

was a graduate of Grace Hospital and continued her nursing at home after they were married. Herman continued in his chosen work of carpentry, and many of the buildings in Ashern as well as homes along the east and west side of Lake Manitoba were built with his supervision. He also played an active part in the community. He was a Trustee of the Ashern School for 20 years, a life member of the Ashern Curling Club and was presented with an Honorary Life Membership by the Ashern Arena Board. Herman Helgason passed away in November, 1966 and his wife Holmfridur one year earlier in October, 1965.



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Helgason on their 40th wedding anniversary.

Edward and Margaret Howard

Edward was born in Verdun, Quebec. In 1950 he came to work at the Oil Refinery in East Kildonan for a year. At that time he met Margaret Kerntoph and in 1951 they were married and went back to Quebec. We lived there for twenty years, then decided to come back to Ashern, and bought a quarter from brother Bill, and started to build our home. The first summer we lived in a tent and later moved into the basement. We both work; Ed is a carpenter and does many other lines of work; and I, Margaret, work at the Ashern Hotel.

I was born in Ashern at the house which my grandfather built, my mother Ottilia, told me Mrs. Vince was the midwife who delivered me.

We have no family, and will be celebrating our 25th wedding anniversary this year, 1976. We would like to take a trip back to Quebec.

I went to Beatty School, and had a mile to walk everyday. Some of the other children had three to four miles, which wasn't bad in the summer, but in winter it was quite hard, with no snow ploughs. Sometimes they would drive with a horse and cutter. Mr. Webster was the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Vince and my father were trustees at that time. The big thing was the Christmas concert, with all the kids in school taking part. Each child would get a bag of candy and nuts. A dance and lunch always followed. Then in June the end of school, came the picnic which was fun too, baseball, races of all kinds, and all the ice cream you could eat — that was a big treat.

There was only my brother Bill and myself in our family. Grandmother lived with us until she passed away. My cousin Wilbert Smith, came to live with us after his father died.

Mother would make over a lot of my clothes from the ones my aunt used to send from Winnipeg, so I always had enough. I remember when she used to make homemade noodles — that was a day's work in itself. She would roll the dough out so thin and stretch it, then hang it over tea towels to dry. Then flour them and roll it up, and cut them with a sharp knife. Of course we had chickens so we would make chicken noodle soup, with homemade noodles. They sure were good.

We always had a very good garden. Our cellar was under the house to keep the potatoes and vegetables, but it never froze and seemed to keep everything very well.

One day Dad told me to go out and get a rabbit for supper, so I took the .22 and out I went in the bush. I got a rabbit all right, hit it with the first shot, but when I went to pick it up it jumped away. I had to shoot it three times before it finally died. I got teased so much from my brother and cousin. They said they thought there was a war on in the bush. I've improved since.

I enjoy living in the Ashern district. I guess that's why we decided to come back, away from the rush of the city and noise. You have nice clean air to breathe out here, and that to me is very important.

In the winter months before electricity, my father would haul ice off the lake to Kurbis' Store to keep the meat and produce cold. They would keep it in an ice house packed with sawdust, and it would not melt all summer.

The Hugo and R. V. Walker Families

My Dad Mark Hugo, came to Ashern in 1912, and filed on a homestead north-east of the village of Ashern. They came out later and built a shack. Mother, Jim and myself Mary, came on May 15, 1914. When we arrived there was no one to meet us, so we walked along the railroad track to the gravel pit spur-line, to the Sargent farm. This was the only high and dry ground, there was water everywhere.

There was little entertainment in the early days, mostly picnics, baseball games, house parties and dances.

I recall we walked two and a half miles to school. We dug seneca root, shot rabbits and snared them too, for spending money and to help buy clothes. We raised chickens and calves for the annual fair.



Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hugo on their 50th anniversary. Back: Jim Hugo, Mary and Darkey Walker.