

CARPENTER, Frank And Rose — by Pauline Belsher

Born in Nebraska in Jan. 1891, Frank Carpenter came with his family to Weyburn in 1901. Frank completed his education in Weyburn, and filed on his first homestead in 1908. At that time, he left home, and worked as a mechanic on large engines. He traveled as an expert for Rumely and Co., and I.H.Co., working west from Weyburn to Viceroy and Willow Bunch.

Frank operated the ferry from Viceroy to a landing across the lake, for a time. Then in 1911, he filed on the Purchase Homestead. He continued to work and travel until 1919, when he married Rose Poudraue of Massachusetts. They settled down to farming with horses and cattle on their homestead, the N.W. quarter Sec. 13, T. I, R. 29. W. 2nd, until 1928 when they sold their cows for ten dollars, and drove them to Rockglen. Frank also sold all the horses and bought a Case tractor and combine in 1928.

In 1923, Frank and Rose went East to Massachusetts, to visit. There Frank bought the parts to build their first radio. The first program they got on it was the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. It was lovely!

In 1924, he heard of a "barb-wire" telephone in Plentywood, Montana. Frank and Rose went down there to see how it worked. Frank was so pleased with it the next day he ordered four telephones from Sears-Roebuck and Co. When they came, he went to Scobey to get them, and stopped to pay the duty on them. You can't imagine how pleased the family was when the phones were put up at twelve o'clock that night. Anton and Emil Kaczmariski, Rudolph Wolf and Pete Engel, had the phone. On Sunday, the farmers were so pleased with the idea of a telephone, that they gave Frank two hundred dollars to order more phones. Frank put them all in. They were hooked to the barb-wire fence. Frank rode the telephone line as long as he was on the farm, to keep them in good order. Everyone had their ring, and one long ring, a general ring, was meant for everyone to listen, and was used in the event of trouble or a death.

Jack Dauphinais had both the barb-wire telephone and Government telephone. A message could be sent over the barb-wire telephone, and Dauphinais would relay it to Regina, or wherever.

Frank was very interested in radio, and spent the winter studying manuals and other books on radio. Soon he was repairing radios, melting the pitch in which the wires were held, and putting the radios together again. Once they almost lost their house, when the radio he had in the oven got too hot. The house was badly smoked up.

In the early 1930's Frank devised a way of eliminating "B" or dry-cell batteries needed to run a radio. He used an "adapter", which allowed the radio to be hooked directly to the "A" or wet battery. These wet batteries were "charged" by a generator on a wind mill. He also hooked his radio-speaker to the telephone, and showed people how to hook their speakers to the telephone, so that people who did not have radios, could listen to special programs.

Frank was a Justice of the Peace until 1930, and was then elected as reeve of R.M. No. 12. He served as reeve until he left Rockglen in 1944. While reeve in the 1930's, he had the responsibility of distributing carloads of apples, vegetables, canned goods and other things shipped to Constance from Ontario. He also served as Sec.-Treas. on the Goose Greek School Board for a number of years.

In 1928 and 1929, Frank, who owned a very large four cylinder tractor, called an Altmontaylor, and Juluis Karst, built a number of roads in the R.M. of No. 12. He built the road to Constance, and a number of other main roads.

During the early thirty's Frank and Rose moved to Constance for the winter. Frank repaired radios. They returned to the farm in summer. In 1936 they bought a house in Rockglen. Frank trained to operate the movie projector for Walter Pyle, and worked at that.

In 1938 when the typhoid fever epidemic occurred in Rockglen, Rose was very ill with it. It was months before she made a complete recovery.

Frank and Rose were both interested in sports and participated in badminton and other events in town. They were very enthusiastic about swimming and diving, teaching many of the young people of the district.

In 1944 Rose and Frank bought a theatre in Central Butte, and moved there. There, he was President of the Board of Trade, and was instrumental in buying an air port building to be used as a new hospital. He also helped with the new church in Central Butte.

Frank and Rose then moved to Nanaimo, B.C. where Frank was employed by the T. Eaton Co. in their Radio and T.V. Repair Shop. He continued to work until he suffered a stroke in 1971. They are at present living in an apartment on Prideaux St. in Nanaimo, B.C.

CATHCART, James

James Cathcart was born in Dalrymple, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1882; the son of a dairyman James Cathcart and Jessie Baird.

Jim came to Canada in 1905. It took twelve days to cross the Atlantic on the steamer, Corinthian. Jim remembers the crossing as being smooth, so smooth in fact, that a girl danced a sword dance on deck. He caught glimpses of icebergs and porpoises on the way over. The trip cost him and his brother a total of ten dollars.

Jim stayed about four years at Deloraine, Manitoba. In 1909, he and his brother, John Macintosh and Willis Loucks decided to venture to Saskatchewan. When they came to the area (north of Constance) they "squatted" as they had preceded the surveyors who were on the Big Muddy at the time. They filed squatter's claim on a quarter section.

The first house Jim had was made of sod. A partition separated the living quarters from two stalls which housed his four horses.

His second house was of sod also, but it had a lumber roof. It seemed that there was no place to anchor these lumber roofs in the sod so every time the wind became a little frisky, off the roof would blow. Accordingly, when Mr. Cathcart got hold of a little lumber he very sensibly built himself a porch and forgot about lumber roofs.

He had his second "soddy" until 1921. Although "soddies" might have seemed crude, Mr. Cathcart's was cool in summer and warm in winter. The walls were plastered inside with clay and whitewashed. With double windows facing north and a single window on the west the little shack was pleasantly lit inside.

Mr. Cathcart's step-mother came to live with him in 1911. She remained to keep his house until her death in 1961.

There were only ranchers here when Jim came. No one was quite sure how much land they had or exactly how far it extended. Jim tells of the time he unknowingly ventured onto Charlie Haenel's land with the intention of cutting some poplars in the nearby coulee. Of all the people to run into then, he would have to meet Charlie Haenel! Charlie said, "You can't go down there you know." When Jim inquired as to the reason, Charlie politely replied, "It's my property, that's why!"

Jack and Charlie Grant came in 1910 and the rest of family followed in 1911. The other Grant boys were Allan, Wes and Bill. They had one girl, Jean, who later married Fred Nelson.

The Grants didn't like farming. They did a lot of hunting. They settled near the south shore of the lake; it became known as Grant's Beach. It was a nice swimming place and had a good place to play baseball so they turned it into a recreation center. They planted the first trees there and started a restaurant and bowery dance.

When the lake went dry the Grants dug coal out of the lake bed. The coal came out in huge chunks shaped like tree trunks.

During the prohibition years the only way you could get alcohol was by prescription from a drugstore. When farmers hauled grain to Verwood they used to be able to pick up jugs of "home brew" that came from Weyburn.

Harry Pickett's used to be a dropping place for "hooch" in this statement. "Some of it was good, according to what they said, all right enough, and some of it was poison or the next thing to it!"

Mr. Cathcart recalls a fierce hailstorm they were caught in when they were bringing culverts up from Verwood and Viceroy. The hailstones had sharp jagged edges and after the hail had finished the rain began and as he puts it, "Rained forever more".

When asked about the dust storms Mr. Cathcart stated, "It was so damn thick it would just blind you", and added, "They would come rolling up, in black clouds.

Mr. Cathcart talks of the little nucleus of Pumpkin Center which formed on a hill before Fife Lake town existed. Pumpkin Center had a school, blacksmith shop, bank, and a couple of stores.

For entertainment in the winter they would load up the sleighs and go to the Valens' just east of Louis Tindall's. Mr. Valens played the violin for the entertainment of the MacDonalds, MacIntoshes, Lloyds and Fells among others.

In 1931, Mr. Cathcart harvested only two hundred sixty-five bushels of wheat and for that he got only twenty-nine cents a bushel.

Jim Cathcart retired to the town of Rockglen and can be seen taking his daily jaunt downtown. At the ripe age of ninety-five, he struts along at a pace that puts many a teen-age lad to shame!

CARTWRIGHT, Elwyn And Amy And Lillian

Elwyn Aaron Cartwright was born at Dodge Center, Minnesota, in 1887. He homesteaded ten miles west of the present site of Rockglen in 1914. For two years he worked for Security Lumber in Assiniboia.

In 1917 he returned to the States and married Amy Livingston of Hettinger, North Dakota. They returned to homestead and lived in Elwyn's sod house which had been expanded by the addition of two granaries. Here two sons, Llewellyn and Lyle were born to the Cartwrights. It was in 1928 that Elwyn built a two-storey frame house. The living room was used as a classroom when Linford School originated.

In 1931 Amy and Elwyn separated. Llewellyn, then a boy of eight, decided to stay with his father. Llewellyn had spent a year in Haynes, North Dakota with his grandparents and had there gone to school for one year. When the Cartwright living room became the Linford classroom, Llewellyn once again continued his education. As he grew older he worked for Ray Peterson and Carl Kimball but continued to farm with his father until his marriage to Tillie Jacobs in 1944.

Lillian Jepson and Elwyn Cartwright were married in Scobey, Montana in 1947. Lillian's parents, Harry and Clara Jepson, were present as guests at the ceremony. Clarence Binder and Thelma Hagen were their attendants.

Elwyn farmed most of his life with horses. It was only in his last years of farming that Llewellyn helped him with modern harvesting machinery.

Elwyn and Lillian retired to Peace River, Alberta, in 1962. There Elwyn lived the remaining five years of his life. He was eighty years old at the time of his passing in 1967.

After Bill Livingston's sudden death, his sister Amy Cartwright acquired his quarter section homestead farm. There she lived with her mother, brother Kelly and son Lyle. Amy was a lover of horses and a clever horsewoman. She traveled for many years via team and Bennett buggy. It was in the mid-fifties that she finally accepted the auto as a mode of transportation. A 1952 half-ton Chev truck, which was often as temperamental as her beloved horses, then became her personal pride and joy.

Amy had lived in Rockglen for some years so that Lyle could get an education, then had returned to the farm to live with her brother Kelly. After Kelly's death she again moved into Rockglen. Amy was in her early seventies, in May of 1966, when she passed away.

CHARTRAND, Louis And Delia

Louis Chartrand was born in a little town, by the name of Guy just east of Willow Bunch in 1889. His father and mother were some of the first settlers in that district. They came west from the Red River Valley, in Manitoba, in an old Red River Cart.

He was a cousin of Johnnie Chartrand, who was a scout for the R.C.M P. at the time of the return of Sitting Bull to the U.S.A. from Wood Mountain, and the Riel Rebellion. He was also a second cousin of Beapreas, better known as the Willow Bunch Giant, who stood eight feet six inches and took a size twenty-three shoe!

Louis himself was no small man. He stood six feet seven and weighed in at two hundred twenty-five, and not an ounce of fat. People in those days were hard up, so Louis at the very early age of fifteen, worked for a sheep rancher, taking his wages out in sheep.

In 1905 at the age of sixteen, with a small grub stake and fifty head of ewes and one buck, he squatted on a piece of land in the Rockglen district, which was later called the Middle Place. This is located in a secluded coulee with a running spring, half way between the place known as the Red Ranch and the headquarters of the Harry Knox Ranch.

From here he began to build his ranch. Obtaining a lease from the Saskatchewan Government, he began to expand.

At one time his holding ran east down the Goose Creek, taking in land almost to Coronach and north to Fife Lake. In 1912, he began to build a barn and corrals at a new headquarters known as the Red Ranch.

From here his operations expanded, and his herd grew. At one time he "ran" between six thousand and twelve thousand head of sheep. Oftentimes, while reminiscing, he would tell of his trips, when he used to haul his wool to Glasgow, Montana with a team and wagon. It used to take them three to four days to make the trip one way. His first camp out was at Horse Thief Butte. Here they would shoot an antelope for camp meat, as they were quite plentiful.

Prairie fire was their biggest enemy. He used to plow from one to two furrows around his ranch, as a place to start a back Fire, to control these fires, which were caused by lightning. It used to take one week with horses and plows to make this guard.

He always said that in camping at night, the harness had to all be put in the chuck wagon or the kit foxes would eat the leather. It seemed as though they would eat anything that was salty.

Poker games and house parties were the only entertainment they had. He used to play the violin at most of these parties. I can still recall some of his old reels and jigs. I remember a story he told me of one time in Scobey, Montana. There was a big poker game, stakes were high and Louis was lucky. "Cleaning up" at this game, he headed for home in his Hudson car (at that time he always drove a Hudson). He headed across country to miss the customs, with some of the irate poker players in hot pursuit in their Model T Fords. He had left the game, when the losers had gone for more money. If they had caught him, I guess he would have lost his winnings, plus a few teeth. He said he was glad when he was in the hills on the Canadian side of the line.

He told of the Grant boys, when they bought their first Model T car. They were driving down a road, when he slipped up behind them and began pushing them with his Hudson. He said the Grant boys were pulling and pushing on everything they could find, but the Ford kept going faster. He said he sure got a laugh when they finally found out what was happening.

In 1913, he married Delia Lacute. Of this marriage five children were born, Alex, Mary, Evelyn, Yvonne and Eva. About this time he sold his sheep, setting up a cattle and horse ranch, which was his big dream.

He imported a Percheron stallion from France, crossing this stud with the cayuse mares which were in this country at that time. This cross produced some good, tough, work horses, for both saddle and harness, some of which he sold to the R.C.M.P. His cattle numbers were fifteen hundred and over. Steers were sold at two and three years old, and were shipped to Chicago.

In 1920, he bought the Harry Knox ranch where he made his final headquarters. Here is the spring from which the town of Rockglen is getting part of its water. In the early 20's he sold his cattle, shipping a trainload to Chicago. He again bought a herd of sheep because they required less hired help to take care of them.

In the early 20's a group of stockmen built the stockyards in Moose Jaw (where the pool yards are now). Louis at that time was one of the biggest shareholders of that stockyard.

His trail drives in the fall, with around 2,000 head of lambs and saleable ewes, was a sight any sheepman would relish, with a chuck wagon and two dogs and the three girls, Mary, Yvonne and Evelyn, as the trail holders. This trail drive would take approximately a month. Their home was a tent, which was set up every night. Their biggest day was ten miles, with frequent stops of two or three days when grazing and water was plentiful. "We were camped one evening not too far from a farm. We had been having trouble with two lambs that couldn't keep up. To save us some trouble, Louis took these two lambs and gave them to the farmer's wife. The next day the lady brought some fresh bread and butter, cream and a cake, which was really appreciated by all. This herd was sold at the Moose Jaw Feeder Show and Sale, which was held every fall."

In 1928, a hailstorm swept through this country, and caught the herder and the sheep out on the big flat about five miles east of Rockglen. This killed hundreds of sheep and over six hundred had to be destroyed. The herder's horse had one eye knocked out. Losing more than half of his herd, was a hard blow to fight back from and the thirties came after this.

He continued to ranch until 1950, when he sold out and retired to Taber, Alberta. Here he spent the rest of his years. He passed away at the age of seventy-three on May 3, 1956, taking with him many memories of the development and some of the last connections with the old west.

CHESNEY, Henry And Elizabeth

I was born in 1889 at my home town of Innerkip, Ontario. I received all of my education in Innerkip, Ontario. I usually walked to school from my home. There were eight children in our family, five boys and three girls.

When I came to Saskatchewan, I was twenty-eight years old. I stayed with my older brother, John, who was already living out here. I came in the year 1917, arriving on March 17, in the town of Limerick. I brought with me three head of horses, six head of cattle, a wagon, and a sleigh. I came here by train and slept in the train car all the way out with the cattle. It sure got cold at nights in the car.

It took six days to come to Limerick. I unloaded all my stuff there and stayed about three days. I hired a cow boy to drive my cattle. We started for my brother's place in Willowvale, Saskatchewan. We came across the Twelve Mile Lake, on the ice. We ended up at my brother's place on April 1st. That year I lost my best milk cow, in the fall, with blackleg.

I stayed at my brother's place for one year and started out working for him. I worked for him for a year and a half. We hauled lumber for the Coal Creek School from Limerick. We made several trips in the summer of 1919. We also hauled the gravel for the foundation for the school.

That fall, my brother and I took a contract to cut hay for a fellow in Opheim, Montana. We cut and stacked three hundred tons of hay. We stacked it with a buck and pull, with a team of horses on each end of the buck and pull. It was sixteen feet long. We had two mowers. My sister, Sarah, came from Manitoba and drove the team on the rake. That winter, I did my brother's chores because he went to Assiniboia to work in a hardware store for Tom Ross.

Next winter I filed on my homestead. I was married on April 13, 1916 in Woodstock, Ontario. My wife came on April 13, 1917 to Saskatchewan with her sister Mary. The first year that I homesteaded, 1920, I broke ten acres. The next year my brother broke twenty acres with his tractor in 1921.

It took us three days to haul one hundred twenty-five bushels of wheat to Limerick by horse and wagon. We would go as far as Twelve Mile Lake the first day. We camped overnight there. We would tie the horses to the wagon wheel overnight. We rolled out the bedroll under the wagon where we slept. We had a cold lunch in the morning and traveled the rest of the way into Limerick. We unloaded the grain, had dinner, then started off again. We got as far as Twelve Mile Lake and camped overnight again.

Sometimes, when we woke up in the morning, it was raining but we had to keep going anyway. Sometimes, in the winter, we would leave home with the sleigh, get halfway to town and would have to unload the grain into a wagon and take it into Limerick.

I made one trip to Limerick because I had a toothache. I got on the train and went to Assiniboia. The train left around eleven o'clock, to go to Assiniboia. After I had finished there, I walked the fourteen miles back to Limerick.

In the fall of 1922, I built a shack on my homestead. I also built a poplar pole barn for my cows. My homestead shack is still standing where it was built. It was fourteen feet by sixteen feet with a flat car roof.

We fought prairie fires several times, several years after. The winter of 1930 was the coldest winter we ever had. I didn't know how cold it was because we didn't have a thermometer. It felt like it was at least forty-eight degrees below zero.

One fall, I can't remember the year, the threshing machine was at my place. We got a report that a little boy was lost. We stopped work and went to hunt for the boy. We hunted for the rest of the afternoon. My brother and I stayed where we had stopped for the night. We slept in the truck. In the morning everybody gathered together and had coffee. About one hundred people came to help hunt. There were also two policemen.

We were at Oscar Moen's place and all lined up to start hunting. We had walked for about ten minutes when we found the boy stuck in a badger hole. The boy's name was Eddie Bolster; he was about three years old.

I also remember when one of our neighbours was burnt up in his sod shack. The inside was lined with lumber. He had sold his land and was ready to go back home to Ontario. He was a bachelor named Washington Boomer.

The first year he was in this country, he came to my brother's place with a stoneboat and a team of oxen, to get his ploughshares sharpened. He used two oxen on a riding plow. Washington Boomer had the only team of oxen I had seen in this country.

There was also a time when two children in the neighborhood went out to hunt for cows and a blizzard came up. Their parents thought they had been taken by the Indians. Those children

never were found until years and years later. They found some shoes, which the mother identified, and some bones.

During the "dirty thirties" dust storms came up so quickly. If you were out plowing, you had to unhitch the horses and leave everything where it was. Even when you closed the windows and doors tightly, the dust would still seep in through the cracks.

When the railway came into Strathallen in 1932, while the men camped at Strathallen, one of the men shot himself.

The only entertainment we had was a radio, when we had batteries for it. We only had batteries when we could afford them. Once in a great while, we would get together with the neighbours and have a dance. Someone could usually play some sort of musical instrument. The dance usually lasted until the morning because there were no roads. You couldn't see where you were going, because it was dark, and you might get lost.

My wife and I lived for forty-three years on our farm before we moved into Rockglen in the fall of 1959. We have lived here ever since. Elizabeth and I celebrated our 60th Wedding Anniversary on April 13, 1976. We got down to less than five dollars in life but we have never gone broke. We have tried to go fifty-fifty throughout life.

I walk downtown every day unless it is raining, windy or too cold to go down. I usually sit in the back of the Macleod's Store and visit with my friends. I come down town every day about two o'clock and I go home around four.

CHILSON, Lon And Ruby

Lon Chilson was born in Bemidji, Minnesota, in 1905. At the age of five he came to Canada with his family: Lou, his father, and Martha, his mother. They homesteaded in a valley north of Rockglen.

In 1921 he purchased land near Fife Lake from the Holm Loan Company, and moved his family there. Lon Chilson was sixteen years old at the time. The family owned a small trucking firm, known as "Joeville Trucking Company".

In 1926 Lon married Ruby Easton from Assiniboia. Their first daughter, Dorothy, was born later the same year, and the tiny family set up housekeeping in a little granary on Lon's parents' farm.

In 1928 Lon and his family moved back to the original homestead in the valley north of Rockglen.

That year the family purchased its first tractor, a "Rock Island", and Lon and his father began farming together, until his father's death in 1931.

Over the years five additional children were born: Earl in 1927, Della in 1930, Gordon in 1932, Lon Jr. in 1933 and Lavina in 1936.

Lon's mother died in 1936.

The family was raised on the farm in the valley north of Rockglen; however, in 1948 they moved back to the farm near the lake.

In 1950 they moved again to a farm in the hills nine miles northwest of Rockglen. There Lon farmed until he retired in 1969 to Rockglen. Ruby passed away in 1975, and was survived by her husband, children, and twenty-three grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren.

CHING, William

William Ching was born in Exeter, Ontario, September 21, 1892, the son of William and Charlotte McCallum.

In 1905, he came with his parents, four brothers and two sisters to Frobisher, Saskatchewan, where they settled. Their house, still occupied, is a landmark in the Frobisher district.

Bill, as he was usually called, ventured to Coronach with his father, brother Harry and oldest sister Evelyn, then decided to return home to complete his grade eleven. At the age of twenty-one, Bill 'took up' a homestead at Coronach, settled on it and began building up a band of sheep.

Mabel Sara Tracey, was born March 4, 1904, in Effington, South Dakota. Mabel's family had homesteaded in the Coronach district in 1909. After seven years of bachelorhood, Bill married Mabel Tracey on November 24, 1920.

A few years later the Ching family moved to the Red Ranch near Rockglen, where Bill and the owner Louis Chartrand worked in partnership.

The Zen Ranch in St. Victor, became their next home. The band of sheep was steadily increasing in size.

Finally, in the fall of 1934, they decided to settle on a ranch nine miles west of Lisieux (now owned and operated by the Grant Ching family). Mr. Ching and the three oldest children, Floraine, Willie and Leonard, batched that fall and winter while constructing living quarters. Mrs. Ching and the remainder of the family spent the winter in a farm house six miles north of Rockglen. Floraine and Willie traveled with horses to Lisieux to get food and supplies and kept communications open between the two places.

By February the following year, Mrs. Ching had had 'her fill of living apart' – besides tending the little ones at home she had to worry about those batching at the ranch. She packed everything into the sleigh and the family headed across snow-laden country in a snow storm.

Mr. Ching was furious that his wife should have even considered traveling in such weather – without even a trail to follow!! At the same time he was overjoyed to have his family safe and together again.

They raised a family of eleven, seven sons and four daughters, Floraine (Mrs. Bud Edwards), William Jr., Leonard, Gordon, Grant, twins Vera (Mrs. Martin Nagel) and Verna (Mrs. Art Davey), Clarence, Harry, Ivan and Rita (Mrs. Al Rosenquist).

One of their main joys was being with their children and all working together. It was a home where everyone knew they were welcome to share in a winter evening card game, a summer ball game or Mrs. Ching's hot baking powder biscuits.

One of the highlights the family recalls is their participation in the Annual Feeder Show and Sale in Moose Jaw in 1946. The entire band of three thousand sheep and lambs were 'trailed' a distance of one hundred miles – from the ranch to the sale. It took over three weeks. Besides herding the sheep, campsites and watering holes had to be located daily.

That sale, with its financial reward after years of work, along with the glory of winning ribbons for quality animals, marked the end of the family's sheep ranching business. That sale was also the beginning of a new endeavor – cattle ranching.

The Feeder Show and Sales were a 'looked forward to' event year after year. The Chings won ribbons in feeder shows for their Fine Hereford stock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ching retired to Rockglen in the spring of 1957. Mr. Ching passed away in September, 1959. Mrs. Ching passed away in February, 1962. There are presently thirty-nine grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

CHOQUER, Jean Marie And MARIE Madeleine – by Madeleine Kimball

On a hill, twelve miles south of Rockglen and two miles from the Montana border, stands a more or less typical prairie farm. This place is a monument to the spirit of adventure, vision,

determination and hard work of the first pioneers, who left their homeland for the unknown. This is where our parents settled.

Father was born October 26, 1884, on a farm near the village of Henvic, Brittany, France, the second son of a family of four boys and four girls.

Mother was born February 29, 1888, in the beautiful village of Gavray. She had one brother, ten years her junior.

They were married in Gavray, February 17, 1909. For the next four years they were administrators of a Mr. LeJeune's property. Two children were born there, Jack and Theresa.

Lured by posters of golden wheat and the promise of land for next to nothing, Dad left for Canada in 1913, arriving in Winnipeg, where he found work with Canada Cement. In the spring of 1914, he was joined by his younger brother, Louis. They left for the open plains of Saskatchewan, a French settlement, Willow Bunch, being their destination; however, finding no land available they moved west. There they filed on homesteads near the border and hauled material from Verwood, sixty miles away, to erect a wooden shack.

Mother and the two children, aged four and two, accompanied by father's youngest brother, Biane, and Marie Renée (affectionately known as Marinette) who was Mother's maid-companion, arrived at St. Laurent, Manitoba. Unfortunately the letter of Dad's move to Saskatchewan did not arrive until after their departure. They learned that the Choquer brothers had left, so they took a train to Bengough, which was the end of the rail.

Two young fellows offered to take the group in their democrat, to an English family by the name of Forbes, who lived north of Fife Lake. Not being able to converse. Mr. Forbes took them to Maturin Yobe. Biane went to look for his brothers and he found Louis at the homestead. Dad had been waiting, for two weeks, in Verwood for the arrival of his family.

What a wonderful reunion – the family was together again. They stopped at Coquereau's, a newly arrived family from France. Jean, Louis, Jacques, Felix, their widowed sister, Mrs. Remoué and her son, Joseph greeted the newcomers joyously and soon became great friends.

Mother was a little taken aback when she saw the small wood and tar paper shack but made the best of it. When it rained, she put an umbrella over the bed.

In late 1914 Biane returned to France. He later married and had a son Jacques (James), who immigrated to Canada and married Donnie Knutson, a local girl, in 1955.

In April, 1916. Jeanne was born. A neighbor, Mrs. Peudois, assisted Mother.

A new house was built at the present site of the Choguer farm.

The nearest post office was Lacordaire, three and one-half miles east. Mr. Levesque was the postmaster. He lost his wife in the flu epidemic of 1918 and went to Chicago where he became a professor of French at the University. Jean Indart then purchased this farm. Mrs. Indart was a sister of Arnold and Florentin Ancuguay.

Other neighbors near the American border were: the Derry brothers, Joe, George and Robert and their mother; the Mike Mischkolz, Newhouse, Nielsen, Shorty Stearns and Ole Herriod families and two bachelors, John Elrick and Carl Wolfe. Later the Klecher and Kampf families settled nearby. Near Kampfs lived the Moens (later the Leggetts), Anton Knops and the Fred McCutcheons.

In August of 1917 Marinette and Uncle Louis were married. Unfortunately, in the spring of 1930 our Aunt died of pneumonia at the age of thirty-six. Tom Montcalm made the casket and she was buried in the Rockglen Cemetery.

In 1917, Jack started school at Lacordaire. He traveled the seven miles with an old horse and buggy, arriving late for school every day, much to the annoyance of the teacher. He was enrolled at the Sister's Convent in Willow Bunch but this did not resolve the problem. Mother with the three children left for France where Jack stayed with his grandparents for nine years.

In 1920, we got our mail from the Borderland Post Office, three miles west. It was operated by the Kays. Mrs. Kay was a great grower of flowers and Mr. Kay was frequently seen sauntering with his cane and straw boater, gaily whistling a tune. In 1920, Borderland School was built. The first teacher was Lennette Swedburg who later became Mrs. Rudolph Moen.

In August, 1921, Yvonne was born. Dad, returning from hauling grain to Verwood, was informed by Mrs. Remoué, that he had a daughter and all was well. He fainted – maybe at the thought of another daughter.

One day after harvest in 1922, father went to Assiniboia and came back with a 'Star' touring car. The first trip was really something – this was almost worse to handle than his high-spirited horses. In 1924 an International truck was purchased.

In the summer of 1926, Grandmother brought Jack back to Canada. Grandma stayed with us until March 1927 when she returned to France. In November 1926, I (Madeleine) was born.

In 1927. Dad bought the first combine in the south country. This was pulled with eight horses. Wilf Morrison was the driver. People came to see how it operated; shaking their heads, saying it would never replace the threshing machine. Two years later, Anton Knops, the dealer, sold five machines two to the Kaczmarski brothers, E. P. and Anton, one to W. Loucks in Fife Lake and two to the Spears brothers in Montana.

1928 was a great year – crops were good, roads were being built and farming methods were modernized, bringing a degree of ease to the settlers. Mother and Yvonne made a trip to France to see her aging parents; however, the hey-day was short-lived. 1929 began a period of drought and depression. Many settlers left the south country. Father thought of leaving, but was optimistic that it would rain and all would be well again.

We young people went to the local school houses where many 'hard time' dances were held. We didn't have the opportunity to continue our education as we would have liked, but we still managed to have fun and learned to appreciate what we had.

Finally, better times returned. Father and Mother made two trips, in 1947 and 1950, to their beloved homeland. In 1955 they bought a little house in Rockglen where they spent the summers. From 1951 to 1973, they spent their winters in Saskatoon in their apartment with Jeanne and Woodie. In 1973, they sold their farm to their grandson, Jacques Choquer, and came to live with Lorne and I.

Father, at ninety-two, never once regretted coming to Canada. He still reads a little and is very impressed with the modern farming operation. Although confined to a wheelchair, Mother, at the age of eighty-nine, still likes to read, knit and does fancy work. At the time of this writing her project is an afghan.

Jack married Britta Rostek, Therese became Mrs. Clayton Richardson of Scobey, Montana, Jeanne married Woodrow Stewart, Yvonne married Lloyd Stewart and I became Mrs. Lorne Kimball. There are twenty-four grandchildren and twelve great-grand children.

CHRETIEN, William And Alida

Willie and Alida Chrétien arrived at St. Victor from Quebec in 1916. For two years they worked on his uncle's farm before moving to Lisieux, then Joeville, in 1918. They bought the General Store from Baromé Prefontaine and ran the store and eventually the Post Office until 1954.

In 1933 Willie built a cheese factory where he produced a pale, yellow, mild cheese which he sold in his store in five pound blocks. The flavor of the cheese is still recalled today by some of his former customers. It was delicious! Willie delivered to stores all around the country.

During the years, the Chrêtiens were active in all community organizations and contributed greatly to the growth of the parish.

In 1954 they retired to Victoria, B.C. Mr. Chrêtien died in February, 1961 at the age of sixty-seven and his wife passed away in May of 1974 at the age of eighty.

They are remembered in their community for their enterprise and for the beautifully clean store which served the community for many years.

COLE, Robert Ana Helen — by Helen Cole

The Coles came originally from England and settled in the United States. Robert Lincoln Cole (Bob) was born at Williamsfield, Illinois, December 17, 1895. When he was seven years old his father came home from town with a shiny new milk pail. Bob asked if he could milk the cow, was given permission and from then on he had the milking to do. When Bob was eleven years old he came with his folks to Canada. They settled on a farm near Milestone, Saskatchewan. When he was twelve he drove a team of four horses on a breaking plow and helped his dad break one hundred and twenty-five acres which they seeded to flax.

Bob first came down to the South Country In 1913 to look at the land. He and three others drove a team and democrat all the way from Milestone. He filed on a piece of land November 3, 1915; came down to do homestead duties in 1916 and hired breaking done in 1917.

In April 1918, Bob enlisted with the R.N.W.M.P. Cavalry Reinforcements. He left for overseas on May 10. He took his training in England, then served with the Royal Canadian Dragoons in France and Belgium. The war was over November 11, 1918, but Bob did not get back to Canada till June 1919. He got his discharge from the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in Winnipeg, but stayed with the police force for a short time. When he got his final discharge he went home to his father's farm at Lang and spent the winter there. In the spring of 1920 he got a Soldier's Settlement Loan and came back to the homestead in the Lonesome Butte district. There he lived for the rest of his life.

In the early years grain had to be hauled to Limerick, a distance of fifty-five miles, with horses. In 1928 the railroad came to Wood Mountain. Horses gave way to trucks and grain hauling became a simple matter.

From 1934 to 1942 Bob was Relief Officer in Local Improvement District No. 14. Later he was tax collector for the provincial government. After that he took applications for P.F.A.A. He gave that up in 1948, to devote all his time to farming and cattle raising.

Bill Horn organized the West Poplar Ball Club in 1923. Bob was a member. About the same time another ball club came into being — the Table Butte team at Killdeer. They played ball every Sunday — horses had to be rested one day a week. They also played ball at Wood Mountain Rodeos, all the sports days and picnics.

"I, Helen (Karras) Cole was born at Altona, Manitoba; came to Gretna, Manitoba, at the age of four and lived there till I was ten. I came to Saskatchewan in 1910 and settled at Lang. Bob and I were married in February 1927. I came out to the farm in April of that year and lived on that same farm for almost fifty years.

We saw some pretty hard times together, especially during the "dirty thirties". We always had enough good plain food to eat, but cash was very scarce! I remember writing a letter home one day and not having enough pennies for the postage. I got the bright idea there could be a penny or two under the edge of the linoleum, as George, our son, used to play with pennies sometimes. Sure enough, I found two or three cents and could mail my letter.

About 1930 we women in our community organized a branch of the Homemakers Club. That gave us a chance to get together once a month to visit and exchange ideas. Once we put on a sale of work — all articles were made from flour sacks (most of us wore flour sack dresses to the sale too). We also put on several very good plays and had so much fun rehearsing.

We just had the one son, George, his wife Irene (Mischkolz), and two grandchildren, Sandra and Lorne.

Over a period of fifty years we saw many changes. From “soddies” and tar-paper shacks and prairie trails to lovely modern homes, reasonably good roads, electricity and telephones. We were happy to know that we were able to play even a very small role in the development of this wonderful country.”

Robert Lincoln Cole died January 3, 1973. He is buried in Killdeer Cemetery.

COLLINSON, Arthur And Olive — by Sadie Rowlandson

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collinson with their two-year old daughter, Sadie, lived at Scotia, Ontario before coming to Saskatchewan. They came by train to Yellow Grass, Sask. in 1910, and both Olive and Art worked there for several years. Their son, Wilfred, was born there in 1912.

In 1913, they moved to their homestead, about 8 miles south of the present site of Rockglen. They had to build a shack to live in. “We had coal oil lights, hauled water and washed clothes by washboard. Those days were a lot of hard work and low pay. Art planted a long row of trees at the north side of the buildings and later a caragana hedge; then grew a fine garden between them, with lots of flowers too.

We only got our mail once a month from Willow Bunch, thirty miles away. Later it came to Little Woody, about twenty miles distance. How we all enjoyed the big grain sack full of mail when it came in!

Arthur Collinson hauled his grain with a team of horses and a wagon to Scobey, Montana, U.S.A., also to Assiniboia, about fifty miles away. It took three days round trip. “Sometimes we would go along on the trip and take in a silent movie at the theatre.”

A daughter, Marie, was born to them in 1914. My dad, Arthur Collinson, was an Anglican. He played the organ for church services at Quantock Anglican Church, also at Borderland School and the Slorach home for Community Church Services. Later he played at Rockglen Church too, after 1927.

He was a wonderful gardener, and grew lots of vegetables. For fruit we had citrons, rhubarb, dried fruits and apple-sauce. We made chokecherry and pincherry jelly and canned saskatoons also. In the thirties the apples were shipped by train from Ontario in a box car and shoveled out to people who came to get them. We sure enjoyed them too!

We had a few head of cattle, pigs and chickens. People (our neighbors) were very friendly and happy. They had house-parties and did a lot of visiting.

Mrs. Lindsay Sr. had the first Quantock Post Office. Now it was only ten miles to get our mail each week! Then her daughter, Mrs. Harry Atkinson, took over the Post Office until it was moved to Rockglen in 1927.

The cyclones and dust storms were terrible — especially in the thirties.

Sadie, Marie and Wilfred walked the three miles to Borderland School. Sometimes we drove a horse and buggy, but more often we walked. Our first teacher was Miss Myrtle Swedburg, and she was a lovely teacher; now Mrs. Rudolph Moen of Abbotsford, B.C. Some of the pupils I remember are Clara Gipman, Rose, Annie and Vera Wittman and their brothers, the Gordings, the Zopf families, Jessie and Ernest, Edgar and Herschel Riley.

Eunice Balmforth lived not far from us. Eunice, her parents and brother used to visit us. They came to church services at Borderland too. Then they moved back to England. Now Eunice is

Mrs. Clarence Jackson living in Rockglen. I was so pleased to see her again when they visited us a short time ago.

In 1935, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collinson sold their farm to Jack Zopf Sr. They moved by train to Grand Forks, B.C. There was no electricity on the farm when we left in the spring of 1935. I married Joe Rowlandson and we have lived in Grand Forks ever since. Both my parents, Olive and Arthur Collinson passed away in May, 1958. We still care for their last resting place in Grand Forks Cemetery. The only survivors of the Arthur Collinson family are: Sadie Rowlandson, Grand Forks, B.C.; Marie (Mrs. Don Bostock) - Rock Creek, B.C. and her son Frank Rowles; Wilfred Collinson, who never married, now resides at Auburn, Ontario.

The trees on the old homestead bring many memories of the pioneer days. With them I pay tribute to this dear couple who bravely faced blizzards and drought to open up this land. Their music cheers me still.

COON, Mrs. Grace – by Florence Forsyth

Mrs. Grace (Grannie) Coon, my mother, came from Maxstone to the Rockglen area in 1926. She took employment in the Louis Timm home, just west of Quantock. She worked there for about three years, after which she went to Constance to live with my husband, Walter, and I.

While there my little sister Marilyn was stricken with appendicitis and was taken to Assiniboia hospital by plane. Gangrene set in after the operation and after being in the hospital about a month, she passed away.

After that Mother went to keep house for the Keel brothers south of Fife Lake and we then moved to the Little Woody district and took over the old Forsyth farm. After a few years at Keel's, Mother also came to Little Woody.

She stayed with us for a while, and as Ray Heagy had bought the Timm farm at Quantock, and had no use for the house, he moved it to Little Woody for Mother, which made her very happy as she then had a home of her own.

When the Sanford Cowans retired from the post office duties in 1944, Mother took over and held the position as post mistress until 1952. She and her little house then moved to Rockglen.

She loved gardening and spent most of her time with her flowers and vegetables of which she always had an abundance.

She enjoyed fairly good health until shortly before she passed away in March, 1973, at the age of ninety-two.

COQUEREAU, Françoise

In the winter of 1910 Mr. and Mrs. Julien Padois, who had taken up a homestead in the Lacordaire district, made a trip back to their native home in France, and Julien persuaded his sister, Mrs. Françoise Coquereau, and her family to immigrate to Canada. They sold their flour mill and Mrs. Coquereau, along with sons Louis, Jean, Felix and Jacques, daughters Amandine, Marguerite and Mrs. Marie Remoué with her baby son, Joseph, arrived in Canada in May of 1911. They left behind one son, Henry, and a daughter Françoise.

They traveled by train to Forget, Sask. leaving Amandine and Marguerite in Winnipeg to work as seamstresses. Jean, Felix and Jacques found work in Forget, while the rest of the family rented a team and wagon and traveled the rest of the way to the Padois home. While traveling to their destination they spent the night of June 4th in a snowstorm. They lived with the Padois until a sod house could be built for them on Mrs. Remoué's homestead. Each of the family proved up a homestead.

In 1912 they suffered the effects of a cyclone. They had to hold a table up to a window to keep it from blowing in, but when it was over the sod house was still standing.

In 1914 they put up a two storey wood house on Jean's land since it was closer to the creek where Mrs. Remoué did the washing.

Mrs. Francoise Coquereau died in 1918 as a result of the flu epidemic which swept through the country.

Scobey was their shopping town and they also hauled their wheat there until 1922 when they began hauling to Verwood.

Jacques built a house on his land in 1926 and Louis went to France and brought back a wife, Alphonsine. Mrs. Marie Remoué, Joseph and Felix moved in with Jacques as Jean had moved to California.

In 1928, Mrs. Remoué married Paul Lewis, who had come to Canada from the states and they began farming one mile west of Jacques' place.

Paul was a great sports fan and during the summer months friends would gather at their home on Sundays for horseshoe games and baseball.

On their retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis moved their house to Rockglen where they resided until their deaths, Paul's in 1964 and Marie's in 1973 at the age of ninety-three.

COQUEREAU, Jacques And Helene – by Helene Coquerean

My family was composed of my father, Gaston Boite, my mother, Leticia, my sister, Betty and myself, Helene. We lived in three different cultures and spoke three languages, French, Spanish and English.

I was born in Thouars, near Tours in 1896. When we were girls my father decided to go to South America to make a new life. We took the boat in La Pallice, Port La Rochelle and sailed for thirty-five days, until we reached the Port of Valparaiso, in Chile. From Valparaiso, we took the train to Santiago, a big and beautiful city, where we went to live.

After seventeen years in Chile, my father decided to go back to France. So we took the boat again in Valparaiso and sailed up the long coast of Chile, past Peru and Ecuador. Our boat crossed the Panama Canal, taking nearly all day. In the afternoon we saw a "crocodile" in the water. It was "fantastic", "unique", "beautiful"!

After our boat crossed the Panama Canal, we were out in the Atlantic Ocean and we sailed into the La Rochelle Police Port. To me this was my country!

After we returned to France father got very sick and we moved near Bordeaux and La Ceste. It was a deluxe town and there were such lovely beaches. Here I met my fiancé, Jacques Coquereau and we were married in La Ceste, in February, 1936.

We came to Canada where my husband had a farm eleven miles from Rockglen. I was a Red Cross nurse in Chile. I had never been on a farm before, so it was something very new for me and I had to learn many things!

But, when we came in 1936, there was nothing – no crops at all!

After I was accommodated in this nice, big house, we just went to our friends, (two miles) for matches and cigarettes. We were just at dinner when some neighbors stopped at the door and said with big voices, "Your house is in flames!" My husband jumped quick into the sleigh and went to our place in twenty minutes. Nothing was left, no more house!

Everyone remembers those strong winds we had in those poor years. We had no money for insurance – nothing – like all people. Everything I bring from home, beautiful antique things, all were burned!

When my husband came back from this fire, he asked me, "Do you believe in me? Soon we will have crops and will build you a nice big house." Fortunately, I had a very good husband. For that I never cried before him and never complained. Always life was calm and serene.

We decided to fix up a big new chicken coop that my husband had built. We had four little rooms and a little furniture. We stayed in Louis Coquereau's (Jacques' brother) while Jacques fixed the house.

Finally, those big rains came! In this poor country crops came again for all of us. We enjoyed it and sang.

Around 1942, my husband told me "Very soon we can build our house." I was so excited and glad for this big news. You can imagine! So we built our house, with nine rooms and running water – everything for a comfortable house. We named this house "La Villa des Gaulois".

On our farm we had a nice yard, full of many flowers. We planted lots of trees. It was very pleasant, we had a patio. I make lots of fashion with painted stones of all kinds. If you want something you have to work!

After the second war, my sister, Betty, came in 1947, because she was alone. Our father and mother were dead.

Around the year 1950, my dear husband became very ill; he died in March, 1953. Now, what can two poor women do on a farm? My husband's brother, Felix, was seventy-two, an old man. After two years I decided to live in Rockglen and sell the farm. The house was settled in a nice place where we have a panoramic view of the town.

We worked very hard to make a rock garden, a patio, three pergolas and a little well for the birds.

Now, I am just alone. My sister died last year, 1976. Life is going on! There is a big silence. But, I have very good neighbors who help me. It is for me a big pleasure to have those nice people.

COTE, Leo And Alice

Leo Cote was born in 1898 at St. Thomas de Pierreville, Province of Quebec. He came to St. Victor in 1917 but worked for Mr. Clark in the Willows district. In 1924 he moved one and a half miles east of Scout Lake to farm.

His wife, Alice Fafard, born in 1904 at St. Nazaire D'Acton, Quebec came to Grayson, Saskatchewan in 1907 with her parents.

Alice's brother, Henry, lived on a farm next to Leo Cote. When Alice came to visit her brother, she met Leo. They were married in 1928 at Marieval, Saskatchewan.

They had eight children, Louise, Jeanne, Robert, Florence, Henry, Vivian, Gilbert and Jim. Some of the children could not speak English when they started school in Scout Lake.

Water was the biggest problem because no water could be found on the farm, so the water had to be hauled in barrels on a stone boat pulled by horses, or by five-gallon pails on a yoke placed over your shoulders. In the winter snow blocks were cut and this was melted in a barrel in the kitchen.

In the "Hard time Dirty Thirties", relief food of cod fish, apples and cheese were given to them by the government. The fish was wrapped in newspaper, put in bags and then put in the grain. In the spring it was thrown out behind the granary where the chickens ate it. They stopped laying, got paralyzed and died.

Russian thistle grew everywhere which made it uncomfortable to walk with bare feet. One incident related to the Russian thistle is when they were harrowed in one pile to burn. Robert was harrowing with a four horse team and ran over a rabbit. The squeals scared the horses and

away they went taking part of the fence down and eventually stopping when they ran into a line of machinery.

Leo and Alice lived in Scout Lake for thirty years and moved to Assiniboia in 1966, where they retired. Leo passed away in 1970. Alice still lives in Assiniboia and keeps busy with her garden and fancy work.

COWAN, Sanford And Amy – by Irene Cowan

Sanford and Amy Cowan, with their three sons, Harold, James and Allan, came as homesteaders to Little Woody, and settled on the bank of a dry creek.

In 1906, they came West from Ontario to Strongfield, Saskatchewan, where they homesteaded. In 1911, they sold their farm and homesteaded again at Little Woody, where they resided until 1943, during which time Mr. Cowan farmed and was postmaster and mail carrier for seventeen years, firmly believing in the motto, "The Mail Must Go Through". Little Phyllis Dayman was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Cowan and was a welcome addition to the family.

After his retirement, he and his wife settled in Constance, then in Fife Lake, where they lived until his death in 1951.

Harold, their son, served with the Canadian Infantry during the First World War. All three boys engaged in farming in the Little Woody district. Their favorite pastime was baseball, and the team became fairly proficient in that sport. They were pleased to get up at daybreak, do their day's work with the horses and go off to play ball – maybe at Verwood. They were known as far west as Shaunavon – quite a distance in those days.

All were happy to see the first lumber brought in to start the town of Constance in 1926. Gone were the two-day trips, hauling grain to Verwood come snow or freezing temperatures. "The Thirties", with the drought, brought many changes to the Cowan families. In 1932, Allan, the third son, became the school teacher at Little Valley School for five years, riding horseback to and from school, where he received the munificent salary of four hundred dollars yearly. Subsequently, he taught at the Colony for four years, Kanten for three years and Fife Lake Town School for one year. Then he followed brother Harold as Pioneer grain buyer in 1944 and held that position until he retired from the business in 1972. He still farms with his two sons at Rockglen and Little Woody.

Allan married Lillian Benson in 1937. They have three children, Dale, Sharon and Rick.

Jim, the oldest son of Sanford and Amy Cowan, homesteaded directly north of his father's land. Jim married Irene Morgan, a school teacher at Diamond Stone and then at Little Woody, in 1924. Hot noon lunches and school fairs were begun. Both were very successful.

In 1931, Jim became a Pioneer grain buyer and North Star Oil dealer in the new town of Constance. They moved to Constance in 1932. While there, the Constance Community Club, with Mrs. Cowan as president, purchased the land and hall formerly known as Grant's Beach, now the Rockin Beach Regional Park.

Jim was Pioneer grain buyer in Constance for twelve years, then he was transferred to Shaunavon as Pioneer Grain Superintendent. There he and his wife settled to farm with their five sons, Floyd, Gerald, Leroy, Harold and Gordon.

Harold, second son of Sanford and Amy, homesteaded directly east of his father. In 1925, he married Mary Alexander, of Strongfield. They lived on their homestead until moving to Fife Lake in 1932, where he became Pioneer grain buyer and North Star Oil dealer – retiring from those positions in 1944 and continuing his farming operations. They have three children, Lloyd, Glen and Jean.

Harold died of a heart attack in 1967, but son Lloyd and wife, Penny, reside in Fife Lake. Harold's wife, Mary, and daughter, Jean, live in Moose Jaw.

Phyllis, daughter of Sanford and Amy Cowan, took up hairdressing. She married William Johnstone, a pioneer farmer's son from east of Fife Lake. They reside in Vancouver.

In the sixty-five years since the Cowans arrived in Little Woody, there have been four deaths – Sanford Cowan in 1951, Amy in 1958, Harold in 1967 and Lloyd and Penny's son, Garth, in 1973. Two Golden Weddings were celebrated; Sanford and Amy's in 1947 and James and Irene's in 1974.

CROOK, Alexander And Katherina – by Stan E. Crook

Alexander Crook, pioneer of Lisieux and Rockglen, came to Canada in the year 1908 from Poland. He worked in the Balgonie-Regina area until 1910 and then walked out from Moose Jaw to the Little Woody district to take up a homestead. On this trek he carried some food supplies and a blanket and slept under the stars on the open prairie. He drank water from the prairie sloughs and cooked wild duck eggs or goose eggs for his fresh food supply. This was a hundred mile trek.

In 1911 he filed on one of the few homesteads that were left, then went back to the Regina district, bought a team of oxen, a wagon, a plow and some supplies and freighted what he had to the homestead with the oxen. There he built a sod shack, picked and dug some stones and broke twenty acres the first year.

He mailed a ticket to Poland and brought his wife Katherina out to the homestead in 1912. Alexander and Katherina were married before he came to Canada and they had a daughter Angelina who passed away in Poland at the age of two and one-half years from diphtheria.

Stanley was born in 1913 in the sod shack. As there were no doctors available then, a midwife, mother Laird, who was with her sons on a neighboring farm, attended the maternity case. It worked out pretty well because here I am Stan sixty-four years later writing about the only Crook that I am aware of, born in a sod shack built on the prairies of Saskatchewan.

In 1914 Alexander Crook built a house of poplar poles chinked with mud and straw to which was later added a frame structure of lumber. In this home a family of eight children was raised and educated. The names in sequence are as follows: Stanley, Anna, Victoria, Helen (who passed away from the flu in 1918), Mary (who was killed in a truck accident near Canopus in 1940), Frank, Caroline and Emma.

Oxen were used as a mode of transportation and power for opening up the sod at first. When my mother arrived from Poland, my dad met her with a team of oxen and a wagon. This was a slow mode of transportation and sometimes the oxen got sweated up and hot. A nearby slough could be the refuge from the heat and flies. This was the case and a new experience for my mother, on her first ride to the homestead. The oxen decided to cool off. The result was a two hour delay to get them out and lined up for the road again.

People from Europe were not familiar with prairie animals. My uncle Karl came out in 1914. One evening he took a stroll down to the creek and came back with the prettiest black and white striped kitten. He had chased the kitten down and carried it home for a mile. No one wanted to e near uncle Karl, so it ended up he had to remove his clothes and bury them in the ground for a week. That was the end of the pretty kitten episode; it happened to be a baby skunk which let its scents be known.

Although Alex Crook started the homestead operation with oxen, in 1917 he sold his outfit of oxen to a John Starry of the Quantock district. From then on it was the horse and buggy era. On Saturday Dad would send me to Pumpkin Centre to pick up groceries and get the plow shares sharpened.

In the early 1920's Pumpkin Centre had a couple of stores, a blacksmith shop, a cafe and a lumber yard. When the C.P. Railroad moved into Big Beaver, Pumpkin Centre dissolved. The businesses moved into the new towns along the railroad.

Alexander Crook passed away in the Willow Bunch Hospital in 1949 at the age of sixty-three years. Katherina Crook passed away in a Regina hospital in 1972 at the age of eighty-two.

My brother, Frank, lives on the homestead section which has gone through a wide scope of changes from prairie pioneering to present day living.