

(NATHANIEL) GEORGE GIVEN FAMILY

(Nathaniel) George Given, known as "George", was one of twelve children, the eldest son, born November 1, 1891, to Robert and Elizabeth (Ester) Given. He was born at Mar, Ontario, and received his schooling there. The first years of his life were spent in a little log house just south of the Mar General Store. A few years later his parents built a new brick house on the same property a bit to the south of the original one. It still is in good repair and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Given reside there now.

George, being the eldest son, was needed on the farm until the younger brothers were able to help. At 21 years of age he went to Northern Business College in Owen Sound. After graduating from there in the 1912-13 class he worked in the office of the Nickel Mines in Sudbury and later for a railway company in Winnipeg. When two younger brothers joined the armed services of World War I he was needed at home on the farm once more.

In August, 1919, George married (Janet) Hazel White, born October 22, 1895, daughter of Matthew K. and Margaret (Keatley) White. At this time he bought property on Sky Lake, Lot... Con ... and started farming for himself. He farmed all his remaining years but was also interested in trying new ventures. He enjoyed taking pictures which he developed himself. Many of those pictures are included in this history book. Also, he was one of the first in the area to set up incubators in the house and tried his hand at hatching chickens and turkeys. The incubators were kept inside the house for even warmth and that usually meant using part of someone's bedroom. These incubators held anywhere from one hundred to three hundred eggs, depending upon the size of incubator. The eggs had to be turned every day and also sprinkled with water. I believe he tried hatching turkey eggs first. They hatched well but the little turkeys had no mother turkey to follow and I can remember my brother Reg and I being given the job of "herding" the young turkeys. They were accustomed to us and would quite readily follow us anywhere. That year the grasshoppers were plentiful, which was bad for the crops but perfect for the turkeys to feed on. So it was Reg's and my job to take the young turkeys to the back field to feed on those grasshoppers. The turkeys followed us to the grazing field fine and ate grasshoppers galore. Being of an age when playing was the most important thing to us, once we saw the turkeys were busy we would think about sneaking away back to the yard to play in the sand. We would creep quietly to the log fence, crawl through it and very carefully crawl all the way back to the play yard on the opposite side of the fence. We would just nicely get started to play when the turkeys would realize we were missing and all come swooping after us, half-flying and half-running. Much to our chagrin we would have to start over and take them back to the field. That was the first summer job I remember having.

One other incident I recall vividly was the time our father's team fell through the ice at Sky Lake. He was cutting