



Two
Great
Danes

DEDICATION

This booklet has been a labour of love and is dedicated to Hans and Alex and their friendship of more than fifty-five years and the effect it has had on both families.

I would like to thank Helen for her help in the memory section and to Bill Wood for his cover design and the verse.

Dorothy Nielsen

TO HANS AND NIELS

From Denmark on the seas they came,
Despite the travel, boat and train,
And ever onward as if guided there
to Baptiste Lake and dark despair!

To settle on a homestead plot, all hope lost
The return to Denmark far too high a cost.
It seemed that this would be their luck,
On a miserable homestead they were stuck.

But then the Viking Blood rebelled anew,
And to this homesteading their vigor flew.
So there they built their homes and set their roots
Forgot their homesickness and patched their boots.

Now in the waning years we all can see
That they were guided by a hidden destiny.
Through the labors the families formed the chains
The life work of our Two Great Danes.

by Freda and Bill Wood

Two Great Danes

Hans and Alex left Copenhagen March 10th, 1928 and arrived in Halifax March 21st after an eleven day crossing on S. S. United States. Hans was going to see the world. He had first wanted to go to South Africa but it was a trouble spot so decided on Canada, as United States had a quota of immigrants.

Alex first wanted to get out and see the world as he had just spent six months in the army. He had to get permission to leave the country.

Alex and Hans did not meet on the boat trip but later in Calgary.

It was a ten day trip across Canada. There were no luxuries-- just a seat on the immigrant train. It was Palm Sunday in Montreal and Alex thought it very strange when he saw children marching and carrying palm branches.

Alex went to Winnipeg where he had a job waiting for him at Alexander, out of Brandon.

Hans went to Calgary--a spot he had picked out on a map in Denmark. The name sounded interesting and proved a good choice.

A Danish boarding house took him in for \$1.00 a day room and board. The \$25.00 you had to have with you to land in Halifax, was dwindling fast. The C.N.R. had a good employment office in Calgary. Farm workers were placed from there.

Alex in the meantime, worked on the farm at Alexander, for the summer of 1928. Some of the farm hands hired at that time were English coal miners who knew nothing of farming. Alex had attended a Land School--Agricultural College as we know it, in Denmark so the farmer was happy to have him. The summer was very hot and thunder storms frequent. Alex saw hail stones, as big as his fist, for the first time. He thought if all of Canada is like this, then he would return to Denmark.

Hans was placed on a farm at Penhold because he had presented himself at the labor office as a farm worker even though he had never been on a farm. He had apprenticed in office work in Copenhagen. Unable to speak English, other than that taught in grade school, but hungry, something had to be done. The farmer soon found out he knew nothing of farming when he became tangled in the horse harness. He stayed on the farm for less pay - \$5.00 a month. It was a good place to eat and he was introduced to green tea and corn on the cob!

Hans was taught English every day by the farmer's daughter, using the blackboard in the kitchen. It made up for the miserable disposition of the farmer.

In the fall Hans moved to a neighboring farm. It was the home of a wonderful old English couple. It was a home away from home. Later in the winter he got a paying job at Horseshoe Lake by Bowden. He worked there until the spring of 1929.

In the fall of 1928, Alex left Manitoba for Calgary where he could attend school to improve his English. He stayed there for the winter and in the spring, left for a farm at Rosetown, Saskatchewan, where he drove eight horse teams. He left there in June to attend the Calgary Stampede.

In the spring of 1929, Hans went back to Calgary and became a painter - Master Painter, License and all for \$1.00. Luckily the fellow he teamed up with, was a painter, so they got a couple of contracts and made a few dollars. They bought a car that would run and went to city hall and bought a drivers' license for .25¢. He had never driven a car before but soon learned.

Hans decided painting was not for him so he left his partner his assets--a half share in the car.

Work was not plentiful as the depression had started. Hans joined the Canadian Armed forces reserve. He took a training course at Sarcee with 15th Canadian Light Horse. He finished the course and was discharged with the option to join next year.

While in Calgary at the Stampede, Alex met a soldier boy, Hans Armfelt, at the Danish boarding house. They teamed up to go working at Banff and Lake Minewanka. They had camping gear and grub box and tented at Minewanka campground where they lost their valuables one day when they were away working. Alex worked as a gardener at Banff Springs Hotel. They cleared land for a boat house at Lake Minewanka. Hans acted as fishing guide for a young fellow from Indiana. He showed him how to fish but had no luck. It was no wonder as it was Hans' first day out!

Work ended and harvest time came so they went to Ft. McLeod, Magrath area where they threshed winter wheat. The pay was so poor so they decided to go homesteading in Peace River country, travelling in Alex's 1924 Chev Coupe.

They arrived in Athabasca in early August 1929, and camped at the Immigration Hall. They drank water from the river, below the sewer outlet and became immune forever after! There is a saying that if you drink from the Athabasca River, you will return. They didn't know it at the time!

Hans and Alex heard so much about the Peace River country so decided to look it over. It was slow going on the trail, for that's what it was - a one vehicle road. They met a car on Lawrence Lake hill and had to manually lift the car over near the edge, so the other car could get by. The driver had produced a rifle to show he wanted to get by! That effort took an hour in the mud.

At High Prairie the road was in an oatfield - the grain as high as the car. You could reach it through the window. That looked very encouraging.

They reached Fort St. John. There was a store, gas pump, bank and a few houses. It was wonderful homestead country but 160 miles to the railroad. One rancher had 100 horses in hopes of putting them to work on the railroad which was expected in a couple of years. . . What a dreamer! By the time the railroad reached Fort St. John, the horses were gone and replaced by catapillar tractors. The few farmers they talked to, who grew wheat for cash, had to sack it, haul it down to the Peace River, just south of Taylor Flats. There it was loaded on scows and floated to Peace River town, a 250 mile trip. This was not profitable so Alex and Hans headed back. When the roads were impassable, they pitched their tent by the side of the trail and waited it out.

On one of these stops, a Provincial policeman walked into their camp. It was a hot day and he was on his rounds of his district. He stopped for a visit.

They met a man in Athabasca named Wernmark, a Swede with sons George and Carl. He told them there was a Dane at Baptiste Lake. Wernmarks told them in glowing terms of the Baptiste Lake area. The fish and game but failed to mention the bulldogs, black flies and mosquitoes.

In 1929 Baptiste Lake was a beautiful place. The Dane Wernmarks told them about was William Anderson who homesteaded where Winding Trail school was later built.

Alex homesteaded SE-19-66-24-W4 where he and Hans built a log cabin and spent the first winter. There was no anti-freeze at that time so the car block froze the first night, it was so cold.

Alex had ordered a cook stove from Eatons and when it came they packed it on a pole between them to the cabin. The top didn't fit the bottom so it had to be carried out again and returned.

That winter they hunted and trapped west of the cabin, sleeping outside in 30° below zero weather, where they told of the pancake batter freezing on one side and cooking on the other!

In the spring Alex looked for a farm and bought a half section from Hector Martell, SE-35 and SW-36-66-24-W4. Alex had wanted to buy Wernmark's place at Baptiste Lake but they didn't want to sell.

After the highway cut the field in half, Alex finally bought the Wernmarks lake lot 14 as Wernmarks had decided to leave. So Alex started farming.

William Anderson, Hans and Alex had Christmas dinner outside William's cabin the first Christmas. It was so mild.

The Wernmark boys and William Anderson built Alex a house of standing logs. Also a log barn. Wernmarks then left and took a homestead on Lake Lot 16. Alex had the house built by the side of the road as he wanted to open a store. But the depression was there so he forgot the idea.

In 1930 Alex bought an International steel-wheeled tractor 22-36 from McLeod Bros. for \$1,600.00. He was busy clearing land on the lake lot and farming Martells' with it. The next spring there was four inches snow on the crop after seeding was all done.

Hans homesteaded SW-20-66-24-W4 after Carl and Eric Fendstrom decided to leave and go back to Sweden. Hans worked for Alex, George Spence and Tom Mallett.

In summer of 1931 Hans operated Hector Martells' store on Baptiste Creek. It was the year of the great exodus. The depression was in full blast and farmers from the south were dried out and heading for the Peace River country. They came in cars, some more mobile than others, some with chicken crates. Trucks had household goods, walking plow and a skinny cow tied behind the cab. Covered wagons were drawn by oxen and were loaded to capacity. A big sign on the side said "Peace River or Bust". Some were driven by one horse and one cow hitched together. They had very little money and if they did stop at the store, they might spend 25 cents on an absolute necessity. Some gypsies travelled by car and stopped at the store. A dozen women and children swarmed inside and kept Hans busy at the counter - others were all

over the store. Mr. Martell didn't make much money that time!

Hans bought a Model T car from Rankins at Larvert, who were going back to the city as they had no liking for farming.

The homesteaders lived well in 1930's with hunting and trapping and big gardens.

The old cabin that was on Lake Lot 14 was used by the Sam Mickelsen family for one winter. Jim was a baby then. The cabin was taken over by John Ross, a trapper, after Mickelsen's returned to Edmonton.

John stayed on and looked after Alex's place when Alex was away. John had previously lived where Appleby's live today and he rented out boats in the summer and trapped all winter. John and Willie Spence worked to get the beach as it is today.

In 1930 the community decided a school was needed so in the spring of 1933 a work bee was formed. Married people and bachelors all helped building Winding Trail School. Alex was a member of one of the Boards and one school teacher, a Mr. Potter, lived with Alex for six months.

Hans worked for George Spence in 1932. Alex told Hans he needed some cats for the barn. Hans and Shirley Spence caught 20 and Hans dumped them, from sacks, on Alex's farm.

At the time Alex was in Calgary in 1929, he met Marius Rasmussen. Marius came to visit Alex in late 1930's and stayed until he married Doris Reid of the Baptiste Lake district.

Alex had a few row boats he rented out in the early years. The only cabins on Baptiste Lake at that time were Dr. Swifts', Sharps', Falconers' and Captain Mills. There were many Indian cabins scattered along the west side of the lake. Axel Smith, Rosie Nipshank, Fred and Omar McDonald were Alex's closest neighbors. Rosie Nipshank would take their moose and deer hides and make their mocassins and coats.

Alex remembers when trucking cattle to Edmonton took 3 days in bad weather. They would stop over in Clyde and Rochester and then home the next day, after putting railroad ties in the mud holes. One time the cattle Alex shipped didn't realize enough money to pay the freight.

The first bus to Athabasca was a seven passenger car owned by Collin's Bros. Walking to town in 1930's could be done in three hours, to get the mail and supplies. Before the road was gravelled, if a storm came up, you headed for home, even without your mail, as the car would get bogged down.

In 1930 Alex and John Babiak threshed for a month in Forfar district. When all expenses were paid, they had \$70.00 each.

Harry Lynk was born in 1881 in Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa. He married Ivy Mayetta Rickett in 1903. They farmed near Tracy, Minnesota for a number of years, playing baseball in the summer. He passed up a job of playing professional baseball as a catcher to immigrate to Canada.

In 1909 Grampy and Grammy Lynk, Harold, Madeline, Nadine and Donald arrived in Granum, Alberta. He worked that summer and took a homestead at Sweet Valley near Travers. He bought an adjoining quarter, giving him a good half section of level land. There was prairie for miles and Helen remembers him hauling coal from Bow City with a grain box on a wagon and four head of horses. The round trip took two days. Coal supplemented in summer with dry buffalo chips - buffalo manure dried hard over the years. Helen had to pick it up. There was no wood to be had, other than apple boxes and scrap lumber.

Glen was born at home as the nearest hospital was Lethbridge - 60 miles away. In June, 1912, Donald took sick. They drove to Lethbridge with team and democrat. Donald had a burst appendix and nothing could be done. He died June 12, 1912, - a crushing blow to the family.

Helen was born in 1913 and Johnny in 1917.

Grampy talked of the cold, hard winters on the prairies. One thousand head of cattle from a ranch at Calgary drifted with the blizzard to where Lynks lived. In 1921 and 1922 the family spent a year at Nelson where Grampy worked in the mines at Trail. Harold and Madge went to Business College. Grammy and the kids went to Medicine Hat, returning to the farm later.

In 1925 they bought a steel-wheeled Hart Parr tractor and rented more land. In 1927 bought a pull-type Red River Special combine - one of the first in the district and went custom combining. He did one thousand acres at \$1.00 per acre. They bought two grain trucks and Harold and Glen hauled grain.

The depression came and black dust clouds followed. The doors and windows had to remain closed but still the dust sifted in. Top soil drifted for half a mile. In 1931 the Lynk family moved to Athabasca. It was muddy roads from Edmonton with two trucks and light delivery truck loaded with household goods. Cattle and machinery had to be shipped to Smith as there was no C.P.R. connection to Athabasca. Grampy and the boys hauled them back.

Helen and the family stayed at the Immigration Hall until they found a place to live. Mrs. Lynk, Johnny and Helen found a place in the Ling Block. Johnny was still going to school. Helen was taking Grade 11 but there was no room in the Athabasca school.

Grampy, Glen, Harold and wife Eva and son Lloyd moved to Tom Malle tt's farm for the rest of the winter. He shot a bull moose so they had lots to eat. It was the first moose they had eaten.

They rented the place Appleby's later bought and moved out to Baptiste Lake, Helen's father and brothers spent the winter building a house from upright ties on NE-20-66-24-W4 and they moved in in the spring.

Hans met Helen Lynk and went a-courting. They were married October 11, 1933. It was a big decision - sell the car and get married or keep the car and stay single! Hans sold the car for \$25.00. It got them married and a few groceries to spare. October 7 was the date picked for the wedding but it snowed that day so Helen wouldn't go. Helen's brother Glen was going to town October 11, so Hans and Helen

said they would go along. Julius Katona and Omar McDonald went along. Alex said he didn't know about the wedding plans but Hans said it was no secret - they just decided that two could live as cheap as one!

They arrived at the Anglican Manse but Rev. Little said they had to be married in the church and that they would need two witnesses. Glen and Omar acted. Hans said he tried to pay the Minister but he said "I think you need it more than I do". Julius sang all the way home. The newly-weds arrived home with 15 cents in their pocket. Their wedding dance was the first event held in the new Winding Trail School. Hans and Helen tell of the big jackpine tree by Winding Trail Creek that was their courting tree.

The first winter they had moose, deer, fish and potatoes and they managed. Hans sold fifty muskrats for 50 cents each. That money bought them their first cow for the big price of \$25.00. It was worth it as it was the mother of their herd. That was the spring of 1934. They added to the cows and were soon selling cream and butter for 2 pounds for 25 cents.

Bob and Lil Porter and Elsie came in 1932 from Montana and bought Lake Lot 12. He and Lil and Elsie used to play for dances all over the country, hauling their piano with them. They built a dance hall after a few years and held weekly dances. Lil played piano, Elsie the guitar and Bob the bones.

They left in 1942 to return to Montana so Lil could resume teaching. Alex took Mrs. Porter to town once and Alex had too many beers. He said

driving home he could see two roads so asked Lil if she could drive. So she drove Alex home.

The winter of 1935-36 Hans cooked for tie-haulers at Alex McLeod's operation west of Lahaeville. He cooked for ten men who paid 10 cents a man per day for board. He made \$1.00 a day plus room and board. After thirty days of baking bread and cooking pies Hans was fired. Not because of the food but the men weren't making any money. It was so cold the horses couldn't pull half a load. Everyday it was 30 to 50 below zero. Sleighs were grinding like on sand. Hans slept with the yeast at night to keep it from freezing. It was a steady job to keep the bunk houses and cook shack supplied with wood. That was done by hand with a Swede saw and axe.

After thirty days the men said they couldn't keep him on, so each man dug deep and came up with three dollars so they parted company.

Helen had been alone on the homestead with Dick one year old. She milked the cows, fed chickens and kept the house warm. Do or die! They bought a team of colts from John Lukaszuk. It was a wonderful team, good for saddle or pulling. They named them Babe and Nellie. Nellie in turn had a colt, Queenie. Riding one day after cows, Hans spied two deer. He shot them both, loaded them on the horses' back tied down with the reins and halter shank and turned the horse loose. She went home one and a half miles on the cow trail. Helen had a fit when the horse came up the road. Hans came later with the cows. The meat was packed in sugar and flour sacks and laid between blocks of ice in the icehouse where it kept good. Ice was sawed in the winter at the lake, packed

in sawdust and kept all summer. It was hard work but worth it.

The depression was survived by digging and scratching. Hans and Alex did a lot of hunting west of the lake and had a cabin that everyone used.

Hans had an unfortunate accident in 1937 when he broke his leg while sawing wood. He spent three weeks in hospital. Helen was six months pregnant and was left with all the chores to do.

During this time Hans kept bees until Karen had to stick her nose in the hive. When Helen reached her, she was covered with bees but only stung once. Alex kept bees too but Hans looked after them.

In 1939-40 Hans was weed inspector that summer for Grosmont Municipality, riding horseback covering the West Athabasca area up to Grosmont and Larvert. After the contract ran out he was paid a bonus of \$100.00 for a job well done.

In early 1940 a caboose was used for winter travel, complete with air-tight heater.

Diversions to lonely days was a visit from the Watkins and Raleigh dealers. They brought spices, salves and Free Press subscriptions. Raleigh salves were good for man or beast! He bought horsehair and old batteries and always brought the latest news and always left with a full stomach.

In 1940 I came upon the scene. My parents, Fred and Lilian Budd, were from Woolwich, England. Dad had come with his family to Ingersol, Ontario, in 1907, moving west to a homestead south of Kitscoty in 1910. My mother travelled alone from England to be married to Dad in July, 1912. They lived on the homestead until Dad joined the Army, going overseas in 1914. After the war Dad returned to Lloydminster and the family settled there where I was born in 1920.

I took all my schooling in Lloydminster and after completing Grade 12, I took a business course while waiting to enroll in a nursing school at Humbolt, Saskatchewan. But I met Alex the summer of 1940!

My sister, Freda, a nurse, was engaged to marry Marius Christensen who had a draying business in Athabasca. I came along as a chaperone for Freda's visit. Marius was a good friend of Alex, so it was inevitable that Alex and I should meet. Alex showed us the country around Slave Lake and Lac La Biche. That fall, Alex went to visit me at my home and we became engaged that Christmas.

My mother and I visited Alex in the summer of 1941 and the date for the wedding was set for August 12.

Of course, Alex had to do some bragging about the wild game walking right down the road. I didn't believe him but lo and behold if two deer didn't come walking over the bridge!

Alex came to visit me at Christmas, 1940. He had bronchitis and I told him I'd make him a mustard plaster for his chest. Of course I

got talking to my girlfriend and forgot to time the plaster. Alex got over his cold but he has never had another plaster! My mother was a great soup maker and that was the highlight of the trip I'm sure.

Alex and I were married at the United Church on the morning of August 12, 1941, and had a luncheon for family and friends. Alex nearly turned back when he found out twenty-five guests would be there.

On the way home to Athabasca we stopped at the Royal George Hotel in Edmonton for our wedding supper. Then we visited Sam and Mary Mickelsen before heading north.

The next day Alex and Hans were cutting oats on what is now Edith and Julius Katona's home place. So I had done as I was told. Alex told me to pick a wedding day between haying and harvest!

Alex's friends from town chivareed us three days later and took us to a dance at Porter's Hall.

In the fall of 1941 Alex sold his farm on the highway to John Babiak. He never did like the Martell farm after the new highway cut the field in half.

It was a great experience for me to become a farm wife. The first fall at harvest time, Adeline Smith helped me to cope with the threshing crew. Yaniks were the owners of the machine. Never had I seen eleven men eat so much, so often.

I used more than my share of kindling as I forgot to keep wood on the fire. My first attempt at bread baking was a disaster and Alex refused to bake it. He said I would never learn unless I kept trying.

I am sure I would have died of loneliness if it hadn't been for Adeline Smith, Ina Scanlon and Helen. We did have some good visits and I received lots of good advice.

1940's brought severe winter weather. One year we had 60° below zero for a whole month. Alex watered the cattle from a hole chopped in the creek and the milk cows were put right back in the barn. The other cattle wintered in the strawpile. School children walked to school those days.

In December, 1941, Gerald was born to add to the family of Hans and Helen, Dick, Jack and Karen. To our house came a daughter, Sandra, in April, 1942. My first outing with Sandra was to supper with the Armfelts.

Our close neighbor, Ina Scanlon, was to become a very good friend. Ina came walking through the barnyard one evening, just as Alex brought the cows home for milking. Never having seen a woman before, the cows turned tail and headed for the bush again!

Alex had a police dog, Tommy, who had to wear a muzzle at times when he got too vicious with the cows. One day he ganged up with two

other dogs and they got into Ina's sheep. There was no denying the evidence of sheep wool in his mouth. Alex got Hans to shoot the dog.

My mother passed away in 1943 and a year later Dad married Jean McGraw from Arcola, Saskatchewan. I didn't think I liked that idea much but Ina Scanlon told me it was a complement to my mother that Dad wanted to marry again. So I looked on it that way and it has been a wonderful association over the years. I shall always remember Ina for those wise words. Dad lived to be 93 years old with Jean's loving care. They came to visit us many times over the years. Dad passed away August, 1980, in Regina where they had made their home.

By 1944 better roads were in the area and Hans traded a cow for a car, a 1927 Chev Sedan. He drove it home from Bissell's sawmill. On the way home it had four flat tires and the windshield fell out. Haywire fixed everything. Alex and Hans cut it down and made a truck out of it. It was known as the "Old Tin-Top". It was a wonderful car.

When Dick Owens, the Councillor, died in 1946, Irvin Bausman and Hans contested the election for the remainder of Owen's term. Hans was elected and finished the term in the old M.D. of Grosmont. When the M.D. of Athabasca was formed January, 1947, Hans was elected to the M.D. of Athabasca Council. The same time he was elected to the Hospital Board and served as Board member and Chairman until the county was formed, in 1959. He served one year on Council and resigned to apply for the job opening of Agricultural Field Supervisor in 1948. He worked there til retirement in 1970.

Larry Peter arrived on the scene on a cold November night in 1944. It was 53° below zero and Dick came to tell Alex to get the car going. It was no mean feat in those days with no electricity for car plug-ins. So we had the bath water hot so Alex got the car going and away they went.

Our daughter Norma-Jean arrived in March, 1946. That completed our family.

Raymond was born December, 1951, and that made Hans and Helen's family complete. Six children to be proud of.

Harry and Mary Porter and boys arrived in March, 1946, having bought the Scanlon place. Ina had decided to return to her family in Medicine Hat where she started a childrens' library.

Mary Porter taught at Winding Trail School for two years. Their boys Phil, Art, Glen and Ken grew up on the farm.

Getting to school was by walking. Alex would walk with Sandra to keep her going and sometimes on very cold mornings they would stop at Katona's to warm up. When Mulberrys came, Max would heat his Packard car with a blow torch and would pick up Lola Harold and our kids on the way. The poor Tomaszuk, Piche and Orosz kids had to walk miles. The clothing then was not as sensible or warm as now. The Armfelt and Lynk kids often skied to school.

Power came west of Athabasca in 1953 because a Co-op was formed by the farmers. Each farmer paid \$1,050.00 and this brought luxury to the farms. The first major purchase Hans made was a second hand fridge and in 1958 Gerald bought them a a deep-freeze with his first paycheque. What a treat it was to have a fridge instead of the ice-box. It seemed like I always forgot to empty the pan under the ice-box and it would spill all over the floor.

Hans and Helen lived in the original log house and in 1948 when Hans' sister Ella came for her first visit from Denmark, he built a two story addition onto it. This was to be the first of many visits by Ella and her husband Albert.

Hans' nephew Ole, whom Hans sponsored, came from Denmark in January, 1959, and he lived with them until his return to marry Eialin in December, 1960. They built a home and moved it to the quarter beside Winding Trail Creek. Ole spent several years as a Captain on the Northern Transportation system. He was a bee inspector for the government as well as a bee-keeper himself. Then he moved to Edmonton as a driver trainer for Alberta Motor Association, later becoming Supervisor of School Patrols. Eialin had a dress shop in Edmonton at that time and they came back here for their weekends. Annett and Svenn were born to them at this time.

Ole's parents and Eialin's parents came often to visit and everybody enjoyed them. Hans, Boder and Ella were all together for the first time in fifty years in 1973. It was a happy birthday celebration for Hans. Ole and family moved to Victoria in 1980 and we all miss them.

The school picnics were the highlight of the school year and all the families looked forward to it. For some it was the only outing. We remember the homemade ice cream. Vern Barlow, Shirley Lynk and Annie Nipshank would see who could eat the most. If you have never licked the ice cream paddle you have missed a treat. It made the job of cranking it all worthwhile.

We had a Red Cross group we worked for and later Winding Trail Church. It was the womens' job to raise money for the allocation to the town church to pay the minister's salary. It was fun holding Strawberry Teas at tourist time. It went over well and was held at Harrold's hall and after it burned was held on the lawn at Applebys and Noelcks.

Later a monthly birthday club was formed to keep in touch with neighbors.

Jo and Ingi Thorvardson came in 1948 and bought the lake lot next to Barlows. They rented out cabins for many years and were popular members of the community.

Jo and I started the first Sunday School and carried on until the church was closed in 1964. They moved to Athabasca in 1968 and lived there until their passing.

Mary and Bob Harriss lived on the Santrock place in 1940's for a few years.

Max and Sally Mulberry, Ron and Joyce bought Joe McLeans next to Applebys in 1950 and operated cabins and a dance hall. We became very good friends and had many good card games.

They left to live in California for a few years but did return to the Forfar district for awhile. Raymond was born after they left. Now they reside in Kamloops.

Harry Lynk was our first graderman. During the cold winter weather he sat outside on that machine. It was a cold job in winter and hot in summer. Hans and Alex would shovel the beach by hand Friday night so they could go to town Saturday. Only the beach sometimes blew in again that night.

Alex and Hans cut ice blocks each winter and these were hauled to the ice house and covered with sawdust to be used in summer for the modern ice box we had and it kept the cream fresh for shipping to the Athabasca Creamery.

In 1951 Dorothy Black, my niece came to live with us. She attended Winding Trail School and to take her high school at Athabasca. She liked farming so much she said she wanted to marry a farmer. This she did in 1958. She married Jim Krykowski and farms east of Lloydminster. They have two boys and two girls.

In 1957 heavy rains caused quite a flood at Baptiste Lake and we remember Jack Appleby coming in his boat right up to the back of the house to pick up his milk. Shirley Lynk came and shot fish from a boat back of our house. Rosie Nipshank told Alex that in the early 1900's the whole flat was under water and they went by boat to the back of NW-16.

Winding Trail School was closed in 1954 and children were bussed to Athabasca. We used the school for a community club for a few years but it wasn't practical. The building and land was sold to the Winding Trail Church for \$100.00.

Dick married Kayla Park from Lethbridge. They had two sons, David and Russel. They live at Sorrento, B. C. and operate Long Beach Resort.

Jack has two sons Daniel and Stewart and two step-sons Adam and Derek. Jack and Bernice live at Enderby, B. C.

Karen married Chris Bradfield from Chesterfield, England. They had three children, Michael, Alan and Kathleen. They live close to home.

Gerald married Ann Ward from Fort Vermillion. They have three children, Jennifer, Wendy-Ann and James. They live on the home place.

Larry married Margaret Holmes from Calgary. They have two children, Mardell and Cory. They live at Baptiste Lake.

Raymond married Donna Moniuk from Endeavor, Saskatchewan. They have two children, Pamela and Tyron. They live at Lethbridge.

Our family are Sandra living in Edmonton with children Sherry, Mitchell and Tom Pederson. Both husbands passed away. Norma-Jean married to Don Dalgleish has two children Lisa and Derek. They live in Kamloops.

In 1963, Hans and Helen built a new house, thanks to the help of the boys and Chris and Ole and Karen and Eialin. Helen was kept busy feeding the workers. A whole loaf of bread was used for late lunch. Long days of hard work became a reality.

Sandra and Norma had finished school and left home to work in Edmonton. In 1964, Alex decided he had had forty-one years of chasing cows tails. He sold the farm to Bob and Phyllis Gray and we kept an acre and built a small house. Our wonderful dog, Bozo, came over to visit but would not stay. Phyllis said she would keep him and he died that winter.

While we were building our house we lived in Hans' old one. That was great!

One morning we got up and could see a skunk under Hans' car. Raymond moved the car and the dogs chased the skunk round the front of the house, spraying everything in sight. When we came to work on our house, one of the carpenters told us to tell Helen to put a camp stove in the basement and burn sugar in a frying pan. The burned sugar smelled awful but there was no skunk smell.

We moved into our house in time for Hallowe'en night. The workmen put up the shell of the house and Alex and I finished everything else. As husbands and wives sometimes do when working together, some days we were not speaking to each other by days end. But it was a great satisfaction when done.

We celebrated our Silver Wedding with family and neighbors at a supper at Grosmont Hall in 1966.

Alex worked with Ole remodelling houses, then did the honey extracting for Ole. Hans and Alex put a new roof on Lorne Hooper's cabin in the Narrows. Alex put new steps on Stirling's stone cabin and built a summer kitchen on the store that Hazel Harrold had turned into a cottage. Lee and Cecil Goodwin lived in Hazel's log house.

When Hans was Field Supervisor he worked closely with George Godel, the District Agriculturist. One of their projects was planting trees in each schoolyard in the County. Hans leased a strip of land next to our fence from Bob Gray and Alex planted and cared for the trees. He and Albert Nelson planted them at the schools. Alex was proud of his tree nursery and we got some nice trees for our yard.

1967 came and I needed to go to work. I worked at the Pottery for six months, then applied for the job of cashier at the new Tomboy store. I held that job for 13 years. Alex joined me at the store until our retirement in 1981. The Jones family were great to work for and we are good friends.

Since retirement in 1970, Hans became involved in elections, acting as Returning Officer for one Provincial election and several municipal elections. He served as secretary-treasurer of Athabasca Gas Co-Op Ltd.

Helen and Hans made numerous trips to B.C. to visit relatives and their children, several trips to Denmark visiting Hans' relatives. They have acted as hosts to out of country guests on many occasions.

In 1983 Hans and Helen celebrated their Golden Wedding with a gathering of all their family and friends present. The children did a wonderful job of organizing the event. The highlight of the evening was the presentation by Hans to Helen, of a "medal" for her devotion through the years. She was the envy of all the women present.

In 1978 Alex and I joined Ole and Eialin on a trip to Denmark. Alex had not been home for fifty years. Alex's sisters were here for a visit in 1962 but it was a joyful holiday and Alex met his brother again after all those years. I got to meet the family and to see the beautiful country. It was a memorable holiday.

Since our retirement we have made numerous trips to visit our family in B.C., Regina and Lloydminster.

Life has been good to us and now we can enjoy the grandchildren. Alex has no regrets quitting farming as it was a good life.

All in all it has been a good trip from Copenhagen to Athabasca
for our Two Great Danes!

I would like to close this story with the verse I used in my
speech at Hans and Helen's Golden Wedding. It seems to apply to the
four of us.

Friendship's lane is a shining path
Just right for us to share.
It leads to brightest happiness
And to pleasures everywhere.
It leads to joy and laughter
To the land of dreams come true.
And we are proud to have walked on friendship's path
With such dear friends as you.

"MEMORIES"

When Dick Owens was Councillor and you complained about the roads, he told you to go home and stay off them.

Harry Lynk was renting land from Adeline Smith. He was paying her in grain and was taking his share home. Adeline was counting the pail going out full and going back into the granary empty, until he caught on!

Adeline was always inviting a neighbor to stop for a meal. Charlie Ward had been to town and he always stopped in for supper. Adeline fed him groundhog and Charlie said how good it was. When he found out what it was, he was very disgusted. And I can't print here what he said!

Hans went through our yard to look for his horses as in 1930's the horses were just turned loose and could stray for miles. On the way back he shot a moose just behind our barn. Hans went to tell Alex and Sam Mickelsen to come and help him skin it. Sam wouldn't believe that Hans had a moose because Sam had been going out every day and hadn't seen a thing.

Alex and Hans were hunting west of their cabin the first winter. Alex was resting and Hans was using the "bush toilet". Alex decided to climb a tree to scout a moose. He saw the moose coming and hollered to Hans "a moose is coming, a moose is coming". But Hans had his pants down and had no chance to shoot.

Alex had a horse named Prince who was sick. Old Bill Barlow said he should fight poison with poison. So Alex went to see a moonshiner but he wouldn't give him any. Alex came home and gave the horse a shot of whiskey and the horse dropped dead on the spot. A few days later, a jug of moonshine was left by the gate. Alex gave the moonshine to Bill Barlow.

Old John Ross lived at Alex's in a homestead cabin. Whenever Alex would leave the place and someone stopped, old John would go down the path and holler "What do you want, he's not at home". By the end of the month when John's pension ran out, he would come to Alex's house and get some tea leaves to smoke. John said he knew the earth was flat because he had sat on the shore at Halifax when he went to war and he said he could see where the horizon dropped off. He also would not apply for the pension because he said "they know me in Ottawa". John called the homesteaders "stoneboat farmers". Also said "if you plant little potatoes, you will get little potatoes". He used to lie in his bunk and shoot the mice as they came up the holes with his 22. Alex brought two jumbo sweaters home from town and told John he had bought one for him. Of course John picked up the expensive one as it was warmer! Old John was eating cup cakes and said they were sure tough! He had eaten paper and all. Hans took Helen to town one day with the team. John went along but of course drank too much beer and needed to relieve himself. He said "why did he have to take his woman along?"

Alex had never eaten baked potatoes before he came to Canada and he thought the women were really lazy. When he would be threshing for

people and was fed chickens with the feet sticking out of the pot, he thought that was the limit.

Hans and Alex walked in from hunting out west, carrying a full pack. They were so hungry they cooked a big kettle of stew and ate it all.

They were building their hunting cabin and when night came they just put grass on for a roof. They decided to have a snooze before supper and lay in the bunks. They noticed smoke from the roof. The sparks from the fire had caught fire to the roof.

Another time they ate fresh meat and had to stop every so often to head for the bush. It was a long time before they ate fresh meat again.

Alex had two sets of deer and moose horns hanging in the front room. I detested them with a passion. Luckily when his sisters came for a visit in 1962, Vera begged for them to hang in her den. I was so thankful!

Hans spied a skunk in its hole and decided if he could grab it by the tail before it squirted, he could save a shell. So he made one attempt to grab and got squirted in one eye. Not to be outdone, he grabbed the tail again and was shot in the other eye. Johnny Lynk nearly died laughing.

Miss Langley was the school teacher at Winding Trail School and walked past Alex's place. She complained about the cussing from the barn hill. Alex told her it was Hans. Alex got a kick out of Hans being blamed.

When I first came here I noticed the holes in the lids on the cook stove always held a cigarette butt. Alex told me Hans did it and I couldn't blame Hans as I was too polite. Many years later I found out Alex was the culprit.

The first summer I met Alex, I had walked over from Sunset Beach to see him. Alex had to do his chores so he gave me a bowl of strawberries from his garden and whipping cream. I'll never forget the look on Hans' face when he saw me sitting in Alex's kitchen. He didn't know I existed.

One time Hans was out hunting his horses in Forfar. Coming home he saw two deer in his yard and shot them both. Sam Mickelsen wouldn't believe they were in Hans' own yard.

Hans talked to Harrisons and Gilchrist. Mrs. Gilchrist said "I'm married to one man and sleep with the other".

Hans took Alex out duck hunting in the fall and the duck landed on the ice. Hans told Alex to go and get it. In the army you learn four inches will carry a horse and two inches a man. But Hans told Alex if the ice cracks it is safe. Of course Alex fell in and his clothes were stiff when he got home.

Hans always was a wild driver with Babe and Nellie and he had Alex out electioneering with him. They went around Barlow's corner and dumped Alex out.

Marius Rasmussen took Adeline Smith's geese in a sack to the north end of the lake and let them out because they were always messing on Alex's doorstep.

The first time I met Grammy Lynk was a few weeks after our wedding. Adeline Smith invited me to go and visit. They were living by Winding Trail Bridge. She served us home grown cantaloupe. I really thought this was God's Country!

A few days after our marriage, Alex and I were out walking and we met Andrew Sifra who lived where the Mickelsen lake lot is now. He asked Alex if he wanted a good wife. He said every morning you lift the bed-covers and give her a good switching.

Julius and Mrs. Katona were the best of neighbors. Julius told Helen that his chickens were sick - they had no hair on their ass!

Mrs. Katona would berate Julius when he had too much beer in town. She'd say "shame, shame, pig, pig". Julius often helped Alex houseclean and one day he spied some chocolate on the table. Hans told him to try it and then proceeded to tell him it was Exlax he had eaten!

Katona's had a young boy visit them each summer. He shot all the chickens with buckshot.

Hans was always playing a joke on Julius. When he and Julius were helping Alex milk the cows, Hans squirted milk on Julius' neck. Hans told

Julius it was the cats in the loft peeing on him. Hans never told Julius the truth until Julius had his 80th birthday.

One day they were haying and Alex got a mouse up his pantleg and grabbed it. He called to Julius to come and take it out but he wouldn't. So Alex squashed it dead.

Mrs. Katona loved to have company to feed and was insulted if you didn't eat. She would say "eat, eat."

Hans had a pet sow that started farrowing. One pig came at 11 o'clock so he said he'd better sit up til it was over. She never did have another! Another of his sows had seventeen pigs. A record.

Dick was a sickly child with bronchitis. One early spring day Helen got Alex to take Dick to hospital. Alex said the road was so bad they might get stuck so he asked her how about going on the lake. Helen said "If you are game, I am". The water was up to the wheel axle before they could get up on the ice.

When Jack was small he loved ice cream but always stood beside the stove and shivered.

Alex had a pig who got out of the pen and after running up and down the hill after it, he went and got his 22 and shot it in the foot. Then he got a rope on it and put it back in the pen.

Alex used to sell ice to lake people in the old days before power. It was a big job to uncover the sawdust and wash the block off. He always charged 50 cents a block whether you took the whole block or just a piece. Alex always told them he didn't go into the ice house for less than 50 cents.

I used to sell cream and hid the money in a wax paper carton. One day in cleaning the back porch, I threw the carton out. Luckily Norma looked inside before putting it into the burning barrell. I never lived that one down.

Norma and Sandra caught minnows for the fishermen. They had a real thriving business as they were the first to do it. One day Sandra, Norma and Dorothy Black caught a pail of minnows and Norma fell carrying the pail. They were so mad at her, they threw a pail of water over her.

Ron Black, my nephew, built the first Burger Bar on our land, at the drive-in to the County Beach. He installed a soft ice cream machine and he and wife Diane had a good business for a year before he moved away to Slave Lake. He was a Wildlife Officer - a life he loved. He died suddenly at age 40 from a heart attack. We really missed his visits. He always said Alex and Hans taught him to swear in Danish. He could never find a Dane who would translate it for him.

One year Helen asked me to help her babysit Karen's Michael and Alan and Dick's David and Russel as they were both going on a holiday. We named Alan the sleepless wonder as he was on the go all the time.

Hans would take the four kids in the car every night and go south to see if they could see a deer. Then the kids were happy to go to bed.

Fishing was good in the old days. Sandra caught 32 perch when she was 6 years old. Alex would pickle the perch and it was delicious on a hot summer day.

Adeline Smith always enjoyed a tea party so that she could read our teacups. She always told me I was going on a big trip. I used to think she said that because Alex's family were overseas. But I did get to go to Denmark.

Alex wanted to buy Queenie from Hans so badly for a saddle horse. She was a grand horse and our girls loved to ride her or hitch her to the stoneboat. One day we came home from town and they had her hitched up and had gone down to the hay meadow. This was winter time and Alex had made a good trail so he could haul hay. He found they had completely obliterated that trail when he went the next day. One day Queenie was standing down by the road, looking over the fence. Norma came down the barn hill on skis and couldn't stop. She went right under Queenie's belly and the horse never moved.

Jim Mickelsen used to love to come to Baptiste Lake and stayed with Hans but he came with him to help Alex with any work. He always asked so many questions so Hans and Alex gave him Dolly and Wine to drive around, to get him out of their hair. One time he wanted to take a live goose back on the bus to Edmonton. He crated it and kept it on

the seat beside him. Sam and Mary Mickelsen came often to visit.

Alex's police dog, Tommy, got into a porcupine. He sat still while Alex pulled out the quills but howled all the time. He got smart after that. Alex used to play the violin but Tommy would howl at the top of his lungs. So I never did hear Alex play.

Adeline picked Alex's black currants while he and Marius were in town. Another time I told her the wild gooseberries were wormy. She said that didn't matter as she only used the juice!

Helen and I always had the cookstove outside in the spring and you could bake bread, heat the sadirons, iron outside and wash clothes on the scrub board. It wasn't so nice in wet weather but nice not to have the house so hot.

Alex never drinks iced tea since my first threshing crew. I made a cream can full and put in a pound of tea Alex says. Alex told me I made them all drunk and they had to lay off work.

For the last five years on March 21st, Alex, Hans, Helen and I go out for dinner to celebrate their arrival in Canada.

Hans and Helen had a magpie called Fritz you would swear could talk. He would sit on Peter's head and peck him until Helen had to go and chase him off. Hans would go outside with a bit of hamburger in his hand and call Fritz and he would come and get the meat. Dick was fixing his bike

and the bright shiny parts were lying on the grass. The bird took every one and hid them under the roof shingles. Dick had to go and retrieve every one. Fritz would take the cigarette out of Hans' mouth and Helen was afraid he would hide it and start a fire.

Rex was a good dog. He knew each animal by name because Hans would tell him which cow to bring home and he would. Later Old Bud took Rex's place. He would sit outside and look in the kitchen window. Rex played hide and seek with the kids. Gerald hid one day and Helen couldn't find him so told Rex to find him and he did. Helen was gardening one day and Raymond who was tiny at the time and Old Bud disappeared. After much searching Helen remembered Bud liked to sleep in the culvert where it was cool. Helen found Raymond and Bud fast asleep.

Jack was accident prone. He tripped coming into the house and hit his throat on a cream can. They thought he was dead. Another time Helen was trying to dry out the dirt cellar by hanging a lantern down the hole. Jack fell down the hole right on top of the lantern. Another time he ran into a barbed wire fence and just missed the juglar vein.

Ira Williams lived at the Narrows where the ditches were made of white mud. He made that mud into cakes and pedalled it as Bon Ami.

Dick was skiing in Katona's pasture and broke the knuckle off his elbow.

Karen took her bike to school in early May. It blew and snowed so hard that she had to push the bike all the way home. The boys wouldn't help her and her fingers were nearly frozen.

Gerald and Dale Lynk were playing chicken on their bikes. Gerald turned and he and Dale collided. Dale left teeth marks on Gerald's forehead and Helen thought the teeth were left in the scar.

Peter was small and putting on his skis when the cat jumped on his head. Peter went headfirst into the snowbank and Peter was screaming mad.

One Hallowe'en Vern Barlow lay in the ditch with a bearskin over him. When all the kids came past, he jumped out of the ditch with a roar. He scared them as they thought it was a bear. Another Hallowe'en Karen brought Kathy over to Hans' and Gerald's. Gerald moved Karen's car. Karen looked for her car but it was found down by the gate. As they got near the car, Gerald made a roar from the ditch. The girls got in the car in a hurry. Another year Hans stopped at Jim Smallwoods. Their kids and Edwards kids put Hans' Volkswagon on blocks. He got in and started the car but couldn't go anywhere.

Jack came home from the bush and asked Helen how long Ray had been lying up at the barn. He had climbed the rail fence and fallen and broken his leg. He also broke his wrist on the teeter-totter at school.

Gerald was four years old and was standing on the barn fence watching the young bull. Hans raced up there to rescue him but the bull just walked away.

The roosters were fighting and Gerald went out to stop them and they jumped on him. Helen had to go to the rescue.

Sandra had a rooster chasing her round and round the barn. Dorothy Black was standing in the chop house and laughing.

Alex was sitting milking one night and the rooster ran squawking round the barn, then came a fox. Alex shot the fox and the rooster went in the soup pot.

Hans was returning home from a visit at Fendstroms, when a moose jumped up. He went back to Fendstroms and got a flashlight to get him home to the homestead cabin.

Hans shot Adeline Smith's drake as it was always at Alex's. He said he thought it was a wild one!

Hans would climb up to collect the eggs as Helen was pregnant. But Hans would throw them down and Helen had to catch them or get them in her face.

Jim Appleby was teaching at Winding Trail School and walked past Hans' cabin. To his surprise one morning, Helen put her head around the door

and wished Jim good morning . Jim was so surprised to see Helen until they told him they had been married the day before.

Helen remembers the kids tied a rope to King's tail and skied behind him. When Jim Mickelsen pestered Alex and Hans too much, Alex would ask Jim "why doesn't a chicken pee?" That would keep him quiet for a while.

Norma had croup a lot when young and Helen told me to give her a spoon of sugar with three drops of coal oil on it. It always cut the cough.

Alex went to his outside toilet one time and heard rustling down the hole. He looked down and saw two skunks. Old John said he would shoot them. They propped up the toilet and John shot but Alex said "what a smell!"

One terrible electric storm I remember, a bolt of lightning split a tree by the house. The dog was blinded and disappeared for a week.

Gerald and Ray learned how to feed the baby swallows. They won't open their mouths unless the mother makes a certain whistle. They learned and fed the birds with earthworms. The boys also used to drive the loons crazy by making the loon call.

Doris Rasmussen and I decided to push Freddie and Sandra in their buggies up the hill to visit Helen. The Winding Trail hill was much

steeper then. We were so hungry when we got there, we ate a loaf of fresh bread and cheese. We often laugh about it now.

Julius and Glen found a bear den. Glen said "I'll shoot in the hole and if the bear comes out, I'll run and you shoot it." Glen shot but tripped and a stick struck him on the head. Julius couldn't shoot because he was laughing. Glen thought the bear had hit him. Glen had killed the bear but there were four cubs, each weighing 8 oz. each. They took the cubs to show the school kids. People took the cubs to raise but they died.

Jack and Frank Edwards and four year old Gerald went to hunt rabbits one spring. They went around by the school and back south. There was a hole and when they shot a rabbit, Jack went by to get it. He looked in the hole and a bear was in there. So Frank had a look and said there was a bear. Gerald didn't believe them so went and had a look. He said "yes, there is a bear". They ran home and got Doug Harrold and Lynks - fourteen in all. They shot the bear. Shirley had sat beside that hole to eat her lunch the day before.

Old Lady Rosie bought a weiner pig from Alex and gave him a handful of change she had tied in a hankie. Alex didn't count the change and soon Rosie came back as she had found ten cents in her hankie when she got home. She was a great Indian lady.

Alex had a chimney fire in the house when he was a bachelor. Vern Barlow sat up with him that night but no further fire occurred. The wood around the chimney was charred and Alex had tile put in the chimney.

After that Alex cleaned the chimney once a month for as long as we lived there.

Vern Barlow always said he cut the tails off the baby pigs because it took more feed to grow a tail. He brought a cow to the bull and the cow lay down on the bridge and wouldn't move. Alex got the electric stock prod and that did the trick.

A few days after our marriage, I woke up in the night to find Alex up in the bedroom with a broom and a flashlight. I didn't need any coaxing to stay under the covers. All the bats I'd heard of were those that got stuck in your hair. Alex got the bat to go to the window screen and he shut the window, to deal with it in the morning.

Helen remembers one Christmas when they went to visit Katonas. The kids had shaken a bottle of beer and when Julius opened it, it shot right up to the ceiling. Mrs. Katona was so mad at Julius.

One day Alex walked home from the back field and used the old trail that went through Porters. Alex came upon Harry who was naked, picking berries. Harry said he needed to feel the sun.

Helen says Hans was a devil for setting fire to something. He was cleaning up the straw around the chicken house and set fire to it. They were eating supper and heard a big roar and it was the chicken house going up in smoke. The first summer Ella was here and they got a ground fire from that chicken house fire. Helen wouldn't leave home as she knew fires can flare up. Another time he nearly burned the barn down from a

smudge. Helen was always home alone to do the fire fighting.

Old Friday was what we all called Mr. McKinnon. Anyway he came down by our gate and as he was wearing a cape, our bull started to paw the ground. Friday reported Alex had a mad bull. He would pick wild berries to sell to all of us.

Alex had such a quiet shorthorn bull that all of a sudden started kicking and Alex couldn't understand it. Many years later our girls said they used to sit in the loft and prick him in the rear with the hay fork.

Peter got his foot crushed in the hydraulic of the little tractor. He told Dick he wanted a bandaide on it.

Karen liked to ride King, but one day they took the corner too fast and Karen flew off into the snowdrift.

Hans was driving Babe and Nellie at his usual speed and dumped the pig crate out of the box at Katonas.

Hans was taking Sabina Tomaszuk to work for Shirley Lynk and went round a corner. The wagon box flew off the sleigh and they flew off too. But Hans managed to hang onto the reins and was able to stop the horses.

Hans went to cut wood driving King and Leaping Lena. Lena never walked. When it was time to come home, it was early spring, Helen was watching for them. Home came Hans' empty sleigh and Lena was walking.

Hans drove the sleigh to the door of the house and his hat was smashed down on his head. He said he was in a fight with a bear. He threw the reins down and came into the house. The horses stood still outside of the door, which was unusual. Hans had a lump on his head and a cut on his ear and he still insisted that he had had a fight with a bear! Helen questioned him and he knew Helen, but couldn't remember the kids. Helen tied up the horses and as Hans was no better, she sent a note with Gerald to the school to give to Dick. He was to go and get Alex but he met Alex coming to see Hans. Alex stayed til Hans came out of the amnesia, six hours. The roads were so bad Alex was afraid to take him to Athabasca in case he got stuck. Hans had a bad headache and insisted Helen ride over and see the beartracks in the snow. There were no tracks so Helen decided he had been hit on the head with the double bladed axe. Hans was tough because he and Julius went next day and cut the ice blocks for Dr. Wright.

Dick remembers Henry Pichi at school. The Indian kids had head lice and used to put them on each other.

The red Tamworth sow that had only one pig Hans traded to Grampy Lynk for old Snork. She made such a snorkling sound when she was fed, she made Hans' stomach upset. She was having her pigs on March 20th, in 40° below zero weather with a howling wind. Hans just closed the barn door and left her to it.

Jack was riding King and wondered what the horse would do if he shot off the cap gun. King reared up and Jack slid right over the rump.

The Edwards kids came over to play. Jack decided he would like to ride Old Myrt out of the barn. She dived out the door and bucked him off.

Hans had a little pig that got a syrup pail caught over its head, right behind its ears. It couldn't eat or drink and was missing a week. It came home and they had to take tin snips to cut it off. That pig lived.

Alex had a milk cow that was missing three weeks and he searched everywhere. One day walking for the cows, he went past the straw stack and heard a moo. The stack had toppled over on the cow. He loaded her on a stoneboat and took her home and she lived.

Shirley Lynk used to call the pigs to the house to be fed outside the back door. Then she would tell Ted, the little dog, to take them back to the barn. When Dale needed a licking, he had to go and cut the switch himself. That's why he spent so much time with the Armfelt kids. When Darlene was small, she was ill one day. Shirley and Helen took turns carrying her to Alex's. Alex took her and Shirley to Athabasca hospital but they couldn't treat her but said to take her to Westlock hospital. Darlene was suffering from acute indigestion.

Glen and Shirley went to a dance at Winding Trail School one winter night. They went on a hand sleigh with Glen riding on the bottom and Shirley on top of him, on their stomachs.

Gerald decided to ride the little bull. He got on and the bull exploded. Gerald lay on his back and took off. The kids trained all the cows so they could ride them.

Baptiste Lake always has air holes in the winter ice. Norma and Sandra doubted Alex when he told them gas escapes through the air holes. So Alex lit a match and showed them that it burned.

Alex told Glen Lynk that the fuzz from the trees would burn. So Alex lit some and the fuzz went whoosh!

In the hungry thirties nobody locked their doors. Alex lost a side of pork from his root cellar. He knew who took it and he could have had it willingly if he had asked for it as the people were starving.

I would like to close these memories with Alex's famous

SPLIT PEA SOUP:

Put 6 pork hocks in a canner and fill half full of water. Cook hocks til meat will leave the bones. In the meantime take 4 pkts. yellow split peas and cover with water and boil til mushy. Stir often because they will stick to the bottom. When at mushy stage, put through a strainer. Put aside.

After the hocks have cooked about three hours until meat is tender, remove hocks from liquid. Strain the liquid. Then put the juice back in the canner, add salt to taste, 4 onion oxo cubes, 1 cup cut up carrots, 4 celery stalks and 4 leeks all cut in pieces. Cook until vegetables are tender. Cut meat off bones and cut in small pieces and divide into 8 small cottage cheese containers. Add strained peas to the juice. Stir til heated and add to meat in containers til 3/4 full. Let cool and put on lid and freeze.

Some pictures of the pioneer days!