UNDER THE CHINOOK ARCH

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the people of the Big Prairie, Cremona, Garfield and Water Valley districts.
1880 - Feb. 1979
Without their help this history-anthology could not have been compiled.

As for man his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place there of shall know it no more.
Psalms 103: 15&16

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Special thanks to Muriel Foster, Jean Eby & Wilfred Blain

FORWARD
By: Alice Whitlow

It has been my pleasure to compile the stories for this book and without the help of my friends and neighbors I could not have accomplished such a task. Many of these people spent a great deal of time writing up the articles and searching for long forgotten snapshots. It took the community working together to make this book possible, for no one person alone makes a book.

The material within this book is from the lives of the people who came from far off countries to settle near our Little Red Deer River, where many found life to be most rewarding. Those pioneers are now gone, but future generations have continued to remain here and make their homes. You, the community, can be proud of the spirit and friendship that still holds us here.

You are what the country is all about, and what happened many years ago will never be forgotten. You have kept together a land worth many millions in stories, and have not lost sight of the happy times, the sad times, and the joy of helping others.

May we continue to use our thoughts & our energies to help ourselves and others. Our community is proud to live "Under the Chinook Arch".

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PART 1

PEOPLE

H.B. ATKINS AND FAMILY

By Dorothy J. Shand

My father, Henry (Harry) Burns Atkins, was born at Leeds, Yorkshire, England in 1867. After graduating from York College in 1885 his activities centered around football and athletics. In 1888 he came to the Cochrane area and established a ranch about 25 miles north which later became known as the Cremona district. It was necessary to travel this far north as other ranchers had control of the land as far as the area which became known as Bottrel, and the John McKinnell Ranch was located directly north and west of Bottrel. To take control of a piece of land at this time a small remuneration was paid to the government.

As the availability of water was of utmost importance, Dad located his buildings near two excellent springs which continued to flow even in the driest years. Poplar trees in abundance prompted him to name this site "Poplar Grove". He erected an A-fence around his home pasture and raised Clydesdale horses in the early years. His mailing address was Mitford, Northwest Territories, Canada, but later in the 1890's it changed to Cochrane when the little settlement at Mitford west of Cochrane closed and Cochrane Post Office opened.

When the government declared the Cremona area open for homesteading my father filed with them and the SE¼4-30-4-5, where his buildings were located, became his homestead. He purchased three adjoining quarters of land.

Dad's sister, Frances Atkins, also born at Leeds, came to her brother's ranch in 1891. She later married Dan McNeil and lived on their ranch located north of the present hamlet of Dog Pound where Dan raised Aberdeen Angus cattle. Frances experimented with many new kinds of seeds and was well known for her flower garden. Uncle Dan passed away in 1928 at his ranch. "Dantie", as Mrs. McNeil was affectionately known to her nieces and nephews, visited in England for a time, and returned to live in Calgary where she passed away in 1948 at the age of 83 years. Uncle Dan and Dantie are buried in the Carstairs cemetery. I have never known the derivation of the name Dantie but can well imagine it being an adaptation of Auntie, and its use continued.

Dad's brother, William Atkins, from Leeds also, made his home on Dad's ranch for a time before embarking on world-wide expeditions. Uncle Will and his wife, Aunt Emily, have passed away. Their son, Donald of considerable self-made wealth, and his wife live in Vancouver, following his retirement.

Dad's pioneer life was lonely, fraught with danger and the endurance of many hardships but tremendously adventurous. The Indians became his friends but not before he had a few scary encounters. A gun was necessary for survival and he had placed it above the door for safe keeping. One evening when Dad was having a lonely meal of his own baking, the door opened and in slipped some Indians. He learned that above the door was not the place for his gun. Indians did not knock! But those Indians were friendly and by sign language he discovered they only wished to share his food and this they did many times.

Caught in a blizzard when riding from Mitford to his land Dad owed his life to his saddle horse. Its sense of direction led him safely home. Another time while sitting in his isolated shack, miles from anyone, he was astonished to hear a woman scream outside. But it was not a woman, only a nomadic lynx, perhaps curious about this intruder in its wild rangeland.

In 1895 Harry Atkins married Miss Jannet (Jessie) McEachen, sister of Donald McEachen of the Grand Valley district northwest of Cochrane. Jessie passed away in 1901 leaving two very young daughters, Mamie and Marjorie, and a new-born son, Henry (Harry) Burns Jr.. Harry's sister, Frances, and his Aunt Mamie who came from England to help, assisted in the care of his children. But tragedy struck again when Harry's daughter Mamie passed away in 1902 from pneumonia, at the age of six years. She and her mother are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

With his children nearing school age, and settlers beginning to arrive, my father began agitating for a school to be built nearby. A school was built one-half mile from his buildings and named Atkins in recognition of his pioneering in the area. I must note here that the school stamp, years later, was spelled Adkins due to the peculiarity of making the letter t by an official of the School Board. It was an error that should have been corrected but never was.

However, in 1904, Dad, Marjorie and Harry Jr. moved to Didsbury where Dad established a business which included Implements, Hay and Grain. The farmers for miles around, including Cremona, could buy J.I. Case threshing machines, Case steam Engines, and Cockshutt farm machinery from him. Dad owned one of the first cars in the area. He also built the first grain elevator in Didsbury in 1906. And through the years he maintained his land at Cremona.

1907. Ada Atkins riding Chiff.

Dad accumulated many mounted heads of animals and stuffed birds which he had shot himself. Among them was a deer head with a perfectly matching set of antlers, a snarling wolf head, and a lynx head with teeth bared. A stuffed owl had eyes that were always staring at me when I was a little girl. In later years my brother Jack donated two deer heads to the Cremona Hall which was a fitting place to display them.

In 1907, Harry Atkins married Miss Ada Doak from Hamilton, Ontario, who was teaching at Rosebud School near Didsbury. She had come West to visit a friend , liked the surroundings and stayed to continue her profession. As well as caring for Harry Jr. and Marjorie, Harry and Ada had five children: John, Eric and Rex (identical twins), Maxwell and Dorothy.

Dad was a Notary Public and Justice of the Peace for 12 years. He was a member of the Town Council of Didsbury for 4 years. In 1910 he was elected Mayor of Didsbury and served in this capacity for two terms. In 1915 Dad was elected Liberal Member of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, representing the Constituency of West Didsbury. He was also a member of the Didsbury Masonic Lodge.

But once more Dad's life was marred by tragedy. Fire struck the town of Didsbury. In that holocaust my father's accounting books and papers were destroyed. Times were good and he had given much credit to many customers. Only one man came to him to accept his responsibility to pay his debt and that gentleman had a large family and his money was scarce. My father took grain in payment of that debt when I was old enough to remember. The fire had taken place several years before I was born. It must have taken incredible faith and intestinal fortitude to carry on.

1913. H.B. Atkins with 4 of his 5 sons: Back row: Harry Sr., and Jr., Front row: l to r - Rex and Eric (twins) and Jack.

1914. Front seat l to r - Harry Atkins Sr. and Jr. with dog, Grit (Liberal). Back seat: l to r - Jack, Marie Chambers (friend) Eric, Rex and Marjorie Atkins.

In 1919 Dad returned with his family to his homestead at Cremona. I, Dorothy, the youngest child, was born two years later at the Didsbury Hospital. Dad was a member of the Anglican Church and taught Sunday School at the Atkins School.

My mother played our piano for Christmas concerts held at the Atkins School. In the late 1920's Dad was instrumental in organizing a High School which was held in the Hall (originally a cheese factory) at Old Cremona located about two miles southeast of the present village of Cremona. When the railroad came to Cremona in 1930 the Cremona townsite was located on Dad's land (NW¼ 3-30-4-5). My father would not be very happy with the CPR for their proposed closure of this railway spur line from Crossfield to Cremona in 1978.

A few years after the family returned to Cremona Marjorie went to live with her uncle Donald McEachen and his family in Grand Valley. In 1947 when I was married she returned to Cremona to live with her brother Jack until she married Rob Baptie. They lived in Calgary with Rob's daughter Ethel and son Bobby, from a previous marriage. Ethel married Tom Church who is now retired from the R.C.M.P. Tom, Ethel and their family live in Calgary where Tom is currently employed. Bob married Peggy Madill whose father was the American Consul in Calgary. Bob and Peggy and their children live immediately southwest of Cochrane. Rob passed away in 1976 and Marjorie passed away later that same year. They are buried in the Cochrane cemetery.

Harry Atkins Jr. worked in Calgary after 1920. He married Mary Wakaryk, a Calgary hairdresser formerly from Wayne, Alberta. From 1920 Harry was an accountant for Excelsior Collieries at Wayne. In 1941 he was employed with Drumheller Coal Operators Association and Castle Collieries. He was a member of Drumheller Masonic Lodge. After 1951 he was employed with McColl Frontenac Oil Co. at Weyburn, Sask. In 1953 Harry retired to Banff where he passed away that year. Mary resumed hairdressing in Banff until she retired. Mary passed away in 1977. She and Harry are buried in Banff. Their son John Maxwell is employed in Calgary and lives there. He married Margaret Driscoll of Calgary. The have two sons, Kim who is married and lives in Calgary, and Dan attending school there.

Jack Atkins received most of his schooling in Didsbury. He lived and worked on the family farm until it was sold during World WarII, then moved east of Cremona where he had built on his own land. Jack married Miss Marie Jones of Cochrane. They moved to Calgary in 1952 where Jack was employed with the city. They have one daughter, Ada Marie, who received her B.Ed. at the University of Calgary. After working at U. of C. she returned to school attending the U. of British Columbia where she received her Master of Library Science. She is employed at the U. of Calgary.

Eric and Rex, sometimes referred to as the gold dust twins, participated in foot races at Sports Days at Cremona and surrounding areas. Eric would very often win and many times they won the three-legged race. They both played baseball for Cremona during the era of the Bush League which included teams from all the surrounding districts. These ball games were of a very high calibre and much enjoyed by participant and observer. Eric and Rex attended High School at Old Cremona, worked on the family farm, and attended Normal School at Calgary becoming teachers.

Max also attended High School at Old Cremona which he entered at a very young age. He won an Oratorical Contest at Cremona while still very young. He spent many happy hours working with his home-made forge. Max trucked for various people eventually driving for Dench of Canada out of Calgary.

Jack, Eric, Rex and Max worked on threshing outfits in the fall of the year as many of the neighbors did. During the Depression of the 1930's a herd of milk cows helped to sustain the family farm. Our cream was shipped to Car-

stairs via the mail man. It graded 'table cream' thanks to excellent cold spring water which continuously flowed through the 'box' in which the cream can was almost submerged. Horses played a very important role in our lives with their many uses until tractors and more efficient machinery began to change the pace of the farmer. Pigs, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys all contributed to our livelihood. Wheat was sent to the mill to be made into various products. Hay and grain were grown and used for feed, as well as for sale, but it was done in a much more back-breaking method than today.

A large garden and wild fruit in abundance contributed to a varied diet. During the summer months an afternoon of fishing in the Little Red Deer River could add more variety to the meat which the neighborhood received from the 'Beef ring' every Saturday.

Eric, Rex and Max were Commissioned Officers in the Royal Canadian Air Force and served Overseas during World War II. Eric was invested with the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC) which he won during the war "for completing numerous operations against the enemy in the course of which he invariably displayed the utmost fortitude, courage and devotion to duty". Rex made an excellent recovery from a bout with malaria while serving in India. Max was a Flying Instructor at the Flying School at High River before going Overseas.

Eric married Dorothy Parker, nee Mayes, from Ontario, who had been a secretary. He is retired from his position with Emergency Measures Organization in Ottawa. They reside there with the exception of the winter months when they live in Florida.

Rex married Miss Rita Goodenough, a registered nurse from Hamilton, Ontario, where they resided until his retirement from the Customs Department of the Civil Service. They live near Lion's Head, Ontario except during the winter months when they live in Florida. Their son Charles, who has a B. Ed. degree, and their daughter Patti, who is a registered nurse, live in Burlington, Ontario, a suburb of Hamilton. Charles teaches High School. Both are married and Patti has one daughter. Rex and Rita's younger son James Maxwell passed away accidentally.

Max and Ardell Atkins with Maxine and Diana.

Max married Miss Ardell Haga, a stenographer who was employed at High River Flying School and later in Calgary. Ardell was raised near Vulcan, Alberta. They farm northwest of Vulcan and Max is a member of the Flying Farmers of Alberta. They have three daughters all residing in Calgary: Maxine (Mrs. J. W. de Gama) who has a B. Ed. degree from U. of Alberta and taught in Calgary before her marriage. Maxine and Jerry have two sons and a daughter: Diana (Mrs. Howard Parsons) who has a M.A. from U. of Alberta and worked in Edmonton and Toronto. She and her husband are employed in Calgary; and June, who trained at S.A.I.T. is currently enrolled at U. of Calgary majoring in Sociology. Max and Ardell have one son Gene attending high school at home.

I, Dorothy, attended Atkins school where I won the Bennett medal. In 1939 I received my high school diploma from Roosevelt High School in Seattle, Washington. While there I stayed with my mother's sister. During World War II my brother Jack and I looked after our parents and the farm at Cremona. I married George Shand, son of Mr. and Mrs. L.D. Shand, pioneers of the Bottrel district, where we farm. We have two sons, John and Brian. John completed high school at Westbrook School, graduated from S.A.I.T. and is a certified Petroleum Technologist. He is employed by an oil company in Calgary. John married Miss Janice Caithness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Caithness of Calgary. Janice graduated from the Foothills Hospital and is a Registered nurse. They have three sons, Craig, Travis and Mark. They live in Cochrane Heights, from where John commutes to his work.

Brian is a Professional Engineer after attending the U. of Calgary where he obtained a B. Sc. degree in Chemical Engineering. He is employed with a consulting firm in Calgary. He graduated from Cochrane High School with honors after Westbrook High School was closed in 1967 and the students were bussed to Cochrane. Brian married Miss Madonna Cadegan, daughter of Mr. Donnie Cadegan and the late Mrs. Helen Cadegan, of Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. Madonna attended University in Nova Scotia and the U. of Alberta in Edmonton where she received a Teaching Certificate. She taught school in Calgary and is currently employed with an Assurance company there. She, with her sisters and a brother, have made guest appearances singing on the T.V. network. Brian and Madonna reside in Calgary.

My father, H.B. Atkins passed away at his homestead at Cremona on September 28, 1941. His name is engraved on the Oldtimers Plaque in Calgary. My mother passed away April 28, 1945. Both are laid to rest in the Carstairs cemetery.

H.B. Atkins store in Didsbury. H.B. Atkins at right.

1944 Dorothy Atkins.

HS

H.B. Atkins - cattle and horse brand in 1890 -l.r -

FRITZ BACKSTROM

By Cora and Ed

Fritz Backstrom came to U.S.A. in 1910 at the age of 21 years, from Petei, Sweden. In 1911 he came to Jasper, Alberta and worked on the Grand Trunk Railroad, later moving to Evansburg on a homestead and worked in the coal mines there. He met Edith Dolly Seacoy and was married in July, 1917.

Fritz and Dolly 1917. Wedding picture.

One son, John Edward was born in 1920. A second son - Carl William in 1922 and a daughter - Cora Viola in 1923. Fritz and a neighbor, Mr. Larson, built covered wagons and moved them and their families from Evansburg to the Cremona area. Fritz bought land in 1925 in the Cremona area. A son, David was born in 1936. Fritz farmed in the Cremona area for 50 years, until retiring to Didsbury in 1971. Mrs. Dolly Backstrom passed away March 2, 1977. Fritz still resides in his own home at the age of 90 years, 6 months. He is still in fairly good health and gets around quite well.

BILL BAGNALL - Reeve of Mountain View

Reprint of this article by special permission from the editor, Carstairs Community Press. Written by Rosa Gorrill. 1976.

In his office hangs a citation commending his work within the United Nations as Deputy Director, displaced persons, for Germany and Czechoslovakia. He was also Procurement Officer for the Byelo-Russian Mission, Washington, D.C. He saw service with General Eisenhower's Headquarters in France, and with General Patton's Third Army in Germany.

His name is William John Louis Bagnall, affectionately known throughout the county as "Bill". He has served this county to the best of his ability, in many capacities, continuously since 1948. Bill Bagnall was born in Shrewsbury, England, and moved to Canada in 1926. Just fifteen years old at that time, he finished his education in Canada, and took additional training in Humanities and Liberal Arts at the University of Maryland.

He served with the Canadian Army Militia and the Canadian Army Active forces for 17 years, retiring from the services as Captain Adjutant. He was awarded the Canadian Forces Decoration and the Queen's Coronation Medal.

Mr. Bagnall was first elected to the Municipal District of Mountain View Council in 1948. The amalgamation with the Olds School Division occured in 1959; Mr. Bagnall recalls that four years later a plebiscite was held to find out if the arrangement was satisfactory. Apparently only 7 people signed opposing the amalgamation.

Mr. Bagnall has served as Reeve of the Municipal District and then the County of Mountain View, continuously since 1951. He has also been chairman of the school committee since 1961. He has been co-ordinator of the Mountain View Emergency Measures Organization since 1951, and he is the past chairman of the Agricultural Committee.

"We have extremely knowledgeable and interested ratepayers, generally speaking", he says, as he thinks back over his years as Reeve. His career has had its ups and downs: he recalls one formidable problem being the building of the Sundre hospital. Council and Reeve Bagnall felt at that time that the existing two hospitals should be upgraded rather than a third one built. 230 enraged ladies who felt otherwise descended en masse on the county offices. Reeve Bagnall comments, "They got their hospital"

When the decision was made to close the Hainstock and Harmattan schools, citizens took exception. Men and women moved into the administration building. Mr. Bagnall had the Mounties standing by. Wondering what to do, he phoned a lawyer in Calgary. The lawyer said the best course was to read the Riot Act. Reeve Bagnall searched frantically for a copy but could not locate one. Finally he escaped through a side door. The situation defused itself, and the schools were closed.

Presented with the Province of Alberta Centennial Achievement Award in 1967, Mr. Bagnall in many ways deserves recognition for his years of dedicated service in most areas of the County's and the province's development. He has been a member of the Board of Governors of the Red Deer Junior College from its foundation to the reorganization of the College Boards in 1970. He has been a member of the Alberta School Trustee's Association from 1968 to date. He has served on many Provincial educational committees, and is presently serving on the minister's municipal and school boundaries advisory committee.

Bill Bagnall was a "call out officer" after the war. Already involved in his county duties, he was camp commandant at Whitehorse in the 1950's for almost a year, during the northern exercise, "Sweet Briar".

Reeve Bagnall is a member of the Crossfield Lodge No. 48 AF of AM and also the Crossfield Lodge BPOE. He was president of the Cremona branch of the Royal Canadian Legion. He is also a director of Native Minerals Ltd., and has served as People's Warden of the Anglican Church of the Ascension at Crossfield for many years.

He was married in 1936 to Marjorie Louise Haney. The Bagnalls have three children: two girls and one boy. Since 1946 he has operated a 600 acre farm at Dog Pound. He says, "This is probably the best rural county in Alberta. We have tried to diligently administer the affairs of the people as best we can. The County is a crossroads at this time, with encroachment of urban people. I am sure that clear heads will prevail, and that the County of Mountain View will continue to be a good place to be part of."

"Appreciation Night", Oct. 28, 1977 at Cremona School was a special evening for Marjorie Bagnall who has taught there for many years and also served as librarian for several years. Mr. Jepson, Superintendent of Schools, told of Mrs. Bagnall's experiences in the early years in one room rural schools and up to the present time.

Cremona principal, Cliff Sorenson, spoke on behalf of himself and the school staff, relating Mrs. Bagnall's activities at Cremona school, not only in the classrooms and the library but at the staff meetings.

Brian Whitlow, a former student, spoke of the great influence she had on the pupils with whom she had associated. He said much could be learned in her classroom if the student so desired.

Vair Whitlow and Lynn Whittle reminisced on time spent in Mrs. Bagnall's classroom. Vair, making a dramatic entrance, made hilarious replies as Lynn asked him to recall various events. Vair, then more dignified, doffed his hat, removed his spectacles and he and Lynn wished their former teacher a healthy, happy retirement.

The Cremona School Teachers's Chorus, featuring Albert Stewart as lead singer, and accompanied by Linda Hogg on piano, presenting a song telling and humorous story of Mrs. Bagnall's career.

During the evening many excellent numbers were presented by the Luyendyk family, school pupils and songs by Vera McKinnon.

Mrs. Bagnall was invited on stage where several presentations were made; Ken Blain - on behalf of the Village of Cremona presented a sheaf of red roses, John Gerlach - on behalf of the A.T.A. presented a wrapped gift, Bill Denney - on behalf of the C.A.D.E.A. an engraved tray, her son Jon - on behalf of the family, a gift. Leanne Dumont was in charge of the guest book which was presented to Mrs. Bagnall also.

Mrs. Bagnall expressed her thanks and told of her first years of teaching and expressed the pleasure of having her family with her on this occasion, Mr. Bill Bagnall, Jon from Nelson, B.C.; Bonnie and family from Didsbury; Kim and family from Chilliwack, B.C. Mrs. Bagnall's sister and her husband from Calgary and David, her nephew and wife also from Calgary. She received a standing ovation and the audience sang "Auld Lang Syne" accompanied by the band. Refreshments were then served.

THE BAHM FAMILY

Told by Elsie Wright (Bahm)

My father, Adolph Bahm was born in 1863 in Germany. He came with his parents to America in 1866 and grew up on a family homestead near Imlay City, Michigan. In 1884 he married my mother, Augusta, and they lived in Michigan. Adolph suffered from asthma and needed a dryer climate and so after the birth of eight children, he decided to come to Canada to raise his family. He came to Alberta and bought a homestead, N.W. ¼S. 20, T. 30, R.4, W 5. (now Calvin Coleman's). Mother and family arrived by train in Carstairs, April 1905. Mother expecting me, her 10th child (3 had previously died). Her eldest daughter, Vina and her husband, August Nettnay were with them. They remained in Carstairs until a house could be built on the homestead. I (Elsie) was born in Carstairs in May 1905. My sister, Vina's baby was born in Sept. of that same year but it died and was buried on the homestead. Minnie was born in Alberta in 1907.

Times were hard and the family had to help with the work. My Mother never learned to read or write English, Dad could read English but only learned to sign his name. We milked cows but never had a separator. We used milk pans, like a low dishpan, poured the milk in, let it set and skimmed off the cream, and churned it by hand. The butter was placed in a butter mold, wrapped in butter paper and kept in a special section of the root cellar. Extra butter was sold for 15¢ per lb. Dad got up at 5 a.m. some mornings to drive to Didsbury to sell the butter before the heat of the day. Mother baked 23 loaves of bread a week. All the vegetables from the garden were kept in the root house. The meat was raised on the farm, pork, beef and chickens. We did our own butchering, and often had deer meat, tanned the hides and made vests. The clothes were sewn at home. These were mainly for the women and children. To buy material for the men was just as expensive as if you were to buy the clothes. We had no patterns, we just looked in a catalogue or magazine and found a dress we liked, bought the material, and tried to copy it out of the book. In the winter we had only one pair of shoes and none in the summer. The mitts were hand made and some of them had sheep's wool inside of them. The bed sheets and underwear were made from flour sacks. Tea towels and pillow cases were from sugar bags. Quilts were made from the material left after a dress or other clothing had been cut. This was patchwork for the top, the middle was stuffed with carded sheep wool or cotton batting and the back of the quilt was flour bags. The sewing was done by hand. Thread was expensive and hand sewing used less thread. Mother's dresses were worn just above the ankle and all had long sleeves, which she rolled up while working.

Big Prairie School was built in 1911 and I started school with my older brothers and sisters. My first teacher was Mr. Jarvis in Garde 1. Then Mr. Reid, Mr. Turner, Miss Greenwood, Miss Spicer, and Miss Pearl Bunker, who stayed fo a short time at our house until she got a place of her own. Grade 8 was the highest grade taught. I was first baptized at 6 yrs. old by a travelling preacher who went from farm to farm, often a birth was not registered and this certificate often served both purposes. We went to church at Big Prairie School with horse and buggy. Some of our neighbours were Cashmans, Albert Stauffers, Bob Brackens, Snowdens, and Wilkinsons.

The Depression was a hard time for everyone. A working man in a saw mill would earn about $30.00 per month. The lumber was sold for $15.00 per 1,000 board ft., it would then be hauled eight or 10 miles to the store and the money that you got was all spent on groceries. A man who was working as a hired hand on a farm would get about $20.00 per month plus his room and board. If the man was single he would buy clothes or whatever he needed. If the man was married both he and his wife would work on the farm. The man out in the field and the wife helped in the house. Quite often the girls would work as a housemaid for about $20.00 per month, plus room and board. Transportation was team and buggy or a democrat, or walking. The people who were unemployed and had nothing to do all day to pass the time would drop in or go to town. The auction sales made up a popular form of entertainment, few people came to buy, but came to be amused and pass time. Pool rooms and brokerage offices were all crowded throughout the depression, seldom did they get customers. The brokerage offices supplied free newspapers and the pool rooms had the recreation plus heat. The unemployed came in such numbers that the players often complained to the manager in order to get elbow room to play pool. The ones that lived in walking distance of the city police court never missed the morning show in the court. Sex crimes and murder trials naturally got the biggest crowds. The library, a special home for the homeless and aging, single, unemployed, some of them spent eight hours a day, six days a week in its' warm friendly quietness. Some would read, just sit and look at books and magazines until they fell asleep. The librarians frowned on sleepers and would occasionally clear them out of the reading room. People on the farms listened to the crystal radio with earphones, with this only one person could listen at a time.

In the summer the main sport was baseball. In the winter there would be dances at the shool house. The price for getting in the dance would be, the men pay 35¢ and the women would take something for lunch. The music was from local talent.

I married Percy Bouck in March 1925. He died in 1943 and I married Albrt Wright in 1946. We live in Marysville, B.C. and I have one daughter, Olive, and 3 grandchildren.

Adolph Bahm died October 22, 1937 at age 74 years.

Augusta Bahm died January 23, 1934 at age 70. Both are buried in the Big Prairie Cemetery.

Back row: August Nettnay, Leo, Fred, Adolph Bahm, Ivan Isom, Louise Isom holding Alva, Bessie, Alex, Augusta holding Minnie. Beatrice, Viva Nettnay holding Mable. Elsie in front. 1912.

The children of Adolph and Augusta Bahm:

Augusta Vinna - born July 2, 1885 - married August Nettnay. (story under Nettnay).

Louis - born April 11, 1887 - died at 2 years of age.

Edward - born 1888

Oscar Edward - born July 22, 1889, moved back to U.S.A.

Louise Marie - born July 21, 1891. She married Ivan Isom and they moved to the Isom homestead. They had 4 children, Alva, Cecil, Lucille (died), Eunice and Louis. He became discouraged on the farm and took his family to the U.S.A. in 1916. Louise died in Centralis, Wash. Sept. 20, 1918 giving birth to their fifth child. The baby lived and was later adopted out. Ivan returned to the Bahms' in 1918, stayed for a few years and then took the children again to the U.S.A.

Leo William - born Oct. 1893 - died Aug. 4, 1918 at Vimy Ridge, in France in World War I.

Frederick Albert - born April 10, 1896 - died Jan. 2, 1962 in the U.S.A.

Infant Bahm - died Dec. 8, 1897.

Alexander Benjamin - born Jan. 29, 1899 - died Nov. 29, 1927 at age 28 years. Buried in the Big Prairie Cemetery.

Edna - died as a baby.

Bessie Irene - born Sept. 28, 1902 - married Henry Hunt of the Big Prairie district. He died Oct. 12, 1938. Buried at the Big Prairie Cemetery. They had 6 children; Frances, Emily, Irene, Jean, James and Robert. James died at 12 years of age in 1938. Bessie married Alfred Petrie and now lives in Calgary.

Elsie Beatrice - born May 30, 1905 in Carstairs. (story previous).

Minnie Marie - born Nov. 4, 1907 - married Earl Smith in 1944 - she lives in B.C.

Left to right: Elsie Bahm, Grandma Bahm, Grandpa Bahm, Minnie Bahm, (top of face and head), Corner of Walter Nettnay's head, Bessie Nettnay (face), Gordon Coleman, Henry Hunt with white shirt showing, Bessie Hunt holding Jean Hunt, Standing: Jimmy Hunt, Emily and Francis Hunt, 1930.

Augusta and Adolph Bahm 1928.

THE GEORGE BALES FAMILY

By Edna Edwards

George and Ruby Bales were married on Feb. 9, of 1927, and lived in the Madden area until moving to the Cremona district in the spring of 1932. George and Ruby bought their first one half section of land in the Cremona area with only 60 acres broke on it, with an old shack to live in, and there was a well. So that first year George started to break land, and by that fall he broke 112 acres with horses. He also broke a lot of land for other pioneers with his horses. He used all the trees for fire wood.

He built a straw shed to milk his cows in. They threshed straw over top, and that made it very warm, but in the fall of 1935 his straw shed burnt to the ground, also loosing 36 loads of bundles, so they had to build a barn that same year, which is still standing.

Then in 1938 they decided to build their house, and later built 2 log sheds and a chicken house.

The first house they built in 1938.

George threshed his crops

Ruby raised a lot of chickens, turkeys, geese, etc. and they grew large gardens. They planted a beautiful tree shelter around the buildings. George raised a lot of horses and cattle. The couple raised 9 children; 5 boys, Kenneth, George Jr., Douglas, Jim, Robert and 4 girls - Bendena (Eilliott), Kathleen (Christensen), Edna (Edwards), and Mary (McMillan).

George had always threshed his grain, excepting one last year it was combined. They milked cows on their farm until 1969, then retired into the town of Carstairs in the spring of 1972. They celebrated their 50th Anniversary, Feb. 9, 1977, and are still enjoying their retirement. A salute to our hard working pioneers!

They raised a set of twins born in 1940. Jim and Edna.

Celebrated their 50th Anniversary. Feb. 9, 1977.

They raised 9 children. Left to right - George Jr., Bob, Edna, Mary, Ken, Doug, Jim, Front Row: Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. Bales and Bendena.

JACK BARDGETT SR.

Jack Bardgett Sr. was born at Canmore, Alta. June 8th, 1890. From Canmore his family moved to Invermere, B.C. then down to Ft. Steele. At that time the big paddle wheel river boats were in use on the Kootenay River. After six years they moved to Cranbrook and started the Cranbrook Dairy. Jack worked for the dairy until 1915, peddling milk. He got a bonus of 25¢ for each new customer. He worked for a Transfer Company for a few years, drove a team and filled box cars with coal, lumber etc.

In 1920 he married Elsie Taylor at her home near Didsbury. He worked for a blacksmith for a few years. Then at the Sash and Door for fifteen years. Ten hour days at 25¢ per hour. They raised four children; Nelson, Mary, Joe, Eldy. He made up his mind to go farming and decided to move to Alberta. So in 1939 moved to Carstairs. From there he looked at different places and found one he liked three miles north of Cremona. In the spring of 1941 settled there. They had to clear most of the land as only 35 acres were broke at that time. In the late fifties Jack bought another quarter of land from Charlie Bennett. His son, Eldy bought it from him and Jack moved back to Cranbrook for a few years. In 1972 he came back to the farm at Cremona, where he lives in his own house and enjoys good health at the age of 88.

JOE BARDGETT

By Janet Bardgett

Joe came to Alberta with his father in 1941 and has lived on the farm 3 miles north of Cremona ever since. He played hockey for over 10 years. Often he rode or walked to town, helped clean the ice, then played hockey and walked or rode home afterwards. In the 1940's Cremona was a bustling town. Joe remembers that you had to get to town early on Saturday night to find a place to tie your horse. The stores were open Sat. night. Many of the farmers did their weekly shopping Sat. night so it was very busy in C.C. Holbrooks's store. Picture shows were shown in the community Hall. Afterwards the restaurants would be packed to overflowing. People had to wait in line to get served.

Joe and Cecil Papke rodeo'd together for several years.

Joe competed mostly in the saddle bronc event. They helped build a rodeo arena on Bellamy's land down by the Little Red Deer River. The Cremona Rodeo was held there from 1949 to 1951. Rain made the road impassable and the river flooded and washed the road out at the bottom of the hill. So the arena was moved up beside the main road - just north of where Mac Bellamy lives now. One rodeo held there was beseiged with rain. The arena was a sea of mud. A roper lost his riding boot out in the arena and never found it. Joe brought their big team "Dan and Judy", and pulled many vehicles out to the gravel road. The last rodeo held there showed a grand profit of $8.38, enough for two cases of beer.

In 1951 on the 9th. of March, Joe married Janet Borton from Bottrel, south of Cremona. It was a frosty Friday -30 degrees below. The best man froze his ears. Their wedding was in the Cremona United Church and the wedding dance in the Community Hall. (27 years later the last section of the Old Hall was moved out of town on the 9th of March).

Late in 1953 they bought 10 Brahma Cross bulls from Harry Vold. The next year they started a life long career of contracting stock to rodeos. In the beginning the horses were trailed to the rodeos, often 40 miles or more in a day. Joe Zettel was in partnership on the bucking horses. They used horses from Joe Allen's herd and advertised as "The Three Joes". In order to get the rodeos and cowboys organized into a circuit to facillitate moving the stock, they supported the forming of a group called the Foothills Cowboy Association. Janet was Sect. Treas. of the F.C.A. from 1965-1972, and also helped with Cubs for 4 years.

In the years that followed, travelled the stock north to Rocky Mountain House and Buck Lake, east to Rumsey, Lousana to Carbon and Rockyford. To Jasper for 11 years, and always to Dog Pound and Water Valley. Joe Zettel sold his share to Ormond Coleman. One year a Trail-a-thon was held from Rumsey to Carbon, a distance of 52 miles. A dollar to guess the time it would take. The closest time winning it all. That year the trip was made in eight hours and thirty eight minutes. One year Joe arrived at Carstairs with 67 head of horses, to find that when the entries closed there were 67 entries in the bareback event plus another 30 in the saddle bronc event. Thats once when he was glad of a deluge of rain. The rodeo was postponed. When it was rescheduled there were less contestants. The most exciting rodeo we ever put on was at Anchorage, Alaska. Every performance was a complete sell out. The people cheered, whistled and clapped each and every contesant. It seemed to make the animals buck harder and the cowboys more determined to ride. Meanwhile back at the ranch two events stand out. The Flood in 1964. In early summer a terrible storm built up all day. The sky was black and surly until in late afternoon, the kids just came home from school, it just opened up and poured rain and hail for nearly 2 hours. When it was over, the top soil was gone. There was a ditch washed out across the field, that a man could stand in and not be seen. The coulee, was changed to a canyon. The milk cow didn't come when we called her and we feared that she had drowned. Next morning she was waiting at the barn door to be milked.

In 1965 our farm was in the path of a tornado. Huge trees were torn out by the roots and two buildings were demolished. Mrs. Glen Bullied, her three children and five of our children were in the house throughout the few minutes it lasted. No one was hurt, despite the fact that the windows were shattered and the glass was all over the floors. The neighbors rallied and cleared the debris and trees away the next morning. People came for weeks afterwards to see the damage.

All our children have attended school at Cremona to grade twelve. Five have graduated. Kathy, has her Bachelor of Education degree, taught phys. ed at Didsbury for two years. She married Dan Corr. Jack is an Electronic Technician. Works for Sunbeam Co. in Calgary. He's married and has one daughter, Amy Lee. Bonnie is a working girl, rides racehorses for Bob Romney part time. Joey & Nelson are going ranching in northern B.C. by the Peace River. Janet has just finished school and will probably go ranching too. David - 14 yrs. still going to school and is a great hockey enthusiast.

THE BARLOW FAMILY

By Kate Barlow

We sold our farm at Red Deer Lake and moved to Cremona in June 1957, where we and our four children; Richard (8), David (7), Evelyn (4), and Brian (13 months) lived for 1½ months with Betty's sister and her husband, Joan and Earl Nielsen.

Our family then moved to the house in which Oliver and Esther McKay are living now. During this time Jack was employed by Clarence Reid as a farm hand.

We took residence on the farm we had bought in May from Ed Smith on a chilly Nov. 1st. (10 degrees F.). While living on the farm Jack worked driving his brother-in-law's, Doug Munn's truck as well as helping with construction of the Dog Pound bridge on the Cremona-Carstairs road, and worked out for the local farmers.

The only conveniences we had then was the telephone (the crank style). The electricity was installed Dec. 1959, we did without running water until selling the farm to Tom Standish. Moving back to Cremona as propieters of the Cremona Corner Service in May 1972. We sold the Service Station in Sept. 1975 to Wayne and Arlene Black.

We are presently living in the Mt. View Trailer Park, for the past 6½ years. Jack is now the maintenance man for the Cremona Pioneer Apts. as well he continues being a farm hand for local farmers from spring-fall.

Betty was news correspondent for the local papers from 1967-76. She was also a Director of the Cremona Community Hall for the year of 1971. Volunteered as a teachers-aid for grade 3 reading the winter of 1976. She is at present the secretary of the Cremona Ladies Auxillary to the Royal Canadian Legion and has held this position for the past three years.

Left to right: Kate, Brian, David, Evelyn, Jack and Betty.

Our fifth child, Kathleen (Kate) was born on a blizzardy day in mid-Jan., 1959. Our children attended Cremona High School.

Richard was a cub & scout of Cremona and attended school there from grades 2-12, at 18 yrs. he graduated in 1967. He lost his life by drowning on July 30, of the same year in the Little Red Deer River at Water Valley trying to save his sister Evelyn . The family received a silver medal on Jan. 6, 1969, The Life of Alberta Award for his bravery.

David was a member of the cub pack in Cremona and attended school from grade 1-10. After furthering his education in Calgary, he is now employed in the city as a

Heavy Duty Mechanic. In June 1971, he married a Calgary girl, Candace Grey and has two children Jeramy - seven years old and Heather - 5 years old.

Evelyn was a member of the Explorers and attended school here from grade 1-11, not being satisfied with certain courses, attended and graduated from a school in Calgary in 1971. In July, two weeks after Donids' wedding she married a local boy, Allan Myram - she has two children, Andrew is three and Tony is two years.

Brian attended school in Cremona also, grades 1-8. Is now employed as a Driller on an oil rig.

Kate attended school from grades 1-12, graduating in 1977. She lived in Calgary for one year and was employed by A.G.T. as a Long Distance Operator. Now is home and employed by the Cremona Hotel.

MR. AND MRS. BATCHELOR

They moved to Water Valley in the summer of 1949. They bought a farm from Ed & Sam Quinn. This is present location of Fenn Farms.

Batchelors lived on this farm for one year. Then sold it to Paul Kish. After selling the farm they bought seven acres in the hamlet of Water Valley. This acreage was purchased from a man by the name of G. Gazelly.

For a man with a handicap of only one arm Mr. Batchelor was very active. He road his horse every day rain or shine. He taught a lot of local children to swim at the only swimming pool we had, the Little Red Deer River north of Water Valley. Mr. Batchelor ran for counsellor once but was defeated.

Mr. Batchelor passed away at their home in Water Valley in 1966. Mrs. Batchelor sold their place and moved to Salmon Arm, B.C. with her daughter (as near as we know she still lives here).

This place has had several owners since Batchelors, it was first sold to Don and Norma Brown then to Bill and Gertie Johnson. Johnsons sold this place to Cliff and Dorothy Gillispie.

WALTER AND RUTH BELLAMY

Walter and Ruth Bellamy came to the Cremona district in 1931 from the Westcott community, with their family of 5 boys and one girl, to a farm 2½ miles north of Cremona, where he farmed until his death in 1949. He drove the first school bus, from the Westcott road to Cremona in 1940. Jim Camerons' residence is now where he used to ride on horse back to the council meetings, which he served as councillor for a number of years, when most of the road work was done with horses.

Walter served on the Elmwood School committee for several years. Their family consisted of;

Norman - married Mary - had 8 girls and 1 boy - they were both killed in a car accident in 1967.

Delbert - married Dorothy - had 3 children - both were killed in a car accident in 1965.

Lloyd - married Olive - had 4 children - lives in Kelowna, B.C

Avis - deceased in 1963

Harold - married Vi Coleman - 3 boys, Ken, Mac, Rex. Ralph and Gary were raised by Harold and Vi after Delbert and Dorothy were killed.

Mac - married Judy Sabin - they have 2 sons, Brian & Jeffery.

Harold and Vi farm north of Cremona

Jack - married Carol Ray - have 3 children, Colleen, Dale and Scott.

Avis (daughter of Delbert and Dorothy) was raised by Jack and Carol.

Ruth Bellamy died in 1966.

The Bellamy boys at the time of their folks 50th Wedding Anniversary. John, William, Walter, Clifton, Pierce, Jay.

THE BENNETT FAMILY

By Wilfred Blain

Coming to this country in the early 1920's to live on the east half of S-½-33-4-5-, now owned by Allan Hahn. Their family was Edith, Ben, George, Katie, Alice (Burnett), Janice, Lawrence and Florence.

George and his wife Gladys, and two sons lived where Bill Borton now lives.

Ben, Gertie and daughter Dorothy, lived where Barry Thomson resides. Dorothy, marrying Slim Moorehouse and living on the Little Red, two miles west of Cremona. Their daughter Joan, was born there.

Many a fond memory we have of this wonderful family, the skating parties, the big dinners with always room for an extra plate if an unexpected friend or stranger stopped by, and that big old house, always full of laughter, dances and a sing song round the old piano with either Alice or Lawrence skillfully doing the playing .

Many regrets we had when they decided to move back to Washington, but they left behind many fond memories.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett.

MR. AND MRS. IRA BERGESON

By Belinda Renfert 1963

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bergeson who recently celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on Sept. 23, 1963 are old timers of the Cremona district. They have been in quite a few places since they were married in 1903 in Salt Lake City. Mr. Bergeson, one of 14 children, two girls and 12 boys, is the youngest. He was born in Lewiston, Utah in 1885. March 3. Mrs. Bergeson, one of ten children was born in Coveville, Utah in 1884 on March 20th.

They moved from U.S.A. to Blackie, Alberta in 1914 with five children. It was pretty tough going as wagons were poor. Mr. Bergeson received only $50.00 a month and fed his family and himself for this. Mrs. Bergeson cooked and fed six or seven men for 25¢ a meal on the big ranch where they lived. She also helped in the field at haying time and did the cooking chores besides. Her oldest daughter, did what she could to help and looked after the smaller children. They stayed at Blackie until 1918 when they moved to the Airdrie district where they farmed. They made several moves after that and finally came to Cremona in 1937 and started a lumber mill. They moved to town in 1954 where they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary ten years ago. A number of their old friends have passed away in these last few years. Mr. and Mrs. Bergeson are still in very good health and still continue to do their own work. Their children are scattered around in numerous places. Four children live in Alberta and the remaining five live in the U.S.A. Seven of their nine children were home to be with them on their 60th Anniversary. Ninety-seven attended a banquet held in the United Church Hall (friends, relatives, family). A purse was presented to them by Mr. Reid and Mr. Matt. Hewitt proposed a toast to the grand old couple. As well as receiving many cards, a telegram was received from Her Majesty the Queen. Plaques from Premier Manning, Prime Minister L.B. Pearson, and Lt. Governor Percy Page were greatly appreciated by the couple. A bouquet of beautiful flowers was received from the grade six Remembrance Club. This bouquet graced the banquet table. Following the banquet a dance was held in the Community Hall, which many of the neighbors attended. Garry Brown presented them with a purse and Mr. Bergeson then expressed his thanks to all. Their son and two daughters who attended the occasion left the following Saturday for their respective home in the U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Bergeson would like to thank all the wonderful people for their help in making this big day possible. Thanks also to Molly Thurnbull for the beautifully decorated cake. A special thank you is extended to the United Church for the use of the Church Hall. It is hoped that in another ten years they will be able to celebrate another anniversary together.

FANNIE AND IRA BERGESON

By The Calgary Herald (1973)

Seventy years ago Sunday, Sept. 23, Fannie Atkinson married Ira Bergeson in Logan, Utah. That's a long time, of course, but Mrs. Bergeson says, in this day when marriage break-up seems almost the rule rather than the exception, she feels "just fine" about spending a biblical life span with one man. And Mr. Bergeson, despite failing health, eagerly quips, "If I had a mouth organ I'd play you a tune". The couple, residents of Bow Valley Nursing Home, will be feted Sunday with an open house from 3 to 6 p.m. at the home of their son, Ken Bergeson, 8340 47th Ave. N.W. The open house will follow a family dinner.

"I'm just pleased to have lived this long", says Mrs. Bergeson, who was 89 last March. "He just worked, and I ran the home", she said, looking at her husband, who is 88.

"We lived pretty good," Mr. Bergeson recalls, "until the hungry '30's and then we damned near starved to death." They farmed in many locations in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, until they came to Alberta in 1914. They lived in Blackie, Airdrie, and Sundre, and Cremona raising sheep. They also raised 10 children, and now have 29 grandchildren, 32 great grandchildren, and 9 great-great grandchildren. "I did most everything," Mr. Bergeson said. "Worked on boilers, the railroad, broke horses and raised sheep on the desert of I-dee-ho. We didn't ship 'em in them days. We trailed 'em 400 miles." Their income was usually modest. "I used to hang the washing on the barbed-wire fence 'cause I didn't have a clothesline," Mrs Bergeson said. But no matter the hard times, Sunday will be one of the happy times for Ira and Fannie Bergeson.

The Bergesons had 10 children;
Verda - married Jack Briggs and lives in Calgary. They have 2 girls and 1 boy.
Kenneth - lived at the Carter place. (now Lynn Reids), then later moved to the now Harold Bellamy place. They now live in Calgary and have 1 girl and 2 boys.
Lawrence - lives in the Mountain View Trailer Court, has 6 children, (story under Lawrence Bergeson)
Alice - was married in Canada, now lives in Wisconsin
Glen - (deceased), died at 4 years at Blackie, Alta.
Mary - is married and lives in Wisconsin
Belinda - married Bob Renfert, had 3 boys. Died at age 53 years at Hoadley, Alta. in July, 1974.
George - born in Airdrie, Alta. lives in Connecticut, U.S.A.
Ada - (Mrs. Page) lives in U.S.A.
Della - (Mrs. Cole), lives in Chicago.
* Mr. Ira Bergeson passed away Feb. 8, 1974 at age 89.
* Mrs. Bergeson passed away Jan. 23, 1979, aged 93 years, at The Bethany Care Centre, Calgary.

LAWRENCE AND JEAN BERGESON

Told By Lawrence and Jean Bergeson

Lawrence Bergeson first came to the Blackie and Airdrie area with his parents and the rest of the family. There were 10 children, 3 of which were born later in Alberta.

Jean Stevenson was born in Scotland and came on the boat to Canada, with her parents and family, when she was 13 years old. The boat left Scotland June 24, 1924. They came to the Vermillion area and later to Airdrie where she met Lawrence. They were married in April, 1929 in Calgary. The Bergesons lived at McKinnon Cattle Co. at Airdrie for 1 winter, then Lawrence worked on the Calgary Glenmore Dam for 2 years. They built a house in Windsor Park, which they later sold for $500.00. This included 3 lots. The Government about this time offered settlers $600.00 to buy equipment, which consisted of 1 plow, 1 cow, 3 head of horses and harness, and a Bennett wagon. You picked out your own land and the Gov't. paid $10.00 per month per

family. The Bergesons had 5 people to share their $10.00. The $600.00 had to be paid back. To do this Lawrence worked for $1.00 per day at a lumber camp. In 1937 he hauled cream to the Sundre Creamery and wood for $2.00 per cord to Sundre. They were living west of Sundre at that time and this was sometimes a two or three day trip, staying overnight at Jeans Father's place. Jean's dad died in 1937.

In 1938 Jean's brother Steve, and Lawrence had contracts for digging basements and putting sub floors in new houses. In 1940 they moved to the Big Prairie district - cutting logs and Lawrence operated his own saw mill. In 1943 he bought land from the C.N.E. (now Don Boucks), and had his saw mill there, and had a few cows. They were here until 1952 when they came to Cremona and opened a cafe called "Bergy's Eats". Many Cremona people remember the delicious meals and the crowds that gathered here, visiting and eating and waiting for the Saturday night show to finish. This cafe was open until 1956 when Lawrence sold and went pipe lining for 6 years. he also drove the school bus for two years. In 1960 he bought 12 acres on the west side of the town, (from Jim Whitlow) and made a trailer court, which he named "The Mountview Trailer Park". They operated this until 1974, then sold it to their son, Robert, and retired. Lawrence and Jean still make their home in the trailer court.

Lawrence Bergeson sawmill

Lawrence Bergeson drove a chuckwagon in the Calgary Stampede in the yrs, 1926, 1927, 1928 and 1932. He was 17 years old when he first drove. The outfit was called the "Bergeson Airdrie Chuckwagon". The horses he used were the same horses that he had put the crop in with, then practiced around the barrels for a few weeks and off to the stampede. He held the record for 1 year - 1928 with a time of 1:15 flat. Jim Ross took it the next year. Lawrence - the driver, Outriders; Ken Bergeson, Wilf Carter, Hank and Bill Bolander. The first year one of the outriders was Percy Lund. Wilf Carter spent a great deal of time at Ken's during the early years, down to New York to make records, then back to Ken's and did some rodeo work.

Jean Bergeson worked for 17 years for Mrs. Waterstreet in her dry goods store. Betty worked at the Credit Union for 13 years.

Leonard entered a talent contest on C.F.C.N. radio in the 40's. he played the guitar and sang western songs. The winner was decided by votes sent in by listeners and Leonard won. His prize was 6 weeks, (of 30 min.) each Saturday morning on radio to sing and play guitar. His mother still has his "Fan Mail".

Lawrence and Jean Bergeson had 6 children;
Betty - married Norman Whitlow, a truck driver and lived 3 miles south of Cremona. They had 3 children; Judy - married - lives at Grand Prairie. Fred lives in Calgary, Joan lives in Grande Cache.
Leonard - married Marie and farms 5 miles north - east of Cremona (old Davies place). He is also a welder. They have 2 children, Vivian and Sheldon attending Cremona school
Lester - married Lois Parkhurst - they farm 5 miles northwest of Cremona (old Cummings place). They have 3 children; Bernard - married Donna Rodgers, have 2 girls; Lloyd married Bev. Johnston, have 2 children; Lorraine lives in Calgary.
Robert - married Bev Sutherland, own the trailer park in Cremona, have 4 children. Jeanne - married Tom Umback, live in Calgary; have 1 child; Larry - deceased, 1975; Kathy - married Lyle Jacobs, have 2 boys; Shelly - attends Cremona school
Clifford - deceased, 1956.
Jim - married Myrnie Reid - farm north-east of Cremona (old Don Dunphy place), have 3 children, Jimmy, Debbie, Stephen, all attending Cremona School.

Bergesons in Parade in Cremona in the early 40's.

Bergy's eats. 1952-56.

THE BILLO FAMILY

I, Eugene Butler have been asked to write the story of my folks', the Billo's in the Cremona district. Eugene and Leontine Billo with their two children, Robert & Marguerite came to the Cremona district from Crossfield in 1938, having purchased one of the Reid places, this was situated beside the Little Red Deer River and they farmed there several years. They milked several cows and shipped cream which was picked up each week, and went into the poultry business keeping around 1000 leghorn hens. This kept them very busy as all their work was done by hand. Marguerite attended school at Atkins for the lower grades but went to Crossfield to get her high school, where she graduated and became a teacher and taught in the Turner Valley area - where she married Howard Robinson and where they still live.

The Billo's had five other children - Loreis went to St. Paul and married a girl there. Eugenie married George Butler of Bottrel, Antoinette married Leonard Dussault of Carstairs, Germain married Jim Butler of California and Delphine, a nurse, married Harvey Jinks of Oklahoma. The Billo's didn't have much time to socialize but attended the Catholic Church at Water Valley. They sold the farm and

retired to Clagary in 1950 where they enjoyed their retirement for several years before moving to St. Paul, where they lived for a few years until their demise in 1969. Robert predeceased them in 1952 at an early age, having been sick with asthma all his life.

DICK BIRD

I was born in the year 1885 on August 16. My parents being John Bird born 1850 at Ardleigh Nr. Colchester Essex, and my Mother Elizabeth Perry of Bardfield, Essex. At the age of 12 yrs. 1897 after Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee I left Lexden Village school and attended Culver Street, Colchester, High School, at age 14. In 1901-02 there appeared in the English newspapers advertising of Homestead Farms and Ranches in Western Canda and also resettlement in Australia, New Zealand and also Argentina. At this point both brothers Herb and Percy had returned home so all four of us Bird sons were helping Dad, and being a Farm Laborer in England did not look so good to me by the spring of 1902 I had decided to try Western Canada. My parents were very upset but though they could prevent me, being underage from leaving home I should go as soon as the time arrived so they consented. We both had enough money to pay our passage etc. to North West Territories Canada. We sailed from Liverpool April 1902. There was one death and two births during the voyage. We arrived in Halifax in 10 or 11 days and had a good trip. We took the train from there to Calgary.

My brother Percy and I arrived in Calgary, N.W.T. early in May 1902. The second annual bull sale was being held at that time and we brothers, having being born and raised on a farm were quite excited to see the ranchers and cowboys around the grounds at Victoria Park. We were looking for jobs to work on a farm or ranch to gain experiences. We could take up homesteads for ourselves later on. After a few days we separated, as it did not look very favourable that we should be able to get a job and be together.

Percy had just left in the morning, when an elderly man came looking for a man to go out to a ranch on the High River. He was in a great hurry as he had to catch the train south to DeWinton I left my name and address for Percy, grabbed my bag and left too. Percy and I lost track of each other for several months but that fall he came and worked at the next ranch below me on the High River. In 1903, we decided to look for a place of our own. I had bought a few horses and a wagon and a camp outfit at the town of High River. I rode my horse to Calgary to file on a location on the Big Spring south of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, and west of the Buffalo Hills, but it was already taken up.

That night the Calgary Hotels were jammed with settlers from the U.S.A. looking for land and a group from Wisconsin were making a deal with an elderly man named Mr. Hamilton, who was Post Master at Harmatten, located on the Dog Pound River, S.W. of Olds. He claimed that there was a big area of open land between the Little Red and the Fallen Timber Rivers. He had a team and wagon at the livery barn in Olds, so we took the morning train to Olds and then drove out to Harmattan and stayed there for the night and left next morning, going S.W. toward the Little Red and crossed at a ranch of Mr. Bob Brown, then followed on a logging trail. The land did not look very good, had been badly burnt and mostly chicken-berries and very stony. We camped that night and the land at this spot was much better. Early next morning one of the Wisconsin fold had gotten up at daybreak and taken his fishing outfit and was back in time for breakfast with a mess of trout. he said that we appeared to be about two miles from the river and the land was very much better between the camp and the river. We hooked up the horses and drove towards the river and the land was very much better. We arrived at a very nice flat with hay on it by the river that Mr. Hamilton had spoken of. However, there was a log cabin built on it, but it appeared to be inhabited. Mr. Hamilton then said that the James and Otterbine Lumber Mill's hands had said a man had squatted on the flat after finding that the land was not yet surveyed. He had abanded the flat and had taken a homestead east of Harry Atkins place and that his name was Howell. I returned to Davisburg and got my team and saddle horse. After buying supplies in Calgary, I followed the Edmonton trail north. When east of Didsbury I turned west on the trail which crossed the Dog Pound at the bridge which is now Westcott. From there I was following the trail to Harry Atkins ranch. I came to a corner with a new fence. A man was plowing with a walking plow, breaking the sod. It was Mr. Benson from Dakota, U.S.A. who had a homestead - the quarter section which had been Mrs. Jessie Bohannon's for many years since. He was plowing on the quarter west of this land, now belongs to George McLeavy. I arrived at Harry Atkins place that night and stayed with them. Harry had lost his wife, and he had brought his aunt from England to keep house and care for his two small children, Marjory and little Harry. The next morning we were just leaving on our saddle horses to go down to the Red Deer River flat when a neighbor rode in, and it proved to be Joe Howell, so I bought his cabin and he threw in a small stack of hay that was left there.

I moved down and cut poles and fenced a small pasture for the horses and made a survey of the amount of hay I could put up for winter feed. Mr. Atkins told me where the Post Office was located and on which day the mail came out from Cochrane. If I came up to his place we could ride down together. The name was Bradborne, and it was located at the old Smith Ranch on the Dog Pound. A man named Mr. Firstbrook from Toronto had bought the Ranch from Mrs. Smith. She had married Charlie Brown and moved to his home 3 miles north of Percy's today. First brook sold out to DeVe-Enns, two young frenchmen, the next year and the following year the Post Office was moved up Creek to Corny Grain and Thompson. All these places were later included in the Virginia Ranch and are now owned by Satchwells. I went back and rounded up my extra horses on the Gladys Ridge and Percy drove the wagon. We came through Calgary and up the Simons Valley trail, through the C.P.R. Ranch, Dan McNeil manager and before reaching it, were caught in one of the heaviest cloudbursts I have ever since known. When we reached Mr. Atkins place, he said he doubted if we could ford the Little Red due to the heavy rain. Percy and Mr. Atkins went to Didsbury the next morning and Percy bought a mower, rake, and necessary supplies. We helped Mr. Atkins for a few days until it was safe to ford the river and then moved down and mowed a small flat on the east side of the river before fording it. The next thing we did was to go down to James & Otterbines Saw Mill and buy lumber to build a hayrack. I mowed, and Percy built the rack. We had nice weather and put up all the hay possible, then cut poles and fenced the hay stacks. We built a log stable, and a corral to wean calves and then we returned to Davisburg and trailed up about 50 head of cattle that we had bought east of DeWinton. Percy helped me wean the calves. Then he made a trip and bought butter from the Foat family, enough to last me until spring. We also had a quarter of beef from Dan McNeil, and then he left to work at the same ranch at Davisburg for the winter. I had quite an uneventful winter. It did not prove as lonely as it might have been. A coal mine had been opened up on the Little Red and sleighs were coming by going up all winter. Foats and Dick Huber cut logs on the cut-bank opposite the flat that winter & James and Otterbines log drive, drove them down with their own next spring. The Huber and Foat buildings are still standing that were built with that lumber. I had trouble with the river freezing solid at the west end of the flat in March. The river heaved and broke the ice loose with a flood and I lost a cow that slipped and spread on the ice and when spring came I lost several cows with poison weed. I knew then that we should have bought

local cattle.

The surveyers came along early in May and started to survey the land for homesteads. One morning they started to dig the four pits and make a mound between the cabin and the stable. The surveyor came over and told me that in all his experience he had never had a survey that had hurt a squatter so badly. He said, "Young fellow, your buildings & hay flat are not only in four different quarters, but in four sections and four townships". Today this is known as Bob Reid's flat. When Percy came up from the south, we gathered our stock and moved them over to the Charles Maxon place & Percy gave his cattle to Mr. Maxon on shares and then returned south to work. I stayed with the Maxons and helped him put up hay on the open range around. Mr. Maxon only had a small pasture for a horse pasture. He milked a few of our cows and shut the calves up and let the cows come back and suckle them after he took part of the milk. Mr. Sherman who had come from the U.S. with the Maxons took up the quarter west of Maxon & Martin Colwell had taken the quarter south of Shermans. the quarter south of Maxons had been homesteaded by a friend of Maxon from Spokane, and when we were about half done haying Maxon received a letter from a Spokane friend saying that his family had persuaded him not to come up to Alberta and that he was going to cancel his entry. So I put in claim on it for a homestead and in due time I received a notice from Ottawa saying that upon the cancellation of the Spokane party's entry I would have 30 days to file my claim. After we finished haying I left for the south and looked up Percy and asked him whether he would like to take over the option on the north homestead as I would rather take up horse ranching and I was able to get back a job working for the E-Ranch.

So Percy took up the homestead where he still lives. I stayed with the D. Thorburn Ranch and ran my own bunch of horses with theirs. I had decided to go back to England the fall of 1909 and stay the winter as I had not seen my family since the spring of 1902. I intended to drive my horse and buggy up to Percy's and leave them there until spring. I arrived at Percy's before dinner. That night he took me up to the new Cremona Store. He had started to call on Mrs. Jackson who kept the Post Office and store. She had brought her half-sister from Worcester, Mass. in Sept. that year to help her and keep her company after her husbands death. This store was two miles east of new Cremona of today. Lily had built up a good business and she had living quarters in the back. It was supposed to be located on Squire Jackson's quarter section but later it was found to be squarely on the road allowance. There was a bad coulee in the corner of Squire's quarter, and the road had been rerouted around it, and the proper fence line had never been located. I left to return to Canada in 1910. Percy had set his wedding for the 3rd August. I had been writing to Violet Wood during the summer and had become engaged to her by the time I went to Percy's and Lily's wedding.

Violet and I were married July 5th, 1911. We had bought all our furniture from Eatons and it was shipped to Aldersyde and it being a 15 mile trip each way and having to take a wagon it was after dark when I arrived home. We bought a dozen hens from Frank Ward a few days later Bradshaws our neighbours a mile and a half east brought us over a pair of plymouth rock hens and a nice Birkshire sow pig. Also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones gave us a splended trio of Buff Oupingtons so we soon had eggs to sell, this bunch of hens were sure wonderful layers. I bought a fine young cow from Mr. Wark and I bought a big shorthorn milk cow and calf and a yearling heifer from a family staying at Jack Dixons. We had lots of milk and cream, but it sure was bad to milk because of mosquitoes, we had to smudge every night until the frost killed them off. I worked until dark fencing and working on the stable. I had forty acres of summerfallow to plow and as I was short of work horses and had to work mares with foals, it was a big job. It rained so much the crops would not ripen. The Federal Elections were bring fought that fall, and we had to go to Glenview school to vote. Election day was the 21st of September. The Liberals under Sir Wilfred Laurier, who had been Premier ever since I had arrived in Canada had made a deal with the U.S.A. government for reciprocity in trade and most of the west was strong for this, but the Conservatives led by Robert Borden were against this and said that a high tarriff was best and no truck or trade with the Yankees, now the night of Sept. 1911 Alberta and all western Canada had the worst and deepest snowstorm yet known 16 to 17" of snow on the level and most of the grain was still green and lodged flat. The Liberals like the crops were really snowed under, for the east went solid Conservative.

I saw the first big parade with the Red River carts, and the Mayor and all the big shots driving their fancy horses, and lots of Mexican ranchers and cowboys. Then the stampede where Tom Three Persons from the Blood Indian Reserve rode the great black outlaw horse that nobody had ever been able to ride before. The next day he won the finals against Clem Gardener by riding Cheyenne Terror, another horse that no one else had been able to ride until then. The roping contests were with full grown Mexican steers and none of our Canadian boys could keep them down to hog-tie them but the old Mexican boys, Texas and Oklahoma cowboys busted them (that is they threw them as high and as hard as possible), and several steers had their necks broken and some their horns broken off. They never allowed big steer roping again.

1914 was the darndest winter as hundreds of pigs were turned loose and droves of them wandered around all winter. I saw lots of 130 to 140 pound pigs sell for as little as 75¢ per head, there was a terrible lot of hardship with unemployment in the Western cities. There had been a great boom in real estate and people had been buying building lots on time payments. People who were wealthy on August 16th, 1914 were broke and thousands thrown out of work, a month later. It is impossible for even my children to realize that thousands of people, horses and dollars, (millions) when unemployed, building railroads and this all stopped within thirty days after the European war started. The price of farm products from 1929 to 1939 were extremely low, which were not so hard for folks who were out of debt, and had no interest to pay on borrowed money. I had to pay 8½% on over $5,000.00 for several years. We had very light crops until 1932 and then we had a very big wheat crop but the wheat got frosted by an early heavy frost.

We had 5 children. Charlie enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in the spring of 1941. Margaret and Ronnie were married in August that summer. Edith had joined the C.W.A.C. soon after Charlie had joined up. After she had taken basic training in Calgary she was stationed in Edmonton. While there she met an airman Charlie Garbett and they were married in 1943. Art and Dorothy were married about the same time. Marjorie and Cam were married in July of 1948 and Alice and Charlie were married in August, so now all our family were married.

Our Golden Wedding Anniversary was July 5th, 1961. It was held at Marjorie's and Cam's house in Calgary. For the first time in many years the whole family were together. We had a turkey dinner in the basement rumpus room (all 28 of us). Then in the afternoon many of our friends from Blackie dropped in. Then on the following Sunday we had open house for our friends and neighbours from Cremona and Bearberry districts. We received many lovely gifts and took lots of pictures on both days. We had moved down to Charlie's place in the spring of 1952 into a small house they had moved into their yard, and have lived here ever since.

* Dick Bird passed away in his sleep Nov. 23, 1968.
* Violet Bird passed away May 13, 1976.

LIONEL BIRD FAMILY

Master Farmers of 1966

The Didsbury Pioneer, Sept. 14, 1966.

The Lionel Bird family of the Carstairs-Cremona district are deserving recipients of the Alberta Master Farm Family Award in 1966, due to their close family ties, their understanding and application of agricultural principles, their neighborliness and interest in community and National affairs.

The Bird farm program is very simple and very effective. Eight quarter sections of land are included in the rotation, each quarter section being treated as one field, with five quarters in grain and three in grass legume mixture. There has been no summer-fallow on this farm for over ten years, but the clean heavy crops signify the effectiveness of the program and the high level of seed and soil management. Commercial fertilizer is used heavily and regularly on all land, while the barnyard manure is used to improve problem areas. Recently cereal crops have been limited to oats and barley. All of the trash, with exception of straw that is used for livestock, is worked back into the soil.

The livestock program consists of the purchase of beef calves in the autumn. They are wintered on hay principality, but a small amount of grain is fed if the hay is poor. The cattle are pastured the next year until autumn, then fed heavily for 100 days before market. The seeded pasture and much of the high quality hay is utilized by this program which also takes advantage of the non-arable land and the creek that run through the farm. About 150 two-year-olds are marketed annually.

The Bird family are always searching for new information and methods of production. This is noticeable in their complement of machinery, especially that which is used for haying. A swather-crimper cuts and windrows the hay for early baling. An automatic bale stacker is used for stacking. About 350 tons are given shed storage and the remainder is put up in the field. Hay is a very important source of farm income.

The farming program used by the Bird family has been developed to operate in one of the most severe hail belts in the Province. Cropping to coarse grains allows damaged crops to high grain yields, provides a large feed reserve to take care of disaster years.

Records have been kept on the Bird farm for many years. They give a complete picture of operations and have been used repeatedly and extensively to indicate changes that should be made. Mr. and Mrs. Bird come from Pioneer families in the Cremona area. Mr. Bird, Sr. who homesteaded on the present farm in 1903, still has his own home within the homestead. He is keenly interested in current events, agriculture and people. He enjoys discussing progress, the past, and is conversant on almost any subject.

The Bird home almost shouts welcome to visitors. This has been long recognized by neighbors and the community at large. Mr. and Mrs. Bird are leaders in many organizations. Mr. Bird is presently the 4-H Club leader, a member of the local School Board, Director of the Rural Telephone Board, Secretary of the Cremona Community Chest, Chairman of the United Church Board of Stewards and active in Little League Baseball. Mrs. Bird is Secretary of the Cremona Home and School, a member of the Cremona United Church Session and past Cub Leader. She is also a member of the Jackson Women's Institute of the United Church Women. The Bird children, Sylvia, Grant and Lillian, have all been active in Young Peoples, 4-H Clubs, athletics and school affairs. Sylvia who is 20, is a Student Nurse at the Foothills Hospital in Calgary. Grant, 17, was a winner of the Centennial Student Exchange trip to Oshawa. He is President of the Cremona High School Student's Union. While he is interested in Agriculture, he would like to complete his education, preferably through University, before assuming any major responsibilities. Lillian, 15, has just completed Grade 9 with high standing.

A sixth member of the family is a Greek boy who has been adopted by the Bird family under the Foster Parents Plan. Anthony Nikoloudakis was welcomed to the family in 1960. He has never seen Canada, but corresponds with his foster parents in English.

The Bird family, has over the years, been a strength and influence in the community. They are leaders in Agriculture, Innovators in practices, and an example of the qualities that signify a true Master Farm Family.

REMINISCENCES OF PERCY BIRD

By Percy Bird

I was born on August 20th, 1882 at Colchester, England (which was in olden times the capital of England), - raised on a farm with three brothers and two sisters. Have always been fond of all outdoor sports; apprenticed for 4 years to Carriage Building, but my heart was never in it, so at the end of the 4 years went back to the farm.

My brother Dick, and I left England for Calgary, April 22, 1902. Dick was 16 years of age and I was 19. We arrived in Calgary in May. The weather was lovely for a few days, and then a big snow storm. I remember the Bull Sale was on, and my brother got a job to go south, and I met a man from Edmonton and hired with him. It was a slow tedious journey as we stopped at nearly every station - Carstairs and Didsbury were very small at that time. At Edmonton, snow was waist deep, but the folks were very kind to me. Work was $5.00 per month for 16 hours per day. The Saskatchewan River was the highest every known and the Strathcona was covered with water 2 and 3 feet deep. Whilst at Edmonton, I saw the hottest day I have every seen - 113 in the shade and everything was gasping and sweating. The agriculture show was on in July and all the family went and left me at home. I got mad and quit and went back to Calgary and got a job as a chore boy on the Bow at $20.00 per month. We put up all the hay and I had the chores morning and night, which meant 5 a.m. to about 5 p.m. Whilst there we hayed up on the Bench and one morning when we left, it was about 90 in the shade. Soon after noon a cold wind blew in from the north and we had to come home as we had no warm clothing with us, and before 12 p.m. it was below zero and two inches of snow. This was my birthday, Aug. 20th, quite different from weather in England.

One of the other men in the crew and I quite that job and we walked the ties to Calgary - never had such tired, sore feet in all my life. We did not get a job right away, so my friend and I bought a concession at the Calgary Agricultural Show and Fairgrounds; $30.00 for 3 days. We bought lumber nails, and tools required and built a 12 x 16 booth, overlapping the roof to keep the rain out and we bought our supplies in Calgary, soft drinks, fruit, peanuts, ice cream and lemonade. The latter I made with my mother's old English recipe. It poured with rain the first two days, so only business was selling cigars and cigarettes, but the third days was awfully hot and we did a roaring business. We had to put on extra help and all was over, profit of $10.00, which did not leave much for our work, but we had the experience. I forgot to say, when we arrived in Calgary I got a job turning the handle of a printing machine at 25¢ an hour. I forgot if it was for the Albertan or Herald. Also a job at the picture show moving scenery, at 25¢ an hour, those were the days, but Calgary was small then. After the show in Calgary, I got a job with a stockman near Sarcee Reserve at $20.00 per month, and whilst there I cleaned out a huge pole shed of manure from about 400 head of cattle which had been in it the winter before. I forked it all on and forked it all off, and he did what I wanted to do - rode the range, but he was the boss. They were a family of three. Man, wife, and a young

daughter, and they slept together and he advised me to sign a contract as it was binding. Soon after that, the boss moved me from his nice new house to an old house which they had turned into a chicken house - gave me some old blankets and quilt, which I had to cover my head, as the hens roosted over my bed.

However, I rode a lot of the country around the Sarcee Reserve, as I did east of Edmonton, and east of the C.P.R. track - - here one could travel all day and never see a house. Everybody built on a bank of a coulee in some brush and near a spring. They used to burn the brush and dig coal out of the side hill nearly every place I stayed. I have forded Ghost Pine, Three Hills, Rosebud, Big Red, Bow, Sheep Creek and High River, Dog Pound, Fallen Timber and the Little Red Deer - rode the country from Pine Lake to Gleichen, & on the Blackfoot Reserve to Gladys Ridge on to Okotoks, up to Calgary and the Old Dog Pound Trail.

One of my last jobs was on a haying crew to put up hay to feed Burns steers. We had six mowers, three rakes and two sweeps - with two horses on each side of the stack to pull it up. We put up 2,000 tons. This was very interesting & I liked the work. The last place I worked was on the mouth of Sheep Creek and High River for a Scotsman. He had bought a big herd of cattle, but lost an awful lot at calving time from the effects of dipping, which was being tried by the stockmen at that time. Dick and I took out our first brands at Regina, N.W.T. but when Alberta became a province, we had to register at Edmonton. My original brand P5 over half diamond RH is still used by Lionel. We bought a lot of cows and horses. The later we trailed up in the summer, but the cattle we went south for in the fall and ran into deep snow coming up the Little Red Deer. We could only make about eight miles a day. The cows legs were raw, caused by crusted snow and by the time we got to our shack on squatted land, called "Bird Flat", it was nearly 60 degrees below. It is a wonder we weren't frozen and all we had was an old fashioned tin stove to cook and keep warm by, and to thaw out our frozen grub.

We used to get our mail at Bradbourne on the Dog Pound (about where Satchwells live now) and at the end of the year got a letter from my old boss at Gladys Ridge asking me to go down and look after his place for the winter. This I did, and left Dick to look after the horses and cattle. When I came back, Dick took the horses to Gladys Ridge and I gave the cows to Charlie Maxon on shares for steers to run at $5.00 per year. We had the whole of Big Prairie to ourselves, but the grass used to freeze and was not much good, so I went south and worked around again till the fall of 1905, when a friend and myself went to England. In 1904 I had filed for a homestead at the land office in Olds, so when I went to England, I got permission to leave the Homestead if I was back by April 1st. The trip was terrible rough, and we were late arriving in England and had to have Christmas dinner on board ship, instead of at home, but we had a wonderful time for three months. When I arrived back, I came to Didsbury and out to Kansas, (which is Westcott now) with a mail man and walked to Maxons where I boarded till I built a 12' x 24' shack. Maxon built it and I helped. In 1906, Maxon had hauled the best logs for our buildings on the flat and Sherman built an 18' x 16' stable to hold a team, saddle horse, and milk cow. When the house was nearly finished I gave a dance for the neighbors; they all said we had the best floor they were ever on. It came from Quigley's mill and was lovely pine and we really had polished it so it was like glass. I had a good many bachelor parties later on too. My partner, Charlie Paborn, who had gone to England with me and stayed at my home there, was a great dancer, but as he was too fond of whiskey, we did not stay partners long, and I was on my own to clear 160 acres of bush land with an axe. Later, Gus Sherman used his big team, and mine and broke ten acres for $5.00 per acre, which I used for growing green feed for years.

After building the house, I was broke, so I went to the manager of the Union Bank, Didsbury and asked for a loan of $1,000.00 which he granted me at 8% - usual bank interest for years. I spent most of it before I got home. I bought cows at $18.00 with a calf at foot. By September, I sold Weicker of Didsbury thirty eight head for $1,380.00. Frank Collicut, I remember received them for Burns. I got my cheque and went and paid the Bank off and applied for a $2,000.00 loan, which was granted to me later on, and I went over to Big Prairie and bought a big bunch of cattle from different ones. Charlie Maxon and I put up hay six miles east of here and I generally bought good green straw or greenfeed and hauled one load of hay in the afternoon, so was kept busy. We fed no grain till years after - only to the team and saddle horses. The winter following was the hardest ever known to date. Cattle died by thousands everywhere, but I was lucky and only lost three head, but it was heartbreaking to hear of so many dying. The thermometer was hardly above 60 degrees below for weeks. Perhaps, that was what saved the cattle and us - no chinooks - a steady cold, which we more or less got used to, so many ranchers in those days only put up hay for the calves and weak cows. I was lucky to have lots of feed and be able to get to it. The winter before 1905 and 1906 was the best every know, they said. I was in England for that, but when I got here, at the end of March, cattle were shedding off, and the grass was turning green.

About 1904, Simon Downie of Carstairs, opened a coal mine west of Cremona, (later taken over by Knowlton Co. who lost a lot of money on th enterprise). About the same time, Mr. Drumheller came out to look the Downie Mine over, but was not interested. He stayed at Maxons and went to Trimbles where I said I dug coal for the house. He liked it, went back to the States, and soon after, the Drumheller mines were opened and became a great success.

In 1905, Alberta became a province, and our first M.P.'s were Atkins and Hiebert for Didsbury and Fisher for Cochrane District. About 1906 or 1907, the Rev. Shore was sent out to Olds, Didsbury, Carstairs and out to Rugby by the Anglican Church, and we formed the Parish of St. James (which included Mr. and Mrs. James Hosegood, Sr. and myself, mostly) to take in Rugby, Atkins, and Big Prairie. Shore had a student to help him, and they held services at all three points besides the other several places later. Shore built the church at Didsbury - Rugby loaned Didsbury what money we had saved to help built a church for us, but we never did build one, but there was one built of logs at Big Prairie years later. Rev. Shore went back to Trinity College to get his B.D. Then during the First World War we were without a minister and after, we held services in our house - also Garfield school for all Creeds. When Anglican Services were started again at Rugby, we went there and also to Atkins school. The minister from Olds came to Rugby, and the Rev Currie from Crossfield to Atkins school. We always had a fair congregation at both places. We used to have such preachers come out, as the Bishop Pinkham, Archdeacon Dewdeny, Canon Webb, Canon Hogbin, Bishop Ragg, and Archdeacon Axon.

The first bridge over the Dog Pound was at Westcott, then the one on the Blind Line and later over the Little Red Deer west of Cremona. Until bridges were built, we used to ford the Dog Pound at Alex Robertson Sr's, which was sometimes dangerous, as it was on Crooked Creek here, and it flooded very often. I helped form the Municipal district of Beaver Dam. Charlie Maxon and I hauled most of the lumber for Beaver Dam Municipality.

The first telephone came from Didsbury to Westcott-Mutual line. Then a line was built six miles from Carstairs to Umbach's corner on the Blind Line. Finally a line to Cremona was built - one for subscribers and one a private line. Our telephone was installed in 1913. We had a bad fire, and if the neighbors had not responsed to the distress call of five rings, on the phone, we might havelost everything. They came right away, and formed a bucket brigade (we had a big tank of water and lots of milk pails to help). We were very thankful to all who helped extinguish the fire.

The building which the Cubs and Scouts now use in Cremona is the Old Garfield School. It is fine to have such

good use for the old school where our boys went - my only regret is, that it wasn't kept and turned into a community hall for this district. Also, very few know that part of the Red and White store in Cremona was the Old Cremona P.O. and store which my wife Lillian Jackson started in 1906.

I mustn't forget to mention the loss of the Garfield P.O. and store. The P.O. was discontinued when the Rural Route came into existance, and the building was struck by lightening and burned a few years ago. So now Garfield has no land marks and the name is almost forgotten - but not by this "Old Bird". On August 3rd, 1910 I married Lillian Jackson, who was the first postmistress of Cremona. We have three sons living. John, our eldest lives in Calgary and is part owner of Bonny Brook Steel in Calgary. Lionel is farming my original homestead, on which I still live. In 1966 he and his family won the coveted Master Farm Award for the Province of Alberta. This was a very proud day for me which you can well imagine. One cannot help but feel that being the father of a Master Farmer, somewhere along the line I played a part in this achievment. Douglas, our youngest son has bought the Spillman farm and he and his son-in-law have an enterprising dairy farm and raise Angus cattle.

During the years when the boys were growing up we had many happy times. On Sundays during the summer we would go and pick up Squire Jackson and have a picnic on his place, shoot rabbit, or chicken and make a fire and cook it and eat it, and pick raspberries out of the coulee on his place. Also, we had a wonderful time on the Little Red Deer River on Gilli's Flat where big crowds came. We would all have picnic lunches and sports for the young folks, both in the river and on the flat. Ernie Schultz was always there, as were so many other families from surrounding country and we always had a good time - no cars, just democrats, buggies and saddle horses.

It will soon be 66 years since I came to the district and I have tried to confine my memoirs to this district in the early days when there were few people and less fences. Our family has been a very happy one. We have many worldly goods, but a lot of wonderful friends and memories. The last two years of Lils' time was spent in the Hospital, and she passed away on July 20th, 1965. She did live to celebrate her 85th birthday with her family in the Hospital. My dear wife spent 59 years in the district, so we have considered ourselves "Old Timers".

* Mr. Percy Bird died in October 1969, age 87, & his oldest son, John died at age 59 in Calgary.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. PERCY BIRD

By Mrs. Percy Bird 1962

I, Lillian Adelaide Maurice, was born in Peterborough, Ontario, June 20, 1880. My father, Professor Lucien Maurice, taught French in several schools before going to Brooklyn, New York where he taught for several months, but owing to illness, he returned to his home in Paris, accompanied by Mother, Lionel, my brother and myself. After a few months he died and Mother soon left, and came to Guelph, Ontario with her two children. We lived there until I was nearly eight, then came to Warren Mass., where I grew up, went to school and graduated from High School. In 1901 Mother died leaving me to help my step-father take care of my four half sisters.

On June 20th, 1905 I was married to Smith Jackson, whose brother Squire Jackson, had advised us to come to Alberta. So on February 14, 1906, on a warm beautiful Alberta day, we landed in Carstairs. After staying overnight at a restaurant (which was run by a Mr. Crow, who later lived in the Cremona district), we left for Squire's farm. The journey was taken in a wagon driven by Squire. There were no cars or easy travelling in those days, but everything was so new and exciting to me that I never wanted to return east.

We were not able to get a homestead near Squire's farm, so Smith with the help of Hon. Fisher of Cochrane and friends. was made Postmaster of Cremona in July 1906. Squire wanted to call it Honley, after their home in Yorkshire, England but Calgary office thought it would be too much like Hanley, Saskatchewan. We then thought of Cremona, Italy, (where violins were made). Thus Cremona Post Office, Store, Cheese Factory and Blacksmith Shop were started. Squire's first house, a two roomed shack was built on the south-west corner of the west quarter. Here my first washing met an awful fate. It was funny when you think of it. No fences being built, Henry Kelsey's cows came looking for salt and seeing the nighties, petticoats, etc., started chewing them up. I began to shout, wave and run (could run in those days). The cows naturally took off, taking away on their horns the lace trimmings which they left as ornaments on bushes between Kelsey's and Jackson's farms. Too bad there are no pictures of this scene.

During March and April of that year the grass was very dry. One day the men came in calling for the big sugar sacks (that were plentiful in those days). There was a fire! The men, lots of men, (don't know how they could gather so soon, but they did) rushed off with wet sacks and anything they could get their hands on to whip the flames out. They worked for hours. They were very tired men when they returned to their homes, but the fire was out.

By April, the men started to built the store and Post Office, and Ralph Slipp (father of the Didsbury druggist) built a shack near the cheese factory, and started making cheese By July, when the Post Office opened, we moved down to where the store and Post Office of Old Cremona stood for many years. The mail was first brought from Cochrane and Smith collected it at Dog Pound Post Office. Later the route was changed to Carstairs, twice a week and a man from Big Prairie took the west mail from Cremona. At first the store was small, just groceries that were needed and then gradually it grew larger. The store became a meeting place for the farmers who brought their milk to the cheese factory in large cans. With the milk, the cans weighed about 200 pounds. They were the biggest milk cans that I had ever seen. The first big hail storm about the last of August was one of the worst. It dug up potatoes, stripped trees and broke shingles. We hadn't got the drop siding on and the hail drove into every little crevice. I had never seen such hail! Next morning, farmers arriving with milk would pull out a box and say, "what do you think of this?" He would haul out a big chunk of ice (hail frozen together) "Oh that is nothing", another farmers would say, "Look at what I have". They never seemed discouraged. Those farmers and wives were wonderful folks.

Our first two Christmases we had great times. We had invited all the near bachelors, I think there were 18 of us for dinner. For amusement the men played fiddles, harmonicas, jews harps and sang. Then they displayed feats of strength (the old fashioned kind) including the broom contests. I can still see Rod and Colin Macfarquhar doing their stunts, helped by Jack, Will and Ben McBain and Louis Steffler. Jack Rattray was always the quiet one. We had church services in Atkins school. All denominations went and all helped to make a success of church, school and social gatherings. Our first winter was that terrible winter of 1906 and 1907 known as the worst in years. I wore two pairs of moccasins and a heavy pair of German socks at one time to keep my feet warm. Our houses were not the warm ones we have at present.

Smith died in July 1909. During his illness of many weeks, I will never forget the kindness of our friends who sat up nights to help me with the nursing and later aided in every way possible.

I was made Postmistress, Mail Carrier, and Registrar. My sister Violet came from Massachusetts to help me

(Violet married Dick Bird, Percy's brother in 1911). We carried on the business. In July, 1910, I sold the store to Stringer and Will Andison, who later took over the Fisher store in Cochrane.

Percy Bird and I were married August 3, 1910 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Reid. The wedding breakfast was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reid. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Pinkham, the first Bishop in Calgary. Mrs. Mork (Mrs. Jess Ray's mother) played a great part in our wedding, sewing for me and helping several days at Mrs. Reids. An amusing incident happened from this wedding. Being I was the Registrar of Cremona, I reported the wedding, receiving congratulations and 25¢ from Edmonton for my own wedding.

We have lived on this farm ever since and had our children here. We lost our first son at birth, June 1911. In 1913 we had John and Lionel in 1916. Then we lost our daughter (twin to Douglas) in 1917. Our three sons grew up, went to school at Garfield, and Cremona High School. It was held in the old cheese factory which had been turned into a hall and school. Here the students nearly froze to death in winter and roasted in summer, but with the help of good teachers, received a fair education. The students did not have an Auditorium but spent many happy days; the Rattrays let them use their yard to play tennis. The noon hours were a rush to get back on time but it was great fun. In 1924, Percy took the family to his home in Clochester, England, to meet the Bird family. While we were in England, we saw the Wembley World's Fair of 1924 along with many interesting places. However, our hearts were with the West and we returned, glad to be home in Alberta.

Great changes have taken place during these many years and many of our dear friends have died, but we still remember the early years. Our last happy occasion was on August 3, 1960 when over 250 guests gathered to help "The Old Birds", as we call ourselves, celebrate our Golden Wedding. The Old Birds at present surrounded by our dear ones, are happily working in the summer with our gardents, Lil with her flowers, and Percy with his vegetables, and living a very happy quiet life.

* Mrs. Bird passed away in July, 1965.

Percy and Lillian Bird. Taken in 1960 on their 50th Wedding Anniversary. August 3.

LIONEL AND ELMA BIRD

Lionel is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bird and Elma is the fourth child of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Reid. They were married at Cremona on July 4th, 1943. They have 3 children; Sylvia, Grant and Lillian. Sylvia is nursing in Calgary (She spent 3 years nursing in New Zealand). Lillian is a Physiotherapist at the Foothills Hospital; and Grant, who has his BSc in Agriculture is home farming with his father. He was married to Dorith Jensen in 1973 and they have 2 sons - John and Bruce.

Elma Bird's (Reid) shower in 1943.

Mrs. Matt Hewitt, Mrs. Sam May, Mrs. George Spence, Mrs. Shantz, Mrs Tyson, Mrs. Rod McLeod, Lila Haley, Mrs. Del Warren, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Caswell, Dorothy Atkins, Ethel Reid, Elma Reid, Marion Reid, Mrs. Merrit Ehrenich, Lily Johnston, Helen Whitlow, Belle McBain (Stevenson), Joanne Mc Bee, Sarah Schultz, Lillie Huber, Margaret Whitlow, Mrs. Pybus. Sitting: Hazel VanHaaften, Doris Warren, Lorna Van Haaften, Frances McBain, Mary Wigg, Jean McKay, Doreen Warren.

LLOYD AND ROSE BIRKETT

Lloyd and Rose Birkett moved up to the Water Valley area from Dartique. They had 2 sons. This family only lived in this area for a short time, but to this day old timers in the area still call this the Birkett place. This quarter was straight north of Winchells. A baker from Calgary, named Sholtz now owns this place.

HISTORY OF EDNA AND LENA BISHOP

Told by Edna Overby

My mother, Christina McNicol lived on a homestead at Water Valley. She married my father, George Bishop at Crossfield in 1909. Mother was 24 year old. Two living children remain from this union: Edna - born in 1911 at home. They had a kind Norwegian woman as a midwife as at that time doctors were scarce and a hospital was non existant. Lena - born in 1915 in Kaslo, B.C. hospital. The family had moved to B.C. when Edna was four months old.

Mr. Bishop worked in the lumber camps and saw mills and also for a short time in a mine, but he didn't like it, as it was too damp. They were in B.C. for 11 years, then went to Idaho. Men were going to work in the Ohio Match Co. and build a spur railroad out to the timber. They stayed here the summer and then came to Alberta in November to their Grandfather's farm, eight miles west of Crossfield. Grandfather had just had an operation for kidney stones and Grandmother stayed in Calgary with him. There were three uncles on the farm, that were left with no cook or housekeeper so Mother came out and cooked for the boys. They remained here three years, then Grandpa bought each Uncle one half section and we went and kept house for him.

Then times got harder and harder, there was money for food but none for clothes. We went to Didsbury in order to earn money to survive. Mother and Edna cleaned houses, baby sat and helped with whatever would bring in

a bit of money. Edna worked for $1.00 per day. No matter how hard you worked or how little you did, you still got $1.00 per day. Edna then worked in the country for farmers at $5.00 per month. This she considered a step up and was good wages. That summer she saved her money and bought fruit and sugar for her mother. Yard good were 25¢ per yard so she took a sewing course and sewed her own clothes. Edna was here four and one half years then Grandfather passed away and left Mother ¼ section south of Carstairs. This was 1932 or 33 and they lived there 2 or 3 years. One of the Aunt's and her family wanted to live there in order to grow more grain for the family so the Bishop's moved again to another Uncle's place, west of Carstairs. They stayed here one year, then moved back to section 19, south of Carstairs. Mother wanted to sell the place, no pasture for cattle, they had only 15 acres to grow greenfeed. They sold the land for crop payments as money was scarce. A farmer from Youngstown bought it. They worked for several years with the grain and greenfeed and raised pigs, (to make use of the grain), as the grain was not a good price. They were here until the spring of 1944 when Edna married Louis Overby. They went to B.C. and Louis died the end of July. Edna came back and stayed on with the family. Mother died in Dec. 1944 and Grandmother in Feb. 1945. She was hale and hearty 'till her 84th birthday when her heart failed and she had to stay in bed. They knew they had to move once again and as George and Mrs. Bales had been friends of theirs for years, looked over them and helped when they could, it was Mrs. Bales who first told them some of Squire Jackson's land might be for sale. She and Squire got along very well, as he did not care for Edna, but Mrs. Bales finally persuaded him to sell. Squire had been saving the land for some nephews that had planned to come from Britain. They never came so Squire let a corner of the ground go. It was thought to be 20 acres but later found to be less. They got their belongings together in 1946 and came out with cattle, rabbits, chickens and a granary. One cow died while moving. There was no house so they lived in a cook car. York Shaw Moving Co. from Calgary was contacted about moving the house from section 19. It was moved out the day before Lena and Mike Hickey were married. The house was moved on a truck and took several hours, the worst place was at the Dog Pound (Foats), as the road at that time curved around where the camp facilities are now. Mr. Bales helped gather up some flat rocks and these were used as a foundation for the house. There was a problem as to what to line the house up with, the railroad was crooked as was the road. They finally decided on a location. They all lived here for a time. A swinging ladder, made from the teeth of a hay rake was used for the upstairs where Edna slept. Mike and Lena soon had a family and more space was needed. Mr. Gordon Habermehl had an old house to sell, made of second hand lumber and they bought it for $100.00. Mike and Jack moved it over and Edna moved in. She was here for several years. She also had an oil lease on the place, the Arkansas fuel lease, sold to Canadian Gulf and they in turn sold it to British American, with the money, Edna had a few extra dollars to spend each year. Four or five years later John Fry wanted to buy the oil rights for $400.00 but Edna wanted $500.00. They agreed upon $450.00 and she sold. A week later Mr. Fry said it was a good thing she sold as it was now, not worth the paper it was written on. No oil around here. Edna put the money in the bank.

The cabin began to leak and Edna had to look elsewhere to stay, she bought a small trailer and was here 2 or 3 years, until arthritis began to bother her, as the trailer was really equipped for summer use only. She moved back into the house. Carl Eckstrand had a house and sold it to her, and it was moved out by a man named Toews. Mike made a foundation (his first experience at this sort of work), and they moved in 1964. They saved money and decided to build on in 1972, as Mike's family now consisted of 5 children. The same carpenter that built the 1st part 30 years ago, built the addition on later. All were moved in and together in early Dec. 1972. More work done in 1973 and a porch built in 1974. A new well was drilled in 1974. Edna worked house cleaning for Ethel Magoon in town (starting about 1973 for 3½ years.)

The Hickey children have finished school and left home. Edna Overby, Lena and Mike Hickey enjoy going to church and look forward to easier times.

THE BLACKBURN FAMILY

By Maysel and Ethel

Our family lived in Richland, Kansas. Our oldest brother, Bob Blackburn got the fever to come to Canada when he was 16. Dad said he could go when he was 17 but our father, Charles Blackburn, died that year so Bob did not get away until he was 21.

Bob came ahead to Alberta and bought land, then he came back for us. We sold out in Kansas and then mother and we children came to Alberta in the spring of 1912 arriving March 29. The boys were Robert 21, Kent 18, and Dick 16. The girls were Ethel 14, Alice 11, and Maysel 8. We came by train to Didsbury and it took four days. It was very hot on the trail and when we arrived, a cold March wind seemed to go right through us. Kent and Ethel wanted to go back to Kansas that night. From Didsbury we went by lumber wagon to Westcott, where for a short while we lived in the C.C. Rinehart house which is still standing today. Mrs. Rinehart was formerly Mary Herner and her little brother John would eventually become Maysel's husband. Maysel can remember her first meeting with her future husband. John was 11 as was Maysel's sister Alice. The two were playing in the sand box while little Maysel looked on. What started as a nice game eventually became a "sand in the eyes" contest proving that children have not changed much.

In September of that year we moved to what is now the Dunphy place which belonged to Henry Whalen then. In the spring of 1913 we moved to the post office place at Garfield and started to go to Garfield school with Joseph Reid our teacher. In the summer of 1914 we moved to our home place. Our brothers built our house, the bottom half out of logs and the top half of lumber from the logs they had cut by themselves. They cut the logs with a crosscut saw and then skidded them out with horses. James Ottobine at Elkton cut the lumber for us at his mill.

That year was the year Bob had an accident at the mill. He fell in a revolving shaft and everything was stripped off except his socks. He banged his head and he was unconscious but was not hurt very badly.

We attended the Evangelical Church and the Pastor was John Finlay. When we lived at Rineharts, we were handy to a small lake. We often went boat riding. Another summer sport was mud-hen-egg fights. In winter we skated there and had snow ball fights. When were were at Garfield, we went to band practices and band concerts at the Garfield school. We would all bring a bit of lunch and have supper and enjoy the music and the fellowship. Mr. Gathercole was the band master. Members of his band were Norman Tuggle, Albert Vogel, Martin and Fred Colwell and their father Mose, Bob and Kent Blackburn, Lloyd Ray, Art Waterman, Jack Hickey and Carl Russel. In the summer, two or three wagonloads of us would go cranberry picking at Winchel Lake. We would take tents and stay a week. We worked hard during the day and at night we would sit around the camp fire singing, telling stories and speaking pieces.

We shopped at "Old Cremona" going by horseback and by horse and buggy. One day when Ethel and her mother were coming home by way of the Colwell place and were crossing the muskeg covered with ice, the horse fell and couldn't get back up. Ethel unharnessed the horse but it still could not make it up. Finally with the blanket spread around the horse, it got on it's feet and they continued on

their way. Ethel was married to Charles Magoon in February 1917, and Bob married Christine Gardner in June 1917. The latter live in Fallen Timber. After Christine passed away Bob and Dick went to the Okanagan for about a year and worked on the Okanagan boat hauling fruit. Bob and mother lived on Bob's homestead for awhile and then sold and went to Oregon. Bob died in 1927 and mother moved back, passing away in 1950. Kent and Dick are living in Washington and Alice is living with her family in the Camrose district. Ethel and Alice still reside in the Cremona district.

* Since this history was compiled Maysel has passed away.
* Ethel Magoon passed away May 19, 1975, at age 77 years.
* Charlie Magoon passed away in 1965.

WILSON AND GEORGINA BLAIN

By Pearl and Wilfred Blain

Wilfred and Georgina Blain came west from Watford, Ontario to High River in March 1905. Their oldest son Purcell stayed in Ontario for a number of years before coming out to Alberta, but Robert, Arnold, Flo, Orville, Alex, and Tillie came with their parents. After the terrible winter of 1906 they moved west of Didsbury, one year spent in the Melvin district where Genevieve was born, and then moved to Elkton. William, Wilfred and Kitchener were all born at the farm home at Elkton but William died as a small baby.

Purcell, Robert and Arnold were soldiers overseas in the 1914-1918 Great War. Wilson and Georgina had a post office and store for a number of years as well as farming. Their home was a stopping place for people going to and from Didsbury, from farther west before there were cars, and they charged no one for a bed, meal, or feed for their horses. Many people appreciated this hospitality, but many did not. Georgina was a charter member of the Rugby W.I. started in 1913.

Wilson passed away at his farm home in his 88th year in 1948 and Georgina passed away in 1966 at 93 years of age. Wilfred moved to the N.E. ¼ S-5, T 31, R 4, W 5 in 1938 where he lived until 1942 when he moved to S.W. ¼, S 32, T 30, R 4, W 5, and farmed it so his brother Robert and family could move to Vancouver. Wilfred has lived here since then. In 1945, he married Pearl McMullen from the Fallen Timber district. They have four children; Sharon (Mrs. Zaluski), a realtor in Calgary, Merle in Edmonton, Earl at home, works at the sawmill in Sundre and farms, Darrell in grade twelve in Cremona High School.

Wilson Blain with Buck and Bright and sulky plow 1909.

Wilson Blain garden 1926.

Working on Blain farm 1927.

Orville Blain (back) Harvey Hosegood with their tractors moving the house to the Wilson Blain place. Spring 1930.

Bill Jones and Frank Edwards grubing roots (before).

Breaking land in 1930 on now Bob Konchuh land. Frank Edwards here. Kerosene used in tractor for fuel. (After grubing roots).

Percy and Ruth Blain 1932.

The Blain's pinto team. Jerry and Mike were well known around the district. They hauled pigs to Didsbury and were one of the first teams to haul grain to the Cremona elevator. The Blains' had many offers to sell this team as they were in great demand for bread wagons in the cities.

Hauling straw from Viponds in 1934.

Hay sweep on Blains farm. Robert Lucas - driver, Alex Blain - on stack, Jeff Cramers - hired man.

Stationery wire tied baler used on the Blain farm 1946-47.

Haener Ridge and Moose Mtn. in background. Horses on Blain ranch at Nitche Valley.

Wilson and Georgina Blain's family consisted of 10 children; Purcell; married Ruth Haug from the Bergen area. They farm at Bergen and have one son, Leslie. Robert; married Fern Etscel from Rugby. They live in Langley, B.C. and have one son, Larry, who also lives in B.C. Arnold; married Violet Dalton. They have 3 children, Ethel, Ronald, and June. Arnold passed away in 1977. Flo; married Jeff Monk (he homesteaded on the Bud Crosby place) They had 3 girls; Mildred (Mrs. Hosegood), Ellen (Mrs. Broome), and Doris (Mrs. Angus) Live at White Rock, B.C. Orville; married Ella Stewart from Didsbury. They farmed morth of Cremona, sold out when Orville died in July, 1970, age 71 years. Alex; married May Oliver. They had 1 son, Donald and 2 girls Vera (Mrs. Nelson, and Lila (Mrs. Kran). Tillie; married John Herner. Have 1 daughter Vivian (Mrs. Brown), who lives in Calgary.

Wilfred; married Parl McMullen (story elsewhere) Kitchener married Eva Foreman and had 2 children. Everett and Beverly (Mrs. Wilson) who lives in Didsbury, Kitchener died at age 29 years.

GEORGINA BLAIN - ANECDOTES OF MY EARLY LIFE

By Georgina Blain 1963

I was born near Watford, Ontario, April, 1873. I can clearly rembmer many things from my early life there, such as the "Sugaring offs". Also I remember weaving blankets and carpeting on an 8' x 8' loom which is still in existance. I attended the organizational meeting of the Salvation Army. I was married to Wilson Blain in the uniform of the organization. The great granddaughter of Laura Secord trimmed my wedding bonnet. Doctors advised my husband, Wilson, to go west for his health. He worked his way across the Prairies on a harvest excursion & in the fall of 1905 he rented a farm near High River. I arrived in Calgary on March 26, 1906, with our family of seven. (The oldest boy, Purcell, remained in Ontario with my parents and came west several years later). The winter of 1906-07 was very severe and many cattle perished from the cold and starved from lack of food. Our cattle pulled through the winter but we discovered when the snow melted our land was alkali and the drinking water was not very good. We moved to Melvin, west of Didsbury, in the spring of 1907. As it was only a rented farm, we only stayed a year before moving to Elkton, where we remained permanently. The two boys and "Dad" (Bobbie and Arnold) built our house the year after we came out. The boys decided that they wanted a dance, so Mr. Moon, a close neighbor came and played his violin for 25¢. Some of our close neighbors at that time were Jim Hosegood, Riley Moon, Charlie Brown, and Bill Hayes, James' and Autolnes'. The store and post office were owned by Bob Brown, just east of the present site. Dad broke most of our land with a horse and ox, and then the yoke oxen. Our dog, Buster, worked too. He pumped our water by means of a water wheel. The stationary engine was used to saw wood and chop grain. I can remember my husband going around the country with it to do these jobs.

Highlights of my life seemed to have to include many teachers. One I particularly remember is Miss Dears, who taught at Fallen Timber. On the day of her arrival, Purcell took the wagon and went to town to meet her. He found her to be dressed in the fashionable hobbled skirt. I guess she saw that getting into the high wagon would prove quite a problem. So she politely asked Purcell to turn his back while she rolled in. Another teacher, who the boys called "Joliette" seemed to want to keep her life a secret. The Moons' (she boarded there) said she stuffed her petticoats in the keyhold, & around the door, and hung one over the window.

When World War I broke out many changes occurred. Three of our boys, Arnold, Purcell, and Robert joined the Army. The went overseas. Here, Purcell, received a medal for bravery. Now Dad took over the post-office and started a general store. We did quite a lot of dealing with the Indians. Their favorite purchases appeared to be vanilla, lemon extract and a pain killer. Since we became curious, we questioned them as to what they were doing with it. Well, that put a stop to that! The year before the start of the War, Mrs. Moon, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. J. Hosegood, Mrs. Brown and myself formed the Rugby Institute. We were kept busy after that. I knitted socks, made quilts, and sent parcels overseas. During the war we used to go back west of Bergen to Johanson's sawmill to pick raspberries. A buch of us would take the team and wagon and we would camp for several days. Miss Bunker was the teacher at this time. She used to play our old organ, Riley Moon played violin, Bill Hayes played the mouth organ, Archie Maclean played the Jews harp, and we used to have some great times. Especially with Bill and Archie step-dancing. It seemed like half of the events on the 'Old Days' revolved around the Indians and their escapades, the Indians had their camping grounds across from Moon's. Les Evans now owns this land. They would have pow-wows, and dances in the evenings. Drums were the main musical instrument. I can remember one time that one of our milk cows had died. An Indian, named Mark Poucette, (later chief of the Stonies) happened along as Dad was going to haul it away. He asked Dad if he could have it for dog food. So they dressed it out, & he sold this meat to Mr. Herget who ran the other Elkton store at that time. Yes, Mr. Herget had been selling it to his customers as fresh meat.

Berry picking in 1917. Left-right: Mrs. George Hogg, Mrs. Wilson Blain, Mrs. Charlie Brown. Children: Charlie Brown, Gen Blain.

David Poucette, a very good friend of ours, would always drop in if he was around our part. He was dancing master for the Stonies at Morley. Our old gramaphone was a delight to him. He spent much time dancing to it, before he had his dance, he always made sure that he had a full stomach. And how that old fellow could stow it away! In 1935, the Stonies had one of their last Sun Dances. David Poucette invited us to attend. This was a great honor, as white men usually aren't allowed to attend. However we were unable to go.

Dad had a black and white pinto team that he had raised himself. At that time a pinto work team was quite a rarity. Every time that David Poucette came, he wanted to trade some of his squaws for this team. Our boys, young men by now, he figured, "need 'em squaw". However, Dad won out, and David had to find other boys for his daughters.

Today we think nothing of taking a trip to the coast, or even farther afield. In the early years a few days of camping out at a stampede, or fishing was considered a great holiday. When we went fishing at the Big Fishing Hole, we would take our big stone crocks and lots of salt. We would salt our own fish, and fill many a crock. The high spot of

One of the first apiary in the district. This hive produced 425 lbs of honey 1932. Georgina Blain apiarist.

the year was a trip to the Sundre Stampede which was always a two-day show. There was always a lot of visiting to be caught up on with old friends that we saw only once or twice a year. The Stampeded started out with an Indian parade, followed by the Grand Parade. In the afternoon, rodeo events were staged as well as horse races, Indian races, and Roman races, and flimsy democrats were used, were quite a sight. The tongues of the democrats were coming down and the wheels were always collapsing. The day was finished with a greased pig race for the Indians, the pig being greased with that good old black axel grease, which is not seen anymore. Talk about fun, well, that was!

We used to go to Botrell Stampede with the Bennett family, Dave McKinnon lives on their old place now. There was no road going straight through north of Cremona to Elkton then. We went across the river, at Bennett's forded it again at Jim Hagan's (his son Harry lives there now) and up through Oakie Strain's homestead and then through Mrs. Hayes' & Ernie Schultz' and from there on I was lost as to which way we were going but I know we finally ended up at Bottrell and an enjoyable time.

Christmas was always a time we looked forward to. Our good friends Cora and Bill Banting always had their team and sleigh ready to take us to the concerts. The schools tried to have them on different nights so we generally managed to get to Elkton, Rugby, and Fallen Timber concerts. There were usually a dance after and I'm sorry to say our hours were not as good as today, as very often we would find ourselves getting home at 5 or 6 in the morning. There was always a house gathering, a lot of fun was had in the thirties, with the Bennetts, Bantings, McGregors, Lisamoths, Bacons, Brians and several others of the old neighbors. In the thirties I decided to try a new business, since my job of raising my family had been completed. So, I turned to raising birds and bees. I traded me a cow for several hives of bees among other things, and my nephew was generous enough to give me a pair of canaries. They both seemed to multiply and consequently kept me extremely busy.

Those were my last big business ventures and now I am content keeping track of my family. It includes nine surviving children, nineteen grandchildren, thirty-six great grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

Looking back now, the past ninety years have been good even if there were some sad events.

* Georgina Blain passed away - 1966 at 93 years of age.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF THE BOHANNON FAMILY IN ALBERTA

By Dave Bohannon

My father's name was Rufus K. Bohannon. My mother's name was Rachel T., and I had three brothers; Frederick C., William K., and Charles R. These besides myself, David W., were raised in Illinois, U.S.A.

During the summer of 1904, Dad procured a lot of literature from Canada, telling of the great opportunities that Western Canada would give, just for the asking. The principal opportunity at that time was the great stretches of unettled land that the Government was opening up for homesteading and the cheap land put on the market by the C.P.R. and Hudson's Bay Co. The government at that time would bet you 160 acres against a fee of $10.00 that you could not live on it three years without starving. Well, in the fall of 1904 Dad came up to look at the promised land in Alberta from Calgary north to Edmonton. He was so taken with the climate, mountains, big springs, rich black soil, heavy vegetation of pea-vine and vetch and the big flocks of prairie chickens, that he purchased from the C.P.R. Section 33 in Township 29, Range 4, west of the 5th meridian. This was 18 miles west of Carstairs.

When he came home he told about the country, what he had done & we were all so enthused that he sold the farm, all stock, machinery & most of the household effects & we moved into the little town of Table Grove to await spring and the move to Canada. In the meantime he bought four mules and what he thought he would need in the way of new machinery and household effects.

When spring came, they loaded the settlers effects and brother Bill came with them to take care of the mules. The rest of us came by passenger train, landing in Carstairs about the middle of April, 1905. While waiting for the cars of settler effects to arrive, Dad hired a livery team and took us out to our new ranch. The first night we spent with our new neighbors to be: the Steeles. They told us about a bachelor by the name of Jack McLean who had a shack and homestead adjoining our land. Dad saw him and made arrangements to use his place until we could get suitable buildings put up on our own place.

Mother thought the first trip out was a long hard one as there were no graded roads, just trails, no bridges across any of the streams and only one section fenced in the 18 miles, that was the Gentiles Ranch, now owned by the Owen's family. One of the first things was to look up homesteads for Dad, Bill and myself, as land was being settled on very fast. Dad and Bill filed on homesteads just across the road south from what is now Mount Hope School and I filed on the S.W.¼ of Section 30, Township 29, Range 3, now owned by Chuck Holbrook. The first summer was a busy one, hauling lumber and getting buildings put up before winter. All the lumber was hauled from the Quigley saw mill located about 12 miles south-west of the Dog Pound Creek. The price of the lumber was $10.00 per thousand feet. We got 20 acres ready for crop to be planted the following spring and a good supply of hay put up in stacks.

The foundation for the Atkins School was in when we arrived and it was finished ready for use by the time the fall session opened. It was also used for all social activities in the community. It was first used for church activities, all denominations attending. The families attending most regularly were the Reids, Spences, Watts and ourselves. When the winter came it was dances. Our district had many grown girls, the Crowes, Tysons, McVickers and

Kelseys. Everything was lively and always a big jolly crowd. Hauling supplies from Carstairs was quite a chore. Dad did most of this. When he was with a load he always took two days to make the trip. Usually a neighbor would go along with another team so that if they got stuck, which was quite often, they could help each other. As I remember, one of the bad spots was the old Charley Stewart place, now owned by Sam Fulton. It was vacant land at that time and many a cracked double-tree was left there. Dad always carried an extra one.

While we were on the ranch the only way you could market hogs was to kill and dress them and take them to Calgary. Cattle were held until they were four years old to market. They were then fattened on grass or hay. That first summer Dad bought a number of horses. At that time I thought I could ride most anything. I picked out one which I thought would make a good saddle horse. She piled me three times going a half mile and I had hold of all the leather I could reach. Later she became quite tame and used to lie down with Kate Stevenson when she got too heavy. The winter of 1905-06 was very mild. The first store in the district was opened by Buster Brown in the spring of 1906 and was located on the N.W. quarter of Section 34, Township 29, Range 4 and now owned by the Earle family. During the summer of 1906 the Big Prairie country was swept by a terrible bush and grass fire with the result that many settlers lost all they possessed. Also the same year, during late August a severe hail storm swept the district. Hail was piled up two feet deep on the north side of barns. All crop that was not cut was pounded into the ground. Our twenty acres of crop was cut on the green side and in the stook so did not suffer extensively.

Brother Fred and family settled a few miles east of Airdrie. During the first two years Dad had bought quite a lot of stock. Then the terrible winter of 1906 and 1907 struck with early deep snow and unusual temperature, down to 60 below zero. Our loss of livestock was around 10%, which for the conditions was very fortunate. By now Dad had, had enough of sunny Alberta as a ranching country and sold the ranch with stock, machinery and household effects to a Mr. John Stevenson of Wisconsin. Dad and Bill sold their homesteads to the Borton's and we moved to Calgary. Charlie attended public school and I, Sleepy Hollow High School, located in the City Hall block.

Bill married Jessie Cowman and settled in the Garfield District. We stayed in Calgary for two years, then moved to Portland, Oregon. Times were very hard. In the spring of 1910, I returned from Oregon, sold my homestead to Mike Hickey Sr. Fred sold his farm and we moved to Township 26, Range 2, West of the 4th meridian, filing on five sections of land from the family by buying South African Script. This land was near what is now known as Acadia Valley. The family in Oregon joined us in the fall.

I believe the coldest I ever experienced was the first day of June 1910, when we were enroute to our new home, and got caught in a bad snowstorm. After battling the storm for some five hours, with only summer clothing, we reached a ranch and they took us in until the storm was over. The storm lasted about twenty hours and put some 2 feet of snow on the level. At that time there was just one shack on our route between Hand Hills and the Saskatchewan border, a distance of 90 miles. Our nearest post office was Kinderley, Sask., 65 miles away, but by fall the C.N. Railway had extended its line to Alsask, Sask. 18 miles away. We had our mail changed and did most of our trading at Alsask for a number of years. The oil boom at Calgary ended in 1914 and we had tough times for several years. Our land was broken with oxen, horses and tractors. Most of the early years were fairly good. An exception was 1916 when an early August frost completely ruined what had been a bountiful prospect. In 1918 Charlie enlisted in the army and trained in Regina. In 1919 we had a big crop of flax. On the 9th of October it was covered with 2 feet of snow which did not melt until the following spring. In the fall of 1919 the price of flax was $5.50 per bushel. The following spring only $3.00. Our loss was on 500 acres. There followed several years of very tight money. In 1920 I married Pearl Cowman. During the early 20's there was a radical change in the method of cultivating and harvesting in our district. In the early years plowing was the standard method of preparing summerfallow. It was slow and costly. Dad and brother Charlie were the first in our district to use the cultivator exclusively to prepare the summerfallow. They used 14 horses on a 10 foot cultivator.

In 1928 came the combine. I got one of the first off a carload arriving in Acadia Valley. It was a pretty crude machine, compared to the streamlined units of today, but it did the job. Dad passes away in 1924. The next big event was the financial crisis that started in 1929 when wheat was 1.83 per bushel F.O.B. Fort William. By the fall of 1932 it was worth 19¢ per bushel at our elevator. Brother Charlie and family had a dispersal sale, quit farming and moved to Victoria B.C. The same year, 1932, Pearl's father, Mr. Fred Cowman passed away. In the settling of his estate she was left a farm & good sized herd of Purebred Registered Herefords. In the fall of 1933 we shipped all our stock, most of our household effects and all horse drawn machinery to Carstairs and started improving Pearl's new place, which was mostly bush, and began raising Polled Herefords. The same year the great drought started and lasted five years. We operated both places until 1943 and we sold the Acadia Valley farm. To hold the soil during the dry years we used a two bottom lister after the crop was seeded, making furrows 5 rods apart to catch the drifting soil. When harvesting we would wire a 4 x 6 to the end of the combine table to make a mark to tell us where we had gone the time before. We could generally collect a $100 worth of grain a day. The seed was never recovered from millions of acres. Land value dropped from $35.00 per acre to $1.00 per acre if you were lucky enough to find a buyer. Cattle sold at 1¢ a pound. Anyone wanting a hired man could apply to the Government who would supply you with one and give you a bonus of $10.00 per month to keep him.

In 1936 I opened a Glaubers Salt Mine at Oyen, Alta., with the approval of the Alberta Government and operated it until the start of the secnd World War, when we could not obtain sacks to bag the salt. It was known as "Social Credit Salt". Brother Bill passed away in 1940 and his son Wilfred took over the management of the farm. In clearing the land we had a big cat with cutter blade and pusher to pile the brush and a breaker to do the plowing. In 1943 Pearl got a few head of pedigree mink for a hobby. One of them would follow her all around the place. Fred with wife and mother moved to Calgary and rented their farm. In 1952 mother passed away at the age of 98. Fred passed away in 1954. In 1954 we had the honour of selling the highest priced Polled Hereford bull ever consigned to the Calgary Spring Bull Sale and the record still stands. In the summer of 1958 we sold the ranch to Mr. Ted Hunt and that fall held a dispersal sale at the Exhibition Grounds, Calgary, and sold the cattle. The success of the sale was made possible by our good neighbors giving of their time, helping us get cattle in presentable condition for the sale. In the spring of 1959 we moved to Calgary and retired. We consider that Alberta has treated us very well.

BOHANNON

Following the death of his father, William Kenkade Bohannon, Wilfred, his only son, took over for his Mother - continuing to farm the land and building up their Registered Purebred Polled Hereford herd. In 1951 he bought the highest priced Hereford bull ever sold at Calgary up to that date for $5000.00, built a new home, and in December of the same year married Evelyn M. Spankie, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. W.E. Spankie, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Calgary.

In 1955 Anne Jocelyn, our daughter, was born.

After a lenghty illness Wilfred's Uncle Dave died on

December 7th, 1967; and in 1968 on October 20th his Mother passed away.

Aunt Pearl continued to live in her own home maintaining a huge garden - growing, canning and freezing all her own vegetables until due to ill health and now in her 90th year she entered a nursing home in Calgary.

In the spring of 1973 we had a Purebred Hereford sale-top end of cows going to Morlunda Farms, West Virginia, U.S.A., owned by Union Carbide; Clove Creek Farms, New York State, U.S.A., owned by Franklin Roosevelt Jr., son of President F.D.R.; and another truck load to Peterborough, Ontario. The balance of the herd was sold at Olds Auction Mart. In June Anne graduated from Cremona High School - later entering the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology for a Secretarial Arts Course. We had a farm and land sale - keeping the quarter on which the house stands where we continue to enjoy country living.

THE BONHAM FAMILY

By Robert Bonham

The Bonham family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bonham, Robert, then David and Wallace and a daughter Myrtle, the youngest. The Bonham family moved to the Big Prairie District in July of 1928 from Calgary. Mr. Bonham bought the Old Scobie place, which was the S.E.¼, of Section 30, Township 30, Range 4, west of the 5th. Which is about 5 miles north west of Cremona. For a number of years our post office was at Elkton, then when the town of Cremona was started we changed to there. We, four children took our schooling to grade 8 at the Big Prairie School. Mr. Bonham farmed there until his death in March 1934.

Robert and David then worked the farm until David joined the Army in 1941. He was sent overseas and was in the Italian and European campaigns. He married in England and was mustered out of the Army in 1946 and came home. In 1942 Myrtle joined the Wrens in Calgary & was sent east to Nova Scotia. At the wars end she married

Myrtle Bonham

Wallace Bonham, Cremona parade 1946.

Mrs. Ada Bonham, Jean Gillies, Pearl McMullen, Oct. 18, 1942.

down there, and returned west with her husband in 1947. Robert and Wallace stayed on the farm during the war. Mrs. Bonham sold the farm in 1945. She rented a house off Billie Graham for about a year. Then she and Wallace moved to Calgary. Robert bought a registered trapline in the Big Red Deer and James River area of the forest reserve and trapped for several years. Finally selling that and going to Calgary too. Mrs. Bonham passed away Nov. 1960 and Wallace passed away in June 1974 at the age of only 53. David, Myrtle and Robert still live in Calgary at their respective homes.

An amusing incident I remember when we went to school. Dave and I had the janitor job at school. We had to go a bit early and start the wood burning heater and dust the desks and etc.; before school started. This particular morning Dave was starting the stove and I went to the little cupboard for a dust rag. The teacher had brought a sack of rags the day before. So I grabbed a rag and pulled and out came a pair of women's under bloomers. So I got the bright idea of pulling them on over my blue jeans and started prancing around. Then several other boys came in, and they were all roaring with laughter. When in comes the teacher. She took one look and her face turned red. Then she demanded that I take them off that instant. So to make matters worse with fooling around I had forgot to dust her desk. So I was in her black books for several days.

Old Bonham barn after roof collapsed.

THE BORTON FAMILY

By Percy Keith Borton

Our father, William John Borton was born in Teeswater, Bruce County, Ontario. He had at least three sisters and one brother. His brother Fred, who later became known as Burton, came west in the 1880's with Pat Burns, both as horse wranglers. They came as far as Winnipeg by C.P.R. but as that was the end of the railway, they came the rest of the way by covered wagon, etc., they ranched as neighbors west of Claresholm, Alberta.

One of Dad's sisters married Wm. Gray and they settled north west of MacLeod, in the early 1800's. Another sister married our Mothers brother, Dan Keith. Dad had three daughters and one son, by his first marriage. His first wife passed away and he later married our mother, Catherine Keith, she was also born in Teeswater, Ont., but was of Scottish decent. There were 11 of us born to the second marriage. They are listed below. Our Father passed away in 1915 and Mother in 1930. They are both buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

Amy Edith - April 30, 1881
Ada Gertrude - July 11, 1883.
Mary L. - December 31, 1885
Will - January 31, 1888
Albert John - December 3, 1889
Rachel - January 25, 1891
Robert - July 28, 1892 - Jan. 15, 1979 at 87 yrs. at Harrison Hot Springs.
Malcolm Harold - June 22, 1894
Henry - April 7, 1896
Foster Graham - October 2, 1897 - March 10, 1972
Catherine Isabelle - January 3, 1900
Arnold - August 19, 1901
Sarah Ann - October 16, 1903
Percy Keith - November 16, 1907
Fred - November 10, 1909

Percy Keith Borton was born November 16, 1907 in Airdrie, Alta. He came with his parents to the Bottrel area in 1911 to the old Borton homestead. He married Eileen Dunningham, about 1932 and moved to the Water Valley district. He moved to (picture), lived there until the 40's, then moved to Agassiz, B.C. He retired at Harrison Hot Springs.

Old log house.

World War 1 broke out in 1914 and Henry and Graham (Bun) joined in 1915, the 12th C.M.R. and went overseas. In early 1916 they were fighting in the front lines in France. On June 23, 1916 at Sanchuary Wood, where thousands of Canadians were wounded, killed or taken prisoner, Bun was severely wounded 21 times, one in the head & the rest in both legs, one badly shattered that left it 2½" short. For this he received $6.00 per month pension, which he later turned in to the government for $600.00.

Bert Borton joined with the 82nd Batallion early in 1916. Arnold Borton joined the Lord Strathcone Horse Cavalry near the wars' end so never went overseas. World War 11 Fred, the youngest Borton, joined the Calgary Tanks, June 6, 1940 and saw active service in many countries. He was discharged December 3, 1945.

Bun Borton lived at Water Valley after the war. He travelled about, always with his hair clippers and would give neighbors free hair cuts. he often stayed at his friends for a meal and this was his way of paying for it. He often cut the entire family's hair. When he had a car he delighted in stopping at someone's house (who didn't have a vehicle), picking them up & taking them to the Dr., shopping or visiting. This was his donation to the community He never married.

AB AND ELLA BORTON

William J. Borton left Teeswater, Bruce County, in 1904 to come to Alberta. In 1906 the rest of the family arrived from the east. Albert (Ab) Borton lived on E. ½ S.7, T. 29, R4, W5. (now Romney's) with his family.

Ella Lyall Hamilton came in 1919 from Ontario to teach school and taught at Mount Hope and Byron. She met and married Ab Borton and they lived on his farm, until 1931 when his mother passed away. The Borton's consisted of;

William (Bill) - remained a bachelor and farms 2½ miles north-east of Cremona

Jack - married Thelma (Sammie) Luft in 1950 and they now farm south-west of Cremona. They have three children:

Doug - married Yvonne Joseph, they have 2 boys, Jason and Devin

Connie - married Walter Blaszczak, they have 1 boy, Frank.

Marie - attends Cremona School
Janet - married Joe Bardgett, they farm north of Cremona and have 7 children, Kathy, Bonnie, Jack, Nelson, Joe, Janet and David.
Ab died in 1932 at the age of 45 years and Ella and the boys ran the farm until 1950 when she passed away at the age of 63 years.

Ab Borton

HISTORY OF LEO BOSCH SR. AND FAMILY

By Bertha Betts

My Dad, Leo Bosch was born in Odessa, Russia in 1899. When he was twelve years old he immigrated with his family to the Burstall, Saskatchewan district. Several years later he came to Beiseker, Alberta, and one year later married my mother Rosa Silbernagel. They farmed in the Beiseker area where their first five children were born (Bertha, Julia, Leo Jr., Peter, and Pius). In 1931 Dad and Mom with their family moved to a farm west of Carstairs which is now the Slobodian place. They farmed here four years and one more child was born (John). In 1935 they moved onto the Buster Brown place 2½ miles east of Water Valley They lived here about two years and a fifth son was born (Albert). Then Dad bought ten acres located on the south side of the Water Valley School from Sam Laveque. As money was very scarce in those days Sam was paid with a team of horses from choice stock. Dad had raised horses for several years and had taken a lot of pride in them. At times he would take the time to braid their tails and decorate the harness with ribbons, pom poms and colored rings.

Dad would haul posts out east with a team of horses and wagon. In the fall he would go cutting grain with a binder for different farmers in the area. he and Mom would sometimes do the stooking, then when the grain was ready to thresh he would go with a team and wagon, and still had their harvest at home to complete after working out. A few years after moving to Water Valley another son was born (Robert).

The family went to school at Water Valley and Mount Hope. Dad helped build the Catholic Church at Water Valley. Every Sunday I recall all the company we used to have for dinner, even the Priest always stayed for dinner as he had to travel back to Carstairs. My Mother was a wonderful cook and her homemade bread was well remembered by many people who had the opportunity to drop in for a cup of coffee and fresh bread. Times were hard and Mother used to make her own soap. Our clothes were hand me downs and made over for the family. We scrubbed clothes on the wash board for years. We raised chickens, ducks, cows and pigs, so we managed to have our own meats, eggs, homemade butter, homemade sausage, headcheese, liverwurst, pickled pigs feet and our pork was kept in a salt brine in barrels. We raised all our own garden vegetables & canned them, as in those days we never had fridges and deep freezes. I remember all the berries us kids had to pick for preserves for the winter. We didn't have to walk very far with our buckets, but now everywhere you go there are no trespassing signs posted so that ends the berry picking.

The Leo Bosch family 1942. - Back left to right - Dad, Leo Jr., (14), Mom, Bertha (16). Front: Pius (12), Albert (8), John (11), Robert not born yet.

Feb. 1968. At Banff Carnival on ice. Leo, Bertha, Albert, John and Pius.

Crowning of the Carnival Queen at Banff Carnival on the Bow River. Feb. 1958.

Pius, Robert, John and Dad.

Pius, John, Bertha, Albert, Robert Bosch. Children of Leo and Rosa Bosch. Leo Jr. missing - Sept. 1977.

Mother churned butter & sold it at Howard Gazely's store in Water Valley for 25¢ per pound. Sometimes I took butter by horse to Cremona to be sold at Rod McLeod's Store that was on the corner. It also sold for 25¢ per pound, and the trip there and back took the biggest part of a day. The family all worked hard and had to do without a lot of luxuries but had many happy events despite the hardships. It was very rewarding in the end.

Dad played for dances at Water Valley, Dartique, Dog Pound and Madden halls with Guy Gazeley, Gene Winchell, Fred Hambly and Walter Corbett. They played somewhere every week, then the band broke up moving to other places. Then Dad got his family started and we played near and far for many years. I remember well all the house prties. Dad used to play at a different house every week & moccasin dances on the river at Bituma, "my what fun that was". I recall the dances we used to play at the Ice Carnival at Banff on the Bow River, Mayor Don McKay from Calgary used to call the square dances at the Carnival. That used to be a three day affair. As years went on they played more and more, and went further from home as the vehicles became more modern. They tavelled as far east as the Saskatchewan border, south to Longview, west to Kelowna and north to Westlock. They played most of the dances on a Friday night at that time as they weren't allowed to dance after twelve o'clock on Saturday, their pay was from $30.00 to $70.00 for five or six of them, and they played from 9 p.m. until 3:30 a.m. and on occasion a collection was taken and paid so we would play until 4:30 or 5. Many times the music was donated for burnt out families, Christmas concerts and Red Cross. After playing in the district for thirty some years the orchestra broke up, but Dad kept on playing on his own and getting assistance from whomever he could. He played until two years before his death when he was admitted to the Didsbury Auxillary. He passed away March 2, 1973 and was predeceased by Mom on September 18, 1951.

All children are living today except Julia and Peter. They were deceased in 1922 and 1925. I, Bertha have a family of four children, all married and ten grandchildren, Leo Jr. single and living in Red Deer, Pius with four children, John with three children, two married, Albert with one child, and Robert with two children.

The original home has since been replaced by a new home and cabinet shop built by Robert and family.

THE BRIAN FAMILY

By Jimmy Brian

Thomas and Mary Brian, their son Ken and daughter Gwen, arrived in the Cremona area, in the spring of 1927. They located on the present farm, north and east of Cremona. Gwen and Ken took their education at the Elmwood School.

Gwen married Andy Thompson in 1904 and they reside on their farm near Cremona. They have two children Pam (Mrs. R. Wigmore), and Garry.

In 1941 Ken enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and served four years overseas in England, Italy, and N. Africa. In 1945 he returned to Cremona and started farming. His father passed away in 1947. In 1946 Ken married E. Jameison from Cabri, Sask., they had four children Nelson, Linda, Stewart and Theresa. Ken was active in sports (hockey, baseball and curling). he was elevator agent for the Alberta Pacific Grain Co. for 11 years. Mary Brian passed away in 1964.

Ken and Jimmy built a house in Didsbury in 1974 and are living there now, Nels and Lynn and family live on the farm, Stewart is living in Sundre, Linda (Mrs. R. Roberts) and Theresa (Mrs. J. Wigston) are both residing in Red Deer.

LOCKI BRIMM

Not to much is known of this man but he apparently farmed in the Vulcan area, then during the depression he came to the Water Valley area on a Government Sponsored plan where as the government paid the unemployed to hire people. He worked for Ed Laveck and others. During the war he got a job as quarter master at Banff National Park. He bought a piece of land from George Day. He later moved into Calgary to live with his sister, while there he passed away.

Locki at the Quarter Master's cabin.

BILL BROWN

By Bill Brown

I arrived in Didsbury April 12, 1912, came out with Bob Brown to Elkton. My brother Stanley, was with me. He came back to spend Christmas with our folks in England, he had been out in the Didsbury district since 1907. Well, he had a homestead on McDougal Coulee across from Joe Dalton's place. Well, we batched together there and worked out and rented Bill Haye's place and Archie McLean's for a couple of years. Then the first world war came along and Stanley and another fellow decided they were going to enlist. I was threshing with Swingles & when I got home that is the news I got, so I got busy and had to get busy and look after everything myself. I was 19 then. Quite a few boys from around Elkton and district enlisted. I bought an accordian from Tommy Potts and in the fall of 1915 I helped play at my first dances in Elkton school house with Dan McIntyre and Andy Metzcar. We played for the Red Cross after that I got to playing at Elkton, Big Prairie, Melvin and sometimes at Fallen Timber. By that time I had Kyle Oliver and Lou Bossart (violins), we all played for a fee and we would get someone like Arthur Shantz to cord on the organ or Charlie Rawleigh. A good many nights it would be 10-20 below and I used to stay in at Gardiners if they were going to Big Prairie. I would leave my horse and go with them. After a while I bought the Mecham place and farmed the Fisher place, but crops were poor. We did not know what fertilizer was then. My brother came back from overseas and brought back a wife with him. We all lived on my place for a while and he had a partly finished house on his place so they fixed it up and went to live there and I was alone again.

I stayed with it for another 2 years then I got kind of fed up so this man Enblad came along and I sold it to him, lock, stock and barrel. He farmed around 3 years I think, then sold to Thomson Bros. I worked for Kyle Oliver for the rest of the year then I went back to England as my parents were getting quite old, and was back about two months.

Then I got word from Charlie Brown (the old man), that Kyle Oliver had passed away and would I consider coming back and help on the farm, so that is what I did, and thats where I worked. After a while I got married and was there until 1939 when I came out here, bought an old place and fixed it up and I finally got 42 acres and farmed and milked cows for another 15 years, and did quite well. Then I sold it all but 5 acres and about 1 acre across the road where my house is, where I still live. I just used to keep a cow and a bunch of young stock and some chickens, then I got the Model Railway craze and in my spare time I manage to fill my basement, 25 ft x 36 ft., it took quite a while. There is over 700 ft. of track, 56 electric switches, 12 hand switches, 11 engines, 180 cars of all different kinds and buildings. I don't do too much on it now, keep it up in repairs. I guess I told you my wife passed away August 1966, I was alone again, then my granddaughter and her husband and family live with me the last 6 years. I still play in an orchestra, I play the drums now. We have been quite busy on Saturday nights.

Billy Brown, Mrs. Paul, Jack Paul, Mrs. Brown.

Frank Watchorn.

CHARLIE BROWN AND SNOOPY

Mrs. Amy Ellen and her husband, Richard Smith came from Seven Oakes, England on September 8, 1889 to four miles west of the present site of Cochrane. She was lady in waiting for Lady Adela Cochrane. Her job was to help Lady Cochrane with her 32 button shoes, using a button hook, tie up her corsets and in general attend to all her needs. Richard, her husband, polished shoes, kept the saddles, attended horses etc. for Tom Cochrane. When Richard first arrived in Calgary at the livery stable some men had a tame black bear lying down with his paws over his ears. It seems the men had fed the bear some home brew and the bear was a bit intoxicated.

The Cochrane's often went coyote hunting but only saved the tails. He also had a coal mine and a saw mill. They loaded the logs on flat cars. They returned to England & Mother & her husband worked on the Virginia Ranch & lived in a log house, now on Ike Satchwell land. The Cochrane Lakes were named as "Dry Lakes" on a map at that time & Mrs. Smith often drove across them with the dust flying. She was the first postmistress in Dog Pound, (then Bradbourne). She picked up the mail Tuesdays & Fridays.

Mr. Brown came from Edinbourgh, Scotland on July 5, 1895. He had worked at the Waverley Station in Scotland and retained the name for his ranch, Waverley Polled Hereford Ranch. Mrs. Smith (now a widow with 3 children), went to Cochrane and ran a hotel for a time and it was here she met her second husband, Mr. Brown. He would ride a horse in from Virginia Ranch where he worked. They were married November 2, 1904 in Calgary by Bishop Pinkham. The same day and the same minister married Norman Luxington and Dave McDougalls' daughter. After their marriage they lived at the Virginia Ranch, until 1904. Mr. Brown came up to the Garfield area, coming by wagon searching for land. The land was so dry a wagon wheel would fall in the cracks. The first green place he saw was near the Little Red Deer River, and as he had ranching in mind this was what he was looking for. There were deer in abundance, grazing in this area (near Elwood Scotts' and down the coulee to Rugby). John Manson was the only white man west of Didsbury around 1890. In early days mail was dumped off in Carstairs on a seat of an old shack. Ranchers picked it up and often brought their neighbors out. Mr. Brown had built a house on his land, with the help of Harry Hagens' dad, Jim, a stone foundation was built in 1904. His wife and 3 children (from the previous marriage), arrived in 1904. The children; Violet (1890) and Nora (1895). Bert Smith was born at the Virginia Ranch January 15, 1899. Nora, and Vilot - now in a nursing home in B.C. These three went to school at Rugby.

Charlie Brown's house.

Charlie Brown was born December 7, 1907. He attended school at Rugby and Garfield. Rugby was two miles away and he rode a horse, sometimes walked and later rode a bike. The Rugby school was built in the summer of 1906. He went to Olds college 1925-26.

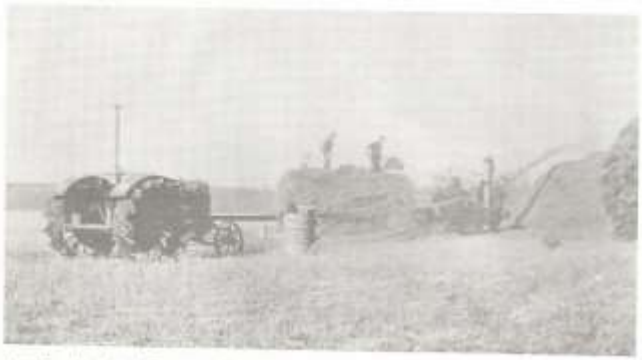
Mrs. Brown was a midwife and had training in England. She carried only a small black bag, with a few essentials. She rode in a buggy or on a horse. Mrs. Clark Ray often assisted her. She charged $5.00 for the delivery and sometimes she took care of the mother and baby for 10 days. For this she charged $10.00. Some paid and were very grateful for her services and from others she never did collect. Some were born in their home, others in their own homes. Some of the neighbors she brought into the world were; Jack Bellamy - born in the Brown house, Buster Bellamy and his twin (twin and mother died), Harold Bellamy, Jack Robertsons' 3 girls, some Goetjens', Hosegoods', Viponds, Rosetta Macfarquhar (Moore), Oliver children. It is possibly easier to list the people in the community she didn't bring into this world. Danny Russel was the last baby born in the Brown house.

In the early 20's Mr. Brown had show Clydsdale horses and took them to Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto Royal and Chicago International Fairs. They went to Calgary 2 or 3 times per years for supplies, this was a four day trip. They bought flour, sugar, coal oil and the oil was always placed at the far end of the wagon, not to get on the food. There were lots of partridge, prairie chicken and as a friend of Norman Luxingtons' he often came out to shoot game.

1921-22 - Mr. Brown and Charlie, using 2 binders on Bert's quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown's wedding picture. 1904.

May 8, 1925. First used 8 horses on a 3 bottom plow.



1930 first tractor. Browns 22" Red River Special. 1630 Hart Parr.

Barn built in 1912.

Charlie Brown still keeps horses on his farm. He says it was the horses that bought and built the farm. Cows in the early days were not worth the hide they were wrapped in. His father built a barn and always had 6 or 8 horses in the barn, available for buyers. A horse often brought $200.00 or $250.00 whereas a cow, perhaps $25.00 and calves $9.00 per head. A horse was sometimes sold and a quarter of land could be purchased for the price of one horse. Cows remained at a low price and after the war the wheat and horses paid for the farm. Some Clyds. were shipped east. Charlie was married in the early 40's. They had one girl born December 22, 1942. His wife went back to Calgary. He then had a housekeeper, Lena Sanderson, for 30 years. She died October 16, 1970. He has lived alone since.

Mrs. Brown died November 9, 1946.

Mr. Brown died November 11, 1948 - killed by a car in Didsbury. Charlie moved out of the old house in 1956.

Charlie Brown now lives alone on his farm with his dog, Snoopy. He spends about two months of the winter in Vancouver, still feeds cattle, rents the land and enjoys helping out and visiting friends.

GORDON BRYAM

By Gordon Bryam

As I had lost my home by fire at Elkton area, I had to find a place to live, so I located a place at Big Prairie in the fall of 1929. I got a job with Jack Ragan driving truck hauling the mail to Carstairs and bringing back supplies for the store at Big Prairie. The store and post office was run by Mr. Binney. Sometimes I had to use a team of horses and sleigh as the drifts were too much for a truck. One year I made eleven trips with the team which took two days each trip.

In the winter of 1930 and 31, Mr. Ragan took on the job of hauling the surveyers from their camp at old Cremona, so I got wound up in that job. We hauled the men out along the right of way to work in the morning and back to camp at night, no roads and through deep snow. Jack broke the V joint, so we got a new one and lay out in the snow on the prairie, 20 degrees below and put it in. The survey was supposed to go as far as Mountain House but it only went as far as Elkton, the steel went in the next summer and to this day I have only seen one train in Cremona.

Cremona Village sprang up like magic, one mail morning as I came into Cremona I noticed a blank spot where the blacksmith shop had been, it had burned down. As a humorous spot I must warn you that I turned into a chicken thief. A man by the name of Arthur Shantz lived near the Big Prairie store, he had a few chickens, one was a very large plymouth Rock rooster which was better than any watch dog, every time a stranger went into or around his place the old rooster raised cain and would fly into your face. The evening I was at the store when Shantz came along and knowing that he was not going to leave until Mr. Binney made lunch, we brought up the subject of his rooster Shantz vowed that nobody could steal his chickens because of this rooster, so after he had bragged about his fool proof layout, I decided that I should go home. Mr. Binney looked at me & I looked at him I took off for home via way of Shantz place. I walked into the barn & the rooster was hollering his head off so I grabbed him, put a couple of twists in his neck, took him home with me & dressed him out. In the morning I boiled him a few hours, then I took a good portion of him & went to the store. Mr. Binney asked "Did you get him?" We promised to never tell about this to see how long before Shantz would mention it but he never did an no static about it, at this time Mr. Benney was J.P. of the district

In 1932 Duncan Young and I went to Calgary and filed on homesteads. I filed on the S.E. ¼-1-tsp. 30, Range 6, W of the 5th, later an oil well was started west of me called the Spindel top. Mr. Percy Wardrop was the steam engineer but they had a lot of trouble so closed it down. I cut a lot of poles & dry wood & sold it or traded it for a pig & butchered it, it cost $5.00 as pigs were 2½¢ per pound and steers ¾¢ per pound in Calgary. Feed was hard to get and everything would freeze back there. Art Pawson started up a sawmill so this helped things out a little. In 1935 I sawed a bunch of lumber, the best of it sold for $12.00 a thousand board feet, planed No. 1 - $15.00, but I just about broke even, then I went with Art as cook at $1.00 per day. You had breakfast at 6:30 a.m. and supper about 6:30 p.m. but by the time you did the dishes etc. you had done a days work.

In 1938 I went with the Forestry service and got stuck up on Black rock mountain, 8213 feet above sea level as a lookout man, that was an experience of it's own, it was unbelieveable, the lightening strikes up there. In 1939 there were seven fires started in 20 minutes. You had to carry your supplies and gas for the stove from timber line about 1½ miles. In 1941 I joined the Army though I have never seen my name on the honor roll in Cremona, maybe this was on account of me stealing that rooster.

JAKE BRYDAN
By Muriel Foster

Jake Bryden lived east of Bottrel, sold out and went back to Ontario. He worked in a Ford factory while the war was on. After the war he came west again. He lived in different areas, then came to Water Valley. He bought part of a quarter section east of the church from Jack Dickson.

It is believed Jack Brydan had the first phone in the Water Valley area. Jack returned to eastern Canada and he passed away.

Mr. Batchelor then bought this property. He sold it to McDougall. Stan and Audrey Black lived here for some time. It was then sold to Brian Ekman and he in turn sold it to B. Taylor. It is now being sub divided into the Little Red Acres.

GLEN AND EVA BULLIED

Glen Bullied came from Manitoba to Alberta. His wife, Eva, came from B.C. The Bullied family moved to the Water Valley area around the years 1955-56. They first lived on the Pete Heidebrecht place, which was owned by Dave McDougal.

After some time here, Glen bought a mill from Lee Salisbury. He got a timber birth of his own up west and also spent some time working for Lee Salisbury. He then moved south and west of Water Valley on the town line where he sawed lumber for Spray Lakes Sawmills of Cochrane. Their children were Laurie, Merrill, LeRoy and Jimmy.

After leaving Water Valley they moved to Ross River, N.W.T.

BURKHOLDER-CLARESSA AND THE LATE ALVIN
As Told By Joyce Hale

Slowly they left - a young teenage boy and his father with a team of horses and a wagon carrying some precious few possessions. The young man, our eldest brother Virgil rode a horse & herded a few cattle. Accompaning them was the family dog, Rex. We waved good-bye, it would be a few days before we would see them, for the journey was over 130 miles to the north, to a farm that our father had purchased, (for a farm is a good place to raise kids).

We were at that time, a family of 6 children, ages ranging from infant to 15 years. A couple of days after our dad had left we were awakened with scratching at the door, we opened the door and there was Rex.

It was soon time for us to leave to go to the new place - the nearest town was Cremona, a small village north-west of Calgary. Our farm was located across from the Big Prairie school Building a road seemed like fun to us small children, but for our dad and older brother it was hard work, cutting down trees and clearing out stumps. Our first year we lived in a converted granary, but at the end of the year our dad had a home to move into. Our early recollections of school in the one roomed school house brings fond memories, the pot bellied stove - the teacher trying to keep 8 grades in order - how did they do it?

These were depression years & times were difficult for everyone. Our dad found he could not make a living on the farm and so back to the oil fields of Turner Valley, he would go to work for a month at a time. During this time our mother carried the load of responsibility of managing a farm and 6 lively children.

Dad continued to look for some business that would let him make a living at home, and come up with the purchase of a water well drilling rig. Virgil helped him with this. A Model A Ford carried them to and from work, but when the car was parked several little goats climbed up and jumped up and down, leaving their hoof prints on the top.

At this time my father was able to purchase a ½ section of land about 1 mile south of the present location, the former John Cashman land. There was more land cleared. This house was very large, but was old and unfurnished. By this time our family had increased to another boy. We were now 4 boys and 3 girls.

The war had come and the radio brought results of the conflict in Europe. Our house was affected, as Virgil joined the air force. A few months later another baby was born, a boy. Because Virgil was gone, Dad stayed home to help and because of the new baby, our mother needed help - so I stayed home.

The year of 1944 stands out in all of the Burkholder's minds. Virgil was stationed in England, Jean and I were driving or riding horse back to the new high school in Cremona. A few days after Christmas on the 28th of December, our dad went to be with the Lord - as a result of a car ccident. The effect of this incident affected our family immediately. Friends began working towards having Virgil brought home, which was accomplished the following spring. Shortly after his return he met a young lady, Verla Sanderman, who was working in the hardware store in Cremona, which was owned by Verla's sister and husband. A short time later Virgil and Verla were married and settled on a farm west of Cremona.

1947 I went into nurses training in Victoria, while I was gone my youngest sister, Ruth met a young man from Cremona, Reg Johnston and these two fell in love, married and began to make their home near Cremona, later settling in Didsbury, where they are now living.

After a lapse of 10 years there was another wedding. I had been to Nigeria and the young man I was engaged to (Bob Hale) became my husband. He was not a local resident, but was from U.S.A. A year later our other sister, Jean married a young man who was farming west of Cremona. Jean and Roy Luyendyk still resides on this farm

The years that followed found our mother selling the farm and moving to Didsbury, her present home.

Don, who had been many years on the old farm had left it to become a successful welder and met his wife, Marcella Golden, in Sundre. Their home now is east of Sundre.

Shortly after this Bob married a local girl, Dorothy Stair. Gerald became a carpenter and travelled hither and yon, marrying a girl from Calgary, Delsey White.

Wayne still resided (when he was home) with mother in Didsbury, but after a few years, he too, was married to a young lady from Cochrane - they now reside east of Sundre.

By this time Virgil and Verla and Bob and Dorothy had moved north to the Fort St. John area. Gerald remarried to Linda Aaderman from Calgary a few years later, and they now reside at Dawson Creek.

Reg and Ruth Johnston are residing in Didsbury at this time, not too far from our mother's. I'm living about 30 miles from Portland, Oregon.

Cremona, as I saw it last year, has changed little over the years -- as one comes over the hill - there nestled in the valley, a town - beautiful school - new houses, some new shops, a paved highway to Calgary, but the old look is still there.

I remember Cremona with fond memories, for the many lessons we learned and for the friends we made. So many have left this little town, but we do come back to visit. It is with a mother like ours that we have to say as a family "We thank God for you", and those dear friends in Cremona - Thanks - we remember you all with fond memories.

THE BURRELL FAMILY

By Edith Jerome

The Bowman Burrell family moved to the Bituma district west of Water Valley in September of 1930. There were 5 children at that time; Edith, Mildred, Bowman (Bill), Stanley (Stan), & Charles (Chuck), 5 months old. Doris was born in 1939.

The residence was south of Bituma School and behind two crossings on the Little Red Deer River. Consequently, any vehicles attempting the crossings for visits with the Burrells, often drowned out, and Mr. Burrell or Bob, as he was known amongst his neighbors, would go and pull them out of the river with horses or oxen, usually at the crossing where Ingemar Sunquist lived.

The oxen were ued for farm work as well, as for yarding out whole trees in the local logging and sawmill businesses.

Mr. Burrell and Doris about 1941. Oxen - Duke & Dime.

Bob Burrell standing on yoke of oxen, Spot and Jerry. Monty Olson sitting on Spot. Monty was "tool push" at the old "Spindle Top" oil well, drilled north of the old Cartelege place on Silver Creek, later purchased by Harold Borton. Mr. Burrell worked with a team of horses while building the road to the oil well. Earnie Sundholm drove the horses, 1934 or 1935.

Bob had learned to train and use oxen in his early growing up-days in Nova Scotia and well knew that a good team of oxen yoked by the head, could pull more than a team of horses.

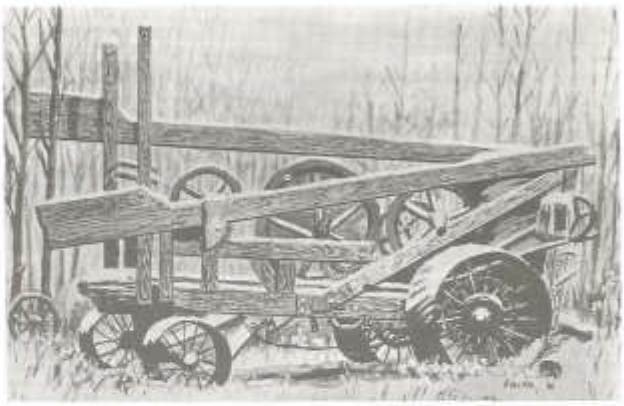
Mrs. Burrell, Gladys, passed away in 1943 at Calgary, Alberta. Bob sold the old home and farm on the river, to Elmer Foster in 1944, and lived for a time near Bituma School, where he became ill and was forced to spend the winter of '46-'47 in hospital. Improved, he returned to the Bituma district to live with his son, Bowman (Bill) and wife Delphine White of Carbon, Alta.

Edith was now married to Fred Jerome. Mildred was married to Jack Brown. Chuck & Stan still lived in the area too, but soon began to work farther afield. Doris was by then living with an aunt and uncle at Mayerthrope, Alta.

In the early 50's, Bob moved north to the Sundre area, where his sons, Stan and Bill were now located. In 1955 Bob remarried to "Etta" a Colorado woman. Chuck was by then married to Norma Freeman of Bently, Alta. and Stan was married to Shirley Mancell of Calgary, formerly of Drumheller. Before too many years, Doris wasmarried to Tom Allen, then of Eagle Hill. Mr. Burrell passed away at Didsbury in 1967.

Back row: Burrell family and Grandma, Gladys, Mildred, Bob, Edith, Mrs. Burrell's mother - grandma Bailey. Front Row: Stan, Bill, Chuck. 1936.

Stan Burrell, Dan Cassity, Allan Oborne.



Keystone drill - original painting by Edith Jerome.

Stait's auction - charcoal drawing by Edith Jerome.

Mildred died in 1966 in Kimberly, B.C. where she and Jack ranched. Stan was killed at his home at Sundre, in 1970 in the crash of his small plane. Edith's husband, Fred, died in 1970 also, in Red Deer, Alta. Chuck and family and Edith now resdie in the Yukon, where Stan had opened up a new hunting territory in the Mackenzie Mtns. in 1965.

HERB BURRESS

Herb and Emma Burress came from Craigmyle, Alta. and moved in Oct. of 1936 to the S.W. ¼-30, Twp. 30, R-4, W-5, and farmed there until Feb. 1946, when they retired to Calgary and are now residing in Bow Valley Senior Citizens Lodge.

WRITING FROM JIM BURTON

Jim left his home in Saskatchewan and headed out to Alberta on horseback at the age of 15. He arrived at Carstairs & worked for Guy Sundholm in 1938. At this job he worked as a farm hand for $15 a month where he earned his first saddle after working 6 months straight to pay for it. He rode bareback into Carstairs, caught the train into Calgary, walked over to Riley-McCormicks, bought the saddle and caught the next train back to Carstairs which was about two hours later. The saddle cost him $75.00 brand new, This was not a regular saddle as Jim loved to rodeo it of course was a bronc saddle. He arrived back at Carstairs where he put this saddle on his horse and rode back to his place of work. Jim took in many rodeos and made out very well. Wild horse racing was his lucky event often and to this day he is still known as "Wild Horse Burton".

In 1944 Jim arrived in the Water Valley district where he took up residence as a bachelor on the Morgan Lewis place for four years. While he lived there he broke horses for a living. He loved driving a team and as a result often found him driving himself and many of his neighbours to dances at Water Valley. He often hitched up a four horse team and occasionally a six horse team.

One of Jim's dear friends which taught him much about horses was Jappy Rodgers. Jim only lived a couple of miles from Jappy so often Jappy would bring a colt over to Jim. Jim would get mounted on this colt and the two of them would head to Cochrane where they would stop at "the beverage room". Then they would mount up and head back. This procedure resulted in "getting the hump out" of this colt. Jim would ride him a bit more after that and then Jappy could "finish him off" (finish breaking him.) Jappy was a great lover of rodeos which brought a great tie between the two of them.

A couple of summers were spent with Bill Johnson where they packed with horses for Gulf Oil. They started out on this job with a bunch of horses which were hardly halter broke. Jim was in his glory as he loved to see a horse buck. Jim began taking pack trips each summer into the mountains in 1941 and hasn't missed a summer since. Ernie Sundholm & Bob Patchell were two of the fellows from this area which took part in these trips helping Jim as cooks.

Jim worked some for George Oldfield. One outstanding memory of George was that George always had room in his barn for your horse and always welcomed a visitors to his table. George's wife Haddi made the best apple pie in Water Valley as far as Jim was concerned.

Jim spent some time also working with Ivor Skogg and Ole Olson at the sawmill. Ole used to say "I never look to see how big the log, I yust look at da bow in dat black horses neck; and da bigger da bow, da bigger da log." Jim recalls skidding logs up to his waist in depth.

Elmer Foster and Jim spent many hours working side by side. They hayed together and logged together, always with teams of horses. To this day when the two meet the first of their conversation is spent joshing about how good their horses worked. A true story that Jim likes to tell about his times with Elmer was as follows. Elmer had a daughter which Jim wanted to take out. Jim finally got permission from Elmer to take her to the dance at Water Valley. Jim hooked up his team to the democrat and set off to pick her up which happened to be eight miles, then from there they went on to Water Valley. Elmer's daughter had to play for the dance so Jim was left to find his own dance partners. At the end of the dance, Jim hitched up his team but found he was stuck with an extra passenger, none other than Elmer. Just a little way from the dance hall one of Jim's horses decided he didn't like what he was pulling and went about to kicking the front out of the democrat. Elmer grabbed his daughter, to rescue her, and took her home himself. That was the first and last time Jim was ever allowed to take Elmer's daughter out.

Cliff Jordan and Jim Burton fencing for Lee Salisbury. 1949.

Bill Johnson with his horse, Tex. 1945.

Jim Burton riding his good mare, Slippers.

Ernie Sundholm with Jim Burton's pack outfit.

Jim enjoyed taking his boys along with him even though they were only about a year and a half. One incident Jim likes to tell was about the time he took Pat with him on horse back to check the cattle up the plains. Jim jumped some wild horses some of which looked pretty good. They both took to chasing these horses, Pat on Dad's hip, they coralled them all. Jim says that today he wouldn't dare ride by himself like him and Pat rode that day. I wonder if Pat remember this.

Lee Salisbury played a great part in Jim's life as a father-in-law and friend. Lee and Lietha lived not too far from Jim and Leona on the Grease Creek. Lee was a very serious fellow and took most things serious. He was loved by most everyone. Horses weren't Lee's greatest interest and Jim did a lot of work that needed to be done by horses for him.

Jim recalls a lovely bay team that he used while fencing for Lee.

In 1969 Jim went to Jasper to work as a packer for the Warden Service and used the Government horses. He packed up into the mountains into the Warden stations and look-out towers. One incident he likes to tell about was as follows. His job along with several other fellows was to keep the fellows in this out lying areas comfortable. A phone call came down from one of the lookout towers that they needed a power saw so they could cut up some wood as the fellow wasn't able to use the backsaw very well, the blades kept breaking. Jim knew what this was all about so he sluft it off one one of the other fellows. Fred went about this chore while Jim and several other fellows found a place to party. This fellow had to pack the powersaw about two hours on horseback as he couldn't get there any other way because of it being too steep. When he arrived the fellow in the cabin was very pleased to see him and requested some wood bucked for him. The worker seeing what had really happened told the lookout fellow that he was terribly sorry but power-saws just didn't work at that high an altitude and proceeded to return to the bottom of the mountain to get back at Burton.

After working in Jasper for several summers Jim returned to Silver Creek Ranch where he had worked along with the Rossinghs before going to Jasper. Jim's great love for his own horses and his great love to work with children found him very happy once again in the Water Valley district. Jim loves to see a child get on a horses and watch how happy they feel when they say "This is the first time I've been on a horse!". A present he enjoys taking the children from the Calgary district which come out to Silver Creek each week, on hayrides. Jim gets pretty proud when he watches those children glow with interest and then after the ride many children go up and talk to the horses and love them. Jim always has and always will live for his horses.

Jim recalls an incident when he was breaking horses. In his travels he ended up in the Seebe area. Jim's partner and himself were pretty hungry and they were "riding the grub line". His partner stopped at his friends place, so his bachelor friend cooked up some grub. When they sat to the table they were faced with some extra meat that they never really planned on, (maggots). Being very hungry and all, they went about eating. Jim pushed these little creatures off to the side and tried to eat where it looked not so populated. His friend just turned his face away from his plate, folded up his slice of meat and ate. As they left on their horses, Jim remarked to his friend how he managed to eat all those creatures. His friend said, I couldn't be as rude as you were to herd them off to the side like that while Soapy was watching you.

Another incident with this same friend - they were returning from a hunting trip in the Elk Valley. They had run out of grub and caught in a snow storm. They stopped in the evening, tied the horses to the top of some trees, in snow up to the horses chest. They found 4 crackers in the pack boxes, so they hung up their sleeping bags out in the snow and slept the night. In the morning they had coffee grounds left over in their ginny pot, along with their four

crackers between them. Alvin remarked, as they sat around the fire, "I wonder what the poor people are having for breakfast". To this day, Jim is noted for packing more grub in his pack boxes than a normal person packs in on a pack trip.

This buckskin mare was considered tough. This was taken four days after I had her.

After courting Leona Salisbury, they were married in 1951, where they resided on the Grease Creek. They were very isolated in this area and relied mostly on Jim's faithful 30-30 and what little they could grow that didn't freeze. They drove out to Silver Creek about once a month for groceries, where they would often get a ride into Water Valley with someone who had a car.

Jim enjoyed taking his boys along with him even though they were only about a year and a half. One incident Jim likes to tell was about the time he took Pat with him on horseback to check the cattle up the plains. Jim jumped some wild horses, some of which looked pretty good. They both took to chasing these horses, Pat on Dad's hip, they coralled them all. Jim says that today he wouldn't dare ride by himself like that and Pat rode that day. I wonder if Pat remembers this.

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THE ALBERT (BERT) BUTLER FAMILY

By: Dorothy McArthur

Dad was born in Worchestershire, England one of a family of seven children three girls and four boys. Dad came to Canada in 1905 at the age of 18 years followed by his brothers Bill, Jim, and Geroge, they worked at various jobs. Dad at railroading, road building, logging, and freighting - all man sized jobs under adverse conditions.

In 1915 he had enough of this adventure and took up a homestead on the Dog Pound Creek west of the present Dartigue Lodge where the John Smiths live now. Pickings were slim on the homestead in his first year there so he took a job as a ranch hand on the Virginia Ranch which was owned at the time by Mrs. French and her son Barton. Ike and Diane Satchwell live there now.

My Mother, Winnifred (Winnie) May Cook was born in Birmingham, England, eldest of a family of five girls, she came to Canada in 1910 at the age of 17 years and lived with her parents and four sisters in Calgary and worked until she maried Dad in 1916. In March, 1916 Dad enlisted in the Medical Corps and served for two and a half years in World War I. After the war he returned to Calgary to gather up his wife and family and returned to their homestead. Though homesteading had its problems and the horse and buggy were the only means of transportation they still enjoyed the community dances and visits with their neighbors.

In 1927 we moved from the homestead to a farm north and west of Bottrel where my brother Leonard now lives, by then my brother Jim and I were ready to start school. We attended the Mount Hope School walking 1¼ miles, this was quite a new and exciting experience for us after life on the homestead. Dad served as trustee of the Mount Hope School for some time.

Bert Butler's homestead.

On the homestead. Len, Mary, Dot and Jim.

Mother cutting wood on the homestead.

From right side: Dad, Mom, and Mom's sister Hilda and a friend.

Our shopping was done at the Bottrel General Store & Post Office, at this time I remember it was owned and operated by Ollie Tidball. There were 2 events each year we always looked forward to. The Dog Pound Stampede and Sports Day and the annual Christmas concerts travelling of course with team and sleigh or buggy, we also took in dances at Water Valley, Dog Pound and Dartigue. Quite regular Dad would have a job as floor manager. In the winter I remember taking a foot warmer to help keep us warm. One event which sticks in my mind young as I was, a Christmas Concert at Westbrook. In preparing to start home we discovered the horses had broken the sleigh tongue, so with our robes and blankets we bedded down for the night on the school house floor, making our way home in the morning after repairs had been made.

We milked cows and shipped cream to Cochrane Creamery. As we got older and were able to help with he work we bought more land and grew wheat, barley, and oats. We used binders drawn with four horses to cut the crops into bundles, it was then stooked, later to be loaded on hay racks and hauled to the buildings and stacked, waiting for the threshing machine, sometime in the winter to thresh it. The depression years were tough. Dad was crippled with rheumatism and was just able to get around on crutches, Jim had to quit school before finishing his grade eight to help at home. Over the years our family grew to eight children, as they say many hands make light work!

Mother was a member of the Bottrell Busy Beavers Ladies Club & Dad a member of the Cremona Legion. After forty-odd years of farming Mother and Dad retired to Calgary and my brothers Leonard and Billy took over the farm. In July 1956 we were saddened by the loss of our Mother at the age of 63 years.

Jim Butler married Isabel (Sybil) McKenzie on his return from World War II, they reside at Springbank, Calgary, where he is in Real Estate (Butler Agencies). There children are; Russel, Bradly and Janice, Calgary. Darlene; is married to Constable Bruce Montgomery of Pt. Ququtlam, B.C.

Dorothy married Jim McArthur, they farm at Dog Pound. Their family consists of Bette-Ann - married to Robert Bosch, they have two children, Karen and Kalvin, and they live at Water Valley.

Maxine married Barry Herbert - 2 sons Frank and Jeff completes their family, they make their home at Elkton.

Leonard; married Betty (Croft), Gillis and they live on our farm, they have four children; Danny and Reg - Calgary, Eric and Joan at home.

Marjorie; after returning home from doing her time in the army, married Roland Ritson Bennett, they live at Lynn Lake Manitoba where they work for Sherrit Gordon Mines, they have 2 children; Virginia; married to Keith Murihead, they have one son Peter and live at Lynn Lake.

Linday; also lives at Lynn Lake.

Ethel, married Lorne (Pat) Paterson, their family consists of Douglas and Gregary. Pat passed away and Ethel and boys now live in Grande Prairie. Douglas is married to Sandra and works for A.G.T. They have 1 girl, Lorri Ann.

William (Bill); married Glenda Betts, they farm at Dog Pound, two girls Cheryl and Bernice completes their family.

Gladys; married Tom Stables and resides at Springbank, Calgary, they have a contracting business (Budget Builders), they have 4 children Donald and David at Cochrane. Deborha and Sharon at home.

Vera; married Charles (Chuck) Holbrook and farm at Cremona. Their children are; Rod - married Susan Snyder, they live at Cremona.

Malcom - married Serena Pockar, they live in Calgary.

Kelly lives at home.

Through the years in Calgary, Dad has been an active member of the Army and Navy Club and the No. I Legion, he has many dart championships to his credit, he still enjoys reasonably good health his secret being his walk to the Legion from where he resides at Baker House 230-5th Ave. E. He has twenty one grandchildren and six great grandchildren. In April 1978 he was 93 years young!

* Albert Butler passed away Feb. 1, 1979 at the age of 93 years.

Dad and his dart championship trophy.

THE GEORGE BUTLER FAMILY

George and I, Eugene, and our four sons, Ernest, Gerald, Orville and Harold moved to Water Valley in July of 1948 to go into the lumber business. We had made a deal with Ed Laveck for the timber on his place west of Water Valley with stumpage of $4.00 per M. payable after the lumber was sold. We were ready to start operations that fall. We had Marine Vandenberg to do most of the logging and Elmer and Leo Foster did the skidding. The biggest problem was hauling the lumber to Water Valley, as the roads were mostly impassable and we had to corduroy more mud holes than I care to recall.

We had contracted all the lumber to Walter May who had the main store, Post Office and lumber yard for $15.00 per M. Of course the cost of living was not as high then. Ernie didn't stay out there very long as he had a job with an Oil Co. He started as a rough-neck but soon was a tool-push so he and Doreen Bills of Crossfield were married in 1950. Orville still of school age, attended Bituma school for a while but as there was just a supervisor with correspondence lessons, I decided he might as well do them at home & save him those long rides and he got along quite well.

Harold started his schooling that way and done real well. We enjoyed the work but the other boys decided they would rather do other work so we decided to leave the bush. In the fall of 1952 we went to work for Walter May at Walter Valley. George worked in the store and I did the books for all the business and looked after the Post Office. We lived in the house beside the store and were quite happy not to have to contend with those terrible roads.

We took part in all the Community activities and were both on the Hall Board for several years. George always had an orchestra and after the Boschs' left they played for all the dances at Water Valley, Dartique, Morley and some at Dog Pound.

Gerald married Darlene Jager in 1954. Orville married Ann Fenn in 1957 and Harold married Louise Fuson in 1963. We stayed on with Walter until he sold the store and lumber yard in 1963. George decided to retire then so we built a nice little home just east of the lumber yard and fixed a nice yard and garden. I stayed on working at the lumber yard. We spent a very enjoyable four years in our new home then George passed away in 1967. I still continued in the lumber yard until my retirement in 1972 and thought I'd continue to live there but living alone didn't appeal to me so in 1973 I sold my home and moved to the Rocky View Lodge in Crossfield where I still reside and am very happy to be here.

THE RAMBLINGS OF A ROLLING STONE

By George Butler 1966

Some months ago I received an invitation from the Cremona Green and Gold to write of some of my experiences in the west. Having some time on my hands now I will take the opportunity of accepting the invitation.

I should say at the onset that having read of the experiences of some of the pioneers who came to the west years before I did, some even before the turn of the century, I feel as though I may be tresspassing, as it wasn't until 1910 that I came to the west, arriving in Winnipeg on the seventh of March of that year. While at that time there were some thriving cities, towns and villages throughout the west, there were a lot of wide open spaces and I must admit it was the wide open spaces that facinated me, and being young with no responsibilities I resolved to see as much of the west as possible while I had the opportunity. That resolve was pretty well accomplished during my first three or four years in the West. I made several trips across the lengthwise of the three prairie provinces.

There was no unemployment in those days. You could go anywhere and be sure that if you wanted a job you could get it. All you needed was a willingness to do anything, I guess I must had the necessary qualifications for I worked at everything from farming to every other known occupation. I plowed prairie sod in all the prairie provinces with everything from horses pulling wooden beam walking plow to steam engines pulling eight and ten bottom plows in sod and as many as fourteen in stubble. The jobs I liked best were steam work and threshing on big outfits that travelled all over the country side.

But to get back to that first year in the west 1910. During that summer of that year I worked in southern Manitoba, at Cartwright, a little town close to the North Dakota border. I remained in that district until after the harvest and then decided to head futher west. In the meantime I had been corresponding with a former Ontario school chum who had come west and was at Edmonton. We had arranged that I would meet him there. However, I had heard a lot about Calgary so decided I would stop off there on the way to Edmonton.

On arriving in Alberta I thought it was the most wonderful country I had ever seen and I haven't seen anything since to change my mind, and although at that time I had no thought of settling down, I knew that when I did stop rolling it would be in Alberta. After spending a day or two in Calgary I went on to Edmonton. The railway between Calgary and Edmonton did not quite reach Edmonton at that time. It went to Strathcona and from there the passengers where taken by a horse drawn bus over the low level bridge and at the foot of the hill on the north side of the river they were lifted by a cable hoist to the top of the hill on a level with Jasper Avenue. On meeting my friend we spent a couple of days looking over the city then decided we had better get a job. We went out on a railway gang laying steel from Maclin to Outlook in Saskatchewan. That job lasted until winter set in, navigation on the great lakes closed and no more steel came through. When the work shut down the railroad company gave a pass to any place in Canada to everyone on the job. I suppose this was so there would not be a concentration of so many men in one place. At that time it seemed all roads led to Winnipeg so that is where most of them went including my chum and I. One day we were having lunch when a man came into the cafe and as it was pretty well filled, sat at our table with us. He introduced himself to us as Pete Rogers of Yorkton, Saskatchewan. A general conversation was carried on in which he told us he was farming in the Yorkton area, which by the way, was a very famous oat growing district, he also said he had a lot of grain to haul and although he had not come to Winnipeg seeking men if we wanted the job we could go back with him and have it. This suited us fine so the next day we took the train with him to Yorkton. After many experiences and a cold winter in Saskatchewan, I then left and came again to Alberta.

Before closing I would like to make one observation based on my travels across the west. I would like to say that the west was opened up by two types of settlers. There were, of course, many types of people who came west but I am referring to those who settled on the land. The one type could hardly be called homeseekers, opportunity seekers would be a better fitting name. This type, largely bachelors, came to the west and seeing what they thought was a golden opportunity whereby they could get one hundred and sixty acres of land for ten dollars, built a shack good enough to crawl into out of the rain, then the idea that success meant ploughing right up to the door and sowing it to wheat proceeded to do just that. No doubt they had dreams of a golden harvest, but alas, they either overlooked, or didn't know that the elements were not always kind to the western settler, so their dreams were badly shattered one morning when they opened the door to find their wheat crop frozen black. This was hard to take and many of them could not take it. Some of them just walked out, others stayed with it until they got title to their claims and sold them for what they could get, then moved

on to seek the foot of the rainbow somewhere else. Still in all fairness we must admit that even this type of settler played a part in the opening up of the west.

Then there was the other type of settler, the homemaker. This was a class of people who never knew there was such a word as "Quit". They came to the west, many of them with their families, firmly determined to establish a home. They found suitable locations and proceeded to build that home. Nothing elaborate to start with but nevertheless built with the idea of permanence. Among the first thing they did was to lay out a permanent garden where they grew their own vegetables and in due time had the usual row of rhubarb and berry buhes. They planted every tree and bush they could get with the view of creating a shelter belt. They faced their ups and downs which sometimes meant battling the oft time merciless elements. They took the bad with the good, their only encouragement being the consoling thought that it might be better next year. Now I would ventrue to say that a survey of the west from Winnipeg to the mountains would show that these places are largely still in the family name. Many of the original settlers have passed on, others having reached the age of retirement have turned their places over to the younger generation and retired to the cities or their local towns where they may spend their remaining years living over again in their memory their years of exeriences on the western prairies. It is to this latter type of settlers, that we owe so many thanks, for they through their patience, perserverence and determination have played the major role in bringing this country to it's present appearance of progress and permanence which we are so proud.

* George Butler died Dec. 9, 1967.

ROSS CAMERON

A DAY AT SEA

By Ross Cameron, Halifax 1963
Communication Branch H.M.C.S. TerraNova

This article is an attempt to give those of you who have no concept of Navy life, some idea as how the men that go down to the sea live. To the ones of you that may think that life for the much-talked about sailor is soft, spare me a few moments-and let your imagination run free--. First of all imagine yourself in something that is approx. two hundred & sixty-four feet long is inhabited by some 250 people, and rocks & sways constantly. Imagine that you have been at sea for, oh let's say ten days. During this time you have been standing watches that consist of four hours on and eight hours off. Needless to say, you are tired. Just to be in keeping with the rest of our "story", let's suppose that you-yes, you - for you are now at sea, remember, have the first watch (8:00 p.m. 'till 12 p.m.) or in Naval time 2000 hours until 0000 hours. The Naval day consists of 24 hours, starting at 0000 and going right up until 2359, or one minute to 12:00 midnight. Now where were we, oh yes, the first watch. Therefore, you had what is rather laughingly called a "night in". This means you were able to sleep (supposedly) from 12 until 0630. Now the day begins; the first thing that the hands hear in the morning. This is rather a rude awakening and is promptly followed up by a none-to-gentle shake by the duty petty officer. The conversation at this time usually consists of loud and varied groans and complaints. At 0700 (7:00 a.m.) "Hands to breakfast" is piped. There is very little time to wait here, because the cooks close the galley at exactly, and exactly is what I mean, at 0730. Breakfast is usually eggs, pancakes, beans and various and sundry cereals etc., backed up by a brew that bears very little resemblence to coffee; as well as tea & milk. There is usually a few minutes to relax after breakfast, for a smoke and to talk about the same thing you have talked about all week. Then a warning of work to come, "out pipes", of course no one moves. About five minutes later, "hands to cleaning stations" is heard. This is met with many varied comments, very few of which would be repeated in mixed company. However, the ship must be cleaned right of bow to stern, all must be scrubbed. In good time, everyone goes to his cleaning station, and the scrub begins. The decks (you call them floors) have to be scrubbed with soap and steel wool. The od's (ordinary seamen) usually get assigned to the task of doing the actual scrubbing, while the Ab's and perhaps a leading seaman, mop or wipe up the scrubbed portions. Of course, prior to scrubbing, all the tops of the lockers and all the ventilation systems have to be dusted down. All this done by 0900 when "hands carry on with departmental work" is piped. This means just what it says. All hands report to their various branches, & are given jobs. These jobs, of course, vary a great deal with the branch that you may be in. You may be a stores rate, and spend the day working on lists of what will be needed when you hit the next port, or a seaman, and work all day on the upper deck. On the other hand you may be a communicator and spend the day below the decks, guarding various circuits or working on books. The war on the upper decks is constant. By the term the "war" I refer to the one against rust and corrosion and salt water. The seaman branches (ie. Bos'ns water rates, and to a certain extent, radar plotters etc.) are constantly chipping paint, in order to make way for new paint to be laid down. This is endless, tiring circle. At no time during the day, is the sound of paint chippers hitting the decks absent. The rust which appears almost overnight must go. Many sailors feel that this is the eternal battle of man against the sea, that so many books speak of. Of course, the ship is divided up into sections, known as "part ship", and all the branches have a part to look after.

Way below decks, the mechanics (or strokers as they are called) can always be found either tearing apart, or putting something back together again. These people have by far the dirtiest job, caring for the big diesels and turbines that keep the ship moving, but the least of all they are below decks where it is warm and dry all the time. Many exercises take place during the day. These may be done with other Canadian ships, or with American ships, or in many cases with submarines. Canada, as a member of Nato takes her place along with other Nations in various exercises, all designed to make us more ready to defend our country, should war ever become eminnant. Perhaps there will be a flag hoist for the signalmen, or a plotting exercise for the radar plotters, or a concentrated effort to find and destroy a submarine in mock anti-submarine warfare. Perhaps there will be a weapon exercise for the gunnery people, maybe with aircraft participating for as (air-surface) shoots. The list for activities is endless, and almost incredibly varied. One thing is certain, there is very seldom a quiet moment at sea.

At 1545 (3:45 p.m. to you) the second favorite pipe of the day is heard..."clear the decks, return gear". At this, great ambition is shown, and all equipment is hurridly stowed. Then to everyones relief, "secure" is piped. At this everyone is free to do as he likes, except for the men with the "first dog watch" which is beginning at secure. Although the working day is ended, now a series of watches that last all night begins. All parts of the ships are watched at all times. So, actually the day never ends for a sailor. Whenever he is at sea, and goes to bed, he knows that he will most likely be shaken shortly to go stand watch. This is a never ending cycle that lasts as long as the ship is at sea. Well, there you are. Now at least you will have some poor idea of how a day at sea is spent. This is rather a short description - all the rough weather - the sea sickness - and the constant feeling of tiredness is hard to describe, and yet somehow, when the ships pull into a new port, and the prospects of going ashore and having a good time in a strange place loom up - yes, somehow it seems worthwhile.

WHAT IS A SAILOR?

After the security of childhood and the insecurity of a second childhood we find a bunch of good Joes whom we shall call sailors. They come in assorted sizes, shapes and

states of sobriety. They can be found anywhere, on ships, in bars, on leave, in love, and almost always in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the government supports them. A sailor is laziness with a deck of cards, bravery with a gun, and a protector of the seas with a playboy magazine. He is the enemy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, and the sincerety of a liar, the aspirations of a Cassanova, and when he wants something it is usually week-end liberty. Some of the things he likes are women, girls, females, dames and the opposite sex. He dislikes writing letters, wearing uniforms, superior officers, the chow, and getting up on time. No one else can cram into one pocket a little black book, a deck of cards, a bear can opener, and what is left of last weeks pay. He likes to spend some of his time on girls, some on horses, and the rest foolishly. A sailor is a magic creature you can lock him out of your house but not for long off your mind, might as well give up. He is your far away from home lover and your one and only blearyeyed, good for nothing bundle of worry, but all your shattered dreams are insignificant when you sailor docks, comes home and looks at you with those blood shot eyes and says "hia honey".

EDDY CARLSON

By Muriel Foster

Eddy Carlson and his father came up from the States to the Water Valley area. Eddy's father homesteaded 1 mile west and 1½ miles south of Water Valley. After he reached the age to be able to homestead, Eddy homesteaded a quarter, 2 miles west and a ½ mile south of Water Valley.

After Eddy's father passed away, Eddy was left his father's homestead. Eddy lived most of his life in the area, he had a sawmill which he operated by himself. When he finally got too old to live alone he sold his places and moved to Didsbury old folks home.

Eddy Carlson was born on January 2, 1891 and passed away on August 2, 1978. He lived to the age of 87, one of Water Valley's longest residents.

THE CARLETON FAMILY

By Ralph Carleton

We lived in Saskatchewan all our lives, but due to the school situation and the scarcity of neighbors in the far south-west of that province, we thought of moving. In 1959, our family took a holiday, and spent a few days visiting the David McBrides, who had moved to the Cremona district from Saskatchewan. Having seen the province from Cardston to Olds, we started to advertise and correspond, and after looking at places from Medicine Hat to Dawson Creek we bought the farm which Fred Colwell had farmed from the early days, and when he retired in 1955 had sold to Art Howden. Of all the places we saw, we consider Cremona & district the nicest we could have settled in, both as to countryside and as to the people, our neighbours.

On May 9th, 1961, we moved here to stay--my wife, Mary; our three children, Ron, Rose and Neil; and Mary's mother, Mrs. Pratt. Grannie is a Scot who became displaced in 1919 when she maried a Canadian soldier and settled on a homestead near Ravenscrag, Sask. We are her only near relatives in Canada. She lived in a trailer in our yard till she entered a nursing home in Vulcan in 1967. She now is 93, and still has good health.

The Cremona School filled our hopes for the kids pretty well. All of them Matriculated without going more than five miles from home to attend. In Saskatchewan where we were, this would have been impossible. So our thanks to Mr. Cliff Sorenson, the principal, and his staff who put up with the three of them till Neil graduated in 1971. Ron, the oldest, finished Gr. 12 in 1967, and Rose in 1970.

Coming from a distrct where some of the Government leases would allow only four cows and their calves on a quarter section, it was an eye-opener to see cattle pastured on 2 or 3 acres each and still leave the grass untouched. We still marvel at the amount of growth the area supports. One American is said to have reported that there is more grass on Alberta's roadsides than in the whole state of Texas. (I can't verify that, though). The heavy yields of grain are another satisfying thing about the area. Because a quarter-section isn't quite enough, I have generally worked out, as well as the farm. We keep a few sheep, cattle, chickens, etc., and have a garden every year, but I have worked at gas plants, oil rigs, construction, and other things to keep things ahead of inflation. Our area provides a great many opportunities that much of the drier parts of the Prairies never see. The moisture that falls can be a drawback at times, as the following poem shows:

HARVEST IN MOUNTAIN VIEW
The oats and barley lie in swaths,
Wet with a hundred showers.
The anxious farmer scans the sky
And grudges passing hours.
At last the harvest smiles again;
A golden sun breaks through,
And combines pace in solemn haste
Beneath a sky of blue.
The poplars drop their golden leaves,
Dark evergreens peep through,
As all the hills along the creek
Lose summer's verdant hue.
The cattle glean the garnered fields
Free now from pastures bare,
And face the winter fat and sleek
Without a fret or care.

-R.Carleton

The Carleton family.

All three of our family attended Bible School after finishing High School. Ron, the oldest, put in four years with the Gospel Messengers, a male quartet, playing the piano. He then took a business course at Red River College in Winnipeg, and now he, with his wife and baby daughter, are in France as missionaries. Near the Mediterranean, it rains in the winter, but 'at lease we don't have to shovel it."

Rose is at Three Hills, secretary for the Overseas Missionary Fellowship.

Neil graduated from Winnipeg Bible College this spring, and has been staying at home this year, working in the district.

Mary and I can't think of a better place to have raised a family, or to spend some more years if God so wills.

Mrs. Pratt

WILF CARTER
THE YODELLING COWBOY

By: A Wilf Carter Fan

Wilf Carter was born December 18, 1904 at Port Hilford Nova Scotia, the 6th child of a minister and his wife. It didn't take him long to make up his mind what he wanted to do in life. When he was nine years old, he heard a rendition of "Sleep, My Little One, Sleep" and he decided right then and there he wanted to become a cowboy singer. His ambition appeared doomed to an early failure however, when Wilf's father, a Presbyterian minister, caught his son singing on a street corner of the Nova Scotia town, where he spent his childhood. The teachings of his stern father permitted little singing in the Carter household, certainly not the type of songs Wilf enjoyed, tunes he'd picked up from farm hands and cowboys who strayed through his hometown. he left home at an early age and tried several jobs, forever seeking a better one than the last. His nomadic life took him from the sawmills in Canada to Masachusetts then to Boston and finally to Calgary, Alberta where he worked in the grainfields at harvest time. From there he drifted to Bassano where he worked for a rancher. It was in that area that he began singing at local dances, often writing his own songs.

In 1924 Wilf was in Alberta to stay. He went to work for a ranch and soon fell under the spell of the famed rodeo champion, Pete Knight, who became Carter's teacher in the ways of the west. He became a good ranch-hand and with Knight, toured the western rodeo circuit. Wilf's greatest moments occured when he was singing at dances and parties.

In 1926 he went to a radio station in Calgary to apply for a audition but was turned down. In 1930 he was hired by a local radio station to sing every Friday night for their hoe-down. About this time, a Toronto music publisher was looking for western singers who wrote their own material. By, this time, Wilf had already given up ranching for good in order to really get in to show business. Two of his tunes, "Twilight on the Prairie and Dear Old Daddy of Mine" were published, but as sheet music they did not sell. Wilf disgustedly returned to the west and got a job in the Canadian Rockies trail-riding for the C.P.R. These trail rides were annual events with about eight or ten cowboys escorting as many as a hundred dudes on a week-long trip into the Rockies. One of the dudes, a wealthy American from New York City became a fan of Carter's and persuaded him to come to New York, even assisting Wilf financially. The new-found influential friend helped Wilf get auditions with the radio networks, and after some discouraging turn-downs, CBS decided to hire a cowboy singer for an early morning show. The show was an immediate success. It was here in New York, that he met and married his wife, Bobbie in 1934.

In 1937 Wilf bought a 320 acre ranch near Cremona, (now Lynn Reid's). They had two daughters, Sheila & Carol. When Sheila was seven and Carol was four the family decided to go back into show biz and so Clinton, New Jersey became their home. He began touring the country and his daughters appeared with him in the shows, singing tap dancing and ballet dancing. After practicing four nights a week for three years the girls were credited by expert dancing teachers as perfect and they often stole the show with their ability for a family show. When not on the road, the Carter family make their home in Winter Park, Florida. In his years in show business, Wilf Carter has made several tours across Canada; appeared at the Toronto Exhibition, he toured Australia, has been heard on radio and seen on television and has appeared in most of the 50 states. Wilf has thousands of friends where ever he goes. he is a big homely, soft-eyed man with a gentle, wistful expression. It is with keen interest that we the people of Cremona & district listen for news of Wilf and look forward to his visits as he always calls on the older citizens who are his friends. Cremona holds many fond memories of Wilf during the days of his residence here, and wish him many more years of fame and fortune.

The barn - now on Lynn Reid's farm.

WILF CARTER

By Wellie Foster 1978

There is a picture and a story of the singer Wilf Carter in the September Reader's Digest, I knew this man quite well, he worked as a hired man at a farm out towards Acme. Later on he worked as a hired man for the late Phil Foat for several years, who lived east of Carstairs. Those days there used to be Christmas Parties before Christmas at the country schools. This is where I believe Carter did his first singing before the public. Later on when he became well to do he bought Burnett's farm east of Cremona. He had his name printed on the roof of the barn but later had it removed since the public bothered him too much.

One of Carter's songs was of the mad trapper in the north who shot to death three policemen and was later shot to death by the Mounted Police. Carter also produced the song of the late Pete Knight, cowboy champion of the world. I knew this man and danced with his sister at a dance at Crossfield many years ago.

I sold a shorthorn bull to the late Phil Foat when Carter worked there. I delivered him in a truck. I had a rope around his horns, when he came down the shoot, Carter grabbed the rope, the bull swung his horns and ripped Carter's shirt and underwear. Had the horn gone a little deeper, Carter might never had sung any more songs. They dehorned the bull that day. This was in the twenties and early thirties.

CHARLIE CHAPMAN

Charlie and family lived on a quarter section south of Bituma school. This quarter was right on the Little Red Deer River. This place was known in later years as the Burrell place.

From here Charlie moved to the Sundholm place and then to a quarter in the Graham area. This last place was south-west of where Sam and Betsy Gentry now live. This man was better known through the area as Scoop Chapman.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM COATES SR.

By: Grace Ford (Coates)

My Father, William Richard Coates, was born in Benton, Wisconsin, 1881. He was of English origin. His people came from a mining community near Liverpool, England. In 1901 at seventeen he left the corn fields of Wisconsin and immigrated to Olds. He drilled wells for a time and in 1901 filed on a homestead, nine miles east of Didsbury. In 1903 he married Lila Fisher who came west with her father, Jas. Fisher, from Kincardine, Ont. Moving to a homestead to a log cabin was not easy. The furniture was the bare necessities and all they had was a horse and stone boat. To get a start my father took cattle on shares from Pat Burns. This was hauled by wagon team and loaded into freight cars. Walking behind a team to keep from freezing on the long hauls left much to be desired.

The share cattle made it possible for Dad to build a herd and as the years passed he became an Angus stockman. For sometime he bred Belgian horses and these were used to do the farm work until they were replaced by tractors. He kept sheep for years and found these profitable as he could sell the wool and lambs each year. Dad and my brothers sheared the sheep and the wool was tied and packed into large sacks for shipping. Often they sheared the sheep around the country for other farmers.

My parents had five sons and two daughters; Billy, Harry and I were all born at home. When the doctor was needed, Dad hooked the horses to the stoneboat, rattled over the prairie and brought Mrs. Henry Reimer, a midwife. She delivered us for a small fee of five dollars. The twins, Jim and Hazel, were delivered by Dr. Lincoln who lived northeast on the Morasch farm. Mother seldom had help after we were born.

I recall the delicious homemade bread, butter and lemon pies she made. For years Dad had a winter project in the Fallen Timber area, cutting logs, sawing and hauling the lumber home to build fences and farm buildings. In 1912 the log cabin was replaced by a new house.

The hungry thirties hit in 1929 and for years a buck was hard to come by. Grain and cattle prices hit an all time low. Cows were sold for $30 a head. It was not until the Second World War that farmers received a reasonable profit for their produce. Time changed things and slowly we grew up and left the farm. All the boys continued to raise stock. Billy, the eldest, married in 1926 and farmed at Mt. View Hall. Later he moved to Burnside and farmed there until he retired to Olds in 1948. Harry married in 1933 and farmed at the Fallen Timber until 1941 when he moved to Wardlow where he and Jack have ranched ever since.

Jim moved to Big Prairie near Cremona in 1931 and has farmed and ranched there. I attended high school in Didsbury, normalled in Camrose and taught school at Big Prairie and Huntsliff. In 1933 I married Edward Ford and moved to Didsbury. Ed bought out his partner, Cecil Adshead, in 1939 and continued as car dealer until his death in 1960. My younger brother, Hally (Pat) leased the old farm and lived with my mother after my father's death in 1955. Pat was killed in a highway accident in Nov. 1962 and my mother's death followed in March, 1963.

THE CALVIN COLEMAN FAMILY

Calvin Coleman was born in Elmwood, Ontario, in 1904, the youngest child in a family of five. When he was 2 years old the family moved to Englefeld, Saskatchewan. When Calvin was 15 years old he quit school and came to Alberta to visit his cousins, the Reists', who farmed east of Didsbury. He arived March 8, 1920 at Didsbury. There was lots of snow and the Reist's came to pick him up, from the train with a sleigh and horses. He worked here until fall, when his folks came out and bought the Hallman place, 6½ miles north-west of Carstairs. Calvin returned to Saskatchewan and worked for two years and then he and his cousin, Ruth Lewis came west again, this time to stay.

The Colemans' remained on the Hallman place for three years, then in 1923 they moved to the Sherman place, (now Clarence Reids), Stan, Calvin and the folks were the only ones of the family to stay here. Milton, the eldest son stayed three miles from Carstairs at the Shriber place, but

came later and worked one half of the land and Calvin the east half. They were here two years and then bought the Jim Hickey place, now owned by Chuck Holbrook. They had 3 quarters. There were no buildings at the time so Calvin and his father built the barn, pump house and the house, which is still being used. The Colemans decided to expand and rented the Burnett place, now owned by Bob Whitlow. James (his father), was living on the Hickey place now, Calvin left here and rented land further west on a place called Longs, west of Roy Morks. He was here one fall and one spring and then rented the land to the Warren family.

In 1928 Calvin moved again, this time to the Skinner place, now owned by Bud McBain. He had this lease for 3 years.

Calvin Coleman on the Sherman place. 1923 Team "Kate and Dick"

Calvin and Grace Coleman - Aug. 31, 1930. Left to right: Bill Graham, Elmer Reist, Calvin and Grace Ruth Lewis, Peggy Bouck.

Calvin Coleman 1941. Team "Bruce & Beauty"

In the spring of 1930 he met Grace Nettnay, who was living with her grandparents, the Bahms. They were married in August of 1930. Calvin bought the Adolph Bahm homestead, N.W.¼, S. 20, T. 30, R. 4, W. 5. They farmed here until 1956, when they moved to Jasper for 9 years then they came to Sundre in 1965 and bought a house in town. They bought land north of Sundre and spend part of the time in town and part on the farm. Six children were born to this couple;

Clinton - lives in Edmonton - has 4 children.

Ormond - lives in the Yukon - has 2 children

Loleta - married Alex Nyuli - has 6 children and lives in Kelowna, B.C.

Alice - married Bob Whitlow - farm 3 miles east of Cremona, have 5 children; Patsy - married Gordon Kamitomo - lives in Calgary - has 2 boys Jason and Aaron; Randy - farms at home, Leslie - lives in Calgary; Sandra - lives in Didsbury; Donna Lee - attends Cremona School.

Ronald - lives at Sundre, has 1 son Timmy

Glenda - married Keith Schneidmiller - lives in Sundre, has 1 girl Maxine.

Hail on the Coleman farm July 6, 1949.

The old Bahm house, Calvin Coleman lived here 1930-1956. Vacant since. Picture taken 1977.

The Calvin Coleman family, 1964. Back: Ormond, Clinton, Ronald. Front: Glenda, Alice, Calvin, Grace and Loleta.

JAMES AND HANNAH COLEMAN

James and Hannah Coleman. Taken about 1938.

One of the last pictures taken of James and Hannah. Hannah died on April 13, 1939, at the age of 74. James died August 3, 1950 at age 89 years. They are both buried in the Cremona cemetery. They lived where Chuck Holbrook now lives, they built the house, and barn.

MILTON AND SHIRLEY COLEMAN

Milton Coleman was born in Ontario in 1891 and came with his family to the Carstairs and Cremona area in 1923. They bought the Hallman place, 6½ miles west of Carstairs and later bought the Hickey place, now owned by Chuck Holbrook.

Milton farmed the Schreiber place three and one half miles from Carstairs. On October 25th 1934 he married Shirley Rigsby. A double wedding took place in Calgary as Shirley's sister Audrey, and Albert Bouck were married at the same time. Shirley and Milt began farming the east half of Sec. 8, T. 30, R. 4, W. 5. They were here all their lives. Three children were born to this couple; Viola (Mrs. Harold Bellamy) - farm north of Cremona (story under Bellamy). Allan - lives in Cremona. Mae - (Mrs. Dan Fear) - lives west of Cremona on the home place and have 3 children - Harley, Darcy, and Tammy - all attending Cremona school.

Shirley died March 7, 1972 at age 60 years.

Milton died December 26, 1975 at age 84 years.

STAN AND RUBY COLEMAN

Ruby Seacoy was born in Edmonton in 1911. Her mother was a nurse and often came down to the Graham district to visit her daughters and deliver babies. Her daughters were Mrs. Bill Morgan (Mamie), Mrs. Fritz Backstrom (Dolly) and Mrs. Cora Sirr. Their father had been killed by a fallen tree when Ruby was three years old. A brother was killed later in the First War, at age 21 years. Ruby moved down to stay when she was 16 years old and lived with her sister Cora, went to Atkins school for one and one half years.

Stanley Coleman was born in Elmwood, Ontario in 1900 & moved to Englefeld, Saskatchewan with his parents in 1907. His Dad came west in 1920, went back to Saskatchewan and the family returned to Alberta in 1921. The men came with the stock by rail car, and 3 car loads of settlers effects. They first came to the Joe Hallman place, six miles west of Carstairs. Then they bought the Jim Hickey place (now Chuck Holbrook's) about 1926. There were no buildings so they stayed at the Sherman house (now old house on Clarence Reids place). They hauled lumber for the buildings from the Fred Turnbull mill near Bituma, by horse and wagon. Duncan Rattray helped build.

Stanley and Ruby were married February 14, 1931. It was a beautiful day with no snow, and many of the wedding guests wiped dust from their shoes, the weather was so mild. They were married by Rev. Ing from Carstairs at a cost of $6.00. Mrs. Sirr had made the wedding dress of eggshell colored material, with a long veil. The flowers were the old waxed covered ones, ordered for the T. Eaton catalogue. They were lily of the valley and roses.

Stan at 22 years old.

Stan had been working at the Burnett place (now Bob Whitlow's) Ruby's mother rented there and Stan boarded there. They moved in and stayed three years. Then they moved south of Cremona to the Just place for one year, then back to the Nettnay homestead. August Nettnay had let the land go back to the mortgage company, then Perry Thompson bought it, back to the mortgage company again, and finally Stan was able to buy it. It was the S.W.¼ 20, T. 30, R. 4, W. 5. The river quarter, he bought from Bob Simpson.

Bob Blackburn built the house, that still stands there. After the Lewis family left, Ruby and Stan moved up to their house. They were there about a year when the house burned down, they moved back to the old house until a second house could be moved in. They added to this house and are still living there. Four boys were born to this couple; Douglas, Clarence, Orval (who died at six weeks of a heart problem) and Robert. They have 11 grandchildren, including a set of twins, and one great grandchild.

Stan recalls hauling hay off the Sherman place, back west with the rack and horses and coming as far as the gate on the main road, unloading onto a wagon and box and taking it home. The mud was so deep, you couldn't get through. - Building the United Missionary Church and hauling lumber from Elkton. He helped build the Red and White Store. It was Fisher's General Store, he and George Stevenson put the roof on. There was a big hardware store on the corner (by Watchorn's). A Mr. Harold Roach built it, was a hardware and drug store together. This burnt down in one or two years, and Orton built another building there. On the other corner (empty lot on main street) was a garage owned by Gordie Graham. This has been torn down. There once was a pool room and barber shop where Frizzell's garage is (now Stratton Plumbing). Stan says, "What we didn't have, we didn't miss. Would do it over again, if everyone else was the same. People were happier then."

They would ship pigs express to Edmonton, they butchered them, froze them and wrapped them in a gunny sack. They were worth $1.85 per hundred wt. A fat hog brought $4.00. On the Just place they had 2,000 bu. of barley which was worth 11¢ per bushel.

Ruby made sheets, pillow cases and aprons from flower sacks, tomatoes were 25¢ a large can, the ladies went to club meetings one a month at each others house. She remembers moving back to the west quarter on April 5, a very warm day with no snow. The next day they had a blizzard, no barn for livestock, only a shed, and so cold the hens quit laying. Stan played a fiddle for many dances, while Bill Smith accompanied him with a banjo.

Ruby and Stan still live in their own home, on the farm. They can be seen at many local auction sales, visiting with friends and they attend lots of card parties.

The old house on the Stan Coleman place.

Neighbors who put in Stan Coleman's crop in 1947 when he was sick.

THE COLVIN FAMILY

By Sylvia Colvin

Mason Colvin, our forefather, immigrated to America in 1768, and settled in Virginia. he was related to Benjamin Franklin and President Madison.

Daniel's Colvin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Colvin, came to Canada by covered wagon in 1906 and settled in the Big Valley district of Alberta. Mrs. Robert Colvin died in childbirth, August 16, 1908, leaving her oldest daughter, Mary, to take over. Mary married Tom Russell. They lived in many parts of Alberta, finally settling in Caroline, where their son Clare operated the Clare Russell and Sons garage for many years. Tom's daughter, Emma, and her family ran the telephone exchange at Caroline. Emma is now

Dan Colvin with Diamond T truck 1938.

living in Calgary. Tom's son, John, spent quite a few years around the Water Valley area, later moving to British Columbia. John is now living in Fort McMurray.

Daniel O. Colvin, son of Robert Colvin, was born February 7, 1903. He grew up in the Big Valley district and married Marjorie Morey, December 16, 1925 at Stettler, Alberta. They farmed at Big Valley for a few years where Frank and Gloria were born.

In December, 1929, Dan and his family moved to the Hand Hills area of Alberta, farming in the summer and feeding cattle in the winter. Every weekend the neighbors would come to his place to ski or sleighride down the big hills.

In May, 1936 he moved to the Water Valley district where Dan bought the N.E.¼-12-29-6-5 and the S.E.¼-13-29-6-5 which were located by the Little Red Deer River. There was only a cow trail leading to the house for the last two miles. His family lived in a tent while the furniture was being moved across the river to a small house where a sheep-herder and his family had lived. As the last load went in, a twister came along and took the roof off the house. Marjorie, Frank and Gloria walked the last few miles to their house. When they reached the river they had to wade across. There was ice on both sides!

That summer they built a log cabin on the south side of the river. Nobody knew too much about building it, so there were some pretty big cracks between the logs. Everytime they had a bath Dan used to say that the draft would blow the suds off. One of the first things they had to do, was build a road so that Dan could bring the truck home. For the first few years the road was so narrow the dual wheels hung over the edge.

During the Depression in the 1930's it seemed that Dan was never home. He worked around the clock, hauling grain, or rails or whatever work he could get with the truck. They never went without food or clothes. When World War 11 began, Dan went into the logging business, selling lumber and mine ties until 1970. The children had 6 miles to ride to Bituma School, crossing the Little Red Deer River many times. They got many duckings when the ice was going out. They had many good times on the ice in the winter, with wiener roasts, moccasin dances and skating. In the summer there was fishing and swimming.

For entertainment all the neighbors would get together in someone's house, all bringing lunch. Anyone who could play an instrument would take a turn, and a good time was had by all.

Marjorie Colvin was the oldest of a family of five boys and two girls, was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A. March 3, 1899, and passed away August 10, 1954. Dan married Hattie Byers, April 23, 1960. they lived by the Little Red Deer River for ten years, working the stump ranch, getting out mine ties, and raising a few cattle and pigs. They did alot of curling at Cremona, capturing many trophies. They moved to Lumby, British Columbia in the summer of 1970, where they still reside. They enjoy curling and are still bringing home prizes. They fish in the wonderful lakes every summer. Many of their friends from Alberta drop in to visit.

Marjorie Colvin 1940 by the log house built by the river.

Frank was born September 12, 1926, married Sylvia Watson Feb. 7, 1954. Sylvia came from London, England in December, 1946. They reside two miles south of Water Valley on N.½-11-29-5-5. They have seven children, two of whom passed away as infants. Their children, May, Doyle, the twins - Trudy and Judy, and Ian have attended school at Water Valley, Cremona and Carstairs.

All weather roads leading to Watsons, McNicols, Fosters, Oldfields and Colvins.

Gloria was born December 7, 1929, and married Ronnie Salisbury of Dog Pound on May 1, 1951. They lived in Alberta for seven years then moved to Ladner, British Columbia, in 1958. They separated in 1965. They raised five children, Darrel, Marjoire, Linda, Bob and Alfred. They all lived in Vancouver. Gloria moved to Lumby in 1973. Ronald passed away at Drayton Valley, Alberta January 17, 1975 at the age of 43 years.

THE COLWELL FAMILY

By Lloyd Colwell, 1965

In the summer of 1901, my father, who lived on a farm near Liberty, Nebraska, decided to visit Alberta to see if he could get land that would be suitable for farming or ranching. Arriving in Calgary in June, he was pleased to find a growing town of about 4,000 people. Wooden sidewalks had already been built along both sides of the main street called Stephen Avenue, and also along Pacific Avenue which was just north of the railway track. Saddle ponies and horse hitched to many kinds of vehicles, were tied to the posts that lined both sides of the dirt streets.

A land agent advised him to go north to Lacombe and Ponoka. At Ponoka, he met another land seeker, Clarence Foat, from Oxford, Wisconsin. This jovial and optimistic stranger had a kind and gentle manner and evident honesty, which at once commended him to my father. The two men decided to search for land together. Not pleased with the bush west of Ponoka, they went to Didsbury and explored far to the east, cooking over their camp fire, and sleeping under the democrat at night. Carefully watching the map, they searched for the survey stakes in the long grass, and "the lines were run". A large enough area, suitable for each man was found, and they drove back joyfully to Didsbury, only to find that the agent had made a mistake and the land was already taken. But they were not

discouraged. Mr. Foat said there was probably better land west of Carstairs in the willow brush country anyway. However, he had to explore it alone, as my father's ticket was about to expire, compelling him to return to the States.

A letter soon came from Mr. Foat saying that he had chosen some land & would move to Canada next year. My father and mother both visited Alberta in 1903 just when a heavy May snowstorm was falling. The drifts were soon melted by a Chinook, and then Mr. and Mrs. Foat and their two visitors drove in a wagon over the Crooked Creek valley. A little west of Percy Bird's present home, they found the narrowest place in the swollen creek, where they took off the wagon box, and using it as a bridge, took the running-gear apart and pulled it across. The wives safely over, the two horses were led across, the wagon reassembled, and the cheerful party proceeded on their way. Homesteads for my father, Frank and Martin were soon filed on, and other land chosen. My parents then returned to Nebraksa.

The family arrived at Carstairs on the afternoon of December 31, 1903. Soon we were living in a vacant log house on the west bank of the Dog Pound about a mile north of the Town Line. This was the Gibson Place, which is now owned by Lionel Bird. Charlie Franklin and Sam and his wife, who had arrived the year before, stayed with us that winter. My father tried to buy horses but they were too high, so he bought oxen. By spring we were located in our homestead shack where the machine shed now stands. I shall always remember the homestead house, completely covered with tarpaper, it contained three rooms separated only by white building paper. The inside of the walls and the ceiling were covered with white paper. Well banked up with dirt, and having a big heating stove, the house was very comfortable. My mother put up her lace curtains, and house plants were in the windows. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ray and their two small children, Lloyd and Molly, were some of our first visitors. Rev. John McDougall called frequently, especially after his daughter had married Alex Mathieson who lived in a log house half a mile away. Gathering around the organ, we sang hymns together, and then Mr. McDougall would sing alone to us in Cree. Seated on homemade benches around the glowing stove, we listened eagerly as he related is experiences with the Indian tribes, and described how he had hunted the buffaloes with them at an earlier time.

My mother made many things like soap, vinegar, and cottage cheese. When the porridge sack was empty, we ground some wheat with a coffee grinder. Every jar was filled with wild strawberries, raspberries and saskatoons, mixed with rhubarb. We kids snared fish in Crooked Creek, watching them swim round and round in a pail as we carried them home. The spring was in the coulee a quarter of a mile away. My sister, Minnie, and I would hitch our favourite ox to a stone-boat and haul two barrels of water every day. Old Buck, having no horns, was big and gentle, and of a deep red color. We both learned to ride horseback, or rather ox-back, on him, sometimes quarrelling over whose turn it was to ride, while the other led him. I often fed him handfuls of pea-vine pulled from the stacks of prairie wool beside the old log barn. The oxen were driven with lines like horses. Harness had been brought along from the States. When harnessing an ox, the horse collar and hames were turned upside down, and the bit was snapped on each side of the halter. If a line or a tug broke, it was soon fixed with a rope, chain or a piece of old belt. In the winter the oxen were shod, each shoe being made of two parts to fit the cloven hoof. During the second winter, enough poplar rails and posts were hauled from the bush, with these shod cattle, to fince the three homesteads. As the fences were to be three rails high, this required eighteen miles of single rail, besides the posts. Some of the old ox collars and shoes are now in the museum at Red Deer.

My father and my brother, Fred, who was fourteen, broke sod all through the summer of 1904, and until late fall. With four oxen hitched to a John Deere walking plough, they did about three quarters of an acre a day. Much of the work was done for bachelors who were away working, but anxious to have some breaking to show to the homestead inspector. The clear October weather turned suddenly cold, with a heavy snow, just before the job on the Tony homestead was completed. This was about a mile south of where the old Cremona store was later built. However, the snow melted, and they returned to finish the work. My father was filing the ploughshare when Fred, shivering while hitching up the oxen, suddenly complained, "Dad, why did you ever come to this country? It has no roads, or schools, or anything. It is just no good." Looking up from the ploughshare, my father replied, "I may not live to see it, but if you continue to live here, these things will be built. Even the trains may run up this coulee some day."

Twenty-six years later, one August evening, Fred drove my father and me to the field that they had broken. The C.P.R. construction crew were still working, and the grade was being built almost at the place where the ploughshare had been sharpened that frosty morning so many years before. Frank and Martin both worked for ranchers who lived along the Dog Pound. At the Stone ranch, where Martin worked, the horses and cattle grazed far and wide over the range. Martin, who was seventeen, often rode long distances keeping track of them. It was these long rides across the open prairie, and the occasional times when he carried his blankets and slept upon it, that inspired the writing of many poems years later.

My father and mother were much concerned because there was no school near enough for us children to attend, so in August 1906, they moved to Wescott, which was then called Kansas, so then Minnie and I could go to school. Fred and Martin stayed on the homestead and batched. Our first teacher was Mr. McLaughlin. He was an admirable man who rode four miles every morning from his homestead. I still have a home-made report card written by him on foolscap paper and dated June 30, 1909. As the Ontario curriculum and readers were used in the new province of Alberta that had so recently been formed, five "standards" covered the work that is now taken in the first eight grades. During the winter months Norman Tuggle, Fred Colwell, Walter Bellamy and several other big boys went to school. On Friday evenings the Literary Society met and there was a debate and programme.

On the homestead, Martin and Fred were almost ready to begin breaking sod with their newly acquired horses, when they were offered a job of hauling to Didsbury several thousand feet of lumber from a mill on the Little Red Deer. They decided at once to take the job as the money would be a good "grub stake" for the summer. However, this new work presented problems but careful plans were made to meet them. The lumber would all be brought to the farm as soon as possible. Then one man would start early with a load and stay overnight in Didsbury, while the other did the chores at the farm and started with his own load next morning. But they had only one pair of good overalls, the others being too thoroughly patched to be worn in town. When the two brothers met on the trail, they exchanged overalls, and in this way each man always drove into town wearing a good pair of pants. The lumber was delivered on time and everyone was happy. With the breaking of more land it became necessary to buy a threshing machine. The first steam outfit was bought in 1909, and then began a series of threshing "runs" that continued for almost twenty years. At first they were very long, lasting until January, or even February, when the stooks were often covered with snow. Some of the men came back to work year after year; they were "the old dependables"; Chris Jacobson, Oscar Swanson, Ernest Taudien. Ernest ran the engine fourteen consecutive falls. Every year was the last time he would steam up "the old kettle", so he declared, but he returned again and again. My brother, Frank, began work with the J.I. Case Company in 1907. As he was an engineer, he spent the following several years unloading the large steam engines from the

flat cards, and started them on the prairies east of Calgary and as far south as the American border. These giants, weighing many tones, pulled as many as fourteen ploughs in prairie sod. He was asked to go to Argentina, but refused, preferring to remain in Alberta on sales and collections and later as manager of the Edmonton branch.

On the farm we always enjoyed the threshing season even thought the hours were long and the work was hard. It usually required twelve or fifteen days at home. If we helped with the dishes, my mother allowed us to square dance in the kitchen. Ernest Taudien called, and someone could always play the mouth organ or accordian. In later years Ester livened up the steps with her violin. The bunk house was the scene of comradship. The home-sweet-home of the crew. After a hard day's work and a hearty supper, the men entered cheerfully, taking their places on the benches around the sheet-iron stove or lying in the bunks. The tobacco smoke rose and became more dense, blending to form a rich aroma, as the evening's entertainment began. Ernest Taudien played the accordian, there were mouth organ solos, the humorous wit of Oscar Swanson, the stories, and the recitations. When the men "hit the bunks" and the coal oil lanterns were put out, the fire-light still flickered on the walls. The low cadence of the wind outside seemed to add to the feeling of comfort within. Soon all was silence broken only by the deep breathing of the sleeping men, and the rhythmic snores.

My father's petition to the Alberta Gov't. had resulted in the building of the telephone line into Garfield community in 1909, so he decided to try for a rural mail route in 1914. Again hitching the ponies to the buggy, he got the signatures of all the families along the Blood Line. After much correspondence a letter arrived from Ottawa stating that the petition was approved and that R.R. 2, would start in the fall. However, war began that August and the mail route was postponed indefinitely.

We tried to use the steam engine for ploughing but it required too much labour for the hauling of water and coal or wood, and it was so heavy that it was often stuck in the mud, so for many years all the field work was done with horses. Although over sixty of them were on the farm, not more than twenty-four were ever working at one time. To relieve the horses of the long trips to Carstairs, a Chevrolet truck was acquired in the autumn of 1926. There was a large crop that year and the truck seemed to have solved the problem of hauling, until a snowstorm and blizzard blocked the roads. However, the Municipal District loaned their grader, and with eight of the best horses, Martin and Fred succeeded in clearing the drifts from the sixteen miles of road. But the next evening the rising wind and falling snow again heralded a night of storm. The roads were again completely blocked, no machinery being available at the time to move the deep drifs. Farmers along the Blind Line took down their fences that winter to allow the sleds to detour through the fields.

As the years went by the increasing difficulty of obtaining help for harvesting and threshing induced Martin to buy the first combine and swather in 1942. At that time it was very doutful if that kind of machinery could be used at all in that locality. Many difficulties were encountered at first, but it proved to be successful. Already the tractors had taken the place of the horses in the fields, and now the threshing machine was no longer used. The team and the saddle pony that remained, the empty bunk house, the municipal snow plough that passed by, all reminded us of the old methods we had used. Although no members of the Colwell family now live in the Cremona district, yet our happiest memories and kindest thoughts will always be centered there, and no new friends that we meet in other places will quite be able to take the place of those we had there. The younger men and women are doing an admirable work with their modern methods and machinery, and, even when many of the oldest friends have passed away, we will still feel a close kinship with the ones who have taken their places in that locality.

The old Colwell house.

F.M. COOMBES

By Florence M. Coombes

I came to Canada from England, April 1927, which ended a completely different life. I came as an immigrant. On the "Ausonia" which was the name of the boat, I met two men, one was Chris Lashmar, and he in turn, introduced me to a man he knew in England, his name was Ted Coombes. I met them the first night on board, and we were nine days aboard ship, we got to feel as if we had known them always. For Ted and I it was something very special, it was one of those things that only comes once in a lifetime.

Time flew too quickly, and we would go our different ways. I was going on to Windsor, I had two Aunts there, Ted went "West" with Chris, who was coming back to Canada as a "Canadian" as he had lived in Canada some time. I had given Ted my Aunt's address, so he would have to write first, to give me his news, where he was working, & so on. Ted was lucky, and got a job one the "E.P. Ranch" west of High River, then the "Prince of Wales Ranch." 1927 the Prince came to visit the ranch, he was no snob and rode on the hay wagons with the men, also had a bottle of beer along with the workers.

Ted and I wrote back and forth for thirteen months, I had a good job in Windsor, in fact I was getting more money than Ted was getting on the E.P. But, I was wanting to find out if ours was just one of those Shipboard romances. So out west I came, 1928. A young women that also came on the same boat as we, came out west at the same time, we met in Toronto, she had worked at Oakville. We shared a berth, sleeping head to toe, (we washed our feet every night). We prepared our meals on the train, for one could do that those days. We spent three days on the train. Ted and his brother were there to meet us in Calgary. I had heard that one does things on sea, that one wouldn't do on land, so I was going to find out. The same feelings seem to be the same for both of us.

Emma and I soon got jobs on farms, helping the farmer's wife, so here goes again a new way of life, my job was west of High River, Emma's at Blackie. Ted would pass this farm every time he went to the ranch. The ranch bought their supplies in High River, and Ted seemed to be the handy-man of the Ranch. So we saw each other quite a bit, which kept the love flame alive. It was at this farm that I learned to be a farmers wife, learning the art of bread-baking, butter-making and canning. My day started at 5 a.m., and on to about ten p.m. one was glad to get to bed, for morning came too soon. That summer, 1928, the lady asked me if I would cook for the stookers in the cook-

car. I didn't think I would be good enough, but she seemed to think so. This baking the bread, I wasn't happy about, so I started in August, for the season seemed to be much earlier there, so I cooked for the stookers, and then on to the Threshers, ending about October. So it was a very new experience. I was told that my pay would be more than the men, for I had to be up before 4 a.m. and the last to go to bed. After it was all over, I went to Calgary for a week's holiday, and then back to the farm for the winter, I was not too busy, did fancywork for my lady, and for the winter just twenty-five dollars a month, so I stayed on till the coming June and left, another thirteen months.

Ted and I were married July 13th, 1929, on 13th Ave., Calgary, at the first Baptist, and many moons later our only daughter was born, on our 17th wedding anniversary, July 13th. After our marriage Ted worked for a few months at the E.P. I worked for the V.O.N. I was sent to different homes to help, before and after sickness. I was once sent to the Inspector's hone in Banff (R.C.M.P.) I was met at the station by a "Mountie" to take me to Inspector Ryan's home. It was a baby sitting job, more or less, there was another nurse as well, she gave me my orders. I was there a month. I had many different places to go, some very poor and the rich. One could write a book on them.

Before our first Christmas we decided to get where we could be together, as we saw hardly one another at all. So, we put an ad in the Calgary Herald for work together on a farm or ranch. The boss of the S.N. Ranch in Claresholm came to see us, and we were hired. Ted getting good references from the E.P. was hired as foreman, and me as cook. We were there for several years, Erle was born while at the S.N. It was at the S.N. that we heard of a small farm that my husband thought, it would be nice to have. I saw it but was not impressed. I was expecting again and I must confess that it would be nice to be one's boss, so we left. The boss understood and offered to build us a small house and Ted to stay on as foreman, we talked about it, but decided to make the move, we were just green English, and the starting of the big depression. We stayed at this place for about nine years, while there Jim was born, the night of a terrible storm, no phone, but thanks to the Home Nursing Cause that I took in Windsor the year that I was there, I told my husband what to do. We were snowed in for 6 weeks. Those days we did not get the snow plows out, that was 1937. It was so dry there, many times we did not have any rain all through the growing season.

We heard of "School lands" being opened so Ted went to Calgary to find out all about them. Ted found what he thought would be fine, west of Carstairs, and in trying to find this place he was told it would be across from people named Lashmars, we hadn 't heard from Chris for a long time. Chris had visited us when at the S.N. but somehow we didn't keep in touch. So, the name Lashmar, Ted wondered if it could be Chris we knew. Chris had said that he had a brother rancher west of Carstairs, so he thought it would be the brother George. The first night in trying to find this place, it was November, the days short, he was invited to spend the night at Lee Boucks. Peggy and her sister-in-law were alone, for their husbands were away hunting, so they gave up one of the beds for Ted. But, alas in the night the men came back, hoping to get in a warm bed and there was a strange man in it. (It was a big joke, but not at the time). When Ted found the land, it was next to the Chris Lashmar we knew, he had married and had two sons. He had not heard of the school land being opened up, those days it was open range and I don't think we were too welcome in taking the free pasture. It was war time, and was hard to get wire for fencing. We had to break so many acres a year, the first breaking we could keep, as the land was broken we just fenced that, and so every year the fence would be moved back, but in due time of course it was all fenced, we got a lease as well, and that was fenced. We had lots of cattle trouble, bringing cattle from Claresholm to this country was not a good idea.

We moved here May 1st, 1941, our sons were not too old, but really good workers for the first six weeks we stayed at the Lashmars, which was very kind to have us. We were so busy, for we had to break five acres, which would be sown to oats for cattle feed. There was a log house to build. We seemed such greenhorns in the building of this log house, and to make things worse, it rained, rained and more rain, we couldn't understand it, for we saw so little of it at Claresholm.

At play at Graham School. The wood pile that Dad put there.

The old Graham School. Now our cow barn.

Erle and Teddy "Future cattle buyers"

Erle and Ted started school at Graham, they got to know the children, Chris and Rita's firstborn, started school in the fall so did our boys but stopped in about six weeks at Graham before the summer holidays, we were glad of their help, the cows could wander away. I remember sadly, missing our favourite milk cow, so next morning Ted went off to find her. He found her but only brought back the cow bell, she had got "Larkspur". It was a loss for us for I made eight pounds of butter from her every week. We had a lot of losses those first years.

Those days we would get our mail at Mrs. Pawsons post office which was a general store as well. Those were the days of "rationing". I'm sure it was an awful worry and maybe mix-up. We were better off than the folks overseas. It was always exciting to get mail from England, all mail was photographed. I was living in England the first World War. I was very close to that, had I not been married with children, I know myself so well, that I would have gone back. I always felt so guilty about doing my bit. I did a lot of knitting to be sent to the soldiers. I averaged one pullover, and two pair socks a week for several years. I was a fast knitter, and would knit a sock a day. We were thankful that 1945 was the end of War II, except to try and clean up the mess.

Hauling winter wood.

Breaking land about 1944. Ted, Mom. Erle Coombes.

Jim and Ted mowing.

Jim, Ted and our breaking horse (power).

The old wood pile.

1946 was happy for us, as our daughter was born. After three sons, I was amazed to think it possible to have a wee lassie, and to think she would be a precious gift on our seventeenth wedding anniversary. Also that year Ted got a job as a mail carrier from Cremona to Water Valley, then to Big Prairie. It really helped. Those days I would use 100 lbs. of flour a month, the boys were growing and had to have more things.

It was good for us to have lots of wood, when we lived west of Claresholm, to get our firewood meant a trip of twenty miles each way, and those days we could not afford coal. We were happy about that, to be able to use all the wood we needed. We also noticed, that the weather was also much cooler here, even in the summer months.

So the years go on, pretty much the same, land to be broken, more fencing, until we had the required land

1949. Jim, Mom, Rosemary, Dad and Erle. Our log house in the background.

broken and the years go by. Erle was on his own, went as an apprentice to Mr. Frizzell in Cremona. Ted Jr. worked for the C.P.R. for some years, then to Water Resources, and was there some time. Jim married the girl next door, and in due time became a farmer. Rosemary finished her education at Olds College, is now married, but doing office work for a Calgary School. 1969 our family gave us a surprise Fortieth Wedding Anniversary party, as Rosemary was born on our anniversary we kept it as her birthday. It was a lovely day for Ted and I, one that couldn't be forgotten.

In 1970 Ted and I decided to go to England for a visit. I had never been back. Ted went once alone, when his mother was ill. So when the work was all done that fall, we went. But it ended in sorrow, as my husband picked up a bug over there that Dr.'s couldn't seem to isolate. Ted wanted to come back to Canada so I brought him back, to his own Dr. He never came home again.

I am still on the same place, thanks to the family, I am able to "Carry On". I am blessed with good health, I love living in this "God's Own Country". I am thankful for good friends and neighbours, which would help me if needed. We were to buy this school land as it was called, it was not at at "Homestead" price, the Gov't had a share of what was grown for twenty years, and then we paid a cash price too. I have had many good offers to sell, but as yet I am not selling, its my home, with its blessed memories. 1978, I'm wondering if we will have a long winter - "If winter comes, can spring be far away?".

Aerial view of the E. Coombes farm

CHET CORBETT

Mr. Chet Corbett lived north of Water Valley on Section 11 - Township 30, in the 1940's. He then moved east of Water Valley to a cabin he had on Bun Borton's place. He lived here with his sons, Gordon, Mervin and Norman. They all attended Water Valley school.

After leaving Water Valley, Chet moved to Didsbury to the old folks home.

THE COWMAN FAMILY IN ALBERTA

By Mrs. Pearl Bohannon

In 1902, my father, Fred Cowman came to Canada to see the country he had received so much literature about. It was early fall & while here purchased 4 sections of land described as Sections 7, 8 & 9 & 17 in township 30, Range 3, West of the 5th meridian. While in Calgary a snow storm came. He wished he had known they had snows like this before he bought the land, but as the deal was closed he prepared to move that winter. He sold the farm in Kansas, packed the household effects, drove the cattle, horses and sheep to the stock-yards. These together with the machinery, three little dogs and the men, made a train load bound for Canada.

The rest of the family stayed in Kansas with relatives until February. The train with settlers effects arrived in Didsbury early in December. The weather was cold and several inches of snow lay on the ground, quite different from Kansas where they migrated from.

We settled on the N.W. quarter of section 9, and to reach our new home drove across country in a big sled. We crossed the Dog Pound on the ice at Alex Robertson Sr. place, then south-west to Section 9 where a large granary was to be our home for two and a half years while improving our land. The first year sixty-eight acres were broke with a foot burner (walking plow). The first breaking was seeded to oats and then later to Turkey Red wheat. The first year we were here father took up a homestead. It was the S.W. quarter Section 6, Township 30, Range 3, West of the 5th Meridian. There were six children in the original family; the names of the children were: Jack; - he later moved back to the United States, Julia - (Mrs. William Moore), Jess - (Mrs. William Bohannon), Robert -, Pearl - (Mrs. David Bohannon), Grace - (Mrs. Walter Bellamy). In the first years there were no churches. Services were held in our shacks and only during summer. Later when homes were built we took turns in having the services until the Garfield school was built. In the early days students from Eastern Canada supplied during the summer months. Later Rev. Black settled in the neighborhood. When Rev. John McDougall came to visit relatives he also held services in the Garfield school. When the Garfield school was built, Father, like the rest of the neighbourhood men, served on the school board at different times. Some of the early teachers were Mr. Pedley, Mr. J. Reid, and Violet Hunsperger.

When the snow melted off in the spring we used to hook up to the wagon or buggy to get our provisions, and when the snow fell we used to bundle up in the big sled with lots of warm blankets to travel over the prairie trails. Almost all settlers rode horseback as it was not as rough riding over rough trails, and to locate their livestock on the range. The first few years we had dances and parties in our shacks or homes. In the summer we had picnics. After the Garfield school was built, we had box socials. The children held their Christmas program, the young folks put on a play. We had dances and parties and literaries in the winter time. In the summer picnics were held with baseball games, foot races, high jumps, horse racing, sack-racing, and three-legged races.

When berries were ripe, several neighbors went together, loaded their wagons with horsefeed, tents, provisions, guns and about five or six people to each wagon with pails and sacks. Thus equipped we went back in the hills to the west picking cranberries. We cooked our meals in the open and after supper sat around the camp fire, telling stories, playing games and doing stunts. In the fall we had coyote hunts. Each member had a saddle horse and gun. We ran coyotes down and shot them on Section eight which was fenced with eight strands of barbed wire.

During the first few years we shopped and got all our supplies in Didsbury because we had a better trail that way. Also the town was larger thus giving a greater selection. In 1903 the country was all open, no fences, and stock roamed the prairies. Each rancher had his brand and in the fall rounded up his cattle. At this time the four year olds were removed for beef as that was the season the buyers came out to buy cattle. Practically no grain feeding was done. A few fed hay as they never had the grain to feed. Steers were shipped up from Texas to graze here, but had to be returned back to the U.S.A. to be slaughtered. The prairie range had wild peas and vetch growing abundantly amongst the grass. All livestock fattened on the grass and cattle wintered in the open without any other

feed, coming out in good condition in the spring. Our cattle were all purebred registered Herefords, therefore, until fences were built, we had to herd them. In the early days they drove the bulls in to the railway to be shipped to the Calgary Bull Sale. Later they were hauled in crates to the railway station. In 1916 Father purchased two polled herd sires from Mossom Boyd of Prince Alberta, Sask. They were the first Polled Herefords in Alberta.

Father had one section fenced with eight strands of barbwire. This was a sheep pasture. The coyotes dug under the fence and killed so many sheep that in order to reduce the losses he reduced the flock to what could be carried on a half section. At night stray dogs came in and raided the flock in the corral. He then decided to keep only a small flock that could be kept near the buildings and closed in at night where they could not be molested. A small house and barn were built on Section nine in 1903 and 1904 where we had first resided. Fire guards were plowed for protection. In the winter of 1904 and 1905 Father built the home on Section eight, also a barn. He hired a carpenter to help and in the spring plowed fire guards to protect the buildings as prairie fires got out of control and every person able to swing a wet sack had to get out and help extinguish it. Fires destroyed much range for grazing, burnt the willow brush and Balm of Gilead trees. There were very few poplars in the early days. The willows were large enought to make fence posts for the settlers. In the spring of 1905 and 06, Father planted the spruce trees in the house yard. These are the ones growing there now. The other trees were planted in later years.

Mother passed away March 2nd, 1913.

When the telephone line was being installed we had a cloud burst. The water in Crooked Creek flat was so high that it floated away many of the unset telephone poles. In the winter the new barn and other small buildings were built, they installed a home electric plant. When my sister Julia Cowman and William Moore were married, he took over the management of the farm. The land was well improved by 1919 and that summer was dry. The hay crops were light so Father with Phil Foat and helpers shipped the haying equipment to Grouard near Lesser Slave Lake. They put up several hundred tons of hay. That fall they shipped over 200 head of cattle up to winter as it was considered more economical to move the cattle than the hay. That fall beef was 20¢ a lb. and after feeding all winter they dropped to around 6¢ per pound. They never lost an animal. They drove the cattle two miles to water and bedded them down with hay which in Carstairs was worth $60.00 a ton. Sheaf oats were worth 25¢ a bundle. They shipped hay down and Will hauled it home on a sled to feed the young stock. In the spring the Mounted Police came in and stopped all shipments of hay except what they really needed. They confiscated the rest of the hay and paid $50.00 a ton for it in the stack.

Father purchased the S.E. quarter of Section 16, Township 30, Range 3, West of the 5th meridian from Mr. May. It was his homestead. He also bought the S.W. quarter of Section 10, Township 30, Range 3, West of the 5th Meridian. This was a water right quarter in the early days. The men built a horsedrawn bush cutter to clean the land for breaking. After breaking the roots were piled by hand.

Father passed away March 27th, 1932.

On the 13th of June, the first year we were in Canada we had a big snow storm and freezing temperatures. There was 9 inches of snow on the level. On the last of July, about 11 o'clck we were awakened by a rumbling noise. Shortly a large hailstone hit the roof. This was followed by a shower of hail stones so we called to our father and asked "How do you like Alberta now?"

In the spring of 1903, when the men were hauling grain from Didsbury the ice broke up on the Dog Pound. They had to come home and get another wagon and unload half the grain into it, put four horses on each load to cross the stream. They waited a few days before hauling the rest. In those days we attended local socials and visited our neighbours. Now people travel by car long distances over good highways.

THE CROFT FAMILY

By Betty and Peggy

Dad (Reginald) was born in Kent, England in 1888. Mother (Jessie) was born in Dover, England in 1889. Dad came to Vancouver in 1912 and Mother followed a year later, they both worked. They were married in 1914. Their two sons, Donald and Reginald were born in Vancouver. They returned to England in 1919 where their daughter Jessie, was born and in early Feb. they came back to Alberta where dad worked on a dairy farm west of Airdrie, and where Robert (Bob), Stanley, Betty and Peggy were born.

The Croft family. Reg. Don, Dad, Mother and Jessie.

The Croft family. Back row: Stan, Bob, Jack, Don, Reg. Front: Betty, Jessie, Peggy.

They moved to the Cremona district in 1930 where their youngest son Jack was born. Dad farmed until moving west of Water Valley, buying a ½ section in 1942. Their daughter Jessie passed away in 1942. Mother raised granddaughter Jessie. They sold their place and moved to Victoria in 1950 where Dad worked as gardener and tree surgeon. Dad passed away in 1958, Mother came back to

Alberta, staying with daughters Peggy and Betty until going to the senior citizens home in Crossfield. Mother passed away in 1968. Don lives in Langley, B.C., he has 3 children. Reg passed away in 1978, he leaves 5 children. Bob lives in Water Valley, he has 3 children. Stan lives in Victoria and has one son. Betty Butler lives in Cremona and has 4 children. Peggy Rodgers lives in Cremona and has 2 children. Jack lives in Spruce Grove, he has 4 children. Jessie Jr. lives in Spruce Grove, she has 3 children.

BERT CROSTON

Bert Croston lived in the Water Valley area with his wife, Margarite, (nee Masters). He did some sawmilling, built corduroy for roads, and enjoyed playing poker with Squire Jackson in Cremona. He moved about wherever his work took him.

Mr. and Mrs. Croston.

CARL CROW

By Susan Patchell 1964

Carl Crow was born in Ohio, October 31st, 1855. He crossed the Plains in 1865 with the Caravan or Wagon Train. These were drawn by horses, donkeys, and oxen. It took six to nine months to get to Oregon. The pioneers were afraid of the Indians and the Indians didn't trust the Pale Faces. At night the Caravan would form a circle of wagons. The cooking was done on camp fires, they used wood or buffalo chips.

The Crow family settled on the lower Columbus River, near Portland, Oregon. Portland only had a few buildings along the river, the rest was a Cedar Swamp. Nearly every family used dugout cedar canoes, that was the only way of travelling. The men did the hunting. The women had the hard task of raising the family, sewing, doing the garden work, and milking the cows. When Carl was around twenty years old he left the green valley and went to eastern Oregon, a rolling prairie country. He took with him sheep and wheat and also horses for field work. The big draw back to this area was no water. All the settlers hauled water in big wooden tanks drawn by four horses. One could look for miles and never see a tree.

Carl Crow married Nettie Booker, so our family began. When Willie and Susan were young there was a cyclone, which wrecked most of the homes. The people were lucky in one way, there were few deaths. By now there were six children, Willie, Susan, Anna, Benj, Nellie and Nettie. Once again Carl Crow got itchy feet and had to see over that fat away hill. So, into Washington we went, there was plenty of wood and water. The roads were good in the summer. When the September rain began it took us kids over an hour to ride horseback to Palouse City School one mile away. We were always a healthy family, and didn't mind this hardship. One day Carl Crow was reading a paper, The Spokane Review, Carl saw a script on Alberta, Canada. It was written by a cattleman Bill Graham, Dog Pound. Once again Carl dreamed of far off places and on July 3rd, 1903, Carl loaded up the covered wagon with food and bedding, six children, and we were on our way to Alberta. We also took two dogs and our saddle pony, Dandy. The going was slow and the road over the mountains, the Pan Handle of Idaho, were very bad.

We were climbing a mountain grade, the road being narrow allowed just a turn out every so far to let a team pass. One day we got caught between turn outs, our wagon crowded the bank, the stage came to a stop. One the lower side of the grade were long stumps of trees, so all the men built a platform out of poles, large enough for half the stage to stand on. We inched up and the stage inched down. If one foot had slipped it was a mile to the bottom. Again luck was with us. The down grade was steep and so we blocked the back wheels of the wagon. The horses slid down on their hind legs. We walked. There was good fishing in the streams and lots of huckleberries along the road or trails. Once again we left the foothills and for two days we crossed the rolling prairie, with no water and only buffalo chips to cook with. The second day we camped at an Alkali Lake, we couldn't use the water, but the lake was covered with ducks. Bill and I shot a dozen. Then we had to cross a river on a ferry boat, the Indians ran the ferry. Once landed, us kiddies climbed the bank. Johnny stepped on a log between the bank and the ferry, his feet went under, but good old Bit dug in her feet and pulled him back onto the bank. By now, two other outfits overtook us on their way to Alberta. I never saw so many mosquitoes, they bit day and night. Everyone looked like they had measles. At last we were at Carston, Alberta. How it rained; mud and water everywhere. When the sun can up, out came the mosquitoes again. It rained every day to Carstairs. Willie and the dogs hunted ducks for food. We arrived in Carstairs in 1903.

At last, we started for the homestead. We got as far as Sandy Mathersons place, camped in his old log cabin while Willie, Carl Crow and Mr. Sherman built our log cabin. One day when the sun was shining and the northwest wind was blowing, a big smoke appeared. I rushed into Mathersons house, out rushed everyone. Sandy said, "a prairie fire is coming this way." Sandy hitched the horses and plow, burlap sacks were handed out, and all the hands headed north to the creek where the hay was stacked. Sandy plowed a furrow, then we back fired between the stacks and furrow. By that time over the hill came the blaze just like a big snake. Along side of the flames, men on horseback dragging wet cow hides and wet sandbags. It was beautiful to see, also very dangerous. As luck would be, they beat it out at the furrow and back fire. Many horses legs were burned badly.

On Christmas Eve, it rained hard but we enjoyed a beef and prairie chicken dinner. Sandy and Mrs. Powell were our guests. The next day we moved into our log cabin. 1904 was here, and on the 17th of April, our baby sister arrived. Audrey Alberta Crow. There was not even a doctor, but all went well. Time for spring breaking and to plant a garden. Also the rain fence was finished around the half section. Very little to work with. The breaking was smoothed down with the willow brushes nailed to a log, Carl seeded from Dandy's back with a half sack of grain on the saddle horn, he broadcasted the seed by hand, it worked fine. Then our neighbors moved on to their homesteads; Tyson, McVicar, Kelsey, Reid, Spence and Morks. Soon the Atkins school was built. There were six months of school. About 35 pupils from near and far, most

of them rode horse back with others walking. One teacher for all grades. He did a good job with the 3-r's and a willow stick. The children used slates with very little paper.

People were going forward slowly - a cheese factory at Cremona store, and post office with mail twice a week. Then came the First World War, times picked up. The farmers had better machines, even gas lamps and telephones and a few cars. Then there came a slump through the twenties and thirties. And once again a second World War. Prices came up and there was a shortage of food, as our men overseas had to eat.

Carl Crow left the farm in 1916. He took up barbering in Calgary and Carstairs, the last shop was in Armstrong, where he spent about forty years barbering. Willie Crow also barbered for about twenty years, then he retired at Grand Forks, B.C.. Willie Crow died on March 11, 1953. Carl Crow died March 29, 1944. Nellie Rinehart at Didsbury is the only Crow that lives in Alberta. The others live in B.C. and I, Susan Crow Patchell look forward to coming back home once a year. I love old friends and the district of Cremona.

THE CROWS

By Nellie Rinehart

My father and mother, Carl and Nettie Crow, came of pioneer stock, both travelled across the United States from Indiana and Ohio with their folks, somewhere back in the nineteenth century. At that time they travelled in covered wagons which were called "Wagon trains". There was quite often a hundred wagons, the reason for this was that the West was occupied by many Indian tribes. There was no trouble with Indians when they came, but they had to keep a sharp eye with scouts on fast horses. Papa and folks came across the Oregon Trail to Oregon. Mama settled in Colorado for awhile, later going to Oregon.

Papa left home at sixteen for California and worked in the Redwoods and other jobs. One was driving stage coach over mountain trails, later back to the sheep country in Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho. They travelled in crews. Papa could shear 90 head of sheep a day with hand shears much like large scissors. Their wage was 8 cents a sheep.

He met Mama in Eastern Oregon. He was thirty, Mama nineteen when they were married. Six of us children were born in Oregon and one at Bradbourne, North-West Territories in Canada. In the early summer of 1903 Papa once more got that far away look of greener pastures in his eyes for he had just read where in the N.W.T. of Canada one could file on a homestead, 160 acres for $10. We smaller children were quite delighted but Bill, Susan and Anna weren't so happy as they were going to very good schools in Walouse City, Washington. After a few days of preparation - such as putting the canvas covers over the oak bows, once more it was a covered wagon, all our worldly goods stored in the back - feather beds, trunk, sewing machine, carpenter tools, supplies from Aunt Effie's garden. Last but not least a grub box made from a wooden box, there were no cardboard boxes in those days, Papa made it a tight lid hinged with leather. There were rope handles in both ends, places for knives and the things we used every day in preparing meals. Also a collapsible sheet iron stove with large oven, where Mama turned out a pan of baking powder biscuits three times a day.

There was a slight delay in departure. Taken on the whole they were a pretty good bunch of kids but one seemed to get into more trouble than the rest. Papa had greased the wagon wheels. Aunt Effie had an only son, Wilber was his name, but she called him Wibbie for he was her white-haired boy. He did have blonde curly hair. While playing under the wagon we took sticks and dug the tar-like substance from around the hubs. We first dabbed it on each other's faces, then in our hair. After sixty-eight years it's hard to say who started it but it could have been me. Perhaps I sort of envied his nice curly hair for mine was straight and brown. Anyway in the end all we lacked was the feathers. We were scrubbed within an inch of our lives, Mama and Aunt had to resort to coal oil. Aunt Effie said it was all my fault and the looks she gave me behind Mama's back would squash a bug. I thought she could have been a little nicer seeing we were leaving.

She did seem a bit nicer the next morning when we were ready to start for the land of milk and honey. She thought we would be attacked by wild Indians or killed by buffalo. Wibbie took one look at me and ran behind the house so I couldn't see him cry. After all we were partners in crime. Incidentally, I never saw Wibbie again. We were then a few months off eight years.

Next morning we were on our way. From the time we left Washington to Carstairs took six weeks. We went up to Coeur d'Alene Lake travelling by steam launch which pulled a scow on which the horses were placed. The scow took in water and listed to the side. We were all concerned whether it would upset pulling the launch over as well. The banks were steep and the water deep but after about 90 miles we reached the place of disembarkment. I rode behind my brothers on old Dandy, our horse , most of the way. We were never bored. Around each hill was another view, birds sang, also Papa. He was never so happy as when he was on the move. We never tired of hearing Papa sing or recite poems. When the tent was up at night and a camp fire going, we would pop corn or make peanut candy. Mama had brought these along. The three horses were hobbled and left to graze up early to escape the heat. A hearty breakfast and on our way again.

At last we came to the U.S. and Canada border. We crossed near Cardston, saw our first Union Jack. The country looked no different - sage brush, rocks and hills. Our first night in Canada was a rough one. The mosquitos were large and hungry. We made smudges but it didn't help much. When we came to Calgary it was indeed a cow town - most of the streets were deep with mud. It rained for several days. After we got to Carstairs the sloughs were full of ducks. It was hard to keep the tent dry. Papa and Willie were soon loking for homesteads - most of the homesteads near the town were taken in 1901-02.

Finally we filed on homesteads, 21 miles west of Carstairs, south and east of where Cremona now stands. If they were disappointed with the country they never said. We had prairie wool cut for winter, a log shack and barn, a garden plot plowed, also nine furrows for a fire guard. Our only neighbors were Mr. Bill Graham and Mr. Atkins, both ranchers. Mr. Graham proved a lifetime friend. Our first winter was very quiet - no neighbor women. Our Christmas, too, was very quiet - with Mr. Graham for dinner, and ever after for the 14 years we were on the homestead he had either Christmas or New Year's with us.

On the 17th of April, 1904 I got up early. Brother Ben and I had planned to explore the coulee for muscrat houses. When I came into the kitchen I saw Aunt Anna holding something wrapped in a piece of grey blanket. She smiled and said, "Take a look at your baby sister. She is our little Canuck. What do you think of her?" I was flabbergasted to say the least. I said, "Maybe if we dress her like a white kid she won't look too bad." I knew how Papa hated Indians and when I found she wasn't and when she turned out to be a blue-eyed blonde that proved it. Children in those days didn't know much about the birds and bees.

In a year or so we had many neighbors. Our first Christmas concert was at McVicor's with treats and Christmas tree in 1905. I forgot to mention our Christmas of 1903. We hung our long wool stockings - Ben, I and Nettie. I had my doubts about Santa Claus, but we hung them just in case. Next morning we were up early. Sure enough our stockings were lumpy. A knife for Bennie, a coloring book for me, and a home-made doll for Nettie. Peanuts, candy, and best of all a big red apple. Years later Mama told me some of the gifts she had procured by sending away Royal Crown soap wrappers.

Audrey's first bed was the old wooden grub box, which had served also as a wood box. It now had sturdy legs and lined with pretty wall paper. The rope handles were still there for lifting.

McVicors were great people for dancing, with Hugh playing the fiddle, and that's where we danced till Atkins school was built. It served for school, church, parties and dances. The preachers were mostly ones that travelled from the small towns. We had one preacher I well recall, Preacher Hays. He had shipped his oxen and household effects from Oklahoma. He had a little Cherokee Indian blood. He was quite the old dandy, wore a derby hat summer and winter. We liked him O.K. Papa and him used to have some great arguments. He made quite a few converts. His followers were known as Haysites. He finally ran away with Mrs. Mustard, another man's wife. Mrs. Hays and two youngest daughters went to Didsbury and took in washing, leaving later to live in B.C.

Mama and one of the oldest girls would work in Carstairs each winter for the first few years. Papa would soon have a crock full of sour dough, he could without a doubt, make the best sourdough bread and pancakes. Before we had a herd of cattle Willie and Papa used to go back to Montana to shear sheep. In winter they went to Golden, B.C. to work in the big mills. Papa sharpening the long cross cut saws that two men felled the trees with. The winters were cold but not too much snow and the spring used to come earlier, we had Chinook winds in spring and fall. I believe we were the first in that district to grow wheat. Mama sent to Indian Head, Sask., for samples of an early wheat called "Prelude".

Wild fruit grew in abundance. We especially liked picking cranberries. Papa would drive us back to Winchells near Lost Lake and set up tent. We would pick several large sacks and as they didn't need canning we just hung them out to freeze. With lots of vegetables from our garden, prairie chickens, snowshoe rabbits grouse, and ducks, we didn't lack for a good staple diet.

The women all milked a few cows, selling cream which brought money for dress goods. Gingham was around 15 to 20 cents a yard, good shoes $1.50. We kids went barefoot in summer. The things we had to buy in the grub line were beans, flour, sugar, coffee, tea, soda, and baking powder. We grew our own beef, pork, turkey, chickens, ducks and geese. Of course when the crops froze or we got hailed out we couldn't keep things that had to be grain fed, but we always had feed for cattle. When it hailed we kids didn't think it was all that bad. We would hurry and pick up the stones and make ice cream. A gallon syrup pail surrounded by stones and salt in an hour or so we had ice cream turing it back and forth by the pail. Every so often the lid had to be taken off and the frozen cream scraped from the side and the spoon licked if we weren't caught at it. All in all it was a pretty good life and the neighors got on pretty well.

The hundred pound flour sacks were used for nearly everything - pillow slips, five hundred pound bags would make a sheet, dish cloths, diapers, underwear - but the pioneers were proud so they didn't wear them where they showed. The houses were heated by a box stove and the kitchen range. Green poplar wood was hauled and split, after it dried it made a very hot fire. We now lived in a larger log house. Our first stove for cooking was cast iron with a hearth where one could warm your feet. The door for the oven had a guage in so the bread nearly always burned on that side near the place the wood burned. It had four legs, a dandy place underneath for dogs, cats, wet mitts, and an occasional kid - warmest place in the house.

Our nearest neighbors were a family by the name of Pepperdine - a green Englishman. They had hard times until they left after several years to live in Calgary working at his trade as book-keeper. They lost a baby while still at the homestead. Mr. Pepperdine made a very nice casket but had no lumber for a rough box so the old grub box came once more for a sad but useful purpose. The baby was laid to rest on the hillside behind the shack in a little grave lined carefully with peeled poplar poles, We children picked wild flowers and placed them on the small mound. Looking back one wonders how many little graves are on the homesteads.

Time went on in an even tempo until one day in 1914 a dark cloud loomed on the horizon, we were at war with Germany. It was sad to see so many young lads leaving, some never to return. Everything was changed and it's never been back to the old way of living.

In 1917 Papa and Mama decided to go back to Oregon. Their family were all married but Ben and Audrey. I was married to Clarence Rinehart the day they left. Papa took a course in barbering in Portland, Oregon. He had been barbering for years on the farm cutting the lad's hair. They soon came back to Alberta. Papa barbered in Carstairs for two years. Then they moved to Armstrong, B.C. where he barbered till he was nearly 88. He died the night my son Bernal started for overseas with the Air Force, another war with Germany. After two years I was happy to have him home again. Our youngest son, Donald, was in the Merchant Navy for four years.

Mama passed on to that "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" at the age of eighty-six. To the present date six of their children are still living. Willie died last September, 1970. Audrey, our little Canuck, still resides in Armstrong, also Susie and Anna. Ben, at Pitt Meadow; Nettie in Cascade, B.C.; Nellie at Didsbury , Alberta. It seems a long time since we got our mail at Bradbourne, N.W.T. The date of writing this bit is November, 1971.

JOHN DAINTRAY

John homesteaded in the Frozen Man's Coulee in the early twenties. This place is south of Harriet Sturgeons. John was a bachelor at this time. He served in the Army in World War II, and when he returned he was married, his wife's name is unknown. He then bought a piece of land, north of Cremona. They lived there for a few years and then his wife passed away. A few years later he remarried and moved to Calgary, Alberta.

GEORGE AND LAURA DAY

By Muriel Foster

Sometime after 1904, George and Laura homesteaded a place west of Silver Creek, which is now owned by Ed Silbernagel. In the early twenties they moved to a place 1½

Mrs. Day 88 years old. 1938.

miles west of Water Valley. George was very active in many sports. He was a catcher for the Water Valley baseball team for many years. He also owned a big threshing machine and did threshing for farmers in the east country. It is said to have been the biggest outfit in the country at that time.

Laura was know for her generosity, also for her good cooking. She made everyone welcome at her home. George and Laura had no children of their own but took care of Evelyn Day and George Chapman.

Laura's Mother spent a lot of time with them. She was totally blind but she was able to get around real good. She was known by all as "Grandma Day". Herbert Day, George's brother, lived with them also from time to time.

George passed away in the early spring of 1945. He was on his way to the hospital with a ruptured appendix.

Laura lived on this place for a few years, she sold the place to Norm Bradly around 1950. But she still spent the summer months here. Later she moved into a nursing home in Calgary, where she lived until her death. Norm Bradley sold this place to Bob Dimmer. It was then sold to Stan Leavett, who is still the owner.

George, Mrs. Day and Hobert Day.

George Day.

Donald McLoud homesteaded the place George Day later bought. Donald went to World War I but never returned.

Mr. and Mrs. George Day and Hobbart Day.

FRED DEWHURST

By Jean Eby

Fred was not an old timer but he lived here all his short life. he was born September 19, 1941 in Calgary, Alta. Fred was raised and had all of his schooling in Water Valley. His home was north of Stan Turners which is 1½ miles east of Water Valley.

To get to school, Fred had to walk across the open fields which was quite a distance, especially in the winter months. When Fred was fifteen, he quit school and came to live with us. He stayed with us the next six years, until he was married. During these six years he worked at quite a few different jobs. He started at Cremona helping with the foundations for the Cremona School. Other jobs he had were with the seismic crews and at oil rigs. He did cat work for Lee Bouck, also some farm work for Johnnie Uchitz at Rocky Rapids, Alta.

He logged with Elmer and Leo Foster for a while, west of Water Valley. Around 1958, Fred and Doug Oldfield worked for Bob Barclay, cutting fire killed trees for mine ties. This was in the Highwood area. In March 1962, Fred started working for the County of Mountain View No. 17, with road construction crews. He was a cat skinner, and later drove Euclid earth movers.

Fred Dewhurst & Melvin Eby.

In 1966-67 he became foreman of this crew and held this position until his death in 1971.

Fred married Sharon Oldfield, daughter of George and Hattie Oldfield, on Feb. 24, 1962 in Cremona United Church. Their reception was held at our home. They had planned their wedding for December 1961, but Sharon's mother became ill and passed away December 29, 1961. After Fred and Sharon were married they lived in a trailer at Diane Davies, south of Water Valley. Later they moved a quarter mile west of Water Valley.

Fred and Sharon on their wedding day.

In July, 1968 they bought a new trailer and moved to the Cremona Trailer Court, which was owned by Lawrence Bergeson. Fred passed away of a heart condition on Jan. 21, 1971, at the age of 29.

Doug Oldfield and Fred Dewhurst.

Fred was a real kind person, he was always willing to help anyone in need. In fact, the night before he died he was helping people get their vehicles up the hill south of Cremona. The roads were real icy that year.

Fred and Sharon had two daughters. Dixie Lee Ann born September 19, 1963, (her dad's birthday) and Connie Lynn - Born Nov. 1, 1967. Sharon and the girls moved to Dawson Creek, B.C. in 1972, where they still reside.

JACK DICKSON

Jack Dickson came from Ontario. He worked as a manager for the C.P.R. Farms out east for years. After these farms were sold he moved to Water Valley. He lived ½ mile east of Water Valley on an acreage at one time owned the whole quarter but sold out to Jack Brydan. A lot of school teachers at Water Valley boarded at Jack Dickson's place. He like to dance and never missed a dance in the area. He had one son, Dale. After Jack's death, this place was sold to Chuck Houston as "TARA".

EDWIN DINZEY

Mr. Edwin Dinzey and Isobel and their children - Edwin Jr. (Bill), John, Richard, Emily, Rosalie Mae, and Ann Isobel lived on the W-½, 11-T30, 5-5. They took an active part in the activities in the community. Mrs. Dinzey very faithfully played the organ for the Big Prairie School Christmas concerts, and also came to the school for practices too. She also gave piano lessons at her home. The children attended Big Prairie School.

They moved away from Big Prairie district after living there for a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Dinzey are both deceased. The friends they made while living in the district will always remember them.

BILL DULONG

Bill Dulong homesteaded a quarter section one and a half miles north of Water Valley. This quarter was straight west of Ernie Taudines. Bill sold this land to Angus McMillan and moved to Crossfield, Alberta. This land is presently owned by Fred Bundschoks.

These three homesteaders Oscar Swanson, Bill Dulong, and Ernie Taudine cut wood and hauled it up to the Water Valley School for winter fuel to keep the children warm.

SOME ANCESTORS OF THE EARLES

By Marjorie Macon Earle

I am going to jot down a little history. The Macon's came from France, during the persecution of the Huguenots. (1600's) over to England, and they migrated to America, and settled in one lot in Macon, Georgia. My great grandfather in Blue Mont, Ky. was a lawyer and his sons, A.C. and Thomas apprenticed in his office as lawyers, with Lincoln. My grandfather, was a guest of Lincolns.

My grandfather and grandmother crossed the plains in a prairie schooner, took up residence in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where my mother was born. They continued their trek when my mother was two years old.

My Aunt Till was born enroute. Coming, out of the So. Platte river, they stuck in quicksand, when the baby came, (premature). But my grandmother wouldn't hear of their pulling their schooner out and laying over for the next outfit. My grandfather practiced law in Canon City. He would not take criminal cases. I think he tried a horse thief, and got the man off. They were holding a meeting out in front of the court house, when the man came up and said, "Well, Mr. Macon, you got me off all right, Shake hands". My grandfather looked and said, "Yes, I got you off all right, but you are guilty". I believe that was his last criminal case.

His brother, Thomas, finally moved to Denver and specialized in criminal cases. There is a street there named Macon, and their old home was sold and made into a Catholic School. I went there. My oldest sister Jessie graduated from there, youngest graduate, just past 16.

The Denver and Rio Grande pulled a fast one on the Sante Fe Railway. The town was still dickering about railroads coming through Canon City. The Denver and Rio Grande laid their tracks down Water Street (in front of my grandparents house) and to the Gorge, Sunday night, so the Santa Fe, had to take a different route south west of Canon to the Rio Grande and California. The suspension bridge is in the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river 1,052' above sea level, one of the wonders of the world.

I didn't give you any of Grandma Macon's history, she was born in London County, West Virginia, Virginia Megeath. She had a brother James. Of course he fought in

the war between the north and south as Captain in the Cavalry. He went to Omaha and also had freight teams in the second gold rush to California and owned all the freight cars on the U.P. and rented the same to them. When he died he gave his house and enough money to the Macons for a boys home like the Father Flanigan home for boys called, Boystown, in Omaha. One of his brothers Sam, was killed in the war.

My father was from Montreal, his father and four others came from Philadelphia, Penn. and went to Ottawa (then known as Byetown), and started the first Bank note Co., known as the British North American Co. My grandfather was an engraver. He was planning to branch off from there and start a business of his own. But one man had access to the safe, and stole the formula of the green ink and had it patented under his name, and then when they woke up to the fact he wanted them to pay for it. They had law suits over it and took it through the courts here and also over in England. I believe they threw it out over there.

Written By Daughter, Pat Wiebe

This is some of my father's ancestry as written by his sister some years ago.

My mother, Rachel Starrett, came from Molin near Londonderry, Ireland to visit her brothers in Toronto who had come to Canada, "The Land of Opportunity".

She returned to Ireland but came back for another visit - never intending to stay. When the war broke out in 1914 it wasn't safe to return on the sea. She had trained in Ireland for a teacher. Thinking the war would never end she took a business course in Toronto and worked a little while there. She followed one brother to Calgary where he set up a tea and coffee and spice business. Here she graduated from Calgary Normal School, having had as instructors Mrs. Fischer and Mr. Hutton who later taught Jack and I. A school was offered her in Crossfield but she was afraid to go to the country. She married my father in 1917 and lived awhile in Calgary and later moved to the ranch on Grease Creek, and later to Cremona.

HENRY M. EARLE 1890-1971

By Jack & Mick

Born in Canon City, Colorado in 1890. His mother died when the youngest of five children was born. His father moved to Calgary (N.W.T. at that time) with his young family in Feb. 1905. Harry completed his public school on 4th Ave., in Calgary, and attended St. Mary's High School - where they had the best hockey team! The population of Calgary was about 4000. He herded town milk cows in Mount Royal area, and also where the General Hospital now stands.

In 1910 Harry homesteaded west of Cremona where Harold Creek and Greece Creek join, now owned by George Dutchik of Cochrane. He chose this sight, thinking it was similar to the foothills around Denver. However he failed to realize that it was 1200 miles further north! While summer grazing was good, it was nearly impossible to grow winter feed. His neighbors at this time were Bony Thompson, Jack Fuller, Cyril Fuller, Fred Turnbull, and many Stony Indians. Bony Thompson was considered one of the best men with a six-shooter ever seen. Thompson always got his deer this way. One day he came around the corner of a building where Jack Garson and some other men were sitting on 5-gallon kerosene cans. Thinking it too good a chance to lose, Thompson fired his 45 through Garson's can - "Hoot Mon" - there was some excitement. One of the hired hands was named Plum, who later homesteaded the quarter adjoining Harry which is still known as the Plum quarter.

In 1917 Harry met an Irish girl, Rachel Starrett, in Calgary, whom he married and took out to the homestead. Because of the isolation and rough conditions, his bride did not think much of the place. She related how one time an Indian came to the door asking for "cash, one cash". She thought he was saying "kiss", and it scared her out of seven years growth! Later Harry told her that he had lent him a dollar some time before, and he just wanted another dollar. They got their mail and supplies at Bottrel, travelling by saddle horse as there was no access road.

Two boys, Jack and Mick, were born in these years. In 1922 they moved to Cremona area where they found conditions more favorable. Here a daughter, Allison (Pat) was born. As all farmers of that time, they experienced prices dropping to rock-bottom - buying cattle at 9¢/lb. and selling them for 1 or 2¢; or in later years, feeding an animal for a year and selling it for $13.00.

Harry built a new home on the farm in 1950, but retired a year later. He was an avid fisherman, enjoyed gardening, and loved telling stories to children so was called "Grandpa" by all the neighboring youngsters. The couple spent their winters in Victoria for 14 years before their health failed.

Jack became a teacher - taught for 35 years, including 8 years at Vermilion Vocational College, had 7 sons, and is now retired on a small farm at Vermilion.

Mick stayed home on the farm, bought adjoining land and is now in partnership with his son.

Pat attended Calgary Normal School and taught for 8 years in the Didsbury area. She married Jake Wiebe of Cremona where they are still farming.

The Earle family, Mick, Pat, Jack, 1926.

Earle - Wedding picture. April 1917.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST - J. EBY

By Jack Eby

When we moved to the Water Valley area there was only the school house and the log hall on the west side of the hall grounds. We used to drive to Big Prairie store to get our mail and groceries. Of course most of the food was grown on the farm. Sometimes we would get our groceries from Featherstone's store. This store was S.W. of home, near the Winchell Coulee and also closer to home.

Around 1933, Guy and Howard Gazley came to the area and built the first store in Water Valley, it was made of Wane edge slabs and tar paper. Later they built a large log building with living quarters in the back. Albert Sailor built another store in 1935. The church was built in 1935. Dad helped saw the lumber for this. My brothers and I got our schooling all in Water Valley, except for myself, I took grade nine at Sunnyslope school, which stood where the Carstairs Gas Plant now stands. Grade 10 and 11 I took in Carstairs. I stayed at my Granddad Ebys' at this time. My first teacher was Mr. Ben McBain - 1 year; Winnifred Smith - 3 years; and June Smith - 1 year; In those days "R.B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada", used to give a ten dollar prize to outstanding students. I was lucky enought to win this two years in a row and runner up one year.

To make a few cents in those days as kids, we used to catch gophers and take them to Bob Laurence who bought them to feed his mink and fox, which he raised for their furs. Around this time Leo Root (not sure of his real name), came to stay at our place. He tanned hides and made harness. Some of his Rawhide Harness may still be around. He later moved his operation to John Nafzigers, where he built a small cabin made from poplar logs, which he squared with a broad axe. This cabin is still in use as a tool shed on the farm, which is now owned by H. Bundschok.

As an old friend of the family, a retired railroad man from Blairmore, Ole Olson, came to live with us around 1941. He used to raise chickens and help with the stock or any chore he could do. In his younger years he was billed as the "Human Derrick", as he could hold up a weight of 750 lbs.

In those early years hunting for moose and deer was very essential. This also meant a short holiday for the men every fall, as well as getting a meat supply. Dad used to go every fall for a week or so. In 1944 Dad and I went up the Big Red country and stayed in a small cabin, that he and Guy Gazley had built long before. While there I had the misfortune of shooting a toe from my right foot. Dad put black powder from a rifle shell over the wound, wrapped my foot in brown paper, nailed a piece of board to the heel of my boot and we stayed another two weeks. I only lost one day of hunting. Another year, Joe Oldfield, Frank Colvin, Charles Evans and I went west to the Vanderlinde to hunt. Just as we got to our campsite the tongue broke on the sleigh. It took Joe and I a full day hacking out another, making holes by heating bolts and burning them in the wood. We had borrowed the sleigh from John Nafziger and that tongue was still in 12 years later, when he sold out.

I have worked most of the time in the logging business, for Dad and other mills, cutting logs etc; I also used to go to the Vulcan area in the early fall to haul grain from combines. Then back to this area to work on threshing machines.

Around 1946 I worked for awhile with a fellow from Water Valley, by the name of Locki Brimms. We worked at Lake Louise opening up the park roads between Lake Louise and Jasper. Billy King and Dave Hendry were also up there at this time.

When the old one room school got too small I helped build the new two room school, this was in 1948. I also helped with the new hall where it is today, after the old log hall burned down in 1942. In the spring of 1948, Joe Oldfield, Billy King and I decided to ride a raft down the Little Red. We built the raft with fire killed logs about 3 miles up river from the bridge west of Water Valley. The river was high with the spring run off, so we rode as far as Westward Ho, east of Sundre. We spent one night on the river bank just north of Elkton. When we got off the river at Westward Ho, we hitch hiked into Sundre. It was the first time I was in Sundre. We then caught a ride to Olds, Didsbury, Carstairs and finally home.

In those early days baseball was the main sport. There was a bush league and it was quite exciting at times to watch these games. There was alot of house parties back then, also dancing in the hall. Everyone would come, kids and all. They had a place to lay the kids down to sleep when they got tired. Moonshine was plentiful, some good, some bad.

I married Jean (Oldfield) in 1949, we had seven children, two boys - Melvin and Roger and five girls, Beverly, Sheree, Barbara, Nadine and Natalie. Melvin married Christine Stewart of Calgary, they have two boys and live in Peace River. Beverly married David Reay, of Dawson Creek, B.C., they have 1 daughter and 1 son, they live in Dawson Creek, B.C. Sheree married Don Toner of Calgary, they have two girls and live in Cremona. Barbara married Larry Ottoson from Cochrane, they have one girl and live at Fort McMurray. Nadine and Natalie are still at home. Our son Roger, was killed near Canmore in 1971.

Jean Eby (Oldfield) at Roy Oldfields homestead, 1934.

Jack Eby.

1949. L-R Menno & Jeannie Eby, Jack & Jean (Wedding day), George and Hattie Oldfield.

Hunting trip. Jack Eby, Joe Oldfield, Frank Colvin, and Charles Evans.

After we were married, I built a small portable sawmill and did quite a bit of custom sawing over the years as well as my own. It is still my occupation. I spent about eight summers working for the County on the road construction between 1959-1967. I have been on the hall board at different times and helped start the Water Valley Stampede in 1953. I have been Sec.-Treasury all the years since. Jim Burton and Joe Oldfield were president and vice-president in the beginning. Jean started driving the school bus for the county of Mountain View in March 1965 and does so yet. As the kids live in different parts of Alberta and B.C., we do alot of travelling and get to see alot of beautiful country.

Jean and I both enjoy curling and golfing, also our seven grandchildren. Looking back over the years, who can forget special events such as, the Dog Pound Stampede, box socials and of course, the Christmas concerts, root cellars with their winter supply of fruit and vegetables, (no deep freezes in those days), cutting ice on the Winchell Lake to fill the ice houses, the big piles of wood, cranberry picking when people would get sacks of berries. The Watkins and Rawleigh men with their supplies of most everything needed in the home. Of course, the medical cure all Red Linament, goose grease that was used for everything from water-proofing boots to rubbing on your chest for colds. The big parcel from Eatons and Simpsons, skating parties on the river, hockey with willow sticks and since we mostly rode horses, our endless supply of pucks, the old swimming holes, smoking moss and eating sour dock, that broad leaf plant with a reddish tinge and its bitter sweet taste. Also the sulphor and molasses treatment in the spring. Life may have been hard at times but always good.

MENNO AND JEANNIE EBY

By Jack and Jean Eby

Menno was born Aug. 22, 1903, at the original homestead of his fathers. This homestead was west and south of Carstairs. The Eby family later moved east and north of the Carstairs Gas Plant. Menno had all of his schooling at the Sunnyslope school, which stood where the Carstairs Gas Plant is now.

Jeannie Moser was born Aug. 1, 1908 in Nezperce, Idaho, U.S.A. She moved to Canada, to the Crossfield area with her family in 1921. Menno and Jeannie were married Jan. 6, 1926 in Calgary. They lived with Menno's parents a few months before going to Hood River, Oregon. While in Oregon, Menno worked at a store and did some truck driving in the areas around Hood River. Their son Jack, was born while they lived in Oregon.

In 1927 they moved back to Canada to Turner Valley, Alta. While in Turner Valley, Menno worked on the oil wells. They had three children while living here, a girl - Patricia Jean, who only lived 2 months. Eddie was born in 1929, and Roy in 1931. Their last son, Larry, was born in Didsbury in 1940. They moved to Water Valley in 1932. Menno bought a quarter of land from Mayor Webster (S.E.-22-29-5-5). This quarter had been homesteaded by Geo. Bishop in 1908. People by the name of Dunwoody also lived there. Bob O'Neil and family was living here when Menno bought it. While waiting for this family to move off, Menno and Jeannie and family lived at her parents home, which was across the road (SW-23-29-5-5) This quarter was used for pasture every summer, because of the good springs and grass. Moser's homeplace was near Neir, west of Crossfield.

Menno & Jeannie Eby, Marion and Mrs. Moser. 1952.

When the Eby family moved onto their land, it was to a small log cabin, which was about half way down the quarter. They later moved this cabin to the present building site where the Cornforth's now live. The frame house was built in the early forties. He shingled this house with shingles he made himself. To make a living Menno drove truck for Joe Webb in Turner Valley, a few years after they moved to Water Valley. Later he worked for George Thompson on the sawmill. This is where he took logs to be sawed for his home. Menno later bought a sawmill of his own and did custom sawing, as well as his own, also he purchased a shingle mill. To run his mill he used an Allis Chalmers tractor, also he used this tractor to break land for different people in the district. During this time Menno also went east every fall, to the Madden district to run the threshing machines for Frank McNicol, George Skinner and others, he did this to make extra money for the winter grub stake.

In the earily fifties, Menno started driving truck for Walter May. He drove truck until the middle sixties, when the lumber yard changed hands. He then ran the farm and raised cattle until retiring.

Menno and Jeannie. Taken at their home in Enderby B.C. 50th Wedding Anniversary, Jan. 6, 1976.

Menno always enjoyed the hunting trips every fall back to the Greasy Plains and Heifer Lake country. Some of the men who went along were Frank McNicol and Guy Gazley. Menno also took his turn on the school and hall committee. Jeannie was very active in all community affairs. In the summers she grew beautiful big gardens. Jeannie was an excellent cook, so many people enjoyed visiting with her to taste her good cooking and coffee. Their children are all grown and married. Jack married Jean Oldfield, they had seven children and live at Water Valley. Roy married Ellen Haughland from Sask., they have three children and live in Whitehorse, Yukon. Eddie married Patricia Chauncey, they had five children. They separated and Eddie is now remarried and has one child, they live in Edmonton. Larry married Betty Sherriffs from Grand Valley and they live in Cochrane.

Menno and Jeannie have 15 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren living. One granddaughter died shortly after birth, and one grandson passed away in 1971. Menno and Jeannie retired to Enderby, B.C. in 1969, where they still reside. They enjoy fishing, gardening and travelling to visit family and friends. They also enjoy anyone visiting in that area to drop in to chat.

HECTOR ELLIOTT AND FAMILY

By Hector Elliott

In 1958, Hector Elliott and family, wanting to live in the country and do some farming, purchased the quarter section north of Lee Bouck's. After 15 years of weekend farming they built a new modern house and retired from steady work. Olive passed away in 1972 and the boys, Clive and John went away to university to graduate as Wild Life Biologists - Clive with his Masters degree and John with his P.H.D. Both boys married girls with their Bachelors degrees in Wild Life Biology.

I began teaching art in Cremona and Westbrook about 1970 to concentrate my teaching in the town of Cremona at the United Church Hall.

CHARLES EVANS

By Vivian Van Maarion and Charles Evans

Dad was born on November 27, 1892 in a little town called Walcott, Colorado, U.S.A.

Dad had two sisters and one brother. His brother Tom was killed by lightning and his mother and father were divorced when Dad was small. His mother remarried Mr. McMillan. It was around 1906 that they decided to come by covered wagon to Canada. Angus McMillan was Dad's half brother and Jessie Thompson was his half sister.

At the age of eighteen years he was around the Water Valley area and had met our mother Mary Laveck. At this time he took out a homestead on the river where Engmar Sundquist lived in later years.

But Dad never proved up on his homestead, so it went back to the Government. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he enlisted in the army. Dad was at war for about four years. At the end of the war he came back to the Water Valley area again. He had met our mother before he had gone to war, and had corresponded with her while he was away.

On May 7, 1925 our mother and father ran off to get married in Calgary. Our grandfather, Sam Laveck, was a good Catholic and was not going to let his oldest daughter marry someone that was not of the Catholic faith. Grandfather disowned Mom for awhile but soon all was well and they became close again.

Harriet Stelle Conway.

Charlie.

Dad was a real wanderer so we seldom lived more than a year in one place. Their first child, Charles was born in September of 1926. Dad was working from job to job, and while working in Carstairs for awhile in 1929, one night while they were sleeping their home caught fire. They managed to get their two children out of the blaze, but were unable to save any of their clothing or furnishings.

From there they lived in Calgary where there third child was born. During this time Dad was in the Belcher Hospital for soldiers. He was not very well at times. From Calgary we moved back to Bottrel where their fourth child was born, then back to Water Valley again.

Dad worked at sawmilling in different surrounding areas. Finally in 1936 he bought an acre of land off Sam Desjardine and built a house, it is the house now owned by Gillespies. Their fifth and sixth children were born at this house in 1936 and 1939. When we lived at Water Valley, behind the church, this was our longest stay in one place. We stayed there about five years, then Dad sold it to Guy Gazely. It was during this time Dad helped with the new hall.

The old dance hall was just west of the baseball diamond, when there was a social, everyone went with their parents, even infant babies. There were bunk-beds in the girls cloak room where the little one's could sleep. Everyone enjoyed a good time.

Then one night the hall burnt down. Our Dad and Bun Bortom were some of the main one's to help built the new hall. It is now being made larger by enthusiastic residents of the community.

Charlie and Mary had six children by 1939. Their first son Charles married Dorthy Sutherland and lives in Carstairs. Their second child, Evelyn, married Maurice Gunderson and now lives in Calgary. Their third child, David married Nora Sutherland and now lives in Calgary. Their fourth, Vivian, married Jake Van Maarion and presently live in Crossfield. Their fifth, Ethel, married Wilfred Hoffman and now lives in Empress. Their sixth child, Geraldine married Bill Wilson and now lives in Calgary.

Left to right: Gertie Laveck, Sam Laveck, Mary Laveck (nee Carlon), Jim Laveck, Henry Laveck, Andrew Laveck, Loretta Laveck. 1939.

Charlie and Mary Evans with 2 of their grandchildren, Danny and Marge.

1935 Evan's family. Charlie, Vivian, Eve, Charles.

1947. Charlie Evans and Angus McMillan (half brothers)

During the mid forty's Dad ran a sawmill that he operated just south of Glenn McNicols. Elmer Foster always called it Punkin Centre. But one night the mill caught fire, so we were on the move again. Glenn McNicol gave Dad work and we lived at his sawmill for a few years. Then in 1948 we moved to Airdrie, then after a year, back to Water Valley.

I can always remember when we were younger our main food was plain macaroni or plain white navy beans. Our jam was green gage. Mom always canned a lot of wild fruit. But I guess a lot of people ate the same as we did at that time. When I think back they were happy times.

Mom always worshipped her mom and dad. Sam and Harriet Laveck. Sam Laveck and Mr. Haley were some of the main ones to help build the Catholic Church. Grandpa owned a lot of land at Water Valley, so he donated land for the graveyard, the hall and also the baseball diamond. In those days a dollar was received to make a deal, binding if you gave something. All the land right up that side to Thompson's was his at one time. Grandma and Grandpa had eighteen children, but there was always room at their large table for one more.

Mom and Dad lived in and around the Water Valley area until 1952 when they moved to Calgary.

Dad was a commisionar for a number of years at Currie Barracks. In 1963 he died from lung cancer. He is buried in the field of honour in Calgary. Mom continued living in her home until she became too ill to care for herself. She now resides in the Boyack Nursing Home.

ERNIE FEATHERSTONE
By Jean Eby

Around 1930, Ernie bought a quarter section of land, 1 mile west and 2½ miles south of Water Valley. This place had earlier been homesteaded by a man named Clarence Hughes. Ernie opened a store on this place in 1933, he operated this store about 25 years.

He also owned a sawmill with the Ingram brothers, which they ran for many years. Mabel Carga was Ernie's housekeeper and also looked after the store. She was a sister to the Ingram brothers.

Ernie passed away in the sixties. He willed his property to Mabel. She later sold it to H. Scholtz and moved to Calgary, where she still resides.

The Ernie Featherstone store.

OSCAR FELTAS

Oscar Feltas lived west and south of Water Valley on the same place as Billy Franks. He did carpenter work. He married Dorothy Hickey. Oscar was injured in a car accident and passed away in 1958 or 1959.

MILES FIKE

Miles Fike bought a place from Art Cartiledge. This was the Cartiledge homestead. He lived here for some time, then sold out to Bortons.

Miles Fike loved to dance and took in all the dances in the area.

THE FISHERS

This place where the Fishers' lived is straight south of Art and Annie Pawsons. This quarter was homesteaded in the early 1900's by a man by the name of Morgan. The Fishers bought this place about 1920. Mr. Fisher was killed in a car accident. Mrs. Fisher was Joe Clark's daughter - Joe homesteaded north of Lewis place in 1914. Mrs. Fisher still resides in Calgary. The Fishers still own this same piece of property.

DAVE FLENN

Flenn's came out to Alberta from Peterbough, Ontario. They settled in Caroline, Alta. Flenns than moved to Water Valley. Here they lived on a half section of land 1½ miles north of Water Valley, owned by George Lashmore Sr. They lived on this place for about a year. Flenns then moved out to Walter May's farm where Graham Barnard now lives. After spending some time there Flenns moved west again to Water Valley, where they bought some land from Sam Laveck. They lived here for a few years then moved back to Caroline . They sold this property to Percy Sirr.

Mr. Flenns name was Dave. His sons were Pat, Basel and Dave Jr. Both Pat and Basel went to war in the second World War. The girls' name were Eleanor who married George Benze, Chris who married Adam Leinweber and Marie.

THE CLARENCE FOAT HISTORY
By: Marion Foat Reid

My parents were born in the State of Winconsin in Sept. 1854 and 1856. They were married in 1876 and had a family of five children - three girls and two boys. Father made two trips to the North West Territories, which later became Alberta, Canada. His first trip was made in 1900, and then to satisfy himself, he came again in the spring of 1902; - he was still impressed, so he filed on seven homesteads; one for himself, one for his oldest son Asa, one for his youngest son Earl, one for his son-in-law Richard Huber (who had married my sister Lillian), one for a brother-in-law Fred Magoon, and two more for neighbor boys. The same year in November, we left Adams County, Winconsin and came to this wonderful country by train. Our livestock and furniture were brought in by freight, by my brother Asa Foat and Fred Magoon. The families were able to get a house to live in, in Didsbury, while the men built two 16x30 ft. granaries to live in, and shelters for the livestock were built. Our homestead was the N.E. quarter of Section 32, Township 29, Range 3. There was plenty of snow that winter, and we moved out on the homestead with team and sleigh, just south of where my son Clarence Reid lived for 25 years. The date was January 22, 1903.

Breaking the land was the first job, and as the first summer was very wet, we were always getting stuck in the mud. All the breaking was done with a large walking plow and six horses. The willow and poplar bush did not daunt my father, as he had cleared a 200 acre farm of hard wood (mostly oak) in Wisconsin. Neighbors were few and far between, the first while, then settlers began moving in. One incident that memories bring back, was when some of our bachelor neighbors would come on a saddle horse to buy eggs from my mother and would bring a cloth flour bag to carry them in. What did we do? We wrapped each egg in paper, packed them in a cardboard box, and tied it with a string, then put it in the sack! Few of the neighbors who stayed for many years were the Colwells, Birds, McLeavys, Cowmans, Grahams, McBains, Atkins, Hubers,

Reids, Hunters and Ottos - naming a few. Others came for only a few years, and moved on to other regions.

Frost took the crops for several years; there was also hail to contend with, too. My brothers returned to Wisconsin and married in about 1905, and my sister Cora had married Homer Jones, so that left only me to help my Dad. My brothers returned to farm on their own. I plowed with a gang plow and five horses, disced, mowed and raked prairie wool, drove a bull sweep to stack hay and milked cows. It was a job the first years to find our milk cows on the prairie. One never knew in what direction to go for them. Our nearest school was Carstairs where I attended one year. Then the Atkins school was built in 1906. It was located where the County Buildings are now, south-west of Cremona. I rode my saddle horse to school there, and my first teachers were Mr. McLauchlin, and Joseph Reid. Later Mr. Edwin Reid taught school there too. Our first church services were held in the homesteaders' cabins. A Presbyterian minister drove a team out from Didsbury. Later services were held by a student minister in the new school house. There were not the activities in the country in those days. We skated on the rivers, and had dances occasionally, swam in the Dog Pound Creek, and had community picnics. In 1905, I rode my saddle horse (with a side-saddle which I still have) for three days, getting a petition from the new land-owners, to get a Post Office in our midst. Having gotten over thirty names, we sent it to Ottawa and got the Post Office which was named "Jackville". It was located one mile south of the present Owens farm. The Englishman and his wife who kept it were, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heel. I cannot remember just when it was discontinued.Prior to the Post Office, the neighborhood mail was picked up in Carstairs, once a week by a rancher, Mr. Gentles.

My mother died in 1920, and my aunt, Mrs. Fred Magoon who then was a widow moved in to keep house for my father. Father was always for progress, and he enjoyed driving his Ford car. Of course he drove it like he drove himself – in a hurry. It was nearly the finish of him a couple of times. He was always willing and ready to help the neighbors, and had a host of friends when he died at the age of 76, in 1934.

As for myself, in 1909 I married Edwin Reid, and we have seven children; three sons and four daughters, and I still am living in the house I moved into as a bride (with a few additions, of course) It has been very interesting for me to have come to a new country where there were no fences, no roads, few neighbors, and during the 66 years have had opportunity of seeing the great country develop. I am the only one living from the Clarence Foat family and am in my 78th year.

*Marion Reid passed away on Sept. 11, 1976 at the age of 86 years.

Marion Reid lived in this house continuously from Nov. 1909 to Dec. 1974.

PHIL FOAT

By: Phil Foat 1965

I was born in Little Lake, Wisconsin in 1884. My uncle, Clarence Foat, came to Alberta in 1901 and homesteaded the land where he lived until his death. I came in April 1902 and homesteaded the land on which I now live. The first summer that I was here I worked for J.C. Robertson, a farmer near Didsbury. My wages were $15 per month. Alberta White, who lived on the farm now owned by Jess Ray, and I went to the bush and got out logs that I used to build my shack. It was 12' X 14'. I drove oxen for Byers, who lived on the Dave Alfrey farm. The first set of buildings east of the gas plant on the Carstairs road is on that farm. When I broke my own land, I use horses and a foot burner. That is a walking plow that turned one furrow at a time. I broke about eighty acres that way. In fact, I farmed with horses until 1928 when I got my first tractor, a McCormick Deering.

I'm a little bit ahead of my story, so I'll go back to the early days. In the summer of 1902-03 I worked on the C.P.R. I was stationed in Crossfield, which at that time was only a box car. I lived in a small shack with other workers. In June, 1903, it snowed so much that the train was held up for several days. I was paid $1.75 per day and board myself. During the winters of 1902 and 1903, I fed cattle for Jack Briggs. He lived just east of the West Hope School. The first cow I ever had was given as part of my wages by Jack Briggs. At that time there were no fences, the land was all open range. The fall round up started at Didsbury and went as far south as Cochrane Lakes. Here the ranchers sorted out their cattle. Cowan, who lived about two and a half miles north of Big Hill Springs, had twenty-five hundred head of cattle. Bill Harder, was in the country then and he and I worked for Hicklens and Gentles. This ranch was on the land now owned by Owens. This place changed hands several times. It was later bought by a man from Montana by the name of Ford. Bill and I both worked for him.

After my grandmother died, Bill and I batched in my shack. Then my mother, Mrs. Magoon and three children came and lived with us. My present house, without the addition built in 1962, was built opposite Dick Huber's home (now Don Odell's) by Charlie Stuck. It was made of tar paper and shiplap. I bought it and moved it to my place using horses and skids. Mother and her children moved into my new house which had four rooms, two upstairs and two down.

In 1917, I married May White, who had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Huber for five years. She was one of a large family left fatherless. Her mother as not able to care for all of her children, and found a home for May at Hubers. May, Vera, Charlie, and Glen went to the Garfield School with a team and cutter in the winter, and a democrat in the summer. After the others quit school, May rode horseback to school. When Sydney, our oldest child was about two years old, Mrs. Clarence Foat, my aunt died and my mother went to keep house for her brother, Clarence.

In the early days dances were held in the old cheese factory and in the schools. We danced to the music of the mouth organ. Sometimes I played the mouth organ and sat facing the wall so that the dancers couldn't make me laugh. In later years, Barrs and Gazeleys played for dances held in the cheese factory. In those days taxes were one dollar and a quarter per acre. The roads were built by the farmers using horses and scrapers. We worked out our taxes. Earl Foat and I had two scrapers and teams with which we built the first road over Dog Pound Hill. We went about one half mile down the creek where we forded it and then came back to the road.

We marketed our grain at Didsbury as an elevator was built there before there was one at Carstairs. it took a full day to make the round trip. I helped build the first elevator in Carstairs. It was an Alberta Pacific. My left hand still bears a scar where I hit it with a hatchet while working there. Uncle Clarence, Dick Huber, and I got our

first threshing machine in 1904. It was a horse power outfit. Our first job was threshing for B.F. VanDuzee, who owned the Goetjen place north of Owens. We threshed around the country all winter and took our pay in any form – old hens, grain, money - anything that could be had.

One winter in forty below weather Joe Reid was needing straw very badly. In spite of the cold we threshed for him. Joe built a house where Marion Reid lives. In 1912, I was at Bill Bohannon's sale, when sheep were being sold, Fred Cowman advised me to buy them. I had no money but Cowman financed the deal. In 1922, I got a second bunch of sheep from Cowman. An old ram in the flock chased my mother up on the woodpile where she had to stay until she saw May passing by on horseback, and called to her for help. We have often laughed over that event.

Byron school was built in 1922. John Burnett and Mrs. Alexander were on the school board at that time. I bought my one and only car in 1932. It was a second or third hand Chev 490. We often walked or were pulled home. In later years a curling rink was built at Cremona. I started to curl then. I curl only in the sixty-and-over spiel which I enjoy very much.

In 1959 my boys and I were putting up silage. I was packing it with the tractor when it upset. I was hit with the fender resulting in a two and a half month stay in the hospital. We lost our second boy, Don, when he was five and a half years old. We now have Sidney, John, and Harley who are all married and live near us. We have nine grandchildren and one great grandchild. When I look around and see beautiful modern homes, school buses taking children to modern schools, luxurious cars whizzing by and all weather roads, I realize that my faith in this country was well founded. In my day, if a man was a good worker, that was all that was necessary. He could make good if he tried. Now we hear of training for leisure time. What next?

☆Phil Foat died Feb. 20, 1968 at the age of 84 years.

Phil and May Foat. Summer of 1963.

MAY AND PHILIP FOAT

Submitted by: Mrs. Valerie Foat with close collaberation with Grandma Foat

In 1902, at age 16, Philip Foat and his uncle, Clarence Foat arrived in Calgary from Oxford, Winconsin. Together they walked to Didsbury to look for a homestead. From Didsbury they were taken around the country with a team and wagon. Phil decided to take the land by the Dog Pound Creek. He did not want sandy land (like that in Winconsin) and there was good pasture and water available. His uncle went back to Wisconsin for the family and Philip stayed. He worked for a Mr. Gentiles for $15 a month. He continued to work out until he did not have to support his homestead any longer.

May White arrived from Portsmouth, England in 1903 with her parents when she was a year old. They landed in the United States and the following year moved to Canada. On November 1, 1912 she arrived in the district, where she lived with the Huber's. She remembers the date as the stooks were covered in snow and were not threshed until the following spring. May went to school with Phil's two brothers and his sister, Vera Magoon (later Hickey). Her and Vera were very good friends and May saw a lot of Phil. Also the war was on and there was a shortage of eligible young men!

In September on 1917, Uncle Dick and Aunt Lily Huber and Phil's mother took Phil and May to Carstairs in a Model "A" Ford to the Ministers home. They were married by Reverend Bradly, then came home. The Huber's went home while May and Phil dined off of trout that Phils hired man, Bill Lever had caught for their wedding supper. As of the 24th of September 1978 Grandma Foat has lived 61 years. In the same house she arrived at as a bride. Phil and May had four sons, Sidney, Don, John and Harley. Grandma has ten grandchildren and twelve great grand children. 6 boys and 6 girls.

THE FOAT FAMILY

By: John Foat

Philip Foat married May White in 1917. They raised four sons, Sydney, Don, John, and Harley.

Sydney married Elenora Snyder in 1940 and they raised 3 boys, Roy, Irvine and Gene and two girls Dwila and Irma. Sydney farmed in the same area along with his sons until his death in 1977. His daughter Dwila Hurtz lives on the farm, Irma Jillain lives in Calgary. Their mother, Elenora lives at Campbell River, B.C. Second son Don, died as a child in 1926 the victim of a farm accident.

John was born in 1924 with a curious nature, that often got him into trouble for taking things all apart to see what made them tick. He rode a horse to public school at Bryon and terrorized the community on his motorcycle as he rode to high school in the old hall at "Old Cremona". Upon completing high school at Carstairs, he started farming (the Old Bill Harder farm), at the age of 20. John enjoyed hunting and fishing and on one of these antelope hunting trips he met Phyllis Fetter, who became his wife in 1946. They raised cattle, hogs and a lot of dust, and three children, David, Melvin and Ruby. David took his schooling at Cremona, Mount View Bible College and the University of Calgary. He works as a shift foreman for Home Oil's Carstairs Plant. He also farms and raises cattle and last year married Cheryle Brewster and presently lives in Cremona.

Melvin also took his schooling at Cremona, at Olds College and Mnt. View College. He married Gwene Vollmin, has two children, and farms with his father. John's daughter Ruby married Leroy Franz, a welder and millright, presently employed by Syncrude.

John's younger brother, Harley, worked on construction for a number of years and married Fern

Eckstrand. They returned to the farm for a number of years and had a family of two. Tony and Connie. After his fathers' death Harley took a job as mechanic on the Mica Dam project and lived at Mica, B.C. till completion of the project some seven years later. They now live at Revelstoke, B.C. and Harley now works on the Revelstoke Dam project.

John's mother is still quite spry at 80 years old and still lives in her home on the farm.

The Foat families 1956. John, Phyllis holding Ruby, Fern, May and Phil, Irvine, Elenora, Sidney, Roy. Front: David, Melvin, Dwila, Irma and Gene.

The Harley Foat family.

SIDNEY AND ELENORA FOAT
By Elenora Foat

Sidney was born on the home farm, five miles east of Cremona, May 15, 1918 and spent all his life in the same place. He went to the Byron school and one year at Old Cremona School.

I was born in the Carstairs area, May 30, 1917. I went to the Jackson school. Took my grade nine at Byron. We were married December 1, 1939. Spent 37 years on the same farm east of Cremona. We had five children. They all got their education in Cremona. Roy was married to Sharon Reimer on June 15, 1964. They had 3 girls and 2 boys. Irvine married Valerie Rayfield on Nov. 13, 1971. They have 2 girls. Gene married Joan Kramer on February 23, 1974. They have 2 boys. Irma married Allan Jillain November 17, 1973. Dwila married Lawrence Hertz on November 20, 1976.

The boys have been farming the home place since leaving school. Gene took a heavy duty course at Milt Ford Motors but came back to farm. The girls went to Calgary where Irma lives. She started working for Calgary Motor Products Ltd. and is still working there. Dwila started working for Sun Life Insurance. When they are not on sec. drilling jobs they live on the home place.

On January 28, 1977 Sidney slipped away with a plastic anemia for which is no cause or cure.

CHARLIE FOSTER AND FAMILY
By Muriel Foster

Charlie Foster and the orphan lambs at Rosemary, Alta.

Charlie Foster and his sheep at Water Valley

Charlie Foster and family moved to Rosemary, Alta. in 1919 from the U.S.A. At Rosemary, the Foster's raised sheep. In 1926 they bought a ¼ section of land south and west of Water Valley from Charlie Salisbury. The Fosters' moved up here in 1927 by covered wagon, driving their herd of sheep all the way from Rosemary to Water Valley.

At Water Valley the Fosters raised sheep, horses and cattle. Both Harry and Elmer used to go out on sheep shearing jobs. The Foster family consisted of Eva, Elmer, Mary and Elizabeth (twins) Harry, Ruth and Anne. Charlie Foster decided to return to the U.S.A. and took his daughters, Ruth and Annie with him in 1934. Charlie Foster passed away in 1935 in Driggs, Idaho.

Mary Foster married Vernon Cummings, they lived at Dutchess, Alberta, then moved to Calgary and later to the Cremona area. While at Cremona, Vernon passed away. They have five children, Floyd at Red Deer, Dole in Calgary, Roy at Seebe, Ray at Cremona (Roy and Ray are twins) and Velma of Calgary.

Eva lives at Chewela, Washington. She has a family of 2 boys and a girl. Elizabeth lives at Long Beach, California. Her children are Wesley, Florence and Delbert. Ruth lives at Meadow Lake, Sask. and married Carl Olson. Annie lives in Oregon, U.S.A.

Elmer married Fern Miller and has 2 sons, Leo of Water Valley, Neil of Hanna, and 2 daughters, both of Consort, Kathlene and Mildred (one son, (Clarence - deceased)

Harry married Edith Jordon and has 2 daughters - Betty and Vera and 2 sons - Allen and Martin. They have a daughter and son deceased, Mary and Dale.

Mildred Foster, Kathlene, Leo. Taken 1943.

Elmer Foster worked for years for Charlie and Lee Salisbury on their ranch, west of Water Valley. He was a good horseman and broke many horses to drive for people in the area. He spent a lot of years working in the bush hauling logs for various sawmills. He now resides at Hanna, Alberta with his son, Neil.

Leo Foster and Mervin Oldfield. 1945.

Harry Foster and his wife, Edith, still reside on the land the Fosters bought in 1926. They have a mixed farm and Harry does saw-milling on his own.

The Fosters are all very musical and spend many nights playing for dances and house parties in the area.

Elmer Foster. 1977.

HARRY FOSTER FAMILY

By Edith Foster

Joseph and Ferel Jordan were both born in the States, Ferel in Kansas City, Kansas and Joseph Jordan was born in Cuba County, Kansas. There they lived until coming to Alberta in 1912. They lived at Queenstown, Alberta for a while, then moved to Gleichen; My older sister Bertha (Mrs. Bob Cockerton), of Calgary was then two years old. My second sister Leitha, (Mrs. Lee Salisbury) of Calgary was born in Gleichen. My Dad worked as a stone mason, and was a baseball player there. Two years later they moved to Drumheller, where I was born in 1916.

My Dad worked in the coal mine. When I was two, they homesteaded in what is now know as Water Valley. They worked for people on a farm south of the Bottrel Store, by name Mr. Boucher, the old fellow. The Bottrel Store was then owned by Eph Buchert. My Dad joined the Bottrel ball team there also. After the war they went to work for Mr. Frank Coyle, farming, now known as George Shirriffs. In 1920 they moved to our home to be, the homestead, now known as the Black Forest Ranch, where he cleared enough land to build a log house, consisting of three rooms, using an axe and a swede saw. When we were settled down, Dad did a lot of plastering for many people, building brick chimneys etc. In the spring of 1923 they finally got their naturalization papers, so they could prove up on the homestead. My Dad traded wood and poles to Mr. Jim Vance of Madden for their first team of horses.

Then in the spring of each year he dug trees and hauled them to Crossfield, where he sold and planted them for 75' and $1.00 each, and also had to replace any of the ones that died. Then came the problems of school. There was the first Bituma school, which Vern Williams, Myrtle Howard, Anna Cartlidge (Pawson), Lois and Wilma McNair, Margaret Carlin (McNicol), Una Chapman were the students. There were school districts then and we were in (now known) Water Valley district and not allowed to go to Bituma. So to the best of my knowledge Mr. Erney Toddeen, a return War Veteran, donated enough money to an organized school board to buy equipment to start a school in the district. The old Drisco place, now known as Fenn Farms, was donated also for the purpose of a school My first teacher was Ada Wright, but a teacher before her was Miss Dorothy Young. She and her mother lived behind the school in an attached building. We had at least one teacher a year.

When I was about eight, our teacher put it to a vote among the students what we would call our school. So, some of the girls, Hazel Howard, Evelyn Laveque, Doris Dunwoody, Lillian Currie and one or two more, figured Water Valley would be appropriate as every where you went there was ponds of water. Everyone voted, and that is the origination of Water Valley.

Matter of fact, there was a boy (Merle Currie), he was a big kid and used to tease us younger girls, so one day Evelyn Laveque and myself saw him walking on a down tree which fell right across a pond of water next to the west of the school. We, very bravely went out and bounced that tree and kept telling him to fall in the water, and he really did, believe me, he sure was wet! He sloshed into school and stood by his desk, when the bell rang, and every one in the school laughed. Then the teacher sent him home to get some dry clothes on. They lived where Bill Nugent now lives.

We, school kids, had a ball diamond just west of Mrs. Fred McKinnon's and where their house is, there was an old broken down barn. A lot of the kids from school used to play in it. We also had many wonderful Christmas concerts in the old school, and many dances. The community held Box Socials and dances for entertainment in the school too.

In about 1928 there was a new school built on a ¼ of land owned by Mr. Sam Laveque. He donated the land for that purpose. He also donated the land for a mixed cemetery in Water Valley. I feel that he should be well remembered for his deep concerns for his community and

fellow man.

When our family moved to the vicinity, now known as Water Valley, they bought our groceries at Big Prairie Post Office and store. Which was owned by an elderly gentleman everyone called Uncle Benney. Then they also traded at Bottrel, as Harry and Daisy Pearson were the owners later on. Our neighbor & relations were my Grandfather - Isaac and Grandma Hulda Jordan, homesteaded just south of Eddy Carlsons homestead, now owned by Mr. Scholtz. The Far West Meat Market was owned by people, namely J.B. Little, which my brother Joe Jordan bought when he came back from the 1940-44 war.

There was George & Jessie Thompson and family just to our north, now owned by Mr. Roy Farren. Mrs. Gladys Reynolds owns Mr. Charlie and Mrs. Julia Carlson's homestead. They were Sweedish folk and wonderful neighbors. The Roy Dunwoody family lived where Del Cornforth's now reside. Across the road to the east from them, known as Granma and Granpa Dunwoody's when we came here. Mr. August and Mrs. Ida Koester lived where Mr. and Mrs. H. Reynold's now lives. Grandma and Grandpa Olsen lived where Carl Olsen and many others reside today.

Most everyone has either passed away or moved away and time and time again people have come and gone.

My Dad had Mr. Hank Frickes sawmill set on his place, where people from around Crossfield, Madden and Water Valley worked. Ole Olsen and Fred Gardel cut logs with an axe and swede saw. Vern Williams worked for Mr. Hank Fricke, so did Phil Gilson. Ingmar Sundquist had his first job there when he first came to the country. Glen McNicol hauled lumber from that mill out to his place near Crossfield with 4 head of horses and a sleigh. My sister Bertha, went to work away from home at Bob Cullings, McCluskey's and finally in Calgary, where she later married Bob Cockerton. Leitha went out to Jaroshe's in Cremona, where she attended Jackson School, and later met and married Lee Salisbury of Madden. When I finished Grade 8 in Water Valley school, I worked out at Bob Cullings. I stayed a while with Margaret and Glen McNicol. I worked out one fall for Ruby and George Bales. In the year 1930, Harry, my husband now, came up from the States to reunite with his family, who bought the place from Charlie Salisbury in 1927. Mr. Charlie Salisbury bought the Arthur Gibson homestead, where we now live. We were married in 1934, we stayed on the place for a couple of years.

At one time a real fat lady, her husband and two children, lived on Eddy Carlson's homestead. They were the Chapman's. Netty was the girl and Norman was the son. We later learned that Norman was Smith, and apparently was either adopted or whatever. Netty was around my age. She came down to our place one afternoon, of course, there was only a cow path along the fence, and an old partridge had a nest of young, which she had frightened. We could hear her screaching for 5 minutes before we finally saw her, she was so scared that my Mom and us kids had to take her back home. We were very close neighbors of Frank and Elizabeth Winchells'. Gene spent many days and evenings with our family. He built a bob sleigh once and brought it up for us to ride on. He pulled it up the hills with his little black pony he called "midget".

Then Mr. Charlie Foster, his daughters Ruth and Connie, returned to the States, leaving the place to Elmer, Harry's brother. We rented from Mr. Fred Hambley, who bought from Eddie Carlson. Then we moved over on George Watson's, now known as Dolittles, just south of Glen McNicol's. We were there two years and moved back on the old place, as George went to the Army. We bought the place back for the taxes from the Gov't. in 1945 and we have lived here ever since.

We have four children - Allan - presently living with his wife Beverly, and their three children. Betty - living in Calgary with her husband and two children. Martin - and his wife Heather are living in Calgary. Two children we were unfortunate to lose. Mary, our first born, Dale, our second. Both are buried in the Westbrook cemetery.

During our marriage my husband worked on the farm for Glen McNicol, out near Crossfield. He worked also for Glen at his sawmill. Every fall he would go threshing for our winter groceries. We always had horses, he sometimes took 2 teams threshing as they paid $20.00 per day for an extra team. The first year he threshed when he arrived here, he worked for John Morgan for $4.00 a day. The most he made was $12.50 per day with his team. They threshed anywhere from 12 to 15 hours a day. He worked at saw mills for the large sum of 75¢ a day. The only thing those days, you could buy a week's supply of groceries for $10.00 or $12.00.

The roads we had those days were mere trails, and the seasons were extremely wet. Our close neighbors were Roy and Grace Oldfield, George and Hattie Oldfield, Mr. Joe and Ellen Roberts, Glen and Margaret McNicol, later Dan and Mary Colvin moved from Big Valley. Oris and Mary Gunderson moved to the Joe Roberts place. There were others like Albert Sailer and Bertha and family lived there, and also Mr. Jack and Margaret Paul. There were many happy times had there, by everyone at house parties. A little ways from there Jack McCallman lived. We also enjoyed a few house parties there. Don Tannas owns the place now. We had many house parties and enjoyed everyone. We had a few sleigh riding parties, our neighbors all came and joined in. Our music consisted of a wind up gramaphone. Later on different ones played instruments. Gene Winchell played his violin many times and my brother Joe played his guitar.

Incidently, I do have five brothers I never mentioned earlier. Joe of Calgary, Willard of Grand Centre, Clifford of Blackie, Kenneth of Penhold in the Armed Forces and Dennis also of Calgary. One sister buried in the Westbrook cemetery and a baby sister, Inez Irwin, lives in Nanton. We were all raised on the homestead, now known as the Black Forest Ranch, and all of us went to the Water Valley School.

But back to our parties and our entertainment. We often played cards with Hattie and George Oldfield, when it rained, you could do little else. The children found many games to play together. We had a little house built on runners, with a car windshield in it. We drove as far as Old Dog Pound Hall to dances with horses hitched to this. We drove four head of horses hitched to a bob sleigh, with a box on it and everyone around went along. It was like one big party all together.

Some people got together and decided to build a hall at Water Valley. Harry, my husband, and my Dad cut logs and many of the neighbors hauled them to Water Valley with a team and wagon to help with the first hall. Everyone that was available donated time and work. It may not have been perfect but everyone sure enjoyed the dances and box socials held there and even the Christmas concerts.

Walley Price and Mike Stein brought moving pictures to the hall. This was sure a treat for a lot of our children. They really looked forward to them. I'm sure there'll be others mention Mr. Guy Gazeley who built out first store, then Walter May took it over and was with us for many years. Albert Sailer built the one now owned by McKinnons. The Gazeley store has changed hands many times since it was first built.

We had another store too. We used to trade with my uncle Clarence Hughs - sold his homestead to Mr. Erney Fetherston, and he started a small store business in an addition on the old house. Many people traded there. Mrs. Mabel Cargo was his partner, as she had a small store business in Calgary. They were there for a long time or until Mr. Fetherston passed away.

We sawed our own lumber as we traded some cows for a mill, and when we took lumber up to the store, by the time it was culled, they called it our top price for lumber was $6.00 per 1000 bd. feet, the rest was weinedge. Later we took lumber to Walter May and found that lumber (tops) was around $10.00 per M bd. ft., but he wouldn't take 2 x 4's and 1 x 4's were strictly out. So there wasn't much you

could do with them, they were a waste. We traded posts as well as lumber for groceries.

My husband and I cut and hauled rails or poles up to Mr. Fetherston's for 3¢ a piece in trade for groceries. We bought bologna and bacon, and Mrs. Cargo would say, take it home and wash it in vinegar, it will be O.K. to eat, and believe me! in those days it was! We survived through the depression years with our family. Once my husband was hauling a load of poles out to Madden and just before he got to Winchells the load upset, up hill if you please; the ground was so wet the upper wheels of the wagon just dropped out of sight. It wasn't hard to get stuck. Hattie Oldfield and I took a team hitched to two high wheels of a wagon and drove to Water Valley for groceries and the mud was so bad the team was near exhaustion by the time we got home. The journey was 14 miles round trip and still is.

Norma, Joe Oldfield's wife, and Hattie and myself walked up to Fetherstons to get some potatoes they promised to be there, it was a nice day, and all we could get was a "can" of spuds each, it was really a big laugh for us, as it was very unusual for us to see spuds in a can. When Mr. Fetherston passed away, the land eventually changed hands many times. We were sure glad when things gradually began to change. We had sheep that Harry sheared in the summer, and sold the wool, in the fall we sold the lambs. The coyotes and lynx got so bad and killed most all our lambs until we had to sell them. We went back into cattle again. We put up our hay with four head of horses, a hay sweep and stackers. Most everyone used horse those days. We broke horses to ride and many times broke them to be teams. We traded cows for a sawmill. My husband and I both worked at the mill. We still have it and often saw lumber we use. We have cattle, some horses and machinery instead of horses for farming.

We still live in the log house built by my Grandfather Jordan, fifty two years ago. My Mother passed away twenty-eight years ago. Her funeral was held in the Water Valley School. My Dad passed away seven years ago, at the age of 86. He was living with Inez and Bob Irwin in Nanton, Alta.

Our two older children attended the Bituma school, where they had to ford the river three times both ways. It was many days a real worry. They went on saddle horse. The two younger one's attended Water Valley and Cremona by schol bus. There was very little in the way of recreation, so many children made their own. My youngsters built hand sleighs, sawed circles off from logs on the wood pile for wheels for a wagon. The two older ones watched me can fruit so they in turn made a fire in an old warming oven off an old cook stove, gathered old jam, jelly and peanut butter jars. They canned spruce canes and pine cones, chick berries and most any thing of the sort, it was a real pastime for them.

They all enjoyed winter, making snowmen, snow houses, skating on the creek below the house. Sleigh riding down the hill to the creek. They're all grown up and live away from home, but they enjoy coming back weekends, and Christmas holidays. They've spent many evenings singing old folks songs and others, and playing their guitars. Which we really enjoy now, very much. Their recreations today are so different from ours. We go to cabaret's and birthday parties, but we enjoy our children now, when they come home they go ski-do-ing in the winters, in the summers they all come home to help put up the crops for fall. We're old enough to retire, but haven't just decided to do it yet. It would be difficult to be idle after working so many years.

BILLY FRANKS

Billy Franks moved to the Water Valley area from Crossfield. His father was Harry Franks. When he first moved to the area he lived west of Winchell's on a quarter section homesteaded by Grace Oldfield. He married Florence Johnson and they had 4 children. They moved to B.C.

BILLY FOWLER

Billy came to the Water Valley-Bituma district around 1908. He homesteaded part of the S.W.¼-19-29-5-5, and Joe Roberts homesteaded the rest of this land. It is now owned by Gundersons.

Billy helped to build the Carstairs Hotel around 1910 or 1912. He also was the road maintenance man for quite a few years. He was a quiet man, and stayed much to himself. Later he moved to Vancouver, sometime in the forties.

Billy Fowler.

THE FRANKLIN FAMILY

By Lamaude Grant

Charles Willard Franklin, son of Aaron and Sarah, was born in Miltonvale, Kansas on September 2nd, 1879. He came to Canada by train with his brother Samuel and sister-in-law Amanda and arrived in Didsbury in May of 1903. The snow was deep and Charlie threw away his oxfords and wore ankle high shoes for the rest of his life. While in route they heard about the Frank Slide and by the reports they received at that time it sounded like half of the country side had caved in. They wondered if they should return to Kansas but decided to continue on. They homesteaded in the Cremona district where their first home was a tent which they set up after they cleared away the snow. Charles homestead was one mile north and one mile east of the present town of Cremona. Sam homesteaded approximately a half mile father south.

There was an Indian trail running across the homesteads and the wagon wheel tracks can still be seen today. There was a creek running through the north side of Charlie's place and there are still some depressions in the banks on the north side of the creek from some of the earlier buildings he built there. Their parent's, sister Maggie and her husbnad Albert Stauffer and his brother Ed came from Kansas in December 1904. The Stauffer's homesteaded in the Big Prairie district. The parents lived with Charlie but moved to Didsbury in 1907.

Aaron Kiffer Franklin, the father, was born on August 5th 1847 and saw active duty with the 11th Illinois Cavalry during the Civil War. He was discharged in Memphis, Tennessee on September 30th 1865 at the age of 18 years. He moved to Nebraska in 1868 where he met and married Sarah Dunn on March 28th 1872. Sarah was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky on August 26th 1848 the third eldest of a family of twelve children. While still a child her parents moved to Tennesee where they remained until the end of the Civil War. Her father, William Dunn, was a recuiting officer for the Northern Army while living in Tennessee and there was a bounty of one thousand dollars offered for

him dead or alive by the South. When the war was over in 1865 he took his wife and three children, Sarah being the youngest, to Nebraska by covered wagon and ox-team. The trip took nearly a year to complete. Aaron & Sarah moved to Kansas after their wedding and homesteaded there where their five children were born. Two of them, Esther and William died in childhood. They resided in Didsbury for the rest of their lives. Aaron passed away January 7th, 1933 at the age of 85 years and Sarah on May 13th 1944 at the age of 95 years. They had celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on March 28th 1932.

Charlie Franklin and his Model T Ford.

Charlie married Marie Louise Mack, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Mack, of Didsbury on November 5th 1913 in Didsbury. Marie was born February 27th 1892 at Clay Center, Nebraska and came to Didsbury with her family in 1906. She was from a family of six girls and four boys. One boy died as a baby. She had worked in Red Deer previous to her marriage where Charlie had also worked as a carpenter. They lived in various points in Alberta and then returned to Didsbury, living first in east Didsbury and then on the property later occupied by the United Missionary Church. During the time she lived in Didsbury she helped Dr. J. Lester Clark when he delivered babies. She was also a member of the Evangelical Church choir. Charlie worked with his brother-in-law Albert Stauffer who now owned a blacksmith shop in Didsbury. Charlie had one of the first crystal sets in Didsbury and later made himself a battery operated radio. The first car he owned was a Model T. Ford. They had three children all born in Didsbury. They were Willard Charles born July 3rd, 1917, Raymond Dempsey born July 9th, 1921, and Dorothy Lamaude born May 17th, 1928. In 1929 they returned to the homestead to farm. They moved their belongings by team and wagon. It was muddy and there were few roads. They lived on the south west corner of the land and brought their water in wooden barrels by horses and stoneboat from a spring on the north side. Later a well was dug by pick and shovel about a quarter of a mile east of the house. To haul wash water they used to harness their black dog "Bob" to a child's wagon with two cream cans in it. Charlie would send Bob down to the well and as he got there he always made a wide turn and invaribly tossed the cans out of the wagon. Willard would fill them with water pulled from the well in a bucket and Bob would set off by himself to take them back to the house. Later Bill Moon Sr. and his son Riley drilled a well in the yard in front of the house and this had a hand pump.

The boys had started school in Didsbury. After moving to the farm they attended Elmwood School which was built in 1922. It was about two and a half miles to the north west and they rode horseback to it. Belle, the horse that Lamaude rode all through school was an Indian pony that Albert Stauffer had bought from the Indians. When Lamaude was in grade eight she and Gladys Luft shared the janitor job and received the grand sum of two dollars and fifty cents each for a months work. High school was held in the old cheese factory at old Cremona with grades nine to eleven and only one teacher. Willard had Mr. Springbett and Lamaude had Mr. Robt. L. Reid.

Mail was picked up first at Garfield, then Old Cremona and later at the new town of Cremona. One big thrill for Charlie was seeing Haley's Comet in 1910 and he often talked about it. He was an avid gardner and grew a large garden each year which people came to see. Marie was a member of the Women's Institute for many years and her greatest hobbies were sewing and crocheting. She had a great love for family and friends. Charlie and Marie spent the rest of their lives on the homestead with the exception of a short while Charlie spent in Calgary before his death. Marie died May 29th 1959 at the age of 67 years and Charlie died January 11th 1963 at the age of 83 years.

Willard, the eldest son, resides on the homestead. He married the former Kathleen "Kay" Casebeer of Morrin, Alberta on June 16th 1945. They have one son Wayne Alan born March 1st 1952 in Didsbury. He and his wife Marion have a daughter Jenera Mae born October 21 1975. A second son Randy Lynn born in 1955 died in infancy. Willard now works for the County of Mountain View. He has played drums with a local orchestra since he was 16 years old, playing first with the Owens Bros., then the Melody Five, the Franklin Orchestra and now with the Senior C's. Kay plays the accordian and played a number of years with an orchestra. Willard is a member of the Old Timers Association.

Raymond left the farm in August of 1942 to join the staff of Maclin Motors in Calgary and has worked for them continuously since then. He married Florence Baptist of Didsbury on June 7th 1944. They have three sons all born in Calgary. Douglas Raymond born October 4th 1952, Rickie Dempsey born January 4th 1956, and Barry Charles born January 11th 1960. Doug is married and his wife's name is Shiela. Florence has worked a number of years for Woodwards Dept. Store. Raymond has been a long time member of the Chinook Chapter of the Historical Society of Alberta and the Archaeological Society of Alberta.

Lamaude married Lorne Grant of Calgary on May 21st 1949. They lived in Calgary until moving to an acreage in Springbank in 1968. They have three children. Dale Franklin born October 4th 1952, Bradley Lorne born December 4th 1957, and Sharilyn Marie born July 3rd 1962 on her Uncle Willards birthday. Dale and his cousin Doug were born one hour apart in the same hospital. Lorne served with the R.C.A.F. from 1941 to 1945, the last three years were served overseas. Lorne worked for James Storage Ltd., Canadian Pacific Airlines "Repairs" until it's closure in 1964 and is now employed with the Calgary Public School Board. Lamaude attended Sunday school in the Cremona United Church and her teacher was Mrs. Marion Reid. Later she was a member of the C.G.I.T. and her leaders were Mrs. Lulu Mork and Mrs. Molly Turnbull This C.G.I.T. group sang with the choir in church on Sundays. Lamaude worked for Alberta News for several years and more recently was a sub for the teacher aides at Elbow Valley School. She has also been a correspondent for the Rocky View News. She is a member of the Chinook Chapter of the Historical Society of Alberta and the Archaeological Society of Alberta.

If only we who have reached the half century mark had had the foresight to start these books 25 years ago when our parents were still alive what stories they could have told for furture generations to enjoy. It takes so little time for places to completely change. Jean McLeod and I took a drive a couple of years ago to the site of the Elmwood school. The only thing that remained was the spruce trees that lined the north fence. They had grown so tall and were so old and ghostly looking with their dried and broken branches, the only memorial left of years of watching children laugh and play tag around them. If only they could talk--what a tale they could tell.

THE FRIZZELL STORY

Bill and Hilda Frizzell were married Christmas Day, 1925 in Oyen, Alberta. Times were hard in those years and mother thought the Christmas meal could be combined with the wedding to save expenses. Two children were born to this couple in Oyen, Allan and Shirley. They lived at Sibbald, where Bill operated a garage but there was no hospital there, the closest being at Oyen.

On April 17, 1938, on Easter Sunday, the Frizzells arrived in Cremona. Ed Thrasher brought them up, their belongings loaded on a transport truck. They all crowded in the front, with Bill and Hilda each holding a child on their lap the entire trip, they were very tired when they arrived. They also brought a dog and a canary. They first lived in the Patterson house, which was located on the now vacant lot just each of their present location. Everything was dumped on the ground that night but Bill and Hilda decided to haul the furniture inside, the next morning there was 4 inches of snow. They were here for a few months and then moved into the Sam Davis house, where Hilda still lives. They paid $10.00 per month rent at that time and were told if they could pay $15.00 per month they could buy the house, which they did. The hamlet consisted of 3 grocery stores, a cafe, butcher shop, pool hall, and a couple garages. The Frizzells had a cow, as did the Ortons and the Waterstreets. One day the local garage washed parts in oil and left the oil out back, the cow drank it, bloated and died.

Bill worked for Lake Parsons at the garage (later Eby's), then finally moved to the main street where Boyd May had a garage and they built on. Bill had the first power plant and strung wires up to the house so Hilda would have electricity. He later wired the skating rink, Woodman Hall and gave them free electricity until the power came to the hamlet. Bill was in the Navy in the First World War, was an early mayor of Cremona and was a past president of the Cremona Legion in 1949-50.

The Frizzell family in Cremona in 1937.

Bill was very active in helping with the skating rink, often getting up at 5 a.m. to get the snow off the ice before a game. He organized many successful ice carnivals which were very popular for several years. Bill passed away in June of 1967.

Hilda first taught school for 5 years in the Sibbald area before she was married. In 1943 she decided to return to teaching for a year to help pay expenses so Allan could continue his schooling at Castor and become a teacher also. He did become a teacher but only taught one year at Bituma, deciding this was not what he wanted he went to Sundre and worked in the store for Macleod's. Hilda's first school in the Cremona area was Bituma, and Shirley went with her, staying in the teacherage week days and returning to Cremona week-ends. The teacherage was full of mice and the children had very poor conditions, some with only orange boxes for desks. She then taught one year at Big Prairie School. Sometimes when the roads were bad and the river hill was a problem, Bill drove her out as far as the top of the hill, then Albert Bouck picked her up at the bottom of the hill and took her the rest of the way to the school. Shirley attended Cremona School that year and Grandma kept house in town. Hilda returned to Cremona to teach school and continued until June 1962. She taught 23.7 years and has a Life Membership in the Alberta Teachers Association.

Shirley - married John Klys in 1950 and they live on a farm west of Carstairs. They have 3 children;

Alice -(Sackett) lives at Slave Lake. They have 1 boy and 1 girl.

Jim - married Gerri Lee Mason - they live on the farm at Carstairs and have two boys.

Mary Ann - (Sparling) lives in Carstairs and has 2 girls.

Allan - married Rena Romyn, they have 4 children and live at Whitecourt where they have a Tom Boy Store.

Margaret - (MacLean) is teaching at the coast.

Dona - (Lambert) is nursing aide in the Royal Alexander in Edmonton.

Bill - is at Whitecourt

Linda - attends school at Whitecourt

Hilda Frizzell was a very active member of the Sewing Circle, which worked very hard during the war years for the Red Cross. She was a member of the Ladies Aid and also taught Explorers.

1962

The Cremona Home and School held a social evening in honor of Mrs. Wm. Frizzell on Tuesday evening, May 29. A large crowd gathered to pay tribute to Mrs. Frizzell for her dedicated service to our community and our children. A short program consisted of 2 solos by Mrs. Monna Munn, 2 piano solos by Mrs. Peggy Reid and a comical skit by Mrs. Gwen Bird and her helpers, Sylvia, Lillian, Jeanette and Grant Bird, Warren Good, Billie Macfarquhar and Mary Jane Davies. Mr. Taylor was master of ceremonies and speeches were made by Mr. Hooper, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan Macfarquhar. Presentations were: a wristwatch by Miss Donna Maynes, a bouquest of roses by Miss Marjorie Bird, and a guest book with the names of all present. A short sing song led by Mrs. Munn and Miss Dodd was enjoyed, followed by an hour of lunch and visiting.

Mrs. Frizzell ably responded to the verbal tribute and the presentations. She thanked all present and the Home and School and said she had enjoyed teaching all still felt it was the most important profession of all. Mr. Wm. Frizzell and their 2 children, Allan of Sundre and Mrs. Shirley Klys of Carstairs shared the evening with Mrs. Frizzell.

MRS. CECIL FRY

By Mrs. Cecil Fry 1963

I was born in London, England in November, 1889. I was the youngest of a family of eight girls. My father must have been very disappointed not having a son but if he was he never spoke of it. We all received our education in London. Our childhood was very happy and all too soon various members either married or started careers of their own. The memories of our large family gatherings are very pleasant to look back to.

In the early 1900 England seemed to have a wave of travel fever. Some folks choose Australia, some South Africa, and many had their mind focused on Canada and its many opportunities which were greatly advertised. Many of my friends had visited this interesting country, and several had chosen to make Canada their home. I had often expressed my wish to travel and in 1912, I had a golden opportunity. Some friends of mine had business to attend to in Canada and invited me to go with them to Alberta. That trip proved very interesting indeed. While here I met M.H.B. Cecil Fry who had come from Kingston on the Thames River in England, in 1901. Later that same year we were married, and started life together on a small

farm near Bottrel. We planned to take a trip back to England together after we were settled. After living in a large city all my life the small farm was hard to get used to. I certainly had a lot of things to learn. My first batch of bread was terrible. The dog wouldn't even try it, but with practice and patience it wasn't long before I could make bread, butter, cure pork, can meat, raise chicken, look after a garden, and I even learned to milk cows. My first lesson in milking still stands out clearly in my memory. Mr. Fry had to be away for a day or so, and I was sure that I could handle the chorse. I had always seen pictures of dairy maids in white uniforms, so I thought I'd better wear a white dress for the job. Looking very business like out I went with a white dress and sun bonnet to match. I picked up the stool and sat down to milk. The cow was standing in an open corral. She must have thought she saw a ghost because she kicked the stool, the bucket and me over in the dirt, then bolted out in the pasture. I was too nervous to go after her and I dreaded having to try again. By the time Mr. Fry came home he nearly had a dry cow. In the years that followed I mastered the art and could milk ten or a dozen cows if needed.

My next undertaking was to learn to drive the horses. We needed groceries one day, so when Mr. Fry got the horses out I clumbed into the buggy and expected him to get in with me. He let me drive through the gate then shut it, and said "So long" "Aren't you coming?" I asked. "No, you'll be all right, you have the quiet old mare," He replied. In those days it was all open range without fences. I had to cross a school section with a wagon trail to follow. About half way through I met a pack of coyotes. The old mare picked up her ears and I wondered what she would do. I expected them to suround me so I kept looking over my shoulder and must have pulled on the one line for suddenly I realized that I was off the trail and on the brink of a steep drop. I pulled the horses' reins so sharply I nearly upset the buggy. I got back on the trail. The coyotes had all disappeared. I was nervous all the way there and home again.

In 1914, Jack, our first baby was born. I went to the hospital in Cochrane in a little two wheel cart. It was really a private home as it held only four patients. It was bitter cold. Jack was three weeks old before I ventured out on the trail to return home. I heard that a patient had been brought in by car from our district so I jumped at the possibility of getting home. The matron asked Dr. Park and he came to me and said, "Do you realize Mrs. Fry that it is 40 below?" "Yes", I said. "Well you go at your own risk, you understand" he replied. And so it was I left the hospital with hot water bottles around me, blankets, and the matron's fur coat. Somewhere down inside of all this was a wee squirming baby. We only covered a very few miles when the car radiator froze up. I sat in the open top car while the driver went to the nearest farm house for more water. A bitter wind was blowing and I was thankful when we were on our way again. When we reached the Dog Pound bridge the car skidded and went over the bank, nose down into a deep snow bank. I wanted to take my bundle and walk to the nearest farm house but the driver persuaded me to wait until help came. The matron had phoned from the hospital to say that I had left and you can imagine Mr. Fry pacing the floor and wondering where in the world I was. Little did he know what fun I was having! When I finally reached home our little log shack looked like a palace to me. I was a little shaky but none the worse for my trip.

When our second child Gwen, was born I decided that I wouldn't go to Cochrane again so Dr. Park came out to the farm. It was the 14th of June and it snowed that day.

World War I had been on since 1914 and due to the very heavy casualties they were calling for men before conscription was compulsory. Mr. Fry felt it was his duty to go, so he enlisted in 1916 and served two and one half years on the active service in France. the Liberal Government was in power and I was allowed $45 per month for myself and the two children to live on. Out of this I rented a house in Banff where we lived until Mr. Fry returned. I received two cable grams from France while he was gone. The first was to inform me that he had been gassed in 1917. The second to say that he was badly wounded. It's very hard to describe a person's reaction when you receive one of these cables. All letters were censored and they were not allowed to write much. Casualties were so heavy that all the hospitals in France were full. Mr. Fry was put on a hospital shop and sent over to England. Many of these ships were sunk by the Germans, but the ship that he was on made it through. His wounds had healed and he was ready to go back to France on active duty when the Armistice was signed. It was a day of joy and sorrow for the Fry family as his father was buried Nov. 11, 1918. Mr. Fry returned from overseas in 1919. We went farming again. We bought the Bert Allet farm southwest of Cremona, where Blen Laing now lives. We farmed there from 1919 until 1948. During those years we saw many, many changes in the Cremona district including grain elevators, the railway, stores, churches, community hall, telephone office, Post Office, garages, and a beautiful modern school, etc. Things are certainly different from the days when the farmers left home at 5 a.m. for Carstairs with their hogs and grain with the team of horses in poor roads.

Many a time I helped Mr. Fry load up and saw him off in the dark winter mornings, then milked 10 or 12 cows and separated the milk and fed the pigs and calves before getting the youngsters off to school. Like so many other farm wives, I had my share of stacking bundles, picking roots off breaking and stooking. I think that if I had my pick the only job that I really disliked was picking roots.

We had three more children during our time on the farm. Don, Joyce, and Gladys. Gladys, poor little soul, had a leakage of the heart and passed away in her 14th year. Mr. Fry was an active member of the school board for many years. Jack, Gwen and Joyce all received their education at Atkins school and went to high school at old Cremona High School and the new Cremona High School respectively. Gwen won the first Bennet medal at Atkins school for general school proficiency. In the early years on the farm we had very little in the way of entertainment. We had a gramaphone but one can get very tired of a limited number of records. We were the first in the district to get a large radio set. How our neighbours used to enjoy coming to hear it. I think that our favorite program was the old time music Friday nights from C.F.C.N. Calgary. I would send notes by the children when they left for school to the different parents and even with short notice, they would all be there Friday nights. They'd all bring along something to help out with the lunch and after chores were done we'd roll up the carpet and move out the furniture and we'd all have a wonderful evening. I can still picutre Mr. Charlie Reid standing up in one corner and calling off the square dances. The years pass so quickly when one is busy and interested in their family and friends.

In 1948 we decided to take life cosier and find a spot to our liking in B.C. We had an auction sale, rented the farm and bought a house trailer. It was in the month of May, and when we reached the Okanogan Valley all the fruit trees were in bloom-a beautiful scene. We came to a spot on the lake named "Naramata", with a lovely house for sale. It had huge maple trees, fruit trees, and a large lawn and a magnificent view of the lake. We feel in love with the place and bought it. Mr. Fry bought a boat and was able to get in a little of his favorite sport, fishing. Shortly after the Naramata Youth Training School went up between us and the lake and shut out our view of the lake. By 1952, Mr. Fry and I were alone. Jack had his own farm near Cremona before we left, Gwen had married Douglas Bird of Garfield, Don went in for Radio and Television work and received his diploma in U.S.A. Joyce trained at the Royal Jubilee Hospital at Victoria and received her R.N. Mr. Fry began failing in health. The effects of the gas during the war were beginning to be more and more evident. He never said much about it but I could tell. By October of 1953, he had to be taken to the Penticton Hospital. Joyce specialized with him, but in spite of all that could be done he passed

away Nov. 6, 1953.

I stayed in Naramata until 1955, but the big house and grounds were too much for me to keep up. I sold the house, and bought a smaller house in Penticton with a smaller lawn and garden and flower beds and a few fruit trees. I enjoy working with them and I'm very proud of my little home. My family is widely scattered. Don is an electrician with the West Kootenay Power and Light Co. at Oliver. he is married and has four children. Joyce married Gordon Ayre, an entromologist, who works at the Research Laboratory at Belleville, Ontario - they have two children. I have nine grandchildren, Donald Bird, my oldest grandchild, has been in the Royal Canadian Navy, stationed at Halifax for the past four years. Marjorie Bird, my oldest grand-daughter, is in her third year of training at the General Hospital in Calgary. The others are not old enough yet to definitely choose what careers to follow. I'd like to be remembered to all my old friends around Cremona and would like to extend a warm invitation to any of them to please pay me a call if you're in B.C. this summer.

* Mrs. Grace Fry passed away on October 19th 1977 in Penticton at age 87 years.

JACK FRY

By Pearl Stone

Jack Fry, a bachelor farmer living a few miles west of Cremona, has a very interesting hobby - growing plants of unusual size and beauty. Years ago when he lived at home with his parents, his father tried growing tomatoes. The entire crop, if there was one, could have been bought at the store for fifty cents, so the venture was not too profitable or rewarding. Jack decided to try growing tomatoes and so ordered seeds from Bowden and started plants in January. These were babied along until about haying time when he thought they might make it, but a strong wind came and nearly destroyed the plants. He decided that if he could keep them growing past the first week in September, that he would have tomatoes. It was then that he decided to put up a plastic hut to protect his plants. This first hot house was eight by twenty feet. It was designed to keep the wind and cold from his plants and it worked. The interior was very hot and humid and, on a warm day, most people wouldn't even enter it. It was much like a car sitting in the sun with the windows closed. Jack had nine plants that first year which produced five short of six hundred tomatoes, not counting the smallest ones.

The following spring he built another hot house quite a lot larger than the first. It was really the better one as it faced north and south so that the early morning and late afternoon sun could shine on it. By experiementation, he found that best of all would be one with the narrow ends facing north-west and south-east which would have a minimum of wall area toward the cold winds and still get the benefit of the heat.

Since the north gets very little heat, black plastic was used on that end. This absorbed the heat which rose, causing a constant circulation of air in the daytime. Double walls are best - with a dead air space which may be one to four inches in width. The inside plastic wall needn't be of heavy material as there is no strain on it. By the first week in November, little cracks and holes come in the plastic and the interior becomes cold. At this time, the snow doesn't slide off as readily as in the spring when the plastic is tight. The plastic may be overlapped as the heat of the sun prenetrates four layers as easily as one. The sun is the sole source of heat in these greenhouses.

Planting may be done long before garden planting time. Repair work is done in February and planting begins in March. One night, Jack remembers that the temperature went down to about zero but, although in the morning he could see his beath in the plastic huts, the plants were unharmed. Wind is the worst enemy that he has. Then, too, snow can be a problem. In the spring, it must be brushed off the lower edges to start it sliding. The snow that piles up must be shovelled away so that it does not prevent the sun shining into the huts. As well as tomatoes, Jack grows radishes, lettuce, and rhubarb and some bedding out plants. He has roses, sweet pease, squash, pumpkins, peppers, tobacco, cucumbers and anything else that presents a challenge. This year he grew Chinese cucumbers. These are "no burp" cucumbers, small in diameter but reach a length of twenty inches. Relatively new in this country, few know how to use them. They are of finer texture and have fewer seeds than the traditional cucumbers.

Jack grew pumpkins last year, the largest being fifty-four inches in circumference. He grew tobacco which attained a height of over seven feet. Temperature in his greenhouses reaches one hundred and twenty degrees, which was a high as his thermometer recorded, so it might have been more. The tomatoes produce abundantly. Many were given to his neighbors, many preserved for his own use, and a few were sold. Some tobacco was donated to the Lions Club Sale. he tried peanuts and watermellon but they did not do very well in his soil. Corn planted inside matured and was all over by haying time. The corn planted outside never did reach maturity. He doesn't grow it anymore - it is too easy.

The sweet peas reached a height of ten feet and more and produced hugh blossoms until late in the fall. The zuccini squash also produced well. The marrows and Jack-O-Lantern pumpkin bore two crops on the same vines. Cross fertilization is necessary. Jack has help with this as occasionally a big bumble bee gets in. It seems to love these flowers and sometimes spends the night curled up in a blossom and is ready to begin work early in the morning. The honey bee doesn't bother with these blooms. In 1974, his largest squash was a Mammoth Hungarian variety. They grow larger than any other. The largest that Jack grew weighed one hundred ten pounds. This was donated to the Lions Coub Sale and brought over fifteen dollars when auctioned. The secret of the warmth in the hot houses is that the earth acts like a storage battery which releases heat slowly at night into still air. Condensation is very heavy on cold days but dries up very quickly when the sun comes out. It is no problem. Plants grow as much or more during the night as they do during the day. If this is taken into consideration the two extra weeks gained in the spring, and the two weeks gained in the fall, and the fact it is always warmer inside than out, nearly anything offered by the seed catalogues can be grown. This is without any heat except that provided by the sun.

Jack Fry holding up part of a Burdock plant grown in one of the local gardens, the summer of 1978. The plant is a biannual and was one of the herbs used for medical purposes by the Indians. It completes this height of growth in one year.

He has an unique watering system. A stock pump is placed twenty feet in the air on the windmill tower. It is encased so that it never freezes. he pumps water into his house and into vats which enable him to water the garden three hundred feet distance. The windmill does the pumping. The wind also supplies energy produced by the wind. This is changed by a converter from thirty-two volts to one hundred ten volts which provides power to run the T.V. He has an auxillary plant that can be used when necessary. It is impossible, without writing a book, to tell the many interesting things that Jack does. One of his accomplishments was moving the log house in which he lives It was moved as a complete unit to its present location.

THE FYTEN FAMILY

By Lynn Whittle

The thirties were difficult years for people living on the prairies. At Swalwell, Alberta, the Fyten family were encountering their share of problems. They raised sheep and cattle as well as grain crops. Due to the drought their pasture was poor. If they could sell the cattle, they would have enough grass to pasture the sheep - but cattle prices were too low to make it worthwhile. After much consideration, Mr. Fyten decided that, if his sons would take the cattle to grass for the summer they would be able to keep the herd.

Therefore, in May of 1931, George, Dennis and Wilbert trailed the small herd into the west country. At fifteen, Wilbert found this undertaking quite an adventure. Their summers' supplies were to be transported with a team and wagon. As well, each boy had a saddle horse. The boys took the herd to the vicinity of James River where they remained for the summer. That fall they returned home with the herd, but Wilbert had become attached to the "bush country" and determined to return. Their fathers' death shortly thereafter delayed this return, for he had to help with the farm work at Swalwell. However, in 1939 he did return when he and his brother George went on a hunting trip west of Sundre.

On their journey they came to a small sawmill. The owner of the sawmill was trying to sell his business, so he asked the brothers if they were interested in purchasing the sawmill. They went back to Swalwell to discuss the proposal; decided it was a good one, and returned to buy the mill.

While he was in the Sundre area, Wilbert met Janet Gochee. They were married November 17, 1944 and had their first child, Lynn, in November 1945.

The business venture at Coal Camp was proving successful, so the brothers decided to buy another sawmill. In 1946, Wilbert and his family moved five miles west and one mile south of the community of Fallen Timber to operate the new sawmill.

Each winter the mill became operational with a crew of about twenty men. Some people came directly to the mill to buy their lumber. The mill also employed truckers to transport the lumber. Lumber was hauled to various Hutterite Colonies, the Swalwell area, and Calgary. When lumber sales were scarce, Wilbert and Frank Herbert hauled lumber to Montana.

Trucking lumber from the Fallen Timber mill proved difficult for there were few roads, and the existing ones were not good. Consequently, Wilbert began building roads in the area in the late forties. The Range Line Road between the county and the local improvement district was the only access to the north. Many times it was impassable because Bear Valley was so boggy. So, with two small cats - one equipped with an eight-foot bulldozer, a pull-type grader and a three-yard scraper, Wilbert and the crew began road work. They improved many hills on the Range Line Road and put corduroy in the bogs. As well, they improved the road from the Range Line east towards Elkton. Some of the corduroy they put in these two roads is still there. From the community of Fallen Timber to Bergen there was no road, only a trail. At times, it was said, you could bog a horse down on this trail. A road was badly needed, so the crew began to build it. There again, the bogs were filled with corduroy to make a passable road. The road-building crews continued their work throughout the early fifties.

In 1948, Janet and Wilbert had another daughter, Katherine. With children who were reaching school age, Wilbert and Janet decided that they must move from their small log house near the sawmill. So, in 1950 they began construction of a new home and farm near the Fallen Timber River. The family moved into their new home just in time to celebrate Christmas, 1951. The children began their school days in the one-room Fallen Timber School.

The new home had a lighting plant, which made it one of the few homes in the community to have electricity. This plant was not very reliable and was difficult to maintain, so Wilbert began trying to get Calgary Power to bring electricity to the area. He became president of the Fallen Timber Rural Electric Association in 1952, a position he retained until his death in 1969. As president of this organization, he and the secretary, Ollie Clark, were instrumental in having power brought into the Fallen Timber and Bergen areas in 1954.

In the mid-fifties, Wilbert and George closed down their sawmill west of Fallen Timber. Now Wilbert devoted his full time to raising cattle and sheep. Janet and Wilbert now had five children. Joy was born in 1952, Gay in 1954 and Mary in 1957. Meanwhile, Janet decided to enter the business world. In 1956, she opened a dress shop in Sundre. She operated the shop until 1961 when she closed down. The building was rented to the Bank of Montreal for a few years until they bought the lot and built a new building.

In 1961, a sixth child was born to Wilbert and Janet. After so many years and so many girls it was difficult for them to believe that they finally had their son -- Harvey.

The one-room school the older girls had attended was now closed, and the children were being bussed to Cremona School. Janet encouraged the girls to participate in school sports and attended the majority of the games in which the girls took part. As well, she was an active participant of the Cremona and District Educational Association.

November 17, 1969 was the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Janet and Wilbert's marriage. Blitz and Frank Herbert also celebrated their silver wedding anniversary that November, so the two couples planned a holiday to celebrate the event. In Mexico, they decided to go on a fishing trip. While they were at sea, a storm developed. The poorly maintained boat fell apart, and there were no lifeboats or jackets on the vessel. Blitz survived, but Frank, Wilbert and Janet died November 23 near San Felipe, Mexico.

There were still four children living at home, so the two eldest daughters came home to care for their sisters and brother. With the help and understanding of their Uncle George the family worked together to keep the farm their parents had worked so hard to acquire.

At present, Lynn and Ken Whittle and children, and Harvey live on that farm. Kathy married Bill Handziuk and they moved to Ottawa. Later they returned to Calgary and began raising their family which consists of two sons. Joy married Larry Gano and they and their two daughters live on a farm three miles south of Cremona. Gay also married a local farmer, David Hughes. They also have two daughters. Mary is presently employed at the Sundre School and Harvey is completing Grade twelve at Cremona School.

BURR AND IVY GANO 1895-1978

By Mrs. Ivy Gano

Burr was born in Iowa, the son of Ellis and Cena Gano. One of 8 children - 7 boys and one girl. His mother passed away when the youngest was 3 years old. His father very discontent when left alone, travelled around with 8 children and finally ended up at Anselmo, Alta. in the Peace River country on a homestead.

Ivy Gano was born in Midland, Michigan, one of 8 children born to Clayton and Vie Hawley, 7 girls and one boy. We moved to Sandpoint, Idaho in 1907. I came to Vulcan, Alta. to work for my sister Mrs. Chas. Short in 1915 on a farm, where we milked cows, made butter and cheese, and bread and a big garden for a family of 5 and 6 besides hired help in spring and threshers in fall.

In the fall of 1917 Burr Gano came to work in the harvest for my brother-in-law, and stayed on there to work on the farm. We were married in Vulcan, Alta. on July 17, 1918. Finished the harvest work there and came to the Madden district (then Sampsonton) to the harvest there working for Homer Gano, stayed on there working for Homer for 8 years. From there we rented different farms in the districts of Dog Pound and Bottrel. From the Sam McDonald farm at Bottrel we bought the James Whitlow farm ½ sec. south of Cremona, 3 miles. In the meantime we raised our three sons. Bernard born July 17, 1919. Alton born March 1, 1925. Lloyd born Nov. 18 1933.

Bernard joined the U.S Navy at the age of 17 years upon returning he cowboyed a couple of years. Married May Smith, had 2 children, a boy and a girl, and finally settled in the Anahim Lake, B.C. country to the hunters Guide business. Also take in summer vacationers.

Alton worked with Pop until married to Lorna VanHaaften so Alton took over the farm and we moved to 8 acres just south of Cremona, where Burr drove a school bus and worked for the county at road work until he retired. We sold the 8 acres to Mike Whitlow where he now lives. We moved into our home in Cremona in 1958. So we have been here 20 years. Burr is now 83 years and Ivy 78 years.

Burr and Ivy Gano, 1918.

We celebrated our 50th Anniversary at Old Dog Pound hall in 1968 with many friends and relatives - a lovely time, and on July 15th, 1978 we celebrated our 60th Anniversary in the new Cremona Hall with a wonderful crowd of friends and realtives, a wonderful day to remeber. Open house and dancing and fun.

Lloyd Gano was born in Nov. 18, 1933, snow 3 feet deep. I stayed in Crossfield at Mrs. Cummings. Lloyd was very much for machinery and more interested in trucks than school, and as soon as old enough started driving big trucks and soon went into long range trucking for himself from Edmonton Dist. He married Stephanie Shulhan and they had four children - 2 boys and 2 girls. They moved to Penticton B.C. and bought a home there. Got badly hurt in a truck accident 5 years ago, leg badly crushed and now works in the woods with a log loader, out of Penticton. He belongs to the flying club and flies home sometimes. We have 3 fine sons we are very proud of their families and enjoy them all so much. We went through years of hard times but in those horse and buggy days nearly every one was in the same fix. Worked hard for a living, made our own fun in the old school houses and at neighbors. Had our ups and downs but ironed them out with patience. We now travel to see our sons and families, and relatives in the summertime. Burr curls in winter and we try to get to all the card parties once a week in the district. We get out and enjoy ourselves among friends as much as possible.

Burr and Ivy Gano, 60th Anniversary 1978.

MAJOR GOW

Major Gow lived on a quarter north and west of Water Valley, 1½ miles north and ½ mile east of the village. He did some farming and owned a sawmill west of Water Valley on the Little Red River. They were not here very long. Major Gow has now passed away and Mrs. Gow resides in Enderby, B.C.

THE BILL GRAHAM FAMILY
By Audrey Rigsby

William and Jean Graham came from Annan, Scotland in 1914 with their children, Thomas Jr., William Jr., and Margaret (Peggy) and infant son Robert, who died shortly after their arrival. It was hoped the Alberta climate would be more healthy for young Bill who suffered from pneumonia in the damp Scottish air.

They bought land in the Big Prairie area in the 1920's, where their youngest daughter Frances was born. Bill Sr. was a butcher in the old country and his trade was useful in his community.

Jean died in 1927. Bill Sr. remained on the home place until his death in 1955. Tom married Nellie Duffy, and children - Jack, Myrtle, Bob, Pat, Donald and Jerry. Bill married Gladys Parkhurst. Gladys had 3 girls Lois, Cleo, and Audrey. Peggy married Leland Bouck. Peg and Lee had six children - Jean, Leona, Jim, Bill, Roy and Robert. Frances followed her sisters example and married Lee's brother, Weston, they had four daughters - Phyllis, Evelyn, Marjorie and Beverly. Tom and Bill still reside in the Big Prairie community.

Built in 1926.

Built in the early 30's.

Log Garage.

THOMAS GRAHAM
By Mac Graham

Thomas Graham came to Canada from Scotland in 1905, to the Sunnyslope district of Alberta. He farmed with Frank and Tom Nelson for a few years. Then he went to the Columbia River area of B.C. to work for a lumber company.

In 1909 he returned to Scotland, after filing on the N.W.$^1/_4$, Sec. 16, Twp. 30, R 5, W 5th. The following year he married my mother, bringing her to Canada to his homestead. This is where they lived out their lives, except for a few years in the Sunnyslope district. My brother, George, and I were born here and Norman arrived several years later. I now live on the same quarter section with my wife, Phyllis.

At one time my father also owned the N.W.$^1/_4$, Sec. 9, Twp. 30, R 5, W 5th. and the S.W.$^1/_4$, Sec. 14, Twp. 30, R 5, W 5th. Thomas Graham was Secretary-Treasurer of the Local School District from the beginning, in 1913, continuing in this capacity for many years. The Graham School District was named after him.

They celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary, May 27, 1960.

Mother passed away July 4, 1967 and Father passed away April 25, 1968.

TOM GRAHAM

William and Jean Graham came to the Big Prairie district in March, 1914 with their family Tom, Bill and Peggy. Tom was 9 years old. Frances was born later. They lived at several places in the next few years, in a square log house, (now on W. Hunter's land), then 1914 - 1918 while Mr. Snowdon went to war they lived at his place. Then at their Uncle Tom's at Acme. They, then moved to Bachelors place (now A. Pawson) to a log house. Then lived $^3/_4$ miles north on the Oxford place, they lived there for some years. Uncle Bennie (as known to everyone) had the Big Prairie P.O. at that time.

The first school Tom attended was the Rawthwell (house), $^1/_2$ mile east of where Graham school was later built. He attended three or four summers as there was no school in the winter months. The first teacher was Mr. Longsdale, a minister. He attended Big Prairie school for 2 or 3 years, to grade 6. Mrs. Bellamy was Tom's first teacher at Big Prairie. Then Mr. Reid rode a black horse out and taught. He always carried oats for his horse and also his own lunch. One day he lost both lunches and remarked, he didn't mind losing his lunch but wished he hadn't lost the oats for his horse. The Grahams either walked or rode a horse to school. Some of the pupils at the Graham school were; Una and Mary Chapman, 2 Snowdens, 3 Waterstreets, Mac, Geo. Peggy and Tom Graham. They bought the home place $^1/_2$ section, from Boulter Reid. There, were no buildings here, all brush, the house was not square as they couldn't see out to the road. The Big Prairie area was full of trees, small, light brush which they broke using four horses. At 13 years Tom worked part time for Boulter Reid and his job was to keep the pigs out of the crop. He worked full time here for about 10 years. Hilda Whitlow was working in the house, part of this time also.

While he was working for Boulter Reid he watched them lay the track for the Cremona Railroad. The track was in town in December 1931, and was being built by mostly Frenchmen from Quebec, who wouldn't go to war so the government sent them west to build railroads. One mile of track was laid each day. There was a deal from the government in the early 30's where you could hire men for $5.00 per month and the government would pay $5.00 also, making a total of $10.00 per month. Many men came out and worked on this plan. Burkholders had two men, who

helped clear the land. Tom quit at Boulter's to go on his own and went threshing in the Arrowhead and Calgary areas. He worked for 15.00 per month and cut 10 acres of brush at $5.00 per acre at one time. He earned $55.00 which he spent on wire to fence his quarter, making a two wire fence. The wire was ordered from the Eatons catalogue and they had to go to Carstairs to pick it up. This was usually a 2 day trip. A double box load of wood taken to Carstaris often brought only $8.00. The Grahams owned one of the first threshing machines in the area. They went from farm to farm threshing for 3¢ per bushel (in cash). Boucks owned a threshing machine and also, Colin Mcfarquhar and Dunphy.

Tom Graham was married in 1944 to Nellie Duffy, who already had a family of her own. They remained on the farm and the children attended Big Prairie school. Pat Duffy taught at Big Prairie also. Some of the Grahams' neighbors were: Herb Burress and his wife Emma, in about 1940 on the now Standish place. They were city people and raised chickens and sold eggs. They were there quite a few years.

The Macnaulties lived on the now Hutcheson place. They had come up from Colorado. Mr. Macnaultie was killed when he was hauling a pig in a wagon, with a team of hores. The pig tried to get out of the box and he lost control of the team. His wife stayed on the farm for a number of years. She once had a Scotchman (Scotty) for a hired man. He put the shingles on the house upside down. They had no family and Mrs. Macmaultie later left the district.

Tom remembers Slim Moorehouse in the early 40's. He hauled cream to Calgary with an old truck and was stuck in the mud many times. Slim lived across the road, east from Grahams, this had previously been owned by a Mr. Doolittle, and still earlier by a Mr. Wamsley - a half brother to John Herner. Mr. Wamsley was not there very long as he had the misfortune to break his leg in an accident with a rope, hauling trees. The land was in Mrs. (Dorothy Bennet) Moorehouses' name. They had a few pigs and a few cattle and a few horses. The first time Tom saw Slim he was buying horses for fox meat.

Tom lives alone at his farm. He enjoy curling in the winter and growing flowers in the summer.

Harvey Husegood, Tom Graham, Earl Grace, Grace Walker (deceased Dec. 1978). Over '60 spiel - Cremona 1974.

Tom Graham, Peggy Bouck, Frances Bouck, Bill Graham.

WILLIAM GRAHAM

William (Bill) Graham arrived from Winnipeg in a Red River cart with the MacDougalls'. He homesteaded the property later owned by Fred Whitlow, and later George Whitlow. He came about 1900. He bought the place, later owned by George Duguid, and built the buildings which are still there. He also bought a section of land from the C.P.R. at $3.50 per acre, later selling his homestead to the Soldiers' Settlement Board after the First World War. Shortly after selling his land to George Duguid, Mr. Graham went to Salmon Arm, B.C. where he died following an operation he had shortly after he moved to B.C.

RITA GREEN

Nanton skyways are the home flight-path of the newly crowned Queen of the Alberta Flying Farmers. Rita Green accepted the crown and duties of the royal position at the annual AFF convention hold March 12, 1977 in Lethbridge. The regal figurehead fills a public relations office. The nomination generally goes to someone who has been working in the family oriented organization. Rita has served as secretary for the past two years. Husband John has been a director for two years and was elected as vice-president at the March convention.

Queen Rita will act as hostess at all the chapter fly-ins (usually held once a month) and will help people get acquainted. The Queen helps with the planning for the Christmas party, organizing family games and a gift exchange for the 526 members. She is expected to plan the annual convention for the following year and attend as many out of province functions as possible to help with the coronation ceremonies of other chapter Queens in the international organization. Queen Rita will represent the Alberta chapter at the International Flying Farmers convention to be held August 1-5 in Duluth, Minnesota. Queens do not necessarily have to hold a pilot's licence. They are asked to encourage the wives of all the members to accumulate enough knowledge of flying to be able to land a small aircraft if the necessity ever occurs.

Queen Rita earned her pilot's licence in 1974. She has logged about 70 hours flying time but prefers to navigate with John at the controls. John has logged over 1000 hours flying time since he became a licenced pilot in 1969. He depends on Rita to file a flight plan while he gives the family's single engine Piper Camanche a pre-flight check.

Rita was born and raised in Dog Pound, Alberta, a community 50 miles northwest of Calgary. Following high school she trained as a registered nurse at Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary graduating with a gold medal in pediatric nursing. Rita worked with crippled children for a

time then joined the staff at the Foothills Public Health Unit in High River where she was working when she met John. The Greens moved to Nanton in 1961, to the old Trull farm northeast of town where they restrict their operation to grain farming only. Rita is a vital part of the business, hauling the grain into town. Parents of six children, only two teenagers, Rodney 14, and Ellen 12 remain at home.

Rita has never hesitated to offer her energies and services to community clubs and projects. She served two years as a leader of the Explorers, was secretary-treasurer for the Cubs, secretary for the skating club, and taught a ladies' Keep Fit Club. Rita served two years as president of the High River Assocaition of Registered Nurses, helped at Blood Donor clinics and served in a first aid capacity at numerous school functions.

Queen Rita.

Angie McBain, Margaret Cameron (Mother), Queen Rita, Kathie. AFF Convention at Red Deer. March 1978.

THE GUNDERSON STORY

By Mary Gunderson

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Gunderson, nee Inga Andrea Vrim, immigrated from Norway in the early 1890's to Wallum, North Dakota, where their family of 4, Alvina, Arla, Irvin and Oris, were born. While the children were quiet young, the Gunderson's came to Alberta where they lived in various districts that included Brooks, Eagle Hill and Silver Springs (the outskirts of Calgary) Their eldest daughter, Alvina (Mrs. R.O. Hauge) widowed, lives in Calgary and has a family of four. Arla (Mrs. W.C. Gaudy), also of Calgary, has two children and Irvin deceased in 1917.

In 1939 Oris Gunderson married Mary Helmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfred Helmer of Lethbridge, formerly of Boise, Idaho. Mary came from a family of nine children, six brothers and two sisters.

To this union ten children were born. Oris also had three children by a former marriage. Of this marriage, Eugene Oris, widower, lives at Kinsella, Alta., Mrs. R. Hyes, (Edna) lives at Lloydminster with her family of 4 - Karen, Gail, Bardy and Kirby; and Maurice Albert Gunderson lives in Calgary with five children - Martin, Joy, Rita, Penny and Timothy.

To Mary and Oris Gunderson, their eldest child is a son; Peter Godfred, a heavy duty mechanic who lives in Calgary. He and his wife, the former Dolores Teena Dobney, have one son Scott. By an earlier marriage Peter had four children - Wendy Lou, Perry Allen, Michelle Lynn, and Darrin James. they now live with their mother, Mrs. Andrew Michaelchuk in Sundre.

Wallace (Wally) Irvin, lives in Calgary and is employed by Parslow & Denoon. His wife, nee Laurie Bird, is a school teacher and they have two sons, Joshua Lee and Jeremy Wallace.

David Allen Vrim, lives on a farm near Cremona and his wife, nee Pamela Bates, is also a school teacher. They have a son Daniel Ryan and a daughter, Leah Corrine.

Andrea Susan, Mrs. Steve Hawiuk, lives in Ponoka and owns and operates a beauty salon. Steve is an accountant. They have a son, Kevin Duane, and a daughter, Audra Marie.

Oris and Mary - Pete, Wally & Dave Gunderson when they first moved to Water Valley.

Sandra Lee, Mrs. Lloyd Hauer lives in Calgary and is a nurses aid. They have three children, Tina Rosali, Tamara Lee, and Farren Lloyd.

William George (Bill) lives on the home ranch at Water Valley and has a trucking business.

Jack McCalum holding Andrea, Oris, Mary holding Sandi, Wally, Pete and Dave.

Rosemary Elaine, Mrs. David Stanley Jones, lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Rosemary is a housewife and David is a Geophysicist. Rosemary did drafting before her marriage.. They have two sons, Travis Gunderson and Fraser Gunderson.

Dave, Oris, Wally, Mary, Pete, and Ingamar Sundquist. Sandi, Rose, and Bill, Don and Carol.

Donald Gordon lives on the home ranch and his wife Christine, nee Leask, is a nurse in the Sundre hospital. Carrol Ann, Mrs. Ernest Zacher, lives in Calgary and does drafting for oil companies. Ernie is assistant manager of Snappy, a printing firm. They have one son Michael Ian Roy Lanny, at this time is attending Oklahoma State Tech. at Okmulgee, Oklahoma and is taking a leather craftsman course and is interested in Art.

Mr. and Mrs. Oris Gunderson moved from Silver Springs area to the Water Valley district about 1946. At the time the roads were in no condition for their new Willis truck, so it was disposed of. When Sandra Lee was putting in an appearance, prematurely, the trip across the Little Red Deer River for Dr. Paul and nurse Helen Whitlow and Mrs. Bosch, needed a team of horses and a wagon with the box tied down with a chain to cross the river safely.

Such times as Oris could be spared from farm work, he was employed by the government Geophysical Surveyors and travelled to various places, from Northern Ontario to the North West Territories, to Inuvik and British Columbia. His sons Peter and Wally accompanied their father to several of the locations.

Two very good friends and neighbors of the Gundersons' were Jack McCulman and Ingamar Sundquist. The Gunderson children considered Jack as their grandpa and Oris and Ingamar spent many years together cooking up north as well as being close friends and neighbors.

Oris Gunderson, Jack McCulman and Dan Colvin sawing wood on the Gunderson place.

Stacking hay at Mrs. Sundholm's - Oris on the stack, Mrs. Sundholm and Pete below.

Sailor's steam engine on the Gunderson place - sawmilling.

David, Wally, Billy, Andrea, Sandy, Donnie, Oris, Mary & Roy, Carol, Rosemary Gunderson. 1964.

Oris Gunderson and Ingamar Sundquist.

After the children reached high school age the Gundersons' moved from the ranch to Cremona as the school bus era had not arrived. They moved back to Water Valley in 1959. In 1965 they bought an acreage on the 2A highway on the outskirts of Olds and Oris was employed by the county for 8 years.

Oris passed away in October 1976 and Mary is still carrying on in her home in Olds.

DIARY OF HANS HAENER

By: Hans Haener 1963

My brother and I came to Canada in 1911 - month of June on the Empress of Ireland which went down two years later by hitting an iceberg. We left the Old Country (Germany) because my father, who was in the Breweries and wine business went broke through the fault of our bank - in those years the banks were all owned by private people. We had a few thousand mark left and decided to go to Canada. We got our second class ticket and left the rest of the money with our parents, therefore we had to go to work right away to make a new start in life. We got organized with the clerk in the C.P.A. office in Hamburg and he dated our ticket to Canada a week before the Empress sailed. We took a boat from Hamburg to Greensby (boy was I seasick crossing the channel) then took the train to Liverpool. On the boat we were told to go to Calgary. When we landed in Quebec, you had to have $25 to get into Canada. All we had left between us was $25, so my brother went on deck and showed the $25, came back and gave me the $25 to show it again. That is the way we landed. The immigration train took around 8-10 days to get to Calgary. It stopped at every little station. Well, to eat you bought some bread and sausage, etc. They sold it on the platform. Now we were pretty green about the money exchange and got stung every time we changed our money. You see those years in Germany we only used gold, silver, nickels and copper money - no paper money at all.

When we got to Calgary, we took a room in the west end of Calgary - Eight Ave. As we were going to bed and opened the blanket, there was a black wave crawling all over the sheet, so we slept on the floor. Next morning we rented a shack from a German plumber. We got a job with a pick and shovel to dig the basement of the Cecil Hotel. It was around the end of June. We never did any hard work before and were very green, so when I swung the pick, I always hit the biggest stone and pretty soon my hands were so swollen you could not see between the fingers. There was a little old man working beside me and he said just watch him swing that pick, so I watched him. He lifted the pick and when he swung it down two inches from the gravel he just backed up a little - you see the foreman could not see it from the bank, so I got my first experience on how to use a pick and shovel - that is where I got my start in Calgary. I have the first dollar we earned yet. The wages were 20¢ a hour - 10 hours a day. In those years there were no relief - you dug or died. I always tell the boys, they never tried yet to make a living. The first year in Calgary they had an election. I think R.B. Bennett was running. We went to the Riverside Hotel, and the election boys asked us for whom we were going to vote. They said if you vote for us we give you all the beer etc. you want. Well, I said, to my brother, this is a grand country, they give you all the free drink. The joke is we were only a few weeks in Canada and were not nationalized yet! In those days you could get all the whiskey etc. in bars. A fellow got shot and they laid him out in a shed behind Eight Ave; he had no papers on him and the police wanted people to look at him to find out who he was. He was covered with a blanket. The mountie lifted the blanket and you could see where the bullet went through his hat; that was the first time I saw a dead person.

Well, winter came and we got a job with the freight sheds C.T.A. loading the freight cars. Most of the fellows came from England who worked there and we learned quite a few words, we could not find in our dictionary. Soon, it got cold and began snowing. We had old country coats and started oiling them, it got 10 below and they froze solid, and got hard as stone. We had no money to buy overshoes, so we put sacks around them. To keep warm, we put newspaper around our legs and body and used old socks for mitts. We only worked five hours a day, that made $1 a day. Now we had to pay $15 for the rough lumber shack with tarpaper around-besides we had to buy coal. Well, it got colder, and we could not affored to heat it all night, so we put all the clothes under our blanket to keep them warm but in the morning the blankets were frozen under our noses. Those years they heated the cars where the canned goods were transported with the big belly stove. To make money we worked in day time in the sheds and in the night we got the job to head those cars up to Field and Saskatoon etc. You punched your time in and punched when you came back, that gave you 24 hours pay. You slept on the canned goods and when the train stopped to take water for the engine you jumped out and ran for the engine to get more coal.

Up in Banff the snow was waist deep and you have to struggle to get back in the car. Whenever we had 25¢ to spare on Sunday we went to the Chinaman's restaurant to get a square meal. In those days, you sat at the counter. They had all the bread and butter, etc. on it and you helped yourself. We cleaned that counter off as far as we could reach. Next Sunday, we went to another restaurant and did the same. I bet the Chinaman lost money on us. Whenever a car of candies came in, we had to unload them. There was always a lot of broken candy packs. Those years, they were packaged in wooden pails because they only threw them away. We lived that week on candies and frozen bars etc. It helped to keep the tummy full.

The next summer we got a job on the park with two teams, $6 per day. We bought the horses, wagon and harness for $8 - on time, and paid for it that season. We made all our expenses by over-hauling a load of tools or sand etc. for small contractors. Also, on Saturdays, we took contracts digging out cellars with our horses, scraper and hired two men besides. When the winter came we took a homestead between Fallen Timber and the Big Red Deer River, which is called Haener ridge now. We left Calgary late in the fall and it took us a week to get to Carstairs. We slept in the hayloft of the liverybarns since we had no money for hotels. Besides, the old Madden Hotel was full of bed bugs and lice. We got neverslip shoes put on the horses feet by Jimmie Johnson, the Carstairs blacksmith. All the cash we had was $60 between the two of us. We had enough flour, lard, bacon, powder, beans etc. The first day out of Carstairs we made it to Old Man McCleavy's place for dinner. That night we camped on the place where the Bellamy's now live. There was a old shed. Met Edwin Reid's father, he was teaching school in those days. Next day we made Big Prairie and stayed on Walkers place. We had to buy a sled, snow got so deep. We left the next day with the sled loaded up and left the wagon behind. We made Joe Waterstreets place, stayed over night and got a lot of good advice from him. Left early, hit a cut bank, the sled upset and everything went down on the ice on the river. We loaded up again. We had to cut some timber and having never used an axe before, every time we hit the tree, the axe flew off the handle. Well, it was 12 midnight when we pitched our tent on the homestead. We had not had anything to eat all day. We had to shovel a foot of snow off the ground to put up the tent. We put blankets over the horses, fed them for the night. The next morning we went back to Waterstreets to get some hay we had bought off him. We had to use the wagon however, since the trail was too narrow for a hayrack. We had plenty of deer, moose and rabbit meat. We lived all winter in the tent. We went to Johnsons sawmill and freighted lumber for Bergen to get some lumber to cover the roof of the cabin we were building.

Mr. Waterstreet helped us build the cabin. He was one of the handiest men we had ever seen, when he had a tool in his hand. We learned a lot from him on how to make a living. Our next neighbor's were the Coopers who ran horses and cattle. We were also going into the horse business. When spring came we were broke and left for Calgary with the wagons. It took us 12 days. The horses were soft, and could only make a few miles in a day, besides the roads were soft. We rented a barn on the outskirts of town from the Chinaman. They had a laundry in a three-story house and we pitched a tent. We got oats and hay from the farmers of the time, but then had to pay for team licence,

so we had no money to buy grub, so lived on bread, lard and porridge. We got pretty thin shovelling gravel and dirt on it. One night the Chinaman looked in our tent, saw us eating. He said "you no meat, no money, 'till paycheck comes", He said "Me send boy to Chinatown and get some meat". Well, I thought he was joking. We went to work the next morning with lard sandwiches. The other boys always offered us some of their grub but we were too proud to take it. We came home that night to find about $30 worth of grub in our tent. Boy, did I ever have a lot of respect for that Chinaman, a white man would not have done it. One of them was a cook and he invited us in every Sunday for a steak dinner, with Chinese whiskey; boy did we ever enjoy that meal. If we had offered to pay for it he would have been offended. In those days they wore their long hair.

Every summer we went out with the teams to make a grubstake for the winter and bought broodmares and cattle, and in the summer, Jack Cooper, our neighbor looked after them as well as his own stock. Well, the city teamsters started raising a fuss saying that we homesteaders took the jobs from them, so we got fired and went hauling gravel from the Pat Burns gravel pit on the McLeod Trail. I got to help haul the team out and got the day. They had long bunkhouses and sheds for the horses. You found Englishmen, Irish, Scots, Yankees and Germans there. You know those years, Beer Parlors were wide open and you could get any drink in liquor and beer. On Saturdays all the boys went uptown and got tight. When they came back to the pit there was a fight and you could see the stones flying in every direction, until the police came, and then everything was quiet!

The land on McLeod Trail where the Big Storm Brewery is, was Pat Burns land and open for miles, so on Sundays we took a team and wagon and loaded the hounds, and went coyote hunting. Another year we freighted the Sundance oil well out to Didsbury. All the derricks were filled with timber. Old Taynors oil team and my team. The cable was out of order, we had to load it on two wagons. We ran it from one wagon to the other over the tongue and had to be careful not to drive too slow or too fast. We got stuck in front of Hosegood's farm. Took a team to unload it, pulled the wagons out of the mud, and loaded it up by hauling in with a team. Well, we had nothing to eat since 5 o'clock in the morning. The boys all chewed tobacco, so I took a chew of it. Boy! did I get sick. I had to lay on top of the wagon all the way to Didsbury. We went to the drugstore and got a bottle of whiskey and took one good drink and all the misery went out of the tummy. The Indian trail from Rocky Mountain House to Morley went through my homestead and we did a lot of trading with them; traded ponies for buckskins shirts, jackets and chaps and berries. We had some society clothes, swallow - tailscoats etc. and traded these to the Indians. I always wondered what they did with them. The Indians never went into your house when you were not home, but sat in front of it. They would not sleep in your house, but slept in your barn when they stayed over. They all travelled on horseback and used little hatchets to cut the branches to keep the trail open. They trailed two poles behind their horses to keep the furs and bedding in. They lived on old homesteads west of Coopers. He got in trouble with the Indians and when night came he heard an awful noise outside. The Indians tried to break his door down and lift his hair, but he was lucky and escaped by the rear window into the darkness. I did not see him again. We lost a cow one fall in a knee-high valley creek. She was frozen stiff. The Indians asked us if they could have her and we said yes. They got her out, skinned her and ate the meat. The Indians never stole anything off you, you could trust them. One of them his name was Jonas and I remember, he must have been 80 years old.

One summer we freighted for the Dutch Colonization Co. 66 ft. of lumber and 30 tons of material from Beiseker to Redland. The C.N.R. railroad was not built then. We took hay contracted for the company, $2 per ton, put up 4-500 tons, the grass was prairie wool made 2 tons an acre. You cut it, raked it, stacked it with a backpole, four horses on and slid it, up the shute. After haying we helped them thresh wheat. War broke out, they got $2-3 per bushel and made a fortune. Bought the land for $4-5 an acre and sold in war time for $60-80.

We later bought the half section of land I am still living on. It was raw land. We had to pitch our tent and build a house. That winter, we cut logs and took them to the sawmill. Freighted the lumber out all winter, started building a shack and barn and fence around the pasture. Had to buy feed the first year and put the crop in on shares to get enough feed. Broke the land with 8 horses, and cleared the land with axes all winter. No tractors those years. Went threshing with Colwells steam outfit, milked cows and fed pigs to get some cash. Frank Moon and I took a bunch of horses and went out west. Got sick, hardly made it home. Got Dr. Henderson from Carstairs out. Looked me over and said broken appendix. Put me in his car and took me home. Had to make my will because I was in company with my brother. In the early morning he put me on a train to the Holy Cross Hospital. In less than two hours they operated and told me if I had waited one day later, I would have died. Had a tube for nearly two months to drain the puss out. When I got stronger they let me sit in a chair for an hour every day. Later they told me to take a walk.

My wife was a nurse there, she came from Switzerland. Her father was a doctor. Well, we got acquainted and you see I was on my back and could not get away, so I had to get married to her after I got home. We went with buggy to Carstairs to get the knot tied. All I had in my pocket was $5. and I gave it to the preacher. He asked me for the ring. I reached in my pocket and told him I must have left the ring at home. The wife got kind of red in the face. Well, you know we were so poor, I could not buy a ring and never did, and everything went fine anyhow - ring or no ring. When we came home in the buggy, I had to milk 12 cows, and feed pigs. Boy! that was quite a honeymoon. Besides, Andy Garson from Cochrane was at my place looking to buy some horses, so I had to take him over to the neighbors place - the Blackburns. You see, we had only 2 rooms. Mike and Denyse both were born on Mrs. Charlie Browns place on the Westcott road. Those days it was hard to get to the Didsbury hospital. Mrs. Brown came from England and was a trained nurse and midwife. She was a fine lady.

When the kids were around 12-14, my wife got cancer. I had her in a house in Calgary. They had to take one breast out, but the cancer went into the blood. They told me she had only nine months to live. They were the hardest months in my life. Now began the struggle with housekeepers, they came and went - too lonesome out on the farm. But soon Denyse did part of the housekeeping and Mike helped with the chores, besides having to ride several miles to school. Well they had to learn the hard way, so both are able to stay on their own feet. When they were old enough to run the farm, I decided to build a house in Didsbury. Mike and I built it out of cement blocks, took all summer, besides he had to put the crop in & Denyse did the rest of the farm work. Put in plumbing, had 2 rooms in basement with plumbing. Well, everything was all right as long as I had enough to do so to finish the inside, but when I ran out of work it was not so hot. Went up town twice a day and met all the old timers all you heard was one had a pain and the other had a pain, so I got scared if I stayed much longer, I might get a pain. So I went back to the farm. Told Mike he could have the house, and clear title for the work he put in on the farm. So he went and got started in the contractors business. He sold the house to an Elevator Grain Co., moved to Yellowknife, where he has his own construction company, "Haener and Anderson". Denyse got a job in the telephone office in Calgary as cashier. Both took a trip to England and Europe where we have friends and relatives. They financed their own trips. Time goes. I got my first old age pension cheque and promised the boys a party. Went with Earl Neilson to Olds and bought the hard stuff. The boys

delivered the chicken supper and had a party in Earl's home he had in Cremona. We all had a good time, some drove home, some walked part ways. I put the old truck in compound and got home all right, slow but sure! So, I promised them the last old age pension cheque for beer. Now they are waiting for me to kick the bucket. The other day I looked them over, and I thought I may have to buy some flowers for some of them, and that would be quite an expense. Well, I am 78 years old now. I am feeding around 75 head of steers. I put up my own hay and green-feed around 6 to 7000 bales. I think I will last a little while yet. Well, life is what you make out of it, and I have been satisfied with mine.

*Hans Haener died August 7, 1973

JAMES HALEY

By: Justeena Simpson

My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Haley were born at Enterprise, Ontario and were married there in 1899. Johnie, Justeena and James were born there also.

A few years later they moved to Minot, North Dakota where they farmed for awhile. Russell, Stanley and Grace were born there. Around this time Dad heard of land in Alberta which was being put up for homesteads, so he came up in the fall of 1907. I believe, and filed on the quarter section south of Mr. Campbell's place, now Bob Patchell's on the road to Water Valley.

In October, 1909 we left Minot to come to Alberta. We had our household effects, some machinery and livestock, four horses and four cows to bring with us. Oscar Swanson, a young man then, wanted to come to Alberta, so he came in the freight car and looked after the livestock. We came on the passenger train and arrived a week or so ahead.

Dad got a livery man to drive us out from Carstairs in a democrat over hardly any roads. I remember the flying ants were terrible on the road out. We came to Buster Brown's place. He was our uncle. We stayed with him for a couple of weeks until we could get a place to live. We then moved to the Davie's place which was one half mile south of Brown's, which Ted Wiggs now owns.

My dad bought a quarter section from a man in the States. In 1910 a house was built where it stood until fire destroyed it in the spring of 1970 - sixty years old. Stan Haley, his wife, and son live on this place now. It was home to a lot of people in those years. We started school at Mount Hope which was a new school. We children mostly walked to school in the summer but in the winter we rode on a stone boat with one horse pulling it. It went well on the level but on the hills we had to get off and pull back to keep it from going on the heels of the horses. We did have fun and were never late for school thanks to our horse, Nell.

We spent many happy hours skating on the Harbottle Lake which is now owned by Jim Wigg. Great are the changes during the years. Roads, cars, climate and so on – - but I guess we would not turn the clock back even if we could, and I often wonder what the next sixty years will bring. I have no regrets having lived the last seventy years.

*Stanley Haley passed away Jan. 13, 1974 at the age of 66 years.

*Grace Haley (Walker) passed away Dec. 7, 1978 at age of 69 years.

JAKE HANSON

Jake Hanson moved up to the Water Valley area from Montana U.S.A. where he was a sheep herder in the early 20's. He homesteaded a ¼ section, 1 mile west and 1½ miles north of Water Valley. In later years he bought a quarter, that was homesteaded by Sam May. This is the present Don Truss property.

Jake Hanson

Jake, then sold half of his quarter to Locki Brims. Jake Hanson was a bachelor. He passed away in Calgary, Alta.

THE HARBOTTLES

"Doc and Mrs. Harbottle came west from Ontario in 1904. He was a doctor but did not practice in the west, but helped his neighbors in time of need. There were two sons and one daughter in the family. One son, Ted, went overseas in World War I. Jack (the other son), lived in a log house north of Bottrel, with his sister keeping house for him. He later married a girl from Scotland. They had no family. Jack died and his wife lived there for some years and sold. Now owned by Burkes'.

The old Harbottle house.

THE HARDER FAMILY

By: Miriam Taylor

The Otto family, Mary the eldest, came from Kansas in 1902. Bill Harder came by himself from Michigan in 1903 and worked as a ranch hand until he took a homestead, the ¼ section where John Foat now lives. Bill Harder and Mary Otto were married in 1907 and to this union 5 children were born; Otto, Ray, Miriam, Margaret and George. All five children took their elementary schooling at Byron.

In the pioneer years Bill was very helpful in bringing Dr. Laidlaw from Carstairs to the west community. He also hauled milk to the cheese factory. Mary was very helpful in nursing and in general, giving a hand to anyone in need.

The Morley Trail ran through the homeland and the Stoney Indians travelled through from Hobbema to Morley, and camped on the Dog Pound Creek. Mary nursed their sick children many times. They always asked for bread and tea. This quarter of land was often referred to as the "Morley" quarter.

The Harders lived here until their passing, Bill in 1950 and Mary in 1956.

IRAL HARRIS

Iral Harris and his wife, Daisy, homesteaded west of Water Valley. He hauled wood and worked for their neighbors.

He died about 1935 at the age of 33 years. They had one son, Grant.

HAUGES

By: Alvina Hauge

Racin O. Hauge purchased Mr. and Mrs. Helmer Sundquists land, one mile south of Mrs. Pawson's Big Prairie post office, at that time, and one mile north of Bituma School, on the Little Red Deer River through Mr. Erik Erikson west of Cremona (whom we had known for many years), negotiating the transaction, being Mr. and Mrs. Sundquist had returned to Sweden.

My husband was employed as Government Weed Inspector in the summertime and worked on construction work in the winter.

We did not move to the land then, but Oris Gunderson and family moved there in 1943 and stayed till they moved to the Sailor Place.

In the fall, my husband went to White Horse, Yukon Territory, with the Bennett and White Construction Company, where he met with an accident which proved fatal. He passed away on November 10, 1943.

We had two daughters and two sons. Only the youngest son Arne lived on the land after having served five and one half years with the Canadian Forces, one year in Canada, and four and a half years overseas. He arrived home in January 1946, and moved to the land in the fall.

In the summer of 1948, Arne worked as Packer on a horse outfit, with the Government Topographical Surveyors, in northern British Columbia.

Because of back injuries he moved to Calgary in the winter and into the taxi business for a couple of years, then into salesmanship.

He and Peggy Campbell married, have a lovely home, daughter and son.

Arne is still interested in horses. He and his son have Tennessee Walking horses.

On January 25, 1979, Arne had open heart surgery and is doing well.

I supervised the Bituma School the fall of 1947 and winter of 1948, which I found very interesting. My girls and boys out there have grown into fine men and women, which I am happy to have associated with, as well as their parents and neighbors.

Allen Reid of Cremona, had finished his Teacher Training Course at Normal School and took charge of the spring term.

A couple of years later I sold the land, moved to Calgary and back to nursing.

Have been retired for some years now, only do needlepoint, cloiser work and quilting.

PETE HEIDEBRECHT

As told by Pete Heidebrecht to Muriel Foster

Pete and his family came to Canada with his two brothers, Henry and James. Pete was 17 years old when they arrived. The Heidebrechts' first settled in Acme, Alberta. They spent the winter here, then in the spring moved to Beiseker, Alberta. They spent several years in this area. Then Pete decided to go to Calgary Tech. school After attending this school he went to work for an uncle up at Tofield, Alberta.

Wheat sold this year at 90¢ a bushel. The next year 1930, it sold for 40¢ a bushel and then the next year it was down to 25¢ a bushel. Pete then started working for Goetjens at threshing time. Pete and his brother Henry, moved up on the Greasy Plains in 1931. This place that they moved on to was the Harry Earle Ranch. Pete recalls in 1932 he got a job working for Fred Turnbull at the mill. Turnbull had a contract to supply the lumber for a barn which was being built on Mr. van Haaften's place. Tom Carlin was cutting the logs in the bush. His son, Patty, skidded them in to the log roll ways with horses. From the roll ways Pete's brother, Henry hauled the logs to the mill site. Henry used Fred Turnbull's team. Fred Turnbull was the sawer, Pete tailed the edger, Tom Carlin ran the edger when they were sawing. Mac Turnbull, Fred's brother, ran the trim saw and was also the carpenters who built the barn. This lumber was hauled from Fred Turnbull's place to van Haaftens by teams. Some of the men who Pete recalls having hauled lumber were - Leo Bosch, Elmer Foster, and Roy Oldfield. This barn is now located at Anderson Valley Ranch, 2 miles west of Water Valley. It was moved when Robert and Linda Anderson purchased it.

View of Greasy Plains.

The Pete Heidebrecht place on Harold Creek. 1937.

The Heidebrecht brothers lived here through the Depression. There was no work and no money. Henry, Pete's brother, left in 1937 and went to Calgary. Here he worked for the Post Office. Pete bought a 1931 model T at an auction sale in Carstairs. The roads were so bad he

couldn't get this car to his place so he used to leave it at Fred Turnbull's place. Pete used to drive people out east with his car. He drove this car for approximately one year, then he burned the generator out. So Pete made a Bennett Buggy out of the body of this car and traded the motor to Paul Royer for a 30-30 rifle.

Both cattle and horses were raised on the Heidebrecht place. Pete probably had from 50 to 60 head of horses. His brand were: ◇H as cattle brand and HT as his horse brand. Pete's nearest neighbors were Charlie Salisbury and family but they only lived here in the summer at first. Arnold Borton homesteaded N.W.7, which later become Oborne's place, and is now owned by Tannas.

Harold Creek Ranger Station.

Harold Creek Ranger Station 1938.

The Harold Creek Ranger Station was very close to Pete's place. In the years Pete lived here there were 13 ranger stations here. Some of their names were: Sid Measer, Henry Fisher, Bill Smith, Jim Walton, Dexter Champion, Hiram Baker, Arnold Borton, Frank Jones, Chuck Sallows, Gordon Mathews, Murry Meisster. Fred Loblaw was nere for a while in later years. He was stationed here as a bounty hunter for hunting wolves and cougars.

A few years after this was closed down as a ranger station, hunters started staying in it so the Forestry burnt it down. Pete spent quite a lot of time hunting. Some of the guys that used to go hunting with him were - Ole Olson, Carl Olson, and Ingma Sundquist.

Pete recalls one day him and Ole Olson went hunting deer. This was a terribly cold day. They found the deer alright, but when they got ready to shoot, the gun wouldn't fire, so the deer got away. When they got back to Pete's they had to thaw out the rifle.

Pete recalls another time when himself and Bill and Let Measer were going up to look at a trap line on the Fallen Timber. They stopped for lunch at an open flat known as Pretty Place. After being here for a few minutes they saw where a bear had killed a young moose. They went on about getting their lunch ready to eat when someone looked up and there was the bear, eating away on the moose carcass. Pete ran up the bank so he could see better. Bill decided he would shoot at the bear from where he was. In running up the bank this put Pete right on the game trail that the bear used to arrived at the scene. When the shots started flying by the bear, he decided to get out of there the way he came in, and as fast as he could. Meanwhile at the lunch spot, Let Measer was laughing so hard he couldn't see straight. With the bear getting closer to Pete, Pete on the path the bear was using, and all the while Bill shooting it, did make a funny scene. However, when the bear was finally dropped he was only a few steps from where Pete stood. There was no way of keeping meat frozen in those days, so Pete used to can his own meat in jars, so it would keep.

Pete was never much of a fisherman so didn't spend much time fishing. There were some good holes though, and good fish in both Harold Creek and the Sawdust in those days.

The house and barn on this place were built out of logs. Both these buildings still stand today. Since Pete sold out a new house was built. In 1942 or 43 Pete bought a 1930 Chev coupe. He kept this for awhile, then after the war in 1949 or 1950, Pete bought a Ford pick up. Then later on he bought a G.M.C. three quarter ton, this was the last vehicle he bought while out at Water Valley.

Paddy, Rose & Tom Carlin.

Paddy Carlin.

While on this place, Pete pastured cattle for both Scoop Chapman and Arthur Shantz. He also herded and pastured sheep for Marmaduke Mathews, who lived east of Deer Springs. These sheep were drove from Mathews to Heidebrecht's. They would get as far as the Little Red Deer River the first day. There were 16 river crossings between Pete Heidebrecht's place and where Bates live now.

Pete also looked after cattle for Leasks, Williamsons,

1940, Harold Creek cabin.

Pete's place - 1940. Henry Heidebrecht with horse. Pete and his mother standing with friends.

Watts, and John and Jim Robertson in the dry 30's of 1930-1935. There cattle were pastured in the forest reserve.

Pete recalls one time there was an election at Water Valley. Guy Gazely was the returning officer, by 4 in the afternoon everyone on the voting list had voted. A 100% turnout, a much better response than they get today.

Pete Heidebrecht had to have an operation in Calgary in 1953. After this he couldn't do any heavy work. He drove

Pete and his ¾ ton truck. 1954.

taxi the year after, and the next year took up construction work. In 1935 he sold his place on the 'Greasy Plains to Dave McDougal of Cochrane, who purchased the place along with horses, cattle and also Pete's brand, for the sum of $15.00 per acre.

Dave McDougal's daughter and son-in-law, Gwen and Bill McKendrick now own this property. Pete moved to his Mother's house in Calgary in 1953. He still lives in the same house.

Pete's cattle. 1945.

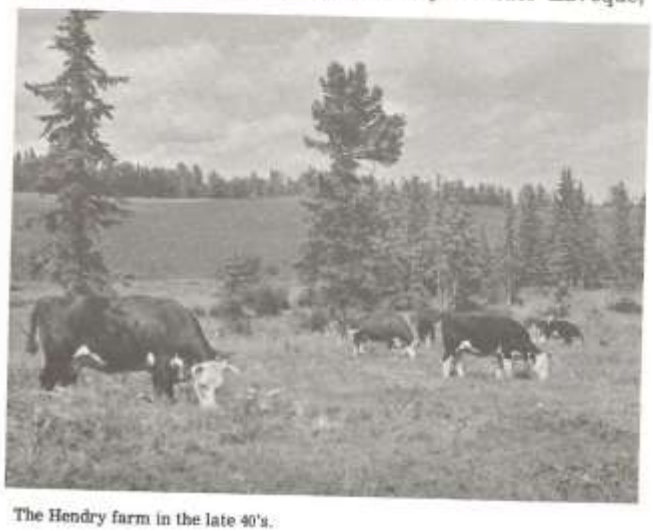
1937. Carl Olson, Ole Olson, Henry Heidebrecht, Oston Lane (oil editor of the Herald), Mr. Buchner from Calgary.

WILLIAM HENDRY

By: Margaret Croft

William Hendry, wife Anna, two children David and Margaret, came to the Cremona district in 1941, from Buffalo, Alberta, after vacating their farm which was included within the northern boundary of the Suffield Experiemental Army Range.

The following spring the family moved to a farm, which was originally homesteaded by Samuel Laveque,



The Hendry farm in the late 40's.

situated north of Water Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Hendry farmed and lived here many years. William retired from farming a few years prior to his death in August 1959. Mrs. Hendry continued to live in her house on the farm till her passing in May 1973. The farm land now being rented by, daughter Margaret and son-in-law Robert.

Son, David joined the Canadian Air Force in 1951, married Dea Laddo, a teacher, Later David and Dea moved to Trenton, then Ottawa, Ontario, where they are presently living. David working for the Department of Supply and Services, his wife a part-time teacher in languages. They have one son Patrick, attending University.

Cutting hay in the 40's. William Hendry.

Water Valley Pioneers. Left - Oscar Swanson, Ernest Taudine. Seated: Joe Myers.

Steam engine and water wagon - Cremona area.

Daughter, Margaret married in 1950 to Robert Croft, son of Reginald and Jessie Croft. They have two sons, David and Randall. David, the eldest, was married to Brenda Good of Cremona in 1973. They had two children, Latricia and Jared. David is employed at the Harmatten Gas-field as a field operator. Randy an apprentice plumber is employed at Olds.

Jessie, Bob & Reg Croft. 1930.

Cliff on "Stoney Creek" Water Valley.

ED AND ANN HEPPER

By Estelle Mutschler

Ed and Ann Hepper, my parents, came to Dog Pound on Jan. 12, 1931 to operate the newly constructed elevator for the Midland and Pacific Grain Corpn. The hamlet consisted of the elevator partly constructed, stock yard, and a C.P.R. freight shed. The living quarters were 2 small

Left to right: Joan, Annette, Kathy, and Estelle.

rooms attached to the office that Ed and Ann, Estelle and Kathy moved into. In 1932 they built a small house. Which was quite an improvement from the 2 rooms. By 1933 the family had grown to 4 girls, adding Annette and Joan. Ann was busy looking after four young girls.

Our first store was at Symington. One mile north of Madden, and the post office was at the Cayle ranch, 3 miles west of Dog Pound. Bruce Hunter was Post Master. Ed helped Andy Duncan build a combination store and residence in 1931 and also helped Lake Parsons build a store with living quarters upstairs in 1932.

Left to right: Estelle, Kathy, Annette, Joan, Ann and Ed. 1975.

Sometime during the thirties the men of the community went west and cut logs to build a Community hall from Jack Reeves directions. This was truly a Community Hall, not only in name. It was free to any organization such as church, women's meetings, athletic clubs, concerts, etc. The only revenue attained was from political meetings (Municipal, Provincial and Federal). This paid the insurance and license. Fuel was donated by the different organizations and individuals. By 1947 some of us had outgrown the Dog Pound school, (which was 2 miles from the Siding and we went to on foot) We moved to Fox Valley, Sask. where we finished our education. We girls all married farmers. Estelle married Melvin Mutschler, and live on a ranch at Manyberries, Alberta. We have 3 girls and 1 boy, and 6 grandchildren. The girls all married ranchers, the boy, Allen is at home. Linda married Barry Stuber. Debbie married Philip Gazdag. Darlene married Russel Wegner. All live in the Manyberries district. Kathy married Jack Smilie and lives on a farm at Madden, Alta. They have 2 boys and 2 girls. Theresa married Glenn Geier, and lives on a farm at Keoma, Alta, they have 1 boy. Brad, Doug and Cindy are at home. Annette married Fred Glass and lives in Red Deer, they have 3 boys and 1 girl. Rodney married Dianna Innocent from Stettler, Alta. Rodney is manager of Midway Implements, Red Deer. Dale married Carolyn Hockley of Big Valley, Alta. Dale is Superintendent for Nasce Well Service, Red Deer. Leanne and Fred Jr. at home

Joan married Robert Rexrath and lives on a ranch 70 miles west of Bakersfield, Calif. U.S.A. They have 3 girls. Andi is raising Registered Angus show cattle and is active in showing and judging 4-H animals. Alison shows 4-H calves, needlework. Abby shows pigs and needlework. None of the girls are married.

Ed and Ann retired in 1965 to Westward Ho, Alberta where they have a house and one acre of land and keep busy gardening and fishing, etc. in one of the beauty spots of Alberta.

MR. AND MRS. ISAAC HERNER AND FAMILY

By John Herner

Isaac Herner, my father was born in Ontario in 1838. He spent some years in the U.S.A. but the offer of homesteads on the prairies prompted him to return to Canada. In the fall of 1901 he left his home in Alpha, Minnesota and journeyed by train to Alberta. Mother stayed behind, watching over the children and saw to the fall threshing. Only one letter came while he was away and mother was most anxious about his safety, especially since some of the neighbors foretold gloomily, "You don't need to look for him, you will never see him again". Two days after this cheery visit, father arrived home, alive. He carried a walking stick to which he had carefully bound a handful of tall grain, pulled up by the roots to show the length of the grain grown in Alberta. He told us that he had filed his claim on a homestead and bought a quarter of railroad land besides. Our neighbors insisted that only Eskimos and Indians lived there, but in the spring of 1902, a freight car was loaded with our stock, feed, machinery, household goods, father and the dog. One other man from Alpha dared to accept the Canadian challenge and all his possessions were in a car on the same train. He was Finney Vanduzee.

Mother and we five children, loaded down with satchels, lunch baskets and blankets took the passenger train. The children were, Mary 14, Martha 13, Rachel 9, Samuel 4, and John 1½. We changed trains three times in the next four day, at Austin, St. Paul and Moose Jaw. Much of the way the train travelled through heavy snow with men and snow plows on the track. Finally at 1 a.m. we arrived in Carstairs, strangers in a cold, dark, strange land. Father's cousin, A.R. Shantz lived in a small apartment over a store and our first night in Alberta was spent on his floor wrapped in blankets. The next day we went to the country to stay with another cousin, Pastor Isreal Shantz of the Waterloo church. This was the church we would later attend. There were nine in the Shantz household but they made room for us and almost immediately we broke out with the measles. Soon the Shantz children broke out too as did some neighbor children who had come over to visit.

Father's train had been delayed but he arrived safely. They then unloaded the livestock and brought it to our temporary abode but the furniture and machinery was taken to the homestead eight miles west of town and left there in the open on the bald prairie. As soon as possible, work began on our 14 ft. by 20 ft. shack. Slender spruce poles for studding, rafters and joists, shiplap siding and one foot wide boards for the roof with no shingles were used. Mother went along to help father each day while Mary, though sick herself took care of us younger children. When the shack was liveable, although we children were still quite sick, Mother and Dad moved us in. Rachel sat between them on the front seat of the carriage. Mother held me on her lap and the three children lay well covered in an improvised bed in the back.

We got wood from small poplar and willow bluffs and water from nearby sloughs. Mother strained the water through a cloth to take out the wrigglers. Just before we came to Alberta and just following our arrival it had rained, never missing a night or day for a period of seven weeks. The sloughs were full. Now the wet spell was over and the warm west wind started and soon dried the long, dead winter grass. We could see two other dwellings much like our own, and we heard and saw cattle on the great unfenced range. Something else we could hear and found quite frightening were the coyotes.

The country was much different then. For miles and miles it was a rolling sea of prairie wool, that thick deep matted grass that nutured the buffalo. There were lots of creeks and waterways. There was no brush as we know it now but trees lining the creeks and rivers. Now that the grass had dried, the fear of fire arose. If the prairie ever

caught fire, it went like tinder and nothing could stop it. It made its' own wind in its' mad rush to devour everything in sight. There were no rivers or creeks in this area wide enough to stop a fire as it flames 30 to 50 feet in the air and tossed balls of burning grass ahead of itself. Three big fires, went through this area in our time. The first and biggest started just below (west of) the old Jackson school, though of course the school wasn't there then. We heard that it finally burned itself out near Drumheller. The second started three quarters of a mile southeast of Jackson school and went 10 miles to some new breaking where it stopped. The third fire started half a mile southeast of our place and did not do much damage as most people had some fire guards and plowed land then. It was the first and biggest fire that came through that we moved into our hosue and the following is an excerpt from a manuscript written by Rachel Herner Goudie and Titled "Providential Protection". The morning of the 8th day of April dawned beautifully; a zepher wind was blowing; the snow was entirely gone and the thick grass was dry. Four of us children had recovered from illness and how wonderful to be out."

Father and mother were working a short distance from the shack preparing some poles to build a stable, the type which many of the early settlers had. The walls were made of two pole frames about three feet apart then filled in tightly with hay, a flat pole roof and hay piled over that. Sounds cosy doesn't it but horrors! We learned later that when it rained and then stopped, that kind of roof still dripped rain for hours after. As the work progressed, a small spiral of smoke could be seen away over toward the northwest, but what of that. It could be from a chimney or perhaps an Indian tepee where they were having a late breakfast. Yet before long, imagaination to reality and father remarked, "I don't like the looks of that". Nor did we. Oh, how it widened and worsened as it came nearer. Many anxious glances were cast in that direction and the stable work began to loose its' attraction. All of our earthly possessions were there in just a small area; the horses stood tied to the wagon, the box was their manger. The cows, pigs and chickens shared heaven's blue canopy as their only roof. The long grass was literally beneath and all around the shack. Father's malignant heart ailment was no match for the exertion of fire fighting. What were we to do? With an imploring prayer on her lips, mother and fourteen year old Mary, small for her age, filled the wash boiler and pails with water from little ponds placing them here and there, and getting some sacks ready to make wet. A back fire with such inadequate help was utter folly and prairie sod could not be plowed that early in the spring for a fire guard. There are no words to describe the awfulness as over the last hill it came, sending up great billows of smoke, snapping, crackling, devouring flames licking their hungry tongues beneath the grass, and hurling large tufts of it into the air, a burning mass.

Had we moved to these western prairies just to be immediately wiped off the map by this destroying monster? Was my sister Martha to be burned to death? She was not able to walk or run from it, and too hastily drive in the opposite direction would mean to loose all left behind. Standing in fear and trembling, with breath we watched and waited. Not a ray of hope in sight for our safety. And then - Thank God! Could we believe our eyes? Suddenly and hurriedly, over that same hill a group of men and boys appeared, threshing and slapping with all their might at those flames. Neither tongue or pen could express our relief at the coming of help with a mighty challenge to hold that monster at bay as it swept by us only a few rods from the shack.

The men Rachel mentioned as "Our Protectors" were Finney Vanduzee and his sons, Colonel and Dave. They proved to be friends in many ways. Father was not at all well; his heart was very bad and his sight was gone in one eye so a good friend was greatly appreciated.

The Sunnyslope school opened in 1903 and sister Rachel started then. Samuel started in 1905 and I attended from 1907 to 1911. The school was located where the Carstairs gas plant is now. We went to the Waterloo Church and most of our entertainment was from either the school or the church. We also did a lot more visiting among our neighbors than we do now. Strangers knocked at any door and got hospitality. They ate, visited the family and slept in the barn if the house was too crowded. One day we went cutting wood at what is now Johnny Schultz's place. A dog barked so we all went down the big hill to the west to investigate. This was the first time we knew Joseph Reid existed. A great sport for us was watching the hounds chase coyotes and of course riding our horses and watching the Range Riders herding their cattle. The herds often numbered between two hundred and three hundred head. The riders then were Alex Robertson, Sr. & Alley Vetter. They were as tough as leather and had to be. We always had to go out in the evening and bring in our milk cows would be mixed in with the range cattle. Mother warned us not to startle the range cattle as they needed very little reason to stampede. One evening I rode out a bit too fast and one calf jumped away from the herd and bawled. The whole herd turned on me and began to stampede, bawling and bellowing, tearing up the earth and clashing their great horns. I turned my horse and somehow outran them. I was truly riding for my life for those mean wild cows could tear a horse to pieces in a short time. Often one of the cattle would die from disease, old age or from fighting, and when this happened the riders would drag the carcass away and always to the same spot. During the night the other cattle would come to this place and bellow and roar all the while they were using their great horns and sharp hooves to tear up the dead animal and a lot of the surrounding earth.

Team of oxen 1908 Levi Habermehl.

Back row: Stella Ridgeway, half sister of Pearl Stone, Rachel Herner, Claira Vetter, (Foster), Hazel Crow, Others unknown.

My sisters Mary and Martha each had a calf but the calves got out in the range cattle and not being branded, no one knew whose they were . We asked Alex Robertson and he said we should check at the Hickling ranch. We went there and found a huge herd of cattle in the corral. Mary and Martha climbed up on the fence and all the cattle stampeded away except two small calves. The girls put their arms around the calves necks and everyone said that this identification was better than any brand.

One day mother was out walking and caught her skirt on a surveyors stake. This started us checking and we found that we had built our house three quarters of a mile from the proper place. In fact, we were within a few feet of being on our neighbour's land. We put in those first crops with an engate seeder with mother driving the horses. We bought our groceries in Carstairs where they were charged and paid for once a year. I remember a barrel of apples at Kelly's store costing $2.00.

1913 at Didsbury - Mrs. C.C. Reinhart, Rachel Herner (Goudie), Sam Herner, John Herner, Mrs. Wamsley and Lawrence.

Father died January 13th, 1907, the coldest winter we have ever known. We stood on blankets at his grave with heated stones to keep our feet from freezing. Father was buried at Waterloo but first he lay at home for three days. He was buried in a shroud, the custom then, and mother prepared him for burial herself. Part of the preparations involved patting watered carbolic acid on his face to preserve the color.

The land had become indebted because of father's health and ultimate death and one day the mortgage holder came and gave mother three days to pay up. No child allowance, pension, or social assistance existed then. So she sold the railroad quarter for $10.00 an acre and the homestead land for $14.00 an acre. We moved to Didsbury with what little we had. Samuel aged 17 and myself aged 13, worked to pay the rest owing on the house in Didsbury. Somehow we survived. One of the things I did was work as Castor when I was 15. I hauled wheat to the boxcar, 12 miles round trip twice a day, shovelling it on and into the cars. Next year I worked for a man at Fleet. He had two farms and a lumberyard and among my duties was driving his livery team. Next I went to Consort and then Plunkett, Saskatchewan. While I was there the 1918 flu epidemic hit. Eleven of us in my sister's house were sick and no one could leave as we were not allowed on the train because of the quarantine restrictions. All this time I was sending money home and helping mother. When the flu epidemic passed, I came back to Alberta and home.

In 1925 I bought our present farm. I was married to Maysel Blackburn that same year and we have been here ever since. In my life I have travelled a lot of miles by horse and wagon, on horseback, by democrat and by car. I have seen the change from ox team to airplane. I saw Kathleen Stinson, the first lady pilot, put on a flying exhibition in Calgary in 1912. When I look out at this land and think how it was when I first remember it, I can hardly believe the changes that have come to it in my life time. I am sure there are more changes to come and I hope to see a lot of them.

* * * * *

Mother married James Wamsley in 1908. Lawrence was born in 1911, and went to school at Rugby, as we were on the Cook place (Pair place) at that time. Then moved to the Strain place, 3 years later (now owned by Garry Thompson), S.W. ¼ of 23, T 30, R 4, W 5. I put the first load of grain in the Pioneer elevator in Cremona - Glen Webb was the agent then, and Fred Colwell put the first load in the A.P. - agent was McGregor in 1929.

Maysel Herner passed away in 1967. I married Tillie Cowitz in 1968. We moved to Didsbury and retired.

My cattle brand was: TJ right rib, horse brand was: JW right shoulder.

The John Herner house in 1978.

ALEXANDER AND MARY HETTINGER

Alexander Hettinger was born in Windsor, Colorado, U.S.A. in 1908. Mary was born in Calgary in 1906. They were married in Calgary on June 22, 1929. They moved to Mendham, Saskatchewan and farmed for five years, then on to Hussar, Alberta for nine years of farming. In 1944 the Hettingers moved to the Cremona district, on the Old Brown place, five miles south of Cremona, and farmed there for three years. In 1947 they bought Orten's out and ran the business for three years. Mrs. Hettinger worked several places in the next few years, including 1959 in Del and Dora's Coffee Shop. This was the building on main street, built by Bill Tippe, E. Rands bought it from Tippe, then it was sold to Sid Whitlow and the Coffee Shop was managed by Del and Dora.

In 1959 the Cremona Hotel was built and Mrs. Hettinger worked there for nine months. Many a delicious meal was served here. Alex worked for the County in 1968, and in 1969 they took over the Hotel Coffee Shop in the Rosebud in Didsbury for one year and five months. They stayed in Didsbury week days and were back in Cremona week-ends. They did camp jobs for the next few years, and after finishing a job in Water Valley, in 1972, they retired. They lived in the Orton house seventeen years, then to the McKay house (now Haggerty's) and then to their present house, which they had bought from Mr. Salisbury. Five children were born to this couple: Evelyn - born in Calgary, now married, lives in Vancouver, has no children. Marvin - born in Empress, lives in Carstairs, has 3 children. Ronald - born in Calgary, farms at Cremona, has 2 children. Allan - born in Calgary, lives in Calgary, has 2 children. Donna - born in Calgary, lives in Edmonton, has 1 child.

Mr. Alex Hettinger passed away Dec. 1976 and Mrs. Hettinger lives in Cremona in her own house, often seen getting her mail, attending the local bridal showers, taking a few trips and often visits her daughter in Vancouver.

MATTHEW JAMES HEWITT

By Matt Hewitt 1964

Born in Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England on the 30th, of April 1885. I was the youngest in a family of four. I had two sisters and one brother Harry. Both of my parents died in 1893, so in 1894 Harry and I were sent to Collingwood, Ontario to Wm. Buell and Mrs. James Douglas. We were both raised by Christian foster parents. In the spring of 1904, I ventured out to Winnipeg. There for one and one half years I worked in the office of Pitblado and Grundy. I got itchy feet and started to ramble. I worked on the C.N.R. into North Battleford. I went trapping for two winters. I camped with Indians at Midnight Lake, and then went to Meadow Lake. We went each time by dog sleigh. One night I was tread by timber wolves. I'll never forget that experience. In a place called Jackfish creek, the fish were so thick that you could get all you wanted with a pitch fork. I saw a four-foot long jackfish at the Meota shore. That is the largest one I have ever seen. While up there I met a half-breed that we called Joe. To my surprise, when I came to Cremona in 1930 I met Joe again.

The Land Valley Saskatchewan Co. was opening up the country west of Saskatoon. The Barr colonists had just come into that area. I got a job locating settlers. I drove them out on the Bone Trail on the Goose Lake District with a team of horses and democrat. I drove as fast as I could so that the prospective settlers would not realize how far they were from the city. I followed the surveyors' trail out as far as a ford on the Saskatchewan River, north of Swift Current and out as far as Alsask.

In the summer of 1905 I lost my job. I decided then that I wanted a homestead. I met a school chum in Saskatoon and he and I walked seventy-five miles to what was later named Rosetown. We spotted two quarter sections to file on, and then speared a ride back to Saskatoon to file on these locations, which turned out to be four miles north of Rosetown. During the summer of 1906 I built myself a sod shack to live in, and began to put in my six months of work. I purchased six oxen and a No. 2 Imperial gang breaker plough to break up thirty acres according to law. In 1908 I had forty acres of oats in full head. Two days and one night of hot winds burned it all white. It would have made eighty bushels per acre but now it was of no use for feed or seed. This loss meant that I had to go to work. I got a job in Saskatoon. When working my homestead I hauled water three miles from the oxen. I used to put three wooden barrels on the wagon. On a hot day or evening when I got within a half mile of the water hole the oxen started to run. Into the three-foot water hole they went. There I was! I couldn't get out until the oxen decided to move. Flies of all kinds swarmed around me. Sometimes it was the middle of the night when the oxen started for home. I sold them after I finished breaking the homestead.

In 1910 a neighbor and myself purchased a forty horse power I.H.C. gas tractor and a threshing machine. We went big until 1912, that was the fall I sold my shares in the machine to a neighbor, sold my homestead and moved to Chinook, Alberta. There I took up the Massey Harris and Imperial Oil agencies. In the spring of 1913 I married Mary Chapman. In 1914 when Chinook was incorporated I became the first mayor. I stayed there until 1922 when farmers were leaving their lands and moving out of the country because of the drought. I had been appointed Stipendiary magistrate. I worked from Hannah to Alsask during the following four years. During that time I made several trips to Richdale to settle trouble with the miners south of town. Then I worked with the Massey Harris Co. for three years as a collector from Drumheller to Alsask to Empress to Cardston till 1924.

That summer I moved my family to Vancouver, feeling that we would see another part of the world. The job that I got at the waterfront was not suitable for me, so I got a job at the Creo-Dit shingle staining mill. I worked until 1928. During that time I took occasional fishing trips with a neighbor up the Queen Charlotte Islands. We were fishing for salmon. In the spring of 1928 I undertook to take to Barkerville, B.C. a right-hand drive Ford car for a party in the gold fields. It took me two days. They said it was four hundred miles to Vancouver. I stayed for a few days at Quesnel. I was promised a job in the gold fields. After I had been there a short time the Co. went broke so I had to get out of there. I went to Prince George and got a job on the boom on the Fraser River. When the snow started to melt off the mountains, the river rose to such an extent that it took all the logs down the river. I lost out again! No work for the summer.

I said I was going back to Alberta, broke and hungry, I took a chance and rode the Blind Baggage of the C.N.R. to Edmonton. By chance, I met a man who was going to Calgary. Lucky again, I got a ride to Calgary. I went to the Massey Harris Co. and got a job with them. After a few months they wanted me to go to their Crossfield Co. to handle their goods. I sent to Vancouver for my family. When we moved to Crossfield we had four boys and one girl. Lawrence was home in Vancouver and the other three in Alberta. I stayed in Crossfield with the Co-op till the spring of 1931, when C. Ray and I opened the Farmers' Supply Store in Cremona. I also opened the Imperial Oil agency with the store at the request of the Imperial Oil Co. In October, 1934, I sold out to C.C. Holbrook. I then took over the telephone switchboard operated by Mrs. Mork. It was very small at that time. In January 1936 the Alberta Government Telephone Co. sold their rural portion to the farmers, which is now the Cremona Mutual Telephone Co. Ltd. Having been appointed Sec.-Treasurer I worked with them until 1959. In October 1938 I built the house that I now reside in, and had the A.G.T. agency and the agency of the Alberta Treasury Branch to 1964.

My son, Jimmy passed away in Nigeria with the Royal Air Force during the last war. Harry, my son, had a fatal accident with a baseball in 1929. My wife died in 1954. I am left with Vivian of Carstairs, Bruce of Cremona and Lawrence of Trenton, Ontario with the R.C.A.F.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACK HICKEY

By Jack Hickey 1963

I was born in Oxford, Wisconsin, May 19, 1881. My brother Jim and I came to Alberta in 1902 with C.J. Foat who had homesteaded here in 1901. Although he had taken a homestead he had never seen it, but he knew where it was. When he returned to Wisconsin after homesteading he took with him a sample of oats grown near Didsbury. It was six feet in height, Jim and I decided that a country that could produce feed like that was for us. When Mr. Foat returned to Alberta in the following year, we came with him. We were welcome in his home, indeed Mrs. Foat was like a mother to us. I stayed there until I got a job at the Gentle's ranch, now the Owen's farm. My wages were ten dollars a month.

Later I worked for Peter Johnson east of Didsbury on the Rosebud. I worked there for two years but did not collect any wages during that time. He then owed me four hundred dollars. He gave me 10 cows and some black angus calves instead of money. My next job was with P. Burns Co. near Crossfield. I worked there for five years. My present cattle are decendants of P. Burns cattle, and are excellent stock. The bulls used this year cost eight and nine hundred dollars and are registered.

My wife, Vera, whom I married June 14, 1914, is a half sister to Phil Foat. Phil, Vera, and her brothers Charlie, and Glen, rode to Atkins School a distance of six miles, but in spite of this they attended quite regularily winter and summer.

In the early days dances held in the school were the chief entertainment. The West Hope School was the scene of many debates. A large crowd always attended and enjoyed these heated arguments. Of course the coffee and lunch that followed were enjoyed too.

House parties too were popular in those days of long ago. There were five daughters and five sons in our family. They are all living with the exception of our eldest daughter, Dorothy. Our children are all married and live in Alberta. We have thirty-two grandchildren, so there is a big time when we all get together. In the late 1920's and in the dirty thirties I played the slide trombone in the Carstairs band. I enjoy music and many evenings were spent singing around the organ in our home. Of course we now enjoy television. In 1924 I was chairman of the local school board. Dog Pound School was built in 1920 and got along well under the direction of the local board. I believe the ones who attended the rural schools did very well. The three Bruce Hunter girls became teachers; Ida Porteous and Rita Cameron became nurses; Kathleen and Molly McBain are now home economists; Ben McBain now in the employ of the government, was a teacher; Mickey McBain was also a teacher. We have one doctor, Dr. M.I. MacArthur, who also received his elementary education at Dog Pound School. Besides those in the professional world, other ex-students are a credit to our community. None have brought shame to the district. We are proud of those who attended our "Little Red School House". What a change has taken place in the country in the past sixty years! When I came there was nothing between Calgary and Dog Pound. No even fences were to be found. It appeared to be a rancers' paradise with plenty of range land for stock. Good horses were an asset in those days. Besides providing transportation they were invaluable in caring for cattle. How well I remember "Old Bert" my pet horse! It was a sad day when he had to be shot as he had been kicked in the stifle. One mean 'cayus' won the name "Pile Driver". My brother-in-law, Art Waterman, was sure that he could stay on his back, however, when Pile Driver bucked Art landed on his back on the ground. He had to admit defeat.

Rev. McDougall, the famous pioneer missionary, held services in the Garfield school. His services were very interesting as he told of his work among the Indians. I never missed a service if I could help it. Later, Rev. J. Rex Brown drove out from Carstairs, to hold services in the West Hope School. He was a wonderful man who endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. The early days were good even thought we had many hardships. There was no electricity, or modern conveniences. Today in our home we have TV, an automatic washer, a dryer, a bathroom, cooking with electricity, and preserving food by the freezing. I have seen progress from driving oxen to planes that fly faster than sound. Can the next sixty years bring as much progress as I have seen since 1902.

* Jack Hickey passed away Sept. 15, 1970
* Vera Hickey passed away May 7, 1974.

MIKE HICKEY AND FAMILY

Told by Mike Hickey

My father, Jack Hickey, and his brother, Jim came from Wisconsin in 1902 to Alberta. They had a homestead (now Charlie Byrt's place), but worked out and herded cattle for Pat Burns Co. at one time. The rest of the family came up later, Fred, Martin, Edith and Pearl. Lyle never did come to Canada. Milton came up and stayed on the homestead with Dad and Jim and the rest went back to the States. Mother was an immigrant that came up and lived at the immigrant shed in Didsbury. This was a shed set up especially for immigrants lodging until settlers had a place of their own. Her family was Mother (Vera), Charles, Glen, Fred Magoon.

Vera and Jack Hickey about 1970. Louella and Fred Hickey.

Mother and Dad were married in 1914 and moved to the homestead. 10 children were born to this couple:

Dorothy - was married to Angus Walsh and was killed in an auto accident.

Eileen - married Dan Kabush and lives at Camrose.

Mike - was named after his 2 grandads on his father's side. Married Lena Bishop on June 20, 1944 at the George Bales home. Their children - Iris, went to Cremona School, worked for Ethel Magoon, trained as a nurse was killed in a car accident Jan. 2, 1970. Stanley - went to Cremona School, worked for McBrides, Jack Smylie, went to Tech in Calgary. He was married in 1974 and works for Proctor Gamble and is maintenance man on the electrical repair side of the operation. Now lives in Grande Prairie. Waiva - attended Cremona School, now works for Baker Memorial Sanitorium in Calgary. Lynn - attended Cremona School and is home and farms with his Dad. Ruth - also attended Cremona School, is a cleaning lady and lives in Calgary.

Jack - married Florence Oneil and farms south-east of Cremona.

Jim - farms at Grand Prairie.

Lyle - has a dairy farm at Rochford, Alberta.

Mary - married Arnold Webb and lives in New Jersey.

Doug - is a foreman on high power lines and lives at Prince George, B.C.

Vera - married Ira Skogg and lives in Sundre.

Lois - married Calvin Koester, he is a truck driver for a moving Co. and lives in Calgary.

There are 34 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.

Mary, Jack, Mike, Vera, and Lois.

Mike began Bee Farming in 1954 and did the extracting in the house until a new Quonset building was erected in 1972. In April 1978 Lynn and his Dad, Mike Hickey, recorded "Country Style Hymns". The music is first put on tape, then a record stamp is made, then duplicates are made from the stamp. There are 10 hymns and Lynn plays lead guitar, his Dad the mandoline. They are accompanied by other musicians playing the banjo, violin, harmonica, mandolin and rhythm guitar. 1,000 records were made. Lynn expressed his feelings in the words on the jacket of the record; Church music has always brought joy and happiness to me, and the hymns of an old country church are what this album is all about. Growing up on a farm in a small town farming community meant hard work and a lot of sweat, but when the days work was done, Dad would take the guitar from the wall where it hung and from a tattered church hymnal he'd sing, and Mother would hum along.

It was at that time that strumming and picking became a way of life. That was our entertainment. Today the kerosene lamp is displaced but the music remains the same.

Mike and Lena Hickey's wedding. Bales family and Edna Overby in photo.

Making "Country Style Hymns".

THE HILL FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. Hill came from Birch Hills, Saskatchewan to the Big Prairie district in the early 1940's, to the N.W. ¼ - 18-29-4-5. The family consisted of Harold, Roy and Lawrence & a talking parrot. There were two married girls who came a short time later Norma (Mrs. George Griffin) and Louise (Mrs. Simon McGuire). The Griffins later moved to - now Thrings land.

Roy and Lawrence went to Big Prairie School. Harold had a hearing problem so he did not attend. They were here a few years then moved to Salmon Arm B.C. and are now at Armstrong, B.C.

The George Griffins lived on the S.W. ¼ Sec. - 29,-30-4-5. Their family was Marjorie, Sylvia, Victor, Lance, Ken, Lyle and Linda. They moved to B.C. also.

The Simon McGuire's remained in Cremona, their family was Beatrice and the rest unknown. Evelyn (1 child) was killed in a car accident.

They also moved to B.C.

C.C. HOLBROOK

This store was built in 1931 by Turnbull and Harnack. Ran by Matt Hewitt and Charlie Ray.

The store in 1951.

C.C. Holbrook.

Chester Holbrook opened his store Sept. 10, 1934 and ran it continuously until his death in Dec. 1955.

Some of his clerks were: Beula Coates, Irene Spence, Jean Brown, Gladys Hamilton, Hazel Parsons (Hoffman), Chris Leinweber, Irene Whitlow, (Tippe), Hazel Hogg, Linda Simpson, Marie Fairbairn, Phyllis Bouck.

Chester Holbrook's son Charles (Chuck) took over the store in Dec. 1955 until July 1964 when it was sold to Ken and Ann Rose.

Some of the clerks that worked for Chuck were: Mary Dubois, Claire Fear, Doris Mailer, Theresa Reinier, Dave Gunderson, Don McLaren, Fern Foat, Dorothy Dombraski, Florence Grainger.

Ken and Ann Rose ran the store until Sept. 1977, it was again sold to Ray and Pauline Cummings.

FRANK HOCKSTEP

Frank Hockstep was a forest ranger for a short time. He first came to the Water Valley area in 1928-29. He lived on a quarter section north of Wilderness Park. He constructed a one man saw mill on which he sawed lumber himself. He also did some trapping. Then after he was here for some time he went into mink.

He then decided to move closer to Calgary, so settled in what is now Forest Lawn about 1944-45. He moved his mink business into this area. Rumour is a man by the name of Flemming had a share in the mink business with him.

HARRY HOWARD

By Muriel Foster

Harry Howard and family moved to the area on a ¼ section - 1 mile west of Water Valley. This quarter was homesteaded by a man named Groves. Harry Howard bought this quarter from Groves.

Bob Patchell remembers the day Howards came to the area. They had all their possessions as well as family, loaded in their vehicle. At this time there were no roads, only trails. Mr. Fred Patchell, John Haley and Mr. Haley were working on the road directly in front of the present Patchell place this day. As the Howard family crossed this place in the raod they broke an axle in their vehicle.

The Howard children were named Bernice, Edith, Harold, Myrtle, Hazel, Ruby, Calvin and Lyle. Harold drowned in a swimming accident in the Little Red Deer River. Mr. Howard passed away here. Mrs. Howard and the children lived in the area for quite some time. After Howards' left Don Liddel lived on this place.

THE EDWARD T. HUNT FAMILY

By Phyllis Hunt (nee Powell)

We came to the Cremona district in 1959, from the Priddis area. Ted's sister Vera, came with us. Our children, two girls, Ann and Sharon and three boys, Bill, Peter, and Phillip attended Westoe and Red Deer Lake schools. The girls had to go to Calgary to further their education, then Sharon and the two boys attended Cremona school.

Ted's father and mother came with their family, four girls and three boys, from England in 1910. Ted was a baby about six months old. His father was a farmer in Heredfordshire. His mother was a nurse and nursed in the London Hospital. It was a hospital that catered to the poorer people and was kept up by the rich. The Queen (Queen Victoria) used to visit the children's ward. One brother died from complications after the first world war. His father died in 1924. Ted, Vera and their mother carried on with the farm. They had a hard struggle for a few years. Mother Hunt passed away in Jan. 1950.

My mother came from Saskatchewan and my Dad from England. They came to Carstairs when they were first married. I was born east of Carstairs about three miles. We moved around a great deal. Dad was overseas in the first world war. When he came home, my Uncle, who had a store in Carstairs, wanted Dad to come to Cremona and look after the store there. That was about 1916. We were there some months, I don't remember how long. I remember a few incidents at the store. One was; one early morning the hired man was coming down the stairs and he slipped on the top step and came down bumpety-bump all the way. With his legs spread out and a lamp in his hand and shaking with laughter. He was quite a fat man and this made it really funny.

I started school at Atkins but only went a couple of weeks. It turned very cold and my parents felt it was too far in such cold weather. I rode horseback, on behind with Gladys Burnett. We moved from the store to a farm, the Franklin place. My sister and I attended Elmwood school. It was just a little log building, with planks as desks and planks to sit on. Six or seven months later, we moved to Carstairs. Dad opened his tin shop. In 1918 we moved to the Sunnyslope district. We attended Sunnyslope school, where the gas plant is now. Dad used to play the violin for dances. We did have some good times. school concerts, dances and house parties.

In 1926 we moved to Calgary so we could get further education. There were five of us, three girls and two boys. My two brothers were overseas in the Second World War and one sister. They all came back. My mother died in Dec. 1935, my Dad, May 1973. Ted and I were married in 1937 and lived on the home place, until we came to Cremona with our family.

JAMES DANIEL HUNTER

By Margaret Cameron

Father was born in Guelph, Ontario, November 8th, 1872. He came west to homestead in 1895, on the Dog Pound Creek. Though he and his brother, Bruce, had adjoining homesteads, they batched together for 13 years. Their place was known as HU Ranch. Bruce Hunter's autobiography covers most of their early experiences. Dad was the cook, he made bread from "starter", in the pictures we have it looks very light and well risen. He was also known for his "plum duff". I always thought of plum pudding as a Christmas specialty, but he made it regularly.

Dad took a picture of him and Bruce at the kitchen table, in their first shack, with a string attached to his little finger. He took both time and flash exposures this way. Then he developed the negatives that were glass plates. We have had pictures developed off some of these plates recently, and after all these years were clear. The picture of Dad and Bruce was in a school text book, entitled "All Sorts of Things", in the pioneer section. The book was printed in Ontario. This picture was also in a collection of "Pioneer Pictures" used in some school libraries here in Alberta. These pictures have appeared in the last three years, also on T.V.

Mother's family moved here in 1905 from Sarnia, Ontario. The Shands owned the land now farmed by Mr. and Mrs. Doug Rodgers. A number of settlers were coming in, the newcomers started having house parties to meet their new neighbours. For dancing and entertainment Ben McBain played his bagpipes. We have a picture of Gentles (now owned by the Luft family) taken by Dad with the string to the Kodak. The church services were held in the homes. Mr. Wilson was the first Presbyterian minister.

Then a Presbyterian church was built in Carstairs, Rev. Ferguson as minister. He married Mother and Dad February 12, 1908, at TarLaire Ranch, Mother's home.

In 1909, my parents moved to Oregon, and Dad held first class Mechinists papers. He worked at this trade until 1918, then returned to the homestead and lived there until his sudden death in 1944. Dad was always enumerator, and scrutineer at election time, and politics in those times were of great importance, and a hot topic of conversation. I can remember Mother warning Dad before a dinner party "no politics, Jim". Dad would obey until someone else brought up the subject, then he was quick on the up take. He also was census taker, giving him an opportunity to visit old and new neighbours.

My one daughter remembers very well that there was absolute silence for the Alberta Wheat Pool news and grain and cattle prices on CFCN at noon, and 10 p.m. at that time any old timers obituary was given. After Dad's passing, Mother moved to Carstairs, where she was very active at the Presbyterian church and Eastern Star the door was always open to her many friends from the Dog Pound area and town. The coffee was always on. Mother became suddenly ill and passed away in the Didsbury Hospital February 1964.

The new Wallace tractor on A.R. Cameron farm 1947.

OZZIE JOHNSON

Ozzie Johnson moved up to the Water Valley area from Bottrel. He bought a quarter of land west ad north of Bituma school from Reg Croft. Ozzie raised horses while he lived in this area. He passed away in Calgary on Dec. 8, 1960 at the age of 83 years.

THE KERR FAMILY

Alex, Bessie and Mrs. Kerr owned the S.W.¼-4-31-5-5. Alex marrying P.J. Fair of Fallen Timber.

Picture taken January 1918. Alex, Bessie, and Mrs. Kerr owned the SE¼-4-31-5-5. Alex marrying P.J. Fair of Fallen Timber.

BILL AND EDITH KING

Mrs. King was born at Mayton, Alta. Mr. King was born in Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Kings homesteaded a place four miles south of Water Valley in 1930. Mr. King came out to the homestead and built a log house on the property. In 1935 he moved his family out to the homestead. The King family had been living at Acme, Alta.

Kings lived on the homestead and in 1939 they bought twenty acres south of Water Valley store from Sam Laveck. Bill King built a house on this property, from here the King children went to school at Water Valley school.

Kings were very active in the community. Mr. King was on both the school boad and the hall board.

Bill King owned a truck and hauled groceries for Walter May after he bought the Water Valley Store. Mr. King then sold his truck to Philip Lowen.

Bert King bought the homestead from his folks.

Billie King married Hilda Hardcastle and has three children Linda, Leslie and Larry. Billie and Hilda reside at Peers, Alberta. Robert King married Dawn Fear and they have two girls Shirley and Phyllis. They live at Peers, Alberta also.

Bessie King married Dave McKenzie , they live at Dogpound, Alberta. They have three sons Allen, Ross and Ward.

Bert married Ann Herinton they have four children Terry, Jenny, Leslie and Matt.

Harvy married Alice Sharp and they live at Cochrane, Alta. They have two sons Tim and Ricky.

Brian married Helen Stevens they live at Airdrie, they have two children Jimmy and Susie.

PAUL AND PAULINE KISH

Kishs' bought a farm at Water Valley from A. Batchelor. Mrs. Kish was a teacher and taught at Water Valley School. While here they milked cows and sold milk. They had one son, Murray. The moved to Rimby. They sold their farm to Gerald and Evelyn Fenn.

AUGUST AND IDA KOESTER

By Ada Taks

August and Ida Koester with one of their many grandchildren, Dwila. Taken in the 1960's.

In May, 1874 August Koester was born in Crete, Illinois. In September, 1883 Ida Olson was born in St. James, Minnesota, U.S.A. August and Ida met and were married the first of the year, 1904 in Oden, Minnesota.

They had two children, Raymond and Carlyle, while still living in the States. Ray was born in December, 1904 and Carl was born November 1906. In March, 1911, Ida and

August and their two sons came to Canada and made their first home about one mile west of Water Valley which is now the Reynolds place. While living there they had two more sons and a daughter. Lawrence was born January, 1909, Albert was born December, 1915 and Ada was born in 1918.

In 1920 Koesters moved east of Water Valley to what is now Ronnie McKinnon's place. Here their last son was born June, 1921 and they named him Ralph.

Later they moved one mile south of Water Valley and lived here the rest of their lives.

August Koester was mainly a mixed farmer and at one time during the early 20's he was chairman of the school board. His son's say that this was a very important position for him at the time. Sometime during 1940 August had a terrrible accident with a mill blade. He was severly cut in the back. Because of his age at the time which was 68, many felt his time was up but after spending a couple of months in the hospital August was home to live until the age of 94 years. August passed away at home December of 1968.

Ida Koester was many things to many people. She was a dressmaker and a nursemaid. Although not trained as a nurse, Ida helped many people when help was needed, Ida was an inspiration to many and was loved by all who knew her. She passed away in November, 1975 at the age of 92 years.

The eldest son of August and Ida was Ray, and although he could not hear, he was not really handicapped. Ray worked at home and away from, and everyone knew him as the man who had to see how things ran. He loved to take things apart. Ray passed away in August, 1975 at the age of 71 yrs.

Carl has always lived near the Water Valley district and he is a sawer and a farm hand. Even now at the age of 72, Carl helps with field work and gives a hand when needed. Carl is residing 3 miles south of Cremona.

Lawrence tried his hands at many things and has been a success with all of them. His home is presently in Calgary but is still seen around Water Valley much of the time.

Albert is a retired sawmill operator, has made his home in Louis Creek, B.C. and still resides there.

Ada, the only daughter, resides in Valemount, B.C. at this time and has done so for several years. Ada is best known for her great cooking and her beautiful dressmaking.

Ralph has also made his home in the interior of B.C. and is kept busy hunting, trapping and fishing.

Lawrence and Lois (McNair) Koester.

GEORGE LASHMORE AND FAMILY

By Muriel Foster

George Victor Lashmore was born on February 8th, 1890 in London, England. The district where they lived was called Bobels. This district was near Big Ben. George's father was a police man in the British police force.

George was one of seven children. He had three sisters Lou, Mabel and the others name is unknown, also three brothers Alf, Reg and Chris.

The family moved from London to Dorset England.

When George was born the name was spelled Lashmar but due to a spelling error when he came to Canada it became Lashmore. This was never corrected so stayed on as Lashmore.

When George Lashmore was 14 years old in 1904 he left England and came to Canada, to Peterborough, Ontario. Here he worked for some time and still has relatives living in this area.

His brother Chris came to Canada in 1923. Chris returned to England and then returned to Canada in 1927 to settle in the Graham area. Where he lived with his wife and family till his death in 1966. His wife Rita still resides on this place. His son Tom lives in this area yet. His other son David lives in Edmonton, Alberta.

After working at Peterborough for some time George decided to move west to Alberta where he worked as a ranch hand on the Pat Burns Ranch for approximately two years.

In 1908 he moved to Drumheller Alberta where he worked in the coal mines. While here he bought a quarter section of land west of Drumheller. It was while he lived at Drumheller that George met and married Elsie Lowry at Carbon, Alberta. Elsie Lowrys family ran a store in Drumheller and also owned a farm in the area.

In the meantime George purchased a ranch on the Fallen Timber from a man by the name of Cooper. This ranch became known throughout the area as the Lashmore Ranch.

George and Elsie Lashmore in Calgary.

This house on the Lashmore ranch was built in the winter of 1909 and the winter of 1910.

George and Elsie moved from Drumheller to the ranch on the Fallen Timber for some time then returned to Drumheller for a while. Then with their family they returned to the ranch to live. The Lashmore horse brand was LA. The cattle brand they owned was 4F. George's youngest son John now owns these brands.

The Lashmores later purchased a half section of land one and a half miles north of Water Valley. This land is

now known as the Little Red Estates. George and Elsie lived here north of Water Valley for about two years then moved back to the Fallen Timber where they resided the rest of their lives. On this ranch they raised cattle and horses.

George and Elsie had a family of four children - two daughters Ruby and Mary, two sons George and John.

While on the ranch the Lashmore's neighbors were the Milburnes and Helmers. Fred Turnbull lived seven miles south but was still a near neighbor. Ole Stolle now owns this Turnbull place. Bill Jones was located six miles east which is now the Stein ranch. Glen Webb and family moved in later and was the nearest neighbors. This Webb place is now known as the Fallen Timber Ranch.

George and Elsie Lashmore. Wayne and Muriel Lashmore.

L to R: George Lashmore Jr. and children, Muriel and Wayne, Albert Koester in 1947

Muriel and Wayne Lashmore on Dime. About 1947.

Hazel Chartrand on Moonbeam at the ranch in 1952. George Lashmore Sr., in background.

George Lashmore Sr., Elsie Lashmore, Muriel Lashmore, Hazel Chartrand and George Lashmore Jr.

Albert Koester on the stacker in 1947.

When the Lashmores came to the area they did their trading at a store which was known as Uncle Benny's Store. This later became known as the Big Prairie Store and Post Office and was owned by Annie Pawson.

Mrs. Milburne was one of Elsie's best friends. Mrs. Milburne passed away with the flu around 1918. She is buried on this place. This place was later bought by the Lashmores and added to the ranch land. Mr. Milburnes name was Jack. George Lashmore Jr. remembers the Milburne children, there were three boys Jim, Jack and Pat and a girl (name unknown). Jim and Jack are now both deceased.

Other close friends of the Lashmores were Art Waterstreet, Louis Zimmerman and Carl Hermason. These were trappers who had trap lines west of the Lashmore ranch.

Later on Hugh Townsend moved to the area on what now is Wayne Jensons place.

Bill Johnson and family moved to the area first living on now what is the Fallen Timber Ranch, then they moved to what is known as the Silver Valley Ranch. Then later bought the Towsend place and resided there till they sold out to Wayne and Eddy Jenson.

Life in these days was not easy, in the 30's the Lashmores trailed horses to Didsbury and Carstairs to Archie Boyce's spring auctions to be sold.

George Lashmore Jr. remembers helping trail horses to these towns for the sales.

George Jr. recalls one time when they were moving horses from a field to the auction in Didsbury. They just got the horses near the railway tracks when a train came. These were broncs that had never seen a train before. The horses spooked and run across the tracks. The horse George was riding was also a bush horse and had never seen a train before. This horse decided he better follow the others. No way could George stop him. He crossed the tracks just in front of the train. George remembers the engineer shaking his fist at him as the train went by.

The Lashmores drove herds of cattle to Carstairs and loaded them on box cars where they were hauled to Calgary to the stock yards.

Elsie Lashmore and the children milked cows for their own use and to sell cream. They milked as high as 21 cows in the the summer. Elsie never had to go find her cows-just start calling them and they would always come.

The Lashmores shipped cream by horse and wagon to Rod MacFarquhar's place east of Water Valley where the cream truck would pick it up. This was a long days trip by horse and wagon. Rod MacFarquhar's place is now owned by Stan and Audrey Turner.

There were no roads at this time only trails and no bridges. The nearest way had three river crossings.

The second house on the Lashmore ranch was built in the winter of 1909 and the spring of 1910. This house was built by a man named Fitzsimins and Percy Blain from

logs obtained on the property.

The house that was originally on the property burnt down when the big fire went through approximately 1907.

George and Elsie Lashmore never owned a car or motor vehicle, they never owned a tractor. All work was done by horse power alone. So through the years they owned a lot of good horses.

The Lashmores ran a herd of 75 head of cattle on an average. Horses could have numbered as many as 300 head as they ran out on the forestry. The well known bucking horse Golden Rocket was once owned by George Lashmore.

Elsie Lashmore all ways tried to grow a garden but the frosts came late in the spring and early in the summer so the gardening was sort of handicapped. But this didn't stop her from trying.

All the hay on the ranch was put up by horse power. With mowing machines, horse rakes and wagons. This hay was forked on and off the wagons into stacks to be fed during the winter.

Later George Lashmore and Albert Koester built an over shot stacker to stack the hay. This made the job much easier.

A lot of winter time was put in hunting squirrels. A squirrels' hide at that time was worth at an average of 10 to 15 cents each.

George Jr. John and Mary spent much time in the winter gathering up horses for the spring sales in Carstairs and Didsbury.

Norman Smith and Wayne Stringer spent a lot of time at the Lashmores as they did a lot of breaking horses here

The Lashmore children can remember when the Stoney Indians would stop on their way to Nordegg from Morely. These Indians would set up a camp west of the buildings and stay approximately a week. They use to hunt in this area. The famous Joe Fox of Morely would always try out a bucking horse or two while they were there.

The Lashmore boys used to keep a few wild broncs around just for the cowboys to try out. Harry Knight of used to stop and try out the odd one for them.

Elsie Lashmore spent lots of her summer time picking berries, expecially blue berries and cranberries. Grandma and the children spent lots of afternoons at the Fallen Timber fishing. At this time there were lots of good fishing holes and lots of fish. More than once Grandma would take out the rifle and bring home fresh venison for supper.

Muriel can remember when she was small Grandma would take her up stairs where she always had a large box of candy where you could pick out the kind you wanted.

Grandma made the best home made bread in the country and loved to play the organ and sing for anyone or just for her self.

Grandma loved her horses and rode everyday. Some of her favorite horses over the years were Con, Moonbeam, Bill and Dime.

Grandpa Lashmore made the strongest cup of tea a lot folks ever drank.

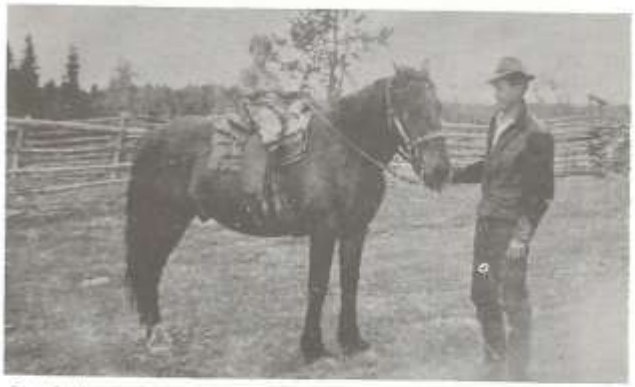
The Lashmore girls Ruby and Mary started school at the Dristol House. This is the same log house now on Fenn Farms west of Water Valley store. George and John and the girls went to school at Water Valley on the present location. In later years a larger part was added in 1946.

The Lowrys (Grandma's parents) after leaving Drumheller moved to the U.S.A. While down there Mrs. Lowry passed away. Grampa Lowry then moved to Water Valley with two of his sons Jess and Frank. Other brothers and sister moved to various points. Mart Lowry took up a homestead north of James River. Bill resided at Drumheller and worked in the mines later moved to Eckville. He now lives in B.C. May Lowry resides in Spokane Wash. Bert, Blanche and Theresa lived in B.C.

Bill and Frank took a trip to U.S.A. Grampa Lowry went with them and decided to stay with May. He passed away while living there. Jess lived at Water Valley till his death. Frank lived in the area for some time then moved to B.C. and back.

George Lashmore Jr. on Angel about 1941.

John Lashmore and first car.



Gary Lashmore, John Lashmore and Dime on ranch about 1946 or 1947.

Ruby and Mary Lashmore in 1950.

George and Josie Lashmore in 1968.

Jesse Lowry.

Now Frank Lowry lives in the Bowden Senior Citizens lodge. Chuck Chartrand first came to the Lashmore ranch in the fall of 1947.

Elsie Lashmore passed away in Calgary Alberta in 1954. This ranch was sold to Wayne and Eddy Jenson before Mr. Lashmores' death in Calgary, September of 1959.

The Lashmore family carries on as follows.

Ruby married Floyd Nelson, a carpenter in Calgary where they live. They have three daughters Lavina, Virginia and Roxanne. Virginia married Joe Carson and lives at Tsawwassen, B.C. They have three girls Leanna, Lorena and Dianna.

Lavina and Roxanne both reside at home.

Mary married Chuck Chartrand and lives on a farm north of Cremona - they have one daughter, Hazel. Hazel married Joe Zettel and lives at Cochrane Alberta.

John married Mary Regan and had four sons they live on a farm at Graham. Their son Gary married Laurie and lives in Calgary they have two sons Keith and John.

Dennis passed away in 1978.

Robert and Kenneth both reside at home.

George married Josie Millett and they live at Water Valley. They had three children Muriel, Wayne and Sheila. Muriel married Leo Foster and they have three sons Brian, Brent and Bradley. They all reside at Water Valley. Wayne married Lila May and they live at Cremona. They have three children Scott, Shannon and Kris. Sheila married Bob Fournier and lives at Edmonton, Alberta they have two children Mathew and Jill.

PATRICK JAMES LAVECK SR. AND FAMILY

By James Laveck Jr. 1979

Jim Laveck Sr. was born at Enterprize, Ont. in 1904, he came west with his dad and mom in 1910 to Water Valley to live. Jim was one of a family of eighteen brothers and sisters. He married Mary Carlin in 1927. They had three children - Catherina, Patrick, James and Loretta. Catherina died in 1928. They lived on a homestead west of Water Valley, till Mary died in 1944. Jim sold the homestead in 1944 and bought 80 acres from Jake Hanson west of Water Valley, then they went to Victoria, B.C. for a year, where he worked on a sawmill, then came back to Water Valley till 1948, then they went to Agassis, B.C. with Angus McMillan for one year. They moved back to Water Valley to live. Jim's sister Susie, lived with him till her passing in 1959. In 1960 he sold the farm, and bought a house in Dawson Creek, B.C. While at Dawson Creek, he cooked on oil rigs, and drove pilot cars for wide loads from Dawson Creek to Alaska border. He lived in Dawson Creek till late 1974, sold out there and moved back to Water Valley, where he lived with his son and wife, till he passed away in July, 1976.

Jesse Lowry, Jim & Mary Laveck, baby Patrick James.

Mary Laveck.

Jim Laveck Jr. was born April 2, 1933, he married Phyllis Gallot from Maple Creek, Sask. in 1957, we worked on various farms near Airdrie for the first five years, and on sawmills in the winter. In 1963 we bought the Thomas Carlin homestead eleven miles west of Water Valley, where we still reside. We do some ranching, run a sawmill in the winter, and run a guest ranch in the summer. Also Jim is a licenced Guide for big Game hunting, which he does a lot of hunting every fall.

Loretta married Ken Jordan in 1954, Ken was also from Water Valley. Ken is in the Air Force, they were stationed

in eastern Canada for several years, then moved to the Air Force base at Penhold, Alberta where they now reside. They had six daughters. Two are now married, two working, and two at home. Ken will be retiring from the Air Force soon.

Jim, Jimmy and Loretta in 1948.

Thomas Carlin and Bun Bogton feeding a pet moose 1963. Bun on left - Thomas on right.

Jim Laveck Sr. and his brother Andrew.

SUSY LAVECK

By a friend, Mrs. Sturgeon

Susy Laveck was a good hearted, well liked person, one of a large family. Her folks were early settlers in Water Valley. I believe even before Water Valley got its' present name. Susy was a great berry picker. Always ready to help when needed. She cooked at Lee Bouck's mill and at Ivor Skogg and Ole Olson's mill. She died one night at that mill camp, heart failure and was buried Feb. 29, 1960.

Susy.

SAMUEL LAVEQUE AND FAMILY

By Anne Banta

My parents Harriet and Samuel Laveque came from Bellrock, Ontario in March 1910. And homesteaded 25 miles west of Carstairs on a quarter section that is now owned by the Bob Croft family. In what is now known as the Water Valley district. My mother was the only women the first few years, later two other women moved near us, Mrs. Myhill and Mrs. Dewhurst. All the other homesteaders were batchelors.

Eight children moved from Ontario with them Ed, who later maried Clara Ronquist. Will who married Ora Burns, Leo who died at the age of twenty. Jim who later married Mary Carlin Mary who later married Charley Evans Susie who died at the age of fifty three. Joe who later married Joyce Martin, and Kathleen who died at the age of fifteen. Ten more children were born in the west. Anne who later married John Banta,Evelyn who married Ernie Sundholm, the twins - Gertie who is married to John Beilman and Laura who married Joe Kloberdanz. Amos died at birth. Henry who married Ann Stang, Andrew who married Rose Silbernagle and Josephine who married Marvin McLean, and Eva who died at birth. They had sixty seven grand-children.

The land in this area was heavily timbered with poplar and "balm" trees. My dad cleared his land by hand with a grub-hoe, and broke it all with a walking plow. Which the pioneers called a Foot-Burner. I remember as a child that we had fences made of logs. Dad called it a snake fence (the kind they made back east). Many of the trees still had the huge roots on them.

My dad hauled his hogs and grain to Carstairs to market. We had fine horses that had been brought from the East. He would leave at four o'clock in the morning, sell his produce, buy groceries and arrive home about one a.m. the following morning, travelling 50 miles in a lumber wagon.

My dad was the first in our district to grow wheat. It was Ruby Wheat. I don't know what became of this brand of wheat, as I've never heard of it since. However, my dad's first crop of Ruby wheat ripened and made first grade wheat. Later on Dad hauled a load of this wheat to

Didsbury to a flour mill. Our wheat was ground into flour and Dad returned with a whole load of flour, shorts and bran, also a bag of wheatlets and a bag of pancake flour. The longer you kept this flour, the better bread it made, and many a bag of flour my folks gave to neighbors who had none when winter came.

Picking berries. Sam and Harriet Laveque.

April 1940. Jake, Loretta, Jim and Jimmy.

The Laveque house in 1978.

There was no school in this district till about 1920, at that time they hired a teacher and held school in a vacant house, I hear it is now owned by people named Fenn. I remember it was so cold when we went to school in the winter our shoes would freeze to the floor.

The school was named Water Valley, being the name chosen by Bernice Howard had sent in which had been the name of her old school in the States. The first real school house was built in 1928.

In 1928 the Laveque family built a house just across the road east of the school on a quarter of land they owned. My dad lived there until his death in 1942 and my Mother until her death in 1950.

The pioneers who built and lived in log houses were remarkable people; the salt of the earth. Their worldly goods were few, but their natural dignity and indomitable spirit was unbeatable. Nobody ever locked their doors, everybody was always welcome, this was where western hospitality originated. Many wonderful people pioneered this west country of ours and I am proud to say I knew a great many of them.

ARTHUR AND ROSETTA LEWIS

Told By Earl Lewis

Samuel Arthur Lewis was born in Missouri in 1887 and in 1905 came to Claire, Saskatchewan to homestead.

Rosetta Coleman was born in 1888 in Blanchford Township, Oxford County, Ontario. She came to Saskatchewan with her family in 1906 and resided at Englefeld. Rosetta met Arthur, while she was working in Regina and they were married Dec. 1, 1909 and began farming at Claire, Sask. Arthur joined the army in the First World War but never went overseas. They moved to Alberta in 1920 and lived across the road from the old Jackson School and worked for Bert Lucas, a farmer and rancher. They were there two years when Arthur gathered together 20 head of horses and trailed them back to Sask. by himself. There was money to be had for this job. They, then went back to Claire, Sask. until 1927. The family came to Alberta again, to the Huber place, (Odell's), then 1 year at the Boveen place, and then to the Randolph place in 1929. They were her 3 years and then they moved down to the Just place for one year. They moved again down to the Old Cremona Store building, (New Cremona had begun) and lived in the old building until they bought the land across the river, west of Cremona (now Stan Coleman's) in 1939.

They were here until 1949 when they had an auction sale and retired in Didsbury. Arthur and Rosetta were members of the Cremona Missionary Church and Arthur aided in many services and Sunday School classes at the Big Prairie School.

Nine children were born to this couple; Mrs. Gordon Sherrick (Lena), Mrs. Abe Neufeld (Ruth), Clifford, Cecile, Earl, Myrtle, Thelma, Boyd and Goldie.

Earl joined the army in Oct. 1940 - discharged April, 1946. Myrtle joined the Air Force, was stationed at Ottawa. Earl attended school at Byron and Atkins, and Thelma, Boyd and Goldie attended Big Prairie School.

Arthur Lewis died December 1, 1959 at age 72 years. Rosetta died at the Didsbury Auxilary Hospital February 4, 1976, age 88 years after a lengthy illness. Clifford died Dec. 7, 1978, age 63 years, as a result of a truck accident. They are all buried in the Cremona Cemetery.

Back row: Gordon and Milton Coleman, Arthur Lewis, Stanley and Calvin Coleman, Girls: Ruth & Lena Lewis, Next Row: Clifford Lewis, James Coleman, Hannah Coleman, with Cecile and Myrtle Lewis, Rosetta Lewis with Thelma and Earl. 1922.

Myrtle and Earl Lewis.

Arthur and Rosetta Lewis 1955.

DON LIDDELL

Don and Helen Liddell lived in the Water Valley area for a while. They bought a quarter section 1 mile west of Water Valley, which was once owned by Harry Howard. Don did some farming and sawmilling. They had three children - Eileen, Fred and Joan. From Water Valley they moved to Red Deer, and now reside in B.C. They sold out to Bob Smith.

AND MRS. ADAM LUFT

Adam Luft was born in Russia and came to Canada as a baby, with his parents. They came to Calgary. Adam was one of the eldest in a large family. His father died when he was very young and his mother remarried. Adam went to school in Calgary. He met and married Elizabeth Lust and they later moved from Calgary to a farm east of Carstairs, then again moved 5 miles north of Cremona (now Alan Hahn's). They farmed here for many years and 6 children were born to this couple.

Cleo - married Ivor Clarke - lives in Saskatchewan and has 2 boys.

Herbert - lives in Calgary - has 3 children.

Gladys - married Robert Morse from New Jersey, U.S. - live there, have 2 children.

Thelma (Sammie) - married Jack Borton of Cremona - have 3 children.

James - married Ethel Walker - lives in Calgary - has 2 children.

Audrey - married Tom Faulkner from Calgary, live there, have 2 children.

The Luft's moved 3 miles east of Carstairs in 1962 to a quarter section. In 1972 they had an auction sale, sold the land and retired to Calgary. Adam still rides his bike every day and remains very active.

ANGELINE CAMERON MCBAIN

My parents are Angus and Margaret Cameron. My sisters and brothers are: Janet, Rita, Katherine, Jim and Ross. I have lived in the Cremona district all my life. I went to Dog Pound school. One room, grades 1-8. One teacher and sometimes over thirty students. I went to Cremona High School for three years, then to work in the Bank of Montreal in Carstairs for $90.00 a month.

In 1955, George McBain and I were married, at a home wedding - the same house as my parents were married in 1929. After we were married, I helped with C.G.I.T. Then we had two boys, so I left C.G.I.T. for hockey, baseball and 4H. After 4H Geordie joined the Cremona Lions. We have become involved in Youth Exchange. We have had a very great experience having Japanese boys visit us. Through them we are acquainted with the group of girls and boys. They are great people and it has been our pleasure to know them.

Through Agriculture Student exchange we have a very wonderful friend in Denmark. I have a pen pal for more than thirty years in Australia. Our boys Douglas and John both completed High School in Cremona, and both have pilots license and own a 182 Cessna. We belong to Alberta and International Flying Farmers. This is our greatest fun thing "flying".

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McBain.

The McBain house in 1978. Now vacant. Belle (now Stevenson) lives in Pioneer Apartments.

JACK McCALLMAN

Jack McCallman came from Nova Scotia in the 1920's When he first got to the area he worked for a man by the name of Harder, around Carstairs. Then he came west to

Jack McCallman

the Water Valley area. In 1926 & 1927 he worked for George Lashmore Sr. at the ranch. After leaving the Lashmore's he came to live with the Joe Roberts family by Bituma school. He lived here with them for a short time.

Jack then took out an agricultural lease on the land where Tannas now lives. He built a log cabin on their property and lived there. This log cabin still stands on the property yet. Jack McCallman raised a few horses and then took up camp cooking. He worked up north as a cook on seismograph crews and hunting camps. He passed away up north in August of 1949. He had one son, Russell who is also deceased.

THE MACFARQUHARS

By Jean M. Walker
Additions by Duncan MacFarquhar

Colin, Rod, Sandy and Jim MacFarquhar left their home in Cullicudden, Parish of Resolis, Black Isle, Scotland in the fall of 1902 for Ballston, Oregon, U.S.A., via New York. They brought out with them sheep and three purebred border collie dogs for their uncle John McCulloch who was the first person to bring sheep across the Rockies to the Ballston district. A brother, George MacFarquhar, was residing near Ballston and later came north to Alberta to homestead west of Leduc. They had five daughters, two of which still live there.

Prior to leaving Scotland, Colin, Rod and Jim served with the Dunfermline Police Force, in Fifeshire, for one and a half years. In 1900, they worked with the Bradford Police Force in England. Colin spent some time working with the Aberdeen Police Force.

In the fall of 1904, Colin, Rod and Sandy came north to Canada, where they took out land in the Cremona district. Alberta, at that time, was so well advertised as the coming place to settle. Land was so easy to get, by means of taking out a homestead. Too, the Panama Canal was not opened yet, and this helped promote the migrating of people to Alberta. The three brothers settled southwest of Cremona and the reason for this location was due to the land east of them had all been taken up.

The MacFarquhars ran a bunch of cattle on the original ranch. At that time, much of the country was open. According to their brother-in-law, the late George A. Walker, "What a pretty sight it was, when Colin whistled to the cattle, to see a semicircle of white faces looking out from amongst the trees and brush!" Between the Haley farm and Sandy's place was a road that ran east and west. Colin's cattle were always inclined to be wild, wild enough that one did not venture out alone for a walk. Instead, one would walk with someone! The Haley's when walking to school at Mount Hope, were always leery of Colin's cattle and the other cattle that ran in this open area. How thankful they were when the land was fenced!

The MacFarquhars first farmed with a team of horses and a team of oxen. They would farm early in the day and late at night, but never in the middle of the day. The flies were so bad, and what with the heat, the oxen would take to the bush, hayrack and all!

For many years, the MacFarquhars ranch was the stopping off place for men hauling lumber from the Turnbull Mill, before proceeding on. When the phone went in, many people in the district and west of the ranch stopped by to use the phone. Before the Railway was built to Cremona and before the usage of trucks for hauling, Colin trailed cattle to Carstairs, but always stopped ff at Rattrays before going on. Buyers would come to Carstairs to purchase cattle and Colin trailed them in for this purpose.

After arriving here from Oregon, Rod worked for a time for Bruce and Jim Hunter. Later he was time-keeper at the Quigley Saw Mill northwest of Cochrane. Rod joined up in the First War and went overseas. Colin and Sandy stayed home and managed the affairs. In 1921, Colin went on his own and farmed northeast of the home place.

Rod was a Veteran of the South African War and the First Great War. In the First Great War he went overseas with the 89th Battalion; was decorated by the French government with the Croix de Guerre. He was later commissioned and then posted with the 49th Edmonton Regiment. In February 1919, Rod married Mrs. Dickinson of Cochrane. He served on the Water Valley School Board for a time, and also held the office of Secretary. For years the teachers of the Water Valley School boarded at the MacFarquhars. Rod served as the Justice of the Peace until his death in 1938. He was keenly interested in sports especially ball games. Their son Duncan carried on with his fathers farm until 1952 when he moved east of Cremona. In 1951 Duncan married Rosetta Moore - they have 2 children, Bill and Dorothy.

Sandy went on his own in 1928. He farmed a short distance from the original MacFarquhar place. He returned to his native land, where he lived and worked with his oldest brother John, at Cullicudden until his death in 1945.

Sandy always took a week's tour of the district every so often, so he could catch up on all the news. He always travelled on horseback. He would travel as far as the McEachen Ranch in the Grand Valley district, then on to Alex Moore's in Cochrane. It didn't matter if there was anyone at home or not, Sandy made himself right at home by taking the pot off the stove and having a cup of tea. He always made it a point to arrive at the McEachens the day before New Year's and stay for two or three days. On New Year's Eve, Sandy watched the clock very carefully, thoroughly enjoying himself, because Flora McEachen Garson would ring the phone at midnight, to welcome in the New Year to all the neighbors with phones in the Grand Valley. After this little ceremony, Flora would serve tea with all the trimmings. For years, Sandy kept up this yearly visit to the McEachens and would not miss it for the world.

When the Moores were living on the Joe Withey place, they had a couple visiting them. Hearing a noise in the kitchen, the visitor's husband went throught to see what was goint on. Seeing a stranger making himself right at home, by taking the pot off the stove, the visitor hurriedly returned to the living room to inform Mrs. Moore about the stranger in her kitchen. Next thing heard was "Och! It's only Sandy."

Colin was always most interested in community affairs. He was road foreman for the Local Improvement District and was Trustee for the Water Valley School Board. He was also part director of the U.F.A. Colin was in partnership with Bob Reid with a threshing machine. Later he bought out Bob Reid's share of the machine. Not only being interested in community affairs, Colin was keenly interested in the Social Credit Politics. He liked nothing better than to have a good argument. When the argument got to the stage with Colin crumpling up paper and throwing it across the table, then, one knew, it had reached the stage of being a "hot one". Colin, a few weeks before his death, visited Wilderness Park west of Water Valley. He gave a vivid description of what it was like sixty years ago when it was a village known as Skunk Hollow. He knew every crook and cranny of the village which was remarkable. When Colin passed away in 1964, he was nearing his 89th birthday.

In 1925, a sister of the MacFarquhars, came out to the Cremona district, with her husband and two sons. Jean MacKenzie was to keep house for Colin. This she did for a period of about fifteen months. But as Colin's place of abode, was not the easiest or most convenient of places for a woman to keep house in, the MacKenzies moved down to stay at Rod's place. Jean's husband, Sandy MacKenzie had been a shephard in Scotland, and Canada was an entirely different way of life. Rod had a buck that was none too friendly. One day this buck took after Sandy MacKenzie. He being of a stocky build and with a good size corporation, hurriedly made a quick retreat between the fence with about eighteen inches to get through. He was heard to reply by Duncan, Rod's son, "Och! to think I came all the way oot to Canada to be chased by a bloomin' buck."

Rod McFarquhar and a friend Bill Milne after they returned from World War 1.

Ladies at back: 2 teachers from Water Valley and Bituma - Mrs. Lusted and Miss McKayli. Allister McKenzie, head - Vic Dewhurst. Man on end - Osborne Johnston, left end - Sandy McFarquhar, Alex McKenzie, Mrs. McFarquhar, Mrs. Jean McKenzie, Morgan Lewis, boy - Duncan McFarquhar. 1926.

Far back: Bob Patchell, Rhuary Walker. Helen Whitlow & Peter, Dorothy Patchell, Justeena Simpson, Bud McBain, Mr Van Haaften. Elizabeth Whitlow, Jean McBain & Donna, Mrs. McBain, Mrs. McFarquhar, Grace Walker, Lila Haley, Mrs. Van Haaften, Jack McBain, Russell Haley.

The MacKenzie's later returned to Scotland.

Bella MacFarquhar, the youngest sister, came out to keep house for the brothers in 1909. To her just out from Scotland, the most unusual sight was to see several men sleeping on the floor in the house. Fortunately, Rod had explained why these men were there, they were hauling lumber from the Turnbull Mill. One day Bella was on her way to visit a very good friend, Mrs. George Spence, when the horse ran away with her. A man came to her rescue and after checking everything told her to tell Sandy, "check everything carefully and to make sure the bit is in the horse's mouth." Bella thanked him. But she never let on she had saddled up -- not Sandy. She later married the late George A. Walker, who came from St. Fergus, Aberdeenshire, Scotland to homestead in the Dog Pound district. Later he entered the Customs Office, Calgary. Their son, Rhuary resided on the Sandy McFarquhar place until his death in 1977. Another son, George resides on his father's homestead, and a daughter Jean teaches in Calgary.

MacFarquhar's stationery threshing machine.

OLIVER McKAY

Oliver McKay's paternal great-grandfather, Edward McKay, came from Scotland in the late 1700's. He was employed by the Hudson's Bay Co. in the last store at Fort Walsh.

Oliver's maternal great-grandfather, Frank Whiteford, worked with the surveyors and also delivered mail from Battleford to the historic Fort Pitt. Frank Whiteford died in 1918 at 103 years of age. The records in the Horsemen's Hall of Fame contain the names of Oliver's great-uncles.

Early in the century the McKay family travelled by covered wagon from Cypress Hills to Lloydminster, a trip which took about two weeks. They homesteaded about 35 miles north-east of the village in 1913. As there were no schools in the rural areas at that time they rented a house in the village for a few years and the 3 McKay children attended school.

Oliver was born in Cypress Hills. He worked in the butcher shop in his spare time. The family moved back to the homestead and the children's education was limited. Their nearest neighbors were Indians who spoke no English but had learned Swedish from a Swedish horse dealer.

Oliver inherited his artistic and creative nature from his mother. As a child he played with petrified fish, and the high level plateau at Cypress Hills was then an area occupied by cattle ranchers. On the lower slopes grew lush vegetation, high bush blueberries and saskatoons grew in abundance. Oliver learned to appreciate and use what nature provided.

He collects dry diamond willow in the fall and from it fashions lamps, birds, animals and other interesting objects. From this he also made an unique cane on which a snake appears to coil. From seasoned (1 year), poplar, birch and caragana, birds and animals are carved. After carving the birds are painted in natural colors. He also uses animal horns and antlers to make crib boards, plant stands (which have legs of horns), hat racks and beautiful ornaments. These are carefully polished and no varnish is used, except a secret formula to create a beautiful finish.

From leather, Oliver made a western saddle. He has

had many good and bad experiences with tanning hides, and is always looking for a new method. A braided leather bridle of his was on display in Scotland. From horsehair, hackmores and bridles are braided.

Oliver McKay is a veteran of World War II and he and his wife, Esther, live in the village of Cremona. He travelled with the Cremona School, by bus, to Ft. McMurray Tar Sands and with his vast knowledge of nature, easy wit and stories, was a favorite with all the teenagers. They have 3 sons and 2 daughters. The eldest girl was killed in a car accident. Patsy, the youngest, is a graduate hair stylist and like her father, can braid leather, do bead work and she also crochets beautifully. Oliver plays the violin and is interested in antiques. He can be seen in the morning walking downtown with "something" in his hand, an antique of some kind, asking his friends what it is and then explaining exactly how it works. He is a friendly, quiet man and always has a story or joke to tell and enjoys visiting the town folk.

DIANE McKINNON

Only daughter of Fred and Josephine McKinnon, I grew up and received most of my schooling at Water Valley. In March of 1952, I married David L. Sirr, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sirr. We had six children, three boys and three girls: Delbert, Deborah, Desmond, Duane, and twins Donna and Deanna. I was widowed in March 1965. In December of 1968, I married Arthur W. Davies; we have a daughter Denise. Residing south of the village Water Valley, the children are growing, some are on their own. Delbert married Linda Baptist of Didsbury - they have two daughters, Penny and Christine. Delbert is employed in pipeline construction, and lives in Didsbury. Deborah married Donald Wilson of the Big Prairie district. They have two children, Darcy and Sherry Dawn. Donald is employed as a policeman with the City of Calgary where they reside. Desmond lives and is employed in the Toronto area. Duane is living in Calgary and is employed by Sears. Donna, Deanna and Denise are still at home completing grade ten and grade four. At present I am employed with Mountain View Lumber and assistant to the Postmaster at Water Valley and Arthur is employed with F. McKinnon and Sons.

DONALD McKINNON

In 1941 at the age of 4 years, Donnie moved from Caroline to Water Valley with his parents Fred and Jo McKinnon, his brother Ralph, sister Dianne and his twin brother Ronnie. Another brother, Lochlan was born a few years later. Donnie received his schooling in Water Valley and Cremona and worked with his brothers and father in the timber contracting business under the name of F. McKinnon and Sons.

Many long, cold days were spent loading mine props in the bush west of Water Valley and hauling them to the mines in Drumheller. Lumber was sawed and fence posts were cut, peeled, bundled and treated to be sold.

In 1963, Donnie married Marjorie Bird after her graduation from the Calgary General Hospital School of Nursing. Marjorie went to work at the Didsbury Hospital and Donnie rented the land and dairy barn from his father-in-law, Doug Bird, and learned the business of milking from him. After five years Donnie decided this was the type of farming he wished to continue on with so he purchased his own herd of holstein cows. In 1970, he bought a quarter of land west of Carstairs from Art Good and moved there after building a new dairy barn to house 50 cows the year round.

Donnie devotes all his time to breeding, selling and milking holstein cows, which he has registered under the farm name of Donalta Farms Ltd, Donnie and Marjorie have 3 children - Carolyn, Dennis and Mark, all of which are very active in 4H clubs, hockey, school band, Cub Scouts, etc.

Donnie has very little time for social activities or organizations as he runs his dairy business himself with no hired help.

FREDERICK McKINNON

By Josephine McKinnon

Fred McKinnon. 1971.

Mrs. Fred McKinnon 1979.

No one was more proud of his Scottish ancestry than Fred. He was born near Aberdeen, Scotland October 7, 1908. He moved to Vulcan Alberta with his parents where he farmed for many years. In 1934 he married Miss Josephine Segurdson from Red Deer, who taught for four years at Red Cross School, north of Vulcan. When first married they moved to Caroline and farmed there for seven years. Four children were born, namely Diane, Ralph, and the twins Ronald and Donald. Lachlan was born after they came to Water Valley.

Farming did not have a future and was a very hard lot in the hungry thirties in Caroline. Fred sold out and moved to Water Valley where he bought the store, and have been there since April 1941 - a matter of over 37 years as this book is being written.

The individual family stories are written separately as each has a life of their own. Time takes its' toll. Fred passed away suddenly at home June 28, 1978. His wife along with Ralph and Ronnie still carry on the business known as "F. McKinnon & Sons" in treated fence post business, farming and of course the Store. There is also a business in Calgary known as "McKinnon Coal & Wood".

Fred left his mark on very many people, acquired

countless friends from his business transactions. When he was younger he had a trucking business and daily took stock to Calgary for 17 years. He also had a passenger permit, during war years, few people had cars and a day in town and see a show, when stock was sold was an EVENT

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McKinnon 1974.

5 Generations of the McKinnon family. Back row: Great Grandpa - Fred McKinnon, Grandma, Diane Davies. Front: Delbert Sirr holding daughter Penny Lynn. Great great Grandpa - Ralph McKinnon Sr. Calgary.

5 Generations - Back row: Great Grandpa McKinnon, Grandma - Diane Davies, Front: Great great Grandpa McKinnon, Debbie Lee Wilson and son Darcy.

Fred was a member of Crossfield Masonic Lodge, Calgary Lodge of Perfection, Delta Chapter of Rose Craix, South Alberta Consestory, Starlight O.E.S., Past Patron Carstairs O.E.S. and a Charter member of Cremona Lions Club. Fred was an ardent sports fan, Aberdeen dans for Soccer, New York "Yankees" for baseball and of course football, Calgary Stampeders. Whether they were in first or last place he always had faith they would eventually come to victory.

Life in Water Valley had its ups and downs. At one time Fred thought he would retire but he could find no place with better weather, what with the famous chinooks which reach us off and on and the general "Clean air" atmosphere, it is one of the most pleasant places we have found, in which to carry on our own individual life styles.

The store in Water Valley 1978.

LACHLAN McKINNON

Lachie (Lachlan), the youngest attended Water Valley and Cremona schools. On July 28, 1967 he married Donna, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walroth of Crossfield. They have one son, Lance, born on January 5, 1978. They presently reside on their farm 2½ miles east of Water Valley. Lachie farms and is also employed by Canadian Superior Oil Ltd. Lachie belongs to the Crossfield Masonic Lodge and the Cremona Royal Canadian Legion.

RALPH O. McKINNON

By Ralph McKinnon

My parents lived on a farm at Caroline when I was born but in 1941 - they moved to Water Valley and we have lived there since then. Life was the usual - school at Water Valley and Cremona and as soon as I was old enough I started driving truck. We have operated trucks, farm, store and Post Treating Business under the name of F. McKinnon and Sons, also McKinnon Coal and Wood yard in Calgary.

I married Elvira Voelzke and we have two children, Ellen and Robin. Vera is very musical and many have seen and heard her on T.V. singing with the German Ladies Choir.

I have been and still am very busy with fraternal Lodges, Masons, Scottish Rite and Shriners. I am also a charter member of the Cremona Lions Club and a charter member of the Modern Woodmen of Alberta.

Many old timers will be interested to know that I live on what was known as the Colin Macfarquhar place. We built our house where we have a view of the Majestic Rockies and life goes on in clean fresh country air.

RONNIE McKINNON

Ronnie was born February 24, 1938 in Innisfail. He preceded a twin brother by twenty minutes. He has always made it known that he is the oldest. Ronnie attended Water Valley Community School and Cremona school.

Since then we drive trucks, farm, operate a store and fence-post business under the name of F. McKinnon and Sons. We also have McKinnon Wood and Coal in Calgary.

On July 3, 1964 he married Shirley Schmick from Carstairs, Shirley was born in Innisfail on January 11, 1941. She attended Midway Schol and Carstairs High School and is now employed as secretary at Cremona School.

We make our home on the family farm two miles east of Water Valley. Ronnie is a member of the Cremona Lions Club.

We have one child Matthew, who attends Cremona School.

ANGUS McMILLAN AND FAMILY

By Muriel Foster

Angus McMillan's father homesteaded a ¼ section on the Little Red Deer River south of Bituma school. This place is known to most as the Burrell place. He married Elsie Rawleigh and lived 1½ miles north of Water Valley. They had five children, Ray, Roy, Rod, Ruby and Refa.

McMillan's moved to Dawson Creek, B.C. They sold their land north of Water Valley to Alvin Hilker. After they moved to B.C. Angus passed away. Elsie remarried Hubert Papke, and lives at Dawson Creek,. The McMillan place is now owned by Fred Bundschohs.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT E. McMULLEN AND FAMILY

By Pearl Blain

Robert Edmund McMullen was born and raised in New Brunswick. He was a lumberjack in the Maine and New Brunswick woods before coming west to homestead in 1909 in Saskatchewan in the Rosetown area. It was here one day that a cyclone hit his shack, scattering it far and wide as well as a trunkful of good clothes but leaving him on his hands and knees on the prairie with only his stove near. He returned to New Brunswick to marry Bernice Irene Wood in Jan. 1912 and that spring they came west to live. Robert's father, mother, brother, two sisters and a brother-in-law all came with them. They shipped their goods and travelled by train to the homestead in Saskatchewan. From there it was horses and wagons and democrat as they came to Alberta and settled on land about 25 miles south of where the town of Oyen now is. They lived in a tent the first summer and the mosquitoes were so bad it was one person's job to keep the smudge pail going for themselves and the stock.

After hauling lumber from Alsask, forty miles one way, for two houses, Robert decided to build a sod house for himself. It was very comfortable, cool in summer and warm in winter. They lived in it for about six years before building another home. A fireguard plowed and kept black was a necessity around your buildings in those days as we had one or two prairie fires every year. Everyone went to fight the fire whether it was near their place or not. Anyone who wouldn't go wasn't throught very much of. They plowed and back fired and used wet gunny sacks too in order to try and stop or turn the fire, but mostly the fire burnt to the Red Deer River before they could get it out. I can remember Dad tying one outfit of horses (tired out) to the fence and taking a fresh outfit be gone all night before they would get back. It was hard to tell the color of the horses and who the men were, they were so black. The dry years and the depression came and the dust storms. Dad & Mother decided to move where there wasn't so much wind and where there was more rain and both being raised in a bush country, they decided on the Fallen Timber district. Dad put a granary on wheels, fitted it up to live in and with four horses pulling it and a saddle horse tied behind he started out on November 1st, 1937 and arrived with winter in November 11th. In 1938 after school closed in June, Mother and the two youngest boys, Donald and Barry, came up to live here. Raymond came also when that falls' work was done. My oldest brother Clinton and myself stayed on the prairie to run the farms with help from Albert and Archie who were still going to school. Just before Christmas 1940 we came to join the rest of the family. With everyone helping we soon had new buildings up and then the war became very real for us with Raymond a soldier, sent overseas with Cameron Highlanders and Albert a gunner in the airforce also sent overseas, and taken prisoner. Archie was a pilot in the air force but never left Canada. They all came safely home.

Clinton married Georgina Yake in 1944 and they have lived south of Oyen ever since. They have two daughters, Dixie and Roxie and four grandchildren. I married Wilfred Blain in 1945 and we have lived on the S.W. ¼, S 32, T30, R4, W5, since then. We have four children: Sharon - (Mrs. R.Zaluski), a realtor in Calgary. Merle - in Edmonton, Earl - at home, works at Sundre and helps farm. Darrell - is in grade twelve in Cremona High School.

Raymond married Dolores Hayes in 1951 and lived at Fallen Timber and then moved to Red Deer. They had five children; Robert, Lee, Laurel, Lorna, and Tim. Lee died several years ago and Delores died in 1977.

Rev. Archie McMullen and Marion with their team bought at the Arthur Lewis auction sale. 1952.

Donald married Betty Reimer in 1950 and they live west of Didsbury. They have three boys, Brian, Scott and Allen.

Albert married Alison Bonar from Killam in 1946 and they live in Red Deer and have seven in their family; Arthur, Robert (Bob), Marilea, Randy, Rene, Eddie and David.

Archie married Marion Kirby from Calgary in 1953 and they have three children; Maureen, John and James. Archie is at present minister of St. Lukes Anglican Church in Red Deer.

Barry married Ester Johnson in 1953 and they have four children; Bruce, Gwen, Kevin and Karen.

Both Dad and Mother were very active and lived on their farm until they passed away. Dad died in 1965 and Mother in 1971.

THE McNICOLS

My father, John Brown McNicol came from Scotland with parents and brothers and sisters in 1858 when he was 8

years old to Boston, Mass. All worked in Calico Factory. When factory burned they all went to Illinois to farm in 1870 for 2 years and then all went to Kansas to homestead in 1872.

Mother went to Kansas as a girl of 12 with 6 brothers in 1870 from Oakville, Iowa. After the war they went in a covered wagon and homesteaded there. Father and Mother were married in Salina, Kansas on March 25th, 1875.

There were 6 boys and 3 girls born in and around Lost Springs, Kansas. On Oct. 26th 1900 I was born but never opened by eyes till the 28th so I now celebrate on the 28th.

From Kansas my parents and all the children came to the North West Territories on November 20th, 1903 and camped in Emigration Shed at Didsbury.

Father brought a car and three horses and one cow and household goods and unloaded in Didsbury for one month and put in winter one mile south of the Carstairs Gas Plant.

Glen McNicol and his sister Myrtle at Pikes Peak in 1902.

Glen McNicol's outfit in the 1927 Calgary Stampede. These were "Coach" horses and driver by Burt Boucock of Carstairs.

Home butchering in 1950. Evelyn Sundholm and Glen McNicol.
The pig was not previously weighed but 100 lbs of lard was rendered from it.

Then moved to sec. 33-28-2-5 near Sampsonton Store which was built in 1907 on Fred Ingrams land, now where Jerald Stone lives and was built by Arthur Sampson. Post Office was put in about 1910.

My first school was started at the foot of McNicol Hill in winter of 1905. Our teacher was Jesse Havens just a boy of 18; there was about 20 children going.

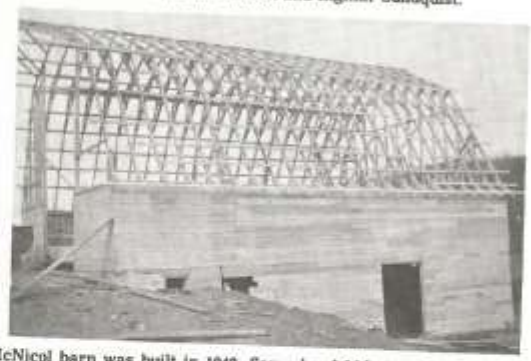
There was Haven's, Stone's, Keil's, Todd's, Fike's, McNicols. The school was in a homesteaders house which belonged to Joe Fike and was on his land. They all chipped in to pay the teacher as there was no school district.

Banner School was started the next year. Proudfoot was the first teacher. His homestead was 4 miles north of Sampsonton.

My brothers and sisters are all gone and mostly in the Crossfield Cemetery.

I bought my first Model Tee Car in 1920. It was a 1917 and I figured a dandy. I was at the neighbour's house and their hired girl asked me if I would like to drive her home about 10 miles north-west of Cremona. So on Sunday we started, it was a rough country trail over many hills. I remember her name as Elsie. We had no difficulty getting there in time for dinner at 3 o'clock. It started to rain so we hit for Sampsonton. The black mud got deeper as the hills got steeper and on the next hill the Ford stalled. Elsie said

Ole Olson, Glen McNicol and Ingmar Sundquist.



The McNicol barn was built in 1942. Some local kids helped and placed their names in the cement.

Some of the neighbors who helped build McNicol's house in 1955.

let me out to push. The truck's plugs fired on 3. They were wet and it rained and there was no top on the car. She ran far down hi!!; she crept on the level; refused on the hills. Out jumped Elsie and slowly we crept to the top. We finally made home and to top it off Elsie asked me what she owed me.

I swore then if ever I chose a wife it would be one in the West Country.

The Carlin Family came to Alberta in and to Carstairs in 1917 and homesteaded on N.E. 21-29-5-5 with 1 boy and 3 girls. Marg born on August 8th, 1908. Mrs. Carlin passed away in 1928; Mary in 1944; Patrick in 1966; Tom in 1964 and Rose in 1978. The children went to school at Bituma and Water Valley. They are all buried in the Carstairs Cemetery.

I never forgot my vow to marry a girl west of Cremona so on June 19, 1925 Margaret became my wife. We started housekeeping 3 miles east of Sampsonton. We farmed and broke 160 acres with horses on N.W. ¼ sec. 3-28-2-5.

We made our home there for the next 8 years then took homesteading and lived on S.E. 17-29-5-5 and soon started Saw Milling for 25 years.

We have been here for 46 years and Marg has pushed our cars up many muddy hills.

We enjoy card parties and bingo's. This has been a very good country to live in. We intend to live here as long as possible.

Doug Smylie and the calf he bought from Glen McNicol which won 1st prize in the Cremona Calf Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen McNicol. 1973.

Left: Susie Laveck holding Charles Evans. Lib. Evans, Boy with hat - Patty Carlin. Back: Mary & Jim Laveck, Girl in sweater - Rose Carlin (Ronquist), Tom Carlin, Eddie Carlson. 1926.

Marg McNicol, Glen McNicol, Tom Carlin and Patty Carlin. 1927.

The Carlin family - Mary, Rose, Marg, Tom and Patty.

"Come feed your chickens". Chickens ran loose in the early days and if a handful of grain was thrown out, they all flocked together and busily gobbled up each kernel.

Henry Stone (Fay's uncle), and Charlie Keil on this horse power thresher. Pat Davis - the driver, Bill Caps - the stacker. On land east of Madden. The bundles were fed by hand on a straw carrier. Glen cut bands on the bundles and often received $2 per day. Picture taken about 1912.

THE JACK McQUARRIE FAMILY

By Joan Roberts

Jack McQuarrie, his wife Inez and their children; Gordon, Joan, Margaret, Dana, Hazel and Bob moved to the Big Prairie area in May, 1948. It was a very wet spring, they came from Calgary, had to go up through Didsbury because the bridges were washed out west of Carstairs, Crossfield and north of Cochrane. We farmed ¼ section with 4 draft horses mostly. Steel wheeled tractor was too heavy. We stayed on the farm for a year and a half, then moved into the town of Cremona. where Dad took over the Alberta Wheat Pool Elevator until the fall of 1951, when he died of a heart attack in the elevator. Mum and the younger children stayed on in Cremona until 1953 when she moved to Bassano. The McQuarries' farmed the S.W. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 30, R. 4, W. 5.

Gordon joined the forces after finishing at Cremona School. Joan married Lynn Roberts and they now farm at High Prairie, Alta. Margaret and Hazel left the district after school in Cremona. Dana married Jerry Duffy and they lived north-west of Cremona. Bob remained with his mother and they left the district.

STAN MAILER

In 1928 some Canadian farmers took a trip to Scotland. Stan Mailer was about to book passage at that time for himself a trip to Canada, when one of these farmers walked in and said he was looking for men to take care of horses in Canada. He hired Stan on the spot.

Stan Mailer, at age 26 years, left Scotland, the 28th of March, 1928 bound for his job in Edmonton. He sailed on the Athenian, which later sank in the second World War. It was full of families, all headed for Canada. There were butchers, bakers, farmers and everything you could think of. The trip cost about $25 and they were 8 days on the water. They came to Halifax, then took a train to Edmonton. The station was a shack in the middle of nowhere and there was no station master at that time. He took 22 show horses to the Edmonton Fair that year, for the Barry Bros. He left after the fair and worked for a Scotchman named, Handsom Bruce, a farmer, till fall. Stan then left and went down to London, Ontario and worked, coming back up in 1929 and working on a farm for Tom Murphy at Westcott. He worked here for 2 years.

It was here he met Doris, Mr. Murphy's daughter, and they were later married. Stan bought land from the C.N. E. in 1931 - W½, S33, T30, R4, W5. There were no buildings so they lived on the McEwan place across the road for 2 years, until their house was built. John Jacobson and Stan, built a log house using the logs they had cut and sawed at McGavin's Mill. He started cutting brush on the home place and cut 90 acres with an axe. They farmed here for 35 years and lived in the same house.

Some of their neighbors in the early years were: Walter Unger, Henry Reimer, (across the road), Lais McQuarter, Bill Dick, Old John Tyner, McGavins, and Percy Fair.

They did most of their shopping at Didsbury driving with a team and buggy. There was only a trail west of the river, no road. Veleeta and Bud rode to the Elkton School on horseback. Stan worked for $25 per month. Breaking cost $5 per acre with a tractor. There were lots of house parties and dances at all the local school houses. The McGavins had a band with Bob McGavin - on violin, Iris Power - on piano, Bill McGavin - on drum. Iris Powers later married Bill McGregor. Another popular band was; Bill Smith, Les and Ken Benard and Leonard Wright.

The Mailer's had four children: Veleeta - (Mrs. Scharf), lives in Calgary - no family ; Eugene (Bud)- married and lives in Edmonton - has 2 boys and 2 girls; Jimmy married and lives in B.C. - 3 children; Brenda (Mrs. Johnston) - lives in Calgary - has no family.

Stan sold the farm to Mr. DeVissor and is now owned by M & S Chmilar. He bought a house in Cremona (the McQuarrie house) and was here about ten years. During this time he worked for the government as scale man. Doris passed away in 1969.

Stan has gone back to Scotland six or seven times to see the rest of his family. On one of these first trips he met Evelyn. They were married in Calgary in 1971. Stan and Evelyn have been at their present home, (Jimmy Thompson's place) for the last 4½ years. They have 3½ acres, a comfortable home and a garden spot and are enjoying their retirement.

MR. AND MRS. A. MATHIESON

By Elizabeth (Mathieson) Simpson

Mrs. Augusta Mathieson, daughter of the Reverend John McDougall early Methodist in the N.W.T. was born in 1870. She married Alexander Mathieson, a Scot from Glasgow, and moved to the Cremona district in 1904, where she resided until 1948, when she moved to Calgary. When the first Ladies' Aid was organized my mother was elected president. When the First World War was declared the Ladies' Aid turned their attention to the war efforts and Red Cross work, raising funds through bazaars, concerts and suppers. They also sent many parcels to the district soldiers overseas. Horse and buggy and riding horseback were her main modes of transportation. She became a familiar sight canvassing the district for the Victory Bond drives riding side-saddle.

In 1918, when the influenza epidemic broke out, Mother was spared. All her time was spent in nursing her less fortunate neighbors. Later Mrs. Mathieson became an active worker for the Cremona Womens' Institute, serving as Secretary-Treasurer. Throughout the years, she was pianist at church services, played for many dances and taught piano. Two of her neighbors, Mrs. M. McLeavy and Mrs. Percy Bird, celebrate their birthdays together on the same date, Aug. 20th. This date was a community occasion for many years. The Colwell families who were her nearest neighbors were exceptional people and good friends. My Mother had two daughters; myself and my sister Agnes. I was married to Bob Simpson from Carstairs district in 1931. Mother attained the age of 90 years. She passed away in March, 1961, bringing to an end, an active and useful life as a good neighbor and one who knew the true meaning of being a pioneer.

MRS. ALEX MATHIESON

The Albertan 1960

The oldest living pioneer born in Alberta, Mrs. Alex Mathieson, will be 90 years young on Saturday, Aug. 20th, 1960. Born in 1870 at Whitefish, north of Edmonton, the nonagenarian has seen many changes take place - not the least of which is the length of time spent in travelling from Calgary to eastern Canada, and the type of transportation used.

Today by plane Toronto is only hours away, but when Augusta McDougall left for school in Coburg, Ont., around about 1880, she travelled in a covered wagon, part of a mule train. The journey commenced the first of May and she reached her destination just in time to commence the fall term. As there was no school at Morley where he father, Rev. John McDougall, was missionary to the Stony Indians, Augusta McDougall was taught by a teacher living at her home until she left for boarding school.

"The only school was for the Indians" recalled Mrs. Mathieson. And when I returned to Morley from the Coburg school and DeMille College I taught there, I was only 16,

but in those days a teacher's age didn't matter, and there was no such thing as having a teacher's certificate. Of all the subjects given at the school the Indians liked drawing the best, especially when the young teacher drew animals and birds. She taught them the ABC's, a little arithmetic and singing and I also told them stories. Among Mrs. Mathieson's most prized possessions are books written by her father. Mr. McDougall wrote 13 books in all, 12 of them accounts of the early days of Alberta and a work of fiction, "Wa-Pee-Moostooch" (White Buffalo), a tale of the Indians that he knew so well.

After a few years teaching at the Indian school Augusta went to Cremona where she met and married in 1914 Alex Mathieson, a Scot from Glasgow. Mrs. Mathieson came to Calgary in 1948 where she lives with her daughter, Mrs. Agnes Raynes. This week she plans to celebrate her birthday with an "open house" Saturday at her home 437 13th Ave. N.E. from 3-6 and 8-10 p.m.

"I've had a birthday party every year since I came to Calgary, and I expect to have a lot more!"

MR. & MRS. MAURICE MAYHILL

By: Lora Smith

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mayhill came from England. Their homestead I believe, was North ½ of 36, T-29, 5-5. Three or more of their children went to the Big Prairie School. Freda, their eldest daughter, first rode her pony alone. Later George, Rita, Winnie, and Eileen attended classes there.

When later Mrs. Laura Mayhill lived in Calgary she continued to help people. I can remember her staying with Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and visiting. She also had Mrs. Smith read the crystal. She came with Walter and Hilda Jones to their 50th Wedding Anniversary along with other friends. While they lived in the district, they too, took part in the life of the community, and many old friends will remember all of them. Mrs. Mayhill is now deceased.

MAYS

By: Lila Lashmore

Sam May travelled from Middlesex England, where he was born, on April 15, 1875 to Ireland. There he met Sarah Boyd. Sarah immigrated to Canada in 1899, upon reaching Toronto she found employment as a housekeeper, which paid eight dollars a month. She saved her money and sent what she could to Sam in England to help pay his fare to Canada. When Sam arrived he and Sarah were married in Toronto on November 29, 1900. They then decided to travel west to Vancouver, they took up residence in Burnaby, B.C. Sam worked in the sawmills and was also a fireman.

Sarah kept her house, milked her cow and raised her family. She nursed Sam through a bout of typhoid fever. This was not easy, especially when her daughter kept hauling food to the invalid because "Papa was hungry" when he was not supposed to have solid food.

Once after Sarah had been ill, Sam and his brother Fred, decided she needed a holiday. They took her to visit her friend, Mrs. Conway on Vancouver Island. They would look after everything! Now Sarah's cow did not like men and there was no way she was going to let the men milk her. So after two days of trying to get near the cow, and listening to her bawl, off they went to get Sarah and bring her back home. That was the one and only time that Sam offered to milk the cow.

Lillie, Walter and Fred were born at Burnaby. In 1909, Sam and Sarah decided to immigrate to New Zealand. They sold all their belongings and sailed to England to visit their families. Work was scarce in England and Ireland, so some of their relatives wanted to immigrate with them. Sam knew they could get work in the mills in Canada, so back they came, bringing with them Sam's brother Ernie, sister Rose and her husband, and also Tom Boyd, Sarah's brother. They all found work in the mills and settled in New Westminster. Boyd was born there on April 30, 1910. Sarah's health wasn't too good so they decided to try Alberta.

Sam and Tom Boyd came first and took up homesteads west of Water Valley. Sam homesteaded the place where Don Truss now lives, and Tom settled on the McCarthy place. The family arrived in Cremona in March 1912. They lived on the old Steele (McLean) place, Mick Earle now owns this place. Dick was born on this place on November 15, 1912. Later they lived in a house at the top of the river hill west of Water Valley until the house was built on the homestead.

Sam & Sarah

Annie & Milton Hickey. Children: Fred & Evelyn.

Sarah and her sister.

Sam spent most of his time working east of Carstairs in the Rosebud district along with George Day. George had a threshing machine, Sam was the water hauler. They started threshing in the Rosebud district in the fall, working their way west sometimes they ended up threshing around Cremona at Christmas time. Many a farmer's gate posts were flattened when George didn't get the engine aimed squarely when going through the gate. Sam also worked for Wilfred Simmons, west of Carstairs. He raised sheep and had a large grain farm. Sam met Jake Hanson there, Jake the shephard for Simmons. Later Sam sold the homestead to Jake. Jake raised bees on the homestead. He used a ten pound sugar bag over his head for a mask. The bees swarmed one day and found their way under Jake's mask and they chased him all the way to Water Valley. Sam also worked at the Turnbull sawmills in the winters.

Sarah stayed home and looked after her family, helping out by picking cranberries, blueberries and whatever else was available. Annie was born on January 3, 1916 while they lived at the homestead. Sam and Sarah's neighbors were the Conway's whom they knew in B.C., the Conway's lived on the quarter west of Fred Bunchocks. One day while living at Water Valley, Sarah and Mrs. Conway decided to go shopping in Bottrel. Somehow, they got lost between Bottrel and Water Valley. Many hours and much anxiety later, they did find their way home. Although, some incidents like this are best forgotten, Sam never allowed Sarah to forget this adventure. as he was always quite willing to tease her about it. The Haley's, McMillans, Winchells, George Thompson, Koesters and later the Carlins and Ronquists were also neighbors. The older May kids went to Bituma school along with Angus and Jessie McMillan, Vern Williams, Gene Winchell and the Lavecks.

In 1918, Sam and Sarah moved to Cremona to the farm they had bought from Jim Lobb. They tore down the new house which they had built at Water Valley, hauled it out to the farm and rebuilt it. Until the house was rebuilt, Sam, Sarah and their six children lived in a sod house on the farm. Tom Boyd sold his homestead at Water Valley to Ronquists, whom he and the Mays had known in B.C. After Tom had sold his homestead, he bought ½ section of school land, across the road where Brian Whitlow now lives.

Sam and Sarah's kids went to school at Mount Hope after moving to the farm at Cremona. Their classmates included Stan and Grace (Walker) Haley, the Whitlow girls, (Mary, Hilda and Lila) and the Myroms, (Dinky and Cecil). They had their times, setting a grass fire which got away caused some problems, after that incident the May's weren't allowed to walk with the Myron's. They had to walk with the Haleys which didn't help much. They put a dynamite cap under a school wash basin and lit the fuse The wash basin was never found. They also thought that a stick of dynamite under the Mays woodpile might cause some excitement, which it did and the children were just picking the last sticks of wood up when Sam and Sarah drove in the yard. Tying a lariet to a baby buggie and giving one another rides behind the saddle horse was more recess entertainment. Later Dick and Annie went to Atkins school and Annie also went to high school in Old Cremona.

Sarah was a devoted church member, she was a memeber of the women's institute and Ladies Aid. Sam was a community minded man, he was road boss, member of the hall board and coach of the baseball team. Sam took a crew to the bush to log out the lumber for both churches and the hall. Dan Russell sawed the lumber. Sam along with Dick May, Matt Hewitt, Mr. Gillies Sr., and one other man were the charter members of the Cremona Credit Union. Sam loved baseball, he also loved chewing tobacco, the more exciting the game the more he chewed tobacco. He first managed the Atkins Baseball Team. It was made up of farm boys, they played their games just north of George McBain's house. They raised money for their equipment by staging a stampede. The first stampedes were held on the old Casebeer farm, Heavy Rands lived there then, later it was held where Norman Whitlow lives. Milton Hickey supplied some raunchy black angus cattle. Many a cowboy had to climb the fence to safety. After the team became the Cremona Baseball Team, the boys went out and shot rabbits and sold them to buy equipment. Ed Thrasher hauled them to Calgary to sell. Sam lived for his baseball team, and insisted that his small granddaughter June be present at all his games as he was sure that she was the teams good luck mascot. The team was hard to beat. Some of the baseball team members over the years were, Walter May, Fred May, Ed Pratt, Ross McLeod, Alan Frizzell, Norm Whitlow, Jack Whitlow, Eric Atkins, Rex Atkins, Vern Farrel, Jim Tronnes, Jack Earle, Robert McBain, Bud McBain and Joe Kloberdanz. The members of his last baseball team as pictured were Otto Faas, Gordon Reid, George McBain, Mick Earle, Norm Bellamy, George Whitlow, Glen Ray, Ken Whitlow and Don Fry.

Sam died on November 5, 1946 and Sarah made her home with Dick and his family until her passing in 1958.

Lillie was born on April 12, 1902, after she was grown she went to work at Hayes dairy farm west of Carstairs. There she met Alex Sayer, later they were married and lived on a farm west of Carstairs. Alex and Lillie raised five children, they are: (John who married Mary Metwyler, they have three children, Nancy, Charlotte and Melvin. John lives on the farm where Lillie and Alex lived). Richard who married Lillian Mascall, they have two children (Linda and Robert). Jane who married Clare Good, they have three children (Wanda, Myran and Charlene), Alberta who married Leonard Cressman, they have four children (Beverly, Donald, Warren and Reta), Jim who married Leona Hartzler, they have five children,

House on Sam's farm. Now has been torn down.

Lillie, Alex Sayer. Children: Richard, John, Jane, Alberta, Jim Sayer.

(Marjorie, Walter, Norma, Carolyn and Darrel.) After Alex's death Lillie moved into Carstairs, she later married Simon Stalter. Lillian now makes her home at the Dr. Crystal Manor in Carstairs.

Walter also worked at the Hayes dairy farm, he saved his money and bought the farm where Graham Barnard now lives. Walter married Cora Sirr. Walter at one time owned the store and the lumber yard at Water Valley, so is quite well known around there. He now lives at Campbell River, B. C. where he spends many enjoyable hours fishing. Walter was born on May 24, 1906.

Fred was born on June 1, 1908. He married Daisy in 1960. Fred joined the army and after his discharge worked for the C.P.R. in Toronto. When he retired, he spent his time gardening in his home in Toronto and at his cottage on the lake.Fred passed away in 1977.

Boyd was born on April 30, 1910. He married Ethel Foster. They raised ten children. June married Wallace Price, they have two boys Darren and Dwayne. June passed away on January 6, 1979. Jean married Cliff Knecht. Margaret (Peg) married Dave Baillie, and they have two boys, Kevin and Calvin (Gabby). Albert (Toby) married Glenda Dahr, they have two boys Kelly & Darby. Lila married Wayne Lashmore and they have three children, Scott, Shannon & Kristan. Barbara married Ed (Woody) Vader and they have three children, Shane, Travis and Bobbie Joe. Edie, their youngest daughter lives and works in Calgary. Jim works on oil rigs, but still calls Cremona home. Harvey married Lynn McInnis and they have two children, Shannon and Bradley. Ron (Dillion) when not working away lives with Boyd and Ethel in Cremona. Boyd worked at many different things, he and his brother Fred, owned the garage where Jim Stratton's Plumbing now is, he also had a sawmill back west in the Graham district. Boyd worked on the oil wells for a good number of years as a boiler man. After Tom Boyd retired, Boyd took over the farm for him. Later, Boyd sold the farm to Roy Brown and retired to his home in Cremona where he and Ethel still reside.

Dick was born on November 15, 1912. He married Irene Foster. They raised five children: Alan married to Joyce they have four children, Maryanne, Eddie, Maxine and Ricky. Alan has two other children, Theresa and Tracy. Larry married Louise VanDougan, they have one son Sam. Terry, lives in Cremona with Ethel and Boyd May. Patricia married Gerald Williams, they have three children, Denise, Sherrie and Troy. Bonnie-Sue still living at home with Irene and Dick and attending Rimbey High School. Dick lived on the farm that Sam and Sarah had lived on. He then moved to Water Valley and took over the store from Walter, he later moved back to the farm, then he sold the farm to George McBain and moved to Calgary. Dick and Irene now have retired to Rimbey.

Annie was born on January 3, 1916. She was the baby of Sam and Sarah's family. Annie married Milton Hickey, they lived on a farm east of Cremona. Annie and Milton raised three children: Fred married Mary Zurkowski, and they have one son Alex. Fred passed away in 1978. Evelyn married George Cameron and they have two children, Burt and Suzzanne. Mary married Ben Chernick, they have five children: Wayne, Danny, Cindy, Eric and Shannon. After Milton's retirement, George and Evelyn took over the farm, and Milt and Annie moved to Didsbury where they now reside.

JOSEPH AND ADELIADE MILLETT

By Muriel Foster and Jean Eby

Joe Millett came to Schburg, Ont. in 1899. He worked on a farm in this area for a short time then returned to England. After a short time in England he returned once more to Canada.

A year after Joe returned to Canada his mother and sisters moved over here from England settling in the same area. His brother Henery had came over to Canada a year earlier on his own.

Joe worked on various jobs around this area then decided to come west. He came west to Manitoba that spring and worked here till winter then returned to Ontario.

The next spring he came west as far as Saskatchewan and took up a homestead near Glenavan.

Joe Millett married Adeliade Arton on May 18, 1910 at Crealman, Saskatchewan. Adeliade Arton was born Dec. 26, 1881 in Michigan.

Their first daughter Louise was born at Crealman Sask They lived here for approximately two years then they moved to Summerberry and worked for a Mr. Astor.

Their second daughter Pearl was born while they lived at Summerberry.

The Milletts then moved to Many Island Lake and took up another homestead.

There son Keith was born here. Keith Millett died at the early age of one and a half years. He was buried here on the homestead.

After Joe's brother Henery died, Joe and family moved sixteen miles from their homestead to take over Henery's place at Bowmanton, Alta.

They lived here through the dry years. In 1920 Josie was born at Medicine Hat, Alta.

In 1924 the Milletts moved to Langdon, Alta. Joe worked at Langdon doing all sorts of jobs till 1936.

Eugene Millett was born on August 5, 1934.

In the spring of 1936 the Milletts moved to a quarter section of land north of Water Valley. They rented this land from Dr. Allen. This land is presently owned by Beveridges.

From here the family moved to an half section of land one and a half miles north of Water Valley that was owned by George Lashmore Sr. They lived here for several years.

The Milletts then purchased a quarter section of land south west of Water Valley at a tax sale. The Milletts

Joe Millett, Adeliade Millett and (Adeliade's cousin) Herb Houton.

House of the Millett farm southwest of Water Valley. This house burned down shortly after Adeliade sold the place.

moved on to this place and resided there till Joe's death in July of 1955.

This place is presently owned by H and G. Wolffe. Adeliade lived on the place for a year or so then sold out and moved to Water Valley. She passed away in the summer of 1964.

Pearl Millett maried Verne Williams on December 16, 1940. They had three children Myrtle, LaVerne and Jerald. Myrtle married Don Dewdeny. They live at Cremona and have three children Rita, Ken and Randy. Rita married Victor Hehr and has one son Byron. Ken and Randy reside at home. LaVerne married Jim Stratton and live at Leduc Alta. They have three children Donna, Susan and Verne. Jerald married Patsy May and they reside at Black Diamond. They have three children Denise, Shree and Troy.

Josie married George Lashmore and lives at Water Valley. They have three children Muriel, Wayne and Sheila.

Gene Millett married Dianne Leslie and lives in Calgary. They have two girls Shelly and Cindy.

Louise Millett died in Jan. 1940.

ELMORE & FLORENCE MERCER

By: Jean Eby

Elmore and Florence moved to the Bituma area, and lived at the Fisher place, south of Art Pawson. They had two children. Elmer came from Ontario and his wife was from England. The house burned down on this place, so they moved to Roy Oldfields for a while. Later living at Burrells.

While in the district he worked at the sawmills, and helped different ones on their farm. They moved away from here going to different places in Alberta before settling in Didsbury, where they still reside in fairly good health.

JOE MOLINE

By: Muriel Foster

Joe Moline moved into the Water Valley area in about 1936. He moved to a place on the town line south of Water Valley. He knew Bill King as he had worked for Bill for years at Acme, before either of them moved to Water Valley. Joe worked hauling water for a steam outfit. He got injured on a steam tank while doing this job, and was in the hospital in Calgary for some time. He passed away in Calgary. This place was then sold to Bob Lawrence, who lived there for some time. He passed away in 1952 and the land was bought by Al Matat.

Jack Eby is the owner now of Bob Lawrence's cattle brand WD Al Malat then sold out and Mac Leask owns this land at the present time.

MR. AND MRS. MOON

By Wilfred Blain

Riley and Elizabeth Moon came to the Elkton district in 1920. Their family was Lida, Margaret, Bill, Martha, Marcella, Frank, Alley (Allan), Daniel, Vera and Lorraine.

Mr. Moon started up a blacksmith shop after arriving here and people came from far and wide to get machine work done. They were a very jovial and hospitable family and many a trail weary traveller shared their table and beds.

There being not too many churches around at that time, Mass was held when ever it was possible at the Moon home, and people came from thirty or more miles for it. Saturday morning. Lorraine had catechism for any children that were able to attend.

Mr. Moon was an ardent hunter and many mounted trophy heads of big horn sheep, moose, deer and bear, graced the walls of their lovely big home.

Mrs. Moon was confined to a wheel chair and bed in 1917 with rheumatism. As there was no young ones around there home now, I always saw that she got the first of all the flowers and leaves that came out in the spring. Sometimes I took her over a pail of hard water for her green tea. They had soft water and it makes horrid tasting green tea. After my visit with her I would go to see Mr. Moon at his blacksmith shop. I had a special old box milk stool, that sat by Mrs. Moon's fox terrier dog, Quennie's box quite often it had a litter of puppies in it. Quennie never allowed anybody else there but Mr. Moon and I. While the most interesting hunting and horse stories were being told, often I had the privilege of turning the blower on the old coal forge, and Mr. Moon would maybe have his back to the forge, but he could tell by the sound of the forge how fast it should be turned for the different types of iron that he had in it. You could tell by looking at the iron when it was time to stop turning. Then pieces for welding were smoothed off and shaped, and there was some welding compound powder put on. After they got a certain heat, the blower was turned then until it got a beautiful blue green color. When put on the anvil and hammered together the sparks flew every direction.

Alley Moon married an Elmwood girl, Gertie Woolleen and they made their home where Bill Borton now lives. Vera married Clif. Bellamy and they were the Bellamy

Mr. and Mrs. Moon

orchestra that played for many dances in the Cremona district.

Frank was a cowboy and horse trainer. He worked with a Professor Berry, who was noted all over North America for his appearances on horse breaking and also for his course, Professor Berry's book of horsemanship.

Bill Moon dedicated his life to well drilling and a good part of the wells in this country were drilled by him. Daniel lost his life in the 1st World War.

Mr. and Mrs. Moon and Lorraine left Elkton in 1924 for Encinitas California, where they hoped the warm, drier climate would help Mrs. Moon. When they left for California they left us many keep sakes but the biggest one of all was of two families of ten children each, with two different faiths, living just across the road from each other, always working and playing together as one big family.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM MOORE

I was born in Northern Ireland on October 6th, 1879. When I became a young man I was studying engineering. There was a movement of immigration to Canada. I too decided to go out to see the new country and if satisfied, to make my home there. I set sail aboard a luxury liner of the Allen Steamship Line. It was seven or eight days before we landed at Halifax. I went west as far as Winnipeg, but as everything was dead there, I went on to Calgary. The C.P.R. depot was a very small stone building at the west end of the present site. Ernie Windom was a rancher on the Bow River near the present town of Carsland. He had a contract to furnish meat for the sixteen to eighteen hundred Indians on the Blackfoot reservation. I got a job working for him. The Indians butchered the stock and we supervised the weighing. I worked there for about 18 months at $15.00 per month and received my pay in cash. Tenders were asked for a contract to furnish meat for the Indians at Gleichen. Windom did not get the contract so I worked on the H2 ranch, on which was one of the best herds of horses in Canada. From there I went up to the BV ranch at High River. Stimson was the owner. I worked there for awhile and then worked on the O Ranch. This brand was known as the "Circle", which was on the left ribs. An unscrupulous fellow who lived near there obtained the 101 brand and enlarged his own herd at no expense, as it was simple for him to change the Stimson brand to his own. However, he was caught and spent 14 years in prison.

After a year the "Circle" ranch changed hands, and I went to Calgary. My two brothers Jim and John, who had come out from Ireland four years later than I, established a dairy in the part of Calgary now known as Riverside. They delivered milk into town. About this time we bought a section of land just east of the present airport. We bought it for $3.25 per acre. The taxes were $30.00 annually. My brothers sold the dairy and went into the feed business, which was known as the Anderson Feed Co. I helped in the business while living on the section. They kept this business until cars began to come. This meant a smaller market for feed. The buyer went broke.

One of my sisters came to Canada at the time my brothers had the dairy. She decided that she preferred her homeland and so returned to Ireland. Another sister came out, married and lived in Calgary for a few years, and then she and her husband moved to the United States. Another of my sisters came to Canada married then moved to Australia. My brother John, was killed by lightening when we lived east of the airport. While I lived east of the airport in 1902-03, the rainfall was too plentiful. We had to go to Calgary for supplies. The river was so high that we drove a team and wagon as far as the bridge, unhooked the team, and tied them to a wheel. Then we walked across the bridge and were ferried to the present site of McLeod, on seventh avenue. All the Sunnyside region was flooded, as was the area up to a block east of the City Hall, which at that time looked like a bachelor's shack. There were two livery stables just north of the Hall.

In 1902, a cloud burst flooded the Nose Creek valley making it impossible to get to Calgary for two weeks. A livery stable owned by R.C. Thomas stood where the Hudson's Bay store now stands. Mr. Thomas also delivered coal and wood all over town. The first Calgary Bull sale was held in that livery stable. The bulls being shipped out from Ontario. At this time Calgary had stock yards, which would accommodate 4000 to 5000 head of cattle. One time the brand inspector went in to inspect the cattle. He hurriedly came out saying that he had decided that they could be inspected in Winnipeg.

In the winter of 1906-07 I was working in the office of P. Burns and his partner, Duggan. In those days it was hard to get meat in the spring as no cattle were fattened during the winter. The temperature went as low as 61 below and remained at 45 below for days, many cattle died during the severe cold even though they had had plenty to eat. Some of the cattle P. Burns was feeding were butchered to find our why they were sick, the hind quarters were found to be partly frozen. They were slowly freezing to death. The Herald gave incorrect temperatures so as not to discourage the immigrants. Editorials state that although it was cold in Calgary that it was not felt. That winter was fully as severe as the winter of 1964-65.

On left - Mrs. Julia Cowman - 1914-15.

Wm. Moore before 1920.

Julia Cowman was training in the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary in 1911. I met her while I was a patient there. The Sisters had very strict rules concerning nurses going out. However there was a fire escape at the back of the residence. It wasn't hard to persuade Julia to come down as I stood below to assist her to the ground. After a

pleasant evening at the Grand Theatre I helped her to reach the fire excape to enter the residence. We were married in 1918. I had an opportunity later to tell the Sisters of the fire escape escapade. They laughingly admitted that they had known of it all the time.

Julia's father, Fred Cowman, owned four sections of land west of Carstairs. He was not well. so Julia and I came out to help him at the ranch. Before leaving Calgary the section east of the airport was sold for $32.00 per acre. Mr. Cowman's homestead was the quarter just east of Jim Whitlow's land. Later it was sold to Mr. Sherman. Mr. and Mrs. Cowman lived in a granary for the first year until 1905 they built a house. He had purebred Herefords - all registered animals. When Mr. Cowman settled in this area, there were no fences. Since his cattle were registered he fenced his land to keep his herd separate from the animals of the other ranchers. Little land was cultivated so feed became a problem. Besides a herd of registered cows, we had young bulls and heifers, and a large flock of sheep. We fed beef cattle which we drove to Carstairs to be taken to Calgary. Our bulls were taken to the Calgary Bull Sale the same way. We sometimes had as many as 20 registered bulls. Some were taken by train to the Kamloops Bull Sale in February, the odd time some were taken to the Lacombe sale later in the spring.

Julia had lived with her father before we were married. In 1914 her sister, Grace, Mrs. Bellamy died after giving birth to twins. Julia took the surviving twin to raise. This was Walter (Buster) Bellamy. In 1918 we were married we kept Buster with us and raised him as our own son. He lived with us until he married in 1939 to Jean Thompson and went on his own. We had one daughter of our own, Rosetta, who is now Mrs. Duncan MacFarquhar.

In 1919 there was no hay for our cattle. We moved the breeding stock to Lesser Slave Lake, where we put up hay. Our herd wintered well. Through the winter hay was shipped by train down to Carstairs, brought out by train and sleigh to feed the young stock. In the spring the R.C.M.P.

Wm. Moore shoeing horses.

paid $50.00 a ton for the hay we had left and bailed it themselves. That winter cattle went into the feedlot at 11¢ per pound, were fed $50 hay all winter and sold in the spring for 3¢ to 3½¢ a pound. Many men went broke after feeding cattle all winter. Also, this area was a mange area in 1919. Cattle had to be dipped before they were sold. This lasted 5 to 6 years. Mr. Cowman lived with us until he died in March 1932. he had been predeceased by his wife in 1913. The farm was then divided amongst his family.

Alberta Hereford tour at Moore's 1956.

When Rosetta married in 1951, my wife and I moved to Calgary. We enjoyed living there. After my wife's death in 1962 the Dr. said that I must not live alone, so I returned to the farm. I have seen many changes in my time. One thing I regret, is the disappearance of the rural schools. They were community centres where many good times were enjoyed. We enjoyed many fine evenings at the Garfield school, where Busterand Rosetta attended.

*After a short time in the Rockyview Home in Crossfield, and a number of weeks in the Didsbury Hospital, Mr. Moore passed away in February 1967 at the age of 87.

RALPH (SLIM) MOOREHOUSE

Article Courtesy of Eben Bremner, Calgary

From Ken Liddell's Column - The Herald.

Mr. Moorehouse, known as "Slim" even to this day, navigated Calgary's Stampede - gay streets behind 22 horses and 10 mules, and on repeat performance he operated a string of 36 Percherons. On the first visit, in 1924, the motive power drew eight wagons. The cargo was 1,222 bushels of Marquis wheat, with the driver happily tossing small souvenir sacks of the wheat to bystanders. The little bags were labelled "the world's largest team, world's best marquis wheat". The whole deal filled the Calgary board of trade of the day with pride. It issued a brochure proclaiming Calgary as a "commercial metropolis, world's best wheat country and sunshine city of the foothills".

Just how Mr. Moorehouse got to these parts is not known, but he lived at both Gleichen and Vulcan. A stretched jet with its thousands of horsepower is the talk of today, But Mr. Moorehouse was the talk of both communities and a wide area of the countryside for the way he made the ground shake with his classic hookups. Why he engaged in such stretched-out safaris is not known, precisely. Frank Anderson, the Calgary publisher of booklets on historical subjects, reasons with some logic that as the era was that of big crops, Mr. Moorehouse figured the more wheat a man could get to market in short order, the better off he would be. Mr. Moorehouse not only drove through the downtown streets as an attraction, but also made trips to get in shape and get his "gees and haws" in shape.

After one trip in 1924, The Herald's reporter reported that when Mr. Moorehouse stopped on 1st St. W. between 8th and 7th Ave.'s, the leading animals were on 7th Ave., facing east. That was the year the Stampede featured the Johnny J. Jones Midway, of fond memory. For its drawing

card for the crowds, the Capitol Theatre was playing Constance Talmadge in Goldfish. The advertisements indicated that the movie concerned "five kings in one picture." That would have been news then, but hardly today when the commodity seems to come cheaper by the dozen. In his 1924 display of driving, Mr. Moorehouse used 22 horses and 10 mules owned by Glen House, of Gleichen. Mr. Moorehouse worked all winter to fashion harness for the outfit he drove the following summer, the 36 head of Percherons, each weighing about 1,600 lbs. As he moved through the streets the outfit was flanked by six outriders to help with brakes on the wagons in the event of emergency. Their services were not required. On the jogging journey Mr. Moorehouse guided the teams through four turns at different intersections. That was the Stampede week the Strand Theatre was "rocked to and fro" by a play called Charley's Aunt. It was the time when prime rib beef sold for 22¢ a pound. It was the week when Rubin and Cherry provided the midway. Mr. Moorehouse, who at one time worked for the Bar O-N Ranch at Vulcan, seemed to have left the public eye after his fine performance. Mr. Anderson traced Mr. Moorehouse's movements to the Big Bend country around Revelstoke, where Mr. Moorehouse worked with a grader, obviously horse-drawn, on the old and rather infamous Big Bend Highway. His last appearance in Calgary, at least one in which he was interviewed, was in 1965. He came to visit a friend. At that time he was 74 years of age and was living at Salmon Arm, B.C. He said he had a place "with a horse or two and the pension", that he had not been in good health and that his memory had slipped.

About 1945 Mr. Moorehouse moved to the Cremona area. He had 80 acres east of Tom Graham's present house. The land was previously owned by Mr. Doolittle. Slim and his wife, Dorothy, (Bennett) and their young daughter, Joan, were here 3 or 4 years. He made his living at that time by hauling cream to the creameries. He had a truck and hauled the cream cans in the back. He seemed to have left the Cremona area for parts unknown.

*Mr. Moorehouse died at Salmon Arm, B.C. at 80 years of age Sunday, September 26, 1971.

THE WORLD'S LONGEST TEAM

By: Ralphene Bolinger

Article from Sept. issue of Calgary Market Journal, 1978. Special thanks to the committee connected with the Gleichen Call who have given permission and copyright to this article.

In 1925 Mr. Chris Bartsch of Gleichen was instrumental in entering the world record 36 horse team in the Calgary Stampede, an event which brought fame to Gleichen in years to follow. It was driven by Slim Moorehouse who had come to the Vulcan district in 1923 and first worked for Jim Dew of the Bar O.N. Ranch in the Buffalo Hills. A "Friendly" feud between Moorehouse and a man named Joe Whittam who worked on the next farm led to a contest to see who could drive the biggest road team. First Slim drove into town with a wagon train of wheat hauled by 12 horses and this was responded to by Whittam driving out with 16 horses. Not to be outdone Moorehouse drove horses and had plans for a still bigger outfit, if he could "lay hands on it". By borrowing from his neighbors around Vulcan he finally drove 20 horses and 10 mules hauling eight wagons loaded with 1,144 bu. of hard wheat into the Vulcan elevator. In the 1923 Calgary Stampede, Moorehouse, with the aid of horses borrowed from Glenn House of Gleichen, displayed a 32 horse team. Don Briar rode with Moorehouse as a brakeman and four outriders accompanied the outfit on a most successful tour.

Interest was at a peak by this time and spread to the "stampede" town of Gleichen. Professor W.L. Carlyle of the Canadian Percheron Association thought it would be a wonderful advertisement stunt to get together a 36 horse team of Percherons and soon convinced his friend, Chris Bartsch of Gleichen to help him obtain the horses needed from the Gleichen district. The idea was to have it ready for the 1925 stampede which was to mark the 50th year of Calgary's birth. At the same time Chris planned to display it at the Gleichen Stampede and Potlatch planned for June 30 and July 1st of 1925.

The world record outfit was made up of 36 Black Percheron horses, each weighing over 1600 pounds, hauling 10 wagons loaded with a total of 1500 bu., of wheat. All new McCormick wagons and tanks were supplied by the International Harvester Co. through their agent, Mr. J.O. Bogstei and the horses looked splendid in all new harness supplied by Gleichen's well-known harness maker Mr. T.H. Beach. The horses making up this team were all supplied by Gleichen district farmers; those owning horses were: Tom Kelly, 8 head; McHugh Bros. 4 head; Cecil Eaton, 2 head; Chris Bartsch, 14 head; W.D. Trego, 2 head; Leon Desjardins, 6 head; Bob Jeffers, 6 head and Ed Hansen, 4 head (these were the four horses that jumped the cable when turns were made). Jim Young also owned 2 horses in the team. The lead team, Nig and Dude were owned by Chris Bartsch and an alternative lead team, Mac and Grogan was owned by Tom Kelly. All horses were shod with rubber shoes in Calgary; this lessened the noise on the city streets. A fully equipped chuck wagon accompanied the outfit, the 4 Black Percheron horses on this vehicle being supplied by Mr. Bolinger Sr. Six outriders, suitably attired for the occasion, rode beside the wagons, Jimmy Mooney of Arrowwood was the lead outrider mounted on a white pony; Walter Ward, riding Floyd Sammon's pony was left outrider; Ted Bartsch, right lead outrider; the swing team outriders were Slim McDonald and Bill McColeman; Don Briar was wagon master and also patrolled all wagons; Jack Moorehouse (Slim's kid brother) rode in the last wagon to hand out bags of wheat. Altogether there were 50 color-matched horses (counting the spare outriders who went along)that headed out from Gleichen a few days prior to the Calgary Stampeded of 1925.

The wagons were hauled by means of steel cables which extended almost the whole length of the team and over which the horses stepped in proper order if a turn was made needlessto say this required very special training. The team, for the purpose of direction, was divided into 2 sections, so arranged that when the lead section had made part of a turn the second section had pulled straight ahead for several yards thus keeping the string for 10 wagons on a straight line up to a point of the turn. As preparation for their appearance in Calgary this team was shown at the Gleichen Stampede and Potlatch held on June 30 and July

1, 1925. It was assembled near Chris Bartsch's place (now the Jack Wilson home), and from here they began the long trek to the Calgary Stampede, where it was the featured attraction that year. The trip from Gleichen to Calgary took two days to complete. The 6 outriders accompanied it and small sacks of wheat, labelled "Hauled by the world's longest team - world's best Marquis wheat," delighted any parade viewer who was lucky enough to catch a bag as it was thrown off the wagons. The stunt caused great excitement as Moorehouse gee'd and haw'd the world's longest team through the streets of Calgary. The team performed magnificently, demonstrating the weeks of training given them. They took part in the opening parade and were a popular part of the whole week's performance. The lead team, Mac and Grogan entered a weight pulling contest and won it. At the closing performance of the team on Saturday, July 11, 1925, Mr. W.B. Thorne, president of the Alberta Percheron Association presented a trophy, given in recognition of this event. It was received by the assistant manager, Tom Kelly, as by this time Chris Bartsch had returned to Gleichen. The inscription of the trophy read: "Presented by the Canadian Percheron Association to the Gleichen Horse Breeding District in token of appreciation for the world's longest team, composed of Percheron horses driven by one man at the Calgary Jubilee Exhibition and Stampede, July, 1925," The trophy awarded for this event was eventually given to Slim Moorehouse.

THE ANTON MORK FAMILY

By Lulu Mork

Anton Mork was born in 1870 in Oslo, Norway. He went to sea as a young man where he changed the family name from Olson to Mork. In Norway families do not have a constant family name instead if the oldest son is named William, his family name then becomes Williamson. Since Ole is a popular name for a boy in Norway on board the boat there were twenty Olson's. Thus the name change. Anton was a member of the Oslo Police force before emigrating to a Minnesota logging camp with his wife Pauline and their first child Harriet. He came to the Cremona area in 1902 and filed a homestead on what is now the Jim Lane Honey Farm. In 1904 he took up permanent residence on the homestead with his family. A second daughter, Mabel had been born in the U.S.A.

Anton was familiar with log building and he built the log cabin which housed his family, employing pole rafters and dove tailed corner joints and using poplar logs from the homestead. The cabin is still standing. Anton built many of the first cabins for other settlers. In the homestead cabin the next five children were born. The Mork children attended the Atkins school which used to stand where the County shop is now, Mrs. Eleanor vanHaaften told me that what she enjoyed most about Harriet Wilson at school was the crocheted lace on her slip and pantaloons. She was one of the smallest girls and the largest ones twitled her around by holding her under the armpits so they could admire the lace. The Mork children were janitors of the Atkins school for many years taking it in turns as they grew. Anton worked in the coal mine at Skunk Hollow, west of Water Valley walking to and fro daily. At that time he also walked to Carstairs for groceries, carrying them home on his back.

The family were avid cranberry pickers and in season picked many gunny sacks full for their own use and for sale to buy current necessities. The children derived their pocket money from the berries they picked. Pauline had the first local telephone exchange in her home. They added a two storey lumber addition to the log cabin to house the telephone exchange and to meet the need of their growing family. Later the office was moved to Cremona in to the house now owned by Oliver MacKay. At that time it was opposite the Post Office at the south end of the street. Pauline Mork loved shrubs and flowers. She planted lilacs in front of her house, remembering that in Norway they grew wild on the hillsides as our willows do here. She tended with care to her goldenglow, bluebells and other plants and in later years she shares with Roy Mork her lilacs, honeysuckle and goldenglow across the road from the homestead, where in season they still bear tribute to her love of beauty. She crocheted and embroidered with skill and knitted skeins of wool into sweaters, mitts and socks for her own family and during the war for the Red Cross. She suffered a stroke in 1949 and in 1950 was laid to rest in the Cremona cemetery near her husband who had died in 1935.

The eldest Mork girl, Harriet married Clifford Wilson and they have now retired to the Senior Citizen's Lodge in Olds. Formerly they had lived in Calgary and in 1938 they moved to the original Mork homestead with their four children, Hazel, Gordon, Reta, and Harold. Their children attended Atkins school and later Cremona school. Hazel married Arnold Hogg and they reside north of Cremona on the Alex Hogg farm, where they farmed and raised two sons. Ken lives on the farm in the house his grandparents used, after his marriage to Linda Summerville. They have one daughter. Alan Hogg became a member of the R.C.M.P. at Regina, Sask. and he and his wife Vivien now live at Meadow Lake, Sask. Gordon Wilson married Norma Rigsby, and has continued on the farm west of Cremona in the Big Prairie area. Of their children, Brian still farms in the area He married Terry Farquharson and they have one daughter. The eldest son, Donald, joined the Calgary City Police Force and he and his wife, nee Debby Sirr, live in Calgary with their two children. The only girl Kathleen, married Neal Lemley and lives in Calgary. Reta, the second Wilson daughter, married Lorne McMann. They live at Eckville, have five children, Sharon, Colin, Darlene, Brian, and Laverne and 4 grandchildren. Harold, the youngest Wilson, lives at Turner Valley with his wife, Sylvia. Mae Mork married Jesse Ray and has continued to live in the area, at first north of the old Garfield store where Mae planted a windbreak. One Sunday afternoon at a family picnic Harold Wilson and Gordie Mork aged four and five, came proudly in to announce to Aunt Mae that they had cut her some firewood, part of her carefully tended windbreak.

Mae and Jesse were great horse lovers. They belonged to the Didsbury Light Horse Association for many years and enjoyed every outing, very seldom missed a horse show. They raised and trained many horses including a ¾ Arab mare named, Rayalta Velvet, the first mare in Canada to win the Legion of Merit award in the part Arab class. Mae loved crafts and won many awards for weaving, and cooking in the Women's Institute handicrafts competitions. She painted many charcoal and watercolor pictures, caned chairs, collected antiques and refinished many old pieces including her Dad's desk from Norway. One of her prized possessions is a beaver on a log carved by Grant McEwan. Mae had two daughters, Greta now Mrs. Art Hess of Kamloops and Karen, now Mrs. Douglas Gottfred of Victoria. Mae and Jesse have 6 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild.

Mabel Mork, the second daughter was married at seventeen to Cliff Kelsey and they reside on the Kelsey place across from where the Mick Earle's now live. They had one son, Irvine, who was born in the original Mork homestead cabin and attended Atkins school. Later Mabel and Cliff were divorced and Mabel married Manley Truman, returning to live in the U.S.A. where she was born. She was a skilled roller skater and retained her youthful looks to the degree that Irvine said during the war that he won many beers by having fellows guess what relations she was to him from a picture he carried. Mabel died in 1947 with lung cancer. Irvine is a jet pilot for T.C.A. and lives in Weston, Ont. He and his wife Thelma, have three children.

William Mork, the eldest son (Bill) lived all his life in the Cremona area. He loved hunting and often went back into the hills although he suffered from asthma and was allergic to animal hair. Once his friends had to fly him home from a hunting trip to save his life. He worked at many trades and jobs, at the McBain mill, doing carpenter work, and for severl years in the N. & J. store in Cremona, during which time he built a bedroom suite He married Bertha Bosch and they lived first on the old Haley farm, where Gale Haley now lives.

Mabel Mork and Cliff Kelsey's wedding at the Mork residence. Left - right - Backrow: Bill, Mrs. Kelsey, Charlie & Aggie Reid, Cliff Kelsey and Harriet Mork, the bride Mabel. Mae, Pauline, and Anton. Front row: Roy, George and Harold.

The log cabin built by Roy Mork in 1938. The picture was taken in 1947. Margaret Mork, Sylvia and Lucille Young.

George Mork in front of the original log cabin. The lumber addition had burned down in the intervening years. 1939.

He was killed in an accident west of Water Valley, while working on an oil well. Of his three children, Pauline is married to Andy Michaelchuk, has 5 children and lives in Sundre. Clifford married Jackie Wigg. They live in Calgary and have three children. Donna married Ken Wigg and they live in the Cremona area with two children.

Roy Mork, the second son was the farmer in the family. He bought part of the original Mork holdings across the road from the original homestead. It was a pasture quarter with thirty acres broke on it and no buildings. He moved a log cabin he had built from the Graham district, to his farmstead and undertook as did many young farmers then, to farm from scratch. At noon he watered his horses in the slough and sometimes got very wet when they decided to roll as well as drink. Virgil Burkholder and his dad drilled his first of four wells. Albert Koester helped him build a barn in 1941. He cleared his first ten acres with an axe and then fortunately brushcutters arrived in the area. He maried Lulu Young in 1938. The log cabin was comfortable while the fires were on, but since we burned wood they went out at night. Often in the winter the water-pail had a good thickness of ice on it in the morning. Roy did custom carpenter work in the area as well as mixed farming. he built and did the finishing of his house, was active in the Credit Union, curled a bit and loved to entertain his friends and relatives. He was a member of the United Church. He died at sixty-one of a heart attack. His daughter, Margaret married Leo Kloberdanz, lives in Grande Prairie and has four children. His son Deryl married Bea Coon, lives on the family farm and has one son and three stepsons.

George, the third son attended high school at Old Cremona then went to Calgary. He married Margaret Purdy and saw active service in World War 2. He had one son Gordon who was accidentally drowned in Vancouver, where, as a sailor his ship docked at Esquimalt. His folks suffered for months while he was listed as A W O L until the body surfaced. His 19 year old buddy travelled all day and all night on sentry duty with Gordy's body. His first words when he arrived exhausted at the George Mork's were "I had to bring Gordy home, it's the last thing I can ever do for him." George is now retired and lives at Naniamo, B.C.

The youngest Mork, Harold, enlisted in the Calgary Highlanders at the age of 21. He was overseas until the end of the war. A scouter for his regiment he was twice reported missing in action and once hospitalized for shell shock in England. He married Daisy during the war and returned home to stay with Bertha and Bill awaiting his wife's arrival. He couldn't endure the delay, returned to England to get Daisy and instead stayed in England until 1977 when they returned to Canada and now live at Naniamo, B.C. Their only son, Peter, has three children and lives at Naniamo, B.C.

The Morks were staunch Lutherans and lacking a church building, they gathered at the homes of other folk who shared their desire for Christian fellowship. The Lutheran minister came from Didsbury. Travel after the first few years was by team and wagon or in winter by team and sleigh. The families took turns entertaining the minister and their fellow Lutherans and everyone stayed for dinner after the service. Harriet Wilson remembers the cooking

The Roy Mork residence 1973.

necessary to get ready for those dinners and that they served forty people, sometimes more including the children. One of the families they fellowshipped with was the Olson family, a daughter of this family became Mrs. August Koester. One Christian service the minister didn't arrive because of extreme cold and stormy weather and the congregation were stormed in and stayed at the Koester home. The children at least had a wonderful time. It must have been a real challenge to the hostess. Bill and Mae were duly confirmed in the Lutheran church and Roy took the induction but the minister left before he was confirmed. No new minister arrived to minister the flock as the number had dwindled and perhaps pastors were in short supply.

In later years the family were adherents of the local United Church. I remember walking three miles to Cremona to church with Pauline when she was in her late sixties and early seventies. I admired her tremendously, physically "though she had pernicious anemia" she could still outwalk and outwork me at twenty three. She had suffered many hardships, left her family in Oslo, none of whom she ever saw again but she retained a delightful sense of humor, a rich capacity for making friends and never ceased to enjoy helping out in any capacity.

JOE MYERS

Joe Myers homesteaded a quarter section one and a half miles north of Water Valley in 1907 or 1908. This quarter was straight north of Ernie Taudine's and straight west of Oscar Swanson's. Joe did not stay here long and moved back to the States. A man by the name of Morris now owns this land.

JIM MYRAM

The Myrams came from England in 1907. They rented the Bill Smith place, near McKinnell's and lived there for a number of years. They later rented the Eurquhart place, and the Anderson place where they ran the beef ring. They later moved to B.C.

The Myram house in 1978.

Mrs. E.L. Myram celebrated her 100th birthday in 1976, at her birthday she was living at Valemount near her son Frank, and his family. Mrs. Myram spent nearly 30 years in Agassiz. Mrs. Myram lived in Agassiz from 1944 to early 1970's, when following the death of her half-brother, with whom she lived, she moved to Valemont where her only surviving son, Frank had a house available for her adjacent to that of himself and his family. At her 100th birthday she still attends to 20 laying hens all by herself, gardens all summer and hooks several rugs a year. She does her own housekeeping. Mrs. Myram kept house for the Bortons about 1948 when Mrs. Borton had a stroke. Mrs. Myram died in 1977.

JOHNNY MYRES

Johnny Myres homesteaded a quarter section 1½ miles south of Water Valley. He worked in the coal mines at Skunk Hollow, while he lived here. He sold this place to Joe Smith in about 1921 and moved back to the U.S.A.

JOHN NAFZIGER

John moved to the Water Valley area in 1937-1938. He bought a new truck in 1939. He lived 1 mile south of Water Valley. This was a raw quarter of land when he moved on to it. He ran for road boss and won. Colin MacFarquhar was road boss before John.

John stayed road boss for some years, then Mr. Batchelor took over from him. John sold out to Wilfred and Ann Jackson and moved north of the Little Smokey area, where he passed away.

AUGUST AND LOVINA NETTNAY

August and Vina Nettnay came from Michigan, U.S.A. to the Cremona area, with the Bahm's in 1905. August bought the land S.W. ¼ S 20, T 30, R 4, W 5, just south of the Bahm land. They had a shack and lived there for a while but he lost the land due to the hard times. August then worked out and moved from place to place wherever the work took him making a living for his family.

Their family was:

Louis - died at 9 months.

Beatrice - married Ed Oliver in 1925 and lives west of Elkton. They had 5 children - Jessie, Ernest, Wiliam, Fern and Raymond.

Mable - died at 11 years.

Grace - married Calvin Coleman in 1930, live at Sundre. Their family - Clinton, Ormond, Loleta, Alice, Ronald and Glenda. (story under Calvin Coleman).

Walter - remained a bachelor

Bessie - married Sid Morasch, had 2 boys Wayne and Wilfred. Sid passed away suddenly in 1978 at age 66 years.

Ida - married Earl Grace in 1936. Adopted 4 chidren.

August and Vina Nettnay, 1905.

August and Vina about 1953.

live at Westward Ho. Duane - married JoAnn Mewburn and have 3 girls, farm south of Sundre. Erlene - married Walter Mennear and have 2 children, live at Westward Ho. Norris - married Norma Hagerty and have 3 girls, live in Sundre. Josephine - married Alan Greene and have 2 children, live at Thorsby.

Albert - married Margaret Wiker, have 5 children.

Elsie - was married to Albert Smith. Had 2 sons, Delbert and John.

Gladys - died in 1926 - as a baby.

* August Nettnay died in March 1955
* Vina died in 1954.

50th Wedding Anniversary of Ed and Beatrice Oliver. Jan. 4, 1975. Back: Calvin Coleman, Grace (Nettnay), Coleman, Ida (Nettnay) Earl Grace. Front: Ed and Beatrice (Nettnay) Oliver.

NORMAN NEWSOME STORY

By Joyce Newsome

In the fall of 1964, Norman heard of a piece of property for sale north west of Cremona. Upon investigation it was just what he had always wanted, so in the spring we took possession of our home half section - W29-Twp30-R4-W5 from Don Burkholder.

Norman had lived all his life and I since our marriage of 30 years, in the Bearspaw district west of Calgary, where Norman farmed and operated a milk truck. In the following years Norman commuted to Cremona to do the haying and crop work. In 1967 Darrell, our oldest son, married Flora McGonigle from Cochrane and in 1968 they decided to move to Cremona where Darrell would do the farming and Flora would teach in the Cremona Elementary School for 3 years.

In 1969 we bought the Charlie Stewart quarter - SW31 - Twp 30 - R 4 - W 5, where Darrell and Flora built their home.

In 1972 we purchased the ½ section N.E. 17 - Twp 29 - R 4 - W 5 and S.E. 20 - Twp 29 - R 4 - W 5 from Mr. James Whitlow south-west of Cremona. David our youngest son, married Elizabeth Field, from Calgary, in May 1972 and they moved up to Cremona and lived in a teacherage. In Dec. we bought the Charlie Roberts quarter - N.W. 17 - Twp 29 - R 4 - W 5 adjacent to the Whitlow half and they moved into the little old house. Living there till Sept. 1977 when they moved into their new home which they had built on S.E. 20 - Twp 29 - R 4 - W 5. David and Elizabeth, in the meantime have purchased the ¾ section from us and are now farming on their own.

In the spring of 1972 Norman and I sold our property and business at Bearspaw and moved to Cremona and built our new home and became permanent residents. In June of 1970 our daughter Diana and her husband, Jim Rowan bought a quarter section north of us from J. Pickersgill. They lived there for 6 years and Jim did electrical work and Diana worked at the Didsbury hospital as a nursing aide. In June of 1976, they purchased a section of land at Alder Flats and moved up there where they now live and Jim is electrician at a gas plant and farms.

Norman and I are now proud grandparents to 9 grandchildren.

THE OBORNE FAMILY

By Gordon Oborne

The Roy Oborne family moved to the Water Valley area in 1950 from the Eckville area. My dad bought the Arnold Borton place which was located 14 miles south-west of Water Valley. There was a section and a quarter of deeded land and 14 quarters of lease land.

We raised stock which grazed on the Harold Creek Valley in the Forest Reserve in the summer. At that time

The Sawmill - about 1955. Gordon, Dad, on the saw. David Oldfield helping.

the only road into that country was from the south. There was an old oil lease road that ran from the head of Grand Valley to the Harold Creek Ranger Station. After a couple of years we had a very wet summer and that road was completely washed out. For a few years we had no all weather road. Dad used to take a pack outfit to Water Valley and pick up essential supplies and the mail. The mail must have meant a lot to Mom for she is a person who loves to visit and there was very little feminine company there at that time.

Later on Dad acquired a small protable sawmill which operated in the winter time. Many local boys from the nearby community would work for dad in the sawmill in the winter.

It was a good time then for we could always get to town on weekends and partake in things like local dances. My brother Boyd, and myself took the last part of out schooling at Water Valley, boarding out at various places and walking to school. We went home on the weekends whenever possible, though at times it was impossible because of roads and weather.

Dad and us three boys who loved hunting always looked forward to opening day. Dad always said, "When work interferes with hunting its time to stop working."

Moose hunting. Boyd, a friend, and Gordon.

Dad, Gordon and Allan about 1955.

At the present time Mum and Dad (Roy and Edith) are retired and live at Crofton on Vancouver Island. All of us boys are married now, with families of our own. Allan lives at Black Diamond and works in the oil business in Calgary. Boyd has a sand and gravel business and lives in Cremona. Myself, I live in Cremona and work for Spray Lakes Sawmills in Cochrane, hauling logs. I feel it is a priviledge to grow up and live in such a fine community.

Cattle herd in 1952-53.

The Oborne family. Allan, Dad, Mom, Gordon and Boyd.

THE ODELL FAMILY

Heading for the hay field. Warren, Donald and Cameron Odell.

Warren & Gladdo Odell.

Warren and Gladdo Odell moved to the Byron district, from Grande Prairie, with their three sons, Cameron, Donald and Larry, and daughter, Adair in 1940 when Warren bought the "Alexander" place. There he farmed until his death in 1959 at age 62 years.

Donald took over the farm then and ran it for Gladdo until her death in 1965. By then he had bought a one quarter from Lester Foat.

Adair and Larry Odell.

Warren and Gladdo.

Warren & Gladdo Odell's farm. Don and Dot's house now sits where the granary is in the top left corner. Bruce & Adair's house is located south of the garage on hill (bottom right).

Cameron joined the R.C.A.F. in 1943. He was stationed at various places, Brandon, Manitoba, Ontario, Claresholm, Alta. etc.

Cameron, Donald, Adair and Larry went to the old Byron school. Then Cam and Don went to Cremona school (old cheese factory) High School. Cameron died in 1944 at age 20 years.

Cameron Odell.

Donald went to Calgary Tech. after school in Cremona and studied Farm Mechanics. Then he worked for Massey-Ferguson for several years, then in 1951 started teaching in Farm Mechanics at Calgary Tech. during the winter months. Sometime in that period he met and married Dorothy Tarbuck from Drumheller and also took up farming in the spring, summer and fall. From then on, farming became a full time job, teaching stretched to 10 months a year and the Farm Mechanics course was moved along with Don to the Olds College in 1968. Each year after 13 years, Don said

Dot, Don, Dawn & Danny. 1965.

Christmas morning at Adair's. Standing: Donald, Dawn, Danny. Sitting - Aunt Ruth Odell (Warren's sister), Dot Odell. Front: Warren Smith, Patty Odell, Shannon Smith, Ruthie Odell. 1965.

he was going to quit teaching but he's still teaching and farming.

Don and Dot have 4 children - Dawn, Danny, Patty and Ruth, a son-in-law, Don Hager and a daughter-in-law, Brenda (nee Morash) and a grand son Lonnie.

Adair went to Byron school from grade 1-6, then to Cremona. By then there was a new school in town of Cremona. From school she went to Calgary to work in the bank. Then married Ray V. Smith in 1955 and moved back out to the Cremona district. Two children were born to Ray and Adair - Shannon and Warren. In 1963 Ray was drowned in a boating accident.

Shannon Smith with her Dad, Ray.

Shannon granduated from Cremona High School in 1976, married Allen D. Veres from Lethbridge-Taber district and they now have a year old girl, Jo Dee. They live in the Cremona district on the farm once owned by Dick Huber, then George R. Odell, and now belongs to Joyce Odell of Calgary.

Shannon, Jo Dee Veres.

Warren is finishing grade 12 at Cremona School. He missed a year of school because of a serious illness when he was 12 years old.

Adair worked as secretary at the Cremona School from 1964 until 1969 when she married Bruce A. Roy who taught High School there, and still does. They have two children. Meggin and Cameron who both attend Cremona School. Bruce and Adair own the south half of the Odell home quarter.

Larry started school at Byron and went for a short time before his death in 1945 from rapid pneumonia at age 7 years.

Adair and Bruce. Shannon and Warren.

Meggin & Cameron Roy.

GEORGE ODELL

George Odell, brother of Warren, with his wife Marj. and daughters, Lois and Joyce bought the Dick Huber place - 4 miles east of Cremona. They moved from Calgary in 1943. George worked for the Alberta Pacific Grain Co. for many years at their head office in Winnipeg and

Left to right: Gladdo, Adair, Joyce, Lois and Dot Odell.

Barn built by Dick Huber.

Calgary. Lois went to school in Calgary and took her R.N. training at the Calgary General Hospital.

Joyce also an R.N. went to school in Cremona and received nurses training from the Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary and now works in the Canadian Red Cross in Calgary.

House built for hired men.

DENNIS O'HAGGERTY

Dennis O'Haggerty lived west on the Little Red Deer River. This place was across from Sundholms, Elmer Sundquist's homestead. Dennis came into this country with a herd of dairy cattle. He opened up a small store on this property. He used to have a meat market in the store and butchered this beef himself. When he left this place he moved up to section 12 in township 30.

JOHN OKE

John Oke was an old bachelor who lived in a little shack somewhere down by Dinzeys in the Big Prairie district. He had been in the War and was shell shocked. At that time there was no, or very little pension for the elderly. He had a few hens and had them laying when no one else did in winter. It was reported that he fed them potatoes. He spent his last days in a home.

OLDFIELD AND DEWHURST

By Norma and Joe Oldfield

George Oldfield came to the Water Valley area in 1932. Originally, his family had come from Ontario to Balzac in 1908. He brought with him to his homestead south-west of Water Valley, his wife, Hattie, and their three eldest children, Mary, Joe, and Jean. The younger children, David, Doug and Sharon were all born after their parents moved here.

George had a few cattle and horses, as well as a saw mill that he ran with a steam engine for the first few years. He brought in a slight income by working for neighbors or on threshing crews. Hattie died in 1961 after a short illness. George died of lung cancer in 1975.

George and Hattie's oldest son, Joe, took over the homestead. Joe married Norma Dewhurst on December 13, 1949. They have a family of five, consisting of three daughters, Irene, Myrna, and Mona, and two sons, Don and Tom. At present they have four grandchildren. Joe and his family run a cow-calf operation. Also he and his sons have a saw mill. Joe hauled cream for the Cremona-Cochrane district to the Cochrane Creamery for fourteen years.

Norma's parents were Vic and Nellie Dewhurst of Water Valley. They both had come from England. Vic and Nellie had two daughters, Jennie and Norma and a son, Fred. Vic served in both the World Wars. After W.W. I he worked for Hayes Dairy of Carstairs as a milker for four and a half years. After W.W. I Vic farmed his half-section north-east of Water Valley until his death in 1958.

After Vic's death, Nellie sold the farm and moved to Cremona where she lived for a year and a half. From there, she moved to live at Joe and Norma's until her death in 1971. She was predeceased, not only by Vic, but also by Jennie and Fred.

GEORGE AND HATTIE OLDFIELD

By: Jean Eby

My dad (George) was born in York, Ontario, Feb. 20, 1900. He moved to Alberta with his family in 1904. They settled in Balzac where he spent his younger years. I remember Dad telling us about the time he hauled hay to the hay market in Calgary and all the experiences he had driving his team down the Centre Street hill.

Hattie Marquerite Bishop (my Mother), was born March 26, 1905, at Beddington, Alberta. She also spent her young years in the Balzac area. They were married July 4, 1926. They spent a few years in this area, also they lived near Cochrane lakes working on a farm.

In 1932, they moved to the Water Valley district, each taking out a homestead. Dad's was S.E.$\frac{1}{4}$-18-29-5-5 and Mom's N.E.$\frac{1}{4}$-7-29-5-5. At first we lived with Dad's brother and family until they got a home built. Dad's main work was sawmilling. He bought the mill from Art Pawson, and this was run with a steam engine.

George Oldfield building up a fire for steam.

George and Hattie Oldfield with two of their children Mary and Joe.

George Oldfield.

Family Reunion. Dog Pound Rodeo Grounds. Oldfield Brothers. George and Jack sitting - Roy, 1971.

Dad also did quite a lot of trucking for the neighbors and in the fifties he hauled fire wood to Crossfield. Mom was always right there at his side helping to saw and load the wood. She also worked at the mill whenever she could.

In the earlier years when we first came, Dad worked out a lot for different people. I remember him telling about the threshing crews he worked at. This was out in the Dog Pound, Madden areas. We also had quite a few horses and some cattle, mostly milk cows. They both served on the local school boards at Bituma. Mom and other ladies of the neighborhood worked many hours to prepare for Santa's visit at the Christmas concert.

Mom and Dad both loved to dance and whenever they were at parties, they were always asked to do the Hyland Scottish, which they did very well. Mom kept busy in the summer with the garden and she spent hours picking berries, which tasted real good in the cold winter months.

There are six children in our family, Mary, Joe, Jean (myself), David, Doug and Sharon. We all went to Bituma school, which was about 4½ miles from home. We rode horses or walked, sometimes in the winter, we would use the horse and cutter. Dad and Mom had two fires where they lost everything, later, a third house burned, this was after Mom passed away. Dad then moved to his son's home.

Mom passed away Dec. 29, 1961, Dad passed away Nov. 9, 1975. There are 24 grandchildren also 19 great-grandchildren living. One grandson passed away in 1971.

ROY OLDFIELD AND FAMILY

By: Grace Oldfield

We moved to the Water Valley district in May, 1931. Eileen was 5 years old. We lived at Joe Smith's south of Water Valley until we got a house built on Roy's homestead around Christmas. We were joining Glen McNicol's on the west side.

About 1932, Roy's brother George and family, moved in with us until they got a house built on George's homestead, just south of Foster's. Eileen, Joe and Mary went to school at Bituma. They had to cross the "Little Red" river three times to get there. To start with, three of them rode an old grey horse which just about went where she pleased, but she got them there. Sometimes when the river was up, they couldn't go unless they went around east of McNicol's, which made it a long trip.

A few years later, we built a house on my quarter which was near a spring, which saved hauling water. Before the Water Valley hall was built, we used to hold dances in the old house across the road, which was the Des Jardine house or had house parties at private houses, where everyone who could play an instrument changed off with the music and the ladies supplied lunch.

Mervin was born in 1936 and we moved back to Balzac in 1939. We sold our place to Mr. Spurrell. Eileen married Alan Wylie and lives in Vulcan and has a boy and a girl. Mervin married Phyllis Baerelie and they have three boys and live in Calgary.

I have lived with Mervin and Phyllis since Roy died in 1977.

FLOYD OLSEN

As Told By Floyd Olsen Feb. 1979
And Written By Joan Cavers

Floyd Olsen was born at Ord, Nebraska in 1899. From the start he loved animals and blue skies, and this great love of nature compelled him at a very young age to catch 2 skunks in his father's cornfield and hide them in a barrel in the barn. Needless to say Dad sniffed them - and him - out early next morn. His father, Carl, was born in Iowa and his mother, Anna, in Denmark. He has a sister, Ruby (Mrs. Roy Whelpton) and a brother, 'Ern', both at present living at Agassiz, B.C. Floyd has one son, Ron, and 5 grandchildren.

In 1910 the Carl Olsen family moved to a farm in Saskatchewan 18 miles from Craig. In 1915 they came to Alberta where Carl bought a quarter section from Henry Spooner, 10 miles east and 4 miles south of Carstairs. (Anna's brother and family, Christensens, had already settled in Carstairs area). Floyd's mother boarded the school teacher, Miss O'Connor, and Floyd drove her to school with team and buggy - and for that winter he went to Hawkeye school too. Pete Knight's family lived just across the Rosebud Creek & "Three nights a week I went riding with Pete and if it wasn't dad's bunch of horses it was Pete's dad's bunch." They lived at Hawkeye about 5 years and then Floyd's dad bought a place S.W. of Carstairs E. of the old Martin Foster place (Martin had the drugstore in Carstairs) and then another quarter one mile south of that which they farmed 2 or 3 years before moving right into Carstairs where his father bought 2 acres on the south side of the road and just a little east of the cemetery. From here they kept the town of Carstairs in milk. Brother Ernie went to Carstairs school and Ruby worked for several years at Carstairs' Bank of Montreal.

At this time Floyd was breaking horses and riding (to mention a few names in the horse trade) with Harry Bell, Reub Estes, Dick Stearn, Frank Moon and Dick Kimmel. He used to break-in his green horses by pulling a wagon from Carstairs out to Mac Turnbull's (Senior) mill west of Water Valley and hauling lumber back to Carstairs - that was back in 1919-20 around 1916-17 Floyd rode for Pat Burns from the Feedgrounds E. of Carstairs on the Rosebud & he tells of the Reub. Linch place and McDaniels, and working for Taylor Brothers.

And talking of horses - about 1918 or '19 a fella called 'Joe' of Carstairs - Cremona country traded a quarter to Jake Fullerton for 30 head of horses sight unseen. Floyd contracted to gather up the critters and rode off to Jake's

Bragg Creek Country to round up a bunch of wildies. Well, after some wild time he ended up trailing 27 head toward Calgary - when they hit the "pavement" at 17th Avenue the whole bunch "bunched" and just balked there leaning against one another. (They were supposed to be 7 or 8 years olds but some, by the length of their tails, were 20). He had to rope 'em to get 'em headed downtown to the 'Twin Livery Stables' on 7th avenue and 2nd street east - just across the way from the Queen's Hotel. Floyd got half to break for his share and 7 of these he sold to the Bennett family in Carstairs Country. Floyd says "if it hadn't been for Jake's two daughters to the rescue he'd have been back in there rounding those wildies up yet!"

For a while Floyd rode the stampedes - mostly at Brooks and at Calgary once. It was at Brooks the pickup-men missed and he got caught between his bronco and the pagewire fence - broke his hip - darn near got killed - woke up in hospital in Calgary. That ended his stampeding but not so his breaking horses.

1935-36 saw Floyd trecking to Fallen Timber country with son, Ron - taking up a cousin's homestead (Vince Farrell, Percy's son, Vince went with Alberta Wheat Pool Elevator at Cremona) where they lived on and off for about 12 years. Mostly breaking horses and timbering and hauling posts and rails out as far as Carstairs with his team and wagon.

Floyd Olsen and his dog Boxer. By the old Malcolm Eadie homestead. Late 1960's.

He broke horses for Scoop Chapman (Sam Gentry has his place now) and for George Martin (but that was back in '22) - broke Martin's horses right on the flat where Water Valley Stampede Grounds stand now.

For a time Floyd and Ron strayed from Fallen Timber - lived at Browns at Wescott and dairied for an English couple nearby who had some of Hays dairy cows - then off to a ranch to work for Sandy and Jim Cross. (Sandy had the home ranch and Jim the Willow Creek place.) Next a stint to B.C. timbering out of Agassiz - and back to the Fallen Timber place.

At one time 'way back Floyd worked for Jimmy Coates's dad - just north of Percy Fear's place - "Jimmy was just a little tad going to Fallen Timber school."

Floyd and son Ron lived for a time on Silver Creek - the old Paul place. Ron went to Bituma school along with the Oldfields, the Sundholms and the Gundersons, while Floyd worked in the bush logging between the Paul place and the old Hawkstead place. He tells some 'tall' tales of rough trips hauling timber down the Old Silver Creek Trail with team and sleighs crossing all the corduroys (must have been about 20 of them) and breaking through the ice with the sleigh runners come spring break-up.

Then Floyd bought a quarter west of Johnny Lashmore's and since has lived on the Jarvis place and at Reub and Ruth Bouck's place. For some 13 years now he has made his home north of Water Valley on the north bank of the 'Little Red' on the old Eadie Homestead. Until the mid '60's he still worked in the bush with his faithful old team. Sandy and Mabel, delivering fence posts, logs and rails by wagon to many residents of the Cremona-Water Valley area.

Floyd sums it all up - "My best teacher has been experience" - and his eyes are still as blue as the skies that lie above this foothills country he calls home.

* Carl Olsen died 1922 or '23 and is buried Carstairs Cemetery.

Anna Olsen moved to Agassiz and is buried there.

Ron lives in Calgary

Floyd has 5 grandchildren

ALFRED OLIVER OLSON

By: Blance McDiarmid

Alfred was born near St. James, Minnesota on March 29, 1882. He and Johnny Myers came to Alberta together to look for homestead land. Alfred found his quarter about four miles north of the Water Valley post office, across the river, and filed it it in 1905. He received his patent in 1910 and purchased an additional eighty acres. He built a two-room log cabin and a small log barn and grew good crops of wheat and oats.

Alfred never married, but liked to socialize. He spent a lot of time with the Morks.

In late summer, he and two of his brothers were out berry picking. While riding home on horse back along a wooded trail Alfred's saddle loosened and twisted throwing him from his horse. His head and shoulder struck a tree, and he received severe head injuries and a broken arm. A month later, on October 15, 1914, he died at his parents' home.

After his death, his father, Bert Olson, farmed his quarter for a while and then rented it out to Mork's son-in-law and later to August Koester. Eventually the property was sold.

August and Ida Koester and sons. Left to right: Roy, Ralph, Carle, Lawrence and Albert.

BERT AND CHRISTENA OLSON

By Blanche McDiarmid

Bert Olson was born February 9, 1857. On May 15, 1881 he married Christena Ringheim, born December 15, 1860. They farmed close to St. James, Minnesota where ten children were born to them: Alfred--March 29, 1882; Ida--September 13, 1883; Hilda -March 10, 1885; Clara--November 17, 1886; Gilmer--May 11, 1888; Martha--December 21, 1890; Carl--August 26, 1892; Bertha--July 31, 1894; Lawrence--October 6, 1896; Lena--September 26, 1898.

They sold the farm near St. James and bought a hotel

in Odin, Minnesota. There three more children were born: Celeste--March 4, 1901; Gladys--October 12, 1902; and Creola--July 26, 1904. In 1905 they sold the hotel and moved to Minot, North Dakota, where they bought a farm and lived until moving to the Water Valley district in 1909.

The family travelled by train; Bert and son Lawrence rode in box cars with the stock and household goods. Seven of the thirteen children came with them, as well as Christena's mother and father, Ivor and Gudve Ringheim.

The family was met in Carstairs early in May by their oldest son Alfred and Buster Brown who had brought wagons and teams to help them move. As the family had no house to live in they moved into an abandoned sawmill shack one-half mile north of their homestead. Bert, Gilmer, Alfred, Lawrence started to build on the homestead right away. First they built a 16' x 20' slant-roofed, log chicken house in which they put a stove, and stayed there while building the house. As they were a big family they built a large two-storey log house. The logs were set up vertically and a a result they always had trouble keeping the plaster in between the logs. The house had three bedrooms, a living room and kitchen downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. The family moved into the house before winter but it was far from finished.

Bert filed on the north-east quarter, Section 15, Township 29, Range 5. He received his patent in 1913. Ivor Ringheim filed on the north-west quarter of the same section as Bert but in the middle of the winter of 1911-12 both Ivor and Gudve Ringheim passed away, one month apart.

Bert would help anyone who needed help as long as it wasn't on Sunday, as they were very strict about not working on the sabbath. Bert suffered from asthma and heart trouble all the later years of his life.

Christena delivered many babies in the district. It was not unusual for the younger children to wake up in the morning to find their mother gone, having been called out in the middle of the night to deliver a baby or to nurse someone who was ill. The Olson home was a favorite stopping place for passers-by, as the family could always make room for extras at the table or for the night. Many times the younger girls had to wait to eat their meal or stood beside their mother to eat, as the table was so crowded.

The first school the children attended was Mount Hope. The next year the children stayed with their sister Martha at Bottrel and attended school there. Later Celeste, Gladys and Creola attended Big Prairie school.

On October 15, 1914 their oldest son, Alfred, died at home as a result of injuries obtained in a riding accident a month before. The next year Bert farmed Alfred's 240 acres as well as his own.

In 1919 Bert and Christena decided to rent out their farm and moved to Clinton, B.C. Bert had gone to Clinton the previous summer for a visit and his health was so much better while there they decided to move. They stayed at Clinton until May, 1925 when the family moved back home to Water Valley.

Vertical log house built the summer of 1909.

Bert and Christina Olson.

A month after they moved back, their house burned to the ground and everything in the house was lost. However, they had a large two-storey granary where some of the beds and stove had been stored while the family was living in Clinton. These items had not been moved back into the house yet, so the family moved into the upstairs of the granary after the fire and lived there while Lawrence and a friend from Calgary rebuilt the house. The neighbors had a get-together for the Olsons after the fire and everyone who came brought something for the home; some brought little things like a tea towel or a mixing spoon, but everything they received was appreciated and put to good use and helped the family set up housekeeping again.

Alfred, Carl and Lawrence were bachelors. The rest of the family married and moved away, except Ida, who married August Koester on May 26, 1904, and remained in the Water Valley district all her days, raising a family of five boys and one girl.

Bert died on September 6, 1929; Christena died October 1, 1943. Ida and August Koester bought the home place and lived there. Carl had a cabin built on the home place and lives there still, remaining in fairly good health. After the death of Ida Koester, Joe Bamlett, husband of Leola (nee Koester, a great great granddaughter of Olsons) bought the farm. They still own it and have it rented out.

CARL OLSON

Carl Olson a brother of Ida Koester, still lives a mile south of Water Valley and even at the age of 86 years, Carl can still be seen taking his daily two mile walk, rain or shine. Carl spent his time doing odd jobs but his favorites were hunting, fishing and trapping.

Carl Olson at 86 years in 1979.

JOHN AND ANNA (STANGELAND) OLSON

By Noreen Olson

In 1915 John Stangeland, son of Jonas Olson Stangeland, decided to leave his home in Stavanger, Norway and sail by immigrant ship to America.

John was an experienced carpenter but the unions were starting in Norway at that time; some factories had closed and there was much unemployment. Besides, John especially wanted his own land and there was little chance of this in Norway. His father's farm was small and rocky. Jonas supplemented his income by working in a factory putting the bottoms in pails.

Two of John's brothers and an uncle had previously immigrated and established themselves in North Dakota and Minnesota. People of the Scandinavian and European countries had read a great deal about the 'Golden Opportunities' of this great land and many young people were leaving the old countries.

In June, 1915 John sailed from Bergen, Norway on the ship Christianiafjord, their route going far north to avoid combat zones. Northwest of Iceland a British Destroyer signaled the ship to stop. For two hours the Christianiafjord tried to outrun the British ship, but finally the destroyer circled them and cut them off.

Two officers and two sailors came on board and took command. They took the aerial down and turned the ship about, to sail toward Scotland. In time they arrived at a fishing village in a cove in Scotland, all rocks, whitewashed stone buildings and black boats. There were ships there from many nations. The Norwegian ship had a German family on board, a man, his wife and two children. They were taken off. Later they were returned and the Norwegian ship left immediately. No one else were bothered but there were rumours of land-mines and everyone was afraid the Germans would get the ship as soon as they made the open sea. Many people were crying and praying.

Their first contact with America was Staten Island and the immigrant pens, where they got their papers and went by ferry across to New York; then subway to Grand Central Station. They were in a group with a guide interpreter. From Grand Central Station they went by train to Chicago. The ride was hot, smokey and dirty. In Chicago they tavelled across town, women and kids inside, luggage on top and young men on top of the luggage. Once they were on the train to Minneapolis the interpreters job was finished and they were on their own. John was 20 years old and could not speak English.

From Minneapolis John took a train to Crookston. Here he had to change trains again and the agent made him understand that he had a four hour wait. The next stop was Thief River Falls, which was a Norwegian settlement and he could make himself understood. He had to stay overnight in this town, as the train line to Grygla, his destination, was still under construction and only went half way and then only in the morning. When the train left, the track was covered with water. The country was enormous, beyond anything he had imagined and in Minnesota, the miles and miles of flat countryside were under water, only the road grades could be seen. He shared a taxi with another traveller and except for being towed through washouts, the trip was uneventful. Finally the car stopped at a corner and the driver told him he had arrived. Indeed, he could see Uncle Samuel's house, but to get there he had to wade through what looked like a lake. It was a swampy, flooded bog and as soon as he stepped off the high grade he had to wade up to his knees.

His relations were not especially thrilled or excited to see him and he would have returned to Norway immediately if he could have afforded the trip. He stayed with his Uncle Samuel about 13 months and made $100 in wages for the whole time.

John's father's name was Jonas Olson Stangeland and the two brothers who had preceded him to America had changed their name, Stangeland, to OLSON. John followed suit. When a younger brother, Magnus came over to Canada several years later by some quirk of fate he became OLSON. An even younger brother who remained in Norway retained the name Stangeland. When John informed his bride-to-be that she would now be Mrs. Olson she was furious. Now almost 60 years later she claims she still dislikes the name.

John's brother Olaf lived and worked on a farm in Mayville, North Dakota. He came to visit Minnesota about August 1, 1916 and when he returned to his home John went with him. here John got a job working on a farm haying, stooking and doing odd jobs until harvest time when he went to work for a threshing crew. As the youngest and newest member of the crew he was assigned an old team of mules. Other men had found the mules difficult and ornery but John found them docile and intelligent.

Rains came and threshing stopped. The crew were sitting around in the hayloft playing cards. The owner of the place had the best team on the outfit. He stuck his head up through the trap door and asked if his horses had been curried and cleaned that day. The man who drove them admitted he had not, and shrugged off the importance of grooming when the team had not been worked. He was fired on the spot. When threshing started again they were short a driver. The threshing boss needed the team so he asked the farmer if he had anyone he would trust to drive his horses. "I'll let John drive them" he replied.

John was very proud of his big promotion but couldn't brag about it because he still spoke very little English. In Minnesota everyone had spoken Norwegian, here in North Dakota he had to begin learning English.

A man named Meyers owned the mules John had driven and after threshing was over he hired John to drive a team of 5 mules on a gang plow to do the fall plowing. There were 3 ploughs, 3 teams and 2 men to drive them. The man on the lead plow would pull his plow, make the turn and put the plow back in the ground. Without stopping the team he would step off the plow and the team went on its own about 6 rods and then stopped. Meanwhile John was on the third plow. Before it reached the end of the round he would get off and get on the second plow; take it out of the ground, turn the team across to the return furrow. Here the drivers of the first plow would step on the second plow, turn the team into the return furrow and put the plow back in the ground, while John would return to the third plow and ride it around to the return furrow. Driver No. 1 would then return to the first plow and start off. This way the second or driverless plow was always between them where they could watch its progress. this driverless team was always mules as they were dependable to keep a straight furrow.

Mr. Meyers owned a large farm at Cayley, Alberta. He was in the process of building a big house there. Because of John's ability with animals and because he had been trained as a carpenter in Norway, Mr. Meyers hired him as foreman. He moved to Canada in 1917.

In the winter of 1918 John sailed back to Norway and on March 1, 1919 he married his childhood playmate, Anna Marie Mortensen. Almost immediately following the wedding they embarked for America. Magnus was determined to come with them, but John believed he was too young and inexperienced to undertake all the difficulties, so he gave Mac a false departure time. Mac did some checking on his own and much to Johns chagrin he showed up on the dock, suitcase in hand. They all three sailed on the Stavangerfjord. (Magnus and his Canadian born wife, Isabel live in Medicine Hat and raised 4 sons.)

Anna Mortensen was the daughter of a sailor-farmer. Her father Jakob Mortensen sailed by large sailing ships from Norway to San Francisco and Santiago, South America. Their cargo was often lumber or fruit but they traded for other things as well. And he told many exciting stories about the months at sea and the new countries he had seen.

Anna was 19 when they arrived at Cayley. She was almost totally inexperienced in regard to keeping house. In Norway, she had lived in a small city in a very civilized country. She had been used to electricity, running water, good roads and convenient shops. She had been well educated in her native country and she was intereted in and conversant with world affairs, politics and international news. In her new home she was expected to turn out huge meals on a coal and wood stove, read by kerosene lamp, battle dust and mud and she didn't even know the language!

She immediately began studying labels on cans of baking powder, soda, salt, etc. She knew what was in the cans and in this way learned their English names and many English terms.

In 1920 John and Anna returned to Minnesota to visit relatives and there Arne, their first child was born. The next three children, Julien, Alice and Marie were born in High River. John was still foreman of the Meyers farm at Cayley.

In 1923 John began looking for some land of his own. He did not like the prairie because it was bald and windy. After rejecting land at Claresholm and Strathmore he was shown a ½ section west of Carstairs. Here he found trees, fertile soil, and lots of water. Two creeks ran through the farm. One flows in spring only and one all year around. This farm reminded them of their old home and they bought it. John returned to Cayley and sent a hired man up to build a house. The big move was made in the spring of 1925. The family came by Model T Ford and the household articles came by horses and wagons on a two day trip.

Calgary was small then. No sign of buildings until you reached the top of Cemetary Hill and you were soon out of the city when you crossed the bridge at St. George's Island.

They bought the land from a Mr. Huser but it was known as the Lucas place. A huge log building was in the yard. It was 20x30 feet, and rumored to have been built about 1870, before surveying crews had even been here. Clark Ray stayed in the building during his search for land about 1900. It was built using cut and fitted logs, smoothed on the inside and ends joined in the Swedish style. The roof was of logs 30 ft. long and 30 in. in diameter. It is possible the building was used for hay crews while some southern ranchers used the surounding clear land to cut hay. Because it was built with a great deal of skill and care it may have been a stopping place for travellers. The remains of a set of tumbled down corrals were also a mystery. A distinct wagon trail crossed the land S.E. to N.W. along high ground. Despite our best efforts we will probably never know who built this fine old structure and for what purpose.

A shack was discovered in dense bush. Old timers said its inhabitant had been a squatter of unknown history. There was suspicion that he was operating an illegal still, but the Mounties never found any evidence of this. When John cleared the spot that is now our vegetable garden he found the still, much of the copper tubing in place but otherwise tumbled in and overgrown with weeds.

South of the yard lie two giant boulders. They have been identified as Erratics. They are chunks of granite carried from the mountains at Jasper and dropped by glaciers during the Ice Age. When the children were small they could still walk around the big rock in a deep path cut by the buffalo. The buffalo loved these eratics and walked round and round them scratching themselves on the sharp edges of the stone.

Clearing the land was a long, hard process. It took almost ten years to clear all the land they wanted to farm. Their new little two roomed house was pretty crowded with John, Anna and the 4 small children that were born prior to the move to Carstairs. Two more children were born at Garfield, Edna and Ralph. Almost from the beginning someone has been building up - out - around and onto this house. The original two rooms are still in use and have become the dining room, hall and master bedroom. There are 11 full rooms, 2 baths, 2 halls, entry, 4 attics, root cellar and basement.

John and Anna worked very hard, clearing land, growing crops and building up a livestock herd. About the time they were really becoming established, the depression struck and they just managed to clothe and feed the family and still pay their taxes to keep the precious land.

All the children went to school at Garfield. the family had spoken mostly Norwegian at home but when Arne and Julien started school they switched exclusively to English so the children could have a better chance. Consequently the older children completely lost their ability to speak Norwegian and the younger ones never did learn.

By the time Arne and Julien were old enough to help, thing were picking up and the family could look forward again. The big boys were working for threshing crews in the fall and the older girls helped with the farm work.

Arne took a mechanics course at Tech but before he was able to use it for his own benefit he joined the R.C.A.F. ending up as a Sergeant. Stationed near Hamilton, Ontario he met Betty Dooley. They were married there and came west to live a few years after the war. They now live in Edmonton. Arne is a shop supervisor with Schlumberger. They have five sons and one daughter, all grown. One son, Jim is married and has two boys, great grandchildren for John and Anna.

Julien finished high school in Didsbury and joined the RAF through the RCAF. He was working with the new Radar Control in England when he met and married Lilian Gibson. After the war Lilian and Julien came home to Canada and Julien enrolled at the University of Manitoba to get a degree in Architecture. They live in Ottawa now where Julien works for the Dept. of Public Works. He has designed such diverse projects as alterations to the Prime Minister's home and the Drumheller Federal Prison. They have three children, one boy and two girls, all grown and married!

Alice finished high school in Didsbury and went to Calgary Normal School. She taught in small schools for several years and then returned to University to get her Masters Degree in Education. Alice's husband, Colm Hogan passed away in July 1977. She lives in Red Deer, where she is principal of an elementary school.

Marie took a secretarial course at Henderson. She is single and Mom and Dad Olson share her home in Calgary. Marie is office manager at Bow Valley Machinery in Calgary and has for 33 years, looked after farmers with Massey Ferguson machinery.

Edna also took a secretarial course at Hendersons. She worked at an Insurance Co. and Real Estate office before her marriage to Bill Crook. Edna and Bill live on a farm at Pincher Creek. They have two boys and one daughter. The two oldest are married,the younger boy is at SAIT.

Ralph finished High School in Carstairs and then took Agricultural Mechanics at Tech. He went to work for International Harvester in Calgary, married Noreen Johnston in May 1961 and took over the home farm in May 1962. Their 3 children, Mark, John and Kirsten are all presently attending Cremona school.

John and Anna are still living at home in Calgary. They have a big garden where they raise everything from strawberries to potatoes. Their flowers and lawns are always immaculate and their home is a meeting place for the scattered family. Grandma is still able to prepare a marvelous meal for all visitors. She does all her own baking and house cleaning and still sews, crochets and knits when she has the time.

Grandpa Olson keeps busy helping with the house and yard. he has always been an ardent reader and he has several friends in the neighborhood. Up until recently he would come out and help on the farm during busy periods and he still remembers the busy, busy days when he was active on the School Board, the Telephone Board, road building, etc. He was a founding member of the Alberta Wheat Pool, an early sharholder in the Seed Cleaning Plant and a prime mover for the R.E.A. Anna worked diligently for the Red Cross, knitting and sewing and was a charter

member of Jackson W.I. She became vitally interested in politics at every level and did she learn the language!! They look forward to their 60th Wedding Anniversary on March 1st, 1979 and they fondly recall good friends and good neighbors from the Garfield district.

OLE OLSON

Ole Olson was born on October 17, 1904 at Magnor Eldskog, Norway.

Ole's name when he was born was Svensrud but when he came to Canada this name was hard to spell and hard to say so he changed it to Olson.

In 1926, Ole came to Canada on a Norweigian ship that docked at St. John, New Brunswick. From St. John, Ole came west by train to Drumheller, Alberta.

After leaving Drumheller, he went to work on a cattle ranch near Dorothy, Alberta. Ole worked on this ranch during 1927 and 1928.

Ole Olson and Smokey.

Ole Olson in 1961.

Ole Olson at Bituma.

In 1928, he met John Mokal from the same district as Ole in Norway. Together they came out to Mrs. Matt Thompson's place which was two miles east of Water Valley. Mrs. Thompson was a distant relative of Ole's mother. They stayed here for some time. John was a blacksmith by trade and he taught Ole the blacksmith trade.

John and Ole went to work for Bill Dawson whose farm was a mile east of the Olds overpass in the spring of 1933. It was while Ole worked for the Dawsons that he bought a Star car. Ole and Mr. Dawson took several trips north during this time as far as Fort St. John, B.C.

Ole worked for Mr. Dawson off and on from 1933 to 1942.

Ole would spend some time with the Carl Olson's at Water Valley.

Ivor Skog grew up in the same area of Norway as Ole had. Ivor came to Canada in 1927. He first worked at New Norway, Alberta. Then he moved to Water Valley in 1938.

Ole worked for Charlie Salisbury in 1938 where he learned to saw lumber. He finished the year sawing lumber for Art Pawson. Ole sawed lumber for Perry Sirr early in 1939. This was located at the present site of Bates guest ranch.

In 1939, Ole and Ivor went by train to Vancouver Island. They went to work for a big logging company at Kelsy Bay. Here they worked as a team falling Sitka spruce and cedar with a ten foot cross cut saw.

After working here, Ole and Ivor returned to Water Valley where they lived with Ingmar Sunquist and worked from here.

About 1944, Ole and Ivor moved to Dan Colvins place.

In 1945, Ivor started sawmilling at the Turnbull place on the Greasy Plains.

Ole Olson passed away at his residence on August 1,

Ole and Ivor went into partnership in 1953. During 1953 and 1954, they sawed at the head of Harold Creek.

In the fall of 1954, they moved the mill to Heifer Creek and started sawing in Jan. 1955. Here they sawed for the next seven winters. They quit sawing in 1962.

Ole Olson's cougars. "Smokey" his dog, treed the cougars then they were shot.

The Ivor Skog children on Ole's cougars.

In later years Ole kept busy hunting, fishing, picking berries and just riding his horse.

Ole built his house up on the hill above Bituma in 1950. 1975 at the age of 70 years.

BOB O'NIEL

Bob O'Niel came from Ontario to a quarter section of land just north of Water Valley, this land is now owned by Mrs. Vandenburg. They had 2 girls and one boy. The O'Niel's left for the east and bought a hotel.

Bob and his stepdaughter, Annie May.

THE JIM ONEIL FAMILY

Told By Florence Hickey

Jim Oneil and his wife Mary Ellen (known as Nellie), and their family first lived at Crossfield. They had a large family of 11 children there, and Jimmy was born later at Cremona. It was here at Crossfield in 1931 when an outbreak of polio struck the family. It was a time when folks thought a dose of Epson Salts was a cure for anything and everything, so the children received their quota. Their first complaints were severe headaches and stomach sickness. When the Epson Salts treatment failed a doctor was called. he came out with horse and buggy and found all the children in beds. He checked them, left and returned with vaccine and promptly vaccinated all the children. Mrs. Oneil had just had a new baby (Doris), a few weeks before and Doris received the vaccine also. It was later discovered to be penicillin. The doctor must have suspected polio. Seven of the children came down with polio in 24 hours. The other children vomited and relieved the stomach, the house was under quarantine. Their cousin Cecil, died with polio - he became ill on Saturday and was dead by Tuesday.

It was October 11, 1931 when Florence first became ill with a terrrible headache and was given the vaccine, but it didn't seem to work. Her parents put her in hot salt water, this relieved the pain, once out of the salt water the pain returned. Her arms were effected but later regained their strength. Very little was known about polio or infantile paralysis as it was also called, and doctors were at a loss for treatment. Florence was home two weeks when it was decided by the doctor and her parents that she be taken to the Red Cross hospital in Calgary as the quarantine was now lifted. She remained here 2½ years. The entire time she was here only one small boy (in the same condition) was in her room. While in Calgary she was strapped down in the bed. This was considered treatment at the time. However, when her parents came they were allowed to undo the straps and massage the limbs and exercise the muscles. Florence feels that if her parents had continued the salt water treatments, she would be walking today.

About this time the Oneils were considering a move west, to the now Dan Fear place. This was open land, had no buildings, and they had to clear a place to build a shack. Times were hard and as the parents were able to get to the Calgary hospital to see Florence from Crossfield, it seemed almost impossible to visit her if they moved further west. It was thought that not much else could be done anyway so Florence came home and made the move west with the family. Jimmy was born here in 1935. Florence learned to get around, wore overalls and slid on her rear end. She did not go to school the first year as her parents could not afford a wheel chair and it was thought too hard for her to get about without one. The children, Laura, Hillyard and Florence went to Atkins school, with a horse and sleigh in winter and horse and buggy in summer. Bob Reid got Florence her first wheel chair in 1934-35. It was taken in the buggy on Monday and it remained at school for the week, and was brought home for weekends. It was a heavy chair and very hard to lift in and out of the buggy. Laura was the oldest going to school at that time, she was the driver and also had the job of transporting the chair.

The Oneil's moved in 1939 to the Big Prairie district, now Ted Coombes land. Here they went to Graham school. In 1940 Florence was sent to Edmonton University hospital, hoping she would be able to walk, she underwent operations for the next two and one half years. In August 1947, Florence and Jack Hickey were married in Calgary, at her sister, Jean's place. It was a small wedding and they went to Banff for their honeymoon. They later bought the Hickey place from Jack's dad and began farming. Doug, Jack and his dad had a sawmill 21 miles west of Water Valley. Florence did the cooking. They would go out in the fall and return at spring break-up and put the crop in. They were here 3 or 4 years. Ivor Skogg and Ole Olson bought in and they bought a bigger mill in the early 60's and hired a

Jack and Florence - 30th wedding anniversary, 1977.

Florence O'Neil age 4 years.

bigger crew. They later sold the mill to Ivor and Ole and returned to farm.

The Oneil children:
Annie - (Aldred) - lives in Crossfield and has 8 children.
Joe - lives in Airdrie and has 3 boys
Alice - (Aldred) - lives east of Crossfield and has 2 boys.
Mary - (Whitlow) - lives at Dewinton and has 4 girls.
Jean - (McIntoch) - lives at Dewinton and has 2 boys.
Bob - had one daughter - he is now deceased.
Laura - (Seymore) - lives west of Cremona and has 7 children.
Hillyard - lives in Claresholm and has one daughter.
Doris - (Bucks) - lives west of Cremona and has 8 children.
Jim - lives at Hinton and has 4 children
Jim Oneil Sr. died in 1944 and Mary Ellen died in March of 1963.

Fred McKinnon helped Florence get her home chair, which has a wooden back and a comfortable lounge seat. The folding chairs tend to tip when she is doing her housework, but she finds them convenient for travelling. A wheel chair cannot be purchased without a doctor's signature and a witness as proof you actually need the chair. Florence and Jack still live in the old Hickey house, built by Mr. Bruce and said to be the second oldest in the district, Mrs. Margaret Cameron has possibly the oldest house, still being lived in.

Florence enjoys life, going places and having visitors. She plays a lot of cards and can often be seen at the local functions visiting friends.

FRED PATCHELL

By Bob Patchell

Fred Patchell came west with the telegraph line and strung wire from Winnipeg to Crows Nest Pass, which took five years. While in the Cremona area he met Susie Crow and they were married in 1906 in Calgary, he homesteaded in 1907 on the land still owned by their only son Robert, who has lived in this area all his life. Fred passed away in 1952. Susan Patchell lives in B.C.

Mrs. Patchell remembers a Buster Brown who came in 1905 and had the first store in the area. It was called "Whoop up" store. This was on Earnest McVicor's homestead - now on the north west corner of Mick Earle's land. This store ran for 1 year, then the Brown's moved to their place south west of Cremona, now David Newsome has a new house there.

THE PATMORES

Patmores first moved to Water Valley in 1966, living west one and a half miles on an acreage. This acreage they bought from a man by the name of Bill Graham. The boys Lorne, Jim and Doug all attended Cremona School. In 1973 Patmores sold their acreage to Kaisers and Mrs. Patmore moved into the trailer she bought at Water Valley.

Lorne married Leanne Gillispie and they live in the Cremona trailer court. They have one daughter Angie.

Jim and Doug both work in Calgary.

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER PATTERSON

By: Mrs. Patterson

My husband was anxious to see the West, so in 1905 he came west for the harvest and threshing season. He was well pleased with his trip so he decided to return in the spring and get a homestead, which he did in May 1906. I was to follow when he got settled. I came in November. When I left the east the green and gold maple leaves were falling, there was plenty of mud, but no frost.

When I came to Carstairs it was 30 below zero and stayed between 20 and 30 until February. His homestead was 22 miles west of Carstairs. He was working for a lumber company then for $50. a month, which was considered top wages. We stayed at his boarding house until we rented a two-room house to live in. It was very discouraging to me. I had left a nice large home in the east. We bought our furniture which was a cook stove, a folding leaf table, six kitchen chairs, & a complete bed. We had brought with us plenty of bedding, and dishes, and clothing. We got moved in and the good people of Carstairs thought they would get acquainted with us and had planned a charivari. We have been married four years at that time. They sent a man to visit us - he stayed until 9 p.m. We had decided to go to his boarding house that night. We had been warned of their intentions. We put a broom and mop in the bed and left - the gang came about 11 p.m. They got fooled - they had to put up the treats.

A few days later I had letters from home and was feeling very lonesome, when someone knocked on the door. I thought, "No one knows me here and I won't answer the door". They still kept knocking - I opened the door to find the minister and his wife there! I was apologizing for the small house when he said, "You are very fortunate to have a house. We live in a barn over a horse stable". That helped to console me.

At Christmas time the boss loaned us a team and buggy to go to see the homestead and some friends at the sawmill. They wanted someone to work for them, also someone to cook. We decided to go there to work. He was the engineer and I was to cook for 26 men, plus teamsters that hauled lumber. The mill closed the first of June and we went homesteading. We had no house. A neighbor offered his one room house to us until we could build our own. He was working on the irrigation ditch at Strathmore.

We had a team of oxen and a wagon, and hauled enough lumber from the mill to build a house - two bedrooms and a kitchen and pantry. We had to clear and break 15 acres of land. The land had tall willow bush and small poplar trees. Our neighbor had a team of horses. They hitched the horses and oxen up together to a breaking plow and got our breaking and his done. When the heelflies got the oxen they ran away to the first slough they found.

The wild fruit was plentiful, strawberries, saskatoons, blueberries and cranberries. That was the summer of 1907 on the homestead. In the fall we went back to the sawmill, and worked until June again. We were paid $1.00 a day each, and our board and room. There was work to do for anyone willing to work. If you did not work you did not eat. There was no credit or help from the government in those days.

The C.P.R. had surveyed a rail line there that made everyone happy. However, nothing further was done about it. My husband got the title for the homestead in three years' time. He also got a quarter of land in Big Prairie. He thought life was too short for cutting brush and breaking prairie sod so he sold the land and bought horses and went to Calgary. While there he was excavating and hauling gravel. He later moved to Didsbury and he was an engineer for the creamery, later moved to Elkton where he had a grocery store and ran a creamery. he also had a threshing outfit for the fall work. In the summer he used the engine to brush and break land.

We finally moved from Elkton to Calgary where he was engineer for the Union Oil Well Drilling Co. He worked in the oilfield for 20 years, retiring at age 76. Then we moved to the Harmattan district where we lived until he passed away in April 1962, at the age of 90 years.

*Mrs. Patterson is now deceased.

SANDY PATERSON

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Paterson and Audrey lived south of Cremona, farming and threshing grain there for many years. In the middle 1920's they moved to Elkton and ran the creamery and general store there. Audrey took her normal course in 1926-27, preparing her for a teaching career. She married George McCreaken of the Harmatten district, where she and her family still live.

JACK AND MARGARET PAUL

This couple moved out west in the early thirties, they bought a ¼ of land from Mr. Brown (who everyone called Shoemaker Brown), This quarter of land is where the Water Valley Rodeo is held.

They later sold this land and rented Joe Robert's home and lived here for a while, later going to Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Paul worked as a night watchman there for 10 years. They came back to Alberta and lived ¼ mile west of Water Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Paul never had children of their own, but were very fond of children. They took care of Jimmy and Loretta Laveck for quite sometime, after their mother had passed away. They always loved to have any of the neighbours children come to visit or spend a few days.

They have both passed away and are buried at the Didsbury Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Paul.

Jack Paul on the left. Other man?

ELMER PLUM

Elmer Plum homesteaded a quarter section of land north west of Lee Salisburys. He left this place and moved to Florida, and after spending some time there moved to Alaska. This quarter section is still known throughout the area as the Plum place, it is now owned by Jack Jukes.

JOE PRIDE

By Muriel Foster

Joe Pride came west from Madden, Alberta. He lived for many years on the Harbottle place, south and east of Water Valley. This place was straight down the coulee from the Deer Springs. From the Harbottle place he moved west to an acreage above Winchell Lake. These acreages are known as Water Valley Farms Ltd. He lived here for sometime, then remarried and moved to Yaak, B.C.

Joe Pride really had a green thumb when it came to gardening and flowers. His speciality was pansies and poppies. There are still places along the Winchell coulee road where pansies and poppies grow that he planted.

When Don Dewdney moved Joe Pride to B.C. in early 1960's he still had hopes for the covered wagon which his family came from Colorado in, to Alberta. Don and Myrtle Dewdney bought Joe Pride's cattle brand L.H. JR.

Joe Pride's children were named Helen, Elmer, Lorraine, Josephine, Edith, Gladys, Darryl, and Louis. Joe passed away in B.C.

Christmas dinner at Vern Williams. Left to right - Sheila Lashmore, LaVerne Williams, Henry Pederson, Muriel Lashmore, George Lashmore, Joe Pride, Rita Dewdney.

JOHN AND CAROLINE RATTRAY

Told By: Grant Rattray

John Rattray applied for his homestead in 1903, coming from Ontario to the present Rattray farm. It was raw homestead land and he first built a shanty type house. He had 20 acres of land broke by 1907. He worked out at different places.

Caroline Grant came out west from Ontario also. She and John had known each other in Ontario, went to school together and had lived about five miles apart. She first worked for a pie shop in Calgary and then later for local farm ladies. A new house was built on the homestead and John's sister came out and kept house for him for a few

Mr. Rattray's first car.

years. Andy Duncan was the chief carpenter on the house.

John and Caroline were married in 1923 and remained on the farm all their lives. Many of the teachers boarded at their place while teaching school at the cheese factory. Grant, their only child went to Atkins public school, then to Calgary Crescent Heights, and Tech. and then returned home to the farm.

John Rattray died Jan. 5, 1966.

Caroline Rattray died April 4, 1967

Both are buried in the Cremona Cemetery.

Crew at the Ottobine mill 1905. Jack Rattray - second from the left.

THE CLARK RAY FAMILY "RUFUS CLARK RAY AND WIFE MINERVA HADDOCK RAY"

By: Mrs. Ross Young (nee Hazel Ray)

Dad was raising corn in Iowa on land leased from the Indians on a reservation, when from an old veterinarian he heard about Canadian lands being offered for homesteading. He also talked with Mr. Peterson, a Sunday School superintendent in Bancroft, Nebraska, who had just heard of these lands. Said Dad "Iowa was a good country but land was so high, I couldn't afford it so I came to a new country to get a start". (Incidentally, Mr. Peterson came to Canada on the same immigrant train as Dad in 1903).

Consequently, in the spring of 1902, Dad journeyed to Canada to file on a homestead, coming first to Olds where he learned there was good homesteading land west of Carstairs. He chose a quarter section, 11 miles west of Carstairs, near the junction of the Crooked Creek and the Dog Pound, and filed on this at Calgary in March 1902. The following spring (April 1903) he came up with all his farm machinery, household effects and livestock. Dad recorded some of his experiences on tape.

Quote: "There was such a rush to this country that whereas we should have been only about five days on the road, we were eleven days and eleven nights. I slept right in the car with the stock". He also describes at train wreck which occured near Medicine Hat, due to a broken switch that had been wired together. A train engine and several cars had backed off the tracks to let the main train pass, but the switch had failed to turn the rails.

Quote: "We came along with a big heavy immigrant train, one engine in front, and the other one pushing from behind. It was just coming daylight and they gave the high-ball to go straight through. Instead of going right through, we shot off to one side and lit into that other engine and coal car. Oh, it piled things up pretty good, you know!

I had a wagon box with a couple of hogs in it, and a place open at one end where you could feed them - then some slats across that, and a cover on. Then I had three sets of bed springs on top of that - and I just crawled in on top - you know - away above the pigs.

At the other end of the car I had some machinery and grain to feed the stock. When we struck there, it shot me off my bed and I went clear off and lit in the machinery and grain at the other end of the car. Didn't hurt me at all!

My horses were loaded end ways of the car. It broke their breastplate and all, but didn't hurt anything. Another fellow had his crossways. It knocked the partition out of his car and put the horses clear over him but didn't happen to kill him. It strung us out you know! There were barrels of salt and one thing and another running down the sides of the bank".

Dad arrived in Carstairs on April 21, 1903, in good weather. He stayed with Mother's uncle, John Riddle, who lived where Murl Riddle (his son) lives now. (On the four lane highway S.E. of Carstairs). Uncle John was batching there at the time. There was a snowstorm and a blizzard in the middle of May that spring, fourteen to fifteen inches of snow on the level, and drifts piled high. It was cold too and it didn't begin to thaw till May 25th.

Mother and the children visited with relatives in the States for a month or so while Dad was getting things organized, and they landed in Carstairs, June 5. On the train the children developed the whooping cough. What a time Mother must have had with four little ones; Mollie nearly 4; Ivan past 2 and Edna nine months old! They joined Dad at the Riddle homestead.

That summer Dad did haying around Carstairs, Olds and Didsbury to get a bit of cash to live on, as he had only $50 left. He also put up hay on his own homestead. Then Merle Riddle with his team of mules helped Father haul out lumber and shingles and build a 10' x 12' shack for a temporary shelter while a sod house was built. This shack would be torn down later for floor, roof and gables of the sod house.

Mother insisted on moving out here at once, so she could help in the erection of their home. The journey from Uncle John's to the farm is well described by Lloyd, as I quote:

Quote: "We started west with everything we owned piled high in the double box of a high wheeled wagon, pulled by two medium-sized mares. We kids - four of us - rode high on the bedding, fenced in with the bed steads, where we had a good view. Mother sat up on the spring seat and did most of the driving while Dad rode the Morgan stallion and kept the cow, tied behind the wagon, in motion. The cow was loaned to us by Uncle John Riddle, as Dad had sold all of his at an auction sale in Nebraska. Our entire worldly goods amounted to less than $500 including $50 cash. There were bare necessities for household goods, except for Mother's organ, plus a crate of chickens, one brood sow and the horses already mentioned. There were no roads, just a network of trails following the lines of least resistance, leading in the general direction of where you wanted to go.

It took most of the day to reach the ford in the Dog Pound, which was down stream about half a mile from the present bridge on the blind line. There in the stream, we got stuck. The opposite bank was muddy and slippery, so Dad waded into the water and unhitched the team. Then he carried us all ashore and unloaded as much of our belongings as he could. Then by hitching the team to the end of the tongue, where they had dry footing, they managed to pull the wagon up the bank. From there we could see the roof of our shack.

However there were a couple more interruptions before we could get home. First we met about a hundred head of Robertson's range horses, headed by a stallion which promptly challenged Dad's saddle horse. But when Dad swung his rope, the stallion took off to the west, driving his harem; - an impressive sight!

By this time we were all getting tired and anxious to get home at once, but Dad saw a steer that had a mass of wire wrapped around a foot so he roped it, and snubbed it to the wagon wheel, while he found his fence pincers and cut the wire. Mother wearily protested, but he said that the steer would lose his foot in a few days and it was quicker to take off the wire than to find the owner. In a short while after that we came to the shack. It was the end of a long day and Dad fixed some blankets by a small pile of lumber. We little ones went to sleep and I didn't remember anymore until I woke the next morning in the shack, wondering where I was", (End of Quote).

The sod house was 14'x20' on the inside and the walls,

made from solid strips of ploughed prairie sods (piled like bricks) were 33 inches thick. The inside of the walls were shaved and brushed smooth, and plastered with a mixture of lime and sand. It was nice and warm and they lived here for five years. Here also, two children were born; Eva and Jesse. A log house was built in 1908 and they moved into this, two weeks before Glenn was born in May. In the next six years, three more children arrived; Hazel (myself), Carol, and Howard. Water was hauled in barrels on a stone-boat from the crooked creek for washing, and from a spring in the edge of the woods beyond that, for drinking, until a well was drilled by the log house some years later. Wash days were quite a chore with so many to do for, and if the water pail happened to be empty, it was a long way to go for a drink. Later the log house was sided with lumber, and the inside sealed with V-joint, which made it warm and cosy. In 1916 carpenters came and built on an L addition and verandas, and the inside sealed with V-joint, which made it warm and cosy.

Dad's younger brother Marion filed on a quarter of land joining us to the west. He rode for the Pat Burns' ranch. Dad bought his quarter later and Uncle Marion went back to live in the U.S.A. There were many hardships the first few years. Homesteading was hard enough for a single man, but for a man with a wife and four small children, it was a formidable task. As Lloyd recalls:

Quote: "When I look back now I wonder how we survived the first few years. However I don't remember ever being hungry except between meals. Mother was expert at making over old clothes. There were prairie chickens everywhere the year round and ducks in season. We had a barrel of pork most of the time, chicken, eggs, and milk, and Dad nearly always managed to have a beef to kill in the fall". (Unquote).

Dad was a good stockman and the first few years he broke colts for Robertson in order to have work horses for himself. For grocery money he ploughed sod for the "single" adventurers, who needed thirty acres broken in order to prove up on their homestead. This was a tough job with a twelve inch walking plough at four dollars per acre. One acre per day was a good average. Many of the younger men who came out to homestead, didn't intend to stay. They did their "six months per year for three years" homestead duties and promptly put their land up for sale. Dad ploughed for Dick Veil, Warren Wilson, Gus May and Wm. McLaughlin. McLaughlin taught the Kansas school (later re-named Westott) while proving up on his homestead.

In 1904 or 1905 Bert Lucas (who lived about four miles west of us) drove a herd of horses up from Oregon. Of course Dad and Uncle Marion had to go and see them, which naturally meant horse trading. Dad traded his broken saddle pony for a small unbroken thoroughbred. Someone offered him a dollar if he'd trade on the spot and ride the unbroken mare home. The fellows all took up the idea and since Marion was riding the well broken Morgan, Dad accepted the challenge. However before they got on their way, darkness was coming on and Uncle Marion on his mount was hard put to keep them headed the right way. "Sodbusters" were putting up fences every day and this day had gone across the trail home. The mare felt the fence cut her shoulder, swerved, and the barbed wire sawed deeply into dad's leg. Today such a would would require a doctor, stitiches, and hospital care. It took half the summer to heal, but somehow dad managed to do most of his work. I well remember the deep ugly scar left from this encounter. It took several years of horse trading to get enough milk cows to bring in an income from butter and cream. Dad broke colts and wild horses, traded for more and a couple of times at least, held a horse sale. Prairie fires were dreaded by early homesteaders. Lloyd recalls a couple;

Quote: "We had a dilly in 1904. I remember Dad was away when smoke came up in the northwest. Wilber Fesington (who homesteaded the A. Vogel place) and Uncle Marion came roaring into the yard with a team and wagon looking for the plough. By ploughing a couple of furrows and starting a backfire, we didn't loose anything, but it burned off our pasture."

And again, Quote: "Dad let a fire get away from him on my eleventh birthday. He was breaking sod for Uncle Marion over next to Waterman's. I was piling buffalo heads and bones that he couldn't cover with a twelve inch walking plough. He thought he had guard enough to burn the old grass, but the wind changed from south to north and the fire jumped and went nearly to Cremona. That was April 1909. By this time there were more roads and ploughed fields which helped prevent a worse blaze."

The first crop they might have had was hailed out. This was the first hail storm they had seen. It broke windows, pounded crops and pasture into the ground and scattered livestock. A second growth across the creek, gave promise of a bit of green feed for the stock, but a second hailstorm wiped that out when it was a foot and a half high. They had to go several miles away to scrounge a bit of hay which was also flattened and difficult to cut. Dad said: "I don't know how we lived, but we did, just the same. We always had enough to eat.... Later on we got some good crops."

Before coming to Canada, Dad spent some time working with a veterinarian, so was able to contribute a great deal to the community in this line of work. His services were in demand for miles around. He also did some horse shoeing and other blacksmith work for some of his neighbors. Later his sons helped him in this work.

Gradually folks acquired some feeder cattle, milk cows and hogs. Mother made and sold butter till we got a cream separator and could ship cream. We raised our own vegetables and rhubarb, and gathered wild fruit; raspberries, gooseberries, saskatoons and strawberries. After some years Dad invested in some purebred Clydesdale horses and Aberdeen Angus cattle.

He took part in Agricultural shows in Didsbury and other towns; also Calgary and Edmonton. We nearly always kept a Clydesdale stallion which Dad "travelled" a few weeks each year.

Mother played a tremendous part in the pioneer home. It was no small job raising ten children in those days when there were no conveniences. A few tasks were: carrying water, washing by hand on a scrub board, cooking, cleaning, sewing, mending, gardening, raising poultry, and of course lending a hand with chores and odd jobs - along with the complex problem of bringing up children. Mother was a genius at making over, and making do, for work or play. For the older girls she carved a doll head from a block of wood and added a cloth body filled with sawdust or old rags. The nose was rather flat, but she added one of bee's wax. I remember chewing the nose off (it made dandy chewing gum which we seldom had), and wondered why Mollie didn't want me to play with her doll. Mother carved other doll heads too and solved the "nose" problem by selecting a block of wood with a protruding knot. The wavy hair and facial features she tinted with water colors. This carving was pick up work which she found relaxing in the evenings, or while waiting for the men to come in at meal time. Mother saw to it that we all went to church each Sunday and the "democrat" was well packed. Church was at Westcott, though later services were held at Garfield school, and still later at Jackson school, where Mother served for several years as Sunday School Superintendent. Always a member of the church "Ladies' Aid", she did her bit to help raise money to keep the church going. She was also one of the early members of the Farm Women's association and of the Women's Institute and in later years when she could get away, often acted as delegate to provincial conferences.

When Lloyd was 8 years old he and Mollie started school. The closest school was Westcott, which was five miles away - quite a distance to ride in cold weather. When Ivan started, the three children rode on one horse, but when Edna began, they needed two ponies. In spite of the distance to school, they missed very few days because of weather. In 1910, Garfield school was built and opened, and

it was a treat to have only two miles to go to school, instead of five. Around that time they bought a "democrat" (a two seated buggy) and the children drove a team to school. The school was the center for many social events; programmes, literary and debating societies, spelling bees, Christmas concerts, etc. There were ball games, sleighing parties, the occasional sports day and picnics. Garfield district always held an annual "Fourth of July" picnic because several families in the district had come from U.S.A. No political significance was attached to the project, and though it may have been held on a different date in July, it was always referred to as the "fourth of July picnic". In 1918 the picnic date changed due to a two inch fall of snow.

A Westcott-Cremona musical band was formed in 1912. Some of the members were: Three Colwells, three Hickeys, Cliff Bellamy, Carl Russell, Art Waterman, Norman Tuggle, Lloyd Ray and Dad. This band continued several years but was broken up by the first World War.

Pioneer women, of necessity helped their neighbors during times of illness, and Mother was no exception. She was an excellent "practical nurse", and acted as midwife the birth of many of the babies in the district. During the raging 'flu' epidemic of 1918, Mother went where needed helping those laid low with the 'flu bug'. I remember Christmas Day; the table was set for dinner and we were waiting for Mother to come home to eat the feast. At the same time a man was there waiting to take her away to nurse his sick wife.

In the years that followed, came a degree of prosperity. The youngest daughter, Carol, died of polio in 1924 at the age of 12 years, which was the first break in the family circle. In the spring of 1946 our parents retired to live in Carstairs. In August of that year they celebrated their Golden Wedding, and there they were able to enjoy some restful years before they passed on; Mother in 1952 at the age of 80, and Dad in 1963 at the ripe old age of 90.

We who are left behind, enjoy the fruits of the land for which the pioneers toiled - the conveniences and comforts which they never had. It is good to reflect upon those things, and count our blessings.

HOWARD RAY JACKSON SCULPTOR

By Pearl Stone 1974

Howard Ray, a bachelor sculptor, was born April 13, 1914 on the homestead of his father, R.C. Ray, who came to the North West Territories in 1903. Another quarter on the south side of the "Blind Line" was acquired as well as a half section on the opposite side of the road. Howard owns eighty acres of the original farm. The first home was a sod house shaped from blocks of prairie sod, smoothed with a spade and plastered inside. It was cosy in winter and cool in summer. Later a frame house was built and as necessary was enlarged to become a ten room house. One part was built beautifully hewn logs and later covered with siding. Now this old pioneer home, which has long been vacant, is to be demolished. Howard began carving pigs of poplar, which he gave to nieces and nephews for Christmas gifts. These were cherished more than dolls or other toys. They were loved and played with until well worn and perhaps none are in existance now. About seven years ago he began carving during the winter months. He has never had any success carving by artificial light as it throws shadows which make detailed work impossible. Short days limit his carving time. During summer he operates heavy equipment on Steffler's farm. He says he has acquired the habit of eating so ingrained that it cannot be broken so working is a necessity. Now most of his sculptures are of birch. Great birch logs are sent to him from B.C. by his nephew, Donald Nelson, of Blue Ridge as birch trees of suitable size are not available locally. These logs, cut before the sap is up, four or five feet long and ten or eleven inches in diameter are shipped by bus to Calgary where they are picked up by a local transport and delivered to Carstairs. Howard gets them at this point. He takes them to his home where they are cured for a six month period. He puts a four or five inch blaze down each side of an unpeeled log and pours in parafin wax, hot enough to smoke. This penetrates the wood and fills the grain. Later the logs are peeled and left to cure before carving can commence. Logs peeled before waxing have a tendency to warp causing splitting and loss of materials.

When beginning a sculpture he chooses a log of suitable diameter, measures the required length with his steel tape, saws it in the proper place and is ready to begin his project. He has a case of excellent hand wood chisels of various shapes and sizes that are exceedingly sharp and with these and a very sharp knife, proceeds with the carving. His first carving of stampede stock was done in 1942. The average sculpture of a bucking horse is about fifteen inches from the tip of the extended tail to the two-inch face. A bareback horse, of course, does not required as much time as a saddle bronc leaving the saddle with on foot still in the stirrup. The latter would require about eighty-five hours of time, the former about sixty-five hours. These are carved solidly in one piece, the number of figures on a base determine the time and cost. The sculptor realizes about one dollar per hour for his work. He does not paint his sculptures except occasionally in doing a Hereford bull or other sculpture of that type. Paint covers the beauty of the wood and also invites suspicion. Plaster of Paris figures painted could look very similar to hand carved sculptures. Howard refused a request that bears be carved and painted black. In the art world painted sculptures do not sell. Howard's work is too perfect to camouflage. he has sold a few pieces along the way as spending money was required but financial returns have not been too rewarding considering the time spent. Some he sold through a retail outlet in Calgary but resented the fact that a forty-five per cent mark up was added, so he now sells directly to the buying public.

The largest sculpture he has done is of a wounded buffalo and hunter. It was so large that he was afraid that, after advertising it for a year or two, he would have to "take the axe to it" as it would be too large for most homes. However it sold readily. The smallest was a novel letter opener featuring a Geisha girl whose knees and heels formed the hilt of the sword which was used to open letters. This was less than four inches high and was sold several years ago. His good friend, Art Jackson, goalie of the Didsbury Ramblers, gave Howard a piece of beautiful cherry wood. From this a sculpture of the goalie is being carved. Howard has four pictures - a front view, a back view, a right profile, and a left profile - that he uses as a guide. Art, in hockey uniform, is holding a hockey stick on a slant

in front of him, the blade resting on the base of the sculpture. When sanded well after completion, it will be thoroughly oiled with Swedish oil to preserve and intensify the color of the wood. It is a perfect likeness about eleven inches high. Howard expressed regret that he could not carve the eyelashes. He is a perfectionist in his work and this little detail irked him. He has entered three hobby shows this year - Bowden, Hainstock, and Cremona. Next year he hopes to enlarge the circuit. Viewers are amazed at the very detailed work done by this sculpture. He built a large chest of plywood in which he packs his sculptures for transportation to shows. He has done little work on direct order as he has had the unfortunate experience of completing figures and the customer forgetting to pick them up. Having had a brush with cancer himself, and having lost a brother-in-law with that dreaded disease, a sculpture is sold each year and the money donated to cancer research. The obe for this year, "The Desert Rat", is now on display in Lawrence Hardware in Didsbury where it is offered for sale. Each piece of work bears a title and the name of the sculptor burned on with a fine burning iron. It is said that creative people are blessed with longevity. If this is true, Howard Ray, sculptor, should reach a good age.

HISTORY OF THE REID FAMILY

My eldest brother Edwin came west from Ontario in the summer of 1903. By June of 1904, the family was settled on our present farm at Cremona. At that time the land had many buffalo bones and was much more open than it was 20 years later, when roads and plowing had restricted the prairie fires. There were no roads, no schools and the only fenced land was Mr. Atkin's home quarter which was fenced with a wooden "A" fence.

We first got our mail at Kansas P.O. (now Westcott), Carstairs had no Bank, no grain elevators, and no telephone. In the next three or four years, the whole district was settled up. In those years much fencing and breaking was done, a steel bridge was built over the Little Red Deer river, and the Big Prairie was settled.

Atkins school was built in the summer of 1905. Since then, unbelieveable changes have come. In 1928, the Railway came to Cremona and prosperity has come to the whole country. The first church services were held in McVicar's house about 1905. This house was located on Mick Earl's farm, opposite to where McBride now lives. There was much hardships in the early years, everyone was poor. I remember hearing a man say, "A dollar is as big as a house".

Boulter Reid was born in Sterling, Ontario, Jan. 3, 1893, he being the youngest in a family of six boys. Joseph Reid his father, was a school techer in the east and later taught in the Cremona area. Boutler came to the west in June, 1904. In 1918 he met Ethel Foxwell, who was teaching Atkins school that year. She then taught at Castor until the school was closed with the flu epidemic. They were married that year. One son, Gordon was born to this couple, and he and his wife Peggy and four sons and one daughter are still on the farm.

GORDON REID FAMILY

Gordon married Margaret Maier from Woodbury, New Jersey, U.S.A. in June of 1947. Peg, was teaching music in the N.J. Public School system at the time of her visit with her cousin Catherine Reid.

Peg holds a degree in music from Oberlin Conservatory of Music - Oberlin College, Ohio, U.S.A.

It was at the time of Gordon's marriage that the two houses were built on top of the hill, north of Cremona. Gordon and Peg subsequently had five children;

John - attended Olds College and U. of Calgary and is married to Sandra Johnston of Didsbury. They have 2 children.

Richard - granduated with a B. Sc. in Agriculture from U. of A. and is married to Kathy Thomas of Edmonton. They have 2 children.

Robert - graduated from Olds College.

Nancy - graduated with B. of Sc. in Household Economics from U. of A. and is married to Robert Froehlich and is living on his farm at Marquis, Sask.

Mark - graduated from Olds College.

Bob, Richard and Mark are all pilots - and enjoy flying the plane which they own. It has been very useful for farm work - repairs - cattle, etc. All the boys, Gordon and Grandpa are farming together as a family unit.

BIOGRAPHY OF EDWIN REID

By: Alan Reid

Edwin Reid, my father, was born in Smithville, Ontario, on Nov. 20th, 1876. He was the eldest of the six sons of Joseph Reid. To go back a little farther, I might say, Joe Reid was the eldest of the 12 children of a poor Irish farming family at Orangeville, Ontario. His father died of pneumonia before the twelfth child was born, and the mother with the help of other members, raised her family. Of those twelve children, nine became school teachers, and of those nine, three worked their own way to become doctors. Joe got his M.A. degree from the University of Toronto, so where he taught, he was the principal of the school. Edwin's mother, Caroline, was born in Thurliston, Leicestershire, England, one of 13 children. Her father was a carriage maker. They came to Toronto in 1870. I mention my grandparents because they lived here and were well known by the old timers. My father, as a boy, used to spend his summer holidays at Orangeville on the farm with his grandmother and her family. He loved those summers so very much. Since Dad was the eldest grandchild, he was the age of his youngest aunt.

As Edwin grew up, he attended McMaster, which is now located at Hamilton. Dad like playing football and was captain of the team his last year at college. He also used to compete in the mile race. He received his B.A. degree in 1899, and a scholarship to attend Queen's University for a year. At Queen's he obtained special certificates in the classic languages, Latin and Greek. The following winter he went to Toronto Normal School so he could teach. The next two years he taught at Woodstock College, which was a Residential High School for boys. Father was the dean of the boy's dormitory. In the summer of 1903 he made the break to come west. In those days there were great rumours about the West. Tales of buffalo, Indians, great rivers and most of all free land. Dad had paid back his father for what was spent for his education and had a few dollars left, so he, like one of the "Three Little Pigs", set out to make his fortune. One of grandfather's brothers had gone and returned from the Klondike gold rush, so had crossed to Vancouver by train. He gave two pieces of advice to Dad when he left; (1) If you go West, don't stop in upper Ontario, and (2) There are different kinds of soil on the plains, be sure to get the black soil. Dad came first to Macleod and worked for a farmer a couple of months; Dad saw that the country was productive, and he knew he would be happy here. Every train was laden with settlers coming from Europe and the U.S. The settlers coming from the Midwest States were experienced in pioneer ways and came prepared with the knowledge and supplies make this their home. Dad admired these immigrants very much. When Dad wrote home, he told about the country but said to his father, "I wish you were an American so you

would have some initiative." This made grandfather quit his job and come west at once. When he arrived they came to Calgary, and then to Carstairs. There they were looking for an area where the grass grew taller than at Macleod. One day when Dad was on a tour east of Carstairs, Grandfather met a man who brought him here. To get this dissatisfied son settled down, grandfather filed homesteads for himself and Edwin. Dad was sorry to be so far from the railway, but he came and made the best of it. Grandfather went back east, sold his house, bought six horses and some supplies, moved Grandma, Augustus and Boulter to an aunt in Toronto, and returned West with Victory and George. Victory had finished getting his B.A. and George was just 17 years old. Robert was then in South Africa.

They spent their first winter 1903-04 in a poplar pole shack with a sod roof, which they built at a spring on the river bank west of where Harold Bellamy lives. During the winter they built a large log house where the present buildings are now. What they lacked in experience they made up for with persistence and hard work. The next sumer Grandma and the two boys arrived, Augustus 13 and Boulter 11. Grandfather met them in Carstairs when they arrived. Since he had not shaven the past eight months Grandma did not know him at first. In order to fence this land they had obtained, both Dad and Grandfather taught school to get money to buy wire. Grandfather taught Atkins, Kansas (Westcott) and Didsbury. From the Waterloo Mennonite people, Dad learned several crafts, how to butcher an animal, how to build a fence, and when he went to build a house before he was married, a friend, Nelson Reist, told him every step of how to do it. One year, while Grandfather was teaching, Grandma took his place while he ran for parliament. Grandfather was never a contented farmer, as he was far more interested in teaching, politics, debating, or the rifle range. Dad always felt contented on the farm where he could make his own plans and reap their failure or rewards. On Sept. 23, 1909, Dad married Marion Foat, the youngest daughter of a Wisconsin settler. The Foats had come in 1902, one year before the Reids. Their wedding took place in Calgary at the home of an uncle of Dad's. As the years passed babies arrived; seven in all. Land was broken, buildings were built, horses, cattle, sheep and pigs were raised. As methods of farming changed Dad changed along with them. From horsepower threshing from a stack to tractor threshing with bundle teams. Dad was quite progressive and did not buck the changing time. He greatly enjoyed pulling the seed drill with the tractor.

In the community Dad took part in the Sunday School and Church; was on the building committee when the church was built and when the community hall was built. Dad was a good public speaker and spoke on occasion to aid candidates running for the U.F.A. Government. Never did he have any political aspirations for himself. Some thirty to forty years ago he was one of the councillors in the Beaverdam Municipality. As Dad's life drew to a close, I'm sure he felt he had achieved many of his goals and had no regreats for a good life well fought. He died March 31st 1953.

Edwin Reid's first Alberta home in 1903.

The Edwin Reid house about 1928.

Gwen Fry (Bird), Dwila Warren (Reid), Alice Reid (Bird), Mable Camp (Nunn), Barbara Steffler (Goedicke) in buggy.

Marion Reid. Summer of 1975.

The children of Edwin and Marion Reid were - 7 children;

Carence - born in 1912, married Dwila Warren (born in 1913) in 1943. They have three children. Warren, Lynn, and Myrnie. Clarence spent two years in Technical School in Calgary after High School. When they were married they bought Grandfather Foat's farm, five miles east of Cremona. Buying a farm in the thirties with hail, frost, drought and low prices was far from easy. Warren married Connie Falk in 1962. They have three children, Corrine - born in 1963, Joe - born in 1965, and Shawna - born in 1971. Warren works for Federated Pipe Lines as an Electric Technician at Swan Hills, Alberta. Lynn - born in 1939, married Carol Krebs (born in 1943) in 1963. They have four children, Teresa (born 1964), Michael (born 1966), Cameron (born 1968), and Blake (born 1971). Lynn and his family live on the Burnett, Wilf Carter farm, and farms his father's ½ section. Myrnie (Marion), born in 1941 taught school for two years in Carstairs, then married Jim Bergeson (born in 1940) in 1961. They have three children, Jimmie (born 1962), Debora (born in 1964), and Steven (born in 1966). They have bought what was the Don Dunphy farm. Jim was raised in town, but has become an enthusiastic, energetic farmer. In 1968 Clarence and Dwila

built a new home on what was the Sherman land on the north side of the road 3½ miles east of Cremona.

Clarence Reid's first car. Ford Model T.

The Clarence Reid family. 1939.

Mable - born in 1913, married Lloyd Colwell (1898-1972), in 1934. They had two children - Eleanor in 1944 and Edwin (Ted) in 1945. Lloyd taught grade eight in Calgary for many years, and was principal of several public schools. They retired to Victoria in 1960. Eleanor got her B.A. in Victoria and Masters in Social Work at McGill in Montreal. She married Edgar Anderson (1941), in 1970 at Cremona. Edgar is Scottish and has his Doctorate in Chemistry from Glasglow University. He teaches at the University of London, England. They have two children - Marion, born in 1973 at Ciorsdan born in 1975. Ted married Roberta (Bobby) Lee in 1969. They have two children - Jacqui 1969, and Lyle born in 1972. Ted is a log faller at Port Hardy, B.C.

Alice - born in 1915, married Charlie Bird (born 1916) in 1948. They have two sons, Ken and Bill. Alice graduated in nursing from Women's College Hospital in Toronto in 1938. During the war she joined the Army Medical Corps and nursed in Britain. Charlie was in the R.C.A.F. for six years. They have farmed south-east of Cremona since their marriage. Ken is now farming with his father. Ken (born in 1950) married Lana Yakimchuk (born in 1951) in 1974. They have a daughter Marie, born in 1977. Ken and Lana both have Bachelor of Science degrees from U. of A. Ken in agriculture and Lana in genetics and psychology. Bill (born in 1954) has completed four years at Calgary College of Art. *Alice passed away suddenly Dec. 26, 1978 at age 63 years.

Elma - born in 1918 married Lionel Bird (born 1916) in 1943. (story under Lionel Bird).

Lillian - born in 1923 married Arthur Morgan (born 1923) in 1948. They have three children, Maureen, Michael and Edwin (Teddy). Art is a United Church minister at Clarkson, Ontario. Lillian took her teacher training in Calgary and still uses it now that her family is grown. She teaches high school as a guidance councillor. Art's degree is from McMaster University at Hamilton which was his home. Maureen (born in 1951) married Jim Kirk (born 1949) in 1973. They have on son Sean born in 1976. Maureen is a nurse and Jim a medical doctor. Both earned their training in Toronto. They live at Ingersol, Ontario where Jim practices. Michael (born in 1954) and Teddy (born in 1957) both attend University at London, Ontario. Michael taking chemistry and Teddy music.

Vair - born in 1924, married Catharine McConnell (born in 1925) in 1946. They have four children - Dale, Douglas, Shirley, and Gerald. Vair and Catharine are both graduates of Olds School of Agriculture. Vair has farmed on the old home farm for many years. Dale - (born in 1947) married Lois Armstrong (born in 1948) in 1967. They have two children Barbara (born in 1970) and Colin, (born in 1973). Dale graduated in Electrical Engineering at U. of A. He works for B.C. Telephones and they live at Port Coquitlam, B.C. Douglas (born in 1948) married Sandra Lutz (born in 1951) in 1975. Doug graduated at Doctor of Veterinary Medicine from Saskatoon and Sandra Bachelor of Education from U. of A. Doug's vet clinic is near Cremona. Shirley (born in 1952) teaches French and English at Sundre High School. She has her B. of Ed. from U. of Calgary and Master of Arts from Birmingham, England. Gerald (born in 1955) spent three years at Edmonton at U. of A. fine arts department. He presently makes his living writing and producing drama.

Alan - born in 1928 married Lita Archibald (born in 1932) in 1953. They have four children - Linda, Harvey, Brian and Joyce. Alan and Lita are both graduates of Olds

Marion Reid's Sunday School class. Back Row: Lila Huber, Betty Johnston, Marion Reid, Margaret Bergeson, Dorothy Gale, Sammy Luft, Rachel Redfield, Kenny Bergeson, Nola Waterstreet, Wilfred Bergeson, Front row: Warren Reid,m Jack Bellamy, Ray Gale and Lynn Reid.

Old Clarence Reid house. Lived in by Jim and Myrnie Bergeson - Summer of 1963. Vacant since.

Old barn at Clarence Reid's.

College and Alan taught school two years before returning home to farm with brother Vair. Linda (born in 1954) married Sidney Holt (born in 1948), in 1977. Linda is working in interior design which she studied in Ottawa for two years after spending three years at U. of C. They live in Calgary. Harvey (born in 1955) farms at home. He is a graduate of Olds College. Brian (born in 1958) works for ACCESS in Calgary. He spent two years at SAIT studying radio broadcasting. Joyce (born in 1960) has just entered nurse training at Foothills Hospital in Calgary.

THE REDFIELD FAMILY

By: Bev Cheesmur

Rev. and Mrs. Redfield pastored the Missionary Church in Cremona during the years 1939 - 1945. The parsonage was on the corner where the garage is now. Between it and the church to the east was a delightful spring which not only provided drinking water but served as refrigerator in the summer.

From Cremona, Redfields moved to Acadia Valley, Alberta and then because of Mr. Redfield 's health, they returned to South Dakota. Mrs. Redfield nursed in the hospital until she retired and together they moved to the State Soldier's Home in the Black Hills. Mr. Redfield passed away in 1972 and Mrs. Redfield in 1977.

Rachel is teaching school in Des Moines, Iowa. Her daughter is married to a pre-med student. Paul is attending Asbury Seminary in Kentucky. His daughter is married and living in California and his two boys are working in Northern Wyoming. Bev spent 13 years in Nigeria as a missionary and married an Englishman whom she met in London, England where she was taking the midwifery course enroute to Africa. They are now pastoring a rural church in Bergen, north of Cremona.

Our "Cremona Years" were some of the happiest we spent together as a family. Thank you all for so many pleasant memories.

Redfield family in Cremona. 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Redfield about 1960.

GEORGE ROBERTS

By: Elna Roberts

George Roberts was born on Sept. 15, 1884 in Yorkshire, England, as a young man he worked for many years on the railroad before coming to Canada in the spring of 1920, on the advise of his older brother Alfred, who had migrated to Canada a few years previous.

His wife, Margaret, and two sons, Stanley and Charlie, came to Canada in the fall of 1920.

George worked as a farm hand for several different farmers in various places in Sask., Finnie, Lemberg and Lorlie. Another son George was born while they were at Lemberg in 1924 and a daughter, Mary was born in 1926 at Lorlie.

The family moved to Garfield, Alberta in 1927. They lived on what was known as the Frank Colwell. They stayed for one year and then rented the Buster Brown farm south of Cremona for three years. George then bought a quarter section from the C.P.R. in 1931 for $6.00 per acre. The quarter was all brush, so he and his sons cleared a place to build a log house and barn etc. and put up fences. In order to make a few dollars George went around the country sawing wood and doing custom grinding. He had a one cylinder engine and grinder and buzz saw on a wagon and hauled it with a team of horses. This he did for three years. He also did custom breaking and clearing brush with eight horses abreast.

Together with his son Charlie, they raised hundreds of fine hogs over the years. In addition to his busy schedule, George found time to raise a wonderful garden and flowers. He was very proud of his garden and their cellar was always filled with the fruits of his labour.

This is the first part of the house they built in 1931. It still stands today, only an addition has been built on and it has had siding put on outside and inside.

George and Maggie (as she was known) were very friendly folks and no one left without a cup of tea and a few vegetables from the garden. George was always ready and willing to lend a hand to anyone who needed it, such as pulling some one from a mud hole as the roads left a lot to be desired in those days. George and Maggie celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in February, 1959. They continued to remain on their farm and work as usual.

Maggie passed away in April, 1965 at the age of 76 years. George stayed on the farm until his health forced him to retire to the Rocky View Lodge in Crossfield in 1966, from there he went to the Auxillary hospital in Didsbury in

George and Maggie. 1960.

the spring of 1968. He passed away on November 8, 1968.

Charlie continued to work the family farm until his death on October 14, 1971.

This is the first part of the house they built in 1931. It still stands today, only an addition has been built on and it has had siding put on outside and inside.

JOE ROBERTS AND FAMILY

Joe Roberts homesteaded a ¼ section on the Little Red Deer River south of Bituma school. This place is known today as the Gunderson place.

Joe was a steam engineer and also the fireman on a threshing outfit east of Cremona at Dick Hubers. Joe sold out to Sailors and moved to Sarnia, Ont.

A good friend of the Roberts family was a Mr. Leaselle, who was a harness maker and lived north of the Arthur Cartlidge place about 1932. Mr. Leaselle had a few horses, when he left he worked for a Calgary Saddlery and often traded horses with Pete Heidelbrecht.

Joe and Ellen Roberts

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

My father was born in Glen Allen, Ontario in 1866 in a family of eight. His older brother, Angus, came west as a missionary, was ordained in Winnipeg, and arrived in Calgary in 1883. At Swift Current the railroad ended and he travelled by horse and wagon to Calgary. He founded the Knox Presbyterian Church in Calgary and ministered to the spiritual needs of the Calgary people at that time.

Dad followed in 1887 and worked on a survey gang for a year. The following year he married Minnie Graves of Calgary, whose people had come from New Brunswick. They moved to Pine Creek, south of Calgary and worked on a ranch there. In 1893 they moved back to Ontario and he worked in his father's store for the next six years. While they were in Ontario, Jack was born (1897). In 1899 they returned to the west and settled on the Dog Pound in partnership with his father-in-law, Howard Graves, who had a large herd of horses branded 9S. Dad's horses were branded 40. Dad homesteaded S.E. 27-30-3-5.

Grandfather Graves, prior to coming to the ranch, hauled freight from Calgary to Edmonton. He was also a night herdsman for the horses used during the Riel Rebellion. On one occasion when they stampeded he was sent along with others to round up these horses and they found them on the location where the old home is now. It had been a very dry year but here was abundant grass, running water and hills for shelter for the stock. Later he homesteaded on this land.

My grandfather had a little log house on the place, but when my parents came, they moved a house up from Calgary with teams of horses and this was their home for many years.

Mr. Ferguson, a Presbyterian student minister in 1901 was sent west and given a district approximately 50 miles square, north of Calgary. In May of this year he was asked to make Carstairs his headquarters and serve the surrounding area. In a letter he wrote at that time he said, "as yet, this large region was given up almost entirely to horses an cattle ranching, but the idea was growing that it could be a profitable grain country as well". During this era he states that it was not uncommon to hold three services to cover 40 miles on a Sunday by horseback. He held services in my parents' home until it was decided by the early settlers that they would build a church. In 1902 the Westcott Church was completed. The same year the Westcott School was built. This area was known until 1910 as Kansas, owing to the large influx of settlers from Kansas, U.S.A. Owing to confusion with the mail for Kansas, U.S.A. and Kansas, N.W.T., they decided to find a new name. People were asked to submit names and the name "Westcott" was drawn. My mother had been reading a book with the name "Westcott" in it, and had submitted the name. From then on, Kansas was known as Westcott.

Dad always liked horses and kept good driving teams. In the early days people would come, choose a horse, break it, and bring it back broken and take another. Rev. Ferguson and Rev. S. Thies, who was the Lutheran Minister, often got horses to ride.

My parents drove to Calgary, a distance of 45 miles across following the trails of the Indians for there were few fences then. They would make the trip two or three times a year and do their shopping and bring back supplies. In 1891 the C.P.R. was completed to Edmonton.

I was born at the ranch on the Dog Pound in 1905 - the year Alberta became a province. Mrs. Clarence Foat, who was a midwife was on hand for the occasion and stayed to help out after. When I was old enough to go to school, I went to Garfield, Westcott, and Jackson. The earliest teachers at Westcott were Mr. J. Reid and Mr. McLaughlin, who filed a homestead just south of us and taught school. One of my recollections of school days at Westcott was an old buckskin horse I rode to school across country. "Old Buck" was a balky horse and every Monday morning my dad had to trim him up with the buggy whip to get him started. This would last until the following Monday morning.

There were social gatherings in those days which were a happy part of pioneer life. At the annual Sports' Day they played baseball, horse shoes, had foot races and horse races. Visiting their neighbors was looked forward to then and since they lived greater distances apart, they would often go and spend the whole day. I have heard my mother tell of a family who came in a wagon bringing the whole family and also her batch of bread which she had mixed up in the morning and spending the day visiting, while the bread baked in our oven.

The creek which most of the settlers lived near, looked harmless and was a great asset to the livestock, but there were times when floods brought their problems and

anxieties. There were times when the whole flat was covered with water with the exception of the knoll the house was on. Livestock had to be moved into the houseyard and higher up on the hill until the water receded. A boat was used to get around from place to place.

The chief crop was hay and was often put up miles from home and I can remember the large haying crew we used to have to help us. Later on, the higher land was broken up and oats were planted. This area always advocated mixed farming for greater agricultural security. Frost and frequent hail storms were not uncommon then either. In 1905 there was a bad hailstorm that people still speak of. Crops and hay were pounded into the ground, turkeys and chickens and wild birds were killed.

In about the year 1906 Dad bought cattle from Fred Cowman and began raising Purebred Herefords. He was a Charter Member of the Alberta Hereford Association and was interested in and raised herefords until his death. In the years when feed was scarce the horses were gradually sold and the cattle were kept.

My parents were both interested in community work and development. Mother helped organize Red Cross work, was a Charter member of the Women's Institute and the Ladies' Aid of her church. Many bachelors found their way to her warm, friendly farm kitchen. Dad was on the council of Beaver Dam Municipality and was Reeve for 10 years. In those days part of the taxes were worked out by donating labor, men, horses, slips, and fresnoes to move the dirt and build up the roads.

When the Great War of 1914 - 18 broke out Jack was in High School in Didsbury. He enlisted with the 137th Battalion and went overseas. When the war was over he returned and married Rose Klinck and they moved to the Ranch, going into partnership with Dad. Then had four children, Jean (Mrs. Gordon Ford) of Westcott, Marry (Mrs. Don Mortimer) of Ottawa, Margaret (Mrs. Dave Gilchrist) of Innisfail and Howard who married Winnie Owens and went into partnership with Jack.

In 1927 I married Ethel Klinck and we started farming on the land which was at one time part of the Muir ranch. We began a new building site about one and a half miles south-west of the old home ranch site. We had three children, Murray who died in infancy, Don and Gordon.

Mother passed away in 1940 and Dad in 1943. They are buried in the cemetery by the Westcott church which they helped to build and attended throughout the years.

Jack and I continued our parents interest in community work. I was a councilor on the Beaver Dam M.D. for six years and was their representative on the Didsbury hospital board starting in 1944. When, shortly after that time, the small M.D. became a part of the large M.D. of Mountian View, I stayed on the hospital board and was there for 30 years, retiring from it in 1974. It is of interest that my son Gordon went onto the board immediately after my retirement. Meanwhile Don had put in six years on the County Agriculture Committee. Jack nad been elected to the Rosebud School Board and served there for about fifteen years until resigning from it in the early 50's.

Communities provided their own entertainment when we were growing up and whatever talents you had were developed before your friends and neighbours at literaries and variety shows of all kinds. Both Jack and I sang and were called on frequently. Jack had a real talent for comic songs, many of them picked up from groups like the famous Dumbells when entertained troops during the first war, while I sang more serious songs and we sang together in various choirs in cantattas and for several years in a quartet with Norman Tuggle and Harry Steckley. Jack was still entertaining up to his final illness while I still sing for wedding and funerals and have sung for four years with the Stampede City Chorus of the S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. with son Don and grandson Kevin.

One cannot talk about Jack without mentioning his interest in Scouting. He had never had the chance to belong as a boy but he was familiar with the work and the writing of Lord Baden-Powell, it's Founder. In the mid 40's a Lone Scout program was started in Alberta for boys to scattered and remote to belong to established troops and Jack became advisor to two of them, then two or three years later, the first Scoutmaster of the 1st Westcott Troop. He firmly believed in the "out" in Scouting and his boys hiked and camped in all weather and every season and took floating summer camps as far down the Dogpound and Little Red as time permitted. When Don returned to the farm in 1956 Jack left the troop to he and Howard and became District Commissioner of the new Mountain View District where, for many years he served the Sundre, Olds, Bowden, Didsbury, Carstairs, Cremona, Crossfield and Airdrie communities. His memory was still fresh in the minds of Scouts and Scouters and at his funeral in 1961, Scouts from all the troops he had served formed and honour guard.

Don followed Jack serving as D.C. of Mountain View from 1960 - 65, became the first president of the Chinook Region, an area from Bowden to High River and Brooks to Banff excluding the city of Calgary. In the late 60's the Region was divided and the north area went with Red Deer Region and Don went along, as Assistant Regional Commissioner, from 1970 - 74.

Don was married to Evelyn Grimes in 1955 and, after graduating from U. of A. in Agriculture returned to the farm going into partnership with Gordon and myself. Gordon had attended the Agricultural Mechanics course at SAIT. Gordon married Gertrude Langard in 1958 moving to his own farm, bought from his uncle, Ed Klinck, in 1959. That same summer the family was honoured with the Master Farm Award, one of six won by Mountain View residents before the program terminated some years later.

Since beginning farming Jack and I had shared labour and machinery back and forth, hayed and harvested together. The practice continued as our children grew and worked into the businesses. In 1970 the boys, Howard, Don and Gordon took the logical step and formed Robgrow Farms Ltd. to farm the land each had farmed on his own. Gordon withdrew in 1973 but the company continues today as a farm and custom feedlot. It appears that some members of the next generation will follow into the operation of the company.

Ethel passed away in 1970. In 1973 I married Maysel Sills and we reside on the farm.

THE RIBSBY'S

By: Audrey Rigsby

The Rigsby family moved into the Big Prairie school district in the Christmas holidays 1931. Bill and Maude Rigsby came from Galt, Ontario to the Didsbury area in 1918. Bill worked in the Robin Hood flour mill in Calgary

Taken in England. 1944. Left to right: David Sirr (deceased), Jimmy Butler, Norman Whitlow, Gerald Rigsby.

The family lived on various farms west of Didsbury where Elwood, Neil, Eileen and Norma were born.

In 1930 Bill bought the ½ section in Big Prairie and a year later, moved his family here, where the children grew and attended school at Big Prairie and Cremona. In 1936 Shirley married Milton Coleman and Audrey married Albert Bouck in a double ceremony. Shirley and Milt had three children; Viola (Mrs. Harold Bellamy), Allan and Mae (Mrs. Dan Fear). Shirley died in 1972. Milton died in 1975. Audrey and Albert had two children; Alma (Mrs. Ray Charlton), and Bruce. Audrey died in 1942. Albert was killed falling trees in 1948.

Gerald joined the army in 1942, saw a lot of countries overseas, came home in 1945. Bought his farm in the district and married Audrey Parkhurst in 1953. They had four children; Geraldine (Mrs. Leslie Zakariasen), Virginia, Leanne and David.

Left to right: Fred Len (friend), Norman Whitlow, Gerald Rigsby, Jim Butler.

In 1942 Elwood married Margaret Erickson, they had three sons - Richard, Terrence and Eric Valentine. Elwood farms and lumbers in the district. In 1944 Neil married Isabelle Camps, four children came from this union. Bill, Debra (Mrs. Larry Hartman), Teresa (Mrs. Marvin Kroetsch), and Dianne. Neil builds bridges for the government. They have settled in Didsbury. Eileen married Jack Camps in 1949, they had four children; Rosalie (Mrs. Ron Chiernyk), Andrew, Roy and Lynn. They lived east of Carstairs and around Cremona, settling at Didsbury, where Jack works at the Olds - Didsbury gas plant.

Norma married Gordon Wilson in 1950. They had three children; Donald, Brian and Kathy (Mrs. Neil Lemley). They farm in the Big Prairie community.

Maude Rigsby passed away in 1968. Bill followed in 1974.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rigsby before 1948.

50th Wedding Anniversary. Left to right: Neil, Elwood, Gerald, Shirley, Eileen and Norma. Bill and Maude Rigsby. 1959.

WILLIAM JASPER RODGERS (JAPPY)

By: Joyce Duguid 1962

William Jasper Rodgers was born in Calgary, Alta March 4, 1896. His father came west from Ireland to New Orleans in the late 1800's. He came by riverboat up the Mississippi and Missouri to Ft. Benton. From here he rode a bull team for I.G.A. Baker Co. who transported freight by bull team between Ft. Walsh, Ft. McLeod and Calgary. His mother came west in 1890 when the conveniences of railways were available. Jappy grew up on a ranch six miles west of Okotoks, spending much of his time as a child astride a horse. After riding for neighboring ranchers, picking up stray cattle and horses, he began breaking his own horses at the tender age of ten. His father died in 1904, and his mother remaried three years later. In 1914 he went to live with his uncle, Harry Rodgers, who had a horse ranch on the little Bow River near Lethbridge. Jappy then went with a friend, Sam Johnson to work on a ranch near Sun River, Montana. But he soon returned to Alberta to break horses for George Hoadley, Min. of Agriculture in Alberta. He worked for the Lazy H. Hardwick Bros., and also for George Hoadley. Jappy worked on various ranches until he married Lulu Viola Hamilton. He enlisted in The Lord Strathcona Horse in 1915 and served overseas until returning in 1919 to the Dog Pound District. From the army Jappy came to Calgary and worked at the stock yards, where he handled army surplus artillery horses. He then went to work for Lazzell and Darno, auctioneers and horsedealers. Jappy was then hired by T.B. Jenkins, owned and operated by Mrs. Satchwell and son. On the ranch they bought and trained various types of horses. They also bred their own horses and trained them for polo ponies. On several occasions Jappy went with the ponies to Toronto, Vancouver, California and South Carolina. The Virginia Ranch was the birth place of the Rodgers family. It was here also, that Tiny, Jappy's rope horse, was raised. Beginning in 1926 Jappy and Tiny were familiar figures for many years at the Calgary Stampede. Tiny was used as a pick-up and rope horse at the stampedes and in later years she handled stock on the ranch.

In the spring of 1928, Jappy moved to his own ranch, where he now lives with his son and daughter-in-law and two grandchildren. He did his first farming on his farm. He has handled at least four or five horses yearly on his own ranch as well as several from the Bailey Ranch. Jappy considers horses a thing of the past for farm work, but they are just coming into their own as a pleasurable hobby. He believes that the breeding and training of the horse will be the key note from now on. Horse trainers, also are at a premium, and Jappy is one of the few good horse trainers.

Jappy considers the desire to teach too much too soon,

the greatest fault of the inexperienced horse trainer. Each horse is an individual and must be treated as such. Jappy believes that young women are slightly superior at handling horses as their touch is lighter than that of a man. Of all the different breeds he prefers throughbreds and crossbreds. Many indoor arenas have been built in Alberta which are ideal for horsetraining during the winter months. Two old timers who helped Jappy are worth mention. Jappy still enjoys a monthly visit discussing old times with, Geroge Scott, who lives in Calgary. George likes to tell that he came from a ranch on Sheep Creek and that he worked on the V ranches handling horses. Later, he became brand inspector in Calgary.

Another old timer with whom Jappy enjoys recalling memories was Rod Redford, a Montana cowboy, who was a very successful horse trainer. He brought into Alberta a percheron horse who sired the Percheron strain. He too, contributed much to Jappy's success as a trainer. Jappy has been the mainstay behind our local Dog Pound Stampede. Sitting erect on his horse he shows an excellent example of fine horsemanship for the younger generation to imitate. We are proud to know him and we wish him continuted good luck in his horse training.

* Lulu Rodgers died in 1956.
* Jappy Rodgers died July 20, 1978 at age 82 years. He was a Life Member of the Southern Alberta Pioneers and Their Descendants, and was active with the Calgary Stampede Board for many years. The Rodgers had 2 daughters, Kathleen (Parsons) and Patricia (Henderson) and one son, Douglas, 6 grandchildren, and 4 great grandchildren.

Jappy Rodgers.

"MISS CANADA" PATSY ROGERS

Farm and ranch review, June 1946.

A pretty girl from the foothills of Alberta will be Miss Canada at the 1946 Madison Square Garden Rodeo in New York City. Patsy Rodgers, golden-haired ranch girl, brought up in the Bottrel area north of Cochrane, has been selected as the first Canadian girl to take part in colorful ceremonies at the famed New York sports centre in October.

Patsy, who was christened Patricia - is a descendant of two noted pioneer families, the Rodgers and the Hamiltons. Her grandfather, Dublin Rodgers, came from Ireland in 1883, journeyed with the bull-drawn freight wagons from Fort Benton, Montana, to Calgary, took part in the Riel Rebellion, became horsebreaker for the famous Quorn ranch, and finally established a ranch of his own west of Okotoks. Her father, Willian Jasper "Jappy" Rodgers, is a noted rancher in his own right and is equally noted as a polo player, having played for several years in California.

Patsy's family on her mother's side are equally well-known old timers. They are the Hamiltons who hailed from New Brunswick, journeyed by schooner to San Francisco then took the overland route to British Columbia. Her uncle was the noted Johnny Hamilton of Calgary's early days - stage coach driver on the Cariboo Trail and owner of one of Calgary's earliest livery stables. Patsy was born in Calgary and spent her childhood on the Virginia Ranch and Rodgers ranch in the Bottrel district. She attended Mount Hope school, later spent a year at High School in Olds, then came to Calgary where she attended business college. For the past three years she has been receptionist for a Calgary optical firm. Five feet four inches and weighing 115 lbs., Patsy is equally at home on a horse or behind a receptionist's desk. Elated over the opportunity to represent Canada at the 1946 Madison Square Garden rodeo, she knows that she has a big job to fulfil. Girls taking part in the rodeo ceremonies must participate in every performance, visit hospitals and attend various social functions.

The rodeo, to make certain that the girls are fittingly and colorfully attired, presents each with four complete wardrobes. The young ladies are chaperoned throughout their stay in New York and all expenses of their trip are paid. Word that Miss Rodgers had been accepted as the first Canadian representative was received by Jack Dillon, arena manager of the Calgary Stampede, from Frank Moore, manager of the New York show. It is probable that Patsy will appear at the Calgary Stampede as "Miss Canada" before going to New York.

OLOF — PETE RONQUIST

By: Mrs. Lea Herron

Olof - Pete Ronquist came from Sweden to the States in 1891. He lived several different places in the States and Canada before coming to Water Valley in 1932. He met Hermina Stagens in Illinois and they were married in the late 1890's. They came to Canada in 1911. They settled in the Water Valley area in 1932 and bought the Tom Boyd place a mile west of the town site. Pete, was a retired steam boiler man when he came here. He did black smith work for people here. He and his son Elmer, built a saw mill in 1940 and did custom sawing as well as some of their own. Mrs. Ronquist passed away in 1949. Pete lived on his own place with his son Elmer and daughter-in-law, Rose, until he passed away in 1958.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Ronquist, Ed Laveck, Rose and Elmer Ronquist.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Ronquist.

They had eight children - four boys and four girls. Their son, Roy, stayed in Vancouver where Ronquist's had lived, at Lulu Island, for 15 years, before coming to Water Valley. Roy married there and still lives there today. Another son, Albert, died in 1932, two years before they came to Water Valley. Eva Ronquist met Jim Lilly in Vancouver, married there, moved to Slave Lake. Their daughter, Lilly met Mike Lawrence here and they married and lived straight south of Water Valley until they moved to Calgary in 1948, where they still live.

Lilly (Ronquist), Lawrence, Elmer Ronquist, Anna (Ronquist) Herron, Fred Ronquist, Clara (Ronquist) Laveck.

Their son Fred Ronquist, a bachelor, did interior decorating here, and spent much of his time in the Wabaman Lake Isle country.

Clara Ronquist met Ed Laveck in Vancouver and they married there. They came to Water Valley in 1931 and rented the Tom Boyd place till Clara's Dad came from Vancouver in 1932 and bought it. Clara and Ed both took out a homestead west of Water Valley. They lived on Clara's homestead until they bought 6 acres in Water Valley in the late 40's.

Elmer and Rose Ronquist.

Clara and Ed Laveck.

Clara's homestead house.

Ed and his trunk.

Ed cut post and poles and did custom work with his tractor. Ed passed away in 1965 and Clara lived in Water Valley till her death in 1976.

Elmer Ronquist met Rose Carlin here in Water Valley in 1932. She had been in a convent school for deaf girls in Montreal. They were married in 1932. He and Rose had five children - four sons - Leslie, David, Albert, Clarence and a daughter Margaret Elmer did saw mill work and run the planner for Walter May at the lumber yard in Water Valley. They lived at Elmer's dad's place in a log house. It burnt down in 1956 or 57 and a large community group helped him build a new one. Elmer and Rose homesteaded at Silver Valley in 1963. They were there for 10 years and came back to Water Valley in 1973. They were living at the Pioneer Lodge Apartments in Cremona when Rose passed away late in 1978. Elmer still lives there.

Ed Laveck - one of the first power saws in the country.

Ronquist house in Water Valley after the fire.

Jack, Annie, Neil and Lee Herron.

Neil and Leslie Ronquist.

29 Model Chev.

Anna Ronquist met Jack Herron in Water Valley in 1932. They were married in 1937. They had two sons Neil and Lelan. They stayed with Anna's Dad until Jack joined the army in 1942. They were stationed at Red Deer until 1946. When they returned to Water Valley Jack bought 20 acres from Pete Ronquist. He still owns 12 acres of that 20. Jack did mill and bush work around the area. They both went to work at the Silver Creek Dude Ranch in 1960 and worked there until Anna passed away in 1974. Jack stayed at the ranch for another year before he retired. He now lives in the Pioneer Apartments in Cremona.

Neil and Lea Herron and two oldest daughters.

Back row: Mike Lawrence, Lilly Lawrence, Roy and wife, Betty. Bottom: Jack Herron, Clara Laveck and Anna Herron.

BRUCE ROY AND HIS PERCHERONS

By: Pearl Stone

Bruce Roy, a resident of the Cremona district, grew up on land that was once part of the Bar U Ranch, west of High River. George Lane, one of the co-founders of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, owned the Bar U in the early years of this century, at which time it was the largest

purebred Percheron stable in the world, containing over 700 registered females. Raised in a community well versed in the exploits of the Bar U Percherons, Bruce developed an appreciation for the breed at an early age. As family friends bred purebred Clydesdales, he listened to endless debates as to whether the Percheron or the Clydesdale was the superior draft horse breed. In such an environment it was little wonder Bruce developed a keen appreciation for quality livestock.

Following the War, Bruce's father managed a farm southwest of High River, where twenty-five head of good, big draft horses were still being used. Although tractors were employed, many of the farming activities were still powered by these animals. It was not uncommon to see two or three weighty teams in harness each day. As a youth Bruce witnessed the drive of the last twenty-five head of purebred Percheron mares from the Bar U. Trailed to the railhead in Cayley, they were loaded in stock cars, together with foals and yearlings. All were destined for the fox farm. Few events did more to increase Bruce's interest in Percherons. Attending the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede each year since a child, Bruce always made it a point to view the heavy horse exhibit. In 1954 he saw a foal he wanted so bad he could taste it. The following years he watched the progress of this youngster as a yearling and two-year-old. On each occasion the filly had greater appeal. In 1957 Bruce went north to work for the Federal Government at the Experimental Sub-Station in Fort Simpson. There he earned enough for another year at Univeristy, with a few dollars to spare. He contacted the owner of the filly enquiring if she was for sale. The reply was in the affirmative - the price three hundred dollars. At this time such a sum was substantial for a purebred draft horse. Bruce mailed a cheque for three hundred dollars, with an added ten, and asked that the filly be delivered to his father's farm. Arriving home from the north in September Bruce found himself the proud owner of Wee Ginger, his first registered mare. Wee Ginger was prolific, foaling a youngster for eight consecutive years. Shown at Calgary on several occasions, she continually won the broodmare class. He foals were also regular winners, with two daughters, Raona Pricilla Koed and Raona Persis, winning championship honors on occasion.

In the fall of 1959, University finished Bruce went to work for Canada Packers Ltd. Months later he was offered a position in Georgia, management of the Maclyn Plantation herd of eight hundred registered Shorthorn cows. Leaving his stable of Percherons in the charge of his dad, he spent fourteen months in the southern U.S.A. The only time off during this period of his career, was a flight home, to exhibit his Percherons at Calgary. Bruce exhibited his Percherons at the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede for the first time in 1958. He has not missed a year since. While he does not feel all that old, he is now one of the oldest continous exhibitors at the event. At present Bruce is chairman of the Heavy Horse Committee and Associate Director of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. He has also exhibited his Raona Percherons at the exhibitions in Edmonton. Regina, Red Deer and Camrose.

Almost every fall since 1960, Bruce has shipped one or two of his Percherons to the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair with the Alberta Livestock exhibit. Unable to accompany these animals on the train, Bruce has placed them in the care of a trustworthy friend or a former student. While Bruce has judged several leading Heavy Horse Shows across the U.S.A., he has never exhibited any of his stock south of the border. The five mares owned by Bruce and Adair Roy are kept for breeding. While broke to work Bruce does not use them himself. On occasion, he has leased a team out to draw winter feed. The offspring of these matrons were developed to yearlings or over, of which time they are sold. At present a tremendous market for these youngsters exists, with demand far exceeding supply. Two to three foals are raised each year, with emphasis placed upon quality, not quantity. For several years, Bruce and Glyn Furber of Eagle hill owned the massive black stallion, Donald Laet, in partnership. Exhibited at the Royal Winter Fair in 1971, Donald Laet was awarded the reserve grand championship in competition with Percheron stock from across Canada and the U.S.A. Few victories in the show ring have been more rewarding. Bruce has worked with seven generations of Percheron mares tracing back to his favorite Wee Ginger. His ambition to breed a further seven generations of this same Percheron family. These animals are exceptionally quiet, with the Roy children quite safe in their company. Bruce states the Percheron has been selected for disposition and intelligence for centuries. This has economic importance for otherwise a teamster could not control six or eight of these massive animals in a hitch. Bruce's mares run out during the winter, recieving only what feed is required to keep them in good flesh. The foals are weaned at five to seven months of age. Wintered about the barn, they are well fed to achieve maximum development. Many youngsters will gain over five pounds weight per day. When Bruce started raising Percherons it was because of a love for an animal the public had little continued use for. Following World War II the market for heavy horses collapsed, with only a handful of registered livestock left by the late fifties. Although the market remained depressed during the sixties a few individuals expressed an interest in the draft horse. Like Bruce, many kept these noble beasts so they would not completely disappear from the agricultural scene. In the early seventies the market increased substantially, with prices escalating to figures beyond comprehension at the present time.

Bruce became Secretary/Treasurer of the Canadian Percheron Association when the late Hardy E. Salter resigned. Looking back Bruce feels Mr. Salter schooled for this position while he was younger. Even when attending university, he received calls from Mr. Salter asking him to drive hither and yon on Association business. During these trips Mr. Salter discussed Percheron history and bloodlines, acquainting Bruce with a wealth of knowledge which has since been very useful. In 1966, on the recommendation of Hardy E. Salter, the Directors of the Canadian Percheron Association, led by Gilbert E. Arnold, Grenville, Que., approached Bruce asking him to accept this position, which he did. It was not a large task at that time, really a labor of love. However, over the past few years, the position has become somewhat more demanding as interest in the Percheron accelerates. Bruce edits the annual breed magazine, The Canadian Percheron Broadcaster, writes a monthly column for the Corinthian, and has written several feature articles for the Draft Horse Journal. He answers a substantial number of letters each week and is in close contact with the Canadian National Livestock Records, Ottawa. In 1975, Bruce did a substantial volume of research, re Percheron History in Canada. This data was used by Guy Villiers and Edward Hart in their recently published books. The British Heavy Horse and The Golden Guinea Book of Heavy Horses Past and Present. These many and varied activities offer Bruce a necessary release from the problems and pressures surrounding a classroom. He maintains this release leaves him refreshed and relaxed, contributing greatly to his effectiveness in the classroom. As Secretary/Treasurer of the Canadian Percheron Association, Bruce has had many interesting experiences. In the fall of 1975, he was host to a delegation of Japanese buyers, searching out Canadian Percheron bloodstock on which to found the breed in Japan. Only black horses, standing in excess of seventeen hands, with an ample length of leg, were considered. The ultimate destination of these animals is the northern island of Hokkaido, where the basis of a sizable beef cattle industry is being developed. These Percherons will be used for winter feeding operations.

Bruce receives a great many inquiries about Percheron horses from across the continent. He finds the current demand for all Heavy Horse breeds overwhelming. Bruce attributes this demand to many factors. The continued escalation of energy costs, coupled with a decline in supply,

has placed the horse in a competitive position for many agricultural operations. In Great Britain, the draft horse is again to be seen on the streets of the major industrial centers, moving goods on short distance hauls. In Canada the leading corporation harvesting the forests, firms such as McMillan Bloedel, St. Regis Pulp and Paper, and Crown Zellerbach, have all recognized the day is fast approaching when logging operations will once again employ the draft horse. Excessive undergrowth is being destroyed by mechanical operations, a factor both government and industry recognize. The dramatic rise of the P.M.U. Industry across Canada; the increasing use of the draft type mares for crossing with light legged breeds, to provide competitive Hunters and Jumpers; for sleigh rides and hay rides, for the circus, for commercial advertising and for show the future of the Percheron looks exceptionally bright according to Bruce. Even the buyers of horsemeat, who take the culls, the aged and crippled, are offering premium prices for draft horses, as it costs no more to ship the quarters of an animal weighing a ton by air freight to France and Belgium, than it does a four hundred pound pony or a thousand pound light legged individual.

Periodically, just for fun, Bruce likes to buy a heavy horse of another breed. In 1972, he exhibited the grand champion Clydesdale stallion in Calgary. This caused a tremendous amount of friendly static, as it had not been customary for the Secretary of the Canadian Percheron Association to parade a Clyde. Last summer a Shire colt was imported by air from England. Unloaded from a giant 747 at Edmonton International Airport, he was the first purebred Percheron Shire to arrive in Canada in over thirty five years. And on his arrival was the only known registered Shire horse then to be found across the nation. Kept for a few months, the colt was exported to an enthusiast in Idaho. The success of this method of transportation was instrumental in having Bruce do the essential paperwork which resulted in Alberta draft horse breeders importing a Percheron stallion from France, two Percheron fillies from England and a Clydesdale stallion from Scotland on April 30, 1976. All animals landed in Edmonton following an eight hour flight from Prestwick, Scotland.

Bruce assisted by his wife and a family of four, prepares his own stock for the show ring. Fitting, clipping, rolling manes, tying tails, polishing hooves, bridles and halters make an active and interesting summer. An enthusiastic supporter of correct underpinning, he places great faith in the old Scottish verse "No foot - no horse!" Bruce's Percheron stable is small when contrasted to many, he has shipped bloodstock of his own breeding to buyers in British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Ontario and Quebec, as well as about Alberta. Percherons from his Raona stable have also been exported to Washington, Maine and Connecticut. At home, at school, writing in his den or working with his Percherons; Bruce leads a full and vaired life. Small wonder he has little time for those who find life lacking interest.

SAM SADIE

By: Wilfred Blain

One of the outstanding persons that we got to know and thought very highly of was Mr. Sam Sadie. He was born of Lebanon origin and grew up in Assyria. As a young man around eighteen, he immigrated to the United States and in 1908 came to Alberta, and became interested in getting a homestead. Going to the land titles office and applying for a homestead, sight unseen. The numbers he was given were in the Stepheville area and as Brooks was the nearest stopping off place, he went there and bought himself some provisions, lumber and nails and such as he would need to build himself a cabin.

He hired a fellow to take his belongings out to his claim with a wagon. After quite a long trip, then the fun began to find the survey stakes that had his homestead numbers on, as he, as yet, had not seen his land. The only way he could find it was by locating his survey stakes, which after a great deal of looking for, were finally located, so they unloaded the wagon on a hill. This he thought would be a good building spot and the freighter went back to Brooks, leaving Sam alone on the bald, lonesome prairie with just his little pile of lumber and nails and his other few necessities. He had no knowledge of how to build a cabin or anything else that went with homesteading. He said he had never had a hammer or saw in his hand until he started on his cabin.

Well, before he started up housekeeping, he decided he had better see about getting some water. Just think of being left in one of the driest parts of Alberta, of which the Stephenville country is known for, with no water! Anyway, as Sam was riding along that day on the wagon, he noticed as they crossed a draw, where there was some willow brush and there was an old buffalo wallow that had some water in it. So taking his pail, away back on the wagon tracks he went, which turned out to be around three miles and filled his pail with some of the stagnant water. On the way back to camp a wind and sand storm came up & blew most of the water away, so he got back home with just a little water and sand in the bottom of his pail.

After getting his cabin built and a little garden dug and planted, he went to work for his nearest neighbor, a rancher, who lived six miles away. he walked back and forth each day. One fall while he was at his job it turned very cold, along with a bad blizard, and his boss did not want him to start off for home. But Sam knew if he did not get home and fire up, his vegetables and things would freeze, so off he started. He had not gone far when he knew he was lost. In those years every man either had a buffalo or long sheepskin coat, Sam having a sheepskin, so he said he took his coat off and squatted down in a hole, pulled his coat over top him and that is where he spent the night, with the snow blowing over him.

Later he spent winters travelling around buying furs and horse hair and also selling clothing. After moving to Calgary he started selling fruit in the country and for many years from then on, was a constant caller in many homes in the Cremona district, and if it had not been for Sam, a great many of the children would never have had the fresh fruit that he brought. It was so much cheaper to buy from him. We always said he should have been a magician as it was very amusing to see him bent over in amongst all his boxes of fruit in the van, reaching for the different fruits. He always came up with half a dozen oranges, tomatoes, or such, in each hand and plop them down, sunny side up. When you would get back in the house, you maybe would find a spot or two on some of them, but they would always be on the bottom side. However, there would always be half dozen bananas to take the place of the spots.

He would load his load up at the wholesale house the night before and early the next morning, generally around 5 a.m., he would drive in, have coffee and breakfast with us. He just had certain houses that he would stop at that early. The highlight of his day would be the days that he would catch Stan Coleman in bed and Ruby would tell him to go up and pull him out of bed.

We did not need a newspaper when Sam came he was the most interesting person to talk to, as he was interested in all. In 1961, Sam and Mrs. Sadie took a trip back to Assyria. While there, they made a pilgrimage to Mecca. They walked this trip, and it took them twenty-nine days. He said in the back and in front of them were just waves of people. As they were of Mohammed faith, they are entitled one of those trips in their life time.

Bringing home a family trunk of Ancient History books, was one of his great joys and many of those early morning coffee chats he shared the contents of those books with us. One of the most interesting ones was of the Arabian horse. This history went back to the time King

Solomen captured the first Arabian horse.

Raised in a country where wine was always on the table, he still had a taste for it. Being illegal to make it at this time, but there were still some of his fruit customers indulged in the making of it. Sam saw the fruit wholesalers were always cleaned out of grapes. Quite often he would show us one of those gallon glass vinegar crocks tucked away behind some fruit boxes and with that little twinkle in his eye, we knew it held something stronger than vinegar. The days that there were several boxes of grapes on the truck and Sam putting a gentle top on them along with a wink and a lick of those thick lips, we knew another batch soon would be on its way.

If any of his farm friends had to stay in the city for the night and had no transportation home, well, there was always a bed at Sam's and he would make a special trip to your home the next day. Those weekly visits over the years were greatly missed when Sam met with a motor accident and was not able to keep his business up any more.

He left many fond memories in his kindness and hospitality, wit and humor, and above all for his interest in people.

ALBERT AND BERTHA SAILOR

By: Victor and Marg Sailor

Albert Sailor was born at Odessa, Russia in 1898, and moved to North Dakota, U.S.A. when he was two. Bertha (Hepper) Sailor, was born at Bismark, North Dakota in 1903. Both the Sailor family and the Hepper family moved to Canada in 1916.

Albert Sailor married Bertha Hepper in Carbon, Jan. 23, 1922 and started their married life at Rosebud. Three of their children were born in Carbon. Victor in 1924, Violet in 1925 and Gordon in 1926. Violet passed away at the age of nine months in 1926 at Carbon.

In 1930, they had another girl, Alice, born in Drumheller. The Sailor family then moved to North Battleford where their last child Clayton, was born in 1932. They moved back from there to Rockyford while Clayton was still a baby. Stopping there for a few months before moving to a farm in the Cremona district in 1933. From there they moved to Water Valley building a store in 1935 with living quarters in the back. Their children had their education at Water Valley and Bituma Schools.

Still running the store, Albert bought a sawmill from Mr. Gowe in 1939. They moved down across the Little Red, on the land now owned by Gundersons. Albert and Victor ran the sawmill, while Mrs. Sailor and the other children ran the store. They sold the store to Mr. McKinnon in 1941.

In 1943, Victor joined the Canadian Airforce and was shipped overseas the same year. He returned home in 1945 after the war in Europe, and worked again with his dad on the sawmill.

Albert and Bertha moved to Cochrane in 1946, leaving Victor and Gordon to run the sawmill. Albert and Bertha bought the restaurant in Cochrane, now known as the Range Grill. They bought this restaurant from Mr. U. Bouhay. Alice and Clayton worked with them in the restaurant. The family was now grown up and getting married. Victor married Marjorie Elliott of Cochrane in 1948, they have two children and live at Exshaw. Gordon married Marie Wall of Cochrane in 1949, they have 5 children and live at Burns Lake, B.C. Alice married Marshall Price of Cochrane in 1949, they have two girls. Marshall was killed in 1966. Alice now lives in Kelowna B.C. Clayton married Margaret Napp of Strathmore, they have 6 children and live in Empress.

Albert and Bertha moved from Cochrane to Calgary in 1949, then moved to Armstrong, B.C. in 1951, then on to Chilliwack in 1955. They moved to Kelowna, B.C. in 1966 where Albert still lives. Bertha passed away in 1967, also David Sailor passed away in 1977. He was the son of Victor and Marg. Albert just celebrated his eightieth birthday Dec. 29, 1978. He also has 7 great grandchildren.

THE SALISBURY'S

By: Muriel Foster

Salisbury's homesteaded on the Greace Creek, west of Water Valley. Charlie Salisbury raised sheep on this homestead. Charlie and his wife, Edith moved to Ladner, B.C. After the elder Salisbury's left for B.C., Lee with their son, took over this place. He married Leitha Jordan and they had three children, Ronald, Leona and Peggy.

Lee Salisbury ran a large herd of cattle and done some sawmilling on the side. Charlie Salisbury passed away in Ladner, B.C. in 1955 and Edith passed away in Ladner in 1963. Lee passed away in Calgary in 1971.

Leitha lives in Calgary. Their son Ronald, is also deceased. The place has been sold several times. Ian Watt and Jack Wiebe have both owned it. A family from Sask. by the name of Renewich are the present owners.

Lee Salisbury, Ronnie Salisbury, Cliff Jordan, Elmer Foster at the sawmill.

Elmer Foster, Lee Salisbury and Cliff Jordan.

Wolves shot by Lee and Ronnie Salisbury.

THE ALBERT SHERMAN'S

Albert Sherman and his wife came from Sweden to Canada and to the Garfield district about 1904. They homesteaded the NW¼, S-18, T-30, R-4, W-5 and raised cattle, horses and pigs. They later bought the SW¼, S-6, T-30, R-4, W-5 from Fred Cowman who had previously fenced the land. The Sherman's built the house which still stands.

The old Sherman house.

They had two sons, Gus - went back to Sweden, and Carl - went to Seattle in the early 1920's. James and Hannah Coleman and family came from Saskatchewan in 1923 and lived in the north half of the house, while Mr. and Mrs. Sherman had the south half. They were here 2 years. The land was later sold to Ike Falk for 4-5 years, then Clarence Reid bought it. The house was rented for a few summers but has been vacant since about 1972.

THE SHERRIFFS

By Mabel Sherriffs (nee Fox)

In 1960 George and I, 15 year old son, Douglas, and 8 year old daughter, Diane, purchased the 880 acre Pete and Marjorie Sullivan Ranch, seven miles south of Cremona on the Dog Pound Creek.

George the youngest of a family of six, was born and raised in the Carstairs district by pioneer parents, Alexander Sherriffs and Malinda Buschert, who came from Kitchener, Ontario in 1900 to homestead.

I am the fourth child of a family of nine born to Elmer Fox and Alice Himmelreich who came from Columbus Junction, Iowa in 1905. Elmer Fox arrived in Carstairs as a school teacher and Alice Himmelreich was a music teacher.

George farmed with his parents and became an avid sportsman excelling in ball and hockey. I completed my education in the Carstairs High School by riding through rain, snow , low temperatures, and gorgeous sunshining days, three and one-half miles horseback. I took my teacher training in Calgary and taught for $60.00 per month - $600.00 per year during the depression years of 1936-37. At this same time George threshed grain bundles in the fall for $1.00 per day - 10 hours a day or until the moon went down or the temperature became unbearable. How times have changed!

Teaching in such unique, country terrain as the sprawling Handhills - twenty miles east of Drumheller; and near the Vermillion River just a few miles north of the wee town of Islay proved to be educational, inspiring and extremely rewarding. These experiences are many, however; they must be left for another book! 1939 - 1960 found me back in the Didsbury-Carstairs areas - teaching intermittently - marrying - raising a family - etc.

George and I married in 1940 and farmed with his Dad north of Carstairs. I continued to teach and we finally purchased a quarter section of land and rented three-quarters of the Blackly-Douglas land - now owned by the Gordon Reid family.

After twenty years we had a great urge to spread out as our son, Doug, was showing a strong desire to farm. It seemed that "Lady Luck" was with us as we had always dreamed of owning a ranch with a running stream, a few trees, cattle and saddle horses and on that rainy, harvest, September day in 1959 our real estate agent, the late Mr. John Ure, sent us to see the Sullivan Land.

Mr. Sullivan was an interesting farm guide, showing us heavy crops in swath, good pastures with fat cattle standing in huge tree shelters, and the sparklingwaters of the Dog Pound Creek winding through with fish, beaver and deer enjoying its own habitat. This was a paradise for man and beast! We knew at first site that this was our dream fulfilled but where were the dollars to come from? How could one sell 160 acres and buy 880 when government loans were almost nil and one had no backing? Land in 1960 was selling for $60.00 per acre. One ventured with deep consideration at this time as it was ones own hard come by earnings which were at stake - not loaned government dollars as one operates on now in the 1970's.

The busy days, weeks and months between that wet September day and April 18, 1960 when we moved to our new spread were hard and trying with many misgivings but the best wishes and blessings from our many Carstairs friends, - who were also fearful of our adventure, gave us strength and encouragement.

The log house that we moved into is worthy of a few lines of description. the late Clark Ray told me that he spent warm nights in this log house when he first came to the country in 1902.

I'm sure it could tell many historical events as it had been the Dog Pound Post Office where neighbors gathered to swop endless tales. Its size provided a cosy meeting place for large meals, parties and get-to-gethers. It had been a welcoming light and an overnight stopping place before fording the Dog Pound Creek for many folks on their long journeys north of Cochrane.

Needless to say, by 1960, the logs had bowed until the floors were falling and the slab sandstone foundation wasn't serving its purpose. The cold shivering nights that we spent around the wood and coal kitchen range or the oil burning frontroom stove were many. I imagine that Alice and Bob Whitlow's children- Patsy, Leslie and Randy can tell it the best as upon one occasion when they spent a few nights with us the temperatures dropped to 20 below and the children were wrapped in wool blankets which had been warmed in the oven before rushing them to their beds. In the spring, grass grew up between the floors and the bowed logs giving us green foliage growing wild. Besides we had the comfort of natures wee creatures which our cats,

racing in their wildest round-abouts, enjoyed to the fullest. None of these unnatural living conditions seemed to hamper our guests as they came from far and near; all of Canada, California, Florida, New Zealand - a wee girl from England was greeted by our daughter Diane saying, "I cut the grass in my bedroom before you came!" This wasn't a deter; perhaps it was intriguing, because this shy, English gal became our darling daughter-in-law in 1968.

This log mansion had made a wonderful home for many families. The earliest on record was the late E.V. Thompsons who sold to Frank Coyle in 1918. In 1943 Mr. Coyle sold to Marj. and Peter Sullivan and they to us in 1960. It afforded us with shelter until March 1967 when we moved into our new house.

In January 1968, Douglas married Pauline Wigg, daughter of Tim and Joyce Wigg from England, a niece of Ted and Mary Wigg of this area. They have three sons - Roy born in 1970, Brent - 1973, and Jason - 1975. February 1973, found Geo. and I moving to a wee home up on the Dog Pound Stampede Hill - to semi-retire! Our view is luxuriant and endless - do take time to come and enjoy it with us sometime.

In 1974, Diane graduated as a teacher from the Calgary University and married Roger Parsons of Calgary, eldest son of Kathleen and Ramsay Parsons formerly from the Dog Pound - Cremona district. Diane and Roger have two sons - Ross - born in 1976 and Ryan - 1977. Roger, a Water Well Driller, has purchased the "Parsons Drilling" from his father, Ramsay. Roger's Grandfather, the late Lake Parsons, started the Water-Well Drilling Business.

This summer, 1978, has been extremely busy as we have been helping Roger, Diane and sons set up their home on one of our quarters in the Rocky View Municipal District. They bought and moved Frances and George Whitlow's 29 year old house and have built on a 16 ft. addition. I speak of our houses being homes as our men do most of the building themselves and we have small but comfortable homes.

I would not be doing justice to this region if I did not mention the friendliness of the Cremona-Dog Pound People. After being born and raised in the Carstairs District we found it disheartening to part with our many firends and family, however; we have found that the welcoming and the encouragement from our Cremona-Dog Pound neighbours is beyond words. Upon building our first house, more than 30 men lent a helping hand to run cement and complete our home. Many of their wives helped with the cooking. Just a real, old fashioned bee! It takes a strong, community spirit to keep an area alive and these rolling foothills seem to excel in such .

Yes, we've had our ups and downs, but we've tried to use them as stepping stones to greener fields. Now, in 1978, eighteen years later; three new homes later; and five grandsons later, - we look back with joy and count our blessings that we were led by some unknown power to this land of progress and happiness. I trust that my humbly scrawled efforts are worthy of their space in Alice's Book and that they will bring a bit of cheer to many hearts.

PETER SILBERNAGEL

Told By Ed Silbernagel

Peter Silbernagel was born in North Dakota emigrating up to a farm at Beiseker, Alberta in 1907.

Elizabeth Furman came from South Dakota and was living at Beiseker where Peter met her. They were married in 1918 at Beiseker and farmed there until 1931 when they moved eight miles west of Carstairs to farm for one year. They then moved to the Blackburn quarter in the Garfield district, and were there 5 years, then moved again to the Water Valley district where they farmed until they

Peter and Elizabeth Silbernagel 1966.

retired in 1956. Upon retirement they bought a house in Water Valley and resided there until their passing. The land was sold to Roy Farran.

Elizabeth Silbernagel passed away July 12, 1967, at age 67 and Peter, five days later, July 17, 1967, at age 70 years.

Eight children were born to this couple;
Eva - (Mrs. Heffner) - lives in Calgary and has one son.
Bill - lives at Langley, B.C. and has 4 girls and 1 boy.
Matt - lives in Calgary and has 3 boys.
Ed - lives at Water Valley.
Annie - (Thompson) - lives in Black Diamond and has 13 children.
Rosie - (Jensen) - lives in Calgary and has 9 children.
Joe - lives in Calgary and has 1 girl and 4 boys.
Leo - lives at White Rock, B.C.

Ed served in the Airforce in World War 11 for 9½ years and saw many countries in Europe and was stationed in Africa for 9 months. He returned home in 1956. After serving as an official at the race track for Western Canada Racing Association for 9 years he returned to Water Valley and now ranches 9½ miles west of Water Valley. The (Bar 7 Easy) became his cattle and horse brand and he now specializes in Charlois cattle, with fifty percent of the herd with papers. He is the Director of the Water Valley Boots and Saddle Club and is Sec.-Treas. of the Pineslopes Ranchers Association Ltd.

THE SIRR FAMILY

By: Clare Fraser

In the spring of 1913, Percy and Cora Sirr, with their eldest daughter Ida moved from Medicine Hat to the Big Prairie district where they had bought the S.E.¼, S. 10, TP. 30, R. 5, West of 5 from Mr. Meakum. The remains of this old house still stands. Their second daughter, Cora was born in November of 1913 in Didsbury, Alta. Tom, their eldest son was born in April of 1915. Dorothy was born in May of 1917, and I (Clare), was born in July of 1918. We were all born at home. Mrs. Tom Graham Sr. was the midwife.

We lived here until Aug. of 1918, when Dad sold this place and we moved west to the Turvey Ranch on the Fallen Timber Creek. We lived here until 1920. Dad rented the Charlie Franklin place north of Cremona. We lived here until 1924. Clarence was born in June of 1921 and David was born in August of 1922. They were born at home and again Mrs. Graham was mid-wife.

I can remember Dad hauling water in a barrel on a stone boat for a half a mile for the house and stock. In 1924 we moved to the Stevenson place, south-west of Cremona. Dad rented this place also. There was a section of land here. The house was large. It was built for a hotel as it was

thought the railroad would go through here, as it had been surveyed through there.

We enjoyed this place, as it was close to school and we held dances in the attic. The musicians were Mr. Ernie Taudine - accordian, Mr. Sundholm - violin, and Mr. Foster - the drums. This was a well built house but as it was so large it took a lot of wood to heat it. Our closest neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Russel Lind. They lived on the David Barry place, north-west of us. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Fry lived to the south-west and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Reid lived north of us.

In 1929 Dorothy and I took the janitors job for a year. It was all right when we lived here but in the spring of 1930 we moved to the Robert Reid place, west of the Little Red Deer River. We had to walk three and a half miles to school. Clarence and David rode the old pony, Dewy to school. In the winter Dorothy and I rode too. Grandpa Sirr came to live with us in 1931. He was a wagon maker by trade. He cut the old high wheeled wagons down, so it wouldn't be such a job to load and unload them. Several of the farmers in the district came to him to have their wagons cut down. We lived here until the spring of 1934 when we moved to the George Lashmore place a mile north of Water Valley. I finished my grade eight education here. We went to the Water Valley school. I believe there were about forty pupils from grade one to nine. Benjamin McBain was the teacher. The fall of 1934 Dad bought the Fuller Ranch, south-west of Water Valley. Now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bates. We moved there in the spring of 1935. Dad sold this place to Mr. and Mrs. Bates in 1962. They moved to Calgary in November of 1960. Dad passed away in November of 1963. Then Mother moved to Didsbury in August of 1969. She passed away in May of 1973.

Percy and Cora Sirr.

Ivor Skog in 1927.

Ivor Skog and Carl Olson in 1938.

L - R - Ivor Skog, Ingmar Sundquist, Frank McCall in 1938.

IVOR SKOG

By: Jean Eby & Muriel Foster

Ivor Skog came to New Norway, Alberta from Norway in 1927. He worked here for a short time then went to Winnfield, where he worked falling logs. Ivor then decided to go to Winnipeg where he worked in the bush. He came back to Wetaskiwin and rented a farm. Ivor stayed on this farm for three years. Ivor then decided to move to B.C. He worked up and down the coast. Then in 1938 came out to Ingmar Sundquists' place at Water Valley to get over a bout of pleurisy.

He went back to B.C. and worked (at this time Ole Olson was with him) at cutting timber. In the summer of 1943 Ivor returned to Water Valley. The fall of 1943 Ivor

Ivor Skog in 1958.

Skog, Ole Olson and Dan Colvin decided to go logging on Mt. Elmer. They logged in this area for four years. After this Ivor went into partnership with Hickeys and sawed logs. In 1950 went sawing on the east and west side of the Grease Creek. In 1954 took Ole Olson in as a partner. They sawed on the Greasy Plains and moved up to Heifer Creek in 1955. They quit sawmilling in 1962.

In the meantime Ivor bought a half section of school land on the Little Red Deer River in 1951 or 1952. He also bought his first caterpiller in 1953. After he quit sawmilling in 1962 he farmed his place and did a little logging on his own. Off and on did some custom cat work.

Ivor Skog with Ole's horses.

Skogs mill at Heifer Creek.

Ivor married Vera Hickey and they have four children - Carla, Vivian, Ivor, and Inga. he sold his farm in 1966 to Bruno Straschniski and moved to Sundre, Alberta in 1967.

HENRY SMITH

By: Wilfred Blain

The story of Henry Smith as told to us while he was a patient in the Auxiliary Hospital at Didsbury.

Henry was born in Ontario and as a boy of fifteen left home to see and work on many far off places. He was in the Spanish American War, helped build the Boulder Dam, drove four horses on the fresno to help escavate the basement for the Palliser Hotel in Calgary, as well as other famous land marks.

Henry had a great love for God and also had a great interest in worldly affairs. The Holy Bible, of which he had read through many times, and the daily newspapers were ever by his side. His love for goodness, nature, and the places he had been were shown through many of the poems that he had composed and stored away in his memories. The voice and the way he could recite them to us was just out of this world! Besides the memories of the wonderful visits we had with him is a poem that he composed while he was walking down the streets of Chicago, while in one of his lonesome days. He wrote it out for us just a couple of weeks before he passed away at the age of ninety-seven years.

Where Drumheller is now, was his homestead. After his wife's passing, he could not stay there anymore so from then on many places knew him. In 1896 he left Calgary with a pack horse and saddle horse for the Caroline district. That was when he first saw Cremona. His last active years were hog raising at Water Valley and west of Carstairs, finally retiring to a little house at the Ted Wigg farm. He also ran a livery barn at Innisfail and Crossfield.

While in the Auxiliary Hospital, he had trouble with ingrown toe-nails, of which he had the doctor take off several times. So this time when they had grown back again, he decided he was going to take them off himself. He kept asking us to bring him a pair of pliers so he could get on with the job. Well, we always seemed to forget or at least that was our excuse, but someone was more cooperative than us, and one day we went in and he had the job done. His doctoring did not turn out so good this time, he got infection in one and the doctor could not get it healed, and once again Henry wanted to try the old Pioneer's Cures.

Knowing we milked cows, he promptly put his order in for some good fresh cow----, I'll call it cow manure. We did not think that a hospital was a very good place to be caught taking that kind of thing so this time we kind of sluffed off Henry's desires. he said that was one of the much used poltices in his early days and one thing that was easy to come by on the wide open ranges. If cow--- was not handy, a good buffalo pie served the purpose just as well.

Henry was one of those men that you hear of that would of liked to have gone to his Maker with his boots on, well, he did not get that wish, but I can just bet he went with a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Sometimes there is other little kindnesses that are really not permissable but will bring contentment and help on the way to recovery, than all the medicines. In this case, the R.N.'s overlooked that old bleach bottle that Henry used for a spitoon, but where did he get that chewing tobacco? Well, those Angels of Mercy work in many ways.

He always made sure he was up and around early every morning so he could get his house cleaning done, that was getting his bleach bottle emptied to start a fresh day. One morning he slept in and a new nurse's aid came in, and not being acquainted with the bleach bottle, and kind of nervous on the job, she, tripped over the bottle and over it went. Henry's first thought was here goes the end of his chewing tobacco, but once again those kind nurses were looking the other way and Henry went happily chewing on his way.

Henry made his first trip back to his old home in Ontario around 1945. He was always talking of his baby sister, Mary, who was only a few days old when he left home. Well, baby sister Mary, was seventy-five when he went

back to see her at Orilla, Ont. Henry passed away at the age of ninety-seven and his body was laid to rest in the Cremona cemetery.

Henry Smith had a livery stable across from the Cecil Hotel in Calgary around 1910. he sold it to an Italian, who only kept it for three months. Mr. Gump and his son, Charlie, from Acme and Irricana, left their horses with him while they did their business. They drove a surrey with a fringe around the top.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH

By: Lora and Bill Smith

Mr. John Smith was born May 6, 1878 in Hexham County of Northumberland. His father, William Smith was a hind or farm hand. He grew up on the farm, but when going to school, often played hookey to go and help at the stables belonging to the Gentry. He was fascinated by horses and fox hunting, etc. When he was older, he got a job as groomsman. He told of having to put on a long skirt & ride side-saddle, to gentle horses for the ladies of the gentry for fox-hunting. He also told of riding horses "to the pub" and often his eyes would light up with mischief as he told of riding up at a gallop, right thru' the centre of the people grouped outside saying, "By gum, you should've seen them scatter".

He married Mary Jane Mclen on June 13, 1903 in Wesleyan, Methodist Church. Mary Jane was born April 26, 1883 at Bywell. After her mother died she was raised by her Grandmother. She too, like Mrs. Smith, worked out when very young. In England at that time, anyone "seeking" a job was given a shilling, equivalent to about 25¢, by the employer. this meant they were under a "bond" or bound to work for them for six months or a year. They told of some young people who would go around and see how many shillings they could collect. But they were a minority.

Mom and Dad Smith, Lora and Bill Smith.

Daddy at a school picnic. Daddy showing the ladies how he could do it.

Mary Smith often told of having to scrub the flatstones, hearth stones on hands and knees and polishing the brass or iron fittings, also helped in the fields, but not too much as she wasn't too strong. As a dairy-maid at one farm she had the responsibility of looking after the milk, skimming cream and churning butter. Anyone who ever tasted her butter, had no doubts that she excelled at the art of butter making, baking bread, English scones and cakes and also make Yorkshire pudding and mint sauce.

She also was a superb knitter. She could knit and visit and in later years watch television without missing a stitch. Often knitting for her grandchildren and friends.

While working out at a farm a few miles from where her Grandmother lived she often told how she saw "a vision" of her Grandmother, at the time she died, so was not surprised when she was told of her death. In later years she became interested in Spiritualism, consequently she found she had a gift, as a medium. She was clairvoyant. She was able to fortell the future for some people, thru' reading the crystal. Quite a few people came quite often to have her read it for them. Some wrote letters and she must have been able to help a lot of them as most of them came to see her & wrote for many years, for advice for many until her death.

They did a lot of travelling by walking, and thought nothing of walking four or five miles. Some horse-back or pony trap (cart). Farther distances were by bus. Later years bikes became very popular. Mr. Smith had one and used to go visit friends and relatives. He usually brought Mary back some little gift of figurines in china. They brought some of these to Canada. It was a good way to get fresh air. When Bill grew up and worked in the store he bought himself a bike to travel around.

After their marriage they worked on a farm for awhile, then Mr. Smith "went down in the mines". It was when he was brought up for dead that Grandma Smith's hair turned white. She was only 35 years old. They had two living children, Irene Mary - born Feb. 15, 1908. A son John William (called Willie or Bill) - was born Dec. 6, 1909. They lost two children at birth. A niece Mary Jane, born April 1910, came to live with them when her Mother died, and was raised as their daughter.

John Smith had a "green thumb" and after he was married, while working in the mines, had an unusually large garden enclosed by a brick wall. Next door was a school. They had a dog "Bonzo" who made sure no one came over the wall tramping down the garden. Children sat on the wall when he was a puppy and teased him. One day the school-master poked his nose over the wall and Bonzo promptly bit it. He was going to have him destroyed but the Magistrate ruled that the dog was only protecting his owner's property. The garden really helped them out, as by this time, they had a growing family. He also had a greenhouse in which he grew roses and other flowers and early vegetables. On a shelf grew the more delicate flowers, tomatoes, etc., underneath shallots, onions, lettuce, etc. Potatoes, carrots and other vegetables. Mint and hardier flowers outside. They used to enter in competitions or he experimented. I once had a green rose. It really helped when he was lamed and thought dead. He was off work for 2 years and 9 months, and had to have a six inch lift on one of his boots for years after. When he was off work thru' the accident or strikes he was paid compensation but it wasn't enough to pay the rent and other expenses. Mary was able to manage by selling some of the garden produce. Thru' an operation done by a doctor who served in the war he was able to walk again without crutches. he went back down in the mines again. One of the nice memories Bill and the family have of his Father is that we never heard him utter a swear word in England or in Canada. His favorite saying was "By Gum" or "Dear Me".

It was the custom in those days for each mine, in every small village, to have someone called a "knocker upper" to go around and wake the men for their shifts down in the mines. Everyone was supposed to put in white chalk, by his

door, the time he wanted to be called. John Smith was called at three o'clock in the morning to be down at the mine at four. With their safety lamp lit and working, clothes on to go down in the mine. Every so often it had to be tested for "black damp" by taking a bird down. The first signs of "black damp" or gas was the warning flickering of their lamps. Then, too, there was always the danger of cave-ins. This mine was known as "Air Pit Mine", had trouble with the air, and it was deep, so very dangerous. He was hurt once again working on the "jigger pans". This time his knee was hurt, somehow caught in the machinery, tearing the cartilage and tearing his knee cap off.

Willie was a good scholar, when he finished school at 14 years, he went down in the mines with his father at 8 o'clock in the morning and came up at 4.They heard about a job opening at the West Pelton Co-op. He went down at 8 o'clock that same night, took a test with 33 other boys and got the job. He worked at this store for 5½ years, until he quit to come to Canada with his Mother in 1929 at 19 years of age. His father had come in 1929, coming first to Crossfield. The two girls Irene and Mary had gone to New Zealand in 1927. Their parents planned to follow them to New Zealand too, as Mr. Smith was out of work a lot of the time, due to miners strikes and accidents, but they got word from the girls that work was scarce for labourers there.

Mr. Smith went down to immigration and signed up to come to Canada, tho' they wrote often they never saw their daughters again. Times were pretty hard for them at first in Canada. Mr. John Smith was employed by a farmer who was also a road-boss. Mrs. Smith and Billie got to Crossfield on Wednesday. Thursday morning he went with his Father and other men, shovelling gravel down into trucks, at $4.00 for a ten hour day. Quite a change from clerking in a store. When he started work, altho' he'd visited farms, he'd never harnessed a horse so when he went threshing, first stoking, on a farm that fall, friving a team, rather than let anyone know, he rolled a cigarette and watched the other hired men put on the harness, then he was able to do it.

March 1932, Mr. Smith and Willie came in a snow storm to look at the E½ of 36,30,5,5. They were very anxious to get a place to live, they thought it looked pretty good, although the barn had burned down there was a house they could live in, also the snow covered the rocks. They moved up in April 1932, with 3 horses, 3 head of cattle, 1 sow and a few chickens. They had sold a litter of pigs to make the down payment on the place. After the payment was made they had $2.40 left. But thru struggle and perserverance, not to mention many good friends, managed to make the payments and have a good life.

Here, as in England, Mr. Smith loved his garden and flowers. Many people came to visit them and they enjoyed the company of friends. Quite a few came and had Mrs. Smith read the "crystal" for them. Tho' in later years they were never in very good health, they enjoyed their friends and family. Their son, William, married Lora Bracken on July 30, 1942. They had four children - John, David, Mary and Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith enjoyed their grandchildren very much and they made their families lives much richer.

Mrs. Mary Jane Smith died June 24, 1962. Mr. John Smith passed away April 7, 1968. They are both buried in the Didsbury Cemetery. I think they left us a very rich heritage and colorful heritage.

Many people will remember Bill Smith playing for dances. He played the banjo and banjo mandoline, first with Les and Kenny Barnard. They often played for very little money - from 75¢ to $2. They always gave one free dance for the Red Cross or something, or benefit dances free. I can remember going to dances when they played. Bill also played some with McGaffins. He also played with Mr. Bosch and Corbett, a few dances with Guy Gazley, Gene Winchell, Ben Sundholm, Bill Carter and last but not least Leonard Wright. They played Dartigue, Dog Pound stamped. At that time they received a very nominal fee for a nights work. Sometimes the cost of the gas if the roads were bad was more than a nights work, but they enjoyed it.

Mary and John Smith and their grandchildren 1957. David, Mary, Leonard and John.

NORMAN VAUGHN SMITH

By: Norman Smith

I was born in Sawyer, North Dakota, on March 20, 1902. In 1910 my parents, Dr. Hoarse and Maude Smith, three sisters, one brother and I moved to Scout Lake, Sask.

In 1919 I came to the Fallen Timber district to work for the Turvey Mclean Cattle Company. While working there I lived at the Findley place. Being a lover of horses I was thrilled to get a job with Brewsters Guide and Outfitters at Jasper, Alta. Here I broke saddle and pack horses and took out hunting and fishing trips. A good friend, Dave McMurtry and I worked there for five years.

In 1926 I went to work for the Alberta Forestry Service with Tom Harvey. My job was packing in the lumber and supplies on horseback to build the Black Rock and Blue Mountain look out stations. The supplies were brought to Coal Camp and Aura Cabin, we had to clear and build a pack trail through muskeg and around mountains from these places to the look out locations. I remember packing 16 ft. lumber on two pack horses which had to be unpacked and carried by hand around some of the curves on the pack trail. Later they sent me to help build the Moose Mountain look out station at Bragg Creek.

Norman Smith at the Red Deer Station with a St. Bernard pack dog.

While working at Bragg Creek I met Rita Mickle. The fourth daughter of a family of seven, four girls and three boys, born to Charlie and Adell Mickle, a rancher in the Cochrane district. Rita and I were married in Cochrane in 1935. We spent some time in this area, then moved to a

quarter we bought on the Little Red Deer River. Jack Fullers original homestead. Here I acquired a trap line that ran from the head of the Little Red to the Fallen Timber including the Vanlinder and the Greasy Plains area. One year I recall taking sixty coyote pelts to Simpson and Lea in Calgary.I worked this fifteen mile trap line for several years. We had three sons by this time, the eldest almost school age, so moved the family to the Hampton Burnett place close to Westbrook School near Bottrel.

On this place at Bottrel we started farming. A couple of years later a friend, Harry Hagan of Cremona, was called into the armed forces so we moved to his place to farm and look after it. While living here and enjoying farming we decided to purchase our own place. In 1944 we bought the N.W. ¼-27, - 30-4-5.

Ray and Gary attended Elmwood school the first years we lived at Hagans. About the time we moved to our own place it was decided to close Elmwood and bus the children to Atkins school. It was south of Cremona, a seven mile trip one way from our place. The school bus was a horse drawn wagon in summer and sleigh in winter, with a covered in top like a van. It was equipped with a pot bellied wood burning heater, with the pipe going out the roof. The bus driver, Walter Bellamy, a neighbor the kids all loved and respected. he was always cheerful and kept the kids amused with his stories as they took this long trip everyday. The boys went to Atkins school for about two years. The children then attended school in Cremona. Some of the teachers our children fondly remember are: Mr. Reid, Mrs. Frizzell, Mrs. Dinsey, Mr. Lucas and Mrs. Edwin Reid, the dedicated Sunday School teacher.

Our close neighbors in the district were Adam Luft, Jess Ray, Harry Hagen and Jack Bardgett to name a few.

Threshing crew about 1945. Back: ?, Alan Thompson, Ralph Thomson, Front: Glen Johnson, Glen Ray, Norman Smith, Harry Hagen, Royden Russel, Stan Schultz.

Norman, Rita, Ray, Gary, Dennis, and Lynne at Charlie Mickles Mission Valley Ranch at Jumping Pound. 1945.

In 1952 we sold our place at Cremona and moved to Cochrane, there I was employed at the Shell Oil Gas Plant in the Jumping Pound district. In 1968 we bought a home in Sundre, and I have been enjoying retirement since 1972.

We have six children, four sons and two daughters. Our eldest son Ray, married Adair Odell of Cremona. They have two children, Shannon and Warren. Shannon married Al Veres and has a daughter, Jody. Warren lives at home. We lost Ray in a tragic drowning accident in 1963.

Our second son Gary, married Donna Fenton of Bottrel, they have two children, Tami and Robbie. Tami married Ray Gardner from Olds, they have a daughter Tracy. Gary worked for the Dept. of Highways for several years and is now farming in the Olds area.

Dennis married Donnalee Carlson of Pincher Creek. They have four children, Jason, Carman, Paul, and Travis, all at home. Dennis has been employed with Shell Oil at Pincher Creek for 23 years and is also involved in ranching.

Norma Lynne married Jay Eyma, the son of a old timer in the Cochrane district. They have four children, Jayeena, Jaymie, Jaynel and Jayleen, all at home. Jay is employed at the Fina Gas Plant near Cochrane and is also involved in ranching.

Donnalee married Charles Duncan, they have one daughter, Robin-Rae. Chuck is an R.C.M.P., they live in Broadview, Sask.

Ricky married Donna Hill and lives at Field, B.C. Ricky and Donna are both employed by the B.C. Parks Department.

THE SORENSONS IN CREMONA

The Sorensons arrived in Cremona on Aug. 1, 1964 after spending 13 years in Didsbury. Cliff and Elsie with girls, Gayle, Lynne and Pam. Janet has just completed Grade 12 in Didsbury and was working in Calgary. She was married that summer to Clarence Veenstra of Spruce View, and continued to live in Calgary.

When school opened that September, Cliff was working as principal. Gayle entered Grade 10 and Lynne grade 7. Elsie stayed home with Pam, who was almost 5 years old, and was spectator at numerous school and church functions, curling and sports activities, becoming acquainted with the community. The first granddaughter was born in the spring of 1965.

In 1967, Cliff invested in a travel trailer and took the family across Canada to Montreal and Expo, returning via the States and visiting cousins there on the way home. They returned to Cremona on July 30, to find swimming lessons being organized in a round, portable pool on the school grounds with Mac and Sharon Fenton giving lessons. Mac was the new vice-principal taking Ralph Scarlett's place, who went to Carstairs as principal. Unfortunately, the pool sprang a leak and the lessons were concluded in the cold Little Red Deer river, west of the village. Pam really enjoyed the lessons, having sampled some pools on the cross-Canada tour. In fact, she preferred the pool to visiting exhibits at Expo! She has maintained her interest in swimming since.

Gayle graduated in 1970 with her R.N. and continued working at the Foothills Hospital. In September, Valerie Lee Veenstra was born. November, that year saw Gayle married to Allen Cameron of Carstairs. Janet and her husband and family went to Kenya in early 1971, following the fortunes of the oil industry.

Lynne graduated from Grade 12 in February 1971 and took a secretarial course in Calgary. She was married to Nelson Brian of Cremona that summer and continued living in Calgary. Pretty tough on Cliff - 2 weddings in less than a year! The first and only grandson was born the next spring. Two and one half years later Lynne, Nelson and Donald took up residence on the Brian farm, north of Cremona.

September, 1973 marked a sad time in all their lives

when Allen was killed in a car accident.Pam graduated from Grade 12 in 1977, and is taking her second year at the University of Alberta in Edmonton in the pharmacy faculty. The week-end she started University will never be forgotten by Cliff & Elsie. A wartime friend was staying with them from EnglandThe second night she was there, a phone call at 3:15 a.m. from Lynne announced she was on her way to the hospital for the birth of her second child, and was bringing Donald to stay with grandma. Fine, Pam would babysit while Cliff and Elsie took Mary to Banff sight-seeing for the day. The trip to Edmonton, Mary was sure seeing a lot of Alberta. The following day she accompained Cliff and Elsie to a football game in Calgary and when everyone stood up to boo the referee she did like wise - then asked why! School opened on Tuesday and Mary returned to London that day after visiting Lynne and her new daughter in the hospital in Calgary. Elsie took the rest of the week to recouperate and catch up on lost sleep!

Gayle went to North Vancouver to nurse in November, 1975, staying there until June, 1977. After a lot of planning with 2 other nurses they flew from Los Angeles to Hawaii on the first leg of a tour around the world. Their itinerary included Korea, Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Bali, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Nepal, India, Ceylon, back to India - Greece, Belgium, Holland and England. They returned in July 1978, just 4 days short of one year, homesick, very tanned, sun-bleached and plumper - the only 3 people who could travel through under-privileged south-east Asian countries and gain weight on the local diets! She is now back living in Calgary and working at the Foothills hospital. Her spare time is devoted to helping the under privileged and assisting at church and Girl Guide activities, with hiking, cross-country skiing and cooking her relaxations.

Janet, Clarence and family have been living in Singapore for 3 years, after spending the intervening years in S. Africa, London, Nigeria, Algeria and the Canary Islands. They entertained Gayle and her freinds for three weeks during their world tour. They are looking forward to their next vacation in Canada this July.

In June, 1978, Donald Brian went to school preparing to enter Grade 1 that fall. A first for Cliff - when he entered the classroom as principal to be greeted "Hi Grandpa"!

Cliff and Elsie have been active members of the curling club and have enjoyed taking part in Legion affairs, functions at the school and United Church and village activities. Cliff is a member of the Legion, Elsie has taught Sunday school for several of her years here and enjoys singing with the church choir.

They have been strong supporters of the Calgary Stampeders Football team, having had season tickets since 1952. Since coming to Cremona they have enjoyed the company of Ken and Ann Rose and Bob and Mary Dubois at those games. They have spent many enjoyable summers with the family, the trailer and friends in various parts of B.C. and sampling different golf courses. Cliff had curled at Nelson's midsummer bonspiel on several occasions. Now, with Cliff due to retire in June, 1979 they are hoping to travel to other parts of Canada and the States, taking their time doing so. Upon returning to Alberta they hope to take up residence in the County of Mountain View, not too far from family and friends.

GEORGE SPENCE AND FAMILY

By: Mrs. Daisy Pearson

In May 1904 Mr. and Mrs. George Spence accompanied by Grandma Spence and Cousin Andrew, and three children, Jessie, Pat and Daisy, left Aberdeenshire for Canada, and on the same boat our oldest friend, Mr. George Watt, accompanied us. Arriving in Calgary we were met by Mr. Allen, another Aberdonian, who directed us to Didsbury, where we were met by Mr. H.B. Atkins who had pioneered earlier in what is known as the Cremona didstrict. Mr. Watt and Mr. Spence were shown land east and west of the CPR Tracks but decided on the present location of their farms. They purchased horses & wagons and journeyed to the Atkin's homestead. At that time there were neither bridges nor fences between Didsbury & their destination, two days travelling.

We lived in the Atkins house for ten months, and filed on a homestead S.W.¼ Sec. 4, later purchasing ½ Sec. 9, C.P.R. property adjoining the Homestead. Mr. Watt boarded with us until his family arrived in 1905 when their house was completed, five miles south of us. Our house was built just a short distance from the Atkin's Ranch, the spot chosen on account of a natural spring.

In 1906 Harry was born. At that time we boarded the School Teacher and also the Student Minister, Mr. MacDonald, later Moderator of the Church of Canada.

In 1909 our home was destroyed by fire and at that time, Miss Bodington, teacher and Mr. Munro, Student Minister, were boarding with us. Due to the kindness of the Watt family we were taken to their home until such time as the Machine Shed under construction was made into a temporary home where we lived until the new house was built with the assistance of many kind neighbors. Both teacher and Minister remained with us during this time. On June 14, 1909, Winnie was born and died at the early age of fourteen after a brief illness.

The Church Services were held in the homes in 1905 and later in the school houses. Mrs. Spence was Organist for many years. She also boarded in the Student Ministers for many years. Mrs. Spence passed away after a brief illness in 1945. Mr. Spence visited Scotland in 1956 and died while there. A very fine memorial service was held in the United Church in Cremona.

Jessie, after finishing school at Atkins School, took a Business Course at Garbutts Business College in Calgary, working there until her marriage to Geroge Skinner, returned soldier of the First World War, and originally from Glasgow, Scotland. They lived in Calgary until 1929 when they moved to Vancouver where they have since resided. They have one dughter and three grandchildren.

Pat worked with J.I. Case Co. in Edmonton and later went to Blackie. He then returned to the farm where he remained until the Second World War when he joined the R.C.A.F. in December 1945 he married Miss Doris McLeavy of Garfield, a Stenographer in Calgary at the time, and they have since made their home in Sundre, Alberta. They have two daughters, Lesley and Kathleen. Lesley married, & is living in Red Deer; they have one son. Kathy is attending third year University. Doris and Pat were violin students of Mrs. Martin Colwell of Garfield, an outstanding violinist who came from California.

Daisy also took a course at Garbutts in Calgary, working there until her marriage to Harry Pearson, January 1, 1927 and lived at Bottrel where her husband owned the store. Harry passed away suddenly on November 13, 1928. Daisy then returned to Calgary where she worked with Allan & Johnston, Custom Brokers, until 1957 when she joined the staff of the Calgary General Hospital until her retirement.

Harry married Miss Ivy Price in December, 1932. They had one daughter, one grandchild and two great grandchildren. Harry joined the Armed Forces in the Second World War and rose to the rank of Sergent. Due to an injury of his left knee in Drill practice was unable for overseas duty. In 1964 he died in Colonel Belcher Hospital after a lengthy illness.

Dolly was born in 1912 at Cremona. Attending High School and later Normal Practise in Calgary. She taught at Fallen Timber and Rugby until her marriage to Wm Ross of Didsbury. Later they moved to Carbon & Manville Alberta, where Dolly taught school until the time of her death in 1957.

Alex was born in 1914 and has remained on the farm.

Since the death of his father, and Pat moving to live in Sundre, has maintained ownership of the farm. In 1944, he married Miss Wilma Kirk, teacher at Mount Hope School. They have one son, Gary, who lives on the farm. After Gary started school, at the request of Mr. Van Haafton, member of the School Board, Wilma returned to teaching where she has remained for the past eighteen years at Cremona Junior High, where she is still employed teaching mathematics and science to Grades 8 and 9. Gary attended the Technical School in Calgary for two years and has since built a fully equipped machine shop.

Irene was born May 26, 1916 and received her education at Cremona and Calgary. She took eight years in Music, pupil of Miss Myrtle Carry, Carstairs, outstanding music teacher. Irene married George Graham and went to Ontario with her husband who took special training before going overseas in World War 11. Druing this time Irene was employed by the Income Tax Department in Hamilton and has now moved to Burlington, Ontario. where she continues in the Income Tax Business in their own home. George Graham, since his return from overseas, has been employed as Bailiff.

The first year of the Dog Pound Stampede was 1912 and was well attended. this was a continuation of the picnics held for many years at the Bottrel Ranch. The last event of the afternoon was a Bucking Mule and spectators were requested to keep on the outside of the enclosure. Many took to the woods where horses and democrats were parked, but in the excitement of the event many crowded into the enclosure to get a better view, when suddenly the mule stampeded into the crowd and there was a scramble to get through the fence. Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Roy Barr in their excitement rolled under the fence together and as they scrambled to their feet Mrs. Spence exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Barr. I thought it was the mule!" Mrs. Barr for many years loved to tell this story of the mule.

WILMA SPENCE

January 22, 1977 was an evening at the Cremona School to honor Wilma Spence, who had taught there continuously for eighteen years. Mr. Denny, President of the Cremona and District Educational Assoc. introduced the speakers. Kathy Deney and Nicole Simpson, two grade nine pupils from Mrs. Spence's room, were in charge of the guest book. Mr. Bagnall, Reeve of the County, spoke on behalf of the County of Mountain View, mentioning that as Wilma Kirk, Mrs. Spence first taught at Bancroft and then at Mount Hope. Mr. Jepson, School Superintendent, spoke of Wilma's expertise in the class room especially to her years of excellent service in the position of a Junior High School Teacher.

Mr. Sorenson, Principal of the school, also spoke of her contributions to the school not only in the class room but in the staff room and staff meetings. Vair Whitlow, a former pupil, represented ex-students of Mrs. Spence when he addessed the audience, and spoke not only of the excellent discipline she maintained, but stressed that in her room, Learning was of prime importance.

John Gerlach, a member of the teaching staff, spoke of the high esteem in which Wilma is held by her colleagues and said she would be missed by staff and students.

Del Canning, staff member and Mayor of Cremona, also spoke highly of Wilma and of the influence she has had on the lives of many young poeple that she has taught through the years. Wilma was then presented with a pearl pendant and earrings from the staff, a suitable engraved silver tray from CADEA, and a dozen beautiful red roses from the Village of Cremona. She graciously expressed thanks for these tributes.

SPILLMAN HISTORY 1909-1978

By: Betty Enns

Like all pioneers, Alcey Spillman chose to come to Canada, specifically Alberta, with the idea of providing a better future for his family. He, his wife Ora, and their four children, Robb, Carol, Loudell and John left a comforatable home in Topeka, Kansas to settle west of Carstairs in what is now known as the Garfield district.

Alcey travelled up by himself in 1909 to look for farm land. He liked what he saw in this area and pruchased a half section west of where the Garfled Store was to be built in later years. His family moved up in 1910 to live in the small house built by a Mr. Brown, the original owner. After settling in and becoming established they were quickly integrated into the life of the scattered community. Alcey and Ora continued to live on this farm (but in a new house) until his death in 1943 due to a stroke. Ora remained in the house for a few more years, later moving into the town of Cremona to make her home with her son Robb until her death in 1949.

Robb, the eldest son, who had assisted his Dad on the farm left in 1916 to enlist in the Canadian Armed Forces and served two years overseas. Although he was never wounded he did develop arthritis which plagued him the rest of his life. On his return home, he farmed again briefly after a year or two in the hospital. However his interests leaned more to the mechanical side & he did eventually build a blacksmith's shop on the home farm. He later took courses in acetylene and electrical welding. In the mid winters he and his younger brother, John who was now 18 spent a couple of winters in Eugene, Oregon, logging among the redwoods.

A few years hence, he was to go up to work in servicing cargo boats on the Greater and Lesser Slave Lakes and on the Athabasca river. After all this he was ready to settle down to operating his shop and many of the men in the surrounding district will remember the convivial afternoons spent in that same shop. Robb married Annie Foster in 1944, four children were born, Gracie, Kent, John and Jeannie. By this time he had moved his shop and house into Cremona where his Mother eventually joined the family. Robb died in 1965, Annie and the family left the district and are now living in B.C.

Carol married Jack Newton of the Fallen Timber district on Christmas Day 1915. They lived for some time on what is now known as the Jesse Ray farm on top of the Dog Pound Hill, later buying a half section north of Garfield School, where they lived until their move to Red Deer in 1929. Several years later, they bought land in the Skiff area of Southern Alberta where their four daughters, Marjorie, Marian, Joyce and Lola and son Noelin still live although scattered from Skiff to Taber to Lethbridge. There is now a fourth and fifth generation to spread over most of Alberta and other places in Canada. Carol died in 1967 and Jack in 1972.

Loudell was the next one to move away and make a new home for herself, she met Walter Umbach from the Waterloo district, west of Carstairs and married him 1920. Their first home was on the old Umbach farmstead until Water's accidental death in 1941. Loudell and her four children, Verdun, Kenny, Betty and Cleta moved to the Spillman family home in 1943 after Alcey's death and farmed there until Loudell's death from cancer in 1946.

The children are all well known around Cremona. Verdun spent a number of years there before moving to Edmonton where he now lives. Kenny married Jean Bouck of Big Prairie, they moved to Bonanza in the Peace River district in 1961. Betty still lives near Cremona as Mrs. Mickey McBain, she has four children, Brian, Sheryl, Brenda and Loree. All are married and have moved away with the exception of Loree who was a late comer.

Cleta also lives in Cremona, she married Ray Haggerty and is well known as the town clerk. Their three girls, Cindy, Shelley and Colleen all grew up and attended school in Cremona. The two elder girls Cindy and Shelley are con-

tinuing their education in Calgary and Edmonton while Colleen attends High School in Cremona.

John, the youngest child, took over some of the farming duties upon completion of High School in Carstairs. He married the former Betty Thompson in 1929. From this marriage, there were two children, a boy Jack and a daughter Aileen. Both of whom started school in the old Garfield school where their Dad had taken some of his primary schooling.

Jack lives in Calgary with his wife Shirley and three children, Alan, Lynn and Carrie. Jack spent some time working in Cremona with two of his uncles and for the county after he finished High School in Calgary so is fairly well known around the district.

Aileen, the daughter, returned to Calgary from Nova Scotia about eight years ago with her retired naval husband Alex Ireland of Graham and Calgary and four children. Two daughters, Heather and Holly are both married while the two sons John and Jeff remain at home.

John also suffered from rheumatoid arthritis, which crippled him severely, so much so, that he had to leave the farm in the fall of 1943 to seek lighter work in Calgary. However misfortune struck and he was killed in January 1944 in a tragic car accident. As a charter member of the Modern Woodman of America, Cremona branch, he will be remembered by other founding members of the district.

The years from 1940 to 1950 were rather disastrous for the Spillman family, there were so many deaths, a number of them either accidental or happening suddenly.

But in earlier years, there were many happy times, those which come to mind as being among the happiest, were family and friendly camping trips back west of Graham school to pick blueberries and cranberries.

MILES STANDISH

Miles Standish lived by himself in the Big Prairie district. He was named after the famous Miles Standish, who were his ancestors. His Grandmother helped bring John Ware's children into the world.

He died in the early 1970's.

ALFRED AND DOREEN STANTON

Alfred, Doreen and Jane Stanton. 1949.

Alfred Stanton was in the Armed Forces, he married Doreen in England and they came to the Big Prairie area (Tom Lashmar place) in 1946. They had 3 daughters - Jane, Valrie and Marilyn - born at Big Prairie and Mark was born after they left in 1954. After leaving here Alfred worked at the Bowden Institute, then was Deputy Warden at the Spy Hill jail for several years.

STEFFLER HERITAGE

N.-36-29-4-W5 was homesteaded by Louis W. Steffler in 1903. Others for same section were Ben McBain, Arley Wilson, and Henry Bruder. Some of the neighbours at that time were - Lenard Tony, Jack McBain, Jack Rattray and Hickey, Reid, Foat, Parsons, Hunter (Dick Huber) families, Squire Jackson.

Louis Steffler came from Ontario in 1903 by train called "Home Seekers Excursion". He arrived in Carstairs and from there traveled by horse and buggy through Munson area to Youngstown in search of a homestead. He was at the land office at 5 a.m. in Calgary to register for land he had chosen, and the man ahead of him got the one chosen at Munson. After having no luck, he settled on a homestead cornering where old Cremona store was. In 1912 he returned to Ontario and married Marian Lang. They lived near Carstairs and farmed with Ted Zimmerman for one year. They then moved to the Parson place just south west of the homestead and finally moved to the homestead and purchased the McBain and Wilson quarters. They raised seven children;

Barbara - (Goedicke) living in Red Deer

Louis - farming the original homestead plus the section east,

Mary - (Braun), Ben, Gerald - all living in Edmonton

Regina - (Price) living in Eldorado, Sask.

Lucille - (Wilson) farming east of Carstairs.

All the kids went to school in the original Byron school; (The district being formed in 1921) went on to finish their schooling in "Old Cremona" Hall which was the school. An orphan child, Ray Burns, was raised with the rest of the children.

In 1944 they purchased a used cat and eventually went on to bigger road equipment and road building and in 1949 formed "Steffler Construction". All the family started leaving home and new families were started.

Mr. Louis Steffler.

Mrs. Marion Steffler.

Louis married Pearl Scott from Calgary and they built on the east section and seven more Steffler Darlings started and finished schol in the new Cremona school.
Mary - (Nott), Betty - (Harrison), - both living at Innisfree. Kevin - at Cremona, Linda - (Newsome) at Didsbury, Joan - (Dittrick) at Cold Lake, Martin and Yvonne both at home.

Louis and Martin are farming all the land, with the help of Howard Ray who has been with us for sixteen summers. So all in all we have survived a good long number of years in this community with hardships and lots of fun for a great combination.

Mr. and Mrs. Steffler. 1944.

The Steffler family. Left: Mary, Regeana, Ben, Barbara, Louis, Dad, Lucille, Mom Gerald. Dog - King.

GEORGE STEVENSON

George Mark Stevenson was born Sept. 13, 1889 at South Dakota Territory U.S. He moved with his father to the Cremona district in 1909, returning to the United States in 1914 where he served in the U.S. Army Military Police division. He returned to Cremona and bought a farm in 1919. He retired to Victoria in 1958.

George married Isobelle McBain in July 1961. They continuted living in Victoria and Cremona until they moved into the new Cremona Pioneer Apartments in 1978. They were among the first Senior Citizen to reside in the lodge.

Mr. George Stevenson died January 10, 1979 after a brief illness.

CHARLIE STEWART

Charlie Stewart first came to the High River area, then to the Cremona district in the early 30's. He was a bachelor and enjoyed visiting his neighbors. He lived across from Wilfred Blain's. One week he would make the rounds in one area, the next week he travelled in another direction visiting. He died at his home in 1968.

Charlie Stewart with his team "John and George".

Charlie's wood pile.

HENRY AND HARRIET STURGEON & FAMILY

By: Harriet Sturgeon

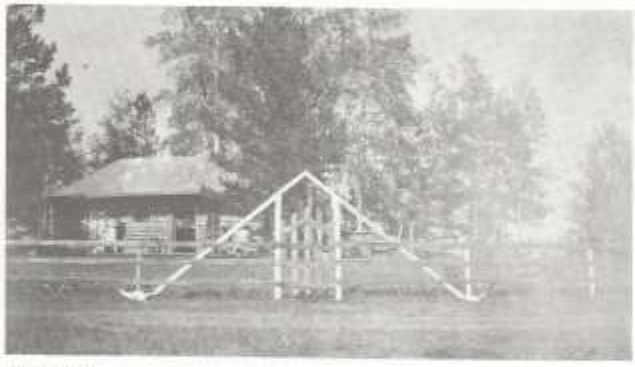
Henry, or Hank as he was often called was a horse rancher, did leather braiding, made saddles and rode in stampedes. He broke his own horses. His folks came from the eastern States, to North Dakota. Henry was born there. His father was a horse rancher also. Later some of them moved to Manitoba and Sask., one sister to B.C. after her marriage. He has two sisters alive, one in Maple Creek and one in Lethbridge.

I was born in the Medicine Valley district in Alberta. I also have two brothers and two sisters. My folks came from Nova Scotia to homestead in Alberta in the Medicine Valley, which lay between Echville, Rimby and Rocky Mt. House approximately. We moved around some and so went to different schools. Hank came into the Leedale country with a couple of friends and a herd of horses & we met With my sister and her husband, my son Ken, by a former marriage, Hank and I, five of us left that country and headed south, driving a wagon and rake, a car wagon (to cook and live in), and the herd of horses. We went south (east of Calgary-Edmonton highway) to the border of Alta. then back north and west of Bragg Creek. A hereford cow made the whole trip, tied behind the rack, for milk.

We arrived in Bragg Creek country about 1936, Ken started school at Two Pines, went to Fish Creek and also Bragg Creek, later boarding and going to school east of Calgary. He stayed with Mr. Bill Gowdy for most of his

high school. Went out to work early during the war years, trucking and oil fields. He's still in the oil fields but foreign countries now, supervising off shore drilling.

Twilo, Elmo and Karen were born while we were at Bragg Creek. Our house burned down there one day when we were all out for a load of wood.



The house.

The barn.

Later we looked for land in the Water Valley district, sold our land down there and moved up here, horses and all to the MacLean place, which we rented. Silver Creek Dude Ranch owns it now. Iral was born in 1947. We took a car load of horses to Ontario, tried renting saddle horses for a season. It didn't pan out, we sold all except four of them and came back, making payment of ¾ of Hudson Bay land west of Bituma. Built a log house and moved in New Years Day, 1953 and have lived here since. We still have the car wagon we moved all that way with.

Twilo married Cam Taks and lives west of Crossfield. Elmo went to work in northern B.C., road construction driving big cats, married and is now living in Prince George, B.C. with his family and drives his own logging truck. Karleen worked in the Rocky Mountain House after she left school. Lives now in Moose Jaw and works in a big Extend a care place there. Iral has mostly worked with lumber, in the bush falling and hauling it with his own trucks for a while. Although he also worked on two farms, drove hay trucks for Clarence Reid & Lynn Reid, and I've made many a pleasant trip along with him to Ya Ha Tinda, Banff, Field, down to Cardston country. Now he's bought a home in Cremona and has a family and works for Spray Lakes loading logging trucks.

There's a terrific change in this country since we came here. From Bituma we used to come up Silver Creek, over many bridges. A great deal of lumber has gone out of this country, now Boyd Oborne hauls from one mill for a short time in the winter. No open land left, many small acres set ups. Good roads, thanks to Mr. Bagnall and Mr. Bob Fairbairn. School buses go by. Small schools and post office closed. Power lines and gas lines and underground telephone. This has been great cranberry and wild game country, used to be lots of raspberries after the land was timbered off for a while.

THE SULLIVAN FAMILY

By: Daisy Sullivan

Sullivan's came to Cremona, Alta. from east of Weyburn, Sask. December, 1969.

Pat, a former Sask. telephone operator and long distance agent is now chief cook and manager in our household.

Patrick completed his Grade XI and Grade XII and graduated in 1972.

Edward Michael has now completed grade four to grade twelve. Graduating in 1978.

Daisy Sullivan has been postmaster over 26 years - nine of these years at Cremona.

We still find the scenery and view of the mountains interesting and fascinating. I still wonder what went through the minds of the early settlers and homesteaders when they caught their first glimpse of these rugged mountains and still moved westward!

CHARLEY AND EMMA SUNDHOLM

By Helen Rothery

Charley was born in Sweden in 1869. Emma was also born in Bjerta, Sweden in 1873.

They came from Sweden to the U.S. and lived in Idaho for a few years, then moved to California.

Emma always told about travelling a thousand miles by covered wagons across the desert from Meadis, Idaho to Eureka, California in 1907.

They moved to Canada around 1910 or 1911 to Beddington, Alta. They bought a farm out at Big Prairie in 1911 from Mr. Tendall but didn't move to the farm until 1914.

They had four children, Annie, Elida, Ernie and Ben. Annie married Ed Larson, then moved to Vancouver; Elida married J.K. Johnson and lives in Calgary; Ben married Ethel Bracken and lives in Calgary; Ernie married Evelyn Laveck and he lives in Cremona.

The old home.

Left to right - Mrs. Burrel, Hatty Oldfield, Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. Colvin, Mrs. Sallor, Emma Sundholm, Mary Laveck, Ruth ?

Charley was a contract worker, so he worked at all kinds of things, such as building bridges, homes and even catching fish in Alaska.

Charley went back to the States and carried out his work from there. He came back to the farm from time to time but never stayed too long. Emma carried on with the farm. During the war years, she was by herself and did all her stooking and farm work alone. She had milk cows, pigs and chickens to care for. She shipped a lot of cream in those days.

She had a five roomed house which she kept spotless, also she had lots of souvenirs and relics from Sweden which some were over one hundred years old. She was very active and interested in all community affairs. She was an excellent cook and many people enjoyed many meals with her.

Emma lived on the farm alone many years. She finally sold out around 1959, then lived with her son Ben in Cremona before moving into a nursing home in Calgary.

Charley passed away in 1960.

Emma passed away June 5, 1962 at her daughters home in Calgary.

1923. Grandma Sundholm.

Charley Sundholm.

Emma Sundholm.

ERNIE SUNDHOLM

By: Helen Rothery

Ernie was born in Meadis, Idaho April 30, 1902. He moved to Canada with his parents around 1911, first to Bedding, Alta. then to a farm close to Big Prairie near the Little Red Deer River.

He started working out when he was quite young, working for farmers and sawmillers. He worked for Gus Johannson for nine years, 1916-1925 doing all the farming. He then went to work in Calgary at the Oil Refinery.

In 1933, he married Evelyn Laveck. They have three girls, Helen, Evelyn and Shirley. Helen married Roy Rothery and they live near Cremona. Evelyn married Walter Friesen and they live at Water Valley. Shirley married Russel Kyle and they live at Calgary.

After Ernie was married he worked at different sawmills and farms. He also did a lot of hunting. Mostly squirrels as you got a fair price for them but it was also quite a job to skin them out.

Around 1946, he started working for the government with the Dept. of Miner and Topographic Survey, he worked at this job as a cook and a guide for 22 years going anywhere between Winnipeg to the Arctic Circle. When he first started this job they had to use horses to get their equipment to the camps, in later years they used helicopters. When he finished this job, he was given a free trip to Ottawa for one week, all expenses paid. He was the first man to receive this award at that time for over 20 years with the company.

After this job, he went to work for Stan Burrell as a guide and cook. He worked for Stan 3 years and 2 years for Rex Logan. With these two jobs, he was in the North West Territories.

During Ernie's younger years he played with different orchestras, some of them were with Elmer Foster, Geo Butler and the Dunninghams.

They were kept quite busy playing for dances at Water

Daddy, Grandpa, and Ben Sundholm.

Ernie Sundholm 1978.

Valley and Dartique, also in those days they had quite a few house parties.

Ernie played the violin and the accordian. He has 8 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren which he enjoys very much. He lost one grandson (Murray) on Dec. 26, 1966 and one granddaughter (Barbara) April 22, 1962.

He now lives in the Cremona Senior Citizens Home which he really enjoys. He loves to have anyone drop in for a visit and a coffee.

Ernie has kept quite active during his life and you can still see him out swinging on the dance floor at any dance that's in the district.

So far Ernie has had a pretty good life and still enjoys life very much.

A happy family on the farm, Big Prairie.

ELMER SUNDQUIST

Elmer Sundquist homesteaded on the Little Red Deer River, west and north of Water Valley. This homestead was east of Sundholm's place. Elmer had a sawmill on this place in the early 20's. Elmer Sundquist was a married man, his wife's name is unknown. He was Ingma's uncle and sent for Ingma to come over from Sweden. Elmer and his wife returned to Sweden to live.

INGMA SUNDQUIST

By: Muriel Foster

Ingma Sundquist was born in Sweden on Feb. 23, 1906. He came to Water Valley around 1929. First he worked for Fred Turnbull at a sawmill at Grease Creek. When he first came he couldn't speak English. Both Jake Hanson and a man by the name of Campbell, helped him learn English.

Ingma homesteaded a ¼ section on the Little Red Deer River south of the Bituma school, where he lived all his life. Ingma worked at many different jobs from threshing, to logging and to seismograph camp cook. He also spent some time in the mountains hunting, fishing and even looking for gold.

Ingma passed away at Water Valley on Jan. 18, 1972 at the age of 65 years. A man by the name of George Francois now owns this place.

Jack McMillan and Ingma Sundquist.

Ingmar Sundquist homestead.

OSCAR SWANSON

Oscar Swanson was born in Malmo, Sweden on Nov. 16, 1883 and moved to Water Valley from the States. He homesteaded a quarter section one and one half miles north and half mile east of Water Valley in 1907 or 1908. (It is believed he arrived here before Ernie Taudine). This place was all heavy bush, Oscar cleared this place by hand with only one axe.

He married George Day's sister. She died after they were married only a year or so. Oscar used to walk to Carstairs for supplies. He would leave his homestead at three

Oscar Swanson's house built in 1908. Picture taken Jan. 1979.

Oscar Swanson's barn built 1908. Picture taken Jan. 1979.

or four in the morning and walk to Carstairs, and return home the same day getting home late at night.

Oscar sold his place to a man by the name of Hollinger, a business man from Winnipeg, he never lived on the place and Luyendyk's farmed it for some time, then this place was sold to Bruce Cavers who still owns it.

After selling his place Oscar lived at several places. He passed away in Calgary on Jan. 29, 1975.

ERNIE TAUDINE

Ernie Taudine moved to the Water Valley district from Minnesota, U.S.A. in 1907 or 1908. He homesteaded a quarter section of land one and one half miles north of Water Valley. This was a heavy bush quarter and had to be cleared. Ernie had a team of horses which he used to help clear the land. Ernie used to get supplies from Carstairs. he used to go by team and wagon for these supplies.

Ernie Taudine used to go out to work at threshing time. He worked for Colwell's east of Cremona. His job was keeping the steam engine running. Ernie had a small push button accordian which he used to play. Some local people can still remember house parties where Ernie played his accordian with Elmer Foster and Mr. Sundholm (Ernie Sundholm's father) to make up a band for the evening dancing.

Ernie Taudine passed away in Didsbury, Alberta. In his will he left his place to the Red Cross. After his death, his place was sold to Angus MacMillan. They sold the place to Ken Toews and then was sold to Lloyd Nowlin, who is the present owner.

Ernie Taudine house in 1979. Built in 1909.

Ernie Taudine barn in 1979.

Ernie Taudine 1951.

THE DAVE TAYLOR FAMILY

By: Gary & Janice Taylor

Dave Taylor immigrated from Scotland to the Madden district in 1924. In March 1939, he bought the NW quarter of 5, T 30, R 3, W5 from Leonard Huber of Wisconsin. In October he married Miriam Harder of this district. To this union were born, Gary, Marilyn, Diane and Linda, who all attended school in Cremona, where they all participated in school sports. In 1948, the Taylors purchased the north half of sections 6 from the late Willard Falk.

Gary married Janice Schalin of Olds in 1965 and in 1967 bought the farm. Dave and Miriam retired to Crossfield at that time. Gary Taylor has two children Darrin and Tracy.

Marilyn took her nurses training in Calgary, then married Pastor Wm. Parsons and live in Yarrows, B.C. They are the parents of two girls.

Diane joined A.G.T. when she graduated from Cremona High. She has worked there ever since. She married Ken Thompson, a Calgary city fireman and they are the proud parents of twin boys.

Linda graduated as a nurse in 1970 and later married William Ziebart. They are parents of a baby boy - a namesake for Dave.

THE THRING FAMILY

Ted and Ruby Thring lived on a farm in Stoughton, Sask. about 40 miles from the U.S. border on the south-east corner of the province. Ted grew restless and realized there was no room for expansion for his four sons, one day said, "If I could get someone to buy this place, I'd sell it". They had advertised and a week later the place was sold. Ruby had always dreamed of a place where she could see the Rocky Mountains and as her sister lived in Calgary, they decided to come to Alberta.

Mr. Thring came out in January of 1963, bought the land, (the old Griffin place), and the family. Howard, Bob and Melvin came out in March 1963. Two older children, Clayton and Margaret stayed to finish their education at Stoughton. Marg came out first of July and Clayton at Christmas. Another daughter, Theresa was born October 8, 1964 and Margaret was married in 1964. 1965 was a year to remember. Ruby was a mother, grandmother and widow all in one year. Margaret's baby was born in June of '65, Ted was killed in a cat accident by a falling tree in July of '65, and a third daughter, Sandra was born in Oct. '65.

Ruby married Ted Coombes in June, 1968 and they remained on the farm. A larger house was moved in from Calgary in 1970, and the old house has been empty since.

Clayton is a truck driver and lives in Edmonton; Margaret was killed in Toronto in June, 1977; Howard married Teena Hardy in July, 1976 and they live in the Cremona area. They have one daughter Elizabeth born in August 1977, Bob married Linda Coombes, March 18, 1978, Melvin works at Rocky Mountain House on construction at present, Theresa and Sandra attend Cremona school and have won many medals highland dancing.

The old house in 1978.

W.A. TIPPE AND FAMILY

By: Denise and Irene Tippe

William Adam Tippe was born in Burstall, Saskatchewan, November 4, 1917, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Tippe who had a family of eleven. At the age of 25, Bill enlisted in the Canadian Armed Forces, the year being 1942.

With the war in full action, Corporal W.A. Tippe was assigned overseas. On August 10, 1946, he returned to civil life, bearing the medals: 1939-45 Star - France and Germany Star - Defence Medal - Canadian Volunteer Service Medal - War Medal 1939-45. Bill then retired from the Canadian Armed Forces.

May 1942. So this is training is it?

Bill 1946.

Of the same year, Bill moved west to a little town named Cremona, Alberta. It was here he had a brother Johnnie Tippe, who managed a Pioneer Grain elevator and a Purity 99 bulk station.

Bill worked for his brother until he could set up something of his own.

In late 1946, Bill decided to construct a cafe, located next to Tommy Thompson's pool hall, on the main street. Manpower, he had, for many of the community people came to lend a helping hand.

Well, we got a start.

After it was completed, Bill rented it out to Alex Hettinger and went to work for the County of Mountain View constructing roads. It was only a short time later, when he sold his cafe.

1946 being quite an eventful year was not over yet, it had just begun - that is - Bill had just begun to date Irene Whitlow, daughter of James and Margaret Whitlow. Irene had one brother, Robert and one sister, Margaret. At the time, Irene was employed at Chester Holbrook's General Store. She worked there for 2½ years.

Walter Eby, Chuck Holbrook, Keith Farrell, Bob Whitlow, Don Brown.

"Midget" never failed to get Irene to school.

A few years prior to meeting Bill, Irene remembers when the "good ol' days" meant a 12 mile round trip on horse back to school. Regardless of the weather, it was a must. The school sure wouldn't pass any inspections either, its structure left a little bit to be desired. Snow came in through cracked walls and cable braces held them up. Needless to say, the school was condemned.

On November 11, 1948, Bill took Irene's hand in marriage. The newly-weds lived on one of two houses on the Wilf Carter Ranch, where they began their lives together. Bill was still working for the county, but was dealing on an Imperial Oil bulk station in town. It was Wilf Carter's Ranch where their first child was born in 1949, Rose Marie.

Close to a year later, after they had taken over the Imperial Oil, they moved into town. Irene's previous employer, Chester Holbrook rented his house to them, just behind his store. Adding one more to the family, James William was born in 1950. The bulk station held its own until Bill and his brother, Johnnie, rented a building across the street. Here they sold implements for Jerry Steele of Crossfield. Charlie Bennett, who helped Bill with the bulk station, set up and electrical shop in the building.

After a few short years, television was introduced to Cremona, a community excitement. Many faces gathered around the TV, in that small electrical shop, giving solely their undivided attention. It was the main event of the day. That first TV with a "for sale" sign stuck to it's side was purchased by Bill and Irene Tippe.

In the midst of all these happenings, the Tippe family moved on to the "Squire Jackson" house in town. Something a little bigger for a growing family. It was the home of six, when Larry Robert was born in 1952 and Donald Wayne in 1954.

The years crept on and the bulk station remained the main source of income for Bill and Irene. 1956 brought a inspiration, a new home. It was constructed up the hill in a new area. Basicly building it on their own. Bill and Irene found it to be a full time job in it's self. The long hours and work paid off, completion brought an inner feeling of fulfillment. In 1958, shortly after the house was finished, Denise Ann was born.

Still managing the bulk station, Bill started to deal on a garage, north of the Cremona Hotel. It wasn't long after when he bought it out. After 16 years of managing the Imperial Oil, Bill sold it to Wally Dunwoody of Sundre. A new business brought a few changes about. First of all, it becames Bill's Esso Garage, where Bill installed gas pumps, organized a mechanics work area, and an office for himself. The doors opened to the public. Working day and night it turned out to be a prosperous business. A new business also brought something else new, Allen Dale, born in 1962 and right behind him completing the family was Cindy Laurel, born in 1964. A family of seven, hardly the baseball team of nine, as Bill had predicted. Baseball was one of his favorite sports, as many were, he played and coached it. Although any community activities held Bill's greatest interest. He took part in the Legion as secretary and also belonged to the Lion's Club. The construction of the community curling rink got a lot of Bill's time and people whom he taught to curl. Even the skating rink during hockey season almost always found Bill there. He was a man who enjoyed people and life very much. Even Irene got in on some of the action when the proprietors of the Cremona Hotel John and Rose Halec, took this picture.

48 points scored on one end. What a night!

Social life couldn't be better, but other down falls came. On Sept. 22, 1965 Bill's Esso Garage burnt down. Taking a family's source, leaving nothing but a loss. W.A. Tippe then went to work in an Esso station on highway 2 near Crossfield, where he died in 1968. And where are the Tippe family now?

Marie, the eldest daughter, married Terry Burkitt, lives in Revelstoke, B.C. Her husband works for B.C. Telephones and they have one son, Grant.

Jim and his wife Audrey, have just recently purchased a new home in Airdrie and have two sons, Carmen and Cody. Jim works for Freeway Transport in Calgary, driving a semi-truck.

Larry works for Canadian Western Natural Gas Company in Calgary where he lives. He's a good provider for his family. , Winnie and Jemi, his two dearest cats!

Don ventured further to Grande Cache, north west of Edmonton. he works for McIntyre Coal Mines and operates a D9 cat.

Denise moved to Didsbury where she works for Canada Post. Allan and Cindy remain at home in Cremona, where they go to school. Cindy is in grade 9 and Allan in grade eleven. Allan also works for Cremona General Store after school hours. Irene, Allan and Cindy still reside in the same house Bill and Irene built years ago. It will always remain the pride of the family.

The Tippe family. Don, Denise, Jim, Marie, Irene, Larry, Cindy, Allan.

GEORGE E. THOMPSON

By: Isabell McWilliams

My father, the youngest of five boys, was born in Missouri in 1886. When he got old enough to leave home and earn his own way in life, he started travelling to find a suitable place to put down roots. He stopped for about seven years at Burlington, Colorado and tried raising mules and building sod houses. But could see no future in that, so he came on up to Alberta in 1914, the year the war broke out.

Grandfather McMillan's first house when he moved to Canada. The horse was called Daisy.

William Huxley McMillan - my Grandfather.

He worked for a year for William H. McMillan, who had his place south of Bituma. Later it became the Bob Burrell place. William H. McMillan had come from Ten Sleep Wyoming. He and his wife, Ida, later became my grandparents, when my Dad married their daughter Jessie Isobel, in 1916. By this time, Dad had squatted on a piece of land, but couldn't take it as a homestead until he got his naturalization papers. Which he finally did in June of 1920.

Grandmother McMillan had been married before, so there was Uncle's to me with the name of Evans. When McMillans moved to Grand Forks in British Columbia, three of the boys didn't like it over there, so Angus and Ray McMillan and Charlie Evans came back to stay with my mother and dad. They worked around the country. Ray died as a young man after an appendix operation.

In our family there were eight children; Norman was Mother's child, so was raised as the ninth child. He married Muriel Copeland and her son and daughter, then had a daughter of his own. He was killed in a car accident near Beaver Lodge in 1971.

Alice was next. She married Jim Price of Black Diamond, they had three boys and one girl. One boy died at age 2½ years and another one at age sixteen years. Alice was also killed in a car accident almost due west of Claresholm in 1973. She was living in Coleman at that time.

Norman and Alice went to school the one term before the Water Valley school was built, at the old Driscol log house. Their teachers names was Miss Nudson. The Drisco place was later owned by Sam Des Jardine. Dad, Mr. Olson and others were getting arrangements made to build the school. They had to take a little bit of Bituma area and a little bit of Mount Hope area to gain enough to make up the Water Valley area, so it could be passed by the Dept. of Education. Mrs. Harry Howard named the school. Now to get back to our family.

Charlie married Annie Silbernagel, a local girl. They had 9 boys and 4 girls. Charlie served in the second world war. Now lives in Calgary.

Ida married a Forest Ranger, Richard Mackey. They had one son. Dick is retiring from service this year (1979) and they live in Calgary now.

George Thompson family - Dad, Floyd, Esther, Ida, Isabell, Charlie, Alice. Alice holding her son, Jimmy. Her son Bobby, holding Dad's hand.

Eva

Elsie.

Grandmother, my Mother - Jessie, and Ray in back row. Grandfather ?, Angus, Billy Fowler, ?

I, Isabell, married a farm boy in the High River area. His name is Edward McWilliams. We have one son.

Esther married William Benz of Caroline after he came back from the war. They had a son. Both son and mother were burned in a house fire in 1948. The first tragic death in our family.

Floyd married Alice Jones and has one daughter. Floyd has worked for B.A. Gulf Oil for 30 years. He now lives in Pincher Creek.

Eva has two boys and two girls. She and her husband, William Coe live in Dawson Creek, B.C.

Elsie, the youngest of our family has three girls and two boys. She married a Howard Benett in Ontario but has moved to Dawson Creek, B.C. now.

My cousin Charles and I.

Isabell.

Charles Thompson World War II.

When Elsie was very little, times were hard and the going rough. Mother couldn't take living under such stress with such a large family so she left us. Then had two more children, Leonard who only lived a short while, and Lionel. These children took the name of Brietzkie. Lionel lives in Dawson Creek, B.C., has four children of his own.

Mother later married Garfield Blanchard of Royalties and passed away from Golden Staff infection after she had a gall bladder operation in 1955.

Dad is still hail and hardy at the age of 93 come May. He lives in the Southwood Nursing Home in Calgary. They have allowed him a little space where he can grow trees. His memory is very good and he has been a great help to me as I've been writing our history. My time has been limited so I have not been able to get in touch with all members of my family to ask permission to give dates of birth, etc. So have not done so.

THE THOMPSON FAMILY

By: Gwen Thompson

The Andrew Thompsons arrived at Elmwood from Hawick, Scotland in April of 1927 with a family of six. Elizabeth and Andrew and their four children, Betty, Andy, Tom and Jim. With but $25 to see them thru' until fall they had to look for some form of income. About the only work for a girl at that time was helping farm women, most families hired a girl to help, wages being about $10 per month and board.

Betty soon found work with the Spillman family (who lived at that time where the Doug Birds now reside). Not only did this give Betty an insight to the Canadian way of life, but with her taking ways Betty soon captured the love of John Spillman, she became his bride on June 26, 1929. From this union two children were born, Aileen and Jack. John died in 1944. In 1946, Betty married Jack Enns. They reside in Calgary. From this marriage two children were born, Jim and Peggy.

Tom and Jim being of school age, it was left to Andrew Sr. and his son Andy to provide the income. It didn't take long for word to spread of the skill of this Scottish Shepherd and his son when it came to sheep shearing time. There were many flocks around at that time so plenty of work was provided. During the winters, many days at 50 to 60 below, they would take their axes and cut firewood from the quarter where Tom now lives. This wood was sold for a dollar a cord. Many old timers will remember this for often as many as fourteen loads per day would be hauled out to their respective homes to be cut and split to stove lengths. This went on for several winters. Later Tom took on the duties of helping shear sheep while Andy ran the farm. With the purchase of one of the first tractors in the district it wasn't unusual to hear it out ploughing for the neighbors from 4 a.m. till midnight. Later a truck and trucking business swelled the family coppers a little more.

In 1938, Andy bought the east quarter of the Herner farm where the Andy Thompson's now reside. In 1940, Andy joined up and went overseas. Before he left, he married Gwen Brian from across the coulee. The Brian's had settled there the same time in 1927. After returning home from overseas in 1945, Andy and Gwen built a small house and started a family of two, Pam and Garry.

Pam is married and lives in Calgary. They have a son and a daughter. Garry is also married, and farms with Andy. He lives on the Haener farm which he rents, he bought the west quarter of the Herner farm in 1972 when John Herner moved to Didsbury.

Jim joined in 1941 so Tom was left to run the family farm. During the war years, Mrs. Thompson died and Videlle Franklin became Tom's bride. They adopted two girls, Leja and Nancy Lee. Leja lives in Calgary. Nancy at East Coulee. Both are married and have families of two girls. Andrew Sr. died in 1947. After the war Tom sold his farm and bought the Cremona Pool Hall and Esso gas business. He lived in Cremona until moving to his present home a corner of the original Thompson farm.

Jim farmed for several years after returning home from overseas. He married Yvonne Watchorn in 1947, from this marriage five children were born - Bob, is now married and lives in Belevue, and has 3 girls. Kirk also married and lives at Grande Cache, has a girl and a boy. Debbie is married, living in Kamloops and has two girls. Dan lives in Olds. Darren lives with Kirk and goes to school at Grande Cache. Jim gave up farming and worked at Fort McMurray when it opened up. He now lives at Kamloops.

Many changes have been made since 1927. Andy still has all the original Thompson farm. With the years have come easier ways of farm life, needless to say no more cutting wood by axe, in fact, not too many wood burning stoves - however, with the energy scare I understand more wood burning stoves are coming in use but I imagine firewood will cost a little more than a dollar per cord. "Ah, for the good old days!!"

FLORENCE TURNBULL

The Didsbury Booster

"A New Twist to an Old Yarn"

Mrs. Florence G. Turnbull home economics and typing teacher at the Cremona School, has been selected as unanimous first choice for the Hilroy Fellowship for her work involving the use of wool. Mrs. Turnbull has developed a project in which students in home economics classes take raw fleece and develop the various stages of washing, carding, spinning, weaving and dying through the finished articles of all kinds. Extensive work in the use of natural dyes, ranging from dandelions to tea and saskatoon berries to cranberries, is involved in the work. The display, mounted at the culmination of the project, will convince all who see it of the enthusiasm and interest that the project

has aroused.

Mrs. Turnbull was invited to make a presentation to the School Committee on Dec. 11 and was highly commended by the School Committee for her work in this area. The Hilroy Fellowship Program is one which makes financial awards to teachers for innovative work. It is operated by the Charles Hill Foundation and is open to teachers in all parts of Canada. The Alberta Advisory Council has declared Mrs. Turnbull's project an unanimous first choice for the Province of Alberta and has recommended her project to the National Council. "Unanimous first choice" Mrs. Florence Turnbull, Box 134, Cremona, Alberta. Cremona School. " A New Twist to an Old Yarn."

This proposal is innovative in application, rather than original in concept. In 1971, Mr. Paul Easy at Cremona won a Hilroy Fellowship, for a similar project working with antler. The present proposal employs related concepts and applies them to woolcrafting in order to give young people "opportunities to experience the real satisfaction obtained when one takes a raw product and develops it through various stages to the production of a finished article." "We think that this project scores very highly in the area of value to students, and we are particularly impressed with the applicant's ability to stitch together the project activities on the looms of cognitive, psychomotor, and affective learning. The teacher appears able to relate objectives to practice and the stunning visual materials enclosed should eliminate any concerns about possible woolyheadedness in approach.

"The project scores highly on soundness of designed clarity of presentation. We believe that dissemination of the results of this project would assist other teachers, especially new teachers in grasping the relationship between exciting practiced and broad curricular objectives. The project looms large on the curricular horizon."

Mrs. Turnbull has been a member of the County teaching staff since 1955 and has taught for eighteen years in this area. It is a source of great pleasure to the County School Committee and the County Administrators and to all her colleagues that Mrs. Turnbull's initiative and enthusiasm have been received national recognition.

MAC TURNBULL

"I was not always blind, as a child I could run and play with the other children, but when I reached the age of six, and started school the teacher soon learned that I could not clearly see the blackboard. I was pleased when the first glasses were prescribed for me, with them my work became easier. As I grew and had subsequent examinations, it was learned that I had a strange condition developing in my eyes known as Reginitus Pigmentosis, which is a separation of the pigment of the eye from the fluid in the eyeball and is a cause of blindness. The pigment and fluid separates as does a can of oil paint. The pigment settles and the fluid rises to the top This is said to be hereditary. However, no one on either side of my family, as far back as we can trace, had this condition. It is said it may happen in every ten thousand births, or once in five generations.

Realizing that sometime in the future I would be blind gave me warning that I must prepare myself and learn how to cope in a life of darkness. Even as a child I could not see at night. I received my education at Water Valley and Cremona and during the last three years I boarded in Mrs. Mork's home. I worked hard and completed high school as much as was offered there, but there was no money to enable me to continue my education.

I courted and married Florence (Molly) McBain. Besides her many good qualities, she was a girl who enjoyed dancing and we danced well together. She knew that eventually I would be blind but that did not prevent our marriage. That was very fortunate for me - life without her would be extremely difficult for she is a loving, understanding person and I thank God for her. We have been married for thirty three years. I have been blind since 1954. After our marriage, we lived in Cremona on property that I had purchased. I became a bulk oil agent and later we bought the farm and moved there.

Knowing that I must prepare for blindness I had the farm well fenced using treated posts. This was twenty years before they were in common use. I made a practice of keeping up my shop in good condition and always keeping my tools in the same place. I learned to be an electrician mostly by experience. When power came into the country in 1950, the Electrical Branch wanted to have a resident electrician in every community. I was given the opportunity to study and write an examination. I had worked for years with windchargers and light plants so much of the work was not new to me. I had received my Master Electrician papers. I now have a Restricted Masters which means that I can wire anywhere in Alberta except in the cities. Eventually, I could not drive my own truck, but as I always had an assistant, the driving became his job. Later, when I could not see the wires, my assistant told me the colors. Wiring does not require sight but it does require a good memory and that I have.

My wife and I attend social functions and concert evenings with friends, Lions Charter Night, Legion Ladies Night and weddings. I still dance and enjoy it. The only difference being that the ladies must come and ask me as I cannot find them. They guide me on the dance floor. There is one best place for a blind person and that is at home where he knows the location of everything so he can find his way around. I play the mouth organ and guitar and have a tape recorder to record songs played on the radio. I tape the ones I wish to learn and play them back and learn from them. I also get talking books on various types, which are available from the Federal Government for anyone with a visual handicap. For the first ten years of blindness I would not get them as I considered them a charity. I do not get, nor do I need, a pension of any kind. I was never interested in books as I was busy doing many other things. Finally I was persuaded by the CNIB to take a machine and try it. I do not get books of fiction but rather books on nature, science, archeology, Egyptology, Spanish Conquests, Treasure ships, etc; and thoroughly enjoy them. It is a wonderful, wonderful service and anyone who cannot see to read should take advantage of it.

Since I did not ever see at night I became accustomed to darkness and I can do anything at night as well as in daylight. I have one per cent vision and can tell the difference between daylight and darkness, but can see no image. When I am on the street and when I attend social functions I carry my white cane. This is of more value to others than it is to me. It actually is a nuisance to me, but it tells other people that if I step on their toes it is accidental, for no one likes to be jostled and the white cane helps them to understand.

Today, I stock water pumps and fuel pumps for furnaces and other repairs. Often friends in difficulty phone and ask my help in solving their problems. I renew my license each year, since I do some wiring. With the loss of sight my sense of touch and hearing become more acute. My left thumb is my most sensitive digit and I refer to it as "my seeing-eye thumb". I have learned to use a Braille deck when playing cards. It is very simple to identify suits and values of cards even with a well worn deck. I deal with my right hand so I do not know which cards the other players receive. My left thumb readily informs me which ones are in my own hand. I belong to the Cremona Lions and Legion and play cards on social occasions.

When out of doors I walk with the aid of a four foot long curved piece of carlon pipe. It is very light and really serves as an extension of my right arm so that I can easily find my way. I feed my animals and manage quite well. In the fall I ride the bale boat and trip it to dump the bales. I do all the repair of my own machinery and keep it in good

condition, as I am used to it and can do it better than anyone else. During the long winter days many friends come to call and the coffee pot is always on and we enjoy discussions over a cup of coffee. I keep posted on current happenings and am able to discuss most topics of interest. I have a good memory and remember the telephone numbers of many friends and I can dial their numbers when I have the occasion to do so. I also have feeders for the winter birds which must be replenished daily as we have many feathered friends. This is one of my self-appointed duties.

One regret I have is that I was unable to see my only daughter on her wedding day. I did escort her up the aisle to exchange vows with the man of her choice!

STAN AND AUDREY TURNER

By: Audrey and Stan Turner

We came to Cremona and Water Valley districts in March, 1961 from Lacadena, Sask. and purchased land from Duncan McFarquahar, 1½ miles east of Water Valley, which is where we live. We also purchased land west of Cremona from Double M Ranches, formerly Jack McKay, later we sold this land and bought land from Bob Smith which was originally the Dewhurst place.

We have enjoyed our place and the community we have lived in these past 18 years.

THE VAN ARNAMS

The Van Arnams moved to what is referred to as the "Old Spence Place" in May, 1968 from Springbank. They had bought the farm three years prior and over the three years had torn the old house down and rebuilt their present house with the lumber.

One of their first experiences at "country neighborlyness" was a bee organized to pour out cement for the foundation. There are four children - three of whom attended school in Cremona. The eldest son, Jim, lives with his wife Cathy, and wee son Chris in the Cremona area. The second son, Alan lives in Cremona; the third son Charles with his wife Joanne and daughter Tanise in Calgary. Their daughter Julia is presently working and living in Calgary.

MARINE AND MARY VANDENBURG

By: Muriel Foster

Marine Vandenburg came to Canada when he was released from the Navy. He first came to Granum, Alta. He then heard of a ¼ section for sale at Water Valley so he came up and bought it. He purchased the land from Bob O'Niel.

Marine lived here for about 2 years, then sent for his wife, Mary and daughter Elizabeth to join him.

Mary and Elizabeth came to Hobaken, New York on a Dutch ship. They had sailed from England. The first part of their journey was by train from Scotland to England.

The day Mrs. Vandenburg and Elizabeth arrived at Water Valley was April 29, 1947. Marine had David Henry take him to meet them. The roads were terribly muddy.

Marine Vandenburg.

Mrs. Butler and Mary Vandenburg 1959.

Marine Vandenburg and Elizabeth.

They got to the river hill, north of Water Valley and got stuck, so had to walk the last mile home. When they first came to Water Valley they tried farming but Marine decided to go working out, so he sold his cattle and went to work for Walter May at his lumber yard in Water Valley. He worked here for all the rest of his life.

Elizabeth was about two years old when she arrived in Water Valley. She took her schooling at Water Valley school until it closed and then went to Cremona. She married John Steiert and lives in Cochrane, Alta. They have two sons, Murray and Alex. Marine Vandenburg passed away in Oct. 1967 at the age of 57 years. Mary returned to Scotland for a visit in 1966. She stayed there for 9 months, then returned on Jan. 29, of 1967. She still resides on the place one half mile north of Water Valley.

MR. AND MRS. VAN HAAFTEN

By: Mrs. A. (Lorna) Gano

Mrs. Eleanor VanHaaften, my Mother, first came to the Cremona district in 1904, at the age of nine years. Third of four Tyson girls, she came with her Mother and three sisters from Bryn Mar, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. James Tyson, her Father, had come to the district earlier to take up Homestead land. It took five days and nights for the family to reach Carstairs on the Homesteaders' train. The cars consisted of wooden benches with a stove in one corner for everyone to cook his own meals. Owing to heavy rains, Mr. Tyson was unable to get into Carstairs till 4 days after his family arrived, and only then, with the help of a good neighbour Mr. Steele, and a wagon and 4 horse team.

During the 4 days wait, Mrs. Tyson, and her four daughters stayed in the Carstairs hotel run by Mr. Driscoll. Upon the arrival of Mr. Tyson, my grandfather, all the essentials were loaded into the wagon, and with his family, they started home. Flour, yeast, beans rolled oats, baking powder, syrup, jam, dried fruit and pork and salt would be their main diet for most of the year. Mother loved her first glimpses of this new country, and she still did seventy years later. There were no roads, fences or people only the unmarred beauty of countryside. After living and going to school here for ten years, she moved to Calgary, where, after 4 years she became a registered nurse at the Holy Cross Hospital. I might add here, that in September of 1977 my Mother and I attended the 70th reunion of the Holy Cross nurses, where Mother was the second oldest graduate there, having graduated in 1917.

After several years nursing, she met my Father, Mr. G.Z.H. van Haaften. Mr. van Haaften "Van" had come to Canada from Holland in 1913, representing a Dutch Mortgage Company. Five years later they were married. They travelled extensively in Europe, after which, my Father was transferred to Winnipeg as manager of the Company, where he served for 12 years. Two little girls joined the family while here, Hazel, my sister, and I. In 1934 my Father, who always wished to be actively involved in agriculture, bought the "Homestead" farm from my grandparents and farmed till his death in Jan. 1960.

Mother lived alone on the farm till her eightieth birthday, when she moved to her new home in Cremona, where once again she used her gardening skills to change an empty lot into a place of beauty. Always a busy woman, her skill in growing flowers was surpassed only by her skill in fine handwork. Mum has left behind a priceless legacy of beautiful crocheting, knitted articles, hand made quilts, fine needle and petite point, and exquisitly embroidered linen. Mother died November 22, 1977 at the age of 82 years, a truly great pioneer lady.

Lorna Gano and her Mother, Mrs. Van Haaften attending the 70th reunion of the Holy Cross nurses. 1977.

GEORGE A. WALKER

By: Jean M. Walker

My father, George A. Walker, was born in St. Fergus, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1884. He received his early education at St. Fergus, and later, at a private school in Peterhead. Dad immigrated to Canada in 1905 at the age of 21. He came directly to the Dog Pound area where he took out a homestead, west of Jim Watt's home quarter.

Although my father's people had been in business in St. Fergus and Peterhead for many years, Dad showed, at an early age, a keen interest in horses. This interest continued throughout the years after coming out to Alberta. After

fulfilling the requirements of homesteading, Dad left to work in the mountains. He bought horses, used them to haul poles either for telegraph or telephone lines. The horses Dad had were then rented out as teams. These teams were then used in hauling gravel or cartage here in Calgary. Dad had a Clydesdale stallion before 1912, showed him at an agricultural show or such, here in Calgary,

Prior to Dad entering the Customs and Excise Office in Calgary, in 1911, Geroge Spence advised him to apply for a position in the Customs. As Mr. Spence said, "You know, George, you won't have much to do, just address envelopes." how wrong this proved to be! My father became an expert in figuring out the heavy duties, involved with the invoices, required for imported goods. Dad was a Computing Clerk for a number of years, later he became an Appraiser. In 1913, my father married Bella MacFarquhar, the youngest sister of the MacFarquhar Brothers. My parents met at a box social at Mount Hope School. Dad had a high bid on my mother's box. Mrs. George Spence was responsible for my mother attending this social. My mother wasn't fussy about going, but Mrs. Spence insisted she should, because she had the right man for her – my father.

In the early twenties,Dad began showing horses. He introduced the forward seat in jumping. My brothers, George and Rhuary, used this seat when they began pony high jumping at the Calgary Horse Shows, in the twenties. George jumped a snappy, little pony called SILVER who stood 14 hands high. Rhuary jumped another small, peppery pony called MIDGET, who later made a name for herself at Toronto, by beating all the New York jumpers, who had come to compete. Many awards were won by these ponies jumping at the Horse Shows here in Calgary.

My brother, George, at 15, rode the high jumper, JOHN PEEL, owned by Isaac Ellwood of Lochend, who was in competition with Tolly Shoebotham and jumper SKY LINE at an Open High Jumping Event. Both horses were battling it out; both made clear performances at 6'3". George was unseated after piloting JOH PEEL over the jump at 6'3". As quoted from the newspaper report

"Sky Line took the six-foot-three leap easily, but at this height the owner of John Peel withdrew him from the contest. On his first try he broke down several bars and threw his rider, badly shaking him. Throughout the evening John Peel had not faltered and at each jump he showed enthusiasm to get to the fence, and at the conclusion of his performance both he and his youthful rider were given an ovation by their admirers."

The forward seat my brothers used in jumping helped pave the way for other young riders to use while jumping.

In 1912, my father and a few lawyers were instrumental in organizing the St. Andrew Society; a society for Scottish people, to help keep alive the Scottish traditions. In 1923, this society amalgamated with the Caledonian Society to form the St. . Andrew Caledonian Society. Dad, in the twenties, served as Secretary-Treasurer. Later, in the thirties, he became President. Up to his death in 1953, Dad fully supported the St. Andrew Caledonian Society, always striving to promote Scottish culture, through the Scottish Games, Scottish Choir, St. Andrew's and Burns Nights, and lastly the White Heather Concert Programs.

Many, many musical evenings were spent in our home. Dad, having come from a musical family, was exceptional as a comic singer. He liked nothing better than to imitate, particularly Will Fyffe, with singing Fyffe's song "I Belong To Glasgow" and some of Vesta Tilley's songs. One such song was "Following in Father's Footsteps"

Dad kept up his interests in the Cremona-Dog Pound areas. He always spent his holidays out there. he continued his interest in horses; raising hunters, jumpers and some shetland ponies. He showed at the Horse Shows up to 1953. He also served on the Alberta Thoroughbred Association Board and belonged to the Clydesdale Association.

My brother George farms the homestead. He still rides, but does not compete in Horse Shows, as he did in the earlier years of the twenties to the fifties. Rhuary farmed in the Cremona Water Valley area and passed away in June, 1977. I have always spent my free time staying with my brothers, but still continue to live in the family home in Calgary. I have kept my father's interests alive in Scottish traditions in Music, Song and Dance by correlating them with my work as an Elementary Music Specialist with the Calgary Board of Education.

DELBERT WARREN FAMILY

By: Dwila Reid

Delbert Warren was born in Ontario in 1891 and his wife was born 1896, also in Ontario. They were married in Sudbury, Ontario in 1911. They had five children. Dwila - born in 1913, Delberta - born in 1916, and Donovan - born 1919, Doreen in 1927, and Doris in 1932. Dwila married Clarence Reid in 1934 and they farmed in the Cremona area. They have three children. Delberta married Chester Christranson in 1941 They farm in the Crossfield area, and have two children. Donovan married Elsie Burnett and they have two children. Don is a quality control man from Holdings Ltd., a B.C. saw mill. Doreen married Wayne Helstob and they have six children - Wayne is a veteran of the second World War and works with the army at Kelowna, B.C. Doris married Doug Clower, and they have two children. Doug Clower is Superintendent of Maintenance at the Hudson Bay Store in Kelowna and Doris works for B.C. Telephones.

Delbert Warren enlisted in 1915 in the Canadian Forces and was sent overseas where he fought in France in the First World War. His wife and daughter came to live with his sister and husband on a farm near Oyen, Alberta, when Delbert was wounded and sent to Military Hospital in Calgary his family joined him. After he recovered he taught at SAIT for some years before moving to a farm near Water Valley owned by Sam Laveck. It is now the home of Dr. Beveridge family. They lived there for three years, then purchased the Sam Lang farm near Cremona, where they farmed till retiring to Kelowna, B.C. That farm is now owned by Peter Newsome.

Delbert Warren died in 1952 in Kelowna and his wife still lives there.

MRS. ETTA WATERSTREET

Mrs. Etta Waterstreet first opened her dry goods store on March 13, 1947 in her 12 ft. by 14 ft. living room. To finance this project she sold her living room furniture for under $200.00 and was able to purchase her first stock of yard goods, women's lingerie, children's wear and a few house dresses. Several years later more rooms of her home were used as store area and in 1952 she and Cap bought the house in which she still resides. The stock grew until it actually became a variety store. Books, toys, patterns, sewing notions, men's wear and shoes were added. A dry cleaning service was established. Some of the clerks in her store were; Nola Waterstreet (Uhrynchuk) her daughter, Marjorie Waterstreet (Lelande) her daughter, Inez Jordan (Irvin), Jean Bergeson, Laura Seymour.

On Thursday, Oct. 13, 1977 special tribute was paid to Mrs. Waterstreet who retired after 30 years in business in Cremona. Tea was served in the afternoon with Gwen Earle as master of ceremonies. She received a beautiful

bouquet of flowers from her family, presented to her by Charlene Urynchuk, her granddaughter. Jean Bergeson and Laura Seymour received corsages. Lorna Gano presented an engraved plaque "In appreciation, 1947-1977" and a money tree as gifts from the community. Inez Irvin (Jordan) who was a clerk in the store in the 50's came from Nanton and presented Mrs. Waterstreet with a bouquet of long stemmed carnations. Gwen Bird read a poem which she had composed especially for Mrs. Waterstreet. Leanne Dumont danced the "Sailors Horn Pipe". Vair Whitlow, mayor of Cremona made a presentation of flowers on behalf of the village. The new owner of the store is Mrs. Alice Van Arnam. Mrs. Waterstreet is retiring at her home in Cremona.

The Dry Good's Store

Waterstreet's - built by Cap Waterstreet about 1946 with the house in the back and Cap's shoe repair shop in the south end - Mrs. Waterstreet's Dry Goods in the north end. Mrs. Waterstreet sold to Mrs. Alice Van Arnam in Oct. 1977, who brought in a new building in Oct. 1978. Old store now vacant.

THE WATERSTREET STORY

By: Ralph Waterstreet

Joseph Casper (Joe) Waterstreet was born August 19, 1860 in Glenville, New York, the second oldest in a family of 9. He grew up in New York State and married Maria Hennrietta Heise. They had one son Arthur Benjamin (Art), born September 16. 1883. Maria died October, 1889.

Joe and Art then moved to Minnesota and settled near other family members. He met Susan Lena Claypool, a native of Pennsylvania. They were married in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, October 16, 1894. There were six children born to them, all in the town of Maine, Minnesota. Ina Josephine, born Dec. 24, 1896; Dorothy Ella, born Oct. 19, 1899; Roe Augusta, born March 14, 1901; Casper Harvey, born June 8, 1905; Theodore Ralph, born July 20, 1906; and Mildred Elizabeth born March 16, 1908.

Correspondence between Lyman Wolf and Joe began from an article in Hunter Trader and Trapper Magazine. The article regarded homesteaded land in Alberta, Lyman Wolf's son Raymond and daughter Edith had homesteaded the SE ¼, TWP 30-Section, 30-Range, 5-W5, 30 miles west of Carstairs. Carfare to Carstairs was $16.05 and on September 3, 1908, Joe and Art left Minnesota destined for their first look at the Foothills west of the Little Red which came Sept. 9, 1908. Joe filed homestead No. 302415 on the NE ¼ - Sec 30 - TWP-30 Range 5- West of the 5 Meridian on Sept. 16, 1908. Joe and Art moved on the "claim" Sept. 22, 1908.

On Sept. 17, Joe sent his eldest daughter, Ina a postcard which read: Well, Ina take good care of Dubbin for you shall need him here next summer as all women ride horseback here.
Papa

Another postcard on Feb. 24, 1909: Dear Ina; Am going to Carstairs tommorow to get a tooth filled and get a main spring put in my watch. The wolves are making such a noise tonight you can hardly hear yourself think. Will soon stretch some of their hides.
Papa

Joe and Art boarded with the Wolfs while they got settled in. The pair built two cabins west of 30-30-5-5 which were to be used in their trapping during the winter.

Their traplines were registered and would later grow to a combined length of over 60 miles. The first shipment of furs was sent from Elkton on Dec. 28, 1908 and realized $189.20.

Joe then rented a team from Jackson's. The horses were used to skid logs and haul slabs for a "shanty" that built on the claim. It was 14 by 18 log walls, slab roof and would house his family on their arrival until bigger accommodations were erected.

Land was broke in the spring of 1909, a crop and garden were planted, this chore being complete June 1, 1909.

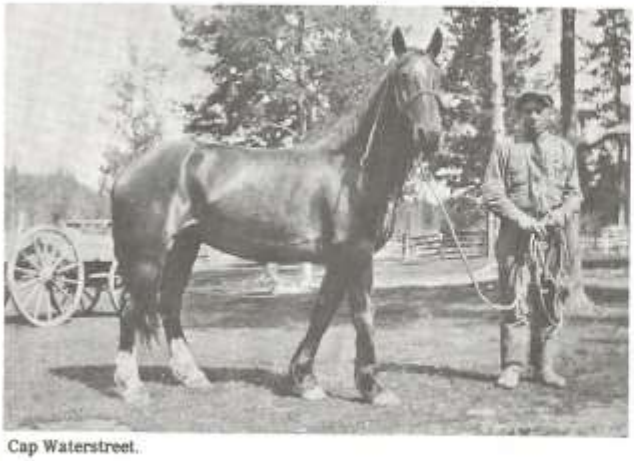
Joe had little use for a saddle horse and walked most everywhere he went. His diary tells of leaving the claim at 5:30 a.m. and arriving in Carstairs at 1 p.m. June 15, 1909, when he caught a train for Minnesota and upon arriving loaded a rail car with the family personal possessions; 3 horses, an Ayshire cow, a buggy, a Democrate, a crate of Silver Spangled Hamburg hens, and a rooster. The railroad classed the cargo as settlers effects and Joe rode in the car to Carstairs, which took 10 days travelling via Portal, North Dakota, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan and Calgary. Three trips were required to move all the belongings from Carstairs to Omar Dupuis place. This was considered the half way point and was the first house east of Dog Pound on The Garfield Road. Joe then returned to Minnesota to travel with his family to 30-30-5-5.

Upon arriving back in Carstairs, a livery wagon was hired to transport everyone to Dupuis. the following day, they loaded clothing bedding, dishes and a tent into the buggy, tied it to the Democrate, in which the family rode, and tied the cow behind the buggy. A mare (Nell) was purchased from Dupuis and so with either Dorothy or Rose walking behind the cow with a switch to keep her moving, the Waterstreets were on the last leg of the long journey to 30-30-5-5. The first night was spent on the creek bank west of Edwin Reids house. The tent was pitched and supper was cooked on an open fire. That night for the first time, all heard the lonely and erie call of the coyote, two of many new experiences for this family whose life was being so drastically changed. The following day, August 1, 1909, at 4 p.m. the Waterstreets arrived at 30-30-5-5 to begin a totally new life and become part of "Those People Who Lived West of the Little Red."

Joe Waterstreet.

Joe and Cap Waterstreet.

One of the Waterstreet women working the breaking.



Cap Waterstreet.

Len and Dorothy Ragan.

Joe Waterstreet and the Burnt Timber Camp.

Cap and Etta Waterstreet May 1928.

Dempsey, Dorothy, and Raymond.

Millie, Cap and Ina.

Dibby's goats.

Life in this new land wasn't very easy and most certainly not meant for the faint of heart. There was no graded road closer than seven miles, only trails that wound through the bush. They were maintained by whoever used them. Drinking water was carried ¼ mile from a spring until a well was dug by Dick and Hans Heaner some years later. All family members shared the labourous works of building a new home. The hawk and eagle population kept Susan busy protecting her chickens. She is credited with falling one eagle with a blow from a hefty club. With fall upon them, they set about the tasks of harvesting their first crop, getting hay up for the livestock, canning vegetables, picking and preserving wild berries which grew in abundance about them. A house was built and was occupied by November 11, 1909.

In Minnesota Joe was a farmer by summer and trapper by winter, as so it would be in Alberta. He would spend many days away from home each winter, while he tended his traps, thus leaving the family to make many decisions on their own. But come spring, he was back to seed a crop and work at improving the place. Raymond and Edith Wolf moved back to the USA and their homestead was refiled by Charlie Turner. Mr. Turner was killed in World War 1 and Joe later bought the ¼ for $600.00. He also held a lease on the ¼ directly west of his homestead. Trees were fell and bucked into firewood, the stumps were grubbed by hand and the new land was broken with horses and a walking plow.

His trapping exploits travelled through the pages of Hunter Trade & Trapper Magazine. These included methods and sizes of a winters catch and his most prized catch, a wolverine which had plagued him for years. He finally out-smarted the animal once caught, the pelt was never sold, but kept as a show piece and proof to disbelievers. A huge bear that was killing livestock fell victim to one of his traps and for this feat, his catch, himself, and Game Warden, Bob Spillman apeared on the front cover of Hunter Trader & Trapper Magazine, September 1922 issue.

Two terrifying events of life west of the Little Red would have to have been the fire of 1910 and the Flu Epidemic of 1918. During the 1910 fire, water was hauled by shoulder yoke and buckets from the spring, to fill every available container with the idea if the flames reached the buildings the water could be used to wet the buildings in hopes of saving them. The heat of the flames could be felt regardless of the days temperature and smoke hung in the air, burning eyes and lungs continously. The flames never reached 30-30-5-5, nor did the Flu bug, although many friends and neighbors were lost during the epidemic.

The three youngest Waterstreets, Cap, Dibby, and Millie, managed to set a huge bear trap. Playing with traps was not only dangerous, but definitely not allowed. So in order to keep their secret the trap was hidden in Joe and Susan's bedroom. It was sprung without injury to anyone, but the trio was cornered and severely scolded. It was then rumored that the Waterstreet Kids had their own trapline in the old man's bedroom.

The first neighbours were the Wolfs, Bill Holt, and a few Indians. More and more settlers arrived, a store was opened, and school was started. Before the school appeared, Ina and Dorothy taught the younger ones the 3 R's. Friends and neighbours were their own entertainment. There were picnics, card parties, and even a helping hand to raise a neighbours barn, was considered entertaining. No matter what the occasion, everyone attended. All went early and stayed late, no matter how hot or cold. The treacherous bushtrail then had to be navigated in the dark, but all agreed it was only part of the fun of going.

The first motor vehicle Joe owned was a Ford truck bought from E.W. Tab on December 18, 1929, for $225.00. It bore Serial No. 1683087 and license No. E-8-019, which cost $15.25.

A shipment of livestock in 1933 read as follows:

1 steer 970 lbs. - $16.97
1 cow 1030 lbs. - $7.72
1 bull 1390 lbs. - $13.90
1 old cow - $6.00

A grocery bill from the same year:

Sugar - $1.35
Nabob .50
2 papers .10
Envelopes .10
B. Sugar .15
B. Soda .15
Flour .95

Ina Josephine worked for the Omar Dupuis, then later attended Westcott School, and had Alex Robertson as a travel partner to and from school for a year. She then moved to Didsbury and worked for J.L. Peterson, a lawyer, and attended school.

She married Percy Wardrop in 1923. They lived in Spokane, Washington, then in Big Prairie on Arts original homestead, then Didsbury for several years, and Grande Prairie, Alberta. They have two children, Jane, now of Grande Prairie, and Morris of Carstairs. Percy passed away in 1976.

Dorothy married Leonard Ragan in 1918 and 11 years later would begin her role as a dual pioneer of Alberta. For in 1928 this easy going couple moved North to homestead the Peace River district near High Prairie where they would live for 50 years. Len and Dorothy were mainly engaged in farming but did own a general store in Faust, Alberta, for a while. They were Grandma and Grandpa to their granddaughter Daisy Ellen and to the Ellis family, some of the finest people in the North. Their many visits back to Cremona were spent renewing old friendships, friends that were never, and will never be forgotten. Dorothy was always active in community affairs, she wrote numerous articles and played an important role in compiling a publishing "Pioneers Who Blazed The Trail", a history of High Prairie. They had 3 children, Dempsey, who died while serving with the Canadian Armed Forces, Dale who died of appendicitis and Adeline, now living in Wildwood, Alberta. Len passed away in 1973.

Roe Augusta married Jack Ragan, their son Joe lives in Calgary, Roe remained in Big Prairie until 1944. She then moved to Calgary and then to Winnfield, Alberta, and later in 1966, retired to Olds until she died in 1975. She led a quiet life, worked hard and always ready to lend a helping hand.

Art and Dibby lived in Big Prairie until their deaths. Art lived East of Big Prairie Store and Dibby remained at 30-30-5-5. Arts original homestead No. 302460 - S.E.¼ - Sec. 20-TWP 30 - Range 5 - W5, was sold to Percy and Ina Wardrop. He hunted and trapped mostly and was partners with Lou Zimmerman in a fur business at one time. He was known for his gardening and especially for his strawberry patch, which produced marvelous berries.

Dibby was the country's barber. He gave many kids their first haircut and many a clipping after. He opened a barber shop in Cremona for almost a month. The city life, as it was, and the fact that no one had ever paid him 25¢ for a haircut before, he felt they wouldn't be inclined to pay now. So he closed shop and moved back to 30-30-5-5. Dibby

worked on sawmills and after losing a thumb, and two fingers to the saws, he was unable to play the violin, so he turned to playing the banjo and quite proficiently. His wit was possibly best described when the shortened fingers and thumb were extremely painful, he was told quite seriously that in order to ease the aching, he would have to find his thumb and fingers and put them someplace warm, that they, the severed limbs were cold and this was the reason his hand was so painful. He told this helpful person, finding the limbs would be easy, he would merely wave a quarter over the sawdust pile and they would surely jump to grab the money.

Cap and Dibby Waterstreet.

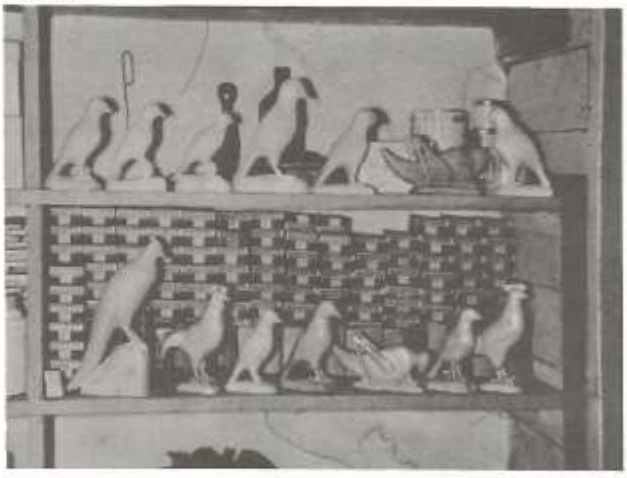
Daisy Ellen - his niece Cap Waterstreet holding Edward Lelande - 1st grandchild. Ralph, his son.

Len and Dorothy Ragan. With Granddaughter Daisy Ellen.

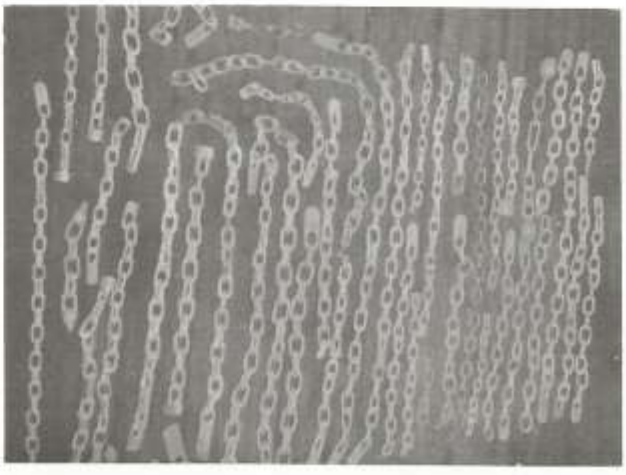
Millie was married to Alvin Plager. They remained near Big Prairie for a short while and then moved to Calgary, where Millie worked as a seamstress for the Hatchwear Co. and later for Caravan Manufacturing. Millie always maintained a liking for animals and a keen interest is shown in her many pets.

Cap and Etta Dick were married in May 1928. They lived in Big Prairie and 3 years later filed their homestead on the SW¼ 34-30-5-5, in the Fallen Timber district. Cap worked stooking grain and on threshing outfits during havest in Alberta and Saskatchewan. He acted as a guide to survey crews, helped to erect many buildings near Cremona, and trapped during the winter. He opened a shoe repair business in Cremona.

He not only repaired shoes, but also fixed harnesses, binder and swather canvases. He made chaps and bridles, reupholstered furniture and hooked a few saddle blankets. Etta opened a dry good store in her living room on Mar. 17, 1947, and operated it until October 1977. In 1952 a two storey house was purchased from Gordon Reid and was moved across country to Cremona by York Shaw and Sons. Cap dug the basement by hand using a wheelbarrow to move the dirt out from under the house. The foundations were poured and the building set into place. Cap enjoyed many hobbies, he acquired a large collection of Indian artifacts. These were found in the summer fallowed fields around Cremona. The arrow points, corn hammers, fire pots and stone needles were prized possessions. He also researched enough to be able to distinguish the tribe which had made them. He also carved animals, with a perfect likeness from a piece of Poplar of Spruce wood. He carved chains with solid lengths, swivels and hooks. No parts were glued or could be separated. His only tool was a knife ground from a file with a lead handle. Cap was always known to have a big woodpile, for the store and house were heated with wood until 1970. Etta still lives in Cremona, their children have married and Marjorie lives in Edmonton, Nola in Port Coquitlam, B.C. and Ralph in Calgary.



Carvings by Cap Waterstreet.



Percy and Ina Wardrop seated. Standing l to r. Evelyn and Morris Wardrop, Jane and Bob Littleton.

Ina, Dorothy and Millie.

Joseph Waterstreet died in Calgary General Hospital, May 22, 1934 and Susan passed away at home Oct. 14, 1934. Both were buried in Carstairs Cemetery. Arthur died in Didsbury, December 5, 1964, and was buried in Cremona Cemetery. Roe passed away in Olds, February 16, 1975, and was buried there. Dibby died in Didsbury April 29, 1960 and is buried in Didsbury. Cap died in Holy Cross Hospital, December 5, 1969, and was buried in Cremona Cemetery.

Ina is living at Grande Prairie, Alberta, Dorothy at Oliver, B.C., and Millie in Calgary.

GEORGE WATSON

By: Sylvia Colvin

George Watson was born January 26, 1910 of Scottish descent, in Walthamstow, England. His mother was Susan Watson, born 1876, died 1925. His father, John Watson, was born in 1864 and died in 1933. He had two brothers, the oldest, Harry was born in 1900 and died in 1959. David was born in April 1905. Their ancestors can be traced back to William the Conqueror. They were raised in London, England.

When George was 14½ years old he started to work in a machine shop, where he got an apprenticeship. He bought an old mandolin which he learned to play. In 1926 times got hard and he lost his job. He decided to get on a boat and come to Canada. On reaching Canada he went to work at a place in Dunfermline, Saskatchewan. here he helped a farmer and his wife milked 54 head of cows by hand. This he did for $10.00 a month the first year. The next year he worked for another farmer for $15.00 to $20.00 a month.

Times started to get hard so George moved to Environ. He worked for a farmer there for $5.00 a month, which was paid by the government. The government also paid the farmer $5.00 a month for hiring him. George decided to move on having worked in Sask. for seven or eight years. At the time he owned a Grey Dart car which he had bought for $25.00. The farmer George worked for sold his last bushel of wheat so that George could take some people to the Calgary Stampede. By the time they returned to Saskatchewan their money was all gone, so George went to the local storekeeper and borrowed $20.00 to come to Cremona, Alberta.

There, George hired out on the Alexander Ranch. He was earning $30.00 a month, these were wonderful wages after receiving $5.00 a month for two years. It didn't take long to repay the money he had borrowed. George worked for Mr. Alexander for four years. When Mr. Alexander retired George decided to work in the bush and moved to Water Valley. He worked for Glen McNicol for two winters. He received lumber for wages.

George found a half section of Hudson Bay land that was for sale. he went to the Hudson's Bay Land Office and offered them $300.00. They gave him clear title to the land, the E½, 29-5-5. There was approximately three quarters of a million board feet of lumber on the half section. George started to saw lumber and was just about on his feet when World War 11 broke out. He was conscripted into the Army and served for four years. During the war he travelled through France, Germany and Holland. He played a banjo with the Southern Alberta Forces Orchestra for dances. On leave from the front lines, George went to Oxford, England, where he met his oldest brother Harry. They had not seen each other for 18 years. George obtained the address of his other brother, David, and went to see him in London.

When George returned to Canada after the War, he worked for Raymond Fiedler east of Cremona. Then he moved back to his land at Water Valley. In December, 1946, David and his wife, Violet, and their family immigrated to Canada. They came to live with George at Water Valley. David's family were all born in England, David Jr., was born in Feb. 1929, Sylvia in Jan. 1936, and Colin in August 1944.

After about five or six years, George sold the half section to David, and went to work for George Butler, and later Ed Laveck, at Water Valley. Then George rented a place one mile west of Water Valley owned by Bob Smith. After the War, George played a four-string banjo for dances. with Gene Winchell and George Butler. They were the first orchestra to play in the Morley Hall. The name of the orchestra was the "Timberline Serenaders".

Wages not being satisfactory in the bush, George went to work for Ken Eichel near Cremona. After that he worked for awhile at Milt Ford Motors at Carstairs. Still not being satisfied with wages, George went to work for the government, in Calgary. He worked for two years and a half, helping to build the Robert Bruce statue, then he went to work in a warehouse. He worked there for over ten years, and came out on week-ends to visit his niece and her husband, Frank and Sylvia Colvin, and their family.

When George was 56 years old he went to school and learned how to read music, and how to play a five-string banjo. Since then he has taught many people to play banjo, guitar, violin, accordian, organ and drums. He is now retired and lives on Frank Colvin's land south of Water Valley, where he still teaches pupils how to read music and play instruments.

VI AND DAVE WATSON

When Watson's first came to the area they lived 1½ miles north of Water Valley on a ¼ owned by McMillans. They, then later moved south west of Water Valley to a place owned by Dave's brother, George Watson.

Watson's had three children, David Jr., Sylvia and Colin. Sylvia married Frank Colvin and live south of Water Valley. Vi and Dave and the boys and their families moved to B.C.

Mrs. Watson passed away after they moved there, Dave is remarried now and still resides in B.C.

BRIAN WHITLOW

By: Pearl Stone

The Canadian Rodeo Cowboys Association is over thirty years old, although not always known by that name. In 1944, rodeo contestants banded together for the first time and formed the Canadian Cowboys Insurance Association which was later changed to the Cowboys Protective Association. In 1965, the organization became known as the Canadian Rodeo Cowboys Association. Their earliest goals were to organize professional rodeo contestants for their mutual benefit and protection; to raise the standards of the contestants; to co-operate as far as possible with rodeo management; and to bring about honest advertising by the association. The association has complete control of the nation's rodeo events. There are a total of six hundred members in the association. There are approximately seventy CRCA approved rodeos in Canada each year. All judges are experienced cowboys. Rodeo is big business.

A rodeo cowboy earns no salary, has no expense allowance, and has no guaranteed wage. His income is what he can win and he must compete not only against cowboys but against the very active animals on which he competes. For this privilege he pays up to one hundred dollars per rodeo event. He may earn more in one event than most men earn in a month. But he may be crippled for life by hoof or horn - he knows it. Why does he compete against such odds? Challenge has always appealed to man be it challenge of the wilderness, new markets, space travel, or the vagaries of nature upon which farming depends. For cowboys the challenge is winning over animals. It may have been because of a bet, boastfulness, or sheer bravery that got him started. I requires great intestinal fortitude to join the ranks of a cowboy and make rodeo a hobby or career.

Rodeo is divided into six main events. Saddle bronc riding, bareback bronc riding, calf roping, steer wrestling, chuckwagon racing and bull riding. A cowboy may compete in one or all events if he is a member of the association in good standing and if he can afford to pay the entry fee. Brahma bulls were introduced into rodeo about 1920. Fast and powerful most of them weigh over fifteen hundred pounds. Serious injury can and does occur in this event more than any other in rodeo. The loose-hided animals add injury to insult as they try to gore or trample a fallen rider. The bull rider as all others must appear in regulation dress. A long sleeved shirt and a cowboy hat are a part of this. For a bull rider, tightly strapped spurs and a riding glove are a part of the gear. Also necessary is a flat braided, woven length of manila rope about one and a quarter inches in width - noose fashion around the bull set just behind the shoulders. A weighted bell is attached to the rope, which falls free when the ride is completed. When riding a bull, the rider is not required to spur his mount, but may receive extra points if he does. He may be disqualified if he hits the ground before the eight second ride is completed; fails to have the bell attached to the rope; or touches the bull with his free hand anytime during the ride.

A cowboy entering such a sport is competing against great odds and must be courageous. Just such a man is Brian Whitlow of Cremona. Tall, rangy, red headed and good natured he is known among his peers as "Red".

Before rodeoing, he saw Europe and then worked oil rigs and pipe lines. After competing as an amateur for about two years he started in professional rodeo (pro rodeos, is the cowboy term). After having some success as an amateur he decided that if he were going to be serious about it he should look to CRCA. Actually the turning point was at the U of A college rodeo in the fall of 1966. After having successfully ridden a very good bull he felt that he was as good as the next fellow. Less than two months after this he had quit U of C after having trained there for two and a half years as a physical education student. In 1967 he attended Lawrence Hutchison's Bull Riding School in Kamloops, B.C. but it was at least two months before he placed in pro rodeo. Bull riding probably appealed to him for, like most farm boys, he had ridden calves at his home on the farm. He rode at local rodeos at age eleven.

Work on the family farm keeps him in shape physically. When rodeoing he may swim, jog or do physical exercises. He keeps up a good mental attitude. He believes that a positive attitude is essential - one need not be boastful to retain self respect. Recreational activities are necessary. Brian does not drink in excess. He can enjoy a cold beer after rodeoing in the dust on a hot day, or drink a whiskey with a fellow contestant before turning in for the night. He rarely parties and NEVER drinks before competing. He has seen many rodeo careers curtailed by drink but he knows that men don't drink because they are cowboys, but would likely drink if they were in any other occupation. A drunk man who is not a cowboy but wearing a cowboy hat, is often referred to as a drunken cowboy. The hat is a cowboy symbol.

Brian is married to Joy, an Alberta girl that he met at the Expo Rodeo in Montreal in 1967. She was working in Montreal for an oil company. Joy is also a red head as are their two young sons, Gred and Jeff. They live on the family farm at Cremona but rodeoing is still an important part of their lives. Before the family arrived, Joy accompanied Brian to rodeos where he was in competition. The first CRCA rodeo that he won was at Hannah in 1967, where he rode V80. The first CRCA at which he placed was in Alsask, the same year. His best score 78 points, was in Ft. Qu'Appelle, Sask. in 1970. His best time at the same rodeo when he made it in 4.2 seconds. It is possible to rodeo all year except for about two weeks beginning Jan. 1. Many cowboys follow the entire circuit going through Canada and the U.S.A. A "sudden death" championship fall rodeo is held in Edmonton for Canadian rodeo winners. One of the top sporting events of the nation is the presentation of awards night immediately after the final rodeo. A world champion rodeo is held in Oklahoma City in December of each year. It is possible for professional cowboys to do nothing but participate in rodeos and so earn a very good bit of money.

Perhaps Brian's greatest thrill was winning ten dollars prize money at a rodeo in Cremona when he was a youngster. In his own words, "I was the richest kid in Cremona that day," "next to that was the Pendleton Round Up in 1967, when he rode the notorious "Snuffy" of Christianson Brothers. He pocketed five hundred dollars for winning second in the go-round. Another great thrill was winning the all-around at Morris, Man. in 1970.

Calgary 1970. Bull V 4.

He won first in the bull riding and third in the bulldogging to pocket over six hundred dollars in prize money. He also won six hundred dollars in cash awards put up by the Morris Stampede Association for the all-around cowboy. In addition to this he has won many trophies and

other prizes in competition. This bull rider's most embarrassing moment was at the Red Deer Rodeo in 1970. The previous fall he had attended Stan Weatherby's Dogging School and felt that he had mastered the art of bull dogging. Consequently he entered that event in Red Deer to try his luck against the pros. This being his first public performance he was out to impress his fellow bull riders and show them that he had mastered another event. Catastrophe struck! He was a mile late coming out of the box and the steer was almost at the opposite end of the arena before Brian caught up to him. Nevertheless, he descended upon the steer in a flying leap just before he reached the bucking chutes. (His fellow bull riders had a ring side seat to the action.

His feet were out of shape when he did catch the beast, but being anxious to throw him as fast as possible, he sacrificed the science of bull dogging for brute strength. The result was that the steer threw Brian and proceeded to trample him into the ground. Finally, with reluctance, Brian released him, dusted the dirt from his clothes as he struggled to his feet and received a spontaneous roar from his supposedly fellow bull riders. None of the steer riders ridiculed him, for possibly many of them suffered the same misfortune. The bull riders thought it was the most hilarious thing that ever happened. At the time it wasn't funny to Brian.

A great part of his enjoyment in rodeo is the opopportunity to travel and the wonderful people he meets. Not only cowboys, but people associated with rodeo - the stock contractors, the organizers, the judges, etc. He appreciated the fact that there is a high standard of cowboy behavior. A cowboy is judged by his peers. In order to protect the membership and the rodeo as a whole from a few irresponsible members, rules made by cowboys are in effect. Any member may be fined or suspended from the association for any of the following offenses: bad cheques, failure to pay hotel bills, non payment of entrance fees, fighting and/or quarreling in the arena, attempting to threaten, bribe, influence or harass the judges, or talking to them while the event is in progress, conduct or speech detrimental to the best interest of the Cowboys association or failure to abide by rules of the association. Penalties for violating these rules are imposed if the offense is reported. Canada and the USA honor each other's black list.

Brian has had some injuries. He was hospitalized once when a bull stepped on and caved in his sternum. Within a week he was discharged and within a week he was back in business. He has had a few sprains, bruises, etc. and like all bull riders has suffered some torn or pulled groin muscles. Some cowboys belong to the Fellowship or Christian Athletes. They have worship on Sunday uniting common people in a common bond. Thirty per cent of cowboys get their start in college. Many cowboys have never lived on a farm. They may attend riding, roping, bucking, or bulldogging schools and learn how to correctly compete in the event of their choice. These schools teach about correct equipment, correct habits of participation, and basic skills in the event they chose.

These skills can be shaped to the individual's use in developing his own style. Brian has followed the circuit and has taken part in most Canadian and American rodeos. Like all cowboys he would have enjoyed being a World Champion in bull riding but feels that he should have begun professional rodeoing at a younger age. Now at age thirty five he is married and realizes that he must provide security for his wife and family so his travelling and participation must be curtailed. Despite this, until old age rules that out, he will always be trying to win the World's Championship. Good luck, Red!

THE WHITLOWS

By: Syd Whitlow

In the spring of 1907, Fred Whitlow, his wife Emma, and five children; Sydney nine, James eight, Ernest six, George four and Mary two years, arrived at Pine Lake. They found a vacant cottage near the store and post office, where they remained until the fall of that year.

Fred homesteaded the N.E.¼ 4-37-25-W4, now owned and operated as Pine Lake Sand and Gravel by Lyle Munroe. Fred Saunders put up a log building with a sod roof which was to be used later as a barn. In August Hilda was born. There was no doctor nearer than Red Deer, so Mrs. Roger Pierce was midwife. During this time, Fred Whitlow was working for the Lawrence family and was away from home. In the fall, the family moved to their sod-shack home. Their closest neighbor was Ray Gilbert, a bachelor, who had a small ranch.

During the summer of 1908, Ben Mossberg plowed up five acres with an ox and a pony. The pony pulled the long end of the evener and the ox the short end. James and I went to Grassy Lake School. As it was so far to go, I worked for my board at Hugh Fields. The school teacher, who was Miss Janet McLellan, boarded there at that time also.

During the summer of 1909 the house on the homestead was burnt. Everything was lost, as Mother was home alone at the time. The neighbors were kind enough to build another log house, where my folks lived until about 1911, when they moved to Red Deer. They lived there until 1919. When my father and I returned from overseas, the family moved to the Cremona District where they farmed.

Mother passed away in October of 1944 and Father in December 1948. A neice of Syd Whitlow's adds this incident; In conversation with my uncle, he was talking about the Indians who came from Hobbema reservation to trap muscrats. They would put up their tents, stay for a while and then move on. One day when the Whitlow boys, who were very much afraid of the Indians, were home alone, some Indians came to the house for food. The boys hid under the bed. The Indians just walked in and called out, "Me no hurt. Just want food." The boys were glad to hear this and gave away practically all the food in the house. In return the Indians invited them to their tent for a feast -- a delicious menu -- roasted dog, and for tea, chewing tobacco added to water.

Sydney was born June 19, 1897. He joined the Army in 1915 in World War I, with the Medicine Hat 75th Batallion. He married Molly Akins, March 17, 1930. They had five children; Sidney, Lorraine, George, June, and Rosemary. He married Roelie Van Holland in 1971 and they had one daughter, Karen.

Syd owned and operated the Garfield store and post office for many years, he was also a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, Didsbury Branch. He retired in Didsbury.

* Syd passed away May 5, 1976 at the age of 77 years.

Fred Whitlow when he left for the army in 1915.

Fred Whitlow before the family left England. Sidney, James with curly hair. Ernest the baby. 1902.

In 1915 Fred and his eldest son, Sidney both joined the Army in Word War I. Sidney joined the Medicine Hat 75th Batallion and Fred the 66th Batallion from Edmonton. He went overseas and returned in 1919. The war over, Fred took a shoemakers course and in 1920 he once again became a farmer and moved to the Cremona district. With the help of the Soldiers Settlement Plan he bought the Bill Graham homestead, south of Cremona. Emma died in Oct. 1944. Fred died Dec. 1948. Both are buried in the Cremona cemetery.

Lila, Mary, Mother Whitlow (Emma) and Hilda. 1936.

Ted Wigg and Jim Whitlow at Rocky Mtn. House, one winter in 1925. 110 logs to load.

GEORGE WILLIAM WHITLOW

By: Dianne Whitlow

George William Whitlow was the youngest son of Fred and Emma Whitlow. He was born in Essex, England on October 14, 1903. In July 1904 the family emmigrated to Quebec. The family moved to Pine Lake, Alberta in 1906, where George's father took out a homestead. The family returned to Quebec in 1909 and two years later returned again to Alberta taking up residence in Red Deer.

Following the first World War the family moved to Cremona to farm. For many years George farmed with his brother and worked out for many of the local farmers. Following Jim's marriage in 1926 he returned to the family farm to farm.

On August 13, 1938, George married Helen Laura Eadie of Playmouth, England, who had come to Canada to visit relatives in Montreal and later her Uncle Malcolm Eadie who lived near Water Valley, where Bruce Cavers now lives. George and Helen farmed the farm previously owned by his father, from 1938-1967 when George passed away. George was an elder of the Cremona United Church for many years.

George and Helen had 6 children. Their eldest son, David works for Federated Pipe Lines, a division of Home Oil, in Swan Hills, Alberta. He and his wife Vi have 5 children; Wendy, Warren, Rita, Sandra and Wade.

Brian and his wife Joy are now farming on the original farm near Cremona. They have 2 sons and one daugher; Jeffery, Gregory and Penny.

Michael and his wife Dianne live near Cremona on a small acreage with their 3 children; Scott, Theresa and Tanya.

Michael with his 4H calf.

George with his first grandchild Wendy.

Michael works at the Imperial Oil Bulk Station in Cremona.

Vair and his wife Pam live in Cremona with their 4 children; Adrian, Lisa, Lauralee and Donita. Vair is the Imperial Oil Agent in Cremona and is presently mayor of the village.

Elizabeth their only daughter, lives in Edmonton with her husband Bob and 3 children; Darren, David and Dianne.

The youngest son, Peter is presently living and working in the High River area. All the children except Peter took their early school at Mount Hope.

The Whitlow family. Back: Michael, Liz, Helen, Brian. Front: David, Peter, Vair. 1972.

JAMES WHITLOW FAMILY

By: Margaret Rennich and Her Mother

James' parents, Frederick Sr. and Emma Lydia moved to Cremona in 1922 with a family as follows; Sydney, James, George, Mary, Hilda and Lila. Sydney, the eldest brother stayed back at Pine Lake and farmed. James, being the second oldest, helped his dad farm and worked during the winter at the Nordeg coal mine.

In 1924-25 he decided to go on his own and went down to the States and logged, also worked on the De Georgia fruit farm near Bakersfield, California. July 1st, 1926 Jim Whitlow married Margaret Cowie of Westerdale. He resided on the half section a mile east of his father's farm, in partnership with brother George for 2 years. Twenty-six acres was all the broken land. A lot of hard work was involved in clearning the land with self employed axes (which assured us of lots of fire wood for winter), breaking plows drawn by horses and disc, etc. In 1927 a daughter was born, Margaret Elizabeth, 1928 Nellie Irene and 1935 Robert Gordon.

To pay taxes Jim worked on the district roads with a maintainer drawn by 4 horses and helped repair wooden culverts, etc. During the depression years it took 19 head of long yearlings at $9.00 ea. to purchase a Rogers Majestic Radio. Some programs we listened to were Gang Busters, The Lone Ranger, Ma Perkins, Pepper Young's Family etc. Our cereal for breakfast was wheat taken up to the Didsbury Flour Mill and made into cracked wheat. A supply of flour for one year was also milled. In those days we churned our own butter and nearly had all the essentials needed for a good meal. Canned all the fresh vegetables and fruit, also processed the meat. Rendered lard and made soap from the scrap fat. Built an icehouse to store the ice blocks, cut and hauled from the Winchell Lake. This kept the cream sweet and salted down pork fresh. After the cattle was sold and harvesting finished a few groceries for the winter was bought at the Calgary City Hall Farmer's Market, sugar 110 lbs. - peanut butter by 25 lb. pail - coffee by 5 lb. jars, etc.

Margaret and Irene attended the Atkins school which was built in 1904. The first two years we went to school in a car with our teacher Mr. Ben McBain. The next 6 years we rode 2½ miles on horseback. Good many times the road was snow lined. Bob started school in 1942 as we both finished grade eight, - us girls continued our high schooling at the Old Cremona High on Squire Jackson's farm for two years. In 1945 the new High School was built and we attended until 1946. 1947 Margaret went to Hendersons Secretarial School and Irene worked for C.C. Holbrook. Bob completed his schooling at Cremona, and was picked up with a school bus in 1943. Irene married Bill Tippe, Agent for the Imperial Oil at Cremona. The Tippe family as follows; Marie, Jim, Larry, Donald, Denise, Alan, and Cindy. Margaret worked in the Bank of Montreal for two years. Married in 1950 to Bernard Rennich, Carstairs, Alta., farmed 22 years and moved to Calgary. Robert married in 1955 to Alice Coleman and farms the home farm. Their family as follows; Patsy, Randy, Leslie, Sandra and Donna-Lee.

In 1935-1947 Jim owned a threshing machine and did custom threshing in the Cremona district - good many meals was prepared for 12-14 man crew especially if it rained, snowed etc. and they returned home for a few days. Trucking was another side line from 1945-1968 along with farming. After 21 years farming south of Cremona Jim sold the farm to Burr Gano in 1947 and bought the farm 2½ miles east of Cremona. (Milo Burnett's). Farmed another 22 years and decided to retire from farming and left the farm to son Robert in 1969. Moved down to Phoenix, Arizona and owned and managed apartments for two years, then sold and bought a trailer court in Mesa,

Back Row: Irene (Tippe), Bob Whitlow, Margaret (Rennich), Jim and Daisy Whitlow. 1976.

Jim and Daisy's 50th Anniversary 1976.

The Bob Whitlow's. Back: Donna Lee, Leslie, Randy, Patsy. Front: Alice, Sandra, Bob. 1978.

Arizona for 3 years. 1974 - Retired and just spent the winter months in Mesa, returned back to the farm for the spring and summer months. Margaret and Jim celebrated their 50th Anniversary, July 1, 1976 at Cremona.

Jim passed away May 26, 1977. Margaret his wife is living on the farm by herself in her home next to her son. Good many years Jim was a member of the Modern Woodmen - and a representative on the Cremona Hall board. Margaret has worked with the Cremona Women's Institute and later the Cremona Ladies Sewing Circle.

JAKE WIEBE STORY

By: Allison (Pat) Wiebe (nee Earle)

Responding to the invitation of the C.P.R. for immigrants Mr. and Mrs. John Wiebe came with six children - 2 boys and 4 girls - to Canada and landed in Didsbury in October of 1925. Jake was three years old. In 1926 they were settled on a farm east of Didsbury where the prairie sod was broken with horses and a walking plow. Brother George was added to the family in 1930.

Mona School was built to accomodate the many settlers who had come to the area in response to this call to the West. While I was attending High School in the old Cremona Cheese Factory, Jake was attending High School in part of the Neopolis Cheese factory. In 1947 Jake rented a farm at Westcott but in the fall moved into Cremona to take charge of the A.P. elevator for two years. While there he rented a quarter section north of Cremona. In 1949 Jake worked in Calgary in the Hudson Bay Dept. store and in 1950-51 in Brockwestern Wholesale. We had met when I taught George in Mona School in '42-43 and '43-44. (where most students could speak German). Then I taught two years at Sunnyslope (where the Carstairs gas plant is), and four years in Didsbury. We were married in 1950 and have lived here at Cremona ever since. We have two daughters and one son. Kathleen graduated from U. of C. after teaching school music for three years, married Clare Tannas and is living in Edmonton where she works as a botonist for the Alberta Government. Jacquie graduated from U. of C. is in her second year teaching, grade 1 and 2 in Turner Valley. Bob is presently finishing his High School in Salem, Oregon.

WIGG FAMILY

By: Ted Wigg

I was born in Crookham, Hampshire on Dec. 4, 1903. My parents had a dairy farm about 10 miles from my Father's home at Basing where my Grandmother, Aunt and Uncle lived. The farm there had been farmed by the Wigg family for three or four hundred years. My brother Tim (Wilfred) was born Nov. 28, 1906 and John July 28, 1910. Tim and I were sent to a boarding school at Portsmouth and so only saw our parents on holidays. In 1917 when I came home for holidays they were short of drivers for a milkwagon because the 18 year old man was called into the Army. I ran the milkwagon for several months until I was able to train a woman in the Women's Land Army. They were calling for apprentices at the Royal Aircraft Shops at Farmboro. Two hundred and forty of us wrote exams and I was able to pass. I rode a bicycle 7 miles to work. After a few months the war ended and they just kept the first 25. John was going to Odiham Grammar School so my Mother persuaded me to go back to school. She had just had an operation for cancer and her sister who was a registered nurse came and looked after her and kept house. On March 11, 1920 she passed away and was buried at Old Basing. My Father (John) got rooms at Crookham and he sold the farm in April and I went to live with Granny at Basing.

Going back to 1917 we supplied milk to an Army Camp at Ewshot which was turned over to the New Zealand Army during the 1914 war. Two New Zealand soldiers became friends with my parents and had persuaded them to move over there after the war.

In Nov. 1920 my Father and John sailed for New Plymouth where one of them taught school. Tim was still going to a boarding school at Portsmouth. In May 1920 my Uncle took me to a Agriculture Show at Reading and while walking around I met a Canadian who had pictures and books explaining the advantages of farming and settling in such a wonderful country. My father was probably disappointed I did not want to go with him but I had set my mind on going to Alberta. The agent was most likely from there and he talked to me about the ranches, etc. My Grandmother said she would buy me warm clothes and I sold my bicycle and had post office savings but I was still short $175.00. The village Doctor had looked after Mother and I knew him quite well so I went to see him. He thought it a good idea and gave me a cheque and told me I could pay him when I had saved some money. he had a nephew farming at Leo or Byemoor as it is now called. Only a school was there in 1920.

My Aunt took me to several travel agents in Basingstoke but all the boats were booked so soon after the end of the 1918 war. Finally they said there was room on a small boat, 18 passengers and 10 crew going to Montreal. I left Bristol June 23, 1920 and my Aunt saw me off. I was very lucky as my cabin mate was a Merchant Marine Captain going back to Vancouver to pick up a boat. He helped me at Montreal and we bought food together and then rode on the Colonist car. It had very hard seats and so many little children running around. He wanted me to go with him as cabin boy. I left him at Calgary and went on to Stettler. Frank Wilson, the youngest of the brothers, met me in a model T Ford. He had brought a neighbors wife in to do shopping. The Wilson brothers had a ranch 28 miles south of Gadsby and 6 miles south of Leo where there was a post office. They had 3 more men working there, carpenters who were building a new addition on the house. I rode around with Frank looking after the cattle. They had two or three hundred angus cows and farmed 2 sections of land. After about a week they wanted discing done so I drove 6 horses on a double disc. Haying started and Jack and I did all the mowing with 3 horses on a mower - all prairie wool. One of the other men raked and another stacked. The stacker was a wagon and the hay pulled up by a team. Dick Burchinshaw who farmed close helped us mowing and he and I ran the rakes. Dick now lives at Revelstoke.

In September we started cutting wheat and it had to be stooked. They though I was too young to pitch bundles so I helped look after the machines. Every week I left at 5 a.m. for Gadsby with 4 horses and a load of wheat and brought back fuel, oil, etc. If the roads were bad it would be midnight before I got back. Near the end of the season a man quit so I talked them into letting me pitch bundles. At first I was very tired but by the end of the season I quite enjoyed it. Threshing lasted 30 or 40 days.

That winter I hauled 5,000 bu. of wheat to Gadsby with 6 horses and a tank and trailer wagon and I made 3 trips a week. Sometimes they got behind hauling feed and then I had a 10 by 18 rack on a sleigh and hauled 2 loads a day. They agreed to pay me the going wage - $40.00 a month and board the year round. I sent the Doctor back his money and he wrote me a long letter enclosing $50.00 and said he did not expect it back so soon. He said that if I was ever short of money and wanted to come home to let him know.

In 1921 I did the discing and harrowing with 8 horses and we put up a lot of hay again. The crop was not as good. I hauled to Gadsby and fed cattle all winter.

There were lots of young folks my age and the parents always asked me to their house for parties and dances. They taught me to dance and we had some wonderful times in the school houses and in their homes. The mothers felt sorry for a young boy so far away from home with no relations near.

In 1922 they had another boy my age - Harry Mappin. His folks farmed near Wilson's and his mother was a school teacher and nurse. We had always been good friends. We used to break alot of horses and for 2 years rode the 40 miles down to the Hand Hills Stampede. We took blankets and slept out. We would also ride into Gadsby, 28 miles, on a Saturday night and come back on Sunday.

The crop in 1922 was very poor and they said I would have to work for my board that winter. There was no grain to haul so I hauled a load of hay a day with the 4 horses. Harry went to Calgary to school. In the spring of 1923 a farmer had a nephew at Consort and he said that his nephews brother-in-law wanted to go to England for the winter and he needed a steady man. I told Jack I would help put in the crop and then go to Consort. Frank had moved to Stettler during the 1922-23 winter. I traded a broke saddle horse for a 3 year old black about 1100 lbs. Harry and I broke him and on May 23 I left Byemoor and rode to consort - 140 miles. The nephews sister, Jean Buzza, ran the telephone office and told me to stay with her brother Jim over night and that he lived 2 miles away. Bill Coulton was batching as his wife was in the hospital. He was farming a lot of land but only using 4 horse outfits and I was able to show him how they farmed at Byemoor with 8 horses and so he got larger machinery. It was such a treat to just have 4 miles to haul grain. Two trips a day with 4 horses. He bought a new threshing outfit in partnership with his wife's brother, Jim, and we put in 35 days threshing. He and his wife left for England in December. I had 8 cows to milk, a litter of pigs to feed, some steers, about 40 range cattle and 20 horses to look after. He had a furnace in the house which they did not have at Byemoor. It was so nice coming home from a dance to a warm house. For stooking they hired men from the east and Mary Whitlow had been keeping house for her brother who farmed near Gooseberry Lake. Mrs. Coulton needed help for harvest so Mary came to help. She left after threshing and said she was going home to Cremona for Christmas and we promised to write.

In May, 1924, my Aunt wrote to see if Tim could come out. Bill Coulton said he could stay for a while, so Tim arrived in June 1924. I rode up to Gooseberry Lake and Mary and I would go to a dance at the pavilion near the lake. She had come back to keep house for her brother Syd. The crops were very poor in 1924 and Bill said I could stay and work for my board. I had heard of logging near Red Deer and Tim was staying with Syd for the winter so I left for Red Deer on Nov. 1.

At the hotel I met a fellow who said he worked for the Phoenix Lumber Co. and was leaving the next day. We jumped a freight and stayed at the head camp overnight. The large sawmill was on the Sask. River and the company ran 2 bush camps. I was told to go to Camp 9 which was 8 miles across the river. I had signed up to drive 4 horses. The company hired horses from the railroad contractors and paid them $35.00 a month and feed per team. They had a lot of green horses and men skidding logs and as the sleigh haul would not start until the river froze I had to take a horse and skid. As I had no trouble with my horse and the boss asked me to brake in some horses for single skidding. An old barn boss took a liking to me and asked me to bunk with him. I did for 2 years and we were always good friends. I was finally given 4 horses and the boss asked me to haul empty sleighs from the Ram River 10 miles away. I would take my lunch and horse feed, knock the sleighs loose and I'd build a small fire, eat my lunch and come home. The huge sleighs had a 5'4" track, 12 ft. bunk and 8 ft. corner stakes. It was all I could do to lift up a tongue which a chain held up. They had iced roads for the sleigh haul and started by hauling ties which were all made by hand. Three large Swede fellows loaded ties - 260 to a load. All the old teamsters had been arguing who would drive the lead outfit as that man was the boss on the sleigh haul. He would report on the conditions of the road, etc. I was very surprised when the boss came in and said he would ride with me on the first load. He showed me how I would get a man to sand to keep from going too fast.

I had to leave with the first load at 7:30 every morning and there were 10 to 15 outfits hauling. You had to keep yelling so the ones coming back could turn off in time as on the ice road you could not stop. After the ties we hauled logs from 80 to 150 per load. I helped the blacksmith shoe horses in my spare time and came out in March with a good stake. We had wonderful food and I met a lot of good friends.

Tim Wiggs at Hanna 1925.

8 horse outfit going out to disc or seed. 1926.

Loading ties at Phoenix.

When I came back I went out to Cremona as Mary had written and asked me to meet her folks. I drove a 4 horse load of supplies out from Carstairs as the drivers were under the weather, Vince Brown and Doc Haley who became wonderful friends later. I walked from old Cremona to Mary's home. I had promised to work for Bill Coulton again so Ken Simpson drove us to Carstairs in his car and we almost missed the train.

In June 1925 Mary came down to work for an old couple across from Coultons so I did not have far to go to visit her. A neighbor asked Bill to let me break 8 horses for him to take on the railroad going from Hanna to Wardon through Byemoor. I broke them while putting in the crop and Tim decided to go with them. They left in June for Hanna. There was a bumper crop in 1925 and I ran a binder and then helped run the threshing outfit as well as hauling

grain with 4 horses to town. Mary helped Mrs. Coulton again and we became engaged. I had decided to go back to the bush and Mary and I left for Cremona the end of October. I stayed at Mary's home for a week and then left for Phoenix.

I was very sorry they had a new camp boss and they gave me 4 horses at once to haul sleighs to the shop to be repaired. The weather got colder and we started icing the roads. We would start at 6:00 at night and work until 6:00 in the morning. We used a 60 barrel tank with spouts at the back the width of the logging sleighs.Two of us were given the job of hauling the loads from the bush to the yard where the loads started on the ice road.

I came out again in March and went to Cremona. Mary and I went back to Consort together where I put in Syd's crop and also helped Bill again. We decided to get married in the fall and the day we were going for the license a terrible blizzard came up. By noon you could not see 10 feet in front of you. Some of the road was drifted over the fence and 2 men froze to death near Consort as well as several animals. We were married at Mrs. Coultons on December 15 and Lila and Mary's friend Jessie were there. Mrs. Coulton had a nice dinner for us and then we drove back to Syd's as we had rented it for 2 years. They did not chivalree us as it was 40 below and stayed like that for 2 weeks.

With the wedding present money we papered the house and bought much needed items in order to start up housekeeping. During the winter I hauled ice to town for the merchants and also had to haul feed to town about 3 miles. It was a very cold winter /26-27. Sister Hilda came up during the summer and stayed with us and kept house for me while Mary was in the hospital with Jimmy. We were lucky and had a real good crop and I was able to run a threshing outfit and put 2 teams on it. During February Mr. Fawcett brought Mr. John Brown up who had a section next to Coultons. They had homesteaded there and then moved to Moosmin, Sask. It was offered to us at a very attractive price and low interest so we bought it. I still had Syd's for another year. My Dad had written during the winter and said he was coming to visit us. Mary's sister Lila came up. Dad arrived in May and I put the crop in on Syd's and then we packed up and moved to our new place. Dad drove a quiet team on a wagon. I had a load of furniture and Jimmy in his cradle on the hay rack and Mary rode horseback and drove the stock. I had all the wheat seeded on the new place by May 22. I had moved back and was working for Bill Coulton for the summer. We had prospects of a bumper crop. I had all the crop cut on Syd's and stooked by Aug. 11. As I was packing my stuff to move home black clouds came up. I had trucks for the binder and trailed a wagon and the extra horses. I had just gotten to the barn at Consort when the hail struck. When I got home all the windows in the house were broken and the crop looked like I had disced it. My Dad was so disgusted he said that he was leaving at once for home. We had really enjoyed his visit and he had a great deal of pleasure looking after his grandson.

I ran the same threshing outfit again and I had a good crop on Syd's but because of frost they graded my grain as no. 3. We decided to move back to Syd's for the winter as the house was smaller and we had so many more friends there. We moved back to our own place in April and Syd took over his own farm again. We had gotten a lot of land ready for trees and Mary and I planted 2000 that spring - poplar, ash, caragana and willow. The crop only made 3 bu./acre because it was so dry and it was the start of the depression. Mary's mother came up and stayed with us for 2 months. In 1930 Mary's brother Ernie, who had been working for Mr. Fawcett, bought a quarter. After the crop was in we broke 50 acres for each of us using a 16" sulky and 6 horses. We had a bumper crop and I started combining it Aug. 13, the day our daughter Lila arrived. Sister Lila was with us and kept house and looked after Jimmy. I hauled the wheat to the elevator from the combine. Aug. 13 it was 65¢/bu. and the next day it started dropping 10¢ a bushel. I sold until it went below 30¢. After threshing I had 10,000 bu. of wheat and 2000 of oats. I sold all the wheat as No. 1 for 17¢. It did not pay for the harvest. I had been breaking horses for neighbors and taking calves in trade so we began to milk cows. In 1931 Mary decided to raise turkeys. We had fairly good luck and we dressed them out and got 58¢ each. We had a fairly good crop and I had put Syd's place in. Wheat went up to 60¢ so I started selling it. I was lucky it went as high as 69¢ and after I sold it starting dropping and went down to 30¢.

In 1932 there was not much crop and prices were going down. We milked more cows and our trees were growing. Our daughter Barbara was born in March, 1932 and Tim left to work in Coronation. In 1930 I was elected to serve at large on the school board. I also had the contract driving the school van and we had several high school boys to drive for us. I took half in cash and the rest in taxes. We were paid $125 per month for a 20 mile route.

In 1933 the grasshoppers and the cut worms came. We were given free bait. I'd leave for town at 5:00 in the morning to load up bait, saw dust and arsenic and come home and spread it. The crop was so short I fixed the binder into a header and tied a team on the hayrack and when loaded stacked it.

By 1934 we milked 10 cows and started selling table cream to the restaurants as it was more money than shipping to the creamery. Our daughter Betty was born in Mar-

Concort Consolidated School. Old time school van.

Building railroad at Lloydminster.

Mr. Coulton who owned the first Massey Harris combine and Jimmy Wigg. 2 had 10 head of horses. 1933.

ch and Tim came and drove the school van for me. Mary's Mom and Dad went to England and in the fall came up to stay with us. We had hardly any crop but we always had a good garden and picked lots of wild fruit.

1935 was worse yet. Our neighbors were all leaving. Matton's left, McNeils went to Erskine and Richard and Eva to Red Deer. In 1936 it hardly seemed worth while. The ground was so dry and we had no rain all summer. In the fall 3 of us went looking for land. We had no money but thought we could rent. We went up around Rimbey, slept by the river but found nothing. I got off at Carstairs as the rest were going to Calgary. I stayed a few days at Mary's folks and looked around there. I tried to hitchhike home but had no luck so took the bus. An old friend Marg Sebry stayed with Mary. During the winter a neighbour Joe Thompson told me we should move while we were still young. We talked it over and decided to try one more year.

1937 started with lots of wind. Joe and I had McNeils half for pasture. I seeded some oats and spring rye and tried to summerfallow but the plow would not go into the ground. I borrowed a neighbors car and went down to Cremona and made a deal to buy all the feed on the Thompson three quarters for $1.00 per acre with others to do the cutting and stooking. I put in for 3 rail cars but they said 2 was the limit. About 6 of us decided to move & applied for the cars. By the first of August we had all the machinery apart and ready. By the middle of August there were no cars and no help from Edmonton so I wrote Jimmie Gardner in Ottawa explaining our situation. We got our cars in about a week. It cost $96 per car. We had all our goods loaded when they told me to go to the Special Arear's office. I had to give them a claim deed to my land before the train left. All my taxes were paid as I had been driving the school van. We were shipped to Crossfield and had our machinery hauled out by truck. Mary, Jimmy and the girls came down by car to Red Deer with a neighbor and then took the train to Carstairs. I rode with the machinery and I hired Phil Ross of Cremona to drive the cattle out. He milked the cows and sold the milk in Crossfield. Jimmy came and stayed with me and had his 10th birthday while helping me unload the car. He drove a team out and I had 4 horses on a load. Two colts followed us. I got the binder together and started cutting and stooking. We stayed with Mary's folks. Our 18 cows that we were milking were used to being tied up. George let his stand in the yard and we had an awful time with ours. Lila and Russel let Jimmy and Lila stay with them while going to school at Mt. Hope. They came back to us on weekends.

Going back before we left Consort. We had too many cattle to take to Cremona so we shipped 11 head of holstein heifers which weighed about 800-900 lbs. and in good shape. We received a cheque back for $59.00. That spring we sold a sow to buy garden seeds and we got $6.00 for it. When I came back from buying feed at Cremona the man running the dairy said he would buy all of the feed I could stack and that he would trade me for machinery and cash. My old friend Marc Sebrey was staying with me as Mary and the children had gone to Cremona with her brother Jim and family who had come to visit us for a few days. Brother Tim was also with them. Clarence Baltimore, a well driller, wanted feed too so when he came with his team everyday his wife sent pies, etc. The feed was mostly Russian thistle with a spear of wheat and oats here and there. We put up about 15 large stacks all by loading on a hay rack and stacking by hand. We had a good garden and gave it to a neighbour. The day before we left the army worms arrived - millions of them. They took everything above the ground and were up over the house and buildings. Nothing stopped them! We were very glad we had decided to leave. I had been breaking horses for Pynter Bros. of Czar for years and they asked me to look after 6 car loads of cows for them for the winter in trade for horses. The cows arrived by train to Cremona in December and I took them over to the Thompson place where there was a real good spring and lots of shelter. I went over every morning and hauled straw. I had fenced all the straw stacks and grain bins as Johnny had them full of wheat. I would bring back a load of straw for our own cattle at George's. We were able to rent the Brown three quarters for 3 years so we moved in April of 1938. I traded horses and machinery to Ken Simpson and Elmer Darline (who had a Cockshutt Agency in Carstairs) for a 20-40 Allis Chalmers tractor, four bottom plow and breaking plow. We built a cabin across the road for Pete Lowrie and his wife and he worked for us for the summer. I kept the tractor going by doing spring plowing for 90¢ an acre and then went breaking at $5.00 an acre. There were no brush cutters then and a lot of willow brush was 5 to 6 feet high. A lot of the time I had to pull stumps first. Russel Haley helped me break. I would start about 5:00 a.m. and run until Russel came about 9:00 and then come back about 5:00 and run until dark. Some days we could do 7 or 8 acres. Crops were good in 1938 and I bought a seperator. It was a wooden 28" Minneapolis and was all I could afford. I put in 25 days threshing and we finished Oct. 24 the night our daughter Rita was born. Mr. Holbrook took Mary to Didsbury. A few days later scarlet fever broke out in the hospital so Dr. Clark took Mary and the baby over to Mrs. Peterson's who was a trained nurse.

Vince Brown asked me to take out logs and so I hired 4 men. They built a log shack on the pasture quarter across the road and we took out about 400,000 board feet. I hauled the logs on a sleigh with 4 horses and sometimes Bob Gamble helped me deck them. I hired Geo Thompson with his steam outfit to do the sawing and planing in the summer of 1939 Jack Dixon was hauling logs to his mill west of Water Valley and was behind with the hauling so I went back with a team everyday for about 2 weeks and helped haul. Mino Eby ran the planer and we had to stop about three in the afternoon because it was so hot and the spring would dry up. I piled and hauled the lumber and had most of it sold by fall. Teams came from Carstairs and Didsbury. Planed lumber sold for $20.00 per thousand. Mary did the cooking for the crew and as it was holiday time in August the children were able to help. We bought our meat from John Bird who came around every week as well as Mr. Watchorn from Water Valley.

The crops were very poor in 1939 and I only had about 10 days threshing. I traded the wooden separator to Campbell who was a Case agent for a second hand steel case which I used for 25 years. Jens Wikers stayed with us the winter cutting brush and during 1939 I was able to break about 30 acres for George Whitlow and Carl Kopp. I also started doing all of Carl's work that year. For about 15 years I plowed, did breaking, disced, cut his crop, threshed and ground up his grain. Joe Withy and I also branded his cattle for a number of years.

In 1940 we had very good crops and I also did a lot of plowing and breaking. We put in 25 days threshing going as far as Bottrel. After stook threshing I went to Water Valley stack threshing. They had very good crops there. Joe Smith had 800 bu. No. 2 wheat and John Nygaper had 1500 bu. of oats. I went across the river to Burrows (now Gundersons) and also up to Big Prairie to Taks, Mr. Eadie's, Jim Laveck's and Billy Morgan's. During the winter of 1940 I hammer milled making a round every 2 weeks. Bortons, Doc Haley, Geo Whitlow and Walter May at Water Valley had a lot of hogs. I would stay in Water Valley for 2 days and small loads would be brought to me.

In February of 1941 our barn, granaries and chicken house burnt down. We were able to save the stock but lost all the feed around the barn. Neighbors came and built us a log barn across the road as a spring was there and there was shelter for the stock. Don Croft worked for us during the summer and Vince had sold the farm to Mr. Spragge, a grain buyer at Carstairs. He agreed to buy the lumber if I would build a barn 28 by 36. Don and I mixed the cement by hand. I hammer milled again in 1941 and pastured horses for Dan Colvin and Jack Gillis.

Since we moved to Cremona we had done all the farming for an old neighbor Tom Tramner and I used his hor-

ses all the time. Every morning he walked up to visit and would bring some little thing for the children or Mary. he was taken sick in Dec. of 1941. Jim Watt and I sat with him and finally we moved him to our house where he passed away. Mr. VanHaaften rented his land. It was put up for sale in 1943 but we still had very little money so did not tender. To our surprise in July the C.P.R. agent in Calgary came out and made us an offer saying that when we sold the hay they would take that in part payment. I put up the hay and bailed it and also hayed for Mrs. Borton and Jack helped.

All the winter of 1943-44 I spent building a log house and barn. I bought the logs from Elmer Fenton and he helped me erect them. I also bought 36 ft. logs from Oscar Swanson at Water Valley. I was lucky that it was a very mild winter and by April 1st I had a house and barn built. Neighbours helped us move. Just after moving the weather turned very cold and we had 200 baby chicks so we kept them upstairs around the stove pipe.

On October 10, 1942 out daughter Maxine was born. I came home from threshing at Jim Watts and took Mary to Didsbury. On Oct. 22 we had 14" of snow and it stayed with us until the end of January. I finished threshing at Jack Stevenson's and the next day it was snowing and very cold. In the winter of 1943 Cecil and Frank Myram bought a large caterpillar tractor and brush cutter and they cut 20 acres for me. In 1944 I rented Chas Reid's place which was 2 miles north of us. I had it for 2 years in return for burning & breaking 22 acres of land. Bob Simpson bought the Atkins farm and ran the Pioneer Elevator and he rented me his half section. I plowed and disced with the tractor and did the seeding with 6 or 8 horses. Jimmy harrowed on Saturdays and stayed home from school now and again. He was going to High School at Old Cremona and Robert Reid was the principal. Doc Haley and I did the cutting and stooking changing horses on the binder. On September 4 our daughter Jackie was born. We had been baling hay until we could comence harvest and we sold a lot of bales to a trucker in Drumheller for the ponies. I had bought a baler from Norman Tuggle. In the fall of 1944 I spent 2 weeks baling for Art up the Grand Valley near Cochrane. Ted Lee and Elmer Foster went with me. It was December and we had lovely weather.

The Spring of 1945 was very wet. I took the tractor over to the Atkin's farm but could not use it so I used 8 horses and Jimmy used 4. The crop was quite good at home and on Chas Reid's but very poor on Bob's but we put up alot of hay that year. We did haying for Mrs. Borton and Geo Whitlow as well as ourselves. Mr. Hettinger did most of the mowing as they had moved onto the Brown place. Mary raised lots of chickens and turkeys and traded with Sam Sadie for fruit and clothing for the children. Mrs. Rodgers and Mary would go riding and pick berries. I plowed, broke land, threshed and hammer milled for Jappy for a number of years until Doug was able to run a tractor. We were raising a lot of pigs and also milked about 8 cows. We traded pigs to Russell for a 1936 Buick car and Betty and I drove it to Calgary in August to meet Tim as he had to come back to Canada for his discharge. We were very lucky as just when we were turning in the gate coming home the radius rod came loose. Tim helped us with the harvest then went back to Calgary until March when he left for England. He and Ernie spent Christmas with us and brought the kids out a sleigh. In March, 1946 Kenneth was born in Didsbury. The roads were very bad and Ken Simpson offered to drive Mary in. Lila Haley, Ernie Whitlow and I went and the roads were terrible. We got back about 8:00 in the morning and Lila had to walk home.

In 1946 we had a very good crop and grain was a better price. We bought a 32 volt light plant from Ken Simpson and he wired our house for us. Mac Turnbull and Joe Dunphy wired our barn. It sure relieved us of a lot of worry and work - no lamps to look after and perhaps upset. Jimmy went to Olds Agricultural College in 1945 and graduated the end of March 1946. Helen Whitlow looked after Ken and Mary and I drove up in Haley's Model A Ford and stayed the night in Olds. In the spring of 1946 Stan Low and family came to live on the Spragge farm and they were wonderful neighbors.

I served on the School Board at Consort for 7 years until I resigned to move to Cremona. Bert Butler was secretary of the Mt. Hope School for a number of years and when he left I was elected and served until the school was closed to go into the larger school unit. Mr. S. Gibson was the secretary of the large unit at Didsbury and Mr. Crispo was Superintendent. I was elected trustee of the large school division in 1960 and served until the County of Mountain View was formed. I did not seek re-election as it took up too much time and I was more interested in farming as that was our living.

We feel very fortunate to have good health and we are able to enjoy card parties and various other activities in our community. We celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1976 and we had all our family home for the occasion.

Jim married Doreen Sullivan and they farm 2 miles south of us. They have 2 daughers; Linda married Bob Scott and they have a son Robert and Sandy married Jim Kinch.

Lila married Loy Robertson and they farm at Dog Pound. They have 2 sons; Donald married Sherry Carvell and they have 2 sons Greg and Curtis and Ian married Susan Carvell and they have 2 daughters Tracey and Shera.

Barbara married Jim Alexander and they live in Winnipeg and Jim works for Sears. They have 2 sons and 1 daughter. Ted, a Sargent in the Army, married Tammy Byron and Ron and Dawn are both at home.

Betty married Peter Dick, a mechanic for Duecks in Vancouver, and they have 1 son, Brian, and 2 daughters, Leslieand Janice and they are all still living at home.

Rita married Harold Klint and they live in Mexico City. Harold works for Stock Industries, a textile firm. They have 1 daughter, Christiane, and 2 sons, Philip and Robert.

Maxine married Don Bird and they live in Rocky Mountain House. Don works for Aquitaine Oil. They have 1 son, Steven, and 2 daughters, Carmen and Shelley.

1940. Threshing on Mrs. Borton's farm.

Ted and Mary Wigg. 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Jackie married Cliff Mork who is a landman in Calgary. They have 2 sons, Darcy and Michael, and 1 daughter, Marliese.

Ken married Donna Mork and they have recently taken up farming on the home farm and he is also a fireman in Calgary. They have a son, Donald, and a daughter, Kara.

JAMES RICHARD WILLIAMS

James Richard Williams was a bachelor who came from Calgary and lived just south of Cremona (now owned by Ken Rose). He had a dog and it was often reported that he and the dog ate the same food. He walked about, getting a ride to Carstairs or Didsbury or wherever he wanted to go. He wore a beard and was sometimes called "whiskers" or to many people "old J.R." He had a loud voice and delighted in cursing anyone who might cross him. He was often seen walking along the ditches collecting beer bottles. He later drove a team of horses and had a wagon he rode about in.

There is the story that one day he drove the horses to Calgary and had no breeching on the harness, the police stopped him, thinking he might get in an accident with his inadequate harness. Something frightened the team and he ran the tongue of the wagon into the back end of the police car. He was placed in jail for 30 days but some kind city lady paid the bail and he came home. He was never seen driving the team again.

Old J.R. was not a clean man, and one time the young men of the district took him to the hotel, bathed, shaved him, and put clean clothes on him. He was reported to have hung the frying pan on the wall after use, the grease would run down the wall, then he scrapped it off and put it back in the frying pan.

He was on the old age pension and died in the winter of 1967, at age of 84 years, he was found dead in his home by Ken Rose and Ross Munro. Without Ken looking in on him he would have not have survived that long. Ken cared for his dog and later Charlie Bird took it.

VERN WILLIAMS

By: Myrtle Dewdney

Vern Williams was born in North Dakota in 1899. He came to Alberta in 1904 with his mother, who married his stepfather, Frank Winchell on May 24 in Crossfield. They lived on a homestead at Crossfield for a year or two and then moved to Water Valley. They homesteaded a quarter section on the Stoney Creek where the old two story log house still stands today. The first year Vern and his sister May boarded in Carstairs to go to school. The next year Vern attended Mount Hope school. Later Bituma was built and Vern attended school there.

Mrs. Cora Stevenson, Vern Williams, Hilda Blanchard, Joe Witney.

After he finished school Vern worked for a rancher named Bill Blair, in what is called the handhills, near Delia, Alta. He then worked for several different ranches including Skinner Ranch at Madden. Vern went to B.C. for a year or so trapping and prospecting with his brother-in-law, Gilmore Olson. Vern spent one summer packing and guiding for some geologist, this was probably his favorite job of all time; for as long as I can remember he continued to have a great interest in "rocks", he would show us and our freinds a fossel or a piece of petrified wood and tell about the petrified dinosaur they had found in the bank of the Big Red. One summer was spent hauling "mud" and supplies with Arnold Borton to an oil rig somewhere near the Harold Creek Ranger Station.

In 1940 he married Pearl Millett, daughter of Joseph and Adeline Millett. He and Pearl lived about 3 years in a little house on the corner of Winchell's land. They, then bought a quarter a mile south at the head of the Klondike Valley, where they lived until their second daughter started school. They then moved to the Deer Springs, owned by F. Larsen where they lived until Vern's passing in 1962. Vern and Pearl had 3 children; Myrtle (Dewdney), Cremona, LaVerne Stratton of Leduc; and Jerald Williams of Black Diamond.

Our house was always open to everyone; one fellow spent the winter because he had nowhere else to go. Many times I remember Dad bringing home some stranger, soon to be a friend, and Mom putting another plate on the table or making up a bed, lots of Sundays there would be 10 or more people for dinner or supper. Dad was a great hunter and was always ready to take anyone out and show them how to get their game. Many people got their first deer or moose with his patient instruction on the ways of stalking game; but woe betide you if you were not careful in handling a gun. My brother, sister, and I were all taught at an early age how to shoot and handle a gun properly. Dad had a shell collection and several old guns that he was very proud to show to everyone. Since Dad's passing Mom has worked at several jobs including camp cook for the County, she is presently employed by the University at the environmental science center at Kananaskas.

Pearl and Vern Williams. 1957.

Vern Williams

GENE WINCHELL

Gene Winchell was born at Carstairs, Alberta in 1909. Two girls of this family died at an early age so Gene remained the only child. He grew up at Water Valley and attended the Bituma school. He started playing the violin (left handed) at the early age of 14 years. Playing for house parties and later for local dances. He played with a band called "The Jordans" which consisted of Ken Jordan Joe Jordan, and Inez Jordan on the accordian. Elmer Foster played the drums on various occasions. This group made a record in the late 40's under the name of "The Western Four" Gene wrote the songs, (2 songs on the old 78 r.p.m. records). The songs were; I'll Always Have a Broken Heart, and Dreaming of Days Gone By". It was made by a Calgary Co. and had no label. It was not for sale but a few friends still have a record. They were still playing for dances in 1958.

Gene was a bachelor and lived with his mother in her home, on the farm south of Water Valley. He remained at home all his life. He was a very talented man and often did pencil sketches of horses which were very good. He had a slight limp as a result of polio as a child.

Gene died in the Calgary Hospital in 1960 at the age of 51 years.

Mrs. Winchell's family - Back row: left to right - Gene Winchell, son; Glen Williams, nephew; Jerald Williams, grandson; Grandma Winchell. Vern Williams.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. WINCHELL

By: Vicky Milburn 1962

Mrs. Elizabeth Winchell, known to everyone as Grandma, was born near Diamond Bluff, Wisonsin in 1866. During her childhood she attended school and helped on the farm where she lived. She married Judd Williams when she was sixteen and raised five children. In later years she married Frank Winchell. The family moved to Alberta in 1904. This trip was made by train, or what could be called a train. Frank met them in Crossfield. He had come west earlier to find a new homestead. The train depot in Crossfield was just being built and the town was in its early stages. Later the family moved to Water Valley where they have been ever since. Mrs. Winchell had another son, Gene. For some years she worked as a cook in some of the lumber camps in the district. The family now consisted of two sons and two daughters living at home.

The big log house, typical of the times, became known as "Winchell's Stopping House" and travellers found they would always be welcomed here. Grandma recalls one time the family was preparing to go to the neighbor's for Christmas dinner but was interrupted by the arrival of some Indians who asked if they could have something to eat. So, the dinner that was to have been eaten elsewhere was set on the table and the Indians, with perfect manners, ate their meal. Not a crumb or particle of food was left on the snowy linen.

Some years after the arrival in Alberta, Grandma decided it would be nice to raise sheep. Even though her husband disagreed, she borrowed some money and bought some ewes from her son-in-law, Walt Thome. When Frank realized that his ambitious wife was going to make money with her sheep, he decided to sell their cattle and go into the sheep business. With the money from the sales of the lambs, they were able to pay off the mortgage on the farm and were able to pay back the borrowed money.

Grandma always sewed the girls clothing by hand. She spun her own wool from the sheep on the big spinning wheel. When they invested in a knitting machine, Frank helped his wife knit socks. He would start turning the contraption and had Lib (his pet name for his wife) finish off the toe and heels and pick up all the stitches that he had lost in his haste. One terrifying experience Grandma experienced while living so near the woods was that of the terrible forest fire that swept up almost to the door. When the blaze was finally brought under control in the clearing just west of the house, things were getting mighty hot. The roaring inferno emblazened such an image in her mind that years later she was able to paint the picture on canvas. Even today she still relates the story and shows her picture of the fire.

This leads to one of Grandma's most talked about talents. For nearly 70 years she has painted pictures. Just recently she won top honors at the Coste House Exhibition in Calgary. Her winning painting was "The Stag". Mrs. Fay Stone, a great friend of Mrs. Winchell, and an admirer of Grandma's painting, was responsible for bringing out the reporter from the Albertan to write an article about Grandma.

The walls of the house are covered with paintings and

1967. Grandma Winchell - seated. Left to right - grandchildren, Jerald Williams, LaVerne Williams, Myrtle Williams, (Mrs. Don Dewdney).

The Winchell house. 1978.

sketches that she has done. Many have been given away as presents, and others have been sent to relatives and friends. Truckers have paid money for a painting on tin to put on their truck doors. So it is easy to see that this has been a worthwhile hobby. One other interesting hobby that Grandma acquired is that of taxidermy. Whenever hunters happened to shoot game, large or small, she would take on the job of stuffing the thing. Any bird or animal, from snowbirds to deer, were soon mounted prizes. Of her own collection, Grandma has a huge bald eagle, a pair of loons, and an owl. Mrs. Winchell has many friends and neighbors who each year get together at an annual date. This is November 11, the day Grandma celebrates her birthday. Over the years there have been many gatherings in her honor.

So, as this story comes to a close, we can see that this little woman of outstanding traits and abilities has lived a very enjoyable life. Everyone wishes her many more years of health and happiness.

Mrs. Winchell died in 1965 at 101 years of age.

THE WITARD'S

By: Lora Smith

Mrs. Gertrude Witard came from England to the Cremona area about 1905. She lived with her daughter, Hilda, two and an half miles west of the Atkins school, on the south side of the road, on their homestead. Hilda attended Atkins school. Mr. Joseph Reid was her teacher. While there they made many friends, Tysons, Jacksons were among them.

They returned to England for a visit in 1908 or 1909, but kept their farm and came back to Canada in 1911 or 1912. During the War they took an active part in social activities and Hilda remembers coming to Big Prairie school to attend bazaars, dances, etc. put on by the Big Prairie's honor roll, to honor a lot of the young men who enlisted to serve their country.

About 1918 or 1919 Hilda moved to Calgary where she furthered her education and became a seamstress. She met and later married Walter Jones. If memory is correct, her mother, a widow, stayed on her farm. She passed away some years ago.

The Jones' had a family of two children, Allen and a daughter, Gertrude. Allen and his wife, Shirley had two sons, Allen Jr. and Brian who reside in Calgary. Trudy married Sheldon Barton and they had a family of four - Janice, Brent, Bradly and Jennifer. They all live in Calgary. Walter Jones passed away Nov. 24, 1978. He was laid to rest in Queen's Park Cemetery. Hilda still lives in Calgary. Thru' the years they sometimes came to visit and have Mrs. Smith read the crystal for them, and also had Mrs. Smith and family visit them. In times of need as so many other good friends, they have always been there to help in any way they could. Its people like these that have helped make our Alberta such a good place to live in.

THE YOUNGS AND LANES HISTORY AS I REMEMBER IT

By: Gladys Lane

The Youngs left a farm in the sand dunes of southern Saskatchewan in the summer of 1930 and came to live on a homestead ten miles west of Cremona. We drove a Model T Ford, a team and wagon, a two wheeled cart and trailed a herd of cattle and horses.

The first winter we lived in a log cabin with a dirt floor but the next year we moved into a two story log house. Here we lived until Mom, Hariett, Violet, Jenny and I moved to Carstairs so I could go to high school. Then Duncan, Laura and family lived there until 1965.

The country looked like a Garden of Eden. The grass grew tall in the sloughs and everything looked green and abundant. There was wood for fuel, logs for buildings and berries for the picking. However, our cattle did not do well. There seemed to be little nutrition in the grass, they ate larkspur, bloated and were poisoned. We were short of feed. Then the spring and in their weakened state, they slipped down creek banks, lost their calves and drowned in the muskegs. Losses were excessive.

The weather seemed unreal! Deep snow and freezing temperatures and then suddenly water running down the roads and bright sunshine. What fun to roll down your heavy socks and carry your coat in the spring time. Dad and the boys cut firewood. The engine was taken from the Ford and used to run the buzz saw. Everyone took turns throwing blocks, piling wood and loading wagons. Then Dad and Mom or Dad and Duncan or Elgin hauled the wood to Carstairs and delivered firewood for $10 a cord. It was a two day trip and often they stopped at Ruby and Stan Coleman's for a welcome cup of tea and a lunch. (Coleman's then lived on the Jim Whitlow place.) The folks brought the groceries and other supplies home with them.

We never went hungry but sometimes there was little variety. Mom used to make a potato and onion soup that always tasted delicious and I still love the smell and taste of fresh homemade bread. What food there was, we gladly shared with anyone arriving at mealtime or needing a meal.

Cotton flour and sugar sacks played an important part in life. White, they were embroidered and crocheted for pillowcases, tea towels and petticoats. Dyed, they were used to make dresses, shirts and blouses.

My folks were devote Orangemen. Mom organized a chapter of the Ladies Orange Benevolent Association and the ladies met at the school or in homes. She also organized a Sunday School at Graham School and carried it on all the years we lived there. The school seemed a different place as we worshipped there each Sunday morning. I remember Rev. Rogers bringing out lantern slides and silent movies and Mr. Edwin Reid visiting our Sunday School. Once we participated in the Cremona United Church picnic on the bank of the Red Deer River. It was a time of delight with races, a peanut scramble and plenty of ice cream supplied by Mr. Boulder Reid. We visited the United Missionary Church when they had missionary speakers. Miss Butterfield, a missionary from Jeruseleum, spent a week with us when in need of a retreat. Mr. Habermehl frequently visited us for an evening of song or prayer.

Mom also served as a midwife in the district.

In 1932, when the payment didn't arrive from Sask. the folks decided to take a trip back. They started out with a team and wagon planning to camp along the way. They only got as far as Swallwell as there was no feed for the horses. While my folks were alive they & others from the Mennonite settlement came to our home and held services. Later, they held Bible School in the Graham Big Prairie and Water Valley Schools.

Christmas and New Year's were always special days at our house. We had turkey with all the trimmings and even apples, oranges and candy. Christmas Eve, everyone hung up their stockings and always there were presents. One year we had little carved wooden dolls and another we had a table and chair set. On New Year's Eve, we set our plates on the table and left lunch for Hincy Quinchy. Sure enough, in the morning, each plate was filled with nuts and candy. In the evening, we danced while Duncan and Dibby Waterstreet supplied the music. There were reels, waltzs and often the highland fling.

In May, 1935, Dad had a stroke and Dr. Clarke drove out to see him, but gave us no hope. For two days he lay in a coma and then quietly passed away. Mom and Mary prepared him for burial and then he lay in the living room until time for the funeral. His casket was taken by wagon to the Cremona Hall where he had an Orange funeral. His

remains were placed in the Cremona cemetery. Later his sons, Elgin in 1964, Duncan in 1966 and a grandson, Delbert in 1964 were buried near him.

We attended Graham School and usually there were about twenty five students, ranging from grade one to nine. Frances Measor and I were the only ones in my grade until I reached grade 8. Everyone was expected to work diligently and quietly. In cold weather, we ringed our desks around the stove to try and stay warm. We were dismissed at 3:30 p.,m. instead of 4:00 p.m. in winter so we could get home before dark.

Our teachers were young, single ladies who participated wholeheartedly in community affairs. Christmas concerts were a high light. Whist dr'ves were held on Friday nights in different homes to raise money. Anyone could play as long as they paid their ten cents and everyone enjoyed the lunch. We practiced for the concert for most of the month of December. We decorated the school with streamers and bells and had a real Christmas tree. Everyone had parts in the concert and the adults always had a NEAT play for the last item. Then came Santa with candy and a present for each child. A family dance followed and as the little people tired, they were put to sleep on piles of coats on the stage or desks. The folks from Big Prairie and Fallen Timber often came to our concerts and we went to theirs.

I remember in 1938-39, when Mickey Camp was our teacher, we had a kitchen band. Olive Hughson was our band leader, Mr. M.T. Noodle and the rest of us had just such appropriate names. We also learned to tap dance and then on July 1, we dressed as sailors and had a band in the Cremona parade.

Who could forget our inspector, Mr. X.P. Crispo's visits. The boys, Harold Measor, Bill Morgan and the rest cleaned out their pockets so there would be no evidence of smoking. The girls shivered and shook as his mood depended on such things as whether he'd gotton stuck in a mud hole or whether the stove pipes fell down. Our teacher was blamed for all mishaps.

Art Waterstreet trappers cabin on the Fallen Timber. Barbara, Jennie and Ernie Beecher.

After a successful hunt. Roy Ireland, Mr. Whitely, Alex Ireland, Elgin Young.

The house Youngs lived in their first winter in Alberta.

Neil Young in front of the house. Alex Young's family and Duncan Young's family grew up in.

Sept. 30/30 - Alex and Mae Young just after they arrived in Alberta.

Sawmill west of Youngs.

Sharpening a saw blade in front of the cook shack at Ed Flenard's mill. Chilly Knapp, Harry Ireland, Mrs. Alex Young, Mary Ireland, Elgin Young.

During these years the post office was our link with the outside world. It was first run by Mr. Bennie and then by Annie Cartlidge (Pawson). Jack Regan, Mac Graham and Bill McGaffin in turn brought orders from Eatons and Simpsons, the mail and medicine and acted as a bus service.

Mary and Harry Ireland came with us from Saskatchewan and lived on a homestead in the Graham district from 1930-40. After Harry's death in 1953, Mary married a former Cremona farmer, Isaac Falk. Her daughter Ethel and her husband John Kiersgaard bought the Waterstreet quarter and ranched there for several years. Ross and Russel attended Cremona school and set records jumping hurdles at track meets.

Elgin made his home in the Graham district except for the years he spent in the army. He hunted, trapped, worked for farmers and in lumber camps. He was the catcher of the softball team and the goalie on the hockey team. He was found dead slumped over the wheel of his truck on a steep gradient one fall morning.

Duncan and Lorna raised their family of eight and kept Open House on the homestead. Young and old came to hunt, fish, pick berries, ride horseback, visit and eat. Their children attended Graham school until its closure and then were bussed to Cremona. After Duncan's death, Laura married Delbert Seymour and still llives on the home place.

Lulu married Roy Mork in 1939, and they built a log cabin in the Graham district. They moved the cabin when they bought the Mork south quarter. The cabin is presently being used as a meeting place for church young people. Lulu has been an active member of the United Church - taught Sunday School, led CGIT WA member, sends out get well cards, serves on the Explorer commitee and manages the cradle roll. She also served on the community unstintingly for 25 years as manager of the Credit Union.

Harriet trained as a teacher and returned to Graham School for her first year. This was the year a teacherage was moved into the school yard. She married Henry Siedel and now lives in Edmonton.

Violet trained as a nurse at the Holy Cross then married Victor Keller, an airforce fellow. They spent years moving across Canada, spent four years in England and now resides in Calgary.

Jenny trained as a hairdresser. She married George Beecher and they returned to raise their boys in the Cremona, Water Valley and Graham districts.

I trained as a teacher and then married Jim Lane of HMRCN. Jim, Ada Marie and I returned to the Graham district in 1946. We had bought the half section north of Graham School. Jim and Roy Mork spent the winter and the next two winters logging. Lulu was to come spend the winter of 47-48 while Uncle George Young did their chores. I had promised to teach at Graham School and because of the extreme shortage of teachers, felt I must do so. Consequently, Lulu and I exchanged daughters and Ada Marie spent her first birthday with the Morks.

In September 1947, I began teaching at Graham. It was where I'd attended but how things had deteriorated . There were not enough desks for the students so some of them had to sit on blocks of wood. There were inadequate text books and supplies and as the weeks past and we continued to be ignored. I became most irate. There was no telephone within miles so on Friday night, I hitch hiked to the divisional office in Didsbury. Each step I had to walk I became more irate but I arrived before the office closed. They were most apologetic and Monday morning, the much needed supplies were there. Everyone in the district was most co-operative and the year passed with lots of work and play. We had our Christmas concert and whist drives. Then in the spring, Laurence Bergson built the new school which had cloakrooms, ample heating and lighting. In March, we had a grand opening with the division represented and when Mr. Crispo paid his annual visit, he was pleased and surprised the students were doing so well We ended the year with a community picnic that included races, ball games, food galore and gallons of homemade ice cream.

Jim and I bought the original Mork homestead in 1948, and moved there that fall. We moved into the little log house and were pleased to have barns, corrals and a good well. We had cows, pigs and chickens so there were daily chores. Crops and garden were good so we were busy and happy.

Come fall, Lee Bouck arrived wanting me to teach at Big Prairie School. The parents did not want the school closed nor were they happy to have a supervisor and correspondence lessons. I felt I wanted and needed to stay with Ada Marie but Lee felt that thirty students needed me more. He also offered to stay until they could get a university student in the spring. Francis Bouck cared for Ada Marie during school hours and we lived in the teacherage. It was a delight to follow a teacher like Miss Pat Duffy. Thanks to Mrs. Burkholder, we had music to practice and for the Christmas concert. We had a dreadful outbreak of red measles with students taking turns being very ill and missing weeks of school. I thought it was a good idea to close the school but the board would not do so. Finally, Ada Marie got the measles and when I had to return to school, I can still hear her asking, why she had a mother?

Margaret Mork came and stayed with me and went to school as she had too far to travel in the cold weather.

I remember buying milk from Hills. The first time one of the boys didn't finish his work and was censored for it, he told me if that's the way things were done he wouldn't bring me any more milk. Result! - no milk and homework done. I also remember going to visit the Griffins for supper. The girls took me the longest way possible and did have a nice visit. Their folks were upset because I was walking and they insisted that I ride the girls horse back. I felt mean as they were only 8 and 9 and had to walk to school the next day.

I left at Easter and Lee and Peggy not only paid me the bonus but had us over for a chicken supper.

That August our son Richard was born. Jim was separating when he got the news and he stopped right in the middle of it, changed his clothes and rushed in to the Holy Cross Hospital to see us.

The school we attended and later Harriet and I each returned to teach there.

In those days the men helped each other thresh and the women helped each other with the cooking and dish washing. The work was strenuous but it was a jolly time. In our corner we celebrated Halloween, births and birthdays. If there was no particular reason to get together, we had a corner party.

Gladys Young, Olive Hughson, Muriel Bartholomew, Laura Oneil, Jane Wardrop. Margot Ericksmn. Front: Ethel Ireland, Jennie Young, Mae Hughson, Violet Young.

Lulu Young, Alex Ireland, Mary Ireland, Roy Ireland, Jennie, Mrs. Young, Ethel Ireland, Gladys, Violet and Harriet. 1932.

Some of my former students at the Graham School reunion - Aug. 1976.

Tom Lashmore, Barbara Coombes, Jim Oneil, John Pawson, Jim Coombes, Connie (Taks), Lucille Spence.

Students in front of teacherage at Graham School 1947-48 - Back row: Clifford Bergeson, Jim Oneil, Clarence Fenton, Tom Lashmore, Jim Coombes, Norman Young. Next: Jim Pawson, Jimmy Bergeson, Robert Bergeson, Carl Pedersen, David Lashmore. Girls: Marjorie Papke, Connie Taks, Barbara Wagner, Margaret Mork, Shirley Penner.

In 1950, we began a new house and by fall it was finished enough to move into. On Oct. 27, we had premature twin girls. The ladies from the Sewing Circle sent me a beautiful bouquet of red carnations and Chester Holbrook told me he expected us to have triplets the next year. We spent one night in Cremona and then due to Marion's health, we moved to Calgary for the winter. On Dec. 27, Roweena Anne passed away. In the spring, we returned to the farm but as Marian had bronchial asthma the next couple of years were anxious ones.

In 1952, I was requested to teach at Mount Hope School. There was no through road south and often the last two miles to the school were impassable by car. The kids and I lived in the teacherage and part of the year Margaret

Mrs. Marion Reid, Mrs. Van Haaften, B.B. Reid.
Mrs. Miller, Rev. Miller, Jim Lane.
June 1975. Sunday School picnic and Rev, H. Miller's retirement service.

Knapp babysat for me. I'd always enjoyed Halloween but there I was horrified. Pranksters (if you could call them that) threw coloured chalk all over the floor, then threw the students' books around. Then they put chickens in and left them for the weekend. What a filthy mess! Mrs. Copp offered to clean the school and I told the students they could go home but they chose to remain. The school was cleaned so we had school for part of the day.

I remember David Whitlow getting his head cut and bleeding profusely. I had to use a tea towel as a pad and he had to wear his cap to hold it on. When I'd gotten him cleaned up the kids were disappointed I hadn't fainted from the blood and given them the afternoon off.

When Mr. Crispo came to see us he got stuck just north of the school. Instead of life being difficult for everyone he visited the school and then I took him to the teacherage for tea. The Whitlow boys willingly went home for a tractor and the rest of the kids played ball.

One night we had a dance and the kids promised they'd come no matter what! It was muddy and rainy but they all came in horse drawn vehicles or riding. Duncan and Dib Waterstreet came and played for us. There was fun and laughter, plenty of food, and the dance went on until daylight so folks could travel easier.

These days I often hear about difficult junior high students. I must say the junior high students in all the schools I taught were responsible conscientious students with a zest for living. Thanks to Sheila Watt, I had a pianist at Mount Hope.

Due to poor crops, we moved to Calgary for a couple of years and stayed for the best part of fifteen. Jim was a postman and as we couldn't live on his $200 monthly salary I went back to teaching in 1957.

In 1969, we moved back to our farm and modernized our house, Marion attended Cremona High and graduated from Grade 12. She brought her classmates home for a graduation breakfast and Jim made them pancakes. Marion went on to other things and in 1974 she married John Gorczyca and now lives in Calgary.

Rick married Anne Krueger in 1970. In 1976, they and their family moved to Cremona. They bought a Westbrook teacherage and moved it on to the west side of the farm where they have a beautiful mountain view.

After attending U.A.C. Ada Marie went with C.U.S.O. to teach in Malaysia. In Dec. 1972, Jim and I went to Malaysia to her wedding., She married Jasbeer Dhillon in the Sikh temple. Then the four of us toured Malaysia, Thialand, and Singapore for three weeks. Ada Marie and Jas toured Europe and Asia for six months and then came to Canada. They and Jasmine now live in Calgary.

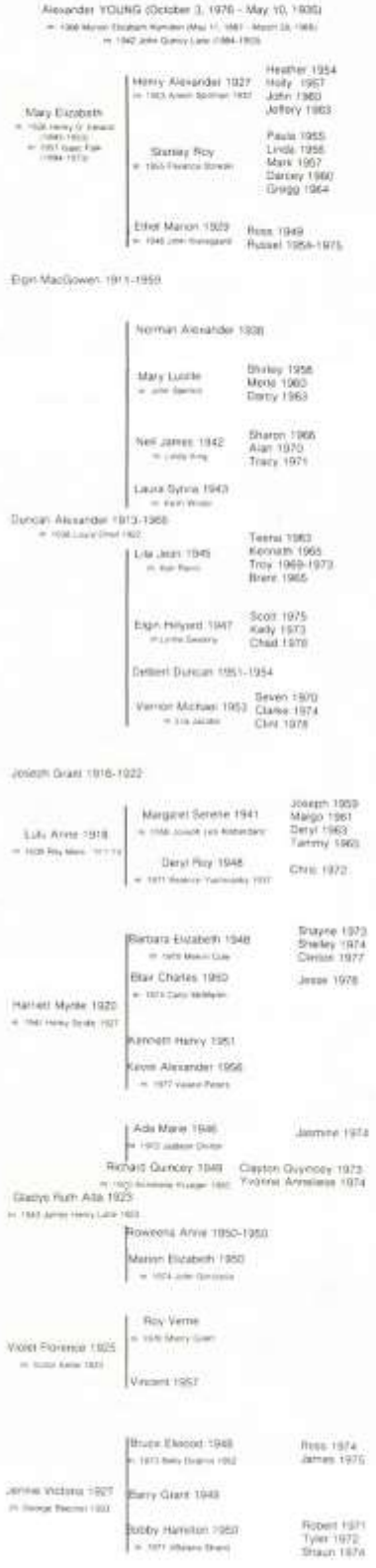
Christmas at our house is still a special time as our family all come home. It's like a little United Nations only we get on better. Anne is a German Lutheran, Jas an Indian Sikh and John a Polish Roman Catholic while the rest of us are United Church members.

Since returning to Cremona, I have taught at Westbrook School. One of the most common questions I hear is "Are you STILL teaching?"

This is a poem that I brought back from a church in Wales

Everytime I pass a church
I say a little prayer
So when at last I'm carried in
The Lord won't say, "Who is it?"

FAMILY TREE



1977. Jack Fry Clayton and Yvonne Lane.

Mom's 70th birthday celebration at Graham School. Mary Ireland, Mom, Duncan and Gladys Lane, Lulu Mork, Harriet Seidle, Jennie Beecher.

1951. Duncan and his sons in front of Roy and Lulu Morks log home at Cremona. Neil, Norman and Elgin, Duncan, Vernon and Delbert.

Elaine Myram, Lorraine Betts, Donna Fenton, Sheila Watts, Doreen McArthur, Maxine Wigg, Glenda Bates.

June Dugiud, Jackie Wiggs, Ada Marie Lane, Lily Bentz, Joyce Dugiud. Mount Hope School 1952-53.

David Whitlow, Walter Bentz, Martin Bentz, Brian Whitlow, Richard Myram, Glen Knapp, Jim Fenton, Michael Whitlow, Vair Whitlow, Kenny Wigg, George Betts, John Fenton.

Teacherage at Mount Hope.

Gladys, Ada Marie, Jas, Jim. Open House in the Cremona United Church Hall.

Just Married. Jas and Ada Marie outside the temple.

Part of Ada Marie and Jasbeer's wedding ceremony in the Sikh temple in Ipoh, Malaysia.

Celebrating my graduation from U.A.C. Mary, Lulu, Gladys, Violet, Jennie.

Laying the gas line across Lane's farm. 1970.

Marion and John Gorezyca at the shower put on for them by the Corner Folk.

THE LOUIS ZIMMERMAN STORY

By: Lucy Zimmerman

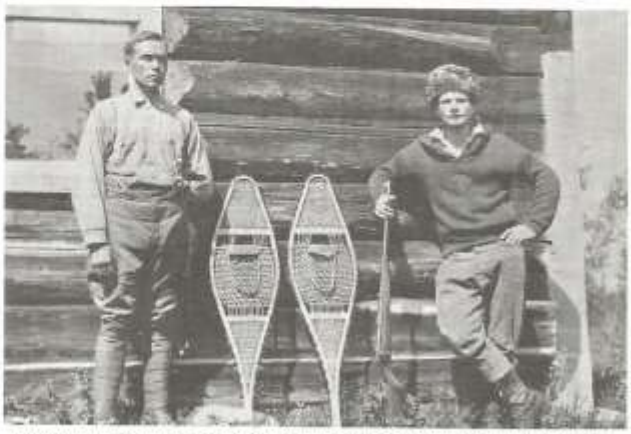
Louis Zimmerman must have been born with the call of the west in his blood. In 1919, at the age of 22 he left a comfortable home in West Etna, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and travelled west to Montana. At Willow Creek he met and became the partner of an old time trapper, Pete Wilson. And there, isolated from city life, and veritably in a different world, Lou was in his element trapping beaver and coyotes to pay for necessities. Hunting and fishing for pleasure and food. Living with nature and learning to cope with all her moods.

Before going west Lou had advertised for a trapping partner in a sports magazine. Among the many answers he received, including Pete Wilson's was a letter from Arthur Waterstreet of Big Prairie, Alberta, Canada. They corresponded, and in 1922 Lou came to Big Prairie. Lou had come home!! This was what he had always dreamed of. Art Waterstreet turned out to be the perfect partner. There was a mutual liking and respect. Mr. Waterstreet was a perfectionist in the art of trapping, and in most other ways too. A splendid cook, he had cooked in the Army during the First World War. Art was a solitary man, gentle and soft spoken, who like to be alone. Yet he enjoyed good company and conversation. He was well read and very much aware of all that was happening in the outside world. He and Lou not only became partners, but good friends, & that friendship was to last a lifetime.

When Lou joined Art, Mr. Waterstreet had a homestead north of the Graham School. The building still stands today, including the deep well that Art dug by hand, using

Art Waterstreet's homestead.

One of the five cabins.



Arthur Waterstreet and Louis Zimmerman at their homestead in Big Prairie.

a home made ladder to climb up and down the well, carrying the buckets full of dirt up to the top. Slow and painful work but the end results were well worth it. There were no roads in those days, just wagon trails, and trails beaten in by foot and horse. North of the homestead was wilderness, and it was miles north and west into the wilderness that Lou and Art ran their trap lines, packing their supplies in on their backs, and prepared to spend the long winter months in little log cabins, built at intervals along their trap lines. Each entirely on his own alone but never lonely.

Lou Zimmerman.

Lou at a winter trapping cabin.

Lou quickly made friends with the birds and animals that visited his cabin for handouts of scraps and crumbs. At night he would leave his door open and the flying squirrels would run into his cabin and warm their feet on his blankets. By the end of the trapping season the pelts would be piled high. Lou has pictures of the front of his cabin covered with fur pelts. Back at the homestead for the summer months life took on an easier pace - but still busy. Time was taken for trips to the Big Prairie Post Office and General Store, run by Uncle Binny, at that time, with Annie Pawson (then Annie Cartlidge) as his able assistant. Mail was picked up! Letters were mailed! And fresh supplies bought.

Time was taken out for the community picnic, and visits to their closest neighbors, the Tom Graham family. Lou would sit out doors on an evening playing his concertina. One of the young Graham lads heard him, and not knowing what it was ran home to tell his mother, "the trees are singing". These happy, busy years ended abruptly for Lou in 1929 when he was called back to Etna by the serious illness of his father. His father did not recover and Lou took over the care of his mother and their home. Thoughts of Canada and his trapline were put aside - but never forgotten.

During the war years, Lou worked in the heat of the roaring furnaces of a shell factory making ammunition for the guns of war. It was during those years, I met him. My brother, Frank worked in the same factory as a welder. Pittsbourgh was a major target for enemy bombers, so I did my bit for the war effort as an air raid warden. The year the war ended Lou's mother passed away. As soon as the estate was settled Lou made immediate plans to return to Canada and the wilderness he loved. So in 1946, he returned to Big Prairie.

In the meantime the Government had bought their traplines. So Art Waterstreet sold his homestead and bought 80 acres, 3 miles east of the Post Office, along the little Red Deer River. It was a lovely spot. With the river running below him, the beginning of the foothills of the Rockies across the river valley and south of him, And to the south west, the jutting peaks of the Canadian Rockies. The north third of his land was a flat wooded area at the top of the hill. The rest of it sloped down to the river, across and continued to the banks of a backwater at the foot of the hills.

Art built a large one room cabin at the top of the hill. The door faced west, and also overlooked a large field that ran east and west along his upper slope. With hard work and tender care he turned this field into a garden that was beyond belief. In the fall he spent weeks carrying fallen leaves and the mulch that collected under the trees to his garden. One often met him along the trail stooped over under the tremendous load he carried on his back. He used a mattress cover ticking that he stuffed with mulch and it looked almost as big as he was. He would spread the mulch on his garden in the fall, in the spring the earthworms would chew it and make a rich black soil. Art specialized in strawberries. People came from miles away to buy is lucious red fruit, some the size of a small tomato. He built his own crates, and packed each one carefully, discarding any berries that did not meet his high standards. Later, when I came upon the scene, I was grateful recipient of his delicious cast offs, and with good rich cream from Annie Pawson, I enjoyed a dish that was indeed fit for the Gods. His carrots, onions, big solid heads of lettuce, broad beans, cabbages, peas, etc. were perfection. Everyone vied for his potatoes. Some weighing one or more pounds, and each one perfect. No rotton centres in his potatoes.

Art welcomed Lou back to Big Prairie, glad of his companionship. Lou bought the 80 acres west of Art and Art gave him the 20 acres of river bottom below his house as Lou's share of the trapline Art had sold. Lou planned to ranch beaver, and he had the ideal spot for it with the two big beaver ponds across the river, below the hill on which he planned to build his house. Lou's acres were very similar to Art's in their layout. His field was much larger, and through the years has produced abundant crops of green feed and hay.

Lou picked the site for his house below this field overlooking the valley, and his beaver ponds. It was thickly treed, so Lou spent months clearing the land and preparing for his home. Wilbur and Hubert Papke built the house while Lou busied himself getting the ponds ready for beavers. First the acreage must be fenced. Long tedious days of cuttinjg and treating fence posts, fighting black flies and mosquitoes, while digging post holes and around beaver ponds. This called for special wire fences, and much ingenuity in successfully building barriers to the pond outlet to the river, that would keep the beavers from getting out. Electric fences were an added precaution.

By 1948, Lou had his home built and the beaver ranch government inspected and in operation. While Lou was building his home and beaver ranch my life was changing back in Pittsburgh. My brother, Victor, who served in the Navy during the war, mostly in the Pacific, returned home. He went back to his position with Westinghouse, and life became easier and happier. But not for long. Mother, who had been crippled with arthritis, and bedridden for many years left us in 1947. The following year Victor married a lovely girl who had waited for him during the war. When they returned from their honeymoon, Marge took over running our home and I was free to plan my own future. First

a job at Thoro-fare, a new supermarket in our neighborhood. I started as clerk, but was managing the produce department when I left in July of 1949. Lou and I had met in 1942 and we dated from then till he left for Canada. We kept in close touch through daily letters. When my mother died, Lou asked me to join him, but I needed time to recover from my mother's death, get my life organized and build a nest egg, so I worked for a year, saving most of my money, for I had a few expenses. Though I had grown up during the depression years our's was a happy active life with many friends and close family ties. I was accustomed to the conveniences of a modern life, the easy access to downtown shopping, the theatre, concerts, dances, etc. Most of all the close loving ties of family and friends. Could I leave all this? I could, for Lou had said that eventually we would return to Pennsylvania and he would build a beaver ranch there. That is, after he had successfully experimented with operating the one he had started in Canada.

Finally, on June 21, 1949, all official papers were taken care of, trunks shipped, three car loads full of family and friends escorted me downtown to Pennsylvania station, where amid tears and best wishes I embarked on the first legs of my journey. Accompanied by my good friend Dorothy McMurray, who had come from Chicago, just to travel back with me and give me as start on my journey. We arrived in Chicago early Friday morning and headed for the "College Inn" where the famous "Welcome Travellers" program was about to begin. Marge had sent for tickets to it, and insisted that I attend. So mostly to please her, I complied. There must have been hundreds of people sitting at the breakfast tables in the broadcast room. I filled out a questionnaire. When they found out I was coming to Canada to be married and live on a beaver ranch they were immediately interested, and I was chosen to take part in the program. In a daze I found myself up on the stage, before the microphone, talking to the Master of Ceremonies, and telling my story to the nation. The whole program was centered around me and Canada and the beaver ranch. I was given a lovely set of sterling silverware, service for six as a wedding present.

After seeing downtown Chicago, and lunching at a famous restaurant (courtesy of the "Welcome Travellers program), we took the elevated train to Dorothy's home in the suburbs. The following afternoon she and her three young daughters saw me off at the final stage of my journey. So I boarded the Canadian train, my next stop Calgary! It never occured to me, that my fellow passengers had heard the "Welcome Travellers" program the previous day, but they had. And were on the look out for the bride to be. Finally one elderly Scottish couple from Moose Jaw decided that I had to be the one, so they asked me. After recovering from the shock of realizing that people everywhere and especially from the train had heard me I reluctantly admitted it. I had kept pretty much to myself till then, but with my admission my privacy ended. Soon the news that I was aboard spread throughout the train, and for the next three days and two nights it took me to reach Calgary, I was not only the centre of attention, but the recipient of a lot of good natured kidding.

When the train reached Calgary, Monday morning July 25, the people poured from the train. Surrounding me and Lou, who was there to meet me. They wished us a lifetime of love and happiness, the only reason they did not throw rice was because the conductor could not find any in the dining room car, as I was regrettully told.

Lou and I were married that same day, at 8 o'clock in the evening in the Hillhurst United Church. There is no way I can describe the hectic day we had. Two strangers in a strange city trying to find our way to the different departments we had to visit, all at opposite ends of the city - or so it seemed! Finally the blood tests were taken, the marriage license obtained, the luggage passed through customs, and delivered to the York Hotel where we had booked rooms. The rings bought at Birks, and finally arrangements made to be married that evening. I fell in love with Calgary that day, and have loved it ever since. It had to be one of the most beautiful and friendliest cities in the world. It is young, clean and spread out with lovely homes and gardens. A wide open city with beautiful views where ever one looked. And above it all, blue skies with fleecy white clouds, and always on the western horizon, the snow covered peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

It took me a long time to get used to the sky on the horizon here. Back in Pittsburgh one had to look up between tall buildings to see the sky. It seemed so remote and far away. But here it is so close it become's part of one's life. Among the changes Lou had found when he returned to Big Prairie was a change in the Post Office. Uncle Binny had passed on. Annie, now married to Arthur Pawson, had become Post Mistress. She had moved the Post Office from the little lob cabin that Uncle Binny used to a large new house that not only contained the Post Office and General Store but spacious living quarters in the back. They had one child, a handsome lad named John. John was eleven the year I came to Big Prairie and we soon became good friends. John and his father were the first people I met from Big Prairie. Every Thursday, Mr. Pawson went to Calgary to pick up supplies for the store. Hauling not only supplies but the odd passenger back and forth. Lou had made arrangements for Art to pick us up at the York Hotel the Thursday following our wedding. This Thursday he had brought John along, so I had the pleasure of meeting him too.

With our luggage piled in the back of the truck we climbed into the front with Art and John. At last! I was on my way to Big Prairie! I do not remember much of the ride back here, the country side was so different and over it all that big dome of a sky. Although we talked all the way back, the only thing I remember was Mr. Pawson's amusement at Lou and me calling each other "Lou"! He thought it could get a mite confusing!

Annie Pawson was the third person I met from Big Prairie. Art brought us home through Water Valley, following the old road, up the hog's back, past the old Edie place and though I did not know it then, past Art Waterstreet's and our place, he continued straight through the lease land that Arthur Shantz quarter section, right to the Post Office. This road, I found later had at one time been the main road in Big Prairie, and the mail route to Water Valley. Now, with much better roads in existence it was overgrown and neglected. Mr. Pawson had promised Annie he would bring the bride straight to her. She and Art were the only ones who knew that Lou was getting married. She ironed Lou's shirt for the occasion. Annie became my dear and good friend that night, and has continued to be so through the years. Annie was a tall slender woman with a friendly smile. Her most expressive feature, was and still is her big and beautiful eyes. They would sparkle with humor and grow warm and soft with sympathy and flash sparks when an injustice was done. She cared for the people in this district and was a friend to everyone. The people brought their problems to her and were they legal, financial or otherwise, she listened, sympathized and tried to help.

Going for the mail twice a week was a pleasure. Where else could one pick up the mail, shop for groceries, and end up with a nice cup of tea, cookies, and a pleasant chat! This became my social life! And it was there that I met most of the people of the district. Leaving at dusk, with a pack strapped to my back, plus the mail bag (a large canvas bag) filled with mail and more groceries, slung over my left shoulder, and a willow cane in my right hand to help me balance myself and pry apart the lower strands of the barbed wire fences I had to crawl through. Dressed in pants and a pair of Lou's rugged boots, I tramped the three miles back home. Where was the city girl of a few months ago! I looked more native than the natives!

With my marriage I had stepped into another world. Time had turned back a hundred years, and I was living with just the basics of life as the settlers of this country

had. With just instant coffee, or a package of the instant soup I had shipped up in advance of my coming, for I had sent a huge crate of modern instant packaged food. The three room house Lou had built had not been finished on the inside. The floor was bare 2 X 4's, and rafters showing where the ceiling should have been. The house was sparsely furnished. A long wide shelf under the window for a table, with home made benches to sit on, a box nailed to the wall, that held 4 enamel plates and coffee mugs. A set of nickel plated knives, forks and spoons, a couple of pots, a tea kettle, old fashioned coffee pot and an old metal skillet. Close to the outside door was a shelf that held an enamel basin and two pails of water, and up against the cement blocked chimney was an old black iron wood stove, rusted in spots with age. With an oven where ashes sifted down from the fire box. This had been the "Edie" stove that Lou had bought for a couple of dollars at their auction. This old stove and I became good friends, between the two of us I learned to bake all the good things I was mising from home. Cream Puffs were my crowing achievement, along with crullers and buns of every variety. That is -- after I learned how to bake bread! I had baked pies, cakes and cookies back home, everything else was bought fresh from one of the near by bakeries.

The middle room consisted of a bed, a wooden kitchen chair, and an air tight heater. A shelf and a bench were under the windows, and perched on a rack in the corner was Lou's saddle. The back room was bare, except for Lou's two trunks. Spikes were nailed along the wall for clothes, groceries were on the floor in boxes, along with a 100 lb. bag of flour. Our plumbing was a little building in back of the house, and our water was carried from a spring in the back of the house and down the hill at the bottom of a gully. Even though Lou had told me what to expect I was appalled. It took me a lot of getting used to. Especially the lack of plumbing, electricity and refrigeration. Our only light was a little oil lamp. Oh yes, a wash board and a big galvanized tub were in the back room too. A little different from the Westinghouse washer I had left behind.

We were without a radio that first year. The Korean war was underway, before I knew it, though the letters flowed back and forth from home, no one had told me about the war. It was in 1950 that I bought a battery operated radio at Macleods. The battery was a long heavy box that cost $5.00 and was supposed to last six months. The first three months the reception was good, but from there on, it gradually faded to a whisper.

Getting back to my arrival in Big Prairie. It was dark by the time Mr. Pawson brought us home. I walked down the steep trail to our house for the first time. It was not till the next morning that I was able to see the rugged but beautiful wilderness in which the house was set. Trees to the east and west of the clearing. The big field stretching along the hillside to the north, and south down the hill, through a maze of bush and trees, the river. The hillside west of the house was covered with saskatoon bushes. They produced abundant berries for several years until a blight hit the bushes and killed them. It was that first morning I met "Snoopy our famous woodchuck. Being a jealous female she promptly bit through my finger when I fed her a piece of bread. But she soon accepted me and we became good friends. She was the first of the many little wildl creatures that gradually accepted me, learned to trust me and would accept food from my hand. With peanuts as bait, the little chipmunks would climb up into my lap, sit in my hand and fill their little pouches, while their big, black, trusting eyes looked steadily into mine, they listened intently as I talked softly to them.

Squirrels, flying squirrels, Canada jays, Blue jays, chick-adees, woodpeckers and all the summer birds came to our feeding stations, and were our friends. It was a busy little clearing we lived in, with our forest friends scurrying around, going about their business of collecting and storing food for the long cold winter months. All these little creatures were new and strange to me. The only animals I had ever seen were in a zoo.

Winter supply of firewood. 1946. Cut with a swede saw.

Lucy Zimmerman feeding "Snoopy".

Two weeks after my arrival in Big Prairie Lou and I were sitting at the table having finished our supper. Suddenly a loud clamor and shrieking was heard at the top of the hill. It increased in volume and it came closer. In the quiet of our clearing it sounded like a band of Indians on the war path! I had been feeling as if I were living in the 19th century -- but this was for real!! Lou, realiziang what it was just cautioned me to stay calm and accept events as they happened. Suddenly our house was filled with people. We were being charivaried by the people in the district. The word was foreign to me, but before the evening was over I well knew its meaning. It's a lovely word, and a lovely old fashioned custom that has been discontinued. I may have been the last bride charivaried back here. The noise turned out to be neighbors from miles around, coming to welcome me, and wishing us happiness. They brought along their own food and music. Our house was full to bursting! It was a lovely way to be welcomed to the community.

That first summer held many surprises for me. One in particular that I will never forget. I soon learned to find my way to the Post Office, and if Lou were busy I would go along. One afternoon I was swinging blithly along the path in the thick wooded area of the lease land, enjoying the day and the unusual activity of the squirrels and birds, with their chattering and chirping. To my ignorant ear there was nothing unusual about their clamour. I swung around a curve in the path -- and there coming towards me at the cause of their concern, a big, black bear!! It saw me at the same time as I saw it, and with a sudden swerve to its right, it dashed off the path and disappeared in the brush. I was numb with shock, but my legs kept moving, and as I passed the spot where he had disappeared - a grouse flew up - with a loud noise! As my heart reached my throat my feet flew off the ground too! I finally reached the Post Office, still scared, and poured out my story to all there. I hoped someone would offer to take me home, but I guess such a thought never crossed their minds. I was almost dusk before I had the courage to start back. That was the most frightening walk of my life. I was sure that bear was around every curve of the trail. He wasn't, and it was the only time I met a bear on the particular trail. Though I

must say that encounters with bears, both here and up at Banff were to haunt me in the years that followed.

By June of 1952, Lou's beaver ranch was proving to be a success, and he was negotiating a big sale of breeder stock. It was a rainy month. The third week of that month it rained seven days without stopping. The Little Red Deer River was soon at flood stage, overflowing its' banks, and before the week was ended the river was a raging torrent, reaching from the foot of our hill to the hills south of us. Never in the known history of the river had such a thing happened before. Lou and I stood up here at the window and watched the banks wash away. The river changed its course and soon was roaring through our biggest beaver pond.

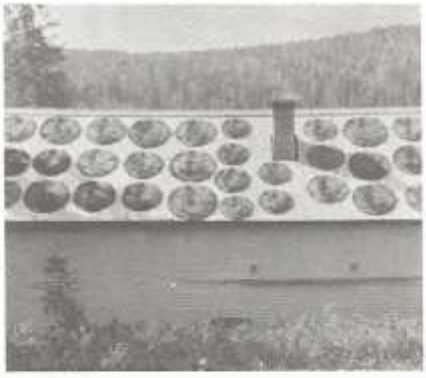
We watched poles and fences being twisted and torn away. The beaver were all swept away with the flood. We looked down upon the ruins of what had been a beaver ranch.

The following winter Lou trapped mink and beaver along the river to help meet expenses. In May of 1953 Lou began his long association with Banff National Park as Look-out warden. His duties started around the middle of May, and ended the last week of September. That first year I stayed here alone, but in May of 1954 I went with him. When I reached the look-out station on the top of Mt. Coleman I felt as if I had come home. I had been born in the mountains of West Virginia and the exaltation of those mountains was transferred to these beautiful, rugged Rockies.

I spent six summers at Banff. Three at Sunset Look-out Station on Mt. Coleman. This look-out was located 99 miles north-west of the town of Banff, along the Banff-Jasper Highway. The most beautiful scenic highway in the world!

The bridge to Water Valley, crossing the Little Red Deer River. This happened at the time of the flood of 1952 when our beaver ranch was swept away.

Lou at Sunset Look-out station, Banff National Park.



Beaver hides.

Lucy at Sunset Look out Station sign posted along the Banff-Jasper highway at the foot of Mt. Coleman.

Lucy with two beaver hides Lou had just stretched. 1951.

Lucy at Sunset Look out Station. That narrow white ribbon 500 feet below me is the Banff-Jasper highway. That railing is at the edge of the drop!

And three years at Tunnel Mt. Look-out Station, which over looks the town of Banff. It would take a book to tell of the many adventures I had in those six years, including my encounters with bears, but I must touch upon my last year at Tunnel Mt.

Louis Zimmerman at Tunnel Mtn. Look out Station over looking the town of Banff. 1966.

Our living quarters at the look out station. Notice that sign!

Lucy at Graveyard Cabin at the foot of Mt. Coleman.

Lou and Lucy. This is where I had my most dangerous encounters with bears.

Louis Zimmerman.

Ernie Sundholm, Louis Zimmerman, Max Graham.

.lert and Betty Rowe, who took our place at Sunset Look-out station when we moved to Tunnel Mt. Look-out Station. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe were former residents of Big Prairie, living two miles north of us. North west of Mel Johnson.

It was in July of that year, 1959, that Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip came to Banff. They were to make an appearance at the School of Fine Arts. So armed with my Lica camera I went down the mountain and walked to the school. I joined a group of school photographers stationed on a bank directly above the driveway where the Queen's party were to arrive. The professor kindly adjusted my camera in accordance with his light meters reading. I was too excited to used my own meter and I did want the slides to be perfect! It was a glorious day! The air was crystal clear, and everything was in sharp outline. It seemed as though you could reach out and touch the mountains. The sky was a deep blue, with white fleecy clouds emphasizing the blue. Nature had outdone man in her welcome to the Queen. The great moment finally arrived, and her car stopped right below us. They were like a couple out of a fairy tale. He tall, tanned, and handsome! She dainty, graceful and beautiful. No picture does her justice. "Start snapping!" the good professor called. So, I along with his pupils obeyed him. "Keep snapping!", he called again and again,

while she bent down to put on her slippers, alighted gracefully from the car, and was greeted by dignitaries. We kept snapping while she crossed the driveway, mounted the steps to the balcony above, where she was serenaded by the school's orchestra, and finally entered the building. Everyone was enchanted by her. It was an exalted feeling, and it did not leave me as I walked down to the main street of Banff. I handed in my film at the camera shop and put a fresh roll in my camera. After paying a visit to friends in a dress shop - and sharing my exuberance with them, wondered along the street taking pictures at random. I got some excellent shots of the old fire hall, and other buildings, all Tudor style, they were soon to vanish and be replaced by brick and glass boxes.

Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip at Banff School of Fine Arts. July 1959.

The Queen and I were to have much more in common than I realized that day. She was two months pregnant, and I, after ten fruitless years of marriage, became pregnant after her visit. I'm sure she brought me luck. Her son Andrew, was born February 19, 1960, and my son, Louis Victor was born April 19, 1960.

Up till then my marriage had been 10 years of fun and adventure, but having a son was the crowning glory of my life.

Lucy with son Louis Victor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Coombes with daughter Rosemary and baby Louis Zimmerman.

Again my life changed completely. No more summers At Banff, Louis Victor and I stayed home. During those seven summers that my son and I were here alone we had many adventures, including more with bears. We would not have survived with out the constant kindness of our good friends, Florence and Ted Coombes, who were Louis Victor's god parents. It was Mr. Coombes and his son, Erle who put in the hose from the fountain head of our spring at the top of the hill down past our door. That was when Louis Victor was just three weeks old. His father had left for Banff, and I was here alone with a young baby and no water. I was not physically able to carry it from the spring down in the gully behind our house.

Coming forward to the present day for a minute! I must finishthis narrative soon if I amto meet the deadline. I had planned to finish it today, but the house is rapdily chilling, and it's too cold to write in comfort.

Where else, but in this wonderful unpredictable country could my comfort be effected, my privilege to watch an important conference be curtailed, and a community be brought to a standstill -- because miles away -- a barn is being moved!! The power lines must be cut to permit the barn to pass under them. And since the electricity controls the thermostat to our gas furnaces there is no heat, and in some cases no water, and the T.V. stops in the middle of a first ministers conference.

Gone is the old wood cook stove, and the oil lamps, the kerosene operated refrigerator, and battery powered radio. Instead there is electric for lights and cooking, gas for heating, and T.V. for entertainment. And the moving of a barn can stop it all! I guess a lot can be said for the good old days!

That first summer alone here with my baby was a challenge, and with the help of good neighbors, I coped. That summer and the next one our clearing was a wilderness. No place for little feet to toddle, so the folowing year I got busy with a mattock, broke sod and cleared a small patch in the north-west corner for a small garden. I also used the mattock to dig out rose bushes and thistles through out the clearing. Mr. Coombes loaned me a hand operated lawn mower so I could cut the grass. Gradually I got the clearing in order, with a lawn for Louis to play on. A small vegetable and flower garden to help pass the time away, and even a compost heap for future use. I dug a small pond just south of the house where the hose ended, then collected rocks and stones and built a small waterfall. Thus adding the peaceful tinkle and splash of water to our little clearing. We practically lived outdoors during those summer months. When Louis was five he started to show all the symptoms of diabetes. I did not know what it was at that time for the very word was foreign to me. His doctor called his illness a virus and kept prescribing antibiotics, at last I took in a sample of urine and insisted that he test it. To the shock of all of us he discovered that Louis was a diabetic. The doctor had not treated a diabetic child in all the years of his practice. So after a week of trying at the Didsbury Hospital he sent Louis to the Holy Cross, under the care of a specialist. I stayed in Calgary with friends who lived close to the hospital. I was at the hospital with Louis from early in the morning until his bedtime at night. I spent my time studying the Diabetic Manual, and learning how to take care of Louis. The doctor was fearful of me taking Louis back to such an isolated place. A phone had to be installed before I could take Louis home. When the doctor was finally satisfied that I could take care of Louis I was permitted to bring him home. Among the many changes that were necessary then was an absolute need for refrigeration for Louis's insulin. I was fortunate in being able to buy a kerosene refrigerator from Mr. and Mrs. Coombes.

Through the years, by constant vigilance, and never permitting myself to relax, even for a minute, the daily care that is needed to keep a diabetic's condition controlled, I have succeeded in raising a healthy young man. Louis has learned all the hard lessons of discipline and self control that is necessary for a diabetic to lead a healthy

Lucy and her kerosene refrigerator.

Louis with one of the nature lamps he makes.
He has sold several.

life, especially while living along. Which is precisely what Louis is doing today. He has his own apartment in Calgary in the home of a friend, where they share all the fun and frustrations of being on their own They are attending the University of Calgary. Louis is majoring in Physics. With computer science and archaeology as options. He hopes to eventually get his doctorate in physicsand go into research. Louis has always had an intensive interest in everyting related to the universe. His interests have ranged from the stars, and the future of the world in space, to the digging into the past - to the beginning of our world.

And as I nurtured and cared for his body, I did the same thing for his mind. From the entire set of the "Books of Knowledge", which I bought for him when he was two and read aloud to him until he could read them himself. All the children's classics, including the nature stories by Thornton Burgess, up to his last set of scientific encyclopedias which I bought two years ago. One wall of his bedroom is lined from floor to ceiling with books. He must have over 500 in his collection. Electronics and rocketry are two of his many interests. For years he has bought text books and studied electronics on his own. He formed the local rocket club. The meetings were held here & the launchings, some attended by his teachers, were held at various fields throughout the district.

I know I have written much more than I should have. It was just to be an article for a book that is being put out about the Cremona district, but there is no way I could have written this in less words. I have omitted much more that I have written.

Lou will be 82 in March, is still active and running a trap line along the river. Louis Victor is completing his first semester in University. And I'm sitting here, with time on my hands, and an inclination to write, but I can not get too absorbed in the past, there is too much in the present and future to hold my interest. I have come a long way! From a husband who's desires were to live the simple life of the pioneer, to a son who reaches forth through science, to the stars and the universe.

Florence Coombes, Louis Victor, and Ted Coombes with Lou sitting at the far end.

Florence Coombes, Annie Pawson, Art Pawson and Ted Coombes, Louis V., and Donna Pawson. 1967.

PART II

SCHOOL DAYS

THE HISTORY OF ATKINS SCHOOL, DISTRICT NO. 1136

By: Mrs. E. vanHaaften 1963

When the Senior Citizens awards were passed out in 1955, it was indeed a great oversight that one was not given to our little school of Atkins for it came into being the same year that Alberta became a province. The British Isles were still adjusting themselves to a new era, following the long reign of Queen Victoria and "Corn Paul" was the villain, and Kitchener of Boer War fame, the hero of history. This district, known at that time only as "homestead land west of Carstairs", had been filling up with settlers from 1903 and it was the fall of 1904 that it was thought there were enough school-age children to make application to the government to form a school district and build a school house. A meeting was called and the heads of families, men only, women weren't consulted much in those days and had no vote anyway.

The building site was chosen on what was believed to be the south-west corner of harry Atkin's land, but turned out to be on the south-east corner of Jack McLean's. (Afterward Charlie Reids) No one quite knew how it got the name "Atkins" Mr. Crow and his son Bill rode into our place one day and told us that was to be it's name as Harry was one of the earliest settlers here. I believe the idea was that he would donate the land, but Mr. McLean did just that anyway. It was built just west of where the county buildings now stand. Country schools were all about the same so very little planning had to be done. Two doors in the south end, opening into two cloak rooms. A brick chimney supported on pillars seven feet from the floor in the north end. A small box stove, placed just inside and between the cloak room doors, with stove pipe running the full length of the extremely high ceiling, was our only heat for many years. Three or four long windows were in the east and west sides, with a cross-light now considered disastrous to eyesight.

From personal experience with many of these early year pupils none of us wore glasses until in our early fifties and one or two wear them only for reading till this date. Mr. Radd, a carpenter, superintended the building, and Mr Mork, father of Roy, helped in putting in doors and windows. These men may have been paid a small sum, but they did a lot of volunteer work. There were gravel hauling bees and cement pouring bees for the foundation. Lumber was hauled from the James and Otterbyne mill, over Big Prairie way, I believe. Shingles for the high-pitched roof were brought from Carstairs. That trip usually took two days then. It must have been very slow work, all by man and horse power, and there were no roads of any kind. All this was volunteer, and in Sept. of 1905 the first day of school was held in the second school built wast of Carstairs. No ceremony of any kind noted this opening. Word got around to most families that there was a teacher and most of us, perhaps twenty-five turned up. Some of these children never came back after their first curiosity was satisfied.

Our first teacher was a Mr. McLaughlin who rode every day from his homestead. I believe it was north of where Phil Foat now lives. He was always on time in the morning, put in the full hours, and left immediately school closed. He likely had lots of work at home, but never came to school in anything but near suit and white shirt. He wore a derby hat, which was not nearly as funny then as it would be now. Mr. Morris was our next teacher and I believe he boarded in the district. Many of those following in the ten years after school opening, I have forgotten, but a few stand out in my memory. Miss Boddington, an English spinster, a good teacher who insisted on her pupils having the school room deportment of an English school. She probably did a great deal to improve our manners. She boarded at Spences. A Miss Howard, an Eastern woman was another I remember with fondness. She boarded with us as we had acquired an extra pony at the time, she rode to school. The poor woman had never been on a horse before, and I have often thought since of the misery she must have put in riding those five miles every day in all kinds of weather. She was a good sport, though, and a fine person.

The late Mr. E. Reid taught for several years, as did his father, Mr. Joseph Reid. My last teacher, and the one under whom I took my final exams, was a Miss Smith. She taught in Edmonton for many years, and last we heard had retired there. All honor to those of the early days, without proper equipment and often under very uncomfortable conditions, they worked hard to instill a love of learning into their pupils. To make their task more dificult, was that many children attended only in good weather. The building was always cold in the morning, poorly finished by today's standards. Sanitation noted only by its absence. For many years we did not even have water to drink, let alone wash with, and an old deal table was the teacher's desk. The pupils desks were home-made double benches so two pupils sat together. Later on we got proper desks and a well was dug. This well was never properly cased so mice and gophers falling in made it useless, In my time we did not have a piano.

This was purchased later by the efforts of the women of the community, as were most of the articles, "such as blinds for those awful windows," to make our school more pleasant. They also scrubbed the plain board floor and did any other cleaning that was done. As my memory goes back to those days, I wonder how the teachers stood it. There were no books, with the exception of a few old Ontario readers and one or two geography and history books. As I mentioned, there was no desk, no dictionary, no globe, not even a hand bell at first. We had no scribblers and fountain pens were still waiting to be invented, or at any rate they were not in general use. We used slates and were those slate pencils ever cold on our fingers in the winter mornings. Our lunches were carried in three or five pound lard or syrup pails, wrapped in white linen napkins or sugar sacks. They were always frozen in winter time and often didn't thaw out by noon. Most of us walked those first years, later on quiet horses, that didn 't mind carrying double or even triple were obtained, and as roads were not improved, an old buggy was often used to transport

families. Our own "Old John", a very good saddle pony retired by Bill Graham, carried him and me through what is now McBrides' woods, for many years, as did "Donald" a pretty gelding carrying the Watt children. Henry Engle walked from where Virgil Burkholder now lives, I wish he could come back now and see these comfortable buses go by his old home! The Parsons boys always walked, as did the Crow and Pepperdine children.

The school house was the centre of community life at the beginning of the century. In it meetings, church, dances and socials of all kinds were held. The first event in our school was the wedding of Liola McVicar and Charlie Cambell. Even the home they lived in is gone now. The annual Christmas concert was the social event of the year. During the week or ten days before Christmas people used to travel to every school they could possibly reach to enjoy, and take part in the program. No one would want to go back to those old days, yet they hold many happy memories. Those long walks to and from school may have been hard in winter, but in summer they were pure delight. Coveys of prairie chicken and grouse were far more plentiful then crows and magpies are now, and we often watched them feeding on the chicken berry and saskatoons which were plentiful then. Much land, now sown down to hay, was lake or slough, then, and ducks were plentiful all summer. The willow and poplar were fresh green. There were no tent caterpillars, web beetles, D.D.T. to spoil their beauty! It probably wasn't as profitable a country to live in then, but very nice for carefree children. If my memory serves John Stevenson and I were the first graduates of what is now Cremona School. Mr. J. Reid gave me my public school, but we had to go to Carstairs and stay a week to get our entrance. None of these early pupils achieved any particular distinction, other than being good citizens. Neither did any bring disgrace on themselves. Some served in the first great war. One at least, never returned. Taken as a whole, we were an average district with average pupils for those days, and I am glad to have been a part of it. We should sometimes pause in our present hectic life and look back with gratitude to those early pioneers of this district, who by hard labor and often great personal sacrifice, laid so well and true, the foundation of our present Cremona School. A school that can proudly take its place with the best in the country. The following is a list of some of the teachers and pupils attending the first school during the 1905 - 1925 period.

Pupils	Pupils	Teachers
Clifford Kelsey	Lizzie Steel	Mr. McLennan
Luella Kelsey	Sadie Steel	Miss Cowan
Glena Kelsey	Bertha Steel	Mr. E.J. Reid
Henry Engle	Jimmy Steel	Miss Mitchell
Charlie Bahannon	Roda McVicar	Miss Smart
Olga Radd	Benny Crow	Mr. Cambell
Jim Brown	Nelie Crow	Miss Zinc
Vincent Brown	Nettie Crow	Mr. Grant
Billy Watt	Annie Pepperdine	Miss Cashman
Mary Watt	Joe Pepperdine	Mr. Turner
Dora Watt	Ethel Pepperdine	Miss King
Dan Parsons	Elsie Tyson	Miss Foxwell
Lake Parsons	Elenor Tyson	Miss Boddington
Charlie McGoon	Mildred Tyson	Mr. Joe Reid
Vera McGoon	Boulter Reid	Mr. McLaughlin
Justeen Brown	Augustus Reid	Miss Howard
		Mr. Morris

ATKINS SCHOOL FROM 1933

By: Lorna Gano 1963

It seems as though, when reminiscing one always remembers the rosy parts of one's life, and the farther back we have to look the rosier they appear. I will try however, to give as factual an account as possible of my days at Atkins School. To say they were different from those of today would be a gross understatement. Our school presently the main body of Mr. Bob Spillman's garage, was situated on the top of the hill, just west of the present Municipal Garage. Mr. Ben McBain was my first teacher and not until many years later, did I realize how much time, planning, effort and just plain hard work must have gone into Ben's days. He had a full eight grades and for several years following my entrance, rarely had fewer than 40 children.

Ben lived at home, and fortunately for myself, my sister, Hazel, and Margaret and Irene Whitlow, drove an old Model T, to which we four owed our first years transportation. When the roads were impassable, as they so often were with no gravel, Ben boarded in a bunk house at the school. To compensate for this load, Ben made about one fifth of a beginning teacher's present salary. After my first year we got a pony, and from then to the end of Grade 12, this was the means by which most of us travelled. It was a very common sight to see a dozen or more school children from the same direction all galloping at break neck speed down the road, to prove he had a better pony - and believe me we all thought we had. Many of our school ponies travelled across Canada several times in their school life. Buses are fast - buses are efficient, but have you tried doddling along a rose scented back road, picking wild saskatoons, or watching the mad rush of an early spring thaw go roaring down a ditch - from the seat of a bus?

We will not dwell upon the winters except to say that many of us were mighty glad to be riding double when the temperature dropped to 10 below, and many were the times we rubbed noses, cheeks,and hands and feet to get the frost out after going to or coming from school. After Ben McBain, came Miss June Smith, a lovely girl from Calgary, who boarded with Mrs. Orton in Cremona and at Mrs. Spences'. June walked so far in high gum boots (it rained a lot then too) that she developed fallen arches. She is now married and lives in Vancouver. Lorna Beales took over in my seventh year. Our number had decreased considerably by this time, and instead of choosing sides to play ball, we played Scrub - a rather watered down form of baseball, needing only as many players as were handy. The smaller children, of course, became constant fielders, but they got their chance later on. Grade 8-the year 1941-42, was rather a headache to entice good teachers, consequently, during my eighth year, we had eight different teachers. Mrs. Myrtle Robinson, Mrs. Tronnes, Mrs. Crystaland, and Miss Lewko are some I can remember, and it was during this year that Mrs. Jake Wiebe, then Pat Earle, did her practice teaching at the Atkins. Mr. Crispo was the Inspector throughout my entire eight years at Atkins, and although I am now certain that a good scare was just what most of us needed many's the time hearts were hammering and tears were flowing after Mr. Crispos' visits.

At this time, with the Olds' Track Meet so much in our minds, I would like to give a brief account of our Local Sports Day, twenty odd years ago. To us, of course, it was the highlight of the year. Then as now our noons and recesses were filled with jumping rope, and running races. It started with a big Parade through the streets of Cremona, in which the schools of the district, Byron, Elmwood, Big Prairie, Fallen Timber, Atkins and others took part. Our mothers spent days dying and sewing flour sacks so we might parade in a glory of red, white and blue slacks, shirts and pill box hats. Our leader, with a toy drum, beat time, and woe betide anyone who couldn't keep time marching. On arrival at the sports field, each team would vie for points in a display of precision drill. Then came the sports events which took up the afternoon. Small prizes of ribbons or nickels were awarded and when all marks for costuming, precision and prowess in sports were totalled, the lucky school with highest marks went home with its name inscribed in a beautiful shield, awarded by the Kiwanis Club of Calgary, of which Mr. Van Haaften was local representative. Atkins took more than its share,

was finally given the shield as a permanent possession. Time makes changes. From the ranks of Old Atkins, I can think of none who have as yet, acquired any great fame or any great shame. Many married and settled in the District, some carried on in their teacher's footsteps - Rachel Redfield, Pat Earle, Marqueicite Billo and myself. Paul Redfield is in the Airforce in France. Hazel Van Haaften took a secretarial course in Calgary. Lawrence Hewitt is in the Canadian Armed Forces. Joyce Fry a nurse then, is married and lived in Germany. There are storekeepers, garage men, clerks, farmers, and businessmen. There are many about whom I know nothing, and I apologize for the omissions. Prhaps we did not get the attention, supervision or opportunities of the modern child, but we did get self reliance, and a feeling of responsibility, as good an education as our overworked teachers could provide, and as I mentioned before - a whole bus load of happy memories.

Martha Bruner on left, teacher at Old Cremona High. Peggy O'Neil on right, teacher at Atkins,School and prepared for a masquerade.

THE BIG PRAIRIE SCHOOL

The Big Prairie School house was built in 1911. It is believed to have been built by a Mr. Cavassa and/or Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Bahm built the barn, hand hewn and fastened with wooden pins rather than spikes. The building is still in excellent condition and in use on Bill Graham's farmstead.

The teacherage was moved onto the school grounds by Mr. Harvey McBee, hauled by truck from Skunk Hollow. The Big Prairie school house was bought by the people of the community, when the school board no longer needed it. With some major renovations, it is now the community hall. Ernie Whitlow bought the teacherage, moved it south of Cremona to his land, and still lives in it.

The school teachers:

Mr. Jarvis
Mr. Joseph Reid
Mr. Turner
Miss Greenwood
Miss Spicer
Pearl Bunker
Miss Hawkins 1919
Miss Campbell
Mrs. Bellamy
Mr. Aubrey Simms
Mrs. Sylvester
Archic McLachlan
Miss Violet Stewart 1929
Miss Grace Coates 1930
Mr. Fullerton
Miss Bessie Snyder 1932
Miss Sarks
Miss Doris Marry (Mr. Bill Dinsey)
Miss Luko 1942
Mrs. Tronnes
Mrs. Frizzell
Marion Stodalka 1946
Bill Gibson (Corres. super.)
Alan Holmes (May & June, regular teacher)
Miss Pat Duffy 1947-48
Gladys Lane 1948-49
Gordon Gilson
Hugh Dunlop 1950-51
Eileen Dagerford
Lois Charlton
Janet Bardgett & Betty Casebeer (same year)
Mrs. Wigmore (teaching when school closed in 1954)

Miss Alice Bunker who taught Bituma, Big Prairie and Elkton from 1915 to 1920.

Some of the early pupils at Big Prairie were: Dinzey - Jean, Rosemary, John. Bracken - Lloyd, Bill, Cameron, Lynden, and Alberta; Smith - Freda, Cecil, George; Bracken - Charles, Ethel, Lora, and Hazel; Snowden - Kathlene; Bonham - David, Robert, Wallace and Myrtle; Dunninghams - Pat, Raymond, Thelma; Rigsby - Gerald, Elwood, Neil, Eileen and Norma; Hunt - Frances, Emily, Jimmy and Jean; Olsen - Gladys and Creola; Waterstreet - Dorothy and Rhonda.

Big Prairie School - Right to left - Mr. Fulerton, Wallace Bonham, David Bonham, Cameron Bracken, Bill Bracken, Violet Bouck, Ruth Bouck, Frances Graham, Ethel and Lorna Bracken.

1948. Big Prairie School - Far Back - Bob Burkholder, Roy Hill, Berit Erickson, Harold Wilson, Back: Clarence Coleman, Audrey Parkhurst (Mrs. Gerald Rigsby), Donald Bouck, Jean Bouck (Mrs. Ken Umbach), Alma Bouck (Mrs. Ray Charlton), Alice Coleman (Mrs. Bob Whitlow), Mae Adams (Mrs. Alfred Scott), Leona Bouck (Mrs. Bill Spence), Phyllis Bouck, (Mrs. John Larson). Next Row: Lawrence Hill, Marjorie Bouck (Mrs. Curzon), Bruce Bouck, Jerry Duffy, Jim Bouck, Evelyn Bouck (Mrs. Morris Wardrop). Front Corner: Sylvia Griffin (Mrs. Steer), Marjorie Griffin (Mrs. Frank Riddle), Jerry Burkholder.

Cleo Parkhurst's Birthday Party 1944. - Far Back: Norma Rigsby. Next Row: Viola Coleman, Berit Erickson, Cleo Parkhurst, Jean Bouck. Front: Alice Coleman, Donna Maynes, Loleta Coleman, Leona Bouck.

At the River 1948. - Back: Berit Erickson, Cleo Parkhurst. 2nd Row: Audrey Parkhurst, Loleta Coleman, Lois Parkhurst, Alice Coleman, Boys: Clinton Coleman, Jim Viney, Harold Hill. *Jim Viney was drowned at Buffalo Lake 1953.

The Weston Bouck Girls 1950 - Marjorie, Phyllis, Evelyn and Beverly.

The first school bus for the Big Prairie district was a car, driven by Bill Moncey in the fall of 1955. Some of the pupils who were bused to Cremona were: Lucille Young, Sharon Blain, Barbara Wagner, Anita Moncey, Bud and Janet Crosby.

BITUMA SCHOOL

This school was opened in 1915. The first teacher was Miss Bunker. It is believed Walter May attended this school the first year it was open. School is now a private dwelling.

Bituma School - Back: Shirley Frizzell, Alice Sailor, Peggy Croft, Jean Oldfield, Mildred Foster, Charles Burrell. Centre: Vivian Evans, Jackie Croft, Morris Gunderson, Kathlene Foster, Dave Evans, Front: Helen Sundholm, Jim Laveck, Ethel Evans, Leo Foster, Loretta Laveck, Evelyn Sundholm, Clayton Sailor.

1948-49 - Back: Teacher - Joe Scalers, Evelyn Sundholm (Friesen), Helen Cullems, Helen Sundholm (Rothery), Twilla Sturgeon (Taks), Elma Sturgeon. Next Row: Jessie Croft, Wally Gunderson, David Oldfield, Allan Foster, Shirley Sundholm. Front: Dave Gunderson, Doug Oldfield, Ronnie Olson, Peter Gunderson.

The Bituma School 1978. - This school was opened in 1915. The first teacher was Miss Bunker. It is believed Walter May attended this school the first year it was open. School is now a private dwelling.

BYRON SCHOOL

The teachers at the Byron school were: Myrtle Nettrouyer, Mrs. Ab Borton, Miss Laidau and Victor Reid (same year), Miss Muriel Archer, Arthur Sketchly, Miss Sinclair, Mrs. Morrow (last 3 in same year), Elsie McLaughlin, Miss Martha Brunner, Reana Edwards, Miss Florence McKay, Ann Grukler, Miss Comfort, Eileen Aman (correspondence lessons in war time), Jennie Mahood, Mrs. Grace Bennett.

Byron School kids 1925-26 - Left far back: Bennie Waterman, Boys Louis Steffler, Milo Burnett, Earl Lewis, Sydney Foat. In Centre: Williard Bandrop, Wayne Foat, Thelma Waterman, Myrtle Lewis. Girls in front: Muriam Harder, Barbara Steffler, Betty Anderson, Goldie Foat, Cecil Lewis, Mary Steffler, Cora Foat, Bernice Waterman, Margaret Harder, Mary Nelle Alexander. Teacher - Miss Archer.

The Byron School Kids - Helen Foat, Adair Odell, Fred Hickey, Bendena Bales, Kathlene Bales, Eva Harder, Joyce Odell, Jerry Foat, Warren Reid, Harley Foat, Ronnie Foat, John Spence, Bales.

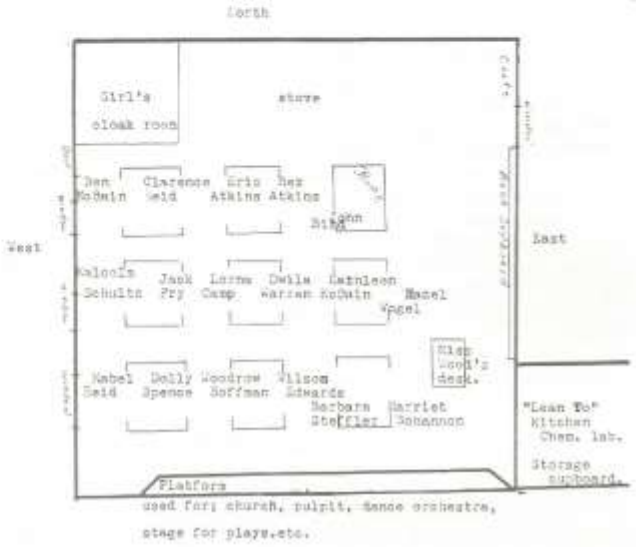
Byron School was located four miles east and one mile south of Cremona. Across from Rod Holbrook's and now on Charlie Bird land.

CREMONA SCHOOL

The old Cheese Factory (school) about 1929.

The cheese factory was built by Swifts. Ralph Slipp (father of Len Slipp, Didsbury - druggist), had a packing plant in New Brusnwick and came west, his first job was desk clerk at Banff Springs Hotel. he was later hired by Swifts to run the cheese factory as he had previous experience in cheese making. He operated here about 3 years, then opened a cheese factory at Elkton and later at Trochu.

The teachers at the cheese factory school were: Miss Wood, Miss Brunner, Mr. Springbet, Mr. Bob Reid, Miss Wood (same as above), Miss Eileen Pearson, Mr. Bob Reid (as above.)



Pupils at the school in 1929 - Left to right: Bud McBain, Wilfred Bohannon, George Mork, Rex Atkins, John Bird, Clarence Reid, Eric Atkins, Miriam Harder (Taylor), Alice Reid, (Bird), Mabel Reid (Colwell), Dwila Warren (Reid), Lorna Camp.

GETTING AN EDUCATION IN RURAL ALBERTA

By: Mrs. Fritz Backstom 1944

The Cremona community in the Calgary district of Southern Alberta has a cheese factory which is unique in that it turns out High School students instead of the usual product of cheese factories. And here's how it came about.

Away back before the century reached its 'teens, some long forgotten gentleman erected a building near the country post-office of Cremona, to be used as a cheese factory. The venture was shortlived for the country was sparsely settled then and when the necessary volume of milk was not forthcoming the project died a lingering death.

For several years thereafter it stood idle, then was cleaned, a new floor put in, and served for many years as a dance hall. When the building showed signs, like the one-hoss shay, of going to pieces all at once, under the feet of too-lively dancers, the walls were braced with heavy iron rods. It was finally condemned as unsafe for that purpose, and stood idle again.

During the depression years of the late twenties, many country boys and girls were finishing public school who were unable to continue their education, since then, as now, the High Schools were all in the towns. This situation has always presented a problem in rural areas since suitable boarding places are not always available even when funds are.

Someone suggested using the old cheese factory for a High School. The idea caught on, and chairs & tables were procured to be used as desks.

When the new school opened, some 25 pupils were enrolled, some just out of public school, others who had worked at home for a year or two.

On foot and on horseback, they came, on bicycles, in buggies and in sleighs.

Year after year the attendance keeps up and many a city parent might well be amazed at the real hardship some of these country children endured to continue their education, some travelling eight to ten miles night and morning, which in a school year mounts to thousands of miles.

Poorly equipped, cold and drafty in winter though it is, the youngsters enjoy school life and have developed quite a school spirit.

A reunion is held every year between Christmas and New Years when many of the "Old Boys" are home on holidays. Each year a different Master of Ceremonies is chosen, with games and refreshment committee to assist.

The first boys and girls are scattered far and wide now, some married, some nursing or teaching, one recently ordained, many more in all branches of the Service. Cremona High can be proud of them all.

SCHOOL DAYS

By: Ben J. McBain 1963

For the Cremona Green and Gold paper; Such a paper has long been the dream of those of us who attended that never to be forgotten first year of Cremona High School in 1928-29. Now to my task of supplying so data of the opening year of the High School. The High School was first opened at Old Cremona in a building used for many years as a Community Hall after being originally built for a cheese factory. I well remember playing in it after the factory closed down and before the cheese vats and equipment were removed. At that time my parents ran the Cremona General Store. The equipment for the High School was so meagre that you will scarcely believe me in the light of todays standards. However, the eagerness and enthusiasm of all 17 attending that first year made up for the humble facilities. We were most fortunate to have such a scolarly and conscientious teacher in the person of Miss Woods, who taught all the subjects from grade nine to eleven with French and Latin thrown in. Miss Woods is now teaching French in a large Edmonton school. Here 17 of us sat two to a table, which was made from shiplap lumber, our books piled high in the centre. Grades IX, X and XI with a couple of us being tutored in some grade XII subjects after school. Now you see what I mean by saying miracles were accomplished by the will of the students lead by a superior teacher.

It is interesting to note that out of our little group who attended the opening year of the High School, two went on to University, two to technical school and eight to normal school to become teachers. The bonds of fellowship were very real under these rugged and Spartan conditions for study. Since we were an isolated group there was no chance for school sports. Nevertheless, there was some extra curricular activity in one form or another. One good illustration of mans adaptability, or is it womens, was to see the girls playing football with the boys so that there would be players enough to make up a team. Another exciting sport, deemed almost too dangerous by our elders, was our toboggan that Clarence Reid, John Bird, and I had rigged from a wide plank and the fender of a Model T for the nose. The danger lay in safely missing the railroad track after decending the hill known as Squire's Hog Back. It was long enough to take about half of our high school group per trip. The boys on a cold day would entertain the girls by an exhibition of their physical power, their awe inspiring feat, by the grasping of the steel bars that spanned the ceiling of the "Old Hall" and then spinning around like a cart wheel, I have been told too, that this caper had to be prohibited later because the gyratory bodies clinging to the steel bars caused the roof to heave dangerously. I am happy to see that the tradition of a High School reunion instituted by this original group and held at Christmas time has gone for many years. The inspiration for the school colors of green and gold must have come from the view in Kellsey Coulee, across from what is now "New Cremona" of the evergreens and golden poplars in the autumn, just as the evergreen and gold of the University of Alberta colors were inspired by the evergreens of Sask. River valley in the fall intertwined with golden autumn colors.

EDITORIAL FROM THE C.H.S. OBSERVER - DEC. 19th 1947

By: Joyce Fry

Dear Friends, You have all read history books, but here is a touch of history about a building that still stands in our district. I'm going to tell you about Atkins School. (1907). Looking at the old school today, you think of it only as an old-timer. It is only after you know its history that you treasure its help in educating all whom have entered its door. No carpenters were available at that time, so the building was erected by volunteer labor on Jak Maclean's land (now known as Charlie Reid's). In those days, the country was unsettled and those who did take up land were true homesteaders. Atkins was the only school for miles, and it was a few years later that the Local School Board decided (after a few hot arguments to every onlookers glee) that they must have a High school. Until this was fully carried out, grade nine was taught in Atkins. At least the high school was finished, a temporary building made over from a cheese-factory. Yes, I said a cheese factory. The grades were from nine to eleven, taught by a Miss Woods from Newfoundland. Garnet Jackson was secretary-treasurer of this school district, and all school taxes paid to him. The mill rate was only six or seven. The old High School stands there today. Many of us, in this new school haven't experienced those days in the old "factory" with rough chairs and tables, and the draughts that could blow out a candle but we do know we all, teachers too, appreciate the new C.H.S. in Cremona today.

Your history lesson over, kiddies, but if you'd care to read more history, turn to the Elmwood history that Mrs. Schultz so generously wrote, on page 2. My news reporters, Betty Johnston, Russell Simpson, Angie Cameron and myself have done our best from cover to cover, so we hope you'll find pleasant reading. Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, everyone.

C.H.S. POPULARITY POLE, 1947

GIRLS

Complexion..... Grace Brown, Neva Carlson
Hair..... Betty Johnston
Eyes..... Betty Boetger, Lois Parkhurst
Smile..... Betty Johnston, Marie Simpson
Legs..... Ruth Burkholder, Marie Simpson
Hands..... Joyce O'Dell
Figure..... Marie Simpson, Neva Carlson
Wolfess..... Greta Ray, Thelma Luft
Athlete..... Norma Rigsby, Thelma Luft
Teachers Sorrow..... Greta Ray, Cleo Parkhurst
Scholar..... Norma Rigsby, Doreen Spence
All-Round Favorite..... Betty Johnston

BOYS

Hair..... Russell Simpson
Eyes..... Gayle Carlson
Smile..... Edgar Ray, Russell Simpson
Physique..... Russell Simpson, Charles Holbrook
Wolf..... Russell Simpson, Charles Holbrook
Athlete..... Charles Holbrook, Edgar Ray
Teachers Sorrow..... Gayle Carlson
Scholar..... Edgar Ray, Russell Simpson
Whiskers..... Russell Simpson, Charles Holbrook
All-Round Favorite..... Russell Simpson

CREMONA - GREEN & GOLD BEAUTY SURVEY 1952-53

GIRLS

Hair..... Carol Ray
Eyes..... Adair Odell
Teeth..... Loleta Coleman
Legs..... Donna Maynes
Hands..... Cleta Umbach
Figure..... Adair Odell
Wolfess..... Helen Foat
Scholar..... Donna Maynes
Athlete..... Carol Ray
Complexion..... Adair Odell
Teachers Sorrow
Smile..... Loleta Coleman
All around favorite..... Adair Odell

BOYS

Hair..... Jack Bellamy
Eyes..... Jack Bellamy
Smile..... Ralph McKinnon
Wolf..... Ralph McKinnon
Athlete..... Warren Reid
Whiskers..... Warren Reid
Physique..... Ronald Hettinger
Teeth..... Don Haley
Scholar..... Lynn Reid
Teacher's Sorrow..... Bob Bennett

1963

Miss most likely to succeed..... Lynn Fyten
Miss Personality..... Donna Mork
Miss Figure..... Bev. McKinnon
Miss Sport..... Diane Taylor
Miss Music..... Marilyn Taylor
Miss Flirt..... Vicky Milburn
Miss Glasses..... Lynn Fyten
Miss Smile..... Liz Whitlow
Miss Hair..... Doreen Laveck
Miss Wardrobe..... Sylvia Erickson
Miss Hands..... Jean Hosegood
Miss Legs..... Joan Bushert
Miss Eyes..... Vicky Milburn
Miss Teeth..... Joyce Duguid
Miss Peaches and Cream..... Bonnie Bagnall

Mr. most likely to succeed..... Dale Reid
Mr. Personality..... Ben Grainger
Mr. Physique..... Ron Evans
Mr. Sport..... Doug Sheriffs
Mr. Music..... Dale Krebs
Mr. Wolf..... Ken Wigg
Mr. Glasses..... David Pederson
Mr. Smile..... Riccardo M.
Mr. Hair..... Gordon Biccum
Mr. Wardrobe..... Alan McKenzie
Mr. Hands..... Dwight Barnard
Mr. Legs..... Larry Papke
Mr. Eyes..... Riccardo M.
Mr. Teeth..... Henry Bruins

SCHOOL BUSES

The first school bus was driven by Walter Bellamy. This was a team of horses and a rubber tire wagon with a bread type van. He drove north of Cremona and picked up Elmwood children and took them to the Atkins school. Later Delbert Bellamy used an old blue truck.

The three school buses in 1947.

What happened to the old school sites?

Big Prairie - sold to West Cremona Community Club - Aug. 1958.

Byron - sold to R.M. Fiedler

Dog Pound - sold to Community Association

Garfield - sold to McLeavy

Graham - sold to Graham Community Assoc. - Dec. 1960

Mount Hope - sold to K. Kopp - May 1958.

In 1978 the County of Mountain View had 56 of the county's buses back hauling children to various schools. 10 busses are kept in reserve. There are 220 on the county teaching staff, and 4,234 students. Cremona has 22 teachers. Enrolment at the Cremona school as of September 30, 1978 was 358. Elementary students - 175, High school - 88 students, Sr. High - 95 students.

The first Superintendent of Schools for the County was X.P. Crispo, then S.W. Hooper, Leonard McKenzie, and now Harold Jepson.

Cremona School in 1947 - Grades 1-12 - 75 children and 5 teachers. Teachers: Bob Reid, Gwen Wolf, (Mrs. M. Earle), Hilda Frizzell, Doris Dinsey, Walter Rowley.

Grace Bennett - Teacher at Cremona.

Teachers: Room 1 - Miss Hutchison, Room 2 - Mrs. Frizzell, Room 3 - Mr. Reid, Room 4 - Mr. Luzzel.

Grade 9 - 1944 - 1 r. - Ross Orton, Doris Warren (Mrs. Doug Clower), Marion Falk (Mrs. Lloyd Vogel), Margaret Whitlow (Mrs. Bernard Rennich,) Irene Whitlow (Mrs. Bill Tippe), Marjorie Waterstreet (Mrs. Lalande), Paul Redfield.

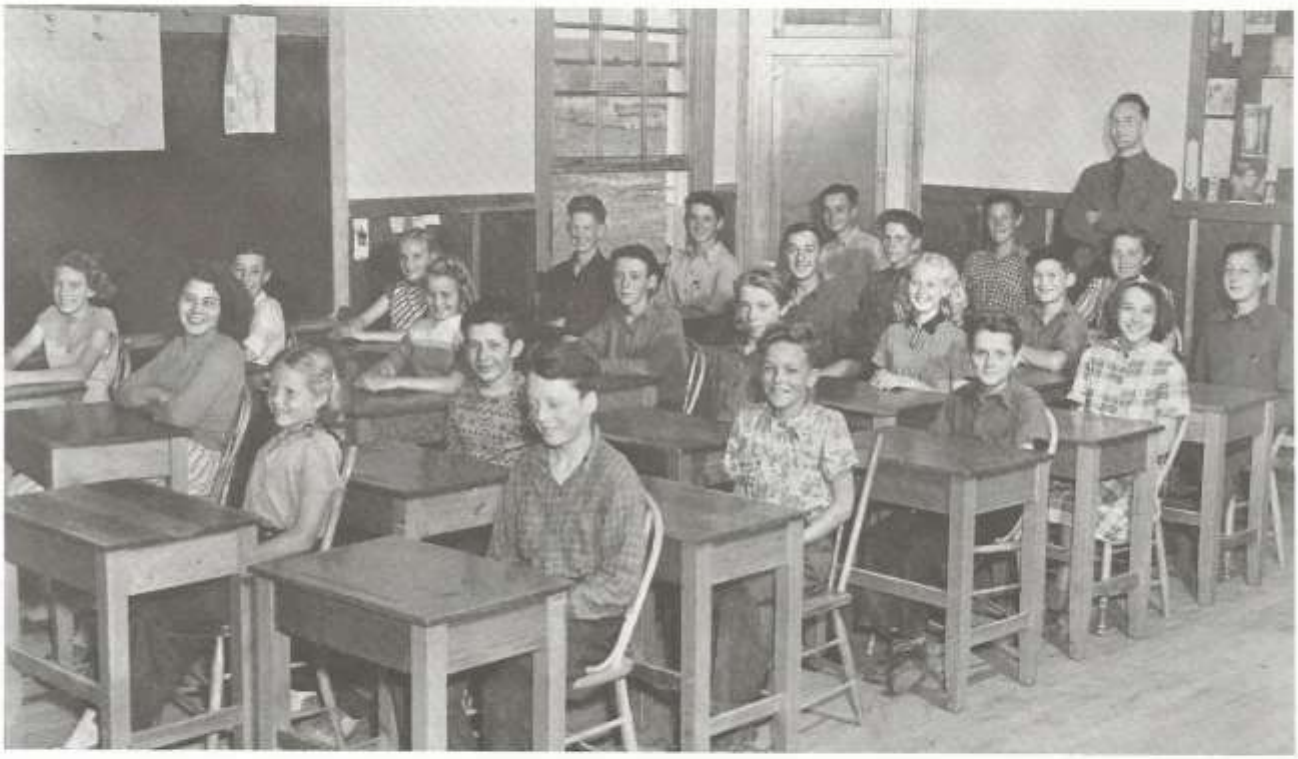
The Cremona Teacherage 1947 - The Cremona teacherage was first the office on the Bruce Hunter land. It was moved to Cremona and from Cremona to Mount Hope, then to Larry Robertson's place in 1958. Larry and Florence added a kitchen on and lived there until 1968. The first teacher to live here was a Miss Huttchison, then Gwen Wolfe, then Mr. Lucas.

School girls 1946-47 - Ruth Hays (Mrs. Charlie Roberts - deceased), Marie Simpson (Mrs. Bob Fairbairn), Sammie Luft (Mrs. Jack Borton), Greta Ray (Mrs. Hess), Francis Hays (Mrs. Stan Webb).

CREMONA SCHOOL 1947

Back Row: Left-right - Teacher - Walter Rowley, Russell Simpson, Ruth Burkholder (Mrs. Reg Johnston), Betty Boettger (Mrs. Kolcun), Lois Parkhurst (Mrs. Lester Bergeson), Betty Johnston (Mrs. Thomas), Doreen Spence (Mrs. Merle Gano), Valeeta Mailer (Mrs. Scharf), Grace Brown (Mrs. Bernard Parsons), Gwen Wolfe (Mrs. M. Earle) Teacher: Bob Reid - Principal. 2nd Row - Marie Simpson, (Mrs. Bob Fairbairn), Shirley Frizzell (Mrs. John Klys), Angie Cameron (Mrs. Geo. McBain), Joyce Fry (Mrs. Ayres - deceased), Neva Carlson (Mrs. Robert Strand), Joyce Odell, Cleo Parkhurst (Mrs. Glen Cooper), Barbara Wigg (Mrs. Alexander). Front: Don Brown, Edgar Ray, Nola Waterstreet (Mrs. G. Uhrynchuk), Betty Wigg (Mrs. Peter Dick), Walter Eby, Delbert Boettger.

CREMONA SCHOOL 1948-49

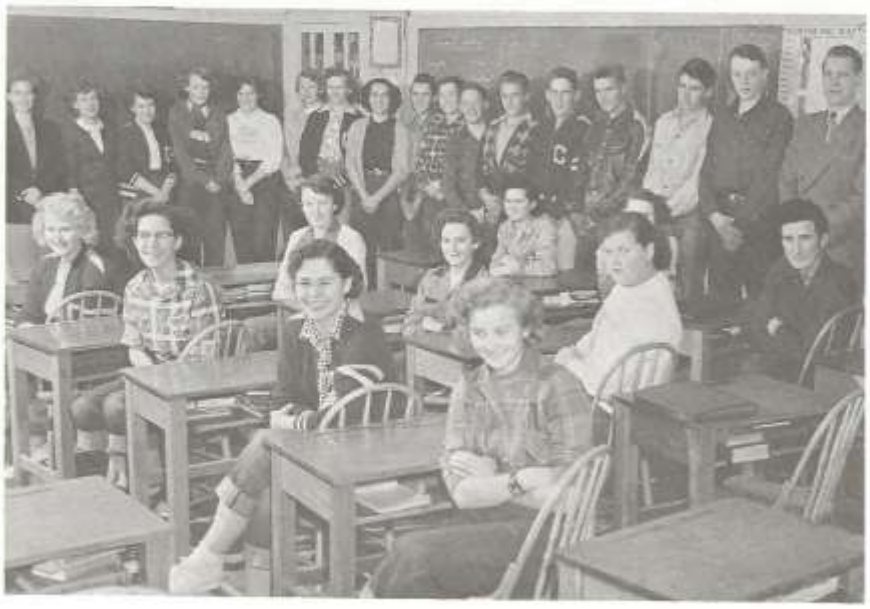


Cremona School 1948-49 - Grades 6-8 - Far back row: Audrey Parkhurst, Bob Whitlow, Donna Maynes, Jim Luft, Leonard Boettger, Ray Smith, Teacher: Walter Rowley. 2nd Row: Cleta Umbach, Adair Odell, Clarence Coleman, Marvin Hettinger, Mervin Russel, Ronnie Foat. 3rd Row: Doreen Ray, Robert Simpson, Laverne Boettger, Carol Ray, Warren Reid, Viola Coleman. Front: Fred Hickey, Jack Bellamy, Orville Tippe, Delores Boettger, Ronnie Hettinger.

MRS. FRIZZELL'S CLASS 1951-52

Standing left to right - Gene Foat, Della Habermehl, Carol Krebs, Albert May, Clifford Mork, Mrs. Frizzell, Margaret May, Gordon Hays, Dennis Johnston, Allen May, Audrey Luft, Ralph Simington. 1st row back to front - Danny Camps, Hazel McQuarrie, Terry Ray, Grace Spillman, Ronald Spafford. 2nd row - Phyllis Schorenagle, Wayne Dunphy, Allan Adams, Ralph Waterstreet, Barry Thompson, ?. Next row - Ernie Camps, Roger Parsons, Gordon Good, Sylvia Bird, Doreen Loney.

CREMONA HIGH SCHOOL 1953



Cremona High School 1953. - Standing - l-r - Teacher: Miss Edith Olson, Alice Coleman (Mrs. Bob Whitlow), Darlene Haley (Mrs. Ed Adams), Evelyn Hickey (Mrs. George Cameron), Joan McQuarrie (Mrs. Lynn Roberts), Doreen Ray (Mrs. Fred Allen), Karen Ray (Mrs. Doug Gottfred), Delores Boettger (Mrs. Care), Orville Tippe, Lynn Reid, Norman Young, Ronnie McKinnon, Bob Bennett, Ralph McKinnon, Jim Combes, Fred Hickey (deceased 1978), Teacher: Mr. Harold Christenson. Back row seated: Joanne Adams (Mrs. Wolfe), Georgina Duguid (Mrs. Robert Simpson), Warren Reid. Second Row: Marlene Dunphy (Mrs. Ger. J Dubois), Marjorie Bouck (Mrs. Curzon), Margaret McQuarrie. Front Row: Carol Ray (Mrs. Jack Bellamy), Marlene Adams (Mrs. Bert King deceased 1968), Cleta Umbach (Mrs. Ray Haggerty), Adair Odell (Mrs. Bruce Roy).

JUNIOR - SENIOR HIGH FACULTY
1962

MRS. SHERRIFFS

MISS MAYNES

MRS. SPENCE

MR. KEEGSTRA

MRS. BAGNALL

MR. SCARLETT

MR. TAYLOR, B. Ed.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS
1962

MRS. TURNBULL

MRS. TAYLOR
Secretary

MRS. LISTER
Grade 3 & 4

MISS LOW
Grade 4

MRS. PHILIPCHUK
Grade 5 & 6

MRS. DODD
Grade 3

MRS. BEFUS
Grade 5

MISS DODD
Grade 2

MRS. STONE
Grade 6

MISS SHALIN
Grade 2

MRS. FRIZZELL
Grade 1

MRS. HOSEGOOD
Grade 1

Grades one and two - 1954-55. Standing left to right. Iris Hickey, Deanna Dinzey, Mary Steffler, Darlene Banderob, Nelson Brian, David Hughes, Gale Krebs, Keith Russell, Carl Goetgen, Lewis McGuire, Diane Taylor, Judy Backstrom, Devin Rodway, Larry May, John Reid, Mrs. Frizzell. Seated - 1st row - Harvey Dunphy, Dale Krebs, Lee Burkholder, Dale Reid. 2nd row: Judy Umbach, Joyce Webb, Wayne Renfert, Ethel Shamhorn, Sharon Blain. 3rd Row: Douglas Reid, Robert Thompson, Kent Spillman, Daryl Mork, Terry Leinweber. 4th Row: Judy Whitlow, Terry May, Ann Pitstra, David Foat, Gary Spence. Absent from picture: Violet McGillis.

The Cremona School is located on high ground which provides an excellent view of the Rocky Mountains to the west. Located as it is near the mountain foothills adds an air of beauty to its settling. All students are located under one roof in a brick structure just recently completed. The school grounds provide adequate space for over four hundred fifty students. Over seventy five per cent of these students are bussed into the school from the surrounding rural area.

Grade 2 & 3 - 1965-66 - Back - Barbara Eby, Roddy Scarlett, Brian Reid, Randy Whitlow, Vivianne Hellec, Linda Arndt, Holly Dolan. Centre - Mrs. Taylor, Wilma Van Aken, Martin Steffler, Bob Cook, Susanna Cameron, Todd Stone, Kathy Bergeson. Front - Malcolm Holbrook, Gene Teynor, Tim Scott, Denise Tippe, Heather Dolan, Marvin Morrison, Rhonda Taks. Absent - Dorothy MacFarquhar, Lorraine Bergeson, Dean Zuccatto.

Cremona School - Grade 6 - 1964-65 - Back: Mr. Stauffer, Mac Bellamy, Bill Reid, Robert Reid, Paul Konchuh, Ricky Taks, Gordon Roberts, Evelyn Barlow, Leslie Erickson, Eric Goetjen. Next row: Bernard Bergeson, Brian Wilson, Gerald Gano, Donald Cochrane, Rita Jarvis, Gerald Hoszouski, Linda Steffler. 3rd row: Nancy Whittle, Helen Hilker, Linda Wigg, Beatrice Morrison, Lynn Hickey, Douglas Laveck, Edith May, Patricia Melanson. Front: Don Umbach, Pat Burton, Ryan Robertson, Val Rigsby, John Spillman, Werner Jackson, Absent: Robert Coleman, Colin Walker.

Grade 2 - 1966 - Back - Leslie Whitlow, Ethel Hewitt, Peggy Jarvis, Kenny Simpson, Mark Reid, Lennie Bales, Duane Sirr, David Moncey, Darlene Morrison. Centre - Mrs. Dianne Whitlow, Leonard Smith, John Teynor, Ivor Skog, Doyle Colvin, Ronny May, Cindy Haggerty, Mathew Konshuh, Nelson Bardgett. Front-- Tracy Simpson, Dawna Montgomery, Merrill Bullied, Cindy Teynor, Randy Croft, Karen Charlton, Bobby Rose, Gary Friesen.

Grade 4 - 1964-65 - Back - Mrs. Erickson, Larry Bergeson, Gerald Reid, Glenda Teynor, Beth Teynor, Joan Steffler, Merle Blain, Heather Oxman. Cheryl Papke, Lorne Roberts, Lynn Roberts. Centre - Bonnie Bardgett, Jeannine Munn, Jacqueline Wiebe, Earl Blain, Patsy Biccum, Patsy May, Ruth Hickey, Nancy Reid, Maureen Reid, Vivian Skog, Ruby Foat. Front - Donnie Tippe, Patsy Whitlow, David Laveck, Jack Brown, Jean Spillman, Jean Whittle, Virginia Rigsby, Lloyd Bergeson.

Cremona School - Grade 4 - 1968. Back: Johnny Teynor, Doil Colvin, Gordon Cornobogan, Peggy Jarvis, Ethel Hewitt, Duane Sirr, Malcolm Holbrook, Kenny Simpson, Nelson Bardgett, Tim Scott, Mathew Konchuh. 2nd row: Mr. DeGusman, Leonard Smith, Cindy Haggerty, Dorothy MacFarquhar, Bill Tarrel, Leslie Whitlow, Barbara Eby, Susanna Cameron, Wilma Van Aken, Martin Steffler, Tod Stone, Mrs. Helen Erickson. Front: Darlene Morrison, Gloria Cornabogan, Denise Tippe, Marvin Morrison, Lorraine Bergeson, Mark Reid, Tracy Simpson, Randy Croft, Donna Montgomery, Cindy Teynor, Rhonda Taks.

Cremona School Grade 2, 1969 - Back: Peter Kataway, Stan Lewis, Yvonne Steffler, Cindy Smylie, Tom Lane, Ronnie Hettinger, Geraldine Davies, Shelly Stewart. Centre: Bernice Blain, Gloria Friesen, Coleen Hagerty, Warren McKenzie, Ken Marchant, Bert Cameron, Lorne Bucks, Gregory Fenton, Mervin Robertson, Kelly Luyendyke. Front: Billy Teynor, Vivian Bergeson, Diana Douck, Donnie Stevenson, Connie McBain, Stuart Duffy, Darrel Blain, Heather Stone, Bruce Luyendyk. Missing - James Watt, Teacher: Mrs. Neufeld.

Cremona Graduation 1960 - Back row: Allan Hettinger, Gary Taylor, Gerald Dubois, Jim Hosegood, Orville Tippe. Second row: Hope Goetjen, Lila Blain, Dorothy Stairm, Heather Thomson, Margaret Carruthers. Front: Lillian Hosegood, Sharon Hunt, Marjorie Bird.

Cremona School - Grade 6 - 1974-75 - Back row: Teacher - Mr. Albert Stewart, Christopher Carrigan, Trudy Baker, John Olson, Maggie Gentry, Karen McMullen, Bob Harnack, Carrie Black, Kathy Blain, Nadine Eby, Sam Van Aken, Loree McBain. Next row: Deanna Sirr, Donna Sirr, Sharon Hettinger, Shirley Cardinal, Ken Leask, Darcy Fear, Jeff Canning, Gay Horvath, Shane Guiltner, Scott Bellamy, Larry Tyner, Bev McCarthy, Lisa Luyendyk, Jeff Fenton, Darlene Jensen, Gail Robertson. Teacher: Mrs. H. Erickson. Front row: Ivan Brooker, Jimmy Heron, Shelly Watt, Dixi Luft, Chris Duffy, Avis Bellamy, Donna Whitlow, Jeffery Terril, Calvin Bracken, Tim Luyendyk, Ronnie Dueck, Cindy Morrison.

Cremona School - Grade 9 - 1974-75 - Back row: Lyle Hewitt, Danny Stewart, Brian Setter, Shelly Haggerty, Dillion May, Sean Carrigan, Dave Keller, Edward Sullivan, Next Row: Eric Butler, Joyce Reid, Ley Romney, Todd Surby, John McBain, Wenn Fraser, Hennry Van Aken, Lorne Erickson, Janet Bardgett, Peggy Scott, Sandr Stubbley, Bev Black. Teacher - Mrs. Wilma Spence. Front Row: Karen Stolle, Sandra Cavers, Leanne Rigsby, Glen Horvath, Mona Oldfield, Delphine Morrison, Louis Zimmerman, Ruth Odell, Sandra Whitlow, Colleen Bellamy, Barbara Judd, Leslie Ryse Williams.

1969 Graduating Class at Cremona. - Back row: Peter Whitlow, Doug Borton, Donald Wilson, David Croft, Doug Lewis, Ken Hogg, Glen Renfret, Joe Giesbrieck, Melvin Foat, Wayne Leask, Tom Umbach, Donald Robertson, Berry Beecher, Jim Tippe, Donald Pederson. Girls: Mary Smith (Mrs. Barry Thomson), Nelda Good, Shelly Sutherland, Lillian Bird, Faye Hallet, Joan Whitlow, Sharon Walker, (Mrs. Baldwin), Bev Hallet, Linda Brian (Mrs. Rick Roberts), Diane Erickson Marion Lane, (Mrs. George Gorczyca), Debbie Herbert (Mrs. Carroll).

HISTORY OF ELMWOOD SCHOOL

Elmwood S.D. No. 3374

Organized in 1918. The first day of school was May 18, 1918. School was held in the old farm house of Mr. Schultz, until the present school was built in 1922.

First trustees were: E.J. Schultz, Mr. M. Price, Mr. J.J. Hagen.

First teacher was Mr. J.H. Wells, a native of Newfoundland.

First pupils were: John A. Schultz, E. Clifford Schultz Dorothy Powell, Phyllis Powell, Gilbert Owen, Guy Owen Leslie Owen, Harry Hagen.

There have been 18 teachers employed by the Elmwood School Dist. in the 25 years it has been in session.

Dept. of Education Cremona April 20 26
Deputy Minister
Edmonton
Alta

Dear Sir, At a meeting of the board of trustees held on Thursday April 15 1926. They appointed Mrs. Sarah Schultz to be Secretary treasurer for the balance of the year 1926 in place of Mr. W. J. Lethbridge who has left the district for B.C. on the 4th of April. If there are any business to attend to in regard to this appointment please advise yours truly
Mrs. S. Schultz Sec. Tres
Cremona Alta.

Elmwood Teachers
1918 - Mr. J.H. Wells
Feb. - May 1921 - Mr. Victor Reid, BA, MA
June 1921 - Miss Nicoline Mekkelborg
July - Nov. 1921 - Miss N. Mekkelborg
Mar - June 1922 - Miss K.L. Baker
July 1923 - June 1924 - Ralph Tanner
Aug. 1925 - June 1926 - Mr. T.H. Rayner
Sept. 1926 - June 1927 - Mr. V. Reid, BA. MA.
1930 - 31 - Miss Elizabeth Mathieson (Mrs. Bob Simpson)
1931-32 - Miss Grace Jones
1933-37 - Mr. Jack Mitchell
1937-39 - Miss Irene M. Briggs
1939-40 - Mr. Ronald A. Lyons (deceased)
1940-41 - Mr. Harold Stewart, Miss Ruth Rostrup (Mrs. Delbert Beckner)
1941-42 - Miss Beatrice Wight (Mrs. Kingsley Perry) - deceased
1942-43 - Miss Mary Robertson (Mrs. Don Mortimer)
Feb. - May 1921 - Teacher - Mr. Victor E. Reid, BA., MA.
June 1921 - Teacher - Miss Nicole Mekkelborg
Students:
Gr. 1 - Cora M. Sirr, Malcolm S. Schultz, Alice G. Reid
Grade 2 - Ida M. Sirr
Grade 3 - Lydia M. Steeves, Clifford E. Schultz, Fredrick V. Steeves, Floyd C. Steeves, Lawrence W. Bennett
Grade 7 - John A. Schultz
Grade 9 - Doris K. McLeavy
July - November 1921 - Teacher Miss Nicole C. Mekkelborg
Students:
Grade 1 - Cora Sirr, Ida Sirr, Malcolm Schultz, Alice Reid, Thomas Sirr
Grade 3 - Frederick Steeves, Lawrence Bennett, Mable Reid, Clarence Reid
Grade 4 - Clifford Schultz, Lydia Steeves, Floyd Steeves
Grade 7 - John Schultz
Mar - June 1922 - Teacher - Miss K. L. Baker
Students:
Grade 1 - Thomas Sirr
Grade 2 - Malcolm Schultz, Cora Sirr, Ida Sirr, Alice Reid
Grade 3 - Floyd Steeves, Frederick Steeves, Clarence Reid, Mabel Reid
Grade 4 - Lawrence Bennett, Clifford Schultz, Lydia Steeves

Grade 5 - Kathleen McIvor
Grade 6 - Anna McIvor
Grade 7 - John Schultz
Grade 8 - Thomas McIvor
Grade 9 - Helen McIvor
July 1923 - June 1924 - Teacher - Mr. Ralph Tanner
Students:
Grade 1 - Florence Bennett, Beatrice Tanner, Bessie Nettnay, Paul Steeves, Walter Nettnay, Dorothy Bennett
Grade 2 - Thomas Sirr, Gerald Tanner
Grade 3 - Clare McIvor
Grade 4 - Hazel Tanner, Cora Sirr, Ida Sirr, Malcolm Schultz, Frederick Steeves, Lawrence Wamsley
Grade 5 - Grace Nettnay, Kathleen McIvor, Lawrence Bennett
Grade 6 - Anna McIvor, Clifford Schultz
Grade 8 - Thomas McIvor, John Schultz
Grade 9 - Helen McIvor
Aug. 1925 - June 1926 - Teacher - Mr. T.H. Rayner
Grade 1 - Stanley Schultz
Grade 2 - Elma Reid, Herman Larson, Harold Larson
Grade 3 - Dorothy Bennett, Florence Bennett, Katherine Damoth, Dorothy Damoth
Grade 5 - Alice Reid
Grade 6 - Lawrence Wamsley, Clare McIvor, Carl Larson
Grade 8 - Clarence Reid, Mable Reid, Lawrence Bennett, Kathleen McIvor, Anna McIvor, Clifford Schultz, Thomas McIvor
Grade 9 - John Schultz
Grade 10 - Helen McIvor
Sept. 1926 - June 1927 - Teacher Mr. Victor E. Reid, B.A., M.A.
Grade 2 - Charles Roberts, Thelma Keene Stanley Schultz
Grade 3 - Elma Reid
Grade 4 - Dorothy Bennett, Gweneth Brian, Dorothy Damoth, Katherine Damoth, Eva Prethers, Mary Prethers, Florence Bennett
Grade 5 - Alice Reid, Stanley Roberts, Thomas Thompson
Grade 6 - Clare McIvor, Muriel Keene, Myrtle Keene
Grade 7 - Malcolm Schultz
Grade 8 - Anna McIvor, Kathleen McIvor, Mable Reid, Clarence Reid, Clifford Schultz, Lawrence Bennett, Thomas McIvor
Grade 10 - John Schultz

Pupils
Anderson, Holis
Bellamy, Norman (deceased)
Beellamy, Delbert (deceased)
Bellamy, Lloyd,
Bellamy Avis (Mrs. Roy Chapin - deceased)
Bellamy, Harold (Cremona, Alta)
Bennett, Dorothy (Mrs. Slim Moorehouse)
Bennett, Florence (Mrs. Tom Keene)
Bennett, Merle
Bennett, Lawrence
Bennett, Gene
Bennett, Richard
Bergeson, Margaret (Mrs. Austin Snyder, New Jersey, USA)
Bergeson, Kenneth, (Calgary, Alta)
Brian, Gweneth (Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Cremona, Alta)
Brian, Kenneth (Didsbury, Alta)
Colwell, Douglas
Damoth, Dorothy
Damoth, Katherine
Damoth, Donald
Franklin, Willard (Cremona, Alta)
Franklin, Raymond (Calgary, Alta.)
Franklin, Lamaude (Mrs. Lorne Grant, Calgary, Alta)
Gale, Dorothy (Mrs. Jack Horne, Carbon, Alta.)
Gale, Ronald
Gale, Ray (Fallis, Alta)
Hagen, Harry
Heaner, Michel (Yellowknife, NWT)
Heaner, Denyse (Mrs. Ross Brewer, Calgary, Alta)
Johnston, Reginald
Johnston, Jean (Mrs. Ross McLeod, Calgary, Alta)
Johnston, Betty (Mrs. Robert Thomas, Edmonton, Alta)
Johnston, Ruth (Mrs. Gerald McLean, Rocky Mt. House)
Keene, Muriel
Keene, Myrtle
Keene, Thelma
Kowitz, Vivian
Larson, Carl
Larson, Herman
Larson, Harold
Luft, Cleo (Mrs. Ivor Clarke)
Luft, Herbert
Luft, Gladys (Mrs. Robert Morse, New Jersey, USA
Luft, Thelma, (Mrs. Jack Borton, Cremona, Alta)
Luft, James (Calgary, Alta.)
McIvor, Helen
McIvor, Thomas
McIvor, Anna
McIvor, Kathleen
McIvor, Clare
McLeavy, Doris (Mrs. Pat Spence, Sundre, Alta)
Neilsen, Margaret (Mrs. Norman Betts, Alta)
Neilsen, Walter (deceased)
Neilsen, Hilda
Nettnay, Grace (Mrs. Calvin Coleman, Sundre, Alta)
Nettnay, Walter
Nettnay, Bessie (Mrs. Sid Morasch, Sundre, Alta)
Norquay, Janice
Owen, Gilbert
Owen, Guy
Owen, Leslie
Powell, Dorothy
Powell, Phyllis
Prethers, Eva
Prethers, Mary
Reid, Clarence (Cremona, Alta)
Reid, Mable (Mrs. Lloyd Colwell, deceased)
Reid, Alice (Mrs. Charles Bird, deceased)
Reid, Elma (Mrs. Lionel Bird, Cremona, Alta)
Reid, Lillian (Mrs. Morgan, Ontario)
Reid, Vair, (Cremona, Alta)
Reid, Alan (Cremona, Alta)
Roberts, Stanley, (Cremona, Alta)
Roberts, Charles (deceased
Ross, Raymond
Ross, Cecil
Ross, Leslie
Sandwitch, Nancy
Schultz, John (deceased)
Schultz, Clifford
Schultz, Malcolm (deceased)
Schultz, Stanley (Cremona, Alta)
Schultz, Jean (Mrs. Art Tydeman, Chase B.C.)
Sirr, Ida
Sirr, Cora

Elmwood School in the early 1940's

Sirr, Thomas
Smith, Raymond (deceased)
Smith, Gary
Steeves, Floyd
Steeves, Lydia
Steeves, Frederick
Steeves, Paul
Switzer, Tony
Tanner, Hazel
Tanner, Gerald
Tanner, Beatrice
Thompson, Thomas (Cremona, Alta)
Thompson, James
Wamsley, Lawrence

June 1942. Standing: l to r - Lamaude Franklin and Gladys Luft. Middle row: Dorothy Gale, Thelma Luft, Alan Reid, Harold Bellamy, Betty Johnston, Ruth Johnston. Front row: Ray Gale, Jim Luft, Ron Gale. Teacher was Beatrice Wight - later became Mrs. Kingsley Perry. Afghan that these students knit and crocheted around and was given to some organization.

Elmwood School in early years - Right to left - Dora Price, Price, Maysel Blackburn, - Back Row - Violet Greenhill (in front of Maysel), Alice Hagen (tall girl at back), Johnny & Clifford Schultz (Behind flag), Barny Hagen, Greenhill (girl on end).

GARFIELD SCHOOL

By: Rosetta MacFarquhar

Early in 1910, the Garfield School was built on the east side of the south east quarter of Section 19, Township 30, Range 3, West 5th. Towards spring more lumber was purchased to build a barn and outhouses. Also the school grounds were fenced.

It was proposed that school taxes should be ten dollars on each quarter section. A teacher was to be hired as soon as possibe for not more than $65 a month. Often the early teachers did their own janitor work as well as looking after the fires. On July 15, 1911, a school board meeting was held that decided there should be 5 weeks vacation instead of 3 weeks, as mentioned in their first contract.

These are the names of most of the teachers who taught at Garfield, they may not be in the exact order and apologies to anyone who has been missed.

Mr. Pedley	Hazel Corrigan	Mary Boucock
Mr. Taylor	Miss Baker	Mildred Levagood
J. Reid	Violet Jensen	Earl Snyder
V. Huntsburger	Mr. Hoyle	Harriet Bohannon
Keitha Baker	Miss Mason	Mildred Downie
Dolly Campbell	Mrs. Pearson	Dorothy Pybus
Lloyd Colwell	Gertie Bishop	Doris Hunter
Victor Reid	G. Ewart Brown	Ruth Kidd
Mary Long	Mabel Costello	Mrs. Tronnes

The school pupils in 1936. Back: Alice Olson, Hilda Foster, Marie Olson, Florence Bohannon, Rosetta Moore (Mrs. D. MacFarquhar), Irene Foster, Cora Backstrom (Mrs. Cliff Lewis). Overalls - Irene Foster, Edna Olson, Annie Silbernagel (Mrs. Thompson). Spotted Dress - Rosie Silbernagel, (Mrs. Jensen), Evelyn Goetjen, Pat Worthington (Mrs. Bruce Clayton), Doug Worthington, Jack Spillman, Frank Foster, George Rands. Sitting - Matt Silbernagel, Ronnie Worthington, Ed Silbernagel, Carl Backstrom. Missing - Pat Dexter, Joyce Foster.

Memories of school brought thoughts of either walking or riding an old horse to get to school. If you were lucky enough to have a horse to ride, there were times you stopped at the first bush to break off a limb to use as a persuader for more speed so you wouldn't be late for school.

Lunch pails were syrup tins or lard pails with a bail to hang on to. The one room school had a row of large windows along one side, situated just high enough that you couldn't see out while you sat at your desk. Just inside the door were 2 cloak rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls. Next came the pot bellied stove, then the desks and lastly the teacher's desk sat at the front of the school in front of the blackboards. Each desk had an inkwell, great for playing in and some children had wooden pencil boxes, the odd one was used on the head in front of it.

Fall meant collecting bright colored leaves for mounting at school, wool stockings full of foxtail from the school yard. Winter brought forth the heavy long underwear, mittens, scarves toques and buckle overshoes and thawing out a frozen lunch. The warmest days meant snowball fights and the game of fox and goose. Preparing for the Christmas concert was always looked forward to because it meant numerous afternoons of practicing, then decorating a huge Christmas tree for the night of the concert.

Spring was welcomed by the soft ball and bat and the game of scrub or just plain anti I over the school house roof with a ball. All the children from Grade 1 to Grade 8 took part in the games. Then there was the time some of the boys tried smoking out behind the barn - nearly burnt the barn down. Walking home was fun, watching the water running in the creeks, then wading in it when the weather was warm enough, but this always meant trouble at home, because you were late getting there.

At the annual picnic with all the children and their families taking part. This was usually held near the Dog Pound Creek, several miles east of the school.

THE GRAHAM SCHOOL

By: Mrs. Eleanor (Young) Hatten 1963

The school was made of logs and had the clink filled

every summer. The only lighting except for the windows were kerosene lights on the wall with reflectors. The chinking fell out every spring mostly with the help of the children's pencils as they liked to know what was taking place outside the walls as inside. The cloakroom was a combined one for boys and girls, with one door leading out of it into the main school room. There was a large heater which supplied the heat and was a wood burning affair. They hauled logs in and left them in the school yard and then they had a man come along and saw them into stove lengths for the heater. The usual Christmas concert was held in the school in the December of 1926. Mrs. Young taught there for 2½ years, beginning in the month of 1925.

In passing, the only pet was a pet chipmunk that used to enter if the outside door was open and pry up the lid of the syrup and lard tins that served as lunch pails and helped himself to the choice things found there. The country west of the school was high timber and few if any people lived west. The store and post office were south of the school. The storekeeper only stocked the staples as he didn't have too many customers. In 1925, there was only one road leading direct to Big Prairie as a larger muskeg stretched north and east. The closest doctor was in Carstairs, and charged $1 a mile for house calls. The roads were pretty bad in those days with pole bridges and no cut down grades and springs were found on the top of the hills. If at all wet, you spent more time pushing than riding.

My father, W.H. Young had the first radio in the Big Prairie district, with the head phones, loud speaker and A, B, and C batteries, Many of the neighbors came every Friday to listen to the Old Time Music from Calgary.

Some of the children in the Graham School in 1927 were:
Brighton Measor, Ben Sundholm, George Graham, Dorothy Measor, Ernie Sundholm, Mac Graham, Una Chapman, Billy Young, Margaret Measor, Adeline Regan, Eleanor Young, Max Graham.

The youngest pupil was Una Chapman who at that time was taking grade ten or eleven. The teacher was Mr. Hazel Young.

GRAHAM SCHOOL

In April of 1913, a meeting was held at Tom Graham's home and J.C. Waterstreet was appointed Chairman and Tom Graham Sec-Tres. of a school board. Supplies were bought consisting of a minute book, a rubber seal and pad, a receipt book, etc. A site for the school was chosen. Other meetings were held but no progress on a building was made. In April of 1917, they borrowed $200 from the Merchants Bank in Carstairs to cover the initial cost of building the school.

In 1917, the school first opened in a vacant house owned by Mr. Rothwell, one and one half miles east of the present school. School was held on the main floor and some of the teachers stayed upstairs. There were ten pupils with Mr. Lonsdale as teacher. He was paid $70 per month, as school was held only 5 months of the year, beginning in May.

Plans for a log school house were made in 1921 and in 1922 the log building was erected, with Sid and Bill Measer having the contract for building. $500 had been borrowed by debenture to provide funds and was paid off in 1932.

John Burnett and Lawrence Bergeson built the present building. $500 was borrowed and a barn was built in 1928. The teachers were: 1917 - Thomas Lonsdale, Mr. Searson, Mr. Mealing, Victor Reid, Robert Reid, Mrs. Young, Winnie Smith, Mabel Horwood, Peggy Reid (Mrs. Clayton), Helen Hagel, Dorothy Allison, Nora Camp, Miss Lang, Mrs. McLung, Miss Williamson, Miss Lewko, Miss Harriett Young, Mrs. Joe McGaffin, Miss Borstad, Mrs. McKenzie, Gladys Lane, Marion Fraser, Miss McKean, Irene George, Mrs. Wigmore, Mr. Colbo, Pearl Stone, George Brown, Hugh Dunlop, June Faught, Mrs. Wiebe, Edith Luft, and Miss Thorpe. The bus drivers for the area from 1961 to 1966 were Alymer Rands, Lawrence Bergeson, T. Thompson, and Toni Houszouski.

The Graham School operated from 1920 to 1960 and was closed because of centralization. The old log building was purchased by Ted Coombs and moved to his farm where it still stands.

In 1974, a government grant of $1000 was matched by the community and the old building became a Community Centre whith the help of volunteer labor took on a new look. The cloak rooms were removed, as was the old furnace. A large kitchen was added on, furnished with a gas furnace and stove, cupboards and tables added, and the floor was covered with linoleum.

On July 30 and August 1, 1976 a re-union was held at Graham Community Centre, under the direction of Mac Graham, Annie Pawson and Laura Seymour. Former teachers and students, friends and neighbors gathered for the weekend with campers, tents, and trailers. 250 signed the guest book.

THE MOUNT HOPE SCHOOL

When the Mount Hope School closed it was bought by Ernie Whitlow, sold to Duncan MacFarquhar and moved to his place. They use it for a garage.

The barn was moved to the Jack Borton place and is still in use.

WATER VALLEY SCHOOL

The first school at Water Valley began in the old Driscol house, west of Water Valley. Jeff Fenn now owns the land and the old log house is still there.

The Old Driscoll house in 1979.

Back: Mac Turnbull, George McNair, Duncan McFarquhar, Gertrude Laveck, Laura Laveck, Emma Lou Desjardine, Edith Howard, Irene Laveck. Centre: Cecil Howard, Ralph Koester, Forney McNair, Henry Laceck, Charlie Thompson, Ruby Howard, Alice Thompson. Front: Ida Thompson, Lawrence Desjardine, Jennie Bradley.

The original school was built about 1926.

Back left - Cecil Howard, Jessie Croft, Claire Sirr, Duncan McFarquhar, Emmy Lou Desjardine, Ruby Howard. Next: Stan Croft, Ralph Koester, Clarence Sirr, Jennie Dewhurst, Charlie Thompson, Joe Jordan, Henry Laveck, Dave Sirr, Bob Croft. Next: Calvin Howard, Josephine Laveck, Laurence Desjardine, Andrew Laveck. Front: Betty Croft, Esther Thompson, Floyd Thompson, Jack Eby, Williard Jordon, Lyle Howard, Ben McBain was the teacher 1933-34.

The school was enlarged to 2 rooms about 1946. Some years ago the decision was made to bus the pupils to Westbrook and Cremona so the building became a library and meeting place.

It was reported that in the early days Ralph Koester had his birthday the same day as King George V. He often stayed home on this day, proclaiming that if the King could have a holiday he could take one also.

Water Valley School 1956 - Back row: Mr. Scheer, Dan Fear, Mervin Corbett, Leo Silbernagel, Fred Dewhurst, Ruby McMillan, Elsie Siebien, Mr. Epp (principal). Next row: Sam Kloverdanz, Joyce Fear, Wayne Lashmore, Muriel Lashmore, Helen Seibien, Rose Melonson, Leland Herron, Larry Eby. Next Row: Stan Laveck, Elizabeth Vandenburg, Doreen Laveck, Lorraine Melonson, Robert Bosch, Harold Butler. Front: Refa MacMillan, Agnes Laveck, Larry Melonson.

Miss Nudson, taken the year before the Water Valley school was opened at the old Driscoll building.

The boys at the Water Valley school in 1937.

Back row: Floyd Thompson, Lawrence Des Jardine, Jack Eby, Billy King, Edward Silbernagel, Wesley Papke. 2nd row: Harvey King, Eddie Eby, Cecil Papke (behind him), Calivn Howard. Front: Johnnie Bosch, Roy Eby, Pious Bosch, Lyle Howard, Gordon Sailor.

1937 Water Valley school girls.

Calvin Howard (only boy), Esther Thompson, Betty Croft (peeking through), Marjorie Ellerley, Vi Bloomfield (showing behind), Edna Papke, Mary Louise Ellerley, Teacher: June Smith, Bessie King, Rose Silbernagel, Jenny Bradley, Peggy Croft, Isabell Thompson, top of Anna Silbernagel's head.

Jack Eby, Corly Fieldhouse, Bessie King, Harvey King, Evelyn Evans, Walter Thurn, Eddie Eby, Gordon Sailor, Charlies Evans, Mary Fieldhouse, Alice Sailor, Johnny Bosch, Pious Bosch, David Evans, Arthur Thurn, Roy Eby, Norma Dewhurst, Kenneth Jordan, Clayton Sailor, Warren Fieldhouse, Bert King, Ethel Evans, Lionel Bacton, Jackie Croft, Vivian Evans, Herman Siebon, Kay Mosser. 6 unidentified.

PART III

SPORTS

BASEBALL AS I REMEMBER IT

By: George Whitlow

As I recall, baseball was played around Cremona in the mid 1930's. As most of the sons were home in the depression, and travel was slow and costly, the people looked for entertainment at home.

It was decided to join a hardball league for local youth. The Bush League was formed with teams from Cremona, Dog Pound, Madden, Water Valley, Bottrel and Garfield taking part.

Some of the original players of Cremona were: the Atkins twins, Eric and Rex, Max Schultz, Jim Hewitt, Leigh Randolph, Springbet brothers, Norman Campbell, Cliff Kelsey, Ed Pearson, Whitlow's - Norman Ken and Jack.

In 1946, the Bush League finally disbanded and Cremona joined the Rosebud League, which included all the towns from Innisfail to Airdrie. Cremona won that title in 1947 and went to the finals again in 1948. Some of the players on that team were: Otto Faas, Ken Brian, Ramsey Parsons, Delbert Parsons, Archie McLennan, Norman Bellamy, Mick Earle and Bill Tippe.

Hardball fased out in the 1950's and fastball was organized in the sixties and in the 1966-67 Cremona lost only one game. In 1968, they joined the Didsbury and district fastball league, winding up on top that year, but losing in the playoffs. Players on that team were: Dave, Brian, Mike, Vair, and Bob Whitlow, Gary Vooys, John Dickau, Gary Taylor, Jack Bellamy, Ted Veenstra and Wally Dunwoody.

Cremona has always fielded a competitive team and has supplied many years of entertainment for the fans and the players alike. We hope this form of entertainment will continue as we believe it has formed a very useful and entertaining part of Cremona's heritage.

Cremona Hockey Team, Winners Bush League, 1945-46
Front row - left to right - K. Umbach, (L.F.) R. Macleod, (R.D.), K. Whitlow, (Goalie), A. Frizzell (C.F.), R. Orton (R.F.), Second row: M. Earle (Captain), J. Klys, (L.F.), W. Papke, (R.F.), J. Bardgett (R.D.), J. Tippe (League Pres.), Top: K. Brian, (L.D.), H. Papke, (C.F.)

Back: Don Fry
Middle Row: Otto Faas, Gordon Reid, George McBain, Mick Earle, Norman Bellamy, Front: Geo. Whitlow, Glen Ray, Sam May, Ken Whitlow,

Hockey 1946, Back row - left to right - Mickey Earle, Joe Bardgett, Delbert Parsons, Ken Brian, Hubert Papke, Ross McLeod, Next row: Allan Frizzell, Ken Whitlow, Ken Umbach, Wilbert Papke, John Klys, George Whitlow, Front: Roland Camp, John Tippe, Verdun Umbach

1975 Softball - Back - Doug Sheriffs, Dennis Dubois, Gwyn Jeffries, Larry Gano, David Newsome, Derald Pederson, Ben Grainger, Garry Jeffries, Michael Whitlow, Jack Bellamy. Kneeling: Ian Robertson, Vair Whitlow, Lawrence Krebs - Coach.

Cremona Sr. High Cheerleaders 1976.

Back: Theresa McCartney, Sandra Stubbly, Yvonne Steffler, Sandra Whitlow. Teacher - Miss Leon. Sitting: Leanne Rigsby, Mona Oldfield, Melonie Friesen.

Men's Team - 1970's - Back Row: George Whitlow, David Newsome, Doug Sherriffs, Neil Robertson, Larry Gano, Rod Holbrook, Gwyn Jeffries. Kneeling: Michael Whitlow, Garry Jeffries, Vair Whitlow, Ian Robertson.

Water Valley Baseball Team - Mike Lawrence, Joe Jordan, Elmer Ronquist, Ed Laveck, Jim Laveck, Harry Foster, Elmer Foster, Bob Lawrence.

CREMONA GIRLS BASKETBALL
1958-59

At this time the basketball team consisted of girls from grades 7 to 12 as there was a shortage of girls. These are the first uniforms for the basketball team. They were green and gold.

Back Row: Donna Maynes, Heather Thomson, Carol Krebs, Carole Befus, Joyce Duguid; Front: June Duguid, Elaine Downs, Jackie Wigg, Lilly Bentz, Missing from picture - Marjorie Bird, Gloria Robertson, Pauline Mork

Jr. and Sr. Volleyball team.

Back Row: Larry Papke, Morrie Dimmer (Deceased), Carl Goetjen, Phil Hunt, Ross MacKenzie, Dale Krebs, Allen MacKenzie, David Foat, Next Row: Dan Butler, Linda Taylor, (Mrs. Ziebart), Irma Foat (Mrs. Jillian), Gayle Sorenson (Mrs. Allen Cameron), Wendy Agate, Dwila Foat (Mrs. Hertz), Mary Steffler (Mrs. Nott), Dixie Hoffman (Mrs. Wes Lucash), Diane Taylor, (Mrs. Ken Thompson), Joan Bushert (Mrs. Bob Thompson), Bonnie Bagnall (Mrs. Doug Brander), Yvonne Whittle (Mrs. Neil Gano). Next Row: Irene Oldfield, (Mrs. Snyder), Sheryl McBain (Mrs. Martel), Brenda Mailer (Mrs. Johnston), Pat Dimmer (Mrs.) Brenda McBain, (Mrs. Lindsay), Donna Dubois (Mrs. Mawhinney), Linda Brian (Mrs. Rick Roberts), Bev Hallet. Front Row: Garry Thompson, John Reid, Neil Munn, Tom Earle, Warren Good, Merle Cook, Ken Bird.

League Championship 1946 - Back Row: Left to right - Fred Wilson, Buster Sullivan, Bud Gano, Doug Havens, Les Beddoes. Front Row: Jim Williamson, Loy Robertson, Ramsey Parson, Dave McKenzie, Woodrow Hoffman (deceased).

Girls Team 1975 - Coaches - Micky McBain & Ken Brian. Back Row: Yvonne Steffler, Shannon Smith, (Veres), Joan Steffler (Dittrick), Patsy Whitlow (Kamitomo), Theresa Brian (Wigston), Sitting: Sandra Whitlow, Patty Odell (Hager), Leslie Whitlow, Dorothy McFarquhar, Ruth Odell, Julia Van Arnam.

Garfield Softball Team - Boys Team - 1971 Coaches - Duncan McFarquhar and George McBain, Front Row: left to right - Garry Bellamy, John McBain, Warren Smith, Allan Faas, Ronnie Hettinger. Next Row: Jeff Bell, Darrel Allen, Nelson Bardgett, Randy Whitlow, Doug McBain, Martin Steffler. Back: Ralph Bellamy, Joe Bardgett, David Faas.

PART IV

PLACES & ORGANIZATIONS

THE BEEF RING

The first beef ring was run by Myroms and later by Mr. Falk. Mr. Falk had 40 people give one beef per year. One person at a time brought in beef and it was divided amongst the signatures on the list. No money changes hands as each family came in every Saturday with a cotton flour bag and picked up his share of the meat. They would rotate the names on the list. This scheme depended entirely on the cleanliness and also the honesty of the butcher. The meat was butchered on Friday and picked up on Saturday as fresh meat, as no hanging of meat was done then. Mr. Falk lived where Mac Turnbull now lives.

The Myram Slaughter House

The Myram beef ring ran in the 20's to about 1936-37. Only roasts and simple cuts of meat were cut. This began in the spring and ran only summer months, by threshing time you had eaten a whole beef. Farmers butchered their own during the winter months. When your turn came on the ring you received the liver, heart, etc. extra.

THE BIG PRAIRIE CEMETERY

The first group of men to make plans for a cemetery at Big Praire were: Adolph Bahm, James Bracken, Gardner, Parker and Potts. On Dec. 12, 1912 they met and measured the ground, the one acre that James Bracken had donated from his homestead.

On July 26, 1913, they met in Didsbury to see about a deed for the land. They contacted a man named Peterson, a Notary Public. The first tools they ordered were: 1 hoe, 1 pick, 1 long handled mouth shovel, 1 short handled mouth shovel. In August a plough was donated, and the rest of the work was done by hand.

Another meeting was called to transfer the papers. R. Bracken took them to Peterson, the Notary Public to sign and send back. Nov. 1915, Gardner got another transfer paper as the first one had been lost. $1.00 was paid for the paper and another $4.00 for the Notary Public's fees and in Dec. the title of the cemetery was completed. It was later decided $1.00 would be charged for a single grave and $2.00 for a family grave.

Each man was to bring 12-5" peeled spruce posts, wire was obtained and the cemetery was then fenced off.

BIG PRAIRIE AND THE EARLY PIONEERS

By: Ethel Bracken and Lora Smith

Big Prairie! Thats just what it was in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Our grandfather, Alfred George Pryce (known to his friends as Fred), came to Canada from Newton, Wales in the early 1880's. First he drove a stagecoach from Calgary to Edmonton. Then he took part in the Louis Riel Rebellion. While driving the stagecoach he met our grandmother, (Elizabeth, a sister to Ernest Schult - Stanley Schultz's father). Stanley still lives on his father's homestead. At the time they met, grandmother was cooking in one of the first hotels in Calgary. They were married in Calgary in 1892 and moved 2½ miles south of where Elkton was later established, to homestead on the banks of the Little Red Deer River.

About two years later a little son, Robert, was born, who died at birth. He was buried there on the homestead. We've been told by reliable people that there was about three or four graves there. One could be Mr. Carr, the ranch hand.

A daughter, Mina, was born in 1897 in Holland, Manitoba. Grandmother Pryce went back to visit her mother, as the nearest doctor was in Calgary and the only means of transportation was buckboard or wagon. When Grandfather drove his cattle to market in Calgary it took two or three days. Two years after Mom was born another girl, Mary, was born. She died when only four years old of scarlet fever, and was buried in the Westcott Cemetery.

It wasn't until years after when they moved to British Columbia that two younger brothers were born. They were named Alfred and Ernest. Uncle Alfred and Ernest came out to visit with them. They both married but Uncle Alfred died in a tragic hunting accident Uncle Ernest in a truck accident with the foreman going to work, the truck went over an embankment.

To get her schooling, Mother boarded with Hunspergers and went to school at Westcott, or Kansas as it was known then, but after the Elkton school was built in May 1907, Mother rode her pony and went there. Arnold Blain and Mother were two of the first pupils. Their teacher was Miss Topp.

Grandfather Pryce used to graze his cattle on what he called the Big Prairie. Mother remembers riding all over Big Prairie, checking cattle with her father or Mr. Carr. Mother was the only child on the ranch as the older half sister, Mayme, stayed in the east with relatives to get her education.

Our Great grandmother, (her Grandmother), of an illness and our Aunt Mayme and Uncle Ernest stayed with her and took care of her. Aunt Mayme was only a very young girl and had to work very hard helping care for an invalid. As it was a labour of love she didn't mind. After she passed away they came west.

When Uncle Ernest Schultz came west Aunt Mayme came west with them. She met our Uncle Bob and later married him. Our Mother stayed with them for visits sometimes. Also Uncle Charlie Schultz, they both were very kind to our mother. Together Aunt Mayme and Uncle Bob developed their farmstead into a paying farm. They raised 5 daughters and two sons, and gave them, like others of that time, a good bringing up. Good manners were very important and high ideals, along with respect for their elders, like Mother and Father, they set a very good example for their children. They were able to give them a good education and start in life. It's people like these that helped make our Alberta what it is. We owe them a lot.

"The Bracken Boys", Bob, Bill and Dad went to the first Calgary Stampede or exhibition by horseback and wagon. They camped on the north bank of the Bow River. Uncle Bill went from here to Prince George where he was a barber. From there he followed the "Gold Rush" to California, where he met his wife, Nellie. They made their home there and had a good life. They had no family.

The first settlers to homestead in the Big Prairie district were: Brackens, Tilliards, Durys, Bahms, Addisons. Our father, Charles Francis Bracken, known to everyone as Frank, was born in Pittsburgh, Illinois in 1882, growing up in Oklahoma, U.S.A., Alberta by rail. The boys had to ride in the boxcars to care for the livestock. They worked for a while in Olds.

Frank worked on the ranch of Enos Hunter. One of the funny stories he loved to tell was about another immigrant who couldn't speak English, but was very anxious to learn. They slept in a cold bunk house and it was winter-time. He always asked Dad, (who even then, had a very patient good natured disposition) the name of everything.He'd wake him out of a sound sleep to say, "Frank, Frank, I forgot to shut the door". Of course, he meant the gate, so it was get up and go and shut it. One night he woke him in the middle of the night, holding a handful of salt. Dad said, "that's salt, you damn fool, salt". He never said if he found out if it was just "salt" before he had to buy some at a store. He also though Dad had the best job being a "milla boy" grinding feed and wanted to change jobs, so Dad gladly went out and hauled feed. He soon changed his mind. Our father had many funny experiences he loved to share with us.

From Olds they came to the Big Prairie district and took out homesteads in 1900. Dad homesteaded the quarter where Bill Graham now lives. N.E.¼ Sec. 24-T30, R-5, W-5. George N.W.¼ Sec-24, T-30, R-5, W-5. Grandfather S.E.¼ of Sec. 24, T-30, R-5, W-5, where Ray Martin's now live. Uncle Bill homesteaded N.E.¼ Sec. 14, T-30, R-5, W-5. They all proved up on their homesteads. Our great-grandfather was in ill health, and it was his wish to be buried on his son's homestead so our grandfather, James Noble deeded an acre of land for a cemetery about the year 1901 or 1902. I think he was the first to be buried there. There are quite a few early settlers buried there. They were very glad of a place to bury their loved ones, as the nearest cemetery then, was Westcott or Carstairs. There was no charge for burials. This (burial ground) cemetery was later registered as the Big Prairie Cemetery. Bahms' came in 1905 and one of them said the Big Prairie Cemetery was there then, but when Viney and her husband, August Nettnay lost their nine month old son, she wanted him buried on the home place.

When Grandfather and Grandmother Bracken returned to the States, the two girls went back with them, married and had families there. The Bracken boys had the first binder in the Big Prairie district, also the first threshing outfit, run by a Cushman engine. Henry and Alfred Cook helped on the threshing crew, later Bob's eldest son, Arthur, helped.

Mother and Father first met in a mud-puddle, Mum was riding her pony when she met Frank and his brother Bill. Her pony got frightened of their mules, consequently she landed in the mud puddle. She often said, Bill asked if Missy was hurt, only her pride was, but Dad just grinned at her wet, muddy appearance.

Mother went with her parents when they moved to British Columbia, but returned very soon, and worked with a friend for a whileNellie Crow in a hotel in Carstairs. Mother and Father were married on Nov. 15, 1913.

Mina & Frank Bracken & Grandson Gary. 1949 or 1950

At first Big Prairie Post Office was located on Tilleards homestead, the S.W.¼ of 14, T-30, R-5, W-5. Later it was moved up where Mr. and Mrs. Art Pawson now live, the S.W. of 4, T-30, R-5, W-5. A man known as Arthur Reginald Binney was the Post master for years. He was also the J.P. for the area and ran a store as well. Everyone knew him as "Uncle Binney", as he grew older he hired as his assistant, Miss Annie Cartlidge, and after his death in May, 1933, she ran the store and Post Office until it was closed in 1960. A lot of small Post Offices were closed about that time. The first mail man was Jack Tilleard, Jack McBain was the second. it was by team in those days. The route was from Big Prairie P.O. then Old Cremona, then Carstairs and then back to Big Prairie. It was a 64 mile round trip. Horses had to be changed often sometimes.

Our father took over the job in 1915. He carried it about 5½ years, then sold it to Leonard Regan. Jack Regan bought it from his brother, Len, then Bill McGaffin and after that Reuben Bouck. As roads improved it was done by trucks. It was a hard task for both men and horses in the early days, as the roads were not too good, and the mail had to go thru'. When our father drove it, one passenger, who rode into Carstairs with him, told about the snow piled up over the top of the fence posts. He froze his feet so badly he almost got gangrene. The Dr. had Mother change the bandages several times a day. I don't know if thats when he sold the route to Len Regan or if he got a substitute until he was well enough to go himself.

During the war many of the boys who went overseas rode to Carstairs with Dad, some of them had their last meal with them before going overseas, some of them never came back. Two of them were Leo Bahm and Tommy Potts. Mother and Father were very fond of them as they were of them all.

Tommy Potts played the accordian.He used to get our brother Charles, then only a toddler to dance. Billie Brown bought his first accordian from him.

George Bracken joined the Canadian Army and went overseas. he spent two years in Germany. After the War he spent most of his life in Alberta. He went back to the States only for visits. he passed away in the Colonel Beltcher Hospital and was buried with military honors in "Field of Honor", Queens' Park Cemetery, Calgary. All during the

War people of the district put on dances and bazaars etc. to raise money to send parcels to the boys who went overseas. They also saved enough money to get an Honor Roll made so that all the young men they knew who went to war might never be forgotten. Some of them gave their lives. All of them came back with a memory they will never forget.

BIG PRAIRIE HONOR ROLL
MEN WHO FOUGHT AND FELL FOR KING AND COUNTRY

Killed In Action
Pte. E. Wilcox
Enlisted Feb. 1915. Died March 1915
Pte. G. Turner
Enlisted Feb. 1915. Killed June 1916
Pte. Nelson
Enlisted May 1915. Killed July 1917
Pte. L.W. Bahm
Enlisted March 1916. Killed Aug. 1918
Pte. T. Potts
Enlisted Feb. 1916. Killed Sept. 1918.

Returned
Pte. J.H. Cavvasso , enlisted Aug. 6, 1914
Pte. J.E. Tilleard, enlisted Aug. 1914
Pte. A. Hawkesworth, enlisted Aug. 1914
Pte. W. Boyer, enlisted Feb. 1915
Pte. F. Nelson, enlisted Feb. 1915
Pte. C. Burchell, enlisted June 1915
Pte. H. Lea, enlisted June 1915
Pte. E. McLeod, enlisted Nov. 1915
Pte. C. Rathwell, enlisted Feb. 1916
Pte. R.J. Reid, enlisted May 1916
Pte. W.O. Hawkesworth, enlisted July 1916
Pte. M. Eadie, enlisted July 1916
Driver E. Snowdon, enlisted July 1916
Pte. E.H. Dinzey, enlisted Dec. 1916
Pte. J. Rathwell, enlisted Dec. 1916
Pte. L.D. Morgan, enlisted April 1918
Pte. F.A. Bahm, enlisted May 1918
Pte. A. Waterstreet, enlisted May 1918

It still hangs in the Big Prairie Community Centre.

This Big Prairie School District No. 2362 situated at the south-west corner of section 19, T-30, R-4, W-5 meridian was built in the year 1911. The settlers contracted a Mr. Wilcox to help build the school. They got a loan of $1,000 from the government to build and furnish it, and erect outhouses. Bob Bracken and Mr. Bahm did most of the carpenter work, but the other settlers helped and gave donations. Of course there were days when they had "building bees" and everyone turned up. They must have, as it was ready for school that September but it didn't start until October 1st as some of the children had to help with the harvest. Some of them rode quite a few miles to attend school. Mother boarded the first teacher, Miss Bunker. Big Prairie was also used for church and burial services, so school had to be closed whenever there was a funeral. It was also used for dances, picnics, Christmas concerts and other neighborhood get-togethers and polling of elections for many, many years.

When it was closed in favor of centralization, the children were bused to Cremona School and the community had to buy it from the government, so interested people of the district put in a donation and helped keep it for a Community Centre in 1958. Since then many improvements have been made. A kitchen was added, then an addition on the north side, and also it has been painted and etc. when needed, so it is still a part of our lives. It is now known as the Big Prairie Community Centre and is still used for social activities.

Mother and Father were married Nov. 15, 1913. They had a family of 2 sons and 5 daughters. Their first son Charles, was born Feb. 4, 1915, then a girl Ruth Elizabeth, followed by another little girl Sarah May. Our Mother, like most other women of that time, never was in hospital when the children were born. By this time their income was good enough so they could afford to build a nice new home. Unfortunately they lost this house and all their possessions by a fire. Mother was lucky to save the children and herself. They had to live in a granary for awhile after that.

Whooping cough and diptheria were very bad in those days. Then there was a bad flu outbreak. They lost their little girl Sarah May, Feb. 20, 1920. If memory is correct pneumonia and flu. Father's brother. Bob, had to make the funeral arrangements as all the family were ill and quarantined. They all recovered, but then typhoid went the rounds, our brother Charles, was so ill he had to spend some time in the hospital. When he was able to come home he brought a gift from one of the nurses, a cat. He was never in good health or very well after that.

After that Ethel, Lora, Hazel and then another son, Frank Jr. were born. Our Mother stayed with Aunt Sadie and Uncle Ernest Schultz when May was born. Aunt Sadie acted as mid-wife for some of us, she also stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stauffer when our sister Hazel was born and at Mrs. Smiths' when our brother Frank Jr., was born. Our pioneer women did not lack for courage as at that time a lot of babies were "born at home".

Even tho' they had to work hard to make a living, our parents never complained. they enjoyed life and we had a wonderful, happy childhood. Their was no radio or T.V. then, so there was more friendly visiting. Our Mother was a good cook, she could make icing better than store bought candy. Home-made bread, pies and cakes etc. also. She never had a lot of cook books either. She always had a good hot meal waiting for us when we came home from school. Also she was very firm along with Dad about the proper behaviour of children. We were never allowed to address our elders by their first names. We had many visitors at our home. Both of our prents loved company but in our house there were no off color stories allowed. Mother considered that kind of talk as only fit for the barn yard. She was a lady and did her best, with our Father's cooperation, to bring us all up with the best of ideals.

At times she was our doctor and dentist as well. If one of us had a loose tooth, Mom always found out and out it came. The tooth fairy always came so any real or imaginary pain was short lived. As children we were fascinated by our Uncle Bob's gold tooth and wanted one like it. He told us if we wanted one real bad, we must keep our tongue from touching the vacant spot and the new tooth would be gold just like his. Young hopefuls tried their best but Ethel was sure she had succeeded, so was very disappointed when she only got an ordinary white one. The first time we saw Uncle Bob she asked him about it, naturally the rest of us were very anxious too, but he only laughed and told her she must have put her tongue in the vacant hole. The grown-ups seemed to think even some of the older children, that it was very funny. We didn't, as we all wanted a gold tooth!

Dances, card parties, house parties, chivaries, the Big Prairie school was the centre of a lot of activities. For many years our Father was the floor manager at dances and he also called the quadrills. Both Dad and Uncle Bob could step-dance. A friend told of Dad trying to teach her and her sister how to step-dance. Fond memories of going to dances and the Christmas concerts. If the weather was cold, heated stones or bricks, blankets were in the sleigh or cutter to keep us warm. If it was nice the sky was full of stars, and the crunch of snow under the horses feet, the jingle of sleigh bells and harness chains. What fun! Now its all cars or trucks, but warmer I guess!

At the Christmas concerts every child in the district got a gift from Santa and a bag of candy. Treats were passed around and always a dance after. One Christmas, the next morning one bag was missing so Daddy went out and looked in the cutter. He found the bag, nuts and an

orange, but no candies. Brownie our little dog, had her own pre-Christmas feast. Children must've been tougher than. There wasn't too much baby sitting done. We, like many others can remember going to dances but never coming home. Benches usually were pretty well filled up with sleeping children, but the older folks didn't seem to care about sitting down anyway.

There was a lot of open range when we were children. Some people turned their cattle out, getting them at milking time. The clue to finding them was the good old cow-bell. Everyone seemed to know their own bell too. School picnics were held to celebrate the last day of school for the year. It was home-made ice cream then, the men taking turns turning the freezer in the shade of the school. kind Mr. Graham, was always interested in the kiddies report cards and ready with a pat on the head and a word of praise.

I think our parents life was much easier the last years, and they enjoyed their grandchildren very much. The family have many happy memories of them.

Their son Charles, died Sept. 25, 1951.

Frank Bracken died May 1, 1960 and a daughter Hazel, (Mrs. Tom Camps), August 13, 1968 buried at Lacombe and leaving a husband and three sons, Danny, Ernest and Stephen.

Mrs. Mina Bracken passed away in Didsbury hospital March 12, 1971 at 73 years of age. This first time she was ever in a hospital. With the exception of Hazel, they are all buried in the Big Prairie cemetery.

Their daughter Ruth, married Reuben Bouck. They had one son Donald, his wife is Sigrid and they have 2 children - Diana and Patrick, they live in Big Prairie district as do the rest of the family.

Ethel still lives in her parents home. Frank Bracken Jr. and wife Jean, and daughter Karla, live on N.W.¼ of 30, T30, R-4, W-5. The other daughter Heather, and her husband Martin live in Calgary.

Lora married J.W. (Bill) Smith and they live on J. Brown's old home, E½, of 36, T-30-5. John and Leonard, (2 sons at home), David and family live at High River. Mary married Barry Thomson. Ethel's son, Gary, his wife and family live near Bowden.

We are all proud of our heritage and glad we live in "Sunny Alberta". Thru' good times and bad we never knew our parents to begruge those who had more good luck than they did. We have many happy memories of life-long friends and their parents, and are always happy to meet and visit anyone that knew our people in bygone years. As time has passed we've been saddened to see a lot of our older pioneers pass on. All of us owe them all a very great debt as they made the way much easier for the ones to follow. Everyone of them has left us a much richer heritage.

1939. Hazel, Lora, Uncle Jack, Ethel, Ruth and Frankie Bracken.

Jim Coates, Charles Bracken, Uncle Jack, Reuben Bouck with son, Donald in front of him, Frank Bracken and Frankie in front of him, Bill Smith.

John McBee, Charles Bracken, Frank Bracken and son Frankie.

THE BIG PRAIRIE POST OFFICE HISTORY 1909 - 1960

Written By Donna Pawson
As Told By Annie Pawson

The Big Prairie Post Office was established in 1909 due to the existence of an ever expanding population of homesteaders west of Cremona. It was located on the south-west quarter of Section 14, Township 30, Range 5, west of the fifth meridian and it was owned by Mr. Tilleard, who was Big Prairie's first postmaster. Beyond his duties as postmaster, Mr. Tilleard also sold a few commodities such as tea, tobacco, and chocolate. Several years later, the Big Prairie Post Office would expand to include a country store in addition to providing postal services.

A mailman riding horesback or travelling in a wagon drawn by a team of horses would transport the mail from Carstairs and deliver it to the Post Office - a variety of young men served as temporary mailmen before Mrs. Jack McBain, presently Mrs. Stevenson, was hired as the first official mailperson. Whenever a mailman was needed, the postmaster would post a government notice which declared the position open. Every prospective applicant could place a written tender for the position indicating what wage he would be willing to accept for the term. The successful applicant would usually be hired for a term of four years. How successful the selected applicant actually was may be questionable for the mailman often found it to his benefit to collect cream along his route in order to subsidize what would be an insufficient income.

Mr. Arthur Binney succeeded Mr. Tilleard as postmaster in 1914 with the outbreak of World War I. Shortly thereafter, the Bituma Post Office closed down. In consequence, a new, more centralized location for the Big Prairie Post Office was deemed desirable and Mr. Binney's homestead just happened to be a logical site. The new post office was housed in Mr. Binney's dwelling on the east side of the south-west quarter of Section 4. This proved to be only a temporary location however, for a fire destroyed Mr. Binney's house. A new post office was constructed on the west side of the quarter, several hundred feet behind Art and Annie Pawson's present residence.

During this period Frank Bracken, succeeded by Leonard Regan, were the mail men. While Frank Bracken was solely dependent on the horse for transportation, Leonard Regan introduced the used of the Model T to the mail service, during one of his terms. Invention of the automobile had further impact on the Big Prairie Post Office. It resulted in the expansion of the Post Office to a Post Office and store, stocked with a complete line of products typical of a country store.

Annie Cartlidge was hired as Mr. Binney's assistant in 1929. Mondays and Thursdays she stamped the mail to prepare it to go out on Tuesday and Fridays. Miss Cartlidge served as Mr. Binney's assistant for four years. In 1933 he passed away and Annie Cartlidge became the new postmistress. The presence of the postmistress in these decades was more important than today. Without her intervention, the members of the community did not have access to the open boxes on the wall which contained their mail. There were no locked mail boxes in a lobby as we know today. Instead, the mail always passed through the postmistress' hand before reaching the owner.

At the time Annie Cartlidge became postmistress, Jack Regan was completing Leonard Regan's term as mailman. He was succeeded by Mac Graham in the fall of 1934. Mr. Graham was faced with several severe winters in which he was forced to return to the use of horses. At times the mailman would leave the Big Prairie Post Office on his trek to Carstairs in a sleigh pulled by four horses and not return until the postal day of the following week when he would once again be forced to recommence the struggle through the snow drifts on the trail back to Carstairs.

In 1936, Annie Cartlidge married Arthur Pawson and two years later, in 1938, the Big Prairie Post Office was moved to its final location - what is presently the living room of their home. In the same year, Mac Graham completed his term as mailman. In succession, he was followed by Bill McGaffin, Reuben Bouck and Don Stair. Don Stair was the first mailman to follow the shorter mail route from Cremona to Big Prairie, instead of from Carstairs to the Post Office. The last mailman to deliver to Big Prairie was Ted Coombes Sr. He occupied this position for 14 years, from 1946 to 1960, when the Carstairs Rural Route system was introduced. As a result, in 1960 the Big Prairie Post Office was closed. Mr. Pawson attempted to find a replacement to operate the store, but without success. Consequently, the store was closed as well.

Annie Pawson served as Postmistress for 27 years, 1927 to 1960. In recognition of her steady service she received a "Twenty-five Year Pin" and a scroll from Postmaster General William Hamilton in Ottawa.

"Uncle Binny" who's real name was Arthur Regnald, was a remittance man from England. He became the original post master of Big Prairie. At that time the post office was located west of Rueben Bouck's homestead. Uncle Binny wanted to move it to its' present location. Before he could do this he had to put up a notice, notifying the people of the district of this move. The notice must be up three months allowing the people ample time to protest this move. He knew none of them would approve it. So he went into the deep woods & tacked up the notice where no one could see it. At the end of three months, having complied with the law, he moved his post office.

Uncle Binny at the Big Prairie Post Office.

He had a habit of letting his dirty dishes sit without washing them till a green mold formed around the rim of them. When asked if he was not afraid of being poisoned he replied, that on the contrary, this mold was beneficial and kept him healthy. Thus - he had discovered the basis of penicillin long before it was discovered in England.

BIG PRAIRIE W.I.

Mary Brace, Mrs. C. Burkholder, Grace Coleman holding Glenda, Lois Bergeson, Audrey Parkhurst, Gladys Graham, Marjorie Bouck, Violet McKay, Doreen Stanton, Peggy Bouck, Jean Umbach with Gail, Jean McBain with Terry Bouck & Bernice McBain, Ella Bouck with Carol McKay and Donna McBain, Dale Bouck, Valarie and Jane Stanton, Ronald Coleman, Beverly Bouck holding Bernard Bergeson.

THE COAL MINES AT SILVER CREEK

The original mine on Silver Creek opened about 1911. The Bodine Brothers opened it up. A man by the name of Molten, owned this mine. The Bookkeeper and Post Office man was T.C. Burrows. This mine closed down in about 1914.

The mine then reopened in 1917. Two brothers, known as the Davis brothers opened it up. They mined here for about 3 years and then it closed again.

A man by the name of Scotty came and opened it again and mined here for part of one summer and all of one winter. He mostly widened the old shafts and then it was closed again.

Then in 1921, the Henshaw's came to the coal mine. There were 3 brothers and their mother. They opened a shaft on the south side of the creek and mined here for about one winter.

At one time there was a fairly large settlement on Silver Creek, which consisted of a large boarding house, an office, a scale house and Post Office. There were at least 3 houses, a Powder House and a big barn that would hold 40

horses. The lumber for these buildings was brought in from North west of Snowden's. This mill originally set at Winchell's and was owned by James Otterbyne. After it set north west of Snowden's, Fred Turnbull bought it and moved it to his place on the plains. Mrs. Winchell and her daughters, Hattie and May cooked at these mines.

Mac Graham remembers hauling coal by horse and wagon from the mines east of Cremona and as far as Carstairs. After these mines closed down the buildings were all torn down and the lumber sold. The office set where the Wilderness Park sign now is. It was moved over a little and used for a hall, for about 4 years and then it burnt down. Rumor has it that Skunk Hollow got its name from the "rotton" Moonshine around.

CHINOOK CREATIVE ARTS FOUNDATION

A DREAM UNFOLDING

By: Liz Smart

In 1972, a couple of dedicated people got together with some of the head persons and put across their dream of an Arts and Crafts Museum with the hope of someday being able to procure a building - and furnish this with a craft library and equipment to help and encourage people to further their knowledge in crafts and help each other in the Arts and Crafts area.

CHINOOK CREATIVE ARTS FOUNDATION

By: Hector Elliott

The Chinook Creative Arts Foundation began from the dream of Olive and Hector Elliott to help and encourage Arts and Crafts among the people of this part of Mountain View with the hope of having a building to be used for a museum - Art gallery and rooms with equipment for people to do their crafts.

This Foundation was registered in the Societies Act, Jan. 26, 1973 in the province of Alberta. - (The registral of companies of Alta.) The original board of directors being: Hector Elliott, Alan Reid, Alice Van Arnam, Gwyneth McRae, Ruth E. Sanden, Alice Whitlow.

The following are the charter members: Hector Elliott, Joyce Leask, Ruth Sanden, Gwyneth McRae, Phyllis Hunt, Dora Hunt, Alice Whitlow, Alice Bird, Clarence Reid, Alan Reid, Alice Van Arnam and Candy Barlow.

Arts and Crafts shows have been conducted every spring since the founding of the society using the United Church Hall until the New Town Hall was built. These shows have been very well received by the public who attend in numbers of 500 in an afternoon.

A woven wall hanging was produced by the members of the Calgary Mountain Weavers, as a club effort. The warp is a twine, the weft if natural wool, washed, dyed (from weeds and plants), - carded and spun by the members of the Mountain Weavers and then woven on a 45 inch loom. The various members contributing ideas. The president of the Mountain Weavers, Mrs. Fern Kelly of Calgary presented the wall hanging to the Chinook Arts Foundation in April, 1978 and it now hangs in the Cremona Hall.

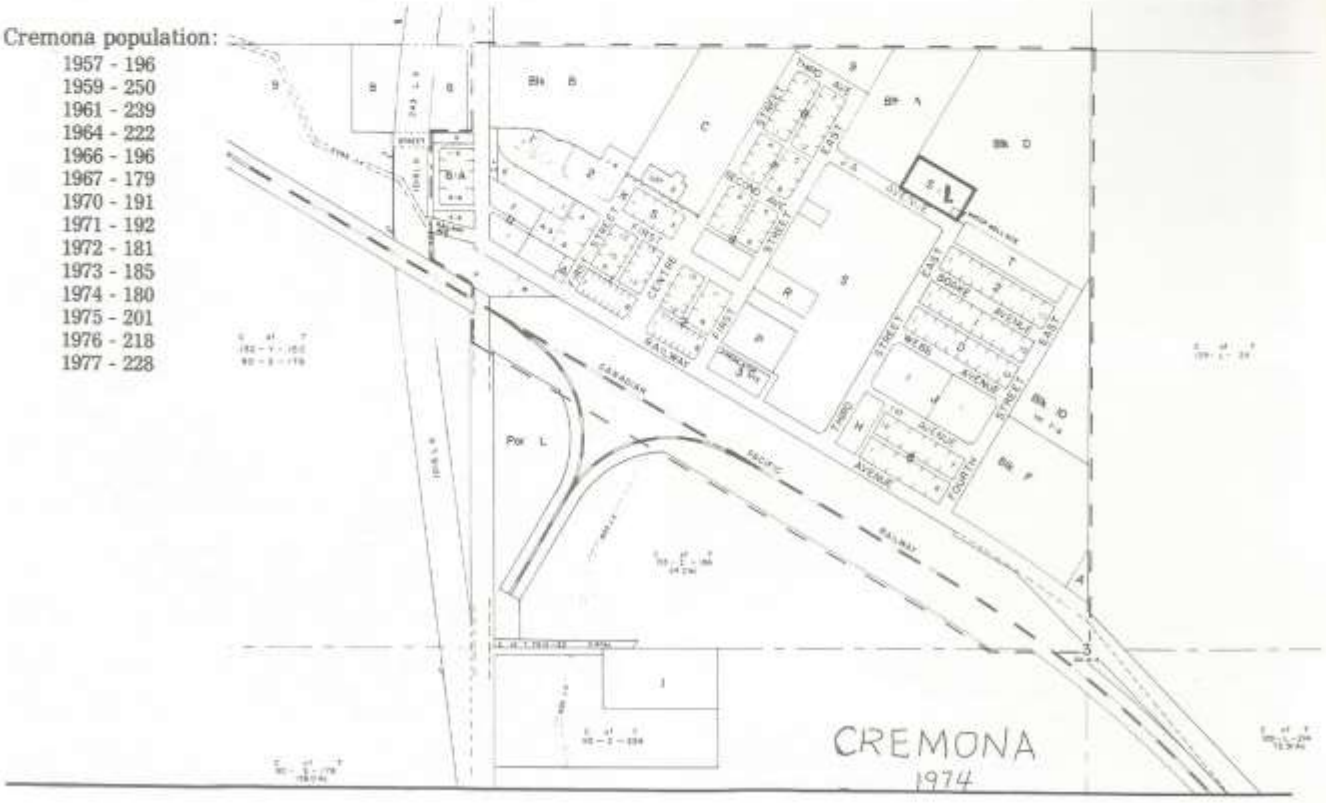
CREMONA

Cremona was named for the violin city in Italy. Cremona had its beginnings when one of its pioneers opened a store and Post Office one and one half miles east of its present location in the year 1906. Later, when the railway came through, Cremona moved to its' present site and was incorporated a village in Jan. 1955.

Situated on a south-westerly slope, Cremona residents have a panoramic view of our beautiful snow capped Rockies.

Cremona population:

1957 - 196
1959 - 250
1961 - 239
1964 - 222
1966 - 196
1967 - 179
1970 - 191
1971 - 192
1972 - 181
1973 - 185
1974 - 180
1975 - 201
1976 - 218
1977 - 228



CREMONA

By: Vair Whitlow, MAYOR

Cremona was incorporated as a village in January, 1955. The water and sewer was installed in 1961. Since that time, many changes have taken place.

As of June, 1978, Cremona has a population of 236, and is growing rapidly., A new sub-division is currently being developed which will provide an additional thirty residential lots, There are also plans underway to develop a number of new businesses on some commercial lots along main street.

In 1975, the village was able to build a new office, including a library, and a complete shop for the fire trucks and maintenance equipment. In 1978, The Cremona Community Hall was built, with the Lions Clubs sponsoring the project. The Lion's members and many other volunteers provided the labor. Cremona and district people have a great deal of community spirit which has shown itself in these past projects and which will help the communities with their future plans. At present, the possibilities of an arena are being explored.

We are very proud of the Cremona School and its' staff as well as the scholastic achievements of our students. Our school covers all grades one through twelve.

Many clubs and organizations are centred in Cremona. These include Cubs, Brownies, Guides, Lions, Legion, Legion Auxiliary, Modern Woodmen of Alberta, the Creative Arts Foundation, a very active curling club, as well as ball and hockey teams.

As the present mayor of Cremona, I would like to give a brief history of the mayors, councillors and secretary treasurers who served on the Village Council from Jan. 1955 to Sept. 1978.

VILLAGE OF CREMONA
SERVED ON VILLAGE COUNCIL
JANUARY 1955 - SEPTEMBER 1978

COUNCILLORS
P.J. Maynes - Jan. 31/55 to Oct. 30/61
F.G. Siminton - Oct. 30/61 to Oct./65
Chuck Holbrook - Jan. 31/55 to May 56 & Oct. 30/61 to Dec./64
William B. Frizzell - Jan. 31/55 to Sept. 10/57
Duncan Rattray - May 8/56 to Sept. 8/61
Earl Coombes - Sept. 10/57 to Oct. 27/58
William Moncey - Oct. 27/58 to Nov./66
Alex Hettinger - Dec./64 to Oct./67
Ken Rose - Oct./65 to Oct./74
John Hellec - Nov./66 to May 9/67
Ray Haggerty - May 9/67 to Oct. 11/77
John Bellamy - Oct. 23/67 to Nov. 26/75
Vair Whitlow - Dec. 9/75
Ken Blain - May 18/77
Wayne Black - Oct. 11/77

MAYORS
P.J. Maynes - Jan. 31/55 to Oct. 30/61
F.G. Simington - Oct. 30/61 to Oct./65
Alex Hettinger - Oct./65 to Oct./67
Kenneth Rose - Oct./67 to Oct. 74
John Bellamy - Oct./74 to Nov. 26/75
Del Canning - Nov. 26/75 to May 18/77
Vair Whitlow - May 18/77

SECRETARY - TREASURERS
Fred Rodway - Jan/55 to March/55
F.G. Simington - March/55 to Jan./61
Robert Dubois - Jan./61 to Jan. 28/64
William Ward - Jan. 28/64 to November/64
Paul A. Snyder - Nov./64 to Feb./69
Cleta J. Haggerty - Feb. 28/69

It is my sincere hope that the surrounding communities and the Village will continue as in the past, to co-operate in their efforts to make this area an even better place to live.

This was Dan Russell's farm, now Glen Ray's. Some of the railroad horses used to build the Cremona Railroad in the fall of 1929. There were 66 horses, picture taken as they were moving them to Didsbury to ship to Edmonton.

Building the Cremona Railroad 1929.

CREMONA 1930-1962

By: M.J. Hewitt 1962

The C.P.R. on surveying Cremona in 1930 subdivided just sixteen lots from what is now Eby's Garage, west. The street north from Holbrooks's Store was named First Street East; north from the Red and White, Main Street; north from the vacant garage to the curling rink, First Street West; and the main artery was named Railroad Avenue. The steel arrived from Crossfield in 1930. This branch line was known as Crossfield North-Western Railroad. Cremona was the only townsite set out on this line, the location being N.W. ¼ 3-30-4-West 5th. At the same time this was the property of Harry Atkins. A station was built at the foot of Main Street, but remained only three years. The same year the Alberta Grain Co. built their elevator. Mr. James was the first grain buyer. He and his wife lived in the elevator office. In 1933 the Pioneer Grain Co. built their elevator. In the fall of 1930 Mr. Fisher, who had a store in Old Cremona in the Squire Jackson farm, built the store now occied by the Red and White. Mr. John Burnett, an old timer in the district, was the carpenter. In 1931 a store was built by Turnbull and Harnack and operated by Matt. Hewitt and Charlie Ray. This store was purchased by C.C. Holbrook Sr. in 1934. Sam Davis arrived in 1931 and built an oil-house on first street west. This oil business was run by Sam Davis and Copp Paterson. The building was sold to George Graham and is now vacant.

While there, Mr. Davis very efficiently operated a trucking service which served the Cremona district. Later this was taken over by Ed Thrasher, who lived in the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stan Mailer. Mr. Davis has returned many times to visit friends in the district, for he is presently residing on the west coast. Charlie Powers built a blacksmith shop which John Orton operated. This building was later moved to the corner which Hettinger's residence occupies.

Mr. Fisher was the first postmaster, the post office being in his store. After Mr. Fisher's untimely death the

store and post office were taken over by Norman Campbell. When Norman joined the army, Rod Mcleod took over the store and post office which he operated until 1945 when he left for Sundre. Cremona can be proud of Rod's steady climb to success as he is now M.L.A. At that date the post office was moved to its present location under the management of Pat Maynes from the Big Prairie district, who has served the community well during the years.

J. Gwartnet of Olds built a restaurant on the T. Thompson site. For several years this was run by Mr. and Mrs. Summers. This building changed hands many times before 1940 when it was purchased by M. Turnbull, and converted into an Imperial Oil bulk station. Later it was sold to Cameron and Thompson. At present Imperial Oil is sold by W.A. Tippe who serves this area where only twelve tractors operate in 1932.

In the spring of 1931 Squire Jackson built a house across the street from what is now the Moncey home. This was occupied by Mrs. A. Mork who moved in from the farm to become Cremona's first telephone operator. Previously the exchange was located on her farm west of town. In all she served the community for many years. When she retired in 1934 she was presented a gold watch in recognition of her years of service. Mr. Matt. Hewitt succeeded her in November 1934 and for twenty eight years he has given dependable service. Day or night he answers whether it is a local call or one from Halifax or Alabama. Since 1938 the exchange has been in its present location.

In 1934 there were twelve rural and three hamlet phones. In 1936 the Cremona Mutual Telephones purchased the Alberta Government Telephones. The new company officials were Rod McFarquhar president, James Watt Vice-president, and Matt. Hewitt secretary-treasurer until 1959 when the duties were taken over by Willard Franklin. Today there are approximately sixty urban and one hundred rural telephones. It was in 1934, also that Mrs. Acheson arrived from Alsask. She built, owned and operated the store now under the management of the Simington's. Simington's residence was transported from Alsask by Mrs. Acheson. With the help of many from the community lumber was hauled and the United Missionary Church and Community Hall became a reality in 1933. These projects meant many hours of planning and hard labor, but with a vision before them, these pioneers proved their worth, giving us today the fruits of their labor. A few years later the United Church was built by John Burnett.

In 1932 Bill Howett built a pool hall on the site which is now Frizzell's Garage. Many changes took place before this modern garage was erected. In 1933 Lake Parsons built a machine shop and a house, which are now the N.A. Eby Garage and residence. Cremona was handicapped by the lack of roads. In the locality to the south was a bog that horses couldn't bottom, but with the help of Jack McBain and Alec Hogg, councillors of Beaver Dam M.D., this obstacle was surmounted. A road was built through Cremona and on the north. Snob Hill, as the area east of the Community Hall is popularly known, now boasts thirteen modern homes. This acreage originally owned by Duncan Rattery.

In 1945 the Modern Woodmen of America built their hall in Cremona. In this year, also, the Credit Union was organized with a membership of twelve. Mrs. Waterstreet's store was opened in 1947, as was the Canadian Legion Hall. In 1948 Calgary Power came to Cremona to replace the privately owned light plants, gas and kerosene lamps. A new way of life was now possible. Many appliances lightened labor. Garnet Brown who operated a garage in the old Sam Davis building, built a garage of his own in 1958 on property originally owned by Buster and Vince Brown. About the same time Don McLennan built his welding shop. Doncaster and Boake opened a filling station in front of the Spillman shop, selling machinery and Purity 99 oils and gas. This business was taken over by Ian and Johnny Marchant, who in 1958 built the Corner Service Station. The hotel came into being in 1956 and 1957. The curling rink was built about 1948, but was replaced in 1959 and artificial ice was installed in 1961. The modern school now in use in Cremona replaced the Atkins school that stood on the corner of Charlie Reid's farm for many years. It is reported that Cremona will soon be fully modern with water, sewers and gas. This little village may have suffered many growing pains but for those who have watched it grown, it is home.

THE BIG FIRE IN CREMONA

By: Dwila Reid

In 1930, the railroad was built west and the town of Cremona was surveyed to be built where it now stands. The main street ran east and west and on the west block, on the corner south of Van's Variety store, a drug store, owned and operated by the Roche brothers was built, a butcher shop owned by Mr. Watchorn, and a dance hall owned by Jim Brown were also erected. Other buildings were built across the street on the east block. One spring, 6:15 a.m., morning in 1931, I saw smoke rising from the vicinity of the town so my father, Edwin Reid, and I drove down to see what was causing it and saw the new drug store in flames. People very quickly gathered to help and Dad sent me home for our new Allis Chalmers tractor. We tried to pull buildings away from the fire but they were too heavy and although men worked very hard with what water and tools were available, (there was no fire equipment in Cremona then), that part of the main street was burned to the ground up to Geordie Graham's truck garage. This was later used by Mac Turnbull as a gas and oil agency. Geordie hauled oil, groceries and supplies for the town and lived in the house which was later bought by Ida Dorrington. That part of the main street was never rebuilt from 1931 till 1978. Now Alice Van Arnam is building a new store on the corner, once occupied by the Roche drug store.

View of Cremona in the early years.

The "Y" in the foreground was a flat muskeg area in the 40's. The young teenage boys enjoyed building rafts, made from railway ties. With a pole they pushed the raft alone the water and had a great time.
Left to right: Pool Hall, Bill Tippe Cafe, Butcher Shop, Back of Esso Bulk station, Tippe & Charlie Bennett Electric Shop, Waterstreets, now Oliver McKay house, Simingtons house, Community Hall , Red & White Store, Ed Thrasher house, top of Woodman Hall, Cremona United Church, Cremona Hardware, Frizzell's Garage, C.C. Holbrook, Eby's Garage, C.P.R. station house in front, now moved to the Trailer Park.

The Red & White Store as it was known for years was built in 1930 by Mr. Fisher who ran the store first. Later Rod McLeod about 1945, Dorothy and Bob Patchell, Hugh Pearce in the early 50's, Betty & Russell Gillies, Gib & Phylis Graham, as a drug store also. Then it was converted to a Pool Hall by J. Echner, Roy Foat - Billiards and Upholstery in 1977. Now vacant.

The Cremona Feed Mill, built in 1964 by Ray Haggerty and his dad, Lloyd. Operated until Sept. of 1975. Ray was known about town as "The Dusty Miller". Now vacant.

Norman Eby Garage - built in 1933 by Lake Parsons who also built the house. Sold to Eby's who ran the shop until his death in 1964, now vacant.

Don McLennon's welding shop. Built about 1958.

This house was once part of the buildings at Old Cremona and was moved into Cremona by Squire Jackson, to where it now sits. Squire rented it our to several different people.

The Cremona Hotel. Built in 1956 - 57. Built and ran by Mr. Al McDonald.

CREMONA - MY STORY

By: Cleta Haggerty

No one is so closely tied to a small town or village than its Administrator. It is much more than an address, it is part of one's identity. My ten years as administrator and Ray's 10½ years as Councillor has created a close bond between our family and the Village of Cremona.

My love affair with this beautiful little village, situated in the midst of the most scenic part of the country and the finest people, goes back to 1945 when the Garfield School was closed and we were bussed (5 of us I believe) to a new modern four classroom school in Cremona. Our "bus" was a 1937 Chevy two door sedan driven by my brother Ken. He was (and is) a character and much fun and foolishness was had by all. Singing to and from school was a favorite pass time. A song popular at the time was

"My girl's a corker, she's a New Yorker
I buy her everything to keep her in style
I buy her everything, even her shoe lace strings
Oh boy! thats where my money goes."

The "bus" only had one miss hap. We turned over on an icy road. The only casualty was Grace Foster who kindly held the door open for all to get out then shut her thumb in the door.

Our teacher was Mrs. Frizzell and since Elmwood school closed the same year we met a whole new batch of friends, the one in my grade being Carol Ray. (Now Bellamy)

I think it was September 1947 that Byron school closed and Adair Odell (now Roy) joined my class. I believe this was the year Lou Lucas taught us. He was an athletic type who preferred the boys and didn't have much of a sense of humor. When teaching government structure in Social Studies he asked me if a "Cabinet" was a place one put dishes, I replied "yes" and he banished me to the cloak

room.

The next teacher we knew was Walter Rowley. His "long suit" was music. he was an accomplished pianist and taught us true appreciation of music, besides there wasn't any home work in music.

The year 1949 was a memorable year for me as it was the first year I lived in Cremona. I boarded with Adam and Chris Lienweber and their three children Darlene, Harvey and baby Terry. We lived in the C.P.R. Station house located then across from the hardware store and has since been moved to the trailer court.

The stores were open late Saturday night and "Curley" brought his movies to the hall. The hall was always packed with young and old and "Curley" not only tolerated the kids but seemed to enjoy them too.

It was sometime in here that Gordon Reid brought Peggy and her music to Cremona. We had a Glee Club formed and we met every week in the United Church hall - not the one that exists now but one much smaller.

In November of 1950 just after the school had been closed for a quarantine period due to a Scarlet Fever scare I went to live at Chester Holbrook's house above the store. I was to cook and clean house and attend school Linda Tippe (now Simpson) lived there also - she was a clerk in the store. The Holbrook house had the distinction of being one of the few in the district with power and running water as he had his own power plant. Power came to Cremona in 1951.

Holbrooks had to be the best place in the world for any teenager to live. It was the centre of activity for young people. Chuck, along with my brother Ken and my cousin Jack Spillman never allowed a dull moment go by. On occasion Chester would have to yell up the stairs when the din got too loud.

Matt Hewitt had the telephone switchboard in his home and he along with daughter-in-law Olive somehow managed to give us 24 hour telephone service.

These were the years no one would have believed Cremona would ever have a water shortage problem. When spring came we put on high boots to shop in Cremona and no one ever tried to drive down main street because of the mud.

Country dances were popular and every little centre would have one on alternate Friday nights. If there wasn't a dance in Cremona we'd load a car full of kids and go to Graham school, Big Prairie school, Water Valley hall, or maybe even Rugby or Melvin.

There were five in the graduating class of 1954, Carol Ray, Adair Odell, Loleta Coleman, Warren Reid and me, Cleta Umbach. Our graduation banquet, attended only by the high school and teachers, was held in the "banquet room" of Lawrence and Jean Bergeson's cafe. Edith Olson was our high school teacher and principal. She was a strict, no nonsence type who would not accept excuses for home work not done. We all found out at the end of Grade twelve she really did have a heart and referred to us as "her little darlings".

In September of 1954 I entered the Holy Cross School of Nursing in Calgary but my heart never left Cremona.

On November 1, 1957 after graduating from Nursing School, Ray and I were married in the United Church here in Cremona by Reverend McGee,but it wasn't until December of 1963 that Ray and I moved back to Cremona along with our three daughters Cindy 5, Shelley 3 and Colleen 2 years old.

Cremona had aquired Village status in January of 1955, new homes had been built (including the one we moved into and later bought), natural gas and water and sewer services had been installed in 1962. A fine new school had been built, making the one I graduated from look small and insignificant.

In July of 1964 the familiar Holbrook's store was sold to Ken and Ann Rose, "city folks" who won our love and approval.

In September of 1964 Cliff Sorenson came to be the new Principal and our oldest daughter Cindy started school. To our children and many others the words "Principal" and "Mr. Sorenson" are synonymous.

I acquired the job of Administrator in April of 1969 after the resignation of Paul Snyder. The municipal office was a cold dingy room off the two bay fire hall. A new municipal building was built in 1975.

The old community hall where many good times were enjoyed was replaced in 1977 by a beautiful new structure built by the community under the very fine leadership of the Cremona Lion's Club.

The next 30 years, as compared to the past 30, will see many more changes in Cremona. The little village will grow and prosper but some of its charm, I'm afraid, will be lost in the process.

Village Office

CREMONA BRANCH OF THE CANADIAN LEGION

By: Cremona Branch Canadian Legion 1962

Early in the year of 1946 a number of World War I and II veterans of the Cremona district felt that they should like to have a Legion Branch organized in Cremona. Several of these veterans had visited, some having belonged to other branches, and it was felt that the spirit of comradship developed during the years of service could best be maintained through the formation of a Cremona Branch of the Canadian Legion. A great deal of the time and work has gone into bringing these first ideas and ambitions into reality, to acquiant you with some of the history of the branch a group of comrades gathered in the present, very comfortable Legion Hall situated on the main thoroughfare entering the village of Cremona from the north, to reconstruct the Cremon's Legion's past.

The first official organization meeting held in the basement of the Cremona Hall elected as its president the late Robert L. Reid. Other officers elected at that iniative meeting were D.H. Warren - vice president, J. Shultz, E.J. Rands, C.R. Camp and W. Frizzell made up the first executive committee. In the year 1950 R.L. Reid was honored with life membership in the Cremona Legion. At a special meeting held in Oct. 1946 John Schultz reported that Mr. R. (Bob) Simpson would grant a plot of land with 100 foot frontage on which a hall could be erected. In appreciation of this fine gesture, Mr. Simpson was awarded a life membership.

A delegation headed by W.B. Frizzell was appointed to investigate the possibility of purchasing the Crosby Building which was situated two miles east of the Red Deer "Ford". Without the aid of heavy moving equipment, the moving of this building posed somewhat a problem. Among those responsible for undertaking the moving project were D. Bird, E. Rands, J. Shultz, and A. Good. This venture is a story in itself, as many difficulties were encountered, particularily in fording the river and negotiating the bill hill. The foundtion was laid in readiness for the new building in June of 1948, followed by many hours of toil over the next year in carrying out a complete renovation. Many and

varied were the means used in raising funds to finance the purchase and renovation of the newly acquired Legion Hall. The turkey shoots, bingos, and smokers will long be remembered for their spirit, zest and comradeship.

Funds were sometimes rather limited for the early years of the branch; however, this problem always overcome as the members were determined earlier dreams would not fade. Being a small part of a national organization with the welfare of the ex-servicemen its main concern, the Cremona Legion has also become active in many communities enterprises. The Nov. 11, Church Parade, since its enception has become part of the memorable events in the life of the community and has now grown to include scouts, cubs, and explorers. Many of the not so-young members who were World War I veterans still take part in this impressive ceremony.

The Legion bonspiel for members and families is one of the sporting highlights of the branch each year. The branch has always taken a keen interest in sports for both young and old. Many tired and aching muscles have resulted from frequent challenges in softball with the Modern Woodmen of Cremona. Sponsorship of little league hockey in the community became a project of the branch in 1961. To assist less fortunate veterans, the branch carried on an annual poppy campaign. In conjuction with this, a poppy poster campaign, begun in 1953 has since become an annual undertaking of the Branch. In 1954, a trophy was donated to the Cremona Calf Club. Each year a trophy is presented to the club member with the winning calf and their name is added to the original trophy presently being displayed in the Cremona Post Office. Oct. 1954, the Cremona Legion Christmas hampers for needy families have been a project of the Branch for a number of years. The membership of the branch is not large in comparison to many branches branch is not large in comparison to many branches throughout the country but it is a proud group; a favored group; sincere in the appreciation of having given the opportunity to carry on a way of life for which many comrades made the supreme sacrifice.

Legion Hall.

CREMONA BRANCH NO. 172
Past Presidents

1946-47 R.E. Reid	1960 L. Evans
1948 D. McLennan	1961 W. Bagnall
1949-50 W. Frizzell	1962 M. McBain
1951 D. Frazer	1963 A. Davies
1952 D. Ray	1964-69 W. Bagnall
1953-54 A. Davies	1970-71 L. Robertson
1955 R. Gilles	1972 W.J. Bagnall
1956 C. Topping	1973-74 C. Sorenson
1957-59 W. Bagnall	1975-76 C. Gillespie

The above names are on a plaque on the wall of the Legion Hall. Below the names is inscribed; Donated to Cremona Branch No. 172 by Late Comrade F.G. (Bun) Borton.

Presented by the Cremona Legion to Cremona 4H Beef Club

1st Prize Calf

1954 Stanley Tribe	1965 Lillian Bird
1955 Maxine Wigg	1966 Lillian Bird
1956 Walter Bentz	1967 Grant Bird
1957 Marjorie Bird	1968 Gerald Reid
1958 Lilli Bentz	1969 Mary Jane Davies
1959 George Betts	1970 Brian Reid
1960 Vair Whitlow	1971 Dorothy MacFarquhar
1961 Dale Reid	1972 Brian Reid
1962 Dale Reid	1973 Cindy Smylie
1963 Grant Bird	1974 John McBain
1964 Donald Robertson	1975 Ronnie Hettinger

The Legion Cenotaph Lest We Forget

Dedicated to those men
and women of the Canadian
and all Allied forces who
served their country in
Peace & War.
1914-1918 - 1939-1945
And to those who
paid the supreme
sacrifice.
We will remember them.
1867-1967
Erected July 1967
Royal Canadian Legion
Cremona

C.G.I.T.

The first leader for the C.G.I.T. group in Cremona was Mrs. Dick Huber, then Gwen Earle. Angie McBain in 1955. Pearl Stone helped and also Gladys Lane for a short time. It was discontinued a short time later.

THE CREMONA CEMETERY

The second meeting of the Cremona Cemetery was held at the Cremona Hall June 18, 1935. E.J. Reid, Chairman, B.B. Reid - Secretary, no record was kept of the first meeting.

E.J. Reid gives outline of business up to date. Minutes of last meeting read and discussed. Report of finance account read, all reports adopted. Moved by J.M. Burnett, seconded by George Whitlow that Mr. G. McGregor be chairman of the committee.

Moved by Kenneth Simpson, seconded by J.M. Burnett that Mr. Traub be Sec-Tres. Both carried. Moved by Kenneth Simpson, seconded by Geo. Whitlow that J.M. Burnett purchase wire, grass seed, and posts. Also to float and level. All men present agreed to act in co-operation

whenever asked. Mr. Orton appointed by the meeting to see about getting fence material and to look after fencing. E.J. Reid appointed by meeting to see about getting survey made and having graves marked. Moved by Geo. Whitlow and seconded by Kenneth Simpson that we use native posts for fence. Carried. Motion to adjourn. - By B .B. Reid

*August 20, 1935 - Cemetery plan was sent to the land titles office in Calgary to be registered. - NW¼, S35, T29, R4, W5. It contains 1.1 acres. The village was given the title in 1961. The first buriels recorded in the Cremona Cemetery Book - Sept. 30, 1934 were Mr. Alex Bonham, Mrs. Evelyn McGregor, May Victoria Eadie, Alexander Young, Marlien Joanne Tronnes, Mary Doreen Haley, Anton Mork. Reported to Province, last three on March 20, 1936.

CREMONA CHOIR

By: Peg Reid

Years ago when she was church pianist for the Cremona United Church, Mrs. Boulter Reid had organized choirs and musical groups for special services at church. The present choir started out as the Cremona Glee Club in the fall of 1948. They gave a few spring concerts and also had 2-3 candlelight services for Christmas and Easter. We also sang at Carstairs for Good Friday services a few times. The choir has grown from around 15 members to around 30. They sing for Christmas and Easter and it is open to anyone who just "likes to sing."

Choir, 1977.
Back Row: Rick Lane, Joy Gano, Vi Bellamy, Edna Oborne, Ken Blain, Jack Bellamy, Alan Reid.
2nd Row: John Gerlack, Adair Roy, Elsie Sorenson, Karen Blain, Irene Schultz, Leonard Bergeson.
3rd Row: Carol Bellamy, Patty Nash, Elma Bird, Edward Michael Sullivan
4th Row: Phyllis Hunt, Cleta Haggerty, Carol Reid, Peg Reid.
5th Row: Kathie Reid, Lita Reid, Gwen Thompson, Lorna Gano took snap.
Missing: Joyce Reid and Jack Dueck.

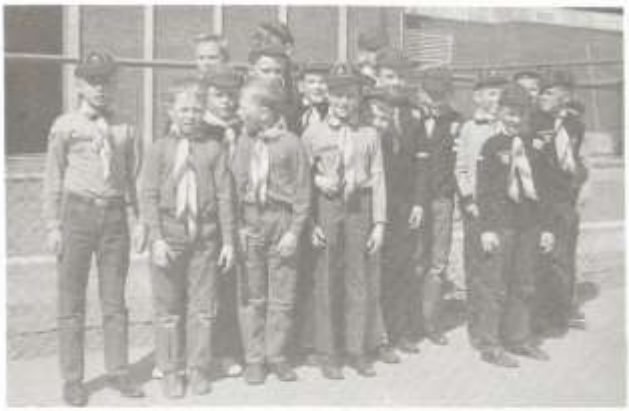
THE CREMONA CUBS AND SCOUTS

By: Marilyn Taylor and Pam Thompson
Cremona Green & Gold 1963.

To promote interest among boys of the Cremona District in 1954, the Cremona Legion decided to sponsor Cubs and Scouts. Mr. Jerry Simington and Mr. Russel Gillies volunteered as leaders. The sponsorship of these groups has been continued throughout by the Legion. The first Scout leader was Mr. Russel Gillies. After he left several people took over scouting leadership - these being Mr. G. Jackson, Mr. D. Munn, and the present leader under the guidance of Mr. Munn and Mrs. G. Jackson, Mr. L. McKinnon. Aid is given by Mr. L. Bird when it is needed.

The first Cub leader was Mr. J. Simington and later Mr. R. Meres (a teacher at Cremona at that time) assisted. When Mr. Meres left Mr. V. Burkholder helped for over a year. After that Mr. Simington was alone until early 1959 when Mrs. Elma Bird and Mrs. Gwen Thompson joined as assistant leaders. In 1960, owing to pressure of business, Mr. Simington had to discontinue as leader. Since then Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Thompson have had the leadership of Cubs.

The first meetings were held in the Woodmen Hall. In 1956 the mothers and Cubs worked hard to raise money for the purchase of the present Scout Hall. Many people have helped to make these groups a success but none more ardent a supporter from the start to this day than Mr. A. Spence. Scouts are very active on local projects over-night camps, hikes, and regular scouting activities enjoyed by all boys of that age. In the summer they have a full week's camp. One activity looked forward to each year and enjoyed immensely is the weekend cub camp.



Front: Cameron Erickson, Neil Montgomery, Donnie Montgomery, Melvin Thring, Brian Reid
Next Row: Danny Odell, Gerald Reid, Randy Whitlow, Derald Whitlow
Back Row: Rod Holbrook

Cub Hall

THE HISTORY OF THE CREDIT UNION

By: Lulu Mork

The local Credit Union was organized in February of 1943 to meet a particular need, namely to relieve the acute distress of people in the lower income bracket. A representative from the Dept. of Industries interviewed Mr. Matthew Hewitt and asked him to consider doing some groundwork and to organize a local Credit Union. Mr. Hewitt took ten lessons by correspondence and actively supported

by Mr. D. Gilles Sr. studied the Credit Union field and the local situation. The two gentlemen then approached the manager of the Bank of Montreal at Carstairs and suggested that he incorporate a Credit Union in our district. The bank manager replied that there were many worthy people in need of financial assistance who, though morally responsible, were by bank standards insecure, and since Mr. Hewitt personally knew these people that he was in an ideal position to help them via Credit Union .

After further discussion and correspondence with Professor MacDonal of Xavial University, Nova Scotia, Mr. Hewitt understood that a Credit Union must consist of a chartered group of people united by a common bond, in this instance, a district association. He learned that it was a money co-operative the purpose being to encourage the people to pool their savings and borrow, when need arose, from the common fund. Each person was to be considered on their moral integrity first but the basic aim was to help people help themselves and each other. In fact it was Christian principles translated into action as the Credit Union motto reads; Not for charity, not for gain but for service.

Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Gillies succeeded in interesting eight other gentlemen; Mr. Sam May, Mr. D. Warren, Mr. Wm. Rigsby, Mr. Harry Hewitt, Mr. Dan Russell, Mr. E. Shantz. Mr. R. May, and Mr. L. Barnard. These ten gentlemen organized the Mountain View Savings and Credit Union. Because they had a vision for the future and a keen interest in human need, this paved the way for a service rendered faithfully through many years. Mr. Sam May was the first president and Mr. M.J. Hewitt the first secretary-treasurer. The position Mr. Hewitt held from 1943 until April 1950. By this time the Credit Union was well established and a pattern of credit worked out. Mr. Hewitt was succeeded by Mr. J.H. Lane.

At the annual meeting of the Credit Union in 1951 Mr. Lane resigned as Secretary Treasurer as he was moving to Calgary temporarily, and my husband volunteered my services. I knew absolutely nothing about Credit Union bookkeeping or the nature of the Credit Union but I was willing to learn. Mr. Lane explained the daily business processes and Mr. Ernie Heath and Mr. Robertson, Albert Government auditors came out on the month end and demonstrated month end technique. They were very generous with their assistance during their term of office and I was most grateful for their help and advice. Mr. Hewitt was also most helpful. I studied Credit Union law and procedure and I learned that a person might become a member by purchasing a $5.00 share and having a membership application approved by the Board of Directors. Once a member, one is entitled to all the benefits which include; 1. The right to borrow for provident or productive purposes.

The officers of the Credit Union were elected at the annual general meeting and consisted of 5 directors from which a president and vice president were elected, 3 supervisors and 3 Credit committee men or persons. Funds were limited, under forty thousand and the maximum loan at that time was five hundred dollars. Ignorant of the business procedure of depreciation we appointed a social committee consisting of Thelma Sirr, Claressa Burkholder, Clarence Reid, Lulu Mork, and Rhury Walker. All of the other officers always supported this committee in every way. The first function planned to raise money for an office was The Hunter's Ball. This became an annual event with a door prize of $25.00 and alternating between the Water Valley hall and the Cremona Hall. These were family dances and a real feeling of friendly co-operation prevailed.

The first Credit Union office was in Mr. Hewitt's home, where Bruce Hewitt's live now. Then while Mr. Lane was Secretary-Treasurer it was at the Lane residence, then in the Roy Mork home. It was real progress when we had our first office in Cremona, rented from Joe Boake and moved on in 1952. The taxes on our lot the year prior to moving the building on were $2.65. The next year we purchased the building for $350.00. The site was where the Credit Union building is now. The office was heated by a wood stove and Roy Mork provided the wood, the office was only open on Wednesday afternoons at that time. Later it was open all day Wednesday and Mrs. Gwen Thompson, Mrs. Jean Umach and Mrs. Betty Whitlow assisted me. Roy Mork was hired to build the counter and the first desk (now in Ray Haggertys office) was obtained from Wayne Foat. The next move was down to main street (photo enclosed) where the Credit Union was housed in the former Del and Dora's cafe, first owned and built by Wm. Tippe. 2. Immediate insurance of savings (double in case of death or total disability up to age of 55, with a graduating scale after that age). 3. Loan Insurance, in case of death or total disability.

The first Credit Office building.

Second office building on main street.

We graduated to heating with an oil heater, a great improvement but not exactly the lap of luxury on cold January mornings. There Williard Franklin joined the staff all working on a part time bases.

An annual get together of the officers and their spouses was enjoyed by all. At first it was held in the Legion Hall, later at the home of Alan Reid's alternating with the Clarence Reid's. Dot Odell cooked the annual festive turkey and the other folk brought the pies, salads, etc. Everyone had fun and became better acquainted and many new friendships formed. The M.S.I., the group medical plan at that time proved to be a real asset in interesting people in Credit Union. Many people joined to take advantage of this service.

In November 1966 the long awaited new office became a reality. The officers and members poured the cement on a very cold November day. The plans originally were for the entrance to be at ground level. A spring in the south

west corner made it essential for it to be raised. Many people gathered together to accomplish much. The weather didn't co-operate one bit that year. all November was cold and stormy The day we tarred the basement Lawrence Bergeson had a fire going to heat the tar enough to apply it. Leonard Bergeson, Ted Wigg, Elwood Casebeer, Betty Whitlow and Lulu Mork assisting, the tar was put on with brooms and man it was cold! The building committee consisted of E.R. Wigg, John Foat, Roy Mork, Norman Whitlow, Wilfred Jackson and Burr Gano, but everyone helped. Over the years many people served on the various boards. Each of the following served as President of the Board of Directors; Clifford Wilson, Tom Graham Jr., Clarence Reid, G. Wagner, Roy Mork, Fred Rodway, Rhury Walker, J.R. Haley, E. R. Wigg, Wm. Borton, Norman Whitlow, J. Gillies, Franklin Dole, Alex Hettinger, Ralph Olson, Lester Bergeson, Jack Eby and Larry Umbach, Dave Gillies and the first Dave Gillies Sr. Over the years the other members of the Board of Directors were; Del Warren, Wm. Rigsby, Dan Russell, E. Rands, Chas. Reid, Jim Lane, George Butler, Joe Kyncl, Lester Foat, Charles Topping, D. McBride, Virgil Burkholder, Roland Camp, Wilfred Osmond, Earle Neilsen, M. McBain, Lionel Bird, Norman Eby, A.S. Good, Peter Newsome, Walter Friesen, L.C. Bergeson, John Foat and Alfred Cook.

Serving on the Supervisory Committee over the years were; Harry Hewitt, Glen Johnston, Tom Sirr, Gladys Lane, Wayne Foat, Alan Reid, Don Odell, Bill Dinzey, Roy Mork, Chas. Topping, K. Brian, W. Franklin and Russell Haley. The following people served on the Credit Committee; Dick May, Jack Fry, Virgil Burkholder, R. Walker, Thelma Sirr, Herb Fiedler, Bill Dinzey, Vince Brown, Don McLennan, J. Simington, Burr Gano, W.A. Tippe, Ken Brian, Ian Merchant, E. Wigg, Robert Bergeson, Dave Sirr, Clasrence Reid, E.R. Wigg, Michael Whitlow and Wm. Graham.

Over the years serving on the social committee were; Thelma Sirr, Claressa Burkholder, Lulu Mork, R. Walker, Don Odell, Burr Gano, Chas. Topping, Walter Friesen, Roy Mork, Jean Bergeson, Robert Bergeson, June Barnard, Peter Newsome, A.S. Good, Ralph Olson, Dave Gillies, N. Whitlow, Alfred Cook, Audrey Rigsby, Betty Whitlow and Lois Bergeson.

It was worth while to move into an office with modern facilities and we anticipated chequing services in the future. All we needed was $100,000 dollars in assets. It is interesting to remember how frugal we were. The day we moved the safe up from main street, Russell Haley, Ted Wigg, Dave Gillies, Roy Mork and Alan Reid trundled the 1800 pound safe down the street from one office to the other. Everything in those days was looked after by volunteer workers building for the future. The official opening day of the new office was January 2, 1967. Mr. M.J. Hewitt cut the ribbon and included in his speech was the remark that for him it was a dream come true. Mrs. Lila Haley and Mrs. Mary Wigg served coffee to all the members and guests who attended. Amongst the guests were Mr. Colin Grant from the Alberta Government and Mr. Tom Simington from Cuna Mutual. For the office staff, it was business as usual.

Every year we entered a Credit Union Float in the July 1st parade. The Social committee assisted by the other officers & the office staff planned and decorated it. We won several first and second prizes. However assets did not grow because we had a new building, our services were too limited, and in spite of the faithful endeavours of the various committees realization grew that we must find another way. Then in 1976 a central Regional Development Committee was formed by the Federation of Alberta to study the needs of the various Credit Unions. Alan Reid attended the first meeting as our representative and came back with an invitation to meet at Parkland Credit Union in Red Deer on August 11, 1976. Larry Umbach, Dave and Edith Gillies and Lulu Mork attended the August 11, meeting and came back with the request that as Pilot group we meet with Sundre, Olds, Didsbury, Eagle Hill and Keversville on August 31st at Cremona. At this meeting the merits of amalgamation were discussed. Another meeting at Red Deer with the Regional committee on Sept. 13th, 1976 convinced our local Board amalgamation was the answer to provide chequing services for our members. On October 14, 1976 the local Board voted in favor of amalgamation.

The exterior of the new office in Dec. 1967 (prior to having the steps.)

Credit Union float.

Interior of the new office, featuring the 25th continuous year with CUNA & service in the community.

More meetings followed at Olds, Didsbury, Sundre and Cremona. Our Board approved November 29, 1976 as a special date for the members to vote for or against amalgamation. The vote was 51 for and 1 against. Details had to be worked out, office buildings for Didsbury, Olds, and Sundre secured and a manager hired for the central office at Didsbury. Larry Umbach attended many meetings, drove many miles, received and made many phone calls to get the plans off the ground. Amalgamation with Olds, Didsbury and Sundre came into effect on March 15, 1978. The final meeting of the Cremona Credit Union was March 10, 1978. The Credit Union continued under it's original name Mountain View Savings and Credit Union. The last members meeting was held on March 29, 1977 and Mr. Ron McEwen the head office manager promised full banking

services as soon as possible. Full banking services commenced in July, 1978 under the management of Roger Miller, with Lois Bergeson retained as teller. The building has been renovated and assets are now over $600,000. locally Larry Umbach represents Cremona on the Board of Directors. E.R. Wigg, Franklin Dole and Wm. Graham continue on the local Credit Committee.

THE CREMONA CURLING RINK

By: Ralph Thomson

Our first curling rink was started in 1949 and opened in 1950. Realizing the need for some recreational facilities in the area, the Tippe Bros. Johnnie and Bill, Warren Odell and a few other curling pros stirred up the interest. A few meetings were held, some plans drawn up and we were on our way. The previous attempt made years prior to this didn't get off the ground, so we were encouraged by the prospects. Some of us were appointed to collect funds, (I believe we needed $800) some prepared the ground and others hauled the lumber which was mostly weanie-edge and slabs. We were able to sport an aluminum roof.

I believe there were only about, ten of the one hundred first-year members, who had curled before. They were Mr. VanHaaften, Albert Poffenroth, Warren and Glado Odell, Johnnie and Vera Tippe, Bill Tippe, Ken Brian, Lester Foat and Dave Taylor.

To say that we were all green about curling was an under-statement. Walter May was asked if he was going to curl. He said, "I can't even skate." However Walter (without skates) was one of our members for some time.

One of the wives standing on the catwalk with the cheering section shouted, "Joe, are those your balls with the red tassels on them?"

Some of the members had private rocks. I bought mine from Bill Weber, Carstairs. As money was scarce, I traded a half-grown pig for them. Bill brought the rocks out and took the pig back, in the trunk of his car.

For the first while no funds to hire a caretaker resulted in everyone helping to make ice, paint rings, and to clean and pebble the ice between games. Frequently the snowdrifts had to be shovelled off after or during a blow. Ramsay Parsons was the first hired caretaker.

By 1957 there were a lot of enthusiastic curlers. It was decided to build a new rink and abandon the old "Sheep-shed" as it was christened by Pete Sullivan. The community was canvassed again to support the project. The collection committee consisted of George Whitlow, Russel Haley, Alex Spence and Wayne Foat. The Reid Bros. bought the old building for $800. The new one, under the direction of Jack White, Carstairs, was built and ready to open in January, 1958 at a cost of approximately $8000.

It is imperative that rocks match so some of the members' rocks were bought and enough new ones added to make complete sets.

On account of our chinooks we had more trouble keeping ice than in the old rink so we decided on artificial ice at a cost of $8150 - this was paid off by 1961.

Our latest project was insulating and sheathing the inside of the rink to try to save on operating expenses. It has been rewired with mercury vapor lights over the ice surface to improve the lighting. The different projects have been possible only by much help from the Ladies club, volunteer labor and donations.

A few of the original members have never missed a season. I think George McBain holds the record. He acted on the board for 25 consecutive years as well as curling every year since the first rink opened. Mr. Marchant, who retired two years ago was our secretary for the longest period - 8 years. We are fortunate to have Stan Schultz who has been our caretaker for the past thirteen years. He has the name for making the best of ice.

The highlights of each season are the bonspiels; Farmer's, Men's open, Ladies open and others sponsored by community organizations and clubs. We certainly won't forget the Sixty and over spiel which has been sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Faye Stone for years.

Speaking of highlights we must mention the eight enders laid by local rinks over the years.

1973 in the Men's open spiel, the rink members were Lionel Bird, Sid Foat, Bud Van Arnam and Vair Reid.

1973 - Farmer's spiel, Bob Dubois, Stan Schultz, Cliff Sorenson and Elsie Sorenson.

1974 - Square draw, Cliff Sorenson, Lynn Brian, Nelson Brian and Bob Dubois

1975 - Farmers spiel, Cliff Gillespie, Rhuary Walker, Ted Wigg, and Faye Stone.

1976 - Square draw, Robert Whitlow, Barry Thomson, Gary Thompson and Derald Pedersen.

Before ending, may we pay tribute to the deceased who were curlers in the old rink, Mr. and Mrs. Van Haaften, Glado and Warren Odell, Grace and Shortie Bennett, Bill Frizzell, Norman Eby, Pete Sullivan, Bill Tippe, George McLeavy, Chester Holbrook, Phil Foat, Sydney Foat, Jim Watt, Dunc Rattray, Woodrow Hoffman, Bill Mork, Angus Cameron, Alex Hogg, Don Dunphy, Vince Brown, Rhuary Walker, Joe Boake and J. Robertson.

My apologies for any omissions.

A special thanks to all who have helped in any way to keep our club operational.

Phillip Foat officially opening the 2nd Cremona Rink. January 28, 1958.

Old curling rink: Feb. 1966. Winners of the Round Robin Event: Mick Earle, Vair Reid, Gordon Reid, and Alan Reid.

The New Cremona Curling Rink 1978.

CREMONA E.C.S.

By: Jennifer Oborne

E.C.S. stands for "Early Childhood Services" and is what most of us still call Kindergarden. E.C.S. is sponsored by the Alberta Government and the main purpose is to strengthen the young child's sense of individual self worth and make him feel important as part of his family and community.

Grants are paid for all children 4½ to 5½ years old, handicapped children starting at 3½ years and in special cases children over 5½ years. 1973-74 was the first year that an E.C.S. program was held in Cremona. There had previously been a Kindergarden in Cremona several years earlier taught by Janice Luft.

For the first three years the Cremona E.C.S. was included and operated through the Carstairs E.C.S. It was Holly Hallett who really worked to have Cremona included in this. Winnie Robertson was Co-ordinator and also taught here for the first 2½ years. Carolyn Amell taught the re- of the third year and then Dianne Whitlow was hired as the teacher in 1976-77. This was also the year in which the Cremona E.C.S. began operating separately from Carstairs. They are now incorporated under the Societies Act and have to send a program of each year's objectives and plans to the Government E.C.S. office for approval.

There is an E.C.S. Parent Executive one of which is the Co-ordinator and also an L.A.C. (Local Advisory Committee). They try to involve other people in the community as much as possible. The children met in the United Church Hall the first year, then the old Community Hall was used for 2½ years. Then in April of 1977 they moved into the upstairs room of the new Cremona Community Hall.

More equipment and supplies have been added each year to make the program more successful. They have such things as a housekeeping corner, building blocks, sand table, painting easels and paints, library books, carpentry corner, water play table, numerous puzzles & games supplies for all sorts of crafts, a jungle-gym and slide, blackboard, flannelboard, balls, skipping ropes, bean bags, crayons, scissors, glue etc.

For part of each day the children may choose what they would like to do. Then together they have discussions, play games, read stories, and sing songs, all of which help them learn to get along and co-operate with others their same age.

The children are also taken on several field trips to the Playground, Fire Hall, Library, Post Office and to farms, ponds and airfields. The main field trip is a two week swimming program in Didsbury.

The children are learning through "play" to mature and acquire the skills necessary to begin their formal education in Grade One.

THE CREMONA ELEVATORS

The Alberta Pacific Grain Co. built the elevator in Cremona in 1929, and later the Pioneer Grain Co. built next to it. John Herner took the first load of grain to the Pioneer in 1929, Glenn Webb was the agent.

Fred Colwell took the first load to the Alberta Pacific in 1929, Gerald McGregor was the agent.

The Alberta Pacific has had 3 different names: Alberta Pacific, Federal, and Alberta Wheat Pool.

The Pioneer
Glenn Webb 1929
John Lister
Verne Farrell 1939-44
Bob Simpson
John Tippe
Ray Blake 1958
Bob Dubois 1958-78
Dave Blore 1978

Alberta Wheat Pool
Gerald McGregor 1929
Mr. James 1930
Jim Tronnes 1939
Jake Wiebe 1947-49
Jack McQuarrie 1950-51
Fred Rodway, 1955
Ken Brian 1955-66
Garret Van Herron 1966-67
Derald Pederson 1967-78
Phil Seybold 1978

THE CREMONA EXPLORERS

Bv: Jeanette Umbach

Cremona Explorers was initiated by Mrs. Lulu Mork and Rev. Art Magee in 1959. It is an inter-denominational well rounded program to aid in the whole growth of girls in grades 4 to 6. The girls averaging 25 in number per year, meet weekly September through May, to participate in group activities and projects, . study and worship, and recreation, and also take part in various church and community functions. The group is sponsored by the United Church W.A. who, together with the ladies on the Explorer Committee, help the girls with their annual functions.

Leaders over the past 19 years have been: Anne Jackson, Hilda Frizzell, Jimmy Brian, Pam Whitlow, Sheila Kinch, Catharine Reid, Lita Reid, Corrine Leask, Alice Bird, Cleta Haggerty, Alice Whitlow, Angie McBain, Elma Bird, Margarite Krebs, Kathy Reid, Sandy Reid (Mrs. John Reid), Ruth Earle, Joy Gano, . Sandy Reid (Mrs. Doug Reid), Jan Weatherby and Jeanette Umbach. Mrs. Peggy Reid has helped for many years with musical direction.

Explorers 1970. Leaders - Corrine Leask & Lita Reid.
3rd year girls: top row - Darlene Morrison, Ethel Hewitt, Dawna Montgomery, Wilma Van Aken, Dorothy McFarquhar, Rhonda Taks, Leslie Whitlow, Cindy Haggerty.

LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE ROYAL CANADIAN LEGION BRANCH No. 172

By: Betty Barlow L.A. Sec.

Cremona Ladies Auxiliary was first organized on Jan. 25, 1951 and was active until 1954. A meeting was held on May 20, 1976 in the Legion Hall with fourteen ladies present to reorganize an Auxiliary to the Cremona Branch No. 172

The Provincial Executive officers of the Ladies Auxiliary - Alberta. N.W.T. Command, in attendance were: Provincial President - Mrs. K. Girling, 1st Vice President - Mrs. I. Chaplow, District Commander No. 5 - Mrs. M. Blackwall.

Fourteen applications were accepted to be known as Charter Members of the Auxiliary were: Bertha Betts, Marge Brown, Betty Barlow, Rose Cone, Carol Cameron, Evelyn Freeman, Olive Hewitt, Violet Kleiner, Isabelle Morrison, Laura Seymour, Linda Young, Elizabeth Smart, Irene Tippe, Joan Smith.

Have had a membership of twenty-two ladies, several have moved and transferred to other Ladies Auxiliaries, leaving us with seventeen members. We do catering for wedding receptions, teas, etc. Our aim and purpose is to serve our Men's Branch No. 172 and other veterans.

CREMONA LIGHT HORSE ASSOCIATION

By: Toni Hoszouski

The first meeting of the organization now known as "The Cremona Light Horse Association" was held in the Cremona Fire Hall in May of 1961. At this first meeting no formal organizing was done - those present discussed the activities they would like to see promoted and agreed to gather at Vince Brown's the following Sunday and use a portion of his field for their first meet. The number of horses at the first meet was eight, and both riders and spectators enjoyed the event to the extent for they agreed to meet the following Sunday in Roy Luyendyk's field for a repeat performance. The Sunday following that the event was held west of Water Valley. Finally the acreage of the picnic kitchen on the river, north of Water Valley was used and proved such an ideal location that many were loath to change to any other.

Almost every Sunday during this first summer found a goodly number of spectators, riders and horse (at times as many as forty) gathered at this location to either watch or take part in the gymkhana. The program varied from Sunday to Sunday, but included stake-racing, pole bending, barrel-racing and novelty races of all kinds. In July an organizational meeting was held in Graham School. The name "Cremona and District Light Horse Club" was chosen. The executive chosen were: President - Toni Hoszouski, Vice President - Janet Bardgett, Secretary-Treasurer - Helen Hoszouski, Entertainment Committee - Alec Spence, Gymkhana Committee - Wilbert Papke, Trail Ride Committee - Hubert Papke.

It was decided that anyone wishing to join the club could do so on the payment of one dollar for those over sixteen years of age and fifty cents for juniors sixteen and under. These fees have not been changed. The members this first year numbered thirty-five, twenty-two adults and thirteen juniors. The purpose of the gymkhanas in the beginning was that those who had horses might experience the pleasure of working them, and in doing so would train both themselves and the horses. However as one gets interested in these activities and works in the interests of the members of the club, it is found that the training goes much farther than just producing a well-trained rider and horse. Many parents found that their youngsters were no longer saying "I wish I had something to do, " instead they were out catching, training, and grooming their horses. Those who lived close enough were riding to the gymkhanas - while there they learned, not only the basic rules of the events but also, fair play, good sportsmanship and consideration for their horses as an important member of a team. While many of the adult members took pleasure in joining in the events, I believe their keenest interest was in watching the junior members and perceiving the enjoyment they were experiencing. It is a very good thing to induce and then to build up the young people and older peoples interest in such a healthful and character building sport as these "games on horseback" have become.

Two trail rides were held and greatly enjoyed during the summer of '61. A final gymkhana for the season took place and ribbons were awarded to the winners of each event. In May 1962 the same executive officers were returned to office. Registration for the club was now applied for. In order to be registered under the Societies Act the word "club" had to be eliminated from the name. The members now chose the name "The Cremona Light Horse Association". Although many gymkhanas and several trail rides were planned for the summer, the weather turned against the club, for nearly everyone was rained out; however, a very successful gymkhana was held in Cremona one Sunday in June. On the third of July a parade and gymkhana were held in Cremona. From remarks heard and overheard the members were made to feel that the event was a success and greatly enjoyed by participants and audience alike.

This account would be incomplete, if I did not mention how very much appreciated was the P.A. system, so generously loaned to us, on two occasions by Charlie Bennett. I would also like to mention that the business people of Cremona generously donated cash to be awarded as prizes for the various parade entries, this also was much appreciated by the members. Entries were made in both the 1961 and 1962 stampede parades at Carstairs. Though the entry the first year was quite unorganized before-hand, an appreciable number of members turned out with their horses and banners and made a very good showing. In 1962 some organizing was done ahead of time, with the results that a better showing was made and the special prize was won. Two Queen contestants were sponsored during the summer. Elizabeth Whitlow for Carstairs and Lynn Fyten for Olds. Though neither girl was fortunate enough to win the crown they made a good showing, and the club was justly proud of them. The members for the year 1962 numbered eighty-five, fifty-three adults and thirty-two junior .members.

THE CREMONA LIONS CLUB

By: Vair Reid

The Cremona Lions Club was organized and chartered in 1971. The sponsoring club was Didsbury.

The first president was Bob Dubois with Ken Rose finishing off the year for him. Since then Lionel Bird, Bruce, Roy, Ernie Good, Doug Sheriffs, Alex Spence, Alton Gano, Vair Reid and at present Larry Umbach have had their year as presidents. Jack Bellamy was secretary for several years and Cliff Gillespie is at present secretary, and had done a fine job now for some time. Lawrence Krebs, Vair Reid, Andy Thompson and now Ray Haggerty have been treasurers.

The local projects we have been involved in are the skating rink, ball diamond, helping with the Senior Citizens home, with the largest project being the new Community Hall. Many local needs have been helped with support for the county band, two sets of hockey uniforms, summer camping for handicapped children, blood doner clinics, youth exchange, kindergarden, girl guides, several burned out families, CNIB, the Lions are Knights of the Blind so contribute generously every year to this cause. These are some of the projects which say "We Serve" which is our motto.

The club has grown to 50 members with an average turnout of about 85% at our supper meetings, which we have twice a month. We have sponsored the Madden Lions Club which is now one of the largest active clubs in the zone.

Lionism is the largest service club in the world with a million members. All work is donated.

LIONS CLUB OBJECTS

1. To create and foster a spirit of "generous consideration" among the peoples of the world through a study of the problems of international relationship....
2. To promote the theory and practice of the principles of good government and good citizenship....
3. To take an active interest in the civic, social and moral welfare of the community....
4. To unite the members in the bonds of friendship, good fellowship, and mutual understanding....
5. To provide a forum for the full and free discussion of all matters of public interest: partisan politics and sectarian religion along excepted....
5. To encourage efficiency and promote high ethical standards in business and professions; provided that no Club shall hold out as one of its objects financial benefits to its members.... Motto We serve

The new Cremona Hall.

LIONS YOUTH EXCHANGE 1978

By: Leslie Whitlow

Not very often a person gets to capitalize on a once in a lifetime opportunity. Thanks to the efforts of the world-wide organization known as the Lions Club, I did. I was asked if I would like to travel to Japan as the first exchange student of the Cremona Lions Club. I would leave on July 15th, 1978 and return six weeks later on August 25th. Believe me, I decided to go without hesitation!

After several months of preparation, I found myself on a flight heading for Japan. I was accompanied by other exchange students from western Canada and the United States, who were just as excited as I was.

Upon reaching the Narita Airport, we were efficiently separated into groups, each group to travel to a different district. After everyone was accounted for, we were taken by bus to the Prince Hotel in Tokyo for our first night.

The particular group of students I was in, were to all stay with families in different locations on the southern-most island called Kyushu. The island is divided into two Lions districts, District 337-A and 337-B. Through their combined efforts they had arranged for all the students coming into these two districts a special two day stop over in the city of Kyoto. Here we saw the very beautiful Golden Pavilion, the colorful Heian Shrine, the Old Imperial Palace, the tranquil Mt. Hiei, and the facinating Kyoto Handicraft Centre.

From Kyoto, we were flown to Fukooka, on the island of Kyushu, where we met out first host families. I was welcomed by several Lions Club members of the first Host Club and my new family. I was given a special welcome party in my behalf!

In my three weeks stay at my first family, I visited shrines, temples, a pottery factory, castles, factories, a handicraft village, Mt. Aso (world's largest crater basin), the African Safari, the Beppu Hells (boiling pools of mud and spouting geysers), the Kanmon Bridge, underground caverns and an aquarium. I participated in festivals, tea ceremonies, and kendo (Japanese fencing). I was interviewed by three newspapers and experienced a typhoon. I went bowling, played table tennis & pachjinko (Japanese favorite (pastime), and saw motorcycle races. One of the most interesting excursions, was a trip to Hiroshima (the Peace City of Japan), by way of the Bullet Train.

I also attended several Lions Club meetings. On one very special occasion, I was given the opportunity to try on a Japanese wedding gown of which they generously presented to me later! Even though I was somewhat nervous, I gave my speeches in Japanese, much to the delight of the various Lions Clubs.

For my last three weeks, I stayed in the city of Nagasaki with my second host family. I visited many famous sights, such as the Memorial Monument, the International Cultural Center, the Ukrakam; Roman Catholic Church, the Statue in Prayer of Peace, Oura Church, Nagasaki harbor, the Confucian Shrine, and the Monument of the 26 Martyrs. Since several other exchange students

were staying in Nagasaki, we often toured together. We saw such sights as the Unzen National Park, the world famous Imar: pottery factory and on one occasion went swimming and yachting.

My most pleasant moments were spent participating in the family's activities. From helping to shop at the market to participating in a festival, I appreciated & benefitted from being the newest member of their families.

Congratulations to the Lions Clubs for initiating such a worthwhile project and thank you ever so much for the opportunity to take part. I have many, many fond memories of my trip to Japan. After being an exchange student to Japan, I feel a special attachment to the country and it's people. It is a good feeling to know that if I should ever return to Japan, my Japanese families will welcome me home.

THE CREMONA MISSIONARY CHURCH

In the summer of 1930, Rev. A. Habermehl was approached by the Executive Board of the Canadian North West District just after returning from his honeymoon to Ontario, asking him to take charge of the Sunday School at Garfield which Mrs. Waumsley and John Leowen had begun, to which they responded, resulting in opening other Sunday Schools namely Atkins, Big Prairie and Elkton Schools. Revival meetings were held in the old Cremona hall with Rev. C.J. Hallman as evangelist. The attendance and interest was good and God blessed. This resulted in a great desire for a place of worship. This little group of believers met and talked of plans to build a church. Being in the hungry thirties, money for building was a big problem. They circulated a paper on which each one declared how much cash or pledge they could stand good for. A sum of $80.00 was obtained, with which they began to make plans for a church. Being the new Cremona site was established, Mr. Habermehl tried to buy a lot but did not get any response, so he went to Calgary and the result was that the church then purchased 14 acres from the C.P.R. for $240.00.

The people rallied and went out to the bush and logged and cut 25,00 feet of lumber with which they built the church, all labor was donated. The logs were hauled by team and wagon to Dan Russell's mill, sawed and planed. The only cost of the church was the windows, doors and nails. It was dedicated in Nov. 1932 free of debt. The two main carpenters were John Burnett and Phil Foat. The first furnace was made from a gas drum and was at the back of the church, taking a long time to warm the pews and interior on cold winter mornings. The following year the parsonage was built in which the Habermehl's lived a short time, when they were called to serve another charge. In 1933 some of the officials were; Presiding Elder Brother C.G. Hallman, Brother Chas. Magoon - Deacon, Brother John Loewen - class leader, Sister J. Orton - quarterly conference secretary, Brother S. Snyder - Stewart of the west group, Sister A.C. Foat - (Aunt Jennie) for the east group. The trustees were; Brother Lewis, Brother I. Falk, and Brother Orton.

It was not until 1957, under the leadership of Rev. A. Dietz that the parsonage was moved to a new location on higher ground with plans that the church too would be moved to same location on higher ground in later years. In 1958 the Church Board called Rev. A.B. Neufeld as pastor, the one room Sunday School was soon inadequate and in 1959 the basement was dug on the new location, the forms set up and on Aug. 14th 27 men volunteered and poured all the basement walls in one day (their names are all inscribed on a sheet of paper, placed in a pop bottle and sealed in the cement walls just over the south window), they shall not loose their reward.

In Dec. of the same year the church was moved onto the new foundation, placed on the north end, and an addition of 14 ft. by 26 ft. on the south end which the lovely entrance, tower and classroom was built. The full basement is divided into class rooms, Junior assembly hall and a kitchen and furnace room on the south end. The congregation has continued to grow, reaching a new high during the fall advance of 142. The church celebrated its' 30th Anniversary, Sunday Nov. 18th, 1963, with a record attendance of 170 present.

List of Pastors who have served the church:

Rev. A. Habermehl	1930-35
Rev. H.A. Traub	1935-39
Rev. W. Redfield	1939-45
Rev. M. Baker, Rev. W. Quantz, Rev. P. Dick, Rev. A. Deitz	1955-58
Rev. A. Neufeld	1958
Rev. Ted Veenstra	1 year
Rev. Snyder	3 years
Rev. J. Maconochie	1967-78
Mr. Hoskins and Paul E. Vans	student minister

Building the Church 1930-31

Old Church before it was moved 1952.

First Sunday School Bus 1954.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Neufeld and Barry, the day they left Cremona.

United Missionary Church 1978.

THE OLD COMMUNITY HALL

By: Sam Davis 1964

A few hardy souls got a brain wave, that Cremona should have a Hall in town, so they proceeded to agitate, and plan to that end. I will not mention names, for fear I might miss some. It was hard to arouse interest at first, because this happened in the Hungry 30's, believe me money was scarce in those days, but however enough interest was aroused, that a start was made. Money was raised by different groups, putting on programs, such as W.A., The Woodmen Lodge, The Literary Society and by selling subscriptions. We sold Raffle Tickets on a Model A Ford Car, which wasn't too successful, but Lee Randolph won the raffle and very generously donated the proceeds to the Hall Fund. That winter we took out a permit and a number of us went to the bush and cut enough logs to make into lumber. It was sawn and dressed at McGaffins Mill, then the lumber was hauled by the community. The Cremona Garage did some hauling with a truck, and it is interesting to note the difficulty they had with some joists etc. they had on. The lumber was so long it ran longside the truck doors and just left room to crawl through the cab window, to get in or out. Going up a hill from the mill, there was so much weight behind the truck reared up, not to be beat, the driver said to his helper, we will put a couple of planks over the frame and you can ride out on the end of the planks, and that will keep the front end down, and so we climbed the hill, without anymore trouble.

When spring came, gravel and sand was hauled by volunteer labor, we then got busy ourselves, by hauling cement, forms were built, then we got busy with a cement mixer, and put the foundation on. Terril Summers and Dunc Rattray were hired, to oversee the job, and the rest of the labor was donated. I must mention here that one man donated his help and experience was John Burnett, the building soon became a reality. The Hall was built and opened in 1932, if my memory serves me right. It was used as a Church, Lloyd Colwell and Mabel Reid, and Milo Burnett and Dorothy Neilson were the first two weddings to be held in the hall. It was used for Literarys, Badminton, Dances, Suppers, The Woodmen Hall and so on. Political meetings were also held in it. We only had a dirt floor in the basement, but no one minded. Believe me, times were tough in those days, but we sure had lots of fun.

CREMONA PIONEER APARTMENTS

Cremona Pioneer Apartments, a six unit self-contained senior citizen residence was officially opened June 24, 1978. A gathering of about one hundred fifty attended the ceremony, they were seated on the Missionary Church Lawn opposite the building. Mr. Vair Reid, President of the Lions Club, introduced the platform guests who were seated in front of e apartments. They were Tom Chambers, Minister of Housing and Public Works; Stan Schumaker, M.P. Constituency of Palliser; Bob Clark, M.L.A.; Constituency of Olds-Didsbury; Vair Whitlow, Mayor, Village of Cremona; William Bagnall, Reeve, County of Mountain View; Craig Sheppard, Social Development Officer, Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation Calgary Branch; Rev. J. Maconochie, Local Ministerial Association; Mrs. George Stevenson, Resident Pioneer Apartments; Darrell Davidson, D.W. Davidson and Sons Ltd.; John Frain, Architect; and Jim MacArthur, Consul of Modern Woodmen Lodge.

Each of the officials expressed pleasure that the apartments had been built and were occupied by people of the area. Mr. Craig Sheppard presented a Canadian flag to Mrs. George Stevenson, a resident of the apartments and Mr. Bob Clark, on behalf of t province presented a flag of Alberta. Rev. J. Maconochie pronounced the invocation which was followed by the official unveiling of the Ceremonial Plaque by Tom Chambers. He read the inscription of the apartments and said that the plaque would be placed on a wall of the apartments.

On behalf of the Woodmen Lodge, Jim MacArthur presented a beautiful crib board to the members of the apartments. The Master of Ceremonies mentioned the other gifts that had been received. The Jackson W.I. had given a clock which hangs in the lounge, the ladies of the Missionary Church had given two lawn chairs, the ladies of the United Church had given twelve coffee mugs for use in the lounge. He expressed thanks to the groups. He spoke of the gratitude felt for the service of Ev Robertson, Home Care Nurse; Helen Whitlow, housekeeper, Jack Barlow, Maintenance man; all of whom contribute to the comfort of the residents of the Apartments. Guests were invited to tour the residence and remain for refreshments which were served by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Cremona Legion.

Unveiling of the plaque.

Presentation of the Alberta flag by Bob Clark.

Speech given by Mrs. J., McBain Stevenson on the opening day of the Pioneer Apartments in Cremona, June 24, 1978.

On behalf of the others that live in the apartments and myself, I welcome you on this occasion. Many of you are old time friends. The others are friends I haven't met yet. I am an old timer in this area. My father came out first and took up a homestead on the month of May, 1904-in which was known then as the North West Territories. My mother, three sisters and I came out the following month of June. We lived in a big tent the first summer while a log house was being built and it rained most of the time. I sure never dreamt that I, as a Senior Citizen would end up living in this lovely apartment house right here in Cremona, made possible by the Lion's Club and the government of Alberta. I was the first to choose a suite here, so I am a pioneer here too, as was my father, one of the first to settle in the community. As homesteaders we drew water from a dug well, by a bucket on the end of a long rope. How convenient everything is now, just by turning a tap. Even though hot water does come from the cold water side and cold water from the other one, no bother, all in getting used to things the way they are.

I enjoy being near my family and friends. My husband and I welcome friends to drop in for a cup of tea or coffee and visit with us, we are usually at home, in this lovely spot near the Foothills of those great Rocky Mountains, so well publicized over the radio by our two native commentators. Thank you all on this beautiful June day.

Mrs. Stevenson giving her speech.

CURLY'S SHOWS IN CREMONA 1949.

ORIGIN OF CREMONA SEWING CIRCLE

By: Eleanor Van Haaften 1961

The history of the Cremona Sewing Circle goes way back to the beginning of the last World War. In the fall of 1939, the writer received a letter from Red Cross headquarters inquiring as to the possibility of a Unit being formed in Cremona. As there was no active women's group in Cremona at that time, a number of persons were contacted and a meeting was held in the community hall. About thirty ladies turned out and it was from this group that a Red Cross was started. We duly received our Charter and instructions as to how we were to be governed. Meetings were held every week in the Old Sunday School of the United Church. This space, with fuel for the old air tight heater was freely allowed by the Board, and for which we were very grateful. There was no power then, so of course, no light, so we were obliged to start our meetings early.

It was an icy cold task to go into the empty church on a winter morning to get the fire going strong enough so our fingers did not stick to our needles and scissors. As it was, our feet were usually cold as we stood over the quilting frames. We had lots of fun though. As there was rationing, we were unable to provide much of a lunch, but the late Mrs. Hewitt always had a big pot of tea ready for us at four o'clock and one of us would go over for it. Usually we managed to obtain a package of very unappetizing biscuits. The name we gave these biscuits is not for publication, but any old members who are around may remember. At first we brought our own cups, but this was such a nuisance, that the second year we each put in seventy-five cents, and the secretary was requested to purchase two dozen or more all alike. The agreement was then that when our Unit broke up, each was to take her cup back; no one ever has, and we still use the same cups at our bazaar.

Though a comparatively small unit, we accomplished a great deal of work. The total number of articles made and amount of money would take up too much space, but I have at hand a statement for one year which I will note briefly: Cash collected ... $999.89, Articles made ... 718, including 74 quilts. Besides the work done at our weekly meetings, many articles mostly knitted goods and pieced quilt tops were turned in by those unable to attend the meetings. One or more warm quilts were made at every meeting. For the most part, our relations with Headquarters were most amiable, though we had a few differences of opinion. For instance, once they sent us a pattern by which to make up pants for ten year old boys. If we had followed this pattern, no self-respecting ten year old would be caught catching frogs in them. Another time, we were asked to make a quilt from octagon blocks, which no unit in Alberta was ever able to fit together. We worked steadily through the war years and there could not be found a more faithful group of women.

We combined our work for a year or two after the war ended, but naturally, our membership dropped, until there were about a dozen regulars left. Some of these had young children, and we all worked hard, so it was decided to give up our Charter, as we felt we could no longer do justice to our group as a Unit. Ours had been very pleasant companionship, and we all felt a little let down at the thought of breaking up.

After some discussion, we decided to work together as a Club, still working for the Red Cross Crippled Children's Hospital and other charities. Our first meeting as a sewing circle was in 1947. We have no written by-laws, but all through the years we have followed certain rules. Membership is by invitation only; those in our own age group chiefly, and who enjoy doing our kind of work, and also, we try not to have more than twelve active members, as the number is all the average home can accommodate. Of course, our Personal has changed through the years, ill health & pressure of families have compelled a few to retire. Some have made a change of residence. Regretfully, through the years, we have to say a last good bye to some of our devoted members.

This then is how the Cremona Sewing Circle got its start. Though there are only three or four of the original members here now, the spirit has remained the same. For the most part, we have confined our efforts to helping the young, the aged, and the unfortunate, both in our own community and in large fields where we believe our efforts will give the greatest benefit to the most people. The Bazaar we hold each year is becoming increasing popular. We are grateful to the Woodmen for the use of their hall, through all these years, and for the co-operation their individual members have given us throughout the years when we needed their help.

Mrs. Pearl Stone, Mrs. Ivy Gano, Mrs. Hilda Frizzell, Mrs Eleanor Van Haaften, Mrs. Edith Oborne, Mrs. Haley, Mrs. Marion Reid, Mrs. Camp, Mrs Justeena Simpson, Mrs. Marj Sullivan. November 1965.

CREMONA UNITED CHURCH

After Cremona was moved to its' present location and more people moved into the area it was decided to build a church. Following the organizational meeting Mrs. George Spence and Boulter Reid canvassed for funds. Mr. Reid donated the site for the church. Mr. McGaffin, who operated a sawmill in the Fallen Timber area offered to saw the lumber if the people of the church got a timber berth from the government. This done, the lumber was hauled to Cremona in one day by twelve teams. The project received much support from the local people.

John Burnett was asked to plan the church building utilizing the windows on hand. These had come from a church in Fergus, Ontario. Mrs. Mathieson, daughter of George McDougall, turned the first sod. Gravel from the river was hauled by volunteers and shovelled on and off by hand. Rev. Rogers the minister at that time, helped

shingle, and gave suggestions which were much appreciated. The lathing was done free but the plasterer was paid. Mr. Fry built the brick chimney free of charge. Mr. Burnett received about one hundred and twenty five dollars for his work. The church cost $1,000.00. The oak table was donated by Rattrays to be used for an altar. The altar and ministers chair were later purchased from Cusing Mills, as were the railing and the communion table.

An addition was added to the east end in 1960. At that time the basement was extended under the new part and is now used for Sunday School classes. Cremona does not have a resident minister, but is served twice monthly by the Carstairs United Church minister. Rev. A.M. Magee, who served from 1956 to 1961 was instrumental in organizing the Memorial Fund.

Many people presented gifts to the church through the years. The first was a bell given by Walter Bellamy. The pulpit Bible was given in memoryof Rev. John McDougall, pioneer missionary, and his wife Abigail, by their three daughters, Flora, Ruth and Gussie. The Bible stand on which it rests was made and presented by Rev. Herman Miller. The communion set was given in memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Spence by her family, the hymn board given by Mrs. I. McBain and the linen cloth with hand crocheted lace for the communion table by Mrs. Eleanor vanHaaften. The hand tooled leather memorial book by Mrs. Margaret Whitlow, the black hymn books given by Mrs. Marion Reid in memory of Mrs. Hewitt. The stove in the kitchen was given by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacFarquhar in memory of Duncan's mother, the baptismal font in memory of Edwin Reid by family and friends.

Mr. Gillespie gave three hundred dollars for the installation of a P.A. system. This was done and the remainder of the fund helped by money from the Memorial Fund paid for the installation of the tower chimes. The inner chimes controlled by the organ key board were also a gift purchased with money from the Memorial Fund. These chimes were dedicated in honor of Mrs. Marion Reid and Mrs. Ethel Reid. The Explorer Group with the help of the W.A. bought the red carpet now in the aisle on the floor of the dais. The wooden cross and red velvet drape behind were donated in memory of George Whitlow.

Margaret and Norman Betts were the first couple to be married in the church in 1937, about a month after the completion and dedication of the church.

Ministers serving the church were as follows:
Marchmont Ing (1924-32), C.E. Rogers (1933-38), G.G. Pybus (1939-50), J.E. Kirk (1951-55), A.W. Magee (1956-61), R.E.Eskdale (1962-64), P.R.Sawatzky (1965-66), G.C. McMillan (1967-69), H.T. Miller (1970-75), M.B. McIntyre (1975-).

By: Alan Reid

In the spring of 1978, I wrote a letter to the church at Fergus, Ontario to see if they could give us any history of the lovely colored-leaded windows in Cremona United Church. Who should receive the letter there, but Mrs. Ivan Corbett (the mother of Lorraine Irvine, who lives in Cremona). She sent two informative books giving the history of their church. The windows were new in 1900 and the building was taken down in 1930 to build a larger one. They put an ad in the "Observer" which our minister Rev. Rogers saw and answered. The Fergus church would give the windows to any new church who would pay the freight on them. The windows were stored in Edwin Reid's barn loft in the crates in which they came, until the local church was planned and built. John Burnett planned the design and built the church around the windows. The church was dedicated on August 1937.In 1960 the new east room of the church was added. The whole community pulled together to make the church what it is. Over the years the beautiful windows have been much enjoyed and our appreciation goes out to Fergus, Ontario.

THE CREMONA UNITED CHURCH CRADLE ROLL

The Cremona United Church Cradle Roll started in 1957 under the leadership of Mrs. Gwen Earle. The objective of the Cradle Roll was to serve as a contact with parents of the new babies of the members and adherents of the local church. Birthday cards are mailed to the wee people until their fourth birthday. Visits were made to welcome the new babies and assure the families of the interest of the church in them and their families. Mrs. Earle secured an Enrollment Registration Plaque and posted the names of the babies on it. Updated it still hangs in the church. On August 30, 1957 the mothers with little people and Mrs. Earle enjoyed the first Cradle Roll Tea.

An annual Cradle Tea is held in the United Church Hall, sponsored by the United Church Women always in May. Mrs. Lulu Mork succeeded Mrs. Earle in 1960. Mrs. Betty Casebeer, Mrs. Bea Mork and Mrs. Gabrielle Grainger have helped with the posting. Mrs. Gladys Lane helped send out the tea invitations. Mrs. Helen Whitlow helps with the visiting. An annual Promotion Sunday is held in the fall in conjunction with a church service, when all the children who are four during that year officially move into the Sunday School. At present there are 50 families enrolled in the Cradle Roll.

1956-67 Members

Bob Barclay - Jim and Wayne; Joe Bardgett - Jack, Bonnie and Joey; Harold Bellamy - Mac and Kenny; Lester Bergeson - Lloyd; Norman Betts - Ronnie; Charles Bird - Billy; Wilfred Blain - Earl and Merle; Ray Blake - Debbie and Susan; Lionel Borton - Lorna; Ken Brian - Stewart and Theresa; Don Brown - Jack and Jim; Jack Camps - Andy; George Duguid - Elaine; Don Dunphy - Deryl and Brenda; Elmer Fenton - Allan; Alton Gano - Lynn; Gil Graham - Gayle; Iris Gunderson - Donald and Carol; Charles Holbrook - Rodney; Gordon Jackson - Norman; Wilfred Jackson - Werner; Don Liddel - Joyce; Boyd May - Jimmy and Harvey; Dick May - Patsy; George McBain - Douglas; Jack McKay - Marlene; Doug Munn - Norman and Jeanne; Don Odell - Danny; Allan Reid - Linda and Harvey; Gordon Reid - Bob and Nancy; Vair Reid - Gerald; Gerald Rigsby - Geraldine and Virginia; Neil Rigsby - Debbie and Teresa; Charles Roberts - Christine and Charlotte; Leon Robertson - Ryan and Neil; Doug Rodgers - Ronnie; Stanley Schultz - Harry and Sammie; David Sirr - Debbie and Desmond; Bob Spillman - Jean; Bill Tippe - Donald; Charles Topping - Randy and Kevin; Verdun Umbach - Don and Ricky; Robert Whitlow - Patsy and Randy.

In early 1978, Andy and Gwen Thompson of Cremona travelled to the Holy Land. From the river Jordan they dipped a flask of Holy Water which was later used in the baptismal service in the Cremona United Church, May 7, 1978. Among the children baptized were Shawn and Sheri Wigmore, their grandchildren.

The following list are names of the parents and children baptized. Nels and Lynn Brian - Terry; Ken and Linda Hogg - Trisha; Frank and Linda Keats - Corrina; Lachlin and Donna McKinnon - Lance; Darrell and Flora Newsome - Rachel; Gordon and Jennifer Oborne - Russell; Ian and Susan Robertson - Shera; Bob and Linda Scott - Robert; Bruce and Ethel Setter - Gerald; Wayne and Lila Lashmore - Sherry; Richard and Pam Wigmore - Shawn and Sheri.

CREMONA VALLEYVIEW CHILDREN'S HOME

By: Gwen Earle

This information was received from several sources - interview with Jean and Roy Luyendyk, and articles in the United Church Observer, Missionary Church Emphasis, Calgary Herald and Didsbury Booster.

The Family that grows & Grows and GROWS

One of the most interesting, unique and inspiring family in our community is that of the Luyendyks. Within their 20 years of married life, Jean and Roy have been called Mon and Dad by approximately 80 children. They have five of their own natural children, thirteen have been adopted and carry the Luyendyk surname, and they serve as guardians for many many more. Seventeen years ago they promised God never to turn a needy child away from their doors. Each year the family gets bigger as the heading suggests, and the latest count is 36.

Each child becomes an important member of the family, receiving love and discipline, and learning the responsibilities of living in a big family. All share in the work, the girls helping in the house, and the boys looking after the chores on the small dairy farm. Needless to say there is always work to be done - imagine the dishes, the cooking, the laundry, the cleaning, the mending, the baths, the hair cutting, the fights to be settled, the wounds to be healed, the questions to be answered, the school lunches to be made, the homework to be supervised, etc. and most important of all -- the organizing, disciplining and counselling of the whole mess, and yet maintaining a happy, cheerful, loving, Christian atmosphere in the home.

One would expect a family like this to be so preoccupied with their own affairs that they would have no time for others. However, they are so concerned and sympathetic for the underprivileged of other countries that from time to time the whole family skips a meal, with the money thus saved sent to children overseas. Very frequently the whole group piles into the family limousine - a large school bus - and off they go to tell other churches or organizations how God has supplied all their need, and how they praise and thank Him for all His blessings. They, including all from the youngest to the oldest, as a family unit, sing endless beautiful inspirational songs conveying messages of faith and love. Roy and Jean are enthusiastic participants in The Missionary Church Home and School Assoc.; and they are always willing to prepare a number for community entertainment when asked. They have composed many songs and skits which are well practised at home and involve all or most of the children. Roy says this helps the children to learn to have fun together and also to show the community that this family, although large in number and diverse in personality can still have fun together.

The Luyendyk farm is known as "The Cremona Valleyview Children's Home". They have signed all their land and possessions over the the foundation which is run by a seven-member Board of Directors, completely independent of the government. Donation of money, work, building materials, food, clothing, etc. are received from various churches, service clubs, organizations, business men, friends and neighbors. Volunteer workers from a world-wide organization known as Operation Beaver have given great help in building a new barn, and a large addition on the house during the last few years. Timber is available on their own farm, and Roy has his own sawmill and crew. Roy and Jean trust God to somehow provide workers and finances, and He has never failed them. With the new addition the house now has 20 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, a large kitchen, a dining hall with 2 long tables lined with chairs on both sides, a playroom, a study room, a workshop and best of all - six bathrooms.

"God loves you, and we love you." - The Luyenbdyk's - Roy and Jean, Wayne, Colleen, Bob, Helen, Mona, Kelly, Midford, Bruce, Greg, Scott, Timothy, Jeff, Lisa, Ross, David, Ted, Anne, Stephen, Daniel, Catherine, Raechel, Leona, Mark, Del, Benjamin Luke, John, Elizabeth and Dominique.

The Luyendyks are old-fashioned enough to believe in such virtues as hard work, discipline, truth, respect, and especially a real love for God and His work. It is wonderful to know that happiness and security have been given to so many lonely, disturbed, abandoned children; and to actually see what can be done by a dedicated couple. The following article written by Miss Donna Maynes clearly describes one of these products.

WHAT IS A LUYENDYK?

By: Miss Donna Maynes

While conversing with a friend the other day a young boy walked by.

"Who's that kid?" my friend asked.

"Oh", I replied, "That's a Luyendyk."

My friend laughed. "What a description," she said, "What's a Luyendyk?"

What's a Luyendyk? What IS a Luyendyk? -

I thought and thought about the 10 plus years that I've taught Luyendyks, coached Luyendyks, and lived in the same community as Luyendyks. After a few moments of relection I told my friend that a Luyendyk –

-- comes in all sizes, shapes, color, ages, and both sexes

-- always has his/her assignments done, and done to the best of his/her ability

-- attends school regularly, and is on time for classes

-- creatively does his/her own thing

-- when asked in English/French how many brothers and sisters he/she has, replies, "I don't know, let me think"

-- describes wild life in his/her locale very well, then adds, "but kids are the most plentiful animal."

-- can look over a verdant valley to the inspiring Rockies beyond and calm the turmoils of his soul, for he/she sees that God is real and what a wonderful world He has created.

-- has a pet of any size, shape, color, age, and species

-- loves to play but knows how to work

-- is respectful of and to others; say, "Please", "Thanks", "Excuse me,"; yet will smear another kid with glue and fully expect to be smeared back. Should the teacher happen to see his/her little byplay, expects and accepts a reprimand

-- can make a "piece-de-resistance" out of twine, wire, and other junk, while other kids are waiting for inspirational ideas, and just-the-right things to work with, and wrestles with the fear that what he/she makes may not be good enough. But, a Luyendyk doesn't care - he knows that God and his Mom and Dad will love him anyway - and so what he/she does is to him/her good - and low and behold, to others it is good too.

-- can spend money but can have fun without it

-- gets as much fun out of playing hooky with Mom and Dad and the rest (20 or more) for one day in Banff, than

others do in one month in California.

– may be an adult called Jean or Roy who, alone, together, or split, arrives at 8:30 a.m. on parent-teacher day, and sets a marathon record of interviewing all teachers about all little Luyendyks. Odd, indeed. Odd? Many parents with only one or two never show up. (Unfortunately we can tell it with the kids to.)

– some Luyendyk neophytes hate themselves, the work, and God, in that order. Given a few months of daily dosages of Luyendyk-itis, they reverse this trend. How beautiful the smile is when this initiate decides that he likes himself because God likes him and believes he is worthwhile.

That, my friend, is a Luyendyk, and should the remote possiblity occur that I ever had a kid - I think I'd want it raised as a Luyendyk.

CREMONA VETERINARY CLINIC

The Cremona Veterinary Clinic was established by Dr. Doug Reid in 1975 and is located one-half mile north and one-half mile west of Cremona. The building houses both large and small animal clinics as well as Doug and Sandie's residence in a quonset-type buildiing.

Construction on the building began in May of 1975 and the clinic was operational by September of that year, due in great part to the expert help provided by neighbors and Vair and Allan Reid.

The bulk of the work in the practice consists of treating cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, dogs and cats. However, the clinic has also been the scene of episodes with other interesting species such as chicken, turkeys, rabbits, guinea pigs and budgie birds. Sandie drew the line when a lady phoned wanting to bring her skunk in to be de-scented!

Much of Doug''s work involves treating animals on farms. Doug's dog Trampas (who is also the clinic's resident blood donor) used to accompany hin on these calls. A halt was called to that when Trampas jumped out of the truck and promptly treed a farmer's cat.

CREMONA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

In an old black journal "property of the Cremona Women's Institute" organized in the year 1923, the following articles were found pasted inside the front and back covers;

Cremona - Mrs. J. Hosegood, constituency convener, was a visitor here and spoke on the work of the W.I. Mrs. E.J. Reid also gave a fine paper on Household Economics. Preparations are beng made to hold a bedding sale.

Cremona - "Wealth in the Straw Pile" was a title given to a splendid paper on agriculture read by Mrs. A.Mathieson of Garfield. A whist drive and social will be held and the proceeds used to send a delegate to the provincial convention at Edmonton.

Cremona - The members recently enjoyed a picnic at the home of their constituency convenor, Mrs. J. Hosegood of Rugby. A jolly afternoon was spent and the guests were entertained with guessing contests, one of them to name all the varieties of flowers in their hostess's garden. This was won by Mrs. VanHaaften and Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Schultz and Mrs. Neilson were the winners of the other event.

The Annual meeting of the Cremona Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Edwin Reid on Wednesday with 13 members present. The Officers for 1935 are as follows; Pres. - Mrs. S. Davis, 1st Vice. - Mrs. Mae Fisher, 2nd Vice. - Mrs. Daisy Pearson, Sec. - Treas. - Mrs. E. Shultz, Assistant Sec.-Treas. - Mrs. Ed. Thrasher. Directors - Mrs. Edwin Reid, Mrs. J. Rattray, Mrs. Robert Simpson. These are all new officers with the exception of Mrs. E. Shultz who has acted as Sec.-Treas. the past two years. The retiring President Mrs. VanHaaften, has not missed a meeting this past year and Mrs. Shultz only one which is a very good record.

Cremona - "Rayon, Its Manufacture and Uses" was the subject of a fine paper given by Mrs. M. Neilson. Approximately $140 was realized from a sale of work and a dance, which will enable the W.I. to proceed with their programs for relief; $50 will be given to the Junior Red Cross and $10 to the Wood's Home. Christmas gifts to needy families will also receive attention.

THE DOWNY MINE

The first coal mine in the district was called the "Downy Mine". This was located on Joe Roberts homestead on the Little Red Deer River. This was mined by Carl Crow (Bob Patchnell's grandfather) and a man by the name of Sherman.

FAR WEST MEAT PROCESSORS

By: The Calgary Herald Sept. 1, 1977

Water Valley--Though the location isn't exactly on the main thoroughfare, Hans Wolff, 45, is into the meat processing business and soon hopes to be into the restaurant business one mile west and two miles south of Water Valley. If the project is approved, he will be able to bring cows into one end of his plant and sell broiled steaks at the other end. It would be fully integrated operation-from animals on the hoof to sausages and family dinners Wolff already is doing a fairly big business selling sausages and other meat products to customers who drive long distances to buy his wares. A lot of them are from Calgary. Customers discover he is in business mostly by word of mouth. After that, the main problem is to find his place.

Water Valley is about 40 miles northwest of Calgary via Highway 1A and 22. You turn off the main road just before you reach Cremona. Once you find the right back road, the Far West Meat Processors plant isn't hard to spot. It is the only big building in the area, surrounded by farms. Wolff came to Canada from Germany in 1956. A butcher, he worked for Dominion Stores and Canada Packers before moving to Water Valley. His wife, Gisela, learned the butchering trade when she was 14 years old. Mr. and Mrs. Wolff run the Water Valley plant with the help of about half a dozen employees. Wolff bought land in the Water Valley with the intention more or less, of retiring "I wanted to raise a few pigs, a few beef, and more or less take it easy", he said. But other people in the area started asking if he would do a little butchering for them. To accommodate his neighbors, he started doing a little butchering on a small scale. Then the government intervened, telling him he couldn''t do this sort of thing without a license and regular visits from inspectors. The choice was to quit or go into business on a larger scale. Wolff chose to build a large-scale plant. Construction started in May, 1975. The first cattle were slaughtered in October, 1975 and "we have been going ever since."

Wolff is a hospitable soul who enjoys showing visitors through his plant. He is proud of the fact his place is government inspected and up to the best standards in every respect. He estimated that the plant handles 30 to 40 cows and 20 hogs per week. Sheep are also processed. Customers come from all over to buy European sausages , hams, "and what have you". Wolff has a little store out front selling

European canned goods and chocolates. When the customers started complaining that there was no place in the district to eat or drink, Wolff decided to open a restaurant. Plans call for a larger store, a snack bar, and a small restaurant - probably 8 to 10 tables. "We will concentrate on home cooked European food," Wolff said. "You will be able to have steak if you want it, but we won't specialize in it." "It will be possible to buy a steak in the store then we will do it up for you with all the trimmings."

The restaurant still requires the approval of the district planning authorities. An application for rezoning will be heard at a meeting scheduled for Sept. 8. Most of Wolff's business now involves custom killing. A farmer brings in an animal, Wolff kills it, processes it, and freezes it, then the farmer picks up the finished product. "We have quite a little thing going here," Wolff remarked. "Lots of people were kind of doubtful if this would go out here. They thought we were too far out. But it doesn't matter if I'm here or in Cremona. If I do the job and provide the service, people don't mind coming this far." In the fall, Far West Meat Processors handles a lot of wild game. People bring in deer, moose and elk. Retail customers usually turn up during the week end. Many will buy $30 to $40 worth of sausages and meat products-enough to last them for a while. Wolff currently is waiting for the necessary permits enabling him to open the new store and restaurant. Some rezoning is required to change the site from agricultural to commercial uses. A licence to serve beer and wine is also being sought. Pending approval by the Alberta Liquor Control Board, the restaurant would serve non-alcoholic drinks.

Wolff estimated that the population of Water Valley is about 20. But the village has two general stores. They serve a lot of farmers in the neighborhood. Wolff had a small ranch of his own, adjacent to the meat processing plant. It's all situated picturesquely among the trees. There's no definite date yet for the opening of the restaurant. If he didn't have to wait for rezoning and a building permit, Wolff said, he would have had the walls and the roof up before now.

GARFIELD STORE

The little corner store was started some time in the mid 1920's by Dick and Mrs. Haener in part of the log house they lived in. The house was situated on a few acres on the north east corner of Section 18, Township 30, Range 3, West 5th. The post office came to Garfield about the same time.

Art Thompson bought the store in 1928, and ran it until 1940 when Doug and Gwen Bird bought it. The log house burnt down about 1931 and was replaced by a two storey house of which half of the main floor was the store. On his trips to Carstairs, Mr. Thompson would also take any cans of cream to the creamery.

Doug Bird's had the store until 1946. They continued to keep the gas pump selling car gas, they also had farm fuel for tractors, high test gas and kerosene, purchasing their gas from Lion Oils in Calgary. At this time 43 families got their mail there and the Post Office paid $8 a month for looking after it. Often poor roads meant the mail truck was late so half the community would sit in the store and wait for the mail to come.

They then rented it until 1950 to the following people - Orville Tronnes, Bob Barclay, George Roberts, and Tom Camps. Then Sid Whitlow bought the store and ran it until 1960. About this time the mail route started so the Post Office was no longer needed and the store closed then too. Country store hours usually meant 24 hours a day. Here is a list of the people who lived in the log house before Haeners started the store - Sherman's Kennedy's, Maxin's, Ploeger's, Myer's, Jack West's, Kleemo's and Pearson's.

THE HAYSITES

By: Glen McNicol

In the far off days of shin plaster a middle aged man with a family homesteaded NW ½ Sec. 20-29-4-5. He started a religious community or at least he tried. He was the preacher and converted families where he could. There was Anderson's east about 3 miles and two miles south and some people north west by the name of Ectasll and another by the name of Dunum. Then he moved to Sampsonton and started to convert there. Keils, Henry Stones, Frank Todds, Gooch Carry Scott, Ernie Todd.

They believed in feet washing, baptising and meetings. I was once to a baptising when 6 were converted in the Beaver Dam Creek on Waltches land. Still in wet clothes they were put in chairs and Mr. Hays would rub their heads and pray. Mrs. Ollie Gooch could talk in an unknown tongue. She would rub their heads. Mrs. Ollie Gooch died of pnemonia and is buried in the Crossfield Graveyard.

They called each other Brother and Sister, added as Brother Henry and Sister Laura. Brother Stone connected his telephone on barbwire fence and had to phone Sister Laura to get Brother Henry. The boys around the Country use to cut Brother Henry's telephone wire fence. One day Alfred Walcut and Henry seen and out of the yard he went a-racing. He overtook Alfred on the Beaver Dam Bridge. He gave him a good thrashing. Alfred's fun ended there.

One evening at the Church at the Banner School a group of boys around the country figured it was a good time to throw rotten eggs. So they stationed themselves from Banner School to Harris's about 150 yards apart. When the preacher Hays came along in a top buggy with Mrs. Dunum and a tall man behind on horseback. They let go with the eggs. Mr. Hays had the horses on the gallop but some of the egss hit target.

I was about 10 years old and I saved rotten eggs for the boys. Benny Crow gave me ten cents a dozen but my parents knew nothing about this or I would have got it.

About this time there was so much trouble amoungst the neighbors that Mr. Jim Hays left the neighborhood and was gone for two years. When he came back to Frank Todd's when the people heard about it. About 30 men met and went to Todd's and one man did the talking and they asked for Mr. Hays to come to the door. Mr. Todd was well liked and asked them not to make any trouble. Mr. Hays was at the Todd home. They told Mr. Hays to leave at once or they would mean business. He had 24 hours to clear out.

Next morning Mr. Todd and Mr. Hays went to Crossfield and stopped at Col. Boyls and asked what he thought they should do; when they asked who was in this crowd, when told Mr. Boyls said you had better pull out. Mr. Hays left that day.

I was about 12 years old and heard about this. My parents did not mix in any of this trouble. But I after everyone was asleep, slipped downstairs and father heard me and he said you get back to bed. I missed it.

The Country settled back to normal and Mr. Jim Hays was not heard from again. I remember Leonard Hays. The Religion was named by the none believer as the HAYSITES.

HEWITT FIELD DEDICATION

By: Betty Barlow, for the Didsbury Booster

The general public was invited to attend a short unveiling ceremony on Wednesday, April 30, 1975, at 2:30 p.m., in front of the Cremona High School. Mr. Matthew J. Hewitt, honored guest, and other members of the Hewitt family were in attendance. The student body of the Cremona

School, who will be using this Track Field for years to come, and staff members were also present. Introduction of guests by Principal: Cliff Sorenson, Matthew Hewitt, Guest of Honor; William Bagnall, Reeve and County School Committee Chairman; Jack Bellamy, Mayor of the Village of Cremona; Rev. J. Maconochie, Cremona Representative; Ann Rose, Previous Cremona Representative; Robert Lloyd, President of the Student's Union; Don Edey, Vice Principal and Coordinator of Physical Education.

Short history of Hewitt Field was given by C.L. Sorenson. Don Edey spoke on behalf of the school and staff. Robert Lloyd said a few words on behalf of the students. William Bagnall gave the introduction of Matt Hewitt and gave a short address. The honored guest, Matt Hewitt and veiled the bronze plaque commemmorating the Hewitt Field," and gave a short speech.

JACKSONS WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

By: Holly Hallett

The organizational meeting of the Jackson Women's Institute was held on December 30, 1953-twenty five years ago this year-at the home of Mrs. Ethel Robertson, under the chairmanship of our Constituency Convenor, Mrs. A.L. Hogg. Our charter members were: Mrs. Jess Ray, Mrs. Mary Klinck, Mrs. Otto Faas, Mrs. Walter Felker, Mrs. Lionel Bird, Mrs. A.W. Davies, Mrs. W.O. Bohannon, Mrs. Caradog Davies, Mrs. Wilfred Owens, Mrs. A.M. Robertson, Mrs. R.E. Hallett, Mrs. Sheldon Owens, Mrs. Lloyd Vogel, Mrs. Louis Hildebrandt, Mrs. Leon Ray, Mrs. J. Olson, Mrs. Stanley Low, Mrs. Frank Somerville, and Mrs. Carl Eckstrand.

The motto of the Alberta Women's Institute is "For Home and Country", and the purpose of our organization is Education first and Social Services second. Under our Educational Topics we have studied Handicrafts and over the years have had demonstrations on Leathercraft, Macrame, String Art, Flower Arrangements, Hardanger, sponsored sewing courses etc. Handicraft competitions play an important part within the organization and we have entered articles at local, provincial and federal competitions.

In Home Economics we have had pie, jelly roll, cookie contests, with demonstrations in fudge and chocolate making, muffins, angle food cakes, and cake icing to name a few. Our other Convenorship are education, social services, agriculture, United Nations, Canadian industries and health. These are very much the same topics that were listed 69 years ago when the Women's Institute was started by Adlaide Hoodless in Ontario in 1897. Our guest speakers have been many and varied speaking on Succession Duties. Carstairs Gas Plant, Human Rights or showing pictures on South Africa, New Zealand or Europe.

To keep a record of all our activities we have kept a Scrap Book since our organizing. Although many ladies have contributed and helped a special tribute should be given to Mae Ray, Mary Goetjen and Evelyn Bohannon who have spent many hours keeping it up to date. Our first financial obligation is to our Alberta Women's Institute and we have faithfully paid our Local, Provincial and Federal dues besides contributing our pennies for.Friendship, which finances the World Organization, Associated Country Women of the World. Other Institute projects have been water pumps in Ethiopia, save the Eyesight Fund, Water Wells in Kenya, gift coupons to many of the underdeveloped countries for education for their people. Within the community we have done Red Cross sewing, donated to the Carstairs and Didsbury Rest Rooms, Cremona, Didsbury and Crossfield senior citizens homes, Cremona Library, 4-H Trophies, Horizon School, County Band, gift to brides and babies within our group, etc.

To enable us to finance these projects we have served at Auction sales, catered to banquets, bake sales and birthday box. It hasn't all been work, we have had our "Fun Time" with husband card parties, wine and cheese parties, bowling, tours and many places in Calgary, Lacombe and local industries, with many a pleasant afternoon spent quilting. It is a pleasure to have our Honorary Members with us, who are members over 70, not required to pay dues or have meetings, but may still do both. We regret the passing of several members. some have moved away, others have become involved in other activities but we still have six charter members to celebrate our 25th. Anniversary, Mrs. Jess Ray, Mrs, Lionel Bird, Mrs. W.O. Bohannon, Mrs. C. Davies, Mrs. Frank Sommerville, and Mrs. R.E. Hallett. Our present executive is Mrs. C. Davies, Sect., and Mrs. H. Bell, President with 26 paid up members. We always welcome new members. Over the past 25 years the Jackson Women's Institute has lived up to the motto "For Home and Country."

Jackson W.I. 1976. Back Row: Helen Erickson, Dorothy Bell, Hazel Sommerville, Holly Hallet, Elenora Foat, Mae Ray, Noreen Olson, Pearl Stone, Phyllis Hunt, Nellie Davies. Middle Row: Dot Odell, Mary Goetjen, Marguerite Krebs, Pat Larsen, Evelyn Bohannon, Alice Van Arnam. Front Row: Evelyn Robertson, Marilyn Goetjen, Elma Bird, Hostess for the quilting, and Maysel Robertson, missing from photo.

THE LITTLE RED DEER RIVER

In 1951 the bridge went down with a D7 cat and scraper. River flooding over road, south of bridge. Bridge piles on north end of bridge broke and the bridge fell in. Russell Simpson was operating the cat.

The water was over the seat of the cat when it first fell in. River going down in this picture.

Pulling out the scrapper

The new bridge

Looking west on the bridge at the Little Red in 1978. Notice amount of water compared to 1951 pictures.

THE MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

By: Pamela Thompson, Grade Ten

Our "Club Feature" this month - The Modern Woodmen of America.

Club Reporter - Pam Thompson for the Cremona High School Paper.

I would like to thank Mr. Boucher for his kindness and co-operation in helping me to collect the information for my report on the Modern Woodmen of America, Cremona Camp Number 14105. I understand that this is one of the remaining active camps in Alberta.

In the spring of 1931 this camp was organized by some Modern Woodmen Members from Airdrie, Alberta. It was organized by Deputy Head Consul Mr. N. L. McNeill at the York Hotel, Calgary.

This charter was issued and approved on June 26, 1931. The following is a list of the charter members, and the Social charter members:

Names of Applicants: A. J. Borton, F.G. Borton, S.V. Davis, J.R. Haley, R. Lind, E.F. Luth, S. A. Lewis, R.W. May, W. Postlewaithe, Charles Reid, Clarence Reid, Hugh Reid, S. Roberts, R.T. Summers.

Names of Social Members: G.A. Bennett, R. Camp, R. Fuller, M. Hickey, C. McFarquer, J.A. Schultz, T. Sinclair, G. Stevenson.

The first Venerable Consul was Charles Reid, who still resides at Cremona and is an active member. The first Secretary Treasurer elected was Clarence Reid.

The name chosen at that meeting and approved by the head office which is located at Rock Island, Illinois, U.S.A., was Jack Pine Camp No. 14105.

The first meetings were held in the Creamery Hall at Old Cremona - later at a private home. Then prior to the building of their own hall, they were held in the Community Hall in new Cremona.

In 1945 the members of the camp decided to erect their own hall and two lots were purchased. In 1946, the members, through the donations of their time, labor, tractors, and equipment dug the basement and started erecting the present building. It was financed through the co-operation of the members in cash donations and social activities such as dances, bingos, etc.

The neighbors whom they have presented 25 year memberships pins and who now reside here are: Graham Borton, Harry Steckly, Charles Reid, Hugh Reid, Stan Roberts, Pete Sullivan, Walter May, Fay Stone, George McLeavy, C.H. Waterstreet, Wm. Frizzell, Stan Haley, James Whitlow, and the late neighbor, Van Haaften.

They also have a 50 year membership in their camp - Lee Sanderman.

The Camp does some welfare work, through donations and this spring it is canvassing for the Red Cross. It also sponsored a Cremona calf club in 1947-48, at which time the Venerable Consul was neighbor Van Haaften. Besides their regular monthly meetings, through the co-operation of their wives they hold an annual turkey supper for all Woodmen and families; a banquet supper for woodmen and wives - at which time the 25 year membership pins are presented. The Woodmen also hold their annual picnic, bonspiel, social evenings of whist or bingo, and for members only, farewell banquets for members who are moving away, are also held.

At their February meeting, 1961, the Lodge agreed to donate a bursuary fund of $50 annually to be known as the Van Haaften Bursuary fund tribute to his close relationbship to their lodge and also the Cremona School. The money to be divided $30 and $20 to be donated to the two pupils having the highest and second highest marks in Grade XII Mathematics in the Cremona High School for year ending June 1962.

The present Venerable consul is Douglas Rodgers, Secretary is Milford M. Boucher, and there are 67 mem-

bers in the Cremona camp at the present time. Their camp creed of which they should be very proud is: There is a destiny that makes us brothers, None goes his way alone, All that we send into the lives of others, Come back into our own.

We know the members who keep this creed realize that it is they who set the example for youth to follow.

The advantages of being a member of this Lodge can be expressed in these words, Fraternal Friendship among its members. In time of need a strong feeling of security, friendship and help to each other and their widows, is extended through the lodge life insurance and moral obligations they have to fellow members.

During the years of membership there grows among the neighbors a very close feeling of friendship that is enviable and although the Lodge in no way interferes with any neighbors religious or political beliefs, their moral obligations are strong and the quality of the members accepted into the Lodge make for a better and safer community to live and raise a family in.

We wish the Modern Woodmen of America all the luck and success in their projects and hope to look forward to seeing many of our class mates in the membership list of the future.

By: Larry Gano

In 1962 the counsul was Doug Rodgers, Sect. Treas. M. Boucher. The Woodmen bonspiel was a popular event then, as it has been every winter since. Cocktail parties were sponsored by the Woodmen for a few years, but by 1965 were finally dropped.

Each year club financing is done mainly through a calf feeding system. The lodge buys 10 calves in the fall and 10 members each take a calf for that year. The following fall, the feeder calves are sold, new calves are bought and another ten members take their turn feeding.

In 1963 a friendly rivalry was started between the Cremona Legion and the Woodmen Lodge, in the form of a ball game. The now familiar Grey Cup Pool was started in 1964, with $200 given out in prize money . In 1965 George Whitlow took over the duties of Sec. Treasurer, a position he dedicated himself to for thirteen years. It was also in 1965 that the Whist Drives were started regularly. The fourth Wednesday of each month the Lodge hosts these card parties, open to all interested card players in the community.

Ties were still strong with the Head Office in the United States and in 1966 delegates were sent down to a state convention in Montana. Still in 1966 when the county tried to consolidate the schools, the Woodmen put considerable effort into keeping Cremona School open. Nineteen sixty eight saw many improvements to the Woodmen Hall, including landscaping the yard and installing rest rooms. The Woodmen-Legion rivalry continued not only at ball games, but tug-of-wars, crib tournaments and winter broomball games.

In July of 1971, the Modern Woodmen of America cut ties with the Woodmen Lodge to the dissappointment of the members. Many members had insurance policies with the American club, so The Independent Order of Foresters took over these policies. In 1972, after listening to representatives from the Foresters, and after lengthy debates, the Lodge decided to break away from that organization, and in September of that year officially became the Modern Woodmen of Alberta. The new name was subsequently registered under the Societies Act and remains the same to this date. The Lodge participates in a variety of community events, the local July 1st parade and skits for the community Christmas concert to name a couple.

The Woodmen made a generous donation toward the building of the new Cremona Community Hall in 1977 and continues with a $50 bursary to the pupil with the highest grade XII math marks in Cremona. As of December 1978 the Modern Woodmen of Alberta have 50 members.

Members for 1978:

Graham Barnard, Joey Bardgett, Clarence Beierback, Bernard Bergeson, Robert Bosch, Bill Butler, Leonard Butler, Elwood Casebeer, Lloyd Dolen, Bob Fairbairn, Alton Gano, Bud Gano, Burr Gano, Larry Gano, Bill Graham, Tom Graham, Barry Herbert, Jack Hickey, Arnold Hogg, Chuck Hogg, Chuck Holbrook, Paul Konshuh, Jim Lane, Duncan MacFarquhar, Walter May, Jim McArthur, Ralph McKinnon, Ross Munro, Don Oldfield, Joe Oldfield, Tom Oldfield, Don Reeve, Stan Roberts, Don Robertson, Ian Robertson, Leon Robertson, Doug Rodgers, Gary Thompson, Fay Stone, Al Veres, Bob Whitlow, Brian Whitlow, Brian Whitlow, Ernie Whitlow, George Whitlow, Ken Whitlow, Michael Whitlow, Norman Whitlow, Viar Whitlow, Jim Wigg, Ken Wigg.

Charter Members of the Modern Woodmen of Alberta. Cremona Camp No. 511973: Graham Barnard, John K. Borton, Leonard A. Butler, William Butler, Elwood P. Casebeer, Lloyd Dolen, Robert L. Fairbairn, Alton Gano, Burr Gano, Ross A. Gano, David Gillies, Thomas Graham, William Graham, Stanley P. Haley*, Jack W. Hickey, Arnold A. Hogg, Chester C. Holbrook, James H. Lane, Duncan A. MacFarquhar, Walter May, James McArthur, Ralph O. McKinnon, Ross Munro, Joe Oldfield, Stanley Roberts, Donald Robertson, Ian Robertson, Leon R. Robertson, Douglas E. Rodgers, Fay Stone, Rhuary M. Walker*, Ernest Whitlow, George Whitlow, James Whitlow*, Kenneth Whitlow, Norman Whitlow, Michael R. Whitlow, Robert G. Whitlow, Vair M. Whitlow, James E. Wigg.
*Deceased members.

NEW CONCEPT IN CATTLE BUYING PINESLOPE RANCHERS ASSOCIATION LTD.

By: Rosa Gorrill

Conventional auction marketing for cattle causes unnecessary stress on calves, resulting in an animal that is susceptible to a variety of ailments. When cattle market prices are low, ranchers do not always get a good return using the customary auctions to sell their calves.

These two facts prompted the formation of a different way of selling calves in the Water Valley area. Twenty-two local ranchers have banded together to form Pineslope Ranchers Association Ltd., with the intention of selling their cattle- their way. Using for examples, the Pincher Creek Co-op, the Walsh operation and Lee Park (near Lloydminster), they have set up their own system. By-laws and facilities were examined; one of the big differences between the Pineslopes operation and others, is that a small rancher with only a few calves can also be accommodated.

The Pineslopes operation employs a sorter. All calves are carefully sexed, checked by the brand inspector and the veterinarian, then are weighed, put in pens and then fed. They are not moved through an auctioneer's ring. There is no whip-no stress of any kind for the calf. Buyers and the auctioneer move from pen to pen.
Pineslopes had their first sale last year at Sundre. This year, they will have their own facilities a mile north of Water Valley. Their second sale is on November 4.

In the words of Don Tannas, President of the Pineslopes Ranchers Associations Ltd., "The first auction went really good. The most important thing is that our cattle prices were consistently good. Everyone is interested in the top price at a sale. What is more important is that at our sale we got two or three cents more for our good calves, and that's where the money is made." Mr. Tannas is very enthused with the whole effort. He comments also, that the calves they sell must be raised by the rancher - in other words, "no travelling calves" are sold by Pineslopes. Mr. Tannas is concerned about marketing when prices are low, "if everybody doesn't make a little bit along the line,

PINESLOPES RANCHERS ASSOCIATION LTD.

it just won't work - the first one to get hurt is the cow-calf man." The Pineslopes organization seems to be at least part of the solution for the Water Valley ranchers. Some of the side benefits of this type of co-operative effort are mentioned by Mr. Tannas. "We got to know our neighbors - they're a lot nicer people than you think they are."

Unloading cattle.

Sorting cattle.

Sorting cattle.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY CARSTAIRS WEST

By: Mrs. J. McBain, Mrs. Geo Stevenson

Mr. Tillard, an Englishman, with a military background, had come to Canada and made his home in the Big Prairie district. He drove a team and democrat to carry outgoing mail to Carstairs, the nearest railway centre, and to bring the settler's mail on the return trip. He was instrumental in bringing English boys to Canada to be taught farming. He employed some of these as drivers of His Majesty's Royal Mail, which in their care, sometimes landed in the snow with a poorly guided team went too close to the ditch and the democrat overturned. The Jackville Post Office came into being in 1904 and 1905. It was located about twelve miles west of Carstairs in the old Hicklen ranch house. Further west was the Cremona Post Office in the Cremona Store, which had been opened by Mrs. Smith Jackson, later Mrs. Percy Bird.

Mr. Jack McBain, who with his brothers, Ben and Billy, had come from Scotland and homesteaded near the village of Cremona on S 22-29-25-W5. Dave Steele and Mr. Kelsey were homestead guides who drove the homesteaders around in a deomcrat showing them land that was available. They charged a fee of $10 for their services. Jack met and courted Belle Tyson. They were married in Dec. 1909. Together they made a home on Jack's homestead. In 1911, they took over Cremona store and also the mail contract. The round trip mail route covered a distance of 65 or 70 miles that had to be travelled once a week. Jack took the outgoing mail to Carstairs stayed overnight, and returned the following day. On his return trip he delivered mail to Jackville post office, on to Cremona where he left the mail, got a team of fresh horses and went on to Big Prairie, where the Post Office was in Mr. Tilliard's home. Leaving the Big Prairie mail, Jack went on the to Bituma Post Office, which was at the Silver Creek Coal mines. To reach there he drove over Suicide Hill, a very hazardous stretch of road. He delivered mail to Bituma, took charge of the outgoing mail and began the long journey back. All outgoing and incoming mail was stamped at Cremona. In winter, roads were icy and difficult. At best they were but prairie trails. The horses wore shoes on all four feet during the winter. Heavy calks were in them. In spite of this, steps had to be cut in the Red Deer River Hill to give the horses footing. Water from a spring flowed down the middle of the road and froze. Jack wore a heavy buffalo skin coat, cap and mitts and had a foot warmer to keep him warm. He was more fortunate than his horses. On days that were 40 to 50 degrees below zero, the horses noses would bleed when leaving Carstairs. One time Jack stopped at Jackville with the mail and someone stole his mitts. Later his coat was borrowed from the Carstairs Hotel but never returned. That meant a new fur coat, which was a real necessity in those days.

On one of his trips from Bituma, he got out of the Democrat to put McFarquhar's mail in their box. The team decided not to wait for him. Jack came trudging in on foot

1911. Mr. Jack McBain (the rural mailman) with his mail sacks as well as the new schoolma'am with her luggage. Note the mud on the wheels.

1913. - Mr. Jack McBain on buggy, child - Ben McBain, Lady - Mrs. McBain and Mrs Snowden with hat.

two hours later. The mail carriers also provided transportation for travellers, groceries for the store, and express that had to come to Carstairs. Jack found occasionally that he was out of pocket when he paid C.O.D. charges and the addressee forgot to pay him. After five years, in 1916, Squire Jackson and Bert Allett took over the Cremona store and McBains returned to their farm. They were still responsible for the delivery of the mail as their contract had not terminated. We finished out Mr. Tillard's contract for the huge sum of $400 a year and took a renewal for three years which cost $600. Jack was busy on the farm and watching three small children so Belle delivered the mail. One day she was leaving the two younger children, ages four and five, they were warned to stay out of the mud. As Belle drove away she heard wild screams as Jack, for the only time spanked the children who had deliberately walked into the mud, necessitating a change of clothing.

Belle drove the mail west. Bituma had been closed. Tilliard had returned to Englano so Big Prairie post office was at Uncle Binny's as Arthur Binney was affectionately known. He gave Belle a lunch of bread and butter, pickled onions and tea. When the roads were too bad for even a two wheeled cart, the mail was delivered on horseback. Belle forded the Little Red Deer River when floods have made bridges impassable. Sometimes she held her feet high on the horses shoulders. On her arrival back in Cremona, Squire had tea boiling in the pot. Belle has never forgotten that tea. We expect it tasted good at that. This time they delivered the mail for three months. Finally they gave Frank Bracken a horse to persuade him to take over the mail contract. Jackville closed in 1917 and Garfield opened. Even in those days, despite the weather, "His Majesty's mail" must go through. Today there is rural mail delivery through much of the area in which McBains delivered the mail. It is difficult to imagine conditions as they were then. Our pioneers were of good hardy stock who deserve much credit for opening up the west.

A SACRED SPOT

Mr. Tom Graham Sr. originally owned a quarter section of land, and a small corner of it, 14' x 20' is a sacred spot of three graves. An Anglican Church was planned to be built at one time on the quarter but the early settlers didn't agree on the location so the site was chosen one half miles south and one mile west of there. The first one to be buried in the cemetery was a Mr. Carlyle, a relative of the Grahams, in June, 1910 before the site was changed and the cemetery would have been in the church yard.

Jane Graham, mother of Tom and Bill, passed away in 1927 and this was the closest cemetery at that time so she too was buried here, beside her infant son who had died in 1914. Mr. Graham was not buried beside his wife as the cemetery is now closed , so the family chose Cremona as his resting place.

A grant was available for the restoration of cemeteries, and an application was made for this. The Dept. of Culture, Youth and Recreation under the direction of Hon. Horse A. Schmidt, provided the money. The money was received 3 months later. A granite headstone, suitably engraved met with approval and was ordered from Somerville, Monumental Ltd. who set it in place.

Mr. Carlyle's headstone was also repaired and a heavy steel woven wire fence with iron posts was erected, with a small gate placed on the west side.

Graham Cemetery is possible the most suitable name for this small cemetery. It is not in the Graham community, but is on land originally owned by the Graham family, contains the graves of two of the Grahams and a third grave is that of George Bell's uncle, a Mr. Carlyle, who was an old timer of the area.

SKUNK HOLLOW

By: Bob Patchell & Ernie Sundholm

Skunk Hollow was first started and owned by a man named Nolton. The first coal mine opened in 1911 by Boudine, who mined there until 1914. The mine was closed then until 1917. A Mr. Davis opened the mine again in 1917 and was there for 3 years. It was closed down again. A miner known as "Scotty" mined there one winter. At one time there were lots of buildings inclucing boarding house, an office, a scale and 3 houses and also a post office while the mine ran. The Postmaster was Tom Burrows. There was a tremendously big barn built there and often held 40 horses, which were used to haul coal, often travelling as far as Westcott. The office was part of the old mine buildings, fixed up and used for a dance hall about 1922. I was there about 4 years and then burnt down. The Wilderness sign now is where the hall was built. The other buildings were either torn down or moved away several years before and the hall remained when it burned. Skunk Hollow got its name from the old timers who kept "Moon Shine" in the area. It was reported that moonshine could be found almost anywhere. This moonshine was often bad, or called "Skunky" thus the name Skunk Hollow.

SKUNK HOLLOW

Article from Ken Liddell's column, Calgary Herald

When you wander around the beautiful country to the north west of Calgary you see so many fine signs informing you that you are in the County of Mountain View you get the impression the folks are mighty proud of their scenic empire of 1,000,000 acres of plains, parklands and foothills.

And well they may be. It offers everything, with a touch of the rugged individualism of yesteryear thrown in for in one of their picturesque park areas they have even marked the location of a still. cira 1918.

It's Skunk Hollow, a place of eye-filling geographical beauty that it is more properly known as Wilderness Park, or Skunk Hollow, and bless the name in the copy-cat age, is three miles west of the crossroads point with the equally-as intriguing name of Water Valley, some 50 miles northwest of Calgary.

It is, however, but one of eight parks, camping or picnic sites within the sprawling County of Mountain View where, as Reeve William Bagnall said, an effort is being made, and successfully to perpetuate the past for posterity. And at the same time to attract visitors to enjoy the solitude of the beautiful countryside.

You come across so many fine signs informing you that you are still in the county, you get the impression it must stretch to the ends of the earth. It's a fair stretch of real estate to be admired by the man who likes to get off the beaten path, for its boundaries take in Crossfield on south, Netook on the north, Acme on the east, and the foothills on the west. Within it are eight camps and picnic sites, serviced, established with provincial government cooperation, and of them all the county is most proud of its setup at Westward Ho, on Highway 27, which runs westward from Olds to Sundre.

Actually, the County of Mountain View should be marked as a green oasis of highway maps of the area, and to visit all of it would keep a man happily occupied for a whole summer of fine trips. Wilderness Park caught my eye not only because of its beauties, but because of the effort it demonstrates the county is putting into perpetuating the past and to make a visit there food not only for the eye but for the mind too. At that location 40 years ago, there was a thriving community known as Skunk Hollow, the post office for which was Big Prairie. There were three coal mines there years ago. Out croppings of coal are still to be seen along the creek banks which cut through a green clothed valley so narrow that having got into it you wonder how to get out. Now that you would really care after staying for a spell to enjoy meals cooked over cut down oil drums.

The community, in its economic hey-day, was home for 75 persons. Most were employed by Knowlton, Davis and Knight, who operated the Murray Mine. Nothing is left of the post office, commissionary, wash houses, dance hall or dwellings, but the council of the County of Mountain View did unearth an old mine car (one mine shaft ran half a mile into a hillside) which it has dignified with a suitable sign for its historical interest. And of course there are the remains of the whiskey still which today has all the appearances of a tumbling root cellar. The roof is covered with pine needles and leaf mould and the whole quaint sight is protected by a green wire fence. The site is marked by a white sign painted on a green board and against a background of a yellow keg (what else?) and it reads, "Whiskey still, cira 1918." It is on Silver Creek near its junction with the Red Deer River. It is a rugged spot of the sort one catches a fleeting glimpse of from the window of a train weaving through the interior of the mountains. The sight is reminiscent of some of the narrow stretches of the Kicking Horse River far to the west, over the foothills and up and down the towering mountains.

Indeed the park and its narrow defile, with the mountains rising to the west, has about everything the forestry roads have to offer and yet it is all wrapped up in one neat package that is 320 acres in size. With its routings, roads and parks, the County of Mountain View is doing an admirable and distinctive job of fostering urban-rural relations, helping to make Calgary a fine place in which to live because it has so much to offer around it.

This tremendous county is no small potatoes from the human standpoint, either. Some 10,000 people occupy the fine farms throughout the county or the picturesque communities at the crossroads. Added to that figure is roughly another 10,000 who live in the major towns like Olds, Didsbury, Carstairs, Cremona and Sundre. The towns, of course, have their own administrations. The county looks after all the schools. however. And its far-sighted councillors have had the initiative to mark and develop the county's beauty spots, opening the green stream strewn acres with their clear prairie and foothills air to the noise harrassed, fume-choked city folk.

The coal mining, but not the coal, has gone from Skunk Hollow. The coal was so hard it was rough on even grates, but blacksmiths for miles around swore by the stuff. As for the whiskey that came from the still - and the County of Mountain View undoubtedly is about the only locality in Canada with the courage to mark an old still as one of its historical sites - the product has trickled away too. Where did it go? Mr. Bagnall was was fortunate have met the original owner, who has since left the county, although not for reasons you would expect. The owner told Mr. Bagnall that he made the stuff for local consumption and to foster goodwill. Judging by the size of what remains of the still, he must have fostered a lot of it.

"CHRIST THE KING" CHURCH

Over 70 years ago the first settlers arrived in the west area now known as Water Valley. The roads were trails for horse - drawn vehicles and Carstairs was the nearest shopping centre.

From North Dakota came Mr. and Mrs. James Haley with their family of six. A few years later, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Laveque (sometimes spelled Lavec or Laveck) and family from Ontario came to the area.

Being devout Catholics, these new settlers felt the need for religious instruction for their families. Father Forget, the priest then serving in Carstairs was contacted and arrangements were made for him to come and hold services in the homes. He travelled by horse and sleigh, or horse and buggy depending upon conditions.

By the 1930's there was a store, school and a post office which was officially named Water Valley. The people of the area met and decided to build a church. The site was donated by Howard Gazeley.

Bishop Carroll was in charge of the diocese at that time. He promised a five hundred dollar donation if the church was built at Water Valley. There was a great deal of discussion as other sites were suggested. Finally, to take advantage of the cash donation, it was agreed that the church would be built in Water Valley and be named, "Christ The King ". It was completed and dedicated in 1936 when a large crowd, many of which were Protestants, assembled for the occasion.

Conrad Rivard, a carpenter from Carstairs, was engaged to do the building with the help of volunteer labor. The church was constructed with a square, tower on the south side which terminated in a dome surmounted by a white cross. Four Gothic type windows were placed on sides, and two on the end - one of either side of the tower. The bubble type glass is translucent, admitting light yet eliminating glare.

Mr. Guy Gazeley built the pews. Each family paid $7.00 for its pew thus defraying the cost of construction. Mr. Haley donated the red rug in the sanctuary. The original altar, which was painted white trimmed with gold, was built by Conrad Rivard. This was covered by a fine alter linen trimmed with lace crocheted in a religious motif by Mrs. Gazeley.

This altar was in use for many years but was later replaced by a more modern altar given by St. Mary's Church in Cochrane. The original altar was relegated to the sacristy. To add to the seating capacity of the church, a balcony was built at the rear of the building. This balcony provided extra room to be used for weddings, funerals or other special occasions.

On one pew in the balcony, is a cross carved by Mr. Gazeley. On the walls are illustrations of the fourteen

stations of the Cross. Each is in a beautiful hand-carved frame. These and the statues that stand in the niche above the altar were both donated by the Church in Carstairs.

The sacristy contains the vestments used by the priest at different times throughout the year and the communion set is also kept in this room. The Chalice, goblet and ciborium (tray used in serving the Eucharist) are pleasing in the simplicity of their lines. The communion set and font for Holy Water near the door came from St. Mary's in Cochrane as did the antique fixtures.

The three original kerosene lamps that once hung from the ceiling are now in Heritage Park. A natural gas furnace provides heat, replacing the original wood and coal burning heater.

This church has been a landmark for years. Volunteer trees now surround the grounds. Christ the King Church has given many years of service and has been the setting of many weddings, Christenings, and funerals. It is available, free of charge to any denomination for funerals. or weddings. It is a symbol of the faith of the early settlers and is kept in good condition through the years by volunteer labor.

The church in 1978.

THE WATER VALLEY GENERAL STORE

The Water Valley General Store was previously owned by Jim and Lorraine Yates and their family, Bruce and Donna-Lee. The Sefton family came from Crossfield and took over the store August 3, 1977. Their family consists of Norman, Jean, Wendy, Bonnie and Duane.

The Water Valley General Store.

THE WATER VALLEY STORE AND LUMBER YARD

By: Eugenie Butler

Due to my associations with the store and lumber yard over a period of 20 years, I have been asked to do a write up on it for the Cremona, Water Valley book which is being made. So the following is the best I can do in so short a time.

I, Eugenie Butler, don't know what year the first store was built but I understand Guy Gazelly started it. It was a huge log structure and handled all the commodities needed at that time - including the Post Office. Guy's son, Howard took over from him and I don't know when Walter May bought it from them, but when we moved out to Water Valley in 1948, he was there. When Walter took over the store so many people from the West Country wanted to trade lumber for groceries and other necessities that he decided to start a lumber yard on a small scale at first, but after a few years a planer was installed and kept two trucks busy hauling dressed and rough lumber to constructrion outfits in Calgary and surrounding areas and it certainly worked in well with the store. A big ware house was added to the east side of the store, half being heated for the perishables and the other half being a natural cold storage. Before the bans went on the roads in the spring this warehouse and all available spaces were filled to capacity to take care of the needs of the customers. When we went out there, Russell and Betty Gillies were employed in the store and Jesse Lowery looked after the gas and oil and kept the fires going as the place was heated with wood and coal to start with and there was a power plant for the lights and a small cooler used for fresh meat. When the power came in Walter got an oil furnace and big deep freeze which made everything much easier. George and I went to work for Walter in 1952 and Russell and Betty went to Cremona to manage the Red and White Store that Walter had purchased. George worked in the store and I did the books for the business and the Post Office. After a couple years, Calgary people began coming out for week-ends & later buying acreages to settle there and the store became so busy we had to have another clerk. We handled all the building material used then; hardware, clothing, footware, as well as groceries, patent drugs and novelties. Some of the clerks, I recall that worked there were Evelyn Sundholm, Mary Hickey, Ann Fenn, Muriel Foster, Harold Butler, Mrs. Fenn and Elizabeth Vandenberg. In 1963 the store was sold to Dick and Irene May, but he didn't want the lumber yard, so it was sold to Mel's Lumber and he built a large shed and brought in all the plywoods and sheeting and insulation being used and more or less took over the hardware from the store. After a year or so, Dick's didn't want to bother with the Post Office so as I was working in the lumber yard, I was asked to take it again and I agreed to be assistant if they could get

someone for Post Master and Betty Eby became the Post Mistress. The May's were not happy in the store so they sold to Nick and Celina Yaslovaskie from Calgary. They were not very good business people and they had been there only a short while when the place burned down and had to be rebuilt. Not as large as the first one. The Yaslovaskies stayed only a short while and sold to Mr. and Mrs. Yates of Calgary.Jim and Lorraine were very good business people and soon had the store running right with the help of Margaret Patmore. In the meantime, Mel's Lumber not being familiar with the bush work connected with the lumber yard decided to sell and Chester and Lloyd Mjokness from Spray Lakes took it over and I continued to work for them. The morning after they took over someone phoned for lumber and when I answered they said, "I thought the place was sold" and I replied, "It has, but I go with the Lumber Yard." By this time more and more plywoods were required and more people moving all the time we just were kept real busy. After two years the Mjolness' decided to move the planning operations to Cochrane so Larry and Betty Eby went to Cochrane and Mrs. Clare Fraser became the new Post Mistress with me still the assistant. Business went on very well, but when I retired in 1972, Spray Lakes decided to sell and Jim Yates took it over. So the store and lumber yard were one unit again and this went on for a short time, but due to illness Lorraine was not able to handle the store even with efficient help, so they sold to Norm Sefton of Crossfield, but Jim kept the lumber yard. I am told that both businesses are still doing very well. I may say here that this store and lumber yard have always been a great asset to the district.

THE WATER VALLEY STAMPEDE

After some talk about having a stampede at Water Valley, a meeting was finally called for August 15th, 1953 and the Water Valley stampede was born.

Jim Burton was elected president, Joe Oldfield - Vice President, and Jack Eby as Sec. Treasurer, he has held this position ever since.

After much discussion about where to build the arena, it was decided to build west of Water Valley on the land that was known as the Paul flats.

The first stampede was held Aug. 18th, 1954, after many days of hard work on the part of many people to build the arena and chutes. Joe Bardgett Stock contractor supplied most of the horses. Cows and calves were supplied by Lee Salisbury, which he did for many years.

Bardgett has supplied stock all the years of the rodeo. Cattle has been supplied by many different ranchers, Jim Burton, Stan Turner, Jim Cameron and Dave Gunderson.

In the beginning, Indians played a big part in the rodeo, coming by horse and wagon and camping on the grounds.

The announcing was done by Lionel Borton for the first few years, later by Slim Jensen and Mac McKee. Bob Tolman has been announcing now for many years.

Letha Salisbury handled the first-aid for many years. Mountain View Ambulance Service does this job now.

George Butler's orchestra played for the first dances. This orchestra was known as the "Timberline Serenaders."

In the first years, people would bring horses to try out bucking. George Oldfield had a good one called, "Alaska Sam", he was later sold to Bardgett. Lee Salisbury had a big holstein steer called "Tiny Tim", weighing well over a ton. I don't believe this steer was ever rode.

The Water Valley Stampede Association helped form the F.C.A. (Foothills Cowboy Association) in 1955 and is the only original stampede that still belongs to the F.C.A.

The stampede was held in August until 1968 when we started having it the first weekend in June.

This proved to be a better date as now we have had to expand to a two-day show with a very large entry.

Mr. and Mrs. George Oldfield handled the concession booth until 1961, when his wife passed away. Mr. Oldfield carried on with help from his daughter, Jean and daughter-in-law, Norma. They did this until it got too much too handle. The booth was then let out on tender and now the Cremona Lions handle it.

Stan Turner became President in 1969 and Walter Friesen, Vice President.

Jim Burton won the Saddle Bronc riding at the first show. His sons now ride in the stampede.

Many people have helped to run and keep this stampede going. Elmer Foster, Harry Foster, Gene Winchell (supplied the loud speaker), Silver Creek Ranch have donated a Saddle Bronc trophy for 17 years, they also held Bar-B-Q for many years. Silbernagels, Mays, Jack Herron, Glen Bullied, Joe Dolan, Rodgers, Gentrys and so many more, it is impossible to remember them all.

It is hoped the Water Valley Stampede has a long future.

PART V

HERE & THERE

This house was first lived in by Lake Parson's folks. Louis Steffler Sr. lived here about 1916 and stayed for 3 years. Mamie Thompson worked for the Steffler family while they were here. Mr. Steffler shot 8 lynx here.

The Camp family moved here with their family- Roland, Gordon, Lorna and Nova. Music flowed from this house while the Camps' were here. Mrs. Camp and Lorna on the piano and Roland played the violin. Now vacant.

House in 1978.

This house was built by John Stevenson (uncle of George) on the Bohannon homestead. The Lamb family (Charlie Reid's father-in-law) lived here for several years. The Percy Sirr family 1924-30 also Elmer (Heavy) Rands, Bandrops, then Elwood Casebeer. Vacant since.

House built by Mr. Davis. James Haley and family lived here 1909-11. Mrs. Oldegger and her son, then Bob Gamble. The house is in Ernie Whitlow's yard.

This house was first lived in by Martin Nelson and his wife Bessie in 1933-34. They had 4 children: Dorothy - married Milo Burnett; Annie - married Charlie Reid's nephew; Margaret - married Norman Betts; Walter - was killed overseas in World War 2

Martin was killed in a farm accident in 1938. His wife sold the farm to Malcolm Schultz, Mrs. Schultz and her son, John lived here for a number of years until they moved to Calgary.

Malcolm Schultz, now deceased, also John deceased. After the death of Malcolm Schultz the land became the property of his brother, Stan Schultz. House vacant about 15 years now.

House built by Matt Thompson. He had 4 children - Johnny, Trigway, Mammie and Ella. Johnny lived here a number of years and also Trigway (a bachelor). Trigway died in 1964. The land is now owned by Ella Baird.

House built by George Roberts. Charlie Roberts and his wife Ruth lived here. David Newsome lived here till Sept./77 while his new home was being built on the Brown place.

This old house was first on the McVicor's homestead. It was built by Mr. Randolph on the land across from Ernie Goods. The Randolph family had one son, Lee. The house remained unpainted until Lee married, then he fixed it up and lived there for a number of years. They had an auction sale in 1929 then left for Calgary. The Lewis family lived there in 1929-32. Calvin and Grace Coleman were married here in 1930. The Lewis family moved to the Kelsey place, and the Summers to the Randolph place. The house was moved to the present site on Jake Wiebe's land by Angus Cameron about 1943-44, when they moved out and Jake Wiebe and family moved into the house in the spring of 1951. They stayed until 1953 when they built a new house. It has been vacant since.

The house was built by Ramsey Parsons Burr Gano bought it from him, then it was rented to Charlie Topping, Don Brown, Robert Simpson, Dan Fear. Michael Whitlow bought it in the spring of 1968 and lived here until Feb. 1978, when they built a new house on the property. House is now vacant. Taken 1978.

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

OFFICE OF THE RECORDER OF BRANDS

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

A № 3508

Extracts from Record of Brands, L. [illegible] F. 116 No. 1882.

CATTLE BRAND

POSITION LEFT Ribs.

RECORDED VENT IF ANY

NAME OF OWNER Mrs Georgina Blain

POST OFFICE ADDRESS Elkton Alta.

DATE OF RECORD 21st November 1910.

I, the undersigned, Recorder of Brands, hereby certify that the above is a true and correct extract from the Record of Brands kept under the authority of The Brand Ordinance and amendments thereto, as it appeared on the twenty fourth November 1910

Medicine Hat, Alta. 24th Nov 1910

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

OFFICE OF THE RECORDER OF BRANDS

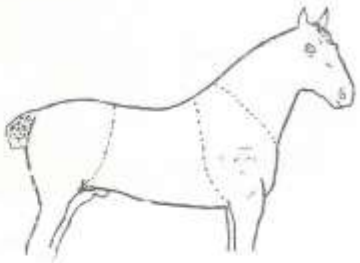
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.

H № 5931

Extracts from Record of Brands, L. [illegible] F. 33 No. 2992

HORSE BRAND



POSITION RIGHT

RECORDED VENT IF ANY

NAME OF OWNER

POST OFFICE ADDRESS

DATE OF RECORD [illegible] April 1914.

DATE OF CANCELLATION [illegible] December, 1916.

I, the undersigned, Recorder of Brands, hereby certify that the above is a true and correct extract from the Record of Brands kept under the authority of the Brand Act of the Province of Alberta and amendments thereto, as it appeared on the [illegible] day of [illegible] A.D. 19[illegible]

Medicine Hat, Alta. [illegible] 19[illegible]

Recorder of Brands

Old Horse Brands

GOVERNMENT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES OF CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
LOCAL IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT

$2.00

RECEIPT FOR TAXES B 9126

Received from Wm. Rattray
of Beaverdam Alta.
the sum of Two 00/100 DOLLARS,
being amount due LOCAL IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT No. 558 for Taxes for the year 1904 on the following lands:
S.W. 2-30-4-5

DATED at REGINA this 8 day of July A.D. 1904
Countersigned [illegible] Terrie
Director
[illegible]
Deputy Commissioner

No. 495

DOG POUND, Alberta OCT 11 1918 191

$ 26.40

RECEIVED from J. Rattray
the Sum of Twenty Six 40/100 Dollars
to be applied in Payment of Taxes as follows:

Municipal District of BEAVER DAM. No. 281

In case of Change of Address or Ownership advise Secretary-Treasurer

Assessment Roll Folio 57
Cash Book Folio

Assessment No.	Part of Section	Sec.	Tax	Mill Rate	Mill	
	NE					
	NW					
37-22	SE	2	30	4	5	
37-34	SW	2				

Distribution of Taxes	Current	Arrears	Total	Taxes Paid
Municipal Taxes	16 00		16 00	1918
Supplementary Revenue Taxes	10 40		10 40	"
Seed Grain Advances				
Destruction of Pests and Weeds				
School Taxes				
Educational Taxes				
Hospital Taxes				
Total Taxes Paid			$26 40	

[illegible]
Secretary-Treasurer

A penalty of 5 per cent is added to all unpaid taxes on the 16th of December and 5 per cent is added on the 1st day of July each year following.

No. School District No. 1136

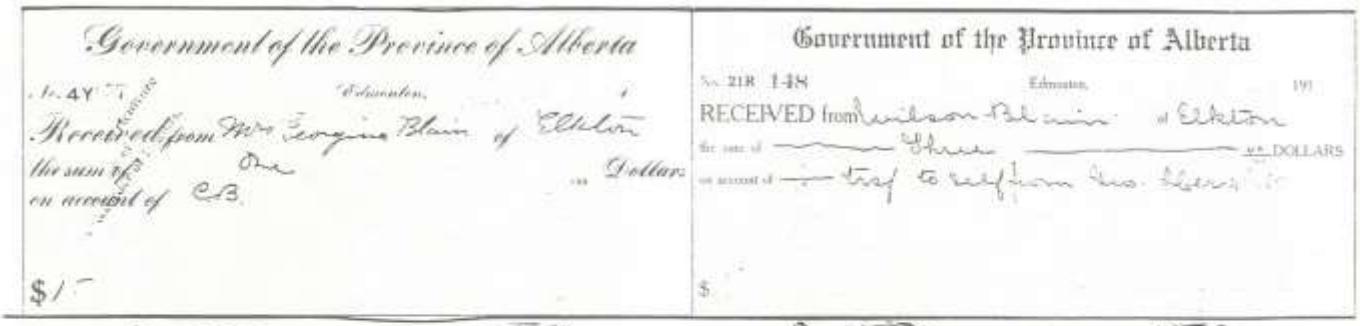
Jan 1st 1906

Received from J. Rattray
the sum of Six dollars,
being School Taxes on S.W. 2 - Township 30
Range 4 W 5
up to Jan 1st 06
$6.00
R.H. Pepperdine
Treasurer

No. 4 School District No. 1136

November 23rd 1907

Received from J. Rattray
the sum of Six 00/100 dollars,
being School Taxes on S.W. 4 Sec 2
T 30 R 4 W 5
up to January 1st/08
$6.00
Smith Jackson
Treasurer



Government of the Province of Alberta

No. 4Y Edmonton,

Received from Mrs Georgina Blain of Elkton

the sum of One Dollars

on account of C.B.

$1

Government of the Province of Alberta

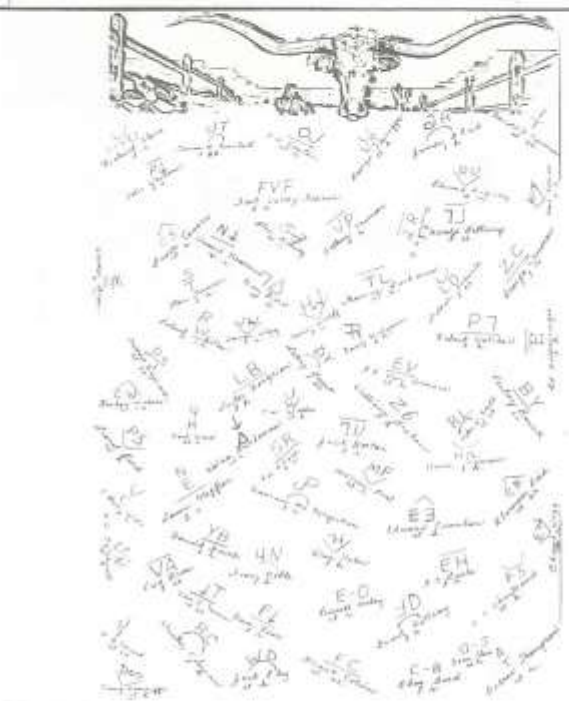
No. 218 148 Edmonton, 191

RECEIVED from Wilson Blain of Elkton

the sum of Three DOLLARS

on account of trsf to self from Mrs. Blain

$



OLD COW BRANDS

Some of these old brands have since been turned back and taken over by someone else. L.S.- left shoulder, L.R.- left rib, L.H.- left hip, R.S. - right shoulder, T.T.H. - left thigh, R.H. -right hip, R.R.- right rib.

Cremona Sports Day

Fri., June 30, 1939

Commences With Parade at 12 o'clock

Admission
Adults - - - - - 25c
Children under 15 Free

BIG DANCE AT NIGHT

Music by Harry Hall
75c a Couple - - - Lunch Free

HOLBROOKS

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE

Groceries - Dry Goods
Hardware

PHONE 4 CREMONA

CREMONA

In the fertile land nearing the foothills, through which the Little Red Deer River winds its course, lies the district of Cremona, replete with its wooded scenes, grazing herds and undulating grain fields. The close proximity of wild game and the fishing streams add a note of interest to the hunter and angler alike, while the opening up of new land, up-to-date methods of farming and the construction of new homes are evidences of the people being in step with the march of growth and progress. Noticeable, also, is the spirit of co-operation which brought into being several public structures of which they are justly proud, in the hamlet of Cremona. The townsite in its valley setting, may well be called a building metropolis—the earnest wish of merchants and tradesmen to meet in a courteous and efficient manner the needs of the community, combined with the citizens' untiring efforts to further any project beneficial to the district, augurs well for the future of this parkland playground.

CREMONA TRANSFER

Imperial Oil and Gas Agents

GENERAL TRUCKING
To and From Calgary Monday and Thursday each week.

PHONE 3 CREMONA

CREMONA HARDWARE

Full Line of
Shelf Hardware, Ranges, Radios, Fence Electrifiers, Enamelware
Crockery, Harness
Lumber and Mill Goods

CREMONA

CREMONA MEAT MARKET

FRESH and CURED MEATS

PHONE 8 CREMONA

PARSON & FRIZZELL

EXPERT CAR REPAIRS

General Blacksmiths
Electric and Acetylene Welding

CREMONA

NORMAN CAMPBELL

Red and White Store

GROCERIES and DRY GOODS

— Satisfaction Guaranteed —

PHONE 1 CREMONA

CREMONA CAFE

MEALS LUNCHES

Ice Cream - Soft Drinks
Candy, etc.

J. J. Orton, Prop. CREMONA

CENTRAL ALBERTA CREAMERY

Truck Picks up Cream Wednesday and Saturday each week

in

CREMONA DISTRICT

PROGRAMME

Parade Starts at 12 noon
Consisting of Decorated Cars, and Floats, comic and Commercial.
Parade of School Children from Different Schools.

Sports Events Commence at 1:30 p.m., sharp

Exhibits on Display in the Hall During Afternoon
Best Arranged Bouquet
Best Hooked Rug
Best Piece Embroidery
Best Patch Work Quilt
Best Piece Knitting
Best Piece Crochetting

Baking Contest,
Sponsored by Robin Hood Flour Mills Ltd.
Layer Cake
Two-crust Pie

Admission
Adults - - - - - 25c
Children under 15 Free

BIG DANCE AT NIGHT

Music by Harry Hall
75c a Couple - - - Lunch Free

PIONEER GRAIN Co. Ltd.

Operators of Country Elevators

— Licensed and Bonded —

Discuss your Grain Marketing Problems with our Agent

VERNE FARRELL
PHONE 5 CREMONA

DELIVER YOUR CREAM TO

CARSTAIRS CREAMERY

and help build up industry in your own community.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR CREAM AT ALL TIMES

ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN CO.

Consult our Agent at your Station when you wish to Sell your Grain

JIM TRONNES, Agent
PHONE 2 CREMONA

Left to right: Sarah Schultz, Nettie Huber, Lillie Huber, Hattie Burnett, ?, Marion Reid, Mrs. Patterson, Betty Simpson, Daisy Pearson, Ethel Reid, Dorothy Burnett, Jane Davis, Rita Campbell, Mrs. Nielsen, Mrs. Mathieson, Mrs. Spence, Kneeling ?

Beard Growing Contest. 1939. Back row: Edwin Reid, G.Z.H. Van Haaften, Bill Frizzell, Malcolm Schultz, Duncan Rattray, Martin Colwell, Norman Campbell. Front row: George Whitlow, Roland Camp, Clair Laugheed. Contest won by Edwin Reid. Fred Colwell sitting at back.

Back row: Mrs. Elizabeth Spence, and Irene, Mable Reid, Daisy Pearson, Ruth Lewis, Clarence Foat, Lillian Huber, Mrs. Tyson, Valva Carlson, Jennie Foat. Marion Reid, hidden - Barb Magoon. Belle McBain, and Francis, Sarah Schultz, and Jean, Ethel Reid and Gordon, Hattie Burnett, Vair Reid, Lillian Reid, Grant Rattray, Mrs. Drinkwater (a friend of Jennie Foat.)

Ladies Aid - 1939 at the home of Mrs. Tom Graham Sr. Mrs. Pybus & Rev. Pybus, Hatty Burnett, Lillie Huber, Hilda Frizzell, Nora Camp, Ethel Reid, Jane Davis, Mrs. John Orton, Annie Papke, Mrs. Del Warren, Mrs. Tom Graham Sr., Mrs. Schultz.

GOLD FEVER

By: Wilfred Blain

The early years of the 1930's were just beginning to show their start of the great depression. Cremona, being in its' infancy had not as yet a church so a group of people from the surrounding district got together under the leadership of Albert Habbermehl, to see about getting a church built. Sam May, as always, was ready to lend a helping hand, when and wherever it was needed. He offered the services of himslef and his two husky young sons, Boyd and Fred.

Dan and Harold Russell had a sawmill which was situated on the old Weber section, two miles west and a mile north of the Elkton P.O. was the mill where they could get their logs sawed for the church. A permit for the logs was got on land a mile west of the sawmill site.

Words cannot describe the stories that were told in the old bunkhouses on the sawmill and threshing gangs in those years. After the old stoves were banked up and the lights blown out for the night, everybody in bed in their bunks, which were usually double size and two tier around the sides and across the end of the bunkhouse and cook house, as they were usually combined. The lower bunks were always the first to be taken, as the bunk houses were never very big andyouget a bunch of men in them with the stoves going full blast, the top bunks were just like sleeping in an oven. Well, then the stories would begin. Now adays when you watch a show or listen to a story been told, there is generally a background of music. Well, after a hard days work in the bush there was always a few that were too pooped as we call it now, in those days they said you came in dragging the seat of your pants or ??? Well, those poor guys would be sawing logs and boy! let me tell you, there would be every key imaginable.

This one night, prospecting for gold was the topic of discussion and Dan Russell was telling about a miner that had mined up in this territory and was in a hospital in Calgary. Knowing he was not going to live, he drew a map where he had his mine and gave it to one of the nurses. She gave it to Bill McIntyre, who was a friend and neighbor of Dan's. Bill was a forest ranger in this country at that time. He also had land four miles west of Elkton on the Fallen Timber river, and also land west of Didsbury, where Roy Block lives now. He spent many days looking for this mine but could never find it. There was supposed to be a cabin by a spring that came out of a hill, water spreading into a muskeg in the Red Deer area.

Right now, Sam Mays' gold fever started rising and he began to wonder if this would be the cabin that Boyd had

run into. One day when Fred Dick, Sam and himself were hunting out from the Tin Roof cabin, back by Heifer Lake, Boyd was caught north west from Corkscrew hill towards evening and he run into a ranger who gave him directions back to camp. On the way back he came across this old cabin with mining tools in it. Going back the next morning, but was unable to find it. They also told of the large holes scattered around the woods nearby which now they were sure were some of the old miners diggings.

Ralph and Evan Jones, neighbors of Russells' and Blains' were working at the mill that winter. Their home was on the place where Harold and Coreena Russell live now. As Ralph was a man that had tried his hand at everything, gold prospecting and mining being one of them, so his gold fever went sky high too and with his convincing ways he got Dan. Harold and Orville Blain going too.

Summer could not come fast enough for Sam, Ralph and Evan to take their gold pans and camping gear and hit for the hills, but first there was some commitments to be looked after. First Ralph had not been farming too long, and their horse power consisted of just one grey work horse, Old Bess, and Evan's little black school pony and her little albino filly. He had made arrangments with Dad to break fifteen head of broncs that had spent their growing up days in the foothill country west of our ranch in Niche Valley. They were all the way from four year olds and up, and that spring was their first acquaintance with a halter. After a busy spring, doing all kinds of land work and trained under Ralph and Evans capable horsemanship, they came home all well broke horses to be taken back again that summer to their mountain range until the following spring when they were brought out again and sold to horse buyers all across Canada.

One of these horses was old Niche, a smooth mouthed Clyde, that Dad had got from Bill Bellamy. As well as being used for a broodmare, she was used as a bucking horse in the Sundre stampede & many a scoring point Pete & Harry Knight from High River made on her. We still have the saddle here that has the rowell marks on his across the back of its cantle while Pete Knight was on his way to biting the dust on one of his rides on Niche. She got her name from Niche Creek as her ranging ground was up along the head of Niche Creek.

We had no notion of getting her broke but Ralph, knowing some of her characteristics, he decided that here was another challenge, and back she came an A one lead horse for our six and eight horse outfits. The following spring she was sold to Everrett Bills of Crossfield. It seemed her fate to spend her last days in the same district as Pete Knight, that she batled with at the Sundre stampede and also to be part of life's happenings of Ralph Jones.

With the crop in, Ralph and Evan and Sam May were ready for the hills. With just Old Bess, Nellie & the albino filly, so they needed another horse. Ralph borrowed a big bay gelding from us. He was one of the horses to play a most exciting role in Ralph's prospecting days, when things were running too smoothly & a little excitement was needed. Up until this time he was known as that Big Bay or in some of his unpopular moments, Ralph had quite a vocabulary of names for him.

This little albino filly was another one that at times had her share of names too. Evan always made a big fuss over her when she was a little colt and she had her own way in doing what she wanted. One of the things that Evan taught her was to chew tobacco and did she ever acquire a love for it! Nobody dare leave their tag hanging out of their Bull Durham tobacco sack or she would have it and away across the yard go and not come back until it was all chewed. The door of the house always had to be kept locked as more than once she was caught in there, swiping their tobacco.

So after a few times of getting into the camp provisions Ralph and Evan seen that she was tethered out of reach of the provisions. Well, this one day, either the Big Bay was hungry for some salt or that little filly was longing for a good chew of tobacco and she told Big Bay to go get her one. About this time Ralph looked up from his work at the diggings and seen Big Bay with the dynamite sack in his mouth. Well, with Ralph yelling dynamite, and a list of words that would fill a book, but not appropriate to write down here, he got the dynamite away safe, so that day Big Bay had his name changed to Dynamite, but I do not believe Ralph ever trusted him to pack his dynamite sticks.

A much quieter dynamite than in the gold mining days.

That was left to trusty old Bess.

One of the regrets that we have is we did not get a picture of Ralph and Evan riding off on little Nellie and the little albino - with their feet almost dragging the ground, as these two men were both around 6 ft. 4 in. in height and Big old Bess and Dynamite trailing along with their big packs reaching for the heavens.

Harold tells about one of these trips, and after getting Dynamite all packed they were wondering what they were going to do with the extra saddle, which happened to be his. The only place they could think of was lashing it on the top of Dynamite's pack. Well, Dynamite by this time, did not mind being a pack horse but when he looked around and saw that saddle up there, he sure was not going to hang around any longer and have one of those so and so prospectors climb aboard. So off through the trees he took and by the time he finished, the saddle and pack were pretty well a mess. The saddle was finally left hanging in a tree to be picked up later, but like the miners cabin it is still to be found again.

Back to the farms and sawmill for another winter and spring. May found them back in the hills again, this time with higher hopes & a far better knowledge of where to go. One of our dearest friends and near neighbor, Mary Smith, was known far and wide for her accurate crystal readings. So Ralph, Dan and Sam had Mrs. Smith read the crystal for them from time to time, and she directed them to several land marks in this west country, where the old miner had been. Up until this time she had not known they existed, yet tho' they all fitted in with their travels. Finally they found this site on oneof the valleys on the Burnt Timber Creek. That being one of the last readings, so here they set up in earnest to find that gold.

It was one of those days that Harold had a couple of trying hours. He was in the process of cooking dinner and he had a pan full of fresh venison steaks on cooking, when the game warden and his dog showed up. Nothing else could he do but invite him for dinner and he very capably complimented Harold on his delicious beef steak. All the while poor Ralph was on pins and needles for he saw this darn dog go sniffing around down at the spring, and anytime Ralph was expecting him to come back dragging a leg of vension. They had the meat cached in the spring.

Mrs. Smith's crystal readings gave every indication that there would be gold found here. So the bunch at camp got busy and staked their claims. As of now, and until all their main friends and relatives had their claims staked, any trip to and from their homes were made after dark, so nobody would find out all the going on. If anybody had seen

all this going on - on some of those dark rainy nights, they would have thought for sure we were out to rob a bank or lift a herd of cattle.

After the first claims were staked, a hurried message was brought out for the next bunch to come in. To this time all trips were made with saddle horse and pack horses. As there were seven named for the next trip, we decided to try the wagon and team. Jerry and Jim (the old pinto's) were the ones picked for the job. Having had several days of cold rain, what pleasant thoughts it was to think about starting out at 12:30 a.m. to thrity some miles of bush trails that we had not been on before. But with our guide, Milt Russell we did not go astray. Arriving at the corkscrew hill four o'clock the next afternoon we said good bye to the old wagon and Jerry and Jim had their first packing experience and we gained some too before convincing that old team that we were Lord and Master. So the seven of us men, with horses instead of burrows started down corkscrew hill and then the fun began. Part way down Jerry scraped his belly on one of the sharp bends, so most of his load made a hurried trip to the bottom of the hill.

The bunch consisted of Alec Blain, Milt Russell, Jack Wiedner, Wendell Gochee, Ira Scott and Charlie Franklin. That night we had a six inch fall of wet snow and in the middle of the night the tent collapsed, and that was an experience to be caught in, with Ira Scott and Jack Wiedner. In the morning everyone was busy marking their posts and then on the way home for a new bunch. Coming in relays like that we were more apt to be thought as just a bunch of boys going fishing.

After the claims were all staked, work got on in earnest with diggins. Lumber had to be brought in for the cabin & sluice boxes. There being only this pack trail it had to be brought in by pack horse, well, you have to see corkscrew hill and imagine the rest to know what it was all like. Some of the boys decided to make a trail down another hill, so they could get in with a two wheel cart. The first trip down, they cut two big poplar trees down and tied one to each of the wheels to help hold the cart back and away they went, the trees not making much for brakes.

One day tragedy just about struck camp. Ralph was doing some assaying on some of the samples that he had got. He was using mercury to draw the gold from the other sand and rocks, and getting excited over his friend, breathed in some of the fumes and no way would they have been able to get out alive to the doctor. He had helped Orville many a night in the neighbors drafty barn doctoring some sick cow or horse, so he told Orville to get busy on him. Ralph always said he was as hard as nails and had a cast iron belly. And this day proved how right he was. So to the provisions Orville went, and with some flour, milk, eggs, mustard, epson salts, and gosh knows what else, a drench was made for poor old Ralph. I don't know if they anchored his head up to a limb of a tree or used a long neck whiskey bottle to get it down him, but it got down anyway. Well, that concoctuion & that cast iron belly won the battle over the mercury and Ralph was to see many more years go by.

Bill Smith was the camp cook and he kept everyone full and contented, and after a busy summer at the diggins it was given up for a poor paying job, we did not get our gold mine with mineral gold in it, but another gold mine far richer than gold, and it was the bond of friendship that was formed and has carried on all down those years since. That gold mine that Mary Smith guided us to instead of the other one as she probably saw, and the consequences that generally follow mineral gold.

A few years ago Ira Skog logged over the one bunch of claims on Milt Creek, about three miles south east of the discovery claim The road that goes from Burnt Timber Gas Plant goes within a mile of the discovery claim. It takes less than an hour to get to it now with a car. In those bygone days it took a night and half a day to get there. And somewhere up in the heavens with the Maker of the helm is John Smith, tending his gardens and seeing that Dynamite and his horse buddies are well looked after. For the Old Miner, Sam, Ralph and Orville, as they make their prospecting trips through the stars with Bill Rigsby, Charlie Franklin, Jack Wiedner and Elmer Hays, standing with their gold stakes out over the Gold Mines in the Sky.

GASOLINE LICENCE AND RATION COUPONS 1945-46

The owner of the motor vehicle bearing the provincial licence plate number imprinted on the cover of this book (having being registered for the purpose of gasoline control) is hereby licensed to purchase graded gasoline for use only in the operation of such motor vehicle subject to strict compliance with the following conditions.

1. It is understood and agreed that this license and the attached ration coupons are issued in respect of the said motor vehicle and are and shall remain the property of the Oil Controller and are not transferable, and may be cancelled or varied at any time.
2. The attached coupons are not valid for exchange for graded gasoline until the motor vehicle license plate number shown on the front cover hereof has been written in ink on each coupon. This must be done immediately upon receipt of this book. Provided that if a one-half coupon is tendered in exchange for graded gasoline, the entire motor vehicle licence plate number shown on the front cover hereof shall be written in ink on each one-half coupon.
3. The only gasoline used to operate the said motor vehicle shall be graded gasoline (as designated by the Oil Controller), which gasoline shall be obtained in accordance with the orders of the Oil Controller, including any order in compliance with the provisions of the said orders and of this license and the attached ration coupons.
4. The said graded gasoline shall be delivered or acquired only on surrender of the number of the attached coupons required for the gallonage obtained.
5. The graded gasoline obtained on surrender of the attached coupons shall be used in the operation of the said motor vehicle only and shall not be used, resold, or given for use in any other motor vehicle or any marine engine
6. Each ration coupon attached hereto shall be valid only while remaining so attached (and after the motor vehicle license plate number has been written thereon in accordance with paragraph 2 hereof) and when it is detached by the person delivering graded gasoline at the time when such graded gasoline is delivered by him to the said motor vehicle. Every ration coupon not detached by a person delivering gasoline to the motor vehicle must remain attached hereto, and the license and ration coupon book must be delivered for inspection by the Oil Controller or his representative at any time.
7. If the title to the said motor vehicle changes, or if by reason of a change in the use of the said motor vehicle or for any other reason the person who obtained this license and ration coupon book becomes disentitled to this license or to the use of the attached ration coupons, then such Gasoline Licence Ration Coupon Book and the coupons contained therein, shall forthwith become invalid and such person shall forthwith give notice to, and send this license and ration coupon book back to, the nearest office of the Oil Controller in the province of which such person resides.
8. This license authorizes the purchase in the year commencing April 1, 1945 and ending March 31, 1946, of a graded gasoline in accordance with and in exchange for the coupons attached to this ration coupon book. Each coupon authorizes the delivery of such gasoline of graded gasoline as the Oil Controller shall, from time to time, determine.
9. Any alteration, obliteration or mutilation of the whole or any part of this Gasoline License and Ration Coupon Book or of the serial number or motor vehicle license plate number on the front thereof shall cancel this license and rendor the attached coupons invalid, and any alteration,

obliteration or mutilation of an one unit coupon or fractional unit coupon shall render the one unit coupon or the fractional unit coupon invalid, and no person shall deliver or acquire gasoling in exchange for any such altered, obliterated or mutilated coupon.
10. This license shall be cancelled for any breach of these conditions or any breach of any order (including any orders hereafter made) of the Oil Controller by the owner of the said motor vehicle or by any person in possession of it who acquired such possession with the consent express or implied.
24 coupons were in this gasoline book.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By: Wilfred Blain

One would almost think you were in another world if you were to compare the recreation today with by gone years. Enjoyment then was mixed with work a lot of the time and that was when the neighbors and friends would all get together and have their bees. If there was any butchering, barn or house raising or such to be done, everybody came to help and in most cases the job would be done in one day. There being so much fun and feasting done that it did not seem like work at all.

When June came along several wagon loads of friends would take a weekend off to go back to the big Fish Hole on the Fallen Timber. They would take several big crocks along, so they could salt their fish down. The end of June was always picnic time and games for everyone. The school pony race was one of the main attractions and what a mixed lot of horses! Some Indian ponies, plow horses and if some of the kids were lucky they would be showing off their Dad's democrat horses.

David Poucette and grandson Paul. Taken at the Sundre Stampede in 1935. He rode in the parade and took first prize that year.

The Bennett Buggy - about 1936. Flo Monk and girls.

The stampedes were generally held in June and July and Sundre, Bottrel, Elkton and Fallen Timber were the stampedes close by. Earl and Eadie Lewis place (Tom White owner of it then). Fallen Timber had theirs just north of where the Fallen Timber Community Centre is now.

I think every Indian from Morley took in the stampedes in those days. For several days before, the roads would be lined with their democrats, buggies, saddle horses and pack horses. The stampede would open with an Indian parade and then they would be judged for the best dressed and let me tell you there sure were some beautiful costumes, and the bead work the horses had on was really something.

In the ladies walk, trot or run horse race at the Elkton Stampede in the early 1920's. Dollie McLeavie on the white horse, Lorraine Moon and Marjorie McLeavy on the front horse with just the tail end showing.

Later on in the afternoon they would have the Indian democrat race and were they ever fun to watch! The old horses were generally very thin and the old democrats would loose their old wheels, but with all their break-ups the old boys had just as much fun out of it as we did. This would be followed by a race with most of those same horses. They were all rode bare-back and how those poor fellows kept from getting cut in two by those sharp back bones, I'll never know.

The stampedes were always closed with catching a greased pig by the Indians. This pig was greased with the old Black Mico axle grease that we used for our wagons and as many of you know, that was pretty black, greasy stuff, but grease or more grease, there was not one Indian who would miss out on that event, as that was one of the big events of the day for them.

Berry picking was also another holiday. Several families would take their wagons and hit for the west country. Raspberry time came first. Years ago Johanneson's had a mill west of Bergen and a fire had got away and burned over a lot of ground. later on that was one of the best raspberry patches in the country. People came from as far as Three Hills to pick berries. Once again the big crocks came in to use, as the berries were put in them with sugar, and that kept them from formenting until they were got home and canned. Then came the blueberries, followed by cranberries. One did not have so far to go for them. Those berries with the old barrel of apples that we bought consisted of our winter fruit and everytime we had them to eat we would remember all the gay times and amusing incidents that happened picking them.

August brought around fair time. The Didsbury fair was one that we couldn't miss. There was quite a display of livestock, quite different from todays livestock shows, as at that time there was mostly grade stock taken as very few people had any registered stock then. There was a large display of cooking, vegetables and sewing. Horse and harness racing was a big attraction then and we were very lucky to have some of the best horses in North America there. They were the horses of Joe Fulkerth and Dave Sinclair. Joe Fulkerth lived three miles east of Didsbury and he sold his Kentucky horses the world over. Dave Sinclair

3-legged race.

Leap frog.

ran the blacksmith shop in Didsbury and he was noted highly for his cart horses.

Every spring the government sent the schools garden seeds and potatoes and they would be distributed to each pupil to take home and plant, and care for, and the first weekend of September there would be a school fair. There would be cooking and handiwork too. This was one day we always looked forward to.

Hard ball, football and basketball were the main summer outdoor sports. It was later years softball came along and basket ball was always played outside. Friday afternoons the different schools would compete. After Thanksgiving the school would start practicing for the Christmas programe. Each school in the surrounding districts would set a different night for their program so that way we could take them all in. Each school would try to out do the other so we really got to see some real good shows.

The end of January would start the community practicing for a two and a half to three hour play, which we would put on in March, some times it was shown in several places and a lot of fun we had doing them too. .

Dances were held almost every Friday night in one of the school houses. There were no halls then. Most of the transportation was by horse and even by shanks pony. We used to go to Fallen Timber to a lot of dances and there would be three or four horse sleigh loads of us who would go together. Jack Weidener from Westcott, Don Ganoug from Melvin (seven miles west of Didsbury), and Bill Brown from Rugby. Bill Brown was one of the main orchestras at that time, maybe I should correct myself and say, "band as they call them now. Bill played the accordian, Ted Lownes the banjo, Esther Weider or Charlie Rowell - banjo, Les Barnard on the violin.

There would be lots of straw in the bottom of the wagon box and all that afternoon the old kitchen stove would be laden down with big rocks heating them through to put at our feet to keep them warm. The covers that we used to cover our knees would be used later on to cover our horses while the dance went on. There was lots of people who travelled fifteen to twenty miles that way, and thought nothing of it. When we look back and think of it all and I'll say to myself, I could not have had any better times now than we had then. I would not want to go back to our first dances we took the old model T and Model A Fords too, with no anti-freeze, just good old water. The old cars would be covered a foot deep with quilts trying to keep them from freezing up and somebody would have to go out every half hour or so to warm them up. Sometimes they would be so cold and stiff they could not be cranked over, "no starters on them then", then a rear tire would have to be jacked up so that we could get them turned over. If we had been smart we would have bought a few jugs of some of that moon-shine that seemed to turn up at the dances and used that for anti-freeze.

While on the subject of moon-shine, one of our friends was telling of the time he and some of his buddies had rode to this dance and some of them had a drop too much of the stuff and when they went to go home, they put this one fellow's saddle on his horse backwards and sent him home that way.

Mr. Sharpe owned the theatre in Didsbury. His son Gray, and Polly Walders used to bring the films to our school. They were silent films, they would show some of the film and then he and Mrs. Cliff Bellamy (Vera Moon) would play the piano. Will Rodgers and Mary Pickford were two of the main stars.

1900 calendar, having 6 pages - property of Grace Coleman.

Postcards sent to Calvin Coleman 1906.

This one sent 1909.

HORSE POWER

Bill Rigsby and Frank Edwards hauling grain, Alex Blain standing on threshing machine. Bob Lucas on rock.

This machine was once owned by John Teynor and was run by horse power. In the present picture it was run by a Titon engine. It had just a straw carrier and the bands on the bundles were cut by hand. John sold it to Wilson Blain in 1923 after using it a year with a straw carriers, a fan blower was put on and for two falls, a stationary engine was used on it. Four horses were used to haul the threshing machine and two horses to pull the engine from one farm to another.

Cutting a field of grain that was snowed down on the Blain farm.

Haying with horse mowers in Niche Valley.

1931. Sawing lumber at Guerney's Mill with 1830 Hart Parr.

Nicole Simpson

MAKING ROADS

Making roads in 1920.

Leveling off road bed for to put corduroy on, on the half mile stretch of muskeg, one and a half miles west of Elkton. Robert Lucas, Alex & Percy Blain are the workers.

CREAM HAULERS STONE BOAT TO TRUCK

Growing up near a creamery at Elkton, I was able to see every mode of travel for the old cream can. Sometimes with two kids walking with the cream can in between them, or on a stone boat pulled by one horse, buggy, democrat, cutter, jumper and wagon, then to the more modern methods, the cars and trucks.

One lady, Mrs. Ruby McNair, when she was just a bride on the homestead, north west of Elkton, drove their dairy bull with old Dick their horse, on a wagon. When she came to a bunch of cattle on the open range, she would get out and tie the rope from the ring on the bulls nose to old Dick's horn and would get her cream safely to the creamery, much to the bellering protests of Mr. Bull.

Some days the trails would be very rough and the cream would arrive at the creamery already made into butter. Then along came those brave men, some with the back seat taken out of their cars, and with trucks to haul our cream to further away places. Those are the fellows that deserve Gold Crowns, as for then there were no gravel roads, many places just trails, and in winter snowbanks and such as these roads have not as yet become acquainted with the road patrols.

Many of these men were our mailmen, grocery men, bringing in our hardware and everything else that was needed on our farms. Pete Freisen was one of our first ones. He hauled our cream to Model Dairies, took our orders for groceries, fruit, window glass and binder twine, cashed our milk and egg cheques at Naglers. Sometimes there would be a few pennies left over which we would find in the can, underneath the groceries. never once was their ever a mistake made either.

Some of the other haulers were; Charlie Stewart, Bill Smith, Dave Neufeld, Charlie Hampton, Jerry Trick, Ralph Vetter, Jack Ragon, Bill Shepard, and Slim Moorehouse.

Most of the time there was a pasenger going to or from Calgary. Hats off to these brave and loyal men.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking and some are not tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in hot water; others freeze, then others put them in a stew; others keep them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender if managed in this way but they are truly delicious if properly treated.

Don't keep him in the kettle by force as he will stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he should sputter and fizz, don't be anxious, some husbands do this. Add a little sugar, the variety that confectioners call "kisses" but on no account add any vinegar or pepper. A little spice improves him but it must be used with judgement. Do not try him with something sharp to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently lest he lie too long and become fat and tasteless. If you follow these directions, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and he will keep as long as you want him.

Drop a pebble into the water
And its ripples reach out far,
And the sunbeams dancing on them
Will reflect them to a star.

Give a smile to someone passing
It may make his morning glad,
It may meet you in the evening
When your heart maybe sad.

So shake hands and smile God Bless You
Give those smiles to someone sad,
For they will reach like widening ripples
Down the long eternity.

BACHELOR SETTLERS

By: Wilfred Blain

The first settlers were mostly bachelors, so when a new girl turned up in the district, it was not long before she had a Mrs. for a name. When the families started to increase that meant hired girls, if they could afford to hire one. Families meant school teachers would be coming out, so then the competition was on to change those bachelor quarters into a home.

Harvest time caught all those young fellows summing up the situation of those hired girls. Of course, the ones that could slop the most pigs and milk the cows the fastest and still have time for a little humor was the ones picked up first. Now, those hired girls humor was generally at its best when all the men were out in the field, they would get into the men's bunkhouse and sew all their bed quilts together and if they left some of their flannel long johns that were needed quite badly on those cold, frosty mornings, well, the boys would find them all stitched every which way on the sewing machine.

School mom's were next in line. Not too many of them stayed too long at teaching, but were to become homemakers and to play a very big part in building our country.

Chivalories always followed those big events, sometimes a few days after the wedding or they could be a couple of weeks after. Everybody keeping it as secretive as possible. Everyone would bring any thing that they had that would make as much noise as possible. Old cow bells, hammers and old blades off disc were the main noisemakers. Sometimes the secret of the big night would reach the home and you would find the fellow, standing beside you making the most noise, the "young groom". After all the noise was over the guests were invited in, and a lot of fun was had the rest of the evening.

Sometimes you went to a place where the couple wouldn't come to the door. Well, in those days everyone had a coal and wood stove, so a couple of gunny sacks stuck down the chimney or stove pipe got quick results for their appearance at the door. That was what we called "Smokin Them Out."

THE SPINDLE TOP OIL WELL

The oil well was set up north and west of Bituma in about 1929. The toolpush was a man by the name of Monte Olson. This was a cable tool outfit. The coal for this boiler came from the coal mine at Skunk Hollow. This was the second time this coal mine was opened up.

Spindle Top Oil Rig.

Spindle Top Boiler House.

REMINISCENCE

By: Isabell McWilliams

When I was under four years of age, I used to live quite often with my Aunt and Uncle Charlie. I remember things that impressed me then. Like the time my uncle and cousin was out in a car on a very foggy night. They ran into the back of another car. My cousin went through the windsheild of uncle's car, through the back glass of the other car and sat beside the driver. Uncle brought him home so he could get my aunt before taking him to the doctor. I had high lace boots to put on, but only got one done up. The other one dropped off when Aunt Mary grabbed me and headed out the door. So I had only one shoe on the doctor's place.

My cousin used to sleepwalk, once he got to walking, so my aunt tied our arms to one another so if he started to walk it would wake me and I'd make a fuss and wake them. They used to live on a river bank down by Bottrel then. Then Mother cut my hair and Aunty said I just wasn't her little girl anymore. I didn't stay there as often after that. They moved up to Dad's homestead for a while and lived in a covered wagon. One day I was eating with them and got my first taste of jelly. Strawberry, it was, yummy, shortly after that they moved away and I didn't see them for quite a while. So, I started staying with Mr. and Mrs. Carlson. Mrs. Carlson - I always called her Granny, but Charlie was my best beau, so I always called him Charlie. Granny had a very bad heart attack and used to have to stay in bed alot. For something to do she hand quilted quilts. It was fun when they were stretched on the frames, to get up on a chair and have Charlie hold me to snap the chalk lines.

One day when Granny could come to the table for supper, we got married. We took the same vows they took and then Granny took the ring from her finger and Charlie put it on my biggest finger, of course it was much too big to stay, so Granny wrapped it with string. I tried to give it back to her before I went to bed that night, but she would have none of that, it was to be mine & I was to be very careful not to lose it. So, I would just wear it at special times. Like when we would sit by her bed in the evenings or at game times. When we would play "I Spy" or "secret hiding" by thought. I was six years old.

Then one day Charlie came home with gifts for me. Sad gifts, to me anyway. He had a lovely bright red dress for me, with little white buttons, long red stockings and new white canvas shoes. Was I proud when I put them on, and my ring too. Then thunder struck! I was told I had to go and stay home all week because I had to go to school and it was closer to school from home. The clothing was, so I could be prettily dressed for school. So, home I went, ring and all. Knowing I could go back on week ends, but Mother took the ring away from me, with the promise to keep it safe for me. "I never did see it again," but I stayed with Granny and Charlie many times, until Granny died and even until she was laid to rest.

Dad used to run a steam engine for Eddy Carlson (son) of Charlie's and Granny. Eddie had a saw mill. When that engine broke down it was pulled up beside the road and left. My!, the games we used to play on, over and around that old engine. Great feats and miles of travel. How wonderful the imagination can be! Dad bought a small steam engine then, and still worked for Eddie after he got it home from Lacombe.

In about 1929 or 1930, there was a big fire swept the country. Burning a lot of timber and a lot of people lost from it. It was then I saw the first and only man, I could never like a little. My first reaction to him was fear, but after a half day, it was "ungh" and has remained so ever since. All our lives in the bush country.

The summer months were filled with picking berries and preserving them for the winter. There was berries of every kind, free for the taking, but it was work to get them. I remember most of our meals during the 1930's were dandelion greens, or nettles or blue bells. Mushrooms were growing wild and meat was there to be had,if you had a good throwing arm, a pair of shoe laces and a pocket knife. We lived almost entirely for days and weeks on what the bush and nature provided. It was during these hard years that Dad bought the grist mill. I can remember one time, there were three wagons lined up waiting their turn for him to grind their wheat into flour. We kids sure got a break then because we used to collect timothy seed or pig weed seed & grind it through an old coffee mill "by hand" to make biscuits. Wheat we could get, we made flour for bread and we cracked barley by loosening the screw on the grinder, to cook for porridge in the morning. But when we got to the mill to got bran, cream of wheat and flour as payment sometimes for grinding for other people. A nail or two of wrecked that business. It was about this time Dad bought a quarter section of August Koester's homestead. He then bought a saw mill from Mr. Frickle who lived down by Bottrel. I'll always remember the sale we had to get the money to pay for it. I think Dad even sold the latches from the house doors.

In this day, except for the animals and a few other animals, it would be poor junk. He then somehow got a planner too. After that he was on his own. With a little steam engine and outfit. He started custom sawing. We

seemed to be always moving, then coming back to home base, only to move again. We moved up to the Murphy place at Fallen Timber in 1935. How well I remember from then on, funny things. Like the cook we had, had started yeast for bread one day. It was stormy and the men couldn't work so the boss gave them a long week end off. The cook too. She didn't know what to do with the yeast so she buried it down in the bush. The weather turned real nice and when we were coming home from school one night we saw the biggest mushroom of our lives! Of course we had to look that over, also the men got to look to. Someone broke the surface, what a smell that mushroom had! We sure had a good laugh and teased the cook, because the mushroom was the yeast she had planted.

I stayed up there after Dad had finished that cut, and went to Elkton school for a term and a half, when I came home there was alot of changes. Mr. Gazely and son, had put in a store, and post office so there was another phone and car in the district. Before that Rod MacFarquhar was the nearest phone, the Big Prairie was the only store and post office. There was only two other cars. Gene Winchell and Vern Williams had a partnership home built truck. Mr. Day had a nice new Ford touring car.

Dad had dealt the little engine to Ronquist for logs and had bought a big Garr Scott steamer. New people were moving in, children were getting married and building homes all over the country. We were left at home more often, alone. People were very good to us in many ways. I often wonder how they stood the noise I used to create always trying to sing at the top of my voice. Wilf Carter was very much the man of the times. I used to try to outdo him.

Jake Hanson used to be a trapper. He said he was starving to death, because I was scaring the animals out of the country. So I took pity on him in 1935 and left the district to find my own way in life. My years at home, learning independence, and that others are always willing to help, if my life gets too much to handle by yourself. Learning right from wrong and so many other things, have made me realize how many people I owe thanks to. Still, each day another name is added.

The Sawmill Gang

Charlie Stewart, Chilie Knapp, Ed Flenard, Bob Blain, Duncan Youngs, Jack Beaumont, Robert O'Neil, Earl Lewis, also Joe or Earl Regan in this picture. of the sawmill gang. The mill was situated just west of Duncan Young's home. About 1938-1941.

Fred Turnbull owned a saw mill at the head of Mill Creek land now owned by Ole Stolle. He liked to go hunting.

Glen McNicol and George Day at the sawmill in 1924.

George Day's outfit and Tom Carlin threshing.

These water wagons were pulled by two horses and held 8 barrels of water. Some steam engines would use six or seven wagon loads of water per day.

This is a Case 2680 - bought by Glen McNicol in 1948. It was purchased fro Hagels at Beiseker and took three days to drive it from there to Water Valley. Stops were made alon the way for more water and wood. These steam engines were used for grinding, sawmilling, threshing and plowing. Mr. McNicol owned this one for about 11 years, then sold it to a man in Great Falls.

In background is the Old Cremona Store. This is a Catholic Church group at old Cremona about 1920. Picture taken after services at Old Cremona.

Left to right: Back: Fay Stone, Frank McNicol, Billy Keil, Lester Stone. Standing: Owen Fike, Clifford Stone, Roy Keil, Mrs. Stone, Verie Stone, Ruby Keil, Bertha Keil, Laura Stone, Little Walter, Leonard Estes, Guy McNicol. Kids: Stone girls and friends.

Mrs. Charles Keil, Mrs. Henry Stone, ?, Jennie Todd, Mrs. Stone, Lester Stone, Mrs. Jack McNicol, Walter Stone, (Fay's Dad), Charlie Keil.

Army Form W. 3105.

No. ..... Regt. ..... 3 Co. 8th Bn. C.R.T.

Pass. DEC

No. 2[illegible] (Rank) Pvt. (Name) Evans C.S.

has permission to be absent from his quarters, from seven P.M. Dec. twenty seventh to seven P.M. Dec. [illegible]

for the purpose of proceeding to Bruggels

(Station) ..... [illegible] Capt.

(Date) 27/12/18 ..... Commanding W. 3 Co. 8th C.R.T.

(2942.) Wt. W3140/P1687. 8,000,000. 9/18. P.P.Ltd.

"EDUCATION AND LIBERTY INSEPARABLE."

"NOTHING DIFFICULT TO HIM WHO WILLS."

"LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS."

"Patrons Non Sine Pulvere."

Be it Known, That Jessie McMillan has this day presented Four Cheeks, denoting Four Perfect Weeks, or One Month, and is entitled to this Certificate of

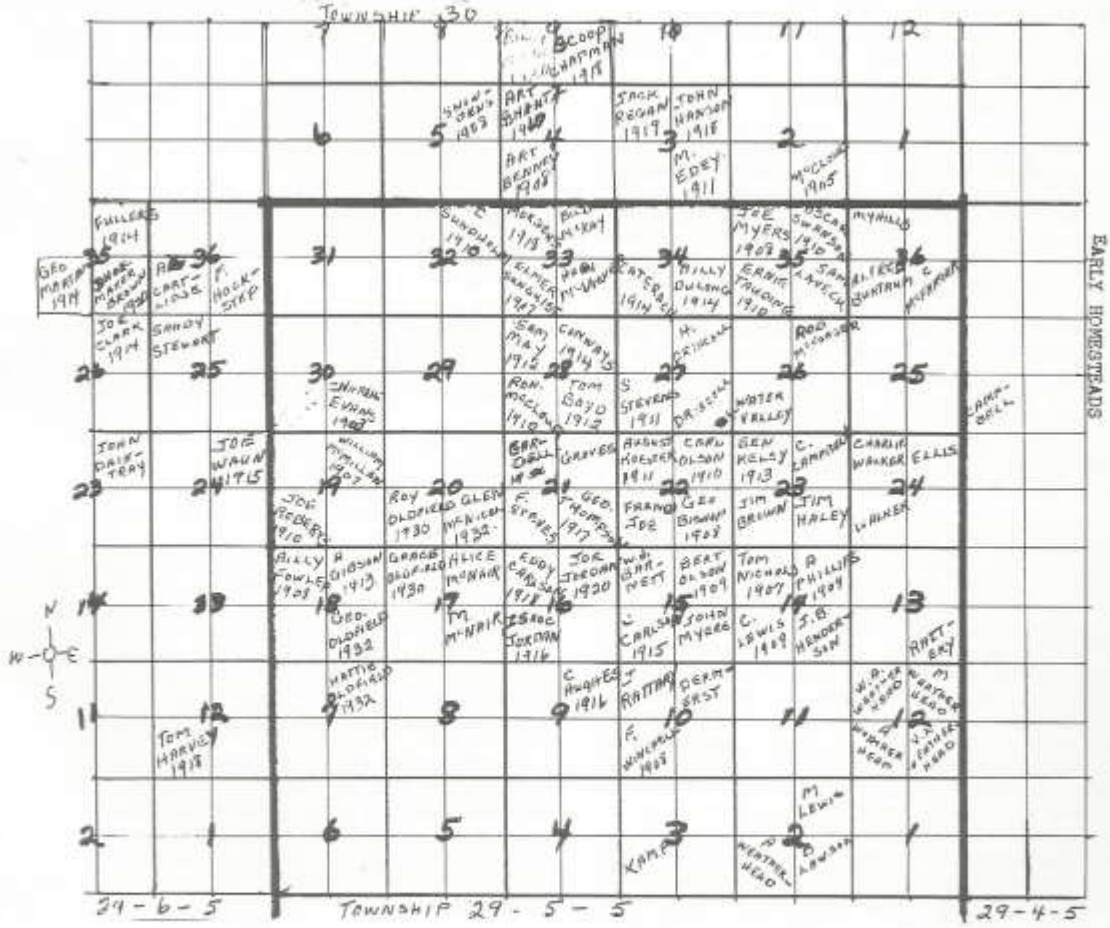
[illegible]

Given at Ten Sleep, this [illegible] of April 1909

J. M. Barber Teacher

HOMESTEADERS - EARLY RESIDENTS AND OWNERS ON TOWNSHIP 30

S.E.-32-30-4-5 - Preacher Martin in 1908; Grant family, Mr Marshal, W. Blain.
S.W.-30-30-4-5 - Jim and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Art Thompson, Bonham's , Griffins, Fred Frazer & boys, Mr. & Mrs. Goss, Cal Coleman, Don Ireland.
S.E.-31-30-4-5 - Charlie Stewart, Darrell Newsome
S.W.-22-30-4-5 - Percy Renny homestead. Ernie Scholtz
N.W.-22-30-4-5 - Steves, Gosnill family, Gertie & Ben Bennett, Christine & Elmer Hayes, Mary & Barry Thomson.
N.E.-27-30-4-5 - McDonald
S.E.-22-30-4-5 - Willoby Greenhill
N.E.-20-30-4-5 - Featherstone homestead.
N.W.-27-30-4-5 - Pete Stekenus, Norman Smith, Cop Patterson, Jim McKinnon, Chuck & Mary Chartrand.
S.W.-27-30-4-5 - Broomfields, Bill Johnson, Charlie Bennett, Mrs. Seymore, Mr. Bardgett, Eldon Bardgett
S.W.-26-30-4-5 - Mellon Price, Lethbridge family.
Section 25-30-4-5 - Murphy''s Mr. Dunphy Sr., Don & Edith Dunphy, Jim Bergeson.
S.E.-34-30-4-5- Oakie Strain, Greenhills, Mrs. Wamsley & boys, Frank Keen and family.
N.E.-34-30-4-5 - Fred Harris Homestead, Ralph Jones, Alvie Cowitz, Roy & Kay MacGregor, Dan Russell, Dannie Russell.
S.W.-34-30-4-5 - Clare & Lucille Crosby, Mrs. Marshal & grandson, Bob Renfret family, Ethel Collins.
S.W.-28-30-4-5 - Earl Neilson & his brother.
N.E.-15-30-4-5 - Fred McLustkey & father, Ken Bergeson, Delbert Bellamy, Harold Bellamy & family.
S.E.-20-30-4-5 - Gillies homestead, Bill Bouck, Henry & Lena Luft.
S.W.-30-30-4-4 - Collinston family, Bill Brown, Lawrence Oliver, Jake Tecrobe, Henry Hunt, Joe & Jessie Cummins, Jack McQuarrie, & family, Jack Adams, R. Overland.
N.W.-28-30-4-5 - Jim Hagen family, Norman King, Bob Renfert, Maurice Kerr.
S.E.-33-30-4-5 - Adam Luft family, McKinnons, Ruth & Allan Hahn & family.
N.W.-32-30-4-5 - Snell homestead, Chapman family, Dick Sterling, Walter Unger, Bob & Lucille Roberts.
N.E.-32-30-4-5 - Geoff & Flo Monck homestead, Bob Lucas, Fred Willis, Frank Edwards, Walter Unger, Crosby family, Bill Carter & family, Dick & Pat Donkin, Bud & Mary Crosby.
S.W.-32-30-4-5 - J.W. Hughes Sr. homestead, Thompson, Bob & Fern Blain, W. Blain and family.
N.E.-30-30-4-5 - Oakie Strain homestead, Ray Charlton, Miles Standish
S.W.-20-30-4-5 - August Nettnay homestead, Perry Thompson, Stan Coleman
N.W.-34-30-4-5 - Ted Browers homestead, Dan Russell, Jess Ray, Joe Davis.
S.W.-34-30-4-5 - Georgie Carr homestead, Elmer Dammoth, Mr. Bacon Sr., Merle & Elsie Bacon, Herb Burress, Joe Davis.
S.E.-22-30-4-5 - Gertie Wolleen, homestead, Allie Moon, Tom McKivor, George & Gladys Bennett, Ehrenreich,Bill Borton.



PART VI

STORIES & POEMS

VISION

From The Calgary Daily Herald, Thurs. June 3, 1926

A newcomer to western Canada said to me recently; "Oh, I am so disappointed in this country. I certainly don't intend to stay here. Everything is so bare and so unbeautiful. Just look at some of the farm homes - no trees, no flowers, no attractive surroundings inside or out. People don't live, they merely exist under such conditions, and I'm not going to do that. Nobody seems to have any desire for beauty."

I tried to disabuse this girl's mind of the idea that we on the prairies have no desire for beauty. (Oh, how most of us long and strive for it!). Only the other day I was returning from a walk across the prairies when I suddenly came upon a crest and saw my own home laid out in panorama before me. It struck me then, as it has struck me many times before, how bare and barren the place looks - at present. Five or six years of hard work, getting things established, hasn't allowed us any time to devote to beautifying our surroundings. Those who have farmed on the prairies know how hard it is to find time for anything other than necessary work, field work and daily chores. The business of making one's surroundings beautiful and attractive must oftentimes wait indefinitely.

As I gazed at the scene before me the actual picture faded and in its place came a picture of what we dream our farm will one day look like. I saw that little group of buildings neatly painted. I saw slender young trees raising their green branches toward the blue of the sky. I saw thick hedgerows, emerald lawns, beds of gaily colored flowers. I saw vines creeping up my verandah and screening my windows. I saw a tennis court alive with youthful figures. A galaxy of color and beauty such as is possible, even on our prairies, for I have seen it and I know that time and patience and perseverance will produce it.

It came to me that this is a vision that the great majority of us, especially the womenfolk, carry in our hearts through all the years of striving and building. Many of us haven't yet attained our heart's desire and sometimes its fulfilment seems a long way off, and yet we hold tight to our "vision" and it strengthens us, and enables us to "carry on".

I believe that there are hundreds of men and women on the prairies - home builders, and nation builders - who enable thus to "carry on" because they possess this faculty of ever holding in their minds the vision of an idea. The way is very often hard, the circumstances under which they must live crude - perhaps more particularly on the prairies than anywhere else - and many of them have to start with the very scantiest of tools, the most modest of conditions, the barest of surroundings. Disappointments and disheartenments meet them on the day, setbacks and disabilities that take a lot of living down, yet they are not discouraged. The vision remains their guiding star and one day, sometimes at the most unexpected moment, they see their hopes and their dreams materialize.

I have often thought that perhaps some of those who have failed to make good out here and have given up the proposition as a "bad job," have failed, not because of adverse circumstances but because they have lacked this faculty for holding a vision. I fear that my little friend, the newcomer from overseas, is one such.

I know, with myself, the vision of what I hope will one day materialize out of our present plans and efforts, is a kind of sheet anchor, to which I have clung through fair weather and foul and which has brought me a full measure of happiness and contentment even under the most trying and disheartening circumstances.

After all, are we not still a comparatively new country, barely out of the pioneering stage? All that most of us have been able to attain at present is a comfortable living and the necessities of life. Certainly few of us enjoy luxuries. But because we haven't yet acquired those things that time and prosperity make possible - beauty of surroundings and environment - doesn't mean that we haven't keen desire for them and intend to strive for their attainment. The mere fact that we stay here with a stout heart and a contented mind is, I am convinced, because we are all, consciously or unconsciously, holding fast to our vision of what one day will be.

FRIENDS

By: Wilfred Blain

What district can boast of having so many men that have made names for themselves as ranchers and cowboys and have lived part of their lives in our district and have come to be friends and neighbors of many of us.

Mr. and Mrs. Chillie Knapp and boys, Mr. and Mrs. Pye (George) Hone came to Cremona in the early thirties. Chillie settling with his cow herd south east of Cremona. Three of his trail herders were Pat Maynes, Frank Lawson and another man, named Andy. Chillie later moved to the Graham district and went into sawmilling with Ed Fleneru, George Day and Charlie Stewart. Bob Blain did the sawing for them with his mill. Later Chillie moved west of Carstairs. Mrs. Knapp makes her home in Didsbury.

Pye and Georgina Hones settled in the Fallen Timber district. The little Model A coupe that they drove was a familiar sight in Cremona. Their two daughters made their home in California. They spent their summer holidays with their folks and helped put up the hay. Georgina was wardrobe mistress for Metro Golden Meyers Studio in Hollywood and she would save the pieces of goods left from the different actresses dresses and send them to her Mother. She would give them to the Fallen Timber Ladies Group to make into quilts to be raffled off during the war time.

When Pye's health started to fail they moved to Didsbury. After Pye passed away, Georgina went to Calgary and she made her home in the Wales Hotel. Passing away herself a year ago. Both Pye and Chillie were friends and cowboys with Negro, John Ware and you will see the picture of them all together in the Horseman's Hall of Fame in Calgary.

Slim Moorehouse is another you will see with his thirty six horse team that he drove to Calgary from Vulcan.

Mr. Monday, formerly of Cochrane and now living in Carstairs, was one of the men that rode with Slim that day.

Verne Steppe from Kansisville, Wisconsin was the man making that long ride to Alaska, with his two pack horses and a saddle horse. Many people in the Cremona area in the summer of 1978 were able to meet this man as he travelled through the area.

Verne Steppe left his home in Kansisville, Winconsin May 11, 1978 to start a long horseback ride to Alaska. He had two pack horses and a saddle horse. Stopping in Cremona and being hosted for the night of Sept. 25 by Pam and Vair Whitlow.

Leaving Cremona on Sept. 26, hoping to make the Albert Walter's home, north of Sundre that night. While stopping to water and let his horses have a little graze, something spooked his horses and away they started back to Wisconsin. Not sure which it was, either Hot Pants or Old Yukon, as he called his horses, he decided they had packed this gear all the way from Winconsin, darned if they were going to pack it back again. So buck it off they did, scattering it along in the thick grass and bush and also on the road to Cremona. Vern's CB outfit was in the mess. He spent the rest of the afternoon gathering up his paraphenelia so that put an end to his travelling for the day.

Leaving his horses in Wilfred Blain's yard for the night, 1 p.m., Sept. 27, found him once again on his northward journey, and so another man, Verne Steppe, was to be part of "'Cremona's Heritage."

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true.
For the heavens that shine above me,
That wake my spirits too.
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

FRIENDS

Friends are the ones who know
All about you,
But love you just the same.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is as good a rule,
As any can tell.

3 poems submitted by Mrs. Burr Gano

WHAT IS A FARMER?

He must be engineer enough to run $70,000 worth of machinery, and blacksmith and welder enough to fix it.

He must be economist enough to know when to buy and when to sell and bookkeeper enough to spot the weak points in his operation.

He gambles on the weather and prices. He must be veterinarian enough to spot livestock diseases. Castrate pigs, or stick a bloated cow, and plant pathologist enough to recognize and solve crop disease problems.

He doesn't have to be a chemist but he needs to know, what his soil fertility level is and what is in fertilizer formula. He must know nutrition to properly feed his livestock and fertilize his crop plants. He needs to know the herbicides, fungicides, and insecticides that will safeguard his crops and yet be safe to consumer of the food and fibre he produces.

He doesn't have to be an agromomist but he must know which crop variety is best, when to plant it and how to make it produce a profit.

He doesn't have to be a diplomat, but diplomacy will help convince his wife that a new tractor will increase profits enough to buy her a dishwasher.

He doesn't have to be a psychologist but it might help to keep his children working on the farm while the city boys go fishing. A farmer today is a combination capitalist, day laborer and a manager.

He must have brains enough to make many decisions each day and brawn enough to toss around bags of fertilizer and bales of hay. Along with all this he must have finesse enought to be able to walk into a bank and ask for a $20,000 loan without batting an eye.

Author unknown

THE DAY THE HAIL FELL

By: Gwen Bird

We live in the mixed farming area of Central Alberta. Our rich black soil is famous for its nutritious and heavy yielding crops. The summers are remembered by their warm days and cool nights and the constant possibility of devastating hail. Storms often develop to the west of us

over the rugged Rocky Mountains, and later dump their destructive accumulation in our midst. The sultry morning of August 10 was a typical forerunner of an impending hail storm. It could mean utter ruin to our almost mature crops of waving, golden grain. This produce incidently represented paying off out large bank loan and possibly replacing the worn out chesterfield in our living room. At noon, my husband and I watched nervously as huge thunder heads rose above the mountainous sky-line like gigantic ice cream cones. They were quickly dismantled by powerful winds which forced them upward and replaced their position with a dark blanket of twisting moisture.

Then the familiar conflict of two opposite air currents at different levels produced the rolling process which forms the hail. The stones increase in size as they are churned in the warm and cold cycles. We also recognized the familiar copper coloring in the higher atmosphere produced by sunlight on hail formation. When the wind reached us with its' icy grasp, the temperature dropped savagely as it actermitting peals of thunder rumbled savagely as it accompanied the jagged forks of lightening. One always feels very tense at this stage of the storm. It could blow over, swing in another direction; or it could signify destruction over a wide area.

Our picturesque poplar trees were swaying back and forth and forfieting leaves and branches with every bow. Young chickens fought their way to the coops for protection, and the wild birds circled aimlessly in frantic disorder. As we expected, there was the well known lull in the storm as if the enemy was having a last minute conference on the best line of attack. For two brief moments the exhausted trees stood motionless and their dancing leaves hung limp and disarranged. Then the wind struck again with renewed force and the first large raindrops spattered on our parched cement driveway. They were followed immediately by slashing, jogged hail stones, as large as hens eggs. Everything was hammered unmercifully for fifteen devastating minutes. The noise was deafening as we rushed frantically from window to window pressing pillows against the fragile panes. Our bewildered children huddled together with their hands over their ears seeking warmth and fortitude.

We spoke of the unprotected cattle in the south pasture and we could visulize them all crowded closely together against the fence with their tails to the storm. Luckily, we had put Sparky, the children's pony in the barn before the hail started. When the wind finally abated the clouds had drifted eastward and the reluctant storm bid us adieu with its fading grumbles of thunder. The silence was wonderful, but the transformed world outside was poison to our hearts. Everywhere, drifts of white were flecked with green fragments of chopped vegetation. Where a beautiful garden had flouished earlier in the day, now, only a solitary stalk of corn was left standing like a marker on a mass grave. I felt extremely grateful for the few heads of lettuce that I had rescued when the storm began. We knew how our crops would look, but nevertheless we drove out through the drifts of hail and the riverlets of ice water to see the damage. As expected, Mother Nature had completed our harvesting for us in one quick unappreciated operation.

The sun came out from behind a lagging cloud as if to ridicule us. It reminded me of a naughty little boy who had been hiding because he had just broken his mother's favorite vase. The warmth would encourage fermentation, and soon the sour odor would be eminent in the grain fields. We didn't need to speak as we drove home. Each was thinking of the money lost on seed , fuel, fertilizer and labour. We had gambled again and lost. I remember my dear old dad saying, "This is a next year country, if your heart is in the soil, you will always try again." He was so right. Our hearts were heavy, but our spirits were unbroken. By selling cattle we would pay the bank, and we'd borrow again next spring for operating expenses. Maybe it would be our lucky year.

TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER"

Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in town,
And the chorus, - all the papers favorably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.
Now in the "Amen Corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.
His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday, he would mispronounce the words,
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.
The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.
Then the pastor called together in the lecture room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two
They put their heads together to determine what to do.
They debated, thought, suggested till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."
Said he: "In that ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style,
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.
"We've got the biggest organ, the best dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old.-
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."
Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest sytle of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well dressed committee, Brother Sharkey, York and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.
They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm chair,
And the summer's sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.
Said York, "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation";
"And the choir too," siad Sharkey, giving brother York a nudge,
"And the choir too", he echoed with the graveness of a judge.
"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us

If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother
It will leave our congregation, and be gobbled by another.
"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!"
The latest tunes are all the rage, the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided - are you listening, brother Eyer? -
That you'll have to stop your singin', for it flurrytates the choir."
The old man slowly raised his head, a sigh that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught a glitter of a tear
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low;
"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years;
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.
"I wonder if beyond the tide, that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet,
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up higher
If the angel band will church me for disturbing Heaven's choir."
A silence filled the little room, the old man bowed his head;
The carriage; rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,
And the Master dear had called him to everlasting chorus.
The choir missed him for awhile, but he was soon forgot,
A few church goers watched the door; the old man entered not,
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his heart's desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs.

Author Unknown

By: Brian Whitlow, Grade 10
IMAGINE

If you were to win,
On some T.V. show,
A hundred-thousand dollars
Where would you go?

If it was me,
I'd buy a big boat,
And put on board,
An old nanny-goat.

If it was you,
I suppose you'd sail,
Around the world,
To collect your mail.

If it was Jeff,
I supose he'd run,
Four-square miles,
For a bottle of rum.

If it was Don,
I suppose he'd dig,
Two million dollars
For sweet Maxine Wigg.

If it was Bernie
I suppose he''d grow thin,
But how can he?
Thats the nature of him.

But since it isn't,
Either you or me
Let's sit down
And finish our tea.

By: Peter Whitlow

Some men seem to spend their lives,
wishing they could be,
And like a bird on his first flight,
fear to leave the tree.
But its' the jumping from the nest,
and the falling down so far
That starts each man on his great flight,
to reach his chosen star.
Those who fear to make the jump,
will never know the sky
And so afraid are they to fall
they only live to die.

DAIRYING IS A FAMILY AFFAIR

By Gwen Bird, Didsbury Booster, 1976

The following article, written by one of our local writers, Gwen Bird of Carstairs, was written and presented at the Canadian Guernsey Convention, held recently in Calgary. We are presenting it here for the benefit of the many dairy farmers and other in our own locality who had experience in the Dairy business.

"Dairying is a Family Affair," - Truer words were never spoken.

If dairying is your family's bread and butter, you must admit that everyone, including your pet dog and family cat, are involved in one way or another in your occupation. First of all, there is one major factor about dairying that should be thoroughly understood right from the start. The man of the house may like to consider himself as the lord and master of his home, but in the dairy barn that four footed milk producer with the big innocent eyes has him under her jurisdiction in a hundred different ways. The dairy cow's motto is: "Everyone look after me properly, or you'll be sorry." If a family is to live in harmony with one another for 365 days a year, they must accept the fact that the dairy herd regulates their hours and what their returns will be. The dairy business has made tremendous strides in the quality of their breeding stock and milking equipment in recent years, but actually the dairy cow herself has not changed in her nature or original techniques. She is still equipped with a feed mill at one end and a source of fertilizer at the other, a quick reaction with a hind foot, and an unpredictable fly swatter attached for good measure. She demands regular milking hours, clean dry living quarters, the best of feed, plenty of good drinking water, a warm building in the winter, and a cool spot in the summer.

Milk cows hate to see humans not busy. They can knock down bale piles like a bulldozer machine, see where a fence needs a staple, notice an open gate or an open grain bin, yet, they're blind when you try to drive them to a new pasture, go up a loading chute; or see their own stalls in the barn. It is truly a family affair if your milk

quality report shows a rise in your standard count. Father can blame mother for not washing the tank properly, mother can blame father for not washing the cows udders properly and they can blame the kids for running through the milk house with manure on their boots. Every family has one special cow. She is usually an outstanding heavy producer. Every member praises her and showers her with compliments which she loves and soaks up like a sponge. She hears all about the wonderful heifer calf that she is about to produce. Naturally, as the day of her confinement draws near, everyone is very anxious and waiting. Without fail, she will choose an evening when the man of the house has an important dairy meeting to attend and Junior has a hockey game that he simply must go to. She knows that they won't leave her, so she deliberately waits until it's too late for them to go, then she ends their day by presenting them with her fourth consecutive bull calf. Children on the dairy farm learn quite young to witness life and death, and also accept responsibility and to administer animal kindness. They also learn how to decipher the rise and fall of the dairy income by their parent's moods. When there is laughter and talk of a pony or a new bike, they know that father either got some extra quota or else milk went up two cents. But when they hear, "Clean up your plate, you may not have anything to put on it next month," they sense that either the cows are away down in production, or else the marketing board has increased the amount again to take of the milk cheque.

A dairyman's wife has many roles to play. She should be able to be out in the barn and inside the house at the same time. She should be able to keep a meal warm for hours on end without complaining. (After all, if the barn cleaner broke down, or that new Registered Guernsey was calving, you couldn't expect anything else to be as important as that, could you?"). She should know how to keep the dairy equipment immaculately clean at all times. Her job often includes phoning the vet and the A.I. service. It also helps if she can drive a tractor and a truck and haul bales and help with the haying. She must be a good bookkeeper and understand the family finances. She should always be available to take the kids for basketball, hockey and 4H meetings. Naturally, she must be ready to drop whatever she's doing at a moments notice and jump in the car and go for emergency vaccines, milk fever transfusion solution, or other magnet.

Yes, family life on a dairy farm is quite a challenge. Everyone learns that they must get up early. If you enjoy social activities in the eveing make sure you get your rest. The same goes for late night visitors who stay late and get up late the next morning. You learn to wind the clock and put the cat out around ten o clock. Most visitors take the hint. Too many late nights and you're going to have quite a time convincing anyone at five o'clock in the morning that, "This is the life. i love it!" cause sure as God made little green apples, that will be the morning that the kids don't wake up, the cows are in the neighbor's crop, the power's off and the milk truck will be there in two hours.

THE DEPRESSION YEARS

By: Leslie Whitlow

As an assignment for my Economics 30 class, I was asked to interview someone who lived during the Depression years. I chose Grandpa and Grandma Whitlow.

Grandpa began by telling me that the railroad came to Cremona in 1929 and that he was the first to ship cattle. He shipped two carloads, the cattle weighing from 1400 to 1600 lbs and sold for 2½¢ a lb. He further quoted prices for other farm animals; in 1930, pigs sold for $1.75/100 lbs. (pigs averaged 240 lbs) a good cow for $13 and 600 lb calves at a premium of $9 each. The Whitlow's also raised turkeys and sold them to the Palliser Hotel in Calgary. Good turkeys were purchased at the premium price of 25¢ a lb. Plucking the turkeys was very hard work as sometimes it took all night to get the job done. From 1934 to 1936 Grandpa supplied hay to the railroad for horses at $15 per ton delivered.

Spare time was spent clearing land. It was not uncommon to find the men still in the fields at midnight. Field work got the men up as early as 4 a.m. The horses had to be fed so that they would be able to go to work right after the men had breakfast. They used twelve horses on the farm. Even though the farmers had good crops, they couldn't sell them without a market. The best seasons were early spring and late fall. Grain cost 6¢ per bushel to thresh. The International Harvester offered 5¢ per bushel. If the farmer kept the crop till spring, it cost 25¢ per bushel to thresh. Threshing teams were paid $1.50 per day, working from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. The crops were cut with a binder and the bundles stooked up. A binder cost $160. Wheat was taken to the flour mill in Didsbury. A load of wheat made 20 sacks of flour. One third of the load was given as payment for milling. The mill received no cash but the flour was just as good. Sometimes they would plow in 200 bushels of potatoes in the spring and then when fall came, they would plow them out.

They butchered their own meat. Grandpa remembered one day they did five pigs, later canning the meat. The best pork sold for 10¢ per lb. Eggs that could not be sold, were fed to the pigs. To buy, eggs cost 5¢ per dozen. Ten cows were milked by hand, they made their own butter, worth 10¢ a lb. and sugar was bought by the 100 lb sack. They always had a garden every year and also put up preserves.

One April there was a storm. Because the pig house wasn't finished yet, 110 pigs had to be brought into the house. They tied ribbons around the tails of the pigs to identify them, but in the morning all the ribbons had been chewed off. Even so, they did not lose a pig.

Men were lucky to get $1.25 to cut up a pile of wood, so neighbors got together to saw wood for the winter. Often piles were made as big as the house. Coal was too expensive to use and there was a long way to haul it.

With the help of neighbors, they built their own buildings, supplies cost $15 per 1000 of shiplap and $2.50 per 1000 for shingles. The first Cremona Hall was built during the Depression. Everyone helped. Mr. Van Haaften went to Calgary to get the windows. The nails and other supplies were all donated. Schools were also built in the different communities. Carpentering could be done for $1.75 per day. The first dance in the Hall was July 1. The people nearly froze because there wasn't any heat. Admittance was 25¢ per person but the ladies could get in free if they brought a cake. They danced to a five piece orchestra, that played for $15. There were more house parties and literaries. In the winter, they went sleigh riding with straw and blankets. They thought nothing of travelling 25 or more miles by horse to a dance. If they wanted to get drunk, there was always moonshine.

People couldn't borrow money as easily. They needed ten times more security than what they wanted to borrow. When a cheque was written at the bank, a 3¢ stamp was put on. It took 1¢ to post a card. $100 was considered a lot of money.

They cut one another's hair instead of going to the barber. The one who did the most cutting had a box and each one who got a haircut put 5¢ in, when the scissors wore out, they used the money for a new pair. Ladies did their own sewing instead of buying ready made. Flour sacks and sugar bags were used for pilllow cases and tea towels. Only flannelette was bought to be used for diapers.

There were no water systems, no electricity and no phones in the houses. Coal oil lamps were used. Grandpa's first radio was battery operated Rogers Majestic that cost him 16 big calves. Groceries were quite cheap as $10 could buy a big box. Raw gas could be bought for $2.50 to $3 per drum. Model T's were put up on blocks and the sleighs

were used because of so much snow in the winter season. A Dodge car cost about $150.

Soup kitchens were set up for the poor in Calgary. When the kitchen ran out the unemployed workers came out to the farms. If extra help was needed, the farmer boarded and fed the man paying him $15 per month with the Gov't also giving $15. During the Depression, people enjoyed themselves more. They didn't grumble as much and were just as happy even though these were tough times. One neighboring family had one pair of new overalls between two men. One would put them on and go into town and then come home to give the pants to the other so that he could go.

Yes, the Depression Years were tough, with determination and willingness to make do with what they had, my Grandparents and many like them pulled through.

A Farmer's Wife

If you can live with mud and not make mud your master
But keep quite calm and with a smiling face
Just view it as routine and not disaster
And keep it (if you're lucky) in its place.

If you can look at hayseeds in your bedroom,
And bits of straw on stairs as well as hall,
With a little heap of both in your clean bedroom
And just say "Dear" it matters not at all!

If you can get up early every morning
Without a backward glance at your warm bed,
And never think of tea and toast so warming,
Till all the wretched poultry have been fed.

If you can run outside and leave your baking
To chase the bullocks when they start to roam
And then begin again on your cakemaking
When finally, they've all been landed home

If you're the charming type who doesn't sicken,
When town friends unexpectedly do call,
Just when you're in the midst of plucking chickens
With feathers stuck to ceiling, floor and wall.

If you can listen to the talk of markets
That goes on endlessly by day and night
And not disclose your thoughts are on new carpets
But look quite keenly interested and bright.

If you can dress up grandly for an outing
In your best bib and tucker bright and gay
And not look glum or even think of pouting
When hubby says, "It's off, must get in the hay!"

If you can be like this, you'll be a honey
And your good man will love you all his life
You'll be more precious than his money
And what is more you'll make a Farmer's Wife.

GUEST FOR TEA

Frances Gorman Risser, The Country Guide

Today I am honored - I'm going to tea;
My charming young hostess is just half past three
She'll serve sugared water in dolly size cups
So we'll have to drink it in very small sups.

A big graham cracker apiece we will eat,
While I am admiring each make believe treat
Of mud pies and cakes, which look very delicious
A feast for the eyes, but in no way nutritious,

We'll talk of weather and how the bugs hum
In branches above us, in hopes of a crumb,
I'll eat and be merry, for this lovely tea,
Can't put even one tiny half ounce on me!

A FARMER'S WIFE'S BIRTHDAY

By: L. Humes,

I woke up that morning feeling happy and gay,
"Something nice would happen on my birthday"
Was sure Hubby had something, a present hidden away,
He had looked so mysterious all through yesterday
Early that morning he slipped out so quietly
I thought "This is my chance to find out what I can see,"
Peeked under my pillow, poked around everywhere,
A wrinkled old kleenex was all that was there.
Peeked into the washer, What do you suppose I see?
A great big washing, just waiting for me.
I still was undaunted, Looked behind the big chair,
All I found was dust, awaiting me there.
So I got me dressed, made toast and tea,
And sat down to wait, impatiently,
He came in all smiling with a gleam in his eye,
So I gave up wondering, why should I try?
What was so mysterious? You may think this a laugh
He said, "Soon we'll have cream dear, We've got a new calf,"
So I shrug my shoulders, Oh, Why should I pine?
There are thousands of women who have husbands like mine.

Mrs. Burr Gano

A local cream hauler in the early days milked one cow and managed to ship a bit of cream for himself. His neighbor milked eight cows and also shipped cream. On one occasion, when the cheques arrived the wives were bragging and comparing amounts, when it was discovered that the neighbor milking the eight cows had a smaller cheque than the cream hauler, milking the one cow. Seems the local hauler was dipping into the neighbor's cream a bit. Needless to say the friendship ended.

The wife was away for the day, but the farmer was in the house. Seeing a car come up the driveway and recognizing it to be the minister, the farmer promptly shut off the TV and remained very quiet, hoping the minister would leave if no one was home. The minister rang the bell several times and sensing no one was there, proceeded to leave. He got in his car and was halfway down the driveway when he met the wife coming home in the car. She stopped, rolled down the window and spoke a word of greeting. The minister remarked that he had come for a social call. The wife noticed the truck by the barn and knew her husband was home, as she was in the car, and this was the only other vehicle they owned. She was in a turmoil, she wanted to invite the minister in for tea, but knowing her husband was in the house, he would have to remain in the bedroom the entire time. Choosing not to embarrass her husband, his good wife mumbled perhaps they could have tea another time. she was so embarrassed and could never look the minister in the face again. Fortunately for her, the minister was soon assigned another parish.

It seems there was this farmer who was not in the habit of going to church and was not too keen on speaking to the local minister. One day this minister decided to pay a call at the farm house and invite the farmer and his family to church.

PASSING OF THE BACK HOUSE

Ralph Thompson

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles and tears,
A weather beaten object looms through the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to its swinging door
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part
And oft, the passing traveler drove slow, and heaved a sigh
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posy garden that the women loved so well
I loved it too, but better still I loved the stronger smell
That filled the evening breeze so full of homely cheer
And told the night o'ertaken tramp that human life was near
On lazy August afternoons, it made a little bower
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.
For there the summer mornings its very cares entwined
And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house where Ma was baking pies
And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a palace there
And stung my unsuspecting aunt - I must not tell you where

Then Father took a flaming pole - that was a happy day
He nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay
When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow, and the sullen skies were grey
In sooth, the building was no place where one could wish to stay
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind
The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a Lacerating cob
That from a frost-encrusted nail was suspended by a string
For Father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

When Grandpa had to "go out back" and make his morning call
We'd bundle up the deer old man with a muffler and a shawl
I knew the hole on which he sat, twas padded all around
And once I dared to sit there - 'twas all too wide I found
My loins were all too little and I jack-knifed there to stay
They had to come and get me out or I'd have passed away
Then Father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun
And I just used the children's hole till childhood days were done.

And still I marvel at the craft that cut the holes so true
The baby hole, the slender hole that fitted sister Sue
That dear old country landmark; I've tramped around a bit
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit
But ere I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed or yore
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my faded soul,
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the children's hole.

Author Unknown

ANYONE CAN DRIVE A CAR

By: Gwen Bird FICTION

I didn't realize until yesterday, just how simple it really is to drive a car. I wish now that I had started driving years ago instead of always relying on someone else to take me places. I'd like to tell everyone who doesn't drive, "You just haven't lived yet!" All you have to remember are the four S's. How to Start, how to Steer, how to Stay on the road and how to Stop.

Now I'd like to tell you how, after all these years I finally started driving, and You'll never believe how independent I feel now. It all happened this way.

Two weeks ago, a close friend of ours left with my husband on a month's holiday over in Europe. This friend left his beautiful red convertible in our yard for safe keeping while he was away. I guess he knew that I didn't drive, and besides it made me feel real good to think he'd leave his most prized possession in my care.

My! That car was really something! All polished up and not a scratch on it anywhere!

Every morning, every afternoon, and every evening I looked at that beautiful thing and wished that I could drive.

Well, yesterday was a perfect day. The sun was shining, the air was sweet and warm, the birds were singing, the roads were dry, and that beautiful car was just coaxing to have some one drive it somewhere.

The more I thought about it, the more I convinced myself that it certainly couldn't do any harm if I just tried it.

So I dashed into the house like a school girl going on her first date, changed into a patched, but clean pair of slacks, put on a frilly blouse, powdered my nose like I'd seen the other women drivers do before they took off, got my purse with $5 in it, and I was ready.

When I climbed in behind that steering wheel I felt like someone who had just won an Irish Sweepstake.

There were so many little gadgets on the dash. About only one that I really understood was the one that said "E" at one side and "F" at the other. I knew what they meant because whenever my friends took me anywhere and theirs always said "E" and I always felt obliged to "Fill'er up" as they say. One month it cost me $22.80 just to catch a ride into town for two tins of cat food and to pay our power bill and get the mail.

There was another half moon shaped thing just under the steering wheel. It had a "P", an "R", an "L" and a "D" on it.

It took a while to figure that out, but I made it O.K.

You could move a little lever up and down until a little arrow pointed at one of these letters. The "L" must be for "Light", so you put it there for daylight driving, and you put it at "D" for dark to drive at night. The "P" just had to be for parking, so you only used that when you went out on a date. It took awhile to figure out the "R" then it came to me. You used it when you were Returning home. Now I was all set.

I turned the key. Gee, that motor sounded great! I discovered that their were two pedals on the floor under the dash. One made the engine speed up, so the other had to be to stop you.

Everything was really quite simple. I put the little lever in "D" for dark driving by mistake but it worked anyway and I was real proud of the way that I went out of the yard like a bullet, and I didn't even hit the gate post. I was out on the main road before I knew it. I kept going east towards Carstairs. I passed several of my neighbors on the road. I don't know why they all looked so scared. They had been over that road hundreds of times before. They didn't even wave when I waved to them.

I was getting along so good I sailed right through Carstairs and decided that it would be real fun to drive on the two lane highway and out to the four lane and on to Calgary. After, all there was really nothing to this driving stuff. One thing I did discover though, was when you're going around eighty miles per hour, it's best to drive right in the middle of the road. That way you weren't so close to the ditches.

I was just a little south of Airdrie and flying along like a bird when suddenly out of nowhere some darned fool in a black vehicle with writing on the door and a blinking red light on the top of his car came roaring up behind me. I tried to keep ahead of him but he was almost crowding me into the ditch and making such a noise with some darned siren thing that he had me going. Then of all crazy things to do, he cut right in front of me and stopped.

I used the other little pedal real quick like, but somehow I knocked his car up the road about twenty feet. It really wasn't my fault, why would anyone cut in front of you like that anyway?

He sure got a big dent in his trunk, and my beautiful car got one front fender all bent up. It's a good thing that I'm fairly good with a hammer, I think I can straighten it out one of these days.

Anyway, after he recovered from the jolt, he came to talk to me. I thought he was going to apologize but he didn't.

He had some kind of costume on, like he had been to a masquerade or something. You know the style I mean. They wear a yellow stripe down the outside of the leg.

He was quite nice and friendly. He asked me if I had a license. I told him that my husband had a hunting and fishing license, but I just didn't go in for those kind of things. He had a little date book with him, and guess what? He asked me for my full name and address and even my telephone number. No man had asked me for those things since my courting days. I was really flattered.

See what driving has done for me already?

Then he gave me a written invitation to be at the Court Building next Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. That was really nice of him. I'd never been there before. Maybe that's where they held their masquerade parties.

I thanked him very much and all he said was, "You'd better be there!" "You bet I'll be there," I replied. I sure wouldn't want to miss that.

After he left I managed to lift the fender up enough so that it didn't rub the tire so much. Then I just sat and watched the other cars whiz by as I thought of the wonderful party I was going to next week.

When I started the motor I noticed that the little needle thing pointed straight at "E". I knew that that meant trouble. So I decided to try and make it to the first service station and get some gas. Then I figured I'd better head for home. I had gone quite a way for my first trip anyway.

Two or three miles farther on I drove up to a gas pump. At least I knew which pedal to step on hard to stop the car by now. I got out to stretch my legs.

"$2.00 worth," I said to the attendant. After all I didn't want to spend all of my $5. I just could have an emergency before I got home.

"You're riding pretty low behind," he commented. He sure had his nerve saying a thing like that.I didn't even know him.

"Want me to check vour oil and water?" he asked as he cleaned the windshield.

"No thanks!" I snapped at him. I'd had a check-up at Dr. Reads two weeks before, but I didn't tell him that. I wished that my husband was there to put him in his place.

"We have the agency for plastic seat covers," he said.

That did it. I was sure he was looking at my patched jeans when he said that.

"I wouldn't get any from you if mine were falling off," I retorted, as I walked over to my car.

Just then a big shiny cadillac pulled up behind me for gas. The driver started blowing his horn. Gee, I was popular today. I hadn't had so much attention paid to me for a long time.

He looked like some wealthy American big shot with his stiff white shirt and bow tie, and puffing on a great big cigar.

I got into my convertable and put on some fresh lipstick and combed my hair a bit. May as well give a good old Canadian impression too. But he just kept on blowing his horn. So I got out and introduced myself, but all he said was, "Get that blankety-blank car out of my way!"

"All right, all right," I yelled back at him. "Keep your stuffed shirt on." I got back in my car and started the motor.

Let's see now - I figured on going home, so that meant I'd have to put that little leaver in "R" for return.

The motor quit, so I tried it again, and this time I really stepped on the gas pedal.

I'm still not too sure what happened, but I sure got a jolt, and then the guy in the stiff shirt was out of his car and waving his arms around and jumping up and down on his cigar, and calling me names I've never heard before.

"What a fuss!" I don't know why he was so upset. The only things wrong that I could see was he had two broken headlights and his grill was all pushed in and his hood was up and sideways. But then, it was rather hard for me to see because my trunk lid was up and my two back fenders were up against the back tires.

Then a wonderful thing happened, and just in time too. Another one of those nice guys from the masquerade party with the blinking red light on his car came to my rescue.

First, he got that stupid Big Shot calmed down a bit, then he came and talked to me.

The first thing that he asked for was my license. I decided right then that it must be something that you had to have to belong to the club that he belong to.

He said, "You must have one!" and I said I didn't, so just to prove my point I dumped everything out of my purse. His eyes got bigger and bigger. I didn't see anything odd about my collection. All I had was a brush and comb, lipstick, bottle of perfume, one glove that I'd lost the mate to, a key ring full of keys that didn't fit anything, a 1970 calender from George Gray's drug store, some out dated

Snow Queen tickets, a grocery list, a Calgary Power bill, some knitting instructions for men's socks, a blouse pattern, eight post cards, three letters from my husband, and a collar and leash for my Cocker Spanial.

He just shook his head and asked me for my full name and address and telephone number. Then, Bless his heart, he gave me an invitation to their masquerade party too. It was for the day following and other invitation. "Wasn't I lucky to get asked out so often?"

By now there was quite a crowd gathered around. Old Big shot was still raving, and his story was growing every time he told it. A small truck with a crane affair was hitching onto the front of his car and holding it up off the ground.

I didn't wait to see him leave. I knew that it would be almost dark by the time I got home. I decided I 'd better put the little arrow at "D". That's where I had it before and seemed O.K. Maybe "D" was for daylight and not dark.

Somehow that beautiful red convertable didn't sound as good as it did when 'I started out that morning. Maybe it was because the crumpled back end was rubbing on the tires and the trunk lid was flopping up and down.

Actually it felt good to get home on familiar ground again. I realize that it's going to take a lot of hammering to fix up our friend's car. And I suppose I'll have to rely on my friends again to take me to those two parties next week. I wonder if those two nice fellows that I met will be there? I'm sure that I'm going to have a wonderful time.

There won't be time to make a costume. I have an old steamer trunk in the basement with some old costumes in it, I wonder which one I should wear.

There was a time when the Rod MacLeod's owned the Red and White store in Cremona. Mrs. MacLeod was up in the attic, (for some reason or other) stepping from the rafter to rafter when she fell through the ceiling into the store, landing on a rack of dresses. She was not hurt, but was very embarrassed and the only thing damaged was her pride.

Ortons' cafe at one time in the early years, caught fire and as there was a shortage of water, the first though of something wet was the "pot" under the bed. It happened to be full at the time, so it was thrown on the fire. It was laughingly said that this was the only thing that stopped the fire.

If you lived just east of Cremona a few years ago, it was possible for one family to get their mail in Cremona, be on the Carstairs telephone line, their child on the Byron bus route, and also be on the Garfield baseball team all at the same time.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

By: Erma Bombeck

When I was a child I didn't know that snow contained residue from nuclear testing....so I ate it.

When I was a child I didn't know that red cherries in fruit cake contained red dye No. 2....so I stuffed myself.

When I was a child I didn't know live trees were a fire hazard, so I covered them with bright lights and watched them for hours.

When I was a child I didn't know I had to post my letter three weeks in advance to insure delivery before Christmas, so I just addressed it to Santa Claus on Christmas Eve and dropped it into a mailbox with no postage.

When I was a child I didn't know people were afraid to open doors at night to anyone, so I went carolling in the snow and got cookies and thanks for my effort.

When I was a child I didn't know you have to have a license for your new bicycle and couldn't leave it on the lawn for a minute without having it ripped off, so I rode it around the neighbourhood and left it in the middle of the sidewalk when I visited my friends.

When I was a child I didn't know Santa Claus was a barbarous apparition that demoralized children, with disillusioning prophesy .... so I believed.

When I was a child I didn't know apples from trees contained insecticides that could harm me, so I plucked them from the limbs and sunk my teeth into them while the juices ran down my chin.

When I was a child I didn't know the word "God" in school was a violation of rights, so we read the passage of the Chirstmas story from St. Luke and everyone listened even if they didn't believe.

When I was young I didn't know my broomstick horse was a hazard, or my dolly had inflammable hair, or my top contained toxic paint, so I rode them, rocked them, and spun them and was filled with joy.

I never knew when I was young that Chirstmas could be hazardous to your health, so I basked in the excitement and wonderment of it all.

How sad to grow up.

***

There was a farmer in the Garfield area who poisoned the gophers on his land and always hung the pail and remaining contents in the house on the wall, near the stove until he used it the next time. On one occasion the pail leaked on the stove, where his porridge was cooking. He, being a thrifty man, never throwing anything out, ate the porridge and became terribly sick. The neighbors called the Dr. and then began feeding him warm milk to counteract the poison. When the Dr. arrived the man was out plowing. He was very annoyed someone had called the Dr. and would not pay the Dr. for coming out.

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Remember the early mail man on the rural route who liked moonshine and was seen draining the water off the radiator to mix with the alcohol, then he continued on his way with the mail.

WHAT IS A GRANDMOTHER?

Immediately following the arrival of a grandchild, there comes the much talked about creatures called grandmothers. Grandmothers come in assorted colors, grey brown, grey black, platinum grey or just plain grey. All grandmothers have one creed in common, to spend every moment of every hour, of every day bringing up your children. In this respect they are very much like the mother-in-law.

Grandmothers are found everywhere - in reducing salons - bargain basements - in the middle of the family argument - at bridge parties - shopping centres - either living too close or too far from your home - in beauty salons and in your hair. A grandmother is a master chef without a cook book - dignity with a wet diaper in hand - a child psychologist with a hair brush - a babysitter who is content to sit and knit without turning your living room into a dance hall.

A grandmother is a composite of many things - the curiosity of a new next door neighbor - the suspicion of an investigating federal agent, and the temper of an Army Regimental Sergent Major. She likes gossip - youth packs - soap operas - mink coats - tea parties - babies and younger

men. She hates corsets - being over 40 - housework - grey hairs - grandfathers who smoke cigars - keeping a diet - her friend's hats - vitamin pills and her husband's secretary. Nobody can be so late for so many appointments, or can spend as much time tweezing - plucking, vibrating-combing-brushing-polishing-rubbing on and rubbing off - touching up and still come out looking very much like she did before.

It is said that grandmothers have owned every low mileage automobile in the used car lots of North America. She is your family advisor - someone's mother-in-law, your finance company - baby sitter - your-do-it-yourself kit and last but not least your mother. Grandmothers prefer that warmly intimate gift, a portrait of your children.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit -
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out
Don't give up though the pace seems slow
You may succeed another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the straggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup
And he learned too late when the night came down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you can never tell how close
It may be near when it seems afar:
So stick to the fight when you are hardest hit-
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Anon

THE PRAYER OF A REALIST

Author Unknown

Lord, Thou knowest I am growing older,
Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject.
Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.
Keep me from the recital of endless detail. Give me wings to get to the point.
Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains.
They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.
Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful but not nosy, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it does seem a pity not to use it all.
But Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

A certain store owner in the district had a little old lady who always did her shopping at his store. This little old lady had very, very thin legs and he remarked one day, to his helper, a young man, of her "canary legs". The next time the little old lady arrived at the store she ordered oyster shell for her chickens. The store helper said to the young clerk, "Oyster shell for canary legs". The young man looked at the little old lady, then down to her spindly legs and broke out with laughter.

The little old lady never knew what was so funny and this remained a "store" joke for some time.

LETTERS TO MY FIVE CHILDREN

By: Alice Whitlow

Dear First Born: I've always loved you best because you were our first miracle. You were the genesis of young love. You sustained us through the hamburger years, our first home (furnished with Early Poverty), our first car, and the TV we paid on for 36 months.

You were new and had 2 sets of grandparents and a great grandfather, and enough clothes for a set of triplets. You got the baby foods, the new toys and all the attention of a newborn. You were the first in nearly everything. The first to bring the dandelion bouquet, to go to school, join the Explorers, to Graduate, to leave home for a job, to get married and the first to bring us grandchildren. You wore the dresses, the hair rollers, the mini skirts and you could always make something from nothing.

Without you we would not have learned about colic, joys of spagetti eating, ear piercing, dating, door slamming, Students Union books don't always balance, or had anyone to bring measles, chicken pox or mumps home to the rest of the family.

You were the beginning.

Dear Second Born: I've always loved you best because you were to be our only son. You got the 3 hr naps, the cowboy boots, your own room, to drive the truck and tractor and managed to wear most of the mud on our farm.

You joined cubs, played baseball, tackle football, snowmobile raced, and never broke a bone. You got the natural curly hair, the first car, the mustache and you grew to be the tallest.

Through you we learned the sight of an empty fridge, that catsup goes on everything, the sound of a motor bike, the roar of a motor with the muffler off at 2 a.m. and that boys need more sleep than girls.

Without you we could never have understood a generation where boys wore long hair, the tape deck craze, that hamburgers could be eaten three times a day without ill effects, that one body could contain so much energy, and somehow you always brought home the prettiest girls for supper.

Dear Third Born: I've always loved you best because you cried less, had more patience and was content to wear faded hand me downs. You were the one we relaxed with and realized a dog could kiss you and you wouldn't get sick. You were old enough to cross the street by yourself long before you were old enough to get married.

You got the eye glasses, the best grades in school and the worst writing, the practice home hair cuts, and worked the hardest to ride a bicycle.

Through you we learned, turnips should not be fed to children, girls played with guns, liked blue jeans and shirts, floor hockey and listening to hockey games with their Dads. That girls could play baseball and still wear a long dress with style. No one fell more times on the baseball court or cheered more for a team sport.

You helped us understand that the world wouldn't collapse if the dishes weren't done, if a girl didn't wear a

dress, that a sense of humor was important and that a precious moment in one's life could be captured forever on a Canon camera.

Dear Fourth Born: I've always loved you best because you drew a tough spot in our family and it made you stronger for it. You readily accepted the milk stained bibs, the lower bunk, the used skates, the cracked baseball bat, the broken arm, the toncillectomy, and the straight hair. You were the quietest and the most practical.

Through you we learned that good things come in small packages, neatness is a must, that the neighbors do raise nice boys, that you have a heart as big as a house, that money is only second and a friend is a valued possession, that determination could get you through grade 12, camping was fun and that Skunk Hollow does exist.

You were the child of our busy, ambitious years, without you we never could have survived the routine that is marriage.

Dear Fifth Born: I 've always loved you best because you were our last baby and our only blonde. You never in your life did anything first. You got the baby book that had nothing written in except a recipe for graham cracker pie crust someone jammed between the pages, the broken wax crayons and the coloring books already colored, the broken toys, the beat up crib, and the loudest voice.

Through you we learned an alergy is not always fatal, one could actually plan their life over the telephone, that bedrooms are not always clean, lunch kits are out and bags are in, that modern radios have only C.K.X.L, that money is for spending and anything on sale is not worth buying. You could crochet or draw fashion girls without even trying.

You are our last to get a drivers license, catch the school bus, to graduate, to sew for and the last to yell at.

Without you we could not have survived our 40's and know parents need only 5 hours of sleep nightly anyway, that a mother can actually (for 5 children in 20 school years) make a total of 10,000 lunches and still enjoy a sandwich, that it takes 3 patterns to make one outfit.

To all of you, you are the link with our past, a reason for tomorrow. You quicken our steps, square our shoulders, restore our vision, and give us a sense of humor that security and maturity can't provide.

Love Mom

HOW TO RUIN YOUR CHILDREN

Author Unknown

1. Begin with infancy to give the child everything he wants. In this way he will grow to believe the world owes him a living.
2. When he picks up bad words, laugh at him. This will make him think he's cute. It will also encourage him to pick up "cuter" phrases that blow off the top of your head later.
3. Avoid the use of the word "wrong". It may develop a guilt complex. This will condition him to believe later, when he is arrested for stealing a car, that society is against him and he is being persecuted.
4. Pick up everything he leaves lying around, books, shoes and clothes. Do everything for him so he will be experienced in throwing the responsiblity on others.
5. Quarrel frequently in the presence of your children. In this way they will not be too shocked when the home is broken up later.
6. Give the child all the spending money he wants. Never let him earn his own. Why should he have things as tough as you had them.
7. Satisfy his every craving for food, drink and comfort. See that every sensual desire is gratified. Denial may lead to harmful frustration.
8. Take his part against neighbors, policemen and teachers. They are all prejudiced against your child.
9. When he gets into real trouble apologize for yourself by saying "I never could do anything with him."
10. Prepare for a life of grief. You will be likely to have it.

Alice Whitlow

OH MAMA

By: M. Noreen Olson
April 6, 1974

When I was a child
Mama would say
"Will fifteen or twenty of you
Get out of my way?"
And I'd think
Oh Mama--
Seven kids are bad enough
And the situation 's plenty tough
Without inventing an extra ten.
When I have a family, well then
I'll speak so sweetly and softly too,
I'll never get tired the way you do,
My patience will be the patience of ten,
When I have babies, well then.

When I was a child
Mama would say
"I can't stand this another day"
And I'd think
Oh Mama--
That doesn't make any sense, you know,
Who asked you to stand, sit down, or go?
When my kids commit some dreadful wrong
I'll be so gentle, yet brave and strong.
I'll never resort to such unfair tactics
I'll never fall back on phony dramatics,
When I have children, well then.

When I was a girl
Mama would say
"Put that book down and get in here this minute,
your room is a holy mess!"
And I'd think
Oh Mama--
What in the world is a holy mess?
When a bunch of angels eat spagetti, I guess.
When I have kids, I'll clean their room,
And I'll let them read and ride, and dream,
I'll given them time, freedom and space,
They'll probably save the human race.
Because their spirits will soar, unhampered, free
They won't be tethered to Earth like me,
When I have a family, then.

Well, I have my babies,
I've only three--
not even half of Mom's family--
And I've gas, lights and water in any amount,
A cozy home, car and a chequing account.
Compared to Mom, I've a life of ease,
Raising the kids should be a breeze,
But I keep hearing a voice
And I think it's mine, it's repeating a
Very familiar line, "Will fifteen or twenty..."
I've heard that before, "I can't stand this ..."
That's not new, either, Mom's Holy mess is my Gawd awful
But "put that book down"
Came through unaltered.
And I think

Oh Mama--
You said "honey" and "sweetheart"
And "I'll fix it for you"
And "God bless you, darling,"
Love always came through.
You said "Biscuits are ready"
And "Thank God, here comes Glen"
You worried girls into women
You nagged boys into men
When I have a family? Well, now I know
No childs life can be lived in a dull, rosy glow
And often, often I think
When I'm tucking mine in
I hope I'm the mama
My mother has been.

THE MEANEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD

By: Pat Kamitomo

I had the meanest mother in the world. While other kids had candy for breakfast, I had to eat cereal, eggs and toast. While other kids had cokes and candy for lunch, I had a sandwich. As you can guess, my dinner was different from other kids' dinners, too.

My mother insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang or something. She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing.

I am ashamed to admit it, but she actually had the nerve to break the child labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds and learn how to cook. That woman must have stayed awake nights thinking up things for us kids to do. And she always insisted that we tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

By the time we were teenagers, she was much wiser and our life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the car horn for us to come running; she embarrassed us to no end by insisting the boys came to the door to get us.

I forgot to mention that most of our friends were allowed to date at the mature age of 12 and 13, but our old fashioned mother refused to let us date until we were 15. She really raised a bunch of squares. None of us was ever arrested for shoplifting, or busted for dope. And who do we thank for this? You're right, our mean mother.

I am trying to raise my children to stand a little straighter and taller and I am secretly tickled to pieces when my children call me mean. I thank God for giving me the meanest mother in the world. Our country doesn't need a good five-cent cigar. It needs more mean mothers like mine.

Author unknown

YOUR NAME

Mary Thomson

You got it from your father,
It was all he had to give
So its yours to use and cherish
For as long as you may live.
If you lose the watch he gave you,
It can always be replaced
But a black mark on your name son,
Can never be erased.
It was clean the day you took it,
And a worthy name to bear
When he got it from his father,
There was no dishonor there.
So make sure you guard it wisely,
After all is said and done,
You'll be glad you're name is spotless,
When you give it to your son.

Author unknown

The real happy feeling
That warm, friendly glow
Comes from greeting the people
We're happy to know

PICK THESE FOR GIFTS

Derald, Irene Pederson & family

To your enemy, forgiveness -
To your opponent, tolerance -
To a friend, your heart -
To a customer, service -
To yourself, respect.

CHILDREN

By: Kahil Gibran,

Your children are not your children
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself
They come THROUGH you, but not FROM you,
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you,
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts,
You may house their bodies, but not their souls,
Their souls dwell in the house of Tomorrow, which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams,
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you
Life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

Alice Whitlow

BABIES AND KITTENS

There were two kittens, a black and a grey
And grandma said with a frown:
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we had better drown."

"Don't cry my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten is enough to keep,
Now run to nurse for 'tis growing late"
And time your were fast asleep.

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap,
The nurse said, "Go in mamma's room,
And look in Grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandma with a smile,
From the rocking chair, where she sat,
"God had sent you two little sisters,
What do you think of that?,,

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads, yellow and brown
And then to grandma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

From a book dated 1891.

EXCERPTS FROM PLACER MINING REGULATIONS

Relating to the Staking of Claims under such regulations.

Sec. 1

(In those regulations unless the context otherwise requires)

"Base line" means a straight line or a succession of straight lines run by an Alberta Land Surveyor under proper instructions along the valley of a creek, and following the centre of such valley as far as its sinuosities can be made to conform to a straight line or a succession of straight lines, to be used as a base from which the boun-

daries of placer mining claims on such creek may be defined.

"Claim" means any parcel of land located or granted for placer mining, and 'mining property' includes, besides claims, all other things belonging thereto or used in the working thereof for mining purposes.

"Creek" means and includes all natural watercourses, whether usually containing water or not; but does not include streams having an average general width of one hundred feet at the low-water stage thereof.

"Legal post" means a stake having a diameter throughout of not less than five inches, standing not less than four feet above the ground and flatted on two sides for at least one foot from the top, each of the sides so flatted measuring at least four inches across the face, and includes also any stump or tree cut off and flatted or faced to the aforesaid height and size.

"Mine" means any natural stratum or bed of earth, soil, gravel or cement, mined for gold or other precious minerals or stones.

"Mining" or "Placer mining" includes every mode and method of working whatsoever whereby earth, soil, gravel, or cement may be removed, washed, sifted, or refined, or otherwise dealt with for the purpose of obtaining gold, or other precious minerals, or stones, but does not include the working of rock in place.

"River" means a stream of water having an average general width of at least 100 feet at the low water stage thereof.

Size, Form, Etc., of Claims

Sec. 12

Claims shall be designated creek claims, river claims, and inland claims, that is claims situated elsewhere than on a creek or river.

Sec. 13

(a) A creek claim shall not exceed 500 feet in length, measured along the base line of the creek, established or to be established by a government survey.

(b) Every creek claim shall be as nearly as possible rectangular in form, and shall be marked by two legal posts firmly fixed in the ground on the base line at each end of the claim. In the event of the base line not being established the claim may be staked along the general direction of the valley of the creek, but in such case, when the base line is established, the boundaries thereby defined shall be conformed to.

Sec. 14

The rear boundaries of the claim shall be parallel to the base line and shall be defined by measuring 1,000 feet on each side of such base line, so that the claim shall include the bed of the creek and a tract extending for 1,000 feet on each side of the base line thereof.

Sec. 15.

The official survey which establishes the base line of a creek shall, at the same time, establish the side lines of claims located on the creek, and shall be a final determination of the location of such base line and side lines.

Sec. 16.

A river claim shall be situated on one side of the river only, and shall not exceed 1,000 feet in length, measured in the general direction of the river. The rear boundary of the claim which runs in the general direction of the river, shall be defined by measuring 1,000 feet from low-water mark of the river.

Sec. 17.

Every river claim shall be as nearly as possible rectangular in form, and shall be marked by two legal posts firmly fixed in the ground at each end of the claim on the margin of the river.

Sec. 18.

(1) Inland claims, that is claims situated elsewhere than on a creek or river, shall not exceed 1,000 feet in length by 1,000 feet in breadth.

(2) If such claims, however, front towards a creek or river they shall be staked as nearly as possible in the general direction of the valley of the creek or river towards which they front.

Sec. 19

Inland claims shall be as nearly as possible rectangular in form, and shall be marked by two legal posts firmly fixed in the ground in a line parallel to, and on the side nearest to the creek or river towards which they may front.

Sec. 20

All claims shall be measured horizontally irrespective of inequalities on the surface of the ground.

Sec. 21

The line between the two posts shall be well cut out so that one post may, if the nature of the surface will permit, be seen from the other.

Sec. 22

One of the flatted sides of each post shall face the claim, and on each post shall be written on the side facing the claim a legible notice stating the name or number of the claim, or both, if possible, its length in feet, the date when staked, and the full Christian and surname of the locator.

Sec. 23.

The posts shall be No. 1 and No. 2 respectively, and it shall not be lawful to move them except that No. 2 may be moved by an Alberta Land Surveyor, if the distance between the posts exceeds the length prescribed by these regulations, but not otherwise.

Sec. 24.

Notwithstanding anything herein contained, failure on the part of the locator of a claim to comply with any of the foregoing provisions, shall not be deemed to invalidate his location, if, upon the facts, it appears to the satisfaction of the Mining Recorder that there has been on the part of the locator a bona fide attempt to comply with the provisions of these regulations, and that the non-observance of the formalities hereinbefore referred to is not of a character calculated to mislead other persons desiring to locate claims in the vicinity.

Sec. 25

(a) Any person or party of persons locating under these regulations the first creek claim on any stream or watercourse, or locating a creek claim on any stream upon which there is no recorded claim, shall be entitled to a claim or claims respectively of the following size, namely:

One locator, one claim, 1,500 feet in length.

A party of two locators, two claims, each 1,250 feet in length.

A party of more than two locators, two claims, each 1,000 feet in length, and for each member of the party beyond two, a claim of the ordinary size only.

(b) Any person or party of persons locating under these regulations the first river or inland claim on any river, hill, bench, bar or plain, or locating such a claim on any river, hill, bench, bar or plain upon which there is no recorded claim, shall be entitled to a claim or claims respectively of the following size, namely:

One locator, one claim, 3,000 feet in length.

A party of two locators, two claims, each 2,500 feet in length.

A party of more than two locators, two claims, each 2,000 feet in length, and for each member of the party beyond two a claim of the ordinary size only.

Sec. 26.

The boundaries of any claim for which a grant has been issued may, by order of the Mining Recorder, upon application by the owner thereof, be enlarged to the size of the claim allowed by these regulations, if such enlargement will not interfere with any mining property owned by any other person.

Sec. 28

(1) An application for a grant of a claim shall be filed with the Mining Recorder within ten days after the location thereof, if it is located within ten miles of the Mining Recorder's Office.

(2) One extra day shall be allowed for every additional ten miles or fraction thereof.

Sec. 36.

Any person having recorded a claim shall not have the right to locate another claim within the valley or basin of the same creek or river within sixty days of the date on which he has located the recorded claim.

WATER RESOURCES OFFICE File: 365 A.

ALBERTA

EDMONTON, ALBERTA
October 31, 1933.

W. E. Blain, Esq.,
M. R. #1,
Didsbury, Alta.

Dear Sir:-

I am in receipt of your letter of the twenty-seventh instant, asking for permission to divert water from a spring located on placer mining claim, Grant No. 17. You do not state the location by township and range, but I am presuming it is the same spring as that upon which we have received other applications recently, viz: in township 30, range 8, West of the fifth meridian.

A form of application is enclosed herewith which you must complete in ink, as indicated in pencil, date, sign and return to this office.

If I am correct in my presumption that this spring creek is in the above mentioned location, it will be necessary for you to also obtain a permit from the Director of Forestry, as it lies within a Provincial Forestry Reserve.

Yours truly,

L. C. Charlesworth,
Director of Water Resources.

EJS MH

Dominion Lands Office

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA OCT 13 1933 LANDS AGENCY CALGARY

Inland Claim

Placer Claim

This Claim is situated in unsurveyed territory which would be if surveyed in approximately Sec 27-30-8 W 5th

My No 1 Post is located 1000 feet south of No 2 post of discovery claim Ralph Jones

My No 2 Post is 1000 feet south of my No 1 Post

My No 1 Post bears the following inscription on the face

Post No 1
Wilfred Earl Blain
1000 feet South
1000 feet West (on the side of the post
Sept 30 1933

Post No 2
Wilfred Earl Blain
1000 feet North
1000 feet ~~West~~ East (on the side of the post
Sept 30 1933

Wilfred Earl Blain

Form 6

EP
C. 3516

GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA
DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND MINES

No 17

GRANT FOR PLACER MINING

No. 17

Calgary Agency, October 21, 1933

In consideration of the payment of $10.00, being the fee prescribed by Schedule D to the Placer Mining Regulations, by Wilfred Earl Blain of Didsbury, Alta., accompanying his for their application No. 965 F dated Oct. 13, 1933, for a mining claim in Unsurveyed territory which if surveyed would be about Township 30 Range 8 West 5th M.

the Minister of Lands and Mines hereby grants to the said Wilfred Earl Blain for a term of One (1) - - - - - - - - - - years from the date hereof, the exclusive right to the mining claim which has not been designated by name or number.

for the sole the working thereof, and the exclusive right to all the proceeds realized therefrom, subject to the reservation by the Crown of royalty on the products of the location.

This grant does not convey to the said Wilfred Earl Blain any right to the surface covered by the said claim, and the said grant shall lapse and be forfeited unless the provisions of Section 18 of the Placer Mining Regulations are strictly complied with.

The rights hereby granted are those laid down in the said regulations and are made subject to all the provisions of the said regulations, whether they are expressed herein or not.

Mining Recorder

P.A.B., Alta. -- Sample No. 1 is a small piece of hematite (iron oxide) which is of value as an ore of iron only when found in very large deposits and of good grain. Sample No. 2 is another variety of hematite. Sample No. 3 is a chert (form of silica) No. 4 is a chert. No. 5 is a sand composed of quartz, hematite and chert; an assay of a larger quantity would be necessary to determine whether any gold is present.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MACONOCHIE FAMILY, JUNE 1978

By: Gwen Earle

(Rev. J.J. Maconochie served the Cremona Missionary Church from 1967 - 1978.

For eleven years our church has been blessed
By a paster and family doing their best.
Each one working and doing his part
Has won deep affection in everyone's heart.

Bev. went through school and to Bible College
Then chose to marry instead of aquiring more knowledge.
At music or sewing - a competent girl
In Sunday School or hospital she'll give it a whirl.

James and Berwyn came here as two little boys
We've watched them grow with typical noise
At school and at hockey their interest is keen
And delivering papers they're regularly seen.

Chores ne'er neglected inside nor out
They are very well trained without doubt.
A dog was won in a contest one day,
And as all boys need a pet - Dad let him stay!

A pastor we know has a hard job to do
Preaching each Sunday and visiting too
A dedicated man - a true servant is he
Proving his faithfulness, as it ought to be.

Jean is an excellent pastor's wife
Inspite of church duties, ne'er neglects home life
Superintendent and music and classes and all
And for meetings and work-bees she's always on call.

We're sorry you're leaving and we all want to say,
"Thank you, God bless you - every step of the way".
We know our loss will be Hoadley's gain,
And we'll never loose touch in Memory's Lane.

YOU DON'T LOVE ME!

By: Erma Bombeck

I loved you enough to bug you about where you were going, with whom and what time you would get home.

I loved you enough to insist you buy a bike with your own money.

I loved you enough to keep silent and let you discover your hand picked friend was a creep.

I loved you enough to make you return a Milky Way with a bite out of it to a drugstore and confess, "I stole this."

I loved you enough to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your bedroom, a job that would have taken me fifteen minutes.

I loved you enough to let you see anger, disappointment, disgust and tears in my eyes.

I loved you enough to ignore what "every other mother did."

I loved you enough to figure you would lie about a party being chaperoned, but forgive you for it - after discovering I was right.

I loved you enough to shove you off my lap, let go of your hand, be mute to your pleas, and insensitive to your dreams so that you had to stand alone.

I loved you enough to accept you for what you are, not what I wanted you to be.

But most of all I loved you enough to say no when you hated me for it. That was the hardest part of all.

Sharon and Garry Thompson & Family

LIFE'S SUCCESS

God made man with two ends
One to sit on and one to think with,
Our success in life depends
Upon the end we use the most,
Heads we win, Tails we loose.

LIFE

Sharon and Garry Thompson & family

Fate delights "to swing" at you.
Take it on the chin!
Love a little, laugh a little
Let the gladness in.

Why spend your time in sighing?
Think how fast the time is flying!
Every race is won by trying
Begin! Strive to win.

Though many miles apart
Our home may prove to be,
Yet in the recess of your heart,
Keep one kind thought of me.

Author Unknown

WHATEVER HAPPENED?

By: Avis Bellamy

I remember all the times,
that you and I had.
When I think about them,
it seems like they're real.
Then I wake up,
to find out that those times,
weren't really happening.
Now I feel lonely,
Right now I wonder,
whatever happened to you?
If you became someone famous,
or just a drunk roaming the streets.
I wish that you,
were by my side again
telling me if I'm right
or telling me if I'm wrong.
I don't know where you've gone to,
and I would really like to know.
So the next time I've had a bad time,
you'll be walking through my door.
Now I've found out what you did,
You became someone famous;
but in the wrong way, you didn't have to kill.

A GHOST STORY

By: Glen McNicol

Mrs. Ollie Gooch who could talk in an unknown tongue, died of pnemonia on the Gooch homestead. This land was later bought by the Duncan Ranch near the Banner School. This land was considered by the public to contain a ghost so kids from school often paid a visit to the old buildings to look.

Later a young man by the name of Harris Dofany was told by a cowboy about the ghost. The boys told him but he thought it a joke so took their bets stating he wasn't afraid to spend the night there alone. Off he went with 1 horse blanket and two 45 revolvers. He went to bed in a bunk in the corner and warned the boys no shinanigans or he meant to shoot. With a revolver on each side, real handy, he went to sleep. Along in the night, a noise woke him and he thought, "Here she is" so he slowly raised his head and seen two hands at the foot of the bed. Quietly grasping both revolvers, he let her have it. The next instant he discovered he had shot the toe next to the big toe off completely. Later Dofany came to work at Vandelinge where I was working. He told me of this experience in 1917, so I undressed his feet to see if his toe was missing and he was right. The scar was there to prove it.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL STAGES OF MAN

It seems when the creator was making the world, He called MAN aside and bestowed upon him 20 years of a normal sex life. Man was horrified: "Only 20 years?" But the creator didn't budge that is all he would grant him.

Then He called the monkey, and gave him 20 years, "But I don't need 20 years, said the monkey, "Ten is plenty."

Man spoke up and said, "Can't I have the other ten years?" The monkey agreed.

Then the creator called the lion and gave him 20 years. The lion said he only needed 10 years. Again the man asked, "Can't I have the other ten years?" "Of course," roared the lion.

Then came the donkey. He was given 20 years and like the others said 10 was all he needed. Man asked again for the spare 10 years and again received them.

This explains why man has 20 years of normal sex life, 10 years of monkeying around, 10 years of lion about it, and ten years of making an ass of himself.

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A COWMAN

1. A wide-brimmed hat, one pair of tight pants and $20 boots.
2. At least two head of livestock, preferably cattle - one male and one female.
3. A new air conditioned pickup with automatic transmission, power steering and a trailer hitch.
4. A gun rack for the rear window of the pickup, big enough to hold a walking stick and a rope.
5. Two dogs to ride in the bed of the pickup truck.
6. A $400 horse and $300 saddle.
7. A gooseneck trailer, small enough to park in front of the cafe.
8. A little place to keep the cows, on land too poor to grow crops.
9. A spool of barbed wire, 3 cedar posts and a bale of prairie hay to haul around in the truck all day.
10. Credit at the Bank.
11. Credit at the feed store.
12. Credit from your veterinarian.
14. A good neighbor to feed the dogs and cattle whenever the owner is away fishing or hunting, or in Calgary at the horse races.
14. A pair of silver spurs to wear at barbeques.
15. A rubber cushion to sit on for four hours at the auction ring every Friday.
16. A second hand car for going out to feed the cows when your wife borrows the pickup.
17. A good pocket knife, suitable for whittling to pass away the time at the sale barn.
18. A good wife who won't get upset when you walk across the living room carpet with manure on your boots.
19. A good wife who will believe you when you come in at 11:00 p.m. saying "I've been fixing the fence".
20. A good wife with a full time job teaching school.

Author unknown

THE PRICE OF A COW

Submitted by Bob Whitlow

The farmer had been taken so many times by the local car dealer that when the time came for the car dealer to buy a cow, the farmer priced it to him like this:

Basic cow	$200
Two-tone exterior	$41
Extra stomach	$71
Product storage compartment and dispensing device	$60
Four spigots at $10 ea	$40
Genuine cowhide upholstry	$125
Dual horns at $7.50 ea.	$15
Automatic fly swatter	$35

Total price - $587

In the early days at Garfield School the kids all took lunch kits to school and ate their lunches in the cloak rooms. One day the boys were using their heads to crack their boiled eggs. One lad, eager to join in, smashed his on his head and found the egg was raw.

Woman was created from the rib of man
Not from his head to be above him,
Nor from his feet to be walked upon,
But from his side to be equal,
Near his arm to be protected,
And close to his heart to be loved.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at least to him, one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save,
While your hoarded wealth expands,
Till the cold dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have your balance struck some night,
And you'll find your hoard reduced;
You'll view your life in another light,
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But Christ will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then as you wait for death to come
What hope can there be deduced
From creed alone? You will lie there numb
While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a Heaven or Hell,
And every wrong will find its place
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face-
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab"
And that chickens come home to roost.

From a book dated 1891

A SILVER KNIFE IN THE BUTTER

A story by Jan Truss, written for the local anthology Oct. 1978, Jan Truss is a Canadian author, novelist and playwright, whose home is in Water Valley.

BUT WHAT COULD I DO WITH MY FATHER'S ASHES? Surely he hated this place.

I stood on the top pasture with the small flat box in my hands. Here year after year we picked each springtime's heavy crop of new rocks - then we struggled against sopping summer rains to get in the featherweight hay from the thin acid earth. Featherweight ashes now. Dust searing my eyeballs. He had been such a poor thing of a farmer. A failure at everything. To my growing up he had been shame and embarrassment. Why couldn't he be a man like the others? Sure, he'd put on the jeans and the cowboy boots, and a battered brown stetson. I remember him like that on the top pasture and, in the wind, I hear his voice again among the old voices, see him listening, head cocked, gently asking, "Do you hear them? Women talking? Laughing?" Yes. yes. Impatiently I heard them. I heard the women's voices on the top pasture for I was a freak and a misfit too, hearing things, seeing things, knowing things. Many a time in the bush I'd met up with a thin

stranger in quality riding boots and a crushed Tyrolean hat - not belonging to these parts. I'd make to speak and he'd be gone, me standing there on the dead pineneedles unnerved and feeling ridiculous.

But then - we were ridiculous, we latecomers to this land. Laugh! How we made the oldtimers laugh! My crazy young father was no sooner demobilised from World War Two than he mortgaged his life for a quarter section in Water Valley because - well, because it was pretty with a clear view across forests to the Rockies! He came with his little city family, his quaint Officer courtesies, his funny British accent, and a book - HOW TO MAKE A LIVING OFF FIVE ACRES. Sad eh?

Blinded, suddenly protective, I could not spread my father's ashes, could not finally yield him to this alien land. Fanatically, I carried him like a guilt all that summer, driving with him beside me on the truck seat, or in the glove compartment, and at night I took him in and put him on the accounts desk with the books and things he'd once crated but never unpacked. I found the small crate, still with its shipping labels, EMPRESS OF ENGLAND, with the rest of his lifetime's junk in the attic. Now, on the accounts desk, there are books with his boy's name written in them. School prizes. Tales of the sea. Conrad. An Oxford Book of English Verse. Strategies of Greek and Roman Battles. A parchment of matriculation in nine subjects, among them French and Latin. I never knew! A few thick gramophone records, never unpacked. A war medal. For gallantry. Wrapped in tissue. I never knew!

He must have been a lonely man.

I thought he was a weakling, a phoney, a laugh. All his schemes failed; rabbits, turkeys, goats, pheasants, bantams - etc. etc. If he ever did do anything right, accidents meant for other people happened to him. Hail and high winds could pick out his crops for a private devastation, as could coyotes and cougars his cattle. Bears leaned on his stacks and moose shouldered his fences. He just didn't measure up to the locals. I ached for a father who grouped with the men and coped manfully with blizzards, bloat, ringworm, pulling calves and breaking horses, root cellars, killing, bleeding, and gutting and butchering - but he, he had my little London sparrow mother who was afraid to go out to the privy alone at night - he stood outside and waited. She, soon as her children were old enough and she was still young enough, she left, ran away with a guy who came in a good car selling religion and fancy Bibles. My sister was by then early layed and breeding in the custom of the place and times - to a man who made his name with a cross. And I was young married then - perhaps for a warm body to cling to at night for I had long memories of being cold, cold, a cold growing up, blankets icing stuck against the perishing walls of the house. My wife left me....so it was my father and I became free men, free of it all, neither knowing the potential of the other. Sad!

He must have been a disappointed man.

I did think of tossing his ashes casually out onto the dusty village. God only knows he'd been trodden on there often enough. Here in the village he'd had to witness the scenes of my poor glories; first the boy in short pants fighting to hide tears when the kids hurled rocks and catcalls - 'Go home Limey', then the bigger boy, freak behind thick lenses smashing the old school windows to prove a dare; then the bottleslinging adolescent winning I.Ps and boasting rapes - for the sake of belonging; then the man, full of cuss and flailing fists, shooting off the Mounties' cherries - for approbation. Big shot me!

My father, he came with his little city family and he left alone for the Okanagan. "It's pretty there - blossoms," he said.

If only he'd come back to know it wasn't all wasted - that I'd found my way, a way that would make sense for a gentleman dreamer and an English sparrow, make sense of it all - But he only came back ashes, a small flat box in the mail to his next of kin. A burden. A guilt all summer. If only -

Then - a Friday when the leaves had turned yellow, I'd picked up my mail from the lumberyard, stood a moment cynically watching the city roar in off the new highway for its wilderness weekend in Winnebagos in Water Valley, "Hey Man! You ever heard of the old Benson place?" a guy with a permed frizz yelled from a blue Cadillac. "Sure. Way back." "Can you tell us how to get there? My greatgrandmother here wants to take a last look. She grew up back there."

The little old girl sat perched on the back seat, twitchy and pert like a black capped chicadee. Beside the driver there were two other teen age types lollering, dipping into chips and playing the radio. I eyed the clean city car, and - I'd nothing to lose. "Best if you go through my place. Pretty rough. I'll drive you there," I offered.

At the end of the rough trail the kids said they'd sooner stay with the truck than go walking, so the old lady and I took off leaving them - and with my father in the glove compartment.

"Sixty years," she said, since she'd left. She walked eager and swift as a girl over anthills and hummocks, thorns of old roses pulling at the cloth of her grey coat while she searched for landmarks in her memory and chatted. She was now 88, the last one left of six daughters. "My poor father," she murmured, six dainty daughters when the times called for brawny sons." In the precise tongue of old lady I heard the ache of my own guilts. "He chose the place for the view," she fluttered her gloved hands like white petals towards the snow glinting Rockies and gave a staccto sad laugh. "My mother came with a chargecard from Wanamakers! They came from New York in 1910 with their little city family. Not so many trees then - so soon after the buffalo. "

On a hill we found the remains of the two storey home her father had built, rearing its weathered boards like some gaunt ghost to face the mountains. How humble it looked compared with the mansions a new wave of city folk are building among the trees on the cottage developments! My bright eyed little guide looked at the relic with her head on one side and a faraway smile, "My mother was a lady," she asserted. "She always kept a silver knife in the butter. I'm the last one left to remember. Yet, it seems only yesterday my sisters and I roamed these hills berrypicking," and she waved her arm to embrace the vast landscape. I thought I heard the old voices soft on the wind.

"Your father?" I asked, half knowing the answer. "Smelled of good leather," she said. "Always found a blue feather to wear in that funny squashed hat he wore. Something of a poet and a scholar," she smiled sadly.

"Was it wasted here?" I asked.

She paused, her gloves very white by a bright spray of ripe rose hips, then, with a profound smile as though she were telling me an answer, she said again softly and firmly, "My mother always kept a silver knife in the butter." When we returned to the greatgrandchildren, they were sullenly slumped in the cab, the radio rocking a heavy beat across the bush stillness. I thought uncomfortably of my father's ashes.

"Did you go exploring?" Greatgrandmother asked brightly. "You kidding?" one of them answered. "Why not?" she persued it. "Scared," one volunteered. "Of what?" she demanded. "Bears and things It's creepy here." The three kids eyed the land as if it were a snake pit and I felt something burst out of my anger, like love long withheld. A terrible protectiveness for my land, land of my father -

When I had seen them safely on their way towards the highway, I went again to the top pasture and I sifted my father's ashes into the long grasses where the Benson girls had once gathered wild strawberries, and I opened my heart to their voices. My father is in good company.

I shall open my windows wide and play my father's long neglected music to rise above the dusty road that brings in new venturing settlers from other cities. And, for that lady who came with a charge card from Wanamakers to Water Valley - I intend to keep a silver knife in the butter.

JUST FOR TODAY

JUST FOR TODAY I will try to live through this day only, and not tackle all my problems at once. I can do something for twelve hours that would apall me if I felt that I had to keep it up for a lifetime.
JUST FOR TODAY I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said, that "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."
JUST FOR TODAY I will adjust myself to what is, and not try to adjust everything to my own desires. I will take my "luck" as it comes, and fit myself to it.
JUST FOR TODAY I will try to strengthen my mind. I will study. I will learn something useful. I will not be a mental loafer. I will read something that requires effort, thought and concentration.
JUST FOR TODAY I will exercise my soul in three ways; I will do somebody a good turn, and not get found out, if anybody knows of it, it will not count. I will do at least two things I don't want to do - just for exercise. I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt; they may be hurt but today I will not show it.
JUST FOR TODAY I will be agreable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, keep my voice low, be courteous, criticize not one bit. I won't find fault with anything, nor try to improve or regulate anybody but myself.
JUST FOR TODAY I will have a program. I may not follow it exactly, but I will have it. I will save myself from two pests; hurry and indecision.
JUST FOR TODAY I will have a quiet half hour by myself, to relax. During this half hour, sometime I will try to get a perspective of my life.
JUST FOR TODAY I will be unafraid. Especially I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful, and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me.

Author unknown

Sammie Borton

I ASKED for health, that I might do greater things.
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.
I ASKED for riches, that I might be happy,
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.
I ASKED for power, that I might have praise for men.
I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God.
I ASKED for all things, that I might enjoy life.
I was given life that I might enjoy all things.
I got nothing I asked for - but everything I hoped for.
Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered.
I am among all men most richly blessed.

Author unknown

Hilda Frizzell

TOMORROW'S OPPORTUNITY

If we might have a second chance
To live the days once more,
And rectify mistakes we've made
To even up the score.
If we might have a second chance
To use the knowledge gained,

Perhaps we might become at last
As fine as God ordained.
But though we can't retrace our steps,
However stands the score,
Tomorrow brings another chance
For us to try once more.

Unknown

MEDITATION

By: Gwen Bird

We each should have a refuge, where from real life we can hide
Where we can dream and be alone, and with our thoughts abide,
For me it's our family album, where I live in a world apart
With loved ones on the stage of life, reacting in my heart
My favorite chair, one precious hour, and memories by the score
From infancy to my present age, I live again and more
Oblivous to the space of time, I see them all again
The busy years, the hard times, they were not spent in vain
I turn the pages slowly, each holds a spell so dear
For the loved ones who have left us, I shed a silent tear
My parents with their offspring, how I idolized them so
The star performers on my stage, directing ways to go
My childhood days, when time stood still, and no one ever grew old
How different now in my adult life, too quick the years unfold
Another page, first day at school, first venture on my own
My classmates and the lasting bond that through the years has grown
Our graduation pictures, when we thought we knew it all
Trusting and n'er suspecting that pride could take a fall
Pals scattered now throughout the world pursuing private goals
Some recognized by worldly fame, but most with lesser roles
My wedding day when stars and dreams were there to reach and hold
Those pictures bring back memories more precious now than gold
Another page, our children three, all poised in childish pose
And step by step the pictures tell 'till adults they disclose
More wedding groups, there's three I see, our family on their own
There's hubby and I alone again, and that's our dear old home
Another page, grandchildren eight, this page I couldn't miss
I lift the book, and misty eyed, I give each one a kiss
The final page, my curtain falls, today's new stage unfolds
I must return from my world of dreams, so priceless and so old
I have lived a lifetime in one brief hour, all cares are washed away.
Refreshed I rise and resume the role of the part I play today.

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER

Helen Whitlow

Our Gracious and Heavenly Father, we pause in the midst of this festive occasion, mindful of the many blessings You've bestowed upon us.
We ask, Lord, that You be with us in this arena as we pray and you will guide us in life's arena.
We don't ask You for any special favors. We don't ask to always draw around a chute fighting horse, or to never break a barrier.
Nor do we ask for all daylight runs, or not to draw a steer that won't lay.
Just help us, Lord, so we may live our lives in such a manner that when we make that last ride that it is inevitable to the country up there,
Where the grass grows lush, green and stirrup high, and the water runs cool, clear and deep,
That you will tell us,as our last Judge, that our entry fees are paid.

Amen
Author Unknown