! Kgotucl'ItiedCliidnii CHICKEN CHALET LTD. FIVE LOCATIONS TO SERVE YOU: SYDNEY SHOPPING MALL (564-6322) * C. B. SHOPPING PLAZA, SYDNEY RIVER (564-6646) * 2A STERLING ROAD, GLACE BAY (849-6689) 7 BLOWERS STREET, NORTH SYDNEY (794-3534) * PLUMMER AVENUE, NEW WATERFORD (862-2111) • INSIDE SEATING AVAILABLE 70 The baby is dead." That was me. And I was about the length of a table knife, according to what they tell me. Something like 2 pounds or 3 pounds or 1 1/2 pounds. And my dad put me in the oven, which--the fire was way down, almost out--and left the door open. They put me in a shoebox. Now this is the truth. And I re? vived. But legally, if they had left me alone there, I would have been dead. To me, it's all the more marvellous a thing, because I'm the oldest of--all the others are dead, the three others are dead--and none of them got to 80. So, I'm 82, nearly 83. So, I think the Lord was looking after this bad old villain! (When you were small like that, were you raised carefully be? cause of the kind of rough beginning that you had?) No, no, I didn't. I was in Glace Bay with the type of people-- miners, coal miners, are always rough. Central School, where I went first to school, was noth? ing but a battle? field- -fight, fight.