

health began to fail her. I was ten years old when she was sent to Ninette Sanitorium for four and one-half years. Dad now made another move, this time to Ochre River where he got the contract as mail carrier to Ste. Rose, Rorketon and Ste. Amelie district. He remained on this job until he was unable to drive a vehicle anymore. He hired a driver for two or three years and then retired in Ochre River. Mother's health kept failing until she became disabled. She passed away in 1975 at the age of sixty-nine years.

My father is 81 years old and resides in a nursing home in St. Norbert. When he was young he was very active in sports, especially baseball. I remember him telling us interesting stories of his pitching days. Although I was young when I left Asham Point, I can recall getting together on Sundays and playing ball, going to picnics and concerts at Christmas.



Borga Thordarson and daughters Margaret and Silla.

My "Amma" Borga lived in Betel Home for over twenty years. She passed away at age of ninty years.

I, Margaret, the eldest daughter, married Ernie Single. We have three boys, Clarke, Colin and Drew, they all live in Winnipeg.

Marjorie Ashe died during the birth of her second child. Their children were Gerald Ryan and Orphie. Her family live in Vancouver, British Columbia.

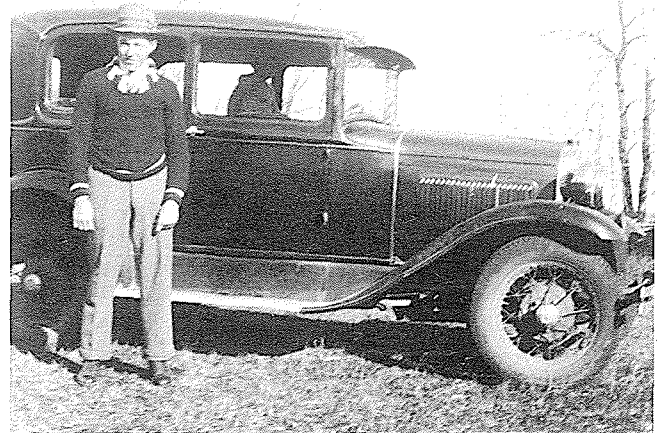
Bernice married Ed Payment. They have three children, Marlo, Curtis and Darren and all live in Winnipeg.

My Aunt Margaret who married Valdimar Johnson took over Dad's ranch in Asham Point. Although they have both passed on, their son Marino still

ranches there. Valdimar built a new house in 1940. Our old shanty still stands there but is used for storing ski doos. I hope to come back and visit our old home place some day.

### Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Clarke by Stanley Clarke

It was in the year 1915 that my Grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Clarke and their sons Alex and Cliff moved from Briercrest, Saskatchewan, to the north side of Lonely Lake, taking up homesteads for themselves and their three sons who were in the service at that time.



Stan Clarke standing beside Cliff Clark's car in 1930.

They had no end of hardships. Having been raised in England, they had a real tough time adjusting to this life and climate. They built a small shack for shelter while a larger log house was being put up. Unfortunately this shack burnt down when a spark lit up the hay roof and they lost all their belongings.

My Grandfather decided to try something different so he went into partnership with a Mr. Tucker and Mr. Saurette from Ste. Rose and brought in several hundred sheep, but they died like flies because of the poor swamp hay, so this wasn't too profitable. The Xmas mail brought bad news. My Grandparents had lost their second son in the war in France. This news shocked them and saddened their hearts.

I, Stan Clarke was born in Ontario at the home of my mother's parents and brought to the homestead in Lonely Lake shortly after 1916. My mother set up a homestead for my father who was still at war. Our neighbours were the Jurys, Warreners, Fred Klein and his parents, Brooks, Livingstones, Moores and a Mr. Smith. When it was time for me to go to school,