Harold A. Salway

SALWAY FAMILY HISTORY

Harold's friend, a soldier,
Harold Salway

My early memories are of Bovington Camp near Poole Dorset England. I have no real memories of Dad except as a man who appeared once or twice from the war and was away again. It was not until he met us in Cardston that I came to know my father. I remember well my Grandfather and Grandmother Rowe as I spent much time crossing the narrow lane from our home in back of the Green Hut to their home in back of the watchmakers shop that my Grandfather owned. Grandmother burned a pot of blackberry jam one day, and being the frugal kind, she gave it to me to eat. They owned a little trap (a sort of lightweight two-wheeled buggy) drawn by Rodney the pony. It still brings me a warm feeling of exhilaration to remember the rides I took with them in this little cart.

Mother and Eva ran the barbershop. I recall wondering why the men couldn't wash their own faces instead of coming to mother to have them washed. And a strange way of washing it was, with soap spread on the face with a brush and then scraped off. There were three soldiers, "Tommies," and an officer in the barbershop one day. The Tommies gave up their turns to the officer. Mother put the gown around him and was ready to start cutting his hair, when he asked, "I shan't catch anything, shall I?" "Not in this shop, you won't," said mother as she whipped the gown off him. "Next, please." The Tommies were very amused as the chagrined officer left the shop.

I recall Mother and Eva excitedly talking about the dances that were held from time to time in camp. One in particular was a fancy dress ball and I think it was Mother who wore a bird's nest in her hair with a stuffed crow in the nest. I think Eva was dressed in seaweed although it doesn't make sense to me today. I don't think I would want to dance with a girl in a slimy seaweed costume. On another occasion Eva had a rose or some other blossom pinned to her waist and when a soldier she was dancing with annoyed her she turned suddenly from him and the soldier got his wrist badly scratched with the hat pin at her waist.

About this time I recall going to a concert where a lovely lady sang a song that must have intrigued me as I was trying to learn to read. I still remember the tune and the words of that song, Only You. A few years ago I heard this song on a radio program featuring old songs and was very pleased to find that my childish memory was correct.

Charlie Chaplin was very popular and I remember seeing a number of films featuring him, mostly with Charlie in the trenches.

On Sundays Mother would conduct a Sunday school in our home. Several soldiers would attend. One activity was taking turns reading from the scriptures. I couldn't read but I wanted to and with Mother reading each word and me repeating it, I was taking part.

The Green Hut did not boast indoor plumbing but rather a garden path with a little building at the end. There were always newspapers to be found there. Mother relates arriving there to find it occupied one day by a little boy who was reading the paper. I can recall the incident in part. Mother says that after I had been make believe reading for awhile, that I began to cry. I would be about seven years old at this time and had not been to school. Mother says that it was because of my bad nerves that I was not sent to school.

I did go to school one day with Millie and Jack to a place called Morton. I recall the three-mile walk but that was all I remember. On another occasion I attended school for one day at Wool, the town where Millie and Alfie were buried. I recall the classroom and the sun streaming in through the windows. I recall the recess or lunch period when, as a very lonely little boy, I played outside the school yard at a small stream running back and forth across the bridge dropping in sticks and leaves and watching them come out the other side. On returning to class after the break, I learned that I should not have gone out of the schoolyard. I remember no more of schooling in England.

Jack was my big brother but so much bigger that we had nothing in common except that he would make air planes and set them out to dry and I would find them and try to fly them. Mother told a story of Jack returning home from a Scout meeting wearing his uniform with the Scout hat and short pants. It was raining very hard and Jack was wearing a khaki trench coat. Jack was pushing his bicycle up a hill when a soldier came and offered to push his bike for him. Upon arriving at the top of the hill, Jack learned that the soldier thought he was a Waac (a girl soldier). The wet Scout hat looked like a Waac's hat. In great disgust Jack is reported to have remarked, "I am no Waac." He mounted his bike and rode home.

Another story of this period involves Millie. She was wearing a pair of bloomers and while climbing a tree, she slipped and fell. As she fell the bloomers caught on a broken limb and she hung helpless in the air. Her comment on being rescued was that she was in a "very peculiar predicament." Mother says that thereafter that tree was known as "Millie's predicament tree."

Being in a Military camp there were not many families and so there were not many children to play with. I do recall a pretty black-haired girl that I played with for several weeks. One day we spent our time talking to the fairies. I thought it stupid to talk to trees (the fairies lived in the breaks in the tree trunks where the sap ran out.) But she was company and I did not want to spoil things. I recall another afternoon when mother took me for a very special walk in the woods. I didn't fully know at the time what mother was trying to tell me. Millie had died and she was trying to help me understand.

One of the officers owned a Great Dane. He was very vicious. I wandered into his kennel one day and was playing with him. The men were afraid for me but also afraid to come near the dog to get me. They decided that it was better for me to be left alone since the dog seemed to accept me.

It was about this time that the family went for a trip in a Gypsy caravan. We were being pulled by a horse when we started, as I recall, but before the trip was through it was a steam engine that was providing locomotion. Jack recalls that dad did not go with the family on this trip and at the last minute Jack stayed home with him.

I recall a family outing to Weymouth Cove. Dad was with us. I climbed a hill overlooking the water. There were little boats in the cove and people all over the beach.

Elder James Gunn McKay, the brother of President David 0. McKay, was the Mission President in England at this time—he and another elder visited Bovington Camp. I was baptised a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints along with two soldiers who had attended Mother's Sunday School. It was a beautiful spot; trees overhanging the little river; a footbridge overlooking the spot where those witnessing the ordinances stood.

About this time there was a sports day held. Complete with a parade and sports. Mother had made Jack a pair of swimming trunks for the occasion. The swimmers lined up on the bridge. The signal for the start was given. The contestants dove into the river. Jack came up without his trunks. He did not win the race.

Another boy my age and I were dressed up as Uncle Tom and Aunt Liza. Aunt Liza carried a rag doll. We won the prize. There was no prize planned for couples so Liza was awarded first prize and Uncle Tom won second prize. My prize was a box of crayons and a colouring book.

The war was over. Dad was home. He did not stay home very long but left for Canada. There was a temple being built in Cardston and it was Mother's dream to live in Zion near a temple. Dad arrived in Cardston and quickly found a job barbering in one of the two pool halls in town. (A pool hall in those days was the special den of Satan.) He made friends with several English immigrants including Harry Phipps, who ran a bakery and confectionery store. Harry was a big wheel in Cardston; he served on the town

council for as long as I can remember. He was the man who was always against whatever everyone else wanted to do. There was Art Henson, who taught music lessons and taught at school and taught the school band. There was Bert Cure, a painter, and Brother Atterton, who ran the Photo Studio. Brother Atterton had two sons, Clem and Frank. Clem had eyes for Eva and they courted for awhile. Frank and I sat in the bass section of the choir Art Henson conducted. During church services Frank taught me how to write backwards so that the writing could be read in a mirror. Frank used this skill in his photography.

About a year after dad had gone to Canada, mother sold the business and arranged for us to emigrate. We said goodbye to Bovington Camp and travelled by train to Southampton. Before going on board the GRAMPIAN, Mother took us to a dockside restaurant for a meal. It consisted of faggots and peas. Faggots were made of ground up meat and probably bread and other things wrapped in some sort of membrane and cooked. These were served on the plate with a generous serving of green peas and the whole smothered with gravy. I don't know whether the food was really that good or if I was particularly hungry.

The boat trip lasted for eleven days, four days longer than expected. It was a rough trip and there was much seasickness. Jack had to take care of the family because he was not as sick as the rest of us. We were travelling third class. There were two large dining rooms in the third class level furnished with several very long tables. Meals were served in two sittings. Jack usually sat next to mother but for some reason another man slipped into the seat next to her and Jack was left standing. About this time we had been passing through a lot of icebergs and a few other ships. It always created excitement whenever another ship was sighted. Mother, thinking to trick the man into standing up so that Jack could slip into his seat, jumped up and looked out the porthole a moment, then tapped the man on the shoulder. He jumped up to look, others nearby jumped up, everyone nearby jumped up, and the diners in the other dining room jumped up and ran to the portholes on mother's side of the ship. The sailors and the steward came running, the cooks came running, and the diners waiting for the next sitting came running. Jack became so caught up in the excitement that he forgot to get his seat back.

Eva remembers the crude facilities aboard the Grampian. The toilets consisted of boards over rushing seawater, a very scary experience.

One day a sparrow that had been travelling with the ship allowed itself to get too far astern and when it tried to fly back to the ship against the wind it just seemed to stand still no matter how hard it flew. The people on the boat soon became aware of the little bird's problem but there was nothing they could do but pray. Everyone stood there watching and little by little the bird made headway and finally, with one last effort, landed on the rail. There was a sigh of relief and much subdued happiness. I am sure everyone felt like sending up a resounding cheer but they were afraid to frighten the little bird into flight again.

We landed in Canada about the middle of September. After much moving from place to place at the dock we finally boarded a Canadian Pacific train to Alberta. It was a special immigrant train. Comfort and services were minimal. We ate, lived and slept in the car. The seats folded down into beds and overhead were wood slatted bunks that folded down for more beds. Curtains provided privacy. There was a little stove in the corner where some cooking was accomplished and where baby bottles were warmed. The immigrant train had to take to sidings every time a faster freight train or passenger train wanted to pass us. At one of these stops Jack climbed over the fence to gather some of the pretty boughs and colourful maple leaves. Jack got some distance from the train so when the whistle blew Jack had to run for it. He had trouble getting through the fence and the spectators on board the moving train were giving him encouragement. Much out of breath, he jumped on and delivered the boughs to mother.

The train stopped at a small town permitting the passengers to replenish their supplies. Most of the people had returned to the train and the whistle blew for the start just as a young man with five ice cream cones in each hand came dashing from a shop. Holding them high over his head and running for all his worth he dashed for the train to the delight of the passengers already aboard.

We arrived in Cardston late one evening after travelling for more than a week. The regular passenger trains made the trip in five days. Dad had rented a large white house on the South Hill. Brother Jacobs, a lawyer and member of the Stake Presidency lived next door. His son Zebbi and I became fast friends. Next to Jacobs lived the Browns. Emmett Brown was also my age, and Zebbi, Emmett and I played together a good deal. Emmett's pesky little brother, Victor, later became known as Victor L. Brown, the Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Several years later, Zebbi and I went skating. Zebbi was not feeling well and spent most of the time sitting on the bank. He became quite sick and had to be taken home. That night he died from pneumonia. This was my first real confrontation with death.

Sometime in October I started school. I was still wearing the short pants I wore in England, much to the amusement of the other kids and much to my discomfort. I was the green English kid. I started school in grade one, some six weeks behind the other children. That first six weeks that I missed cost me some of the basics in reading and writing that plagued me for years of schooling. I was eight years old and my classmates were five and six. Jack also started school but I do not know of the problems he must have had in adjusting to a new system.

About a year after arriving in Cardston, dad bought an old two-room log house. Complete with bedbugs. They would hide during the day in the layers of newspaper and wallpaper that lined the house. At night they would come out and feast on us. We finally had the house fumigated. Dad built a two-room addition on the front of the old log portion and connected the two with a sort of hall. The roof in this part of the addition always did leak. It was dad’s plan to tear down the log house and replace it with another new portion. It never happened. There was no running water in that part of town so a

well about 60 feet from the house provided the water. Each spring the area would be under flood water and the well would become polluted. After the flood dried up we would have to pump the well out and clean out the mud that had settled on the bottom. The well was only about twenty feet deep but it provided lots of water.

A privy some seventy-five feet from the house provided for our intimate needs. It was a chilling experience to contemplate a trip on a blizzard winter night. In the spring it had to be cleaned out. That was one job I had difficulty in liking. I tried to make myself like doing whatever job I was involved in. The only thing I could like about that job was the completion of the filthy task. I finally persuaded dad to dig a new hole each year and move the privy, then bury the other hole.

Dad built a barn and bought a cow. We always had pigs and chickens. The chickens would roost in the barn and keep warm from the heat of the cow. I would take a candle with me when I went to the barn in the early morning to milk. The cow would be festooned with chickens. I had to chase the chickens away before I could sit down to milk. One day I touched a chickens tail with the flame of the candle. Her tail exploded into flame. The chicken went into action, flying away from the holocaust in the rear, her wings fanning furiously, put the fire out and the hen settled quietly some place else. It worked so well with that first chicken that I tried another and another until they were all gone from off the cows back. Mother, on seeing the tail-less chickens, figured that the Brindle cow had eaten the chickens' tails (Brindle cows were noted for eating anything.) I saw no reason to enlighten her.

One year, dad was going to make his fortune raising pigs. Shortly after moving into the new house dad purchased a landlocked half-acre touching our lot. The lower portion was too sandy to raise a garden, so he fenced it in and bought fifty wiener pigs. Those pigs did not like staying penned up and all summer the strident call would ring out: "The pigs are out." We would all stop whatever we were doing and herd the pigs back to their fenced-in yard. I learned very quickly that the only way to drive a pig through a gate was to try to drive him away from it. Laying a trail of pig feed into the gate helped. For those who were too smart for that, the best way to get them back was to pick them up, squeals and wiggles and all, and drop them over the fence. Once in the pen, they would shake themselves and trot off as if that were really where they had wanted to be all along. As soon as the pigs were rounded up I had to search the fence to find the hole and try to repair it.

One little runt we never could keep in the pen. He became the family pet. Mother was sure he had a keen sense of humour. On one occasion he got hold of mother's clothes pin bag. He would give it a shake over his head and when mother came to rescue it, he would turn, run out of distance, stop, shake the bag and run again with mother in hot pursuit. This went on until all the clothes pins were out of the bag. He then lost interest in the game and dropped the bag.

One year, dad brought home an orphan lamb. We bottle fed it and had visions of lamb chops. Like the pig she became a family pet and would follow anyone anywhere. She adopted my yellow dog Scout, much to his annoyance. One day in trying to get away from her, Scout had crossed the creek. When Scout came home the lamb was not going to cross the creek again and remained on the far bank bleating all afternoon until I was home from school and mother sent me out to the rescue.

Dad had made a good business deal and gave mother fifty dollars to go to Lethbridge and get herself a new outfit. After a glorious day of shopping and wearing her new finery, complete with coat, shoes, purse and hat, she returned to town in late afternoon. It was a busy day in town and looking down the main street she spied a lamb on the sidewalk. 'That's a strange place for a lamb to be,' thought mother. 'It looks very much like our lamb.' Then, to her horror, she knew that it was her lamb for there was a very dirty little boy that she had to own. There she was, fine clothes, dirty little boy by the hand, and a frisky lamb dancing circles around them all the way through Main Street.

When the time came for the lamb to be butchered no one had to heart to eat it. She was therefore given to Walt Pitcher who put her with his flock. Instead of running with the flock she preferred to spend her time around his house and sleeping on the front porch at night.

During these few years mother had blessed our family with three Canadians. Holman, the first of the trio, was a beautiful, sweet little boy. When he learned to speak he spoke in very clear and precise language, much to the delight of his older sister, Eva. Holman changed his name to Gino while in the Army and it finally settled into Gene. Rowe came next, a happy chubby little fellow. (He ended up being called Rick.) And finally Morton was born, who became known as Monty.

I asked Rowe (Rick) to tell me some of the events that he remembered, as I was away from home while they were growing up. He replied that mother was not well, she was having a nervous breakdown caused by the strain of raising three boys. Whenever mother was annoyed with someone, the worst she could wish on them was that they would have three boys in a row.

One Christmas dad bought the boys a wagon and two tricycles. This would have been quite a sacrifice, for money never did come easy during the depression years. For some reason, known only to small boys, they had tied a rope to the toys and hauled them to the top of the barn. There they were allowed, on purpose or by accident, to roll down off the barn roof. How many times the toys made the trip we can only guess. Rick says he shudders to this day when he remembers the look on dad's face when he saw the carnage.

Christmas meant the arrival of Auntie Dot's parcel. Every year so long as she lived we looked forward to Auntie Dot's parcel. (Auntie Dot was dad's sister). It would always come in a tin biscuit box sewn into a protective cloth cover. There would be a

gift for every member of the family. In one of the last boxes there was a beautiful tablecloth for Eunice and I. That first box contained a collection of marbles for me. There were commies and agates and glassies. A glassie was worth three agates and an agate was worth five commies. Only babies played with commies.

Marble playing became a major interest in my young life. We played several different games. The favourite was ringers. This was played with a ring about five feet in circumference. It was a real art to draw a perfectly round ring. It was done with a certain co-ordination between the hand and a shuffling movement of the feet. I was an expert and could inscribe a ring up to ten or more feet in diameter by this technique. Once the ring was drawn, a mound of dirt was formed in the middle, about one half inch high by approximately one inch wide and several inches long, depending on the number of marbles to go in the ring. The order of shooting was determined by lag, the closest to the line going first. He would place the shooter on the point of the knuckle and the tip of the forefinger, releasing it with great force and accuracy toward the marbles. The idea was to knock a marble out of the ring and have your shooter remain near the other marbles in the centre of the ring. You could then go on shooting as long as you could knock a marble out of the ring and still stay in the ring. A shooter that would spin in place rather than roll away from the other marbles was a treasure.

Another game, usually played by boys who were not yet good enough to play ringers was played by forming a rectangle about two inches by six inches. The marbles would be put into this rectangle. Play began about twenty feet away from the marbles. The object was to knock a marble out of the rectangle or at least get the closest to the marbles so that you could have first shot.

Another favourite game was poison. The girls would often join in this game and my sister Hope became quite an expert at poison. The poison area consisted in a level area of ground with five holes, four in line and the fifth off to the side. Play started by going from hole one to hole five then back to hole one, which was known as the poison hole. A player reaching poison was now "Poison." If he hit an opponent's marble, that player had to give him a marble and start over again. A player who was poison could travel in any direction, while the other players could only go forward. If both players became Poison, the one hitting the other won the game and both would start again. If more than two were playing, only the player killed would start over.

I had a very fine area just outside the fence where we played poison by the hour. One day, mother wanted me to empty the ashes from the kitchen stove. I was engrossed in marble playing and, true to form, when I was engrossed in something I did not like distractions. In time mother became exasperated with me and took the hot ashes out of the stove herself and scattered them all over my marble area.

Some boys were good sports; others were not. One boy who was a very good player and I were the last to leave the schoolyard. Normally we would never play together, we were not in the same class. We played and in time he won all my marbles.

Then, in a token of real sportsmanship that endeared him to my boyish heart, he reached in his pocket and gave me more marbles than he had won from me. This boy, George Wolfe, became a world famous jockey.

One year I received a sleigh for Christmas. Not an ordinary sled but a five foot one—a coaster sled, with narrow tracks, that was steered by hand levers which bent the steel runners enough to make it manoeuvrable. I was lying on my sled Christmas morning trying out the steering mechanism. Mother saw me and imagined that I was imagining myself going down a great hill. I protested that I was only trying out the steering. The South Hill was about a mile and a half long from the top to the bridge over Lee's Creek. In the winter the traffic on the hill would pack the snow and the Chinook winds would thaw it partly and then the frosts would freeze it again. A light snowfall over this would turn the South Hill into the most glorious sleigh ride imaginable. Hundreds of kids from all over town would gather at the hill and there would be a steady stream of kids or all ages pulling sleds to the top and racing to the bottom. Since I have become a motorist, I wonder how they put up with the kids. On one occasion when conditions were perfect, I was racing down the hill with another boy lying on my back to give greater speed. It was snowing and I had to keep my head down to keep the snow from dashing into my eyes, only glancing up occasionally to check the road. At top speed I glanced up to see a car advancing up the hill directly in front of me. I don't know how but I lurched my body and threw myself, the boy on my back and the sleigh off the road and onto the shoulder, just as the car went by. After a few years this sport on the hill was stopped. I guess there were too many close calls like mine. I don't think there ever was a serious accident but the potential was surely there.

Sometime after we had moved into the new house, and during a very cold winter, I came home during the lunch hour to find that a parcel had arrived from the mail order house, T. Eaton's, and that there were two pairs of fleece-lined underwear for me in it. I went into the front room near the stove and stripped and put on a pair of warm, snugly underwear. I'll never forget the warm embrace of my first fleece-lined underwear.

Mother and dad had joined a theatrical company in England prior to the war and had taken part in a number of plays. After arriving in Cardston they were much in demand at various theatrical evenings. I remember one one-act play that mother had written. It was a detective story involving some poisoned milk. All I can remember of it was the bed in the middle of the stage and it seemed that the players all took turns jumping into the bed to hide only to find that someone else was already hiding in it. In the last scene with one person in the bed, two more approached, one from each side, and jumped into the bed and it collapsed. It must have been funny; the laughter was so great there was little opportunity for dialogue.

Mother was very good at monologues. She would write her own material, taking liberally from the works of others. The only gag I remember was the parade in which her little Johnny was marching and she proudly noted that all the boys were out of step but her Johnny. She wrote several plays on Church themes, some of which were produced.

Feeding a family the size of ours required continuous planning and effort. Many times dad would sit in the barber shop waiting to cut enough heads of hair so that he could buy a piece of meat to take home. Frequently it would be a couple of pounds of liver and a bone for the dog. The dog never got the bone until after it had been thoroughly boiled in the soup pot. Breakfast usually consisted of rolled oat porridge or cracked wheat. Sometimes we had Sonny Boy, cereal and another favourite was Germaid, a less refined form of the present, popular Cream of Wheat. These porridges were served with fresh milk or milk with clotted cream added. We always had a cow, sometimes two. First thing every morning the cow had to be milked then driven about a mile through Main Street to the town herd. There they were pastured all day on the Indian Reservation and in the evening returned to the corral where the boys gathered to separate their cows from the herd and drive them through the main street, mingling with the cars and wagons, to the barns for the evening milking. Most people who had a cow would have a few milk customers and the fresh milk would be put into a Rogers Syrup can, the milk filled to the level of the ears to make one quart, and delivered on the way to work or school for ten cents a quart.

Some mornings there would be bacon cured from our own pigs. Dad was all business when it came to curing the bacon—cutting, trimming and rubbing the saltpetre into the slabs to cure. That was real bacon. A flock of chickens provided eggs and meat. They would run loose, except when the garden was growing.

Dinner was usually a pot of cabbage soup, supported by thick slabs of home-made bread and home-made butter. Supper was generally a meal with several vegetables and a little meat. Enough to flavour a thick gravy. When there was no meat the gravy was made from drippings saved from previous roasts.

The Sunday dinner was the special of the week. Dad always managed to bring home a roast on Saturday night. He would cook the Sunday dinner complete with roast potatoes, English-style, peeled and cut up and roasted in the pan with the meat. Carrots and cabbage and, of course, Yorkshire pudding. All served with the most delicious gravy ever made by man.

Dessert was usually fruit that had been put up by mother or Eva some time before, or rhubarb pie. Rice and raisin pudding was a favourite but best of all was bread pudding. It had raisins, carrots and other fruits in it and was served with a lemon sauce as if it were a Christmas plum pudding.

Since there was no running water in those days a constant supply of hot water for use in the kitchen was provided by a large reservoir attached to the side of the kitchen stove. It was the chore of the boys to keep an eye on the level of water in the reservoir and make frequent trips to the well for more water. On one very cold and stormy day Jack had been reminded that the reservoir was empty. Jack did not want to budge from the cosy warmth of the kitchen. Finally he shouted to himself, "Legs, stand up. Feet, move. Hands, pick up that bucket. Who’s the boss, anyway?"

On another occasion when the reservoir needed filling I was outside playing in the warm sunshine. Mum came out and asked that I fill the reservoir for her. I was intent on my play and did not want to be disturbed. In a spurt of rebellion I turned to mother and said, "No." Mother stood a moment, looked at me and said one word, "Harold." She turned and walked into the house. Oh, the shame and the hurt at that rebuke. I wasted no time in filling that reservoir. Never again did I say no, to my mother.

In the spring and summer months we added various salads to our diet. Dandelion greens were a favourite. The early crop of pig weeds provided a most delicious green and the tender tips of stinging nettles made a welcome addition to the cabbage soups. As I grew older I would spend considerable time during the gardening season in the vegetable garden. Dad spent most of his time with the flowers. He dug a root cellar near the house and every fall he would fill it with vegetables. Beets, carrots, rutabagas, cabbages and several kinds of potatoes. There were potatoes for roasting, potatoes for use in soup, potatoes for boiling and potatoes for baking. Dad knew the qualities of each.

During the winter after a blizzard we would have to go out and dig a big snowdrift away from over the door to the root cellar so that we could get the vegetables we needed. It was always so nice and warm down there no matter how cold it was outside. In later years dad built a new root cellar on a side hill and positioned it so that the west wind would blow the snow away from the door, thus eliminating the need to dig out the snowdrift.

Mother would never let dad smoke in the house. In the summertime he would go to the green house; in the winter when it was too cold he would go to the cellar.

About the end of August each year the county would have an Agricultural Fair. Every year dad would enter in nearly every division of flowers and vegetables. The prizes were not big but dad always figured on winning enough in prize money to outfit us for school. His sweet peas were just the finest I have ever seen. A short time before the fair he would pick all the sweet pea blossoms off so that the day of the fair there would be a new crop of fresh blooms. I can remember him watching the weather on an overcast day before the fair wondering if he would have any blooms to exhibit. One year, dad went all out to win as many prizes as possible. He wandered along the roadsides and gathered oats and grains of all kinds. He gathered the various varieties of grasses that were cultivated in the area for hay and pasturage. He gathered clovers and sweet clover and alfalfa from the creek bank. Then he arranged these for display and, along with his fine vegetables and flower display, he went to the fair. He won nearly every prize there was. Next year dad did the same thing but the judges were waiting for him and ignored his entries, giving him second or third place or none at all.

The other exhibitors and the visitors recognised what had happened and were very disturbed by it. Dad was furious. The next year dad did not enter and the show was a total flop. The following year there were so few entries that, that part of the show closed down. I have to admit that dad showing grains and grasses that he had scrounged from

the roadsides bordered on the unethical so far as the professional farmers were concerned.

Through the summer holidays and on Saturdays during the gardening season I was always assigned some gardening to do before I could play. The other boys in the neighbourhood were free all the time it seemed to me. I usually managed to have several boys working along side of me, so that I could go with them on some boyish adventure. The digging and the hoeing I didn't mind so much, as I could work fast at that and get it done, but the weeding and the thinning were a different matter.

I always enjoyed the harvesting when there was a touch of winter in the air and we worked with coats on to beat the cold. Sometimes we had to dig potatoes in the snow. We usually ended up by raking the potato vines and other leaves into a large pile and having a bonfire. We would put potatoes in the fire to bake. All the neighbour kids joined in and when the fire burned down we would dig potatoes out of the embers, peel off the burned skin and have a feast.

Every Spring there was a February thaw and I would pick out a piece of land near the barn where there was lots of barnyard manure to enrich the soil and make it easy to work; I would dig this patch up and plant early potatoes. Generally, the March freeze-up would delay their development but I would always have early potatoes to sell at least two or three weeks before anyone else and could demand a good price for them, usually five or six cents a pound.

Before the days of electric washing machines there were some pretty good hand-powered washing machines on the market. The latest that we had was a wooden tub with a mechanical device with a long handle and a stirrup for the foot close to the ground. Grasping the handle, putting your foot in the stirrup, and pushing it back and forth operated the machine. The gears caused a dolly inside the machine to work the clothes around and back through the water. Each load required fifteen minutes of operation. If there was more than one person helping with the wash a tub would be set up, usually on the top of the stove to keep the water hot, and they would be pre-washed with what was called a vacuum washer. It consisted of a large inverted funnel with a broom handle stuck into the small end.

Rowe was assigned to work the vacuum washer one day and Holman stuck his head in the door and seeing his brother hard at work, asked, "Is you doing it cheerfully, willingly?" Without looking up or missing a stroke, Rowe responded, "Amen." Mother says the boys had a prayer that ended much like that.

We came home one day and found Holman throwing bread into the water in the rain barrel. Mother, with much irritation, wanted to know what in the world he was doing wasting bread like that. He looked up and with sweet calm, replied, "I'm casting my bread upon the waters."

When Bob and Eva got married they were farming eighty acres in Glenwood. At first it was dry farming and he would raise wheat. It was a next year country. Next year there would be a good crop. Next year the prices would be better. Always next year. Once in awhile there would be a next year and the farmers would make enough to pay off all their debts and start over again. I don't think Bob ever reached next year. When they put the irrigation ditches onto Bob's land he went into sugar beets. A sugar beet factory had been built at Raymond and farmers for miles around were urged to supply them with beets. I was about 12 or 13 years old at the time and I went to stay with Bob and Eva to help him thin his beets. Those rows were awfully long, the sun was awfully hot and the days would never end.

Our water supply was the irrigation ditch that ran by the house. The water was always warm and did not taste too good. To make matters worse there were little white bugs swimming about in the water. One day I was left at home to take care of the children. I was terribly thirsty. I wanted a drink yet I could not bring myself to drink the water. In desperation I got a glass of water, went to the sugar bowl and put a teaspoon of sugar into the water and started to drink it just as Eva came home. She noted the undissolved sugar in my glass and started to cry. The little sugar in the bowl was all the sugar they had and there was no money to buy more.

Bob tried farming for one more year then moved to Cardston to open a shoe repair shop. There was a four-foot space between two buildings with a roof over it. He rented the space and started advertising. I was helping him. I put a long pole out from the wall about eight feet above the sidewalk and suspended all the old shoes I could find from the pole. Some of them were low enough that passers-by had to duck around them. People soon learned that Bob was there. The police found out too and I had to take my pole down and use more conservative advertising methods.

Across the street from the old home was a rambling stone house. It had not always been a stone house. Henry Hoyt, a cabinetmaker from the old country had come to Canada to make his fortune and then sent for the sweetheart he had left behind. He bought the log house on the creek bank and started out to make it worthy of the girl who would be his bride. His skill as a cabinetmaker went into the beautiful wood panelling that lined almost all the interior of the house. He built cabinets with inlay and stained glass. He made chandeliers to match. He built wonderful solid oak furniture. The rocking chairs were perfectly balanced. The years went by and his sweetheart did not come. Henry kept on building, adding additions. Then with the help of a small handcart he starting hauling cobalt stones from the creek and covering the logs with stone. Next he put on a wide veranda on the east and south sides of the house. His next project was to close in the veranda and in between the stone pillars he put glass walls all finished in skilfully worked glass panels.

Henry worked at Waterton Lakes for several years on the Prince of Wales Hotel, returning to his house only during the winter months. When he was home and working

on the place time meant nothing to him. He would work all day or night and drop to sleep in a chair then have something to eat and go on with his work.

While he was away, as an adventurous boy, I discovered a hole under the house that led into a cellar. I crawled through and discovered the wonders. After that I spent many wonderful hours wandering about the beautiful home. Henry had taken out a subscription in a publishing house for miniature books. There were hundreds of them. They covered just about every subject imaginable. I would sit in Henry's comfortable chairs and read by the hour. I gained quite an education.

One summer Henry had a large carbuncle on the back of his neck. He could not treat it himself so would come twice a day to mother, who would bath it and dress it for him. After several days mother felt it would be wise if she were not alone in the house with him so often, so twice a day Sister Leishman would come to visit mother about the time Henry came for his treatments. Henry died a bachelor.

After his death the house stood empty until the Rotary Club bought it as a clubhouse. A Belgian couple, the Belgraves, moved in to take care of it for the Rotary Club.

When Eunice and I were married there were so many guests that we had to have the wedding supper in two sittings. During the first sitting I got word that friends had plans to chivary us. I was to have been taken to Glenwood and Eunice to the Lease country. Never one to take things without a fight, I said to Eunice, "After the first sitting of dinner, let's take a little walk in the garden." We met an uncle on the way out and he wanted to know where we were going and we responded with, "Oh, we want to be alone for just a few minutes," and passed on down the hill and out of sight. As soon as we were out of sight, Eunice gathered her long wedding dress around her and hand in hand we ran over the creek bank up the creek to the old stone house. We quickly opened the door and entered, not taking the time to knock. We explained as best we could what the situation was—their understanding of English was limited.

We spent our wedding night in the old stone house with a big, burly Belgian standing guard with a pick axe handle. We could see the lights of the searchers from the windows but we were safe and sound. We sent word to dad to bring us some things we needed for the night and when he came to the house he feared he would be crowned with a pick axe handle. That house has fond memories.

Mr. Iby had a variety store on the east side of Main street. It burned one night, leaving burned toys and store fixtures all mixed up with the remains of the building. Dad made a deal with Mr. Iby for the remains of the building. He had the charred lumber torn down and loaded on a wagon and hauled to our place. I was given the job of cutting it all up into firewood. The job kept me busy for a long time. I would saw with my right hand and when it got tired I would put the saw into my left hand and keep right on. I am sure mother had a lot of uncomplimentary things to say about that dirty burned wood. She

would have had to wash her hands every time she touched it. I was black all the time I worked on it. There was one blessing however that came to me from that sawing. I developed two strong arms and strong shoulders. I was never much for fighting but my punch was pretty powerful. I got the nickname of slugger after that.

Providing fuel for the fire in those days required much time and money. Each fall dad would put in a supply of Lethbridge coal. The coal from Beazer or Leavitt was much softer and left a lot of ash. It was much cheaper and we were happy to burn it. Occasionally I would gather dried buffalo chips to burn. During my years away from home, when things got really rough, the younger boys had to spend considerable time in the summer turning the partly dried buffalo chips over to complete drying them, gather them, and stack then near the house for future use. Rick says they hated that job.

Dad bought me a horse we named Kit. Then he purchased a small wagon. I don't remember using the horse to work on our own place but every spring I made pretty good money cleaning up people's yards. There was no garbage collection in those days in small towns and most people simply tossed their garbage and ashes from the stove and furnace in a pile in the back yard. I would canvas the town and get jobs cleaning up the yards.

A few years later, while I was in Eastern Canada, the boys staked the horse near the creek to eat the lush grass. They forgot to look after her. I don't know how long she was tied up there but in a desperate attempt to reach the water for a drink (it was only inches out of reach) she slipped on the bank, twisted her neck and died, her nose near the water.

My physical health was always pretty good but my nerves were bad. I had St. Vitas Dance for awhile, causing jerking movements of my head. This also brought on severe stammering. One year I was taken out of school in the early spring and I had a glorious time riding Kit over the hills with Scout, my faithful yellow dog, as companion. The year before I played hooky from school for three weeks. I would start out with the other kids then slip off by myself, then when it was time to come home I rejoined them. At the end of that time I wrote my own excuse, claiming that I had been helping my brother-in-law unload grain.

I had one teacher who didn't just let things go, Mrs. Leavitt. I had not completed my homework for several days and was taken to the Gym during recess for punishment. She strapped me but my! What a technique she had! A whack on the hand followed by a lecture and then another whack. This went on for the full fifteen minutes of recess.

Oz White was the principal of the school, both the grade school and the high school, which at this time were both in the same building. Oz had a bad temper. He was a big, athletic man. The older boys with Jack as the leader made a pact that the next time Oz White laid a hand on any of them that the boys would all together jump him and give him a dose of his own medicine. The occasion arose, one of the boys was getting it. Jack

lit into Oz in defence of the other boy expecting to get help from the others. No help came and Jack took quite a drubbing.

It became a court case, Mr. White was severely reprimanded and the next year quit teaching to take over the local newspaper. Jack too was disciplined. About a week later I was late in getting into line to march into the classroom. We all lined up according to our class. There were several hundred students there. Oz stood me against the brick wall and bumped my head against it. Jack quickly stepped out of line and up to Mr. White. There was a tense moment as Mr. White and Jack looked at each other. Not a breath was drawn in that entire group, I am sure. Finally, Mr. White told me to take my place in line and Jack returned to his place while Mr. White marched us in to our classes.

Jack left school at the end of that year and went into banking with the Royal Bank of Canada. He was doing well and had, had several transfers, which implied advancement. One day he made a mistake and gave a customer too much money. It was the policy of the bank to make the employee responsible for such mistakes, to pay it back out of his own wages. When Jack had paid it off he left banking and travelled to Minot, North Dakota, where he got a job and was doing fine until the authorities caught up with him and sent him back to Canada.

Hope, got into trouble with one of her teachers and was given the strap. Hitting the palm of the hand was acceptable but the woman who had strapped Hope, had hit her on both hands well above the palms onto her wrists. Her wrists were badly bruised as well as several areas on her thigh where she had been hit. When I saw what had happened to my beloved sister I called dad. Dad came home, and when he saw what had happened he took her to see Dr. Wolfe, who was also on the school board. That teacher had her teaching contract abruptly terminated.

Dancing was a very popular pastime in those days. Cardston boasted a very fine dance band. A Mr. Clyde Jones, a very good violin player, had organised it. Bill Laidlaw, who ran a men's clothing store in town, played the piano. One day he played a piano solo in church. He walked to the piano, took the books off, opened up the top to let all the sound out and laid into those keys. Bill was not a member of the Church, neither was the piece of music he played. It must have been the forerunner of hard rock. Clyde had rented the dance hall above the pool hall and ran a dance there every Saturday night. About once a month the church would put on a dance at the school gym. Good Mormons did not go to the public dances.

When Hope, was old enough to attend church dances I was the most proud brother in town. My sister Hope was just the most beautiful girl there was. It was my self-appointed duty to look after her. She quickly became a very good dancer. We enjoyed dancing together. We became quite adept at improvising steps to the music and would go whirling and twirling through the other dancers on the floor. Hope, had dreams of becoming a professional dancer, much to the dismay of mother. Hope, liked to make

up solo dances. One that mother enjoyed was called the Dance of the Mosquitoes. It portrayed a girl being chased by a swarm of mosquitoes.

Someone brought an American oval football to school one day. We had never played the game in Cardston, although it was being introduced in Alberta by some of the larger schools. I had seen a bit of play in the movies and knew that one form of warding off an attacker was with what was called a straight arm. I was quite nimble and fast on my feet and when I got the ball no one could stop me. I would straight arm attackers all the way to the goal every time I got the ball. I was a hero.

About this time the kids wanted to organise the school and have a school president. Nathan Eldon Tanner, the school principal, laid out the ground rules and an election was held. I became the president.

What the boys wanted was a captain for their football team. The school could not afford uniforms and the other necessary equipment required for American football so we ended up playing soccer, the game known as football to the rest of the world. Our first out-of-town game was with the Indian school, five miles away. Art Henson, the music teacher, who was our coach, worked out the details. The day of the game it rained a slow drizzle. The playing field had not been mowed and running in that long wet grass took all the fun out of the game. Once, I broke away with the ball and had a clear field ahead of me. But by the time I had dribbled that soggy ball through that long grass for three-quarters of the field I couldn't have kicked it through the goal even if an Indian player hadn't caught up with me and got the ball away. It was a no score game.

The most popular sport among the boys was fighting. If there was no good reason to start a fight someone would invent one. As soon as the first blow was landed or expected, the call would ring out, "FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!" and all the boys would come on the run and form a circle around the contestants. The teachers tried to stop the fighting but to no avail. Charlie Chessman, a local barber, organised boxing in town and Cardston produced many amateur champions.

About the time that Eva got married dad became very ill. I remember his having what we called coughing spells. He would cough and cough and spit up bloody phlegm. These spells would leave him very weak. He finally went to see Dr. Wolfe who told him he had tuberculosis. Tuberculosis is a very bad disease for anyone to have, particularly for a barber. He had to give up his business. It must have caused dad much concern and no doubt accounted for his long delay in going to see the doctor. Dr. Wolfe sent him to a clinic in Calgary. Before he left home the Bishop and Bob Tagg, Eva's husband, administered to him. He was promised by the Lord that he would get well and be able to return to care for his family.

After a short stay in Calgary he was sent to a Sanatorium in Nelson, B. C. Shortly after his arrival in the Sanatorium his chest was x-rayed again but to the great surprise of the doctors they could find no evidence of active Tuberculosis. There were numerous

scars but nothing more. They kept him at the Sanatorium for some time for observation and further x-rays but they could find no signs of active TB. After about six weeks he was permitted to return home. He never did have any further trouble with that disease and was able to return to barbering.

Nelson has a much more mild climate than the Cardston area. It is a beautiful spot, nestled among the mountains. There were beautiful gardens and orchards everywhere. Dad wanted to move to Nelson, it was a gardener's dream.

Before coming from England to Cardston, Mum and Dad had moved a number of times. Mother refused to move again. She had come to Zion. She was living near the temple. There were church activities that could not be found in Nelson, although there was a small branch of the church there. Dad was very upset but we stayed in Cardston.

One hot, sunny Sunday afternoon the family was in church, that is, all but three boys. Why they were not there, I'll never know, because it was not customary for them not to go to church with the family. I was performing my duty at the organ, working the pump that provided the air. I had inherited the job when old Brother Barrett, an Englishman who stood no more than four feet tall, became too old to do the job. As an ordained teacher, whose services were not needed to pass the Sacrament and not yet ready to officiate at the Sacrament table, I became the organ pumper. In the middle of the service the fire alarm sounded. Someone came in and told the Bishop that the Salway's barn was on fire. The Salway family all quickly got up and left the chapel. All but me—I had a duty to perform. There was nothing that I felt I could do in any case. Next Sunday when everything had settled down, the Bishop complimented me on my devotion to duty. I thought, "Humph."

We tried to find out what had caused the fire. It seems Morton, the youngest, had got hold of some matches and was trying to roast a grasshopper. He was very intrigued with the way they would hop when the heat hit them. Finally the grasshopper he was after landed on the edge of the haystack next to the barn and the first thing they knew the flame suddenly spread all the way up to the top of the haystack. Brigham Card, my intellectual and best friend, was sure that Morton was not the culprit but that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion. At a family reunion many years later Rowe confessed--they had been trying to smoke and the hay caught fire. Morton was exonerated.

Brother Barrett was a wonderful little man. I heard that in England he had been quite active in the church serving as the Branch President prior to his coming to Cardston. The only job he had in the church in Cardston was to pump the organ. As frequently happened in the Cardston area we would have several weeks of drought and the crops would wither in the field. At such times as this President Wood would send out a call for a special Fast Day. That Sunday afternoon it was a beautiful, warm day, not a cloud in the sky, we were fasting and praying for rain. The people were pouring into church dressed in their light dresses and the men, in short sleeves. When up the walk

came Brother Barrett, a raincoat over his arm and carrying an umbrella, on such a fine day. Someone stopped him and laughingly asked him what he was doing with an umbrella. “Well,” was his reply, “we are praying for rain aren't we?” Guess who went home from church without getting drenched to the skin?

President Edward J. Wood was the Stake President and the Temple President. No Stake in Zion had a greater leader. A very spiritual man, who enjoyed the gift of healing and the gift of prophecy and the members and visitors to the temple were the beneficiaries of these wonderful gifts. Every spring, during the Stake conference, not only the members but many of the non-members would attend conference to hear President Wood under inspiration tell the farmers what to plant or how to farm their land.

Year after year his inspirational council would be given. President Wood farmed in Glenwood. His neighbour called him over one day and said to him, "President Wood, “each spring you tell us what to plant but I notice that you don't always take you own advice.” "Well," said President Wood, "sometimes I wonder if I am inspired.”

President Wood always appreciated dad’s work with the flowers and his greenhouses. He always could be counted on for a large order of bedding plants and his gardens were beautiful. I had the opportunity of planting his vegetable gardens for several years and on one occasion when dad was unable to plant his flowers, I was given the job. I had never used chemical fertilisers before. I figured if a little was good than a lot would be better. Most of the plants did okay but I did cause some of them to grow more foliage and less blossoms than was to be expected.

The Depression was getting worse. I was getting bigger. Dad was running a pool hall and I was old enough to help out. I would set pins for the bowlers, sweep up in the morning and look after the pool tables. Sometimes dad would leave me to run the business by myself while he attended to other matters. Dad always had a small shop in the pool hall where he sold cigarettes and candy bars. Mother felt that we could not expect the Lord’s blessings if we sold cigarettes, so that was discontinued. Part of my duties seemed to include making frequent trips to the Chinese shop about half a block away to buy cigarettes for the customers who were playing pool.

As an extra source of income, dad arranged with Gordon Brewerton who ran the theatre, for me to sell salted peanuts to the patrons as they came into the show. I did this for several months and had the opportunity to see all the shows free. One Saturday afternoon they had wrestlers on the stage. I made a killing selling my salted peanuts and pop. The main event was between Val Pilling and a man I can't remember. It seemed that one man had developed a hold known as a head knuckle lock. It consisted of an arm lock about the head with the knuckles vibrated against the temple causing some unpleasant reaction. After much argument it was decided that he could not use his hold if his opponent would not use his scissor hold.

There were three barbershops in town. Charlie Cheesman had his shop in the Cahoon hotel. Dee Card took over a corner store on the next block and Dad had his little shop across the street from the main business area. He charged twenty-five cents for a haircut. The others charged thirty-five cents. Once a month the Indians collected their Treaty money and would flock to town. Dad would cut hair from early morning until late at night bringing home the magnificent sum of about twenty-five dollars. He would have to average a haircut every ten minutes or less. One customer, Walt Pitcher, would come into dad's shop for his monthly haircut and would offer to pay with a fifty-dollar bill. Of course, no barber in town could cash it. Dad was expecting Walt and prepared himself with enough change to cash his fifty-dollar bill. The haircut was complete, Walt produced his fifty-dollar bill. Dad took it and prepared to make change. Walt grabbed his fifty-dollar bill out of dad's hand and gave him the price of the haircut.

For a while, dad owned both pool halls. He sold one; then as times got worse he sold the other. For a while almost any building in town could have been purchased for the taxes.

The creek divided and formed an island in the middle of town. Dad bought this island at least twice. The last time he sold it, it was to the town, who turned it into a park. They strung electric wires all through the park. After a year or two they were broken and pulled down. I was always on the lookout for scrap metal to sell and the wire looked like a good source of a few dollars, so with a friend I gathered all we could find, hammered the insulation off the wire with rocks, (why we did not think to burn it off, I don't know) and sold it to the local junk dealer. About an hour later, here came dad in company with the local policeman. I was informed that I had been involved in the destruction of public property.

After barbering most of his life, dad had to take a provincial barbering exam. It involved both theory and practice. Dad was worried. He studied the material sent him by the government about sanitation and diseases that barbers would come in contact with and what steps to take. Finally, dad was notified that he was to appear in Lethbridge at two o'clock p.m. on a certain day. Dad asked me to go with him. He didn't explain why, I guessed dad, under certain times of stress, was prone to turn to liquid stimulants and not being a steady drinker, one drink led to another until things would get out of hand. The bus left Cardston at eight o'clock in the morning. We arrived in Lethbridge about ten o'clock and spent the remainder of the morning walking the streets and window shopping. At noon we went to a restaurant for lunch, then walked the street again until it was just about time for dad's appointment. All this time, dad had not had a cigarette. Why he refrained from smoking I do not know, for we had worked together a number of years in the greenhouse in the garden and at the pool hall. I guess he was just trying extra hard not to get involved. I saw that dad was getting more nervous the closer it came to two o'clock and finally I suggested to dad that he have a smoke. He wasted no time in lighting up. With his nerves calmed, he entered the building and I waited outside. It was not a very long wait. Dad came out all smiles. The examination for practising barbers

was little more than a formality. We did a bit of shopping and visited the gardens at the park then boarded the bus for home at four in the afternoon.

I spent a winter in Waterton Park building roads under the government's program to make jobs for the unemployed. The following summer I worked in Orton for five dollars a month and a share of the crop. The crops were not good, I sold my share for $25.00. That winter I opened a shoe repair shop in the Glenwood/Hillspring area. It was that fall that I first met Eunice. We were at a M. I. A. dance practice. She was wearing a red dress.

The following spring I hitched rides in cars and on freight trains to Vancouver. My money soon ran out and I had no place to sleep. I tried sleeping in newspapers, sheltered in the entrance to a store on Hastings Street. That did not work so good, so I walked the street. I met a man who wanted to know if I wanted a job. He had just quit a job washing dishes at the Maple Leaf Cafe. I walked down and went right to work at one dollar a night, plus meals. I worked till morning. Then I spent part of the day looking for a place to sleep. I had no money to pay for the room so I left my leather jacket as security. The proprietor was to have awakened me in time to go to work but it was several hours after I should have started that I woke up. I walked to the café but someone else had my job. I lost my leather jacket, too. That night I tried making a nest of leaves on a school fire escape. The activity alerted a policeman who took me to a place the city had set up to care for men in my position. It was warm and comfortable. After breakfast I was introduced to the government camp system again. I was sent to Squamish as First Aid man. After a few weeks there I led the men on strike against the cook and foreman for they were stealing our food and selling it, feeding us short rations and watered down milk, etc. I was taken back to headquarters in Vancouver to report my activity. George Blue, the foreman, and the cook were fired. I was then sent on to Lytton where I spent the winter. As I walked into the hut and looked into the faces of those men, my heart failed me. I could see nearly every crime in the book written on those faces. However, by the time I left those men in the spring, having gotten to know them, I had a feeling of empathy for every man there.

That spring I took to the road again and ended up in Fredericton, New Brunswick. I got a job in a lumber camp. After I got to the camp and looked at the condition we had to live under I walked out again and returned to Fredericton. I signed up in the government camp again, this time as the shoe repairman. It was a good job, as I could make extra money repairing the men's private shoes and I was my own boss.

During this time the three younger boys were having adventures of their own at home.

The depression was getting worse. Dad was trying hard to feed the family. The boys had to help in whatever way they could. Working in the gardens and looking after the cow and pigs and chickens was one way. One year, dad bought barrels of frozen whitefish and trout. Since he had no refrigeration he had to keep his fish in a snow bank.

Dad and the boys would canvas the town selling the fish. The second year he had just received a new shipment when a Chinook wind came up. A Chinook wind is a warm west wind that could raise the temperature from 40 below to 60 above zero in little more than half an hour. Ice and snow would be melting and water would be everywhere. Dad was faced with the loss of all of his fish. The family ate all they could. They worked hard to sell as much as they could before it started to spoil. What was left they hung all over the house to dry. Some they rubbed salt into to preserve.

About this time dad had a new idea. He would sell spectacles. He visited Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent store and purchased ten or twelve sets of their glasses for 25 cents a pair, ranging from very weak to very strongly magnified. Later dad contacted wholesalers and bought better glasses from them. He would put a set of these glasses in little wooden boxes that he and mother would make and send them all over the country to the people who answered the ads he carried in several farm magazines.

The customers would try on the glasses until they found a pair that enabled them to read the best and either kept that pair and put $1.25 in the box and returned them or noted the number of the pair of test glasses that fit and ordered from a selection of frames depicted in the folder. The special frames would sell for as much as $8.00 a pair. Sometimes his customers would choose a different strength for each eye. Then Dad would insert the proper lens into the frames and send them off. What amazed me was that they very seldom lost a box of glasses. Sometimes they would contact a policeman in their area and have them drop in to see what the hold-up was. After dad died, mother continued with the glass business. When mother became too sick to care for it, Eva took over for awhile.

Rearing the last three members of the family seemed to be a bit too much for mother. She would spend many hours working on Genealogy. Once or twice a week she would spend the whole day at the temple and once a week she would attend Relief Society. These things gave her a respite from the strains of raising three active boys. Hope, my sister, who was five years older than Holman, had much to do in helping mother. Finally, mother got so sick she had to go to bed. Mother spent some time in the hospital and then in a nursing home. Hope had to quit school shortly after starting eleventh grade. This grieved her very much, as she was a good student and had plans of going on to University. It was not until much later in life and her family was raised that she returned to school and graduated from University. Hope tells the story of cleaning the house from one end to the other and then leaving for awhile. On returning home she found that the boys had gathered the newspapers that dad used for wrapping his plants and they had ruffled them up and spread them all over the floor like Autumn leaves. Hope stood in the door, her hands on her hips and announced that she was sick and tired of housework and kids. Shortly after this episode Hope, announced her engagement to Lloyd Purnell. This was not a happy marriage and broke up after the war. In conversation sometime later she agreed that her marriage to Lloyd was an escape from the problems at home.

With Hope married, dad needed someone to help at home, so sent for me. By this time mother was on the mend.

It was not long after my return home that I met Eunice at a dance. We had met about three years before at a M. I. A. dance practice. Eunice had gone home that night and told her mother that she had met the man she was going to marry. After that first meeting I had gone to Glenwood and Hill Spring to open my shoe repair shop. We corresponded for awhile, then in the spring I started travelling. Eunice claims to this day that the only reason that I travelled was to get away from her. I met her the first Saturday night after my return. I saw her again in Sunday School the following day. I missed her after Sunday School and started out on a run hoping to catch up with her, for I was sure she had already started for home. Just as I reached the bridge I saw her and stopped running in time to quietly walk along with her. It was a lovely, sunshiny day. A beautiful day, a beautiful walk home.

One of the first jobs that I had on returning home was to clean out the well. I would work down the well with the boys up top drawing up the dirt and gravel. The boys would keep a sharp lookout for me for they knew that as soon as a certain young woman walked down the street with several small children that their days work had come to an end. Eunice was living a block and a half up the road, next to her brother. Each afternoon she would offer to take her sister-in-law's children for a walk. They always walked down to the creek past my place. The boys would announce, "Here she comes." I would climb out of the well and join Eunice to help her take care of her little charges. The boys were now free to go about their own business.

We were married on Eunice's father's birthday. A few days before her father's birthday, Eunice informed me that she had told her sister-in-law, in answer to her pestering, that we were getting married on her father's birthday, which was about a week or ten days away. We got talking about it and the more we talked about it the more the idea appealed to me. We decided to get married on her father's birthday. On returning home and checking the calendar we found that his birthday was not as far off as we had thought, in fact, it was only three days away. Well, we had committed ourselves and we couldn't back out now. Ella made a dress for Eunice. I borrowed a couple of dollars from my dad, bought a silver wedding ring for a dollar and spent the other fifty cents for something and got married with fifty cents in my pocket. A few weeks later when the temple opened we were sealed for time and eternity.

The provincial government was planning to open Treasury Branches and I had been helping in the preliminary survey expecting to get a job with them when they opened. On the strength of this expectation I got married. Shortly after we learned that they were not going to open the branches that year. I had a new wife and fifty cents. I took the fifty cents, went to the lumberyard and purchased ten foot of lumber. I took this home and made it into an ironing board. I put the ironing board under my arm and went from door to door until I sold it for two dollars. Then I went back to the lumberyard, bought more lumber and made more ironing boards. It wasn't long before I had a shop in

the old hotel downtown and had bought some inexpensive wood working machinery, a bench saw, a band saw and a jig saw, a dowelling machine and a drill press and I built myself a sander. We were on our way.

Mother was still not well and Morton came to stay with us. I put him to work in the shop and he was a pretty good hand.

Eunice took a picture of me and when she showed it to my mother, mother said, "That's not like Harold, he never smiles." Eunice responded proudly, "He does now."

The boys got older and mother continued to get better. She resumed her life's work with genealogy and would spend a session at the temple occasionally. Genealogy was an expensive hobby—throughout the years she earned all the money herself that went into it.

She had a small scissors grinder and would travel about town on her bicycle and sharpen scissors for the people. She would sell garden produce. She did research for others. After a while the proceeds from the glass business went into it. Mother had a life membership with the Genealogical Society of Utah and was elected a "Fellow" of the Institute of American Genealogy and was also awarded certificates of merit in genealogy from the same institutes for meritorious contribution to original research.

About this time she started putting some Indian names on pedigree charts and preparing them for temple work. Some years before, a group of Indians had left Saskatchewan under the leadership of Chief Yellowface. He had died but before he died he told his wife not to bury him so long as there was a warm spot over his heart. He was permitted during the period of his apparent death to see, in vision, a group of people who would let him and his band live and hunt on their land and invite them to take part in their socials and meals, a people that would not molest their women and who would give them a book of their ancestors.

In time they settled on the Cochrane ranch in Southern Alberta about thirty miles west of Cardston. Here the conditions of the vision were fulfilled. A Sister Baker, sister to Martha Leishman, a dear friend and neighbour of mother, became interested in these people and wrote down their genealogies, which the Indians knew from memory a great number of generations back. It was prophesied that the work among the Indians would not commence until the temple work had been done for those people. The names rested on a shelf for many years and one day Sister Baker came across them and gave them to mother. Mother started work on them and when complete submitted them for temple work.

For years the Church had tried to do missionary work among the Indian tribes around Cardston and on other reservations but had no success for one reason: the Indian agency in Ottawa would not allow any church but the Catholics or the Anglicans to work with them.

At the time mother submitted the records for temple work the Church leaders did not know about mother's work or the names and appealed again to the Indian department for permission to work among the Indians. This time they were told, "The Catholic Church and the Church of England have had fifty years working with them and have not accomplished much. You might as well have an opportunity." And so the prophecy was fulfilled and the work commenced. The work among the Lamanite people not only in the Cardston area and in Alberta, but on both continents, both North and South, after a slow start now has become the fastest growing part of the Church. The fulfilment of that prophecy seemed to have turned the key for all Lamanite people.

Mother's next interest was writing poetry. Every week she would have poem in the Cardston news. She would write poems, or rhymes, as she would call them, for each member of the family. She wrote and published Stories of Our Ancestors that forms the bulk of this record and compiled a group of her poems into a binder called Mum's Rhymes.

The old hotel where I had the woodworking shop was torn down. I sold my tools and bought a Model A Ford car and went to work selling brushes. After four years of waiting, Eunice was going to have a baby. We moved to Medicine Hat and then to Calgary. Eunice must have had a premonition, for she urged me not to join the Army when we went to Calgary. After awhile Eunice returned home where she could be with her mother. Realising that I couldn't support a wife and baby on what I was able to make selling brushes I, well, I joined the Canadian Army Medical Corp. Soon Hal was born and two weeks later I was on my way to England. I did not see my wife or my new son for nearly four years.

During these years first Holman joined up while only seventeen, then Rick joined the Air Force and finally Morton joined as the war ended. Rick was the only casualty, a bomb exploded, bursting an eardrum. Holman was badly scarred spiritually and emotionally. He went through the thick of battle in Italy. I never left England during my four years away from home. Eunice knew by the Spirit before I left Canada that I would never leave England and told me so. She was never worried even when my letters stopped coming and she knew that the Canadians were landing in Italy.

When I returned home mum and dad were alone with several stray dogs and cats. Dad was gardener at the temple and mum was studying geology and writing poetry and doing a little genealogy for other people. She had also taken up the hobby of hooking rugs. Her rugs were a work of art. They were made from old rags and gunnysacks.

After the war I took training in Calgary in the dry cleaning business then moved back to Cardston and, in conjunction with Bob Tagg, Leo Stutts and Sid Swann, put up a business block across the street from the City Hall.

We had started a little house 12 x 20 feet while we ran the woodworking shop. While I was in England Eunice had added to it and made a nice little house of it. We

sold the house to get finances to start the building. Mother came to work for me and would do the repair work on the clothing. She really enjoyed the companionship of the girls and in being out among people.

During my training period I had been put inside a large dry cleaning machine to clean it out rather than take the machine apart. I should have worn a mask but did not know the dangers involved. It made me quite ill for awhile and since then the fumes from the chemicals used in dry cleaning would make me feel sick. A bad situation for a dry cleaner. After a few years I sold the business for nothing down and so much a month. I never got the so much. About a week after the new owner took over, some ashes fell out of the furnace and he picked up a bucket of gas and threw it over the fire, thinking no doubt that it was water. The fire was quickly put out but it caused so much smoke damage to the building, including Bob's apartment and the customers' clothing, I had to take the business back again for awhile to settle the insurance claims. After I moved to British Columbia I sold the building to Gordon Brewerton for enough to pay off all debts incurred in the building of the plant and in building the new home we had built on the West Hill. We claimed that the west wind blew us to B. C. The west wind would blow us up the hill when we went home and we had to fight the wind to go down town.

We arrived in B. C. full of confidence in my ability to make a new start. That winter there was snow in Vancouver, not just inches of it, but feet. The snow shut down the woods and stopped nearly all building. I got a job in Victoria for awhile in a dry cleaning plant. I had brought Hal with me and had started him in school. He came home with a tenor horn and was playing it in the rooming house where we stayed. The landlady locked him out. He came to the plant with tears running down his face and the horn in his hand. I quit my job on the spot and sent to Alberta for Eunice and the other children and returned to Vancouver. I couldn't find a job so took my last fifteen dollars and bought a scissors sharpener like the one mother used to use and went from door to door sharpening scissors and looking for work. I met someone who worked at the mental hospital and they suggested I try there. I did. I got the job and signed up for the three-year in-service training course and graduated as a Psychiatric Nurse. After I left Cardston and had started at the Mental Hospital my friends meeting mother would enquire about me. Mother would respond, "Oh! Haven't you heard, he is at the Mental Hospital." I never did dare to ask how the conversation went after that.

When Hal was about thirteen years old he was getting restless so we let him hitchhike from Port Coquitlam back to Cardston where he spent the summer helping his grandfather. It was a good experience for him. He earned enough money to come home on the bus and got to know his grandparents.

Dad became very ill with cancer of the throat and lungs. He took radium treatment for awhile but decided the cure was worse than the disease. It finally took his life. We started out to attend his funeral, the whole family in our small car but the car

heated up after about seventy-five miles so we returned home and I hitchhiked to Alberta alone to attend the funeral.

We held several family reunions before mother died, each time thinking it would be the last we would have mother. The first one was held at Gull Lake north of Calgary. It was a hot day when we arrived and the young people rushed into the water while the adults made camp. In a few minutes there was great alarm and shouting at the lake. A youngster piloting a powerboat pulling a water skier came too close to the shore and ploughed right through the middle of our young people. A number of them were hurt but not seriously. Carol Tagg was quite badly cut. It was a miracle that no one was killed or badly injured.

We spent several days getting acquainted with each other's children and grandchildren. One day one of Bob and Eva's grandchildren was missing, a search of the camp area failed to locate him so search parties were quickly sent out to search the lake and any other possible areas. Jack walked up the beach some distance and found him. He had been looking for a little boy in a red swimming suit. As he neared our camp carrying the upset and crying boy, a very irate screaming mother came running demanding that her kidnapped son be returned to her. Jack resolved that never again would he become involved in search parties.

Mother lived alone in the old house for quite awhile. Finally she sold the house and moved into a little apartment that Bob built in the back of his shop. In time she became too weak to care for herself so she moved upstairs with Bob and Eva. Shortly before her death she went to stay with Hope in Calgary and while there had a stroke and was admitted to the Calgary General Hospital. Just before she died she wanted to talk to me. We made a quick trip to Calgary and after a good visit mother was content. She passed away that night.

At the time of her death the family consisted of seven living children, Eva, Jack, Harold, Hope, Holman, Rowe and Morton. There were thirty-five grandchildren and thirty-one great-grandchildren.

During mother's active life she had done much missionary work while in England and accomplished a great deal in genealogy. Dad, though not too active in the church, did prepare himself to go to the temple with the family so that we could be sealed. Dad's most successful church assignment was collecting money for the Elders Quorum Missionary fund. He not only collected from the quorum members but in his zeal he canvassed the business town once a month. He built up quite a sizeable fund. But it was not the church way and he was asked to confine his activities to the quorum members.

Eva and Bob were always very active in the church and when their family was grown, filled two missions in England. When they returned from their last mission, Bob was 79 years old, still in good health but having difficulty hearing. Eva was in good health also. Shortly after their return they got their trailer loaded for a trip to Arizona to

spend the winter and decided to drop in to say goodbye to the Bishop. He called them to go on another mission. Eva said fine so long as it is to a warmer climate.

Nov. 21, 1977 - I called Eva to verify some information and learned that they have received their third missionary call, to the Independence, Missouri Mission. Quite likely they will serve as guides and receptionist at the church information centre.

Their four sons and one of three daughters filled missions and are stalwarts in the church and communities where they live. Jack got a bit off the track, Martha his wife was a lovely woman beloved by all the family. In later life, Jack returned to activity and Martha was very happy to be baptised. They are preparing to visit the Temple. Jack's two boys are successful young men in the business world. Their daughter, Millie, became a nurse and has had a very successful career as mother and nurse. Millie's children too are active missionaries and church members.

I have been actively supported in all my church duties by my beloved wife, Eunice. Hal, our eldest son, filled a mission. Derek got side tracked for a few years but is back on the track now with a wonderful wife and two children. The three girls are happily married and raising families. With the exception of Iva, whose husband is involved in the building trade, all are directly involved in the family nursing home business. Hal quit teaching school to take over my Canadian interests when we took out our U. S. Visas.

My sister Hope remarried and raised a wonderful family of missionaries and church leaders. Her children are very talented.

Holman, married and raised a family of two boys and a girl. He and Helen, his wife, opened a home for wayward boys and were very successful for quite some time. Something happened and Holman lost his business. He went to stay in a logging camp where his son worked to regain his health. They sold the home and Helen worked in a nursing home. They are living in Chillawack, B.C.

Rowe and his wife Bobbie live in California. Rowe was a partner in a large plumbing firm in Los Angeles. He raised a fine family. Their eldest son filled a mission and Tommie, the youngest, is preparing for a mission. The three girls are happily married and raising families of their own.

When Morton’s marriage to Ann broke up he went to Oshawa, Ontario where Rick and Bobbie were living. There, Monty started plastering. In time he met and married Marg. They raised five children. Monty has developed a very successful plastering-contracting business.

Elder John Barlow (Jack was named after him) who baptised mother into the Mormon Church so long ago would be very happy to learn of the influence his act has had in the Lord’s work. This has been a story that has revolved indirectly around the

church. I would like to close this part of the Salway history by bearing my testimony that I know the Gospel brought to mother, the Gospel that she so loved and taught to her children, is indeed the Truth. This Truth was burned into my soul when as a lad of twelve I attended a cottage meeting in the Hugh Bates Home. During a period of testimony bearing I was filled with the Holy Ghost and stood to my feet and in childish words stated that I knew that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. That this church was true and that I knew that Jesus was our Saviour. The years have strengthened that simple testimony.

H. A. SALWAY