

truck and was speeding. All of a sudden, up pulls a police car and they proceeded to give me a speeding ticket. My brother Herb pulled up behind and gave the police static for giving me a ticket. One of the policemen walked around Herb's truck and came back to where the other policeman was giving me my ticket then issued Herb a ticket for no clearance lights, so we both got caught.

When fall freeze up came and cattle movement slackened down Herb would go winter fishing. He loved that life and as soon as ice got quite thick he would move his little shack, barn and horses out onto the lake for the winter. Albert O'Neil used to be with us a lot on the trucks. In the winter he used to be our snowplow. He would ride on the truck fender and when the truck started to slow down in deep snow Albert would jump off and shovel. One day going to Winnipeg the snow was very deep at Geo. Langdon's house on Langruth (where Frank Arksey now lives). I was driving and Albert had run ahead to see which way to get through. He gave me the arm signal to hit the right side of the road in front of the house but it turned out to be in Mrs. Langdon's garden. We made quite a mess there and Mrs. Langdon came out with the broom after Albert. Needless to say she was very hostile.

There were tough times but we had lots of fun in those days. About 1940 I purchased the Westbourne Longburn franchise. This was the first semi-trailer I ever drove. It was a 20-foot trailer with 1938 Dodge tractor. Oh boy!

After working with my father in the trucking business I joined the army when I was about 18 years old. I trained at Shilo for awhile, then London and Woodstock, Ontario taking a Driver Mechanic's Course. One of my first billets was Sherwood Forest in England where I received more training as a driver mechanic. I went to France, then on to Belgium where we had just liberated a small village. I had my truck there with a platoon of men and we were just going to trench in for the night when the Jerries (Germans) sent three "Moaning Minnie" bombs at us. The last one connected, killing all the men except seven, of which I was one of the lucky ones. I was taken out by jeep to Brussels then by ambulance to France and then a plane ride to England. I stayed in hospital for sometime and then to a Convalescent hospital in Northern England. They put me driving in England to different places for parts and what not and I saw lots of England but still yearned to get back to Canada.

I returned to Canada in November 1945 on the Liner "Queen Elizabeth". After my discharge I took up trucking again and in 1946 I bought my brother Jack's business (Cafe, Confectionery, Garage). Lil and I were just married so we were very busy and we had some hired help.



*Lillian, Harvey, Charlie with Tookie, Mrs. Parsons and Dennis.*

During the war years Dad had Charlie Shotbolt, Wm. McKay and Jim Anderson as drivers to Winnipeg while Herb did all the picking up and loading. I remember in the fall of 1947 Steve Kjartanson and I made ten trips with livestock to Winnipeg in one week.

For years we hauled all our fuel requirements for farmers by 45 gallon barrels from Winnipeg and Portage. These weighed about 500 pounds.

We used to make two trips to Portage a day with 25 barrels to a load. We had one storage tank at the railway track to unload a tank car that came in by train. We hardly ever did this because the old pump jack would not always work to unload the gas. You would take about a day and a half to unload. When we sold the gas we had no scales to weigh the product so we filled the barrel until you touched the gas with your fingers and that was 45 gallons. A 45 gallon barrel of Esso gasoline was \$12.69. Imperial Oil had very poor facilities, even the warehouse floor planks were rotten. If you sold a barrel of gas and did not collect, the company charged the poor agent. North Star Oil was the same. In the 1950's John Fleming, Eddy Smith, Howard Stanley and Roy Stanley hauled and delivered many barrels of gasoline. During the rail strike of 1950 John and I hauled barreled gas from Regina. Roy Stanley also used to put the new machinery together.

We used to buy June Grass seed for Brett Young Seeds in the early 50's. Anyone who had June grass growing on their land or around them would come and get the use of machines to strip the seed. They used two or three machines behind a tractor. These machines were two wheels with wooden boxes which had a tractor hitch and chain drive from bull wheel to beater which in turn knocked the top of the June grass. When the boxes were full the operator would stop and empty contents into a large jute bag. Every evening they would all come to town with the seed. We would grade some bags as some time the sweet clover seed would be mixed in the bags. Some nights we would weigh and load seed on trucks until after midnight. You could not leave it in bags or close together as it would heat and spoil. This seed was shipped to Winnipeg and unloaded every night although one summer we dried it here just south of where we live. We hired local labor as the seed had to be turned and raked every so many hours. Steve Kjartanson was a good man with these machines. I remember one year we started stripping on Sandy Bay Reserve. When we finished there we kept two or three outfits going west of Harcus ending up about 10 miles east of St. Rose.

As soon as customers seed was weighed they would receive payment which they were quite happy about. They used to get about 4-5¢ a pound for it.

I used to go to East Selkirk for dynamite for Western Gypsum. You had to have red flags on each corner of the truck box and bumper. Sometimes I had to load some beer at Brewery Products on North Main and the shipper would make me wait for my order. It was nearly all wooden 24 cases. One day I pulled into the brewery with red flags on the truck and the shipper wanted to know what they were for. I told him what I had on. It was only a matter of minutes until my order was ready and I was gone. After this I would stick the red flags on whenever I was in a hurry and I would soon get loaded. In those days you had to have a special permit for hauling beer. They gave you a little plate about 4 x 4 in size to display on the driver's corner of the truck box. As I think back we have been in business in town for thirty-nine years. Parson's Transfer has been a one family ownership for over 50 years. We have one man, Jim Mousseau (Chico) who has been with the family operation since a young boy. He started with my Dad doing chores and has been with us for about forty years.

*Dennis Isfeld and Betty Ann Parsons.*

