

KABRUD, Peter And Berthina – by Doris Elleubegger

Father Peter Samuel Kabrud 1874-1937.

Mother – Berthina (Ofstedahl) Kabrud 1882-1967.

My father, known to friends and relatives as Pete, was born in Minnesota. As a young man he homesteaded near Forbes, North Dakota where he met Bertha.

In 1903 he built a house, fourteen by sixteen, of lumber. This was a real luxurious dwelling with regular windows and flooring. Such extravagance! Other buildings were soon erected and an artesian well was dug in the yard. It was almost perfect but it lacked the feminine touch. In July 1904, this was taken care of – Mother and Dad were married in the local Lutheran Church. Abner was born in 1906, Mildred (Blatchford) in 1908.

But in the meantime the urge to go to Canada had overwhelmed Dad, so, in 1907, he followed his dreams to a land of promises, hoping for a wonderful future for his family. Here, near a little prairie slough in the hills (just north of where the Grand Valley Church was later built) he decided was the ideal spot. He built a house using poles and mud for the walls, lumber and tar paper for the roof and a board floor. Dad then went back for his family. Their household belongings, animals and machinery were shipped to Portal. From there the trek was soon on the way to the new country of limitless resources.

The “homestead fever” had spread and other men soon joined them in the area. Mom was busy with her family, sewing and baking, but found time to bake bread for many of the neighbors. She was, at this time, the only woman in the area.

The neighbors did appreciate coming to Kabrud’s for a meal and going back with supplies like bread, butter, eggs and milk. Dad and Mom worked as a team. Mom helped with the fencing, haying and milking and both were interested in gardening.

Reuben was born in 1911 (deceased 1957) and the next fall the family went back to the Dakotas to spend the winter. The years passed by and soon three girls were added to the family, Ella (Bosman), 1913, 1, (Doris Ellenberger) 1915, and Alice (Spagrud-Knutson) 1917. Mom was busier than ever but she never grumbled nor complained. She worked incessantly; washing, ironing, sewing and cooking and still found time for her family.

We were fortunate as we were indeed a healthy family. Whenever there was an ache or a pain the “Doctor’s Book” was soon consulted.

The ‘flu of 1918 swept through the country. In some cases entire families were very ill. Dad and Abner drove from neighbor to neighbor doing the necessary chores. The ‘bug’ did not find its way to the Kabruds. We were fortunate!

Plans for a church and school were in the making and soon became a reality. The Kabrud family had not ceased growing; Oscar was born in 1919, Irene (Loken) 1922, Edwin 1924 (deceased 1966) and Myrtle (Beler) in 1926.

Dad was the butcher in the area. He built a smoke house to cure and smoke his own and his neighbors’ pork. The hides were tanned and leather was used for harness repair and shoe repair. Some hides were tanned and lined and used in the sleigh box for covers when the family went visiting.

Dad also had a shoe repair service and devised a rope making machine that made rope from binder twine. People from miles around came for shoe repairs and rope. There was never any charge for the many tasks as the people believed in sharing and working together to make their community and country something to be proud of. They were true Canadians!

I have mentioned their work but there was entertainment too. House parties, with music supplied by local people, and square dancing were popular. At home an Edison, cylinder record, phonograph supplied our favorite tunes: Harry Lauder’s “I Love a Lassie”, Uncle Josh’s “Keeping House” and Dad’s favorite hymn, “My Heavenly Father Watches Over Me”.

Dad left us much too soon, following a short illness. Mom continued, always with concern for the family.

What memories we have of two most wonderful citizens!

How can one ever forget the past twelve years
Struggling in school, shedding many tears,
Always being picked upon
By the teacher dears.

Starting out with finger paint
going on to pencils,
At the ripe age of seven
We started typing stencils.

Ever sweating, ever thinking,
We worked our fingers raw
The teachers really suffered
Until we learned to draw.

We learned our mathematics
And they taught us how to spell
Other kids – they liked it
For us it was sheer misery.

Hard times then did follow,
We needed lots of cheer.
School and the teachers
Drove us to drinking lemonade.

We entered senior high
Full of bitterness and hate,
The teachers tried to help us
At a gigantic interest rate.

We made it to grade twelve
Through luck, but not through brain.
But the teachers, they still loved us
Regardless of their pains.

We've not quite finished our last year,
We've done a lot of moping,
We know graduation is coming
But, oh well – we're still hoping.

Roger Ellenberger

This poem was written between Christmas and New Year's, a few days before Roger's life slipped away on January 6, 1972, just weeks before his eighteenth birthday. It was touchingly read by the English teacher, Mrs. B. Longworth, at the graduation exercises of Roger's classmates.

KACZMARSKI – Paul And Anna – by Louise (Kaczmarski) Gording

It was in 1890 that the Kaczmarski family left their home in Bucovina, Austria, and immigrated to Canada. It was the elder Nicholas who urged his only son Paul and his wife Anna (Karst) to leave Austria and take their family to America, where there was no military service, where there was land a plenty and freedom from the ever present threat of war that plagued that part of Europe.

Nicholas himself had been blinded serving in the army. He had been an officer in the Polish army when he married a lady of the Polish aristocracy, whose family name was Von Munchelski. They had to leave Poland after the army revolted against the Monarch, and lost. Being an officer he had to flee for his life. That is how the Polish Kaczmariski's came to be living in Rumania. It was there that their only son Paul was born, in 1850.

Paul was to become a scholar. He spent his youth in school and then in the University where he was studying to become a Priest for the Greek Orthodox Church. Just before he was to take his vows he became ill with typhoid fever and was given sick leave for a year to recuperate. He never returned to take his vows. He felt needed in his home village as he was the only one who could read and write and anyone who needed writing done came to him for help and advice. He was fluent in six languages. He was known there as "The Writer". He also became a miller and ran a water-wheel mill that ground the grain for the farmers of that area. It was the daughter of one of these farmers he married, Anna Karst. Paul and Ann had a large family when the boys grew close to military age they decided to emigrate.

When they came to Canada their family consisted of the elder Nicholas, his wife, Paul and Anna and their five children, Anton Julius (A.J.), Wladislaus Joseph (Lodie), Emanuel Paul (Emil), Matilda, and Eva.

After arriving in Canada they homesteaded at Balgonie, Saskatchewan, and stayed there only long enough to prove up the homestead. The land they had was very sandy and would not produce food enough for survival. They sold it and moved back to Manitoba, settling in the Winnipeg area. They first lived in Gretna, where Paul worked as a carpenter and Anna worked as a seamstress and midwife. It was here that their two youngest daughters, Annie and Aurelia, were born. The boys attended school for a couple of winters and worked in the summer. They then bought a farm at Emerson, Manitoba, where they lived until they moved to the Rockglen area. During this time the elder Nicholas and his wife had passed away. Anton had married a young immigrant girl, Magdalena Walter, who had joined her brother Franz Walter who was the blacksmith in Gretna. The oldest daughters Matilda and Eva had left home to work in Vancouver, British Columbia, where Eva met and married Adam Fox. They had one child, Robert Paul Fox. Eva died at his birth; Matilda stayed with the baby to care for him.

The family had been in Canada thirty years, working and waiting for the time when they could find enough land to homestead, that is, enough land in one area so that the whole family could move as a unit. Anton had his own household and had worked at many jobs; he had been sheriff, mined coal, become a fair blacksmith by working with his brother-in-law, cleared land and hauled water. Emil and Loddy helped their parents and also worked at many jobs. Emil became a steam engineer and soon the three brothers had a threshing outfit and would go out threshing grain every fall with Anton's wife running a cook car.

It was in 1909-10 that land finally became available and it was decided that Loddy would go out and see what the land was like. They were taking no risks as their father had such bad luck with the Balgonie homestead. They were looking for land with a good supply of fresh water and no trees or shrubs, as they had experience in clearing land of trees and wanted no part of it, and of course, rich soil that would be productive.

So it was Loddy that first came west by train to Ogema, Saskatchewan, then walked into this area to see what the land was like. There were springs with fresh water, a lush growth of grasses and many other small plants and shrubs, coulees where small fruit trees abounded, prairie chickens everywhere, ducks swam in the water and there was small game for meat and furs. He found signs of coal deposits on some nearby hills that meant fuel to heat their homes. He lost no time in re turning to the filing office!

The exodus of the Kaczmariski's from Manitoba began in 1910. Loddy, Emil, Anton and Mary (Magdalena) were the first to leave. They shipped their belongings by freight car to the end of the new rail line, Bengough, Saskatchewan. There they stored their things in rented buildings and gradually hauled them by wagon the rest of the way. Lodie reached their land first with lumber on his wagon to start building the first shelter. Following him, Anton, Mary and Emil

with the heavily loaded wagons of supplies, chickens and a cow in tow. Riding on top was Mary in a new spring hat all flowers and bows. Of course the wind blew and the rain started to fall and her greatest concern was her hat – the rain would just ruin it! This really amused Emil who was still a bachelor. Women never change . . . they must be dressed at any cost. That night it was cold and wet and they were still a long way from their new home, so they had to sleep under the wagon. Anton and Emil put Mary down between them so she would not get quite so wet and tried to get some rest. It was early spring and the trails were very muddy.

The first thing that they planted that spring was some potatoes. They just turned the sods and stuck the potatoes under them and they grew and produced potatoes. The men were to make a trip a week to Bengough until all their supplies and belongings were hauled out and Mary would be left alone to tend the cow and other livestock they had brought with them. On one of these trips Mary had trouble with the feed for the animals and needed help. The only other homesteaders in the area were a Mr. and Mrs. Jarton, about two or three miles away as the crow flies. Now Mary spoke only German at that time, and the Jarton's were French and spoke only French. It took a great deal of sign language to make them understand. They gave her a good meal of fresh young duck and with signs made her understand that they had eaten no potatoes for a year. Finally, to get Mr. Jarton to come with her, she went out, took his horse and hooked it up and then he understood. That was the beginning of a life-long friendship. Of course Mr. Jarton took potatoes back with him, after he helped Mary, and came back daily to check that everything was a until the men got back from their trip.

Soon the homestead shacks began to appear on each piece of land that had to be “proved up”.

As harvest time rolled around, Anton, Mary, and Emil returned to Gretna, to bring out their threshing machine. They moved it out, threshing crops as they came; Mary in the cook car, cooking for all the threshers; Emil running the steam engine and Anton the Separator Man. By the end of 1910 all their possessions were on the homestead.

The three brothers always worked together, each building his own farmstead and also helping their father. That first year they had built a shack on their father's land so that the following spring of 1911 their parents and the two young girls, (Annie and Aurelia), moved out. With them came another homesteader, Charles Rostek, helping the elder Kaczmarski to bring out their livestock which had to be driven from Ogema. This was done on horseback, herding the cattle all the way to the new farm.

In 1915 Charles Rostek and the young Annie Kaczmarski were married. They had a family of two daughters, Gilfie (Stangl) and Britta (Choquer). The eldest daughter, Matilda, had returned from Vancouver, bringing Eva's young son, Robert Paul Fox, to make his home with his grandparents. Matilda married a homesteader, Louie Nerpel, and moved some fifteen miles further west. Aurelia later married J. W. Shaw, a veteran of the First World War, who came from South Dakota to homestead near the Kaczmarski farms. They had a family of three, Dorothy (Knops), Ethel (Fuhr), and James. In the early twenties Loddy married a Dutch immigrant girl, Elizabeth Hendrick and they had two daughters, Charlotte (Magnolo) and Marie (Radford).

In this area land was broken with oxen or horses but much of the Kaczmarski land was broken with the steam engine and a twelve bottom breaking plow. They did have some problems with the steam engine. It did not work too well going through the steep coulees, but on the level it worked great and it was not long before all the level land was black and the rest was broken with the horses.

Settlers were pouring into the area and with them came their children. There was a great need for a school. It was at this time that Emil started his never ending drive for the betterment of this community. In May of 1914 the first school meeting was held, forming the Lacordaire School District. Emil was to serve as a trustee on that school board for twenty-six years.

As the land was broken and crops grown the surplus grain had to be hauled to market. The nearest shipping point was Scobey, Montana, and it was there that the pioneers from the Rockglen area hauled their grain and produce. The grain was purchased by a Canadian grain

company, stationed in Scobey, with the permission of the Canadian and American governments. It was known as the Scobey Dump. Grain was not the only thing that was sold. Cattle, pigs, and other produce such as butter, eggs and poultry were sold or traded with the Scobey merchants for the supplies that the pioneers needed.

Some of the pioneers would need several days to make the trip to Scobey and Anton and Mary's home became a popular stopping place for them. Mary was a fine cook and the travelers would look forward to their stop-over with good food and a place to rest.

In 1916 Emil was to marry Anna Walter, whose father homesteaded a mile down the road. She was the niece of Mary Kaczmariski, so the two families were joined twice by marriages.

By this time the homestead shacks were being replaced by more permanent houses, fences began to appear and roads were beginning to criss-cross the prairie. There was a school and more schools were needed and also some sort of local government. It was at this time that Emil went to Regina for a couple of weeks to learn how to organize and run a municipality. All improvements take time but soon the Rural Municipality of Poplar Valley No. 12 was formed. Emil served on that organization as counselor or reeve for about thirty years. He also served as a Justice of the Peace for some years.

The three brothers were called to military service the First World War but were rejected for medical reasons and told to go home and raise food for the army.

The men were not the only ones that contributed to pioneer life, the ladies did their share too – cooking, sewing, gardening and often working right beside their men pounding posts and driving nails or horses and of course, having and raising their children, and much more.

The elder Mrs. Paul Kaczmariski (affectionately called Mother Kaczmariski by many of the pioneers) was a well-qualified midwife; many of the people living in this area she helped into the world. She tended the sick, set broken bones and stitched gashes. When it was too much for her she would consult the nearest doctor in Scobey. He would also supply her with the drugs she needed. With her large German doctor book for reference, she helped many a pioneer when they were hurt or ill.

There was still no sign of any railway coming to this area so just after the first war Emil joined a delegation of men for the purpose of getting some kind of rail service to the area south of Assiniboia. They went to Toronto to meet with the heads of the two large railway companies. As a result of these meetings the C.P.R. railroad finally came south from Assiniboia to Big Beaver; the C.N. line went to Willow Bunch. Some of the men on that delegation were Dr. Godin, Willow Bunch, Jack Dangerfield, Little Woody, E. P. Kaczmariski, Lacordaire, A. J. Hindel, Assiniboia, and H. Whitelaw, Rockglen. So by 1926 the railroad reached the Rockglen area and the era of pioneering was ended.

It was in the early twenties that Anton and Emil purchased their first trucks. They were called Samsons and were very awkward looking, but could haul grain so much faster than the horses and they did not have to rest. They began hauling their grain to Verwood, where it was two cents a bushel more than in Scobey. They seemed always to be trying something new. Soon their horses were replaced by tractors and the threshing machine was replaced by the combines. With these changes some of the glamour of the old ways seem to fade away.

There is one incident that remains in my memory always: It had rained and the harvesting crew were just loafing around waiting for the fields to dry when Anton and Emil had a visitor. It was a customs officer, Mr. Day. He had driven up in his open car and when he was to go into the house, he removed his gun belt and placed it on the seat of the car. A while later, when he returned to the car, the gun was gone. There was no way of knowing who had the gun, so the crew of men were paid off at gun point. Anton lined them up, held a gun on them while Emil wrote out their pay cheques and sent them off, one at a time, waling to Scobey. Mr. Day saw that they walked away and followed them to Scobey. Some ten years later when Emil tore down the old barn, that has housed the horses; the gun was found under one of the mangers. I can still remember the explosion that roared in our house as the gun went off while

the hired man examined it. Luckily no one was hit as we were all standing and looking at it too. There was a large hole in the kitchen wall to tell the tale.

While Emil was busy with his farming and community projects his family was growing so that when the thirties rolled around the house was filled with a large family, seven girls and two boys, Louise (Gording), Viola (Smith), Norma (Hansen), Marion (Knops), Doreen (Adamach), Evelyn (Kelly), La Rene (Kreft), Paul and Victor. It took a real imagination to clothe and feed such a large family during the depression years, but Anna could make a flour sack look like a Paris creation. We did eat a lot of pancakes and "Kneadle" made with flour, eggs and milk and they were good too.

The thirties were hard years and it took much ingenuity to survive. Again, Anton and Emil started a project. They got their neighbors to help them strip-mine for coal. By working in the mine they could earn their coal and turn their coal relief cheques into cash, that is, all except the royalty that had to be paid to the government. Of course many other people that did not work in the mine came to buy coal so in the end all were helped over a difficult time.

In the early forties Emil was again on another delegation. This time it was a province-wide delegation going to Ottawa to try and get two dollar wheat. They did not get the two dollars but did receive one dollar and ninety-eight cents.

The E. P. Kaczmarski homestead is now being farmed by a third generation Kaczmarski, Blaine and the Anton Kaczmarski farmstead is also farmed by a third generation farmer, Stanley Gording. The other homesteads all have new tenants.

KAMPF, Jacob And Eliazbeth

Jacob Kampf left Hungary in 1904 to find a home in Winnipeg – his wife and four children joined him early in 1905. In the spring of 1919 they came to the Rockglen area to homestead, traveling to Verwood by rail and from there by team and wagon. Labor conditions were not so good in the city when the war ended so., since their eldest daughter Magdalena and Peter Dighans were already homesteading in this area, they decided to follow. With them came Rose, Jack, Margaret, Peter and Katherine. Elizabeth and John worked in Winnipeg and came here in 1920. The Kampf's first home was a sod house on Jack McDonald's farm.

Time passed and British Columbia attracted three of the family. Rose and Paul Madsen, after owning the present Jackson garage for many years, moved to Prince Rupert.

Elizabeth and Nick Kleininger farmed six miles southeast of Rockglen for years and owned the Red & White Store before moving to Abbotsford.

Jack and Aldia spent many years buying grain and were very active in all Rockglen activities. Then in 1949 after spending a short time on the farm, they moved to B.C. where Jack became a mortician until his retirement.

Margaret and Otto Karst retired to Rockglen in 1966 after farming in Hope Valley area for many years.

Peter and Kay Kampf farmed a few years and lived for a time in Rockglen before moving on to city life and work, establishing their home in Regina.

Katherine and Maurice Fitzpatrick live in Assiniboia and still have their farm in the Willow Bunch area.

In 1930 Winnifred Knapp came to teach in the Borderland School nine miles south of town and three years later became John's bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kampf moved into Rockglen in 1946 (approx.) where they spent the rest of their lives.

KAMPF, John And Winnifred – by W. Kampf

John was born in Hungary and came to Winnipeg as a baby, moving to the Rockglen area with his folks in 1919. I came from England at the age of five, receiving my public school education at Underwood, Ontario and my high school at Stoughton, Saskatchewan.

After teaching nine years I came to Rockglen to teach at Borderland school in 1930. In 1926 I had taught at Table Butte School in the Killdeer area, when Killdeer was just a post office in the Root home. I taught at Borderland for three years and John and I were married in February 1933. I thought my teaching days were over as there was no such thing as a married lady teaching – for there was a surplus of teachers.

John was farming with horses at the time and I was really “green” when it came to farm work; I wouldn’t even pick up a little chicken and had a terrible time trying to milk a cow. (Luckily we had a quiet cow as it took me half an hour at first but I never did become a “milker” and only did it at harvest time while he used horses.)

Time passed – The Dirty Thirties came along with poor crops and a lovely crop taken completely right at harvest time by clouds of adult grasshoppers that flew in.

We have four daughters – Lillian (Pituley), Leona (Holms), Elaine (Bourassa), and Mary Anne (Ek Dahl). We have twelve grandchildren – six boys and six girls.

Not long after our marriage it was difficult to get teachers to come to this area which was considered somewhat isolated, so I was back at the job– Boundary, Borderland and Hope Valley. In 1937 we bought John Kleckers farm at Borderland so moved there.

During the war I began teaching at Wheat Bench and, since I had two children at home, I drove back and forth each day instead of staying in the teacherage. This was fine but I began to have too much tire trouble. Since new tires were impossible to get without a permit and we couldn’t find any second-hand ones, my School Board tried to get a permit for me. The answer they received was “Education is not considered essential”, so no permit. I was forced to resign and the children and I lived at the teacherage during the week until another teacher was hired.

During the years we enlarged our home at Borderland. It is now in town.

We sold some of our land and moved into Rockglen, in December 1956. John still farmed a half section from town.

We were in town only a few days when the Principal, ‘Doc’ Morrison, asked me to join the Rockglen staff. I substituted for Mrs. Popick until June and then became the grade seven teacher. About two years later the superintendent asked me to move up into High School, where I taught until my retirement in 1968 with twenty- seven years of service. Nineteen of these were in this area. John is now retired.

In July 1967 I was very honored by receiving a Centennial Medal from the Canadian Government, “in recognition of valued service to the nation”. This was on Canada’s 100th birthday.

KANTEN, Andrew And Martha

Andrew Kanten was born in 1860 in Norway. He left there when a little boy and came to Watson, Minnesota with his parents. It took them three months to cross the ocean in a sailing ship.

Martha Borgerson left Norway at the age of sixteen and also came to Minnesota, where she met and married Andrew Kanten the following year. There they operated a small farm and had a dray business. While in Minnesota, eight children were born – Anna (Benson), Caroline (Draxten), Gilbert, Henry, Clara (Field), Iver, Minnie (Moyer), and Elmer.

In 1899 the family moved to Eddy County, North Dakota. While at this farm, five more children were born– Helen (Flick), Adolph, Joseph, Alma (Sunde) and Alice (Hoffos). Joseph passed away when a baby.

In 1911 the family decided to homestead in Saskatchewan. They came by train to Moose Jaw, then traveled the last one hundred and ten miles to Kantenville in a lumber wagon.

There was an immediate need for a school and the next year, Andrew Kanten played a large part in the building and opening of Kanten School.

The Kantenville Post Office opened at about the same time in his home. This became a community meeting place in those early years. He had the post office until 1920, when they moved to Assiniboia.

The Andrew Kanten's lived in Assiniboia for many years where he did carpentry. In 1937 they moved to Rockglen and he continued in his building trade. He built and lived in the present dwelling of Carl Neilson. His son, Henry, had the theatre there and called it the Dreamland.

In 1932, along with several other members of the family, they moved to Alberta. They lived for many years at Sylvan Lake. Mr. Kanten passed away in 1944 at the age of eighty-four. Grandma Kanten lived on for many more years, enjoying the visits of her large family. Before she died in 1963, at the age of ninety-seven, she was featured in a Reader's Digest article as having the most known living descendants – two hundred seventy-five. Quite a contribution for one little lady!

KARST, Carl And Margaret

I was born in Austria on February 23, 1908. I immigrated to Canada with my parents, two brothers and one sister.

We lived with my Uncle, John Gaube, for two years. He lived seven miles west of Scout Lake on his homestead.

In 1916 my dad homesteaded three miles west of Pickthall.

At the age of eight I started school in Maxstone, boarding at Joe Schmidt's, then, later, I went to school at Hay Meadow and boarded with my uncle John Gaube.

In 1932 I bought a quarter section of land in the Hay Meadow district.

In the winter of 1932 I worked for Norman Heibye's Coal Mine.

In 1933 to 34 Victor Ernst came to live with me and he was with me until 1938, I started out with thirty head of cattle and six horses.

In 1937 (one of the driest years of the thirties) Richard and I went to Deloraine, Manitoba to 'hay'. We managed to get three carloads of hay. We also worked harvesting, including chores, for two dollars and twenty-five cents a day.

In 1938 I married Margaret Marcenko, who was born and raised in the Wood Mountain area. She worked at home until her marriage.

In 1940 our first son, Alvin, was born on January 8th, Mervin was born January 3, 1942, Lawrence born July 29, 1944, Janice born March 14, 1947. Barry born in 1951, April 8th.

In 1940, we took a very interesting trip to Oakland, California. It was a great experience to us. We visited with our Uncle John Gaube and took in the World's Fair.

My first car was a 1929 Chevrolet coupe, I had George Sabourin do some over-hauling. He ground the valves, put in piston rings, gaskets and new oil; the labour cost was six dollars and fifty cents for one day's work. The price of gas was five gallons for one dollar. In all it cost me eleven dollars for the complete job.

In the summer of 1941 I bought my first Massey Harris eight foot combine; the cost was sixteen hundred dollars. Dad thought I'd certainly go broke, spending this amount of money for an implement. In all, I combined one thousand acres the same year. Some custom work was done at two dollars and fifty cents per acre. I was able to pay for the combine the first year. I also combined three hundred acres after Christmas, the same winter.

In the winter of 1941-42 I bought a half-ton Ford truck from Anton Knops but had to go to Regina to pick it up. The cost of the truck was one thousand dollars. With this truck, I hauled ten thousand bushels of grain.

We lived in a two-bedroom house, and in 1947 we built the house now on the farm, also in 1942 we had a severe hail and wind storm that cut the crop yield in about half.

In the fall of 1966 we bought the house, in which we now live, in Assiniboia. In 1972 I sold the farm to Lawrence.

KARST, Julius And Pauline – by Ralph Karst

My father, Julius Karst, settled here in 1911, at the age of 19 years. He homesteaded in the Goose Creek area. The next year his father, Martin Karst, homesteaded not too far away so Julius worked with his father to break up the required land for "proving up" his homestead.

He had hard times trying to find water on his homestead and, after digging several wells with a shovel, finally gave up.

He built a shack on the homestead and, after "proving it up", went back to Balgonie to live with his parents who had moved back there. There he married Pauline Rust, an old school friend. Shortly after being married in 1916, they returned to the homestead in this area.

This time they came by train to Verwood with their belongings loaded on the train. These consisted of a loaded hay-rack on sleigh runners, two cows Mother had received from her father and five horses. They were met at Verwood by Uncle Rudolph Wolfe who loaded the cows on his sleigh. On the way home both cows calved in the sleigh. As the weather was cold and miserable, the calves would have frozen to death if they hadn't been rubbed. They traveled from Verwood via Willow Bunch. It was a long, cold, two day trip, with a stop overnight at Willow Bunch.

They settled on their homestead and lived in this area through many years of hardship and happy times while they were blessed with ten children.

My mother washed clothes with a tub and wash board, using home-made soap. The water had to be hauled, by horse and stoneboat, about one mile.

They raised pigs and cured the meat by smoking it, using wood from the coulees and cedar from the hills. In the summer, the meat was often buried in the wheat in the granaries. They rendered out the lard and made sausage. Wheat was ground for porridge. For fuel in the stove, "cow chips" were used, later coal was dug and hauled from neighborhood mines.

When their milk cows increased, Mother made butter to sell. She sold some, across the "border" to a storekeeper, by the name of Martin Grove, at ten cents a pound. This paid for yeast cakes and tea or coffee. In the summer, they also drove to Scobey with horse and buggy for some of their shopping.

Dances were held in neighbour's houses. Later, barn dances became popular. Local, old-time orchestras furnished the music. Dad played his violin at these dances for many years. He repaired his own bow with hairs from horses' tails. Mother remembers going to dances on a toboggan, pulled by one horse. At first they danced on earth floors, then on wooden floors.

While working as a farmer, Julius found time to play his violin for his own pleasure as well as for dances. He was an avid sportsman and played baseball and other sports. Later, he was in

great demand as an umpire at baseball games. Our family later moved to seven locations in the area.

Prairie fires were common in the homesteading days. Once, when Julius and his wife were hauling a load of hay, it caught fire from sparks from Julius' pipe. He drove the load to the edge of the hill where he rolled it off the rack. It started a prairie fire which went for miles. Mother ran ahead of the fire to warn neighbours who came with sacks to try and put it out.

In those days doctors were far away so home remedies were used for sickness. Some of the pioneer women served as midwives and delivered babies.

Mother was always an avid gardener and for years she boasted of one of the biggest gardens in the neighbourhood. She loved sharing her garden produce with the neighbors. She loves the outdoors and caring for livestock and poultry.

Mother remembers the hard time of the thirties before the "relief" came. In winter, she made overshoes out of "gunny" sacks. These had to be hung up at night to dry. In the summer, kids went barefoot. They caught gophers and sold the tails at the municipal office for one cent each. They gave them money to spend at the school Field Day.

When "relief" was given by the Government, they got food – apples, potatoes, sugar, coffee and grain for feed and seed. In those hard times neighbours needed each other and a helping hand was always ready.

When Julius' father retired to Rockglen in 1933. The farm was then rented out until Julius bought it in the late forties. Here mother still lives with her two sons, Donnie and Ralph.

The names of their children are; Ella (Sell), Della (Berger), Julia (Smith) deceased, Mildred (Prefontaine), Doris (Hoffman), Pauline (Wangen), George, Donald Ralph, and Walter who died at the age of 10.

KARST, Martin And Carolina – by Ralph Karst

In 1891 my grandparents, Carolina and Martin Karst, came to Canada from Austria by ship; then traveled by train to the Northwest Territories now Saskatchewan.

Grandfather (Martin Karst), came first and was followed later by his wife and their small daughter, Rosie. When Martin Karst came from Austria on the ship, as an emigrant, he was only allowed one piece of luggage. His was a woven basket, seventeen inches by thirty-two inches by twelve inches.

They settled first where Balgonie, Saskatchewan, is now. Here Grandfather farmed and operated a lumber yard.

In 1912 they moved to the Lacordaire area, about nine and one half miles south of where Rockglen is now. They hauled their belongings from Balgonie with a hayrack, wagons and a buggy. Uncle Otto Karst, on horseback, drove about twenty head of cattle down. They were delayed for some time when some of the wagons got stuck as they were crossing the 'Big Muddy'.

Until part of the homestead shack was built, in 1912 or 1913, they slept under wagons with blankets hung around them or in a tent. The lumber for the shack was hauled from Balgonie.

There were no fences so the horses had to be hobbled. Wells were dug by shovel and often, several had to be dug before finding water.

They broke the prairie sod with five horses on a sulky (one furrow) plow or six horses on a gang (two furrow) plow. They also used oxen and a walking plow.

The first crops, produced on the land, were used for feed for their cattle and horses but later, grain was hauled to Scobey, Montana, Verwood or Ogema.

They stayed on their homestead here for three years, moved back to Balgonie for five years, then moved here permanently in 1920.

They farmed this land until 1933 when they sold the farm to their son Julius and retired to live in Rockglen.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Karst had six children: Rosie (Wolfe), Julius Karst, Otto Karst, Hilda (Boll), Olga (Weiss), and Ella Karst who died of pneumonia in 1913, after being caught in a hail storm. Rosie was born in Austria and the other five children were born at Balgonie.

Some of my grandmother's stories, I recall, are of the journey from Austria to where Grandfather lived in the Northwest Territories, Canada. She was traveling alone with her small daughter, Rosie, and everyone around her spoke a strange language. What a frightening experience it must have been when the motor of the boat stalled and they were adrift on the ocean for several days before being rescued by another boat!

Then, when completing the journey by train, she had another frightening experience. Once, when the train stopped, she hurried out to a store to buy some milk. She was repeating, "Milch" in German but the storekeeper couldn't understand her. Suddenly, she realized that a man was pulling her arm and trying to tell her something. She looked up to where he pointed and there was the train pulling out with her little baby, Rosie, on board. With the help of the man pulling her and running as fast as they could, they just caught the train in time. Needless to say she finished her journey without mishap.

KARST, Otto And Margaret

It was a cold January day when we were ushered into the presence of an eighty year old gentleman, one of the oldest pioneers in the Rockglen area, Otto Karst. Looking much younger than his eighty years despite a long struggle with cancer, Otto recalled the events of his early life in this area.

Otto's parents had homesteaded in the Ladysmith area east of Regina. They came from Austria with their eldest daughter, Rosie. Eventually the family consisted of six children; Rosie, Julius, Hilda, Otto, Ella, and Olga.

Otto was born on January 25, 1897. In 1912, at the age of fifteen, he traveled with his family to a new homestead, south of present day Rockglen, herding thirty-four head of cattle and twenty-five head of horses, while his parents drove two large wagons containing the household goods and supplies.

When they arrived at their new homestead the only signs of civilization were a lumber shack and one ploughed furrow which disappeared over the hill.

Life was difficult. For "entertainment" the boys herded the cattle and horses trying to keep them close to home. There were no fences in those days.

In the following year, 1913, the homestead was beginning to take shape. However during haying season disaster struck in the form of a cyclone. According to Otto, "We missed the Regina cyclone of 1912 and we felt so bad about missing it, we moved down here to catch the next one." This sense of humour saw the family through a very bad time.

The barn was destroyed and the newly-built haystacks were lost. The wind blew the windows out of one end of the house, whipped through the interior picking up the clothing, and blew it out the windows on the opposite side of the house. Despite this, the family survived and picked up to start over again.

Otto received no more than a grade six education since the first school in the area, Lacordaire, wasn't built until 1916.

When the Karst family first began farming they managed two hundred fifty acres of cultivated land and one hundred twenty-five acres of summerfallow over a period of years. Haying in the early years was not difficult since all they had to do was cut the native prairie wool.

Finding a source of water was more difficult. A well would be from twenty to fifty feet deep in most areas and had to be dug by hand.

House parties were the order of the day for fun and Julius Karst played the fiddle, along with the Cornums, and E. Kaczmariski at dances.

Another popular social gathering was the picnic. These picnics were held either at Grant's Beach or Moyer's Beach. The dance hall on the island at Moyer's Beach was always crowded with folks who may have been racing their horses, pitching horseshoes or swimming during the day. If you had a bathing suit you wore it, but if not, there was no harm in "skinny dipping" behind the rocks to gain some relief from the heat.

Otto took a homestead quarter of his own in 1922 and eventually bought another half-section to add to it.

In 1924 he was married and soon had two lovely daughters, Viola and Alice.

The town of Rockglen came into existence with the coming of the railroad in 1926. After the crop was harvested from the townsite, Otto, along with many others, took a large Mogul 30-60 tractor and helped to move some of the buildings from the south side of the railroad tracks to their present position in town. The drugstore, hardware store and Jim's cafe were all moved by Otto's crew.

In 1929 Otto's wife passed away leaving him with the care of two young children. Luckily his mother-in-law was able to keep house and care for his daughters for him.

In 1930 he met his present wife, Margaret, at several house parties in the area. She was working in a cafe in Assiniboia at the time. The following year they were married. According to Otto, "We necked in 1930 and married in 1931."

Otto and Margaret had four children: Marion, Ron, Leonard and Peggy to add to their ready-made family of two. After a long, hard, life on the farm with many trials and tribulations but with many good times, good memories and good neighbours, the Karsts retired and moved to town in 1966. Here they reside today, still full of fun and with a great enthusiasm for life.

Shortly before the publication of this book Otto lost his fight with cancer. He passed away in Rockglen Hospital in September 1977. He is fondly remembered by his family and many friends in the community.

KELLER, Conrad And Hendrina – by Ador Keller

Conrad Keller immigrated to Canada from Switzerland in 1909, at the age of twenty-five. In those days Saskatoon was one of the magnets that drew people from Europe. My father was a professional chef, and as such, found employment at a hotel named The Flanigan House. The immigration of people continued, and in 1912 his future wife Dina Hendricks, along with a large group of her relatives and friends arrived in Saskatoon. This group originated in the Gogh area of Germany close to the border of Holland, and were a mixture of both countries. The Patriarch, Peter Knops, with his wife Mina and children sought homestead land and for that reason soon headed south to the Assiniboia railhead, and on by prairie trail to where their homesteads were located

Meanwhile, my mother and her sister Liza both found employment in Saskatoon. In 1913, Dina and Conrad were married. By 1918 two children had been born to the family, Martha and Ador. For various reasons the Saskatoon boom had cooled considerably by this time, so the Keller's sold out and took the train to Assiniboia. There they hired a "Tin Lizzy" Model T and driver and came south another fifty miles to visit the Knops at Borderland. As they bounced

along the prairie trails and crossed the numerous creeks at shallow spots, they must have found the country impressive, for it became their permanent home.

My father hired out for a short time as a ranch hand in Montana. If an accomplished chef is to learn the rules of a new life, this was indeed a robust way of doing it. Homesteads were rare to find by this time, but by luck, my father obtained a quarter section plus some rented land. The property contained a sod house and a strawroofed barn. We moved into the soddie and the process of becoming a farming family began. Here my youngest sister, Bernina, was born; she came a little earlier than expected and my father made a very hurried trip for a midwife, Grandma Kaczmariski, just in time to stop what may have become a serious hemorrhage. My mother's sister, Liza, had also come into the south country and had married Loddy Kaczmariski. He became my favorite uncle and I worked at their farm in the later years.

My father kept a diary of all the years from the time the family came in to this area. One entry of those years of living in the soddie tells of a heavy rain when pots and pans had to be arranged inside the house to catch the drips from the ceiling. By 1921 we abandoned the old soddie and moved under a more reliable roof on some rented land of Joseph Friese Sr. During the five years there, a brother was born, but died at six weeks of age after contracting "whoopin' cough". Also, a harvesting accident occurred which left my father with one leg permanently crippled. He was able to continue farming but at a reduced pace and it required a closer sharing of work by the members of the family. One more move was made in 1926 to our present farm location. 1926 was a banner year for several reasons. It saw the forming of the Gladioli School District. My parents were active in this and my father was secretary-treasurer for many years. That same year marked the arrival of rails to the site soon to become Rockglen. The farmers of this area were elated! Before this event, grain farmers had been faced with a tough three day haul by horses and tank wagon to Assiniboia or Scobey. Our farm prospered during those years until 1929. New land was brought under cultivation and we grew into a full-fledged farm containing horses, cattle, hogs, chickens and turkeys with a full line of horse machinery. There appeared no reason why prosperity should not continue; however, the newspapers brought ominous news in the fall of 1929 of a Wall Street financial crash. The repercussions became apparent in our area as the thirties were ushered in. A glacial depression fastened itself upon the country. Low prices for all farm products contributed to such a shortage of money that debts could not be met. Adding to the problem were some years of unusually dry conditions. Farming methods of the day had to be called into question – the burning of stubble plus too much discing and harrowing brought on colossal soil drifting.

The Red Cross Hospital was in existence by 1932, in time for the birth of Arnold, the last member of our family.

1937 was a year of climax when nature dealt its most ruinous crop failure. That spring there was no rain on our farm until the thirteenth of July. The seeded crop never germinated and what grew after the rains was chewed off by a heavy infestation of army worms. That fall the government made it mandatory for each farmer to sell off all livestock to a basic few head, which would then be assured of sufficient feed for the winter. This feed was shipped in from other areas where crop failure had not occurred.

Some of our neighbors migrated to British Columbia, some to Ontario and some to northern Saskatchewan. I witnessed many a light go out as one, then another little farmstead was abandoned for good. My father, too, went prospecting in the Nipawin area of Saskatchewan. He came home satisfied to remain here because in the north one had to hew trees before one could plow the land.

Those who remained kept this community alive. Taxes that could not be paid in money were often reduced by labor for school maintenance or for road building. We boarded the teacher at various times at a rate of fifteen dollars per month tax write-off.

Sometimes a growing family would need more room, so a building "bee" would be organized to tear down an empty granary and add a new lean-to to the little old house. An example of adaptation was stripping down the car and adding a pole and double-tree for the "Mach II" horse power plant; however, there were many occasions for picnics and parties. Here one was

apt to experience the talents of some local brewmaster. It is relevant to state that interwoven through these years were many meetings where a new political thought began to evolve. As the thirties drew near their end, 1938 was a wet year that culminated in rust-ruined crops.

Then came 1939 and the beginning of a new era which the world shall not soon forget; the maelstrom of war caught and held everyone wherever he was. In retrospect, if the thirties were easy as far as work was concerned, by contrast the forties were exceptionally heavy. The years had at last taken their toll and my parents retired in 1950 and moved to a little house in Rockglen. Father passed away in 1961 at the age of eighty-three; Mother followed the next year at age seventy-five.

I married Dorothy Barnsley in 1944, we raised a family of four, on the old home place. Arnold married Katherine Yorga in 1954; they have five children and farm the Urton homestead. Bernina married Frank Zopf Jr. in 1942; they have two sons. Martha married James Read in 1942 and died in 1946; they had one son.

KIMBALL, Carl And Minnie – by Maxine (Kimball) Thomson

After visiting Canada in 1927, Carl Kimball returned in 1928 with intentions to stay. He homesteaded N.E.1/4, sec. 23, T. 2, W3rd in 1929. Carl worked a coal mine in the Maxstone district in the years 1931-1933, in partnership with Ray Rouse. Their farm equipment was used, not only for their own work, but also for doing custom work around the district. Carl rented some farm land from Everett Campbell and another man.

In 1934 Carl married Minnie Nielsen. In the spring of 1935 they moved to the “Campbell” place where they lived until the fall of 1937.

Panzers, Shimshaws, and Tardifs were some of their closest neighbors. Their post office was Willowvale, at Luke Bolster’s.

When Cecil, Carl’s brother, moved back to Minnesota, Carl moved onto Cecil’s farm northeast of Canopus. Here he raised sheep, pigs, and a small herd of cattle. The sheep were sold about 1948, after a severe winter caused a high death toll. Even some mature cattle were buried in drifts and not found until spring.

The Albert Edwards farm south of Canopus, was acquired in 1948, and the family moved there. By this time there were six children: Maxine, Mavis, Brian, Kenneth, Elizabeth (Betty) and Patricia (Pat).

Mother and Dad still live on the farm. They are assisted by their sons, Kenneth and Brian. Except for Pat, who lives in B.C., the rest of the family is in the Canopus district. Seventeen grandchildren and one great-grandchild are in the family circle today.

KIMBALL, Cecil And Evelyn – by Evelyn Kimball

Cecil and Carl Kimball came to Canada in 1927. They landed in Rockglen district at the farm of Ray Rouse, as they had known him and his uncle in Minnesota. Cecil and his brother, Carl started farming. They bought a Hart Parr tractor and some more equipment and started to work. They had an old Model “T” truck and old tent to sleep in. That was the start of “Kimball Brothers” farming in Saskatchewan.

Neighbours could hear that old “Hart”, any time day or night, as it really had a “bark”. I started asking about who had that tractor and was told it was the “Kimball Brothers”. Another thing about that old tractor – it was a dirty, greasy, old thing. The men’s overalls would stand alone; you might say . . . they would become glossy with grease!

Cecil and I were married in 1930 and lived at the Louis Timm farm which is west of Roy Hansen’s. Of course it was the “Dirty Thirties” so money was scarce. We lived there about two years and moved up on the hill, northeast of Canopus.

Our son Lorne, was born in 1932 and Milton in 1936. They were born in the Red Cross Hospital in Rockglen. I think perhaps we had the first electric lights in Canopus district run by a homemade wind charger. The lights and radio ran off a 6-volt battery.

I guess our lives were about the same as everyone else's. Times were hard and of course we had no conveniences like they have now, but we were young and it didn't bother us. People were friendly and there weren't any "big shots" because money was scarce.

There was quite a lot of thieving of horses and cattle and moonshining and bootlegging.

When we went to dances at Canopus or in schools almost all the ladies would take lunches of cake and sandwiches.

Oh, yes, there was quite a bit of brawling. You see there were these certain young men who liked to flex their muscles and they made it a point to meet at dances to see who was the better man. I have seen men drip blood after these fights, but being the kind of guys they were, they just would not give in.

When Milton was two years old, we left Canopus for the U.S.A. We live here at Perham, Minnesota. Both boys are grown and we have five grandchildren.

KIRBY, Norman And Grace

Norman was born in Oshawa, Ontario, in 1890 into a family of seven children. The family came west to Oxbow, Sask. in 1892.

Norman attended school there, then moved to Chicago in early 1900. At the age of seventeen he moved back to Oxbow and worked on the farm for Fred Amos.

Norman and his brother filed on a homestead at Hart in 1909. They lived in a sod shack and later, Norman built a wooden house. Part of the original house is still being used by Elmer Kirby.

In 1913, he married Grace Johnson of Hart. Ten children were born to them in this district. All the children were born at home except the last two. They were born in Scobey, Montana.

The farming was done first with oxen, then with a team of one ox and one horse. Later he had three 6-horse outfits, and owned his first tractor in 1928.

The spring of 1929 the Kirby's moved to Scout Lake and lived in an adobe house for one summer, while a big house was being built close to the railroad track.

Norman still farmed his land at Hart for three years, and traveled back and forth on horseback and by team and wagon.

The first year at Scout Lake, while farming at Hart, they received an urgent message to return home. The barn had burned down. No one seemed to know how it started.

They grew a large garden, raspberries and straw berries, which were watered by hauling water in barrels. Many of the vegetables were sold to neighbors.

An interesting sight was when the Indians traveled from Wood Mountain to Willow Bunch. They would stop at the Kirby Ranch and camp by the creek, sometimes just for lunch or overnight.

The Indians brought meat, which they hung on the fence to dry, and they tethered their horses in the grass. Indian children played with the Kirby children. Scotty Jackson, a man who owned the lumber yard, would buy bologna and take it to the Indians for a treat.

At the time of the depression the tractor and car were not used because they couldn't afford it. They started using the tractor again in 1935.

Norman bought a threshing machine in 1942 and did custom threshing for the neighbors.

Coal was mined just north of the farm, where Norman employed men to help. Grace always had extra men to feed with plenty on the table to eat.

The children would pick Saskatoon berries and sell them to the train crew for one dollar a milk pail. At Easter, the trainmen would slow the train as they passed by, to leave Easter eggs for the children.

Norman was a rancher with Hereford cattle, and took great pride in showing and selling at agriculture shows and the Regina Bull Sale.

The children would walk to school on the railroad track with the neighboring children. Some would take off their shoes to save from wearing out and walk barefoot.

Grace Kirby died in 1946.

During the war, their sons Charles and Bob, served in the Army overseas. Jim, Ernest and Myrtle were also in the army in Canada.

Norman was on the Scout Lake school board for 27 years.

Later, Norman married Gladys Roberts, and in 1951, retired and moved to Rockglen. The farm was sold to Ralph and Bob.

Norman, who could not stay idle, worked for Art Heagy, building chimneys and painting. He worked in the curling and skating rink as caretaker for a number of years. He still enjoyed working in his garden. Norman died in 1976. His wife still lives in Rockglen, and enjoys bridge, ceramics and working at the Drop-In-site.

The family now resides in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. Grace (Heagy) lives in Rockglen, Bob and Ralph live at Scout Lake, Jim at Lisieux, Elsie (Kalbfleisch) at Jameson and Violet (Lalock) resides in Moose Jaw - all in Saskatchewan. Myrt (Linden) resides in Burnaby, B.C., and Ernest in Edmonton, Alberta.

Bob and his family live on the original farm site at Scout Lake.

KLECKER, John Sr. And Margaret

John and Margaret Klecher came from Hungary to Winnipeg, with two of their children, Elizabeth (Mrs. Jacob Kampf) and Magolinea. Mrs. M. Mischkolz, and families had already located.

In the twenties the Klecker's settled in the Borderland area, buying a farm from Frank Linthicum. They were accompanied by their son, Nick. A second son, John, and his wife, Barbara, joined them a little later.

John and Barbara built a home beside the Borderland School where he carried on blacksmithing for years.

Grandma Klecker, (Margaret), as everyone called her in later years, celebrated her eightieth birthday in Rockglen in August, 1940. She passed away in 1948 at the ripe old age of eighty-eight years.

KLEINFELDER, Simon And Christina

In the St. John's Cemetery are headstones which read:

Simon Kleinfelder 1881-1961
Christina Kleinfelder 1880-1938

Those headstones were placed there in memory of two homesteaders who came to this community from Rudolphsgnad, Hungary, in 1924, with their family Jack, Lena (Kupper), Margaret (Dellinger) and John.

Christina was a skilled seamstress who sewed all the family's clothing. She also found great joy in gardening.

Simon served four years in the First World War. Their eldest son would have been called to the services so the family decided to immigrate to Canada.

They traveled for nine days on the "Star Liner" to the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, then by train to Verwood where they were met by Christina's sister and brother-in-law, Eva and Joe Kleininger.

Simon's first job in Canada was as a sheep herder for Charlie Haenel. Later they settled on a farm about six miles south of Rockglen (Floyd Bloom farm). The two oldest children, Jack and Lena found employment in the area. John and Margaret attended Wheat Bench School.

In 1942 Simon moved to Abbotsford where he worked in a creamery and sold strawberries from his farm. In 1949 he returned to Rockglen and purchased the Henry Franzen farm. He moved the house to town and it served as his retirement home.

Rudolph Pilsner and Simon were great card playing friends. It was not unusual for them to play before breakfast.

KLEININGER, Joe And Eva – by Elizabeth B. Kleininger

In the year of 1909, about a dozen men from Winnipeg drove to southern Saskatchewan to look at the free land offered for homesteading. They came back so full of enthusiasm that they inspired the Joe Kleininger's to "dig up roots" and settle in the "land of milk and honey".

In the early spring of 1910, three families, the Kleiningers, Dippongs and Yosts, left Winnipeg and came to Moose Jaw by settler car. After a ten day stop over for purchasing settler effects they began the trek, with oxen, to the homestead. Mrs. Yost and Mrs. Kleininger were the only members of the group that didn't make the journey on foot as they had small babies to attend to.

Mr. Dippong owned a horse which often had to be hitched in front of the tired and lazy oxen to make them pull the loads. After many days of travel, they arrived at the Paul Weismiller farm (north of Fife Lake), where men and beast alike, rested. The women had a general clean-up session and baked and cooked so that all might eat on the remainder of the journey to Wheat Bench.

After reaching the homestead, a shallow well was dug and sod was plowed to build a lean-to kitchen beside the tent, to house the cookstove.

A raging snow storm occurred on the tenth of May. During the storm the oxen got away and it took days of walking before they were found and returned.

There was very little wild game in the country so the sons, Joe and Nick, shot bush rabbits. Mrs. Kleininger "salted down" the thighs and drumsticks to serve in emergencies. Rabbit was the only meat they had for over a year.

During the summer Nick cooked for Charlie Haenel and Mr. Whitelaw, two ranchers who were hired to plow a one hundred mile Government Fire Guard. Prairie grass was knee-high so there was always danger of prairie fires. Once a prairie fire was so threatening that families buried prized possessions to save them; however, the fire guard stopped the fire!

The closest stores were at Willow Bunch, Verwood, Assiniboia and Scobey, Montana. It was to these last three towns that grain was delivered. The boys walked to Little Woody, some twenty miles away, for the mail.

In 1910, the Kleiningers purchased a team of horses from Ogles at Wood Mountain. The families became good friends. Kleiningers were saddened when Mr. Ogle stopped to say good-bye before he returned to England to resume his title, Lord Ogle.

The following spring a playmate accidentally shot Nick in the hand with a supposedly "unloaded" gun. He nearly died from loss of blood before they reached Willow Bunch. After his hand healed, he broke ten acres on the homestead then went to work in the Moose Jaw and Rouleau districts. In 1915 Nick homesteaded in the Wheat Bench district.

I came to this area with my parents, the Jacob Kampf's, from Winnipeg. The vastness of the prairies was impressive and awesome! I met Nick in 1918; we were married in 1921. We lived with his parents until our home was built. During that time I was introduced to milking cows – quite an experience for a city girl!

What a welcome in the district when the railway came through! Such a relief it was to have elevators so near!

Mr. Koontz had a community dance in his store, the night before lots were released for building on the present townsite of Rockglen, and the big rush for choice lots began.

As the years went by we were blessed with five daughters. Margaret, Gladys Ann, Betty, Rose Marie and June. and two sons, Charles and Roy.

We sold our farm and purchased the Red and White Store in Rockglen, from Mr. Pauls. After the war we sold it to Bernard Mason and we retired to British Columbia.

KNOPS, Anton H. And Franziska H. – by Francis (Dutch) Knops

My father, Anton H. Knops, was born April 7, 1891, in a little town named Goch in northwest Germany near the Holland border. He was the eldest of the family of five children (which included Margaret, Mary, William and Otto) born to Peter and Wilhelmina. Grandfather was fascinated with the stories about the great country of Canada, and in 1910 father and grandfather immigrated to Saskatchewan settling in what is now the Borderland district ten miles from the town of Rockglen. They fell in love with the wide open spaces and decided to make southern Saskatchewan their home.

In 1912 they returned to their homeland to bring the rest of the family to this land of opportunity. Dad's uncle, Henry Knops, and his two cousins Hendrina and Elizabeth Hendricks (later Keller and Kaczmariski) accompanied the Knops family to Saskatoon, their first stop in Saskatchewan. They journeyed by train to Assiniboia and south with team and wagon another fifty miles to their homestead.

The Knops brothers filed on other homesteads in the area and soon became a farming family. Aunt Margaret married Arthur Morrison of the Strathallen district, and Aunt Mary became Mrs. Joseph Kleininger. Uncle William chose Anna Young for his wife, and Uncle Otto dated and won Elizabeth Brandiezs as his bride. My dad returned to Goch in 1921 and married Franziska Sevens who was also born in Goch on December 10, 1900. Their honeymoon was their safe journey across the Atlantic by ship, and across Canada by train to southern Saskatchewan.

As the Saskatchewan farmers were hauling most of their grain to Scobey, Montana in the U.S.A., the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool bought a grain dump in Scobey in 1924. This was the first grain handling facility owned by the Pool, and my dad was the first operator of this "Scobey dump". He remained operator of this dump for two years until the arrival of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Rockglen in 1926 and the building of the country elevators.

Rockglen now looked like a thriving little village and needed some business establishments. Therefore, my parents moved from Scobey to Rockglen and started a business – A. I Knops Case Machinery and repairs along with a Plumbing and Heating shop, with living accommodation upstairs. Dad was a coppersmith by trade, and great Uncle Henry was a

tinsmith. Brother Peter was now four years of age and I was three, and as we could not speak a word of English it was a must that we all learn the English language.

Dad could see a great future for this flourishing little community and established a hardware store in conjunction with his other business. By this time mother had mastered the English language and assisted in the store. There were many weddings during this time, and the Knops hardware gift to these newly married couples was always a gift wrapped "pee pot". Mother also spent many an hour crocheting, knitting and sewing, and many articles of her handiwork are still in use. Her brother Ben Sevens now joined the family and assisted with the farming operations as Grandmother and Grandfather Knops retired to a little home in the village of Rockglen.

Soon the dirty thirties were with us and business was very slow. These hard economic times left their mark on virtually every aspect of life. Our hardware store was a meeting place every afternoon for the "bridge players" and many a game was enjoyed by the Rockglen businessmen. This was dad's summary of the "dirty thirties". 1929 dried out; 1930 frozen out; 1931 dried out; 1932 hailed out; 1933 grasshoppered out; 1934 dried out; 1935 rusted out; 1936 dried out; 1937 blown out; and 1938 moving out.

We received the Ford dealership in 1939 and I left school to assist Dad with the business. We closed the hardware store in 1945, extended the garage, formed Knops Motors Ltd. and have continued in this business up to the present date and at the same location.

I married Dorothy (Dot) Shaw in June 1946 and we are blessed with two sons, Kevin and Cory. Peter married Yvonne Prefontaine in 1947 and they have two daughters Sharon (Laberge) and Norma Jean, and two grandchildren.

Dad passed away in 1950, and mother in 1964 before their twilight years. The dream of my parents was to return to their homeland for a visit which never did materialize because of the depression, the war, and their early deaths.

Following is an article which appeared in a Windsor, Ontario, newspaper after mother and dad visited the Ford plant at Windsor in 1943.

PROSPERITY IN THE WEST – Ford Dealer tells of improved times in Saskatchewan

Imbued with the indomitable spirit of the west, Anton Knops of Rockglen, Saskatchewan is an interested and interesting visitor to Windsor.

Mr. Knops has been in Saskatchewan since 1912 and he has not only seen the ups and downs that have been characteristic of the great open spaces but he has lived them and been part and parcel of them.

Rockglen is a village located near the heart of the former "dust bowl" where year after year for a heart breaking decade, there were no crops to speak of and the hardships and poverty were almost beyond human endurance. But the dust bowl is dusty no longer and after this year's harvest there are great piles of thousands of bushels of hard Canadian wheat stored in the farmers' fields waiting to be moved into the overflowing elevators.

The faith of those who stuck it out through the bad years has been justified and today those homesteaders are mighty happy people with their debts and mortgages paid off and money in the bank, according to Mr. Knops, who is the Ford dealer at Rockglen. Wheat is bringing \$1.05 a bushel to the western farmer this year and according to Mr. Knops that is a fair price which nets a neat profit.

"You see" he explains, "we can do with a little profit. From 1929 to 1938 inclusive, we didn't take off much in the way of crops and so we got pretty hard up. But since then the crops have been good and those of us who weathered the bad years are not doing too badly now."

Mr. Knops states that the majority of farmers in his district have paid off old debts including the mortgages on their farms and are back in the market in a big way for trucks, cars, radios and all the things they haven't been able to buy. "I have farmers come in every day who want to buy trucks or cars and who have the money to pay for them. They are so confident that they are anxious to place their

orders now, although I have no cars to sell, and say that they will take them whenever I can get delivery and that they will be glad to pay whatever the price happens to be at that time," said Mr. Knops.

This is certainly good news to the industrial east and to Windsor where automobiles are so important. Mr. Knops looks for a booming post-war market for manufactured goods and believes that industrial plants will have plenty to do to meet the pent-up demand.

Mr. Knops has one son in the Canadian Armed Forces and another who helps him manage his many enterprises. "I have seen what you are doing here and it is an education. The next time my son will come so that he may see it too. The best way for Canadians to get a better understanding of the other fellow's problems is to do a bit of visiting back and forth", said Mr. Knops who in addition to being a shrewd businessman, farmer, and horse trader, is also a philosopher and student of human nature.

KNOPS, Otto And Elizabeth

Otto was born in Goch, Germany. He immigrated to Canada in 1912 along with his family. Once their homestead was established, they hauled the lumber to build a house and barn from Ogema.

It wasn't long before they were able to butcher their first pig. "It was too cold outside, so we butchered it in the living room, cut it up and made sausage the next day. What a mess in the house I think it took Mother, Maggie and Mary, my sisters about two weeks to get the house in the same shape it was before 'The Happy Slaughter'."

Our first neighbors were the Moen, Linthicum and Slorach families as well as many bachelors.

Sundays were a day for gathering at one of the families' homes. Entertainment on these days consisted of rodeos, baseball games or horseshoes. The women were kept busy trading recipes and making supper because it was a foregone conclusion that everybody stayed for supper. Everybody enjoyed these get-togethers.

In the earliest days freight and grain had to be hauled to Scobey and then to Assiniboia until the railroad came to what was then called Valley City, which was south of the railway track at present day Rockglen.

Valley City consisted of "old man Koontz" grocery store, Arne Henrikson's livery barn with nights lodgin's in the hay loft, the old Linderbeck house and last but not least, the bootlegger and poker joint, run by Swede Swanson, Adie Ott and Dave Beliveau.

When the C.P.R. relocated and renamed the town Rockglen, Mr. Koontz moved to Main Street and the bootlegger had a prominent place located where the community hall is now.

Neighbors were important and getting along with them was necessary. I remember almost losing a good neighbor the time we were building our house. An immigrant worker, who could hardly speak English, was staying with us. When Mr. and Mrs. Moen and Jalmer moved onto their homestead, one mile west of our place, they stayed to visit with us for awhile. In the course of conversation, coal and stove fuel were mentioned. Our worker popped up and in broken English said. "They have funny fuel here. They call it cow chips, but actually it is bullshit". This did not go over too well with Mrs. Moen! However, when explanations were made and things smoothed over, we all became good neighbors.

Many times now we recollect things that happened out there in the olden days. If it wasn't for the funny things, we did and things that were not according to the straight and narrow path, there would be nothing in our old age to remind us of the "good oil days".

KNOSS, Carl And Hattie – by Stanley Knoss

Our father, Carl Knoss, was born at Windom, Minnesota and our mother, Hattie Leder was born at Bingham Lake, Minnesota.

Dad tried his hand at different lines of work – first he worked as a hospital orderly, then he helped to build a rail line through the Judith Mountains of Montana, and finally he decided to put his hand to the soil. In 1917 he took a homestead in the Coalridge, Montana district.

Morn's uncle, Fred Leder, and his wife had taken a homestead in the Goose Creek district, but soon they decided to return to the United States. In 1920 Dad bought their quarter section homestead and put in homestead claims for their pre-emption quarter.

In 1922 he returned to Windom and on November 27 our parents were married. On a cold, snowy day that December they arrived by train in Scobey and were taken to the farm in a sleigh by Pete Engel. Mom had with her a large trunk carrying her personal belongings.

The following year there was a record crop in the district. Scobey being the closest railroad town, farmers drove their horse-pulled grain wagons across the prairie trails to the Canadian grain elevator there. Stiff was the penalty for a Canadian being caught selling his grain to an American elevator. Necessary provisions were bought there and by government agreements no reports of border crossings were necessary. But once the rail lines came through the south country the Scobey-located Canadian grain elevator and custom-free crossings came to an end.

Because Mom was still an American citizen, the two oldest children, Sylvia and Herschel were born at Scobey. Gerald, John, George and Verna were born at home. In 1935 Bernice was born; seven weeks later she died of pneumonia. The youngest, Violet and I (Stanley), were born in the Red Cross Hospital in Rockglen.

Along with everyone else, our parents experienced the bad along with the good. There were extremes in drought, hail and snow. During the 1928 hail storm every window in our house was broken. A neighbor lost six hundred sheep. Hail stones were reported to have gone through a neighbor's house roof. Animals were so frightened that they tore through four or five fences to try to escape the hail. There were stones the size of a five- pound syrup pail.

One year a severe March snow storm caused our cattle to drift away. Two cattle were found by the Montana border.

In the late forties a tornado swept through the farm yard taking the chicken coop. There were the chickens, ducks and geese looking straight up into the rain wondering what had happened. A washing machine beside the house was picked up and dropped by the well.

When the folks first came, their mail came to George Goudie's, having been brought from Verwood. In the late twenties Dad carried the mail for several years from Lacordaire to Luella Post Office.

When Goose Creek School closed in 1952, Mom and Dad moved to Rockglen so Violet and I could attend school.

In February, 1962 Dad died. Mom still resides in Rockglen.

KOCH, Joseph And Anna – by Louise Stang

My father, Joseph Koch, came to Canada, from Austria, in 1900. He settled in Winnipeg, Man. and worked as a bricklayer and mason.

He met my mother, Anna Yost, also from Austria, and they were married in 1909.

In 1911, they came to Saskatchewan and stayed with Yosts.

In 1912 Mr and Mrs. Joseph Koch came to their homestead which was four miles southwest of where Rockglen now is. They traveled by ox teams and wagons from Estevan (one hundred seventy miles). At that time they had one child, Henry, who was two years old. They stayed with Anton Yosts (Mrs. Koch's brother) in their sod home for a few months. Then Joseph built a wooden shack on his homestead. They were in the process of moving when a cyclone blew up in July, 1912. Belongings were scattered for miles around.

Food and all other supplies had to be hauled by ox teams and wagons, over rough prairie trails, from Moose Jaw. This trip sometimes took two weeks.

The prairie sod was ploughed with oxen and a sulky plow. During their first years of farming, machines were very scarce. The threshing of the first grain (oats) was done by having horses walk back and forth over the pile of cut grain. Hay mowers were pulled by oxen or a team of horses to cut the prairie wool (grass).

Wild meat was plentiful. Deer, jack rabbits, bush rabbit, prairie chickens and ducks were shot and shared with the neighbors.

Our first Post Office was in the home of Fergussons. Later Mrs. Harry Atkinson was our Post Mistress.

I, Louise, was born in 1914, my brother Anton in 1918, and my sister, Dorothy, in 1929.

Henry attended Wheat Bench School for a few years until Ayrton School District was formed in 1920-21. Then Henry and I attended Ayrton School. Our school term was from March to December, depending on the weather, as most of us walked.

In 1926-27 Dad built a new house, about one mile north of the homestead shack. This is now the home of Lawrence Yost.

The 'thirties' were rough years for the farmers with frost, drought and dust storms. In 1937 not a bushel of grain was harvested.

My folks farmed till the early fifties when they sold the farm and moved to Surrey, B.C. Mother passed away in 1956. Dad kept his home for a few years, then entered a nursing home where he passed away in 1969, at the age of eighty-seven years.

Henry and his wife live in Moose Jaw. They have one daughter.

In 1939 Frank Stang and I were married and moved to the Frank Stangl Sr. farm, where he farmed till 1971, when we retired to Assiniboia. Many happy days were spent on the farm. We have two daughters and four grandchildren. Our daughters, Dorothy and Patricia, are now Mrs. Stan Knoss of Rockglen and Mrs. Glenn Gronnerud of Fort McMurray, Alberta.

KOLLER, Markus And Lorna

Markus Koller arrived in Canada from Buccovina, Romania, in April 1926, at the age of nineteen. For the next two years he worked on farms around Regina, and tried to learn the English language. In 1928 he came to the Maxstone district to work for Jake Broeder. During the next years, he worked for Ralph Kwasnicki in the Scout Lake district and Jack Mayhew in the Lisieux district.

In 1934 Markus married Lorna Hutchinson of the Scout Lake district. After a journey by wagon, they started farming on the Ben Weeres farm at Pickthall. Times were very hard for the next four years due to drought.

In 1938 they moved to the Siler farm in the Hay Meadow district, by hayrack. The wheat crop was poor that year, because of rust.

The next year's crops improved considerably. All farming operations had been done by horses. In 1943 Markus bought a Ford tractor and machinery, also a one-half ton truck.

Markus Koller bought the Jake Kwasnicki farm in 1945. The family – three sons and one daughter, moved to their own farm on February 14, 1945.

During the following years the Koller family bought the surrounding land; this was a mixed farming district.

In 1967 Markus bought a house in Assiniboia. He retired from farming two years later. He sold the farm to the government for community pasture in 1971. Markus' health failed and he passed away in 1975. Lorna resides in Assiniboia. Arnold farms at Scout Lake. Eric passed away October 20, 1964. Richard is Agriculture Adviser in Weyburn and Catherine lives in Kamloops, British Columbia.

KUEBLER, Ernest And Ellen

Ernest Kuebler was born in Germany and Ellen Kuebler (Bliss) in England. Ernest came to Lincoln, Nebraska, in the early 1900's, and Ellen Bliss about the same time. They were married in Lincoln, Nebraska, 1905 and came to Regina in 1910.

They were in Regina at the time of the cyclone in 1911. The part of the town where they lived was not seriously damaged.

They moved to Scout Lake in 1912 and lived there until 1941 when they moved to Vancouver.

When they came from Regina they traveled by horses and wagon, sleeping under the wagon by night with two small children, Harold and Jessie. Ronald died in Regina at the age of eighteen months.

They built a sod house and barn and lived in the house for four years. They built a one-room house a quarter mile south of the sod shack. Water was their biggest problem, wells were dug by hand.

Ernest worked for J. B. Smith in Assiniboia for a year while Mrs. Kuebler stayed on the homestead. With the children and chores it was a full time job.

The Kueblers had a family of seven, three girls and four boys. Five are still living. Jessie is buried in the Grand Valley Cemetery. Jessie died of pneumonia in 1921. The Red Cross was sending a nurse from Regina, by the time she arrived, Jessie was dead.

Harold attended the first school at Scout Lake at the age of nine.

Mr. Kuebler farmed with oxen, and many times there was daylight between the plough seat and Ernest's, when he hit rocks. If there was a slough hole and the oxen were thirsty, man, plough and oxen were in the slough.

Mr. Kuebler went to Ogema for threshing to add to their meager income. He would come home in the snow and was met at the door by Mrs. Kuebler who would hand him clean clothes to change out in the snow, the dirty clothes to be left outside with the lice that came with them.

The town of Scout Lake was built at Kuebler's, S. Hutchinson's and George Mein's corner. Some of the business places were on George Mein's corner, Counter General Store and Post Office. On Stan Hutchinson's was Baldik's pool room and barber shop, Clark & Scott general store. On Kuebler's corner was Citizen Lumber Yard, Robinson Garage, Real Estate office (C. Sproule's), Marum's Livery Stable, Yve Kim's Laundry. The town moved to its present site in 1926 when the railroad came through. The first school was one mile north of the old town. Ernest died 1953, Ellen died 1964. Mr. and Mrs. Ken Emery (Aline Kuebler) now reside on the original homestead at Scout Lake.

KUPPER, Anton And Family – by Gary Kupper

The ship was beyond all imagination. The black hull was filthy and very unhealthy. The ship was old, it rocked and swayed in the water and many immigrants feared they would never see land again.

In 1910, Anton and Agnes Kupper and their four children, Jacob age 10, Katherine age 8, Frank age 5, and Amy age 2 left Sultz, Russia and traveled by train to Odessa where they boarded a Russian freight liner so old it was feared it would fall apart. They changed ships in England to

a beautiful ocean vessel and some days later landed in Canada. They traveled by train from there until they reached a small town in Saskatchewan called Vibank. There Anton worked as a hired man for four years.

In 1914 they left Vibank and started out for a homestead. There were two new additions to their family. George who was born in 1911 and Eugene who was born in 1913.

The homestead was on a piece of land which is now part of the present Belsher Farms. Anton had a quarter section of homestead land and later obtained a quartet section of pre-emption land. After this he bought a quarter section of land known as Hudson's Bay land. He made his living from three quarters of land which he farmed with oxen to start with and later horses.

A two room sod shack was built on the homestead and used for close to nine years.

Sorrow struck the Kupper family in 1916 when Agnes Kupper died giving birth to twins, which unfortunately, were both born dead.

Times went slow and steady after this sad event until 1923 when Anton Kupper met and married Rose Weisgerber who had lost her husband some years before. The sod house was torn down and life went on in the quaint comfort of a granary until a new home was completed in 1924 for the newly married couple.

That same year Eleanor Schnell was taken into the Kupper family as a tender baby, at the age of one-half hour and raised as one of their own.

Things became lively once more. The house became well-known for lovely old-time dance parties. Old timers gathered by the dozens in the house to forget their problems and enjoy the evening in dance and song.

Life was filled with happiness, but also with a little humor and occasional embarrassment. A working day meant the floors had to be scrubbed. As a typical boy Eugene had devilish ideas. He sauntered into the house one day and saw what he thought was his sister Amy scrubbing the floor with her backside towards him. He cunningly picked up a heavy cast iron skillet from the cupboard and stole over to the busy body and continued to carry through his devilish plan. When she turned around to see what had happened it turned out to be his step-mother, Rose Kupper. Eugene ran out of the house and cleverly forgot to return for a few hours.

New improvements were made to the farm when a large barn was built in 1926. It was quite a landmark and was even used in a Halloween prank. It was told that Paul Lewis hoisted a calf up into the barn loft and by mistake the calf fell through one of the feed holes into a manger. It was fortunately rescued safe and sound.

A favorite pastime for the two younger boys, George and Eugene was to steal fruit from the basement since they thought it should be eaten more often instead of saving it for company.

They lived on the farm until 1945 when they sold the farm and took up residence in Rockglen.

Anton became sick after a couple years and died in April of 1947. Rose Kupper moved to Regina that same year and still resides there. She has four surviving children, Nora (Mrs. Jack Zopf of Stoughton), Kate (Mrs. Tom Eberle of Regina), Eugene Kupper of Vancouver, and George Kupper of Rockglen.

KWASNICKI, Ed And Helen) – by Jeanette Meidohl

My father, Ed Kwasnicki, was born in 1910, northeast of Regina at Zehner. His family moved to a farm one-half mile north of Maxstone in the spring of 1912. Ed got his education at Stonehenge school. He worked at home until July, 1930, when he went to work for Jack Mayhew at Lisieux for three months. That fall he went to work for his brother, Adam, at Scout Lake. He worked there for two years, and later worked for his brother, Jake, of Scout Lake. During these years at his brother's he played on a baseball team in the summer – mostly at

Campbell's lease. They played against teams from the surrounding districts. To pass the winter months they played bridge.

In 1936 Dad started farming on his own, six miles west of Lisieux. He rented from Peter Hebert. That fall he married my mother, the former Helen Mihalcea from the Killdeer district. They were married in Lisieux at St. Theresa's Catholic Church. I was born in January 1938, in Rockglen. We moved from Lisieux to our farm, one mile east of Rockglen in the spring of 1939. My brother Delbert was born in Rockglen in April, 1942 and my sister Dolores was born in November 1943 at my grandparent's farm at Killdeer.

On Oct. 1, 1952 Dad took over the dairy business from Griffins and we became "The Milkman". Instead of hiring help, Dad paid the three of us children to help him, which certainly kept us out of mischief. He quit supplying Rockglen with milk, March 31, 1962.

We belonged to St. John's Catholic Church and Mom was an active member of the C.W.L. for thirty years. We worked hard for many C.W.L. Fowl Suppers and Bazaars. Dad curled for many years and enjoyed the bonspiels and card playing.

I married Ted Meidahl from Cabri, Sask. in 1957 and we have three sons. Dolores married Peter Dighans of Peerless, Montana, in 1962 and they live on a ranch with their four daughters.

In 1967 Del started his own custom combining operation, operating south to Texas. In 1969, an unfortunate accident resulted in his being paralyzed from the shoulders down. He resides at Wascana Hospital in Regina.

In 1975, Dad sold the farm to Gordie Mattson and he built a new home in Assiniboia. He is an avid fisherman and gets away to the lakes whenever possible. Mom still occupies her hours with sewing, knitting, crocheting and many other such hobbies.