

Dad had been writing to mother in England, trying to arrange for her to come out to Canada. Then when everything had been settled, and it was time for her to arrive at Westbourne at the south end of Lake Manitoba, dad took the first steam boat going south. Arriving at Westbourne, he found mother waiting, so after a good dinner they boarded the next boat going north, "The Petrel." George Matheson was there with his sailboat, having been fishing at the south end of the lake. He boarded the Petrel, and tied his boat behind and, when opposite Matheson point they stopped, loaded Mother's baggage in the sailboat. They all piled in, and George took them to his parent's place by the lake. After a hearty meal, Angus hitched up his horses and took mother, dad and Ivy out to Uncle Jack's. Was I ever glad to see my mother again!

After a week there, dad and Uncle Jack went over to Dog Hung Creek where dad had bought a house and a barn from Jim Spittle. His wife had passed away, so he had left the country. After dad and Jack cleaned up the place a little we moved in and that was our home from 1905 to 1946.

Next dad had to dig up a patch for a garden. He had bought a mower and a hay rake, also a walking plough, from Spittle, which needed repairing, but as dad had worked for a time at Hornsby Manufacturing Company in England he had learned a little about machinery, which often came in handy on the farm. He had also brought a shotgun from England and as there was plenty of wild game around, there was no problem of having plenty of meat to eat.

Dad fished on Lake Manitoba for several winters, as that was one way of making a few dollars. I sometimes went along, and soon was able to help by pulling the nets back under the ice, while he stood by the hole and straightened out the frozen net going under the ice.

Dad also did a little trapping in winter, catching mink, muskrats, weasels, etc. These he would skin in the evenings and put on stretchers to dry. Then these would be sold to pedlars who came around in the winter time with a team of horses, pulling a sleigh loaded with trunks full of different kinds of cloth, men's clothing, women's blouses, skirts, and all sorts of trinkets. These would be traded for the furs. We kids liked to see these pedlars, as they usually stayed overnight and had lots of stories to tell. Our favorite was Mike Ellis who always had something to tell us kids.

Another familiar night guest was Billie Monkman, our mail carrier. He travelled from Scotch Bay to Gypsumville. Our nearest Post Office was 20 miles away at Helgi Einarson's, south at the Narrows. Helgi also had a store and dad used to drive down there with his team of oxen for groceries. Coffee was sold as green beans, which had to be roasted in the oven until golden brown, then ground in a coffee grinder turned by hand.

There was an island about 20 miles out in the lake, called Reed Island. A number of settlers built a log cabin on that island, topped by a flag pole. People would row out to the island when a boat was expected to pass and leave any produce they had for sale. A list

of groceries they wanted from the store would be left. Then the next steamer that came along would pick it up and deliver it to the store, either at the Narrows or Gypsumville and bring back the groceries, leave them in the cabin, raise the flag, then continue on its way. Someone would come out from shore and pick up the groceries.

In 1917 the surveyors came out, headed by Charlie Tisdale. His helpers were Gordon Mallock, Billie Edwards and Gordon Derenzy. One evening a bunch of us went out to their camp for a visit. We had a nice time and had supper with them. That was the first time I heard a timber wolf howl, it sure sends shivers through you. Shortly after they left, they sent an Eaton Beauty doll to Ivy, and I received a Daisy Air rifle.

In 1910, Dave Ferguson, Art Jones, Tom Stephanson and Ted Langston, came out to take up homesteads. They stayed at our place while they built log cabins on their holdings. They became our friends and neighbors and we used to visit back and forth.

About 1912 the Finlayson family came out, and about a week later Dan MacDonald came with his family. These all stayed with us until they had a cabin to go to.

In 1910 Ivy and I were playing outside in the snow when I happened to look up into the sky, and there was a comet with a long glowing tail I rushed into the house to tell my parents, and they came out. Father said that was Halley's Comet which would not be seen again for about 90 years.

In 1911 a timber wolf was killing cattle from Camper to Gypsumville. Men were staying up at night with guns waiting for it. Dad had a dead animal, which he hauled into the bush and put poison bait on it. A few nights later the wolf came along and ate the bait, walked all the way to our yard and fell down dead, right in front of our barn. Dad dragged it into our kitchen so it would not freeze. Mother was so scared she made him tie the wolf to our cream separator, in case he came alive! Dad took a picture of Ivy and me beside the wolf before he skinned it. He sold the skin to Matt Hall of Westbourne who wanted to make it into a rug.

There was no school for Ivy and me to go to, so dad taught us to read and write and do arithmetic. Ivy went for two months to school in Winnipeg, staying with my aunt, then grandfather brought her home. When the Bayton school was built in 1915, Ivy attended for about two years, but I was then 15 years old and too old to go to school, as no boys that age went to school, for they had to work at home, so schooling was out for me. But one year they could not get a secretary, so I was asked to become the secretary for the school board, holding that office until we moved to Moosehorn in 1946. In January 1947, I walked out to the Bayton school where the trustees were holding a meeting, and turned in my books.

I worked as a gravel checker on the roads, checking the number of loads each trucker brought in each day. Later I got the job of running a movie show at Moosehorn, Fairford and Vogar.

But it was while at the farm that I became interested in photography. We became friendly with the fellows who came out to survey the swamps, and after