

JACKSON, George And Edith

On the seventeenth of April, 1930, George W. Jackson, his wife, Edith (nee Senior), two daughters, Annie and Bertha and one son, Tomas, left their home in Shelley, Yorkshire, England, boarded the "Duchess of Richmond" at Liverpool docks and immigrated to Canada. Two sons, Clarence and William had sailed the year before and settled in Ontario.

The ship docked at Quebec. After clearing the customs, the family traveled by train to Calgary, Alberta.

Meals, while on the train, were cooked on a little stove in the tourist section. This was not a easy task as there were many emigrant families sharing the facility. Wood for the stove had to be scrounged from the little country stations when the train stopped. Many a time the train would be pulling out when a passenger would scramble back on with an armload of wood.

After spending one night in Calgary, they traveled south to Nanton, where they were met by a lical farmer who took them to a little cottage five miles out into the country. George Jackson worked for Mr. Blackburn to learn the skills of Canadian farming.

The following year the C.P.R. who had sponsored the immigration, moved the family to the Rockglen area, to what was named "The Colony". The Jacksons were the last of thirty-eight families to move to the Colony. They arrived just in time to experience the "dirty thirties". What a change-from cooking with coal o gathering and burning "prairie chips"! But, oh what heat they produced!

Clarence came West to join the family in 1932.

Tragedy struck the family in September 1938 when fifteen and a half old Bertha was killed in a car accident while returning home from a school dance at Willowvale School.

Annie married Joseph F. Remoue in 1940 and Clarence married Thelma Wold in 1942. Thomas enlisted in the Air Force and served overseas. George, a veteran of World War I, served as a guard at Assiniboia Airport during the second World War.

Thomas married Mary Balon in 1949. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Sr. moved to Rockglen in 1952 leaving the farm to their son, Clarence.

Mr. Jackson passed away in 1962, at the age of seventy-two. Mr. Jackson, who is not eight-eight years old, resided in his home in Rockglen and is still a member of the Rockglen Legion. He was instrumental in the forming of the Legion and was a charter member.

JACOBS, Alois Henri and Sarah

Alois Jacobs, commonly known as Henri came from Belgium to work in a foundry in Chicago. Henri and his future brother-in-law, Lorenzo Falzone, homesteaded at Milesville South Dakota.

When Henri left South Dakota he was heading for Alaska in search of gold. His family and neighbours never knew if the bears got him or what had happened until his sister located him in Rockglen in the thirties.

Henri homesteaded in Saskatchewan in 1910, near what later became Quantock. He built a sod shack, the lower half being dug into the ground. In 1917 he married Sarah Nichols and they put two granaries together for living quarters. In the thirties that house had an addition built on one side. It still stands in the original place on the Peter Jacobs farm.

Henri always farmed with horses. He often had ten horses abreast but never worked with his horses in tandem. Sarah also handled these horses and the farm outfits.

While hauling grain with a team to Assiniboia in the winter, Henri would sit huddled in his buffalo coat – never one to walk, he said, "I'd rather sit and freeze like a man than run like a dog to keep warm." One stormy night as he neared home his team took the wrong trail. Henri

realized he was lost so unhitched the horses, got into the sheepskin sleeping bag he always had along and bedded down beside the sleigh. Snow drifted over him and he was quite warm. In the morning he found he was two and a half miles south of his home.

Sarah always milked cows; one summer she milked eighteen. When the price of cream dropped to fifty cents for an eight gallon can she said, "I quit!" One spring when the Poplar Creek swelled with spring run-off it caught the milk cows on the wrong side of the stream. Ida, the buckskin saddle pony had to swim the creek with Sarah on her back and a cream can in tow. Sarah milked the cows into the cream can and they crossed the creek once more.

Sarah made butter and traded it for groceries, a pair of pigs or whatever she could get. She also supplied milk for Poplar Valley schoolteachers. Sarah's buns were favorites at Poplar Valley dances and Sarah always held her own in the ladies' races at the school picnics.

Henri and Sarah raised six children, most of them born at home. Natalie (Bussy) lives in Moose Jaw. Alois married Mary Taylor of McCord and raised a family of three. Alois was killed in a haying accident in 1962. Louise (Donahue) resides in Swift Current. Mathilda 'Tillie' married L Cartwright in 1944. They have five children and live on a farm two miles south of Quantock Cemetery. Francis 'Bud' married Ethel Shoebridge and is presently employed at the Estevan Power Dam. Peter married Mavis Kimball, they live on the Henri Jacobs homestead where they raised their four children.

Henri passed away in 1944 at the age of sixty. Sarah married Ira Robertson in the late forties and went to live on his ranch west of Lisieux. Ira and Sarah have now retired and live in the former Scout Lake schoolhouse on the outskirts of Scout Lake.

JARTON, Jean And Aimie

Jean and Aimie Jarton were both born in France; Jean in 1864, and Aimie in 1867.

Jean came to the Lacordaire District with his eldest son, Edward, in 1910 and both homesteaded there.

Two years later, his wife, Aimie, daughter Valentine, and younger son, Kleber joined them on the homestead.

Jean died at home in 1937 at the age of seventy-three, and Aimie lived in Regina until she reached the age of ninety-six years in 1963.

JARTON, Kleber And Victoria

Kleber Jarton emigrated from France to Quebec. In 1910 he came west to Forget, Saskatchewan. There he joined his brother Edward, who had come the year before, and was followed by his parents one year later.

The family traveled with four horses and a wagon to Poplar Creek where they built a sod house and settled.

The father, Jean Jarton opened the first coal mine in the area (1910) at the place later to become the Morgan farm. Mr. Jarton saw coal in a badger hole and started to dig it with a pick and shovel. There he found a four foot thick seam of coal.

In 1911, the father and his two sons, Edward and K each farmed five acres. The land was broke with four horses and a walking plow. Flax and oats wert broadcast. The grain was cut with a scythe and tied by hand into bundles with weeds and grass to bind them. The bundles were then threshed with a flail. The straw was used for feed and the grain was put into sacks.

Kleber and Ed lived together on the farm, which is now the Charles Jarton farm, from 1915 until 1922.

They bought a 1530 Rumley tractor in 1914, in partnership with four other neighbors. The next year they harvested a "bumper" crop — wheat ran forty-five bushels per acre, oats one hundred and flax twenty-eight.

In 1922, the Jarton brothers married two sisters in a double wedding ceremony, and Kleber moved to his own farm – now the Jim Jarton farm.

Kleber bought his first car in 1926, a model T Ford. (He drove that car until the late forties – neighbor children called it “Hardly Able” because it was hardly able to make the Kupper hill)!

Kleber’s first wife passed away. In 1931 he married Victoria Lagerte, a girl from Willow Bunch.

During Kleber’s life time he has enjoyed fishing and hunting, singing and yodeling. He has even lent his hand to composing music and poetry, and has written his memoirs in his own quaint French-Canadian style.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarton retired to Rockglen in 1969. Their son, Jim and his family farm the home place.

JEPSON, Harry And Clara – by Thelma Hagen
Harry Jepson was born in Bronsdale, Minnesota.

Clara Jepson was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1889. They were married in Ashley, North Dakota.

Dad came to Canada in 1912 to work at O. M. Acres Lumber Co. in Assiniboia. He boarded with Uncle Homer and Aunt Carrie Nelson. Aunt Carrie was a midwife and ran a boarding house.

Mother came to Canada in the spring of 1913 to join Dad. She brought with her their two children, Harold (Bud) and Mae. She was met in Ogema by a neighbor who drove her to Assiniboia in a Model T Ford.

After a short while they transferred to Willows where Dad worked in the lumber yard.

When the railroad came through Dad bought two teams of horses and worked hauling clay which was later shipped to Medicine Hat for pottery making.

I was born in 1914 at Aunt Carrie’s in Assiniboia as there was no hospital at the time. Annie, my sister was born in 1915 at our home.

Dad and Uncle Homer decided to go homesteading so they came to Quantock in 1915 and filed on adjoining land. Their homes were about a mile apart, one in a valley and the other on a hill.

Lillian was born in 1917, then two years later James was born. At that time we moved to a rented farm south of Assiniboia and illness struck. Three of us became ill with pneumonia. Annie and I were taken to hospital in Assiniboia where Annie passed away. I remained in the hospital a month and spent the fall at Aunt Carrie’s learning to walk again.

In 1921 John was born and brother Homer in 1923. Our youngest sister Maxine (Mickey Keel) was born in 1927, a year after brother John had died of poison.

Farming was done by horses. During plowing we children followed along walking barefoot in the furrows.

Spring and summer were busy seasons cleaning and seeding grain, planting a large garden and haying. We also raised chickens, pigs, turkeys and milk cows. When we children were big enough we used to have to help with the chores.

Harvesting of grain was done by four horses on a binder. The binder cut the grain and tied it into small bundles called sheaves. Then we had to stook the sheaves and let them cure. They

were then threshed with a large steam driven threshing machine. They brought the sheaves in by large horse drawn hay racks. Dad and Bud hauled the grain to the granary. The big straw piles left by the threshing machine were a great place to play. The straw was actually used for feeding livestock and bedding for the cattle.

There were no elevators close by at this time therefore grain was hauled to Assiniboia by horses and sleighs. The trip took three days. Much of the grain was ground at the flour mill. Mother would sift out the coarse flour for porridge. The oats we grew was strictly for livestock feed.

We well remember the big hailstorm of 1928. Our crops were lost and our house pounded until the roof and all the windows were broken. We lived in the barn while the house was being repaired.

In the fall of 1928 Dad and Mae stayed with the Charlie Haenels. Dad worked at the lumber yard and Mae worked for John Bremner in the Print Shop... home of the "Rockglen Review".

In 1929 Dad, Bud and Charlie Haenel formed a partnership to raise cattle and grain. Earlier in the year, Jim was lost due to an appendix attack.

Our partnership was in effect until Charlie Haenel died in 1953. Dad was well-known for his purebred Hereford cattle and sold bulls throughout the province.

In 1959, Mother and Dad celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. Dad passed away in 1961 and Bud in 1964. The farm was eventually sold to Clemence Pilsner and mother moved into the town of Rockglen.

JOHNSON, Andy

Andy Johnson, presently a resident of Rockglen, remembers coming to Canada, from North Dakota, in the year 1914 to homestead in the Killdeer area. He and his father had acquired their homesteads in Moose Jaw in the fall before. In the spring the family made the long trek from North Dakota, with horses and wagons, to start life on their new land.

At this time, Killdeer and Rockglen were non existent. The nearest town was Wood Mountain. Wood Mountain was a very important town at this time. As well as having the services which all towns provide, it also had a telegraph office, a R.C.M.P. post and served as the Canadian-American customs office. Anyone traveling across the border from Canada, to the U.S., or from the U.S. into Canada, was to report at Wood Mountain, which is about twenty miles north of the border. This meant, of course, that knowledge of immigration depended mainly on the honesty of the people. Mr. Johnson remembers that casual trips across the border were seldom reported.

When the Johnson family arrived, they were impressed by the beautiful, productive land. The grass was over two feet high in places, and so thick that it was often difficult to walk through it. There were also areas where there was no grass at all due to the prairie fire which had swept over much of the prairie in the Killdeer and Rockglen areas. Mr. Johnson says that smoke from this fire had been seen from as far as North Dakota. At this time there were many herds of antelope, which grazed in this area, but surprisingly, there were no deer.

The Johnson's broke their land with horse and plow, while some neighbors used oxen, and a few even owned steam tractors. Threshing was done with a steam engine and a threshing crew, which usually consisted of all the men in the neighborhood. After harvest the grain had to be hauled to the elevators. The nearest elevator was at Limerick, which was forty-seven miles away. The grain was hauled in wagons. There were times when as many as thirty full wagons would be lined up on the road, one behind the other, on their way to Limerick. On the way home, wagons would be loaded with coal for the long winter ahead.

Mr. Johnson says that we just don't get the winters they used to get. During the winter of 1915 there was six feet of snow on the level, while drifts rose higher than the house. Blizzards were worse in those days, as well. It would sometimes blow for several days, without stopping. Mr.

Johnson remembers being caught out on the road in blizzards, which were so bad he could not see the team which was pulling his sleigh. In a blizzard such as this, the best was to just get down in the sleigh and let the team go on their own. A good team could usually find its way home, even in a blinding blizzard.

Grain was hauled to the elevator during the winter as well. The best route to take during the winter was across Twelve-Mile-Lake. As spring approached, there was sometimes disaster. When the ice weakened, the heavy loads could cause it to crack. When going down hill in the winter, chains were often wrapped around the runners of the sleigh, to prevent it from sliding too fast. Wheel brakes were used on wagons to prevent them from going down hills too fast. One way or the other, the grain got to the elevator, and the farmers made their living.

The schoolhouse was more than just a place of learning in the early days. It was one of the most widely used buildings in the community. Since there was no church, the preacher traveled around the district, staying at the homes of various families, and holding services at the schoolhouses. The schoolhouse also served as a community hall. Dances and other social gatherings as well as meetings, were held at the school.

For some years during the twenties the people of the Killdeer district were lucky in having a doctor in their midst. This doctor had taken a homestead, and was trying to make a living as a farmer, using his medical profession only when it was needed, which was mainly in delivering babies. For this he would charge ten dollars. This was a fair price, considering the price of other things in those days. Mr. Johnson can remember the prices of a few articles of that time: a loaf of bread - a nickel; a big can of baking powder a dime; a can of sardines — a nickel and a bottle of brandy for only two dollars and twenty-five cents.

In 1928 the railway came into Killdeer. There was some controversy over what this new town should be called. Some thought it should be named "West Poplar" while others thought it should be named "Killdeer" because of the great number of those birds in the area. Finally "Killdeer" was decided upon. The town grew up quickly and before long there were two stores, two restaurants, a barber shop, a blacksmith's shop, a garage, a lumber yard and an Imperial Oil Station. The old town had been built on the north side of the tracks. Later, when the old businesses "fizzled away", new businesses started up on the south side of the tracks, and gradually the town shifted to the south. Things which were built on the south side were a new general store, a Chinese restaurant, a school and a community hall.

The horse played a very important part in the early farming operations. Although they were necessary for almost every job on the farm they did not always work perfectly. Unlike tractors, horses have character, which always made working with them a little more interesting. Mr. Johnson remembers some of the troubles he'd had with horses. A pair he can remember very well was a team that he called Moon and Shine. They were very good horses but somewhat of a one-man team. Strangers and hired men often had problems with this team. There was one time when the hired man was hauling grain with them. He had managed to get them into the elevator, but after the grain was unloaded, they refused to move out of the elevator. Mr. Johnson had to come to the rescue, get the horses started, and then throwing the reins to the hired man. They shot out of the elevator and down the ramp, but once they got going they decided to keep going. They took the hired man for a pretty good ride around the elevator before he finally got them stopped.

Of this team Shine was the most troublesome. He was a very lazy horse. Once, during a visit into Killdeer, the team was left standing outside in front of the blacksmith's shop. Shine got so tired and bored, that he decided to lay down. He actually managed to do this, but broke the wagon pole in the process and caused an awful commotion.

One other horse which came to mind, was one very easy-going horse. There was one incident, when this horse was pulling a load of bales down a hill. The horse stopped abruptly, the load toppled over and rolled down the hill. This horse did not become excited. She stood there calmly, eating from a bale which had rolled down in front of her. She also had the tendency to take off for home, by herself, if the person putting the load on took too long about it.

These are only a few facts and incidents which took place during the early years of our community. Like Mr. Johnson says, "Come see me again; there are an endless number of stories I could tell you."

JOHNSTONE FAMILY

They were born in Glasgow, Scotland and came to Rock Springs, Wyoming in 1910 with two sons, Andrew G. Johnstone and David B. Johnstone. Mr. Johnstone worked in the coal mines to provide for his family. They lived there for five years. Their son, William, was born in 1915. They then decided to come to Montana with a married friend. They stopped in Plentywood and their friend bought two steers which they broke to travel on the way to Scobey, where they resided for two more years. Mr. Johnstone took jobs working for different people to provide for his family.

Then they decided to move to Canada. They homesteaded in 1917 in the Earl Post Office district, about seven miles south of Fife Lake.

A few years later he moved, with his family, to Regina where he worked for Imperial Oil Refinery. In 1924 they returned to a farm seven miles south of Fife Lake and resided there until he retired. Mrs. Johnstone passed away in 1943. Mr. Johnstone moved to British Columbia and resided there until his death in 1957.