

THE SEATTER FAMILY

GEORGE and CAROLINA SEATER

GEORGE was born in 1858 at Westray, Orkney Islands, Scotland. In 1880 or 81, he immigrated to Manitoba to join his sister, Betsy, who had come as a nanny and then met and married Niels Nielsen. All moved west in 1883 to the York Settlement, North West Territories. George filed a homestead on SE1/4 16-26-4 and Nielsen on the NE1/4. Log houses and sod barns were built and with plow and oxen they began to break land in the clear areas of their bushy homesteads.

During the Riel Rebellion, the settlers moved into a stockade, leaving all their furniture and possessions. They returned when fighting ended to find nothing touched. A marker now stands on Highway #9 where the stockade was.

The "Family Herald" was a popular newspaper and George won a sideboard in a competition about 1887. The railroad only came as far as Whitewood, so he had to drive his oxen there to pick up his prize. The sideboard still remains in the family.

The round trip to Whitewood took several days and was usually made by two or three settlers together. During the '80's all of their groceries and other supplies had to be picked up there. The trail from Yorkton to Theodore went past George's log house. Many settlers would stop and ask to spend the night, so many that it got to be too much and George finally moved the trail!



George & Carolina (Erichsen) Seatter with Betty (Dodds) Menzies

CAROLINA (Lena) ERICHSEN was born in 1861 at Aarhus, Denmark. In the early 1880's her father Niels and brother Carl immigrated to Manitoba. They were carpenters and stone masons by trade and in a few years sent money for Niels' wife and three daughters to join them. The family moved to Theodore about 1886. Niels and Carl worked with Niels Nielsen building bridges and stone buildings. In 1894 they joined with many in the community to build the Orkney Church and later the School.

Theodore saw its first wedding mid October 1896, when George and Carolina Seatter were married. It was a beautiful fall and the community threshing was done after the wedding. Lena had been a dressmaker in Denmark and brought her talent and experience with her. She worked in the communities where she lived and after she was married she became well known for her quilting and was always in demand at community quilting bees.

When Lena came from Denmark she brought a wooden trunk that had belonged to her grandmother. Shortly after arriving in Manitoba the house her family lived in caught fire. Lena, although ill, managed to pull the full, heavy trunk out of the house - the only thing saved. The trunk was constructed with wooden pegs but decorative metal bands were put on for extra strength for the trip to Canada. It has recently been restored by her grandson and still remains on the homestead!

George and Lena had three daughters - FRANCES, CAROLINA (Tulla) and GEORGINA, who died at age two. Lena's parents moved in with the Seatters in 1898 and in 1906 a two-story lumber house was built by George and Niels. A great change from the original log house, even with its additions!

George was a quiet man who liked to read and who took a great interest in his community. He was elected to the Board of Trustees of the Orkney School in the early years and held the position for 38 years!

Frances and Tulla were Orkney School graduates. Tulla married Jock Rennie and farmed just west of Yorkton. They had two children, Margaret and Walter. Frances took her high schooling in Yorkton and then went to Normal School in Saskatoon in 1919. She taught at Reaman School and then married Stewart Dodds in 1922.

STEWART and FRANCES (Seatter) DODDS

STEWART was born in 1887 at Selkirk, Scotland where his father was head gardener on a large estate. By thirteen his parents had died and he started an apprenticeship at a groceryshop where he lived and was paid twelve cents a week.

In the spring of 1906 Stewart immigrated to Canada, arriving in Yorkton that fall. After a winter of cutting wood in the cold and waist deep snow for Dave Fergus, he was ready to return to Scotland but did not have enough money for the fare. Stewart worked for Frank Reaman, Gleason's and John Patterson, doing general farm work for several years. In 1913 he purchased a team of horses from Reaman for \$430.00. That year his brother Sam arrived and they rented land at Foam Lake and later bought 3/4 of section seven from Pete Rousay.

April 6, 1922 Stewart married FRANCES SEATTER and they rented Lairg farm. They moved to the Scatter homestead in 1924.

Both Stewart and Frances were very active in the Wheat Pool, Co-op and Credit Union. Stewart was a member of the Wheat Pool and served on committees for many years. In 1943 they helped organize the Yorkton Credit Union. Frances was the first president and later an employee for ten years, retiring in 1968. Stewart served as a director for many of the early years.

Always interested in education, Frances was a trustee of the Orkney School Board for several years after her father retired. She also did much work with the girls in Homecraft Clubs. In 1955 she went back teaching, for a year at Orkney School and then a few years at Clyde and Rocky Dell Schools. Frances was active in the Women's Co-op Guild and a Director of the Yorkton Fairboard, taking special interest in the school work division and later the fancy work. She was presented with a life membership for her 35 years of service.

Stewart loved his garden and was proud of his straight, weedless rows and especially of his beautiful tomatoes. He enjoyed picking berries and had the happy knack of returning with the very best and biggest berries on the top of the pail. Frances did her part by cleaning and preserving. The cellar was always full of good food for the winter and spring.

Stewart and Frances had four children, all of whom attended Orkney School for at least part of their education.



**Stewart & Frances (Seatter)
Dodds Family — ca. 1937**
Children: Robert, George, Anne & Betty

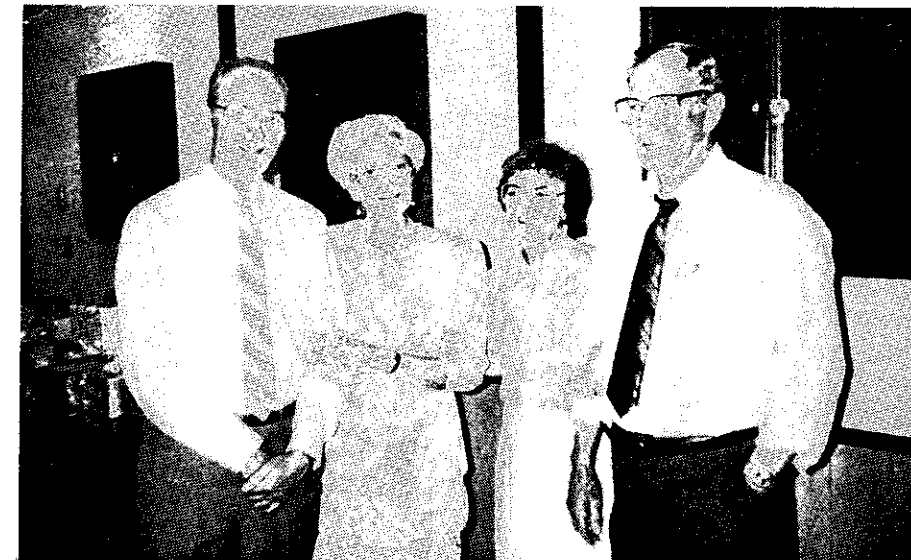
The youngest, BETTY, born in 1932, went to Orkney School until finishing Gr. V (1943). It was then easier to send her to Yorkton as Anne and George were going to High School there. She took Home Economics at the U of S and went to Swift Current to teach. She met and married Leonard Menzies, an Optometrist, and they raised a family of five.

ANNE, born in 1927, finished her schooling in Yorkton and then became an R.N. graduating from the Regina General Hospital. She married Walter Turlock, who was in the Armed Forces and they had two sons. They were stationed at many places including a stint in Germany. When Wally retired, they settled in Kelowna, B.C. Anne has since gone back to nursing and is presently the Director of Resident Care Nursing, a 300 bed unit, part of the Kelowna General Hospital. Wally passed away in June 1988.

GEORGE was born in 1925. He took his Gr. 10 and 11 in Yorkton and then joined the Navy. After the war he finished his High School and later went to Calgary to work. He met and married Muriel Warren, a nurse who

grew up in Kelvington. George later became a Chartered Accountant and worked for the Edmonton Public School Board and then for the Alberta Government. George and Muriel had three daughters and a son. George passed away in February 1988.

ROBERT, the oldest, was born in 1923. See Robert Dodds history.



(L to R): George, Anne, Betty & Robert — 1987

ROBERT DODDS

ROBERT, the oldest son of Stewart and Frances Dodds, was born in 1923. He went to Simpson School for 1 year and then completed his education at Orkney.

He worked on the family farm and during the fall spent sometime on threshing gangs.

In November 1947 he married EVA EDGAR. Her parents Kate (Halliday) and Fredrick farmed north of Yorkton.

Robert and Eva started farming on the home farm in 1949 with horses. He still farms the land his grandfather, George Seatter, homesteaded in 1884.

Robert and Eva have two children, Ken and Linda.

KEN attended Orkney School for one year. At that time school was held in the Church. He then went to St. Magnus and graduated from the Yorkton Composite High School. He received his B.Comm. from the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon in 1972. He has been employed with Morris Industries Ltd. since May 1972. He started working in the Accounting Dept., then later as Programmer Analyst and is currently the Data Processing Manager. In 1975 he obtained his Certified Management Accountant designation. In 1974 Ken married Myrna Stainger, daughter of George and Inez Stainger. They have two children, Heather and Kevin.

LINDA attended St. Magnus, Yorkton Composite High School and graduated from the Yorkton Regional High School. She then received her R.N. at the Kelsey Institute of Applied Arts & Sciences in Saskatoon, Sask. In 1972 Linda married Jim Wingert from Flin Flon, Manitoba. They have two children, Richard and Susan. Jim is with the Taxation Department and Linda nurses at the Grace Hospital in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CAROLINE (Seatter) RENNIE

CAROLINE (TULLIA) WILHELMINA SEATTER was born December 8, 1901 at Yorkton, North West Territories, daughter of George and Caroline (nee Erickson) Seatter.

She was raised on the family farm in the Orkney area and attended Orkney School and Church.

Caroline was an active member of the Orkney congregation and Westview United Church and also the U.C.W.

On February 14, 1923 she was married to JOHN THOMSON RENNIE. The couple farmed in the Yorkton area until 1949 when they retired.

Caroline passed away on March 23, 1981.

John Thomson Rennie was born April 21, 1894 in Peebles, Scotland and came to Canada in 1913. The following year he enlisted in Yorkton in the 16th Light Horse Regiment. In Winnipeg he transferred into the Motor Machinegun Brigade and went overseas with the first contingent. On his return to Yorkton in 1919, he was employed with the later Peter Rousay.

He was an active member of the Wheat Pool committee in its' earliest years. He was director of the Yorkton Credit Union and was one of the first in the organization of the Co-op. John passed away on May 30, 1963.

Caroline and John had two children.



John & Caroline (Seatter) Rennie



George & Margaret (Rennie) Billyard

MARGARET SEATTER RENNIE born January 25, 1924 in Yorkton. She attended Simpson School.

On May 8th, 1946, Margaret was united in marriage to GEORGE W. BILLYARD at the home of Mr. & Mrs. S. Dodds.

George William Billyard was born on March 12, 1913 at Bredenbury, Sask. George was in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was stationed in many parts of Canada and he also served overseas.

Upon his retirement they made their home in Clareshom, Alta. Mr. Billyard died on August 5, 1988.

The couple had six children. MRS. HERMAN (CAROL) COUBLET of Mable Lake, B.C., MRS. ALLAN (BETTY) HEWARD of Granum, Alta., MR. ADREL BILLYARD of Lethbridge, Alta., MR. DALE BILLYARD of Clareshom, Alta., MRS. DWAIN (FRAN) TROTTER of Fort McLeod, Alta., MRS. BARRY (LYNN) GUY of Moose Jaw, Sask. They also have thirteen grandchildren.



Walter & Pearl (Schrader) Rennie & Family

Back Row (L to R): Murray, Karen, Dianne Front: Pearl & Walter

WALTER HAROLD RENNIE was born March 6, 1926 in Yorkton, Sask.

Walter attended Simpson School. Walter liked the outdoors so he chose farming for his occupation, helping his parents until they retired in 1959.

In that year Walter was united in marriage to PEARL SCHRADER.

Walter and Pearl carried on farming until 1980 when the farm was sold. Walter now is working for Morris Industry.

The couple have three children.

KAREN J. RENNIE was born in Yorkton, and attended Simpson School and the Yorkton Regional High School. Karen then entered the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. She has a degree in Bachelor of Arts (1985) and also Bachelor of Education (1987). She is employed at Fiddleham, Alta.

DIANE M. RENNIE was born in Yorkton and attended Simpson School and the Yorkton Regional High School. She also attended the Saskatoon Business College. She is working in the U. of S. at the Small Animal Science Vet. Dept. She is a Steno I.

MURRAY W. RENNIE was born in Yorkton, and attended the Simpson School and the Yorkton Regional High School. He is now attending the College of Arts and Sciences, taking his 4th year in Computer Science.

THE WISEMAN FAMILY

submitted by: Elizabeth Weaver Pauhlus

HUMBLE Wiseman, my great-great grandfather, was a Scotchman who fought in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815 against Napoleon. His telescope has been handed down to a fifth generation recipient.

His son, my great grandfather was 105 and still Captain of his own ship. During a storm, his ship was damaged and was sinking. He sent all his crew to safety and he went down with his ship.

My grandfather, another HUMBLE Wiseman, was born at McDuff, Scotland on May 8, 1819. He married RUTH WATSON in 1844. They left Scotland and landed in Quebec in 1846. My father, WILLIAM DUFF Wiseman was born in Quebec on December 25, 1846. Grandfather, Humble Wiseman, was a stonemason and a carpenter by trade but took up land near Quebec, becoming a farmer and raising sheep and cattle.

In 1866, our family moved to the Muskoka District for better pastures. The men cut the large trees, trimmed them and sent the logs down river to Toronto. Some they hauled with oxen to use for building and fuel.

The fleece from the sheep was spun into wool yarn. Socks, mitts, touques, scarves and even underwear were knitted by the women. Even some men knew how to knit.

Men used snowshoes to get over the deep snow to their trap lines or to get supplies.

The settlers helped one another with house and barn raising bees, warping cloth parties, quilting bees and log hauling. They also met for dancing and social enjoyment.

In the spring the maple trees were tapped, the sap collected and then the sugar-off was done. It took an experienced person to know how long to boil the sap before it was right for syrup and sugar. Thick syrup poured onto nice clean snow hardened into very good taffy. Maple syrup was sold and brought in much needed money.

My dad, William D. Wiseman spoke of Owen Sound and Barney's Bay and rowing on the lovely lakes in summer. Winter time they'd slide on the frozen lakes with bobsleds.

My Dad went to school for a few years. French was taught on one side of the room, English on the other, with a log dividing the room. However, when recess time came, all kids played and talked together.

In 1884, it was a dry year at Muskoka, so grandfather Humble Wiseman and dad decided to take their families west to York Colony, N.W.T. They came by rail to Winnipeg, then loaded their worldly goods onto wagons drawn by oxen and started for the Colony. Most of the group and bigger children walked, driving the cows and sheep. My Aunt Jean Ferguson, Dad's sister, rode on the wagon.

Aunt Jean's husband stayed in Winnipeg to work and earn much needed money. He was a very good carpenter, but several months later he fell off a ladder and died. It was so sad.

Aunt Jean had three sons, JOHN, HUMBLE and WILLIAM and three daughters, JESSIE, RUTH and ISABEL(BELLA). They took homesteads around what later was the village of Orcadia. The two oldest girls, Jessie and Ruth went out teaching and Bella stayed home and helped Aunt Jean.

My grandfather, Humble Wiseman, and my Dad took up homesteads and pre-emptions on 20-26-4 west of second meridian. Dad's place was the north half and grandfather's the south half. Dad put up a log house and grandfather, a brick house.

With their oxen, they broke up land and planted some wheat, but more oats. Around their homes they planted maple seeds and hops.

After harvesting, the surplus oats were bagged and sold in York Colony, while the wheat was hand-cleaned, bagged and taken to Whitewood where it was ground into flour.

On one of these trips, Dad camped in the Qu'Appelle Valley. That evening an Indian Chief invited Dad to share supper with them. Next morning before leaving, Dad again thanked the Chief. The Chief asked Dad if he knew what he had for supper. Well, it turned out it was skunk!!

Dad's mother, Ruth Watson Wiseman died quietly in her sleep on February 6, 1896 at age 78. She was the first person buried in the new cemetery behind the new stone Orkney Presbyterian Church.

Grandfather, Humble Wiseman, died May 11, 1903 and is also buried in the Orkney Cemetery.



William Sr. & Juliana (Balint) Wiseman

(L to R): William Sr., Juliana, Bessie (on lap), Margaret (on chair)

My Dad married JULIANNA BALINT on December 4, 1899. My Mother was born in Hungary, a daughter of a Laird's son, Stephen Balint Sr. Her family came to Canada in 1893 and settled in the Otthon District. When the Grand Trunk Pacific, now the C.N.R. built a rail line to their district and put up a station, grandpa Balint named it "Otthon", which in Hungarian means "Home".

My parents had ten children, five boys and five girls. The boys were WILLIAM GEORGE, JAMES STENEN, JOHN FRANCIS, MARTIN DAVID and LOUIS DUFF. The girls were MARGARET RUTH, ELIZABETH JEAN (BESSIE), ROSE CHRISTINA, JESSIE and THERESA. Later a foster daughter, ISABEL FERGUSON came to live with us. She was the daughter of Humble Ferguson.



The Wiseman Children

Back Row (L to R): William Jr., Terisa, Jessie, Rose, William Sr. Front: Louis, Jack, Max & Jim



The Wiseman Girls — 1917

(L to R): Bess, Theresa, Margaret, Jessie & Rose

Bessie's Story

I, BESSIE (ELIZABETH JEAN) Wiseman was born at home in 1902. I started school in 1907, walking the one and a half miles. The first year my sister Margaret, walked to school with me. I was left handed so every time I'd start to write, I got smacked on my hand. This made me a slow learner, so sad!

Winters were very cold with lots of deep snow. Sometimes the teacher never came. They used to light the fire in the stove and it would take ages to get those stones to keep some heat in the place. Those that sat near the stove were hot, the rest were still cold. Lunches in the tin pails or packets in the porch were frozen by dinner time.

We used slates and slate pencils the first few years. Long hard benches to sit on, didn't have enough desks.

Miss Roland was our first teacher, then Mr. Weir. In summer I often got a ride to school on the handle bars of his bicycle. Next teacher was Miss McKenny, who later married Tom Garry. Next was Miss McTavish.

Subjects I liked best were Art, Agriculture and Arithmetic. In the morning we had to march into the school, say the Lord's Prayer, then sit down and start our work. We had periods of art, sewing and writing.

Games we played were Anti-I-Over, using a softball, Steal Away Sticks, football and baseball, using anytype of a stick for a bat.

In winter hockey was played on a pond west of the school, across the rail tracks. No one had skates. Willow sticks for hockey sticks and any small object for pucks. So much fun and so happily played that sometimes we didn't hear the school bell.

Teachers were mostly very good at helping the children with their heavy coats and scarves.

We often caught a ride home with Frances and Caroline Seatter. They drove with a horse and buggy, so we'd hang on or sit anywhere there was a space.

My school years ended in 1913. During the first World War, saw many local boys march away, some never came back.

I recall walking to church with my Dad and elder sister, I was about 5. There was old Mrs. Garry with her cute little grandson, Alex Rousay. Also remember the father of Bob Rousay, how he could sing, also the three Rousay Brothers, how they harmonized. The Reid sisters were our choir most of the time.

The elders never stood on the platform during service, that was just for the minister. If the minister wasn't there, the elders led the service.

My Dad bought his first horse in 1902, named him Prince. He lived seventeen years, was used on the land as well as the buggy. Many times I went to town with him. Wise old horse.

I had taught Sunday School at the Orkney Church. I also belonged to the Orkney Co-op Guild. Many times we'd walk to the meetings, carrying our cake. Sometimes this would be several miles. Most of the women brought their children. Was so nice!!

My reminiscence of those days is remembered with much fondness.

I married ALFRED WILLIAM WEAVER in 1928. We had three children, JEAN, RUTH and WILLIAM (BILL). ALFRED died in 1936 from lobar pneumonia. It was attributed to the gas in the lungs from the first World War.

I had a very hard life, bringing up the three children. I succeeded due to the help of very good friends and neighbours. Shortly after

Alfred passes away, a number of neighbours gathered together and put a wood floor over the mud floors in our house.

My daughters Jean and Ruth, completed Commercial Courses at the Yorkton Collegiate Institute. Jean became a secretary and Ruth an Accounting Clerk. My son Bill, attended university in Ottawa, becoming an Electric Engineer with a degree in Physics.

Jean married Jim Graham and lives in Carbon, Alta. They have seven children, Charles, Jean, Dawn, Jimmy, Robert and twins David and Don.

Ruth married John Herman and lives in Yorkton. They had three children, Dennis, Kim and Barry.

Bill married Doreen Etmanski and lived in Ottawa, Ontario. They had four children, Philip, Valarie, Cheryl and Patricia. Bill passed away in December 1986.

Eventually I married ELZOR PAULHUS. We had a son, ROBERT, who now works for the Dept. of Highways. He married Roxanna Balint and they have two children, a son Lucas and a daughter Megan. They reside west of Otthon, less than two miles from the original Stephen Balint homestead.

I have seen and lived through many changes. My home now is the Yorkton and District Nursing Home.

The Children of William D. Wiseman and Julianna Balint

MARGARET married Tim Wallis who worked for the C.P.R. for many years before moving to B.C. They raised three sons, Edward (deceased) Herbert, who lives in Calgary with his wife, Vera. They have 2 married daughters. Lloyd who lives in Vernon, B.C. and 1 daughter Margaret Monck also in Vernon.

BESSIE, see Bessie's history.

ROSE married John Rousay. They had one son, Richard "Dick" and his wife Hilda. They live in Indian Head, where Dick drives a bus for Greyhound.

JESSIE married Larry Stroud. They had 3 sons, Ronald lives in Edmonton, David and Arthur live in Victoria, B.C.

JAMES married Julia Meszaros. They had 2 daughters.

THERESA Hnatuik has 2 sons, Clinton who has 1 daughter and Kenneth has one son and they live in Regina.

JOSIE married Del Nagle and has one son Tracey. They live in Calgary. Jim lives in Theodore.

THERESA Wiseman trained for a nurse in Moose Jaw. After graduation she moved to the U.S.A. and worked in Manhattan Hospital in New York. She later moved to San Francisco where she met and married William Andrew. They had one son, William McDuff who lives in Vacaville, California. Theresa passed away in 1982.

JOHN "Jack" never married. He was injured in a run away and was crippled for the rest of his life. Confined to a wheelchair, he died in the old folks home in Wolsley.

MARTIN "Max" married Ethel Baines. They had one daughter Maxine. Maxine works for the Bank of Montreal in Fort McMurray. Max passed away in March 1982 at Leader, Sask.

LOUIS married Dorothy Master. He moved to B.C. and worked for B.C. Electric for many years. They had one daughter Theresa. She had 3 children, Denise Hartman, Angela Mittoni, Travis Mittoni. Louis is retired and living in Vernon, B.C.

The following letter was written by Theresa Wiseman Andrew of Vallejo, California on June 14, 1971.

"GREETINGS, TO OLD FRIENDS, CLASSMATES, NEIGHBOURS AND ANYONE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE PART OF SUCH A GRAND COMMUNITY.

My thoughts will be with you and I trust your Homecoming will be a great success.

HOW I REMEMBER -- the services of old - the minister droning on until some would sleep - the mice playing from under the stage curtain until we, a bit older would giggle and the poor minister not aware of the mouse show became dismayed.

MEMORIES -- of many wonderful people among them my parents and many of their life long friends.

MEMORIES -- of the days Ellen McKen and I spent modeling the grave stones from clay when the teacher would let us cross over to the Church to do just that and we played for hours around her mother's grave.

MEMORIES -- of my first attending a funeral, Mrs. Jack Reid, a dear friend (J.F. Reid).

MEMORIES -- of horse and buggy days and of walking to and from Church.

MEMORIES -- of Mrs. Sinclair and all the grasshoppers that would get into the lace of her lovely white dress.

MEMORIES -- of lovely old hymns and the wonderful people who sang them.

MEMORIES -- of concerts and how excited we were about our part. The lights were never brighter and the Christmas Tree never more beautiful.

MEMORIES -- of picnics and ice cream, a luxury in those days, races ran for precious nickles. The older men who would hand you a nickle or a cone no charge, like man from Heaven.

MEMORIES -- of being tired, a good tiredness from being in a happy environment and having a full stomach.

There isn't enough paper to record all my memories, but I will remember as I have all my life. We were fortunate to grow up in a good community.

GOD BLESS YOU ALL."

WILLIAM (Bill) WISEMAN

WILLIAM(Bill) Wiseman married EDNA TUBERFIELD and raised 5 children.

GLENN married Nellie Chipeur and raised 2 daughters, Lorraine Lysak who has 2 sons, Mitchel and Kenton, and lives in Yorkton. Kelene lives in California.

BEVERLY married Gordon Orth and has 2 daughters and 2 sons. Debra Tripp works at the Yorkton Credit Union, Kerry married Cynthia Schneider and has 3 children, Jerilee, Alyssa and Anthony. Dallas is with the Bank of Commerce in Regina. His twin sister, Diana, lives in Yorkton and works for Yorkton Photo.

JEAN married Blake Harris and has 2 sons, Blake and Blair.

ELAINE married Morley Clark. She is divorced and has 1 daughter, Kim Day and one son Darcy. He is divorced and has one son Dustin.

TERRY the youngest, was killed in a car crash in 1969.

Bill and his family were very involved in the 4-H movement, the family raised and showed Purebred Shorthorn cattle, winning many prizes and ribbons at the Yorkton Fair.

Bill's home broke up in 1959 and in 1970 he married ANNIE MADDAFORD, Bill and Annie presently are enjoying life in their home south of Yorkton.

Memories of Bill Wiseman



Bill Wiseman Jr. showing his prize shorthorn bull

The house we lived in, my Dad built of logs. He was an expert Axeman. Every log was hewed square and the corners were dove-tailed. This was all done with only an axe.

My Dad also built a sleigh of poplar from the bush. He shaped the runners with an axe and it ran for years.

My Dad's farm was a mile and a half from Orkney School. Dad helped build the school, Dad was on the School Board with Bob McKen, George Seatter and John Patterson. When the school was restored, Jim and I helped to shingle it.

I remember Mother cooking for the threshers. We had a milk house out back of the house, where the milk was cooled in pans before we had a separator, Mother used to skim off the cream. In the summer she also did her cooking and baking out there.

Pete Rousay and his crew did our threshing. I worked on Bob McKen's threshing crew. Bob was a real hard worker, he never walked, he ran. He could eat and go in twenty minutes. In those days you threshed by the bushel, so I suppose this was why he was in such a hurry.

I remember riding around on horseback with Donald McKen and Fred Hall. Donald and Fred would catch wild range horses and ride them.

I hauled wood from Humble Ferguson's. I hauled wood into every house in Orcadia. That was the first winter after I left home.

I remember Bill and Bob McKen, Bob's older sons, coming to our place for weekends when they were training for the Army. These boys were special friends of my Mother and Dad.

My Mother was a mid-wife and many nights I would get out of bed to drive my Mother to wherever she was needed.

They used to have dances or house parties in the homes. Everyone bringing something. I especially remember the ones at Granny Patterson's. The Rousay Brothers supplied the music.

I remember catching fish in Cussed Creek with a pitchfork. We would catch a bagful, take them to one of the homes and they would cook them for us.

I remember 1/4 of a mile from home you could go out sit and pick beautiful cranberries by the handfuls. I remember one of my first business ventures, I took a sack and my little wagon and went picking. I had to come back across the creek and almost lost them. I can still hear Granny Patterson saying, "Here comes Billy with the cranberries". I got paid 15 cents a bag.

I was about 16 or 17 years old when I left home and went to Belle Plaine to work. I worked there for 7 years.

In my later years I was involved with my family in 4-H. We raised and showed Purebred Shorthorn cattle, winning numerous prizes.

JESSIE (Wiseman) and LAWRENCE STROUD

JESSIE MARY WISEMAN, born March 9, 1907, died June 1946, married LAWRENCE MATTHEW STROUD, July 4, 1926.

They had a family of three sons and two daughters.

RONALD Stroud, born April 17, 1927 at Orkney, Sask. He married HISAYO MARION MATSUNE on July 4, 1953. Their children consist of a daughter LORI LYNNE, born August 16, 1957 at Whitehorse, Yukon, and she is a school teacher. She married Gregory Robert Whalen, April 14, 1984 and they have a son Matthew Caleb, born December 15, 1985 and another son Nathaniel Thomas, born November 23, 1988.

WILLIAM DAVID Stroud, born April 14, 1929, is a retired Major of the R.C.A.F. He married MARILYN RAY MITTS on February 16, 1949. Their children consist of a son, WILLIAM BRUCE, born February 10, 1950. He married HELEN IRENE RENY, July 31, 1973. They have a daughter Katherine Irene, born on February 5, 1976 and a son William Christopher, born May 24, 1979. A daughter PATRICIA LYNN, born March 22, 1951. She married ROGER THOMAS NEWTON an Operations Manager. Their family consists of one son and four daughters. TYLER WINSTON THOMAS, born January 25, 1982; HEATHER LYNN, born July 26, 1985; SUSAN DIANE, born February 7, 1956 and Office Manager; DORA EILEEN, born January 4, 1960, a Programmer married to Wolf Schmitz a Mec. Eng. Tech. on September 3, 1988; MARGARET JEAN, born April 26, 1963, a homemaker married to James J. Karakai Jr. a Plumber, on July 5, 1986.

ELLEN JANE Stroud, born April 26, 1931, a nurse.

MARY MATILDA Stroud, born August 8, 1932.

JOHN ARTHUR Stroud, born May 5, 1934, married to HELEN ELEANOR HOPKE. Their family consists of three sons and one daughter, SANDRA LYNN, born April 15, 1956; GLEN MICHAEL, born February 8, 1959, married to DOREEN BROUGHAM, and they have one daughter Alyssa Elizabeth Rose, born October 5, 1988; STEVEN LAWRENCE, born May 3, 1962; CHRISTOPHER NEIL, born March 19, 1968.

THE FERGUSON FAMILY

submitted by: Isabel Harmon (Ferguson)

My great grandmother Ruth Watson married great grandfather Humble Wiseman in the Orkney Isles, Scotland. They had two children, William Wiseman and Jean Wiseman. My grandmother JEAN WISEMAN was born in McDuff, Scotland. and married JOHN Ferguson, born in Killmarnick, Scotland. They came to Canada settling first in Ontario and then in Manitoba for a time. I can best determine that they came to the Orkney District in 1883, and started a homestead about 3/4 mile north east of Orcadia. I've been told great grandfather Humble helped to build the Orkney stone church and school.

Jean and John Ferguson had five children: Jessie, John, Humble, Isabella and William. Since the children were very young, born in the 1870's, they attended the Orkney School in its early years and used slates to write on.

Grandfather John Ferguson died accidentally as a young man, therefore my grandmother Jean Ferguson had to raise her five children by herself. One of the ways she made a few extra dollars for luxuries for her children was to do washings for the workers that were building the railroad through Orcadia. She was quite a resourceful woman who could hatch a chick in her bosom if she had no clucking hen. Cats at that time were very valuable. "In order to keep the vermin down" as they used to say, grandmother Jean would trade a prize goose for a cat. She kept a shot gun handy above her door, and if any natives or intruders came around with ill intentions she was not afraid to scare them off with it.

DOMINION LANDS.

INTERIM HOMESTEAD RECEIPT.

no. 1827

Agency, _____ 18__

I certify that I have received from W. D. Ferguson of Orkney the sum of 15 Dollars, being the office fee for Homestead Entry for 1/2 Quarter of Section 34 Township 26 Range 5 West of 1st Meridian and that the said W. D. Ferguson is, in compliance of such entry and payment, vested with the rights conferred in such case by the provisions of "The Dominion Lands Act," respecting Homestead rights.

W. D. Ferguson
Local Agent

NOTE: All mining claims existing on the lands herein described are reserved to their respective owners.

This receipt is valid for six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of the Dominion Lands Department, Ottawa, Ontario, and is subject to the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act, Chapter 54, Revised Statutes of Canada.

William Ferguson's homestead receipt

JESSIE Ferguson received a Reward of Merit from normal school in Regina, and later taught at Meadowvale School in Rokeby and in Saltcoats. Jessie died early in life from a virus infection.

JOHN Ferguson and ISABELLA Ferguson lived on and worked the homestead. John was an inventor, I have a patent certificate crediting him for improvements to the bob sled. Unfortunately, he had an injured leg and was unable to farm properly, and with the depression lost the land to taxes.

They had lots of horses that they thought a lot of. Rather than sell any, they would retire them or "put them out to pasture".

No. _____ "A FARM IS THE SAFEST INVESTMENT." \$6.00 ⁰⁰/₁₀₀

The York Farmers Colonization Co., Limited

INCORPORATED 1883

Toronto, January 14th 1918

Received from Mr. John Ferguson

the sum of 15 Dollars

being deposit on account of W's 25/26/5

THE YORK FARMERS COLONIZATION CO., LIMITED

John Ferguson's homestead receipt from York Farmers

WILLIAM Ferguson known to me and mine as "Uncle Billy" bought his homestead in 1899 for \$15: Sections 34, Township 25 and 26, Range 5, West of the second meridian. Uncle Billy owned one of the first McLaughlin cars that he purchased in May of 1920 from Yorkton Auto Garage Company, from a salesman named Jeffrey Betts, my future father-in-law. He also owned a threshing machine and would hire some help and go from farm to farm harvesting. This was a time of co-operation. When one persons crops got threshed they proceeded to the next till all were completed. What an exciting time this was as I recall. The threshing machine and all the men coming with horse drawn hay racks. Food was prepared in abundance, since everyone stayed - sometimes several days if it rained! Plates of home made bread would disappear as quickly as one could slice and replenish them. Hard working men had tremendous appetites. One harvester could eat a whole home made pie and look for more (no worries of cholesterol at that time). Jokes and tricks played on each other and laughter was shared by all at the table.

Uncle Billy took pride in his garden and had fruit trees of apple, plum, currants, cranberries, raspberries, gooseberries, hazel nuts and strawberries. Even though he was a bachelor he could cook a good meal and did all his own canning. During the depression of the 1930's, he was known for never turning away the hungry drifters who would show up at his door looking for a meal. He lived in his home a half mile east of Orcadia until his death in 1959.

FORM 100
This Certificate is not valid unless countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, or
Member of the Dominion Lands Board.

Certificate of Recommendation for Homestead Patent.

Department of the Interior,
Dominion Lands Office.

I Certify that William Duff Ferguson 1004
who is the holder of a Homestead Entry for South East
of Section Number 34 Township 26 Range 5
west of the 2nd Meridian, has complied with the provisions of the
law required to be conformed to, in order to entitle him to receive a patent for such
Homestead, and that I have recommended the issue of such patent.

Countersigned at Ottawa, this 12th
day of AUG 1904
A. G. Cass
Acting Commissioner of Dominion Lands

James E. Peaker
Local Agent.

Homestead papers.

HUMBLE Ferguson, my father, married MARY LAZURKO in 1920. They lived a half mile north of Orkney School. My mother Mary Ferguson died in 1928, and I was raised by my relatives Mr. and Mrs. W.D. Wiseman, whose children were like sisters and brothers to me. Mary and Humble had three children:

WILLIAM (BILL) JAMES Ferguson known to some as "king". My brother Bill got this nickname because our father sold a cow, and with the money purchased all new clothes for Bill complete with bib overalls. When Bill went to school with the new clothes, and since he was so proud, all his classmates fondly named him "King Bill". He attended the Orkney School starting in 1927, joined the armed services in 1941 and was discharged honorably in 1945. He married Evelyne Drysdale before going overseas, after his return they had two children, Bryan and Lois. Bill died in British Columbia in 1979.

LILLIAN ISABEL Ferguson always known as Isabel attended the Orkney School beginning in 1929. I also attended the Orkney Church and received baptism and first communion in 1937. By the way, since I was not allowed to go to dances, my classmates tried to teach me how to square dance during noon hour in the Orkney Church. No doubt we were caught! This was a no-no according to the Board and it had to cease immediately. I joined the Canadian Women's Army Corps in November, 1942 and was discharged honorably in 1945. I married Jack Betts in 1947, lived in Yorkton until 1955 and then settled in Regina. We had three children, Joan, Georgina and Jean Betts. In 1966, we adopted John. Jack died in 1968 and I married my present husband Jack Harmon in 1974. Jack Harmon re-adopted John, naming him John Jeffrey Betts Harmon.

ROBERT (BOB) Ferguson attended the Orkney School from 1931. He joined the armed services in 1942 and was discharged honorably in 1945. He married Irene Thompson in 1948. They settled in Peace River, Alberta, where they had four children, Constance, Dale, Karen and Kevin. Currently Bob and Irene live in Chemainus, B.C. where they live on a hobby farm tending bees, cattle, grapes, kiwi fruit, strawberries and cut-your-own Christmas trees.

This Agreement MADE AND CONCLUDED This eighteenth day of April 1928, between John Ferguson of Oradua, in the District of Yorkton, Province of Saskatchewan, Dominion of Canada, hereinafter called *the party of the First Part*;

And W. Irwin Haskett, of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada, Solicitor of Domestic and Foreign Patents, hereinafter called *the party of the Second Part*;

Witnesseth that:

Whereas John Ferguson, party of the first part hath invented certain new and useful improvements in "BOB SLEIGRS";

And whereas the said party of the first part is desirous of selling, transferring and assigning his patent or leasing or granting licenses to others to use his invention as aforesaid;

And whereas W. Irwin Haskett, party of the second part, is well situated and equipped to receive offers and ready and willing to assist his client in the sealing of any contract affecting the ownership of the patents for a commission up to but not exceeding five percent (5%) of the sale price:

Now therefore, this indenture witnesseth that in pursuance of the said agreement and in consideration of the premises and of the covenants hereinbefore contained on the part of the parties hereto, the said parties hereto mutually agree as follows:—

That W. Irwin Haskett, party of the second part is authorized by the undersigned inventor, party of the first part, to offer the patent rights, when they shall issue on the said invention for sale and to negotiate for the highest possible terms with prospective purchasers;

That W. Irwin Haskett, party of the second part, is not authorized to definitely accept any bids, offers or proposals until the same have been first submitted to and approved of by John Ferguson, party of the first part;

That W. Irwin Haskett, party of the second part, is not given the exclusive right to the sale of the patent rights to the said invention but that John Ferguson, party of the first part, may dispose of his patent himself or through any other medium that he may desire;

That W. Irwin Haskett, party of the second part, will instruct the purchasers or licensee of the patent rights to the invention to pay the full purchase price to the Bank at

to be paid to John Ferguson, party of the first part, in exchange for the properly signed documents;

That the lowest price John Ferguson, party of the first part, is willing to accept at this time, subject, nevertheless, to change, is settlement Thirty Thousand dollars (\$ 30000) for outright cash Two dollars and 00 cents (\$ 2) royalty on each and every article manufactured under his patents.

In witness whereof the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

John Ferguson
Inventor (Party of the first part.)

W. Irwin Haskett
Attorney at Patents (Party of the second part.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:

L. Johnston
Witness.

John Ferguson's 'Bob Sleigh' Patent

THE SIMPSON FAMILY

WILLIAM SIMPSON

submitted by: Mrs. Maude McPhee

In 1873 WILLIAM Simpson brought his family from Scotland to Toronto. He was in the shoe store business for awhile. Hearing about opportunities in the west he sold his store and took a homestead and pre-empted the land where Orcadia is now located.

His son THOMAS VEITCH Simpson was born in Scotland in 1871. He was 15 years old when he came to live in Orcadia.

His love for the outdoors and animals was why he chose to become a Veterinarian. He went back east to train and returned to Yorkton in 1896 as Dr. T.V. Simpson.

No animal was too sick or too small for him to treat. If a farmer had no money to pay, as many were in the situation, made no difference to him.

Dr. T.V. Simpson shared an office with his brother-in-law, Dr. Cash M.P. They only had a light partition between them. In serious cases or operations, Dr. T.V. Simpson was often called into assist. He was a "friend to man" as well as beast.

Dr. Simpson married MARY McGRATH in 1898. Their marriage was blessed with four children, MARGARET, RETA, SHIRLEY and CHARLIE.

Shirley is living at Logview, Alta., Margaret and Shirley were both nurses. Margaret and Charlie served in the forces during the Second World War.

Margaret and Charlie are both deceased.

Dr. Simpson and Levi Beck went together to Chicago and each bought an automobile, made by Jolsom. It looked much like a good rubber tired buggy. The engine was under the seat and started by vigorously cranking. It's speed limit was 15 miles an hour. Both cars were crated and shipped by train to Yorkton.

Gasoline was twenty cents a gallon. The car was a noisy beggar. When Dr. Simpson would take Mrs. Simpson for a Sunday drive, people would hear them coming and would run out to the gate to see them pass.

Dr. Simpson is credited with five firsts in Yorkton. He was the first Veterinarian, had the first car, the first garage, the first McCoughlan Agency, and the first John Deere Agency.

The Simpson family were respected and well thought of. Hence Simpson School was named in their honor.

Mrs. Simpson died in 1949, and Dr. Simpson in 1960. They lie in the Yorkton City Cemetery among many of their pioneer friends.

THE PURVES FAMILY

submitted by: Mrs. Alice Burkell

DAVE Purves came to Canada in 1906 with his cousin Tom Simpson, son of John and Jessie Simpson. They worked for their Uncle William Simpson, who farmed the "Grange" farm of the Orkney District

Dave stayed one year then moved to the Rhein area. In 1911 William Simpson retired to Yorkton. At that time John and Elizabeth Purves were married in Scotland and came to work the Simpson farm. They farmed two years, when they also moved to Rhein. Tom Simpson, then brought his Dad and Mother John & Jessie over from Scotland to take over the William Simpson farm.

Mrs. Jessie Simpson said that thanks to Mr.s William Muir Sr. (Sarah) who taught her to bake and helped her in many ways. If it were not for her friendship she would have gone back to Scotland.

Tom died at an early age and his mother and dad continued to farm until about 1927.

John died in Yorkton and Jessie returned to Scotland.

John and Jessie had a family of four, ANDREW, ALICE BURKELL, CHRISTINE McDOUGAL and EILEEN PURVES.

Alice married William Burkell and farm in Tonkin area. They had three boys, CRAIG, JACK and KEITH.

Craig married MARLYNN GRUNERT. They purchased the Dave Folster farm in the Orkney District.

THE GUNN FAMILY

JOHN ALEXANDER GUNN



John Alexander Gunn

In the year 1887 the land north of Orkney School towards what is now Good Spirit Provincial Park was both unsurveyed and uninhabited. To this new territory in that year came DONALD Gunn and his family. Born in 1840, Donald was the son of one of the original Selkirk Settlers, also a Donald Gunn. The younger Donald spent his early years at his birthplace of St. Andrews, now Lockport, Manitoba. In 1876, with his wife and five young children he moved to the Birdtail Creek, where he had a sawmill and trading post approximately thirty miles northeast of

the present town of Birtle, Manitoba. In 1881 he moved to near Fort Qu'Appelle where he tried farming. Drought and frost led to his giving it up. He went north to look for land suitable for ranching. The south end of Devils Lake, as it was then called, seemed ideal. There was an abundance of water, good pasture and unlimited hayland for putting up winter feed.

Donald's first wife, CAROLINE BALLENDEN, had died and he had re-married. His second wife, SARAH FIDLER, also from the Red River Settlement, their two very young children born at Fort Qu'Appelle, JOHN (4) and MINNIE (2) and his five teenaged children from his first marriage all moved to the new home with him. They began ranching and Donald Gunn once more ran a trading post that served settlers and the bands of Indians who came to hunt and fish and pick chokecherries in the sandhills around the lake.

The two younger children grew up on the homestead at Devils Lake. Their mother died in January 1897 when Minnie was barely eleven. Her father felt she needed a woman's care as well more schooling, so sent her to his sister Janet Muckle at Clandeboye, Manitoba. Mrs. Muckle was both a teacher and a mother of four children. John remained at home and in early May of 1898 he went to stay at N.H. Neilson's, so that he could attend Orkney School.

For three years Minnie went to school in Manitoba without getting home. Letters exchanged with her father and especially with her brother John were her only contact. They exchanged many letters and fortunately most have been saved. They give us an insight into school days at Orkney in 1898.

26 June 1898 John writing to Minnie ... "I like going to school pretty well. There are 20 children going now. I am almost through the third book but I am behind in arithmetic. The Orkney schoolboys are going to play football against the Yorkton boys on the First. I am one of the forwards."

18 September 1898 John writing to Minnie ... "The school only lasts three more weeks. I like staying down here pretty well only that I get so lonesome. I have only been home once since the 20th of May. You were speaking of seeing Jimmy Reid. I don't remember him. I see all the Reids around here. Bob Reid and the Peace's have moved up to Fishing Lake. The people are all harvesting just now. There was 900 head of fat cattle came all the way from Prince Albert to be shipped from here. They were about a month on the road. I am getting on pretty fast at school. We have Canadian and British History twice a week. In arithmetic I am past cubic and square measure, fractions and percentage. Baba Sinclair is our teacher. She is going to college in Winnipeg as soon as school closes. We got beaten on Dominion Day at football."

24 October 1898 ... "I am at home now. I got first place at the quarterly exam at the Orkney School and I also received a book called "The Pioneers" by J. Fenimore Cooper for third place on the Roll of Honor. I was writing in a Number 6 copy book when I left."

When his sister Minnie wrote to John on 01 January 1899 she mentions his teacher ... "Miss Sinclair your teacher is going to Manitoba College. She is Anna's best friend. She says that you were one of her favorite scholars. Baba Sinclair might come down at Easter." Anna was Mrs. Muckle's eldest daughter and a cousin of John and Minnie. She was attending Manitoba College at the time and became a school teacher.

John Gunn went on to join the 4th Contingent Canadians, 5th Regiment C.M.R.'s and in 1902 sailed for South Africa to take part in the Boer War. In 1904 he took a homestead in the Preeceville district and started farming there. The South African script he received in 1908 led to his selling his Preeceville farm and going to pioneer on a homestead in the Grande Prairie, Alberta area. In 1914 he again went to serve his country. He joined the First Canadian Mounted Rifles in Yorkton and in 1915 was already seeing front line service. In June 1916 he was taken prisoner of war at the battle of Sanctuary Wood. He was sent to Germany to work at, among other things, building a railway bridge over the Rhine. The captivity, hard work and shortage of food led to his spending seven months in hospital then being transferred to Switzerland for further medical treatment. He eventually was sent to England and back to Canada in May 1919.

On his return he took over from his father Donald, who by this time was nearly eighty. John built some cabins, opened a store and "Gunn's Beach" became his life. When Spirit Lake post office was established in 1935 he also became postmaster. Interested in archeology, natural history and the early history of the west, he spent his leisure time in reading and collecting artifacts. He had married Margaret Walker of Staffordshire, England in 1924. She had come out to Yorkton to stay with her uncle and aunt, George and Sarah Colvin. John and Margaret had only one child, Joyce, who is married to Bill Anaka and still lives on the site homesteaded by her grandfather in 1887.

John Gunn never fully recovered from his prison camp experiences and after battling asthma for years he died at Fort San in August 1947, within a mile of where he had been born almost exactly sixty-four years before.

Many former Orkney residents will remember John Gunn from their visits to Gunn's Beach in the early days. Some of the former Orkney United Church young people will also remember camping at the beach with their student ministers in the early 1950's ... more than fifty years after John Gunn as a 15 year old boy attended the old Orkney School and mentioned in one of his letters to his sister that, "There is church every Sunday here".

THE FERNIE FAMILY

A. L. FERNIE and FAMILY

submitted by: Mrs. Mary (Fernie) Pinder

It was in 1883 that Mr. and Mrs. A.L. FERNIE and family said farewell to the land of the heather, sailing off from the bonnie banks of the Clyde en route for Toronto, Canada, where for a short time all the family were comfortably maintained. But as a city did not hold out much prospect for a large family of boys, and after considering the persuasions of an agent interested in forming a colony away out in the far west, in the province of "Assiniboia" as it was then called, preparations were made, and in company with a few others, we migrated to the virgin prairie, some seventeen hundred miles or so to Broadview on the C.P.R.

We unloaded the goods and chattels with mules and wagons to make the journey into the far north some ninety miles away.

This being in April, the country was largely covered with water and transport was made very difficult in the mud. To Dad fell the lot of driving a team of mules, and having never handled a team in his life before, he soon discovered he encountered many difficulties, often resorting to his fellow travellers to extricate his charge from the miry clay and the objectionable obstacles these obstinate mules would be unknowingly guided into with their inexperienced driver.

Sometimes reaching a shack for shelter as night came on, and sometimes less fortunate, when the wagon box would serve as a roof overhead for the women and children, all ever straining ear and eye in fear of meeting a stray rebel, it being about the time of the Indian rebellion of 1835.

In passing through the Fort Qu'Appelle Indian Reserve all were held up until the toll money was paid, and all were curiously laughed at and gazed upon by the many dusky inhabitants decked in war paint and weapons of warfare. It was with some relief the reserve was left in the rear and their mutterings died to our hearing.

A few cows taken along with the party were driven by the women, mother doing almost the complete journey on foot carrying her youngest boy, a lad of between two and three years, most of the time fearing to leave the child with any of the drivers, lest in navigating deep sloughs and rugged creeks an accident might happen. The wagons were heavily laden and the ground so soft, loads often proved too much for the power attached.

Thus all advanced until the journey was complete, landing at a shanty where we were allowed to stay for the summer months. There was mother earth for a floor, and sods on the round poles on the roof, a small window in one end, and the door so low the smallest grownup would have to duck his head to enter, which proved painful to the unaware. But when the touch of a feminine hand made itself felt, it became more endurable, and existence for mother and the three youngest children was made possible, and in the course of time, about five months after our arrival, another little fellow was added to our family, and under the care of a kindly neighbour, Mrs. Simpson Sr., and one of our travelling party, who came to the assistance on this trying occasion. all went well and the baby thrived. Meanwhile Dad had got work at the building of a flour mill some eighteen miles away, being erected for the inducement of settlement. But when this mill was operated later on the quality of its' flour was very poor, and it did not prove a success, often being out of action.

It was shortly after this that dad made entry for his homestead, in a small settlement of Arcadian people who had come in a year or two before and where the land had more than its share of scrub bush and stones, but as little settlements were few and far between, he naturally sought to locate where there would be a neighbour here and there. All just beginning, none with much of this worlds goods but having enough energy among them to consider the possibilities and ford on in this new land. In the District of Orkney where only the foot of the wild animal and the Indian had trod and where but a few months before the thump-thump of the enemies tom-tom could be heard from their camping grounds, while on the war path and when later many a visit was given by these dusky people, in time of peace, when but a short time before they had invaded, looted, and ravaged, terrifying the women and children in their humble dwellings and we that were a few miles from them at that time or anybody in 1835 lived in terror of the unsettled condition of the country, and our fears were

so intense that often a black stump frightened us and mother was often alarmed with the little one excitedly rushing to the shack exclaiming that an Indian was near, we hid in the bush by day and deprived ourselves of a light at night altho' the only means of light by night at this time was a little fat rendered from a badger and put in a small dish with cross sticks and a knotted piece of cotton. This lit, a very flickering dim light was the result but even this was pleasingly acceptable when more peaceful conditions cast away our fears.

Yes, I well remember their highly painted faces and bright blankets flowing over the flanks of their pinto-ponies all decked in feathers and colored ribbons. While the young men dressed in beads and buckskin pranced in the forend of the procession of creaking carts, with little papooses riding here and there by them, these were their trips north for hunting. Some months afterward they would stop while travelling and try and get acquainted, but we were not yet confident of their friendliness, so in fear we approached them in an attitude of peace. And on their departure felt much relieved when we were sure they had journeyed beyond the limits of our settlement.

However it was in the middle of winter with the temperature well down in the zeros. When mother and the little ones unloaded themselves from a hay rack at the door of our own "shanty" as all houses were called then. It had been a cold drive altho' we all chattered much with Mr. Ted Bull and Mr. Meredith, who so kindly came to our assistance at this time with the help of a team of ponies. Prospects at this time lay all ahead with no possible failure ever in view.

We found dad busily preparing the place for our coming and our anxiety to get there brought us a wee bit soon, as there was much yet to be done. It was true the log walls were up, chiked, and the poles on the roof, but all yet to be plastered from the clay from the ground in the middle of the floor. The stars could be seen in every direction through the crevices and the wind blew through the walls. The prospects of living in such a place made tears come to mother's eyes as she gazed on, with a child of five months in her arms while three or four little ones were hanging around, with her mind going back some twenty miles or more to the older boys scattered among the lonely bachelors eager to secure a few pointers in the art of homestead life.

But Dad, and all, worked hard and long and with his rip-saw active, in time a floor was cut and laid, as well as a door put on made from a few dry short boards given by a bachelor and after dad went three miles and a half and carried them home on his back. He found on making the door there was but enough material to cover an opening only big enough to let the smallest man in the settlement in without ducking his head and with a couple of small windows the place began to look more like a dwelling and when the packing cases were emptied of all they contained there was much in the way of bedding, curtains, carpets and other articles to make the place cozy. Meanwhile dad and his tools were busily engaged in making all such necessities as tables, chairs, bedsteads, cupboards and many other things all made from the poplar timber bush near the shanty, and where the woodman's critical eye ever scanned for the natural bends in the trees that would serve him well in the making of sleigh runners, ox collars, and such equipment as he hoped to need in the near future. It was shavings and the shrill noise of the rip-saw all the remainder of the winter through, giving us little time to be lonely.

Spring time came and dad had to take flight, in search of work, with a passerby, to the far off town of Fort Qu'Appelle where he would occupy himself in the summer months with his tools as dad was a good tradesman of the old Scotch school of carpentering, leaving mother and the younger members of the family to continue work on the homestead.

Alex, one of the older boys, was promised the use of a team by the man he was working for, for a few days along with a little seed. In the course of time, along he came with a yoke of Big Red oxen and a plow in the wagon. We were delighted to see him, the first time since we came over to the homestead, as he sat upon the wagon beating off mosquitoes, first the one side and then the other, while the whole gang of youngsters endeavoured to unhitch those mysterious monsters amid their frantic efforts to rid themselves of a moving mass of savage mosquitoes that had collected and followed him over a journey of twenty miles and were now safely deposited in and around the shanty, where we just about smothered ourselves with highly perfumed smoke towering out of an old tin can, half full of cinders and green weeds. We found it necessary to follow this method of extermination often afterwards as we had formed rather a harsh opinion of these pets from the many painful experiences that these native enemies inflicted upon us, knowing they were especially fond of the Scotch folk. In fact it was hinted there was only one thing they liked better and that was an Englishman just over.

However as Alex related to us much of the times the boys were having, and his past, present and future prospects. We all became intensely interested at how much he had learned, and of the great marksman he was in shooting two geese with one shot and kind of sorry he did not hit a third. Also of David's washing experiences and how Dave could shoot roosters and kill a pig, not speaking of boiling Dean Thin's red flannel shirts with his fine white ones and dragging them through the slough, tied to the old Brindy ox's tail to complete the laundry work while David popped over a few mallards with an old muzzle loading shotgun from the back of the faithful old ox. But to the lads great annoyance he could not remove the red shades from the white shirts which the Dean was to wear on his return journey after a visit from London, England with his two bachelor sons, who Dave catered to from day to day, making soup and frying pork and beans. This work he became proficient in, in time. Alex soon got busy going up and down the furrows. The children were so delighted they must all trudge up and down after him. One would almost have to put a postup to see if Buck and Bright were moving. But Alex kept on persevering and with much shouting of "Gee and Haw!" they appeared to understand so well, having been guided by it for the past fourteen or fifteen years down east or thereabouts. Alex was able in a few days to have turned over in a black mass about five acres of land. A small portion of it to be allotted to the seeding down with potatoes. All things in readiness the seeding began, the seed thrown on by hand, and the potatoes in process of planting when one morning the work was disturbed when Sandy came running toward the shanty shouting, "Is my eye out? Is my eye out?" His mother being terrified rushed to meet him, persuading him to allow her to examine the part and was glad to assure him his eye was still there, and with a bandage around it retraced his steps and resumed his planting. It was Bright in his frantic efforts to rid himself of the thousands of venomous mosquitoes, had given poor Alex a powerful swipe in the face with one of those long dull looking horns of his, ornamented with about a dozen rings. Even in this accident there was much to be glad of as it might of been worse

and we were about ninety miles from a doctor at this time. Seeding done, our brother took his departure, leaving those at home to turn their attention to fencing the little field. The bush being but a short distance off made it possible to get the necessary timber, and with mother as the manager the work went on of cutting and sharpening the pickets, and the rails, then drag them out under our arms and place them around the field. I am sure it seemed endless the amount of material it took to complete the job, but in time was done and all were very pleased of what had been accomplished.

By this time the little supply of provisions was coming to an end. In fact the flour barrel was entirely empty, so the only thing remaining to do was to boil some of the black barley that was yet on hand after our seeding, and make it as palatable as possible with seasoning and keep all living for a few days, while an effort was put forth to secure a sack of flour up from Whitewood, yet the mill was not operating.

Now the crop came on nicely, and so did the frost, but any way we arranged to have it cut and a neighbour of more advanced experience in the person of George Seatter came along with his old binder and a cow and an ox and a horse attached. There was much gleaning to be done after he left and the stooking went on by the children, finally stacking it, propping it on every side as the sheaves were carried on two short sticks placed on the ground laying the sheaves across in number equal to our strength, the top of the stack completed it was viewed with much satisfaction and eventually was taken by one of the thresher hands a mile or so away to where an old horsepower machine stood and was manned by everybody with his mules and oxen to operate the affair over at Bob Sinclair's homestead.

It is true the little frozen grain turned out but slowly, and it did not appear to worry anyone very much, so long as the housewife gave the gang of her scanty supplies, some thing like a thresherman's meal and the evenings were usually spent in singing joking and playing tricks and much laughter, getting to bed somewhere in the "wee sma hour".

Dad came home in the early winter and continued his carpentering and often as one would glance at him while pushing his rip saw through that tough poplar the drops of perspiration could be seen dropping from his face, while his saw was heated. But when this wood was trimmed up it served well for the many articles needed in the home and on the homestead, where it could serve in building and necessary equipment.

In Spring a yoke of steers two years old were bought and broken in, these we were very proud of. Only one was a mully and was exceptionally fond of the green short grain inside the fence and casting his eye over the field would size up the rail fence and after he took in the whole situation he would soon get busy lifting rail after rail off with his big stumpy head pushing in the old black cow and his mate and then mully would avail himself of the opportunity of a good "blow out" as Johnny called it, the result of a very discouraging spectacle, after a few attacks like that, our field prospects were diminished, while Mully underwent punishment with his front feet hobbled together for a few days.

A calf and a few chickens had arrived the latter the result of a hen being given by one young man while three neighbours volunteered three eggs each, thus our first flock of chicks arrived that were much admired by the children, as they all claimed one each immediately, and I was lucky enough to have a pullet when they could be distinguished while those who were less fortunate shed tears when their pets lost their heads when it was profitable for us to take them to the block.

By this time things were going a pace in general in the little settlement. The oxen being busy and mother finding it necessary to go some six miles away where by now a settler had found it to his interest to keep a few groceries as a supply for settlers, and buy a few items, also see if the mail had come. The day was very warm and fixing the top of the well securely, letting the fire out, and with much instruction she took leave of the children. She walked away getting to the place and resting a wee while, getting a few necessities. She was making her return journey in the late afternoon, foot-sore with the heat and the sand under foot, hurrying on when all of a sudden a large wild beast came from a scrub near the path she was following which was little more than a wagon track. What she had read of wild beasts in the west, she concluded it was a wolf. He gazed at her very curiously, sniffing and following behind at a few paces. She kept looking behind her and watching his curious interest, and quite decided that if he got too close to her she would throw the pepper in his eyes and then he would not see her making her escape, but at this time a bird flew across the road. This took the brute's eye, he taking a few bounds after it soon set his attention upon it. Mother grasped the opportunity, and quickening her pace finally running, until she put a hill between her and this undesirable companion.

However it was but a short time and she could see the children who had started out in their anxiety to see her return. They were awfully pleased to find her coming home, but there was no candies as they were told the candyman was dead. The children did not mind that, so long as mother was home safely as they quivered with fear as to what might of happened had that mysterious brute attacked her with her feet tired and sore from the rough and sandy road. This journey was made several times but mother carried a stick always for fear of meeting such roamers and never was there a chance of a ride as there was only two settlers homesteaded along that stretch of prairie.

By this time the parents were getting anxious about a school after considerable discussion a board of trustees was founded. An acre of land donated by a worthy bachelor, Robert Sinclair, a bee called, the logs cut and hauled while another day or two put up the walls and poles on the roof where they were covered by thatch. The more skilled tradesman made themselves responsible for the furnishing such as the desks, tables and blackboard.

Meanwhile the children were being taught in a log room at the home of Mrs. Sinclair's. This room the teacher occupied by night and the pupils by day. It was my lot to sit on the edge of the teacher's bed and dangle my feet. I can assure you, without a back support I worked hard to overcome all obstacles in our alphabet.

The lady in charge was Miss Ella Carson, a woman of such morals and personality that is becoming in one responsible for the teaching of little ones. She was in possession of a teaching permit and her ability to teach proved greater than many in later days holding a certificate of high degree, and whose salary was the sum of about twenty-five dollars per month, and bring her board from her mother's home when opportunity afforded her.

It was with pleasure and satisfaction that those ratepayers made it possible in about a months time for about a dozen boys and girls to set themselves to study in their nice little Orkney log school house; by far the best building in the district and was in every sense a community centre and all for the small sum of two or three dollars taxes a year. It was maintained for quite a number of years, and where some of the pupils later

filled quite responsible positions in life. Finally being replaced by a better building made of stone.

Yes, many needy circumstances caused the older folk to truck and trade and convenience each other causing a friendliness to exist that stood the test of year after.

Seasons were dry and prairie fires raged without a barrier, often giving cause for much alarm. Nothing to hinder its sweeping before the wind or quench its wildness. Nights were spent in wakefulness and days in fighting. These fires, burning up much timber, endangering the little homes of the settlers sending their reflections high up into the clouds, creating a spectacle of such terror, some almost gave up in despair.

But after a time of gloom or danger passed over, the people readily turned their attention to other things that gave them courage and with little events in social life that lifted them over the stiles from time to time, they continued to press on.

One event of importance, the first of its kind to take place there, was a wedding which was to take place when the minister came up from the C.P.R., some ninety miles away and after waiting for some length of time, the Rev. gentleman arrived with his shaggy nag and buckboard encountering many hardships on the way. His coming gave Betty, the "bride-to-be", courage so she slipped on her bonnet and off she walked a mile or so up through the bush to tell the husband-to-be "the minister had come". While on learning this Jim raised his head while digging his garden and quietly exclaimed "that he had gone off the notion". In her dismay she retraced her steps relating the decision. However the young man must have reconsidered his position as a bachelor, as shortly Jim came sauntering along dressed in his best. Some of the good old hasbeens of Bonnie Scotland with one pant leg carelessly turned up while they adorned the top of a rough pair of boots looking as if they had not seen blacking since they tread on Canadian soil. But with Jim and Betty this far on the road to matrimony they notified their friends and on their arriving the ceremony was performed. It was a great event. The women were dressed in their best frocks that had not been aired for many a day waiting for an occasion. Yes, they were all there. The Reid's, Peace's, Fergus's and Garry's not forgetting Stevenson and his wife with all their musical talent.

Amid jokes and good wishes the happy couple took up their abode in a shanty where the stumps had been cut at a suitable length, inside here and there on the earth floor to serve as chairs. But that condition of affairs appeared of little displeasure to them as time remedied to some small degree these disadvantages that were replaced by little items of comfort. Around this worthy couple, who proved to be a real host and hostess to the many who received a real welcome that was extended to all who came that way, and ever giving a helping hand in time of sickness or need and as readily rejoiced with those rejoicing. Never appearing to be striving hard for much of this world's goods, and yet appearing to take a deal of enjoyment out of all and everybody who came in contact with them. Jim never leaving his company any wise discouraged when it was his pleasure to entertain. Although this worthy couple have passed away some years ago, many are the kind memories cherished of those real pioneers.

Now dad was again coming home to spend the winter months. So with our oxen driven by Geordie, one of the boys, off they went following that old Pelly Trail well beaten by the carts of the Indians and long hours, day after day were spent, not passing a house or any one for miles and miles while the load of wheat to be gristed at the Qu'Appelle Flour Mill

became very heavy as those faithful oxen taxed their strength finally encountering those rugged hills surrounding the valley and the mill here made of good grade of flour. Dad was eager for their coming, no more so, than those at home were when the homecoming meant something for each and all members of the family and usually the winter supply of provisions.

It was usually in the late evening of the eighth or ninth day of the journey that the team would come steaming and covered with frost, fagged out, but with a look of satisfaction on their animal faces that really seemed to express a thought of gladness that another long journey was finished.

Dad soon unpacked his trunk with its gifts to one and another and after a few days looking about was soon settled down to his home department again. By this time a little log building was furnished him to put his kit in and where he found himself very comfortable while working with his tools. Different items of woodwork from the neighbours came his way, some would like an armchair made, some a cupboard or a little table as their need may be.

But one day there was something to be made there in the form of a little coffin, which cast a sadness over the children when the sad news of the sudden death of little Willie Peace, a child of one of the settlers had been killed accidentally by a shot from a gun loaded for geese and that had been left in a corner of the shanty, and while the little lad was looking for his shoes he unfortunately disturbed the weapon, it discharged, the result was sudden death for little Willie Peace.

In consequence Dad offered his services at this time of bereavement.

The children in such fear were almost afraid to go near the workshop on tiptoe, having such an awesome feeling about them. To the younger ones this was the first sign of death they had experienced and seemed to them very near, but they gathered a few curly shavings and covered it with a slip and were quite satisfied when Dad placed it in the little coffin to lay the little head of golden curls on, after which a few neighbours gathered to put the little fellow to rest in a quiet spot on his father's homestead.

By this time a preacher was seen occasionally in the district in the person of Mr. H. who made his rounds with an old white horse and a toboggan in the winter. He being a man of large proportions found it difficult to keep comfortable on this snow-boat with its sides built up off the ground with canvas.

So approaching Dad on the question of making him a cutter and considering the hard times the work may stand as donation to Dad's credit. But when Mr. H. hitched to his new rig, he also brought the subject of his salary to dad's notice when the carpenter said it was with that in view he had done the job for him. But the preacher was not going to be put off as he indignantly exclaimed, "Oh! That does not add anything to my stipends." and was not satisfied at all. However mother later made a further struggle in the direction of his salary at a considerable sacrifice although she did not appreciate his attitude of ungratefulness.

Some months after this from dad's labours a pony came home to us. "Polly" looked grand, and much pleasure was promised ourselves from this source and by this means we all learned to ride altho' some of us had made a few attempts in the art of riding on Buck the ox up to this time. Finally a team of horses were safely deposited in the stable with colts at foot for the substantial sum of five hundred dollars, with interest

which in time was all cleared off, more to mother's satisfaction than anybody's, as she had a very unhappy horror of debt.

The boys brought different items of stock home and articles of interest on the farm until it was found necessary for Dad to cease his long journeys as there was much to keep him busy amid home and farm necessities, although he spent but little time on the land himself, the garden work came his way.

Time went on, all enjoyed a fair share of prosperity. The Manitoba and North Western Railway as it was called at this time, came along making a station within six or seven miles of our end of the settlement. This was the nearest station where it made its terminus for a few years continuing on later, and where now stands the City of Yorkton, incorporated as a city a short time ago. And has done away with those long trips where the hoof of the ox followed for miles the well beaten paths of the buffalo and the Red River carts and where the white Nimrod roamed unmolested without restriction with game in plenty over the vast stretches of country that lay on every side. The result that many were the tempting game bags emptied under the interesting gaze of the dwellers. Years have passed since that time, and many of those worthy pioneers lie on the hillside now. Our mother among them while but a few years later the father and main stay of life in our cabin home has been laid beside her not forgetting the oldest brother "Geordie" who also has departed from his labors, while others with us enjoy memories of those departed, of the old Scotch settlement, the little log school house, the noble school teachers, and all it ment to blaze the trails in those pioneer days.

The Fernie's sold their homestead in the Orkney District about 1910 and to get plenty of water for their large herds of cattle and horses, obtained land on the Cussed Creek in the Beaverdale District, south of Springside. George and his father and adjoining quarters and the other boys obtained land nearby. This family eventually all married, and raised families, the descendants of whom are scattered over Canada.

GEORGE Fernie married HELEN BRAGG. They had two children, ALLAN and LATHLEEN, all deceased. DAVE Fernie married and moved to Toronto and raised a family of whom little is known. ALEX Fernie moved to the Theodore District. He and his wife raised three children, BILL Fernie lives near Theodore. He never married. He is buried in the Theodore Cemetery. JACK Fernie married MAY YATEMAN of Springside. They had six children, born in Beaverdale District. They moved to a location near Thunder Bay, Ontario. Jack and MARY are both buried there. PETE Fernie, the youngest member of the family, married HAZEL DODGE. They have one daughter PAMELA. They lived in Springside for many years. Pete died a few years ago. Hazel lives in the Yorkton Nursing Home. MARY Fernie the eldest daughter married DAVID PINDER of Springside. She lived at Springside for many years prior to her passing. She wrote the enclosed history of the Fernie's pioneer days. She had a large family, but only five lived to adulthood RUTH, MRS. LAWRENCE ELDRIKIN, is the only living member of her family. JESSIE Fernie the second daughter married CHARLIE PEAKER of Yorkton. Charlie was Mayor of Yorkton for many years. They were highly respected first citizens. Both are buried in the Yorkton City Cemetery. So passes the first generation of Fernie's, true pioneers of Orkney.

- submitted by: Maude McPhee

THE McKEN FAMILY

JOHN and MARGARET McKEN

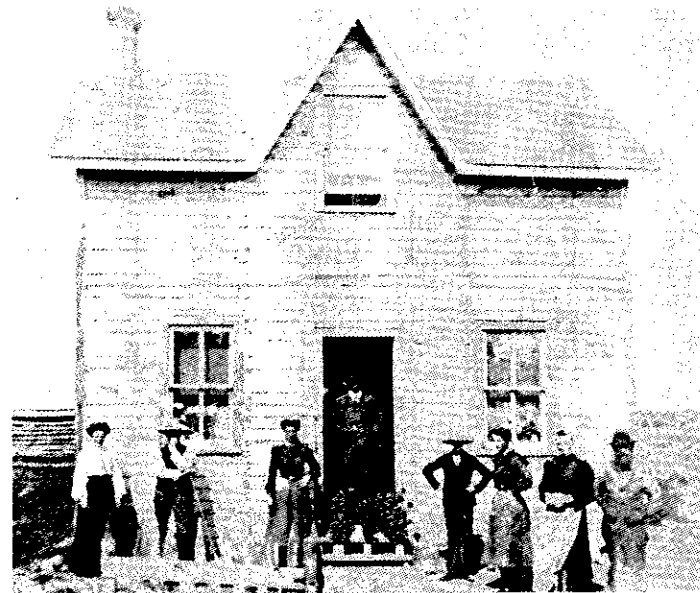
submitted by: Margie Steve

This family history of John and Margaret was compiled from the various family stories Donald McKen left for historical purposes.

JOHN McKen was born in Newmains, Scotland, the only child of John and Agnes (Reid) of Donregan County of Dumfriesshire. In 1867, John married MARGARET COWAN of Johnstone, also in Dumfriesshire. All of John and Margaret's family of 12 were born in the county of Dumfriesshire. John, along with his three older children, was working at the "Kells" farm in Castle Douglas, when word came to them that the York Colonization Co. was looking for settlers to come to Canada. Land could be homesteaded for \$10.00. With the promise of all this land, they were lured from their homeland. By 1890 they had scraped together enough money to sail to Canada with 10 of their family. Left behind in Scotland were AGNES and ROBERT, along with Robert's wife, Helen "Nellie".

After a hectic sea voyage and train ride from Montreal, they landed at the Immigration shed in Yorkton in April 1890. They were met by the Colonization Company and taken to see their homestead near Cussed Creek. Their first night was spent at the Immigration shed, but next day they moved to their homestead. They acquired a team of oxen and plow, and immediately began to build themselves a soddy. They accomplished this feat with the help of their neighbours, Tom Tullis, Tom Garry, Mathew Peace and John Duncan.

So began their life in Canada. They lived in this soddy until 1905, at which time Orcadia had begun to flourish and they were able to buy lumber at the Prairie Lumber Company in Orcadia. They obtained the services of a carpenter, "Peg Leg" Parker, who built the house for them.



The New House - ca. 1905

(L to R): Jessie McKen, Peg Leg Parker, Mary McKen, Jim McKen, Roddie McLeod, Nellie McKen, Margaret McKen (Grandma), and John McKen (Grandpa).



Margaret (Cowan) & John McKen

When the house was finished they cleared back the furniture and had a dance. They celebrated for two reasons, (1) the finishing of the house and (2) Saskatchewan becoming a province of Canada. This house was to stand and be lived in until 1945, at which time it was occupied by Fred and Louise Hall.

Shortly after their arrival in Canada, a neighbour John Duncan took pity on them and loaned them a milk cow. It was a range cow, so wild that it took the whole family to milk it.

John was fascinated with the threshing business. He first acquired a small threshing machine which was fed by hand. He built this threshing business, along with his older sons, into a very profitable enterprise. Horsepower, then steam and finally in 1905, the Rumely Oil Pull.

In the early years some of the McKens attended Windsor School, where it is noted that one year John loaned them the money to pay the teacher's salary.

By the spring of 1891 Robert and Agnes had arrived from Scotland and things began to get very busy. Jim had been able to get a job in Yorkton at Levi Beck's Mill and Bill got a job draying. With everyone pulling together they were able to establish their farming operations. Agnes got a job at the Royal Hotel where she met and married a railroad man, DICK GRAHAM. Shortly after their marriage, they left to make their home in Gladstone, Manitoba.

Margaret was well known as the local midwife, a practice she had learned in Scotland. She sometimes travelled far into the Beaver Hills to deliver a baby. Most times her kindness was repaid in chickens and vegetables.

John died on October 30, 1912. He had gone to town with his Democrat and team of ponies (a pinto and a bay), to get threshing supplies. He was late in returning and lost his way on the trail, and wandered into the muskeg. He was found the next day, by George Scatter, dead of exposure. Margaret kept the threshing operation together and remained in the homestead house with her son TOM, until her death in 1915.

The courage of this pioneer family was unending. Leaving their homeland with such a large, young family to face life on the Canadian prairies was no easy task. Only once was Margaret heard to voice any misgivings about the choice they had made. The first night on their prairie homestead the frogs began to croak, the oxen began stamping in the bush and Margaret said to John, "John!, What kind of country hane you brought us to, to be ate up by wolves?".

John and Margaret's family of 12 were: ROBERT, AGNES (later Mrs. Dick Graham), JIM, JEANNIE (later Mrs. Duncan McLeod), MARGARET (later Mrs. George Hall), WILLIAM, THOMAS, JOHN JR. (Batch), CHARLES, JESSIE (later Mrs. Bill Benjamin), NELLIE (later Mrs. Charlie Barber) and MARY JANE (later Mrs. Charles Lewis).

When John died in 1912, the family had amassed a holding of some 13 quarters of land. It is interesting to see what John McKen Sr. listed as his possessions when he applied for his homestead. "A wife, 10 children, 30 head of cattle, 9 horses, a 40 x 14 house, a 16 x 24 stable and 3 sides of a quarter, fenced".

Following is a list of the homesteads the McKen boys had:
John McKen Sr. - N.E. 28-26-5, 1891; Robert McKen - S.E. 28-26-5, 1901;
Jim McKen - S.E. 28-26-5, 1899; Tom McKen - S.W. 24-27-6, 1906; John Jr. - N.E. 26-26-6; and Charles McKen - S.W. 24-26-6.

Statement of James Fergus of Sec. 30
 Twp. 26 Rge. 4 of 2 Meridian, in reference to the
 application of John McKen for a Patent
 for 1/2 of Sec. 28 Twp. 26 Rge. 5
 of 2 Meridian.

Homestead 1/2 1/4 Pre-emption

1. What is your occupation? Farmer
2. How long have you known John McKen
(the applicant in this case, and where have you resided since he perfected his entry to above homestead?) 7 years in the neighborhood.
3. Was he entitled to an entry for this quarter section? Yes
4. When did he build his house thereon? 1891
5. When did he perfect his entry to this homestead by taking in his own person possession of the land and beginning continuous residence thereon and cultivation thereof? 3 June 1911
6. What portion of each year since that date has he resided thereon? Continuously to date
7. When absent from his homestead where has he resided, and what has been his occupation? None
8. Of whom does his family consist; when did they first commence residence upon this homestead, and for what portion of each year since that date have they resided upon it? Wife and 10 children since work began
9. How much breaking has he done upon his homestead in each year since he obtained entry, and how many acres has he cultivated each year? Two passes broken and 1/2 in crop
10. How many horned cattle, horses, sheep and pigs has applicant had upon his homestead each year since date of perfecting his entry? About 20 cattle average of horses
11. What is the size of his house, and what is its present cash value? 12 x 14 \$50
12. What extent of fencing has he made, and what is the present cash value thereof? 3/4 Sec 1/4 Sec \$100
13. What other buildings has he erected? What other improvements has he made, and what is the cash value of the same? Shed \$100
14. Are there any indications of minerals or quarries on his homestead? If so, state nature of same, and whether it is more valuable for agricultural than any other purpose? No
15. Has he had any other homestead entry? If so, when and where and what became of it? No
16. Has he assigned or transferred or agreed to assign or transfer his homestead or pre-emption right or any part thereof? If so, when and to whom? No
17. Have you any interest, direct or indirect, in this application? No
18. Do you believe the claimant has acted in good faith in obtaining his entry, and in his application for patent? Yes

To wit:
 I James Fergus of Sec 30 Twp 26 Rge 4 1/2
 make oath and say that the answers to the foregoing questions are true and correct in every particular.
 Sworn before me at Winnipeg this 20 day of June 1898
John McKen James Fergus
 Local Agent of Dominion Lands for the District.

John McKen's Land Title

ROBERT and HELEN McKEN
 submitted by: Margie Steve



Robert McKen Sr.



Helen (Dougan) McKen

ROBERT "THE BOSS" and HELEN "NELLIE" (DOUGAN) McKen were both born in Newmains cottage, village of Mousewaid County of Dumfriesshire in Scotland. Bob was born 20 December 1868 and Nellie was born in 1867. They both worked at the Kells farm in Castle Douglas, Bob as a teamster and Nellie as a domestic. It was here they were married and also here their first child, a son, ROBERT JR. was born.

Bob immigrated to Canada in the spring of 1891 along with his sister Agnes, leaving behind his wife and son until he could establish a home for them. Bob farmed with his father John, and worked the adjoining quarter, which belonged to T.V. Simpson. T.V. had built a house of sorts on his quarter, but he wanted to return to the East to go to Veterinary College. He left Bob to look after his land and Nellie with their son, Bob Jr. came to Canada in June 1893.

By all accounts Bob was a real worker. Eyewitnesses say that in his younger days Bob never walked, he ran. During the winter months he would go up to Pelly, hauling logs to make extra money. This was very dangerous work. Piling the logs on the wagon to a peak, then driving to the river on icy slopes. Since the horses were all sharp shod, it was quite a feat to keep the load from upsetting. It was here in the winter of 1895, that Bob first became acquainted with one of his neighbours, Bob Rousay.

In 1906 we find he owned S1/2 of 28 and had signed an agreement with the York Colonization Company for the purchase of the S1/2 of 35. In 1909 his family consisted of his wife Nellie and five children and they moved to a log house which Bob had built on Sec. 35. This house was to stand and be their home until 1945. It was in this log house their youngest child was born. Their fourth child "Sandy" had died at the age of 1 year in 1897. So it was that Bob and Nellie raised a family of four boys and two girls.

Life took a bit of a turn for Bob over the next few years. His father died in 1912, his wife Nellie died in 1914 and his mother in 1915. His two oldest sons Robert and Bill went to war and paid the supreme sacrifice in 1917.

With the marriage of his eldest daughter Jen in 1917, Bob found his dream somewhat shattered. From a family of six there was only his seventeen year old son Donald, and his seven year old daughter Ellen left at home. In 1916 Bob hired Mrs. Laura Fenske as a housekeeper, who came there with her eighteen month old son, Barney.

Bob and Donald, with a lot of hard work, kept the farm going. In 1939 Bob turned the family farm over to Donald, but continued to live there with his son until his death on his birthday, December 20, 1945, at the age of 77. It was always said that Bob's reason for staying alive was to see his grandson Bill return from overseas in the Second World War. This wish was fulfilled, as he was to see Bill return in the fall of 1945, just prior to Bob's death.

Bob and Nellie were hardy pioneers of the Orkney District. Their family all attended Orkney Church and School. Bob, like his father before him, ran a very successful threshing operation with steam as his main source of power. His two sons, Robert and Charlie were steam engineers. Their family of seven children were: ROBERT JR., BILL, JESSIE JANE "JEN" (Mrs. Jimmie Cannon), ALEXANDER "SANDY", DONALD, CHARLIE JR., and ELLEN (Mrs. Hartford Lewis).

Robert, Nellie and Sandy are buried in Orkney.

ROBERT McKEN JR.

submitted by: Margie Steve

ROBERT was the eldest of the family of Bob and Nellie McKen. Bob was born in Castle Douglas in Scotland in 1891 and came to Canada with his mother in 1893, at the age of 2.

Bob farmed with his Dad and ran the steam engine on his Dad's threshing crew until he joined the Army in 1916. He was also the hunter in the family and it is said that for many years it was this hunting ability that put food on the table and clothes on the family's back. It was Bob who taught his younger brother, Donald, how to hunt and trap.

After joining the Army to fight in W.W.I, Bob was listed as missing, and was presumed dead in November 1917. His name is listed on the plaques of the Unknown Soldiers on the Menin Gate in Flanders, France.

WILLIAM McKEN JR.

submitted by: Margie Steve

WILLIAM McKen Jr. was the second child born to Bob and Nellie McKen, at the homestead farm of the McKen's in 1894.

Bill farmed with his Dad until he too enlisted to fight in W.W.I in 1916. When Bill left to go overseas he took his horse "Major" with him. Bill was killed in action in June of 1917, and is buried in Willerville Cemetery in Belgium.

JESSIE McKEN (see story next page)

ALEXANDER "SANDY" McKEN

submitted by: Margie Steve

ALEXANDER McKen was the fourth child born to Bob and Nellie McKen in 1896 and died a year later in 1897.

JESSIE (McKen) and JIMMIE CANNON

submitted by: Margie Steve



Jessie (McKen) & Jimmie Cannon

JESSIE "JEN" McKEN was born in 1895. She was the 3rd child, and first daughter of Robert and Helen McKen. Jen attended Orkney School where Hazel Dodge became her best friend. Jen stayed at home until her marriage. With a family of 6 plus her Dad, it is not hard to see why she did. With the death of her mother in 1914, she became not only housekeeper, but mother to her younger sister Ellen, who was 15 years younger and her brother Charlie, who was 12 years younger than her.

In 1909 JIMMIE CANNON was working around the district, having arrived the same year from Minnesota, Manitoba. Jimmie was born in Scotland in 1889. He was 19 years old when he arrived in Yorkton with his team of horses to help build the railroad from Yorkton to Melville. Due to an outbreak of anthrax his horses had to be done away with so he left the railroad, saying he couldn't work without his team. In 1915 we find him, among other things coach of the Orcadia soccer team and caretaker of the Yorkton Skating Rink, where it is said he taught most of the kids in the area how to skate. In 1916 Jimmie joined the Army, but was sent home with a medical discharge. On January 2, 1917, Jen and Jimmie were married. Their first home was in Orcadia and the church later stood on that site.

Jen and Jimmie raised sheep and Jen was the shepherd. Bill Wiseman Jr. worked with them for a while. They then moved to the T.V. Simpson farm, which is now the golf course in Yorkton. Their oldest son, Bill, still lays claim to the fact that he is the only person around who was born on a golf course. They later moved to the Ennis farm, where their second son Robert, was born. Finally they settled on a farm rented and later purchased from Empire Land and Loan Company. This was where they lived out the rest of their life.

Humour now enters. Jen sent Jimmie out to catch and behead 2 chickens for the threshing crew's dinner. Jimmie was walking across the yard with the chickens when Donald, Jen's brother came in the gate. Now it is a known fact that Donald was an excellent marksman. Jimmie held up the chickens and said, "Shoot their heads off if you can", whereupon Donald promptly reached into the car, got his gun and did so, with 2 shots. Another time the writer and Jimmie were shovelling snow off the roof of the house. Jimmie put the shovel over the chimney and said, "Watch this, Auntie's baking bread", aaaagh the old wood stove.

There were endless streams of dogs and other animals, all with names. They loved their farm.

In 1965 they began moving to Yorkton for the winter. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1967 at Orkney B School in Orcadia.

Jen and Jimmie had two sons, WILLIAM, who married Isabel Patterson, and ROBERT "Bob", who married Marian Willows.

Jen died in 1969, Jimmie in 1980 and Bob in 1986.

WILLIAM JOHN "BILL" and ISABEL CANNON

submitted by: Bill Cannon

How I survived to write this story, I sometimes wonder. The beginning of my life is told in the Jen and Jimmie Cannon story. The story is told that the night I was born, with Aunt Maggie Hall in attendance, all did not go well and we were all loaded up and sent to the Yorkton Hospital, where I was actually born. When I was a month old, Mom and I were released from hospital with no way to get home. A taxi was called, and at that time a taxi was a horse and buggy. The taxi took us to Aunt Maggie Hall's and the driver went to announce our arrival, leaving Mom and me in the buggy. The horses shied and ran around in circles with the both of us still in it. So began my life. The next incident I recall is living in Orcadia, and myself and the Wilson boys lying on the railroad track letting the trains run over us, just for something to do. Prior to moving to the Ennis farm, we spent a winter with Uncle Tom McKen. That was fun! Uncle Tom offered me a dime if I could keep from talking for five minutes.

I started school at Orkney with Ivan Patrick as my teacher. I was always interested in sports and played ball for Orcadia. This was fun and sometimes a wild time as there was a feud going between Orcadia and the Gabert Tigers Ball Team. The team was composed entirely of Gaberts and they sure didn't appreciate being beaten by Orcadia. This was a sport I carried with me into the Army. I have a small worn horseshoe plaque I brought home from England which reads, "Wings for Victory,

Epsom and Ewel England Baseball Match, June 2, 1943 - Canada vs. U.S.A. Presented to Lance Corporal W.J. CANNON". In my growing up years, many Sundays were spent at Uncle Donald McKen's and we all played hockey for Orcadia at what we called "Herb's Hole". It was a skating rink at Herb Elliott's.

In 1941 I joined the army in W.W.II, returning home in the fall of 1945. It was always said my Grandpa McKen lived only for the day I returned from overseas, and so it was that Grandpa McKen died that Christmas.



Isabel & Bill Cannon

On November 22, 1946, I married ISABEL PATTERSON, the daughter of our neighbours Tom and Betsy Jane Patterson. We began our life together on the John Pohl farm. In 1949 we moved to a little house on Second Ave. in Yorkton. Later I bought a home at 95 Darlington and I began as the oil truck driver for the Yorkton Co-op.

Many promotions later and still with the Co-op at the feed mill, I left the Co-op in 1969. During this period I was also raising turkeys with Russell Anderson, and had begun to farm my Mom and Dad's farm which I purchased in 1970. I am still farming it, having retired from all other jobs. After the death of my Mother in 1969, my Dad came to live with us in our new and larger home. Dad stayed with us until he needed more care and had to go to a nursing home. He died in 1980.

Isabel and I raised a family of 3. DONALD, born in 1949 and named after my Uncle Donald McKen, works for L.I. Case and lives in Dawson Creek, B.C. ALAN was born in 1952, and he with his wife Iris live in Fort McMurray, Alberta along with their 4 children. Alan is a fireman there. Our daughter KATHY was born in 1958 and lives in Prince Albert, Sask. with her husband Kevin Bates, who is the Deputy Fire Chief.

We have 8 grandchildren and are presently enjoying our life in semi-retirement. Going back and forth to the farm on a regular basis and walking my brown lab, "Sailor". I celebrated my 70th birthday this year, and am enjoying good health and so is my wife Isabel. We look forward to enjoying many more happy years together with our grandchildren.

ROBERT and MARIAN CANNON

submitted by: Bill Cannon

ROBERT (BOB) was born in 1924 while his parents Jen and Jimmie Cannon were living on the "ENNIS" farm. This farm is the N.E. quarter of section 16 and is presently farmed by Don Cmoc.

Bob spent much of his younger life around his Uncle Donald McKen, working for him and hunting with him. He became close friends with Barney Fenske (son of his grandfather's housekeeper, Laura Fenske) as they were both musically inclined. Bob and Barney played for dances at Orkney and the surrounding district. Bob loved to play his fiddle and he and Barney also played for Amateur Hour on the radio.



Robert Cannon

Along with his love for music, Bob was also an accomplished athlete. He played ball with the Orcadia Ball Team, sometimes catching while his brother Bill pitched. He was one of the famous hockey players who played with the Orcadia hockey team at Herb Elliott's or "Herbs Hole" as it was known to the boys.

In 1946 Bob became involved in carpentry and left the district.

He married his wife MARIAN in the 1970's and they moved to British Columbia, where Bob died in 1986.

DONALD McKEN

submitted by: Margie Steve

DONALD was born the 5th member of the family of Bob and Helen "Nellie" McKen. He was born in his parent's log house on Sec. 28. Donald always said he and Abe Lincoln had something in common, both born in a log house. Donald could remember only slightly, the sod house with the log kitchen built on one end, that his grandparents John and Margaret McKen lived in before they built their homestead house in 1905. He said it was always leaking. Also, he remembered the party they had when it was completed. They all lived together, and that big house was wide open to the wind. No insulation in those days and the wind whistled in. During the winter they nearly froze to death.

It was in this house that his younger brother Charlie was born. In 1906 his Dad purchased the south half of 35, but it was 3 years before they were able to haul enough logs from Beaver Hills to build themselves a log house on this land. In 1901 all was ready and Donald moved with his Mother and Dad and three brothers and one sister to the log house on S1/2 of 35. This was to be a temporary house until they could build a better one. However this was to be Donald's home for the next 35 years. Shortly after moving into this house in March 1910, his younger sister Ellen was born.

In 1917 Donald and his Dad began farming together, but the farm operation at that time was still in Bob's name. Donald worked hard to keep the farm afloat. He bought a scrub plow and began clearing the bush and breaking more land. To aid in the paying of the farm debts, he bought a hammer mill and chopped feed grain for farmers all over the country. It's a wonder with all the work at home to do, that he found time to hire out breaking other people's land as well. He had to wait a few years for Barney Fenske to grow up and be able to work with him. Barney and his mother Laura had come there in the fall of 1916. Barney was only a baby of 18 months, so you can see they had to wait a few years for Barney to be old enough to milk the cow. Bob apparently did this chore until he turned it over to Barney.

It is told in Donald's diaries that Barney was involved in a farm accident and landed in the hospital in the late 70's. Donald was then forced to make an effort at milking the cow, for the first time. As most people know by now, Donald kept a 50 year diary with a daily accounting of all his life's work.

In 1939 Bob retired and the land was transferred to Donald. Taking time from his farm work, his guns and his trapping were his first love. He had a fine collection of guns and hunting and trapping was an art he learned from his older brother Bob. Bob was 9 years older than Donald and when he set out to hunt and trap, Donald trotted after him, almost as soon as he was able to walk. Donald was also a very avid trapper, trapping and selling muskrat, mink, wolf, fox and you name it. When hunting season began, Donald was never seen without his gun nearby. This did not always help, as he once said, "the ducks flew so low he could have reached up and grabbed them". He had gone a few steps too far from the truck, and by the time he got his gun, damn, they were gone! Also, he trapped a multitude of beaver from the beaver dam he had built on his farm on 27.

Donald was full of fun and was seldom seen without his lifelong buddy and friend, his cousin Fred Hall. Many a holiday season and New Year's Day were spent at the home of Fred and Louise Hall. Fred was just two years younger than Donald, and they farmed together for many years. Fred had a lot of hay land and Donald hauled most of his hay from there. The creek ran through Fred's land, and Fred was forever driving just a little too close to it and landing in the creek, requiring Donald to come to pull him out. Most farmer's were concerned if it rained in harvest time, but not Donald and Fred, they would jump off the combine, grab their guns and simply go hunting until it dried up.

In 1945 Donald built a new house on the farm. Fred Chupa was hired as the carpenter and that was the only help needed. Barney proved to be a talented carpenter and did most of the work on the structure. Donald looked after his Dad all his life and was happy to see Donald build, however his Dad was in the house only a month when he died. When they were

building the house they still had no windows in the basement, and when they were away getting more supplies, a skunk paid a call and fell into the basement. Barney and Donald carefully lowered a stovepipe into the basement and waited for the skunk to wander in. Donald had no patience with waiting, and when they pulled the pipe out Donald looked in the end to see where the skunk was. It was looking him straight in the eye, and needless to say, it didn't take Barney long to appear with a board for the hole and saved the day.



Donald McKen with coyote skins

1949 brought one of the happiest events in Donald's life with the arrival of Donald Cannon, his namesake. Donald is the grandson of Donald's sister, Jen.

Donald was a classic example of a farmer who went from steam engine and horses, to diesel. He ran the steam engine on his Dad's threshing crew and farmed with horses and gas tractors with lugs. He was one of the farmers who was a long time in believing you could use a tractor with rubber tires. His last tractor was a Duetz diesel.

The Wheat Pool was one of Donald's pet projects. I guess he knew all the problems of the farmers prior to the organizing of the Pool. If you lived close to the elevator and got there first, you could deliver your wheat and get top dollar. If you lived further away and couldn't get there in the first bunch, by the time you arrived the price had plummeted.

One of Donald's more notable accomplishments was aiding in the formation of the Yorkton Co-op. He was a charter member of the Co-op and was on the first Board of Directors along with Stewart Dodds, Gerald

Larson, Frank Draper and Fred Edgar, who was the first chairman of that board. Donald's winter holiday was always his trip to Saskatoon to the C.C.I.L. Convention. Many a time, coming and going in the early years the roads would be blocked at home and he would be taken to and brought home from the train in Orcadia by Barney in either the stone boat or the hay rack and team. Of course the highlight of this trip would be his annual visit with his sister, Ellen and her family, who lived in Saskatoon.

Donald was a game warden from 1948 until well into the 60's. He would have stayed longer but they decided in Regina that all the game wardens should wear suits the same. Being a game warden was more or less gratis anyway, and they wanted Donald to pay \$65.00 for a suit, so he packed up his badge and sent it back. His interest in the preservation of wildlife never waned. He was working in the field one day when he saw a hawk swoop down to attack a nest of baby ducks. The mother duck had wandered off, so Donald jumped off the tractor and threw mud balls at the hawk. Donald put the nest in his cap and carried it down to the creek. He said he saved the ducks but didn't do much for his cap. He always posted his land on 27 in the hunting season.

Donald went to Orkney School and always took his gun with him when he walked. Apparently there was no shortage of shells as Donald shot his initials in every fencepost on his way to school and home.

Politics was another of his interests. For many years, there was never an election of any kind held in the district that Donald was not the D.R.O.

In his younger years Donald enjoyed playing the fiddle at dances, and also for his own pleasure. This was an art he learned from his older brother, Bob. He played for "Milk for Britain" dances during the war years. He was mostly self-taught on his fiddle and in order to get his music, Pete Rousay, would whistle and Donald would copy down the notes.

Donald played hockey with the Orcadia hockey team until he was well on in years. His hockey playing was done at Herb Elliott's "Herb's Hole".

Donald was very close to his two sisters, Jen and Ellen. Many days of hunting were spent down at his sister Jen and her husband Jimmie's. His other sister, Ellen, left the district but Jen never did. As the writer and the daughter of his sister Ellen, I well remember the letters from Uncle Donald, full of fun and news of some sort. When he had finished the new house and dug a new toilet (a job he didn't think much of), he wrote and said he hoped nobody ever held their nose waiting for anything to hit bottom. The time he first saw a manure spreader he sat right down and wrote to us, "Boy! I wouldn't want to stand behind that thing when it takes off".

A strong community spirit was another of Donald's strong points. At the time of the final restoration of the Orkney Church and School, he was too far along in years to aid in the final restoration, he encouraged it to the last. He was also very interested in family and community history and made every effort to preserve it. His diaries were published and the money donated to the Orkney Historical Society to aid in the publishing of this Orkney History Book. We as a family knew he would want this and felt no finer tribute could have been made to Donald.

Donald died January 28, 1987 at the age of 87, and is fittingly buried in Orkney Cemetery with his mother, father and brother Sandy. Donald was the last surviving member of the immediate family of Bob McKen. However he was survived by his sister Jen's son, Bill, and his sister Ellen's daughter, Margie Steve.

CHARLIE MCKEN JR.

submitted by: Margie Steve



Charlie McKen Jr.

CHARLIE was born the 6th member of the family of Robert and Nellie McKen. Charlie was a steam engineer and ran the steamer for his Dad on the threshing crew. Charlie attended Orkney School. One morning his sister, Jen, packed him up and sent him to school. Ellen was still too little to go with him and later in the morning she came in and announced that Charlie was "down the hole". Jen, thinking he had gone to school, needed a bit of convincing from Ellen, but she went out and sure enough, there was Charlie down the toilet hole. They had just dug a brand new toilet hole. Charlie had seen a bird's nest in the corner of the roof and in an attempt to get it, had slid down the hole. The men were all in the field so Jen and Ellen began throwing wood from the nearby pile down the hole for Charlie to stand on, until he could climb out.

Charlie was always a rather inventive boy. He got tired of sawing and chopping the wood by hand, so he hooked up the steamer to the buck saw and it worked! Sure did beat doing it by hand.

He left home in 1921 and went to Pasqua, just outside of Regina. There he met up with Bill Wiseman, an old close friend. Apparently things were not too easy for Bill either, so Charlie left with another fellow and went on the rodeo circuit. He worked the Sparrow Ranch in Midnapore, Alberta as a rodeo rider and was injured in an accident when the horses were coming out of the chute. He recovered from these injuries and went to Vancouver, where he drove freight trucks. He was again injured in an accident and this plus his injuries in Alberta contributed to his death in December 1927 at the young age of 21 years.

LAWRENCE HERMAN FENSKE



Lawrence "Barney" Fenske with his mother Mrs. Laura Fenske holding her saddle mare, Daisy - ca. 1927-28

I was born at Saltcoats, Sask. on the 1st day of May 1915 to ARTHUR HERMAN and LAURA ANNIE Fenske.

My father was born at Fall Creek, Wisconsin, U.S.A. on February 22, 1889 to Herman and Bertha Fenske. He came to Canada with his father and brother about 1912 or 13. A few months later his father and brother returned to Wisconsin. My father decided to stay in Canada and worked on various farms around Saltcoats. He met my mother when he went to work on the same farm where she was already employed.

My mother's maiden name was Laura Annie Hall. She was born at Little Baiden, Mayfield, Sussex, England to Walter Robert and Eliza Hall on December 28, 1887. After her school years she left home and worked as a domestic for some of the aristocracy in and around Sussex. In 1912 she decided to come to Canada, but after making all arrangements to sail she became very sick and had to postpone her trip for a year. She told me many times that she was very lucky that she took sick at that time as the ship she was to have sailed on was the Titanic, the ship that was supposed to be unsinkable, but sank when it struck an iceberg on its' maiden voyage.

Then in 1913 she felt well enough to try to come to Canada again. She set sail for Canada in the latterpart of March arriving at Saltcoats the first week of April. She got a job at the Saltcoats Hotel for awhile, but then she thought she would like to work on a farm.

So she got a job on the farm of William Porter. This was where she met my father. They were married on the 9th of April 1914, just about one year after my mother arrived from England. Then of course the big event was my arrival on the scene about one year later, May 1, 1915.

A few months after I was born my father developed tuberculosis. As there were no sanitoriums at that time, he was treated at home, but passed away on July 25, 1916. After he was laid to rest, mother went back to her old job at the hotel for a month or so. It was here she saw the ad in the Yorkton Enterprise for a housekeeper for the fall harvest season. She answered the ad and got the job on the farm of Robert McKen of Orcadia. She arrived in Yorkton on the passenger train and was met there by Mr. McKen, who was driving a team and democrat. Mother always claimed that was the longest ride she ever had in a democrat, because of the fact she had me, a baby, to look after and with the mosquitoes still out in full force, she thought she was going to be eaten alive, they were so bad. This was in mid September 1916 and I was just a little squirt of 16 months.

Mother was quite surprised to find a log house at the end of her journey, as she had never seen one before and she thought it quite unique. The log part of this house consisted of two rooms, a dining-living room and a bedroom at one end. There was a frame lean-to of a large kitchen and bedroom attached. These two bedrooms were large enough to hold two beds each along with a bureau and washstand and a lot of other miscellaneous articles including three trunks. This home stood until 1947 when it was torn down. Meanwhile a new house had been built in 1945.

Robert McKen's wife had passed away in 1914, leaving him with a family of six to look after, four boys and two girls. When my mother arrived on the scene, the two older boys William and Robert Jr. had already enlisted in the Army and were about to go overseas. They eventually did and were both killed within a few months of each other in 1917.

This left the four other children namely Jessie(Jane) commonly called Jen, 21 yrs. old; Donald 16; Charlie 10 and Ellen 6. I will give a brief history of these last four including their father at the end of this narration.

After threshing was done that fall my mother stayed on through the winter to help look after the younger McKen's. In the spring of 1917 Mr. McKen asked her if she would stay on for the rest of that year, which she did. And so what was supposed to have been temporary became a permanent job, one of 55 years, until she passed away on June 7, 1971.

Besides looking after the McKen family and myself, mother grew a very large vegetable garden and also a large flower garden. She also took over looking after the chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks that were raised on the farm. My mother liked to ride and she would ride for miles visiting various neighbours on horseback. She took over the job of looking after the cattle to help lessen the work of the others on the farm. As there were no fences when she came to the district, she would have to ride for miles sometimes to find the cattle. Then around 1920 everybody started erecting fences, making it a lot easier to look after the cattle.

Along with these jobs and looking after the house and doing the cooking, I often wonder how she did it.

Especially at threshing time, when she had to cook for 15 to 20 men. This was when she needed help. So Jen McKen or by this time Mrs. Cannon, used to come and help and of course Ellen was old enough to help after school. Then in later years I had to help after school as Jen had moved away and Ellen by this time was going to the Collegiate in Yorkton. After I quit school I had to be in the field working or hauling grain from the machine, so I was not much help around the house. This

was when Mr. McKen hired someone to help with the cooking and the general household work.

Over the years mother grew some of the most beautiful flower gardens. In the last year of the Second World War, she grew a victory garden. The word 'Victory' was planted of white Alyssum and large enough that I had to get up on the roof of the old house to get the whole word in a picture. She did most of the landscaping around the new house, with a lot of help from me, as I had to haul the water for the trees and shrubs and flowers, about every two or three days.



Mrs. Fenske's Victory Garden

Besides doing all this work, both inside and outside the house, my mother belonged to the Orkney Ladies Aid. She was a member of the Orkney Red Cross and also the Orkney Community Club.

How she managed all this I still wonder about. I know there were lots of women who went through similar experiences and I say hats off to them, for if it had not been for them we would not be where we are today. Somewhere between coming to the McKen's and starting school I acquired the name of Barney, and it has stuck to me ever since.

I started school in 1921 with Ellen, who was already going to school. Ellen was 11 and I was 6 years old. Mr. McKen drove us the 3 1/2 miles to school for the first two years and then as they thought Ellen was able to handle a horse and buggy, she took over the job of driving to school. Charlie was through school at this time.

So now I was left to go to school by myself. I was now 10 years old. So whenever there was a horse available, I rode to school on horseback, otherwise I walked across the field 1/2 mile to Orcadia and joined the kids from there and walked 2 1/2 miles down the track to school. There were a few unusual things that happened when I went to school, like the time the school barn burned down. The teacher had all of the pupils out cleaning up the yard in the afternoon, then he set fire to the pile of rubbish that had accumulated. Thinking that the fire was out we all went home. The next morning there was no barn, just a pile of ashes and

some smoke. The teacher got raked over the coals for not making sure the fire was out before he left for home. We had to tie our horses to the buggies or to a fencepost for awhile, until the new barn was built during the summer holidays. Then there was the time one of the kids was fooling around with matches and started quite a fire across the road south of the school. That used to be part of our playground at the time. We all ended up fighting for the rest of the afternoon.

I will never forget falling flat on my face into a wasp nest, when being chased by another student when we were playing "pump, pump, pull away". I got stung pretty bad around my face. We had an old well north-west of the school that had a lot of wet clay around it. Miss McQueen, our teacher at the time, took me over to the well and plastered my face with the clay, which seemed to take the pain out of the stings.

The water in that old well was full of alkali and was impossible to drink, so it was eventually filled in. I guess I'd better stop reminiscing as there are things that happened that are to numerous to mention here.

In the spring of 1930 I passed into grade IX and that was the extent of my education as I had to leave school to work on the farm. There was of course the usual farm chores and field work to be done after I left school. But I guess my main job was looking after the cattle, a job I took over from my mother. There were close to a hundred head, more or less at times, counting the milk cows. Through the thirties the water supply in the pasture dried up and I had to take the cattle up to the Cussed Creek for water. The creek got pretty low at times, but it never really dried out as there were places that were deep enough to hold water through the driest season. Later on we bought a 1/4 section of pasture a mile and a half south of Orcadia, where there was lots of water right up to the present time. I had to drive the cattle twice a day up to that creek, early in the morning and late in the evening if the weather was very hot and dry. At that time we kept the milk cows at home where there was a good water supply from a forty ft. well, which is still on the go. In the winter time of course, all the cattle were at home and had to be watered at that same well. I used to check the fences and carried all my tools on horseback in saddlebags, or tied on the saddle. Once or twice a year we would load the wagon with fenceposts and barbed wire and hitch up the team and go fix the fences where needed, drive in a few posts, fix broken wires and so on. This was the kind of life I enjoyed being outdoors, most of the time on horseback.

Another chore in the spring was breaking in young work horses along with one or two saddle horses. Breaking in the saddle horses was my job and I was lucky enough to keep from getting badly hurt. Although there were times when the going got pretty rough, I used to look forward to it.

As time went by the Orkney Community Club was organized and I was secretary for about three years and I also served as president for two or three years. I also served on the Church Board for a few years. We used to attend the Orkney Church whenever possible. The earliest minister I remember, was a Rev. Thompson and there was also a bombastic lay minister named Percy Dallin, who used to come out whenever the regular minister could not make it. Then in later years there was Rev. Jack Jones, who came out occasionally. There was also a whole string of student ministers who came through the years. And of course there is the present minister, Rev. Don Milne, who comes out once or twice a year.

Speaking of ministers, I should also like to mention here a minister who used to come out to Orcadia to preach every Sunday morning on the passenger train from Yorkton. This was a Mr. Sutherland, better known as "Sunday School Sutherland". I don't know if he was ordained or just a lay minister. I can only remember him through the mid twenties, but he used to come to Orcadia in the early teens so I was told. He was not a big man, but he wore a fairly long well clipped beard. He would come to a different house each week, having made arrangements the week before as to where he would preach the following Sunday. There are a couple of incidents that I would like to tell you about that happened while Mr. Sutherland was having his services at the McKen residence. The first of these two incidents happened when I was about 2 years old. This happened because Donald McKen did not like to attend the services and was on this Sunday, told to look after me in the kitchen of the old house, the service being held in the living room. So when Mr. Sutherland got going pretty good on his sermon Donald thought he would have some fun. He told me to go to the door of the living room and tell the preacher to shut up. Now as I was too young to know any better and my pronunciation of some of my words was still not the best, this is the way it came out. I went to the door and looked in and shouted, "Shupup", and ran back to Donald. Mother said that for a minute she could not believe her ears and that everyone became very quite and then they could not keep from laughing, including the minister. Donald thought it was quite a joke at the time but did not think it so funny by the time his dad and my mother got through bawling him out. Donald would have been 17 years old at that time. Both mother and Donald used to tell not only me but other people as well about what happened at that service. The other incident happened when I was old enough to remember very well as it was about 1925 when I was 10 years old. We had four well cushioned seats that were joined together with arms in between. We also had a black and white Fox Terrier, that was almost as wide as she was high, who liked to sleep on one of the seats. This Sunday one of the congregation decided to sit where the dog was sleeping, so he pushed her down on the floor and she sat there and looked at him until it came time to sing the first hymn. So of course when this gentleman got up to sing, the little dog jumped back up into her seat without this gentleman seeing her. What happened next turned out to be quite hilarious to most of the congregation at the time, but not to this gentleman, although as he told about it in later years, he thought it was quite a joke on himself. When he sat back down after the hymn was over, of course he sat on the dog. There was a big yelp and a shout and one heck of a racket. These seats were in the back row and everyone turned around to see what had happened. What they saw was this gentleman getting up off the floor holding his head and muttering things under his breath, which I don't think could have been said from the pulpit. When he sat on the dog she had nipped him on the rear and in his hurry to get up tripped over his own feet and fell down and bumped his head on the chair in front of him. This of course caused quite a commotion what with some of the congregation laughing and others asking if he was okay. He said he felt like a fool as he should have known the dog would jump back into her seat. Needless to say the dog was shut in the kitchen or outside for the other services. Mr. "Sunday School Sutherland" stopped coming around a few months after this last incident, maybe he thought he should quit while he was ahead.

For entertainment we formed an orchestra of our own, with my mother playing the banjo-mandolin, a combination instrument, with Donald McKen and myself on two fiddles. We also had a couple of neighbour boys join us once in awhile. They were George Wilson on the accordeon and John Tytyla on the fiddle. Robert Cannon joined in a few years later and he played the fiddle and guitar. We supplied the music for quite a few house dances and also to dances at the Orkney School. When we all got together we had quite an orchestra, but we could very seldom all get together to play for dances for one reason or another. Then over the years, George Wilson joined the Army and John Tytyla moved out of the district and mother quit playing, so Bob Cannon and myself and Donald used to play at some of the dances. Then Bob left the district and from then on the orchestra faded out of existence. I have not played the fiddle for years. We also took in quite a few picture shows, even riding horseback in to see some of them. That was back in the thirties when we were a lot younger. When I say we, I mean Donald McKen, myself and my mother. We were lucky to get home by midnight, depending on how long the show was and of course what time we left home to go see the show.

Both mother and Donald are deceased and I am retired.

Since I lived with the McKen family all my life, with the exception of 14 months, I want to recall my association with Donald.

DONALD McKen was the third son of Robert and was born January 2, 1900. He was a man who enjoyed life very much and was always full of fun. He was also a hard worker and looked after the farm diligently. In his younger years he was a very good rider and roper. He could nearly always catch anything that came within throwing distance of his rope. He was also a very good shot with a rifle or shotgun, but not so good with a revolver, or if you like a handgun. He knew guns from one end to the other and was always very safety conscious when out shooting with someone else.

He taught a lot of the younger people how to handle guns safely, including myself. He liked to hunt and trap also. He hunted deer when the season was open and he would trap and shoot all fur bearing animals legally. Donald was a deputy game warden for two years in the late 1940's. He kept a diary for 50 years from 1936 right up to the time of his passing in 1987. He was a member of the Sask. Wheat Pool and also served as secretary of the Orcadia Wheat Pool committee for a few years. Donald was also a founding member of the Yorkton Co-operative Association. He was also a member of the Canadian Co-operative Implements Limited or C.C.I.L. and a delegate for them from the Yorkton area for a few years. He was a member of the Yorkton Gun Club, when it started back in the fifties until it disbanded a few years later.

Donald liked to play the fiddle, but as he could not carry a tune very well he decided to take a correspondence course from the U.S. School of Music. He learned just enough to play by note from this course and then gave it up. All the tunes he played on the fiddle he learned to play by note first. Donald went off and on to the Orkney School from 1906 to 1914. He always said he was at home more than he was at school. He took over the farm from his dad in 1940 and farmed until 1984, although he had farmed with his dad since he had left school.

He passed away shortly after his 87th birthday, January 26, 1987.

MARGARET ELLEN (McKen) and HARTFORD LEWIS

submitted by: Margie Steve



— 1938 —

Back (L to R): Ellen (McKen), Hartford Lewis, Ronnie
Front: Glenn and Margie

ELLEN was the youngest child of Bob and Nellie McKen, the only one of the family to be born in the log house on S1/2 of section 35. Ellen was raised by her Dad and her sister Jen. She went to school as did other members of her family. She told many times of her life with her sister Jen, both before and after her marriage to Jimmie Cannon in 1916.

As soon as Ellen was old enough to stand up, Jen stood her on a chair and taught her how to bake bread. Her older brothers, Bob and Bill were at home still when she remembers her and Jen baking bread. Jen took ill and to bed, and my mother a tot of 6 had to finish making it. The boys came in and offered to help and she said, "Yes, but go wash your dirty hands". Only once was it ever heard there was a failure. Jen feared the laughter of her brothers and buried it outside under a pile of sawdust. Unfortunately, the sun came out and the bread rose under the sawdust. My mother was one of the finest bread bakers all her life due to the teaching of Jen. After Jen's marriage Mom would be found at her sister's in Orcadia. Many nights Grandpa would have to hitch the team and buggy and come looking for her. It was a wonder he never just gave up and left here there. Mom and her nephew Bill Cannon both said in later years, the most of her growing up years were spent with Jen and Jimmie. Later, Jen and Jimmie moved a little further away and it was one of my mother's fortunes that Uncle Tom took her in. She worked for Uncle Tom McKen and this was how she was eventually able to attend Yorkton High School. In 1928 she left home and began working out, wending her way into the Gray District of Saskatchewan, a town she was never to leave. It was here in October of 1929 she became the bride of HARTFORD LEWIS.

Ellen never forgot her friends and family in the Orkney District. Every summer we would make the trek home to visit. I remember well those visits, it was always a race with the kids to see which one of us could see Auntie Jen's house first. After all was settled we went to Uncle Donald's and Grandpa's. By that time everyone knew we were around and we would visit all over. Fred Hall's, the Chief's and the Staingers were our favorite spots. Dad was a teacher at the University of Saskatoon, as well as a farmer, so each winter we looked forward to a visit from Uncle Donald when he came to the C.C.I.L. convention in Saskatoon.

Ellen was a very adept person in Arts and Crafts. Her needlepoint pictures hang in nearly all of her families' homes. Ellen and Hartford had a family of RON (his wife Flo and their children Susan, Mrs. Larry Schostal and their children Tracy, Chad and Sherry, and their granddaughter Megan), BOB and his wife Peggy, and their children Kristy, Lisa, Erin and Lindsay, JANE (Mrs. Dean Johnstone and their family, Cory, Jason and Kellyn), GLENN who died in an accident at the age of 12 in 1944 and MARGIE, who is widowed and lives in Saskatoon. Margie's husband Merv died in 1973. Their children Tom (and his wife Lynda and their son, Trevor their second son Ken and his wife Mary Jo).

Ellen's family was her life, and with the death of all her family except Jen and Donald, she and those two became a very close threesome. In times of Joy and Sorrow, they were always together.

AGNES (McKen) GRAHAM

submitted by: Margie Steve

AGNES was second child of John and Margaret McKen. Born in 1871 in Glencairn, Dumfrieshire, in Scotland. Agnes came to Canada with her brother Bob in April of 1891. She immediately got a job at the Royal Hotel. Six weeks later she married DICK GRAHAM, a railroad man and they moved to Plumas, Manitoba.

They began farming there and went into the Black Angus cattle business. Agnes and Dick had a family of 2 boys and 4 girls. DORA (Mrs. Dave Watson), BOB and his wife Ann, JOHN, EDNA (Mrs. Norman Watson), EDITH (Mrs. John Stinson) and ALICE (Mrs. Ed Nichol).



Back Row (L to R): ?, Dave Watson, Dora Watson, Agnes (McKen) Graham, Mrs. Jim Graham Front: ?, Dick Graham?

JIM and CATHERINE McKEN

submitted by: Margie Steve



Jim & Catherine McKen
- ca. 1905 -

JIM was the third member of the family of John and Margaret McKen. He was born in Kirkcudbright in Dumfrieshire in 1873. Jim, being one of the older boys of the family, was working with his Dad and his older brother Bob at the "Kells" farm, in Castle prior to coming to Canada.

Jim was the rabbit catcher at the Kells. At that time the rabbit population was over running Scotland. Jim had a revolver and a muzzle-loader, and he was to shoot the rabbits on the estate, but not the hares. When they all decided to come to Canada he began poaching a few hares and put the money in the 'kitty'. With everyone doing their part, they were soon able to buy tickets to Yorkton, North West Territories.

When they were boarding the boat to come to Canada, the officials were not going to let Jim bring his guns, but Jim was able to convince them that the family was headed for the N.W.T. where there were lots of Indians and wild animals, and that the gun would be needed for their survival. He explained that they would likely starve to death. So, they let him bring his gun, and it is for certain that the family would have starved to death had it not been for Jim's muzzle-loader.

Jim found a job right away at Levi Beck's Mill, running the steam engine. In 1900 he earned his steam engineer's papers from the N.W.T. Whatever money he could save from his wages, he sent to the family on the homestead to help keep things going. In 1904 he left the Mill and took employment with the then Sherrif J.T. Hall as Sherrif's Bailiff. In 1905 he married KATIE SCHNIDT of Yorkton. After his marriage he started a draying business and hired a very ambitious young chap, Frank Draper, to work for him. In 1908 disaster struck, a fire completely destroyed his dray business, horses and all.

Following the fire, Jim bought a farm west of Ebenezer which he worked until 1919, at which time he returned to Yorkton and went into the Real Estate business with Bert Spice. That venture didn't last long, and after a short stint with a grain company, he went into a Garage and Farm Machinery business until 1928. He then left Yorkton to go with his two sons to Vermillion, Alberta, where he was a steam engineer in the Vermillion Flour Mill until 1935.

With the outbreak of World War II, Jim returned to Yorkton with his two sons and joined the Air Force. He served as a steam engineer at Jarvis Air Force Base in Jarvis, Ontario until the war ended. Jim's wife Katie had died in 1926, and Jim went to live with his family who had moved to Port Dover, Ontario.

Jim and Katie had a family of 4 children. JOHN JR. who died in a measles epidemic in 1921, at the age of twelve, DUNCAN (married Bertha Russell and had children Merle, Robert and Donald. Bertha died in 1946 leaving 3 young children. Duncan married Alice Stewart in 1949. Alice was a loving mother to these 3 children. Duncan and Alice had one son, Billy). MILFORD, (wife Grace and children Penelope and Heather), and one daughter, EDITH, who never married.

The John McKen and Robert Mcken families owe a great deal to Uncle Jim for the sacrifices he made both in getting them to Canada and keeping them fed. Also, his financial contributions helped keep their farming operations going, through those first difficult years.

JEAN "JENNY" MCKEN

submitted by: Margie Steve.

JENNY was the fourth child of John and Margaret McKen, born in 1874 in Kirkcudbright, Dumfriesshire. Jennie came to Canada with the family in 1890. She went to work at C.J. McFarlane Milliners in Yorkton, designing and selling hats. In 1892 she married R. DUNCAN MacLEOD, who was employed by Massey Harris as an agent in Yorkton.

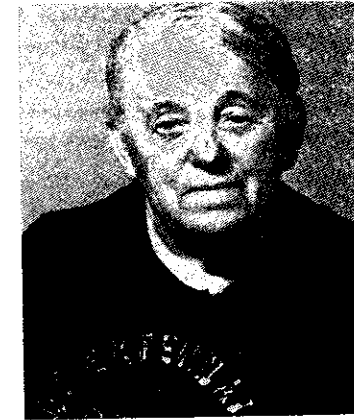
Jennie and Duncan had two children, a son "RODDY" and a daughter "ETHEL". Roddy married and had one son "Duncan" MacLeod Jr. Ethel married Norman Tamblin, manager of the Northern Crown Bank and they made their home in Fiske, Saskatchewan. In later years they moved to British Columbia, where Norman died. Ethel returned to make her home in Yorkton. She had two sons, Hugh, who received the Distinguished Flying Cross, and who died in World War II, and Glenn "Chubb". Chubb Tamblin and his wife Mary had a family of Hugh, James, Gordon and Russell.

Ethel was a Silver Cross Mother in Yorkton.

R. Duncan MacLeod died in 1932, Jennie died in 1942, Roddy in 1958 and Ethel in 1988.

MARGARET (McKen) and GEORGE HALL

submitted by: Margie Steve



Margaret (McKen) Hall

MAGGIE was the 5th child of John and Margaret McKen, born in 1875 in Kirkbean, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Maggie came with the family to Canada in 1890.

Shortly after arriving in Yorkton, Maggie found employment at the Royal Hotel and in 1895 married GEORGE HALL of Yorkton. Together they raised a family of 14 children.

Aunt Maggie, as she was affectionately known to all, followed in her mother's footsteps in the practice of mid-wifery. Many a resident of the Orkney District was brought into the world by Aunt Maggie and Dr. Patrick, who she travelled with.

Maggie's children were: ANNIE (Mrs. Brooklyn Adams), ISABELLE (Mrs. Jack Stainger), MARGARET "PEGGY", FRED (Louise), WILLIAM "WILL" (Dora), THOMAS "TOMMY", ART (May), MILLICENT (Mrs. Ken Tuschling), HENRY (Correen), CHARLES, JOHNNY, ROY, STANLEY and IRENE (Mrs. Howard Evans).

Stanley died in infancy, and Peggie died at the age of 16. George died in 1938 and "Maggie" in 1952.

TOMMY AND JOHNNY HALL

submitted by: Margie Steve

TOMMY AND JOHNNY "HONNESS" were born the 6th and 11th children of Maggie (McKen) and George Hall. They were a family that Tom McKen welcomed into his home.

Tommy was never particularly strong, and after a brief stint in the Army, he returned to his Uncle Tom's farm and stayed there to work for him until his Uncle died.

By this time, Tommy's brother Fred was married and Tommy continued to live there and work for his brother. Much of Tommy's spare time was spent at the home of his cousin Donald McKen. Tommy died in 1952 and was awarded a military funeral.

Johnny "Honest" was somewhat younger than Tommy, but he patterned his life after his brother, except that Johnny did not serve in the Armed Forces. After his brother retired from farming, Johnny lived at the farm of Les and Joyce (McKen) Muir. He spent his last years in the Anderson Lodge in Yorkton, where he died in 1979.

FREDERICK and LOUISE (EVEREST) HALL

LOUISE (Everest) and FREDERICK Hall were united in marriage on December 3, 1930. They farmed in the Orcadia District and raised two sets of twins, WARREN and GRAHAM, born September 25, 1942 and MERLE and EARL, born November 23, 1943.

They attended school at Orcadia from grades I-VIII. Many visits to the Orkney School were made during this time, especially at Christmas Concert time. One year the concert would be held at Orcadia and next year at Orkney. These were always exciting times. Santa always made his annual visit as well. During the spring and early summer Orcadia and Orkney Schools would meet for softball games and school sports days - this was also a fun time for us all.



Fred & Louise (Everest) Hall

Sunday was a day of worship and we would all attend church at the Orkney United Church. Graham was the pianist for the services. He had a motorbike and he would use this as a means of transportation to and from church services. On special occasions Louise and Margaret Barber (wife of Charles Barber) would sing duets, one especially they sang so beautifully was "Beyond The Sunset".

These times were special in our lives, as they brought friends, neighbours and relatives together for worship and much visiting was usually done at the conclusion of the church service.

WARREN married Joan McColl on June 6, 1953. They had four children, Shelley, Shawn, Scott and Ryan. Shelley is married to Pat Melenychuk. They have a set of twins, a girl Brittany and a boy Tyler. They live in Edmonton.

Shawn married Tammie Austman. They live in Yorkton. Scott works in Toronto and Ryan is home in Yorkton with his mother. Warren and Joan divorced. Warren is living in Surrey, B.C.

GRAHAM married Marlene Christensen of Wolseley on April 1, 1961. They had three children: David, who is teaching school in Regina; Jeffrey, deceased July 4, 1983; and Leslie Ruth, presently in Paris, France. Graham and Marlene live in Regina. Graham retired from the Sask. Power Corporation in December 1987.

EARL married Margaret Varga on June 25, 1966. They later divorced. He then married Shirley Froese on June 6, 1981. They live in Yorkton.

MERLE married Rueben Larson of Rokeby on January 4, 1964. They had four children, Todd, Trent, Terry and Lana Louise. Todd married Mona Martin on October 11, 1986. They live in Saskatoon. Trent also

lives in Saskatoon. Terry and Lana are still at home. Merle works for Sask. Department of Agriculture and completed 25 years in 1988.

Fred and Louise semi-retired on the farm. Louise worked at the Radar Base for a few years, until ill health forced her to leave. They moved to Yorkton in 1966.

Fred passed away on September 6, 1969 and Louise died October 16, 1987. They are buried at Yorkton Memorial Gardens.

Many memories are very vivid in my mind of growing up in the Orcadia District. The long, cold winters with many feet of snow and huge snow banks. Uncle John Hall, Fred's brother used to have to take us to the main highway one mile away by team and sleigh box. Our school teacher, Mrs. Regina Walters from Springside, would pick us up mornings and take us back to the waiting team and sleigh after school. We also used to be able to skate on the creek, from home to the highway - what fun. In the spring of the year after the huge amounts of snow melted, we were almost flooded out. We could take the boat practically from the door step and paddle over almost to Aunt Ethel's, Louise's sister (Mrs. Charlie McKen). It was also a good chance for the occasional swim. I recall going to the movie in Yorkton after an afternoon of swimming and scratching so hard all through the show - we had a good case of the "itch".

Warren and Graham also performed at Christmas Concerts. Graham would play the piano and Warren would sing his comical songs - great entertainment.

All these memories are still very much alive. Growing up and the association of the many fine people in Orcadia and Orkney District will always be very special to me. It was a great place to be born and raised.

WILLIAM MCKEN SR.

submitted by: Margie Steve

WILLIAM "BILL" was born in Louthwick, County of Dumfries in Scotland in 1877, the sixth member of the family of John and Margaret McKen. He arrived in Yorkton, Canada at the age of 13. He was not very interested in farming and went to work draying instead.

In 1899 he left to fight in the Boer War, where he gave his life in 1902.



William McKen Sr.

THOMAS McKEN

submitted by: Margie Steve



Thomas McKen

THOMAS "TOM" was the 7th child in the family of John and Margaret McKen. He was born in 1880 in Kirkbean in Dumfrieshire County in Scotland. He came to Canada with the family in 1890.

Tom always said nobody ever knew what hunger was, unless they had lived through the winter of 1892. Snow was three feet deep, and the family had run out of groceries because there was no way of getting to town. They ate boiled wheat and prairie chickens most of the winter. Also, they had run out of components for their shotguns, and resorted to snaring rabbits for food.

Tom is listed as homesteading the S.W. 1/4 24-27-6. He traded that homestead and got 27. This was the only time it is known that Tom lived anywhere except with his parent's on their homestead. The 27 he later traded with his brother Bob, taking 28 and giving Bob 27. Tom was always working with Bob, and could be seen with Bob on his threshing outfit. These boys became particularly close. In later years when Bob's son Donald was farming, he and Uncle Tom was there. One night Bob had a toothache and instead of going to the dentist, he sent for Tom. Tom arrived, pulled the tooth, and no more problems.

Tom's house was always open to his family and he would take any one of them in, if it was needed. His mother lived with him after his father's death in 1912. She remained with him until her death in 1915. His nephew Fred Hall came to live with him and attended school at Orkney. Also, his other nephews, Tommy and Johnny "Honest" Hall lived with him.

In 1930 his nephew Fred Hall married Louise Everest of Beaverdale, and they lived with him along with their first set of twins, Warren and Graham.

When Tom died in January 1941, the homestead was left to Fred Hall.

JOHN McKEN JR.

submitted by: Margie Steve

JOHN JR. "JACK" "BATCH" was born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, the 8th child of John and Margaret McKen. He came to Canada with his family in 1890. "Batch" as he was most always known, never married. He lived with his family on the homestead on 28 until he was old enough to acquire his own homestead. He was the one who ran the steam engine for his Dad on the McKen Brothers threshing outfit.

Batch was self taught and he managed to get his Steam Engineer's papers in Canada. We often wondered just how he had accomplished this, but there it was, hanging on the wall on his housing certificate. In later years, after the death of his Dad, he worked continuously for "The Syndicate", as their threshing outfit was called. He worked this with his brother Charlie, the Chief, and his brother-in-law "Scottie" Barber. Most of Batch's leisure time was spent at his brother Charlie's home. Every Sunday he would come to call with his horse and buggy, and his dog, "Skipper". He took great pride in his horse and buggy, and it always looked as if he had shined the buggy, harness and even the horses. He would arrive with his laundry at his sister-in-law, Ethel would wash this for him and feed him his Sunday supper as well.

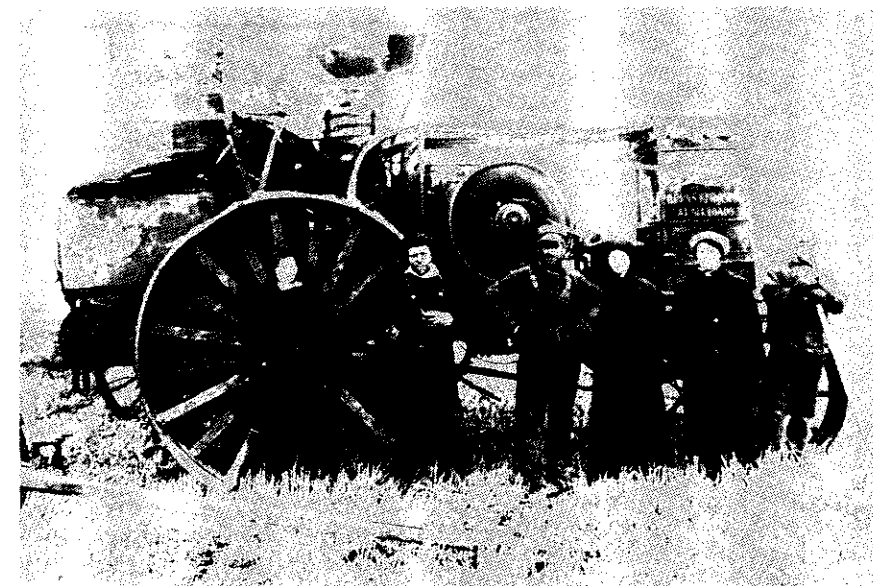
We always declared that Uncle Jack was the only person we knew who could carry a skunk under his arm and never smell. A skunk had crawled under the step, at Dad's and Uncle Jack reached in and pulled it out. He tucked it under his arm and walked down to the bush behind the barn, where he killed it. He returned to the house for tea without a whiff of odor on him.

In later years Batch bought himself a little green Model A Ford Coupe. This he always kept in the shed and rarely drove it. The car was always polished to perfection and Joyce says she got paid a quarter each time she shined it. In those days a quarter was a handsome price.

During harvest, Charlie's wife, Ethel and their girls would do the cooking for Batch. He seemed to especially enjoy the company of Bob Henry, as they had many a long discussion. Batch was a very quiet man, and stayed close to home. He was one of the hunting McKen's, and when he died, his old double barreled Wesley Richards shotgun was donated to the Western Development Museum.

Quietly he lived his life, loving his brother, his nieces and nephews. He died peacefully on January 11, 1960, leaving his entire estate to be divided equally among them.

We can say, "No indeed!, we will never forget Uncle Jack".



The Syndicate

(L to R): J, John McKen, Charles McKen, Mary McKen (Lewis), Nellie McKen (Barber), Charlie 'Scottie' Barber

CHARLES "THE CHIEF" McKEN

submitted by: Joyce (McKen) Muir



Charles & Ethel (Everest) McKen

CHARLES McKen was the ninth child born to the family of John and Margaret McKen. He was born in 1884 in Dumfriesshire, Scotland and a new chapter begins in 1890 when he and his family immigrated to Canada to homestead on NE 28-20-5.

Dad was a self taught man, and a rather successful one at that.

As Dad grew into manhood, so did his love of the land and he started his own farming operation on the northeast quarter of 20-26-5. It was here that in the winter of 1918 he brought his lovely bride, ETHEL EVEREST of the Beavertdale District to be his life long partner. Oddly enough Mother was one of the babies Dad's mother (Margaret McKen) delivered in her days as a midwife. Together they began their lives with few material possessions, hard work, a lot of love and courage and happiness.

In order to expand the farm Dad, Uncle Jack McKen and Uncle Scottie Barber had a threshing outfit. The "Syndicate", as it was known, was a 1905 Rumely Oil Pull. The Syndicate was responsible for many a harvest being successfully threshed in the area.

Dad and his brothers took great pride in their livestock. The McKen's were known for their ^{best} "black" Angus cattle and the Clydesdale horses. This love of cattle was passed onto my brother Norman. Dad and Norman had built the herd up to 90 head by 1948.

Charles and Ethel had a family of 8 children. OLIVE 1919, REGINALD 1921-1921, MAURICE 1923, ADA 1925, NORMAN 1928, STANLEY 1930, JOYCE 1932, WESLEY 1937.

All of our pioneers had a struggle to survive, life was difficult, sometimes even cruel. So too, it was for our parents, but they looked at life "one day at a time" and managed not to take things too seriously, and their sense of humour was never lost.

Ada remembers our very first Christmas tree when she was about eight years old. There were never any Christmas presents, but Christmas stockings were always filled with candy and nuts. This particular Christmas morning she jumped out of bed with great expectations, dashed to her stocking only to find it limp. Tears were not far away, when she looked around and behold, the most beautiful Christmas tree ever! It was all decorated in twinkling tinsel and homemade decorations. More than fifty years later, that tree holds a special place in Ada's heart. Mother and Dad were obviously up most of the night decorating the tree for us.

Later that same day we went to Uncle Fred Hall's for Christmas Dinner. Uncle Tom McKen had completely convinced little eight year old Ada, that he had shot Santa Claus because he had caught him in the middle of the night cutting a branch of his largest fir tree. Sure enough, after going out and looking at the site, it was obvious that a branch was indeed missing, a branch about the same size as our tree. When Ada caught the strange sparkle in Uncle Tom's eye, the joke was up, but we were all very worried for sometime as to the condition of poor Santa.

Christmas Day every year was a very special time, perhaps with not many, or any gifts, but with warmth of family and friends like the Benjamins and Barbers. Many good times have been shared and stored in our memories, brought out again from time to time, and then filed away for safe keeping.

Maurice remembers the year he was 16, Dad and Mom bought him a rifle (.22 calibre) from P.J. Lewchuk, the storekeeper in Orcadia at that time. The gun is still in good condition. Ada had inscribed "Maurice" on the stock and it has a prominent place in his gun rack.

Again at 21, he was given a wrist watch by the folks. He still wears that watch with pride, 45 year later!!

Yes, gifts were few and far between, but how precious the memories of those special events.

Our big summer event, to the Yorkton Fair. This was only done with money from the good old cream cheque. One year though, there was no cream cheque available to go to the fair, and there were a whole lot of sad faces around. But, dear, faithful Dad came through. He went down to the Blacksmith Shop and came back with a jam pail full of change that he had saved over the years. He said he had saved it for a "rainy day" and this day looked like a downpour. So, off to the fair we went.

The other highlight of the summer was a trip to Good Spirit Lake, better known to us as Devil's Lake and Gunn's Beach. But the joy and good time was always dampened by having to come home and milk those darn cows. But we had already learned just how important those cows and cream cheques were to our family.

I think one of the most dramatic events of our family, was the birth of Ada. Ground Hog Day was never forgotten, nor was Ada's birthday. For it was Ground Hog Day in 1925 that the stock arrived through a raging blizzard to our home. It was a record storm, I am told and when Mom went into labour, Dad was hoping it might be false labour or even indigestion. Mom said, "this was it". Dad would warm up lids on the old wood stove and wrap them in towels and put them around mother hoping to ease the pain. The contractions grew more intense and Dad started the twenty four mile trip to Yorkton to get Dr. Morrow.

Aunt Louis, mother's sister, was a young girl of 14 and was staying with mother at the time and was left in charge. In charge of Olive who was only six, Maurice who was two and her sister about to give birth. This experience, I am sure Aunt Louise never forgot. On the way home from Yorkton with Dr. Morrow, the team played out because of the intense storm. They stopped at George Dalmages, and he hitched up a fresh team and the journey continued. They arrived home in the early morning. Mother had given birth hours before. All Dr. Morrow said was, "Well, Ethel, you picked a fool of a time to do this!".

The spring of Ada's birth brought a chain of events. Everyone got measles and whooping cough. Again Dad made the trip to town, this time to bring a housekeeper. Her name has been forgotten, but the memory of her doughnuts lives on. This woman kept the family in good supply of doughnuts. Mrs. Austin, a neighbour, came over to care for baby Ada and would rock her by the hour. Along with all of this, mother had terrible nose bleeds that again brought the doctor to our home.

We all survived that horrible winter, including poor Dad. By the time mother was up and around again he sure enjoyed her cooking. No more doughnuts!

Our Dad was another of those pioneers, who always showed understanding and kindness to mankind. I am told of how in 1925 or 26 a family by the name of Griffin appeared at our home. With only a few belongings they needed a place to stay, so Dad helped them put together a little sod house and built a pole and straw shelter for the cattle.

There was also a family by the name of Martins who came about the same time. They lived on 29 with the Griffin family where there was always a good well for water supply.

It was here Olive and Mother learned the art of knitting and other crafts. Many an enjoyable evening was spent with knitting needles clicking and I remember a sweater and skirt that Olive made for me which I wore with great pride. The Griffin children, John and Evelyn, went to school with Ada and Maurice and they well remember all the cookies Mrs. Griffin would slip into their anxious hands when they would take John and Evelyn home. Mrs. Griffin gave us our first pair of hand knitted mittens for Christmas. What a great lady! We were sorry to see them move, but wished them well and God's grace to go with them!

The farm and the family were growing, Mom and Dad built the addition to the house in 1944, and the big barn in 1945.

We still milked a lot of cows. It was Dad's job to turn the cream separator, and he would separate pails and pails of milk. Looking back now, this was the very worst thing Dad could have done with the heart condition he had. How little we knew then.

Dad always seemed to be building or fixing. He enjoyed the Blacksmith Shop and all of us kids remember the big forge. We would turn it

for Dad, and he just fascinated to see him hammer that steel into whatever shape he needed, then he would throw it in the snow to cool, or in summer, a bucket of water. The next step of progress was the workshop Dad built to house the 32 volt battery. Electricity. What a celebration we had when we could turn on a light!

Dad taught me to drive. In those days there was no automatic, just standard transmission. I was so proud that at 14 years I would drive Dad to Yorkton and park our car along Second Avenue beside the Dunlop Building. I would go up the side entrance to Dr. Portnuff's office and he would come down and check Dad, give him his needle and we would head home. Dad always said to me, "Joyce, you must respect the gas peddle. Pretend that there is an egg under the gas peddle, and you had better not break it". I taught my daughters the same lesson, but they scrambled many an egg. Dad was certainly not just our father, but also our teacher and our friend.

I remember once when Mother was in the hospital, Dad took it upon himself to teach Ada the art of bread making. As soon as Mom came home from the hospital she soon got the job back again, no one could bake bread and buns like our Mother. We girls were all lovingly taught very young to cook and sew and keep house by one of the best.

November 1948 gave us a record amount of snow. Roads were all blocked. Dad's heart was causing serious problems so Austin Ingham flew Dr. Portnuff out to our farm. A straw stack was lit in order for the plane to know where to land.

Dad was treated and made comfortable for the ordeals of transporting him the 2 miles to the highway.

The car's front wheels were put on the old stone boat then pulled to the highway with a team of horses. Here a car was waiting and took him to the Yorkton Hospital. Dad never returned home. On February 5, 1949 Dad died, two days before their wedding anniversary. We all missed Dad greatly, especially Norman. He and Dad had a special kinship that goes beyond human understanding. Norman joined Dad five months later at age 21.



Norman McKen & his mother Ethel

After suffering a terrible sense of loss and sorrow, many families have a rebirth and experience some kind of great joy. This was the circumstance for our family. The year 1949 saw three wonderful, healthy grandsons born to our family. To Olive and Lester, Kenneth, to Jean and Maurice, Donald and to Ada and Melford their first son, Glen.

The Story of the McKen Children

Mom and Dad had eight children, OLIVE, REGINALD, MAURICE, ADA, NORMAN, STANLEY, JOYCE and WESLEY.

Olive married LESTER LANGE in 1938. They were blessed with two boys, BRUCE and KENNETH. Bruce was troubled with eczema and Kenneth with acute asthma. This forced Lester and Olive to move into Yorkton. But Lester continued farming the original Lange Farm, north of Orcadia. Lester died March 31, 1989.

BRUCE married Madeline Pfeifer in 1960. They have three children, Jo-Anne, Kevin and Jennifer. Kevin married Laine Hearn and they have a little girl, Brandy.

KENNETH married Trudy DeiPot. They have two children, Stephanie and Christopher. Kenneth and family now live on his parents farm. He is the third generation on his farm.



Olive & Lester Lang Family

*Back Row (L to R): Madeline & Bruce; Laine, Brandy & Kevin; Jennifer; Kenneth
Front: Olive & Lester; Jo-Anne; Stephanie; Trudy & Christopher.*

REGINALD died as an infant at four months of age.

MAURICE married JEAN McVEY in 1947 at St. Andrew's United Church in Yorkton. Their reception was held at Orkney B School in Orcadia, which incidentally was the original church manse.

Maurice brought his bride to our home for a short time, while they completed their little home on the adjoining land. Later they added two children to their family. DON and MAUREEN. Maurice and Jean bought the original land, S1/2 of 28, of the McKen's from Fred Hall.

They are very active in community affairs. Over the years they worked and supported the Orcadia Red Cross, Orkney Community Club, School Board, Orcadia Wheat Pool and were on the Orkney Church Board during the amalgamation with Westview United Church in Yorkton.



Maurice & Jean (McVey) McKen

Don C.D. McKen and Family

Nineteen forty-nine was a good year to be born in the Orkney District, early enough to develop a nostalgic lifetime memory and appreciation of what life was like with no electricity, no indoor plumbing, rarely operational party telephone lines, frozen water pails on cold winter mornings, harvesting by binder and threshing machine, roads that were permanently blocked in the winter months and often impassable during the summer, the flood in 1952, and the drought in 1961, yet late enough to enjoy the many amenities of a modern society and to be able to raise my own family amongst them.

Those early days (by my standards) do indeed bring back many fond memories. My paternal grandmother lived just "up the road" and I spent a great deal of quality time with her as I did with my maternal grandparents who lived in Orcadia at the time. I often stayed with my Orcadia based grandparents to attend school when the winter weather conditions were particularly bad. Uncles, aunts, cousins and other relatives lived in the community, and there seemed to be plenty of time for socializing. Dad and I often visited Donald, Barney and Mrs. Fenske, especially when it was difficult for Mrs. Fenske to get out. I remember enjoying Donald's recollection of older days and Barney's and particularly Mrs. Fenske's occasional correction of his recollection.

Card games were particularly popular then. Maureen and I learned to play quickly and could hold our own with the adults at an early age. John Hall, a first cousin to my father, and a good friend and neighbour, rode over on horseback virtually every winter night to check the trapline with Dad and to play cards. (Mom usually knit while the rest of us played a round or two of cards. She had quite a successful business going, custom knitting sweaters). During the summer, John often worked on our farm. It was John who taught me how to swear with conviction beyond my years, while my parents, by particularly persuasive means, taught me when it was appropriate not to swear.

Uncle Jack McKen lived with us occasionally during the latter stages of his farming career and it was he who purchased a bicycle for me.

As I reminisce, many fond memories return and I would be quite prepared to continue if it weren't for my mother's instruction to "keep it short". I always listen to my Mother --- so long as it doesn't conflict with instructions from my wife.

The less pleasant memories such as Church Vacation School and Sunday School seem to fade, or at least take on less importance --- except for the time when I put a large snake in my sister's watering can. She screamed so loudly and for so long, that she nearly scared me to death. Of course, I never really admitted to having done it and have always felt guilty. I will now attempt to clear my conscience and set things straight by publicly admitting that I did put the snake in the watering can, and that I'm sorry.

The greatest influence in my life was derived from my parents' absolute determination for Maureen and I to have access to the education that was not available for them. They both participated in community educational affairs. Mom, after working long and hard all day always had time to help us with school work that we may have been having difficulty with. Dad made certain that we got to school every day no matter the weather, or how many miles the team had to go the day--- he just paced it slower and longer.

I was particularly fortunate when I started school in 1955; a new school had been built in Orcadia. It was a single classroom school with about thirty-five students attending in grades one through eight, and a couple of grade nine and ten students taking lessons by correspondence. Mrs. Regina Walters taught for the first three years, and Mrs. Frieda Nygran taught for the next five years. The stone school at Orkney remained open for a while longer, and I have good recollections of older students competing at softball and both schools getting together for social events.

Upon graduating from Orcadia School, my colleague, and by then good friend Allan Beblow, and I were again fortunate. A school bus service had been established a couple of years earlier to transport country students to high school in Yorkton. There was no longer any need to board in Yorkton while attending high school.

I was a permanent full time resident of the Orcadia/Orkney community for eighteen years at which time I began to attend the University of Alta. in Edmonton. Uncle Jack and Auntie Ellen Shaver along with cousins Cathy, Connie and Laurel were moving from Regina to Edmonton at the same time, and we have always had a close relationship.

I had already developed a genuine love and respect for the land and the freedom that the farm lifestyle offers. At the University I planned to study engineering with a specialty in something related to agriculture. As fate would have it, a new and challenging technology had just been demonstrated a few years earlier, and a particularly knowledgeable professor at the University of Alberta was engaged in it. Intrigued by the possibilities, I began to study under his supervision and earned a Doctorate of Philosophy in Electrical Engineering with specialization Laser Technology. During my student days I spent essentially all of my holiday time working on the farm. Probably, the old adage, "You can take the boy out of the farm but you can't take the farm out of the boy", applied.

The University had even more excitement in store for me. It was here where I met a lady from Guyana, South America, who was later to become my wife. Bilkies graduated from the U of A with a Master's Degree in Education and has been vigorously pursuing a career in special education ever since our two children reached school age.

When I graduated from the U of A, I took my wife and seven month old son Jason to the Soviet Union, where I worked for one year with Soviet laser scientists. We spent six months each in Leningrad and Moscow. Jason learned to speak Russian before English. Although the time spent in Russia was personally rewarding, we returned with an even greater appreciation for the freedom and amenities available in Canada.

After spending the following summer working on the farm, my family and I returned to Edmonton where I took up a research position and later an assistant professorship at the University of Alberta. It was during this period that our daughter, Andrea, was born.

Also, during this seven year period at the U of A, we continued to spend as much time as possible involved "hands on" in farm activities. In 1984, Dad and I entered into a partnership arrangement and together we laid out plans to expand the land base, introduce new crops and rotations, and upgrade equipment. With Bilkies' and Mom's help and support, we have successfully implemented the plan in spite of a rather difficult agricultural economy. In addition, Bilkies and I have purchased the farm that had once been owned by Donald, and together with Barney we have built a new house on the yard site.



Don & Bilkiese McKen Family

(L to R): Don, Bilkiese, Jason, Andrea & Fopsy (cat).

We are then, among the ranks of that small group of families that pursue dual careers. My high-tech involvement has taken me from Edmonton to Vancouver where I worked for a resource based company involved in laser development; back to Alberta where I was employed as Director of Engineering for a laser system manufacturer; and more recently as President and Chief Executive Officer of the Alberta Laser Institute, an applied science and engineering organization that deals with academia, government and industry.

Our dual careers, together with my involvement in a technology that is new and immature but promising, puts us in a pioneering position, and it just may be possible that we are experiencing many of the same emotions that our Orkney forefathers and pioneers of the soil experienced 100 years ago.

We are currently living in Calgary, Alberta and Orcadia, Saskatchewan. Bilkies is employed by the Calgary Board of Education. Jason and Andrea are taking education seriously and are engaged in numerous extra-curricular activities. They particularly enjoy the time that they can spend on the farm. They play their role well with Mom, Dad and Barney in the continuing process of transfer of knowledge, wisdom and skills from the older generation to the younger.

A final note on friendship. I am grateful for the rewarding and enduring relationship that I have had since childhood with compatriots Allan Beblow, Dennis Popowich, and cousin Glen Milbrandt --- current builders of the Orkney community --- each in their own way.

Yes, nineteen forty-nine was a very good year!

MAUREEN also attended the Orcadia School and graduated from the Regional High School in Yorkton. She was involved in 4-H and was selected to attend the Washington conference in 1970. Maureen was active in the Orkney Church choir and played the piano. She went to Regina and trained as a registered nurse and later married Larry Galye. Larry is manager of Engineering Services for the City of St. Albert, Alberta.

They have two children, Clayton and Jocelyn. Maureen and Larry live in St. Albert, Alberta where Maureen is nursing. Jocelyn has studied highland dancing and has just recently given her parents a great deal of pride in her achieving her first gold dance medal. Her grandfather, Maurice jokingly told her that he would give her ten dollars for every gold medal she got. He has had to give up seven, ten dollar bills recently.



Larry & Maureen (McKen) Galye Family - 1984
(L to R): Clayton, Larry, Maureen & Jocelyn (front)



Melford & Ada (McKen) Milbrandt Family

Back Row (L to R): Brand & Wendy Schmidt; Gary, Lindsay & Faith; Donna, Chad & Glenn
Front: Kurtis, Ada, Melford, Kristopher, Greg & Kelly

ADA married MELFORD MILBRANDT in 1946. They farm west of Orcadia, which is the land Melford's Dad farmed.

They have three children, GLENN, GARY and WENDY.

Glenn married Donna Pretzlaw and they also have three children, Greg, Kelly and Chad. Glenn and Donna built a new home next to Glenn's parents and Glenn and Melf farm together as well as raising a fine herd of charlois cattle. Donna is a registered nurse in the I.C.U. at the Yorkton Union Hospital. Glenn is the third generation on this farm.

Gary married Faith Tillman. They have children, Kristopher, Kurtis, Lindsay and Laura. Gary farms and is busy as a school bus driver. Faith is a certified nursing assistant and works at Dr. Datta's office.

Wendy married Brad Schmidt. They live in Yorkton and Brad works in refrigeration and Wendy at Neill's Jewellery. They have two boys, Kyle and Adam.

STANLEY married LINDA TILLMAN. They have two boys, DARYL and BRENT.

Stanley farms Dad's farm with his son Brent. Stanley also works with Government Crop Insurance and Linda at the Yorkton Union Hospital.

Daryl attended the Orcadia School. Went on to become a teacher. He teaches at Delisle, Saskatchewan and lives in Saskatoon.



Stanley & Linda (Tillman) McKen



Daryl McKen



Brent & Bernice (Benko) McKen with Jennifer and Brittany

Brent attended the Orcadia School, went to U of S and received a diploma in Agriculture. He married Bernice Benko and live in his grandparent's home. Brent is also the third generation living and farming this land. Brent is the secretary to the Wheat Pool, and Bernice is a teacher, and is on the staff at Fairview School in Yorkton.

They are blessed with two girls, Jennifer and Brittany.
JOYCE - refer to the Muir Family history



Wesley McKen

WESLEY attended Orcadia School. He lived with and took care of his mother until his tragic truck accident in February 1971.

Mother died in 1979 just after her great grandson David (first born of my daughter, Bonnie) was born in Scarborough, Ontario. And so the saga continues. New life, love and hope to help fill the void of those who are gone.

I feel very blessed to have had such a wonderful home and family to be raised in. Doubly so to see all the land that my Dad worked so hard for is still being farmed successfully by my brothers Maurice and Stanley and their sons, Don and Brent.

JESSIE (McKen) and BILL BENJAMIN

submitted by: Margie Steve

JESSIE was born in 1889 in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, the 12th and last child of John and Margaret McKen. She came to Canada with the family in 1890.

Jessie worked for some time after she came to Canada, and it wasn't until after her mother died in 1915 that she married BILL BENJAMIN, from Springside. She maintained a very close contact with her family all her life. After Bill retired, they moved to Yorkton.



**Bill & Jessie (McKen) Benjamin
with grandchild Beverly Cumming**

Jessie and Bill raised 7 children: BILL JR. born in 1916 (wife Jean and daughter Charlotte), MARGARET, born in 1917 (later Mrs. Bill Cumming and children Beverly and Robert), FLORENCE, born in 1921 (later Mrs. Earl Christenson and children William and Benjamin), JAMES (wife Marian and children Evelyn, Beth, Stanley, Debra and Gwen), ROBERT, born in 1919 (wife Helen and children Betty and Shirley), EDNA born in 1926 (later Mrs. Sidney Graves and children Merle, Margaret, and twins Curtis and Cheryl), JESSIE born in 1928 (later Mrs. Allen Graves and their children Faye and twin sons, Glenn and Gregory).

Jessie died in 1953 and Bill followed a short year later in 1954.

NELLIE (McKen) and CHARLIE BARBER

submitted by: Margie Steve

NELLIE was the twin sister of Mary Jane, born in 1888 to John and Margaret McKen. These twins were number 10 and 11 in the family. Born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, she came with her parents and other family members to Canada in 1890.



The McKen Twins

Mary (McKen) Lewis & Nellie (McKen) Barber

Nellie married CHARLIE "SCOTTIE" BARBER in 1911, and they set up farming on Sec. 30. One of their closest neighbours for a few years was the Jack Maxwell family.

Scottie worked on the threshing crew "The Syndicate" with his two brothers-in-law, Charlie and Jack McKen. As well as working together, they also spent a lot of time visiting together as a family with the Charlie McKen's.

Scottie and Nellie raised 4 children: LEWIS, MARGARET "PEGGY", JOHN and CHARLIE "CHAY".



Charlie & Nellie (McKen) Barber

Back Row (L to R): Charlie (Chay), Lewis, John, Scottie Front: Margret (Peg), Nellie

Lewis remained on the farm and never married. Margaret "Peggy" married JOE OWEN. They were blessed with one daughter, Pat who became Mrs. Joe Heshka. John married PHYLLIS BUCKNUM and they had a daughter Sandra. John died suddenly at home of a heart attack. Charlie married MARGARET THOMPSON. Their family consists of two children, a son Richard, and a daughter Lynne.

Lynne married Glen Tressel of Neudorf and they have one son, Wayne. Rick married Audrey Halcro of St. Louis, Saskatchewan and they have three sons, David, Allan and Douglas.

Scottie and Nellie retired from farming and moved to Yorkton, where Scottie died in 1957. Nellie continued to live in her own home, next door to her daughter Peggy, until she died in 1972.

MARY JANE (McKen) and CHARLIE LEWIS

submitted by: Margie Steve

MARY JANE was born in Dumfrieshire, Scotland in 1888, one of the set of twins number 10 and 11 in the family of John and Margaret McKen.

On November 23, 1921, Mary married CHARLES LEWIS of Yorkton. Charles worked on the railroad in the Yorkton area. Both Mary and Charles were almost 40 years of age when they married. Their first child, a daughter EVELYN was born in Yorkton in 1922. Shortly after this, the family left to make their home in Los Angeles, California, where their son CHARLES JR. (Jimmie) was born in 1924.



Charles & Mary (McKen) Lewis

Mary made several visits home to visit her family. It seems that Mary instructed her family well about the relatives she had left behind in Yorkton, as her children have also made frequent visits home to see their mother's home and family.

Mary's daughter, Evelyn, married WALTER DICK (children Judith, later Mrs. Norman Pierce and their children William and James). Her son Charles, "Jimmie" married HELEN HANSON and their children were John, James and Thomas. John and his wife have 2 children, Aimee and Allison. James Jr. and his wife Cheryl have one son Aaron.

Mary Jane died in 1958 and Charles pre-deceased her in 1951. Their family still resides in California.

THE ROBERT MCKEN STORY CONTINUES

— JULY 1987 —

submitted by Marjorie Steve

As I begin this story, I mention the passing of Donald McKen, the fourth son and fifth member of the Robert McKen family, on January 26, 1987.



Jen (McKen) Cannon, Ellen (McKen) Lewis
and Donald McKen

Myself, the writer, daughter of Margaret Ellen McKen (Lewis) and William James Cannon, eldest son of Jessie Jane McKen (Cannon), are now the only grandchildren left of Robert and Helen.

As I write this story, you will note how close a family my mother, Auntie Jen, and Uncle Donald were. They were the only children of Robert and Helen to survive to any age. Uncle Donald was 87, Auntie Jen was 74, and my mother was 68.

My mother was but a wee tot of four when her mother died. She was named after her mother and grandmother. Two things happened here. Grampa couldn't say his H's, so my mother's name slipped to Ellen. Also, Jessie seemed to be a name my mother couldn't handle so she always called Jessie -Jen, a name which stuck. Thereafter, she was known all her life as Jen.

Mom was seven years old when Jimmy Cannon wooed and won the affections of Jen McKen. Mom often told stories of her life before and after this marriage.

When she was a wee girl, Jen would stand her on a chair and teach her how to make bread and buns. A comment here I make, Mom, all her life was one of the finest bakers, bar none. She told her feelings many times about Jen. Her mother died when she was little and Auntie Jen was the only mother she had ever really known. So, it was not surprising when Jen married Jimmy that many nights after school at Orkney, Mom would run away from home and would be found by her father later at Jen and Jimmy's with her wee puppy dog. How that puppy survived is something else. She would raise it on its front legs, grab it up by the hind legs and run it ahead of her down the road to school every morning. She said she always got into trouble running away to Jen's, but she went anyway. The proof of the story when visiting at Bill Cannon's just this year, he said, "Your mother sure spent a lot of time at our house when I was a kid."

In 1927, my mom was by then a young lady of 17 and she went away from home to work out as a housekeeper. She arrived in the south country in Riceton, Saskatchewan then on to Gray, where she met my father, Hartford Lewis. On October 15, 1929, she and my father were married.

Both Jen and Ellen were now married, Jen in 1918, my Ellen in 1929. I must say now that I cannot write this story without bringing into it all the way along her sister Jen and brother Donald.

My recollections are of every summer going home to Yorkton and Orcadia with mom and dad, my two brothers Ronald Laverne, born in 1930, Glenn in 1931, and myself, the Christmas present, in 1933.

At first my dad had only a truck to go home in, a 1928 Chevy. It was always a race to see which one of us could see Auntie Jen's house first as we came up the road and through the field. By this time Jen and Jimmy had their two sons, Bill (1919) and Bob (1924). So here we were the grandchildren of Robert McKen. As soon as all was unloaded and we had a night's sleep, it was up in the morning and off to Uncle Donald's and Grandpa's that we had arrived.

I well remember the old log house on the farm at Orcadia. The long table that stretched clear across the kitchen. I remember at one time there was a family of nine who sat down to eat. Then, two steps up and you were out of the kitchen and into the living room. Grandpa had a set of horse hair chairs against one wall. This was his favorite chair to sit on in the house. So, we knew if he was not by the door we could run in the house up those two steps to the living room, and there he was. All this action and the noise from Donald's barking dog would bring Uncle Donald down the path through the bush from the barnyard. We were all then together with much laughter and much talking.

I don't know how he knew but no sooner would the commotion be settled down then enter Fred Hall that to be sure the next evening was to be spent at his home. By the time we got to Fred and Louise's, the word was around and we were expected to go to Charlie McKen's. The wording went something like this, 'The "Chief" expects you tomorrow'. A lot of Grandpa's brothers had nicknames. Why Grandpa was "The Boss" and Charlie was "The Chief", I do not know.

In later years into the forties, my father would often be away with work in summer for the University, so Mom was often at Jen's with the car and myself. These were some of the happiest years that Mom, Jen and Donald were to have. As Mom could drive, it meant that we three, Mom, Jen and myself would every day get in the car and set about visiting all the relatives. After each day's visiting, we always had to allow enough time before supper to stop at Uncle Donald's on the way home and tell him the events of the day.

These were the times as a small girl that I came to know well so many of the older McKen family and their descending family. The Fred Halls, the Charlie McKens, the Jack Staingers, the Benjamins and the Barbers.

I recall one night in '43 Auntie Jen told Mom there was to be an old time dance at Orkney Shcool and she would sure like to go. So off we went again, the three of us to the dance. It was many years later to relate this story to Bill and tell him, "Boy, could your mother ever dance".

1944 brought trouble to our family with the death in an accident of my middle brother Glenn at the age of 12, the only red-headed grandchild. Here I must admit I know how much I look like my mom, but it never ceased to amaze me how much this red-headed brother of mine resembled the picture of my grandmother Helen.

Once again, I bring Donald and Jen into the picture. Uncle Donald had this 1940 Dodge car and he and Jen set out to get to Mom and Dad's. Jen said as if it wasn't enough Donald's car boiled and heated all the way down. She told of taking her hankie and holding it over the radiator while Donald poured water from the ditches into it so they could keep going and get to us.

The country here, I tell you now, where I grew up was the flat prairie land of the Regina Plains. Uncle Donald did not think much of our country side. He was heard many times to remark jokingly, "That sure is barren country, I swear you can see the bed pot under the bed ten miles away!"

I here tell my side of the story, I told people my Uncle Donald lives 1/4 of a mile from town and you can't see his farm for bush.

The summer of 1945 saw Uncle Donald building his new house.

My father was a farmer in the summer time but in the winter months we lived in Saskatoon where he was a Professor in the College of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan. It was here in December of 1945 we received word of the serious illness of my Grampa Robert. My mother and I set out by train from here to get to Yorkton. That train ride I will never forget so help me. The train was 11 hours late and the only bright spot in the whole journey was when we waved to Jack Stainger as he picked up the mail off the train when we went through Orcadia. He was later to tell us it was a good thing we came that day as the next day the train never came at all.

The old C.P.R. station still stands in Saskatoon and I never drive past it but I don't remember that train ride. Our efforts to get to Grampa were futile and Grampa was already gone when we arrived. We did see Jen's son Bill as he was now home from overseas. This was our first time in Uncle Donald's new house. I only being yet a young kid at the time, Barney Fenske was commandered to take me to the Xmas Concert at Orkney Church.

The day of Grampa's funeral was I think one of the coldest days in my life. Once again we set out in Uncle Donald's car and it balked, we got it going but the heater did not work. It was a lovely warm day in January when we laid Uncle Donald to rest in Orkney. My thoughts rolled back and I remarked to Barney, "This is sure a lot different day than the last time we stood here". I realized then Barney had not forgotten either.

In the summer of 1946, our family now growing up a bit. Bill was spening much of his time at the Patterson home. What a thrilling summer to say the least that was Jen, Jimmy, Mom, Bill, and Isobel, Bob and me. Uncle Jimmy by this time had purchased a coupe car with rumble seat in the back. By sheer luck and an overlaod of people I was allowed to ride in the rumble seat. As I remember I don't think Uncle Jimmy ever let my Mom drive the car.

That fall we went to Yorkton for the wedding of Bill and Isobel. Bob by this time was working in Yorkton and was well on his way to leaving Yorkton to make a life for himself.

In 1948, my brother Ron was married to Florence Cooper of Saskatoon. So the family trips were parred down to Mom and I as I was still young at home. There was a shortage of girls as you can see and I was the only girl in the descending family until the arrival of my niece, Ron's daughter, Susan. The next year saw the arrival of Donald Cannon. What fun Ellen and Jen-each with a grandchild! No matter, it must meant more people to come home to Auntie Jen's, Uncle Jimm's, and Uncle Donald's. The next to arrive were Robert, son of Ron and Alan, son of Bill. Now we approach 1955 and my marriage to Mervin Steve of Saskatoon. July 1956, Thomas Richard Donald made his appearance. 1958 Auntie Jen strikes gold, the

arrival of granddaughter, Kathy. 1959, my son Kenneth Bruce Steve and 1960 the arrival of another daughter Jane for my brother Ron and his wife Florence. Imagine the joy of Jen, Jimmy and Donald as every year our husbands, wives, and families would all proceed to Yorkton and Orcadia to track through their homes. On one of these journeys, my husband, myself and my two kids packed up Jen and off we went to a picnic at Orkney School.

Happy years for all indeed. Fall of 1967, we went home for the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Auntie Jen and Uncle Jimmy. Auntie Jen's health was failing then as well as that of my husband, however we did have a joyous celebration.

Finally, her illness overcame her and in 1969 my Auntie Jen died. Illness again in 1973 took the life of my husband Mervin Steve at the age of 43. My mother lived long enough to see three of her grandchildren married and begin a generation of 6 great grandchildren before her life was taken in December of 1978, just ten months short of her Golden Wedding date.

Here, I will give a running of my mother's family. My father, Hartford Lewis, brother Glenn (1931-1944). My brother Ron and his wife Flo and their children Susan and her husband Larry Shostal and their three children Tracy, Sherri and Chad. Tracy is married to Kevin Donald, they have a daughter Megan. Jane and her husband Dean Johnstone and their three children Cori, Jason and Kellyn. Robert and his wife Peggy and their four children Kristy, Lisa, Erin and Lindsay. The writer and her husband Mervin Steve and their children Tom and his wife Lynda and their son Trevor and Ken and his wife Mary Jo.

Now back to Yorkton where we find Uncle Jimmy living with Bill and Isabel. Then to a home where he died in 1980 at the age of 90 years.

In 1985 brought the death of my brother Ron at age 54 and again in 1986 we lost Robert Cannon at 62. So, it was in January of 1987 Bill and I found ourselves the only grandchildren of Robert McKen left. My memories are many and happy about the life I enjoyed with my mother's family in Orcadia and Yorkton. I close this story by telling about Barney Fenske who lived with Uncle Donald, Grampa and his mother, Laura. He came into the family as a baby of two in 1917 with his mother, and is still living on the farm. A good and faithful friend he was to Uncle Donald. I could talk on about Barney, but I shall leave that to him. I surprised a few people when I saw him this year and asked if he could still play the mouth organ.

Time to put down my pen and close this chapter in the Robert McKen family.

— My Vivid Recollections of This Family —

- Grampa Rober's "Aye Lassie" when I came in
- Grampa in his horse hair chair in the corner at his side was Gramma's picture
- Grampa's big mustache curled up at the ends

- Grampa riding in our car. He would never ride in our car, but one day my dad coaxed him into the car and we drove him down to Auntie Jen's, he yelled all the way down and all the way back, "Slow down, Hartford. I can't count the fence posts".
- Even now as I go in the yard, I can picture Grampa sitting in his chair outside the door of the log house. Even though the house is long gone.
- Uncle Donald and his guns. How he loved hunting and trapping.
- Using kitchen matches and striking them on the side of his Briar pipe to light them.
- his fiddle and how he could play, "The Irish Washer Woman".
- his letters to us and how we would laugh. They were always full of fun of some sort. The time the skunk wandered into the basement of his house and the antics he and Barney went through to get it out. Lowered a stove pipe into the basement, the skunk wandered into it when they raised it up in yard. Uncle Donald looked in the pipe to see where the skunk was and it was looking him right in the eye.
- the firsttime he saw a manure spreader, Boy, he told that one!
- building the new outhouse and telling us he hoped he never had to dig another. Said he hoped no one ever held their nose waiting for any thing to hit bottom. The outhouse still stands in the same spot today.
- his accent all his life, he never lived in the "bush", he lived in the "boosh".
- Auntie Jen running from the house to meet us when we came through the gate
- showing us kids how to wring a chicken's neck
- "Oh, Mercy" was her favorite expression
- doing her wash on the hand powered washing machine
- I have never again met a woman quite like her. Happy and content with whatever life held for her.
- Uncle Jimmy going out of the house in the early morning and calling to all the animals, then walking across the yard with them all following after him.

My mother Ellen led a much different life but in many ways I could see, yes that Jen had raised her. She excelled in Arts and Crafts. There was scarcely a handicraft known that she could not turn her hand to and do it well. Her needle point and petite point pictures hanging in almost all of her family's homes. She, like Jen, was a good mother to her family. Her family, her crafts, her curling, and her involvement in the Order of the Easter Star pretty much tells the story of her life.

The little song my mother said she would sing and skip to as a wee girl.

Kaiser Bill
Went up the hill,
To take a look at France
Kaiser Bill came down the hill
with bullets in his pants.

THE GILBERT STAINGER FAMILY



Gilbert Stainger

GILBERT Stainger came from Orkney, Scotland. He married a lady of Cree descent, from Manitoba, MARY JANE SANDERSON. They had five children, JOHN, WILLIAM, PETER, MARY, deceased at the age of sixteen years, and a baby girl who died at the age of a few weeks old. The mother Mary died in childbirth. William was four years old at the time. He was born August 8, 1886 in Ossowa Woodland Munc., Manitoba. William lived on Manitoulin Island prior to coming to Yorkton in 1890 with his father and two brothers.

Gilbert bought a homestead from Mr. Humble Ferguson, where he was living at the time in Orkney District. Gilbert passed on at the age of seventy-five years in 1921.

Since there were a few Staingers in the area from what I understand, in order not to get the mail mixed up, one of the Staingers had the letter i put in between the a and the n in the original name, Stanger. It has remained there till this day.



Mary (Brough) & Willie Stainger
Wedding Photo -- Oct. 20, 1909

WILLIAM Stainger also known as Bill grew up on his father's homestead in Orkney. He recalls, when as a little boy, sitting by and watching the men work as they were building the Orkney School entirely out of stone. He attended that school for two years and had to quit in order to help with the work at home. He recalls that the school was a cold place during the winter.

At the age of twenty-four years he decided to settle down and married MARY ANN BROUGH, age nineteen on October 20, 1909 at Yorkton, Sask. Mary was the daughter of John Allan and Harriet Ann Brough. Mary was born on July 16, 1891 at Sec. 32-27-4 west of the 2nd, N.W.T., Canada.

William and Mary had the following children all born in Yorkton's Victoria Hospital.

JOHN, February 28, 1911, married DOROTHY BRIGHT, lives in Calgary, Alberta. He had three children, GEORGE, WESLEY and CHARLIE. Bille, March 5, 1913, lives in Milk River, Alberta. Lena, February 10, 1918, married Roman Fenger, lives in Blackfolds, Alberta. They had three children, Judy, Karen and Doug. Gordon, September 3, 1922, married Elizabeth Belcourt (deceased October 21, 1988) lives in Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Norman, December 3, 1920 married Petrena Dolawski (deceased May 12, 1985) lives in Hudson Hope, B.C. They had twin girls, Stella and Johanna, who was a still at birth. Charlie, June 7, 1926, married Stella Delawski (deceased March 14, 1981) lives in Quesnel, B.C. They had four children, Carol, Joe, Linda and Brenda. Jennie, March 24, 1924, married Henry Miller and lives in Sundre, Alberta. George, June 30, 1932, married Ann Bellintine, lives in Quesnel, B.C.

In addition, a boy and a girl were born and died in infancy.



Norman & Petrena (Dolawski) Stainger
with daughter Stella

William farmed two quarters of land. He did mixed farming. Part of the land was for pasture as he had a few head of cattle and sixteen head of horses. He broke horses in, so he continually bought and sold them. He was known to have some of the finest horses in that country, they were one of his hobbies and he loved them very much.

Tragedy struck some of his best horses and he lost all but three to swamp fever, which was very heartbreaking to him.

The logs for the house and barn were brought in by his team of horses, thirty miles west of the homestead in Beaver Hills. Mary's father, John had built the house on the homestead. Part of it still stands today. The barn was in very good condition when I last saw it.

William was one of the members of the Jury in Yorkton's court. He was a big stocky man but was very light on his feet. He was known to be one of the best jigging and tap dancer. He could easily tap dance within a twelve inch square for a long period of time. He could play the fiddle very well but he was always a bit hesitant to do so in public.

There had been some hard times. One of the memories Lena recalls was when everyone was getting the flu. They always had a hired hand to help with the work. When the flu struck, her mom had six children and every one was down with the flu. The hired man left in a hurry for he was afraid of getting the flu. The barn was full of horses and no one to look after them. She recalls her mother had to go out and let the horses out of the barn to look after themselves. There was no one to feed them as her mother had to go to the hospital, as she had double pneumonia and almost died. Lena recalls it was a very bad time as it all happened in the month of March.

When the 30's arrived there were more problems as drought hit and everything turned to dust. William still attempted farming and planted a crop. But that spring was so windy the crop just blew away and so did William's dreams.

My dad, Norman can remember the dust storms that would darken the skies. At times it was so dark it was difficult to tell if it was day or night. During the day sometimes one had to have a light in the house. The wind would howl and scream and moan. The dust would come right through the walls. There would be an inch of dust on the window sills even if it was dusted off everyday. Dad's mother would cover everything with sheets and still the dust would penetrate through. One could feel the grit and taste the dust in the food.

One had to be careful in going to the barn because one could easily get lost if he did not hold on to the rope from the house to the barn. The dust was that thick, at times one could only see inches. Waving a lamp or having a light shining in the window at times was needed to see your way from the barn to the house. Dad can remember a lot of coughing and red eyes when the winds howled and the dust swirled.

So with losing the horses to swamp fever, no crop, dust storms, and illness, William knew there was greener country north. So William, Mary and the children packed what they could on a wagon pulled by a team of horses. They rented the farm to Martin Just and September 1932, they headed north to Erwood.

My dad, Norman, recalls how good the air smelled so clean and fresh compared to the dried prairies. The most outstanding memory he recalls is how fresh and green everything was. It was bush country all around.

A few days later he was fascinated to see so much wildlife around. There was an abundance of deer, moose, grouse, ducks, and rabbits. No fear of going hungry!

Since there was no school at Erwood, dad never was able to return to school. It was quite a few years later that a school was built.

William settled in Erwood, Sask., went into mixed farming, and later did some cordwood cutting with his sons.

Dad recalls watching the prairie chickens come together and make all kinds of sound while doing their fancy dancing.

West side of the old homestead there used to be three rutted trails going north and south across the farm. When dad was a boy he asked what made these trails and he was told they were made by Red River Carts pulled by oxen. These three trails could have been the old freight trails between Winnipeg and Edmonton. Might also have been the Red River Trail.

Dad showed me the area where he had his first trapline. In those years the gopher were abundant. The cute little creatures were not thought cute by the farmers. They were looked upon as a pest that ate the grass that the horses and cattle should have. All the holes that were on the fields were dangerous for the horse and the rider as the horse could easily stumble when stepping in the gopher hole. Bounties were put on the little gopher and many farmers would pay a cent a tail. So the local young boys had a job to do. Dad was one of the young Bounty Hunters for Martin Just. Dad hunted well, using his mother's sewing machine lace and I'm sure she did not appreciate this when she wanted to use her sewing machine and the lace was not there.

Also, dad used a shoelace that worked out very well. He would very patiently wait by the gopher's hole with the loop tied over the hole. When the curious gopher popped his head out to see what was taking place the unfortunate gopher was captured. Dad, being soft-hearted, felt sorry for the gophers as he used to sit and watch them frolick amongst themselves. They seemed so happy, playing tag, wrestling and enjoying life out in the sunshine.

Everytime he caught one he would see those big soft eyes and he'd feel like two cents. He was not told if the gophers should be alive or dead, just the tails were wanted. So dad would catch the gopher and easily pull the skin off their tails. He still had the tail to claim the bounty. Things seemed to go well for awhile. The gophers didn't seem to be suffering any, for they continued to play and chase one another like nothing happened. Mr. Just seemed content in receiving the tails and the little boy had his pennies. Dad said it was an unusual sight to see all the gophers running around with their bone dried tails sticking up high, reflecting white against the sun. It was not an amusing sight when Mr. Just came to investigate his field and saw all these little white reflectors running around in his field. That put an end to dad's bounty hunting. If Mr. Just could read this, would he still recall the little Bounty Hunter that had a soft spot in his heart for the little gophers.

As we walked back to the gate, dad inspected the old cedar gate post, still good for being there almost fifty years. Dad wondered if the old moose horns were still around. Immediately he found them all intact. Dad relates the story of his dad's last moose hunt while living in this area. My dad's father and John Weatherspoon left Yorkton around the first snow in October 1929, with a large fat team of grey horses, and a canvas covered sleigh, loaded with oats, hay and groceries. They were to sleep outside, underneath the bright stars with abundance of fresh crisp wintry air. They were to go to Rosco as that was the closest they could get to hunt moose in an area that had an open moose season. They got their moose and at the bottom of Pee Wee Hill, south of Reserve, they saw tracks of two moose and two deer. That's the first

tracks ever seen of moose in that area. It was closer than Rosco. Shortly after there was an abundance of moose in Erwood.

They returned home for Christmas with two very thin grey horses, no oats nor hay, no groceries and a couple of very dead tired men. That was after two months on the trail. But they had the meat for the rest of the winter.

So this was the moose horns taken in 1929 near Rosco. They were in excellent condition with only one end of the palm gnawed by a rodent.

Indeed a prized relic in my eyes and a valuable possession to own. For they were lying on the ground for about fifty-six years and still preserved nicely.

Dad recalls one of his special friends, Mrs. Bear. Dad and his friend Lloyd Garry used to visit Mrs. Bear often. She was a kindly lady who enjoyed their company. She would sing songs to the two young lads and tell them many stories. Dad said she could sing beautifully. She treated them to her pancakes which were dad's favorite. He said she made the best pancakes in the whole district. She is remembered so well.

We walked the trail to the highway where we were parked. This trail was used by the kids to go to school. Dad says there is very little change in the old gnarled, dwarfed trees along the trail. This brought memories to my dad as he wondered along in deep thought. He used to collect eggs of every different bird in the district. He took only one egg and was very careful not to damage the next or upset the parent birds. He said the crows were quite aggressive and could be hard on the head. Falling out of the trees produced many black and blue bruises.

As we neared the highway each in our own thoughts of the bygone years, we took a moment and looked back, saw the lonely old house on the horizon of what used to be the old homestead, with flashes of memories of dad's boyhood going through our minds. As the rain began to fall at the end of the day, we got into our truck to continue our journey.

I end this with --- "Hello, King Billy" from Norman!

William and Mary lived in their log house in Erwood for a number of years. Later they moved to Red Deer, Alberta and lived in a Senior Citizen's Home. Mary died on May 20, 1966 and William on July 7, 1973.

I, STELLA GAIL, the only daughter of Norman and Petrena Stainger was born on August 9, 1946. I also had a twin sister but unfortunately she was stillborn. I married PAUL ROSENBERGER on July 29, 1966. We have one daughter, WENONAH NOLITA, born February 2, 1980.

My dad grew up in northern Saskatchewan in bushland, so became a logger. Work included boxwood, cordwood and he became an owner of a sawmill. He also worked as a faller in Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

At present we are all living in Hudson Hope, B.C. which is known for the large B.C. Hydro Bennett's Dam and a second Dam Site I. Hudson Hope is known for its discoveries of mammoth and dinosaur bones.

In the year 1985, my dad, Norman Stainger, Paul, Wenonah and I were passing through Yorkton.

We took some time to visit Orkney District, as we wanted to see the country that my dad used to run around as a young boy in bare feet chasing gophers.

The first sight we came to was the Church and School. We were fascinated at the structure of the stone buildings. It is a masterpiece by itself. One could see the talent and skill that was used in constructing such an outstanding building.

Thoughts raced through my mind. If only this school could talk. What interesting as well as humorous stories and experiences it could relate.

It brought back many memories to my father. He recalls his first teacher, Miss Lange, some of the other teachers, Mr. Ivan Patrick and Mr. Tripp. He recalls Mr. Tripp as a very big man and it was nothing for him to run with a good sized kid under each arm. Dad remembers him as a kindly and gentle teacher.

Dad didn't go to school very long as his parents moved north.

Across from the school we visited the cemetery and dad recognized many familiar names on the headstones and markers. We noticed some of our kinfolk's names as well. We noticed some very old unmarked graves and figured that amongst them are his infant brother and sister.

Then we headed to the old homestead. The surrounding area really has changed from what dad remembers. Dad recognized the house immediately, even if some was missing. He said the barn is in excellent shape after all these years. But the landscape had changed drastically.

Looking at the house and barn, I was quite surprised in seeing how well it stood up all through these years.

I had to examine the house and put my imagination to use. The rooms, partially rotted floor, the stairs that led to the bedrooms which are occupied by pigeons. At least the house was not completely abandoned. Looking around dad was telling me where different pieces of furniture were kept and I often wonder what happened to the beautiful organ my grandmother used to play. What I'd give to have that in remembrance of her. One could see it was a nice house at that time. The boards on the inside walls looked very well preserved.

As I quietly gazed at the surroundings, I recalled an incident my dad related. I could see him as a young impish boy sitting across the stairs with short pants and bare feet dangling while spitting grape seeds against the wall as he chewed on the grapes. He was fascinated as he watched the seeds bounce and stick to the wall. I also in imagination could hear his well-tempered mother firmly scolding Norman for his mischievous experiment.

Looking closely at the cracked and torn blue wall paper I could see faint pencil drawings and writings. Again the question came into my mind if that is not some of my dad's trademarks. If only the house could talk.

As we walked around the house looking at the surroundings, dad tried to recall familiar scenes which seemed to have disappeared with the dust storms.

Across the railroad tracks west of the Orkney School, was a small meadow, on the road that went to the south side. Dad used to know of two Buffalo Wallows, one was about a quarter of a mile from the house. But there's no indication of them at all as the dust storms have buried them, covering any evidence of existence.

Not far from the old house there used to be a large slough where ducks used to swim. My dad used to float an old raft on the slough during his boyhood days. Looking at the area, there's not even a hint that there used to be a slough.

Walking around the ploughed field surrounding the house my dad related how his mother used to go to the field and sit behind the stooks and call the wild prairie chickens. She would do this by imitating their whistle and they would come real close to her. She would shoot enough for supper. It was dad's job to take them to the house while she would whistle for a couple more for supper.

JOHN GEORGE STAINGER

JOHN GEORGE Stainger, son of Gilbert and Mary Stainger, was born in Poplar Point, Manitoba, December 22, 1884. John took up residence in the Orkney District in 1891, with his father Gilbert Stainger and sister Mary and brothers Peter and William. Their first home in the district was that of the old James Reid homestead (later to be known as the Humble Ferguson farm). The early education of the family was received in the first Orkney School, a log structure, which was later replaced by the present stone building. John's prime employment, over the years, was that of a grain buyer at points in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. From 1906-1909 he operated a Blacksmith Shop in Orcadia. Between 1909 and 1916 he was employed as a foreman, building elevators for the Northern Grain Co. From 1916-1922 he was the Elevator Agent for the Northern Grain Co. in Orcadia. He also bought grain for the company in Birtle, Manitoba. During the years 1922-1928 he operated a garage and was the local post-master, a position he had previously taken over from one Fred Knight, in 1917.



John & Isabelle (Hall) Stainger

In 1917, September 5, John G. Stainger married ISABELLE HALL, the daughter of George and Margaret Hall (nee McKen). This marriage was blessed with six children, EDITH, GEORGE, MARGARET, MILLICENT, BETTY and LORNE.

In 1928, John G. Stainger became the Elevator Agent for the new Pool Elevator in Orcadia, where he was employed until his retirement in 1954.

John George Stainger passed away on April 19, 1972.

Isabelle Emma Stainger passed away on January 27, 1973.

Both John and Isabelle Stainger rest in the Orkney Church Yard.

EDITH married ART FINNIE. She had three children, Dennis Wilson of Gilbert Plains, Val of Lethbridge and Trev of Toronto.

Edith was known for sense of humour and always had a joke.

Mother's coffee pot was always on the stove. She fed many a passerby. We always had a stranger at the meal table.

MILLICENT GRACE Stainger married SIDNEY McKAY and they reside in Union Bay, B.C.

Their children include Ralph and Janine McKay and daughter Casady, Barbara and Leonard Barkley (deceased) and children Jamie and Sherrie, Lloyd and Dawn McKay and son Jesse, Keith McKay and Peggy McKay.

They all reside in Union Bay, B.C.

BETTY LAUREN Stainger married RONALD JAMES WILSON and they reside in Yorkton, Sask.

Their children include Fraser of Yorkton, Maureen and Gerard Zentner and children Matthew Gerard of Port Coquitlam, B.C., Marla of Richmond, B.C. and Heather of Port Coquitlam, B.C.

MARGARET COWAN Stainger married DAN DRAPER (deceased). Margaret resides in Yorkton, Sask. Their children include Donna Kyle (husband deceased) and children Ashely Kyle and Alan Kyle of Regina, Kari and Carl Wlock and children Rhonda, Dan and Karla of Brandon, Manitoba.



The Stainger Girls

(L to R): Edith, Margaret, Millicent & Betty

GEORGE GILBERT STAINGER

GEORGE GILBERT, born August 5, 1920, attended Orkney Public School and the Orkney United Church. He graduated from the Yorkton Collegiate Institute in 1939, then attended Bible College in Winnipeg and Regina graduating in 1942. George was in the Air Force from 1942 to 1946. He received his B.Ed from the University of Edmonton, Alta. and his B.D. from McMaster University with pastorates in Ontario, Alberta and Manitoba. He taught school at St. Joseph's in Yorkton from 1968 to 1983. He is now retired and living in Yorkton.



George & Inez (Sheane) Stainger
with daughters Sharon & Myrna.

George married INEZ ALICE SHEANE in 1942. They have two children SHARON (Longo) Anaheim, California (grandchildren Christy 17 and Randy 14) and MYRNA (Dodds) Yorkton, Sask. (grandchildren Heather 14 and Kevin 5).

George had many exciting and memorable days in the Orcadia/Orkney District in school, community activities (sports, hunting, church and Community Club). There were many wonderful neighbours, friends who made the Orkney District a real home and community.

LORNE and BUNNY STAINGER

LORNE Stainger, the son of John and Isabelle Stainger from Orcadia, Sask. married BERTHA KORMOS (known as Bunny), daughter of Frank and Julianna Kormos of Yorkton, Sask. They were married April 6, 1956 in Calgary, Alta., where Lorne was then stationed with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Lorne joined the Royal Canadian Air Force on January 27, 1950 and during his career served in every province of Canada with the exception of P.E.I., twice in the North West Territories and two tours in the U.S.A., four years in Maine and five years in New York. During the period of service in the U.S.A. he was attached to the Canadian Embassy in Washington, D.C.

Lorne retired from the R.C.A.F. in February 1980 having attained the rank of Major.



Lorne & Bunny (Kormos) Stainger with children Donald, Lorna & John Jr.

Lorne and Bunny were blessed with three children, DONALD BLAINE, LORNA DELLE and JOHN GEORGE Stainger Jr.

WILLIAM G. and SELENA (SCHMALTZ) KITTEL

submitted by: Verna Brenner

WILLIAM G. Kittel or "Billy" was born March 8, 1859 in Warsaw, Illinois. He immigrated to South Dakota and then on to Canada in 1890 and settled in the Ebenezer area.

In 1893, he purchased the E1/2 of 4-26-4 W2. This land is now known as Pleasant Heights in Yorkton. Kittel Avenue has been named in this area in his honour.

Under the requirements of the "Naturalization Act" and having lived in Canada for three years, he became a Canadian citizen October 26, 1894.

In June of 1905, Wm. Kittel acquired NW 34-25-5 W2 through the provisions of the Homestead Act.

William married SELENA SCHMALTZ (an immigrant from Lublin, Poland). They had six children. LEVI (deceased); GEORGE (deceased); WILLIAM (deceased); META (deceased) married John (Jack) Rudiger (deceased); FRANCES (deceased); FLORABELLE married Foster Sinclair, who are now retired and living in Churchbridge.

Levi and George attended the Orkney School for a short time.

Selena passed away January 20, 1917. After her death, Billy retired and moved into Yorkton. Billy died November 13, 1944. Both are buried in the Yorkton City Cemetery.

THE PATTERSON FAMILY

JOHN and ANNIE PATTERSON

JOHN Patterson was one of the early settlers in the Orkney District. John was born in Westray, Orkney Isles, Scotland in 1876.

John was the son of Charles and Isabella Patterson, he had three brothers Tom, Frank and George, two sisters Betsy and Mary. Charles Patterson died at a fairly early age and the family responsibilities then rested on the sons.

Frank, the elder brother immigrated to Canada and settled in the Orkney District where he engaged in farming. John went to sea at the early age of 14 years, he sailed in the North Sea on a fishing vessel the Arcadia for three years. Life was tough in the North Atlantic for the fishermen on the sailing ships, severe storms took the lives of many men and a large number of those ships went down in the ice cold waters of the Atlantic during storms.

John decided he'd had enough of the ocean life and followed his older brother to Canada in 1893, he too settled in the Yorkton area and commenced farming. John homesteaded on the farm that Tom Patterson now farms.

When John got established on the homestead, his mother, brother Tom and family, two sisters and younger brother George came to Canada and were cared for by Frank and John. Tom was a stonemason and plasterer.

Annie Patterson was born in Hamilton, Scotland in 1886. She was the eldest daughter of James and Mary Ann Halliday and immigrated to Canada in 1907. There were five children in the family, Annie, Joe, Tom, Kate and Peter.

Annie (Halliday) married John in 1908 and settled on the homestead with John. John and Annie Patterson had ten children. MARY (MABEL) the eldest in the family married Carl Borden (deceased). Mabel now resides in Yorkton, their family was comprised of three sons and a daughter.

CHARLES (deceased) the eldest son and Janie (nee Gilchrist) farmed at Foam Lake, Sask. where they raised a family of three boys and two girls.

CATHERINE (KATE) married Jack Pottinger (deceased) and lived in Flin Flon, Manitoba. Jack was employed by the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company. Kate resides in Flin Flon and they had a family of two boys.

LOUISE (deceased) did not marry and remained at home with her mother and father. Lou took an active part in local affairs and spent many years as a Director on the Yorkton Exhibition Board.

JIM and Christina (nee Purves) farmed in the Yorkton area until 1977 when Jim passed away. Christina (Tina) now resides in Yorkton. Jim served in the Army (Tank Corps) serving in Canada, England and Europe.

RUBY ROWLEY (nee Patterson) and Harold farmed in the Yorkton District until their recent retirement and are now living in Yorkton. The farm is now being farmed by their eldest son Tom. Ruby and Harold have two sons and a daughter.

JOHN and Hazel (nee Skea) resided on a farm for a short period until John took employment with the Post Office in Yorkton. John served in the Army with the Cameron Highlanders and was wounded in Falaise, France. John passed away in 1988, Hazel resides in Yorkton. They had a family of 3 sons and 3 daughters.

WALTER and Phyllis (nee Bacon) (deceased) farmed in the Orcadia District until moving to Victoria, B.C., where Walter took up employment with the Department of Highways and Phyl, a registered nurse, continued nursing until her death. They had a family of 4 boys and a girl. Walter resides in Victoria.



Walter & Phyllis (Bacon) Patterson

Back Row (L to R): James, Calvin, Kelly and Don Front: Sharleen, Phyllis & Walter.

DAN and Helen (nee Johnston) reside in Regina, Sask. Dan also served his country in the Royal Canadian Artillery. They have a family of four boys and a girl.

COLIN, the youngest of the Patterson family, farms the home farm. Colin continues to raise shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses, and recently was named as Clydesdale Man of the Year for Saskatchewan for 1988.

JOHN (BOSS) Patterson was an enterprising individual, he participated in numerous land transactions during his lifetime. John was one of the first to own a steam engine in the Yorkton District. He did custom threshing for neighbours in the Steam Era, then advanced into the gas age, for many years did custom breaking of land and threshing with the Hart Parr 30-60 and Waterloo separator. He then advanced to the more efficient (Wallis) Massey Harris tractor and separator and did custom threshing until the early 1940's when the modern combine took over.

When John settled in the Yorkton area there was no railroad and the City of Yorkton was then located north of its present site. Early pioneers had to travel to Whitewood for supplies. This meant at least a three day trip by oxen. For those who were fortunate to own a good team of horses,

they could make the trip in a long day or part of a second day. The early settlers had to make at least two trips a year, one in the spring and another in the fall to purchase enough food and necessary items to carry them through the cold winters. John Patterson took part in many of these treks for supplies.

John Patterson often told stories of the winter of 1906-1907, the coldest and most severe winter on record. At that time they lived on the homestead which Tommy Patterson presently owns. Snow was up to the roof of the barn, they were forced to tunnel through the snow in order to get feed and water to the cattle. A number of farmers lost their lives in the blizzards and hundreds of livestock died of starvation throughout the province that winter. He told stories of farmers that worked their land with oxen. Quite often during the hot summers when flies were bad, the oxen would take off into a slough to rid themselves of insects and to get cooled off, oxen were difficult to control under such circumstances.

John and Annie Patterson were highly respected by many people, they extended a helping hand to people who were less fortunate. In the depression years (hungry thirties), destitute farmers from the south would receive food and lodging from the Pattersons, their horses would be tended to in preparation for the trek north to Kelvington, Porcupine Plain and places beyond.

The Patterson (Pollock) farm which was located off #9 Highway about nine miles north of Yorkton and situated between the CNR Railroad and the highway was a stopping off place for a meal by many hobos and transients who were riding the rods and walking the highways. Many of those unfortunate people will remember John(Boss) and Maw Patterson for their kindness. There was always room for another plate on the table.

In those early days, farmers depended to a great extent on neighbours. They helped each other in so many ways; field work, threshing, cutting and sawing the supply of wood for the winter. John (Boss) and Annie Patterson were always available to people in need.

In the long cold winters when there was no means of communication, John and Annie would have a neighbouring couple come to stay for a week. Time would be spent playing cards, reading and enjoying the good meals that were always available. They, in turn, would be invited to return the visit of that neighbour and enjoy their hospitality.

John (Boss) and Annie Patterson can be looked upon as an example to the young people of today and in the future. They will long be remembered for their part in the development of the Orkney District.

MABEL (PATTERSON) BORDEN

submitted by: Mabel Borden

MABEL Patterson married CARL BORDEN on October 30, 1939. Carl was from Sheffields, Nova Scotia. Carl passed away on June 2, 1979.

We have four children, JOHN of Toronto, Ontario, BRUCE of Swift Current, Sask., KEN on home farm in Wallace, Manitoba and MARY McDougall farming with husband and son east of Yorkton.

I attended Orkney School as did my brothers and sisters.

CHARLES GEORGE PATTERSON

submitted by: Janie Patterson

CHARLES GEORGE Patterson was born on December 27, 1910, the eldest son of John Patterson and Ann Halliday. He was born in the Orkney District and went to Orkney School. He had an older sister Mabel. She married Carl Borden and they farmed at Saltcoats.

Charlie farmed in the Orkney District until 1944, when he moved to Foam Lake, Sask. He farmed the land where Charlie Fitzsimmons had homesteaded. Then it was farmed by John and Myrtle McLean.

He was helped to move by Leslie Muir, it was near the end of April 1944. He started with six horses. Then in 1946 he bought a tractor in partnership with Bob Gilchrist.

In 1950 he married JANIE GILCHRIST and they raised a family of five. KAREN ANNE was the oldest and then RUBY GRACE came to join her sister. We have always called her Grace. Later three sons came to join the family. The oldest one is CAMERON CHARLES, then ANGUS JAMES is the second son and the youngest one is ANDREW FRANK.



Charles & Janie (Gilchrist) Patterson
ca. 1968



Charles' & Janie's Children - 1965
Back Row (L to R): Karen, Grace
Front: Cameron, Andy & Angus.

Karen is a registered nurse, she is married to Tom Nicholls and they have three children. Their names are Jennifer, Jeff and Sara. They are living in Dalmeny now, where the children go to school. Tom works at Oliver Lodge as a physiotherapist. Karen works part time at University Hospital in the neo-natal intensive care unit. She also works for the Nightingale Nursing Service in Saskatoon.

Grace went through for a lawyer, graduating from York University in Toronto. She married Rene Sorell, who graduated with the same class. Rene is a corporate lawyer in the firm of McCarthy and McCarthy. Grace is at present Vice-chairman of the Environmental Assessment Board of Ontario. They have two daughters Jessica and Emily and live in Toronto.

Cameron and Angus farm. They raise registered Horned Hereford cattle and have a feedlot where they custom feed cattle. They grow mainly barley and sorghum for silage.

Andy is an Agricultural Mechanic and works for the John Deere dealership in Foam Lake. He is also taking heavy duty mechanics by apprenticeship.

Charlie passed away June 23, 1982. He had not been well for quite sometime, as he suffered from bronchial asthma and cancer. He was laid to rest in the cemetery in Foam Lake.

JAMES HALLIDAY PATTERSON

JAMES HALLIDAY Patterson was born November 20, 1914. He was the second son of John and Annie Patterson. He received his education at Orkney School. Following this he farmed on the family farms with his brothers.

In 1940 he joined the Army, going overseas. He returned home in October 1945.

He took up farming in 1946 in the Wallace Municipality, north of Yorkton.

In 1951 he married CHRISTINA PURVES and they continued to farm. Jim was fond of farming, which included Clydesdale horses and Shorthorn cattle.

In 1975 Jim took ill with cancer and passed away in 1977.

JOHN and HAZEL PATTERSON

submitted by: Hazel Patterson

JOHN was the son of John and Annie Patterson. He was born on April 18, 1917. He received his education at the Orkney School. He worked on the farm until he joined the Armed Forces. He enlisted with the Prince Albert Cameron Highlanders for five years. He then served overseas and was wounded in France. Then was discharged in March 1945. He was united in marriage to HAZEL SKEA on November 19, 1945. They were blessed with six children, three girls and three boys, PATRICIA, WILLIAM, DENNIS, MURIEL, MARGARET and ROBERT.

John and Hazel farmed for ten years and then moved into Yorkton. John worked for Massey Ferguson, then went as a letter carrier for the Post Office until his health gave out. He then became a Commissionaire and worked at the Radar Base and later at the hospital.

He took a stroke in 1973 and had to retire. He passed away in 1980.

RUBY (PATTERSON) and HAROLD ROWLEY

submitted by: Ruby Rowley

My father, John Patterson who was originally from the Orkney Islands immigrated to Canada in the 1890's. My mother, Ann Halliday, who immigrated here from Hamilton, Scotland in 1907 married my father the following year in Yorkton. They settled on a farm in the Orkney District where they raised six sons and four daughters. All their children attended the Orkney School.



Harold & Ruby (Patterson) Rowley & Family

Back Row (L to R): Colin Patterson, Charlie Rowley, Faye & Tom Rowley, Sid Gray
Front Row: Susan Rowley with Ashley, Harold & Ruby Rowley, Colin & Janet Gray.

I, the youngest of the girls married HAROLD ROWLEY in 1943. Harold originated from the Foam Lake/Sheho area. He had been in the Orkney District since 1937, when he bought the Joe Caldwell homestead. We settled on this farm, raising two sons and a daughter. In 1987 we retired off the farm and now live in Yorkton. Our oldest son, TOM took over our farm. Our other son CHARLIE and daughter JANET also live in Yorkton. We have three grandchildren, Tammy, Brian, Colin and a great granddaughter Ashley.

DAN and HELEN PATTERSON

DAN Patterson was born in Yorkton, Saskatchewan on February 15, 1921. He was raised and educated in the Orcadia District, attending Orkney School.

Dan played an active part in sports and enjoyed playing hockey and softball, he also enjoyed hunting and shooting.

In December 1940, Dan joined the Canadian Army and served in the Royal Canadian Artillery (BSM) until January 1946.

Dan married HELEN JOHNSTON, R.N., of Winnipeg in 1943. They have five children. GEORGE, named after great uncle George Patterson, is married to Colleen (nee Horner). They reside in Moose Jaw and have two children, Megan and Hugh. George is a graduate in Law and practices his profession in Moose Jaw, Sask.

DAN (JUNIOR) and Corinne (nee Welke) presently reside in Regina where he is General Manager of the Farm Land Security Board. He also has a farming operation in the Briercrest, Spring Valley area. Dan had his Bachelor of Science B.Sc. He also spent three years with the Farm Credit Corporation. They have three boys, Duncan and David and Steven (twins).

JOHN and Sheila (nee Craddock). John is named after his grandfather John (Boss) Patterson and is now residing in Calgary. He is engaged in the oil and gas industry and has his Master's Degree in Environmental

Engineering. He is presently employed with Western Oilfield Environmental Services (W.O.E.S.), an engineering firm in which he is also a partner. They have two children, Daniel James and Heather.



Dan & Helen (Johnston) Patterson & Family
with children George, Dan Jr., John, Marshall and Sheila

MARSHALL (D.V.M.) and Maxine (nee Lowmeyer). Marshall and Maxine have two children, Colin and Rebecca. They reside on the ranch at Spring Valley. Marshall is also employed as Veterinarian for Queensbury Downs Racetrack in Regina.

SHEILA Dickey (Patterson). Sheila (psychiatric nurse) and her husband Dr. R. Dickey reside at 100 Mile House, B.C. where Rod is a general practitioner. They have four children, Breanna, Mari, Rys and Michaela.

When Dan Patterson was discharged from the army, he decided to go into the decorating business. He and Helen moved from Winnipeg to Yorkton where he started his own business. They then moved to Foam Lake where Dan operated a retail paint and floor covering store and contracted in decorating and floor covering until 1955. Dan took an active part in community affairs, served on Town Council for four years, was active in the Canadian Legion, and served as president for 2 years. Dan also was active in the Foam Lake Air Cadets, served as drill instructor for a number of years.

Dan transferred his business to Moose Jaw and operated in the same field until 1976. While in Moose Jaw, Dan was active in community affairs, serving with the Kiwanis Club, Victorian Order of Nurses, United Nations Association and was active in the Conservative Party.

Dan purchased a ranch in the Spring Valley area in 1961, which they operated until 1983. Dan raised Aberdeen Angus cattle and then took part in the breeding of the imported Simmental Breed, he was a founding member of the Simmental Association of Saskatchewan. Dan showed Simmental and sold breeding stock in Saskatchewan, Alberta, Iowa and Missouri for a number of years. Dan and Helen now reside in Regina.

THE PATTERSON — VAUGHAN FAMILY

submitted by: Marion Vaughan



Charles & Isabella (Seatter) Patterson
with John & Betsy (standing) and Mary & George (front).



Tom & Jemima (Harcus) Patterson

Our grandfather, THOMAS PATTERSON, was born on the Isle of Westray, Orkney Islands, Scotland, on December 5th, 1876, the eldest of the six children of CHARLES Patterson and ISABELLA Seatter.

He married JEMIMA HARCUS and their children were: our mother, BETSY JANE (better known as JEANNIE), JOANNE and CHARLES.

Tom's two brothers had preceded him to Yorkton, Assiniboia, Northwest Territories; FRANK in 1892 and JOHN some years later, followed by the extended family group in May 1902, including Tom, Jemima and their family, Tom's widowed mother, sisters BETSY (Mrs. William Skea) and MARY (Mrs. James Logan) and brother GEORGE.

They encountered a very rough passage, their children contracting scarlet fever and measles, complicated by pneumonia. Ten month old Charles succumbed and was buried in Halifax. The girls were still very ill when they finally reached their destination.

They came to the home of FRANK Patterson on Section 20, Township 26, Range 4, west of the 2nd. From there, the girls attended Orkney School and their father was a "once a week" caretaker of the church for 50¢ a month while their Aunt Mary was caretaker of the school for \$1.50 a month!

The house was a large two-storey brick house and one morning Mrs. William Wiseman, driving an Indian pony was proceeding to Yorkton. When they came to the Patterson house, the pony refused to pass and Mrs. Wiseman was forced to return home. Whether the animal could smell smoke or had a horsey premonition, they didn't know but shortly thereafter Mrs. Wiseman was called to lend assistance as the family discovered flames leaping out under the eaves.

Jemima attempted to carry out some of her dishes which her sea-faring brothers-in-law had brought her from various parts of the world, carrying them in her apron. However, Tom called to her that the roof was falling in, so she had to drop them and scramble out a window.

They had a number of encounters with bears, returning from Yorkton one day to find a heavy metal cream can by the door, crushed in with claw holes through the metal.

Great-grandma was sitting by the door peeling potatoes another day when she saw a bear up on the stable roof looking down through a hole in the sod at a bull tied below. Needless to say, the animal was terrified. One of the men shot at the bear but it ran away through the wheat field.

Altogether, five members of the Seatter family came to Orkney District: George Seatter, who married Lena Erickson, came in the 1880's; Elizabeth, who married Nels Neilson; William and Ellen Seatter, who returned to Scotland; Isabella Patterson and a brother John, who worked for several farmers in the district for sometime and also returned to Scotland.

Jemima died April 14, 1906, at the age of 38, and is buried in the Orkney graveyard.



Tom & Jeannie Patterson

Tom eventually moved to Yorkton to work as a stone mason and later a contractor in company with Wes Neelin and Hugh McKenzie. Jeannie kept house for him, first on Betts Avenue and later at 70 Laurier Avenue, until marrying our father, also Thomas Patterson and moving to a farm north of Orcadia. Our father also emigrated from Westray in 1907,

spending a year working in a furniture factory in Owen Sound, Ontario before joining his cousins at Yorkton.

Joanna married William McIntosh and they moved to Vancouver where Joanne died prematurely from the effects of the scarlet fever, leaving three children. JEAN (Work) deceased in 1985, WILMA deceased 1937 at the age of 15, and JOHN who is retired and living in Vancouver.

Our grandfather, Tom, married ISABELLA MILNE in 1917 and built a house at 66 Laurier (next door to his sister, Mary Logan and family). However, while pulling down the old Woolworth building, he got lime dust in his lungs and died of the complications in 1933 at the age of 66.

Meanwhile, my brother THOMAS Patterson was born to Tom and Jeannie on June 19th, 1915 and in 1917 they moved to Section 26, Township 26, Range 4, west of the 2nd, the farm still owned by Tom. There, on July 19, 1917 ISABEL was born, followed on August 1st, 1924 by the writer, MARION JEAN.

While we all attended school at Reaman School #247, we attended many dances in the Orkney School and Orkney Church.

Our father died February 26, 1945 and mother December 12, 1967. They are both buried in the Yorkton City Cemetery.

Tom has remained single, while Isabel married William Cannon, also of the district and they have submitted their own family history.

Marion married FRANK VAUGHAN, who was born at Bryant, Sask., north of Estevan, and came with his family to the Yorkton District in 1934. In 1957, we purchased the John Patterson farm from Walter and Phyllis Patterson, 2 1/2 miles north of the church, which we still own.



Frank & Marion (Patterson) Vaughan & Family

Back Row (L to R): Robert & Daniel Kirkham; Frank & Keith Vaughan; Dave Bright
Front: Lisa, Frances (Vaughan), Kathy & Janice Kirkham; Marion (Patterson) holding Jordan, Angela, Gail (Hillier) & Alia Vaughan; Gail (Vaughan) Bright.

We have three children. LORNA JEAN, born August 5th, 1949, is married to Dave Bright, originally from Pelly, Sask., and is now

Director of Legal Aid in Yorkton. Lorna is Director of Finance in the business office of the Yorkton Union Hospital. They built a new house on an acreage on the farm.

KEITH DANIEL, born October 8th, 1952, is an Allied agent and operates Vaughan's Moving and Storage Ltd. in Yorkton. He is married to the former Gail Hillier. They have three children, Angela, Alia and Jordan, and also live on an acreage on the old farmyard.

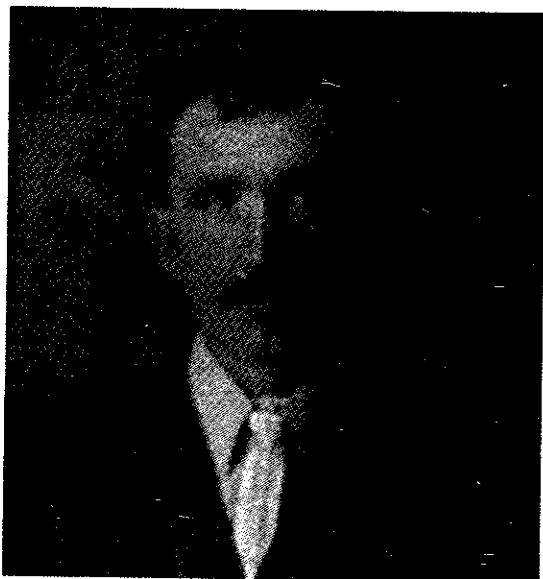
FRANCES LEE, born November 13, 1952, married Daniel Kirkham, a registered seed grower. They live on a farm four miles north of Saltcoats and have four children, Robert, Lisa, Kathy and Janice.

We lost an infant daughter, JANICE MARION, born June 26, 1957, who died from influenza meningitis on November 4, 1957 and is buried in the Yorkton City Cemetery.

While we haven't lived full time in the district, we have enjoyed good times and good neighbours and are happy to add our names to a valuable history of the district.

FRANK and BESSIE PATTERSON

submitted by: Marion Vaughan (great niece)



Frank Patterson



Bessie (Draper) Patterson

FRANCIS SEATTER Patterson was born February 17, 1871 on the Isle of Westray, Orkney Islands, Scotland, the second son of Charles and Isabella (Seatter) Patterson.

He immigrated to Yorkton, Assiniboia, North West Territories in 1892 working with his uncle George Seatter.

He was joined by his brother John in 1894 and for some time they ranched at Fishing Lake, his brand was registered as F.O.P.

He returned to the Orkney District and in a relatively short period owned numerous quarters of land in the area. He made a home on 20-26-4 W2nd and there his widowed mother, brother Tom and family, sisters Betsy (Skea) and Mary (Logan) as well as his youngest brother George came in May 1902.

The Yorkton Enterprise notes on March 29th, 1907 that Frank Patterson had returned after spending three months in Scotland. On the 17th of February 1909 they reported that Frank Patterson and George Seatter left for Winnipeg to take in a bonspiel, obviously travelling had become much easier!

Frank married BESSIE DRAPER, whose father and brother Frank came to the Yorkton area in 1904 from the United States. The writer still treasures some of Bessie's school books with her name and "Lincoln School Mandan, North Dakota" written on the cover.

They had two daughters, MYRTLE the eldest and HAZEL, who died at age 11. Frank and Bessie lived at 140 Simpson Street in Yorkton for many years and in 1936 retired to Victoria, B.C. Their Myrtle married NORMAN BEXRUD and they have two sons and a daughter. Frank visited back in Yorkton at least two occasions and Bessie was back once. Both passed away in Victoria and are buried there.

Following is a letter written by Frank in 1895 as part of a project by clergyman Hugh Hamilton to serve as a comparison of the Orcadian immigrant and their counterparts who chose to remain with the "auld sod".

"I was born in Westray Island, Orkney, Scotland, on 17th Feb. 1871 and when able to work engaged in inland fishing for some time, and afterwards engaged myself to a farmer.

After some time I was determined to go to a foreign land, and I sailed for Canada. I arrived at Quebec 3 years ago last spring, and went by rail to Yorkton where a number of my friends were living. I labored with a relative for some months till I would learn the way of the country. I then hired out for \$15 a month and board. This situation lasted for six months. With this money I bought two cows, two yearlings and two calves, leaving a small balance unpaid. I took this stock to my relative's and stayed with him during spring looking after his and my stock. At haying time I got \$25 a month and board, and through the fall got \$22 a month and board working with ranchers looking after their cattle. In the winter of that year 92-93 I worked in the lumber camp, getting \$20 a month and board. This lasted for 10 weeks. With the money thus earned I cleared the balance off my stock, and spent some of the remainder purchasing a proper equipment for the Canadian winter. I did some breaking on my own homestead till haying time, when I again hired out at \$23 a month and board for 5 months. Through the winter 93-94 I got \$15 a month (all found) drawing hay for stock. When the spring of 94 came I again set to work at my own place, breaking more land. Before I finished I had completed 25 acres which I now have ready for crop. For the succeeding 5 months I got \$25 a month and board working at a ranch. With the money thus earned I purchased another cow, calf and heifer, as well as a mare and a foal. Altogether through purchase and increase, I own today a mare and a colt, a team of oxen, 8 cows, 1 two year old steer, 3 yearlings, 3 calves and 1 bull, 20 head in all.

I find the winters very cold, but with proper clothing which I have been able to get, I am able to keep myself comfortable.

What I have mentioned in the preceding statement has been acquired entirely in this country, as I had not a quarter dollar when I arrived.

Frank Patterson
Orkney, Yorkton, Assa. Can.
Feb. 25th, 1895

GEORGE and JANE PATTERSON

submitted by: Marion Vaughan (great niece)

GEORGE Patterson was born on the Isle of Westray, Orkney Islands, Scotland in 1883, the fourth son and youngest child of Charles and Isabella (Seatter) Patterson.

After the death of his father, he came to Canada with his mother and other family members in May 1902.

In 1922 he married JANE (JEAN) BEWES who was also born on the Isle of Westray on February 24, 1889 and immigrated to the Yorkton area in 1920.

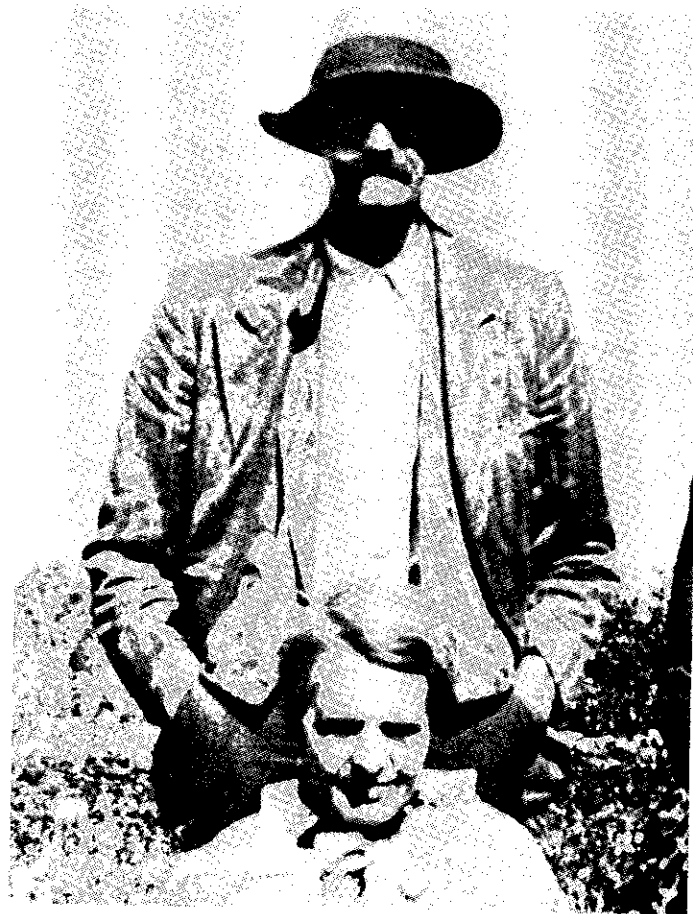
They had a son PATRICK, who died in infancy in 1924. They farmed the north half of 31-26-4 W2nd until George's death on October 13, 1945.

George was a lifelong friend of Dave Fergus and every Saturday night you would see George's Model Ford wending its way to Daves house on McFarlane Avenue. Invariably Dave's dog would be sitting some distance down the street awaiting the visitors.

Neighbours recall George and Dave building a log chicken house on George's farm. It wasn't very big but took a long time to build, they had to stop for frequent "refreshment breaks".

In 1949 Jean married JULIUS HANSEN of Theodore, Sask., who predeceased her in 1967. Jean passed away in the Jubilee Home in Foam Lake on September 29, 1977 at the age of 88.

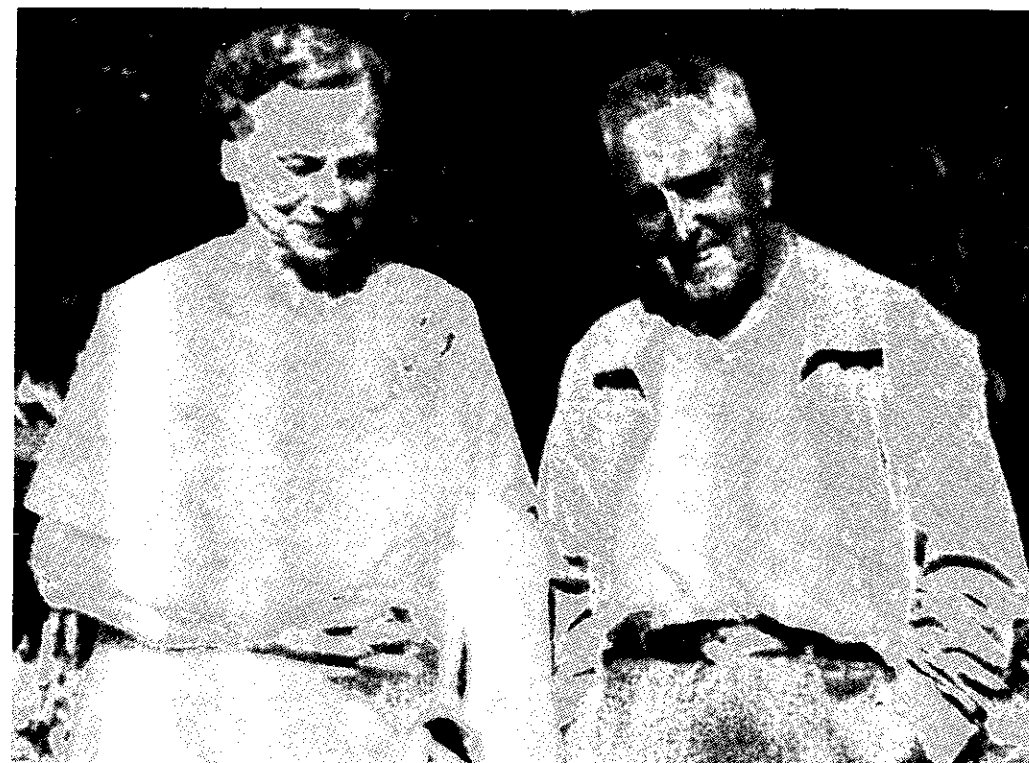
George, Jean and son are buried in the Orkney graveyard.



George & Jeannie (Bewes) Patterson

ROBERT and OLIVE SCHOLLIE

submitted by: Marion Vaughan on behalf of Olive Schollie



Robert & Olive (Fisher) Schollie

ROBERT PATTERSON Schollie was born in Glasgow, Scotland on May 25, 1895, the son of Jeremiah and Catherine (Patterson) Schollie.

In 1911 at the age of sixteen, he immigrated to Yorkton, Sask. to his uncle Thomas Patterson and worked for various farmers in the Orkney District. He then served overseas for four years during W.W. I.

In 1923 he married OLIVE FISHER, who had come from the Saskatoon District in 1921. Olive worked for several farm families, including the McIntyres, who farmed Section 32-26-4 W2nd.

They lived in the same yard as Tom and Jeannie Patterson until after the birth of their first son ROBERT, then moved to the south half of 30-26-4 W2nd. They carried on a farming operation there for several years and LAURA and GEORGE were born during that time.

They then moved into Yorkton where Bob became one of Yorkton's first letter carriers, a job in which he continued for 26 years. Here GRACE and TOM were added to the family.

As witness to the efficiency of Scottish records, Bruce, a son of George and Audrey Schollie of Snow Lake, Manitoba, had made his way to Britain and was informed that he would not be allowed employment unless he could prove British ancestry.

Bruce proceeded to Glasgow and 92 years after his grandfather's birth obtained a copy of the Birth Certificate and was therefore able to work in London.

Bob passed away in Yorkton February 29, 1980 and Olive resides in a Senior Citizens Unit.

THE KNIGHT FAMILY

submitted by: Annie (Knight) Hamilton



Fred & Mary (Brown) Knight
with daughter Annie & dog 'Flurry' - ca. 1911

Orcadia before the 1920's was the perfect place to spend a childhood. My first memories are of Orcadia and my parent's store and post office.

My father, FRED Knight had left his parents' home in Exeter, Ontario in 1894 at age nineteen to go to Kansas, U.S.A. and later to Colorado, in search of adventure. He made a living by teaching piano and violin and tuning pianos and organs. The country was new and exciting and he loved it. But he was still a Canadian. Seven years later and homesick he answered his mother's pleas and returned to Exeter. There he taught music, met the lady who was to become my mother, and bought a store and opened it.

I think he felt smothered in that very staid conventional Ontario town. He felt the urge to go west again. He went as far as Orcadia and homesteaded on N.E. 1/4 of section 34-26-5 just north and a little west of Orcadia. He had a store built which burned down with all contents and most of his personal possessions among which was his beloved violin. He rebuilt the store and added Orcadia's first post office.

His fiancé, MARY BROWN met him in Winnipeg. They were married and he brought her to Orcadia.

Mary made friends with the neighbours and customers, joined the Orkney Ladies Aid, ran the post office and looked after the store when Fred was teaching music in Springside. She helped with the garden, raised chickens, turkeys and ducks and kept a neat house. She loved to drive Fred's mare Rosie. Rosie got caught in a barb wire fence and had to be shot, the first tragedy after the fire. Later Rosie's colt May, a sorrel, became their driver. Mother kept a one line diary in Dr. Chase's Almanac. I have learned much from it.

One room behind the store served as kitchen, dining and living quarters. There was a shed in the back used as a summer kitchen. Here was the wood box, an extra cupboard, a place for tubs, pails, a snow barrel and innumerable other necessities. Upstairs we had a large storage area curtained off and three bedrooms. The store ran the length of the big front window. A large coal burning stove stood at the back near the house door. The post office was in the opposite corner by a big front window. Its many mica windows glowed cheerily in the winter time. I could peek through the post office wicket but was never allowed behind the store counter. The store carried staples and a few luxuries such as chocolate bars and Wrigley's gum.

Time to introduce myself, ANNIE. Fred went west again to homestead but only as far as Jansen. Mary went back home to Exeter. I was born in my grandmother's house in 1909. Mother brought me to the Jansen homestead when I was five months old. I was the first baby baptized in the little, newly built Church of England. In 1912 when the required three years of proving up were finished we went back to Orcadia and took over the store and post office again. Mr. Bill Bagg had looked after things in my parents absence.

Now Mary had a little girl to look after besides all her other duties. I was often the only child in the little settlement. I wandered free as a bird. There were two grain elevators in Orcadia. The men who operated them were my friends. I must have been a little pest. If I didn't show up at home when expected it was taken for granted that I was either "visiting" Jack Stainger or Bill Bagg. I held them both in high regard. It was to Jack I ran for consolation when I broke my doll. Jimmy Cannon was there that time no doubt trying to keep a straight face.

Ellen McKen was my playmate. There was a path across the field between McKen's and the store.

Student ministers came from Scotland in the early years to spend a year or so preaching in the stone Orkney Presbyterian Church. We had a "spare" bedroom so the young men boarded with us. There was a Mr. Robertson or Robinson who left to go home to see his folks in Scotland but was coming back for a second term at Orkney and to be with us. He took sick on the ship, developed pneumonia and died before the ship docked. My parents had been fond of him and were saddened by his death as the whole district must have been. This was before my time. But I remember a Mr. Sutherland, an elderly man referred to as "Sunday School Sutherland", who came down on the train from Yorkton Sunday mornings, held a service in our store and returned on the evening train to Yorkton.

Orcadia's and Orkney's first resident minister was Mr. Samuel Prenter. He arrived on the train one evening from Scotland with his wife and little son Sammy. Our spare bedroom was the only accommodation in the town so they stayed with us until the manse was made ready. Mr. Prenter was a

serious, very dedicated young man with little sense of humor but a strict sense of duty. He was given to long morning prayers. One morning my mother watched with resignation as her bread dough rose and rose and toppled over the pan before the Reverend concluded his devotions.

My father liked to play Solitaire. A deck of cards was always on the sideboard. Mrs. Prenter would slip down to our house, sink into my father's captain's chair, pick up the cards, lay them out and enjoy a game or two. No need to tell us that Samuel would have no cards in his house. They were works of the devil.

Here is a memory I would like to share with you. It was getting on to Christmas 1913. I was four years old. My mother and Mrs. Wood had been delegated to drive to the Hudson's Bay Store in Yorkton to shop for gifts to be given to the Sunday School children at the Christmas program held in the school. I was allowed to go along. The toy department in that store was a child's dreamland. While the ladies chose toys I wandered blissfully around. I was crazy about dolls, never had enough so when I saw them add a doll to their collection I hoped it was intended for me. Later at home my mother explained that the doll was for Phyllis Wood. I was to get a set of doll dishes. I was bitterly disappointed. When I learned that I was expected to recite at the program, I rebelled. I learned the recitation, hated it and announced that no way would I say it. When the big night arrived my father could not take mother and me so Mr. Prenter volunteered. Mrs. Prenter was staying home with her new baby girl.

The school was a magic place lit up with coal oil lamps. There were paper decorations, and there was the tree, and there hanging from a branch was the doll. In those years candles were secured to the tree for illumination. This tree had many candles.

The program began. There were dialogues. The Ladies of the Aid presented a comedy called "Filling The Missionary Barrel". The Young People had a humorous dialogue. I remember Billie McKen dressed as a woman pretending to wash the platform floor. Mother and Mrs. Wood sang a duet. The youngsters had recitations and songs. Mr. Pezzani played an instrument, was it a French Horn? Came my turn. Mr. Prenter lifted me up on the platform. I stood there and true to my threat would not utter a word. A minute or so passed and Mr. Prenter set me down on the floor with a decided lump. I was in disgrace. At the conclusion of the program all the candles on the tree were lighted. One candle was too close to the doll. Its dress was slightly singed. I accepted my set of dishes with good grace, I still have the cream and sugar pieces.

When the presents were all given out one of the young men announced that a dance would follow. Mr. Prenter was furious. Dancing was devil's work. He strode out of the school, got his team out of the barn, hitched them up and was last reported galloping towards Orcadia, forgetting mother and me. I think it was Humble Ferguson who saw us home that night.

It was time for me to go to school. My father tried to get a school in Orcadia but there was not the required number of children in the area, so I started at Orkney. It was "shank's mare" for me most of the time. I walked up the railroad track in good weather. In bad I stayed home. If the section men on their jigger happened by I was in luck and gratefully accepted a ride with them. Later I joined by the Pezzani children. Sometimes Charlie McKen would bring me home behind him on horseback.

I was the youngest in the school and alone in my grade. The teacher was Miss McTavish. She taught me to read. She was a strict disciplinarian and hard on some of the boys. I remember school closed at 3:30 with the

singing of, "Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening, Steal across the sky, etc."

War broke out. I think there were about twenty young men around Orcadia who joined up almost as soon as war was declared. I remember Ellen McKen clinging to her brother Billie in the little waiting room when he left in 1914. I remember the sadness when word came that Billy would not be coming home. It was my father's duty to relay the sad news when a telegram came saying one of our boys had been killed in action. I had never been afraid of the dark or of anything else but listening to horror stories of the war began to affect me.

It was known that if you arrived at the store for groceries and mail around meal time, you could generally expect to be invited into the house to share what we had. Mother would roast a turkey on special occasions, and bachelors in town would be invited. We were so much a part of the community that when we left we missed that togetherness. My parents had contributed to the daily lives of the district people. I know they were the happiest years of my parents lives.

In 1917 our store was sold to Jack and Isabelle Stainger. They kept the post office too. We lived on the homestead for a short time and I attended Grunert School riding there on my pony. The terrible flu of 1918 broke out and schools were closed. We were fortunate but many were not.

We sold the homestead to Adolf Lehman in June 1919 and returned to Jansen. Then we went to Victoria for some months and back to Jansen. Mother died there in 1924 and my father in 1935. They were both buried in Exeter.

Now, in 1988 I am enjoying "Donald's Diaries".



Annie Knight - 1988