

Rowe Salway



*Rowe & Bobby Salway
7 Dec. 1944*



*Rowe & Bobby's wedding group
Left to right: Hope, Carl, Eva Mary R. Salway, Holman,
Helen, Friends*

Born: 18 Oct. 1922

Married: Elizabeth Mae Griffen, 7 Dec. 1944

I was born at midnight October 18, 1922 in Cardston Alberta. Mum said the town lights went out at midnight so I started out my life in the dark.

My greatest joy as a child was playing in our tree house in the pasture and swimming in our favorite spot - Bulls Hole, until one of our friends, whom we would not let in our tree house, burned it down and we grew too old to swim in the small swimming hole.

We owned a couple of old horses which we used to ride to school. One was a big white one and we used to ride about six people on it at a time. One day we tethered the horse too close to the creek and it was trying to get to the water for a drink and fell down the bank and chocked itself so after that we had to walk to school. Dad was so upset with us he would not buy another one.

One of my most famous escapades happened when I was about six years old. It was on a Sunday morning and Morton and I had been left home alone and we were playing with matches. I set fire to the haystack and it immediately went up in flames, spreading to the barn, burning it and the barn animals and chickens plus the neighbors fence. Morton was younger than I so I told Dad that he burned it trying to set fire to a grass hopper. He actually thought he had done it until our first family reunion in 1960 when I confessed.

One of our favorite games was playing guns with elastic band guns and the contest was to see who could make theirs shoot the farthest. We generally played around Posing's barn. In the winter we would skate on the frozen creek up as far as we could go until we got tired then we could coast downstream again. It was fun in the winter playing in the snow and on the ice but I never really liked the cold.

I spent about four years in the Boy Scouts and this was the most important experience of my life. In the summer we would hike up into the mountains. A couple of years we went on horse back as far as we could go into the mountains for 7 days then spent the last week getting back out again. We lived as much as we could on fish and game we caught and snared to pass our merit badges.

I was very active in sports during school playing football, basketball, track and soccer.

When Holman and I were young Dad bought Holman a tricycle and a wagon for me. For some dumb reason we pulled them up on to the peak of our barn and dropped them both off and they went smashing to the ground. Why, I'll never know, but now I realize how much they must have cost Dad and money was very hard to get those days.

I remember Dad used to buy fish and keep them frozen in the snow banks and we would put them in a wagon and go around town selling frozen fish. In the summer we would pedal rhubarb, asparagus and anything else we could raise in the garden to help care for our keep. Most of my memories of Dad were of him working in the greenhouse and I would help him mix soil and transplant plants, at least I thought I was helping. He never stopped working, so to talk or visit with him you had to go where he was working.

I'm afraid us last three boys were a great strain on mun's health and dad's pocketbook. We would break garden tools about as fast as dad bought them trying to get out of working in the garden but we had to have the vegetables for food so he kept fixing them or buying more. Regardless of all this I loved my parents and never really knew how much more I could have helped make life easier for them until after I had children of my own. I guess this comes with maturity. The neighbors used to say we never grew up, we survived.