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my mother came in, I just said to her, "Aunt Flora's dead." She said, "Yes." She kind of hesitated when I said it, you know. But she never said a word, never opened her mouth. We never spoke about it. (Never spoke about it after.) No.... She never spoke to me about it, or I never did, anyway. (You were only a young girl.) Twelve. (Did it trouble you at all that you had this?) No, never bothered me. I felt at peace. No, I never felt--I just felt peaceful. It never bothered me; I didn't think anything of it.... Kay with brothers and sisters after the funeral of Dan MacMillan at Beaver Cove. Left to right: Joseph, John Duncan, Margaret (Mrs. John MacKinnon), Marie (who lived with the family), Catherine (Kay, pregnant with the child she carried ten months), Allan, and Alex. And I never spoke about it. Just kept it to myself. Everything, I kept it to my? self. My father and mother died and they didn't know I was going through this. (So that was the only one you ever really shared with them.) That's the only one I ever spoke to my mother about. (And never your father.) No. Neither one. And I never even spoke to my sister. I just kept it all to myself. I don't know why. Probably if the Lord wanted me to, I would. He might have told me, I don't know! Kay laughs. FROM KAY CURRIE'S WRITING: Knowing that my parents did not have the money to send me for Grade XII, I decided to send an application to the teachers' Normal College in Truro, to attend Summer School of 1931. I was accepted and obtained a temporary license to teach, which I al? ways wanted to do. I was sixteen that year. They were looking for a teacher in Beaver Cove, so I applied and was hired for the term 1931-32.... January 1932 I received my permanent license. I received a letter from Long Island Main There is a Difference Le Brignolet k