

While at the mill site the ~~Dorans~~ house also burned down. They lost all their possessions, including all their pictures, treasures etc., Mr. Doran was a talented artist, and he had a great number of pictures that were burned. After the fire Mr. Doran bought a house from Mac McIver, presently owned by Jack McLay, and lived there until they moved to Southampton in 1928.

In Southampton, Mr Doran helped build, or rebuild, the Southampton mill for Eldridge and Ratz. He was employed there as head sawyer for a number of years.

Mr. Doran started fishing again, and moved his operations to the Sauble River. Out of the Sauble, in Lake Huron, catches of five tons of whitefish were made. The whitefish got scarce, and Mr Doran and his sons quit the fishing business. His sons operated a boat livery and bait business, and Morice Doran's boat the Sauble Clipper was well known for taking out fishing parties to points all over the Great Lakes. They also built cottages which they rented. Mr. Doran also owned the Wiarton Fish Company. When he retired this business was taken over by his daughter and son-in-law, Eloise and Murray Matheson who looked after it for a good many years.

Mr Doran was born at Cape Rich, on the 7th line, north of Meaford. He was an engineer on boats for seven years prior to his marriage at age 25, to Nettie Allingham who lived on a farm on the 11th line out of Meaford. The Doran and Allingham families are very well-known and respected families in that district.

In 1912 when they came to Stokes Bay, Mr. Doran recalls that John Shute had one store, and Doc McDonald had the other. Bill Haywood was in the hotel (Smith's Restaurant). The hotel burned down the next year.

One of Mr. Doran's stories of his earlier days, was about a time his boat was in drydock in Wiarton for repairs. He met a number of young fellows who were looking for someone who could play the fiddle. Mr Doran was a good fiddler, and they had guitars and a banjo. For the week the boat was in drydock, they played someplace for a dance every night. They travelled as far as White's farm at Mar, with a wagonload of girls and fellows, pulled by an old team of horses. It was a very gay week for the sailor! Fellows remembered were Bill Hayward, Fred Smith of Tobermory and Con Walsh of Mar.