



# CAMROSE BRANCH ALBERTA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

## ROOTS AND SHOOTS

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*The ancient Romans named the first month of the year after Janus, the god with two faces - one looking back at the old year, and the other looking forward into the new.*

## Branch News

November 2013 meeting - President Janine Carroll brought her laptop so that we could “Livestream” Ancestry.ca. Our Ancestry hostess explained the newly released 1921 Canadian Census form and its column contents. The 1921 Canadian Census was taken 1 June 1921 with 35 questions. Readers can now make corrections in the Index at the bottom of each page. More detailed information is available on the Residents’ Professions (Columns 29-35). One does have to watch for transcription errors. The Census, as in the past, is in English first, then French because Canada is a bilingual country. There are new and improved changes. We are happy to finally have this latest Census available online to us! Thanks to Janine Carroll for presenting this to our group.

December 2013 meeting – Our topic was “Show and Tell” (see picture page 2). We celebrated Christmas by decorating the meeting room and bringing goodies that our ancestors would normally enjoy.

January 2014 meeting – We met at the Camrose Airport. CGS member and Airport Manager Wayne Steel related the airport’s history. In 1957, prominent businessman Art Burgar and 45 members established an airport committee. The airport’s popular “Fly-in Breakfast”, also started in 1957, is now Canada’s longest continuously running “Fly-in Breakfast” currently serving about 1500 breakfasts that day. In 1962, the airport committee was relocated to another building which was renovated with many improvements over the next years: 1964-power and water; 1969- natural gas; 1970-runway lights. In 1977 the runway was extended to 3500 feet to accommodate larger aircraft; 1979-the parking lot was paved. In 1994 the runway was extended to 4500 feet long and made 100 feet wider. The new runway size is excellent for flight school! Only a 50 minute drive from Edmonton, the airport also features a full parallel taxi runway. Prime users are: crop sprayers, the Cargill corporate jet and the STARS rescue helicopter. The large helicopter is too big to land at the St. Mary’s Hospital at present, and the ambulance drive from airport to hospital is short. Our Canadian “Snowbirds” will be putting on a show at our airport in July of 2014, during Camrose Canada Day’s weekend celebrations. Thanks for a great presentation, Wayne! The balance of the meeting was filled with members stating what they are working on. Dale Wilcox dropped in for help in researching Minnesota for his mother’s genealogy. Adele Goa made some very helpful recommendations to Dale. It was a very interesting meeting!

## Upcoming Events

Feb. 13, 2014 – CGS meeting – CPL Boardroom at 7:30 – Topic: “No Question is too Dumb”

Feb. 17, 2014 – CGS road trip to PAA Family Day – contact any CGS member for info

March 13, 2014 – CGS meeting – CPL Boardroom at 7:30 – Topic: TBA

April 10, 2014 – CGS meeting – CPL Boardroom at 7:30 – Topic: Train Trips/Stories

## Tidbits of Romance

From the Virden Advance 1887:

“May 18<sup>th</sup>, 1887, Miss Jane Bulloch and Mr. Walter Hall, editor of the Virden Advance, were married. During the previous summer, Mr. Hall had visited at the Bulloch home every two weeks and usually walked all the way from Virden, about twenty-seven miles, unless he was lucky enough to meet some one driving in (to Reston). Mr. Hall’s name goes down in local history as a most devoted admirer who undertook the long walks cheerfully.” Source: “The Virden Story by Ida Clingan (1882-1957) – Ch. 21, pages 197-98. This book is available through ILL (Inter Library Loan) from MB Legislative Library – [www.manitoba.ca/leglib](http://www.manitoba.ca/leglib)

## FAMILY HEIRLOOM

Bev Webster (with a “hand” from fellow CGS member Alora Nelson) demonstrated his mother’s handcrafted lace tablecloth at our Christmas gathering. The Christmas meeting theme was “Show and Tell”. CGS member Wayne Steel is shown on the right.



“My mother was an avid and talented craftswoman. She spent many hours completing a variety of knitted and crocheted items for her family and friends. Her six children were given many items over her lifetime. Upon her death in 1977 we were each given a similar, but different, crocheted tablecloth. The difference was the poem or prayer in that piece. I do remember watching my mother working on these tablecloths while watching television when I was in high school, but did not realize the intricate nature of her work.”

“This tablecloth was given to me by my eldest sister, Emily, who said that my mother would like me to have this one. It contains the “Lord’s Prayer” crocheted in the center of a 54 inch by 63 inch tablecloth, with the pineapple pattern crocheted around the exterior of the cloth.”

“My family treasures this tablecloth. It has a special place each year under our Christmas tree.”

*Submitted by B.A. Webster*

Mirror Lake Express Train builder Jeppa Danielson dies

## Jeppa Danielson left a legacy for Camrose



**Jeppa Danielson built the train that is used every summer.**

*Submitted by Tom Chelmick,  
chair, Chamber of Commerce train committee*

“On December 27 (2013), Jeppa Danielson, a longtime resident of Camrose and the original visionary and builder of the now Mirror Lake Express Train, died at the age of 90 years...He sold his house in the late spring of this year. He moved into a seniors’ place in Camrose. He still drove and could be seen having coffee with friends at Tim Horton’s in front of Sobey’s this summer. “

“He came and rode the train a couple of times this summer along Mirror Lake. His daughter and grandson rode with him on one occasion as they were here to help him move. “

“Jeppa was very interested in all the places that the train went and the parades that we put the train into...I will miss the talks we had about his dreams of building the train and how it started out as an electric engine that he later converted to a gas engine...It (the train) is now on display every summer in Camrose and around the province for generations of people to enjoy...Each time I get on the Mirror Lake Express, I will say a little prayer thanking Jeppa Danielson for his contribution to this community.” - reprinted with permission from the Camrose Booster and Chamber of Commerce Train Committee Chair Tom Chelmick. (Complete article online in the Dec 31, 2013 issue, page 16 – [www.isuu.com](http://www.isuu.com))

*Common sense can be the best “search engine” when researching genealogy.*

### Maple Sugar Day in Camrose

Alyre Morin, my nephew, called me on the telephone some time ago to let me know that he was coming to Camrose to visit the schools and to give them a brief education on the maple sugar industry. He would be boiling some maple syrup to the taffy stage. The French word for this is “la tire”. Alyre would keep me informed on the time and the place and how I could help.



*Sharon's nephew Alyre*

I was so excited to have such a wonderful invitation. I have over the years enjoyed maple syrup that was produced here in Canada. I had also had the opportunity to have a small taste of Canadian maple sugar candy when I visited New Brunswick. My hosts in New Brunswick gave me only a small sampling. But oh it tasted so good and I would've loved to have had more. My host had collected the sap, boiled it down, and saved this small portion of maple sugar candy. He told me that I did not realize how much work it was to get the candy that he had stored in his fridge.

I waited patiently or perhaps I should say impatiently to get more information on Alyre's project. Towards the middle of February he gave me a 2<sup>nd</sup> call. The time that he would be in Camrose was February 22, 2013 and he would be at the Charlie Killam School. I had almost forgotten that this project was still going to happen. I was so excited.

Alyre gave me of all the details of his classes at Charlie Killam. I could come around 9 o'clock. I would have lots of time before the first children arrived for his chat about maple sugar harvesting. At this time Alyre would give me a brief rundown on my contributions to the day.

I awoke on the morning of the 22nd quite early. I could not get back to sleep. Finally I arose and went immediately to my thermometer. It read -14.7°C. I knew immediately that I would have to dress quite warm. I peeked outdoors to see the world was white with hoarfrost. What a gorgeous start to the morning. I also knew that I would have to start my vehicle up to defrost the windshield.

The morning routine of boiling some oatmeal with cranberries, shower, and a selection of warm clothes found me getting more excited as time went by. I went out and started my truck and returned to the condo to fix a bit of lunch. Andrea, my niece, had warned me that I would arrive at home full of maple sugar toffee.



*Andrea and son Alexis*

As I approached Charlie Killam School, I did not know which door Alyre would be at. A teacher came around the corner and when I asked where the maple sugar toffee was going to be held, he gave me a huge smile and pointed me in the right direction. I could already tell by his tone of voice that everyone was excited to have Alyre there. Children would walk by on their way to morning class and stop for a brief moment, wondering what was happening. What a wonderful day they were going to have.

The air was loaded with the aroma of the boiling syrup. As each person walked by they would indicate what a beautiful smell was in the air. How much better could a day be with the trees looking mystically coated with hoarfrost and the smell of boiling maple sap.

Alyre spoke to me of what the day was going to be like. As he talked he dipped a popsicle stick into the boiling syrup. He would taste it. Then he dipped another one in and handed it to me. I gingerly put it to my mouth. He said don't worry it's cool. So I had my 1st taste of the boiling syrup. The pot boiled in a frothy hurry. Again he tested it by taste. Next he dipped his wooden spoon into the boiling mix. He held the spoon up and watched as the drip formed. He needed to get it to form a long thin thread. Suddenly it reminded me of the times when I would make a toffee at home for my children. Having this syrup form a thread indicated that the cook had done a very good job and the candy was done.

He showed me a list of all the classes that would be coming for their bit of toffee. He would be speaking to the children about the maple trees, the history of maple sugar and the industry that is now in place. He also said that I would probably get tired of hearing the same lecture each time a new class came. But for me listening to the children's responses to the questions that Alyre was giving them was so interesting. It was almost like I was back in class and it was hard for me to keep silent as I had questions also.



*Sharon: "Yumm! None of this will be wasted")*

Out to the boiling pot and the snow table we would go after the lecture. My job was to hand each student a popsicle stick. The children were so excited! They would look at the hot syrup as Alyre poured it on the snow and waited for him to give them the indication that it was now time to use their popsicle stick to pick up the toffee and to start rolling it. On occasion there would be a small pool of maple syrup that would not cool as quickly as the rest. It was difficult to pick up that area of the stream of syrup. Alyre would patiently assist them and show them how to roll it and continue to cool it on their stick. His patience was endless.

During our times when there were no children around, Alyre said that he had always enjoyed sugaring off time with his father in New Brunswick. He spoke about tapping the trees and hanging a bucket to catch the sap. I was surprised to learn that the sap was as clear as water and that if a glass of water and maple sap stood side-by-side you would have to taste them to tell them apart. He spoke about the challenge of squirrels in the sugar bush. They would be able to get in to the bucket no matter what kind of lid was used. Finding a squirrel in the bucket meant that the sap had to be discarded. The bucket was returned to the sugar shack to be washed and disinfected.

Alyre spoke about the long hours that his family would spend in the process of harvesting the maple sap. His father and grandfather would catch short naps as they kept the fire burning with logs. His mother would spend long hours preparing meals, coffee, snacks and doing dishes. As a young man learning the industry he began by toting the buckets of sap. As he matured and did his job correctly he would get a promotion. The final promotion was keeping the fire burning. So many times Alyre indicated to the children that this was a time that he truly loved. The harvest of the maple tree sap continues to be a tradition in his family.

For each group of children Alyre would tell them the true history behind maple sugar. I found it very interesting because like the children I thought it was a French Canadian tradition. I was greatly surprised when he indicated that the First Nations people had handed this down to the European settlers. All too often we as Europeans tend to forget that our aboriginal people shared much of their information on survival and local foodstuffs. The point that Alyre was making is something that I shall long remember. We do owe the First Nations people a huge thanks for the maple syrup on our pancakes, on our French toast, and as I do maple sugar crystals on my yogurt and berries, pictured below.



As I put this into a historic perspective, I think back to when the Deschales sisters came from France into the Québec area of New France. Claude Deschales, my 8<sup>th</sup> great-grandmother, perhaps was one of those people who learned from the people of the First Nations on the beauty of the maple tree. Claude Deschales was the mother of 11 children in the wilds of New France. How I wish I could go back in time and chat with her on how she managed to raise those 11 children in a foreign, forested, wild, new country that was to become my Canada.

In conclusion I am very appreciative for the day with Alyre and learning from him about maple sugar. As I sit here tonight typing this on my computer the taste of the sugar is still present on my palate. There is a large block of maple sugar in my refrigerator and I have a block of the froth from the boiling pot sitting on my counter as I could not see him disposing of that. I told him that my mother being a pioneer could waste nothing. He too indicated that his father was of the same mindset. So I look forward to tomorrow and the challenge of working with this maple froth. Thank you Alyre! I will be enjoying every moment of this challenge and of the tastes of your maple sugar. The memories of today that will be conjured up each time I enjoy a portion of your precious gift. – *Submitted by Sharon Sullivan-Olsen*

Editor's note: The following is the Valentine's Day article originally published in the February 2013 "Roots and Shoots", Vol. 10, No.1. The Editor has chosen to reprint the article with pictures added.

### My Grandparents Love Story

My maternal grandma Gladys May Barker Morris would be absolutely exasperated if she ever saw her name written that way. She referred to herself as Mrs. Gladys Morris and I remember her explaining to me that she only used her own name because she was a widow. While my grandfather was alive she was Mrs. John Morris. I'm not sure if this was widely recognized or just her proper etiquette but she was definitely the most "proper" lady in my life.

Gladys was born in 1903 in Victoria, BC. She was part of the horse and buggy generation and she lived another quarter century after watching man walk on the moon.

Her family moved to Alberta 'for the dry climate' after her father developed asthma. They settled at Carvel Corner and operated a large market garden, chiseled roughly out of prairie bush; their main market was Alberta Beach cottagers.

I am not sure about the actual romance involved, but in days of barn raising and barn dances, my grandparents encountered each other by chance at a community costume party. I remember my grandma becoming giggly when telling me the story about this party long ago.

The neighbor boy had married the year before and his new wife brought her younger brother John to the party. He was dressed as an Arabian knight. Gladys was dressed as an Indian princess (see picture below); her thick dark braids long enough to sit on. They were obviously destined for each other and began courting shortly after. They married in 1924 in a simple ceremony in her parents' living room (wedding picture on page 9.) This is but a fraction of their story, of course, a bit of their romance for our Valentine newsletter.



*Gladys May Barker*



*Wedding Day 1924 - John & Gladys Morris*  
– Submitted by Janine Carroll



Irish blessing  
May you always walk in sunshine.  
May you never want for more.  
May Irish angels rest their wings right beside your door.

March 17th is St. Patrick's Day, celebrated by the Irish all over the world!

Coming in the May issue of "*Root and Shoots*" - "Wendy's Adoption Story"!

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Rose Puzzle Logo © Sharon Sullivan-Olsen February 2013