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Well, they had a Christmas dinner to a certain extent. They used to feed a big rooster--put him in a place for himself and feed him up, you know, and make him big. Oh, they had the Christmas dinner, all right, with all the trimmings. But there was no tree or no presents or things like that--unless someone outside.... Well, Dolly MacDonald down here, she used to send gifts at Christmas. And her sister Josie, when she was living in the States before she took sick and had to come home. But, you know, outside of that. And then they used to have Christmas concerts in the schoolhouse and you'd get little gifts in that. But not in the home, no. I never knew, actually, what childhood was. You were taught to do this and you were taught to do that. I remember the first batch of bread I ever made. I had to have the pan on the chair to knead it. I was so short. Same way with the butter: when I'd wash the butter I'd have to have it on the chair because I couldn't do it on the table. (But you were able to accept this and obviously you made the best of it.) Oh, well, the way I was, I wanted to. I wanted to do these things, I wanted to learn them. And no matter what the older women were doing, I wanted to be in on it and I wanted to do the same. Because I felt old. You know what I mean? I really didn't feel like a young child. But I was thankful for it in the end. In the end I was thankful for it. Although there was a good many times, I guess, I rebelled that I had to do this and do that and other kids didn't. (When you say you rebelled...?) I used to get kind of angry and, "Why did I have to Clay Plant Pots playful, rustic, elegant, definitely unusual The Pottery Garden Drop by the studio and see pots taking shape 15 min. west of St. Peters, 20 min. east of Dundee Resort ROBERTA • RICHMOND COUNTY • CAPE BRETON • (902) 535-2898 come to a place like this? That I couldn't do things like other children, and I couldn't go amongst the other children." Like, there was Catherine MacDonald and her brother D.J., and then D.J. Smith and his sister Annie Mae. And Annie Mae was the same age as I was. The only time we'd ever be together was when I started school. (Was there an adult who was able to help you with those feelings?) Oh, I had to cope with them myself. As far as the old lady was concerned she couldn't understand why I'd feel that way. See, I mean, she was a cripple herself and she would say to me, "Well, be thankful you're able to be up and around," and things like that. It didn't occur to her that I came from a place where there were children and where we went together to school and to church and to parties. They always used to take us to birthday parties or concerts and go and see plays like Shakespeare and Charlie Chaplin and those. There was nothing like that here and this is what usually (would) get me down. (There was no one here who really was your OD'J[I CS J'JT' Unique Fabric-Covered Photo Albums for • WEDDINGS • ANNIVERSARffiS • BABIES Also Available... Afghans • Cushions • Baby Quilts Aprons • Novelty Items INQUIRIES AND ORDERS CALL 567-1951 SYDNEY .O 'afxLX &y nA/iCJa Paper Toile Pictures and Supplies soft toys \* APRONS \* EARRINGS Children's Jumpsuits Tartan Ties and Sticl