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Salway & Rowe

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A Sketch of the life of Alfred Edward Salway



Alfred Edward Salway

Alfred Edward Salway was born 4 November 1880 at Plympton Devonshire England. His mother was Sarah Holman of Cornwall, his father Edward Salway of Devonshire.

At an early age he traveled in a sailing ship to Jersey Channel Islands with his family, it took two days for the trip.

His father was a Head Gardener on a large estate. He had a large garden of his own, and would put his sons to work in it. One day he told Alfred to cut the dead wood from the rose bushes, this scratched the boys hands very much. He left this job and apprenticed himself to a barber.

A major of the army took a fancy to him, and engaged him as a valet. He traveled to England with the major. After a while, the major retired and Alfred returned to Jersey, but he soon went back to barbering again. He accepted a job in Guernsey, and there meet Eva Mary Rowe who became his wife and they moved to Southampton. They had six children and he joined the army and went to war the 1st great war, He contracted trench feet and was laid up for a long time. He never got back to the actual fighting again, but he had to carry food to the trenches, which was just as dangerous. He had several flesh wounds in his hands and knee. When the war was over, he came to Canada, where he started a barber shop at once. His family joined him a year after, three more children

were born in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. He had a bad case of tuberculosis which was cured by the priesthood. He then became a janitor at the town hall, and the Royal Bank. He left that to go back to what he had always loved, gardening and greenhouse work at the Temple grounds. He also had two large greenhouses of his own, and sold plants in the Spring. He became ill with a bad case of cancer, and had to give up all his work. He died 20 July 1955. Alfred, joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1916.

Story of Alfred Edward Salway

Alfred Edward Salway was born on the 4 November 1880, at Plympton, Devonshire, England. He was the son of Edward Salway and his wife Sarah Holman, the following day was "Boudelow Night", the anniversary of the death of one "Guy Fawkes" who tried to blow up the house of parliament, this was celebrated by making large bonfires, and burning the effigy of Guy Fawkes in them. Fireworks were set off and it was a very exciting night, so Alfred's mother was sat up in bed to look at the big bonfire near at hand.

Schooling in those days was not compulsory and Alfred did not get much education. One day his father insisted on him going to school, and marched him there himself, put him in the front door, and naughty Alfie walked right through the long school and out of the back door. Therefore he can always say that he went through school. He managed to educate himself very well, and could hold his own with most business men.

His father was a gardener and greenhouse man, while looking after the garden of a large estate Alfie was given the job of cutting the dead wood out of the rose bushes. This was a very painful job, and sickened him of gardening, and he got himself apprenticed to a barber. He left there to go as valet to a military captain by name of Bishop. This captain helped him with his reading and writing a little, he was not long with Captain Bishop as he soon left the army. Then Alfie came home, and once again took up barbering. This took him to Guernsey (he was taken to Jersey when a child of four). In Guernsey he worked for a Mr. Gray, until his marriage when he went to England. While still in Guernsey he met Eva Mary Rowe and they were married about six months after, and went to Southampton, England. He procured a job there, but after a few days, his boss who had intended to travel as a barber on a liner to and from the west Indies, changed his mind and passed the job over to Alfred. He took seven trips, during that time his eldest son was born, he was fortunately at home for two days, and saw his son before he left again for the long trip.

After seven trips he decided to stay home, and got a job with a Mr. Purst. He then moved his family to Shirley, a suburb of Southampton, and commuted every day by street car to his work. He was always very fond of gardening, and would spend his evenings in the little garden back of the house. He heard that there was an opening for a barber in the village of Lyndhurst, Hampshire, England, so he with his wife and two

children, Alfred and Eva settled in Lyndhurst. He managed to get together a nice little business and home in the village, and things went on very comfortable until an opposition barber started. As the new barber was a native son, and there was no room for any more barbers, he failed, sold out, and moved to Sudbrook in Monmouth shire. There he worked in a shipyard and barbered in the evenings. They were living in the home of his younger brother Earnest, but wishing to have a house of his own found a little cottage up in the Cotswold hills, moved his family there, and tried to sell insurance. He soon tried of that and started a shop in a town called Bream and once again moved his family, by then grown to four, John and Millicent had been born.

In Bream he found that the business was very small, and he had a few debts, so he worked down the "Flower Mill Coal Pit" and nights clearing the drains in the underground paths, and worked during the day in the barber shop, only sleeping a few hours a day, but his heal began to break down under this treatment and as the debts were paid, he no longer went to the mine. He stayed in Bream a couple of years, and then decided he could do better if he went to the south of England again. So once again the family moved to Pool Dorset, England. His brother Earnest was living there, and put the family up for a few days. Then Alfred got a job as nailer at Meeches Poultry Appliances works. After a few months an opportunity came to take over a barber shop in Pool town, and he kept that going until the first Great War broke out. Then finding that his customers were all joining the army and going away from him, he decided to go where all the men were, and went to Bovington camp and started barbering there. First on a soap box in the open, then he was given a tent, then he brought a small hut and sold candies, soap and other things needed by the troops, but he needed help, so his wife found someone to look after the children and she went to camp. But that did not work out, so he brought (and was well cheated by a gypsy) a caravan and brought the whole family to camp. After a while he bought a larger hut for the family and for the shop and they were all more comfortable. The gypsy kindly sold the caravan for them and cheated somebody else.

In 1916 he was called to the army, and as his wife could do the barbering his family remained at camp, and he was sent to the 6th Dorset regiment at Weymouth. He shortly joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and then he was sent to the war, almost at once they were rushed up to the front. They had slosh for miles through mud and slime, and slide into the trench they had to fight from. The trench was full of liquid mud, they were always wet to their waist. They were supposed to stay there 24 hours, but the Australians who were to release them, being novices in the war came up the line making so much noise that the Germans heard the noise and began shelling the place. The Australians could not then go up, and Alfred and the rest had to stay in the wet for another 24 hours. When the regiment moved Alfred found that his feet were bad, and he could not keep up with the rest, so he crawled on, falling in shell holes because he could not tell them from level ground because of the mud. He managed to make his way to a dugout where they were giving hot cocoa to the troops as they passed. He went in and on making the remark that he would take off his boots, was warned not to, as his feet would swell and he would not be able to put them back on again. He went on his way

again, he was sitting on a heap of stones by the side of the road when an old farmer passed, thinking he might at least get a little sympathy he passed a coke to the man who agreed it was a fine day and went on, and Alfred was once again very lonely. Fortunately an Australian passed that way, and put him on his horse and took him the rest of the way, where he was greeted with cheers as the men felt sure he had been killed. It was found he was suffering from trench feet caused from the wet, he was ill for about three months. After that he was made cook for his company, but he rarely had anything to cook, as the rations found a difficulty to get to them, the men would steal chicken, pigs and anything they could find to get a meal. One day he made soup from bones he had, but he had no salt for a few days, and the soup was anything but a success. The officers got to know of him being a barber, and he would cut their hair. This would give him more freedom than the others because when he wanted to get away he tucked his barber kit under his arm and went, the sentries would think he was going to cut an officers hair.

In the dreadful retreat of Mons, the men were commanded to leave everything behind and run, one officer seeing the barber kit bag lying around command one soldier to carry it, so Alfred's stuff was saved.

During a retreat Alfred had been up the line with something for the troops with his donkey "Georgy." When he had to pass through a little town which seemed deserted, he was interested and loitering about looking around, and taking his time, when he looked up the street and saw a regiment of Germans marching around the corner. It did not take him long to get away, it must have surprised Georgy the peace he had to go.

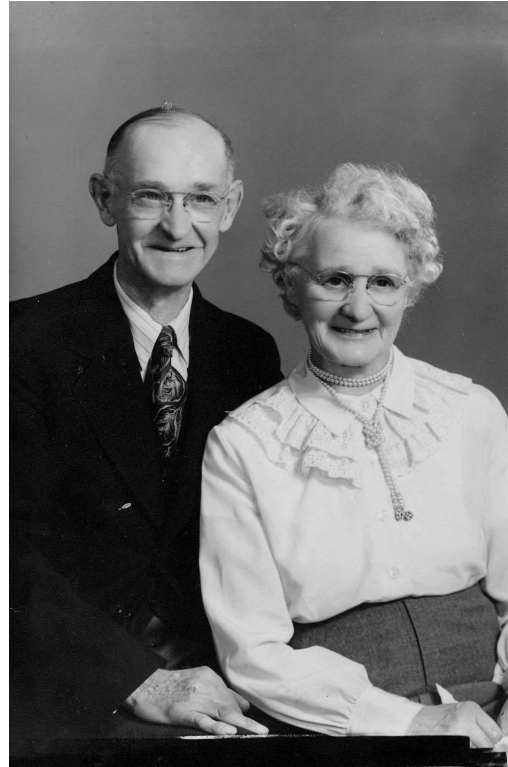
Georgy had been the battalion's bad mule, no one could do a thing with him without a great stick. When he was allotted to Alfred the troops were amused and looked for trouble, but he went quietly to the mule, talked gently to her, meanwhile watching for her feet as she would kick. He treated her like this for a few days, and then one day when Alfred went back for his helmet, Georgy followed him like a dog, much to the surprise of every body. (Georgy, by the way was a lady).

When the war was over, lots were cast as to which regiment would ride in the only train, and which would walk. His regiment had to walk, but they did not mind as they were going home. Alfred got so excited on the road, that he broke ranks and pretended to warm his hands on a girl's red hair, then jumped back into his place, it caused a big laugh, and no reprimand.

After the war Alfred emigrated to Canada. When he arrived at the top of the town of Cardston, he paused and asked a man where the town was. "Why, you are in it" the man said. He found lodgings with Mr. Phipps the first night, then moved in with Mr. Bert Cure. He then took a house and furnished it for his family who were coming out the next year. He found work at once in Cardston, barbering in a pool hall. The barber had just left and the owner was glad to fill the post at once. His family came out the following year leaving two behind in the Wool Graveyard, the eldest son Alfred and the second daughter Millicent, who died during the time their father was in Germany during

the war. On more had been born just before he entered the army, the first child to be born in Bovington Camp, Hope Rita Mary, she was five when they emigrated.

He then bought a log house and parcel of land quite cheap, and made the house bigger adding two rooms. The family was comfortable, and he had a nice garden. During the great depression he lost his health and was finally sent to a sanatorium in Calgary. These were bad times, the family had very little more than was earned by a small advertizing business selling spectacles. When he returned from the sanatorium he asked to help the town in cleaning their office, which he did. When the town built a large and more commodious building he naturally became janitor. He liked the work. During this time he was building up a good greenhouse business. He left the town hall to work as greenhouse man in the Temple greenhouse and grounds. In running his greenhouse business and the spectacles, he always suffered from a chronic cough which got worse as the years past. Apart from that he always had good health. He was very proud of his children and grand children and great grandchildren. By nature he was kind and generous and popular where ever he was known. In his youth he stood 5' 9", fair hair, blue eyes slender build, full of humor and fond of a joke. He died in Cardston hospital, 20 July 1955, after a long illness, suffering terribly from cancer of the lungs and throat. He was buried in the Cardston Cemetery 22 Jul 1955.



Alfred & Eva Salway