

ROBERT WESLEY HANNAH

My life was great growing up. It started in Wolseley. My only memory in Wolseley was when I was a baby in my walker. We lived above a garage so the front door led to the stairs and to outside. My sister, Pat, was always told to make sure the front door was closed. One day she left it open. I went for a joy ride in my walker, down the stairs, out the front door, across the sidewalk, across the road and stopped in front of the train tracks. My baby-sitter was very upset when she went to look for me. When she found me I was laughing and want to do it again.

When we moved to Prince Albert, my Dad started in the funeral business. Mum stayed home with Pat and me. We used to take trips up to Waskesiu where Dad owned a tent shack. One night it was raining and Dad said to me, "Whatever you do don't touch the canvas". So half way through the night I decided - because Dad didn't tell me what would happen if I touched it -I had better see for myself, so I did and ended up with a very, very wet bed.

Then there were swimming times at the lake. After a long walk to the lake through the woods (me being a smart aleck) I used to stop half way down and run full tilt into the lake. After about the sixth time I ended at the bottom of the lake unable to get up. Next thing I remember was two hands of a huge lifeguard pulling me out of the water. Needless to say I got a lecture on the dangers of running into the water.

Winter time in Prince Albert used to be great fun making tunnels in the huge snow banks.

In the spring one year nearing lunch time, Mum came out calling Pat and me for lunch and just about that time the fire truck went by the house so, like normal kids, we chased it. When we finally made it home I received the one and only spanking of my life, as well as Pat.

When I was about five years old I had my tonsils out and for four days I couldn't talk. One day I saw my best friend who was across the street. I yelled at him and have been talking ever since!