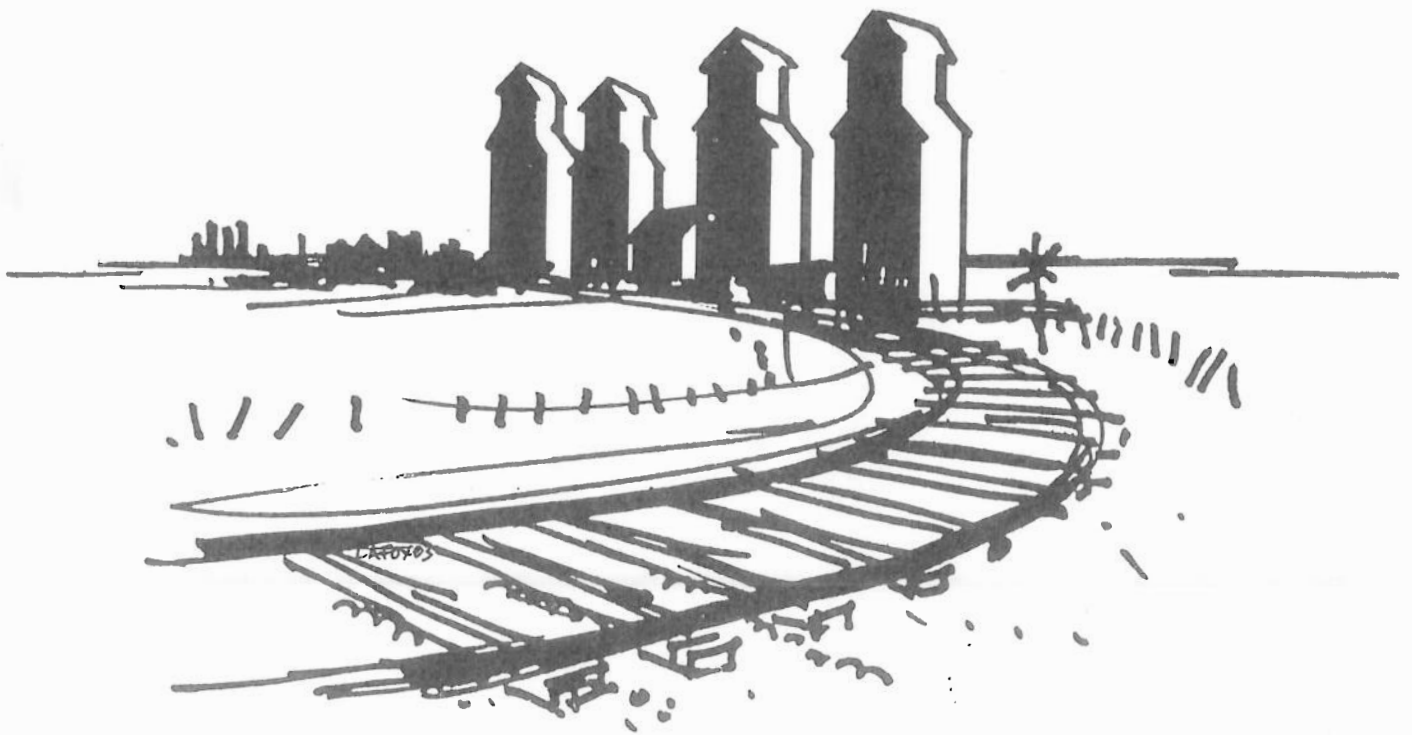


"the ties that bind"



ESTLIN GRAY RICETON BECHARD

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ISBN 0-88925-456-7

Published by
Bechard, Riceton, Gray and Estlin History
Box 31
Riceton, Saskatchewan T0L 0T0
Canada

First printing, 1984

Printed and bound in Canada by
Friesen Printers
a Division of D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.
5720 Macleod Trail S.W.
Calgary, Alberta T2H 0J6
Canada

Head Office
Altona, Manitoba R0G 0B0
Canada

Estlin Family Histories

Mr. and Mrs. Abrey
as told to Marnie McQuoid by Annabelle
(Boyle) Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Abrey came to the Estlin area in 1908, bringing with them two sons, John and Clifford.

A large company looking for gas settled the family two miles east of Estlin at the crossroad, building them an adequate little house on the north side of the road (almost directly across from the present Eberle farm).

A large derrick was erected and drilling proceeded, but only salt water was found. The capped pipe is still visible for their efforts.

The family was two years in the area, leaving, no doubt, to try again elsewhere.

Michael and Helen Anaka
by Michael H. Anaka

My parents emigrated from the Ukraine in 1901 and settled on a homestead north of Yorkton at Tetlock P.O. Northwest Territories. The C.P. railroad tracks terminated at Yorkton at that time and now it is on the Yellow Head highway. Their temporary home was half dug in the ground and the top half made of

poplar logs and plastered with clay; the roof was made of logs and covered with sod. It was a one room home with a stove and table at one end and home-made beds with hay mattresses at the other end.

I was born at this home on April 5th, 1904. In 1905 the province was formed, but the mail was still brought by horseback from Yorkton to Tetlock P.O. In 1909 the Grand Trunk Railroad was built from Melville to Canora, then the post office was changed to Gornitz.

When I was eight years old, a school was built in the district named Annak #2758 and I was one of the first pupils to attend. At 18 years I was employed locally; at 19 I went to Winnipeg and got work at the brick yard which was hard work. After working about two months a friend and I decided to go east and look for an easier job. We got on a livestock freight train in Winnipeg, went as far as Thunder Bay, Ont., then took a passenger train to Windsor Ont. Our plans were to go to Detroit, Michigan, and get work at some car manufacturing plant. Since I was under age, I was refused entry by Immigration Officers. By this time my money was getting low; finally I got work with the Canadian National Railway in the round house servicing locomotives.

In 1922 I managed to cross to Detroit, U.S.A. and immediately got work at Ford Motor Company where I worked for about 18 months, until car sales were down and I worked only three days a week. I took four weeks leave and went home for a holiday. Before the four weeks were up, I got a letter from a friend saying that conditions at Ford had not improved. I then went to Winnipeg, took a course in tractor repair, and later worked on a farm nearby.

In the spring of 1925 I came to Regina and got work on the farm of Park Williams — Section nine and ten — Township 15 — Range 20 — W2nd. The road going by was called Yellowstone Trail. It was marked with a dab of yellow paint on some of the telephone poles.

Mr. Williams' first tractor was a Fordson on steel wheels and it was great for picking up dirt. His next



Mike and Helen Anaka, 1977.

tractor was a Twin City — it was much larger. At harvest I pulled two binders behind the tractor with a man on each binder. There were two other horse-drawn binders and five or six men stooking. At first threshing was done with a Case steam engine and separator. Later Mr. Williams sold the steam outfit and got another separator and ran it with a Twin City tractor. I was operating tractor and separator. In the morning the men would get up to feed the horses and I would go out to the outfit in the field to get it fueled, greased and set up before the rest of the crew came out. Someone would bring my breakfast and once the outfit was going I would eat. It was the same at noon when every one went to the house for lunch. Again I would fuel, grease and reset the machine and be ready to go when the men came out — then eat my lunch while the machine was going.

Along came the dirty thirties! Soil was drifting so bad. When seeding with a drill, at times a person had to get down on their knees to see where the seed was. There wasn't much crop or garden that year. People from Eastern Canada shipped carloads of vegetables and apples. Cars were spotted at different towns. Usually municipal councilors would distribute so much to each family, then move the car to another town. Other relief was also given by the municipality.

In 1931 or 1932 Park bought an International #11 combine and swather. One man was on the tractor and I was on the combine. If the man on the tractor was not watching the speed he was going, he would plug the combine and I would have to come down and clean out the cylinder. When this happened too often, I told the man that, since he had control of the tractor speed, if he plugged the combine again he would have to clean it. He was careful after that. With the coming of the combines there were more trucks in the district. Some evenings we would take a truck and go to Estlin to get the mail and if there was a baseball game we would stay and watch it. Bud Williams would referee some of the games.

Estlin was a busy place at that time; there was one general store, and a man named Gunderson managed the lumber yard and sold some machinery parts. Ike Carson was a tinsmith and Postmaster. A blacksmith shop operated by (jolly) Rody Girsberger was where local farmers would gather and talk about their problems or accomplishments while waiting for Rody to do some work for them. Also there was a dance Hall. At harvest time, especially after the rain, the gathering would be at the elevator office. The farmers would come to see if their grain was ready to combine. Before moisture testers came out, the agent would put his hand in the grain, feel it, then take a few grains in his mouth, bite on it, spit it out and say if he would take it as dry or not.

Before the combine era, when harvest was done, it was time to do fall plowing. Five horses were hitched tandem to a three disk plow, and we plowed almost until freeze up. Then it was time to haul grain to Estlin, mostly with horses. Some would drive one team and lead another team with a load of grain. Grain was loaded one day and we would start early the next morning for Estlin.

Every one wanted to get to town early so they would not have to wait very long to unload. Later in the morning there would be a line up for a quarter of a mile each way from the elevators. Some mornings about six-thirty, it would still be dark, but you could hear the wagons begin to roll.

On June 23, 1935 I married Helen Sklaruk, whose parents also came from the Ukraine. They homesteaded about seven miles from where my parents lived. After we had our wedding day set I began to convert my Model A two door Ford so we could sleep in it on our honeymoon. I made some changes so I could turn the front seats sideways for the night, stretch a heavy canvas from the seat to the top of the floor boards, with mosquito netting on the windows. I made a camp stove to cook our meals. We always carried extra fire wood along. We spent one week in Riding Mountain National Park.



Mike and Helen Anaka on their honeymoon, 1935.

We moved to the present place SW quarter of 35-15-19, April 23, 1936, still working for Park Williams, first for wages, later on crop share. Before moving here I made arrangements with a merchant in my home town to pick up a cookstove, bed, chairs and other things we had to have, at Ashdowns Hardware in Regina. I got the truck from Park Williams and my brother John and I went to Regina, picked up those goods, drove to the farm and began to unpack. We set up the stove first, then began to unpack other things. By that time it was getting dark, so we filled the lamp with coal oil, then found out that we had a lamp chimney, but no wick or burner. I told my brother to go to Estlin and get a lantern from the

National grain elevator. I got some wood to start a fire in the stove, and when the stove warmed up, the oil and paint on it began to smoke, so we had to open doors and windows to get the smoke out. As it was dark the lantern did not give much light. Helen got some supper ready and then we set up the bed. We were tired, so we put the light out and got into bed. All of a sudden there was a crash, and the head of the bed came down on top of us. We crawled out, found the matches, lit the lantern and set up the bed once more, making sure it was done properly this time.

We worked 10 years on crop share. In 1946 Moody Bible Institute had the E half and NW quarter of 23-15-19 for sale. We had saved enough money for a down payment, and I got a loan from Huron & Erie Mortgage Corp. to buy this land. At first we gave a share of the crop for the use of the machinery. Two years later we owned the equipment and were renting Sec. 35-15-19 where the buildings were. In 1956 this land was for sale and we bought the south half with the buildings. Our neighbors were: Mr. and Mrs. Nick Noll SW 2-16-19, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cleveland SW 26-15-10, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodman SW 23-15-19, Mr. John Wilkening SE 27-15-19, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Runkle (the Auctioneer) SW 22-15-19, Mr. George Marshall NE 22-15-19, Mr. and Mrs. George Wiks SW 24-15-19.

We had three children, Robert (known as Bob) and Beverly went to Springdale School SE¼ 15-16-19 W2nd, later to Balfour Technical School in Regina. Dale went to Springdale school at first, then to Boyle School at Estlin. Some of his teachers at Estlin were Steve Lupic and Mrs. Isabel Boesch. Dale finished his grade 12 at Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina. He also took one year at University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask. and two years at Southern Alberta School of Technology in Calgary, Alta.

When the children were growing up we took them to sport days and to the good old Christmas Concerts which were held in Estlin Hall or at the school. People would come for miles and bring their children to see Santa Claus.

When the Curling rink was completed, there was lots of entertainment during the winter, especially during the Bonspiel. Some had to get the ice ready, others make the draws. Ladies had a lunch room where they sold coffee, soup, home-made pies and other goodies. They took turns at their work. Sometimes it was long hours, but if you enjoy what you are doing, you still would have a little smile or joke.

There is one Bonspiel that I will never forget. Our team had to play at four p.m. and a storm was coming up, so I decided to get the children home from school before I went to curl. By the time the game was over

there was a real blizzard outside. There were curlers from Estlin, Gray, Kronau and Wilcox. I didn't get home until the third day. It was a good thing the phone was working so every one could phone home to say where they were. We stayed at the rink and ate most everything the ladies had in the lunch room. We bought some groceries from the store and some from townspeople. Murl Dunbar was the Emergency supervisor. Most of us slept on the benches and took turns to stoke the heater with coal. At home the wind blew the barn door down, so Helen and the children had to put it up during the storm.

Bob was employed by Saskatchewan Telephones for a while. Later by Co-op Refinery in Regina while helping me with farm work. In 1960 Bob married Ruth Middlemiss from Regina. They lived in Regina until 1964 when he moved a house to the same yard in which we were, and worked at the refinery. In 1970 he left the refinery and became a full-time farmer. In 1973 he purchased W half of Sec. 26 Tws. 15 Rng. 19 W2nd. from our good neighbors Wright and Marian Cleveland. After selling their land they moved to Campbell River, B.C. Bob built a seed cleaning plant and is growing Elite, Foundation and Registered seed now.

Bob and Ruth have three children, Karen is in second year at Saskatchewan University, Saskatoon, Sask. Warren and Dean are going to Balfour Technical School in Regina.

Beverly is married, lives in Regina, and works for the Sask. Government. Dale worked a year in Vancouver B.C. as a draftsman for B.C. Power. He spent about three months travelling in Europe, one winter as Ski Instructor at St. Jovie, Quebec and two winters at Whistler Mountain, B.C. He is now an Estimator for Wilson Steel Fabricators in Vancouver B.C. Dale married Allison Conelley of Vancouver in 1981. They have one daughter.

Helen and I are long time members of a Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Regina. I was on some building committees and six years on the Executive board. We belong to Branch #133 of Saskatchewan Seniors Association in Regina, and meet every Thursday. I was elected as a delegate to a convention at Saskatoon in 1977. Helen was a delegate in 1981 at Saskatoon and in 1982 at Yorkton.

A Salute to Our Oldtimers

Youth laughs at us oldtimers and maybe youth has a cause,

For when your hair gets grey and thin, you really don't expect applause.

Perhaps we are not so handsome and perhaps we're not so spry,

When youth gets as old as us, then youth won't wonder why.
 For we have fought the battles and we have led the Van,
 We have made this life an easier road for many a younger man.
 He will do tomorrow, a lot of things that pay,
 Because old timers thought them out and tried them yesterday.
 We know the world is changing; the ways of trade are new,
 Men put new labels on their goods, new roofs on houses, too.
 But still the old foundation that some old timer laid,
 Remains the cornerstone of all the progress men made.

The Joseph Anwender Family by grandson Frank A. Anwender

Joseph and Anna Anwender with their small daughter, Lena, Anna's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Doman, and Anna's sister, Lena, left Zychidorf, Hungary (now Yugoslavia) and arrived in Canada in 1897. They spent the winter at St. Joseph's Colony.

The following year, 1898, they each homesteaded a quarter section of land. Joseph Anwender worked



Joseph and Anna Anwender.

for Tom Craigie. The farm is now Whitmore Park, Regina. Henry Doman worked on the railroad. They, with twelve other families, started the Colony of Zychidorf and dug a well by hand with a post hole auger; It was a flowing well. During the 30's people for miles around got their water from a well in the same location. This land is now being farmed by grandson, Harvey Anwender. Some of the names of the first fourteen families in the Colony were Joseph Anwender, Henry Doman, Jacob Frechat, three Bolen families, the Siller family and two Aamons.

Joseph and Anna had two more children, Frank H. born 1900 and Pete born 1910. Lena was born in 1896. Frank H. went to the old Springdale school located across from the W. E. Drew farm. When it closed he went to South Regina for a while, then to St. Mary's School and Central Collegiate in Regina.

In 1916 Frank H. met Katie Ambrosi at a dance at Kleisinger Hall in Regina. They were married November 6, 1922. In April, 1924, they moved out on their own and rented a quarter NE 16-16-19-W2nd from Paul Humbert, where there was a house on a one year lease. This lease lasted until 1940. The rest of their farm buildings were across the road. The barn had been built in 1923 and was the site of many school picnics and barn dances. It was always their intention to build a house in that yard, but the 30's came and they never did build.

Joseph Anwender sold one acre and donated two acres of land for the new Springdale school, on the S.E. corner of section 15-16-19-W2nd. The new house he built is where his grandson, Harvey, and family now live. Joseph Anwender died in 1925 and Anna continued living in the house with Pete until his marriage in 1933. Anna died in 1965.

Frank H. Anwender was on the Springdale school board and on the first Board of Directors of Sherwood Co-op. His membership number was 32. Prior to their retirement in 1960 Frank and Katie moved to Regina in the winters. They had gone through the dirty 30s, cutworms and grasshoppers, and the hard times of those years. They had two sons: Frank A. and Joe H., born in 1923 and 1928. Frank H. died in 1978 and Katie still lives in her own home in Regina.

Frank A. met Amelia Mack in 1945 and they were married April 22, 1946. They bought a half-section S.E. of Rowatt from Emmet Curtin in 1946 and are still living there. They had four children: Bobby, born 1947 and died in infancy; Shary, 1949; Ron, 1952; and Carol, 1955. They all attended King Edward School until its closing in 1966. Their high school education was obtained in Bosco High School and Miller High School in Regina.

Shary received her R.N. training at the Grey

Nun's (Pasqua) Hospital in Regina. She married Brian Smith, an independent trucker, in 1979. They have a son, Scott, (1982) and live in Winnipeg, Man.

Ron married Joanne Neuman in 1973 and they have two children; Jason (1976) and Jolyn (1980). They farm in the Rowatt district and operate ANCO Farms custom grain drying.

Carol married Joanne's brother, Jim Neuman, in 1974. They have three daughters: Jenny (1978), Alisa (1980) and Andrea (1982). They live in Allan, Sask., where Jim is an assistant manager at the Toronto Dominion Bank.

Joe H. married Marie (Penny) Pinette on August 5, 1950 in Regina. They moved to Calgary, Alta., in 1961. They had four children: Debby (1951); Cathy (1953); Patti (1956) and Mike (1961). Penny passed away in 1973 and Joe remarried on May 20, 1978 to Mary Bradbrook. Joe and Mary live in Calgary where Joe has a position of Sales Rep. for Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan with Huege Canada.

Debby married Phil Jarvis in 1973 and they have two children — Dallas and Ashley. Phil is a Sales Manager at Conmac Industries in Calgary.

Cathy married David Jenkins, a mortgage broker, in 1977. They have one son, Jared, and live in Calgary.

Patti married Bryan Porelli in 1979. They have a daughter, Desiree. Bryan is a bricklayer in Calgary.

Mike, still single, is a lighting technician based in Calgary.

Back to the original family — Joseph and Anna's daughter, Lena, married Henry Hornsberger and they farmed in the district before moving to Avonhurst and Qu'Appelle. They moved to Kelowna, B.C. in 1939. They had nine children; six girls and three boys. Henry passed away but Lena is still living in Kelowna.

Pete Anwender married Lena Debert and they had two children, Harvey and Marlene. Pete and Lena live in Regina and will be married fifty years in November.

Harvey married Helen Hueser and they have three children — Beverley, Curtis and Brenda. Harvey moved to the farm in 1965 and with the help of his son still farms his Grandfather's land.

Marlene and John Lane live in Edmonton, Alta. They have one son, Jason.

In 1980, Saskatchewan's 75th Birthday, I, Frank A., received a Family Farm Heritage Award for still having the original homestead in the family farm, from 1898 to the present date.

Ron, son of Frank and Amelia Anwender, was killed in a tragic farm accident September 6, 1983.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Arbuckle as told to Marnie McQuoid by Annabelle (Boyle) Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Arbuckle, a couple in their early twenties, came from Ontario about 1904 or 1905. They homesteaded directly across the road from the original Tom Jefferson homestead.

The Arbuckles had five children: Joe, Elmer, Viola, Roy and Lottie. At birth Lottie weighed only two pounds. To keep her alive they wrapped her in cotton batting and laid her on the oven door for added warmth — a far cry from the incubators for the newborn of today. Her sturdy little constitution won out, and she survived.

The family returned to Ontario about 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie Colin Armstrong by MacKenzie

MacKenzie Colin Armstrong ("Mac") and his wife, Marchetta, lived in the C.N. station from April, 1943 to Summer 1955 where Mac was station agent. Marchetta's little "Pee Wee Store" was called "the smallest store in Canada". It was a tiny building on the location of Doug Wallace's present buildings.

These people were active in the Community, especially in curling and Bonspiels, and were always "the life of the party".



The John Baker homestead. Picture taken 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker Sr. and Family by Mary Baker (Mrs. Joe Baker)

Mr. John Baker was born in Tichydorf, Hungary in 1870. He married Anna Maria Wingert in 1895; she also was born in Tichydorf, Hungary, in the year 1876. They came to Canada in 1900 with their infant son, Andrew, and they lived in Regina for two years. They took over the homestead which was owned by Mr. Baker's brother, Frank. The homestead was about twelve miles South of Regina, now on #6 highway and is still owned by the Baker family.

Many families came to homestead in the district at that time. It was all grass and prairie, consequently the biggest danger was a prairie fire. When they moved to the homestead all they had were two sacks

of flour, two horses and a plough to start farming. There was no water supply. In the winter snow was melted for the live-stock and also for the house. In the summer water was hauled from a big slough, which is now called Buck Lake.

In 1909 King Edward School was built and Andrew was one of the first children to start. In that school also were the Novak and the Kirby children. Joe attended at five years of age, as they needed six children to open the school. Mr. Baker Sr. was one of the first members on the schoolboard.

Mr. Baker had four sons, Andy, the eldest, Joe, Frank and John, and with the hired help and his sons the farm progressed. They had as many as thirty to forty work horses and also raised their own colts. They milked several cows and Mrs. Baker sold butter, cream, eggs and garden produce to relatives and friends in Regina.

As the years went by and the machinery got bigger, tractors came into being. Their first one was a Steel Mule Tractor bought in 1923. They attended the Roman Catholic church in Regina until the "Lady of the Prairie" was built at Rowatt. Mr. Baker passed away at the age of 70 years in 1941 and Mrs. Baker passed away at the age of 68 in 1944. Mr. and Mrs. John Baker Sr. and family had survived many hardships. They endured the depression years of the 1930's and the difficulties of the war years.

Their Children

Andrew was the infant born in Hungary. He married Magdalena Kepborn in 1920 and took up farming just south of the home place on #6 highway. They had four children. Andrew passed away several years ago and his wife, Magdalena, is living in Regina.

Andrew's children

Imelda — resides in Regina.

Edward — resides at Assiniboia and is married and has two children.

Terry — they have two daughters, Marie and Rita, and a son, David.

Marie — who taught school at "Kirby" and is presently Sister Marie of the Sisters of our Lady of the Missions.

Paul — passed away July 5, 1936 at the age of seven — drowned in their home dugout.

Joe Baker

Joe Baker remained on the home place. He married Mary Ann Fichter in 1941. Mary was born in Estevan on September 29, 1910, her parents being John Fichter and Katherin Fiest. They have two children. Joe Baker raised pure-bred horses and Short-horn cattle. He served for forty years on Bratt's Lake Municipal Council #129 as councillor and Reeve. He was on the Estlin Wheat Pool Committee for ten

years and served an additional eighteen years as Chairman. Joe Baker also served on numerous committees: Santa Maria Home, Wascana Centre Authority, etc.

Joe Baker's Children

Ann — is married to Kenneth Shirley and is now residing in Grand Forks, B.C. Ann took her schooling at King Edward school, high school in Regina and received her R.N. at Grey Nun's. She took post graduate studies in Psychiatry in Essoudale, B.C. They have two children — a son, Murray, and a daughter, Janet.

Robert — Robert is on the home place, (the Baker Farm). He is married to Marlene Scheafer — they have two children. A daughter, Michelle, and a son, Joseph Jr. born January, 1983.

Frank Baker

Frank Baker farmed near Estlin until he retired and moved to Regina. He married Matilda Fichter. They had two daughters.

Joanne — is married to Peter Berscani.

Bonita — is married to Ron Basi.

John Baker Jr.

John Baker Jr. was a veterinarian. He married Irene Babineau on January 5, 1934 and passed away September, 1934. He died of Encephalitis as there was an epidemic of equine encephalitis that year. He resided at North Battleford and passed away at the age of twenty-five years.

The Joe Baker farm home was honoured one special day by a visit from the Earl of Athlone, and Princess Alice, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting. They had Tea with the Baker family and were very gracious and charming guests, interested in every aspect of a Saskatchewan farm. It had rained heavily previously, but gravel on the Baker yard made the out door tour a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Baker by Edward Baker

John and Anna Baker, with their infant son Andrew, came to Canada from Hungary in 1902 and settled on their homestead twelve miles south of Regina, (which was then the North West Territories). Their other sons, Joseph, Frank, and John were born there.

Andrew married Madeline Kehborn in 1920 and took up farming in the Estlin area where they remained until their retirement in the fall of 1971. They had four children — Imelda, Edward (Ed), Paul and Marie.

Imelda has worked in Regina most of her life and is now looking forward to retirement.

Ed, after high school, entered the services for three years — two and a half years being spent in

Europe. On his return to Canada he took up farming in the Craven area. Due to poor health he was forced to take up other employment. He joined the Federal Government working with the D.V.A. as a Field Officer in Assiniboia for twenty-one years. In 1967 he married Therese Leduc. They have three children: Marie (15), David (13) and Rita (11). Ed is now fully retired.

Paul passed away shortly before his ninth birthday.

Marie, after high school and Teacher's College, joined the Sisters of Our Lady of the Mission in 1960. Since then she has taught in the elementary and high school systems. She was Superior for six years and this summer (1983) will be transferred to Winnipeg where she will be Provincial of the Order in Canada.

We all remember the dirty '30's. Many times it was only the good "old faithful" school horse that brought us home safely. Grasshoppers were also a plague during these years and some days when they took wing they would black out the sun.

Of course, the old timers all recall the winters of 1946 and 1947. From January to the end of April #6 Highway was blocked for most of the time. Schools were closed, trains couldn't run. It was back to the horse and sleigh for those fortunate enough to have them.

The old Kirby School was the center of social activities — school dances, box socials, Christmas concerts.

My father, Andrew Baker, was chairman of Kirby School from 1928 until it was closed.

He was also chairman of the Wheat Pool board at Estlin for many years.

John and Annie Balderston by Bert Balderston

Both Dad and Mother were born in Lincolnshire, England; Dad in 1877 and Mother in 1878. Dad came from a family of 13, and earned a living in his early life as a farmer and dairyman. Mother was an apprentice cook in a big establishment.

They were married in 1900 and started their life together on a small farm in England. They had three children, Bert, Muriel and Harvey, before Dad emigrated to Canada in 1909.

Dad's brother, Percy, came to Toronto, Canada, in 1907, and sent back glowing reports of the prosperous life. In 1909 Dad and two more brothers, Bart and Chris, came to Regina, Saskatchewan to the wheat fields. Despite a sign reading "Men Wanted — no Englishmen need apply", Dad was hired by a family of Americans, the Charlie Rogers, who owned land 12 miles south of Regina, which later became the Estlin district.



John Balderston family. Back Row, L. to R.: Ivy, Sue, Muriel. Front Row: Harvey, Anne, John, Bert.

Dad wrote us, while we were still in England, telling us that prices were high, and not to be surprised at coffee and sandwiches costing ten cents each. He hoped to get money ahead and eventually move back to England. Land was selling for \$15.00 to \$28.00 an acre, but wages were \$25.00 a month, so he felt we could soon own land and make a very good living.

We joined Dad nine months after he moved, in October 1909 and later rented four quarters of land, until 1929, from the Roger's family. During this time two sisters, Sue and Bubbles, were born. I remember Mother saying how pleased she was to have such a warm house, with a kitchen stove large enough that she could cook five or six things at once. Mother loved to cook and was well known for her dinners, and homemade sausages. She kept the shelves well stocked with canned meats and vegetables.

The closest school was King Edward, four and a half miles away, so we attended in the summer only, as Mother and Dad were afraid of us being caught in a blizzard in the winter. It took a long time to get used to the storms we had, the worst being the cyclone in 1912. We remodelled our house in 1919 to make it larger. We also bought a threshing outfit in 1919. Muriel went into nurse's training, and Harvey and I worked the farm with Dad, but land prices rose so high we never saw the profit Dad had dreamed of making.

We had many happy years in Estlin, and after we put in a tennis court, our place became a gathering spot for the young people.

Over the years Dad read and heard of the mighty Peace River, but not until 1929 did he see it, and it was love at first sight. He bought two quarters east and south of Sexsmith on the Kleskun Lake, where they lived until 1946.

Dad passed away in 1954, and Mother in 1973.

Bert and his wife, Irene, live in Sexsmith, Alberta; Muriel lives in Vancouver, B.C.; Harvey passed away in March, 1983 in Grande Prairie, Alberta, where he and his wife, Ruth, lived; Sue lives in Edmonton, Alberta, and Bubbles and her husband, Dennis, live in Whonnack, B.C.

Mona Black Beattie by Mona (Black) Beattie



Don and Mona Beattie and family.

I am the second daughter of Claude and Betty Black, born in 1924. I spent my early years at Estlin and received education to Grade XII at Boyle School. Nurses' training, 1943 to 1946, was taken at Moose Jaw General Hospital.

In 1946 I married Don Beattie of Webb, Saskatchewan and we lived in Calgary, Alberta in 1946, then moved to Kimberley, B.C. in 1947. We have two children: Lloyd, born in 1947, now at Whistler, B.C., and Dorothy, born in 1948, now at Chilliwack, B.C. Dorothy was married in 1976 to Lorne Coulter of Kimberley, B.C., and they have two children, Sean and Laura.

Don and I moved to Sardis, B.C. in 1981 on Don's retirement.

Charles and Agnes Beaumont by Robert Beaumont

Charles and Agnes Beaumont came to Canada from Iowa, U.S.A. in 1911, where Charles had worked in the coal mines.

They first settled at Wilcox on a farm, then moved to a farm in the Estlin district in 1927, in what



Charles Beaumont family. L. to R.: Bob, Charles, Agnes, Ruth.

was then the Weardale School District. The Weardale school was on the Beaumont section and Charles served on the Weardale School Board for a number of years.

Agnes was an active member of the Ladies Aid at Estlin and helped with many community projects and was also very active in the Estlin Homemakers Club. Agnes boarded teachers in the Weardale and Estlin districts. Some of the teachers were — Miss Hill, Mamie Meek and Irene McAdams at Weardale and Olive Miller in Estlin.

Charles and Agnes had two children, Ruth and Robert. Charles and Agnes bought a retirement home in Regina in 1952 but Charles continued to farm with his son until 1974 when he was 91 years old.

Charles was born in 1883 and lived to be 98 years — Agnes was born in 1885 and died in 1957.

Ruth taught school, married Art Neighbours, and finally moved to New Zealand where she lived for ten years. She then moved to South Africa for five years, returning home in 1951 to farm in the Estlin district for four years. Ruth and her husband retired to Escondido, California.

Robert, who was born in 1921, took his public schooling at Weardale. Then his parents rented a house in Estlin where Bob took his high school. Bob married Maxine Mohr from Riceton in 1945 and had four daughters; Patricia, born 1946, Roberta, born 1949, Victoria, born 1951, and Donna, born 1954.

Their daughters received their public schooling at Estlin and their high school in Regina where Bob and Maxine bought a house and lived for nine years. They continued to farm in the summer and moved back out to Estlin in 1972 and built a new home.

Maxine taught at the Weardale school and met Bob there. The school was finally dismantled in 1959.

Patricia (Pat) received her B.A. in chemistry, worked as a civilian member of the R.C.M.P., mar-



Robert Beaumont family. L. to R.: Pat, Bob, Donna, Maxine, Roberta, Vicky.

ried Corporal Brian Copp and now lives in Victoria, B.C.; they have two daughters.

Roberta married Ryan Clark and moved to the Fairlight district to farm. They have two daughters.

Victoria (Vicky) was married and has a son and lives in Regina. Donna married Mark Wilson and lives in Silton, Saskatchewan—they have one son.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beitel **by Erwin Beitel**

Jack and Madelaine lived in the Estlin district from 1962 to 1967. The Beitel family had three children, Murray, Maureen and Erwin. All three children attended school in Estlin. Their teachers were Mr. Jack Gibson and E. Christoffel.

Murray and Erwin are farming in the Kronau district. Maureen and her family live in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Jack, between his travels, lives with Erwin on the farm at Kronau.

Carole Corinne Bender (Dunbar) **by Jean (Dunbar) Leippi**



Phillip Bender family. Standing, L. to R.: Allan Kelly, Phillip and Paul Bender. Seated: Robert Bender, Michele Kelly, baby — Brian Kelly, Carole and Christine Bender and a friend Marc Paradis.

Carole was born April 26, 1942 in Regina. She went to Bristol School for her Grade one, the last student to be enrolled in that school. She went to Estlin for her grades two to ten, then went to the Reliance School of Commerce for a stenographic course. Carole received employment with the provincial gov't in the Vital Statistics Dept. and continued to work until 1960.

She married Phillip Anthony Bender on August 29, 1959 at the Little Flower Church in Regina. Phil was employed by Will Deausy of Kronau and worked on the farm during the summer months and as a floor layer for Deausy and Co. during the winter. They lived in a 28 ft. trailer on the farm. On Feb. 16, 1960, their first child, Christine Marie, was born. With the coming of their second child, a house was fixed up for them to live in. While living in this house, they had Paul Francis Phillip, born Aug. 8, 1961 and Michele Colleen, born Sept. 7, 1962. Carole returned to work after her third child and worked as a key-punch operator with the Medi-care Dept. Phil, Carole and family moved into Regina in 1966. Their fourth and final child, Robert Darrell, was born on Dec. 28, 1967.

In the winter of 1969 Phil went to B.C. to see if they should relocate in Kelowna and on Mar. 1, 1970, Carole and her four children boarded a train at six A.M. and traveled to Kelowna. It was a constant battle with motion sickness between Carole and the kids as they traveled through the mountains. They stayed in Kelowna for nine months and on Dec. 1, 1970 at 7 A.M., Carole received a phone call from Phil telling her to start packing, he would be there with a flat-bed trailer by 11 o'clock. Carole and the kids began grabbing boxes and by two o'clock all their possessions were packed and loaded. Phil took the boys in the truck and flat-bed and Carole and the girls followed in the car. On the way the car heater stopped. It was very cold and the windows began fogging up. Carole honked her horn and blinked her lights but to no avail, so with nothing else to do, she covered her girls and her house plants with a fur coat and proceeded down the mountain roads with only a small clearing in the window to see through. Despite this, they all survived — even the plants, one of which is still living with them today. In Kamloops, which is where they went, Phil formed a company called P & R Floors, and Carole worked in various offices as an accounting clerk. As the building boom ended, Phil found he had to travel to other cities for jobs. Most of the work he found was in Edmonton, so in Oct. of 1974, Phil moved there and Carole and family moved on July 1, 1975.

Phil still owns and operates P & R Floors and Carole is working as an administration manager for

Loomis Courier Services for the prairie provinces. She is also taking a course, which she hopes to complete by Christmas, for her Certified General Accountant papers. In 1981, they purchased a new home and in 1982 they built a large garage adjoining it.

Christine, their oldest daughter, was married to Kevin Gamble on April 17, 1982. She is working as a registered nurses' assistant (R.N.A.). Paul lives in his own apartment and works for his father's company. Michele was married to Allan Kelly on Sept. 30, 1978. They have one son, Brian Allan, born Feb. 23, 1983. Michele is taking a course to get her Registered Industrial Accountant papers. Robert is living at home and is attending high school. They all reside in Edmonton.

The Claude Black Family

by Etta (Black) Pearce and Mrs. C. Black

From Etta:

This is the story of J. Claude Black and Elizabeth Cable Cameron — my parents.



Claude and Betty Black, wedding photo Dec. 6, 1921.

Dad was born at South Fork, Missouri, the only son of James William Black and Etta Wright Black. When he was seventeen he left the farm for Kansas City to take classes in steam engineering, then worked at the city power house before deciding to come to Canada.

Mother was born in Dundee, Scotland, to James Cameron and Margaret Thompson Cameron, and came to Canada in 1920. After spending some time in Regina working with the Scottish girl friends who had immigrated with her, she moved to Creelman and eventually met my father. They were married in 1921 and started farming several miles northeast of the town. In 1927 they moved to Estlin to farm where John Cross and his family had lived. My sister, Mona, and I were born at Creelman and brothers, Ralph and Roy, arrived after the move to Estlin. From Mrs. C. Black:

I well remember our move to Estlin from Creelman. It was April of 1927. The two girls and I (Etta 4, and Mona 2) stayed two or three days with friends in Creelman, then boarded the train for Regina. We stayed overnight in a hostel near St. Paul's Cathedral, got on another train the next morning and came to Estlin where Claude met us.

He and two men had come across country by way of Tyvan, Lewvan, and Sedley with the horses, two cows, some chickens, stopping for the night wherever they could find a livery barn to take care of the livestock.

Ralph was born June, 1929 and Roy in December, 1930. By that time we were having a drought and dust storms were common. However, we survived, had some good crops, but the next thing of any importance that I remember was a cyclone that swept through our farmyard in 1943, destroying granaries and other buildings, but luckily didn't harm the house.

Then again in 1952 another cyclone struck, destroying machine shed, granaries and windmill. I was in Scotland at the time, but was home in time to see part of the wreckage. It took a long time to clean up and rebuild the machine shed, and we were grateful for help from many of the neighbors.

Claude's mother lived with us for nearly three years and in 1950 we drove her home to Missouri and went on to Texas where we spent the winter and enjoyed the warm climate so much that we continued to spend our winters either in Texas or California where Ralph made his home.

Claude retired in the fall of 1960 and we moved to Regina in June of 1961. Roy is still farming the old home place at Estlin. Etta and her husband live on a farm four miles north of Wilcox. Mona and her husband are in retirement in British Columbia. From Etta:

In 1929 Dad sold his horses and mechanized the farm as much as was possible at that time. His combine and tractor were his pride and joy and he spent many hours keeping the machinery in running order. During the thirties Dad worked on cars, tractors and

trucks in his "garage" on the farm. As conditions improved he was able to buy several pieces of land and in 1950 enlarged his holdings to include the farm where we had lived since 1927.

In 1950 Dad and Mother decided they would like to spend their winters in the southern states and went to Houston, Texas. While there Dad worked for International Harvester, then Allis-Chalmers for seven seasons and continued to farm in the summer. Mother was quite content with this kind of life.

My Mother still lives on Argyle Street, keeping busy with the house and yard and visiting my father almost daily in the Regina General Hospital, where he is and has been a patient for the past two years.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Ralph Black **by Dr. J. Ralph Black**

I am the oldest son of James Claude and Elizabeth Black who moved to Estlin in 1927. I was born in Regina General Hospital and took Grades one to twelve at Estlin.

If one has any claim on an Estlin heritage, I think mine is rather unique — the last kid ever to receive a Grade XII diploma from Boyle School! It was in 1946 when Mr. Paul Lambert and the Government correspondence courses nursed me through (with nine other grades and about twenty-five students) in that one room (condensed) during the war. Since there were no other students coming up, it was permanently decided to stop teaching Grades XI and XII in 1947.



Dr. Ralph and Gladys Black.

At the time one felt a little deprived, as my grades were barely sufficient to get into University. There I was a real minority (with multiple teachers and students), but somehow those high school years of scraping for oneself, forever taking tests, memorizing lab results that couldn't possibly be done, did engrain in me study habits that were later to be helpful in catch-up work with my more privileged colleagues at University.

Today that school picture hangs prominently in our home in California. The Grade XII diploma is long lost, but my memories are with those few teachers who struggled through with me there! How great it was that I had nothing better to do!

After these absorbing high school days were finished, I went on to the University of Saskatchewan where I graduated with a B.Sc. in Agriculture (1950) and one of my instructors was Russell Clarke! After Agriculture, I found it only took a few courses to fulfill the Pre Med requirements, so I did this and entered the University of Alberta Faculty of Medicine in 1951, obtaining my M.D. in 1955. I then interned at the hospital where I was born — R.G.H! There I met an R.N. — Gladys O. Kilden, whom I married in 1956.



Dr. R. Blacks family. L. to R.: Patricia, James, Valerie.

Later events included doing general practice in Regina in 1956 and leaving there to go to the University of California at San Francisco for an Anesthesia Residency, which was completed in 1959. In 1960 I went to the University of California at Los Angeles as Instructor in Anesthesia at Harbor General Hospital and later went into private practice in Torrance, California, and I am still there.

We have resided in Rolling Hills, California, for many years with two or three trips back to Saskatche-

wan every year. We did have time to have three children — Valerie, born 1959, now an Accountant in Aerospace (Rockwell) in Los Angeles; James, born 1960, now a Medical Student at St. Louis University, graduating with a B.Sc. from Occidental College, Los Angeles; and Patti, born 1961, graduating from California Luther College in Communications, and living in Los Angeles. I am still doing Anesthesia every day and having great fun with my nurse of twenty-seven years.

Roy and Josie Black

by Josie Black

Roy was born Dec. 11, 1930, at the farm home near Estlin, the youngest of a family of four — two sisters and one brother. He attended school at Estlin and Luther College in Regina. After leaving school, he began farming with his father, Claude Black.

Mrs. Beryl Clarke coached Roy in singing. He has sung at community functions and weddings. Some winters were spent travelling in the United States.

Roy married Josephine Shenher from Viceroy, Sask., on October 7, 1961. Josie was born in Bengough May 21, 1937, along with a twin brother, Joe. She comes from a family of seven — five brothers and one sister. Her parents were the late Jacob Shenher and her mother, Katherine Ortman Shenher, who resides in Regina. They farmed in the Viceroy area.

In January of 1963, Roy and Josie moved from the home farm to the C. P. Ross farm, and reside there today.

The Roy Blacks have two children, Brent, born in Regina May 2, 1964, and Connie, born in Regina May 24, 1966. Both children are still in school, Brent at the University of Regina, and Connie at Miller High School in Regina. Both children are active in Sports.

Josie is a Trustee and Chairman of the Estlin School Board, and also takes an active role in provincial politics on the local level.

The Blacks attend Holy Cross Parish in Regina, where Roy is a member of the choir.

John Jacob Blumer, August 18, 1890 - May 7, 1981 and Elsbeth Verena Blumer, August 7, 1893

by Carl Blumer, Nov. 1982 "Memories"

My parents were born and raised in County Glarus, Switzerland. Mother was born in the small village of Netstal and Dad a few miles away on the other side of Glarus at Schwanden. Later, after completing high school, they met on a farm at Le Care

near Geneva — in the French speaking part. Mother went on to London where she taught German as she learned English, and Dad went to Solikofen (near Berne) where he took a two-year Agricultural course.

Dad arrived at Estlin in 1910 before his twentieth birthday. Here he worked on a farm and learned English. Other Swiss friends were Paul Elsaesser and Mel Richenberger, both of whom later married and farmed in the Estlin District. Another well-known couple were Rody and Emma Girsberger. He had the blacksmith shop and she was the secretary and operator for the Regina Buck Lake Rural Telephones. Dad batched with Mel Richenberger.

Dad also homesteaded near Alsask, where he enjoyed meeting his many Mennonite neighbors. Another Swiss friend, Ernest Frei, worked on the Estlin Farm, owned by a Swiss Industrialist, Fred Oberholtzer. Ernest later married and raised three girls at Leader. During the second world war he worked with mother in Army Intelligence (censorship) in Ottawa.

One of Dad's hobbies was photography, some snaps are included here. He left me albums of early Estlin and Regina district — of trips to Regina with horses or by Model T Ford — pictures of the new Legislative Building and Wascana Lake (Boggy Creek), Albert Street and its new street car line. He also took photos of an Estlin elevator fire and the results of a cyclone; dinners with the Girsberger family, their home and blacksmith shop; interiors of the Estlin farm house where the folks lived and later where Gilbert Smith farmed. There are many seedling and harvesting pictures — some with twelve horses or the huge Sawyer Massey tractor and threshing machine. There are pictures of Lillian Frei on the farm. My parents looked after her when her mother died at Leader. There are pictures of Mel and Dad dressed as cowboys riding their ponies, some of them playing guitars or an accordion, others playing games of 'Yass' and chess. I recall the Chess costume my mother had — black and white horse head and a checked skirt for a masquerade. There are pictures of her with her friends in this attire.

Mother's brothers and a sister also came to work on the Estlin farm — Heiri, Eugene and Maria (Aunt Miggi Smith). Heiri was the maitre d' at the Westward Ho Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona for many years. Gene went back to Switzerland where he raised four children and worked as a conductor on the cable car of the Harder Mountain at Interlaken. Maria (my aunt Miggi) married Gilbert Smith and their son, Stan, and his wife Merle, now live on the same farm.

Mother arrived at Estlin in June of 1919, from England, delayed because of the war. They were



Jack and Elsa Blumer, June 26, 1919.

married June 26th, 1919, in the Estlin United Church. Mel Richenberger was the groomsman and Lily Roberts the bridesmaid. After a trip to Switzerland in 1920 Dad rented the farm. Later they moved to Grand Coulee, just west of Regina where there was a round, red barn. This is where the folks lived when I was born in 1927. We moved to another rented farm along Highway 6 near Rowatt, south of Regina.

In September, 1931, after several years of drought, dust storms, cutworms and grasshoppers, we all headed north to the Paddockwood district at Forest Gate. After thirty years of carving a home out of the bush, my parents returned to Switzerland and sold the farm in 1961. They then moved to Kelowna, B.C., where Dad and Mom worked part time for the Okanagan Regional Library in the Film department.

Dad passed away in May, 1981, and Mother still lives there.

"Memories of the Past"

by Elsa Blumer

Members of our family and friends have been pestering me for some time to record some of my past. Now that my 87th birthday has come and gone, it is perhaps a good time to start this epistle.

I was the eldest of nine children in a happy Swiss family. My father was the head of a weekly newspaper. I remember so well when payday came and he

handed over to Mother seven 20 franc gold pieces. Two for the bank and five for the housekeeping and extras. Sundays were always a special day for we would head for the woods or nearby mountains with a picnic basket. Father would carry the youngest on his shoulders, playing the mouth organ, as we marched behind him. Mother followed at the end of the line to be sure that none of her brood got lost! We were not only a happy family but we were also healthy. This I think because of the way we were fed. Huge bowls of bread and milk, platters of cornmeal mush (polanta), risotto (rice), mashed potatoes, spaghetti and other vegetables. We sat on benches around the big table and served ourselves with our own wooden spoon! On Sundays, for a special treat, there was also meat. The usual Sunday dinner consisted of roast mutton and turnips. How I hated those turnips! But if we didn't eat them, we were not allowed any of that delicious smelling roast!

My years in the Swiss public and secondary schools were uneventful. I was kept busy with studies and as each new brother or sister arrived almost punctually, every second year, I mostly took over as nursemaid!

In early June of 1919 I left for Canada, via Liverpool to Halifax, on the S.S. Melita. The trip took six days. On board were many war brides also bound for their new homes. Some of them could not take the isolation, the primitive conditions and the severe winters and so returned to England. After a three-day trip to Regina, I was met by Jack, my future husband. He was the manager of a section (640 acres) of land for a Swiss Industrialist. This farm was 17 miles south of Regina. We were married a week later in a small church at Estlin, on a very windy June day. We left by Model T for a few days honeymoon at Fort Qu'Appelle. On the way we got lost and ended up in an Indian reserve where we spent the night. Before long there was the worst thunderstorm I had ever been in and we were thankful that we could be sheltered from the rain with the curtains down on the Ford Model T. We spent several happy days in Fort Qu'Appelle, fishing and going for walks.

On our return to the farm my life as a "prairie wife" began. All the field work at that time was done by horses. We had twelve of them and two hired men. I was amazed at the variety and quantity of food that had to be prepared! I never guessed that breakfast would consist of porridge, bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, bread, butter, jam, cookies and gallons of coffee. I soon learned to cook in large quantities, to make cheese and to churn butter. Now and then a beef or a pig was butchered, hams were smoked and sausages made. It was a busy life — from 5:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., or later, especially in harvest time.

Then mid-morning and afternoon lunches had to be taken out to the field where the men worked. During harvest in August, six to eight more men were hired, first for stooking and then for threshing. In our farm home there was a telephone but no water or electricity. Kerosene lamps had to be filled and cleaned every day. We used wood and coal for cooking and the huge black stove had to be cleaned as well. It was a very different life than I had been used to!

The winter of 1919 Jack and I made a trip to Switzerland to visit his invalid mother and my family. On return home we 'retired' our Model T in exchange for a Model A. We then rented the farm, which meant added responsibility. We had hail, dry and wet years and other adversities every prairie farmer is familiar with. On August 3, 1923, our daughter, Yvonne, was born. We had just had a three-day rain and the roads (gumbo clay) were impassable for a car, so we drove to Regina with a horse and buggy! This was an especially heavy fall with a baby to care for along with the harvest work. Carl was born on a cold winter's day, January 20th, 1927. We bundled up and headed for the Regina General Hospital where Dr. Harvey Jacques delivered our seven-pound boy.

In 1930 we felt the effect of the depression. We had no rain for weeks and the wind blew out the grain which had to be reseeded. Many farmers saw no hope for a crop and decided to leave the prairie and look for new homes in the Peace River country and in the north.

Jack and three neighbours drove to Prince Albert where they each took up a homestead. Ours was eight miles north of Paddockwood, the end of the railway, and a small hamlet with three grain elevators and a couple of general stores. There was also a hotel, post office and Chinese Cafe, with attached pool hall.

I really did not care where we moved to as long as we could get away from that windy dust-bowl prairie. Of course it was important to be near a school as Yvonne and Carl were now of school age. In spite of the gruelling hardships we always remember our many friends and happy times at Estlin.

"Harvest of Memories"

Forest Gate, September 1931 — September 1981

by Carl H. Blumer

I was born January 20th, 1927, in the Regina General Hospital. We lived on a farm with a big round, red barn at Grande Coulee, just west of Regina and later at Rowatt on Highway No. 6. In September, 1931, we packed and shipped our belongings and moved to Paddockwood, Saskatchewan.

After Luther College in '44 I joined the merchant

navy for a 12,000 mile Eastern Arctic Patrol on the Hudson's Bay Company ship R.M.S. Nascopie. I served as a steward looking after the officers and engineers. We took in mail and supplies; church, H.B.C. and R.C.M.P. personnel to northern Company posts. I completed High School in Craven, Saskatchewan, and went east to work in the C.N. Chateau Laurier Hotel (1945-47). One summer I worked at Jasper Park Lodge and decided I should go back to school the next year. I began normal school (teacher training) in Victoria, B.C. and completed two years of University in Saskatoon. I taught at All Saint's Indian School, at Sled Lake north of Big River, and spent most holidays at Forest Gate. In the 50's I taught near Maidstone in the Lloydminster School Unit No. 60. (Dry Gully, Keyworth and Idanell Schools, all grades.) While here, I remember a trip home in my first car — an old Austin, which lost a wheel crossing the North Saskatchewan river near Turtleford! Even then our roads left much to be desired.

In 1953 I moved to Edmonton and while taking a summer course I drove a taxi for Yellow Cab. I then taught 47 Grade Five students at Allendale School and met Lorraine Grundberg who also taught Grade Five there. We were married the following June and, after a summer at University of Alberta, we flew north to Eldorado, Saskatchewan. We taught in the two-room private school (Grade one to ten). The following summer we visited England and Switzerland. We returned to Edmonton and have made our home here ever since.

I completed my B.Ed. degree at the University of Alberta in 1961 after many summer school classes and evening sessions. In 1968 I finished a thesis and Master of Education degree in Educational Psychology. Since then I studied Family Counselling at the University of Arizona, Tucson.

Lorraine completed her B.Ed. degree in Early Childhood and has taught Remedial Reading and was a Teacher-Librarian for nine years till her retirement in 1980.

We raised and educated two sons, Doug and Randy. Doug had his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Alberta and worked with Air Canada as a flight attendant. He was killed in a motorcycle accident in Calgary the summer of 1980. Randy worked for Alberta Government Telephones for two years and is now in his third year at the University of Alberta in Mechanical Engineering. He also works for C.N.-C.P. telecommunications and hopes to complete his degree here in Edmonton.

Dad passed away in Kelowna in May, 1981. He would have been 91 and was active and healthy to the end. The folks would have celebrated their 62nd

Anniversary together this last June 1982. On their 60th (and our 24th anniversaries) we travelled from Rotterdam up the Rhine to Basel, Switzerland, and on to the Glarnerland (my parents' home).



Carl Blumer family, 1979. Carl, Doug, Lorraine, Randy.

I feel a part of the Estlin district because my parents spent twenty-one years at Estlin, Grand Coulee and Rowatt. I spent a summer on the Smith farm in 1937. I recall the long drive with the Don Lewars who lived north of Forest Gate. My cousin, Stan Smith, taught me to drive the Star sedan and Aunt Miggi nursed me thru' a bout of measles! I was kept in the dark for a week because in those days we were concerned about visual problems resulting from measles! We visited old Swiss friends in the area, the Girsbergers, where Rody plied his blacksmith trade and Emma was the telephone operator; the Richen-bergers and Elsaessers — Mel and Paul were like uncles to me as they were old friends of my Dad and had batched together when they came from Switzerland in 1910. I recall the thrill of my visit to the Regina Exhibition and rides on the ferris wheel, the excitement of the fireworks and the grandstand show!

During 1943-44 I attended Luther College and roomed with Harvie Webster. I spent many pleasant weekends with the Websters and the Smiths. That spring when I left Luther to join the Merchant Marine, for the eastern Arctic Patrol, I helped finish some spring work, as Uncle Gib was in hospital and Stan was in the Air Force.

On a visit to Saskatchewan this summer (1982), I enjoyed visiting friends, relatives and former pupils in the Maidstone, Paddockwood and Estlin area.

When you are in Edmonton do call or visit so we can reminisce together over past experiences!

I wish the historical committee every success with the story of "our" past and look forward to reading it when it is published.

Jasper Bond

by Helen Ulrich Flavell

As near as can be determined from records in the Wilcox Municipal office, the Jasper Bond family of Abington, Illinois, purchased their land, located two miles west of No. 6 highway on the correction line, from C. W. Williams in 1911. A large house was



Mrs. Jasper Bond farm, house built in 1911.

erected soon after but the family did not remain in Saskatchewan. It is believed they returned to their homeland in 1913, as that was the year the John Ulrich family, recently from Iowa, rented the property and moved there to reside.

The Bonds retained ownership however, until the early 1940's, when their descendants sold to John Mitchell, who in turn sold to John Mayer. The old buildings were dismantled and a new set erected. The land is now owned by three parties — J. Gutuv, J. Johnston and Wilf Brandt. Edward Perry and family own and reside on the acreage where the buildings are located.

Arthur and Margaret (Warren) Bonsor

by Wilbert Bonsor

On August 31, 1892, Arthur Bonsor was born in London, England, the youngest of eleven children. His father, Edward, was a cheese-monger.

At age fifteen Arthur and his father came to Canada to investigate the feasibility of the family emigrating to the "land of opportunity". On their advice his mother, Amelia, and most of the family, came over. Some of the family settled in the East,



Arthur and Margaret (Warren) Bonsor wedding photo, Nov. 3, 1926.

others returned to England, and one eventually served in the navy on the West coast.

Arthur and his brothers, James and Percy, accompanied their parents west and all homesteaded south-east of Saskatoon at Donavon, Saskatchewan in 1910. After a short time Arthur returned to the East and worked on farms in Ontario and Michigan, U.S.A.

With the advent of World War I Percy joined the infantry. He was promoted to Sergeant and was killed in France in 1917.

Their mother died while at Donavon and after 10 years of farming, his father retired at age 79, to stay with another son's family in Ontario.

After some indecision Arthur returned to the Prairies. One of his first jobs was in the construction of the King George Hotel in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Later he worked in Regina for Cushings Planing Mill. This was followed by a seven year job on the Mickleborough farm at Brora, Saskatchewan. Following that, he worked at Estlin for Dave Runkle.

About 1922 he rented a half section and lived one-half mile south of Estlin (N.E. 11-15-19W2nd). A bumper crop in 1926 made prospects for marriage a reality and on November 3, 1926, he married Margaret Warren, the daughter of a blacksmith from Ballynahinch, Ireland, (this was a small town near Belfast). Margaret had been born April 26, 1892, one of four children. Her doctor had recommended she go to a drier climate for a year or two until her lung condition improved. The family had already lost one young daughter to tuberculosis. A sister, Annie, remained in Belfast and a brother, James, settled in California, U.S.A.

After arriving Margaret worked as a housekeeper on a farm north of Estlin. She found many things called and done differently than back home, but she accepted the challenge and soon adjusted. The local custom of a chivaree was one such surprise. Luckily Arthur was well aware of this noisy custom and was prepared for it.

Around 1930 they bought a half section from a Mrs. Watson in the U.S.A., and moved one mile east and one-half mile south of Estlin (N.W. half of 12-15-19-W2nd). They moved in mid-winter in a bob sleigh across the field. They brought with them their son, James (Jim), who had been born July 26, 1927. The following three children, Margaret, born May 13, 1932, Wilbert, born December 4, 1933, and Kathleen, born February 16, 1937, arrived during hard financial times.



Sebastian McLeod family. Kathleen and Sebastian. Seated, L to R.: Warren, Wanda, Darren.

A few dollars or some clothes sometimes arrived from Ireland. It was spent on absolute necessities. Margaret always took a few dollars and banked them. She never would spend the last \$1.90. This gave her a much needed sense of security as no one could say they were "broke"!

Survival of the '30's for them was made possible by shipping milk and cream. They kept dairy cows all the years they farmed. Poultry and pigs were also raised. A huge potato patch took up much of a large garden area.

The stock and the house were supplied with water in winter by melting snow. Finally they dug a 6000



Art Bonsor's sheaf stacks for winter feed, 1926.

gallon cistern by hand and made an arduous task much easier.

For many years the family supplied the hamlet of Estlin with milk. From age fifteen, Wilbert made delivery by horse and cart or bobsleigh each day before school. Every day but Christmas was delivery day. Washing the milk pails, bottles and separator was a big daily job for Margaret.



Christmas at A. E. Bonsors, 1941. Back Row, L. to R.: Marjorie East, Ann East held by Frank East, Margaret Bonsor, Thelma East, Arthur Bonsor, Margaret Bonsor, Jack Revill. Front Row: Wilbert Bonsor, Kathleen Bonsor, Mrs. J. Revill.

In 1942 a severe hail storm hit the Estlin area and destroyed the grain crop, even killing some poultry and pigs. They were, however, able to cut and put up feed with two binders hitched to their Farmall M. tractor.

Times improved, so in 1945 they started using pails and pails of white and black paint on all the unpainted farm buildings. Some Spruce trees were

planted and, despite repeated attacks by rabbits, they survived to provide some greenery.

All the children attended Estlin's Boyle School. In the early years they went by horse cart or horseback. In winter they went across the field by bobsleigh and a team.

The girls completed their high school education and went on to finish a business course. Wilbert took his final years of high school at Balfour Technical School in Regina.

Jim ventured out on his own at sixteen. He worked mostly as an operator and later as a mechanic on heavy machinery in Alberta and British Columbia. While working in British Columbia, he met Ruth Balding and married her August 15, 1948. They moved to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan and had four children, Sharon, Joan, Robert, and Lorraine. Jim now resides in Grande Prairie, Alberta.

Upon completion of her business course, Margaret was employed as a clerk stenographer by the provincial government. On April 12, 1956, she married Harvey Sauve from Montmartre, Saskatchewan. For a short time they lived there on the farm, then they returned to Regina. They have one son, David, and a daughter, Rose Anne.

Kathleen graduated and was employed in the business office of the Regina Medical Arts Clinic. While there she met Sebastian McLeod, formerly of Manitoba, and married him April 15, 1961. Their three children, Wanda, Warren and Darren were born at Fox Valley, where Sebastian works for a commercial salt plant.

A new job every winter followed a summer of working for his father on the farm for Wilbert. Some of these jobs included cutting ice off Wascana Lake for Capitol Ice, working for Sears, and clerking at Simpsons. On November 8, 1958, he married Myrna Dunbar of Estlin. In the fall his parents sold their stock and retired to Regina and he and Myrna started to farm in the spring.

Over the years Arthur served as a councillor for the R.M. of Bratt's Lake, on the local Boyle School Board, the Estlin United Church Board, the local Telephone Co. and as superintendent of the Sunday School. He was Master of Ceremonies at many meetings and programs and was noted for always having jokes which were apropos. Although he didn't have many years of formal schooling, he was well educated. He learned to play the harmonica and loved to read — Charles Dickens being one of his favorite authors.

Margaret, too, served her community as an active W.A. and U.C.W. member. She was a Sunday School teacher and participated in all the community functions.

While a councillor in the '30's a work program dug the Estlin Municipal dugout with horses, scraper, and dump wagons. About the same time the road through Estlin along the railway was also built.

Though retired, Margaret and Arthur helped with harvest for a few years. At age 80 Arthur passed away in 1972, and Margaret died at age 88 in 1981.

Wilbert and Myrna (Dunbar) Bonsor by Myrna (Dunbar) Bonsor

Myrna, the first of five daughters, was born to May and Dewey Dunbar of Estlin, January 5, 1941.

In the winters when the children were still small, the family occasionally went visiting, or to Estlin for entertainment by team and bob sleigh. One such evening after arriving home, their Uncle Willard came over with a lantern to help unload the family. Myrna crawled out the back, followed by a sleepy four or five year old Carole. While helping May unload the twins, Kathleen and Doreen, and baby Jean, Carole wandered under the horses' rear hind legs. One horse was young, newly broken to drive and very skittish, and the other, luckily, a quieter older mare. They began to rear, buck and jump non-stop. Dewey was holding the team with all his strength, hoping he could keep them from bolting and running over Carole with the sleigh. Willard rushed to their heads and tried to quiet them but to no avail as they were completely spooked. Finally he left their heads, and at risk to himself, leaped over the double tree and kicked Carole out from under the flying hooves. After lighting the lamps May grabbed Carole to see how badly she was hurt. Her hood fell off and blood poured all over her. May didn't panic but packed her head with snow and bound it firmly with lots of padding until the bleeding slowed. May and Dewey spent a bad night wondering if she was in danger from the kicks to her head. They knew it would be nearly impossible to get her to a doctor that night. In the morning after closer examination, she appeared to be fine except for the deep scalp wounds.

Myrna took her grades one to eleven at Bristol school with Mr. George Ramage, an advocate of teaching phonics, which was out of fashion at the time, and the three "R's. Betty Rose was her only classmate.

Before she could start school she had to learn to ride a horse. Her father, endeavoring to teach her, set her on a little buckskin pony, told her which rein to pull to get him to turn, and gave the pony a sharp slap on the rump. He took her for a spine-jolting turn around the yard and, on realizing he had a dummy for a rider, headed back for the barn and proceeded to rub her off on the barn door. That mean little pony's name was "Prince", but he proved to be anything but that.

Contrariness showed even in his eyes, as one was brown and the other was blue. Pity was taken on her after that unnerving experience and she was allowed to ride double that fall and winter behind her cousin, Arlene.

That winter was terrible and the shortcut across the field to school was abandoned for a three and three-quarter mile ride around by the road. One morning the road had a huge drift across it; but her cousins Arlene and Leeta, in their wisdom, decided to try it anyway. Leeta's horse heaved and bucked his way through, but Arlene and Myrna's mare broke through and bogged down. Try as they would, they couldn't get the horse pulled through. Suddenly Leeta let out a terrible wail. She had discovered she'd lost her 25¢ tube of Ponds lipstick in the snow. All efforts to rescue the horse were forgotten as they sifted through the snow till they found the precious tube. Only then could they proceed to scoop snow out from in front and around the stranded mare and rescue her. The teacher, by this time, was getting frantic, as it was extremely cold and they were very late. There was no way to contact the parents, as neither the school or the tiny teacherage had a phone. This made both parents and teachers very uneasy, especially if it was blizzarding.

That spring a big slough stretched from the end of their pasture to the road, cutting across their school trail. Coming home from school all the other horses raced through the slough with visions of "oats", in their heads, and left Myrna on "Prince", stalled in the middle. The water was up past his belly and he just stood there, refusing to go, and got dizzy looking at the waves. Myrna was terrified of this ornery little horse, knowing full well it wasn't beyond him to buck her off and leave her to drown. She couldn't swim, so she was afraid to kick him in the ribs as her father kept yelling at her to do from the barn doorway. Finally, when the horse was swaying with dizziness, her father sent one of the older girls to get her. When Carole started school the following fall, much to her relief, she was graduated to another pony.

That first summer holiday she and her sister, Doreen, were home sick in bed for a month with polio. Fortunately, neither one had serious after effects.

The family transferred to Estlin Boyle School when Bristol School closed in 1949. Among her teachers were Joy and Dorothy Beach, Wesley Wells and Steve Lupic. Her final year of high school was taken by correspondence with Isabel Boesch the room teacher. Some of her school memories include all the girls' brown lisle stockings hanging to dry on the one large heat register in the room, after playing "King of the Castle" during recesses and noon hour.

Another was the annual Christmas concerts with all the practices and elaborate costumes. Everyone had to take part in the Red Cross meetings and each person was encouraged to take a turn at an executive position. A school dance was an annual fund raising event for this charity. Many of the students learned to dance at these and other community dances.

Myrna completed her grade eight piano and grade two theory. Mrs. Marjorie Betcher was her first piano teacher and she took the remaining years in the Regina Conservatory. After her marriage, she also taught piano and theory to a few local girls.

With the opening of a small store by Marchetta Armstrong, the community had the convenience of local shopping. The girls were each given an allowance of 20¢ weekly, to be split equally Mon. and Fri. It was a friendly little place as Marchetta always had a big smile and a moment to chat with everyone.

The Junior Choir, led by Beryl Clarke, played a large part in the development of confidence, both in singing and just being a part of the community. It was one of the best experiences of Myrna's adolescence, providing entertainment and new experiences such as travelling to sing in other towns, going to the Knox Metropolitan Church Carol Festival each December, cutting records, and participating in the local worship.

One year Myrna was included in an operetta, directed by Beryl, in which Roy Black and all the school students age thirteen and over were included. Some ballet dancers and acrobats were imported from Regina for this extravaganza. This was great fun even if she was only in the chorus.

After a three and a half year courtship she was married to Wilbert Charles Bonsor, November 8th, 1958, in the Estlin United Church. He was born Dec. 4th, 1933, the youngest son of Arthur and Margaret Bonsor of Estlin.

Over the years most winters were spent in Regina with Wilbert working at many different jobs. He eventually apprenticed in the sheet metal trade and acquired his second class papers. Myrna worked one winter for Sears and the Highway Traffic Board.

On Dec. 13, 1960, their first child, Laura Lee, was born; followed on Sept. 19, 1962, by Earl Bruce, and on Dec. 15, 1966, by Lorne Scott.

In the spring of 1963, when the quotas were small and they were striving to stay on the farm year round, they raised 1500 laying hens and delivered eggs twice weekly in Regina. Hail destroyed their crops in 1966 and 1967 so they switched to raising 1000 roasting chickens, sold them in the fall and resumed working and living in Regina for those winters.

Laura took her grades one to six at Estlin school with the exception of three winters when she attended

Glen Elm and Crescent school in Regina. She was bussed to Lakeview for her grades seven and eight and to Sheldon Williams Collegiate for her high school. Presently, she works for The Permanent Trust Co. as Trust Accounting Administrator. On June 28, 1980, she married Ian McIntosh, a chartered accountant, who presently is working for the provincial government at Sask. Housing. Ian originally came from Manitoba, and was working as the auditor of Western Canada for The Permanent when he and Laura met. They bought a house and reside in Gardiner Park in Regina.

Earl took some months of Kindergarten at Glen Elm school, then grades one to six at Estlin school, except for two winters when he attended Crescent school. Grades seven and eight were taken at Lakeview and he, too, completed his high school at Sheldon Williams. He is in his second year of a three year apprenticeship as an Aircraft Maintenance Engineer at the Regina Flying Club. Besides helping farm at home he rents his own quarter north of Kronau.

Lorne is taking his grade ten at Sheldon Williams. His schooling included grade one at Est-



Wilbert Bonsor family. Back Row, L. to R.: Ian McIntosh, Earl, Wilbert, and Lorne Bonsor. Front Row: Laura McIntosh and Myrna Bonsor.

lin, grades two to five at Lakeview, and grades six and eight at Athabasca school. He, too, helps on the farm and plans to take some training as well as hoping for a farm future.

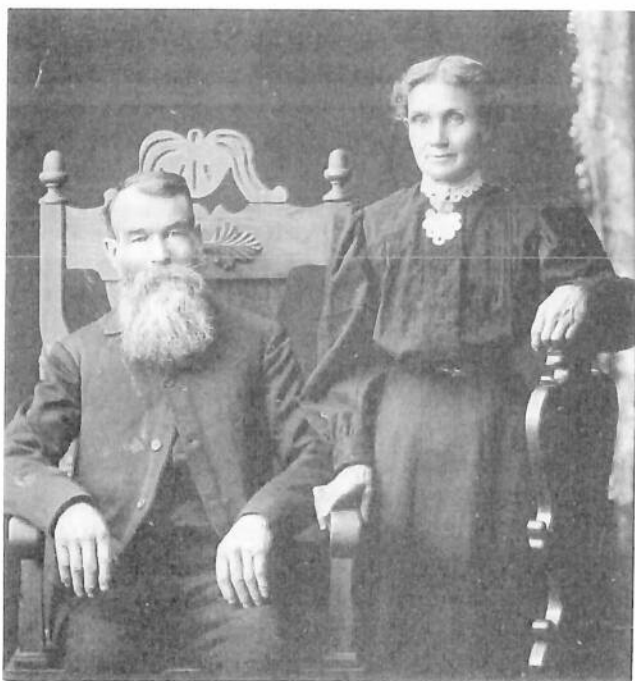
Part of living in a small community is participating in community life. Wilbert served several years as secretary treasurer on the rink board, for six years, until the school closed in 1972, on the Estlin school board, as a steward and elder for the Estlin United Church and in various other capacities. Myrna is a

member of the Estlin U.C.W. and has served on its executive. She was co-secretary treasurer of the Estlin United Church with her father from 1972-1976, and since the death of her father, has continued on in that capacity. After directing the Junior Choir from 1963-1974 she taught Sunday School, and, until it closed, acted as the superintendent. When Estlin school was still open she and Leeta Gooding, Elaine East and Arlene Phillips put on Christmas programs called "Fun Night", with the young school children. She and Wilbert were also involved with the Estlin-Gray Community Club and their Christmas programs. Since 1970 she played softball with the "Estlin 306's", and since 1980, with her daughter, Laura, on the "Blue Jays". Each year they assist in putting on the annual Sports Day. Their sons play softball with the "Buck Lake Sharks", and hockey with the "Spirits".

Mr. and Mrs. James (Hector) Bouey by Camilla Bouey

My husband and I came to Estlin in 1932. Our daughter, who is Maureen Walter now, was born in Regina in 1933. Grant was born in Regina in 1938. My husband, who was a grain buyer for 24 years, moved into Regina in 1946. He was manager of Cockshutt Farm Equipment. He passed away May 22, 1980.

The History of the Boyle Family by Annabelle Boyle (Mrs. Russell J. Thompson) Joel Boyle and Ann Dempsey were married Octo-



Joel and Ann Boyle, 1906.

ber 17, 1861 in Elora, Ontario. They had eleven children, seven boys and four girls. When the children were grown and out on their own, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle decided to come west and take up land. Their sons, George, Dick, Henry, Levi and Norman, decided to come west too. Their daughter, Angeline, and her husband, Bill Roberts, also came. They packed their settlers' effects in box-cars and came to Saskatchewan arriving in Regina in April, 1902. They filed for homesteads sixteen miles south of Regina. Mr. Boyle, George, Levi and Norman filed on section twenty-four. Dick, Henry and Bill Roberts were about two miles west.



George and Isabelle Boyle, 1942.

Several families came out from Ontario about the same time. Joel's brother, David, and his sons, Dick, Henry, Charlie, David, Robert, and daughter, Maud and her husband, Ves Cann, Billie Arbuckle and the Norris brothers took up land south of Regina.

As there was no school in the district, George, his wife, Bella, and their four children Everett, John, Annabelle, and Joseph lived in Regina as Everett was of school age. Later John and Annabelle went to school in Regina. George and Bella lost their son, Joseph, during the diphtheria epidemic in April 1903 — he was sixteen months old. In September, 1903, we had a baby brother Billie and we were four once more.

In the fall of 1908 the school was built, so we moved to the homestead. In April, 1909 the Boyle School District No. 1800 was opened. J. G. Waterston of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario was our first teacher and he boarded with my parents.

May 14, 1909, on a Saturday night, mother was home alone with us children and all of a sudden everything in the house started to shake. We had a large cupboard with glass doors and the dishes started to fall. Mother was afraid it was going to fall over, so she was trying to hold it from falling. She

called to Everett to take the lamp off the table. Billie was crying and asking mother if the house was going to fall down. We didn't seem to know what was happening. It didn't last long but was terrible while it lasted. In 1979 there was an article in the Regina Leader Post by Irene Seiberling. She had contacted a professor at the University of Regina who had made a study of earthquakes. He didn't think this one was very close to Regina. I certainly remember it — of course I was only eleven years old at the time.

The winters were very cold with lots of snow. The storms would last a week or more. Sometimes you would have to have a rope from the house to the stable to make sure you wouldn't get lost. The winter of 1906 and 1907 was very bad, one storm lasted well over a week. Billie Arbuckle got on horse-back and went to see if the Norris boys, who lived about two miles away, were all right. When he got there he found the dog frozen in the porch. He went into the house and one of the boys was covered with a blanket on the bed, the other boy had made a bed for himself on the floor. He too was frozen. Billie went to the stable to see about the horses. They were all living but had chewed the mangers and enough snow had drifted in through the cracks to give them enough moisture to keep them living. The bodies of the boys were brought to Regina and prepared for burial and then sent to their parents in Ontario. The boys were in their early twenties.

The crops were very good but the growing season was so short that there was always a danger of frost. In 1911 there were prospects of a real good crop but in August we had a very heavy frost, just when the wheat was in the milk stage. Harvest was late. We had a lot of rain and snow and they were still threshing in November. The harvest help came from Eastern Canada and the United States. They would come on excursions and they weren't dressed for our cold weather. We had the threshers for three weeks and they never turned a wheel. Mother got to the stage of what to feed twenty hungry men, so she decided to make pancakes for supper. Disaster for mother — but the men were willing to wait as long as she would keep making the pancakes.

Mother used to bake bread for the bachelors. They would bring her a hundred pound sack of flour and she froze the bread. They would come anytime to pick it up. They paid her a \$1.00 for making up the sack of flour.

Mother went to anyone who was sick until they could get a doctor. She helped bring a lot of babies into the world, many times before the doctor could get there. One time she went to help and the patient was making a terrible fuss saying she was going to die and it was her first baby. Mother thought it was

time she was getting the husband out of the bedroom, so she sent him to the kitchen to get lots of hot water ready. He was gone quite a while, so she thought she should check and see what he was doing. She found him in a dead faint on the floor, so she had to revive him. Mother went away one time in the night when we had the threshers and didn't get home for breakfast, so Dad called me to help him. He didn't know any more than I, but one thing we did know, was that Mother always made porridge, so I started to make cream of wheat and I kept adding more to try and get it to thicken. I wasn't waiting till it cooked. Well I had enough to feed an army. One thing is our pigs had the best breakfast of their lives.

The railroad came through in 1912 and that was the beginning of Estlin. A number of business places were opened. Earl Hall and Percy Priester opened the first general store and post office; they later sold to Bill Donnely. Bill Jefferson opened a pool room and lumber yard with Bill Lovell as manager and later Carl Lungren. Rody Girsberger managed the blacksmith shop. Harry Cassidy, the section foreman, lived in the station; the Security elevator with Russ Thompson as agent; Saskatchewan Co-operative elevator with W. J. Lawless as agent. George and Daisy Hartman opened a boarding house which later Joe and Flo Boyle took over. Mr. and Mrs. Trueman took over the boarding house for a time. They also kept a boarding house in Gray.

Estlin had a very good ball team. Fred Rodgers was their pitcher, Russ Thompson the catcher. John Wilkening, Bill Donnely, Alvin Webster, Everett and Jack Boyle and Dave Runkle also played. I'm not sure of the ninth player. One game they were playing, Fred got a ball right off the bat in the throat. They had to call the game and take him to the hospital in Regina. He was able to play again in a week or so but lost his voice for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Boyle left the homestead in 1909, and went to make their home in Regina. Joel died in 1915, and Ann in August 1918. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw and family came to live on their homestead. The other sons left the district — Henry went to Armstrong, B.C., Norman to Regina. He married Margaret Peacock and joined the Salvation Army. They were both Majors in the Army and later went to Toronto. Levi went to the United States, Dick to Hamilton, Ont., while Angeline and Bill Roberts continued to make their home in Estlin.

George and Bella Boyle sold their farm in 1919 and went to Disley, north of Regina — Everett made his home at Pense with his wife, Mary, and their children — Bill and Doris lived in Regina — Jack and Cheryl in Edmonton — Linda and Les in Prince Albert and Everett and Mary are both dead. Jack and

his wife, Myrtle, and family went to Vancouver where Jack died in 1957.

Annabelle and Russell were married at Estlin by the Rev. A. W. Ingram, his first wedding, July 20, 1915. They made their first home in Cabri, Saskatchewan and celebrated their 50th, 60th and 65th wedding anniversaries. Russell died November 1980 at the age of 91. They had three children, Thorb and Marge living at Katepwa, Dorothy and Pat Juneau of Montreal, and Gerry of Regina.

Bill and his wife, Jean, of Birch Hills have four children. Wayne at Prince Albert, Jo Anne of Regina, Pat and Garry of Regina and Ronald in Moose Jaw.

As I recall this history it brings back many memories of the good times we had at Estlin, school days, going to dances, box socials, and church concerts. All the original homesteaders are gone now. It's hard to believe that it is eighty years since they first settled there.

"The Boyle Settlement"

by Affa A. Boyle

In March, 1902 two brothers, Joel Boyle and David Boyle Sr. left Ontario for Regina, in the territory of Assiniboia. Five of Joel's seven sons came at

the same time — George, Levi, Norman, Dick and Henry. His daughter, Angeline, and her husband, Bill Roberts, also filed on homesteads at the same time.

Brother, David Boyle Sr., arrived about the same time in 1902 with five of his sons and one daughter; Dick, Henry, Charlie, David, Robert and Maud moved with her husband, Vess Cann.

These fourteen settlers took up land in the same general area. This resulted in the naming of the Boyle S.D. No. 1800.

David Boyle Sr. had rented, or purchased, a house in Regina 1901. The freight train with four carloads of settlers' effects, left Ontario March 11, 1902 from the Grand Valley area of Ontario. Mrs. David Boyle Sr., Mrs. David Boyle Jr. and younger children left by passenger train. They had a settlers' car and could make their meals at the rear of the car — a real experience!

David Boyle Sr. and some brothers and sons had partly erected, early 1902, a large family dwelling (was a grain storage building later) on Charles (Charlie) Boyle's quarter section, and it was there Percival Johnston Boyle was born. The small but individual houses were erected the summer of 1902. Lumber was hauled by horses and wagons across country from Regina, some sloughs did not help to ease the task. The water was all hauled from the creek north of 18-15-18 and 19-15-18, the one and one-half sections finally owned by David (Dave) Boyle Jr. Water was also obtained from the **flowing well**, making early return trips necessary — melting snow winter of 1902 and 1903, etc.

One quarter section, later owned by Sylvester and Maud Cann (Boyle), was David Boyle Sr.'s homestead — and the quarter section to the east of his, was Robert (Bob) Boyle's quarter section. His wife, Dorcas, never did venture west due to failing health. She died a very young woman, before 1905.

Perc's father purchased land from Mr. James (Jim) Clarke's father. Perc does remember the transaction. The house was moved over by Weardale School and the barn was moved to George Boyle's land.

We did keep in touch with so many of the large family — East, West, North and South, in Canada and the States, but the last few years have been very sad. So many (and not all elderly) passed on. Perc's family were exceptionally wonderful to me. I still marvel at all the love and affection they so freely gave to me and our children. We said good-bye to Mother Boyle at Estlin — not knowing she would leave us all so soon. She laughingly said, "One would think I was leaving for Jamaica!" The Church was named Grand View, before we moved into Estlin.



Pearl Archibald, Bella Boyle, Angelene Roberts, 1906.

Percy was the first child born in the settlement, June 24th, 1902. His grandfather and father had come out in June, 1901 and again Sept., 1901 (snowing then). Perc and Affa were the last to settle on that land. They have two children, Marilyn and Bert. They sold in 1961, and now live in Penticton, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shields Boyle by Wayne Boyle

My father was William Shields Boyle. I was too young to remember much of what father told us about the past. The information I list below is very sketchy and was given to me by my aunt Annabelle, who was my father's sister.

Apparently my great grandfather, Joel Boyle and some of his sons came to homestead in Estlin sometime prior to 1902. My grandfather, George Albert Boyle and his wife, Isabella Blythe, came to Estlin in April 1902 with four children: John Campbell, Everett, Joseph and Annabelle. Joseph died sometime in 1903 of diphtheria and my father, William Shields was born September 21, 1903.

As there was no school at Estlin, George Albert Boyle didn't have to work the homestead and the family first lived in Regina. They apparently moved to the farm at Estlin in 1908, the school which I believe was named Boyle S.D., was built in the fall of 1908 and opened in April of 1909.

My father, William Shields Boyle, took all of his schooling at the Boyle school and the George Albert Boyle family left Estlin in March of 1920 and moved to Disley, Saskatchewan, just north of Regina. They farmed at Disley until the early 1940's. My grandfather, George Albert Boyle, died in 1943. The farm at Disley was sold and my father then worked for the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool as an elevator agent at Holdfast until December of 1945.

My father married Janet Lauchlin Forbes of Craven, Saskatchewan. She was the daughter of Arthur and Helen (Burness) Forbes. Janet was born April 3, 1918 at Craven, Saskatchewan.

My father moved to Birch Hills, Saskatchewan on December 19, 1945 to operate a farm owned by William Jefferson. The farm was located northwest of Birch Hills. (SE quarter of 25-47A-W2nd)

I was born October 7, 1942 at Lumsden, Saskatchewan. My sister Jo-Ann was born January 11, 1947 at Birch Hills, Saskatchewan. My brother, Ronald Allen, was born December 1, 1950 in Birch Hills, Saskatchewan. My sister, Patricia Gayle, was born August 13, 1952 in Birch Hills, Saskatchewan.

Father farmed and worked part time for the Dept. of Highways until his death on January 17, 1974. My mother and I presently live in the town of Birch Hills.



Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Boyle and family.

Dr. Bradley by Betty Dunbar

During the thirties our municipal Doctor was Dr. Bradley. He looked after families in the Lajord Municipality. He was our family Doctor. He made house calls by team in the winter if the roads were blocked and if the trip wasn't necessary he would charge a dollar. In those times no one called the Doctor unless it was very urgent. If he needed a nurse along, she would charge five dollars a day.

The Bradshaws by June (Dvorak) Ford

Edward and Florence Bradshaw were my grandparents and their early history is gleaned from Aunt Hazel's, Aunt Betty's and my memories. Sometimes our combined memories are a bit fuzzy, but I will write down what we can remember.

Edward was born at Decatur, Ill., in 1861; Florence was born at La Harpe, Ill., on October 17, 1869. They were married at Carthage, Ill., on September 25, 1890, and for the next twenty-one years lived on a farm near La Harpe. During that time they had nine children; the oldest, Louella, died in infancy and is buried in the La Harpe cemetery.

In 1910 Edward became acquainted with a man called Isaac Newton Mealie, who had a farm northeast of Estlin in the Province of Saskatchewan in Canada. Perhaps in talking together Edward became filled with the pioneering spirit, for he agreed to bring a box car, or cars, of machinery and horses north for Mr. Mealie, and to farm the land for him. The fact that Florence's sister, Louella, and her husband, Ed Manifold, lived at Gibbs, Sask. may have had some bearing on their decision also.

Along with Mr. Mealie's possessions were packed the Bradshaw household effects; their family pet dog; and we think a cow or two, to provide milk along the long train trip and later at the farm. We

presume food must have been carried along for the animals, and Edward and the dog; but where the animals got water, we don't know.

When the box cars were sidelined at Kronau in early March of 1911 Edward dragged out the wagon parts, assembled the pieces and loaded up what was needed first and foremost. The horses were hitched to the wagon, the cows tied behind, and Edward started the long trek to what was to be their new home. The story is told that, when he arrived at the farm, he discovered some loose horses had been using the house as a shelter, so I think it is safe to say that Edward was one busy "feller" getting the house cleaned up for his family, and the rest of the items moved from the box cars. In a few weeks Florence arrived at Kronau on the train. With her were their eight children, hand luggage and trunks. She must have been very tired and perhaps a little discouraged at what she saw. The weather was cold and wet, and in sheltered places, where the sun was warmer, huge mud puddles had appeared — elsewhere stretched huge expanses of snow.

The children, let loose from the confines of the train, couldn't get enough of running up and down the long loading platform. What fun! But in her exuberance one little girl ran off the end of the platform and fell into the previously mentioned mud puddle. How delighted Florence must have been to see the dirty, wet, muddy little girl! After a clean up job Florence was able to muster them together into a three-seater democrat she had hired to transport the family and their luggage to their new home. What a change it must have been coming from the hills, bluffs and trees around La Harpe to a great flat bald prairie, stretching as far as the eye could see.

The children ranged in ages from seventeen down to three. The oldest was Edna, then Gladys, Hazel, Berniece, Frank, Florence, Elmo and Elizabeth, or Betty as she was called. Another child was expected the year they arrived here, and for the birth Dr. Harvey came from Regina. Hazel remembers he was driving a team of small, high-stepping driving horses. The doctor stayed overnight and with the help of Mrs. George Boyle, he delivered Florence of her last child — a boy — christened William Merion, and called Bill.

Berniece, Frank and Florence started to school at Estlin, followed by the younger children as they attained school age, but the three older girls stayed at home to help their mother with the work of house-keeping and caring for the smaller children.

The following year Edna went to work as a "hired girl" in Mrs. Dave Runkle's home and Hazel went to the Dr. Fred Jenkin's home. Gladys stayed at home to help with cooking, cleaning and sewing —

no small job for eleven people. After a time Edna left the Runkles to work in the local store and Hazel moved to the Runkle home.

The Bradshaws lived at Estlin until 1920, and during that time the five oldest children married. With four boy friends calling and sometimes staying overnight, life must have been quite hectic for Edward and Florence. One particular story is about the boys sneaking into the girls' room one afternoon and tying a string onto a corner of a blanket on one of the beds next to the wall. Then they found a way to poke the string under the partition into their own room. That night when all were in bed and supposedly sleeping, the boys started pulling gently on the string, and the girls' blanket began to move! Soon the squeaking and squealing coming from the girls' room brought their parents upstairs to investigate, and to restore peace and quiet to their house.

In 1915 Edna married Frank A. McElmon. Frank had come from Nova Scotia to live at his brother, Russell's farm, between Estlin and Kronau. Frank took out a homestead in western Saskatchewan near what is now Laporte, and after their wedding he and Edna moved into their small one room house, later building on an additional room. In 1925 they built a lovely two-storey home and lived there until around 1945 when they rented the land and retired to their new home in Calgary, Alberta. Frank and Edna had no children and in February of 1973 the Calgary property was sold and they came back to Regina to enter a nursing home. Frank passed away in June, 1974, and Edna in October the following year. They are buried in Regina Memorial Gardens.

In November of 1916 Gladys married Edward Frank Dvorak. Ed, as he was called, came to the Gray district in 1913 or 1914 to work on the farm of his aunt and her husband, Lizzie and George Kalina.

After Gladys and Ed were married they returned to Chicago, Ill. and in early 1917 moved to a small farm in the state of Michigan, returning to Chicago in time for the birth of their only child, Vivian June, on November 3rd. Early in 1918 they came back to the Estlin district and started farming.

In December of 1917 Hazel married James Donaldson Lewars. Don came west from his home in Ontario and found work in the Estlin district on the farm of Thomas Jefferson. Hazel and Don's first home was the office of a grain elevator at Avonhurst, where Don bought grain for a year before returning to Estlin and the Jefferson farm. They had no family. Don passed away in 1972 and Hazel lives in Pioneer Village in Regina.

In 1917 Berniece, too, was married to Alvin M. Webster, a local boy, whose parents lived on a farm near Estlin — the same farm where Alvin's older

brother, Carl, and his wife, Irene, now live. Berniece and Alvin farmed for seventeen years at several locations in the district and raised a family of four children, Frances, Louise, Kenneth and Mildred. Frances died in 1932 and three years later the family packed up and moved to Illinois. Berniece died after a lengthy illness in 1958 and Alvin suddenly in 1973. Louise and Mildred live at Galesburg and Kenneth at Lomax, all in Illinois.

In 1920 Frank married Mabel Anderson. He met her when she came from her home in Peoria, Ill., to visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Myers. After their marriage they moved to Illinois and for the next few years lived at Bushnell and Peoria, raising a family of three children, Maxine, Keith and Dean. In the spring of 1928 Frank, Maxine and Keith returned to Estlin. The children stayed with Hazel and Don Lewars, and Frank went to work for Mr. Jefferson. Dean stayed with his mother and at her death went to make his home with Betty and John Wilkie. Some time around 1929 or 1930 Frank and Don Lewars filed on homesteads which were situated some fifty miles north of Prince Albert, not far from the Prince Albert National Park. Winters were spent there building log cabins and in the fall of 1931, Frank and his children moved into theirs. When the war broke out Keith joined up and went into training. When his unit embarked for overseas he was not allowed to go, as it had been learned he was under age. He later joined the U.S. Armed Forces and while in Tokyo, Japan, in 1950 he married an American girl who worked at General Headquarters. When the war ended Keith and Marie came back to Stillwater, Minnesota, and shortly after Keith was killed in a private airplane crash. Maxine was married to Ted Tait in 1941 and during their life they lived at Brandon, Manitoba, in Illinois, and lastly at Creighton, Sask. While there they established the T and D Fishing Camp, which now is owned and operated by their son. Maxine passed away several years ago, after she and Ted had retired to Williams Lake, B.C., where their daughter lives.

Frank's youngest son, Dean, and his wife, Shirley live in Missouri, U.S.A. In 1949 Frank sold his homestead and returned to Illinois. He lived in Abingdon and passed away in 1980.

With their five oldest children married and gone, Edward and Florence decided to quit farming for Mr. Mealie, and in late 1920 or early 1921 they moved from Estlin to the Buck Lake district near Gray, where they worked on the farm of Homer Ashford. In early 1922 they decided they had had enough of the cold and snow of the Canadian winters and would return to Illinois, so they hired Walter Dunning to come from Gray with his team and sleigh to drive

them from the home of daughter Gladys, who was living on what is now the Errett Collins farm, to catch the train at Gray station. Elmo, Betty and Bill were going with them, but daughter, Florence, decided to stay in Gray for a few years and work in the local General Store, where she would live-in with their family. The story has been told and retold with much laughter, how, when in the flurry of last minute goodbyes and hugs and kisses, Gladys and Hazel were observed bidding each other a tearful farewell, when in reality neither of them was going away. It was an emotional time for those leaving and also for those staying.

Times were hard and money scarce when the Bradshaws returned to Illinois and settled in Bushnell. Edward had a health problem and because of chest pains was forced to quit working, so a few days of each week Florence would go to the doctor's house and help his wife with her children and housework. Elmo, Betty and Bill returned to school.

Daughter, Florence, was nineteen years old when her parents left Canada and after clerking in the store for several years decided it was time she joined them. Shortly after returning home she found work as an operator in the telephone exchange. After eight years of saying "Number, please" she quit and in 1934 she married Laurence (Dick) Foster and became a farmer's wife. Florence died in 1982 and Dick now lives in Bushnell, Illinois. They had no family.

In 1929 Elmo married Inez Miller. Upon leaving school Elmo went to work in a plumbing shop. Inez was bookkeeper for a large automobile dealership until 1939 when their only child — a son, John, was born. Elmo left the plumbing business and was employed by a large meat packing plant until ill health forced him to quit. After a lengthy illness he died in 1962. Inez remarried, but has since passed away. John and Linda and their family live near Abingdon, Illinois.

When Betty was a child she had always dreamed of "nursing", so when she went to work at the Sanitorium her dream was fulfilled. Her Florence Nightingale role continued until 1933 when she married John Leslie Wilkie and moved to Abingdon where he had a Ford dealership, first in cars and later in implements. Several years after their marriage Betty gave birth to a tiny baby boy, whom they called Jackie Jean and who died shortly after birth. He was their only child and is buried beside his grandparents in La Harpe, Illinois cemetery. Betty and John still live in Abingdon and are now retired.

Bill, the Canadian born Bradshaw, finished school in Bushnell and was a member of the football team during his high school years. He lived at home with his mother and, after his schooling was

finished, went to work at the meat packing plant, eventually holding an important position in that firm. Bill was married in 1938 but later divorced and re-married. He and his wife, Rose, still live in Bushnell. They have no family.

Just ten years and a few months after returning to Illinois Edward had a heart attack and passed away. On the sunny Saturday afternoon of June 18, 1932 he decided he needed a haircut, and walked the few blocks to the barbers. Returning home around fifty-three he felt a little tired and sat down in his favorite chair under a tree in the yard and went to sleep forever at the age of seventy-one years. He is buried in the La Harpe cemetery.

After his death Florence continued to live in Bushnell. She had a little yellow canary bird to keep her company and there was a great rapport between them. They "talked" to each other, and I have no doubt that they understood each other. Florence's house was always filled with the good smell of baking and she was noted by friends and family for her delicious cakes and pies, of which there seemed to be a never-ending supply. When she was mixing cakes or rolling out pie crust "Dickie" would sit on the back of a chair near the kitchen table and supervise — sometimes sneaking a small bite of the pie dough.

Florence's health gave her a few problems over the years but around 1946 it began to worsen, and the last four years of her life were spent in the Heron Nursing Home. She passed away October 25, 1955 at the age of eighty-six years and four days, and was buried beside her husband, daughter, Louella, and grandson, Jackie Jean, in the family plot at La Harpe cemetery. Three of Florence and Edward's nine children are still living — Hazel, Betty and Bill, and of their ten grandchildren six are still living, and I am one of them.

Wilf and Lorraine Brandt

Wilf was raised in the Longlaketon district, near Sifton, Sask., where he also got his education. At the age of nineteen he went working on Mrs. Elinor Williams' farm, which was located in the Kirby School District. In 1952 he took over the operation of the farm until February, 1965.

Lorraine was raised in the Edenwold district, and also got her education there. She then worked in Regina until getting married to Wilf in October, 1957.

While in the Kirby District, Lorraine was secretary-treasurer of the school until it was closed in 1966. She joined the Yankee Ridge Community Club, and remained a member until moving to the Lumsden area in 1974.

In March, 1965, Wilf went to work for Sakundiak

Farm Equipment as a travelling salesman until August, 1972. Lorraine started working for this same company in July, 1965, and is still employed with them.

In the fall of 1967 we rented the farm of the late Wm. Bojuk, and resided on this farm, located one mile north of Estlin, until July, 1974. In 1971 we bought land near Lumsden and built a new home site, starting in 1973, and have resided there since. We have continued to farm land in the Kirby district, and in 1977 rented land three miles northwest of Estlin that had previously been farmed by the Rozon brothers.

We have three sons: Garry, Darrell, and Murray from Wilf's previous marriage. Murray received his education in Regina. Garry went to Kirby school until it was closed. He then went to school in Regina until the fall of 1967, when we moved to Estlin. Garry and Darrell both went to Estlin school and then finished their education in Regina. They also played hockey in Gray.



Wilf Brandt family. Back Row, L. to R.: Garry, Murray, Darrell. Front: Lorraine and Wilf.

Murray started a welding business in Regina in 1975. In 1976 he married Darleen Townsend and has remained in Regina. They have two boys, Tyler and Riley.

Garry purchased his grandfather Brandt's farm in the Sifton district, and has become a farmer.

Darrell became an auto body painter, and also purchased some land in the Sifton and Greenwater Lake districts, and is also farming. Garry and Darrell are very active in the Lumsden Curling Club, and have become avid curlers.

There are three in the family that have a private pilot's license, Wilf, Lorraine and Garry. We joined the Saskatchewan Flying Farmers' Association in

1964, and have taken an active part. Wilf was president of the Association in 1971-72, and that same year Lorraine was queen. Besides being president and queen, both have held different offices in this organization. Wilf has been on the Board of the Regina Flying Club since 1972, and was president for a two year period. Garry and Darrell have also held various offices in the Saskatchewan Flying Farmer Teen organization. Garry then joined the adults' group, and was a director for several years.

Reuben and Winifred Brown **by Wilfred Brown**

Born at Pendleton, Ontario, they were married in 1907.

They moved to Charlton, Ontario, in 1915, where they bought a partly improved homestead with a good bush. Fire passed through the district in 1916 and killed all the bush. To avoid a complete loss of the pulpwood they cut out all that was saleable during 1916 and 1917. They sold the farm, and in March 1918 went west to Merid, Saskatchewan.

Their stay at Merid was short. Conditions at Merid were bad that spring and the drought, gophers, and the barren look of the alkali flats discouraged them. They had arrived there in the last week of March. In the first week of July they moved again; this time to Wilcox.

In Wilcox Reuben found work at the Bunn-Munro elevator, and they lived in the village till March, 1919, when they moved to a farm rented from Nick Metz. They remained there for six years, and had six good crops.

In March 1925 they moved to the Estlin district, section 7 Township 15, Range 19, rented from C. W. Williams. They farmed that and parts of section 8 and 17 for 18 years. They enjoyed many good crop years, and endured the rest. They had only one complete crop failure. That was 1931 which was a disaster over the whole area. They seeded only sixty acres that year and harvested none. They never had much loss from hail or frost. They had good health every year.

They sold out and moved to Montreal in 1943. There they took over the management of some residential property which they had previously acquired.

Winnifred died in 1949; Reuben in 1966. They are both buried at Curran, Ontario, beside the graves of their parents and grandparents.

They had five children — Catherine, born 1910, died in 1921, and was buried at Wilcox. Wilfred, born 1912, now living at Howick, Quebec. Mervyn, born 1913, now living at Santa Rosa, California. Gene, born 1922, living at Burnaby, B.C., Margaret, born 1925, living at Winnipeg. Mervyn died in Feb. 1983.

Wilfred and Dorothy (Jefferson) Brown **by Dorothy Brown**

I was born in 1914, on my parents' homestead farm, and attended Boyle School. Following a busy high school term with Roy and Anne Stewart teaching, and Ella Reid helping, I took Normal School training in 1933-34. I did practice teaching with Ella, and thought that she was just "super". I taught at Blink Bonnie School near Pattee (Pense area), and at Antelope, until June, 1936. I had been "keeping company" with Wilfred Brown the previous two years, and we were married July 8, 1936, at Holy Rosary Cathedral in Regina.

In 1937 we farmed at Wilcox, then moved to Montreal, where Wilfred worked at book-keeping, construction and apartment rentals. Our family of five sons provided us with plenty of activity, and they are now busy in their own enterprises. We retired to a small acreage out of Montreal, but still look back to our days in Estlin district as "home". I remember:

— Father talking of times when he was caught in a blizzard coming home from Regina, and his old blind mare getting him home, with conditions too bad for man to see;

— the Halls and Donnellys as store keepers in Estlin;

— family train trips to Father and Mother's homes in Ontario;

— the Swiss Yodellers who took part in concerts;

— coming down with measles the day we moved to our new farm home;

— some of my teachers: Miss Lovering, Miss Smith, Miss Bambrick, Miss Best, Mr. Hodges and Roy Stewart;

— Ben Welliver taking Reta and me to school with a fine cutter and horse;

— Reta, Miss Bambrick and my many enjoyable visits at the Mareans;

— worrying the night Father went in to get Dr. Harvey when Wesley was born. It was a very stormy night in December, so with car, then horses and sleigh, they managed to make the trip. Big event to relate at school the next day!

— our many good friends in the district.

Mahlon and Jessie Burwell **by James D. Burwell**

My father, Mahlon Burwell, was born in Middlesex County, Ontario, (near London) in 1883. He went west in 1910 following his older brother, Charles, whom I believe came in 1907, and settled close to Gray. The land in that area was well settled, so my Father went to Ernfold, west of Moose Jaw, to

homestead. I don't think that worked out too well. Before leaving Ontario, he was working in Windsor and took night courses in mechanics, studying about the internal combustion engine, which was a new wrinkle to the farming game. As a result he spent several years working for others, running the huge tractors used for breaking up the prairie grass. In the fall he would be operating a large threshing outfit that would range far and wide, threshing the crops of smaller farmers. These outfits had their bunkhouses and cookhouses. They trailed along from farm to farm, and this is where my mother, Jessie Donaldson, appeared on the scene as the cook on the outfit my father ran. She was born near the town of Atwood in Perth County, Ontario, went west in 1915 to Marquis, north of Moose Jaw. She had arranged the cooking job through Ontario neighbours that had previously moved to the Marquis area.

It was not long before my father returned to Gray to work for his brother and brother-in-law, Joseph Bueche. My mother followed, and began working in a Gray general store operated by the Swann family. They were married in 1923 and took up farming some eleven miles north of Gray. The farm was located at the southwest corner of old highway 33, where it came south on the second north-south road east of Richardson and turned east to Kronau. This part of the highway was, of course, relocated along the CPR line. I believe the previous people on this farm were the Colpetts, and prior to that the McElmons.

The extension of highway 33 southward was a well travelled road, it being a popular route to Regina from the south and east. Perhaps my contribution to the history of the area can be a description of some of the traffic on that road.

During the 1920's and early 1930's there was an active export business carried on with the United States, known as rum-running. I gather there were various methods of getting the booze to the American market, but a substantial amount of it went right by our farmhouse. I do not recall ever hearing anything about this activity from people in the area, so I can only assume that few, if any people, knew about it.

In 1932 I was eight years old. I'm sure I did not comprehend what prohibition was all about, but I was very knowledgeable about all the different makes and models of cars and trucks that would pass by. There was one exception. At certain intervals, I would see a large blue truck going by at a really fast clip. Today, I would describe it as a high powered "Mack" type truck. This was clearly no farmer's truck, as it had a stake body and the load was covered by a large tarpaulin, at least on the southerly runs. I asked my Father a number of times what that truck would be doing on that road, and he had no idea. I was to learn the answer some years later.

In the summer of 1943, I was working for a neighbour, Robert Frisk. Prospects were for a good crop, so he decided to build some additional buildings for grain storage. We laid some concrete floor slabs, for which Robert had hired two cement finishers from Regina. As I recall these were middle-aged men with rather thick East European accents. One of them asked if I lived in the area, and I pointed out our buildings, two miles to the west. He said he sure remembered that road well. When I asked why, he said that he had travelled it many times, running booze into North Dakota during Prohibition. His assignment was to "ride shotgun" in case of any hijacking attempts, but he had never run into any trouble. His description of the vehicle used matched my earlier observations. I asked who he worked for, and he said that while he had never met the gentleman, it was Harry Bronfman that was paying his wages.

He asked if I had ever noticed a siding and loading platform where that road intersected with the railway line from Regina to Vibank. I certainly had, as I also remember asking my father why it would be there in the middle of nowhere instead of in the towns, and he had no answer for that question either. Peter C. Newman's book, titled *The Bronfman Dynasty*, confirms that they had full co-operation of the railways for their business, so box cars of booze from distilleries in the East would be run onto this siding, and then trucked to the States. This method fits in with other facts in that book, wherein legislation forced the Bronfmans to close down warehouses they had established around Estevan to service this trade earlier in the 1920's.

Being a teenager at that time the story did not have a great impact on me. Since then I have read a great deal about this era, and after living in Montreal for twenty years, I learned a great deal about this family, and in fact, have had some business dealings with them. These were real estate deals, and had nothing to do with booze!

I lived in the Estlin district from 1924 to 1944, and presently reside in Willowdale, Ontario. My teachers, while I attended Weardale School, were: Dorothy East, Mamie Meek, Laura Brock, Edna Seamans, Florence Hill and Phyllis Cowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cain by Evelyn (Cain) Williams

Alex Cain came west as a young man in 1912, found a job on the Boesch farm outside Gray and during the winter worked in a lumber camp one hundred miles north of Prince Albert earning a dollar a day.

In 1913 he built a restaurant and store in Gray. The



Alex Cain family. Standing L. to R.: Evelyn, Wesley. Seated: Catherine, Loretta, Alex.

elevators were being built at that time and the men working on these were regular customers in the restaurant. The food was served in large bowls on the table — soup, dessert and coffee included for 35 cents a meal. Hardly a get-rich-quick occupation.

In 1914 Mr. Cain married Loretta Rose. She was the daughter of B. F. and Ellen (Edwards) Rose. Loretta was born March 16, 1898 in Bethany, Missouri. Her family had come from Missouri to the Gray district in 1913, their second move to Canada.

Loretta was sixteen, the oldest in her family, so with a fair knowledge of cooking, did much of the work in the restaurant, giving Alex more time to tend the store.

Katherine and Wesley were born in those first two years; Katherine Laura in 1915 in Regina, and Wesley Martin in 1916 in Regina.

By 1917 Alex and Loretta had decided farming might be an easier way of life. They rented the Hamilton farm south of Gray. Evelyn was born there in 1925.

A farm became available in the Estlin district and on November 30, 1927 and with a temperature of 22 below they moved all belongings with horses and wagons. When they reached the farm there was only enough fuel for one night. The next day Alex and the hired man had to return to Gray with two four horse teams and wagons to get two loads of coal.

There are many memories of Estlin. Interesting people. Ike Carson — the postmaster, tinsmith and keeper of the town hall — Rody Girsberger, the blacksmith — Mr. Nesbitt the principal who let us play checkers if there was a blizzard and only six or eight kids made it to school.

The exciting times were the field days, sports days, and the Christmas concerts. Especially the concert when Santa (Harold Webster) got too close to the candles on the Christmas tree and his costume caught on fire.

The bad memories are — dreading to see a train in town when riding home on a horse that always ran away at the sound of the train whistle, or getting hit on the knuckles with a ruler if you were left-handed and held the pencil in the wrong hand. But there is good in all things. This has supplied a good excuse for poor penmanship through the years.

Mr. and Mrs. Cain left Estlin in 1947. They lived in Fort Qu'Appelle and Regina, where Mr. Cain still lives at the age of 96. Mrs. Cain passed away in 1980, June 30.

Katherine married Les Olmstead in 1939. They had one son, John, who lives in Calgary. Her husband was killed in the Air Force. She still lives in Regina.

Wesley married Bessie Fister in 1939 and had seven children living in B.C. He was killed in an accident in 1969.

Evelyn married Orville Williams in 1942 and had two children, Bob and Dianne, who live in Regina and Swift Current. Evelyn lives in Regina district also.

Leona Bratt Campkin as told by Leona Campkin

Leona Bratt, born December 15, 1907, was the daughter of Emily (Elma) Margaret Livingstone Bratt 1884-1959 and Ephriam Leslie Bratt.

Ephriam Bratt was born in Belmont, Ont. November 7, 1879 and died at home February 15, 1911. He had a ruptured appendix, they later found out. The doctor was sent for, and an emergency operation was performed on the kitchen table, but it was too late to save him. Little Leona, three yrs. old, remembers seeing him laid out on the bed, and later, watching from her grandpa Bratt's window, saw her Daddy's funeral procession.

Her maternal grandfather was Thomas Livingstone of Gray and her paternal grandparents were Jesse Bratt and Rachel Carrothers Bratt. Jesse Bratt came to the North West Territories in 1889 from Belmont, Ontario and with members of his family founded the settlement of Bratts' Lake. He resided there from 1889 until his death Jan. 28, 1916. Jesse Bratt was known as the man with the hearty laugh. He was Post Master of Bratts Lake Post Office in his home until the Post Office opened in the town of Gray, Sask. He was the first Reeve when Buck Lake area became part of R.M. of Bratts Lake.

Leona Bratt lived in this area from 1907-1919,

when she moved to Regina. She attended Buck Lake School 331 from 1913-1919. She remembers her school teachers, Mr. Trembly and Miss Blanche Watson McGillivray. School mates were Vern and Evelyn Bratt, Edith Bates, Paul Helstrom, Gordon and Bessie Stretton, Doris, Lois and Gerald Cross, Leroy Moats and Verna Pfeffer.

From this period of her life she remembers the Christmas concerts at the school, and her dear pony Prince which she drove three miles to school. In cold winter weather they drove him on the cutter which sometimes tipped over in the deep snow. Often after school was out on Friday afternoons, the pupils went to one another's homes for a week-end party.

Leona has reminiscences of going to dances at Estlin Hall where every member of the family attended. The babies and small children were left in the cloak room to sleep. Everyone had so much fun, the noise proved it. The local orchestra provided the music to dance to. We all thought it was the greatest event.

Other fun events were the many picnics attended by the entire community in the beautiful grove of trees at Grandpa Jesse Bratt's home. Food galore was provided by the families who came. Gallons of fresh ice cream were made and enjoyed as was home-made lemonade. What great fun we had in the various races and the ballgames that everyone played! These were truly "sport days."

When Leona's mother married A. A. Rodgers in 1915 she had three step-sisters — Cora, Irene and Katherine and one step-brother, Fredrick. Then three half-sisters were born — Dorothy, Virginia and Eleanor.

Leona's schooling was completed in Regina and she then went to Winnipeg General Hospital to train for a nurse 1929-1932. She was home six months and then contracted T.B. She was in the sanitarium one year and three months. Leona married Webb Campkin in 1937, December 7th. Webb was born in 1895 and died 1973. Their daughter, Mary Lee, married Sidney R. Lowthian in 1966. They have four children — Dennis Wayne, age 23 — Robert Sydney — age 15, Katherine LeeAnn — age 13, and Kendra Leslie Dawn — age three.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Cann by Albert Cann, Regina

Sylvester and Maude Cann came to the Estlin district in 1903, with two children, Lawrence and Lloyd. Four other children were born in the Estlin district, Bill, Elsie, Russell, and Albert. They lived around the Estlin district until 1919, then sold the farm to the Champ Brothers and moved to Condie

district N.W. of Regina. Lawrence, Lloyd and Bill attended the Boyle School.

Lawrence, Bill and Russell were in the armed service during World War 2.

Lawrence was unmarried. He died in Ont. at Rainy River in 1963. Lloyd married Olive Freeborn and had one child, Harold, living in Regina. Bill married Winnie Morgan. They had two children, Bill Jr. and Jim. Bill is retired and living in Victoria, B.C. Russell married Dorothy Arnold. No family. Russell died in 1971. Albert married Mary Hunter. They have two children, Bob and Marjorie, living at Condie. Elsie died at two yrs. and two months. Sylvester died in 1972, and Maude died in 1947.

Lloyd passed away March 16, 1983, age 81.

Carson Family by Eileen M. Reid — nee Carson



I. T. Carson family. L. to R.: Maude, Ike, Edward, Eileen.

Father — Isaac T. Carson
Mother — Alice Maud Carson
Brother — Edward Thomas Carson
Self — Eileen M. Reid — nee Carson

I, Eileen, was born at home in Estlin, Sask. on March 1, 1921. On March 1, 1921, the train left for Regina around 5:30 p.m. Mother felt she would not deliver me for a few more days so didn't meet the train. However, a few hours later, she realized she should have been on that train. My father got Mrs. Frizzel to come over to our home and with her help, I was delivered safe and sound.

One episode in my childhood took place on a Saturday in late spring. Mother had dressed me up and I was to go play with the other children. I was in Grade one and we had just studied the story "Rub a

Dub Dub” in the first reader. There was a metal tub available, a ditch filled with water. I suggested we act out this story but no one would co-operate. I decided I didn’t need the others and proceeded to act out this story by myself. I put the tub in the water, stepped in and sat on one of the handles. In a matter of moments, I found myself drenched with muddy water. Needless to say, mother was very angry when I arrived home and I spent the remainder of the day in my bed.

Another time when I was about nine years old, Jean Revill had done something for which she knew she would get a severe spanking. She related this to me and having great empathy for her, I told her I was certain that if we prayed for God’s help, she would not be punished. We went into the woodshed and prayed fervently. When Jean went home, she did not get a spanking.

One other occasion when I realized God answers prayer (if we are sincere and ask Him), was one day while I was waiting for Jean to come out to play, I put a stick through a crack in the wooden sidewalk. I leaned on the stick which broke and the broken point entered my right eye. I ran home screaming and as I lay on the bed I prayed to God, asking him not to let me go blind. With the help of special drops and mother’s loving care, my eye was healed and has never given me any trouble.

Mother took us to church every Sunday and she played the organ in church for many years. Her favourite song during each day was “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.” Both mother and father taught us to pray each day.

For many years, during summer holidays, we would have a visit by my father’s two sisters who lived in Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A., and one sister from Great Falls, Montana, U.S.A. How we enjoyed their visits and they always brought us lovely gifts. I remember one summer in particular — I was about nine years old — we had a visit from my aunt who lived in Great Falls. Up till this time, my father would not allow my mother or me to get our hair cut. My aunt took us to a hairdresser in Regina and got a haircut for both of us. When we arrived home, my father was shocked but couldn’t do anything about it as his sister was responsible and she would be going home.

You see, my father had been raised with the Methodist faith and they had many don’ts in their belief — namely — women didn’t cut their hair, wear shorts — slacks — ankle socks or makeup. Of course this only led to deceit on my part because I would wear shorts under my skirt and roll down my long stockings when I was out of my father’s sight. Father didn’t attend church but he did try to teach us good moral values and taught us about God.

One summer when I was fourteen years old, some bible students from Regina held a Bible Study in our school. I was one who attended the two-week course and it was at this time that I asked Jesus to come into my life and be Lord of my life. John 3:16 - “For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” A verse which has remained with me all through life.

Although there were many times when I wandered away from a perfect walk, the Lord has kept His promise which he made in Hebrews 13:5 “Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”

I attended the little two-room school in Estlin, Saskatchewan, where I completed my Grade 12. During my last year in school, my brother, Edward, went overseas. I wanted to go on to University and study medicine but my family couldn’t afford to send me. So, Edward decided to send me \$20.00 a month and this would enable me to go to Normal School in Regina. I was able to get a light housekeeping room which I shared with another young lady for \$6.25 a month. I paid \$10.00 a month toward my Normal School fees and had \$3.75 left for myself. I would go home on weekends and bring back staples to keep me going during the week.

My first teaching position was in a rural school — namely — Emerald Hill — which was located just south of Milestone, Sask. During my two and a half years of teaching here, I still felt I would like to pursue the study of medicine. I decided, if I were to join the Armed Forces, I would be able to pursue this vocation. In December, 1943, my mother’s sister, who lived in Toronto, Ont. passed away. My mother joined my cousins in Toronto for the funeral and while there, she explained how upset she was at the thought of my joining the Armed Forces. In turn my cousins invited me to come live with them and if after spending time in Toronto, I still felt the same, I could still join the Armed Forces. I arrived in Toronto in January, 1944. In May, 1944, I had obtained a position in the Accounting Dept. in the Head Office of the Canadian General Electric Company which was located on King St. in Toronto. I was with them for five years working up from a filing clerk to running the I.B.M. machine which turned out all the weekly pay cheques for their factories in Toronto. Due to the second World War, there was a shortage of men who had formerly held this position.

My brother, Edward, came home from overseas after the war ended in 1945 and decided to make his home in Toronto. I met my husband, Fergus Reid, at a coming-home party which Edward held in the fall of 1945. (Fergus and Edward had met overseas).



Fergus and Eileen (Carson) Reid.

Fergus and I dated for two years and were engaged. We had a small wedding in an Anglican church in Toronto on May 29, 1948. We went to Buffalo, New York, U.S.A. for our honeymoon and when we returned, we both went back to work. I resigned my position in 1949 and our first son, Ian, was born October 10, 1950. Our second son, Blair, was born January 23, 1955. After our second son was born, Fergus became ill and wasn't able to work. In September, 1955, I went back to teaching in Scarborough — a suburb of Toronto, Ontario.

My father passed away in November, 1955. Due to our circumstances at that time, I was unable to attend his funeral in Regina. However, Edward was able to go to be with mother.

In December, 1965, my mother who was in the Bendale Nursing Home in Scarborough, Ontario, passed away.

Our oldest boy, Ian, completed High School and studied Stationary Engineering. He was married in October, 1975 and his first daughter was born May 29, 1977. They bought a home in Sault Ste. Marie in 1978 and they were blessed with another daughter born September 18, 1979. Both he and his wife have made Jesus the Lord of their life. They attend church every Sunday as a family and let God direct their paths each day. The Lord has really blessed them because of their faithfulness.

Our other son, Blair, completed High School and studied Mill-Writing. He was employed with Algonia Steel Company in Sault Ste. Marie — but was laid off in June, 1982. He is now working for the Norpro Security Company in Sault Ste. Marie. He was married December 29, 1979 and was blessed with a daughter born December 9, 1981. They have a home in Sault Ste. Marie. Blair received the Lord as his Saviour when he was sixteen years old. They attend church and the Lord has truly blessed them.

We have been blessed with two wonderful sons, two wonderful daughters-in-law and three beautiful granddaughters for whom we thank God each day.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

Brother Edward, lived in Phoenix, Arizona, U.S.A. and worked as a Mortician, for 17 years.

Mrs. Tina Ridley, a friend of the family and formerly of Estlin, would come to see us annually, and my sons regarded her as their "grandmother".

The Edward Carson Story by Edward T. Carson



Edward and Nellie Carson.

I was born in Regina, Saskatchewan December 5, 1919 and attended the Estlin High School through grade ten, and in 1939 joined the Royal Canadian Army Service Corp.

I landed in England Feb. 1940 and spent three and a half years there before leaving for Sicily, then on to Italy through Holland, Belgium and Germany. I was married in England before leaving for Sicily in March 1943. During my stay in England during the war, I joined the Canadian Postal Corp. and was with them until I received my discharge.

After V.J. day I returned to England for a short stay, then back to Canada. I was discharged in 1945 and worked in several jobs — Hardware, Post Office and Funeral work. I also worked for the Ontario Government from 1957 to 1961, then resigned and moved to Phoenix, Ariz. in 1961.

I was divorced in 1967. I returned to Canada from Phoenix, Ariz. in 1965 to finalize my divorce, and

was not able to complete my paper work for the Immigration Dept. until 1969.

I returned to Phoenix in 1969, and am married again, and very happy. I have several step-children and enjoy the grandchildren a lot. My wife, Nellie, retired this year, but I am going to continue working as long as my health will permit.

I have my Funeral Director's license and am working for a company here in Phoenix, and have been with them eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanley Chadwick by Jack Chadwick

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stanley Chadwick and their three children, Muriel, Jack and Audrey, came from Crowbrough, Sussex, England in the spring of 1912 to Wilcox, where they had a store and dance hall. On May 6th, 1929 Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and Audrey moved to the "correction line", and opened a gas station and store. They had Arnold Hesse, Muriel's husband, move the Yankee Ridge country school house to live in and also for business.

On October 16, 1929, a terrible blizzard came up blocking roads and visibility, forcing motorists to take refuge in their service station overnight. This service station became a well known refuge for stranded motorists as stations were few and far apart.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Chadwick later sold their business and moved to Vancouver.

Muriel, the first child, was born in 1903. She married Arnold Hesse. The son named Jack was born in 1905. He married Gladys Elizabeth (Betty) Burton April 27, 1928. They operate a small store in Wilcox, Saskatchewan. The last child, Audrey, was born in 1907. She married Lud Palm.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Chadwick, Muriel and Arnold Hesse and Audrey Chadwick Palm are deceased. Audrey's husband Lud and daughter still live at the West Coast.

The James W. Clarke Story by Edith Clarke Frisk

In 1905 my father, James William Clarke, and his father, Davis Hardin Clarke, came by train on the Soo Line from Sciota, Illinois to Milestone, District of Assiniboia. They hired a horse and buggy, and set out to look for suitable farmland north-east or north-west of Milestone. There were two sections of raw prairie, 12 miles south-west of Kronau, twenty miles north-east of Milestone, and approximately 20 miles south-east of Regina. There was no Estlin until 1912 when the railroad went through.

The Clarke men returned and enthusiastically prepared for the big move to Canada. They sold their

farm where they had, a few years previously, built a large two-storey home and my Grandmother was sad to leave it. Their daughter, Myrtle, eight years older than James, was married to Munroe Burkhart. Aunt Myrtle and Grandma sewed constantly for months preparing warm clothes, quilts, etc., for their pioneer life.

Aunt Myrtle and Uncle 'Roe were to farm the east half of Sec. 17-15-18 and James the north half of 17-15-18. Grandpa and Grandma broke and farmed Sec. seven. There they built a new home approximately 24'x28' with an upstairs and four rooms downstairs. A smaller home was built for Aunt Myrtle and Uncle 'Roe, but they couldn't tolerate the pioneer conditions and went back to Illinois. They weren't prepared for the long cold winter, the swarms of mosquitoes that plagued man and beast, or the lack of good water on the broad prairie wasteland.

In March 1906 they loaded their horses, cattle, wagons, farm implements and household effects, into railroad boxcars at Sciota, Illinois. When they arrived in Kronau, they unloaded the wagons after setting them together, and began hauling their possessions twelve miles across the prairie trail to their new home. They had brought lumber to build their home, and some hardwood from their walnut trees felled in their pasture along Sciota Creek. I remember we had a table made for our first radio from this piece of walnut.

On their trip to the farm they would come out two miles west of Kronau to St. Mary's Colony where Eldon Dunbar's buildings now stand. This is where they joined the Balgonie — Milestone Stage-Coach Trail that went southwest from Balgonie to Milestone across the Frisk farm. They came across the Wascana Creek on the bridge just north of Robert and Barry Frisk's farm, the only bridge for many years in that area. The trail was east of the farm buildings of the Clarkes. This is the route they hauled their grain to market. At one period marketing their wheat was so unreliable, Daddy and Grandpa Clarke built a granary near the railroad in Kronau. They shovelled their wheat onto wagons from the grain bins on the farm, hauled it 12 miles to Kronau, then shovelled it into the granary there.

My Grandmother told us of waiting for the men to come back from Kronau after a long day of loading grain. It would be after dark and she couldn't see anything coming, but they would lean down with an ear near the ground, and could hear the jingle of the harness and the heavy tread of the horses' hoofs.

When an opportunity came to get a box-car on the Railroad to take grain to market, they shovelled the grain into the wagon box and then shovelled it into the railroad grain car. They were by-passing the

grain elevators, as the farmers were not satisfied with the grades nor the prices they were receiving. A lot of hard work!



Moving the Davis Clarke home across the prairie, 1915.

They cut Red-Top hay in the “Wascana flats” for feed for their livestock and hauled water for livestock and household use from the Wascana Creek. Southwest of the buildings was a large slough. My father undertook to dig a dugout there in the dry fall season with a team and scraper. It was slow hard work for one man, but the rest of the farm crew were harvesting. He got it down about four feet when he began to realize he wouldn’t have time to dig the full size area before freeze-up. He concentrated his efforts across one end. By the time the ground was freezing he had a fair-sized area eight feet deep. It was full of water after spring run-off. Later a dug-out was put in east of the buildings on Grandpa Clarke’s farm, and three were dug on James’ farm. Water was a problem in our area. There were no wells, and they had to haul it long distances. They found it too far to haul from Buck Lake on the Milestone Trail. Sometimes they went to the flowing well at Anwenders near Regina, when the water was too low in the summer-time in Wascana Creek.

In the summer of 1906 the Clarkes’ steam engine and separator were shipped on a flat car to Milestone, and driven over land to the farm. The steamer pulled big plows that soon had the prairie turned under. This was called “breaking”. Horses were used to work down the sod and for seeding. To keep the steam engine supplied with water was a problem. In threshing time when the “water-boy” had too far to go, it required two outfits to haul water.

Grandma Malinda Catherine (Russell) Clarke was sick in the winter with bronchitis. The Dr. told her the winters were too long — too severe and too cold to remain here. Grandpa and Grandma bought a nice house in Macomb, Illinois and went back to Ill. every winter. They returned to Canada each summer and after 1913 lived in the smaller house that had been built for Aunt Myrtle and Uncle ‘Roe.

In 1910 James married Alice Beattie of Gray. They met when she taught old Weardale School, one



James Clarke family, 1918. James holding Wallace, Russell, Edith, Marian, Alice.

mile east and two and one-quarter miles north of our place. They built a new home and small barn on SW quarter of Sec. 17. Later Grandpa’s and Grandma’s small house was moved east of our yard.

In 1914 Grandpa Clarke’s section was rented to Mr. J. T. Webster and family from Illinois. He later bought the Steam outfit. The big barn was built in 1915 and on the front of it was painted, “Windmere Farm”. The painters painted Grandpa and Grandma’s little house.

Our big farm home was built in 1919, and we moved in early in December before it was completed. The winter was unusually cold and we were glad to get in the new warm home. That house was well lived in for 60 years. By 1980 the south basement wall was crumbling and extensive repairs were needed. No one was living in it, and when Wallace had an opportunity to sell it, he did just that. At Christmas time 1981 it was moved to the town of Qu’Appelle. A man there, who did landscaping, gave it lovely surroundings and remodelled it into a nice home. It has taken on a new lease of life, and it is now serving another family.



Davis and Malinda Clarke, 1933, at 80 years of age, married Dec. 16, 1876.

I was born in 1911, Russell in 1914, Marian in 1915 and Wallace in 1918. We resided in Weardale School district and went to school there part of our school life. I started to old Boyle School, one-half mile east of Estlin in 1917 to a beloved and much respected teacher, Miss Vera McIntyre. Another beginner and my school chum for many years was Reta Jefferson. I'd been a visitor at school with Marjorie Webster, so it didn't seem too strange to me. Having Marjorie as a protector helped smooth my pathway. I often rode to school with her and her two brothers, Ervin and Jack. Later Reta and I were in the same grade as Jack, and wrote our Grade VIII Departmental Exams in June 1924 at the same time in Albert School in Regina. Jack and Reta were married in 1932. She died March 1971.



Putting hay in Clarke barn with slings.

The fall of 1918 I went to Weardale School, as Aunt Jean Beattie was our teacher. She boarded at our place and drove "old Minnie" hitched to our buggy to school. "Old Minnie", a nice round black horse was nothing for speed, but she was very dependable. She jogged along at her own pace and took us to school for many years. She came from the Beattie stable at Gray and she and Aunt Jean were old friends. May Kartman was in Grade two also and she was my friend for many years. May died in November 1977.

In 1919 I was back at Estlin going to old Boyle School. We were building our new home, and the gravel, lumber and supplies were sent by train. Our teams were on the road every day, so I had a good system of getting to school. Our teacher was Miss Marcella Donnelly, whose brother, Bill and wife had the store and Post Office in Estlin.

It was at this period of our education that Robert and I went to school together until the Frisks moved to the Kronau farm in March, 1920. Miss Donnelly strove to instill French in her Grade nine pupils. She shook Robert by his big fifteen-year-old shoulder saying in exasperation, "Robert, will you ever learn

French?" He never did. Those were his last school days. They moved to Kronau where he took a man's place on the farm. He was 16 years old in August 1920. We were married in 1933.

Now Weardale claimed us, and the teacher was Mrs. Rushton, a charming war widow. Back to Boyle where gentle Miss Smith was a lovely teacher. When she died, Miss Marjorie Lovering came to teach. She was fresh out of Normal and full of enthusiasm. School days were a joy. We learned so much and had so much fun. We had an Operetta in the Hall, a great success, as everyone sang their hearts out to a full and appreciative audience. Mrs. Runkle played the piano for us and was co-producer.

It was at this time Russell started to school with Dorothy Jefferson and Marjorie Marean. There were six beginners under Miss Lovering's guidance. what a lively class!

Then came Miss Bambrick, who believed in "Spare the rod and spoil the child". Marian, Harry Girsberger and Maisie Kyle were among the beginner's class. By this time we had out-grown our rural school, which had become a very cold building and too hard to heat. A nice new, one-room brick school was built in Estlin. This made us three and one-quarter miles from Boyle School. It was worth it to be in a well heated school with a furnace in the basement. The Boyle School Board had miscalculated the potential growth of the student body. Within two years the school was overcrowded. A new two-room school was built on the same site. Because of crowded conditions we had to go to Weardale School. Miss Margaret Kartman, the daughter of our neighbour, was our excellent teacher. Wallace started to school at this time. There was a whole row of beginners. Wallace, Jack McElmon, John Wilkening, Johnny Siller, Florican La Flemme and a dear wee girl, Helen Denton, whose family lived on the "Champs place".

By this time Boyles new two-room school had a High School teacher, Ervin Webster. The School Board would allow us to come there if we'd provide our own desks. So my father had to purchase four desks for us. This school burned one morning in Feb., 1927, when a wooden wall, too close to the furnace, became over-heated and burst into flames. Most of the books and all the desks were saved and we set up school in the Hall for the rest of the term.

At the beginning of the fall term our new two-room replacement school was ready for us. We went to Estlin for the remainder of our School days — Edith, Marian and Wallace taking their Grade XII there. Russell completed his High School at Balfour Tech.

Aunt Bess and Uncle Roy Myers came to the

Myers farm the spring of 1927. We had five cousins to have fun with. Later when John started to school there were nine cousins at Boyle School, five Myers and four Clarkes. Our Mothers were sisters — the Beattie girls from Gray.

When the Depression struck us in the beginning of the 1930's we made our own good times. We had a strong C.G.I.T., 10-12 girls with Edith Clarke as leader. We raised enough money to send a representative of our group to Summer Camp at Lumsden Beach. We had concerts, plays and skits. Mrs. John Wilkening (Olive) was always willing to give us a beautiful solo. I can still hear her sing "Carry me back to old Virginny". Mother always taught the C.G.I.T. class in Sunday school.

Mother, Mrs. Alice Clarke, was president of Estlin Ladies Aid for many years. They raised money to buy the pews in the Estlin church. They paid the ministers' salary when the Church Board couldn't raise enough funds. They cleaned the Manse and renovated it. They performed these gigantic tasks in the face of depression — "gloom and doom" — and gave life and hope to our Community. Teas, suppers and Bake Sales were their money makers.

Our Estlin Church Young People's Society was a strong force in our Community in those depressed and dusty years. It led the way for our splendid young people. We, through them, brought speakers out from Regina. We had banquets at the end of each season at Easter time where we learned proper procedures to "Toast the Queen"; correct seating arrangements; how to introduce our guests at head table; how to introduce and thank our guest speakers. During these sessions we had fun, too. We put on plays and took them to surrounding towns for several years. We had box socials, debates, picnics, talent shows, and charades. The same group would turn out to serve at the Fowl Suppers that the Ladies had in the hall. We could use their cups for our parties. It was "help one another" in the Community. A great place in which to grow up.

The high-lights of our young lives were Christmas, and the arrival of Grandpa and Grandma Clarke. Each summer our Grandparents would come on the Soo-Line train from Macomb, Illinois, and spend the summer with us in their own little house. Daddy would go to Milestone to meet them, while Mother and we kids put the finishing touches to the big meal and to the house and the yard. All was in readiness as we danced around in anticipation. Then someone would yell, "They're here! They've come!" and we'd race down the walk to greet them. It was great to see them and give them a big kiss and a "bear hug". They'd always exclaim how much we'd grown, how we'd changed, how grown-up we were.

Gifts were exchanged. To our delight we were always remembered with some nice surprise. We tried to have some of our special endeavors ready for them — perhaps "a show and tell" session. They stayed until after harvest was over. When the first snow-flakes fell they were on their way south. A few years in the 1920's they went south to Biloxi, Mississippi to spend their winter on the Gulf of Mexico. These were the years we kids wrote them frequently. I'm sure they must have often been amused over our description of events. Russell's letters were the best. His literary ability was apparent at the early age of seven years.

Christmas was a great Event at our house. In the new home on Christmas Eve, 1919, we hung up our stockings at the fire-place in the living-room. Mother was good at planning surprises and stimulating Christmas secrets. Everyone was as good as gold, dreaming of a reward from Santa. There was a flurry of Christmas baking, getting the turkey ready, and everyone helping to clean and decorate the house. Our Beattie relatives from Gray would be coming, or sometimes we'd go down there. It was a long trip with team and bob-sleigh across-country, but we were warm in our blankets on a bed of straw in the bottom of the sleigh. We'd have hot bricks and the foot warmer and be smothered under fur robes and more blankets. The anticipation of the warm welcome and the great feast kept us alert and happy.

Of course the Christmas concert at school, or in the hall, was a great event at Christmas time. After all the weeks of practise and preparation of costumes we appeared before our audience to sing, and entertain with plays, recitations and drills. The Chairman of the School Board was usually chairman for the program. Always one or more of the pupils became a "star" with an outstanding performance. We all felt like "stars", carried along by the excitement of the show. It was the best night of the year.

The grand climax came with the arrival of Santa, and the distribution of gifts from the Christmas tree — a huge one towering to the ceiling. The School Board always distributed Japanese oranges, so each child in the audience and in the school had one. There was also a bag of candy and nuts for each child, donated by some local organization or the School Board. The school children drew names for gift giving. There was often a gift on the tree for a "favourite". The teacher was always well remembered.

James W. Clarke served a year as Councillor for R.M. of Lajord, Division 6, 1912-13. Davis H. Clarke served on the Council of the local L.I.D. Both men becamed naturalized Canadians soon after arriving in Canada.

The following is a tribute to my father, James Clarke, taken from the Leader Post at the time of his death. It was written by Russell Clarke, my brother, and James' eldest son.

James W. Clarke

written by his son Russ Clarke in 1963

James William Clarke, settler and farmer of virgin prairie eighteen miles southeast of Regina, 1906, died in Regina on July 16, 1963 at the age of 78.

Born in a log cabin in Sciota, Illinois, U.S.A. in 1885, he was educated in public school there and attended high school in Macomb, Illinois and later went to the University of Illinois.

He farmed near Sciota with his parents until 1905. At that time, his father, Davis, who had pioneered from Kentucky, became restless with "civilization" and decided to explore the Canadian farming frontier in Saskatchewan.

Davis and James Clarke made a scouting trip to the new province, in 1905 and bought two sections of bald prairie. The next spring, with two carloads of settlers' freight including "American" horses, they were switched off on the siding at Kronau. Father and son assembled wagons, loaded goods, hitched teams and struck out for the new farm 12 miles southwest.

Pioneer days of early spring 1906 included building a granary for shelter, breaking sod for flax and oats, deepening a slough for water with two-horse slush-scraper, making hay, and fighting mosquitoes. In a few months a prairie wilderness had to be turned into a habitable farm so severe winters could be survived.

Progress the first few years was slow. Neighbours worked together sharing labour, tools and equipment. Prairie sod yielded to the breaking plow behind ox, horse, or steam engine and gradually the prairie landscape was replaced by fields of grain. Only the marshes and flats were left to produce native red-top hay.

Threshers driven by steamers and later the gasoline engine chewed their way through sheaves and straw. Wheat became the magic word in the west and soon every available acre was under cultivation.

With settlers came the school, the town, the roads and the telephone. James Clarke took an active part in helping to establish and administer these services.

He helped build the first Methodist Church in the community in 1906 — it was later moved to the town of Estlin when it was formed in 1912. He was a member of the Grain Growers Association, which built the first hall in Estlin. He was a member of school and church boards and he served on the local telephone company. When co-operatives were formed, he was one of the first to join.

A descendant of the Lewis member of the Lewis and Clarke American exploring team, he inherited the urge to travel and fulfilled the desire to follow some of their trails in northwestern United States. He and members of his family took a camping trip by car through Montana, Wyoming and Yellowstone in 1927 when tourism wasn't even a word. In 1929 his second of many expeditions finished with a dash through the Canadian Rockies from Vancouver and on to Regina.

Touring then was a real adventure. The Fraser valley was a winding, one-way passage gouged high on the cliffs. Signs, service stations, camps, maps, and road numbers were unknown. There were no friendly railings on the shear-drop sides of lofty trails to give one confidence.

By freighting car and family on stern-wheelers on the lakes, by fording or ferrying streams and by straining over snow-covered passes, the mountains were finally left behind. Then it was either dust or mud across the prairie to destination Regina.

About 20 years ago James Clarke moved to the city of Regina and in the way of the farmer, began to ease into retirement.

In later years pioneer and family history and hobbies occupied much of his time. Searching in the United States and in England he found records of names and deeds of his forebearers. Most of them were frontiersmen or soldiers generally a step ahead of the advancing edge of new worlds. Muzzle-loading flintlock guns and other relics of pioneer days were placed in the provincial museum in Regina.

James Clarke was predeceased by his wife in 1956. She was born Alice Mary Beattie in Ontario and their family moved to Gray, Saskatchewan in 1902. They were married in 1910.

Memories of early Estlin Years

gleaned by Edith (Clarke) Frisk

"Mr. Marshall," says one former neighbor, "was an excellent baseball player in his youth in Iowa, where he went to college." He loved to go fishing, and he and Mr. Tom Webster would enjoy a fishing trip whenever they could get away. He is believed to have had land near Milestone, and was a good friend of the Houghtailings. Ross was often at Mr. Marshall's Estlin farm.

Ervin Webster remembers when C. P. Ross bought a beautiful new maroon car, a Marmon, admired by all. He was very deaf, and when he started up the motor, he put his hand on the outside of the door to feel the vibrations. This way, he knew if the motor was running. Robert Frisk remembers Mr. Ross, in 1918-20, wearing telephone batteries in a case with the straps around his shoulders, for power

for his hearing aid. He also remembers the Ross's farmed with mules they brought from the U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Ross went back to the States every winter.

Their sons, Lloyd and Wayland, helped with the farming in the summer. Lloyd was an excellent ball player, and Wayland played the trumpet in the Estlin Orchestra. Joe Kalina played the drums, Mrs. Runkle the piano, Dave Runkle the baritone, Will Myers the clarinet, and Richard Elsaesser and Fred Jenkins played the violin. When C. P. Ross brought his seven dollar relief cheque to Dunbar's store to cash it, he was so embarrassed, and said, "This makes a feller seem like a baby".

Truemans had the boarding house in Estlin. Their children were Frieda, Carl and Viola, who now lives in Lethbridge. Frieda went to the old Boyle school when Miss McIntyre taught there, she later had T.B. Mrs. Trueman was a sister of Mrs. George Boyle and also Mrs. Bill Roberts.

Early day mechanics: Walter Spicer and Art Howlett. Art married Eva Helstrom. Their children are Ellis and Duane Howlett. Claude Black was also "Mr. Fix-it". From Ervin Webster, we hear, "Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Boyle's children were Edna and Orman. They lived across the road from George Marshall's farm. The children went to old Boyle school and their teacher was Miss McIntyre".

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boyle owned the Jefferson farm in the early years of the Boyle settlement. Their children were Earl and Flossie. Some of those who owned the Dave Boyle farm were: Bazenet, Stewart, Warriner and Koons.

Mr. Babcock, a lawyer from Quincy, Illinois, owned the half section Frank East and son, George, later farmed and bought. Mr. Babcock also owned the northeast quarter directly south of the original D. H. Clarke farm, now farmed by great-grandson Ken Clarke. The lawyer used to come up each summer and do some work on the property, and stay at the J. W. Clarke home. One or two summers he built grain bins.

We Clarkes remember Mr. Dave Wilkening hauling coal with a big team and grainbox type of wagon in the city of Regina. He had a steady customer in the Regina Steam Laundry. The Hotel Saskatchewan, in the 1930's was a customer also. They would not allow trucks to haul their coal.

Rudy, or "Rody" Girsberger, as everyone called him, suffered from an accident in his shop. The emery wheel exploded from the high speed to which it was geared. It was run by a gas motor and belt. The wheel went to pieces. One large section went through the roof of the shop, and a smaller piece hit him in the face. He had so much damage to his jaw and lip he

had to go to the hospital. It was fortunate the larger piece didn't hit him.

Mrs. Girsberger called her husband, "Rode".

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Clarke by Beryl Clarke



Beryl and Russell Clarke.

James Russell, eldest son and second child of James and Alice Clarke of Estlin, met Elizabeth Beryl Johnstone while both were attending high school in Regina. On Sept. 16, 1939 they were married and began their life together on their farm two miles east of Estlin.

Russ loved farming and writing equally well — he began writing for the Leader-Post Torchbearers while a wee lad — continuing as chief-author at 16, writing brochures for the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon during the nine years that he was lab instructor for Ag-Engineering then permanently employed as Chief Information Writer for the Dept. of Natural Resources in Regina and finally completing his writing career as editor of "Contact" for the Co-operators for ten years. From this job he took an early retirement so that he could enjoy his farm full-time. He had promised to edit this historical book about Estlin and he was very excited about it. Unfortunately, on the way home to Estlin from our California winter home, a massive aneurism snuffed out his active worthwhile life on April 24, 1982.

Russ took charge of the farming procedures at Estlin — no matter what other jobs he held.

Russ and Beryl were both very active in the Estlin community. Beryl with her deep joy in music took her place as choir leader from the very first day. (She was told she had been appointed Estlin choir leader while away on her honeymoon.) Not daunted in the least, she served in this capacity until she was able to form a Jr. choir which was ultimately made up of 50 children who, in their white robes, sang each Sunday for the United Church services. Children of all faiths who lived in Estlin were in the choir — for this was a fun time for us all. This choir was special guest at radio programs, T. V. programs, weddings, carol festivals in Regina, Kronau, Francis, Milestone and smaller towns around Estlin. How the parents co-operated! Those 50 children were taken by their parents to every recital — each shining and sparkling in their snow-white robes. The parents also donated a long concealing robe to Beryl so that she could conduct her choir — even when very pregnant.

Russ went to Saskatoon in the winter of 1941 to teach at the Agriculture College under Professor Hardy. These winters Russ and Beryl were presidents of a flourishing Couple's Club in Grace United Church. There, also, Beryl was a soprano soloist in an 80 member choir of Grace United Church. Such dear, lasting friendships we formed in those years. But all good things must end and our oldest son, Neil, now in Grade two was rebelling at changing schools so often (Sept. and Oct. in Estlin then to Saskatoon for Nov. — April and back to Estlin for May and June), so Russ took a year leave of absence from Saskatoon in 1949 and we decided to stay at Estlin all year around. Russ planned and designed a beautiful large home on the farm and we again enjoyed farm life.



Russell Clarke family. Left: Neil. Top: Bruce. Bottom: John. Right: Ken.

During these years their fourth son, Bruce, was born in 1951. Neil had been born in 1941, Kenneth in 1944, John in 1948 and now with the arrival of Bruce their family was complete.

I remember the fun-times we had during the next few years. Estlin community was made up of so many young couples of our age. We talked Dr. Passmore into forming a Couple's Club for Estlin, Gray and Riceton. It was patterned from our Saskatoon experience and was soon flourishing. Many of the members had grown up in the fulfillment of the Young People's Union (of which Russ had been president for all of Saskatchewan) and the time was ripe for an excellent Couple's Club. (This helped tie Estlin, Gray and Riceton more firmly together.)

I remember the many community gatherings we held at our farm. All the neighbours would come and Russ and his four sons would prepare our yard for tennis, volleyball, horseshoe, hard and softball, croquet, etc., etc. Such great visiting took place with the more than 150 who always attended. These evenings ended with a huge wiener-roast bonfire and singsong — and always a very eloquent thank-you from our neighbour Art Bonsor. Where he found all those exciting tidbits we never knew — but he was always the unexpected climax to those summer evenings.

I also remember with excitement the dozens of rain parties we had during those years. Instigated by Russ's sister, Marian, we would have a party at someone's home anytime the wee-est rain drove our men from the fields. We would gather up our children, any goodies we had on hand and we would meet in someone's home for an all-night party. No one at our parties ever had a drop of alcohol — but we did have such happy and memorable times together.

One winter, the day after Christmas in 1951, we bundled our four sons into our new ranch-wagon and, hauling a tiny trailer, we set out to spend the winter in Florida. Beryl had been a teacher before her marriage, so she set aside one hour each day for lessons. On the way down south she discovered that Ken, then in Gr. 3, didn't know his times-tables too well. She summoned all her teaching skill and soon Neil and Ken had really mastered their tables. To Russ's delight we discovered that John, just five yrs. old and not yet in school, also knew his times-tables. No wonder John found math so easy in school!

Russ had prepared a farm itinerary for us all to study enroute — so we visited cotton mills, sugar cane mills, orange marmalade mills, banana boats and deep sea fishing all across America. Our excellent Estlin teacher, Joy Beach, arranged for a back-and-forth correspondence between our sons and the Estlin pupils. Everyone gained from that winter's experience.

We had many farm gatherings at our home — machinery field-days, with farmers from Japan, China, Russia, New Zealand or Great Britain. While Russ was entertaining the men outside I would have the wonderful opportunity of meeting with the wives inside our home. How it added to our outlook when in later years we travelled through Russia, Poland, Australia, Europe, Africa, Gt. Britain, U.S.A. and Canada. Twice we even met again the same farmers who had visited us so many years before.



Mock wedding at R. Clarke's home shower, 1950. Marian Cleveland — minister, Betty Black — groom, Agnes Beaumont — bride.

Our eldest son, Neil, attended Luther College for his high school. He continued his education in Saskatoon and Edmonton. As a boy he studied the violin, receiving the highest marks and medal from the Toronto Conservatory of Music for grade four and six violin exams. He was the first Saskatchewan violinist to be selected to attend the National Youth Orchestra in Toronto. He played in the Regina Symphony as first violinist for many years and was concertmaster for Luther's orchestra for two years. He is now Dr. Clarke having a Ph.D. in Ed. Administration and is Director of Community Colleges in Edmonton. He married Meldeen Leslie Weeks of Richardson. They have two sons and one daughter and they live on an acreage east of Edmonton where Meldeen raises purebred Arabian quarter horses.

Our second son, Kenneth, took his high school at Sheldon Williams. He studied the piano and pipe organ at the Regina Conservatory. Because of Ken's

high scholastic standing at Sheldon, Russ had to represent all the parents as speechmaker at Ken's graduation. What a proud night!! Ken continued his university in Medical Administration in Saskatoon and Minneapolis — completing his internship in San Jose, California. He married Louise Anne Crowder of Calgary, and they have a son and a daughter. Ken is an administrator of the Foot Hills hospital in Calgary — but also Ken is the son who inherited Russ's deep love of the land. Each year Ken and his family come to the farm (which they are buying) and till the soil. "Louise is the best trucker and machine-repairer in the country," quote our neighbours.

John, our third son attended Campbell Collegiate where he was a basketball star. He was also drum-major of the Regina A band for four years. His musical instrument was the tenor-sax. While Ken was interning in San Jose, John went there to complete his first degree. He next received a B.Ed degree in Regina and he taught in Lac la Ronge and Uranium City. Finally he transferred to El Dorado mine in Uranium as Director of Education for the mine. He married LeeAnne Warrener of Shaunavon. LeeAnne is also a teacher and they are both in Baden Baden, Germany — John teaching adults, and LeeAnne Grade two of the Armed Forces. John is also presently completing his Masters Degree in Ad. from a Boston University. They have one son.

Bruce, our youngest, took his high school at Balfour Tech. He was interested in mechanics so he worked every evening in a garage. He played clarinet in the Lion A band but when he was in Gr. 12 he decided to work in Demolay, a boys' service club, active in Regina. Following graduation he spent a year on the United Church boat "The Thomas Crosby". Following this he decided to study "Social Work". He attended Glendale College in Edmonton and then interned in the Glendale Boys' School. He is presently supervisor at the Youth Assessment Centre in Medicine Hat. He married Gail Kuhn of Medicine Hat and they have three children — two boys and a girl.

Russ and Beryl decided they were missing too much of their children during high school years — so when John was ready for high school in 1960 they moved into Regina. Beryl taught Gr. one in Massey School for the next 15 years. These were the years Russ was preparing the beautiful park brochures for the Dept. of Natural Resources. Beryl led a Sr. choir in Wesley United church for eight years and also a 100-voice Massey choir for 15 years. She also earned a B. of Ed from Regina University during these busy years. Russ lastly became editor of "Contact" magazine for the co-operators.

Russ and Beryl decided to take early retirements —

Russ at 60 yrs. and Beryl at 57 and of course they moved back to the farm. Russ beautified the home one last time for their summer enjoyment. They purchased a double-wide mobile home in a beautiful golf club park in Hemet, California for their winter fun. Here, Russ studied and received his solo flying licence in Ryan airfield in Hemet — the very airfield where Lindbergh had built his famous plane.

Here, too, Beryl learned to china paint. Of course music was still part of her life, and she became soloist with three choirs in their southern playground.

Russ didn't live to edit this book that we are compiling but I know from wherever life goes on after death he is loudly approving each excerpt in this memory book of Estlin, Gray, and Riceton. He is part of that memory!

Wallace Beattie Clarke by Wallace Clarke



Wallace Clarke, family. Back Row, L. to R.: Wayne, Vera, Elaine, Heather. Front Row: Barbara, Anita, Wallace.

Youngest of four children born to James William Clarke and Alice Mary (Beattie) Clarke at Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, July 11, 1918.

I was in the junior room at Estlin School when we started there in 1926. I was in grade three with Miss Best (Anna E.) who was my teacher for two years. My grade five teacher was Miss Margaret Ruggles and in the spring Mr. Roy Stewart was my teacher when we were moved into the senior room. Mr. Stewart taught me in grades 6-7-8-9 and 10 when Ervin Webster returned to teach at Estlin in the fall of 1935 and taught me in grades 11 and 12.

The fall of 1936 I enrolled in a practical agricultural course at Balfour Technical school for one winter. Then in 1938 I started at the University of Sask. in

Saskatoon and graduated from there in 1942 with a B.Sc.

In the spring of 1942 I became ill with pleurisy and spent the summer in the Sanitarium at Saskatoon getting my discharge in October.

In the fall of 1942 I accepted a position with the Economics Division of the Federal Government and started to work at their local offices located at the University on January 2, 1943. I worked there until April 1944.

On October 29, 1943, Vera Fern Clark, from Lily Plain near Prince Albert and I were married in Saskatoon. We lived in Saskatoon for the winter then moved down to the farm in April 1944. I worked on the farm the summer of 1944 and then started farming the spring of 1945.

Vera and I lived on the farm until we purchased a house in Regina in 1964. Wallace Wayne was born October 7, 1945, Heather Gay born July 24, 1948, Elaine Carol born August 22, 1950, Barbara Dawn born December 9, 1952, Anita Fern born June 4, 1958.

The children were all born while we lived on the farm and the older ones went to school at Estlin. Anita started to school in Regina.

Wayne finished his high school at Central Collegiate then enrolled at the University of Regina graduating with his Bachelor of Arts, then on to the University of Saskatchewan to enroll in the College of Medicine receiving his Medical degree and specializing in Radiology.

He and his wife, Margaret, are living in Regina with their young family: James Alexander born September 28, 1976, Andrew Curtis born May 6, 1978, and Aimee Louise born February 16, 1980.

Heather finished her high school at Campbell Collegiate then trained at the Winnipeg General Hospital receiving her RN in 1970 and a specialty in intensive care in 1974.

She and husband, Philip Jarvis, are now living at the Shawnigan Lake Boys' School, after living in Winnipeg and at Nanau in the Bahamas for several years. Their young family are Megan Shawn born December 28, 1979, and Caitlan Jennifer born October 10, 1981.

Elaine attended Campbell Collegiate for her high school. She then enrolled in the College of Education at the University of Regina graduating with a Bachelor of Physical Education degree.

She married Ray Manz and they are currently living in Edmonton involved in physical fitness. They have one girl, Erin Kimberly, born September 26, 1979.

Barbara attended Campbell Collegiate and then enrolled at the University of Saskatchewan transfer-

ring to the University of Manitoba. She graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree with a statistics mathematics major. Since graduation she has worked with the Great West Life Insurance Co. currently working as the supervisor of short term investments.

Anita attended Campbell Collegiate and the University of Regina graduating with a Bachelor of Education. She has been teaching over two years and has taken an active interest in music with about ten years of music.

Since my graduation I have spent many winters at "off the farm" work. This included such jobs as instructing in the school of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan and extension courses, instructing at Regina College and the Regina University in the Biology Department, working as a Land Representative in the Lands Branch, Supervisor of research for the Saskatchewan Crop Insurance Board, and working with the Dept. of Continuing Education, Agriculture Division. These jobs have all been interesting and fruitful, keeping me very busy in the off seasons.

During my life on the farm from childhood to retirement I have seen many changes. In the 1920's we used horse power. It took sixteen to eighteen horses to farm a section of land. The farmers were very proud of their horses and cared for them well. In this cold country good shelter had to be built and pastures provided.

Several weeks were spent each fall hauling oat sheaves into barn lofts or stacking sheaves in outside storage. Water was a problem in this area. It was learned before the turn of the century that water could be stored in large dugouts about eight or ten feet deep in low-lying areas. This helped to settle the water problem. Most farmers dug large storage cisterns for water near or in their barns. Every farmer had a horse-drawn water tank and hand or power operated pumps to handle the water.

By the late 1920's small farm tractors had improved to the point that farmers started to change from horse power to tractor power. This not only was more convenient but settled the water, feed and labour problems. The tractor, swather and combine replaced the horses, binders and threshing outfits. In addition, the average farm production of wheat increased about 30% as acres seeded to oats for sheaves and threshed oat feed plus acres for pasture were converted to growing wheat.

The early small farm tractors of the 1920's were steel-wheeled. These were replaced in the 1930's with the pneumatic-tired wheel which was much more efficient.

Since the war diesel motors have replaced gasoline and by the 1960's and 1970's tractors have

reached a high degree of sophistication with hydraulic controls, heated cabs and air conditioning considered a necessity.

Anne and Willis Clay

by Anne Onerheim Clay

1939 — World War II had started. It was also the beginning of the end of the "Great Depression". There were no jobs and there was no money. The youth joined the Armed Forces — at least there were three meals a day, clothing, a small pay cheque.

Willis tried to enlist but was not accepted because of poor eyesight. That fall he was employed at the W. N. McGillivray farm. That was the beginning of his residence in the Estlin-Gray area. He was employed at the McGillivray farm during the spring and summer and attended the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon in the winter months. He completed the Vocational Agriculture Course (formerly termed the School of Agriculture).

In 1942 the Aleri A. Rodgers farm came up for rent and Willis began farming on his own. It's the same farm we own and live on today.

The Clays emigrated from Iowa to the Fillmore and Griffin districts. Willis was born and raised on a farm at Griffin. The Clays are direct descendents of Henry Clay — Secretary of State for President John Quincy Adams.

In July 1946, Gray S.D. was advertising for a high school principal for their two room school. I was attending summer school in Saskatoon. I answered the ad and was accepted as principal. In those days we taught all subjects in grades 8 to 12 — few teachers of today would want to accept our jobs — at a princely salary of \$1200.00 per annum.

I was born, raised, and educated at Frontier, in southwestern Saskatchewan, where we were hardest hit by the drought of the 1930's. However, Dad managed to scrape together enough money to send me to Moose Jaw Normal School. Upon graduation I took a country school to teach — at the "large" wage of \$700.00 per year. I walked two and one-half miles to school and taught all grades one to ten. Grades nine and ten pupils were taking Government Correspondence Courses but I had all the lessons to correct. It was the beginning of better salaries, as some teachers had been promised \$300.00 to \$400.00 per annum and each month they moved from one family to another for board and room. Often they had to take a promissory note on their salaries and years later settled for 30-50% of the original salary. Grim times indeed!

Is it any wonder that these young men and women were hurrying to join the armed forces, where they would get a steady salary and board and room? In a

couple of years there was a great shortage of teachers and many teachers-in-training went out to teach on a three-month permit.

Willis and I met through mutual friends. We married Dec. 30, 1949 and moved to our farm where we still live today.

I taught at Gray for one and one-half years. During that time we persevered through two of the most severe winters of our time. During the winter of 1946-47, it stormed daily. Drifts along the railway were as high as the telegraph poles and for a stretch of twenty days we had no train service or mail service. (We had these daily at that time.) A whole train was buried beneath tons of snow at Talmage — it stayed there until spring. The Gray school was completely circled with a drift as high as the swing poles and daily Mr. Carter, our janitor, faithfully carved steps in the snow drift so we could descend to the earth around the school.

The year 1947-48 had another severe winter, with a record amount of snow. Spring never came until late April — then we had fifty to sixty degree weather and there was water everywhere! Almost all of the driveways and culverts in the municipality were washed out and some roads remained under water for weeks. We had high temperatures and warm winds, which sucked up the water like a sponge and much of the inundated land dried and was sown to crops. Willis sowed oats July 4th forenoon and we went to Gray Sports Day that afternoon. We had a bumper crop that year.

Buck Lake School was still open and operating. Many of our activities centred around the school — box socials, dances, school concerts, track and field and school picnics. When the school closed, these activities moved to Estlin and Gray. There was a lot of community spirit surrounding these little country schools — somehow much of this spirit has gone with progress.

Our two children were born at Regina — Diane Elaine Clay Lewis, born June 25th, 1949, attended Estlin and Milestone schools. She chose nursing as a career — obtaining her R.N. from the Regina General Hospital and then went on to complete her university degree course in Saskatoon, graduating with her Bachelor of Science in Nursing. On April 5, 1980 she married Orval L. Lewis of Lewvan. They live in Regina. Diane and Orval have a son, Clayton David, born June 25th, 1983, on Diane's birthday.

Douglas Grant Clay, born April 23rd, 1953, also attended Estlin and Milestone schools. After graduation, he obtained his Pilot's License and his Commercial Pilot's License. He also had advanced crop-spraying training at West Helena, Arkansas. He had been crop-spraying for eight years. On June 23, 1982

he was tragically killed when his plane hit a powerline in a heavy gust of wind. He was married to Wendy Lee Cross of Estlin, on December 9, 1978. They have one daughter, Robyn Lee Clay born March 25, 1982. Wendy and Robyn live at Estlin on the farm with us.

The farm continues through good years and bad but there are distinct compensations from country living.

Life

A little sun, a little rain
A little loss, a little gain
A little joy, a little strife
And this is life.
A little work, a little play
Some kind deed done each passing day
A few goodbyes, a setting sun,
And life is done.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Cleveland by Wright and Wayland Cleveland

Jay J. Cleveland, in 1903, married a girl from his home town of Fox Lake, Wisconsin. Her name was Millie, or Nellie Clark. Two years later they emigrated to Canada, and settled on a homestead just a little distance west of Milestone. They lived along the railroad, and Dad told of picking up coal along the right-of-way, which I suppose, they used for fuel. About the first or second year of their marriage, his wife became ill, and they went back to Wisconsin, and she died there during the winter.

In the following year he came back to Canada, and his father came with him. They settled on a homestead in Lajord, and Dad became a naturalized Canadian in 1908. Then he and his father bought a homestead at Sedley, and on January 23, 1913, married our mom, Florence, of Warren Mills, Wisconsin. A son, Wright, was born on May 29, 1915. They lived in Sedley until 1920, when they moved to Gray, just west of Buck Lake, and south of Buck Lake School. They were there only one year, then bought a farm at Estlin in 1922. My first memory is of a terrible blizzard in the spring of 1922 — Mother and I standing at the window, and oh, it was terrible! We were not too happy, to say the least.

A second son, Wayland, was born Dec. 4, 1925, in Regina. Our folks lived on this farm until 1937, when they moved into the hamlet of Estlin for a few years. During all of these years both Dad and Mother were active in the community. Mother was for many years a favourite Sunday School teacher, as well as being a member of, and holding offices in, both the Ladies' Aid and Homemakers' Clubs.

My folks then retired to Calgary and were there

many years, until failing health prompted them to move back to Regina and their family in 1960. Our father died in 1961, at 82 years of age, and mother in 1964, age 75. They are buried in Riverside Memorial Cemetery in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Cleveland by Wright Cleveland



Wright and Marian Cleveland.

Marian Francis Clarke, born Aug. 16, 1915, and I were married September 20, 1938, at Knox-Metropolitan Church in Regina, by Rev. Lloyd. Orval and Dorothy Lewis were our witnesses. We took over my folks' farm in 1938, and started our life together. We were both active in community affairs, taking our turn at serving on all of the local boards and committees, and enjoying the togetherness of that fine community.

We had three children; Glen, Dale and Linda, under pretty tough circumstances a lot of the time. Marian put up with hard times and did without a lot of things, and most of all, she put up with me all those years.

We lived on the farm for thirty-five years, and during that time, built a new home, and spent many happy and long hours landscaping the yard. Marian's flowers and shrubs were her pride and joy, and she spent her leisure time keeping it beautiful. Our children all attended Boyle School, and for their grades 11 and 12 went to Sheldon Williams in Regina. They were active in all of the school affairs in both schools, as well as the church groups in Estlin, and the sporting events, such as ball and curling.

In 1973 we sold the farm and moved to Campbell River, B.C., buying and furnishing a new mobile. We lived there until 1975, when Marian died of cancer on my birthday, May 29th. She faced this disease with very few complaints, and right up to the end was resigned to the fact that she was going to have to go.

In the winter of 1975 I came to Hemet, California, where I met Leah. In the winter of 1976 we were married, and we've lived the summers in her home on Lopez Island, Wash. I bought a place here in Hemet and we live here in the winters. In the spring of 1982, we bought a larger place in Hemet, sold Leah's home, and we intend on spending the greater part of our time here in California.

Now, some thoughts about the Estlin community — they are all good as far as the people are concerned, but the problems in regard to weather, some of those memories are not all that great! I will always cherish the memory that I lived in that community with the group of people that were there. I look on most of my friends back there as brothers and sisters. I was taken in by the Clarke family, and all the other people in the community. We had a very wonderful togetherness. I also feel it had a lot to do with the way my family turned out. They have grown up to be good men and women, with nice families of their own, and I think a lot of it can be traced back to the community they were raised in. If I had my life to live over again, I would, of course, have made some changes, but the community I lived in, and my career as a farmer, I think I would have done exactly the same.

Wayland and Audrey Cleveland by Wayland Cleveland

My teachers at Estlin were Ella Reid, Gertrude Murray, Olive Miller, Roy Stewart, Ervin Webster and Bill Yackel.

It is not hard to remember my reasons for leaving Estlin. All of my life that was lived in Estlin, I was called BUSTER. No one there even knew my name. No matter how hard I tried, I knew I would never get people to stop calling me Buster, so at age 14 I left and took my high school in Regina. This worked for

a short while, but Estlin is so close that they soon had everyone in Regina calling me Buster too! So, I fled the province altogether.

On July 16, 1947, I married Audrey Bernice, daughter of Max and Mary Madiuk. We have two daughters: Mary Lou Florence, born April 17, 1948, in Edmonton, Alberta, and Lianna Gay, born March 12, 1955, in Grande Prairie, Alberta.

I now live in Alberta, and I am the Administrator of Gas Energy Purchase and Planning for the Province. It isn't so great, but it was all I could do, with a name like Wayland. Just think, if I hadn't gotten away from Estlin, and "Buster", I would be bucking for the first broom at the janitor service!!

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Cochrane

by P. G. Cochrane

History of "Mayfair" Farm

Section 19-15-20-W2nd

About 1920 Cyrus Mark of Evanston, Illinois, purchased this 640 acres. He was my (Paul Gordon Cochrane, present owner) maternal grandfather.

In the beginning my father, Arthur Cochrane, and Cyrus Mark came by train from Illinois once a year and stayed at the hotel in Wilcox while tending to farm business. They built a large barn which burned several years after construction. A new, smaller barn was then built and an architect hired to design a "colonial" house. When shutters were added forty years later it did look somewhat like a New England black and white colonial.

My grandfather died in 1922 when I was two years old and my parents then took over the operation of the farm. My father went to the farm every year by auto or train. A Welshman, Mr. Humphries of Wilcox, acted as overseer and agent.

The first tenants at "Mayfair" were named Stewart. They raised a family there, the boys using the four upstairs bedrooms and the parents sleeping in a fifth bedroom downstairs off the kitchen.

In 1931 my father took over active operation of the farm with the help of a hired hand. He usually went alone to the farm at planting time and my mother and younger brother, Cyrus, and I followed when school was out. He hired a different young woman each year to cook and keep house for the summer. Two years I went early with my father and we all stayed until November. The two of us drove up and back to Evanston while the others took the Soo Line train direct from Chicago enroute to the Rockies. This meant attending the one-room Cunard School three miles to the west in the spring and fall. My brother and I would be driven a mile to Taylor's farm (now gone) where the boys would have a team and Bennett buggy to take us the rest of the way. It

was in 1931 that the name "Mayfair" was chosen and registered — in honor of my mother whose name was May.

During our stays at the farm there was no electricity, so we used the windmill to pump water into the stock tank on top of a bunk house. This made warm showers available when the sun shone. This was where the hired girl did the laundry using rain-water from an adjoining cistern. Cooking was done on a wood-fired range . . . very hot on warm days. With that and a small wood stove in the living room, the house was comfortable even with snow on the ground. Wet-celled batteries in the basement powered our radio for noon crop prices and amazing long distance reception at night.

What prompted us to leave big city comforts each year for this? My father loved fishing and hunting ducks and upland game. Hunting dogs and horses were important too. Farming here fit this nicely. "A.B.", my father, said you could feel an exhilaration in the dry air west of Missouri and in the wide open spaces. It was an excitement that I acquired and have retained.

Part of life on the farm consisted of pruning young trees in the wind breaks, getting firewood and water, running the tractor, playing with dogs, horse-back riding and getting butter churned at Sauls. The equipment that we had included a two-ton Cat (no cab — just bake in the sun) with a roar of engines and a high squeak of treads, a McCormick-Deering combine, deep disc plow, harrow, and a discer. Our animals were one Jersey cow, a horse, a pony and Springers and Pointers for dogs.

Nineteen-forty was our last year of active farming. Norman Madill then lived in Mayfair and operated the place as a tenant until his death. In 1963 my father died and my mother in 1965. The ownership then passed to me, and Julius Keer took over the farming. In 1969 Julius retired and he and Marian moved to Regina. Then my adjoining neighbor, Warren Petersmeyer, took over the farming. I have come every summer to stay several weeks, bringing my sons when they are available, to help maintain the old wooden buildings, including the out house. Besides the fun of getting from my California home to Saskatchewan, it is always a great pleasure to see our Canadian friends each year.

The Burt Copland Family

by William H. Copeland

I am writing about my early experiences on my father's farm near Estlin, Sec. 17-15-20-W2nd, which began in May 1913. I left Abingdon, Illinois when I was sixteen years old and high school was over for the summer. I went by train to Galesburg on



Burt Copeland family, 1919. L. to R.: Harry, Ralph, Anna Marie, Burt (Dad) in front of Bill, Luella (Mother) in front of Glenn, Emma, Dick Taylor holding Clarence, Albert, Mabel (Copeland) Taylor.

the Burlington Railroad to St. Paul and Minneapolis and later taking the Soo Line Railroad to Wilcox, Saskatchewan. My father met me at the station with a team and wagon and we travelled for six hours to get to our farm twelve miles from Wilcox, near Estlin. Estlin was a small town eight miles East of dad's farm, on the Grand Truck Railroad.



Burt Copeland's farm 1910.

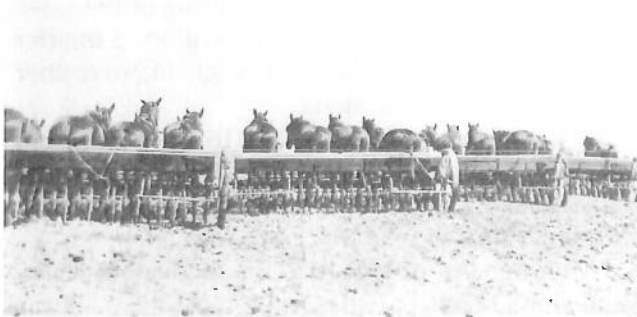
We hauled most of our wheat to Estlin by wagon load. We could make a trip to Estlin, unload it, and return in a long one-half day. We would have a late dinner, rest and feed the horses. Then go to the granary and load our grain tanks for the next day. We could haul 80 to 125 bushels in the grain tanks. There were three elevators at that time, the Security, Advance and the Co-operative in that order. We loaded grain in box cars at a loading platform at which two could be loaded at the same time. We arranged with the Railroad Agent to have a car spotted at the loading platform. We boarded up the five foot car doors with boards provided by the railway and we would shovel the wheat from the loading platform into the box car, which held about 60,000 to 80,000 pounds, approximately one-thousand to eleven hundred bushels of wheat.

The town of Estlin, as I remember it in 1913, consisted of three elevators, one Railroad Station, one General Store, (with a small Post Office in the back of the store) a Lumber Yard, a Blacksmith shop and possibly six homes.

Mr. Girsberger, a short, stocky man, of Swiss descent was the owner of the blacksmith shop, a good worker with iron or metal. He wouldn't shoe horses and hired someone in to do it. He fixed wagon wheels that dried out, by heating the steel rims up and shrinking them on to the wooden wheels, so they wouldn't fall off.

Our wheat fields were usually two-hundred acres in size, a third of a mile wide and one mile long. After the grain was cut by binder, three or four granaries were placed in each field and grain was threshed into them and later we hauled the grain to the elevator. When the granaries were empty they were dragged back to the yard and the straw stacks were burned. Our horses were shod with steel shoes when hauling grain as their hooves would split and break. If we couldn't get a blacksmith to do it, we did it ourselves. My brother, Glen, who was two years older than I, was removing shoes from our horses when a chip of metal hit him in the eye. When we took him to the Doctor infection had set in and the Doctor had to remove the eye. Our Dad farmed two sections of land at that time and most of the work was done with fifteen or sixteen horses. It took four horses to pull a seed drill and grain binder, and five horses to pull a two-disc plow. We did use a large tractor, a 30 x 60 Hart Parr tractor (OLD RELIABLE), to do some of the plowing and threshing. We had a 32 or 36 inch cylinder "Avery Yellow Fellow" threshing machine which could take up to four men pitching wheat bundles. Using four seed drills or five

binders we could seed or harvest 100 acres a day. Many short wet seasons would delay our work for a time so we would be fortunate if we completed our work early. Our work day started at four a.m. going to the barn to feed the stock, milk the cows, feed the chickens, curry the horses, harness the horses and clean the barn. With all these chores done, we were ready for breakfast and went to the field at around six a.m.



Copeland's two Massey Harris, two Cockshutt drills, 1918.

In the spring of 1912, my dad plowed the west third of Section 20, which was prairie sod, and seeded it to flax. An early frost stopped the flax seed from maturing and the following spring I cut the flax with a hay mower and raked it into bundles to be burned. We planted this 200 acres to oats and we had such a heavy crop that the binder couldn't kick them out fast enough and we hardly had time to dump the bundle carrier and get it back up in time to catch the next bundle.

I graduated from Abingdon High School in May 1915, and immediately after left for Canada to work on the farm. I got married in the fall of 1919, and my wife, Emma, and I stayed on Dad's farm the winters of 1919 and 1920, taking care of the livestock and chores in general. It kept me busy hauling oat straw from the field and hauling water from a well one-half mile west and filling a large cistern in the barn to water all the livestock.

I usually drove to Wilcox on Saturday to get groceries and the mail. I started in the dark of morning and arrived home in the dark of night. If the



Burt Copeland hauling grain in World War I.

temperature was below zero we would have to do a lot of walking beside the sleigh to keep warm.

If the elevators in Estlin were full and we couldn't get grain cars to load, as the Soo Line elevators didn't get as many grain cars, Dad would make arrangements to haul to Wilcox or Rouleau making a much longer trip. We could only make a trip every other day, using one day to load up and rest the horses. I remember one fall on my birthday, November 10th, my brothers, Ralph and Glen, and I hauled grain continually for a full month in below zero and minus thirty degree weather. We each had two wagons and two teams. We drove the front wagon and with a long rope led the second team and wagon. The ground was frozen and we had no trouble getting the loads of grain out of the fields to the road as there was very little snow.

We would start in early spring to clean wheat for seed by running it through a fanning mill, which was turned by hand, while another person shovelled wheat into the mill from the wagon. A few years later we put a gasoline engine with pulleys on to run the mill. At seeding time we would run the seed wheat through a formaldehyde solution from the granary into a wagon and haul it to the field for seeding. A formaldehyde solution was supposed to help prevent rust in the new crop, since rust in the straw of a crop prevented the grain kernel from getting enough moisture to develop properly.



Mabel Copeland and tame coyote.

We built a tennis court in front of our barn, where we played tennis on Sundays and occasionally on long summer evenings. My dad started me farming on my own in the spring of 1920. He had rented the C. W. Williams home section (14-15-20 W2nd) just three and one-half miles east of his farm. We farmed there for five years. This section had quite a lot of low ground on it and the rain only had drainage into low areas as there were no streams to carry it away. The second year I farmed there we had a lot of heavy rain

and a great deal of my crop was under water and the one-third of a section I was supposed to plow for summer fallow was too wet so I sent my hired man, a five horse team and a two disc plow over to my dad's farm to help summerfallow there. This farm had a good barn and machine shed and one day while plowing at the far end of the field I noticed my barn was burning. I shut off the tractor and ran home but I couldn't put out the fire. The barn burned to the ground. Spontaneous combustion from oat straw in the haymow and snow and summer heat caused the fire. I then had to use the machine shed for my barn.

The well was at the corner of the section and my buildings were one-third mile north so I decided to put pipe underground and pump the water by windmill down to my buildings and a big water tank. This worked pretty well.



Glenn Copeland on 1924 — IHC 15-30 Holt combine.

My wife, Emma, was a very good homemaker and a very good cook. Her home was always very clean and attractive, so she took good care of that part of farming. We farmed on the C. W. Williams farm for three years and then moved to the Graham farm a couple of miles west of Rowatt, still on the Grand Trunk Railroad line nearer to Regina. We had a three-quarter section with nice buildings, a big barn, nice house, bunkhouse, chicken house, and a hog house. The windmill and well were between the house and barn which was very convenient. We farmed there for three years and then moved to the Johnson farm four miles east of Estlin and farmed there for three years. We decided to leave farming and move back to Illinois. I had a farm sale in the spring of 1930 and moved to Moline, Illinois where I worked at the John Deere Harvester Company in East Moline. I worked there for only a few months and was laid off, as the 1930 Depression had begun. My hopes of being called back there didn't happen, so I moved to Abingdon, Illinois, and was out of work a year or so. I finally got work at the Globe Superior Overall Company in Abingdon.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Costiuk

by Milly Costiuk, Regina

In the spring of 1950, we came to the Gray district, Nick taking a farm labourer's position with Mrs. Billy Martin. Prior to that move, we went from Ocean Falls, B.C. where Bill was born, back to the prairies for a few months, then on to Toronto, where Audrey came along to join our family. After a two year stay there we moved back to the prairies.

We made that trip in an old Ford car. With the gas rations on and the big flood of the spring of 1948, we were glad to finally reach our destination, a quarter section of land in the Glaslyn district. In November of 1949 Kenneth came along.

After two years of early killing frosts, gopher and sow thistle infestation, we were quite ready to leave that all behind for greener pastures — thus the move back to Regina and the Martin farmstead.

After one season's work there, we bought Hattie Kennedy's house in Estlin and moved there. Susan was born that year, and Nick found work with the C.N.R. the following spring.

My, how the hamlet of Estlin has changed through the years! In the winter of 1951 you could not find a parking spot during one of the curling bonspiels. The Post-Office was run by Mrs. Grace Siebel. It was directly north of our house.

Mr. Armstrong was the Station agent and his wife, Marchetta ran the tiny general store which provided us with everything and anything we needed.

The following June, Clifford arrived. It was a very rain-filled month as I recall, having had to take the train into the city before my due date. No black top on the road in those days, but mud up to the axles of tractors that tried to make the trip to #6 Highway.



Billy, Audrey and Susan Costiuk and Robin Boesch.

Our children all began their schooling at Estlin, going into Regina later for high school.

Six years after Clifford, Surprise, Surprise!, along came Eleanor. I felt pretty hard done by at first, but she proved a great joy and kept us in touch with the outside world after the older children left home.

We saw many changes through the years at Estlin. Grain buyers and their families came and went. The Carsons, our next door neighbours, moved to the city. I understand they had taken care of the Post Office before our time, and Mr. Carson had a Tin-smith's shop. The store changed hands, as did the Post Office, then they finally closed down.

The rink came to an end, leaving only the hall partly standing. It has also been gone for several years. Now all functions, social, and otherwise are held in the old school house.

Nick took an early retirement, after completing almost 25 years of service with the Railroad. Shortly thereafter he became ill and passed away August 28, 1977.

I stayed on for one and one-half years, then came to Regina. I have still held on to the old home place and spend a bit of time there during the summer, gardening, etc.

Our children are all married. Bill and his family live in Regina. He is back taking a few classes at the University at the present time. They have two girls, Megan aged eight and Kristen, aged four.

Audrey, Mrs. Dave Helstrom, lives on their family farm. They have three children — Melissa, Darren and Jennifer ages 10-8-6 respectively.

Kenneth provided us with our first grandchild, Velva Dawn. She is in her fourteenth year. Kenneth has been with the Post Office in Edmonton for several years. He is remarried to a very nice gal with three children, of her own.

Susan, Mrs. Gordon Lee, lives in Regina. They have two girls, Laurel aged eleven and Jilan aged nine.

Clifford has moved around a lot with his job in the oil fields. This past June, he signed up with Atco for three years near Brisbane in Australia. He has two boys, Clinton, aged ten, and Chad aged eight.

Eleanor, Mrs. Douglas Fisher, lives at Smithers, B.C. They have a baby daughter, Amonba. That is one beautiful country — and makes a very nice holiday spot for mum.

For the past couple of years I have worked at Pioneer Village as a dietary aide and find it a rewarding experience. Apartment living isn't the greatest, but it does grow on you after a while. Most of all, I still enjoy seeing my many friends at Estlin, Gray, and surrounding areas. Long may we all remember!

The Col. R. J. Cross Story

by Gerald P. Cross

My parents, R. J. (John) Cross and Nellie Cross, migrated from Oakland, Iowa to Milestone in March, 1911. My father had a sponsor in Iowa who owned a section of land bordered on the north by the "correction" line road and 15 miles north of Milestone on the Milestone — Buck Lake road on the east. The section across the road was "raw" prairie (untouched by a plow). The entire surface was "humicks"; mounds similar to a good size hill making it almost un-navigable with a wagon and dangerous to horses at any speed above a walk because the depressions between these humicks were eight to twelve inches deep and covered with grass. Our section, however, had been farmed for a few years. The raw prairie land blossomed forth each spring with many wild flowers — crocuses, then roses, and later buttercups and others. There were also a few scattered buffalo bones.

I was three years eight months old and my sister, Doris, (Doris McAdoo) was one year and five months.

We shipped horses and a few pieces of furniture by train to Milestone. The R.R. offered immigrants a freight concession. The buildings on the farm consisted of a house — two rooms upstairs, three down, and a small cellar entered through a trap door in the middle of the floor of the main room. A few feet from the house was a board lined cistern (useless in winter). The barn was flimsy but withstood the winds and afforded reasonable shelter for the livestock. My sister, Lois, was born that first year, and the crop froze. With more borrowed money (probably) things got a little better the next few years.

My Dad had been trained as an auctioneer in Iowa by his "sponsor", John F. Reid, so he promptly became engaged in selling farm equipment sales. If a farmer decided, through necessity or otherwise, to leave the area, or ultimately acquired a surplus of equipment and livestock, he would hold an action sale. This activity increased as more development took place to the point that it became a lucrative activity for my father, especially considering the fact that it all took place in the late fall and winter, and grew to the point that, at times, he would have four or five sales a week. This was not easy considering the cold and stormy weather that usually prevailed plus the fact that sales were always many miles apart in different directions, and all travel was by horses and cutter.

Dave Runkle was also an auctioneer. He and his lovely wife lived about one and one-half miles N.W. of Estlin and were good friends of my parents. Dave offered some competition but my Dad always had the

bulk of the business. He enjoyed a good measure of success and a wide acquaintance from Regina to Yellow Grass and Cedoux.

About 1913 or '14 he purchased a large threshing outfit consisting of a big steam engine, threshing machine (separator), "stook" loader, (probably an obsolete word now) a cook car in which to feed twenty or more men and house the cook, a bunk house on wheels to house the crew, and water wagon to haul water for the steam engine and horses. My Dad's practice was to thresh his own crop first and then thresh for others; another source of income. This activity was rarely, if ever, completed before the first snow.

I started school at Buck Lake school, two miles south of our place, grades one to eight, but often no pupils for some of the grades. I don't remember how regular my attendance was that first year. I would start out walking and usually Roy McGillvray would meet me with his bicycle so I guess I usually got there on time (9 a.m.). When I was seven I started riding my Shetland pony to school and attendance was quite regular. The teacher was Miss Stewart whom we all liked.

My brother, Johnnie, was born in 1914. He was the only one, in the family of five ultimately, who had benefit of being born in the city (Regina) at a maternity facility. Inasmuch as we left the farm in Dec. 1920, Johnnie had only four months at Buck Lake School. My youngest sister, Marjorie, was born (at home) in April, 1916, attended by Dr. Tyrman of Milestone.



R. J. (Colonel) Cross family. L. to R.: Gerald, Doris, Lois, Johnny, Marjorie, 1919.

By this time the school was going great. I got a new team of Shetland ponies and a new two-seated miniature buggy to transport our group. In addition to the Crosses there were the Bernard Moats children (2), three of the Helstroms, Gordon and Bessie Stratton, Edith Husband, Leona Bratt, George Hanna, Meyers family, Fred Axford, Lew Bratt family and Walter Bratt. I don't believe there were ever as many as 20 at one time because in order to play baseball we would have to use the girls and put the little kids, grades one and two, in the outfield — not to catch the ball but to watch where it went in the tall grass and weeds. We preferred a regular baseball but usually had to use anything that was round (or nearly). We also played horse shoe, anti-over, pom-pom-pull-away, and in the winter, fox and goose. The only play equipment furnished by the school board was a carom board, tiddly winks, and a deck of finch cards.

Buck Lake was a sort of a swamp about four miles south of us partially on property owned by Jessie Bratt, (a highly regarded early settler), father of Lew and Will Bratt and also of Leona Bratt's father. Grandpa Jessie Bratt had the only grove of trees that I remember in the area which was the scene of the annual community picnic. The picnics were fun — usually a ball game of school kids and a few a bit older, ice cream, lemonade and somebody's sandwiches. Maybe we'd have a venture on the lake in the row boat (unless it was a dry year).

A short distance south of the lake and Mr. Bratt's place was the Buck Lake Church where most of the community attended church services and sometimes a Christmas program during those early years. Though Buck Lake School is gone and the church is gone, the cemetery remains, AND MAINTAINED — thanks, I understand, in large measure to Paul Helstrom and Norman McGillvray.

Things progressed for our family during the war years, as it did for most. The road was graded in 1915 and '16, from merely a right-of-way. My Dad bought his first car, a 1915 Overland touring car. The story goes that one day he was driving up the road towards home when at a point near Moats' house his hat blew into the back seat. He turned loose of the steering wheel and turned to retrieve his hat. The car hit the ditch and got bent up somewhat, so he promptly went to Regina and bought a new one!

In view of seemingly better times we built new buildings in 1916; a large five bedroom house, two story plus attic and basement, with running water and electric light plant, a large barn, (still standing, I understand), large machine sheds, prior to which machinery was unsheltered and covered with snow all winter, which must have caused considerable deterioration.



R. J. (Colonel) Cross farm.

As roads got better and more people got cars, things changed a bit. The picnics gave way to Sports days, at Gray, Estlin and elsewhere. The ball games got better and more events — foot races and maybe a horse race or two and maybe a dance in the evening at the Grain Growers hall (both at Gray and Estlin). Also, the Buck Lake Church shut down and we went to Gray to Sunday School. This I didn't mind because I got to drive the "car" and take my brother and sisters — "a McLaughlin touring car (now Buick)" — not in the winter time however.

My Sunday School teacher at Gray was Mrs. Gillis, mother of Clarence Gillis who was partner in the Eickenberger & Gillis Hardware Store in Gray. Mrs. Gillis was a wonderful woman and I have often thought of the time she devoted to that small group of young boys, not only on Sunday but at least a few extra times for maybe a brief training lesson and a little party.

Baseball was developed a bit with older boys and a few young farm hands. At times there were evening ball games at Estlin. I can remember that Fred Rodgers, son of Al Rodgers, was thought to be a real good pitcher. Their home was one mile straight west across our land from our house, but by road nearly three miles. Mr. Rodgers, whose wife passed away, married Mrs. Bratt, widow of aforementioned third son of grandpa Jessie Bratt, and Leona's mother. They rented, or sold, the farm and moved to Regina about the same time we did.

When we came to the area our closest town and post office was Milestone. The Grand Trunk R.R. line from Regina to North Portal (I believe) was built in 1913. Estlin became our post office and nearest center of business, three miles from our house. However, the point where the track crosses the correction line road was only a mile from us. We drove over to the location with a team and wagon for a close look at the first train to come down the line. This was a great development reducing the distance to haul our wheat from 15 miles to three, to say nothing of a handy source of supplies; coal, groceries, building

supplies, mail and by no means the least important, the services of a blacksmith shop. Rody Girsberger built a house, the shop, set up the equipment and rendered an excellent service to the farmers. As a young boy I knew him well and admired him. Besides, he had the only cold drinking water in the whole area. He dug his cistern inside the shop. Other enterprises were a general store, a lumber yard and a pool room. I don't believe the pool room business ever flourished and when the general store burned down Bill Jefferson, owner of the pool hall, gave up on the pool business and put in a minimal supply of grocery staples. The story goes that one day a couple of farmers were standing around the store visiting and finally one of them told Bill he wanted a side of bacon. Bill reached around, tossed the bacon on the counter and said, "\$5.00". The customer complained about the price so Bill tossed the bacon back on the shelf and said, "Forget it, if I sell it I will only have to order another one."

Water supply was always a problem. There were no wells in the immediate area — the subterranean water level being beyond a reasonable depth. In view of the shortage, water was a problem. Everybody had a couple of cisterns, one for the house and one for the livestock. These cisterns would be filled with snow water in the spring and the only supplement was rainwater acquired by means of drain spouts from the roofs of the house and barn and directed into the cisterns. And speaking of water, we had none at Buck Lake School. My sister, Doris, was the only one who would go to the trouble of bringing a fruit jar full of water regularly. No one would wash his hands during the day at school. There was rarely enough rainfall to maintain a supply for the livestock and for threshing with steam engines which required about 60 barrels per day.

About 1918 my father hired a man in Regina, who had a steam shovel, to excavate a large pond. Everybody had a small pond for water supply for the livestock but seldom adequate. This steam shovel was a huge machine which they shipped to Estlin on the train and then propelled it down the road three miles to our farm. I suspect it moved about one mile per hour. The operation took some time, I imagine about five or six weeks, but was finally accomplished at a cost of \$2000.00; a good investment because it assured us of an adequate supply for the livestock (only). Previously, at times, we had to buy water from a well owner about ten miles away and haul it by tank wagon and four horses (18 to 29 barrels per trip and \$1.00 or \$2.00 for the water).

In 1920 I was in the eighth grade and no place to go to high school the next year, and with a brother and three sisters following, my father bought a house at

2270 Rose St. in Regina. My father had an auction sale and sold off his equipment — horses, cows, farm machinery etc., on December 15, 1920.

I finished the eighth grade at Strathcona school and then to Regina Collegiate Institute. During my third year I became ill and later that year went to San Diego, California, and the next year the rest of the family did likewise. My father stayed in Canada another couple of years and then joined us in San Diego.

Walter Spicer and his wife lived a short distance north of Helstrom's on rented land. Walter had lost his arm in a mishap of some kind and had a hook attached and supported by straps etc. which he used very efficiently and which was intriguing to me. They moved to this area before I did and located at El Monte about ten miles from where I now live. I saw them a few times many years ago; BUT — my father's birthday was January 29, the very dead of winter. My mother invited several neighbors — I don't remember who all — to a surprise birthday party the evening of January 29, 1918 and asked Walter Spicer to do a little write-up for the occasion — a copy of the poem is attached. This clipping was from the Milestone Mail newspaper, February, 1918.

Our parents are long since gone but the five of us, brother Johnnie, sisters, Doris, Lois and Marjory, all live within a radius of fifty miles, and we see each other often.

I have a wonderful wife, a son and daughter, both eminent in their fields, three beautiful grandchildren (daughters) and five great-grandchildren. They all live close and we see them often, and enjoy them immensely. I had a long and rewarding career with General Motors and enjoy my retirement very much — Lodge work, church work, golf and travelling; not necessarily in that order.

Around the Table

Here's to the dancing candle light
Of thirty-eight years ago to-night
When the Wm. Cross homestead filled with delight
On Iowa's prairies, cold and white;
For a passing storm left with them, there
A bare-footed baby without any hair.
The name of the stranger was called R.J.
And it soon appeared he had come to stay.
His boyhood passed as a summer day
In the Hawkeye state just over the way.
As time passed on and this boy grew
To rugged manhood, as most boys do,
'Twas found that quite often he would shirk,
Forgetting the haying and other work.
And many vacations . . . I want to take
With charming Miss Perkins to fish in the lake.

It never was said he caught any fish,
Though it was quite certain he caught his wish.
Then he came to the land of the Maple leaves,
Seeking a fortune in golden sheaves,
In the selling horses, cattle, and mules,
And chickens, and farming tools.
He said, "More business I could win
If in a motor I should spin."
So then he got a choo-choo cart
And tried to tear the roads apart.
And when from out the tangled wreck,
The steering wheel around his neck,
He crawled, and had the bones all set,
and said, "I'll get another one, you bet."
To Moose Jaw, Weyburn, and Fort Qu' Appelle.
This car he travels the stock to sell.
And his boyhood habits are the source of his rise,
For he gets all his bids because of his cries.
His friends and his neighbors have come with
delight
To bring back memory just for tonight.
And extend hearty greetings and lots of good cheer,
Wishing years of prosperity to this great auctioneer.
Methinks in the future with his big pile of rocks,
With golden fields, bonds, and railway stocks,
He'll grow tired of the game and getting old and
wheezy
Will give the business to his boys and take it easy.

The Col R. J. Cross Story researched by Clarence Taylor

Copied from the Leader Post August 25, 1919 —
Wealthy Americans are Buying Farms.

Col. R. J. Cross of Estlin sells \$350,000 worth of Regina Plains to American Farmers in Last six Weeks.

Actual figures obtained on Saturday, show that American farmers of the wealthier class are coming to the Regina district in large numbers and buying up the best wheat land in the world, according to their statements. Col. R. J. Cross, the well known farmer and auctioneer of Estlin, south of Regina, has been one of the active men of this district selling good farm land to farmers from Iowa and Illinois and during the past six weeks has sold \$350,000.00 worth of Regina district farms to Americans who sold out in Iowa and Illinois and have come here to establish themselves.

A Good Trade

Mr. Cross informed the Leader-Post that Iowans and Illinoisans sell out their holdings at from \$160 to \$400.00 an acre, and with the money come direct to Saskatchewan and buy farms.

The men to whom Col. Cross sold the land visited the whole of the west before taking up land in the Regina district, and they are unanimous in saying

that the farming land surrounding Regina cannot be beaten for wheat raising.

Sells Thirteen Farms Since July

Since July 15, Mr. Cross has sold 13 farms ranging from a half section to a section and three quarters to bonafide settlers who will make Saskatchewan their home and who will seed down to wheat next spring. The new settlers are all wealthy men bringing large quantities of pure-bred stock, besides the latest equipment and large sums of cash.

Following is the list of farms sold by Mr. Cross since July 15, together with the names of purchasers:

The Oscar Stacey farm, northwest of Estlin, consisting of 320 acres, sold to L.A. Paul for \$60 an acre, total \$19,200.

The George Boyle half section near Estlin, sold to Sam Bailey for \$70 an acre, total of \$22,400.

The Will Kubell farm consisting of 771 acres, near Wilcox, sold to J. W. Lipton, of Tabor, Iowa for \$57,825 or \$75 per acre, with \$33,000 cash payment. Mr. Lipton, prior to his purchase of this land, had sold his Iowa holdings for \$400 per acre. He already owned a section of land in this province and stated he was prepared to back Saskatchewan land against any part of the world. Mr. Lipton also purchased through Col. Cross 1,120 acres of steam-plow land near Lewvan and formerly owned by Arnold Paden Webster, of Galsburg, Illinois for \$72,000 with a cash payment of \$15,000. This is at the rate of \$85 per acre.

Adds to Holdings

The Charles Wallace half section, six miles from Gray, sold to L. A. Paul for \$60 per acre, total of \$19,200. Mr. Paul is already a large land owner in the Gray District and is one of the most enterprising farmers in the province. He came originally from Henderson, Iowa, and in 10 years has amassed a large fortune in farming in the province.

The James Gorman half section, six miles from Estlin, was sold by Mr. Cross to Carl Wischart for \$69 an acre, total of \$22,000.

The Hamilton Ervine half section, four miles from Lang was sold last week to J. F. Reid of Atlantic, Iowa at \$70 per acre with \$10,000 cash payment.

The Albert Felt section, 4 miles from Gray, was sold to Virgil Bingaman of Corrine for \$48,640, or \$70 per acre, with \$18,000 cash payment.

The Will Myers half section two miles north of Estlin was sold to George W. Cleveland and Jay J. Cleveland for \$32,000 or \$100.00 per acre. This was a well improved farm with fine buildings and sold for the highest price in the district this year.

The Joe Irvine half section, three miles from Bechard was sold to J. F. Reid of Atlantic, Iowa for \$65 per acre, or a total of \$20,000.

The L. A. Paul farm, near Gray, consisting of 320 acres, was sold Saturday to N. Waters Gartrell of Maryland, a large rancher, for \$21,120 or \$66 per acre. All the above lands are situated 25-30 miles south of Regina.

Col. Cross came to Canada in 1911, settled 16 miles south of Regina. He came from Oakland, Iowa. He farms 960 acres, worth \$100 per acre. He expects the wheat crop to average 30 bushels per acre. He carries on a large auctioneer and real estate business in addition to farming. Col. Cross has large American connections with the best farmers in the corn-belt, and expects to sell at least 20,000 acres more of wheat land in Saskatchewan before the snow flies. He states the demand for good farm land improved, was never so keen as at the present time, and up to this minute American farmers with capital are coming into Saskatchewan by the hundreds.

The Cross Family

by Edna Cross

Edwin Cross, his wife Charlotte, and daughter Edna, came from Yorkshire, England in 1912. It took them 10 days to two weeks to cross the ocean. They settled in Ontario near Kingston where Edwin joined the 146 Battalion, later named H.C.M.R. and he went overseas Dec. 1st, 1916 to come home again, the 29th of March, 1919. Our family was two boys and one girl at the time he went overseas.

After being discharged from the army he had various jobs — one being guard at the Portsmouth Penitentiary, but after an uprising there, decided to come west, eventually ending up in Regina after being to the west coast and not finding much work. His first job was stooking for Machim, east of Regina. Later that fall he came to Dave Kirby's where he stayed until he started farming for himself five miles south and one and one-quarter miles west of Estlin in 1922. In May, 1922 Walter (his brother), Sid, and Bill (Walter's sons) came from England and worked for Stanley Ryan and John Tunison Sr. As well Sid worked for Sam Hurst, a farmer one mile west of Edwin's for the next two years. In August 1922 Sid's mother and four brothers came across from Yorkshire and would have gone back on the next boat if they had had the money. Walter farmed a half section, directly south of Edwin, until 1934 when he moved to a farm four mile east of Regina. He farmed there until he retired to Regina in 1946, dying in 1962 at age 84. His wife died in 1974 at age 85.

Edwin was joined in August 1923 by his two children, Edna and George. They went to Yankee Ridge school for a short time, as Buck Lake was closed. It opened the spring of 1924 — there being enough pupils to open it again. There were Doris,

Lois, Marjorie and Johnny Cross, (children of auctioneer R. J. Cross) — (no relation) living on the present Roy Black farm; George, Jim, and Raymond Hannan, south of Bratts' farm; George, John, Ed and Aruthur Cross from the Walter Cross farm — Vera Pfeifer from McGillivrays, and George and Edna Cross at this opening of Buck Lake school.

In June Vera and Doris Cross graduated from grade eight, and R.J. moved to Regina. That meant I was the only girl among the boys, but we had good times too. Miss J. McGibney was the teacher. There was a woodburning furnace to heat the school and every so often the boys would take the pipes down, shove a bag up the chimney, and of course all the smoke would come back down and enter the school room. Albert Husband, being chairman of the school board, would have to come and fix the furnace. By this time the sack was removed and when he came he couldn't find anything wrong — but by this time the students were all sent home.

In 1925 George Hannan, me (Edna) and Steve Hunchuk (Bill Bojuk's nephew, who was living with Bill by then) rode a mule and I left home at 7 a.m. to meet the boys by Jaspers' pasture, as we had to ride around Buck Lake. I'm sure if anybody had been in bed that mule would have wakened them up with his braying, especially if he was left a little behind. There were few graded roads then.

One time we were out of flour in the fall of 1925. We had a run-about Ford car with only one seat and no top — much like the race cars of today. It had been raining quite a bit but we were going to try to get to Estlin for groceries. L. R. Hebb and his two children, Joy and Happy, just stood and laughed. There were no fenders on the Ford, so consequently the mud was thrown up on us — however, we washed some of it off and returned home safely. Gunderson operated the lumber yard then. He had a 1926 Chev. coupe, also a ferocious looking bull dog that used to watch that car. The report was that Gunderson went overseas to see his folks and went missing aboard ship on the way home.

In 1929 the crops were not very good — drought and rust I believe — and people were beginning to talk of other places. George Husband farmed the SE half of 32. He and dad had been good friends over the years, so George offered his half for sale to dad at \$55.00 an acre — a fair price then and dad bought it. George had thought of going to Peace River but didn't see anything better, so he came back and wanted to buy back the same half section. In the meantime Edwin had given his notice on the farm he was on, so he sold George the place and moved N.W. of Regina that fall. As Edwin was still farming with horses, he couldn't handle two places so far apart.

I remember in the fall of 1932 George Husband was ready to clean wheat. He got up early and started his fire — put coal oil on it as he thought, but it turned out to be gasoline. He drove to Jaspers' with his shoes still on fire, called the doctor and ambulance, but died a few days later in hospital. This was his second fire as a year or two before he had opened the dampers up on the stove, fallen asleep and wakened to find his pillow was burning. He escaped without injury in what he was wearing, but lost his house and contents and was living in what we called a cook car at the time of the second fire.

My first impression of Saskatchewan was not too impressive. When I came out in August, 1923 it was very wet with the sloughs full and water everywhere. There was a bunk house turned over in a slough at the corner of #6 highway where Andy Baker's dugout is today. Number six highway was only a farm road for a while after that, with only one set of ruts being passable where some of the sloughs crossed the highway.

Sid and Edna got married December 2, 1929. Edna lived at home with her father while Sid worked grading roads. They had two girls and two boys.

They bought back the farm from George and continued farming. Sid had been grading roads with A. P. Wheelock for about fifteen years in the Sherwood Municipality. We had taken up a homestead in 1930, east of Tisdale at Mistatim. There was little work in the '30's and in the midst of the bad depression Sid came down to Regina and started grading highways where work was possible. In 1945 he came back to the Husband farm, moved a house and buildings on it, where our family have grown up and gone their separate ways.



Buck Lake School Class taken at Moose Jaw. Back Row, L. to R.: Donald Bratt, Margaret Cross, Dorothy Cross, Norma Helstrom, Miss Leguee, Betty Ohrt, Elaine Helstrom. Front Row: Dennis Husband, Gary Bratt, Bob Cross, Tom Kinvig, Dale Husband, Phyllis Kinvig, Dawn Husband, Gerald Cross.

The children went to school with horse and buggy or cutter. In the winter of 1947 one week they left on Monday and could not return home until Friday night. The weather would clear during the day, then a blizzard would come up, and it would be too stormy for the kids to come home, so they either stayed at Kinvig's or Morris Husband's.

Edwin continued to farm until 1954 when Robert (Bob), his eldest grandson, took over the section that is now Normanview (a sub-division of Regina). Edwin retired to Surrey, B.C. and died in Regina 1971 at the age of 84.

Sid and Edna are still farming and live on the original Husband farm. We have 16 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

Daughter, Margaret, married Joe Masters in July, 1956, and they had six children. Wesley, their third son was killed in Regina, February 9, 1980, the same day that his oldest brother, Don, was to be married. Joe is a truck dispatcher and he and his family live in Regina.

Daughter, Dorothy, married George Boszak in March, 1956 and they have three children. They lost a daughter, Janice in infancy. George is a mechanic and is employed by the City of Regina.

Son, Robert (Bob), started farming in 1954 on the land his grandfather rented west of Regina — Sec. 34-17-19 W2. He married Loreen Huber in Nov., 1962 and lived for 11 years on the farm that was owned by McCallum Hill. In 1973 they got notice that McCallum Hill would require the land for a housing development, so in the spring of 1973 Bob purchased a house in the City of Regina. Fred Hill acquired more land to the immediate west of where Bob lived, a section to be exact, and Bob rented that. In the fall of 1973 he bought three quarters of a section from Bill Bojuk, one and one-quarter miles north of Estlin. He, his wife, and three children moved in the spring of 1974 to this new land still



Darrel Cross 4-H grain plot.

farming the section of land west of Regina. Their three children attend Sheldon Williams Collegiate. Bob operated the snow plow for the municipality for several years, and is serving as trustee on the school board.

Son, Gerald, married Viola (Vi) Fiessel in Oct., 1959, and they have five children — and one grandchild. Gerald farms and is a siding-applicator, working in Regina and the surrounding area. He and his family live in his Dad's yard.

Percy and Betty (Myers) Culling by Percy Culling and Peggy (Culling) Baseden



Betty and Percy Culling.

On September 28, 1920, Jean Elizabeth Myers was born in Bushnell, Illinois, to Bessie and Roy Myers. However, she soon came to be known as "Betty" to all. Her childhood days in Bushnell were short, as she and her family moved to Estlin, Saskatchewan when she was a young girl. She attended Boyle school where she was active in sports, and perhaps even a bit of a "tomboy". After high school she went on to Reliance Business College in Regina.

On June 15, 1943, Betty Myers married Percy Culling of Kendal, Saskatchewan in Estlin United Church. They took up residence in Regina. Their honeymoon was short and sweet as Percy enlisted and was in training for the army.

While Percy served as a corporal in the First Battalion of the Regina Rifle Regiment, Betty joined her two sisters in California, where she worked at Cal-Tech Institute.

When Percy returned from overseas they came back to Estlin, where Percy was a grain buyer for the National Elevator. It was here that their first child, Ron, was born in 1948.



Percy Culling in hospital and visited by the Queen during World War II.

In 1950 they moved to Bulyea, Saskatchewan, where Percy continued to buy grain, this time for the #1 Pool Elevator in Saskatchewan.

Their daughters, Peggy and Patti, were born in 1955 and 1958 respectively. Bulyea remained their home for over ten years. They were sad to leave in 1961 when Percy was transferred to Kandahar, Saskatchewan. In 1963 they took up permanent residence in Regina, where Betty began her career with the Provincial Government, and Percy later took a position in the Corps of Commissionaires until his retirement.

Their son, Ron married Irma Nerenberg in 1970 and they have one son, Kirk.

In 1973, Peggy married Ron Baseden and they have two sons, Shane and Brett.

Patti, the youngest, after completing her University education, married Bernie Schmidt in 1981.

After a lengthy illness and a hard-fought battle with lung cancer, Betty passed away on December 13, 1982. Percy and all their children still continue to reside in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Currah

by Mrs. Fred N. (Stella) Boyd

A familiar and well-known person in the Estlin and surrounding areas, including Richardson and Gray, was Roger Currah who for many years operated a meat route.

Roger and Mrs. Currah moved to Estlin in the early 1920's to raise cattle, which he slaughtered and delivered the meat by car and truck to farmers and townfolk.

The Currahs with their four daughters came west from near Kitchener, Ontario in 1912 and settled in Regina in a tent. When the 1912 cyclone moved



Roger and Clara Currah at Estlin home.

through the city, the family escaped harm by each holding tightly to a tent peg during the storm.

During their retirement years in Regina, they spent summers near their daughter Mabel on the Heffernan farm at Birch Hills.

They were members of the United Church.

Roger Currah died in 1948 at the age of 83 and his wife Clara died in 1959 at the age of 86. They are at rest in a Regina cemetery.

The eldest daughter, Mabel, Mrs. Joe Heffernan, had three children, two sons and a daughter. The Heffernans first ranched in Montana, U.S.A., moving back to Canada to farm in the Estlin district in the early 1920's. They lived there about 10 years before moving to Birch Hills, where they farmed until they retired in Prince Albert. Mabel, now a widow, still resides in Prince Albert. Their children farm in the Birch Hills area.

The second daughter, Verna, Mrs. Len Blauman, went to Montana, U.S.A. There she married and had seven children. Now a widow she lives in Tacoma, Washington.

Third daughter, Stella, married Fred N. Boyd in 1915. The Boyds farmed in the Regina area, then moved to Estlin in the mid 1920's and farmed the

George Marshall farm. After two years in the Estlin and Gray area, they returned to their farm near Regina in the Sherwood district where their two daughters and their husbands still farm. Stella, now a widow, resides in Regina.

The Currahs' youngest daughter, Merle, helped her father with the meat route. She married Howard Smith. They too lived in Estlin before moving to Rowatt where Howard bought grain. They are both deceased.

Roger and Clara Currah

by Mabel (Currah)

Mother and Father

Father and Mother lived on a farm south of Regina. Father had a nice butcher business, supplying meat to all the large outfits and farmers in the south. My sister, Merle, helped him, using two cars and they were busy every day. This was a good business but, when some years later combines came into prominence, Father lost a lot of business as farmers required less help and, of course, less meat.

They moved to the town of Estlin, and had a butcher shop in the village. They were comfortable in Estlin for a number of years, but decided when the time came for them to retire, they would go to the city. They enjoyed their retirement in Regina and spent most of their summers at Birch Hills, going back to the city for the cold weather. They both enjoyed very good health for a number of years. Then Father began to age fast and his health began to fail. He died in a Regina hospital May 22nd, 1948, at the age of 83 years.

Mother survived Father eleven years. She died May 12, 1959, at the age of 86 years and nine months. They are at rest in the Regina Cemetery.

The Curtins . . .

by Belle Curtin

Emmett Curtin was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 29, 1905, the youngest son of William Curtin and Mary Caughlin. At the time of their marriage in LaSalle, Illinois, Mr. Curtin was superintendent of bridges and buildings for the North Western Railway. His wife, Mary, was a tailoress. They had five children. In 1910 Emmett's parents came to Canada, settled in the Govan district and farmed there until their retirement — with a move to Regina in 1925.

I was born in Penetanguishene, Ontario, June 24, 1906, the second child and only daughter of Edwin Gropp and Julia Quigley. At the time of my parents' marriage in April, 1904, my father and his brothers

operated the Gropp Brothers sawmill. Mother was a milliner. Their union was blessed with nine children.

In 1916 the timber line was receding and the timber business was not so profitable. Upon hearing glowing tales of farming out west, my parents left Ontario to homestead on the prairies. My mother was horrified at the distance from church and school and my father was no farmer. They finally settled in Regina. My father was employed by the Western Manufacturing Company, working with lumber, the love of his life, and mother was happy with the availability of church and schools.

Emmett and I were married September 30, 1933, in the midst of the great depression. In March of 1934 with lots of faith and courage we made our home on Section 33-16-19-W2nd, a section then owned by the McQuithy Brothers who lived in the United States.

The first big event was the birth of our son, Jerome Emmett, July 4, 1934. The crop looked promising so we bought a new combine, a demonstrator from the Regina Exhibition. After harvest we prepared for winter, coal bin filled, kerosene for lamps, a good supply of food for ourselves and animals and radio for entertainment. We closed off all the house but the big kitchen and living room where we set up our bed and crib. With range and heater, we thought we would be comfortable . . . BUT . . . what a winter! The temperature hovered at 30° to 40° below . . . and the wind did blow . . . through every crack and crevice . . . of which we found many. In our ever present quest for comfort, the kitchen soon became the kitchen-living-bedroom. Even so, one morning I found the hot water bottle frozen in the bed and the oranges were rock solid in the cupboard. Even my nose, being of generous size, was nipped by Jack Frost while I slept. Cold and hardships aside, our entertainment, the radio, provided us with many enjoyable hours. We thoroughly enjoyed the super programs on those long, cold and often stormy days during the winter. Johnny Wilkening and his cousin used to trek through the fields to listen to some favorites . . . often leaving for home after midnight. We anxiously awaited their phone call announcing their safe arrival home.

The hardships of our first winter on the farm prompted us to spend the next few in Regina until we persuaded the landlord to make some improvements, attaching a back shed and stuccoing the house.

Our first few years were plagued with dust storms, drought, and grasshoppers with ravenous appetites. They came in clouds, darkening the sky and devouring everything green. The dust swirled around as the wind grew, necessitating lighting the lamps in midday. As the wind blew I was reminded of a poem from my school reader:

Oh wind a-blowing all day long
Oh wind that sings so loud a song
Be you a beast of field or tree
Or just a stronger child than me?
I felt you push and heard you call
But did not see yourself at all . . .

We saw just the havoc . . . wind breaks and machinery covered with blow dirt and abandoned farms. Hard times were knocking on doors . . . ours included . . . necessitating our applying for municipal relief in order to carry on for the ever-hopeful next year. These were the years when many farmers trekked north looking for a better life. We would see them, horses hitched to the car (Bennett Buggy) piled high with belongings and a cow tethered behind. I often wondered how they got along and if they found what they were looking for.

Our family was getting larger by this time. Anna Marie Agness was born July 23, 1936 and Madeline Bernadette was born April 9, 1938. It became a burden to move the family to Grandpa Curtins every winter and with the improvements to the house we stayed on the farm the year round. It was a tradition of my Mother's to have all the family round her table for Christmas dinner. This we tried to do to please her. One particular Christmas we got storm stayed in Regina and getting home to a cold frozen house was a worry, but as we approached home, we could see smoke coming from the chimney. Our good neighbor, Frank Lekivetz, knowing we couldn't make it home, had walked across the field, fed the animals and had the fire going. We also owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bert Snell and his faithful team of horses, who were always on hand to help the Curtins home from the highway. This he did many times in snow and mud.

Kinder years followed the depression. We bought a half section just west of the farm and also farmed another quarter section further west and harvested much better crops. We bought a new John Deere Tractor to replace the old Allis Chalmers, a relic from the Govan homestead. It was then we received word that the McQuithys wanted to sell the home section. There was a farmer anxious to buy who had the money — we didn't. Reluctantly we sold the half section to buy the home section. We all sat around the table while Emmett wrote the cheque for the down payment. He said, "This is the biggest cheque I've ever written. I wonder if I'll ever have this much again." It was a joy owning our home and land. First we insulated the house, changed to heating oil and now that electricity was made available, we got a new stove and refrigerator and the old gasoline Connor, bought from R. H. Williams, was replaced by an electric washer.

January 17, 1942, Theresa Frances was born, our third beautiful daughter. That summer I was taken to the hospital for an emergency operation. Our good friend, Father Phelan, was with a very worried Emmett. Father Phelan suggested going to the chapel to pray, which they did, Emmett promising all his worldly goods for my recovery. Well the Lord really does giveth and taketh. Later that night a severe hailstorm wiped out our whole crop. Emmett never threshed a kernel, but did custom combining and with the hail insurance money prepared for next year. Other hail storms passed with varying degrees of damage, some with stones as big as golf balls, enough to whiten the ground and supply enough ice to make ice cream . . . a rare treat in the summer months.



Spring 1947, Emmet Curtin coming with oil — road washed out, car on dry land.

It was during my illness our neighbors, the McAllisters, took care of our baby, Therese. They spoiled her with tender loving care, bought her her first pair of shoes and nicknamed her Cookie, probably the first word she managed to say . . . no doubt because of a fondness for Mrs. McAllister's cookies.

In 1944 Joseph Gerard was born, a little premature, nevertheless a healthy and welcome addition.

The winter of snow and more snow, 1948, buried three locomotives on the Weyburn-Regina line. Snow plows would clear the roads only to fill in quickly making travel impossible. Many farm families were stranded without sufficient food. An airlift was put into service. We were all right, but did run out of flour. Cecil and Ella Gooding had lots of flour and were willing to share it with us. Nellie, our horse, with my brother, Glen, on her back rode through the fields to the Gooding's. Cecil met him with a generous bag of flour. The bread, buns and biscuits tasted mighty good . . . but to this day I'm not sure if I ever returned the flour.

I recall one particular storm that winter that came up so quickly we were unable to get the children from

school. Our children along with the entire school population had to spend the night bedded down in Mrs. Haughian's small teacherage. What a night she must have had! And Anna Marie added to her joy by developing a very bad toothache.

Another time Herb McAllister went along with Emmett to pick up the McAllister children and our own. Coming home, the storm was so bad Herb had to walk alongside to keep the car on the road. That trip ended by all staying at the McAllisters for the night. It was during this very same winter that we set out for midnight mass on a beautiful clear Christmas Eve. Just as the service was about to begin, Joe Baker announced that a blizzard was blowing up. Immediately we set out for home with the McAllisters behind us. As I sat beside Emmett I could see nothing, absolutely nothing, but swirling snow. How Emmett found the turn off for our road is still a marvel to me. I'm sure a heavenly hand guided us and the McAllisters' home.



E. Curtin farm, moving grain from flooded bin.

Following all that snow, flooding was a problem. The house and barn were on a small island in a sea of water which was creeping nearer and deeper as the snow melted. Rats invaded us as their nests were flooded. Our thanks to Mr. Chips, our terrier, for taking care of that menace. The granaries were surrounded with water and we were faced with losing a great deal of grain. Neighbors came to the rescue. They managed to move an empty bin to higher ground and with two loaders emptied one into the other. Nellie, our horse, pulling the stoneboat, kept us supplied with oil for heating and groceries from the car parked nearly half a mile away. With all this water around the children built a raft of questionable sea worthiness, and sail it they did until our big collie decided he wanted to join the ride and jumped onto the raft, dumping all passengers into the water. The sailors were grounded.

In 1952 Kathleen McAllister married Dr. Gordon Schwann but not without the weather playing a significant part. The day before the wedding there was a downpour, making the roads impassable. To further

complicate matters our road was being graded. The morning of the wedding dawned bright and clear. Kathleen's sister, Rita, who came from Toronto, arrived on our doorstep carrying her daughter, determined to get to her sister's wedding even if she had to walk to Regina. Emmett thought that if the McAllisters could get to the crossroads he could meet them with the tractor and travel alongside the new grade to the railroad. He phoned the section foreman and arranged for him to come with the jigger to take the McAllisters to Rowatt. The poor man was reluctant. He had to break the law and put his job on the line to do so, but he agreed. The plan worked well. He picked up the family, carrying goodies for the reception, and delivered them to waiting relatives at Rowatt.

It was in 1947 some members of the district were stricken with polio, our son, Jerome, included. We feared the crippling paralysis that affected his arms. How very fortunate we were! After treatment his arms returned to normal. It was a fearful time for all and hopefully will never be repeated.

Our social centre was Springdale School. Highlights were Christmas concerts, picnics and field days. Dances, fowl suppers and church services were all held at Springdale School until Our Lady of the Prairies Church was built at Rowatt. All the men of the parish helped in the construction of the church. The basement provided a roomy and more convenient place to hold our fowl suppers, bazaars, showers and strawberry socials. Springdale still hosted the annual Christmas concerts and when pupils became too few Miss Dosman, the teacher, prevailed upon the parents to take part. Too bad no Hollywood scouts were present . . . we would be famous today. Life was never dull. We did have fun.

In the fall of 1957 we rented a furnished house in Regina for the winter. Jerome was working for the department of highways and the three girls were attending school in Regina. Only Joseph was going to Springdale School. On the morning of November 27th Herb McAllister and Emmett took out our first bushel quota. They had lunch before delivering the last load to town. Herb planned to come along to town with us. Emmett was to pick up the girls while I attended the nurses' annual banquet being held that evening. Though Emmett did not feel well at the elevator he drove home, dropped off Herb, and said he would pick him up in an hour or so. Arriving home he was seized with severe pain and slumped to the floor. My kind and loving husband, a gentle father, died. Frank Anwender heard my call for help on the telephone and came over immediately. He was a pillar of strength to me in my shocked state and saddest hour. We left the farm that afternoon not

returning to live there for eighteen years. The help of the neighbors extended to the children and myself was tremendous and continuing. In the spring of 1958 they came with their outfits and did the seeding. Grateful thanks to all, especially the McAllisters and Cecil and Ella Gooding, who helped so much in settling the estate and in moving. The responsibility of the farm passed on to Jerome. The girls married and Joseph started a carpet-laying business. Being a registered nurse, I nursed until I retired in 1975. Love of the land and the outdoors and the peace and quiet of the country brought me back to the farm. Many old friends and neighbors are gone and the younger generation has taken over but the good memories are still there and new ones are being made each day.

Clinton Dalmas by James C. Dalmas



Clint Dalmas, 1928, at Welliver's farm.

Clint still thinks of Estlin as home, since that was his "First Home-Away-From-Home". He arrived in Regina, Saskatchewan in 1924 via a Harvest Excursion Train from Trenton, Ontario.

Coming from a farm background, having only enough money for bed or breakfast, he flipped a coin and breakfast won out, so a night on a bench in the railway station was spent. Breakfast was at the Champs Hotel, known as the farmers' meeting place, where he met Mr. Dave Runkle.

Clint went out to Estlin with others for harvest. There he met Mr. Roy Welliver and a lifelong friendship was formed. Clint worked for the Wellivers off and on for many years. In those days farming was done mostly with horse power; and many a young

colt Clint helped break in, as well as breaking virgin land. In the winter he worked for Mr. James Grassick cutting ice. During the Depression he helped load boxcars with farmers' household goods and machinery heading for Birch Hills to farm. There he met his future wife, Ann R. Willmott Crossen, whom he married in 1940.

Clint joined the R.C.A.F. in 1942 and served at different postings until 1946 when he joined the Saskatchewan Liquor Board, later working at Molson's for the Government and retiring in 1971. They have two sons — Jack, Palm Springs, U.S.A. and Norris and Grandson Scott of Regina.

Ann and Clint reside in Regina but spend the summers at Regina Beach.

The Cecil Davis Family written by Vera Davis Kvisle



Cecil Davis family. Standing: Cecil and Pearl. Front Row, L. to R.: Gary, Vera, Noma.

My father, Cecil DeCamp Davis, was born in 1898 in Liberty, Indiana. He was the eighth in a large

family of ten. His father died when Dad was five years old. He stayed with older sisters a few years, then in foster homes. On his own at an early age, he worked his way through high school and one year at University of Purdue taking agriculture.

He then came to Saskatchewan in 1918 where he met Mother. Mother was born in Spencer, Iowa, in 1901. Her parents were Florence and Volney Mallory. They moved to Saskatchewan to homestead in 1911.

Mother had an older brother, Orie, and after farming several different places in Saskatchewan, settled in Parry, Saskatchewan. He was killed driving a tractor on a highway in 1960.

Mother's younger brother, Glen, also farmed several different places and eventually settled in B.C. where he died in 1975.

Mother and Dad were married in 1921 and worked on farms around Wilcox, where I, Vera Grace, was born. They rented the Nelson section on the Correction line approximately 1922-23.

Noma Luella was born October, 1924, and Gary Bruce in October, 1937.

Dad was a good farmer and liked to play cards and horseshoes. Mother was a good homemaker and liked to play cards and dance. She was a warm and loving person.

There were some lean times during the depression but we were never hungry or cold. Good use was made of flour and sugar sacks. They were soaked, scrubbed and bleached until snowy white and then made into tablecloths, pillow cases and dish towels. They were very pretty when embroidered and crocheted around.

Noma and Vera went to Kirby School and Gary attended Estlin school. It was four miles by horse and buggy.

They moved from the Nelson section in 1946 and farmed one year on the Black place on the highway, then went to B.C. in 1947, where they bought a dairy farm. Dad died in March of 1958. Mother then moved to Hamilton and died in November, 1969.

Vera married Melvin Kvisle from Wilcox in 1946. Darwin Eric was born in 1950. They moved to B.C. in 1951. Mel is now retired.

Both Darwin and Dale are married and have families and their own homes.

Noma married Frank Addison in 1948 and moved to Hamilton, Ontario, where Frank started an electrician business. They had three boys and one girl. Noma died in 1972 and Frank in 1982.

Gary finished school in B.C. and then went to Ontario to work with Frank. He married Marge and had one girl and two boys. He is now separated from his wife.

The Debert Family

by Michael and Mary Debert



Tichydorf (Sichidorf) Colony south of Regina, 1903. Courtesy of Sask. Archives.

My grandparents, Mathias and Barbara Debert, left Europe in 1895 with a family of three boys and a girl. My father, Lawrence, was two years old. They arrived in Montreal and then went on to Winnipeg. From there they came to Balgonie, where Grandfather took a homestead, staying for two years. When land became available around Regina they settled in a small village south of Regina near the flowing well, and also near the Anwender farm. It was known as Anwender's corner. After taking a homestead there they farmed the land from the village, going to the farm in the morning and returning in the evening. They started building outbuildings first, setting up a granary and a small barn. After two years they built homes on the farms. During all this time there were quite a few families living and farming their land from the village — the Anwenders, Bakers, Novaks, Nolls, Wingerts and others.

In 1903 the Kraig family came from Europe. Rosina (my mother) was five years old. They stayed in Montreal for a while and then moved to Winnipeg for a year. Grandfather passed away that winter. Later Grandmother married again and soon after they moved to the Vibank area where they farmed. During the winter of 1913-14 my father met my mother, Rosina Craig, and in June they were married in Regina. During the month of December in 1916, I, Michael was born. My sister, Mary was born in 1922. Most of the original families are still farming their land.

We got our education at Springdale school and Campion College. During the early 1930's we started a ball team, which we named the Springdale ball team. After a few years we joined the Rowatt team. Later, in 1937, we played with the Estlin ball club with Hec Bouey as manager. I also have a picture of the 1939 Estlin ball club. The club disbanded in 1941 because of the war.

In 1936 I met Marg Bartle, and in September, 1937, we were married. We raised our family of four: Larry, Wayne, Gordon and Darlene, who now are married and raising their own families.

After my father retired in 1964, our son Wayne, the fourth generation, started farming his land, on the Old Homestead.

The De Boice History **by Grandson Myles Kennedy**

Ira John De Boice came west from Niagara Falls, Ontario, to Kronau, District of Assiniboia, N.W.T. in April 1904 and settled on a farm one mile north of "Yankee" corner, as the intersection was known in the early times. Ira John De Boice was born in Myrtle, Ontario, July 16, 1863.

John was a market gardener at Niagara Falls and continued it out west until he was established in farming.

He married Alice Carson in 1889 at Niagara Falls. Alice was a sister of I. T. "Ike" Carson, a Post Master of Estlin for many years. She was born July 16, 1864.

John and Alice had six children when they arrived at Kronau. They attended the first Weardale School. Hattie, the eldest, married John Kennedy of the same district March 24, 1915. Amy married Jack Murray and moved to Bakersfield, California. Clarence moved to Detroit, Michigan and back to Regina, Saskatchewan and married Alice Vande Velde. Bessie married Nick Enwright and moved to Boston, Massachusetts, and came back to Regina to enter the hospital at Fort San where she died in 1924. Owen came to Regina and worked for Co-op Creamery until his retirement, then moved to Surrey, B.C. He married Helen Kingsfeldt of Regina. Ruth finished her high school in Regina and married Donald Campbell.

John and Alice sold their farm in 1920 and retired to Regina where they resided until their deaths.

The O. A. Denton Family in Canada **by Helen Denton Williams and Howard Denton**

Mrs. Oscar Denton, who at the time was Ruth Emelia Brown, arrived in Canada in March 1909. She came from Emerson, Iowa, by train with her Mother, sisters and brothers, the youngest only four weeks old. They were met by her step-father and oldest brother, Alfred, at Milestone, Sask., these two having gone ahead to prepare a home. A bobsleigh filled with straw and warm blankets transported them to a farm house near Lang, Sask., where they had the task of getting settled and farming a new land.

Ruth recalls the very cold winters, of sleeping in

the loft of the house and waking in the mornings to see frosted nail heads in the boards of the walls and ceiling, and the windows completely frosted over. Times were hard, and one of the economy measures, when they were short of fuel for heat, was to gather what was commonly known then as Buffalo chips, or cow chips, to burn. Back in Iowa, hard times fuel was dried corn cobs, much more elegant.

In 1911, Oscar Denton followed "his special girl" to Canada. He brought farm machinery, horses, and even mules, to continue farming in Canada. His dream came true and he married Ruth Brown in February, 1912.

I will digress here to say Ruth was the daughter of Carl Gustav Brown and Emma Emelia Nelson. Both were born near Stockholm, Sweden, his trade as carpenter, building many houses, and also farmed, his last farm being near Emerson, Iowa. This made the Brown family neighbors to the Denton family. Oscar was the son of James Bradley Denton and Nancy Jane Winegar. Both were born, and married, in the United States and were of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was an itinerant Christian preacher, and also a farmer.

Oscar Denton and Ruth Brown were married on February 28, 1912, at Milestone, Sask. A cold winter day, and again a bobsleigh filled with straw and warm blankets, pulled by a team of horses, transported them, along with their attendants, Alfred Brown and Susie Denton.

Their first home was a farm at Elbow, Sask. It was in this farm house on October 9, 1913, number one son arrived. He was named Howard, but in later years his Dad found nick-names for almost all his children, and Howard was known as "Doc".

The winter of 1916, although still living on the farm at Elbow, they stayed in the town home of Charlie and Ruby Denton while that couple were on a trip to Iowa. So it was there at Lang, Sask., on January 27, 1916 a little fair haired daughter, Mildred, was born.

Still later the family moved to another farm at Richardson, Sask. Not far from Regina, and after only one week of settling in, another daughter, Helen, made her debut on April 8, 1918. For obvious reasons this little girl later acquired the nick-name "Curl".

At this point the family were three in number, but over the years this was remedied, and many are the humorous stories and tall tales that grew as the family grew. One Helen has been kidded with, a true tale, on her birth certificate it states place of birth, Richardson Post Office.

It seems momentous things happened for this family that year of 1918. While Helen may think her

arrival was "the" event, Howard recalls he and Mildred running to their mother's bed, begging her to come quickly and see what a nice man left in the farm yard. Dad had bought his first new car and had it delivered, a Model T Ford touring beauty, which became the family's pride and joy. This year also saw the acquisition of a new binder, and a Van Brunt drill by John Deere, a piece of farm machinery that sowed many bushels of wheat on that and subsequent farms at Estlin, Sherwood district, and Rowatt, where it still sits, now retired on the Denton farm. Most of the boys, and at least one of the girls, Helen, recall their pride in occasionally being allowed to ride on one of the two platforms of the drill, raising the lid of the box to check the flow of grain. This, of course, was when they were really too young to be of assistance. Later on, all of the boys, in turn, had the real job of seeding many acres with this piece of machinery.

The family was on the move again, another farm at Weyburn, Sask., this one had a lovely big house. On a bright sunny day, June 12, 1920, Carl Oscar was born.

In 1921 the family had a bout with the terrible flu. At one point, all the members were ill in bed, but the youngest, Carl, who crept around the floor and found his way to the kitchen and the bread box.

The following year, on this same farm at Weyburn, the next member of the family arrived. A daughter, Florence Ruth Emelia, named after her Mother and Maternal Grandmother, was born on June 29, 1922. She was Dad's baby girl for some time, and he called her "Babe". In 1923 they moved to a farm at Yellow Grass where they lived only one year.

In 1924 the Dentons rented the Champ farm, two miles east of Estlin, Sask., where on June 15 of that year a son, Louis, was born. Estlin was the place of birth of the one son, out of five, who was to continue to the present day the tradition of farming. Four of the Denton children went to Weardale School, four miles northeast of the Champ farm. They remember so clearly a beloved teacher, Margaret Kartman. One of the yearly highlights was the Christmas concert she would arrange, with the recitations, the play acting, often with costumes, the Christmas carols rendered by the whole school. Always attended, of course, by parents and friends. A beautiful decorated Christmas tree would be in one corner, piled round with gifts, which at the end of the concert would be handed out by Santa calling out each child's name. Along with the gift each would receive a bag of an orange, candy, and nuts.

Howard remembers the winter drives with a team of horses on the bobsleigh going through the Koons farm, picking up their four, Maureen, Park, Walter,

and Marion, and with we four crossing the snow covered fields, often in storms, but also with much hilarity. Ice skating and hockey were favorite winter sports.

In winters school house dances were held. Several musicians with fiddles supplied the music, while the school, or hall would rock with square dances, fox trots or polkas, occasionally calming down with a waltz. Box lunches were auctioned in the big hall in Estlin, or school houses. Oscar Denton sometimes auctioned these. Many of the boxes would be wrapped so fancy, decorated with ribbons and bows. The rivalry, by way of bidding, would be keen when more than one gentleman would bid on a box each felt might have been put up by the lady he chose to share lunch with.

Howard tells of chores on the farm at Estlin. He remembers hauling water into the barn in winter for the horses and cattle, because the weather was too cold to take the stock outside. At twelve he hauled wheat with a team of horses and a wagon following after his dad into the Estlin elevator. He would stop whenever he could at the general store for a treat of chocolate bars. Everything was sold there — groceries, clothes, hardware. One time when Howard was helping haul hay to fill the huge loft of the barn, he had some trouble with a spirited team of horses. Carl had been following Howard around, trying to do everything he did. Howard had boosted him up onto the loaded hayrack, when the horses suddenly bolted. Not being able to stop them, and fearing for Carl's safety, Howard let his Dad know he had broken rules of no younger children in the hay. Oscar was famous for his loud voice, and at that time, the familiar war whoop and flailing arms sent the team towards the barn. With the hired man in the right position and another whoop of "Into the barn", that is where the horses went. Off came the rack and the load of hay with Carl in it. Howard dived in and dug Carl out, and when he caught his breath, he was rivalling his Dad in volume of sound. The winter of 1926 the family took a house in Regina, as a baby was expected in February, not a good month to be isolated on a snow bound farm. The children were not enamored with city life, school work was different, they missed their friends, and they were quarantined with measles when this baby boy made his appearance. So Cecil was born February 17, 1926, in a hospital in Regina. The only one of Oscar and Ruth's nine children not born in a farm house.

That same year, back on the farm, it became apparent Mildred required specialized medical attention, and her Dad took her to Rochester. During his absence, Ken Williams helped Howard with chores on the farm. The Will Williams farmed just south of

us. Our sister, Mildred, lost her leg to sarcoma of the bone, but she was back with us for two more years.

The spring of 1927 the family moved to another farm west of Estlin, and lived in this little, old house that fondly became known as the "Mansion". From here four Denton children went to Kirby School. As it was five miles by road, they often travelled by covered cutter, across the fields in winter. They used warmed bricks at their feet, and a buffalo robe over their laps. One time they became lost in a blinding snow storm, unable to determine direction, and all attempts at guiding were abandoned. Fortunately, "horse sense" took them home, for when the cutter came to a stop, they discovered they were at the barn door. A rope tied from the barn to the house then guided all hands to safety. The winter of 1927-28 saw us in the Flett farm house just south of our "Mansion", while that family went south for the winter. That winter the children had a bad bout of whooping cough, and Mildred, weakened with the return of the dread disease, this time in her shoulder, contracted pneumonia, and died in February, at the age of twelve. She was buried in a family plot at Lang, Sask., where she was born, and not far from where her parents and grandparents first farmed on coming to Canada.

In 1928, after the loss of the beloved oldest daughter, the Denton family moved to the Sherwood municipality near Regina. Here, on July 26, 1929, the youngest son Harvey was born. He became famous for riding horses, calves, pigs, you name it!

On this farm the youngest of the family was also born, Edith arriving Sept. 13, 1931. Her brother, Harvey, referred to her for years as "Baby", while to her Dad she was always "Toots". One of Harvey's escapades was with his young sister when they were herding cattle on a hot summer day. Harvey thought it an excellent idea for them to go wading in the dugout so off came the clothes and in they went. Harvey found part of a railway tie, which they used to float across. The dugout was deep and neither could swim, but they were having great sport until Harvey's end of their "log" hit shore and he decided to get off. Of course when he did this, down went Edith. Fortunately, Harvey was able to pull her out. They were recovering on the bank when a war whoop from the yard brought Harvey back to reality. The cattle were in the oats and Dad was yelling. With clothes in hand, Harvey streaked across the field.

It was in May, 1934, the family made their last move, when they rented the Elliott farm just south of Regina. Oscar and Ruth, and the boys as they grew, all farmed this land, which many years later Louis purchased, and still farms.

The Denton children began leaving home in the

late thirties. Howard, Carl and Florence went to Milwaukee, Wis. All three married there. Howard and Carl had their own business operating a garage, after Carl served overseas with the American Army and Howard worked in a factory. Florence worked as a secretary until she married Richard Scharch upon his return from overseas duty with the American Air Force. Years later, these three families were to seek a less harsh climate, and all three moved to the west coast. Howard and his family to Auburn, Wash., where they operated a Motel business for several years. Then after several years with the State Highway Dept., Howard has now retired. Carl and his family settled in Seattle, where Carl was in the garage business again. He is still enjoying life as a master mechanic and in the milder climate of the west coast. Florence and her family went further south, to Los Angeles, Cal., where her husband, Rich is with the Schools Parks Dept. Florence runs a small nursery school in their home in the San Fernando Valley. Howard is the father of three children, Carl one, and Florence the mother of five.

Helen married Ken Williams, whose parents were also farmers at Estlin when hers were. Ken was an operating Engineer with the Co-op Refinery at Regina when they married. Later, he was to serve in this capacity aboard a Destroyer, on duty out of Halifax, with the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve. Helen and Ken did not return to Sask. to live after the war was over, but made their way to the west coast, where they lived in many parts of the province of B.C. while Ken pursued a varied career — all the way from operating an ore train in a gold mine at Bralorne, a steam engine in a cedar mill in the Fraser Valley, caterpillar tractors, cranes, boats and barges while logging, and working in the construction industry, up and down the coast, and on Vancouver Island. Ken was an electrician on the construction of the huge Bennett Dam on the Peace River at Hudson Hope, B.C. and, he was a marine electrician at the Shipyard in Victoria. He died in Victoria in May 1967, at the age of fifty-six, of a heart attack. Helen and Ken had three children, two sons and a daughter. Helen now lives at Nanaimo, B.C.

Louis married Claire McMahon of Saskatoon, and with their family of six boys and five girls, live in Regina, and on the farm. Louis still farms, hauls wheat to Rowatt, and also delivers gas to the Service Stations of Regina for the Co-op Refinery.

From his beginnings at Estlin, Cecil went on to launch his career with Mobil Oil, starting with the company in Regina in 1953. As Landman for Saskatchewan and Alberta, he negotiated oil leases, thus enjoying a fellowship with many farmers throughout

Sask. He is still with the Company in Calgary, where he now lives. He married and had one son.

Edith also lives in Calgary. She married Harold Schultz, a geologist with Shell Oil, and they have two children.

Harvey married and had one son, Lyle, who farms with his maternal grandparents, near Regina. Harvey, who also farmed, as well as working for Pacific Petroleum in Regina, now lives in Seattle, Wash.

Oscar Denton died in October, 1948, at the family farm. He had undergone an operation to remove a gangrenous foot, that was a complication of diabetes. He had been home from the hospital only a few days when a blood clot caused his death. Ruth Denton, who will be ninety years old January 1, 1984, lives in her own home in Regina.

Mrs. Ruth Denton and Mrs. Ruby Denton by Mrs. Ruth Denton

These two sisters married brothers a few years after their family came to Southern Saskatchewan from Iowa in 1909.

Ruth married Oscar Denton and they farmed at



Ruth Denton (left) and sister Ruby Denton.

Estlin. Ruby married Charley Denton and they lived at Lang. Charley had a large threshing outfit doing that job for many farmers at Estlin, Lang and throughout Southern Saskatchewan.

Oscar Denton and his daughter Mildred are buried at Lang, Saskatchewan. Charley Denton and his son Elmer are buried at Regina, Saskatchewan.

Both of these pioneer ladies still live in their own homes in Regina.

The Denton Family Reunion — August, 1982

as told by Peggy Denton Irwin

A Denton Family reunion was organized starting

in March, 1981, with the three-day function taking place August, 1982, at the old farm house just south of Regina, now owned by Louis Denton. This house had not been lived in for twenty years, but was cleaned up, painted and doors re-hung for the occasion.

People from two years to eighty-eight years attended that reunion. They came from Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, Washington (State), Oregon, California and Oklahoma — people from a family of four surviving generations.

We had T-shirts which said, "I SURVIVED THE DENTON FAMILY REUNION AUG. 82", made up for those who ordered them. We had a cookbook printed with our grandparents', Ruth and Oscar Denton, wedding picture on the cover. Inside were family recipes.

Prior to the reunion a rusty 1929 McCormick Deering tractor was worked over until finally it sputtered, belched, and then miraculously, it started. We all cheered, and as the brothers took turns riding it around the yard, everyone was momentarily taken back to another time.

Many household items were cleaned and on display in the old house, such as — Grandma's baking pans, mixing bowls, crocks, the cream separator, the Kitchen Queen and many other household items from the big farm kitchen. In the living room were the old stove, Grandpa's rocker, the Victrola, the old battery-operated radio, as well as tables, lamps and school books belonging to each of the kids.

The barn was equally well prepared. Many of the things used to care for the animals and tools for various jobs were on display.

As for myself, it is hard to pinpoint my favorite part of that magical weekend. What stays in my mind is how all of the years and distance between us melted away and we were just . . . family. Families like the



The Oscar Denton family reunion, 1982. Back Row, L. to R.: Carl, Harvey, Howard, Helen, Lewis, Edith. Front Row: Cecil, Florence, Ruth.



McCormick Deering tractor brought back to life at Denton farm.

Dentons have a rich heritage that should be preserved. As long as we continue to meet, tell the stories, and pass them down from generation to generation, we will live forever in the hearts and minds of those we love.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel O. Dickey by Evelyn Marie (Dickey) Todd



Dickeys Service Station, 1947. Unloading tractor on snow bank to dig out stranded trucks.



Robinson's corner, No. 6 south of Regina, Feb. 1947.

Our parents, Gertrude and Samuel Dickey, were married in Oklahoma in January, 1914, and moved to the Halbrite district, south of Weyburn near Ralph, Sask. They farmed there till 1920, then moved back to Oklahoma, where mom's parents, Carsey and Marcus Hemphill, lived on a farm near Sentinal. Aunt Maggie and Uncle Earl lived nearby too. They were Dad's sister married to mom's brother.

Dad was a separator man on the old threshing outfits and started threshing in the Panhandle of Texas and threshed all the way back to Canada. They farmed two years at Hazelmere, Saskatchewan, prior to moving ten miles south of Regina in 1925 on a C. W. Williams farm, which was one mile west and one-quarter mile north of Eric Novak's. The farm house was moved one mile east of the old Service Station on the correction line and one-quarter mile north.

The folks farmed there till the fall of 1929, then bought the Service Station on #6 Highway and the correction line from Jack Chadwick's parents who were formerly of Wilcox, Saskatchewan.

Dad had planted the crop twice in the spring of 1929 to have it blown out. The third planting was eaten up by cut worms. That's when they made their decision to sell out. Dave Runkle of Estlin was the Auctioneer at the sale they had that fall prior to moving.

Our Dad passed away on March 9, 1939. Mother struggled along to keep the business going. They helped out a lot of farmers as they gave credit and had to wait till after harvest to collect, which wasn't the easiest as the oil companies wouldn't give credit. Fortunately, Dad was independent and could buy anywhere he could get the best price for the best product.

We all pitched in and helped at the Station. Then the war came and Lucille's husband, Lloyd Todd, was called up. They were married on Nov. 25, 1942, and had to leave before Dec. 1942. The Station was open seven days a week and 24 hours a day if someone was in trouble or needed gas! Before Dad had a truck he hauled drums of fuel to the farmers on a big trailer behind the car, also using the big car for towing, pulling out of ditches and mud etc. Harvest was the busiest time trying to keep the farmers in fuel. Sometimes their wives came over for barrels of fuel with no men around to roll the drums on the truck but they never went away without any, as we well knew how important it was to get the crop in before snow, rain, frost etc. I always thought the Good Lord gave us a crop and it was up to us to get it in the granary before the elements closed in on us. He had never failed us. There was always something to meet our needs — giving us lots of faith in God.

Many times my folks couldn't get cash for gas

and oil, but would take something of equal value — meat, milk, eggs or produce.

So we managed quite well in the 30's. Many a dust pan of blow-dirt was swept up every morning, as we were out on the open prairie without a tree or shrub or fence to stop the winds. Then the grasshoppers came — the sun darkened when they flew in for "greener pastures" and everything was devoured. We tried to raise a garden in back of the station. Then the crickets came and ate the grasshopper eggs and eventually they were eradicated. In later years there was a spray to kill them. Bert made quite a large sprayer and did some custom spraying for farmers, but the spray was very potent and he developed a skin cancer, which took quite a while to control. He had a bad case of skin-cancer after working on the air-port in Swift Current during the first winter of the war! Different doctors had not been able to help him and finally he went to the druggist in Wilcox, who was able to give him medication that finally cleared it up. He had a very sensitive skin so was very susceptible to anything that was strong such as tar roofing. Weather was a deterrent to the hatching of grasshoppers when cool and wet.

Many "grasshopper-dirty" windshields and headlights had to be "scrubbed". Someone said Coca-cola was good for cleaning windshields and it was used in stubborn cases.

Many people were stormed in at the Station. The pump lights were used to guide people during blinding blizzards, when ditches were filled with blowing snow and people got on the summerfallow fields and were lost!

The most "storm-stay" we had at one time was the Notre Dame Hounds hockey team with Father Murray from Wilcox — a truck load! They were there all night and most of the next day, when the storm let up a bit. I can remember how those boys could eat! Many a pan of biscuits was made after running out of bread. Paul Bird hauled the team around in his truck. He ran the Co-op in Wilcox and had a large truck.

Lots of times we had to sleep cross-wise on the beds or on couches and floor. There seemed to be one in every crowd who would snore all night so loudly it kept many awake!

Those days the snow plough would push the snow up in piles along the roadside and the next blow it would fill in again. In 1947 (spring) trains were buried so transportation really slowed down. A lot of small towns had to have food and supplies dropped by an airplane.

Evelyn Dickey was born June 29, 1915, at Halbrite, Sask. to Samuel and Gertrude Dickey. Her sisters were Irma and Lucille. Evelyn attended King

Edward and Kirby schools. Her sisters did also. Their teachers were Mildred Baldwin, Bill Wheatly, Iva Douglas and Essie Baldwin (Johnson).

Evelyn married Bert Henry Todd November 27, 1937. He was the son of Henry and Edith Todd. He was born April 17, 1908, at Wilcox, Saskatchewan. Bert and Evelyn have three children.

A daughter — Olivia, born February 9, 1940, at Regina. She married Eric Celmon October 5, 1957, and they have one child.

A son — Larry Bert, born March 26, 1942, at Regina, married Sandra Partridge June 27, 1964. They have two children.

A son — Robert John, born February 8, 1948 at Vernon, B.C. He married Lynnda Schmidt July 19, 1969. They have three children.

George Doyle by George Doyle



George Doyle.

I was born in the Willow Bunch area in 1914. I was fifteen years old when I started to play for house parties, where people got together and made up an orchestra. I played the guitar, violin, accordeon and banjo and played for dances in the Willow Bunch area.

I came to Regina in 1934 and worked for farmers in the Regina and Estlin district. I was twenty years old and played for dances in Estlin, at Ike Carson's hall, with Don Lewars, who played the violin and Rose Appenheimer, who played the accordeon. The ladies brought lunch and the men paid a twenty-five cent admission.

I started to sing Western songs on the Bill Schultz's Army and Navy, and Christie Grant's radio programs. In the winter months I took the evening train to Regina and stayed overnight. Occasionally I

stayed overnight at the home of Bill Schultz, as the program started at nine in the morning. In 1939 I had a program of my own on the CBC and sang there for several years. I started a band and we called ourselves the J. B. Ranch Boys. We played for dances around Regina and I sang with the band.

I married Norma Heisler from Wilcox in 1941, and we have two daughters, Elaine and Judy.

I joined the Air Force in 1941 and lived in Winnipeg. I played and sang with the RCAF band. We travelled across Canada entertaining the men in the Air Force and selling Victory Bonds.

After the war we came back to Regina and I began my trucking business with Motor Ways and C.N.R. express, moving tractors from city to city in Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta. I was in the trucking business until I retired at the age of sixty-five. I was then in the real estate business for a short while. I am now retired, have joined the Senior Citizens Group, and enjoy playing pool.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Drew by Evelyn Drew

In 1947, Harold Clifford (1914) and Evelyn Irene (Nelson) — (1920) and son, Brian Nelson Drew (1946), moved to the Estlin district from Saskatoon where Harold had been attending the school of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan.

Harold and Evelyn were originally from Wilcox, Saskatchewan. Harold had been a grain buyer for the Pioneer Grain Company at Wilcox, prior to serving with the R.C.A.F. in the Second World War. Evelyn received training in Physiotherapy at the University of Toronto and had worked in Vancouver. They were married at Wilcox in 1945.

Harold and Evelyn's first farm home was located on the correction line two miles east of Highway #6. In 1948 their second son, Dwain Elwin, was born in Regina. Due to heavy snow fall that winter, Highway #6 became blocked and mother and baby arrived home on the farm via airplane. A daughter, Wanda Lorraine, was born in 1955 and a third son, Lyle Clifford, in 1958. All four children attended school in Estlin and went to Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina. Wanda and Lyle also received some of their elementary education at Lakeview School in Regina. All four children attended the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon.

In 1967 Harold and Evelyn moved to a new location, one mile east of Highway #6 on Highway #306.

Brian married Catherine L. Moats from Gray, Saskatchewan, in 1970 and they have three children, Michelle Louise, Petrea Lynn, and Travis Nelson. They live in Saskatoon where Brian is a Weed Con-

trol Specialist with the Crop Development Centre, University of Saskatchewan.

Dwain married Janet Snider of Carrot River, Saskatchewan, in 1972 and they have two daughters, Tracy Lynn and Alison Karen. They live in Carrot River. Dwain is a high school Science Teacher.

Wanda is a Home Economist and teaches in the public school system in Saskatoon.

Lyle also resides in Saskatoon where he does research work for Cyanamid Canada Incorporated.

In 1948 Harold's brother, Clarence Drew, came from Wilcox to live with the Drew family at Estlin.

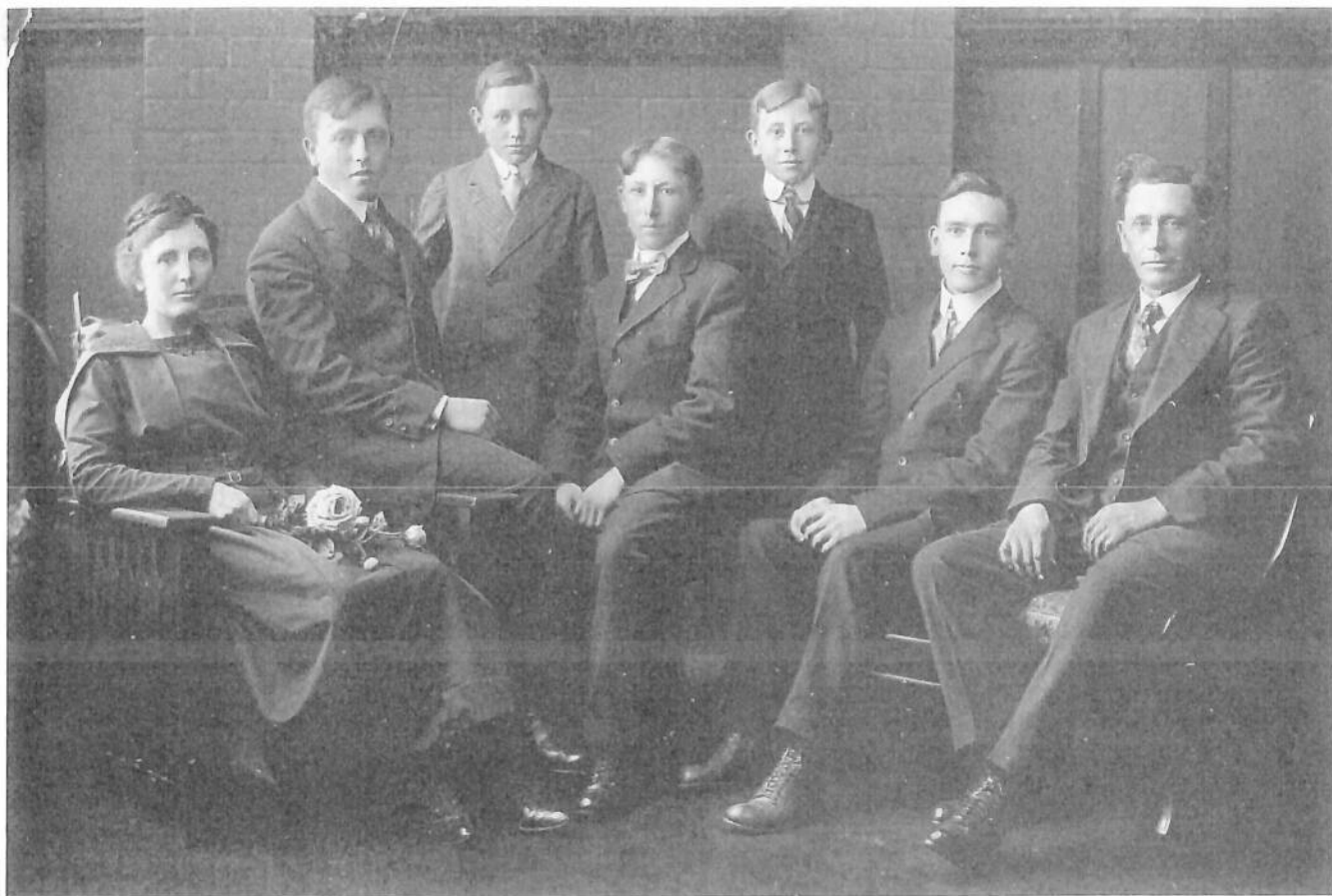
The V. Dunbar Family by Willard Dunbar



Mr. and Mrs. Adam Volna Dunbar and their early home.

In 1905 my dad bought his first farm in Saskatchewan. He bought it through a Dr. Clark of Indianola, Iowa, who was promoting land sales. The farm was South-west of Gray and in 1906 Dad and Mother arrived in Saskatchewan with their dream and five boys, the eldest seven and the youngest six months old. They hoped by getting in on cheap land that they could get each of their sons a farm. Little did they realize how many hills they would have to climb, and for a few years it was terribly hilly.

Having bought a half-section of raw prairie without any buildings, he had to leave the family in a hotel in Milestone until he had built a shack, a barn and a feed bin before bringing his family to their new home. The next day he left his family in the shack and went to Milestone for a plow for a fireguard as we were surrounded by prairie grass. He didn't get back in time and a fire came which burned the barn and feed bin. A Mr. E. Smith helped Mother save the shack, thus saving us from being left with no home on the bald headed prairie. This really caused them financial trouble as they had to replace the buildings and the feed. This was a poor start for someone already short of money.



Adam Volna Dunbar family. L. to R.: Mrs. Dunbar, Willard, Burton, Eldon, Murl, Dewey, Volna.

Their first impressions and feelings in this strange country of strangers, eleven-hundred miles from home, was that of loneliness and a feeling, perhaps, that they had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. They couldn't go home if they had wanted to because of no money.

After two years Dad rented land south of ours which had been partly broken. It had been farmed before by Tom Watson, whose daughter later became the wife of Norman McGillivray of Buck Lake. My dad couldn't hire any help for the farm so Mother had to learn to drive a six-horse team and run farm machinery. My brothers and I started our farming careers then. I was eight years old and farmed for seventy-two years after. The first two years Dad or Mother drove the lead team and we followed. We were raised to help with stooking, shovelling grain, digging post-holes, loading box cars and many other jobs connected with farming.

Sickness was a problem. In 1908 my Brother Dewey came down with Polio. We were all sick but Dewey was left handicapped by a lame leg. Two years later Mother nearly died, and without her we would have been sunk. She lived to a grand age of ninety-one years.

Poor shacks were another problem as they were too small and too cold in winter. The coal, which became short in supply, was sold in 500 pound loads, thus making it necessary to go for it no matter what the weather was like. It was very easy to get lost on the trails in a storm, so the women put lights in their windows. Often Mother would burn flax straw in the cook stove while Dad was away getting coal. Winters were very cold, long and lonely.

We went to Iowa school which was two and one-half miles north of home. We walked until Dad bought us a quiet old horse to drive. We missed a lot of school in the cold weather. Our teacher's name was Ashley Bailey. He was a very good teacher, but he always carried his strap in his coat pocket so we took a great interest in our work. Mother helped us to catch up on our school work at home. She was trained as a teacher before she was married.

Our social life was helped when Dad bought a driving team and a two-seater Democrat. We could visit the neighbors and were able to take part in the Church and Church entertainment, but money and distance controlled things.

Water in the early days was a big problem, as there were no wells or springs, just sloughs, such as

Buck Lake, from which people hauled the water, strained the bugs out of it and drank it. Snow in winter was melted in the house and melted for cattle in snow-melters which were fired by flax straw. People soon began getting dugouts and cisterns, which really helped solve the water problem.

Flies were a pest, and a constant fight. People used the old Wilson's Fly pads, Fly Coils, Tangle Traps, the old reliable Fly-Swatter and Shoo-Shoo Fly which was waving a cloth or towel to drive them out of the house. It was a long fight but with the draining of sloughs, cultivation and aid of sprays they became controlled. In the earlier days there were no fridges or deep freezes, so they had to dry salt, cure, or brine-treat their meat. The only place you could get a cool drink was in a box behind the house which was set into the ground. Food was also kept this way. Some people built ice-houses. They saved ice from winter and covered it with sawdust to keep their meat. Beef rings were also organized to give everyone fresh meat in summer.

There were big changes in the Gray district from 1906 to 1911. Water was found on the Shaffer and Pope farms. Telephone lines and new roads were built. The old shacks were destroyed or remodelled. More farm land was under cultivation and better farming helped the financial life of the district. The railroad came, from which my Dad hauled one of the first loads of lumber. The town of Gray had its beginning. Here are some of the early neighbors in the Gray district — Tom Ashbaugh, Mr. Gillis, Tom Watson, Joe Shaffer, John Pope, Al Rodgers, Ed. Smith, Dan English, Boeschies, Bert Lewis, Elmer Auld, Henrys, Beattie (who ran the Post Office) George and Jake Lafoy and the Kirkpatrick's.

In 1911 Dad sold the farm and bought in the Estlin district. The farm is located on Sec. 21-15-18 which was one-half mile south of the Weardale school, solving our difficulties in getting to school. The school house was too cold and we sat around the stove and ate lunches that sometimes were frozen. My brothers and I got most of our education here. I never got to go to school in the summer as I was needed on the farm and people didn't stress the need for a higher education. It was during the school years we started playing ball, and we played till the dirty thirties. We were known as the Dunbar and Leslie team, with four Dunbars and three Leslies, picking up a few other players when needed. My mother and the Weardale Ladies' Aid made our uniforms. My brother, Dewey, wasn't able to play ball but kept score and was one of our most enthusiastic supporters.

The social life of the district was promoted by the church and the Weardale Ladies' Aid, who had plays,

concerts, an annual picnic and social evenings. This was a great help in the life of the community. With more cars and telephones people were getting different entertainment and the old ways were dying out. Some of our closest neighbors were John De-Boice, Jack Revill, Charlie Torville, Ballards, Victor Kartman, Jack Kennedy and his brother, Jim Clarke and his father, the Henry Elises, Hutchinsons, Granger, and old Granny, who lived one-half mile from our home.

During the years from 1911 to 1926 there was a big change taking place. The economy was improving, enabling people to build better homes and have better living conditions. In 1912 we were in the Regina Cyclone, an experience I have never forgotten. The World War began in 1914 and lasted until 1918, boosting the prices of land and farm products. Things were booming for a few years until the coming of the disheartening drought and depression. World grain prices went down to their lowest at twenty-three cents a bushel in 1928, along with a frosted crop. Four dry years followed, with cutworms and blowing dust. No grain was threshed in 1931, 1932, 1933. In 1934 some crop, but in 1935 rust took up to 100% of some fields. In 1937 the grass-hoppers came and took most of the crop and a lot of people went broke and were forced to take a debt adjustment. Debts made a long hill to climb and took a long time to recover from.

A little history of the family: Dewey was born in 1898 in Audubon county, Iowa. He married May Spencer of McLean and had a family of five girls: Myrna — at Estlin, Carol — in Edmonton, Kathy — at Kronau, Doreen — in Regina, and Jean — at Kronau. May died in 1961 and Dewey in 1976.

Eldon was born in Audubon, Iowa, in 1907. He married Margaret Oster of Bryand in 1942. They have a son, Gary, who lives nearby at Kronau.

Burton was born in 1903, and married Helen Playter of Regina. They had three sons, Dwayne, Ronnie and Marvin. Burton and two sons have passed away. Helen and Marvin live in Regina.

Murl was born in Warren County, Iowa, in 1905 and married Moreen Koons of Estlin. They have three girls, Thelma — at Estlin, Geri — in Regina, and Bonnie — at Winnipeg. Dad passed away in 1954, and Mother in 1969. Murl died suddenly April 21, 1983.

I was born in 1899, in Audubon county, Iowa. I married Elizabeth Doyle from Willow Bunch. We have two daughters, Arlene and Leeta, both living at Estlin. I started farming with my brother, Dewey, before the 30's and farmed with him until his death. We batched together for several years, until I got married. We had two houses in the same yard so the population of that yard increased rapidly over the

next few years. Betty and I built a new house a mile from the original farm. We moved there in 1949. We still live there but go south to our trailer in Texas for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton Dunbar by Thelma (Dunbar) Dobrowolski

Burton Berthyl Dunbar was born August 12, 1903. On June 15, 1929, he married Helen Plater, born February 20, 1912, of Rowatt, Saskatchewan. They made their home with Eldon Dunbar, as at that time both young men were farming for C. W. Williams. Burton and Helen's first son, Dwayne, was born there November 2, 1931, but died at only eighteen months of impetigo, with complications of blood poisoning.

In 1933 Helen and Burton moved to Regina where their second son, Ronald Ross, was born August 12, 1933. Burton worked for Capitol Ice Company, and later for Imperial Oil. Their third son, Marvin Murl, was born May 2, 1944.

In 1944 the family moved to McLean where they farmed until 1958. A second tragedy struck the family in the death of Ronnie, at only 19 years of age, of bulbar poliomyelitis.

The family moved back to Regina in 1958. Burton died of a heart attack in 1963, age 59 years.

Marvin Murl married Gloria Balanger in 1964. They have four children: Roxanne, Dwayne, Kelly and Kevin (twins). They live in Regina. Helen also lives in Regina at her own home on Atkinson Street.

Dewey and May Dunbar by Myrna Bonsor and Jean Leippi

Audubon County, Iowa, was the birthplace of Dewey Dunbar, March 19, 1898. In 1906 he and his family emigrated by train to Saskatchewan and homesteaded on a half section southeast of Gray, Saskatchewan, (33-13-18-W2nd). Later they rented another half-section one mile south of Lon Watson. Sickness and lice were often picked up on these packed emigrant trains, or while waiting at Milestone, the end of the rail line.

Weather permitting he and three of his four brothers walked two and one-half miles to Iowa School, near Gray. His mother had been a school teacher in Iowa, so she coached the boys whenever she could when they fell behind. Dewey said he only got two switchings in his growing up days. The first was by a teacher aunt in Iowa who decided at age five he should start school. The school was situated beside a road, and as he loved horses, each time a team passed he jumped up to look out the window. His Aunt wasn't a bit understanding and wouldn't tolerate any disturbance in her classroom. The second was by his



Dewey and May Dunbar, wedding photo Oct. 21, 1939.

mother, who caught him swearing, so she made him go and cut a switch to fit his crime.

At the age of nine he was stricken with polio, leaving him paralyzed in one leg. This, however, did not prevent him from participating in farm life, or later, helping to work teams of horses in the field.

Approximately five years later, the family moved to a section in the Weardale district, (21-15-18-W2nd). Here he completed his grade ten at the Weardale School. During this time the family attended the Grand View Church, which eventually was known as the Estlin United Church. Their main social life consisted of community activities, sports events, church and visiting with their neighbors.

On one particular Sunday, while visiting the Lon Watson family in Regina, their supper was rudely interrupted with the inward explosion of the dining room window. When the storm was over both families found themselves piled into one corner. The force of the wind had torn off the roof and turned the house on the foundation. Ironically, the supper table was not disturbed. Luckily, no one in the house was badly hurt, but the Regina Cyclone of 1912 was a never-forgotten experience.

Dewey was later to board with this same family in order to complete his high school education at Central Collegiate. Previous irregular school attendance, due to winter weather conditions and farm work, made it very difficult, but with hard work and determination he completed his grade 11. His grade 12 was interrupted when he came down with the 1918 flu. This forced him to discontinue his schooling and

return to the farm. He survived the epidemic only to lose his hair. Luckily it grew back with the added bonus of a few waves. His parents plan for him to pursue a professional career was lost to chance and his love of the farm.



Dewey Dunbar family. L. to R.: Kathleen, Jean, Carole, Doreen, Myrna.

Around 1922 Dewey and brother, Willard, moved from home to a half-section six miles east of Estlin, (11-15-18-W2nd). This was the beginning of a fifty-year partnership which grew into a successful farming operation. They soon rented more land from C. W. Williams.

During their bachelor days one of their house rules was that the dishes had to be done at least once a day.

Just as they were getting established the "Dirty '30's" struck. Despite this in 1933 Willard and Betty



Willard and Betty Dunbar, 1976.

were married. After the birth of their two daughters — Arlene and Leeta, May Spencer came to work for them. May and Dewey were married in Regina, October 21, 1939. May was born May 2, 1916, the second youngest of eight children born to Walter and Emma Spencer, farmer from McLean, Saskatchewan. They (Dewey and May) moved into their first home which was nothing more than a converted granary. Their daughters, Myrna and Carole, were born while living there. With the coming of a new baby, which turned out to be the twins, Kathleen and Doreen, a small kitchen and bedroom were added. Later a cistern was dug so water could be pumped into the house. On October 11, 1945, the former J. Cleveland house in Estlin was moved to a new basement in their farm yard; which coincidentally, was the same day their youngest daughter, Janice Jean, was born. Their family was then complete; five girls in four years.

Prior to 1949 Myrna and Carole, accompanied by Willard's girls, rode horseback over two miles to Bristol School. After its closing both families transferred to Estlin Boyle School. In the meantime Willard's family moved one mile east to a new home.

Winter became a time when families were often isolated for long periods of time due to extreme cold and road conditions. In 1947-48 the snowfall was so heavy, the only way they could get back and forth with mail and supplies was by driving a mile west to "Yankee Corner" with the team, then transferring to Willard's car which was parked on the other side of a huge drift. Usually the car had to be started by pulling it with a team. The local C.N. rail line was blocked for some time and #6 highway was often impassable. This later prompted their purchase of the first snow plow in the district. That spring high water washed out the road and cut them off again.

In the days before the snow plow the roads were often blocked, which meant the mode of transportation to town was a team of horses. Their favorite driving team, "Bird and Lancer", hitched to a cutter could really cover ground but when both the families were going a heavier team and bobsleigh were used. When they arrived in Estlin all the teams were stabled in the Estlin school barn.

The comforts of life, now taken for granted, came slowly. In 1949 they purchased a new grey Ford car. A 32 volt power plant was installed in 1950, to be replaced in 1953 with 110 volt. This meant the demise of gas lamps and flat irons. Running water was to follow in the mid-50's, as was a deep freeze and refrigerator. A black and white television made its appearance in 1957.

Farm life consisted of hard labour, both inside and outside the home. All the vegetables and fruit from

the garden were preserved. The bread was baked, butter churned and many of the clothes were home-made. Their income was supplemented by selling eggs and poultry. Besides the field work, men had all their stock and poultry to care for. An annual Saskatoon picking expedition, a family affair, was always rewarded with a delicious picnic.

May always had a deep fear of storms; as a consequence, she became a chronic storm watcher. One night, after much agitation, she insisted Dewey get up and check the storm in the southwest, but he refused to get dressed. Nothing ever came of the storm at their home, but that same storm turned out to be the tornado, which did a considerable amount of damage on the M. Richenberger and J. C. Black farms. Thus, it was never understood, why May never woke up when Dewey was jolted awake by blinding lightning and a deafening noise which shook the whole house. At first, he thought maybe she'd been hit, but when he shook her awake, she said the storm mustn't be anything to worry about or — maybe he'd been dreaming as she hadn't heard anything. She told him to relax and go back to sleep. Next morning, just outside their bedroom window, where once stood a large poplar tree, now remained only a broken stump. Chunks of tree the size of kindling wood was strewn all over the yard. She figured she really must have been "TIRED" that night!

Because Dewey was always intensely interested in sports, but was never able to participate, the Estlin Curling Club presented him with a trophy for being the best spectator. It was a much appreciated gesture. Later, when Myrna played softball for the Estlin 306's, his interest in softball was revitalized. Gary and Anita Ford of Gray presented a memorial trophy in his name to be awarded annually at the Estlin Sports Day.

Singing played a large part in the girls' lives. The trips home from grandparents in McLean and from Regina were usually spent harmonizing instead of scrapping. The Estlin Junior Choir, directed by Beryl Clarke, further stimulated the girls' interest in music. With added encouragement from parents, they went on to sing locally as a quintet which was known as the "Dunbar Sisters".

May was an active member of the Estlin U.C.W., Dewey served as the Estlin United Church Sunday School superintendent and later, from 1964 to 1976, as church secretary.

In 1960 May passed away at the age of 44. After her death Dewey lived with members of his family, really getting to know his grandchildren and enriching their lives. He continued to farm until his death in 1976 at the age of 78.

The Murl Dunbar Family **by Thelma (Dunbar) Dobrowolski**

Murl Maurice Dunbar was born August 23, 1905, in Audubon County, Iowa. He came to Canada at the age of nine months in the spring of 1906. His parents homesteaded at Gray, Saskatchewan, and lived there for several years. They then moved to the Estlin district and settled on Sec. 21-15-18-W2 second.

Murl attended Weardale school which was one-half mile north of the farm. He played ball with the Estlin hardball team. He started farming in 1928 and is still actively farming.

He married Moreen Koons in 1930 at the Richardson manse. They had three daughters: Thelma Alice, born in 1935; Geraldine Margaret, born in 1938; and Bonnie June, born in 1946.

Murl was very active in the Estlin Curling Club and continued competitive curling up until, approximately, 1970. He is an avid hunter, and through the years was active in the Regina Kennel Club. Moreen was a member of the Ladies' Aid and President of the Homemakers.

Thelma and Geri attended Weardale school until 1948 and then went to Boyle school, the first two years travelling by horse and cutter. Then Murl, Willard and Dewey bought a snow plow, and everyone could travel in style. When Murl plowed out the roads the neighbours lined up behind him in order to get out to shop.

I, Thelma, completed my Grade XI at Boyle and then attended Regina College. I worked in Regina and Winnipeg until my marriage to Nicholas Dobrowolski in 1964. We then moved to Esterhazy where our three sons were born: Steven in 1965, Dennis in 1967 at Yorkton, and Donald in 1969. While in Esterhazy Nick worked for International Minerals and Chemicals for five years as co-pilot engineer. In 1969 we built our own facility and went into business for ourselves under the name Allied Airmotive. We ran this business until we moved to the farm at Estlin in 1974. Here Nick has an aircraft operation repairing small aircraft. We built a house in the same yard as my parents, and all live here at present.

Geri finished her Grade XII at Boyle school with great difficulty — the great difficulty being the weather. During her Grade XI and Grade XII finals she had to walk the six miles from home in the mud both years to write them. While in Estlin she enjoyed the hospitality of Marchetta and Mac Armstrong, who was the station agent.

In 1956 she moved to Regina and worked at the Bank of Montreal and CKRM. In 1970 she returned to University for two years, receiving her B.Ed. In

1971 she became involved in the jewelry business, and is still actively involved.

Bonnie attended Boyle school and was in the first group to be bussed to Regina, attending Central Collegiate where she completed her Grade XII. She then attended University, graduating with a B. of Music and a B. in Ed. She taught in Yorkton for two years, then moved to Winnipeg where she taught another two years.

In 1975 she married Douglas Prophet and moved to Burlington, Ontario. Two years later they returned to Winnipeg where their two children, Vanessa (1977) and Geoffrey (1981), were born. Bonnie, Doug and family live in Winnipeg.

After this account was written Murl passed away April 21, 1983.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Dunbar by Eldon Dunbar

My early history was recorded in the previous family story. I'll begin when Burton and I started farming for C. W. Williams in 1924. We farmed for him several years. We bought the store in Estlin in 1927 and ran it all through the 30's. The store was burned out the first year, when the lumberyard and hall also burned. All the neighbours carried out the stock. My mother and dad, Volna and Maggie Dunbar, ran the oil business from the store, where they moved after retiring from the farm. They also lived in the store and helped out. I also lived in the back of the store. Burton and his wife, Helen, farmed and lived northeast of Estlin.

At the end of the 30's I sold the stock and rented the store to Mr. Godwin and several years later sold the building to Leo Hill of Riceton, where the building still stands. I later moved to the Wilkening farm and farmed there for several years. While in Estlin I played ball, hockey, went to Young People's and sang with my brothers. Playing ball was the main sport in my youth and I played at Kronau also after I moved there. I also enjoyed hunting and fishing.

I bought land at Kronau and moved there, and in 1942, married Margaret Oster of Bryant, Saskatchewan. We have a son, Gary, who lives and farms nearby with his wife, Carol. They have a son, Trent, who is married and has a young son, Gordon.

I raised Hereford cattle for several years and later raised horses which Gary and I have trained and shown in various fairs.

Reminiscences by Eldon Dunbar

In 1923, Burton Dunbar and Eldon Dunbar, who were 19 and 21 years respectively, began work for C.

W. Williams, working there for four years. The fourth year we bought a Minneapolis Moline Combine. Except for a lot of pigweed, C. W. had 400 acres of real nice crop. The combine had a recleaner on the top, and the pigweed plugged it up so we couldn't use it. We decided to build a swather. We took two binders, cut the back out of one, used the overshot on the other so it would throw the swath in the same place. This worked well except the mustard in the crop plugged up the back of the binder. Of course there was no spray for weeds at that time. We built the swather in three parts so we could trail it to move. It was quite a job and took a lot of time, and a big rain made it that much harder. C. W. thought the combine just wasn't what he wanted at that time, and wanted us to go back to using the separator as before. However, we had already sold it, so decided to move off. Others had new combines at the time — Dewey and Willard Dunbar had a Rumely, and the Myers' tried a Minnie that year. Later, C. W. thought the combine was all right, and most people bought them, so I guess we were just a little ahead of our time.

On a Sunday in July, 1921, we drove from Wear-dale (where we were then living) to visit Lon Watson, a neighbour from Gray. We had gone in for Sunday dinner. About the time we were to sit down for dinner the cyclone hit. It tore the top off the house, and just about everything else in line with it. There was a fellow lying on the bed upstairs, and he came tearing down and said, "Here comes the top of the house." Just as he got downstairs the chimney came down on the bed he had been lying on. He went and crouched down behind a piano, and the rest of us were all piled up in a corner. I guess the strong winds had put us all there. No one was hurt except Mother who had a small cut on her arm. It took the doors off the front and the back of the house and the houses were completely down all around us. The wind had left all the food and dishes on the table — however no one had an appetite after that. Tough break for five growing boys! When the cyclone was on we couldn't see anything. It was just like muddy water going by the window. Then the wind current changed and you could see a little bit through the window. We saw a horse outside with a big splinter in its side — a two by four! The storm really didn't last all that long, but we were in the center of it on Cornwall Street. Lots of people were injured, and a few killed. I was eleven at the time. Just before the storm Mr. Watson had seen some children playing in an old empty house across the street — they were making a little dog jump out of a bottom window. He had gone over and chased the kids out, and after the cyclone that house was completely torn down. He had chased them out just in time. Mr. Lawson and Dad went out to help, and

found a woman in a basement with just her head sticking out of the water. A water main had broken, so they shut the water off, preventing her from drowning. A boat was picked off the water in Wascana Lake, carried across the city and dumped in the graveyard.

Willard and I dug the post holes with a hand auger, all around Section 21, with two cross-fences every 200 acres. It took us all summer. Likely Willard was better at it than I because he was a little older. It was a good muscle builder.

We also dug a 22 tank cistern. We used a pulley and a horse to pull the dirt up. The box that we used was about three feet across, and we would pull it to one side and dump it at the top. We used tile spades to fill it, taking it layer by layer. We built the cribbing and ran the cement. The cistern is still being used.

The first year we lived at Gray all five boys got polio. Dewey got up too soon, had a relapse, and later his leg was affected. He was nine years old at the time. Dr. Tyerman of Milestone treated us at home, as no one went to hospitals at that time.

When we moved to Milestone we just had the buildings, such as they were, nicely set up — just a shack for a house, but the barn was built and the feed all in. A fire started and it took the barn and everything but the house. We had a tank of water that we had just hauled from Buck Lake out in front of the house. Mother took a pail and threw it all around. The neighbours also came to help, but were just able to save the house. Dad was coming home from Milestone and could see the fire but could do nothing about it. That really set us back. How we survived I really couldn't tell you, as we only farmed a half section. Dad had a little money from his sale in Iowa. We never starved to death, but certainly had financial troubles at the time. Mother wrote to an uncle in the States and asked to borrow \$2000, which was a lot of money at that time. He mailed it right away, and never took a note. He said, "Maggie will repay it, and if they can't, what's the use of a note?" They did pay it all back, but it took sweat and blood to do it. Threshing crews that came in would almost eat you out of house and home.

Later we farmed Watson's half section at Gray, then bought Section 21 at Estlin. It was all prairie, and we broke it, plowing it with the first International engine (1912) that came into this country. It was a one-cylinder deal. Water ran down off the side for a cooler in front of the radiator. We also had used it on the Gray farm to help break it. But most of the breaking at Gray was done with four horses and a sulky plow. At that time we walked behind the harrows. It took the young boys to do that. I'll always remember a young fellow I knew who took such long

strides when he walked. When I asked him why, he said, "I used to walk behind the harrows following a big Clydesdale horse who stepped a long way. I used to step in his tracks, and just got the habit."

In 1918, right in harvest time, all five boys were sick with the flu. We couldn't even do the chores. The Kennedys lived just north of us and they came and did them. It just about took Burton and me, but Mother gave us some brandy. Burton's pulse had just about stopped when she gave it to him. The Doctor who came out wanted to sell Dad life insurance for us boys. Dad wouldn't think of it, and switched doctors right then! That doctor had been giving us cod liver oil, and Dewey and I just got sicker. The flu had affected our livers, and the cod liver oil compounded the problem, turning us green as grass. We suffered more from the cod liver oil than the flu. Willard was the last to come down with it, and wasn't as sick as the rest. Our parents didn't get it.

Remembrances

by Eldon Dunbar

The sports days at Estlin used to be a big event. They had ball tournaments which included some famous hockey people from the N.H.L. — a team owned by the Champ brothers of Regina. Some of these people included Dick Irwin, Perc Traub and Andy Miran.

One of the events at the sports day was the "Greased Pig Race" which was good for a laugh. Relay Team: Russell Clarke, Burton Dunbar, Harry Girsberger and Harold Webster. This local team beat the Regina Relay team.

Premier Bennett was up on a hay rack speaking at the school, and the wind was blowing dirt so thick you could hardly see him. Transient Hobo: A young transient hobo was trying to catch a ride on the train and fell under the train cutting off both of his legs and throwing him in a ditch. The station agent put a tourniquet on him, but he died later.

Rev. Harry Douglas Dunlop

by May Dunlop

I will copy from a history my husband wrote of his life during the years 1911 and 1912. Harry came west in 1910 as a student minister of the Methodist Church. During the winters he attended Regina College, and the summer months found him holding services at homes or school houses.

"In the month of June, 1911, at the Church Conference, my charge was the new station of Gray. I set out with buggy loaded with all my worldly goods. This charge consisted of three points — a church at Bratt's Lake, a school house near the hamlet of Gray, and a school house at the hamlet of Riceton. The

settlement was a well-established farming area in the better soil of Saskatchewan. Bratt's Lake settlement was largely settlers from Ontario. At Gray and Riceton the majority of the people were from the United States.

Sunday arrived and I made my first appearance at the three points. I realized it was an excellent charge that would require my best efforts. I found a boarding place with the Bratt family. Mr. Bratt was a man in his sixties. He and his sons had done well at ranching and now the farm was operated by the boys. Mrs. Bratt was a bed-ridden invalid who was cared for by a maiden sister, Miss Corrothers. In the fall a little Scottish newcomer, "Tiny", became Miss Corrother's helper which, with myself, rounded out the household.

Land was readily acquired at three dollars per acre. This year there was a large and excellent harvest. I was greatly impressed with the large fields of heavy-headed grain waving in the wind. Threshing took a long time as the outfits were few and the yields were heavy.

In the summer of 1911 a large celebration was held at the hamlet of Gray to celebrate the commencement of a Railway Schedule. Tables for the dinner were set in the shelter between the grocery and hardware stores. A special attraction was a tight-rope walking act put on by Mrs. Howlett's brother, who was putting on a performance for the Class A Fairs. Baseball and races, etc, rounded out the day. A large crowd was on hand.

During the year three staunch church adherents joined the church: Mrs. F. Kalina, Bratt's Lake; Mr. Helstrom, Bratt's Lake and Mr. John Beattie, Gray. A singing school was organized with Mr. A. A. Rodgers as leader.

Mr. Rodgers was also instrumental in having the snow cleared off a large portion of Bratt's Lake for skating. Muskrat houses made good benches for sitting while putting on skates.

Next year I was booked for the fields of Estlin and Rowatt. This field adjoined Regina comprising a mission at South Regina school house and a Church at Estlin. That summer I saw excavated the largest private "dugout" I had seen up to that time.

While helping Mr. Meyers with the tractor I got my foot crushed, which stowed me in hospital for some time.

The year proved very interesting but to attempt school work, field work and other activities is more than should be undertaken by the average individual.

A large picnic was held at Bratt's Lake Church grounds and was represented by people from all three points. News from the cyclone in Regina dampened the ardor of some, as many had friends and relatives in that city."

Harry Dunlop left the church work and took up teaching school in 1913. He passed away in Edmonton, Alberta at the age of 76.

Gladys and Ed Dvorak

by June (Dvorak) Ford

Gladys and Ed were both born in the State of Illinois in the year 1895, she near Media and he in Chicago. Gladys came to Canada with her parents in 1911, and Ed in 1913 to the farm of Lizzie and George Kalina in the Buck Lake district near Gray. Mrs. Kalina was his aunt.



Gladys and Ed Dvorak, 1957.

They were married on November 30, 1916 and went to Ed's home in Chicago. In early 1917 they moved to a farm near Benton Harbor, Michigan, where they spent the summer, returning to Chicago for the birth of a daughter on November 3. They named her Vivian June. I am that daughter, and this is my story as I remember it.

In February, 1918, my parents came back to the Bradshaw home at Estlin, and later that spring to a farm rented from James Watson. Mr. Watson's son, George, and Dad were old friends so George came to

help during harvest. My Mother said he also kept me well entertained by pulling me around the house in an old dish pan, but it wasn't very good for her floors.

Nineteen-twenty found them living on a farm just north of Gray owned by a Mr. Clarke, a relative of the Gillis family, and the next year they moved four miles northwest of Gray to another farm of Mr. Clarke's. The Bradshaws had moved from Estlin to Homer Ashford's farm in the Buck Lake area. I remember visiting there, but two things happened I still remember clearly. One was Mrs. Ashford "charming" the warts from my hands, (they disappeared shortly after), and the other is Adele washing Ann's mouth out with soap for using some "swear" words. I don't remember the words but I can still see that big bar of lye soap she used!

Early in 1922 my grandparents boarded a train and left Canada, returning to Illinois. At that time Mother's older sister, Edna, and her husband, Frank McElmon, were living out west near Laporte. Hazel and Don Lewars and Berniece and Alvin Webster and their family lived at Estlin and a younger sister, Florence, stayed there to work in the General Store at Gray, so at least a part of Mom's family was still near.

I started school at Gray in 1923, and for the next five years have no idea about dates, but I do have a lot of memories. I remember Mother driving me to school with a horse and buggy. I remember boarding at the Gillis' home just south of Gray. Dad would pick me up after school on Fridays and bring me back Monday mornings. I remember walking down the track to school in summer time. Mother walked part way with me each morning and met me part way in the afternoon. That, along with housework and giving Dad a hand outside, must have made her one tired lady. I can remember walking to our neighbours, the Pomeroy's, and riding to school in a buggy with some of their children.

In the fall of 1925 Mr. Jefferson died, and Hazel and Don moved over to stay with Mrs. Jefferson and her family. We moved to their place as Don had livestock to care for. Our horses, cow and chickens moved with us, and I went to the Boyle school, then east of Estlin. I remember the teacher was a Miss Beveridge. We were only there during the winter months.

My Mother and Dad were part of a local group who provided music for the dances at the Estlin Grain Growers Hall. Mother and Aunt Hazel chorded on the piano; Dad played a banjo-mandolin; Don Lewars the violin; Dick Vollet the violin; Roy Myers the drums; and sometimes the section boss, Mr. Thompson, played his accordion. Those were fun times, and although I wasn't very old, it was then I learned to dance. If I remember correctly the circle two-step and the square dances were our favorites.

Farming was done with horses. During seeding Dad would shovel enough wheat into the wagon each night for the next day's use. It was my job to put the formaldehyde treatment on the grain as he shovelled it on. In cutting time he drove the binder and Mom started on the stooking. At harvest time Uncle Don would come with his big threshing outfit and a crew of men and, if the weather stayed nice, harvesting was soon over. Mother and Hazel usually helped each other out with the cooking and baking. For some reason I can remember the huge breakfasts, but not the other meals.

One winter when we were snowed in Mother and I got chicken pox from an unknown source. She was very sick and her hands swelled badly. I remember her trying to sweep the floor with the broom clasped in her arms, and waking at night as she tried to pull my blankets up. Mother had to have medicine, and the only way she could get it was by the kindness of the section men who brought it on their "speeder".

When A. E. Welsh was the principal at Gray school he would pick up my Aunt Florence at the store and come to our house. He would bring a big dictionary from the school because Mom, Dad, Florence and "Alec", as we called him, were crossword puzzle lovers, and after supper they would gather round the dining room table to try and solve them. Where the puzzles came from I have no idea, but apparently they must have been quite difficult. Sometime before 1926 Aunt Florence left Gray and went back to Illinois to be with her parents, but exactly what year it was we cannot remember.

In 1926 or 1927 my Dad bought me a horse and a brand new saddle. The first ride was a little scary, but from then on I was ecstatic, and you might say "air borne", as Prince was my pride and joy — and no more walking!

In 1928 Mr. Clarke sold the farm to Errett Collins and we moved again, this time to the living quarters in the back of the General Store at Estlin. Dad ran the store as Mr. Lee Hebb was expanding his business to a store at Gray.

One morning in the spring of 1929 Dad went to Regina to talk to the Champ brothers about farming their land two miles east of Estlin. During his absence the lumber yard office caught fire and spread to the hall and the store. He arrived home to find smoking ruins, the contents of the store, his own furniture, clothing and household effects out in the street, and his wife badly upset. Everything from the store and the living quarters was saved, even the linoleums off our floors.

On April 1 we moved into the house at the Champ's farm. Times were hard and Dad worked on a monthly basis from April 1 until harvesting and fall work were done. We had a cow and some pigs and

Mother raised some chickens. I went to school at Estlin and had my "Prince" to ride.

I believe it was that winter that Dad built our crystal set radio. He called it the "Cat's Whiskers" and although it wasn't a thing of beauty, to us it was next to a miracle. We had two sets of headphones. Dad used one and Mom and I shared the other, and we listened entranced to all the wonderful things that were pulled in from the air waves. We laughed at Lum and Abner and tapped our toes to the W.L.S. Barn Dance music. We all liked music and later, when we got a radio with a loud speaker, we learned all of the popular songs. Dad would pick up the tune on his banjo-mandolin and I would learn the words, and we would have our own concerts. We had a close and caring relationship in our home. We did so many things together and shared everything from a candy bar to the Western Producer. There were rules of conduct I was expected to follow, and which I sometimes thought were harsh, but looking back, they were sensible, normal, do's and don't's that taught me right from wrong. Being an only child had its compensations, for wherever Mom and Dad went, I went too. Perhaps that's why I have so many wonderful memories.

When school started in 1930 I was in Grade VIII. I had a new horse to ride from the farm at Pilot Butte. Don Mac was a thoroughbred, but retired from racing due to his age. He was a pacer and so smooth to ride. We had some bad dust storms that year and after school I would cover my face, and let him take me home. Mom said she could relax when she saw us go by the kitchen window.

Being in Grade VIII I was included in the school and house parties. We had a Hallowe'en party at school and the only way to get in was by the window in the coal bin. In the dark basement we were handed a part of a supposedly, human anatomy to feel and identify. There was cold spaghetti; peeled grapes; a damp sponge; a rubber glove filled with cold water and many more "parts". What fun we had !

One year the community decided to put on a play — a musical — entitled "The Minister's Wife's New Bonnet". I remember there was quite a large cast and Mrs. Marean played the part of the minister's wife. Mom and Dad were in it, so I got to go to all the rehearsals, and listen to Dad learn his 'solo' — "They call her Boss — with a capital B". Then came opening night with Mrs. Runkle at the piano, and the magic moment of Dad's debut into the singing world. Mrs. Runkle played the intro and Dad sang "They call her Boss — with a capital B", and his mind went blank. Mrs. Runkle finished playing that verse and started on the second and the same thing happened. By the end of the fourth verse Dad was in a cold sweat

and couldn't wait to make his exit. The play was a huge success and the cast had a ball doing it, even Dad after he got past the disastrous song. I don't think he ever sang alone again. We had many laughs over "Dad's Song".

It was either the High School or our Young People's Society that decided to put on a play too, but I can't recall what it was about. I do remember it was a comedy, and the casting was just perfect. I wasn't in it, but was the M.C. and introduced our cast of players. Between acts, while scenery was being changed, I filled in with recitations. Our play was a big hit and we took it to several other towns, among them Jameson and Lajord, where the Hansons had the cast and crew over for a delicious lunch afterward.

It was dry again in 1931, and the day of our school's field day the blowing dirt made our bare legs and arms sting, so Mother got our girls' group or class a blanket to shelter us between turns and events. That June I wrote and passed my Grade VIII exams, so for me school at Estlin was over. We lived in the Weardale school district, four miles from the school. It was only half that distance to Estlin, but there tuition had to be paid. In 1930 and 1931 tuition money was hard to come by. When Weardale school opened that year Dorothy East was our teacher. Thirty-two years later I went to church with some friends in Toronto and Dorothy's brother was the minister. After church we had a great time reminiscing over a cup of coffee.

Mom and Dad planned to go north that winter, so Dorothy applied for a Grade IX Correspondence Course for me to use, and got me started on it before we left. Hazel and Don Lewars and Frank Bradshaw had filed claims on homesteads, about fifty miles north and a little east of Prince Albert, a couple of years before and had built log cabins to live in. We lived with Uncle Frank and the cabin was cosy and warm.

In June, 1932, that same month — on the seventh of June — we received word that Grandpa Bradshaw had passed away suddenly and quietly in Illinois. That summer, too, Aunt Berniece and Uncle Alvin's oldest girl, Frances, took sick and after spending some time in the hospital passed away on October 6.

Rose and Jerry Lafoy had moved to the old "Boyle" place a half mile north of Champs, and became our very good friends. They taught Mom and Dad how to play bridge and many pleasant evenings were spent together. When school started so did their son, Mervyn. He rode a pony named Silver and also had a new horse called "Batteworthy", a three year old and rather skittish, but nice. During the cold months I drove Jerry's team to school and Mervyn

and I were both glad when we could start riding horseback again.

In 1933 Mamie Meek was the teacher at Weardale when I passed my Grade X exams and decided to quit school. That summer Dad taught me how to drive our Model A Ford car — the one that Mom called dangerous to ride in “with all that glass!” However, I could only drive when he was with me, and only around the yard.

After harvest a hay baler came from Pilot Butte. It was powered by horses walking in a circle and quite interesting to watch when the machine was working. The bales were stacked and some piled in the hay mow. The straw was a poor quality, but they were sure heavy.

Mother was having health problems; “ulcers”, the doctor said — but much later he found she also had colitis. She had quite a lot of pain, and tried many medications before finding one that helped. That winter I had a sudden attack of pleurisy. Dad brought Dr. Houston from Estlin and she taped my ribs. Getting that tape off later was as bad as the pleurisy!

In May, 1934 I made a date to go to a circus in the hall at Gray. I was sixteen and a half years old and it was the first time I ever made a date without asking permission first. Mother and Dad had never met him, but had seen him and knew his name. Luckily for me Rose and Jerry knew his family, and Rose assured them he was a “very nice boy”, so it was okay. Two and a half years later he became their son-in-law. Incidentally, Mom and Dad also attended that circus!

The month of October was spent in Illinois. Uncle Alvin went with us, and I guess he liked what he saw, for the next year he moved his family there. In 1935 the crops were rusted. After harvest five hundred sheep were moved to our place from Pilot Butte. They were there for a month. With them came a horse and a dog, and it was my job to herd them. Dad helped when he could and especially during the snow storms we had. He and I agreed that sheep were certainly “dumb animals”, and we were very, very glad when they left. We earned \$40.00.

In late September of 1936 I became engaged and on November 3rd I married Leroy Ford of Gray. We were married at home and Mother cooked a lovely wedding supper. I can remember it was cold that day, and there was snow on the ground. That whole winter was very cold with lots of snow, so I didn’t get to see Mom and Dad very often. From here on I am not sure of many of the dates, but I think it must have been early 1938 when Uncle Don moved into Estlin to run the Pioneer elevator. Mom and Dad moved from Champ’s to the Jefferson farm to do the work for Don. That fall Mom and Dad, Roy and I went to

Illinois for the winter. We rented a suite of rooms, and Dad and Roy tried their hand at picking corn. They weren’t too good at it and their hands swelled badly. Dad had a big lump on his head where Roy accidentally hit him with an ear of corn. We came home in March and plowed through some snowy roads in North Dakota. We arrived here March 18, and from Milestone north travelled on sleigh tracks over some big drifts. I think my Mother was glad to get home as I had a cold, a very bad cough, and was eight months pregnant. When Gary was born on April 12, the snow had all melted and by the 18th Roy was in the field and dust was blowing. That month my Grandpa Dvorak died in Chicago.

On April 17, 1942, the Dvorak’s second grandson, Larry, was born and that fall they moved to Regina and Dad went to work for Bird Construction. He worked there until November of 1945, when he and Mother left Canada and moved to Abingdon, Ill., to a suite of rooms in the Bond house. In the fall of 1947 Roy, the boys and I went south for the winter and rented the suite next to them. The next year they bought a house and Dad started working at Robinson Lumber where he stayed until he retired. They did some remodelling to their house and added a bathroom. Mother’s health was troubling her again, and in early 1951 she entered the hospital and part of her stomach was removed. She recovered quickly and they came to Gray for Christmas that year. We were amazed to see her eating oranges, candy, nuts and many foods she had been unable to eat — and how she enjoyed them! The enjoyment was short lived, however, and when we visited them in June of 1953 she was having pain again. Grandma Bradshaw passed away in 1955 after a long illness, and in 1956 Mother went to hospital again for more surgery. In November Mother again had surgery, only this time the doctors found cancer in the liver and colon. I went to stay with her and Dad. Roy and the boys came for Christmas and the boys came home by train. I shall never forget Mother telling them good-bye. Roy stayed in Abingdon. Friday morning, January 23, we called the ambulance and Mom was taken to Saunders Hospital in Avon. She died the next morning at 7:15. The funeral service was in Abingdon and she was buried in the La Harpe cemetery sixty miles distant.

In June of 1960 Dad married Mrs. Nettie Chick, an acquaintance of his and Mother’s.

Dad got cataracts on his eyes and had to have them removed. Shortly after he was back in the hospital with a detached retina, and his sight improved slightly.

Nettie died quite suddenly in April, 1980. I spent two weeks with Dad and met my half-brothers. I

already knew Helen. In the summer Dad sold his house and most of the contents and moved to a small apartment near Janice in Chesapeake. We asked him to come and live with us but he chose Virginia. He said he didn't want to live through any more "Canadian winters". After getting settled in his apartment he flew up to spend three weeks with us in September. Our house wasn't completed yet and we were living in the house trailer at the farm. We had a cold wet spell and he caught a head cold and nearly froze in his nylon short-sleeved shirts and thin pants. I found a couple of suits of "long johns" and he wasn't long climbing into them! We moved into our new house in November, and in January I had a heart attack. Dad had a slight stroke, but recovered and moved back to his apartment. Later he had a second stroke which paralyzed his right side and affected his mind, and put him in the hospital. As of July, 1983, he is in a nursing home with very little sight or hearing, and unable to say more than a few words. He is well fed — sometimes he has trouble swallowing liquids — well looked after, and kept clean and comfortable with no bed sores, and he seems content. Best of all he does not suffer pain of any kind and for that we are very, very thankful.

The Frank East Family by George and Elaine East

Frank East was born in 1887 in Lancashire, England. He and his brothers, George and Joe, came to Canada and settled at Loomis, Saskatchewan in 1906.

In 1914 he came to work as a hired hand for the James W. Clarke family of Estlin. From 1915 to June 1919 he served in England and France with the 28th Battalion. After returning from war he received a grant of land from the Soldiers' Settlement Board and the Department of Veterans Affairs at Eastend, Saskatchewan. Due to dry weather and no crops, this land was turned back to the government.

In 1921 Frank was again employed by the James Clarke Family until he began farming on his own in



Frank East and Russell Clarke, 1919.

the year 1922. He rented and farmed the Babcock land one mile south of Estlin, (NW-¼ 2-15-19-W2nd.) Mr. Babcock was a lawyer in Quincy, Illinois, at the time.

In 1924 Frank married Thelma Karkas, who had been employed by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Revill. Thelma was born December 20th, 1902, in Rautzawi, Finland. She had moved to America with her family in 1903 and in 1906 they settled at Herbert, Saskatchewan. Frank and Thelma farmed in the Estlin district from 1922 until his death in 1958. Thelma was a resident of Regina from 1959 until her death in 1969. Frank and Thelma had four children.

Keith was educated at Estlin. He served in the armed forces during the second world war. In 1946 he married Lorna Meek of Sinaluta. In 1947 they took up residence in Moose Jaw. From 1947 until his death in 1980, Keith worked on the CPR Railroad as a brakeman and later, as a conductor. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge # 3 of Moose Jaw and a 32nd degree Mason and also was a Wa Wa Shriner for a number of years. He also had a love for music and antique cars. Lorna and Robert, their only son, reside in Moose Jaw.

Marjorie was born in Regina and was educated at Estlin. In 1946 Marj married Al Muller of Regina and in 1961 they moved to Victoria, B.C. Al is now a part-time salesman and Marj is a dedicated homemaker. They have two children, Ron, of Victoria, B.C. and June, Mrs. Russell Doyle, of Mill Bay, B.C. They also have three grandchildren.

Delores Anne was born November 30, 1936, in Regina. Anne has been a resident of the Valley View Nursing Home at Moose Jaw for the past seventeen years.

George was born in Regina, educated in Estlin, and has resided there since. After his father's death in 1958, he took up farming the land his father had rented from the Babcocks. In 1961 he purchased this land from the Babcock Estate. Over the years George has worked in the city and has been employed by several district farmers. George married Elaine Cartwright of Wapella, in 1961. They now reside in the former Girsberger house in the Hamlet of Estlin. George and Elaine have two children, both residents of Regina. Russell was born June 21, 1962. He was educated at Estlin, Lakeview and Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina. He attended one year of classes at Wascana Institute in Regina. He then joined the work force as a certified Nursing assistant in 1982. Shannon was born on May 9th, 1963. She attended school at Estlin, Lakeview and Sheldon Williams Collegiate of Regina. Shannon has completed two years of classes at the University of Regina and is hoping to pursue a career in Social Services.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Eberle
by Rose Eberle



Stan and Rose Eberle on their 25th wedding anniversary and family.

It is with great pride and joy that we answer the request to contribute to the Estlin historical book.

We purchased our farm from Gerald and Doris Myers in the fall of 1977. We were residing at 34 Nicol Place in Regina. We sold our house and moved to the farm in the spring of 1980.

But we must go back a few years. Stan was born at Lajord, Sask. August 16, 1926. He was the son of Chris and Helen (Anheligher) Eberle. Rose was born in Odessa, Sask. March 8, 1934. She was the daughter of Adam and Magdaline (Yundt) Schaffer. Stan was teaching school at Odessa when he met Rose. He used to go into town with the bob sleigh. Then he would stop at Schaffers to warm up a bit on those cold wintery nights.

Stan and Rose got married at Odessa, Saskatchewan, April 22, 1952. We had a double wedding along with Rose's sister, Barbara, and Mike Weisgarber. We moved to Regina in 1953 and built our own house at 2611 Montreal Crescent. It was there our daughters were born and started school. Stan was employed with Simpsons for five years. He then accepted an offer from Firestone Tire and Rubber. He worked there until we bought our farm at Davin in 1963. We then decided on more family and prayed for a son. The good Lord was kind and generous and blessed us with not one but three: Curtis, Kevin and Dwayne. Our children went to school in Davin and later to Balgonie.

Our daughters also had a double wedding on October 14, 1972. Karen married Peter Szarkowicz from Ituna, Saskatchewan. Cheryle married Ron Martin from Lajord, Saskatchewan. They both reside in Regina.

As well as farming at Davin, we established "The Green Grove Poultry Farm". We had 6000 laying hens. It was hard work but very interesting. We met

and dealt with many nice people. We serviced all the O.K. Economy Stores in Regina. We sold our poultry farm in 1973 and acquired more land.

We sold our land in 1977 and moved to Regina until the spring of 1980, when we moved out to Estlin. We are happy here with all our new and great neighbours.

Our eldest son, Curtis, is employed with Sask. Comp. Kevin is in grade eleven at Miller High School and working part time at Safeways. Dwayne also attends Miller High School. We are the proud grandparents of five lovely grandchildren; Shawn, Shannon, Christopher Martin, Tamara and Devin Szarkowicz.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Elsaesser
by Marnie McQuoid



Paul Elsaesser, 1957.



Elsaesser home 1930.

Eighteen year old Paul Elsaesser, with his brother, Alex, emigrated from Switzerland to the Estlin area about 1905. Their brother, Richard, had preceded them the year before and no doubt was instrumental in influencing their decision to make the move.

The two brothers built a house on Section 9-15-19-W2nd which they farmed and was owned by relatives in their homeland. At the conclusion of WWI the boys' mother came to be with them and a new home was built for her, beautifully designed by Richard who was an architect. Mrs. Elsaesser did not like Canada, however, and stayed only a short time before returning to Switzerland.

Paul married Mrs. Vernie Long in June, 1922, and her four year old daughter, Verona, completed the family at that time.

Verona writes, "I came to Estlin at four years of age and started school in the one-room school in use at that time. 'Happy' (Harry) Hebb and I were the only students in our class and although I attempted to give him some 'scholastic competition' he usually saw to it that I lost." She remembers the new school burning down, classes in the Grain Growers' Hall and the building of the present school. "Mrs. Frizzel had a small store next door to Harold and Stella Webster. Since horses also intimidated me I frequently stayed at either home, or with the Girsberger family, when weather and roads were bad during school days."

Mr. and Mrs. Elsaesser were both active in the community, and especially interested in young people. The C.G.I.T. camped in their trees before it became the custom to send a girl to a selected church camp each year.

Over the years the family took several foster children into their home, some of them staying for quite long periods of time. There they found love and Faith and care.

Verona, after a secretarial course in Everett, Washington, opened and ran a small Letter Shop in that city. She married John Hanson, owner of the local Business College, in 1954. He passed away in 1979. They have two children: Pamela, an accountant, and Robin, married to John Schwartz, with one son.

Donald Elsaesser married Sandy Smith, October 8, 1966. They have three children; Tracy, Brent and Corey. Donald is a civil engineer with the Sask. Provincial Government.

Paul died in January 1960 after suffering from a heart attack in 1958. Vernie continued to live at the farm in the summers and in Regina or with her daughter, Verona, in the winters, until her death in August, 1979.

Richard Elsaesser by Vivian (Elsaesser) Hall



Richard and Marguerite Elsaesser, daughter Vivian and husband and grandchildren.

Richard Elsaesser came from Switzerland in the early 1900's. He met Marquerite Arens in Calgary, and they were married there.

Marquerite was born in Duesseldorf, Germany. She moved to England with her parents when she was two years old, and as a young woman came to Canada.

After they were married they moved to the Estlin area where they farmed for several years. It was there the children were born: Armin, in 1916; Vivian, in 1923; and John, in 1925. In 1927, the depression years, they moved north to the Weldon district; two years later they moved to the Winton district. There the children took their schooling. From there they moved to Prince Albert, and then on to Vancouver.

Armin married Winnifred (Pat) Kendall in 1940. They live in the Winton district and have three children: Doug, Richard (Collin), and Dawne.

Vivian married Donn Hall in 1943 and they have four children: Sharel, Marlene, Donn and Ron. They live in Vancouver.

John married Hazel Berard in 1949 and they have four children: Marlene, Collin, Joanne and Gregory. They live at Lac La Hache, B.C.

Richard passed away in 1951, and Marquerite in 1964.

The Ward and Marie Felt Story by Edith Clarke Frisk

Ward and Marie Felt of Galesburg, Illinois, came

to farm on the N.E. corner of "Yankee Corner", five miles east of Estlin, during the latter part of World War One. They were both graduates of Knox College of Galesburg.

Ward, born in 1890, was a salesman for the National Biscuit Company, (now Nabisco), and travelled extensively for his company in the middle west. Farming was a new venture for Ward and Marie, but they were willing to learn. Hardship and illness were endured with the kind support of the Kartman family across the road to the west. Long cold winters, and the trials and tribulations were easier to bear when loving friends lent a helping hand. To the joy of all in May, 1918, a lovely baby daughter, Harriott, was born. She was everyone's delight, and that winter, Marie travelled home to Illinois to visit the grandparents.

At Ward's invitation Harold Kartman remembers going over to the Felt home to visit for the evening of March 22, 1920. Such a bad storm blew up that he stayed all night. The next morning it was no better. The raging blizzard continued for 36 hours. A hay rack stood about 30 feet from the window of the house, and they never once saw it during the heavy snowfall and high winds. When the snow abated, Harold helped Ward tunnel down through the snow to the barn door. The barn was partly full of snow. One of the horses had kept tramping the snow underfoot, until he was standing a halter-shank's length above the manger. A cow, they could ill-afford to lose, died from being buried in the snow so long. A pig survived in a shed lean-to off the barn. They located it by an "air hole". Its warm breath had kept the hole open in the snowbank that buried it.

The Felt family moved back to Galesburg in 1921.

In February, 1983, I received a letter from Harriott, now living in Florida, and I will quote from her letter:

"I wish so much that I had asked my parents more about their Canadian years . . . I do know that my Dad literally lost his shirt in Canada. . . The things that my parents shared with me were the love of the country, and the marvellous people who took them to their hearts, and offered them love and helpfulness beyond imagination. At the very peak, of course, were the Kartmans, without whom the three of us would never have made it! They gave us warmth and love and caring, and my mother always said that Aunt Koppy was her second mother. Our love for each and every Kartman is a precious part of my heritage, and will be a part of me always.

After returning to Illinois in 1922, my Dad worked briefly at a clothing store in Galesburg, and then was employed by the First Galesburg National

Bank until failing health and blindness forced his retirement. He died in 1969. Mother survived him seven years . . . and died in 1976. They were a totally devoted couple . . .

As I look back at their lives, I know how blessed I am to have had them as parents . . . I marvel at my mother, an only child, sheltered as was the way in those days, yet she willingly left doting parents and home, to make a home for "Wardie" on what to her must have seemed like the last frontier! And — she did it with grace, and love and a smile. She used to tell how she made her first pumpkin pie with two crusts, and of "Wardie" frying potatoes for the hired men one cold morning in soft soap! I loved their stories of blizzards and cyclones, and the ever-present animals that shared our lives.

I married Al Oelschlegel in 1950, and we had one adopted daughter, Alana . . . who has a son, Nathan, born in 1981. Both Al and I graduated from the University of Illinois, and he was an accountant until we retired to Fort Myers, (Florida), in 1979. I am a registered nurse, and was in the Army Nurse Corps in the Pacific during World War Two.

A Short History of George W. Flett

by George W. Flett

Name — George William Flett

Born — March 4th, 1912

Parents — Maggie Baikie and George A. Flett

Place — Runas, Harray, Orkney, Scotland

My father emigrated to Canada shortly after I was born. He worked for a construction outfit in Toronto, then came west to Regina to work in construction. He also worked for a cartage company, driving a team of mules and dray.

My mother and I stayed with my mother's parents until 1920, when Dad came back to Orkney to bring us to Canada. I attended a public school in Orkney for my first two years of schooling. The three of us set sail for Canada in 1920. I was about nine years old. We stayed in Toronto with my mother's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Craigie. Dad went west to Regina to get a house for us. He got a job with the Regina city fire department at "Number 1" fire hall which was then on the eighteen hundred block of Hamilton Street. It was moved to the new "Number 1" fire hall in the seventeen hundred block between Halifax and Osler Streets on Eleventh Avenue.

My mother and I were to follow in three weeks time but we both contacted scarlet fever, so were quarantined for some time. Dad had rented a house at 1869 Halifax Street. We lived there until 1922. I attended Strathcona school on Broad Street. My oldest sister was born while we lived in Regina.

My folks longed for the country life, as they both

had been raised on farms in Orkney. Dad rented the Martin Siller farm, which was four miles east of Rowatt in 1922. A couple of years later, Dad and his brother, David, rented a half section of C. W. Williams' land which was one and a half miles from the Siller farm.

I attended Springdale school, finishing my eighth grade there. Some of our neighbours were the Nick Noll, Mike Bolen, Jake Bolen, William Christie, Anwender, Debert, Drew, Mailander and Falteen and Kriss Siller families. In 1926 our family moved to a rented farm from C. W. Williams. This was a section and a half which was worked along with the other half section and the Martin Siller farm. They farmed the Siller farm for another year. This section-and-a-half was located four and a half miles straight north of Estlin. Our new neighbours were J. Cleveland, David Wilkening, John Wilkening and the McCrystal families, as well as John Irwin, Hugh Ryan and Peacy. I attended Boyle School in Estlin, taking my high school there. My teacher was Roy Stewart.

My father and uncle David became tired of renting land so they looked at several farms to buy. They decided to buy one at Fort Qu'Appelle in 1930. We moved there that fall with the exception of uncle David and myself and a hired hand, James Linklater. We worked the farm at Estlin for the next year and then moved to Fort Qu'Appelle in the fall with the rest of the equipment and horses and tractors, a 1530 International and 22-36 Allis Chalmers. I took my Grade XII at Fort Qu'Appelle. I had six sisters and two brothers — Lily — now Mrs. Errol Cochrane, Fort Qu'Appelle — Edith — now Mrs. Ray Shepard, Moose Jaw — Hazel — now Mrs. Lyle Ismond, Bragg Creek, Alberta — Peggy — now Mrs. Don Baugh, Kamloops, B.C. — Doris — deceased in preschool years with double pneumonia — Tom — deceased at three years of age with diphtheria — Mabel — deceased at one year of age with diphtheria — Peter — now farms the home farm at Fort Qu'Appelle. He married Jean Wetherill who taught school in the district. They have two boys and two girls.

After I achieved my Grade XII I attended Normal School in Regina for one year. I received my Interim First Class teaching certificate the following June. I applied for several schools but had no offers until the spring of 1933. I was hired by the school board of Three Hills school which was six miles north of Secretan in a hilly country. I came home to Fort Qu'Appelle in time to catch the harvest which was meager that year. I stayed at home with my folks working on the farm.

While I was at home I wrote a civil service examination for the Post Office. I received a letter from the

Post Office to start in July. I accepted their offer and my working years with the Post Office amounted to thirty-nine-and-a-half years. I retired from the Post Office on December 24th, 1976.

When I started to work for the Post Office I roomed and boarded at Mr. and Mrs. Dave Wilkening on 2244 Albert Street. It was there that I met my future wife. She roomed and boarded there too. Her name was Rena Mildred Stephens. She worked for the Dept. of Education. Her folks farmed just out of Lebret which was only four miles from Fort Qu'Appelle but I had never known of her family. We were married on September 16th, 1939. While we were courting, we bought a small house at 1027 Rae Street. After a honeymoon in the north western States we moved into our house.

Now for the information regarding our family: Heather — born July 13, 1947, now a nurse — Jean — born April 21, 1949, public school teacher — Edward — born June 2, 1951, now in construction — Garth — born May 31, 1953, now in construction — Rena — born March 25, 1955, public school teacher — Lori — born March 8, 1970, public school student.

Lori was adopted at one year of age by Rena and me. In 1947 we sold our house on Rae Street and bought a larger one at 825 Athol Street. In August of 1979 we sold 825 Athol and bought at 22 Rosewood Place. My loving wife became ill in 1978, gradually getting worse, and passed away March 12th, 1980. Edward is married with two boys. The rest of us live at 22 Rosewood Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Emil Frisk and Family 1918-1920

by Edith (Clarke) Frisk

In April, 1918, the Frisk family moved from Estevan, Sask. to Estlin to rent the half section, the



E. E. Frisk.



Mrs. E. E. Frisk.

Charlie Watson farm, one half mile east of town. This is where Glynn Gooding now farms and where Francis and Anna Kalina lived and improved the place so much. Pete Jasper, Francis's great uncle, farmed it for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frisk had previously lived in Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A., where Ernest Emil Frisk was Superintendent of Schools. Ivan and Robert were born there 1903 and 1904. Warren was born in Pierre, South Dakota, in 1907, where Mr. Frisk was Superintendent of Schools. By this time he had had three bouts of pneumonia and the Dr. told him he had to have an out-door occupation. They moved back to his home farm at the Swedish community of Stanton, Iowa, near Red Oak, the county seat of Montgomery County. In this county — history book it states, "Axel J. Frisk and wife, former Gustava Johnson, were married December 29, 1866 in Sweden". Axel came to America alone in 1868 to locate land. He first stopped in Illinois, returned to Sweden and then came to Iowa in 1872, bringing his family. A daughter, Hulda, was born in Sweden, and three sons were born at Stanton, E.E., the eldest, in 1872. It was to this 60 acre farm Ernest Emil Frisk and family came to farm for one year.

In Mrs. Adelle Sampson Frisk's hometown of Villisca, Iowa, a few miles from Stanton, she went to school with two Jenkins brothers, Fred and Ed. They met again at Simpson College and Fred went on to become Dr. Fred Jenkins, Dentist. He had long preached the golden opportunities of the Canadian West, especially of the good land of Regina Plains. He was disappointed the Frisk's first move was to Estevan. So when they became disenchanted with the Estevan farm, and were not making their hoped-for progress, in 1918 Dr. Jenkins arranged for them to rent the Charlie Watson half section farm one-half mile east of Estlin. They could only have it for one year, as Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Watson farmed the land themselves. They spent the winter in Illinois, leaving their livestock in care of Jimmy Watson, Charlie's brother, and Marnie McQuoid's grandfather. They took one years' leave of absence. The Frisks with only a one year lease, after getting settled and seeding done, began looking for more land.

They found the Kronau farm was for sale and bought it — on the south side of the Wascana, Sec. 26-15-18 and SE quarter 35-15-18, but couldn't take possession until March 1920. The Watson's decided not to return to the farm, so the Frisks stayed on another year, and then moved ten miles to the Kronau place.

Their trips moving to Kronau were not as eventful as the move to Estlin from Estevan had been. At that time they had loaded three railroad boxcars at Hitch-

cock six miles away, with horses, cattle, household effects and came up the Soo Line to Pasqua. There they were shunted onto Mainline to Regina, and again onto the side tracks of C.N. south of Dewdney Ave. On Sunday the boys, Ivan and Robert, didn't feel at all well, and lay in the warm sunshine of the south slope of the freight cars. Monday a.m. the freight train came along and picked them up to drop them off at Estlin. Fred Jenkins had alerted Roy Welliver, who now rented his land, to help the Frisks move out to their farm. Roy Williver met the train with team and wagon, and took them through mud and snow out to his farm where Belle Welliver had one of her good dinners for them. Ivan was too sick to go and stayed in the box car. Robert didn't feel so well but went anyway. The result of his visit to the farm was, he gave Ila and Bennie the measles. There had been an epidemic at their View Hill School before they left Estevan, and the teacher phoned Mrs. Frisk saying, since they were moving away, it might be to their advantage not to come to school the last week. They just might miss taking the measles. Too late! Ivan and Robert had already picked up the germs.

The loading platform at Estlin was surrounded by water. It was difficult to get all the loads through the mud and water and snow onto the road at Estlin and again into the farm yard. With these difficulties Robert says they never could have taken the machinery out to the farm, but his father had taken it all apart and loaded the pieces. They had a big assembling job at the farm when the mud dried up.

Mrs. Frisk, Warren and Dorothy arrived next day on the train from the southeast to find Ivan and Robert warm in bed in their new home. They suffered no consequences from their exposure to the elements while moving, ill with the measles. Dorothy and Warren took them later.

The Frisk children attended the old Boyle wooden school. It was across the road on the north side, and about 50 rods west of their home, on the present McQuoid land. You can still see the location — a small knoll where the school stood and the blow-dirt filled the woven wire fence, emphasizing the school-ground perimeter. The Frisks boarded the teacher, Miss Margaret Christie, from Nova Scotia, who became a life-long friend. Later she became Mrs. Ted Hoskins of Craven. She died of cancer 1976 near her daughter in Calgary.

Miss Marcella Donnelly, the sister of the store keeper at Estlin, was the teacher. Until the Frisks moved in March 1920, Robert and I went to school together. He was a big quiet fellow and never teased anyone or made any disturbance. Ivan was the one who kept the "pot-a-boiling".

Ivan and Robert were in Grade nine with Ervin Webster, Bill Cann and Willie Boyle. The previous school year they had written their Grade eight exams in Regina at Strathcona School. Because of missing so much time at school, due to the Spanish flu epidemic, they only had to write three subjects.

Miss Donnelly was teaching them French, a hopeless job in Robert's case. I can remember her, in exasperation, grabbing him by his big brawny shoulder to shake him and exclaiming, "Robert Frisk, will you ever learn French?" He never did! The following March, 1920, they moved to Kronau, and he worked like a man from then on. He was 16 years old August, 1920.

During their sojourn at Estlin the Frisks joined the Methodist Church. When the United Church of Canada had their 50th celebration in 1975 and the senior members were honored, Robert was pleased to be among them and to receive a silver spoon. The minister at the time of joining was Rev. Keaton, followed by Rev. Blewett and his wife Rose, who often sang for us. Mr. and Mrs. Frisk were active in church and Sunday School.

The Spanish Influenza raged through the community and every household had some one sick. All at the Frisk home were in bed except Mrs. Frisk. She saw a team coming from the east on the Estlin road. When it came nearer she went out to speak to the driver and to ask him to bring her desperately needed supplies from the store and the mail from Estlin. The man was Mr. Victor Kartman, who lived five miles east of Estlin. He and his family became very good friends of the Frisks.

Other neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kalina and family, Clarence Myers, Ralph Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jefferson, the Tom Websters, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Runkle, the Wellivers, the Jimmy Watsons and some of the Boyles.

In Estlin Rody Girsberger had his blacksmith shop. He was general repair man for the farmers, set their wagon tires, shod their horses, and kept their machinery repaired. Jack Revill had the Livery Barn, just north of Rody's shop. Elaine and George East are now living in the house that was once occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Girsberger and sons Harry and Edwin. Originally, when the Girsbergers built it, it was a cottage type, later they added the second storey. Mrs. Girsberger, with her business training and beautiful precise hand writing, was Secretary and Treasurer of many of our organizations; always a willing community worker.

Mr. A. F. Gunderson was manager of the Monarch Lumber yard, Bill Jefferson had the pool room, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Donnelly were the store-keepers and had the Post Office, and Lily Roberts was the Post

Mistress for many years. She and her parents lived in the house with the lovely veranda on two sides, that her father Mr. Bill Roberts, a carpenter, had built. Later Mr. and Mrs. Currah lived there with their daughter, Merle. Much later it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hodel, who moved it to their farm N.E. of Estlin where Johnny and Tilly Erwin farmed.

T. J. D. Smith, formerly of Duff, Sask., was the station agent and their daughter, Winnie, came to school.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Frisk with their education and inclination to service in public and community organizations were active wherever they lived. Both were excellent speakers and skillful secretaries and treasurers, working tirelessly on committees for the benefit of others. Their organizing ability was manifest in every community where they lived.

Mrs. Adel Sampson Frisk had been Principal of Villisca High School in her home town. At that period, around 1900, this was a most unusual position for a lady teacher, unless she possessed sterling qualities at her school. E. E. Frisk received his education in High School at Stanton, Iowa and at Taber College, where he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree. There he had taken an active part in various organizations and in debates, as he was an excellent speaker. With his clear precise diction it was hard to believe he couldn't speak a word of English, when, as a little boy he started to school. They lived in a Swedish community at Stanton, and his mother never learned English.

At Simpson College Adel Frisk was also engaged in debates, and school organizations, developing the skills she used all her life. She excelled in beautiful penmanship, and in expressing her thoughts on paper. She could have been a writer if opportunities had made that possible. She was a most successful and capable teacher with an excellent reputation.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Frisk were married on June 25, 1902, at the Sampson farm home under the trees on the front lawn.

When they lived at Estevan Mr. E. E. Frisk was an active charter member of Estevan Co-op Elevator, joining in 1911. In the early 30's when "Depression and Drought" hit the prairie farmers, they began to organize Co-ops as a solution to their purchasing problems. Their aim was to buy directly from producer to consumer. E. E. Frisk entered into this most enthusiastically in organizing local Co-ops at Kronau and Riceton. He was first Secretary of Riceton Co-op — a position he held for many years. To Quote the Leader-Post:

"His outstanding contribution to the Co-op movement was made during the period 1932-1945. It was during this period that E. E. Frisk served as

president of the consumers Co-operative Refinery that started with \$35,000 subscribed by a group of Regina Plains farmers.

In 1945 the Refinery Co-op amalgamated with Sask. Co-op Wholesale to become Federated Co-operative Ltd., Mr. Frisk served as president on the new board for one year. He was honorary president until his death in 1963."

He also served as vice-president of Co-op Mutual Benefit Association. Mr. Frisk spent long hours working with his friends, local farmers of Estlin, Gray and Riceton on these Co-op organizations. Without the loyal support of all, and their untiring efforts, this progressive movement would never have been a success.

In April 1945, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Frisk retired to Regina, where Mrs. Adel Frisk died in April 1958 at age of 86, and Mr. E. E. in July, 1963, at 91 years.

Ivan Frisk at 74 years, died in California April 7, 1977. He lived in Roseville, California, many years and worked at McClelland Air Field as Foreman of Electrical Maintenance. He and Ruth (Wilkening) Frisk have one daughter, Mrs. Della Rioux, and two grandsons, Jeff and Steve, at Roseville, California.

Warren Frisk spent his working years with Standard Brands, the latter several years in the Montreal

Head Office. There he met and married his wife, Marion. They have two daughters — Judy, now married to Bruce Stephenson, and they live and work in Toronto and Ginny, the youngest daughter, lives and works in Montreal.

Dorothy Frisk LaVallee has worked many years for the State of California, and is now retired in Sacramento, the Capital. She has one son, Douglas Neil, and two granddaughters.

Robert Frisk and Edith Clarke were married October 27, 1933, and have lived on the family farm continuously. Son, Barry and Della Altwasser, were married July 1962 and have two sons and two daughters. They all live on the Kronau farm.

Daughter June, a nurse, married Wm. Corson from Wawota, Sask., Oct. 1960. They have three teen-agers, a son and two daughters and all live in North Battleford where Bill works for an oil company.

Rudolf and Emma Girsberger by Edwin and Dora Girsberger

Rudolf Girsberger was born in Zurich, Switzerland, on July 1, 1874. It has been established that his ancestors can be traced back to the late 16th century. We have heard of a Girsberg castle in the northern part of Switzerland which was built by an earlier generation. After his regular school education Mr. Girsberger took extensive training as a blacksmith and metal and iron worker.

Hearing of opportunities in a new country, Rody (as he was well known), along with a relative through marriage, Richard Elsaesser, came to Northwest Territories, now Saskatchewan, in 1904. They settled on a piece of land situated 17 miles south of Regina, which is now being farmed by Stanley Smith. This was part of some land originally owned by a Swiss industrialist, a Mr. Oberholzer, who sent men to Canada to farm his land. From family records we have determined that Rody's brother, Hans (a Lutheran pastor), was married to Hannah Oberholzer — her parents were Ferdinand Oberholzer and Louise Elsaesser. No doubt these were the family relationships which initiated the two men's arrival here. Together, and with the help of a few neighbors, they built a house that year, while living in a tent, and later in a granary.

Meanwhile, Rudy had been corresponding with a lady friend he left in his homeland. Her name was Emma Meili, born in Frauenfeld, Switzerland, on April 16, 1879, and whose training was as an office secretary and bookkeeper. So in 1908 he returned to Switzerland where they were married near Zurich by his brother on February 20, 1908. They made their



Edith and Robert Frisk wedding photo, Oct. 27, 1933.



Rudolf Girsberger and Richard Elsaesser, living in tent on the prairie, about 17 miles south east of Regina.



Rudolf and Emma Girsberger wedding photo, 1908.

honeymoon trip by steamship and train back to the prairies in April of that year and settled into the house he had built. They continued to farm for a few years while welcoming the appearance of more new settlers to the area.

Their first two children, a boy and a girl, died in infancy in 1911 and 1912 respectively.

In 1913-14 they built a small house and a shop in Estlin, where Rody wished to carry on his original trade of blacksmithing. He performed a very valuable service to farmers there and the surrounding communities for many years — everything including shoeing horses, as well as repairs on buggies, wagons, machinery. He also pursued his artistic talents of crafting intricate pieces of ironwork, such as gates,



Rudolf Girsberger family. L. to R.: Edwin, Harry, Rudolf, Emma.

railings flower stands, vases, and other ornamental pieces.

They became naturalized citizens on January 6, 1928. Two sons were born to them, Harry in 1915, and Edwin in 1916

Their home was often a gathering place for fun times and good fellowship, and they cherished their many kind, lifelong friends. The D. V. Runkles entertained them on their 25 wedding anniversary in 1933, together with such pioneers as the Fred Mareans, J. Cleavelands, Mel Richenbergers, Gib Smiths, J. W. Clarkes, Roy Myers, and Geo. B. Marshall.



Girsberger's spending Christmas at the Blumers, 1924.

They actively participated in all community and school affairs, as well as the United Church. Mother was a member of the Ladies' Aid and the Homemakers' Club. For many years she was secretary-

treasurer for several Rural Telephone companies, even after she moved to Regina.

Dad died in August, 1948. Two years later mother sold the house and moved into a small home in Regina, later to reside at Hewitt Place, Regina. She died in November, 1966.

Copied from a Guest Book presented to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Girsberger, on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary, February 20, 1933, by friends and neighbors of Estlin, Saskatchewan.

Poem — composed by M. E. Beattie

Pioneers

We oft recall when first we came West —
The half of its hardships we never had guessed.
Facing the new world with faith alone —
We dared to venture to this vast unknown.
With our minds made up to do our best,
Of cold and loneliness we made jest.
But perhaps the first thing to make us proud —
Was the first long furrows which we ploughed.
And as we plodded on through the years —
We gained the name of Pioneers.

And although the acres were broad and bare,
We found contentment and happiness there.
No soft wheeled cars went past our door,
No airplanes flew over with a roar;
But we rather admired the old ox-cart
Which blazed the trail for more modern art.
But we must pause and in reverent mood
Give thanks to the Giver of all things good,
Who guided us safely across the years
To be loyal, trusting Pioneers.

Signatures appearing in the book are as follows:

Dorcas G. Marean)
Fred A. Marean) Feb. 7, 1913
Emma M. Richenberger)
M. Richenberger) Feb. 5, 1923
Florence Cleveland)
Jay J. Cleveland) Jan. 25, 1913
Marie E. Smith)
G. C. Smith) Nov. 14, 1922
Alice M. Clarke)
J. W. Clarke) Aug. 10, 1910
Bessie H. Myers)
Roy Myers) Nov. 9, 1910
Amy Watson Runkle)
David Vogt Runkle) Dec. 26, 1908
Geo. B. Marshall)
Emma Girsberger)
Rudolf Girsberger) Feb. 20, 1908

A Tribute To Rody Girsberger

by Gerald Myers

There were many people in the Estlin communi-

ty, but the most impressive to young minds was the blacksmith, Rody Girsberger. He was not a very big man but had very strong arms — from wielding his hammer. He came from Switzerland where he had learned his trade and spoke with a Swiss accent. It took more than a little concentration to understand this jovial, sociable, hospitable man.

He had met with an accident in his shop when a disc-sharpening stone blew up; a piece going through the roof and leaving a hole as if it had been sawed out with a fine-toothed saw. Another piece hit him in the face, breaking his lower jaw and cutting a deep gash. All these things affected his speech. On top of all that he wore a handle-bar moustache.

His expertise was known for miles around at repairing, remodeling or building machinery, so he was never at a loss for work. When he welded two pieces of iron together they never broke where he welded them. It was his forge, anvil, hammer and some magic powder he sprinkled on the white hot metal that united the two pieces together to the tune of his bouncing hammer.

When staying for a meal at his house his hospitality was always punctuated by, "Mein Gott, eat!" when passing dishes of fine food.

He had a habit of lighting his pipe with a red hot coal from his forge that delighted both young and old. He would scrape it out of the fire with his poker and then pick it up between thumb and forefinger, place it on his pipe, and never scorch a finger.

Whenever he needed help, the younger boys were always ready and eager for the job. The boys thus learned so much from this gifted, lovable man and this is part of our, "Estlin Heritage".

Harry Ralph Girsberger by Dora (Reich) Girsberger

Harry was born on June 22, 1915, and received all his school education at Boyle School, Estlin, during which years he also participated in sports and community activities. In 1933 he came to Regina and took a business course but, because of economic conditions, he got a job at Champs Hotel as a bus-boy and waiter in 1934.

Meanwhile in 1931-32 I had also completed a business course while working for my board for seven months. Not being able to get work in my field, I alternated between odd office jobs or housework for various people in Regina, and sometimes was back home to help on the farm. Finally, with a reference from Bob Ketchin of Riceton, I became secretary to Mr. H. L. Fowler, manager of Consumers' Co-operative Refineries, Ltd., which was newly incorporated in April, 1935. I remained with them until 1944 and then worked two months as private secretary for Mr.

C. M. Fines, who became Provincial Treasurer of the First C.C.F. Government elected in Saskatchewan. By coincidence, he had been my Grade VII teacher at Cross School near Riceton.

Harry also began work at the Co-op Refinery in August, 1935, as an order clerk sometimes spending overtime hours to help establish sales of petroleum products from the Refinery production. So it was there we first met and were married in June, 1941, making our home in Regina, and raising two daughters. We usually spent summer holidays at a cottage we had built at Lumsden Beach.

Judy's profession is a Registered Nurse, who enjoys working part-time at Santa Maria Nursing Home, Regina. She is married to Cliff Terry, who is a Safety Supervisor for Federated Co-operatives, Ltd. They have one daughter, Andrea Michelle.

Valerie was a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, receiving a Bachelor of Science in 1969, and Honors in Microbiology in 1970. In the next two years she completed both the Bachelor and Master degree programs in Physical Education. Three of the four Degrees were awarded with great distinction. She had been appointed to the Faculty of Physical Education at the University of Manitoba when she was killed in a tragic automobile accident on October 27, 1972, after only two months in that position. Her many friends and family established a memorial scholarship at the University of Saskatchewan in her name.

Over the years Harry worked with the Refinery at various sales and marketing positions, and for the last few years he was Manager of Product & Supply, until his retirement in July, 1980, after 45 years' service. He was honoured by his many friends and colleagues in the petroleum industry across Canada at a special banquet and presentation in Calgary in June, 1980.

In 1978 he was awarded a Life Membership in the Saskatchewan Roughrider Football Club for his many years of volunteer service in connection with their Annual \$200 Dinner.

After a short illness he died on August 15, 1981, and I continue to live in Regina.

Dora Girsberger died November 4, 1983, in Regina.

Long-time Refinery Staffer, Roughrider Booster, Dead **copied from the Co-op Consumer, September 1, 1981**

Harry Girsberger, former product and supply manager at Consumers' Co-operative Refineries Limited in Regina, died Aug. 15, 1981, of cancer. He was 66.

Born in Estlin, Sask., Girsberger joined the refinery staff in August, 1935, only three months after refinery operations started. He worked in various clerical positions prior to becoming involved in sales activities in the early 1940's. He was named sales manager in 1945.

From 1947-1954, he was responsible for petroleum sales and traffic and in 1954 became petroleum manager in the newly-formed petroleum marketing branch of Federated Co-operative Limited. He became petroleum merchandising manager in 1965 and in 1968 was named product and supply manager, holding the position until retirement in July, 1980.

During Girsberger's early years at the refinery he operated the staff credit union. Loans were made to employees until payday and for longer periods. This activity led to establishment of Sherwood Credit Union, now one of the largest credit unions in Canada.

During this period, Girsberger married Dora Reich, one of the few refinery employees with more seniority than he.

Girsberger had an active interest in sports, stemming from early track and field activities. He was a director of the Saskatchewan Roughrider football club for many years and received a merit award for outstanding service to the club, plus a life membership, in 1978.



Harry Girsberger, 1969, and Award of Merit from Sask. Roughriders.

As product and supply manager, Girsberger came into contact with virtually all refinery and marketing companies. He was honored by his friends in the industry at a banquet in Calgary in June, 1980.

He is survived by his wife Dora, daughter Judy and son-in-law Cliff Terry, granddaughter Andrea, brother Edwin, sister-in-law Edith and relatives in Switzerland.

Edwin Arthur Girsberger

by Edwin Girsberger

I was born on August 30, 1916, and received my education at Boyle School, Estlin, and was active in community and sports activities. I learned my father's trades while working with him for a few years. During the Winter Sessions of 1939 and 1940 I worked as a Class Assistant Instructor of blacksmithing for a College of Agriculture farm course at the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon.

When the War began in 1939 I enlisted with the Canadian Army with the R.C.E.M.E. Division. My postings were England, Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland from where I was discharged in 1945.

Returning to Regina I worked at Capital Welders for 25 years, and at Acme Welders for six years. In 1952 I was married to Edith Edelking of Mortlach, Saskatchewan, and we have no children. I retired in 1979, and we continue to live in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gooding

by Muriel Peakman

Mark Gooding moved into the Estlin district in 1923. He was born in Newel, Iowa, in 1898. The family moved to Rouleau in 1911. Mr. Gooding went to the Blue Grass school west of Wilcox in 1912 and 1913. He moved to the Estlin district in 1923. In 1925 he married Margaret Davies who was born in Irvine, Scotland, in 1902, and came to Canada approximately 1908 or 1910. They had four children; Muriel, Sheldon, Morley and Keith. Muriel went to Boyle school in Estlin until 1945 when she went to Regina for Grade 12 and a business course. In the winter of 1933 or 34 the Goodings moved into the lumberyard building in Estlin to be closer to a school.

Muriel Gooding married Ron Peakman in 1950. He was from Brachen. They reside on the outskirts of Regina — farming like the rest of the family. They have one daughter, Linda, who is married and lives in Calgary. Mr. Gooding passed away in November 1979, and Mrs. Gooding is in the Parkside Nursing Home in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Gooding

by Sheldon Gooding

Sheldon was born in 1927, and was raised with his family in the Estlin district. Educated here, he is a member of the United Church, serving on the church board, also the school board for several years.

He started farming with his dad until obtaining his own land. He now lives two miles east and one half mile north of Estlin.

In 1950 he married Bertha Vanden Bossche from Ceylon, Saskatchewan.

Their family, Brenda, Marlene and Glynn, were all educated in Estlin and later in Regina.

Brenda, a nurse's assistant, is married to Robert Johner. They live in Regina, and have three girls, Debbie, Michelle, and Leanne.

Marlene, a nurse, married John Dobson, and they live in Regina, with one son Rigel.

Glynn farms with his father. He also bought land of his own.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Gooding

by Morley and Leeta Gooding

Morley Laverne Gooding was born in Regina on September 22, 1928, to Mark and Margaret Gooding of Estlin. Morley was raised on a farm southeast of Estlin. He went to Boyle School, commuting five miles with a horse and buggy. All but one of his school years was spent there.

Leeta Dunbar was born at her parents home six miles east of Estlin on July 10, 1936. Her parents are Willard and Betty Dunbar. Leeta went to Bristol School eight years until it closed. Four pupils attended at that time, all of which were Dunbar girls. She spent the rest of her school years at Estlin, in Boyle School.

Morley and Leeta were married on December 31, 1954 and moved to where they live now, one mile east and one half mile north of Estlin. Here they are farming with their sons.

They have three children, Yvonne Marie, who married Brian Templeton from Rouleau. They presently are residing in Regina.

Laverne (Duke) Ross who married Renee Bechard from Gray. They live on a farm within the Estlin district.

Bruce Morley who goes to Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina and lives at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Gooding

by Dorothy Gooding

Keith Gooding was born November 20, 1929, to Mark and Margaret Gooding of Estlin. He grew up on the family farm southeast of Estlin, and drove

with his brothers by horse and buggy the five miles to Boyle school in Estlin.

On March 11, 1950, in Regina he married, Dorothy Richards who grew up in Ketchin, Saskatchewan. Her parents were Thomas Henry Richards and Mabel Gowan Richards.

Keith and Dorothy have two children; Echo Faye born June 25, 1952, and married to Paul Martin December 28, 1970. Dale Richard was born December 7, 1954, and farms at Estlin.

Echo and Paul have two children; Scott John, born May 25, 1972, and Cynthia Dawn, born October 10, 1974.

Rubber Boots in the Oven — by Dorothy Gooding

This is a little story my father-in-law Mark Gooding often used to tell.

It was the spring of 1922. Mark Gooding, who lived at Rouleau, had rented land from C. W. Williams 36-14-19-w2nd. It was some where in the middle of April and I believe the snow was gone at Rouleau. They left with a wagon and hay rack pulled by a team of horses and they also had two mules. They did some shopping in Wilcox for supplies and one of the things they bought was a pair of rubber boots which they put into the oven of the stove. When they got over near highway No. 6 and the correction line they got into snow, so they borrowed a sleigh from Mr. Ulrich. The snow was so deep on the road they had to shovel in front of the horses and mules and by the time they had reached their destination, it was snowing heavily. They found only a row of granaries, no barn or house, so they chopped out the bottom of one of the granary doors and put the horses and mules inside. Then they set the stove up in one of the other granaries, so they would have a place to sleep and live until they got a house to live in. They lit the fire and it wasn't very long until the room was filled with smoke and guess what? They had forgot the rubber boots in the oven! The only part of those boots left was the soles, which were thrown outside and to this day those soles still show up in the field every once in awhile.

Cecil Ralph Gooding

by Leona Gooding

Cecil was the youngest of seven children born to Ralph and Martha Gooding in Early, Iowa, U.S.A. in 1910. In 1911 the family came to the Rouleau area with their six sons to farm.

In 1942 Cecil married Ella Nagel of Leader, Saskatchewan. They moved to the Estlin Area in 1943, where they farmed at land location E half of, 28, 15, 19. They had two sons, Ken and Jim.

In 1960 Cecil and family built a home on W half 6, 15, 19, W2, and he still farms here. His wife, Ella,



James Gooding family. L. to R.: Kevin, Leona, Wade, Jim.

passed away in the spring of 1975. He remarried in 1978 to Mabel Richards of Nokomis.

Ken lives and works in Regina. Jim farms in the district with his Dad. In 1967 Jim married Leona Bradley of Lipton. They have two sons, Kevin and Wade.

Fred and Katie (Kuhns) Goodman

by Edna Sherman

Fred came to Milestone from Grand Lodge Michigan as a hobo. He told us kids that he "rode the rods" to get up here. Katie came to Milestone from Prairie City, Iowa, with her parents when she was nine years old. They were married Sept. 29, 1916, and moved to Calgary for the winter where they both became deathly ill with typhoid fever.

Fred and Katie and their two small girls, Eleanor three and Lorraine one, moved to Estlin in 1921 and farmed across the road from G. B. Marshall, one and one-quarter miles north of the village of Estlin. Times weren't easy and it seemed Fred always had a doctor bill that had to be paid. When Lorraine was only 2 years old she had telescope bowel and was a very sick child.

Then in 1921, two days after Christmas, Alfred Aaron was born at Milestone. He grew to be the stout young lad around the community and some of the school kids nicknamed him "fat". He was very ill with double pneumonia twice.

Edna Irene was born on August 21, 1927. With the news of a new baby's arrival, after almost six

years, their maternal grandfather built the family a lovely two storey, five-bedroom house, which still stately stands in the same place. They drive by occasionally just to admire the old house with nostalgia.



At the Goodman home north of Estlin.

Gwen Evelyn was born three years later on July 7, 1930, a cute little girl, spoiled by all around her. Then hard times struck. With the coming of the dirty 30's came more sickness — one experience being when Edna, “came down” with the flu and peritonitis set in. She was a sick little girl at the tender age of six, just half way through her first year at school, and was hospitalized for 57 days in Regina General Hospital. This set her back one and one-half years. As there were no anti-biotics to fight the poison in the body this had to be done with “drain-ing” the wound, lots of bed rest and good nutrition. She got over it and grew to be as strong as the average child but was always selfconscious at being two years behind her schoolmates at Boyle School right through until she completed Grade 12 in 1947 at Milestone High School when she was almost 20 years of age.

In 1937 the two youngest girls were thrilled to become “aunties” to their little nephew, Martin, born right there at their beloved home and attended by Dr. Houston on a cold afternoon Feb. 3. They were so proud of this little bundle that was presented to them when they arrived home from school chilled to the bone. Armand and Lorraine McCrystal were the proud parents.

Then in Jan. 1939 sadness struck the family when their beloved and the only grandfather they had ever known, E. P. Kuhns, passed away at Milestone, leaving the home farm to his only daughter, Katie. This brought about plans to “pull up stakes” and move there. The last load was in a hayrack pulled by their last team of horses, a white named Bill and a bay named Nell.

Lorraine remembers the woolen skirts, jackets and knickers that Dad sent for to T. Eaton Co. — all in a matching tan and black plaid and were so itchy to wear to school in the 20's. She also remembers the layer of dirt that would sift in and lie on the blanket every afternoon where her young sister, Gwen, took an afternoon sleep on a cot out in the south porch. Dad couldn't keep up payments for telephone, so had it taken out — as did many others in those days of poverty.

Armand and Lorraine McCrystal lived at the farm for the next year with little son, Martin, and with a new daughter, Patricia Ann who had arrived Feb. 26, 1939. They moved to Gray and farmed for J. H. Murphy south of Gray in 1940 and 41. More hard times came and one winter day Armand had to walk to Gray to get some coal. He borrowed Earl Lewis' horse and cutter to take it home so Lorraine and the two small children could get warmed up again. Back into Estlin in 1941 they made living quarters in the lumberyard office when Armand was grain buyer for the National Elevator Co. This is when Armand became involved in community work by helping Clarence Armstrong and Wilfred Brown make an out-door rink by flooding a corner of the lot and hauling water from G. B. Marshall's big dug-out a couple of miles north of town. He coached or refereed many hockey games held on the rink that winter. Lorraine remembers different ones coming in to her house to get “warmed up”. The big dug-out had been the popular ice for skating and hockey for some years before this. Armand and Lorraine were then promoted to living in the grain elevator house in 1942-44 in Estlin which the school teacher had formerly rented. It now stands in Rowatt. Army remembers the crops being lost by hail in 1943. In the spring of 1944 Army was called to join the Army and the family moved to Milestone with Lorraine's parents where they took over the farming on the Goodman farm. Eleanor, a high spirited girl with a heart as big as Texas, quit school at the age of 15 and went out working for Dr. Houston in Estlin. Ben Welliver started courting her and on July 17, 1935, they were married on Grandpa Kuhn's farm at Milestone. They lived in the little butcher house (one room) in Estlin in the winter of 1936. Gwen or Edna loved it when they could stay over night with their big sister and her husband, but having only one bed meant sleeping three in a bed.

Jan. 1937, Ben and Eleanor moved down to California where they have resided ever since. Eleanor is a retired widow now, living at Fort Bragg. She has a son and a daughter and three grandchildren all in California.

Armand and Lorraine took over the job of farm-

ing on the former E. P. Kuhns (Goodman) farm at Milestone where they have lived and raised their family of eight. They are great grandparents to their son, Martin, and wife, Marlene's, grandchild who built on the same quarter and raised five children. Martin is also a carpenter and helped build many houses. He started his schooling at Estlin in 1943 — prior to moving to Milestone.

Patricia and Ed Bohn, after spending 16 years in B.C., have built a lovely new home (their fourth new home) just across the road from Martin and are raising four children. They are both very involved in Roman Catholic Church activities, Home and School, and many of their children's activities, as well as farming.

Alfred was married to Ula Sherman at Milestone in June 1948. They lived at Milestone, Fort Qu'Appelle, Weyburn and lastly at Port Alberni, B.C. They were divorced in 1975 and he married Sjoukje Jellema on April 10, 1978. He worked at the Animal Shelter there for many years until cancer took over his body and he died May 18, 1981 in a hospital. His wife and sisters were with him to the end. He had no children.

Edna was married to Ula's brother, Norman Sherman, November 22, 1947, in Moose Jaw where he was working at "Swifts" that fall. They took over the farming for his father in the spring of '48 and are still farming. They have two sons and two grandchildren.

Gwen finished school at Milestone High and married Herbert Sauve, a pipe fitter, June 1948, and moved to Cornwall Ontario where they have lived ever since and raised seven children and have six grandchildren.

Fred built a little house down by the river in Ft. Qu'Appelle in 1948 where he and Katie lived for three years. Then they travelled down to Ontario to spend the winters with daughter, Gwen, and family. It was while returning home that Katie was stricken with a heart attack and died in a hospital in Minot, N.D. April 19, 1952 at age 56. Fred lived on at Ft. Qu'Appelle in the summers and visited relatives in California, Michigan, and Cornwall, Ontario for the next 15 years and died in Weyburn Union hospital of heart failure in his 83rd year.

Armand and Lorraine are active in the Roman Catholic Church and her CWL Auxililary. He is in Elks and Canadian Legion and she in the Legion Auxilary. Her hobbies are beautiful plants (hundreds of them) and recently she has taken up ceramics. They built a new house in Milestone in 1979.

Edna is active in United Church work, U.C. Women and has sung in the choir for some 35 years now. She had been secretary-treasurer for the choir since 1965 and was secretary for the community club

for several years before it disbanded. She has been baby sitting at her home off and on since 1958.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Hall by Colleen Hall

We moved to Estlin from northern Saskatchewan (Paradise Hill, Turtleford and Saskatoon) in the spring of 1962, when Don became manager of the National Grain elevator. We lived there for five years until July of 1967 when we were transferred to Dauphin, Manitoba.

Two of our three children were born while we lived at Estlin; Chad in 1963 and Carrie in 1965. Todd was born at Dauphin in 1970.

There are a few things we found very different about living in the Estlin area. One was the very flat land and no bush. Also we had never seen crickets before, but we sure got to know all about them!

We never realized how severe a winter storm could be until we lived in that area. After we got acclimatized we enjoyed our stay at Estlin and met many very good friends.

The Arnold Hanna Family by Mabel (Hanna) Andrew

Arnold Hanna came west from Ontario in 1910. In the years 1912 to 1914 he worked on the Johnny Irvin farm. From 1915-1918 he worked on various farms in the district including Hoover's, Hussey's, Macklin's, Thornberger's and Bristol's.

From 1918 to 1937 he farmed in the Richardson district. In 1937 the family moved to the S half of 35-15-18 in the Weardale district.

In 1928 he married Ellen Chalmers of Elora, Ontario. There were three children: Mabel (Andrew), RR #1, Regina; Harold of Richardson; and Betty (McElree) formerly of Calgary, now deceased. Arnold served on the Weardale school board.

In 1947 the family moved to the farm at Richardson still operated by his son, Harold. Mrs. Hanna died in December 1978 and Arnold passed away February 1983.

Sam Hannah Jr. by Leo Ulrich

In Aug. 1902, Sam Hannah Jr. homesteaded the S.W. quarter of Sec. 34-14-20-W second, approximately three miles south-west of where Kirby School later became established. In March, 1907, he paid up on his homestead. Later he sold it to W. Scarff from Rouleau, Sask.

Leigh and Lillian Hebb by Lillian R. Hebb

I was born in Kentville, Nova Scotia, in 1890, and married Leigh Roger Hebb in Kentville, October

26, 1914 and left immediately by train for Regina where Leigh worked for the National Drug and Chemical Co.

Our three children were born — Joyce 1915, Harry (Hap) 1918, and Olive 1921.

In 1924 we decided to buy a General Store in Estlin from Bill Jefferson. In those days you sold everything from groceries, drugs, gas and cars to make a living. At that time Estlin consisted of the Railway station run by a Mr. and Mrs. Smith and daughter, Winnie. There were three elevators being run by Vollets, Chris Williams and Goggins. Gunny Gunderson ran the lumber yard. Rody Girsberger ran the blacksmith, shoeing horses, fixing wagon wheels and making beautiful articles of wrought iron. We spent many Happy Christmas's with them.

Beside the store was a Community Hall and further down a restaurant run by Mrs. Frizzel. Mr. Currah had a meat market complete with sawdust on the floor.

The school house was divided in two rooms — some of the teachers being — Miss Bambrick, Ervin Webster, Mr. Hodges and Miss Ruggles. When the school caught fire and burned the children used the Hall.

Our recreation was dances, card parties in winter, and tennis. Sports days were held and they would have a greased pig as part of the events or a greased pole.

In harvest time men would come by train looking for work — stooking — threshing, etc.

Sundays were spend going to church. Leigh donated a Bible which I believe they still have.

In 1928 we bought a store in Gray and Ed Dvorak took over the one in Estlin. It later burned. Gray was a bit larger than Estlin — having a skating rink and curling rink, a bank, Chinese restaurant and a boarding house run by Mrs. Johnson, a lumber yard and large school which taught up to Grade XI.

Leigh was active in the church, leading the choir for many years.

The barber shop was across from the store and during those dust storms you could not see it. Beside us was the hardware store run by Mr. Eichenberger.

The families I remember were the Lafoys, the Carters, the Donnellys — Walter worked in the store at times — the Eichenbergers, the Lewis', McCutcheons, the Burwells, the Popes and so many more.

In 1929 we decided to leave Gray and go farming in Birch Hills. Before we were to leave the store in Gray burned to the ground. For a few months we lived in one of the elevator houses, and the night before we left, with Tip Lafoys. We had lost everything, so it was a whole new start for us in Birch Hills.

Besides farming, we ran a theatre in Choiceland — then on to B.C. in the store business. In 1969 we moved to Port Colborne, Ont. to be near our family. We bought another store in Willand and worked until we were 79 years of age.

In 1981 Leigh passed away at 89 years.

Our family: Olive married Mel Cromartie. They have two children and farmed until he passed away. She lives in Birch Hills.

Harry (Hap) joined the Air Force and spent most of his years there until he retired and took up Locksmithing. He married Peggy Lombard and they have a son and daughter.

Joyce married John Manson — farming for a while, then moved to Port Colborne, Ontario, during war time to work at Canada Furnace. He later started up his own Construction Co. and is now retired. They had two daughters.

The Olive Marguerete Hebb Story by Olive (Hebb) Cromartie

I, Olive Marguerete, was born in Kentville, Nova Scotia, on January 4th, 1921, the youngest child of Leigh and Lillian Hebb.

My mother, Lillian Viola, was one of nine daughters born to George Cathcart Reeves and Emeline (Hatchard) Reeves of Kentville, Nova Scotia.

My father, Leigh Roger, was one of six children (five boys and one girl) born to Captain Henry Hebb and Ella Mae (Meisner) Hebb of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

I remember little of my early years in Estlin where I started school, except that we lived in the house adjoining our grocery store. I remember mother and father playing tennis and sometimes making trips on the speeder to Regina and visiting friends who farmed in the district, such as the Clarkes and Wellivers. The Girsbergers, where we usually had Christmas, had such lovely silver on their table and a great tree with real candles.

We moved to Gray in 1928 only a few miles from Estlin but it meant a new school and many new friends, one of whom I still correspond with at Christmas — Alvina (Eichenberger) Schultz. We made a trip in 1929 back to visit relatives in Nova Scotia and that was the year the crops were burning up in Saskatchewan and we hurried home. It was the start of the Great Depression. The fierce lightning storms in the long hot summers made a lasting impression as Mother would get us out of bed until they were over. We lived above the grocery store and she was afraid it would be hit. Memory also comes back to me of the great dust storms and we were warned to come home when the clouds rolled in.

Our store and home burned down one day in 1931

and it was to change our lives in many ways. My father decided to try farming and we moved to Birch Hills. Such a sad time even for a girl of ten to leave all her school friends and find new ones in the district of New England. There were some friends already there from Estlin and Gray, such as the Bill Petersons, Joe Heffernans, Bill Jefferson and Jerd Shillings and the Eichenbergers were at Star City. Charlie Searles also lived at Birch Hills.

I married Melville Cromartie on December 1st, 1941 and we farmed in the Fisher District of Birch Hills. We raised a son and a daughter.

Beverley Wayne, born September 10th, 1942 and Melanie Ann, born October 8th, 1946. Bev trained in Moose Jaw as a civil engineer and married Maxine Stoneman of Arborfield in 1968. They have three girls — Shelley born 1968 — Marcia born 1972 and Jennifer born 1980.

Melanie trained and worked as an R.N. in Regina General Hospital and married Brian Reynolds of Melville in 1968. They have two girls — Kimberley born 1974 and Kristy born 1977.

My husband died in 1979 and my son, Bev, and family have taken over the family farm.

My daughter, Melanie, and family have recently moved from England to Vancouver where Brian works for the Royal Bank.

I now reside in the town of Birch Hills and yes! some of my family and friends still call me "Ollie".

My mother lives in Port Colborne, Ontario, as do my sister, Joyce, and brother, Harry (Hap). My mother is 92 and living alone as my father died in 1980 at the age of 89. Mother is very alert and able to make her own meals and add up a column of figures better than I can. We have good memories of our life in Estlin and Gray and are happy to be a part of your history.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Heffernan

by Ward and Jack Heffernan

Our parents, Joe and Mabel Heffernan, started out their married life together in Great Falls, Montana. In 1921 they moved to Estlin where they started farming the old Watson farm, then owned by Mrs. Dave Runkle. Jack was about a year and a half old, and Ward was born in 1922, followed by Marguerite in 1927. They, (my parents) farmed till 1929, and then decided to move north to Birch Hills, Sask., as land was available for sale in that area. Jack and Ward both started school in Estlin. Their teachers were Miss Best, Miss Ruggles and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. The teachers when we left were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. During 1929 to 1931 several people from Estlin moved to Birch Hills, namely Bill Peterson, Dick Elsaesser, Jerd Shilling, Phil Shilling, Charlie

Searle, Leigh Hebb, Roy Welliver, Bill Jefferson and later Bill Boyle and their families. So Estlin kind of moved north, and there has always been a special feeling of friendship among those families over the years. In the early days we had many good times together. We shared work, machinery and friendship.

Our dad passed away in 1977. He had been retired in Prince Albert for some years. Mother is 89, and still able to live in her own apartment; she enjoys good health.

Jack and Ward farmed here since 1945. Their families are mostly grown up.

Our grand parents, Rodger and Clara (Currah), also came to Estlin in the early 1900's. Grandpa had a slaughter house on our farm and a little butcher shop in Estlin. He delivered meat through the area, especially in harvest, as of course fridges and deep-freezers were not here yet. One rainy fall, he delivered meat to one outfit for six weeks. The farmer was afraid to let the men go in case they wouldn't come back. In those days he delivered meat with a model T. truck and our aunt Merle used a Ford touring car.

In later years grandma and grandpa spent their time between Birch Hills and Regina.

One time, when Jack and I were quite young, mother and dad went to Regina and made arrangements with Wright Cleveland to come over and stay with us. Jack and I had our ponies and had played over at Myers till almost dark, and while coming home had been talking about the strangler, who was being hunted at that time, and we had worked ourselves up into a real state of fright. So when we got home we saw Wright's horse standing in the dark by the house, and we just took off for Estlin as fast as we could and found sanctuary at Mrs. Revill's. Meanwhile, Wright was unable to find a coal-oil light, but he had got the cook stove going. It had a white back with some face like designs on the back and so in the dark the fire light reflected on these designs till Wright started to imagine they were the devils face. So by the time mother and dad got home Wright was as terrified as Jack and I had been!

We have many fond memories of Estlin, and have kept contact with many of the old neighbours over these fifty two years.

Jack Heffernan

I was born in Great Falls, Montana, on August 11, 1919. A year later my parents, Mabel and Joe Heffernan, and I moved to Estlin, Sask., which is sixteen miles south of Regina. While there, my brother, Ward, and sister, Marguerite, were born, and Ward and I attended Boyle school.

In the fall of 1929, Dad bought the NE quarter 14-47A-24 in the New England school district at



Jack Heffernan family. Back Row, L. to R.: Bob, Michael, Paddy, Howard, Paul, Harry, Jack Jr. Front Row: Helen, Therese, Mary Ann, Jack Sr. Front: Jerry.

Birch Hills. He wanted to break the land and build a house before moving the family. It was a good thing Dad had decided to move, because the bad weather of the depression years was just coming to Estlin. In the spring of 1930 our crop blew out and had to be reseeded. The wind blew hard for days, and our school had to be closed. It was like a blizzard, only dirt instead of snow. We could not see our barn from the house. After it was over, our yard was filled with banks of dirt, and we couldn't even get the car out of the garage until Dad used a scraper and four horses to clear away the dirt.

That fall we moved to Birch Hills, even though the house was only half finished. We already had friends there, as some of our neighbors from Estlin had moved there before us. They were Phil and Jerd Shilling, Bill Jefferson, Bill Peterson, Charlie Searle, and Lee Hebb came later. They helped us get settled, and we remember their kindness to this day.

In 1941 I joined the Royal Canadian Navy, and on June 5th Helen Simpso and I were married. Helen's parents were Jennie and Adolpho Simpso, who lived nine miles east in the Butler School District. For a time Helen was with me at the coast, but the rest of the time our home was in Grandpa Currah's house on my dad's farm. Helen was alone part of this time with only the babies, Jack and Howard, for company.

After the war, we bought a farm, half-way between my folk's farm and hers, where we still live. We've had eleven children, and when we had seven going to school at one time, it took three loaves of bread for breakfast and school lunches. All our children have been hard workers and have helped a lot on the farm. We've always kept a lot of stock, so there was plenty to do.

William (Bill) and Verna Hodel

by Bill Hodel

I was born on my parent's homestead in 1907 in the Lajord district. I lived with my parents until my father passed away at 39 years of age in 1918. From then on, until I left school at 13 years of age, my mother had to manage the farm. I have one sister older than myself, and one brother and two sisters younger. We all got our schooling in Prairie Flower School at Lajord. In 1939 I left Lajord to start farming in the Estlin district.

Verna was born in the Cymric district on her parent's farm in 1915, and was educated in a small one-room country school, Mountain View. After she was through school, she went to work in Regina, where we eventually met and were married in 1943.

We have enjoyed living in the Estlin district. Our two children, Imogene and Brian also liked living there. They liked the school and the teachers they had. The Christmas concerts were always looked forward to. Then when the curling rink was built, that was the main event. Bonspiel time was eagerly looked forward to.

Then, of course, nothing would be complete without a mention of that good old Estlin mud. Anyone that has ever dug that mud out of their fenders is not likely to forget. But mud was not the only problem, snow came in for its share too.

How well I remember one particular time, December, 1947. We had our share of blowing snow, and had spent two days dressing turkeys, and the third day started for Regina. With the weight of the turkeys in the back seat, we were well loaded. We started out, the first half mile was very good, the next two miles we had to take to the field with a team of horses in front of the car. We were always breaking through the snow, and had to stop and shovel the snow from underneath the car. After two hours of this kind of travel, we got to where there was a trail. We were dead tired, and needless to say, so were the poor horses, but from there on we had no trouble. Those early winters were lonely, but we always had chores to do. We always had chickens and turkeys, then pigs. Finally, we started a herd of purebred Aberdeen Angus cattle, and that was our real joy, not only in working around them, but the people we met, the sales, the buying and the selling, it seemed we were never lonely. Then we were always well supplied with books, and many were the hours spent in reading. I think it was all that reading, the isolation, the time to sit and think, and living so close to nature, that led to having two books published.

The books, "The Adventures of Bunny Hop-Hop and Bedtime Stories" is a children's book, and "Deeper Thoughts" is a book of poetry. Both were

published this winter, and I sincerely hope my readers will enjoy them.

I must mention here that we first lived five miles northeast of Estlin. During the winter of 1963-64 we had a new house built and placed on our farm adjoining Estlin. Then we were able to sit back and enjoy our first electricity, the paved road, and our gravelled yard. What a change from five miles of muddy road.

It is sad to see what was once a happy community, with its school closed, the curling rink gone, and only a small portion of the people left. But, I suppose this is modern-day progress.



- 1982 -

A Message for Christmas and the New Year



As we come once more to this festive season, let us pause for a moment, and assess the happenings of the year so soon to be gone. Has it been successful and happy and can we be truly proud of what we have achieved? Has success only been measured in monetary gains, a few more dollars earned, a few more worldly assets laid by, a seeking after pleasure and thrills, that so often turned out to be will-o-wisps, and at best of short duration? Or has it been measured in more lasting deeds, as help for the poor and needy, a kind word and smile for the sad and depressed so sorely in need of encouragement? Have we thought of the aged that are living out their twilight years in loneliness, away from families and loved ones? Have we spread the gospel of Christmas to the many unfortunate enough to not understand its true meaning, that the Christ child born on this day is the Savior of all the world? Have we lived our own Christianity seven days a week, and all year, or have we just been Sunday Christians, and succumbed to the money mad world the other six days? Have we as parents always dealt fairly with our children striving to guide with love, kindness, and patience; as children, have they always appreciated the sacrifice parents have made for them, and repaid them in love, kindness and respect? Have we been truly thankful to be living in this great country of ours, a land of plenty in food, material wealth, and untold opportunities for those willing to strive for them. A land free from oppression, war, bloodshed and famine. If we have failed in some of these things, let us in this coming Christmas season, and in the New Year soon to be ushered in, try and bring true peace and happiness within ourselves, our families, friends, loved ones and all mankind.

Author
William Hodel

James (Jim) Bryant

Nothing that I could write here would be complete if I failed to mention James (Jim) Bryant, our helper and friend. Jim came to us in September, 1961, as a farm worker. He was not only a faithful worker, but also a friend. As time went on, it seemed as if he was a member of our family.

The years that Jim and I worked together were some of the most contented years. He was also a help to many a motorist in trouble, always willing to help. He is now retired, but continues to live with us in our Regina home, and is a real help in taking care of our home in the summer time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Holland by Hazel (Holland) Williams

Ogle Robinson Holland was born July 20, 1880, at Alliston, Ontario, one of a family of seven to Mr.

and Mrs. Robinson Holland. They had a huge old house in which the lower floor was a general store and post office. Their main income was derived from flocks of sheep and geese, and they imported pure-bred horses from Ireland.

Three of the boys came west at an early age hoping to homestead. Ogle got as far as the brick factory in Pilot Butte, where he obtained work enough to buy four mules. He soon began homesteading between Estlin and Gray, and the other two began farming at Richlea, Saskatchewan. One drowned in a dugout just when he was getting organized.

About this time a family named John Henrys moved to Regina, and after a short time they too began homesteading. They had a daughter who was born April 19, 1889 at Burks Falls, Ontario, from where they had emigrated. Ogle became acquainted with Minnie Elizabeth and they were married June 7, in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, 1910. In 1916 their only family arrived, a girl, whom they named Anna Hazel. They continued farming and in 1943, November 3, my father died from a heart attack while driving the truck to Regina.

Naturally, we had to obtain hired help, as my mother wished to continue farming. We were fortunate enough to get a young fellow, who had worked for my father previously, by the name of Warren Williams.

His father was born in Ontario in 1882, and his mother, Mary, too, came from the east where she was born in 1883.

They farmed a short time south of Estlin, when the father George, passed on in 1930. The family moved to Regina then, and Mary died Christmas day in 1943 from a heart attack.

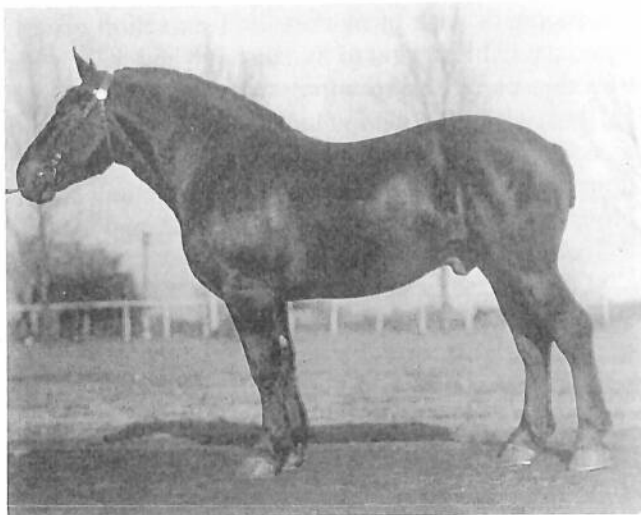
Warren worked for my mother, and I soon discovered it would be cheaper to marry him than pay the high wages he demanded, so on December 20, 1948, we were married in Regina. We continued farming, and on September 8, 1970, my mother passed away. We continued farming until 1975, when we sold our land and had a sale in 1976. Since then we have resided in Regina, and manage to keep busy trying to retire.

John and Elinor Howard (Ross Williams)

by John and Elinor Howard

Any history of the Williams family — their lives, their lands and their part in the growth and development of the Estlin area — essentially must start with reference to C. W. (Charlie) Williams.

Williams and his wife raised three sons and a daughter in this environment and eventually they all



"Fair Hope" prize Percheron owned by Ross Williams.

shared in the Saskatchewan land venture. They were Ross (his twin brother, Rush, died in infancy), Park, Hollis (Bud), and their sister, Etholeen, who later married Edgar Petersmeyer.

The Williams children were born in Iowa and Illinois and received most of their schooling in Galesburg, Ill., where the family moved in the early 1900's. Summer holidays were spent in Saskatchewan, farming the lands, and the winters in the United States. This remained the pattern until all were married and turned to farming the two sections their father was to give them.

This is the story of two of those sections, three and four, Range 15, Township 20, West of the Second Meridian.

The eldest son, Getchel Ross Williams, was born in Independence, Iowa, August 27, 1893. He acquired these two sections and homesteaded in 1916, and they were christened "Ridge Farm". When he arrived with his young wife they took up residence in a house which was then located on the southeast quarter of 4-15-20 W2nd, at the corner of the Correction Line and the R-Y (Regina-Yellowstone) Trail. Work began immediately on the establishment of a permanent farmstead with carloads of lumber brought in by "C.W."

The family home was completed in 1917 on the northeast quarter of 4-15-20 W2nd where it stands today. The original dwelling was moved up from the corner to the northwest quarter of 3-15-20 W2nd to become the help house, directly opposite the new family home. Added were a bunkhouse, a shed to house the light plant, chicken houses, an eight-bin granary 50' x 80' with a central runway, and a 100' x 60' barn to house the horses, hay and feed bins. Those buildings were built to stay with the granary walls constructed by laminating cedar two-

by-fours on their sides and covered with a four inch lap siding. Many of the old buildings are still standing. Similar structures were erected in the same period on the adjoining Park Williams' "Country Home Farm", at Bud Williams' "Fairholme Farm". It is interesting to note that many of these buildings withstood the hammering winds of the August, 1964, hurricane with only the loss of a few shingles; that after having withstood 45 years, at that time, of prairie winds and weather.

One would be remiss in failing to give the builders of the time full credit for their knowledge and foresight. The family home at Ridge Farm was built on a rectangle measuring approximately 100' x 200'. The area was marked out on the highest point of land nearest the road and a concrete retaining wall was poured around the perimeter. This was filled and levelled, thus creating a sort of plateau about a foot above the surrounding ground. In 1956, the year we suffered the torrential rains throughout the summer — amassing a total of 26" precipitation for the year, or double the normal — the fields were flooded as far as the eye could see. The waters rose, finally lapping against the old retaining wall on all four sides, but it never did quite make it into the yard. Those "Old Boys" weren't just all that dumb.

In those days, of course, there were no tractors but there was lots of horse power. At one point in the game there were 65 horses stabled on Ridge Farm, including some top Clydesdales which Ross used to show at the International at Chicago and other shows. It was this original form of horse power that provided the pull for the breaking, ploughing, disking, seeding and harrowing.

The routine of the Williams' group was to arrive in Spring for seeding — very often the fathers would make up the advance party hoping for an early start. The families would follow up after school was out and spend the summers on the farms. After harvest the travel reversed and they would return to Illinois for the winter.

Pleasures of the day were simple and wholesome. There are many fond memories of family gatherings on Sunday afternoons with great lashings of home-made ice cream and cakes and cookies as the order of the day. Baseball games were automatic once a sufficient number of bodies showed to make up two teams. July was a busy month with sports, picnics and swimming in the dugouts. There were also tennis courts and some lawn bowling and always visiting neighbours ready to play ball. There was no record of wins or losses, but there was no shortage of fun.

Sports days in the surrounding towns were a big thing at the time with the routine only fading out in the 50's. Those held at Riceton, Gray, Estlin,

Kronau, Wilcox and Rouleau, to name a few, were well organized and drew a lot of faithful fans with picnic baskets in hand and a readiness to participate in the games and races of the day.

Refrigeration was by no means lacking in that era. Each of the farms had an ice house and they were filled during the winters with cakes of ice cut from the dugouts. Loads of sawdust were hauled and it was spread in layers between the cakes. The insulation value of the sawdust was great and there was usually sufficient ice to last through the summer. The old-fashioned ice-boxes held a 50-pound cake in the top compartment and, with proper care, those old fridges did a pretty good job.

All due thanks to the ice houses because without them the Sunday afternoon ice cream parties would never have been known — and that would have been a great pity, indeed. The ice-cream-maker was prepared with a mixture of chopped ice and salt and at least one, and sometimes two, luscious goodies were made in it. The ice cream was priority Number One and it could be plain vanilla or, often by vote, it could be chocolate. The added touch was to make a thick creamy sauce (can't you taste that thick Devon cream and count the calories at the same time) which would be flavoured with fruit in season be it strawberry, raspberry, peach — you name it. This could be either frozen and served as a separate treat or, the luscious, creamy goo could be poured over plain (?, it was loaded) vanilla ice cream until you — children of all ages from five to 65 — ate yourself out of shape. If your mouth isn't watering at this point, (a) you don't have a soul, or (b), your memory of all that is good has deserted you. In either case we feel sorry for you. Or perhaps you would prefer that plain old vanilla with a thick fudge sauce poured over it?

Time goes on in the farming business whether you like it or not, and a lot of things happen whether you like them or not. Alta, Ross's first wife, decided that the rigours of farm life were not for her and took off suddenly for somewhere else. He divorced her in 1930. Three years later he met and married Elinor Haseltine, an Osteopathic physician, who had come up from her native Springfield, Missouri, to open a practice for Dr. Anna Northrope of Moose Jaw in Saskatoon. She later transferred the practice to Regina where she met Ross and they were married in April 1933. No stranger to the demands and stresses of farm life, having been "born under an apple tree" in Missouri where her father was a leading grower, she fitted into the circle readily and easily.

Then came the "Dirty Thirties". And what can be said of them other than, "Oh Gawd"? Ridge Farm suffered along with everyone else in the business, sharing the struggle with drought, dust storms,

grasshoppers, lack of markets and starvation prices. It was a terrible period to live through and there were tragedies one hated to witness, financial and physical, but, with a lot of good luck and modicum of good management the majority survived. The only good thing to come out of that period was the fact that it brought many back to the simple life and people learned to live together.

One has to hope that the Estlin Church Fowl Suppers will be awarded honourable mention in any story of the district. That famous annual event was held in the basement of the United Church in Estlin each September and grew in name and fame every Fall. All food was contributed by members and friends of the Church and two sittings were organized to accommodate the flow of eager, famished customers. The efficient and unlimited talents of the members of the Ladies Aid (with the wholehearted co-operation of the husbands and older daughters) produced an evening of complete gourmet culinary fulfillment. Mixed in with this are the memories of older Regina friends who were annual visitors — Robbie Robbins, former General Manager of the Hotel Saskatchewan, considered it the best meal he would have in any given year. And what about the momentous decisions made that special evening each year, like, "Which kind of pie do I want?" That really was quite a decision when the choice seemed unlimited. And how about the entertainment upstairs — the budding vocalists, the pianists, the violinists, and the horn blowers? They may not have been the best, but one would have a hard time trying to match the honest effort.

July 1941, brought tragedy to the Williams family group. The eldest and youngest sons, Ross and Hollis (Bud), were drowned while on a fishing trip at Campbell River, B.C. No one will ever know exactly what happened except that the boat had obviously capsized. R.C.M.P. reports stated that the riptides had been so unusually strong through the narrows that day that neither of the brothers nor the guide would have had a chance of survival in the water. Bud's body was the only one recovered. Memorial service for the two was held at Regina, July 9.

Fortunately, the two widows, Elinor and Helen, were blessed with good reliable married couples at the time — Jack and Laura Stuart at Ridge Farm, and the Art Williams family at Fairholme. They saw that the work went on as scheduled and were no end of help in those troubled days. Both the girls had been well coached by their husbands on the ins-and-outs of the business — the seeds and the seedlings, the bugs and weeds and the control of same — and proved to be excellent managers in continuing operations. Park Williams' assistance and moral support through

those years will never be forgotten and there cannot be enough said in praise for Jack and Laura Stuart who were on Ridge Farm for more than 35 years.

Elinor stuck with the farm and managed it all very well. She went through the transitions from ground to air spraying, a major decision at the time, with the costs and effectiveness to be balanced, particularly with regard to grasshoppers; the rust era and its frustrations; and the changes and choices in seed varieties which came along with confusing regularity for a while, and you had better believe there were some choices made that people lived to regret.

She continued the pattern of summers, from seeding to harvest, spent at the farm and winters with various members of the family in Missouri, Kansas and Texas, or in Florida with her sister-in-law, Frank Williams, who was Park's widow. Her family roots grow deep and her love for and interest in each and every member of the group is fascinating. It was, and still is, an important part of her life to keep in close touch with all her family, and over the years it has been a thrill for her to watch the nieces and nephews grow and develop into mature young adults, all the while fascinated by the individual personalities. She followed the news of the college days, the engagement announcements and the weddings — and she didn't miss a single one. Later there were the grand-nephews and grand-nieces — a whole new ball game with interest never waning. It was not only her immediate family but the Petersmeyer and Williams clans as well. She continued to encourage the family gatherings at the farm with a whole new generation to feed ice cream and cakes, and a new generation of fathers and mothers with whom to discuss crop conditions, the lack of moisture, or the defeat of wild oats.

Elinor is one of the steadily decreasing number who can vividly recall, and they are not happy memories, the "pesty days" of the grasshopper plague which started in 1938 . . . the skies darkening as the invasion approached and moved in on the crops. It was almost impossible to use the concrete walks without sliding as one crushed the little striped monsters underfoot. Crop spraying and dusting were a must in the effort to gain some degree of control over the devastating destruction: spreading the mixture of Paris Green, bran and molasses around the buildings, driveways and walkways; shovelling and burning the bodies every three or four days.

In 1954 a new resident farmer entered the picture when, in April of that year, Elinor Milne Williams and John Purse Howard were married. John was born in Toronto, Ontario, and grew up with a city and farm background in that area. Following army service overseas he was with Time magazine in Toronto and

Ottawa before his appointment as publicity and advertising manager of the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. In July, 1949, he came west to join the Regina Leader-Post at the request of the late Clifford Sifton and became oil editor of the paper. In 1953, he established the Prairie Oil Scout, a technical news letter written for the industry, and continued its publication until exploration died a political death in the province during the late 50's. Through these years he devoted as much time as possible to Ridge Farm and in 1960 used the timely death of the Oil Scout to give full time to his prime interest of farming.

He has always had a deep and abiding love of the outdoors and anything that keeps him there. He is a farmer at heart and his hobbies are fishing, hunting (both for the freezer, not for trophies) and golf. He knew he had a lot to learn and he approached the Prairie farming picture with the eye of a trained reporter looking for what makes it work. He was a reasonable technician and a do-it-yourself addict, both of which helped in his new role. His object was to get the most of the best out of this, the finest and richest soil in all the world. He was a firm believer of the fact "all take and no give" leads only to disaster and therefore if you want the best out of this land, learn first what you have to give it in return. He studied the old methods, tried and proven by a lot of very fine men over the years, and then studied the new theories, applying some and discarding others. Finally he threw in a few wrinkles of his own.

We, Elinor and I, went full circle on crop rotation, all the way from half-and-half to full crop and back. We tried every known form of control of wild oats through the full range of chemical treatment to a method of rod weeding five days after seeding (taught us by Roe Foster of the old Regina Experimental Farm and the last of his tremendous breed to head up any of the farms). It was a most effective method, providing your luck held and you didn't get rained out — and the dockage figures were there to prove it. It meant deep, deep, deep tillage to bring those weed seeds to the surface and break up the hard pan. It meant cultivation of stubble to retain maximum moisture and reduce run-off to a minimum. It was more work and there was more time spent in the fields but in a land of dropping water tables and the ever-present fear of drought, we were convinced that it helped.

We then ventured into the purebred Aberdeen Angus breeding program and gave the dry land herd theory a workout. This satisfied not only a love of cattle but it helped to diversify our operations. Eventually we had 50 brood cows in the herd with our own bulls servicing some and artificial insemination for a selected number. It all added up to housing 100 head

on approximately ten acres with two dug-outs, lean-to shelters and the barn for the sick. It worked and we produced some very fine stock with very few major problems. We experimented with feeds and produced some excellent results in our steers in weight, size and so on and a graining and flavour that was second to none. A large number of people became very interested in those formulas. Help became an overwhelming problem in the 70's and we dispersed the herd in 1974 with deep regret.

By the late 70's things were getting more and more difficult. We had no sons to step in and take over, and a daughter, Ann, developed talents that led away from the farm to a successful career in television and radio, and who is still with CBC in Vancouver. Help that one really wanted around the place had become a scarce commodity. Most were asking wages that ceased to make sense for as little work as they could do ("I am not paid to get up in the middle of the night to help a @¢ = * + 2 cow have a calf"). We knew the time had come to take a look at our whole card.

We were thrice blessed when a young Swiss couple arrived on the scene with their hearts set on buying our land. They had been working in the area for a year and had been devoting every free day to their search for the "right" place to purchase. We invited them to talk terms and came up with an ideal solution. He wanted to learn more about the land and methods used locally and we wanted time to get sorted out. We agreed on terms of sale: he would work with us for a year as a hired hand, and we would close the sale the next fall. This worked perfectly . . . for all concerned. He achieved his objective, and it gave us a year to wind down and adjust to the thought of the move. At the end of 1977 we became "City Folk" and Daniel and Ida Maeder became the new and very proud owners of Ridge Farm. In the Maeders we felt we had found a good, sound, work-oriented, intelligent Christian couple to succeed us as owners, capable and willing to carry out the great traditions of that land. We knew they would "fit" and would be welcomed as newcomers to the neighbourhood. What we are saying is, I guess, that we were damned proud of our farm and very glad that we found the right people to take it over.

And that is about the story of sections three and four 15-20 W2nd, to date. The land was in the family for nearly 75 years and has seen joy and happiness, sorrow and despair, but overall it has been good to us, almost as though it understood and appreciated our efforts to do the right things by it. Every one of us who has lived on it, loved it and did everything we could to develop it to its shining best as a showplace of good farming.

Those 75 years saw a lot of water run under the bridge of time and changes that boggle the mind. With all the changes — both good and bad — and the vagaries of the weather, we somehow made it and came out smiling and, we think, better people for the experience and privilege of being farmers. We wouldn't really trade a minute of it.

Those years saw the change from horses to tractors and power machinery; the jump from threshing and steam power to self-propelled combines; the transition from an open grain market to total control by the Canadian Wheat Board; a change from individual financing to government-backed Family Farm Improvement Loans and the "measured indebtedness" that followed. The start of the second 50 years of that period saw the great surge of prices; seed, fertilizer, herbicides, machinery, manpower, and so on, seemingly with no economic sanity as the grain prices remained at levels established in the 40's and 50's. The escalation of prices has been horrendous and very, very scary. Capital investment in land and machinery has really become an ego trip in too many cases. It seems that whether one can afford it is incidental, the name of the game is to keep up with the Joneses . . . and if it means "His" and "Her" tractors, then get with it. It is not uncommon in this day and age to see a farmer in his field with an investment of \$200,000 or more in his tractor, a pull-type combine and a truck, and he is up to his ears in debt that would have scared half the old-timers out of their work-worn coveralls. All this on grain prices that match those of 30 years ago when a good cultivator cost \$2,500 and a field tractor perhaps \$8,000. And land! From \$15.00 an acre when this story started to a high in excess of \$1,000 an acre. Quite a climb!

Whatever happened to the old theory of supply and demand? We watched fertilizer prices soar from \$90 a ton when it all came out of a single plant at Trail, B.C. and you would hardly use up all your fingers and toes counting the buyers. Now, with at least 10 to 12 plants producing the material and consumption multiplied by hundreds of thousands, the price is around \$350 a ton.

And people ask, "Do you miss farming?" — Let us tell you, at these prices "No Way!"

The Irwin and McElmon Families of the Estlin Community

by Norma (McElmon) Bryden

Because the Irwin and McElmon families were related and their lives in the Estlin community interwoven, it is most expedient in the short time at our disposal, to integrate their history in a single narra-



Albert McElmon family. Standing, L. to R.: Russell, Avar, Flora, Walter, Grace. Seated, L. to R.: Josephine, Albert, Frank.

tive. As well, this will have to serve as my personal account.

My apologies for hopping back and forth herein between nominal identification and kindred reference. It is a deliberate, albeit hurriedly unrefined strategem to maintain identity of the subject for the reader.

The older progeny of Avar and Elizabeth McElmon have researched and produced documentary and pictorial data, and stand ready to proofread, supplement, copy and deliver. I, the dallying youngest, am located far from the action; so in the interest of information and accuracy, they have allowed me to pick their memos, memories and mementoes on Long Distance telephone and have entrusted me to present this summary of the early years.

I am glad they have done so, because they are modest and might be likely to sacrifice some of History to Reticence. I am not so afflicted. Besides, for more than 40 years having been removed completely from the scene, I may be more objective, and can not be accused of self-seeking.

I stand in awe of the frontiersmanship of the first

settlers, and their mettle that contended with the prairie baptism of fire between 1928 and 1936. I am equally respectful of the mass determination that then renewed the challenge, refined techniques and recovered the momentum generated in the early years.

Therefore, in fond memory and ever-increasing appreciation of our Beloved Parents and Others, here are the facts as I know them:

Part I: up to 1931

On November 1, 1884, in East Leicester, Nova Scotia, John Avar McElmon was the first born of the four sons and two daughters of a prominent lumberman, Albert McElmon, a hardshelled Baptist of United Empire Loyalist stock, and his aristocratic Methodist wife, Josephine Lowther. Salt-of-the-earth Maritimers, they brought up their children to be industrious, self-reliant and resourceful, in fear and admonition of the Lord, and as well, in working comprehension of the Lumber industry. Avar became a sawyer by trade. Then, although he would have preferred a career in Accountancy or Medicine, at the urging of his parents he graduated instead from the Maritime Business College in Halifax (as later

did his younger brothers,) and in 1905 directed his aspirations and his footsteps to the newborn Province of Saskatchewan.

He arrived by train in Regina and progressed to Indian Head where, employed in an oxen-powered stone-clearing farm job, he made the acquaintance of Mr. John W. S. Irwin, a homesteader whose holdings commenced two miles northward and a little more than two miles eastward of the southernmost point of Estlin. Mr. Irwin was obviously a farmer of growing prosperity and substance, and in that region Avard believed he might gain experience and knowledge of prairie agriculture, and also find desirable farmland. With this intent he worked for Irwin for a period of time as a farmhand.

After several months Avard went home to Nova Scotia for a brief visit, and was accompanied back west by his next-younger brother, Russell, who also worked for a time for John Irwin. The two brothers decided to purchase from C.P.R. the section of unbroken land designated Sec. 33, Tp. 15, Rge. 18, W2nd. Avard gave Russell his choice of halves, and Russell chose the north, ownership of which he retained until the 1940's. They built a small house on Avard's south half where they batched, performing better at the stove than at the dishpan until 1910.

I believe many of the early settlers in the Estlin district, including John Irwin, broke their first acreage of sod quietly and laborously using horses or oxen. But many of the farms that came to life after the first few years of this century did so with a thundering roar.

Avard and Russell formed an association known to some Regina business houses as "McElmon Brothers", and acquired heavy machinery in the form of a gigantic Hart Parr engine with locomotive power, and with it breaking-ploughs and other farm implements. Then they set about breaking their own sod, and that of other new settlers in the region on a custom basis. Acre by acre, tracts of land here and there, westward, northward and eastward of Estlin, and I believe southeastward as well, they drove this lumbering unmuffled mechanical mammoth, laying the ground open to agriculture. (Nearly three decades later, at various times Avard pointed out to some of his children acreages eastward of No. 6 Highway that he and Russell had broken. We wish we had been more attentive.) This Hart Parr was still in occasional use around 1928. One of my earliest memories is of terror as it thundered through the dooryard, setting the house trembling, and me no less.

As aforesaid, these bachelors were self-reliant. One of their first projects was to build and fully equip a blacksmith shop which still stands on Russell's north half. There they repaired and rebuilt their own

farm machinery and vehicles, shod their own horses, cast bearings, sharpened tools and did occasional custom work for their neighbors. They were adept at leather work and could make or mend a horse's harness, or half-sole a shoe or boot as well as any cobbler. They were barbers for each other and their neighbors. They were painters and carpenters, cooks, gardeners and electricians, tinsmiths and mechanics, doctors and bookkeepers for their own purposes. They were masters of survival in an environment that demanded the utmost in ingenuity and fortitude.

Only two vital disciplines were lacking in their turn-of-the-century Baptist-Methodist upbringing: how to fix a motorized machine, and how to make dandelion wine? The first of these was solved by taking it apart while it was new to see what made it go, then putting it together again. The second was a matter of trial and error, until, as family men, they felt it advisable to abandon their research.

Near the end of the first decade of the century Avard walked and bicycled hundreds of miles on dirt roads and prairie trails around southern Saskatchewan, southward and northward of the Saskatchewan River, searching for best possibilities in available homestead land for his brother, Frank, four years his junior. I have heard him say that his limit by bicycle was 40 miles a day, and that these were some of the most memorable days of his life. He selected a tract of land at Leader, where later Frank and his wife, Edna Bradshaw, prospered all of their farming years, with even drought, grasshoppers and hailstorms passing them by.

In 1910 Russell married his childhood sweetheart, Jenny Johnson of Little River, Nova Scotia, and within two or three years built their house which still stands, as does their barn. Their two children were born while they lived on that property, Muriel in 1911 and Frances in 1913.

Walter, the youngest of the McElmon brothers, joined the others in the west and he and Frank batched for a time on the property immediately to the east of Avard's. The ground there also was broken with the McElmon Brothers' mighty machine, but it is unknown to me whether Walter bought the property or leased it, and whether or not he built the house later occupied by the Ehman family; but I believe it had been built previously. In about 1914 he married Nouchette Doncaster of Oxford, Nova Scotia and took his bride to that house. They had only one child, Theda, born in 1916. Walter was afflicted with asthma and from time to time found it necessary to get away from the prairie pollens, finally returning east with his family in 1922, when Russell and his family

also returned to Nova Scotia. Both lived the last year of their prairie residency in Regina.

Meanwhile, Jane Elizabeth Bowen, who was born on October 2, 1884 to Thomas and Jane (Irwin) Bowen near Orangeville, Ontario, had made a trip west in 1902, probably occasioned by the death of her grandmother in Saskatchewan. As a widow her grandmother, Jane Elizabeth Irwin, had applied to homestead the quarter-section on the southwest corner of lands later held by her son, John Irwin. She had been born at Armagh, Ireland about February 1, 1830 or 1831, and died at Wide Awake, April 21, 1902.

A year or two later Elizabeth Bowen journeyed west again, this time to assist and nurse her mother's ailing sister at Indian Head, and again saw her Aunt Matilda and Uncle John. A staunch Presbyterian and the eldest girl in a family of six girls and four boys, she impressed the Irwins with her fine character and appearance, her gentle disposition and her talent in the household arts. She had returned home to Ontario before Avar'd McElmon went west in 1905, but her repute lingered on, not lost on his ears.

From that time on John and Matilda never desisted in efforts to persuade Elizabeth to come back and make her home with them. Her father died in

1907, but by then there were other girls old enough to take Elizabeth's responsible place in the home, so in about 1908 she went to explore the situation and at least, have a visit with the Irwins.

When Elizabeth and Avar'd met at John Irwin's house, they were both smitten, and were married in 1911. They had five children: Jean (now Mrs. Arthur Pryor of Marshall, Sask.) — Gwendolyn (now Mrs. Wesley Kirby of Rouleau, Sask.) — Albert, who died in the influenza epidemic of 1919 at the age of three — John (known as Jack, who married Marjorie McCarron of Halifax, N.S. and now lives in that city) — and Norma (now Mrs. Robert Bryden of Sackville, N.B.).

Actually John Irwin always fancied himself something of a matchmaker, and, in retrospect, Avar'd and Elizabeth believed he had schemed and plotted to bring the two together. It is paradoxical that John himself never took a bride.

Avar'd and Russell were 30 and 28 years old respectively at the outbreak of World War I, and were advised to stay on the farm and produce wheat, which was more urgently required than their presence on the firing line. At some time early in his farming career Avar'd had acquired full harvesting equipment: a large grain separator, grain wagons and hayracks, a caboose on wheels to provide sleeping accommodation for farmhands, a cook car on wheels for serving them meals, and all the other accoutrements necessary to harvest a crop, including the numerous horses that were indispensable to many farming operations.

When the grain was ripe he would take the touring car or horses-and-wagon and hire about a dozen men and a cook. Some of these men would have travelled to Regina and registered with the employment agency; others rode the freights and Avar'd would pick them up at the railway station at Kronau or Richardson. Then they would harvest his own crop and that of many of his neighbors on a custom basis, hauling the separator, cook car, caboose, and oil tank of about 350 gallons' capacity, a 640-gallon water tank and a wagon or two from farm to farm behind the Hart Parr. (Some farmers thus equipped also led a cow at the end of the "train" to provide a supply of milk, but we do not remember him ever doing so.) They were usually preceded by the half-dozen horse-drawn hayracks, which, reaching their destination first, would begin loading sheaves so that threshing operations could begin immediately the machines were in position.

At about that time Avar'd and Russell had two wondrous contraptions to supplement use of the Hart Parr for lighter farm work. Russell acquired a machine known as a "Steel Mule", a temperamental



Avar'd and Elizabeth McElmon.



Avard and Russell McElmon's 30-60 Hart Parr and gang plows.

mechanical monster with steel front wheels, and crawler-treads behind, and the steering and other controls extended far to the rear, available to the driver who was seated on the implement being pulled. The Steel Mule was for medium-heavy slow work. For the faster, lighter jobs Avard had a snappy little machine that the two of them had contrived. Using an old McLaughlin car they converted the works for power rather than speed, and equipped it with cleated steel wheels. Elizabeth christened it the "go-devil" and it remained thus known for the rest of its life.

To accommodate the many horses and cattle that were necessary those days Avard and Russell each built a steel-roofed barn with concrete barnfloor and hardwood floor in the hayloft where oat sheaves and bedding straw for the animals were stored in great piles. Avard's was built in 1921.

Mount Everest could not have been more appealing to Sir Edmund Hilary than was the almost-completed barn to Jean and Frances, then nine and eight years old respectively. All the menfolk were absent when the lure of the rung ladder up the wall to the access-hole at the 30-foot peak became too strong.



Avard McElmon's barn and threshing outfit. Filling the loft and barn for winter.

Even stronger were the characters of the two mothers who, discovering the elevated positions of their daughters on the ridgepole, contained their panic and ordered them to come down, immediately, the way they had gone up. Although both admit that the descent was more precarious than the ascent, they not only reached the ground safely, but survived the consequences.

During the same year, Avard and Elizabeth had their new house built, a three-storey dwelling with eleven rooms. It burned to the ground the week before they were scheduled to move in, a catastrophe caused by the explosion of a faulty new kerosene lantern. The following week the second new lantern began to sputter, and only its hasty removal from the barn prevented a second blaze.



The Avard McElmon house that burned in 1921, before being lived in.

When Russell and Walter, the two McElmon brothers who had married Maritime women, returned to eastern Canada in August 1922, Avard and Elizabeth chose to remain. Russell's half-section was leased in 1921 to a family named Colpitts, and from about 1923 it was leased for many years to Mahlon and Jessie (Donaldson) Burwell. They had one son James, born in 1924, who attended Weardale School. (By the mid-1960's he had risen to a very responsible position with Sun Life, Montreal, and was living in Beaconsfield, Que.)

I was born in March 1922, and when I was a child meandering about, the basement of the burned house stood open, becoming a reservoir to water the garden around it on the north and east. The prisms of the chandelier still lay here and there, appropriately melted into teardrops by the intense heat. The vegetable garden and berry bushes were sheltered on the long north side and along the road on the east by a trimmed caragana hedge, which then extended back westward sheltering the flower garden on the south and lining, with a parallel counterpart, both sides of

the approach to the little house in which we lived. Through the dry years 1929 and 1930, the lush garden was like an oasis, and was always our favorite place to spend the long summer evenings.

Combines and tractors have deprived children of some of our merriest pastimes. On wet days it was hilarious fun to climb the stairs to the great barn loft and slide on the chaff-polished hardwood floor, or, swinging high on a heavy-looped rope dangling from the apex of the loft, gather momentum and let go to land in the pile of bedding straw several yards away. Both of these pursuits had to be conducted with a degree of caution to avoid pitching into the holes at the center and sides of the floor which were meant to facilitate putting down sheaves and bedding straw to the concrete floor below. The older children had a bonus delight, sometimes opening the doors at the end of the loft so that their pendulous activities carried them high out over the barnyard. (They once saw Dad climb the rope, invert himself at the top and descend it headfirst.)

We had the great stacks of straw left by the threshing machine. These would settle and frost-set in winter, and the refuse from the horse barn would do the same. A few inches of snow over the top firmly packed, as prairie snow does, made glorious mountains down which we coasted on wooden sleds hand-made by our Dad.

The blacksmith shop was a fascinating place to while away the time, watching Dad work with the various devices or playing with magnets and assorted hardware that lay around the benches. For Jack the fascination wore thin when he had to crank the fan at the back of the forge to keep the coke glowing as Dad worked with white-hot or molten metal. We travelled many imaginary miles in the old McLaughlin car body, stripped of all its usable parts, that rested on its tireless wheels in a patch of tall grass just outside. The gearshift stuck out of a slot in the top of the car door since, in its heyday, there were no glass windows to be considered.

Jean and Gwen, being respectively ten and eight years older than I, were out of my league in my childhood romps, and vice versa. My four-year-old brother, Jack, was my most constant playmate and tormentor. We had a Tom-and-Maggie-Tulliver sort of brother-sister relationship. I loved and looked up to Jean as the kind and responsible eldest our parents had tamed her to be, and Gwen won my devotion with her gentle and sensitive ways and her talent for making me original little dolls and toys out of peg clothespins and scraps of cloth and yarns. But it was Jack who told me to go wash my mouth when I uttered blasphemies out of earshot of the others, and wouldn't let me curl up in the snow to get warm,

walking the long way home from school on a day suddenly turned bitterly, piercingly cold.

Besides our family activities, a prominent memory of this stage of my upbringing was the maturation experience relative to the mini-house of parliament where individually we sat as members. This small facility stood at some little distance to the west of the house, in which direction no light could be seen for miles. An after-dark expedition thereto was not frightening by moonlight, but on moonless nights I was mortally afraid of the blackness outside. Nevertheless, when it was considered that I was old enough to go unaccompanied on these excursions, I set off alone under duress, but after a few steps retreated in hope of recruiting a companion. My elders provided me with only a kerosene lantern, and off I went again. This was worse in a way, because not only did it render me more visible to the imagined menace, but the exaggerated shadow of my legs moved eerily in the darkness of the yard.

Desperation took me there; but there was no such incentive to leave the relative security of my refuge and return to the house, so I quaked with fear and dread and studied Eaton's catalogue by lantern light until, at last, one of my older siblings was sent to investigate. This established a precedent. Many moonless evenings I sat as a solitary member for extended sessions, and learned the shiny pages of the catalogue forwards and backwards, but rarely made the return trip alone.

For a few years Dad raised pigs, having at one time as many as fifty-four. By the time Jack and I were about nine and five he had less than half that number. We were both lightweights. Some of the pigs were quite sturdy, but all were slippery and fractious to mount. If somewhere, someone's pork chops were tough, it could have been laid to our occasional porcine rodeos, which would have been looked upon with disfavour had they been discovered.

By the time Jack was ten he was driving a six-horse team and the new, smaller Hart Parr in the fields. It may not have made the wheat grow taller, but doubtless it saved the bacon.

Avard McElmon served from 1925 or 1926 until 1931 as Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Weardale School, and it was there that his children went as far as Grade Ten. Jean and Gwendolyn both went on from there to Central Collegiate and Normal School in Regina, becoming teachers. Russell's children also had attended Weardale between 1917 and 1921.

When the agricultural and financial problems of the late 1920's beset the West the family was no worse nor less affected than other landowners of the area. But Avard McElmon did not take kindly to debt, and after a year of cutworms, a year of frost, and two

years of drought, the fall and winter of 1930 portended an even worse year to follow.

John Irwin was no longer able to handle his holdings alone. Considering the whole situation, Avar and Elizabeth voluntarily left their half-section farm in the early spring of 1931, moved closer to the Irwins and leased the Quarter SE Sec. 36, Tp. 15, Rge. 20, W.2nd. This quarter originally had been part of the 240 acre lot first claimed by one J. K. McKinnis, who had applied for Title on Nov. 29, 1900 and whose claim was patented on April 29, 1901. By the time it was leased to Avar McElmon the quarter was owned by a man named Case, not of that community.

The Northeast quarter of the same section had been homesteaded by Samuel Leslie, whose wife was a younger sister to Jane Irwin, the mother of John and Matilda. He made application on May 18, 1906 and was granted Title on Aug. 13, 1909. This farm later was occupied for several years by the Peaceys, whose sons attended Weardale School. In the early 1930's the farm passed to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Madill, who had one son, Gordon. About 1937 it was assumed by the Gordon Mitchells. It had expanded over the years to include some lands adjacent.

Mr. Madill was assisted on the farm by Andy Dospoy, a short stocky, very fine man of Hungarian origin, who carried on solitarily and competently through the severe winters when the Madills were elsewhere. In harvest time, about 1936, Jack McElmon also worked for Mr. Madill. He remembers that one day Mr. Dospoy with the wagon took away from the combine and shovelled off the grain box into the granary, 900 bushels of barley. He was then 73 years old.

But I'm getting ahead of events.

Part II: up to 1931

John William Samuel Irwin was born on April 16, 1872, in Albion Twp., Peel County, Ontario. I am not

sure just when he first went west, or exactly when he took up residence in the Estlin district. His father died in Ontario in 1896, when John was 24 years old. Having two older married sisters living near Indian Head, John may have gone west before that time or shortly after. He spent some time in the Indian Head area before settling near Estlin.

Homesteading regulations required that the applicant break ten acres of sod per year for three years, then could apply for Title. John Irwin applied to homestead NW 30-15-18 W2nd on Nov. 9, 1900, and obtained Title on May 9, 1906. His mother, Jane Elizabeth Irwin, applied to homestead the SW quarter of the same section on Dec. 12, 1900, which posthumously to her was granted to John on Feb. 22, 1909. He also acquired the NE and SE quarters of that section, which respectively had been homesteaded by Edward Townrow and Fred Townrow, who left the district. A dwelling once might have existed on the NE quarter. There was a well, but no buildings as far back as I remember.

John prospered well, and with prosperity he was conscious of civic responsibility. For a time he was Chairman, representing Division Three, of the Local Improvement District, the precursor of Municipal government. His sister, Matilda, a spinster, made her home with him and kept house for him as long as her health permitted. Since I do not know her age, I cannot tell you, and she would not rest another day in her grave if I did. I believe she was about three to five years older than John.

We children were fond of them both, but especially Uncle John who, when he was not doing something important, was one of us. He was a big man, standing six feet one inch without shoes. In his youth he was trim and athletic, but by midlife his girth encompassed close to three hundred pounds. Even so, when he dressed for an Occasion, he looked every inch the polished gentleman. Having grown up in a gentle home in a predominantly Irish community, they talked of Riel and Chief Poundmaker in soft voices with a strong Irish inflection.

When we paid Sunday visits to their house, they had no objection to our indoor games of hide-and-seek, even contributing to the game while they visited with our parents in the living room. In one instance Uncle John provided an ingenious hiding place for my sister Gwen, then about ten or eleven, who seemed to have vanished completely. When the searcher gave up and acknowledged defeat, Uncle John rose from the leather davenport upon which he had sat in conversation, and lifting up the mechanism of the back by which it could be converted into a bed, disclosed a cavity in which Gwen was silently prone.

He always kept a dog of uncertain breed, each



Local Improvement Council (L.I.D.), #8. Standing L. to R.: A. G. Weeks (Div. 4), A. H. McLean sec.-treas. (Div. 2), Chris Fahlman Sr. (Div. 1). Seated: John Irwin, chairman, (Div. 3).

dog resembling his predecessor and invariably named "Barney." Uncle John was fond of practical jokes, as long as he was not the victim, but abandoned them in later life. Perhaps it had something to do with my brother, Jack, then about six or seven, at our house pulling away the rocking chair upon which Uncle John was in the act of sitting down. Our parents were aghast, and began to chastise the culprit. Uncle John's face reddened for a minute as he regained his feet, but his placating comment was, "I mind when I used to do the same thing myself."

He had a sharp mind, was an avid reader and something of a student of Scripture. In irony or comment he was apt to express himself humorously in Scriptural quotes, and his conversation was full of epithets. He liked to make money, and he liked equally well to spend it. He liked the ladies, but his matrimonial considerations were discouraged by Aunt Tillie, who stood to lose her lifestyle and her supremacy in his kitchen.

Late in the second decade of the century John Irwin leased his Estlin house and farm to the William Leslies and purchased a house at 2323 Lorne Street in Regina, where he and Aunt Tillie took up residence. Extending hospitality second to none, their door was open to all and sundry, who were welcomed at their table and frequently lodged overnight. In 1925 he sold the house and returned to the farm.

When the crop plagues of the late 1920's reduced the general prosperity of the region, John and Matilda were in failing health and fortune. He had made a tidy sum in agriculture and investments, and lost it in sodium sulphate, big spending, at least five consecutive crop failures and a disastrous 1928 house fire, started late in the evening by a hired man carelessly tossing a live cigarette butt out of a bedroom window onto the house banking below. They were fortunate to escape with their lives. John and Matilda then took up residence in the little house nearby that he had built years previously to house the hired help.

The situation of these aging homesteaders during the Dirty Thirties was the more extraordinary considering their qualities and background, part of which heretofore has been known only to the family. If we are recording history, then their part should be in context of History:

Through their Irish-cum-Scottish mother who homesteaded at Estlin, John and Matilda were descended of the direct line of English kings from Egbert of Wessex, early 9th Century A.D. down through Alfred the Great and his descendants to King Edmund Ironside; and of the direct line of Scottish kings Alpin, King of Scots, early 9th Century A.D., down to Robert III, the father of James I, including Robert I, the Bruce: he of the Spider.

Being his mother's only son, and she having no brothers, John Irwin was the legal heir to a massive fortune in Britain, one of many which had been confiscated by the Crown early in the 18th Century from aristocratic Scottish activists opposed to union with England. These estates were restored to the descendants up to two hundred years later. But by a gross miscarriage of justice, this estate and several others apparently were handed over mistakenly to clever but ruthless false claimants, rascals all, while the legal heirs were struggling to establish their authentic hereditary claim through less competent channels. In declining health and then beleaguered by drought and the Great Depression, John Irwin was too shaken and impoverished to lift a legal finger.

Although he was not satisfied in the matter of his inheritance and his circumstances were humble, his philosophy during the last few drought-ridden years of his life might best be summarized by a slight inversion in two verses of the Scripture he loved:

"I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound: . . . I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

PART III: after 1931

The old association between the McElmons and the Irwins continued to their mutual advantage when in the spring of 1931, Avar and Elizabeth transferred their movable buildings, machinery and other chattels and goods to the site of the Irwins' fire-destroyed residence. There, in co-operative effort, the two families rode out the Depression.

The year 1931 was even worse than anyone could have anticipated. No grain was harvested within a radius of forty miles.

By that time John Irwin had become affectionately known as "Uncle Johnnie" to the community-at-large, and was a daily or twice-daily visitor in our home, and Aunt Tillie almost as often. We no longer had as far to travel to spend out Christmas and New Years' Days together, and they were sumptuous, happy ones. After Aunt Matilda was stricken with a major illness in 1933, our mother baked her bread and otherwise assisted her through her two-year recovery.

Although the southwestern corner of our original home property was only one mile east of Uncle John's northeast corner, it was only in 1931 that our mailing address became "Estlin" and we became associated with the Estlin United Church. Much earlier Church services had been held in the Weardale School, where the rich bass and tenor voices of the four McElmon brothers were strong in the singing. Walter was especially gifted.

We four progeny of Avar and Elizabeth were baptized at Estlin Church and became members. Dad

contributed his bass in the choir alongside Dewey Dunbar, and he served as Superintendent of the Sunday School as did Roy Myers, Dave Runkle and others in turn. For a time Edith Clark was my pretty and patient Junior Class Sunday School teacher. Jack served with the rest of the community boys passing the collection plates in Church. The pump organ was played by the Marean or the Runkle women and girls. As I remember, Mrs. Runkle led the choir in sometimes difficult anthems, which I occasionally hear nowadays and think of the Estlin Church.

Mrs. Runkle was a lady of considerable refinement and talent, who always had a word of encouragement for the young and optimism for those older. She once gave me, then about 13, a setting of eggs from her Black Minorca hens: a thoughtful gesture. My parents donated a clucking hen and insisted that I solely supervise the hatching project. They all reckoned without my morbid fear of the cross disposition and vicious beak of a settling hen, which was further aggravated by my timidity. If the Survival of the West had depended upon my talent for husbandry, the buffalo now would be roaming freely where you sit and read.

I can not pretend to be fully reconciled to the Depression, even today, because it deprived me of the musical education I craved. However, looking back at the '30's from the lowermost exalted level of age and with the shadow of another Depression upon us, I would not have missed it for the world, because our elders showed us how it's done. Some of the most valuable and memorable experiences of my life took place while we lived there among fine people. All of our neighbors were good neighbors.

One can not remember the Estlin United Church of that period without warm memory of the Reverend W. F. Dixon, who was one of the most humbly concerned, totally dedicated, absolutely genuine God-serving Christians it has been my privilege to know, and he was greatly loved by the community. He was there in concerned attendance on his congregation, Sundays and weekdays, through the worst of the drought years, and I daresay there were those whose life or sanity were preserved by his persuasion of Faith. But thinking of him still calls to mind an incident that took place in the middle of one of his services, which other old-timers may also remember.

It was during one of the windiest of summers, and twisters went through the area day after day. As I recall, this Sunday morning Mr. Dixon in the pulpit was offering an earnest prayer of Thanksgiving for divine blessings and for manifestations of God's Omnipotence. Just as he reached the point where he thanked Him for the wind, with a frightening lurch a great gust shook the church.

We laughed, when we should have been awed. For we witnessed, those days, conversation both ways on the Minister's "hotline" to God. Losing no reverence Mr. Dixon chuckled a little, then went on with the prayer.

The Church, as I remember, was the mainstay of the community. Aside from its communion of souls, it was the weekly congregation of people with problems in common and a word was passed when a community event was planned, be it a wedding or a picnic under someone's trees, if it didn't rain, and it never did. When the church needed a basement, every man in the congregation contributed his share of the work involved. In this enterprise it was an impressive gesture of friendship and co-operation when Mr. George Wicks, a neighboring Roman Catholic of Ukrainian origin, came and worked his day with the rest. It is inconceivable to me that humanity could have survived with dignity the devastation of those desolate years without the activity of the Churches and the co-operation of all people of understanding.

Most families in the region, of whatever origin, had behind them a heritage of decency, sobriety, diligence and reverence. Perseverance was the outgrowth of them all. When like the Phoenix, agricultural prosperity rose again from its own ashes, this was the human quality that, hand in hand with Faith, made the basic contribution. Resourcefulness played its prominent part.

Our parents were great gardeners, growing all their own vegetables, strawberries and herbs. Dad hauling water in pails and barrels to keep it thriving in the driest season, and Mother helping to maintain it and preserving for the winter. Both they and the Irwins raised turkeys for the Christmas market. The largest of these, a thirty-five pound gobbler, posed a marketing problem until a Pentecostal grocer in Regina whose name I can't recall, seized upon it for his Christmas window display.

Dad was an innovator from away back. In an inspiration that made the prairie wind work for him, he had experimented through the '20's with a windmill, using a handcrafted propeller and old car parts, mounted on a horizontally laid wagon wheel, with which he charged his own wet-cell batteries and some for his neighbors. Shortly after we moved to the Irwin location, he devised a 13-foot tower by bolting together end-to-end, angle iron from the frames of old bedsprings, bracing them with steel and imbedding the four corners in concrete. On top of the tower he mounted the generator (out of an old car) on a rotary platform. He handcrafted a six-foot wooden propeller and cut a tail section from a piece of galvanized steel. To this he attached a rope to control the

device's orientation to the wind according to readings on the ampmeter (out of an old car) mounted on the kitchen wall. Using wet-cell batteries, it was only a small chore to install fundamental wiring for electric lights.

While it almost supplanted the use of oil for lighting, the contrivance was not quite constantly efficient, because on days that blew a gale, the windmill had to be turned out of the direction of the wind, a principle demonstrated when excessive vibration splintered the first propeller into dozens of deadly projectiles.

This device served another purpose, but only once. One of Mother's turkeys, with more ambition than caution, lifted its wings and rode the wind straight into the whirring propeller, and never knew how it lost its head. It was an unexpected feast.

Dad assembled our first real radio from a kit in 1925. It was comprised of a long hinge-lidded box with many knobs and dials and a horn-shaped loud-speaker. Previous to that we had listened to a crystal set which could be enjoyed by only two people at a time.

Our parents were not what you would call tipplers. During the blizzards of winter, with many untraversable miles between home and medical help, brandy was indispensable for emergencies of extreme fever or chill. When Prohibition reared its head, threatening to place it on prescription shelves only, the situation portended to be critical. In preparation against the dry years they bought four quarts of brandy in 1919. It lasted until 1939.

While I was in Grades nine and ten and no longer had the company of siblings or neighbors en route to school, my parents arranged for me to be absent for the bitter months of January and February, continuing to keep up my studies with the aid of Correspondence Courses, which we used anyway as in-class outlines.

From Christmas until the end of February the stoves had to be stoked late at night to hold a warming fire until morning, so it became our fashion to be midwinter nighthawks. These were cosy evenings spent reading, studying, listening to radio, having a game of cards or checkers, doing puzzles or needlework, sometimes making a pot of fudge or hot cocoa, thus avoiding the boredom of isolation. It was a companionable time.

On a bitterly cold blustery evening during one of those winters, Dad was absent on business in Regina, not expected home until the following day. Late in the evening as Mother, Jack and I sat about the fire, we were startled at the sound of footsteps outside, and when the door opened, the person whose bulk appeared was unrecognizable. It took a few seconds

to comprehend that behind the outer layer of frost and snow was Dad's black goatskin coat. His woollen scarf was heavily frosted across his face, and his thick black eyebrows and lashes hung frosty white under the snow-laden cap.

He had observed developing around him in Regina a situation that might have been said to comprise elements of moral turpitude. Declining to become involved, he realized that by remaining in the city until train time in the morning, he would be vulnerable to slander. Although the countryside was obscured by blowing snow he could see the stars, so using them to maintain direction, he walked the twelve miles home.

I have known few people who both could or would do the same.

In the winter of 1935 Dad set and splinted my broken finger with such success that today it is the only straight non-arthritic finger on my right hand. Perhaps I should have broken them all.

This sort of thing was old-hat to him. In 1926 he broke the ligament in one of his heels. He got professional medical attention to begin with, receiving the usual instruction to stay off it for weeks. He hobbled on crutches for the shortest possible time. Then, having work to do, he hopped into the blacksmith shop and constructed a steel brace rounded to fit under the heel and extending up the leg to the calf. This he fastened on with the attached leather straps and went on with his work. A few weeks later he could work without it.

He set and splinted Tommy, the cat's, broken leg so efficiently that after it healed he could still lick a weasel.

When I first started to Weardale School in 1928, an old house was going to ruin about three-quarters of a mile north of it, on the east side of the road. It had belonged to a man named Edwin (Teddy) Wigglesworth who had applied to homestead NW 28-15-18 W2nd on Oct. 3, 1904 and obtained Title on July 6, 1918. Around that time he, with his wife and children, moved on, I know not where. When we moved to the Irwin location we had to pass another decaying old house which had been the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Macklin, good friends of our parents, who had moved on to Edgeley, and a few years later to Swan River, Manitoba. They had no children. This old house stood on the north side of the quarter NW 20-15-18 W2nd, then farmed, I believe, by Mr. Telephore Phileon.

Both of these old houses stood sagging, doorless and windowless, and we explored them once or twice; but being ordinarily the habitation of skunks, they were entered only with exceptional bravery.

As a family we travelled the two-and-three-quar-

ter miles to school on foot or on horseback, or using whatever horse-drawn vehicle was appropriate to the season; surrey or cutter, or in Jack's latter Weardale days he and I went in winter on a handmade flat wooden, sometimes icy, blanket-covered sled, about twice the area of an ordinary dining table. It made a splendid, though unstable, raft, if we could reroute to travel over low ground after a thaw. The animal pulling it, a temperamental racing mare named Maude, never balked while wading through water. This was just as well, because when she stubbornly stood still, ears back, the only means by which she could be budged was for Jack to stand off to one side slackening the reins, telling her softly what a good horse she was, and urging her to perform. This went on for an indefinite time while I felt in vain for a handhold. Sooner or later she would get the message with startling suddenness and invariably bolted with the sled, Jack hanging onto the reins, leaving me staring after them, stationary on the blanket in the snow. A few minutes later everything returned to normal.

Our favorite horse of all time was a gentle, intelligent driving mare named Fan. Uncle Russell had acquired her early in his prairie years, and Dad purchased her when Russell went back east. Fan took us children to school and brought us safely home in many a storm until the early '30's, when she became too feeble to work. Every morning thereafter she waited heartbreakingly at the barnyard gate and watched as some lesser animal was chosen to take us off to school. Her moment came one fall morning when evidently someone had been careless closing the back barnyard gate. When we noticed her from home, she was more than a mile away, head up and tail flying, trotting like a colt, and when we arrived she was in her old stall in the school barn. We took a bag of oats for her dinner and led her beside the rig when we went home in the afternoon, and from that day on she was content.

I'm beginning to know how she felt.

I tried juvenile delinquency, but with doubtful success. The day I played truant from school, the nine or ten cattle that most mornings I had to herd a half-mile past Art McCrystal's unfenced oatfield to pasture, had been especially irascible, and I was not a born cowhand. I dreaded facing the teacher and class a half-hour late. After making my decision halfway to school, then guiding my horse circuitously through Uncle John's back field, removing her bridle and turning her loose inside the back gate, not only did I break a bedroom window climbing in, but discovered the next morning that on the previous day school had been cancelled!

Prominent in my memory of those years are the

extremes of outdoor temperature. They ranged from a high of 114 degrees F. one summer day to a low of -62 degrees F. one winter night. What may have been worse was the night that the thermometer registered -50 degrees F. with a 50 m.p.h. wind.

Dusty times are sufficiently documented to need little from me. Besides the chronic condition, many times as we walked from school, storm clouds opened up to distribute a teasing spatter, containing themselves of any real precipitation but leaving us moistened, to the mercy of the dust-laden hurricane winds that followed. We began the practice of tying large kerchiefs across our faces, appearing as bandits, but able to breathe. Coal miners leaving the pits were no blacker than we, and mothers must have cringed at the prospect of perpetual and eternal laundry, with a dearth of water and clean air.

The changing landscape was not totally without merit. By the time I began to drive the car most roadside ditches were filled with earth, presenting mere gentle slopes off into the fields. More perilous was the encounter experienced by Jack and me, as I piloted the vehicle homeward from Estlin with him beside me. Travelling northward a little more than a mile from home we saw the menace off to the west — the tall, thick, black column quickly progressing northeastward. Jack thought we could outrun it; and perhaps if he had been driving, we would have. Since he was not, it caught us broadside. These big twisters require exceptional driving skills, exerting as they do vorticular energy together with locomotive force. But I rose to the occasion. Whatever exchange of word and thought occurred between us in that dark, gritty, heaving maelstrom, we do not know, but exchange there was. Driving blind and without so much as gearing down, I came out of it moving right on course in the passenger's seat, and Jack was behind the wheel.

After the drought years were past it rained with a vengeance. On the afternoon of June 17, 1937, the west windows of the schoolhouse became a roaring wall of water as a terrifyingly black cloud emptied six inches of rain in less than an hour. Having been very dry, the ground took time to begin to absorb moisture. While it was still in shock, Jack drove Dad's 1927 Buick car from Estlin, picked me up at Weardale, and thence home. Navigating through acres of sea deeper than the running boards of the car, he directed the vehicle where he thought the beaten tracks should be according to the position of fenceposts and telephone poles, where there were any, not once getting stuck in mud. It took three gallons of gas to drive the nine miles. Hours later the roads were impassable.

Weardale School is no more. But that venerable

Hall of Learning should not pass into oblivion without eulogy. In my nine years of attendance there was much that is worthy of comment, but we are limited. However, two subjects deserve honorable mention: the first in the interest of Antiquity, and the second for the benefit of Posterity.

The first pertains to versatility of the inkwell, the antiquated device rendered obsolete by invention of the ball-point pen. Inkwells were not all alike, but we were so fortunate as to have the kind that had a removable semicircular, flat-bottomed glass cup inside of the metal frame, which was sunken into the desktop and had a hinged cover.

Our fall term started early in August so as to facilitate an extended winter vacation without sacrificing any of the vital 210 days of the school year requisite to our adequate elementary education. One year they tried opening the fall term the last week in July, but every day one or more of the pupils turned sick with the heat, so they went back to opening in August.

We had hobbies for hot days, extracurricular activities conducted in the classroom, when the teacher was absorbed in marking assignments or teaching another class. One of our favorites involved the inkwell. Opening its hinged cover and using the materials at hand that were appropriate to constructive classroom activity — pens, pencils, rulers, erasers, set squares, string and elastic bands — we contrived intricate systems of fulcrums and bars from the lid of the inkwell to the farthest point on the desk. Then we sat and waited.

Real scholars waited with their eyes on their textbooks but with ears tuned to the buzzing of the perennial flies. The odds were that, by and by, a fly would be drawn to the smell of ink, and would light on the desk near the inkwell. Pupils with heads bowed over their books at neighboring desks watched intently out of the corners of their eyes as the quarry dashed this way and that, in the manner of flies, and finally approached the edge of the glass cup. At that moment, a surreptitious flick of a finger up to two feet away would trip the contraption and the lid dropped over our hapless prey.

We girls were never very good at it, but some of the boys, hunters and trappers at heart, concocted some ingenious inventions. I admired as much as any the creations of my older brother, Jack, who went on from these inspired beginnings to head his own firm of Civil Engineers.

Of all the teachers who taught at Weardale school while I tarried there, or who have taught my children, my nomination for Minister of Education would go to Miss Edna Seaman, afterwards Edna Bradley of Milestone. Some of her precepts later went into the

raising of four children in New Brunswick when Fate decreed by a highway accident that I would do it on my own.

As a very young teacher she went into a school that was notoriously out of hand, and without raising her voice or touching the strap, she demonstrated that genuine concern and respect for young humanity can subdue the fledgling rebel and uplift the flagging mind. Her approach was absolutely positive.

I was just rounding Twit's Turn in Grade Nine when she made her advent. It had been a whispering, notepassing, spitwadding, guffawing, fly-trapping, hiccupping classroom for many moons, and I was just hitting my stride in Utter Nonsense. She was unflappable. She refused to be drawn into indignity or pomposity, even by a lizard liberated in the aisle by one of the older boys. From whatever deep Well of Wisdom she drew her understanding of children and teenagers, she perceived that in the nature of every child is the active or latent desire to grow mentally as well as physically, and that she herself was in charge of the Law of Cause and Effect. Gradually we began to be aware that in the battle of the books, she was not our antagonist, but our ally.

Misdemeanors no longer created a sensation in the class-room, and her punishments were flat and dreary. She had a sense of fun in its place, but she never embarrassed anyone or offended the dignity of childhood with ridicule or sarcasm. She required proficiency in our notebooks and in so doing, she built our efficiency and self-esteem. Her own written comments therein respected the tidiness in which we began to take pride. She whetted our ambition to achieve excellence in our work and in our character, and we tried to produce it. She treated us with respect and we respected her in return.

Teaching can be a learned art. But at its best, it is like having identical twins: it is a talent with which you are born, and either you have it or you have not.

During her second year when the Inspector of Schools paid his visit and they were in quiet conversation before he left, she slowly and thoughtfully led the way on a stroll she had taken from time to time: out through the girls' cloakroom and the outer hall, through the front door, down the verandah steps and clockwise around the school where we could hear their leisurely footsteps passing below the open windows, on around the north side of the building and back to the classroom. Scarcely an eye had been raised from the books.

It did not seem remarkable at the time. I hope he gave her a high rating. She deserved a medal.

I may have the dubious distinction of having the shortest record of attendance at Estlin High School. After a September tonsillectomy in 1937 I registered

for Grade Eleven in Estlin High on October 1st and left on October 3rd, when our parents opted for a winter in Ontario and the Maritimes. I finished High School by Correspondence. Jack attended parts of three years between 1934-37, struggling to combine agricultural responsibilities with educational efforts at Estlin High, and achieved some advancement. He completed High School in Nova Scotia and received his degree in Civil Engineering from the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, having taken time out for service in the R.C.A.F. during World War II.

Both Avar and Elizabeth loved the West, and through the '30's preferred to remain there, partly for that reason, partly because the Irwins depended upon them, and later because Jean and Gwen, both actively teaching, intended to make their homes in Saskatchewan. Jean was married in 1937 and Gwen in 1941.

During the '30's Avar was under constant pressure from his aging parents and his brother, Russell, to return to Nova Scotia, which he and Elizabeth laughingly referred to as the "land of milk and honey". Possessed of this alternative, they stubbornly refused to accept so much as a turnip or a scrap of cloth from the trainloads of provender sent to relieve the famine.

When we absented ourselves for the winter of 1937-38, the Irwins were under the watchful concern of our old neighbors and good friends, Uncle John's fellow-homesteaders, Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Holland, and their daughter, Hazel, who also kept us informed. John Irwin had to be flown to hospital in midwinter, comatose with diabetes. He was treated and released, but when we returned in early May, he required vigilant assistance until his death of a brain tumor on Nov. 1, 1938. He was buried at Indian Head. An error is engraved on his tombstone, attributing to him an extra year of life. Matilda resided in Regina for a time, then moved to Wolseley where she died in the late summer of 1945.

The onset of World War II necessitated that Avar McElmon return to Nova Scotia in October 1939 to attend to his timber-land interests there. He purchased a small farm from which he, with Russell and Walter, conducted operations in the McElmon Brothers' production and export of finished lumber to Britain and Norway in support of the war effort, which was no mean undertaking through the Battle of the North Atlantic. But that is another story.

Elizabeth's health had begun to fail seriously in 1935, and their major move to the Maritimes was followed by a long period of decline. A person of infinite courage, patience, understanding and love, she died on June 29, 1951, in her 67th year.

Avar retired on his farm, cultivating it to produce registered seed oats and blueberries, and wood-

working in his leisure time. He married his second wife, Thirsa Ayer, in 1953. On later visits west he was heard to remark that, were he not married to a forever-Maritimer, he happily would have retired in Saskatchewan. Still handsome and relatively young in appearance, he died after a five-day illness on May 4, 1973, in his 89th year.

He was predeceased by his brother, Walter, on Feb. 15, 1970, who died at the age of 80 in the same bed and the same room in which he was born. Frank died in Regina on June 24, 1974, in his 86th year. Russell outlived them all, passing in his 90th year on April 20, 1976, exactly one week after the death of his elder daughter, Muriel Lowther, aged 65. She is survived by her husband, four grown children and several grandchildren. Jen died on May 19, 1968, and Chette on Jan. 11, 1955.

Avar's second wife, Thirsa, died on Feb. 27, 1977. Walter is survived by his second wife, the former Phoebe Reid, whom he married about 1958.

Russell's younger daughter, Frances Black, lives in Oxford, Nova Scotia, and he had five grown children and several grandchildren. Walter's daughter, Theda Deschetza, living near Oxford, has stepchildren but no children born to her. Two of Russell's grandchildren now reside in the Prairie Provinces; Winston Lowther, a Civil Engineer with Imperial Oil in Edmonton, and Vaughn Black, an Electronics Technician with the Alberta Telephone Company in Westlock, Alta.

I left the Estlin community in August 1939, spent one school year babysitting my nephew, Leonard Pryor, to liberate his mother to teach, and in 1940 joined my parents in eastern Canada. During this time I continued my education, then did clerical office work at the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd. in Amherst, Nova Scotia, a company then constructing Anson training planes, until 1945. For reasons more practical than aesthetic, I chose then to become a beautician. I trained at the Art Institute of Hairdressing in Montreal, and in this work I am still engaged, with side-excursions into historical and other interests.

In 1949 I married a bonnie lad from Scotland whom I met in Nova Scotia. His family had immigrated in 1929. The second eldest of six boys, he was the flower of the flock, at least to my prejudiced eye. We settled in Sackville, New Brunswick, a University and industrial town then having a population of about 3,300. After eleven years of marriage, he died tragically on May 7, 1960.

My sisters are, as our mother was, accomplished in arts using needles and crochet hooks, and will pass on valued heirlooms to their families. My artistry will disappear within weeks after I lay down my

comb and scissors. But as little as I will leave that my family can treasure, there will be something to prove, by golly, that I passed through.

Even keeping abreast of western progress through the years, the visual impact during my 1981 visit was worth a thousand television pictures. To see lush greenery in fields where my strongest mental image was still of sparse dry sprigs; pungent soil that used to be blowdirt; deer and antelope on the old preserve of gophers and grasshoppers; private planes in place of Bennett buggies; a choice of paved roads; pumping mechanical donkeys whose brothers we hope will come to work in the Atlantic Provinces. At night, everywhere to be encompassed by a sea of lights where there was only darkness pin-pointed here and there by a light in a distant window, and the string of twinkling beads of Regina on the northwest horizon.

Small wonder Saskatchewan wouldn't recognize me. I could scarcely have recognized it, either.

I was pleased to see the old church still standing, in a different location.

Life, for me, has been a turbulent trip but a good one so far, having had great instructors and some good company all the way. My craft may be a little primitive, but by the Grace of God and the courtesy of other aircraft, I'm still flying. There are those whom I have had to instruct in flights of their own, and they still circle around when their schedules permit, and check on the old girl to help her maintain altitude and stay on course. They are four in number.

My daughter, Jean Elizabeth, now 32, (known around home as Jeanie,) who was first to turn on the lights that she and the boys have kept glowing, became a Presbyterian deaconess, graduating from Ewart College in Toronto in 1974. She married a native Torontonion, Presbyterian Rev. William Munshaw. They with their three little daughters, Catherine Elizabeth, Anne Louise and Erin Margaret, at present reside in Mississauga, Ont., from where Bill commutes to the University of Toronto for post-graduate courses in Gerontology, and goes out to preach on Sundays.

My eldest son, Robert Kindsay, 29, graduated in Economics from Acadia University in 1974, and worked for a few years in Sackville until he resigned a year ago to attend De Vry Institute of Technology in Toronto, where he is doing fine in Computer Science. His wife, the former Louise MacPherson of New Glasgow, N.S., obtained her B.Sc. in Biology from Mount Allison in 1978 and now works at the Post Office. She is a conscientious counterbalance to Bryden's Law aforementioned. They have one little son, Sean Alexander, who this year lives it up and loves it at Day Care during the hours that his parents

are otherwise occupied. He is to have a playmate at home in August.

Michael Richard, 27, my second son, married Myrtle Smith of Wood Point, N.B., who for several years has been a cook at the kind of highway restaurant at which you make a point of stopping for the food. Michael might be more corpulent if he had not kept railroad hours on the spareboard for more than four years. Despite high achievement at the Training Center at Gimli, Manitoba, and an impeccable record as Conductor-Engineer with Canadian National, his seniority level was reached on the layoff list in September 1982. They have one daughter, Cara Dawn. They live in Sackville.

My youngest son, Creighton Avard, 25, now living on Vancouver Island, also has felt the axe of cutback at Andrew Sheret Ltd., a wholesale plumbing concern in Nanaimo, B.C. So far he is unmarried, but there are indications that it may not be a permanent condition.

Sources

The other three children of Avard and Elizabeth McElmon:

Jean Pryor, whose memory goes back the farthest.

Gwendolyn Kirby, next farthest, who has researched land records in Regina.

John (Jack) McElmon, a walking encyclopedia.

Frances Black, second and only surviving child of Russell and Jen McElmon.

Theda Deschetza, only child of Walter and Nouchette McElmon.

Former business associates of the McElmon family in Nova Scotia.

Information conveyed by the following, now deceased:

The four McElmon brothers and their wives.

Albert and Josephine McElmon, parents of the brothers.

Jane Irwin Bowen, b. 1857 d. 1943; eldest child of John Sr. and Jane Irwin; sister of Matilda and John Irwin; mother of Elizabeth Bowen McElmon. Born approximately same year as organization of the Fenian Brotherhood; grew up in the era and area of Fenian activity in Canada.

Family records and legends previously copied from some in existence in Ontario, also available in more detail in that Province and elsewhere.

Personal memory, with minor childish misconceptions set straight by all of the above.

The Doris (Myers) James Story by Doris James, Introduction by her cousin Edith Clarke Frisk

Doris Myers, the eldest daughter of LeRoy and

Bessie Myers, was born in 1914 where her parents farmed at Cushing, Nebraska. They later moved to Illinois, then came to Estlin in 1927. Doris moved to California in 1939 where she married Richard D. James in 1941. Richard was born August 15, 1915 to Wilbur D. and Lotta James. Richard and Doris had two children, Sharon and Stanley. Both are married and have five grandchildren for Doris and Dick.

My story in Saskatchewan was short, from 1927 to 1939 but I still feel a great closeness with the Estlin community. Our home was small but my mother and father always made everyone Welcome.

On arriving at Estlin in March, 1927 I was met at the station by my Aunt, Mrs. Jim Clarke (Aunt Alice) and Charlie Torville with a team of horses and an open cutter. The snow was as high as the telephone wires. To a 13 year old this was devastating! I thought, "Where has my father brought me?" My Mother had not arrived from Illinois yet, as my sisters, Lois and Betty, and brother, John had the whooping cough. We lost a brother, Robert, to that disease.

Those twelve years were spent getting an education at the two-room school at Estlin. Ervin Webster taught the first year we were there, which was his first year of teaching. After that I only remember two names — a Mr. Hodges, there for one year and Roy Stewart and his wife Ann, who taught the elementary grade along with Ella Reid and Gertrude Murray. Ella and Gertrude are still my best friends.

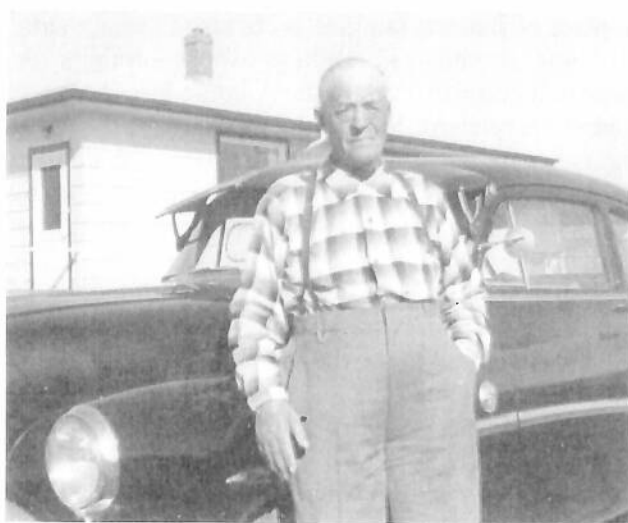
I left for California in 1939 with Eva Howlett and her two sons, Ellis and Dwayne. My father's health was not good. The doctor said he could not spend the winters in Canada. My father passed away in my home in Downey, California.

Peter Jasper

by John Myers

Pete was married to Mary and had a beautiful farm at Gray prior to coming to Estlin in 1927 or 28. He came to the farm east of Estlin which was owned by Kalinas. Pete bought the home half and rented the other half for several years until he found the section too much for him at which time he just farmed the home half. Land was not too easy to pay for in those days either, and I remember Pete saying that he went in to see Huron & Erie Co. to tell them they could have the land but they told him that if he would stick with them they would stick with him and as he said, he eventually came out on top. My folks combined for him every fall for 12 year but Pete always did the swathing. He would walk down to our place in the morning (he probably couldn't wait on us) and then we would drive him home at night. He later harvested with his brother, George. Pete had gone to Buck Lake

School for a few years when my Mother went there so he was certainly no stranger to my folks when he moved to Estlin. He seemed to fit into our family very well, Gerald, the girls, Mother, Dad and I all got along very well with him. He really enjoyed Mother's cooking and eating in the fields with us. After Milly and I were married and both lost our fathers in their early 60's, it was natural for us to adopt Pete as Dad and Granddad.



Pete Jasper.

Whenever there was a Sports Day or Ball Tournament, Pete would make sure the ball diamonds were dragged perfectly level and the backstops all mended and the booth had to be just so. It wasn't exactly that no one else would do it — it just was that no one else could do it to suit him. He would also haul the water on a stoneboat behind his tractor. He took a great deal of pride in his community.

Pete had a great deal of love for young people and enjoyed their antics and achievements. He also liked to have fun — I remember him telling about the things he and his friends did when they were young. For example, one Sunday when they were having an immersion baptism he and his friends put bluestone in the water while no one was looking and I guess this caused quite a stir. He told of many incidents that took place at the social gatherings at Buck Lake School and usually he was one of the instigators. When Milly and I were going together and I was farming and tired, he put a Javex bottle under my pillow in the bunkhouse and I slept on it for several days before I found it. He thought that was hilarious. He had some good advice for us about the dugout water — "Don't drink the water if the bugs are dead." He once asked Gerald what he had on his hands and Gerald said, "Gloves — maybe you should wear some to protect your hands." Pete said,

"Gloves wear out — hands heal." One time, when Milly was scrubbing for the arrival of the Ladies Aid, Pete stopped by and said, "You should scrub after they go home. Those Ladies make more mess than the kids do."

Pete would often come to our house at six a.m. on a Sunday, open the door and yell, "You gonna sleep all day?" On one such morning he arrived with a large box and said it was a new hat for Milly. Upon opening it we found a beautiful silver casserole which he had bought us for a wedding present. We put it in the china cabinet and he laughed and said, "Well that doesn't hurt the looks of your china cabinet any". He was very good to all our kids and often took Doug with him down to Gray. One day he brought him home just before lunch and told me he didn't think Doug would eat much lunch because he had given him a .50¢ chocolate bar and a bottle of pop! One fall when he went to the States for a little change, he brought Doug back a pair of striped denim bib overalls with matching cap, and Miriam a dress and a pair of shoes and everything fitted just right.

One evening Pete drove in the yard with a brand new car and I was on my way to the house with a pail of milk. When I walked up Pete turned and said "Eh?". I hadn't uttered a word but I quickly said, "It sure is a nice car". Pete was hard of hearing (a common fault I've noticed lately), and he would bring his car down for me to listen to and I'd drive it around and then he'd say "Well?" and I'd yell in his ear. "It's okay." This was the usual spring tune-up.

Pete kept his house and farm tidy and clean. He worked from morning until suppertime in the fields and yard and then after supper he did his dishes and housework. In this way he could keep everything done. He enjoyed excellent health and once told me he had been in the hospital on one occasion and that was for a sore under his finger nail but I recall he had a small operation in his later years and made the comment that he had missed out on something because he had encountered some "very cute nurses". Pete lived a long and happy life on the farm and in his later years spent the winters with George and Mary. He died on the farm August 14, 1964 sitting in his favorite chair, reading the newspaper. He was a very dear friend and neighbour — one whom we will never forget.

Thomas and Annie Jefferson by Dorothy (Jefferson) Brown

My Father, Tom, and his brother, Bill, came from Guelph, Ontario, to take up homestead land in 1905, east and south of Estlin. In the winter of 1908, Father went back east, spent the winter in Brantford, met my

FORM 1.
This Certificate is not valid unless countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, or a Member of the Dominion Lands Board.

Certificate of Recommendation for Homestead Patent.

Department of the Interior,
Dominion Lands Office,

I Certify that Thomas Jefferson
who is the holder of a Homestead Entry for Section 12 Township 16 Range 19
of Section 12 Township 16 Range 19
of the 2nd Meridian, has complied with the provisions of the law required to be conformed to, in order to entitle him to receive a patent for such Homestead, and that I have recommended the issue of such patent.

Countersigned at Ottawa this 16th
day of July 1908

[Signature] Local Agent
[Signature] Deputy Commissioner of Dominion Lands.

mother, Annie Spittal, and married her in March, 1909, bringing her back to the prairies with him.

Their first daughter, Annie Bell, was born the following year, but only lived until that summer.

As additions came in the family, Reta born in 1911, Dorothy in 1914, Johnny in 1919, and Wesley in 1922, so too were additions made to the original small house. With the help of various carpenters and plumbers, a new home was built in 1920, one-half mile west of Estlin, on land purchased from Henry Boyle, and where Wesley and Betty now reside. Lumber from the original house was used by Drex and Kay Ford to build a garage on their farm home at Gray; Bill Hodel purchased and moved the barn to their present farm site, and a shop is now used as a lunch booth when Sport's Days are held on the school grounds in Estlin.

Bill Jefferson sold his interest in the original homestead to my Father, and then opened a pool hall in Estlin, one of the many buildings which later burned down in the Hamlet. In 1929 Bill moved to a farm at Birch Hills, never married, and died there in 1952.

Father acquired an engine, breaking plow, threshing outfit, and did a considerable amount of land work for himself and neighbors. He worked together with the Priester family, Percy, Lorne and Queenie, as well as George and Henry Boyle, to harvest or butcher animals for food. Later, they made a "Beef Ring" with Roger Currah and his daughter, Merle, delivering the meat. Father was busy with the Grain Growers, Council work for the R.M. of Bratt's Lake, road work, and the Rural Telephone Company and trustee of the Boyle School District. He became ill and died in 1925.

The following years were difficult, with many changes in our lives, but Mother's resourcefulness carried us through. She boarded teachers for a number of years, sold cream, butter, eggs and cottage



Tom and Annie Jefferson wedding photo, Mar. 3, 1909.

cheese to local storekeepers and customers in Regina. With the help of Don Lewars, and numerous hired men, the farm came through the depression years with few scars.

For a few years Don and Hazel Lewars lived on the original homestead farm. Don became a barber for the community, which he continued to do for many years, while buying grain in the hamlet of Estlin. He also supplied violin music for many dances. Hazel was a wonderful friend to my mother.

Paul and Vernie Elsaesser and Gib and Miggi Smith were close neighbors and special friends. For a while Rody and Emmy Girsberger lived on the farm where Stan and Merle Smith now live. One of Rody's favorite stories was about the time he tried to burn stubble, the fire got to the high prairie grass, and burned all the way to the U.S. Border, before being contained. His expression, "Holy Jumpin' Sweet-cats", ably described the furor it caused. The sizeable group of Swiss folk who chose to live in the district provided many truly entertaining concerts.

Christmas day visits were exchanged for many years with the Girsbergers, as were Sunday dinners with the Clarke family. Birthday parties that Reta and I attended for Edith and Marion Clarke were mem-

orable, as Mrs. Clarke had a way of making those events so special. Another special day was Reta and Jack Webster's wedding, which was held in the family home with Ervin Webster as best man and Dorothy as bridesmaid. Mother prepared the dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Rev. & Mrs. Dixon and Allan and the family.

Reta and Jack moved to Illinois to farm, and they had three sons. Reta had always wanted to be a nurse, and when their boys were grown, she completed her high school and took training to become a Registered Nurse's Assistant. She worked for a time, and enjoyed it so much. Reta died suddenly in March, 1971.

Johnny joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1942, and after the war was married and lived in Toronto. He worked for the Toronto Transit, one project being the building of the Toronto Subway. He died in 1979.

Mother died in December, 1963, age 79 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Jefferson

by Betty Jefferson

Wes Jefferson was born on the farm at Estlin in 1922, attending school there and Luther College in Regina. He started farming in 1945, taking over the land that had been rented to Don Lewars. His interests were always in sports, playing hardball, curling, fishing and hunting, and he continues in the latter two. Friends share in his many catches of pickerel.

Wes and Betty were married in 1954, and have two children, Marla and Grant. Marla works and resides in Regina, Grant works in Regina and resides at home.

Although Betty was not farm oriented, she soon learned some of the finer points of this work. First, you cannot lasso a pig and lead it back to its pen, you cannot drive too close to a combine to take grain; and you don't drive over a slough until the ground is cracked! Wes had to have a hook welded on one car for the obvious reason. Bookkeeping was more her line, and for 20 years she was secretary for the Rural Telephone Companies and the School District.

Wes continues to farm, and resides in the house his father had built in 1920. Paving the road leading to #6 Highway cut him out of his side line of pulling vehicles out of the mud. Their home has been home to many teachers when the school was open, to friends many times who were storm-bound, and, as the storms will continue, so will the welcome.

The Jenkins History, Part I

by Marilyn (Jenkins) Christensen

Fred Lee Jenkins was born on July 22, 1871 in Villisca, Iowa, a town of approximately 2500 population where his father, Charles L. Jenkins, owned a grocery store. In the fall of 1890 he entered Elliott's Business College in Burlington, Iowa, attended for

seven months and then worked for the Des Moines Soap Company until March, 1892 when he went to work in the Railroad Office in Sprague, Washington. In the fall of 1894 he returned to Villisca, spent the winter and spring in the office of Dr. George King, dentist, and in April, 1895, went to Chicago, Illinois, to spend the summer in the clinic of the Chicago Dental College of Dental Surgery. In the fall of 1895 he entered the Dental College, graduated in April, 1898, and soon after set up practice in Villisca. On July 17, 1901, he married Florence Louise Neal who was born December 9, 1875 near Urbana, Illinois, and lived in Rennselaer, Indiana, where she graduated from high school before entering Omaha Medical College, graduating with an M.D. degree in the spring of 1898.

In 1904, Fred contracted for a half section of land near what later became Estlin, Saskatchewan and planned to rent the land to Harry McCullough of Villisca. In the summer of 1905, Harry, an uncle who was a carpenter, Fred, his father, Charles, and his brother, Edwin, went to the area and hired men, horses and wagons from the neighbors, Girsbergers and Elsaessers to haul the materials for the new house and barn. They lived in tents and did their own cooking during the time they were working on the buildings. Subsequent to this, Harry McCullough failed to sell his home to finance his farming venture, necessitating a change in plans. A friend, Estley Moats, decided to go in with my father to farm the land. Estley and his cousin, Roy Moore, left for Canada on March 1, 1906, with supplies on two freight cars. Florence and Charles Jenkins went by train and met the men at Milestone where they unloaded the freight cars. The next day they started on their trek with the caravan, spending the night at the home of Mr. Jasper on the edge of Buck Lake. They arrived at the farm the next day. Fred joined them about April 1, after finishing some dental work, and they spent the summer and all returned to Villisca in the fall where Fred practiced dentistry until the spring of 1907 when Fred and Florence returned to Canada to live.

Except for information gleaned from conversations with my parents as I was growing up and from letters which Fred wrote to his brother, Ed, in 1910 and 1912, I have very little information about their farming experiences. I can remember tales about all day trips by horse and wagon to the dugout for water; mosquitoes which drove the horses, as well as the people, almost crazy; terrible blizzards and huge snowdrifts which hid the barn from view; and temperatures of 50 degrees and more below zero. Mother talked about baking bread with her overshoes on to keep her feet from freezing and it was always

difficult for me to imagine living with such hardships. Since she had graduated from medical school and doctors were scarce (the closest ones located in Regina), she was often called upon to perform medical services such as delivering babies, operating on ingrown toenails, and stabbing cows when they were suffering from bloat. I feel that although she never practiced medicine as a career, she provided valuable assistance to numerous friends and neighbors throughout her life.

There were good crops and poor crops (and sometimes, no crops), good times and hard times, but always good friends and neighbors to help make the burdens more bearable. In August of 1910, Fred wrote to Ed, "If we can rent to Barnard Moats we will get out of this. I am getting worse off every day — my back, legs and feet hurt me all the time. It's a dog's life for Florence, and I think we've done enough anyway." Apparently this was a low point in their lives, but for whatever reasons, they didn't leave and in fact, stayed on for several more years.

In another letter to Ed Jenkins, dated January 22, 1912, Fred writes about Ed getting his "town" started. "We were at Girsberger's yesterday and they were talking about the town. Bill Roberts, they understood, would start a lumber yard and coal business and Mrs. Roberts would like to run the post office. A man in Wilcox and another young fellow in Regina want to each start a store. You know you talked with Barr about making concessions with the G.J.R.R. whereby they would help you with your town, such as opening up a public crossing, stopping trains, etc." He went on to say, "Florence and I have talked it all over and think over there in the town would be the proper place for both of us to build our bungalows when we are ready and have the advantages of living in a city (?). When we're through we could sell the property to good advantage. We could keep good tab on what was going on over here from that short distance. Besides, when you were plowing on that side with the Engine (which was not yet a reality), you would be nearer home and when plowing on this side could quit at night and noon down by the R.R. and be near home". I presume that the town they were planning turned out to be Estlin. As far as I know my Uncle Ed never left Villisca to live in Canada — and the bungalows were never built. No doubt, dreams like this helped to keep them going!

One more interesting excerpt from a letter of March 6, 1912, from Fred to Ed. . . He was urging Ed to come up to the farm to help out for the summer and asked him to bring his "cello" along to play in the orchestra which they had organized. This was the lineup: Mrs. Runkle, piano; Mr. Runkle, baritone (horn); Mr. Kalina, trap drums; Mr. Jenkins, first

violin (this makes me smile since there were no other violins); Mr. Myers, saxophone. He said that they had made their maiden appearance at the "Social" and were a big hit! In other letters Fred says that he and Mrs. Runkle often entertained on the violin and piano. In the March 6 letter Fred also talks about meetings which were being held regarding the building of a co-operative elevator. Already 105 shares representing 7,580 acres had been subscribed and there were only 60 more shares to sell. Everyone was enthusiastic about getting it built.

In 1918, after some good crops and better prices (due to the war), my parents finally made the decision to leave Canada and move to a warmer climate. Several of Mother's family were living in California by that time — her mother, Jennie Neal, two sisters, Estella and Virginia, and a younger brother, Arthur, who was serving in the U.S. Navy. So they arranged with Roy Welliver to take over the Estlin farm, packed their belongings, and retired to Oakland, California, across the Bay from San Francisco.

The Jenkins History, Part II

Not very long after settling in California, Mother became pregnant. A big surprise! Mother thought the doctor was mistaken. My parents had been married over seventeen years and this was her first pregnancy. When I was subsequently born at St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco on April 20, 1919 (breaking up my Uncle Arthur's birthday party), Mother was 43 and Dad was 48! Imagine the change in lifestyle which was ahead of them. Within the next few months, we moved to southern California, then on to Spokane, Washington.

In the spring of 1924 Dad wrote to his father and brother in Villisca to say that we were going to return to Saskatchewan. He went on to say, "We have too much at stake not to go back for a few years or until things pick up so we can sell part of our land. We are anxious to get into the harness again. You do not realize how much more comfortable things are now — furnace, electric lights, inside closet, plenty of water, fine barn, etc. It was pretty tough in the early days as you remember things. We are tired of moving around from place to place with no place we can call our own. Up there we have a nice home and a half interest in another. We are getting so tired of living in an apartment that we want to yell. People living all around, above and below us — it is, "Marilyn, be quiet", a thousand times a day. Where she belongs is out on a section of land where she can have a few liberties."

So we returned to Canada in April and temporarily rented a place in the town of Estlin. What I remember of living there is helping my Dad plant the garden, picking off potato bugs, playing train with a

neighbor boy in our two-holer — and horror of horrors, jack-knifing and falling through the hole! That was probably the closest I ever came to being disowned! In Mother's Canadian Scribbling Diary of 1925, beginning with January 1, 1925, we appear to be living in Regina with the Pettingells. At 1:45 a.m. she wrote of spending a very hilarious evening at D. E. Spencers. To quote her, "I must say that Fred and I had as good a time as though we were thirty years younger." On January 2 she mentions that "Dorothy Runkle came to play with Marilyn — played school and Marilyn played doctor to Dorothy. Hope she will not cling to that idea." She mentions every day or so about visiting with the Runkles and in one entry said that "Margaret runs now and talks more."

"On January 12 Fred and Mr. Runkle went to Estlin on the train at 6:20 to vote for school trustee, but found they could not vote. Mrs. Blumer was elected instead of T. Jefferson. They came home on the speeder at 6:30." Mother mentions more than once of going to Runkle's for dinner and playing bridge. I never knew that my parents played bridge although I do remember them playing pinochle later on — and teaching me how to play.

We moved to the Grand Coulee farm (near Pinkie elevator) on Monday, March 2, 1925, and Alma Stokes came to live with us to help Mother with the work.

I can recall many good times with friends such as the Runkles, Wellivers, Palmers, Clarkes, Girsbergers, Nivins, Myers, and on and on.



Marilyn Jenkins and a friend.

It was a sad day indeed, when in mid October, 1926, Mother and Dad told me that Mr. Stice was buying our farm and we would be leaving Canada. I'm sure that I shed a gallon of tears, mainly because I didn't want to leave my dear horses and my old Airedale dog, who was an inseparable pal. The "plan" was to buy an orange grove in Southern California. We returned in time for me to start school

for the first time — at the ripe old age of eight, and it was a very unnerving experience, I can assure you.

With the crash of the stock market in 1929, followed by THE GREAT DEPRESSION, our dreams of moving to California were shattered. We survived, like everyone else, but life was a struggle for the next several years. There were plenty of patients, but none to speak of with money, so Dad was paid with vegetables from the garden, drugs and sundries from the



Ila Welliver and Verona Elsaesser cooling off at the Jenkins farm, 1930.

pharmacy, ironing, shoe repairs, etc. — a true barter system. Dad continued to practice dentistry until he died of a heart condition in October of 1943 at age 72. Mother lived alone in their home in Villisca until she died in May of 1946 at the age of 70 as the result of a fall down the attic stairs which injured her spinal cord. So, by the age of 27, I had lost both of my parents.

I graduated from Villisca High School, attended the University of Iowa and Minnesota, majoring in Business Administration and served two years as a WAVE officer in the U.S. Navy during World War II. I was stationed at the Oakland, California Naval Supply Depot when I met my future husband, Chris — a Navy pilot — just before VJ Day in the fall of 1945. It was love at first sight for both of us! We were married in San Francisco on Christmas Eve, 1946, and established our first home across the Bay in Marin County, where our daughter, Lynne, was born on January 25, 1948.

During that summer we negotiated with Marnie and Don McQuoid that they would purchase the Estlin property which they were already farming and we bought a 57-acre almond orchard near Winters, California. Neither Chris nor I knew the first thing about growing almonds but we were willing to work hard and friends and neighbors taught us the ropes. Our son, Douglas Lee, was born on December 8, 1950. Like my parents (and all farmers), we had our

ups and downs financially, but somehow managed to make a living along with enjoying the good life in the country. After eighteen years, however, we decided that we were due for a change and sold the property in the summer of 1966 for a nice profit. We moved to Davis, California (same county), where I had obtained a position at the University of California (one of nine campuses scattered throughout the state). Chris went into real estate, Lynne went off to college in Ohio, and Doug entered high school in Davis. Now, several years later, we are living back in the country on five acres, Chris is semi-retired but still dabbling in real estate, Lynne lives in Davis, is married for the second time and has a twelve year old son, Damien (our pride and joy). Doug has not married but also lives in Davis, so we see both of them often which is nice for all concerned. I am planning to retire from the University in October, 1984, after almost twenty-one years of service. Chris and I are both in good health as of this writing and are looking forward to our togetherness.

The Johnson Family by Jim Johnson



Johnson house at Yankee corner.

My father, Bob Johnson, was born and raised at Colonsay, Saskatchewan, and farmed there with his parents until 1948. That year they moved to the Bawlf district in east-central Alberta. In 1950 he married my mother, Elsie, who was raised at Bawlf. They farmed there until the fall of 1974.

In the spring of 1975 they bought the Peter Sakundiak farm on Highway #6, and lived there until retiring to Camrose, Alberta in the fall of 1978.

My wife, Colleen, and I were married in 1972. We spent the first couple years at Carbon, Alberta where I worked in a bank and Colleen had a hair-dressing shop. We moved to Camrose in 1974 and I

farmed with my father and did part-time banking. I continued farming in Alberta until 1978 when we took over running the farm here.

We have two children, Michael and Elisa. My grandmother (Dad's mother) recently celebrated her 90th birthday and maintains her own residence in Camrose. She spends each summer with us here on the farm.

The Kalina Story as related by Russell Kalina



Joe and Lizzie Kalina.

Five Kalina brothers, Charles, Martin, Ed, George and Joseph, immigrated to the Milestone area from Chicago in approximately 1905. They secured an immigrant car and in it brought machinery and whatever they thought they would need. It is not believed their parents came to Canada as their father was in poor health.

Joseph, who was a machinist by trade, told of working in a grocery store in Chicago where they had five bins for coffee, all at different prices but the coffee was taken from the same bag. Joseph built their first house and also the one at Richardson, as well as others in the district.

The Kalina boys played ball in surrounding towns during the years and some played in a local orchestra. Russell still has the drums on which the name Estlin Orchestra is printed. Mrs. Runkle played the piano.

Three of the Kalina boys, Charlie, Joseph and Martin, married Jasper sisters.

Joseph married Elizabeth Jasper (Lizzie). They had four children, Ethel and Raymond born at Estlin, Dorothy in California and Russell in Richardson. Joseph passed away in 1953 — Elizabeth in 1959.

Ethel Kalina, eldest daughter of Joe and Lizzie, married Elmer Hutchinson of the Milestone area. They lived in the Buck Lake district where Elmer taught school for several years. They now reside in Regina and spend winters in Texas. Two children were born of the union — Jim, a teacher in Regina and Marilyn, a nurse who lives in Delta, B.C.

The son, Raymond, born and educated in Estlin and Richardson, married Rosalind Ketter. They had two sons, Francis and Tommy, and two daughters, Agnes and Margaret. Their lives were spent in the Estlin, Richardson and Gray areas where they farmed. Francis worked with his father for several years.

Due to poor health the farm was sold in 1980 and the Raymond Kalinas moved to White Rock, B.C. Francis, Agnes and Margaret live near their parents at the Coast. Tommy is a Chiropractor in Mississauga, Ontario.

Ethel and Raymond's sister, Dorothy, born in California, was educated in Richardson and married Herb Leonard. They live and farm ten miles north of Regina; their son, Doug, and wife, Terry, farm nearby. Daughters, Maxine (Balbon) lives in Winnipeg; Darsen (Brady) north of Regina; and Janet (Buckner) in Regina.

Russell, youngest son of Joe and Lizzie, was born and educated in Richardson and still lives on the farm his parents bought after returning from California in 1921. He married Betty Clark of the Wawota area. They have two children — a son, Allan, living and working in Regina and married to Wanda Hovind, and a daughter, Patricia, who nurses in Regina.

Martin Kalina, brother of Joe, came to the Milestone district from Chicago around 1905, later coming to the Estlin area. He married Annie Jasper and lived in the Estlin and Gray region. One son, Martin Jr., spent several years working in State universities in the U.S. and also did research work for the U.S. government during the war. Returning to the district around 1950, Martin Jr. spent time between here and the coast. He passed away in the fall of 1982.

Charlie Kalina, brother of Joe and Martin, came to Sask. with his brother in 1905. He married a Jasper girl who passed away at an early age. Charlie later remarried and had two daughters, Dolly and Lizzie. The land was sold and is now farmed by Hugh McGillivray. Charlie died in Regina.

George Kalina, the fourth brother, first came to Milestone and then farmed west of Estlin on #6 highway. He married Merle Runyan. They left Saskatchewan and moved to Benton Harbor, Michigan, where they operated an orchard. They had two sons, Willard, deceased and Don, who still lives on and works the Michigan farm.

Ed Kalina, one of the five brothers who came north in 1905, farmed in the area but left many years ago. He and his wife, Hazel, went to California and had a fruit and poultry operation. They had three sons.

The Joe Kalina family left the Estlin district in 1919 moving to Santa Monica, California, until 1921

when they returned to the Richardson area. There they built a new house and over the new barn "Monica Farm" was painted on the front of the loft.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kalina by Rosalind Kalina



Raymond Kalina family. Back Row, L. to R.: Raymond, Tom, Francis. Front Row, L. to R.: Margaret Rose, Rosalind, Agnes.

Raymond Kalina was born in Estlin on September 12, 1917, at the home his father, Joseph Kalina, built. The home still stands, a landmark of many years. His family moved from Estlin when Raymond was a small boy.

In 1955 Raymond moved back into the Estlin area with his wife, Rosalind, and their four children. They settled on the farm which Raymond purchased from his uncle, George Jasper.

Their children, Francis, Agnes, Thomas and Margaret Rose, attended Estlin school for a short time. They still recall the fun times of singing in the Beryl Clarke choir, and the Estlin Christmas concerts at the school. Bad road conditions in those days, and the involvement the four children had in music, forced them to move to Yankee Ridge School, a more accessible school on highway #6. The family remained a part of the Estlin community because they had taken over the farming from Raymond's uncle, Peter Jasper, in 1956. His farm was adjacent to the town of Estlin. Later, Raymond purchased the farm.

As the Kalina children grew they became very involved in music, and were known as the "Kalina Quartet". Later when Francis went off to Campion College in Regina, Agnes, Thomas and Margaret Rose formed the "Kalina Trio", and performed throughout the area for several more years.

Francis and his bride, Annabelle, settled on the Peter Jasper farm in 1965. Their baby son, Justin,

joined them in 1970. When Raymond's poor health forced him to retire in 1975, Francis purchased the farms and they lived and farmed in the area until 1980.

The other three children left the Estlin area to further their studies. Agnes went into Fine Arts; Thomas, Chiropractic; and Margaret Rose, Music.

Raymond and Rosalind spent a great deal of leisure time remodelling their home, until one day in 1976, their home with all the improvements and additions, was seen atop a moving carrier headed for its new location across from the town of Estlin, where it presently sits. After the move a few more additions were added, until the home took on quite a different look. It went from the traditional old farm white siding, to a stucco Tudor, with an eighteen foot wide bow window with stained glass across the front. A major addition in the home was a twelve-foot wide fireplace made of rocks and fossils gathered from all over the world.

Rosalind was an earthmother, a seamstress of note, and interior decorator and designer.

Raymond was a jack-of-all-trades, as well as an excellent farmer. He was an expert at installing and repairing stained glass windows, and an accomplished carpenter and woodworker. Rosalind and their four children worked by his side, and in 1979 a product of a lifetime of planning and ingenuity went on the auction block, and their home was sold because of Raymond's ill health.

Raymond and Rosalind moved to White Rock, B.C., where they enjoy happiness with their two daughters, sons-in-law, and six of their seven grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kartman by Harold Kartman

Victor Kartman and Augusta Stamberg came to the United States in 1890 from Sweden. They became acquainted in Chicago, Illinois, in 1900, and were married there in 1903. They returned to Sweden where the first child, Margaret, was born in 1904. In 1906 they returned to Chicago where Harold was born the same year.

The Helstrom family and the Kartmans were close friends in Chicago. The Helstroms moved to Saskatchewan in the early 1900's. They farmed about four miles west of where the town of Gray is located. This was the Buck Lake area. The Helstroms urged the Kartmans to come to Saskatchewan. Mrs. Kartman (our mother), Margaret and Harold arrived in Milestone on June 6, 1910, by train. Our father had arrived several weeks before. We were met by our father with four horses and a farm wagon as it was very muddy. We went to the Helstrom home about



Harold Kartman, 1951, in front of old home, built in 1886.

ten miles north of Milestone where we stayed for about two weeks. Our furniture was shipped from Chicago, but arrived all broken and smashed so we had no furniture and the railroad would not replace it.

Our house was three rooms, and a stove pipe through the roof. We had four horses and a few farm articles. Our post office was Kronau as the Railroad through the Estlin area did not come until 1912. Water was our biggest problem. It was hauled by wagon from Wascana Creek five miles to the north.

In 1909 Victor Kartman purchased 160 acres of land from Pete Walloe, a Dane, who took up homesteading on the northwest corner of Yankee Corner in 1886. Pete had broken up just enough acres to qualify for his homestead. He was "in the fringe of Danish Royalty" and had been sent out of the country, first to England, then to Canada. The Kartmans then moved from Chicago, Illinois, in 1910, to this new land.

Pete Walloe left several things of use to the Kartmans. They were able to live in the house he'd built, with several repairs, until they sold out to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kennedy in 1926. From Pete Walloe they acquired four horses in the barn, a sulky one-bottom plow, a wagon and a hay rack, a disc and four sections of harrows. There was also a gun, an English double-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, with one barrel a shot gun and the other a rifle with bullets included. It had a lot of engraving on it, with a fine leather strap for carrying. On taking the gun apart, we found a stamp of a crown, which had been hammered in, meaning it was of fine quality. Harold's son now has it for a valuable heirloom of pioneer days.

A daughter, May, was born here in 1911, and a son, Arthur, in 1912.

We went to the original Weardale School. Harold's first day at school was December 2, 1912, the teacher was a Mr. Sharp.

This area was still virgin prairie, but by 1912 many people started to move in and much prairie was

plowed, however some prairie still existed until 1921. Our neighbors were the DeBoices, the Clarkes, the Rodgers, the Dunbars, the Ballards and Leslies. Five miles to the north there lived Tom Rodgers. His father also lived with him. The elder Rodger had fought in the Riel Rebellion of 1885.

The Royal Canadian North West Mounted Police sent patrols out into the prairies to observe the status of the farmers and schools. The mounties would stop at the school and talk to the teacher. They also would stop at farmers homes to rest and feed and water the horses. They carried a pistol and a 30-30 rifle in a scabbard on their saddle.

In the spring the prairie was blue with wild crocuses. The sky was dark from millions of water birds on the way north. We walked to school three and a quarter miles. Coyotes came so close to us we could almost touch them. One family sent children to school by dog sled, but many came by horseback, buggy, or snow sled.

Harold remembers walking the five miles from their place to Estlin for the mail, and Mrs. Clarke refreshing him with a piece of lattice-topped pie and a drink on his way home.

From 1912 to 1918 there was an invasion of huge gasoline, kerosene and steam tractors, and thousands of acres of prairie sod were plowed. What a great adventure! What a great privilege for this boy to have trod upon and explored the vast virgin prairies of Saskatchewan.

Harold, at nine years old, remembers discing the rough prairie, "breaking" sod. It was so rough and bumpy that he fell off in front of the disc. The horses were so quiet they stopped for him to get back on the seat.

One day in August 1914, Mr. Kartman was in Regina. He saw a crowd gathering on Hamilton St. in front of the Leader Post. This meant there must be some news announcement. He stopped to listen; a man in an upper window of the Leader Post building was shouting through a megaphone, "England Declares War on Germany". This news he brought home to the family.

Harold found as a boy on the north quarter of their land, a small formation of round stones the size of eggs. He often wondered, if the Indians had piled them there and for what reason. The smoothness of the stones and their uniformity suggested they had some purpose.

One very dry dusty day in mid-summer Victor and Harold were summerfallowing. The day became progressively hotter and Harold and his father ever thirstier, likewise the horses were suffering. They endured until supper time when they went to the yard, and found no water in the trough, no water in

the tank! They hitched a team of horses at once to the water tank and left for Wascana Creek, five miles north of Rodgers bridge and pumped a tank full by hand. When they returned home it was nearly ten o'clock in the evening and the sun still shining.

Harold remembers the trail they had across the prairie to visit their long-time friends, the Helstroms, at Bratts Lake settlement. The trail was very bumpy and rough because of the "hummocks". From "Yankee Corner" they went diagonally southwest to the correction line where Virgil Bingaman later lived directly north of the Gray Road. From there they continued directly southwest to Bratts Lake, probably following the Balgonie-Milestone trail.

Harold's older sister, Margaret, died May 1, 1970, sister May, November 14, 1977, and brother, Arthur, August 24, 1982. Harold remains the only survivor of the family.

Harold is a retired member of management for the Procter & Gamble Mfg. Co. His wife, Emily, and he live in a wooded area near Lake Superior, and have 80 acres of wooded land. Son, Kenneth, lives 160 miles southwest of here, and daughter, Barbara, lives in a Chicago suburb. They have seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Reminiscences

by Harold Kartman — compiled by Helen Flavell

Harold Kartman visited Robert and Edith Frisk in February, 1983, and while sipping coffee around the breakfast table told of one incident that, as he said, I'll always remember".

It was a bright, sunny morning at their home at "Yankee Corner", where he, a boy of six or seven, in the year 1911, heard a "pop, pop, pop" sound echoing through the clear, cool air. Dashing outside to investigate, he stopped in his tracks! Making it's way down the road from the west, was a runaway buggy, without a horse! And lo and behold, as it wound its way eastward, the pop, pop, pop continued, fading in the distance. Believe it or not, it turned out to be the community's first horseless carriage!

Equipped with an International Harvester one-cylinder, air-cooled engine under the buggy seat, and a heavy chain leading to one of the rear wheels to drive it, the vehicle had a rod-like steering device, hard rubber tires on buggy wheels. And it was capable of travelling about ten miles per hour. This deluxe buggy was bought and used to transport mail from Kronau to Estlin before there was a Post Office in that town.

What bugged the Kartman family was, that although the route went right by their door, they still

had to walk or drive the five miles to Estlin to get their mail after it was sorted — no farm delivery!

Robert Frisk, as well as Myles Kennedy, remember the buggy-car abandoned in the weeds behind Rody Girsberger's shop during the 1920 era.

About one-quarter mile east of Weardale school there was the faint remains of an old trail in the prairie. Its direction was SW to NE. The old timers said it was a trail from Wilcox area to Balgonie area.

In summer of 1914, two year old brother, Arthur was very ill. Somehow Dr. George was contacted and he came to Kronau on the train. Mr. Dunbar met him with horses and wagon and brought him to our house. Later Mr. Dunbar drove Dr. George back to Kronau, so he could get back to Regina in late afternoon.

We had a cow that stopped giving milk. The reason was — she was being sucked by one of our pigs. When the pig came she would lie down for him.

The original Regina Capitals were: Bill Laird — goal, Percy "Puss" Traub — defense, Amby Moran — defense, Dick Irvin — center, Barney Stanley — wing, George Hay — wing. The Capitals were sold to Portland and became the Portland "Rosebuds". In 1928 they were sold to Chicago and became the "Blackhawks". You may remember Harold "Mush" Marsh. He played for Chicago several years. He was from Regina.

Some R.C.M.P. stories —

About halfway between Kronau and Estevan, there lived a farmer and his teenage daughter; the mother had died. The farmer also had a hired man. One day some of the neighbors realized they hadn't seen this man or his daughter for several days, so they stopped in to see if everything was all right. They found them both killed. They notified the R. C. M. P., and they came out and started their investigation. The hired man had disappeared, so they felt he had something to do with it, as the neighbors said he had a crush on the young girl. In their search for him they finally found out he had gone to some little town near the Manitoba border in his car. When they caught up with him he had a gun, and his clothing was blood stained. He said the blood was from hunting geese. He was arrested, however, tried, and finally hung in Regina.

An Indian lad had been arrested in Regina for some offense, and put in jail. He broke out in the late fall when there was a snow cover on the ground. The Mounties circled the City, and finally found some tracks heading north. They followed these almost to Lumsden, where they at last caught up with him in a patch of bushes. They tried to coax him out, but he wouldn't come, so they fired into the grove, where they later found him shot.

On winter blizzards —

There was a man by the name of Mr. Douglas who lived on the correction line between Martins and Bingamans. One particularly bad, stormy evening, we heard a knock at our door about two or three A.M., which scared us kids half to death. Father got up to open the door and Mr. Douglas stumbled in, in very bad condition. We gave him hot coffee and food, and he slept on the floor until morning. Apparently he had come from Regina by train to Kronau. It was storming fiercely, and he thought he would wait until it was over, or get a ride with someone. When neither happened, he decided he would walk the nine miles from Kronau to his home, but was unable to go any further than our home. He walked home the next morning. A hardy pioneer!

The Weardale School Board had asked my carpenter father, if he would donate his services to put a new floor in the school. He agreed, and the lumber was shipped from Regina to Kronau. One day in January or February, 1912, father started out with team and sled to get the lumber. We children were home with mother, and early in the day a storm came up, which, by afternoon was a full-blown blizzard. We were all frightened. Mother didn't dare go to the barn to feed the horses, so we all stayed inside. Father didn't return. We waited up all night. The next morning the storm had subsided, and about noon he came home. He had made it to Weardale school, but with the storm so bad, he had put his team in the school barn, lit a fire and lamp in the school house, and read books most of the night.

Fire —

In the fall of 1912 Father had banked the house with flax straw to protect it from the winter winds. In the summer of 1913, due to spring work, the straw had not been removed. One day mother smelled smoke, and went out and found the flax straw on fire up against the house. It had been started, no doubt, from a spark from the stovepipe, as we had no chimney, just a pipe through the roof. Mother ran into the house and got the water pail and threw it on the fire, but it didn't put it out. She then went back for the slop-pail. This helped some, but it was still burning. The last resort was a pail of milk. She threw this on, and the house was saved.

"Yankee Corner"

by Harold Kartman

From Harold we hear of people who lived at "Yankee Corner", a junction located five miles east of Estlin. The Johnson farm was on the southwest corner. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson owned it, as well as the land on the southeast corner where they lived in a small house each summer. In winter they were in their

Illinois home. After Mr. and Mrs. Johnson died, a son-in-law Joe Thomas farmed the estate — A Mr. Stem came to check on the farm for the family.

At one time Norman Archibald farmed this land. His wife, Pearl (née Roberts,) had a sister, Lily, the Post Mistress in the first store in Estlin. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Roberts, lived in Estlin in a new house built by Mr. Roberts. Mr. and Mrs. Copeland lived there, and had a son and a daughter. Earlier than this, an Austrian family lived there, by the name of Hunchuk. Alvin and Berniece Webster farmed there, also Harold and Stella Webster.

Hec Bouey, Pete Fahlman, Telesfor Phillion farmed and lived on that corner. Ray Hannan, too, farmed this land for several years. He and his wife, Evelyn, and daughters, Marge and Beth, and son, Daryl, lived in Gray each winter. The old Johnson house, with an outside stairway, was too cold to live in when weather was wintry. It has been made into a storage bin for wheat and can still be seen as a big square white land-mark on "Yankee Corner". It dates back to the early 1900's.

On the northeast corner of "Yankee Corner" in the early years, there farmed a man named Mr. Ballard, who came from the U.S. He kept several hired men, had a big gas engine and did custom breaking of raw prairie. He drove around in a Reo car, (Super) visiting his various interests. He enjoyed hunting and had excellent guns. He would go to the Wascana Creek area in harvest time and shoot enough geese and ducks to feed his men on the threshing crew.

One year he didn't come back in the spring time from his U.S. home, but sent Mr. and Mrs. Brown as foreman and cook. Mr. Brown worked for a Railroad in Chicago and knew nothing of Canadian farming. The end came when Mr. Ballard went bankrupt, had an auction sale and never was heard from again.

Later came Ward and Marie Felt, a young couple from Galesburg, Illinois. Their daughter, Harriet ("Hetty"), was born here. Though not experienced farmers, they accepted the rigours of the climate and endured. Albert Felt farmed at Gray about this time. The Felt farm was not a success story and they went back to Galesburg.

A Mr. Bud Rose farmed there as well. It is now owned and farmed by the Carnegies.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy

by Myles Kennedy

Dad, John Kennedy, came west from Ontario to the Kronau district, N.W.T. in 1903 or 1904. He worked for his brothers-in-law, Charlie and Henry Boyle, until he started farming on his own about 1908 on the farm I know as the Phil McCrystal farm, later moving to what is now the Robert Beaumont farm.



John Kennedy and four outfits.

He was the son of John and Jean (Tait) Kennedy. John Jr. was born December 20, 1883, in Fergus, Ontario.

He married Hattie DeBoice March 24, 1915. Hattie and her family came to the district in 1904. John and Hattie raised five sons: Donald Jack, born August 9, 1919; Myles Stanley, born August 13, 1923; Howard Bruce, born May 27, 1925; Morley Gale, born March 28, 1930 and Ralph Bennett, born July 3, 1932. Hattie was born at Myrtle, Ontario, January 12, 1890, daughter of Ira John DeBoice and Alice Carson DeBoice. The family lived one mile east of Weardale School and three-quarters of a mile south. They often boarded the teacher. Hattie had two sisters, Amy and Ruth, and two brothers, Owen and Clare. They sold their farm to Ogle Holland. Mr. and Mrs. Holland and daughter, Hazel, lived there for many years. It is now owned by Jim McQuoid.

Hattie, as well as all of her children, attended Weardale School.

Donald, the eldest son, joined the RCAF in December, 1940. He married Irma Minor from Lowbanks, Ontario, September 27, 1941, and after the war returned to live in Ontario, until his boating accident on Lake Erie in 1964 in which he was drowned. He and his wife had four children.

Myles joined the RCAF in May, and served on the Eastern coast of Canada until August 1946, at which time he was released. He married Muriel Hall of Sheet Harbour, Nova Scotia, on May 10, 1946. He and his wife have four children and are presently living in Regina.

Howard took over the family farm after our father's passing in 1947. He farmed at Estlin until Mother sold the farm to Harvie Webster, at which time he bought a farm at Lumsden, Saskatchewan. After selling this farm in 1968, he moved to Alberta and is presently living in Calgary. He married Maxine Rumble from Rouleau, Saskatchewan, on August 31, 1952. They have three children.

Morley, after finishing high school, joined the Royal Canadian Navy and served in Canada and the

Korean War. After eighteen years service he took his discharge and is also presently living in Calgary. He married Bernice Amos of Sackville, New Brunswick, on December 6, 1958. They have one daughter.

Ralph worked for a time in Regina, moving to Edmonton, Alberta in 1960. He was transferred to Peace River, Alberta, in 1962, where he is presently residing. He married Marlene Bassindowski of Shamrock, Saskatchewan, on August 15, 1959. They have two daughters.

The Kirby Family by Gwendolyn McElmon Kirby



Robert and Ann Kirby.

Robert Kirby was born March 4, 1832, at Flamborough Head, Yorkshire, England. Robert, his wife, the former Ann Appleby, their young son, George, Robert's younger brother, William, and possibly a sister came to Canada about 1850. They settled at Creemore, Simcoe County, Ontario, on a farm that had spring water in the yard and a luxuriant growth of trees. Indeed much clearing of trees was

required to make the farm productive. Here another ten children were born into the family.

In 1883, leaving George and twins, Robert and Jane, in Ontario, Robert and Ann, six of the younger sons, William, Charlie, twins Edward and Frederick, Thomas and David, ranging in ages from eighteen to five years, two daughters, Ida and Mary, and Robert's brother William, came west along with many other settlers to make homes for themselves. They came under the "Settlers Act" which granted families wishing to settle in the west free transportation, box cars to ship their personal goods, and lumber to build their homes, also cars for their livestock.

Along with lumber they brought enough flour to last until they could grow some wheat, three pigs, one for meat and two for livestock, two cows, four oxen and a team of horses. Very few settlers had horses.

Two of the boys travelled in the livestock car, eating and sleeping there as the animals needed daily care and the water barrels had to be filled at every opportunity. It is believed that the rest of the family lived in the car with their possessions, doing their own cooking and sleeping there as well.

The trip from Ontario, partly through the United States and back into Canada, through Winnipeg to Regina, took two full weeks. The United States wanted settlers, too, and Americans tried to influence them to settle there. His brother, William, stopped off at Walhalla, North Dakota, but Robert had been west on a scouting trip the year before and could not be dissuaded from his plans. Anne became ill on this trip and never regained her health.

They arrived in Regina in May, 1883, about nine months after the railway went through Regina. They lived in a tent until they were granted permission to take possession of their homesteads.

A homestead was one hundred and sixty acres of land on which a settler was required to live six months of the year and to break and cultivate ten acres a year for three years. After a settler had obtained title to his homestead, he could, if he wished, file on a pre-emption, which was also one hundred and sixty acres, with the same regulations as a homestead except that, at the end of three years, a homesteader must pay the Government Ten Dollars for clear title to his pre-emption.

Two adjoining homesteads were filed, on May 21, 1883 — the NE quarter of Section 36, Township 14 Range 20-W2nd by Robert Kirby and on May 22, 1883 the NW quarter of Sec. 36 Tp. 14 R. 20-W2nd by Charlie. Also on May 21, 1883, William filed on SE quarter of Sec. 2, Tp. 15, R. 20-W2nd. Robert and Charlie later filed for pre-emptions on the same



Kirby Pioneer brothers. Standing, L. to R.: Edward and Frederick. Seated: Thomas and David, sons of Robert Kirby.

section as their homesteads. Robert Jr. who followed the family west filed on a homestead on the SW quarter of Sec. 6 Tp. 15, R. 19-W2nd on Sept. 13, 1889 and later filed on a pre-emption on the SE quarter of the same section. David was the last of the family to file on a homestead in this area. On Feb. 14, 1902 he filed on the NE quarter of Sec. 6, Tp. 15, R. 19 W2nd.

On the Kirby land, unlike the farm they left in Ontario, there were no trees and no water. Buck Lake, a large, deep slough about five miles to the south-east, supplied their need for water which was hauled home in barrels. A slanting board under the eaves of a roof collected rain water in a barrel. In winter snow was melted for all purposes. It was practical in the summer to herd the cattle to the lake each morning, leave them to graze, and return for them in the evening. On one of these morning trips during the Riel Rebellion, when Dave was about eight years of age, he found by the lake a number of tents and wagons. Believing that it was an Indian encampment and that he was in danger of being scalped he fled for home. That night his brother Ed had to go for the cattle. He found, to the relief of all, that Dave's "Indians" were settlers moving to their new homes.

Wood also must be found as it was urgently needed for winter fuel. Tying a walking plow behind a wagon, plowing a furrow as they went, Robert and his elder sons set out for the hills that showed faintly in the south-west, reasoning that where there are hills, there are ravines and probably water and trees. It was almost impossible to mark the way through the hard clay of the flats beyond what is now Rouleau. About eight miles beyond Rouleau they found Maple trees in a coulee and named the place "Maple Point". It is part of what later became "Maple Point Ranch". They claimed it was the hardest wood they ever cut. Leaving the boys to cut more, following the furrow they had made, Robert found his way home with their first load of wood, then he returned for more. Although they now had a track to follow, the plow was taken on each trip. Going one way it followed one wheel track, smoothing the rough prairie and on the return trip it smoothed the other track. Later, soft wood was found north of Regina.

That first summer Robert built a one-room house with one-ply of lumber. Inside the walls were papered with every scrap of paper they could find to cover the cracks and keep out the wind and cold. A shelter for the animals was built of poles, sod and hay. Their permanent home was built in 1889 with an addition a few years later.

The Kirby family began farming with the equipment available. The ground was broken by a one-furrow plow. The seed was broadcast by hand and was covered by dragging a heavy pole across it. This was hard work for the oxen. Harvesting was done with a cradle scythe. Sheaves were bound by hand with straw and set up in stooks to dry. Threshing was done by hand with a flail. Then the grain was separated from the chaff by the wind in a winnower, also operated by hand.

Eventually they acquired a binder and a threshing machine, both powered by horses. The operation of the threshing machine required twelve horses traveling round and round. It was used only a few years. Then it was stored in a shed on the farm until 1930 or 1931 when it was sold to a farmer south-west of Avonlea. Efforts to trace the buyer or the present owner, if it still exists, have been unsuccessful.

It is not certain when George came west. He delivered supplies for the R.C.M.P. during the Riel Rebellion. Robert Jr., who had married Margaret J. Thearston in Ontario, could not persuade her to come west so he returned to Creemore. The girls went to work in other communities where they married and raised their families. Jane had remained at Creemore, the wife of Samuel Leighton. Mary married John Fleming, a hotel operator at Maple Creek, and Ida married James McMillan, a farmer at Strasbourg.

William joined his brothers, George, on the west coast where George married and raised his family. George did well in real estate in Vancouver. William became ill and passed away while still a young man. Charlie became a "Sheaf Stacker". The skill with which he built a well shaped, compact stack of oat sheaves that would shed the rain was much in demand in the fall of the year.

After her girls went to work Ann Kirby must have been very lonely for female companionship. For years she was the only woman south of Regina and when settlers came to Buck Lake they were still several miles away. But she had work to do. David, being the youngest, was her helper.

As the pioneer families came the women were the ones who cooked the meals, washed by hand on the wash board, ironed with sad irons, sewed and mended clothing, knitted socks and mittens. They grew the gardens, baked the bread, and churned the butter. They made the patchwork quilts. They made the lye-soap and the tallow candles. They nursed the sick and gave birth to their babies far from medical aid. As we honour the pioneer men who opened the west so, too, we must honour the women who worked with them, side by side.

At a time when supplying the physical needs for survival — food, shelter, warmth and clothing — required all the time and energy of everyone, the presence of a large Bible in the Kirby home is mute testimony to their faith in God. It must have been very precious to all of them to have been brought in 1883 when every inch of space in their settlers' car was needed for basic necessities. Tucked between its pages was a small card bearing in print "The Methodist Church of Canada, Quarterly Ticket for February 1876", quoting John VIII, 31 and bearing, hand written, the name of Ann Kirby. Ann, who had never been well since she came west, passed away on September 3, 1902.

On New Years Day, 1904, Robert, who was in excellent health, went east to visit his relatives. After visiting his brother at Walhalla, North Dakota and a sister in Barrie, Ontario, he went to stay with his daughter, Jane Leighton, at Creemore, intending to return home in time for harvest. Shortly after his arrival he became suddenly ill and, after two weeks, passed away on his birthday March 4, 1904, at the age of seventy-two years. Death was attributed to Erysipelas and Appendicitis. His body was brought to Regina where it rests beside that of his wife, Ann. Both obituaries appeared in a Regina newspaper, "The West."

Through an inheritance from his father and purchases from his brothers, David acquired the land they had accumulated.

The twins, Edward and Frederick, homesteaded in Sherwood Municipality in 1889, Fred on the NE quarter of 16-16-20 W2nd May 8 and Ed on NW quarter of 6-16-19 W2nd on May 20. Tom homesteaded on NW quarter of 36-15-19 W2 in Bratts' Lake Municipality on April 5, 1892. Fred's is the only farm land still in the family. His homestead is owned and operated by his son, Henry, and Henry's son, Robert. Fred's second son, Wesley, also farms a quarter section of his father's land.



Fred and Emma (Molleken) Kirby, son of Robert Kirby.

Fred homesteaded three miles west of what is now Rowatt. He and John (Jack) Horn shared a homestead shack on the line between their homesteads. They slept in opposite ends of the shack, each on his own land, to fulfill their homestead obligations. Eventually Fred bought Jack Horn's land that adjoined his own.

One year when the crops at home were very poor Fred and Ed went to Shoal Lake, Manitoba, to help with the harvest there.

While there Fred also became interested in the work of a well digger. On his return home he began digging wells in his own community where water was found seventy feet or more below the surface. It was hard work, digging with a spade. The bucket of soil

was sent to the surface by windlass where it was emptied and returned to the digger. Before the digger went down each morning or after an absence of a few hours, he lowered a lighted lantern into the hole to check for poisonous gas that might have accumulated in his absence. If the light went out the hole was abandoned. Fred finished his last well on the morning of his wedding day. He considered the work too dangerous for a man with family responsibilities.

While Fred's family was quite young, a kick from a horse caused an abscess on his back. Rheumatic fever and heart trouble developed so that he spent many years in poor health, a sad misfortune for a vigorous, energetic man.

Only two of the young Kirby men married and raised their families on their homesteads. Edward married Sarah Sheridan of Collingwood, Ontario, in 1901.

Their son, Clifford, married Clara Mooney whose parents farmed near by. When their four children were young they moved to a farm at Creelman where they are now retired, living in the town.

Irene and her husband, Harry Littlemore, farmed with her uncle, Tom Kirby, until they too retired in Regina. They had a family of four sons.

Verna became Mrs. John Noonan. John worked for the City of Regina. Later they farmed at Edenswood with their family and retired in Regina.

Harold, with his wife, Irene Green of Regina, took over the family farm when Ed and Sarah retired. Their family story is in this book.

Fred Kirby married Emma Molleken in 1904. Emma's parents, Johann Molleken and his wife Emma de Fries, came to Strasbourg in October 1885 with a group of Dutch immigrants. Their daughter, Emma, was one year old. They had two older sons, Henry and John. Born in the District of Assiniboia were Frederick, Johanna, Henrietta, Anna and William. They came to Buck Lake in about 1894 where they lived until they homesteaded on 18-12-19 W2nd, near Milestone in 1899. Emma's brother, Henry, had the fourth homestead recorded in the Milestone area, followed closely by her father and her brother, John, all on the same section, in the same year.

Fred's eldest son, Henry, married Julia Gilroy, also of the Sherwood community west of Regina. As previously mentioned, Henry and his son, Robert, farm his father's homestead. Henry began working in Regina at Cockburn's Hardware. He was employed for many years at International Harvester Trucks where his work took him to dealers and customers throughout southern Saskatchewan. In his retirement he finds many opportunities to renew acquaintances.

Fred's eldest daughter, Emma, married a neigh-



Wes and Gwen Kirby.

bouring farmer, Peter Graham. They left the Sherwood community with their four young children to farm at Edgeley where they are retired.

Wesley married Gwen McElmon, second daughter of pioneer farmers Avar and Elizabeth McElmon whose history also is recorded in this book. We live in Rouleau, farming land in the Rouleau and Rowatt districts including a quarter section of his father's land. Our five children grew up here and all farm locally.

Our eldest daughter, Hazel, is Mrs. Bruce Ray. With their children, Lianne and Cheryl, they live in Rouleau. Along with their participation in many community activities Hazel, formerly a full time teacher, substitutes on the teaching staff of the school. On their farm they specialize in Pedigreed Seed.

Fred, his wife, Virginia Friis, and their children, Tamara, Sonya and Rayna, live on their farm a mile or so from Maple Point Ranch where the Kirbys found their first supply of wood in 1883.

Helen married Donald Kincaid of Avonlea. Although their farm is near Fred's, their social activities are centered there.

Donald married Kelli-Ann Perkins. Their children are Kerri-Ann and Kayla. On Don's irrigated land he grows alfalfa for hay. He has a distributorship for the brand of irrigation equipment that he uses.

David, who married Karen Enich of Avonlea, has three children, Brian, Leah and Sherri. Dave does some commercial trucking to augment his farm income.

Alvin, Fred and Emma's youngest son, married Muriel McLean of Fillmore. He had a taxi business, delivered bulk fuel for Sherwood Co-op and ran a service station in Regina. They owned and operated a

hotel at Lang then moved to another hotel at Champion, Alberta. They retired in Lethbridge where he passed away in 1981. Their son, Leslie, works in Calgary.

Our generation will remember the times that we danced to Wes's violin music and Alvin's guitar or piano in Estlin Hall or Kirby School. Those were the days when the hat was passed. After the coffee and the floor wax were paid for the rest went to the musicians. It was not enough to encourage one to become a musician but socially it was a lot of fun.

Ethel, the youngest of the family, married Albert Neiser. Albert became well known in the community when he cleaned seed grain with a portable cleaner. They spent twelve years on the farm of her uncle, Dave Kirby. From there they went to Herman Sattler's farm at Pitman where they acquired land for themselves near by. When Adelaide School closed their four children completed their education at Drinkwater, Rouleau and Regina. After Albert passed away in 1970 Ethel continued farming with the help of her son, Dean.

There are two or three generations of younger Kirbys and young relatives by other names that we would like you to know but time and space will not permit. Many of them we do not know ourselves. We hope if they should read this book and have knowledge of family history that they will share it with us. In this way we may gain a deeper appreciation of our pioneer ancestors and those who became their friends and neighbours, those courageous people who broke the sod in the Estlin area, unselfishly enduring hardship as they envisioned the future for their children in this land of opportunity.

David Kirby by Gwendolyn McElmon Kirby



David Kirby.

David Kirby, who arrived in the west with his parents in 1883 at the age of five years, took over the family farm after the death of his father in 1904. He was now twenty-six years of age. As no one lived

between the Kirby homestead and Regina for many years and to their knowledge they had no neighbours in any other direction, schooling for David was not available. His parents taught him to read books, and later travel became learning experiences. On his book shelves were found such books as "Arithmetic — Self Taught" and "English — Self Taught."



The David Kirby farm. Home built in 1889 by Robert Kirby.

Experience itself is a good teacher for one with a desire to learn. David was one who sought learning experiences and sometimes created them. While he was in Regina one day, as a young man, it occurred to him that he had never eaten in a better than average dining room and that he should know what to expect if he should find himself in such a place with company. Although he wasn't properly attired, being dressed in work clothes, he went to the best hotel, entered the dining room, selected a table where he could see about the room, consulted the menu and ordered the most expensive meal on it. Then he sat and observed the other diners. Without appearing to, he noticed two men showing more than usual interest in him.

The waitress arrived with a tureen containing a little more than a serving of soup and a soup dish so that he might serve himself. After checking the quantity in the tureen he set aside his soup dish and ate his soup from the tureen. (He always chuckled telling this part of the story.) Of course, by watching other diners, he soon discovered his error but he finished the soup.

When the entrée arrived his observers became still more interested. He surmised that, because of the way he was dressed, they thought he wouldn't be able to pay for his meal and they'd stick around for the fun. He continued uneventfully through the dinner. His meal finished he asked for two cigars of an expensive brand and selected a bill of a large denomination. Making sure that the curious ones could see it, he gave it to the waitress. After receiving his change he gave her a very generous tip, turned,

looked both men straight in the face and left the room.

Dave held the position of Reeve of Bratt's Lake Municipality for twenty-one years. Kirby School, which has disappeared as have most rural schools, was named for him.

Because he keenly felt the lack of formal education he made an effort to help the younger generation. As he prospered he financed the building of at least three schools. The first was the two-room Boyle School at Estlin which burned just after its completion. As it was uninsured and they were still paying for the one-room school in Estlin which was overcrowded, the School District was heavily in debt but a school was urgently needed. To their relief David Kirby voluntarily came to their aid and bought these debentures also. Boyle School was rebuilt. His faith in the people of the Estlin district was justified as he was repaid in full in due time. He also financed the rebuilding of the Moore School at Richardson after it, too, was destroyed by fire.

Dave had one of the first cars in the community, a McLaughlin with right hand drive. As the gearshift was to the right of the driver there was no front door on that side. It had Prestolite (gas) lights and a rubber air horn. The gas tank was under the front seat. In order to fill it the seat had to be lifted.

His next car was a Baby Grande. One night the radiator of this car went dry as he was leaving Regina so he filled it at Wascana Creek and took along a bucket of water in case he might need more on the way home. Noting that there were fish in the water he poured it into his dugout as soon as he got home. The fish thrived and became so plentiful that the cats sat on the edge of the water trough to catch them when water was pumped for the stock.

Dave soon eliminated water and radiator problems. His next car was an air-cooled Franklin touring car followed by a Franklin sedan. When anti-freeze came into use he went back to Buicks.

Before 1906 it was unnecessary to register a motor vehicle or to have a licence. In 1906, for a fee (unrecorded but thought to be three Dollars) twenty-two car owners were required to register their vehicles. They also had the pleasure of making their own licence plates. Each was given a number and could carve it, hammer or paint it on as he pleased. Dave's 1910 Licence plate was about 16" x 7½", made of thick leather on which his licence number 1567 was formed of three quarter inch brass harness spots. There were two leather straps with buckles for attaching it to the vehicle. In 1912 the government began issuing their own plates. In that year there were 2,268 vehicles registered.

Another item that he had stored away was a 1902

A black and white photograph of a vintage open-top car, possibly a Ford Model T, parked on a paved surface. A man is seated in the driver's seat, and another person is visible in the passenger area. The car has large spoked wheels and a prominent front grille. The background shows trees and foliage.

The Canadian American Land Company was organized by Mr. C. H. Davidson of St. Paul. Other members were Mr. J. E. Martin and Mr. T. L. Belseker with Mr. Eugene Case as manager. Approximately 200,000 acres of land were purchased from The Canadian Pacific Railway and The Canada North West Land Company. It was sold to smaller companies, the Harry E. Hopper Land Co., the Luse and Jones Land Co. and others, on condition that they would offer it mostly to Americans.

The 24" square map, when found, was in very fragile condition. It is now preserved between two pieces of glass in order that the advertising on the reverse side may be read also. The advertising makes extravagant and very attractive claims of what farmers could expect to produce.

A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases, 1882.
A Sunday School Banner for Teachers and Young
People, 1892.
A Farmer's Hand Book, 1894.
Invoices from the Regina Trading Company Gen-
eral Store, 1902.

REGINA TRADING CO., LTD.
 GENERAL MERCHANTS AND DRUGGISTS.
 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200.

"The Oldest Farm in the south", an interview with David Kirby by Leader Post reporter, Robert Tyre, July 16, 1952.

Uncle David Kirby always farmed with good equipment, drove good cars and lived well but he chose to live in the house built by his father in 1889, until he passed away on Aug. 8, 1953. It was a surprisingly warm and comfortable house. He travelled each winter, his first stop always being with his relatives, the Boyds and Myers at Maple Creek. Although friends urged him to retire, he looked forward to the spring when he returned to his farm in the Estlin community.

from Leader Post, July 16, 1952

Robert Kirby broke his first land in 1883 and son, Dave, has been there for 70 years
by Robert Tyre

From the living room window of his farm home, 16 miles south of Regina, Dave Kirby can watch the motor traffic pouring down No. 6 highway and harken back to a time when he sat by the same window and saw nothing but empty prairie.

That was a few years before motor cars and highways made their appearance in Saskatchewan. In fact, that was a few years before the province of Saskatchewan came into being. Dave Kirby was five when his father, Robert, settled on this same farm site

in 1883. And as far as Dave Kirby can remember it was the only homestead to be found in the area south of Regina to the international boundary, east to Brandon and west to Calgary.

The original holding was 320 acres and this has since grown to a farm of two and one-half sections. The Kirby farm has two unusual features, its septuagenarian age and the mystery of its 290 virgin acres.

This one field, north of the Kirby farm home, has never been broken by the plow. It looks the same today as it was in 1883 and a great many people have looked upon these unsullied acres, appraised their grain-producing value, and gone on their way wondering and speculating as to why Farmer Kirby has not made use of this land.

Several interesting and romantic theories have been advanced to explain the mystery. Among them: (1) Mr. Kirby was preserving this virgin sod as a memento of the prairie he remembers in 1883. (2) That the area was to be set aside as a historic place because of some association it had with the Riel Rebellion. (3) That Grandfather Kirby is buried somewhere in the 290 acres and the land left untouched for fear of disturbing his lost grave.

Mr. Kirby, who is tall and broad-shouldered and very straight for his 75 years, smiled slowly and admitted that he had heard some of these stories, but they were all wrong. Farmer Kirby has no sentimental regard for the prairie sod of 1883. He remembers that it broke up under the plow like slabs of wood. The Riel Rebellion never touched the Kirby farmstead but it scared them for a while. Grandfather Kirby is buried in England and Dave Kirby's parents rest in Regina cemetery.

The real explanation for the 290 unused acres is a wholly practical one. Originally they were set aside as pasture for the horses and cattle. Mechanization eliminated the horses and the Kirbys stopped keeping cattle. The 290 acres were now available for the work of producing grain but at this point Dave Kirby decided there was too much wheat being produced and too few markets to absorb it.

"We're smothered in wheat right now," he said. "My granaries are full, the elevators are full, and it won't be long before they're taking off another crop. What are they going to do with it?"

Until the wheat glut is worked off Mr. Kirby is allowing his neighbors' horses to pasture in the 290-acre field.

The wheat, so plentiful in 1952, was mighty scarce in 1883, Mr. Kirby recalled. They got very thin crops in those early years and what they did get was hauled to the village of tents that was to become Regina. Getting it there entailed fording Pile o' Bones creek.

A bachelor, Dave Kirby is the surviving member of a family of 11. His father, a native of Flamborough Head, Yorkshire, came to Canada sometime before 1850 and Dave was born in Simcoe County, Ont., in 1877.

In the summers Mr. Kirby makes his home in the farm house his father built with his own hands in 1899 and for the past 20 years he has been spending his winters at the coast. A farmer since 1883, he still is not content to let others do all the heavy work on the farm. At seeding time and harvest, 75-year-old Dave Kirby gets into his overalls and pitches in with the best of them.

The Harold Kirby Family as told by Irene Kirby

Harold and Irene Kirby took over the family farm south of Regina in 1948. They have two sons, Kenneth and Jim.

Kenneth married Linda McGregor and they have four children. Jim married Linda Cole and they have two children. Jim brought fame to the Kirby's through his love and knowledge of music. As a young lad with his sousaphone he won many Lion's Band competitions and he was chosen as the Regina representative to the Robin Hood Marching Band at the Rose Bowl Parade in Pasadena, California, in 1962.

Jim joined the Air Force in 1965 and is presently training music recruits for the Canadian Air Force Band in Sardis, B.C. Harold and Irene reside in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Park Koons by Moreen (Koons) Dunbar

Park and Pearl Koons arrived in Canada from Knoxville, Iowa, in March, 1911, settling at Lang, Saskatchewan. With them were their sons, Dale, Jim and Harvey. The rest of the children were born in Canada — Moreen in Wilcox, June 18, 1912, Park, Jr., Walter, Marion and Thelma.

From Lang they moved to Wilcox and farmed the McQueen farm for two years.

The next move was to Rowatt where they farmed for twelve years.

In 1927 they bought the Dave Boyle farm at Estlin, and lived there until October, 1930. The family then returned to Chicago except for Moreen, who stayed, marrying Murl Dunbar October 29, 1930.

Janice "Jean" Leippi by Jean (Dunbar) Leippi

Jean, the youngest of five daughters born to Dewey and May Dunbar, was born in Regina Oct. 11, 1945. She went to Boyle School in Estlin until she completed her grade eight. During her school days in Estlin, she was a member of the C.G.I.T. and at-

tended the Estlin United Church where she sang with the junior choir. Her grade nine was obtained at Gray. Her other high school years were taken at Balfour Technical School in Regina and she graduated from grade 12 in 1963. She worked from 1963-67 with the National Health and Welfare in Regina.

She met Victor David Leippi while attending high school and on Oct. 23, 1965, they were married at Christ Lutheran Church in Regina. They moved onto his family farm at Kronau. In 1967 they built a new house on this farm site. Vic has farmed continuously with his father, David, in a grain farm operation, but in the past they have had livestock, such as cattle, hogs and chickens. Vic and Jean have also raised and sold poodles and various hunting dogs. They both enjoy hunting and fishing.



Victor Leippi family. L. to R.: Victor, Jean Leon, Brent.

They have two children, Leon Victor, born March 30, 1968 and Brent Stuart, born Sept. 1, 1970. Both children are presently attending school at Greenall High School in Balgonie.

In 1981 they moved their home onto a new basement and built an addition and garage onto it.

Jean still enjoys singing and for the last three years she has joined and sang with the Estlin ladies choir in the annual Christmas programs at Estlin and Gray.

Frank Lekivetz Family by Josephine Cave

Frank Lekivetz was born in 1880, in Rushford, Minnesota. In 1910 he came to Canada to work with his brothers, Jack and Joe Lekivetz, who were farming in the Milestone and Riceton districts. Having his Fireman's papers, he was very much in demand wherever steam engines were in operation. He continued this work for several years.

In 1920 he married Lisabeth Lariviere; they were married in the Roman Catholic Church in Milestone.

In the 1930's he decided to try farming on his own, and moved with his family north of Estlin, on land rented from Jack Lekivetz, Sec. 34-15-19-W2nd (presently farmed by Wayne Cave). His friends speak of him as having been a very good neighbour, always willing to help. His farming venture did not prove successful, and after a few years he gave up the land and moved to Regina.

Lisabeth passed away in 1942, and Frank continued to live in Regina with his sons. In later years his eyesight began to fail and the last years of his life were spent living in the C.N.I.B. Home. He passed away in 1961.

Frank and Lisabeth had two children:

Robert — born in 1927, joined the army at a young age, remained in the army and made it his life's work. He married Marion Palmer. They have five children, and are presently residing in Victoria, B.C.

Max — born in 1933, received his education in Regina, and worked with Saskatchewan Power Corp., until his death in 1970. He married Viola Wagner, and they have five children. His wife and children presently reside in Regina.

The Lewars by June (Dvorak) Ford

James Donaldson Lewars was born near Brockville, Ontario, on July 11, 1891. He came west in 1913 or 1914 and found work on the farm of Thomas Jefferson in the Estlin district. Mr. Jefferson also owned a small store and a pool hall and there Don used to cut hair in his spare time for twenty-five cents a cut.

Hazel was born near La Harpe, Illinois, on April 2, 1897. She came to Canada — and to Estlin — with her parents, the Bradshaws, in 1911.

Their history began on December 1, 1917. Don was twenty-six years old and Hazel was twenty. After they were married they went to Avonhurst where Don was to be the elevator agent. They lived in the office, and although it wasn't very private, and the furnishings were few, it was "home" to the newlyweds. They only stayed for a year, and then moved back to Estlin and the Jefferson farm where they had a small house to live in. A few years later Don rented some of Mr. Jefferson's land, two miles east and one mile south of the small town, and that was home for the next nineteen years. It was a typical farm. Don had horses, cows and pigs. Hazel raised chickens and sold eggs and sometimes "setting hens". Don owned and operated a threshing outfit and did custom work. It was a big job each summer to check the outfit over

and have it in tip-top shape when harvest time came. It took a long time just to repair the belts.

Hazel came from a large family so there was a lot of visiting. The four youngest children lived at home and sisters, Gladys, (Ed) Dvorak, and Berniece (Alvin) Webster, lived within a few miles. One sister, Edna (Frank) McElmon, lived out west near what is now Laporte and one brother, Frank (Mabel), lived in Bushnell, Ill. Her parents and three younger children left Canada in 1922 and returned to Illinois, but Florence stayed in Gray and worked for several years at the General Store before she, too, went south.

In the '20's Hazel and Don were part of a local group who played for the dances in the Grain Growers hall. Don and Dick Vollet played violins, Roy Myers on the drums and Hazel and Gladys took turns chording on the piano. Sometimes Mr. Thompson, the section foreman, brought his accordian and played, too.

In early 1928 Frank Bradshaw returned to Estlin with his two oldest children, Maxine and Keith. Frank went to work for Mr. Jefferson, and the children stayed with Hazel and Don. The men heard there were open homesteads some fifty miles north of Prince Albert, and decided they would each file on one. They would farm in the summer and go north for the winters. In 1929 the families moved north to live in their new log cabins on the claims.

In June of 1932 word was received of the sudden death of Edward Bradshaw. He was seventy-one years of age and had had a heart condition for several years. He was Hazel's father.

Don was finding the work of farming, and riding on the rough implements beginning to bother him. Some ten years previously he had gone to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester and had a tubercular kidney removed. He decided to quit farming and in 1938 they moved to Estlin, and Don was back in the grain business again, buying for the Pioneer elevator. The next year he hired Ed and Gladys Dvorak to run the farm for him. This they did until the fall of 1942 when they moved to Regina. Don sold his machinery to Wesley Jefferson and Wes then took over the farm.

Hazel and Don spent the next twenty-two years living in Estlin. He started giving the odd hair cut in the elevator office and it sort of mushroomed, and through the years he kept the children of the district "well trimmed", including quite a few of their fathers. Hazel raised a small garden, grew a few flowers, and took part in the community affairs, and the years seemed to pass by swiftly.

Gladys and Ed Dvorak decided they would move back to Illinois, too, and left Canada in November of 1945. Their daughter, June, had married Leroy Ford in 1936. They had two boys, Gary and Larry, and

lived at Gray. Only one thing bothered the Dvoraks about leaving and that was not being able to see their grandsons so often.

Don and Hazel sold their homestead and bought a cabin on the lake near Fort Qu'Appelle. Don also liked hunting and through the years went on a good many hunts for geese, ducks and wild game with Keith, Morley and Sheldon Gooding. Those trips were among the highlights of his life. Hazel didn't fish or hunt, she was too busy cooking and cleaning.

April 1, 1958 — on Hazel's birthday — she received a call that Berniece had died, so Hazel and Don, June and Roy decided they would drive down to her funeral.

Hazel and Don sold their cabin that year and in 1960 left Estlin for Brandon, Man., where they bought a rooming house from Maxine and Ted Tait.

The Lewars stayed in Brandon for three years, then spent a winter with the Tait's down south. The following spring they returned to Don's cousins in Brandon, and he went to his doctor for a check-up. He was hospitalized and a colostomy performed. Later in the summer, when he could drive his car, they returned to Regina and rented an apartment. Two years later he had cataracts removed from his eyes only to find it was the nerves in the eyes which were deteriorating, and he was forced to give up driving the car he was so proud of, and had enjoyed so much. It was a sad day when he sold it.

In 1967 Hazel and Don celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary at a family dinner at the home of June and Roy Ford. As a surprise to them the Tait family, who had moved from Illinois back to Creighton, Sask., and had established the T and D fishing camp in 1965, were there too.

The next spring Hazel and Don moved to Creighton to live, but returned to Regina the following May to an apartment on Parliament Avenue, within walking distance of the Golden Mile Shopping Centre.

By this time Don's sight was completely gone and his health wasn't good. He died on Dec. 1, 1972 after a very short time in the hospital.

In January of 1975 Hazel gave up her apartment and moved into Pioneer Village. The next July Hazel went with the Fords to the Bradshaw Reunion in Lomax, Illinois, and had a great time visiting and renewing acquaintances with long unseen relatives.

Hazel is still living in Pioneer Village. She was eighty-six years old on her last birthday — 1983 — and is in fair health. Hazel is my aunt, and this is Hazel and Don's story.

Orval Lewis Family
by Ann (Lewis) Wiebe

Orval David Lewis and Dorothy Runkle were

married April 6, 1938. On April 11, 1938, they moved to the Dr. Jenkin's farm at Estlin, where they lived until March 10, 1944, when they moved to the David V. Runkle farm.

Orval farmed with his brothers the year before his marriage, and wrote in his record book, "Crop Drawbacks — Grasshoppers and drought, bad rust, sawfly and storm in fall". Fortunately for the newlyweds, in 1938 the dirty 30's were over, and crops were much better. "Wheat Board price #1 — 80¢, #2 — 77¢, #3 — 74¢".

In September, 1939, war was declared with Germany. The record book indicated February 15, 1942, "Sugar rationed at three-quarter pounds per person per week. March 1, No more new tires — no spare tires on new cars. April 1 — gas rationed".

The winter of 1946-47 was a very severe winter. "No trains or roads open for three week period in February — even fields too bad for horses. Got mail once by sleigh — met Ted Helstrom at Highway. Still lots of snow — quite cool. Feb. 3, 82 degrees below zero at Snag, Yukon this a.m.".

In the spring of 1948 there were severe floods. "April 26 — worst water conditions ever — washouts on nearly all roads, some on railroads."

"March 31, 1953 — 5 inches rain this month. Oil well being drilled on 20-15-19 W2nd. Poor guys having terrible time in mud".

The Estlin Curling Bonspiel seemed to always bring warm weather. "March 2, 1957 — started Estlin bonspiel. Only curled one full day. Never did get it finished this winter. Feb. 4, 1963 — Estlin bonspiel — usual thaw".

Orval and Dorothy, besides farming and raising their six children, were always involved in community affairs. Orval served on the School Board for a number of years, and also was President of the Riceton Co-op. After serving on the Supervisory Committee of the Riceton Co-op for 25 years, they presented him with a plaque in appreciation of his

years of service. From age 16, Orval played the organ for Church, almost continually until 1956, when he and Dorothy shared this duty until her death. Orval then resigned from this position. Dorothy was also active in many community activities, including U.C.W. Area Representative, and other church duties. Dorothy was very talented musically, and often expressed this by providing piano and organ music in local church and community programs.

Dorothy passed away September 10, 1967.

Orval married Elva Young on October 24, 1970. Since their marriage Elva has been involved in many activities in the church and community. In 1975 Elva graduated as an Enterostomal Therapist from the Harrisburg Hospital, Harrisburg, Penn., U.S.A., and began counselling patients in Regina and area.



Orval and Elva Lewis and granddaughter Lisa.



Orval and Dorothy Lewis.

Orval and Dorothy have six children: **Ann** and Jack Wiebe, who live at Herbert, Sask. They have three girls, Donna, Jackie and Penny; **Joan** who lives in Edmonton, Alberta, with her daughter, Lisa; **Beth** and Ken Kirkland, who live at Scott, Sask. They have two children, Christopher and Katherine; **David** who lives in Regina, Sask; **Bill** and Agnes, who live in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. They have two children, Stacey and James; **Kevin** and Delores who live in Regina, Sask.

Elva has three daughters: **Judy** and Graham Woelk, who live in Regina, Sask. They have three children, Tracy, Jennifer and Michael; **Leslie** who

lives with her daughter, Alexis, in Regina, Sask; **Linda** who lives in Calgary, Alberta.

Miss Marjorie Lovering **by Marjorie (Lovering) Hunt**

I never really lived at Estlin, but did teach at the Boyle School District. It was my first school after finishing Normal school. I believe it was in the spring of 1920 that I went there. I stayed with the Tom Jefferson family at that time, and after the summer holidays in September, I boarded with the Webster family.

I really enjoyed my stay in the district and met many fine people. Later I moved home to Regina and taught in the city. I remember especially Mr. and Mrs. Dave Runkle — Mrs. Runkle being a real help to me in this, my first school since Normal. She played the piano and helped direct a school concert we put on.

When I taught there, my name was Marjorie Lovering. In 1925 I married and became Marjorie Cooper. I lost my husband in 1964, and I remarried in 1966. I'm now Marjorie Hunt.

I have always been very active in Church and Community life here — and was a member of the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly from 1952-1967.

A Tribute to Miss Marjorie Lovering **by Edith (Clarke) Frisk**

Miss Marjorie Lovering, fresh out of Normal School in the spring of 1920, came to teach at old Boyle school one half mile east of Estlin. She brought to her first school a wealth of young enthusiastic ideas, and brimmed over with the energy to carry them out. Her joy of life was infectious, equalled by her joy of teaching. These attributes inspired us, her adoring pupils, to put forth our utmost efforts to learn from her and work for her. Never before or since has school been so much fun.

She directed and produced the first operetta we had ever seen or heard in Estlin Grain Growers Hall. It was a big production with stage props, costumes, wigs and "Music, music, music." We sang our hearts out whether we were musical or not. Mrs. Amy Runkle helped us so much, playing the piano in the Hall for our production and the many rehearsals. She also assisted Miss Lovering in directing the operetta.

Under Miss Lovering's guidance a class of beginners began their school days and soon acquired a delight for learning from their gifted teacher. They were Dorothy Jefferson, Marjorie Marean, Russell Clarke (my brother), and Stewart Davis, the son of Estlin's store keeper.

We have never forgotten her, with her sunny

disposition; her impressive methods of teaching. She gave a zest for learning that lasted all our lives. Every day was a delight. No one dragged their feet on the way to school during her tenure. Miss Lovering gave us some of the happiest school days we ever knew.

We pupils of Boyle School were sorry to see her leave us for a teaching career in Regina City Schools. She married Mr. Cooper who was Math teacher at Central Collegiate. Later, after he died, she married Mr. Wilfred Hunt, Principal of Central, where our daughter, June Frisk, attended High School. We became acquainted with Mr. Hunt and as parents admired his high ideals and excellent administration.

Our paths crossed again, when I was on a May 1977 Tour of the British Isles with my sister-in-law Beryl Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hunt were part of our Tour Group. They contributed greatly to the congeniality of the trip and were everyone's favorites.

She was a member of the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly from 1952-1967, one of Regina's representatives. In 1982, Mrs. Marjorie Hunt was Woman of the Year for Public Affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marean **by Marjorie Marie (Marean) Betcher**

Fred Marean was of German ancestry. His grandparents came to Pennsylvania and were called Pennsylvania Dutch. The family trekked west to Illinois and Iowa, and in 1906 Fred homesteaded at Wilcox. His mother's family was also German. My mother, Mrs. Dorcas Marean, can trace her roots back to 1615 in Holland to the Van Autens on her



Fred and Dorcas (Glass) Marean, wedding photo.

father's side — changed to Aten in America. On the maternal side she is French, from Alsace Lorraine. But one generation received a land grant from Napoleon, whereas, another fought under Kaiser Wilhelm. They came to New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Iowa. Dorcas (Aten) Marean received her degree from Simpson College, Iowa, and a classmate was Virgil Bingamin, who lived about three miles east of us in Estlin. Simpson College owned land that was rented to Virgil Bingamin and later bought by Fred Marean.

Fred and Dorcas were married in 1913. (Marjorie) Marie and Edith were born on the farm, assisted by mid-wife, Mrs. John Amon. Edith was a twelve pound baby; so there were problems. Fred and Clyde were born in Rouleau hospital with Dr. Singelton in attendance, assisted by nurse, Mrs. Clyde. Clyde was a colicky baby and nearly starved to death before it was discovered he needed a food supplement. Inamae was born in her grandmother's home, in Fullerton, California.

My grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Marean, lived with us for several years before her death, December 1928, a few days after her eightieth birthday. Oh, the tubs of peas she helped us shell to feed the harvest crew and to can by the boiler-full! She also kept us well supplied with beautiful mitts knitted with cables down the back.

Dad bought land two and a half miles southeast of Estlin in the fall of 1919. He built a "garage" the family could move into until the barn and then the house could be completed. We moved in the winter, and his beautiful horses were kept in an old shell of a barn a quarter mile west of the house. A typical three-day blizzard struck from March 20 to 23, and Dad was unable to reach the horses for the three days. Snow had covered the door of the house so he had to shovel a tunnel as he left the house. When he reached the horses they were belly deep in snow, but all safe. The new barn was completed as planned, but other priorities, such as new machinery (including a Titan tractor) and mortgage payments delayed the building of the house, year by year, for the next thirty years. So a granary was pulled up to serve as a kitchen and joined to the "garage" (now a living room) by a pantry, and with a lean-to addition of a porch for washing and another for two bedrooms a few years later. But our family had wonderful times together, and the facilities seemed adequate for our needs and happiness, although, at times, lacking in comforts. When fires in the cook stove and heater went out at night, getting dressed in the morning was sometimes a chilly business. For a while we had a big hard-coal burner which kept a steady heat in the living room. Once Fred fell off the sewing machine and cracked

the base of the stove with his head, but the stove seemed damaged more than he was.

We always had music. Our Edison was mother's pride and joy and we had many good classical records. Mother played the piano and gave each of us our first piano lessons. Daddy played mouth organ and violin by ear. We had Sunday evening sing-songs that included many of the old Methodist hymns.

Dad and mother loved to have company. There were many family reunions of twenty to forty people. When relatives stayed over night sleeping became crowded. I remember once, before we had any bedrooms, five of us were sleeping crosswise on a Winnipeg couch, three women in one bed, two youngsters on a trundle bed that could be rolled under the double bed, one baby in a basket, another in a carriage, and the men in the attic between the joists. Often the C.G.I.T. or Young Peoples' Union were invited. Tables would be set up under the trees for a picnic meal, which usually included homemade ice cream and lemonade, or perhaps there'd be a corn or weiner roast. Always there was a ball game and maybe tennis, volley-ball, ping-pong, or croquet as well.

During the twenties the community had an active social life. In addition to ball games, Sports Days, Sunday School picnics, C.G.I.T., Ladies Aid and Young Peoples' gatherings, there were concerts and almost annually, a play. I remember Dad in "darkie roles" in monologues, plays, and minstrel shows. At the concerts Betty and William Bradshaw sang "Rachel, Rachel, I've Been Thinking." The Swiss Yodlers were Rodie Girsberger, Mrs. Gib Smith, and Mrs. Mel Richenberger. (In those days no one would consider to referring to Miggi, Emmie, Betty, Irene, Stella or Viola when they were married.) Other singers were Mrs. Claude Black and the Hanna sisters: Mrs. Carl Webster, Mrs. Harold Webster and Mrs. Carl Ahlers. Both Mother and Mrs. Runkle directed choir at times and Mrs. Runkle was the usual accompanist — along with Norman McGillivray, a talented violinist.

Very important to me were my Sunday School teachers, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Cleveland among others.

In those days no one could afford to be very independent and we were grateful for our good neighbors on all sides. The first Mrs. C. P. Ross and later Mrs. Laura Ross could always be counted on. But it was Mrs. Wayland Ross (Betty), a nurse, who gave first aid to the Marean children whenever there was an emergency. One regular ailment was our severe "colds" but there were other accidents such as Fred's near drowning.

I sometimes walked the two and a half miles to

school during busy times of those first years. Beginners started school in the spring. I remember sewing cards, puzzles, plasticine and paper cutting as part of our "busy work" and sometimes older pupils had to help teach us. We were taught to read one letter a day— how to write it and it's sound. Then gradually we learned to "sound out" whole words.

Soon I was provided with a fine Welsh pony to ride. But at times Dick had a mind of his own and would take me for a merry ride, crossing too close in front of a freight train or over fences, or far into the neighbor's field to join the colts running free in winter. Later we drove him on the cart so Fred and Edith could also attend school, but he liked to dump us all in a ditch of water or take us for side trips.

Later we went to school by buggy, drawn by work horses in summer or in a covered cutter during the winter. We had a bed of straw on the floor and used a heated soap-stone as a foot warmer and had a robe of horse hide. Woolen mitts were inside leather gauntlets, but hitching the team and handling the reins were often bitterly cold experiences. On occasion, a runaway, perhaps initiated by the train whistle or the emission of steam, might result in the cutter turning over. I don't recall any injuries in the process.

But during blizzards or on coldest days we were allowed to stay home and dad and mother would play cards with us or read aloud. We heard many Zane Gray novels in those days. Five Hundred was our favorite game, but we liked King Pedro, Somerset, Dominoes and other games too. In the evening mother and dad played cards with the neighbors too — Frank East, Mel and Hans Richenberger (when they were still bachelors) and "Gunny" Gunderson, among others.

The first school, a frame building east of Estlin, was replaced by a fine brick building. But enrollment soon increased to forty pupils with grades ranging from one to eleven and the teachers had to be both resourceful and industrious. To drill for departmental exams from grades eight to eleven the teacher collected exams from previous years and we came to the school a half hour early or stayed after school to be tutored and drilled on the "correct" answers. I especially remember Miss Beveridge drilling five of us for grade eight when grades seven and eight were done in one year.

By 1927 the one-classroom brick school was so over-crowded a two-room school was built, but construction wasn't quite completed when school opened in September so classes were held in the Grain Growers Hall until October. Then we moved into the beautiful, new school — but not for long. Early one February morning I recall our principal, Ervin Webster, suddenly going out of the classroom

to return seconds later, his face ashen, but calmly saying, "Everyone out! There's a fire!" Our exit was remarkably orderly and safe. The school burned despite all the prompt efforts by the community to save it. I distinctly remember how distressed we children were that our valentine box was lost although most of the furnishings were saved. Classes resumed in the Hall once more, and the school was replaced. But such an experience for a young teacher like Ervin Webster in his first year of teaching!



Fred Marean family. Standing L. to R.: Clyde, Edith, Ina Mae, Marjorie, Fred. Seated: Fred and Dorcas.

In the fall of 1930, after helping dad with the combining by running the tractor, I went to California to take my grade twelve and two years of junior college. Times were too hard to consider renting a room or boarding out for schooling in Regina. The George Watsons were heading for California by car and made room for me to go along. I could work for my board at my grandparents. According to my diary I handled a total of \$33.00 that entire year in Fullerton, but the next year I got an hour's work each morning dusting classrooms, some work typing for the church and some reporting for the local newspaper. That helped with some of the necessities, but still no frills like ice cream or movies.

My grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Aten, were very strict. They would allow no dancing or card playing. There were regular evening prayers. Sunday mornings we attended Sunday School and church, and in the evenings, Epworth League, church again, followed by a fellowship hour for teen-

agers. Wednesday evening we attended prayer meeting. Revival services were held periodically. Quite often a marriage ceremony would follow the regular church service.

I returned to Estlin in July, 1933. There were few choices of occupation so I decided to attend Normal School, but tuition had to come from a government loan of \$100, repayable at \$10 per month when you got a job. But jobs were scarce! Later I was told there were two hundred applicants for the one school. (Maybe they finally drew a name from a hat.) My first school paid \$400 a year. The next was to be \$450 a year, but only \$15 a month was cash. That paid for my board. For the rest I got a note which was uncollectable until years later when the folks I had boarded with devised a plan to collect for me. They got credit on their taxes for the cash they turned over to me.

Ed Betcher and I were married March 17, 1937. He had a regular summer-months-only job delivering gas for Riceton Co-op at \$70.00 per month.

When the Second World War broke out in 1939 Fred Jr. volunteered for service in the Army, but in a few months he transferred to the RAF. He took some of his pilot training at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, and Virden, Manitoba. During the training he got away with some daring pranks. It was exciting when he'd buzz us flying low over the farm while we were at Sunday dinner, but he must have had exciting moments himself when getting caught in an air-pocket while flying between the Estlin elevators. However we heard, on good authority later, that he became a first class pilot, highly respected by his crew. He was Captain of a four-engine Halifax DT-774. Records show that the average successful flight by a crew was only twenty. Fred and his crew were with the 78th squadron during the Battle of the Ruhr, and on their 16th flight they were downed by a German nightfighter after an air battle over Nijmegen, Holland. Their plane caught fire but they were able to bring it down in a field just beyond the city limits of Groesbeek. All seven crew members are buried in a beautiful Allied Cemetery in Udne, Holland. Dutch people have great gratitude for their freedom and demonstrate it by their hospitality to relatives of the victims of the war. Ed and I were guests of the Dutch Embassy for three days in 1978.

Edith took her nurse's training in Winnipeg General Hospital. She was married in Estlin Church December 18, 1943, to Leo Fisher from Fort San. She nursed at the San until the death of her husband from cancer in 1951. Then she moved to B.C. and worked in District Health Units in Invermere, Mission, Courtenay, Prince George and Prince Rupert. She was president of the B.C. Nurses' Association at the time of her death from cancer in 1968.



Mac and Ina Mae Wetzer.

Fred and Dorcas Marean left Estlin to retire in Courtenay, B.C. in 1948, along with Inamae and her husband, Mac Witzel, and baby daughter, Frances.

In Courtenay mother and dad were very active in the St. George's United Church. Mother sang in the choir and was treasurer. After her death dad was treasurer for a time. Mother died suddenly of a heart attack, October 8, 1954, doing the kind of work she loved most, attending Presbytery at Port Alberni. Dad died in August, 1963 at age 82. Several years earlier he had suffered a stroke and by battling valiantly made a remarkable recovery. But he always regretted that he could not spend his last days in his own home. Most of the time after he got out of hospital he lived with Inamae. One year he was able to be with Ed and me in Regina.

When mother and dad left Estlin, Clyde and Ed became partners to farm the home place. By that time dad owned the "Simpson quarter" just north of Beaumonts, and we were able to rent a quarter of the Murphy land south on the Milestone trail. Dad purchased the Girsberger house in Estlin to provide us more comfortable living quarters after our first year. But farming from the town posed problems. At spring break-up or after rainstorms, roads became impassable for cars. Baby chicks had to be tended and they had to be reached sometimes by walking the two-and-a-half miles down the railroad.

When Clyde was contemplating marriage in 1952, he purchased the large house on the Murphy land and had it moved to the home farmyard. Finally a **house** on that land! But moving the house proved a catastrophe for Ed and for Roy Henderson. In June that year a cloudburst and cyclone had struck, se-

verely damaging the Richenberger house and moving and flattening other buildings. The rainfall left roads very soft. When roads were deemed to be safe, moving the house was undertaken. That day, one delay after another put them far behind schedule. The hired movers were under-powered in their tractors for the soft road conditions and each stop, when a power line had to be deadened, meant another slow start. It was near dusk and within a quarter mile of the destination when the house settled on one side and nearly upset, due to the soft road bed. Another delay to get it righted and safely on the move! Then at the entrance of the farm yard the distance was misjudged and the house contacted a still-live power line. Lightning rods lay in the eave troughing at the base of the house so the troughs were also "live". Ed and Roy got too close and received the full voltage. Dad escaped only because he wore rubber-soled shoes. Paul Helstrom helped keep others at a safe distance. Ed was hospitalized fifty-three days and required skin grafts for his feet and his shoulder. His arm was barely saved and Roy was also severely burned.

By 1955 it seemed advisable to split up the partnership. I applied for a teaching job in Regina. Janet was ten at that time, Joyce was twelve and June fourteen; so I took a room in Regina and let the family carry on alone over that winter. In the spring I commuted to work and by fall we all moved into Regina.

So Estlin was my home from 1919 to 1937 and 1948 to 1956. Ed lived in Riceton from 1930 to December 1939, and I was with him there from April 1937 to 1939.

Just a foot-note in closing. This is the story that Marjorie finished typing at 1 a.m. of the morning she died, December 10, 1982.

History of the Fred Marean Family by Clyde Marean

The home farm 35-14-19-W2nd is located on the correction line just off 306 between Estlin and Gray. The Mareans are of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. My mother was an Aten, daughter of a minister. There is a story told about one of the Aten girls working in a hotel where soldiers played cards. They harassed her so much and she associated this in her mind with the card playing, that she felt cards were the work of the devil. Consequently, no cards were ever played in the Aten family.

My parents came from Guthrie Centre, Iowa, in 1905, to homestead on a farm approximately nine miles south of Wilcox, on the Avonlea highway. Mother had a good house there but the barn wasn't too good. (Unfortunately they did it the other way on the Estlin farm — we had a good hip roof barn but



Clyde and Mary Marean, wedding photo.

lived in a small house.) Dad raised good Percheron horses. Plenty of trees were planted there as well as on the home farm at Estlin.

The Mareans moved to Estlin in 1919, going back to Wilcox for church and social events. They gradually changed to Estlin. I was born about this time, so Estlin's, and the Marean's history is also mine from this time on.

Dad's love of horses didn't stop him from converting to tractors — first a Titan, then a John Deere D. For a few years we also farmed the William's half, just west of the home place.

Hired hands (Men) were required in those days. They slept in a granary in the summer time. Billy Lister was our main hired man, almost like one of the family. His wife, Eleanor, was our hired girl. (She tells a story about my parents making a special trip into Regina to get her as she wouldn't come out alone with Billy in his car.) Later they were married! The Listers had a tough life during the depression so they went back to England. Billy's farm experience got

him into farming in England. Their home was a home for my brother, Fred, while he was stationed in England with the RAF during the war.

My father sort of followed the times. From the big Red River Special threshing machine to a John Deere combine. The tractor lugs made soft tracks for the combine to follow, so truck tires were bolted to the steel wheels. There was too much slippage so binder bull-wheels full of cement were required. The combine required lots of grease. What a job it was to keep the little guns full while Billy greased. Horses and wagons were used to haul the grain from the combine. The three mile trip to the elevator seemed very long!

I arrived on the scene two years after my folks bought the Estlin farm, so early memories of field work with horses are nil, but old pictures tell the story of plowing, disking and cutting grain using horses. My memories do go back to hauling grain and shovelling it into a top granary door with Frank East. I have helped thresh with the big old separator. One year we had such a poor crop that we used only two teams to thresh it.

Memories of school days; delivering milk every day — winter and summer, rain or storm, the milk was delivered. Along with the milk business came herding cows on the railway right-of-way. Stooking? I only did enough to know that it was hot, boring work. Then stacking of clover and oats sheaves — Joe Baker's cutting box was all a part of our small milk business. Going up and over the drifts on the Estlin streets was like riding a roller coaster!

Memories of the dirty thirties: dust storms and grasshoppers thick on the stooks of oats, drowned out and dried out the same year; yes, hailed out too — it was a way of life. In spite of things we carried on and enjoyed life, sports days, community and family picnics, often held at our place. We had soft ball games, tennis, volleyball, hay loft badminton, horse shoes, corn and melon feeds, weiner roasts and waffle feeds. Our place was one of the gathering places for the young people, even overnight camping was carried on here.

Faint old memories:

I have memories of the Grain Growers Hall with its large auditorium and the big black furnace in the corner. We had a good stage which was movable so it could also be used for tables. There were good dressing rooms. Old meeting minutes tell the story of plays, suppers, concerts, bazaars, dances and meetings of all kinds being held there. Lantern slides were also used for entertainment. The Estlin bank was also in this building. Two or three times a week a banker came with his little metal box and did the business required through a little cubby hole in the building.

Estlin also had a pool room run by a Mr. Jefferson. This was across the street from the old lumber yard.

The big fire: the lumber yard, hall and store all went. Ed Dvoraks were running Mr. Hebb's store at the time. Everything was taken out of the store. The piano was saved from the hall. The lumber yard was replaced but the hall never was. Mr. Lawrence Novak was the last secretary of the Grain Growers, Mr. Welliver the last president. The \$42 left in the Grain Growers' account was given to the Salvation Army.

The rebuilt lumber yard was later used as a curling rink and small hall and was a big part of recreation in the winter. Mr. Carson's hall across the street was also used for recreation. Badminton was played in it in spite of the low ceilings.

Mother's training as a bookkeeper was used very early in the community as secretary for school and church as well as for other organizations, and of course, her own farm books. Dad was active in the community, supporting sports, Co-op Oil, the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool and the CCF. Both mother and dad were active socially and helped put on plays in the winter. Cards, music and sing songs were a way of life.

One winter dad used the car to take a hockey team to Roth rink west of No. six highway. He had lots of manpower to push the trailer and car through. Roth used windmills to pump the water for the rink. One year Wellivers had a rink surrounded by hay bales. Water was hauled by team and sleigh from Black's dugout. The water was dumped into the tank by a pail with a handle.

Miss Ruggles was my first teacher, later Miss Reid. The Roy Stewarts, of course, were involved. Community life centred around the young people's group. Worship, music, skits, prayers and talks, solos, duets, discussions of current events, fun and games, box socials and shadow shows, recitations and instrumental selections, even Swiss yodelling were part of the program. C.G.I.T. and Trail Rangers were also active.

Along with the small milk business my folks had an egg route in Regina. Lack of road maintenance and proper equipment meant tough winter roads. My father lost the toes on one foot through frost bite and wondered later if the egg business had really been worth it.

My parents enjoyed their retirement on Vancouver Island, first on a small acreage in the country, then in a nice home in Courtenay. Strangely, mother had the church books there when she died. Dad enjoyed his gardening, lawn bowling and friends until his last years.

In the fall of 1939 war was declared. Fred was running the combine that fall before he joined the Air

Force. The 1929 truck served us well but the cab was shaken up so badly that the doors would not stay shut so I took them off. On one occasion I tipped it over because of slippery roads. I just stepped down on to the ground. Dad used to say I was the only one who could run it. In 1942 we bought our last John Deere D.

Before Dad retired he bought the Simpson quarter, so named because it was owned by Simpson College, Iowa. Virgil Bingaman farmed it at the time. He and mother were both Simpson College graduates. We also farmed the Murphy quarter 12 miles from the home farm. It was owned by Ina Parker, a long time friend of our family.

The John Deere D lacked power for the 18 foot discer and travelling was pretty slow — land being 20 miles apart. Ed Betcher, who farmed in partnership with me from 1947 until 1958, and I bought the Model R at Dave Kirby's sale . . . a great improvement as far as travelling and power was concerned. One year I bought a used John Deere 96 power take-off combine. While happily trying it out on Clay's barley, the power take-off went out. A blessing in disguise — I bought the 830 Diesel the same year and I certainly didn't regret it.

In 1952 Mary Fulton and I were married in Vancouver, arriving in Estlin on November 19, 1952. We stayed for a short time in Betcher's house in Estlin, but soon found it more convenient to be on the farm, as we had water pressure in the house there. The water pressure system consisted of a huge, oversized pressure tank with a hand pump, similar to the old tank pumps. Electricity had just recently been brought to the farms in our district and we really enjoyed having it.

Our furniture at first consisted of two old chairs and some boxes! Our kitchen table was one Fred had made for the Betcher's. However, we soon had an electric stove and fridge installed, and more comfortable furniture. Our telephone was connected and we had a half-ton truck for transportation. What more did a young couple need?

In those days we didn't have a snow plow club — Willard and Murl Dunbar kept our roads and driveways open with their plow. I am sure they weren't overpaid for their efforts.

We followed the Marean tradition by having Young People's meet at our place occasionally, as well as other community gatherings. Mary has been treasurer of the Estlin U.C.W. for most of her married life.

Our children all started school in Estlin, but the school was closed because of the difficulty in getting teachers and lack of pupils. The children were bussed to Lakeview Elementary and Sheldon-Williams Col-



Clyde Marean family. L. to R.: Katherine, Mary, Clyde, Margaret. Seated: Fred.

legiate in Regina. I had the privilege of driving the school bus for a short while . . . a big responsibility for anyone. I remember one terrible trip — the bus heating system wasn't working properly and it started to blizzard. However, we got there in spite of the weather. I am sure I never made a worse trip with a team and sleigh.

For a few years I peddled eggs in Regina every Friday. That was a steady chore. I suppose I kept cattle longer than some. I had 13 head at the last and was able to get rid of them at a good price. My cousin's pasture and the community pasture were a big help to me. The year I was completely hauled out income from custom threshing I did was a big help.

In 1981 I had open heart surgery. I have been able to carry on, on the farm — too young to retire and well enough to continue. For me the farm is still the place. For the past seven years Mary has worked as a church secretary in Regina and we have enjoyed the social contacts made through her work. Our oldest daughter, Margaret, is in Edmonton, where she has a challenging and satisfying job. Katherine is in Yorkton, a reporter with the Yorkton Enterprise newspaper. Fred is at the University of Regina taking first year Engineering.

A form of entertainment in the district was snowmobiling. The children would use the snowmobiles after school, the teenagers in the early evening, then the parents would take them out and have a party. It was quite a sight to see a bunch of lights coming across the fields. The Estlin winter recreation now centres around the Gray rink with its good curling ice and skating rink, and badminton court upstairs over the kitchen. With our children attending Regina schools much of their social and recreational life is in Regina.

There have been many changes in Estlin over the

years — larger farms, fewer people, families growing up, people retiring, going south in the winter or moving to town. Fewer elevators, no store, no skating or curling rink — all have made a difference in farm life. The rebuilding of our railroad has been an important step forward as trains do move faster and safer. (In one year there were two train wrecks — one on each side of Estlin.) It was most interesting to see the machinery that was used to rebuild our new road bed.

It's good to look back — but we look to the future with hope and anticipation.

Mr. George Marshall by Wright Cleveland

Mr. Marshall came from Chicago having been a school teacher. He farmed first at Corinne and then came to Estlin, (I think about 1911). The railroad was not yet in, but the right of way was, and he told of driving back and forth to Regina on the railway right of way. He was never married, and I don't know any dates. He was a great story teller, and how I used to listen to all his tales — being at the World's Fair and his hunting trips. He went hunting every year up north and brought back bear steaks, moose or just about anything. He was quite a guy.

(from Marnie re Mr. Marshall)

I, too, remember all the stories he used to tell. As he was a bachelor, he came to our house nearly every Sunday evening for supper during the late fall and winter months, walking through the field, often in the worst of weather. But how he enthralled me with his hunting stories — I remember one he told of being stalked by a cougar during one whole day of hunting (this was in the States), even to it being above him on a tree branch! It took me a long time to go to sleep that night! He was the gentlest of men and a true gentlemen of the old school. He had a really big dugout at his farm and in the winter he would keep it shovelled off and the Wilkening kids and Dorothy and I would walk there to skate. After we were skated out and good and cold, he would ask us into the house to get warmed up and give us a drink of hot cocoa, after which we would drag home, going a lot slower than when we went over. Mother said he was devastated when my brother, Bryce, died. He thought him perfect. He was a fine neighbor and friend to our family for many years.

Henry and Lena Mayo by Maxine (Mayo) Greer

In 1926 Edgar Mayo purchased Sec. 28-15-19-W2nd from Andrew Wingert. The farm-site had a barn and house built by Mr. Wingert, so was ready for occupancy. Edgar Mayo's son, Henry, married

Lena Krauss December 1, 1926 at Rouleau, Saskatchewan, and the young couple moved in.

A daughter, Maxine, was born in 1927. During the summer of 1928 Henry and Lena sold the farm to Frank Baker, and moved to Regina.

Maxine married Bill Greer of Regina, who is employed with the Wheat Pool. His father, affectionately known as "whistle-happy-Greer", was the policeman that we all remember directing traffic and disciplining jay-walkers on the corner of 11th Avenue and Hamilton Street.

The McAllister Story by Rita (McAllister) Carroll



Herb and Nettie McAllister in later years.

On December 4th, 1891, in the town of Plantagenet, Ontario, situated in the Ottawa Valley, my father was born — Herbert Joseph McAllister. From there our recent history evolved.

Dad came out west in 1912 and went to Mildren, Sask. He remained there for two years until, in 1914, he came to Wilcox. There he met and married Nettie Geesen on January 24, 1924. They moved to the Rowatt area from Wilcox in 1926.

The family farm lies three miles east and one and one half miles south of Rowatt on what was known as the Milestone Road or Buck Lake Trail.

I was born at Wilcox just prior to our move to Rowatt. The move took many months by horse and wagon with official residence beginning in the spring of 1927. My brother Richard (Dick) lives at the farm while my sisters and I have settled elsewhere. Kay lives in Regina, Theresa Rose in Salmon Arm, B.C., Joan in Ottawa and I live in Moose Jaw.

Mother passed away in August, 1972. Dad resides in his own home in Regina and is still an



Herb McAllister family. L. to R.: Dick, Joan, Herb, Rose (Davis), Rita (Carrol), Kay (Schwann).

interested farmer who appreciates a day on the tractor harrowing. He loves to advise the young farmers in the area how farming should be done — even at his great age of 91.

Farming was not always easy with drought, hail, grasshoppers, etc., to cast a shadow on the endeavors of farm life, but there were many joys which far outweighed the disasters. A disaster of recollection occurred in August, 1942, just two days after a new dugout had been excavated. A severe hail storm totally destroyed beautiful fields and sent chickens floating across the yard. It was a tearful sight, but there was always a great spirit for “next year” for our family and the neighboring families, the Nick Nolls and Emmett Curtins.

There were good happy memories, too. The McAllister home and farm yard was a gathering place for the young teens and adults for an evening party or an afternoon ball game. One Sunday afternoon, while Mother and Dad were away, we girls took Dad’s new truck (as yet unlicensed) along #6 highway and gathered up the young folk along the way to join together in a ball game at the farm. Luckily the R.C.M.P. did not notice the truck. It was a fun day and everyone joined in making supper. Arnold Metz was the gravy maker. When lumps appeared in the gravy he just commented, “The large lumps may be considered dumplings and the small ones oysters!” The roast beef and mother’s famous pies were a delight to hungry teenagers. Imagine the surprise for Mother and Dad to arrive home and find fifteen young folk having supper and especially to learn just how everyone got there!

Another such evening we girls planned a party for neighboring families. Dad spent most of the evening securing teleposts in the basement to keep the party

upstairs and not in the basement. Mother scurried too, as she had just had new hardwood floors laid but the problem was quickly solved with Dad’s socks replacing shoes. I’m not quite sure if Mother and Dad really enjoyed surprise parties.

Winters were always long but whist and euchre card parties for the adults were looked forward to.

Springdale school was the local school I attended. It served for many years as a classroom each week and as a church on Sundays, where mass was celebrated. In 1939 a church was built by local resident farmers, suitably named “Our Lady of the Prairies” at Rowatt. For two weeks each July the school also served as a summer school for religious classes for children in the surrounding areas. Many dances were also held at Springdale, especially at St. Patricks, with local talent providing the entertainment.

The original house on the farm no longer exists at its farmyard site, but rather a new ranch bungalow enhances the yard setting where Dick and Diane reside.



Dick McAllister family and Dick's father. Standing, L. to R.: Paul, Jocelyn, Marina, Michael. Seated: Dick, Herb, Diane.

Our family has grown to include 23 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. My husband, Art Carroll, and I have eight children: Maureen, John, Anne, Lorraine, Mary Jane, Richard, Denise and Joe. Kay and her husband, Dr. Gordon Schwann, have five children: Greg, Lian, Judy, Joe and Monica. Theresa Rose and her husband, Dale Davis, have six children: Brenda, Laura, Preston, Nolan, Wanda and Becky. Joan lives in Ottawa and is employed by the National Research Council. Richard (Dick) and his wife, Diane, have four children: Michael, Paul, Jocelyn and Marina. Grandpa

McAllister also has six great-grandchildren, all from the Davis family.

As for the patriarch of this family, he is still a very active man at the age of 91, this year of 1983.

Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forward.

The McCrystal Family

by Armand McCrystal



Ranald McCrystal family. Back Row, L. to R.: Agnes, Annie, Charlie, Armand, Teresa, Irene. Middle Row: Mr. and Mrs. McCrystal. Front: Desmond and Martha.

My parents, Ranald and Ellen McCrystal, came from Ottawa, Ontario and settled in Maxstom, Saskatchewan in 1916. They moved to the Estlin district in September 1933. I came in January, 1934. They lived on the old Bradshaw farm, which was three and one-half miles northeast of Estlin. My uncle, Art McCrystal, lived across the road, whom my mother cooked for during harvest. Art McCrystal moved to Estlin from south of Wilcox in 1922. He farmed three and one-half miles northeast of Estlin on the Murphy farm. He was never married. He farmed with a friend, Pete Lalonde, for a few years. He used horses to farm with until 1934, when he bought a threshing machine. With this he helped four or five neighbours with their harvest. His sister, Mrs. Frances Golden, kept house for him for a number of years. During that time, my brother Charlie, stayed with him and went to school at Weardale, till he broke his leg. The last few years he farmed, Charlie Rozon worked with him. While Art was on vacation in Ontario, he died at the age of 44 yrs. Charlie and Harry Rozon took over the farm and stayed there until they retired.

In the spring of 1936 my folks moved to eight

miles north of Milestone, where Dad had rented a section of land from J. H. Murphy. They lived there till the fall of 1947, then moved to an acreage south of Regina that my brother Charlie, had bought. My parents' last years were spent in Pioneer Village. My Dad died in 1975 at the age of 91. My mother died in 1979, at the age 90.

My brother, Charlie, worked for Keith and Delmar Akins in the years 1934 and 1935. He also farmed with my dad for two years. His dream was always to be an auctioneer. He got his wish when Dave Runkle and Omar Crabb took him in, as they were getting older and they wanted to bring some young blood into the business. A few years later Mr. Runkle quit which left Mr. Crabb and Charlie to work on their own. Another few years rolled by and Mr. Crabb quit, which left Charlie to run the business by himself. He did very well and got quite a name for himself. He was known as one of the better auctioneers of his time. He died of a heart attack in 1977.

My oldest sister, Teresa, married Adam Debert of Rowatt. He bought grain for Pioneer Grain a few years, then became Superintendent for a number of years. He spent two years in the army, one of them overseas. He is retired and lives in Regina. They have three boys and three girls.

My sister, Ann, married Alf Hargrave. They moved to Princeton, B.C. Alf died of a heart attack. Ann still lives in Princeton and has three boys.

Irene married Jess Pedersen of Milestone. They farmed a number of years in the Milestone area, then he sold his land and moved to White Rock, B.C. Here he worked on a golf course a few years, then went to construction. They sold their property in White Rock, B.C. and now live in a Senior Citizens home. They also own a cottage at 100 Mile House in northern B.C. where they spend the summer months. They have three boys and one girl.

My sister, Agnes, lives in Congress, nine miles north of Assiniboia. She is a widow with ten children, six boys and four girls.

Martha also lived four miles from Congress. She lives on a farm with her husband, Gordon Wilson. They have two boys and two girls.

My brother, Des, farmed with my dad till 1947. He then went to work for the C.P.R. in the express section for ten years. He next worked in a hat shop a couple of years at Belleville. He then found a job at Stewart Warner and is still with them. He married a girl from Ituna and they have one boy and two girls.

I married Lorraine Goodman of Estlin in October, 1936. In the spring of 1937 we went to work for Lorraine's Grandfather in Milestone. That year was a very dry one, so there was no crop around Milestone. In July, 1937, we moved back to Estlin where I went

to work for my Uncle Art during harvest. The crop was so short that it couldn't be bundled, so we made a box on the bundle carrier of the binder which we called the Poverty box. It consisted of a canvas bottom with a rope tied to one end. I stood on the side of the carrier and when the box was full, I would jump off and pull the rope which unloaded the wheat into a pile on the ground. When we went to thresh, we picked the piles up with a stook loader that dumped it into a hay rack. It then went into the threshing machine.

In the spring of 1938 Lorraine and I and son, Martin, went to work for Joe Thomas. In the fall, I worked for Hec Bouey, who bought grain for National Grain. I worked at odd jobs during the winter months such as: unloading coal for ten cents a ton. In the spring of 1939 I helped Erit Collins of Gray with seeding as he had rented the Goodman farm.

In the spring of 1940 I went to work for J. H. Murphy on a farm south of Gray. We stayed there for two years. In October, 1941, we moved back to Estlin and I went back to work for National Grain as the second man. In 1942 I started buying grain in the old B.A. Elevator which the National Grain Company had bought out. I was there until March, 1944 when I then joined the army. Lorraine and our two children, Martin and Patrica, stayed with the Richenberger's until school was out. They then moved to Milestone. I was discharged from the Army in December, 1945. I worked for the Co-op during the winter months and in the spring of 1946, we rented the farm from Lorraine's father. We lived on this farm for a total of 33 years. When Lorraine's father died in 1967, we bought some of the land that we had worked on. We built a house in Milestone in 1979, where we still reside.

We have eight children, three boys and five girls. Five are married and live on farms around Milestone. Michael, our second oldest son, lives on the home place. One boy, Ken, works for Auto Electric in Regina. Our youngest, Cheryl, goes to University in Regina. We have seventeen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. McQuoid by Marnie (Runkle) McQuoid

Don McQuoid of Summerberry, Sask. and Marnie Runkle were married March 1, 1946 in Regina. Don had recently returned from serving overseas with the RAF and RCAF for four years during WW2, during which time he received the DSO, DFC and bar. I had received my early education at Boyle School, high school at Central Collegiate and Luther College in Regina, and obtained my BSC from the U of S in Saskatoon, graduating in 1944 as a Medical



Don and Marnie McQuoid.

Laboratory Technician. I worked for two years at the General Hospital in Regina.

In April, 1946 we started farming at Estlin, residing on the original Jenkins farm, the house having been built in 1903. When we moved out to the farm I guess I thought the place needed painting, etc. so, as was the custom at that time, our friends arrived for a "decorating bee": the Russell Clarkes, the Wright Clevelandes, the Orval Lewis' and the Wallace Clarkes. For the life of me I can't remember what I fed them (and yes, I could cook), but I remember all the fun we had and how fast all that work got done. The next year we decided to re-do the kitchen and one of the men from Rogers Lumber Co. in Regina came out to see what material we would need. He was rather doubtful we should put any money at all into the house, but if we did, to go no further than the kitchen. Well, it is thirty-seven years later, and not having taken his advice and after a couple more remodelling jobs, we are still here.

We have four children. Susan, a pharmacist, born April 1, 1947, is married to John Mitchell of Calgary. They have two children, Robb and Marnie. Donald James (Jim), born June 7, 1949, farms at Estlin and is married to Linda Touchstone of Fresno, California. They have four children: Laine, Darren James, Jaimee, and Jared Albert. Winters they live in their home in Fresno. Dorothy, born Dec. 5, 1951, is married to Bruce Dmytar of Calgary. Prior to her marriage she had been manager of North West Trust in Calgary. Marilyn, born February 10, 1953, is married to Doug Christie of Regina. They have a daughter Meghan and a son, Douglas James (Jim). Marilyn had worked for Workers Compensation and CKCK before her marriage. All of the children took their early schooling at Estlin, then attended Luther College for the latter part of their high school.

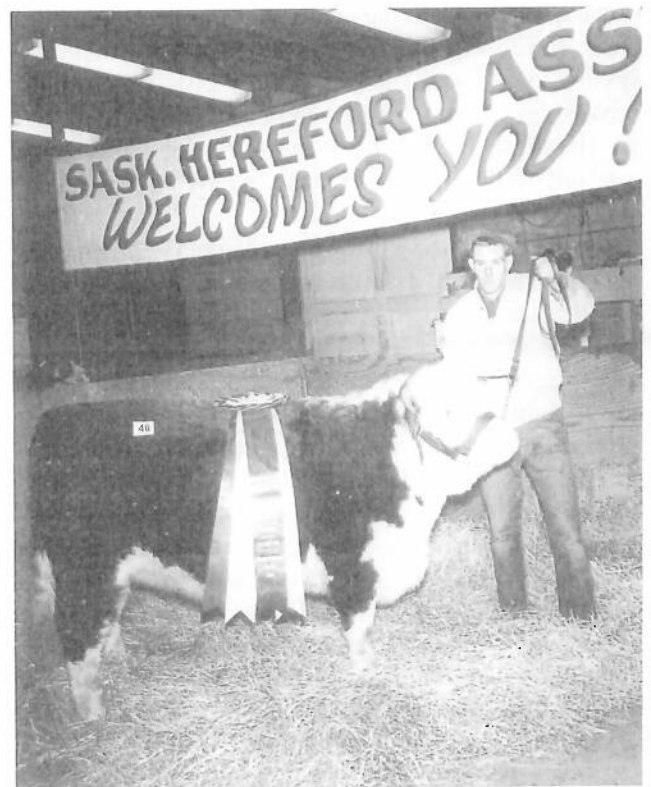


Don McQuoid family. L. to R.: Jim, Susan, Marilyn (and Meghan), Dorothy.

They were all exposed to the "Arts" in one way or another. At one time we had one practising violin, one practising saxophone, and two practising piano, while Don and I were practising great restraint in keeping our cool! Marilyn and Dorothy both took tap dancing for awhile, but we all petered out on that; those kitten and bunny costumes with their suitable tails and gobs of sequins, proved just too much. They all were active in the Milestone 4-H Beef Club, washing, grooming and showing their calves. For the years that they were in the Club we all emigrated to Moose Jaw for the whole week of the annual fair and 4-H show. With the amount of stuff I took the first year we could have stayed forever. But what a fun time and what nice people in that club, who made us feel welcome and are our friends still.

Soon after our marriage Don bought a couple of purebred Belgian horses and from them, was into the horse business for several years. Each winter saw him off to the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto with the best of the stock and was fortunate enough to win one Grand Champion as well as many firsts, seconds, etc. The horse business really wasn't all that lucrative so it was decided to sell the horses and go into purebred horned Hereford cattle. All the kids, as they grew old enough and big enough, were a great help to their Dad, helping with chores both mornings and evenings. However, when the herd reached the 200 mark it was necessary to have a herdsman and we had Ken Kirkland of Star City with us for seven years — a

fine herdsman and a fine person. Again there were the yearly trips to Toronto with the show stock, as well as the Regina Fair, with wins as well as disappointments. When Ken decided to go back to University and because Jim was not yet finished school and good herdsman were impossible to find, Don sold at dispersal in 1967. I really have to tell one story in regards to the cattle business. Don had decided to go to Wyoming to buy a bull of a certain pedigree and took off leaving me with two young Indian men to do chores. We had new windows ordered for the upstairs of the house. The day of his departure arrived. We woke to a howling blizzard, I was on antibiotics for a severe chest cold, the window men arrived to install the windows and all the kids were home from school because of Teachers Convention. What an enviable position to be in. The men proceeded to install the new windows, making little or no effort to take their boots off during their many trips in and out of the house to the upstairs — but they did get them done that day. The cattle were still all in pasture 35 miles away, with their feed quickly being covered with snow. Our good and dear friend, Fred Van de Kamp of Gray, who had his cattle pastured with ours, arrived on the scene and took control, getting feed loaded onto two sleighs and supplied with food and coffee took off into the gloom. All went well and their mission was accomplished. When the two men



"Miss Vern" Reserve Grand Champion, 1964, at Sask. Royal Sale. Top selling female. Ken Kirkland at halter.

arrived home and found the upstairs floors as dirty as when they left, they asked for brooms, mops, rags and hot water and proceeded to clean the whole upstairs. I think of them often and their kindness to me. By the time Don got home I was better, the house was clean, the children back at school, and all was serene. It was one of my more trying times.

In 1962 Don and Stan Smith went into aerial crop spraying, and at one period, in partnership with Prairie Flying Services, had four planes spraying crops for weeds, lakes for algae and bush areas in the north with defoliant. In 1968, and in conjunction with the spraying, they purchased a helicopter, hired a pilot and sent him off to Rabbit Lake in northern Sask. to work for Gulf Minerals. They eventually owned four helicopters, all working in the northern areas.

Community affairs have played a large part in our lives, as it has with so many others in the district, with both of us serving at one time or another on all the local boards. As well Don has been Councillor of this Division of the RM of Bratt's Lake since 1948. The longest job I held was on the school board, the reason for going on, to try and get tile on the floors. The oiled wooden floors were a menace to clothing, especially stockings. This desire was soon accomplished, however I lingered on becoming chairman four years later, a position I held for nine years. During this time I was also chairman of the Regina Superintendancy for four years until school Units were established and the position became redundant. These were rewarding years, and while it often entailed a lot of work, it was a great challenge and I learned a great deal. I have been active in the U.C.W. and also have played the organ at Church and been involved with various musical events in the community.

This is about the third "go" I have had at writing this account. The first one was really short and met with the remark from one of the children: "It sure sounds as if you haven't done very much for nearly forty years." And she was right. This is fairly lengthy, but maybe gives a better idea of the "busyness" of our lives. Sometimes, in retrospect, I wonder how we crammed all we did into a day, a year, ten years, but life certainly was never dull. I must confess, however, there have been times when I thought a little "dullness" would have been kind of nice. Throughout the years, however, we have been sustained by the friendship and support of this fine community, and because of that the load has been lighter and our lives enriched.

Jim McTaggart

by Leo Ulrich

In 1893 Jim McTaggart from Brandon, Man-

itoba, homesteaded the N.E. quarter of Sec. 34-14-20 W2nd, on the correction line and one mile west of No. six highway. In March, 1897 he paid up on his homestead. He also had a pre-emption on the S.E. half of Sec. 34-14-20, W2nd, but according to homestead records, he cancelled it. In 1910, according to Municipal tax records, he still owned the N.E. quarter, but it was later sold to David Kirby.

Ben and Molly Metzkie

by Helen Ulrich Flavell

Those who could tell their story are gone, but we feel that Ben and Molly deserve a wee spot in the Estlin history book.

Records show they hailed from Stronghurst, Illinois in or prior to 1910 and left the district in the 1930's. During the early years Ben served on the Kirby school board in various capacities and while a resident accumulated three quarter sections of land.

In the 1930's the Metzkie's disposed of their holdings and headed south. Later reports indicated Ben worked at Fort Peck dam during its construction, but from that time on there has been no follow up.

Anyone who knew the family well remember the group of six huge hounds that roamed their farm and scared the dickens out of near-by children as well as grownups.

Leo and Elsie Ulrich are present owners of the land they formerly owned.

Doreen Doris Meyer

by Jean (Dunbar) Leippi

Doreen, a twin of Kathy, was born in Regina April 17, 1943. She attended school in Estlin until Grade 10. She went to Gray for her Grade 11. She furthered her education in 1963 by taking a business and accounting course at Success Business College.

Doreen was married to Albert Eugene Meyer on



Albert Meyer family. L. to R.: Ross, Albert, Darla, Doreen, Marlene.

February 4, 1961 at St. John's United Church in Regina. They moved into their first home at Kronau. Albert commuted to and from Regina to work in a plumbing and heating company. They moved into Regina in 1967. Albert formed a company "Meyer's Plumbing and Heating", and in 1969 Doreen began working as a receptionist and bookkeeper for her husband's company. They moved their business into a new and larger building in 1983.

They have three children, Ross Darrell, born July 30, 1961, Marlene Rose, born September 22, 1964, and Darla May, born June 29, 1968. Ross was married to Maureen McWilliams on August 21, 1982. He works in his father's company and lives in Regina. Marlene and Darla live at home and attend school. Albert and Doreen presently reside in University Park in Regina.

The John Molter Sr. Family

by John Molter Jr.

My grandfather, Michael, and his wife, Annie, Uncle Mike and his brother, John, landed in Regina February 2, 1900, emigrants from Hungary. Grandad took out homestead rights on Sec. 20, Tp. 15, Rge 19, W2nd on February 10 of that year. He had to pitch a tent as proof of residence in order to fulfill the Homestead Act. Grandfather lived in the tent until fall, when he had, by that time fixed up a granary to be used as a house. The rest of the party lived with their relatives, the Bakers and the Novaks.

Uncle Mike died in March, 1905, at sixteen years of age of spinal meningitis. My father, John, married Annie Nargang in August, 1905. Her parents had emigrated from Austria in 1883, and had homesteaded on the present site of the Regina Jail. Mother and Dad built a new home in 1906, and their first child, Barbara Marie, was born in 1906. Frank was born in 1907. Michael was born in 1908, but died in August, 1912 of the Black Diphtheria. John Jr. was born November 20, 1912.

Andrew Novak Sr., John Baker and Michael Molter Sr. pooled their resources to get the land broken. Mr. Novak had four horses — these were used among the three families to do all the farm work and get supplies from Regina. They broke the land with shear plows — it was hard to keep them clean, as the Regina gumbo stuck badly. They also used an eight to ten foot press drill, diamond-tooth harrows and the old Bissell discs. Paul Elsaesser and Rody Girsberger had a steam thresher and they did our threshing for two or three years. When Jerd Shilling came to the Estlin area, he had a Case gas threshing outfit and he threshed for us for a number of years. Dave Runkle and Roy Welliver also did threshing for us.

We built a new house in 1922 and a barn in 1928.

We all went to school at King Edward school. If the horses were busy in the field we had to walk the four and a half miles to get there. Frank and I played ball with the Estlin ball clubs.

I left home in 1927 and went down east to find work, was lucky enough to get a job, and remained there. In 1939 I married Betty Begley and we had one daughter Donna, born in 1941. She is married (Gash) and lives in Saskatoon. My wife, Betty, passed away in 1960. I then married Mary Eisenzimmer in 1963 and we live in Regina.

Barbara, my sister, never married. She was employed as a buyer for Simpsons for forty-four years until her death April 30, 1963.

Frank was unmarried and took over the farm after my father died in 1948. Mother moved to Regina and lived with Barbara until Barbara's death, then lived in a retirement home in Moose Jaw until her death in 1975. Frank continued to farm until his death in July, 1977.

There was a tragic incident in the community when a family of nine, whose name was Wolver, and who lived on what is now the Fordyce farm, all died in the great 'flu epidemic of 1918.

The Clarence Myers Family

by Wm. M. Myers



Clarence Myers, Wyssie (Myers) Speers and Ralph Myers.

I was born July 27, 1916 in the Estlin area. My folks, Clarence and Rita Myers, had moved from Illinois to Saskatchewan in 1915 and farmed south of Estlin. Dad sold out a jewelry store in Bushnell,

Illinois to move north and he worked spasmodically in Regina for Howe's Jewelry store. The folks moved into the Sherwood district, bought a poor piece of land, and started construction of a new house which has been moved into Regina in recent years. I started school there in 1922, first day, first grade. Mother sent me off — one mile to school and I'll never forget the smell of cedar pencils as I walked into the school room. I think the teacher's name was Miss McClaren and she boarded with us. I won't ever forget taking a potato to school, putting it on the big corner stove, turning it at recess and a hot lunch! Noon and recesses (winter time) were spent playing Fox and Goose, (summer time) swings and Anti-I-Over. I went there three years and remember many friends — Russel Wilcock, Maurice Cook, Elsie Middleton, Dean Smith, the McAllisters. No one's schooling was more interrupted than mine. In 1921 my sister, Francis, was born in Regina. For several years the folks went back to Illinois for the winter and came back to farm in the spring. We later moved into Regina for the winter and for two winters we moved into my Uncle Roy's in Estlin and my Uncle Ralph's in Rouleau. Believe me, I went to many schools. Between Canadian history, English history and American history, I'm still lost. I attended Sherwood, Bratt's Lake, Estlin and Regina schools in this period.

About 1926-1927, we moved back to the Estlin area, east of and on the same road and same side as the Snell family. Jack Snell and I were good friends and I knew the whole family well. From this farm I went to three different schools, and then in the fall of 1930 we spent the winter in La Mesa, California, coming back in the spring of '31' to a complete crop failure. The folks loaded all into a 1926 Buick and we left for Medford, Oregon, where I still reside. I was in Regina again in 1967 for a family reunion and would like to get there again soon. I recall the folks being friends of Dave Runkle, who was an auctioneer. My mother and Mrs. Runkle were good friends. Her daughter, Dorothy, was born there three days after me.

I remember falling through a hole in the ice — my reluctance to tell my folks ended up with a case of pneumonia. When I started school in Sherwood a good friend, Dean Smith, (killed during the war) had an ornery Shetland pony. They left it at my place and his parents would drive Dean over and we'd both ride it to school.

Dad and my Uncle Roy were the first in the Estlin area to buy a combine. We were hailed severely that year and the use of a combine helped to recover some of the crop. The combine was a Holt with a 20 foot cutting bar and a grain hopper on the top. We were

considered to be American Citizens temporarily residing in a foreign country.

The Myers by Gerald Myers

Roy Myers was from a long line of Pennsylvanian Dutchmen with the feel of the soil and the pioneering spirit in their veins. When it came time for him to venture out on his own, there was not too much land to be had around Bushnell, Illinois, his home.



Kate and Dave Myers, parents of Roy, Will, Ralph and Clarence (the Sask. farmers) and Lula Frank and Wyssie, residents of U.S.A.

There was, about that time, a big land promotion scheme going on to entice settlers to western Canada. Roy and his older brother, Will, got interested in this and came to Canada to see for themselves. C. W. Williams, quite the entrepreneur from Galesburg, Illinois had acquired a great deal of land in Saskatchewan. Roy and Will acquired their land through him. It was raw prairie and the price was three dollars or five dollars an acre.

Will bought section 26-15-19-W2d and Roy 13-15-19-W2nd, in 1905. The first summer that they were here, I think they only acquired the land, returning to Illinois for the winter and getting their supplies, household effects and equipment together for the next spring.

The year 1906 saw them in Saskatchewan getting ready to break up the prairie. They purchased a breaking plow in Regina, which was the Capital City of the new Province of Saskatchewan. They were ready to start.

In Illinois the mule proved to be a pretty tough beast of burden so Roy and Will tried them out on the plow. They soon learned that these animals were too light for breaking gumbo. It took more mules than horses, so they went back to the horses.

There was something rather new coming along about that time, a gasoline burning tractor called a

Mogul. Roy and Will purchased one of these machines to replace the horses on the plow. It was soon found that there were disadvantages as well as advantages breaking prairie by this method. One of the problems with these tractors was the steering. It had a tendency to wander, so the operators became very active and alert drivers. Another weakness was the arrangement that held the front axle attached to the frame. It was all right when moving along, but if the front of the tractor reared up, the axle sometimes did not stay attached.

On one occasion, while plowing in a slough, Roy and Will got too close to wet ground and became stuck. The wheels mired down in the mud and the men got blocks of wood, dry pieces of sod, or anything available under them to try and get enough traction to get out of this mess. When they had everything in place they started up the tractor, one wheel got traction and the other one did not. The tractor reared up in front leaving the axle and wheels in the mud. The front of the tractor moved to the side and when the operator disengaged the clutch, down came the front of the tractor in the mud beside the front wheels. Fighting off mosquitoes and working in the mud, it was a couple of days before Roy and Will got breaking again.

Will and Roy batched on section 26 from 1906 until 1910, when Will married Miss Blanche Rice on January 20, 1910 in Illinois. He brought her with him to Canada and established a home on the SW quarter of 26.

Roy met Bessie Beattie, whose parents, John and Margaret, had the post office east of what is now the hamlet of Gray. Bessie was teaching school west of Avonlea at the time. They were married on November 10, 1910.

In order to provide a home for his new wife Roy sold the north half of 13-15-19-W2nd and took the money to build a house on the south half. There they set up housekeeping. They did not stay in Saskatchewan in the winter but went back to Illinois.

Roy and Will got some prairie broken, crops seeded, raised and harvested. Getting these crops to market in those days was somewhat of a problem as the railroad had not yet come through the Estlin district and the nearest railroad was through Kronau. The town had grown after the road went through.

The farmers would have a granary in the field for threshing into, and another one at Kronau to haul into in the off season. After the grain was threshed they would begin hauling the grain to Kronau. It would have to be shovelled onto the wagon or sleigh box, hauled across country the twelve miles and shovelled into the granary there. When it got full the farmer would order a car from the railroad, and when it came



Roy and Bess Myers wedding photo, 1910.

he would move the grain into it. Each operation was done by hand and shovel.

Roy told of a trip he made with a load of flax on a bobsleigh on a very cold day. He was walking behind the sleigh to keep warm. The horses would follow the trail in the snow and all trails led to Kronau. Suddenly the sleigh lurched to the side, slid off the trail into the softer snow and upset!

There are many stories to tell of their shenanigans during those years, which gives insight into their social activities. They used to gather at each others homes for parties. Everyone came — hired men, visitors and all. They would play games, dance or do whatever came into their heads. Of course sophistication was not as rampant as it is today, so these parties were something to write home about in detail.

At one of these shindigs they all got making up sayings like, "Did you ever see a house fly?" or, "What's that running down the road?" and one was, "Did the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The community was growing and one of the first considerations was a place of worship. At first it was someone's home, but the worshippers soon outgrew the small houses so they decided to build a church. They decided on a site. It was on the north east corner of NE quarter 22-15-19-W2nd. A building bee was organized and everyone chipped in with their hands, hammers, horses and housewives. Roy Myers was

one of those who made several trips to Regina to haul the lumber.

The minutes of the ladies church meeting sometime in March, 1912, mentions that Mrs. Roy Myers was giving up the position of secretary for reasons of indisposition. Mrs. Will Myers was going to fill in for her for the remainder of the term. It was to be noted that her first-born son arrived on April 18, 1912. He was named Gerald Martin.



Ralph Myers summerfallowing, three mules and one horse.

Getting men to come and harvest was quite an ordeal. They came from all over and from all walks of life, making up quite a crew. To be prepared for these men and horses there had to be plenty of food for both on hand. They would usually butcher a beef just before the men came to be assured of a good supply. When the threshers came to Roys' farm the crew consisted of several men, teamsters, spike pitchers to help feed the machine, field pitchers to help load the racks, a separator man and engineer. The latter two were the owners of the outfit. There was a bunk car where the men slept.

On one occasion the threshers had only just arrived and threshed some of the crop when it rained. It turned out that it was a long wet spell. The men stayed at Roys' place and had to be fed, but they became restless with nothing to do and some of the

more ornery began complaining about the food. It was not as substantial as when they were working.

This confrontation took place in the barn where Roy and his youngest brother, Ralph, were working with the horses. Suddenly one of these guys pulled a knife. Ralph, who was up in the loft, peered over the edge of the trapdoor to see what all the commotion was about. He spotted the man with the knife and not using the ladder to descend, jumped down with a pitch fork, ready. Roy, taking advantage of this surprise, grabbed a fork too and that cooled the whole bunch off.

In spite of the fact that these were not his men and that another crew would be hard to find, he fired the whole gang, loaded them into a wagon, took them to Regina where they had been picked up in the first place, paid them off and told them not to expect to come back to his place.

It did quit raining and was beginning to look like threshing again. Roy went back to Regina to hire another crew. Regina at that time was not very big, from Albert Street to Osler Street where the Livery barn was, and from South Railway, (Saskatchewan Drive) to Victoria Avenue. There were the usual trading businesses as well as hotels and a few bars. This was where a threshing crew might be found.

Soon after Gerald was born in 1912 it was discovered that Roy had a serious heart defect and he was advised to leave this harsh climate. A farm sale was organized and Roy and Bessie dispersed of all their equipment, animals and household effects and moved back to the "States".

Dave Myers, the father of this Myers tribe took over the ownership of the S half 13-15-19-W2nd when Roy left in 1913. Over the years he added to these holdings, NE quarter 12-15-19-W2nd and some quarters about six miles east of Rouleau.

Clarence Myers married Rita Jockey on February 25, 1913 and moved into the house Roy and Bessie



Myers harvesting.

had just vacated. They lived and farmed there until about 1917 when they moved to Sherwood community, built a new house and had two children, Billy and Francis. Apparently this venture in Sherwood was not successful because they gave that up and moved to a farm north of Estlin where a family named Curtin now lives. They stayed there until about 1931 when they moved to Oregon.

Ralph Myers married Sylvia Anderson and moved into the house previously occupied by Roy and Clarence. It was pretty much a honeymoon house. They remained there for some years, then moved their farming operation to Rouleau and spent most of their winters in Illinois. A daughter, Winnifred, was born to them at Estlin on June 27, 1918. Winnie grew up in the Rouleau-Wilcox area and married Harry Goodale. Their first-born was Charlene (Sherrie). Their son, Ralph, is presently the leader of the Liberal party in Saskatchewan.

Williams Myers, who came with Roy in the beginning, lived with his wife, Blanche, on Section 26 until 1921. There were four children born to them, two boys who died in infancy and two girls, Genevieve, born on October 15, 1913 and Gwendolyn, born on July 20, 1915. He sold one half-section to Jay Cleveland and rented out the other half. Will, his wife and daughters moved to Wisconsin where two more daughters were born to them — Katherine on June 13, 1917, and Grace on November 11, 1919. Katie, as she is known, still owns the SE quarter 26-15-19-W2nd.

Blanche died in Wisconsin and Will and his daughters made their way to California.

There were two children born to Roy and Bessie while in Nebraska — Doris in 1914 and Donald in 1917. Donald developed diabetes and died in 1918. In Illinois there were four more children born to them — Lois in 1919 — Jean Elizabeth (Betty) in 1920 — John in 1922 and Robert in 1926. Robert contracted whooping cough and died on February 25, 1927.

In March of that year Roy, having decided to move back to Saskatchewan, his two brothers and their families, who were already living in Saskatchewan, made up a convoy of one new Dodge truck, a Dodge car which was not too old and a 1924 Hupmobile that Roy had acquired.

The people consisted of Roy and his two eldest children, Gerald and Doris; Clarence, his wife, Rita, and children, Billy and Francis; Ralph, his wife, Sylvia, and daughter, Winnifred.

Bessie, Lois, Betty and John followed by train after Roy had things settled at the farm in Saskatchewan.

This convoy got as far as a few miles south of Portal where they became snowbound. They took

their necessities and got a man with a team and bobsleigh to get them all to Portal, after which they arrived at their destination of Estlin. When the snow melted the men went back to Portal and brought the vehicles home none the worse for the abandonment.

Roy, Ralph and Clarence had rented a boxcar from the railroad in Illinois. They loaded it with various items that they wanted to bring with them, including a two-seated cutter which was quite a novelty. Probably the most important items in the box car were two ten-horsepower International Tractors, one in each end. Roy had purchased one and Ralph the other. This box car was sent to Estlin.

When Roy, his children and brothers, Ralph and Clarence, arrived in Estlin in the spring of 1927 it was a new experience for Gerald and Doris. It was a year of much snow and because it was March, not too much of it had disappeared. Travelling was done by sleigh and horses and the trails were made higher by the continuous travelling. Snow was deeper on the roads and trails than in the fields.

Doris reflects that she could not imagine to what sort of a country her father had brought her. Gerald, skating in a ditch across the road from his house in May, was thinking, "Back home we would be planting corn!" However, they both got used to the climate and customs and now call Estlin "home".

Roy had fixed the old house to a livable condition by the time Bessie and the "little kids" arrived and they settled into making a home and a living in the Estlin community.

The first school that the Myers' attended was in the Grain Growers Hall, probably the most prominent building in the town. Ervin Webster was the principal and teacher of the high school room. Miss Ruggles taught in the Junior room. The high room occupied the hall part of the building and the junior room the kitchen. The occupation of the hall by the school was due to a fire in the new school that was being built and almost completed. The new school was completed after the fire in time for classes to start in the fall of 1927.

Some of the studies in class were the same as in Illinois, but History in the United States was History, while in Canada it was Greek. I hardly know what the B.N.A. Act is all about today. However, we did catch on and got an average education.

There was a discovery made by the Myers' kids that there was a well cribbing on the southeast corner of their farm. This was probably common knowledge to most of the residents of that area but not having well water at their house, the well, being a novelty, a half mile down the road, aroused their curiosity.

When a stone was dropped down the well, it could be heard hitting the sides with the sound gradu-

ally diminishing in volume until a faint splash was heard when it hit the bottom. Another trick that was tried on that well was to drop a piece of sod about the same size as the cribbing down it, and then sit on top of the cribbing. There was quite a suction created by the falling sod that held the sitter there until the sod reached the bottom.

It was learned from Roy and other elders of the community that the government had brought a crew of men and horses and a well-drilling machine to the site. They were there for four years studying the underground. When they finished they had penetrated the earth 5,000 feet. We used to call it the "mile deep well". They learned that there was water at several levels but which was too alkaline for drinking, and that the gumbo went down a long way.

In the summer of 1927, Roy was faced with the problem of whether to purchase a threshing machine that he needed, or to buy a combine thresher and harvester. He and his brother, Clarence, got their heads together, investigated the possibilities and bought a Holt combine. It was one of the first ones in the country.

After years of cutting their crops, stooking it and threshing it with a threshing machine it seemed like a big gamble to cut it down and lay it on the ground in a windrow where the rain would pound it into the ground and get it so wet that it would never dry. However, that crop in 1927 went through all that and more, and still got threshed, hauled to the elevator and sold.

There were always cars lining the roads alongside where the men were working. Men, and women too, were there either to see what a couple of fools looked like or to see if these two men had something up their sleeves. As it turned out, the only thing up their sleeves was fortitude and luck.

That first fall the grain was hauled directly from the combine to the elevator. It was moved with two Fordson tractors and two wagons. These tractors could pull a wagon load of grain at about four miles an hour and the empty wagon at about eleven. Those steel wheels and lugs made for a rough ride.

There never was a farm machine made that a farmer couldn't improve on and such was the case with the Holt combine. The threshing part was excellent but the pickup and swathing attachment were both in the experimental stage and often came apart or broke down.

Roy and Clarence got a different pickup and a center-delivery swather from International Harvester in 1928. The 10-20 tractor had proved to be a little light to get the combine moving with a hopper full of wheat, so Roy bought a 15-27 John Deere that proved to be a big improvement.



Supper in the field at the Roy Myers farm.

Clarence was the combine operator and Gerald the tractor operator. This combination continued for several years, school notwithstanding. When the change from the 10-20 to the John Deere came, harvest was in progress. The 10-20 had a foot clutch and the John Deere had a hand clutch. Something went wrong on the combine and Clarence whistled through his teeth to stop. It could be heard for a mile. Gerald almost broke a leg trying to hit a non-existent clutch pedal!

The year 1927 must have been good, because Roy purchased a 1928 Pontiac truck as well. He cut off one of the 125 bushel wagon boxes that was new the previous year, remodelling it to fit the truck and used it to haul the grain. That arrangement lasted until 1941.

There was a very bad fire in the town of Estlin in the spring of 1929. The lumber yard caught fire and the smoke was noticed by one of the townspeople. He rescued the manager, who lived above the office of the lumber yard. The fire was extinguished and Mr. Gunderson went back to work. The fire broke out again, and again Mr. Gunderson was rescued but suffered from smoke inhalation and Mrs. Revill cared for him. This time the fire could not be contained and the lumber yard was destroyed. The Grain Growers Hall caught fire as it was across the alley.

In the meantime people were assembling from all over the community to help. And help they did. They carried the goods from Leigh Hebbs' store right out on the shelves. They saved every single unattached item from the store, even the linoleum. The manager, Ed Dvorak, his wife Gladys, and daughter, June, were not only out of a job, but also a home. The older boys from school were excused and went to help. Noticing that the hall was afire they decided to save what they could. The piano was about the only result.

When that day was over Estlin had been reduced to a sad sight indeed. It never did get back to its original standing. That is not to say that the com-

munity died. Not at all. In fact that fire may have kindled the spirit that raised it up to become quite a social centre.

Ike Carson, the postmaster, renovated an old machine shed into a sort of makeshift hall. The Dunbars built and opened a store. The Monarch Lumber Company rebuilt the lumber yard and a house for the new manager at the north end of town.

Mr. Gunderson went to Sweden after his recovery and disappeared on his voyage, never to be heard of again in these parts.

The new manager of the lumber yard was Mr. Eagleson, and as the '30's were upon us he had time on his hands. To put in the time he built a cabin trailer in the driveway. It was made very lightly and covered with canvas — more like a mobile tent. When it was finished he hitched it to the back of his Model T and headed for the Maritimes.

The Lumber Yard Company rebuilt the house — which became the National Grain House and served as a residence for many people over the years; teachers Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Stewart, Ervin and Helen Webster, Percy and Betty Culling — National Grain buyers, and others. Roy Myers and his family spent one winter there too.

In the late 1930's Roy took a job with the British American Elevator. Things were not good on the farm and Roy probably thought that buying grain would be easier on his heart than some of the work on the farm. He couldn't afford to hire a man but the money from the elevator would pay the man's wages, so he tried that for a few years. He also worked in the off season for the P.F.A.A. for a time.

During the thirties there were many disruptions in everyone's lives and the Myers and Beatties were no exception. Since Roy and Bessie had a pretty good bunk house it was occupied almost continually. Andrew and Iva, Bessie's brother and his wife, were there for a couple of years. Ewald Wilke, Bessie's brother-in-law from Riceton, helped put the crop in one year. Clarence and Rita, Roy's brother and wife, spent one winter in it with their children — Billy and Francis. There was always something going on to take their minds off their troubles.

The 1929 stockmarket crash did not have too much effect on the social life of the community. It just changed things back from being entertained, to being entertaining. It was back to the old days.

The young folks would get together on a Sunday afternoon at someone's house where there was a family of kids. The Fred Marean's was a good place to go, or the James Clarkes', or the Myers'. Somehow there would be pink lemonade or homeade ice cream or some other family specialty. There would be ball games, croquet, tennis, again whatever was the specialty of that house.

About that time there was a group organized called the United Church Young People's Club. They would put on a three-act play almost every winter and took them to the surrounding communities on a 60-40 basis. One time they made over \$300.00 clear for the church. Later, when these same people got older and some of them married, there was a Couples' Club organized. Gerald and sister, Doris, were involved in the earlier club and Gerald and John and their wives were involved with the latter.

During these lean years Roy and Bessie, as did many other farmers, tightened up their belts and made do. They raised chickens and sold the eggs. Bessie had a knack of making beautiful angel food cakes that the city ladies liked.

On delivery day they would load up the old Hupmobile with eggs and cakes and make the rounds of the streets of Regina, peddling their wares, buying their groceries and supplies for the next week, and enough gas to get home and back to Regina again the next week.

One time Roy butchered a beef and Bessie was trying to sell some of the meat. She called Paul Helstrom and asked if he would like a quarter of beef. He asked her if they had a side of beef and she replied, "Oh yes, we killed the whole cow!" I think she just sold a half.

In 1934 the crops began to yield more bushels but the price was very low. Roy sold number one hard wheat for twenty-five cents a bushel. It took a good many bushels to keep a family farm going.

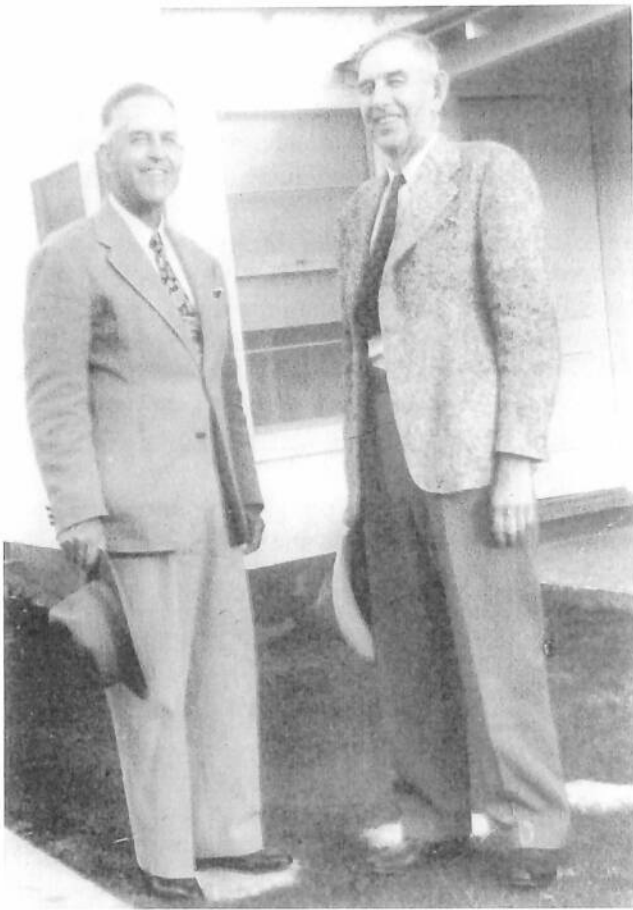
That same year, Dave Myers, became ill. Roy, Bessie, and the "little kids", Lois, Betty and John went to Illinois to be with him. During their stay he recovered somewhat, but his wife, Kate, died suddenly.

In the fall after harvest, Dave took a turn for the worse. This time, Bessie and the children stayed at home and Roy, Doris, Gerald, Berniece Webster and daughter Millie, went back to Illinois again. This time, Grandpa Dave Myers did not recover. He died October 15, 1934 at the age of 88 years.

Roy bought a new 1935 Farmall 30 International tractor in 1935. It was an ugly looking thing as it was built for row crops which were foreign in our area. Despite its looks, it was used until 1943 when Gerald took it, and it served him until about 1954 when he bought a WD9 International. The Farmall was sold at Gerald's Auction Sale in 1978 for \$150.

I can remember the widowed Grandma Beattie staying with us and knitting mitts that we wore with a long cord knitted and attached to go around the neck up one coat sleeve and down the other. That way we lost very few mitts.

She was full of amusing stories of their relatives and friends in Ontario and had a way of telling them



Will and Roy Myers.

that kept the listener spellbound. She was dear to the hearts of us all and it was a sad day indeed when she passed away at the home of her daughter, Marj, who lived at upper Fraser, B.C. She died just one month to the day after Roy on March 13, 1948.

Dave Runkle, the auctioneer and neighbor farmer, had employed Gerald from time to time and had helped get him employment at the Pilot Butte Stock Farm, milking cows. After this adventure, and with more experience helping Roy on his farm, Dave Runkle again was instrumental in getting Gerald a job at the Riceton Co-op. This led to employment at the Co-op Refinery. These last two jobs kept Gerald busy for about eight years.

During these years Roy and son, John, were making headway on the farms at Estlin. One of the disasters was the attack of grasshoppers. It was just before swathing time when they came in hordes — blocking out the sun they were so thick. At night, after the air had cooled, the grasshoppers would come down. It sounded like rain or hail inside the buildings. They would crawl up the wheat stems and cut it partly in two, just below the head. In the morning the heads would be hanging up-side down or laying on the ground. The grasshoppers were

doing their seeding so their young would have food when they hatched in the spring. It was a good thing that the gumbo land was not a good place for the eggs. Somehow there were not too many grasshoppers the next year.

The year 1937 was very poor and Gerald found himself temporarily without work at the Riceton Co-op. He and several friends from Riceton, including Ed Kelly, Otis and Rosco Mooney and Ross Purvis who owned the car, went to Nipawin to seek work.

While he was in Nipawin Gerald discovered a beauty parlor for sale. He wrote home to tell his sister this news. Doris, her dad and mother arrived in Nipawin and bought the beauty parlor. This proved to be a nonprofitable venture so Doris sold it after a few months operation and came back home.

After a couple of more tries at hairdressing around Wilcox and other places Doris went to California with Mrs. Eva Howlett. The Myers' cousins and Uncle Will helped her get established in living accommodations and she got a job in a Beauty Parlor. She met a school teacher there, a Mr. Richard James, whom she married.

Lois followed her sisters footsteps in 1940. Uncle Will and cousin, Grace, had been paying Saskatchewan a visit and on their return had a passenger, Lois. She became a lens grinder for the war effort and after that worked for the Bank of America. She met a southern gentleman by the name of William Ray. He soon won Lois' heart and they were married.

Jean Elizabeth (Betty) met a dashing young man, Percy Culling, from Kendal, Saskatchewan. He was helping in the elevator in Estlin, and became a Grain Buyer. They were married in June, 1943, just in time for Percy to go overseas in World War II. He was wounded on "D" Day and spent the remainder of the war in the hospital where he was visited by the Queen of England. A picture of that can be found hanging in his home.

John met a brunette by the name of Millie Tate, at a dance at the Trianon Ball Room. They were married on October 15, 1945.

Gerald, the oldest in this family, met a girl by the name of Doris Bird, who was in the C.W.A.C. They were married on November 6, 1943, and although Doris was still in the army, Gerald went farming with the aid of his father. They farmed in the Estlin community until 1977 when he retired and moved to Regina. They raised three children, Blaine presently living in Regina, Brenda — married and living in Calgary and Sheila — also married and living in Calgary.

Roy Myers and his brother-in-law Fet Martin, bought a piece of property on Echo Lake. They each built a cottage on it and enjoyed the lake with its

boating, fishing and swimming, as well as the relaxation.

Gerald and Doris farmed the "Champ" place, south half of 18-15-18-W2nd, and John and Millie farmed the "home" place. Roy and Bessie more or less retired to the lake in the summer and spent the winters in California.

Roy had acquired from Wyssie Myers the NE quarter 12-15-18-W2nd and also a quarter known as the Williams' quarter NW 6-15-18-W2nd. These quarters were soon paid for as the price of the land was around \$30 to \$40 an acre, crops were good and the prices were getting better. In 1946 he purchased a half section northeast of Rouleau from the Nolans. This half proved to be a very good producer. It was eighteen miles from Estlin and in the beginning it was quite a chore getting the machinery moved back and forth.

On one of these trips Pete Jasper, who was a good neighbor and better friend of the Myers, came walking out to the road when Gerald approached with his rig. Gerald stopped to see what Pete had to say but was not prepared for his question, "Where ya goin', to the nuisance grounds?", because what they were pulling was an old 21-foot disc converted into a one-way disc. In fact they built two, one for each of them. Gerald used his for many years, improving on it from time to time.



Roy and Bess Myers, 1947.

In 1947 Roy's health had deteriorated to such an extent that the doctor told Bessie that they might as well go to California for the winter because that would have no bearing on whether or not Roy would live until spring. Since she had been living under this threat all of her married life she took it in her stride.

With this prospect in mind Bessie put the pressure on John and Gerald to come to California. That

we did, in the winter of 1947 and 1948. Roy passed away on February 13, 1948 in his daughter, Doris', home in Downey.

Mother had the land in trust from that time forward and the years following were good years. She prospered as did we.

Bessie had always been disappointed that the Myers family had never had a new house to live in. There had been one promised to them in 1927 but the Depression had cancelled that prospect. In 1952 she decided that it was high time the Myers had a house on the Roy Myer's land. The summerfallow field on the NE quarter 12-15-19-W2nd was picked out and a house was built in Regina to be moved onto the foundation in the fall. As it turned out, the house didn't get there until late in the fall, at which time the whole community pitched in and helped build. Gerald, Doris and their three children moved in on March 28, 1953.

Gerald, whose family were about the age to be introduced to music, bought back the piano that the United Grain Growers acquired for their Hall. That piano had originally belonged to his Uncle Will.

Just as they started to prosper there was a hail storm which hit the whole area. The whole crop was gone, which meant losing a whole years income. The day after the hail storm Gerald went to look for a job and got one at British America Construction Material. That job lasted until freeze-up and then he got a job with Radio Supply which lasted several years.

In 1967 there was another disastrous hail storm which destroyed one hundred per-cent of the crop. This time there was hail insurance which amounted to \$1,800 — not much for a years work.

John and Millie's son, Tommy, and Gerald and Doris' son, Blaine, started school a year apart, Tommy being the oldest. The School teacher boarded at Gerald and Doris'. She was Miss Lang and the year was about 1953 and very wet. The roads got so bad that travel by car and truck was almost impossible. Gerald rigged up a two-wheeled trailer with a swather canvas for a top and sides, hooked it behind his Cockshutt 30 and hauled the teacher and kids from our end of the district to school. He named it the Dust Bowl Bus.

John's old house finally outlived itself and was burned down with the help of the Regina Fire Department. They used it as a learning process for their own, and other fire-fighting recruits.

A mobile home has taken it's place and Doug and Pat have worked hard at modernizing it.

Gerald and Doris retired in 1977, selling their land and having an auction sale. They moved to Regina and have kept themselves busy with various jobs. A Crop Insurance Fieldman was the latest but



Gerald and Doris Myers Auction Sale 1978 — Gerald sitting on Farmall.

Gerald gave that up to finish building a cottage on Katepwa Lake.

If there are any discrepancies in the stories, all I can say is this is the way I remember them, and I mean no offence to the rest of the family, or others.

John and Millicent Myers by John Myers



John Myers family, at Miriams wedding, Feb. 16, 1980. L. to R.: David, Tom, Milly, Miriam, John, Doug, Don, Dean.

I was born in Illinois and came to Canada to Estlin with my folks when I was four years old. We settled on the farm east of Estlin and I lived there until I bought the house we live in now in Regina in 1962.

I remember my school days and the kids I went to school with and some of them are still around in the same places they were then — it's a wonderful thing to have so many people spend a lifetime so close. I wasn't a good student so I don't have much to brag about there — but I enjoyed school, my friends, teachers and the sports. Some of the teachers I recall were Miss Ruggles, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Reid, Miss

Murray, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Webster, Mr. Nesbitt, Mr. Yakel and Miss Miller. It seemed like the dust blew all the time I went to school. We knew where the road was by the telephone poles — some days we could only see one at a time and were always looking for the next one. The fields, ditches and roads all looked alike after a dirt storm. One spring, when we had some water in the ditches, it got covered over with the dirt and the cows would get stuck in them. I remember one Sunday morning we were out on the road pulling a cow out of the mud. We tied a chain around her neck and pulled with the tractor. The neck and head were the only parts sticking out. We went to school in a cart made by Rody Girsberger. It looked like a factory job and lasted for many years. Our old horse, Maude, knew the ropes better than we did.

The only thing I ever wanted to do was farm. I wanted to go to the field with my Dad but he wouldn't take me on the tractor. One day I ran all the way around the field after him but he never stopped so I gave up.

We had a grain club in our area. I think every boy belonged to it. We each had our two acres of wheat, a sign and a sample of wheat. We got prizes for each. We learned a lot about weeds and different varieties of wheat. We had a banquet and a trip to the University of Saskatoon for the winners, of which I was one. I thank Carl Webster for all of this.

We had a baseball team made up of the same boys which Carl Webster had started as well. I remember we played Campion College in Regina and then a return game out at Estlin when we were 12 or 14 years old. After the game in Regina they treated us, and we did likewise when they came to Estlin. A few years later with the help of Bill Yakel, we became an effective ball team and played at all the Sports Days. During my school years ball was the big thing, not only for the school but for the men too. The whole community would turn out twice a week to witness the games. This started after seeding and lasted until the middle of July. The league consisted of Estlin, Gray, Riceton, Kronau and sometimes Rowatt. The playoffs came at the Sports Days that every town had. There was Men's Baseball, Junior Baseball and Ladies Baseball (which my Dad looked after because he had three girls playing). Some of the non-players that spent a lot of time running the ball team were Hec Bouey, Jerry Lafoy and Pete Jasper. A Sports Day lasted from morning until next morning including the dance and there would be two or three ballgames going on at the same time. Once the Estlin's Mens team won \$60 at Milestone (the winners share of the gate) which is not much by today's standards, but with that they were able to buy their supplies.

Hockey wasn't our forte because we didn't have a

closed-in-rink. Gray had a closed in rink for many years and they could beat us any time. I remember one year the boys of Estlin would all go to Gray on the train for 15 cents return. We'd leave at 11:30 and be home at 5:30 for a game of hockey.

Curling became a very popular sport in the 50's and Estlin did produce some very competitive teams. The social life centered on the curling as it did on the baseball of the 30's. Everyone participated in this as they did in baseball.

I worked for my Dad for a few years and started farming on my own in 1943. With some ups and downs and some 40 years later I'm still at it, although I'm much slower now and willing to have my son, Doug, get going on his next 40 years or so.

One vivid memory I have of farming was the grasshoppers of 1936-38. We didn't have as much damage as some areas but we had plenty. About the time the wheat was ready to cut the temperature would go up to about 90° and the hoppers would stay up high looking for cool air. They'd stay up high until the cool air came down and then they came with it. People said it rained grasshoppers. I was about 14 at the time and my folks would send me out with Pete Jasper to double-swath while Dad, and whoever else was around, would fix granaries or the combine. About four in the afternoon the sky was suddenly dark and you could see the hoppers if you looked upwards. My Dad was in an empty granary when they hit ground and he said it sounded like hail. The ground was just covered with them and they were hungry. The wheat was ripe except for an inch under the head which the hoppers soon started eating. The next morning the fields looked as if the wheat was gone — but the heads were hanging on upside down. If the wind had blown for an hour there wouldn't have been anything left, so there was a mad scramble to get it swathed before heads fell off. I remember it was a Sunday morning and every available tractor and swather were going-and going much faster than they were made to go. We saved the crops although the loss was heavy. Dad and I went out with hand rakes after threshing and we could make about five dollars a day. The garden was a disaster. The hoppers ate the inside out of the melons and pumpkins, the corn was gone — as well as the carrot tops and any portion sticking out of the ground. They even attacked the potatoes and nearly ruined them.

Around the winter of 1939-1940 my Dad rented the Monarch Lumber house in Estlin. My Dad went to school when they taught the "3 R's" with a hickory stick, which was the kind of education you needed in those days to run an elevator. He ran the British American, which was later taken over by the National Grain — so we had the National A and B. Dad

did this for about three years. About this time we had a poor crop in Estlin and the elevator company shipped wheat in from other parts of the province to store at Estlin. I was by now 16 or 17 years old and I got the job of unloading those box cars — shovelling it into our old Pontiac truck and dumping it into the elevator. It all had to be weighed — there were 10,000 bushels. It was downhill shovelling as the top of the truck was about even with the floor of the cars but the cars were **long**. Jay Cleveland helped shovel the cars out and I had to work hard to keep up to him.

My next job was digging the cistern that is beside the old Town dugout on the north side of Estlin. I think I got the job because I could throw the dirt out of a 12 foot hole. Jay Cleveland helped me then too, or I should say I helped him. I got two dollars a day for digging.

The first couple of years Dad was in the elevator he hired a man. We were seeding 800 acres with an eight foot tiller. We ran day and night and didn't stop at mealtime. The only time we shut down was on Saturday night at midnight. We changed the oil on Sunday and started again on Monday morning. After Dad quit the elevator he worked for PFA for a few years. He and Mother then retired to a cottage at Ft. Qu'Appelle in the summers and went to California in the winters.

I married Millicent Tate from Dilke in 1945 and her background would sound much the same as mine only her folks came from England. We have six children, John Thomas (Tom), married to Val Grosser with Lisa 14 years and James 10; Donald LeRoy (Don), married to Sue Wickson with Heather four and Elizabeth one; Douglas Alan (Doug), married to Pat Blackwell with Erin eight and Joey three; Miriam Lynn, married to Ron Blackwell with Dennis eight months; and our twins, Dean Robert and David Martin 14. Tom is presently in Ottawa in management with Sask Tel. Don is an engineer with Canadian Hunter Explorations in Calgary. Doug is our farmer and is presently building a new house on the farm — he also has a garage business in Regina. Miriam is an accountant with McCallum Hill and David and Dean are in Grade 9 at Campbell Collegiate and both teach guitar at the Academy of Music.

The first year of our marriage was not so good because I became a very sick man with an overactive thyroid. I went down to 125 lbs. and couldn't eat for two months — the turning point to this fast was when Carl Webster brought me some strawberries and ice cream. My Mother and I went to Winnipeg where I was operated on by Dr. Fahrni, a specialist in the field, and I began a speedy recovery after the operation. During all of this procedure — Milly was on the farm expecting our first baby. This was before hospi-

talization and the medical bills nearly wiped us out. We each took turns working off-the-farm. I worked for 20 years at the Sheet Metal trade and Milly worked five or six years at the Power Corporation and the Legislative Building. We moved to Regina at that time as our kids were starting high school and had to be driven to Regina. We also badly needed a new house, so the logical thing to do was to move to the city. We never regretted this decision.

I have many memories of the old days mostly revealed in the story by Gerald — I would like to mention Rody Girsberger and Ike Carson as two very unforgettable people who gave the district a lot of their time and talents and left us all with a legacy of happy times and memories.

I hung up the tools of the trade in 1976 and have been a semi-retired farmer for the last few years. I do what I can to help Doug and my family on our farms at Estlin and Rouleau.

Our life at Estlin has been just great — mostly due to the great friends and neighbors — I guess it will always be home to me.

Noll Family of Estlin

by Kay (Noll) Pates

Peter and Susan Noll were the parents of Nick

Noll of Estlin. Peter was born in Zichydorf, Hungary — 1858. Susan was born in Grosgea, Hungary — 1861. They were married in Europe and came to Canada in 1902.

They were pioneers, taking a homestead in the Coronach, Sask. area in 1909. There were no buildings and their only protection from the elements was a wagon box and a hay rack which they turned over and covered with an old rug. They built a barn in the fall with four stalls, two for their horses, one for their cow, and one for their own use with a stove set up. This was their home for the first winter. Then they built a house in the spring, where they lived for a number of years till their retirement in Regina. Their youngest son, Jake, took over the farm. Nick, the oldest son, is the father of the Noll family from Estlin.

Nick and Lena Noll

Nick came to Canada with his parents, Peter and Susan Noll, in 1902. Nick was born March 25, 1883 in Hungary. He was a barber by profession.

Lena (Amon) Noll was born September 30, 1885 and also came with her parents in 1900.

They were married in Regina. After barbering for a few years, they took up farming. They bought their first quarter section next to the Amon homestead,



Peter Noll family, 1926. Standing, L. to R.: George Fritz, Peter Kuntz, Rose (Noll) Kuntz, Barbara Noll, Jacob Noll, Nicholas Noll. Sitting: Mary Maly (Noll) Fritz, Peter Noll, Susan Noll, Magdalena (Amon) Noll.



Nicholas and Magdalena Noll, 1947.



Leopold and Anna Amon, parents of Magdalena Noll, early members of Sichidorf Colony.

owned by Mrs. Nolls' parents, Leopold and Anna. The farming was done jointly till the Amon's retired to Regina.

This is the Noll farm north of Estlin. They had seven children. Mrs. and Mrs. Noll retired and moved to Regina in 1945. Jake, their second son, is now farming the original farm of both families.

Mary

Born on the Noll farm. She was delivered by Grandmother Anna Amon, who was a midwife, and who delivered all the Noll children.

Mary went to school at Springdale where all the family went. Mary married Lawrence Novak of Estlin. They lived ten miles south of Regina — farming. They were active in the Estlin community. They retired in 1949 and are now living in Regina. They had 2 sons, Eric, who now farms the Lawrence Novak farm and their second son, Leonard, is a landscape Architect living in Calgary.

Lena

Born on the Noll farm, grew up and lived there till she married Joe Metz of Rowatt. He came from Iowa, U.S.A. They farmed for a few years, then Joe became a grain buyer at Rowatt, till 1945. He gave that up and went into business for himself giving his full time to the farm fuel and Service Station at Rowatt. They retired in 1973. They are now living in Regina.

They had two sons — Arnold is in Social Service in Regina. Norman, their second son, is an Architect in Vancouver.

Ann

Born and lived at the farm until coming to Regina where she worked for a number of years till she married Andrew Krottenthaler. They were in the retail business, operated their own Grocery store, which was Andrew's Grocery on Victoria Avenue E. In 1944 they sold the store and went into Real Estate till Andrew's death in 1978. They had three children, Gordon and Diane who are both married and carrying on their fathers business in Regina. Mary Ann is married and resides in Edmonton.

Kay

Also born and raised at the farm near Estlin. She came to Regina and worked mostly in retail business. She worked for the Sherwood Co-op for a number of years and then married Al Pates in Regina. Prior to that Al was in the services during the 1939-1945 war. After spending six years in Europe he was discharged. He then was employed with Imperial Oil Refinery till his death in 1971.

They had two girls, Arlene, married, — a bank manager in Winnipeg. Fay, married and is a steno with Sask. Power in Regina.

Jake

Born at the Noll farm and went to school at Springdale. He farmed with his father and is still farming the original Noll farm after Nick Noll retired to Regina. Jake has his son, Jim, now operating the farm with him.

Jake was active in many areas. As a young man he was active in the Estlin community, involved in sports, played hockey, but mostly ball. He was a member of the Estlin ball club as a centre-fielder for a few years.

Jake later became Reeve of Sherwood Municipality for 25 years, retiring in 1982.

He married Roland Tessier. They reside in Regina. They had three children — Marilyn and Joanne, married and residing in the U.S.A. — Jim, farming with his father, also resides in Regina.

Peter

Born at the Noll farm, he went to Grade school and High school at Springdale, which is north of the farm. Peter helped at the farm for a few years and then came to Regina where he worked for McPherson & Thom. He then went into the implement business for himself with Minneapolis Equipment. Peter was also active in sports at Estlin. He has since been coaching a girls' soft ball team and Junior boys' baseball team. He has coached the Regina Maroons for 25 years with great success. He has taken this team to the Canadian Finals, several times, winning many Medals. He is now managing the team.

Peter married Mary Matts in Regina. They have three children — Maureen is married and is a teacher and living in Regina. Donna is in the computer business in Regina. Grant is an Engineer in Edmonton.

Rose

The youngest in the family was born and raised in the Estlin district. She was also very active in the Estlin sports, playing ball for Estlin girls ball club for a number of years at sports days in Estlin, Gray, Riceton and Milestone. When coming to Regina to work she again played ball with a girls softball league. She went on to play in the National Girls baseball league in Chicago, as a pitcher.

She married Norman Baker who was born at Gray. Rose and Norman farmed his Dad's estate for ten years. Norman also worked in Regina as an electrician. They incorporated Bakers Electric Ltd. in 1957, and both are still involved. They have two sons, Neil, married and living in Regina and presently in the Computer business. Darrell is married and also lives in Regina working in Real Estate.

The Novak Family

One of the earliest pioneering families in the

Estlin district was the Novaks, who settled about five miles northwest of the present hamlet site. In November, 1899, Andrew Novak emigrated to Canada with his wife and two daughters from the small farming village of Sichidorf, Austria-Hungary. Born in 1864 Andrew Novak was a small tenant-farmer and livery-man. He married Katherine Baker around 1893 and they had two daughters, Katie and Barbara, born in 1894 and 1898 respectively.

When Katherine's twin brother, Frank Baker, already living in Regina, invited Andrew to bring his family to the New World, they readily accepted his financial sponsorship. Frank Baker had previously established a homestead on the southeast quarter of Section 24, Township 15, Range 20, west of the 2nd meridian. For the pre-emption fee of ten dollars, this quarter was turned over to Andrew Novak to farm. He also claimed the adjacent southwest quarter, which was to become the Novak homestead.

In July, 1901, Andrew Novak moved his family onto the Baker homestead. The only structure, a small shack, was to become their first home. They arrived with few possessions; a wagon and team of horses, a sulky plow, a small two-ring stove and their bedding and food. In those early days the prairie was unbroken. Their nearest neighbors, the Kirbys, lived several miles to the south. Immediately, Andrew Novak began to break the land with his team and plow. That first year did not see a crop, but there were to be many bountiful crops in the years to come.

In 1902 John Baker, Frank's brother, and also a brother of Katherine Novak, arrived from the old country and took over the quarter-section Frank had homesteaded, paying Andrew the appropriate ten dollars pre-emption. With that, Andrew built a small frame house on his own homestead quarter, and moved there. The two brothers-in-law prospered and enlarged their land holdings. Andrew Novak added adjacent quarters of land in 1910 and 1913, and in 1918 bought the south half of 13-15-20-W2nd.

The family's size and fortunes grew. The first son, Lawrence, was born on January 29, 1901, in Regina. He was followed by Andrew in 1903 (died in 1908), Jacob (Jack) in 1905, and Elizabeth in 1909.

The oldest daughter, Katie, married Andrew Wingert of Edenwold in 1912. With the intent to establish a homestead for the new couple, Andrew Novak purchased additional land for them and himself from the brothers, Chet and Grover Moore.

Farming was less mechanized in those days. Threshing machines were used quite early. Initially, one would be either purchased or rented by the area farmers, to be used in common, taking turns. Andrew Novak bought his own outfit in 1920. As the years progressed more land was broken and put into

crop. Before the building of the Grand Trunk (Canadian National) Railway line and the sidings of Estlin and Rowatt grain had to be hauled to Regina over a rutted trail.



Andrew and Katherine Novak, late 1920's.

Andrew Novak took part in the establishment of King Edward School in 1909. Along with John Baker and Ed Kirby he became a trustee and sent Barbara and Lawrence to the school's first session in the fall. In 1911 the local telephone system, named after the school, was set up.

Social activities in those early days included sports events and Saturday night dances. Many people from the King Edward School District and the Estlin area attended these together. Estlin grew to be much larger than Rowatt, and so served as the local commercial and social centre. For years the Novaks and their relatives — Bakers, Wingerts and Nolls, travelled to the town. There they sold their grain, bought their groceries and goods, and received their mail at the local post office.

In 1925 Lawrence and Mary Noll were married. For nearly a year they lived with the groom's parents, until such time as they could become settled on their own farm. Mary Noll's parents, Nicholas Noll and Magdalena Amon, farmed east of Rowatt and patronized Estlin's stores and post office for many years.



Lawrence and Mary Novak wedding photo, July 9, 1925.

Andrew Novak bought the north half of 19-15-19-W2nd in the spring of 1926 for his son to farm. Early pioneers, the Boneau family, had built a small shack north of this section near a slough where the municipal road and highway number 6 intersect today. The Boneau slough still fills with water in the spring and it was here that early travellers and neighboring settlers had drawn water from a sump well. Once the land was acquired Lawrence set about growing a crop which yielded more than 6500 bushels of wheat and oats that year.

The depression years saw not only crop failures and low yields from drought, but also the scourge of grasshoppers and rust. These were hard times, and they were only complicated when Lawrence's new barn burned down in 1931. New changes occurred however, with increased mechanization. In 1935 a combine was used for the first time to harvest the crop.

Lawrence and Mary Novak prospered despite all this. A son, Eric, was born in 1927, another son, Leonard, in 1941. They farmed until 1949 when they retired to Regina. Their son, Eric, married Margaret Drew of the Rowatt district, and began to operate the farm. Their second son, Leonard, married Pauline Mascho of Prince Albert in 1962, and lives in Calgary, where Leonard is a landscape architect.

The original Novak homestead also prospers to this day. In 1929 Andrew Novak retired at the age of

sixty-five years, passing the farm over to his son, Jack Novak. Jack and his wife, Regina Flichel, renovated the 1916 farmhouse in the early 1950's. After farming nearly thirty years, they retired to Regina, and their son, Robert, farms the original homestead to-day.

The two Novak farms are to-day modern, mechanized grain operations. They stand as a testament to the pioneering spirit of toil of Andrew Novak, who chose to leave an old world, and an old life, for the uncertainty and ultimately the prosperity of the new.

Harvey and Marie O'Neill

by Marie (Scheibel) O'Neill

My parents, Phillip and Mary Scheibel, came from Nebraska and homesteaded near Wilcox, Sask., in 1902, and I was born there. My husband, Harvey, was born near Ottawa, Ontario, and came west in 1921. We were married at Wilcox in January, 1930, and made our home near Estlin.

It was the beginning of the great depression, times were difficult, but youth has a way of seeing the bright side. We bought wheat to seed that spring at \$1.65 a bushel from Kjellanders and that fall sold it for twenty-five cents a bushel. We had some cows, pigs, a few chickens, and though the first few years we couldn't grow a garden, we managed well. We had six children, Margaret (January, 1931), Bernard (January, 1932), Laura Anne (July, 1933), Eva (September, 1937), Donald (July, 1943) and Murray (1946). Some of the children attended Kirby School and after it closed, we transported them to Yankee Ridge, a job for both Harvey and me, as the winters were rough.

Dances were held in the school and our three older children loved to attend. One Friday night in November, 1947, Harvey took them to the dance and on the way home saw flames coming from the roof of our house. Our three youngest ones were bathed and ready for bed when I heard loud crackling sounds. I realized there was a fire upstairs. I tried to put it out with blankets, but my arms, hair and forehead were burned and I knew I couldn't put it out, so I gathered the children, Murray just six months old then, and took them to the barn. When Harvey got home, we tried to save a few things downstairs, but afraid of being trapped, we had to leave everything. We didn't have much, but it was so hard to see the things you loved go up in smoke. We stayed with my mother in Wilcox, and with Lionel and Sophie O'Byrne, who were so very good to us. Harvey made a make-shift home from two granaries, and when liveable, we moved in until October, 1948, at which time Harvey went to Ontario to find a suitable home. Leaving family and such good friends as Ulrichs', Roths,

O'Byrnes, Mrs. Dickey, Davis's and many others, was hard. The following years many friends found their way to London, and came to visit this beautiful countryside. Harvey passed away in 1963, and our son, Bernard, took over the farm. Margaret Mary became a registered nurse, Laura Anne, Eva Louise and Donald Harvey were all teachers. John Murray is an electrician working for Ontario Hydro.

William Park

by Leo Ulrich

William Park from Wyoming, Ontario, homesteaded the N.W. quarter of S 34, 14, 20, W2nd, two miles west of No. 6 highway on the correction line in May 1893, according to the homestead book in Regina.

He paid up on this quarter in March, 1897, and according to Municipal tax records, he owned it until 1918, when he sold it to John Ulrich. There is no further record of Mr. William Park.

Rev. and Mrs. Fred Passmore

by Gwen Whiteside

My father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Passmore lived in Riceton for two or three years. My Dad was minister of the Riceton, Gray and Estlin United Church charge from approximately 1948-1950.

My sister, then in Montreal, and I never lived there but, as I worked in Regina at the time, I spent a number of weekends with my parents and met some of the people such as Moats, McGillivrays and Helstroms, plus others. My parents lived in the manse next door to the United Church in Riceton.

After serving the Riceton-Gray-Estlin charge, my parents retired from the active ministry and moved to Regina where my father became retired supply minister of Wascana United Church for several years. My mother died in 1956. My dad married Jean in 1958. He died in 1966.

The L. A. Paul Story

researched by Clarence Taylor

Lawrence A. Paul was born June 29, 1884 at Henderson in S.W. Iowa. He was the son of A. S. Paul and Emily (Benson) Paul, and the fifth child in a family of six. He was educated in Lincoln, Nebraska and at State University in Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

In 1909, at the age of 25, L. A. Paul came to Saskatchewan and purchased one section of land south of Regina. He married Marion Broderick from Brampton, Ontario in 1913. They had two children — Broderick and Elsa Bettie. L. A. Paul died in

Regina June 27, 1940 and was buried in Regina cemetery.

He farmed in the Estlin and Gray area — acquiring more land, a piece at a time, until he owned four sections of good farm land. He took an active part in the work of cultivating his land, using modern large-scale methods. He kept pure-bred stock, his specialty was raising pure-bred Percheron horses.

L. A. Paul took an active part in commercial activities in Regina, Queen City Oil being one of his principal connections. This capital was invested. In these business enterprises he showed the same sound judgement and enterprise that he displayed in the management of his farms, with equally gratifying results.

Mr. Paul was a Mason, a member of the Congregational Church and member of the Assiniboia Club. His favourite sport was big game hunting in the Wilds of Northern Canada and in the Rockies.

Location of farms — Sec. 25-19-14, SW quarter of 36, and S half of 18. Farmers following him were Fred Yeo, Keith Gooding, John Tunison. He also owned Clarences' father's farm (Dick Taylor) E half of 29-20-15 and Novaks W half of 22-20-15.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul and family lived in Regina at 2500 College Ave.

Rembler Paul

Researched by Clarence Taylor

One of the earliest settlers in our district was Rembler Paul. He purchased 2,560 acres of land 12 miles south of Regina in May 1883. Rembler and his partner, John Simmon, came from Toronto. They

FARMS FOR SALE OR LEASE!

FARM No. 1 is 15 miles south of Regina. Contains 1,000 acres of very rich black clay loamy land. There is on this farm 800 acres under good cultivation, one house, one large stable, two grain houses and other buildings. Will lease for a term of years or sell.

FARM No. 2 is 1 mile from the Regina station. Contains 320 acres of land the soil same as No. 1, with 40 acres under cultivation, one house, one stable, a well and 800 small trees; will lease or sell. This place is a fortune to a young man, as it is so near the city.

FARM No. 3 is joining the city of Regina, or will be a city soon. It contains 80 acres, 40 acres under cultivation, one house, one stable and one well; a grand place for a mill; will lease or sell.

FARM No. 4 is 8 miles south; contains 320 acres, 15 acres broken.

Prices for the above mentioned lands vary from \$5 to \$15 per acre. For further particulars apply to

REMBLER PAUL, Regina.

From: 1891 Regina Board of Trade publication
An Unvarnished Tale of Regina

brought with them nine men and all the horses and equipment they required to start farming immediately (they planned to spend \$10,000). Rembler also brought with him thoroughbred cattle, pigs and horses. By 1886 he was able to show fine samples of wheat, oats and barley he had grown. Mr. Paul was a supporter of the early exhibitions, where he judged horses and won prizes for his Durham cattle and Berkshire pigs, as well as his sheep. By 1890 Rembler had a number of farms in the district. These he farmed from Regina where he was active in civic politics, serving as President of the Regina Board of Trade in 1891 as well as councillor on the Town Council for that year. Mr. Paul was a firm believer in the potential for grain growing in our area. He took every opportunity to show visitors to Regina around our district. By the early 1900's Mr. Paul was selling coal as well as land and horses. In 1904 he retired to Kelowna, B.C. Rembler died November 18, 1916 at the age of 85. He is buried in the family vault five miles north of Kelowna along the eastern shore of Okanagan Lake. Mrs. Paul predeceased him in 1914.



Rembler Paul, standing right with beard. Courtesy Sask. Archives.

Their only son, Samuel George, also owned land in our district in 1900. He died in Regina in 1909 at the age of 42. He left a wife and four children. They moved to Kelowna as well.

The Early Paxman Story

by Clarence Taylor

My father's next door neighbour was Ernie Paxman. He had homesteaded his land in 1902. He was born at Regina in 1883. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Paxman, had come to Regina the year before, settling just west of town in the vicinity of the present day airport terminal property.

When Ernie was quite young his parents moved out to Victoria Ranch, south and west of Regina 13 miles, which is today Karl Petersmeyer's home section. (15-15-20 W2nd). Visible today on the northeast corner of this section is a clump of trees and a dugout which Ernie always claimed was the headquarters of the ranch. It was the first settlement south of Regina at that time. Only two others were further south, Robert Kirby and a shack on Frank Nolan's land toward Rouleau, both situated on the correction line.

Photo of Board of Trade Picnic, at Mowat Ranch, taken about 1887 (present site of Dunnet Park, two miles east of Avonlea).

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Peacey

by Olive (Peacey) Schweitzer

Frederick William Peacey was born in Port Hope, Ontario, February 4, 1871. As a young boy and man Mr. Peacey lived with his grandparents on a farm a short distance from Port Hope. He became a licensed photographer and a stone mason. In 1895 Mr. Peacey came west to Indian Head, Sask. It was here he met Elizabeth Mitchell of Collingwood, Ontario. They were married in Indian Head, June, 1904, and lived there for a few months, leaving in the spring of 1905 to settle on a homestead between the towns of Gray and Riceton.

The homestead was situated near an interesting landmark, a hill, or mound, called "The Butte". Many Indian artifacts and buffalo bones could be found there and it was later said to have been an Indian Pow-Wow ground, and a meeting place for the preparation of buffalo meat, hides, etc. There were numerous buffalo roaming the plains in the late '80's and '90's — when Mr. Peacey came the land was prairie — and the coyotes had taken over "The Butte". Water was very scarce and the only source was sloughs and rain water. Wells proved to be very alkaline. Each farmer had water reservoirs called "dugouts". Mr. Peacey added to his farm buildings by constructing a large barn containing room for

thirty head of horses, a cow barn, pig pens and chicken houses — all in one building, also a large hay loft. He also built a large house and purchased more land.

Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Peacey. The oldest Maitland Alexander, born April 21, 1906, was born in a small hospital in Milestone. He contracted measles and died at the age of six weeks. He was buried in Bratt's Lake cemetery. Other children were Sadie Olive (Schweitzer), Harold Wesley of Calgary, Ida Maidie (Scott), James Garfield and William Whitfield (twins), David Livingstone, Anne Elizabeth (Busby). There are four remaining children, nine grandchildren and twenty great-grandchildren.

The homestead was sold in 1919 to a well-known neighbor's sons — the Boesch's. They too were early pioneers. The Peacey family moved to Regina. Mr. Peacey had purchased a farm in the Weardale — Estlin area. Some of the family attended Weardale school and the older ones went to Regina. Mr. Peacey died July 26, 1936. Mrs. Peacey moved in 1968 to Victoria, B.C. to reside with daughter, Olive Schweitzer, until 1970. She then moved to Edmonton to be with daughter, Ida Scott, passing away in 1973. Both Mr. and Mrs. Peacey are buried in Regina.

Pioneering on the prairies was so very difficult — weather severe — poor communications — two World Wars and to crown it all — the "Dirty Thirties".

The James Pearce Family

by Etta (Black) Pearce



Jim and Etta Pearce, 40th wedding anniversary.

Jim and I were married December 24, 1942, at my parents home on the farm in the Estlin district. This was during World War II and Jim was in the Airforce, so we moved around quite a bit. We spent part of 1943 in Montreal, then were moved to MacDonald, Manitoba. In 1944 we were in Truro, Nova Scotia, and came back to Saskatchewan when the war was over. We lived on a farm north of Regina for a few years, then moved into the Wilcox area and to our present home four miles north of the town.

We have five children — Linda, who is married and lives with her family in Lethbridge; Earl, married with one daughter, lives in Calgary; Janie, married with three children, lives in Vancouver; Bruce, married and lives at Mayerthorpe, northwest of Edmonton; and Bill, married with one son, lives at Indian Head.

We celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary last year with a large number of friends and relatives in attendance. Most of our family was able to be there and it was a warm and wonderful occasion, full of heartfelt thanks for health and happiness.

Edgar H. Petersmeyer Sr.
by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Petersmeyer



Edgar H. Petersmeyer Sr.

It was in the settled farm community of Odebolt, Iowa, that Edgar Henry Petersmeyer was born on July 2, 1887. Attending both grade and high school there, he was fortunate to have two years at Northwestern Military Academy in Highland Park, Illinois and most of a year at Beloit College in Wisconsin. That year was interrupted by illness, an appendix operation performed in Rochester by a young Dr. Charlie Mayo.

Meanwhile, in 1905, his father, Henry Petersmeyer, had joined two Cherokee, Iowa businessmen, Congor and Sanborn, in establishing a grain

buying company and lumber yard in Rouleau. Edgar's brother, Harry, elder by four years, came there to work for Congor-Sanborn in 1906; Edgar followed a year later, at twenty, quite ready for adventure.

Home was a room in the Rouleau Hotel with 35 cent meals at the Chinese restaurant, employment at Congor-Sanborn. Henry Petersmeyer had invested in two sections of land near Rouleau, and with the intention of farming it, he brought his wife and daughter, Helen, to Saskatchewan in 1910. While a house was being built on the property, Edgar shifted to farming and that summer of 1910 shared a granary-house with an English couple with a small child, only a blanket separating their beds. (The Senior Petersmeyer, with Harry and Helen, left Saskatchewan in 1914 for a California venture, the manufacture of tops for touring cars.)

Of course the young and the eligibles in the area found one another. The four sons of C. W. Williams were kindred spirits and fellow baseball players. When their sister, Etholeen, in dashing Gibson girl garb appeared, Edgar began a four year horse and buggy courtship. (Etholeen, all of sixteen, was mistress of the William's household, her mother having just died).

Edgar and Etholeen married March 1, 1911 in Galesburg, Illinois. They borrowed \$5,000 in Cherokee, Iowa and returned to Saskatchewan with four hired hands, three boxcars filled with machinery, furniture and 25 horses. They moved into the farm house which had been built the year before and originally intended, with its five bedrooms, for C. W. William's renters with children to live.

Edgar learned farming practises following the stern precepts of his father-in-law-landlord, enduring with other renters the annual published competition of grain yields. Over the years the Petersmeyer home was headquarters for Mr. William's numerous summer visits — at which time NO Sunday frivolities, including baseball, were permitted. The three Petersmeyer sons, Karl, Edgar Jr. and Warren, well remember!

In 1919 the horror of FIRE wakened the household, the barn was ablaze. Livestock was rescued and men on the roof of the adjacent helphouse kept the fire from spreading. A temporary barn (still in use as a machine shed) was built for \$700-\$800 and a replacement (in use now for grain storage) two years later for \$11,000. A popular song of the day, "Take Me Back to Homeland", inspired the owners to letter "Homeland Farm" on the new barn.

Since Homeland Farm was on the Yellowstone Trail, painted R-Y in yellow on telephone poles and the main route to Regina, it was noted by many. The

Petersmeyer penchant for neatness showed in weed-free ditches and a farmyard levelled and floated smooth and black. Edgar was teased that dark-feathered Plymouth Rocks were his choice over white Leghorn chickens, their shedding feathers least conspicuous.

Over the years visiting dignitaries have been Petersmeyer guests, to be shown grain fields, machinery, and methods, and to be served tea with thick cream, tall angel food cakes and homemade ice cream.

The Twenties brought prosperity and mechanized changes. While selling cherished horses at auction was difficult, the first tractor in 1928 was a thrill — and an adjustment. There was need for fewer “hands” — and nightly chores were limited to milking Jersey cows.

The decade of the Thirties was devastating contrast. With the drought, Edgar did no seeding in 1931. Grasshoppers were so thick on the warm side of buildings that one couldn’t distinguish the color beneath them.

In 1937, with no crop in this locale (and only 34 million bushels produced in all of Saskatchewan), hay critical for livestock, the Provincial Government asked Edgar to contact somebody for a source of feed. Through Peavey Heffelfinger of National Grain in Minneapolis he found Erv Olson of Minnesota Hay Growers. The two travelled the Midwest, bought 40,000 tons of hay for import to Saskatchewan. Though Edgar was paid for his efforts, he had had to borrow \$500 from the bank for his travels.

As a conscientious citizen with diverse interests, he was actively involved in community affairs. He was the Saskatchewan representative for the National War Services committee, director of the Air Cadet League, headed the Leader Post Christmas Cheer Fund and served on the official boards of Knox-Metropolitan Church, the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army, the latter two for 38 years. To have been part of civic growth is a satisfaction.

While on a winter holiday in California Etholeen suffered a fatal stroke and died in Regina in March, 1958. Edgar remarried in 1967 to a long-time friend, Ruth Anne Mulligan of Pendleton, Oregon. His three sons have increased the Petersmeyer population by giving Edgar nine living grandchildren and they, fifteen great-grandchildren.

Now at ninety-five, Edgar has lost none of his abiding interest in the land his sons now farm. Further, he proves his own theory that interest in and knowledge of sports (especially baseball and football) keep a fellow young.

Says he, “I’ve seen a lot of changes in my lifetime. I’d like to be here in the year 2000 to witness

more . . . I love the land . . . If I had my life to live over, I’d change none of it.”

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Petersmeyer by Mrs. Fran Petersmeyer

A Central High School graduate in the Depression year of 1935 faced difficult decisions. In the case of Warren Petersmeyer, he worked for a year as an usher at the Metropolitan Theater for eight dollars a week. Then, thinking that professionalism would be more secure than the visible hazards of farming, he used half of his grandfather’s (C. W. Williams) legacy of land to go to the University of Minnesota.

There he majored in Mechanical Engineering and Business and in 1941 graduated and married Frances Fink of New London, Minnesota. He worked briefly in Kansas City until, with dual citizenship at that time, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, working in the States and Pearl Harbor.

By the end of the war, and with the responsibility of a wife and infant son, he found Saskatchewan farming inviting. The summer of 1945 he worked with his father and brother, while a carpenter revamped the house on 18-15-20, W2nd. Known as the “Coad” place, the house was built in the teens by the Rev. Mr. Coad, who reportedly kept baby chicks on the unfinished second floor. The land was later farmed by a Mr. Macalony and latterly by Oscar Stuber. Since there was no greenery of any kind, Indian Head nursery trees and shrubs were priority for the new occupants.

The house, not insulated, was a May to October home much enjoyed by a growing family of four children (Mark, Janet, Bill and Anne.) They attended Bratt’s Lake and King Edward schools spring and fall, until Warren found a winter job with the City of Regina. That developed into full-time, year-round employment — and the family made a reluctant, permanent move to the city.

Without the loyal and efficient help of Jim and Helen Gray for 13 years and, after a two year interval, Bud and Jean Nelson for (to date) 18 years, the arrangement of after-five and weekend farming would never have been possible. How fortunate to have found “helphouse” families who fit into the community, who are appreciated for their neighborly caring and helpfulness in the best rural tradition.

For the benefit of paperwork involved in agribusiness, 18-15-20 W2nd was incorporated as “Allerton Farms”. That perpetuates the name of one of the two Independence, Iowa trotting horses of C. W. Williams. Their sale in the 1890’s funded the purchase of Saskatchewan farmland in the first decade of this century.

The William Peterson Family by Isabel (Peterson) Betteridge



William and Elizabeth Peterson, 1946.



Bill Peterson's auction sale, Estlin 1927.

William Peterson was born near Copenhagen, Denmark in 1880. His parents were farmers specializing in dairy cattle, so his work on the farm prepared him for the one he eventually owned in northern Saskatchewan.

When William was a grown man he went to the United States and was employed in a lumber camp for several years. His next move was to Estlin. It was here he worked as a farm hand for Mr. R. Welliver.

Elizabeth Elkin was born in London, England in 1888. Her father owned a produce store there until 1905 at which time the family came to Canada. Mr. and Mrs. R. Elkin and the two sons continued on to Gull Lake, Saskatchewan where Mr. Elkin took a homestead.

Elizabeth stayed in Toronto for three years before going to Regina where she worked for Dr. Meek. She was later employed by Mr. D. Runkle and went to Fairfield's Farm as housekeeper and cook for the men Mr. Runkle had working on his farm.

When William and Elizabeth were married they rented the farm east of Estlin known as the Watson place. It is at the Watson place that I, the daughter Isabel, have my first recollections of living, and I will now refer to William and Elizabeth as Dad and Mother.

I remember the placement of the buildings. I remember sliding down the snow banks, for that year the snow was piled to the eaves of the chicken house. It was so hard packed by the wind I had no trouble running over the top of the drifts. I was not very heavy, but I can remember the horses breaking through and floundering around in the deep snow. Dad dug paths from the house to the other buildings and I could not see over the top.

I remember the neighbours across the road, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron. Mother and I would visit Mrs. Cameron and she always had some delicious chocolate cake for me to eat. I still have some of her recipes that she gave Mother and which were passed on to me when I started my own home. I started attending Boyle School while we were living at the Watson place. I remember when the school burned and we used the town hall for classes.

Dad and Mother rented Fairfield's Farm from Mr. Runkle. Here my memory takes me to the times I played with Eileen Wilkening and Ila Fay Welliver, our two closest neighbours. Mr. Webster lived just across the road and I visited there many times. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Currah lived for a time in the other house in the yard at Fairfield's Farm, and I spent many happy hours with Mrs. Currah. We would play games and read books together.

Fairfield's Farm was our residence until Dad purchased a quarter section of land at Birch Hills, Saskatchewan. Mother named our new farm Poplar Grove Farm. It was in 1927 we went to Birch Hills.

Poplar Grove Farm was their residence until Dad died in 1949. Mother rented the farm to a neighbour, and although she returned to the farm every summer for several years she went to Edmonton, Alberta during the winter. When Mother decided not to continue going to the farm for the summer, Poplar Grove Farm was sold to Mr. Armin Elsaesser. Mother made

her permanent home in Edmonton until her death in 1981.

It was many years before I returned to the south, the land of far horizons and splendid winter mirages. Those I also remember of your beautiful prairie country.

Ernest and I have three children. William is married. He and Kathleen and our eldest daughter, Gail, live in Edmonton. Ivy Mae, our youngest, is at the present time living in Calgary.

Bill and Arlene Phillips and Family by Arlene (Dunbar) Phillips



Bill and Arlene Phillips. Children — Brian, Joanne, Linda and Diane.

I was born December 15, 1934 to Willard and Betty Dunbar. I was brought home from the hospital by the only relative who had a heater in his car, my Great Uncle C. O. Smith. My sister, Leeta, was born a year and one-half later. Our home was small and frequented by many relatives. My mother's brothers, George and Wifred Doyle, spent a few winters there and we were serenaded by Western music at an early age. My Uncle George sang on the C.B.C. radio for a while. My Uncle Dewey and Aunt May raised their family next door. We lived in the same yard, since my father and Dewey farmed together. We had many

exciting times with seven children in the same yard. We were tom-boys, playing with our horses, building play-houses and playing with our many cousins. Money wasn't plentiful at that time so the two families shared one old truck. I remember the R.C.M.P. checked my mother for purple gas when she was driving that old truck, "with no operator's license" and she innocently couldn't remember where the gas tank was. We saw our mothers raising chickens, canning, baking bread, making butter, growing and preserving a large garden, and making do. We were privileged to watch them setting eggs to hatch out turkeys and chicks. We had to help with the chores — like weeding the garden.

I attended school at Bristol, which was approximately two miles from home and we got there by riding our horses or we were occasionally driven by team and sleigh. In winter we had so many clothes on we could hardly walk, but sometimes we would get cold feet and hands which we cured by running behind the sleigh. Our younger cousins went with us to school so we rode herd on them. My first teacher was a Mrs. McGregor. Mr. and Mrs. George Ramage came to Bristol, and he taught there for six years. The attendance got down to five students, so we played table tennis for entertainment. At Bristol, during the winter, Card Parties were held and some social events. Mr. and Mrs. Ramage were very kind to us, cooking us a hot dish for dinner and helping us with our horses whenever we had any problems. We took piano lessons from Arlene Staton at that time.

We started school at Boyle, in Estlin, when I was in grade eight. Mr. Wes Wells was our teacher. We skated on an outdoor rink and helped shovel off the snow, "a good example of Women's Lib." We curled in the bonspiel each winter. We went to school by sleigh in winter and car in summer. My dad had a fast team and we came in at night to curl in the evenings. The buying of the family snow plow made it possible to drive the car in winter. My mother and dad built a new house a mile away from the original place and we enjoyed that a few years before we left home. We sang in the choir, directed by Beryl Clarke. Leeta and I frequently sang duets and my mother tells this story to us. We were scolded for not knowing the words to a song we were singing at a shower that night. We ended up our practicing "My Happiness", while crying.

I attended Luther College and received my grade XII there. The following year I supervised a school at "St. Johannes" in the Kronau district and boarded at my Uncle and Aunt's. I met and married Bill Phillips, from Semans, in 1954. We moved to Regina where our first child, Linda, was born. We moved to British Columbia for a year where our second child,

Diane, was born. After returning to Saskatchewan Bill became a grainbuyer for Pioneer Grain and after twenty-five years at Estlin has accumulated a successful business. Bill began and coached the young girls soft ball team for several years. He played on the men's hockey team and coached it for several years. He coached the boys hockey and hard ball. While our rink was still here he curled and took care of the caretaking duties. Joanne and Brian were born here and with the older children attended school here until the school was closed and they were all bused to Lakeview and Sheldon Williams where they received their grade XII. Linda married Doug Hovind and resides in Rouleau with their two children, Jerod and Cory. Linda is presently working as a Key-punch operator for the Government. Diane and Joanne each have business courses and Diane is working at the Department of Agriculture. Both girls are living in Regina. Brian is employed in Regina and is living at Estlin. I worked for the Government for nearly five years, but have kept busy at home since then. I have been a member of the U.C.W. for many years, and play the organ at the Estlin church.

Kathleen Karen Posehn (Dunbar) by Jean (Dunbar) Leippi



Karl Posehn family. Back Row, L. to R.: Karl, Kathleen, Audra. Front Row: Jared, Dewey.

Kathy, the eldest of the twin girls, was born April 17, 1943. She attended school in Estlin until Grade ten. She went to Gray for her Grade eleven and then to Balfour Technical School in Regina for her Grade twelve. She graduated in 1961.

Kathy was married to Karl Edward Posehn of Kronau at the Broadway United Church in Regina on

September 30, 1961. They moved onto his family farm at Kronau. Kathy worked from 1963-1965 in the proof departments of the Royal Bank of Canada and the Credit Society in Regina. Karl has worked in the construction trade and has obtained his journeyman's papers in tinsmithing. They are both now farming full time on their farm at Kronau.

They have three children, Audra Arlene, born March 6, 1967, Jared James, born March 2, 1969 and Dewey Edward, born November 11, 1971. Audra and Jared presently attend Greenall High School in Balgonie and Dewey attends Saar School in Kronau.

Lois (Myers) Ray Reminiscences by Lois (Myers) Ray

I can remember coming to Saskatchewan in the spring of 1927 to live in a two bedroom house, with a family of five children and a Mama and Papa. We were promised a new house, but the Depression hit and we never did get it. We were used to a big house, so it seemed like we were camping. We all lived there and enjoyed ourselves and I think it helped to make a closer knit family, living so closely to one another.

My father remodeled it a few times — I can remember when he put in the hard wood floors. It was the kids' job to keep them polished. Did they ever shine! I think too much some times. My mother kept a throw rug just inside the living room door, where the telephone was on the wall the height you sat to talk. The rug kept the heel marks from going on the floor. On my sixteenth birthday they were going to give me a surprise party. They didn't want me to answer the phone, so on the first ring my younger sister, Betty, was the first one to get there. When her feet hit the rug it went out from under her and she sat down too hard, putting her tail bone out of place. She could hardly sit, stand or lie down that night, and had to go to the doctor the next day.

Everyone remembers as a school child practising the different sports to help our school win the most points when we had our field days. With all the races, jumps of every kind and many other sports, these Field Days were one of the highlights of our summer.

Then there were the days of playing Soft Ball. Most of the time my father was our manager. We played in many small town Sports Days.

After Beryl and Russell Clarke were married, Beryl joined our group. She played one day at Rouleau Sports Day, but was sick and running a temperature. That is how devoted people were in helping make our team a success.

When I was too young to go to the Masquerade Dance held once a year, I would come home from school the night of the dance, and our house would

look like something had hit it! I would ask what was going on and the answer every year was the same: "Your father has decided to go to the dance." Up until the afternoon of the dance he was never going, but he always went and most of the time would win a prize. One year he went as an old lady. The dress was one of my aunt's relatives and just fit. He had white hair and a beautiful hat — the whole thing!

We couldn't afford a band from Regina, so the people around made one up. Roy Myers played the drums. Since he had to go, he took his family and so did everyone else, as no one could afford a baby sitter. The small children would sleep on the benches and the rest of us just watched. Then Monday at school, when it was recess or lunch time, the girls would go to the basement and show how this one or that one danced the night of the dance.

During the Depression, the school houses around had dances to help with their money-making projects. I can remember we were going to go to Wear-dale school on a particular Friday night but when we got home from school the snow started to blow! We were going to go with the Alvin Webster's, so the fathers were on the phone a few times, trying to decide what to do. Finally Alvin said, "Come on over anyway, and if it gets too bad, we will play cards here." So away we went. It was really blowing almost to a blizzard stage, but everyone wanted to go, so we did, even though we could hardly see. The music was good and everyone had a wonderful time.

My mother, Bessie Myers, taught the boys' Sunday School at church. One Saturday the boys all came to our house to make ice cream for that night's Strawberry Festival at Estlin. About the time it was finished we had a cloud-burst. Everyone was so disappointed that the festival would have to be called off as no one would be able to get there to eat it. When the mess was all cleaned up, my mother called the boys in and the ice cream was eaten. You never saw boys put away so much ice cream.

Everyone was always right there to help whenever help was needed. I can remember when my father had a heart attack while visiting my brother Gerald, in Prince Albert. I was home with my sister, Betty, and brother John. We went to school and kept house till they were to be back. Well, when word came they wouldn't be home for a few days, people called to see what they could do to help. The only thing that I knew off the top of my head was "How was I going to get the eggs into Regina on Saturday?" Well thanks to Jerry Lafoy I did it. He came to the rescue and drove me to town. Neither of us had done this by ourselves, so it took us longer than it would have my parents, for we were not sure of the short cuts in the route. By the end of the day we had it

finished and got home without any difficulty. To this day I thank Jerry for his help, as I couldn't have done it without him. The rest of that winter was very quiet around our house, because father couldn't have any company. So we all took turns at playing games with him. Our game (my father's and mine) was Honey-moon Bridge.

When we had dust storms you hung wet sheets over windows and doors to try to keep as much of the dust out as possible. One Sunday morning as we went into church, the women heard the minister's wife say she didn't feel bad mopping her kitchen floor that Sunday morning before she fed her family breakfast. There was so much dust that as she walked across the floor there was a cloud of it! This sure made the women all feel better, as they didn't want to say they had done the same thing that morning.

There were the fowl suppers around at each town in the fall of the year. People came from far and near to help each town and to eat the chicken dinner. The women who had chickens supplied and cooked them and the others fixed something else. They also had a program to entertain everyone. Sometimes the entertainment was from Regina, but most of the time it was local.

For a short time Estlin was blessed in having a doctor. That was Doctor Houston. Her husband, Mr. Houston, was the Pool elevator man. She surely was an asset to our community while she was there.

Girls! How many boxes have you decorated for a Box Social? Many, I am sure, but oh what fun trying to decide what, and then how to get them made. That was the work! Mr. Runkle was the auctioneer and he always helped to make it more fun. Then there were the Pie Socials too, put on the same way.

One winter we used the old hall to play badminton. My father used to go and open up the hall so people could play, and evenings when he felt like it, would get a game in. He enjoyed being with people. One summer Sunday School picnic we had our shet-land pony named Beauty there. Dad got dressed up in that same dress he wore to the masquerade and hitched Beauty to the cart. His legs were so long that he could act as if he was going to fall off, but his feet would catch on the singletree. It sure made a good show.

Talking of a show — remember the tree planting car that used to come once a year with a side show? They had two showings, one in the day time and one in the evenings. We always enjoyed those.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reichel by Georgina Reichel

Ray and Georgina Reichel resided in Estlin from 1953 to 1962. Ray was a buyer with the National

Grain Elevator and then was made a Superintendent when they moved to Neepawa, Manitoba. They had two children, Patricia living in Airdrie, Alberta, is married and has three children. Floyd and Georgina reside in Regina. Their main interest while at Estlin revolved around the curling rink. Not all the many trophies came easy, as the snow banks were sometimes long and numerous to get through to win them.

Georgina passed away June 1, 1983.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Revill

by Arthur Revill

John (Jack) Richard Revill, born in England, March 25, 1883, was sent to a children's home because his parents had both died. He was placed in a home in Hamilton, Ontario, and later placed in foster homes. He stayed for ten years in the second home, until he was 18 years old, and went out working on his own. He worked for the Bell Telephone Company as a repair man and in the building of new telephone lines.

He came to Saskatchewan in 1908 to a district that was called Boyle Settlement, which later became Estlin. He went to work on a Boyle farm. They had six head of cattle and farmed with ten horses. This family came to the area in 1903 and grew wheat and oats. They had to haul their grain to Kronau, as there was no railway until 1912-1913 nor any elevators. After having worked at different places he rented a farm in 1910 and farmed on his own for two years. Deciding against this venture, he and a friend sold their equipment and livestock. As times were bad they did not receive money for most of their goods, only promissory notes to pay in one year, at eight percent. A year later he drove with his horse a hundred miles to collect, but as times were still very poor, got only promises to pay — not money.

In 1913 he bought two lots in Estlin and built a big barn and went into the Livery, Dray and Feed business. Jack, being a lover of horses, always had a well fed team to do his deliveries of feed and dray work and driving passengers from place to place, even as far as Regina. For entertainment in the winter people would get together, about 25 persons to a sleigh load, and with a four horse team go six to eight miles to a house party. A couple of fellows played the fiddle and the banjo and the party lasted all night. Everyone drove home in daylight the next day, as there were no roads and they couldn't see where to drive in the dark.

In 1917 he went east for three months and got married on January 23, 1918. He came back to Estlin, March 6, with his new bride, the former Violet Rose George. Violet was born July 9, 1897 in England, placed in Dr. Barnardo's Home and sent to Canada in



Jack and Violet Revill, wedding photo, Jan. 23 1918.

1908 to Barnardo's Home in Peterborough, Ontario. She worked in different homes until her marriage.

During the influenza epidemic in 1918-1919 Violet and Jack would go to the homes of the sick. She would care for the sick and he would look after the chores outside. They never caught the flu themselves. In 1919 Jack's face was very badly smashed from a horse's kick. He lost his teeth, his nose was broken and his jaw had to be wired together for six months. With the coming of cars and trucks, the barn and dray business got very slack, so he rented some land and went farming. Violet and Jack had four children while living in Estlin; Lottie, Arthur, Jean and Clara. In 1932 they tore down the barn in Estlin and hauled the lumber by horse and wagon to a farm in the Zehner district. A barn was built from poles and straw. The family moved there in December. The first winter they lived in a tin garage with a dirt floor, heated with a wood stove and furnished with bunk beds. In the morning they would find icicles hanging from the ceiling, but no one was sick all winter. A house and barn were built with the lumber from the livery barn and they farmed there until 1944.

They then moved to Regina, where Jack was caretaker of the Regina Court Apartments, starting with a wage of \$30 a month until 1956. He then became a part-time caretaker until 1962. While in

Regina Violet became a member of the Rebekah Lodge and active as a guide for the blind for 15 years. They both loved to play cards. Violet passed away December 26, 1964. Jack got great enjoyment going to the Senior Citizens Center in downtown Regina to play cards with his many friends. He passed away November 20, 1973 at the age of 90 years.

Lottie, born December 19, 1918, married Charlie Lolacher and now lives in Regina. They have five children and eight grandchildren. Arthur, born February 5, 1920, married Erma Hubick, and at present he farms in the Zehner district. I can remember fellows called tramps or bums that came to Estlin by freight train in the early 1930's, either looking for a job or a stop-over for a rest or something to eat. They would sleep in empty box cars or else in the manger on hay or straw in the livery barn. If they were hungry



Jack Revill family. L. to R.: Clara, Jean, Arthur, Lottie, Mrs. and Mr. Revill.

Dad would take them to the house for a bowl of bread and milk. They never got into the house but sat outside to eat. He would tell them he did not mind if they slept in the barn, providing they did not smoke and cause a fire. Some were willing to do almost anything to get a place to stay and something to eat. I also remember the Gypsies coming to Estlin in covered wagons. Everyone seemed to be a little on edge until they left, which was usually after two or three days. I can't remember them causing much trouble, but the fear seemed to be there.

Jean was born December 25, 1920 and went to Ontario in war years to work in a factory. She still lives there. She married Sid Brown and they have three children and three grandchildren. Sid passed away in 1961.

Clara was born November 11, 1922 and married John Wilcox. She worked in the Saskatchewan Hotel for many years. They have two children and three grandchildren. Clara passed away February 18, 1968.

Melchior (Mel) and Emma Richenberger by Emma Richenberger

Mel was born in April, 1892, at Lucerne, Switzerland, the oldest of a family of five. He worked on the family farm, a milk-canning factory, and for a creamery in Geneva, delivering milk by bicycle. From there he apprenticed as a Chef for a short time at the "Kursaal", a famous club in Montreux.

The stories of riches in America lured him to Canada. He left in April, 1912, and was on the third ship that helped in rescue operations of the Titanic. When they arrived at the scene, they only found dead bodies, wicker chairs and debris afloat. On their way, at Winnipeg, merchants convinced the young immigrants to buy guns, so they could fight off Indians in Saskatchewan. After arriving in Regina, Mel and a friend in search of work, walked to a railroad construction site near Mankota. On their way they got tired of carrying their guns and buried them in a field. The mosquitos were so bad they quit the railroad job and returned to Regina.

Mel then worked at Estlin for Richard and Paul Elsaesser, during the time the cyclone hit Regina. He also worked for Roy Welliver and Mr. Shilling. While at Shillings he was asked to stay with Mrs. Shilling, who was about to give birth. Mr. Shilling had gone to Regina for a doctor, but the baby arrived in the meantime, and Mel had to assist in the delivery.

During the winters he worked in Regina hauling coal. One spring, while rounding up horses, his horse stumbled in a badger hole, and Mel broke his hip when thrown. The doctor didn't set the fracture properly, and as a result he limped the rest of his life. After the war he was a victim of the flu epidemic and was seriously ill in a hospital for several weeks.

In 1919 he rented land two miles south of Estlin, from Miss R. M. Rodgers of Illinois, U.S.A. The land had just been broken and the first year was so dry there was practically no crop.

In 1920 his brother, Frank, came over from Switzerland to work for him, and also worked for Roy Welliver. Frank left for Portland, Oregon, in the fall of 1923. He started a greenhouse business raising flowers. He was married in Portland and had three children. Frank passed away in 1962. Mel's other brother, John (Hans), came over in 1921, and worked for Mel, Roy Welliver, Ross Williams and John Baker.

In 1924 Mel helped organize the Wheat Pool and was on the committee for several years.

Emma Richenberger, (nee Staub), was born in July, 1904, at Baar, Canton-Zug, Switzerland, and was of a family of five. Following my schooling



Melchior and Emma Richenberger, 1923.

there, I worked in an office for a short time before emigrating to Canada with my sister, Ann, in May, 1922. We arrived at Edmonton as we both had household jobs waiting for us. I did not like Edmonton, and that fall decided to go to Regina, where my oldest brother, Martin, was staying. It was in Regina where I met Mel, through some Swiss friends, and we were married in February, 1923. After the wedding we left for Estlin, with horse and sleigh, temperature 20 below. We lived in a one-room shack and nearly froze that winter. In May that year, Miss Rodgers started building a new house. I had three carpenters and one hired man to board from spring until fall. In October we moved into the new two storey house, with full basement and hot air furnace. In July, 1924, our son, Arnold, was born at the farm, with Dr. L. Roy and Mrs. Wayland (Betty) Ross in attendance. On August 13, 1925, our daughter, Alma, was born, and Mel had to deliver her before the doctor arrived.

Farm life, as well as the climate and English language, were difficult for me to adjust to, but we



Melchior Richenberger family. L. to R.: Alma, Mel, Emmy, Arnold.

had good neighbors, and they were a lot of help. Wayland and Betty introduced me to everyone at a shower they held for me. However, as I could hardly speak English, Mel had to translate for me.

We often laughed about an old pig Mel had, that waited every day for him to go to the field and then followed him all day. John Cross, the former owner of Claude Black's farm, had a billy goat that roamed a lot. One day it came over and ate Mel's underwear off the wash line.

In 1924 my mother, father, sister, Marion, and younger brother, Arnold, arrived from Switzerland, staying with us for a while before taking up a homestead at Prince George, B.C. Mel's brother, Hans, met my sister, Marion, during that time, and were married in 1925. They went back to Switzerland for a few years, then returned to Estlin. Hans worked for Chris Inglis at the Pool elevator and learned how to buy grain. He bought grain for the Pool at Bayard, Dysart, Holdfast and Clarksboro. He used to play the violin and various brass instruments. Almost every town he bought grain at, he started a brass band or an orchestra. They moved to Vanderhoof, B.C. in 1958 where Hans died. Marion remarried an American and now lives in Washington State, U.S.A.

In the early days we had a Model T Ford that I finally learned to drive, and one day, as I was driving by Frank East's yard, I hit a rut in the road and ended up in their dugout. The children and I were not hurt, just very wet.

In the 1930's we were on relief only one year, as Mel unloaded coal in Estlin, boarded riding horses and worked on roads. The lignite coal we used for a while didn't produce enough heat, so we used to close off the upstairs and live on the main floor. In 1931, when dust storms were prevalent, there were always men walking by in search for work. Families from southern Saskatchewan, with teams and hay-

racks, or makeshift covered wagons carrying their belongings, were travelling north towards the Birch Hills area. Several families had camped at our place for the night. We always gave them food, feed for their horses and shelter for overnight. I remember telling some children they could pick carrots from our garden. I don't believe they had seen a garden before, the way they ran towards it.

One day I saw three men walking across the field towards our place. In the meantime I went out to gather eggs. As I was leaning over the manger, trying to get the eggs, something struck my leg. Thinking of the men, I got scared, fainted and fell into the manger. When I came to, I could only see our mean old rooster standing there, so after a wild chase, I finally caught him and wrung his neck.

In 1939, Alma got rheumatic fever and was completely paralyzed for several months. In 1940 Arnold was severely burned, and was in the hospital for several months. In 1952 all our farm buildings, except the house, were destroyed by a cyclone. All our neighbors and friends helped clean up the debris. It was an example of the wonderful things about our community. Your neighbors and friends were always there if you needed help.

The farms we rented were sold in 1962. Mel and I moved to Burnaby, B.C. and stayed in a suite at the home of Alma and Jerry, where I still live today. Mel and I took a trip to Switzerland in 1974. Until then, Mel had not seen his only living sister since 1912. Mel had a stroke and passed away in 1975. I am in good health, and still enjoy my children, grand and great-grandchildren.



Avery under-mounted steam engine, sent in by Richen-
bergers.

Arnold and Flora Richenberger by Arnold Richenberger

I was born to Melchior and Emma Richenberger July 17, 1924, at Estlin, Sask. I attended public school at Boyle School 1930-1938 and high school at Champion College in Regina 1938-1942.

In July, 1940, while working down a hailed-out crop for my Dad, I was badly burned from a fuel fire while refuelling the tractor. The burn left me with massive scar tissue and some deformed fingers.

In later years I have taken trade courses in machine shop, industrial electronics, and hold journeyman status in pressure and specialized types of welding, as well as heavy duty mechanics.

Following my schooling I began working on a farm for Charles P. Ross (known as C. P.) in the spring of 1943. On the first day of work C. P. decided to begin with field work. The nine foot one-way in use had a crank at the rear to set it for shallow or deep tillage. Being somewhat confused as to which way the crank should be turned for shallow work, we ended up setting it the wrong way, and as a result, the one-way sank so deep the tractor couldn't pull it. In frustration C. P. got into his 1939 Ford coupe, parked nearby, and I followed. He was calling me down over the issue. As he was totally deaf, I motioned to him to hand me his writing pad so I could retaliate. He refused, saying, "I haven't time to read now". One advantage of being deaf! He had a mild stroke that day. I continued to work on the farm for the Ross Estate, and rented it from 1951 to 1962.

In 1950 a cousin, Ernie Weingard, from Switzerland, came to Canada and lived with my parents for two years to become climatized to Canadian living and to improve his English speech and writing. During his stay he helped me with building a mobile semi-trailer type grain cleaner. The unit was sold later to Doug and Harry Wallace.



Arnold Richenberger and his grain cleaner.

On one occasion while cleaning grain for William Hodel, at about 4:00 A.M., I was attempting to change the position of a long auger. As I was standing on top of the cleaner, a turning square shaft caught the hood of my parka, winding me up tight to the auger, stalling the engine. I was unable to move until Bill got up in the morning to do his chores, and released me.

During the '50's and '60's I was in the business of municipal and grid road construction. In the '70's I worked at the B.A. Refinery, Edmonton; Imperial Oil, Regina, as a welder; and Kramer Tractor as a mechanic. I am presently employed by the R. M. of Bratt's Lake.



Arnold Richenberger building road at Paul Elsaesser farm, 1958.

In 1962 I met Flora Lipan and we were married February 9, 1963, in Regina, where we still reside. Flora was born in 1930 at Rockglen, Sask.; her parents, Nick and Vera Lipan are of Romanian descent, and farmed at Flintoft, Sask. before moving to Regina in 1948. Flora works in Consumer Banking for the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. She is active in Toastmasters International, and is presently Secretary for the Kidney Foundation of Canada — Regina Chapter.

We have two sons and one daughter — Paul, born March, 1964, is in first year General Arts at the University of Regina. He was a member of the Regina Lions Band for eight years, playing trumpet and base guitar. He is now active in various stage bands, mainly with "Stormy Weather", who are booked for the summer months in Banff, Edmonton and Calgary.

Robert, born September, 1966, presently attending Sheldon Williams Collegiate. He is in the eleventh grade. He is active in sports, music and art.

Vera Emma — born September, 1965, is a Downs Syndrome child and requires special care. She attends the Harrow DeGroot School in Regina.

Going back to the 1930's, my Dad and Gib Smith bought their first combine in 1934 and worked to-

gether harvesting for about ten years. In 1935, the year of the red rust, the crop was so light Stan Smith and I were able to haul grain two miles to Estlin with a team of horses and wagon, and keep it away from the combine. My Dad used to haul and sell oat sheaves to the R.C.M.P. in Regina. He would leave before daylight with a team and a hay rack loaded with sheaves, using lanterns for light. For a few years he boarded riding ponies in the winter for extra money. During the thirties we raised chickens and delivered eggs in Regina once a week. The egg money helped pay our schooling, plus groceries and farm repairs. But along with the hard times, dust storms, drought and grasshoppers, there were a lot of good things to remember. Everyone was in the same financial position and travelling was not easy, so neighbors were closer, with picnics, sports days, pie socials, etc. Doors were never locked and coal oil lamps were left lit in case someone was caught in a blizzard or storm. There were several places to meet in Estlin in those days — the blacksmith shop, general store, dance hall, elevators, and of course, there was always room for a laugh and good humour. A few stories I remember my Dad talking about, one of which was about Ing A. Smith, who lived with his family in a small house south of Claude Black's farm yard. It was harvest time and stook threshing was still common. Something had gone wrong with the threshing machine and Ing, with his Model T Ford, and Mrs. Smith in the back seat were on their way out to the outfit. The Model T couldn't go fast enough for Ing. He got excited and jumped out as it was running, and ran ahead of the car with Mrs. Smith still in the back seat.

In the late '20's there used to be immigrants from England and other countries that would come out just to harvest. My Dad had a Swiss fellow helping him stook, and one day my folks noticed him coming in from the field towards the yard in a most unusual manner. He was hopping along with his hands clasped around his leg, near the crotch; to their amazement he ended up in the little shanty at the back.

The days of the large telephone party lines were also amusing. Some lines had 12 or 13 phones per line. As you talked your voices would gradually fade, depending on the number of people listening in on the conversation, and it had happened that some listeners actually, not able to restrain themselves, would enter the conversation to voice their opinion. Sometimes you could determine who might be listening by give-away sounds of a cuckoo clock, children, whispers in the background, or to hear part of your conversation among the gossip in the community.

Estlin was a good community to grow up in. We

have many fond memories of wonderful friends and neighbors.

The Ridley Family at Estlin 1921-1932

by Rhoda (Ridley) Albulet

Eleven years is not very long in a lifetime, but they were very important years, in this writer's view.

My father, Garfield Ridley, was born March 19, 1886, at Granton, Ontario, a small town 20 miles north of London. His father, William Ridley, homesteaded his land, and it was to that farm in 1884 he took his bride, Isabelle McIntyre, from the village of Ivan, a few miles south of London.

The Ridley ancestors include Bishop Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, England, who was burned at the stake in 1555 for refusing to recant his Protestant faith. A monument to Nicholas and two other Protestant martyrs still stands on the main street in the city of Oxford, England. The line carried on through the Ridleys of Ridley College, Whitby, Ontario.

Garfield came west in 1911, and was employed by the city of Regina on the street railway. His real interest lay in farming, and in 1919, he moved his family to Sedley to learn the western ways of farming, under the direction of Mr. MacAteer, and in 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Ridley took up farming at Estlin — three miles east and one-half mile south of the hamlet.

My mother, Christine Ridley, born Christine Wardrop, in Madoc, Ontario, June 25, 1895, was the daughter of William and Sarah Wardrop, whose forefathers were United Empire Loyalists. The Wardrop family moved to Englehart, in Northern Ontario in the early 1900's. It was from here that Christine came to Regina in 1912, where she met Garfield Ridley. They were married December 14, 1914.

Two children, Ivan and Rhoda, were born in Regina, before Garfield and Christine moved to the farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridley were very active in the Church and in the community during their time at Estlin. Garfield was Sunday School Superintendent, an elder of the United Church, Presbytery representative and delegate to the annual Conference. Christine was active in Ladies Aid and Sunday School work. Her big contribution to the neighborhood was her nursing ability. She was not a "trained nurse" (an expression of that time), but had a natural instinct for caring for the sick. That was long before the days of antibiotics and the scientific treatments that we use to-day. One little boy had a severe case of spinal meningitis. It was wintertime and the roads were impassable. She nursed that child from near-death to complete recovery, and her only help was the Doctor

on the other end of the telephone line 25 miles away. A similar situation occurred when another child was hemorrhaging with pneumonia, and the child lived. There were several cases like that during our stay at Estlin — a rewarding experience for Mrs. Ridley, I am sure.



Mr. Pottruff (Minister), Rhoda and Ivan Ridley.

The Minister in 1925 was Mr. Johnathon Pottruff, a theology student sent to the Estlin, Richardson, Kronau field. When Mr. Pottruff came his mode of transportation was a horse. The Manse was at Richardson, so he frequently rode his horse to Ridleys on Saturday evening to stay for the night, preach the service Sunday morning, ride to Kronau for the afternoon service and back to Richardson for evening service at 7 p.m. The Ridley family had the privilege of attending Mr. Pottruff's ordination in Moose Jaw, the spring of 1927.

Ivan and Rhoda began their education at Boyle School, a one-room school in Estlin. The school was too small for the number of students, so the classes were moved to the town hall while the new school was being built during 1925-26. It opened for classes August 15, 1926 — what a beauty! Two big rooms and two basements, big enough in which to play

games at recess during inclement weather. Tragedy struck February 9, 1927, and our beautiful school was burned down. Fortunately, no lives were lost. After the fire we were back in the hall until the school was re-built.



Ivan and Rhoda Ridley and closed-in cutter.

Mr. Ridley bought a "closed-in" cutter in which we rode to school. It was so warm in that cutter, being protected from the wind. We had a big stone that was placed on the kitchen stove every night, the next morning Dad would wrap it up in a blanket and put it in the cutter just as we were ready to leave for school. It kept us nice and warm, and, indeed, when we arrived home from school at supper time, it was still warm enough to melt the snow. What fun we had in the warm weather when the Clarkes' in their buggy, the Ridleys' in their two-wheeled cart, June Dvorak on her horse, the Myers on their stone boat and Wright Cleveland on his pony, all happened along the road about the same time on our way to school, with lunch pails for the kids, and an oat sheaf for the horse!

Our teachers were wonderful. They organized Friday afternoon parties and spring sports days. But the big event was the Christmas concert. The Ladies Community Club arranged to have a big tree lit with candles and gifts of candy and toys for Santa Claus to give to every small child. Mr. Alvin Webster was an excellent Santa for many years. His own children delighted in telling Santa that it was their dad who was out holding the reindeer so Santa could come inside.

The teachers included Miss Bambrick, Mr. Howse, Miss Beveridge, Miss Best, Mr. Ervin Webster (a local boy), Mr. Hodges and Mr. Roy Stewart.

Mr. Stewart, who was a fine pianist, would buy the latest songs on the hit parade, bring them to school and play the piano for us to sing. Later on he supplied the music and Edith Marean played. We sang our loudest, right beside Mr. Stewart's desk,

while he was preparing our classes during the noon hour. Poor man! How did he ever stand it? If nothing else was going on, on Friday night, Mr. Stewart would suggest a party. He organized the students to bring gas for the lamps, coffee, sugar, cream and food. Food was kept to one kind (sandwiches, cake, doughnuts or cinnamon rolls). The desks were pushed aside while Mr. Stewart played the piano, and his friends, Mr. Bundy (the station agent), played the violin for us to dance. At 11 o'clock desks were replaced, the room tidied and the happy students returned home in their various modes of transportation. We owe much to Mr. Stewart, who not only directed our education, but influenced our social lives in a very positive way.

The Ridleys moved to the farming community of Rowatt in the spring of 1932. Ivan and Rhoda continued their education through the correspondence courses offered by the Dept. of Education. They received the material through the mail, completed the assignments and sent them back to be marked. It was more difficult than being taught by a teacher, but carried them through Grades nine and ten, when they were accepted by Scott Collegiate in Regina. Light housekeeping in two small rooms provided room and board until they completed their high school.

Ivan enjoyed running, and, although he did not have professional coaching, he won the silver medal for the mile run in Saskatchewan in 1931. During the early 1930's, Ivan was on the executive of the Sask. Jr. Grain Club. The club members were issued with registered seed grain to be planted and cared for by the receiver. After harvest a grain sample was sent to the Canadian Grain Commission for special honors to be awarded to the owner of the best grain.

Ivan worked for a large grocery store in Regina — McBrides — on the corner of Hamilton and 12th Avenue, before joining the army and going overseas in the Second World War.

Rhoda realized her life-long ambition when she graduated from the Regina General Hospital School of Nursing in 1940. She was chosen to give the valedictory address.

In 1938 Mr. Ridley's health failed and they moved to Regina. For a while he did light duty at "The Farmer's Co-op Oil", of which he was a member; however, his heart failed him again, and after a long illness, he succumbed February 12, 1947.

Mrs. Ridley moved to Winnipeg to be near her daughter and spent her time doing home nursing. She spent several years at this occupation and many families in Winnipeg have fond memories of "a job well done" by Mrs. Ridley. She remained very active and alert until her sudden death February 6, 1981.

After Ivan returned from overseas, he started a

business in Sheridan, Manitoba, moving to Flin Flon in 1949. On July 30, 1949, he married Mae Bell, whose home was just north of Regina. Their business flourished, but, unfortunately Ivan's heart played out and he died August 12, 1950, leaving no children.

After graduation, Rhoda continued in a head nurse position and on the teaching staff of her own school of nursing, until her marriage to Victor Yasinski in July, 1943. Victor was a pilot with #5 Air Observers School, R.C.A.F., Regina, and his origin was Wynyard, Sask. They moved to Winnipeg, where Vic was with Trans Canada Air Lines. After two years he returned to his first love — bush flying. For a time Vic and Rhoda lived in Sheridan, Manitoba, and in Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba. It was on a cargo trip to Island Falls, Manitoba, that Vic's passenger suffered instant insanity and caused the aircraft to crash into the ice, with sudden death for both of them, June 3, 1949. Victor left two little girls, Tracey, two and one-half years and Tara, three and one-half months.

Rhoda moved into Winnipeg and started nursing for the Dept. of Veteran's Affairs. After five years she transferred to the Salvation Army Hospital and full-time day shift, as head nurse on a medical ward. In 1960 she became Director of Nursing Services. It was during her time in that office that a new, fully accredited 250 bed Grace Hospital was built. Mrs. Yasinski followed in her father's footsteps and for 16 years was a member of the Official Board of Sturgeon Creek United Church, and was Presbytery representative much of that time.

By 1977 Rhoda's life took a new direction when she married Steve Albulet from Montreal. Steve was a Regina boy, attended Central Collegiate, played football and baseball for the school teams and hockey for the Regina Pats. He was one of Air Canada's first pilots, having had extensive experience in Saskatchewan and Manitoba bush flying. Steve and his wife, Wilma, had been friends with Vic and Rhoda when they were all young, many years ago. Steve and Rhoda now live in Burnaby, B.C.

Rhoda's daughters live in Vancouver. Tracey is in the clothing business and Tara is a high school teacher. They have visited in the Estlin district and are pleased to know that the history of such a "warm" pioneering community is being recorded.

Ivan Wardrop Ridley

by Mrs. Mae Bowes

Born: April 15, 1916, Regina General Hospital.

Died: August 12, 1950, Winnipeg General Hospital.

Ivan attended Boyle School from grades one to

nine, after which he attended Scott Collegiate, where he received grades ten and eleven.

He enlisted in the Canadian Army May 15, 1942 in Regina, serving in Dundurn, Sask. and Brockville, Ontario. He left for overseas duty October 9, 1944, serving in England and Holland until February, 1947. While in Europe he toured the British Isles and Switzerland on leaves.

On his return he bought the Cambrian Cafe in Sherridon, Manitoba. He was a member and President of the Legion Branch in that town during that time.



Ivan and Mae Ridley.

On July 30, 1949, he married Mae Bell, at which time they sold the Cafe in Sherridon, and started The Ridley Store in Creighton, Saskatchewan.

He was admitted to the Winnipeg General Hospital July 29, 1950, passing away August 12. The funeral was held in Regina, August 16, 1950, and he rests in the Regina Cemetery.

May I add that during our stay in Creighton, Saskatchewan, Ivan was instrumental in chairing several important meetings for improvements to this new community. He was a good speaker, sociable, and could have become well-known in public life given the chance.

This I am pleased to pass along in his memory.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Roberts

by Annabelle (Boyle) Thomspen

Bill Roberts and Angeline Boyle were married in November, 1887 in Parker, Ontario. They moved with their two daughters, Pearl, (14) and Lily (9) to

the Estlin area at the same time as the Boyle families, arriving in April, 1902.

The Roberts' homesteaded part of the George Boyle land, location W½ 22-15-19-W2nd. Two houses were built on this property. The second house was probably built when Pearl and Norman Archibald were married in June, 1906. Mr. Roberts was an excellent carpenter, and while he was needed in this occupation in the community, Pearl and Norman also farmed the land for awhile. A daughter, Thelma, was born to them while at Estlin, but she died at 13 months. The Archibald's then moved to the Brora district to farm Norman's father's farm. Another daughter, Florence, was born there. She married Herbert Dow, but died in 1942 as a very young woman.

Lily married L. A. (Barney) Oldfield, a pharmacist, on August 16, 1922. They bought a drugstore in Wolseley, Sask., and lived and worked there until 1961. Lily died after a lengthy illness in January of that year and Barney retired from his business that summer. They had one daughter, Doreene, a Laboratory Technician, now married to John Moyles, a teacher. They are now retired and living at Kenosee Lake, Sask.

In 1910 Mr. and Mrs. Roberts sold their land to Mr. and Mrs. David Runkle, who took up residence in the second house. The Roberts were always affectionately called "Uncle Bill" and "Aunt Angie" by the young Runkle couple, and they practically adopted Lily. They were their witnesses at their marriage and remained close friends all their lives.

After selling their land the Roberts built a new home in the hamlet of Estlin and resided there. Bill, was busy with his carpentry business until his death in 1924. Mrs. Roberts went to live with the Archibalds, who were now living in Regina. She stayed with them until her death in 1939.

The W. E. Robertson Family by Adelean Robertson

Ed had been station agent at Estlin for two years before I, Adelean Tamlin of Mossbank, arrived as his bride the fall of 1939. The best years of our lives were spent there among our good friends. We had good times dancing, playing badminton, etc and taking part in church affairs. Ed enjoyed being in the choir with friends like Wright Cleveland, Beryl Clarke and others.

Our two sons, Douglas and Donald, were born there, which started the baby boom in Estlin. An amusing story happened in regard to Douglas' birth, which appeared imminent one morning. Since Ed could not leave the telegraph set during working hours, he called on his good friend Russ Clarke to take me to the hospital. Russ hurriedly got me to the

hospital, registered and into the ward — barely in time. Russ congratulated me and went on home to tell Ed he had a lovely, healthy new son. That evening, when Ed was off duty at the station, he hurried in to see us. In those years only the fathers were allowed in the wards, and there was a great deal of explaining that had to be done before the staff would let Ed in. A natural mistake, I suppose, in thinking Russ was Ed because of the morning circumstances.

Our daughter, Marla, was born after we left Estlin. Doug and Don both entered the teaching profession, Doug teaching ten years before turning to pharmacy. He married a Victoria girl, has a son and daughter, and owns his own store in Oak Bay, Victoria. Don continued to be an English teacher until a few years ago, and is now a consultant with the Alberta government. He and his daughter live in Calgary. Marla and her husband, Peter Renton, and two sons also live in Calgary. Peter is an engineer with Gulf Oil.

When Ed retired we bought a house in Saskatoon, spending the winters in Victoria. When his health failed we moved to an apartment in Nutana Towers, Saskatoon. He lost his battle with cancer and blindness and passed away in 1981 at age 81 years. I continue to live here, spending my time visiting family and friends, wintering in Florida with my sister and her husband.

After our various moves and living in railway stations where we brought up our family, our thoughts and our first love always return to our good friends at Estlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Aleri A. Rodgers by Dorothy Schorr

After having made several trips to the Estlin area in earlier years, Aleri A. Rodgers, a widower, brought his family to the Estlin area in 1909. His farm was four miles south-west of Estlin where he built a home for his three daughters — Cora, Irene and Katherine, and son Frederick. In 1915 he married the widow of Ephraim Bratt of the Gray area, Emily Livingstone Bratt, who had one daughter, Leona, then aged seven. Dorothy was born, in 1917, Virginia in 1918, and Eleanor in 1923.

Cora taught school in the Swift Current area, where she married William Scott and raised five children. She died in 1976 at the age of 88. Irene married Thomas D. Leach and had two sons, Frederick and Donald. She died in Regina in 1965, aged 68. Frederick Rodgers moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he and his wife Mary had seven children. He died in 1975 at the age of 77. Katherine taught school briefly at Albert school in Regina, she died in 1981 at the age of 81 in California. Leona married Webb

Campkin and is now a widow living in a retirement home in Regina. She has one daughter, Mary Lee Lowthian and four grandchildren. Dorothy and her husband, John W. Schorr, are happy grandparents living in Silver Spring, Maryland close to their daughter. Virginia is retired and living in Edmonton, Alberta. Eleanor and her husband, Wm. H. Stares, retired to a farm near Edmonton, where their five children are frequent visitors. The Rodgers family lived on the farm until 1920, when they moved to Regina. Aleri died in 1943 at the age of 78 and Emily (Elma) died in 1959, aged 75. At her death the farm was sold to Willis Clay, who is the present owner.

Pioneers might enjoy this excerpt from Katherine's autobiography, written as a school assignment:—

"One winter the snow had such a hard crust that father decided to rig up a snow boat. He had it fixed with three immense runners and a big sail. Usually when we got away from home the wind went down and we had to stay awhile. But that was of no consideration there (on the Prairies). The whole family always went visiting and in the winter stayed for several days. Some of the winter pleasures were the old-fashioned dances, skating, sleighing parties (not long ones and always with plenty of hot things to eat at the end of the ride) and wolf hunts. I'll tell you about the last. Some morning one of the men would come rushing in and say that he had seen a wolf. Then away we would go, the men on horseback and we girls in the sleigh. The wolfhounds led, following the trail until they started up the wolf. Then the chase began. It was lots of fun racing across the snow. The last part of the hunt was what I disliked. I always shut my eyes and held my ears until the wolf was killed."

Mr. and Mrs. James Robert (Bud) Rose by Mr. Ron Rose

Bud worked for a Mr. Cleveland and other jobs in the district from 1918 to 1920. When his father moved to Laporte, he went along for one year, but was soon back to Estlin where he rented a farm from C. W. Williams in 1922.

Bertha Netta came to Gray to work for Mrs. Brown at her boarding house. She first met Bud here. She was the daughter of David Foster Fuller, and her mother was Lillian Blythe. Bertha was born October 26, 1907 at Dubuc, Saskatchewan. She went to teachers college and returned to teach at a country school near Estlin called Bristol school, (This school is no longer in existence. She moved to Gray for her second school). Bud and Bertha were married February 14, 1931, and Bertha continued to teach until their first son, Robert Franklin, was born May 27, 1933.

The family spent the winter of 1940-41 at Laporte returning in the spring, in time for a new arrival, Betty Ellen. James Ronald, their second son, was born in 1938.

All three children started school at Bristol with Mr. Romage as teacher and later at Estlin Elementary with Miss Beach.

In 1949 the family moved to Indian Head to farm ten miles south west. Here Bud remained until his death in 1959. Bob and Ron continued farming together until 1962 when Bob was killed in a tractor accident.



Bud Rose family. Back Row, L. to R.: Bob, Bertha, Bud. Front Row L. to R.: Betty, Ellen, Ron.

Ron married in 1967, May 8, to Kaye Loretta M. Scott. She was the daughter of Lorne Roland Scott and Noris Lois (Bourne) Scott. Kaye was born August 29, 1942 at Sintaluta, Saskatchewan. Ron and Kaye have two daughters; Laurie Ellen, born June 1, 1968, and Ronda Lea, born April 16, 1971. Two sons — Richard John, born June 27, 1973 and Kenneth Reid, born October 31, 1975. All live in Indian Head, Sask.

Betty Ellen married Leslie Gordon Braithwaite October 11, 1968. Leslie was the son of Allen Gordon Braithwaite and Charlotte Emma (Moore) Braithwaite. Leslie was born November 27, 1940 at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. Leslie farmed north of Indian Head. They have two sons and one daughter — Robert Leslie, born December 18, 1971 — James Gordon, born June 6, 1974 — Susan Laurie, born November 21, 1980. All three were born in Indian Head, Sask.

C. P. Ross Family

as told by Kathleen (Ross) Schwartz

In the early 1900's C. P. Ross and his sons, Wayland and Lloyd, would travel by train from Illinois to their homestead near Estlin, seed the land and then C. P. would return south, leaving the boys to "hold the fort" until harvest. They also farmed in Illinois and did concrete construction work.

Crops were earlier in that state, so the Ross's were able to complete work there before coming to Saskatchewan. In later years C. P. and his wife moved and made their home at Estlin during the summers, returning south in winters. Mrs. Ross passed away and several years later C. P. remarried. He and Laura, who was from Kansas or area, remained in the district but would go south or to Regina for the winter months. He spent practically every day at the grain exchange playing the market.

C. P. Ross passed away in Regina in 1944. Laura died some years later, also in Regina.

Wayland Bruner Ross, son of C. P. and Rhoda Ross, spent many summers around Estlin in the early

years. In 1918 he was called up in the U.S. army and sent to England. While on his way by train to board ship to France, he became ill and was taken to hospital at Birmingham, and while there he met his future wife, Elizabeth (Betty) Lewens, a nurse. They were married on December 9, 1918, and when the war ended, Wayland was sent home to the U.S.A. Betty followed soon after and they were reunited in Illinois where they lived until July 1920. At that time they and daughter, Kathleen, moved to Estlin and lived on the Ross farm where his mother and father were. Their first home was a granary until they rented a house (on the Joe Kalina's farm). Son, Wayland Jr., was born in 1924 and due to poor crops and loneliness, they pulled stakes and headed for Ventura, California where Lloyd Ross (his brother) lived.

Kathleen (Ross) Schwartz, Wayland's daughter, said, "My parents spoke often of the hard but good life they had in Estlin. The people there were hardy and determined to make a go of farming." As Betty was a nurse she was called upon many times to come to the rescue. At one time she saved the life of a child from drowning by mouth to mouth resuscitation, besides bringing several local children into the world as the closest doctor was in Regina.

Kathleen also remembers her folks telling of ringing the phone for entertainment and everyone would come on the line. Then the Swiss people would yodel.

Another entertainment was square dancing. People would come from miles around bringing their children, later bedding them down and dancing the night away.

Both Wayland and Betty and Wayland Jr. have passed away. Kathleen, now Mrs. Schwartz, resides in New Ulm Minnesota. Betty had a beautiful singing voice and was in great demand for local concerts.

Lloyd Ross was the hero of all the young boys of Estlin. In his high school and College days in Illinois, he had been a star performer on Baseball and Football Teams. When he came to Estlin he played on a ball team with many others who had learned the game in Illinois — Dave Runkle, Alvin Webster, Jim Graham, the Kalina brothers and Wilkening brothers. These men, who were joined by Jack and Everett Boyle, Russell Thompson and Fred Rodgers, had a great ball team. Their greatest rivals were the Gray team, led by Wayne Lafoy, Dutch Lafoy and Clarence Gillis and the Williams team headed by Ross Williams and Edgar Petersmeyer.

Lloyd brought his wife, Lola, to Estlin in the early '20's. They lived here about five years. He was working for an oil company when he was tragically crushed by a pile of oil pipes which rolled on him.



Wayland Ross back row R., Elizabeth Ross 2nd from L., and daughter Kathleen in front of Mother.

Edgar A. Roth Family by Margaret Roth

Ed and Elva (Caughey) were born in Haldimand County, Ontario. Ed had been West on harvest excursions and the West beckoned. They sold their Ontario farm and moved to Saskatchewan.

Coming West in 1911, they worked on an Indian Head farm. In 1912 they moved to Regina, where Ed worked as a drayman, hauling materials for the Legislative Building. On June 30, 1912, the Regina cyclone took their entire household, except one lone dinner plate. Even their horses had to be destroyed. From 1914 to 1916, they rented the Ringstad farm north of Lajord.

In 1916, Ed, with his brother, Bill, rented two sections of land from Jim Brown. Ed farmed this land southwest of Lajord until 1937. Ed and Elva had three children, Wilma, Helen and George.



Wilma, Mrs. Roth, Helen, L. to R.

In 1928 they moved to the Holland farm, south-east of Estlin.

1930 brought them one mile west of #6 Highway on the Estlin road. They rented this farm, owned by the Rodgers family of Connecticut for 21 years.

Wilma, Helen and George attended Kirby School

and George finished school at King Edward. During this time Ed served on the local school board. Elva boarded a number of school teachers. The names that come to mind are: Mr. Kitchen, Miss Jean Vance, Miss Iva Douglas, Miss Minnie Winkler, Miss Agnes Corman, Mrs. Leon Appenheimer.

Wilma married Lewis Todd of Wilcox. Now retired, they live in Regina.

Helen married Donald Whytock of Brooklyn, New York. They have three children, Peggy, Sandra and Ronnie. They live in Staten Island, New York.

George married Margaret Roth of Haldimand



George and Ed Roth, L. to R.

County, Ontario, and farms in the Condie area of Saskatchewan.

In 1951, Ed, Elva and George moved to Drinkwater, where they bought land.

Elva died in Moose Jaw in 1957.

Ed died in Regina in 1970.

Mr. and Mrs. David Vogt Runkle by Marnie (Runkle) McQuoid

David Runkle, born April 18, 1885 at Macomb,



Amy Runkle



Dave Runkle

Illinois, and Amy Watson, born January 27, 1886 in Stella, Nebraska, were married December 27, 1908 in Roseville, Illinois. Upon the death of my paternal grandfather, who left no will, the land was divided between four Runkle boys in a typical boyish fashion — they simply drew straws for the four parcels he owned! My father drew the straw which indicated he had fallen heir to the piece known as the “wood lot” — for indeed that was all that was on it. Realizing they could not make a living on that, the following year they came to Saskatchewan on a land-seekers excursion train to see what they could find. They travelled to the Saskatoon and Rosetown areas, but decided to settle in the Estlin area (then the Boyle settlement), since mother’s father and mother were already here, and dad was impressed with the quality of the soil, as well as the people already residing there.

So in the spring of 1911 they emigrated north to Saskatchewan with all their livestock (cow, horses and mules), machinery, furniture, etc. on the same train, arriving in Milestone. It was with dismay to find upon their arrival the ground covered with snow, but they started out on the trail to their new home, which was the Bill Roberts farm, one-half mile NW of what is now Estlin, and which they had purchased the year before on their exploratory trip. Mr. Roberts, who owned the farm, was really a carpenter by trade, and was not fond of farming, so that is why the land was sold to my folks. On the trip to the farm mother’s treasured piano had been loaded onto one of the sleighs, but the ground being hummocky with drifts caused the sleigh to overturn, and out it fell. Everything was re-loaded and on they went, but were so cold they could hardly talk. Mother said it was with great thankfulness they saw smoke from a chimney in the distance, and when they arrived the resident hospitably offered them the warmth of his shack and hot coffee, so they later travelled on warmed and cheered.

Mother often spoke of how wonderful it was to be able to see so FAR. In fact, she looked so often and for so long, she finally had to go to Regina to see an eye specialist, for her eyes were “funny” — and he told her to shorten her horizons for awhile and all would be well, and they were, for at 91, when she died, she wore glasses only for reading.

I asked my folks what it was like to “pioneer” — and they said it was wonderful! They said they felt the great challenge and thrill of being able to build a community in this vast area amongst so many fine people with whom they had so much in common. All my life they expressed and stressed the uniqueness of the Estlin district and the common goal of all of them to build a community that was “good” (in the old

sense of the word) to raise their families in. There were three children in our family: Bryce Watson, born Sept. 6, 1914, who died of pneumonia November 1, 1915; Dorothy, born July 30, 1916, and Margaret Brent (Marnie), born May 12, 1923. All of us were born at home, the first two at Estlin with Grandmother Watson in attendance, and me in our Regina home with a doctor and a nurse.

Dorothy started school in Regina when she was seven years old, attending Lakeview school, which was quite a distance from our home. She attended that school until 1929 when we both went to Davin, only a block away. I started that year in kindergarten and grade one, she in grade seven. The following year we moved back to the farm where we both attended Boyle school, driving Casey, our beloved Welsh pony, hitched to a two-wheeled cart. Roy Stewart was her teacher at Boyle, while his wife, Ann, was my first teacher, followed the same year by Ella Reid. Dorothy went to Luther College for grades 11 and 12. From age eight or nine Dorothy took piano lessons. During the thirties when we had moved back to the farm, it was a financial problem to continue these lessons, but she was a gifted, sensitive and devoted pupil, and was heartbroken at the thought of not continuing. The lessons continued, and we would all awaken in the dead of winter, the house as cold as a barn, to hear her practising her heart out. She passed her grade ten and took her RCTM year with ease. She was active in C.G.I.T., the Young People’s Club, ball teams, etc. Mother started me on my piano lessons at home, but I took my first lessons from Mrs. Bill Yakel, whose husband was principal at Boyle school. I surely wanted to play the piano — but I wanted to do it right now. It only lasted four years, and petered out — a decision I have regretted ever since.

I think I will deal with my folks separately, for I did not ask enough questions when I had the opportunity, and what I will be telling is only recollections of tales they told, or of what I remember. Mother loved Canada — she was thrilled with the space and she looked on everything as a great adventure, with the courage to meet every obstacle. She drove her team of drivers to Regina every Thursday morning — if she did not arrive, and after the telephones were installed, they would phone from the livery stable to see if all was well with them. She had been a school teacher in Illinois, having graduated from Western University, in Macomb, Illinois. She had a great fondness for horses and rode daily to her school where she taught (and where half of the boys were bigger and older than she). Her beautiful riding boots and side-saddle hung for years in the ice house at the farm, where they were relegated, I suppose, upon the arrival of the automobile. She was a crack shot with a

rifle — this she learned from my father, whose passion for hunting and fishing knew no bounds. Her shooting ability stood her in good stead one winter evening. My father was “away at a sale”. It was late fall when the horses were left to forage on the harvested fields. One evening, when night was coming, one of dad’s favorite drivers failed to appear at the barn. When this was reported to mother by one of the men, she said they had better go looking for it. When they found it the horse was caught in the barbed wire fence with a broken leg, whereupon mother told them they would have to shoot it. None of the men would shoot Dave’s favorite horse, so she did! One other story — mother always said that everything on the farm had come from a sale except Dorothy and I — and this included the washing machine. It had a great habit of breaking down, and when it did, dad was always sorry she had had a bad day and would fix it. However she had only so much patience. On this particular day she was well into the washing when it broke again. Dad was “away at a sale”, so she called to Henry Klatt and George Gray (who both worked for us for many years) to get the team and the stone boat and come to the house. This they did. When they got there they wanted to know what she wanted, and she said, “Take this washing machine, put it on the stone boat, and take it to the junk pile.” Upon being assured that this was exactly what she wanted done, they hoisted it out. When dad got home that evening mother told him what happened. She said he looked a little stunned for a minute, and then said, “Well, it should have gone there a long time ago, I’ll get you a different one this week.” The new one had a churn that fitted over the spindle of the agitator. What a treat! No more pushing the old barrel churn for half the afternoon to get butter. I well remember the day Clifford Webster was at our house and I was doing the pushing. I can’t remember why it happened, but the lid went askew and we had cream on ceiling, floor and wall! I expected to really be scolded, but mother laughed, and we all helped to clean it up.

Mother took an active part in the community — she was instrumental in the organization of the first Ladies Aid Society in 1911 of the Grand View Methodist church, being its first president, then secretary. However, her great love was music, and the first Christmas concert held in the Settlement was under her supervision, and her piano was hauled to the church for that occasion — and many other times as well. She obtained music from New York (on approval basis), for the orchestra they had which included Dr. Fred Jenkins and Richard Elsaesser on violin, Joe Kalina on drums, Will Myers on clarinet, dad on the baritone and mother on the piano. She led the Estlin mixed choir for many years. She was a

member of the American Womens’ Club and a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Dad’s interests lay everywhere, as far as I can tell. He, too, had graduated from Western University, in Macomb, where he and mother met. His greatest love was people, followed closely by livestock, hunting and fishing. He had many trophies and ribbons for his purebred Belgian horses, belted Hampshire hogs and Guernsey cows. He loved all aspects of farming and had a great zest for this new land — enough so, that in 1924 he became a naturalized Canadian citizen.

By 1920 dad had two threshing outfits which he used for custom work as well as his own. Of course this entailed a lot of men and cooking. Mother said she baked every day, storing it in a trunk, but never fed the men fresh bread, as they would eat it all in one sitting. Finally, they got a cook car, where the woman in charge reigned supreme. Many times I heard the story of the year it was wet for six weeks straight. They could not let the men go because they were afraid they would not get them back, so they sat EATING!! They also got so lazy they would neither milk the cows or chop firewood. Mrs. Moshner, the cook in charge, simply locked the cook car door and said when they could arrange among themselves when and who was to perform these chores, food would be served. It worked like a charm!

My dad loved mules. He had brought several with him, but often told the story of their stubbornness. He had four hitched to some piece of machinery and every day when the train went by at 11 o’clock in the morning, they would all lie down and act as if they had colic. I think it took my dad a little while to get the routine, but it didn’t take him long to change their minds.

In January of 1921 dad received his Auctioneer’s diploma from the Reppert School of Auctioneering in Decatur, Indiana. This course included pedigree study, livestock judging, physical and vocal training, public speaking and sales. It was from this course that he was to become well-known throughout Western as well as Eastern Canada, not only for his selling ability, but also for his judging. This career he maintained for many years, and I remember well all the sales bills we folded, while dad addressed them (by memory) sending one to each town up and down the line in each direction from the sale. I have his sale record books and I am amazed at the stamina and vitality it must have taken, for there are months both spring and fall when he was only home on Sunday. The commission was two or three percent. I laugh when I go to a sale today and the auctioneers complain about what a hard job it is, standing there with

their microphones and a mobile home to warm up in — and heaven knows what the commission is.

In 1922 he and mother built a home in Regina, and moved in for what they thought was permanently. From here dad did his auction business and sold Life Insurance for Sun Life, once winning a trip for them both to Vancouver for his sales volume. Many of the spoons and forks I have were won the same way.

They lived in Regina until 1930 — by then there were few sales, no one was buying life insurance (it was hard enough to get food), so they moved back to the farm, where life picked up as if they hadn't been away. Times were tough! There was no grain to sell because it wouldn't rain, so there had to be a different way to make a living. First they went into the pig business, one was butchered every week. A smoke house was rigged up in the old house on the farm (and only hickory wood was used for the smoking) and the hams and bacon were smoked and salted. All the rest of the pig was ground up for sausage, then mixed from "Grandfather Runkle's Secret Recipe" — and all were sold to hotels in Regina; the main buyers being the famous Champs Hotel on South Railway and the Champlain on Eleventh and Rose. Next dad decided he would go into the egg business, so he bought 1,000 Leghorn-Minorca cross female chicks, slept in the brooder house till they stopped crowding themselves to death, and when the fall came and they started to lay he advertised in the Leader Post for customers. What a chore! Every day there were all these eggs to be washed, candled, weighed and cartoned, and needless to say we all got a chance to participate. Saturday was delivery day, and off mother and I went — he had done his part! It is no wonder I was good at math in school. I could make change like a pro at ten years of age. Only once did I drop any eggs and of course it was two dozen smashing on to a beautiful terrazo floor in one of the finest homes on the list. I will never forget that gracious lady who made me feel as if it was absolutely no bother.

Then we had sheep, brought into Estlin by train and herded home along the track. And herded, and herded, and herded! That didn't last too long. Dad always had feeder steers that he sold in Winnipeg. Then he had broncos, that he broke and tamed, then sold. I don't know if any of these ventures made much money, but there was turn-over anyway. You couldn't fault my dad for trying, but those hard years took their toll. Through all those years we had a lot of fun, too. Sports days when everybody who could crowd in went in the back of a grain truck, played ball and stayed for the dance (if you were lucky); the box and pie socials all with their entertainments. My dad did a good stand-up black-face routine, and he had many of them. When he had the black grease wiped

off as best he could, he then sold the pies or boxes to the highest bidder.

I never knew all of the boards my dad served on. He was elected to the original board of directors of Riceton Co-operative Association in 1931, but in particular I remember the time and effort and the hundreds of phone calls and meetings in regard to the Co-op Refinery. From its "could we possibly build our own refinery?" until the structure was open and operating he was so involved. He was elected to the first board of Consumer Co-operative Refineries, and I take great pride that his name is on the cairn that stands at its gates. He served on all the local Estlin boards at various times, as well as being a director of the Regina Exhibition, the Canadian Cattle Breeders Association, plus many others.

Mother and dad moved back to Regina permanently in 1941, to the home they had built twenty years earlier. They were retired due to dad's failing health. He died very suddenly December 31, 1946 of an embolism.

Mother continued to live in their home until 1964, then had three years of apartment living before residing in a nursing home where she could have some care. She passed away from a stroke August 11, 1975.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Salter

by Bill Salter

Our stay in Estlin was very short. We purchased the farm on Sec. 5, R. 15, T. 19, W. 2 in the winter of 1961-62, moving on to it in the spring of 1963, as Carl Ahlers still had one year remaining on his lease with Sanborns.

We sold the farm the spring of 1976, moving to Regina. Our two daughters, Laurie and Janice, attended school in Estlin.

We hold many fond memories of the graciousness and kindness of the people of the Estlin district.

Adam and Josepha Schmidt

as told by Joseph A. Smith (Schmidt)

Sons: Frederick, Matthias, John, Joseph

Daughters: Elizabeth, Mary, Anne

Adam and Josepha Schmidt, with their three sons, Fred, Matt and John, emigrated from Bukovina, Austria, in 1902. The other four children were born in Regina.

Adam homesteaded SE quarter 20-15-19-W2nd from 1902 until April, 1916. They had a two-room house on the farm, but they were city farmers. The family lived in Regina at 1736 St. John Street. Sometimes, for a month or so while the farm was being worked, the children would attend the country school



Adam and Josepha Schmidt.

on Highway 6, just north of Baker's farm, or sometimes in Estlin, but most of the time the children attended St. Mary's School in Regina.

During the winter months, as there were no cattle on the farm, Adam would haul gravel from Pilot Butte with the sleigh, and sell it to construction companies in Regina for \$1.50 a load.

Their neighbors on the homestead section were Molter on the northeast quarter, Mike Wingert on the northwest quarter, and Andrew Wingert on the southwest quarter. They sold the homestead in 1916 and moved to the Dysart district, where Adam purchased another farm. He farmed until 1928 when he passed away. Josepha Schmidt passed away in 1930.

Frederick married Johanna Lang. They had six children. He died June 21, 1974.

Matthias died in 1919.

John married Emily Schmidt. They had 12 children. He died June 28, 1980.

Joseph married Alberta Schulhauser. They had four children. He is a retired farmer residing with his wife in the town of Dysart.

Elizabeth married John Reyda. They had four children. She died June 12, 1981.

Mary married Jack Schmidt. They had five children. She and her husband live in Regina.

Anne married John Stewart. They had eight children. She died September 17, 1977.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Seibel

written by Grace Seibel

Maximillian Seibel was born in Balgonie on January 5, 1911, one of a family of ten children. He and I, his wife, Grace, were raised between Franklake and Edenwold. Max's father was the blacksmith in Balgonie until they moved to the farm. Max farmed the home place until 1940, the year we were married. He started in the grain business at Duff, Saskatche-

wan, and it was there that our daughter, Maxine, was born on October 21, 1941.

When Maxine was 14 months old Max enlisted in the Army. After nine months training he was sent overseas and served for three years in the R.C.S.A. and Infantry, with five months front line duty. He had a disability, so served with the Postal Corps. He was discharged With Honour. After he came home he spent a few more months in and out of hospital.

Max took over the National A elevator from Hec Bouey in 1946. Percy Culling was the B elevator agent. We were certainly busy, Maxine had broken her leg in addition to everything else. She started school in Estlin with Joy Beach as teacher. Both Miss Lillian Hueser and Joy Beach boarded with us. When Ike Carson left the Post Office we took over from him.

Max enjoyed his work at the grain elevator, and was promoted to Superintendent, which meant we moved to Regina. After three years in Regina, we went to Melfort, where we spent 13 years, then back to Regina. Max retired in 1971; had a heart attack in 1972, and four years later discovered he had cancer. He passed away December 6, 1978 — resting at Memorial Gardens, Regina.

The curling rink in Estlin was the fun place. The 'Sweep, Sweep, Sweep' could be heard a block away. 1952 was an especially good year for Max, when he won the Honours.

I enjoyed the Homemakers and Ladies' Aid meetings.

Those were the best years — together. These things took place a long time ago and much has passed between then and now. But the friendliness of the Estlin people we appreciated and never forgot.

The Jerd Shilling Family

by Dale Shilling

Jerd Shilling moved to the Estlin area in 1913, arriving from Knoxville, Iowa. His wife, Jenny, and five children, Bob, Ada, Dale, Marjorie and Enid, joined him a month later.

Jerd rented land from Tom White, John White and G. Foster, later purchasing a quarter plus 80 acres west of Estlin.

Jerd was Chairman of the Kirby School Board for a number of years, and graded roads for the municipality. The children attended Boyle School and Kirby School. Their teachers were Miss Hill, Miss Broder and Miss Fenson.

In 1927 Jerd and family left the prairies for Birch Hills, Saskatchewan where he could purchase more land and raise cattle.

Jerd and Jenny celebrated 68 wedding anniversaries, and both passed away at age 95.



Jerd and Jennie Shilling and Tom White.



H. J. Shilling family. Standing L. to R.: Robert, Dale. Seated: Enid, Ada, Marjorie.

Other Estlin families that moved to the Birch Hills area were: Bill Peterson, Charlie Searle, Bill Jefferson, Joe Heffernan.

Ada is now living in Salem, Oregon, and Dale in Birch Hills, Sask. Bob passed away in 1971, Enid in 1966 and Marjorie in 1932.

The Dale Shilling Family

by Owen Shilling

I, Owen Dale Shilling, arrived in the Estlin area with my Mother and Father in 1913, when I was four years old. I attended Boyle and Kirby Schools. In 1920 I was struck by lightning while standing in the barn door at the Balderston farm. I was 12 years old at the time. After spending several days in Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina, I was allowed to come home to Estlin with a special nurse. It took me a year to recover fully from this incident.

I enjoyed the prairies till 1927 when I moved to Birch Hills, Saskatchewan, with my parents, Jerd and Jennie Shilling.

I married Ella Stevenson in 1944 and have two sons and a daughter. Owen (Lorette) — 2 children — lives in Fort Nelson, B.C. Joanne (Nick Fellner) — 3 children — lives in Regina. Arlo (Helen) — 3 children — lives on the family farm at Birch Hills.

My wife and I farmed at Birch Hills for several years, retiring to the town in 1978 where we presently live.

The Phillip Shilling Family

by Glenn Shilling

We came to Canada from Dallas, Iowa, U.S.A. Phillip and Della Shilling and four children, Glenn, Leona, Velma and Newton, arrived at Lumsden, Saskatchewan on April 17, 1919. We got into Lumsden by train around midnight. My Uncle, Dick Wolvers, met us at the station with a team of horses and wagon and took us out to his place, luckily only one and a half miles from town. My father worked for my Uncle Dick for the summer, then Dad and Mother decided to return to Iowa. But another Uncle, H. J. 'Jerd' Shilling, living near Estlin, persuaded my parents to buy a quarter of land near him, so that is what they did. It was then owned by a man named Chernick. We arrived at my uncle's near Estlin late in December 1919, or early in January, 1920. We stayed the rest of the winter with my Uncle Jerd, moving to our place in the spring. My sisters, Leona, Velma, and I attended Kirby School, with Miss Vincent as teacher. We went with our cousins, Robert, Ada, Marjory, Dale and Enid Shilling, (children of Jerd Shilling) by horse and cutter in winter, and by democrat in summer.

My sister, Alice, was born while we lived at Estlin. We lived in the district only a little over a year. Dad sold the place to Andrew Baker. We left Estlin in the spring of 1921, moving to Keystown, Saskatchewan. The farm we bought at Keystown was poor land and we had very poor crops. We stuck it out till the fall of 1927, when we again moved to Birch Hills to take up land covered by heavy bush. It was a

slow, hard job clearing land by axe and grub hoe, but we stuck it out, and nature has been kind to us. A bit of family history:

Phillip Shilling — born June 24, 1882. Died September 7, 1972.

Della 'Cecil' Shilling — born June 7, 1882. Died August 6, 1942.

There were six children born to Phillip and Della Shilling:

Glenn — never married. Born January 12, 1907, living at Birch Hills; Leona — married Harvey Wenzel. Born August 10, 1909, living at Maple Creek; Velma — married Edwin Fjeld. Born February 8, 1914, living at High Prairie, Alberta; Newton — married Vida Hunt. Born April 17, 1917, died by drowning, July 22/79; Alice — married George Manson. Born April 11, 1920, living at Birch Hills; Thomas — married Inez Zoerb. Born July 14, 1922, living at Birch Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Smith by Marie Smith



Miggie and Gilbert Smith.

Gilbert Charles Smith came from Galesburg, Illinois, in 1911, to work for Mr. Ross Williams. They hauled their grain to Wilcox.

In 1915 Gib rented a half section from Mr. C. W. Williams near Estlin. Mr. Williams owned about 50 sections and brought settlers up from Illinois and Iowa. In 1919 Gib was awarded a Silver trophy for the best wheat crop. It was worth \$100 and the only cup Mr. Williams presented; in later years he gave a gold watch to his renters. In 1921 Gib rented one and one half sections from Mr. Williams three and one quarter miles north of Estlin.

Marie Smith, called Miggi by the family, came from Switzerland on April 1, 1921. She spent the summer at the farm of Mr. and Mrs. J. Blumer. Her

older and younger brothers also worked there. In the fall brother, Henry, and I went to Vancouver and worked in a French restaurant. When that folded up Henry went down to the States and I returned to Estlin in the spring. I helped Gib's sister, Louise, with feeding the men. The flies were terrible and we had to shoo them out before the men came in for their meals — we had no D.D.T. at that time. Louise and her brother returned to Galesburg after harvest and Gib and I were married on November 14, 1922. I had no washing machine until 1928. Our son, Stanley, was born in February, 1924.

We attended card parties and dances once in a while in the new Grain Growers Hall. After it burned down, Mr. I. Carson, the postmaster, fixed up his shop into a hall. The people all brought their children along and bedded them down on their coats, no baby sitters at that time.

In 1949 Stan and Merle McQuoid were married. We enjoyed the new curling rink in the old lumber yard, and often walked over to Estlin on very cold days when the roads were blocked. One February night we attended a party at Mr. Girsberger's. It was their 40th wedding anniversary and the Fred Marean's 25th. When we started for home it was snowing hard. The Mareans found their way along the railroad tracks, and the J. Clevelands drove around a haystack three times before they found their way home. The Mel Richenbergers and we stayed until morning.

In 1926 and 1927 we rented the farm of Mr. A. Rodgers. In the fall of 1927 we moved to the farm I first came to. Mr. Ross Williams bought the land and my sister and her husband, the Blumers, moved to Grand Coulee. In 1931 we had no crop at all — it was the worst year we ever had. We had to buy all the feed and seed. In 1933 Mr. Williams wanted to sell the farm, so we had to buy it or move.

I attended the little Church and sang in the choir with Mrs. Koons, Eldon and Dewey Dunbar. Mrs. D. V. Runkle was our leader. I remember when Orval and Dorothy Lewis brought their baby daughter, Ann, to the practices. The first minister I recall was Mr. Dixon, who served Richardson and Estlin. Mr. Dunnett came later, also Dr. Passmore. Our fowl suppers were always great events.

Mr. Ervin Webster was one of the teachers in the thirties. Mr. Currah and his daughter, Merle, were delivering and selling fresh meat. Mrs. Frizzel kept a boarding house and Mr. Bill Jefferson owned the Pool Hall. The train came every morning except Sundays, and went back at night, so we had mail every day. The postage was three cents per letter.

In 1954, Stan and Merle's son, Ross, was born, and Gil came in 1955. They both attended Estlin school, then Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina,

and later the University of Regina and the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon.

For many years we had a barnyard party. The ladies brought good things to eat and Mrs. Charlie Beaumont tended the ice cream barrel. The cones were five cents each. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marean also had nice parties in their yard and we had supper under the trees. We had ball games and races. The sports days were always well attended. We cooked the wieners in a tent — it sure got hot!

Mrs. James Clarke was President of the Ladies Aid for over ten years. Mrs. R. Girsberger kept the books for 20 years or more; she had beautiful handwriting. Mrs. Don Lewars held that job afterwards and did very well too. Both Hazel Lewars and Camilla Bouey were great workers. Don Lewars managed the Pioneer Elevator, and Hec Bouey, the National.

The Stan Smith Family written by Stan Smith

I, Stanley Charles Smith, better known as Stan, was born on February 25, 1924, the only child of Gib and Marie (Hefti) Smith who farmed in the Estlin district. My father had come to Saskatchewan from Galesburg, Illinois, where my grandfather worked for a railroad. My great-grandfather Smith had been an officer in the American Civil War. My mother came from Switzerland — she never climbed the Matterhorn and cannot yodel, but likes 'goats' and 'geese'.

I attended school in Estlin until Grade XI and then went to Balfour Technical School in Regina and from there into the Air Force for three and a half years. It was never my ambition to be a farmer but my father became ill and I returned to Estlin to help him out, and have been farming ever since. However, I have never regretted it and have managed to survive the uncertainties of the profession — if you can call it that — it is a challenge in to-day's world. I have been able to combine farming with some of the things I like to do such as Crop Spraying by plane, Auto Body Shop and Antique cars.

I have always been interested in sports — played ball with the Estlin gang and went to many sports days in the area. When the curling rink was erected — my Dad contributed many hours to building it — I learned the game and curled every winter as long as it existed, then in Regina until a few years ago. We had some great Bonspiels and the competition was keen and the sociability the greatest.

As always — behind every successful man there is a good woman, or so the saying goes. I married Merle McQuoid of Summerberry in 1949 and have two sons: William Ross, born in 1954 and Gilbert

Alan, born in 1955. We still reside a mile west and a mile south of Estlin, although in a more modern home than the one we started out in, in 1949 — we have indoor plumbing!

Life has been rewarding in spite of the ups and downs, and I have many memories and recollections of good neighbours, great teachers, community picnics and dances in the old days, walking to curl when the snow banks were too high to get there any other way — the "dirty thirties" when money was scarce — lots of hard work but lots of fun too. Estlin has been a great place to grow up in and to grow old in. Hats off to those who got it all started — they were great people and have given my family and the generations to come a heritage to be proud of. I look forward to seeing it all in print to refresh my memory of the people who touched my life.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith by Mabel (Currah) Heffernan

My sister, Merle Currah, stayed at home and helped our father on his meat routes until she met and married Howard Smith, December 1, 1926. After their marriage they lived on Howard's father's farm at Lumsden, Sask., for one year. In 1928 they came to Regina. Howard did bricklaying until 1930. They lived at Estlin until 1938 in a house in Roger Currah's yard. He got a job buying grain at Rowatt, and continued buying grain until 1955.

They were married 27 years, and during the last year, Merle wasn't a bit well. She spent a long time in the Grey Nun's Hospital, Regina, where she passed away May 9, 1954. She was 53 years old.

After Merle died Howard left Rowatt, and got a job with the International Steel Company in Regina, and Steel Fabricators. He became Warehouse Manager in charge of purchasing, and spent three years on the road buying. He retired in 1968, and has been married again for some years. We are very fond of his wife, Mildred. She is a Social Worker and lives in Regina. Howard is now deceased.

D. A. Snapp by Leo Ulrich

Mr. D. A. Snapp, from Carson, Iowa, owned section 35, 14, 20, W2nd on the correction line, just west of what is now No. 6 highway. This had been C.P.R. land in 1901 and it is not known when he bought it, but according to Municipal tax records, he owned it in 1911. In 1918 he sold the N.E. quarter to John Ulrich and in 1919 sold the N.W. quarter to John Ulrich also.

The south half of this section was sold to Carl Weisshaar. There is no further information on Mr. Snapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snell

by Laverne G. Snell

Albert Henry Snell was born September 18, 1881. He came from Ontario where he lived on a farm near a place called Snelgrove, which got its name from the many Snell families living in the area. Snelgrove is located close to the town of Brampton, which is about thirty miles from Toronto.



Albert and Isabelle Snell, wedding photo, 1910.

Dad came out west and took up a homestead in 1901, which is the location where we now live. Our farm was named "Snelgrove"—taken from the hometown where he was born.

The homestead years must have been most difficult, living in a tent and farming with oxen. I remember my dad mentioning that one night his team of oxen got loose and he took after them, following the noise of the tethering chains. They ended up in the middle of a large slough. It was pitch dark and not being sure of the direction he had come, he waded into the water, turned the oxen in the opposite direction and they led him back to the tent.

In 1910 my dad married Isabella McCutcheon who lived near Milestone. My mother's family came from Seaforth, Ontario. Mother and Dad lived in a



A. H. Snell family. Mr. and Mrs. Snell, Vodden, Everett, Jack, Jean, Laverne.

granary and then, soon after, a one-room homestead shack, which is still located on the homestead farm.

They had five children:

Vodden: Born June 21, 1912. He attended King Edward school and Luther College in Regina. He married Ella Reid from Kisbey who taught school at Estlin. They had two daughters, Carol and Paula. Vodden farmed until he went into the Air Force. He was a great piano player and he and my dad, who played the violin, often played for dances at Estlin. After the war, Vodden was in the construction business. He passed away December 27, 1980.

Everett: Born October 2, 1914. Everett completed his high school at Scott Collegiate and went on to Normal to become a school teacher. He taught at different schools including his original school, King Edward. Much of his time was spent in Moose Jaw, where he was principal for many years. Since his retirement from teaching he has taken the position of Grand Secretary of Saskatchewan for the Masonic Order, and now lives in Regina. Everett played ball with the Estlin Jr. ball team. During the war years he served in the R.C.A.F. He married Muriel Knox of Grand Coulee. They have five children: Gary, Marilyn, John, Richard and Margaret.

Jean and John (Twins)

Jean: Born August 3, 1917. Jean completed her education and became a nurse at the Grey Nuns hospital. She nursed for several years in different hospitals. She married Rae State in Vancouver, B.C.

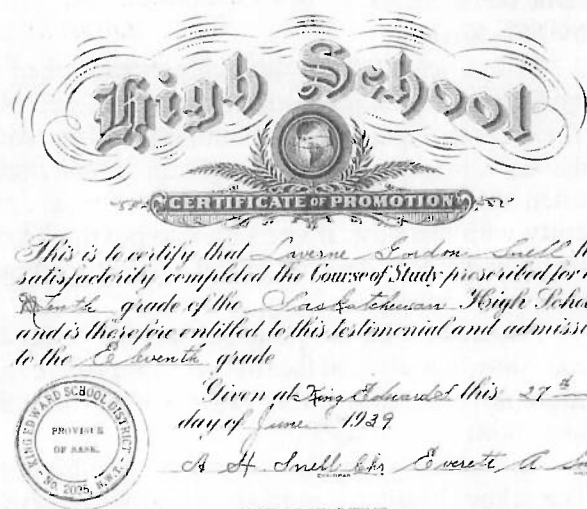
and then moved to Rossland, B.C. They have two daughters, Dawn and Robin. They have since retired to Victoria, B.C. Jean gives much of her time to Eastern Star and also does exceptionally lovely hand-work.

John (Jack): as everyone knew him, attended Balfour Technical School and took mechanical training, which he used while serving in the armed forces for twenty-eight years. Prior to his Army life some of his jobs included working for Joe Thomas, who farmed east of Estlin, and assisting Hec Bouey in the Northern Grain Elevator at Estlin. He played ball for the Springdale team. Jack also worked at Pat Burns in Regina. He married Lorrie Malt of Regina. During the war years he was posted to many places from Montreal, Quebec to Vernon, B.C. One year was spent in Egypt near the Gaza Strip. After retiring from the services, he went farming in the Estlin area. At present he still farms west of Estlin, and commutes from their condominium, where they live in the southern part of Regina.

Laverne: Born April 14, 1924. I attended our rural country school and Scott Collegiate in Regina. While at King Edward my brother, Everett, was my teacher, my dad a trustee and I was the pupil. During the time I was going to school, I belonged to the Estlin Grain Club. Carl Webster was our leader, and he took a great interest in helping us grow grain plots, and made it possible for us to enter further competitions. I worked for Eaton's, later worked for Bill and Fred Men's Wear. I also worked for Sherwood Co-op and in 1945 I started trucking in Rowatt and Estlin area hauling grain, gravel and water, which I continued to do for thirty years along with my farming. In 1947 I married Pearl Tarita of Stonehenge and we have two children. Paul farms with us and has his own Sign and Brass business in Regina. Susan is married to Andy Norgaard and lives in North Vancouver.

During many of the difficult years the farming income was supplemented by growing vegetables, selling eggs and cream. We had a large root cellar beneath the floor of the barn, where we stored our potatoes, carrots and turnips, etc. During the late fall and winter months my parents supplied vegetables to grocery stores, such as McBrides, in return for flour, sugar and other groceries. Sugar and flour were bought by the 100 lb bags.

My mother was an excellent cook and would have many large gatherings with family and friends. I will always remember the picnics, the home-made ice-cream, layered chocolate cakes with date fillings, and many pies including sour cream raisin pie, pumpkin, and chocolate.



My parents were very active in their community. Dad was Councillor of the Rural Municipality of Bratt's Lake for many years and spent several years as chairman of King Edward School. He was secretary of King Edward Rural Telephone Company for fifty years. Mother and Dad were very active members of their Sherwood United Church which they attended faithfully.

Our parents always took pride in their farm and the farm was entered in the better farming contest and came in second place.

Even during difficult times there was always an abundance of food. Quite often transients that would be passing on the railroad would come in for something to eat. There was always a meal supplied, regardless of the time of day. I always remember my dad asking whoever came along during the course of the day, "Would you stay and have dinner?" In those days people were most generous with whatever they had, and they shared even with a stranger.

If, and when, people got stuck on muddy roads with their cars, which was quite often, they were pulled out with a team of horses. Never did my Dad accept anything for his service and was only too pleased to help out.

Dad was a great lover of horses and animals. He enjoyed his stock and took great pride in them. He continued using horses for a few years after so many people in the area went into farming with tractors.

In 1960 Mother and Dad celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary with George and Myrtle McCutcheon. (George McCutcheon was mother's brother). They were married on the same date in 1910 in Winnipeg by Ralph Connors.

We will always have a great appreciation of our parents, who came here in such difficult times and made a way of life for those of us who follow, and of which we can be very proud.

Ella Reid Snell

by Ella Snell

In the year 1931 I was highly elated when my application to teach at Boyle school was accepted. The older members of the community will remember the flat bareness of the Regina Plains in the thirties when the dust blew all the time and our teeth felt gritty with that dust. If one forgot to put the lid on a face powder box, the powder had a pale grey tinge at the end of the day.

I boarded with the principal and his wife, Roy and Anne Stewart, and the first year I was there, their adorable little twin girls, Patricia and Geraldine, were born.

The school was quite new and very comfortable. The school board was most co-operative as were the many pupils who attended. I taught Grades one to six for three and one half years and as most of the pupils came from the country I became acquainted with the parents in all the surrounding area. Unlike the present day, the parents were responsible for getting their children to school. Many times the children, who were able to drive themselves, were very chilled when they arrived in winter.

Field Meets were the big events in the spring. I recall that Russell and Wallace Clarke often ran part way from home behind the buggy to get into shape for their races, as competition was keen with the nearby districts. There was much musical ability in the area so our classroom was able to present a musical Cantata at the Christmas concert two years in a row, with Mrs. Runkle assisting at the piano.

On Sundays the little church was generally well filled. There were two or three classes at Sunday School in the morning. The choir was always there, adding to the service. As part of the church work there was also a wide-awake C.G.I.T. and an active Young Peoples' Group, with weekly worship or entertainment held in the church or the school. One week Dick Bird came from Regina to tell of his travels in various parts of the world while taking his bird and animal photographs. Another time several of the Young Peoples' group piled into the back of a truck and went to a Regina church to hear speakers from the Oxford Group, a religious organization which is apparently defunct.

There was always plenty to do, though money was not too plentiful. Dances were twenty-five cents for the men-ladies took lunch. With Roy Stewart at the piano and Chris Inglis on the violin, music was good. A new experience for me was a team and wagon ride out to Runkles one Saturday. The day that Wilfred Brown and Dorothy Jefferson were married, Mrs. Richenberger and I observed a very strange phenomenon on our way to Regina. I had often seen

mirages but this time the Legislative Buildings were not only raised but were upside down. What would be a scientific explanation?

I spent many happy hours with families such as, — to mention a few — Myers, Jeffersons, Clarkes, Girsbergers, Mareans, Wallaces, Websters. Just now I have looked up my old record book for 1932. There were forty-six enrolled in my class that year. The following year forty-nine were enrolled and the superintendent told me that with so many pupils I would do well to keep them entertained. I truly hope that I accomplished more than that! It might be interesting to some of the readers to have a list of the families who attended at that time: Goodman, Marean, Revill, Webster, Runkle, Williams, Welliver, Carson, Jefferson, Myers, Wilkening, Neilson, Cain, Eagleton, Richenberger, Cleveland, Dunbar, East. The beginners that year were: Buster Cleveland, Horace Debenham, George East, Harvie Webster, Mildred Webster, Harry Williams. As I look back over the years I realize that those spent in your district were among my happiest!

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spicer and Family

by Edith Clarke Frisk

We first hear of the Spicer family in 1916 in the write-up of Kirby School organization. Walter Spicer was one of the first trustees on the new School Board. Their daughter, Edna Engeline, went to Kirby School, and perhaps their son, Milne, was also a pupil.

We next hear of them in 1918, as neighbors of the Col. R. John Cross family. The son, Gerald Cross, writes that the Spicers lived on a rented farm south of them in Bratts Lake area. (See the Col. R. J. Cross and Family story.)

In 1920 they moved to Estlin country, farming what was later the Champ farm, where Jim McQuoid now lives. The Spicers followed the Ves Cann's, who moved to Condie in 1920. These people were all our neighbors, one mile west of us.

Mr. Spicer was a clever mechanic; his shop an amazing center for his inventive genius. His handicap was no hindrance to prevent him producing many and varied innovations. He had lost a hand and part of an arm in some accident and had a hook ingeniously strapped to the stump. He continued and used a binder hitched behind a tractor, driving the tractor with controls from the binder seat. He believed tractor farming could be a successful method of farming. A few years later, with improved farm tractors, his predictions became true.

Their son, Milne, came home each summer from College in the U.S., where the Spicers had lived

before coming to Saskatchewan. Milne ran the tractor for his father and helped him in the shop.

Edna also went to College in the U.S. and came home in vacation time. She drove the family car and brought her Mother to visit us and to the Ladies Aid meetings. Several years after Mr. and Mrs. Spicer retired to California, Edna sent my folks an announcement of her parents 50th wedding anniversary. As old neighbours my parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Clarke, sent them their greetings and congratulations. This would be in the early 50's.

The Spicer family regularly attended Estlin Methodist Church. They drove a "Jackson" car.

Robert Frisk has a story he tells of Mr. Spicers mechanical ability:

In 1921 Rev. Blewett, the minister of Estlin, and also at St. Johannes School at Kronau, helped the Frisks on their threshing outfit. The weather was fine and all going well, when the Titan tractor stopped and would not start. They cranked and cranked, and did everything they could think of. Finally they gave up and went to a Regina machinery shop. There they told the Frisks the engine had no compression and needed a new block and pistons. They sent out a mechanic to tear the tractor down and install the new parts. They cranked and cranked again and no life in the tractor. Finally, the mechanic gave up and left, stating they'd have to get a smarter man than he to get it going.

That Sunday in Church at Estlin, when Mr. Spicer asked Rev. Blewett how threshing was going, Rev. Blewett replied, "Not good." The tractor wouldn't start and they'd been idle for ten days of good weather. He explained that when they took the spark plugs out and laid them on top of the cylinders, and cranked the tractor, there was a good spark. When they screwed the spark plugs back into the cylinders, there was no spark. Mr. Spicer told Rev. Blewett if they couldn't get the tractor started Monday morning to come and get him and he believed he could get it going within ten minutes.

Monday morning the Frisks had no luck getting the tractor started, so they went and got Mr. Spicer. He immediately went to the source of the trouble. He opened the breaker box, and saw a "short" in the magneto. He took out his knife and slid the steel hand back on to the roller. The tractor started at once and threshing joyously resumed.

Robert later had an opportunity to help out a neighbour with the same difficulty in threshing time and in their eyes became an expert, thanks to Mr. Spicer and his mechanical ability.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roy Stewart by Ann Stewart

Harley Roy Stewart was born in Hamilton, On-

tario, and spent most of his life in Saskatchewan. He was one of five children. He grew up in a United Church Manse. He was deceased in 1968 at the age of 62 years.

Ann Amelia Stewart was born near Elbow, Sask., and lived most of her young life on a farm near Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan. She had three brothers and one sister and attended the Convent at Gravelbourg for grades nine to twelve. She attended Normal School in Regina and University in Saskatoon. The Stewarts were married in 1929 and moved to live in Estlin. Roy was principal of the school, while Ann taught primary grades.

Roy taught school for thirty-seven years. There are four girls in the Stewart family, two of them twins.

All are now married. Geraldine, one of the twins, is Geraldine Mitchell. She has two daughters and now lives in Battleford. Patricia, the other twin is Patricia Carr. She has two boys and two girls and lives in Bienfait. Our daughter Elaine Miller, has one boy, two girls and lives in Regina. Phyllis Abbot, the youngest daughter, lives in Vancouver with one boy and one girl.

While in Estlin Roy played hockey and helped in a local orchestra. Ann is now retired and lives in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Those days in Estlin were wonderful.

Alma (Richenberger) Stuart

I was born in August, 1925, on our farm at Estlin, where I started school at five years of age at Boyle School. Mrs. Stewart was my first teacher, and tried to teach me English, but I failed, and next year, Miss Ella Reid taught. Miss Murray, Miss Miller and Mr. Nesbitt followed. In January, 1939, I got Rheumatic Fever, and was paralysed for four months, but finally I was able to get around by fall, so I lost a year at school. When Arnold was badly burned in 1940, we went to school in Dysart, Sask., to be closer to a school. When I returned, Mr. Bill Yakel taught me, and I finished high school in Regina at Sacred Heart Academy.

I have a lot of happy and sad memories of Estlin. We enjoyed good friends and neighbors, and I believe we had an exceptional community spirit there.

When Arnold and I were little, he decided we should grease Dad's Model T, so we greased the wheels, seats, sides and windows. We were not too popular around home for a while!

I remember once we had a young chicken that didn't grow any feathers, so Mom sewed a mauve plaid suit to keep it warm.

During the depression Mother knitted us long underwear from old wool, and we itched all winter. One spring our sheep lambed in a March snow storm,

and Dad brought the lambs into the kitchen, by the oven to dry and get warm.

One winter Arnold and I insisted on going to school at -40 F, and were the only ones there, so they thawed us out and sent us home.

There were several girls my age, and we had good times together.

I entered nursing in Regina Grey Nun's Hospital in 1943, and graduated in 1946. Friends introduced me to Jerry Stuart in early 1945, and we were married in June, 1947, in Regina. Jerry came from Bracken, Sask. In 1943 he trained as a fighter pilot in the R.C.A.F. At 18 years of age he graduated and was discharged in 1945, as the war was nearing completion. We moved to Vancouver, B.C., and after many odd jobs, Jerry became a letter carrier for years, and finally a Supervisor in the Post Office. He retired last year, and is enjoying his retirement.

After training I worked in Climax, Sask. hospital, and then specialised in Vancouver, B.C. Later, I nursed in Grace Hospital, and was a nurse in a Doctor's office. Finally, I returned and nursed in the case room and nursery in Burnaby, B.C. General Hospital for a few years.

Our son, Ron, was born in December, 1949, and became an Electronic Technician and now works for B.C. Telephone. He has been married for ten years, and they have a six year old daughter and a four year old son. Cathy was born in February, 1952, and trained for a Nuclear Medicine Technologist, and worked at Victoria General Hospital, and now is at Simon Fraser University. She has been married to Rick Smith for nine years, and they have a four year old daughter. Linda was born August, 1954, and became a Registered Nurse, and then got her Bachelor of Science degree in Nursing at the University of B.C. She married Nick Andrich five years ago, and they have an eight month old baby girl. Linda is a Public Health nurse in Langley, B.C.

Mother lives in our basement suite in Burnaby. Our children live nearby in Maple Ridge and Langley.

William and Lucy Tate and Their Three Daughters — Phyllis, Gladys, Eileen by Eileen

Our family moved from Indian Head to Estlin in 1927, where my father worked for Mrs. Annie Jefferson for one year.

My oldest sister, Phyllis, worked in the Cafe in Estlin for Mrs. Frizzel. It was at this time the Mounted Police were looking for the Strangler, and would you believe it, Phyllis had served him his dinner in that little Cafe — not realizing who he was until the R.C.M.P. came around asking questions and giving a description of the chap.

My sister, Gladys, attended public school in Estlin, and all the girls were sweet on the local school teacher, Ervin Webster, a handsome fellow. Whenever we were having macaroni and cheese for supper he came over, as this was his favorite dish.

One Hallowe'en night Gladys and Phyllis and some of their friends drove to Riceton to the Fred Bolton farm. He was always bragging that nobody would ever steal one of his turkeys and get away with it. They drove by his farm, and all the turkeys were roosting on the fence. My sisters got out of the car and strolled over to the fence, grabbed one turkey by the legs, and ran back to the car. Phyllis said it squawked all the way home. However, my mom cooked it for Thanksgiving, and invited Fred over for dinner. She asked him how he enjoyed the turkey, and he replied that it was simply delicious. She said, "It should be, it was one of yours," and proceeded to tell him how the girls had stolen it on Hallowe'en night.

The Vollets lived next to the elevator. I believe the house was attached to the elevator. Phyllis became quite friendly with the girl who used to baby-sit the Vollet family, and occasionally Phyllis would sleep over night. If a thunder storm came up during the night, the water would flood the house right up to the mattresses, and if the kids didn't hang up their clothes before they went to bed, in the morning they would be floating.

Later, my mom worked in Dave Runkle's cook car for a number of years, and went from farm to farm with the threshing crew. She remembers Mr. Runkle paid her the same wages as the men, and bought such good meat for her to cook. The men on the crew were very good to Mom. They would peel the potatoes the night before, and she would make them big plates of taffy, which, of course, was against the rules. I was the youngest in the family, and not being school age, I was with mom on the cook car. I was always wanting to paint, so she gave me some beet juice, and told me to paint with that.

When we moved to Regina in 1928, Phyllis worked in Fletcher's Bakery. When war broke out, she was offered the job of head baker with the National System. But when the war was over, she was without work, so went to Picardys until 1948. By this time Eileen was working at Fletcher's Bakers. On April 1, 1948, we purchased The Little Pie Shop, which has been located in the Southgate Plaza since 1965.

Mother and Father both worked in the Pie Shop. Dad worked in the bakery until two days before his death of a heart attack at 85 years. Mother clerked in the store until she was 80. Mother is now 93.

The R. H. (Dick) Taylor Family by Clarence (the Eldest Son)



Dick Taylor family. Standing L. to R.: Bill, Bert, Edgar, Clarence. Seated: Betty, Dick, Mabel, Dorothy.



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Taylor at Burt Copeland farm.

My Dad arrived in Canada in the early spring of 1914 with twenty dollars in his pocket. He cashed it in for his dinner and found it was a forgery! The kindly restaurant owner did give him change for it. Dad's only contact at Regina was Dave Runkle, a farmer at Estlin, whom he knew from Macomb, Illinois, where my Dad was raised. Dad and Dave got together through the Champ brothers and Dave got Dad a job the first year on the Frank O'Connor and Carl Allan farms which were on the correction line near the Kjellander farm. In 1915 Dad worked for Ross Williams on his home farm and the next three years on the three sections of Sanborn land East of #6 highway. Dad was known as the "Kid Foreman" being only twenty-four years old and of slight build.

Winters he spent, first at Edgar Petersmeyer Senior and later with Ross Williams, hauling coal with his team in Regina for Whitmore Brothers and as an Express Clerk with the Grand Trunk railroad on College Avenue just west of Albert Street.

Dad married Mabel Copeland in November 1917. He'd met her while tanking water for Ross William's steam engine from the Burt Copeland's well. In 1919 my folks bought their first half section (E half of, 19-15-20) from Lawrence Paul who had farmed the land before Dad. It was midway between Estlin and Gray.

Mother and her brothers tell this story of a bachelor who had farmed the land before Dad. "His flat top shack had blown over onto the roof, so he rearranged his furniture and kept on living in it as if nothing had happened, using the roof for the floor." He farmed with a tractor with the seat in the front and the motor behind. Uncle Bill Copeland, who is still living tells this story. "He and his big brothers noticed this farmer leaving for Rouleau so when they got to the end of their field they went over and started his engine and played around with it". They also took a picture, which we still have. Of course they harrowed out all the tracks afterwards. Uncle Bill also relates that this man would sit on the wagon floor while driving, letting the team find their own way.

In the early twenties Dad rented a half section north of his, giving him a section two miles long. About this time he bought a Fordson Tractor which he used to pull a binder while driving it from the binder seat — thus a one man operation. In 1924 Dad bought a Case Separator and a Tillsoil Tractor, which was cranked on the side very near the drive wheel by a three foot handle.

In 1926 my grandfather Copeland died and the whole family went to Abingdon, Illinois for his funeral. My mother and the children stayed all winter and I started school there. In the spring, back at the farm, I rode horseback to Cunard Country School, three and one-half miles west and south of our farm. Two years later Dad bought a section one mile west, so school was closer. Three of us were now going to school in a one horse, two-wheeled cart all enclosed, which was built by Hick's Blacksmiths of Rouleau.

In the fall of 1928 Dad bought a two ton Caterpillar tractor and Uncle Bill Copeland bought a twenty foot Holt Combine purchased from Albert Olson Co. Regina. My brother, Bill, has Ralph and Glen Copeland's two ton truck and a 1928 Caterpillar tractor in working order. Caterpillar Tractor Co. was incorporated in 1926 at Peoria, Illinois.

The dirty thirties were tough years, short sparse crops, no money but with a good big garden, lots of cows and pigs, we had lots of wholesome food. We worked hard, which kept us busy and out of trouble. In 1936 three out of the six children were ready for high school so the folks bought a house at 1415 Cornwall St. Regina for nine-hundred dollars back taxes. Bill Hibein and his family moved to our farm

that fall and he has been a faithful worker, partner and friend. He's been known for years as "Corp" but in more recent years as Gramps. He will be ninety-three years this August and has been living in his own home at the airport until last November. He drove his own car until Christmas, 1981.

In 1936 Dad bought a Diesel RD 4 Caterpillar which we used as a main farm tractor, for brush-breaking, moving a church, construction and excavating work at the airport and the R.C.M.P. barracks. In 1937 Dad seeded 2,100 bushels of seed and only threshed 200 bushels. We dug dugouts for many years. Early in the summer of 1945 Dad and my youngest brother, Bill, took the 1941 Galvanized 21-Massey-Harris self-propelled combine plus \$150.00 in cash and harvested wheat in Texas. He bought an American combine after this and harvested for eight years.

In 1950 when he sold out they bought a section and one-half of land, north of Pierre, South Dakota and farmed it for twelve years.

My brothers Ed and Bert and their families moved there in 1962, adding more land and they continue to farm to this day. Mother died in 1965 and Dad in 1972 and they are both buried in Pierre, South Dakota. My youngest sister, Betty, and her husband have a veterinary practise at Buffalo, Minnesota. They have two daughters. My sister, Dorothea, is married to Wallace Mickelborough who farms six miles north of Regina. They have two children. My brother, Bill, farms Grandad's original two sections with his son, Gerald. Bill has six children in all. I farm on the north section which Grandfather rented and broke for C. W. Williams. We had two children; our daughter was killed in 1967 in an automobile accident. Our son, Barry, and wife live here in town and I have two of the greatest grandchildren, Jos six, and Aimee three. Dad and Mother's union of 1917 adds up to a family of 28 to-day who mainly live at Regina and Pierre, South Dakota. The last two years we have been holding Taylor Reunions. We have sent around a family letter between Taylors and Cope-lands for over thirty years.

R. Charles Hollis Torville

by Edith Clarke Frisk

"Charlie" Torville, as his many friends called him, was born March 19, 1888 near the city of Bournemouth, Hampshire, England, Borough of Christ Church of Dorset stock. The village of Beri Regis was his home among kindly friends, as his parents were unable to care for him and his sister Elsie. The name Torville came with his ancestors from France.

After Charlie's parents separated in 1897, the

year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, he was sent to an orphanage in the Lime House District of London. There he spent two years with about 200 other boys receiving a brief education in a typically Dickensian atmosphere.

When this episode had been endured, he sailed from England on a cattle boat with several hundred boys bound for Halifax, Canada. The Canadian Government sponsored these boys, potential farmers. Charlie served apprenticeship on various farms in eastern Canada, then when in western Canada, was under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Indian Head, Sask., where he received his first kind treatment. "Auntie" Martin took him to her heart, becoming the only "Mother" he ever knew. After a start of homesteading in the Milestone area in approximately 1910, he came to farm in the Weardale School district about 1912. This was on the N half of Sec. 16, four miles east of Estlin — and one mile north. Later he farmed the NW quarter of 15.

Charlie was a confirmed bachelor all his life, an eager guest of his neighbors, especially at mealtime, a good conversationalist and card player. The hostess always sent home with him some of the bounties of the table for the next day's meal. Many of the neighborhood house-wives gave him home-made bread and their home-churned butter. He lent a willing, helping hand to his neighbors in busy times. He always worked on the local threshing gang as it made the rounds of the community.

While he was still living in the bachelors' shack, he helped his sister, Elsie, immigrate to Saskatchewan. She helped my Mother when our family were small children. Later she became Mrs. Ray Fahlman of Kronau.

As the years went by Charlie built two homes, each one an improvement over the other, and planted a grove of trees. When his big barn was being built, a cyclone tore it down. His neighbors formed a "bee" and came to help rebuild it in a few days.

Charlie acquired more equipment and more land and prospered. He was a self-educated man, constantly reading. He was always acutely conscious of the great unseen world of mysterious forces in and around man. When he went south each winter with his cronies, he delved into these mysteries and became acquainted with extra-sensory perception.

Charlie Torville served faithfully many times as a Councillor for the R.M. of Lajord. He was Mason in the Masonic Lodge of Gray. Always interested in education, he was a member of the Weardale School Board for many years. It is remarkable to note that Charlie as a penniless immigrant could, at his death, endow a Scholarship to the University of Regina. Two \$350.00 Scholarships per year are awarded to

the students with a major in English and a \$500.00 Scholarship per year for honours in English on academic performance. The amount of the endowment totalled \$50,000. He wrote and published two books of poems, the first in 1965, "Songs of my Soul". He also wrote and published one song.

Charlie sold his farm and retired to Regina, living in a down town suite for a few years. Then he bought a small house where he lived with a friend. He died February 12, 1971, at the age of 83 years.

Reminiscences of Charlie Torville by Harold Kartman

One day he told my mother that he would like to know how to cook rice. So mother told him to get some rice, add cold water, cook it until it was tender, and it would be ready to eat. The next time he came down, he told us about cooking his rice. He said he got a big pot, put in ten pounds of rice, added about three gallons of water, and put it on the stove to cook, then went out to plow. When he came back at noon, there was rice all over the floor, and the house was full of smoke from what had boiled over onto the stove!

Charlie didn't understand machinery at all, but

he was a good farmer. One day he came over to our place and said he had hauled his binder into his yard as it just wasn't working properly. It wouldn't kick out the bundles, the canvasses were plugged, and everything was a big mess. So, my father went over, and after checking it out, found that a set screw was missing, and Charlie thinking it was an oil hole, had been filling it with oil. Dad put a bolt in the hole, and got it going for him.

The Trovillo Family by Leo Ulrich

Pete and Ralph Trovillo came from Wisconsin and farmed about three miles southwest of Kirby school. Pete farmed the south west quarter of S. 34,14,20, W2nd in 1915 and Ralph farmed the south east quarter of S. 33,14,20, W2nd, purchasing it in 1918 from Albert Setchell of Wilcox. They would come here in the spring and return to Wisconsin in the fall before winter set in.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Trovillo had two daughters, Elaine and Carrol, who attended Kirby school. He later sold his quarter section to John Ulrich, and when last heard from in 1960 was in Medford, Oregon in the logging business with his son-in-law, hauling logs for a saw mill.



Park Williams and Trovillo threshing outfit, 1912.



Ralph Trovillo family. Ralph and Myrtle and daughters, Ruby standing and baby Ruth.

Ralph and Myrtle Trovillo had two daughters, Ruby and Ruth. They attended Kirby school in summer when they were here, riding a horse to school or walking to Ulrich's place and riding to school with them.

Ralph and Pete's father, Jack, would come up from the States some years and live with Ralph during the summer. Although quite elderly at the time, he would sometimes walk a mile and a half to Ulrich's to visit.

Ralph, his wife, and daughter, Ruth, have passed away and Ruby was living in Wisconsin when last heard from in 1967.

Although Ralph is gone, he was noted for abstaining from liquor and for not working on his Sabbath day which was Saturday. He was remembered, too, as having one of the nicest and most modern cars of that time, a 1916 V8 King. The car was manufactured by a Charles Brady King, who had advised Henry Ford about building his first car. There are only three of those King cars known to exist according to a 1973 Leader-Post report.

King, who died in 1957, drove the first car on the

streets of Detroit in 1896, a few months before Ford had a trial run with his vehicle.

Several features of the car such as a V8 engine, pressure oil system to the crankshaft and main bearings made it practically a modern car. It also had two small children's seats that folded out of the back of the front seat. Ralph had the car stored since around the first of the 1930's and sold it in 1961 to Gordon Bell of Regina, who took it out to his museum at Three Valley Gap, B.C.

Bob Meyer, also from Regina, eventually got track of this car and bought it from Mr. Bell in 1971 and brought it back to Regina, where he is restoring it.

Ralph's Big 4 engine, one of the few of its kind around, was used in a threshing partnership with a neighbor, Park Williams. Ralph also used it for ploughing. He had a large plow, not a moldboard, but a disk plow of around 15 or 18 disks, which he pulled with his Big 4 engine.

Later when the 15-30, I.H.C. tractors came into the country, Ralph got one of the first ones, and it still stands there.

The Big 4 tractor stood there as a land mark for many years, until it was cut up for iron during the war.

In 1920 Ralph Trovillo bought the south west quarter of S 33,14,20, W2nd adjoining his quarter where he lived, from a neighbor, Ben Metzkie, who lived on a back road on the west end of the north half of S 33,14,20, and was noted for his five or six sleek hounds that he had at one time.

It was on this back road, so the story goes, in the earlier car days, that rum-runners came up the R.Y. Trail from across the border to bring their supplies. The load would then be transferred to a car that would come out from Regina to meet them. The load was then driven back to Regina and into a garage. A tunnel from this garage to another would let the load be distributed from another site. Unloading and picking up would be done inside these buildings.

Ralph sold his farm in 1960 to Leo Ulrich, who now farms it.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Trueman by Freda Trueman

Our family came to Regina in 1910 from Parker, Ontario. My father was a drayman — Albert E. Trueman. My mother, Lucinda Boyle, was the daughter of Joel Boyle who came to Estlin in 1902. There were four children, Viola Muriel, Carlson Edward, Freda Lenore, Irene Marian and, later a sister, Velma, was born but lived only a year.

One of my first memories of Regina was the cyclone in 1912. We lived on the southeast corner of

Albert and Eleventh Avenue. We were sitting in our backyard with my grandparents that hot Sunday, when suddenly my grandmother said we must get inside because the clouds looked so peculiar. On entering the house the older folk grabbed up pillows to hold against the windows. The severe wind blew our hayrack, chicken house and wood across the lane where it landed at our neighbour's back door. We were in the area where many buildings were severely damaged.

In 1914 we moved to Gray. Dad did draying and mother set up a service for people — restaurant and room if required. The trainmen ate at our home and gave us the news from Regina. One day the news was that a prisoner had escaped and was suspected to be coming south. Later in the day some Mounties were seen in the district. That evening a Mountie and the escaped prisoner came to our place as they could not go further. When the Mounted Policeman came down for supper I wondered where the prisoner was. I went up our back stairs and peeked through the keyhole. The prisoner was handcuffed to the bed. After the policeman ate his supper he carried up the prisoner's supper. Next morning a wagon and Mountie came from Regina for the prisoner.

The next year we moved to Estlin and took over the restaurant from my Aunt Flo and Uncle Joe Boyle. The train crews still ate at our home — and travellers, teachers and visitors were patrons of our service. Housing in those days left a lot to be desired. There were no conveniences; no running water, and everyone had outdoor toilets. We did get a bathtub at the Estlin house, but the water had to be carried up and down. We had trouble with roomers bringing in bed bugs; also drunks would come. One incident I remember was when two men came in a democrat — one more drunk than the other. They were loud and clumsy when they ate, and when they were leaving in their wagon one had taken the catsup and waved it at our house.

Who could forget the spring walk to school down a road not cold enough for sleighs and too wet for a buggy. Walking was terrible — you got really cold and muddy — the snow was soft and mushy. It was an experience!

Estlin was a busy place, and the Boyles being so numerous we visited family and worked at things in common. I always enjoyed exchanging my school lunches with my cousins, especially Hazel Boyle. All were good church attendants. On one occasion there was to be a special event to raise money for a carpet for the church aisles. A concert with lunch and food for sale was planned. My mother made a large suitcase of "pull taffy" which sold well. The carpet was bought, and all enjoyed the evening.

I remember Annabelle (Boyle) Thompson's mother and I were going to town one time in a buggy and the horse stopped and laid down on the road. I thought she was dead, but Aunt Bella assured me she would get up when she decided to, and we would need to hang on because she would make up for lost time — which she did.

I remember the visits of gypsies to our towns. We were warned to keep away from them. I'm not sure why. Some people lost things that they said the gypsies took. Their horses were thin and the children looked underfed.

One event I saw that really upset me was a large group of men yelling near the station. I went over to see what was happening and saw a group of men around two fighting dogs. They were tearing at each other. I ran home and felt very ill.

Some entertainment I remember was the acting we did. A white sheet strung along an archway — a lamp or two behind — and the people acting out some play or scene that the spectators on the other side observed. Games played on boards, like checkers; skipping, marbles, dolls, skating, baseball, anti-I-over and sleighrides.

We moved back to Regina so our country life stopped. We did visit relatives but we never felt the same as we did when we had lived in that area. My grandfather and grandmother lived with us until they died. My father died in 1922; my mother in 1972; my sister, Viola, and brother, Carl, in their early forties. Irene married Claude Smith from Pense and they had two children: Donald, who is married and has three children; Audrey, who married Clarke Swanson of Regina. They have three children. I married Mansell Kennedy and we adopted two children: Mikell Lucinda, who is married to Leslie Horley and they have two daughters; and Patrick Arnold, who is married to Irene Voros of Hardisty Alberta. They have one son, Robert.

I moved to Victoria after I retired and enjoy the mild temperature here. I still visit for at least two months in the Saskatchewan and Manitoba areas where my family lives and my friends of long standing reside.

The John Ulrich Family

Written by Leo Ulrich and Helen Ulrich Flavell

The Ulrich ancestors originated in Switzerland and France before emigrating to America. Our father, John, and mother, Belle, whose origin was Dutch and Irish, were both born in the U.S.A.

John Ulrich was a grain buyer in Doris, Iowa; Belle, his wife, was a teacher before marrying.

In 1910 John came to Canada to look for land, ending up in Regina. He worked for the summer on



Mr. and Mrs. John Ulrich.

the Legislative buildings and the Grey Nuns hospital which were under construction at that time. The family still have a post card he sent home of the buildings partly finished — it is quite an antique.

In March, 1911, the Ulrichs, including children Harold, Josephine and Austin, moved to the Rouleau district. The following year they had a taste of the cyclone which hit Regina in July. Pillows had to be held against the windows to keep them intact. There were other storms over the years when cyclones would hit through the night and we would all be hustled to the cellar for safety.

In 1913 the family moved east several miles to the Bond farm in the Estlin district. The Ulrich's were among those instrumental in forming the Kirby school district and the building of the school. John served as a trustee and secretary-treasurer for a good number of years. Later, his sons, Leo and Bill, took their turn as their children grew up.

In 1925, having purchased more land, a house and barn were built opposite the Bond buildings. Here the family remained until each ventured out on his or her own. The family all attended Kirby school for their education.

Our mother passed away after a lengthy illness in 1948, Dad followed in 1960.

Harold Raymond began farming on his own in the Estlin district in 1933, where he stayed for 13 years. In 1942 he purchased land on No. 1 highway near Pense — moving to that farm in 1946. He has resided there since and through the years has taken an active part in municipal affairs, having served as councillor for nine years and reeve for six years, of the Pense R.M., retiring in 1981. He acted as a Board member and also Chairman of the Pense Rural Telephone Co. for several years. He has enjoyed numerous interesting and educational holiday trips ranging from north to Alaska and as far south as New Zealand and Australia. Harold is a Mason and a Shriner.

Margaret Josephine worked in Regina and took her high school at Central Collegiate, then trained in the General Hospital as an R.N. She worked in hospitals at Kinistino, Prince Albert, Muskoka and Toronto, Ontario. She married Harold Bruce of London, Ontario, who passed away in 1962.

They had two sons, John and Gordon. John, is married with three sons, works at Ipsco, and Gordon works with Air Canada.

Margaret is in Wascana Hospital.

Austin Arthur, known by many as Casey, worked for the Martin family, near Gray, after leaving home. He later moved to Iowa and then to Illinois where he remained and worked with Letourneau Westinghouse until his retirement in the late 1970's.

Austin married Helen Conroy, a nurse in Peoria, Illinois. They had four children, JoHelen of Texas; Peggy Belle, her husband, Dennis Spainhour, and three sons of Buckner, Kentucky; Connie, his wife and daughter of Peoria; Julia, her husband Leonard Bailey and two children of Tuscon, Arizona.

Both Austin and his wife are retired, enjoying frequent trips to their children's homes and back to Saskatchewan.

Helen Catherine took a business course at Success Business College during the thirties — jobs were scarce so she had only part time work.

She married Edgar Bob Flavell of Silton in 1937, had two children, Beverley and Sandra. They operated a store at Marieton, later moving to Dilke where they ran a store for 20 years. The children were educated in Dilke. Bob passed away in 1966 and the family moved to Regina.

Beverley married and had two children, Darrell and Deanna. Deanna is married and has a daughter. Beverley lives with his present wife, Eva, who had two sons, Kevin and Tom. He works with S.T.C.

Sandra is married and has two children, Dwayne and Tamatha. At present they are living in Saskatoon

where Wayne Windrum, her husband, is employed with Greyhound.

Robert Louis worked with the Lee Cabeen family for several years, selling magazine subscriptions and sometimes had to do odd jobs on the farm before they would consent to taking a subscription. He worked in Regina for some time and also sold real estate.

Bob married Tess Deutsch in 1941 and set up farming in the Wilcox area. They had three sons: Ronald, who has been connected with Drama for a number of years and works in Victoria and Toronto; Ricki works the home farm — he and his wife, Patricia Jameson, and daughter. Ricki also does crop adjusting. Randy took his veterinary training in Saskatoon and at present works at a clinic in Victoria.

Bob passed away in 1962 — Tess resides at their home in Regina.

John Richard lived at home — spent many years looking after his mother and father. He farmed the home farm until about a year before he passed away in 1968.

Leo Bernard was born in the Estlin district and has lived here ever since. He went to Kirby School by



John Ulrich family. Standing L. to R.: Leo, Robert, Helen, Austin, Wilfred. Seated: Richard, Mildred, Margaret, Harold.

horse and buggy, sleigh, and sometimes walked. He took Grade eight exams at Estlin school, going the seven miles by horse and buggy.

He started farming with his folks, who lived on the correction line, two miles west of No. 6 highway. In 1945 he bought his own half section west of the home farm and has since increased his holdings to two and one half sections, including the home farm.

Over the years he has served as trustee on Kirby school board, a director, line-man and Secretary-Treasurer of South-west Regina Rural Telephone Co. He is a registered seed grower and at present is a Councillor in the R.M. of Bratt's Lake.



When John Ulrich was working on the Parliament Bldgs. in 1910.

Leo married Elsie Davis of the Wilcox district on February 23, 1949. They have three children, Kenneth, Elaine and Douglas.

Kenneth was in the Boy Scouts and received his education at Kirby, Sheldon Williams Collegiate in Regina and S.T.I. in Moose Jaw. Kenneth married Donna Argent of Regina in July, 1973. Donna worked for the Regina Public Library Board from 1974 to 1978 before their family started arriving. They have one boy, Kyle and one girl, Kelly. They live in Regina and he works for Xerox as a technician, and has, through Xerox, taken several courses on his work, at Winnipeg, Chicago and Leesburg, Virginia. He is involved with the family farm as well as his Uncle Harold Ulrich's farm at Pense.

Elaine attended Kirby school for seven years. She finished her education in Regina. After graduation from S.T.I. in Moose Jaw, she found employment with the Bank of Commerce and later moved to Scotia Data Center.

In 1973 Elaine married Bob Brochu of Regina, formerly of Kapuskasing, Ontario. They have two children, Michelle and Shari. Elaine and Bob lived in Regina for a time, then moved to a farm near her folks. Bob died in a semi-truck accident in 1979. Elaine and the girls remain at the farm.

Douglas went to Kirby school, Athabasca and Sheldon Williams in Regina. He also took a welding course at S.T.I. in Moose Jaw. He is involved with the family farm and works in Regina during the winter.

Mildred Maxine, known to many as Jimmy, worked and lived in Regina for a number of years. She married Larry Ramer after his discharge from the Navy. They had one daughter, Linda, born in Regina. Later they moved to Alberta where Larry worked in the northern oil fields, coming back to Calgary when Linda was school age. They have lived and worked there ever since. Larry passed away in 1981 — Mildred continues to live in Calgary.

Linda and daughter, Mia, live in Vancouver where Linda practices medicine.

Wilfred Ulrich, better known to most as Bill, was

born at Mrs. Woods Maternity Hospital in Regina, March 18, 1921, the only winter the Ulrich family stayed in Regina.

He obtained his education at Kirby School. After serving in the armed forces he returned to his father's farm. He worked in Regina for a few years and on November 3, 1945, married Anne O'Byrne of Lewvan. In 1949, he moved back to the farm with his wife and firstborn, Maureen.

While residing on the farm, Bill worked as a local telephone lineman and was Secretary-Treasurer of Kirby School from 1955 to 1959. It was during this time that electricity came to this area. Rainy weather and spring thaw would bring out the 1928 Chev coupe to drive us to school as it was the only vehicle that could get through the muddy roads. Three more children were born to Bill and Anne: Joanne, Barry and David.

In 1959 the family moved to Regina, where Bill worked at Kramer Tractor, Crestview and Lakeside Chrysler. Bill died March 8, 1977.

Maureen received part of her elementary education at King Edward and Kirby school up to 1959. Now married to Willi Guethert and living in Regina, Maureen works at Cable Regina and has two children, Tina and Shaune.

Joanne received part of her elementary education at Kirby school. She is married to Earvin Barna and has two children, Dennis and Jamie. They reside in Regina.

Barry and David (now Preston) were educated in Regina. Barry lives in Slocan, Park, B.C., and has one son, Austin Rayne. Preston lives in Regina.

Reminiscing with the Ulrich Family by Helen Ulrich Flavell

Sometimes, when thinking back, we remember Mother telling of the early years when they first came to Saskatchewan — about the shortage of many things they had taken for granted in Iowa. No money, no wells, no water and a family to feed and clothe.

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Nom: Flavell, Helen
Last Name—Nom de famille First Name—Prén

Street Address or R.R. No.
No et rue ou R.R. No.

City or Town
Ville ou Village: Mariston

Province
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RATION BOOK 6

CARNET DE RATIONNEMENT 6

CANADA

Food Ration Book Coupons used during World War II.

Sloughs, the only source of water, soon dried up with the hot, high winds. There were times when the only water available had to be dipped from horse tracks before it too evaporated. No wonder Mother never got over skimping on water!

When we were youngsters I remember seeing an occasional live "mountie" riding by our place. How exciting, when it happened, to see that uniform and to feel they were out there looking after us.

I recall seeing gypsies, travelling in a vehicle similar to a covered wagon, stopping at our farm asking for something to eat — eggs, meat or vegetables. They would pull off on a side road, camp for the night and cook their meal. As kids we were always afraid of being kidnapped when they were in the area.

Then the story Dad tells of C. W. Williams advising him that if he were buying land to locate between the creek running along the south of Regina in 1910 and the one running south of Wilcox — he took his advice and as a result we settled and farmed on the famous Regina Plains.

Our cousins in Iowa and Illinois could never quite understand how to keep from getting bogged down when the rainy weather came to our gumbo.

The Beef Ring operated by the R. Currah family was a remembered event — how nice it was to have fresh roasts delivered to the farm door. I wonder what the Health Authorities would say today?

I also remember relatives from the States being thrilled by the sight of our dancing Northern Lights — a sight they had never seen back home.

Then there was Edith Vincent, a teacher at Kirby School between 1919-24, stranded in Regina by a winter blizzard, catching a ride to Estlin via the "Jigger" on a Monday morning. She was met there by the Balderston family with whom she boarded, but of course it meant a holiday for the students.

"This Piggy went to Market — this Piggy stayed at home", or at least tried to, when Harold and Casey

Ulrich loaded three pigs for market in Regina. They were in a hurry as the price was high that morning, so imagine their surprise upon arriving at the Packers to find both the truck and gate and pigs missing. City police were notified and the culprits located on Albert street near 22nd avenue in the Legislative area. With the help of a lasso and a prominent Regina citizen who lived in that district, and who had practice in catching greased pigs, the lost were caught, reloaded and soon back at the Packing House. And guess what? The price had risen 40 cents per cwt.

How many remember having crocks of milk sitting around, waiting for the cream to rise and then skimming it off?

I can see Mother, scrubbing clothes on a washboard and wringing them by hand — what a day when we got a hand wringer and a few years later, a hand operated washing machine.

I shiver at the horrors of “stovepipe” day! It was hard enough to get them apart but try and make them fit together again. Temper! Temper!

Remember the many and varied uses of Eaton’s and other Catalogues — cutting pictures out for scrapbooks and the remainder ending up in the “biffy”. I’m afraid the youth of today would object.

Then there were the flat irons being heated and put in our beds to warm them.

Finally, children doing homework around a table in the middle of which stood one coal oil lamp.

The Wallace Family

by Idabelle (Wallace) Ring

Lloyd Frisby Wallace was born in Springview, Nebraska in 1890 to Charles and Marcia Wallace. Charles and his wife parted in 1906 with Marcia taking the youngest son, Roy, and moving to California while Charles took the oldest son, Lloyd, and moved to Canada settling in the Wilcox area.

Charles operated a livery stable in Wilcox and we are told that at one time he was the Town Constable.



Harry, Douglas, Marjorie, John with father Lloyd Wallace.



Idabelle (Wallace) Ring.



Mrs. Elsie Wallace.

Sometime around the year 1915 he married Ida —. Ida passed away in 1918. Charles Wallace was a tall, strong man who did not smoke or drink but he loved to play 500, which was the popular card game of that day.

A few years later Charles married Kate Todd, an English widow, and they lived in the Yellow Grass area, where they had a ranch for several years. In later years they moved to Fort Morgan, Colorado, for a period of time before returning to Canada.

Lloyd worked with his father for a while, then moved to the Alberta area, where he worked on the railroad as a helper on the engine. We still have his Certificates which we treasure. While working in the Leduc area Lloyd met Tillie Radis, and they married and came back to Saskatchewan, settling in the Estlin district.

Lloyd and Tillie raised five children; Harry,

Douglas, Donald (John), Marjorie and James. Tillie died in 1927 when Harry was seven and James only six months. Tillie's sister came from Alberta and took the baby, James, back and raised him until his teens. Tillie was active in the Yankee Ridge community affairs and her death saddened the community.

In 1929 Lloyd married Elsie Appenheimer of the Markinch district. In the winter of 1931 Lloyd obtained a government contract for cleaning grain, and this made the family a little money to undertake a business venture. While in the Estlin district Elsie and Lloyd attended the many community functions of that day such as school dances, box socials, and ball games. Children went along, too, in those days. They were bundled up and slept on the benches while the parents danced it up.

In 1932 Lloyd and Elsie started building at Rowatt, Saskatchewan with the money that was made from the grain cleaning business. They built a service station with bulk fuel to serve the farmers. They also had a line of groceries and a Post Office. They were open till all hours, including Sundays, in those days. They had the service station until 1944. They purchased land from Tom Kirby in 1945 and built their home south of Rowatt, near King Edward school. Their daughter, Idabelle, was born in 1932 and today Elsie Wallace and Idabelle live in Regina on Hill Avenue.

Lloyd Wallace died on December 5, 1959.

Douglas and John are both married and reside at Estlin and Rowatt respectively.

Harry Wallace died in an accident on October 13, 1956. His daughter, Holly, lives in Vancouver and the family keep in contact with her. Harry's step-daughter, Andrea, lives in Saskatoon with son, Stanley.

James Wallace was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1948. He was single and lived in B.C. working in the gold mines shortly before he died. He had made several visits home to establish his ties with the Wallace family.

Marjorie Wallace Lewry lives in Frasier Park, California. She married and moved there when she was eighteen years old. Marjorie and her husband, John, have three children; Linda, Debra and Richard. They have four grandchildren which they greatly enjoy, as they are both retired from their jobs.

Idabelle Wallace Ring lives in Regina with her mother, Elsie Wallace. Idabelle works for Drope & Associates Realty Ltd., and she celebrated her 25th anniversary with the firm last year.

The Douglas Wallace Family

by Douglas Wallace

My grandfather, Charlie Wallace, came from

Charlie Wallace.



Iowa to the Wilcox district in 1908, where he was the town policeman for a few years. Apparently, one night he arrested a drunk and put him in jail for the night to sober him up. This man had had no supper, but he did have a wooden leg. He took it off, pried the bars apart, escaped, had his supper, then went back to his cell for a night of free lodging.

In 1909 my grandfather moved three houses into Wilcox, and later this street was named Wallace Street in honor of his name. He had the first livery barn and Model T Agency in Wilcox. He later took up farming eight miles east of Wilcox.



Douglas Wallace family. L. to R.: Karen, Doug, Anne, Warren.

My father, Lloyd Wallace, operated a filling station and grocery store at Rowatt from 1932 until 1945. Our family consisted of six children: Harry, Douglas, Marjorie, John, James and Idabelle.

I joined the Canadian Army in 1940 and served overseas in England, Italy, Holland, France and Belgium, returning after the war in 1945. In 1954 I

married Anne Chaikoski of Wishart, Saskatchewan. We have two children: Warren (1957), helping me with my farming and grain cleaning business; Karen (1959), a first year journalism student at the University of Saskatchewan.

I operated a store and Post Office at Estlin from 1956-1969. During that time, and since, I have operated a portable grain cleaning and back hoe business for Estlin, as well as neighboring, district farmers.

My wife Anne, commutes to Regina, where she works for the Government of Saskatchewan in Vital Statistics.

The John Wallace Family

by Christine Wallace

John Wallace was born to Lloyd and Tillie Wallace in 1924. The couple was then living on the David Kirby farm. John's Mother passed away when he was two years old and his father remarried two years later to Elsie Appenheimer.



John Wallace family. L. to R.: Christine, Marianne, James, John.

John attended Kirby School for a few years, moving to Boyle School for a year after his parents moved to Estlin. He later attended South Regina School when Lloyd and Elsie bought the Service Station at Rowatt.

When his parents sold the Service Station at Rowatt they bought a half section of land from Tom Kirby, and built a new home there. This land bordered King Edward School, and it is here that John met his future wife, Christine Selinger, at a dance.

Christine had been giving a helping hand to Dorothy and Orval Lewis of Estlin. They married, and went to work for David Kirby for a few years. Their first child, James was born in 1954. Shortly after his arrival they moved back to the home farm. A second child, Marianne, was born in 1956.

Besides farming John has run a repair shop for nearly twenty-five years, servicing any and all vehicles of a large area surrounding them. The original shop was burned to the ground about ten years ago, but a larger and more fully equipped one has replaced it.

James works with his Dad on the farm, and also sells toppers for D and J Sales.

Marianne is employed by Sask-Tel and has worked there several years. She lives in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. James Watson

by Marnie (Runkle) McQuoid



James and Jane Augusta (Brent) Watson wedding photo, 1877.

This is a brief sketch of my mother's parents, the James Watsons, who moved to the Boyle Settlement in 1909 or 1910. Grandfather was born November 10, 1855, and his wife was born February 22, 1856. Grandmother's name was Jane Augusta (Brent), and was called "Gusty". Their early years were spent in Stella, Nebraska, where they farmed before moving to the Roseville area in Illinois. Here my grandfather farmed and owned and ran a small store. In preparing for their move to Canada grandfather built a huge chest of drawers in which to store clothing, bedding,

etc. The main part of the chest was of fairly ordinary lumber, but the fronts of the drawers were of oak, and had originally been shelves in the store. This old chest is still with us, reposing in the loft of Orval Lewis' barn. Grandfather bought the NE quarter of 14-15-19 and two eighty acre parcels on the half of 14-15-19. The first Boyle school was built on the 80 acres closest to what was to become the hamlet of Estlin. As well, he owned the west half of 12-15-19 (where the Bonsors now live). This latter parcel was sold sometime later. However, the other land was left to me by my mother, so we are the third generation on this parcel. My grandmother died March 20, 1917, and grandfather June 22, 1918, both in Regina. Both were taken back to Roseville for burial in the Watson cemetery. It is with deep regret that I never knew my grandparents, as they were both gone before I was born, but Mother spoke of them with great love and pride.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Watson

written by Jane (Watson) Rickman

The following is a brief recall of my father's life in Regina and Estlin.

My knowledge of my father's arrival in Canada



Mr. and Mrs. George Watson.



George A. Watson, wintering in California, 1918.

from Roseville, Illinois, is sketchy. I so wish I had listened more intently to his many tales. My father, George Ansel Watson, was born November 24, 1892 to James and Jane ("Gusty") Watson, in Stella, Nebraska. He and his older sister, Amy Watson Runkle, were the only children of James and Jane Augusta (Brent) Watson. My father left school after completing the ninth grade, and along with his father came to find a new life of farming in Canada. They arrived in Milestone by train. As soon as they found accommodations they sent for the rest of the family. They were close to the Champ family, for one. As I recall the Champs ran a hotel and/or restaurant and eventually did very well, but I may have this entirely out of sequence story-wise. At any rate, the farming venture did well, and father was able to winter in California as a young man. He met and married Mae Steffey of Santa Monica, California. He brought her back to Canada, but after a hard year crop-wise, and worse than that, the death of his wife and baby daughter from the ravages of tuberculosis, he sold his farm and holdings to pay off the bank and creditors and moved once again to Santa Monica. There he was introduced to my mother, Lula Gray Watson, by his in-laws, the Steffeyes. It seems my mother rented a room from them and they must have approved the courtship. They were married December 28, 1924, and soon moved to the San Fernando valley to the town of Girard, later changed to Woodland Hills, California. My father became a carpenter and worked at that trade all of his life. January 5, 1926, my brother, James Gray Watson, was born, and Dad must have still been drawn back to Canada, as in the fall of 1928 or early spring of 1929 they found themselves back in Regina where they were helped greatly by Dave and Amy Runkle. Mother was quite lonely then and pregnant with me, and once again the crops and depression took their toll. They were there long enough to give me dual citizenship until my 21st year. I was born June 21, 1929 — the longest day of the year and the first day of summer. I've always felt that was an auspicious beginning, and was always thrilled to tell my classmates and teachers that I was born in Canada — until they kept wanting to know if I was naturalized and so forth. However, I had no knowledge of my birthplace until years later, as we once again trekked back to California, and lived there until 1942 when we moved to Medford, Oregon. We really settled in and that was "home". In Dad's later years he talked more and more of his time in Regina and when a trip was arranged by Marnie Runkle McQuoid, his niece and my dear cousin, he spent about a month restoring his "memory bank" in anticipation of the trip. He amazed us all with the dates, times, locations, and incidents of his early life there.

Don and Marnie and those who came calling were impressed at his accuracy and knowledge, and this in turn helped to make the trip for him a thrill of a lifetime. It was the first time that he and mother had flown and so that they wouldn't have any troubles, I went along and I will always be grateful for the opportunity, as I not only got to see my birthplace, but I feel a close kinship now with the land and the people. I really got to know my cousin, Marnie, and her husband, Don, and their children. Face to face we found that we had so much in common that the occasional greeting card had not conveyed, and I'm sure that our lives will be intertwined through another generation. Our son, Joel, spent a summer with Don and Marnie and is certainly better for the experience. He learned a bit of what farming is about, and has a soft spot in his heart for the land and people there also. I wouldn't be surprised if another generation someday might settle in your land. It's a good life.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Watson by Marnie (Runkle) McQuoid

Charles Orlan Watson and his wife, Hattie, came to the Boyle settlement in 1909 or 1910. Charles was a younger brother of my grandfather, James Watson. At the time of their arrival their children, Mabel and Blaine, were 27 and 23 years old respectively, and it is doubtful if Mabel was with them. However, Carl Webster told me that a young man and his wife each drove a team of four mules and four horses in the field, which would lead me to believe that Blaine and his wife were with them as well. Charles owned the NE quarter of 12-15-19 (where the Eberles now live), and owned and lived on the NE quarter of 11-15-19 (which Glynn Gooding now owns). Robert Frisk was able to supply me with the rest of my information. While the Watsons lived here in the summers, they went back to their home in Illinois for the winters, leaving the mules and horses with my grandparents. In 1918, for some reason, they decided to stay in Illinois for the year, and that is when Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Frisk and family moved to Estlin and rented the farm from them for the year. However, the Watsons did not return, and the Frisks were there for one more year before moving to their present home at Kronau. Robert told me that the house presently on the property is the original house the Watsons lived in, but has naturally been rejuvenated periodically to what we see today.

John Thomas Webster and Clara Ellen Webster

by Ervin Webster

In the fall of 1913 Tom Webster came to the Estlin



Tom and Clara Webster wedding photo, 1893.

district to help his cousin, Davis Clarke, and son, Jim Clarke, to harvest the good crop of that year. Tom was so enthused about the wealth of the crop and the size of the farm that he returned with his family in March of 1914. Tom travelled with his carload of settlers' effects (which included one horse). His wife, Clara, with the six children also came by train — getting off at Wilcox. The whole family were wearing spring clothing and they found at least two feet of snow on the ground and drifts piled high around the buildings. They stayed with Willis Foster and family until Tom reached Estlin, via Northgate, seven days later. It was quite a trip from Wilcox to Estlin (March 26) in a grain box pulled by four horses. The young Websters had never seen so much snow.

The new home was three miles east of Estlin — the land that Davis Clarke had homesteaded in 1906. There was no sign of paint on any of the buildings —



Webster's outfit — breaking prairie the "Modern" way. Carl on tractor, Alvin on plow, Ervin behind Carl.

not a tree or shrub to be seen. The water supply, until the dugouts filled up later, was melted snow.

The Websters started farming with nearly thirty horses. Alvin (18) and Carl (15) were the early workers in the family. The four younger children started to the Boyle School — Harold (14) Ervin (ten) Marjorie (eight) and Jack (five). Their first teacher was Anna J. Amy.

The threshing was done by a huge steam engine and an equally large threshing machine. The water for the steam engine had to be drawn from the creek near Kronau. This water also became the drinking supply. The memory of a tank-full sitting on the north side of the house is very real. First, the water had to be strained as it was usually filled with minute red swimmers.

Much of the land in the area was unbroken, so Tom bought a kerosene burning tractor (Fairbanks Morse). Tom and Carl finished breaking the Holton section across the road. Tom farmed this section until 1920 when Carl started farming it. The two broke many parcels of land from Richardson to Milestone.

In 1917 a large new house was built on Section 21 by contractor Dave Mann, fully equipped with electricity and plumbing. Trees were ordered from Indian Head, a dugout scraped out of the ground, and two large cisterns were built by Ole Olson.

A new National Holiday was introduced to the Illinois Websters. Instead of July fourth now it was July first. The first celebration, July first, was at Bratt's or Buck Lake. Alvin was on a ball team with two Boyles, two Kalinas, two Wilkenings, Dave Runkle, Fred Rodgers and Russell Thompson. The ball games and other sports were ruined as it snowed most of the afternoon — but the food was marvellous.

The Websters found themselves among a wonderful and friendly people who came in and homesteaded or bought land. From Ontario came the Jeffersons, the Roberts, and the Boyles. The Boyles started coming in as early as 1898. There were five families of them. A brother-in-law came with them.



Tom Webster family. Tom and Clara with Alvin, Ervin, Marjorie, Jack, 1915.

The school, that was started in 1909 with Mr. J. G. Waterton as teacher, was named Boyle S.D. No. 1800. Waterton, as well as the students who taught part time and — teachers Grace Currie, Alberta English, Flossie Fraser, Anne Amy, Alice Hills and Vera McIntyre — all of them seemed to want to board with the George Boyle family. The other neighbors were mostly from Illinois — Jenkins, Spicers, J. Watson and son, three Wilkenings, four Myers. Will Myers had a fascinating hired man — not only did he do a good job working for Will, but he preached a good sermon on Sunday — and he was a good baseball pitcher for the Estlin team. Like most of the ball players of the day he **chewed tobacco**.

Other neighbors of the Websters were: C. P. Ross, Bradshaws, Dunbars, Clarkes, Felts and Runkles.

One of the great happenings every fall was the arrival of a huge order from Eaton's. The shoes, the sweaters, the clothing did not always fit, the color was not too pleasing, but everything was new. Books (fiction) were always in these orders. Four families, Dave Boyle, Ves Cann, Jim Clarke, Tom Webster ordered four or six books each. As the books were read they were exchanged, so that all could have at least twenty new books every year to read. The families had many magazines coming in: Youths' Companion, American Boy, Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal. These and other magazines were interchanged with neighbors. It was a great pleasure to go to the store where the post office was located to pick up these precious reading materials. The early store owners, the Halls and the Donnellys, were the friends of the young pupils from the Boyle School — they gave these young ones the privilege to sort the magazines, especially when Edna Bradshaw was working in the store.

Tom Webster was active in community affairs, serving on the School board for several years. He was president of the local Grain Growers Association. During his term of office a large hall was built across the street from the railway station. It was a popular dance hall until it burned down in the late 20's. Many travelling shows performed there — a favorite group was the Swiss Bell Ringers — this troupe of musicians was very pleasing to our popular Swiss blacksmith, Rody Girsberger.

All of the Webster children married. Alvin, Carl, Harold and Jack married neighborhood girls. Alvin married Berniece Bradshaw. They had four children. They moved back to Illinois in 1936. Carl married Irene Hanna. They had one son — Harvie. Carl and Irene are still living at Estlin on the farm that Tom bought in 1917. Harvie and his family live near Carl. Carl and Harvie are the only Websters living at Estlin now. Harold married Stella Hanna. They had one son — Harold and Stella moved to Milwaukee in 1953. Ervin married Helen Broadfoot from Moose Jaw. They had two sons. Ervin taught school for many years. His first school was the Boyle School. He and Helen are now living in Regina. Marjorie married Harold Ferguson from Sedley. She and Harold are living in Victoria, B.C. Jack married Rita Jefferson. They had three sons. Jack is now living in Quincy, Illinois.

Carl and Irene Webster by Carl Webster

I was born in Macomb, Illinois in 1898. In 1914 when I was fifteen years old, my parents, Tom and Clara Webster, moved our family of five boys and one girl to Estlin. I worked with my father on the farm and still remember the hard work involved breaking the land with a Fairbanks Morse.

In 1919 I married Irene Hanna of Richardson. Irene was born in Belwood, Ontario in 1898. In 1914, following the death of their mother, Irene and her sister, Jean, moved to Richardson to join their three sisters and two brothers. After our marriage we moved to Section eight, known as the Holton farm, and lived in a granary through one of the coldest and stormiest winters in Saskatchewan's history. During a blizzard which lasted three days, I learned that doing chores can be an ordeal. We were both delighted to move into a new house that summer. In 1926 our only child, Harvie, was born.

I farmed with horses until 1927 when I bought a 15-30 tractor and a grain separator. I purchased my first combine in 1935 and did a lot of custom combining for my neighbours. Horses were still in great demand, and in 1936 at the Regina Spring Horse Sale



Carl and Irene Webster, Dec. 10, 1919.

I received the highest price paid for any team at that sale.

While living east of Estlin our closest neighbours were the Clarkes, Riddleys and Drapers. We still recall the good times spent visiting and helping out. In 1937 we moved to Section 21, 15, 19, the farm my parents had bought in 1917, and we also farmed Section eight. Our closest neighbours then were the Runkles, Lewis, Wilkenings, and Molters. They all were good neighbours.

In 1938 Irene began to raise turkeys, but many times had competition with the trains as the railway runs close by and the turkeys liked to venture out on the tracks — especially when grasshoppers were plentiful. We also raised chickens and sold the eggs to the Prairie Hatchery. This required detailed work because there were restrictions and frequent inspections.

We were always active in church work. Irene is a member of the U.C.W. and was President at one time. I was chairman of the Board of Stewards for approximately twenty-five years and am still an honorary Elder.

I have always been interested in community affairs and was President of the Estlin Telephone Company for many years, president of the Curling Club and Badminton Club, and also served on the Wascana Conservation Board. I was leader of the Estlin Boys' Grain Club for six years. We had a ball team that competed at sports days and also at the Indian Head Grain Club tournaments. The boys won several of those tournaments.

In 1961 we went on a cruise to Jamaica on a

winning ticket that Irene had drawn while we were in Florida. In 1968 I retired from farming. Harvie farmed the land until 1983 when my Grandson, Neil, took over. Neil and I took a three week tour of the Ukraine, Russia and Vienna in 1974. I was seventy-six years old, which made me the oldest on the tour and Neil, aged twelve, the youngest. Irene was positive that we would not be on speaking terms after the tour, but we had a most interesting and memorable time.

In 1977 the National Film Board made a commercial at our farm called "Reunion". This film was used by Saskatchewan Telephones and Saskatchewan Power in their advertisements.

In 1979 we celebrated our sixtieth wedding anniversary. We were honoured at a family dinner at our son's home. Our granddaughters, Carol and Gail, with their husbands and our grandson, Neil, provided some musical entertainment. The following day more than one hundred people attended a come-and-go tea at Harvie and Pauline's. We received many floral tributes as well as congratulatory messages from Prime Minister Joe Clarke, Premier Allan Blakeney, Mayor Henry Baker and other officials.

Although I am retired now, I enjoy helping out on the farm. We still reside on Section 21, which has been our home for the past forty-six years. Irene is fond of beautiful surroundings as evidenced by her beautiful flowers and garden which surround our home.

We have been spending our winter months in Florida for the past thirty years. I am an ardent shuffleboard player and enjoy competing in tournaments through-out Florida. Many trophies now decorate our dining room.

This fall of 1983, Irene and I will be 85 years of age and married 64 years. Besides our son and three grandchildren, we have three great-grandsons. Many happy moments are spent with our family of four generations. We have fond memories and no regrets.

Harvie and Pauline Webster by Harvie Webster

I was born in 1926, the only child of Carl and Irene Webster. I attended school at Estlin, finishing high school at Luther College in Regina.

My horses were my greatest pastime as a youngster. Many will especially remember my mischievous "sway-back" pony which seemed to delight in balking at railway tracks and chasing school teachers (Mr. Nesbitt in particular). I enjoyed all kinds of sports and the cold winter never seemed to dampen my enthusiasm for out-door skating. The badminton games at Carson Hall are an especially fond memory. During the summer the Boys' Grain Club was a favourite activity.



Harvie Webster family. Back Row, L. to R.: Neil, Pauline, Harvie. Front: Gail and Carol.

After helping my father on the farm until 1948 I started out on my own, renting section eight east of Estlin. In 1949 I married Pauline Burkich of Bladworth, Sask. who was at the time employed as a secretary at the wheat Pool Head Office. We moved to Regina in 1963, commuting and spending summers on the farm. In 1977 we built a house on Section 28 north of Estlin where we now reside with our son, Neil.

For many years curling and square dancing were our main pleasure. Pauline's flower garden provided many bouquets for community events in Estlin. In recent years we have taken to travelling. We have toured extensively in the U.S.A. Europe, the Caribbean, the Far East, Australia and New Zealand.

My enthusiasm for sports got me involved in community activities. I have held positions on local curling and baseball clubs and the local Wheat Pool Association. In 1971 I was President of the Regina Men's Bonspiel. I am currently on a committee of the Regina Exhibition board.

We have three children — Carol born 1952, Gail born 1954, and Neil born 1961. Carol started school in Estlin, graduating from Campbell Collegiate in Regina. She received her R.N. from the Grey Nuns Hospital and Bachelor of Nursing Science from the University of Saskatchewan. She currently teaches nursing at Kelsey Institute in Saskatoon. Carol married Neil Conley of Regina and they have two boys, Christopher and Mathew. Gail also attended school in Estlin and at Campbell Collegiate. She received a Bachelor of Music Education from the University of Regina. Gail has taught high school in Regina, Saskatoon and LaRonge. Gail married Larry Fry of

Lipton, Sask. They have one son, Michael, and reside in LaRonge. Neil graduated from Miller high school in Regina and farms with his father. He spends his winters with the Naval Reserve, H.M.C.S. Queen, studying diesel engineering. Neil was selected to appear in a film about the Naval Reserve entitled "Prairie Sailor", which was shown on television throughout Canada. Neil is the fourth generation Webster to farm section 21,15,19 originally farmed by his great-grandfather, Thomas Webster.

Carl Weisshaar

by Carl Weisshaar Jr.

Carl Weisshaar was born of German emigrant parents in Iowa and came to Canada in 1908 as a seventeen year old farm-hand. He liked to recall how he arrived the first time in Canada in the back of a horse railway car, along with another settler's effects.

After a few years of hiring out as a farm hand, he purchased a breaking plow and a Rumely oil-pull tractor, and for the next five years broke virgin prairie, the majority of it owned by C. W. Williams, the largest land owner in the area. His home at this time was a bunk house and it was situated wherever he happened to be breaking at the time. Fresh meat for his larder was no problem as he carried a long barrelled pistol on the oil-pull, and prairie chicken and partridge were in abundance.

The Regina cyclone on a hot Sunday in 1912 found him away from home and it took some considerable time to locate his wayward bunk house some three miles away. Molasses, oatmeal, clothes and bedding were all melded into a sticky mess, but the bunk house was otherwise intact.

Following this he became a farmer, first renting land from C. W. Williams. He was once the recipient of a gold watch from Mr. Williams for having the highest average yield of wheat of any of his tenants.

He purchased his first land in 1919 and subsequently farmed his own land and the Cabeen section, one mile south of the correction line.

In 1922 he brought his wife, Margaret, and daughter, Teresa, from Creston, Iowa and resided on the Cabeen farm. In 1928 he purchased a combine, one of the first in the area, and the first year combined over 2000 acres in a long, open fall. This is an acreage few combines match even today. In these years daughter, Mary Anne, and sons, Carl and John, were born. In 1930 the family moved to Wilcox to be nearer school, and there he continued farming. Margaret died in 1962 and Carl in 1966.

Carl was an avid hunter and was active in community affairs and in the Co-op and Wheat Pool movements.

Daughter, Teresa, (Mrs. D. Metz) lives in Re-

gina, Mary Ann (Mrs. Bill Boll) in Portland, Oregon. Sons, Carl and John, continue to operate the family farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Welliver

by James Welliver

Roy J. Welliver moved to Canada from Galesburg, Illinois, with his wife, Belle, and son, Ben, to fulfill a five-year agreement to farm for C. W. Williams. This was around 1909. After this agreement was completed, he rented the section of land owned by Fred L. Jenkins and this is where he farmed and called home until 1937.

In this time he raised three boys and three girls, who all attended the school at Estlin. Roy was quite active with the Wheat Pool, Telephone Company, School and the annual Sports Days held at Estlin. His wife, Belle, was active with the Ladies Aid and the Community Club.

The farmers worked with horses until the thirties,



Roy Welliver family. L. to R.: Ben, Roy holding Alice, Ila, Belle holding Roy, Jim.



Roy Welliver farm, before hiproof barn was built.

and Roy spent the late fall and winters going to auctions and winter horse shows, buying and selling horses to farmers and horse-buyers from Eastern Canada.

Roy was one of the last farmers to utilize the threshing machine and in the early thirties had to rent neighbors' horses to pull the stookloader and hay racks, as the vanishing horses were being replaced by tractors and combines.

In the late twenties and early thirties as the depression came to the community, Roy and Bill Jefferson moved a threshing machine to the Birch Hills area to help the farmers that moved from Estlin to homestead in that area.

Along with the other farmers trying to make a living and feed their families, Roy watched the depression, drought, blowing dirt, grasshoppers and rust take their toll on the crops.

In 1937 Roy moved his family to California where he purchased and operated a poultry ranch until he retired in 1957.

Roy returned several times to visit his eldest daughter and son-in-law who farmed near Wilcox and to visit his friends around Estlin.

Roy passed away on June 17, 1971 and his wife passed away on January 15, 1978. I'm quite sure, even though he spent his last years in California, he considered his best years were those he lived in Estlin where he had many friends and neighbours and added his part to the history around Estlin.

Roy and Belle's children: Ben Marion, born September 19, 1908; Ila Faye, born April 21, 1917; James Kay, born March 19, 1920; Alice Eleanor, born July 31, 1924; Dorene, born August 10, 1927; and Roy Dean, born March 5, 1930.

Ben married Jean Eleanor Goodman and had one daughter, Phyllis Irene. He passed away on February 28, 1976. Jean is now retired and lives in Fort Bragg, California. Phyllis has two children.

Ila married James Arthur Theaker of Wilcox, Saskatchewan and they farmed near Wilcox for many years. They had two children: Anthony Roy, born June 19, 1938 and Alice Louise, born August 21, 1941. Both are married and have children. Ila passed away on March 27, 1974. Arthur spends the summers at Regina Beach; the winters in Brownsville, Texas.

James married Clevia Perry. They had one son, James Roy, born June 2, 1949 — in 1977 he married Nancy Bellini, they have no children. James and Clevia now live in Rio Linda, California.

Alice married Walter Boyd. They had three children: Reggie, born September 17, 1945; Lonnie, born February 12, 1947; and Donnie, born August 4, 1948. All are married and have children. Alice and Walter now live in Anchorage, Alaska.

Dorene married George Inderkum in 1945. They have two children: Jackie, born July 12, 1946; and George, born September 16, 1952. Jackie married Terry Weathers in 1966 and has two children; George married Patsy Gustafson and they have one child. George and Dorene now live in Sacto, California.

Dean married Mildred Chase in April, 1948. They have one son, Gary, born December 10, 1948. He is married and has two children. Dean now lives in Rio Linda, California.

The David Wilkening Family written by Eileen Wilkening Fowler

My grandparents, John and Hulda Wilkening, immigrated to Canada from Illinois in the spring of 1910. The family consisted of David, Amanda, John, Ben and Adeline. My great-grandfather also came with them. I don't remember much about my great-grandfather except that he lived with my grandparents until his death. His last name was Abel.

My father, David, returned to Plainfield, Illinois, to marry Jessie Taylor Gray on February 21, 1912. They settled in the Estlin district, later moving to Richardson and then back to Estlin.

Four children were born to them: George, December 3, 1912; Murley, August 1, 1915; Eileen, October 17, 1917; and Harvie, September 28, 1922.

I am Eileen, and I will try to tell you some things that might be of interest.

I guess I am alive because Mr. Runkle had a cow whose milk agreed with me. Dad picked this milk up daily, free of charge, and I'm told I thrived on it.

The first thing I remember was when my Mother went to the hospital in Regina to give birth to Harvie. Mrs. Runkle picked me up one day and took me to Regina where Dr. Harvie took me into the hospital to see my baby brother.

My grandfather did farm his own land until he was unable to do so, and then my Dad farmed it along with his own.

I started to school when I was five years old. My first teacher was Miss Bambrick, and my classmates were Ila Welliver, Helen Boyd, Ivan Ridley, Isabel Peterson and another boy whose name I can't remember — his father worked for Mr. Runkle. My other teachers were Mr. McKay, Miss Beveridge (who later taught my children at Strathcona School in Regina), Mr. Hodges, Miss Best, Ervin Webster and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Mrs. Stewart only taught my French class.

The first winter I went to school, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Boyd and Dad took turns driving Wright Cleveland, Helen Boyd and my brothers, George and Murley, and myself. There were no school buses then — we found our own way.

My parents worked hard, but always had time for fun. They were as active in the community as most, I guess. Dad was Chairman of the School Board for several years, and Mother was Secretary of the Community Club. This Club always arranged our school picnic on the last day of school, and always supplied the goodies for our school Christmas tree.

We attended Sunday School and Church in Estlin. I was baptized there, as was Harvie. George, Murley and I were all members of the Young People's Group in church and I was a member of the C.G.I.T.

I also played left field on the girls' softball team. Harold Webster was our coach and Stella was our chaperone when we travelled to sports days.

I remember the school burning down, but I can't recall the year. School was then held in the dance hall until the school was rebuilt.

Times were hard in the early thirties, when the wind and dust blew every day. Nothing grew — not even the weeds. The men formed a softball league, and once or twice a week everybody in the community went to Estlin to play ball, or watch, and visit. I guess it made the hard times and all the dust storms easier to take.

In March of 1933 we moved to Wolseley, where I completed my education.

We moved to Regina in the spring of 1935, where Dad worked for the Regina Cartage Company and Mother ran the household and rented rooms in our big house.

On October 31, 1936, I married Henry Fowler (Harry), a man I had met while living at Wolseley. Our first children (twins, Robert and Roberta), were born on August 14, 1937. Our third child, Betty, arrived on June 8, 1939.

My husband was employed by the Co-op Fuel Division and North Star Oil until June, 1942, at which time he joined the staff at the Post Office in Regina, where he worked until his retirement in June, 1972. I remained a housewife until the summer of 1950. I first worked outside my home as a volunteer at the Regina General Hospital, looking after the patients evacuated from the St. Boniface Nursing Home during the Winnipeg flood in 1950. I then worked at the Regina General Hospital as a Ward Aide, Nursing Aide, Information Clerk, Switchboard Operator and Ward Clerk until December 1962. I worked one year as a Real Estate salesperson and two years for the Credit Bureau of Regina, then five years at two answering services. Three years of this five I was part owner of Professional Answering Service. I retired from the work force in November, 1971.

During the years my children were growing up, I was the leader of the Explorer Group and Choir

Mother for the Junior Choir at First Presbyterian Church in Regina, of which I was a member.

Our eldest daughter, Roberta, was married on April 15, 1961, to Art Berg, then a member of the R.C.M.P. They have three children — a daughter and twin sons.

Our second daughter, Betty, was married on January 27, 1962, to Fred C. Husband, then a member of the Royal Canadian Navy. They have two sons.

Our son, Bob, while a member of the Royal Canadian Navy, was married to Mary-Anna Kirschener on April 13, 1963. They have two children — a daughter and a son.

My father, David, passed away in September, 1967, and my mother, Jessie, followed in June, 1977. During these ten years it seemed the only time I ever saw any of my old friends from Estlin was when we met at the funerals of old-timers and even some of my school chums. So, as our 40th Wedding Anniversary approached, we decided to throw a party, which we did on October 31, 1976. What fun it was seeing all my old friends, school mates, some teachers as well as new friends, on a happy occasion.

In May, 1978, Harry and I moved to Chilliwack, B.C., where we now live. We are making new friends here, but always welcome a visit and/or cards and letters from our old friends. We attend Cooke Presbyterian Church. Harry curls during the winter and we both enjoy lawn bowling during the summer.

We are blessed with a great-granddaughter, born July 27, 1980. What a joy she is!

The David Wilkenings **by George Wilkening**

My father, David Wilkening, came to Estlin in 1910 with his parents, John and Hulda, from Plainfield, Illinois. My father was born in Illinois in 1885. He had two brothers, John and Ben, and two sisters, Amanda and Adeline.

The Wilkenings settled on a farm upon their arrival from Ill. Land location E half of Section 33-Township 15-Range 19 W. of 2nd.

One year later my father married Jessie Grey from Plainfield, Illinois, and (mother and dad) settled on W half of 34-15-19-W of 2nd.

I was born December 3, 1912. I had two brothers, Murl and Harvie, and one sister, Eileen. I am the oldest of the family.

It is very hard to be sure about some dates and events, but to the best of my knowledge, my folks bought and moved to W half of 27-15-19-W of 2nd in 1914. They farmed there until 1933, then moved to Wolseley where they farmed for two years. They then moved to Regina where they lived the rest of their lives. Dad worked for Regina Cartage Company and

later for what was then known as "White Rose Oil Co." until he retired.

I remember, as a small boy, that my Dad and his brothers had a huge tractor and plow with which they broke prairie land for various farmers. The prairie land was broken up by such a plow before it could be cultivated for growing grain.

My folks were active in the community in their own small way. Mother was a member of the Estlin Ladies Community Club. Dad was on the school board for a time and they helped in other various activities as was needed.

I can recall many of our neighbours. One and one quarter miles east were Jay and Florence Cleveland. I'll always remember them as good friends — I used to play with their son, Wright. Other neighbours were George Marshall, Fred Goodman and family, Dave Runkle and family, Roy Welliver and the Webster family. I could go on and on.

Another family was Bert and Bell Snell — very good friends of my folks. We visited back and forth all the time we lived at Estlin. The Roy Myers family will always be remembered — their home was like home away from home for me. I still keep in touch with Doris and Gerald Myers, more than anyone else. There are many wonderful people in the Estlin area, but as the years go by, it seems impossible to keep in touch.

I remember the first school I attended. It was one half mile east of Estlin. It was an old wooden structure and I know the wind blew straight through it. That building was COLD in the winter. On many occasions I remember the teacher and all the children sitting on benches and chairs around the old furnace to keep warm.

I think it was about a year later that the two room school was built in Estlin where I received my education — Boyle School District #1800.

One silly incident I remember from school was when I was in about Grade four. There was a farmer friend near town who used to cut kids' hair for twenty-five cents. One day at lunch time four of us boys went for a hair cut and decided to have it all shaved off, completely clean. We looked like something from outer space. When we returned to school after lunch the teacher didn't take kindly to the idea, and we lost a few recesses. When we went home we were chastised again. It is one small incident that I will always remember.

There are many happy memories of my growing up at Estlin and some dark ones, too. Our farm had a lot of low land on it and I remember a couple of wet rainy years when water seemed to flow from all directions onto our farm, flooding about half of it. By the time it had dried up and the land was fit to farm

the dirty thirties were upon us and we all know what happened then.

How the world has changed since the dirty thirties. I remember in 1931 I went to Watson, Sask. and worked for one dollar a day and room and board, putting up hay. Threshing was two dollars a day and board. During November and December the same year I continued to work for the same farmer for only my room and board, but I had fun. When I went home, just before Christmas, he gave me twenty bushels of potatoes, which were very welcome at that time.

In 1933 we moved to Wolseley where we farmed for two years. My folks then moved to Regina, as I mentioned before, where they spent the rest of their lives. My Dad passed away in 1967 and Mother ten years later in 1977.

I was married in 1937 to Evelyn Tate, from Lockwood, Sask. We had two children, Verna and Dave. Verna and her husband, Ted Sorensen, live in Calgary and they have three daughters. Dave and his wife, Jane, also live in Calgary and have two daughters.

In 1959, I moved to Maple Creek, Sask. and continued in the trucking business which I started in 1943.

In 1977 my wife passed away after a lengthy illness. In 1980 I married Kay Chapman from Regina, originally from Fairlight, Sask.

I am still in the trucking business, the same as my brother Harvie in Regina. Between the two of us, we have trucks licensed in all provinces from Ontario to British Columbia, inclusive.

It is a privilege and a pleasure to be able to write a few lines about the area where I grew up in. It brings back many good memories.

The Harvie Wilkening Story by Harvie Wilkening

As the youngest member of the Dave and Jessie Wilkening family I will try and add a few thoughts to what my brother, George, and sister, Eileen, have contributed. I was born at Estlin, and until I read Eileen's report on birth dates, I thought my birthday was September 18, 1922. I knew either Eileen was wrong or I have been celebrating my birthday ten days early for sixty years. Naturally I was crushed as I always took such pride in telling people that The Right Honorable John Diefenbaker and I celebrated our birthdays together. A quick check on my birth certificate verified that I was correct.

My memories of my life at Estlin are really not that many as I was still quite young when my parents moved from the district. My schooling began at Boyle School District #1800. I remember most of

my schoolmates in the Junior room, many of whom I see periodically even to this day. I will always consider them very good friends. My teachers were Mrs. Stewart and Miss Reid (it still doesn't seem right to refer to them as Ann Stewart and Ella Reid). I remember liking them both very much and there was no doubt in my mind they were angels sent from heaven to protect me once I had to leave the comforts of home and start to school. Although I can't recall him speaking a cross word, I will never forget how afraid I was of Roy Stewart. He definitely was not the kindly person his wife was!

Another memory that pops to mind is the birth of the Stewart twins. I can now look back and wonder how Mrs. Stewart ever tolerated all us "nosy" kids trooping through her house to see the babies — but to us this was considered a real miracle. I visited the Stewart family years later in Outlook and we had some good laughs about those silly little things.

I recall going to the ball games with my folks and meeting all the other kids in town. We always played the games kids play. The one I know I will never forget is Hide-and-Seek. Home base was the corner of Mr. Girsberger's blacksmith shop. Marnie Runkle was "it". I was running for home base with Marnie in hot pursuit. As we ran along the side of the blacksmith shop I remember looking back to see how close Marnie was getting to me. She pointed at something and told me to look out! I laughed at her because I wasn't stupid enough to think she would warn me about anything real. Right then the lights went out and I never did make home base. Mr. Girsberger had a pipe protruding from the wall of his shop — about two feet from the ground. I'm not sure to this day what it was for, except to knock the wind out of kids. I'm sure I didn't get my breath back for three hours.

Another ridiculous thing I remember doing, although I can't for the life of me remember why, was the night Ken Webster and I hid Clara Revill's shoes. The irony of this situation was that we couldn't remember where we had hidden them. I do remember, though, that her mother and ours were right upset about the whole thing. When I said I didn't have that many memories about Estlin I was wrong. Although they are strictly childhood memories, as I write about that part of my life, memories do come back.

Going to school in the winter time with a team of horses and sleigh; Marnie Runkle and I arguing over who was going to ride on the hand sleigh that was tied to the big sleigh. How mad we would get at each other for unhooking the rope when it was our turn to ride the hand sleigh! Playing at Goodmans and seeing Sandy get his hair cut or going to visit the Fletts and riding the Shetland ponies with Edith and Lillian — going to Cleavelands to play with Buster. I

was sure it was always mealtime at his place as his mother was always feeding us and how I loved it.

But childhood does not last forever and, as I said, the family moved to Wolseley when I was about ten or eleven years of age. We spent two years in Wolseley and then moved to Regina. As I grew older I renewed many friendships with the people of Estlin. However, the one regret I do have is that none of us works hard enough on old friendships.

After I finished school in Regina I got involved in long distance truck transportation, an industry that I am still in today.

In 1950 I married the girl I decided to share the rest of my life with — Norma Schmidt. We have one daughter, Paula Leanne, who at the present time is attending university in the United States. Norma and I are quite settled in our home in Regina.

At this point I will try and put in a few words for my brother Murl, who was taken from us in April of 1981. I can't pretend to know what his memories of Estlin would be, but I am quite sure he would have ever so many if he were here to tell them. I imagine that some of the people who are still at Estlin and a little bit older than myself, could remember some of his experiences. Murl moved to Wolseley with the rest of the family. When he finished school he moved to Regina. He worked across Canada for a few years until 1942 when he joined the army — a member of the armored corps. In 1943 he went overseas and served in the European campaign, then returned home and mustered out in the spring of 1946. Later that year he and I bought our first truck and started hauling gas in Saskatchewan for Imperial Oil. A year later we each branched off on our own — he continued in the truck transport industry for a number of years.

In 1948 he married my wife's sister, Agnes Schmidt. Two years later they moved to Saskatoon where they resided until his death. Agnes still makes her home there. They have three children — Karen and Bill both married and living in Saskatoon. Their second eldest son, Raymond, is living in the Yukon Territories.

Congratulations to the wonderful people who had this great idea and the courage and time to see it through. We will now be anxiously waiting for the book to be completed.

The John Wilkening Family by Ruth (Wilkening) Frisk

The Wilkenings (John and Hulda) and sons, Dave, John, Ben, and daughters, Amanda and Adeline, migrated from Illinois to Estlin in 1910, shipping their "Settlers' Effects" in box cars via the C.N. Railroad. They followed the homesteaders so had



John Wilkening family. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkening, Ruth, John, Olive.

some tillable land. The pasture which produced such beautiful wild flowers, including the purple crocus which pushed through the snow in early spring, gradually gave way to the sod-breaking plow and became wheat fields.

The senior Wilkenings were German, and Grandpa told tales of serving in the Kaiser's guard as a young man. I was especially fond of him and remember his silver hair (once red), his tall erect stature and his kind way with us. He whistled and trilled like a bird and we didn't even realize we had dried all the dishes and helped him with the chores. Great-Grandpa, Abel, who lived with them, claimed to be Russian and spoke a German dialect, but I really do not know much of his history. We bounced on his feather bed and teased him in many ways just to hear him scold in his native language. We understood a few words in time. I remember him best sitting by the window reading his Bible (German). When he put it down we moved the bookmark, but he never seemed to notice, just picked up the book and continued reading as before, audible but not understood. One day he was not there anymore, our first knowledge of death. Grandpa passed away in 1928 and Grandma fell and broke her shoulder soon after. The boys harvested the crop for her and she then went to live with Aunt Amanda in Illinois. There she remained until her death.

Olive May Aeklam (my mother) was one of eleven children born in Yorkshire, England. She was the only one of her family to migrate to Canada, and was one of many young women who volunteered to leave their homes and sail to Canada. It took something like thirty days to make the voyage across the Atlantic. All were seasick and homesick. They helped the farmers' wives with the many chores they had to cope with. Everything was done by hand and all farming was accomplished with horse-drawn implements. Olive Aeklam, Elsie Torville, and Gladys Henley and others arrived in Sintaluta where Charles Torville (Elsie's brother) had friends and jobs waiting. The girls were accustomed to hard work and soon learned the new ways. The farm wives were sympathetic and arranged visits to help the girls cope with the loneliness.

Olive Aeklam and John Wilkening were married Dec. 22, 1914 and were "at home" on a farm north of Estlin. They bought their first Model T Ford for about \$400 soon after. Three children came along — Ruth, Olive and John. Several different farms became "home" during the following years. We liked and disliked the various locations.

I started school at Boyle school in Estlin, attending when Miss Bambrick was teaching there. The teachers then taught all grades, one to eight, in a one-room school and did very well. Soon after we moved to another farm and the three of us attended Weardale school where Margaret Kartman was our first teacher. She lived with her parents, but later the teachers had room and board with various families in the district. We took a turn and were not too thrilled to have teacher "all day"! We always lived a distance from school and drove a horse (Rosey) and buggy in summer and a sleigh in winter. Some of the friends I remember at Weardale were Edith, Marian, Russell and Wallace Clarke; Hazel Holland; Moreen Koons and brothers; Whitfield and Garfield Peacey; Jean, Gwen, Jack and Norma McElmon; Warren Williams and brothers; Charlie and Manuel McCrystal; Meredith Golden and many others I have long forgotten.

Jim and Alice Crawford and their girls, Grace, Frances and Alice, came to live next door to the school. While living there they started or stirred the fire to warm the school for our arrival — a real treat as the first to arrive had to attend to that chore and sometimes not too successfully. The Crawford girls were good friends and we were disappointed when they moved to Regina after Jim found farming too much. The Beaumont family then moved there soon after. The new Crawford home was a huge three story house where Alice and Jim rented rooms and supplied dinner for those who liked home cooking. Their table was large and the house always full. It

was a fascinating home to visit and many happy times were spent with them.

We moved once again and attended Boyle school when Roy and Anne Stewart taught there. Classmates there included Marian Clarke; Edith Marean; June Dvorak; Dorothy and Margaret Runkle; Doris, Lois and Betty Myers and their brothers Gerald and John; Eileen Carson; Harry and Edwin Girsberger; Wright Cleveland; Joyce Hebb; Lottie, Claire and Art Revill; Verona Elsaesser; Ila, Alice and Jim Welliver and many more. The men who were hired to run the grain elevators always had families, but they never stayed too long.

The old United Church was attended by most of us. Our minister had a route and spoke at two or three locations each Sunday and visited us every two weeks. We enjoyed C.G.I.T. and many community functions and took part in concerts, plays, debates, card parties and dances in the community hall in Estlin. We played ball and went to picnics in the surrounding towns during the summer. The Christmas concerts and school parties were especially enjoyed and we travelled many miles to see as many as possible. When "snowed in" during the winter we were bundled into the old sled with a warm brick, and the team of horses was off to the neighbors to play cards and visit. We played games and enjoyed our friends and were very careful to never admit we were tired or ready to go home. The winters were long and the spring thaw a welcome sight. A chinook wind melted the snow very fast, but was usually followed very quickly by a blizzard, the worst and last of the year. Soon after the birds would return — meadowlarks, robins, blackbirds and kingbirds. The geese and ducks made their way north to their nesting rounds, squawking and honking overhead.

We struggled through the depression and many other hazards, such as sawfly, cutworms, grasshoppers, smut, rust, drought and dust storms.

Mother died in the spring of 1933 following surgery. Amy Runkle helped us to face that loss by setting aside the old and solid belief of one year of mourning. I quit school to help at home and with the help of Kate Goodman, Vi Revill, Amy Runkle and others, I learned to cook for a harvest gang of sixteen or more hungry men. About that time old Dobbin was traded for a tractor and mechanization was on its way. Dad brought home a radio and the wet cell batteries to run it.

Ivan Frisk and I were married in the United Church in Estlin Sept. 11, 1935. Amy Runkle and others in the area had much pleasure decorating and arranging the event and the little church was overflowing with our many friends.

We went to our log cabin home near McKague in

Northern Saskatchewan. After a couple of bad years we moved to Twin Falls, Idaho where Ivan worked for a rancher as the irrigator. There we spent a few happy years. Winter was short with very light snowfall. I learned to irrigate the garden and orchard. Everything grew in profusion and was a joy to us.

Our beautiful daughter, Della, was born in Twin Falls, Idaho. We then moved to Rio Linda, California, where we had a chicken ranch for a while. Ivan worked as an electrician for the air force at McClellan Air Force Base during the war and for years after, a total of twenty-five before retiring. I also retired from the same base after twenty years' service.

Our daughter attended schools in the area and after her time at college went to work for an insurance company, and has continued to work in that line of business. She has two sons, Jeffrey and Steven. Jeff is a diesel mechanic and Steve a senior in high school.

Ivan passed away in 1977 after a lengthy illness. Both of us spent some of our leisure time with Odd Fellowship and Rebekah Lodges, both as Past State presiding officers. I remain in Roseville, keeping busy with family, friends, volunteer work, and some travel.

Johnnie Wilkening

by Johnnie Wilkening

I left Estlin in 1936 or 1937 with a carload of cattle being shipped by Dave Runkle to Bushnell, Illinois. I was going to Quincy, Ill. to see an aunt, Dad's sister, Amanda. Anyway, I rode that stupid freight train into St. Paul, Minnesota. The engineer let me ride the engine all day. While they switched he fed me his lunch and headed me toward Bushnell. In Bushnell I looked up a "Boots" Runkle; I think he ran a Standard station there. I got rid of the cows and he got me a ride toward Quincy. I had a pair of boots and my ball glove, and they must have been really stinky by then.

In Quincy I found out my aunt lived fifteen miles out of the town, so I started walking. About a mile out of town I went into a big tavern to ask directions. Beer was five cents a glass. I never saw such a big glass — it took both hands to lift and drink out of it. This was my introduction to U.S.A.

The years 1937 to 1941 were spent working in California on a chicken ranch; picking hops; in Idaho in the fields of sugar beets, onions, potatoes, etc. I also milked thirty cows twice a day and drove a school bus one season. I was back to Estlin in 1940 for a brief stay.

I was inducted into the army at Salt Lake City in 1941. I went to the east coast for training and then

back to Fort Ord, California, where I was when the war broke out. I went to Africa and Italy for four years, then came back to Quincy in 1945 and was married.

We have five children — three girls and two boys — all swimmers and ball players. Terry and Karer are in Springfield, Ill. and work for C.I.P.'s Co. Mike is in Rock Island with John Deere. Pam is in St. Louis in an office job and Debbie is in San Diego and works for The Bank of America.

The Wiks Family

by Don Wiks

The Wiks pageant begins with the birth of George in 1895 near Chernovitz, Austria. He was the seventeenth member in the family of Mike and Mary Wikonski. He had fifteen older brothers, an immediate older sister and two more sisters following. With the exception of a brother, John, all remained living in the old country until their passing. John died in Canada. George is the only surviving member of this large family. At the tender age of 17 he decided to depart for this wonderful country of ours. It was a difficult period of time as he spoke no English. The journey across the ocean from Rotterdam to Halifax took eleven days in a freighter which hauled grain and cattle to Europe and hauled people to Canada.

George's first job was in the asbestos mines in Thetford, Quebec where he was introduced to the French language for about two years. A trip was then made to Moose Jaw where several of his Ukrainian country folk resided. He worked seasonally on various farms and spent the winter in this city. The English language had its beginnings but it was not until 1920, when he began to work for Tom Thompson at Corinne, Saskatchewan, did the language become reasonably well established. He worked on this farm continuously for seven years. Through Tom Thompson he became acquainted with Sam Bailey who wanted a renter for his farm at Estlin since Alex Cameron had quit.

In 1927 George began farming on a farm one mile east and one and one-quarter miles north of Estlin. In 1928 he married Olga Lischynski from Gorlitz, who also came from a large family consisting of four sisters and eight brothers. He recalls fair crops in 1928, '29 and '30 but in 1931 not a stem was cut. Crops were generally poor because of severe drought conditions but became much better in the forties. Times were tough; food was even scarce. Heating was done with coal, bought at the Northern elevator and wood, which was cut and delivered by teams from Zehner or Balgonie. In 1943 hail claimed the crop on this farm. In 1944 Art McCrystal, a bachelor who lived about a mile away, told George that he saw

"our land" advertised for sale by the landlord. In 1945 there was a good crop from the entire half section. This crop was harvested by Roy Myers and sons, John and Gerald. It returned enough in revenue for George to begin buying a farm at Adam, Saskatchewan. The place was located nine miles west of where Ipsco now stands. It was a sad day when this family said goodbye to the friends and neighbors at Estlin to go to another place which, in the minds of all, could never be as good. (And really never was.)

With the passing of time from 1927 to 1945 George and Olga were raising four children. All of these attended Boyle School in Estlin. Experiences were both good and bad.

A brief history of the four members of the Wiks family follows. It is by no means complete, as any such stories would not be, but it is hoped that the highlights will be revealed.

John was born in Regina, June 28, 1929. He had a great deal of difficulty in school academically and even socially. He suffered a distinct disadvantage because he lacked knowledge of English as Ukrainian was spoken at home. It is quite probable that this lack of knowledge added to social turmoil as well in his earlier years, but later he had good friends with whom he did associate in school. His education was patchy as he worked for Mike Anaka at the age of 13, and after making some money lost all interest in school. He also worked for Andrew Baker on the highway for a few months of the year. He came to school spasmodically and as a result lost the trend in the education process. At the age of 16 he moved to Regina and started to work at the Hotel Saskatchewan as a bus boy. During this time he took upgrading in education to get a Grade 10 equivalent which was required to join the Regina City Police force. After a few years in the force he took up a job as a truck driver transporting cars west from the east. He joined the army in the sixties (as a military police). Later he went to Vancouver as a harbour inspector, still in a type of police work. In 1950 he married Alice Sereda from West Bend. He had two daughters, Adele, a pharmacist, and Marlene, who works for a radio station. Adele is married to an engineer and has one daughter. John suffered an injury to the head in the line of duty and subsequently caught the Asiatic flu which led to his death on May 6, 1966.

Number two son, Donald, was born in Regina, October 15, 1931. He did not have the same language difficulty as did his brother John, because their parents now spoke more English at home. He did however, have some difficulty in pronouncing some of the words. Olive Miller was a superb teacher and told him where the tongue should be in the mouth when pronouncing certain words. This was a real

asset as words were learned properly and all trace of a foreign accent, which might have stayed, disappeared. Miss Miller was an excellent teacher, but also a disciplinarian. Marks of the pointer she carried, might still be seen on Don's wrists if imagination is strong! Nonetheless when he left at Christmas in Grade Two to go to Moose Jaw, to take violin lessons, she kissed him goodbye! I'm sure Roy Black will remember her too! Don then bounced around from his aunt's place in Moose Jaw and home in Estlin thus changing schools often. Miss Meikle was the teacher when he came back the first time. A real sweetheart, this teacher, as anyone who was a student or a goon would agree. Miss Kolwiss was next to come, followed by Ernie Mumm. Paul Lambert arrived after Ernie Mumm departed. He was very serious about academic studies and those who wanted to learn did quite well: There were ten grades for one teacher in the school. He was very interested in the recreational aspect for the students. Friday night parties were frequently held when Mr. Lambert and the students would play games. He even taught the students how to dance! He can only be remembered as the great humanitarian he was.

Don moved away in 1945 and took two and one-half years of education in a country school, and one year by correspondence course. He got a part time job in Regina and went to school at Balfour Tech. in grade ten. Mr. Jay Cleveland was highly influential in this decision. His words of wisdom were, "Young feller, get yourself a good education and you have something no one can steal". Jay told Don this when he was in Grade six. He never forgot.

After one year of Teachers' College, Don went to Petersburg school north of Balgonie to teach Grades one to nine. He married Erna Lechner, moved to Kronau School for two years and then came back to Estlin to teach Grades 1-6 for one year. The students and their parents were most enjoyable. It somehow seemed to be a bad year for him. When the year began he had a broken arm and had to write with his left hand for about a month. He did not finish the year in the classroom because of a car accident. Mrs. Betcher took over his duties until the end of June. Milestone School Unit was then to receive his service for 12 years, Earl Grey for the next four as their principal, and finally Campbell Collegiate in Regina, as a math teacher, from which he will retire in four years.

If there was one special event to be remembered, it was the bonspiel in Estlin when he curled with Mike Anaka who played second, another good curler who played third and Don played lead on the rink of Orval Lewis. It was Don's first curling experience. The prize won was a fur cap from Western Furs. From

that day until this a fur cap of a mountie style has been a part of Don's winter attire. It was a result of a bonspiel, as otherwise, it would never have happened. It was a good rink as Orval was a terrific skip and Don's terrific luck may have helped some!

After coming to Regina life for the Wiks changed, Don has engaged in several activities. He tore down railway stations at Lajord, Drinkwater, Keystown and Rowatt. At Buenna Vista beach he built and sold three cabins on lots that were purchased and is presently engaged in building a house of 1800 square feet. His wife, Erna, who was a very good ballplayer, has her ambition realized as Executive Director for softball in the province of Saskatchewan. Her office is located in the old Land Titles building beside the Saskatchewan Hotel. In some ways she is associated with all aspects of the sport in this province, even on the Canadian level.

Don and Erna raised four children. Daniel, the eldest, is a police officer in Saskatoon. Recently he received the Medal of Bravery from the Governor General Ed Schreyer. This award was given for saving a blind man and his dog from drowning in the Saskatchewan River, when the river was mostly covered with ice. Nice to have a hero in this family. Dan and wife, Arlene, have two sons. Gloria is a physiotherapist and instructor at the University Hospital in Saskatoon. She and her husband, Dan, have one daughter. Beverly has stopped working for the government as a computer operator. She and her husband, Harold, have a daughter and a son. The youngest of the family is Darrell, a great big fellow over six feet four inches in height. He is soon to be married and is going to be a math teacher like his father before him.

Child number three of the Wiks family was Betty, born on the farm at Estlin under the direction of Dr. Houston on February 25, 1935. She was the only girl and the only one born in the house. She moved to Adams with the family where she completed her elementary education and took grade nine and ten by correspondence. In 1951 she moved to Regina where she worked at Simpsons and the Wheat Pool for a few years. She married Lorrie Wolfe and moved to a farm at Edenwold where they still reside. Besides farming Lorrie is engaged in long distance truck hauling. He is a superb truck driver who works for Primay Equipment in Regina. They have one son, Ryan, who helps at home and also periodically works as a truck driver.

The last member of the family was Ray. Born October 22, 1938, he stayed on the farm with his father until 1975. His mother died in 1967 and they were alone up until this time. After an intensified development to raise 1000 pigs a year through Farmstart, Ray decided it was time to pack it in. It seemed

this farming a half-section was not a viable operation for the times. He then moved to Regina where he worked for White Trucks and the John Deere Co. After marriage to Marilyn Bellentyne, he moved to Calgary where he works for Belares Farm Equipment and she works for the provincial government. His father then sold the land and took up residence with Don and Erna in Regina.

Other Recollections

by Don Wiks

It seems to me that most of the families in the district could trace their ancestry back to the British Isles. People such as Gooding, Clarke, Black, Williams, perhaps once removed when immediate ancestors took up residence in the States. There were also those who came from Switzerland, like the Elsaessers, Richenbergers and Girsbergers. At any rate, I did not notice any persecution because we were the only Ukrainians attending school in Estlin. Occasionally the word "doukhobors" would be said but I didn't know what it meant. It was not until we moved away that this word and "Bohunk" caused some concern. As is the case in all of this province, the problem seemed to resolve itself as younger people got married to so-called foreigners. I call it a blessing to have spent my early life in Estlin where, for the most part, people seemed to be very broadminded.

In the '30's people found life tough, but it seemed not quite as tough as it was in our family. Many families had to make a beginning, but it was still more difficult for those from continental Europe who had no financial backing whatsoever. We were poor by standards that we could see around us. It was apparent that other children had toys but we had none. In spite of this we would still find ways of amusing ourselves. I gathered rocks in the field and pretended they were horses. I also found grasshoppers and held them together to watch them chew at one another's heads. One one occasion, I remember I had a whole bottle of jack-rabbit droppings collected in a jar. My brother, John, told me that they were rabbit eggs and if I put them in the sun they would hatch resulting in a whole bunch of bunnies. My mother told me in no uncertain terms what was in the jar. I gathered them no more!

My brother would often tell me stories that kept me in a great deal of suspense. Orange and black colored beetles would be eating a dead gopher. He told me that when I died that the same bug would eat me. He also told me stories of fierce bears that would slap my head off. It was a thought that stuck in my head when I fell into the cistern with water up to my neck. He told me there was a bear in the filter and when I was down there I could feel some slimey moss that I thought was the bear's fur.

Water from wells was nonexistent. We hauled water usually from a dugout with a team of horses pulling a tank. In the spring we took advantage of melted snow in the ditches. Some of this water later in the spring would be contaminated with mosquito wigglers. We therefore got some protein supplement with our H₂O; not yet considering the other organic materials that may be present because of the nearness of the barnyard.

Our first tractor was a Wallis bought in 1939. How we cried when men came to take our beautiful horses away. I suppose our grief was a result of knowing where they were going. We understood that they went to the bush where life for them would be both tough and short. Apparently, they would slip and fall and often a tree trunk pierced their stomachs, not to mention that they were forced to pull with beatings inflicted with such things as barbed wire. I recall the death of many of our horses on the farm. Jerry, a horse given to my father by Tom Thompson, died in the winter and provided meat for the dogs. Jay, a horse Dad name after Mr. Cleveland because he once owned him, died in the fall from eating too much grain. Buster, also from Mr. Cleveland's farm and named after one of his sons, was dead one morning in his stall. Blackie and Daisy had to be destroyed because of crippled legs. And the list could go on. One cannot think of these beasts of burden without emotion. A horse that worked so faithfully for many years at a time and became useless received his reward. He was taken to the manure pile and got his brains blown out.

As I recall we had little or no church education. The reason perhaps was a lack of transportation to take us to the Greek Orthodox church in Regina. We did not own a rapid-transportation-vehicle until 1953. In spite of this we learned feeling for our fellow man and that cheating them in any way would not be looked upon with God's favour. By most standards some of us are deeply religious and have made a study of the Bible and various beliefs. Others leave it alone almost entirely. It does not enter as a social problem within the family or without. Each is also in his own life style and handles it as necessary or as he feels fit. If I may, I would like to use the words of Charles Dickens' "Tiny Tim" when he says, "God Bless us every one."

Mr. and Mrs. Art Williams by Phyllis (Williams) Leeder

It was on September 25, 1925, that my parents (Art and Ada Williams), my brother, Clarence, and myself (Phyllis), arrived on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis (Bud) Williams. This was to be our home until



Art and Ada Williams at the Bud Williams farm.

January 20, 1948, when Dad passed away. Mother then lived with my husband and me.

Clarence and I went to Kirby School for a short while. We enjoyed our neighbours and made good friends of them. The Balderstons and Alex Newman were our closest neighbours, and when they moved away the Roth family and the Zakrisons came. The Ulrich family were a couple of miles away, and the Shillings, Jeffersons and Cains were among our many friends.

We had many a good time going to dances and ball games. I remember the Dunbars and Wellivers well. We all used to go to the barn dances, and in the winter to Gray to the moccasin dances. At one point I worked in the grocery store for Mr. and Mrs. Hebb, and also helped with the housework.

On June 12, 1930, I married Howard Leeder, who worked for General Motors, and we made our home in Regina.

On March 28, 1936, Clarence married Margaret White of Regina. Their son, Larry, was born September 20, 1940.

Larry married Patricia Olson of Winnipeg August 7, 1965. They have three children: Robert (17), Richard (15) and Lindsay (11). Larry and his Mother lived alone while Clarence was serving overseas during the war.

In 1942 my husband started work with the Department of Highways, and in 1945 when Clarence came home from the war, he too started work with the same Department.

My husband passed away May 7, 1959.

My brother Clarence passed away March 24, 1982.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Williams by Mrs. Etholeen (Williams) Palk

In 1902, Charles W. Williams of Galesburg, Illinois, began to buy land in the heart of the Regina Plains in an area about 25 miles wide and 75 miles



C. W. Williams.



Mrs. C. W. Williams.



C. W. Williams farm, 1905, on Correction Line road, N.E. ¼ of S.32; T. 14; R.20; W2nd. L. to R.: ?, ?, ?, Jim Lincoln, ?, Frank Howell, ?, ?, George Lincoln, Tom Tuttle, ?, Anderson.

Thousands Are Wise After the Fact, Who Are Blind as Bats in the Niche of Time

t 1905)

Do you realize that good farm lands at a low price will soon be a thing of the past? Do you know that our population is increasing at the rate of two and a half millions a year, and that in twenty-five years we shall have one hundred and fifty million people in this country? Did you ever stop to think that the number of acres of land does not increase: that there will be no more in the future than there is now, and that in a few years it will not be a question of an over-production of anything that comes from the soil, but how can we produce enough for our own people? Right now we only have five states in the Union that grow enough wheat for their own population, and in ten years it will be necessary to bring wheat into this great country of ours to keep the millions alive. The percentage of really good farm lands in any country is small, and lands of that kind, wherever located, must and will get higher and higher: and it will not be many years before all lands of that quality will at least be worth \$100.00 an acre, and eventually much more, for as sure as water seeks its level, so sure will good farm lands sooner or later reach their true value. Money is plenty and cheap, and much of it from now on will go into farm lands, as there is no investment that is as safe and profitable.

Only a few years ago Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas was a vast prairie country, and farm houses were miles and miles apart, land could be had for the asking, to-day practically every section and quarter section in that great territory is being cultivated, and is now selling for fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. All good land in the United States has passed to the farmer, and no matter what happens it will never again be cheap, or worth less than now. That being true, we have had our last opportunity to make money in cheap lands in our own country, but just over the line between the United States and Canada history is about to repeat itself. There has been a big rush to this country in the past two years and more than ever will go the coming season, and it will be but a short time before all the good land is gone. I want to call your attention at this time to the cream of all Canada, a small strip of land twenty-five miles wide and seventy-five miles long, that probably has not an equal on the face of the earth as a small grain country. This tract of land is twenty-one hours' ride due northwest of Minneapolis and five south of Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan. It is a beautiful prairie, free from stone, brush, sloughs, etc., and the soil is from 10 to 15 feet deep and the richest that has yet been found in America. All kinds of small grains grow there, and the quantity and quality cannot be equalled in any country in the world.

The land will cost you at present from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre. It will pay you annually at the present price from 30 to 40 per cent on the investment and in twenty years, in my opinion, be worth \$100.00 an acre. There is only a small amount of this good land that can now be had, and 1906 will see practically all of it sold to farmers who will not care to sell it to you. If you have money to invest, take my advice once and buy some of that land. If you are a farmer, by all means buy land in the Regina Valley, where you can make five times as much as you are now making, and only work half the time. If you have a son and want to start him in the healthiest, most honorable and safest business in the world, buy him a piece of that land and start him out in life right. If you are a renter, buy a farm up there, and in three years you can own a better farm than you are now on. This land is advancing very rapidly and will continue to do so. It is \$5.00 an acre higher now than it was twelve months ago, and will, without doubt, advance as much in the next year as it has in the past, consequently it stands you in hand to act quickly and to secure some of it as soon as you possibly can. I can sell you a limited amount of this land and on easy terms. I know, and don't mind telling you, that there is still plenty of land to be had in Canada for \$5.00 to \$6.00 an acre, but if a judge of land, you would not buy it; it is rough, the soil is light, and it is covered with stone, brush and sloughs, and when that land reaches \$40.00 an acre, the land I am advising you to buy will be worth \$100.00 per acre.

I am trying to get you to do the right thing, and it will be your fault, not mine, if you fail to take advantage of this opportunity to secure good farm lands at twenty cents on the dollar.

CANADA

PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN

Value \$ 70.00⁰⁰

See R. No. 6 Folio 27

51 " 187P

82 "

" 7

" 7

84 146

" 147

93 154

" 155

101 220

Certificate of Title

Land Registration District

This is to certify that Charles W. Williams
of Galesburg in Illinois One of the United
States of America Farmer

is the owner of an estate in fee simple

of and in the Whole of Sections Ten (10) Fourteen (14) ✓

Fifteen (15) Sixteen (16) Twenty (20) Twenty two (22)
and Twenty Eight (28) all in Township Fifteen (15)
in Range Twenty (20) West of the Second Meridian
in the Province of Saskatchewan in the Dominion
of Canada containing Four thousand Four
Hundred and Eighty (4480) Acres more or less

W.A.H.

subject to the incumbrances, liens and interests notified by memorandum underwritten or in
hereon, or which may hereafter be made in the register.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal
this Seventh day of November A.D. 1908

P. O. Address

Galesburg
Ill. U.S.A.

M.W. Longfellow

Registrar

Land Registration District

The Title of Charles W. Williams to the E. 1/4, S. 1/4, N. 1/4, S. 1/4, of Sec. 10, T. 15, R. 20, W. 20, is subject to a third mortgage
of \$1000.00 in favor of the Minister of the Interior of Canada
to secure the payment of the loan of \$300.00 with interest thereon
granted by the Minister of the Interior of Canada on July 1st 1895
and subsequently at \$100.00 per annum as a payment of the
loan by the Debtor of the said Minister in the sum of \$100.00
per annum under Section 89 of Chapter 59 of the Act of the
Legislation of the Dominion of Canada and all the Acts in that behalf

M.W. Longfellow

Rembley Paul

19.13544

11th A. 7th
Kelowna B.C.

him

26th October

U. 3715

M. W. Longfellow

LEASE

Made in duplicate and entered into this the.....day of
..... 19...., between C. W. WILLIAMS, of the first part, and
..... of the second part,

Party of the second part hereby agrees to lease and does lease, of party of the first part, the following described
land.....of Section.....
in Township.....Range.....West, of the
Second Meridian, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in the Dominion of Canada, for the term of.....years.
Being for the years.....upon the following terms and conditions:

Party of the second part agrees to farm the above described land at all times during the life of this lease, in a
tidy, thorough, and systematic manner, and that he will do all work of every kind and nature in *season*, that is to
say, the best time to do said work, and that said work will be done in the most approved manner, and that he will do
everything possible to produce the very best crop each and every year.

Wheat only is to be sown each and every year, unless party of the first part gives his written consent, that other
grain may be sown. In that event such other grain is to be sown on stubble land only, and for the rental of the said
land party of the second part is to deliver to party of the first part, on the cars, at the same time his share of the
wheat crop is delivered, and under the same conditions, eight bushels of as good wheat as he raises that year, taken from
his share of the wheat crop for each acre sown to other grain, and party of the second part admits that he has no right,
title or interest, whatsoever in the said wheat, due party of the first part, as rental for land sown to any grain except wheat.

Only the very best, and thoroughly cleaned, and treated, seed wheat is to be sown, and in no case shall the amount
be less than two bushels per acre.

All the land covered by this lease is to be divided into three regular and equal parts, and party of the second
part agrees to summer-fallow in regular rotation, and in a thorough manner one-third of the land each and every year,
and the balance of the land he agrees to sow to wheat each year. All the summer-fallow shall be done in the following
manner: Disc plows only are to be used, and they are to be so adjusted as to cut off thoroughly all growth on the
land, including all roots of every nature and kind. All the land is to be plowed at least eight inches deep everywhere
in the field, and to be fully completed not later than June 15th of each year. After being plowed the land is to be
thoroughly harrowed both ways with straight tooth harrows, and floated both ways with a heavy float; and should there
be any growth on the land after this is done, then party of the second part agrees to cultivate and harrow the land
sufficiently to destroy all such growth before October 1st of each year.

If any mustard or french weed should appear in the crop after the grain is sown then party of the second part agrees
to cross harrow the land with a light straight tooth harrow until it is all destroyed.

Any land that ordinarily would be summer-fallowed the following year having on it any wild oats, is to be thoroughly
plowed the fall before by party of the second part, and to be well worked by him during the entire summer of the next year.

Party of the second part agrees to plow out all back furrows, and to fill up all dead furrows, as soon as the land is
plowed, and he further agrees to turn no farm tools in the roadways as he works the land.

All summer-fallow land that has the season before been prepared for crop, is to be thoroughly worked the following
spring just ahead of the drills.

If any land covered by this lease is too wet to be sown to wheat any spring, then in that event, party of the second
part agrees to summer-fallow the same as described above, each and every year, until it can be sown to wheat in its regular
rotation.

One-third of all the land is to be left summer-fallowed and worked down as described above by the party of the
second part, at the termination of this lease.

Party of the second part agrees that he will in no case do any single discing on the land.

Party of the second part agrees to have on hand at all times a sufficient number of good work horses, a tractor,
and a threshing machine of his own, and to use only the best tools and machinery in farming the land.

No ridges of dirt shall be allowed to accumulate either in the fields or along the edges of the fields, at any time by
the party of the second part.

Party of the second part agrees to keep all the land at all times, so far as possible, free from all foul weeds, and never
in any case allow any such weeds to go to seed.

All straw is to be thoroughly burned as soon as threshed, and any straw or chaff that does not burn is to be pitched
over and over until it is all thoroughly burned, and all weed seeds that may be about the machine are to be carefully cleaned
up and thrown into the burning straw. For each and every straw bottom left from one year to another, party of the second
part agrees to pay party of the first part, the sum of twenty-five dollars each year, as rental for the land they occupy.

All summer-fallow stubble is to be burned by party of the second part in a thorough manner each and every spring
before any grain is sown on said land, and all stubble land to be sown to grain is to be thoroughly double disced and harrowed
before grain is sown. Straw is to be scattered around fields to be burned, and all wagon tracks through and across fields are
to be filled with straw, in the fall prior to the burning the following spring.

All grain is to be cut as soon as it will do to cut it, and thoroughly shocked as soon as cut.

All roadways adjoining the above described land are to be mowed by party of the second part often enough each and
every year to keep down all grass, weeds, and growth of every kind, and to keep the roadways in a neat and tidy condition.

Party of the second part is to keep all stone, sticks, and rubbish, of every kind and nature, picked up, on land, around
buildings, and along the roadways at all times.

All buildings on the above described land are to be kept in good repair at all times by party of the second part, and
without expense to party of the first part.

Party of the second part agrees that he will farm, during the life of this lease, only the land covered by this lease and
any land he may now personally own.

Party of the first part is to furnish only granaries now on the land, for wheat grown on the land covered by this lease, and party of the second part agrees to locate all field granaries near the farm buildings, and in a straight line, and to block them up off the ground, and to draw all grain as it is threshed and put in these granaries. If there are no farm buildings on the land, then in that case the granaries are to be located at a point along the roadway selected by party of the first part. Any material needed for granaries or other buildings is to be drawn by party of the second part free of charge. If the granaries now on the land will not at any time hold all the grain then in that event is party of the second part to build open bins at his own expense for the balance and to cover the grain as threshed in a thorough manner so there will be no damage to the grain.

If the party of the second part owns, wholly, or in part, or operates in any way, a threshing outfit, then in that case shall party of the second part entirely finish threshing all the grain grown on the land included in this lease each and every year, before doing threshing for others. Granaries are to be located by party of the second part at all times on high ground where no surface water can reach them, and damage grain or granaries and to protect them against any damage by fire.

Party of the second part agrees to begin threshing each and every year, as soon as grain is cut, not a week, or two weeks thereafter, but the following day, and to continue until every bushel is threshed.

If party of the second part shall farm during the life of this lease, any land of his own, then in that case he agrees to in no way favor his own land, or crops. His own land he agrees shall be farmed no better, grain sown, harvested, and threshed, no earlier, than the crops grown on the land covered by this lease.

As rental for the above described land one-third of all the wheat grown on the land each and every year shall be the personal property of the party of the first part, and party of the second part hereby acknowledges that he has no right, title, or interest whatsoever, in the said one-third of all the wheat grown on said land during the life of this lease.

As soon as each and every crop is threshed and leveled off, party of the second part agrees to notify party of the first part of that fact, and no part of said crop is to be removed from the land until party of the first part, or some one representing him shall measure all the grain in the granaries.

Each and every crop is to be carefully, and accurately divided, and in the following manner: As soon as the grain is all threshed and in the granaries, then shall party of the first part, or some one representing him, and party of the second part, or some one representing him, measure carefully, and accurately, the grain in each and every granary, and find the exact number of cubic feet of grain in each granary, and a cubic foot of grain shall then be taken from each granary, carefully weighed, and the number of cubic feet of grain in each granary shall be multiplied by the number of pounds the cubic foot of grain weighs taken from each granary, and the total number of pounds shall be divided by the number of pounds representing a legal bushel of said grain in Saskatchewan, Canada, and the result shall represent the total number of bushels of grain in each and every granary, one-third of which shall represent party of the first part's individual share of the grain in each and every granary.

Party of the second part agrees that there shall be no mixing of different grades of grain in any granary. The quality of grain in each and every granary must in every case be alike from top to bottom.

Party of the second part agrees to deliver the full amount of party of the first part's grain on the cars, properly prepared for safe shipment to market, at the nearest shipping point, on or before October 15th of each and every year, and at no expense to party of the first part, and he agrees so far as possible to ship only full car loads. Party of the second part is to order the cars for the shipping of the grain.

If party of the second part fails for any reason to draw the grain of party of the first part, when requested to do so, by party of the first part, then shall party of the first part, at his option, be allowed to hire the grain drawn, and party of the second part is to at once pay to party of the first part the cost thereof.

It is understood and agreed by the party of the second part that this lease is not transferable and can not be assigned by him, even in part, without the written consent of the party of the first part.

It is fully understood and agreed by the party of the second part that he is to furnish all the seed, and be to all the expense necessary in producing each and every crop, and that party of the first part is not liable for any expense whatsoever in producing said crops.

Party of the second part agrees that in no case will he do, or allow others to do, any work of any kind on the land covered by this lease on the first day of the week, commonly known as the Sabbath day.

Party of the first part or anyone representing him shall have access to the above described land, and buildings thereon, at all times during the life of this lease, for the inspection of the land, the crops, buildings, and for doing any work thereon.

If at any time the party of the second part fails in the opinion of the party of the first part, to faithfully farm the land as set out in this lease, then shall party of the first part at his option, be allowed to hire any work done that in his opinion should be done, and the cost thereof shall be paid immediately to the party of the first part by the party of the second part.

If the party of the second part fails in the opinion of the party of the first part, to carry out fully every provision of this lease, then party of the first part can, at his option, on or before the first day of March of any year declare this lease void, and terminated, and take possession of the above described land, and all buildings thereon, without any due process of law, and without being liable for any damage to party of the second part.

In case of the death of the party of the first part, or of the sale of the land covered by this lease, then in either event it is agreed that this lease shall be terminated on the first day of January thereafter.

Party of the second part hereby declares that he has carefully read each and every article of this lease, and that he fully understands all it contains, and that he considers it a fair and reasonable lease between the parties hereto, and that he will faithfully carry out each and every article thereof.

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..... (SEAL)
..... (SEAL)

long, which included in its midsection the future town of Estlin.

In 1905, hoping to attract other investors to share in the settling of these newly opening farmlands, he produced an advertising brochure (illustration) with a map of the Regina Plains. The headline proclaims boldly that “the land shown on this map is positively the finest in all Canada”. Here was a man with enthusiasm!

BEAUTIFUL, BEYOND COMPARISON
and AS FERTILE AS THE VALLEY
OF THE NILE is the country
south of

REGINA

Saskatchewan, Canada

Deepest and richest soil on the
American Continent, and pro-
duces the most and best wheat,
oats, barley, flax, etc. of any
country in the world.

C. W. WILLIAMS
GALESBURG, ILL.

MARCH 1, 1905.

The Best of Soil
Good, Pure Water
Elegant Climate
Wonderful Crops

First-Class Markets
Plenty of Railroads
Good Coal and Cheap
The Very Best Society

No Sand
No Stone
No Gravel
No Stumps
No Floods
No Drought
No Hot Winds
No Crop Failures

**Take Time to
Read**

every word found on this map.
Don't be prejudiced. Give the
subject a fair and candid hearing,
and, after doing so, ask yourself
the question, can I, in all fairness
to myself, to my family and to
my friends, afford to not investi-
gate this matter? Is it not my
duty to see this country and, if
found as represented, would it
not be the wisest act of my life
to invest every dollar I have in
these lands? It will cost you but
three or four days' time and a
few dollars to do so.

By 1907, as evidence of his faith in the “strip of land that probably has not an equal on the face of the earth as a small grain country”, he had brought his wife and children, Ross, Park, Etholeen and Hollis, to live in a tiny house near the correction line west of the present #6 highway. (Etholeen met and eventually married another recently arrived young farmer, Edgar H. Petermeyer.) Land was broken, homes were built by the young families, and each settled in the nearby area. Mrs. Williams died in 1909 and C. W. Williams remarried in 1911. His home in Canada, destroyed by fire in the 1920's, was located a mile west of #6 highway on the road to Estlin.

At one time Mr. Williams owned about 30,000 acres of wheatland, farmed by over 50 renters, many of whom subsequently bought the land they had rented. Sons and grandsons of early families still in the Estlin district include familiar names that many readers will recognize — Thunberg, Gooding, Smith, Bonsor and Dunbar, to name only a few.

Mr. Williams made several trips to Saskatchewan each year, travelling by train for three days each way from his permanent home in Aurora, Illinois where he maintained a cattle breeding farm. He called on each tenant, met his family, inspected the farm, and discussed farm affairs and problems. During his absence, his sons and his son-in-law acted as his representatives, and one of them always accompanied him during his tours of properties.

Mr. Williams' former business ventures had not been in grain farming and frequently his renters were not familiar with grain farming either, but he was

hardworking, observant, and quick to learn from the experience of other successful farmers; for example, the Novaks had been farming in the district since the 1890's, and could offer valuable advice.

One of the most important contributions that Mr. Williams made to farming in Saskatchewan was his ability to attract competent, honest and hardworking men to farm the land. His standard lease form read like a short course in grain growing. The formidable commitment undertaken by a renter who agreed to sign probably discouraged all but the ambitious farmer. Dishonesty or laziness were simply not tolerated, but diligence and reliability were appreciated and recognized. Many renters were assisted financially during the disastrous 1930's when even the finest farmers were hard put to stay in business at all.

C. W. Williams was generally considered to be a demanding but fair landlord, and was respected for the high standards set both for renters and for himself. Eager to pass along his knowledge to renters, for their benefit and his own, Mr. Williams would send several long letters each year to each renter. The letters were unusual. They contained suggestions and directions for improvements in methods, machinery, appearance of the farm, and productivity. In addition, there were usually a few admonitions concerning thrift, behaviour and trust in God, for he was an active evangelist. Now and then there might be a political comment, usually concerning freight rates, high taxes or high interest rates. It should be noted, however, that he considered the Canadian government, law-enforcement, and education to be second to none in the world.

It is interesting to see through his letters how the experience of farming in Saskatchewan changed the thinking of this apparently old-fashioned man. For example, in 1919 he wrote to his renters, “Now and then a farmer with rare judgement succeeds fairly well with an engine . . . the best tractor I have ever seen is four Percheron mares hitched to a two-disk plow”. So much for modern conveniences! By 1922 though, he advised the purchase of a new type of machine made in Wisconsin, and by 1923, he advocated more and bigger threshing outfits. By 1925, he had been won over to the engine, writing that, “We need more small tractors and separators”, and by 1926 it is full steam ahead — “There is no economy in using poor tools. An improved drill, disc, cultivator, binder, or an engine may more than pay for itself in a single year.”

Williams, the farmer, was advanced in some of his thinking yet skeptical of new-fangled inventions. He firmly believed that farmers held a sacred trust from the Supreme Being as stewards of the soil. He had a unique arrangement with his renters on farms

in Canada. He owned the land and provided farm equipment yet had an agreement in which the tenant received two-thirds of the income from the farm while Williams received a third. In modern times a 50-50 relationship between tenant and owner is considered an equitable arrangement.

Williams not only would keep in touch with his tenants by personal visits but would write letters which were printed and mailed to the renters in which he would give directions on farming and make appropriate comments. One of the most interesting was a letter written from Regina, Saskatchewan, on January 1 of 1931. The letter was headed, "Trust In The Lord and Do Good So Shall Thou Dwell in the Land and Verily Thou Shalt Be Fed."

C. W. Williams died in 1936, leaving a large part of his holdings to further his work in the Christian church. Several of his grandsons and great-grandsons still are farmers near Estlin.

Mr. Williams should be remembered not for the size of his holdings in Canada, nor for his stern personality, his enthusiasm, his evangelistic fervor, his generosity in times of trouble, although different people may associate any of these qualities with him. He should be remembered for the important contribution he made toward the development of fine farmers and progressive farming methods in Saskatchewan, the province he believed to be "beautiful beyond comparison and fertile as the valley of the NILE."

List of Renters of C. W. Williams

Gilbert C. Smith	R. and P. Elsaesser
George H. Williams	Carl Allen
Philip Byckman	Burt Copeland
Wm. R. Watson	Carl Weisshaar
Tony Hanson	George A. Watson
D. H. Miller	L. P. O'Byrne
G. B. Strayer	John A. Haack
R. N. Crawford	Felton Bolen
G. B. Marshall	Mel Richenberger
John Siller	F. A. Marean
George Siller	Oscar Benson
A. M. Weiss	McCutcheon and Love
Edgar H. Petersmeyer	Leo Furgason
C. H. Vaughn	Thomas Dawson
J. E. Taylor	Phillip Ryckman
John Bolen	J. P. Priester
Andrew Novak	Matt Dugan
A. R. Kinsey	J. T. Gaffney
George H. Evans	John J. Wilkening
S. Cann	L. A. Paul
H. A. Jones	Otto B. and John Otten
R. J. Cross	Wm. Forsberg
L. E. Coad	Joe Gilbert

Fred Schmeling
George N. Smith
H. A. Gilbert
V. A. Dunbar
C. R. Lewis
J. H. McKinley
Stubbs Bros.
Honore Gilbert
E. K. Hughey
R. A. Robinson
Jay J. Cleveland
Hughey Rauch
Earl E. Deeks
J. C. Dugan
T. C. Judiesch
Chas. Serle
R. L. Cabeen
Mark H. Gooding
F. H. Bohlken
Joel Thunberg
Robert Schrater
David J. Flett
J. C. Deagon
Earl A. Gooding
Harry G. Powell
A. E. Bonsor
Wm. A. Mitton

P. L. Koons
Matthew Barrah
A. Schleger
A. M. Purves
Gust A. Olson
E. E. and B. B. Dunbar
Reuben Brown
Alex Newman
Napoleon Gilbert
Ivor Hull
Forrest D. Miller
Kristian Lynge
Mrs. Sarah McCullough
H. J. McAllister
Coupel and Sicotte
S. E. Lusted
D. and W. Dunbar
Fred Sparling
Martin Zakrison
R. J. Williamson
August Jacques
Herman Sattler
W. Macaloney
John Lehr
J. R. Rose
A. Desantels
Gus Banman

The above list of names was taken from Mr. C. W. Williams' letters to his renters, and is an indication of the influence his undertakings had on the development of the Estlin area (as well as other communities). The letters were given to us through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Petersmeyer, are dated from December, 1919 to August, 1935. The years 1920, 1927 and 1928 are missing. To urge his renters to greater production, a prize was offered to the renter with the highest over-all average of both summerfallow and stubble wheat. The first year, 1919, he gave a silver cup, and every year thereafter until 1929, he gave a gold watch, chain and charm. From his letters, the following are the winners for the years indicated:

1919 — G. C. Smith — silver cup
1920 — W. R. Watson — gold watch, chain and charm
1921 — G. B. Strayer — gold watch, chain and charm
1922 — Carl Weisshaar — gold watch, chain and charm
1923 — R. L. Cabeen — gold watch, chain and charm
1924 — L. E. Coad — gold watch, chain and charm
1925 — Joel Thunberg — gold watch, chain and charm
1926 —

1927 —
1928 —
1929 —

In this four year period Mr. Thunberg won the gold watch three times, being second the other. However, we do not know in exactly which years he won.

The Charley Williams Story
Golden Years of Independence
The Gay and Wonderful '90's
Special Centennial Edition of the Bulletin-
Journal 1865-1965

Contained sixteen sections, A-P
Letter taken from Section "L", page 140.
Paper kindly loaned to us by Georgie Reichel

Sample Letter from C. W. Williams to his Renters.

Regina, Sask.
Jan. 1, 1931

To All Renters:

We are living right now in a desperately sick old world. Never in our day have we seen such a world-wide depressed condition, morally, spiritually and financially as exists today. What has caused this situation no one seems to know, but probably the late war, speculations, gambling, automobiles, and the so-called easy payments, and riotous living is responsible for most of the trouble. All classes are suffering, but the farmer most of all.

His holdings have depreciated in value during the past year fully 50 percent and the rate of interest he is now obliged to pay on loans on his farms, have advanced and his taxes are as high as during the days of prosperity, and yet in the face of all this he is obliged to produce the staff of life (wheat) at the lowest price ever known.

This struggle is not for a day, a week, a month, or a year. The battle is to be fierce, and long, and God only knows what the end will be. Only the thrifty, hard working, saving farmer has a chance to win in this conflict, and as I write this I wonder how many of my own renters will be able to make the grade, and I wonder also about myself, and my own family.

If in order to secure seed wheat you are obliged to give a seed grain mortgage, that mortgage must not cover my third of the crop, only on your two-thirds of the crop must the mortgage be given.

Gasoline and oil are much too high, and unless the farmer can in the future secure it for about one half of the present price he should go back to horse power.

I am not favorably impressed with surface working of the land. We must again get back to deep, and early plowing. You should have your plowing all finished by the first day of June.

Your lease does not permit you to use a combine in harvesting your crop, and you must not do so without a written permit from me for each year. If weather conditions are favorable, I will probably give you the permit, if not I am sure I will not. I am still afraid of them and look for an entire crop to be lost some wet fall.

Burn no more stubble, work it back into the land and thus assist in preventing the soil from blowing, and also from drying out so rapidly.

The renter should do his own financing. I will furnish the land, and pay the interest, and taxes on it, and the renter should be willing to do the rest, and do it well.

You will be able to hire good farm help this year at \$25 per month, and even at that figure it will take 100 bushels of wheat every month to pay his wages and to board him.

Every farmer ought to keep a good cow, a few chickens, and three or four pigs. They will furnish half the living for an average family.

Buy nothing you can not pay cash for. The only way to keep out of debt is, not to get in debt. Get on a cash basis and stay there, then you can look every man in the eye, without fear and trembling and the hard-boiled collectors will not visit your place every few days.

Many of you loaded your grain over the platform this year, and as hard up as you are now, I cannot understand why all of you do not do so. How can you save from \$25 to \$40 per car as easy as by putting your grain in the car yourself? The railroads are obliged to furnish you cars at the platform. Exchange work with your neighbors and in that way you can load a car in two or three days.

I wonder if you all know that to take the landlord's share of the crop, or to allow any one else to do so, is a criminal act and of course that is true of grain covered by a seed grain mortgage. A truly honest, law-abiding man needs no warnings, and he gets in no serious trouble.

We must continue to fight the weeds, if we do not they will soon destroy all our prospects for a crop, and make it impossible for the farmer to exist.

Many of you have enough farm machinery for 20 years if well cared for, and you should refuse to allow any one to even suggest that you buy any more, and as for automobiles make the one you now have do for the balance of your days. Automobiles are a luxury, not a necessity. Do you realize that every trip to town of 15 miles or so will take ten bushels of wheat to pay for the gasoline, and oil and upkeep of your car?

Your grain is carefully and accurately measured in your granaries on the farm, and that measurement is final, so if you imagine there is any shortage, and

in most cases it is only a guess, don't tell me about it for I have troubles of my own. There are many ways to cause a shortage from the time it is measured in your granaries. Some of it may be stolen, some may leak out and stock destroy it, and there's always a loss from your place to the shipping point, and if you run it through an elevator there is again a good strong dockage. Over a term of years your grain will more than hold out, so deliver to me on the cars each year the exact amount due me, as many of my renters now do, and they never say a word about any shortage.

Believing that "God helps those who help themselves" let us go forward determined to win this battle, against great odds, and some day enjoy the reward of our efforts. Some will win, and some will show the white feather and go down in defeat that will cling to them all their days.

May God's blessings be upon you and yours, is my prayer as I close.

C. W. Williams

These letters of advice by C. W. Williams to his fifty farmer tenants were much sought after by banks and finance companies for the information of farming methods, and the raising and marketing of wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis (Bud) Williams by Dr. Getchel Williams and Mary E. K. Williams

Hollis Ward (Bud) Williams, youngest son of Charles Warren Williams and Nellie Getchel, was born in 1895 in Independence, Iowa — later moving with his parents to Galesburg, Illinois. After attending Knox College, he married Helen Stearn in 1919,



Bud Williams family. L. to R.: Getchel, Gordon, Bud, Helen holding Marijo, Hollis, Gardner.



nd they came to the Estlin area to start farming on sections 12 and 13-15-20, where they raised a family of five: Getchel, Gardner, Gordon, Hollis and Marijo.

Bud was well known for his role as Umpire at the local baseball games, where his decisive calls could be heard very clearly by the assembled fans.

In early years winters were spent in Galesburg; later, Clifton Court in Regina became their home. It was on their first vacation in many years, July, 1941, that Bud lost his life along with his older brother, Ross, in a boating accident at Campbell River, B.C., while fishing.

Helen, known for her beauty and friendly personality, remarried in 1945, and with Marijo, moved to Eastern Canada. Helen died in January, 1982, at the age of 83.

After serving in the R.C.A.F., Gordon (born 1924) took over the farming. He and Mildred (Mickey) Shook were married in 1945 and lived initially on Section 7-15-19, later moving to the home farm, where they lived on Section 12. Their five children attended Kirby School until the family moved to Regina in 1968. Gordon died in 1969. His widow and daughter, Sandy, live in Regina, as well as

three other children: Scott; Nancy (Phillip) Cook, a son and a daughter; Virginia (Bob) Randall, a son and a daughter; Gail (Bruce) Hazell has two sons and lives in Edmonton.

The Art Williams family and later Doug and Kay Templeton and their sons assisted in the farming for many years.

Dr. Getchel Williams (born 1920) and his wife, Pat, live in Mississauga, Ontario and have three children: Hollis (Holly), Gary and Bruce.

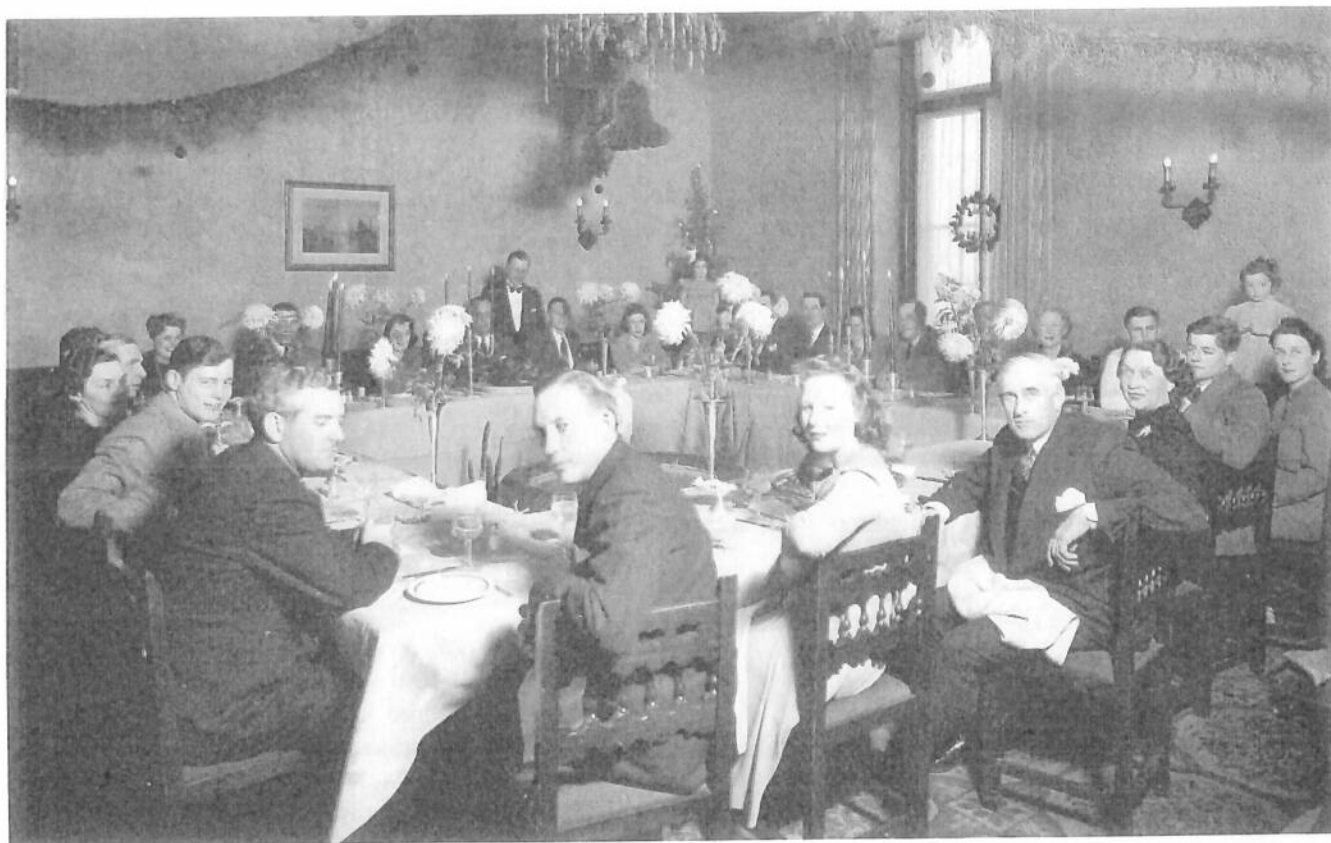
Gardner (born 1921) died in 1982 in Oshawa, Ontario, and is survived by his widow, Mary Kay, and four children: Cathy, Marcia, David and Rob.

Hollis (born 1926) and his wife, Kay, live in Burlington, Ontario, and have a son, Brian, born June 25, 1954.

Marijo (Ray) Simard (born 1935) lives in Quebec City, Quebec. They have six children; Thomas, Linda, Nancilee, Jean (John), Kenny and Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Park Williams by Eleanor (Williams) Coulthard

Park, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Williams, was born in 1889 in Independence, Iowa, and in 1899 moved with his parents to Galesburg, Illinois. In



Williams-Petersmeyer Family Christmas Dinner at Hotel Saskatchewan, 1939. Back, L. to R.: Helen W., Edgar P. Jr., Mary W., Edgar P. Sr., Wrede P., Etholeen W., Marijo W., Warren P., Willis W., Dora P., Bud W., Frank W., Hollis W., Dean Coulthard. Front, L. to R.: Getchel W., Park W., Elinor W., Gardner W., Dick Coulthard, Karl P., Marjorie P., Ross W., Etholeen P., Gordon W., Eleanor Coulthard. — *W. Williams. — *P. Petersmeyer.



Park Williams.



Mrs. Park Williams.

1906 he began his farm training by working in Saskatchewan for his father during the summer months. After completing his education in 1911, he married Frank Willis, and came to Saskatchewan with his young bride to settle on a section of land seven miles west of Estlin. This land, later named Country Home Farm, is now owned and operated by his son, Willis.

A daughter, Eleanor (Richard) Coulthard, born 1912, lives in Edmonton. She is now widowed, and has three sons and a daughter.

A daughter, Etholeen, (Edward) Palk, born 1921, lives in Brantford, Ontario. Etholeen has one son and two daughters.

A daughter, Virginia (three years) died at the time of the Winnipeg flood.

I remember my Father as a gentle, soft-spoken man, with a delightfully spontaneous sense of humor. He was devoted to his wife and children, whom he pampered, and relied on mother to discipline us. But, when he said, "No", I knew he meant it. His strong religious faith had a meaningful influence on the way he lived. He never worked on Sunday, read his Bible daily, and did not swear or drink alcoholic beverages. For recreation, he was involved in breeding and showing Percheron horses. He enjoyed curling, bowling, gardening and playing bridge.

In community and business dealings Park was respected for his integrity, honesty, and knowledge of farming practices.

Park died in March, 1946, and Frank in February, 1954.

Willis and Mary Williams

by Mary Williams

Charles Willis Williams, son of Park Nichols Williams and Emma Frank Willis, was born in Regina on November 29, 1917. Winters were spent in Galesburg, Illinois, when the children were young; later, in Regina, with the exception of one or two

years during the 1930's, when the family stayed on the farm.

Willis attended Kirby School, then several elementary schools in Regina, and Luther College.



Willis and Mary Williams.

In 1939 he married Mary McLeod, daughter of James Alexander McLeod and Ida Kennedy, of Regina.

They began their farming life on Section 20-15-20, moving to Section 3-16-20 in the spring of 1940, living on the southwest quarter. In 1954, with their four children, Warren, Ross, Judith and Patricia, they moved to the home farm — Sections 9 and 10-15-20, in Bratt's Lake Municipality, to live in the original Williams home built in 1920, where they still reside.

Ross farms with his father, while attending University of Regina. In earlier years, Ray Beechy, Wilbert and Betty Mebs, and members of the Frykas and Maksymetz families provided reliable and experienced assistance in the farming.

Warren lives in Prince Albert and has two sons and a daughter. Ross and Sandra (Brodt) live in Regina and have three sons. Judi (Williams) Lee teaches in Vancouver, B.C., and Pat (Williams) Nicholl, who has a son and a daughter, lives in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. George Williams by Helen (Denton) Williams

William George Williams was born August 27, 1882 in Craighurst, Ontario.

Mary Adeline McSherry was born September 5, 1883, in Godrich, Ontario. Will and Mary were married on September 22, 1909 in Craighurst, Ontario, where they farmed for a short time. With the urge to go west, they took up farming again near Yellow Grass.

On May 15, 1911 a son, Kenneth, was born. Will and Mary were blessed with a daughter, Marjorie, who died at birth. The Williams family moved to Talmage where the rest of the boys were born. On November 15, 1916 a second son, Warren, arrived. Douglas was the next to arrive on June 27, 1917. Glen followed on March 22, 1921. The last member of the family to arrive was Harry, born on March 27, 1925.

The family farmed at Talmage until 1927 when they moved to Estlin.

On one of Will's trips to Regina to purchase land, he witnessed the burning of Boyle School at Estlin. During the following summer the school was rebuilt and that is where the Williams' children received their education.

Will passed away on September 16, 1930 during one of the worst blizzards the district ever encountered. The storm lasted for about four days and it took about another four days to clear the streets and roads so Speers Funeral Home could hold the service.

In 1934 the family moved to Regina where the older boys sought employment and the younger ones went to school.

Ken was hired as a truck driver, then as a fireman at the Consumers Refinery and in 1940 married Helen Denton. By then World War II had broken out and Ken enlisted in the Navy and was sent to Halifax. After the war he took his discharge in Vancouver, where he lived until his death in 1967.

Warren stayed on the farm and later worked for Mrs. Holland who had lost her husband in 1943. In the same year Mary Williams passed away on Christmas Day, due to a heart attack. Warren married Hazel Holland in 1948 and continued to farm until 1975 when they retired. They now live in Regina.

Doug finished his education and worked for the Consumers Refinery as a pipe fitter. Following that, he drove a gas truck for North Star Oil Company. In 1942 he moved to Vancouver where he worked until joining the Merchant Navy. Doug was aboard an oil tanker in a convoy that made several trips overseas. After the war he returned to Vancouver, marrying Sophie Figler of Stoughton, Saskatchewan, and worked for a steel construction company. Later he was transferred to the U.S.A. and passed away soon after.

Glen finished school in Regina, then joined the Lake Superior Regiment and was sent overseas. Shortly after, he was severely wounded in the leg and chest, and was sent to Deer Lodge Hospital in Winnipeg. Eventually he lost his leg, and was discharged in Vancouver. Glen took a steam engineering course and was employed by a tug boat company that travelled up the coast of B.C. In 1968 he married Elnora Collins of Lethbridge, Alberta and took up residence

in Tsawwassen, where he later passed away due to a stroke.

Harry's education ended at Central Collegiate. At the age of 16 and one half years he entered the army and was sent overseas. After a two year stint, he returned home and took his discharge in Vancouver. Harry took up the construction trade and is now working on a new coal dock in Prince Rupert.

The Wingert Family

by Leo Wingert

In 1900 Andrew Wingert, aged six years, moved with his parents from Sichidorf, Hungary, to the Edenwold district, where they established a home-stand. In 1912 Andrew married Katherine Novak, and they too farmed in the Edenwold area until 1918. Three children were born to them there: Frank, Andrew and Ann. In 1918 they moved to the Estlin area, purchasing the land from his father's cousin, Mike Wingert. At the time the young Wingerts moved to the farm there was a windmill on the farmstead which Mike had rigged up to grind grain — a very ingenious invention for the times.

Shortly after settling on the new farm, the young couple had the misfortune to lose their barn to fire, but as the fire occurred during daylight hours, they were able to save all the livestock, so necessary to their survival. Two granaries were joined together to house the livestock, and a new barn was built about 1940.

Two more children were born to the couple, Alfred and Leo, and needing more room to house their family, they moved another house up to the old one. All of the work was done by horses, the ground was frozen and slippery, and they couldn't get the houses to butt up tightly one to the other. In those days there was no large equipment to remedy the situation, so they boarded up the outside walls, joined the roofs, and finished the remodelling inside. Leo and his wife, Bunny, now farm the home farm, and they have completely removed this old addition, building a new addition on to the old original home. Bunny is occupied winter and summer with her hobbies and her plants. Winters she makes puppets and stuffed toys, which she sells at craft sales. Each spring her large greenhouse is full of bedding plants, which she sells at the Farmers Market in Regina, and her huge garden produces abundantly of the vegetables she sells there too.

All the Wingert children attended King Edward School. Frank and Marion farmed 39 years in the Estlin district. In 1981 their son, Larry, and wife, Liz, started farming his dad's land. They have two children. One year later in 1982, Larry built a new home

on their farm. So it will be occupied by yet another generation.

CHILDREN

Frank — born in 1912, married Marion Buzinsky of Insinger, Sask. They have two sons, and now reside in Regina.

Ann — born in 1914, married Elmer Walstrom, has two daughters, and lives in Ohio, USA.

Alfred — born in 1923, married Fia Kvaas of Pit Meadows, B.C., they have two sons and one daughter, and live in Regina.

Andrew — born in 1917, married Martha Yackle of Meyronne, Sask. They have one son and two daughters, and farm in the Craven district.

Leo — born in 1925, married Bernice (Bunny) Howe, of Regina. They have four sons, and live on the home farm.

Dad died in 1968, and mother still lives in Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Zakrison by Doris R. (Zakrison) Haug

My parents were both born in Sweden — when I grew up it was referred to as “the Old Country!”

My mother, Hedvig Ingeborg, was born on November 17, 1886 in Ostergotland, Sweden, the third child of nine of August and Karolina Anderson. Her father was a shoemaker who covered the surrounding district making shoes for entire families.



Martin Zakrison and daughter Doris, 1926.

On March 23, 1907 she left her home in Sweden on the boat ‘Saconia’ arriving at Boston, Massachusetts. On April 15, 1907 she moved to New Windsor, Illinois, then on to Galesburg, Illinois where she served as cook or maid in the homes of some of Galesburg’s elite.

I am sure that as a young lady she must have cut a striking figure in her crisp white cap, over her thick auburn colored hair, fashioned in the style of the day — a long skirt and starched white apron. She also spent some time in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I can recall her mentioning names such as ‘Stearns’. (A daughter, Helen, later married Mr. (Hollis) Bud Williams, the youngest son of Mr. C. W. Williams, who was to become an important person in the shaping of my parents’ lives.)

My father, C. R. Martin Zakrison, was born in Hycklinge, Ostergotland, Sweden on May 16, 1888.

Martin was the second son in a family of four sons of Amanda and Axel Zakrison. His grandfather (mother’s side) was Gustav Jenson, a well known veterinarian in that part of Sweden. The Axel Zakrisons were farmers in Sweden. Martin was built like a true Viking — rather short, broad shouldered, hardy, heavy set, strong arms and hands, dark-haired, fair-skinned, blue eyed. He had a hearty laugh, a hot temper and a loud voice! My brother, Dave, has recalled that if our father had a need at the far end of the section he could shout loud enough to be heard. No need for ‘Walkie-Talkies’!

He went lumbering in Sweden’s forests at the age of 13. In 1973 my family and I travelled to Sweden and visited with an old friend of my father’s, Karl Jacobson, who said, “In those days, it was considered foolish for boys to attend school beyond the third grade”. Since Jacobson was only nine years old he cared for the horses on the lumbering crew expedition and Martin went into the woods with the rest of the lumbering crew.

In 1907 Martin left his Homeland to come to America. (At some time he also served the required period of time training in the Swedish Army). The promise of a New Land called him, as it did many others and he became part of the Swedish-American Immigrant Program. Fare-well parties were held. Some never returned to the land of their birth.

Martin became an American citizen. He often spoke of hauling ice in Chicago from Lake Michigan one winter. For some reason or other he, too, found his way to Galesburg, Illinois and became involved again with other Swedish immigrants.

On August 12, 1917 Hedvig and Martin were married in First Lutheran Church, Galesburg, Illinois. (Both had been baptized and confirmed Lutherans in the Swedish State Church).

They hadn't been married too long when Martin met Mr. C. W. Williams on the street in Galesburg and the lights of adventure and challenge and risk flashed before him! My dad referred to him as 'Mr. C. W.'

Mother and Dad emigrated from Galesburg to Canada in 1917 — became Canadian Citizens and, after residing for a short period of time in Lumsden, they moved into what we called the 'help-house' on the Edgar H. Petersmeyer farm. Edgar H. Petersmeyer was a son-in-law of Mr. C. W. Williams.

In 1918 on June 24th my brother, David Martin, was born and it was said that Mr. C. W. called him "War Boy". The first World War was nearing an end.

Homeland Farm with its neatly floated yard — its trees, hedges, large white gracious house, and the smaller white 'Help House' became my first home after my birth on October 31, 1922 in Regina.

As a small child I have some memories of our life there. One of them was watching from the front window, atop Mother's sewing machine, and waiting and watching with Mother for David to arrive home from school through a fierce prairie snow storm that had come on during the school hours. He was riding the little Shetland pony 'Min' — also a very dear part of our lives. He attended Kirby School, which was four and one half or five miles from the Petersmeyer farm. Faithful Min — with good-will on her mind most of the time, hopefully would bring him safely home. This particular time I remember seeing her finally emerge through the storm, and it seemed that she had no rider — until we could see that David had placed his head along her neck and let her take him home! He was only about eight years old at that time. Since having raised five children myself, I marvel at the risks that were taken then. However there was nothing else to do since the storm had come up while school was on.

Mother worked hard, as all farm wives did. I knew she had wanted a little daughter when I came along. However, her regret always seemed to be that she didn't have enough time to enjoy her family. She really did well.

She missed her Galesburg family. She had a sister and brother, as well as growing nieces and nephews there. Dad had two brothers who had since emigrated to Chicago. She missed her friends and her church. They were the only Swedish family for miles around. When Dave started to school he could only speak Swedish. Life here was a definite change from her life in Galesburg or Minneapolis.

When I was five years old we moved to another farm which Dad was renting from Mr. C. W. This was a section of land just east of Homeland Farm. My 'kiddy-car' and rocking chair were the last things to

be placed on the top of our belongings in the horse-drawn wagon that took us to our new home.

Here we were one quarter mile north of the Balderston farm — later owned by the Ed Roths. One quarter of a mile east from them the Bud Williams farm and one and one quarter miles north of Kirby School. We were also a mile across from Highway #6 where the Andrew Bakers lived directly across the field from us. Ed Baker and I were in the same Grade all the way from Grades one to ten at Kirby School. This was a challenge all the way. If I got two marks less than he, I struggled to beat him the next exam time — and he — me!

During the Christmas season our families often shared a meal back and forth. This, too, brings back memorable times — of being tucked in a sleigh with Mother — wraps, blankets, hot bricks at our feet as horses with bells on their harness drew us home across a white crusty field, while overhead we marvelled at the brightness of stars and moon. The ringing harness bells, along with the clip-clop of the horses' feet as they broke the crisp, crunchy snow added to the entire festive season in the night air.

I have fond memories of a dad who took my hand when I was very young, as we walked through tall grain in the harvest time, as he mused to himself of the risks and plans for next year; of herding the cows home at dusk on a fall evening, seeing the light in the window, and having Min (for by now David had outgrown her) nip their tails to hurry them along; and of coming home hungry for Mother's home-made bread and milk and to clean the lamp-shades for the coal-oil lamps and lanterns. I have dear memories of Mother, who took Dave and me in her arms and told us how much she loved us. I remember going to visit Mrs. John Ulrich and being welcomed into her home with, "Well, well, Doris, it's nice you've come. Come, we'll have coffee — I've baked a fresh cake."

In 1939 I moved to Regina, after having driven the McCormick Deering tractor for my dad as he operated the combine and Dave drove the truck to haul the grain to the granary.

In Regina, at Balfour Tech, I took a Business Course, worked as a stenographer and secretary at Brandt Electric and also at McKenzie Auto Equipment prior to my marriage on April 17, 1943 to Norman Haug.

In 1943 Mother and Dad purchased a farm near Lumsden just North of Regina. Time had taken its toll on their energies. Their children had both left home — I was married — Dave was overseas since it was during the Second World War. Dad had developed Asthma. They sold this farm in 1946 and took up residence in Regina.

In 1948 Dad moved to Galesburg, Illinois area in

the hopes of receiving some help for his asthma. Once more he became an American citizen and worked for five years as maintenance man at Cottage Hospital, Galesburg, where he died on February 20, 1959 of a heart attack. His family, Mother, David and myself, were at his side shortly before he died. He is buried in Galesburg's Oak Lawn Memorial Gardens. We (Norm and I) moved to Edmonton in July 1959 with four of our five children: Carol, Keith, Bernie and Gary.

On August 9, 1964, Eric, our youngest son, was born in Edmonton. In 1972 Mother moved to Calgary to be close to David and me. She lived in an apartment until she was 90 years old, still the world's best



Mrs. Hedvig Zakrison and son David, on her 90th birthday, 1976.

cook. On January 10, 1977 she entered Bethany Care Centre in Calgary.

In the early morning hours of sleep she, too, passed on into eternity on September 17, 1981. Had she lived two more months she would have been 95. She was ready to leave this earth. When I spent time with her she would say, "Take me to my mother's door" or, "It's getting dark now — let us go."

The years had brought to Hedvig and Martin the fullness and the lean. They were good and gentle people, honest and hard-working. I am proud of them as my parents, as well as of the Swedish heritage they have passed on to me and to my family. They have left their mark in their own unique way on the history which surrounded the Estlin district from 1918-1944.

The 'Help-House' on Homeland Farm is gone, as well as the buildings on the land one and one quarter miles north of Kirby School, and Kirby School itself. However, the beautiful sunsets and sunrises, fields of golden waving Saskatchewan grain, elevators, wind-mills, still hold a significant breathtaking beauty for

me — a child of the prairies — on the plains south of Regina.

Martin and Hedvig Zakrison have left to carry on some of their traditions to eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. They are Alan, Linda and Jamie Zakrison (Dave's). Our daughter, Carol, married John Furman and their children are Cory and Amy. Our son, Keith, is married to Gloria and they have five little sons — Jeff, Bruce, Martin, Greg and Doug; our son Gary is married to Myrna and they have little Heather; and our son Eric who is now 18.

Blessed be their memory and of all of our sturdy pioneers. Norm and I presently live in Wetaskiwin, Alberta, where I have served as Administrator for the Good Shepherd Lutheran Home since November 1981 after taking one year towards a Bachelor of Theology degree at Newman College, Edmonton, plus some Pastoral Care Training as well as Geriatric Care. Good Shepherd Lutheran Home is a Home for Seniors. We have 43 Residents and about 18 Staff members. Norm has retired after 15 years serving as Project Developer and Purchasing Director for the Good Samaritan Society in Edmonton. He has been appointed Resident Manager of Luther Manor which is a Senior Citizens' Apartment presently under construction here in Wetaskiwin.

Reminiscences — by David M. Zakrison

Amongst many memories the most vivid are those connected with harvest time. The many men, horses and machines around at that time were very exciting. Mr. Ed. Meyers was the engineer of the threshing machine steam engine and in my eyes the most important man in the world. The taste of a sandwich shared with me by Mr. Meyers after it had absorbed the aroma of oil and steam from that steam-engine still lingers with me. Another sight that stays with me is that of a runaway four-horse team hitched to a binder, which came banging, careening, full-tilt and driverless from the west field, across two ditches and the road. The horses were terrified by the binder's noise and there were parts flying all over. Wooden slats from the reel finally all came off and landed in the telephone wires and on them. Somehow they were brought to a halt in the yard, I think by my father and two others.

About 1927 we moved to a farm owned by Mr. C. W. Williams which was situated one and one quarter miles north of Kirby School. Just after this move the shift from horse power to gasoline tractors came. Then came the hard times and for my folks, like every-one else, the years of coping with no money, drought, dust storms, grasshoppers, rust, and several years of little or no crops. I attended Kirby School for grades one to eight, using a Shetland pony named

“Min” much of the time to get my sister, Doris, and myself back and forth to school. I remember the sights and sounds of spring coming to the prairies — the crows first, then the ducks and geese — the running water filling up the sloughs. Then one of the most beautiful sounds there are — the sound of a meadowlark on a fence post and you knew spring was here.

By 1940 I no longer lived at home and spent the next five years in the R.C.A.F. — both in Canada and in England. After the war I was around Regina for a

few years and in 1950 moved to Calgary with my wife, Joan. (We had met in England during the war.)

In Calgary I worked with International Harvester Co. many years and for the past twenty years have worked in the Real Estate Industry, from which I have recently retired.

I have three children; Alan (in Calgary), Linda (in Vancouver), and James (in Calgary). My wife died in 1976. My domicile now is at Cascade Mobile Home Park in Calgary.

Mothers with courage, mothers who pray,
These are the kind the world needs today.
Mothers who think, who study and plan;
Mothers who laugh as much as they can,
Having the gift that is better than money —
The habit of seeing that some things are funny.
Mothers whose faith never wavers nor falters;
Mothers whose spirits the world never alters.
Loving the right and scorning the wrong;
Facing the problems of life with a song;
Mothers whose bravery transcends their fears;
Winning the battle with patience and tears,
Never submitting to weakness or sin —
Storming Heaven's gates 'till the children are in.
Mothers heroic, not guilty of whining;
Hands graced with service and faces with
shining.
Mothers of purity, virtue and faith,
Steadfast in life and triumphant in death;
Looking beyond the dark pathway of sorrow,
Seeking a home in God's joyous tomorrow,
Leading the children; pointing the way —
These are the mothers the world needs today!

* * * *

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PURVES, Sarah (Robinson) and family	983	SHANNON, William and family	572	WALLACE, Lloyd and family	245
PURVES, Stanley	986	SHILLING, Dale	229	WALLACE, John	247
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REICH, Edwin and Jerri	998	SMITH, Oscar, Bernice (Lindsey) and family	1,018	WEBSTER, Carl and Irene	251
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RIDLEY family	218	STROHM, John and family	1,028	WILKENING, John and family	258
RIDLEY, Ivan	220	STUART, Alma (Richenberger)	235	WILKENING, Johnnie	260
RISTO, Gusti, Hilda and family	568	SUITER, John	1,028	WILLIAMS, Art and Ada	263
ROBERTS, Bill and Angeline	220	SUNDWALL, Georgia	577	WILLIAMS, Bud (Hollis) and Helen	272
ROBERTSON family	221	SUNDWALL, Gerry	576	WILLIAMS, Charles W.	263
RODGERS, Aleri A.	221	SUNDWALL, Max and Phyllis	576	WILLIAMS, Fred, Emma (Chapman) and family	1,037
ROGERS, George, Ruth and family	1,004	SWITZER, Geier and family	577	WILLIAMS, Park and Frank	273
ROSE, B. Frank and family	569	TATE, William and Lucy	236	WILLIAMS, William E., Margaret and family	1,037
ROSE, Robert (Bud) and Bertha	222	TAYLOR, Pat (Ellis)	652	WILLIAMS, Willis and Mary	274
ROSS, C. P. and family	223	TAYLOR, R. H. and family	237	WINGERT family	275
ROTH, Ed and Alva	224	TEECE, Irene	641	WOZNEY, Tom, Annie and family	588
ROUSE, George, Margaret and family	570	TEMPLETON, James, Mary (Pearce) and family	1,028	ZAKRISON, Martin and Hedvig	276
		TENNYSON, Bill and Ethel	578	ZIMMER, Roy	590
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