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seen us, but I just didn't know how. It was Angus Rankin that told me later what hap? pened that night. I was four years old when my father died, around 1923, and John Wil? lie was two years old. Angus, the one that my father said looked like a girl, was six. I'm pretty sure he saw us, or he wouldn't have said that. Seven boys, without a thing, without fami? ly allowance or anything to live on. The youngest was two years old when my father died, I was four, the eldest, Murdock, was twelve or thirteen. When we got older we didn't go to school, we couldn't go to school. We had no shoes to go to school in Experience the lifestyle of the Highland Scots in Cape Breton. The museum presents a chronological tour of 180 years settlement on the island. Spread over 43 acres, ten historic buildings with costumed staff give testimony to the energy, strength of character, and love of home and family of the pioneers. From a Hebridean Black House to a 1920 school, the story of the Gaels is related in their homes, artifacts, stories, songs and music. Special events such as Highland Village Day (first Saturday in August), traditional codfish suppers, and other f cultural presentations await the visitor. Consult 'Highland Roots', our computer-assisted genealogical service or browse at our well stocked gift counter for that special memento. fehland VILLAGE A Special Time that Was... Visit Highland Village: a Living History Museum A full line of traditional Celtic _'>" music is also available. i'"N; Enjoy a spectacular view ' of the Bras d'Or Lakes: Canada's only inland sea. Picnic tables are f'%> provided for your comfort. Highland Village is open daily from mid June to mid ', yp' September and is located (f'C /' " Highway 223 at Iona. "% ([V Take Exit 6 off the (105) " Trans Canada Highway. For more information, please call us direct at 902-725-2272. the wintertime, so we only went in the summertime. When you went in the summer? time you carried on as if you had been there all year. So you were lost. It's strange when you go to school and you're completely lost. There was no going back. So we failed a lot. Until the last three or four years of school, whatever we learned, we learned it then, because we got older, there was a family allowance and we were able to get shoes for the win? tertime. Things weren't so bad. I remember being between fifteen and six? teen years old, when I worked at Fr. Mac? Pherson's in Port Hood. It was around 1935. (We were members of the Port Hood Par? ish at that time.) I re? member one night, I was sleeping in bed at Fr. MacPherson's. At about one in the morn? ing, Fr. Mac? Pherson came up stairs, and he hollered, "Donald. Don? ald, can you get up!?" So I got up, got dressed, and he was waiting for me in the hallway. I came out, we went down? stairs. "I want you to come to the church." I said, "Okay," so the two of us walked across, and we went into the church. When we got inside the door, in the lobby, he said, "You wait here", and he walked straight up to the altar, and he got the Blessed Sacra? ment. Someone was dying. He must have got? ten a sick call. He got the Blessed Sacrament and he came back, we went out- Stay at Highland Heights Inn Centrally located to many island attractions, Highland Heights Inn is the hospitality arm of Highland Village. This rustic split level inn offers 26 double units with private baths, lakeview accommodation and dining with traditional Cape



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