

Life's travels

Marion Edith Richardson Laberee



*While writing this book,
I was referred to diaries written
by my father-in-law, Avery Laberee,
my mother, Ruth Robinson,
and my sister, Jean Stevenson.*

*My son John edited the first section of my book.
My son Ed provided the family tree.*

*My granddaughter Susan Turcotte
and her friend, Ruthanne Urquhart,
worked tirelessly to edit and lay out the book.
The addition of so many pictures
enhanced the telling of my story.*

Many, many thanks.



*It was
quite an event
in my life.*



Don, Joyce, Jean, Marion and Ruth





Joan, 1943

1943

In June, Eddie came first in Grade 1. In the spring of that year, Grover Hodgman somehow drove his truck into the train, and died the following day. What a tragic accident. I must tell of what a good friend Jessie Colby was to me when I was living upstairs at the farm. The children and I used to go down to visit, and she would take us riding, or just help by being a good friend. One weekend when Waymer was home, we took the three children, skis, snowshoes, and Joan in her sled, and we walked up across several lots to Grandma Shortens'. It was a nice, mild, winter Sunday, and we had such a good time. I think it was that same year that Grandpa and Grandma celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary December 31. The Bulwer W.A. catered the event attended by a good number of relatives and friends.

1944

The winter of 1944 was very cold, with lots of snow. Jean, Mother and Bob were living across the river in Cookshire, where Jean was teaching. Waymer

and Ray were in Quebec City, sometimes coming home on weekends.

Earlier, when Waymer was in Brockville for his training, he had come home on an embarkation leave, but his bad leg—the result of childhood polio—did not allow him overseas. He was later stationed at the Citadel in Quebec City. During his sojourn there, he made it to the rank of captain.

Diana Ruth was born July 14 to Joyce and Leslie McCallum.

Mavis Dorothy was born October 5 to Roberta and Leslie Richardson.

By October, our baby's due date was approaching. I made a trip to the hospital October 1—it was a false alarm—and David Avery was born October 17, about 2 a.m. When I was in hospital, they had set up a milking machine system back at the farm, and it was a wonderful addition to the farming operation. Then, Alphonse Brochu's wife had to go to the hospital with appendicitis (they lived upstairs at the farm). The family came to bring David and I home from the hospital. We now had four children in our family. Marjorie Lane was still there to help out that winter.

David was such a good baby, and we all loved him a lot.

Edward and Gordon were going to school at Bulwer. They had a