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So he first went to New York. After he was married. He went to New York, to an uncle of mine--that's my mother's brother. He left us (in Russia.) And he worked for my uncle, who was manufacturing brass beds. In those days brass beds were very fashiona? ble. So he went to work for him. But I had another uncle who was living in New Water? ford. And he went to visit New York and he met my father. And he said--you know, they named (my father) "Joe." (Originally, his name was Gershon E. Ciaener.) So he said, "Look, you know something," he said. "You come with me to Canada. In New Waterford there are 5 mines going to be opened." And there really were. "And you can get your? self a little candy store. And you'll see you'll get along better that way." But (my father) didn't have any English of any kind. So (my uncle) said, "Look, we'll pack you a little pack of needles and this and that. And we'll leave you go to the country." Like around Ingonish or all those places. "And by staying there, you'll learn how to speak English." (And by a little pack he meant your father would peddle.) Peddle. And you know in those days, if you'd go (down north) in the fall, you just can't get back, because there was no way of clearing roads or anything. You were just there to stay for the winter. Only in the spring, when everything was thawing out, that's when you can get out. (And the snow kept him in.) Kept him in. And we used to have snows. This is nothing. We used to have terrible winters here, one time. Even I remember them. Anyhow, my father dling around) the down in the fall.) all winter. And he people there. He j you know, he could them all the time, much. They were so The old Scotch peo came back from (ped- country. (He went And he stayed there loved the country ust loved them. And stay there with he loved them so nice in those days. pie were very good. Abratiam Sctiwartz & Rose And every so often, that if he could quote something from the Bible or something, they thought it was just great. Because they lived only--they never read anything else but the Bible in those days. And so anyway, when he came back, we thought, well, surely he'll be able to speak a little English. But when he came back, he spoke a language that we did not understand--that was Gaelic. He didn't learn English--he learned Gaelic! Because those people, the Scotch people there, didn't even speak English themselves. They spoke Gaelic all the time. He used to speak Gaelic beautifully. And you know something else--they named him MacLean. They put a "Mac" to him. His name was Ciaener. so they named him MacLean! TrASji'Agenaf We plan it all for you. 794-7251 158 QUEEN ST., NORTH SYDNEY "