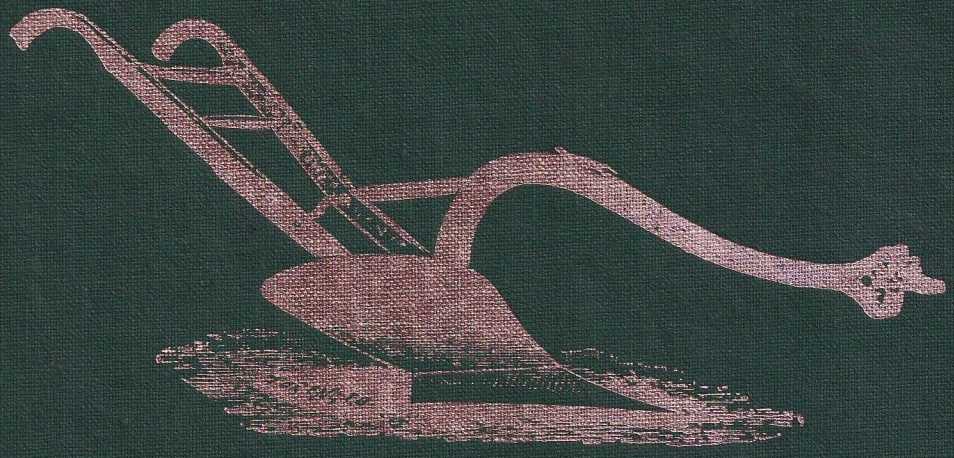
Alain Lessard

1665 1645

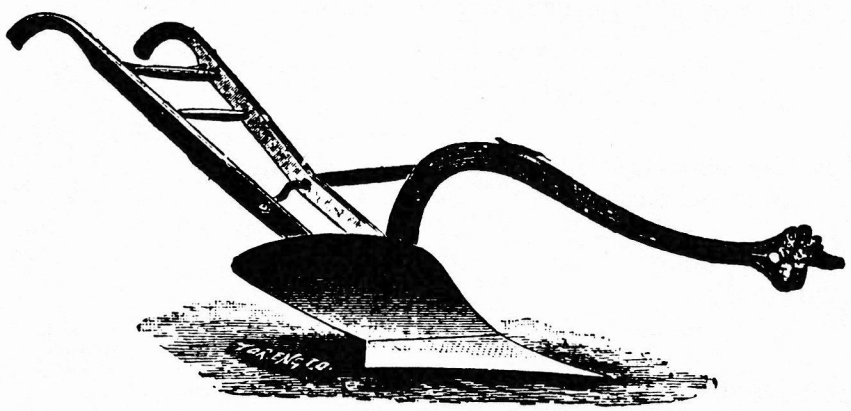


1987

Alain Lessard

1665 1645

Our First Ancestors
and
A Compilation of Stories of Their Descendants



1987

One hundred and fifty copies of

ALAIN - LESSARD
have been printed.

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ISBN 0-88925-735-3

Word Processing by Val Bruce, Broderick, Sask.

Published by Alain-Lessard History Book Committee
Box 157, Macrorie, Sask.
S0L 2E0
1419 Edward Avenue
Saskatoon, Sask.
S7K 3B2

First printing, 1987

Printed and bound in Canada by
Friesen Printers
a Division of D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.
Altona, Manitoba R0G 0B0
Canada

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the descendants of Henri Alain and Joseph Lessard. May they appreciate their roots and strive to uphold the values of faith and family which have long been cherished by our ancestors.

Introduction

This is a story on the histories of two families, the Alains and Lessards, and is to be presented to Louis and Clara on the occasion of their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

It was written and compiled by daughters, Marlyne and Maxine, researched by them along with their sister, Marcella, and cousin, Jeannine Alain, with many members of the families contributing their stories.

The book tells of many of the hardships and much of the humor, ensuring that much of those early years will not be forgotten by the younger generations.

I have known both families all my life and have kept in close touch with them over the years. It is, therefore, indeed a privilege to have been chosen to write this introduction.

Maurice Veillard



Maxine and Marlyne working on the manuscript.

Although Maxine Prentice and Marlyne Reindl have prepared the manuscript, this book has been the joint project of the eight children — and their spouses — of Louis and Clara Alain: Marlyne and Adolf Reindl; Maxine and Elliott Prentice; Marcella and Richard Sevigny; Bruce and Gaila Alain; Bernadette and Don Adrian; Rachelle and Dana Toews; Michelle and Ian Pepper; Joe and Bonnie Alain for without whose help, encouragement and financial support this book would not have been possible.

Acknowledgements

Grateful acknowledgement is made for permission to cite the following texts:

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* "Simon Allain" story from "Nos Ancêtres," *Magazine Populaire Catholique, Sainte Anne de Beaupré*, Revue Sainte Anne de Beaupré, by Gérard Lebel and published by the Redemptorist Fathers, Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré, Québec, Septembre 1983. Reprinted by permission of Gérard Lebel.

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* Excerpts from "Mes Souvenirs" by Angélè Veillard. Used by permission of her daughter, Yvonne Alain.

We are also grateful to the following:

- Each person who has contributed his or her autobiography and lent pictures for the book.

- Marcella Sevigny, Marlyne Reindl and Jeannine (Alain) Curtis for the research carried out.

- For information received from Yvonne Alain, Armand and Maggie Bernier, Omer and Ida Cartier, Mme. Dinelle, Cecile Gingras, Nellie Lozinski, Eva Prince, and Maxine and Maurice Veillard.

- For translating the French stories into English Alma Gervais, Muriel Turcotte and Rose Raymond; and for other translating, Roland Roy.

- The genealogists: Sylvie Trembley and Rev. Gérard Lebel.

- Adelle Prentice, Geraldine Law, and JoAnne Serhan for the typing.

- Val Bruce, our computer lady, who not only put our manuscript on floppy disks but also, in her kindness, assisted us with editing and generally did far more than was expected of her.

- The proofreaders: Elliott Prentice, Marguerite Chomyshen and Mary Prentice.

- Lynne Cooper and Anne Gross for editing.

- Adelle Prentice for the paste-up, Bernadette Adrian and Rachelle Toews for their assistance.

- Ed Kliewer, Friesen Printers' representative, for his invaluable assistance.

- Maurice Veillard for writing the introduction.

- Emerson, Eugene C. Irwine and Bob Mason for their poetry.

- The Saskatchewan and Quebec Provincial Archives, and the National Archives in Ottawa.

- Duane Belbeck and members of both the Outlook & District Home Care and the Outlook & District Volunteer Service Advisory Boards who allowed Maxine the time off; and to Joan Burnett and Edith Slatnik who kindly filled in during her absence.

- A special thank you: to Sean Prentice for his patience and understanding; to Elliott Prentice, Adolf Reindl and Richard Sevigny for their support and help while we were compiling the manuscript. No doubt our spouses and boys were somewhat neglected while we worked.

Preface

When we first undertook this project of preparing our family history - Alain and Lessard - for print, we had little idea what would be involved or where our search would take us. Marlyne was asked to research the Alain roots while Marcella was given the Lessard family.

Marlyne's research took her first to the Saskatoon Public Library and then to the Quebec and National Archives. She further enlisted the help of genealogists, Sylvie Trembley and Rev. Gérard Lebel. Finally, her research took her and her husband, Adolf, to St. Ubald where she met Cecile Gingras who is a first cousin to Henri Alain, our grandfather. Cecile bears a most striking resemblance to Henri's daughter, Edithe. At once Marlyne felt a strong kinship with her and discovered that she had come to the end of her search, when Cecile shared her ancestry.

The research of the Lessard family, undertaken by Marcella, was discouraging at first. She, also, visited the Saskatoon Library (feeling envious as library facilities in her home city of Sydney, Nova Scotia, were somewhat limited). In Saskatoon she found the Lessard family was listed, as was the Alain family, in the *Tanguay Dictionary*. These volumes, gathered by L'Abbé C. Tanguay, contain the names of early Canadian families. Later Marcella enlisted the help of a genealogist, Father Gérard Lebel of St. Anne de Beaupré and found that the Lessard listed was the branch of our Lessard ancestry. She had written to him on a hunch after hearing a passing remark made by her mother. Her efforts were rewarded when she and her husband, Richard, and their family travelled to Quebec. They learned that the original Lessard house and barn are still standing; in fact, they are in use today some 300 years later.

Bernadette and Rachelle were asked to research the history of the names, Alain and Lessard. When their efforts proved unsuccessful, a cousin, Jeannine Alain, was approached. At that time Jeannine was studying in France. Her efforts were fruitful and are included in this book.

We have found both inconsistencies and variations in the spelling of the family names. In a document as recent as 1907, Henri Alain's name was written ALLAIN. Yet, in the census records, it was recorded as ALAIN. The Lessard family name was written de LESSART in the original French story but was written de LESSARD in the English story. By the time we pick up the Lessard story in Lambert County, Minnesota, U.S.A., the name was spelled LESSARD as it is today. We are not able to offer our readers a reason for the change in either family name.

While preparing this book we have found our work to be both challenging and exciting. In the telling of the stories we have noted with interest that life styles, the conditions of the times, and the land itself have been portrayed. Each of the stories has been told from the owner's perspective - no two people remember the same incident in the identical way. Thus, each story has a flavor of its own.

While this book contains some information on our ancestors, it is by no means complete. We feel we have just begun. Perhaps this will open the door for some of you to carry on the search.

We began this task in the fall of 1982. There were times we questioned the undertaking of such a large project, and other times we were overwhelmed. As the months passed, the pieces fell into place, family members came forward with their stories, and even skillful help was found close to home when it was needed. We apologize for any errors and/or omissions we may have made. They were not intentional.

While our book was prepared to be presented to our parents, Louis and Clara Alain, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1987, it was written as a tribute to our forefathers, Simon Allain and Etienne de Lessart. To them and their descendants (including our grandparents, Henri and Alma Alain, Joseph and Rachel Lessard) we are grateful. Our book is also a legacy we leave to our children. It is meant to strengthen family ties, foster love of our land and instill a sense of gratitude to God for the gift of faith which has remained strong and alive through the centuries.

M.T.P. & M.M.R.
Macrorie & Saskatoon, 1986

Part I - Alain Family History

COAT OF ARMS REPORT



The Coat of Arms was completed by a heraldic artist, from information that was researched in:

Riestaps Armorial General - Normandy, France.

The Coat of Arms (shield) is described heraldically as:

Argent, three martlets gules, on a chief azure, three mullets or...

Martlets are short legged birds of fast movement. Believed to have been a symbol of a religious man who went to the Holy Lands.

Mullets - Star shaped, said to represent rowels of a spur.

The crest is the small decoration which appears above the shield and helmet:

None recorded.

Family mottoes may refer to family exploits or past family history, others refer to the shield, crest or badge device and others are a play upon the name of the holders, started in the distant past as battle cries. The motto for this name is:

None recorded.

Names for individuals originated as a way of identification and they usually fall into four categories (see supplement sheet). Dictionaries of surnames indicates surnames may have different spellings from the original.

Allain.

The individual meanings for some names are obscure, but for others it is self explanatory and understandable.

Medieval Coats of Arms (Saskatoon)
Market Mall S7J 2G2

History of ALAIN *Name*

ALLAIN - variation of the name D'ALAIN
ALAIN - first name and family name:
The following definitions are given:
1. The name of many saints; Latin "Alanus"
2. Also, the name of an ethnic people - from the south of Russia *in ancient times.*

(The above research was carried out by Jeannine Alain in France.)

Further definitions:

3. In Father Lebel's story on Simon ALLAIN he says, "ALLAIN signifie d'un blanc harmonieux comme le blanc onctueux de certaines faiences authentiques de Rouen." [Allain means of a smooth white, such as that of authentic pottery from Rouen (a region in France known for its excellent pottery, among other things).]

The name ALLAIN has a number of meanings. According to the book, *The Origin of English Surnames* by P.H. Reaney, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London 1967, the French word ALLAIN is the name of a Welsh and Breton saint.

* * * * *

The following has been taken from *The Meaning of Your Name* written by Mary Rattray, a leaflet enclosed with the Coat of Arms Report on Alain, obtained from Medieval Coat of Arms (Saskatoon) with Head Office in Vancouver, B.C.

Surnames, generally, can be divided into four categories:

1. Place Names which would denote the location from which a person's name came.

2. Occupational Names which pertain to office, rank or trade.

3. Descriptive Names which describe physical characteristics, or relationships, such as condition in life appearance, dress and colouring.

4. Kinship Names which are derived from the name of the name of the father. The patronymical surname is common in many forms to all countries, thus in England the son of John became Johnson.

INTRODUCTION

The history of Canada and the arrival of the Allain family were interwoven. The explorer, Samuel de Champlain, who is known as the Father of New France, founded Quebec City in 1608 and nine years later in 1617 the French Colonists began to arrive in Quebec. Upon his arrival back home in France, Samuel reported on the rich possibilities that this new land had to offer. He convinced the authorities that, before the fur trade could be built up, permanent settlements would have to be established as the only inhabitants were the Indians. Once the word spread of the opportunities in the new land, it did not take long before men were booking their passage on ships which left early in the spring. Spring was the best time to begin as it allowed ample time to return home to France before freeze up. There were many men and women willing to undertake this challenge of venturing into the unknown.

According to statistics from M. Emile Vaillancourt's book, *La Conquete du Canada Par Les Normands*, there were 800 families from Normandy, France, that crossed the Atlantic. These families had 5,011 children, an average of 6.26 children per family. It was a surprise to find among the hundreds of names listed those of our ancestors Allain, Lessart, Leclerc, L'Heureux and Deschamps, to name a few.

Several Allains came from France to reside in Canada. There was a Charles Louis Allain, Armand Alain, as well as a Louis Alain according to the 1667 census. However, the one we are most interested in is **SIMON ALLAIN**.

SIMON ALLAIN

(This story was originally written in French by Rev. Gérard Lebel and later translated into English by Muriel Turcotte.)

Simon Allain was a native of Saint Sauveur parish of Rouen, France. Rouen was a city of 120,000 people and one of the nicest cities in Europe. It was also the former capital of Normandy - a province of France. It was known for its famous people - one of them being Cavalier de la Salle - and also, it is here where Simon Allain was born.

Simon Allain, the son of André and Catherine Marc, was baptized on August 18, 1643. Simon was a good scholar while growing up in the city of Rouen.

As a young man he dreamed of adventure and going to America, even though it was the other side of the Atlantic. This adventurous man decided in 1664 to work on a French Canadian colony for a three year term.

The first written proof of his arrival in New France was on the occasion of his being confirmed by Bishop Laval, Notre Dame de Quebec Church, on July 25, 1665, a Saturday on the feast day of St. Jacques. He worked for Jean Chesnier, a carpenter and the proprietor of quite a large farm of which 10 arpents (one arpent is a measurement of land equal to 1½ acres) were in cultivation near Sillery.

Effective April 8, 1668, a contract was written out by Leconte having Simon declared the owner of a farm of 2 arpents, but this was strange as Simon had been the owner of this land since 1667. Slowly, but surely, Simon planned his future and on the 24 of August, 1669, he acquires (probably through some sort of rental) 60 arpents of land. Sixteen arpents belonging to the seigneurie of Gaudarville between Sillery and Cap-Rouge.

It was March 9, 1670 that Simon at the age of 27 was united to Jeanne Maufay (alternate spelling Maufait) in a civil ceremony. Their marriage was eventually blessed on April 15, 1670 by R.P. Joseph Chaumonot S.J. in the chapel of Notre Dame de Foy after the banns were published on the 7, 8 and 9 of April in Notre Dame de Quebec Church. Jean Nau and Hubert Simon assisted as witnesses.

Jeanne was the daughter of Pierre and Marie Duval. She was born June 10, 1656 and baptized on the 24th of June, 1656, the feast day of St. Jean for whom she was named after.

Jeanne's parents offered to board the young couple for the first year if they were willing to remain there -- otherwise, if Simon and Jeanne preferred to live on their own property, they would provide them with the necessary vitals. Either way, after one year, Jeanne was to receive a cow, a pig, etc. The Maufait family helped the son-in-law to build a stone dwelling 20 x 16 feet on his land of Gaudarville.

In August of the same year, Simon resold his concession of Gaudarville to Ignace Bonhomme. The new owner in paying "the 129 pounds in labour" meant that he would clear some property belonging to Simon Allain on Cote St. Paul in the winter. He also promised to clear another arpent, which is close by, in 1672. The notary, P. Duquet, states on the 17th of August, 1670, that Simon's property extends 9 to 10 arpents long. By June 11, 1673, all the conditions of the contract had been fulfilled to the satisfacton of both parties.

After selling the land Jeanne and Simon no

longer had a residence of their own. Simon had in his mind to settle close to his in-laws. Could it be that it might bring him closer, to end up with the stone house? On January 15, 1671, Father Henry Nouvel S.J., through the name of the congregation, grants Simon Allain the rights to 2 arpents in front, 30 in depth -- approximately 60 square arpents of land at Sillery. Simon paid 3 pounds a year with the condition that he and his wife would live on this land -- and so it seems they did until 1677. Their eldest son was baptized at Sillery on December 26, 1674.

The Allains were friendly with the Jesuits. We believe this is what attracted them to Lorette, a small parish founded in 1673 by Father Chaumonot, which had 146 people living in 18 small huts in 1681. Different writings indicate that the Allains lived where the Hurons raised their tents for some thirty years.

By September 1681, Simon Allain purchased from a settler of Lorette -- a cow, a bull, two pigs and the wheat crop for 100 pounds. According to the census that year, the Allain family was situated at Petite Auvergne, seigneurie Notre Dame des Anges. Simon owned one gun, four animals and fifteen arpents of land under cultivation.

In 1682 Simon signed a favorable agreement in which he promised to clear 4 arpents of land and have it ready for seed before August 15 and, for all this work, he was to receive only 20 bushels of wheat from Mathieu Gué. Simon had signed the documents.

By September of this same year Simon felt the squeeze and went to the notary's office accompanied by his father-in-law, Maufait. Simon swallowed his pride and asked for the 75 pounds that would have eventually been his wife's inheritance. His wife is bedridden at this time. Pierre Maufait (the father-in-law) "bled himself white" to clear his son-in-law.

This episode must have hurt Simon's pride very much. This may be the reason for the twelve, rather secluded, years of his remaining life.

There is no proof of the time of his death but one thing is certain; by 1694 he had died because there is proof that his wife Jeanne, now a widow, was living in Lorette and married Jean Poitras, a young whipper-snapper of 24 years, in 1694. He promised he would put in 300 pounds towards the new community. Jeanne, in return, promises to take stock of whatever she owns, and we conclude that they were married on June 6, 1694 in Notre Dame of Lorette even though there is nothing to prove it.

Jeanne passed away in 1742; it is believed she was 86 years old but the church records indicate that on February 11, 1742, Marie Jeanne was buried after receiving the last sacraments at the age of 92 or so!

The Allain couple had 5 children, 2 girls and 3 boys. **Pierre** and his wife had 11 children. **Noel Simon** and his wife had 14 children while **Catherine** had 10 children. There is no information on **Jeanne** and **Nicolet**.

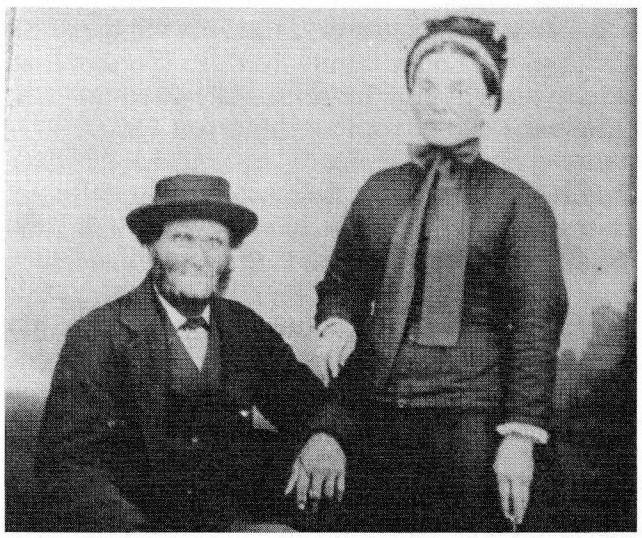
The church records contain many Allain marriages and deaths. Approximately 300 marriages from the beginning to the present time and the family is still growing.

Father Lebel noted in conversation with us that he discovered Simon Allain was not a prominent citizen; however, he had a love of God.

FROM SIMON ALLAIN TO HENRI ALAIN

Although Simon Allain emigrated to Canada in 1664, little is known of the generations that followed, other than the direct lineage (see Alain Genealogy). However, we know the family increased as there were many "Alains" recorded in the Canadian census returns for Quebec. We also found that the family never moved too far away from the site of their original roots in Quebec.

From Simon we move to our sixth generation: Jacques Alain who was born in Quebec on November 28, 1820 and later married Angele Leclerc on February 7, 1842 at Notre Dame de Quebec.



Jacques Alain and Angele (Leclerc) early in marriage.

According to the Canadian census of 1861, Jacques Alain's family was recorded as being: Jacques 45; Angele 38; their children Jacques 18, Henri 15, Delina 14, Louise 12, Marie 9, Edouard 8, Theodore 5, Joseph 3, and Ferdinand 1. Eventually the family consisted of 18 children, of which 5 died in early childhood. Their second son, Henri, is the one we are interested in.

The family was living on a small farm that consisted of one lot (a parcel of land approximately 34 acres) of which 20 acres was forest and 14 acres was in cultivation. Land value was determined by the kind of wood standing - redwood, grey, white - and by the size of it as well. Jacques' small property was valued at $500.00 while his machinery was valued at $1.50. It was also interesting to find that 4 acres produced 50 bushels of oats while a half acre netted them 50 bushels of potatoes. It must have been a good year for hay as they recorded 400 bundles - each weighing 16 pounds.

In the census returns of 1871, the family is much smaller, no doubt because the older children have already established homes of their own. Among them was Henri. Jacques' farm has grown in size to 300 acres, and he now owns plows, cultivators, carriages, a sleigh and a number of wagons. They also own a threshing machine and a fanning mill. As he owns more than one plow and a cultivator, one wonders if the older boys were farming with Jacques as well. However, the census does not mention this.

There is no record of Jacques' death but we know that Angele died at St. Raymond, Quebec, on September 22, 1917 at the age of 95, which must prove that hard work and a large family never hurt her.

A short distance away, near the village of St. Casimir, the Folley family lived. In 1871 this Irish family records for the census the value of their farm at $1,600.00 and machinery at $60.00. It is here we find Arthemize living with her parents: Daniel 48; Celina 42; and brothers and sisters, Heraclize 19, Stephanie 17, (Arthemize 15), Philias 12, Cezarise 10, Bruno 8, Henry 5, Virginie 2, and Herman 1. [Ed.'s Note: Information was taken from Quebec Census returns. Note difference in spellings of names.]

One presumes the Folley and Allain families knew each other as they lived in the same locale and, within a few years, two Folley girls married two of Jacques Allain's sons. It is recorded that his eldest son Jacques, after his first wife died, married Heraclize on January 12, 1885. However, some ten years earlier, Henri had married Arthemize Folley on July 27, 1875, in St. Casimir, following the publication of the three marriage banns. The church records contain the following: "Henri Allain, farmer with his own homestead at St. Ubald and being of legal age, married the underage daughter of Daniel Folley and Celina Leboeuf of St. Casimir. The young couple received the nuptial blessing in the presence of the witnesses which were both fathers of the bride and groom along with Edouard Allain, the groom's brother. They all signed as the bridal couple could not write."

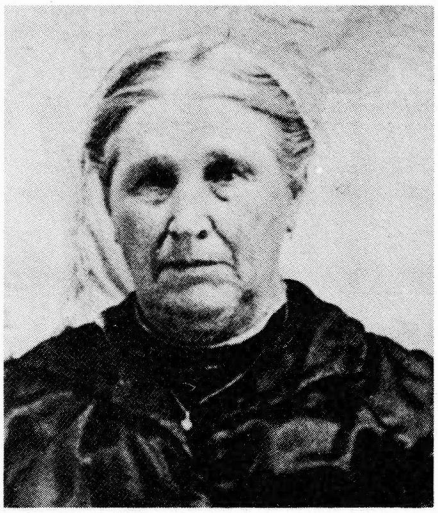
It is presumed Henri took his bride to his homestead which was approximately one mile from the village of St. Ubald and which happened to be across the road from his brother Jacques. Both raised their families here.

The month of January in 1890 was a time of sadness for the Allain family, as it was on the fourth day that Henri died at the young age of 43. Many relatives and friends attended Henri's funeral, a sign of respect and love for the man who had fathered eight children. The children born of this union with Arthemize Folley were Marie, Cezarise, Alphonse, Henri, Alfred, Bruno, Odelie, and Edouard. The baptismal records list all the boys names beginning with Joseph (e.g. Joseph Henri) and the girls with Marie. It must have been hard on this young woman of 34 years with eight small children depending on her for their survival. With the co-operation of all members of the family, they managed. When the boys were old enough they left home to work in the bush. And so it was that Henri, not being able to speak a word of English, left at the age of 14. He worked in a number of lumber camps in Quebec, Ontario, and in Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A., before heading west with his older brother Alphonse.

For Arthemize it must have been heartbreaking to say farewell to four of her sons - Henri, Alphonse, Bruno and Edouard. Each in turn left home and ventured west into the unknown. She never came West although she made plans to visit Henri and his wife, Alma, who lived in the North Battleford area close to Alphonse and his wife, Josephine, who was also Alma's sister.

Bruno came out in 1905 and settled in the Paradise Hill area where he farmed (his story is found in this book). Henri's oldest son related the following information about another of Henri's brothers: "Uncle Edouard was a plasterer and lived in Detroit and Los Angeles. He

never married and years later, following his death, a letter was sent from a lawyer to Henri who was then living in Veillardville, notifying him that the lawyer wished to settle Edouard's estate. Sometime later Henri and his brothers each received their share."



Arthemize (Folley) Alain.

We know Arthemize married three times in all. The first to Henri Allain, the second time to Nazaire Fugere on September 26, 1892, and on August 13, 1904 she married a third time - to Alfred Denis who was a twin. According to Cecile Gingras, a great niece of Arthemize, Alfred is remembered for singing in the church choir for some 50 years.

Following Alfred's death, Arthemize moved into St. Ubald where she lived close to the church. Cecile remembers her as being a jolly, good-living woman who loved having company. Many a time her family would stop at Arthemize's place for a short visit on their way to church. She always had biscuits and good candy which she passed to them. Cecile was 14 years old when Arthemize died and at that age one remembers certain things quite vividly. She remembers it being said that Arthemize died suddenly January 9, 1921, at night, after having eaten lunch during the evening with her friends. She was nearly 65 years old.

Cecile shares this old family recipe with us. It was written in French and the translation goes like this:

Salted Lard Cake
1 lb. lard - salted and mashed
1 pint water
Boil together 5 minutes.

Method
4 eggs, beaten
2 cups sugar
1 cup molasses

Mix 4 to 5 cups flour and 5 tsp. baking powder, 3 tsp. spices to suit your own taste. Mix all together with 1 lb. raisins and 1 pkg. of red and green cherries. Bake at 325° F. 2 hours or more.

ST. UBALD

submitted by Marlyne (Alain) Reindl

The information on St. Ubald, Quebec, was obtained from two books written on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of St. Ubald in 1971 as well as from the newspaper, *The Portneuf-Press*, November 25, 1971.

St. Ubald is a small village about twenty miles north of the St. Lawrence River and situated on Highway 363. When approaching this quiet town, one is immediately drawn to the church spire which towers over the tree tops. It was in this area that Simon Allain settled.

When Simon Allain settled in the Lorette area of Quebec, he could not have envisioned his family's contribution to the development of Quebec. One of his descendants, Jacques Alain, was a church trustee while other Alains were known as "cultivateurs". These men and women devoted themselves to building a new life for their families by clearing and making use of the forest; they plowed the land, built houses, and before long, villages and towns had sprung up. They established schools, built churches and, in these and many other ways, they developed a region unique to that part of Quebec. That was progress; however, back then in the 1600s, progress came slowly.

Life was difficult for the colonists of St. Ubald, but no one complained though others may have laughed at them wearing moccasins on their feet and pack sacks on their backs. They lived in cabins made of rough wood which were way out in the forest where there were no roads, just trails and lots of flies. It was true, they were not rich and most would admit, "Nous etaient casses comme des clous" (poor and broke as nails). According to Jules St. Germain, cultivateur-colonist, living in 1800 in St. Ubald, "These people were happy in their misery and were young, full of health, and most encouraging in helping their family and friends. Everyone did their best and were ambitious, stimulated by the

love of the land. Each one worked bit by bit and slowly the colony was organized."

The colonist families of this area attended church at St. Casimir which was a short distance away, but back then the journey probably took the better part of a day following the trail through the bush.

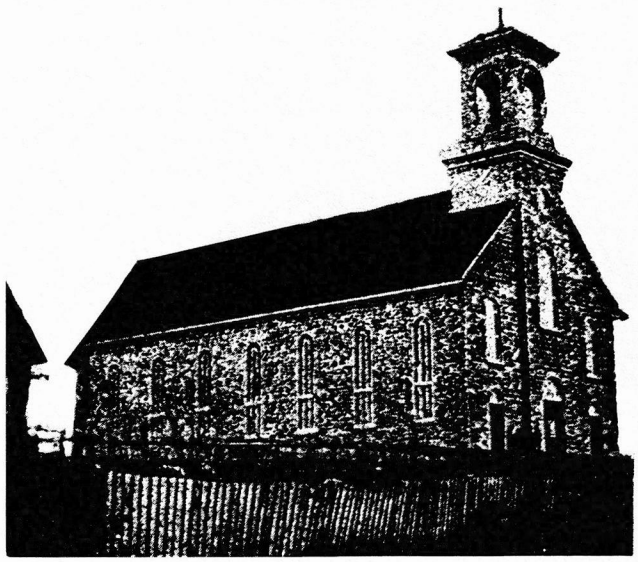
In 1865 the population of St. Ubald totalled 60 families and, with the numbers growing, it is understandable why the people chose to petition to have a church of their own. Rev. Belanger, priest at St. Casimir, enquired about the advantages and disadvantages of separating from St. Casimir. In 1866 a church decree was signed, giving them permission to separate, although it continued to be a mission of St. Casimir until 1871, when they acquired their first resident priest, Father Chevrotiere. He remained at St. Ubald until 1886. During this period of time a chapel was erected. The size indicated they had definitely built for the future as it was 45 by 36 feet. It served the area until 1881 when a new church was built. The chapel then became a rectory. Three hundred and seventy-eight baptisms were recorded between 1871 and 1880.

It was difficult to set up schools in the bush, but the settlers were determined their children would be educated. The farmers pooled their resources and built a number of small buildings. These buildings were spread throughout the area yet close to the settlers. To assist with the operation of these schools, a school board was organized. The first meeting took place in 1878.

Life among the pioneers of St. Ubald resembled that of any other colony in early days but was vastly different from our lifestyle of today in the 1980s:

- it was unheard of for a young couple, who was courting, to be left alone even for a few minutes. Whether they were quietly sitting in the parlour or enjoying a buggy ride along the concession, there was always a third person present.
- many men, young and the very young (some under the age of 15), left home in the fall to work in the bush. There they remained till spring to work as lumberjacks. This meant loneliness for them as well as for those left at home.
- witnesses at weddings were often male relatives or friends. There seemed to be no question of a matron of honour or bridesmaids.
- dancing was strictly forbidden. Other forms of entertainment were singing and story telling.
- many colonists could neither read nor write. In fact, many could not sign their names, yet they were able to make legal papers or contracts.
- families remained close to each other.

The census of St. Ubald in 1976 noted a population of 1,521. The main occupations were farming and dairy. If Simon Allain were with us today, I believe he would be pleasantly surprised by the vast improvement.



St. Ubald Church built in 1882.



Cecile Gingras and Marlyne in St. Ubald, Quebec, August 1984.

Part II - Alain Family Stories

HENRI DELPHICE ALAIN

Henri and Alma's story has been compiled with assistance from the Saskatchewan Archives; Alma's sister, Marie-Louise LaClare; Louis, Clara, Smokey and Rolland Alain; Yvonne O'Brien; Omer and Ida Cartier; and the Hudson Bay History Book, Valley Echoes.

Joseph Henri Delphice Alain was born January 25, 1882 in St. Ubald, Quebec. His parents were Henri and Arthemize (Folley) Alain. Young Henri left home in 1900 and lived in Sudbury, Ontario that year. From there he went to Duluth, U.S.A. where he worked in the bush. He had done this kind of work before in his native Quebec. Also, Henri had been engaged as a cheesemaker there.

Then, in the fall of 1902, Henri came west to Saskatchewan with his brother, Alphonse. The following spring, in April, Henri and Alphonse each applied for a homestead patent in the Jackfish area. While Henri cancelled his application less than a month later, Alphonse remained for a couple of years.

The presence of these two young men in the Jackfish district created some interest in at least one home. Moise L'Heureux, upon meeting them, invited the two Frenchmen to his log cabin for two of his daughters were of marriageable age. When Henri met Moise's oldest daughter, he was quite taken and was heard to remark, "Alma is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." Alphonse felt drawn to the second girl, Josephine, and soon after he began to court her. However, courtship for Henri was not as simple for his new homestead was many miles distant.

Henri's new location was the N.W. quarter of Section 16, Township 43, Range 13 West of the 3rd Meridian in the fertile area of Ruddell. Assuming squatter's rights at first, for he did not apply for his homestead patent until December 10, 1903, Henri set to work. He built a house of logs that measured fourteen by seventeen feet with a sod roof and floor. Its total cost was $75.00. Henri also worked at clearing the land and by late fall ten acres were broken. Then he left for Battleford where he worked from October through to April. He purchased two horses which were a great help when he returned to the land. He broke twenty acres the second year and sowed twenty-five acres. In that year of 1904 he built a log stable for his horses. After harvest he did not return to Battleford.

The following spring, Alphonse applied for another homestead after abandoning his first one. This time his quarter was on the same section as Henri's in the Ruddell area. No doubt the two brothers would have found the move one of mutual benefit.

In 1906 Henri acquired six oxen, while Alphonse had six horses. That year Alphonse cleared 32 acres, sowing fifteen of them, while Henri cleared eight and sowed thirty acres.

The year 1907 was an important one for Henri. In March he received the title to his homestead. Then on April 8 he married Alma L'Heureux in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Leon at Jackfish Lake with Alphonse and Josephine as their witnesses. Henri and Alma made a striking couple. Henri stood about five foot eleven though he seemed taller for he always carried himself very straight. His rich, reddish-brown hair belied his mild tempered nature. His blue eyes twinkled as he gazed upon his "beautiful Alma" with her hazel eyes and light brown hair which lay in soft waves. She was small boned and measured a few inches over five feet in height.



Henri & Alma's Wedding.

The newlyweds returned to the L'Heureux home for the festive meal. The following morning they left for Ruddell. It would take almost three days of travel before they would reach their home. However, Alma didn't mind for she knew that in a few short months Josephine would be her neighbor as Alphonse and her sister were to be wed in the summer.

When Alphonse and Josephine arrived in August shortly after their wedding on the fifth, Alma shared her good news with her sister. After several years of caring for her many brothers and sisters, Alma was now going to have a child of her own. As her time grew near, Henri prepared to take her to her aunt's in Delmas. There, at the Bellavance home, their first child was born on January 28, 1908. It was a very difficult birth for the little woman so it was fortunate that a midwife, a "vieux savagesse" had been sent for. A healthy son, Moise, was born. Alma remained a month with her kind aunt, Malvina, and family before returning home. Even then Alma's younger sister, Matilda, came to help for several weeks. Moise, her father's namesake, gave his mother much happiness and would long be her favorite.

A year passed. Again Alma was with child. A second son, Louis, was born at home on March 6 with the assistance of a local midwife. As Alma remained in bed for some time after, her sister came again to care for the babies and see to the housework. Matilda had her hands full that spring for Louis was a colicky baby who tried even the patience of his mother.

Alma's days were busy ones as she cared for her two small boys. She worked hard to keep their home neat and clean. Evenings were pleasant, though quiet; Alma knitted while Henri, a keen reader, relaxed with a good book or the *Ruddell News*, a local newspaper published by the town merchants.

In the spring of 1910 a third son was born. He died soon after. Henri built a small wooden box. The infant was buried in the local cemetery.

As the years passed, the Alain family increased with the birth of Yvonne Medirise on March 9, 1911;

Rolland Francois on October 27, 1913;

Marie Paule Jeanne on October 27, 1915;

Edithe Marie Blandine on December 21, 1917;

Berthe Marie on March 20, 1919;

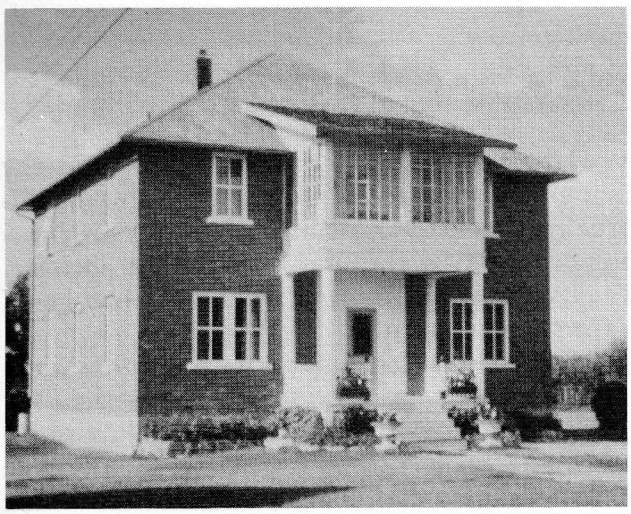
and Paul Emile Michael Joseph on October 6, 1920.

It was a fall day in 1920 when Henri drove to Battleford to bring Alma and Paul home from the hospital. With Paul's birth on October 6, Alma had the skillful help of a doctor as at the previous births of her daughters, Edithe and Berthe. Alma had learned in the hospital that Paul was troubled with poor digestion as most of her babies before him. She was given directions for a formula which she passed on to Marie-Louise, her younger sister, who was minding the children and would stay as long as Alma needed her.

Henri had moved his family into Delmas some ten years before. At first they lived in a simple wood shack. It was not very warm; in places you could see the 2 x 4's. The floors were kept up by oiling them. Then Henri began to make plans for a large home similar to those frequently seen in his native Quebec. His first step was to set up a sawmill. Once the saw, the

mandrel and other necessary parts were purchased, he built the rest. The mill was set up about a mile and a half from Delmas on the North Saskatchewan River. Henri was joined by a couple of men who also wished to build homes. Together they cut and sawed the black poplar logs.

When Henri's house was finished in 1917 it was a three-storied building, well built and roomy. It held six bedrooms on the second floor with a hall running down the centre. Alma was happy with her new home and was especially pleased when Henri saw to it that closets were built in each of the bedrooms. Downstairs, maple cupboards lined the west wall in the kitchen. This was where the family usually ate except, of course, on Sundays and on special occasions when the dining room was used. French doors opened from here into the living room. A large master bedroom and an office for the man of the house completed the main floor. There was enough space on the third floor for another four rooms but, as their needs were well cared for, this part of the house had not been finished. The floors were hardwood and were kept shining by the girls. A wood furnace with a grate in the centre of the floor heated their large home. The staircase ran up the middle of the house to the top floor and from there to a trap door which allowed you to step outside where you could walk around the roof for an excellent view of Delmas. A three-foot parapet made the little balcony safe. Looking down, you could see the large brick veranda with wooden posts on the front of the house. With the purchase of a thirty-two volt power plant and a gas washing machine, their home was complete and rather modern.



The Alain house in Delmas.

Situated on the edge of town in the northeast corner, their home was a half mile from school. Yet the Alain children were often late and, on these occasions, were scolded by the Sisters. Alma valued the educational opportunities provided for their children as her own schooling had lasted only a few years. However, she had continued to learn through her own efforts and, in time, she mastered reading and writing in both English and French. She looked forward to each of their boys attending the Catholic Boys' College at Gravelbourg. The Priests and the Brothers would be a good influence on her rambunctious and wild-scheming boys. Their rough ways were apparent; they were never able to keep a back on a chair.

Even the boys themselves - now men - admit to their mischief as in the following incidents related by Moise, better known as "Smokey." (Moise had been given this nickname by his Uncle Archie. One of the stories told is that Uncle Archie was so impressed with Moise's speed in running that Uncle said, "The lad ran so fast, he made smoke!")

"Louis and I were always up to something. One Saturday, Dad had to go to a municipal council meeting. As soon as he was gone down the road and turned the corner to Battleford, Louis and I decided we were going to move the shack which was actually the old house. We quickly dragged some eveners, got some twine and came in with eight chickens. All of a sudden Dad was coming back into the yard and asked what we were doing to which we said, 'Nothing', and away he went again.

Mother came out and said, 'You little beggars, quit that. I'm going to tell your Dad when he comes back.'

We told her to go back into the house and do her own work."

Another story related by Smokey is the following:

"Another Saturday, some years later, Dad told Louis and I to go to Section 8 and bring back the two hay racks that were there. When we got there we had to do something. There was an old house but we couldn't move it. Off to the side was a breaking plow which gave us the idea of breaking up the nice yard a bit. We broke the yard up going first in one direction and then in another and so on till we grew tired of that. Then back to what we were supposed to do - bring the hay racks home. Now the racks were facing back to back so we decided to tie them like that and

haul them home - back to back. We went about 100 yards and one wheel started to come off. Both of us were laughing. We couldn't lift the wheel back on as it hadn't fallen completely off. There was a box on top of the wheel and it was leaning on it. In the meantime Dad returned from his meeting and, seeing that we weren't home, he decided to check on us. So he and a neighbor came over and found us trying to cover up what had happened. He was not too amused when he saw the two racks back to back. We told him that was how we found them - and we thought they'd go that way. Dad said, "Don't you know better than that? You can't go backwards with these wheels - they fall off!"

Although Henri did reprimand the youngsters on occasion, for the most part he was easy going. At times when Alma needed his support to keep the children in line, his reply was often, "Tu un s'appeur les autres" (Ah, kill one and scare the rest).

All the same, Henri was a good father. He spent many Sundays playing with his family. Together they enjoyed ball and cricket while cards were the favorite indoor pastime. At an early age each youngster was taught cribbage and bridge.

Not much excited Henri. One day he was sitting in his chair reading the newspaper. As he was holding it in both hands in front of him, one of the youngsters crept up, struck a match and left quickly. Then the flame caught his eye; his newspaper was on fire! Rather quietly and with little fuss, he extinguished the fire.

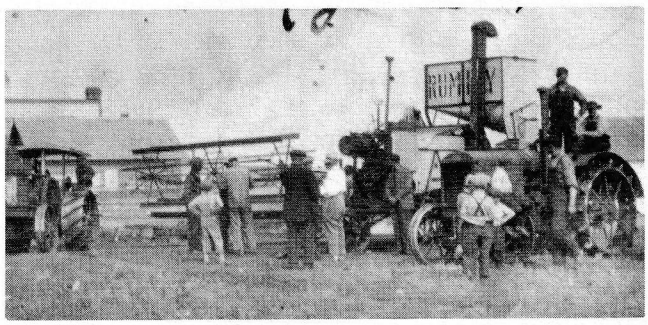
Another time he lost a good team of horses from swamp fever. Henri took the news calmly. Alma remonstrated with him, "But it was your best team, Henri." He replied, "If I didn't have any horses, I couldn't lose them."

Often folks took advantage of Henri's nature. It is said that a good many owed him money. When he would go to collect, he would see the financial need of the family so the matter of the bill would be shelved. Very often Henri never saw the money.

In every large family there was always much to be done and the Alain family was no different. The children were expected to carry their share of the daily chores. The girls could not have found a finer teacher than their mother in the culinary skills. Her bread was very good and was turned out in quantities of fourteen to fifteen loaves at each baking. She was known for her delicious cream puffs, doughnuts and fudge. Alma was able to use that which the land offered, be it dandelion greens, rabbit, partridge, prairie chicken or their homegrown vegetables to make a tasty and filling meal. Visitors were frequent guests at her table; on Sundays it was not uncommon to have eighteen or nineteen gathered around. Everybody was always welcome, whether they were strangers passing through, temporary help or friends which the children brought home.

While the girls learned the skills needed in the home, the boys helped with the outside work of the farm. Henri always had at least twenty-five head of cattle, with the number reaching over a hundred one winter. That fall Henri had gone to Winnipeg with his father-in-law, Moise L'Heureux. Each had purchased two carloads of steers for their feed was plentiful and come spring, they sold the feeders. As well, Henri kept between twenty and twenty-five horses. There would be up to seven foals each spring.

So there were always plenty of chores for the boys and often, at a young age, they began to take on adult responsibilities. Louis was only ten years old when he began to ride the range each summer. At eleven Smokey began to drive the tractor. The first was a Mogul which was later replaced by a 1527 Case, followed by a larger Case tractor.



On the far left is Henri's first tractor, a 10-20 Mogul. The combine was also Henri's. Roy's store at Delmas, 1927.

Henri readily accepted progress and the changes that followed. In partnership with his brother-in-law, Arthur L'Heureux, Henri bought the first threshing machine in Delmas. The engine was an International 1020 Mogul with a Goodison separator.

Harvest for Henri, his boys and other hired hands lasted from early fall till Christmas, for they threshed over a large area, travelling as far northwest as Paynton. Later Henri bought a fifteen-foot Rumley combine, the first pull-type in Delmas. With this labor-saving machine, the

large threshing crew was no longer needed.

Henri had the first car in Delmas. It was a McClaughland or Maxwell and had been purchased from Moise L'Heureux. Alma's father sold it because he had several boys and the car created friction among them; instead, Moise bought each lad a horse and sold the car. It is interesting to note that some years later Henri did not purchase a license for his car for the same reason.

One day Henri began to seriously consider a move for the family. He had heard about land that was available in the bush country close to Hudson Bay Junction. Although he was considering another sawmill, his main concern was for his boys as the older ones were now eighteen and nineteen years of age. So, in November of 1927, Henri went to see the White Poplar Settlement, a few miles west of the Junction. It was bush country covered with a second growth

- probably the result of a forest fire in the early years. There were many willow, fir, birch, tamarack, spruce and bluffs of white poplar in this northerly district.

On this, Henri's first visit, the area boasted a railroad siding where Louis Veillard's sawmill was located. There was also a store owned and operated by Louis and his wife. There was a school. It had the same name as the settlement: White Poplar. The school had opened some years earlier.

The next month Henri, accompanied by his sons, Smokey and Louis, and another resident from Delmas, Louis Strasser, went to the Land Office in Prince Albert where Smokey applied for his homestead patent. Then, early in the new year, Henri and Strasser went back to the White Poplar area. This time they built a shack on a knoll of land belonging now to Smokey. The shack would be for the boys. On January 24, 1928, Henri applied for his homestead, the Southeast Quarter of Section 20, Township 45, Range 4, West of the 2nd Meridian. Henri also purchased some land from Angus Pulchenski, the Southeast Quarter of Section 9.

It was here that Louis helped his dad build a house for the family. There was already a large barn and a few shacks on the place for Angus had homesteaded here some ten years earlier. The granaries served as living quarters while Henri and his son worked. They began building while it was still winter so when the family arrived in April, the house was ready.

When the time came to move, Louis travelled by freight with six head of horses, the sleigh, cutter, feed and some of the furniture. The journey took three days; the first night the freight stopped at Humboldt, the second was spent at Melfort.

However, when White Poplar Siding was reached, the conductor informed them that they would need to continue on to Hudson Bay as they were running short of coal and couldn't risk stopping. Louis arrived at Hudson Bay at 11:30 that night.

In the meantime, Henri was waiting at the Siding for he had travelled down on the passenger train and so had arrived earlier. Undeterred, he simply walked the six miles to the Junction and found Louis who had bedded down at Marcotte's Hotel. As it was sometime after midnight when Henri arrived, they waited until morning to unload their belongings, then started for home. It was Sunday. That night they, along with Charlie Paradis, slept in Louis Veillard's bunkhouse. They did not put in a good night and in the morning they discovered why. They had picked up body lice. This meant they needed to wash their underwear and bedding in boiling water.

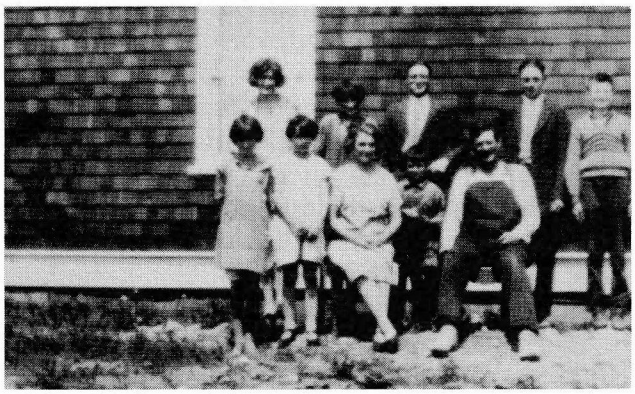


First Sunday in Hudson Bay Junction, 1928.Charlie Paradis (pouring water in Henri's Model T). Standing: Joe Pichette, Rolland and Smokey at side.

The move was not an easy one for Alma. It meant leaving her large home in Delmas equipped with many conveniences. As well, she found the hundreds of miles an obstacle separating her from her sisters. Arriving at their new home set in bush country, Alma was convinced that this new land of Henri's was fit only for the Indians and the mosquitos.

Soon after Alma became ill. Her recovery was slow and took several months. Whether it was due to her illness or a lack of interest in the new land, Alma's presence was not generally known to the community at large. In time the ladies of

the district were heard to remark, "We were not certain in those years if there was a Mrs. Alain." When she did go to visit, it was usually to the home of Rachel Strasser whom Alma had known in Delmas.



On the farm at Veillardville. Back row L.R.: Yvonne, Marie Paule, Smokey, Louis, Rolland. Front L.R.: Edithe, Berthe, Alma, Paul, Henri.

That fall Henri rented Louis Veillard's sawmill. The mill was located between the railroad tracks and the future site of the Catholic Church. October saw the first snowfall and that was when Smokey and Louis began skidding logs.

Once cut down, the trees were limbed then cut into twelve- or fourteen-foot lengths to be dragged along the trail to where the logs would be loaded. One of their cousins, Joe Pichette, was hired by Henri in December to build two large logging sleighs. They were almost finished when the building in which the sleighs were being constructed caught fire. Everything was destroyed. The financial loss to Henri was close to a thousand dollars and he was still without a sleigh. It was January when the sleighs were finished and Louis began hauling logs out. Using two teams, he hauled a total of twenty-four miles each day.

In April Henri began working on the mill; he wanted it to be in running order by the end of that month. Unfortunately, they had only sawed a few days when the crankshaft on the steam engine broke. Henri took the train to Saskatoon where he traded his combine which was still in Delmas for a larger steam engine. The engine was loaded onto a flatcar for the trip. When they arrived at the Siding they used logs to unload the engine. However, the logs were green and slippery and the large engine was upset on the main line of the railroad. A crew made up of local men came and, using a stump puller, they were finally able to put the engine back on its wheels. In the spill a gear had broken so it was sometime before the sawmill was operating.

That spring, while the mill was shut down, Smokey and Louis worked on building a road north of the Siding. Using horses they cleared brush and removed stumps. Then the land was broken, disced and finally graded. It was considered one of the best roads in that part of the country.

In the summer there was always land to clear for farming. Louis had his own homestead by the spring of 1929. Then, too, Henri had purchased another quarter, this time from Russell Carter. By the early forties, Henri had passed the Pulchenski farm to Paul and Louis acquired the Carter land from his dad.

Back in 1933-34 Henri had a smaller mill on his farm. In 1941 this mill was moved three miles south of Mile 9. Henri continued to operate this mill each winter until 1946 or '47 at which time his son, Rolland, and Art Lamontagne purchased the mill.

In 1936 Henri contracted to haul sawdust. This was shipped to the Prairies where it was used as poison bait for the grasshoppers. Henri was helped by Rolland in this task, one which lasted for three years.

In the early fifties Henri and Alma purchased the house from Slim Rothpletz's mink farm. The house was moved to a site a couple hundred yards from Smokey's home. Alma was especially pleased with the new location. Shortly after, she and Henri were settled into their little home where they remained for many years.



Back row L.R.: Alma, Ronald, Lorne in Henri's arms. Middle: Dawn, Darlene, Lillian McGratten. Front: Maxine, Gabrielle, Marlyne.

It was around 1952 when Henri was seventy years young that he retired. Shortly after, he was approached by the Forestry Branch to take on the duties of a tower man. The local history book, *Valley Echoes*, tells us that the combined Porcupine and Pasquia Forest Reserves covered 1,055 square miles. Lookout towers were located as to allow a better view of the area. At first the towers were constructed of wooden poles to a height of forty feet. They were replaced in later years by steel structures with a lookout cabin on top. One such tower located at Mile 13, north of Greenbush, was to be Henri's responsibility. His tower stood eighty feet high. Climbing this was a feat in itself considering Henri's age. His duties were to spot smoke and potential fires and report them by phone to the Forestry Branch.

Once at the tower, Henri usually remained for the week. He drove home Saturday evenings. After attending Mass Sunday mornings, he would collect his supplies and return to the tower. Henri's fire tower duties lasted but a few years.

In July of 1957, Alma and Henri celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary beginning with Mass in Saint Anthony's Church in Veillardville. This was followed by a Come and Go Tea at their home. Also, the Veillardville community held a social in their honor.



Alma and Henri on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

In the fall of 1960 Henri suffered a stroke which left him severely handicapped. Following a period in the Union Hospital at Hudson Bay, Henri was moved to the Geriatric Centre at Melfort, Saskatchewan. It was here that he died December 19, 1967.

Alma took up residence shortly after in a little wood-frame house in the yard of her daughter's home. Alma enjoyed reading and letter writing for she corresponded frequently with a goodly number of her children and grandchildren. She was always so pleased to receive letters that she lost no time in replying. She also delighted in the many visitors who called. And always the grandchildren warmed her heart in a special way. Together, they would play cards and be treated to the many bonbons she always had on hand.



Alma enjoys her little home close to Edithe.

Her interest in her large family lent purpose to her days. She looked forward to Sunday when she could serve her family as she had in the past. On this day, some made a point of visiting her after they'd been to Mass. Alma prided herself on still being able to do everything herself as she served tea and sandwiches. She and her visitors would reminisce of things of the past, look at old family photos and exchange bits of family news - Alma was interested in each of her thirty-eight grandchildren, forty-six great grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren.

She was hospitalized shortly before her 95th birthday in the Hudson Bay Union Hospital. Family and friends continued to call on her daily. It was here that she remained under the care of her "good Doc Silver" while she was looked after by the many kind nurses who cared and ministered to her in her later years. And it was here that she ended her days on December 15, 1982, at the grand age of ninety-nine. Alma was laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery at Hudson Bay beside Henri.

MOISE (SMOKEY) ALAIN

I was born in Delmas, Saskatchewan, on January 28, 1908, the eldest child of the Henri and Alma Alain family. Shortly after my birth we moved to Ruddell, Sask., where we lived with Uncle Alphonse and Aunt Josephine. He was Dad's brother who was married to Mother's sister.



Moise about 2 years.

Our home was a small sod shack which had a dirt floor and a couple of curtains which were used for partitions.

Dad and Uncle Alphonse freighted between Battleford and Saskatoon for a few years after which they worked on the grade for the bridge at Battleford before returning to Delmas where Dad built a much bigger house.

Our new home was indeed a much bigger house - in fact, it was a very large house - six bedrooms upstairs and one large one downstairs which was Mother and Dad's. The living room must have been twenty feet by twenty feet and off of it was a parlor which had two big glass doors. On the same floor was another room that was supposed to be an office but all it ever contained was an old rough desk, some flour, harness and junk like that. The kitchen was big but not too large. All of the neighbors had suggested they not build a big kitchen but Dad should not have listened to them as we really lived in our kitchen. We used to do our homework and play cards in there all the time. The parlor was only used when the boys came calling on the girls.

Dad had a half section of land which meant lots of work for all of us. Dad and Uncle Alphonse worked together for a while as they got along very well together. In fact, one never heard a word while they worked. Uncle Alphonse was a hard worker and Dad once said of his brother that Alphonse did twenty loads of hay by himself in one day. One would think he was a big man but he wasn't -- mind you, he was a jolly, easy-going guy. Everyone got along with him. Aunt Josephine could play the accordian to beat the band. I believe she was the only one of the L'Heureux children to play a musical instrument.

I went to school in Delmas where I started at the age of seven and, for a while, did not do well so Mother and Dad sent me to the French College in Gravelbourg for two years. After that things got much easier for me. I won a medal in French during my last year. I know I could have done much better if I had applied myself. It cost $28.00 a month to attend the college - this included everything. My brother, Louis, came to Gravelbourg during my last year. He found school difficult - mind you, it seemed he had his mind on other things as he was always in trouble!

My name is really Moise, named after my maternal grandfather, but I have been known as Smokey most of my life. Uncle Archie (Mother's brother) and I would play tennis and, when I missed the ball, Uncle Archie would teasingly say, "Missed again, eh Moise?" I'd get mad and call him all kinds of names. Later when Archie was at home, he would relate to the whole L'Heureux family how he had really gotten Moise that day: "I really got him smoking today" and, from then on, they called me "Smokey". Tennis is one sport I've enjoyed and, later on, I got to play fairly well.

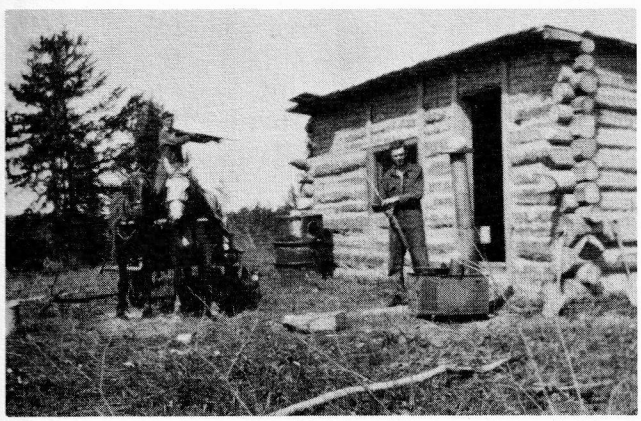
I used to spend my summer holidays at Granddad L'Heureux's place at least for four or five years. One day Granddad was on his way to Battleford and he asked Louis and me what we'd like from town - a sleigh or candies? Louis said, "I want candies" and so I was left with the sleigh - which lasted a lot longer than Louis' candies!

Granddad L'Heureux liked candies and always had some on hand. Usually they were hid

in a big desk. Now, he did not hand them out easily. One had to perform first! He used to make us kids dance, jig or sing before we received our treats. My first cousins, Henry L'Heureux and Hervé Nolin, both remember this, too.

I just loved the horses and Granddad had lots of them! I was about twelve years old when Granddad gave me my last horse. Louis was staying at Uncle Alphonse's place one summer and Alphonse was going someplace so he dropped Louis off at Granddad's place where I was. Uncle Toni, Uncle Pete and I each had a saddle horse and, as there were only three horses, it meant one of us didn't get a horse. Pretty soon a fight started when one of the uncles would open the corral gate and I would close it. Then someone else would open the gate and close it while the other one would try to get a horse - my horse. This went on for some time and I was getting madder as I didn't want them to take my horse. Things settled down for awhile. Then Uncle Wilfrid and Uncle Pete got into a helluva drunk and they were coming over the hill, whooping and hollering. Granddad grabbed the old piss pot from upstairs and, when they got closer, he let them have it! Aunt Rose started to blame Louis and me for all the trouble so Louis yelled back at them, "Mange la...." and took off as fast as he could run!

Uncle Toni was five to six years older than I was and Uncle Wilfrid about eight older. They both had a bedroom upstairs and would offer me bribes to sleep with them. One offered me five dollars while the other offered me all of his pictures.



Shack on Smokey's homestead. Smokey on wagon with Charlie Paradis.

When my brothers, Louis and Rolland, and I got to the age of possibly settling down, Dad decided to go look for land. Someone had told him there was land up north so away Dad went to investigate. When he came back, he drove us to the land titles office in Prince Albert to take out our claims. Dad, Louis and I all got a half section for ten dollars with the only requirement that we make improvements by clearing the land and possibly build on it. In the fall of 1928, with all of our belongings including machinery loaded into boxcars, we made off for our new home at Veillardville. Dad settled across from White Poplar School and began clearing the land. Shortly afterwards, he operated a sawmill south of Veillardville.

The Cockwill family homesteaded north of Veillardville - right at the fireguard. They had a lovely daughter, Verna, who I wanted to take out but was too shy to ask! Anyhow, Rolland beat me to it. He took Verna to a dance at the school but Rolland couldn't dance. All he could do was square dance so I ended up with Verna! Later, she worked for me in my store and, in the fall of 1933, we were married in Flin Flon, Manitoba. Following our wedding, we boarded the train for Hudson Bay and arrived at 4:30 A.M. Verna and I had to walk out to Veillardville as the train didn't go any further at that time of night. A few nights later a number of our neighbors woke us up and shivareed us!

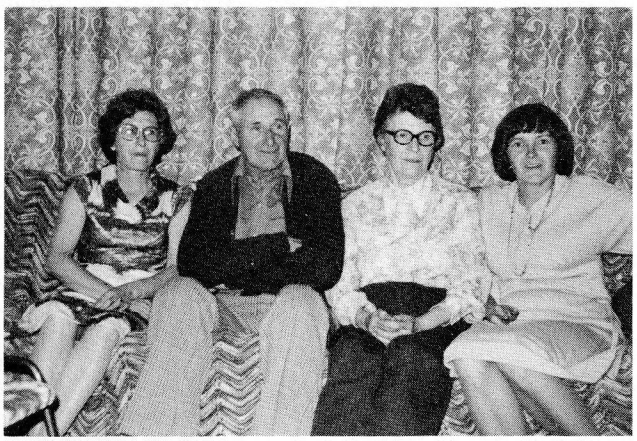


Smokey and Verna in 1933. Their store north of hall on east side of the road.

We lived in a small house north of the hall for approximately ten years. During this time our first child, Dawn, was born. I remember the night Verna and the baby arrived home from the Tisdale Hospital. It was a cold January mail

night and I was busy in the store filling grocery orders when the train pulled in. A good neighbor, George Laplante, helped Verna off the train. Years later we moved the house across the road, added on and renovated it. But I'll always remember our first house, as I had built it for $125.00 hard cash. I made the bricks for the chimney - in fact, they were too thin and when they dried they shrank quite a bit. I made doors and windows all out of rough lumber. The breakfast nook in our home was made out of rough lumber and sanded down.

Our family consisted of two daughters: **Dawn**, who was born in Tisdale January 25, 1936, and **Lynn**, born in Hudson Bay June 3, 1944. Both girls attended White Poplar School, married, have families and today reside in Birch Hills, Sask.

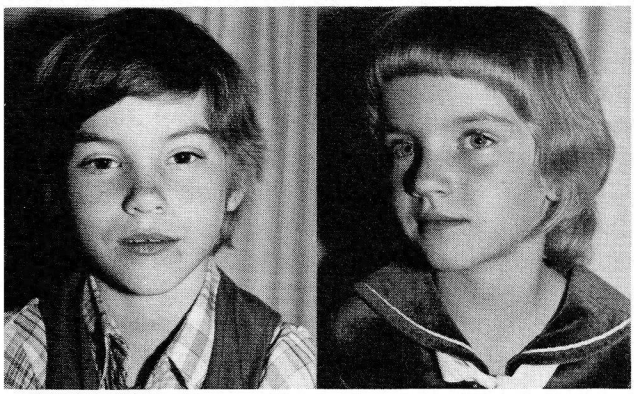


Dawn, Smokey, Verna and Lynn.

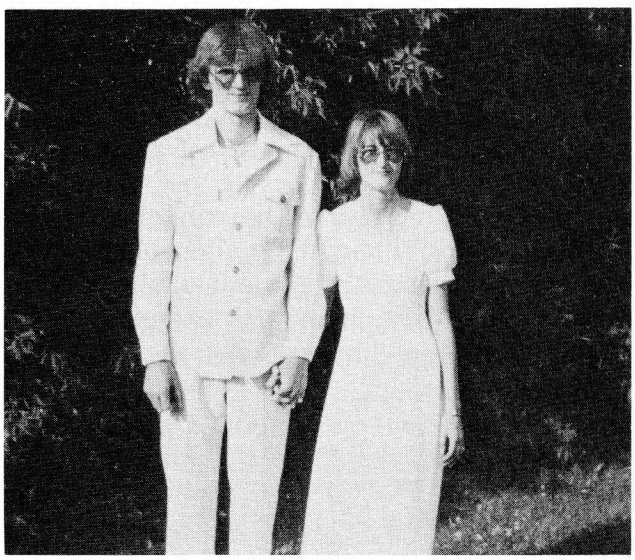
While we were farming, we had ten to twelve head of cattle and milked a cow or two. There was more work when we had cattle and slowly we got rid of them. We operated our store for thirty years and have many fond memories of hours spent visiting with those who came for groceries. I retired in 1963, then I went to work for McMillan Bloedel for four years, Macleods for five years and then to the Plywood Factory for three months. I took an active role in the affairs of the community: secretary of White Poplar School Board, treasurer of Veillardville Community Hall and was on the Board of the Hudson Bay Union Hospital.

Life in Veillardville was most interesting - the people made it that way. When times were hard, everyone pulled together and helped each other. I remember when Ed Block's dad died, I was asked by Ed to arrange for having the coffin made. Gus Vanderbilt built the coffin, Mrs. Rachel Strasser upholstered it on the inside and outside, while Bill Cockwill made the necessary handles.

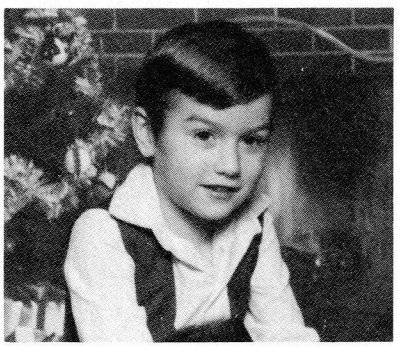
Verna and I are enjoying our retirement. We lived in our home by the tracks until the fall of 1985, when we sold our farm and moved into Hudson Bay where we presently live in our new home on Churchill Street. We still enjoy gardening, picking berries, playing cards and reading.



Granddaughter, Wendy's children, Carlyn and Christy.



Granddaughter, Shawna and Ralph Upton.



Lonny Upton.

LOUIS AND CLARA (LESSARD) ALAIN

For the most part their story is written down as it was given to me. However, some members of their families, Lessard and Alain, have also contributed.

Louis Alfred Alain was born on March 6, 1909, to Alma and Henri Alain in Ruddell, Saskatchewan. Ruddell is situated on the C.N.R. line about 22 miles southeast of North Battleford. In the February 1907 issue of the newly published local newspaper, *The Ruddell News*, Ruddell was described as part of the "vast prairie with fertile soil lying along the great North Saskatchewan River with here and there an occasional bluff." It was here that Louis' father brought his bride in 1907 and here on their farm that Louis began his days.

It was his father's practice to go to Delmas for supplies following the spring breakup. Henri would register Louis' birth at this time. Whether the spring was exceedingly late or whether other thoughts filled Henri's mind is not known but the registration never took place. Some sixty years later, Alma filled in a parent affidavit testifying to Louis' birth.

Older members of his mother's family recall that, as a youngster, Louis was one of a kind and had a mind of his own as demonstrated in the following incident. Edith Pichette, a cousin who had been hired as a housekeeper, took great pride in having well-washed floors. Now, having just done the floors one day, she had warned Louis, who was pestering to come inside, that he should wait a few minutes until the floor had dried completely. However, to test her he decided to take a chance and walked bravely into the room - only to be met by the one and only Edith who proceeded to take him over her knee. That day Louis met "the Board of Education" -- words that he used when disciplining his own children years later.

While Louis was still a toddler, Henri moved the family to Delmas where he purchased land. Louis attended the small two-room school and was taught by the Sisters. He enjoyed playing football and horseback riding. He remembers, "I learned to ride when I was seven years old. We had free range cattle and it was my job to round them up."

However, Louis' fondness for horses sometimes got him into trouble. His sister, Yvonne, relates:

"He would rather ride horses than attend catechism on Sunday afternoons. He and our cousin, Phillippe (we used to call them the two Apostles), would ride out on the prairies and look for stray horses. They were like two desperadoes galloping with the wind, not a care in the world until old Father Wattell got hold of our dear old, good-natured, Dad and that was the end of their little escapades."



The little cowboys: Louis, Rolland and Smokey.

Then there were times when Louis and his older brother, Smokey, got into trouble together. Smokey tells us:

"One fall Dad and a big crew of men were threshing about one-quarter mile from our house. Louis and I wanted to help pitch sheaves but the men wouldn't leave us in the rack. So I told Louis, 'Let's wait till noon and as soon as they are gone for dinner, we'll start the engine.' When Dad had turned around and was far enough away, we started the engine by pulling on the belt. Sure enough it started - putt, putt, putt - away it went! We were both so excited we were jumping up and down. Then we laid out our plan. Each of us would be in a wagon and we would take turns pitching in sheaves. This way we wouldn't plug the belt up."

"Now when Dad reached home, Mother questioned him as to where the boys were. Dad glanced through the window and answered surprised, 'Why they're threshing, those little beggers - they've started the engine!'"

"As soon as we had threshed each of our loads, we stopped the engine and ran proudly towards home where we told everyone what we'd done. Dad just turned to us and said, 'Yes, I know what you've been doing - you've been threshing!' It sure was a good thing everything went well!"

In time the boys grew to be more responsible

and were a big help on the farm after school. When Louis was 14, his father taught him how to drive the binder. From this time on he stayed home in the fall to help with harvest.

About this time Louis attended Gravelbourg College for one year with his brother, Smokey. However, the little cowboy soon returned to the farm, his horses and riding. Louis often helped his uncles to break horses as they felt he had a special way with horses. He rode well and one year after the family moved - in either 1928 or '29 - Louis took all firsts in the racing events held at Hudson Bay's Sports Day.

But the day was coming when the horse would be replaced by the car and, on the farms, by the tractor. Henri already had both -- a car and a tractor.

On a fall day in 1921 just after Louis' youngest brother, Paul, was born, his father asked Smokey and Louis if they wished to accompany him to Battleford. And so the three of them set off. Louis tells us about the events that followed:

"After Dad's visit with Mother in the hospital, we left for home. Joe Duvald caught a ride home with us. On the way, the car broke down so the four of us began walking. Dad set quite a pace for he was a good walker. Smokey didn't have much trouble keeping up but it was different for me as I had a bad hip at the time. Joe trailed behind carrying a bottle and occasionally hollering ahead, 'Henri, stop! We'll have a drink!' But Dad was not to be sidetracked for he hoped we would meet up with the evening train known as the Battleford Jet. After walking about eight miles across country, Dad was able to phone Battleford to see if the train had gone by. You can imagine our disappointment when he told us it had left Battleford four hours ago. By this time it was 2:30 a.m. so Dad decided we'd spend the night with a family by the name of Prince. They lived about a half mile from the track. Later that morning we caught the train and returned to Battleford where Dad hired the taxi to take us back to Delmas, but not before making arrangements to have the car towed to a garage."

Prior to the spring of 1928, Louis and his father went to the White Poplar Settlement where they built a house. The rest of the family moved in April. Henri and Smokey each applied for a homestead. Louis applied for his 160 acres in January 1929. It was the northwest quarter of Section 21 and was 2 miles north of the Siding which was now known as Veillardville.

The next few years were busy ones for Louis. He cleared land, worked at his father's sawmill, and built a road with Smokey north to their farms. Also during these years, Louis returned to Delmas to help with harvest. In the winter of 1932-33 he went to Flin Flon, Manitoba, where he hauled firewood. In 1934 Louis began working as a mechanic for the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company in Flin Flon.

Although Louis was kept busy during these years he still found time for the fairer sex. In Yvonne's words, "Louis met one of the local belles, namely Irene Walton. Of course, what attracted him to her was her beautiful horse, Sandy. They entered Sandy in a few races; needless to say, Sandy won." But, in the long run, it was another of the local "belles" who won Louis' heart.

Clara Lessard, at sixteen, was blossoming into a striking young lady with her brown eyes and chestnut brown hair. Up until their brief but meaningful encounter one summer night, Louis had given Clara little notice. Perhaps it had something to do with the difference in their ages.

Clara's family had moved to Veillardville from Delmas the same year as Louis' family had come. Born in Meota on November 24, 1919, to Rachel and Joe Lessard, Clara Edith was their fourth child. Her earliest recollections are of the carefree times she spent running and playing on their farm in the Meota District which bordered Delmas on the north.

However, these pleasant memories are shadowed with the tragic loss of her father and oldest brother, George, when she was four and a half years old. She shares some of the events of that spring day in 1924:

"I remember Martin, Gene and I following Mother to the barn to milk the cows 'cause Dad was on the other farm. It was seeding time and George had gone with him. He had helped Dad by driving one team of horses while Dad drove the other. Also, from the other farm, George would be closer to school."

"When we returned from the barn, there was a car pulling into the yard. It was the Doctor and he asked Mother, 'Where is Joe?' After she told the Doctor that Dad was on the other farm, he wheeled around and left, telling her only that there had been an accident."

"So then Mother got Joe out of bed; he was just a baby. She got us dressed and we went over to Iversons where Mother phoned Dad's brother, Uncle Fred. She learned that both Dad and George had been badly burned when the wood

stove exploded inside the granary where they spent the night. After Dad lit the fire he went out to feed the horses and when he returned, he found the fire had almost gone out. He took what he thought was a coal oil can from outside the door. When he poured some on the fire it exploded. The fall before, Dad had some Indians working for him; they had bought gas and put it in the coal oil can. Of course, Dad had no way of knowing. Although both he and George were badly burned, they managed to walk to Uncle Fred's."

"By the time that Mr. Iverson drove us over to Uncle Fred's, the Doctor had realized the severity of Dad and George's burns and had phoned for the ambulance. Everyone was very quiet and, while most of the adults were in the bedroom where George lay, I sneaked upstairs. I remember wondering why everyone was talking quietly. Dad was in the first room at the top of the stairs. I went in and looked at him; he was just lying there as if he were sleeping. In my little mind I questioned what all the fuss was about."

"Shortly after, the ambulance came and took Dad and George to the hospital in North Battleford. Dad died the next morning and George about two weeks later. Even after several weeks I did not fully understand what had happened. I remember asking my mother when Dad would be back. She broke down and cried. It was a very difficult time for her."

Clara continues to tell us about those early years:



Clara Lessard, 1923.

"We stayed on the farm that summer. Then, when the garden and crop were harvested, we moved to Delmas into a little house which had just been built for us. Ma rented the farm and we took a cow and a few chickens to town with us. We even raised a pig or two. We sold milk every day 'cause I remember Gene and I used to take the milk at night to a couple of farms. One family had eight or nine kids and we used to take them a couple pails of milk each evening. I don't remember how much money Ma got -- it couldn't have been very much, but things weren't so high so even twenty cents a day would buy enough flour to bake for the whole family. So, with Ma's rent from the farm and the bit of income we made in Delmas, we managed."

"Then Ma married again, this time to Louis Strasser. He had come to Delmas from Cudworth -- it may have been in the Cudworth area that Louis had first met John Diefenbaker. This was a relationship that was rekindled, even if briefly, some twenty years later. Anyway, Strasser arrived in Delmas with Charlie Paradis. Ma and Strasser were married in the summer of '27 and, in the spring of 1928, we moved to Veillardville."

"It was not all work -- we used to play a lot and run around. Sometimes we played with Edithe, Berthe and Paul Alain. They had older brothers and sisters but I don't really remember them. Usually, Martin and I played together; one time, though, we got into trouble. We were going to fry bananas so we made a little fire right near some straw. It was somebody's load of straw to bed their cattle for the winter but it was outside. When the straw caught fire, everyone in town came running. I sure got heck and I remember that Ma had been sewing a dress for me at that time. After the fire, the dress was put away and I didn't get it for quite a while."

"When we left Delmas, I couldn't figure out why we were moving. I was very satisfied with my little life. When we moved to Veillardville we saw a lot of bush -- it was nothing like Delmas. We bought the farm that had belonged to Moodies for a thousand dollars. It was supposed to have four acres broke but I don't really know where it was. Instead of taking the trail or path, we would jump from stump to stump to go to Quinns, our neighbors. The farm was a quarter section with a twenty-four by twenty-four foot log house, and a couple of old barns."

"That first summer we had a sow with little pigs and one morning Ma got everyone up in a hurry. The pigs were swimming! It had rained so

heavily that the creek had overflowed. The meadow was covered with water; even the pig house was floating toward the creek. Later, we found we could go rafting -- a great way to have fun!"

"Things were not going smoothly at home with Ma and Strasser. There was a lot of friction; finally, they split up. That winter Ma moved into Hudson Bay: things were really bad. The school was closed in Veillardville as no one had been able to pay their taxes."

"It was about this time that I started working steady for the Eyford family in Hudson Bay. They were one of Ma's customers while we lived on the farm -- buying our farm products and, in the summer when the roads were good, they drove out and picked fresh vegetables as they were ready. Sometimes Mrs. Eyford would ask Ma to let me go back with them. At first, I went more for fun than anything else. Then Mrs. Eyford asked me to go for a weekend, later requesting my help for a week, explaining she needed me to do some housecleaning. It was fun for me 'cause it was such easy work compared to chores on the farm."

"Mr. Eyford worked for the C.N.R. so the family lived in the station house. They had electricity and hot water. There was a well behind the station so, on wash days, you just filled the machine with this hot, soft water. We needed to carry the water out but, on the farm, we had to melt the snow and stoke the fire. Mr. and Mrs. Eyford were very good to me and even wanted to adopt me."

Mr. Eyford recalls Clara and the first years she stayed with them:

"Those were Depression years -- very tough times, even clothing was scarce. The Strasser family was no different; they were going thru bad times like everyone else. Clara was eleven or twelve years old. She was a small girl and very pretty. It was winter time and she was wearing knee length rubber boots. She was a very nice girl -- very thankful for everything. And she was a godsend to us at that time for our boy who was five or six had had an accident -- his eye had been poked out -- so we wanted Clara to keep Glen company. She stayed four or five months and went to school. She was very good to Glen and a very good worker."

It was during these years when Clara was sixteen that a particular incident occurred which would affect her future. The young people often gathered at Veillard's store on mail nights and, one particular night, one of the young ladies, Maria, whom Louis Alain had previously courted, was in the group of girls along with Clara and Edithe. Maria knew that Louis was coming home that night on the train from Flin Flon, so she suggested, "Let's surprise him and all kiss him when he gets off the train."

Following this, Louis found his way to the Strasser home a time or two before returning to Flin Flon to work with his team hauling wood. Undeterred by the distance separating them, the young couple corresponded the best part of a year. Then, in February of 1937, at the request of Louis, Clara travelled to Flin Flon accompanied by her mother. It was at this time that Louis proposed to Clara. He presented her with a diamond at his sister Yvonne's home and that evening they made plans to be married on April 12.

Mrs. Strasser and her daughter returned home -- there was much to be done in the coming weeks. During this time, Frances Fransky helped Rachel for, as she said, "Clara's head was in the clouds." Mrs. Rose Burgess of Hudson Bay sewed Clara's wedding dress, which was left at the Eyford home.

So, the evening before her special day, Clara went to Hudson Bay and stayed one more night with this good family. In the morning she dressed in her long gown of white satin and rode to church with Eyfords. Her dress featured a softly rounded neckline and the skirt was pleated. A long-sleeved jacket with lapels and a peplum was worn over this. Her headpiece consisted of a narrow lace bandeau, fitting closely over her hair. The veil was attached to this in a ruffle which gave added height and then fell softly to the floor.

She carried a bouquet of long-stemmed red roses with lily of the valley tied with a large bow as she walked down the aisle on the arm of her brother, Gene. Bridesmaid, Yvonne Veillard, wore a pale green gown. Rolland, Louis' younger brother, was best man. Father Anciaux performed the ceremony in St. Dominic's. During the singing of "On this day, O Beautiful Mother" by Henri Alain and the Church choir, Clara in the traditional custom removed her crown and placed it before the statue of Our Lady.

Following their marriage, which took place in the morning, the couple along with family and guests went to Marcotte's Hotel for a reception which was a complete surprise to the bride and groom. Wine and cake were served by Mr. and



Louis and Clara's Wedding.

Mrs. Alcide Marcotte in their living room. It was a very kind gesture on their part for the bridal party and guests had about eight miles to travel to the bride's home for the wedding supper. About half the people travelled in sleighs and the other half with buggies or wagons. There was mud and snow on the roads that spring day and, while the day itself started out sunny, it turned cold and it snowed a bit before the day was over. Before reaching the farm, the bridal party stopped at the Alain home to see Louis' mother who was not well and was in bed. At the farm, chicken, vegetables and salads were served. And there was the wedding cake -- four or five layers high, it was a fruit cake baked and tastefully decorated by Louis Godin's Bakery in La Pas. Later, with the meal cleared away, everyone journeyed to the hall at Veillardville for the wedding dance at which Albert Bernier, Clara's uncle, played the violin. The bridal couple danced till the train came in which they boarded and were off on their honeymoon. First they went to Winnipeg where they had their wedding photographs taken, then they left for Minnesota, U.S.A., where they visited many of Clara's relatives: Lessards and Berniers.

On their return from the States, the newlyweds stopped briefly in Hudson Bay, then journeyed to Flin Flon where Louis' job as mechanic at the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company awaited him. They lived in a little house Louis had built. Clara describes it:

"It was a one-room shack about a mile outside Flin Flon. Many of those little houses were called shacks. Ours was a little log building with building paper tacked on the studs inside. It was nice and warm, not like the little house we lived in right after, which we bought from Harry Poitras. For $250, we bought the house and furniture. There were sixteen chairs -- all of a sudden, there were chairs everywhere!"

That spring, when Clara learned that her mother and the rest of the family were planning a move to Ontario, she went home to say goodbye. It was then that Mrs. Strasser suggested that Louis rent her farm for he had always said he'd like to farm. This was quite a decision for the young couple to make: to leave 46¢ an hour -- cash -- to return to a life of uncertainty on the farm. Immediately, Clara sent a letter off to her husband telling him of her mother's proposal. Louis wrote back, "Yes." So Clara hurried back to Manitoba to pack and, one year from the day they were married, Louis and Clara were again returning to Clara's home, this time to make it their home. They only had a bit of land in crop that summer; then along with a couple head of cattle left by Mrs. Strasser, they bought a big sow. That summer, on August 21, 1938, their first child, Marlyne Marie, was born.

During the winter Louis and John Levesque hauled firewood for Louis, then they hauled sawdust for Louis' father. The sawdust was used for grasshopper bait which was badly needed on the prairies. Louis took his father's old car as payment for hauling the sawdust.

On the first of July, 1939, Louis was hailed out. The young couple had nothing to fall back on. Then a frightening incident -- it was after supper and Louis and Clara were going to go for a walk with their little girl. After milking the cow, they stopped to feed the calf and give the rest of the milk to the pig. Clara had set Marlyne down -- she was now sitting up at ten months of age. The old sow, soon to farrow, must have smelled the milk for when Clara turned around she saw the sow sniffing at the little girl's arm. Fortunately, Marlyne was rescued unharmed. This near disaster only further convinced them that the farm held little promise for them at this time.

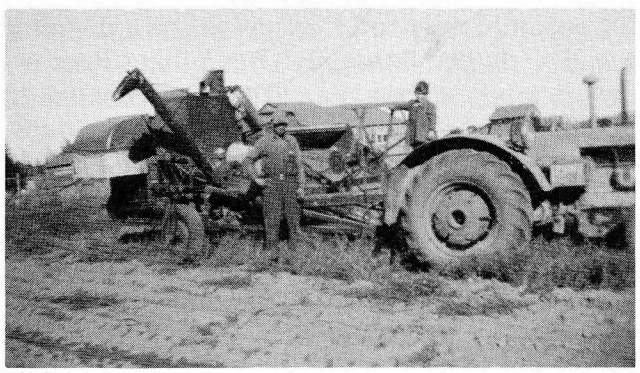
By the seventeenth of July, they had loaded

their few belongings into the old car and were on their way to Ontario. Clara didn't feel too confident about Louis' driving skills in difficult situations so, when they reached Qu'Appelle and saw the deep valley, she was convinced the car would roll backwards. So, with Marlyne in her arms, she walked up the hill -- quite a task considering she was seven months pregnant. Their trip took them through Minnesota, Michigan and back into Canada, finally arriving in Tillsonburg, Ontario, some fifteen miles from London. Shortly after, their second daughter, Maxine Therese, was born.

In Tillsonburg, Louis found work tying and stacking hands of tobacco in a tobacco factory during the summer and, in the fall, he picked sugar beets. He also worked with his brother-in-law, Martin Lessard, building forms and mixing cement for 25¢ an hour.

However, no job was steady so, together, they decided to move to Malartic, Quebec, where Louis' brother Rolland was employed. Louis was hired right away because he could speak English and French. Again he worked in the mines, this time receiving 56¢ an hour. The days were twelve hours with a seven-day work week. This didn't leave the young couple much time for being together. But Clara didn't let it get the best of her. That Christmas she cooked her Christmas dinner and, with it and the two little girls, she went to the mine. Together with Louis in the furnace room, they ate their dinner. They built a small house and remained in Malartic for three years.

In 1942, they moved back to the Veillardville district to farm. The first few winters Louis worked for his dad at his sawmill and, from spring till fall, worked at opening up his farm along with farming it. Then Louis started farming full time, gradually building up the farm until he had 700 acres in production.



Louis on the farm at Veillardville.

Clara was also busy during these years raising their family; by 1959 they had eight children. She sewed most of their clothes. One of the older daughters relates, "I never had a store-bought coat until I was in high school. Mom worked hard especially in the early years, ripping second-hand clothes apart to make over, always striving to see that our clothes fit well, were practical and, above all, were warm in the winter. She taught us how to care for our clothes and to take pride in our appearance."

Summers were busy times for Clara for she always had a large garden and a fair sized raspberry crop, too. She raised chickens each year, always donating three roasted chickens for the church fowl supper come fall. Along with the other Catholic ladies, Clara worked hard for the fowl supper; each donated a large pot of mashed potatoes and another of peas and carrots. As well, each of them took three pies. There was little time for leisure -- only a few snatched moments to read the farm papers: the Western Producer and Country Guide, and the locally-produced weekly, the Hudson Bay Post.



Louis and Clara's Family in 1959. Back row L.R.: Marcella, Joey, Clara, Louis and Marlyne. Front: Rachelle, Bruce, Maxine, Bernadette and Michelle.

Both Louis and Clara were community-minded citizens, participating and holding office, if asked, on the various boards and service clubs. Louis was active on the School and Church Boards while Clara took an interest in the Community Club, Co-Op Guild, the C.W.L. and St. Anthony's Altar Society.

In November of 1958, while out cutting wood for the winter, Louis slipped and fell on the chain saw. His face was badly cut and required many, many stitches. Fortunately a neighbor, Wilfred Nicholls, was with Louis in the bush at the time so he drove Louis to the hospital in Hudson Bay where Dr. J.B. Silver worked with care to stitch Louis' face. He did a fine job; the scars are almost invisible today. This was just one more of the many times the Alain family was indebted to Dr. Silver for his care and dedication.

It was this same doctor that recommended to Clara, a few years later when Louis suffered carbon monoxide poisoning, that Louis ought to consider other work. In the fall of '62 Louis and Clara visited B.C. They were partial to the Okanagan, feeling that they had endured the cold winters of Saskatchewan long enough. So, in the spring of 1963, they sold their farm and cattle, auctioned off their machinery, shop tools, and some of the household belongings, and moved to Vernon, B.C.

We shall let Clara tell us about both the move and the country in which they chose to begin a new life; she shares with us through her Christmas letter of 1963:

"Easter Monday was a day we'll all long remember as it was actually the last day of real living in our house, that we'd been in since 1943. The next day was very hectic as we had to get everything ready for the sale and then the sale itself. It was a blessing we were so busy that day or we may have called it off!"

"Leaving our relatives and old friends was hard to do, especially after the nice farewell and the beautiful gifts from the whole district and the women's organizations. We have lovely neighbours and friends here already but there is nothing like old friends, of that we all agree I'm sure."

"Anyway we left Bernadette and Rachelle at the convent at Zenon Park to finish the school term and we took Michelle and Joey with us. (Michelle had had her tonsils out and would be out of school for quite a spell anyway.) Our good friend Ray Smith drove our little truck, loaded to the very top, and with us following, we left for B.C. We got to Salmon Arm the next night tired but happy too, to start our new adventure."

"We'll always be grateful to old friends Harry and Gabrielle Poitras who accommodated us while we were looking to get settled."

"We bought a duplex (almost new) which would give us some revenue and then started to look for a small acreage for us to settle on -- we didn't want to live in town. We saw some nice places, some not so nice, and some extra nice, but finally settled for a little (5) acreage which had a little house plus 32 fruit trees -- just 1½ miles from city centre. The house was a little too small for us so we decided to build next to it. We have built ourselves a very comfortable home, and we are quite proud of it, seeing as we did it all ourselves. We rent the little house to a nice young teacher with a wife and 2 cute little boys. We are still doing finishing inside and still have to finish the carport outside and of course there's scads of work in landscaping, etc., waiting for us in the spring but in time it will all be finished and we'll take it a little easier."

"We had oodles of prune plums, pears, and MacIntosh and Delicious apples plus an early variety for summer. I never thought I'd see the day when I'd throw apples in the field but that's what we did. You see, every day there are apples that fall on the ground and we couldn't possibly use them all up. I fed the family apple pie, apple sauce, apple betty, baked apples, etc. till we all had apples coming out of our ears and there were still apples on the lawn -- so we gave away all we could, but still there were apples, so we just had to pick them off the lawn and throw them out in the field (they say they make good fertilizer). It seems such a waste when so many people on the prairies could use them."

"Fruit is really very cheap here. We got lovely cherries for 10 cents a pound, Bartlett pears are $1 a box; so are apples -- even peaches are only $1.50 a box. (I mean the big apple boxes too.) We all ate fruit to our hearts content, believe me."

"Gardens and small fruit grow very well here and they produce too much. We only had 12 tomato plants and we had ripe tomatoes from the 25th of July and are still eating some of the last ones and we ate a lot, 3 meals a day all we wanted and I canned over 20 quarts and gave oodles away besides. We have irrigation so it's nothing to turn the hose on, and with all the sunshine we have -- things just have to grow."

"This is really a beautiful valley and, with all the lakes around, summer is a veritable camper's playground. One of the most beautiful lakes we've ever seen is Kalamalka Lake (means Lake of Many Colours) and it is really true to its name. Driving along its shore overlooking the lake one marvels at all the beautiful colours, from pale blue to dark and on to pink and mauve to yellowish green, etc.; it's really lovely. The beaches are

all fine sand and you can wade in a long way. The kids and Louis were after me to get a bathing suit for over a month so I finally broke down and got one. (My old suit and I had parted company long ago -- I got too big and it got too small -- ha ha.) Anyway I spent every chance I had in the water after that and Louis and I both had a lovely tan. When we go to the beach we really relax -- as there are no mosquitoes or sand flies or bull dogs either. I can hardly wait for summer to come again and needless to say the kids thought it was wonderful."

"I worked in the cannery this fall for 6 weeks or so and I really enjoyed it too. The work was something I had never done and moving from job to job proved a real challenge. I even operated a lid-closing machine for 2 weeks and just the fact I met so many ladies and that I can now go downtown and say hello to some of my fellow workers means a lot. Louis hopes to get on there, also, for next spring."

The children still at home, Bernadette, Rachelle, Michelle and Joey liked their new country, climate and home and even adjusted quickly to the urban life style. Clara goes on to tell us about Joey and what he thinks about their B.C. winter:

"Joey is still our little boy -- even tho he'll be 5 in February. He has a trike and so has the neighbours' boy, Brian, and the two are inseparable. They are together from morn till nite and get along just swell. He still talks about Saskatchewan and when we got the first snow fall on the mountains he was bound we'd go up there and play in the snow. Says 'back home when it snowed there was snow all over'! We're to go up to the Silver Star (ski resort) 12 miles from here next Sunday to let him play in snow. Lawns are still green down here."

It has been said that you can take the farmer off the farm but you can't take the farm out of the farmer. Perhaps this is true, for as Clara relates:

"We miss the farm enough that we bought a cow and calf -- had 7 hens all summer (just killed them off plus 30 others). We also bought half a pig so we're really still farmers at heart. However, the worries of this kind of farming are small and I'm sure Louis' nerves will benefit. T'was a gamble we had to take as the stakes were too high and we're hoping and praying that we all benefit from this move."

Neither was the move to Vernon the last of their moves. They went to Golden, B.C. where Louis worked as a millwright for one and a half years, later returning to Vernon. They subdivided their five acres and even had their own road; it was named Alain Road. They continued to buy, renovate and sell homes in addition to the two they built. Yet they felt it was an easier life, for as Louis remarked one day, "It was kind of a slow ease into retirement." Although Louis retired as sixty-four, he and Clara have kept busy for they feel this is the key to a successful and happy retirement.



Mary Eyford, Louis, Clara and Bert Eyford.

They've travelled much of our country to visit family, friends and numerous cousins. They have seen most of British Columbia and even gone south where they've spent four winters in Arizona. For a few years Clara experienced back problems so they decided to make Vernon their home twelve months of the year. In 1980, they sold their property, then moved into Morris Manor where they still live. Louis at 78 spends most of his spare time playing billiards and cribbage at the Schubert Centre, while Clara at 67 enjoys walking, riding her bicycle, and volunteers several hours each week at the Centre. The Schubert Centre was constructed in 1983 and is a recreation and social centre for Vernon Seniors. Both Clara and Louis maintain an active interest in and voluntarily contribute part of their leisure hours each week to the various activities held at the Centre. And, as Clara says, "One thing for sure, we're not bored."

Throughout the years, Louis and Clara's lives have been **people-centred** with family claiming the lion's share of their time and interest -- perhaps this explains why they made 23 trips back to Saskatchewan in the first 21 years following

their move to B.C. This is also at the heart of their involvement and interest in their fellow residents at Morris Manor. It really doesn't matter whether someone simply needs a visit or a ride to the clinic, Louis and Clara are ready to oblige and they are just thankful that their own health allows them to do for others less fortunate.

"I have loved people, country-wise and good,
Who tread the simple quiet ways of earth,
Acquainted with the sunrise and the night.
Aware of death .... of tragedy and birth.
People whose hearts are somehow closely knit.
With God's good world and all the joy of it."

Edna Jacques in "Ontario Countryside", taken from *The Best of Edna Jacques*



Louis and Clara in 1984.

MARLYNE (ALAIN) REINDL

I, Marlyne Marie, was brought into this world on August 21, 1938 in the Red Cross House in Hudson Bay Junction by Dr. J.B. Silver. Mom told me that my teeth were slow in coming and she even took me to the good doctor to see what was the matter. He reassured her that I would have teeth -- just have patience! Sure enough at the age of thirteen months my first tooth appeared. I can imagine Mom's joy in knowing that I was normal.

My early childhood was spent playing with my closest friend and sister, Maxine. Being only a year and a week apart had its benefits. I do not remember living down east but stories have it that Maxine and I had a large number of dolls complete with a glass tea set and a sleigh. When we moved to Grandpa Alain's sawmill south of Veillardville, I can remember him promising Maxine and me a chew of his plug of tobacco if we could move the old steel tractor wheel which was frozen deep in the snow. Even though we were small our determination to get an honest chew prevailed as we got dressed in our warm woolies and scarves. We took our leather shoe lace and headed for the wheel. To this date I know we never moved the wheel but I honestly don't recall getting a chew either. Grandpa meant and kept his word. I remember a bit of the life in that bunkhouse where Mom cooked for the sawmill crew. We slept in a bunk that had a straw mattress. No doubt my fear of mice began around this time and has continued to the present time. One Christmas, years later, Maxine and I were given small penlight flashlights, a gift from Uncle Joe and Aunt Helen. We were so proud of them as we could investigate many things under the cover of darkness, which included doing a bit of reading without Mom and Dad knowing about it. It seems a mouse was making a nest out of tissue paper in the bottom of the container holding up the tree. After everyone had gone to bed and it was quiet, this mouse would do its work and make a funny noise. We never caught him in the act but he did jump on me while I was sleeping! Of course I screamed loudly and soon Mom came to see who had been killed and there I was, just scared silly and not wanting to go back to bed till she had checked the whole room for it. We never found him but, knowing that my Mom had checked the room, was all I needed. It seems that I have always been afraid of mice and yet I've been in many situations where mice were present -- stooking, making hay and camping.

I can still remember the day that the bulldozer cleared the land in front of our house and seeing Dad black as coal from pulling out the stumps and roots. As we grew older we did what work we could to help him. It seemed that Saturday was THE day to pick stones and, oh, how we hated that job of walking behind a slowly moving tractor and stoneboat or a trailer. Dad would place us evenly on each side and direct us as our eyes deliberately avoided seeing many stones. I can still hear him call, "Hey, there's one over there."

We appreciated help and especially when a Jaszan boy came out one Saturday. After Dad told him where a stone was (as if he didn't know) Dad proceeded to tell him that if this stone wasn't picked now it would be bigger next year. We knew full well how important it was to have clean fields for seeding, cultivating and combining, yet we also knew that stones wouldn't grow -- however we never told Dad!

It was not all work -- there was lots of fun riding on the tractor with Dad. He would tell us stories and talk about life in general or he'd sing some funny French songs. One very hot day we were driving home from the homestead and had a hired man with us who was complaining about having to work in the heat. Dad promised him a swim when we reached the water in the distance. We were all terribly disappointed as there was no water -- just a field of flax in bloom. It wasn't long till we were home and were all treated to one of Mom's ice cream cones. Now, that was a treat!

Most Saturdays we had an early supper, bathed and got all dressed up so we could go to town. That was a big event for most people. While Mom and Dad shopped we walked up and down the streets -- hoping to see school friends, cousins and have a peek at the boys, too. Many times we were given money to go to a show which cost 10¢ at that time. That was a lot of money in those days and I remember Dad gave us a nickel once...it was all he had to spare and so it meant us saving it till next Saturday, if we really wanted to see a movie.

During those years Mom was busy sewing for us. She could make blouses, dresses and coats faster and better than anyone I knew. We kids tried on and tried on and pranced in front of Dad for a word of approval many times. We girls must have had more clothes than whole families put together. I was always proud to wear my clothes as they were in style and colors were well suited to me. When I think back I wonder how Mom did it all -- looked after a big garden (complete with tons of raspberries), doing chores, baking, cooking, and still she had time to sew for all of us. She also understood what kids liked and, for one of our birthdays, treated Maxine and me to a banana split. We nearly split as it was so filling -- there was more for 40¢ then than now for $1.99.

I attended White Poplar School #4269 from grades one through eight and I remember having the following teachers: Ruth Kosher, Helen Howse, Arlene Carnahan and Mrs. Smith. A ride to school with Joyce and Heather May with their horse and buggy or cutter was fun for me and a relief to Mom knowing that I had made it both ways as two and a half miles was a long way for a six year old. I remember having good lunches as we could always trade with someone else for a variety. During the winter, our teachers used to heat a boiler of water on the stove and we'd bring jars of soup, cocoa, and pork and beans to heat up. What a treat! This was really living! Of course it also meant we could interrupt the teacher by asking permission to put our jar in the water to heat up. That excuse was used more than once. Something else I'll never forget was the outdoor biffy which seemed to be a mile away.

Christmas concerts and practicing go together very well. One year Miss Carnahan, a teacher who enjoyed sports of all kinds, decided that our school would learn to dance as well as do gymnastics for the concert. And so we did the Irish Jig, square dancing, and lots of tumbling which ended with a pyramid. Talk about fun!

During my grade eight, I was sick with mumps, chicken pox and measles one after the other. That year I wasn't in the concert. However, I attended it and wore a new taffeta dress which Mom had made while I was sick at home. I managed to pass my grade even though I had missed so much school.

I took my grade nine in Hudson Bay where I boarded with Grandma Strasser. That year I nearly failed and was not too disappointed when Mom and Dad announced that Maxine and I would be going to the convent in Zenon Park that fall. Zenon Park was 70 to 80 miles away and meant only coming home for Christmas and Easter holidays. After a while I didn't want to go home as I had a boyfriend and wanted to spend free time or holidays near him.

One Easter we came home on the train and it took hours and hours to go from Zenon Park to Veillardville. We stopped at every station and picked up everything, including cattle. Other times we stopped to wait for the snow plow because there was too much snow on the rails. The conductor and trainmen would tease Maxine and me about the engine running out of fuel. I doubt if we were really worried because we had enough lunch to feed the whole crew...the Sisters were very generous. When at last we arrived at Veillardville, the train stopped and we got off into 3 feet of fresh snow. We started to walk quickly as we were excited and happy to be nearly home. However, we soon slowed down because

the snow was so deep. It didn't take us long to discover that the banks made by the snow plow was the best place to walk, as we were up high and the peaks were hard. We were warmly welcomed as everyone thought we wouldn't be coming home as it was getting late. We ate a warm breakfast and went to bed. Our arms were ever so tired from carrying those heavy suitcases. We hadn't learned to travel light.

I graduated from grade twelve in 1956 and, that summer, I worked at Sinclair Drugs in Hudson Bay and found it to be a great experience. Jo Soules and Sinc were very patient with and kind to me.

In the fall of 1956 I was off to Teachers College in Saskatoon where I boarded with Aunt Mae and Uncle Bernie and their family. After practice teaching at Aberdeen and Allan and completing numerous assignments, I received my teaching certificate. I taught in Ile a La Crosse in northern Saskatchewan. This is a beautiful small community at the tip of a peninsula. In those days the road was not very good and so most people flew in or took the road so far and boated across the small narrows to land. I was hired to teach but had not been assigned a class and when I got to this landing some of the other teachers were there waiting for the barge to take them across. There were 4 new teachers and 4 positions empty. We chose our class by drawing straws. Mine being the shortest, I was given grade one -- 26 little Native children. What a challenge and, yes, a disappointment too as I had not been prepared for grade one. However, I didn't mind too much as it was here that I met Adolf. A new hospital was being constructed and Adolf was the terrazzo floor finisher and a real good one, too.

Adolf was born April 22, 1938, in Salzburg, Austria to Franz Reindl and Theresia Dollberger. In his search for a better life Adolf came to Canada September 17, 1956. Our friendship developed into love and shortly after, we began to make wedding plans.

Adolf and I were married in Meadow Lake on May 24, 1958. Our witnesses were my sister, Maxine, and Benny Colasimone, a friend of Adolf's. Following a small lunch, we drove to Veillardville for a surprise wedding reception. I still have the red scribbler which was used as a guest register and gift book. I read it occasionally and reminisce about all those who signed it.

We moved to Saskatoon where Adolf sold pots and pans and did anything to make a living as he was laid off at the same time we were married. What a way to begin married life but, being young and in love, we didn't mind. However, Bob was born September 30 the same year and, with winter settling in and rent to be paid, it was necessary for one of us to find work. I answered an ad for a teaching position in the Muskeegan area (close to Prairie River) and much to my surprise I was hired. So once again I was teaching but it was different as I now had a country school, grades one to nine with sixteen children in all.

We lived in the one bedroom, two-room teacherage in the school yard, no power and no running water. When I look back I don't know how we did it as we'd gotten so accustomed to these luxuries and, with a baby, there was always diapers to wash and no place to hang them except on lines strung from wall to wall. Of course that meant you couldn't have company with diapers hanging over your head. But we did spend many evenings playing cards and visiting neighbors, John and Mary Belanko.

That spring I planted my first garden and was extremely proud of it, too, until Mom and Dad came for a Sunday visit and they discovered that all my onion tops had curls in them. Yes, I had planted them upside down. During the winter Adolf worked in the bush camp close to Muskeegan. Once spring arrived he was fortunate in getting farm work at Thode's farm south of Veillardville and, by then, school was over so we moved close to Mom and Dad's where we stayed till the end of August.

We were expecting our second child and were wondering if Adolf would ever get steady work to support our growing family. Luck was with us as he was called to Lynn Lake; however, that left me alone and it was only a short time until Geraldine would be born. Grandpa Alain helped me move our few belongings to a rented suite in Hudson Bay. Geraldine was born October 8, 1959; baptized at home by Father Dubois, who insisted that it was not right to baptize at home but he did say it was okay for royalty. So I proceeded to tell him to pretend she was our little Indian Princess, which she was and still is today. She was baptized!

Early in November we moved up north to Lynn Lake where we shared a house with a family whose mother was away and so I looked after their four children and our own two, which gave me six under six. Mind you, we now had running water. electricity and a warm house. Our first Christmas away from home was different --

especially when Adolf found the perfect tree from the bush which only had branches on three sides so he drilled holes and put branches in. It was always a challenge to find a tree with branches on all sides up there. But we never gave up.

Life in the North was great -- nice summers and long cold winters. It wasn't long till we had a lovely addition to our family when Louella was born on April 14, 1961 followed by Mark on September 13, 1962. They were all good babies and loved to travel. In the spring of 1963, Mom and Dad sold their farm and moved to B.C., so we planned to take our holidays and visit them. They had just moved there and were still in the midst of moving into their little house and, with our four children, it didn't help much but it was grand being all together once again. We slept upstairs where there was no trap door on the floor opening and two-year-old Louella fell down to the kitchen floor the first day we were there and again the morning we left. Fortunately, she wasn't hurt either time.

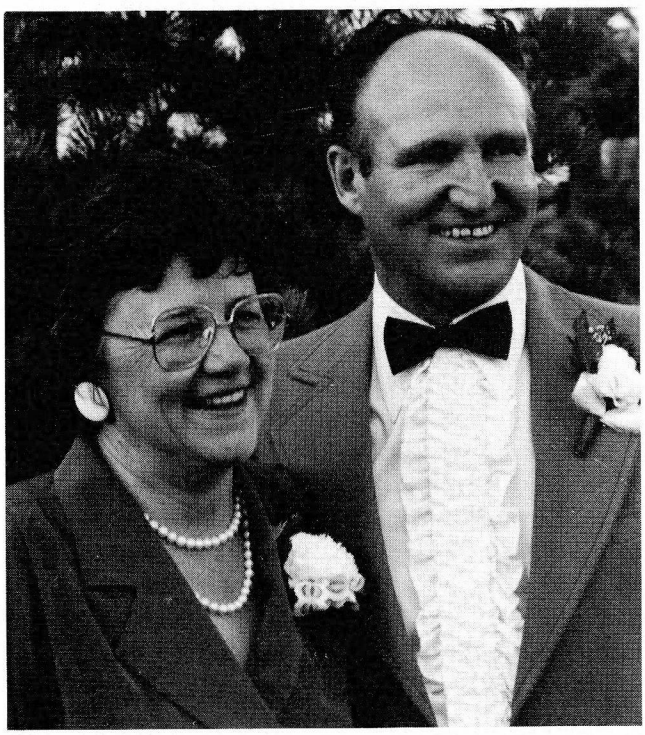
We loved the North but we didn't want to spend our whole life there and, with Bob now five years old, we decided that if we were to move south before the children started school we should do it now; so we sold our house and moved to our present home in Saskatoon in November 1963. Adolf saw that his family was well settled and then returned to Lynn Lake to work. In the meantime, I started to write to the Potash Company of America mine reminding them that Adolf would like to work for them. It took a while for results but it paid off and, in March 1965, Adolf was hired. The bosses knew him as they referred to him as their "Pen Pal." We didn't care as long as he had work close to home. He has been employed with PCA for over twenty years and loves his work. He started as shaft and bin man, then trained as hoist operator. Like Adolf says, "Where else can you read to your heart's content and still get paid, too?" With Adolf working steady, our life began to take on a sense of normalcy.

Once the children were in school, I had more free time. I was active with the Girl Guides, Home and School, and Catholic Women's League. There was committee work to assist with the cultural exchange trips to Quebec and likewise when Bob was in Track and Field. The years went by quickly and soon all the children had graduated from high school and slowly they started to venture out on their own.

The next five years our family started to grow. **Bob** was the first to marry, in October 1980, to his track and field sweetheart, Caren Rathie. Shortly after that, in May 1981, **Geraldine** married her sweetheart from Calgary, Brian Law. Then, in February 1983, our first grandson, Ryan, was born to Brian and Gerri. Then, in April 1984, **Louella** married her high school beau, Brad Sim. That same year, in the month of May, our second grandson, Jason, was born to Bob and Caren. Then, to finish the year off, our first granddaughter, Breanne, was born to Brian and Gerri. In July 1985, **Mark** married a Saskatoon girl, Keeran Reed. The following month, August, brought our second Reindl boy, Kyle, born to Bob and Caren.

It has been a wonderful life with a good and faithful husband and father along with four interesting and lively children who made me feel good about staying home and being a full-time mother -- something I have never regretted.

Our children have insisted that we, as a family, spend time together even though they have families of their own. We are deeply proud of them and hope they will continue this tradition with their own families. We have many hours of fun plus an opportunity to get to know and understand each other. My parents always enjoyed having family around or visiting them -- a value which is now being passed on.



Marlyne and Adolf, 1986.

Adolf and I are enjoying our middle years camping, travelling and visiting with our grandchildren. We are home to anyone wishing to visit and look forward to these special times. Adolf still finds time for home renovations and painting when called upon, and hauling and splitting wood for our two fireplaces while I have taken on various positions with the C.W.L., the latest one being Diocesan President. We never seem to be bored as there is always something to be done at home or for someone else.

ROBERT REINDL

My name is Robert Lee Reindl. I am the eldest son of Marlyne and Adolf Reindl of Saskatoon. I was born on September 30, 1958 in Saskatoon.

I went to St. Paul's Elementary School, then to E.D. Feehan High School for one year. Then I transferred to City Park Collegiate where I graduated in 1976.

Unlike most other young teenagers, my life was full of travel and competitions as I was an international track runner.

I started track and field in 1974 with the Saskatoon Riversdale Track and Field Club. From then on, my life was exciting and very fulfilling. In 1977 I was the Canada Summer Games winner in the 800m. and also the Canadian Champion in the 800m.

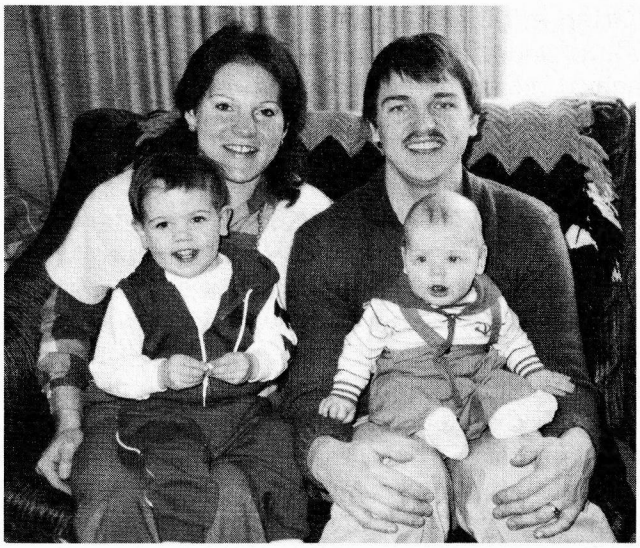
From there I went to run in Europe, Los Angeles and, that winter, to Australia. Also, that year I was voted Saskatoon's Top Male Athlete of the Year.

Track is special to me for another reason as that is where I met my future wife, Caren Joan Rathie. She, too, was a runner and an international competitor. We travelled and ran together for many years and then, in February 1980, we got engaged and that year, on October 11, we were married.

From then on for two years I worked at Woolco and, in November 1983, I bought into a delivery business. My wife has been running a Family Daycare Home for the last five years.

Then the most beautiful happening took place on May 21, 1984 -- the birth of our first son, **Jason Adam Louis Reindl**. Our second son, **Kyle Matthew**, was born on August 8, 1985.

In July 1984 we purchased our first home at 217 Simon Fraser Crescent, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, where we are currently residing, and Living Happily Ever After!



Caren, **Bob**, Jason and Kyle.

GERALDINE (REINDL) LAW

I was born to Adolf and Marlyne Reindl on October 8, 1959 in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan. My name was so hard for Bob, my brother, to say that he just called me Dee-Dee. To this day my grandparents and some of the older neighbours in Mom and Dad's area still call me that.

I remember going up to Hudson Bay for many summers to stay at Uncle Rolland's farm and help out. But the first requirement of Uncle Rolland was that if we were going to cry when our parents left or during our stay, then we could pack our bags and leave with them. I learned how to pick rocks out of the summer fallow, pick up bales of hay and paint the barns.

In grade seven, we (our class and 84 others) made an exchange program down East to Hull, Quebec. We were gone twenty-one days and went by train and visited Montreal and Quebec City. It was very educational and exciting, being my first trip away from home. The following summer our family went on holidays down East and we toured the places that I had been to.

Our family went camping every year in either Saskatchewan or in parts of British Columbia. Our holidays were always filled with fun and good times!

I did lots of babysitting, house cleaning and one family in particular gave me the experience to do trial balancing of accounts which would later on help me in finding real work.

In grade ten I made a big trip by flying standby to Sydney, Nova Scotia, to babysit for Aunt Marcella and Uncle Richard. I toured with them

through the Maritimes and went to Newfoundland with a friend that I met there. This trip helped me prepare for my future of living away from home and not feeling too homesick.

The following year I got my first job in a grocery store. I worked there for the summer months and was able to make my first big purchase of a pair of contact lenses (much to Mom and Dad's dislike). From here I went to work at the University Hospital. I worked as a Dietary Aide in the old Snack Bar and, as well, on the wards serving meals.

I dated quite a bit through the next couple of years and then I met my future husband, Brian Law. He was my escort to graduation in 1977 from City Park Collegiate.

Brian was born to Al and Jean Law of Calgary, Alberta. He lived in Calgary all of his life and played hockey. Brian went to school in Calgary until his 12th year when he attended Camrose Lutheran College in Camrose, Alberta. He was awarded a Hockey Scholarship to Princeton University in the United States. He made a trip down there to explore the campus, dormitories, and curricular agenda but, due to financial reasons, he was never able to go and pursue this scholarship. Brian worked summer jobs between hockey careers in the winter. He has travelled and played hockey in places such as: Czechoslovakia, Germany, Finland and the United States.

Brian played hockey for the Saskatoon Blades and stayed here until October 1977. He was traded to Calgary and, in December 1977, I landed a job at Eaton's in Calgary and moved within three days of Christmas.

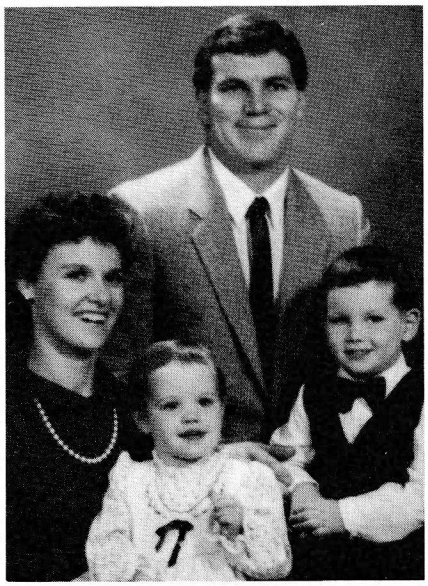
In December 1979, Brian and I were engaged. We decided, in May of 1981, we would marry in Saskatoon at St. Paul's Cathedral. We moved back to Saskatoon in the same year as Brian got work with the Potash Company of America in December. I started working at the Ambulance Company and we later purchased our first home in the Confederation Park area.

On February 13, 1983, Dad's Mother's birthday, our first pride and joy, our son **Ryan Alexander** was born. He is still, to this day, the carbon copy of his dad in looks!

I continued to stay at home after Ryan was born. I worked part-time and did some babysitting for friends. Then on November 10, 1984, the first great-granddaughter and granddaughter, **Breanne Jean Marie** was born. She not only looks like her mom but also has the Reindl temper!

I am presently involved with our Neighbourhood Watch program, being the Area Co-ordinator for Confederation Park. I enjoy setting up meetings, doing presentations for our area and surrounding areas. This keeps me very busy. I am also working for a Temporary Secretarial Agency. I have picked up various skills such as word processing, computer work, Telex experience, etc.

We are going to be going on our first camping experience with our family this summer. We do enjoy the outdoors, sports of all kinds and just generally watching our children grow up. We invite anyone to drop by and see us as we always have room for company.



Gerri, Brian, Ryan and Breanne.

LOUELLA MAE (REINDL) SIM

My glorious entrance into the world took place in the early morning of April 14, 1961 in the northern hospital at Lynn Lake, Manitoba. My mother tells me Dr. McMahon never made it to the hospital for my birth. He couldn't get out of his house and, after much pushing and shoving, he reached his car but found all the car doors were frozen over. During the night a light rain fell and then it froze. It looked like a skating rink everywhere.

Two events in my early life which I remember quite vividly are when I was confirmed at St. Paul's Cathedral and Oma (Dad's mother) was here from Austria to help celebrate but, before then, I made my First Communion in Vernon, B.C. with my grandparents, and Aunt Michelle

and Uncle Joe. Our family was celebrating Christmas with Grandpa and Grandma. This was when I was in Grade two and later that spring I had a tonsillectomy.

I had lots of friends on the block. Two of them were Lori Webster and Merrilee Wilkins. Sometimes we didn't always see eye to eye. One day Lori and Merrilee were skipping across the street when Mom said, "Go outside and play with them." This was around Easter time and Lori had a lot of Easter eggs and Merrilee and I each wanted some. We played with Lori till the eggs were all gone and then so was Lori! We weren't very nice -- just kids.

We had lots of pets -- cat, turtle, fish, hamster, guinea pig and gerbils. Mom enjoyed (actually she disliked them) all our pets -- especially the furry ones! Sometimes they'd get out and we couldn't find them. We wouldn't tell her but when we heard a loud shriek we knew she'd found them.

In Grade seven, I was fortunate enough to take part in a student exchange program with French students from Hull, Quebec. It was the first real trip away from home and it was a terrific learning experience. While in Quebec we toured a number of places like the Parliament Buildings, Upper Canada Village and the War Memorial. At Mount Royal in Montreal we viewed the Miss Quebec Pageant. Once I returned home, my billet, Sylvia Dupuis, and her school class visited Saskatoon and area. It was a fun time as we had lots of things to do and see together.

During Grades six, seven and eight I was active with School Safety Patrol and was captain for two years. I enjoyed this and found it was a good excuse to get to school early and return home a bit later. I finished my Grade eight by having an appendectomy and thus managed to avoid writing all of my exams -- but I passed anyways.

I attended City Park High School for Grades nine, ten, eleven and twelve where I was involved by playing volleyball and basketball. I was also class House Representative and on the Student Representative Council so I was busy. It was here that I met my future husband, Brad Sim.

I had known Brad for a long time as Brad's older brother, Jay, played hockey with my brother, Bob. Brad and I would attend their games as spectators.

One night our family was preparing for bed -- Dad had just put out the lights and was walking upstairs -- when suddenly a marble came shooting through my bedroom window. I screamed and ran for the door. After some investigating, we discovered the marble had come from across the back lane and been shot by an old man. We named him the "Marble Man". But that night I was so scared I slept on the floor beside Mom and Dad's bed. I was 16 years old! It took me a long time to get over that. We found marbles for a long time all over the yard. The Marble Man has since moved away and everyone is relieved.

During the later part of my Grade twelve, I landed my first job at McDonald's where I still work today. Oh, yes I do deserve a break! When I first started at McDonald's it was part-time and gradually I was promoted to Assistant Breakfast Co-ordinator. Approximately three years ago a new store opened north of our place and I was transferred and received a promotion to Breakfast Co-ordinator. Not long after I was made a Manager. My job keeps me busy but I enjoy it, especially when my friends and family come to see me working -- maybe it's because I promo their meals once in a while.



Louella

Brad and I were married April 28, 1984 in Saskatoon and, just previous to our wedding, we filled in thousands of entry forms for a contest to win $1,000.00 of new furniture. We couldn't believe it when I received a call to say we'd won! It was a grand beginning and much appreciated as we didn't have much furniture.

Brad was born in Saskatoon on October 16, 1961 and lived on a farm near Langham, Saskatchewan, for his first three years. After this time his family moved into Saskatoon where he attended public and high school. Brad enjoyed participating in sports, namely football, baseball and hockey which he still enjoys playing. He has had a number of jobs but at the present is a carpet layer for Reindl Flooring, my Uncle Frank's business.

We spend our spare time camping, playing cards, golfing, entertaining and gardening. At the moment my brother is our landlord and so we see some of our family quite often, which we like.

MARK REINDL

My name is Mark Anthony Reindl and I was born September 13, 1962 in a little out-of-the-way hospital in Lynn Lake, Manitoba. Where were you in '62? We lived in Lynn Lake till I was one and then our family made the big move to Saskatoon.

Being the youngest, my sister Louella and I were the best of buddies. We used to go and do everything together. One day we were playing house and the toys we wanted were upstairs, where we usually played, but Louella decided she wanted to have a tea party downstairs. I carried the chair and Louella was right behind me with the tea set. Well, my sister must have given me a little push because, before you knew it, I went tumbling down the stairs. Boy, did she get heck and there were no more tea parties downstairs.

When my sister would get too rough with me, I would go play with my neighbor across the street, Alison Wilkins. What a fox! We were only five or six but we played all kinds of games. One day I lost a tooth and went over to show Alison. Shortly after, I saw my Dad come home from work and I was really anxious to show him, too. I ran to the curb, looked one way and ran. Well, I didn't look the other way and so I didn't see the bus coming. Before I knew it I was under the bus, very scared and very shaken up. Dad took me straight to the hospital to get looked at. Lucky for me, nothing was wrong -- just a few cuts and bruises. Meanwhile, Louella was trying to tell Mom that I had been hit by a bus. Mom told her to stop kidding around. Mom really didn't believe Louella until Dad and I got home.

I went to St. Paul's school for eight years. I think when I was finished grade eight there were a lot of relieved teachers. They put up with us Reindl kids for many years, but look out -- Bob and Gerri's children are almost ready for grade one. My high school years were spent at City Park Collegiate Institute. I played football, soccer, wrestled and, yes, I even did a little track and field. However, I didn't push myself at that sport. I felt one track star was all we needed in our family.

During my grade nine I met Ab and Alice Southam who own and operate a meat store, Kava Meats, in our neighborhood. I used to spend lots of time visiting them. One thing led to another and the next thing I knew, I was employed by them. It proved to be a great learning experience as I learned how to cut meat, make sausage, and how to drive.

In my eleventh grade at City Park, I was visiting with some of my friends in the gym. We were talking about the girls and who the new ones were. Well, one of the new ones just happened to walk in at that point. I later learned her name was Keeran Heather Reed and she had just moved to Saskatoon with her mother, father and sister from Richmond, B.C. One of my friends said Keeran was a little stuck up and so I said, "Maybe we should show her a Saskatoon welcome." I picked up the apple core from the floor and YES, I threw it at Keeran as she was studying in the balcony of the gym. What I guy I was! I missed her. Thank goodness or we probably wouldn't have met. I was always doing things like that but was a polite student with the teachers and my friends.

Summer holiday time seemed extra long when there was nothing to do, which didn't happen too often. I was fortunate in being able to work during three summers at the Coca-Cola plant, on the bottling line.

When I graduated from City Park in 1981, I didn't think I'd be back until my High School Reunion. One night I went to a party and met this good-looking blonde. Her name was Keeran Reed. Sound familiar? Guess what she did? She asked me to be her escort at her graduation. It must have been love at first sight when I threw that apple at her as we started to date.

Keeran was born March 10, 1964 in Edmonton, Alberta. First of all, you may be wondering where she got her name. Well, her mother lived in Ireland for seven years when she was young in a small mountain village called Keeran. I guess the name stuck with her mom.

Keeran's parents are Margaret and Don Reed.

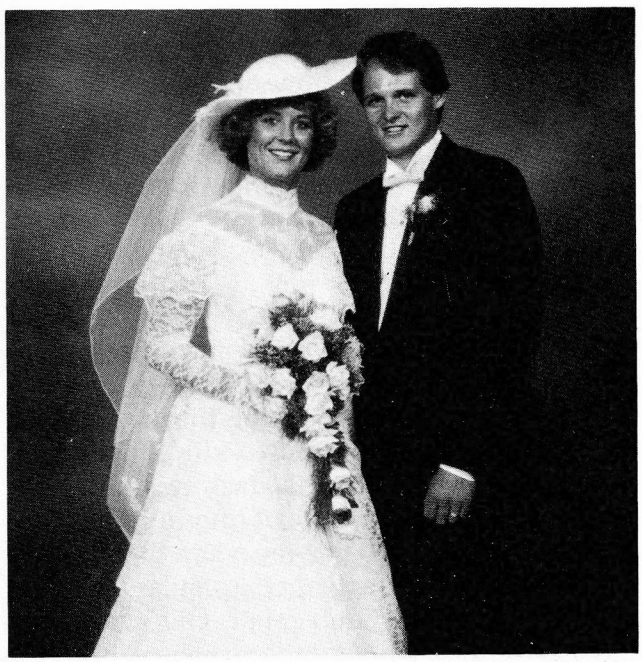
Her sister is Kelly. The family has lived all across Canada and in every province. Her father works for the Bank of Nova Scotia and so they have been transferred all over. Her parents are presently living in Toronto, Ontario, where he is a Senior Vice-President for the bank.

Keeran is following in her dad's footsteps and is also working for the Bank of Nova Scotia, where she has been for nearly seven years. Presently, she is in the Consumer Credit Department. She attended the University of Saskatchewan for two years, taking one year of Arts and Science and one in nursing. At this time, she is taking night classes at the U. of S.

We dated for three and a half years before we decided to get married and, on July 27, 1985, we became husband and wife. We have bought and sold our first home and are planning on buying again in the fall of 1987. We also plan to start our family in the next year or so.

At the moment I am working at the Potash Company of America and have been there for six years with my Dad, who has been there twenty-two years. It's not a bad job and, if something comes along for me, my Dad and I will have to separate from our mining. In the fall of 1986, I got my hoisting papers just like Dad. It must be in the genes!

Keeran and I are very happy and look forward to growing old together. We hope we haven't bored you to tears with our story and hope you learned a little bit about ourselves.



Mark and Keeran.



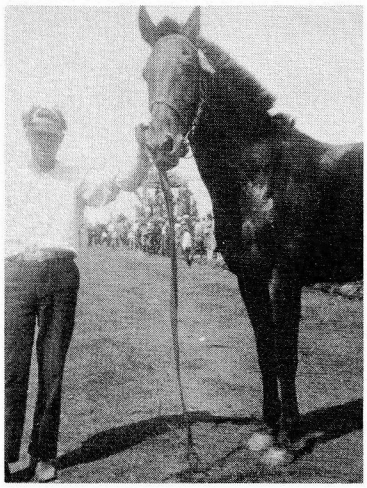
Louis holding Marlyne in the Whippet.



Marcella and Simone (holding Tony).



Back L.R.: Marcella, Marlyne, Maxine. Front: Bruce and Bernadette, 1949.



Louis at Hudson Bay Sports Day where he took first horseracing.



Caren Reindl and Kendall Adrian, Vernon, B.C.

MAXINE THERESA (ALAIN) PRENTICE

I was born in the town of Tillsonburg, of the county of Oxford, Ontario on August 28, 1939. It was about midnight when the doctor arrived at Grandma Rachel Strasser's house on Rodgers Street and, by 1:00 a.m., he was ready to leave. I was the second child born to Louis and Clara (Lessard) Alain. Less than a month after my arrival, I was taken to St. Mary's in Tillsonburg. There I was baptized into the Roman Catholic faith by Reverend J.H. O'Neill with Joseph and Theresa Lessard, my mother's brother and sister, as my godparents. And so my life began.

Some of my early memories are of a hard-working father, a caring mother and tea parties with a sister. As she was just one year and one week older than I, it seemed as if she were made to order, both as playmate and friend. Together we played house, put on concerts and had our fights but, always, we were pals. The summer of 1942 my family moved back to Saskatchewan to farm at Veillardville.

My preschool years ended in illness, and again I was bothered in the primary grades, so there were various stays in hospitals -- Hudson Bay, Tisdale and The Pas. A few memories from this time stand out vividly; a little Eskimo girl's friendship and her courage in the face of tremendous suffering; "happy-go-Lester", a young boy from Veillardville -- both had been badly burned; and, back home, Dad's forbidding words uttered each winter over snow angels. A fresh snow fall in the middle of winter was always an invitation to fall backwards into an unmarked patch of the yard, sinking into the soft cushion of snow built up over many weeks. Then, with a sideways motion of our legs and arms, we each made our own distinct snow angel. We had to rise with care not to disturb the pattern. I missed making the snow angels but I understood; Dad was concerned and didn't wish me to risk another bout of illness.

Some pleasurable experiences which took place in the summer were my visits to Grandma and Grandpa Alain's for, once there, I would enjoy their lawn swing. In later years I learned that Uncle Rolland had built it while the younger Alains were still at home, probably in the early Thirties. It was a large swing which Rolland had built in his dad's hayloft. When it was finished, he had quite a time to get it out. Finally, he had to knock out one end of the barn. The swing was enjoyed by many of their grandchildren throughout the years and by the adults as well.

We also liked to swim in the summer -- on the really warm days -- but lived miles from a lake. However, we had a little creek which ran just back of our house. During our earlier years, we enjoyed many hours of fun in its cool waters. The creek even has its own name, Nonsuch River -- so titled on a Prairie River map, and discovered by Yvonne Alain when compiling the Veillardville history book, *Valley Echoes*. Other fun-filled times were the trips to Flin Flon where we spent a couple of weeks with our Marsollier and Menzies cousins, swam in Phantom Lake and enjoyed many bottles of Aunt Bertha's homemade root beer. A highlight of each summer was the special treat Mom gave to us. I believe it was her way of saying **thank you** to us for helping around the house, with the gardening, canning, and so forth. Marlyne and I, each in turn, were given a couple of afternoons to visit with our aunts, often arriving when they were in the middle of shelling peas or a similar task. We just pitched in; we didn't mind. Our chats were interesting, and we got to know them better. I came to treasure these annual summer visits, so I

missed them when I took on a summer job away from home.

In the fall of 1953, Marlyne and I became boarders at Sacred Heart Convent at Zenon Park. With no high school offered at White Poplar, and school buses not yet established to travel to Hudson Bay, it meant that students needed to leave home to obtain their high school education. Besides, Mom and Dad wanted us to be schooled in our religion and to learn French.

The four years spent at Zenon were good ones. We met many girls from the western provinces with whom we forged friendships as we studied, played and prayed together. Memorable moments include tears in the Convent parlor when Mom and Dad left us each fall (later, I was to learn that in their compassion for the families, the Sisters also wept); Saturday bath times with the limit of one gallon of water per student -- Zenon had no water supply of its own; Sunday walks; kitchen duties for free piano lessons; and monthly outings to the Favreau home -- as delightful and welcome as Pauline and Roseanne's special friendship. All were learning experiences.

Then, before I realized, it was June 1957, grade twelve departmentals and time to make decisions. I owe much to Marion Smith, Hughena McLean, Sisters Clare and Angelina -- all fine teachers -- who challenged me, instilled a love of reading and a thirst for knowledge, and who, no doubt, influenced me to consider a teaching career.

But I am getting ahead of myself. My senior high school years and the couple which followed held a variety of work experiences -- all in Saskatchewan. Marlyne and I had been employed at Tisdale Hospital a couple of summers; later we worked at Sinclair Drugs in Hudson Bay; I did some housework and worked in a hardware store. I shall always be grateful to these employers for giving me valuable work experience. Then, in my search of vocation, I entered the convent. Although my stay was brief, it offered valuable insight. Sandwiched in between were four months of teaching at Smokey Ridge. I was hired directly from grade twelve, as a Study Supervisor for grades one through nine. Correspondence courses were provided which I never used except for the one high school student. In these few months, I discovered the joy of teaching.

In the spring of 1959 I received my teaching certificate in Saskatoon from the Saskatchewan Teachers College. That fall, I began teaching grade one in Hudson Bay. Then, due to the kindness and patience of an old "pro", Mrs. McLeay, many mistakes were averted on my part, and my first year of teaching proved acceptable. Since Marlyne had taught at Ile La Crosse, I had entertained notions of teaching in the far North and, in particular, at Uranium City. Having met Lynne Bowen at S.T.C., I now shared my dream with her. We met in Prince Albert that Easter and I made my decision ... to join Lynne in the southcentral part of our province. A few months later, I was hired to fill the grade two and three teaching position recently vacated at Macrorie.

I took the train to Macrorie at the end of August and discovered the prairie. A far cry from the bush, the wandering creeks and the stillness of Veillardville, it nonetheless had its own unique attraction. That fall I fell in love with the beauty of the coulees and the hills that interrupt the long stretches of this wind-swept land.

The prairies held another attraction for me. Macrorie had little social life to offer the young folks apart from the Saturday night dances held weekly. So I went with Lynne. Shortly after our arrival, at that first dance, I noticed a young man dressed in cowboy attire ... from his smart-looking boots to his western string tie. Lynne introduced us, and that evening he took me home via the East-half -- as this parcel of his dad's land was commonly referred to. I'm not certain whether it was his cute smile, sense of humor and easy-going manner that attracted me or if it was the homey, comfortable feeling I experienced when we were together. It really didn't matter. Elliott Prentice had definitely made an impression on me. We dated during the best part of a year and, on Holy Thursday the following spring, we were engaged to be married. During Easter week, after borrowing his dad's car, we drove home to tell my folks and to discuss our wedding plans.

We were married on October 28, 1961 in St. Anthony's Catholic Church at Veillardville. Lynne (Bowen) and Norman Cooper, married two weeks previously, were our attendants, along with my sisters, Bernadette and Michelle, and my cousin, Lee Lessard. A brief honeymoon to Medicine Hat, Alberta, then home to our new house (24 x 26 feet) which Elliott, his father and brother Alvin had built just weeks before. That first night was spent at Mom and Dad Prentice's because our oil stove had gone out.

At that time, Mom and Dad Prentice had been married fifty years. Norman Elliott Prentice, better known as Norm, had been born February 13, 1894 in the county of Dufferin, east of Honeywood, Ontario. Mom Prentice, commonly called "Grandma", had been born Ina Hunt on October 6, 1894 in Mulmur Township, county of Dufferin, Ontario. She and Norm had come to know each other while attending the same school and had been married on August 11, 1911 in Toronto, Ontario.

Norm first came West on a Harvest Excursion only a few days after their wedding. He returned to Toronto that fall to his young bride. The following spring of 1912, they came west together and settled in the Ardath district. In 1916 they moved to the Macrorie district, later settling on the Doc Harrison farm in 1934.

It was here that they remained and here that I first met them and their large family of fourteen children, of which Elliott was the youngest. He was born on April 11, 1938 in Outlook, Saskatchewan, and was named Charles Elliott. He took his twelve years of schooling at Macrorie after which he worked on the C.N.R. with the section crew for a couple of summers. Then he began to farm full time with his dad. They each had their own machinery and they worked well together.

During the first five years of our marriage, we were blessed with four healthy, beautiful children: Joseph **Loren** Elliott, Therese **Adelle**, Norman **Blair** and **Cory** Lee. They were good company for each other in spite of their occasional scraps.

A large part of our children's lives centred around their Grandma and Grandpa living next door. Loren enjoyed T.V. and, at age 5, "Batman" was tops for him. Now, Grandpa Prentice enjoyed getting a rise out of Loren. All he needed to do was to tell him that if Popeye ate a bit of spinach, he could clean up on Batman. Blair was always our "live wire" and observant, too. One time, when he was not yet in school, he remarked after his bath that his hands were wrinkled and "just like old people's." Cory has always been good natured -- much like his Grandpa Prentice. But, as easy-going as Cory was, there was one thing he would not tolerate. Mysteriously, we discovered him sleeping on the floor one morning, only to learn later that our cat had moved in on him during the night. Through the years, Adelle provided the feminine influence and she has always been caring -- even as a little gal. One morning she had slipped over to visit her grandparents. As she watched Pop plug his one sore ear with cotton, she glanced out the window then, turning to him, she remarked, "Better plug the other one, too, Pop -- here come the boys!"

The four children kept us busy; some days I wondered if there would ever be an end to bottles and diapers. Then one day in the fall of '71 Cory boarded the school bus, and I was alone! But not for long. On September 26, 1973, **Sean** Allan was born. This time I wasn't as busy -- having only one baby instead of a couple -- so I enjoyed Sean, at least, most days. He has been a gift of surprises through the years. He was lost several times as a preschooler, while we were shopping in the malls in Saskatoon, yet he always knew where **he** was, and would ask a clerk to help him find Mom and Dad.

Like every other young couple starting out with high hopes and great dreams, Elliott and I found that life is not always easy; some years hold more than their share of difficulties. Nineteen seventy-four was one such time. About 1:00 p.m. on a March afternoon, we received a call from the principal at our little school: "Your son has been hurt on the playground and we suspect he may have a broken leg." We told him we'd be right down. When we arrived we found ten-year-old Blair lying on a snowbank, covered with jackets. There was a raw wind blowing from the west. We tried to shield our boy the best we could, and we chatted to bolster his spirits. The ambulance had been called but, unknown to us, had been on the hoist in the garage and would not arrive for almost an hour and a half. The ride into Outlook was very rough as the roads were heavy with a build-up of snow and, with a recent thaw, they were breaking up. There were many potholes. When we arrived, Blair was taken to X-ray where it was learned that he had suffered a comminuted fracture of his thigh bone. He would need to be in traction for some time. Blair's stay in hospital lasted nine and a half weeks.

During this time Sean was hospitalized at University Hospital in Saskatoon. He was not able to tolerate milk, soya-based milk or beef broth. Some cereals also upset him. Then, because of an oversight and poor communication, Sean's condition deteriorated severely. Acting on an uneasy premonition, I drove to Saskatoon to see how he was doing. His eyes were sunken, his breathing shallow. He was so weak that he could neither cry nor make any move-

ment. He simply lay there. The nurse was changing another soiled diaper. I asked her a couple of questions, then went to the nursing station and dialed our son's pediatrician and asked him, "What have you done to my baby?" He was in the ward within minutes. Sean's recovery began that day. I remained in Saskatoon to be with him, spending the nights at Marlyne's. The strain began to take its toll; I was hospitalized in Milden. That spring seeding was late due to the heavy snowfall and spring rains and, in a feeling of desperation, I telephoned Mom. Bless her! She never hesitated. That evening she was on the bus for Saskatchewan. She took over at home tending to the children and the meals. Elliott was free to put in the crop and visit Blair evenings, while I concentrated on getting well. When I came home from hospital that last time, the sun was shining on a bowl of roses sitting in the middle of the kitchen table. Someone cared! And best of all was Elliott's news that both Sean and Blair were well on the road to recovery.

During the years when the children were young I needed an outlet and some outside interests. When Loren was born, I had quit teaching except for a little substitute teaching so, in response to the need in 1967, I began a private kindergarten in Macrorie. I taught over a period of twelve years -- at first one morning a week, then twice a week. Later, I took some classes in ceramics, furniture upholstery and wood refinishing, the latter two from the local community college.

Living in any community carries its own duties and responsibilities. Our small village of Macrorie is no different. Our new arena, which was built in 1967, was constructed with local volunteer help. Yearly operating expenses are mostly met with income received through the rink kitchen. This means that the women and -- in recent years -- the men, too, must take a turn at working. The ladies are canvassed for pies, soup, chili and other things. Elliott has always been very active in the field of sports -- coaching, managing and as a participant. Working and playing together strengthens a community and the same is true of the Church. We belong to the Immaculate Heart of Mary Catholic Parish in Outlook where my greater interest and involvement, through the years, has been in the field of catechetics.

About the time Sean started school I began to consider resuming my education. This only lasted a couple of years, as I became involved in the development of a volunteer program for the elderly, the handicapped and the shut-in. While the project has been challenging, it has given me a greater sense of fulfillment than any other work I have undertaken.

This fall of 1986 Elliott and I celebrated our Silver Wedding Anniversary. It was an opportunity to reflect, to be thankful and to celebrate God's goodness to us not only through each other but also through the many others He has given to us over the years -- our five children, wee Brandon and Brandi Rae, our families (Prentice and Alain) and many good friends. We have received much in the way of love, care, support and inspiration. With the years, we have been given a rainbow of memories to cherish.



Back row L.R.: Cory, Blair, Elliott, Loren. Front: Sean, **Maxine** and Adelle.

ADELLE PRENTICE

(Our daughter, Adelle, shares her story and that of her brothers.)

Charles Elliott Prentice took the hand of Maxine Theresa Alain on October 28, 1961. Nine months later their first child, a baby boy, was born. This is the story of this child and of the other four children that followed.

Joseph **Loren** Elliott was born on July 28, 1962. Loren was quite an organized and tidy little boy -- much to Mother's joy. In later years he proved to be an A student. As time went on, he developed a love for sports, taking after his father.

Through the years he participated in many sports, some of his favorite being hockey, base-

ball and golf. Today his work involves one of his favorite sports -- racquetball. After high school his first job was at a racquetball court in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Presently he manages **House of Courts**, a racquetball and fitness centre in Saskatoon. Loren also has a musical ear and played guitar for a number of years as a youth. He was active in the 4-H Club for five years.

Today Loren and Carol Anne Jacobson live in Saskatoon. Their tiny daughter, Brandi Rae, was born to them on May 17, 1986.

On August 17, 1963, I (Therese **Adelle**) was born to Elliott and Maxine. I was a preemie and required more care during my first weeks.

As I grew up, I developed an interest in music and I took piano and accordian lessons. Dance was also a part of my youth. Mom and Dad were kept busy running to lessons and recitals. Like my brothers, I took my high school education in Outlook. In my senior years I found that I enjoyed writing so, in my spare time, I began to write short stories and poetry. Two years out of high school, I took a creative writing class and hope to pursue this interest in the future. I was actively involved in 4-H for six years and also enjoyed teaching religion classes for preschoolers for a year.

I began working part-time at the Outlook Printers in grade nine and continued there until graduation, at which time I pursued my career as a typesetter in Saskatoon. I have continued to work in various print shops through the years and am presently working at the *Rosetown Eagle* as an advertising sales rep. and a graphic arts designer.

Norman **Blair**, third child of Elliott and Maxine, was born on August 15, 1964. Blair was a child full of energy and action -- constantly on the go. As the years passed, he spent his energy on hockey, baseball and other sports through school such as soccer, football and golf. Today he follows his older brother's interest in racquetball and is a frequent visitor at Loren's club. Blair also was a 4-H member for a number of years.

Leaving school, he went first to Medicine Hat in search of work. While there, he worked for Medican, B-Law Construction, Medicine Hat Concrete, and the Hat Pipeline. Later he moved back home and worked for the C.N.R. for four months. When he was laid off, he went to Lake Louise where he worked at the Chateau for several months.

At the present time he is in Saskatoon, working at Primco, a large warehouse, where he has been since September of 1985.

Cory Lee was born on October 7, 1965. He was happy-go-lucky as a baby and has retained this quality. Cory evened up the score when it came to football and baseball "teams" in the backyard. He, too, was a 4-H member. He played baseball and hockey, switching from the latter to curl. He became Dad's right-hand man, playing third on the curling ice.

When the time came for decisions after high school, Cory chose to participate in the Katimavik program. This took him across Canada to three provinces where he spent three months in each of the following places: Gaspe, Quebec; Courtney, B.C.; and Petersborough, Ontario. Finishing his last rotation at the latter, he began working for a construction company. When he was laid off, he moved home. Then, before long, he was hired by the Patterson Grain Company which was building an elevator annex in Wolseley, Saskatchewan. Following this, Cory went to Slave Lake, Alberta, where he worked on the maintenance staff at the local hotel for six months. Home for a holiday, he went to see Blair in Saskatoon and was hired by Primco "on-the-spot". He is presently living in Saskatoon with Blair.

Sean Allan, the fifth and last child, was born on September 26, 1973. From five months of age, Sean had problems with allergies. Finding a suitable formula proved more difficult as time went on. After five weeks in University Hospital in Saskatoon, Elliott and Maxine brought their baby home much to the delight of three brothers and one sister ready to play mother. The whole family found much delight in little Sean, teaching him all kinds of wonderful things -- new words, games and to rough-house.

Sean was a quick, perceptive child. Helped along by four teenagers, some claimed Sean was wise beyond his years. He is now taking his grade eight at Macrorie Elementary School with the same teacher, Mr. Dean Corbett, as the rest of us had. Sean is active in the school band and won an award for Proficiency. He has proved himself a money-manager, saving his egg and pop-bottle money to purchase his own motorbike and part of his computer. He makes up some of his programs, combining studying and playing on the computer to make learning more fun.

Sean, like his brothers and father, enjoys his sports of baseball, hockey and golf. He has a keen interest in racquetball and is very happy

when he can get to the city to play. Recently he has become interested in curling -- playing with Dad, the school team, and 4-H members.

Through our childhood, our Grandma and Grandpa Prentice played a very important and special role in our lives. I remember Grandma's big cookies fresh out of the oven and the line-up of little hands eagerly outstretched for these tasty favorites. Grandpa was a special storyteller and he could keep our interest for hours on end with his yarns. Each spring we would wait in excited anticipation for their return from Victoria, B.C. I remember how we used to count the days and, when they arrived, it was always a joyous occasion.

Visits from Grandma and Grandpa Alain were also held dear -- perhaps more so -- for the visits were few and far between as they lived far away.

Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving ... all the holidays were and still are happy family times, with everyone gathering together to share good food (Mom has always been a terrific cook) and lots of good fun! On many of these occasions, the Storebo and Reindl families are there to share in the festivities. My memories of childhood and growing up will always be happy ones -- the family picnics, the sport functions, the birthday parties and the summer vacations. Our parents have done much for us through the years to help us grow into caring, responsible adults. We shall always be grateful to them.

MARCELLA (ALAIN) SEVIGNY

I was born in Hudson Bay Junction Union Hospital, April 5, 1944. I was baptized by Father Van Vynk at the Rectory on April 11. Hector Maynard and Grandma Strasser were in attendance as proxy godparents for Aunt Berthe and Uncle Paul Marsollier who resided in Flin Flon, Manitoba.

In 1948, at the age of four, I remember boarding a train for Saskatoon where I was to be a flower girl for my Aunt Mae Strasser's wedding. Since there was no station agent in Veillardville, we had to flag the train down. Aunt Mae was married on October 9th. (That date never rang a bell till my own wedding on the same date twenty-three years later - 1971.)

Two years later saw me starting school with four cousins: three of them Alains - Lorne, Simone and Lynn; and one Lessard - Susan. What a year Miss Carnahan had with ten of us in grade one, and I was related to four of them! Of course, this was all in a one room school. That year, as part of the Christmas concert, we sang "Ten Little Indians".

For those of you who remember, Simone Alain and I went to school in a little cart pulled by her horse, Tony. My contribution was his feed which consisted of a bag of chopped oats or chop, as we called it. Tony was always so slow and pokey; Marlyne and Maxine would walk and get to school before us. However, one day a train went by just before we got to the crossing in Veillardville and it spooked Tony. Well, he reared and took off galloping with Simone and I in tow, yelling and screaming our heads off. Marlyne, who had been walking behind us, ran and helped calm Tony down, along with Arnold Sauer and a couple of other men who worked on the tracks. When we arrived at school, everyone mentioned how pale we looked.

I vividly recall a big snowstorm in February of that year. We had gone to school with Wayne Barry, a nephew of our neighbours, Ed and Lil Barry. Wayne was driving a horse which was pulling a stoneboat. Huge fluffy snowflakes were falling that morning. Coming home from school early, for the teacher dismissed us around 2:00 p.m. instead of the usual 3:30, we had to unhitch the stoneboat at Uncle Smokey's store and hoof it. As Maxine and I were the smallest, we got to ride horseback for half a mile. After that, the drifts got so deep the horse couldn't jump them so Wayne and Marlyne made Maxine get off the horse and I alone was left to ride. When we got to the last quarter of a mile, we abandoned the road and walked in Thrussell's field where the snow was still deep but at least hadn't drifted. It was quite a relief to make it home safe and sound. I remember thinking how brave Wayne, Marlyne and Maxine were to keep going. Being only six years old, I would have preferred to stop and rest for a while in the field. Only years later did I realize their wisdom and accuracy of judgment.

The winter I was nine years old, Mom paid for ten piano lessons for me as well as ten tap dancing lessons. I remember how much I enjoyed those lessons, especially the tap dancing ones. (I was able to pursue my music lessons when I was in grade nine as a trade-off for doing dishes in the kitchen of the boarding school I attended.) It must have been a real sacrifice for Mom to pay for those lessons. The first two weeks she told me to tap in the basement on the cement floor so Dad

wouldn't know I was taking the lessons. I imagine Mom didn't want Dad to get upset over spending money in that fashion.

In May of that year, the day of the recital, I walked from White Poplar School to Hudson Bay. Dad was seeding and Mom couldn't drive the car. It was close to 90° F. and the five miles seemed like an eternity. I finally arrived at Grandma Strasser's home, dusty and perspiring. The first thing she did was put me in the tub for a warm bath. That was a real thrill because we didn't have running water, much less a built-in tub at home. I think Mom may have gotten a ride into town with Aunt Yvonne that night because she was there to see me perform.

One experience I would like to relive from my childhood is walking on the road in my bare feet while it was raining. We would sort of "skate" on the road and look at our funny tracks, all the while enjoying the feel of mud squishing through our toes. That was a really enjoyable experience. As our roads had no pavement, not even gravel on them, they were very smooth with only the odd little stone to scratch our feet.

We had a lot of snow one year and the spring run-off was particularly heavy. As the snow melted and the water drained into the creek, the latter became very swollen and began washing away the bridge near our home. One afternoon Mom couldn't find Bruce. Walking as far as the bridge, she panicked when she saw how much earth had been washed away beside the bridge. Fearing the worst, that Bruce had been swept away in the flood waters, she asked me to jump the crevasse and run to Uncle Rolland's, the distance of a mile, to see if Bruce might have gone there. I don't remember stopping once to walk. I just ran hoping and praying that I would find him. As I turned into Uncle Rolland's driveway, I could see Bruce sitting on the steps with Aunt Yvonne and Gordon Menzies looking through the pages of the new Eatons or Simpsons-Sears Spring and Summer catalogue. I remember feeling absolutely enraged at his calmness. Naturally, he had no idea I was so upset. Running back home, we made the dreadful error of running one behind the other. Mom could only see one person so she was sure her worst fears were confirmed, yet she stayed by the bridge, waiting. You should have seen the look on her face when she finally made the two of us out. When we arrived at the bridge she instructed us to remove our boots and throw them across. Being lighter, we could then run and jump over the washed out section which, by then, was two to two-and-a-half feet wide with water hissing and gushing rapidly through that section of the road. Being the younger of the two, Bruce threw his boots across first. His aim was poor and one of his boots landed in the angry water and was instantly washed downstream. That upset Mom but having Bruce back home safe and sound was better than the loss of one rubber boot.

Little traditions that remain in my mind were the Saturday evening bath - one after the other, beginning with the baby all the way up to Mom and Dad. As the water cooled with each successive bath, we added more hot water which had been heated on the woodstove. A treat of popcorn or fudge always followed our bath in the winter. Grandpa Alain would walk to our place - three-quarters of a mile - to listen to the hockey game on the radio. He was hard of hearing so consequently the volume was turned up quite high. In the summer, we would polish everyone's shoes and have our bath just before supper. We would go to town right after. Sometimes we would peddle raspberries for 25¢ a basket. Other times, we would sell butter, eggs or cream. In those days, when we had too much cream, we would ship it to Prince Albert on the train in big cream cans. Then Mom would receive a small cheque in the mail later. That was her only income along with the berries, butter and egg money combined with the Family Allowance.

When in town on Saturday we would go to the locker plant and, with our own key, we would take out all the meat we would need for the following week. This, of course, preceded 1957, the year in which power came to our area.

My childhood was pretty uneventful except for the occasions when Dad would get me to peel green fence posts for 3¢ a post. The idea of earning money always spurred me on. Then, if that became too boring, Dad could always think of other chores needing to be done: cows to chase out of the wheat field, a fence to mend, grain to shovel or tools to pick up and put in the shed. Early on I had made up my mind to work outside with Dad rather than stay in the house doing housework with Mom. To this day, making meals is not one of my priorities. However, to reward us for all the hard work, I got to go to the Melfort Fair and the Saskatoon Exhibition once. When we went to Saskatoon Mom and Dad took Norbert Marsollier, my cousin, with us. I was nine or ten years old then. While in Saskatoon, Norbert took me to my first three-dimensional

movie. What an experience that was, wearing those funny little glasses. I also recall visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henri Dinelle, family friends, who used to live on Uncle Rolland's farm.

Each year, at the end of June, for passing our grade Dad would present us with a new pair of leather gloves to make hay with. Our summers were spent picking wild strawberries - enough so Mom could can one hundred jars of wild strawberry jam every year. From 8 a.m. till 9 a.m. we would pick stones in the fields, then come home and make hay till suppertime. Then at night we picked stones from 8 till 9 p.m. Exhausted, we had no trouble going to sleep which was often to the sounds of frogs croaking or the beavers slapping their tails on the water in the creek behind our house.

When any of the machinery broke down, Bruce and I would sometimes have to stay in a field and wait for Dad to come back. To fill in the time, we would build a lean-to, examine field mice nests or compare tans and muscle size. When Dad would come back from changing fields, from a repair or to pick us up from stooking, he would examine what we had done. If it didn't meet his standards, we knew about it. One time we had stooked a big field and a powerful wind came and knocked over most of our stooks. I always said Bruce's stooks were the ones that fell down, not mine! Nevertheless, we both had to re-stook the field.

A special event most summers was to have our Marsollier and Menzies cousins arrive from Flin Flon, Manitoba, to visit. They were real city folk to us. The little contact we had with them in those days helped to keep family ties together. We picked names for Christmas gifts on both sides of the family and, to this day, I still remember the excitement of receiving a gift from a cousin who lived in the city, whether it be Hamilton or Flin Flon.

At the age of seven, Mom took Bernie and me to Flin Flon for Easter. Bernie was only two and a half years old and it was her first train ride. She stuttered when she talked and, when she woke up the next morning, she looked out the window. As the train sped by, she said in her little excited voice, "MMMommy, ttttthe tttttrees aaare rrrr-running." Everyone in the coach started to laugh. While we were gone Dad couldn't find the Easter eggs Mom had hidden. In fact, she had hid them so well, it took a full two years to find them.

I made the trip to Flin Flon once more at the age of twelve with my cousin Simone. To help with the burden of feeding us during our visit, Mom sent a shopping bag full of meat which I was instructed to leave between the cars on the train so it would stay frozen. I remember being embarrassed to ask the trainman if I could and he did not object.

A highlight of each year was the track and field sports day in Hudson Bay. Simone and I were almost always in the same races and jumping contests: broad jump, high jump and hop-step-and-jump. She was usually first and I was often second. Occasionally we got to advance to Porcupine Plains or Somme for another meet. But just going to Hudson Bay was a big thrill. White Poplar often won the prize for the best banner and school yell. One year when Mrs. L. Smith taught, the yell included some of the following words: "Busy Bees, Busy Bees; We are workers, never shirkers; Busy Bees, Busy Bees." We won first that year.

Another highpoint I should mention was the annual Christmas concert. Dad would come to school in early December and set up the stage which would remain till the Christmas holidays. Those concerts sported standing room only. They always held a kind of magical spell over me and culminated with the appearance of Santa Claus. One year, when Bernadette was a baby, Mom had her in her arms standing just behind Mr. Veillard who was on the short side. Bernie would drool on his bald head, put her pudgey hands in it and rub it all over his crown. Mom would get upset and try to stop her but Mr. Veillard said, "Let her be, it's keeping her quiet."

A favorite pastime Bruce and I had as children was to play on one of Dad's old binders. There, nestled in an old spool of binder twine, we would often find robins' nests and, sometimes, even eggs. We also played in the old caboose and sometimes in the buggy under the trees behind the chicken coop. We were always fascinated by birds' nests, whether they were in the barn, in the rafters of the granaries or in the garage. On rainy days, Bruce and I would close the door to our bedroom and out would come the Monopoly game which would occupy us for hours.

One game I vividly recall playing as a child was Anti-Anti-I-Over. It was played by throwing a ball over the house. One had to catch the ball and try to get to the other side of the house without being touched or tagged. It was usually played in teams. If you were tagged with the ball, you had to join forces with the other team. One

day Bruce broke Mom and Dad's bedroom window. We all vowed not to tell who did it. Bernie suggested we go inside and pray that we wouldn't be punished.

Dad, I think, missed playing ball and one year, he bought Bruce a right-handed glove and a left-handed one for himself. He used to play catch with us when he had the time. When we got better at the sport, he eventually gave me his glove and Bruce and I played together.

I have some fond memories of Grandpa Alain. The job he held in his later years was that of watching out for fires from a high tower up north. He travelled to and from work in his old Model T Ford. He would toot his horn when he went past our place. It had a unique sound. On special occasions, he would let us ride in the rumble seat. Mom and Dad thought he was a little too permissive but we loved him for it. One day he took Simone, Lynn and Gabrielle to Ruby Lake for a swim. It was very hot that summer. He also asked me to go along but I had to make hay. Needless to say, I was jealous of those who got to go.

As I mentioned earlier, Grandpa was quite deaf in later years. Well, one day I was out in his car with him and the two of us nearly got hit by a train at the Veillardville crossing. Grandpa hadn't heard the whistle and I was telling him to stop but he kept on going. The train sped over the siding just seconds after we crossed it. Grandpa was always singing or humming. He always appeared to be in a good mood. He sang in the church choir with three of his children, Smokey, Rolland and Edithe.

Once a week after school I would wash Grandma Alain's kitchen floor. She would give me a big rubber pad inside a brown bag to put under my knees. This, I thought, was rather nifty as I didn't have such comfort while working at home. Lynn would invariably come over and the two of us would giggle and giggle as Grandma gave us our traditional glass of tomato juice to drink. She often kept me for supper those nights which was a real thrill for me.

At the age of thirteen, I left home to go to boarding school in Zenon Park, Saskatchewan, for grade nine. After grade ten, at the age of fifteen, I entered the Order of French Sisters who taught in Zenon Park: Les Soeurs de la Charité de Notre Dame D'Evron. While with the Sisters, I completed my high school and attended College St. Jean and the University of Alberta. I then taught at St. Thomas d'Aquin Elementary School in Edmonton for two years. After nine years with the Sisters, I decided it really was not my vocation and I left the Order in June 1968.

I continued teaching, this time at St. Nicholas and finished my Bachelor of Education at the University of Alberta in 1970. I then taught Music and Family Life at St. Nicholas and at St. Cecilia Junior High Schools. On October 9, 1971, I married Richard Sévigny. A year after our marriage we both returned to university to do the course work for our Masters degrees. It was a year neither of us will ever forget: taking the courses, struggling through statistics and exams together.

Richard is a native Edmontonian, born July 17, 1948, of French-Canadian ancestry. In high school he attended Holy Redeemer College with the Redemptorists and went to Winnipeg for his B.A. under their tutelage. He majored in Philosophy and Sociology. His parents, Arthur and Alice, still reside in Edmonton.



Marcella, Richard, Camille, Martin and Paul.

January 1, 1975, saw us move to Sydney, Nova Scotia, where we have resided ever since. In 1976, after a lot of hard work, I finally obtained a Masters degree in Science (M.Sc.) in Family Studies from the University of Alberta and Richard obtained his in 1978. For four years, the two of us worked as the Family Life Coordinator couple for Family Service of Eastern Nova Scotia. Richard worked by himself for a few years after I resigned; then in 1982 he was named Executive Director of the agency. That year I began to teach Music For Young Children in our

home. Today I teach an average of thirty students a week from the ages of 3½ to 9, comprised of six or seven classes.

My other interests and activities have been with the C.W.L., Right to Life, and SERENA where, along with Richard, we teach other couples Natural Family Planning. For eight years we both taught Childbirth Education classes (Lamaze). I also taught French Immersion for two years here in Sydney.

We have been blessed with three boys: **Paul** René, born July 30, 1974; **Camille** Alain, born September 15, 1977; and **Martin** Thomas, who was adopted by us in March 1979, was born December 21, 1978. At the present time all three boys are involved in music, elocution, Beavers, Cubs, swimming, soccer, and hockey.

BRUCE ALAIN

I was born in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, on November 12, 1946. Many things happened to me as a youngster - some events that I personally recall follow.

When I was quite young I would follow my father behind the plough in the field directly in front of our place. The plough was a regular two-bottom plough that my dad pulled behind the old McCormick and it had a big throw which would turn the dirt over. Because he didn't have enough power or speed, the furrow would fall right over and flop back. I remember getting caught in the furrow and losing my rubber boot.

Once, when I was between three and four years old, there was a huge snow storm when we were out in the cutter. The cutter was like a big motorhome except it was drawn by horses. It had a windshield and inside was a woodstove for heat, a vent, a table and a place to sit down. One Saturday, we were being pulled home from Veillardville which was about three-quarters of a mile away. To me it seemed like an eternity that we were in the cutter with the coal oil lantern swinging back and forth from the ceiling.

At about age four an incident that I remember more clearly than any other was getting my first pair of hockey gloves for Christmas. In those days Grandpa Alain used to come by and tease me about "Rocket" Richard. That pair of hockey gloves was a gift I was proud of for a long time.

An interesting experience happened to me in school, probably about Grade 5. I was able to take a joke as well as give one. One day my cousins and a few other school kids wrapped up a steel ball bearing, which was about three inches in diameter, with some white tape. I used to ride my bike to play scrub in the morning and, that morning, I hit the steel ball with the bat from a very close range - of course, it was their idea of a joke. Later in school, for about two hours after hitting this "ball", my hands were unable to hold a pen or pencil. My teacher wasn't too excited about that.

We used to plug gopher holes at school with broken bats and then flush out the gophers with the slop water from the school. This was part of school in those days.

In the winter time Rachelle, Bernie and I would hitch up my two dogs, Rusty and Pup, and they would pull us to school. I enjoyed those years. My dogs were great and I went everywhere with them. I probably shot as many as a hundred squirrels in winter. I never caught a mink though I always wanted to. I got quite a few weasels but squirrels were the big thing - you got about two bits a squirrel. There was never a moment when there was nothing to do. If you couldn't do something sensible, you could always do something irrational and I had a chance to do both at an early age.

On the farm just about every Saturday in the spring, when it got dry enough to go on the land, my dad would get us kids together and hook a stone boat up and we would have to go out and pick all the rocks that had bared themselves after the winter snow. They were easy to see and pick. Marcella and I and sometimes the other kids would run from the wagon or from the stone boat, left and right. Marlyne's husband, Adolf, had his turn picking rocks with us, too. We had some pretty entertaining days out there with Dad in the captain's seat pointing out the rocks for us to leap out and pick.

I was fairly mechanical and, with the help of my Uncle Rolland, I designed my first motorbike. It was an old Briggs & Stratton washing machine engine that was stuck on the side of the bike. I had it for two or three summers, that I can remember, and it was quite a sight to see.

When I was in Grade 8 or 9, I started going to the town school. The school was more than one room and had lots of teachers. That was the first year my Uncle Rolland drove the bus, and marked the change for me, from farm life to city life. It was a major change in my life, I feel, because life on the farm wasn't the same anymore

after experiencing town life.

After a couple of years in town school, I didn't like school anymore and I struck off with a friend, a man we knew from Hudson Bay. His name was Leo Budnick, and he took me to Calgary. There I embarked on a career, that of a jockey. Half a year later I was fortunate enough to paddock a horse called Wood's Wish at the Queen's Play at Woodbine in Ontario. I rode many thoroughbreds and did come out of the starting gate. It was very eventful at the track. We had to go by train with the horses from Edmonton to Toronto. On one trip, on the second day, I was mucking the stables out and thought the only way to get rid of the stuff was to throw it out the train door - so I did! Well, what I didn't know was that the car right behind ours was the dining car. I guess it was a pretty shitty view!

I looked after a horse farm in Toronto and that led me to my second job which was working at a funeral home in Toronto called Lyonnete Funeral Parlor. There I would deliver flowers and wash the new cars - I didn't have much to do with the actual embalming of bodies.

I then came West. My parents had sold the farm and eventually moved to Golden, B.C. where Dad was working in a sawmill. I ran into my brother-in-law, Don Adrian, and some others who had already taken a welding course and they all suggested that I go to welding school in Kelowna and learn a trade. My cousin, Lloyd Alain, and I did go to welding school in Kelowna and took our welding papers and both joined the Iron Workers. Lloyd is currently working as an iron worker. I spent ten years in the field, putting up iron in Saskatchewan, Ontario, British Columbia, Alberta, Wyoming, California, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico.

I then took up freestyle ski judging when the sport was very young. I took that sport from a very early age of freestyle skiing - in fact, I was involved in the third freestyle contest ever held. I started judging and worked my way up to be the general manager and chief organizer for Canada. This took about eight years of total dedication to the sport, seven months of each year. In the summer time I helped a couple of my buddies build homes. While I was doing the freestyle skiing, I was very fortunate to have had the opportunity to travel to many European countries - Yugoslavia, Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Liechtenstein, and Switzerland. I was even in Japan for ten days which was probably one of the highlights of my freestyle skiing career.

I then took up contracting full time and, with a partner, have been quite busy in the Vernon area building custom homes.

I married Gaila Kanester on November 8, 1986, in Vernon, B.C., having first met her and her two young daughters, Tiara and Hailey, back in 1983. We live in Vernon, B.C., and quite enjoy life here.



Bruce and Gaila with daughters, Tiara and Hailey .

BERNADETTE MICHELLE (ALAIN) ADRIAN

I was given my name by my godmother, Yvonne (Veillard) Alain. My mother wanted to call me Michelle but my dad refused so she used it as a middle name. Later she got her way - when her sixth daughter arrived, she named her Michelle.

I was born June 5, 1948, in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan. I lived on the farm in Veillardville which was a great place. I don't remember many things from my childhood. Aside from the regular play and farm life, my life as a youngster never held much more excitement.

I went to White Poplar School till grade seven. My grade one teacher was Mrs. Lee, of whom I was very fond. My recollection in grade one was her asking if I could print my name and I said, "Yes." She asked me to then print it and I wouldn't because I knew she was a teacher and teachers knew everything, so she didn't need me to show her the spelling.

Grades two to six, I had Mrs. Marion Smith. She was a good teacher. Being in a one-room country school, we always seemed to be more interested in the other grades than the one we were in. I remember thinking how I couldn't wait to get big enough to take that Algebra. I used to see Marcella and Simone Alain, plus others, go to the blackboard and, out loud, would say, "Draw a line any length and mark it A and B" and continue on. I thought doing that was real important and it impressed me. We also had public speaking contests and I usually came out of our country school doing well and then always lost out in Hudson Bay when competing against all the rural areas. It really was an exciting thing! Another big highlight was our Christmas concerts. They were so well rehearsed and we patiently waited till the end of the evening for Santa's arrival. What a thrill! We got our orange, a few candies and a gift. We sometimes got to pick out of the Sears catalogue a first and second choice for a particular priced gift.

We rode to school in the winter on a toboggan pulled by our dogs, Pup and Rusty. We were two and a quarter miles away so we mainly took them; other times we'd walk, making little games along the way. We would either walk the railroad tracks, testing our balance on the rails, or seeing who could go the furthest without breaking through the crust of snow. In the spring came the excitement of walking along the highway to school because it would be dry for the last mile so we'd walk through the mud to what we referred to as "Menzies Corner." We had a pair of shoes hidden in the Anglican Church there so we would then get out of our boots and into shoes. Boy! After walking one and a quarter miles in gumbo, your boots were so heavy and our shoes felt like feathers. Needless to say, we were not supposed to be wearing shoes as the school yard was wet and we played out all the time.

In grade seven our little country school closed down, putting an end to a part of our heritage which today my children and many others have never experienced and never will. It was a school system in a sort of family atmosphere - all eight grades in one room.

The first day of school in Hudson Bay was a real eye opener! We rode a school bus driven by my Uncle Rolland Alain, my father's brother. He picked us up at the driveway and took us to a school consisting of many classrooms, teachers, etc. I attended my first day and on the second day I ended up being admitted into the hospital with Polio. That was in 1960, the year Saskatchewan had quite an outbreak of it. While in the hospital my younger sister, Michelle, came in with a broken leg. How she cried when they went to put her in the children's ward. Of course, that meant she was going to have to sleep in a crib. Well, she was a distance from my room but all I could hear was "I won't sleep in a crib because only babies do." They ended up pushing the crib in my room when I was out of isolation. Well, that settled a lot of crying. My grandfather, Henry Alain, had had a very severe stroke earlier in the year and was left in a wheelchair and under the hospital's care. I had not seen Grandpa since his stroke but loved him so. One day a nurse said we'd have a reunion with the three of us. Being only twelve years old, I was more than shocked when he'd call me by other people's names, and most definitely was not with us. It hurt me so much but I guess we learn much from all these experiences. I wasn't aware what strokes really were like.

I took grade nine at Zenon Park at the convent as a boarder. That seemed to have become a real tradition in our family. We went there for our high school. I wasn't fond of living in that type of surroundings and just at the age when a girl starts to get interested in "BOYS." Gee, stuck in a female dorm - well the Sisters just weren't going to give in to my reasoning. I really don't know who won those battles. If those walls could talk, we'd all laugh. We had lots of good times though, and I met some lovely friends. I

spent the year there and then moved out to B.C. as my folks moved to Vernon in April of '63. So in June I left Saskatchewan for Vernon. This was the beginning of my many moves: I took grade ten in Vernon and grade eleven in Golden, B.C. and then decided, enough of school.

During my childhood we were raised on a farm. We had a lot of cattle, pigs, chickens, etc. The chores of feeding and cleaning pens never seemed too bad but we couldn't see why rock picking was never over. There were times when I'm sure I truly believed they grew from year to year. We had a stone boat which we loaded them on. Of course, we always fought to see who could drive the tractor because it sure was less work. We all got our share of it though. We hated picking rocks so much and one day we came across a groundhog. Boy, we unloaded the whole works throwing them at him! Needless to say, we had to reload it and probably never even hit the groundhog.

One day Bruce decided he was going to have a motor bike, so off a washing machine came a motor and gee, if the stupid thing wouldn't start half the time. We would push him, running as fast as we could, down a slight hill and once it started, of course, he'd wave and carry on his way as we'd walk back home cursing never to help him again. All that for the love of a brother!

In the winter time we used the dogs as our transportation to go everywhere. Sometimes we'd get them ready in the harness at the store or wherever we were and just as we'd go to step on the toboggan, they'd take off and go right home making us walk. Well, to say we'd be upset would be mild but we never gave up. We did become wiser, though, when preparing to leave with them.

Some of our favorite games in the spring were marbles and, of course, Hop Scotch - we always had lots of rubber bands from jars to use as our markers. In summer time we'd play in the creek behind the farm. Gee, we'd spend endless hours swimming in a hole or exploring a beaver's dam. I lost a couple pairs of boots in that creek and this one year I was warned it had best be the last time. Well, gee, if one didn't get stuck in the mud and I lost it. Mom made me wear two black rubbers to school, one with red around the top and across the toes and the other with white and, besides, they were different sizes. I was pretty embarrassed so I'd try to keep as much mud on them as possible. We never had phones in our homes but we had big gas tanks which were high on a stand; we would climb on top and holler to our neighbors, "Theresa and Bobby Nicholls." Well, our voices carried loud and clear, probably even without the gas tank being high. They would mount theirs and we'd holler back and forth. They lived the closest to us, being only one quarter mile across a field.

We went to town Saturday afternoons in the winter and Saturday evenings in the summer after supper. We'd get our allowance and, boy, we were gone! We'd all have to meet, usually at Grandma Strasser's, after the stores closed. Mom and Dad and others would stop there for a coffee and a visit and we'd play during that time. Country living was just so very different from living in town. Kids from town used to love to come to the farm and we'd always want to trade them places. We never had television until late 1962, mainly because the reception was pretty poor. But I remember Uncle Smokey had a TV so I went and watched Princess Margaret's wedding on it. What a big event it was.

We had a skating rink on the farm so there was always things to do. We learned to skate pushing an old wooden kitchen chair.

Rachelle and I went to Lynn Lake, Manitoba, by train for Christmas 1960 to see my oldest sister, Marlyne, and her husband, Adolf, and family. I went alone the following year also. What a trip! I loved it! It sure was a cold place to live. One afternoon my dear nephew, Rob, and my niece, Geraldine, were supposedly having an afternoon nap but instead, they were biting my suitcase up! They were still pretty special to me even had they eaten it all up.

Well, in April of 1963 our farm was sold, bringing to an end a very special part of my life. My memories are so fond of those years and our many Christmas celebrations on the farm. We had a big auction sale and what was to be kept and what wasn't sold was loaded into a pickup truck to be driven by a neighbor and friend, Raymond Smith, to B.C. Dad, Mom, Joey and Michelle were taking the car and off they went. Rachelle stayed behind with me at the convent to finish her grade six before we joined them at the end of June. I stayed with Paulette Lamontagne that night as our place was "no more ours." My father believed our dogs would be better off left behind with the new people. They knew their surroundings and were now old dogs. Well, I forgot a skirt in the clothes chute at the house so, the next day, I went back to get it. While walking away, Pup started to follow and he would not

stop. I will always see him with his tail between his legs as I had to get real mad to make him go back to an empty farm. He knew full well what happened and, oh, did I cry. He was a best friend to all us kids. Rachelle and I left Saskatchewan by Greyhound Bus at the end of June after a visit with Maxine, my sister, and her husband, Elliott, and baby, Loren. We were off to join up with our family who bought a place in Vernon and were building a new house. Rachelle and I fought so hard to stay awake so we could see the mountains. Well, my first opinion of B.C. was it was so pretty. The mountains were just great but after I saw the first weeping willow tree, I decided right there that it was like a plant that needed watering. To me, it was ugly and it took years of living around them to get to like them. It never took me long to decide B.C. was going to be special. I loved it there. I lived in Vernon one year and then Dad decided he'd go to work for awhile so he got a job in Golden at a sawmill and off we went. Our lifestyle changed again. We lived in a small trailer in the town which was right in the valley on the Rogers Pass. Golden was in very pretty country.

I met my future husband, Don Adrian, while living there and that was for the best. He was a welder by trade and in the construction field. In the fall of 1965, I moved to Kamloops so I could take a Hair Dressing course. I was engaged to be married by then and we commuted between the two places. I got my course and married Don in the spring of 1966. We then moved to Port Moody, B.C., and Don worked as a welder on and off Vancouver Island. We lived in Coquitlam for awhile, then in Burnaby, New Westminster, and finally bought a house in Coquitlam. During our coastal years, I tried my hand at many jobs. I practiced my hair dressing for a short time, then we bought a bakery. I worked in many factories: a food plant making Tang Juice Crystals, cake mixes, Freezees, Popsicles; a factory manufacturing chainsaw bars; a factory making plastic bags of every description; and I also worked in a welding shop in Vernon welding wrought iron railings. I enjoyed it all. We lived in Fort McMurray for two years where I babysat three- and four-year olds. I did not need to go outside the home to work for a change. We went back to Vernon, then for a couple of years Don worked at his trade as the wok warranted. He worked with French Signs in Vernon while I worked in Housekeeping in the hospital. Well, as lovely as B.C. is, we couldn't get steady work so it was back to welding for Don and we moved to Alberta. We settled in Edmonton and have been here seven years. The construction has really dried up so two years ago we broke into the fast food industry. We are still at it and it's quite likely we will be for a long while. We definitely have moved lots and have been on the brunt end of many gypsy and vagabond jokes but, when you marry a construction worker, you better be prepared to move around as best as possible. We have truly enjoyed our moves and met people from all over. We've so very many friends in all these places. I soon learned that getting attached to a house was very silly. A house is only a shelter but a home is where your love is and what you make of it. We do hope to eventually return and make our home somewhere in B.C. We believe working at the various jobs and our liing in many places was an educational experience in itself. We have no regrets and would choose to do it all over again.

We were blessed with two lovely daughters, both were born in New Westminster, B.C. Our eldest is **Kendall Louise**. She was born in 1966 and recently she has been attending college in Toronto. Our other daughter, **Shantell Monique**, came along seven years later. She is attending Junior High here in Edmonton and longs for B.C. Both girls enjoy meeting new people and seeing so many places. They have much the same adventurous spirit in them as we have. I hope their addresses don't wreck everyone's book quite as much as ours did.



Shantell, **Bernie**, Don and Kendall.

KENDALL LOUISE ADRIAN

On September 18, 1966, I was born in New Westminster, B.C., but my parents were living in Port Moody. One of my fondest memories of living in Vancouver was receiving a free pass in my year end report card to attend the Pacific National Exhibition. Also, when living in Vancouver, it was a real treat to visit Grandma and Grandpa Alain in Vernon, B.C. because you knew that every morning you would receive caramel spread on toast. It was Grandpa's favorite. The biggest highlight of living in Vancouver was on August 28, 1973, when my sister Shantell was born.

I left Vancouver at the age of eight and moved to Vernon, B.C. for a short period of time and then on to Alberta for two years. Well, I guess Mom and Dad were homesick so off to the Okanagan we went again. By this time, I was twelve and decided to carry on the family tradition and join the Vernon Girls Trumpet Band. I played the cymbals just as my aunts (Michelle and Rachelle) had done.

Just short of my fourteenth birthday, Mom and Dad (the jet setters) decided it was time to move back to Edmonton, Alberta. While living there, I attended high school and worked part time at the Terrace Inn and Convention Inn. I'd have to say one of my fondest memories was meeting my friend, Graham Murray. We worked together for a short time until he and his family moved to Toronto, Ontario. Well, for the year and a half that I had left of high school, we corresponded back and forth. Being just a little too impatient, I decided I'd finish high school two credits short and work full time for a few months. Then, in March of 1984, I moved to Toronto and carried on working and completing my high school diploma. After living in Toronto a year, it was time to go back to school. I enrolled in a two-year Legal Secretarial program and have now completed my first year.

SHANTELL MONIQUE ADRIAN

My name is Shantell Monique Adrian. My mother's name is Bernadette and my father's name is Donald. I have a sister named Kendall.

I was born in New Westminster, B.C. in 1973 on August 28th.

We did a lot of moving around until 1980 when we settled down in Edmonton, Alberta.

I have been in soccer for three years. I took a liking to bowling with a youth league for two years when we lived in Vernon, B.C. I took years of swimming lessons and now I am in the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets and I just love it.

I have three pets (my buddies). They are two rabbits and our budgie who is seven years old.

In the future, I would like to move to Vernon, B.C.

RACHELLE (ALAIN) TOEWS

I was the fifth child born to Louis and Clara Alain and was named Rachelle Alma after my two grandmothers - Rachel (Strasser) and Alma (Alain). My twelve years on the farm bring back fond memories. I would have to think my greatest memories, however, have to be with the Christmas season ... going to Midnight Mass in Hudson Bay, Mom always forgetting something in the house and having to go back in. When we would get back from Mass we would have a lunch and our door to the front room would remain shut until after we had finished eating. Then, lo and behold! When we were finally able to go in Santa had already arrived! There were always needed necessities such as clothing and, usually, a new doll and/or a toy or games.

Growing up on a farm made for lots of work in the spring, summer and fall. I remember coming home from school, changing clothes and going out again to do the dreadful job of picking stones. I was always sure that Dad had a factory just making these stones for him, as they always appeared each and every spring. We also had haying to do but, being one of the younger children, I did not have as much work to do as the older ones had. Surprisingly, some of the things that come to mind when I think of the farm is not the work but rather other things such as: the root beer Mom made, picking strawberries for jam and eating, swimming in the dug-out, and learning how to skate on our creek with the help of a chair which I pushed in front of me.

I started school at White Poplar with Mrs. Smith as my teacher. I remember being so proud of myself that first year ranking first in my class. Mind you, there were only four of us but, at six years of age, that must have meant that I was really smart; I look back now and chuckle.

We used to have great Christmas concerts at the hall in Veillardville. Many, many hours were spent practising our lines for the big night which ended with Santa Claus' arrival. Treats were then

given out.

In the summer we went to Catechism in Hudson Bay and stayed with Grandma Strasser for the week. Sister Louise and Sister Clare were the teachers that I remember the best. One summer I had a hard time keeping bangs on my forehead. First of all I had decided that if Bernie was old enough to cut her bangs, so was I. So, after she had finished cutting her bangs, I sat down on the sewing machine stool and proceeded to cut my bangs. Well, they just would not come out straight; so I kept trying and, by the time I decided to stop, there was not much hair left on my forehead to call bangs anymore. The next morning I went to Catechism and wore my little blue cap. The Sisters took off my cap and they put it right back on when they realized why I was wearing it. The next time I had problems with my hair was in Mrs. Smith's class in Hudson Bay. I was chewing gum in class (which was a no-no) when I was called upon to answer a question. I took the gum out of my mouth and put it in my hand and then put my hand to my forehead to pretend I had a headache. Well ... my gum got stuck in my hair, if you can imagine!!! I told a friend what I had done and the next thing I knew, Mrs. Smith was taking me out of class. She had no sympathy for me as she proceeded to cut the gum out of my hair. Once again my little blue cap was on my head!!

I continued going to school in Hudson Bay until Easter of my sixth grade when Mom, Dad, Michelle and Joey moved to Vernon, British Columbia. I finished my grade six at the convent in Zenon Park, Saskatchewan. Bernie was already going there, having started in the fall. I thought I would have the time of my life what with our own Sister Marcella there but, quickly, I learned that there would be no special privileges. She was always fair to us though. At the end of the term, proudly holding onto my report card that said I was promoted to grade seven, Bernie and I boarded the bus that was to take us on our first trip to the west, and to our new home in Vernon, B.C.

We lived in Vernon till the summer of '64, when we moved to Golden, B.C. I remember going to bed one night and being woken up about 11:00 P.M. by a mobile home being moved into the trailer park beside us. Mom was after Bernie and me to get to know the nice boy next door. He seemed to be about Bernie's age and Mom told us that we were all new to this town and that at least we would know someone when we all started school in a couple of weeks. Well, when school started, this new boy named Dana Toews, Bernie and I all went to school together. We were always being asked if we were brother and sisters. I was quick to reply, "NO!!" For some reason I just did not like him at all. (But somewhere along the road I changed my mind, for just three years later Dana and I were married.) Our family lived in Golden, B.C. for one year and then returned to Vernon where I continued in school.

It was shortly after arriving back in Vernon that I came across an article in our local paper that mentioned THE VERNON GIRLS TRUMPET BAND. The article said the band was looking for new recruits and would begin training again in the fall. The paper went on to say the band would be going to Europe the following summer. The tour would include France, Switzerland and Holland. I remember telling Mom and Dad that I was going to join the band and that I would be with them when they went to Europe. They tried to explain to me that the older band members would go and that it would be very unlikely that a new band recruit would be picked. Well ... determined as I am known to be at times, I joined the band in the fall. I started out playing the drums. I knew right away that I would never make a drummer and, besides that, there were quite a few drummers already. I just knew I would never get to Europe that way. Fate stepped in shortly afterwards; one of the girls that played the cymbals was quitting the band and word was out that the band needed a cymbal player. I jumped at the chance. It was then, after a few weeks of practice, that I joined the main core of the band and also secured a position for Europe in th summer. I could not wait to tell everyone my good news starting, of course, wth Mom and Dad.

We landed in Amsterdam, Holland, on August 11, 1966 which, incidentally, was my fifteenth birthday. In Europe we did a lot of touring -- seeing places such as Geneva, Paris, Amsterdam, and many smaller centers. We arrived back home a very homesick group. We had been away six weeks. The only thing about this trip that I regret is that I was too young for such a trip. My reason for saying this is that I have forgotten most of my trip. I wished I could have been about ten years older at the time. I stayed in the band till the end of that year, at which time I moved to Saskatchewan.

During the year since returning from Europe I met up with Dana, who was living in a little town

called Avola in British Columbia. We started dating again. We were married that fall in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, on October 17, 1967. Mom and Dad were unable to be with us as they were at EXPO '67 in Montreal at the World's Fair. After we were married, we returned to Avola where Dana was working for the Department of Highways as a surveyor. We stayed in Avola for one year, during which time we became parents to our first child, **Lana** Denice, born on May 16, 1968.

When Lana was five months old we moved to Vernon, B.C. Dana had a job with a house-moving company. Shortly after we arrived in Vernon, I found I was going to have another baby. We stayed in Vernon only a couple of months and then we moved to Kelowna, B.C., where our second child was born. We named our son **John** Abbott. He was born July 16, 1969, fourteen months to the day Lana was born. We felt that our family was now complete, a boy and a girl. Not so ... on September 21, 1971, just two years later, our third and last child, another son was born. We named him Terence Todd, but he is called **Todd**. My goodness, I was busy now! We were living in Mica Creek, British Columbia, at the time of Todd's birth.

We really did a lot of moving in the first ten years we were married. Vernon seemed to be the one place we kept moving to and away from. We moved to Alberta in September of 1979. Dana had been surveying for many years with the Department of Highways and later worked in construction at Mica Dam in British Columbia. He was also involved with the sign industry, having learned about manufacturing, installing and servicing while working for his mother and step-father who owned French Sign Service in Vernon. It was after the French Sign Service was sold and Dana could not find work in the Okanagan that we decided to move to Alberta.

The work situation was much better in Alberta at that time. Dana left Vernon around the fifteenth of August and found work right away. He stayed with my cousin, Pam Fell, in Edmonton when he first arrived in the city. On the twenty-fourth of August, Dana came back home. This was the day before Michelle's wedding to Ian Pepper. The plan now was for Dana to return to Edmonton the next day and I was to stay behind. We already had our home rented out. I was to follow in about a week with the children. We were putting our furniture into storage. When we had found living accommodations we would then come back to Vernon and complete our move to Edmonton. However, a major disaster awaited us the day after Michelle and Ian's wedding. We had taken them to the Kelowna airport where they would fly to Las Vegas, Nevada for a week's honeymoon. When we arrived back home we were met with some very bad news. Our home had burned. Thanks to our son John's quick thinking, no one was hurt. John and Todd had been watching television. One son was in our bedroom and the other was watching the television in the living room. They were watching the same show and when they found this out, they decided to both watch in the living room. All of a sudden John turned to Todd and asked him if he could smell something burning. They went and investigated. Sure enough, there **was** something burning. Our bedroom was on fire. John shut the bedroom door and quickly ran, with Todd beside him, across the road shouting, "FIRE, FIRE, FIRE" into his Grandpa and Grandma's house. He was only ten years old at the time. He dialed the fire department and then he calmed down long enough to tell everyone that, "Yes," our house was on fire. My Dad went right over but it was not a small fire by this time. The fire engines finally arrived. They put the fire out, which was later blamed on our instant-on television. Lana lost her pet hamster in the fire.

Things were in a real turmoil for quite sometime. However, life goes on and we eventually completed our move to Edmonton as we had planned. Dana went back into construction work as a surveyor. About six months after moving to Edmonton, Dana was offered a job in Bonnyville, Alberta. My gosh, would we ever stop moving around like Gypsies! The kids adjusted very well to our new place. Since we had just bought a brand new mobile home in Edmonton, we moved it into a new mobile home park in Bonnyville and this we called "home" for the next two and a half years. On July 1st, 1982 we moved back to Edmonton and have been in the same place ever since. We called upon my brother Bruce just after arriving here. We bought a very old mobile home that needed renovating. At that time Bruce was living in Vancouver and was not too busy, so he flew to Edmonton to build an addition on our place. This addition was almost the same size as the original trailer we bought. He stayed with us till the job was done and then returned to Vancouver.

Since moving to Edmonton life has definitely been hectic! Shortly after moving back, Dana

was laid off. At that time he was in the union, still working as a surveyor. The job situation was not very good. Dana decided to start his own business. He picked up a little work here and there, still surveying. In July of 1984, Dana decided to start a sign servicing company as the construction in Alberta had almost come to a standstill. He went to Toronto and bought a used sign truck, and **Dana's Sign Service** came to be.

I was driving a school bus during this time. In the spring of 1984 we bought a doughnut machine and operated a concession in a flea market that had just opened. The next year started with Dana and myself owning this flea market. We were really busy now. We had the sign shop, bus driving, and flea market plus we ran the food concession in the market. In the spring I decided to stop driving the school bus. Then we decided to lease out our concession -- now Bernie and Don are running it. We are still very busy, though.

In the spring of 1986 we decided to renovate our place again. Bruce, now living in Vernon, came once more to help us with it. We wanted to have it completed before Lana's wedding. She married David Bury on the seventeenth of May, 1986. They have a beautiful baby boy who is just over a year old. They called him Kevin Justin. They are expecting their second child in the spring of 1987. David works for us as a sign installer and Lana periodically works in the office to help us out when we need her. Our son, John, works for us, too. He is also a sign installer, working in the shop as well as on the trucks.



Back row L.R.: Todd, John. Front: *Rachelle*, Dana, Lana and David.

Lana's Wedding May 17, 1986.

Todd is in Grade ten. He is the athlete in our family. He plays hockey, football, baseball, and has taken up a new sport - golf. Todd has a job in the winter. He works the overhead door of our indoor parking lot in the flea market.

Our future hope would be to slow down our pace, and to enjoy our children and grandchildren to the fullest.

LANA (TOEWS) BURY

I was the first child born to my parents, Dana and Rachelle. I was born in Vernon, B.C., on May 16, 1968. I remember most of my childhood years as living in B.C. My Grandma French used to pick me up and my two younger brothers from school every day. My dad would pick us up when he was finished work, as by this time, my mother would be at work. Right across from the trailer park was a girlfriend, Roxanne. They had a farm with horses; we all really enjoyed riding. When winter came, the pond would freeze and we would go ice skating. I also recall good times at Uncle Don and Auntie Bernie's place in Vernon, B.C. -- I really enjoyed swimming and they had a pool. All of us kids had fun in the water.

My last memory of Vernon is the day after Uncle Ian and Auntie Michelle's wedding. Our house caught fire. I remember how scared my relatives were because I was at the store with my cousin, Melissa Marsollier. Grandpa Alain, who lived across the street, ran over and tried going up the stairs with a fire extinguisher, and Uncle Richard was also looking for me in the field next to the house. I remember crying so much that somebody passed me baby Martin, my cousin, and he calmed me down. A lot of people were gone to the airport to wish Ian and Michelle a good trip and to sing a little song they made up:

HE'S A PEPPER, SHE'S A PEPPER
AND SOON THEY WILL HAVE
A BABY PEPPER, TOO, CAUSE
YESTERDAY THEY SAID
"I DO"

And when my parents came back they were a little upset because they thought us kids had had another water fight, as we used to have them quite often, until they walked into Grandma and Grandpa Alain's. All of us kids were sitting inside and lots of other people, too. We spent the next couple of nights at Uncle Don and Auntie Bernie's.

A couple of weeks later we moved to Edmonton and stayed a week or so at Pam Fell's place. After a while we bought a trailer and, during the spring break, we moved to Bonnyville where I finished grades six, seven and eight. I really had fun living there! It's a small town and you know everybody. Everyone is friendly. This is where I met my best friend, Shannon McCulloch. Shannon and I did everything together, from rollerskating to playing baseball on the same team.

I played sports in school but I especially liked playing basketball. When I wasn't playing sports I enjoyed babysitting for all the neighbours. I loved doing it because I loved kids so much.

In the summer before I started grade nine, we moved back to Edmonton where we bought another trailer, but it was really small. Mom and Dad had Uncle Bruce come out from Vernon to help them remodel it into a double wide.

I still kept in touch with Shannon ... a few months later Shannon and her family moved to Red Deer, not quite as far away. We saw each other more often.

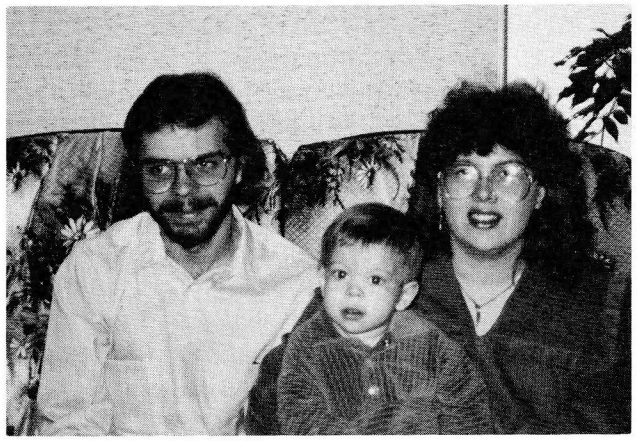
In February 1982, I ran for the Carnival Queen. I really enjoyed selling the tickets and going to all the meetings. Even though I didn't win, I was first runner-up.

When I was in grade ten I wasn't sure what I wanted; I transferred schools -- just couldn't make up my mind. My mom took me down to the Highway Motor Inn to fill out an application for a job. I started working there a couple of weeks later. I really enjoyed working there except that I didn't like the maintenance crew; two of them really bugged me a lot. At first I hated it, then I got to know them better and it didn't bother me. I started dating one of them, David Bury, on the eighteenth of November.

David and I were married on the seventeenth of May, 1986. It was a very nice wedding, just the right size -- not too small, not too big. Our son, **Kevin** Justin, was born September 27, 1985. He was a big baby, eight pounds three and a half ounces. Kevin was healthy up until he was three months old. He is now one year old but has an immune deficiency and we are not sure if he will outgrow it. He has to go into the hospital every two to three weeks to get an infusion of his medication. He is starting to walk and to get into everything.

David's daughter, **Vanessa**, is presently four years old. We enjoy being able to have her on weekends and holidays. We have started to take her bowling, which she enjoys very much.

Now, to make our family complete, we are awaiting the arrival of another baby in April of 1987.



Lana, David and their little son, Kevin.

JOHN TOEWS

I was the second child born to Dana and Rachelle Toews, on the sixteenth of July, 1969. I was named John Abbott after my father's stepfather.

I was an active child, getting into one thing after the other. When I was about six years old, I started bowling in Vernon, B.C., and have continued to do so. I am presently bowling on a Sunday evening league and have entered a few tournaments which I really enjoyed.

We have lived in Alberta since I was ten years old, first in Edmonton, then in Bonnyville, and have returned to Edmonton, where we have lived for five years. I enjoyed living in Bonnyville the best of all the places we have lived. The town was small and everyone was very friendly. I joined hockey but quickly realized that I'd much rather be bowling.

When I was ten years old, the day after my Aunt Michelle and Uncle Ian's wedding, our house caught fire. I was the one that spotted the fire and got my brother Todd out of the house quickly. I ran across the street to Grandpa Alain's and dialed the Fire Department. I was praised afterwards for my quick actions and thinking.

Presently, I am working as a sign installer for Dad's company, **Dana's Sign Service**. I am still living at home and enjoy my work. I look forward to the future when I hope to learn all aspects of the sign business and maybe have a sign business of my own one day.

TODD TOEWS

I was born September 21, 1971 in Vernon, B.C. where we lived for the first six years of my life. We then moved to Edmonton for a year and then on to Bonnyville, Alberta.

Bonnyville's the place where my love for sports began. I first played soccer and loved it, then I played baseball which was another good sport. I started hockey and played in Bonnyville for two years. I got fairly good and was dubbed "Twinkle Toes" for obvious reasons.

We moved back to Edmonton after three years. It was hard for me to leave -- I liked living in Bonnyville. It was the best place I'd ever lived in with many good, good friends. When we moved to Edmonton I thought it was horrible, such a big city for a little boy. I guess the best thing about it was that I could still play hockey. I joined up for hockey just as the school year started. I was in grade six, going to St. Elizabeth School. I didn't know anyone but I soon made many good friends that made me forget about Bonnyville.

Then it was on to junior high school at St. Hilda's. Hockey was really going good now; I was playing on the team that my Dad coached. I scored about fifty goals and got many trophies and medals. My grades weren't super good in junior high but they got me by. In grade nine I was playing Double "B" and doing pretty well. I then finished junior high and it was off to high school.

In high school I played football and had a good year. At present in high school where I am right now (in 1986 - 1987), I'm having a great year.

In writing this, I have presently fractured my kneecap so, for about two to three months of this hockey season, I won't be able to play. My plans for the future would be to finish high school and play hockey for as long as I can. I would also like to be a police officer.

MICHELLE (ALAIN) PEPPER

In Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, on April 19, 1956, Louis and Clara Alain were blessed with yet another girl, me, Michelle Marie. What a day! Seven kids, and another girl to boot. Not that my early childhood was anything but exciting, I have very little recollection of those years.

However, I do remember, and still see, my friend and twin Linda Fraser (Haniak). Our mothers shared a room in the Hudson Bay Hospital; we were born on the same day. Until our sixth birthdays we always celebrated them together. Mom sewed us identical party dresses.

The first real memory I have was at age five when I fell on the skid of a granary trying to feed a new calf. As if that was not bad enough, the crying was thought to be that of pigs, so rescue was some time in coming. Later that year, all healed, I was flowergirl for my sister, Maxine, and her husband, Elliott Prentice, on October 28, 1961.

On my seventh birthday, 1963, the family packed up our belongings, left the farm and headed West!! So, with the help of Raymond Smith, Mom, Dad, Joey and I moved to Vernon. I got to ride in the truck with Raymond Smith. Vernon was a great place to live; Dad bought five acres in the BX area and built our first house in Vernon.

In 1964 we moved to Golden, B.C. for ten months while Dad worked in the mill. It was then back to Vernon and the second house on the BX property. It was around this time that our family left its mark on Vernon. Dad subdivided the five acres and put in a paved road, Alain Road. The next few years seemed to fly...from skinning my knees on the playground at St. James School to learning to ski at Silver Star. At St. James, shoes didn't seem to last more than a couple of months -- the playground pavement took its toll on everything.

Mom and Dad were always very good to us kids, those still at home, that is. Every summer was spent travelling to visit relatives and friends, going camping or going fishing. We had fun! I always had lots of new clothes to wear; Mom could sew anything and very well.

Following my sister Rachelle's footsteps, I spent three years with the Vernon Girl's Trumpet Band, travelling and competing in B.C., Alberta and a few other places in Canada and the United States.

My formative years living on Alain Road in Vernon were not only busy but also exciting; the neighbourhood was like one big family and, to this day, often find reasons to get together. Joey and I, along with many relatives and friends, would often (on the weekends) sneak into the Drive-In through the loose boards at the back to watch the shows. None of us had cars so this was the only way we could get in, not to mention the fact that it was also free.

When I turned sixteen and got my learner's licence, Dad taught me to drive in his Toyota Corolla; I later bought that car. Once I had my licence, Dad would let me borrow the car on Friday or Saturday nights, but not before he checked the mileage on the car -- I guess he didn't want us going to Vancouver for a Coke!! From what I remember, all us girls ever did was cruise up and down Main Street all night; we used to call it Pulling Mainers!

At seventeen, it was time to experience the big city. I went to live with Bernie, my sister, her husband, Don Adrian, and family in Coquitlam. I worked there for awhile and then, on the advice of Mom, applied for a job at Manning Park Lodge. And so, on December 17, 1973, I became an employee of the British Columbia Government. I met Ian Pepper. There he was, not long out of England, his place of birth, working with the in-crowd at B.C. Parks -- oh, I was in love! For the happy ending you have to wait; much will happen in the meantime.

In May of 1974, Carole Wendel, a friend from Vernon, and I made a trip across Canada in my Toyota Corolla. This proved to be the beginning of my travels. It took us three months to go coast to coast; for a couple of young girls, what an exciting trip! After the trip across the country, I went back to Manning Park, saved my money, and went to Hawaii for two weeks with Bernie. Fun in the sun! By this time I was nineteen.

Now back to Ian -- we began seeing a lot of each other. This lasted for quite a while until, one day, he decided he was too young to get married and that would have been next. Can you imagine an old guy of twenty-two, too young to marry? And so, with many tears and a broken heart, we split up.

I found I could no longer work at Manning, too many memories, so at twenty the next stage of my life began. I moved to Edmonton, by way of Vernon for a few months, and again took up residence with Bernie and Don. I took a job at the Corkscrew Restaurant as a waitress; the pay was nothing to write home about, but the tips were great. It seemed that during the boom times in Alberta, everyone was a big tipper; it made a so-so job really worthwhile. By working hard at the Corkscrew, I managed to save enough money to go to Europe for a few months. That trip had to be one of the major highlights of my life -- swimming in the Dead Sea, waking to a camel nibbling on my sleeping bag while camped under the stars on the Sinai Desert. London, Paris, Amsterdam, Lisbon, Rome, and Athens -- the places and the sights kept me in awe. I phoned home from Athens on my twenty-first birthday; well, with the time difference, it was close anyway. I guess it made me a little homesick, I had been away for four months and it was now time to head for home -- Canada, that is. I went back to work at the Corkscrew and it paid my rent while I trained as a travel agent.

In August of 1978, I made a trip to Vancouver, a holiday in my van, and who should I run into but my old beau, Ian Pepper. Well, we had some fun for a week or so before I had to return to Edmonton. When I called Mom to tell her where I was, she already knew -- Mother's intuition! A long-distance relationship continued for a while and, on December 17, 1978, I moved to Vancouver to be with Ian. I worked a little that winter and, on March 6, 1979, Ian presented me with a ring and a glass of champagne at Lynn Canyon Park; that was, of course, after he had phoned Yuma, Arizona, to ask Dad's permission...thankfully, he said, "Yes"! Or maybe it was "*Please, Ian*"; I couldn't say. With time before the wedding, I accepted a job with B.C. Tourism on the Royal Hudson Train as a Tour Hostess. We travelled on it all over B.C. and Alberta, Canada, and Idaho and Washington, U.S.A. That was a great experience, dressing in a costume of the 1920s and greeting thousands of people each day during the two-month tour. The tour finished May Day weekend. I moved back to Vernon to live with Mom and Dad until the wedding.

Before I actually get to our wedding in this story, I want to add a little of Ian's background. Ian was born on December 4, 1953, in a town called Southend-on-Sea in the county of Essex, England. Southend is a seaside town on the mouth of the River Thames. One grandfather was a builder and the other was a retired London policeman who ran a pub. Ian was told that two of his great grandfathers, who were loggers, came to Canada to log for the timbers used in building the C.P.R. trestles on the new railway through the Rockies. One of his early memories goes back to days before he could walk; his Dad could not go to work until they had gone down to the railway bridge to wave to the engineers -- they knew them and they always waved back. Ian still has a great passion for steam locomotives.

This could be another story itself so I will skip to 1967 when, in October, Ian's family said goodbye to all their family and friends and came to

Canada aboard the CPR ship, the Empress of England.

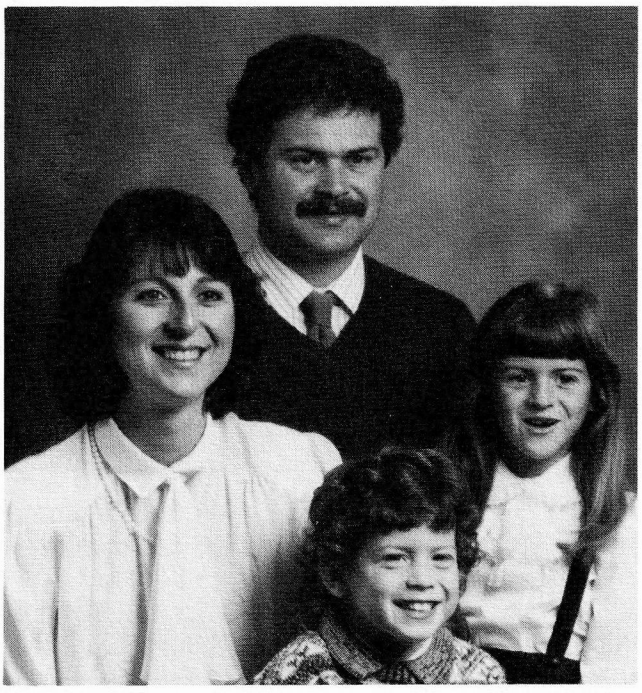
The Peppers made their home in Victoria, B.C. Ian's family still live there. Ian's Dad is the Director of Social Services at Royal Jubilee Hospital and his Mom is a Ward Clerk in the same hospital. Ian went through high school in Victoria and on to the University of Victoria.

Ian liked working for the B.C. Parks every summer and so, in his second year at the University of Victoria, dropped out and went to work full-time for the Parks at Manning Park where he met me.

After a lot of work and planning, with a great deal of help from everyone, our wedding day finally came. August 25, 1979, Ian and I were married at St. James Catholic Church in Vernon. We had a wonderful day with all of my brothers and sisters and most of our other relatives and friends able to be there. Who could ever forget the car full of puffed wheat, paid for by my father!!

After our honeymoon in Las Vegas, we made our home in Clearwater, B.C. Ian still works with the B.C. Parks and was working then at Wells Gray Park.

Both of our children were born in Royal Inland Hospital at Kamloops while we were living in Clearwater, B.C.: **Cassidy** Alain, our daughter, on July 31, 1981, and **Cody** Charles, our son, on May 5, 1983. What a big change in my life...a mother!



Michelle, Ian, Cody and Cassidy.

In September 1985, Ian won a competition for a promotion to a position in the Shuswap. On October 31, 1985, the moving truck arrived at 7:30 a.m. and we moved to Chase, B.C. Ian is now in charge of all the marine parks on Shuswap Lake and loves it. I am a full-time mother and a part-time teller at the Credit Union. Cassidy is starting Kindergarten this year (September 1986) and Cody will be in playschool.

In the fall of 1986 we had the opportunity to plan and build our own home. Christmas will be spent, this year, enjoying our brand new home in Salmon Arm, B.C.

I was gifted with fine parents and I have found them to be the most loving, caring parents any girl could hope for. As well, because they live nearby, my children are having the opportunity to know their grandparents and share many memorable moments with them.

I also feel I have the best brothers and sisters in the world as we are so very close to each other. For me, our family gatherings are very precious.

What does the future hold? We can only dream and plan and take what comes!

JOSEPH ALBERT ALAIN

I was born in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, February 5, 1959. I am the eighth and lastborn child of Louis and Clara Alain. Since I was only four years old when we moved out of Hudson Bay, my memories of my place of birth are not that vivid. A couple of incidents I do remember shall be with me always. I remember running across the field to Nicholls with my youngest sister, Michelle. The snow was up to my waist and it seemed like it took forever to get there.

Another incident I remember is when we had an auction on the farm. It seemed like the whole town turned out for the occasion. This would turn out to be the last few days that I would live on the farm at Veillardville.

After moving to Vernon, B.C., we moved to Golden, B.C., in 1963 and lived in a trailer court. Dad worked in a sawmill where he was a millwright. I started Kindergarten in Golden the second year we were there. I remember we used to have a lot of fun playing in the large slough out back of our trailer, a few hundred yards away. All of us kids in the trailer court couldn't wait for the Fuller Brush man to come for he always had little toys for us.

In 1965 we moved back to Vernon, B.C. I

started school at B.X. Elementary. I attended school there for one year and then we transferred to Saint James School for grades 2 through 7. During this time, I made a lot of friends such as our Flasch cousins, Wayne Brown, Jamie Wendl, our Bru cousins, and a very close friend of mine, Brian Mittlesteadt, whom I met the very first day we moved to Vernon. Brian and I did everything together from playing in the sandbox to taking girls out after we got our driver's licences. I always looked forward to going to Brian's place for dinner because Brian's mom was such a fantastic cook. I swear I would gain five pounds every time I ate there.

A great time of year back then was Hallowe'en, when all the families in our neighborhood used to take turns having Hallowe'en bonfires. Everyone would get together and bring fireworks and, of course, all the kids would have the goodies they had collected trick or treating. We would all sit around the fire sipping hot chocolate and watching the fireworks.

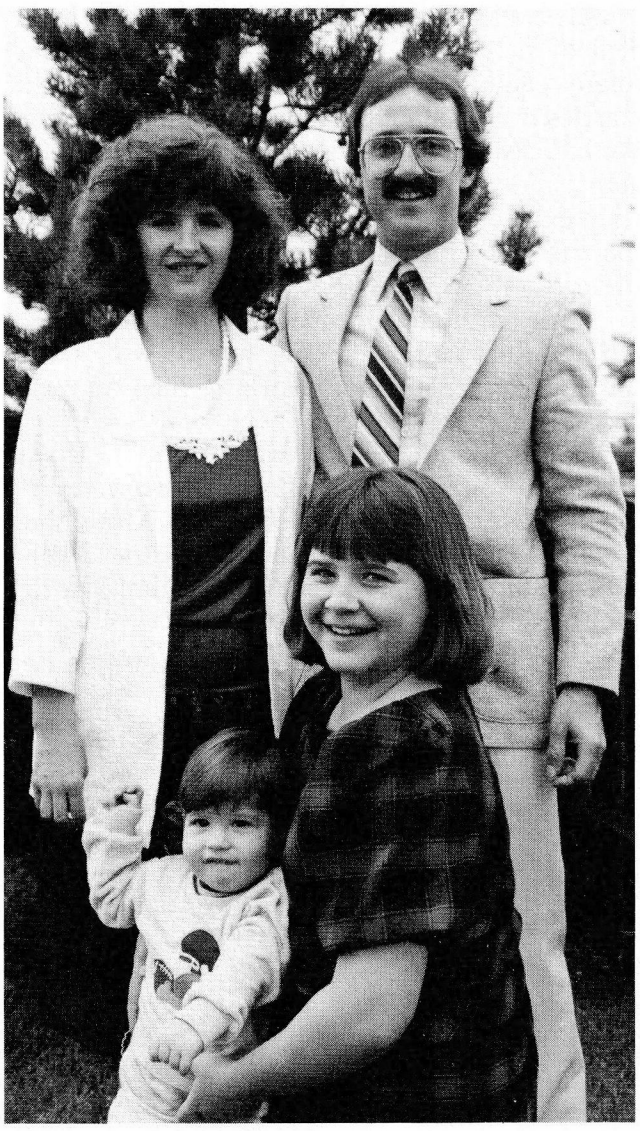
During the winter, all the kids and parents would go to Cool's pond and go skating. We would all pitch in and clear the snow off the pond before anyone could skate, then we'd get our hockey sticks and have a game of hockey.

In 1972 I started grade 8 at Foulton Jr. Secondary in Vernon. It was a great place to go to school since the school was on the grounds of Polson Park. I'll always remember our art projects. They were so much fun. We got to go out into the park and sketch trees, birds, etc.

I enjoyed playing hockey during my school years in Vernon. Ice time was not always convenient. I remember Dad driving me to the arena at 6:00 in the morning. I would go to school straight from there.

During the summer I played golf at Spallumcheen Golf Course. I used to hitchhike out to the golf course and sometimes play fifty-four holes a day. Grades 9 and 10, I went to W.I. Seaton Jr. Secondary School in Vernon. I started work at the end of grade 10, working at different places such as Fauquier, B.C.; Castlegar, B.C.; and Calgary, Alta. I worked for Boston Pizza in Vernon, then transferred to Boston Pizza in Chilliwack, B.C., where I worked for a couple of years. I then moved back to Vernon in 1979 for a short while. When I left Vernon, I moved to Salmon Arm and worked a month at Giant Submarine until I found work at Co-Op Federated Plywood Mill in Canoe, B.C., just a few miles from Salmon Arm. I started February 6, 1979, and am still working there now.

In March 1983 I met my wife-to-be, Bonnie Salamandyk. The following year we were married on July 21st in Enderby, B.C. On February 12, 1985, we had our first baby, **Joseph** Stephen Louis. We also have a daughter by Bonnie's previous marriage, Lanie Carolyn Salamandyk, and a son, Jeremy Keith Salamandyk, who lives in Prince George with his father. Lanie was born August 19, 1972, and Jeremy on January 14, 1974. At the time of this story, September 1985, we reside in Salmon Arm, B.C.



Bonnie, **Joe**, Joey Jr. and Lanie.

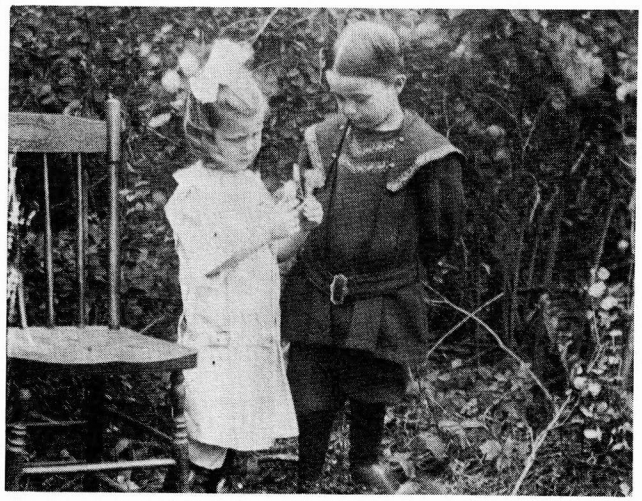
YVONNE (ALAIN) O'BRIEN

(by Marlyne and Maxine, nieces of Yvonne)

Yvonne's recollections of her early years are:

"As I remember growing up in the little berg of Delmas, they were carefree days, school, chores, and play."

"After we moved to Veillardville in 1928 there was so much work to do and everyone had to pitch in, the girls as well as the boys."



Yvonne with one of her brothers.

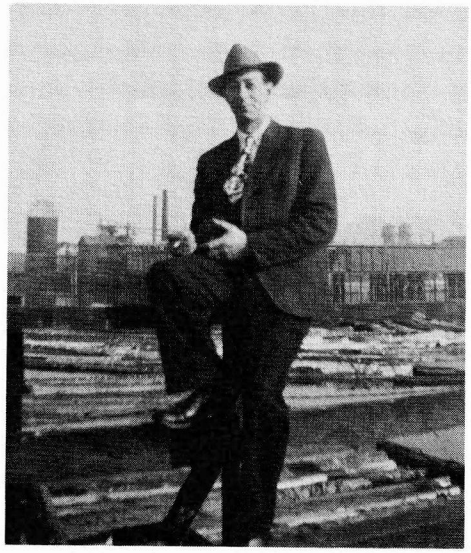
However, their days were not entirely spent working as the following incident, related by one of Yvonne's brothers proves:

"One day Ed Barry and Smokey had cut their hair all off and Ed turned to Rolland, who had a nice head of hair and was watching all of this from a distance, and said to him, 'You're next.' Away Rolland went upstairs."

"Yvonne came down after a while and said, 'Go sneak upstairs and see what Rolland is doing.' There he was on the bed with a pillowcase tied around his head. No one was going to touch his hair - he was protected!"

Yvonne married Raymond Turcotte on March 4, 1930. They lived in Hudson Bay, then moved to Flin Flon and later to Vancouver, B.C. Yvonne and Raymond had two girls and two boys. Each died at a young age: **Joan** at two and a half months; **Neil** at eight years; **Darlene** at birth; and **Bruce** who died at four years of age. Raymond died in 1944.

On June 1, 1951 Yvonne married Harry Wyman. They made several trips out to Saskatchewan and elsewhere to visit family. Marlyne remembers their excitement and happiness as they explored Louis' small acreage in Vernon, B.C. In fact, Yvonne and Harry were one of the first visitors Clara and Louis had in their new home. Although Harry fought gallantly over many years to combat cancer, he died August 14, 1975.



Harry Wyman. In the background is the mill where Alphonse and Bruno Alain worked.

Then on December 16, 1977, Yvonne married Pat O'Brien, a postman in the Vancouver area. The family fondly remembers them attending the Alain reunions. We were shocked and saddened with the news of Pat's sudden death June 4, 1983.



Yvonne and Pat O'Brien.

To many of us (her nieces) growing up in Veillardville, we recall Aunt Yvonne's visits among us as happy times with much laughter, story telling and yes, even the occasional prank.

We remember Grandma Alain eagerly awaiting the weekly letter from Yvonne. These letters were usually filled with cartoons and many jokes. Grandma then shared them with other family members.

In spite of the sadness that has touched Yvonne's life, she has maintained her happy disposition through the years. She is to us an aunt we admire and respect.

As with other members of her family, Yvonne is enjoying her retirement years by travelling to various parts of the country, sightseeing and visiting with family.



WHAT IS A FAMILY?

A family is a deeply rooted tree with branches of different strengths, all receiving nourishment from an infinite source.

A family is where character is found and formed, values learned, ethics created and society preserved.

A family is where all members contribute and share, co-operate and work, and accept their responsibilities toward the good of the group.

A family is where holidays are celebrated with feasting, birthdays with gifts, and thoughts of days gone by kept alive with fond remembrances.

A family is where each can find solace and comfort in grief, pleasure and laughter in joy, and kindness and encouragement in daily living.

A family is a haven of rest, a sanctuary of peace and most of all, a harbor of love.

Eugene C. Irwine

ROLLAND JOSEPH FRANCOIS ALAIN

In the spring of 1928, at the age of 15, we moved to Hudson Bay. We shipped our belongings on the train. For every boxcar of "Settlers Effects", one family member was given a free pass to ride in the boxcar or the caboose. One cousin told me I was too young to look after the cattle and horses, so he took the pass. They made a little tunnel in the car for me to hide in each time we stopped at a station. My cousin and Smokey would go downtown at every station and I'd have to sweat it out in the tunnel!

When we reached Veillardville, I had to sleep with Dad and the Head Carpenter, both of whom were covered with lice!

I was made head cook by Dad. One day I decided to use dried peas for lunch (everything else was in tins). I didn't realize you had to soak the peas first - I put them on at 11:45 and called them in for dinner at noon. Bernier started to eat them and got a nosebleed!!

I had taken most of my schooling in French in Delmas; after moving to Veillardville I only went to school for 2 or 3 years and then quit to help Dad.



Rolland in buggy with Mom, Dad, Yvonne and Louis.

For about 4 or 5 falls, I would go back to Delmas to help thresh. When I was 17, I bought a pony and rode bareback to Veillardville.

I tried my hand at several jobs around Veillardville. During hard times the government bought sawdust for the grasshopper problem. Eddie Davidson and I loaded 20 railcars but ate up most of the payment in chocolate bars and Coke.

One winter Eddie and I cut wood but realized there wasn't a lot of money in it. I also worked for Dad in his sawmill.

One year Lester Turcotte offered me a job working on road construction at Denaire Beach (near Flin Flon). Dad let me take a team of horses which I shipped up. I worked on road construction all fall, logged in the winter and then shipped the horses back in the spring.

I rode the freights and ended up in East Malartic, Quebec, where I worked at odd jobs and in a restaurant before getting a job at the mine. I worked for 3 years.

Because of my bad arm, I wasn't allowed to fight in the war. Instead, I went out to Vancouver to work in the shipyards. I then went west to work at Copper Mountain, B.C.

The Cockwills were a family from Regina who had 3 daughters. I took Verna Cockwill to a dance but, because I didn't know how to dance, Smokey took over. I learned how to dance shortly after that, from my sisters.

I went out with Elsie Cockwill for about 6 years but, when I went east, we forgot about each other. When I came back to Veillardville, I started going out with Yvonne Veillard. She had been born in The Pas but was raised in Veillardville. She was from quite a religious family.

I went out to work on a ranch in Clunie, Alberta, for a few months and when I returned, Yvonne and I got married. When we were first married, we farmed with Louis Veillard and worked on our homestead.

One year Yvonne cooked for the men who worked for Spruce Products. The next year Vic Murdoch took over this job and Yvonne and I started a cafe in Louis Veillard's store called Red's Bar.

We worked on our own farm in the spring when Simone was born. I also worked on the railroad for about 3 years and then I quit to farm full time. We farmed 6 quarters until our oldest son Mo (Maurice) went into the Navy, and then we sold some land.



Rolland and Yvonne's Wedding.

ALAIN—VEILLARD

St. Anthony's Church, Veillardville, was the scene of a lovely wedding when Marie Yvonne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Veillard, became the bride of Mr. Rolland Alain. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Gerard Van Vynckt.

The bride, who was lovely in a gown of white lace and net over taffeta, was given in marriage by her father. Her full length veil of net fell from a sweetheart halo. She carried a bouquet of roses and carnations.

Miss Therese Veillard was maid of honor. She wore pink point d'esprit net over taffeta. Her hat was a sweetheart halo with matching chapel veil. She carried carnations and tulips. Miss Edithe Alain was bridesmaid. She wore pale green point d'esprit net over taffeta with matching hat and chapel veil. She carried carnations and tulips. The two flower girls, Lorraine Godin and Dawn Alain, were dressed alike in pale blue and pale yellow point d'esprit net over taffeta. Mr. Paul Alain and Mr. Gene Lessard assisted the groom.

Mrs. Pat Mondor rendered a beautiful solo accompanied by Mrs. M. C. Marcotte, who presided at the organ. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents.

Starting in 1960, I drove the school bus for the next 22 years and then retired in 1982.

While we lived in Veillardville, we enjoyed taking advantage of Dad's good nature. One night after supper Dad sat down to read his newspaper. Without him seeing, I lit his paper on fire and then ran outside to watch through the window. What a sight!

Another time, I filled Dad's pipe alternately with tobacco and pepper. That night he smoked and sneezed and sneezed but never caught on.

We entertained ourselves by going to dances, playing ball and going on picnics.



1983. Back row L.R.: Lisa, Roger, Maurice, Rolland, Denis. Front: Simone, Yvonne, Rosanne and Jeannine.

Rolland and Yvonne's family is as follows:

Simone was born on May 5, 1944, to Rolland and Yvonne Alain. She has six brothers and sisters: Maurice, Roger, Denis, Rosanne, Jeannine and Lisa. Simone went to White Poplar for elementary school and to Zenon Park Convent for Grades 9, 10 and 11. She probably would have taken her Grade 12 there also, had it not been for the fact that her father, Rolland, began driving the school bus so Simone finished her schooling in Hudson Bay. After graduating in 1961, she moved to Moose Jaw where she lived with her uncle and aunt, Maurice and Maxine Veillard, and their family. She took a one-year secretarial course at Peacock Technical High School and, upon completion, found employment as a secretary at The Royal Bank of Canada in Moose Jaw. A few years later, she met Howie and they were married in 1966.

Howie Shouldice was born August 22, 1942, the oldest son of Elmer and Ruby Shouldice. He has a sister, Elsie, and a brother, Gordon. He has always lived in Moose Jaw and spent most of his summers as a young boy on his uncle's farm near Parkbeg, Saskatchewan.

In 1967 Howie and Simone had a daughter, Jody, and in 1975 another daughter, Karlee, was born. Howie has worked for C.P. Rail since 1970 and Simone has been with The Royal Bank since 1962 except for two years when Karlee was born.

Jody graduated from high school in June 1985 but didn't go to school in the fall because she was undecided as to what to take and where to go. She's working fulltime at Kentucky Fried Chicken (she's been there for nearly three years). She's applied to the University of Saskatchewan - St. Thomas More College - to take social work but hasn't heard yet if she's been accepted for the 1986 semester.

Karlee will be going into Grade 6 the fall of 1986.

Mo (Maurice does not exist anymore) is Rolland and Yvonne's number one son. His first three years of school were at White Poplar in Veillardville. Grades 4 to 12 were in Hudson Bay. He then joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1969, spending most of his five-year enlistment on HMCS Annapolis. In 1974, he returned to "civvy street." He took a seven-month pre-employment electrical course in Moose Jaw. He has been in Yellowknife since 1975. He is older now, still wise and, therefore, not single!



A northern wedding. Maurice (Mo) and Gloria Stang were married 80 miles south of Gjoa Haven, N.W.T. 67° 49'N - 94° 52'W. J.P. George Washington Porter III. Bestman: Jerry Ruben. Bridesmaid: Brenda Canitz.

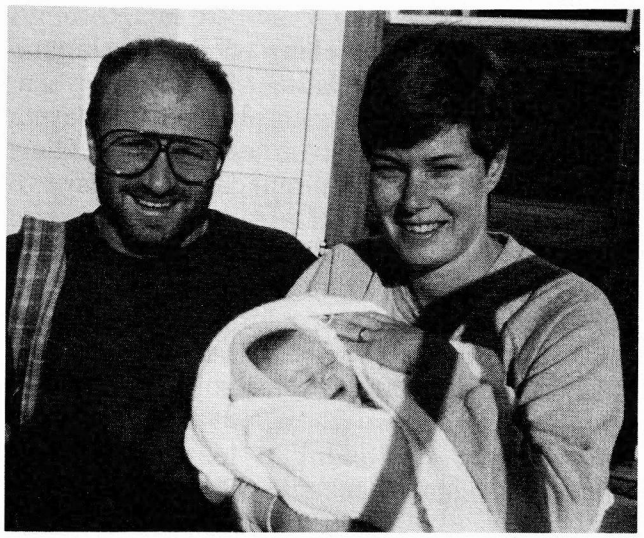


1986. Back row L.R.: **Maurice**, Larry Pavloff, **Roger**, Howie Shouldice, **Denis**, **Lisa**. Front: **Jeannine** Curtis, Gloria Alain holding Ben, **Rosanne** Pavloff, Rolland, Yvonne, Karlee Shouldice, **Simone** Shouldice, Jody Shouldice, Ted Curtis.

Mo and Gloria Stang (originally from Saskatoon) were married May 23, 1984, at Longitude 67°, 49' North, Latitude 94° 52' West near the Arctic Coast, N.W.T. They reside on the farm at Veillardville, Saskatchewan, and on May 14, 1986, they became the proud parents of a baby boy named Ben Stang.

Roger took over farming his father's land and lives in Veillardville during the farming season – the remainder of the year is spent working in the Far North. He considers himself a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Roger enjoys leather work and has made various articles of clothing. He repairs footwear when called upon, using the old equipment once belonging to Albert Bernier.

Denis, Rolland and Yvonne's youngest son, graduated from high school in 1973. He worked on the construction of Hudson Bay's plywood plant for a year prior to taking a seven-month pre-employment electrical course in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. He moved up to Yellowknife, N.W.T., in the fall of 1975 where he is presently employed as an electrician. He enjoys combining family visits with annual B.C. ski trips! Denis married Donna Nash of Moose Jaw on January 24, 1984, at Gayndah, Queensland, Australia. On



Denis and Donna and daughter, Tess.

August 27, 1986, they had a girl, Tess Marie Nash, at Yellowknife, N.W.T., where they presently reside.

Rosanne is Rolland and Yvonne's second daughter, following Denis in order. After obtaining her degree at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, she has taught in St. Walburg, Turtleford and Yellowknife.

Rosanne married Larry Pavloff on April 11, 1985, at Crystal Gardens, Victoria, B.C. Larry's parents farm near Saskatoon.

Rosanne and Larry reside in Saskatoon, Sask. where she works for the Saskatoon School Board in a pilot project involving a day care centre.

Jeannine, the second youngest in Rolland and Yvonne's family, was born on July 28, 1958. She took all of her schooling in Hudson Bay and then went on to the University of Saskatchewan for a four-year Education degree. She moved to Yellowknife where she began her third year of teaching.

At the time of this writing, Jeannine is living in Inuvik, N.W.T. and is working in a travel agency. She married Ted Curtis of Inuvik on June 28, 1986, in Veillardville, Sask.

Lisa was born in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan, on May 13, 1963, the youngest of Rolland and Yvonne's children. Upon completion of high school, Lisa attended Olds College in Alberta and received her Diploma of Horticulture. Lisa participated in an exchange program to Australia where she worked at a citrus nursery.

She has worked at the Forestry Farm Park in Saskatoon during her fourth year. At the present time, she is living in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, where she has found employment.

** Update: The summer of 1986 saw Rosanne and Larry Pavloff travelling to Tokyo, Japan; Taipei, Taiwan; Hong Kong, Japan; and then back to Vancouver. At each place Larry played ball with the Saskatoon All-O-Matics. They played eleven games, won nine, and tied two. **

Then Rosanne and Larry, after taking a year's leave of absence will go to Wellington, on North Island, New Zealand where Larry will be playing fastball, likely coaching. Rosanne will look for work. After the year, Larry will return to Allan, Saskatchewan, to teach Physical Education in the school.

Ed. Note: Following a lengthy illness, Rolland passed away in Hudson Bay Union Hospital on Nov. 13, 1986.

A Farmer's Creed

I believe a man's greatest possession is his dignity and that no calling bestows this more abundantly than farming.

I believe hard work and honest sweat are the building blocks of a person's character.

I believe that farming, despite its hardships and disappointments, is the most honest and honorable way a man can spend his days on this earth.

I believe farming nurtures the close family ties that make life rich in ways money can't buy.

I believe my children are learning values that will last a lifetime and can be learned in no other way.

I believe farming provides education for life and that no other occupation teaches so much about birth, growth and maturity in such a variety of ways.

I believe many of the best things in life are indeed free: the splendour of a sunrise, the rapture of wide open spaces, the exhilarating sight of your land greening each spring.

I believe true happiness comes from watching your crops ripen in the field, your children grow tall in the sun, your whole family feel the pride that springs from their shared experience.

I believe that by my toil I am giving more to the world than I am taking from it, an honor that does not come to all men.

I believe my life will be measured ultimately by what I have done for my fellowman, and by this standard I fear no judgement.

I believe when a man grows old and sums up his days, he should be able to stand tall and feel pride in the life he's lived.

I believe in farming because it makes all this possible.

North West Farmer.Rancher, III:6 (Battleford, Sask.: *Battlefords News Optimist*; 13 May, 1986), p. 1.

MARIE PAULE MENZIES

I was born on October 27, 1915, in North Battleford and registered Marie Paule Jeanne Alain - this is the name on my birth certificate. However, my pension cheques come in a variety of spellings - Marie, Mary, etc. but at the medical clinic in Flin Flon, I am known as just Mary.

My godfather is Uncle Edward Alain (Dad's brother) and Aunt Matilda Devlin (Mother's sister) is my godmother.

When I was old enough, I was sent off to school in Delmas with the others. I completed my grades 6, 7 and 8 in Veillardville at White Poplar School. School work was not too bad for me, especially geometry, but algebra - I just couldn't understand it and had great difficulty with it.

We all had chores to do. I was known as the chore girl and because of that, I hardly did any work in the house. I don't think I ever did dishes as the other girls did that. You had to have some of the family working outside. We couldn't all be in the house as, by then, the older boys were out

in the bush so Rolland and I did most of the chores - milking the cows, shovelling the barn, looking after the pigs, and hauling water.

In Delmas we milked three cows and we had a very little barn for them. In fact, there was only room for his cow and mine. Rolland sat in between the two cows and he would poke my cow every now and then. I'd get mad at him quite often. We fought a lot in those days. One day, as we were fighting there in the barn, Dad came round the corner and caught us. I told him my problem and all he said was, "I'm going back to the house and you milk your cow." It took me a long time but I finally milked my cow.

One winter after we moved to Veillardville, we had to haul water from Veillard's old place which was approximately a half mile away. It was either haul water or melt snow and you know if the animals drink snow water, they drink to beat sixty. In those days we weren't dressed like we are today and it was cold. Of course my Dad was smart. He said, "I'll give you kids $5.00 a week each." We thought we were well off to get money like that. If I remember correctly, I got five dollars only once.

Our family had been in the Veillardville community only a few years when the Menzies family moved in and that was when I met Angus. Shortly after our meeting, he got work in Flin Flon with a baker and then went to The Pas. I followed him up there and stayed at my sister Yvonne's place for awhile. It was here in Flin Flon that Angus and I were married on January 7, 1933. The witnesses at our wedding were Yvonne and Raymond Turcotte. I came back to live in Veillardville while Angus worked for The Pas Lumber Company at The Pas. I was wishing he could have found a little place for all of us to live up there. However, after a few years, The Pas Lumber Company started to slacken off and Angus and his brother-in-law, Harry Bull, went to Flin Flon where work was found and we all moved up there. Angus got work with the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company and did a variety of jobs, ending up as a timekeeper. In all, he worked 31 years and retired in 1972.

We lived in a number of homes. One was built over a giant rock close to the railroad tracks. It was not very big but we were very happy there. It was also close to my sister Bertha's place. Our last move was to our present home in Channing.

In the summer, the children loved going swimming at Phantom Lake and so many lunches were packed. Bertha and I used to make root beer by the dozens as the kids loved it and thought it quite a treat. It was also much cheaper than buying cold drinks.

One year Bertha made a batch of 36 bottles and, for some reason, she left the house for awhile. When she returned, she discovered, much to her surprise, that Allen and Bob had opened every one of the 36 bottles and poured it down the drain. Of course, it had all bubbled up which was probably lots of fun to watch for both of them. But for Bertha, this meant hours of hard work had all gone down the drain. She proceeded to look for the culprits in order that they be punished for their actions.



Marie Paule with Dad and her children, Darlene and Ronald.



Angus and Marie Paule at their home in Channing.



Back row L.R.: Keith, Bob, Neil, Darlene, Ron, Brenda and Joanne came home to celebrate their parents' (Marie Paule and Angus) Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Angus and I raised seven children. The eldest is **Ron** who has lived and worked in Calgary until recently. His daughter, Kari-Lou, is employed with an oil consulting firm in Calgary. She is presently training to be an Olympic judge for the biathlon event in 1988. She still finds time for curling and basketball. Ron's son, Kyle, graduated from high school with honors and is studying Art at the Alberta College of Art. His yearbook displayed his unique artwork and talent.



Jean, Kyle, Kari Lou and **Ron** Menzies, 1978.

Darlene lives in Langley, B.C. where she and her husband, Roman Marchina, own and operate a number of restaurants in B.C. Their children are Ramona, who operates one of the family restaurants; Gina, who was recently married to Graham Holliday; Laura; Mario, their only son; and 19-year-old Carla.

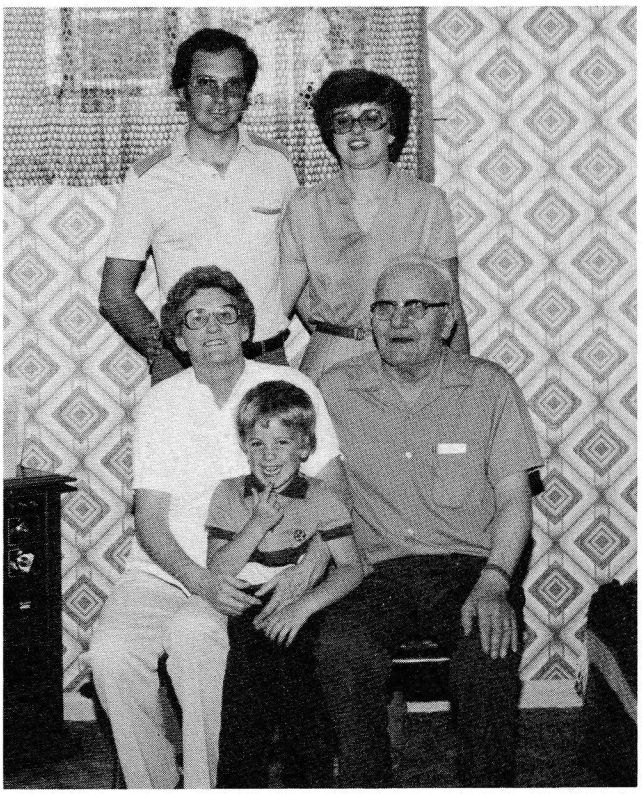


Back row L.R.: Roman, **Darlene**, Laura, Gina, Ramona. Front: Carla and Mario Marchina.

Our second son is **Neil**. He lives in Vancouver and is a commercial accountant.

Bob and Trudy and their two children, Nicole and Trevor, live in Flin Flon. Bob is a tandem truck driver in northern Manitoba.

Keith and Edith live in Waterville, Nova Scotia. Their family includes Aidan and twins, Todd and Kendra. Keith is the King's County Hospital administrator while Edith nurses at their local hospital.



Keith and Edith standing. Marie Paule and Angus sitting with Aidan.

Joanne works at The Bay in Flin Flon. She has a daughter, Kristy Lynne.

Brenda is married to Robin Jackson. They are parents to Aaron and live in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia where Robin teaches and Brenda works in the Bank of Commerce.

Once Angus was retired he never enjoyed good health and so we travelled very little. We celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary in the summer of 1982 with all of our family. Angus died on March 12, 1983. Since retiring, I've had time to do embroidery, reading, watching TV, as well as travelling to such places as Reno; Texas; Nova Scotia; Yellowknife, NWT; and to the west coast, a number of times.



BERTHE (ALAIN) MARSOLLIER

In July 1936 my sister, Yvonne, and her husband, Raymond Turcotte, were living in Flin Flon. While they were away for a holiday in B.C. I was left to care for their two sons, Bruce and Neil. My girlfriend, Ann, came over to visit with me and she happened to see Paul Marsollier walking uptown. She called him in and introduced me to him. I thought, "Wow, what a city slicker" because he was so slicked up and well dressed. He was working at the nickel mine as a zinc stripper. We liked each other right from the start and, by December, we were engaged and married the following year, right there in Flin Flon.

Our marriage took place at 7 A.M. on Wednesday, December 8, 1937 - it was 40° below zero! I recall there were three other weddings that day and we must have been the bravest to be married so early in the day. Later on in the day, we took the train to Hudson Bay where someone was to meet us and take us out to Dad's farm at Veillardville. We were actually met by a large number of the family who had travelled by horse and caboose - so at least it was warm.



Berthe, Therese Marsollier and Clara Lessard, 1936.



Paul and Berthe's Wedding.

Following a brief honeymoon, we returned to Flin Flon where we lived in a number of homes including a log cabin near Phantom Lake.

Paul and I raised three boys and one girl. We now enjoy visiting the children and grandchildren.

Paul worked at Hudson Bay Mining and Smelter Company for 44 years. He retired in 1973 and, since then, has been enjoying his retirement. For years now, we have motored south in our Volkswagon Van. In Phaar, Texas, we spend many hours dancing, playing cards, golfing, swimming and playing shuffleboard.

[The editors share the following incident from Berthe's youth with you.]

Berthe's brother, Rolland, liked nothing better than to trick someone. One example is the joke he pulled on Berthe and their brother, Paul, when they were both youngsters. Rolland announced to the two that the herd law passed the first of the month. When Berthe asked the time, Rolland replied, "At 10:00 A.M. tomorrow morning." So Berthe and Paul rose early the following morning and stood patiently by the window waiting to see the herd law pass by!



1978. L.R.: Allen, Cathy, Paul, Berthe, Roger, Norbert.

Berthe and Paul's family is as follows:

Norbert - born July 3, 1939 - Flin Flon, Manitoba.

- married Shirley Allen April 15, 1961 in Flin Flon.

Their children:

Michelle - born January 12, 1962

Marcia- born March 10, 1963

Melinda - born April 21, 1964

Melissa - born February 29, 1967

Norbert and Shirley are presently residing in Kamloops, British Columbia.

Roger - born February 24, 1941 - Flin Flon, Manitoba.

- married Suzanne Ferland January 8, 1974.

Their children:

Clinton - born February 28, 1976

Renee- born May, 1976

Roger (construction) and Suzanne (nursing) are presently employed and living in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.

Allen - born September 6, 1948 - Flin Flon, Manitoba.

- married Paulette Tomychuk April 15, 1971.

Their children:

Cameron - born December 9, 1973

Gillian - born October 8, 1975

Allen, Paulette and family make their home in Calgary, Alberta.

Cathy - born March 16, 1955 - Flin Flon, Manitoba.

Cathy took her teacher training and graduated from the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. She has taught in northern Saskatchewan and at other points in the province.

Cathy's life has held a great deal of variety from a swimming instructor to advanced studies in the French language to world travel.

Married John Brophy Dec 14 1987.
Brigitte Brophy born Dec 30 - 1988

PAUL EMILE ALAIN

I, Paul Emile Michael Joseph Alain, was born October 6, 1920, in the Battleford Hospital in Saskatchewan. I was the tenth and last child of Henry and Alma Alain. We lived in Delmas and I don't remember a whole lot.

When I was three years old, Mom and I went to the farm at Uncle Pete's. They had a lot of horses and their big crop was hay. They had a big water trough and there was lots of geese swimming around; of course, they were my pets. Uncle Pete came in after work and he took a tin can and threw it, hitting one in the head and killing it. Well, I never forgot it. Uncle Pete came here to Kamloops to visit a stepdaughter and phoned me. He said, "I'm one of your uncles, the one that killed the goose!" Oh! I remembered him.

The big house in Delmas was two and a half storeys tall. It was a brick house and had no insulation in those days. I remember it being very cold despite central heating. We'd gather around the big register to get warm. There were six bedrooms; us kids all slept upstairs. There was a nice bannister with a cushion at the end and we all slid down it in the mornings. The house was finished in tongue-and-groove on the inside. It had an attic with big windows and a stairway leading to the roof. Of course, we were told never

to go up there but we did once in awhile anyway.

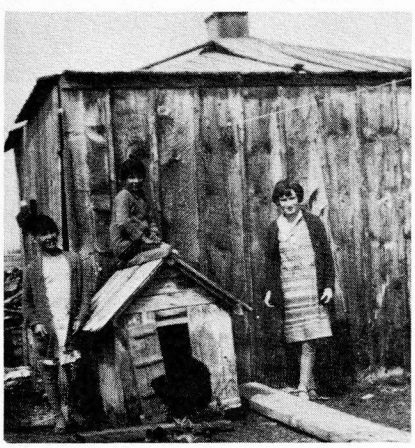
In Delmas the Nuns were running the school. One day they were upstairs looking out at the sidewalk leading from the school to the street. We would go home for dinner because we never lived very far away. Well, Paul Morin (a cousin), Martin Lessard and I all hung around together. Paul was bigger than us and he said, "We aren't going through the gate today; we're going to the corner and jump the fence to save time."

We said, "No," but he was bigger and, I guess, like our boss so we jumped the fence. Well, the Nuns saw us and, when we came back at noon, we were called in. One of the Nuns told me I disobeyed and asked me why.

I said, "If I didn't, Paul would give me a lickin'." So she took the strap and gave Paul a couple of good whacks. Then she asked Martin the same and he said the same thing so Paul got another couple of whacks and we were let go. Then Paul's turn came and he got a third lickin'. But on the way home Paul gave Martin and I a lickin' in return.

Martin and I had started school together, although he was a year younger than I. Our education was all in French then; in the older grades, I believe they slowly switched to English.

I left Delmas at eight years of age and we settled at Veillardville across from the school. My dad, Louis, Rolland and Smokey went ahead of us and built the house. They left in the fall and we came later in the spring. We got off in Hudson Bay because the train wouldn't stop in Veillardville. There was a guy there - Smokey'd know his name. He used Louis Strasser's Model T Ford and Smokey took my dad's and they met up and brought us to the farm. We arrived around eleven or twelve at night and Dad opened the door of the old shack and Mother looked around, not too pleased; but when she saw the new house she smiled a bit. But you know! She left a huge house with power and everything behind for this.



Berthe, Paul (sitting on roof of the dog house) with Edithe. About 1929.

Well, us kids were excited though. We got up real early the next day and ran behind the barn and met our own creek. We couldn't get over that. In Delmas we never had a creek. We even had our own trees to climb here. This was the start of our life in Veillardville. We weren't there too long before Dad was on the school board as Trustee, etc.

While going to school there I met Reine but, of course, I didn't like her then; she was three years younger. How the years changed my heart. I had met her brother Wilfred before but Reine, her mother and brother Lester came much later. I went to school with Clara, Mae Strasser, Gene and more. We were around fifty-two pupils, I was told. Some of my teachers were Nellie Barteluk, MacIntosh, Mildred Beaudoin, Miss Senecal and Phillippe Le Scelleur. When Nellie Barteluk was teaching, Smokey broke the land at the school with the John Deere tractor Dad had bought. Us kids would go at night and pick the roots. Nellie Barteluk organized us.

We weren't allowed to have paper around our desks and, one day, I had some there but it belonged to Llewellyn Smith and Henry Bozak. So my punishment was to sweep the floor with Reine. I said I wouldn't, so I was sent home. The next day, when I came back, I was told I had a choice to sweep the floor with Reine or pack my books and go home for good. I chose to go home with my books and that ended my schooling.

My dad had a sawmill right by the creek. My mother was a good cook and she and my sisters cooked for all the men that worked there. There were around eight of them. I remember when my dad bought the new John Deere tractor and Smokey got to drive it home from town. We all took turns driving it. The country was all bush then.

By the old house there were two old summer kitchens which Mother had shelves in and she used to put all her wild berries in bowls out there. This one time, we had all picked strawberries and she'd put sugar on them at night and the next day she would can them. Well, she asked all of us if we'd been in there eating them and we all said, "No." Now, one night I came home from the mail and ran in the house to get a spoon and went to the old kitchen to get myself some sugared

berries. While I was sitting on one side of the shelf eating, I could hear this smacking noise on the other side. I peeked and there was my dad with a spoon eating them, too. He looked at me and whispered, "Don't tell your mother."

My mother never ate deer or moose meat. She said it wasn't good for you. I remember one time Mother saying she'd never eat it so Dad had Edith cook this meat. At the table, he asked Mother if she liked the meat and she said, "Oh, yes. It's real good beef." He got up and went into the living room and wrote on a paper. He then held it up behind her and it read, "Your mother is eating moose meat."

After my schooling and working in the bush, I went down East and worked in the mines. Reine and I got married down east in Malartic, Quebec. Louis and Clara stood up for us. We were married at six in the morning and I had to go to work at four that afternoon.

I worked two years in the gold mines. I started out with a pick and shovel. Boy, jobs were so hard to get then because of there being thousands of unemployed men and it was at the outbreak of the war. The only way I got my job was a whole lot of men would go to the head frame where the old captain would come out right at lunchtime. Well, one day he came out and said, "We don't hire Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays so go away. As a matter of fact, we'll be laying off." Well, I remember the next day was Friday the thirteenth. It was in 1940, just before Christmas. It was cold out but I was going back anyhow. I had been working in a store delivering groceries, doing the books, etc. The next day I went and I was the only one there. The old mine captain came out and saw me standing there. He said, "What the hell are you doing here? Weren't you in that crowd yesterday?" I said, "Yes" and told him I wanted a job.

He said, "Do you speak French?" I said, "Yes and I read and write it, too."

"Well," he said, "come with me." I did and I got the job, making 50¢ an hour. I found out there was a law then that they had to have 30% French speaking in the mine as the Quebecquois couldn't speak English. The mine was owned by a Nova Scotian.

Back in Saskatchewan, I had registered for the army and they were always taking groups from the mine but I never got called. From the mine, where I worked for a couple of years, I moved to Flin Flon and stayed for a while. But I didn't like my job so I moved back to Veillardville where I helped with harvesting and working at the mill. That's when I got the quarter of land and the house. I tore it all apart and cut the roof down and moved it; it was originally further south than where it is now. The same year Thrussels, Martin Lessard, Gene Lessard, Rolland and I were all building so we formed a pool and poured our cement together. We'd do one place and then move on to the next. We lived in our garage and I divided it into two and moved everything in it. We lived like that with four kids in there. Uncle Joe L'Heureux came late in the year and said, "Oh, you'll never get moved in before winter."

Boy, it had the shingles on already and I said, "Oh yes, we will be" and we were because the garage wouldn't have been warm enough. We had lots of help then, too, and all the lumber came from Dad's mill and the insulation was shavings.

After that I worked for the C.N.R. for three or four years. I went to Flin Flon twice. I worked north of Churchill River for one winter building camps. I worked four years for MacMillan Bloedel.



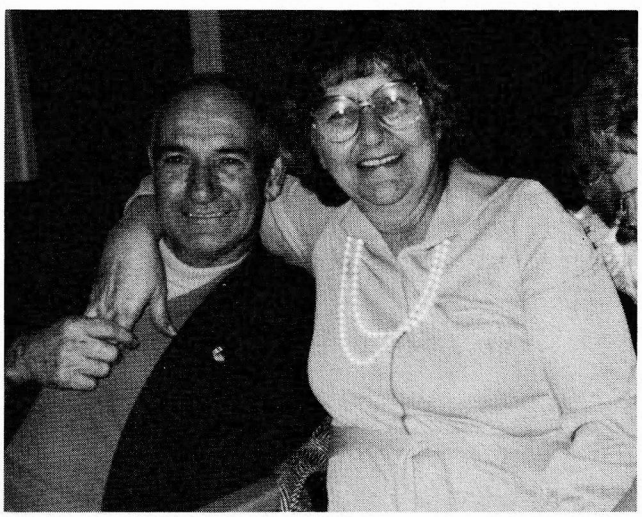
Lloyd, Reine, Paul, Donna, Shirley, Lorne (in front), Gabrielle and Kerry, 1978.

In 1965, Reine and I moved with Lloyd, Donna and Kerry to Kamloops, B.C. Lloyd stayed in Golden, B.C. with Bruce as Louis, Clara and family were living there. That is where Lloyd got on at the sawmill.

We carried on and we've never looked back. I couldn't get over the money to be made there. I could leave home, when I worked for myself, at five in the morning and get back at two in the afternoon with $100.00 in my pocket.

I went to work for three months on the Gang Ranch, north in the Cariboo country. They had 1200 head of cattle. The ranch was 80 miles long and 40 miles wide. I was repairing equipment there. We then were thinking about going to Keremeos, B.C., where there was a garage and coffee shop business for sale. Well, I went to the manpower office in Kamloops and then we went to Keremeos to see the garage, etc., and then back home. The next morning I got a call to go to the school board so I went and I liked it alot. The money was good and everyone was good to work with. Come fall I knew I'd be getting laid off but then I was told if I had steam papers I could get on in another area. Well, I had the papers so I then worked with the boilers. I went back to school and got my gas tickets and steam tickets and became a heat technician.

I am now retired and enjoy our life in B.C. I putter around in my shop doing a bit of woodwork for myself and others. I sometimes do a bit of furnace work. We have a motorhome now and travel some.



Paul and Reine, 1986.

We've raised six children:
Gabrielle (Gay), born on July 7, 1941
married Mervin Meyers on July 29, 1961
They have three children:
Sandra, born December 24, 1961
married Mark Murray August 11, 1984
Darwin, born November 18, 1963
Shelly, born December 4, 1964
Lorne,born January 4, 1944
married Veanna Le Blue January 4, 1966
They have two children:
Corey, born July 26, 1971
Christopher, born December 25, 1973
Shirley Anne, born April 11, 1945
married Gerry Pelletier October 9, 1965
They have two children:
Robin, born May 29, 1969
Leanne, born March 30, 1973
Lloyd, born August 25, 1947
married Sandra Oliver April 3, 1971 divorced
They have two children:
Brian, born January, 1972
Sharla, born February, 1974
Donna, born January 25, 1960
married Gerald Sawatzky July 25, 1981
They have one child:
Taunia, born November 24, 1984
Kerry, born August 7, 1962

Gay, Lorne and Lloyd reside in Alberta; Shirley Anne in Saskatchewan; and Donna and Kerry in Kamloops, B.C.



Back row L.R.: **Lloyd**, Reine, Paul, **Kerry**, **Donna**, Gerry Pelletier, Darwin Meyers, **Gabrielle** M., Mervin M., **Lorne**. Front: Brian, Sandy, Sharla, Leanne Pelletier, **Shirley** P., Shelley M., Robin Pelletier, Veanna, Corey and Christopher.



Gabrielle and Mervin celebrate their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

Additional

MOISE L'HEUREUX

(as told by grandsons, Smokey Alain and Hervé Nolin)

Moise L'Heureux was a short, handsome man with white hair and a big black moustache. He was firm with his children and most kind to his grandchildren, a good business man as well as one of the richest ranchers around. He was born in Quebec City, Quebec, in the year 1858. As a young man, he came West with a brother who later settled in Alberta. Moise was hired to work for the railroad in Crowsnest Pass. After several years he returned East and married his girlfriend, Sophie Pichette. After their marriage they lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where their two eldest children, Alma and Arthur, were born. Later they moved West to the mountains where Moise again worked for the railroad. On returning to Saskatchewan, the family settled on a homestead in the Jackfish Lake area which was about fifteen miles from Battleford on the Saskatchewan River. They lived in a log shack as did many other people in the area. While most homes had a floor of earth, their home had a wooden floor. The L'Heureux home was a well-known stopping place where all people who came that way -- including Indians -- were made welcome.



Moise L'Heureux Family (approx. 1895-96).

Back row L.R.: Moise (Father), Arthur, Sophie, Leonidas. Middle: Matilda (in father's lap), Marie Louise (on mother's lap), Alma. Front: George, Joe, Josephine and Paul.

Moise was a hard worker who tried his hand at a variety of jobs -- Indian Agent, rancher, farmer and post master. At one time he worked on his ranch north of Battleford besides working in Highgate as well. At times he worked night and day.

Life was not easy for those wishing to purchase their supplies in Battleford as there was no bridge over the Saskatchewan River, so the men would tie the wagon box down to the wheels and let the horses swim across.

The ranch offered work to many men: sometimes during haying time there were as many as eight hired men working for them. Horses, cattle and sheep were kept in abundance. Smokey Alain, one of their grandchildren, recalls how he used to tease the sheep: "One day a few sheep chased me up on the tractor and three or four rams were trying to climb up with me. It just so happened that Granddad Moise came out of the house carrying two pails of feed for the pigs when he spotted me on the tractor. He got them in the rear with the pails and off they went, so I could come down. Granddad Moise turned to me and said, 'You little begger, you're the one who has been teasing the sheep!' The puzzle had been solved."

Sophie and Moise were blessed with fifteen children and looked after two granddaughters, Alma and Alice L'Heureux (Leonidas' children) following their mother's death. As time went on, more grandchildren arrived and they too spent their summer holidays on the ranch where they could enjoy their grandmother's cookies and ride horses, too.

Moise and Sophie had a big house, six bedrooms upstairs and a large kitchen which ran the length of the house. The table had benches on either side and could seat about twenty people. At that time, the girls remained home till they married, so one can imagine all the stories that were told at that large table. Most evenings were spent with the men playing cards while the women knit socks and mitts.



Moise L'Heureux Family, 1907.

Back row L.R.: George, Mathilda, Père Cochin O.M.I., Marie Louise, Joseph. Middle: Paul, Arthur, Josephine, Moise, Sophie, Alma, Leonidas. Front: Pierre, Antoinette, Rose, Wilfrid, Antoine and Emilie.

Sophie had a big spinning wheel and she spun the wool from their sheep into big balls which were later knit into necessary mitts and socks. She knit socks not only for her own family but also for the whole parish! She loved to bake and, with her large family, she needed to do so frequently. Her Christmas cake was usually five or six layers high and always iced. One year her sons, Toni, Pierre and Wilfrid lifted the whole cake up and cut out the middle of the bottom layer, leaving just the outside shell. When Sophie began to cut the cake, her knife went right through, much to her surprise. The boys were always doing something, like sneaking into the ice house to eat pies and cakes which were stored there. Of course, cream was kept there as well. In those days, cream was used sparingly for eating as it was kept mainly for making butter or for sale -- a means of earning much-needed money. It is a known fact that Sophie used to set mouse traps around the pies and cream to keep curious fingers out.

The large garden they had, meant a lot of work. It was looked on with pride and, when intruders came, they were quickly disposed of. Sophie killed many a porcupine who was feeding on her garden and then she proceeded to skin and prepare them for eating.

Moise was seventy-three years old when he died and Sophie was eighty-three. They are both buried in the cemetery in Jackfish. Sophie and Moise were highly respected residents of this part of Western Canada. They had shared both hardships and success with the same indomitable spirit which marks the true pioneers who have helped to make Canada's history and now have "Gone West."



Moise and Sophie L'Heureux.

BRUNO GIDEON ALAIN

Written by his daughter, Alice Miller

My Dad, Bruno Alain, came from Quebec to Saskatchewan in 1905. He came out West by himself to join his two brothers, Henri and Alphonse. He first came to Goose Lake and worked as the cook's helper, cooking for the railroad gang when the railroad was going through to the West. His biggest problem was learning to speak English. From here he moved to Delmas where his brother, Henri, was. Bruno married and settled there. Battleford was not very far from Delmas and it was here he got his next job which was hauling water to residents of the town. He was still having problems with his English and trying to collect from clients was a problem.

In 1913 he came to Paradise Hill and bought a homestead, built a log house and a log barn on it. He farmed there for 40 years.

In 1916 he married Eva Prince. Those were the buggy days, the two back wheels a little bigger than the front wheels, so one night at a house party the boys went out and exchanged one front wheel with one back wheel. All the way home that night Dad kept saying to Mother, "The roads are sure rough tonight." He didn't notice till next day in the daylight when he took off again with the buggy what made the roads so rough.

Mother and Dad had six children, four girls and two boys, and lived on the farm till all were grown up. I (Alice) was the oldest, born in 1917; then twin girls Rachelle and Yvonne, born in 1920; another girl, Jeanne, in 1921; then two boys, George born in 1924 and Clement in 1927. With the family getting larger Dad built another log house made with square timber which was cozy and warm.

By then Dad had 3/4 of a section of land and was mixed farming, raising cattle, pigs and horses he needed for the farm. We also had chickens for the eggs and meat. He grew wheat, oats and barley. Every fall he would take wheat to town to get ground for flour and took back 10 to 12 100-pound bags of flour which would do us for the year. In those days women had to bake all their own bread. He also grew a lot of potatoes and Mother had a good garden. It was a lot of hard work, never much money around, but we always ate well off the land.

In their first years of farming they had to haul their wheat to Turtleford which was 35 miles

away, a two-day trip with the horses and sleigh. Sometimes the roads were drifted over with snow so they had quite a hard trip with temperatures down to 40° below. Usually two farmers took off together so they could help one another. A few years later the railroad came closer, first to Cleeves 20 miles away, then to Paradise Hill 5 miles away. Elevators were built so they didn't have far to haul their wheat anymore. I can remember one year when Dad's crop was hailed out completely and no insurance. Another year Dad had a real good crop, the wheat was worth $1.00 a bushel and he threshed approximately 7,000 bushels. It took longer to get harvesting done that fall with snow and bad, wet weather. However, by the time it was ready to sell, the wheat went down to 20¢ a bushel and it cost 18¢ a bushel to get it threshed. So what a letdown! The poor farmers always worked hard and never knew what they would get for their work till the money was in their pockets.

We lived 4 miles from school and 9 miles from church. Dad had an old horse and a 2-wheel cart for us to drive to school. In winter we had a cutter, a team of horses, lots of blankets, hot stones at our feet and hot jars of cocoa, and away we'd go. I'm sure Mother and Dad must have had some worries when it got to 35° below and stormy, but we didn't mind and didn't want to miss school. We didn't go to church very often through the winter but we always attended in summer. When we went to communion we had to leave early to be in time for confession before Mass, no breakfast but we took a lunch along. It makes you wonder why people complain now.

A big project for the winter months was getting their firewood for the year. They cut down trees off their own property and hauled them into the yard until they had a big enough pile. In early spring one farmer who had a buzz saw and engine would travel around to cut the piles of wood for each farmer and all the neighbors would help one another.

It was just great when Dad got his car in 1929, an Overland -- mind you, we had some rough rides at first. Dad used to say "Whoa" like he did to the horses when we came to turn at our gate but the car went on. So he decided to turn around, so off the road and over a pile of rocks (which were piled along the side of the road), turned and came back over another pile of rocks. Us kids were all bouncing around on the back seat but we made it home all in one piece. After Dad got the car I can remember driving to Jackfish Lake, 60 miles away, to visit Dad's brother Alphonse. It was a great day for us all. Later, cousins took the train and came to Paradise Hill to spend a few weeks and we thought that was great.

In 1932 some of the family were in their teens and needed more room so Dad made an addition to the house which was made into a kitchen and a bedroom. We had a community dance in it before we moved in. No phones in those days but it didn't take long for the word to get around from one neighbor to the next and we had a houseful.

Mother and Dad always had their game of checkers before they went to bed. Us kids slept upstairs. Some nights we'd hear a noise, checkers knocked off the board and rolling all over the kitchen floor, and we'd say, "Guess Mother lost her game tonight." She would send the checkers flying when she lost.

It must have been 1939 when Dad came to B.C. to look for land but found it too expensive. In 1942 I came to B.C. and was married in North Vancouver. The Christmas of 1943, Dad came out to visit us enquiring about prices again. In 1944 he came back and bought a place on Vancouver Island, a big house near Parksville. There were a few fruit trees on this place, a little creek with a pump on it that supplied water for the house. Mother came out for awhile, enjoyed this place but decided no way to make a living so they sold again. Dad went to Port Alberni to work in the mill and rented there. Mother stayed for awhile but went back to the farm with the boys for that summer. The boys, not too interested in farming, decided to have an auction sale in the fall and all came to B.C.



Harry Wyman, Alma Alain and Alphonse Alain (Henri and Bruno's brother).

By then Dad had come to the mainland and to my Uncle Alphonse in Port Moody. He enjoyed visiting with his brother. Later he bought a house on a lot in Port Moody. I can so well remember when my Mother and two brothers arrived by car. They were so happy to be off the farm and start a new life in B.C. Before this, my youngest sister had married and lived on a farm in Zehner, a little place near Regina. (She has been a widow for the past six years but still lives in the farm house but the farm is rented out.) My other two sisters (the twins) were working in New Westminster by then as they came to B.C. on their own in 1943.

Mother and Dad settled in Port Moody and were very happy. So much nice fresh fruit right on their lot! Mother cooked applesauce and they loved it so much; I think they ate it till it almost came out of their ears. Dad, George and Clem still at home all got jobs at the Flavelle Cedar Mill. Dad walked most of the time, being on a different shift from the boys at times; as I recall he never drove a car in B.C. (This is now some forty years later and my brother George is still working there as a watchman. He has never worked anywhere else.) I'm not sure of the year but around five years later Dad bought a big house in Maillardville but George and he still worked in the mill so they batched through the week and spent weekends at home. It was about this time they sold the farm in Saskatchewan.

At this point my sister Yvonne was married and, soon after, her twin sister Rachelle married. My two brothers were married in 1952. One brother lived in the Port Moody house and Clem had a suite upstairs in Mother and Dad's house. I must tell you an incident that Dad often laughed about. One night Clem and Dad went out to friends' for a card game, "little gambling, eh." They played on through the night and didn't come home till daybreak. Not to wake Mother up they put the ladder to an upstairs window and were sneaking in that way into my brother's suite. So, when they were halfway up the ladder, Mother opened the back door and says to Dad, "Why not come in this way? It's much easier." Dad started to laugh so hard, the ladder just shook. Clem was afraid he was going to fall.

Mother also loved her cards. There were four couples who used to get together and play Penny Ante. One Saturday they were playing in one's basement. They'd stopped for a coffee break and lunch, and back to playing cards. Next time they went upstairs it was bright daylight. They had played all night. They all had breakfast, then went home on the bus. They had just gotten home when my brother drove up at 10 A.M. He came in and said, "You must be just home from early Mass this morning." My Dad had such a hearty laugh and both laughed when they told my brother they had not gone to bed yet. They did not miss Mass very often but I'm sure they did that morning.

Dad always enjoyed good health till he had his first heart attack in 1953. He recovered from it fairly well but had to take it easy. They sold the big house in Maillardville and bought a smaller one in New Westminster. They didn't live there very long till he had a good offer, so sold it. He always did pretty well with his buying and selling. They bought another cozy little place in New Westminster. They were both so happy there and enjoyed every minute of it, close to shopping and the bus. In 1959 he was again hospitalized with the heart problem. We all had a good Christmas together. In January we could see he was not well. He had his fatal heart attack at home January 22, 1960 at the age of 75. My Mother is still enjoying life at the age of 94. Dad is remembered as a good husband, a good and kindly father, a faithful employee and a good friend to all who knew him.



Bruno Alain Family: George, Clement, Jeanne, Bruno, Eva, Yvonne, Alice and Rachelle.

ALAIN GENEALOGY

NOTE: b. denotes date of baptism, not date of birth,
m. denotes marriage,
d. denotes death.

1. Allain, Simon b. 1643 to André Allain & Catherine Marc of St. Sauveur, Rouen, Normandie, France.
Maufait, Jeanne m. April 15, 1670, Québec.

Children:
Pierre b. December 26, 1674;
m. Anne Racine February 22, 1713
Noel Simon b. February 23, 1678
Nicholas b. December 4, 1682
Catherine b.;
m. Joseph Poitras October 19, 1705
Jeanne b. 1679

2. Alain, Noel Simon b. February 23, 1678
Hamel, Marie Anne m. January 19, 1706, Lorette, Québec.

Children:
Noel b. November 6, 1706
Marie Anne b. March 20, 1708;
d. September 11, 1708
Marie Anne b. September 19, 1709;
d. February 17, 1726
Marie Joseph b. 1711 (boy);
married three times
Jean b. October 27, 1712
René b. July 29, 1714;
d. October 10, 1714
Charles b. 1715;
m. Marie Joseph Gagné 1746
Pierre Simon b. April 14, 1717
Francois Marie b. 1719;
m. Françoise Petitclerc November 27, 1741
Marie Catherine b. 1721;
m. Charles Dion February 22, 1740
Marie Geneviève b. 1722; married twice
Marie b. 1724
François m. Madeleine Roy
Marie Louise b. 1725;
m. André Liénard 1744

3. Alain, Pierre Simon b. April 14, 1717
d.
Mansault(seau), Geneviève m. January 11, 1740,
Ancienne-Lorette, Québec

Children:
Marie-Geneviève b. October 23, 1740;
m. Pierre Lavignon January 31, 1763
Pierre b. March 29, 1742
Marguerite b. April 11, 1744;
married twice
Jean Marie b. March 25, 1748
Marie Louise b. March 30, 1750;
d. April 7, 1750
Ignace b. October 27, 1751;
d. January 8, 1788
François b. April 2, 1754
Joseph Marie b. March 5, 1757;
d. January 10, 1759
Joseph b. April 23, 1761

4. Alain, Ignace b. October 27, 1751,
Lorette, Québec;
d. January 8, 1788
Moisan, Angèle m. September 2, 1783,
Ancienne-Lorette, Québec

Children: *Ignace*
(This list is incomplete)

5. Alain, Ignace b.
d.
Demers, Geneviève m. November 25, 1817,
Notre Dame de Québec

Children:
Jacques b. November 28, 1820
d.
(This list is imcomplete)

6. Alain, Jacques b. November 28, 1820;
d.
Leclerc, Angèle m. February 7, 1842,
Notre Dame de Québec

Children:
Angèle b. November 8, 1842;
m. Ferdinand Lirette, St. Raymond
Jacques b. October 23, 1843;
m. (1) Adeline Morasse
m. (2) Heraclise Folley
Louise b. December 8, 1844
Henri b. March 22, 1846;
d. January 4, 1890 at St. Ubald
m. Arthemize Folley, July 27, 1875, at St. Casimir
Georgiana b. September 3, 1847
Pierre b.
Edouard b.;
d. December 26, 1923, St. Ubald
m. Exilda Carpentier of St. Augustin July 24, 1878
Marie m. Xavier Moisan July 7, 1874, St. Raymond

Adelard b. June 9, 1856;
m. Mary Trudel June 27, 1881,
St. Raymond
Joseph b.
d. May 31, 1932 (70 yrs. & 11 mos.)
m. Delina Cantin April 14, 1885,
St. Raymond
Ferdinand b.
d. May 12, 1914 (54 yrs. & 6 mos.),
St. Ubald
m. Louise Langevin January 23, 1893,
St. Raymond
Cecile b.
d. February 13, 1939 (77 yrs. & 7 mos.)
St. Raymond
m. Gaudiose Dion February 16, 1885,
St. Raymond
Louis b. December 1, 1863;
d. July 4, 1941 (78 yrs. & 6 mos.),
St. Raymond
m. Sophie Plamondon April 17, 1888,
St. Raymond
plus 5 other children that died young

7. Alain, Henri b. March 22, 1846;
d. January 4, 1890 (43 years),
St. Ubald
Folley, Arthemize m. July 27, 1875, St. Casimir

Children:
Marie Virginie b. April 24, 1876,
St. Ubald
Marie Césarie Angelina
b. September 23, 1877, St. Ubald
Joseph Henri Alphonse
b. June 1, 1879, St. Ubald
Joseph Henri Delphice
b. January 26, 1882, St. Ubald
Joseph Edouard Alfred
b. November 12, 1883, St. Ubald
Joseph Gedéon Bruno
b. June 20, 1885, St. Ubald
Marie Odelie Rose Alma
b. June 15, 1887, St. Ubald
Joseph Edouard Napoléon
b. February 6, 1889, St. Ubald

[Editor's Note: Names have been taken from the Tanguay Dictionary and the personal records of Cecile Gingras.]

** Please note: b. denotes date of birth from this generation on. **

8. Alain, Henri Delphice b. January 25, 1882;
d. December 19, 1967,
Melfort, Saskatchewan
L'Heureux, Alma m. April 8, 1907,
Jackfish, Saskatchewan
d. December 15, 1982

Children:
Moise (Smokey) b. January 28, 1908,
Delmas, Saskatchewan
m. Verna Cockwill October 20, 1933,
Flin Flon, Manitoba

Children:
Dawn b. January 25, 1936
Lynn b. June 3, 1944

Louis Alfred b. March 6, 1909,
Ruddell, Saskatchewan
m. Clara Edith Lessard April 12,
1937, Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan

Children:
Marlyne b. August 21, 1938
Maxine b. August 28, 1939
Marcella b. April 5, 1944
Bruce b. November 12, 1946
Bernadette b. June 5, 1948
Rachelle b. August 11, 1951
Michelle b. April 19, 1956
Joseph (Joe) b. February 5, 1959

Yvonne Medirise b. March 9, 1911,
Delmas, Saskatchewan
m. Raymond Turcotte March 4, 1930;
d. 1944

Children:
Joan d. 2½ months old
Neil d. at 8 years old
Darlene d. at birth
Bruce d. at 4 years old

m. Harry Wyman June 1, 1951;
d. August 14, 1975
m. Pat O'Brien December 16, 1977;
d. June 4, 1983

Rolland Joseph b. October 27, 1913;
d. November 13, 1986,
Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan
m. Yvonne Veillard April 29, 1943,
Veillardville, Saskatchewan

Children:
Simone b. May 5, 1944
Maurice b. October 28, 1951
Roger b. April 8, 1953
Denis b. April 16, 1955

Rosanne b. April 23, 1957
Jeannine b. July 28, 1958
Lisa b. May 13, 1963

Marie Paule Jeanne b. October 27, 1915, North Battleford, Saskatchewan
m. Angus Menzies January 7, 1933;
d. March 12, 1983

Children:
Ronald b. January 24, 1933
Darlene b. January 7, 1937
Neil b. July 31, 1942
Bob b. July 1, 1946
Keith b. July 11, 1950
Joanne b. September 23, 1955
Brenda b. July 31, 1957

Edithe Marie b. December 21, 1917, Battleford, Saskatchewan
m. Gene Lessard October 25, 1945

Children:
Wayne b. August 23, 1946
Carol b. May 25, 1951
Lee b. November 5, 1955
Blair b. March 2, 1958

Berthe Marie b. March 20, 1919
m. Paul Marsollier December 8, 1937, Flin Flon, Manitoba

Children:
Norbert b. July 3, 1939
Roger b. February 24, 1941
Allen b. September 6, 1948
Cathy b. March 16, 1955

Paul Emile b. October 6, 1920, North Battleford, Saskatchewan
m. Reine Cartier February 15, 1941, Malartic, Quebec

Children:
Gabrielle b. July 7, 1941
Lorne b. January 4, 1944
Shirley Anne b. April 11, 1945
Lloyd b. August 25, 1947
Donna b. January 25, 1960
Kerry b. August 7, 1962

FOLLEY GENEALOGY

NOTE: b denotes birth or baptism,
m denotes marriage,
d denotes death.

1. Daniel Folley b. 1823 (son of David Folley and Anne Noonan, probably from Ireland) & Célina Leboeuf, m. October 20, 1846, Ste. Anne de la Pérade.

Their children:
Heraclise
Stephanie
Arthemize
Philias
Cezarice
Bruno
Henry
Virginie
Herman

2. Arthemize Folley & Henri Alain, m. July 27, 1875, St. Casimir.

Their children:
Marie Virginie
b. April 24, 1876, St. Ubald
Marie Césarie Angelina
b. September 23, 1877, St. Ubald
Joseph Henri Alphonse
b. June 1, 1879, St. Ubald
Joseph Henri Delphice
b. January 26, 1882, St. Ubald
Joseph Edouard Alfred
b. November 12, 1883, St. Ubald
Joseph Gedéon Bruno
b. June 20, 1885, St. Ubald
Marie Odélie Rose Alma
b. June 15, 1887, St. Ubald
Joseph Edouard Napoléon
b. February 6, 1889, St. Ubald

Following Henri's death on January 4, 1890, at the age of 43 years, his widow remarried:
(a) Nazaire Fugére, September 26, 1892, at St. Casimir. Deceased.
(b) Alfred Denis, August 13, 1904, at St. Ubald.

The surname **Folley** is derived from O'Foghladha, the name of a sept which originated in Co. Waterford. Foley now ranks among the hundred commonest surnames in Ireland but its distribution is very noticeably heaviest in Munster. Sept is a clan or branch of a family. O' means a descendant of. This information was obtained from *Irish Family Names, Arms, Origins, and Locations* by Brian de Breffny, p. 103.

L'HEUREUX GENEALOGY

NOTE: b denotes birth or baptism,
m denotes marriage,
d denotes death.

1. Simon L'Heureux (Lereau) & Suzanne Jaroussel,
m. November 27, 1655,
Notre Dame de Québec

2. Sixte L'Heureux & Reine Deblois,
m. February 15, 1694,
Ste. Famille, Ile d'Orléans.

3. Simon L'Heureux & Marguerite Loignon,
m. February 3, 1722,
Ste. Famille, Ile d'Orléans.

4. Joseph L'Heureux & Louise Emond,
m. November 4, 1755,
St. Francois, Ile d'Orléans.

5. Pierre L'Heureux & Marie-Josephte Dompierre,
m. February 12, 1781,
St. François, Ile d'Orléans.

6. David L'Heureux & Marie Lefrançois,
m. October 20, 1812,
Château - Richer.

7. Pierre L'Heureux & Marie Trépanier,
m. February 16, 1841,
Château - Richer.

8. Moise L'Heureux & Sophie Pichet(te),
m. January 17, 1882,
Château - Richer.

Their children:
Alma b. July 31, 1883;
d. December 15, 1982
Arthur
Leonidas
Josephine
Paul
George
Joe
Mathilda
Marie-Louise
Roseanna
Antoinette
Emilie
Wilfrid
Pierre
Antoine

9. Alma L'Heureux & Henri Alain,
m. April 8, 1907,
Jackfish, Saskatchewan

Their children -- see the Alain genealogy.

THE PIONEER

by Bob Mason
from 'The Coyotes Call'

He hung his shirt on a fence post,
And he took the lines in his hand.
With his eyes on the far horizon,
He started to plow the land.
And while the sun beat down on his shoulders
And the oxen lazed in the heat,
He joyed in the job he was doing,
And the furrow under his feet.
He whistled a tune at sunrise,
As he strode from his shanty door...
And he whispered a prayer in the evening,
As he threw his boots on the floor,
Then he slept, and he dreamed of the future,
As the moon rose full and clear
And the Lord sent down his blessing
To the home of the pioneer.
Where is this man that I write of...
For the fields are ripe today
With the wheat of a million acres,
That stretch to the west away,
Swaying under the noonbreeze,
Sheening under the sun,
Standing a golden symbol,
To the toil of that stalwart one,
And into the endless distance
Where the castles of grain arise,
The haze of the prairie harvest
Hangs in the autumn skies
And the roar of a thousand combines,
Reaping from year to year
Brings a comforting note of triumph,
To the dreams of the pioneer.
Where is this man of the mouldboard,
Who planted that seed of old
That has drifted across the prairies
Till it covers the plains with gold?
Now a modern home on the highway,
On the spot where the shanty stood
Is a symbol to all who follow,
That the way of the west is good.
Yonder he stands in the sunset,
Watching now from the hill,
Seeing his sons and his grandsons
Take up the plow to till...
With memories blurring the vision
That once was so true and clear
Of this land that had lured him and loved him
And made him a pioneer.

Yonder he stands on the hilltop,
Watching out over the plain,
Seeing somehow in that sunset
The trails of the bison again,
Crossing and crossing the grassland
To disappear in the haze
That hangs like a dusky curtain,
On the stage of the early days.
Feeling the exultation
That coursed in his veins of old
As the first hard sod of the prairies
From the point of his ploughshare rolled,
He knows as he stands there watching,
That the trials of yesteryear
Were really the greatest triumphs
In the life of the pioneer.
Yonder he stands in the sunset
But he knows as he walks alone
That the trails of the prairie bison
Have blazed the way of his own,
For the ruts that his homestead wagon
Once cut in the open plain
Have been swallowed up by the furrow...
And will never be seen again.
He knows that the mark of his coming
Will fade as the years go by
With no more trace than this sunset
Will leave in the western sky,
And his dreams of his teams and his binders
And the stookrows earned by his sweat
Will disappear in the twilight
And soon we will all forget.
Will there be others like him
Who will follow up on the quest,
With the power to witch the wheatlands
That lie in the far northwest?
Will there be men so willing
To step from the trodden ways
To open the land as he did...
Back in the early days?
Will the thrill of the old adventure just die,
As the prairie wool,
Leaving a listless legion
With a cup that is overfull...?
Oh, how we are going to miss him
When we come to that day at last,
When no longer we'll sit and listen
To his memories of the past!
For he lived through a grand adventure
That we'll few of us know again...
And his life has been carved by that ploughshare
On the face of the western plain,
And although the name may be missing,
To those who can read the line,
It's a story of strength and of striving
It is a tale that is true and fine,
For it tells of the wide horizon
Of the distances vast and blue...
It tells of the old homesteader,
And the job that he had to do,
It tells of his trials and triumph
And now as the end appears,
Yonder he stands in the sunset...
The last of the pioneers!





Henri and Alma Alain, 1940.

Part III - Lessard Family History

History of Lessart Name

LESSART - variation (LESSARD)

The following definitions are given:

1. essart - land cleared by burning the small bushes

terre défrichée par essartage

- if a more exact translation is desired.

2. Lessard - a locality in Calvados (Normandy, France)

* * * * *

The following has been taken from The Meaning of Your Name written by Mary Rattray, a leaflet enclosed with the Coat of Arms Report on Lessard, obtained from Medieval Coat of Arms (Saskatoon) with Head Office in Vancouver, B.C.:

Surnames, generally, can be divided into four categories:

1. Place Names which would denote the location from which a person's name came **as in the second definition listed above.**

2. Occupational Names which pertain to office, rank or trade.

3. Descriptive Names which describe physical characteristics, or relationships, such as condition in life appearance, dress and colouring.

4. Kinship Names which are derived from the name of the name of the father. The patronymical surname is common in many forms to all countries, thus in England the son of John became Johnson.

All things are engaged in writing their history.
The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow.
The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal.
The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone.
Not a footstep into the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march.

Emerson

Footsteps In Time



LESSARD
COAT OF ARMS REPORT

The Coat of Arms was completed by a heraldic artist, from information that was researched in:

Riestaps Armorial General - Normandy, France.

The Coat of Arms (shield) is described heraldically as:

Azure, three pales azure.

The crest is the small decoration which appears above the shield and helmet:

None recorded.

Family mottoes may refer to family exploits or past family history, others refer to the shield, crest or badge device and others are a play upon the name of the holders, started in the distant past as battle cries. The motto for this name is:

None recorded.

Names for individuals originated as a way of identification and they usually fall into four categories (see supplement sheet). Dictionaries of surnames indicates surnames may have different spellings from the original.

The individual meanings for some names are obscure, but for others it is self explanatory and understandable.

Medieval Coats of Arms (Saskatoon)
Market Mall S7J 2G2

INTRODUCTION TO LESSARD FAMILY STORY

By Marcella Sevigny

My task for this book was to research the Lessard side of the family. I did not know where to begin so I wrote to the parish priest of St. Alexis des Monts, Quebec, looking for Grandpa's birth and/or marriage certificate. After several letters back and forth, and after deciphering which Joseph Lessard he was, I finally obtained his baptismal certificate along with his parents' marriage certificate. They were married in 1882. I was then notified that the parish registers only went back to 1872, ten years previous to his parents' marriage. Having hit that snag, I wrote to the Public Archives of Canada in Quebec. They were of no help to me. Then, on a hunch, I wrote to Ste. Anne de Beaupré asking if it was true that the land had been donated by a Lessard. My mother always said it was. To my utmost surprise, I received a friendly and encouraging letter in response from a Father Gérard Lebel who said, and I'll translate, "There is only one Lessard ancestor as far as I'm concerned. You are related to this ancestor, Etienne de Lessart. But we will have to prove it." He then sent me a genealogical sheet to fill out with my grandparents' names, dates of birth, marriage, etc. and so on up the ladder. It took from the 18th of February, 1983, till January 29, 1984, to fill in the rest. Later, Father Lebel wrote to me and said, "After two hours of perspiring over the names I can give you a complete answer." Lo and behold -- he had all the ten generations completed from my parents up. You can imagine my joy at his discovery!

Fortunately, there is a fair amount written about this first ancestor, Etienne de Lessart. I will try to add a bit to what is written in the book, Our French-Canadian Ancestors, by Thomas J. Laforest.

We know that Etienne de Lessart, ancestor of the Lessard family, was born in 1623 in Normandy (see map). The only thing we know of his origin is the name of his parents, Jacques and Marie Herson, and the name of the village where he grew up, Chambois.

Although there is no record to prove it, it is believed that Etienne de Lessart came to New France around 1645. On the third of June, 1646, he was present at a baptism where he was the godfather. The following year, 1647, he was the messenger of very good news. It was he who announced "the help promised by France" was on its way. The event was announced in these words. "This same day (June 21), Mr. de Lessart returning from Tadoussac brought the first news from France which had been received from Captain Le Fèvre who had arrived at l'Ile Percée ... that five ships were preparing to come; that peace had been made in France."

The land that Olivier LeTardif gave Etienne was one of the nicest pieces of land (see map D-4). Seduced by the life in New France, Etienne chose that piece of world for his children to be born on. The young girl he loved was born in Paris around 1634. She was 18 years old and already had behind her about 17 years of life in New France. Charles Sevestre and Marie Pichon arrived in New France with three children from Marie Pichon's first marriage to Philippe Gauthier de Comporté and two daughters of their own. Charles Sevestre was a man estimated to be "well-off." His descendants were perpetuated to the present day by his daughters.

One account mentions that 12, not 11, children were born of this union (Etienne and Marguerite) of which 8 later married.

Every year, on the feast day of St. Stephen (December 26), Mass is celebrated as was promised this ancestor in 1661. As for the bench that he had built in the church and which was to be occupied by him and the oldest of his descendants to perpetuity (forever), it was used by Lessards until 1931 when the family sold it for $75.00.

ETIENNE LESSART

by Renald Lessard

Etienne de Lessard, son of Jacques and of Marie Herson, was originally from Chambois in Normandy. In 1645, at about the age of 22, he left for New France, a distant colony of a few hundred harassed people. On 3 June 1646 we pick up his trail at Trois-Rivieres where he was acting as a godfather. For a period of several years Etienne was associated with Martin Grouvel, a river pilot of Quebec. It is probably this association that accounts for his presence in 1646-47 at Trois-Rivieres and at Tadoussac.

HIS MARRIAGE

On 8 April 1652 at Quebec, Etienne de Lessard and Marguerite Sevestre were betrothed. She was the daughter of Charles, a notable of Quebec, and their union was "in the presence of the recognized witnesses Mr. de Lauson Gouverneur, Mr. de Lauson junior, Fils Seneschal, and

Mr. Chartier." The couple installed themselves at Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupre.

COLONIST AT SAINTE ANNE

In reality, Etienne had already obtained a concession on the spot from Olivier Letardif, one of the members of the Beaupre Company; which concession was granted him on 10 February 1651. It comprised 10 arpents of river frontage, extending to a depth of a league and a half inland. In order to clear his land, named Saint Etienne, he had a few indentured workers in his service; such as Michel Marquiseau, Urbain Jamineau and Jean Chauvet dit Lagerne. By 1669 they had already cleared 35 arpents and, according to the census of 1681, Lessard said that he owned 3 guns, 7 head of cattle, and 40 arpents of cleared land. On this land he grew -- among other things -- wheat, barley, peas and even some cabbage.

COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION

Etienne was a very active man. He carried on business relations with many merchants such as Charles Aubert, Sieur de la Chesnaie de Quebec and Daniel Baille, Sieur de Saint-Meur de La Rochelle in France. Lessard owned a boat, a rather large one considering the times, about 30 by 13 feet. It had a cabin at either end which made it seem elegant indeed and was configured to carry cargo, often between Quebec and Sainte-Anne. Be this as it may, his principal occupation seems to have been cultivating the land.

A SEIGNEUR

Etienne was the first Seigneur of the Ile-aux-Coudres. In fact, this seigneury was conceded to him by Frontenac on 4 March 1677. Lessard sold it to the Seminary of Quebec in 1687 for 100 livres. On 27 April 1688 he became co-seigneur of Lanoraie, a domain situated between Trois-Rivieres and Montreal. He sold his part on 12 March 1698 to Jean Bredel before the Notary Charles Rogeot.

THE FIRST CHURCH AT BEAUPRE -- 1658

In 1658, Saint-Anne-de-Beaupre was called Petit Cap (The Little Cape), and the little settlement already counted about twenty families. The land-grant lists and records of the Seigneury of Beaupre, still preserved in the Quebec Seminary, make it possible for us to reconstitute the Petit Cap as it then was.

On March 8 of that year, in an official deed drawn up by the royal Notary Audouart, Etienne de Lessard "seeing the inclination and devotion that the settlers of Beaupre have long had to have a church or chapel in which they might assist at Divine Service and participate in the Sacraments of Our Holy Mother the Church, donates a lot of two arpents wide, by a league and half deep, to the Pastors who will be established there. The said donation being made on condition that in the present year of 1658 work be begun and continued without let-up for the building of a church or chapel by the inhabitants of the place, on the said lot, at the place which will be decided upon as most handy, in the opinion of the Vicar General."

There was no delay. On the following March 13, Father Jean de Quen, S.J. could note in the Jesuit Diary, that "the acting Governor (Monsieur d'Ailleboust), went that day to the Beaupre shore to see if work was being carried out on the small forts that served for their protection. The Reverend Father Vignal blessed the site of the new church. My Lord the Governor laid the first stone thereof."

It is still possible, today, to identify with some precision the site of this first church of 1658, situated on the river shore at the high-water line, according to a report made in 1686, addressed to Father de Maizerets and still extant in the Quebec Seminary's archives.

Little is known of the building of the 1658 church. On December 10, 1659, in the presence of Father LeMercier, Mr. Jean Picard, Warden of the Church of St. Anne of the Petit Cap, presented a financial report. The Church still owed him, for his work, thirty-four livres and ten sols. On March 18, 1660, Nicolas Verieul made a donation to the church of St. Anne of the Petit Cap "to help out on the building." The church is said to be "already begun." The church of 1658 was set on an elevated spot near the shore. In the choice of this site, little account had been taken of the spring high tides, particularly those which occur every seven years. The note addressed to Father de Maizerets on July 7, 1686 clearly states: "The church of Saint Anne was for the first time placed at high tide level on the river shore, and then moved higher to the foot of the bluff, on account of the inconvenience of the waters that surrounded it at its first site." The decision had to be made, then, to transport the chapel, or to build a new one, further away from the shoreline, and especially higher up than the high water mark. It was not possible to build elsewhere, on ground donated by Etienne de Lessard on March 8, 1658, for there was not enough room between the bluff and the river shore.

THE CHURCH OF 1661

Urged by his own generosity, and also, perhaps, by the desire to keep the church on his grant

of land, Etienne de Lessard made a verbal offer of an adjacent plot of land to the east of the original grant. Bishop Laval gladly accepted, for on that particular spot, the ground rose to about ten feet above sea level, and the hillside retreats landwards for about fifty feet. If the church was built parallel to the river, then there would be lots of space.

It was built in record time. First, Robert Pare and Jean Picard dragged the wood to the spot, using Etienne Lessard's oxen which had been lent for four days. Then Jean Picard sawed out the chevrons and measured off the planks. Less than three weeks after, a pot of wine was given to a person named Bontemps, and identified as Francois Boivin, in exchange for the first wooden peg set in the building. (Wooden pegs were more often used than the hard-to-come-by iron nails.)

The edifice was to be forty feet long. Instead of making the walls by laying one beam on top of the other, then the most usual procedure, they were built in what is known as "colombage pierrote" (half-timbers). This method consisted of laying a field-stone foundation, on which a cedar frame was laid. Into this were mortised four-by-eight upright beams, at regular distances of about one foot. The intervening spaces were then filled with stones and mortar. We know that Louis Cauchon, of Chateau-Richer, sold for this purpose twelve "pipes" (hogsheads) of lime. Jean Picard took five days to float it to the building site, using Etienne Lessard's boats.

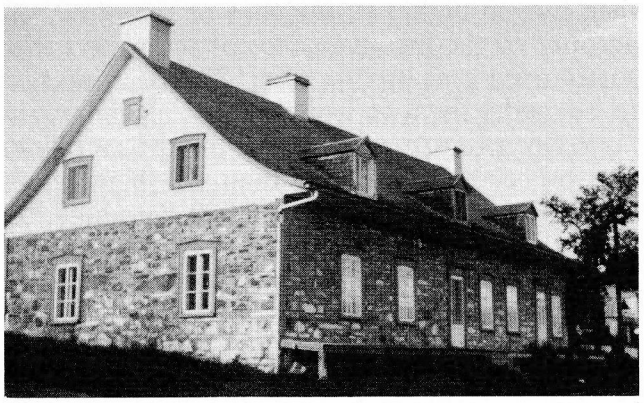
Two craftsmen who boarded in the homes of Lessard and of Pierre Giguere worked for a whole month with the master mason, Pierre Simard, nicknamed Lombrette, on the exterior of the church. Father Ragueneau, S.J. on one of his visits from Quebec to see how the work was coming along and to encourage the workers, brought with him the roofing nails. We can conclude, then, that the outside of the church was finished when Father Thomas Morel arrived from France, on August 22, 1661, to be almost at once named by Bishop Laval for the ministry along the Beaupre Shores.

THE DEATH OF MARIE PICHON

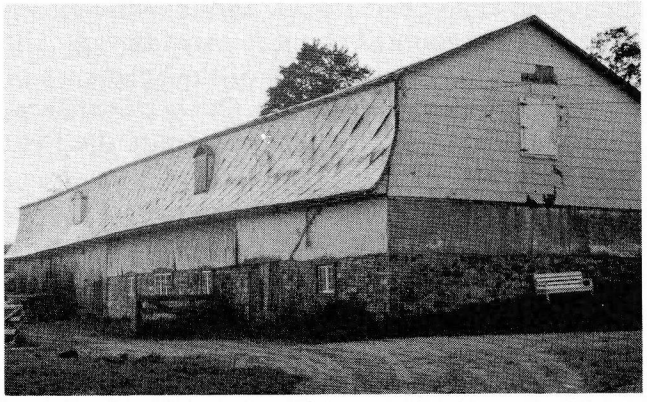
On the death, in February, 1662, of Marie Pichon, widow of Charles Sevestre, Etienne inherited a "half of a cellar, half of a hayloft, some rooms serving as a bakery and a fourth of the courtyard, altogether consisting of a fourth part of the house and courtyard belonging to the late Master Charles Sevestre, formerly Lieutenant of this jurisdiction (Quebec), the said house situated in the lower town, Rue Notre-Dame. Many times he rented out his part of the house and finally on 6 April 1683 he sold it to Francois Hazeur and Etienne Lander on "That remainder which may be useful, together with everything inside that is left after the fire of the 4th and 5th of last August."

THE DONATION

On 26 March 1699, Marguerite and Etienne, "being victims of their old age, which is advanced and renders them infirm and subject to the natural indisposition which accompanies the aged, and which causes a loss of spirit and force, they find themselves no longer able to handle their own affairs and it is of more advantage to them now to give or to sell their heritage to their two children named Prisque and Joseph." As for the children, "they will feed and care for their father and mother and treat them according to their station in life. Their rooms shall be clean and heated so as to stave off illness for the remainder of their days and at the end of their time, they shall be buried, and prayers shall be offered for the repose of their soul, according to the customs." Etienne was 66 years old when this act was made.



Stone house built by Etienne and still in use today.



Barn built in 1600s by Etienne and is in use today.

HIS DEATH

The month of April 1703 was a time of bereavement for the Lessard family, because on the 21st, Etienne was buried "dead at the age of 80 years, on the day before about 3 in the afternoon, after having received all the Sacraments and after having given all the thoughts and sentiments of a good Christian and true Child of the Church." Etienne was probably a victim of the smallpox epidemic then sweeping the colony. His wife Marguerite survived him for 17 more years.

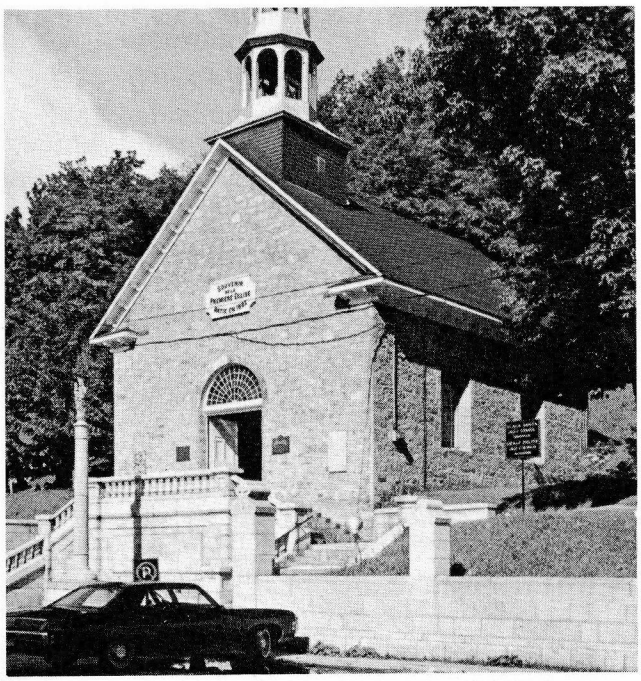
HIS DESCENDANTS

Eleven children were born from his union with Marguerite Sevestre, of whom 6 boys and 2 girls were later married. The descendants of Etienne de Lessard are dispersed throughout the Province, but they are particularly numerous in the region of Quebec City and the Beauce. Some adopted the name DeLessard and a few even LaToupie. Let us note in conclusion that Etienne was a respected man in spite of some problems with the law. He was a Captain of Militia (1684) and also Warden of Sainte-Anne.

[Ed.'s Note: The Etienne Lessard story is taken from

Our French-Canadian Ancestors
by Thomas J. Laforest
First Edition
The LISI Press
Palm Harbor, Florida
1983

The footnote references have been omitted.]



La Vieille Eglise - The Old Church, Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupre, Québec. Today the Old Church is used as the "Memorial Chapel."



A close-up of the plaque which hangs on the front of church pictured here.

[Ed's Note:]

The first chapel at Beaupré was built in 1658 and dedicated to Sainte Anne. We learn from a small booklet, *Sainte Anne de Beaupré: Guide Book for Pilgrims and Visitors*, that less than a week after the land was blessed and the corner stone laid, the first miraculous cure took place. In the following years, while there were many changes to the Church of Sainte Anne, miracles continued to occur. All are attributed to the intervention of "Good Sainte Anne." Statistics show that in recent years, 1,000,000 people visit the Shrine annually. Amazing as this seems, we were no less surprised to learn that in the period from the construction of the little Chapel until 1700, a total of 42,000 pilgrims and visitors called at Sainte Anne de Beaupré.

The single act of donating a small piece of land was the modest beginning of the Shrine. And so it is in life -- God uses the simple and seemingly insignificant to create a masterpiece, construct a basilica or fashion a saint.

We, the descendants of Etienne, are grateful for his example of generosity, compassion and foresight.

EDOUARD LESSARD

Submitted by Eva (Lessard) Prince

Edouard had married earlier. They had no children and his first wife died. Then he married Valérie Allard. There was quite a difference in their ages.

My grandparents, Edouard and Valérie, were both born in the parish of St. Alexis des Monts in the District of Trois Rivières, Conté de Maskinongé, Québec, Canada and lived there for some years. Having heard of the development of Western United States and wishing that their sons would take to farming, they decided to move by train to Red Lake Falls County, Minnesota. When they arrived, they took up land through the Homestead Act in 1886.

They settled in Lambert Township, built a small home and got a few cows, horses, a couple of hogs and chickens. They also planned out a piece of land by the house for a large garden.

This was a French family - not one could speak or write English. The older ones went working for people around Lambert and those of school age started school. It must have been very hard for both teachers and pupils; however, they managed very slowly at first. Some of the older children did not have time to learn English as they had to help out making some wages to get the farm going (buying lumber, horses, machinery and some grain the first year).

Later on the other children learned to read only English because, in the northern States especially, French was not taught in schools except perhaps in high schools or colleges. My grandmother, Valérie, had never learned to either read or write French or English as, when she was young, there were no schools around and they were too poor to go elsewhere, but she had learned her prayers by memory. She also learned cooking and was a real good cook.

There were lumber camps in Minnesota and the older boys worked there for many winters - some, like my father, even after they were married. My father had four horses all well shod to work through the winter hauling logs out of the bush.

One evening when father was home from camp, our family went to visit Grandma and Grandpa Lessard. We stayed for supper. The food was on the table; it was time to eat. There was other company that evening, a couple of men who could not speak French. Grandma wanted to tell these folks that after they had eaten, she and Grandpa were going to visit the Caribeau family, folks who had come from the same parish in Quebec as they had, and the men were invited to go along but she had difficulty putting her message across. She was able to gesture putting your hat and coat on and she could say "visit." Then she wanted to tell them that she was going to go along with them, too. So she said in her broken English, "all tee-gai-dere" (meaning altogether).

Although my grandparents - both Lessard and Bernier - weren't religious, there was always prayer in their homes. The family would gather to pray and if some of the children would get up before time, the parents would remind them "à genoux - à genoux." They believed in God and went to Church each Sunday. Very often they would walk the mile and a half to attend Mass.

Now here are all the children; my father was the oldest:

1. Alfred married Lucias Bernier in September 1905 in Lambert, Minnesota.

   Their children:
   Eva b. August 24, 1906 in Minnesota
   m. Charles Prince 1925
   Lawrence b. July 7, 1915 in Minnesota
   m. Reine Lavoie in 1940
   Lucille b. July 8, 1918 in Saskatchewan
   m. Rémi Arcand of Chilliwack, B.C.
   Emma b. May 17, 1920 in Saskatchewan
   m. Phillippe Gagne of Noranda, Quebec

2. Alzéma married Cléophasse Asselin. They lived close to Oklee, Minnesota.

   Their childen are:
   Doria
   Omer
   Eugène
   They also raised her sister's baby girl, Gloria Landreville.

3. Parmélia married Louis Bernier - deceased.

   Their children are:
   Edmond Bernier resides in Oklee, Minnesota
   Emma Knotts lives in Yuma, Arizona
   Parmélia remarried
   Butcher (pronounced Boucher)

4. Charlie married Rose Asselin. They are both deceased. They had always resided on the old homestead in Lambert Township, Minnesota.

   Their family of fourteen children is as follows:

Raymond b. 1920
m. Maryann Nistler 1949
George Delores
Walt Theresa
Maurice Marie
Harold Yvonne
Ken Terry
Vern Sharon
Marcella
(Not necessarily in that order.)

5. Joseph Déridé was born November 9, 1891, in St. Alexis des Monts, Quebec. He married Rachel Bernier on April 14, 1914 in Red Lake Falls, Minnesota.

Their children are:
George b. March 8, 1915 in, Minnesota
d. May 17, 1924, North Battleford, Saskatchewan
Gene Alfred b. December 16, 1916, in Oklee, Minnesota
m. Edithe Marie Blandine Alain October 26, 1945
Joseph Noé Napoléon b. April 26, 1918, Delmas, Saskatchewan
d.
Clara Edith b. November 24, 1919, Delmas, Saskatchewan
m. Louis Alfred Alain April 12, 1937
Martin Alphonse b. August 25, 1921
m. Floris Tarvis July 17, 1942
Joseph b. February 12, 1923
m. Helen Tapper June 26, 1947
Marie Jeanne Thérèse b. November 16, 1924, Delmas, Saskatchewan
m. Al MacFarlane October 11, 1947
Joseph Déridé Lessard was deceased on May 1, 1924, North Battleford, Saskatchewan.
Rachel married Louis Strasser August 13, 1927, at Battleford, Saskatchewan. They had one child:
Mae Strasser b. May 15, 1928 on home farm at Veillardville, Saskatchewan
m. Bernard Daly October 9, 1948

6. Philias D. was born in 1896 in St. Alexis des Monts, Québec. At the age of two he moved with his family to Lambert County, Minnesota. Philias married Rose Boisvert in 1921. They are both deceased. Rose was buried in September 1985 in New Jersey, U.S.A. Phil died in 1978.

Their children are:
Dora m. John Etcheverry
Delores m. Hervé Nolin
Eleanor m. Phillip Hardy
Anna Mae m. Bob Taylor
Alida m. Joe Cadrain
Jeannette m. Dan Chesire
Denis m. Audrey

7. Marie Louise married Emile Landreville. She had been married a couple of years when her first baby, a little girl, was born. After arriving home with the baby, she suddenly felt very chilly. She asked her mother-in-law to please warm her up but they could not. Marie Louise passed away before the priest arrived to give her the last Sacraments.

Gloria Landreville was raised by Alzéma and Cléophasse Asselin.

8. Aldéa married Walter Sabourin. She died shortly after coming to Uncle Charlie's wedding. They had two sons.

9. Annie (Sister Valeria) - [Editor's Note: Here, Eva tells us that Annie was almost her twin because Eva was only six weeks older than her.] Annie had never seen a nun until Mrs. George Charette passed away in Minnesota. At that time, her three daughters that were in religious life as nuns in Duluth, Minnesota, had come to their mother's funeral in Oklee.

Aunt Annie contacted them and mentioned to them that she would like to enter their congregation. So, of course, they told her to come to Duluth and see the Superior and, sure enough, Aunt Annie entered the convent. She finished her studies and taught school a number of years until she required serious head surgery. She recovered but was not able to teach after that. She was given other tasks to do.

10. Frank was born in Oklee, Minnesota, in 1903. He married Ruth Iverson in 1927. Frank died in March 1977. Ruth resides in North Battleford.

Frank came to Saskatchewan in 1923 to visit his two older brothers, Fred and Joe, whom he worked for at harvest time. That winter Frank went back to Minnesota. The following spring he returned to work on the farms in the Prince-Fitzgerald district where his brothers were. We had nice neighbors where he would go and play ball with them. He got to know the girls also and pretty soon he told us he was going to marry Ruth Iverson.

So my girlfriend became my aunt. They raised a family of five:
Maurice Joseph b. 1928
Residing at

Joseph Lloyd b. 1930
Residing on the home farm
George Lionel b. 1933
Residing in Edmonton
Myrtle Marie b. 1935
m. Earl Lawrence and is residing in Kelowna, B.C.
Raymond Edward b. 1936
Residing at

11. Albert is the youngest of the family. He was living in Oregon, U.S.A., for a number of years. He married and had a couple of children. Then they parted. His children go to visit him in Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, where he resides in a home for the aged.

[Editor's Note: Of Edouard's children, three of them (Alfred, Parmélia and Joseph) married children of Siméon Bernier (Lucias, Louis and Rachel).]



Parmelia (Lessard) and Louis Bernier's Wedding.



Lucy (Bernier) and Fred Lessard's Wedding.

Part IV - Lessard Family Stories

JOSEPH DÉRIDÉ LESSARD

Joseph's story has been put together with the assistance of many people: his children, Gene, Clara and Martin; his niece Eva (Lessard) Prince; Mae and Bernard Daly. As well, a large portion of "The Joe Lessard Story" which was printed in Footsteps In Time (a history book of the Meota area) has been used.

Joseph Déridé Lessard was born November 9, 1891 in St. Alexis des Monts, Québec, to Edouard and Valérie Allard. In 1896 Edouard moved with his family from the French Catholic parish set in the province of Québec to Minnesota, U.S.A. Not only was the move to a new country but it was also to an area newly settled, Lambert County. Although there were Norwegians who had arrived from Norway, the majority of the population was French and many other families like Edouard's had moved there from Canada.

Lambert Township, still in existence today, was named for the many Lambert families who settled there. In fact, it was at the home of François Lambert on January 28, 1882, that a meeting was held to organize the township. The area was soon settled for when the 1910 Census was taken, there were ninety-three families with the total population of the Township at five hundred and thirty-three. [1.]

Speaking only French, Joseph at six years of age and his brothers and sisters would likely have found the area both strange and interesting. There was a school for the children two and a half miles away. It was School District #76 and it was built on the N.W. boundary of Section 8.

This building is still in use at the time of this writing. Standing on the original Lambert townsite, it is used as a town hall and holds the town papers.

A year after the Lessard family arrived, the first Post Office was established. It was located in the Sylvin Gergevin Store.

One of the earliest stories of Joseph came from his niece, Eva, who recalled an incident which took place at the lumber camp where Joseph worked before he was married. "While pushing logs on the river he had misstepped a log and slipped in the river. You may imagine how scared he was because he could not swim and in that cold spring water, he was yelling so someone would hear him. All at once, he saw a man not far from shore who was trying to break a branch from a tree to help him. It so happened that he was a kind Indian. He presented the limb to Uncle Joe who grabbed it so quick and strong that the Indian dropped it. Uncle would have been done for but the Indian was quick and began again. This time he succeeded and brought Uncle to shore.He said to the Indian, 'Do you use snuff?' He said, 'Yes.' So Uncle Joe gave him his box and he said, 'If I ever see you again, I'll give you another box.'"

Joseph's oldest brother, Alfred, had married Lucias Bernier in 1905. Lucy's parents, Siméon Bernier and Célinère (Berry) who resided in the same township had also moved there from Canada. Living only a couple of miles from the Bernier family, Joseph would have found it a simple matter when he was home to call on Rachel, Lucy's youngest sister.

Rachel was a tall, raw-boned girl with blue-grey eyes. Born November 9, 1895 in Lambert, Minnesota, U.S.A., she was baptized the same day in the parish at Oklee, Minnesota.

Only a little is known about Rachel's childhood but we know she went to school in her district. Later she attended the convent at Duluth where she took music lessons. Although there was not a piano in the Bernier home in the earlier years, they had acquired one by this time.

When Rachel was young, the school teacher boarded at her home, which proved later to be most beneficial. This teacher taught the Bernier children to read and write in the French language. Years later Rachel related the following to her granddaughter, Marlyne: "I won an award when I was nine years old for my achievements in French." The award was a small glass lion which she treasured throughout her life. At the time of her death, it was willed to her daughter, Therese.

While Rachel was a young girl, she learned to sew. Unlike her oldest sister, Rachel had much patience. She took great care to follow the pattern and the finished product fit well. It also

[1.] Information taken from *The Oklee Community Story* and/or *A History of Red Lake County*.

looked good for Rachel took a personal pride in her work. If she wished to trim an article with another piece of material, the young seamstress made certain the material used was well matched. The finished garment was not to look as though it had been made at home. In fact, some time later, she and her niece, Rachel Toulouse, would view a dress in a store window and then they would copy the dress by drawing it on paper and proceed to make a pattern and sew it up. They then wore their new dress back to the dress shop where the store owner thought they had bought the dress at his shop. They had copied it so exactly that it was impossile to tell the difference! She had a great talent and a good eye for what could be made out of certain pieces of material.

Many years later, Rachel worked for a Father Proulx in Minnesota. He would drive her into Thief River Falls where she would buy yards of organdy and then return home to make dresses for her granddaughters. Father would laugh at her and say, "I'm paying her to cook for me and here she is sewing for her grandchildren." Then just as quickly he would turn to Rachel and say, "Go get the dresses and show them off." Rachel's talent and enjoyment for sewing did not diminish with the years.

Rachel learned to sew from her mother. Célinère sewed the clothes worn by all of her children. Though they were plain, they were well made. She would buy her material by the yard when she'd go to MacIntosh with the men.

At that time the farmers didn't have grist mills to grind their feed for the pigs and cattle. So periodically they would take a load of grain to the mill in MacIntosh. Then, while the men were taking care of their business, Célinère would purchase her groceries and yard goods.

Now, before each of her trips to MacIntosh, she would leave the command that the girls were not to use the scissors while she was gone. In the past, they had spoiled many clothes. So the order was given each time and all five of the girls were expected to obey - it was like a commandment.

Rachel had three other sisters besides Clara. She was the oldest of the family, then Lucy, Délia, Léah with Rachel the youngest of the girls. She was followed by her brothers: Albert, Fred, Louis and Alvida.

After the second oldest girl, Lucy, was married Rachel would go to visit her. In 1906, Lucy and Alfred's first child was born. They christened her Eva. Rachel, at eleven years, must have enjoyed her little niece.

Rachel wasn't the only relative to enjoy the little girl. One of Eva's uncles, Joseph Lessard, used to come by and one day he brought his niece a pair of scissors. They were in the shape of a bird. Eva liked her little scissors and often used them to trim the Sears & Roebuck catalogues.

The scissors caught the eye of another girl. Whenever Rachel would visit Eva, she would ask to see them. Perhaps it was because they reminded her of the young man who had given them.

Before long this same young man began to notice Rachel. Their niece, Eva, wrote this about their courtship: "It seems as if Aunt Rachel knew when Uncle Joe would be back from camp in the spring. He would then come home with Dad and Uncle Joe would wash his buggy up nice and curry his horse, Bell. Then, after a stop at the barber shop, Joe would come along to give Rachel a buggy ride. They were as happy as a pair of birds on a branch."

Years later, one of Rachel's daughters related the following: "The first time Joseph Lessard took out Rachel and her father had discovered that this young man had had his daughter out, he warned her that she was never to see that man again because he was an *ivrogne* - a drunkard. He said he didn't ever want to see him around his daughter. Sometime later she had a chance to see Joe and she told him this. He promised her he would never touch alcohol again if she would marry him. As a matter of fact, he never did with one exception - that was on their wedding day and, as I heard it, it was in fact Siméon Bernier, his father-in-law, who asked him to have a drink of wine to celebrate his wedding."

At twenty-three years of age, Joseph married Rachel, daughter of Siméon Bernier and Célinère Berry of St. Jospeh's Parish on April 14, 1914. They were married in Saint Joseph's Church at Red Lake Falls, in the State of Minnesota. Charles, Joseph's older brother, and a friend, Rosalma Gibeault, were their attendants.

When they were first married, Joe did temporary work for the railroad at Thief River Falls, a little town not too far from Oklee. At that time the young couple lived in an upstairs suite. Her sister, Lucy, and daughter, Eva, travelled by train a distance of twenty-three miles or so from Red Lake Falls to pay them a visit.

Joe did well on the railroad and became a roadwork master. However, this didn't last. We read in the Meota history book, *Footsteps In Time*, that "in the spring of 1917 his brother,



Joseph and Rachel's Wedding.

Alfred (better known as Fred), who had been farming at Oklee, decided to move to Saskatchewan. After selling his livestock and some machinery, Fred travelled across the border as far as the Peace River looking for land. On the way back, he stopped at North Battleford where he met George Graves, who took him out to see a farm he had on the north bank of the North Saskatchewan River. After buying the land and buildings, Fred returned to Minnesota prepared to move his family to Saskatchewan. It was at this time that Joe also decided to move to Saskatchewan. He quit his job and loaded a railroad car with household goods, horses and machinery."

"Together the two brothers left. It was about the middle of August and, while Joe and Fred travelled with the boxcars filled with their belongings, the women and children went by passenger train - Rachel with her two boys, George and Gene, and Lucy with Eva and Lawrence."

"The little boys had fun on the train and Gene's milk bottle fell on the floor in the Winnipeg station, broke and made a mess. They arrived in North Battleford in the evening safe and sound, where they stayed at the Clarendon Hotel overnight. They were awakened early the next morning by a knock at the door. It was Joe and Fred who had just arrived with their freight cars. They had left Oklee the evening before their families and had now caught up with them."

"After eating breakfast together, Mr. Graves took the ladies and four children out to the farm that was to be home for Fred, Lucy and their family. Mr. Graves drove an open car and went by the old trail along the river. They arrived in time for dinner. Mr. Graves had several farms and had hired help to operate them. The cooks at this farm were expecting the visitors. The hired help knew they would be moving to another farm right after."

"It was the next day before Joe and Fred arrived at the farm with the horses and the wagons loaded with the furniture. Fred had purchased the land with half of the crop share. When he and Joe arrived in North Battleford, they noticed the local farmers getting ready to cut their grain. It was harvest. Mr. Graves' hired men had started to put the binder together. So Fred and Joe lost no time and by nightfall of that first day, they were in the field."

"The house which Fred's family occupied had been moved to the farm from North Battleford as had an old restaurant complete with shelves."

Eva tells us that "For about two and a half years this old restaurant was home to Joe and Rachel. The restaurants in those days had several shelves so they could put things on. The big shelf was a handy thing and Joe and Rachel's home still had this shelf and it was always full. Their home also had a basement as did Fred's."

"Fred's house needed a lot of fixing to make it warm for winter. He was pleased that an elderly gentleman, though no relative of the family, had accompanied them to Saskatchewan."

"Back in Minnesota, Fred's family had included this Frenchman who, like Fred and Joe, had come from Quebec some years earlier. A carpenter by trade, he had built Fred's home in Lambert. As the upstairs was spacious and unoccupied, Fred offered this part of their new home to him. Later, when the carpenter heard that the two brothers were moving to Western Canada, he decided to accompany them."

"So he travelled to the new land by train with Lucy and Rachel. Upon his arrival, he began the necessary repairs to secure Fred's Saskatchewan

home from the wind and cold. He was kept busy till the middle of December."

"About this time, the weather became very cold and one morning the Lessard families found their thermometer had broken. The elderly gentleman remarked, 'I don't stay in a country where thermometers crack in the cold.' So, before Christmas of that same year, he had returned to Eastern Canada."

"The next year was not a good one for Joe and Rachel. Their third child, a son, Joseph Noé Napoléon was born April 26, 1918. From the time of his birth, he was very pale and was not a healthy baby. He contracted Influenza which swept the country at that time. Little Joe died in his mother's arms. She said, 'He was so sick, he couldn't swallow his medicine. All I could do was cradle him in my arms.'"

"However, in Delmas this was the only reported death attributed to the 'flu. Before Mass each Sunday, the priest would lead the faithful in prayer asking God's protection against the epidemic." Eva concludes, "Everybody prayed and no one died except that little baby."

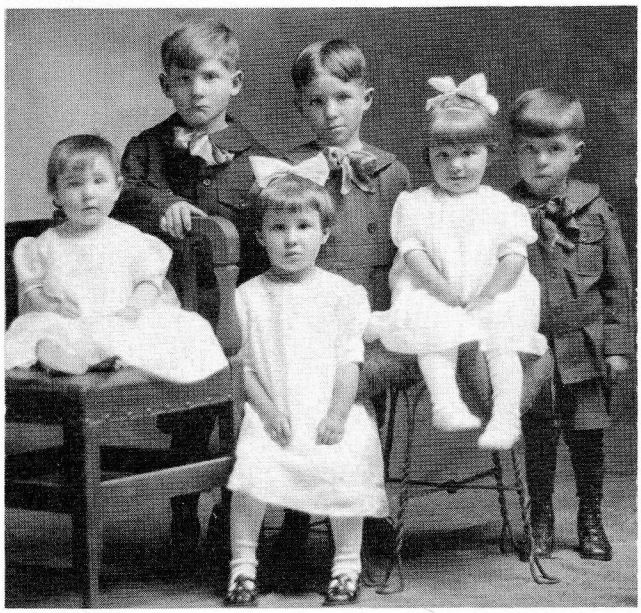
From *Footsteps In Time* we learn:

"In July, the crops froze and were salvaged for feed. More bad luck occurred when Joe broke his collar bone when the horse he was riding stepped in a badger hole and fell."

"1919 was called the 'dustpan harvest year' as the grain was so short that, to save the heads, a contraption was attached to the binder resembling a dustpan. Hay and straw were in short supply; winter came early and it was followed by a late spring. Cows went dry and chickens stopped laying on account of poor feed and the ranchers in the north lost cattle from starvation."

"That spring Joe and his family moved to their own place some four miles from Fred's. Joe had bought his own land, a quarter section S.E. 21-46-18 from the C.P.R. Then he put some buildings on it. Although they were makeshift at first, they served the purpose. They cooked outside and slept in a granary. In July they had picked half a tub of Saskatoons and set them in the shade of the tent while they had dinner. Rachel went out to get some berries for dessert and found a sow having her fill so there were not many left for canning."

"The next few years were good crop years and they were able to make improvements. Three more children were added to the family: Clara, Martin and Joe. George and Gene had started school, which was the Fitzgerald School two and a half miles away."



L.R.: Emma, Lawrence, Lucille Lessard (Fred and Lucy Lessard's children); George, Clara and Gene Lessard (Joseph and Rachel Lessard's children).

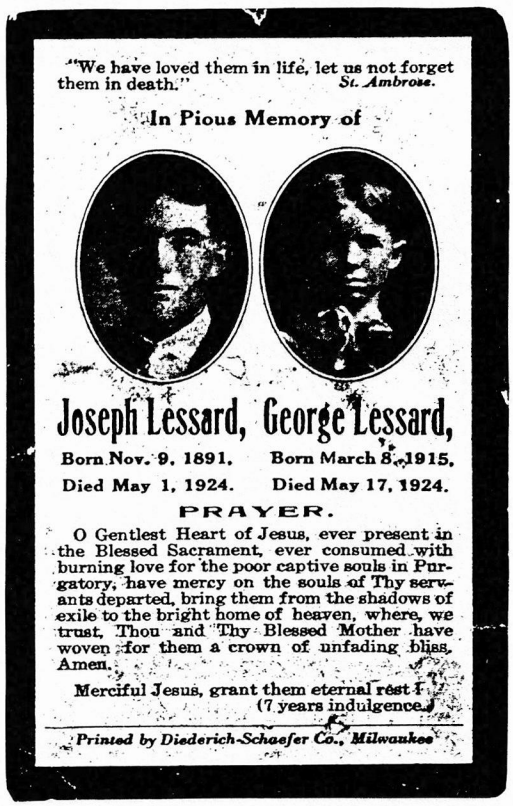
"Joe had bought another quarter section of land east of Fred's and had broken up about half of it. There was a granary on it that was used as a shack. It had a stove and bed in it."

"Joe had gone there with four horses and a load of wheat to get ready to start seeding. George went with him to help. They slept overnight in the shack. In the morning Joe started a fire in the stove, and then went out to feed and harness the horses. When he came back the fire had gone out, or he thought it had. George was still in bed when Joe poured some kerosene in the stove to start it again, and an explosion resulted; in seconds the place was on fire. Joe grabbed what he thought was his son wrapped in the bedding and got outside only to find that little George was not in it. He entered the shack through the smoke and flames twice before he was able to find the boy; by that time they had both suffered severe burns. Joe was able to push the wagon load of seed away from the shack and then turned the horses out so they would not be lost in the fire. He then wrapped the boy in some half-burned blankets and, together, they walked over a mile to his brother Fred's."

"Dr. Hamelin was called but, in his excitement, Fred forgot to tell the doctor where the patients were so the doctor went to Joe's first. This arrival by the doctor alerted Rachel. Know-

ing only that there had been an accident, she quickly completed the morning chores, roused her youngest who was still asleep and, together with the other children, made for the Iverson farm. There, Rachel phoned Fred's, after which Mr. Iverson drove them over. By this time, Fred had returned with the municipal nurse. The doctor had examined Joe and, realizing the severity of his burns, gave him medicine to ease the pain. Then he called the ambulance. The priest arrived and administered the last sacraments before Joe and his son were taken to the Notre Dame Hospital in North Battleford, where Joe died the next morning, May 1, 1924."

"George lived for about two weeks before he, too, passed away. Had he lived, he would have been blind and without the use of his hand."



"We have loved them in life, let us not forget them in death." *St. Ambrose.*

In Pious Memory of

Joseph Lessard, **George Lessard,**

Born Nov. 9, 1891. Died May 1, 1924.

Born March 8, 1915. Died May 17, 1924.

PRAYER.

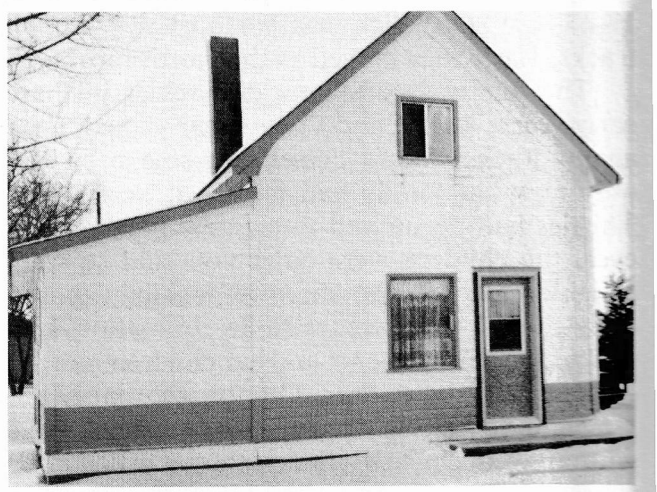
O Gentlest Heart of Jesus, ever present in the Blessed Sacrament, ever consumed with burning love for the poor captive souls in Purgatory, have mercy on the souls of Thy servants departed, bring them from the shadows of exile to the bright home of heaven, where, we trust, Thou and Thy Blessed Mother have woven for them a crown of unfading bliss. Amen.

Merciful Jesus, grant them eternal rest!
(7 years indulgence.)

Printed by Diederich-Schaefer Co., Milwaukee

Rachel's loss was shared not only by Fred, Lucy and children but also by other family: Joe's brothers, Philias and Frank, who were then living in the Prince-Fitzgerald district. Frank had worked in the area the summer before but returned to Minnesota for the winter. When spring came, he was back in Saskatchewan where he spent the rest of the year working for his brother's widow.

Again, we read in the Meota history book that "Joe had taken out life insurance so Rachel was able to have a house built in Delmas and the family moved there. In October Rachel gave birth to the child she was carrying throughout her tragedy and grief. A girl, Therese, was born."



House in Delmas where Rachel Lessard moved with her young children after Joseph died.

The doctor who was caring for Rachel was concerned for her as she had not been able to express her grief outwardly. Then one day her daughter quizzed her about "Dad" and the tears came at last for Rachel. It was some time later, perhaps two years, when Rachel met a young man, Louis Strasser. A newcomer to the area, Louis was German and had a fine singing voice. On August 13, 1927, Rachel and Louis were married in the church of St. Vital in Battleford, Saskatchewan. Rev. Father P. Nicolet officiated with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Déry as their witnesses.

The following spring Louis and Rachel, along with her five children, moved to the White Poplar Settlement which was later named Veillardville. Shortly after their arrival, a daughter, Mae, was born to Louis and Rachel in the old log house which was now their new home.

Times were hard and possessions few but Rachel's ingenuity came through again. Using flour sacks, which she bleached, she made curtains for their little house. Then, using bright embroidery thread - reds, yellows, greens, blues - she embroidered flowers on the curtains which were admired by those neighbours who saw them.

There was much work to be done as only one acre was broken on the quarter section which they had purchased from Charles Moody. Their oldest son, Gene, recalls, "There was a lot of bush when we first came. We could cross the yard by jumping from stump to stump. If you wanted to go to Veillardville you cut through the neigh-

bour's yard and then followed a narrow wagon trail to the store. Most places you went were only foot paths." The Strassers remained there for a time. In 1929 they took out a homestead N.E. 15-45-4 W2nd which was north of the C.N.R. tracks. Later they moved to this north farm.

The family faced many difficulties in these early years. Rachel and Louis separated so, once again, Rachel found herself the sole provider, only now her family had increased to six. The Thirties had begun and times were hard. However, the children were older now and so were capable of helping to share responsibilities and daily chores. So, armed with determination, initiative and faith, Rachel and her children met the challenges of those years. They broke some of the land and raised chickens, pigs and cattle. A large garden supplemented their income when they sold the produce to residents of Hudson Bay Junction. They also sold dairy products which included homemade cheese.

Cheese making was not a common thing in Veillardville. However, Rachel Strasser mastered this art and was quite an expert at it, too. She made the regular cheese you can buy in a store. To make the product more like the store kind she would use a bit of food coloring and, to speed up the process rennet was used and then the whey was squeezed out with the assistance of a piano stool screw. The cheese was then formed into small round balls weighing approximately one pound. The balls were waxed and stored on long shelves in the basement where they had to age -- some for as long as two years.

Her cheese was a favorite and sold for 25¢ a pound. Many old-time residents still remember Mrs. Strasser aboard her Democrat pulled by Nigger, the horse.



Rachel Strasser with her family in 1937. Back row L.R.: Joe 13, Gene 20, Mother, Martin 15, Clara 17. Front: Mae 9, and Therese 12 years.

In the spring of 1938, Rachel and her family moved to Tillsonburg, Ontario. Therese and Mae continued their schooling while the rest of the family were employed at various jobs. Gene and Martin eventually returned to the Veillardville district where each farmed for many years. Three of the children - Martin, Joseph and Therese - served in the armed forces during World War II.

Over the years, Rachel worked at various jobs and in many places. Some of these were: housemother at the Nurses Residence of St. Paul's Hospital and the Sanitorium in Saskatoon, clerk at her brother Albert's store, and cook at the Union Hospital in Hudson Bay. She also worked as a housekeeper for several elderly people and for a few priests.

In later years she was reunited with Louis and they lived together until the time of his death in



L.R.: Louis and Clara Alain, Rachel and Louis Strasser.

1970. Shortly after, Rachel took up residence in St. Joseph's Villa, Dundas, Ontario. Here she remained except for brief visits to various members of her family. In 1983 she suffered a stroke. She died in early 1985. Mae and Bernard share with us: "Grandma Strasser (Rachel) began her new life on January 16, as a quiet end came to about six weeks in a deep coma, the result of a second stroke soon after her 89th birthday. In accordance with local custom for the little rural cemetery at Kirkfield, Ontario, she was buried after the winter's frost had left the soil she loved, on a bright, breezy May afternoon, with children, grandchildren and great grandchildren present for the occasion."



Rachel and daughters, Clara, Therese and Mae.

GENE AND EDITHE (ALAIN) LESSARD

Gene Alfred Lessard was born December 17, 1916 in Lambert, Minnesota, U.S.A. Gene tells us:

"I was three years old when we moved to Meota, Saskatchewan. All my life I've been a Canadian. I got my call to the Army thru the Canadian Government but when I applied for my old age pension, they told me I was an American."

"I went to the Fitzgerald school for three years. The spring that Dad and my brother were burnt, I went to school alone with a horse and buggy. We lived about two and a half miles from school. I was only six years old so Ma hooked up the horse in the morning and a cousin, Lawrence Lessard, who was older, hooked up the horse at night so I could drive home."

"I remember an incident from my first year of school -- before Dad died. At school, the big kids would go to the barn at noon and make the horses kick. We were going home from church one Sunday when we saw that Dad was going to give the horse the line. George and I said, 'Don't do that; he's going to kick.'"

"Puzzled, Dad repeated, 'He's going to kick?' Just then Dick, our horse, did kick -- his legs flying over the dash of the buggy. That's all that was said; we never heard another word until the next Monday. After dinner, there was an awful pow wow coming out of the school. Dad had snuck into the school barn and up into the loft with a line. When the bigger boys arrived and started to make the horses kick, Dad came down and warmed their backsides. The boys never again mistreated the horses and there was never a complaint sent to the teacher either."

"The next spring a neighbor, about a half mile from home, was burning a strawpile and Dad said to us, Never start a fire, see what it can do.' Only a short time later, we were to learn just how terrible fire can be. One Sunday afternoon, Dad decided he should move to the other quarter to do some seeding and told the family, 'We'll go this afternoon to be ready for morning.' George wanted to go with him so he drove one team pulling the wagon, while Dad was ahead with the four horses and the drill."

"The next morning Dad got up, started the fire and went to feed the horses. They were staying in a granary 10 x 12 feet. When Dad came back, the fire was out. He grabbed the can which

was supposed to be coal oil, but a trapper had stayed there in the winter and he had used gas, I guess. So when Dad threw this on the fire, puff! It exploded! And it kind of blew him out. Then he went back in to get George. He went to the bunk and grabbed everything but he still didn't have George. In the smoke George had gone under the bunk which was an oat bin. Dad had to go back in again and, this time, he found George."

"The wagon load of wheat, which was about sixty bushels (in those days), was by the shack, so with George pushing and Dad pulling, they moved that load of wheat away from the burning granary. Then, they walked two miles to Uncle Fred's place. Uncle Fred was in the barn doing chores when he saw these two people coming. He did not recognize them at first as they were wrapped in blankets. Dad and George both died from their severe burns."

"Later we moved into Delmas. One time Ma had gone -- I don't remember where -- and there was a girl looking after us. The ceiling of our house was made of beaver board; there was no lumber under it. I don't remember what I was doing but I had taken a broom and having hit too hard, I punctured a hole right through the beaver board. Of course, this was the first thing Ma saw when she got home."

"I remember a fellow by the name of Edgar Laflambre who lived in Delmas. He had a Shetland pony and, as long as we lived in Delmas, I always hoped I could have a Shetland pony but I never did get one."

"In 1928 our family moved to Veillardville where we farmed the S.E. quarter of 4-45-4 W of the 2nd. When we came to this country, the road to school from our farm (which is the same farm we live on today) was just a foot wide -- only a walking trail. We often saw moose on our way to school, just off the trail. It was nothing to count ten, fifteen, sometimes even twenty moose in the morning in this half mile. There were deer, coyotes and timber wolves. You could hear the wolves at night, but we never saw them."

"When we wanted to go to Veillardville, we'd cross the bridge up the hill, at Murdoch's, then cut across to Murdoch's corner. There would be a wagon or sleigh trail depending on the season. If you wanted to go to town, which was Hudson Bay, you'd go through Quinn's, through more bush and you'd end up where the T.V. tower is today. The highway, if you could call it that, was a corduroy road. In summer you travelled either on foot or you rode horseback. We walked to school and, often, we walked the six miles to town. In the spring you couldn't walk the highway because there was water all over it so you'd take the railroad track and walk the rails. It was always dry and nice."

"Before we left Delmas, Ma had married Louis Strasser. He was more of a carpenter and he worked some on the White Poplar School after we moved to Veillardville. Later he went to Flin Flon."

"Each fall I left school for several weeks to help with harvest. Then I quit in grade seven. By this time, we were living on the same quarter we're on today."

"Times were hard after we moved to Veillardville. Ma worked hard and was willing to try anything that might help her family. One time she wrote away to Quaker Oats in Toronto. There had been an address on the label of the Quaker Oats bag. A fellow with the name McQuarrie was listed so she wrote him. That Christmas they sent a big box three feet high by three feet wide by three feet deep -- all kinds of toys and clothes -- good stuff! Everything was so nice! They did this for about four years. Some years later, when our family was down East, Ma went to see them. She thanked them personally for their kindness to us during those difficult years."

"During the Depression, Ma and us kids were getting a total of $7.00 a month relief. I remember when Joe Morin moved here from the Rosetown area. He said they had been getting $67.00 relief out there and they cut him down to $6.00. But there was cordwood to be cut and some bush work to be done here and, though it didn't pay much, you could work and make a few dollars. The C.N.R. converted the roundhouse from coal to wood heat for about three years to accommodate the homesteaders. By the time I was seventeen, we were living on the north farm. After I did my morning chores, I'd hitch up my team, go to the bush and cut a cord and a half of wood with my Swede saw, then load it on my sleigh. The next day I'd take it to the roundhouse where I'd get close to $3.00 in scrip. This was yellow paper money and you could only spend it in Hudson Bay. You could use scrip to buy anything you needed in town, that is, except liquor. You needed cash when you went to the liquor store so we would take the scrip worth 25¢ and buy a chocolate bar which cost 5¢ The storekeeper had to give us 20¢ change. After a

while you had the 80¢ cash that was needed to buy a bottle of wine."

"During those years, things did not improve so we decided to go down East. I drove the '27 Chev that we'd bought from Ralph Murdoch for $75.00. The tires were all up. When we left here, there was three feet of snow. There was a guy who had been working in the bush at Otasquin. He had six horses so he loaded the Chev on the sleigh and pulled it with his four-horse team. Then he loaded the two-wheel trailer, which we'd built, on another sleigh pulled by his two-horse team. Ma, Therese and Mae took the train from here to Wynyard while Martin, Joe and I jumped the freight. We stayed in Wynyard for three or four days -- long enough for me to learn to drive. Then we left for Regina and, by the time we got there, we'd had eleven flats. Joe was getting to be an expert at changing tires."

"On our way East, we went to Minnesota where I helped Uncle Charlie Lessard with the seeding -- three horses on a drill. Martin did other work. Then we were back on the road. We went by way of Chicago. At that time there was a square in the middle of the street for the pedestrians. When someone hollered, 'You're going the wrong way,' I made a U-turn right there in the middle of the square and I passed very close to a few Negro toes with the trailer behind. Several black fists were raised. Later, I took a driver's test in Tillsonburg, as you needed a license to drive in Ontario."

"It was dark when we landed in Tillsonburg so we pitched our tent on an old farm. Martin and I got a job priming tobacco. The bottom leaves (the sand leaves) ripen first. They already had a crew of five other guys who had been picking for two or three days so they were limbered up. But Martin and I were really soft. After my first day's work, I woke up about three in the morning. I was so stiff from being bent over; I told Martin, 'You know, I'll never walk again.' However, each day after that the picking became easier. Ma, Therese and Joe got on tying tobacco. About four o'clock, when our crew finished in the tobacco fields, we had to hang the tobacco in kilns which were about twenty feet high. The tobacco leaves were tied onto four foot slats. These were then hung on 2 x 6 stringers set at various levels. A fellow was needed to straddle the 2 x 6 stringers while another worker on the ground handed the tobacco up which was then passed to the fellow above you and so on. The pay was good -- $2.50 a day -- if I remember right."

"Martin and I built a little house in Tillsonburg; actually it was more like a garage. We didn't have to pay rent anymore. Martin and (I think) Joe got on at the tobacco factory. I also got on but I only worked a few days because I hated the factory and being inside. It was the beginning of March; so with five dollars in my pocket, I took off for Kirkland Lake in northern Ontario."

"After a while, my money was all gone. I had nothing to eat -- just water. On the fifth day I knew I had to find something so, the first house that I came to, I asked if I could split wood, or could do anything, just so I could get something to eat. The woman who came to the door started to cry. I remember thinking, 'Gee, what did I do?' Then she told me, 'Around Kirkland Lake there are seven mine shafts and there is only one working. My husband has been out of work for two years.' They had five or six kids, too. Then she said she was sorry but she just couldn't give me anything. After that, I figured I'd had enough for one day. The next day was better; I split wood and got lunch. This was the spring of '39, before the war broke out. Finally, one Sunday after bumming around Kirkland Lake, I was walking, still looking for work when a car passed me. Then it slowed down; I started running. When I got in, I saw axes and shovels in the back seat. I thought, 'I'm sure going to ask this fellow for a job.' Then he asked me where I was from. I told him, 'Hudson Bay.'"

"He replied, 'You're just the guy we're looking for!' 'Oh my gosh,' I thought, 'what did I do this time?'"

"He was a foreman for the Hill Clark Francis Lumber Company of Kirkland Lake. In the winter they cut the logs and put them on the river bank. Then, in the spring, the logs were floated down a little river called Blanche River. There was also a dam. At that time, the Company was having problems with one of the guys who had done the logging; he had threatened to blow up the dam so the foreman was looking for someone who was not from the area. I was given the job of night watchman -- to patrol the dam to see that no one came around. I also had to keep an eye on the water level. If it got too high, I had to take a plank out to let some of the water out -- this way it wouldn't go over the edge. I worked there till the end of July. Then I worked at the mill. One day I got caught between a load of lumber and the pile. My leg was broken. It healed quickly

and, before long, I was looking for work again."

"This time, I jumped the freight. Another fellow was riding with me and we were going thru the mountains in northern Ontario when all at once we saw a tunnel up ahead. 'Holy smokes, we'll be wiped off the top,' we thought. We both laid flat on the walkway -- on the top of the freight. When the train had passed thru the tunnel, we sat up. That's when I saw the other fellow. I asked him if he was Jim and he said, 'Yes, but who are you?' We were both so black from the coal dust off the steam engine that only the whites of our eyes were showing."

"I got off at Portage La Prairie and worked for a Scotsman by the name of Bob Staube. It was cutting time and my job was stooking. Bob's dad was eighty years old and stood about six foot eight in height. He smoked a corncob pipe but just used the stub. Now I was stooking with this old guy; I was never a good stooker. We'd each take a row. He would sit on the last sheaf and wait for me. I worked like a nigger while he stooked with such ease that he never seemed to do anything. He would tell me, 'It's alright, you're stooking as much as I am.' After stooking, we threshed, then I ploughed. War broke out and I was still there."

"Then I jumped the freight and went to Melfort where I got a job threshing for Oscar Nelson at Thaxstead which was seven miles north of Melfort. Oscar had a D-2 Cat on the threshing machine. I worked there for seven days, then I went back to Melfort where I jumped the freight to go to Tisdale."

Jumping the freight or riding the rods was a common means of travel for the unemployed during these years of the Thirties and early Forties. Gene explains how it was done:

"When the freight was stopped we'd walk to the outskirts of the town. Then we'd catch the ladder, which hung on the side of the train, when it was just beginning to move. The year we left Veillardville for the East, it was nothing to count two or three hundred men sitting like crows on the top of a freight train."

"Of course, we did not pay for our ride but the police were understanding; that is, except for a cop in one place in Ontario. He was named Red and he was rough and mean; he would kick the men. Finally, someone shot him."

"When we got hungry, we'd get off the freight and maybe rob a garden or, if you had a bit of money, buy something to eat. Twenty-five cents would buy a loaf of bread, a pound of butter and a dozen eggs. Outside of every town, there was a little camp where guys slept and ate -- under the sky. There were places where others who had been there before you had used straw or hay and had bedded down. Everyone was the same -- nobody was any better."

"While I was in Tisdale, I remembered that when we went to school, we had heard about the C.N.R. and traffic bridge at Nipawin -- one bridge which was used for both. I thought I'd like to see this. Again, I jumped the freight. After spending a couple of days there, I went back to Tisdale. Then I took out a nickel -- heads, I'd go back to Veillardville; tails, I'd go East. It was heads."

In the years that followed Gene's move back to Saskatchewan, he took up farming and, with time, he began to consider settling down. A home would be nice! Before he'd gone East, he had visited at the Alain home several times -- being somewhat interested in Bertha. However, Gene learned upon his return that Bertha had gone to Flin Flon as had her older sister, Edithe. So he decided to date another girl, Joyce May. Then one day after Edithe returned, he invited her and Verna Cockwill to his farm. He told the girls that he had a lot of strawberries growing on his place. Both girls enjoyed berry picking so, enthusiastically, they accepted his invitation. They were somewhat disappointed when they discovered that what he really wanted was their help in bagging several bushels of oats. However, the girls were good sports and lent a hand. Before long, Gene's Model A was frequently seen parked outside the Alain home. Henri and Alma's second youngest daughter had a beau.

Edithe had come with her family from Delmas some years earlier. She was born in Battleford on December 21, 1917 -- "a Christmas baby" she tells us.

"I remember starting school in the convent because there wasn't any room in the big school -- this was where the little Indians were and we had to put on little moccasins in the morning. Every noon I cried because one of the older girls would hold the gate so I couldn't leave. I wanted to go home with the other kids. We seldom took our lunch as it was only a short half mile to our farm on the outskirts of Delmas."

"Sometimes Mom and Dad would be away and Rolland was supposed to babysit. He would give us a pan of sugar with a bit of water in it and then tell us, 'Make yourselves some fudge. If you hear any noise and you're scared, lock yourselves

in the cupboard and we'll let you out when we get home.' That was Rolland!"

"We played a lot in Delmas. One game we liked was called 'Jouer aux Couteau'. It was played with a small knife. It was a spring game; as soon as the ground thawed, we'd choose a place where the grass was thick and we'd start to play -- girls as well as the boys. Each player in turn held the tip of the knife blade on different parts of his body such as the shoulder, the nose, the forehead, the palm of the hand, the finger and so on -- then he'd give the knife a slap which would send it flipping through the air to land, if all went well, with its blade in the ground. As long as his knife stuck in the ground, he could continue with the next part of the body. There were ten or twelve places from which he flipped the knife. On one of Dad's trips to North Battleford he bought a little jack knife for each of us. That year we practised a lot."

"When I was ten we moved to Veillardville. You'd never believe what this country was like back in 1928 -- there was so much bush! Still, we thought this was the nicest place. We could use rafts and we could skate. You could pick all the berries you wanted -- strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, chokecherries and pincherries. We'd go thru Quinn's, take a milk pail and fill it with strawberries. The country was also a haven for blueberries. Everybody would take off two or three days and go camping at Greenbush. It was only seven miles but it seemed further, probably because we travelled with a team of horses and wagon then."



Edithe with teacher, Nellie Barteluk.

"We sang a lot at home. Mom could be making beds and Dad would start singing a French song and Mom would join in and sing the harmony. They knew a lot of songs. It took Mom a long time to learn a song, maybe this was partly because Dad would make up his own words. But once Mom knew a song, she never forgot it. Dad learned all the new songs. Many times I learned a hymn on the way to church. One time we were having a retreat and the visiting priest asked if we'd sing a particular hymn. We didn't know it so Dad went to Veillard's where Mrs. Veillard played it. That night, on our way to church, Dad said, 'We're singing this hymn tonight.' I remember telling him that I didn't know it. He said, 'Well, you can learn it while we walk to church.' Sure, I learned it but, when we got to church, the only ones who sang it were Dad and I. Dad said, 'Well, they were all supposed to sing it.'"

"We always went to church on Sundays. During Lent, we said the rosary each evening. The family would gather around the kitchen table and, kneeling, they would recite the prayers while Mom or one of the older children would lead. I remember when we were in Delmas. We always had supper early, then we'd say the rosary. The older boys, Smokey and Louis, were always in a hurry to get to the village. They'd stop at Aunt Melvina's and Uncle Frank's to pick up their cousins. Now this aunt's family were later with their evening meal so Smokey and Louis usually ended up saying the rosary all over again because it was also the custom of Aunty's family and she was not about to allow her boys to leave before prayers."

"This practice of saying the rosary in Lent was also common in the Lessard home. I came to know Gene better after we moved to Veillardville. For several years I worked out. I went to Flin Flon three different times -- the first time I went to work for my sister, Yvonne, when her son Bruce was born. Later I worked for Bertha, when Norbert was born and, again, when Roger was born. And I did housework for a lot of other people in Flin Flon, too."

"When I returned home I cooked for Dad at his sawmill. In 1943 his mill was seven miles southwest of Veillardville. That year, a bear had been around the bush camp. On one visit, it had pulled some slabs off the icehouse. This one night I went to bed and, for some unknown reason, I kept watching the window. Finally, I thought, 'I'll never go to sleep this way.' I had just turned

to face the wall, when bang! The bear hit the window! Pieces of glass flew into the kitchen; some were even found in the dining area. I jumped out of bed, blankets all wrapped around me, yelling my head off. Dad slept at the other end of the cookhouse in the same building. He never even heard me holler. But someone woke him. That night we had a shirt-tail party -- Dad was in his underwear and so was old Szmul -- both of them were standing in the kitchen, looking out the window, trying to catch a glimpse of the bear but he had gone."

"The next night, Dad said he'd sleep in the kitchen and he told me to sleep in his bunk. I told Dad, 'And if the bear comes back, you won't hear him.'"

"Dad's reply was, 'Maybe we should put a string on my big toe and you can pull it if the bear comes back.' Anyway, I got into Dad's bunk. The following night the men saw the bear coming to camp so several of us ran outside to see it. Ham Wilcox shot the bear. Dad was never afraid of bears. He used to leave our home when it was pitch dark and he'd walk alone, the seven miles through the bush back to his camp."

"That winter Gene worked at Dad's camp and I got to see a little more of him. We went to dances a lot and we went to shows. Then one evening we decided we'd be married in October so we went to see the priest. In those days you stretched your money as far as you could. The priest told us that if we had the banns announced in church, we would not need to buy a licence. He asked me if I had ever worked out and I told him I had worked in Flin Flon. A short time later the banns were announced in Flin Flon on a Sunday. Mom was in church with Bertha. Mom nudged her, whispering, 'Is that my Edithe?' When Bertha nodded, Mom replied, 'Well, I've got to go home!'"

"Gene and I were married October 25, 1945 in the Catholic Rectory at Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan. Gene wore a black pinstripe suit while I wore a pale blue suit with navy hat, gloves, shoes and purse to match. Father G. Van Vynckt officiated while Joe Lessard, Gene's brother, and Yvonne, my brother's wife, were our witnesses. Mrs. Veillard and others sang at our wedding. After a nice supper at my home, we had a dance at Veillardville Hall with Albert Bernier, Omer Cartier and Art Nice playing their fiddles."



Gene and Edithe's Wedding.

"In those days, if you had a dance, your friends didn't shivaree you. On our way home from the dance we stopped at my home to pick up a few of my things before going to our little house, and the entire group from the dance followed us ... Joe Lessard, the Davidson girls, Frank Quinns', Yvonne and Rolland, Louis and Clara, Albert Bernier, among others -- there were about forty people in Gene's little two-room shack which measured 14 by 18 feet."

"This little house was our first home. It cost Gene ten dollars when he bought it from the Government some years earlier. It had once belonged to Chester Cockwill."

"One of the first things I did after we were married was to knit Gene a pair of mitts. That fall he had been hauling grain to town, making two trips a day with his team, and his hands were freezing."

"In the winter I cooked for Dad at his sawmill, and Gene worked with his team at the camp, too. Dad had given us a cow and she calved in the spring. On our return from camp we discovered water all over. We came back with the wagon, the cow tied behind and the calf in the wagon box."

"Wayne was born in the summer of 1946 on August 23. We put his little crib at the foot of our bed. Gene had put the bedstead together with the post maul. It was tight and, after that, I was never able to pull our bed out. We lived in our little house for five years. When we were expecting Carol, we began to build."

Gene tells us:

"Fred Bradley was the carpenter. He started with the basement, putting in the forms, right to

the shingles, gyproced the whole inside. His bill was $320.00 to do all that. I chased him for two months after, for his bill; I wanted to pay him. Fred thought he was charging us too much but we didn't think this. Before we put the gyproc on, Stewart Hawke who had a lumberyard called me in and asked what we were putting inside. I told him, 'Gyproc, but there's no money for it.'''

"Old Stewart Hawke told me, 'I tell you what I'll do -- I'll give you all the gyproc, the tape, the nails, crack filler and we'll deliver it. You pay me after the harvest.' But that fall, we didn't harvest! The bill was $240.00. In order to borrow the money, I had to give the banker clear title to my quarter section and that wasn't enough; he said he also needed the title to my eighty acres as well."

Edithe tells us:

"We moved into our new house in October 1950. That winter Martin, Floris and girls moved into our little shack. When the men went to camp, Floris and I each had our own cow to milk. Each of us had a dog on the farm, too, and on Fridays, if Gene was the first of our men to come home, our dog would go to meet him, but if Martin was coming first, then his dog would go. Sometimes the dogs would go as far as two miles to meet their owners, but they always knew which of our men was coming first. The men would leave on Mondays to return to camp."



1940. Gene at a bush camp at Otasquin, 25 miles north of Hudson Bay.

"For eight years Gene went to the bush each winter. In those years we didn't have a wellhouse and, usually, there'd be several inches of snow during the night. So, each morning, I would have to find the well, then water the cows. I'd leave Wayne in the shack while I milked the cow. One evening when Gene was at camp, Floss Cockwill and Verna came to see me. They stayed till midnight, had lunch, then left. I got ready to nurse Wayne and I looked up. There was Floss looking through the glass on our door. I asked her what she wanted. She said, 'Oh! I just wondered what you did when you were all alone. I couldn't stay alone like this.'''

"Another time when Gene was at the bush, I had hitched the dog to the sleigh and, with Wayne, I went to Smokey's. Smokey told me that there was a good show on in town and asked if I'd like to go. 'Sure,' I said, 'but I've got the dog.' Smokey suggested I send him home, which is what I did. When we got to the theatre, we discovered that all the men from camp were there, too. Their roads were open. That night Gene had a ride back to camp, but it was different for me; our road was not open. Smokey dropped me off at the highway and I walked the half mile home, carrying Wayne. He was about five months old and a dead weight in my arms. I was glad to put him down when I got home. Then I went back out -- I still had my cow to milk."

The first winters that the Lessards and the Alains spent in Veillardville were very cold. There was never any wind; there was so much bush. The snow was so hard that they could walk on top of it all the way to school. They didn't dare leave water in the basin overnight because they'd have a block of ice in the morning. The temperature would get as low as -60° F. It was that cold the morning the Cross Hotel burnt. Gene was sleeping in town at the time because he'd been hauling ice for Mrs. Tessier, the storekeeper. He tells us:

"I went to get my team which was stabled at Turcotte's barn and I found it was very bright out. Later I learned that the sky was lit up because of the fire."

"Besides hauling ice, I also worked at the Planer hauling lumber with the tractor to the piles. I had a brand new '52 Chev truck and I left it at the school corner because the road wasn't open to the farm. It was -30°, -40° and -45° F., but that truck always started in the morning -- it was never plugged in. In later years I drove the school bus for Donald Morin four months out of each winter. This lasted about four winters."

"Each year our little creek, that runs east, would flood. It seems like it always rained the first of July and, along with the spring run-off, the little creek that is only five feet wide would overflow its banks and swell to a hundred. Uncle Albert passed away in 1954. It rained and rained the day of his funeral. The bridge was washed out, so that when my cousin, Lawrence, and his

wife went to return home, they had to go around by Weekes and Somme. Even then, there was one bridge from which all the top planks were gone; they had to cross on the stringers."



Lessard children when the creek flooded in the spring. Gene commented on those years, "This country was so wet that we had to make holes in our rubber boots to let the water out."

"This country can be very wet at other times, too. One fall we were cutting oats. George Quinn had a WD-9 on a 10 foot power take-off binder. He couldn't pull it. So we cut a barrel and opened it up (3 x 6 ft.) and with that tied to the hitch, and part of the binder on the barrel, we had Ralph Murdoch on his D-2 Cat hooked on the front. We made ruts a foot and a half deep. There were only 10 acres like that -- which I stooked -- but we didn't dare get on this piece till after freeze-up. I knew that if we had ever fallen in those ruts with a sleigh, we'd never get out. We made sure we went crossways. That was one of the wettest falls!"

"Another fall I pushed Smokey's combine. He had a 10 foot Massey and I had a DC-4 Case with a push pole on it. Then with chains on we went around, maybe an hour, cutting what wheat we could. It was dinner time, so we stopped. I took a pail and went up in the hopper to take some of the wheat out. It looked just like brown sawdust that had heated. I gave some to the pigs; pp-ff -- they shook their heads and spit it out! Then I gave some to the chickens and they backed away from the stuff. It was sour and not worth anything. Old Menard used to say, 'You know wheat with eleven corners is not very good.'"

"Any new country takes about four generations before the land is opened and developed. It was no different in the Veillardville area; farming was a constant struggle in the early years. If you got a few dollars, you had to put it back into the land and grub some more. Not long after you broke it, you found you had wild oats. When I got this quarter, there was $800.00 against it -- oil, gas, taxes and relief. I didn't have $800.00 but, with time, I paid it off and finally got clear title to the quarter."

Gene and Edithe experienced other difficulties. Edithe explains one incident when they had two children; Wayne, who had just turned six and Carol, who was fifteen months:

"It was 1952, in the middle of the canning season. Darlene was here and I was washing clothes, getting her ready to go back to Flin Flon. At noon, I got the shivers so I told Darlene I was going to lie down and finish the wash later but, if I couldn't, she would have to. I went to see Dr. Silver who diagnosed a strep throat and gave me penicillin medication. I came back home for a week, but nothing helped. I returned to see Silver. He wanted to put me in the hospital, but there was no room. So he asked me if there was some place I could stay in Hudson Bay. I went to Gene's mother's house. It was very cold because there was no one there at the time. Later that day, Silver discharged a patient so I was admitted to hospital. Again, I was given penicillin. My ankles had started swelling and, by the next day, I had a hard time getting up to go to the bathroom. Silver had realized by this time that it was rheumatic fever. He said, 'We've given you enough penicillin to cure three patients of pneumonia.' But he figured that once the virus got in your system, it was very difficult to stop. I was in hospital for seven weeks and there was no Medicare then. For many weeks, after I was home, I couldn't lift. It was harvest -- the worst time for Gene -- Mom came and cooked for him."

"That fall Wayne started school. He always walked the half mile but he would have liked a ride. One morning Gene saw him just standing by the gate so Gene hollered, 'What are you doing? You're supposed to be going to school.' Wayne told his dad he was waiting for a ride. Both Wayne and Carol went to White Poplar for their elementary schooling, then on to Hudson Bay for their grades nine thru twelve. It was different for Lee and Blair, our younger two. Our school was closed so each of them took grades one thru twelve in Hudson Bay."

"I remember one time our kids were having a dispute over 'toast'. Apparently one of the boys got mad and threw a table knife. The other boy ducked and the knife hit the chrome and shattered the glass on the dial panel of my stove. When Gene and I got home, we saw the broken glass. Now, the kids had been getting ready to enter a parade which was to be held in town the

next day. Carol had made an outfit for Blair; he was going to be an Old Lady and Lee, the Old Man. They had planned to take a two-wheeled cart and pony. They never got to go to the parade." Edithe laughed as she concluded her story.

Like others, Gene has served on various boards both in Veillardville and Hudson Bay: Credit Union, Co-Op, Wheat Pool and Church, among others. Edithe has belonged to the C.W.L., she sang in the Church Choir for years, and worked for the Community Club. She and Gene have made dozens of spudnuts for the 4-H Club when their children belonged.

Today they take life a bit easier. Gene tells us they have spent the past four winters in Phaar, Texas, U.S.A.:

"The first spring we went south to see the place and to visit Bertha and Paul. There was a place up for sale, which we put a bid on, then bought it. It was a fully furnished trailer -- even with dishes. We motor out, leaving home the beginning of January and usually return around the end of April. Phaar is wet and damp in January; it's their winter. There are only forty-five trailers in the entire court so we know everyone. There are a lot of activities ... shuffleboard, cards, dances, and coffee is served each morning at the Seniors' Hall which belongs to the trailer court. While we enjoy Phaar for three to four months of each year, we are happy to return to our farm in Saskatchewan. For us, this is home."

Gene and Edithe concluded with the following facts about their family:

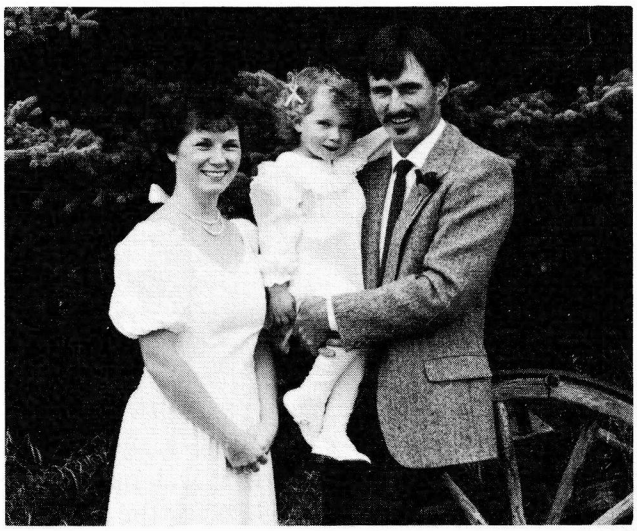
Wayne, born August 23, 1946, married Lynn LeBlue in December 1966. They have two girls: Shonna, born July 22, 1968, and Melanie (adopted) August 1, 1979. Wayne and Lynn live in Lloydminster where Wayne is employed.



Wayne, Lynn and Shonna, 1978.

Carol, born May 25, 1951, married Mike Todor December 1978. They have a girl, Rebecca, born June 13, 1979. Carol runs a fitness centre while Mike manages a photo shop and is a photographer. They live in Drumheller, Alberta.

Lee, born November 5, 1955, married Pamella Herrod, September 20, 1986. Pam has a little girl, Renee, born March 31, 1983. Lee and Pam live in Hudson Bay where Pam works at Simpson Timber Co. while Lee farms the home place at Veillardville.



Pam, Renee and **Lee**.

Blair was born March 2, 1958. He is presently working in Saskatoon as Production Manager of Dew-Little Industries Inc. which manufactures and sells a new type of siding. It has the insulation bonded to the siding. Blair resides in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.



Gene and Edithe's Family, 1978: Lee, Carol, Gene, Edithe, Blair and Wayne.

MARTIN ALPHONSE LESSARD

I was born on August 25, 1921. When we lived in Delmas, we went to a French school.

In the spring of 1928, we moved to the Hudson Bay area. We settled at Veillardville. It was bush country; I don't think there was twenty acres farmed in the entire settlement at that time.

I attended White Poplar School with Nellie Barteluk as my first teacher. Then we had several French teachers, some of whom were Mr. Roy, Mildred Beaudoin, Phillippe Le Scelleur, Arthur Villeneuve, among others. We walked to school and, though there was a lot of snow in the winter, walking wasn't too difficult for there were never any snowdrifts.

Later, we moved to the farm north of the C.N.R. tracks. Times were not easy and I remember going in to town, which was Hudson Bay, to peddle vegetables down the streets. We'd have radishes tied up in little bunches and onions, too. We sold whatever vegetables were in season.

One winter I hauled hay into town from the farm with the horse and sleigh. We'd get something like $10.00 a ton but we had to weigh it - otherwise the folks wouldn't believe we had a ton. It cost us two bits to have it weighed so, in the end, we would only get $9.75 for the hay.

One time I hauled a load of potatoes into town for Paul Bittalla, a bachelor neighbor. I'd been hauling hay and so I had the sleigh fixed so it wouldn't upset. We used to put runners on the outside so the hayrack wouldn't tip. It was March or early April, the beginning of spring breakup. Paul wanted to come over and help me take the hayrack off but I planned on putting hay in the bottom, then covering the potatoes with blankets. I figured the potatoes would be fine this way. However, Paul disagreed and insisted on coming over to help me put the wagon box on. So this is what we did. We loaded seventy-five to eighty bags of potatoes in the wagon with one or two tiers of potatoes above the box. Now this made a high and rather narrow load. When I got to Blanchard's, the other side of Jaszans', the load upset. Now instead of coming with me, Paul had decided to walk down the railroad tracks. I had to get a neighbor to help me take all those bags of potatoes out of the box so I could get the wagon box upright again. Paul Le Charity, who was living on the Turcotte farm, helped me. When I arrived in town, Paul Bittalla was already on his way out wondering what had happened to me. He was also concerned that the potatoes were frozen. However, I didn't think so as the sun was shining and it was a rather nice day. But when we rolled the potatoes down the chute at the Chinaman's, they made a strange noise. The Chinaman said, "Tink potatoes frozee." That load of potatoes would purchase staples for Paul for the coming year. Everyone needed a means to purchase tea, coffee, sugar and flour.

Although there was very little money, we were never hungry. There was always wild game and lots of wild berries. Everyone picked wild berries and lots of them because that was the only fruit that we had in the winter time. So, after you picked the berries, the women canned them to preserve them for the winter.

This particular time, Ma had a large dishpan which she made the bread in and it was full of strawberries. I came in late that night, about 11:30, and saw this great mound of strawberries which was white because she'd covered them with sugar. I thought that I might as well have myself a feed of berries. Now I had to do all this by moonlight as there were no electric lights back then. I got myself a big soup dish, filled it with the strawberries, then went to the cream jug and poured cream over my berries. I had myself a real good feed. After I was finished, I noticed the big, black hole in the middle of the pan where I had taken my berries out and I thought, "This doesn't look right." So, picking up a bag which I thought was sugar, I filled the hole up.

The next day Ma was cooking up the strawberries when she took a taste. "Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed, "there's salt in them!" Now she wasn't sure just what to do. There were enough berries for fifteen to seventeen quarts so she put them in jars, sealed them and put them down in the basement. She reasoned that in the winter when times would be better, there would be money for sugar which she could then add to the berries and boil again. We never wasted those strawberries. Although I was about fifteen years old at the time, Ma never knew what had really happened to the strawberries until I was thirty-eight years old.

In 1937 our family moved to Ontario. There was Ma, Gene, Joe, Therese, Mae and I. We left in April and tried to get to Ontario by fall but it took us a while because we went to Minnesota and visited with relatives for several weeks.

It was at that time that I dipped sheep. I received 1¢ for each sheep that I caught and put in the tank. The other fellow worried about getting them out. We used a round snowfence and we

kept winding it to keep the sheep close to us.

We arrived in Tillsonburg in late July or early August. We wanted to get in on the tobacco picking which started about that time. We worked in the tobacco fields the rest of that summer and fall.

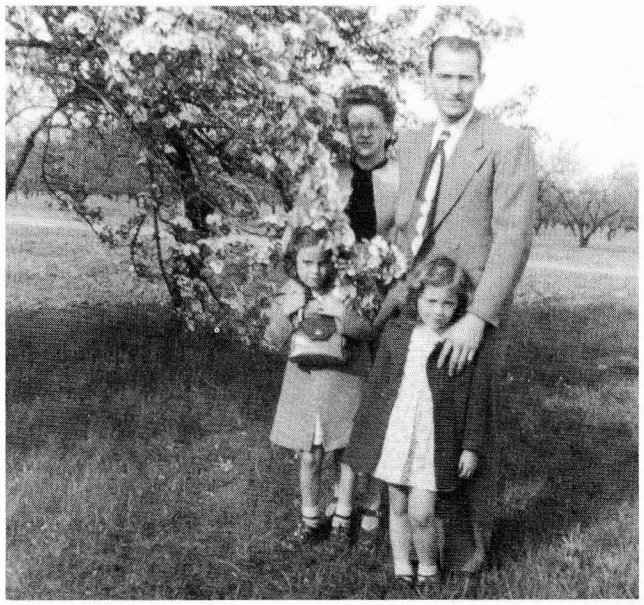
Louis, my brother-in-law, and I were doing cement and carpentry work for a man by the name of Fishback. Then, as the work began to peter out, Louis left for Malartic where he got work in the mines. Clara and the two little girls, Marlyne and Maxine, stayed with us until Louis was settled. Then I drove them to Malartic where I stayed till December while I worked in the mines, too. I did surface work and some repair jobs.

At this time, I realized that the kind of work I had been doing, cementing and carpentry, was not what I wanted. So I decided to learn a trade. I went to work in the machine shops for 25¢ an hour - the same wages I received at cement and carpentry work - only now I was learning a trade. I worked in Woodstock, Ingersol and later in Hamilton for Otis Fenson. With each job, I gained further experience.

On July 17, 1942, I married Floris Tarvis in Hamilton, Ontario. Floris was born in 1920 at Wiarton, Ontario, to Violet (Roe) Tarvis and Murray Tarvis.

The following February (1943) I joined up and served in the Navy till the fall of '45. I took my basic training at HMC Star in Hamilton and further training in the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia. I chose the Navy for, by now, I had a couple of years experience in machine shops and I could continue to use my machinist trade in the Navy. For the most part I was stationed in Newfoundland for when we were on patrol from Halifax to Newfoundland, we were often dropped off at the latter.

In 1945 I got my discharge from the Navy in Hamilton. The job opportunities were scarce what with thousands of service men returning to the labour market. Also, communications between the governments were poor at that time. Brantford was only twenty miles away from Hamilton where I was. Each morning when I went to look for work in Hamilton, I was told the same thing: there is no work. But the first time I went to Brantford, I was hired and went to work the same day. At the end of my eight hours I was asked, "How many more men can you bring with you tomorrow morning?" Brantford needed men for its large industrial plants, Massey Harris and Cockshutt, and by this time, farm machinery supplies needed to be built up. But the unemployment offices in Hamilton, where large numbers of unemployed gathered, knew nothing of the job opportunities only twenty miles away. I remained in Brantford, working as a machinist at Massey Harris for the next five years.



Floris, Martin, Luanne and Susan in Ontario, 1949.

In 1950 we moved to Saskatchewan. By this time I felt that I had had enough of machine work and that kind of life. Floris and I thought that a change in lifestyle would be good. We had been out West in 1944; we'd looked the place over and talked about it. Finally, I decided to quit my job with Massey Harris which was quite a decision for, by now, I had five years seniority with the company.

I left my work as a machinist for a homestead S.E.¼ Section 15-45-4 W2 in northern Saskatchewan. We found it a great change. Floris and our two young girls had known only city life. **Luanne** was born March 13, 1943 in Hamilton, Ontario and **Susan** was born October 8, 1944 in Owen Sound, Ontario. Together, as a family, we weathered the changes as we began farming in the early Fifties. At first it was more like homesteading - breaking the land and so on. Then I had to work at building up the farm.

I continued to farm until 1973 but three or four years prior, I had started to work at the MacMillan Bloedel plant as a machinist - something I had never intended to do but got talked into it. It did have some benefits, one of which was that of building up my Canada Pension Plan.

Now, I would like to tell you more about my family. The girls, Luanne and Susan, took their elementary schooling at White Poplar. Following completion of grade eight, each attended the Academy at Prince Albert for a brief time; after which they attended Zenon Park High School while boarding at the Sacred Heart Convent there. It was at Zenon Park that Luanne finished grade twelve. About this time, the Hudson Bay School Unit provided a bus service for students residing in the rural areas. Consequently, Susan returned home for her last year and graduated from Hudson Bay High School.

Following high school, Luanne worked at the Credit Union in Tisdale. She met and married Don Fettis in 1962. They have two children, Terry and David.



Don, **Luanne**, David and Terry, 1982.

After graduation, Susan worked as a Nurses' Aide in a sanitorium north of The Pas, Manitoba. Later she went to British Columbia where she met and married Frank Seleski. Their children are Mark and Leah.



Leah, **Susan** and Mark, August 1984.

My wife, Floris, was born with a defective heart. Then in 1945–1946, she became ill with an infection in the valves of her heart. She was hospitalized for an entire year. By this time penicillin was available and had been widely used in the Second World War to treat infections. So the doctor used this drug to kill the heart infection Floris had. Once she was well enough to leave her bed, he would discontinue the penicillin. Three weeks later the infection would flare up and Floris would be back in bed. They would again administer penicillin until she was on her feet once more. Each time the drug was discontinued, the infection would flare up again. At the same time, I was battling with the hospital bills. Using my weekly earnings along with what we had saved, I kept the bills paid up. This lasted for the first six to eight months at which time I could no longer keep up with them. Floris was in the hospital at Hamilton so I decided to pay the doctor a visit to explain the situation. Now he was, in fact, expecting me. He proceeded to outline his plan for Floris which I wished he'd have done months earlier. He said he would put Floris on the City Plan and I wouldn't have to pay anything. "However, there is more to it," he said. "We wish to use your wife as a guinea pig and, while I will remain as her main doctor, other doctors will be brought in to learn and to study her case." I talked it over with Floris and she thought it might be a good idea, which it was. After studying her case, the doctors realized that they had been prematurely stopping the drug treatment. Having discovered this, it was a relatively simple matter to continue the penicillin until the infection was completely gone. Once Floris was better, she remained well. Naturally, it did not repair her bad heart and, in fact, there had been further damage from the lengthy infection.

This year of hospitalization had been a most critical time in Floris' life. After her discharge from the hospital, she was never sick again but, as long as she lived, Floris was aware of the condition of her heart and knew that she needed to look after herself. Floris died on March 28, 1973.

I left the farm in 1974 and moved to Hudson Bay when I remarried. Alice Michie became my wife in 1973. In 1975 I sold the farm to Peter Borowetz. Today we are taking life easier in our retirement years. I enjoy dropping in on the elderly for a visit. Many are neighbours or friends from Veillardville.

Recently I helped with the building of our new church, St. Dominic, in Hudson Bay. I served on the finance committee. The old building was too small and no longer met the needs of the people. The church contracted the services of Leson Construction. Still, much remained to be done so Smokey Alain and I contributed what we could to assist with the finishing. Lee Lessard also offered his help on occasion. Ray Leyshen was hired to do the painting. The church was blessed on June 8, 1984.

Alice is busy in her retirement years. She enjoys oil painting - especially landscapes - and handwork. She is often crocheting or knitting baby clothes either for my grandchildren or for hers. Alice had four children from her previous marriage to Wilbert C. Michie. "Wib", as he was known, died in 1970.

Alice is a charter member of the O.O.R.P. and was active in the Anglican Church as well as in other community organizations.

Together, Alice and I enjoy travelling to visit family and friends or simply to see the many parts of our country. We both enjoy fishing. We purchased a motorhome in 1979 and use it a good deal. When we are not travelling, we are home to family and friends on Prince Street in Hudson Bay.



Alice and Martin.

JOE LESSARD

This is a brief biography of Joe Lessard and his families from approximately four to sixty-three years old, as told by himself in September 1986.

As I understand I was born in Meota, Saskatchewan, and at 15 months was hospitalized in North Battleford with pneumonia and, according to Mom, I wasn't expected to come home alive. During this period Dad and George, 9 years old, our oldest brother, had gone to our other farm for spring seeding and on the morning of April 30, 1924, the building they were living in accidentally caught fire and both were severely burnt. They were taken to the hospital in North Battleford where Dad died the next day, May 1, 1924, and George died on May 17, 1924. Later this same year, Therese was born on November 24, 1924.

A short time later we moved to Delmas, Saskatchewan, where Mom met and married Louis Strasser on August 13, 1927 and then in 1928 the family moved to Veillardville, Saskatchewan, where Mae was born on May 15, 1928. After a few years the relationship became strained and eventually they separated on February 20, 1934.

After thirty odd years of separation, they reunited around 1965/66 and lived in Headlake, Ontario, until Louis died at 70 years of age on September 27, 1970. Shortly after this, Mom came down to Brampton with us and then to St. Joseph's Villa in Dundas, Ontario, where she lived for fourteen years, passing away in her 89th year, on January 16, 1985. She had been born November 9, 1895. Joseph, her first husband, was born November 9, 1891 and died at 33 years old. Mom and Dad (Joseph) were married April 14, 1914.

* * * * *

JOSEPH ROLAND DONALD LESSARD

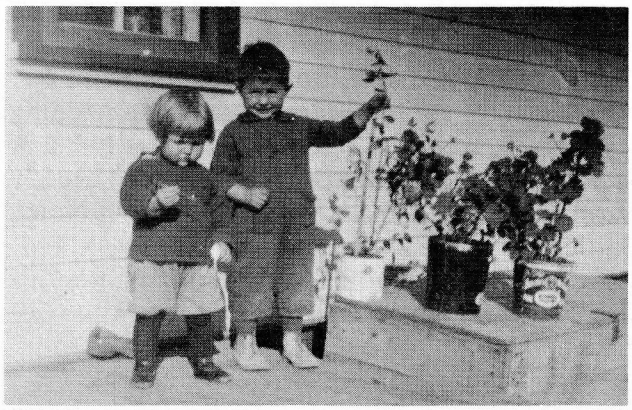
Born February 12, 1923 in Meota, Saskatchewan.

Baptized February 18, 1923 by Rev. Pere A. Wafelle of St. Jean Baptist de La Salle Catholic Church in the parish of Delmas, Saskatchewan.

Godparents were Joseph Beaupri and Eva Lessard.

When I was four years old we moved from Delmas to Veillardville, Saskatchewan, where we

lived for approximately ten years, leaving for Ontario and settling in Tillsonburg, in the fall of 1938, then on to Hamilton in about 1941 and going into the Army in late 1942. I then transferred to the Navy in late 1944 and was discharged in late spring 1946 from Toronto, Ontario, naval base. Perhaps, before going on, I should reflect a little on the past.



Therese and Joe.

Needless to say, at four, Delmas was rather limited in memorable experiences, but a few things that come to mind are: the two-storey white house which had a cistern, a danger area; Martin mixing up some sugar and dry cocoa and having me eat some and almost choking; and Gene breaking his leg and the resultant warnings of what can happen if you climb chairs.

For some reason the trip from Delmas to Hudson Bay is a complete blank, but I'm sure there would be some interesting happenings along the way.

Veillardville/Hudson Bay Junction, to me, that was our home and still think of it as such. Although, needless to say, Brampton was and still is very important to us, what with four of the five children born and still living there and having spent most of my working years there. Paul, our oldest, and his family have been in Winnipeg since 1983. But many thoughts come to mind, during the ten-year period around Veillardville where all my schooling took place.

We left for Ontario, I think, in April. If we had stayed until the end of June I might have passed out of Grade 5. I can still hear one of the better and later teachers (the one from Vonda, Saskatchewan) telling the whole one-room school, No. 4269, all ten or eleven grades, in a moment of exasperation, saying, "Your whole vocabulary consists of 'gee,' 'gosh' and 'darn'."

The area softball teams were The Merry Makers and The Outlaws. What still puzzles me is where did the time and daylight hours come from. They played sometimes three nights a week - Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings - no artificial lights in those days. After, some of them went to pick up the mail from the 11:00 p.m. train and some of the players and friends lived as far as two or three miles away and everybody walked.

Chores, for me, involved bringing in the wood, helping with the chores in a limited way and, one winter while Martin and I were cutting 8-foot pulp on the quarter, southeast of Morrison's quarter, I almost got killed. While Martin was limbing and cutting to length, I was skidding the 8-foot long pieces of pulp to a loading point and, at 10 or 11 years of age not being too experienced, I hooked the chain too far from the end and while being skidded and not being a very large piece, the front end hit a low stump and the back end came up and over and just clipped my heel. Had I been just a little further back I would have been not only shorter but likely 6 feet under.

A much more pleasant experience was when my sister Clara and her husband Louis invited Therese and me to spend some time with them in Flin Flon. To begin to understand and appreciate this experience, you have to cast your mind back to approximately 1935 or 1936. It had been just a few years before that the teacher at school, when hearing what she was quite sure was the noise of a plane, hurriedly cleared the school and told us to look up in the sky, for what to about 99% of us would be seeing a plane for the first time. And perhaps just a year or two before that, on a Saturday evening, our family went to Mr. Clarence Smith's place via sleigh and horses to listen to the radio for the first time and, of course, heard the Amos and Andy program. So yes, our trip to Flin Flon was very memorable. The warnings we had, to stay together and to be careful, soon became more meaningful as we boarded the train for our first time in the wee hours of the morning, with all the commotion of a busy transfer point, different types of people - lumberjacks, trappers, Indians - people talking loudly, quietly, sleeping, snoring, smoking; the aisles full of feet, arms, legs and packsacks. The quiet commotion at what seemed to be bush stops, with a hectic commotion at La Pas, the worry of would someone be at the Flin Flon station to meet us and then getting there ... the end of the line and everyone going into action. Needless to say, it was exciting but also created some apprehension until Clara came to the rescue.

Back home, and during the summer, Mom had to go to La Pas for an operation. As it happened, it was a particularly dry summer and there were fires all over and ground fires were part of the problem. Actually, we had some ground fires at home close to Morrison's but they seemed to be at a standstill. As I recall, Gene was away fighting fires so that left Martin, Therese, Mae and me at home. A short time later, however, the fires supposedly got worse and Martin said he also had to go and fight fires. I think it had something to do with the fire starters working more efficiently than the fire fighters!!! So now, being the oldest at home, I thought the proper thing to do was to assure Mom that all was well, so wrote her a letter giving her all the details. Guess what, not too many days later, Mom was back home.

A few years later, I think Gene was working in lumber camps with our main horses and Martin was out working someplace else, so that only left us with Old Nigger at home, an old black horse who you could say was semi-retired. However, the sleighs were equipped for team use, so I paired Old Nigger with our young Bull and so, I also had a team that winter to do the odd job on weekends. When I reflect on this now, I can't help but think that Old Nigger must have been very insulted.

The following goes back to when we lived on the original farm south of the school and Gene, Martin and I used to sleep in a big double bed. To have more room, I used to sleep in the centre but my head at the foot of the bed. Well, every few nights I used to hear Gene and Martin make a noise as though they were eating, so would ask them if I could have some of what they were eating. They always replied that they were not eating, they were just chewing their cud. Even though I was only 5 or 6, I never did believe them and it was only years later that they finally admitted that, yes, they had been eating.

On to Ontario. But before I go into any detail, I'd just like to say a few words here about our mother who, for all intents and purposes, had brought up six children, during what was likely the worst economic period in Canada's young life and decided that if we, the children, were to have a chance that she had to expose us to a situation that did not necessarily guarantee something better, but that at least there was the potential of something better and, for this, I will be forever grateful.

When I heard of the impending move, I was excited because what I had learned about Ontario in school, which was likely very little in relation to the overall, I liked. Besides, I suppose I was at an ideal age, too young to understand all the ramifications, but old enough to imagine all the new and different things that we would see and experience. Because of my age, I was not involved with the nuts and bolts of the necessary planning but it's not too difficult to imagine that major planning and gut-wrenching decisions would have been inevitable. With the financial situation of the day, the time of year with regard to weather, and getting the car and trailer out to travelable roads, required luck, yes. For example, bad snow storms, but more importantly it required an abundance of strength, courage and astuteness.

Finally, the day came to move the car and trailer out. Luckily, Joe Dupont of Wynyard, Saskatchewan, who had come north in the fall to work in bush camps with his horses, was leaving Hudson Bay to go back before the spring break-up. So, in that way the old '27 Chevrolet, which had split tire rings, and trailer were brought out of Hudson Bay, south I think to Sturgis, or thereabouts, where Gene had it stored until we were already to go and came back home.

A few weeks later the final departure was set and it was decided that Gene, Martin and I would take a freight (ride the rods) to where the car was and drive from there to Wynyard, Joe Dupont's home, where we would meet Mom, Therese and Mae, who came out by train with a number of trunks and boxes. After a few days of car and trailer packing, we set out in earnest for our first target, which was Oklee, Minnesota, where Mom, Dad, George and Gene had originally come from as a young family. The rest of the family was born in Saskatchewan. However, before getting to Oklee, we had what you could call a tire shake-down and had up to 13 flats in one day. The reason for the tire trouble was due to the Depression. With the resultant lack of money, lack of use by the people we bought the car from and so tire rot. Tires were not bought in Canada because they were cheaper in the States. And so, with more time than money, split rims, three pairs of hands, we became tire changing experts. But, like the old story goes, there's always something good with something bad, because when we got to the States and all the tires were replaced, it made all of us quite happy.

We then stayed around Oklee for about two months and met all our local uncles, aunts, cous-

ins and many of Mom's old friends. We then left on the last, but much longer, part of our journey to somewhere in the southern part of Ontario.

Some of the highlights along this part of the trip were:

Chicago, Illinois, where we parked the trailer and went on to the Chicago Zoo nearby, where we saw animals that we had heard and read about, plus so many more animals, birds, etc., etc., etc. - from Veillardville to Chicago in a couple of months is simply impossible to describe here.

At the end of the day, we went back to get the trailer but, lo and behold, there was no trailer to be found - can you imagine the concern and anxiety? All our clothes, a big supply of food, all gone. Well, after driving around, a police cruiser stopped us, found out what we were looking for and then took us to where they had taken it. However, on sizing the situation up, they then took us or directed us to a park where they said it would be safe to park for the night.

Shortly after leaving Illinois, we stopped at the Indiana Sand Dunes in the State of Indiana and saw more sand than I had ever seen before, or since.

The next highlight that comes to mind is arriving at the Burlington Lift-Bridge which parts in the centre and has hinges at each end. As we were approaching the bridge, it was on its way up and we finally came to approximately two blocks length from it before we had to stop. After sitting there a few minutes, we then saw the biggest ship we had ever seen, inching its way through the canal (which joins Hamilton Bay to Lake Ontario), passing the bridge and then, finally, the bridge coming down and letting us go on our way. Our trip to Niagara Falls from the bridge ran through the heart of what is called the Niagara Peninsula which is known as Ontario's fruit belt. In those days, the highway passed near the bottom of the Niagara Escarpment and in and out of fruit orchards. Here we were from Veillardville, Saskatchewan, in the midst of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, cherries and then, lo and behold, Niagara Falls there in front of us.

Then we were on the Maid of the Mist, a sight-seeing boat that takes people for a ride on the river at the foot of the Falls where you hear the thunderous noise of the Falls. Then, perhaps the highlight of highlights, approximately 100 feet under the Falls and looking out from three different portholes, one at the immediate edge of the Falls and two more further in and coming out directly under the Falls. No, it wasn't a miracle, but neither was it a mirage, but it was 1937 and I think and hope that to our dying days we can and will be always grateful to our mother for not waiting for the above to happen, but actually and personally MAKING it happen.

After Niagara Falls, and considering the time of year it was, it was time to turn our attention to the purpose for which we had come East. And gradually we started working our way towards the tobacco areas of Ontario which, in the main, are Simcoe, Delhi, Tillsonburg and, to a lesser extent, Aylmer -- all within perhaps 60 miles on Highway #3, approximately 10 to 20 miles north of Lake Erie. However, this wasn't an easy task because there was only one car and a number of quiet young people and no home that could be used as a home base. The potential was there if all hands could be put to use and, with Mom's ingenuity, needless to say this did come about. First Ma found a place where she, Therese, Mae and I could not only work together but also could live where we worked. Then Martin and Gene found work nearby so the car was available and we were on our way. We were working approximately 10 miles out of Tillsonburg so, on rainy days, Ma and Gene went into town, found and bought a lot, and shortly after a home was on its way. When the harvest was over, we moved into our house which was not much more than a shell, and Therese and Mae started school. I was 14, but too shy to go, so got various odd jobs until late fall when the tobacco factory opened up. I think it took a while to get in there because I was young, small and shy.

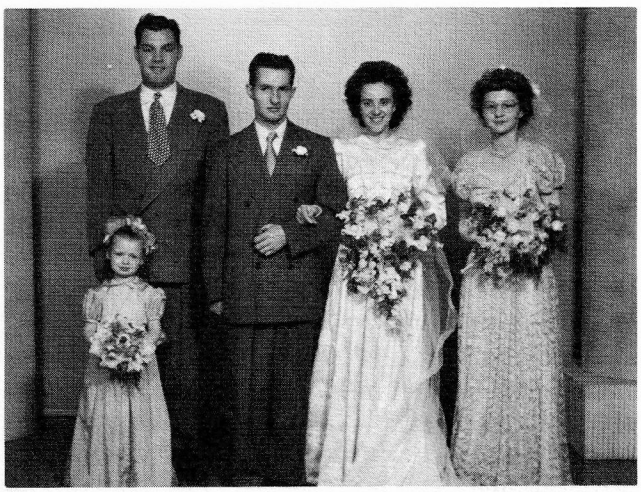
However, after a month or so of not getting in, my friend (his name was John Phur) who had recently come from Estevan, Saskatchewan, and I decided that if we couldn't get in through the front door, what did we have to lose by trying the back door?

This factory hired about 500 people during the fall and winter months and the men worked in groups of about 15, each man with a stall or box about 2½ feet square and 10 inches deep in a long straight row, side by side, so if they hired, they would hire 15 at a time. *If* they hired it would be from approximately 6:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m. but you never knew when, so the earlier you came, the closer one would be to the door, but there would always be perhaps 50 to 200 men standing around waiting.

The superintendent that did the hiring was a big, 6 foot plus, southern man and he would

come out and scan the crowd and point to faces he recognized and beckon them to come with one finger. After running out of recognizable faces, he would then say, "You, you, you" until he had his count but sometimes an extra one or two would manage to squeeze by. Being that we had a rough idea of the layout and what went on inside, we went around to the Shipping/Receiving doors where there were always truck drivers around and got in and then went further in among large tobacco hogsheads (barrels) 4 to 5 feet high, 5 to 6 feet across and used them to keep out of sight, and to find out where the stalls were that were going to be filled, so that when the 15 men came thundering through to the area, we could join in the rush and get ourselves a stall. And this is exactly what happened. The problem, though, was that there were two men too many so when Old Black got there and saw this, he stopped near the end of the stalls and eyed his way along. When he got to me, his glance slowed down because I was short, small and young, but what I read in his eyes was, if he was smart enough to get in here and get a stall, he deserves a chance to keep it. Fortunately, I was able to stay until the plant closed in the spring.

Along with other short-term jobs in the area, an interesting one was where Martin and then I worked in Woodstock, a machine shop where the regular night shift hours, which we worked, were from 6:00 p.m. until 7:00 a.m. (13 hours) and every second Saturday night off. I think I made 10¢ an hour and Martin about 50% more. I stayed here for about six months, then moved to Hamilton where the war industry was revving up and paying much better and with better working conditions.



Joe and Helen's Wedding. Therese is bridesmaid.

Then my three years and a bit in the Service which took me from Toronto (where I entered the Service) to St. John's, Newfoundland, on the east to Victoria on the west, where I spent one winter, seeing snow one night for about half an hour while on the way back to the ship from a dance. Getting up the next morning for Mass, the snow had disappeared and that was the snow for me that winter. Eventually, I was sent back to Toronto for discharge and, while there, met a beautiful and enchanting girl at a dance at The Knights of Columbus Hall in Toronto. Her name was Helen Tapper and she subsequently, perhaps a year and a bit later, became my wife on June 26, 1947.

Helen had been in the Air Force for a little over three years and after discharge had come to Toronto to live with her oldest and married sister. But they had both originally come from Torbay, a small town just east of St. John's, Newfoundland.

After our marriage we lived in Toronto for about five years on St. Clair Avenue West, near Avenue Road, in a house that was subsequently sold. Shortly after our leaving, it was demolished along with a number of other houses, and Imperial Oil built their new head office on the site.

While we only lived here, on St. Clair Avenue West, for five years we have many memorable memories to recall. As a starter, it was our first home which we moved into on returning from our honeymoon. A bed-sitting room and a shared kitchen, and Paul was born here November 3, 1949. While here, I worked for the Toronto Transportation Commission (T.T.C.) driving streetcars, city buses and, on weekends, for the Gray Coach Lines (which was and still is owned by the T.T.C.) on intercity runs, for over three years.

In 1952 we moved to Brampton, Ontario, where I worked for a flexible metal corrugated and interlocking hose and expansion joint manufacturer, whose products are used to absorb and control pipeline and metal ducting motion, due to thermal growth and mechanically induced vibration, such as on a compressor. Sizes ranged from 3/16 inch to 11 feet inside diameter and up to 11 x 28 feet on rectangular inside dimensions.

Being in sales, it afforded me the opportunity to speak with and visit with a wide range of people in the steel, forestry, mining, chemical, and all types of manufacturing ranging from railroad locomotives and aircraft to plastics. Actually, in one case, one of the larger com-

panies, due to an emergency situation, chartered a plane, came and picked me up and, after meeting with plant manager, engineering manager, maintenance superintendent and purchasing manager, I inspected an old expansion joint installation in a 60-inch pipeline about 60 feet above ground. After another meeting as to what we could do for them and getting their okay to proceed, they had the same charter return me home. Then, after almost 23 years, this all came to an end. And, after a few additional years in the workplace, both Helen and I retired in September 1981.

Since then we have been fortunate in having been able to elude our cold and snowy winters and fortunate in being able to visit with our four daughters and their children who are living in and around Brampton. **Darlene** and Tom Kirwin with daughter, Amber Skye, live in Limehouse about 25 miles west of Brampton. **Susan** and Terry Marks with sons, Raymond and Jason, live in Brampton. **Carolanne** and Bob White with daughters, Rachelle and Jasmine, live just out of Norval, about halfway between Limehouse and Brampton. **Paulette** is at university but lives in Brampton when at home. **Paul** and Anna Marie, with Sheena and Marc, have been in Winnipeg since 1983. We now call Hamilton our home, but spend a lot of time visiting around.



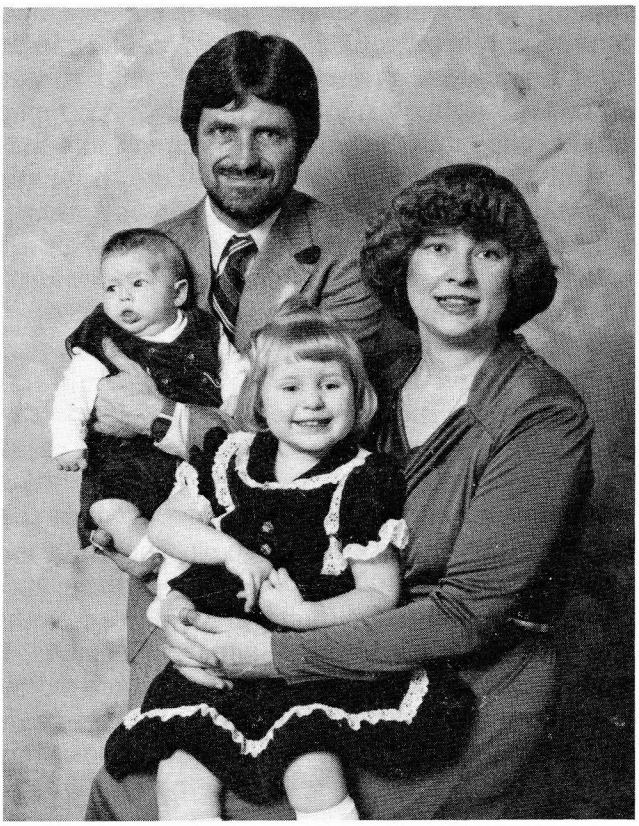
Joe and Helen, 1986.

Our children's stories are to follow.

Paul Lessard

Paul and Anna Marie were married June 3, 1978. Their children are **Sheena Mary** born January 11, 1980 and **Marc Raymond** born September 10, 1982.

In early October 1983, they moved to Winnipeg where Paul is Executive Director for Manitoba Labour Education Centre. Anna Marie works as a technician for Xerox Canada. Sheena is in Grade 2.



Paul and Anna Marie with Mark and Sheena.

DARLENE (LESSARD) KIRWIN

Tom was a part-time Wilderness Survival Instructor and I was a student in his course. We hit it off right from the start. We were married on September 19, 1981 in Vancouver, B.C. in the midst of our six month tour of Canada.

After our tour we lived outside Brampton, Ontario, on a farm with our rabbits, goats, chickens, turkeys and pigs. In the midst of all this menagerie, who should enter our lives but our precious daughter, **Amber-Skye**. Her day is April 29, 1983.

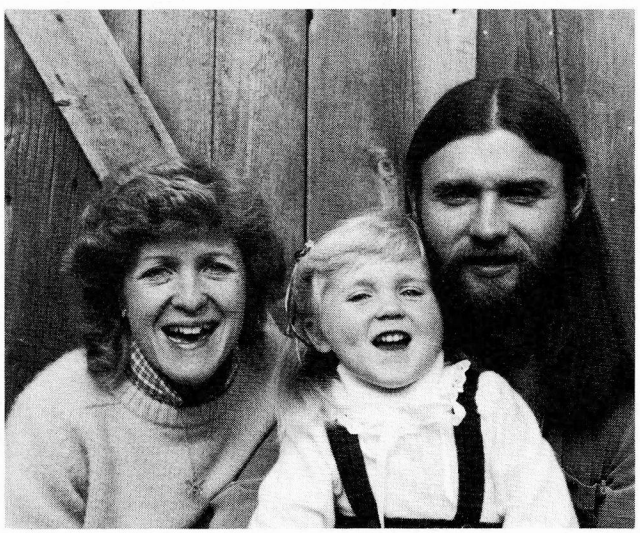
Now, with Amber-Skye at three and a half years of age, we live in our own home right across

the street from the Bruce Trail (a 700-mile hiking trail across southern Ontario). We are in the tiny hamlet of Limehouse, Halton Hills, eighteen miles from Brampton.

This summer we are building a 500 square foot addition on our home and are finding it an interesting, if not exhausting, experience. Tom works at Carlton Cards, Brampton. Yes, that is the company that sells greeting cards and wrapping paper. He enjoys his job as a maintenance craftsperson, always performing a new job every day.

I have managed to stay home with Amber-Skye by holding down three part-time jobs. Monday through Friday, I drive a school bus with Amber-Skye as the cheerful bus entertainer. Saturdays are spent working for a courier company, Purolator Courier, as a supervisor. I'm also a Childbirth Educator, teaching prenatal classes out of our home one or two evenings a week.

All in all, we are very content and happy with our lives and hope our serenity lasts for years to come.



Darlene, Amber-Skye and Tom.

SUSAN (LESSARD) MARKS

Terry and I were high school sweethearts and were married February 22, 1974.

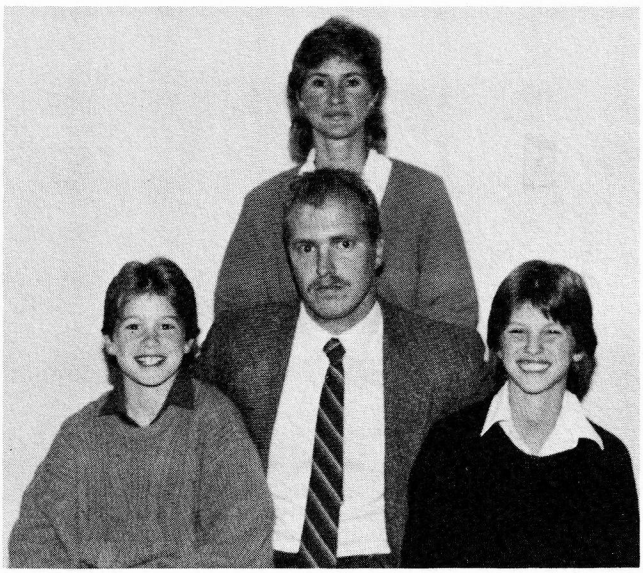
In January of 1975 Terry became a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and we had a brief three months stay in Regina. The rest of our time has been spent in Brampton, Ontario. Terry enjoys his work with the Mounties performing various investigations into fraud, Mafia connections and drugs.

For myself, I was able to stay home with our two children by driving a school bus and letting, first Raymond, and then Jason, act as my navigators on the bus. I also work part-time for the Liquor Control Board. With both boys in school now, I have just started working full-time as a dispatcher for the School Bus Company and am enjoying the challenge.

Raymond, born September 20, 1974, is now a twelve-year-old sportsman playing hockey and soccer, and swimming. He has an avid interest in nature and his room is a reflection of the outdoors.

Jason, born June 25, 1976, is also interested in sports, being a hockey enthusiast, primarily. Jason enjoys good adventure stories and can gobble up a good book on a lazy afternoon.

Within the next few years, Terry is hoping for a teaching job in the shooting range at the Depot. So, I guess, in time, we will know our future.



Susan (standing), Jason, Terry and Raymond.

CAROLANNE (LESSARD) WHITE

It was a happy August 4, 1978, when the first granddaughter, Rachelle, was born into Joe and Helen Lessard's family.

Rachelle, my daughter, and I made a home together and were living quite happily.

While working as a librarian at Sheridan College, I met my future husband, Robert White. For Rachelle and Rob it was love at first sight. Due to technical difficulties, Rob and I could not be married right away. We made house together and were blessed with the arrival of Jasmine on June 1, 1982. Rachelle was thrilled to have a

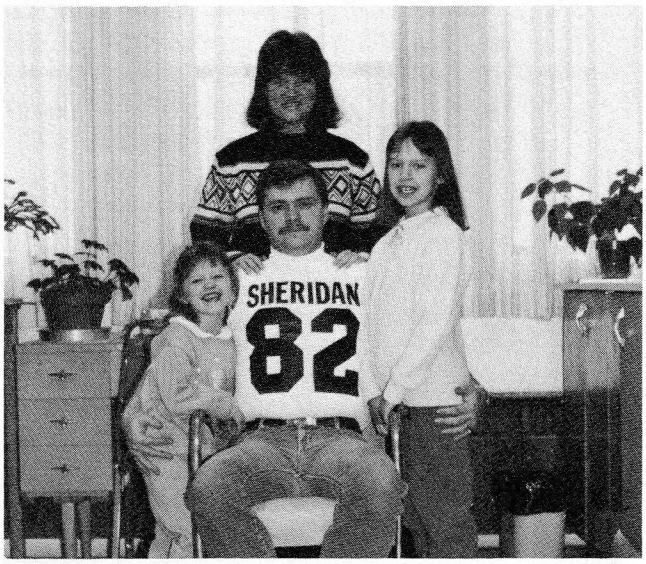
younger sister. Finally, the day came when Rob and I could wed. We were joined in matrimony in a small country church Aloa.

Rob is still at Sheridan College and has a bright future there. I have stayed at home to raise my two lovely daughters. I drove a bus for Brampton Transit this summer and am hoping to return full-time when possible.

Rachelle is a bright eight year old and is involved in Brownies. She also plays T-ball in the summer. She was awarded the "Most Sportsman Like Player" trophy in the league this summer.

Jasmine has just started Junior Kindergarten and is very industrious. She also played T-ball this summer. Her team placed first and Jasmine received her first trophy.

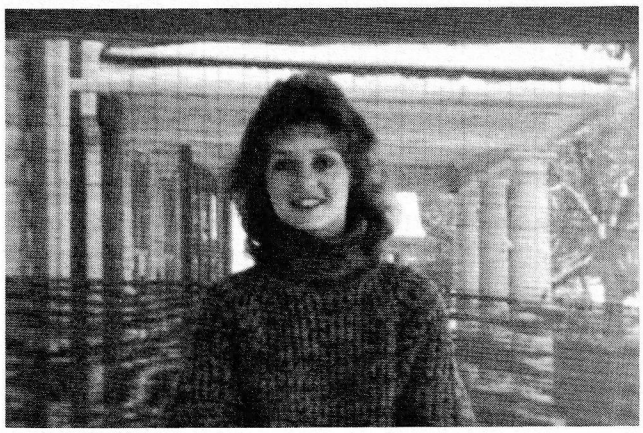
We are presently waiting for our first home to be built. We hope to move in by spring.



Carolanne (standing), Jasmine, Robert and Rachelle.

PAULETTE MARY LESSARD

- Born October 31, 1960.
- Graduated from nursing in June 1985 and was chosen as Class Valedictorian for the graduating class.
- Presently attending Brock University, in my third year of studies. My previous two years of university were taken in Nova Scotia.
- My initial goal is to obtain my Education degree. Then, using both my nursing and teaching, would like to tutor at The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, Ontario.
- I reside in St. Catherines, Ontario.
- Single, no dependents.

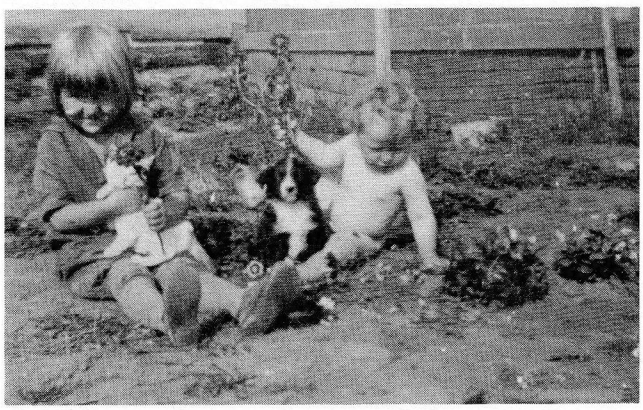


Paulette.

THERESE (LESSARD) MacFARLANE

My full name is Marie Jeanne Therese. I was named after St. Therese. I was born in Delmas, Saskatchewan, on November 16, 1924.

Our family moved to Hudson Bay when I was three and a half. I took grades one to eight in Veillardville where I attended the White Poplar School District #4269.



Therese and Mae.

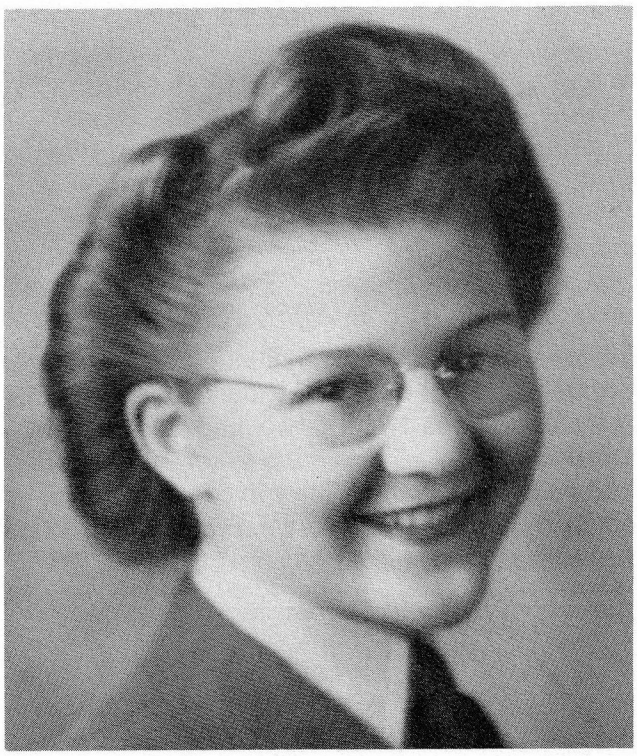
Then our whole family moved to Tillsonburg, Ontario, in 1938, the year before war broke out. After taking my high school in Tillsonburg, I took a business course there.

In 1939 the family moved again, this time to Hamilton, Ontario, where several of us were employed in war work. I started to work for Westinghouse for 25¢ an hour making little radios for aircraft. Then I heard that National Steel Car and Shell Shop was paying 33⅓¢ an hour so I went there where I inspected shells for the Government.

Then I heard that Otis Fenson was paying 50¢

an hour so I decided to work there. However, this job meant working eleven-hour days, six days a week and, as I was only seventeen, I became very tired physically. About this time, I decided to join up as soon as I was eighteen, which I did.

I was in the Air Force for three and a half years and received 90¢ a day when I first joined up. I was stationed in Ottawa at headquarters, three different times. Other places where I was sent were Yorkton, Saskatchewan; Mountainview near Trenton, Ontario; Dunville which isn't far from Hamilton; MacDonald, Manitoba, which is close to Portage La Prairie; then back to Trenton, Ontario, which was another provincial headquarters for the Air Force at the time when I joined up. I worked as a clerk-typist in the headquarters orderly room. I had taken a typing and record keeping course in Tillsonburg - part business college, then later a two-month refresher course in the Air Force.



Therese in the Air Force.

I think there were about 18,000 women in the Air Force. The Army had more, while the Navy had less.

When I was stationed in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, I managed to go home to the farm once. I showed up in uniform at a dance in the Veillardville hall. The Bentley girl from Etomami also was in the service.

Following my discharge, I took a hair dressing course, passed first in the class and, to this day, have never worked a day at it. It was a course paid for by the Government. Although I discovered I didn't like this kind of work, I did complete my course for, when I start something, I finish it.

Back when I was doing war work, I worked and chummed with Rita MacFarlane. I met all the MacFarlane family except for one of her brothers who was at sea. I first met Al at his parents' home in Hamilton. He had just returned from five and a half years of sea time in the Navy. Al and I were married in 1947 and proceeded to have a family. We had six children -- three boys and three girls.

There were difficult and trying times through these years. I always worked between pregnancies, mainly in sales - drugstores and department stores. Then I began the film run which meant that I travelled to different drugstores picking up their customers' films; then I shipped the films by bus to the developing studios at a plant. I picked them up one day and delivered the finished prints the following day. I started out earning $25 a week and when I quit, I was making $200 a week. I built this film run from 15 stores to about 40. I had help from my boys, Tim and Bob.

While I was doing the film run I heard about these Junior B hockey tickets that people got conned into buying. They needed to be delivered so I worked that in with my film run.

Then I worked for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics for seven years. That was a part-time job as well. That paid about $100 a month. You worked your own hours; some days I only worked three hours, some days four hours. I got mileage for the car which helped pay for the film run.

Then I started to work at Dominion Foundries and Steel. I worked three eight-hour shifts. For three years I had the three jobs going. I didn't have much time to relax, working eighteen hours a day. I had a very good housekeeper during these years. Later I began to work full-time and, at this time, I have put in twenty-one years at Dominion Foundries and Steel.

I belong to the Air Force Girls Club in Hamilton and so I see many of my old wartime friends. We have celebrated our 50th Anniversary of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Financially, things got better for me. I think I was the first person in Ontario to get a personal bank loan without a co-signer -- as a separated woman with no other income. Many other banks

had turned me down but the Bank of Nova Scotia said, "We do not give loans to women but we'll try it." I got $4,500 and I paid it off in about a year and a half. I still have the letter they sent me stating I had paid the loan off ahead of time ... "Thank you very much and if you ever need money again, contact us." It was a very nice letter. Also, I still have a letter from the head of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. I had quit them about three times but they kept sending me the work because I worked a lot with foreign people and they couldn't get women to do this who enjoyed it. I knew twelve women in Hamilton who started and quit. I was the only one (that I knew) who ever got a letter from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

Living in Veillardville as a little girl, I walked three miles from the north place to school. Mae and I rode a horse in the spring when it was flooding. The water must have been up to my chin. We left the horse across the road in the barn at Mr. and Mrs. Alain's. Paul Alain would clean up the manure for me but wouldn't for Piolats which made them so mad.

My first teacher was Nellie Barteluk. She had forty plus children up to grade eight. One teacher's name was Mr. Roy, another's was Arthur Villeneuve and my last was Phillippe Le Scelleur. I remember the Christmas concerts as being really good ones. Mom used to make a lot of the costumes.

My mother made a living for herself and her children by taking in sewing, and selling cream and eggs. I remember one day Joe and I getting a good licking because we were behind the barn making mud pies in our stepfather's snuff boxes and putting real eggs in the mud pies.

My own father died seven months before I was born. My mother married Louis Strasser whom I called Dad. I knew his sons. The oldest one was Albert; he stayed with me while he got his grade thirteen. He then joined the Air Force. His flying career lasted only three or four years; then he was killed in action. Louis had another son, Michael, who was accidently killed in a stone quarry.

When Brenda, my youngest, was two years of age, I experienced difficult times. Finally, I left Al. There was a lot of hard work supporting and caring for six children. Gradually things got better. Then I was left a sum of money from an aunt of Al's and when I received it, it provided us with a real boost and I've never looked back.

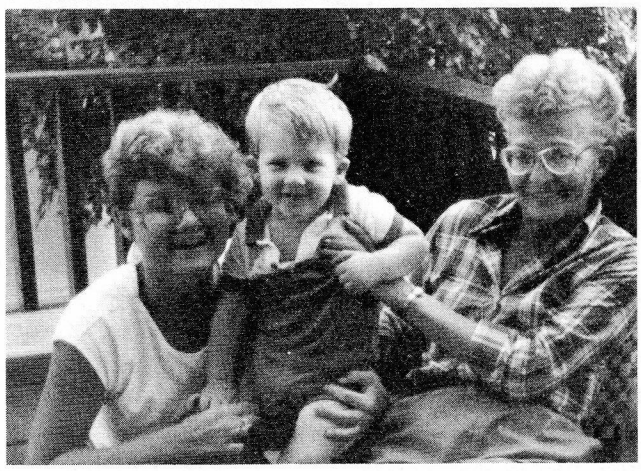


Bobby (in rack), Ross and Pam visit their cousins in the West.

Bob, my oldest child, was born on our first wedding anniversary in 1948. He stayed at home while he went to university. He got his M.A. and he now works for the Province of Ontario teaching mentally retarded adults. His wife, Diane, is a French and English teacher. They reside in Toronto, Ontario.

My second child, **Pamela**, married Tim Fell and they have two children: Michelle, born in 1968 and Maxwell, born in 1973. They are separated and Pam lives in Vancouver, B.C.

My third - a son - **Ross**, is single as is **Theresa**. **Stuart** is in sales and is not married. The youngest, **Brenda**, is twenty-two and is married to Dwaine Wright. They have a son, Kristopher, and a little girl, Sarah. They live in Vancouver as do Ross, Theresa and Stuart. Al is also in Vancouver.



Brenda and Kristopher Wright and Therese. Saskatoon, 1985.

In the coming months, I plan to quit my job and take an early retirement. For the past few years I have been working two eight-hour shifts; as well, my health has not been good since I had back surgery for a ruptured disk in '75.

Recently, I purchased a van and I hope to travel. It would be nice to see Canada in short trips and to spend the winters in the south - Florida in particular.

[Ed.'s Note: Therese is presently living in Vernon, B.C.]



Therese.

MAE (STRASSER) DALY

My parents, Louis and Rachel, were married August 13, 1927. She wore a green gown which, she used to tell me, was understood at that time that if you wore green, you were ashamed to be seen. You see, Mom was considered an outcast in Delmas, Saskatchewan, because she didn't wear the widow's weeds and remarried much too soon after her first husband, Joe Lessard, had died. He died May 1, 1924.

I was born May 15, 1928, nine months and two days after my parents' marriage. I was born in Veillardville in our log house. It burned down five years later. It was on the site of Gene and Edithe Lessard's present farm home.

I was born with a veil over my face (which meant being born with the placenta over your face). There was an old wives' tale that a baby born with this meant "there was something special about the child." My mother always said one reason she married my father was to have me! When my father found out my mother was pregnant, he didn't like the idea of being a father and couldn't accept the responsibility. He also thought the shock of her being pregnant from the beginning of their marriage would be very difficult for the French - Canadian relatives to accept. He gave her money and sent her to Tisdale to see a doctor about terminating the pregnancy. Well, she went to Tisdale and went on a shopping spree, having a good time instead - obviously that's why I'm still here.

My father left when I was about two years of age. I remember a Mr. Zulov. I've seen a picture of him holding me as a baby and somehow he figured in my very early years. He lived with us, most likely as our hired man. At that time my Uncle Julius also lived with us and his wife, Hettie, too. Uncle Julius was Dad's younger brother. He was a very fine musician and well trained. He played the accordian and also built pipe organs.

I was told about an accident I had when I was very young. When I was nine months old, my older sister Clara bathed me, then sat me on the oven door. It was hot as my mother had opened it only minutes before. She was going to bake bread and was ready to put the loaves in but because the oven was too hot, she opened the door to cool it off a bit. There I sat screaming - my sister was only eight years older than I. My mother grabbed me and the skin from my bottom was left on the oven door. Clara looked after me lots and was like a mother to me. She's always been very special to me.



Clara and Mae, 1933.

One of my earliest bedtime memories was the sound of "Grandpa" Alain and my father tapping checkers as they played into the night.

Then the "once only" time they both swore they killed a moose in our backyard, on the farm where Gene and Edithe still live. They both were so sure each had killed it that they dug until they found both bullets - in the same hole! That was the topic of many conversations for quite some time.

Alma and Henry Alain, whom I called Grandma and Grandpa, were my godparents and every May 15, I was summoned to Grandma's bedside to receive my annual handkerchief. She never forgot!

As my father had left home when I was quite young, Grandpa Alain took his place in my heart. He was always very special to me and I loved to hear him sing as he came up behind me, "Elle est frisée comme un mouton." The last time I heard this was in Saskatoon when I was about seventeen years old.

I remember we lived in Hudson Bay one winter and that spring we moved to the North Place. I'll never forget it - there was a high ridge on which we planned to build and a creek on the lower land. We were living in some granaries down below the creek. One of those days in 1934, May 1st, Mom heard all these happy screams and laughter and she couldn't understand what was going on. The creek had overflowed onto the meadow and, when she looked, she saw me flapping around in the water in my underpants. It was such a nice warm spring day! I'll never forget this. And that was the spring I celebrated my sixth birthday.

Also at that time we prepared to build a two-storey house on the high ridge about one-half mile east of the granaries we were living in. A Belgian carpenter worked for us building the new house which we lived in until 1938 when we moved down East.

Mother had a great interest in school, obviously, with having six children. When I was a preschooler, a teacher named Nellie Barteluk boarded with us. This was quite natural for Mom for when she was a child, her parents had also boarded teachers in their home in the United States.

One night during the time we boarded the teacher, Bertha Alain came to spend the night with Clara and, when they began to take off their clothes for bed, my mother noticed lice on them. Their slips were full of these little crawling creatures, so she began to look closely at the rest of their clothes: they, too, were covered. She then combed their hair with special combs and kerosene. The girls had picked up the lice at school.

Louis, my father, helped to build White Poplar School #4269 where I started grade one. I went with Therese and Joe, the only two going from our family by the time I started. We walked, as the school was only a half mile from home. I can't remember my first teacher's name but I do recall one teacher, Mildred Beaudoin, from Leask who was a very nice lady. I also had a man who was said to be a teacher but later it was learned that he was not. Then there was Mr. Phillippe Le Scelleur who was marvelous and was a real teacher. He was the one I remember the best. He taught me until we left in 1938.

In the early part of '37 Clara and Louis planned their marriage. Preparations for the wedding seemed to take weeks. At the time we had a hired man, Anton Buey. He built book shelves which divided the living room. The shelving unit had glass doors and fancy posts. When he finished building it, Anton stained it. The rest of us worked hard at getting the house ready - painting and cleaning. We also made lots and lots of jellied salads for the wedding supper.

Now, while everyone was at the church, Anton stayed home. When we arrived back at the farm, we found Anton had drunk all the turpentine and picked off a lot of the beads on the wedding cake. The cake was a beautiful three-layered square with a little fence around each layer. Where each fence came together, there were silver beads and these were the beads which Anton ate.

We left Veillardville in April 1938. I was going to be ten in May. We went down to Wynyard and visited a couple of guys who had worked for us for two winters earlier. They were brothers and they lived near Wynyard. We also had a hired girl working for us. Eventually, she took a hair dressing course and we met her again, later, in Tillsonburg. In those days the Government would give those people $5 a month to work as domestic hired help. If they stayed until April or May the people keeping them would receive $5 a month. It was a way of putting young people to work and the Government would subsidize them. My mother took the $5 she received and gave it to the girl. That was how Marguerite, our housekeeper, paid for her hair dressing course. She had come from near Leask.

On our way down East, in the spring of 1938,

we took an extended trip through Minnesota to meet all the relatives. That was the first time I'd ever seen a nun. We met Aunt Annie Lessard, an aunt of Clara's, Gene's and the rest.

Finally, we arrived in Tillsonburg. It was here that my sister, Therese, and I went to school in the basement of St. Mary's Church. The following year, Therese went to the Tillsonburg High School which was a public high school. I continued at the Separate School. I was promoted and a year later I was in grade nine and Therese was in grade ten. By then my brothers, Joe and Martin, had already quit school and were working. Mom was working in a tobacco factory in Tillsonburg; Therese and I were babysitting.

We began our music lessons when we lived with Miss Thompson. She was crippled with some disease - I think it was Polio. She had asked us to come, stay overnight, make her breakfast in the morning, and bring it up on a tray. For this we received free piano lessons. Somehow, through the help of our parish priest, Father Joe O'Neil, we got a piano. We were able to practise and that is how our music lessons started.

By this time Gene, our older brother, had already left to go back out West. On the way, he hopped a freight train and broke his leg somewhere in northern Ontario. He went back to his old haunts in Veillardville - to be close to Edithe, I guess.

The year I began grade ten, Therese quit school and moved to Hamilton. I was in grade ten until Christmas; then I moved to Hamilton where my mother had rented a place. By this time Joe, Martin and Therese were all working in the city. Joe said to my mother, "I would like Mae to take singing lessons," so he gave her $20 and this paid for my first ten lessons at $2 a lesson, and that is how I began to study singing. Joe thought I had a talent because in Tillsonburg I yodelled and sang cowboy songs with my good friend, Francis Gignac. Also, my Science teacher, who had some interest in music and had travelled around the world, said that she could hear something in my voice, something which told her that I had a talent for singing and she said I should study singing. Later, I studied at the Hamilton Conservatory. I took piano lessons at the convent close by from a nun.

Sometime along the next year or so my brother, Martin, married Floris Tarvis.

I went to Cathedral High in Hamilton for the rest of grade ten and grade eleven. At the end of my grade eleven, my mother was disillusioned with Hamilton so she moved to Toronto. By this time our country was at war and Therese had joined up. Martin and Joe had either joined up or been called. They ended up in the Navy, Therese in the Air Force. My mother rented a two-room apartment right near the centre of Toronto, half a block off Bloor and Yonge Streets. I rode my bicycle all along Highway #2 beside the lake to get from Hamilton to Toronto. I started grade twelve at St. Joseph's High School. I was there one year, first as a day scholar, then I boarded at the convent until the end of June. When school finished, I went out west to Hudson Bay.

My mother moved out West because her brother, Albert, was not well. He was running a shoe store and a shoe repair business in Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan. He had asked her to come to help look after the store so she went out at Christmas time. His son, Freddy, was a baby at the time.

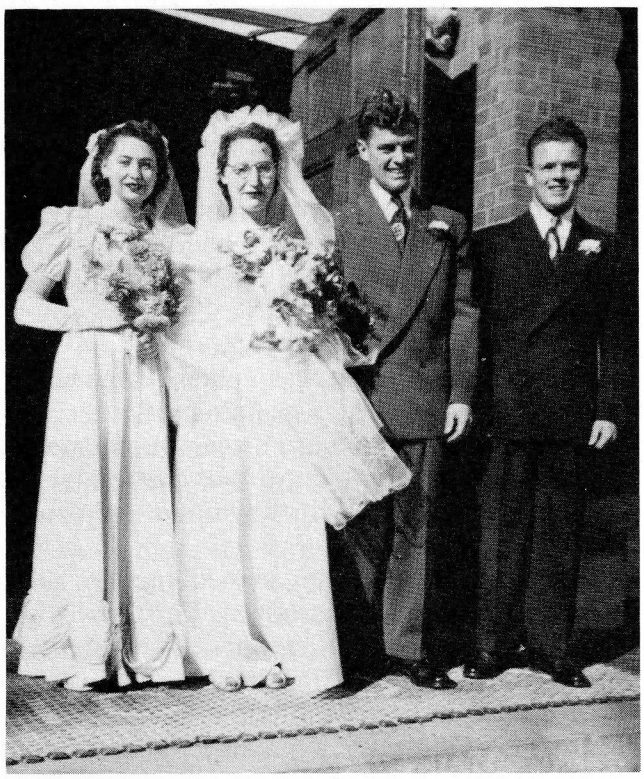
I was sixteen the summer I helped in my uncle's store in Hudson Bay. Naturally, I wanted to look nice but my hair was a mess. It was all frizzy and curly and looked like Uncle Fred's hair had looked when he came back from the lumber camps (Uncle Fred was Mother's brother). My hair needed to be styled so my mother took me to the hair dresser. How well I remember that day my hair was cut and shaped for it was the day of the elections in 1944 when the C.C.F. got into power in Saskatchewan.

Somehow during the war Therese came home on leave and we ended up spending the latter part of the summer at our cousin's near Duck Lake at Domremy, at Uncle Vida's. We spent a lot of time out in the fields with Raymond and Emile Bernier.

That fall, my mother signed me up as a boarder at Sion in Saskatoon to finish my high school. Quite a bit of the work that year was repetitious for me but I did take some new work - grade eleven and twelve German and I started grade twelve Geometry. I remained a boarder till Easter when I discovered that my mother had moved to Saskatoon and was living with her sister and husband, Lucy and Fred Lessard. So I left as a boarder at Sion and completed the year as a day scholar. From there I went to Teacher's College, known then as Normal School. In the summer of '44 I learned I had won a silver medal in grade ten for singing. I had received the highest mark in the province, something I had not expected! I finished summer school and signed a contract to teach at Duck Lake. But my mother thought I

was a little too young at seventeen to be going off on my own to teach so she made me break my contract and enrolled me at the University of Saskatchewan. That's how I ended up at university just when the war ended in 1945. It was there that I met Bernard, my future husband. Instead of continuing with my third year, I went to North Battleford and taught grade two at the Convent. The following year I moved back to Saskatoon, took a summer course in Drama, and returned to university that fall.

During the Thanksgiving weekend, on October 9, 1948, I became the wife of Bernard Daly. My mother, having totally disowned me, moved out and went to Hudson Bay. Shortly after, Clara arrived bringing the wedding cake which she had made. Mom was with her and they were both all excited about the wedding. We had a beautiful wedding.



Mae and Bernard's Wedding.

At first we lived in a wartime house, the same one Mom and I had lived in, only now Bernie and I lived in one side with my mother in the other side. During that winter we moved to a basement apartment close to the university. The following spring we moved back to Avenue J and lived in a very small house. By this time, Bernie was working nights for the Star Phoenix and I was pregnant. In 1949, I got my Bachelor of Arts, my ARCT teaching and I became a mother on August 28 - all in one summer!

The following summer we moved to 25th Street and lived in a two-storey house; the second storey was rented to two men. The house belonged to Bob Pravda's aunt. When she and her husband returned, we moved upstairs as the two renters had left. In the spring we moved to Avenue F.

That fall Bernie was offered a job to run the North Battleford newspaper. So we moved again but, as places were hard to get in North Battleford, we ended up living with his parents. It was during this time that I lost a baby.

Our next major move took us back to Saskatoon where we bought a house with the help of St. Mary's Credit Union. A nice home, it was located on Avenue P and we even had a garden there.

Over the next few years Mary Anne and Michael were born. Through these years we had four babysitters, three of which became nuns. We were busy, both of us. Bernie was working at the Star Phoenix and I was directing and singing in church choirs at St. Mary's and at the Newman Club on Campus.

One day in 1957 Bishop Klein called on us. He said he had been asked by the former bishop of Saskatoon (Bishop Pocock who was then Archbishop of Winnipeg) to invite Bernie to accept the duties of press person for the Canadian Conference of Catholic Bishops (CCCB). We sold our house to a hockey star, Gerry Couture, who wanted it for his mother, and in the spring of 1958 we moved to Ottawa. Bernie, who had gone ahead to make arrangements for us, had the misfortune of having a ruptured appendix. We ended up spending Easter week at his cousin's home. There we were, with their three children, a husband recuperating from peritonitis and our five small children on a cold, muddy Easter week. Finally our furniture arrived and we moved into a triplex house in the east end of Ottawa. This was only a temporary move; that summer we had a house built.

We had been introduced to Christian Family Movement by Grant and Vivian Maxwell in Saskatoon. Now, in Ottawa, we became active in a local group. Later we replaced the Maxwells on the programme writing committee for C.F.M. We served as chair couple for several years and later were the Canadian representative couple in International C.F.M., which resulted in quite a

bit of travel.

From 1969, I became interested in a very special Music Education philosophy and in 1972 founded the Kodaly Institute of Canada. I was its Executive Director for ten years. Later, I changed my direction and put my energy into a music school in Ottawa.

Over the years Bernie has been involved in a number of jobs - always with the Church. Shortly after our move to Ottawa, the upcoming Vatican Council II was announced. The Canadian Bishops asked Bernie if he would cover the council as a newspaper person. So, over the next few years, he travelled to Rome to attend all four sessions, a total of one year in all. I was fortunate to go in the third year as a pilgrim for three weeks. I met, among other people, the first woman observer at the Vatican Council, Mlle. Vinet.

Once the council was over, Bernie returned home to Ottawa and to studies for his Master's degree in Sociology. He became the director of the newly established Family Life Bureau. Then he was again approached by the Canadian Bishops, this time to ask if he would become a member of a six-man advisory team. Bernie accepted. Three of the team were English and three were French while their educational backgrounds were of varied disciplines (i.e. sociology, theology, among others). The team was responsible for preparing statements and, at times, criticizing the Government's position on issues like birth control, abortion and immigration policies.

Since then, Bernie took an active part in Pope John Paul II's visit to Canada as the Assistant Co-ordinator, a task that took a year and a half. Here we shall let Bernie share with you:

"A few words here cannot add anything to the September days of Pope John Paul II's visit which so gripped the lives of Canadians. I had been scheduled to spend the visit at a co-ordination centre in Ottawa but, two days into the tour, was called to duties in the party travelling with the Pope. The work to be done was at the back of the plane, on the bus in the motorcade, and behind the papal altars from St. John's to Ottawa - never very close to the papal stateroom or the various red carpets but still part of that great adventure. A lot of the work had to do with seeing to it that translations of the Pope's talks got through on time to media centres, the host broadcaster, the simultaneous translators, the host diocese, and the special service for people with hearing impairments. This afforded a privileged opportunity to work with and get to know a number of the Pope's personal staff, who put in extremely long, hard hours. And there was a never-to-be-repeated close-up view of some two million Canadians in festive excitement, in rain, fog, wind, and under a brilliant sun. One lasting memory is of how gently they touched, Pope and people, as they reached out to each other. Whereas in the planning stage there had been much pushing, shoving, grasping and striving for more time and space, during the actual visit this side of us seemed to yield to generosity and, above all, gentleness. There was crowd control, but also the crowds themselves were controlled, considerate, convivial; and they and Pope John Paul II exchanged thousands of tender touches."

"Of course, there was no chance to get to know him personally, but one couldn't work and live in that setting without gaining some impressions of him as a person. First among these is of his controlled, disciplined sense of presence. When he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, so undistracted was his prayerfulness that crowded cathedrals echoing with handclapping and bustling fell absolutely silent, as if a power cord had been unplugged. A sick or elderly person felt he saw only them when they chatted. It must only be by being so attentive to what he is doing at the time, be it his work, prayer, rest or meals, that he is able to maintain such a pace."

"As part of all the arrangements, the Canadian Bishops chartered the plane to carry the Pope, his party and some international journalists back to Rome. There was room for a few others to have the honour of going along, among them the two of us."



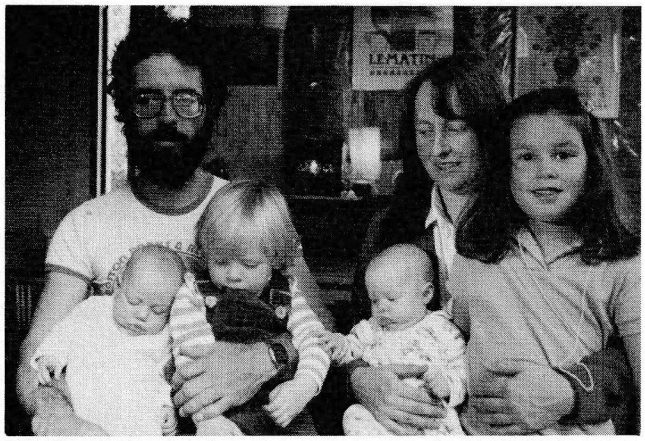
Mae and Bernard, 1985.

Following the Papal visit Bernie took on new responsibilities, that of CCCB assistant general secretary (English sector). This is quite an honour as it is the first time a lay person has been given the opportunity to serve in this capacity. As well, Bernie presently serves on the Board of Directors of St. Thomas More College in Saskatoon which requires that he attend a yearly board meeting. He still has six months sabbatical coming and, in the not-so-distant future, the possibility of retirement.

We presently reside at Wilson's Corners, Quebec, and have recently renovated our little home more than doubling the original floor space. We travelled to Grenada, Saskatoon and other points West in 1985. We each enjoy good health amid the "ordinary and extraordinary" events with family, friends, and colleagues whether it be at home, work or simply while relaxing.

Our family has grown. They are:

Tom and Robin who live in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia with their children: Jesse, Brennan and twins, Elynyd and Kieran, born July 2, 1986.



Tom holding Elynd and Brennan Robin holding Kieran and Jesse.

Pat with her husband, Giorgio Grappolini, and children: John, Michelle, Luisa and Julia live in Sherwood Park, Alberta, where Giorgio is employed in the oil industry.

Mary Anne and Joe Burke live in Ottawa, Ontario, with their three children: Thomasina, Hannah and Moira.

Michael married Lisa Slinkard and they are living in California. He has a son, Patrick.

Teresa is a member of Canada's Armed Forces and lives in Trenton, Ontario, with daughter, Tiana.

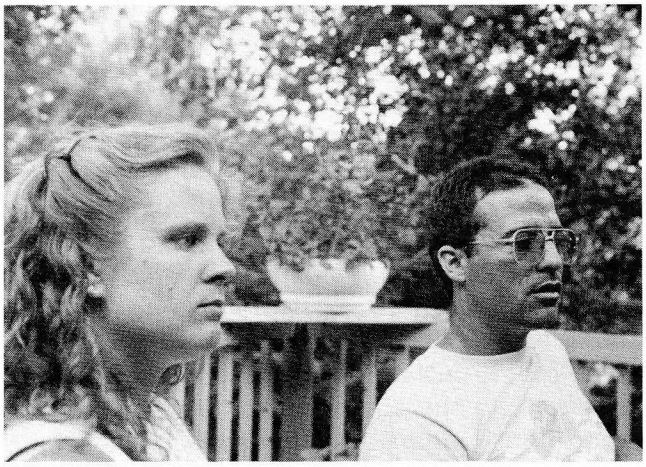
Timothy is employed out West.



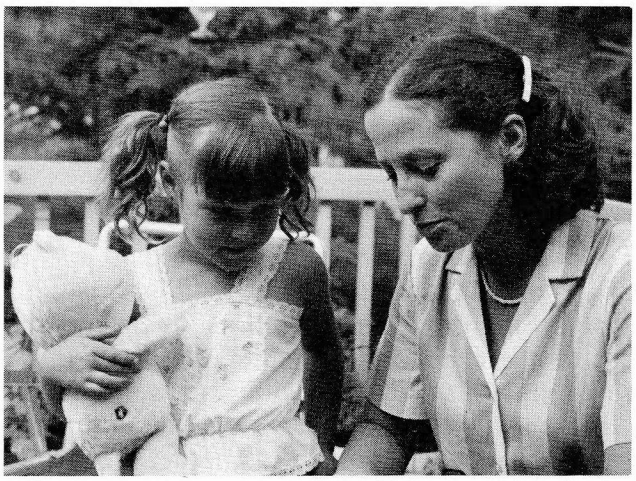
Back L.R.: Giorgio, Michelle, **Pat**, John. Front: Luisa and Julia.



Mary Anne, Joe holding Moira, Thomasina and Hannah.



Michael and Lisa.



Tiana and **Teresa.**



Tim

In 1974, Rachel Strasser received a plaque from the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool on behalf of her first husband, Joe Lessard, who was an original member in 1924. The plaque was given to members. 1924 - 1974 (50 years).

RECIPES

Alma Alain often made "Les Tourtieres." The following recipe was submitted by her daughter, Edithe Lessard.

Les Tourtieres (Pork Meat Pies)

Take a raw pork shoulder and trim off excess fat. Slice into thin slices about 1/4 inch thick. Then cube these slices.

To the above mixture, add the following to taste:
onions
salt and pepper
cloves or all-spice

Barely cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Simmer 45 minutes or until mixture thickens. Set aside to cool while preparing pastry as follows:

Pastry

2 cups flour (remove 1 1/2 tbsp. of the flour)
5 tbsp. lard
5 tbsp. butter
5 tbsp. ice water
1/4 tsp. salt
Add salt to flour.

Cut lard and butter into dry ingredients.

Add water and mix as for pastry.

Prepare bottom crust, then pour in the meat filling. Place the top crust over and bake at 350° F. till pastry is brown.

* * * *

Les Tourtieres were served in French homes during the Christmas season.

In the Alain home, Alma served pork pies both at Christmas and at New Year's. She served them hot -- alone or with gravy.

* * * *

Cream of Tomato Soup

2 cups tomatoes
1 tsp. sugar
1/4 tsp. baking soda
3 tbsp. butter
3 cups milk
seasoning

Cook tomatoes and sugar for a few minutes. Mash tomatoes and add soda to neutralize acid in tomatoes. Add tomatoes slowly to milk, butter and seasoning. Have tomatoes and milk at same temperature or soup may curdle. Serve immediately.

Rachel Strasser was known for her tomato soup.

Additional

SIMEON BERNIER

This story was written with the assistance of Eva (Lessard) Prince, a granddaughter of Siméon and Célinère. As well, further information was gleaned from the books, The Oklee Community Story and A History of Red Lake County.

Siméon Bernier and his wife Célinère are listed in the 1910 Census of Lambert County, U.S.A., having come from Canada. They spoke French but could neither read nor write. They took out a homestead on the S.W. portion of Section 8, Township 150 west of Range 41 in Lambert County, Minnesota, U.S.A.

Siméon and Célinère belonged to the Roman Catholic Faith and, just as their culture was an inherent part of their lifestyle, so too were their religious practices of prayers in the home and Sunday attendance at Mass. They would have attended Mass during their first years in Lambert at the St. Francis Xavier Mission Chapel which had been erected under the leadership of the first missionary priest, the Reverend Father Pierre B. Champagne. A larger church was built under the direction of the area's first resident pastor, Father L. Guillaume (1890 - 1892). However, this new building was completely demolished by a windstorm so, of necessity, church services were again held in the small mission chapel. In 1896, Father Armchambault was appointed pastor of St. Xavier's and the present church was built in 1899. Later, about the time when two of their daughters, Lucy and Rachel, moved to Saskatchewan, the parish at Lambert was divided into two sections: the east half became the new parish of Oklee while the west half formed the parish at Brooks. This division may be the reason why years later Oklee was listed on baptismal certificates as the parish rather than Lambert.

Siméon donated one-half acre of land on which the school was built. Located on the N.W. portion of their land, it was only a short walk for their youngsters. All of Siméon's children attended this school and often referred to it as the Bernier School.

There was a river which ran through Lambert Township and crossed Siméon's land. It was in this river bed that one of his boys, Albert, cut his foot on a rusty wire. Infection set in and the doctor was called. Surgery was needed. In those days they had to make do with what they had. So the young boy, not yet school age, was operated on on the kitchen table in his home. With only whiskey as a pain killer, the foot was amputated below the knee. The long healing process began. Afterwards, the physician returned periodically to check on his young patient. However, Albert was naturally filled with much fear and so he would run and hide whenever the doctor came by. But each time, the doctor noticed the leg was healing nicely. Later, Albert fashioned himself a wooden limb and adapted well.

One day Siméon purchased a violin for his crippled lad. Within a matter of a few hours, Albert had mastered a couple of tunes. The fiddle became a special part of Albert's life and he shared his gift of music with all. Years later it was said that Albert played like Don Messer, a renowned Canadian fiddler.

Besides farming the land, Siméon had several cows. Prairie grass grew well and hay was plentiful so there was no problem with their winter feed. *The Oklee Community Story* reprinted an article from a 1902 Gazette which reads that various farmers, among them "...Siméon Bernier and others have averaged about $35.00 a month from the sale of their milk during the factory season." The milk was used to make cheese.

His daughter, Rachel, only months before her death in 1985, related the following about her father, Siméon: he was a farmer and a contractor. He raised cattle and grain which he took into northern Minnesota and traded for lumber which he then sold to others.

Siméon had a sharp mind and an eye for business. Also, he was a hard worker and was not afraid to undertake new tasks.

These are Siméon and Célinère's children:

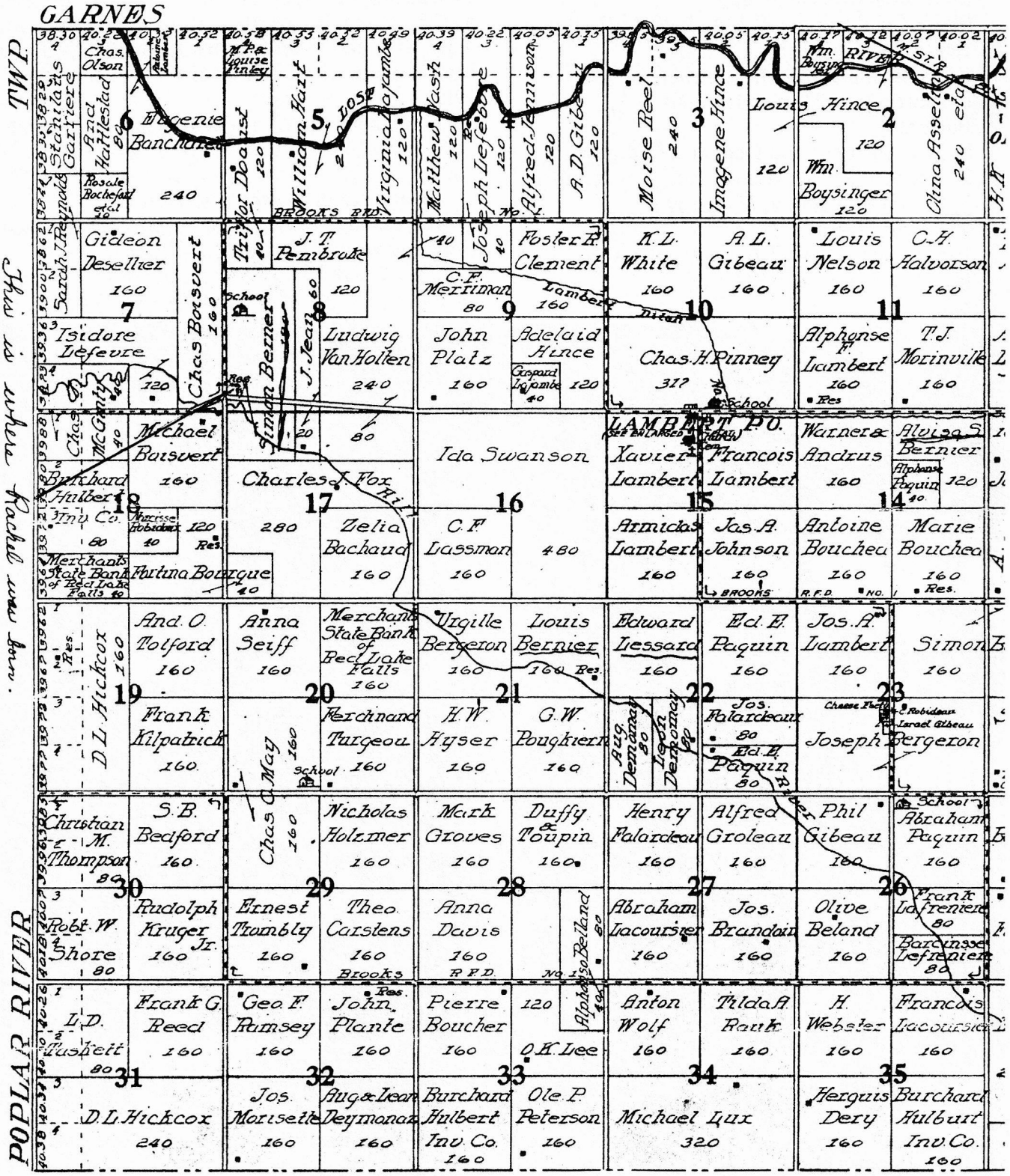
1. Clara married Tom Toulouse. She remained in the States. Her children are:

Thomas, Frank, Albert (deceased), Rachel.

2. Alvida married Antoinette Lefèvre. They came to St. Brieux, Saskatchewan.

LAMBERT TOWNSHIP

Lambert Township Map taken from *The Oklee Community Story*.



Their children are:

Délima married Albert Dupuis
Noé married Cecile Dupuis
Onézime married Alice Baribeau
Isidore married Simone Dupuis
Napoleon married Therese Baribeau
Raymond married Yvonne Desjardin
Emile married Jeanne Roy
Marie Célinie *Agna* b. March 29, 1921, married James Davidson
Antonia Marie Josephe (*Antoinette*) b. March 31, 1923, married Felix Baribeau

* All of the boys and Delima are deceased.

3. Lucias married Alfred Lessard September 1905 in Lambert County, Minnesota.

Their children are:
Eva b. August 24, 1906 in Minnesota
m. Charles Prince in 1925;
Lawrence b. July 7, 1915 in Minnesota
m. Reine Lavoie in 1940
Lucille b. July 8, 1918 in Saskatchewan
m. Rémi Arcand of Chilliwack, B.C.
Emma b. May 17, 1920 in Saskatchewan
m. Phillippe Gagné of Noranda, Quebec

4. Délia married Napoléon Poulin. They went to Washington. They had twins. The girl survived and is living in North Yakima, Washington. Then they had twins a second time. They, along with their mother, Délia, died from the 'flu in 1918.

5. Léah married Antoine Boucher. Their children are:

Bert
Eleanor m. a Czechoslovakian

Raymond became a religious brother. He died the same year as his mother.



Simeon Bernier's Family, about 1905. Standing L.R.: Lucy, Louis, Delia, Fred. Front: Alvida, Simeon, Albert, Leah, Rachel, Celinere and Clara.

6. Rachel married Joseph Lessard April 14, 1914 in Red Lake Falls, Minnesota. Their children are:

George
Gene Alfred
Joseph Noé Napoléon
Clara Edith
Martin Alphonse
Joseph
Marie Jeanne Thérèse

[For further information, see his/her individual story.]

7. Albert married Florence Primrose on March 30, 1937. Albert died June 5, 1956. They had one son, Fred, born December 27, 1937. Fred is living in Macdowall, Saskatchewan.

Fred m. Jeannette Parenteau April 15, 1961 in Lynn Lake, Manitoba. Their children are: Daryl b. July 19, 1962. He was deceased at the age of 21 on February 4, 1984. Michelle is still living at home.

8. Louis married Parmélia Lessard. Louis died at a young age. He developed a kidney stone. Seventeen days later, he was dead. They had operated to remove the stone from his kidney. His father, Siméon Bernier, visited him often during his last days. Parmélia gave birth to a little girl, Emma, shortly after Louis' death. Emma Knotts resides in Yuma, Arizona.

Parmélia later married Butcher (pronounced Boucher).

9. Fred

Célinère died in her sixties at her daughter, Léah Boucher's.

LESSARD GENEALOGY

NOTE: b. denotes birth or baptism,
m. denotes marriage,
d. denotes death.

1. Etienne de Lessart & Marguerite Sevestre
   m. April 8, 1652, Nôtre Dame de Québec.
2. Etienne Lessard & Marie Poulin
   m. April 17, 1679, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
3. Jean Lessard & M.-Anne Lacroix
   m. May 22, 1730, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
4. Jean-Ferreol Lessard & M. Anne Guimond
   m. May 22, 1757, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
   & M. Anne Lessard
   m. October 16, 1777, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
5. Joseph Lessard & M.-Ursule Boyer
   m. February 4, 1788, Ste. Anne de Beaupré.
6. Jean-Marie Lessard & Josephte Lambert
   m. November 23, 1812, Louisville (Maskinongé).
7. Jean-Baptiste Lessard & Mathilde Trépanier
   m. September 6, 1847, Ste.-Ursule (Maskinongé).
8. Edouard Lessard & Euphémie Paquin
   m. November 4, 1873, Ste.-Ursule
   & M.-Valérie Allard
   m. May 15, 1882, St. Alexis-des-Monts.

   Children:
   Alfred
   Alzema
   Parmélia
   Charlie
   Joseph Déridé
   Philias
   Marie Louise
   Aldea
   Annie (Sister Valeria)
   Frank
   Albert

9. Joseph Déridé Lessard b. November 9, 1891;
   d. May 1, 1924, North Battleford, Saskatchewan.
   Rachel Bernier m. April 14, 1914, St. Joseph's Church, Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, U.S.A.

   Children:
   George b. March 8, 1915;
   d. May 17, 1924, North Battleford, Saskatchewan.
   Gene Alfred b. December 17, 1916
   m. Edithe Alain October 25, 1945

      Children:
      Wayne b. August 23, 1946
      Carol b. May 25, 1951
      Lee b. November 5, 1955
      Blair b. March 2, 1958

   Joseph Noé Napoléon b. April 26, 1918, Delmas, Saskatchewan; deceased.
   Clara Edith b. November 24, 1919, Meota, Saskatchewan.
   m. Louis Alain April 12, 1937, Hudson Bay, Saskatchewan.

      Children:
      Marlyne b. August 21, 1938
      Maxine b. August 28, 1939
      Marcella b. April 5, 1944
      Bruce b. November 12, 1946
      Bernadette b. June 5, 1948

Rachelle b. August 11, 1951
Michelle b. April 19, 1956
Joseph (Joe) b. February 5, 1959

Martin Alphonse b. August 25, 1921
m. Floris Tarvis July 17, 1942;
d. March 28, 1973

Children:
Luanne b. March 13, 1943
Susan b. October 5, 1944

m. Alice Michie November 22, 1973
Joseph (Joe) Roland b. February 12, 1923, Meota, Saskatchewan.
m. Helen Tapper June 26, 1947.

Children:
Paul b. November 3, 1949
Darlene b. June 30, 1953
Susan b. January 15, 1956
Carolanne b. December 16, 1959
Paulette b. October 31, 1960

Marie Jeanne Thérèse b. November 16, 1924, Delmas, Saskatchewan.
m. Al MacFarlane October 11, 1947

Children:
Bob b. October 11, 1948
Pamela b. November 22, 1949
Ross b. May 20, 1954
Theresa b. August 20, 1956
Stuart b. July 9, 1959
Brenda b. September 7, 1963

Rachel (Bernier) Lessard m. Louis Strasser August 13, 1927, St. Vital, Battleford, Saskatchewan.

Children:
Mae b. May 15, 1928
m. Bernard Daly October 9, 1948

Children:
Thomas b. August 28, 1949
Patricia b. September 22, 1950
Mary Anne b. November 6, 1952
Michael b. December 17, 1953
Teresa b. February 24, 1956
Timothy b. December 30, 1960

STRASSER FAMILY

Submitted by Edna Norton
Franz Xavier Strasser
Born: April 12, 1865 at Domelstadel, Bavaria, Germany
Died: August 14, 1942 at Buffalo, New York, USA
Interred: Morris Cemetery, Fort Providence, PA
His wife: Theresa Strasser (Seil)
Born: October 6, 1864 at Munekuhen, Austria (one document listed Sharding, Austria)
Died: July 16, 1939 at Phoenixville, PA
Interred: Morris Cemetery, Fort Providence, PA

CHILDREN

1. Charles Strasser
   Born: Hausham, Bavaria, Germany
   Lived in LaCrosce, Wisconsin, in later years.
2. Louis Strasser
   Born: ? Married Rachel Lessard
   Children - Mae Strasser
3. Julius Strasser
   Born: May 3, 1895, Germany or Austria?
   Hette
   (No children)
4. Theresa Strasser Funseth
   Born: July 3, 1896
   Sharding, Austria (not sure of town)
   Died: May 10, 1965
   Carl A. Funseth
   Born: July 28, 1892?
   Roseau, Minnesota
   Children - Edna Funseth Norton
   Born: January 19, 1918
   Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
   - Leonora Funseth Baker
   Born: February 1, 1920
   Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
5. Adolph Strasser (Ed)
   Born: May 9, 1905 Hausham, Germany
   Died: May 21, 1962
   Emma L. Hoffman
   Children - Bernard & Shirley (I believe Emma's and adopted by Ed)
   - Harold Strasser
6. Frederick Strasser
   Born: July 16, 1907
   Hausham, Germany
   Died: August 17, 1961
   Martha M. Bare
   Born:?
   Lives in Phoenixville, PA
   (No children)
7. Annie Strasser Bernsdorf
   Born: May 8, 1909
   Hausham, Germany
   Oscar Bernsdorf

Part V - Veillardville

Submitted by Maxine (Alain) Prentice

On each trip to Veillardville, as we travel along Highway #3, I am struck by the distinct wilderness of the area. A sense of struggle and feelings of isolation are prevalent. Yet this parkland region of our province holds a curious attraction.

The poplar and birch growths are interspersed with spruce and jackpine. Swamps and wandering creeks are part of the natural terrain. Each year more of the area is opened up; the clearing is made easier now with bigger and more sophisticated equipment.

A look across the country reveals the flatness of the land with its rich black soil. Precipitation levels are high with the annual rainfall averaging sixteen to eighteen inches and the snowfall of fifty inches. This abundance of moisture, coupled with late springs and early frosts, results in the farmers' annual battle each harvest.

As growth is extremely heavy, long warm days are needed each fall to ripen and dry the grain. However, such days belong to summer and have long since fled the country. So the struggle often ends in a compromise. The crops are harvested; the tough, damp grain stored briefly till grain dryers can complete that which was left unfinished by nature. Harvest is over for another year but not without its toll on the farmer. And his work is not yet done for the heavy growth each year results in an abundance of straw which must be dealt with. A large percentage of the flax straw is either gathered into piles or left in rows and burnt while barley, oats and wheat straw is baled for feed and bedding. It is these conditions which lend to mixed farming.

Harvest in the fall of 1985 lasted a full two months. Growth was so heavy that many reported their winter wheat to be five to six feet high. Heavy winds lodged and twisted the crops making harvesting operations even more difficult than usual. The winter which preceded this crop showed a record snowfall of seventy-two inches.

It was to this area of Veillardville that our pioneering forefathers, Alain and Lessard, arrived in the year 1928.

With the coming of the Canadian Northern Railway in 1903 the settlers had a better means of transportation. Various blocks of land were soon opened up for development; one of these was the White Poplar Settlement. From *Valley Echoes* we learn the following facts: this block of land was taken out of the Pasquia Forest Reserve and first proposed for homesteads in 1908. It would be 1926 before the remaining quarters of Township 45 would be available. The new settlement was named after the White Poplar Sawmill Company. While the lumbering concerns drew the people in the earlier years, the homesteads now attracted settlers with a desire to develop and farm the land. *Valley Echoes* lists the homesteaders from 1909 through to 1940. The first settlers to apply for homestead patents were John Carlson in 1909 and Napoléon Blanchette in 1910. No one applied in 1911. However, over twenty others applied from 1912 through to 1920. Some of the more familiar names were Clarence A. Smith and son, Clarence C.; Louis Laplante; Geo. Elder; Wm. Charles Quinn; Wm. Thrussell; William Jaszan; Paul Gagnon; Herbert Walton; Robert Davidson; and Joseph Sprackman. Also among them was Louis Veillard.

Louis had lumbered some years before at Greenbush, then returned to his native country, France, where he served with distinction in the First World War. Shortly after, in 1917, he returned to the area with his wife, Angélè. We are provided with a glimpse of life during these early years through her eyes. She writes in Mes Souvenirs:

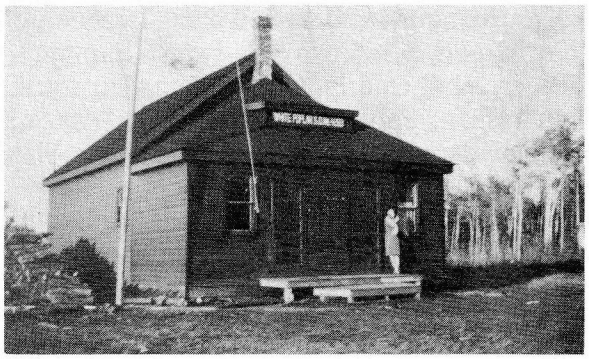
"So, in April, 1917, we had reached home -- which would later be called Veillardville! We got up early and got to bed late .... an area was cleared of its trees for the construction. Plus, four acres of land were cleared, by axe, of course; a small patch of potatoes, a garden and the rest in oats were seeded."

"In the meantime, with the money saved from the sale of wood, four cows and four calves, a bull, a saddle horse, a pig and some chickens were obtained. We were farmers! But, there was

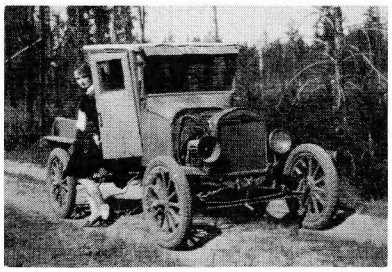
no road to transport the cream to a dairy; there was a river and creek to cross five times ... without a bridge! An arrangement was made with the section foreman from Hudson Bay who delivered our cream to the station and brought back the empty can. Another arrangement was made with the 'fire ranger' (who travelled by jigger on the train tracks) to bring us our mail which he left in a box nailed to a tree close to the tracks. A small flag told him when he should pick up our letters to post. For the essential trips to Hudson Bay we had the saddle pony which swam across the river and creek."

Later in her writings Angélè relates, "Our first harvest of oats was cut with the scythe. I tied it in sheaves like we did in France."

Once settled, the early pioneers began to consider the need of an education for their youngsters. *Valley Echoes* tells us that a meeting was held in the summer of 1919, the purpose of which was to form a School District. Two and a half years later, the school opened. Located on the S.W. ¼ Sec. 10-45-4 W2, it was called the White Poplar School District #4269 - a number still remembered by many of the students that attended there. Many teachers came and left during the years of 1922 through to 1960, when the school was closed.



White Poplar School, October 1929.



Nellie Barteluk beside Henri Alain's Model T on the road to Hudson Bay in the early 1930s.

One of the early teachers was Nellie (Barteluk) Lozinski. She recalls:

"It was the year of 1929 when I boarded a train that took me to Veillardville where I had secured a teaching position. It was Depression time - the time when there were one hundred applicants for each job. I felt fortunate that Mr. H.W. Harrison, Inspector of Schools, and Rev. Fr. Rivard had recommended me."

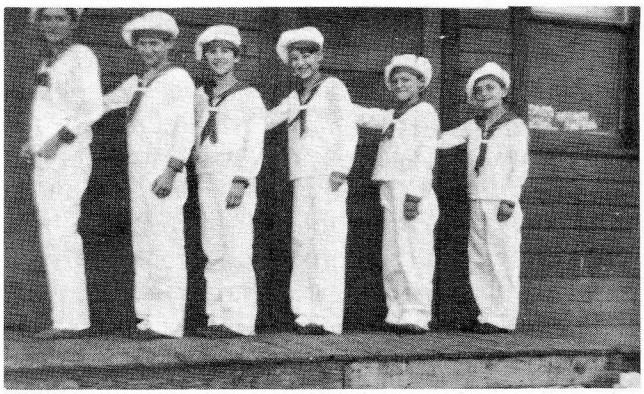
"As I held my teaching certificate in my hand I felt that at last I had a job for which I was trained."

"Then came the disappointment. My first glimpse of the school showed a drab dark green building set in a yard of low bushes and trees."

"But my spirits rose the following morning when I viewed some forty eager faces gazing at me with such love and trust."

"As days, weeks, months and years went by, the children showed that they were eager to learn and that they were supportive of me in my efforts to teach them."

"Due to lack of money we had little in the form of play equipment but the children found ways to amuse themselves during play periods. Their inventive minds devised means of competitive play."

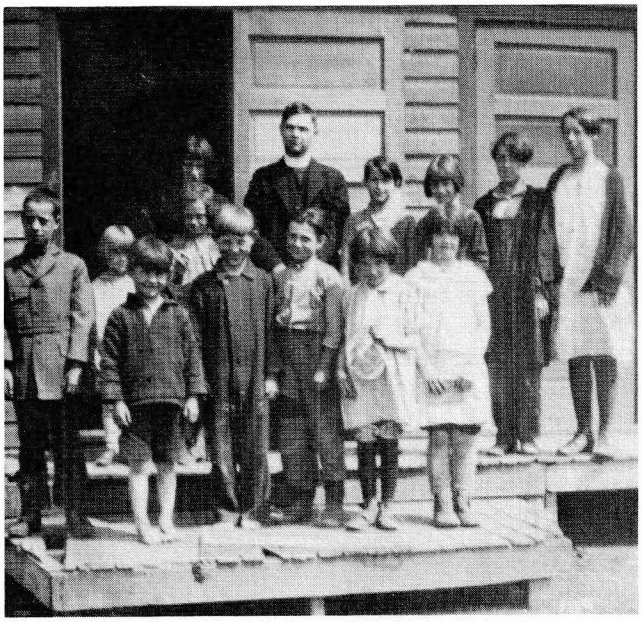


Sailor Song, Christmas Concert, 1930.

L.R.: Edithe Alain, Edith Quinn, Berthe Alain, Clara Lessard, Yvonne Veillard.

"Then there was the yearly Christmas concert. The weeks of preparation and nervousness preceding this event was all worthwhile when the children saw how proud their parents were. Santa never failed to turn up on those occasions. He always remembered even the smallest tot when he handed out bags of goodies."

"There were also fun times for all both young and old when the walls of the old school rang out with the music of the fiddle and piano. The dancing feet did not stop until the wee hours of Saturday morning."



Back row L.R.: Edithe Alain, Father Rivard, Berthe Alain, Clara Lessard, Josephine Levesque, Eva Levesque. Middle: , . Front: Joe Levesque, , Martin Lessard, Joe Lessard, Alma Levesque, Irene Gagnon. May 1930.

"A quiet time for reflection came each day at 3:30 PM when pupils remained after hours to study Christian Ethics (Catechism) under my instruction. Once a month Rev. Fr. Rivard came to take part in this class."

"Those were years when we lacked money and modern conveniences but we did not lack friendship and understanding."

"One day Mrs. Quinn received a box of used clothing from some kind organization in Ontario. She shared the clothing with the pupils of the district. She even let me pick out a dress."



Grades VIII and IX, October 1929. Back row L.R.: Llewellyn Smith, Clarence Smith, Tom Sprackman, Rolland Alain, Cassie Bozak. Front: Stella Quinn, , Rose Barteluk, Marie Paule Alain, Helen Veillard.

"It isn't always easy - this thing we call life. Plans don't always work out the way we want them to and misfortunes sometimes cloud and even change our horizon. So after almost four years as teacher in the White Poplar School the school board informed me that they no longer could pay me my salary and had to let me go. With their promissory notes stating that they would pay me later, I bid the pupils that I had learned to love a farewell, closed the door and left for other fields."

Then Mrs. Lozinski paid her former pupils a tribute as she recalls, "In my fifty years as teacher, as I view in memory all the faces along the way, I hold fond memories of the time I spent with the pupils of White Poplar School."

The settlers did not have a post office in the early years so when one opened in Veillard's store in September 1928 with Mrs. Angélè Veillard as Postmistress, it was a happy day for everyone. (As well as the date of its opening, *Valley Echoes* tells us that the post office was named Veillardville and that barely two years later, the name of White Poplar Siding was changed to Veillardville.)



Louis and Angélè Veillard in front of the Post Office.

The nights the mail train arrived gave the folks in the district cause to gather at the store. It was an opportunity to socialize and to pick up a few groceries while waiting for the train to arrive. Maurice Veillard, Angélè and Louis' son, was a young boy of seven in 1933. He recalls mail nights during those years:

"Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, the mail train came in at 10:00. It was one of the highlights for the people throughout the district. There'd be 40 - 50 of the settlers crowded in the small store. My dad and Smokey Alain, who ran the other store, did most of their business on those nights and also after church on Sundays. They could almost have closed up the rest of the week. The kids would come along with their folks and we'd play tag or hide 'n seek outside."

"At our store, there were always six or seven men sitting around on mail nights playing cards. Four of the regulars were Harold Parks, Bill Salamondra, Dad (Louis Veillard) and Henry Alain. Poker was often played. The stakes were low so there were never any big winners. For the most part, the money simply changed hands. However, feelings could run high at times. One night, in a high-low game in which they split the pot, one of the two left in the game was Henry Alain. Sitting next to him was Ed Barry. As the people were throwing in their cards - five of the others had given up - Ed was picking up the cards getting ready to deal the next hand. Now Henry had a bad habit of never having enough money in front of him. So he laid his cards down to get some more money out of his pocket. Then he called the last bet, 'Now, gentlemen of the jury,' which was one of his favorite sayings, 'I've got five aces' and he looked for his hand. It was gone! Ed had picked up his cards and was already shuffling them for the next deal. Henry had lost his share of the pot. He was so angry he never talked to Ed for the next two months."

The men played cards on rainy days and through the winter, too. In the evenings, the playing might have gone on till the wee hours of the morning were it not for the arrival of the mail train. Louis enjoyed cards and could, on occasion, turn a deaf ear to the sound of the train's arrival and to the Postmistress's urgent plea to take the mail sack out. It was not often that she got the last word in but it was known to happen. Maurice relates:

"Bicycle is a term used in the game of poker. It refers to an ace - deuce - three - four and five. This particular night they were playing a high-low game. The train was already stopped and the whistle was blowing. Mom was tugging at Dad's shirt, 'Get out with the mail, Louis. Get out with the mail.'"

"Now Dad, wanting to get his half of the pot, replied, 'Leave me alone,' and promptly announced to the other players, 'I've got a bicycle.' To which Mom quickly replied, 'Well, get on the damn thing and get that mail out to the train!' Mom didn't know what a bicycle meant as she didn't play cards."

The custom of cards and socializing mingled with business carried on in the late evenings at the rural store continued into the Fifties and Sixties. In *Valley Echoes* we read that the Post Office closed January 31, 1964. What we do not read is that, with the closure, the tradition of gathering on mail nights was discontinued. It remains only as a fading memory of a community's lifestyle that centered around its people.



The sawmill on the Alain farm near the creek in the 1930s. Henri (standing). L.R.: Henry Chitch, John Levesque, Paul Alain, George DeVyrak, Ron Menzies, Rolland Alain, Lester Cartier (behind Rolland).

We learn from various sources that in the early years, before the land was settled, and also during the homesteading years of 1908 through the Forties, the main occupation was forestry related. *Valley Echoes* lists over 230 private sawmills which operated during the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s in the Hudson Bay Junction District. One of these was the Spruce Products Company which operated in the Veillardville district during the mid forties. As it was one of the larger mills, its presence was noticeably felt by the settlers. As I was beginning school during this time, I recall the trucks travelling past our home which was three-quarters of a mile north of Veillardville. The company had several buildings located close to the railroad and next to Veillard's store. While it remained in the area it boosted the economy. Many of the local men were hired to take out the pulp, one of whom was my dad, Louis Alain. Then, when he was hurt (cracked ribs), the company gave him the job as night watchman at the

Siding. Others like Smokey and Verna Alain expanded their business. Their general store now boasted a lunch counter and, for a short time, a pool hall. Smokey's brother, Rolland, and wife, Yvonne, offered a similar service. Maurice Veillard, Yvonne's brother, tells us about these days:

"Red's Cafe was in Dad's old warehouse. We had a little phone system set up from the cafe to our house. I was in partnership with Rolland and Yvonne. Each of us received one-third. I sold gas - at night as well as in the day - sometimes several days went by and I never had my clothes off. It was a busy time. Rolland and Yvonne took care of the cafe and Mom made pies. As far as I know, she never got paid."

Maurice continues on to tell us about the Spruce Products Company:

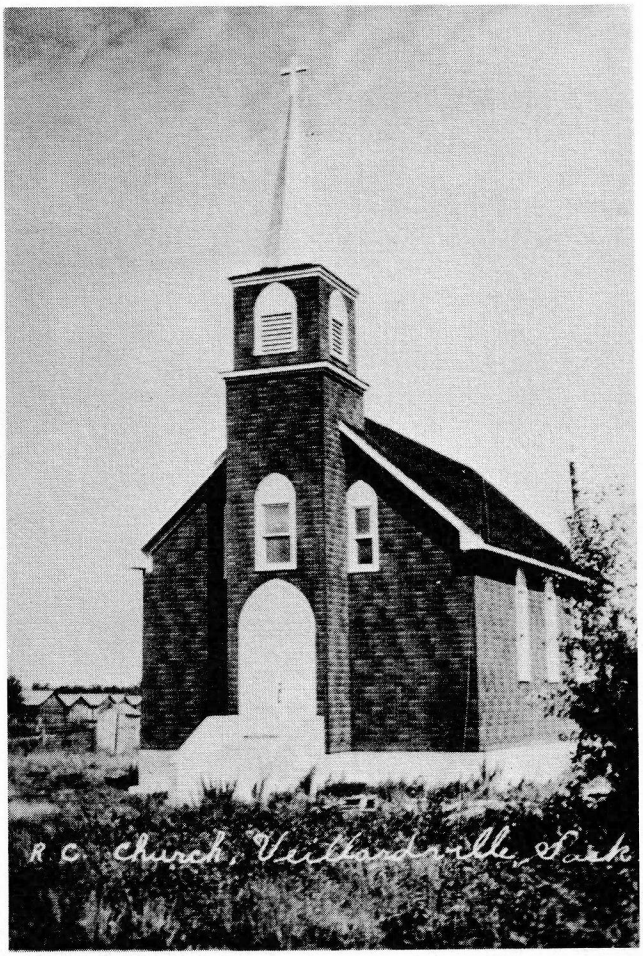
"They were from south of Winnipeg, in Minnesota. The truckers were from Melfort, Yorkton, Regina, Quill Lake and Foam Lake. There were also several Frenchmen from south of Winnipeg. There had to be anywhere from 20 to 30 trucks operating during those years. Of course there were also local men hired to scale and skid the logs. There was a cookhouse for the men. They purchased their supplies - groceries, tires, oil and grease - from the two local businessmen."

"It took the company three weeks that first winter to push a road thirty miles north. Just imagine, from dense bush to a graded, gravelled road in three weeks!"

"The truckers dumped their loads just south of the railroad tracks between Dad's barn and the store. They had the whole yard which ran a half mile. It took another crew of men to load the boxcars. And at that time there weren't any flatcars, only the closed-in boxcars. The raw logs were shipped to Pine Falls, Manitoba, and some went to Warroad, Minnesota."

"Business boomed at Veillardville during those few short years in the mid-Forties. Then the Government put in the Timber Board. The Spruce Products Company pulled out as they were no longer able to obtain a contract."

No article on this area would be complete without some mention of the Church. In 1963 St. Dominic's Catholic Church of Hudson Bay celebrated its Golden Anniversary. At this time, a 50th Anniversary book was prepared under the guidance of the Knights of Columbus. It is from this manuscript that much of the following information was gleaned.



St. Anthony's.

St. Anthony's Church was built in 1939. Rev. Father Desrosiers, P.S.M., ministered to the spiritual needs of some 42 families at that time. But in the years prior to 1939 and the building of their church, the practicing of one's religion required considerable hardship and sacrifice. The pioneers sometimes travelled ten or more miles by horse and wagon, buggy or sleigh, or even walked to assist at Mass once or twice monthly in St. Dominic's at Hudson Bay. They would pack their lunch and eat in the small furnace room of the church.

Then, too, there were times when Mass was celebrated in private homes. In the Veillardville district the settlers gathered at the home of Louis and Angélè Veillard. On one such occasion over ninety people received Communion.

Angélè writes in Mes Souvenirs, "Our saddle pony (Cinders) had the honor to bring into town our devoted missionaries, His Excellence Monsigneur Guy, then priest in Le Pas and Rev. Father G. Marchand, when they walked to bring us the comforts of religion. The pony came back on his own."



Everyone came for the annual summer picnic at St. Anthony's. About 1950.

The Veillards played a significant role in the history of St. Anthony's and no one worked with more diligence and zeal than Angélè. She enlisted the help of her brother, Canon François Nicolett, rector of a university in France. *Valley Echoes* informs us that after a visit to the rural area, he returned home to France, raised money for the little church and was instrumental in the donation later sent to Veillardville from the Church Extension Society of Toronto.

Beginning in 1935 the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Evron, who were stationed at Zenon Park, Saskatchewan, came each summer to teach catechism. They also prepared the children for the reception of the sacraments.

Construction on the new church began in 1939 but was not finished until 1944. Nevertheless, the church was sufficiently completed to hold services in the fall of 1939. The first Mass was celebrated on September 3rd of that year.

Another cause for celebration in the history of St. Anthony's was the blessing of the bell. It took place in 1947. I was only eight years old at the time but how well I recall the excitement that surrounded the shiny bell. Church dignitaries were present; pictures were taken. I remember thinking that it was really something special to have our own bell but I was quite worried, too. For the life of me, I couldn't see how they would get that huge bell (it weighed 125 pounds) up into the steeple. I need not have concerned myself for it proved a rather simple task for the men of the parish once the festivities were over and Bishop Duprat of Prince Albert and the other visitors had left. The bell was unique for it had been cast from bronze salvaged from the ships the French scuttled at Toulon, France, to keep from falling into the hands of the Germans. The bell had been donated by Canon Nicolett. In the years to follow, the bell was rung on the occasion of a wedding or baptism, and each Sunday it announced to the parishioners when Mass was about to begin.

The bell was no longer heard at St. Anthony's after 1966. Many of the families had left the parish; the Canadian Church had begun to experience a shortage of priests and, as well, roads had sufficiently improved by this time for the rural Catholics to travel to Hudson Bay. So the little brown church with the white trim was closed; the Veillardville parishioners began to attend St. Dominic's. But a part of St. Anthony's had moved with them - their bell rang out loud and clear at St. Dominic's.

The hamlet of Veillardville as I knew it in the Forties and Fifties was made up of the Veillardville Co-Op Hall built in the mid-Thirties and enlarged in time for one of our Alain Reunions in 1978, the Wheat Pool elevator, a section house and ice house belonging to the C.N.R., the Anglican Church a short distance from the siding, in addition to the Catholic Church and the two general stores and post office previously mentioned. While Smokey (Moise) and Verna Alain's home was attached to their store (they have only recently moved), Veillards had a separate dwelling. Other dwellings close to the hamlet belonged to Henry Alain, Art Lamontagne, Ray McConnell, Fred Laplante and Bill Salamondra. We would pass the latter three on the days we followed the railroad tracks on our journey to school. The Len Thrussell home was situated further north so was not visible from the tracks; however, the Norm McGratten home was located close by. Often, as we passed each dwelling in the morning, one or two of the children would join up with us. Lots of talk, some play and a few squabbles shortened that mile considerably and made the daily trek enjoyable.

With the passage of the years, some of the buildings were sold, then moved. Some like the elevator simply closed, some of the people moved away and some passed on. Thus, within the space of a few years in the mid-Sixties, Veillardville ceased to be. The only building in active use today is the Co-Op Hall. A social centre, it serves as a reminder to all: although the business community of Veillardville has died, the community spirit is alive and well.



Smokey Alain in front of his store, built about 1945.

Part VI - Memories

FIRST REUNION - 1973

The first Alain Reunion was held in 1973 at the farm of Gene and Edithe Lessard. It was held at the end of July to celebrate Grandma's ninetieth birthday.

Many relatives from Jackfish came to Hudson Bay to join in the fun of the dinner and dance on Saturday night. We all remember Uncle Tony, Grandma's brother, making a big splash with Rolland when they got up and kissed (more than once) in answer to people clanging their cups with spoons. Grandma attended the dinner and stayed for the dance to visit with her family.

A Come and Go Tea was held for Grandma at the Lessard farm the next afternoon. The community was invited to come renew acquaintances with Alain family members that were home again.

Grandma posed for the Hudson Bay Post-Review at the tea.

Everyone agreed at this time that we should reunite regularly. As a five-year interval seemed suitable, 1978 was set for the next reunion.



Marie Louise LaClare and Toni L'Heureux celebrate their sister's 90th birthday.

SECOND ALAIN FAMILY REUNION - 1978

The eight children of Henry and Alma Alain held a family reunion at the farm of Gene and Edithe Lessard at the end of July 1978. The occasion not only commemorated Grandma's (Alma Alain) ninety-fifth birthday but also marked the fiftieth year of the family's settlement in the district.

Grandpa had passed away in December 1967. Unfortunately, Grandma was not able to join in the reunion festivities since she was a patient in the Hudson Bay Union Hospital. She had been in good health until recently.

Of her eight children, three live in the Veillardville district: sons Moise and Rolland, and daughter Edithe Lessard. Three reside in British Columbia: Louis is from Vernon, Paul of Kamloops, and Yvonne (Mrs. Pat O'Brien) lives in Vancouver. Marie Paule (Mrs. Angus Menzies) and Berthe (Mrs. Paul Marsollier) both live in Flin Flon, Manitoba. At that time, there were 38 grandchildren, 37 great grandchildren and 3 great-great grandchildren. All the grandchildren, except 5, were able to attend.



Alain Reunion, 1978.

Dubbed the "Alain Pow-Wow", this reunion brought one hundred and twelve descendants together from five provinces, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Nova Scotia plus the Northwest Territories. The furthest distance travelled was by grandson Keith Menzies and his wife Edith of Waterville, Nova Scotia, who came three thousand miles.

Family members began arriving as early as the Wednesday for the event. A family dinner was held in the Veillardville Hall on Saturday, followed by a dance. It was the first time that the new addition to the Hall had been used. The celebrations ended on Sunday with an outdoor potluck dinner.

Although the B.C. relatives complained of the mosquitoes and cold weather, they enjoyed the festivities as much as the rest of us!



L.R.: Edithe Lessard, Marie Paule Menzies, Rolland Alain, Yvonne O'Brien, Berthe Marsollier, Moise (Smokey), Paul and Louis.

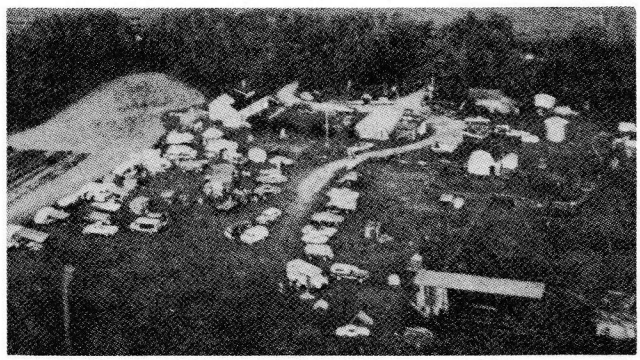
THIRD REUNION - 1983

Rolland and Yvonne Alain's farm was the scene of the third family reunion. There were 120 family members and friends in attendance. Relatives from British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and Saskatchewan came for the affair. Although many arrived at the farm ahead of time, the festivities were again planned for the long weekend, July 30, following Grandma's birthday. She would have been 100 years old this year. However, she had passed away in December of 1982.

A few "added attractions" were held at this reunion. The men had a bathing suit contest on Saturday afternoon. The women enjoyed seeing the men in female beach attire! A few hours later, each of Grandma's sons' and daughters' families showed some sort of talent in a "skits" program. The acts were enjoyed by one and all. Following the entertainment, everyone sat down for a meal Saturday evening. A dance was held at the Veillardville Hall.

The family hosted a Come and Go Tea for the community on Sunday afternoon. In the evening, a film of the last reunion was shown. It ended with a sing-song.

Besides the fun and frolic, family members were honored. Moise "Smokey" and Verna Alain were honored on their 50th Anniversary as well as Rolland and Yvonne on their 40th; niece Marlyne and Adolf Reindl of Saskatoon, their 25th; and cousin Marguerite and George Dion of North Battleford, their 45th.



An aerial view of the 1983 Reunion held on Rolland Alain's farm.



Five Generations - L.R.: Dawn Spark, Wendy Therres, Moise (Smokey) Alain, Alma Alain holding her great, great grandson, Carlyn Therres. 1975.

VEILLARDVILLE COUPLE CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

(A news item taken from the Hudson Bay Post-Review Wednesday, July 10, 1957)

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alain, Veillardville, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, Monday, July 8th. Mr. and Mrs. Alain have resided in the district since 1928.

A Saturday morning church service in St. Anthony's Church in Veillardville, marked the golden jubilee celebration. Father Fitzgerald officiated at Mass and the renewal of their marriage vows made fifty years ago at Jackfish, Saskatchewan. A special blessing was read from His Excellency, Bishop Blais, Prince Albert.

During Mass, Mrs. Mondor sang an appropriate hymn, followed by "O Lord Most Holy", by the four daughters of the four sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alain. A reception in the church basement followed.

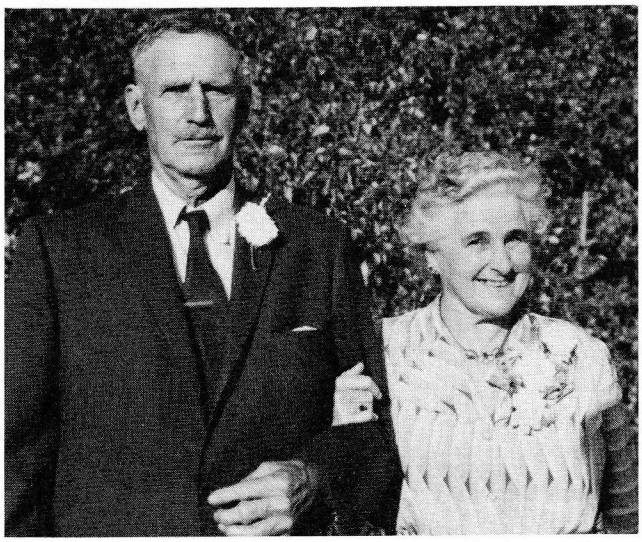
On Sunday, July 7th, the entire Alain family, with the exception of Mrs. Marie Paule Menzies of Flin Flon, gathered in the community hall for an anniversary dinner. Thirty-seven children and grandchildren were present.

Mr. Henry Alain was born in St. Ubald, Quebec, January 25, 1882. He came out West in 1902 and in 1907 married Alma L'Heureux at Jackfish, Saskatchewan. Mrs. Alain was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, July 31st, 1883.

The Alains farmed at Ruddell for seven years and then moved to Delmas where they resided for the next eighteen years. It was here that the family of eight children grew up. In 1928 the family moved to the Veillardville district where they farmed until Mr. Alain retired.

Two daughters, Mrs. Yvonne Wyman, Vancouver, and Mrs. Bertha Marsollier, Flin Flon, are visiting their parents during the celebration. Other members of the family residing in the district are Mrs. Edithe Lessard, and Moise, Louis, Rolland and Paul Alain. Mr. and Mrs. Alain have thirty-one grandchildren with all present but two married girls who were unable to attend.

On Monday, open house was held at the Sr. Alain home, where many friends and relatives called to extend their best wishes to the happy couple. In the evening a large crowd of friends and relations gathered for presentations.



Henri and Alma celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary.



Smokey had decorated the stage at the hall with about a dozen spruce trees in pails of dirt. During the presentations, a bird flew into the hall. It perched on top of one of the trees where it stayed during the entire program.

50th Wedding Anniversary of Angus and Marie Paule Menzies

Their 50th Wedding Anniversary celebration was a pleasant surprise for the guests of honor as family and friends gathered at the Lobstick Hall, Creighton, Manitoba, on August 7, 1982. Although the original plans called for strict secrecy, all was fine until one card arrived at their home with the words of "regret at not being able to attend your anniversary." That gave it all away!

The celebration was to be held on their front lawn but, alas, it poured buckets on the 7th and meant changing location. However, all worked out well. A reception was held, followed by a dance and buffet.

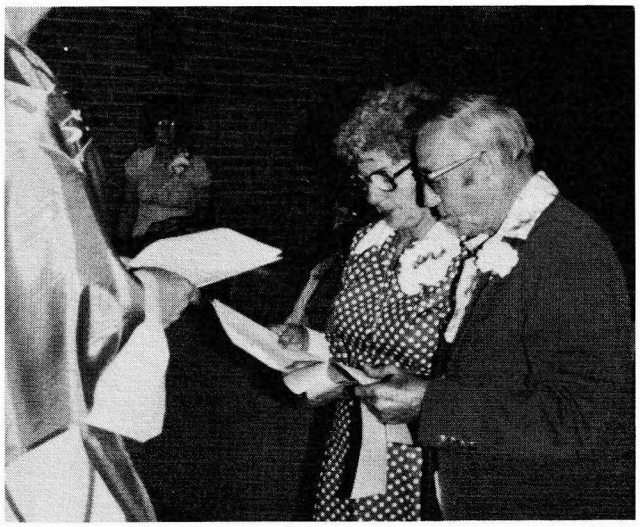
Among the many gifts was a money tree, two small apple-head dolls dressed as Grandpa and Grandma, bouquets of flowers including a long-stemmed rose presented by each grandchild. It was a lovely celebration for a grand couple!



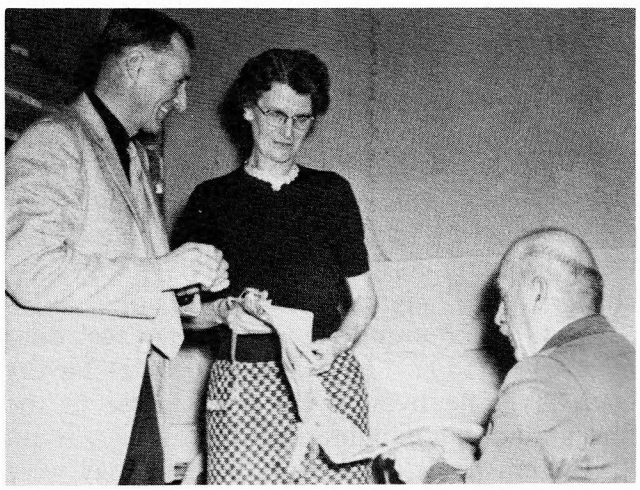
Marie Paule and Angus Menzies on the occasion of their 50th Anniversary. Aidan presents Grandma with a long-stemmed rose.



Back row L.R.: Paulette and husband **Allen**, Shirley, Melissa, **Norbert**, Michelle, Suzanne, Cathy, Roger. Middle: Melinda, Marcia, Paul and Berthe. Front: Gillian, Cameron, Renee and Clinton Marsollier. All came home for their parents' (Berthe and Paul Marsollier) 45th Wedding Anniversary. August 1983.



Louis and Clara Alain renew their wedding vows on their 40th Anniversary in Edmonton.



Smokey and Verna Alain on their 25th Anniversary.

Louis Veillard making the presentation.



Gene and Edithe Lessard on their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

MRS. A. ALAIN CELEBRATES 90TH BIRTHDAY

[Copied from Hudson Bay Post-Review ... Wednesday, August 15, 1973]

Mrs. Alma Alain, ninety years of age on July 31, 1973, was the guest of honor at a family supper on July 28 in the Veillardville Hall with eighty-six family members in attendance. On Sunday, July 29, a Come and Go Tea was held at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Lessard, where over eighty came to extend congratulations.

Alma L'Heureux was born in Winnipeg, July 31, 1883, and moved with her parents to Jackfish, Saskatchewan. In 1907, she married Henry Alain and they farmed at Ruddell for seven years before moving to Delmas where they farmed eighteen years. In 1928, they moved to the Veillardville district. Mr. Alain passed away in 1967.

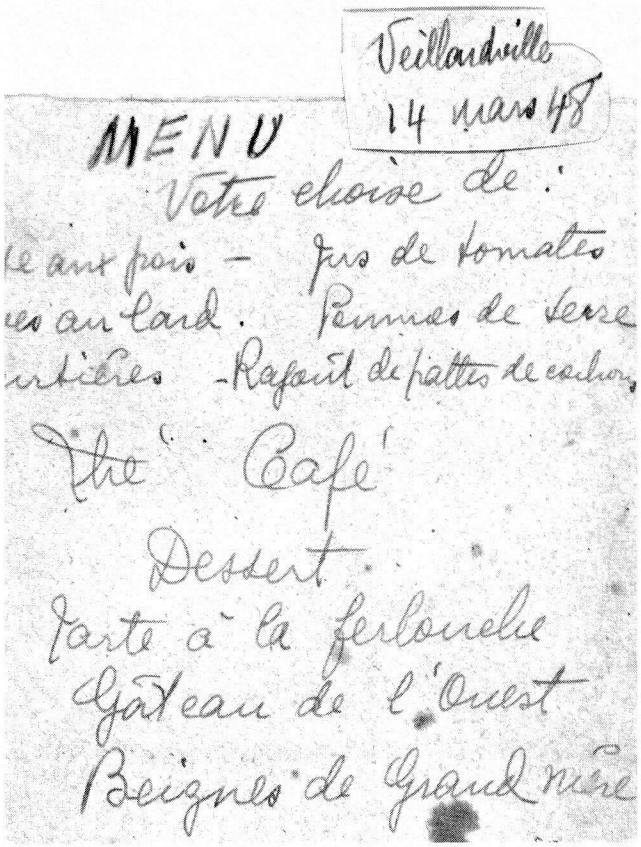
Mrs. Alain has four sons, Moise and Rolland of Hudson Bay, Louis of Vernon, B.C., and Paul of Kamloops; four daughters, Mrs. Harry (Yvonne) Wyman, Vancouver, Mrs. Angus (Marie Paule) Menzies, Mrs. Paul (Berthe) Marsollier, both of Flin Flon, Manitoba and Mrs. Gene (Edithe) Lessard of Hudson Bay; 38 grandchildren and 37 great grandchildren.

Mrs. Alain is quite active for her age, does most of her own housework and loves having company. She lives in her own house in the farmyard of her daughter, Edithe.

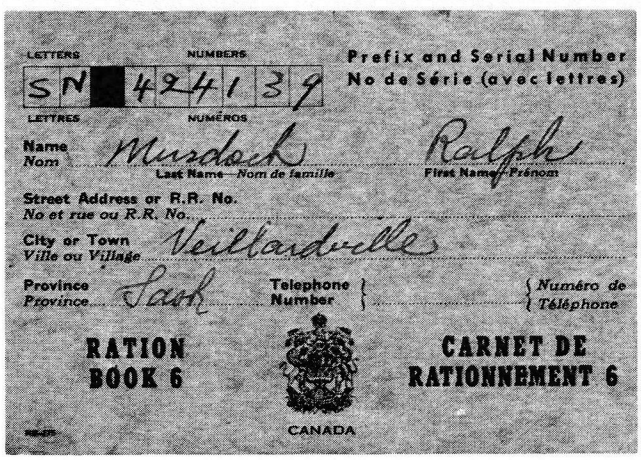
Present to help celebrate her birthday were her sister, Mrs. LeClare of North Battleford, her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine L'Heureux of Delmas; also numerous nephews and nieces from Battleford, Edam and Jackfish; all her children except Mrs. Yvonne Wyman, who was unable to attend. Of the 38 grandchildren, 28 were present and 19 of the 37 great grandchildren attended.



1923-24. Clara, Martin, Gene and George.



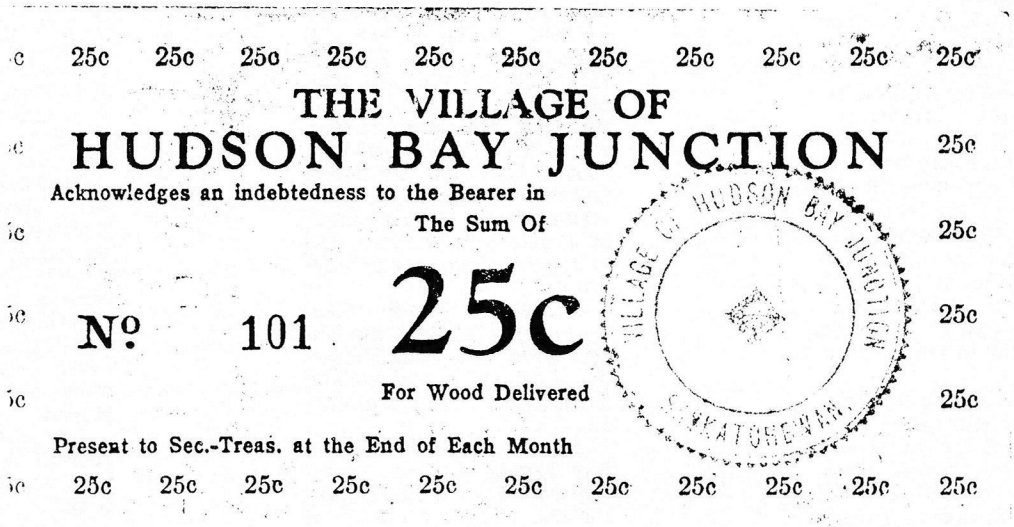
The ladies of St. Anthony's Altar Society held a Bazaar each fall (for a short period of time). Among other things it featured a supper (see the menu in French), the wheel of fortune, cards, sale of handwork and the opportunity to socialize. One year a lady read tea leaves.



Ration books were issued during the Second World War through the Government. Each family was limited to items such as sugar, coffee, gas, among others. In order to purchase such items a ration book was needed.



Back row L.R.: Dawn Alain, Betty Murdoch, Elsie Nice, Bert Menzies, Doug Thrussell, Marlyne Alain, Sharon Menzies. Middle: ?, Maxine Alain, Lester and Charlie McGratten, Mary Salamondra, Jane Szmul, Beth Menzies, Yvonne Nice. Front: Ronnie McGratten, Gabrielle Alain, Rita Thrussell, Louis LaPlante, Lorne Alain, Reggie LaPlante, Ross McGratten, Robert Gogal, Raymond Nice. About 1950.



Scrip used as currency.

OBITUARIES

JOSEPH HENRY ALAIN

Funeral services were held Friday, December 22, 1967, from St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church, Hudson Bay, for Joseph Henry Alain, of Veillardville, who had died December 19 in the Melfort Geriatric Centre at the age of 85. Rev. Fr. W. G. Timmermans officiated and the pallbearers were George Quinn, Leonard Thrussel, Philip Gagnon, Llewellyn Smith, John Szmul and Antoine Morin.

Born in St. Ubald, Quebec, January 25, 1882, the deceased had come to Saskatchewan in 1902, and in 1907 had married the former Marie Alma L'Heureux, of Jackfish, who survives him.

The Alains farmed at Ruddell for 7 years and then moved to Delmas where they resided for 18 years. In 1928, the family moved to the Veillardville district where they farmed until Mr. Alain retired. His death came after an illness lasting 7 years.

Besides his wife, Mr. Alain leaves to mourn 4 sons, Moise and Roland, of Veillardville, Louis, of Vernon, B.C., and Paul, of Kamloops, B.C.; four daughters, Mrs. Gene Lessard (Edithe), of Veillardville, Mrs. Angus Menzies (Marie-Paule), Flin Flon, Man., Mrs. Paul Marsollier (Bertha), of Flin Flon, and Mrs. Harry Wyman, (Yvonne), of Vancouver, B.C., as well as two half-brothers, Joseph and Louis Fugere, of Quebec. There are 38 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren. With the exception of Mrs. Harry Wyman, all the deceased's children attended the funeral.

Also attending the funeral from outside points were Mr. Joe L'Heureux, the deceased's brother-in-law, and two nephews from Jackfish; Sister Marcella, from Edmonton, Alberta, her sister Mrs. Adolf Reindl (Marlyse), from Saskatoon, and their brother, Bruce Alain, from Estevan.

Burial was in the Hudson Bay Roman Catholic cemetery.

ALMA MARIE ALAIN

Funeral services for Alma Marie Alain, 99, a pioneer of the Veillardville district were held Tuesday, December 21, 1982 from St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church, Hudson Bay, Sask. Mrs. Alain passed away in the Hudson Bay Union Hospital on December 15, where she had been a patient since May 11, 1978. Msgr. E. Ulinski officiated at the service and pallbearers were George Quinn, Ralph Murdoch, Martin Lessard, John Szmul, Leonard Thrussell and Donald Morin.

Alma L'Heureux was born on July 31, 1883 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, the eldest of a family of 15. In 1907 she married Henry Alain and the couple farmed at Ruddell, Sask., for seven years and then moved to Delmas where they farmed 18 years. In 1928 they moved to the Veillardville district where they continued farming until Mr. Alain retired.

Predeceased by her husband Henry on December 19, 1967 she leaves to mourn four sons, Moise and Rolland of Veillardville; Louis of Vernon, B.C. and Paul of Kamloops; four daughters, Mrs. Gene Lessard (Edithe) of Veillardville, Mrs. Angus Menzies (Marie-Paule) and Mrs. Paul Marsollier (Bertha), both of Flin Flon, Manitoba and Mrs. Pat O'Brien (Yvonne) of Vancouver, B.C., and two sisters and three brothers. Also surviving are 38 grandchildren, 52 great grandchildren and two great-great grandchildren.

Immediate family members unable to attend the funeral were Mrs. Paul Marsollier, Louis Alain and Rolland Alain. Many relatives attended.

Burial was in the Hudson Bay Roman Catholic cemetery with Blair's Hudson Bay Funeral Chapel in charge of arrangements.

ROLAND JOSEPH ALAIN

Roland Alain of Veillardville, Sask., passed away Thursday, November 13, 1986.

Born October 27, 1913 at Delmas, Sask., Roland moved to Veillardville in 1928 with his family. In 1943, after working in many areas of Canada, he married Yvonne Veillard. The couple homesteaded north of Veillardville where the family currently resides.

Roland Alain is survived by his brothers and sisters; Smokey (Verna) of Hudson Bay, Yvonne O'Brien of Delta, B.C., Louis (Clara) of Vernon, B.C., Mary-Paule Menzies of Flin Flon, Manitoba, Edithe (Gene) Lessard of Veillardville, Bertha (Paul) Marsollier of Flin Flon, and Paul (Reine) of Kamloops, B.C., his wife, Yvonne of Veillardville; his sons and daughters Simone (Howie) Shouldice of Moose Jaw, Sask., Mo (Gloria) of Veillardville, Roger of Veillardville, Denis (Donna) of Yellowknife, NWT, Rosanne (Larry) in New Zealand, Jeannine (Ted) of Inuvik, NWT, and Lisa of Yellowknife, NWT and grandchildren, Jody and Karlee of Moose Jaw, Ben of Veillardville and Tess of Yellowknife.

The funeral mass was held at St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church, Hudson Bay, November 17 with Father R. Van Vynckt as celebrant.

Honourary pallbearers were Maynard Myhr, Cliff Knutson, Harold Parks, Norris Axtell, Len Thrussell and George Quinn. Active pallbearers were Cliff Sjuberg, Donald Morin, Ed Block, Gordon Paproski, Ted Klima and Peter Lewellin. The ushers were Jake Lautner and John Meyers.

The eulogy was read by John Herne and the memorial book was attended by Una Sjuberg.

Interment was at the Roman Catholic cemetery. Blair's Hudson Bay Funeral Home was entrusted with funeral arrangements.

Part VII – Personal Records

Husband _____ Occupation _____
Born _____
Married _____
Died _____ Buried _____
Father _____ Mother _____

Wife _____ Occupation _____
Born _____
Died _____ Buried _____
Father _____ Mother _____

Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				

Husband _____ Occupation _____
Born _____
Married _____
Died _____ Buried _____
Father _____ Mother _____

Wife _____ Occupation _____
Born _____
Died _____ Buried _____
Father _____ Mother _____

Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1				
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Family/

Husband _____ Occupation _____

Born _____

Married _____

Died _____ Buried _____

Father _____ Mother _____

Wife _____ Occupation _____

Born _____

Died _____ Buried _____

Father _____ Mother _____

Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
1				
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Husband _____ Occupation _____

Born _____

Married _____

Died _____ Buried _____

Father _____ Mother _____

Wife _____ Occupation _____

Born _____

Died _____ Buried _____

Father _____ Mother _____

Children	Sex	When Born When Died	Where Born Where Died	Marriage Date & Place To Whom
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