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I checked some of the questions in the book so will start with the question about my first memory of their life of mine. It was around 1917 or early 1918 when I would have been 2 years old. (It might have come from hearing some one tell the incident) Uncle Johnny came home from France, World War I and I was covered of him. It was probably the uniform and I had never seen someone dressed like that. Uncle Johnny was my dearest teacher. We lived on the hill above my Grandparents home place. Grandpa Hunter moved over home, his home & the house next door. I think my Aunt Jeanie & family lived in it. The community we lived in was mostly Scotch people - all mine and hers. I remember we only had one store (which was a grocery store). It was on a corner - at a crossroad. One way took you to Sullivan - one to Nuyges - one to Carr and one to Seneca - some called Shirley

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There where we moved to later. I don't know how long we lived in that Community - which was called Scotchtown. The first school I attended was across the road - we had to go down the hill & across the road up ~~the~~ Rice. I probably was in 1st grade there. My father was in a wheel chair so he had been in a mining accident & lost a leg. He spent a year in a hospital in Ontario when they said he spent a year in the wheel chair. His first artificial leg was called a peg leg - in later years he had a regular one. I remember we had Scotch across after school with butter jelly or apple butter. This was our snack. We only had oranges at Christmas time, I would sometimes spend an overnight with Grandpa - I don't remember my Grandpa Hunter very well she died very young. Grandpa would make his oatmeal