

THE MANDATE OF SPRA IS TO GATHER, PRESERVE, AND SHARE THE HISTORICAL RECORDS OF MUNICIPALITIES, ORGANIZATIONS, BUSINESSES, FAMILIES, AND INDIVIDUALS WITHIN THE REGION. BOTH NOW AND IN THE FUTURE, THESE RECORDS REFLECT THE PERSONAL, CULTURAL, SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND POLITICAL LIFE OF THE SOUTH PEACE RIVER COUNTRY OF ALBERTA AND ARE IN ALL FORMATS AND MEDIA, INCLUDING TEXTUAL RECORDS, MAPS, PLANS, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES, FILM, VIDEO, SOUND RECORDINGS, ESTABLISHED IN 2000, THE FIRST REGIONAL ARCHIVES IN ALBERTA.

TELLING

OUR

STORIES

LOCAL HISTORY

ARCHIVE NEWS



VOLUME 7 SEPTEMBER 1, 2016 ISSUE 4



PRODUCED BY

SOUTH PEACE REGIONAL ARCHIVES

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Studio portrait of Dolly Lanctot, a candidate for the 1928 Carnival Queen. Inscription reads "Vote for Ethel Dolly Lanctot," ca. 1925 (SPRA 2002.57.15)

Take Note

"Raising the Archives" Fall Supper, Barn Dance & Silent Auction

**The Friends 3rd Annual Fundraiser
Is rapidly approaching.
Date: Saturday, October 15, 2016
Ticket Price: \$100 per person
Location: Country Roads RV Park**



Music by Vintage Western or Historical costumes encouraged!

**We are looking for donations for the Silent
Auction on a Country or Historical Theme.
If you can help, call 780-830-5105**

Let's Raise the Archives!

Dear Members and Supporters;

The photograph on the front cover has a caption under the ribbon. It says "Vote for Ethel Dolly Lanctot." When I first saw it, soon after the Archives was established in 2000, I was quite excited—a woman running for office in the 1920s! But who was Dolly Lanctot? I could find no mention of her in the history books.

I featured the photo in a newspaper article and was very happy when Leo and Kathryn Auger came in with some other photos to identify Dolly, later Dolly Auger, Leo's mother. But I was very disappointed to learn she was running for the Northern Carnival queen!

It was one of my first lessons in how women are often invisible in history. Part of this is due to the fact that we record history as a series of dates, and that it becomes the history of the head of the family, most likely a man. The result is that some family histories do not even mention the woman's name.

Another culprit was the social nicety of addressing a woman by her husband's name, such as Mrs. John Smith. If she died and her husband married again, there are two people with the same name! Who are they, really?

And so, in this year, the 100th anniversary of the first provincial election in which women were allowed to vote, we are dedicating this issue of the newsletter to stories of a few of the women who made great contributions to the Peace Country, as nurses, house and farm wives, as business women and community organizers, as hard-working partners to equally hard-working men.

We have also included an article by Archivist Patricia Greber about hunting for Mrs. Charles Buck, which illustrates how we can find information on a woman identified only as "mother" or "Mrs."

We hope you enjoy it.

Sincerely, Mary Nutting, Editor

TELLING OUR STORIES

PUBLISHED BY

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Our Vision: Preserving and Sharing the Past.

Our Mission: The purpose of South Peace Regional Archives is to gather, preserve, and share the historical records of municipalities, organizations, businesses, families, and individuals within the region, both now and in the future.

Wanted: Women's Records

In 1989, the Northern Alberta Women's Archives Association (NAWAA) was formed "to encourage and assist women wishing to donate their personal and organizational papers to public archives."

In their first publication, *What's Cooking in Women's History*, Olenka Melnyk talks about the changes in how history is recorded. "Historians no longer exclusively focus their attention upon the ruling elite; class and race have become important subjects for study and analysis. The rise of the 'new social history' has opened the discipline even further as social structures and institutions from the family to the workplace and education system began to be explored.... Social historians have been able to piece together the lives of the poor, working class and immigrants—anonymous groups of people who leave few personal records behind."

Melnyk goes on to say, however, that the new social history did not include women. That began to come out in the women's movement in the 1960s. The NAWA contention is, "Don't neglect the social aspects of women's history: the diaries, the letters, the cookbooks with handwritten remarks, the records to show a woman's daily activities."

We are very happy to say that at SPRA, we do have a number of collections created by women's groups and individual women. Because of space, we can't give a complete listing, but some examples are:

Individual women such as Beth Sheehan, Phyllis Stewart, Grace Mensinger, Betty Welter, Peggy Mair, Marie Henning, Ann Macklin, Mary Belcourt Davis, Helen Ellis, Paulette Hrychiw, Martha Jensen (RCAF, WD), Irene Bradley Stoll, Ella Patterson, Jean Lowe, Marion Hill, Anne Popowich, Margaret Henderson.



Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church meeting at Trinity Anglican Church, Bear Lake. (SPRA 177.054, Ann Macklin fonds)

Women's organizational records include the Lake Lite CGIT, Ladies Aid Society of the Deep Creek Baptist Church, Agnes Forbes Auxiliary, East Glen Women's Institute (also Sexsmith, Rio Grande, and Grande Prairie), Farm Women's Union of Alberta (Canuck Local 105), Grande Prairie Royal Purple (also Beaverlodge), Dimsdale Women's Community Circle, and Ladies' Auxiliary to the Royal Canadian Legion .

Even Sports and Hobby Clubs are included, such as the Peace Ladies Curling Association, Sweet Adelines, Twilight Ladies Softball League, and the Red Willow Basketball team.

There are many other women's stories hidden in family collections and community organizations.

Women's History is so important. After all, they represent half the population. If you have a collection of women's history for the Archives, give us a call at 780-830-5105.

Featured Fonds: Business & Professional Women's Club of Grande Prairie, Fonds 629



Business & Professional Women's Club of Grande Prairie. — 1960-1988. — 5 cm of textual records and 12 photographs.

Agency History

In the fall of 1960, a group of Grande Prairie women invited the Canadian Federation of Business & Professional Women's Clubs to help them organize a chapter in Grande Prairie. The Canadian Federation was founded in 1930, the purpose being "to develop and train women for leadership and responsibility in business, industry and the professions; to work towards improving economic, employment, and social conditions for women; ... to encourage women to participate in the business of government at all levels; and to co-operate with the International Federation of Business and Professional Women." Mrs. Lola Paul, from Calgary, came to represent the Federation, and following her talk, "a motion to organize was passed unanimously by upwards of 25

women present, representing teaching, and nursing professions, office personnel, retail merchants, and other businesses." (Herald Tribune October 7, 1960)

The Grande Prairie club received its charter on March 18, 1961 with 31 members on their roster. At that time it was the twelfth and most northern club in Alberta. The first executive consisted of Mina Pool, president; Myrtle Hook, 1st vice president; Evelyn Durda, 2nd vice president; Lorna Arnell, corresponding secretary; Isabel Campbell, recording secretary; and Ethel Orr, treasurer. There were also three committees: membership, led by Sheila Murphy; programme, led by Jean O'Brien; and publicity, led by Isabel Campbell.

Over the years, the Grande Prairie club championed equal pay for equal work, increased minimum wage, equal opportunities for education, training and advancement, removal of discrimination against employment of married and older women, legal rights

for women, and a federal status of women report. Locally, they supported technical training and refresher courses for professional women, increased minimum wage, a regional library system, better resources for those with mental health issues, a mobile clinic to screen for cervical cancer, a day care



center, and a home for transients in Grande Prairie. They also sent observers to local council and school board meetings to monitor the decisions being made in regards to girls and women, paid tribute to businesswomen during Business Week, offered musical scholarships, sponsored Careers Preview Afternoons at the Junior High School, and celebrated the successes of women in the Grande Prairie area, such as when Myrtle Hook set up the first woman-run real estate company, and when Lillian Middleton was named postmaster of Peace River in 1963. Each year they elected a "Woman of the Year".

It appears that the Grande Prairie Business & Professional Women's Club no longer exists, although a bursary is still given out each year in the club's name for the Grande Prairie Regional College.

Scope and Content

The fonds consists of a scrapbook containing news clippings and photographs documenting the formation and activities of the Business & Professional Women's Club of Grande Prairie from the initial meetings held in the fall of 1960 to 1972. Documents inserted within the pages include the program for Charter Night, the statement of purpose for the Canadian Federation in 1962, a proclamation from Mayor George Repka for Business Women's Week in 1962, a programme for the Careers Preview Afternoon at Montrose Junior High School in 1962, a copy of their 1966

resolution for better cervical cancer screening, a copy of their Day Care Centre survey questionnaire sent out in 1969, and a Programme Planner from the Canadian Federation for 1987-1988.

Above: Two photographs, originally taken as one. This is the official photograph of Charter Night for the Business & Professional Women's Club of Grande Prairie. If you recognise any of them, please contact us.

From left to right, back row: Cass Remple, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, ?, Ethel Turner (?), Margaret Simpson, Jean O'Brien, Lola Paul, Calgary B & PW Club, Irene Kalmback

Middle row: ?, Ellen Demaine, Norah Shields, Ethel Orr, Martha Melvin (?), Mrs. Kujath(?), ?.

Front row (seated): Myrtle Hook, 1st Vice President; Miss Una MacLean of Calgary, National President, Mina Pool, President; Miss Lucy Line of Medicine Hat Provincial President, Lorna Arnell, Corresponding Secretary; ?, Isabel M. Campbell, Recording Secretary. (SPRA 629.01)

Featured Photos: Rio Grande Women's Institute



Left: Mrs. J. Schell and Mrs. Duteau, two of the first women in the Rio Grande Women's Institute, going berry picking, 1923. It was a fun excursion in the early days. (SPRA 0334.03.03b)

Below: Rio Grande Women's Institute: Top R-L: Mrs. H. Holts, Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. E. Williams, Mrs. E. Bisbing, Miss V. Ramsey, Mrs. E. MacDonnel, R. Koebel, Mrs. Meraw, Mrs. Walker. Front Row R-L: Mrs. R. Jacobs and friend, Dorothy Cunningham (Quinn), Mrs. Bedell, 1927-1928 (SPRA 0334.03.11)

The Rio Grande Women's Institute was formed in 1923. Every meeting was opened by singing "O Canada," reciting their creed, and then roll call which always required the answer to a question like "How do you keep children content on the farm?" or "What is your favorite cake recipe?" The meeting included an informative talk given by a member or a guest and possibly some music for entertainment. The group was a main organizer for the community and raised money through putting on suppers, dances, whist parties, bazaars, and selling ice cream at picnics. In the 1930s many new members joined - mainly from Elsworth.



Left: Rio Grande Women's Institute members mostly from Elsworth: Mrs. E. Bousfield, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. J. Grant, Mrs. J. Dickenson, Mrs. Breden, 1936-1938 (SPRA 0334.03.15b)



Left: Grande Prairie Women's Institute hosted the visit of HRH Princess Alice. Mrs. D.W. Patterson stands to the right of Princess Alice. Taken ca. 1945 (SPRA 334.03.18)

Below: Rio Grande Women's Institute group. Top R-L: Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Williams Sr. and Mrs. Smoke. Middle: Mrs. Sterr, Mrs. Ducharme, Doris Miller, Mrs. Dickinson. Front: Mrs. Bousfield, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Walker, and Tom Williams and Doreen Bousfield. Taken 1924 (SPRA 334.03.09a)

The Rio Grande WI often put on plays such as the one in 1930-31 called "Old Maid's Convention." They sponsored baby clinics, and supported families who needed help. During the war years the group was busy making quilts, knitting socks and mitts, and filling ditty bags to be sent overseas to the servicemen of the Navy League and also to the sons of members. In the 1950s, raffles, rummage sales, catering, sending parcels to Britain, and going to conventions were still keeping them busy. Membership was highest from the 1930s to the mid 1940s.



Below: Rio Grande Women's Institute members attended the constituency conference in Sexsmith in June 1942. Rio Grande members attending were Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. L. Williams, constituency convenor. (SPRA 334.03.17b)



The Memoirs of Maria Wozniak

Translated and transcribed by Mathew Wozniak

Antoni Wozniak and Maria Parachin were both born in Poland in 1903. With poor opportunities in Poland and rumors of hostilities amongst nations, they decided to immigrate to Canada with their family. They had hoped to be able to go to Toronto, but ended up on a farm in the Wanham area, arriving June 24, 1930. Our newsletters this year will feature excerpts from Maria's memoirs, telling the story of their first years on the prairie. This episode begins in the summer of 1934.

The summer of 1934 is very wet, soon we have frightening amounts of mosquitoes and flies. Our proximity to bush and the wetness hatches this ugliness. Mosquitoes begin to fly around and bite us as soon as it is daylight. Children are crying. We do everything we can to protect them, if only for a while. We put fire in a pail and cover it with soil or leaves. In the home it is hot and there is no screens on the windows. I set the pail with the smouldering fire in the door and open it when it gets cool in the evening. One such night, I set the pail in the room and fell asleep because I was tired and not well. When I awoke, the floor was burning. I threw the red hot pail out and put the fire out with water. I did not bring the hot pail into the house again but every morning at sunrise we had to have smoke in the house.

Comes the winter of 1934-1935. Again we decided to look for another place. In the area of Rahab there are some good pieces of land but we are too late, some young French boys had already filed on them. My husband found out that one can cancel someone's land if they are not doing anything with it.

March 13, 1935, I walk to town with two dollars and am making an application at the land inspector's to have cancelled one piece of land. In spite of the fact that I could not speak English, we got a new piece of

land. After 1934, a wife could apply for land even if her husband had some already. The law was that if someone did not live on it or do any clearing, he or she could lose it and then someone else could apply. August 25, 1935, I am going to Grande Prairie with ten dollars to file on the SE of 3-78-1-W6. We have a new piece of land.

After March we are sending four children to school. In April, my husband goes to work grubbing brush to earn a young horse. This spring, our neighbor John Sanoski and family abandoned their homestead and went to Fox Creek. Our neighbors, Pisarchuck and Neletz, are already gone. This was very scary for us, our children are walking through vacant yards, coyotes are howling and everywhere there are bears. Neighbors in such times and such conditions are like relatives. My husband comes home late Saturday and has to leave at 6:00 in the morning on Monday to get to work before breakfast. A few times I complained to my husband that I was not well and could not sleep at night. I am getting weak and not able to carry water to the chicken coop or cut wood. My husband mentioned that to his boss, Mike Shanon, a veteran from the war and a medic, that I was pregnant and not feeling well. This man thought for a while and brought out a small jar of pills (Watkins). These helped very much, my headache stopped, I got my appetite back, and life became a pleasure again. (Mike Shanon was wounded in the war and had a piece of shrapnel in his head.)

My husband is looking for a place for us to live in the farm area. He found a place at a bachelor's place who had a large home, Ole Tansem. October 30, 1935, my husband came with a team of horses belonging to Mr. Tansem and at the onset of winter we moved to his place. We take all our possessions, kitchen stove, trunk, basket, table that Antoni built, two benches,

and one bed from boards. The sleigh is full of potatoes and our chickens. I began to have tears in my eyes. We got used to our first place in Canada. Here we went through much misery and hated to leave it behind with our home on it. My husband is looking for a better road so he gave me the reins and told me to drive to town. He returned with our oldest son for the thirteen head of cattle we had. Arriving in town, it was Halloween and children were yelling, someone pulled the whistle on a steam engine and the horses started running. I am pulling the lines with all my might and calling whoa, whoa. Someone came out and stopped the runaway horses. Lord, was I scared.

At ten in the evening, I arrived with the children at the farm of Mr. Tansem. My husband and son were far behind bringing the cattle. Immediately I noticed what a nice place this was, a gas lamp and two huge rooms. Clean linoleum on the floor. A stove for coal in the middle of the room. Our cold children are standing around it. Driving two hours, I got very cold. Climbing off the wagon, I stand in my coat. The farm wants me to take off my coat; he is surprised to see that I am pregnant and the baby is to be born in a month. My husband did not tell Mr. Tansem of my condition or he would not have had us. Mr. Tansem gave us his own room and our children went to sleep upstairs. I am sitting in our room and can't get over the beautiful home and the surrounding view. I can now see the difference between here and our homestead. All that we could see there was the sky.

November 29, 1935, at 7:30 in the evening, our family



We went on to our new home. It was 1:00 after midnight when we got there. We wondered if we left all our troubles and misery behind and if the times will change.

Main Street of Wanham, 1931 (SPRA 018.03.50)

increased by one. Edward was born at eleven pounds. We had the help of the district nurse, Miss Pickup.

Before spring, our landlord told us to move because his daughter is coming with her family, on the first of April. We had to move to a small old house a mile west. It was a shack on top of the hill on the east side of what is now the pelleting plant road. It was a small building and full of mice. Our children are screaming, mice are running all over the floor and cupboards. After five years in Canada, conditions could not be worse.

I am staying alone with the children. My husband walks to our new farm and is building a home for us. He is there all by himself for two or three weeks, cutting poplars. He is making four walls, 18x22 feet. He works through May, June, and July in 1936. August 6, 1936 we are moving to our new place. Everything we had fit into one wagon. My husband and oldest son are bringing the cattle, and I am trying to drive the horses which are young and wild. I am holding them with all my might. Also I am holding our little baby. The horses began to snort, twist, and jump, then I noticed an automobile coming. It was a police car. Immediately the policeman stopped his car and is observing our situation. He is surprised that I am driving such a wild team with a baby in my arms.

Our eleven year old son explains to the policeman that my husband is bringing the cattle to our new place. The policeman took the horses by their bridles and led them past his car. Thank you, thank you very much, we all called out to him.

Edith Hibbs Fredette, World War I Nurse

Edith Louise Hibbs was born in Montreal in 1889. She trained as a nurse, and was nursing in London, Ontario when she signed up for World War I in 1915.

Edith served with the Canadian Army Medical Corps and was soon sent to Malta, where the conditions, coupled with the climate, took a toll on soldiers and medical staff alike. Edith was no exception and became ill herself. She contracted malaria in November of 1916 and is noted as being sick with it at least four more times. She was discharged from service in 1917 after her last bout, and invalided back to England where she continued to work in the hospitals for the duration of the war.

In April of 1919 Edith was awarded the Royal Red Cross for exceptional services in military nursing. This award is made *“to a fully trained nurse or assistant nurse, probationer, or V.A.D. nursing member, who, belonging to one of the officially recognized nursing services, has shown special devotion and competency in the performance of nursing duties, over a continuous and long period, or who has performed some very exceptional act of bravery and devotion at her post of duty.”* (WWI Service File)

Edith came to the Peace Country upon the request of Dr. Lewis J. O’Brien, whom she had met in Salonika, France when they were both serving in a World War I tent hospital.

Dr. O’Brien now offered Edith the job of matron of the Katherine Prittie Hospital in Grande Prairie. She agreed and in 1923 left her job in

Summerland, B.C. for the frontiers of the prairie. Conditions were primitive at the log pioneer hospital that had no running water or power and a telephone that shut off at midnight. As well as their regular duties, nurses did all the baby washing and operating room washing by hand.

In 1929 a new hospital was built with a larger capacity, improved facilities, and modern equipment. Edith continued in her old position, becoming the first matron of the new hospital.

In 1929, Edith married the local veterinarian Dr. Louis Fredette and gave up her position as matron. Louis died in 1960 and Edith in 1964.

Sources: Edith Hibbs WWI Service File; Pioneers of the Peace; Grande Prairie, Capitol of the Peace

Dr. L. Fredette, veterinarian, and T.W. and Mrs. Lawlor picnicking on the banks of a river, with the attentions of a uniformed chauffer. The date was June 11, 1931. It is possible that Edith took this photograph. (SPRA 2000.30.3)



Edna Abbott Stevenson, District Nurse

Edna Abbott was born in 1899 in Quincy, Massachusetts. When she was three years old, the family moved to a farm on Prince Edward Island, where she grew up. At the age of 17, she was engaged to Frank Stevenson, but Frank’s first duty was to his country and he enlisted in World War I in 1915. He was overseas for two years and while there the Canadian soldiers were given a lot of literature about the Peace River Country. After the war, Frank headed west to establish a farm for his future wife and family. It was nine years before they saw each other again!

Frank homesteaded east of the Smoky. He settled in just before the brutal winter of 1919-1920. Because he was on his own, his progress was painfully slow.

Meanwhile Edna, tired of waiting, had been persuaded by her sister to go with her to New Jersey and train as a nurse. In her own words:

I graduated in May 1926 and registered in October. If I remember right, I gave Frank a hard time and told him it was now or never, so he said if I thought I could put up with the life as it was here, and he was quite sure I could, we would arrange to meet in Edmonton.

They were married in Edmonton October 13, 1927 and came by train, then buggy, to the home of the Warren family, also from PEI.

We arrived home to the log cabin on the hill to find Mrs. George DeBolt and Stella Becker feeding the threshing crew their supper. When supper was over the cooks went home and I found that my first day on the homestead, I had to cook for the threshing crew. I



Edna Stevenson with her two oldest sons, Frank Jr. and Bob, outside the family’s cabin, ca. 1931. Used in Across the Smoky p. 37. (SPRA 0116.09.01.01.0205)

was lucky that they had finished and were on their way after their afternoon lunch. So I began a tough but happy life...

Because she was a trained nurse, Edna soon found herself delivering babies, bandaging up cuts and bruises, even bringing the sick home to be nursed, and all this

while raising her own five children. She did this completely on her own time for fifteen years before she officially became the district nurse for the Smoky River to Sturgeon Heights district in 1943.

It was easier for me then, because I could get medicines and things to work with that I didn’t have before while on my own. There was a nurse’s office in DeBolt and I had office hours there twice a week and would treat my patients there.

Lest anyone think that health care was now a government responsibility, the nursing service was run by the East Smoky Nursing Association. The cost of building and running the Nurse’s Cottage was raised by membership fees and fundraising through various women’s groups in the area. Fees were charged for calls and drugs were dispensed at cost. The only government responsibility was the payment of the nurse’s salary.

Mrs. Stevenson retired from nursing in December 1973. The Stevensons had five children, all of whom remained in the district. Frank passed away in 1974 and Edna in 1982, and both are buried in the DeBolt Cemetery.

Source: [Across the Smoky](#)

Johanna Haakstad, Midwife

Johanna was born in Bardu, Norway on the 12th of June 1885 to parents Simon and Sigrid Haakstad. In 1888, three year-old Johanna along with her parents and siblings Hans, Anna and Elisa left Norway settling in Grant Valley, Minnesota. In Minnesota, a son Eddie was added to the family as they farmed in the area.

Johanna had her first experience as a midwife at age 16. She and her brother were playing near a neighbour's house when screams were heard. Upon investigation, they discovered a women in labour and all alone. Johanna went in to help and her brother ran for their mother. Johanna and her mother helped the lady give birth to twins. This was the beginning of her career as a midwife.

In 1806, some of the Haakstad family moved north to Canada. Johanna remained in Minnesota, where her daughter Thelma was born in 1907, and in 1908 they re-joined the family in Bardo, Alberta. It was in nearby Ryley that Johanna did her midwifery training under Dr. McPherson.

In 1918 Johanna's father, who was now a widower, took a homestead near La Glace. Johanna accompanied him north, as did sons Hans and Eddie.

It was in nearby Sexsmith, in 1921, that Johanna began her long midwifery career. The first birth was Graham Howard, the son of Len & Florence Howard, who ran the Hardware store and post office in Sexsmith. Johanna and Thelma lived with the Howards and worked in the store when not out delivering babies.

Johanna would travel all over the area assisting the Doctor or managing on her own, and once the baby was born she would stay on to help with the cooking and running of the home so her patient could get some rest. When Dr. Gamey arrived in 1928, he quickly saw the need for patients to come to Johanna

instead of the other way around. Johanna rented a three-room shack in Sexsmith, the start of the Maternity Hospital. The Hospital expanded and moved over the years but the care Johanna showed her patients never wavered.

Johanna made national headlines when her care and attention helped to keep a preemie weighing only 1 pound 14 ounces alive. When she successfully saw another preemie through, she became known as the 'Florence Nightingale of the North'. This fame brought her to the attention of HRH Princess Alice who asked to have Johanna presented to her on her visit to Grande Prairie in 1943.

In 1958 Johanna retired after 37 years and 3,100 babies delivered in the Peace region. Her retirement also meant the closing of the Maternity Home. Johanna died at the age of 78 in 1963 and is buried in Northfield Lutheran Church Cemetery near La Glace.
 Source: [Wagon Trails Grown Over](#).



Johanna Hackstad and her assistant, Mrs. Moodie, on the steps of the Sexsmith Maternity Hospital ca. 1940. (SPRA 2001.01.373, Grande Prairie Museum collection).

Dora Koberg Lozeron, Plane Spotter

Dora Koberg arrived in the Peace Country in 1918, with the Thomas family from St. Paul's, Minnesota. She had been born in Berlin, Iowa and attended a Presbyterian Teachers' college in Minnesota. In the Peace Country, she met Pierre Lozeron and married him in 1926. They raised three children on their farm on the Emerson Trail. The children attended Canuck School and later high school in Grande Prairie. Paul, born in 1927, became a medical doctor in Neuchatel, Switzerland; Homer, born in 1934, became a biochemist in the United States; and Andre, born in 1939, received a degree in agriculture from the University of Alberta and became a farm commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

After World War II, Dora became a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force Ground Observer Corps. This was when the DEW Line (Distant Early Warning) and Radar stations were being set up across Canada, one of which was the Pinetree Line Trumpeter Station on Saskatoon Mountain.

The history of this group can be found on the Canadian Military History site by Bruce Forsythe:

"During the 1950s, North America was under constant watch for attack by Russian bombers flying over the North Pole. To counter this threat, three lines of early warning radar stations were built across Canada.... and the RCAF Ground Observer Corps was conceived as a manual backup

system in 1951. The Ground Observer Corps [had] a network of observation posts across Canada manned by civilian volunteers. Each post would observe and report aircraft movements to their respective filter centres, which would confirm the report before passing it on to Air Defence Command. If necessary, fighter jets would be dispatched to intercept the aircraft. These unpaid civilians came from a variety of professions, including... housewives, students or anyone with spare time and a willingness to watch the skies for hours upon hours. The observers were trained not only to recognize aircraft by sight, but also by their silhouettes under low light conditions. They would man these posts on a 24-hour basis, often using their own visual or audio equipment..."

A news article in the Herald-Tribune on August 17, 1956 gives us a little more insight into Dora's unusual occupation: "An RCAF announcement says Mrs.

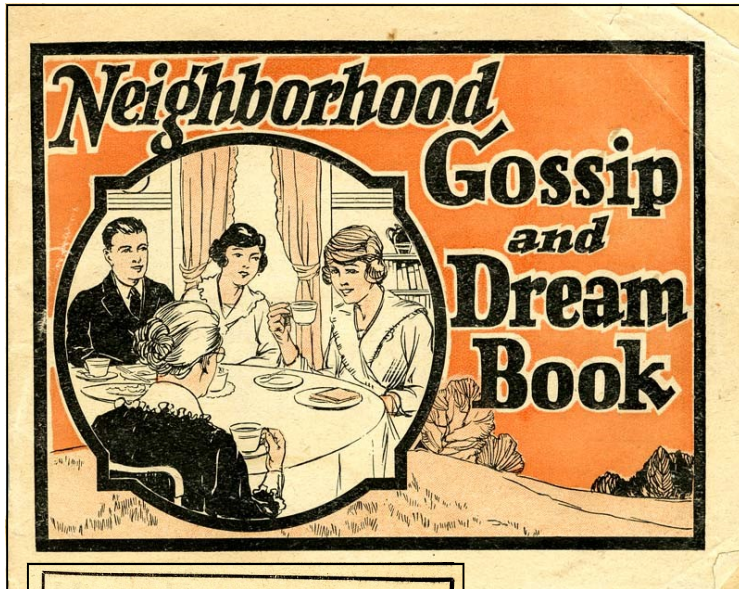
Lozeron, chief observer of the RCAF Ground Observer Corps at Canuck, 'has brought her post into Top Three rating for reporting aircraft movements in northern Canada during the month of July.' Noting that she has been serving in the Ground Observer for little more than a month, RCAF officials call Mrs. Lozeron's record 'a tremendous achievement.'"

The RCAF Ground Observer Corps north of the 55th parallel continued operating until January 12, 1964. This was one of the more unusual ways in which women helped their community and country.



Featured Paper Artifact: Neighborhood

Gossip & Dream Book



Dr. Pierce's "Neighbourhood Gossip and Dream Book", ca. 1920

Dr. Pierce's "Neighbourhood Gossip and Dream Book" is a book of remedies and advertisements for Dr. Pierce's pills and cures for every possible feminine ailment. The booklet contains articles with information on the interpretation of dreams and tea leaves, as well as recipes and cooking tips.

(SPRA 1969.39.112)

Danger Ahead!

Irritability, nervous exhaustion, backaches, fainting spells, depression and other distressing symptoms indicate present weaknesses, which in time might develop chronic conditions. Don't run the terrible risk of being an invalid. Bring to your aid

Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

It regulates and strengthens. It restores youthful looks and youthful feelings, youthful ambitions and youthful joys. All dealers.

Write for free medical advice to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's Neighborhood Gossip and Dream Book

IN presenting to you our new edition of *Dr. Pierce's Neighborhood Gossip and Dream Book* we have endeavoured to give the most modern interpretation of dreams and other valuable household information.

In most countries, dreams have been believed by some people as indications of the future. In ancient days, dreams were interpreted by high court officials. The Greeks and Romans very often consulted the oracles. An inquirer would sleep in the temple at night after performing certain rites, when the questions were supposed to be answered in dreams.

In modern times, dreams are seldom heeded except by the superstitious, but as most people are interested in the cause of dreams and their mystery, we give you some modern interpretations.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

Abroad—To dream of being abroad, you will have success in your undertakings.

Absence—To dream of absent friends means that you will soon hear from them. If they stand near your bed, the news will be bad.

Accident—To dream that an accident occurs to you means great success. If you see an accident to others, beware of false friends.

Acorns—Denote poverty. Picking them portends an increase in fortune.

Angel—To dream that you see an angel foretells the death of a beloved friend.

Animals—To dream of domestic animals means a happy return of absent friends. Reconciliation of quarrels. Wild animals mean secret enemies.

Anger—To dream that you have been provoked to anger shows that you have many enemies.

Bear—To dream that you have seen a bear means you have a rich, cruel, and audacious enemy. If it is running, happiness is in store for you.

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Mrs. Charles Buck: the Hunt for Her Name

By Patricia Greber

The records donated to the archives in 2008 by the niece of WWI soldier Charles Buck certainly told the tale of his life and his experiences during and after the war. But it also left some questions. Charles' wife was only referred to as "Cis," and as so often happens with women, once they get married they are usually only referenced by their husband's name. You will often see women referred to as Mrs. Charles Buck, mother, sister, aunt, and so on. Their first name is sometimes given but their maiden name is a rare sighting and can be quite difficult to ferret out. With that in mind we decided to find out what we could about Cis and make sure her story was also told.

Who was "Cis"?

We started with the local history book *Lake Saskatoon Reflections*, knowing that Charles Buck had homesteaded in that area before WWI. An entry was found and it explained that after Charles died his widow married Norman Anderson. The next step was to see

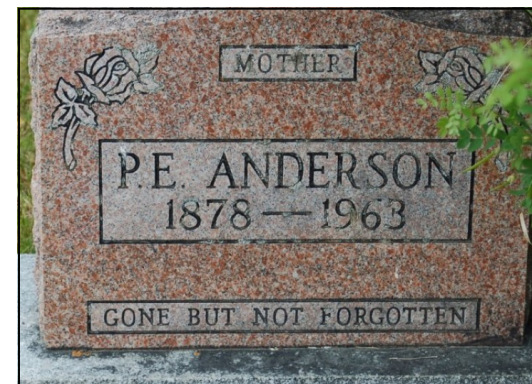


Right: Phoebe Lawrence in uniform (Lake Saskatoon Reflections, p. 96)

what had been written about Norman and his wife, but in the whole article she is only referred to as 'Mother.' It does go on to state that 'Mother' was born in Stourbridge, England in 1878 and she was a nurse during WWI. We also read that she married Norman Anderson in 1921, ran a post office, and started a store. It goes on to share that she later moved to Pioneer Lodge and passed away in 1963.

Thankfully there are a lot of clues here to find out more about Cis, not to mention some wonderful photographs including one showing her in her nursing uniform, but it is hard to research someone without a name so the hunt continued...

Thinking that her headstone would be an option I checked the Lake Saskatoon cemetery online:



<http://www.abgenealogy.ca/view-cemetery-index>

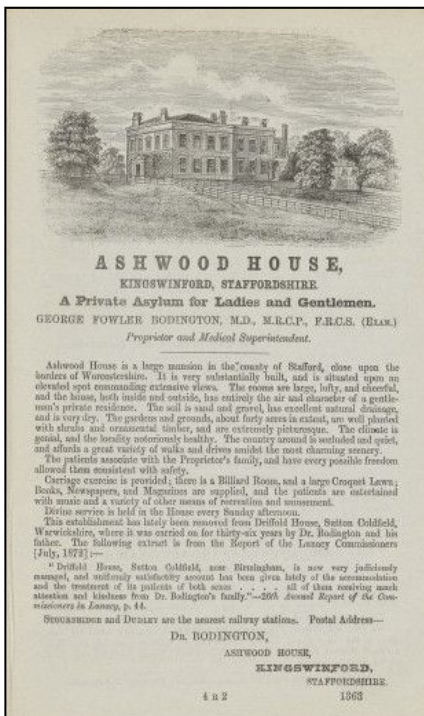
I checked Charles Buck's headstone, and there is no mention of his wife. Next it was the headstone of Norman Anderson. Again no wife was mentioned and it was time to try a different tactic. I looked

Left: Phoebe's headstone (Alberta Genealogical Society)

at everyone in the cemetery with the surname of Anderson and the death date of 1963. A headstone was found inscribed with "Mother," but it also had the name P.E. Anderson. One step closer, we have initials.

A look on the ancestry website and within a few minutes we had a name – Charles William Buck was married at St. Anne’s Church in Wandsworth in London to.... Ta daaaa – Phoebe Elizabeth Lawrence on March 11, 1918.

Wow, she has a name! What we are able to learn about Phoebe from this record is: she was older than Charles by eight years, had not been previously married, her occupation had been left blank (but we know she was a nurse during the war), her father was John Lawrence, occupation Charter master (her mother is not listed at all), and Phoebe was 39 which gives her a birth year of 1879. Finding her full name widens the scope of the search as we can now look at census records and more.

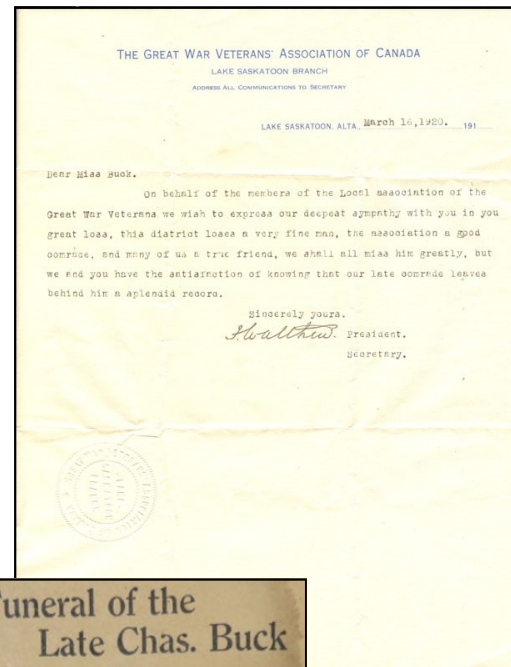
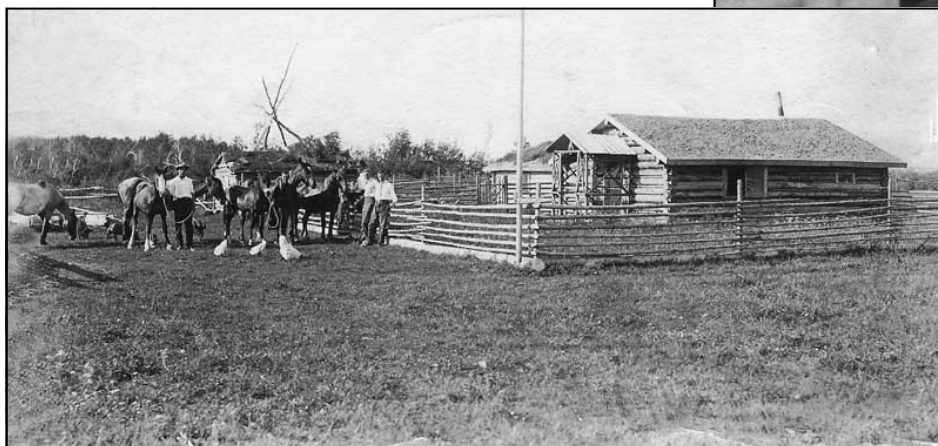


A look in the census records for England and we found that in 1911 Phoebe was working as a nurse at the Lunatic Asylum in Wandsworth. The 1901 census has Phoebe working as a parlour maid in the household of James Pieteron, a medical officer, and their home was Ashwood House Private Asylum located in Kingswinford. Not much more is known about Phoebe’s nursing career but we can assume it was due to nursing that she met Charles Buck, as he



Above: Charles Buck in Hospital, ca. 1918. Charles later died as a result of his war wounds in 1920, at age 33. (SPRA 0298.35)

Left: Charlie and Arthur Buck’s homestead, 1910-1914 (SPRA 0298.05)



Above: Great War Veterans Association letter

Funeral of the Late Chas. Buck

The remains of a well known man of the district and one of the first to answer the call to the colors was brought back on the train arriving here on Wednesday last.

Charles Buck, of Lake Saskatoon, is well known to many of us and in 1914, directly he heard that war was declared, went over to the Old Country at his own expense to rejoin the regiment to which he previously belonged.

He was badly gassed at or about the time of the second battle of Ypres, and it was due to this that he passed away in the hospital at Edmonton. The deceased was thirty years of age, died on March 5th from the effects of being gassed overseas. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss to whom the heartfelt sympathy of everyone is extended.

The funeral service which was held in the War Veteran’s hall at Lake Saskatoon, was attended by a large number of friends and sympathizers, including members of the Free Mason’s Lodge, to which Mr. Buck belonged, and the local G.A.V.V.A., who took charge of the body. The chief mourners were Mrs. Buck, the widow, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore, of Bear Lake, who were great friends of the deceased. Interment took place at the burial grounds of St. Andrew’s Church, it being the expressed wish of the late Mr. Buck that he should be buried there. The service was conducted by the Rev. F. V. Abbott, assisted by the Rev. G. A. Kettvis. The hymns “Jesus, Lover of My Soul” and “Now the Laborer’s Task is O’er” were sung and Chopin’s funeral march impressively rendered on the organ by Mrs. F. B. Smith. The veterans who attended in uniform marched behind the coffin from the hall to the graveside, followed in procession by the Masons and other friends. Deep sympathy is felt for Mrs. Buck in the sad bereavement she has sustained.

Left: Charles Buck’s obituary, March 16, 1920

Right: William Anderson’s obituary, Daily Herald Tribune, April 23, 1992

spent time in a hospital recovering from being gassed in WWI.

Once in Canada Phoebe’s nursing would come in handy as Charles continued to suffer from the effects of being gassed. Sadly nothing was to help and he passed away

in Edmonton in 1920. His request was that his body be brought home for burial.

Norman Anderson and Phoebe were married about 1921 and their son Bill was born in 1922. Phoebe ran the post office out of their home which was called the Cut Bank Lake office, and was located on their farm at SE 33 T72 R8 W6. The post office was short-lived as the Wembley office took over in 1928. A search for post offices and the Postmasters can be done on the Library and Archives website.

<http://www.bac-lac.gc.ca/eng/discover/postal-heritage-philately/post-offices-postmasters/Pages/search.aspx>

Phoebe & Norman’s only child William “Billy” grew up in the Lake Saskatoon area and he provided the information for the Anderson entry in the book *Lake Saskatoon Reflections*. Bill farmed the land until ill health intervened. He died in 1992 and his ashes were placed in the family plot at Lake Saskatoon. One interesting thing to note, even after death Phoebe continued to have name issues - in her son’s obituary her first name is given as Vivian!

<p>William Anderson. 69, of Hythe</p> <p>On Wednesday April 22, 1992, William “Billy” Anderson passed away suddenly at the Hythe Hospital at the age of 69 years.</p> <p>Billy was born in Vancouver and moved with his parents to the Lake Saskatoon district while only a few weeks old.</p> <p>He had been a resident of the Lake Saskatoon area, where he continued to farm until ill health prevented him from continuing the work that he loved. He moved to LaGlance and then to Hythe, where he resided at the time of his passing.</p> <p>He loved the farm and his animals. He especially enjoyed his visits with the neighbors and the many card parties that he attended.</p>	<p>Billy was predeceased by his father Norman in 1953 and his mother Vivian in 1963. He is survived by his cousin Myrtle Moodie of Hythe and her family and other cousins in Manitoba.</p> <p>A memorial service for Billy Anderson will be held in the Lake Saskatoon Hall on Saturday, April 25, 1992 at 4 p.m. Cremation has taken place in the Oliver Crematorium. Following the Memorial service, interment of the urn will take place in the family plot in the Lake Saskatoon Cemetery.</p> <p>No flowers by request. Memorials to the Canadian Diabetic Association would be appreciated by the family.</p> <p>Arrangements by Oliver Funeral Chapel & Crematorium, Grande Prairie. Telephone 532-2929.</p>
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Content With Little Things

The Memoirs of Katherine Margaret Fehr

Katherine Fehr was born in Sunnyslope, Alberta to Jacob and Maria Fehr, Mennonites whose parents had left Poland in search of religious freedom. The Fehr family arrived in the Peace Country in the winter of 1927-28 and settled on a homestead east of the Smoky River. In the fall of 1934 she married Sven Carlson, known in the community as “the Swede”. So began an adventuresome time in her life.

Now I was 18 years of age and I thought I had the world by the tail on a downhill pull. How absolutely naïve I was!!! Trapping fur animals in the winter was our way of life and in the summer we rode horseback and tended to a herd of cattle which had to be moved from their winter feed grounds near Sexsmith, Alberta in the spring and fall. The Smoky River lay between where the cattle fed in the winter and where we cared for them in summer. The only way of crossing the river at that time was by a ferry operated by means of cables and pulleys. What we usually had to do was put a few cattle on the ferry as bait for the rest of them and it always worked. It was a thrilling sight to see the ferry leave shore and the cattle walk in behind it. They had to swim and I can still see in my mind’s eye how the current of the river would take them downstream before they could get out of the main current and head back for shore and the road.

Did you ever herd a bunch of cattle, about 120 head,

on a frosty, moonlit night? Well, it’s not funny! Besides being cold, the cattle do not bed down very well. They want to wander around and graze. Maybe they are cold, too! The night I am talking about happened on one of our trips to the winter feed ground. We were camped on the hills of the Smoky River and we would cross early in the morning. Previous to leaving our cabin at the summer feeding place, my husband had killed a moose and it dropped right in our own river (not a deep one). It meant he had to wade into the water waist deep and float the animal to shore so he could skin it and get some meat for our journey out with the cattle. He got quite chilled and caught a cold—this must have been at least two days before the night herding incident at the Smoky. The end result of all this was that my husband was taken to hospital with a very bad case of what we now know as sinusitis. But where did it leave me and my one helper with all the cattle? We did get word to another man who had helped us previously and he did join us later on. But it was left to Art (Robertson, my helper) and myself to get them across the river, which we did by the old method of putting a load of cattle on the ferry and then the rest would follow. The wedding gift from my folks was a heifer calf which we called “Stripper.” She was hard to milk. But she was so gentle and I caught her and led her onto the ferry and a few animals followed her. I think this trip with the cattle stands out the most of all the times we made that crossing. I don’t recall the exact distance in miles from the river to their winter feed grounds at Kleskun Lake, but that day seemed an eternity even with the help we got from John Calliou, who joined us somewhere after crossing the river. It was way after dark

Carlsons driving the Fraser herd of cattle from the Simonette River to Kleskun Lake. Used in *Across the Smoky* p. 326 (116.09.01.01.344)



when we could leave the cattle and make our way to the owner’s house and drop into bed. He, George Fraser, wasn’t home, but doors weren’t locked in those days and it made it easy to make ourselves at home.

I must tell you about our experience of river rafting. We only tried that once and it might have been our last one. It was the second year of our marriage, 1936. We, along with another man, “Slim” Knox, were out on the trap line. I only joined my husband after the New Year. We all lived in a small shack, with 2 bunks, a table and an air tight heater. No luxuries, I’ll have you know! January and February were the most disagreeable, weatherwise, that we ever experienced in our trapping career—cold and frost filled air! I can still feel and see the frost in the air.

By March it was milding up some and soon we would be trapping muskrats through their houses on the frozen lakes and as the ice began to melt on the lakes, we could shoot them as well. Mind you, we didn’t get many and the prices were not what they are now. My husband and I moved out of the cabin and camped out under a tarpaulin for wind break. Well, we weren’t any too successful in our trapping, but we sure ate a lot of smoke. Talk about bleary eyed, we were.

Our only mode of transportation was shanks mare (on foot—snow shoes in the winter). So when the winter turned to warm spring weather, and the rivers were nearly clear of ice and debris, we decided to build a long narrow raft and load ourselves and our belongings (which included 3 dogs) onto it and set sail for my parents’ home down the Simmonette River. I’m not sure of the distance.

The event that would mar our raft trip was the fact that my husband always shot a Canada Goose when they first came in the spring. Picture, if you can, a river running high with chunks of ice and other debris, but banks of spruce forest from which trees would fall into the river to become a treachery to those not watching what they were doing or where they were going. And geese on the shore.

I do not remember which one of the men shot the goose that we had to retrieve from this particular cutbank that had several “sweepers” in it. Sweepers

are old trees that have long been imbedded in the bank and have been shorn clear of any branches on the top side. They extend at right angles into the mainstream of the river. Their treachery lies in the fact that one cannot see them because they are just a little below the water line.

The goose, which we did retrieve, nearly cost us our lives. Our raft slipped up onto a “sweeper” and as the back end of the raft was heavier, we flipped over backwards. “Slim” left the raft by grabbing hold of the sweeper, which he had to go under in order to get back onto the raft. My husband and I clung to the raft and eventually got back onto it. We beached the raft not far downstream and took stock of our losses. Our rifles, one shoe and pack sacks were gone. However, the small amount of fur that we had in the packs we used on our dogs. They were made of canvas and waterproof. They floated and we picked them up. There was also a wool quilt in one of them in which I wrapped up while my clothes were drying—I carried a waterproof match case which came in handy for making the fire to get dried out by.

We had no choice but to turn our raft over, put it back into the water and head downstream. There was no more looking for anything to shoot at. Besides, our guns were at the bottom of the river. It took us the rest of the daylight hours to get to where we would have to walk the remainder of the way. We put the packs on the dogs and started out. We had two creeks to cross before reaching my parents’ place.

Only one incident brings a smile to my face. It had to do with Slim Knox. He was wearing a pair of Indian tanned moose hide pants. They hold, or should I say, they soak up water like a sponge. They had dried out fairly well by the time we reaching this creek we were to cross. In fact, it was narrow enough to jump over. However, the dogs with the pack on, needed a bit of a push to get them across and Slim was doing the honours of pushing one of them. His foot slipped and you can guess the rest. His pants were soaked again. We arrived at my parents’ home, told our story, and hit the sack. The next day, Mom cooked our goose (literally) and we enjoyed at least that much of our one-time river-rafting experience.

Reader Response: World War II Letters

Many thanks to Ursula Lewis who responded to our call for World War II letters. She brought in a stack of letters that were written to her by soldier Dick Lewis. Dick and Ursula had met in Vancouver before Dick left with the RCAF and they started a correspondence that eventually led to their marriage in 1946.

This particular letter was written by Dick after "Victory in Europe" on May 8, 1945, when Hitler surrendered and World War II ended in Europe. Note the address is stated as "Somewhere in Holland", which is how all letters home let the family know where their soldier was without giving details of location.

"Somewhere in Holland"

CAN. R-140106
G. A. C. Lewis R.C.A.F.
6410 Sewing Echelon
R.C.A.F. Overseas
May 10, 1945.

Dear Ursula:

No doubt you in Canada are as happy over the victory in Europe as we all are over here. What at one time seemed an impossible task has now been fully accomplished. Canning and panicking as the nazis were they have finally been brought to their knees and this time with no half way measures. The happiness and celebrations of the Dutch people are any indication as to how the rest of the world is feeling, then the world is certainly extremely happy.

Your letter of April 13th came a couple of days ago. I thank you so much for my birthday wishes just three years ago I was with you on my birthday wasn't I? You know Ursula, I'm surprised at your for really falling for one of those Charazan casanova's. But I really don't believe either that you are truly disappointed in love, you'll get over it soon; we all go through those stages some time or other. Right now, I myself don't know exactly what I want and at times have a feeling of frustration, perhaps it is a really honest to goodness Canadian girl. Who knows, maybe I'll still have a chance to win your affections. As I've told you before you've always sort of been my dream girl. From the first night I met you I found there was something about you that was irresistible. If I were to call you up in about six months time, do you suppose you'd go for a walk with me through Stanley Park? I remember one lovely walk we had there, do you?

2.

In a couple of days I am going on leave to Eng^{land} for nine days - the first full leave I've had for sixteen months. England will look pretty nice now, it will be so different with the lights on and no more air raid siren and buzz bombs on V 2's. I intend to spend at least one night in London but will get as far as Newcastle and possibly Edinburgh. Will write you about it after I get back. I am looking forward to the day when I'll be preparing to go home. I'm very much hoping I won't have to go to the Far East.

Must say bye bye for now. Keep up your good work and a stiff upper lip. Please write soon. Very hello to Jag and Julie. Love as always, Dick.

FROM: (Sender's full name and address)

TO: Miss A. G. Walker
Home Home, Van. New York,
Vancouver,
British Columbia,
CANADA.

W E Day - the whole world is happy except perhaps Germany. He is bursting to ask me again but is going to wait until he sees me. Good idea but I know me. Good idea calls me his dream girl. mentions to walk in Stanley Park.

ARMED FORCES
AIR LETTER
AIR MAIL
If anything is enclosed in this letter it will be sent by ordinary mail.
POSTAGE REVENUE
POSTAGE REVENUE
May 10 1945
35

WIFE WANTED
 Am a bachelor, age 29 years, good habits, Irish by birth, but speak both French and English, have good home with 160 acres of choice farm land near Buffalo Lakes. ~~Would like to correspond with or meet a girl between ages of 18 to 26 years.~~ Object matrimony.
JOSEPH WYMAN
 c-o Herald Office, Grande Prairie

Above: Grande Prairie Herald, March 16, 1915

Below: Frontier Signal, April 1, 1915

He Was Almost Married
 The matrimonial bureau, which was started recently in Grande Prairie, came very nearly bringing joy and a helpmeet to at least one of our young bachelors. According to the facts given to our representative, it seems one of our young homesteaders recently conceived an idea that a "soul mate" was essential to his success and happiness and advertised for a wife. The advertisement did not lay down any fixed specifications as to whether the desired wife was to be long or short, fat or lean and did not particularize as to nationality or color, as long as the age did not exceed 26, no mention was made that bog spavins, crooked legs, heaves or blind stagers would be objected to and consequently on Tuesday a young lady [we think she was young] blew into town, having previously arranged to meet the ardent bachelor at one of the hotels. As the hour drew near for the meeting to take place, the young lady was all smiles and full of expectation and

apparently anxious to do her level best to fulfil all the requirements which contribute to make matrimonial bliss complete. But the closest friends of the young man observed that he possessed a different feeling. The knees were wobbly and the heart was weak and he apparently had a realization of the solemnity of embarking on the sea of matrimony not fully knowing the craft on which the matrimonial voyage was soon to begin and he finally resolved it was unsafe to make the venture. The young lady seeing this became almost hysterical at the bitter thought of losing a good home and having all her joyous expectations and hopes for the future, suddenly dashed to pieces. Sympathizing friends gathered around her and quickly brought smelling salts and stimulants which soothed the nerves, but could not touch the aching heart. Fortunately, a cousin of the young lady happened along from Lake Saskatoon and after the severe spasms of grief had been somewhat overcome an interview was arranged in the sitting room of the Empire Hotel. The young lady explained that she had answered the advertisement in good faith, believing that the young man was desirous of securing a wife who would be all that could be required, that she had been born and raised on a

farm and that if anyone could make him prosperous and happy, she could. The young man said that while he had advertised for a wife, he had received over one hundred replies and that as he was not quite ready to get married, someone might come along who would suit him better. This so angered the lady's cousin that for a time a rough house was expected, much to the discomfort of the young bachelor whose whole frame was trembling like a leaf and could be distinctly heard in the adjoining rooms. The would-be-bride eventually in very plain terms turned the advertising adventurer down cold and left with her cousin for Lake Saskatoon, resolved, that her next wooing would be more on the modern plan. A very serious moral is conveyed to all our young bachelors through this little romance, which is, when you advertise in the newspaper for a wife and one happens along in answer, after making a thorough examination, if she suits you, be a good sport and do not have nervous breakdowns and broken hearts haunting your peaceful slumbers. Names have been omitted by request.

From the Blog

By Kathryn Auger

There's an old saying that says, "Be careful what you wish for" – in this case it should be, "Be careful what you advertise for." Included in the items posted for St. Patrick's Day was an advertisement for a wife. Appearing two weeks later in the April 1, 1915 Signal was this account of what happened when the advertiser met with one of the applicants. Apparently the fellow received over one hundred replies to his ad. I wonder if he ever did find a wife – there is no other listing in the family names database for his name. Or possibly after the incident reported in the newspaper, he was laughed out of town!

A Partially Solved Mystery: Can You Help?

By Kathryn Auger



Standing, L-R: Mrs. Pring, George Pring, ?, ?, Grace Pring, Allan Mortensen, Hazel Medlock, Myland Mitchell
 Front: all unknown

When I was going through my mother's pictures, I found some negatives of what looked like a wedding. I had them developed, but could only identify my mother, Hazel Medlock. The Archives staff weren't able to help either, so the pictures were put away. Recently I was going through the paper in my ongoing search for blog items and was so excited to find the write up of the wedding in Mom's pictures. From that, we could identify the bride and groom, her attendant (my mother) and best man. Mary's visit to Spirit River recently identified the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Pring (on the left). That leaves five people to go! If anyone could help complete this, we'd be very thankful.

View the blog post and newspaper clipping at:

<http://southpeacearchives.org/2016/08/18/partially-solved-mystery-can-help/>

Lance Corporal Roy Boyd: Lone Survivor



Lance Corporal Roy Boyd is rescued after three-and-a-half days under the rubble. Library and Archives Canada photo

While conducting research for SPRA's Soldiers of the South Peace Memorial, volunteer Kaylee Dyck discovered this story and photograph of Lance Corporal Roy Boyd, one of many Grande Prairie men who joined the armed forces during World War II. Lance Corporal Boyd fought in the Battle of Ortona in December 1943, taking part in a bloody campaign to liberate the city which was a strategic seaport on the Italian coast. German troops had been ordered to defend it at all costs, using booby traps and demolitions. In what was perhaps one of the most notorious examples of demolition, the Germans blew up a house occupied by a Loyal Edmonton platoon. Lance Corporal Roy Boyd was one of those men. Twenty-three men were killed in the explosion, and Roy, the only survivor, was rescued after being trapped in the rubble for three days. Roy survived the war and died on January 16, 1985, aged 64.

Thank you to Kaylee for discovering this story!

For more information on the Battle of Ortona, visit:

<http://www.canadiansoldiers.com/history/battlehonours/italiancampaign/ortona.htm>

New at the Archives

Thank You Donors!

The holdings at SPRA have all been donated by individuals, organizations, and municipal governments. You are our only resource for the preservation of the history of the South Peace.

Here are a few of our recent donations:

Charles Harrison Sims Family fonds, 1900-1968
By Chonita Sims Robertson

Riverside Ladies Aid Society fonds [1919-1985]
Albright Community Hall Association records
Riverside Literary Society fonds, 1922-1925
By Olaf & Dorothy Hegland

Ebe Koeppen Story, Heart Valley, 1927-1977
By Alice Fortier

World War II letters of Dick Lewis, [1942-1946]
By Ursula Lewis

Records of Jacob, Chester and Joseph Lowe family
And Suder, English, Cahoon and Willsey families
1900-1977
By Janice Willsey

Calvary Lutheran Church (LaGlance) history,
By Lavern Sorgaard

The Rio Grande Rides On
By Corinne Cowan

Memoirs of John C. Archer, [1917-1999]
By Meg & Robert Archer

ARR and NW Conference papers, 1969
By Margaret Bowes

South Peace Regional Archives

gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a grant from
the

Bill & Laura Turnbull fund

through the

Edmonton Community Foundation.

This fund will assist in an Awareness Campaign that the Archives Board is planning for 2017. The goal of the campaign is to increase public awareness regarding donating and preserving historical material at the Archives, and using those resources to celebrate the communities of the south Peace.

Bill and Laura Turnbull were long-time residents of Grande Prairie and involved in many aspects of the community, including teaching, running clubs and the local genealogical society. We are so pleased they will be remembered with this endowment.

The Perfect Introduction

If you hear someone say: Why did my mother (grandmother, aunt, sister) keep all this stuff! What do I want with cookbooks and journals and all this stuff about the kids!

You can say: Why not talk to the Archives staff. They are really interested in women's history. That "stuff" will tell a lot about the daily life activities and attitudes to someone in the future.

South Peace Regional Archives

is funded by

City of Grande Prairie, County of Grande Prairie, MD of Greenview, MD of Spirit River, grants from the Archives Society and the Province of Alberta, and donations from people like you!

South Peace Regional Archives Society Membership Application/Renewal Form

Date: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal Code: _____ Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

Interested in being involved as a: _____ volunteer _____ board member

There are two types of membership:

Full membership--get involved in the society, attend meetings, vote on issues and run for office.

Associate membership--receive communications (like this newsletter) to stay informed about issues and happenings at the Archives.

This membership is _____ new _____ renewal

Full Membership
\$20.00/person or \$30.00/couple _____

Associate Member
\$15.00/person _____

I wish to donate to the
South Peace Regional Archives _____

Total Membership and Donation _____

Please pay by cash or cheque to
South Peace Regional Archives Society
Box 687, Grande Prairie, AB. T8V 3A8
Phone: 780-830-5105
Fax: 780-831-7371
E-mail: spra@telus.net

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