



Phil and Muriel Anderson, 1968.

Anglican Minister at St. Michael's Church in Kelowna, B.C. She is an Archivist with the Diocese of Kootenay, a job she thoroughly enjoys. Jack and Gail have two sons and one daughter.

We left Fisher Branch in 1958, going to Beausejour, Manitoba, and then to Modern Dairies in St. Boniface where we remained until 1968 when we moved to Revelstoke, B.C. We spent twelve years there, where I was employed by School District No. 19 as a teacher's aide. I retired in June, 1980, and we decided to spend our remaining years in the sunny Okanagan, and now live in the lovely city of Vernon.

The years we spent in Fisher Branch were the best years of our lives. The joyous atmosphere of good friends, weddings, and showers, children coming and going, morning coffee klatches, card games in the evenings, all provide nostalgic memories. The roads were deplorable, the winters cold, but those things do not matter too much when one looks back



Muriel and Phil Anderson, Gail and Ronald, 1957.

on lifetime friendships, built on a firm foundation of mutual love and respect. The folks in our old home town are indeed, the best in the world.

We hear, with great sadness, that the Fisher Branch Creamery has been reduced to rubble. Time and tide have once again, taken away a land mark of another age, another society.

✓ THE ANDRIESHYN FAMILY

written by Michael G. Andrieshyn

George Andrieshyn, his wife, Pearl, and daughter arrived in Winnipeg in July of 1906. Being from Austria, which is the western Ukraine, all the immigrants were without proper funds but the bright picture painted by immigration officers sent to Europe by Canada, made the picture seem like paradise. Consequently, when these people arrived in Canada, they had no money to purchase good land in Southern Manitoba and were advised to go north to what is now the Interlake district where homesteads were available at ten dollars for one hundred and sixty acres. This seemed like a godsend because these people were land hungry. Having only an acre or two in Europe, one hundred and sixty acres. This seemed like a godsend because these people were land hungry. Having only an acre or two in Europe, one hundred and sixty acres would make them wealthy.

The trip from Teulon to Broad Valley took three days with a team of horses and wagon. These were trails which were called colonization roads and still are in existence today. The wagon bogged down too many times to mention.

Upon arrival at Broad Valley, my parents took up residence with the Hryciuk family on Section