Lessons from the Land: TRANSCRIPT

In 1936, when David Calliou was 14, he moved with his family to Fishing Lake they came with 30 cows and 8 horses. David and his brothers, Tom, Allen and Teddy worked with their dad Felix building a new house, barn and corrals. Cutting and stacking wild slew hay for winter feed. There was no school in Fishing Lake so David never got past grade 5. He married Florence Currie in 1941. Richard was born the year after. He was 8 months old when his dad joined the army. While serving in Italy in one of the bloodiest battles of World War II, David was shot in the right leg but he survived. Many others didn’t. He was discharged from the army on June 20th, 1945. Even though his leg was very sore, he worked on the farm. When Richard got older, his father would take him trapping in the spring. Richard remembers many trips to their log cabin for weeks at a time. Often with other men from the community, such as Joe Cardinal and Edward Dechamps. I went out trapping with Ed and Joe, at maybe ten, or eight years old, but very young. And there was lots of muskrats at that time. And when there was lots of muskrats, my dad would stay there sometimes for a week at a time, and after about three days we’d run out of bannock so we’d have to eat straight muskrats from there on. Sometimes we’d fry them, my dad would fry them and sometimes boil them and that’s the way of trapping…The family grew to 6 boys, Richard, Clifford, Kelly, Raymond, Ross, Teddy and two girls, Angela and Jeanette, sadly Margaret died at infancy. Everyone worked hard, they made their own butter cream and grew a garden of healthy food. Even if there was not much to go around, David always helped those who were less fortunate. He served on the Fishing Lake council on and off for twenty years. My uncle, me and dad went chasing wild horses. Finally, my Uncle Ted caught one and I caught one, brought them home, to my uncle Ted’s, I took about a week to break my little horse, so I took it home to my dad’s and I put it in the barn and I fed it. I got up the next morning and my little horse was gone. So, I asked my dad what happened to my horse. He said I turned it out. I said why. He said, somebody owned that horse, that’s stealing. He looked around and he had a little baby horse and he said, I’ll give you that little baby horse right there but your horse is gone”. So, that learned me not to steal. (Laughs). But I get tempted sometimes. David was a good husband to Florence, and an awesome father. Our family will miss him forever and always. Yeah, about my dad, I don’t think there’s anybody in the whole settlement you could find that would say a bad word about him.