

Lot 13, Con. 1 EBR

Frank Travis obtained the Crown grant in 1920 although he ~~had~~ settled on this property a considerable number of years earlier. He had come from England although it is not known if he came to the peninsula directly or if he spent some time elsewhere. He reputedly worked for a lord in England as a young man. He was quite intelligent although a bit eccentric.

Travis built a cabin and cleared some land but the forest fire of 1908 destroyed most of the timber. His farming was on a very small scale; he raised only a few head of cattle, so he worked out for neighbours. He also boarded neighbours' cattle and was paid according to their gain in weight.

Travis was known to "moonlight" at times, going out to a neighbours at night and helping himself to apples, turnips and grain. Apparently he saw no harm in taking from others when they had plenty. Often the owner came along at that particular time and Frank would always say "Jug me. Jug me. If I caught you stealing from me I would jug you. (put in jail.)" Of course no one minded the few things he took which he was able to carry home on his back. The neighbour who had cattle feeding there called on him one day and remarked how well the cattle were doing. Frank replied "And so well they might, they nearly got me in jail."

An ad appeared in the Missing Persons' Column of The Family Herald from relatives in England seeking the whereabouts of Frank Travis. When a neighbour brought it to his attention he said "I have no need of them and they have no need of me." Eventually his shack was destroyed by fire and he lived with a neighbour who bought the property when Frank decided it was time to enter the County House of Refuge in Walkerton.

The Travis cabin was close by where the Bury Road and the Mile and a quarter roads meet, known locally for many years as "Frank's Corner."