

## **HOOKY**

**Interviewee: Bob McCormack (student from 1948-1955):**

**NVMA #201-84**

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**Interviewer name: Patricia Wejr**

**BW:** I remember a little story; I, and my little brother and a friend, we played hooky. And where the church is right here, where it is now - Millhouse - there's a bridge across the little creek. And we hid under there. One day, I was coming home from lunch to school, and I just didn't want to go. So, I just talked to my brother and another friend - I can't remember who he was now. I got home, and Mum says, "Where have you been? What's going on?" So, I said, "Well, I didn't really want to go to school". This is true. And she says, "Oh, so what shall I say you were playing? You know, hockey? Were you playing hockey or something like that?" I said, "Yeah, that'd be good!" And of course, she put 'hooky'. It's true! And I went to school...oh dear. One brother reminded me of it not long ago. We got in trouble - I did, specifically.

**PW:** Now, did they have detentions?

**BM:** Oh, yeah.

**PW:** So, after school.

**BM:** I had a few, yes.

**PW:** I imagine you might have had a detention for that escapade.

**BM:** I certainly did, and I had to write copious: "I WILL NOT PLAY HOOKY EVER AGAIN". I think that was the wording, and I had to write full pages, lined pages of them. I had to do about thirty pages. I'll never forget that. And I thought I was so smart, when Mum said, "Oh, we'll just put down 'hockey'", and I thought she said hockey, but it was 'hooky'. And I got it. So, mums were smart.

**PW:** That, they were.

**BM:** Still are.