

I came to Canada in 1927. I'm tomboy, so naturally I go. I hadn't met my husband yet but I'll go. You know Stave Lake, we went over there and then we had three miles to the top of the mountain, a little trail, hardly any trail, we had to climb up over there to our destination and there was about three families were there, so that was my new home in Canada.

My husband would go to the day work and on the week-end we cut shingles, we cut big timber and then I cross cut in between and the saw was ten feet long. But that also alot of fun. We had a lot of dream.

A year later my husband passed away and I had to work. My mother was asking me to come home, but without money and with two kids, who wants? I should never go back, because