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Saskatchewan GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

BULLETIN

1977

VOLUME 8 NO. 1

The Saskatchewan Genealogical Society was formed in February of 1969 with the following aims:

(1) to promote the study of genealogy and genealogical research within the Province of Saskatchewan,

(2) to build up a library of genealogical guides and handbooks, reference sources, and family and local histories, which would be available to all members,

(3) to publish a bulletin which would be the official organ of the Society and which would include articles on genealogical research and methodology, results of the members' research, etc., and which would serve as a vehicle for members' queries,

(4) to establish ties with other genealogical societies for exchange of ideas and information, etc.,

(5) to establish seminars and workshops on genealogical research and methodology.

The Bulletin will be published quarterly, as close to February, May, August, and November as possible. Deadline for material presented for publication will be 15 December, 15 April, 15 July, and 15 October. All material should be sent to The Editor, Saskatchewan Genealogical Society Bulletin, Box 1894, Regina, Sask. If possible, all manuscripts, queries, and news items should be in a form for immediate use. Manuscripts should be fully referenced and signed.

Material published in the S.G.S. Bulletin may be reprinted freely, except for copyright material reproduced from other sources. A credit line will be appreciated. A copy of the publication containing the material is requested.

Opinions expressed in articles by contributing writers does not necessarily represent the point of view of the Saskatchewan Genealogical Society. Authors will be responsible for their statements and errors.

Membership is for the calendar year at $10.00 per year per family, $7.50 for senior citizens (over 65). Subscription to the Bulletin is concurrent with membership.

Each member in good standing shall be entitled to one free query of reasonable length per issue of the Bulletin.

Back issues of the Bulletin are available at $1.50 per issue to Volume 5, Number 3. Thereafter they are $2.00 each.

Donations to the Saskatchewan Genealogical Society may be used as an income tax deduction.

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SASKATCHEWAN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

BULLETIN

Volume 8, No. 1 Editor: R. Pittendrigh

Winter, 1977 Typist: Janice Leslie

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Editor's Note: Subscribers may expect publications at the middle of each quarter: February, May, August, November. The deadline for material for the next issue is 15 April, 1977.

MY ANCESTORS

In generations of yesteryear,
There were persons much like me.
Because of their survival I am here,
As certainly one can see.

I am proud of my ancestry,
However humble that may be.
Illegal I am probably,
Which makes a very special me.

I know not whether they were free,
Or could determine their own situation.
But they were there for all to see,
Making contributions to their nation.

When in a mirror I do glance,
I'm shown whose features I acquired.
Inheritance of these was not by chance.
They are part of me until I'm expired.

Many things I did inherit.
Maybe brains, gifts and personality.
Perhaps life's attitudes and my spirit,
Or such a thing as my ability.

Inheritance of these is called genetics.
They are a real part of our entity.
Humans are not mere statistics,
But each has his own legacy.

My ancestors saw famine and pestilence,
Inhumanity and also military action.
Their lives were shaped by perserverance.
Endurance was their virtue and reaction.

I searched for clues in yesteryear,
And found out about my ancestry.
I also found out why I'm here,
While learning about history.

Now when I look at my reflection,
The image shows what I am like.
It's clear to me in retrospection,
What living in the past was like.

I've learned a lot from generations past,
And also got a better understanding,
Why my ancestors held on fast,
In tribulations never ending.

My being here is but a speck in time,
In the large spectrum of eternity,
I have found out that family of mine,
And recorded it for posterity.

Hopefully generations hence,
Will study their lineage and ancestry.
May this work have value thence,
When even I am history.

In closing this I like to say,
That the research has been rewarding.
To get to know yourself there is no better way,
Then through lineage and ancestry recording.

In spite of all that I have found,
Things that were, may what they be.
However crazy this may sound,
I'm happy that I am me.

D. Hoogeveen,
December, 1976.

NOTES & NEWS

Heritage Manitoba

The appointment of nine members to the inaugural board of directors of the Heritage Manitoba Foundation has been announced. The Foundation will have wide powers to acquire, restore, lease, and let property, accept donations and enter into agreements with experts to promote restoration and preservation. It will seek out property of architectural value, places of beauty, and encourage their preservation for the benefit of future generations. Chairman of the board is W. Steward Martin, Q.C. of Winnipeg.

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The Saskatchewan Archives has acquired the complete editor's file of the Canadian Hungarian News (Kanadai Magyar Ujsag), the oldest Hungarian language weekly newspaper in Canada. It was published in Winnipeg beginning in 1924, and stopped during the summer of 1976. Much of the news came from the Hungarian communities in eastern Saskatchewan. The 52 bound volumes obtained from Gustav V. Nemes, editor and publisher, contains every issue of the newspaper. These volumes should be of considerable assistance to researchers interested in the Saskatchewan Hungarian Settlements.

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Raymond Gingras, 39 Ouest, St.-Cyrille, Apt. 5, Quebec 6, Quebec, has donated two most useful booklets to the S.G.S. One titled Melanges Genealogiques contains 34 leaves, 8½ x 11, and is in three sections. 1. Contains a code of ethics from a professional genealogist's point of view. 2. A glossary of genealogical terms. 3. Personal genealogical table forms, two types of group sheets, photo gallery of ancestors and a description of a fan chart 24 x 35 inches available for $2.00. Second part to the first published in 1973. The second booklet is a family booklet of 13 leaves, Livret de Famille. A most interesting feature is a map of France with its' old districts, a map with the new districts after Napoleon, and a map of New France. There is space for paternal ancestors, notes on the first ancestor in New France, biographies of other ancestors and a pedigree chart.

Other publications to Mr. Gingras' credit are La Famille Gingras. Notules Chronologiques 1530 - 1975; Melanges Genealogiques, No. I, II, III, IV; Tableau Genealogique a Remplir, 10 generations, 24 x 35 pouces; Livret de Famille; Quelques Francos Au Connecticut; Precis Du Genealogist Amateur; Mariages De Charney, 1903 - 1974; Liste Annotee De Patronymes D'Origine Allemande Au Quebec et Notes Diverses; Les Cinq Premieres Generations De L'Ancestre. Charles Gingras, 41 pages;

Qecensements De La Paroisse Saint-Nicolas 1825 et 1831. One of the interesting pages in Melanges Genealogiques is a list of Mr. Gingras' ancestors recorded in the Stradonitz manner. He gives his 62 ancestors complete in six generations! Write to Raymond Gingras for a price list of his publications. French language.

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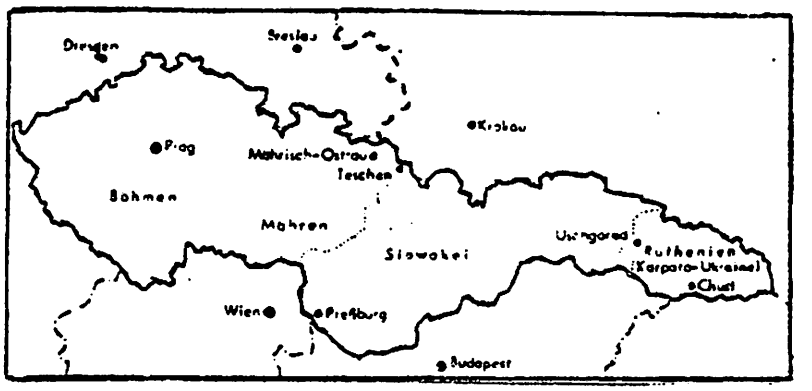
For those interested in British local history, family name societies, genealogical societies or religious societies such as Catholic, Jewish or Huguenot, an informative booklet has been published by the Federation of Family History Societies, c/o Mrs. Elizabeth Simpson, Peapkins End, 2 Stella Grove, Tollerton Notts., NG124EY, England. The cost of the booklet is 20 pence. It lists some 38 regional societies, 20 one name societies, five allied societies (e.g. Huguenot, Jews, Teachers), and three societies concerned with genealogy and heraldry. The Federation had its beginnings in a Genealogical Congress held at Canterbury in 1974. They publish a newsletter 3/4 times a year. £1.50 to individual subscribers. Free to member societies.

The objects of the Federation are: (a) to co-ordinate and assist the work of societies or bodies interested in family history, genealogy and heraldry. (b) to foster co-operation and regional work on such subjects. There are three classes of membership; nominating membership, ordinary membership, and associate membership. Details of the qualifications required for the various classes of membership and subscription rates may be obtained from the Secretary.

ANMERKUNGEN ZUR POSTGESCHICHTE DER KARPATHEN-UKRAINE

Two booklets intitled "The Story about Postage in the Carpathian Ukraine" have been donated to the Saskatchewan Genealogical library by Mr. D. Hoogeveen. These booklets which are in German, are primarily intended for stamp collectors (philatelists). The books contain the names of the post offices in the Carpathian - Ukraine in 1939; the names are given in their original form, namely Czechoslovakian, Ruthenian and Hungarian, depending on the geographic location of the post office. This information could possibly prove to be of considerable value to genealogists doing research in those areas.



A note from Peter Goertzen, 12253 - 101st St., Edmonton, Alberta, T5G 2C5 describes a prepublication Goertzen Book, which tells the story of the family of Gerhard Goertzen and his wife Helena Reddecopp, who joined the Mennonite migration from South Russia to Southern Manitoba in 1875. The Goertzens raised their eight children in an Anabaptist-Agricultural environment in Manitoba, and later these eight young families and many of their children moved to establish new Mennonite settlements in other parts of Canada, Mexico, Belize, and Bolivia. They seemed to be following a precedent set by their ancestors since the time of the Reformation. The story is told in this book through pictures, documents, personal recollections and family genealogies spanning nine generations at a cost of $14.50.

A few years ago another Goertzen history was produced by a publishing committee of Mr. D. D. Heide, Mrs. C. J. Friessen and Mrs. Waldo Stoesz of Mountain Lake, Minnesota, U.S.A. It was called "The Jacob Heinrich Goertzen Family from Furstenwurder to America 1815 - 1970.

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From Scotland we hear of a most remarkable publication in a three volume work by A. C. Addington. The Royal House of Stuart, The Descendants of King James VI of Scotland, James I of England, a unique new guide to the descendants of King James, whose accession to the throne on the death of Elizabeth I united England and Scotland. Twelve years of work, 15,000 descendants, 25,000 names, spanning more than four centuries and fifteen generations. Only £ 40.00 from Charles Skilton Ltd., 2 Howe Street, Edinburgh 3, Scotland.

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For those interested in the history of the Mazenod area of Saskatchewan particularly the R.M. of Sutton #103, a most useful map of that R.M. has been published by Phyllis Zado, 288 Hanley Cresc., Regina, S4R 5B1. It features the names of all the original settlers on each quarter section in the municipality. Her major source of information was the Township Registers of the Lands Branch Office, Department of Agriculture in Regina. Only the names of settlers who received their titles by proving their homesteads were listed. Scale 1 mile = 1 inch, 20" x 22", heavy paper, cost $2.00 post paid.

Hopefully Mrs. Zado has started a precedent that will eventually see all of Saskatchewan mapped in this way.

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A Canadian, Mr. W. H. Bennett is the author of "Symbols of Our Celto-Saxon Heritage" published by Covenant Books, 6 Buckingham Gate, London SW1E6JP, England. Mr. Bennett is a retired customs officer from Windsor, Ontario. The book contains 232 pages and is lavishly illustrated in black and white and colour. The forward is by Mr. L. S. Pine, B.A., former editor of "Burkes' Peerage." The author's main theme is the association of history and heraldic assumption of modern nations with ancient peoples of the Bible, principally the Tribes of Israel. All, particularly students of heraldry and history, will find this book of absorbing interest.

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New address of the Manitoba Genealogical Society is P.O. Box 2066, Winnipeg, Manitoba. R3C 3R4.

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Canadian Plains Research Center - a resource center for the Prairie Provinces:-

Background:

The Canadian Plains Research Center was established to encourage and facilitate research relevant to the Canadian Plains region after consultation with representatives from universities, governments and other interested bodies in the prairie provinces and with the approval of the Interprovincial Committee on University Rationalization.

To ensure that the Center and its activities remain responsive and available to researchers throughout the Prairies, a Policy Board has been constituted to determine guidelines for the Center. This Board includes representatives from prairie universities and governments as well as the private sector.

The Center is housed in modern quarters at the University of Regina.

Aims:

- to develop an understanding and appreciation of the Canadian Plains region
- to develop a community of students of the region, including staff from prairie universities, governments and other institutions and members of an interested public
- to provide services to prairie institutions and researchers
- to study and help solve problems of the region, its people, and its resources

Areas of Research:

The Center is concerned with all aspects of the prairie region and in particular with:

its history--cultural and natural
its people--heritage and organizations
its land--characteristics and uses
its resources--use and conservation
regional problems and their solutions

Seminars, Conferences, Meetings:

The Center sponsors conferences on topics of special relevance to prairie research. It also encourages co-operating institutions and research sections to sponsor seminars, symposia, conferences and consultations, particularly those that promote and co-ordinate research on the region.

Contract Research:

The Center, through its information system, helps agencies locate specialists for contract research.

Some Center staff are hired on a project basis to carry out research in conjunction with specialists from universities and other research agencies.

The Center encourages other prairie universities to develop contract research and related academic specialization in areas of research dealing with the region.

Research Board:

A Research Board has been established to co-ordinate funding and expertise in the development of long-term research projects for the Prairies (e.g. land use).

Information Services:

The Center is establishing an information system to record and correlate research data, documents (print and non-print) and other information relevant to the prairie provinces.

- A computerized directory of researchers and research projects pertinent to the Prairies is being compiled.
- A computerized directory of sources of prairie research information is being organized.
- The capacity to access existing data bases that contain information of interest to the prairie region is being developed.
- Research collections (print and non-print) in specialized areas are being created.

Center Publications:

Canadian Plains Studies	Price
#1 Richard Allen, ed., A Region of the Mind: Interpreting the Western Canadian Plains, 1973.	$4.95
#2 Martin Louis Kovacs, Esterhazy and Early Hungarian Immigration to Canada, 1974.	$4.95
#3 Richard Allen, ed., Religion and Society in the Prairie West, 1975.	$4.25
#4 Don C. McGowan, Grassland Settlers: The Swift Current Region During the Era of the Ranching Frontier, 1975.	*$5.50 **$7.50
#5 C. O. White, Saskatchewan Power: A History of Saskatchewan Power, 1976.	$5.95
#6 Richard Allen, ed., Man and Nature on the Prairies, 1976.	$4.25
Occasional Papers	
#1 B. Y. Card, The Expanding Relation: Sociology in Prairie Universities, 1973.	$0.75
Canadian Plains Proceedings	
#1 Fred G. Thompson, Saskatchewan Seminar on Futures Forecasting, 1974.	$1.00
#2 P. Catania, ed., Food, Fuel, Fertilizer (Symposium on Uses of Agricultural Wastes), 1974.	$7.50

* Soft Cover
** Hard Cover

Publications:

- Canadian Plains Studies is a refereed series published to serve groups and individuals interested in the region and to add to the resources necessary for the study and understanding of it. The Occasional Publications Editorial Board receives and considers manuscripts for publications.
- Canadian Plains Proceedings contains the results of some of the conferences, symposia, seminars and consultations held under the sponsorship of the Center or its affiliates.
- The Prairie Forum is an interdisciplinary journal which appears semi-annually. Articles and papers dealing with man's activities on the Prairies are considered for inclusion in the journal by the Prairie Forum Editorial Board.
- The Canadian Plains Bulletin is a newsletter published by the Center to inform interested individuals of current developments in the prairie region.

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A Look At Ontario: Some Records And Sources For The Genealogist

by

Marion Keffer

Isn't it wonderful to see so many alert people so early in the morning? That alertness really is typical of genealogists. They all seem to act and react in much the same way regardless of where they live or what particular facet of family history is their prime interest. We are a part of a large, pleasant group--where there is much mutual sharing and where there are no generation gaps. It satisfies each of us, I think, because we are finding out about ourselves and our own people. I suspect that many of you are interested in the Ontario scene because your parents or their parents came from there. Also in Saskatchewan--indeed in the whole prairie area--are people whose parents or grandparents came from the American mid-west and some of them had ancestors who had sojourned in Ontario for a few years or perhaps a few generations, before going westward. Those who look back to Ontario need to know about records there as well as something about its historical development.

The part of Ontario where most of us have our roots is a relatively small area that used to be known as Old Ontario--the part that was first settled. To understand its background, we should know how that small geographical part of present-day, big Ontario fits into the development of the North American continent.

After the New World was discovered, Europeans established colonies on this side of the Atlantic, Spain and Portugal as far north as Florida--England sponsored a number of colonies on the coast which were separated by the Dutch interests in the Hudson Valley. And if you have Loyalist ancestors in Ontario from New York State or were Hudson Valley Dutch you may in time find yourself working with Dutch naming systems and records kept in the Dutch language. There were English colonies as far south as the Carolinas and north as far as Newfoundland with interests in Hudson Bay also. The French settled around the Gulf and river both called, St. Lawrence from where their fur trading activities extended to the plains of the mid continent.

These colonies continued the wars of their mother countries.

*Paper given at the eighth annual meeting and seminar of S.G.S., 22 & 23 of October 1976 at University of Regina.

Victories changed the Dutch colony's name to New York and New France became the English colony of Quebec. Thus France's interests were curtailed to Louisiana and the Mississippi river system replaced the Great Lakes as their fur trading route. French forts on the Mississippi and Ohio threatened the English colonies in their expansion toward the west. Defence was difficult and the authorities in London thought the colonists should help to meet some of the expense. Before long the taxes imposed led to the Boston Tea Party and you all know where that led.

Of the English colonies, 13 decided to rebel but not all citizens in those 13 colonies supported the Revolution. Those who most vigorously opposed it, soon found life to be uncomfortable and decided they had better leave. If near the sea, they could choose to go to the West Indies, or to England or to the nearest friendly colony which was Nova Scotia. In fact, so many went to the northern part of that colony, it was separated and given the name, New Brunswick. Travel was harder for those who lived inland. There were few roads so water routes were preferred. Most of the Loyalists (called Tories in the U.S.) who came to Ontario were from New York state and travelled up the Hudson, Lakes George and Champlain, and the Richelieu river to refugee camps set up at Sorel south of Montreal. Many others made their way to the north shores of the St. Lawrence, the eastern end of Lake Ontario, into the Niagara peninsula and to the north shore of Lake Erie.

To recognize the loyalty of these people, it was decided that they should be given grants of land. These grants with the hereditary title, the letters U.E. after the name--were given to the men who had served in the King's forces in the American Revolutionary War, to the wife, to each son and to each daughter. Each descendant to have the right in perpetuity to those letters, U.E. following their name. The amount of land each received was in proportion to their military rank. To relieve conditions at Sorel its inmates were settled along the north bank of the St. Lawrence, by township, with the Catholic and Protestant units alternating, proceding west from the French settlements near Montreal.

Until then Western Quebec had few residents though there were garrisons and some scattered fur traders. For purposes of local government, Western Quebec was divided into four Districts. Soon the Loyalists were complaining about being governed in the French fashion, that is, by the terms of the Quebec Act which had been designed for the Quebec Habitants. Thus the Constitution Act (sometimes called the Canada Bill) was passed in 1791. That changed Quebec's name to Canada with two provinces, Lower Canada downstream and Upper Canada replacing the former Western Quebec. Newark located at the mouth of the Niagara River on the west bank was named its capital.

Col. John Graves Simcoe was appointed Lieutenant-Governor. Although the Colonial Office was not noted for selecting the best, he was a wise choice, vigorous, energetic as well as observant and he travelled widely around Upper Canada. He planned a great future for his province yet was determined to perpetuate the Established Church

with its privileges and the English class system. Although he replaced the former Indian place names with English ones, his greatest strength perhaps, was that he did respect those who had been born on this continent and who had adjusted to its climate and terrain. When he had been serving in the Revolutionary War stationed in Pennsylvania, he had noticed the fine farms of the German-speaking settlers. Himself a countryman, he knew good agricultural practices. As Governor of Upper Canada, he let it be known that land was available in Upper Canada and as a result many settlers of German descent from Pennsylvania and New Jersey continued to come until the War of 1812.

Upper Canada's first parliament was elected and met in 1792. Legislation (some still in effect) passed by that legislature in its various sessions include: 1. English common law and English weights and measures would prevail; 2. there would be trial by jury for civil cases; 3. slavery would be phased out (colonists from the South had brought their slaves); 4. there would be a Probate Court for the Provinces; 5. each District was to have a Court House to register deeds and all encumbrances on them, and maintain a Surrogate Court; 6. all men 16 to 60 were to serve in the militia; 7. public houses would be licensed; 8. Parish and town officials would be given certain responsibilities in municipal affairs.

Any township with at least 30 inhabitants could hold a Town Meeting. The word 'inhabitants' is a bit of a misnomer because a widow with 10 children would be counted as the head of a household and a young man without a family would also be classed as one inhabitant. Some of the Lists of Inhabitants (or copies) survive and if you can find one, it can be very useful. In Eastern Ontario these lists were called Census, and the Ontario Archives have several. They are found in its card catalogue under the name of the township, as census with the years next. For other lists in manuscript form check the Union List of Manuscripts.

In the earliest days the Town Meeting concept was totally new to the governing officials who were usually the military officers. From class conscious England they couldn't understand how ordinary people could be given or take responsibility, for managing affairs of this kind. Each Town Meeting appointed two assessors to evaluate the improvements on property; one collector to collect the rates; two to six overseers to supervise the compulsory road work; fence viewers to check on fences; and poundkeepers to deal with stray livestock. If there were a church in the township, its wardens had municipal responsibility. If there were no church, two wardens were elected.

Simcoe knew that the Americans were going to attack and because Newark was exposed to the guns of Fort Niagara, he moved the capital over Lake Ontario to a landlocked harbour on the north shore and called it York. The merchants and officials of Newark who had comfortable brick houses opposed this move to the mud and swamps of 'muddy York.' Some years later that community reverted to its old Indian name of Toronto.

All along Simcoe had differed with his superiors in England who didn't have much understanding of conditions out here. He didn't get credit for his intelligence or ability to observe what was going on around him. Eventually he resigned, because he felt that if he were to return to England he could himself, describe what was needed for Upper Canada. He left in 1796.

Let us leave this historical resume to discuss what is meant by the Ontario township. I've used the word earlier and I know it is used on the prairies but there is not much similarity in them. I should say too, that after reading your president's article on surveying in Saskatchewan in the Spring SGS Bulletin, I really felt battered. How in the world could I possibly explain Ontario's complicated system to people who have been raised with one that is both logical and practical as well as extremely easy to understand? However, the early surveyors were accustomed to working with systems that were even more complicated and they were working against time in the bush, in swamps and completely without any amenities. The U.E.'s were flocking in and they wanted to know where this land they had been promised was located. Because there were only Indian trails through the bush, travel had to be by water and so the 'front' (land that edged the shores of the Great Lakes system) was opened up first.

The first townships surveyed had at least one border along the irregular shore of a lake or river. Other boundaries might be streams, heights of land or straight lines. Those straight lines could be run north-south or east-west or any angle in between. It should be noted that the original survey of any Ontario township has remained in effect to the present time. It is a fact too, that Ontario townships have no prescribed size or shape, area or dimensions.

The original farm lots were designated by concession and lot numbers and those concession and lot numbers have continued until today. A concession is a surveyed strip of land that runs from one border of a township across to another. It may be parallel (or almost parallel) to one of the longer sides but not always. It may run north-south, east-west or at an angle. The series of concessions in any township are numbered consecutively but from any direction.

Each concession is divided into farm lots (usually oblong in shape and usually 200 acres, but not always). The lots are also numbered consecutively, all from the same township border so that lot 4 Con 5 will butt lot 4 on Con 4 and lot 4 on Con 6. There is no standard width for concessions any more than there is a standard number of lots in any concession. Usually there is a road allowance on each side of concessions (though not always) and roads crossed concessions at regular intervals to allow access to each lot.

Township names in almost all instances have remained permanent, except for very early ones, e.g. those along the St. Lawrence which originally were numbered west from the Quebec border and also for those along the south shore of Lake Ontario west of the Niagara. Probably

that was a contingency measure while they waited for official confirmation from England.

You may encounter other terms in land records: broken front--refers to concessions that are incomplete because of irregular shore lines. They may be assigned different numbering, even letters. Gore, a triangular area needed to fit a newer township against its older neighbouring one(s) and its concessions may be run in a different direction with different numbering. Range is used in a different sense to your use of the word. Obviously it would be difficult even impossible to have all these variations always at hand and there is no need to attempt it. Back in the 1870's and 80's commercial firms published Illustrated Historical Atlases for most counties containing good maps and other material pertaining to each. They have all been reproduced by facsimile process and are available at reasonable rates.

The counties of Leeds and Grenville and of Peterborough were overlooked by the Atlas publishers. However, in recent years ones have been devised for each with the same sort of material and maps. You can expect to find County Atlases in libraries and they are available on Inter Library Loan. Last evening I was pleased to see how many are in the SGS library so obviously the SGS'rs find them useful.

In 1812 General Isaac Brock was administrator of Upper Canada. Like Simcoe he felt the Colonial Office neither understood his worries nor supported him. He knew the Americans were ready to attack and that our defences were inadequate. His requests for additional men and for the strengthening of the forts had not been answered. We should remember that at that time England's energies were completely engaged in trying to defeat Napoleon.

Most of Upper Canada's residents at that time had been born in the American Colonies and though probably the majority had come as Loyalists, they had much open criticism of government policies and practices. Brock and his officials assumed that when the Americans would arrive, they would be welcomed by the settlers. The attacks came, first at Windsor. Brock was there and got that settled, returning quickly to Niagara for he guessed that would be the logical area for an invasion. He was correct and within minutes of joining his men at Queenston Heights he was the victim of a sniper's bullet. He died without knowing that that war would serve to unite and unify Upper Canada in a way that has never since been achieved.

The settlers did defend their Province serving in the militia although the military historians have not had much praise for their efforts. To be sure they fought without uniforms and probably the gun they carried was the one they brought from home. They served when the heat was on and when the pressure was off went home to attend their farms, to serve behind the counter in their shop or do whatever was most needed. In the battle areas every male who was able to shoulder a musket was under arms and there is evidence that boys of 13 or so

saw action. After the war there were no territorial changes and Upper Canada settled down to rebuild what had been destroyed or damaged and the veterans were granted land for their services.

Let's now leave Upper Canada and see what was happening in the United Kingdom and how those events influenced Ontario. Napoleon had been defeated. The troops came home from the Battlefields and battleships. As after any war, there were many adjustments to be made. Many men had been in the service since boyhood and were unused to civilian life. If they had learned their trade there, they were not allowed to ply it at home because the Guilds had strict regulations with regard to apprenticeships and licenses. Unemployment was high with its attendant evils.

As the authorities grappled with these difficulties they remembered all that unpopulated land in Upper Canada and set about encouraging emigration at all levels. Regulations were established for veterans and civilians to petition for land. Officers, retired on half pay (to be subject to instant recall) were considered ideal settlers because they could be given responsibility for training the militia.

Living in England at that time were many who were not liking the changes in rural living that accompanied the industrial revolution or the shifts in agricultural practices that followed the Enclosure Act. These people did like what they were hearing or reading about Upper Canada. Economic collapse in Ireland promoted emigration long before the Potato Famine. Scottish economic problems and the Clearances took many away from Scotland. People from all parts of the UK petitioned for land in Canada and those petitions are still extant. They are in the Public Archives in Ottawa with microfilmed copies in the Ontario Archives. To understand their use read the articles in OGS Bulletin Vol. 9 #1, 1970, entitled, 'New Finds in Land Petitions' by J. R. Houston, Q.C. He describes the arrangement of this vast manuscript collection and how to use it. Each Petition cites the reasons why the petitioner feels they are entitled to land even though each was not necessarily allowed nor was the land granted immediately. Some grantees never even claimed their land.

Many individuals left Britain alone or with their immediate families able to finance their own passage. Others came with various settlement schemes, each led by men who have added their own flavour to the fabric of Ontario's past. Col. Talbot on Lake Erie had his own brand of standards for granting deeds to his people. Peter Robinson brought out Irish families from the South in 1823 and 1825. His name is continued in Peterborough County and his records are in the Ontario Archives. The Canada Company was given rights to sell land, first in the Huron District, though later their right to dispose of the Crown Reserves took the company all over the Province. There was the Richmond settlement in the Ottawa Valley, others near London and etc.

Private individuals encouraged or assisted immigration to Upper Canada. One was Wm. Tyrell who lived near Weston in York West

Township. His grandson recounted this story to me. The Tyrells were an Irish family of some means and young William had been apprenticed to a bank. A close relative, a soldier who had been stationed at York was home on leave. His stories fascinated William so much he was determined to go there, too. The relative said, "If your people will agree, I can see that you get a good farm, will introduce you around and help you get established." So William bought 200 acres and after two or so years went home to visit and say good-bye to his folks forever. While there he talked to people wherever he went--church--fairs--taverns--and would say, "There are opportunities in Canada, far better than here. I can't afford to finance you in any way, but if you can get there, you can come to my place. If there isn't a house for you to live in, you can run up a cabin (learn how that is done)--you can make some furniture, a spinning wheel for your wife, a wagon, tools--get a cow, a team of oxen and in a year or so when you feel confident, I'll help you locate a place." As Major Tyrell said, "I'm sure the old boy backed a lot of notes but likely never lost a cent." There were probably many others, now forgotten, who in much the same way also helped newcomers become adjusted.

Upper Canada's population increased rapidly and new areas were constantly being opened up. Yet all was not well. Inequitites and malpractices led to a rebellion in both Lower and Upper Canada in the autumn of 1837. These were soon put down, but the authorities had been alerted. Lord Durham was sent to investigate and he, too, was a wise choice--intelligent, thorough, charming. His report led to the Act of Union 1841, whereby the provinces were united, their names changed to Canada West and Canada East. The capital was to move between Toronto and Montreal. What was more, responsible government was instituted. Some of the Rebellion leaders managed to escape to the States but later when a general amnesty was granted they came home. Some got jail sentences; some were deported to Van Dieman's Land--Tasmania. From the North York area where the Upper Canada Rebellion was primed some families soon left for the American Midwest. Miss Purdy who is here, is a descendant of one of those families. The leaders of the Rebellion had been encouraged by American sympathisers and the following year (1838) there was a kooky sort of raid across the St. Lawrence near Prescott, called the Battle of the Windmill. Again fears of an American invasion spurred the erection of a number of new forts (Fort Kingston for one) and the strenthening of old ones. As long as British garrisons were stationed in Ontario all ranks were encouraged to take their discharge here both during and at the end of their term of service. Some got land, while others established themselves in the civilian community near the fort where they had been stationed.

Transportation within Canada West and shipments in and out were speeded up by the Welland Canal and those constructed around the rapids in the St. Lawrence. The Trent and Rideau canals were designed primarily to transport troops.

Those first four Districts of Western Quebec were divided and

redivided to keep up with the growing population until there were about 20 in Canada West when the County system was begun in 1849. It is difficult to be knowledgable about all the changes in the Districts and the changing locations of each Court House. However, these are well described in an article by Dr. Geo. W. Spragge, called 'The Districts of Upper Canada' in the Ontario Historical Society's Papers and Records, Vol. 30, 1947--and reprinted in their Centennial volume, 1967 called 'Profiles of a Province.' Each Ontario County encompasses several townships and some have experienced changes in boundaries since they were first set up. However, you all know to us the county atlas whenever guidance of this kind is needed.

1853 saw the first railway in Canada West connect Toronto and Aurora followed by the great changes of the railway age. Some small industries, e.g., carriage works or foundaries were near good transportation and flourished. Others were at a distance and either moved or went under. Railways are always routed so as to avoid curves or steep grades, so some places that had been large and important fell into a decline when bypassed by the railway and others that got a station, prospered.

In 1866 there were the Fenian Raids, led by some Irish malcontents in the U.S. who thought they should liberate those poor enslaved Canadians. The press on both sides of the line had been reporting their threats but both the American and Canadian governments took the attitude that if they looked the other way the Fenians would go away. They did invade and again the regular troops, the Militia and the volunteers turned out to defend their colony. It was to discuss matters of mutual defence after this and in the hope of promoting trade, that representatives from the British Colonies of North America met first in 1866. These meetings culminated in 1867 in the Confederation of four colonies into the Dominion of Canada. Ontario's present name dates from that event. The colony of British Columbia agreed to join confederation if a railway would connect it with the eastern provinces. The C.P.R. completed in 1885 speeded up the flow of immigration from eastern Canada to the Prairies.

That immigration brought countless people from the U.K., from Europe and other parts of this continent to Western Canada. Genealogists in each source country now is interested in what became of 'lost family members' in approximately the same degree that each of us in our own way want (and need) identification of the exact place from which our families emigrated. Let's hope that as we establish former places of residence on this continent we may be able to take another step back in time and find the location of earlier roots.

Some of the audience here today will have an Ontario background and look there as to an 'old country', although we didn't always associate that term with an older province or an older U.S. state where our family may have roots. As a small child on an Alberta homestead, I once asked my father what was our old country. He smiled as he said, "We don't have any. Your mother and I are from Ontario." Yet from the

1860's adventurous young Ontario men had made their way to the North-West and that flow continued with the railways speeding up immigration. By 1914 there were few Ontario households without at least one son or daughter on the prairies. During that same period among the Americans who came were some whose forebears had lived in Ontario at some time. And now in 1976 you, descendants of both groups are asking how to look into that Ontario background--What are the records? What are the resources? Where to go for details? Where to write for data?

My suggestion is that, before sending off letters indiscriminately, it would be better to find out all you can about the records there are, which repositories might have usable material and which of those can be expected to carry on genealogical correspondence. It would be foolish indeed, for anyone to travel to the east and there read printed or microfilmed material that could have been studied before leaving home.

Of course you have been talking to and writing to relatives and friends. You have accumulated information that includes grandma's reminiscences and other stories or legends, larded all through with names of people, names of places and dates. Some seem altogether too fanciful or too far-fetched yet the authorities all say, be careful and don't ever discard anything until proven incorrect--and from the other side of their mouths we hear, be careful--don't ever accept anything until it is proven correct!

You have the responsibility to do all this proving and you ask, where are the Ontario records I need? To locate the ones you require, the first thing you must do is to establish the township of residence. Ontario primary source material is arranged on that basis--census, land, wills, etc. Before post offices became common (which would be after railways had speeded up the flow of mail) people would give the name of the township as their address, so the marriage registers, directories, etc. are based on the township. For example, there are Hamilton Township--Hamilton City, Toronto Township--Toronto City, Haldimand Township--Haldimand County, as well as all those Oxfords to be sorted out. That explains why we took time earlier to discuss the Ontario township and why you need to be familiar with the one (or ones) where your people lived. Right here at home you can study your township's features in whichever Illustrated Historical County Atlas includes it. You can acquire your own Atlas--or your public library may have the one you want--or your library can borrow copies through Interlibrary Loan for you. The Atlas maps are clearly drawn and show the Concessions (numbered by Roman numerals) the lots (numbered in Arabic numerals) the roads, streams, churches, mills, taverns, lodge halls, stores, post offices, etc. Some atlases put the name of the occupant on each farm lot, some give the owner's name, some only put in the name of the subscriber to that atlas. Also there will be pictures of prominent citizens, their houses or business premises, public buildings, an historical outline of the County and often biographical data on some residents. As a gift to a genealogist, they are more welcome than diamonds!

(Continued in Next Issue)

SEARCHING SASKATCHEWAN CEMETERIES

BOULDER LAKE CEMETERY *

copied by

Mrs. Margaret Stephenson, Mrs. Anita Forner,
Mrs. Margaret Plaster and Andrew Forner 1976

This cemetery is located in the R. M. of Wreford #280, SW¼ 28, T.P. 30, Rge 23, West 2.

Reading from north to south, on west side of cemetery next to a caragana hedge:

1. William FENTON
   1863 - 1916

2. Kathryn RUEDIG
   1880 - 1955

3. Herbert RUEDIG
   1876 - 1945

4. John William RUEDIG
   no marker

5. E. Rosetta RUEDIG
   no marker

6. unknown

7. unknown

8. unknown

9. unknown

10. Dorothy AIREY
    1915 - 1930

11. Harold LONGMAN
    1921 - 1930

12. ROTE. In loving memory of Sarah E. ROTE. Born Mar. 1, 1901 Died Oct. 31, 1919.

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*A Boulder Lake School district was located nine miles west and 1½ miles south of Lockwood. The school was built in 1909 and is mentioned in the Story of Lockwood Community in the S.G.S. library.

13. Nellie May ROTE
Born 1863, died July 19, 1939.

14. Mr. J. ROTE
Born Mar. 14, 1864, died 1944.

15. In memory of Edward LEPP
1881 - 1930

16. John ZIMMER
no marker

17. In memory L. R. HAYNES
1875 - 1956

Second row reading south to north:

18. Spencer T. EYTCHESON
1852 - 1917

19. In memory of Minnie beloved wife of Lester HAYNES
1875 - 1952

20. John R. FLORY
1865 - 1927

Third row reading south to north:

21. In loving memory of
May FORNER
1894 - 1933

22. REEDY
(a) Father, William, 1847 - 1931
(b) Mother, Marguerite, 1850 - 1934

23. Lloyd ANDERSON
Sept. ? 1929
(Plot has cement footing and caraganas planted; no marker)

24. East of above Reedy plot
John Albert ANDERSON
1866 - 1945

25. One burial in south east corner.
Pauper. Unknown.

REMARKS:

1. W. Fenton was the grandfather of Mrs. Margaret Plaster.
2. Kathryn Ruedig was the mother of Mrs. Margaret Plaster. Last burial in cemetery.
3. Herbert Ruedig was the father of Mrs. Margaret Plaster.
4. J. W. Ruedig was the grandfather of Mrs. Margaret Plaster.
5. E. Rosetta Ruedig was the grandmother of Mrs. Margaret Plaster.

19. Minnie was married first to Spencer Eytcheson (18) and lastly to L. R. Haynes (20).

21. May Forner first wife of Andrew Forner, who is still living in Lockwood, age 92 (1976) as is his second wife Anita.

A SHORT HISTORY:

In about 1915 or 1916, William Fenton, a homesteader in the community of Boulder Lake fell gravely ill and was given no hopes of recovery. He had a strong desire to be buried on his own land, so he asked his nephew to attend to the forming of a cemetery. The nephew, William Reedy, donated two acres of land (which he was to inherit) to a community organization known as the Boulder Lake Ladies Aid, and deeded it to them. The deed has been burned along with other records of the cemetery in a house fire. This group proved very enterprising as they hired a landscape artist from Saskatoon to lay out the grounds. A caragana hedge was planted and a strong fence built, both of which are still there. Many burials have no markers, but each one seems to have had lilacs, honeysuckle, caragana or iris planted around it. Mrs. Hazel Fenton was the first caretaker at a salary of $20.00 per year.

* * * * * * * * * * *

QUERIES

WILDERMAN
WILDEMANN
WILDMANN
WILDER

Mr. August Wilderman, P.O. Box 263, Young, Sask., S0K 4Y0 would like information on the name Wilderman which is of German origin, and also appears as Wildemann, Wildmann and Wilder. Somewhere between 1804 and 1815 two Wildemann families emigrated from the Rhein-Palatinate of Germany to near Odessa in South Russia. A century later some Wildemanns left South Russia to go to the United States and Canada, no doubt to take up homesteads as they did when they moved from Germany to Russia. Any information would be appreciated.

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something to remember

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER *

By

Margaret Hamilton, Mazenod, Saskatchewan

For 44 years, the piece of Canada most interesting to me has been the half-section farm to which I came as a war-bride in 1920. The horse-and-buggy age was still with us then. Community life moved within the small circle of the local school district. Hitching rails had not disappeared from the Main Street. Livery barns were not dead. Saturday night crowds thronged stores and sidewalks in every little town.

Ford School, 2569 in the records of the province, gave its name to our community. Mazenod was the post office for most of us. And I thank the kind fate that set me down among such truly admirable neighbours.

This part of south central Saskatchewan had been thrown open for homesteading in 1906-1907. "Thrown open" is an apt expression. It suggests a land waiting with open arms to receive settlers--settlers from anywhere. Our particular community was a good representative mixture:- "down-easters" from Ontario, Frenchmen from Quebec, one Empire-Loyalist, Swedes, Germans from the northern United States, a sheepherder from Oregon, representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and even a Channel-Islander.

Some were "escaping", some were perennial drifters, and others were truly seeking "a land flowing with milk and honey." Most had known honest, hard work, a few had been exposed to culture, in larger or lesser degree, and the odd one intended to make money as quickly as possible and enjoy its benefits elsewhere.

Since these newcomers must depend on each other for company and co-operation, their idiosyncrosies were soon revealed and accepted. The heterogeneous collection became a community, a kind of community "special" to the prairie, such as will not occur again in the development of Canada.

Already the second generation has experienced the levelling-off process through inter-marriage and through the pressures of living from childhood under common conditions.

In the earlier years bachelors predominated, only waiting for opportunity in the form of an eligible school teacher or a local girl

* Thanks to Mrs. Phyllis Zado for making this available.

growing to marriageable age, to change their status. It was these same bachelor homesteaders who added colour to local affairs.

Old Charlie persisted in wearing the same wide-brimmed flat black hat he had worn in Oregon. He always addressed the ladies as "Ma'am." His horses were always in wonderful condition because of his conviction that they have time to stand content for fifteen minutes after their oats were eaten before being hustled out to work. Winter and summer he was up and doing to achieve this end. His tall, spare frame altered very little. Two meals a day was plenty for him in the winter. He was a specialist on prunes. Cook them in the oven for hours--no sugar! Finally at the age of seventy he sold his land and in his model T set out to cross the Rockies to his native Oregon. And, "Mirabile dictu," considering his abysmal ignorance of the internal combustion engine, he arrived--without incident. His teeth were still perfect; it was said he could bite a nail through, and rip a deck of cards across.

Good-tempered Jim Mooney could always oblige with an energetic sand dance at the house-parties, or lick his pals into shape as a baseball team when necessary.

George Burns and Denny Townsend brought a little of the "professional" touch into their singing, carefully muffling their throats in preparation for any performance. B. occasionally brightened things up by appearing in his pearly suit, plentifully decorated with buttons--the same professional suit he had worn on the fair circuits in England.

William H's Scottish tongue was quite a contrast. His contribution was the rendition of a few famous Harry Lauder songs, complete with patter and some of the beautiful Scotch ballads. His brother Frank's accordian made music for many a good dance. Frank was one of the few bachelors who evolved a successful method of keeping the "sponge" warm overnight when making bread. A candle at the bottom of a barrel and the pan of dough well above it, the whole covered snugly with a blanket or quilt, would keep the mixture lively and ready for the final kneading in the morning.

Harry B's famous "temper" was almost belied by his flashing smile, until one realized, as did Little Red Riding Hood, that those same handsome teeth would be "all the better to bite you with!" Not that he ever did bite. He preferred instead to use his lumberjack muscles--pushing Mr. M's piano off the sleigh during a heated argument on the trail.

Then there was Theodore, who avoided housework like the plague. The walls of his shack were years deep in calendars and magazine pictures. The ashes dripped unheeded from his overflowing ash-pan to burn his floor through by slow degrees. No patch lasted long for the same process was repeated over and over again.

The best stories come from these earlier years:-

The Mountie trying to shine in polite society, who tripped in the doorway with a tray of Mrs. F's best cups and saucers.

The bachelor called upon to make bannock for the assembled company, who put epsom-salts in place of baking soda, and who had diplomatically disappeared when the bannock was eaten.

William H. seeing a couple of lady visitors home in the dark night--just a mile and a half--and with a poor sense of direction and a poorer lantern, wandering until daybreak with a disgruntled and tiring female on each arm, still finding himself three miles from their destination when the sun rose.

Stout Mrs. Roebatcher, relying on stone boat and ox for transportation, who caused a neighbour to remark that when she came into view sitting solidly on her box, it took her all day to get out of sight.

The Beau Brummel who sewed his own blue denim overalls and jacket, stopping his outfit of horses by a slough on a blistering summer day, walking into the water up to his knees, scooping up a drink in his large straw hat, and with a final flourish filling it once again to put on his head, and walking away cool and dripping.

Our neighbour Kenny McLennan deserves a chapter to himself. He lent colour and notoriety to the whole district.

Kenny came from Applecross, near the Isle of Skye. He was a veteran of the South African war, and he played the bagpipes well, hence his title--the Pipe Major. His two enemies were poker and whiskey. Poker lost him his four handsome oxen, and later a team of good horses. Whiskey whittled away at him for thirty years, until his creditors foreclosed, and he walked off a good half section of land with just one hundred dollars.

Our farm yeards were adjacent--only separated by the barbed-wire fence. There wasn't too much about our colourful neighbour that we didn't know, especially since he loved a game of "500" and literally wore himself a path across the prairie to our door. When drinking he kept strictly to himself, or went to town. We never saw him any way but clean-shaven and tidy, with his military moustache clipped and waxed.

Occasionally he started-up "a still," a fact well advertised if the wind were in the right direction. One uneasy afternoon a neighbour brought over a visitor from Moose Jaw, none other than the customs and excise officer. We sat together a good long time on the shady side of the house, where the breeze brought all kinds of interesting messages from Kenny's direction. However, the visit ended without any reference to the matter, and we all breathed easier.

Years later he manufactured a better still and devoted himself so thoroughly to the results that he lost interest in everything else--even in eating, and definitely in seeding his wheat, which is what he should have been doing.

His neighbours finished seeding and still Kenny stewed in his shack, just drinking.

Finally the men decided to act. They could not stand by and watch a neighbour lose his chance of a crop. Four or five of them together paid him a visit, poured the home made brew down a convenient gopher hole and sat him up against the sunny wall to air off and sober up.

My own share in this rehabilitation project was to send over a couple of meals a day until Kenny was again in shape to cook his own.

With their own implements and horses the men then worked and seeded Kenny's land. That fall our earlier seeded wheat was frozen, but ironically, Kenny's crop, being considerably later escaped the frost and produced a profitable harvest. "A fool for luck!"

Poker and drink were responsible for my own private feud with Kenny some years later.

This time he was drinking and playing poker in town. It was a hot summer. His horses had been without water for days. When asked in town who was looking after his horses he always answered, "Oh! Bill Hamilton." Now a farmer who has to pump water for ten head of his own horses, does not appreciate walking over to his neighbour's well and hauling up, with a pail, enough for another six head, especially when he has never been consulted about being a chore-boy, and more especially when their owner is acting the fool.

This time we decided to make a stand, and sent word to Kenny to this effect.

William would have weakened when the horses tongues began to swell. The men were saying that Kenny should be reported to the police. However, nothing was done, and I could no longer stand the sight of the animals running hopefully to the fence each time I pumped drinking water at our own well.

Kenny refused to come to the phone when I called the "poker-dive," so I sent him an ultimatum--he could be home in an hour to look after his horses or I would phone the police! The hour passed and no Kenny appeared, so once more I went to the phone and called the R.C.M.P. My knees began to shake and I almost hung up, for after all Kenny was our neighbour. But the thought of the horses was too much, and the idea of my husband sweating out this fool's chores raised my hackles, so I stuck it out and stated my case to the police.

In town someone strolled into the poker-dive and announced casually that the police were on the street. Kenny jumped up with, "My God, it's me he's after" and rushed out to find some way of getting home. He made it a few minutes ahead of the police who wasn't fooled by his story at all.

The two horses still in the barn were so weak that water had to be carried to them in pails, but eventually all recovered quite quickly.

The Mountie came over and wanted to "prosecute" but all I wanted was to get Kenny home to look after his horses, and I hope, to learn a lesson. So after a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie, the prosecution idea was dropped.

For two weeks Kenny never came over; I was wondering what his reaction would be. It was quite a surprise. One day he appeared at my door all clean and shaved, with moustache waxed and clipped. With a lop-sided grin he said, "Mrs. Hamilton, only a friend would have done what you did." But--he never left his horses again unattended.

Finally when the loan company got tough he packed his good clothes in his suitcase, and without a word to anyone, he disappeared.

Not one of his old neighbours but wished him well, in spite of the shake of the head and the muttered "Too bad!"

It was a sad sight when we finally went over to his place to see his bag pipes mouse-eaten and rotted, flung into a corner of his granary.

Most of the original bachelors settled down happily enough to married life, with one notable exception. In this case, in spite of the man's unsavoury reputation, the attractive girl in the bank was persuaded to marry him, only to find life so unbearable that she put an end to herself by taking gopher poison. The rumours and under-currents of this ugly affair were still agitating the district when I arrived. Though acquitted by the law, the man disappeared. His farm was sold. The girl's grave in the local cemetery is unmarked and forgotten. Not many could now recall even her name.

The married women of the early years deserve special mention. Not only did they cook and provide for their own families, but more or less took the "bachelor-housekeepers" under their wing, baking their bread, welcoming them for meals at any old time, and tending them when they were really sick. A common arrangement was that a bachelor would buy a hundred pound sack of flour for his chosen "cook" who then proceeded to use it as her own, giving her bachelor dependent such bread as he needed until the sack was used up.

All visitors, many of them travelling salesmen, were welcomed

with a meal or at least a lunch. Families floated round on pleasant Sunday afternoons knowing that wherever they called they would be welcome to a meal--without counting heads or considering the consequences! Invitations for family get togethers were issued during the winters when the hostess provided both food and entertainment, (and, incidentally, often found herself playing umpire and policeman to a dozen small "homesteaders"). Community ball games derived much of their attraction from the plentiful lunch boxes spread on the grass for everyone to share. One of the main features of the school dances and card parties was the lunch brought by these same busy cooks. When the not-too-frequent Box Social was announced a culinary climax was reached. A Pie-Social was another opportunity for the same skill. In the hard years, the School Picnic would have been without ice-cream if the "makings" had not been supplied by the local cooks.

A Fowl Supper was, of course, the greatest effort put forth by the ladies of the community. This event brought the community into comparison with similar feasts elsewhere and demanded the utmost. As everything, including the fowl, was donated in those days, the profits were considerable, in spite of second helpings demanded by growing children of all ages, who had generally been admitted at reduced prices.

However, the satisfaction obtained from a successful Fowl Supper was not measured in dollars and cents alone. Every community enterprise, from the Annual School Meeting, through the Annual School Clean-up, the Community Ball Games, the Christmas Concert to the Fowl Supper, was a challenge that brought out the hidden talents of the different individuals. The result was a growth of local pride, a sense of accomplishment, and a confidence willing to undertake more and better things.

Today the individual's interests reach out in a far larger circle, and are no longer concentrated on the strictly local scene. Only vestiges of the do-it-yourself age remains!

The Annual School Meeting was the place where the trustees came face to face with the very farmers whose money they had spent, and whose circumstances they knew so intimately. Problems were always personal, not smoothly professional as they are today. In an era when School Dances were often wild and woolley and literally full of "good spirits" we happened to have a board of trustees who disagreed violently with this prevailing attitude.

They closed the school for dances for a whole season and only allowed it to be used again on condition that there was no drinking, and thanks to their determined stand our community accomplished the impossible. Our School Dances became family affairs, where children learned dance steps from their parents, and where, in spite of the crashing chords, babies slept peacefully behind the piano. In fact, so solid was the pack of buggy-robes, blankets and sleeping infants, at times, that when home-time came the only way to extricate them was in reverse order--the last one out first, and the first one in, out last!

Maintenance work on the school was largely a local matter, done by the trustees themselves or by local "bees"--the men responsible for the outside and the women for the inside.

In spite of the physically hard work entailed in cleaning walls, woodwork, and windows and floors, the women always went home with a glow of satisfaction to soothe their aching muscles. Nevertheless, it was quite a relief when times improved and money was available to pay for this same work. Then the older boys could earn a few dollars by doing the disagreeable jobs such as cleaning the barn of a year's accumulation, or pumping out the septic tank. Some family or other would clean and decorate the school room for the same good reason--money! Even the janitor work and the water-hauling became paid jobs.

The Depression (and no class was more "depressed" than the prairie farmer) brought forth two of the most successful efforts in co-operation in the story of our community. One effort concerned a teacherage and the other produced a Young People's Club.

The teacher at this time was receiving nothing in cash, so paying for board was out of the question. I myself was the last to have the teacher, for a nominal fifteen dollars a month. Even this was not forthcoming until the government advanced funds later, thus enabling me to pay for a badly needed set of false-teeth. We got everything the hard way in those days!

When there were absolutely no offers to take the teacher, a ten by twelve bunk-house was moved into the school-yeard, and spruced up most ingeniously by donations of furniture and equipment, and by the skillful carpentering of George Walker. One teacher, incidentally, made history by having a four-table bridge party in the same ten by twelve!

Having obtained a shelter for the teacher the next step was to obtain food. The ladies held an emergency meeting in the school. Their solution was that each family in turn "feed" the teacher for a week. The agreement was that only such articles of food as the farm produced should be supplied, potatoes, bread, butter, milk, meat, eggs, etc., but most weeks a generous supply of home-baking found its way to the teacherage as well. The crisis passed, the government loan finally paid the teacher's back salary, but the teacherage remained in use until the school finally closed.

The Young People's Club was also born of desperation. The passing years and the hard times had put an end to the School Dances. Even the Card Party era had faded out, so that when times were hardest and money scarcest the community had a collection of "teens" and "twenties" with no money and no place to go for entertainment. Another meeting was held in the school and with a few suggestions from a young neighbour, experienced in this line, and with the co-operation of the teacher Tony Maas (Antonia Anna Mary Maas) we launched a winter programme. The trustees allowed the free use of the school every

second Friday evening. Each family gave twenty-five cents (sic) in cash to buy gasoline for the two hissing gas-lamps, which was all the actual cash needed. Coffee, sugar, cream, sandwiches and cake were provided according to the list. Every lunch time was a feast. At least we had butter and eggs to bake with.

With the Young People's own committee, and with myself and the teacher acting the part of "policeman-referee" we produced a routine for each meeting that lasted throughout the five years of the club's life.

First, something for the mind!--experiences of those few who had been "outside"--the stories of some of the best known operas,--debates and "stump" speeches, etc.

Second, games--both intelligent and boisterous.

Next, lunch and a sing song.

Last an hour and a half's dancing.

Don't forget that this was a community project, which meant that <u>every</u> young person was entitled to enjoy it. Since in a community there are always the shy ones, the unpopular ones, the bumptious, and those who consider themselves superior, it was necessary to adhere to a few rules.

The success of this young-people's affair can be attributed to the fact that these rules were thought out <u>before</u> things started, and were <u>not</u> the result of unhappy situations. The young people themselves deserve great credit, too, for submitting to restrictions that were quite unpleasant at times. Perhaps without being conscious of it, they acknowledged to themselves that the satisfaction of the whole group must come first, or we should cease to be a community.

Here are a few of the rather galling restrictions accepted with good grace.

No malingering in the porch.

<u>Everybody inside</u> the school itself.

Everybody (but everybody) join in the games.

Partners quite often chosen by lot to rescue the "unpopulars."

Calling "Ladies Choice" if the poor dancers had been left sitting-out too long. (The need for this had been talked over by the "gentlemen" and had been agreed upon by these good sports).

The dance music was supplied by anyone who could play anything,

with a chorder at the piano, generally myself.

Harold Williams played a good loud mouthorgan, Donald and Norman Martin could do ditto. Orville Mytrocn had his accordian. Edward Walker and Frank Hamilton played violin and mandolin. With all these willing musicians to take a turn no one needed to miss many dances. No building, I am sure, has "rocked" with more truly hilarious laughter or resounded to the beat of happier dancing feet than our old Ford School. The real "Whoops" was reached whenever the caller shouted, "Ladies join your lily-white hands, gents your black and tan." That no bones were ever broken was due more to good luck than good intentions!

Everything was left ship-shape by the 1 a.m. dead-line--dishes washed by members in turn, furnace shut off, lamps properly out, and horses hitched ready for home. There must be a lot of middle-aged (?) people right now who wonder if their children have half as good a time as they themselves did, in spite of all the expensive freedom enjoyed (?) by youngsters today!

School Ponies. It would be most unfair to leave the subject of the School without some appreciative reference to "school-ponies." For our part of the prairie their day is done, but once they played an essential part in our "scheme of things." Living near the school, as we did, I became very well acquainted with a variety of these animals and with an even greater variety of drivers, for some of these ponies travelled back and forth to school through the span of a whole family like Cole's Belle. It must be admitted that through the years the horses show much more intelligence than did their drivers. Some curious pictures come to mind. I see blocky little Mike, a most determined character, foiling all attempts of the Martin boys to make him take a short cut across a large and tempting spring sloo'. There was the young day-dreamer with the lines trailing round his horse's feet, quite unconscious that Belle had left the road and was treading a maze between the stooks--making a bee-line for home.

Now it is Queenie on those cold winter days trotting along at a good clip with an apparently empty cutter. We knew, however, that under that hump of buffalo-robe in the bottom of the rig was Vera, warm and sheltered, trusting her pony to take her home. The big grey work-horse galloping across the field is Nell. Though she looks solid enough to carry a knight in armour, it is just young Dot who is riding her bareback with a sack of oats flapping at one side and a bag of school books at the other--a real rider! The Coopers and their neighbours left everything to their horse as they literally "rocked" along the road in their closed cutter made of slats and binder canvasses. No wonder there were those parents who thought the open cutter was safer, in spite of the extra cold. And there was the poor horse that got beaten over the head with the halter when its owner thought no one could see. Alas! It takes all kinds to make a world! Some horses' names I have forgotten, but one, never! It belonged to a family in the next school district. I happened to be there when school came out. Five children piled into the waiting buggy. Then the thinnest, boniest horse I have

ever seen was hitched between the shafts with various pieces of string, wire and leather. "All aboard," and the driver's stick came down with a whack. Without any sense of the hilarious incongruity of the name he yelled, "Giddup Dynamite!"

Fire, that menace of this dry prairie country, played havoc with us, as with other communities. First, the thick prairie "wool," that accumulated growth of endless summers, was the great hazard. Many a wandering line of overturned sods bore eloquent testimony to some farmer's frantic efforts to head off a prairie fire with his breaking-plough.

Later, the stubble fields proved just as great a hazard. The stealthy cigarette or the spark from exhaust or smoke-stack at threshing time was all that was needed to let loose the demon. Before we learned the error of our ways, burning straw-stacks and stubble was a legitimate and exciting pastime. Kenny, our neighbour was playing this particular game when the wind took a hand and burned out his pasture, our pasture, our barn and a pile of fence-posts that were to have fenced the home quarter. No insurance! Seeing our neighbour firing his straw-stack in the field, our own three-year old climbed up to the top shelf of the cupboard for the matches and set alight the stack of oat-sheaves in the yard. Though the fire was roaring like a furnace under the granary, when I discovered it, thank heavens the good old fire-extinguisher did its job. Very often a fire had to run its course, regardless, as when we had to stand by helplessly and watch a neighbour's granary burn itself out and collapse over the charred wheat within it. Or, when another neighbour, using coal-oil to start the kitchen stove, set the house ablaze. He was hopelessly trapped inside while his wife and children stood in the snow watching the tragedy. The above-mentioned happy-go-lucky Kenny casually threw out his hot ashes on a windy day and set the corner of his shack alight. The fire started under the building where there was no way to check it, yet there was ample time to move out every last stick of his belongings and even time to take out the windows. Just south of our own district a farmer had driven his team and buggy to the store, seven or eight miles away, leaving his two children to herd the cattle. Turning homeward he saw the ominous roll of smoke right in line with his farm and his children. Lashing his horses he raced them frantically toward home where he realized his fears were groundless. The children had seen the fire approaching and both they and the cattle were safe. But when he pulled up the team in his own yard both animals dropped dead, so dreadful had been the pace!

Fear of gas-lamps and coal-oil lamps made many parents nervous of leaving children alone. So families visited "en masse" until the eldest reached what was considered a responsible age. The first time we left our family of three, the eldest was twelve years old. To ease the situation we were to visit a farm from whose kitchen window we could see the light in our own. Instructions were given and promises made that the light should go out at 9:30. It was with the greatest satisfaction and relief that I saw the light disappear and could comfort

myself with the thought of my three "angels" going dutifully to bed.

John Barber not too many miles away was burning stubble with the harrows behind his tractor, when the wind changed direction. Trying to save the tractor, his clothes caught fire, and though he managed to walk to the house, he only survived that heroic effort by a few hours.

(Ball Games) Soft Ball.

Our community ball games were a life-saver during the hard years. By sheer good luck the neighbour who owned the yard most suitable for this purpose, was a man who particularly loved playing "mine host." Whether in his house, or his yard, or for that matter as leader of a berry-picking or an exploring expedition in the interesting country to the south of us. He had land in two adjoining school districts, so families from Ford and Advance, and even Weston School came together every second Sunday afternoon between seeding and harvest, complete with large boxes of "lunch." This food ensured a second game after supper. Thank goodness the Thermos had not yet become popular, for it was Geo. Boll's delight to preside over the boiler of coffee simmering on the stove in one of his granaries. He took a pride in having his yard mowed and tidy, so that we could spread our rugs and blankets on the grass in the shade of his tall poplar grove. Here we enjoyed an hour's eating and visiting, happily sharing whatever we had with all and sundry, which was a blessing to bachelors or chance visitors. Litter was carefully gathered up into empty lunch boxes and our host's yard left as tidy as we found it. We even accumulated a few benches so that the elders could watch the games in comfort. These games were soft-ball at its best. Young, old, male or female all had a chance sometime during the day, but when "the boys" decided to choose sides, the spectators settled down for a real treat. Not for money, not for prestige, but simply because they couldn't help it. They gave everything they had to those games--the epitome of good sport!

The community certainly owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to George and Hilda Boll for the use of their house and yard on those memorable Sunday afternoons stretching through so many summers.

Most individuals had some gift to add to the general well-being of the community--Mr. Wiltse who was no sport at all, but made it has business to keep our Church Service going each summer in the school. The spectacular new churches of modern suburbia leave me cold, when I think of the group that went home from that small country school service, as happy and satisfied as the sophisticated crowds that fill these elaborate edifices. "Where two or three...."

There was Mr. Townsend following Mr. Wiltse as school secretary and keeping meticulously accurate records.

Morris Cole and George Rogers, both splendid "callers" whenever square-dances were in order.

Bill Ager--a real fiddler, if ever there was one. Poor indeed were the feet that couldn't dance to that beat. When Bill appeared in the doorway with his fiddle-case a kind of gentle hush fell on the noisy lunch crowd, and he walked the length of the school in an appreciative silence. It was a tribute to his skill and his generousity, for in the hard times he gave us these wonderful hours without any hope of financial reward.

Charlie Lanceley and his wife both full of music--Charlie's repertoire consisted of only two songs, "The Preacher and the Bear" and "The Saucy Little Bird on Nellie's Hat." It speaks volumes for Charlie's personality and his really fine bass voice that we never tired of either of these songs though we knew every word by heart. However, it was into hymn-singing that Charlie put his all. Everyone waited to hear his "Up from the grave He arose" in the Easter service. It was by the bridge of music that he crossed to the other world. Listening to the Messiah on the radio at Christmas time, he remarked after one of the wonderful choruses, "Wasn't that grand?" closed his eyes, and died in his chair.

Mrs. Lanceley loved to sing (and play) the well known Scottish songs from her native land, though her favourite, "The Rose of Tralee" came from Ireland. A wonderful couple to have in our community. Unfortunately, not for too many years. They moved to better fortune in Victoria.

Tom Martin, always ready to go 'round collecting, when tragic sickness or accident or fire brought a family face to face with financial disaster.

George Walker using his skillful hands in so many ways--"sweepers" to clean off the ice on his pond for the young people of the community, "cupboards" for the school and for the teacherage. And again the same George Walker ploughing through the ten miles of almost impassable muddy roads to take the whole quota of school children to the special train when the King and Queen were to visit Regina. No other car but his Cadillac could possibly have made the gruelling trip after the terrible rain. Jim Tysdal delighted to umpire any or all local ball games, serious as a judge and equally impartial. Jack Martin--with his one arm doing everything that other men did with two, harnessing and working his horses, milking his cows, playing cards (with his cards face down on the table)--we never could figure out his "system" hammering and sawing in a most professional manner, (it was an eye-opener to watch him "set" the nail ready to hammer it in, holding it between his first and second finger with the hammer head behind it. One smart jab and there it was, all set to hammer in solidly!) What a good berry-picker he was too, even if he did spread a little more juice over his face than most folk, when he was in a hurry. Imagine yourself clamping a handful of juicy berries across your mouth every few minutes! It was all part of the fun of berry-picking. And how many happy days we neighbours spent doing just that, often with George Boll

as our guide in the coulees.

The trees along the meandering Wood River and the coulees of Wood Mountain provided the nearest available picnic spots. For a while the Stoneherge Beach on Twelve Mile Lake was popular. We felt quite sophisticated there with diving-raft, water-chute and a few boats. Unfortunately the water level of the lake dropped and the beach lost its attraction.

Wood Mountain never lost its charm. We felt bad when the Old Pole Trail was surveyed out of existence, but our camp-site on the old Hoffman ranch is part of our family history. How refreshing to the soul to look up at the hills again, to sit in the shade of the trees, and to see once more the streams of running water, no matter how small! To eat bacon and eggs well flavoured with wood ashes--to keep the butter and milk cool in the little stream, and to wake to the tingling cold of the morning and the comfort of a fresh campfire! To visit again the favourite spots, particularly the hill-top where the rock outcrop was carved with names and initials of other mountain (?) climbers. To remember and to laugh at our only near tragedy when, in our absence, our campsite was invaded by thirteen pigs--thirteen, because we counted them next morning when they came reconnoitering in the bushes, hoping for another good day! Thank goodness they left the bedding rolls intact and concentrated on the food and equipment. Soap-powder and pancake flour both went the same way, bread, butter, bacon too! Spoons, forks, knives, pie-tins, cake-tins, cooking utensils all well dented and bent by teeth and feet! However, most of this could be hammered back into usuable shape, while a visit to the local store filled up the larder again. On the credit side we had a real "do-you-remember" story that will never lose its appeal.

School Teachers

The School teachers in our small community had a rather exaggerated importance for several reasons. They came from "outside," they brought variety. They were material for endless criticism, debate or appreciation (as the case may be). If they were of the feminine gender they caused quite a flurry among the bachelors. They constituted a kind of serial T.V. programme.

Qualified teachers were scarce in early home-steading days, and several "characters" had come and gone before I arrived. I remember first Annie Macdonald from New Glasgow and Tina McLean from Sydney, Nova Scotia. Both were capable teachers staying happily in our midst in spite of very limited social life. They were delighted with their salaries $2500 and $3000 quite high by their Maritime standards. (I am quoting from memory, but believe I am correct). Increased enrollment brought problems that the succeeding teachers found more and more difficult to solve. After Phyllis Turner left, trouble multiplied--family feuds at recess and noon that disregarded the bell, disrespectul pupils kicking the football with unfailing accuracy at the teacher's

back as she entered the school door, an unquenchable obsession for throwing paper darts, and worse still, an era of mud-slinging, right in the school room. This situation was heart-breaking for the two who tried so hard and had such good ideas, but were totally unable to put these ideas into practice because of disciplinary problems. Teachers and parents were too far apart! However, J. Maud Hill came along and straightened everybody and everything out--a wonderful, peaceful time. Next occurred what might be termed the Golden Age, when two men teachers, Gordon Campbell and Edwin Swenson gave our children a schooling second to none in that category--all for a merely nominal salary, owing to the Depression! John Browne made everyone happy for just one year, before joining the R.C.A.F. and perishing overseas, Alas! Alas! The end came in the '40's with one of our own young people teaching in the school where she had started as a "grade one." Bernita Tysdal closed the school with only six pupils on the register. Good-bye, Ford School.

Dirty Thirties

Though now long past and buried by the strata of happier years, the Dirty Thirties will always remain a kind of common denominator for those who lived through them. We shall recognize one another as members of the same brotherhood as long as we live. The dust, the drought and the depression of those years made us almost a people "apart," and the most grinding of these was the dust!

Perhaps those who had to part with their cattle or see them starve to death, would say that the drought was the worst. In our community we did manage to keep enough cattle for family use, at least, though it meant russian thistle instead of grass and rye in place of oats--we were fortunate! "Relief" at eight dollars a month for a family of five left nothing for unessentials, so it was small wonder that the newly established flour-mill in Assiniboia was kept busy grinding the farmer's own wheat for flour, and that the local coal mines selling lignite coal at two dollars a ton were working overtime. It must be stated here, in protest however, that no one who had to burn lignite coal in household stoves will ever want to see it again!

The relief cars coming into every little town from other provinces were a God-send, even giving us a lesson in christian charity as priest, minister and the inevitable "grabbers" tried to evolve a system of fair distribution. From the eastern provinces came clothes, and home-canned produce. The most delicious jam of my experience was a quart of home-made black-currant jam from Ontario. British Columbia sent box cars of apples, thrown in loose, like grain. By the time the men-folk had used scoop-shovels to fill their sacks, the damage was pretty extensive. However, the damaged ones were quickly eaten, or canned as applesauce, while the sound ones were carefully put away to be kept as long as hungry children could make them last. Thousands of them found their way into school lunch boxes, often rationed to half an apple per head. One neighbour, looking at a bowl of the

choicest ones with new eyes, remarked "Who would cook such beautiful apples?" Of course, from the nutritionists point of view she was right too. And I must add that I seldom murder a bright and glossy Mackintosh Red to stuff into an apple pie without hearing again Mrs. Walker's question.

From down east too, came box cars of (long) dried fish, cheese and beans, wonderful protein foods, but "whether" or "what" to do with those discoloured, unappetizing flaps of fish was a matter for debate and discussion. They would have made good shingles or durable shoe-soles! Nevertheless, by soaking and trimming, and doctoring with good parsley-sauce, they were gratefully eaten by the majority. Potatoes came in car-loads too, many of them alas!, in the winter, so that no matter how well-covered in the sleigh or how fast the horses were driven home, some were bound to freeze before they got down the cellar. All were gratefully received, just the same!

Relief hay, relief feed--so many trips to town!

But now back to that Dust!

It is true that the dust had lifted from our fields and filled the air occasionally even before the thirties, but in the thirties it became better organized, as it were. It became part of our way of life! Never, until this era had we seen those menacing, grey rollers rise up over the western horizon, and advance steadily over the clear afternoon sky--forerunner of a wind that had not yet reached us. We soon learned what to expect. Uncertain, fretful gusts of wind reached us. Writhing masses and dark caverns of swirling dust were revealed as the solid grey obliterated more and more of the clear sky. Then the full force of the battering wind moved in and we were literally, in the thick of it.

My own first encounter with one of these "five o'clock specials" was certainly a unique experience in my life.

True we had talked of soil-drifting and blowing dust, but by that we had meant what we saw lifting in spirals and streamers from particular pieces of our own fields. Now, on a calm summer afternoon to look out casually and see this strange, solid-grey phenomenon, of unrecognizable material, slowly and implacably moving toward us from the west, left me without answers. This was one time in my life that I faced the absolutely unexplainable. I reconciled myself to the end of the world!! (How ridiculous that sounds now, nevertheless it was so!) I even went so far as to call the children to sit with me on the couch to face the ordeal together, wondering just where, under that darkening sky, was the man of the house with his horse and his plough. However, I had barely time to accept the "Crack of Doom" idea before the rising wind and the nearer approach of the monster revealed its true nature. Now, I feared, not the end of the world, but the end of our house. Sand and straw and debris battered the walls and rattled at

the windows while the deep roaring blasts tried to uproot the house from its very foundations, sounding like nothing so much as the solid thump of storm-waves on the hull of a ship. I later discovered that my neighbour and her three children down the road had waited out the storm huddled under the collapsed side of a chicken-house, emerging eventually with blackened faces and with clothing and hair bristling with straw and bits of everything.

Some of these storms were violent and brief, calming down at sunset. Others blew without let-up for two and three days, occasionally even gaining in intensity during the night. But long or short, that sneaking black roll on the western horizon was their trade-mark.

The effect on crops and even trees was devastating. The earlier sifting and lifting had often cut back the emerging wheat, but these later storms began to move the whole face of the prairie. Dust piled around every obstacle encountered--around russian thistles, clumps of buck brush and golden rod, around pieces of machinery and at the worst around the buildings. The tumbling thistles that had caught in the wire fences proved a perfect trap for the moving earth. Many fences disappeared completely--posts, wire, everything!--buried under drift-banks half a rod wide. Leaves were rasped from growing trees. Tumbling weeds piled head-high against the west side of older, taller groves, making a heart-breaking sight for the farmer who had tended the trees. Dust caught in these weeds again piling literally tons of drift-dirt in some shelter-belts.

How we longed for rain! We are among that minority in this world who can truly appreciate what that sentence means. But rain was scarce those years, and at best could only halt the dust for a very little while. We had "sown the wind" when we so lightheartedly burned our stubble-fields and when we so enthusiastically disked and re-disked our wonderful soil. Now we were literally, "reaping the whirlwind." Dark clouds rolled low across the sky; clouds that in other years would have meant certain showers, but which now raced overhead without hope of rain--"the empties going home," as one farmer said. Even thunderstorms shed no rain. Field work was impossible during these blows and animals must certainly have eaten their "peck" of dirt, as they struggled to live on the withered and dusty herbage.

This was the state of things <u>outdoors</u>. <u>Indoors</u> the situation was almost beyond endurance at times. In spite of wet cloths on window-sills and ledges, dust sifted in thick. It oozed in under the shingles and lodged in the attic in piles. Often it obliterated the pattern on the floor linoleum, and covered the table with such a film that dishes picked up after a meal left a clean patch underneath them. Bedding had to be shaken each night in hopes that the storm might die. Floors must be swept--but how? After the worst blows the shovel could be used first, then the broom (a most unsatisfactory tool to cope with dust) and, most effective, a cloth sprinkled with coal-oil. Water was a last resort, mostly producing nothing but dirty streaks. Dishes and cupboards had to be cleaned again. Every sill

and shelf swept and washed. The T.V. soap commercials could really have "gone to town" in coping with the laundry of those days.

No wonder many farmers lost hope and moved north! The wonder is that so many found stamina and determination to stay. Perhaps the very uncertainty of the attacks gave us hope--hope that this particular blow might be the last. Though we never knew when the next strom would come, we had, through hard experience, learned a few probabilities. The onslaught came from the west or northwest. The storms occurred oftener in the heat of the late afternoon. They were more frequent in spring and early summer and did not often appear at harvest-time, "Misery still loves company." Undoubtedly, a common affliction lightened the mood in some degree. There were even jokes about the situation, but they sounded pretty grim after a while. Nothing could entirely remove that awful knot in the stomach at the sight of yet another dirty "blow" rolling in from the west.

However, with the return of the rains and with the new cultivation methods, we made a comeback--both our friends and ourselves. As the poet says, "it was a long gorge" and needed "toil of heart and knees and hands" but we won through to the "far light" that shone once more on stable earth and happy harvest. We learned the hard way, but learn we did! No more stubble-burning! No large summerfallows! Put away the double disk! Leave the trash on top! Plant trees! One badly blown quarter-section was, for a few years, struck out in ten acre strips, crop and summerfallow alternating. This, of course, was extreme, so much so that when the government's aerial survey of our district was examined, we had a visitor from the "Department" to investigate the queer striped pattern of our farm.

The price was still to be paid. Arrears of taxes, relief-seed, relief-feed, mortgage loans unpaid--all had to be faced. The number of lapsed Life Insurance Policies must have been "Legion". The two, in our own case were cashed in to send the eldest to the School of Agriculture--salvaged just before they became worthless.

Still the children went to school, even through high-school, (without cars!) getting every experience the hard way, though never realizing that this was so.

This was the generation that "did without" that "rode the rods" and that eventually toughened the South Saskatchewan Regiment and made up the crews of the R.C.A.F. and that now (such as are spared) form the back-bone of our western and even our national affairs.

As one worried mother remarked, when troubled about the behaviour of teen-agers with too much money, too much freedom, too many cars--"What we need is another good old depression."

Perhaps! But, please! Without the Dust!

QUERIES

WALLER
BUFFINGTON

Evelyn Ballard, 223 Ruth Street, Saskatoon, Sask., S7J OK9 would appreciate information from anyone who has knowledge of Israel Waller and Ann Buffington, her 3rd great grandparents. Isarel Waller was born about 1734 and died Sept. 1798, Royalton, Windsor, Vermont, U.S.A. Ann Buffington was born 1743 at Fall River, Mass., U.S.A. and died May, 1826, Royalton, Windsor, Vermont, U.S.A. They were married about 1760. She would like names etc., of their parents and other descendants.

* * * *

BELL
STRETTON
DRURY

AUSMAN
DOAN
RUSSEL

Mrs. Beatrice May Fraser (nee Bell), Box 97, Glaslyn, Sask., SOM OYO is compiling a family history of Bell, Stretton and Drury families of Oro Station, Ontario and Barrie Ontario, location known as Bells' Corners. Ernest Drury and Charles Drury were premiers of Ontario and B.C. at one time. Also looking for names, dates and places of the Ausman or Asman families, Doans and Russel families. All she knows about the Russels is that Lady Mary Russel (her mother's great grandmother) was sent to Canada by Lord John Russel on business for the English government. She died in Ontario and is buried at Sharon, Ontario. Any help appreciated.

* * * *

FUMERTON

Mrs. Leslie A. Wenman, 15012 - 62 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, T5A 2B5 would like information on her maternal great grandmother who was Jane Fumerton who married David Robertson and were believed to have lived around Owen Sound or Corton Place, Ontario. Most of the family of David, Isabelle, Duncan, Jacobina, Drew, Jessie Helen Selby Arnot and Marion Elizabeth were thought to have been born in Ontario. Although the last two may have been born in Sask. after the family came west in the 1880's. Jane Fumerton may have had brothers named John, James and Archibald but unsure if there were sisters. Any suggestions or information appreciated.

* * * *

BALLARD
DAY

Evelyn Ballard, 223 Ruth Street, Saskatoon, Sask., would like to hear from anyone who has knowledge of Marion Ballard or her descendants. She was born about 1839, died ? March 1926, and buried at Nickolville, New York State. She was married to ? Day. Her father was Jeremy Ballard (not sure of correct spelling of first name). She was a cousin of her grandfather Edward Sothwick Ballard and was the last of her family to die.

* * * *

AMEY

Miss Harriet Purdy, Box 713, Balcarres, Sask., has in her possession an Amey family Bible. Nimmo Amey, born 6 Aug. 1860 was a cousin of Walter and Russel Purdy. Thought to have gone to B.C. Married? Family? Would be interested to hear what became of this person.

* * * *

ALSEMA
ALTINK
BUIST

Willy Randall, Kenaston, Sask., SOG 2NO would like information on any families listed to the left of this column. Jan and Willemina Altink emigrated from Groningen, Nederland to Michigan, U.S.A. after World War II.

* * * *

HAZZARD

Mrs. Charles W. McDonald of 6533 S. State Road, Iona, Michigan, U.S.A. 48846, would like assistance in finding lost kin folk. John Hazzard was the son of Joseph Hazzard and his wife Elsie of Modoc, Ont. He was a Boer War veteran and had land SW 30, TP 6, RGE 20, W 3, near Eastend, Sask. Would like contact with any descendants.

* * * *

WAKALUK

Mrs. Lucille Wakaluk of 12 Macfarlane Ave., Yorkton, Sask., S3N 2C6 would like help on the proper procedure for finding information about her father who was born in a small village near Kiev, Russia in 1882. Any help will be appreciated.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS TO THE SASKATCHEWAN GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

by JUDY THOMPSON, SGS LIBRARIAN

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FAMILY GROUP SHEET Generation.....Family.....

HUSBAND'S NAME _____

Residence _____

Date of Birth _____ Place _____

Date of Death _____ Buried _____

Date of Marriage _____ Place _____

Other wives _____

FATHER _____

MOTHER'S maiden name _____

Occupation _____

WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME _____

Residence _____

Date of Birth _____ Place _____

Date of Death _____ Buried _____

Date of Marriage _____ Place _____

Other Husbands' names _____

FATHER _____

MOTHER'S maiden name _____

Occupation _____ Religion _____

REF.	M F		BORN DAY MONTH YEAR	WHERE	DIED DAY MONTH YEAR	MARRIED TO DATE
	1.					
	2.					
	3.					
	4.					
	5.					
	6.					
	7.					
	8.					
	9.					
	10.					

SOURCE DATA AND NOTES:

CHART NO. .....

FAMILY UNIT

HUSBAND..... WIFE.....

Son of..... Dau. of.....

& wife..... & wife.....

Birth date..... Birth date.....

Place..... Place.....

Death date..... Death date.....

Place..... Place.....

Residence..... Residence.....

Occupation..... Occupation .....

Religion.....

other wives.....

Date of Marriage...

FAMILY UNIT (HB2)
Package of 50 sheets - $1.50
(includes postage.
(20 lb. bond paper)

M. F.	NAME (in full)	Birth Date	Death Date	Married to	NO.