

In November of that year, we moved to Mantagao River with our homemade sawmill. I ran the sawmill with a Waterloo Boy Tractor, but before that I used a Model-T engine from a Model-T Ford car. My brother, Joe, and George Stapleton, worked with me. We would saw from three to five thousand board feet of lumber per day, starting around eight A.M until dark. Marie came with me and cooked for the crew. That's how we spent our honeymoon. People from all over would get logging permits, and would bring their logs to our mill to be sawed into lumber. We also had our own logs to saw.

One Sunday, on New Year's Day, it was a nice sunny day, and we decided to go for a walk on the river, which was frozen. We walked all day and when the sun was going down, Marie said, "We'd better get back". It took us not more then twenty minutes to get back to camp by land; the river was so winding that we were never too far from camp. I knew the river and she didn't.

In the spring, we would return home with the mill and set it up in our yard. I went back hauling cream and my brother would run the mill with George Stapleton, and I would help on weekends. We finally gave up sawing when the logs were running out. My brother Joe, and his wife, moved on their own land, and my wife and I stayed on the homestead. I hauled cream for a few years, driving up to one hundred miles or more per day. I hauled cream from Sylvan, Kilkenny and Fisherton. At that time I was getting five cents a can and one cent a pound butterfat, and had to furnish my own gas. There were three drivers with different routes: John Skibinski, Lawrence Stansel and I. The cream would not sour as long as you kept the truck moving. Sometimes I could not take all the cans in one trip and had to go back for the balance. If any can would upset and the cream spill, Ivan Casselman would always pay the farmer for a full can. The odd farmer would haul his own cream into town and save one cent per pound of butterfat, and then expect me to bring his empty can and cheque back for him. I soon stopped that as it wasn't profitable for me. I finally had to give up hauling cream, as by then we had two children, and it got to be too much for Marie, although I had my brother, Fred, work the land and do the chores.

Our first son was born July 6th, 1941. We named him **Arthur** Charles. Fifteen months later, our second son was born, **Robert** James, on October 21st, 1942. Although we were poor, we had a good life. When our daughter, **Janice** Marilyn, was born on June 1st, 1951, we were very pleased, as the Davis family had all boys, and it was nice to have a girl. Our third son, **Douglas** Gary, was born September 5th, 1953. This completed our family.

During the time we were married, from 1940 to 1966, and lived in Fisherton, I served on the school board, and Marie was Secretary Treasurer for awhile. We both were on the hall committee for a number of years. There also, Marie held the position as Secretary Treasurer for a few years. We made a lot of improvements to the interior of the hall during that time, but unfortunately, the hall burned down around the year 1968.

We lived on the farm until the fall of 1966. We had our 25th anniversary on August 7th, 1965, and the family gave us a lovely party.

Bob was seventeen years old when he left home to work in the city. Art worked at the Co-op store for a year and moved to the city also. Art works for the Federated Co-op as supervisor in the trucking department. Bob drives a metro bus and has been with them for over fifteen years.

Bob was the first of our children to marry. He married Ruth Boychuk on October 26th, 1963. They have a son, born September 10th, 1965.

Art married Stella Marchuk on October 10th, 1964, and they have two children; Darrell born May 29th, 1968, and Shannon born October 4, 1970.

Janice married Dennis Kudelski on August 11th, 1973, and lives in Winnipeg also. Their first child, a son, was born on November 14, 1979.

Douglas, our youngest, joined the Ontario Provincial Police in 1978 and graduated a year later. He is happy in his chosen work, and as yet is not married.

My mother stayed with us in her own little house until she was unable to look after herself, and then moved in with us. She stayed with us until she passed away on May 13, 1970. She was ninety years old.

MARIE DAVIS — NEE WERSTUIK

I am Marie Werstuik (Davis). I was born on February 20th, 1918. My parents were Jacob Werstuik, and my mother, Eva Berka (Kolbuck). She was a widow with four children, Mickey, Antonine (Sr. Berka), Lily and John. When she married my father, she was left with a homestead just one mile west of Fisher Branch, where Mr. Ben Wishnowski now lives.

My father worked out a lot for other farmers, and he was well known for finding water and digging wells for them. he also went out to work on the railroads in Ontario when they were putting the railroad through the west.

We had some cattle, pigs, and chickens, on the farm, and I remember one time mother was milking the cows and we were playing around in the barn, and I walked on the manger rail in front of a cow with horns. She just picked me up with her horns and