

fashioned. My mother chose the old-fashioned car with a stove in it. The others had to change cars several times, but we stayed in our car all the way to our destination. It took eleven days from Regina to Durango, Mexico. We went about 35 miles further; the name of the station was Buenes.

In Durango, we discovered that one has to be born in Mexico in order to buy land there. The land can be leased for 99 years. We dug a 26 ft. well, built an adobe house and stayed only eight months. There were only 15 families and not enough work. The Canadian Government took the farmers back to Canada, but we had my Uncle Jake Ostermeier (my mother's brother) in California, so he sent us the immigration papers to come to California.

When I was 19, I married a man from Germany, Kurt Wuttke. We have three children, two boys and a girl; also five grandchildren.

My mother and father celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at our home in Redwood City, and four of our guests were from Lake Lenore: my cousins Hans Moises, Max and Aggie Forster, and my Aunt Theresa Zenner. My father passed away in 1967 and my mother in 1968.

My husband and I celebrated our golden wedding anniversary in 1981. It was an elaborate affair, with 100 guests at a fine hotel restaurant.

#### MATH AND NORA FORSTER

Math Forster Jr. was born in Landshut, Bavaria, in 1909. In 1912 he came to Canada with his parents. They homesteaded on NW 23-41-21 in the Verdale district. After proving the homestead, they moved to a farm in the Dead Moose Lake area, now Marysburg.

In 1916 they bought a farm in the Lake Lenore district. Math farmed with his parents and brother Max until 1936. Math attended Blume, Bright Valley and Lake Lenore schools.

I, Math, enjoyed hunting, trapping and fishing, and I still trap in the winter. I enjoyed playing ball and played with the Bright Valley Darkies, as they were known. We played at picnics, sports days, etc.

In 1936, Sept. 27, I married Ellenore Gaetz, daughter of Mike and Mary Gaetz of Lake Lenore, and moved to our own farm where we live today.

I, Nora, was born in 1918 on a farm at Lake Lenore. We were a family of twelve children, five girls and seven boys, of which eight are living. Three boys and one girl died in infancy. At this time my dad was in the lumber yard in Lake Lenore.

I attended school in Lake Lenore and St. Brieux. My sister, Ethel, and I rode horse back to school at St. Brieux.

My brother, Lawrence, and I used to go hunting. We had acres of bush to tramp through. It seems there was always something to do. We always had horses to ride.

After my grandfather passed away, my mother, Lawrence, I and the younger kids moved to St. Brieux to a farm that was left to my mother. Dad had filed on a homestead and the land had to be lived on in order to prove it up. At this time my father had the elevator in Lake Lenore, so my sisters, Mary and Ethel, stayed with him and went to school in Lake Lenore. Dad used to come home weekends and bring groceries along, as we only had a bicycle for transportation. By the end of the week we were usually down to potatoes and glad to see him come home.

Lawrence farmed with four horses and we were kept busy picking stumps and stones. One weekend when dad came home, he looked at what we had accomplished and said, "You kids did pretty good this past week; maybe you should take the day off tomorrow" (of course we were excited waiting for what was coming!) "and pick those stones off the north breaking." What a let down! Remembering back, it was hard but we had a lot of good times, too.



Wedding of Math and Nora Forster — Sept. 28, 1936 — their attendants: Max Forster and Mary Gaetz; their guest (l-r) Theresa and Math Forster Sr., Larry Gaetz, Ethel Riffel, Grandma Gaetz, Mike Gaetz Sr. and Mary Gaetz; children Mike (Jr.), Rodney and Rose Gaetz.

My father taught me how to pitch a ball, which I really enjoyed. There was always music and singing at our house. Everyone played an instrument but mother. There was always a gang at our house. Dad had an orchestra for years; as the older ones left, the younger ones took over.

In 1936 I married Math Forster and moved to the farm where we now live. It was a change from our kind of farming to theirs as they had eight horses and much bigger machinery. They also had their own threshing machine, so we had a hired crew which had to be fed, "rain or shine".

It took some getting used to, cooking breakfast at four thirty, lunch around ten, dinner at noon, lunch at three and supper whenever the rigs were unloaded and the horses fed. Sometimes, by the time the dishes were washed and food prepared for the next