

Eva Ellen Mary Rowe



Eva Rowe Salway 1917



Eva Ellen Mary Rowe

30 Nov 1946
Cardston Alberta Canada

Dear Velma,

I will answer your question as they come dear, I am very glad to answer them. First we are getting on very well in the snow and cold, it is terribly slippery and grandpa and I both have colds, but we are able to carry on as usual. It seems you are getting so called English weather. Your time is really coming to an end, but once a missionary always a missionary. They are needed pretty badly here at home. I hope you had everything fine at conference. I took Eva to conference once to Bristol England, it was then I first learned about genealogy, and started, then and kept right on.

You say your friends Brother and Sister Taylor came from Guernsey Islands. Do you mean Guernsey Island or Channel Islands. The Salway's lived in Jersey. Grandpa's father was head gardener of an estate there. There were 4 brothers and 3 sisters. They all left the Island about the time we married except Auntie Dot who stayed there until after the war. If Mister Taylor is of Guernsey he might remember the Charles Rowe Jewelry store in High Street that was your grandfathers. They left Guernsey shortly after our marriage. I believe it was still a jewelry store some years after.

We left Guernsey and lived in Southampton Hampshire until your mother was born, then we moved to Lyndhurst until after Jack was born, Milly was born in Mynyndback near Chepstow South Wales. We moved to Poole Dorset where Harold was born, back to the South again, then the war broke out, and we lived on the Bovington Camp Near Wareham Dorset, where Hope was born, the other three were born in Canada. That is a brief history of our migrations.

I joined the church when we lived in Freemantle Southampton, but here is the story.

I was brought up a Baptist, and was always interested in religion, but somehow I could not swallow hell, and the three in one doctrine, but it was my church. After my marriage I stopped that church and tried many others, (but I am in a hurry I must tell you more of my girlhood).

My brother and his sweetheart were both Baptist. I had a longing to be saved, I would go to Evangelist meetings, etc., and hold up my hand when asked. The members of the congregation were asked who wanted to be saved, then after meeting some of the good brethren and sisters would come to our seat and explain their version of the gospel, but I never could properly understand it all. I was (saved) three times this way, only to be bitterly disappointed in a day or two, that I was no different. I went to my minister and was shown into his study. I told him I did not know how to be saved, he was very kind and patient. He told me if I believed Jesus died for my sins I was saved. That was all there was to it. He read passages of scripture to prove his point. He could see I was disappointed and told me I would not feel I was saved just then, but would know it later on. I left his home broken hearted, I had asked for bread, and he had given me a stone. Well, I was about 15 then, when my brother was baptized, I felt that if I was baptized I would then feel that saved. Perhaps that was what I was missing. I was baptized but I was in deeper despair than ever after the excitement and novelty was over. I took a class in Sunday school, went to prayer meeting and took part, but gradually fell away.

I met grandpa, then married and went to England when my first child was coming. I felt I should have some religion, so I tried the Church of England, did not like their ready made prayers, and the tone of the preachers, I went to Baptist church, but they talked over my head, went to Plymouth Brethren, I think I liked them best as they seemed more sincere as a congregation. I did not bother with the Catholics then as I had often gone as a visitor with friends. I tried Wesley they had a good choir, a good preacher and was close to home. We moved a few miles away. Your mother was born, and I stopped church again, then I went to an undenominational church, they tried to save us all quick, so I did not go again. How I longed for a church, I was surrounded by them, but could find none for me. Then one day a tract was left at my door, my little hired help brought it to me. I saw the word Mormon, that was enough for me. I gave it to the baby (your mother) to play with, a few weeks later, Kate brought me another tract, that was left. I was seated at the table taking tea, bread and cheese. The girl put the paper by my plate, and I saw the 1st article of faith, " three separate personages" wasn't that what I was unconsciously looking for, Mormon or not I read more. The Mormon's believe in baptism. I had been baptized, but for a different reason, but it appealed to me, the next time the Elders called I opened the door to him. I was afraid to let a Mormon enter so we talked at the door, he told me of the Angle Moroni, of Joseph Smith and other things and invited me to a meeting.

I told grandpa about it when he came home, he laughed and said "what another one" but he did not mind me going to meeting the following Sunday. The meeting house was a long way from home. I walked quickly and as I walked I prayed for wisdom. I prayed to know if this church was right, as I entered the building, I knew I had found the true church. I was the first one there, and in this little hall in a back street. I went on my knees and thanked God I had found the truth at last. The meeting following was wonderful. I learned something every sentence and knew it was all true. A few weeks after I was baptized in the Southampton public baths, in a

white blouse and holland skirt, grandpa was there. I have never once doubted but that this was the only true gospel. What a blessing John Barlow was faithful enough to walk a long way three times before I saw him. I might have destroyed all his tracts, but he came again, and I am in Zion, and you are on a mission. May God bless you, as he blessed John Barlow in us. He only made one convert that he taught and baptized myself, a silly half shy, uneducated girl, through his faithfulness grandpa and my 9 children are in the church. I have done work and helped to do work for thousands of dead, two grandchildren on a mission. Milly, a keen genealogist working on her mothers lines, and longing to go to the temple, Alfie a priest and ward teacher, your mother's children being brought up in the church so well, in saving one soul John Barlow has saved millions living and yet unborn, how great will be his joy. I have preached the gospel at every opportunity, and born my testimony everywhere I have been.

Now I will tell you another story:

I joined the church at Southampton, I left there the branch was broken up. To come to Canada, we had spent a few days at that great port, we stayed with your aunt and uncle Lyzzy and Earnest Salway. Sunday morning, Jack and a cousin, came back from a walk and said they saw preachers with banners on the great park, as they spoke. I knew I had to go there and preach too, I was alone. I went to my bedroom and began folding tracts, your mother guessed what was up and said "I don't want to go with you" but she helped fold the tracts and off I set by myself. It was a long walk and I prayed all the time. When I reached the park, the people were promenading in thousands. I saw the other preachers. I stood by them and leaned against a tree for I was weak from fright. I saw a slight rise of ground a few yards away. I would stand on that, when the people had finished singing, then they began to pray. I could not start then. Then they sang again. I must wait longer, I found two hymns in my book I would sing. Then I was so frightened I thought I would give out my tracts and go home. Then I remembered that a missionary once told me, a voice had said to him "I am always with you." Then I knew someone was with me, led me to the raised spot. I sang "The Spirit of God" and "We Thank Thee Oh God" then talked to a large stationary crowd for three quarters of an hour. When I stopped I stepped aside and people crowded for my tracts. I could not give them out quick enough. One of the first to take one, was a little man I had noticed in the front row, after he left Jack said "for he had been hiding in the crowd" the man took my place and talking loud to hold the crowd, and waving his tract said he was a Mormon, but had fallen away. The courage of the young woman who spoke had woke him up and then he went on to preach the gospel more, still holding the crowd, and all the time I was singing and preaching an unseen somebody was with me, I know it, it was real.

This is too long a letter to write again so if you think it will be of use to Dale send it and ask for it back if you need it.

My fingers are numb writing.

Grandpa says he is very pleased you are so happy in your work. Perhaps you will not think the greenhouse so big when you see them again.
God bless you. Grandma

A sketch of the life of Eva Mary (Rowe) Salway

6 June 1959

I was born in Guernsey Channel Island at "The New Cottages" St. John , on the 12 Feb 1882. Three O'clock Sunday afternoon. I was named after a cousin Eva Baker, who had been dead 15 months. My father was Charles LeBoutiller Rowe, My mother was Ellen Thomas. My fathers mother was Marie Mallet, a descendant of noble french grandees, which makes me one quarter french. My people moved to the Island of Jersey when I was quite little. I began my education there. We returned to Guernsey when I was seven years old. I had a brother Charles Alfred who is three years older than me.

We moved about a lot in Guernsey, but lived longest at No. 3 Emma place St Peters Port where mother kept a private hotel. Father was manager of a large jewelry store.

I met Alfred Edward Salway, and married him and we moved to Southampton England where Alfred worked as a barber. My first child Alfred Edward Charles was born in Southampton, and Eva Ellen May was born in Jersey, where my parents were living at that time. I returned to our home in Lyndhurst, New Forest, Hampshire, where my husband had opened a barber shop.

John Barlow was born there, but before we left Southampton, I had become a member of The Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints. The missionary who brought the gospel to my door was John Barlow Junior. I was baptized soon after hearing it, as we were moving to Lyndhurst, and I was sure the gospel was true. My husbands mother was stricken with paralysis and I cared for her six months. My health failing her eldest daughter took her. We moved from Lyndhurst to Clearwell Monmouthshire near the border of Wales. Then on to Mynyddaback in Wales, where Millicent Ada was born, she died when 9 years and ten months old, a month and two days before her brother Alfred, who was just 17 years, when he died. We left Mynyddaback for a Colliery town, Bacam Mouthshire. We stayed there two years. My parents had followed us there, and again we moved, to Poole Dorset. Alfred opened a barber shop there until the first Great War started. Business got very poor as the men were joining the army. So he went to Bovington Camp were the men where, he did well and sent for us, and we lived for a time in a Gypsy Caravan. Later he bought the "Green Hut" and set up his business there. Again my people followed us and built the "Clock Hut" and did a good business watch repairing. Harold Alfred was born in Poole, and Hope Rita May was born at Camp. Before she was born, and three months after I learned the barber business, then Alfred went to war, and I carried on the business. I had been made a missionary, and in my spare time tracked that part of Dorset. I started a Sunday school and camp, first in the woods, then in the hut. I gathered the children in the cottages around, some Gypsy children and children of officers on the camp. Four soldiers joined the church, President James Gunn McKay visited us and one young man was made a priest and Jack a deacon, so that we could have meetings and take sacrament. Brother McKay formed us into a branch.

I would teach the adults in the kitchen and Eva took the children's class all seated on the floor of the bedroom, there was not enough chairs, the converts were baptized in a beautiful river running through the forest adjoining the camp. When Alfred left the army he emigrated to Cardston, Alberta, Canada and we followed a year after. I had applied for passports, and had to sell my business and hut and the home hut to get the money to travel although the government paid the sea trip, we had to travel on land at our own expense. I sold the business first, now no money was coming in. I had to sell the home quickly, then the agent wrote, that I must come in and book my passage. I did not know what to do, I fasted and prayed, one of the converts fasted with us. I had to walk 2 1/2 miles to the railway station praying all the time. I had to sell the hut before I could travel. The station was empty when I reached it, I get to a secured corner and prayed again and I distinctly heard a voice say "Three Weeks" when on the train I prayed again and again I heard "Three Weeks," when I arrived at Poole Station, again I heard "three weeks," when I entered the office to book my passage the man looked up and said, "I am glad you have come, there is a good boat leaving in three weeks," "I'll take it" I said, "have you sold your hut" he asked, I answered "no but I will" he said you have faith, but he did not know what my faith was.

I sold the house, was paid the money, and entered the office just before it closed. My faith was justified. We had a rough passage, but all went well and we arrived safe in Cardston. I was put into a Genealogical committee almost as soon as I got here, and was made a Relief Society teacher. I have been in committee and been a R. S. teacher until the last 3 years. I served 8 years on the Stake Board Genealogical Committee, was four years secretary of R. S. taught a Genealogy class six years, had to give up because of ill health, I am now 77 years old. I rode a bicycle all my life up to three years ago, when I moved into town and no longer needed one.

I have worked continually on my genealogy for fifty years and have been greatly blessed in it. I have now 942 progenitors on 46 pedigree charts and thousands of ancestors. I prayed for the money for this work, and it always came, a 5 cent stamp or \$50.00 for the genealogist. God has given us a big job and he open up the way for us to do it if we are faithful. I forgot to add:--I had three children born in Cardston Canada, Holman Rowe, Rowe, and Morton Rowe. My husband died in July 20, 1955.



*Eva Ellen Mary Salway's
signature*

Salway & Rowe

Box 365

Cardston, Alberta, Canada

*Letterhead that Eva Ellen Mary Rowe Salway
wrote to Velma on.*

Velma wrote later "Grandma said when the missionaries came to her door she was busy, my mother was a baby. The elders gave Grandma a tract on faith. She was busy and gave it to my mother to play with. Later she read it and was very interested and joined the church.

Faith Promoting Experiences of Eva Mary Rowe Salway

I've had many, the life of a faithful Latter Day Saint is full of faith promoting experiences.

Genealogical work is part of my mission on this earth. I was kept back in the spirit world that I may come here in this day and be useful and genealogy. In my blessing I was told I would do a great work on my father's family. The Mallet line is that of my father's mother Mary Mallet of Grouville Jersey. I am doing remarkably well on her lines, also on my father's line Thomas Rowe of Devonshire, England, but not so well as on the Mallet line. My mother's lines are difficult.

I have prayed for money to do this work, and I have been surprised with the various ways I have been able to earn it. Another thing I find faith promoting is that my mother was interested in our family history and would entertain with many stories of the various families. When I joined the church and started to research these stories helped me greatly, and I feel she was fulfilling her part in this work. I was being prepared. It was my mission and God has watched over me and prepared me.

Patriarch John Anderson told me in a blessing when I was sick, that I had been a genealogist in my preexistent state and would work for the living and the dead in this life and in the life to come.

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When we were trying to emigrate to Canada, my husband had already gone and I would follow with my four children. I had to sell the home I lived in, and the barber business I earned my living in. I had applied for my passage but had no ready money to buy the tickets. I had to sell my property, I had advertized the business for sale and tried to sell the home. I had sold the business for very little but we still had the home and we had to live. Then I got a letter from the shipping agent to come in and book my passage. If I did not sell the home I could not go away. I prayed and fasted that I might know what date to give, and the family prayed and fasted with me. When I reached the railroad station I was alone, and I prayed and an inner voice said "3 weeks" in the railway carriage. I prayed again, again came the answer "3 weeks" on the Poole Station, I had the same experience. The agent was pleased to see me and said, "there is an excellent boat going in "3 weeks" I said I would take it. Have you sold your property asked the agent "no" I answered "but I will," "you have faith" said the man.

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Chapter of Accidents

My first accident happened at birth, I was born with my head in a caul, a skin over my head and face. The nurse was nervous and in taking it off me tore my scalp with her fingernail. She burned it and the doctor said she was stupid to do so, as any sailor would give 5 lbs. for it, as

there is a superstition among seafaring people, that to be born in a caul or to own one will prevent you from drowning. The wound never properly healed until late in life, I had a doctor cut the part out and it has troubled me no more but my hair is thin on that side.

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The next accident I know of, I was badly burned at 15 months old. Mother had a wooden guard around the fire and that day it had been taken away for repairs, and I climbed up to the grate and fell clutching the hot bars with my hands and knocking the red hot poker down onto my feet. I was badly burned and was wrapped in cotton wool for five weeks. I still have the scars on myself.

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We moved to Jersey and one day mother went to market, leaving my brother and myself in charge of my father. He sat in his chair reading his newspaper, and we started running across the room bouncing from chair to couch, in jumping the couch, I slipped and cut the bridge of my nose on an iron bar of the couch. When mother returned poor father had me standing on the table trying to stanch the blood. Mother rushed me to a chemist, which put 3 stitches in the wound. I still wear the scar, it looks like a spectacle mark. I was about 3 years old.

A few of Eva M. Salway's poems

It's fun growing old together

It is fun to be old together
Like basking in the sun
After the toil and worry
Of a busy day is done

It's fun to be growing old
We just do as we please
God and come to suit ourselves
Take evening life with ease

We laugh at a little stumble
Or joke at a creaking knee
Grim we take unscheduled zest
Content with things that be

He'll help in things I cannot do
That once I did with him
In turn I help in little things
That I can do for him

It's fun to grow old together
There's lots that we can do
To make each other happy
And cheer our neighbor too

Folks notice we are growing old
With shoes for comfort made
They see our carefulness of step
As we walk down a grade.

Growing Old

The youth who stand immediately
To offer us his seat,
The maid who skirts the mud, that we
May have the dryer street.

The shopman bringing out a chair
To seat us by the side.
The car that stops along the street
To offer us a ride.

These are the signs that tell us
That we are getting old.
The pleasant, small attentions
From friends as good as gold.

We've traveled o'er the bow of life,
And nearing now the end,
Perhaps there we'll find the 'pot of gold'
And youth around the bend.

Mother

We've had a lot of Mother's day's
And many things are said,
Many lovely song's are sung,
And may poems read.

I rack my brain for something now,
that I can say or do,
Another song that I can add,
Another praise for you,

I can't add to your value
By any word of mine,
So I will just say "Mother"
That's every thing that's mine.

Eva M. R. Salway

Mom and Me

My mother and I you could say we're a team;
When I yell and holler, she comes back and screams!

And when I leave my bedroom in its usual mess;
She's always there to remind me why I cannot find my dress!

She counsils me on posture and then on grooming too'
And reminds me if I want to be pretty, there are certain things I must do.

She sends me to bed every night before 10;
And at 6 a.m. its get up again!

She makes me do my homework, but that's not the worst;
Every night at 9 my piano comes first!

And when it comes to disasters the kitchens the place;
Mom says that my masterpieces are such a disgrace!

And its not that my cooking is so terribly bad;
It is just the messes I leave sometimes make her real mad!

But the teamwork is there despite our differing views'
See, I read the comics while she reads the news,

But that's not the best part;
When it comes to mom and I!

She laughs when I'm silly
And cries when I cry!

My mom is a person who's a close friend at heart,
She understands my point of view and makes me feel a part!

A part of the grown up world
And a part of the world of my own!

And to me she's the greatest mom;
That the world has ever Known!

And I hope that in the future;
My kids will say to me'

That I'm as neat a mother,
As my mother is to me!

Ashes on the Snow

I saw a pan of ashes cast
Upon the snow outside.
A strong wind took the lighter dust
And blew it far and wide.

The pure white surface of the snow
Was smorched beyond repair,
It brought a sadness to my heart
As I stood watching there.

One day I hard a whispered word
That someone thought they knew,
The wind of gossip took it up,
(The story is not new)

It smirched a pure and kindly soul,
And caused a broken heart,
It crushed ambition near it's goal,
It made two lovers part,

Do not be one to throw the dust
And someone's name defile,
But patient be, the truth will show,
In just a little while,

So close your lips in silence
If faults you think you know,
Just build a wall of kindness
Between the dust and snow.

Eva M. R. Salway

Mother

Who was it nursed you at her breast,
And tucked you in your cosy nest.
Mother

Who was it got you off to school,
And tied your boots, and found your rule?
Mother.

When you came home bruised, with clothes awry,
Who scolded while she bathed your eye?
Mother.

Who fed and washed the small stray dog
That you had rescued from the beg?
Mother.

Who is it works from morn tonight,
To see that everything's just right?
Mother.

When you were going to a show,
Who brushed your coat, and tied Gert's bow,
And found Dad's socks, and do you know,
When you were ready set to go,
Who got the blame for being slow?
Mother.

And when we tell her all our fears,
Who gives us love, and fervid prayers,
And helps to dry our bitter tears?
Mother.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Love Bugs Lay

Said the snail to the slug-
 “oh ‘little mis Bug,
How lovely are your long brown horns,
 so gracefully they wave,
 Positively, “I’m your slave,
As you creep among the long brown thorns.

 Oh ‘Beautiful slug,
 Where gardens are dug,
I see your silvery path everywhere,
 Won’t you walk along with me
 We’ll gobble everything we see,
And a night, my little home we’ll share.”

 Said little Miss Slug
 to the big brown bug,
As she shyly dropped her eyes to the ground,
 “I love you Mr Snail
 Let us make a double trail,
In the fall a lot of eggs we’ll leave around.”

 So they crawled on neck and neck,
 And they didn’t give a heck,
To the bait, the gardener’d spread upon the way,
 And they wandered in the lime,
 And had a squirming time,
And so ends the Love Bugs Lay.

Eva M. R. Salway

Tommy's Troubles

“Tommy get up, or you’ll be on the spot,
Tommy come down, while breakfast is hot,”
“it’s Tommy get up, and Tommy come down,
I spose I must wash, my skin looks brown,

My other sock, Oh Where, O where?,
I swear last night, I had the pair,
It’s under the pillow, I declare,
I wonder how the thing got there,

My durned old hair just won’t lay,
Every hair is going which - way,
I’ve done my best, I’ll let it stay,
What’s the use of a comb, any way?”

“Get out of that bathroom, hurry now,
You’d stay all day, if we’d allow,
If I get late, what do you care?
I’ve got to come in, to do my hair,”

“Now what are you looking at? Aw’ to heck’
I tell you mom, I washed my neck,
That smudgy mark beneath my ear?
You know I’m always sunburned there.

You smell perfume? Well, what’s the hope,
Why shouldn’t I use Nan’s scented soap?
Why must a girl have all the best?
‘Cos a chap’s a boy, he get’s what left.

It’s not so late, Why ‘What’s the rush?
No mom, I don’t want any mush,
Aren’t there no bacon? Rationed my life,
Well’ where’s the mush, don’t want puffed rice.

Of course I’m late, My fault? That’s fine,
Can a chap eat, when he’s nagged all the time?
If I get to school, I’ll have to race,
I wish to heck’ there was no such place.

What’s the use of school? It makes me sick,
Last night I forgot my arithmetic,
I wish there wasn’t a school in town,
Why can’t the durned old place burn down?”

The Portrait

I've just received a portrait
Of my son in Air Force Blue,
His eyes sparkle with mischief
As they always used to do.
he looks at me so brightly,
With his ever cheerful grin,
And there's just the faintest shadow
Of that dimple in his chin.

How dear of him, to have that picture
Painted, just for me,
That I might gaze upon it
When he's far across the sea,
I do not really need it
For he's pictured in my heart,
But the portrait is another link
Now were so far apart.

I'll hang it where it will be seen
The first thing at the dawn,
'Twill help me with my daily task's
Throughout the busy morn,
And then at night, when I am tired.
And going off to bed,
The picture will not say "Goodnight"
But smile at me, instead

How priceless to a mother in
These days, so rare of joys,
Is the little row of portrait's
Of her absent soldier boys,
And 'the amid of conflict
Each boy must do his share,
They'll always be remembered
In a loving mother's prayer.

Eva M. R. Salway

Life is a Jigsaw Puzzle

Life is a jigsaw puzzle,
It's pieces are tumbled heap,
That lie before our eager game,
From early dawn' till sleep.

At first our hands are guided,
And the outside pieces set,
And there are friends who set us straight,
When obstacles are met.

Often bright colors together
A brilliant picture show,
But there are dark and cloudy spots,
All scattered too and fro,

Each piece must be carefully studied,
To make the perfect whole,
sometimes a wrong piece in fitted
And time goes before we know.

Then we see the mistake, and must alter,
And start a part over again,
And anxiously seek for the right piece,
If harmony must remain.

And something may Jog our elbow,
And knock the seems awry,
When we must pause, and take a breath,
And have another try.

Some pictures have lowers and sunshine,
and some are dark and drear,
But what joy when you look at the finished work,
And find all the pieces there.

The man who has patiently studied
As he carefully fits each part,
Will look back on his life of struggle
With a calm and thankful heart.

Each Piece has been properly fitted,
The best has been made of each one,
The last piece fits in the flower of death,
The jigsaw puzzle is done.

Motherhood

Unborn spirit over there,
Watch er'e the body we prepare,
for this earthly school where you may share,
Knowledge for Eternity.

Did you meet before and there agree,
That parents and child one day you'd be,
And brothers and sisters here you'd see,
One family evermore.

Pray for this mother here on earth,
Who suffers ere she give's you birth,
that she may feel how much it's worth,
That you fulfill your mission.

For thus we carry out God's plan,
That there'll be birth for every man
For only through this life they can
Rejoice eternally.

Eva M. R. Salway

The Unwanted Baby

You have a child, a lovely boy
I'm sure the darling brings you joy
But one's enough, pray have no more

You and your husband are so young,
Don't have any more for years to come,
You'll spoil your figure, lose your fun,
Life's such a trial with more than one.

And so I grieved, and fretted through
The months of trial, awaiting you,
And then you came, one stormy night,
Delicate, unlovely, puny mite,

You needed love, that was my part,
Your tiny hands clung to my heart,
Oh' how my heart went to you, Dear
As I fought with death to keep you here.

I cast aside advice of fools,
And followed sweeter, purer rules,
Seven children followed in your wake,
All of them wanted for your dear sake,

You've been my daughter, and my friend
Ever ready your help to lend
Our joys were sweeter as we'd share,
Our trials only half to bear,

Gods great blessing you have been
In sickness and in health I've seen
You with your ever ready cheer
Forgive; You were not wanted Dear

Eva M. R. Salway

Note: To my Dear Daughter Eva E. M. Tagg

A Pound of Pepper
(A true Story)

In Jersey Isle, across the sea,
There lived a man, Raoul Lempriere;
He built a dove cot on his land,
That he might have some birds on hand.

Then he'd gather his friends, from far and near.
For Hawking, a sport they loved, so dear;
Then the poor little birds were allowed to fly,
And the hawks would swoop, and their victims die.

But Raoul had made a big mistake,
He had no right the cot to make,
For only a few within the law,
Were allowed to be built, and then no more.

He was brought to court and the justice said,
"Tear down the dove cot you have made."
But Raoul felt to do as he pleased.
And the dove cot stayed amid the trees.

Then a judge from merry England came,
To see all was well, in the good king's name;
He was told how Raoul was out of hand
And still kept the dove cot on his land.

Such contempt of court was rare,
And the justice wondered how he dare;
So again he was summonsed into court,
To be forced to obey, as a good man ought.

After much talk he promised to pay
A pound of pepper (rare in that day)
To the king, forever, if the cot could stand.
For himself and his heirs, on the Manor land.

When Raoul died and his son became,
Master of his land and name,
He found it hard the fine to pay,
For his ships must travel many a day.

To a far off land on an eastern shore.
To fetch the spice for the yearly score;
He did not pay it as he ought,
So he was summonsed into the court.

He quailed before the judge's frown,
But said; "I've pulled the dove cot down."
The Justice said: "Well, that's clever,
But twas promised to pay that fine forever."

So the pepper is paid, a regular thing,
To whoever reigns, a queen or king;
Throughout 600 years and more,
The family L'Empriere still pays the score.
Eva M. R. Salway

Editor's note: Raoul, son of Guilliame Les
Emperieur was the 17th Great Grandfather of
Mrs. Eva M. R. Salway