

Eva Mary Rowe Salway's Journal

I, Eva Mary Rowe Salway, have decided to write a record of my life, as advised by Bro. D. O. Wright the teacher of our genealogical class. When he said that we Latter Day Saints should have a record of their lives, it will not be grammatical and there may be errors in spelling, but such it is, here it is.

I was born in Guernsey Channel Islands, of Great Britain, at New Cottages, 12 Feb, 1882. My father was Charles Le Boutillier Rowe, My mother, Ellen Thomas, father had been a sailor, but at the time of my birth, he was helping a watchmaker, he became a watchmaker and worked at that profession all his life.

Mother was the daughter of a farmer they were poor and mother had to go out to work very young, and like father she had little or no education. Mother became a cook.

When I was quite young, my parents thought of emigrating to Australia, they were all ready to go when the cheap emigration stopped and we went to Jersey Channel Island. I had a brother Charles Alfred, who is three years older than I. This is the story of my name. My two grandmothers were visiting mother at my birth, both wanted me called after themselves. One "Susanna" the other "Mary." Mother did not like either name. When my fathers sister, Maria Lousia or "Auntie Lou" as we called her came into the room and understanding mothers difficulty, helped her out of it, by saying "oh isn't she like my dear dead Eva, Oh! What are you naming her. Oh call her after my dear Eva." The grandmothers at once sympathized with Auntie Lou, and I was named. Eva Mary, for which I have always been grateful to my Aunt.

At the age of 22 months, I was badly burned. The fire guard had been taken away for repairs. Mother had put the poker in the fire to make the fire draw better. I fell, clutching the bars of the grate with my hands and the red hot poker fell across my feet. I was badly burned and was packed in cotton wool. I bear the marks on hands, arms and feet to this day.

Father opened a little watchmaker shop, in Jersey. We moved two or three times, once he had his business in the market, and mother kept a toy shop just next to him. There I would play while my brother was at school, I learned to skip while playing in the market, and father taught me to tell the time, by sending me around the corner to see where the hands of the clock were and then telling me what their position indicated. It was in the market father pierced my ears, and gave me my first pair of earrings. I was three year old then. It must have been soon after that, that I went to school. There I was taught to sew with colored thread on white strips of cloth, it was such a tedious task to hem that whole four inches of cloth right along, then to hem the other side. I remember sitting on the top seat of the gallery, while a bigger girl taught me, with impatience, to knit which I with an apologetic feeling learned to do. I would walk to and from school with Charley, he would tell me of the wonderful things he had done, had seen, and could do, he was a wonderful boy. I was only a girl, and I worshiped him.

Doctor Barnardo's orphan boys came to Jersey, to entertain to get money for the orphanage. It was the custom for people to give them lodging while they stayed in Jersey. One day Mother and Father went to meet the boys at the boat, intending to bring one home. They left us alone telling us to be good, as they were going to bring home a poor little boy, who had no mother or father, and giving us each a halfpenny, they left us. We talked of the poor little orphan boy, and of how we would magnanimously give him our halfpennies as soon as he came in. But when he arrived our poor little orphan proved to be a boy of about seventeen years of age. That was one of our big disappointments. I think that is why I always explain a thing as well as I can to children.

One day after school a girl said "come home with me Eva Rowe" so I went to see her home. I always wanted to please, and always found it hard to refuse any one who was kind. I was a bit flattered also, to be chosen as escort to a girl bigger than myself. She lived a far way, and when she left me I was lost. An old lady seeing my plight, asked me who I was and where I lived. Then she took me home, scolding me all the way, when I did not hear all she said I would say "Please" she would snap "Say, beg pardon" I don't remember if mother scolded me or not, let us hope she did not. I had suffered enough on my way home, and learned a lesson in politeness. I never remember seeing another girl home.

I once had a little round bird whistle, a little thing you put in your mouth and blow through. It is a dangerous thing for children. Father wanted to get it away from me as nicely as possible. He put it into his mouth to whistle it, then pretended to choke, he made out that he had swallowed it, and told me that his Adams apple was the whistle sticking in his throat. I was very sorry for father, but I saw mother smile and I thought as I grew older and understood more I remembered father's kindly lie. He did as so many parents do. Thinking children do not understand. But we understand some day, and the sight of a man's Adams apple has always reminded me of father's deception and mother's amused smile, that is one of the reasons why I have never told a lie to one of my children, they were always very good to me. Mother only beat me once, and I never remember an unkind word from father.

One day mother went shopping leaving us in father's care. He was reading his paper, we children played a rough game, when I fell and cut my nose on a piece of furniture. Mother came in and hurried me to a chemist, who stitched the wound and that is how I got the scar on the bridge of my nose, like a spectacle mark.

While crossing Market Square, I left my mother's side and ran into the street. A carriage and pair dashed down the street and I fell under the horses. Mother promptly fainted. I was unhurt but I think that, that is the reason why I am always nervous of any vehicle coming towards me. These are the outstanding memories of my life in Jersey. I write them as they may be interesting to my children, we left for Guernsey again, when I was between six and seven years old. Father had been offered a good position with his old employer the watch maker, who had prospered greatly, and father was for twenty two years manager of Mr Rogers jewelry department.

The first house I can remember living in, in Gurnsey after our return was near the top of a road called Mount Durand, there mother taught me to sew on some doll clothes. I hated the work. I would rather play. We had a beautiful garden with a high look-out from which we could get a fine view of the harbor and the town of St. Peters Port.

My grandmother Rowe was getting very delicate at that time, so we moved to a house that was easier to bring her too. It was in Paris St. Near the shore of Glateny, and by the Salery Buttery, a place where guns had been set, in the old days, to protect the coast. We children would have fine games there when we could, but mother was afraid we would fall into the sea, and we could not go often.

I went to a little private school for which father paid 6 ? A week, we did little else but play there. I went from that school to St Johns school, it was a large public school. I stayed there but a short time, then I was moved to another private school, kept by Misses West & Steer in a little narrow cobble paved street called, "The Canishers" they were two old ladies the school room was upstairs, among other things I learned to crochet wool and cotton.

I made two antimacassars or "throw overs" one in white cotton and a woollen on in shades of green and yellow, the remains of the cotton one I still keep. I stayed at that school about two years. During that time grandmother Rowe came to live with us. I think grandfather came as well but I don't remember him living with us. He stayed but a short time, then went back to his eldest daughters. My Aunt Louisa Maria Rowe Barker they kept a lovely old farm, where I used to love to visit for a few days and play with my little cousin Hilda in the fields, over the hay stack, in the wood shed, down the old twin grown, saw fit, what wonderful times they were. I was a lonely little girl at home. My brother soon got two old to play with a girl. I was very rarely allowed in the street. We had a large garden, and some old apple trees at the bottom. Up the side of the house was Pump Lane, with the big pump at the top in the lane was a net markers it was fascinating to watch the shuttle spin in and out as the man made or repaired his nets.

The day my grandmother died I was called in to see her, she kissed me and told me to be a good girl, then I was given a halfpenny and sent with a note to my Auntie Lou, there was a lot of commotion that I could not understand, but I was allowed to stay with my cousin. The next day when I went home they told my grandmother was in heaven, then they brought me into the bedroom to see her. I had heard that the body would return to the "dust that gave it." So I expected to see dust in the coffin, but there was grandma just the same as usual.

After that we moved out of town to the Rohais, in a little Cottage. One of four in a row, opposite was a grand house, with very mysterious gates, that grand folk entered, the house belonged to Dr. Mucolack the very name was awe inspiring. At that cottage two orphans from "Spurgeons" home, came to us Harry and John, it was there I discovered Daddy Christmas, is this way, on our way to town was a toy shop and I used to admire a Carriage doll in the shop and ask for it. Mother would say "wait and see what Daddy Christmas will bring. I had admired that doll so much that I got to know it, and that very doll was in my stocking Christmas morning, my

Christmas was spoiled and I never really cared for the doll. I wonder if they deception of Santa Claus is right. We have always been as truthful as I can about it always telling them the truth before they find out otherwise. I wonder if that does soften the blow at all, it is the best I can think of doing.

We moved from there to a tiny little house in King Street and I had attended another private school, where we learned little, but I suffered a lot because of the big girl there Birdie Stevens, what a horror that girl was to me. I was quiet and shy and she would bully and dominate me. I was glad to leave that school, when we moved to King St. I was sent to a private school opened by a Miss Vergais, she taught me music, we had just bought a piano. I was not fond of practice. One day at school there was a most terrific thunder storm. We stopped lessons and Miss Vergais told us stories, we were given dinner at school that day, during dinner a terrible crash was heard, we were told that a thunder bolt had fallen in a field near by when we reentered the school room. There was a strange smell, teacher said it was brimstone caused by the thunder bolt. I was never happy at any school, I made no friends and the teachers never seemed to like me, it may have been because I moved about to so many schools and therefore I got such a scrappy education.

Again we moved to a large house in Victoria St. we stayed there until I was seventeen years old. That house is always home to me. Mother let furnished apartments and waited on the people who took them, she always worked very hard, the walk from Miss Vergais school was two for now, so I was moved to. The British and Foreign school a large public school. Mrs De La Mere was the governor, my teacher was Miss Share. I worshiped her but I don't think she was ever aware of me, except as the backward pupil, always one from the last in class. I struggled on and finished my education at the age of twelve, I took music a bit longer at another teacher, and then stopped in what would now be the second grade book, but I have had a lot of pleasure out of what little I learned, and taught myself.

I was always a great reader, but mother would not allow one to read, she believed reading other than letters or the newspaper was a sin, but you cannot stop a child from reading, what could I do. I had not playmates, no work, no school. I would often go to the home of Auntie Lou and Uncle Bill read a lot of the trashiest novels called the Princess and Duchess novelettes, these he would lend me, and I would pour over them in my bedroom and gloat over the silly love scenes. Fortunately, my father bought a large hamper full of magazines, they were all works of an uplifting nature, father did not read them and they were put away, but I got at them, and they changed my style of reading. Although I still loved the trashy sort of reading, the better books prepared me for better reading.

While in that house I had a the dearest companion of my childhood "Tiny" a very small white mongrel dog. That dog was everything to me. She had puppies very often and no two were alike. Mother would drown them when they were to many, one day I thought I would be brave and drown some myself, but was so sorry for the poor little things that I took them out of the water half dead and restored them to life.

Two little boys lived with us for two years at this time. They were Ronald & Jack Grand de Longwrite. Ronald was heir to a french Baronetry, they stayed for the purpose of attending Elizabeth college. I missed their companionship when they left. My brother had made friends with a girl Emily Le Leivre, and I saw very little of him later, he married Emily.

Emily and Charley were baptized and made members of the Shurgeon Memorial Baptist Church. I had always been spiritual minded. I wanted to be "saved" but although I had attended Church. Sunday school and had been taught religion in day school, I did not know how to be "saved." One day I visited Reverend John Gard, the minister of the church we attended. The Shurgeon Memorial Church. I was shown into the ministers study, and I told him that I wanted to be saved, and did not know how. He asked me what made me think of that? Was it any thing I had heard in Church. I told him, I had once heard a lady who was addressing a meeting of the Girls Friendly Society. He seemed a little disappointed that it was not in his church. The missionary lady had exclaimed "Oh! You don't know what it means to be saved."

Mr Gard tried to explain that all I needed was to believe Jesus was Christ and I was saved. He read several texts from the bible. Such as "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." But in the latter text he emphasized only the work "Believeth" saying nothing of "baptism," there were other texts he read, and to my mind at the time, I certainly thought that he was right as I am sure he was sincere in his belief. But I was not satisfied. I felt that there should be more to salvation. The minister noticed my disappointment and prayed with me. He told me that I would not feel that I was saved at first, but it would come. I left his house feeling quite disappointed and unhappy. I had asked for bread and had been given a stone. I went on like this for little while, then I thought that if I was baptized I might feel that I was saved. I bashfully told my parents that I wanted to be baptized. Father arranged for it to be done, and I was baptized as "an outward sign of an inward feeling." I was then about fifteen years old. But the baptism did not have the desired affect. I attended all meetings, even the mid week prayer meeting. I stood up and prayed once or twice with great trembling. I spoke so fast I was not understood. But that was my first attempt. I have always wanted to do things in public, I tired to recite once, it was a terrible failure. I had to read it, the piece was called "Daddy."

Emily Le Leivre (who was my friend and who married my bother) and I asked to help in Sunday School. She had the small children to teach and I had another clan of smaller children, but I did not know how to teach them, so I told them fairy tales to pass the time away. Luckily for the children I did not teach them long. Emily and I were put on the flower committee of the Christian Endeavor Society. We enjoyed that and sometimes took flowers to the sick, but we always felt very embarrassed when we did it. No one seemed to think we wanted help. I think we could have done better in Sunday School and with the flowers. If some grown up had understood our need. We wrote missionary letters and took them to people in the bad streets. I wrote the letters, on looking back I see I was really training for my mission in life. I love to bear my testimony and to do missionary work. I would try to teach my cousin what I knew of religion.

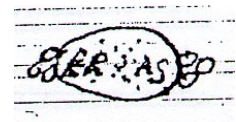
When I was fourteen years old my brother left home to work in Birmingham, it did not make much difference to me, as I had not seen much of him at home. I was only a girl.

At fifteen years old, I met a boy at a bazaar, where I was in charge of a stall, he was very attentive and took me home. I told mother and they teased me very much, making me ashamed. I would have liked to keep the friendship but, my parents never allowed me to go out alone for a long time after so the little romance was soon ended. I often wonder how my life would have panned out if I had been allowed his friendship. Our life was a very quiet one. I never visited or received visitors except a relative occasionally, I never met men, I once heard some men say I was a pretty girl and it made me vain for a time. At the age of seventeen I met Alf, Emily and I were sitting by the lighthouse on the White Rock, a long pier and a very popular promenade. Alf and a friend were also there, playing with some little boys, we girls were laughing at their antics, and Alf smiled at us and said of the boys “Chunky little brats.” That was the first words I heard him say, not very romantic, we laughed encouragement as we were very board with our own company. Alf, a while they drew nearer and entered into conversation with us, very unconventional but quite thrilling, they walked the length of the White Rock with us, and we parted.

Two days after we girls wandered down to the Rock again apparently with the desire for a nice walk but, I know we both hoped to meet the young men again. Alf could see us from his work shop window so he rustled another chum and walked down the Rock as casually as we had, and we were all quite surprised to meet again, after a time, Alf asked me to meet him alone, form then on we kept up a fairly steady friendship, but remembering my first experience with the young men. I kept this friendship a secret, and my parents did not know of him for some tiem. Once we got out into the country, and lost our way, father was waiting up for me, but he went to sleep by the window and mother came down and let me in quietly, and I got off to bet before he awoke. They thought I had been visiting with Emily, our friendship was broken off fo a few months as Alf went to England and became engaged to a girl he had know before me. He had told me about her before, so I quite expected it, but it hurt, she jerked him and married another man, and Alf sent me this not — “Dear E will you meet me down the White Rock at 8:00 tonight? Give the boy the answer.” But my father took in the note and reat it so the boy got no answer. Father gave it to me, I read it and said. Well what shall I do, “please yourself” said father, I went home and showed it to Mother, “Please yourself” she said, so I pleased myself and was down the Rock at 8:00.

We were moving again and when we had got settled in the new home Alf was introduced to my parents. Then he took me to Jersey to meet his people. They thought I was too light-minded, but Ada the romantic was pleased because I was pretty. I was charmed with them all. There was three sisters and I had never had a sister.

Mother and I went to London for two weeks and when we got home Alf had bought my engagement ring, he had, had it made for me it was chased and entailed on top like this. We were married Feb 14 in the Yeryeon Memorial



Baptist Church and the minister's wife was heard to say we were children who should be in the nursery, and we felt so grown up too. We drove to the Photographer then home, then to the boat and crossed the water and landed in Southampton very cold, but very happy and important. For the benefit of any ladies who might read as far as this, I will say that my wedding dress was grey. I had a fine veil that I had borrowed from my cousin Clara Burker Veale. I had made my own bouquet of Freasiers and Smilasc, trailing to the end of my skirt. I had a two year train to the dress, and Alf tripped over it twice in the church, and nearly fell. I will tell about the wedding. It was funny. Alf and the bridesmaids arrived first, instead of Alf waiting at the alter and the maids at the door, they all went into Church and sat in the East seat. When the bride arrived, on her fathers arm, there was no bridegroom to meet her and no maids. I walked to the alter and looked for Alf, then somebody beckoned for him to come up, and he came with all his bridesmaids behind him and the best man, then the minister wanted him to declare that there was no legal reason why he should not marry. Alf said Ireligal he had to say it three times before he to it to please the minister. Then the best man thought he had lost the ring. Finally that wa on properly, then we turned to go into the vestry and Alf tripped twice over my train. As we left the church, we were showered with rice, confetti, and frost, a piece of frost got in my eye, and bothered me for a long time. It does not sound very romantic.

Alf took work in the Barber shop on East St. And we lived in two rooms in a little side street, in a few weeks we moved again. Then again to a larger house in front of a park, where I left unfurnished rooms.

Mother and Father came to live in Southampton after a while, my brother had married Emily before that, and lived in England. Alf took a job as barber on the Liner ship "Trent" which traveled to and from the West Indies, he came back from his second trip, the day before Alfie was born, we called him Alfred Edward Charles, after his two grandfathers and his father he was born 4 of July. I had Alfie christened because my parents wished it. I had no belief in it, but felt that it could do no harm. I made some friends about that time, one Amy Castello, a pretty girl with lovely curly golden hari, a young wife ignorant and hot tempered. But she valued my friendship, she died shortly after the birth of her first child.

Mrs J Cook was another strange specimen. Her one dream was to leave her brutal neglectful husband and keep a little "Pub." with another man. I was sorry for her.

Mrs Lawrence, lived in my house and ruled me. She made me unhappy.

We moved again, to Shirley and suburb. Alf's youngest brother Earnest and wife and child came to live with us, Earnie went to sea with Alf. Alf took seven trips to the West Indies, then he stayed home, and took a job with Mr Burt, above Bar Southampton. Earnie and his family moved to a house of their own, and we moved to Freemantle nearer Southampton, while we were living there Eva was born, at East, she was born in Jersey Channnel Islands, my mother came to England to fetch me, and I crossed the channel two weeks before Eva was born, she was born Feb 26, in French Lane, St Heliers town, we had her christened in the Church of England. Alf

eldest sister "Dot" Sarah, and his brother William Henry, were sponsors for her. She was born during a terrible thunder storm at 115 Mid night, she was born before the doctor came, and must have caught a chill waiting for him, fo she contracted bronchitis and the doctor said she would die, and not to bother to call him, as he would send in the certificate of their death the next day. But she lived to be a great blessing to us. I returned to England a month after her birth, Alf met me at the docks and as I had suspected he had shaved off his mustache. I hired a young girl to help me as neither of my children could walk. Alfie was two years old before he could walk, I was a very inexperienced mother and had been giving him condensed milk, sh that he suffered from rickets. We lived in a tiny house in Ascupart Street. One day the hired girl brought me in tracts that a man had given to her at the door. I saw the name, "Mormons." written on one of them. I had always been taught that the Mormons were a dreadful people, so I gave the papers to the baby to play with, two weeks later, the same man called and left some more. I was having a lunch at the time and the girl laid the tracts on the table beside my plate and I read the 1st article of faith.

I had always been taught the "three in one" doctrine, but it had never appealed to me, and the idea of three separate personages came to me like a revelation, so I read all the Articles of Faith and the other tract. I told the gild to ask the man in the if he came again or rather to ask him to wait, as I would not ask a "Mormon" inside my home. He came again in a few weeks, I thank God that he was persevering. I talked to him at the door for a while when he went, he left me more tracts and few pamphlets. I read them all and waited eagerly for him to come again. He came and brought a companion. They were John Barlow Jun. And Elder Gilchrist. I asked them in and promised to come to one of their meetings. I told Alf about it all, and he laughed indulgently, and said it was another new religion because I had been taking him to different churches, but could not get interested enough in any of them to join them. On the evening of the meeting Alf stayed home with the babies and I went. I was praying all along the road, that God would let one know as soon as I entered the hall if it was the true church or not. I had walked so fast (as I always did under stre th of emotion). I was the first there, as soon as I entered I saw a sign "Thou God seest me" I could never describe the feeling that passed through me, but I knew I was right and I went down on my knees to thank God for the knowledge I have never since doubted that meeting was wonderful to me. I had questions, I wanted to ask, but I had no need to ask them, as they were answered in the talks the Elders gave, in a very few weeks I was baptized on the 4th of Nov. Alf's birthday and confirmed the same evening in the home of Sister Petty. I was baptized at the Southampton Baths, we moved to Lyndhurst New Forest in a few days after, there Alf took on a small barber business. I was studying the gospel and telling everybody about it, that I could get to listen even the Roman Catholic Priest. The business was a living we moved into a more convenient place. Alfie went to the Roman Catholic day school at three years old, but I took him away when he played at Crucifying his doll. The Elders would write to me occasionally and I managed to go to Southampton to one or two meetings. Business was good, and Alf decided to sell tobacco, he went to Southampton to see about it, and I felt impressed to tell him that if he sold tobacco, we would not get on, I had been praying about it, but he did not understand me. And we moved into a Carger and more convenient place on the High W. Things

seamed to go well for a time. Alf's Mother, Father and sister Milly, came to live in Lyndhurst., they were rather upset because of my religion. They themselves were of the Church of England

While in Lyndhurst I learned to do ladies hairdressing and a little waving. Alfi's grandfather Samuel Salway came to stay with Alf's father and mother before this, Jack was born on the 22 of May. We called him John Barlow after the elder who had taught me the Gospel and baptized me. Calling the baby after a "Mormon" quite upset all the family. About this time I went in to the hospital in Southampton. I am not sure what was wrong with me, and I didn't think the doctors knew any way I stayed there two weeks. Mother crossed over to us, from Jersey about that time and I went to Jersey with her, taking the three children. I had a nice holiday, and brought bac to England a girl about 12 years old to help me with the children. She was a sort of cousin by name Mable Richardson. She stayed with me some months then returned home.

Alf's mother was suddenly stricken with paralysis and taken to the hospital in Southampton. She was there three months totally paralyzed and unconscious. When she recovered consciousness and the partial use of her limbs, she was brought to our home, Alf's father sold up their home and father and Milly came to live with us also and to help me with mother, it was a lot of work. They were with us six months, Milly had found employment and a district nurse would help me each morning, as I had taken rheumatism in the abdomen and found it difficult to do all the work. At the end of six months, mother was taken with great difficulty to Sudbrook, Monmouthshire. Father went with her, she stayed with her daughter seven months and was then put permanently into a hospital at Chefstow, it was tow hard to look after night and day. I am happy to think that she learned to like me during her stay with me.

Business began to go bad, we had a finely furnished Gents Saloon and Ladies Saloon. I learned to help in the ladies work, also in the shop although I hated to sell tobacco.

Before Grandma Salway was ill, she sent a lady missionary to visit me to try to convert me. I think she was Church of England, but she could make not impression on me. I was even able to confound some of her arguments. When she returned to Grandma she said "Don't you worry about Eva she is alright." Alf's sister Ada said that Grandma did not worry after that. I never made friends in Lyndhurst. Business got so bad that we had to leave, we stayed a few days at Southampton at the home of my cousin Earnest Thomas the eldest son of my Mothers eldest brother James Green Thomas, they were very good to us, then we left and went to Bristol. There all Alf could find for lodgings for us was an empty house where we went that night. Alf tried to find work in Bristol, but could not, he took train to Sudbrook where he had a brother and sister expecting to return the same night, but he found that there was not return train until next day. He did not know our new address so he could not send a telegram. I did not know his address and I knew he did not have mine. I thought that if any accident happened no one would know where I was to tel me, we both spent a very bad night, but like all troubles that one ended next day when he arrived home.

We gave up the house, and went to Sudbrook that day, crossing in the train under the river Severn. Poor Alf got work at the Sudbrook shipery and they work was very hard, and not regular. We lived in a large room in the home of Alf's brother Earnest and his wife Lizzy. At times we were very hard up. We did not let our friends know, but one day we had nothing to eat so I gathered the children around me and we prayed for help, a few minutes after that a girl came to the door bringing a basket of food that his sister Ada had sent. I went to thank her, she said that she did not know that we were in need but an impression came to her when she was making the beds to go down and pack the basket and send it to us, she obeyed the impulse, and it was a direct answer to prayer. It will always be a testimony to my children. Alf tried a little barbering which helped a little, we would sometimes go to Chepstow to see Grandma Salway, she was always so glad to see us, we would take her preferments.

Alf, got work in an insurance company and we moved to the top of one of the Cotswold hills called "Mynyddback" pronounced by the inhabitants "Money back" we had quite an adventure getting there . It was running when we started off with our little effects in a cart drawn by one horse. I sat in the cart with the three children, the rain grew worse, the lanes were narrow and the water would brush off the trees on the hedges and shower all over us. The mud made it hard for the horse to pull, and it was all up hill getting, steeper and steeper as we went further up. Finally it got to hard for the horse, and I got out with the two older children walking and carried Jack on my back, the driver took half the furniture off and left it in the road, we slimed on and on, the rain beating down in sheets. We were drenched, and cold and muddy, but not so very unhappy. We reached the house at last, it was semi attached the land lady live next door. She took us in and dried us, the furniture and bedding were soaked through with rain and mud we mad a big fire in the old fashioned fire place and dried enough to go to bed with, in the morning I was charmed with the place, set a top of the hill with hills raising around us. Quaint little cottage nestling below us, threes flowers and green grass every were, out little house had two rooms and a wide candling and pantry, the bedroom was over the kitchen plain boards was all we had between the tow rooms they had been while washed and when one walked above little flakes of white wash fell down in the kitchen and Jack would say that the sky was falling. The floor was sand stone and very hard to scrub. Millicent Ada our little "Milly" was born in this house, a funny old woman who posed as a mid wife took the place of doctor and a neighbor cared for me coming in twice a day. Alf could not make nay thing at the insurance and we were extremely poor, but Alf had put in a garden and we ate the vegetables when they were very young. But we always had something to eat. Alf went on transfer with his bicycle to find work, but could find none, but he had a prospect. He went to Bream a little mining town in Monmouthshire about 22 miles away there he took over a little barber shop and he would get home on Sundays, we moved away from Mynyddback leaving behind three debts, the midwife, the nurse, and the baker, but I determined to pay them one day, it was nine years before they were paid. This was another romantic reveal we rode on the wagon with the furniture all day. The beautiful river, Usk, passing Timbernably by moonlight, the river road passed at the foot of the hills. It was a lovely ride but it was long and we arrived at our destination so tired, stiff and sore with the cramped positions we had been in on the long journey. We had two rooms in a large empty farm house in such a lonely spot, the little town of Clearwell was a quaint little old town. But we were half a mile from it, we were

not long there, we soon got a little home in the Bream, where we were happier, the house was much the same as the house in Mynyddback, but much older, the bedroom floor was thick oak polished black with age, the lower floor sandstone, worn hollow in many places. It had a quaint old cook house on the outside with a brick oven to bake bread. I learned to bake bread. Alf, raised a lovely flower and vegetable garden there. I tried keeping lodgers at times, then grandpa Salway came to live with us of a little while. Alf went to work in a coal mine, he was clearing ditches two miles underground, away from the bottom of the pit. He tried to keep the barber shop as well, working at odd hours during the day. But the strain was too much, but the extra money while he was doing the double work made us more comfortable. We moved again and once again in the same town, we had now taken larger house down by the MayPole. My father and mother came to share it with us.

Grandpa Salway was staying with us, mother and father had their own rooms. Alf had a little shop adjoining and my father had a corner in it for watchmaking. Alf, tried to make a little money at Photography, but it was hard to get on, we finally had to sell out and leave for Poole, where my brother Charles Alfred was living. I have always remembered my feelings on that lonely railway journey, as we passed through towns and saw people walking as if with a set purpose and all the homes. It was hard to think that we had no home and no employment, arrived at Poole. My brother put us up for a week, and we all came down pretty bad with the flu. Alf, soon got a job at Meeches Poultry Afliance Works at Hamworthy as a nailer, then we took a large house at Hamworthy and Charley and his wife and family shared it with us, The work was very poor and Alf, heard that there was a village that would be a good place to open a barber shop. We thought it was at a walking distance, as we had no money for train fair, we decided to make an outing of it. So we put the baby Milly in the buggy, left the other children in Emily's charge and set off, it was a lovely day, but we found that after we had walked a long way that Corfe Castle the name of the village, was much farther off. But we decided to go on, we arrived there very tired and I sat on a wall and ate lunch with the baby and Alf looked about, but he found no prospect there and very tired and dishearten we began to retrace our steps home. It was nearly all down hill, all the way home. That was one consolation. I pushed the buggy because I could lean on it as I walked, mile after mile we walked and I could no longer bear the touch of my shoes, so I took them off and walked in the soft dust at the side of the road. When we reached home, we were too tired to sit down for fear we would not be able to stand up again. So we climbed upstairs to bed, and went to sleep after the longest walk I ever did or hope to do, 38 miles. I had wore out a pair of new gloves pushing the buggy.

Another very striking incident took place while living here. My brothers baby Algenon Charles was take ill at six months old. Emily and family were moving to another home and while they were all packed up waiting for the furniture wagon The baby had a fit. Emily was two worried to care for it. Her daughter Mildred ran for a doctor, we bathed it, Emily gave it castor oil, but it could not swallow it. The doctor arrived and sent Emily to get brandy. The doctor said shen she had gone, that she would need it not the baby. I thought him a little hard headed, while she was away, the baby died in my arms. It was the first time I witnessed death. I dressed it in a nice embroidered robe that I had and laid it in an empty room. The furniture went and they left the

baby behind. They came to bury it two days after. The baby had always been very delicate and never seemed to grow or develop in any way.

Alf, had a chance to take over the business in New Orchard Poole, a little narrow street where the sun did not come for long each day. But it was quite respectable. I tore up our sheets to make hair cutting gowns, and painted a barbers pole and sign to hand on the end of it. And when the wind blew it banged and squeaked, and must have worried the neighbors, we managed to live along and helped out with Photography. I would sometimes strap the camera on my back and go out to take shots of weddings, etc. when Alf could not, but we had hard times there. Eva went for a trip to Guernsey while we lived there and a cousin of mine Harold Le Reverend, stayed with us from Guernsey. He was a nice little boy and when my next baby was born he was named Harold, cousin Harold was quite pleased. Eva came back the day after baby Harold was born.

In 1914 the Great World War broke out, my life, my very nature seemed to change from that time.

The Sunday before England joined in the war Alf and I were walking past the post office and we read the notice that England had joined, we did not dream what it was going to mean to us and to the world. We saw a great church and a meeting was being held to pray that England would not join. We went in and after a while a messenger came up the isle to the preacher. I will never forget the hush that sent over that vast congregation, when the Preacher read the message "England had joined the War."

Men joined up by the hundreds from Poole and in a few days our business was not good. Alf was not strong and having a family he felt that he would wait before he volunteered to join with the others. Alf went to a great camp near Poole and took his tools hoping to earn a living among the soldiers. He did well and opened a store among the men. I soon went out to camp to look after the store, we moved the children to another home in Parkston and paid a neighbor to look after them. I came home weekends, but we soon bought an old Caravan and tried to live altogether like that. Finally we bought another hut with living room, and we managed to live there fairly comfortably until we left for Canada. This was a very excitable life from being a quiet returning woman, I became bolder more free and chatty with men, but I saw few women so I always felt shy with them. In 1914-15 the rains were so heavy that we found it very difficult going to and from the camp, the mud was so deep. I would carry two boxes and use them as stepping stones at the worst places, stepping on one and picking up the other to step on in its turn and hide them in a bush to sue when we came back. The cooks were very good and would bring us hot water when they saw us arrive in the morning.

The camp began to settle down quiet and better roads were made by the time the children came to camp. Our home and business hut was called "The Green Hut" Too many things, and varied, happened during this wild excitable life during the war for me to tell them here. I will just write the most important. Mother & Father came from Guernsey and opened a hut just next to ours. Father repaired watches for the soldiers and did very well, but it was a rough life for the old

people. Alf was finally called to join, no one could be excused who could possibly go. I began to learn to cut hair and shave. Hope was born three months before he left then I took over the business and worked at it until 1919. I enjoyed the work, but the home and children was left to Eva who did the best she could. She also learned to cut hair and shave with Alfie and me. Jack would help by lathering and brushing. I would get men to help me as business was very brisk. I was known to the men as "Madam." They were all very good to me, I had very little trouble with the men.

Alfie was taken ill in 1918, he had taken tuberculosis from a friend. I hardly know how I can write of the dreadful troubles that followed. Hearing that we had an infectious disease in a place where barbering was done the authorities of the camp, closed up my business. I was anxious to carry on. So putting on my most becoming dress, I paid a visit to the Cornel, he asked me what I wanted. I said "you have put me into a dreadful hole by shutting up my business and I have come to ask you to help me out of it." The humor of it pleased him and he lent me a tent for Alfie, fumigated my home, and allowed me to open again. But Alfie got worse and we finally got him into a Sanatorium, called The Hermitage on the Ilse of Wight. While I was spending a few days with him, I got a telegram from my Mother saying all was well with the children, so I stayed a few days more, but when I returned I found that Milly was sickening. I called in a doctor and found that she was suffering from meningitis that terrible disease and they had told me "all was well" why will people try to be kind by deceiving. Two weeks after she died, just imagine my feelings while watching her sick bed. Alfie was dying among strangers, and I expected a call to come to him. Milly was dying at home. If that call came before she died. I would have to choose between my two children. But she died first. It was almost a relief that she died first and I did not have to choose. Alf arrived from France the day before Milly died. He then went to see Alfie, but he had to get back to the war. I was then called to Alfie and he died two days after his birthday, on the 6 of July 1918. I did not tell him of Milly's death. The matron felt it was not necessary as he was so soon to meet her. His body was brought to the main land to be buried with Milly in the pretty little cemetery at Wool Dorset.

The body was brought to Wool in a special railway truck which the train left at the station. Someone opened the truck door and all my friends fell back to let me enter first. I stepped in and on the coffin was a large wreath of beautiful flowers from the inmates of the Sanatorium. I will never forget the comfort that wreath brought to me, what wonderful things these thoughtful little kindness do in the world, the coffin laid in the carpenter shop all night and he was buried next day. But at the funeral I felt that both Alfie and Milly was at my side. I never have felt that they were dead. They were buried by the Church of England as we had no Missionaries near, but sometime after I had the grave dedicated. They lie side by side with one head stone between and four stone blocks marking the corners of the grave on the stone is engraved "Added Upon" having kept their second estate.

Having no Sunday School where my family could be taught the right principles, I had always taught my children Sunday afternoons, noticing that around the camp the children lived too far from any school. I gathered them all up and taught them the principles of our church. I had at

one time twenty two children. Eva used to take on class they would sit on the floor of the bedroom. After a time some young men joined the church. Herbert Prime of London. Bernard Warner of Sheffield, Mr Paine and Mr Francis. Herbert Prime helped us with the Sunday school. When Elder James Gunn Mc Kay baptized Brothers Paine and Frances, he set me apart as Lady Missionary 10 August 1920. I was then made President of the little branch with Herbert Prime 1st and Bernard Warner 2nd counselors. Jack was made Deacon, Bro. Prime a Priest and Eva Secretary. We had wonderful times. I did a lot of tracting sometimes, Eva or Jack would help me. I labored very hard with the little branch we taught the gospel to many of the soldiers there. We had some opposition, my parents were much against my work, but they did not understand.

I did a lot of research and found a lot of names for myself and Alf.

I had been trying for a long time to get the government to send us out to Cardston as my husband was an ex-soldier. Pres McKay had advised me to get away as soon as possible. So I prayed and fasted about it. When I was sent for to go into Poole to choose my boat, the agent said I was lucky. I was the second out of thousands to get the free passage. I had to pay my land traveling expenses, so I had to sell my huts, as I had very little money. When I had to choose my boat, I prayed for wisdom three times and three times the thought flashed over me as if I was told "two weeks" when I entered the office the agent said "there is a fine boat in two weeks" and I knew that, that was the right boat. I had to sell my hut in two weeks, the barber hut. I sold almost at once, the living huts was harder to get rid of but we prayed about it. When people would say "will you sell in time" I would answer "yes." One said "you have faith" "yes I have faith." And I sold the hut the last day. My father bought he drew the money from the bank, I just crossed the road into the ship agents office and paid for the tickets at the last moment. I knew I would sell.

Another testimony of the strength of faith came to us at that time, two weeks before we went, we broke out in an excema, Harold was covered head and body we all showed it on our faces and hands, that would keep us from crossing. So again we prayed and used Consecrated Oil. When we had to be examined or at least show ourselves, Harold who still had scars on his face sat in a shaded corner and we were all clear of the disease so we passed alright. Then another trouble faced me we could not travel if any of the family had, had tuberculosis. I did not know what to do about that as, I did not want to tell a lie. The agent, read off a list of questions to which I could answer no. When he came to the question "any tuberculosis in the family." He said "No I suppose," and wrote it down so I did not have to answer. Surely God was working for us.

We were sailing from Southampton, we stayed a day or two at the home of Alf's brother Earnest on the Sunday Jack and one of his cousins went out and visited a park some distance away. When they returned Jack, told one that he had seen some people holding open air meetings. As he spoke a strong impression came to me to go there and hold a meeting by myself. I was frightened but determined to go. I asked the children to help me fold some tracts and I set out by myself. I did not ask the children to go with me as I saw they would have been afraid. I walked very quickly as I do when agitated and when I reached the park, I saw an open air meeting. They were praying so I stood still then they sang a hymn and I waited. I leaned against a tree

trembling. I saw a small rise ahead of me on which I thought I would stand. The I thought I would give out my tracts and go home. But I thought that I had been sent and I would hold the meeting alone, but the thought came that I was not alone. My Guardian Angel was always with me. I had my finger in the page of the Hymn book to the song "The Happy Day has Rolled On" and as I began to walk to the rise in the ground. I felt the angle with me. I hardly felt my feet on the ground, I know I had an angle with me. I opened my book and before I had sang the first verse my fear left and the angle and I held that meeting for about 45 minutes. After singing the 1st song I said "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet."

When I had finished I gave out all my tracts, the people crowding around me to get them, at the meeting they had been standing 3 and 4 deep around the ring when I had given out all the tracts, I walked away.

Jack and his cousin was there unknown to me and they told me that as soon as I had gone a man stepped forward and holding his tract in the air he said that he was a Later-Day Saint but had fallen away, after my testimony he decided to do better. Then he went on to teach the people about the Book of Mormon. I never heard any more of the affair, but one day I believe I will know why I was sent there to hold a meeting that day.

We sailed on the Grampion, it was a rough unpleasant voyage. We had five days storm and we were all very sick. Jack was a hero, he brought us food and fresh water and did what he could for us and he was very sick as well. The sixth day we went on deck it was still rough. The ship was driven 80 miles out of its course and we were surrounded by icebergs. It was very cold. Once I counted 9 icebergs around us, we traveled very slowly to avoid collision with the ice. When we reached the St Laurence a fog set in which rather spoiled the view, but at times we could see well. I will tell a joke, I unconsciously played on a large number of passengers and waiters. After being five days without seeing land or another ship, we were all quite excited when something passed us.

Jack had managed to get a seat at table at the first sitting and he got up for something and a man slipped into his seat. I thought I would make the man stand up then Jack could get back again. I stood up and looked through a port hole, then pretending to be very excited I stooped and tapped the man sitting by me on the shoulder. He jumped up to look through the port hole seeing this all the rest of the passengers in the two dining rooms rushed to the port holes to look even the stewards and waiters left their post to see the cause of the commotion. I was astonished at the result of my use and did not tell Jack in time to take back his seat and he had to come to the second sitting. The passengers were as amused at the joke as we were. Unfortunate.

I was able to bear my testimony and teach the gospel to two or three people.

We landed at Quebec, Sunday dinner time after an 11 day passage. A young Jersey man helped us and put us into our train it was a slow train, but we had lots of fun and the opportunity to teach the Gospel.

Alf met us at Lethbridge with Mr Arthur Henson who had come with a car to carry us back to Cardston. We were very glad to get to the end of our journey. I will never forget my first look at the Temple and the Mountains of Zion. Alf had a nice home for us and a cellar full of vegetables, a kind neighbor had bottled beans and peas for us. We were very kindly welcomed by the Saints of Cardston and I have been very happy here. And I feel that I never want to leave the dear little town.

My son Holman Rowe was born 18 July 1921. We moved into a new home when he was a few weeks old. Alf, had bought a bare acre of land and a 2 roomed log house. We built two more rooms on it and had a nice little home, poor but our own. Alf, planted trees and we kept a cow, fowls and pigs. Rowe was born 18 Oct 1922, his neck was bent and his head almost touched his shoulder. One day when the missionaries came around they administered to him, and his neck was straight very soon. By this time Alf, had bought a flourishing Poole Business and we were doing well. Morton Rowe, was born 3 Sep 1925. I was very delicate before he was born, but I was able to carry on when I came out of hospital. Unfortunately the children all came down with chicken pox and the hired girl went home. The house was isolated so Alf, had to stay away in order to go to business, but he would come and do outside chores for me. I carried on some how, the children were not very ill, but the disease left Rowe with a running ear, which has bothered him all his life. We were doing well in business until a sever depression came upon the country and Alf lost his business. He opened up a little barber shop which barely kept us. His health became worse. After a while he had to go to a Sanatarium in Calgary for about six months. The town helped us but the help was very little, but we got through.

The rest of my story can be taken up in my journal which follows.

Feb. 1, 1931. Today was conference and most beautiful spring like day. The children went to meeting in the morning. Alf and I went in the afternoon. I sat in the Choir, as there was not enough seats in the body of the hall. Alf sat under the gallery, but he could not hear very well, and soon went out. Pres. Wood in getting the officers sustained, mentioned Harold Salway as choir librarian. I am always so proud to have any of my family active in the Church and Harold has often made me proud of him.

There was a little trouble this evening, Holman had been molested by tow big boys 15 or 16 years old. They had rubbed Axel grease on his body, the boys were brought into our home to apologize. I am afraid I was a little too cutting in my remarks to them. I was really sorry for the boys, it is so hard to apologize when in the wrong. The episode rather spoiled the day, but the radio is turned on this evening. The children are all asleep. We will soon hear the address from the Salt Lake City Tabernacle. We hear it most Sundays when the weather is good for the radio.

Feb. 2, 1931, This evening was ward officers meeting. I mentioned a charity that will be put before the Bishop asked for an assistant secretary treasurer. I hope to get Eva for it.

Jack, Martha & Milly came today. They may stay a while, I hope they do.

Feb. 4, 1931, They came yesterday. They had ridden for miles on a flat tire. They are well baby, Milly is a darling.

I went to the Relief Society in the afternoon. I didn't enjoy the meeting as I feel I should. I don't study the lessons, so perhaps that is why and being the Secretary, I do a lot of writing during the lesson.

I went out with Alf, to go to the Genealogical meeting, when we got to the building, I remembered that it was open night and therefore there was no lesson, so we came home.

Today has been a very ordinary day. My feet were pretty bad as I did little walking. I went to George Duce's farm, to look at cows with Alf. We bought a black one. Harold says she is not nice to milk. But the milk is good and plenty we will exchange our light cow for it and some cash. Alf, always to get us all we need, it is nice to have Jack and family with us. Eva, Bob and the children came up to see them.

Feb. 7, 1931, Yesterday afternoon, I went teaching with Sis Gertrude Thompson in district 14. I am always glad to get an opportunity to go with the teachers. Quite a lot of the mothers were out, but we had a good time. Ad we were successful in getting help for a family who had, had their home burned up. It was awful to lose everything by fire. I hope we well never have such a misfortune. Alf and I went to the Talkies in the evening, the picture was good.

Feb. 8, 1931, It is Fast Sunday, a day of missed emotions, it started off fair. Harold went to Priesthood meeting and got there early. There was no trouble with the children and they sent to Sunday School. Hope was not well so she stayed home with Morton. Holman and Rowe were quite good in church. It was a lovely meeting and we came home feeling happy. But at supper Jack and I had a misunderstanding, but it soon cleared up. I had a phone call from the Relief Society president. My book is all out. But 40 dollars and I must go to her house to help bup it straight. I have done my best but I have not understood the work. I don't know whether to give it up or not. I should never have taken the office. I have prayed for wisdom to know where the mistake is in the book. But I feel that my faith is weak. Alf, will take me as my feet are bad and it is a rough dark road. I will know more about the trouble tomorrow. I will pray continually that the mistake is found out, before then "querie" shall I resign or not. What would be the right thing to do.

Feb. 12, 1931, My books are out 81 dollars wherever is the mistake. I could worry very much if I allowed myself to, but I have trained myself not to worry over what can not be helped. They have assured me that they have perfect faith in my honesty. It is a mistake and it may be the mistake of someone who handled the book before me. Bro Gooding has the book now, he is trying to find the mistake. They are all very kind and try to make me feel alright over it.

In the evening the 9th we had a committee meeting of the Genealogical Committee to see how many pedigrees there were yet to get in. I was given four more to do. We had a very nice meeting it is wonderful to meet with earnest Church workers. I gained a wonderful thought,

Two members never work and never attend meetings. And it was asked what was to be done about them. It was then said that by not working they had automatically released themselves from the committee, this was the thought (will we, by not working for the gospel automatically release ourselves from the Kingdom of God?)

Tuesday the 10th was Relief Society meeting the special missionaries were there and a great many sisters. The singing was good and so was the lesson. I have never been so proud of the Relief Society as I was that day. In the evening was the genealogical class. There was a large class. The lesson was on the Pyramid of Giza, it was a wonderfully interesting lesson. I went home so happy. I love Tuesday, it is so full of good things.

Today is my birthday, it has been a lovely day for me. Martha gave me an embroidered scarf for my sewing machine. At 10:00 we heard the Pope speak from Rome in Italy and what pleased me better "Marconi" the inventor of the Radio spoke as well. Of course we heard these things on the radio, at 11:00 the special missionaries came to the home, a neighbor came in with two of her children, my children were very fidgety. I had kept them home from school to be at the meeting, but it was a nice meeting. Alf, was able to be with us but, Harold could not be present. I went with the missionaries over to Mr Leishman's home and had another meeting there. After dinner I went out and got the pedigree of two more homes. I had a happy time, Eva brought me two pillowcases that she had worked. Alf, gave me something for a manicure set, a pair of cuticle scissors and a nail file, it was good of them all as money is very short everywhere. I am fifty one today, passed the half century mark. I am proud to have got so far, and to feel so young as I do. I wonder how far into next half century I will go. I hope to do a great deal of work for the Gospel before I go.

Eva has a party this evening and I am invited. I expect to have a good time.

Feb. 13, 1931, I did have a good time, today has been quiet. I had a visitor this afternoon, a very unusual occurrence, it was young Ruby Holland and her little girl. I have heard of what success Bro. Gooding had with the Relief Society book. I am so far pleased with the result the book is forty two dollars out and over thirty of that was caused through a mistake in the year 1929. I did not take over until 1930 so that if I have made any mistakes it won't be much. They are going over the book again. Perhaps the Bishop was not mistaken after all when he made me secretary. I intend to work very carefully to keep that book accurate if I still keep the job.

Feb. 14, 1931, Valentine's Day and my wedding day. This afternoon I visited my neighbor Sis Leishman who is convalescing after an operation. Bro Burgrave a Belgian was there. I read them a story from the "Era" then we got on gospel topics. Mrs Burgrave who is a Roman Catholic is very interested in our Church, and I feel that she will join it. I read in the Deseret

News this week, that they have acquired another Mallet book in the Library at Salt Lake City. These are French Mallet's. I will be glad to get more money so that I can continue my research.

Feb 15, 1931, This has been a happy day. The sun has been shining so warm and no wind, everything was smiling. I went to a genealogical meeting at 11:00, it is so nice to meet the committee. They are all such earnest workers, coming home, I took some blankets to Mr & Mrs James Hansen who were visiting with their daughter Mrs Pratt.

We all went to afternoon meeting but Holman and Morton were tiresome and that rather spoiled the meeting. They asked for all who are interested in the Choir to remain behind but although I have been a steady member for ten years I have decided to give it up. My voice has got thin, and I have enough work in the Relief Society and Genealogical work. Hope and Harold stayed back, Harold has been made librarian, he has held that office ever since he joined the choir.

I met with the R. S. Officers to discuss what we would do on the 17 of March.

Tonight I must go again to the home of Sis. Lamb about the worrying R. S. book, I will be glad when that trouble is over.

Feb. 16, 1931, The R.S. Book has been balanced up and I will get it tomorrow and start afresh with it. This afternoon I met with the R. S. Officers to discuss what we will do for the social on the 17th of May. I induced the president to split up district 14 as it was too large. Eva, will have it for her district and Ruby Holland if she will be a teacher. I went from the meeting to see Eva and tell her what I had done, she is quite pleased about it.

Feb. 18, 1931, Yesterday was my busy day. I went to R. S. In the afternoon. In the evening to the Gen' meeting, the class was splendid.

Today I have been resting, and Eva went to the Temple so I looked after her children. The name Eva took through was "Lucy Green." I don't know what relation it might be to me. I am going to a "Talkie tonight with Alf.

Feb. 22, 1931, The picture was good it was "All quiet on the western front."

Thursday I helped Sis Leishman with her pedigree. Friday Eva met me and we went out to get pedigrees but nobody was home. So I came home and wrote up Martha's pedigree. She knows very little and as all her relations are German, who can not read English and she can not read or write German, it will be difficult to get more unless she gets interested in the work.

Today is Sunday. The children all went to Sunday School. Jack & Martha took me to church in his car. I was delighted to have them in Church as he so rarely goes. Harold & Hope sat in the choir and Holman and Rowe with Alf and I. They were not too bad today. Eva, Bob and the

children came home to dinner. We were a large party, in fact all the Canadian Salway's were together.

Feb 25, 1931, Yesterday was my busy day. R. S. In the afternoon and Gen class in the evening. Both were splendid. I have been asked to take part in a short comedy. They always pick me for comedy yet I would much like a tragic or straight part. I hope to get a chance at it yet. I used to take tragedys in England at times.

Eva and Bob went to the Temple twice today and I have had the children. Eva and Bob came home from the Temple at noon so enthused and filled with joy at the work they had done for the Kingdom of God. When shall I go? It will be in Gods good time, but how I long to go, in the meantime. I can work at research. The name Eva took today was Ann Gerard Thomas, a person from the district of my people, but no known relationship. I gathered some names from the graveyards, and was permitted to get the work done for them.

Feb. 26, 1931, Eva's birthday. She is 28 years old. Today I visited Mrs. Phips, she is in great trouble and must leave her husband. She is a very brave woman. I feel so sorry for her. She has been my friend ever since we have been in this country.

Mar. 1, 1931, Yesterday was priesthood meeting at 10:00, I went to the Relief Society Stake and ward officers meeting. We had a good meeting. I listened to the Theological and Literacy lessons, having no time for lunch we went from there to priesthood meeting, Harold was there. I was glad because Pres. Wood spoke particularly against the use of playing cards, not ordinary cards like Rook, Snap. Oh, but the cards called more particulary playing cards. Advised not to allow them in our homes, an evil spirit goes with them. He also advised the people to save, get out of debt, save flour, vegetables, etc, etc for next winter. Said that there were bad times coming it may be worse times than we could dream of. There may be a lot of sickness. Told us to spend all our time with our homes looking after our children and in church works. Every minute spent this will be returned to us 100 fold in dollars. I do not understand what that meant, after meeting on the road home. I sprained my ankle, and Mrs Stringham of Glenwood brought me home in her car. I can walk with help, so I will go to church. I never miss sacrament meeting, if I can possibly help it.

Evening. I went to meeting and enjoyed it. It was a good meeting. I bore my testimony, it was very brief as it always is, but I always fell happier for doing so. Harold, Hope, Holman, Morton, Alf and myself were at church. Holman and Morton were fairly good. My foot is not bad tonight but I am resting it against tomorrow. Eva, Bob and the children came home to dinner today.

Mar. 5, 1931, Monday evening was Ward officers meeting. I went to the chapel early and watched the 2nd ward choir practice. I am proud to see Harold in the choir. Hope asked if I would mind if she stopped going to the choir as she felt out of place with no girls of her own age there, but she still attends the Stake choir. Eva, has joined the 2nd ward choir, she sings Contralls. Harold has a baritone voice. Jack's voice is tenor I think. He has a fine voice, but I can't induce to take up singing in earnest.

Tuesday was Teachers meeting at 2:00 R.S. at 3:00 we had two splendid meetings, well attended. I bore my testimony after meeting we discussed a little comedy in which I am asked to take part. There was no Gen class so I stayed at home and had a lazy evening. I visited Eva before I came home. Alf took me to the talkies in the evening.

Wednesday, I did not go out a snow storm was which turned to a furious blizzard in the evening. It is the first bad weather we have had this winter. It has been fine and mild all the time occasionally a colder day than another and sometimes wind, but a marvelous winter.

Thursday, today has been just a pleasant day chatting, and working with Martha. The little boys stayed home from school as there was no trail through the wet snow. They were good and played with the two little ones. They went to school in the afternoon. Yesterday Eva took a name for me through the Temple. Hope looked after her children.

Mar. 6, 1931, Snowing again today, but not cold. Jack taught me to work out % I need it for the R.S. work. I have been practicing it a lot today so that I will not forget. I went out on Gen work this afternoon at the home of Mrs Jane Bates. I wrote four more generations to her pedigree, such work give me joy. I was pleased with my afternoons work. Martha & Hope are both out tonight. The children are in bed, I am alone with Alf.

Mar. 10, 1931, Sunday, I went to Sunday School. I am glad I went. I had a good time, we all went but Alf. We all went to church in the afternoon. Jack and Martha did not go out all day. Jack had a cold.

Monday, we washed, in the evening, I went to chapel to practice for a little farce, but the actors did not all come. I sang with the choir who were practicing. I sang in the choir 10 years but I feel that my voice is gone and I have other church work which takes my spare time, so I feel justified in dropping it. I have been singing alto lately to rest my voice.

Tuesday, Today next to Sunday the best in the week. R. S. This afternoon. Mrs Payne gave a talk on gardening. I went to Eva's for supper, then to Gen class a wonderful lesson as usual.

Feb. 11, 1931, Practiced for the farce this evening. I think it will go off well. All the women were there today. It is colder today than it has been all the winter.

Feb. 20, 1931, The farce went off very well and we all enjoyed it. I have been asked to take part in another early next month. In the evening of the 17th of March while the dance was on and everybody happy. Alf, who had gone a way earlier, came back and told me Morton, had cut himself on barbed wire and to come home and bring Doctor Wolfe who was at the dance. We came home and the doctor hurried the child off to hospital and put stitches in the wound. Which was very deep, he will always have a scar. Hope was alone with Morton when he cut himself. She bathed it as well as she could and phoned for Harold who left the Poole Hall in someone's charge and ran home. He poured consecrated oil on the child's head and prayed over him. The

ugly wound is healing marvelously quick and the boy suffers no pain. We all agree that the faith of the children is rewarded and their prayers answered. Then Martha came home and sent for Alf. The doctor said it should have been stitched up two hours before.

Just now we are sewing a neighbor's boy for stealing our wood. It is not for the value of the wood or any anger at the boy who is badly raised, but we hope to put a stop to thefts that has been going on for the part three years, and to make the parents teach the boys better. The boy is not likely to be harmed, he may be frightened. It is the parents who are wrong, the case come off today.

Bob has lost his job, it is bad for him, he has no plans for the future. Alf, has handed him an agency for nursery stuff. He may take it, they are badly fixed just now. Jack and Martha are still with us.

(Spoke at Gen at Hartley. Went fo a trip and spoke on Gen, Orton the Opera. Fathers death 30 Nov 1930)

Pres. Wood advised us all to save all vegetables we could get, flour in and all the provisions we could. We took the advice and we are very glad of it. Our family has been very large this winter, now Bob and Eva may need what help we can give them.

Our greenhouse is planted and seeds are coming up. Jack has built a rustic playhouse for the children and a summer house to match. Our garden will be lovely this year.

April 2, 1931, Morton's wound has healed well.

We allowed the wood theft to drop the magistrate well reprimanded the boy and his father, it may do some good.

Bob is canvassing for a seed merchant. He is earning enough to keep things going. Bob has great faith in prayer, he does his duty in every way he can. His good example is a blessing to us all.

April 11, 1931, Thursday, I took baby Milly to the Temple to be administered to, as her ears had been running, as they often do. Bob anointed her and Patriarch Anderson gave her a blessing. In it shw as told that by the faith of her parents and by the administering of physicians she would grow out of it.

I was also anointed and blessed. Bob, anointing and Bro. Anderson blessed me, he told me. By my faith I will not be discouraged at the opposing influencenes that are at work against me. That the Lord was pleased with my faith and integrity. Promised me faith and courage to overcome the opposition. The Lord will condescend to answer my prayers. The Lord loved me in my persistence.

April 23, 1931, Jack left Cardston for Calgary yesterday. I have heard from Harold. He seems happy and he likes the people eh is working for.

We have had some very cold weather lately. Last night all our young cabbage froze stiff. In the eight frames Alf had built for the cabbage. I got up and called the children around me and we prayed that God would save our cabbage as we were counting on the sale of them to keep us past the summer. About an hour and a half later Alf sent Morton in to say that the frost had gone out of the cabbage. I am thankful to God for the testimony it will always be for the children.

May 3, 1931, Yesterday and today was conference, Apostle Rudger Clawson was visiting at conference. I went to the R. S. Meeting yesterday morning. I much enjoyed the meeting, some slight changes are to be made in the R. S. Teachers will meet privately with President and Secretary to give referrals and the R. S. colors are changed from yellow and white to blue and gold.

I went to conference in the afternoon, and this afternoon also I would like to have gone to more meetings, but if I come home I can not go to two meetings in one day. My feet are not strong enough, I suffer with fallen arches.

A general fast and prayer meeting has been called because of the bad condition of the world, so much poverty, trade depression, lack of employment etc., also to pray for our crops and for rain. Asked everybody to come to meeting that day.

Bob, Eva and family are living on a farm about 4 miles from here. I miss them being near me. Velma is staying with us so she can go to school. She is even a good little girl, it is a pleasure to have her. Morton spent the weekend with them. Bob and Eva came in to conference today and brought him back.

Last Thursday I thought the children were playing outside in the lot, but when I went to call them they were gone. After a lot of searching, Hope found them far over the hills. They were trying to walk to Eva's place by a short cut. We are thankful that we found them as it would have been so bad if they had been lost in the dark on the hills. They were Holman, Rowe, Velma and Morton.

May 14, 1931, In the 5th I had a very busy day. I did 43 baptisms in the temple, then at 2:00 teachers meeting, 3:00 R.S. meeting. I then visited with Sis Schow and went with her to the Gen Class. I did not go home all day.

On the 11th We had a travelogue at R.S. I was asked to impersonate France and the Channel Islands. I dressed in the costume of a Jersey Peasant woman, and talked of Sherbourg France, and the Channel Islands. I was amused at the sister impersonating England she said there was not special costume to wear, but "I brought me umbrella."

On the 4th I went R.S. teaching in the evening. In the afternoon, I went to the soldiers memorial and attended a tree planting. The 1st and 2nd ward R.S. and the stake board Kimble and each planted a tree in memory of the fathers of the Confederation.

Yesterday 13th our little dog Nicky broke his leg rather badly and had to be shot, we were sorry as we are very fond of our dogs, and if it were not for paying licence I would keep three or four. I did some genealogical work at Mrs Ben Wood this evening.

June 29, 1931, I have not written for a long while, so much has happened, work and worry.

The town paid us compensation for Morton's hurt as it was though neglect of the town that the wire was across the pathway. 4 acres of land adjoining ours for grazing, and some cash in all valued about 300 dollars.

Owing to the bad trade we could not pay rent of the Poole Hall, so the landlord seized the Poole tables etc., and barbers furniture. Alf, had a lot of trouble trying to get his barber tools etc released, but he succeeded and at last he has opened a small barber shop to of the town. The expenses are small and he is cutting the prices and I think we will get along now fairly well. I acknowledge the Lord's hand in all this as I have prayed for years that we get out of the Poole Hall for all our sakes, it has been a worry, but I expect it will be a blessing.

Alf has now began to pay tithing, I am delighted. It has always grieved me that he would not keep that law.

Our big dog Scout has to be killed. He has a bad wound on his hip that will not heal, and he is very sick. Our last cat has left us, so now we have on pets at all.

Last Thursday Bro and Sister Gerand Brown was given a farewell party. I was asked to entertain. I gathered a group together and we gave the people a kind of jingle by me, it made a lot of fun. The Thursday before, I took part in some tableaux. I representing children and mamas of 40 years ago. Last Friday I went to the Waterton Lakes with the Old Folks outing as an entertainer. The grandeur of the mountains are bewildering to me. I can not grasp the beauty of them. We ad a good time.

Relief Society has closed for the summer as well as the Genealogical lessons. I am glad of the rest, but will welcome the meetings again.

The children are home from school, the boys have passed. Hope does not know yet if she has passed.

April 22, 1932, I really7 feel ashamed to have neglected writing; the record but I wont again. I have just encouraged Hope to start a diary, she promised to start Monday, when she has a book. Hope passed school alright.

Morton started school when the rest went back and so did his little nephew Dale. Morton was sent home because he was too young, but they finally allowed him to start. Both the little boys are doing well. Holman has been bringing home bad reports. We are afraid he will fail this year. He will not study although, as his teacher says he has the ability.

The winter has been long and cold, but we have had lots of fun, as the 2nd ward has been put on a budget, and we have had lots of dances, plays and parties. Alf, has learned to dance and greatly enjoys it. Business has been very bad, there is a great depression all over the world. We were about the first to feel it here in Cardston. Alf, ran a Poole Hall and we lost it, as amusements are the first to go in times of poverty. Alf, opened a little barber shop and cut the prices so we are living and paying our way, but, it is hard. We all have coughs and colds just now I am a little better. So are Hope and the boys, but Alf seems to be just getting it. I hope he will not be bad, he always has had a cough.

Harold worked in the mountains as cook to a road gang during the winter. He has come home a big broad, shuffling fellow. He has always coughed the same as his father, it is said that Alf's grandfather Samuel Salway also had a cough, he lived to a fine old age. Harold is now teaching this evening, it is terrible slushy, it has rained and snowed for three days. My little boys have stayed away from school the last two days. I am afraid the wet may make their colds worse. They have been fairly good for boys. Oh, but it is a good thing that I have a sense of humor, you need it to bring up boys.

I am doing well in the Relief Society Secretary work. I have not done much in the Genealogical work for the Society, my own research work is getting very interesting, but I must write more of this next time.

April 23, 1932, About three years ago I wrote to the Genealogical Society of Utah, asking if they had any of my names in the library. They told me that they had none. A year ago I joined the Society and once again had them search for names and they were able to trace the "Mallet" name down 1170 in Jersey C.I. (My father's mother was a Mallet). Later they found another book and found in it a branch of the family going back to from 1000 or 1050 in England.

I had heard of a man by name of "Rowe" (my father's name) who lived in Provo Utah, who was interested in the Rowe genealogy. I wrote to him, but received no answer and thought that he was not interested, but about a year after, I received a letter from him from Cardiff Wales, he had taken my letter with him and asked me for more information as he thought we might be relatives as his people were on the borders of Wales and mine in Devonshire and he would search for me. I sent him all the information I have of the Rowe family and also of the "Thomas" family as his grandfather had married a "Thomas" and my mother was Miss Thomas. I have also got in touch with two descendants of the Rowe family of Utah but as yet, with no visible results. I have been told in a blessing that I would be a savior in my father's family and only lately have I been able to get any real success in research for his names. I feel that it will not be long now before I am able to enter the Temple. I believe Alf is thinking more about it lately, although he never speaks of it.

Today has been very uneventful. I still feel out of sorts with the flu, it has been two weeks for the boys to go out. They have been as good as it is possible for three boys to be under the circumstances. When Alf, left home this morning he was not at all well. He never gives in unless he must, hi is ashamed to be ill.

Wed. 27th, I got the "Flu" that is real excuse for not writing. I want to write about a great joy that came to me on Monday. I had, had a mistake in my "Green" genealogy that has puzzled me for years. But, Monday I decided to try again to get it right, while rummaging through old papers, I found an odd slip of paper on which was written "grandfather a Baptist Minister had brother Samuel." That was just the information I wanted. I found that I had put my Great grandfather as a child to his own brother John, or a John who might be a brother. I will write how I came by that slip of paper. My good mother would not give me any information for genealogical work and once or twice I got her talking about her family and Eva would listened and with a paper and pencil in her hands under the table write what information, might be useful and so we cheated poor mother, but one day she will be thankful for it. I got more joy out of this work than out of anything else, but what will be my joy when the Lord opens up the way for us to enter the Temple.

Holman, has just got into trouble because he was afraid to fight a boy, but I would far rather he has the pluck to say no to tobacco and drink. Fighting does not make a man. Moral courage is the only true courage that really means anything. God help my children to have moral courage.

May 1, 1932, Harold went to a funeral Friday and hear Pres Wood relate his dream.

He dreamed that Patriarch Hinman who had been dead some years, appeared to him, while dying Bro. Hinman had promised to visit Pres Wood as soon as he could. He told him this night that he had been too busy to come before. Pres Wood asked him if he had seen Adam and others. Bro. Hinman said "have you ever seen the King of England." Then went on to say that he had not been working anywhere near Adam. Bro. Wood asked him why he had come. He said he could not say but Pres. Wood would know soon. Patriarch Hinman went away, but returned again and Pres Wood asked him who he had come for, he said that Pres Wood would soon know.

I still have the Flu so has Alf. I wish it would pass off. Alf and I decided that Hope had better give up school, we think it is better for her, more suited to her nature. I would not say this of all children, she cried a little, but I think she hated to give up the fun at school, not the education so much, she is 16 years old and know little of domestic work and sewing.

It is conference time, I could not go. I have very rarely missed conference since I have been in Cardston. Harold has been to all meetings he sings in the choir. He has a fine baritone voice.

May 9, 1932, Still got the Flu, it seems to have come to stay. Alf, is still bad too, it has been a trying week but it has brought great joy. Our R.S. President had given me charge over the R.S. teachers. It is my duty also to visit every district with them. Friday I visited Sis No's and had a

nice time. Saturday I remade a hat for a sister, she paid me 50 cents for the work. It was my first time earning money that way, but we are having a rough time just now. Most people are. I bought some stockings with the money. Sunday Alf, went to Priesthood meeting as usual and when we were ready to go to Church in the afternoon, he told me that the Bishop was going to recommend him for and Elder next Priesthood meeting. Alf, has not been smoking lately. This was wonderful new to me. I have been praying for this for 29 years. The next thing will be to go through the Temple. Jack smokes, I wonder if we can get him sealed to us. Our neighbor Mrs. J. Leishman asked if she can stand proxy for my dead Milly when we are sealed. I have agreed, I am going to start getting our Temple outfit together.

Today I am going teaching with district No. 2

A copy of a letter written to my mother. An account of a storm we had in Cardston May 21, 1932

I am going to tell you of a dreadful storm we had here Saturday, but first I must tell you that we are all well, even Holman who has found to get into mischief and our losses are only 50 dollars and they might easily have been 400, a neighbor says that his losses amount to 1000, we got of lucky.

Saturday morning was bright and warm. I wore a summer coat. I was selling plants in the shop they were going well, and Alf, was having a fairly good Saturday in his shop across the road, when the sky darkened and it began to thunder. Alf, called me to look at the heavy clouds at the East, then we heard hail on the back windows and went to the front to look at it. To my surprise a hail stone fell at my feet the size of a small walnut. Then they fell larger and thicker until they were running down the pavement of the hill like as if someone was emptying bags of giant marbles on top of the hill. We knew that our garden would be spoiled but we did not know to what extent. The hail began to swish down in such force that the spray rose up from the ground like a fog about 12 feet or more high. Windows began to smash every where on the North and East side of the buildings and water poured through the shop and out the front door. When the hail stopped and the rain was not so bad we went into the street, what a wreck the whole street was a torrent Main Street lies at the bottom of the town, and all the water from the top of the town had poured into it and the lane at the back of the shops, cars were pulled about by horses, several cars had sank in the mud where they had been standing. Alf's shop was three inches in water. Men were wading up to their calves in water to cross the street. Three stores had the water rushing through them from the back and out in front like water rushing through a mill. They propped one building up with telephone poles, as it was thought that the foundations would give way, and a man up to his knees in water, was watching that nobody would pass under, as there were the usual number of small boys about. The mail wagon passed and finding the entrance to the P.O. blocked by a stranded car. He began to through the mail bags into my shop. I could not get home, I was marooned as the water poured around the corner top of the street and out of the shops down the street. So when the mail man had his mails safely in the P.O. he fetched one and a few other cast-a-ways and took us home. But what a sight met my eyes, the

water had covered our garden and the house was standing in a lake. The horses had to wade through water up to their bellies across the grade to get me home.

July 24, 1932, I ceased to copy mothers letter and it was sent to her. I will continue the story as I can remember it. As soon as I arrived Hope told me that Holman had gone out just before the storm and had not returned. I was afraid harm had come to him, he is so venturesome and the creek was so dangerous when Harold and Alf came home they went out to look for him and found him at last at 11 at night. He had found his way to a neighbor up the hill wet through and she had stripped him, dressed him in a suit of her boys underwear and put him to bed. The relief was so great that we had no desire to grieve over the havoc of the storm. We lost about 50 dollars very little glass was broken, our loss was largely cabbage plants that we were growing for sale.

One of the most joyful happenings of my life took place between May the 1st and today. I think it is the most joyful thin I have yet experienced after I have been praying for 29 years, my dear husband has been made an Elder, on the 29 of May, two weeks before that he told me he was going to be recommended at Priesthood meeting. I had not expected it yet that night I had to pray that I might feel calmer, my joy was so great it was almost painful, what mush the joy be when we are no longer hampered by mortal body.

May 29, 1932, Today Alf, was set apart as an Elder and Eva and family came home to dinner to celebrate it.
--

The Relief Society are going to reorganize, I don't know if I want to be secretary again, but I won't refuse if I am asked. So I feel I must boey all calls for church work as a mission, but I find the arithmetic work very tiresome, as I had such a poor education.

On the 24 of May, Jack's boy was born, they have named him Alfred Barlow Helm after Alf and my dead Alfie. Barlow after Jack and Helm, Martha's maiden name. A lot of names for a little man, but they please me very much. I think it is so dear of them to name their children to please me like they have.

About two weeks ago Alf, hurt his leg playing with the children, it got worse and he could not get to the shop as he could not straighten it out to walk. The knee was out of joint, often a week away from the shop. The doctor put it right for him, he is alright now. But I had to do the work for him at the shop. I found that I had not forgotten the work and we are buying a chair for me to help him with the work buys days. We will get more work as many go out when the shop is full.

We hope to get out Endowments in November, the gospel entered our families on the 4th of November when I was baptized, so we thought it would be nice if we entered the Temple about that date. We are both grieved that Jack can not come with us, but I feel that he will come some day.

Oct 6, 1932, November 4th has passed but Alf does not feel ready to enter the temple yet, but I am willing to wait until he is quite ready. It is too important a matter to make a mistake about.

We bought the barber chair and I have been working in the shop for several Saturdays. The men say nice things about my work and my new venture is quite a success we think.

Alf has been taken on the genealogical committee and he is a ward teacher, he is very conscientiously in his work and does it faithfully. It give me great joy to see him working in the church.

Harold has bought a shoemakers outfit and is trying to earn a living at Glenwood. He has been there about two weeks, so many men are out of work that he decided to make his own job.

Jack, Martha and their children are in Calgary. Hope and the three youngest boys are back at school.

We have had a very nice Sunday today. I have enjoyed the meetings very much.

Rowe lost Hope's shoes that he was bringing home from the shoemakers, and poor Hope has only a very shabby pair to wear. We are praying to have them returned as it will be hard to buy more just now.

Feb 23, 1933, I have not written for some time, and that is the happiest time of my life. First I must sell of the return of Hope's shoes, the morning after they were lost, Hope wondered if she should go to Sunday School with her old shoes, and we decided that if we wanted our prayers answered we must show that we are willing to do our duty even if we must wear old shoes to do it. So we went to Sunday School. When we reached the bridge a green wagon was crossing it and I was prompted to speak to the driver. I stopped him and told him about the shoes and that they were lost in a green wagon going south, the same direction in which he was traveling. Rowe had taken a ride in the wagon and got out at the top of the road leaving the shoes in the wagon. The man was rather amused at my story, but said that if he heard anything about them he would tell me or let me know.

Next day we had a phone message the shoes were found. Wednesday they were brought in. The driver of the wagon on the bridge was the son of the man who had the shoes.

We entered the Temple on the 8 of Feb, 1933. Harold also got his Endowments that day and all the children were sealed to us but Jack. I am sorry he is not ready, but I am not grieving, as I know our prayers will be answered and he will be sealed to us. I have done endowments for five dead sisters not of my line, but I have some of my own names now, a few. I hope soon to get more. Eva and Bob have done all my work up to now. I have had very great joy in the Temple work. My greatest happiness is to have Alf going through the same session. He is only able to go once a week, on Wednesday afternoons. Last Wednesday he was sealed to his father and mother, and his father was sealed to his parents. Alf, acting for his grandfather Samuel Salway

and I acted for the grandmother Mary Agland and I received a manifestation that she was there. I did not see her, but I know she was there.

I had been very weak for some months before we went to the Temple. I was doing very little housework and only the lightest. I could not sweep the floor without lying down afterwards. I thought that Hope must leave school to help me, but I was completely healed in the Temple and I have been well ever since.

I went out with the missionaries Thursday, we had a good time, but I think I would rather have attended the Temple sessions. I am longing for next Wednesday when I can go to the Temple again.

June 26, 1933, It is a long time since I wrote, but what a busy time. I never miss a Temple session that I can possibly go to, it gives me great joy. I have never been so happy in my life. Early in the spring, Alf, and I were called on a Temple Mission to attend Temple once a week for three months. We have not missed a week yet. Although Alf, had found it hard to leave his garden, on his only afternoon free from the shop. Harold has attended quite a number of sessions, and our work is getting done quickly.

In the spring Alf, told me I could have all the rhubarb money for genealogical work, up to now. I have sold about seven dollars worth. I have also sold a few artichokes, flower roots, and asparagus, with the money. I have bought my Temple clothes (I had been wearing Eva's) and sent six dollars to the gen' society of Utah for research on the Mallet line and for Preliminary analysis of Alf's pedigree. I have had 73 Mallet names from the gen' society, but as yet we are not connected up although the society has not doubt that they are my people. I have had great joy in finding one whom I believe to be my ancestor Robert Green on a chart that goes back direct to Adam. I have one or two links to fill in before I can prove it, but I have very little doubt, as Robert was of the same little town as my relatives came from. It will cost very little to connect up, I suppose. But money is hard to get and I must spend where I can get the most work to do the Temple. I am 51 years old, if I live to 70 that will only be 20 years of temple work. If I am able to work that time, for this is my mission. I have written letters to my relatives, but very few get answered, so perhaps I will have to spend to get the information I ask for. My cousin Clara Barker Veall, told me some useful things on the Rowe line, one interesting item. That an old relative of my Fathers, has Aunt "Poll" was still alive aged 97. I have written to her son but up to now has had no answer, we have all been well/this summer, and have had good news of all relatives away. My dear old Mother, has just written, that she has been to an old folks party where she was awarded. The beauty prize, she wrote quite an amusing letter about it. She is very lonely. I wish she could work with one in the temple, but she knows nothing about the temple. How deeply grateful I am to Our Heavenly Father, that I was taught the gospel, and brought out here to work in the Church and Temple.

Sept. 7, 1933, I have had no answer to the letter I wrote to the relative of old Aunt Poll, so I have sent \$5.00 to the genealogical Society and asked them to do the research of the "Rowe" line for

me, I am waiting results. I also sent Alf's pedigree for a Preliminary Analysis, they have had it a long time, I will surely get it back soon. The children go back to school tomorrow, I am so glad two months is a long time for children out of school, it is hard to watch them and keep them out of mischief.

The Temple has been closed for six weeks, but it will open again soon. I am longing to work there again, Harold has left Cardston and is working outside of Calgary. He will miss the Temple he loves it so, and if Bob gets names of his own as he expects to do, I will have no one to do my mens names, as Alf has his own. Last winter Eva's son Dale was hit in the eye with a hockey puck, and just lately we have discovered that he is nearly blind in that eye.

Martha has been to see us with her two children, we had not seen little Alfie, he is very sweet they are both very dear children.

Sunday the boys were left alone in the evening when Alf returned the boys, had all the chicken in the kitchen resting on the chair backs. The chairs were on the table, and the boys were searching with laughter to see the expressions of the sleepy indignant fowls.

Sept. 9, 1933, I wrote to Mother and Harold and told them both about the fowls.

I went to the Temple yesterday, it had been closed for cleaning. I helped to clean it, it was hard work, but I enjoyed it. I polished the benches and wood work and chairs in the assembly room. Mrs Mary Hudson helped me.

Some people had traveled from Washington B. C. To get their endowments and their two daughters sealed to them, and they found on their arrival, that the temple was closed. They were bitterly disappointed, but President Wood opened the Temple a week sooner for their sakes. They helped to clean the Temple the day before, it was a lovely session, only 37 there as it was not generally known that there was a session. I get great joy from Temple work, in making preparations to go back to the Temple, I felt like a child going to a picnic. My mother has sent us a news paper of Bourmouth but no letter, she never liked writing. She hardly even went to school. Father used to write for her.

I helped Alf in the shop today, business is very poor, and we need so much for the winter.

Dec. 12, 1933, Since writing last many things of importance has happened, but I am afraid I can only remember a few. Harold went away to find work, his object was to get to Vancouver BC. He took the road, getting rides when he could and I believe he did very well He bore his testimony of the Gospel every opportunity he had. He has written to tell us about. I have written his letter in my black book. I am very proud of him. He found employment on workman's camp for unemployed, it is hard that our boys must leave home to get work.

Business has been very bad this winter, nearly all Alf's schemes to earn money seem to fail. He started to sell frozen fish, but it is hard to get the money to buy it and keep the home as well. But in spite of that, I think it is the happiest year we have had.

Last Tuesday the 9th the Relief Society gave a social in honor of the retiring officers and we were presented with gifts. I was given a nice purse in navy blue calf, it matches my coat. I am very proud of it. This social gave me great pleasure on my way home, I had reason to go into the News office of which David O Wight is the owner, he is the President of the Stake Board Genealogical Committee. He asked me to accept an office in the Temple to help the people register the work they do there. I am very proud to be asked to do this and I enjoyed the work very much on Wednesday and Thursday. I am a Temple worker I feel it a great honor, something was said to me that causes me to think that I will be asked to join the Stake Committee, I hope that is so.

I have accepted the office of Magazine agent for the 2nd ward Relief Society. I am also a district teacher, Martha Leishman is my companion, we have happy times visiting.

I have got a Boston Bull dog, she is about six months old and we have all got very fond of her. To mention this as I have always wanted a bulldog.

Wednesday when going through the Temple the name "Emma Broxton" came to my mind. Who is Emma Broxton, I thought. Then I remembered that Alf's brother Sam married "Emma Broxton." Then I felt impelled to pray for her, next day I put her name on the prayer roll and had joy in doing it. I feel this was of the spirit. Emma or Emmie as we always call her, has been a sufferer for many years with rheumatism. I wonder why I was so impressed to pray for her. I had never prayed for her individually before and seldom thought of her.

Just before Christmas Rowe and I went to Calgary to see Jack. My letter announcing my visit had not reached him yet, so I was unexpected, we were made very welcome and stayed there a week, and had a good time. Jack, is a good man but he is careless as regards the gospel. He married out of the Church, but Martha is a good girl and I feel that it will all come right some day. Martha can not teach their children the restored Gospel. I thank God that the rest of our children have been sealed to us.

Dec. 17, 1933, I have just returned from the Temple, it was a big session over 120 were there. I had to get help for the Registration work. I have been in the Temple all day, it makes me very happy to be there and the spirit of the Temple stays with me all the week. Everthing was well at home during my absence.

25 Jan 1936, It is a long time sincid I wrote in my journal, such a lot has happened since then. I have been very ill, my nerves broke down. Eva took me to her home, to nurse me, I was in bed for six weeks, I have not been strong since, there is so much work and trouble with the boys.

Hope looked after me very well and took a lot off my shoulders. But she got married to Lloyd John Penell about three months ago. That has left me alone, but Alf does a lot, and the boys help, but they also make a lot of work.

On the 22 Oct 1935. The Patriarch Anderson gave the people a blessing in sacrament Meeting, he told us that if we lived our religion we would have peace in our homes, and prosperity to all, that those who are sick would be healed, and our righteous desires would be granted. I thought a lot about this and that night I prayed and promised God that I would live my religion better if he would give me a blessing, the next morning I was so much better that I was able to do all my work, and I am getting better all the time. I hope that I do not forget my promise to my Heavenly Father as time goes on.

I have had some good luck with my genealogical work. I have now about 2,000 names not all on my straight lines, but no doubt they are my own people.

I have taken a three year course in genealogy, I am now a qualified genealogist and committeeman. I am now able to earn a little at the work, and to help others quite a lot. I am not longer registering at the temple, as they said that I had quite enough to do with the genealogical work, that anybody could do the registration work. I was hurt at first as I love the work. But now I feel that Gods hand was in it, as I can do much more good.

I will try to write oftener in my journal, now I have a typewriter.

My mother died on the 5th of Jan 1936, I received the news two days ago.

27 Jan 1936, Yesterday was conference Sunday, I did not go out at all on Saturday. There had been a very bad snow storm and it is a long way to the tabernacle from home. I was sorry not to attend the stake board union meeting Saturday. It is the secon time I have missed in two yers, so that is not so bad. We had a fine meeting in the afternoon of Sunday, the bell has gone wrong on my typewriter. That spoils my margins. I was too kind to the children and let them play with the machine. I have been washing today and I am tired, so that is why I am typing. I hate to be doing nothing.

31 Jan 1936, I have been to the temple the last two days. As usual, I was very busy, as people ask me for advice on genealogical matters, I am very porud to think that I can be useful in this work. I am employed by tow or three people who cannot do this work for themselves, and help a lot who do not pay me. This unselfish work pleases me best. But, it is necessary for me to earn a little for my own genealogical work.

Today has been very uneventful. When I had finished my house work, I made out some temple sheets for Sis. Ana Aldridge and wrote a letter for her and one for brother Ellison. I am sending back some sheets to the library at Salt Lake for him and some for Sisters Aldrige and Holms, to the bureau.

Tonight Dad is going to help me to clean our sitting room as I cannot clean the ceiling and the top of the walls. Holman, is going to a dance.

1 Feb 1936, Dad helped with the cleaning, and the room looks much better, he is now missing bread. He is getting quite interested in the housework.

It is very cold today, last night it was 30 below, so, I have heard.

This is February, it is quite an eventful month to us. I was born on the 12th. Eva on the 26th, I was married on the 14th, the first time, one the 8th in the temple, therefore we make the 8th of Feb our Temple day or as near as possible to it. The children do baptisms the same week. I have a lot of names for them to do this time, I will try to get permission for Morton to go this year, then I will have Holman, Morton, Rowe, Dale and Velma and if possible Lloyd to baptize them, but I have to ask permission of the temple before, I can send such a crowd to the temple.

Velma, visited me yesterday, she brought her genealogical work with her to try the typewriter, she typed a sheet for baptism and endowments and did it well. She was very proud to take it home to show her people.

4 Feb 1936, Sunday was fast meeting and we forgot to fast, not often we have done that. It was very cold and I think that was why we forgot, but we did not eat any dinner.

It was a very inspiring meeting. The bishop asked the young people to bear their testimonies about nine of them did so, among them was Lloyd, he had a testimony of the gospel, he spoke of his love for the temple, he wished to live in Cardston so that he could attend as often as possible.

Monday was a gen day for me. I had just started washing when Sis. Janet Richards arrived to consult me about her work and give me some names to put in her record. After she left Martha Leishman came with her records and asked me to write some letters for her. Her work is easy and very interesting, I think that I am on the track of a ped, for her back to the days of William the Conqueror, I also wrote another letter on another line. When she had gone, Bro. Joseph Ellison came, he was a long time here and we had a very interesting conversation on gen. and his mission experiences, I also wrote a letter for him, to his daughter asking her to go to the library in Calgary to do research for him.

Today the children went to the temple, and Lloyd baptized them, they took about 150 names, Velma and her cousin, Ruth Earl di my names and some of her own.

6 Feb 1936, I went to the temple yesterday. It was about 20 below zero. I got very cold going, but I came back across the creek. It is a shorter cut, and I got home before, I got cold. But today it is much colder, 30 below all day. Tomorrow is Cardston 2nd ward day, the bishop has sent his son with an offer to take me there in his car if I will go tomorrow. I don't know what to do.

There is not school and it might be dangerous to leave the boys alone with the fires all day. I will talk to Alf about it.

It is so cold in the other rooms that we are living in the little sitting room, and tonight we will have two beds there.

8 Feb 1936, It has not been so cold today, but still very cold. It has been ten above so the children say, there has been a wind and the kitchen fire has burned better.

I was feeling pretty nervy, having the children all at home and all in one room is very tiresome. So they went out, Holman to the hospital and the others to the show, they have just come home very cold, asking me if different parts were not frozen, but they were alright. I managed to get my work fairly done up today, and have been practicing the typewriter most of the afternoon. I am getting on slowly but surely, I have also done a little to a hooked run, I have began to make, because I am afraid I might get rather obsessed with genealogy. I do not want to get one-sided.

I wrote to Harold last night, I do wish he would come home, at least a good deal nearer, so as we could see him some times.

11 Feb 1936, I was not feeling well yesterday so I decided to wash in the evening and Dad would help me, but it was so cold when he came home, that I waited until today. I felt better today and did the work. Mrs. Leishman came in on her way to the Relief Society to see if I was going, but I was too busy, she came in on her return, and told me about the meeting, and I wished that I had been able to go. IT was about 20 below zero and it would not have done to leave Morton home with the fires, and to cold to take him out.

Hope and Lloyd visited with us yesterday, it is so nice for them to come. They had dinner with us and stayed until dark. Eva was feeling a little better so they were able to come. We had a nice meeting Sunday, Holman and I went.

I do wish this cold snap would stop, our coal pile is getting very small, but I know that more will come if we are faithful. The cold makes business very bad. People cannot come in from the country, and nobody wanted their hair cut anyway.

April 1936, I have not written since February. The extreme cold I mentioned then lasted a month. Then Alf fell ill with the shingles. He suffered great pain before he was better. I broke down again, and had to take to bed. This added to my worry, especially as Alf, had to get back to the shop again, and he was totally unfit. I had no one but Morton to help me, and he was so good, but I was helpless. Our good neighbor Martha Leishman would come in to help a little. As soon as Hope could leave, Eva came to me. But the troubles of the home was too much for me and I became seriously ill. The Relief Society hearing how things were with us, sent me to a private nursing home and here I am getting on well. I hope to leave her Thursday, that will be

three weeks that I have been here. I do not know what I will do next as I felt that the home is yet too much for me. But I feel that God will help me, so I don not worry, but I try to plan.

The boys have been good, so I am told and every thing at home is well. Alf, is getting strong again. I will be so glad to get back to them again. Hope has been looking after them, poor little bride, her first month of married life has been spent in nursing the sick.

12 Aug 1946, It is ten years since I last wrote in this book. What a lot mush have happened in that time. I cannot remember only the gigh lights, so a lot of interesting and herhaps faith promoting things are lost. Last night I got the book out and read it over. I sat reading until quite late. I found the story of my own life so interesting and inspiring. I read how the Lord had helped me, the faith he gave me. I read of my good friends, and many wonderful things I had forgotten.

Today I received a letter from Joseph Fielding Smith in answer to a letter I had written to him asking about the right way to wear the Temple Garments, here is a copy of his letter.

Dear Sister:

Answering your questions I will say that I do not like to discuss garments by mail, but will say that the garment is to come below the knee and have at least a short sleeve. Anyone giving instructions to the contrary is teaching false doctrine. Satan is teaching our people to mutilate the garment.

Your bishop will have definite instructions on this matter.

Sincerely Yours
Joseph Fielding Smith

It is just the letter I wanted. I have been bewildered to see the many women who are prominent in the church wearing their garments improperly. I thought that there was a new rule, I had not hear of.

To try to give a brief sketch of the last ten years.

Harold was married to Eunice Sherwood, daughter of Arther and Melissa (Bennett) Sherwood in 1933. He volunteered in the 2nd great war in 1940 his son Harold Sherwood Salway was born 9 June 1980 about three weeks before Harold sailed for overseas.

Holman had already joined the engineers. Harold and Holman sailed on the same ship. I prayed to our Father and told Him that I had brought my family to this country to escape the troubles of the last days. Now my boys were going back. I asked Him to protect them and keep them safe as if they were in Zion. He did so for my boys went over, and came back safely. Harold had many narrow escapes in England. Holman went through the Italian campaign and then to Belgium and

Holland. Some of the most dangerous battles. He had volunteered for special engineers duty of Advance Engineer. One of the most dangerous jobs of the war, and his only trouble was a punctured ear drum. Although his friends were killed all around them. Rowe was in a London air raid and his ear drum was burst, it had always been weak. Morton got to England about V-E Day (Victory in Europe day). Volunteered for the Pacific war, and got home about V. J. Day (Victory over Japan Day) so he never got into war at all.

13 Aug My eyes are not very well tonight so I will just write the doings of the day.

I went down to Harold's shop today where I do the sewing, mending, and altering for him. The money I earn this way is to be used in my work for the dead. I have just sent \$200.00 to a genealogist. Sherwood in London fo research on my fathers name, Rowe.

At eight this evening, I went to the home of Pres and Sis Orcuth where we commenced a study group on the Church Welfare. Had a good time, but it will be better as we get used to it. We forgot to open with prayer, but will do so next time we meet in the home of Martha Leishman.

I showed Pres. Smiths letter to several people but they are not as enthusiastic over it contents as I am.

14 Aug, Today was the old Folks party. We were very much amused to be invited, the age is 65 as Alf is 67, we were invited on our first old folks party. We all met at the social center and went away in various cars to Waterton Lakes. Our driver was Eldon Card, as we had time he drove us a long way on the Old Chief Mountain Road. We then drove to the dance hall and there had a good lunch and a program. Afterward a dance, our group did not care to stay for the dance so we drove around the town and on several mountain roads, then to the Waterton Hotel. We entered the lower floor of this lively place, it is very beautiful and very expensive. Bought some picture post cards there and sent one each to my brother (I am so glad I have someone of my own again) Dot and Milly. I have more cards to send to others of the family. We then drove home, picked up our bicycles at Harold's and arrived home tired but happy and contented with our nice day. Dad has gone to post as he does every night, it is raining after a long drought. I am so glad for our garden, but they say the farmers do not want it now as the grain will shell.

Our cat has four kittens, our children says it would not seem like home if there were not kittens about, we have always at least on cat and one dog.

16 Aug, Today has been very busy. I had my hair shampooed and waved. I was so long in the beauty parlor that I was unable to get home to dinner and then to work at one o'clock. So I phoned to Alf that we would have dinner at six, he was quite willing, so I had a bowl of celery water (named soup) and a piece of pie in a restaurant. I dislike restaurant food. During the morning Eva went to our home to rest. They were building in Harold's place and the noise was to much for as she is recovering form a breakdown. I was sorry I was away from home, but she rested all day. It was good for her. Bob came to dinner with me at 6:00 then took her home. I

had a pleasant time working in the afternoon at Harold's, the girls are so pleasant and nice, and accept me as one of themselves. We are a happy staff, because Harold is a wise boss. After Eva had gone, Alf and I put up four quarts of sauerkraut. Then I made up 5 boxes of test glasses to send away to people who have applied for them. We sell glasses by mail (spectacles) it is a profitable business. I get a quarter of the takings, for making up the boxes and typing for Alf. But it is now our slack season, and now after family prayer I am writing.

27 Aug, My life has been ordinary the last few days. We had a letter from Emma Brotorn Salway. The wife of Alf's eldest brother Samuel. She has been bed ridden for many years with arthritis. I think she writes of the hard times they are going through in England, the rationing is so hard for them. We had sent them a pound of tea and it was very acceptable. They are not in the Church, so I felt it no wrong to send them tea.

Today I have been to the plant and quite enjoyed my sewing and the pleasant company. I am not used to the different kinds of sewing that comes in. Today, I had to put a zipper on a new pair of pants, once I put a zipper on the wrong side of a dress. It was sent out but we have heard nothing about it. Zippers bother me, but difficulties always intrigue me.

Saturday we had a flower show in Cardston. We did not show anything, although we would have taken several prizes if we had. The heat tired me so, I felt I could not be bothered carrying the stuff so far, I am a bit sorry now because our stuff was good.

I am bottling 12 qts apples tonight. Yesterday was Conference, it was crowded and hot. I had to sit with the choir as there was no other seat, but I could not hear well.

I have opened this book again tonight, to say that Holman has phoned to say he is getting married and his sweetheart Ellen spoke to me also. She is not in the church, but I pray God, Holman may make no mistake. God will answer my prayers. I am going to phone the news to Eva and Harold now.

26 Sept 1947, Holman and Ellen have a baby boy a few weeks old, named Melvin Carl.

I had dropped writing again, I always make myself so busy. I tire before I can get to write, during the last year I became very weak on the verge of another breakdown, but after a rest and a change, I returned home quite well again. We have been remodeling the home, changing the kitchen from South to North, putting large windows in both South and North. Built a large hall at the front door and the house is to be stuccoed in a few days. I still sew for Harold, the work does not bother me now. I am quite an old hand at it. Bob and Eva gave us two beautiful light globes to hang in the kitchen and living room.

My genealogists in England have found me for pairs of grandparents.

