



Alfred Edward Salway & Eva Mary Rowe, Married 14 Feb 1901



One of the first things ad did after the family arrived in Canada was to purchase an acre of land with a two room log cabin and a well. He built another two rooms about ten feet away from the log cabin and connected them with a shed like room about sixteen feet long. It was planned to tear down the lop portion and build another new portion and have a fully modern house. It never happened. In time water was put into the house a bath room was added into the connecting part and the whole thing covered with a coat of stucco, the first or scratch coat. A porch was added to the front door to protect the door from the North winds. The first green house was attached to the south of the new portion. In time Dad built the fine long green house shown. The picture must have been taken in early winter. Although there was always much snow the Chinook winds soon melted the snow leaving everything Care and ugly.

Dad added a half acre to the lot and except for the year when we tried to raise pigs it added to the family garden. The Garden plus the cow and chickens with a couple of nips provided the greater part of our living. The Barber shop and the preen houses provided the cash needs.

THE SALWAY'S OF CANADA

'Salway" meaning 'Body Guard'
Faithful, true and free.
'Agland' meaning 'Oak Land'
of Great antiquity.
'Holman' and 'Penna'
Of sturdy Cornish stock,
Blood of the Ancient Briton,
Once driven to the rock.
Who with the Welsh, unconquered,
Alone remaining free,
Because of faithful brotherhood
And true integrity.

The 'Rowes' of Hugunot descent,
The 'Greens' of noble line.
'Mallet' of Magna Carta fame.
Peace makers, back through time.
This is the foundation, on which
Your family stand.
You: Salways's of Canada's
Hallowed, sacred land.
Four of, you have traveled far,
Across the ocean wide.
Three others came to join your line,
On this Canadian side.

You have always stood together,
And shared each others pain,
Happy in each others joy,
Rejoicing in their gain.
Let us extend this loyalty,
To other members dear,
Who've wedded to our family,
To share our joys and fear.
We'll find a strength in unity
Then none of us can fall,
Be proud that you are Salways,
For service is for all.

Be faithful as the 'Body Guard'
And strong as 'Englands Tree'
And as the Ancient Britain
Pray God will keep us free.

Adapted from poem by E.M.R. Salway
By H.A. Salway

CHAPTER I

Most of the information, stories and history contained in this book are the work of Mother, a very remarkable woman. She learned early in her church life that Genealogy was a part of the Doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. From then until the last few years of her life Genealogy became her life's work.

The work she called Stories of Our Ancestors was prepared quite some time before her death. In later years, at the request of family members, she wrote more detailed stories involving herself, of Dad and of her parents. I have taken the liberty of using these enlarged versions instead of the rather brief biographies of the first publication.

In an attempt to work in further information about Mum and Dad with a little of brothers and sisters, I will use myself and my memories, including stories gleaned over the years from other members of the family.

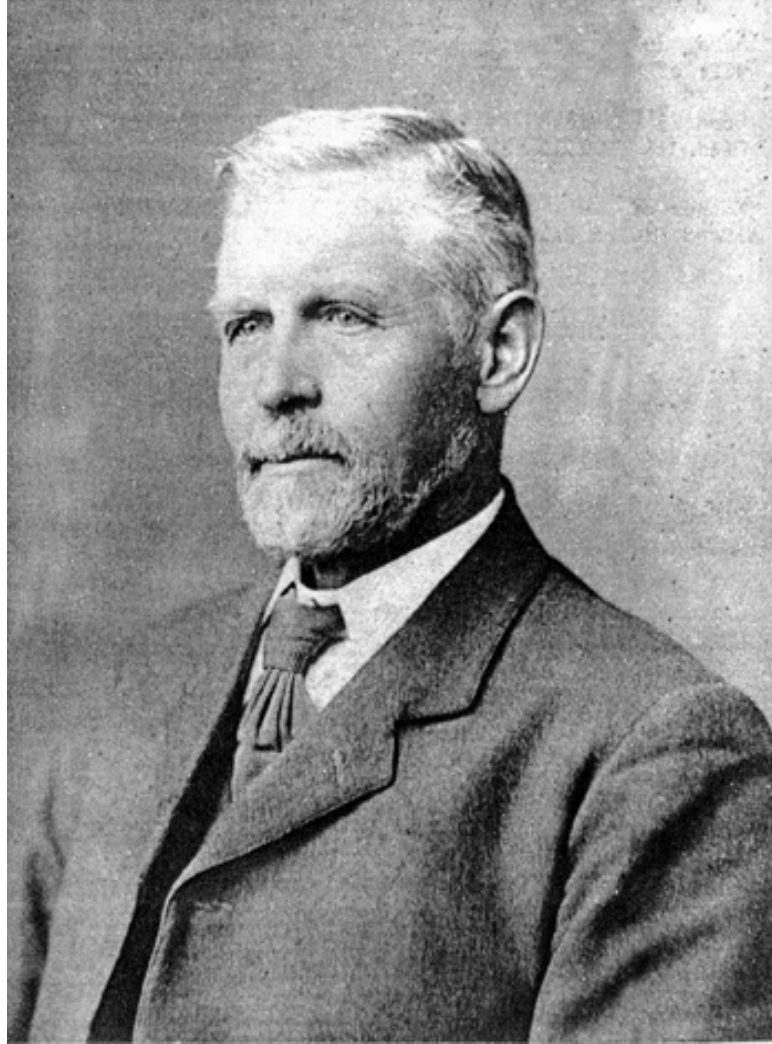
Harold A. Salway
January 22, /977

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PHOTO TAKEN AT PLYMPTON DEVON

Samuel Salway
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Edward Salway
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Alfred E Salway
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Harold A Salway
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Harold S Salway
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Garon Dee Salway



Samuel Salway

CHAPTER II

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 barber shop. 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 barber shop 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 birds 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 slimey 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 is 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 school yard. 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 airplanes 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," 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 "Millies 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 Waymouth 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 Gun McKay, the brother of Pres. David O. 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 along with two soldiers who had attended Mothers 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 coloring book.

CHAPTER III

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 Mothers 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 Phips who ran a bakery and confectionary 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 Bro Atterton, who ran the Photo Studio. Bro 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 immigrate. We said goodbye to Bovington Camp and traveled by train to Southampton. Before going on Board the GRAMPYAN, 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 traveling 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 alot 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, the diners in the other dining room jumped up and ran to the portholes on Mothers side of the ship. The sailors and the stewards came running, the cooks came running, 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 traveling 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 birds problem, but there was

nothing they could do but pray. Everyone stood there watching, 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.

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CHAPTER IV

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 everytime 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 colorful 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 traveling 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. Emmet Brown was also my age and Zebbi, Emmet 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 and six. Jack also started school but I do not know of the problems he must of 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 hall. The roof in this part of the addition always did leak. It was Dads 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 blizzardy 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 tailless 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 weiner 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 humor. On one occasion he got hold of Mothers 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 50 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 Geno 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 Dads face when he saw the carnage.

CHAPTER V

Christmas meant the arrival of Auntie Dots parcel. Every year so long as she lived we looked forward to Auntie Dots parcel. (Auntie Dot was Dads 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 favorite 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 coordination 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 center 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 favorite 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 opponents 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 school yard. 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 maneuverable. 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 snow fall 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 of 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. Eatons 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.

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CHAPTER VI

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 Johnnie was marching and she proudly noted that all the boys were out of step but her Johnnie. She wrote several plays on Church themes, some of which were produced.

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CHAPTER VII

Feeding a family the size of ours required continued 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 favorite 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 salt peter 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 homemade bread and homemade butters. Supper was generally a meal with several vegetables and a little meat.

Enough to flavor 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 favorite 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 cozy 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 looking at me and said one word, "Harold." She turned and walked into the house. On 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 favorite. The early crop of pigweed 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 snow drift 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 snow drift.

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 wheat and 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 recognized 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 neighborhood 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 neighbor 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. The machine was operated by grasping the handle, putting your foot in the stirrup and pushing it back and forth. 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 calmed replied, "I am casting my bread upon the waters."

* * * * *

CHAPTER VIII

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 cabinet maker from the old country had come to Canada to make his fortune and then send 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 paneling 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 cobble 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 skillfully worked glass panels.

Cobblestone Manor



This beautiful old house was one of the original pioneer homes in Cardston. The center, two storey structure was started in 1889 of large logs. In 1913 a Belgium immigrant by the name of Henry Hoet bought the house. He had come to Cardston from New York where he had worked in a piano factory. The house at that time was weather boarded on the outside of the logs. But, Mr. Hoet brought rocks from Lee Creek and covered the outside to make a stone house. Soon he began adding on other rooms to the original house with no apparent overall plan. Again he hauled stones up from the Lee Creek, in the summer with a cart and in the winter on a sleigh, always accompanied by a large black Newfoundland dog. Each additional room was completely finished before he would begin another. This accounts for the thickness of the walls - they are solid rock.

We have been told by many that Mr. Hoet had a sweetheart in the Old Country and he was building this beautiful house for her. He worked on the building of the Alberta Temple doing finish carpentry and on the construction of the Prince of Wales Hotel. Otherwise, this lonely bachelor continued on his labor of love -- building this fine masterpiece.

He brought hardwoods from all over the world for panels in the Blue Room -- picture framing each with oak. The ceiling blocks have 56 pieces in each one and there are about 125 blocks.

The dining room we call the Golden Oak Room is entirely finished in oak. The honeycomb design in the ceiling has 61 pieces of inlaid hardwood in each and there are close to 150 of them. This room was the last constructed by Mr. Hoet.

His sweetheart never came -- he never married, but left for us to enjoy this beautiful home built of rock with inlaid panels of fine wood. Indeed, a heritage of fine craftsmanship.

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 club house. A Belgian couple, the Bergraves 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 ax 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 pick ax handle. That house has fond memories for me.

CHAPTER IX

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 fire wood. 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 everytime 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 alot 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 them 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 peoples 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.

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CHAPTER X

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 hookey 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 principle 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 defense 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 traveled 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.

CHAPTER XI

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 organized it. Bill Laidlaw who ran a mens 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 organize the school and have a school president. Nathen Eldon Tanner, the school principle 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 Cheesman, a local barber, organized boxing in town and Cardston produced many amateur champions.

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CHAPTER XII

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 Sanitorium in Nelson, B.C. Shortly after his arrival in the Sanitorium, 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 Sanitorium for some time for observation and further x-rays but they could find no signs of active T.B. 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 gardeners 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 in Cardston and district for her family 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."



Each year President Edward J. Wood, Stake President and Temple President would design a Christmas card and have them sent to all members of the Stake. This one is particularly interesting. The Tabernacle has long since been demolished. The building had many wonderful memories for me. Eunice and I attended conferences here. I sang my first solo's here. Spent many happy hours at Choir

practice and singing in Conferences. It was in this building that I heard Pres Heber J. Grant sing a Solo. Pres Grant, had a very poor voice and was very tone deaf. He spent many determined hours learning that hymn and sang it for us in Conference. Before they put a motor on the Organ, I would pump the organ for Choir practices and at conferences. The Temple was where Eunice and I were sealed. Prior to our marriage, I attended the Temple regularly and often sang at the Worship services and generally conducted the singing. Eunice and I spent many happy days working in the Temple after our marriage.

Dad operated a pool hall in the first building shown on Main St. for about six months. The one he ran regularly was on the other end of the street away from this picture. Dad would set up the greenhouse trailer about where the Photographer would be standing to take this picture.

The Social centre was located across the street where the Dry Cleaning plant was built. The block was a cooperative venture of myself, Bob Tagg, Leo Stutz and Sid Swan.

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.

Bro 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 Pres. 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 Bro. Barrett, a rain coat 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 neighbor called him over one day and said to him, "Pres. Wood, each spring you tell us what to plant, but I notice that you don't always take your own advice." "Well," said Pres. Wood, "Sometimes I wonder if I am Inspired."

President Wood always appreciated Dads 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 fertilizers before. I figured if a little was good than a lot would be better. Most of the plants did O.K. but I did cause some of them to grow more foliage and less blossoms than was to be expected.

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CHAPTER XIII

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 no longer expect the Lord's blessing 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 barber shops 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 awhile Dad owned both pool halls. He sold one then as times got worse he sold the other. For awhile 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 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 Dads 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 practicing 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.

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CHAPTER XIV

I spent a winter in Waterton park building roads under the governments 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 Café. I walked down and went right to work at one dollar a night, plus meals. I worked til 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 cafe 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 mens private shoes and I was my own boss.

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

* * * * *

CHAPTER XV

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 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 snowbank. 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 Woolworths 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 return them or note the number of the pair of test glasses that fit and order 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 lense 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 Hillspring to open my shoe repair shop. We corresponded for awhile, then in the spring I started traveling. Eunice claims to this day that the only reason that I traveled 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, sun shinny 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-laws 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 lumber yard and purchased ten foot of lumber. I took this home and made it to an ironing board. I put the ironing board under my arm and went door to door until I sold it for two dollars. Then I went back to the lumber yard, 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 doweling 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 scissor 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 a certificate of merit in Genealogy from the same institute 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, envision, 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 neighbor 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 Mothers 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.

Mothers next interest was writing poetry. Every week she would have a 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 Mums Rhymes.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVI

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. Realizing that I couldn't support a wife and baby on what I was able to make selling brushes. 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 ear drum. 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 gunny sacks.

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 Stuts and Sid Swan 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 scissor 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 shout at the lake. A youngster piloting a power boat pulling a water skier came too close to the shore and plowed 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 others children and grand children. One day one of Bob and Eva's grand children 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 kidnaped 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 businesses town once a month. He built up quite a sizable 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 center.

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 tract, 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 baptized. 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 support 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, who's 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 baptized Mother into the Mormon Church so long ago would be very happy to learn of the influence his act has had in the Lords 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 Savior. The years have strengthened that simple testimony.

H.A. SALWAY

EVA SALWAY TAGG

When we lived in Poole Dorset Dad had his barber shop in the front room. I can remember having to be quiet. I was eight or nine years old then.

I always liked Dad to go shopping with me because he would always spend more money on the things we needed than Mother would.

When I was about six years old I remember moving. I was riding on top of a load of furniture. Dad was driving the horses. Mother could always keep us amused, she was a great story teller. We stopped in a small village and bought some sweets. This was the move we made from Lyndhurst to Mydydyback Wales. The school had a well on the grounds. It was covered on the sides and overhead, the water was down three steps. It must have been about three feet across. At recess we kids would jump across the well. We had no water at the house where we lived, Dad would draw water from the school well with a rope and bucket.

Christmas was always a great event. We would wake up early Christmas morning and after repeated requests Dad would get up and light a candle. Dad would lead the way and we children would follow him down the stairs. Mother waited in bed. Dad would be so surprised at all the stockings stuffed so full with Christmas goodies and toys,

One very painful memory: Mother loved her piano, but they were unable to keep up the payments on it. The men came to the house to take it away. Mother sat on the stairs and cried while it was being removed. As a child I remember I was heartbroken for Mother.

It was always a very happy day when Dad and Mother took us to the beach for the day. We would usually go to Bournemouth. I was about ten years old at the time, I recall. Men on the beach were selling Winkles in a little dish with vinegar and salt on them. I loved them, but somehow I don't think I could force one down now. (Winkles were a small shellfish and looked very much like a small black snail.)

When the first world war was over Dad came to Canada to make a home for the family. He wrote to us the following summer and said "Tell Eva I have a big patch of potatoes in the garden." Needless to say, I liked potatoes and I still do.

Dad had, had a rough time during the war and came to Canada a sick man. My future husband Robert Tagg saw him one day and asked someone who the sick looking pill was. Little dreaming that he was talking about his future father-in-law.

We were married before the Temple was dedicated in the small living room in Dad and Mothers home in Cardston. After the ceremony by President Edward J. Wood, Dad said. "My sympathy, Bob."

Dad and Mother really enjoyed the greenhouses that Dad established in Cardston. They enjoyed serving the town and the surrounding communities with bedding plants. They enjoyed knowing they were helping to beautify the community. I helped with the selling downtown. It became a good business.

One of the greatest highlights came when Mother and Dad went to the Temple in 1933 to be sealed as a family for all Time and Eternity. We were sealed as a Salway family. I was expecting Barbara at any time. Mother was able to work in the Temple after that for many of her ancestors.

Grandma Rowe was very unhappy when Mother joined the Mormon Church. She would throw stones at the house when we would hold meetings. Especially when we were singing hymns. Mother had a black book that she would put the names of the family in and the names of parents, grandparents and so forth. It was the beginning of Mothers Genealogical record. Whenever Grandma saw Mother with her black book, she would say "DON'T YOU PUT MY NAME IN YOUR BLACK BOOK!" Years later Mother saw Grandma Rowe in a dream. She was dressed in white and had a lovely smile on her face. Mother was convinced that her mother now understood about her black book and was happy that because of Mothers work, she too could share the Gospel and its saving ordinances.

About 1918 or 1919 Mother was holding an open air meeting in Southampton Park. She was all alone. She had a large crowd listening to her. Standing off to one side, Mother saw a man who was very intent on what was going on and what Mother was saying. Mother said afterward that she felt sure he was a Translated Being who had come to give her encouragement.

JOHN BARLOW SALWAY "JACK"

I don't know what there is in my life that would contribute to the family story. My life has not been a happy one. Yes, I have had many experiences. My memories go back a long way - just simple things. I started school in a place called Parkstone. I was three years old. I didn't appreciate the iron bars all around the school grounds. During recess or lunch break, Mum brought me a new Jersey or sweater. She showed it to me through the bars.

Our early life wasn't happy. It had it's ups and downs. I guess Dad had a happy faculty of making money one year and losing it the next, but I can recall some of the places where we lived, like Parkstone. We always seemed to have servants for about a year, then the next year we didn't have them. From then I'll jump to the war (the 1st World War) - with Dad, being in France we were without a father. Mum, she tried her best, but I guess we were a sordid lot. Alf, was sick in the Isle of White. Millie, my sister, she was sick. Dad got compassionate leave from France, knowing that Alf was going to die. He came home on 30 day leave. While he was home, Millie died. He had to go back to France before Alf died.

That's not a very happy memory - is it? But I can recall many more unhappy things than real pleasant things it seems. Why, I don't know.

During the war, certainly wasn't a pleasant time. We were close enough to the coast that at times, during a clear day, we could hear the firing in France of the guns. A big high light of the war - we saw a Zeplin shot down as it came over. I don't know whether it came over to bomb England or what it was doing. On a sightseeing tour, so far as I was concerned. We were all so interested as we watched what was going on. I would have been about 11 years old. The war ended and Dad came home and left again. He had passes to Canada and was going to start his life anew. You know, that was one of the saddest experiences of my lifetime - tearing up my roots. It's hard to believe a lad of 12 or 13 would be so sorry to leave a place in which he grew up.

I've seen those same experiences with my own grandchildren and my own friends who have lived in one place so long'. I wonder how' unhappy they are when they move and I wonder what it does to some of them. Because so far as what it did to me - it has upset me all these years. When I was a child in England I was really going places as an athlete.

In fact, I used to play on the mens team in football and on the mens team in cricket and I was only 13 - 14 years old. Then to come out to this country and find that they didn't play those games - mind you I started to play baseball and hockey - but it wasn't the same.

We came out to this country and we settled down in a little log house. Life wasn't so pleasant then. By this time Dad had inveigled himself into a pool hall. I didn't know how he ever had the money to buy it. He did, though.

He was always a great schemer and for a couple of years things went well. Then the church got after Dad and told him he should close down the pool hall as it was creating an environment for the younger people living in Cardston and promised Dad he would be recompensed if he did close it, so he sold out. That was the end of our good times as far as Cardston was concerned.

As we kids grew older, we left home. I wanted to go through high school but I didn't because I had a chance for a job in the Bank. While the job in the Bank was an education in itself, it was nothing to what it would have been if I had, had a certificate showing that I had graduated at least from high school. The jobs then that we did run into, were few and far between. In about 1928 Martha and I got married. That was the highlight of my life.

We didn't do too badly for the first years of our marriage, financially, I mean, then the depression hit us. It was a blow at that age, try as you might you couldn't seem to get a job. Halfway through the depression I managed to get a job with Eatons. I was getting the magnificent sum of \$18.50 per week. That was \$18.50 more than a lot of people were getting.

Kids came along to us. We had Millie - she was a wonderful girl. My kids turned out good, so far as finances were concerned. Alf has a good job and Jack has a good job. They both were educated. Alf went to Missoula, Montana University. Jack went to _____ and Millie is a registered nurse. I don't know why she keeps working at it, but I guess it is her life.

After the depressions I had the best job of all except, that I hated every minute of it. It made lots of money and that was the main thing. It lasted for 30 years. Of course, during that time I got to like the bottle too well. I was forced to resign in 1962-63. That didn't help too much except that Martha, little packrat that she is, had saved money over the years and we were alright for awhile. In fact, until we became 65 and we both got government pensions. We are doing fine. We have each other. I guess I'm just anti-social. I just don't want to mix in at all. I'm just happy to sit in a room with Martha and the fact that we are together.

After being canceled out so far as the Canadian Pacific Railway was concerned - it didn't help my disposition and depressive feelings very much - I went to see a psychiatrist. That's because of my drinking. I guess it must have been a pretty good case because the Psychiatrist put me in the hospital. They gave me shock treatments - boy, that's something. They seem to have affected my memory. They seemed to wipe out the pleasant memories. There were good times I enjoyed fishing and things like that.

We had good times. We came to Eugene to visit Millie, to Kelowna to visit Jack and we visit with Alf. Trouble is I'm getting up in years so I don't want to drive too much. This is the year of our 50th wedding anniversary. This is also the year when I'll be 73. Guess I feel alright physically - mentally I get depressed.

Alfie was sick for a long time. I didn't know him very well except that at Poole he would run for exercise - he would take me by the hand and I would fly. I would be age 8 or 9.

Dad? I don't know how he used to always find money. As I said, Dad was always up and down and up and down. He would pull off some of the darndest stunts. I don't know what they were but the next year he wouldn't have anything. I don't know what he used to scheme up before he went barbering. I think he used to do other things. I don't know what. He was barbering in Poole. That's when he was working in a mine at night and barbering during the day - before that I don't know except we would move to different little towns, always pretty nice houses, too.

Then, things would go rough and we would end up in a hole some place. If Dad had, had an education, I'm telling you - he could have set the world on fire with his knowledge and with his natural business ability.

Harold - do you remember Oz Whigt? Who was it brought that to my memory recently? Oh, Lou Stotz. I was asking him where Foa was. The first thing he said was, "Oh, now I remember." Remember Oz Whight. The guy that beat up a school teacher but got beat up himself, everyone said. Remember when you beat up old Oz Whigt? It so happened it was me that got the worst of it. They thought I'd beat him up. I poked him, he poked me back and pretty near killed me. I poked him some more and I got expelled. What happened to him? That was his last year teaching. He went somewhere in the states.

Do you remember shortly after the incident? Remember how well lined up to march into school? I was a bit late one day. Oz stood me up against the wall and started banging my head against it. You stepped out and came up to Oz. I remember the expectant hush that came over the school as you stood there confronting Oz. After what seemed like an eternity to me, Oz told me to take my place in line. You returned to your place and we marched into school.

I often wondered if he didn't work that deliberately because remember the dummy - Dinkie Hinman? He would grab that poor guy by the collar and yank him back into line and bang him against the wall. Dinkie, didn't know what he was doing. So I made a deal with Leo Stotz and two other guys - Roy Fulsome was one of them and we were going to gang up on Oz the next time it happened and really give him a going over. I was the one that got the going over. The other three guys just stood there back in line. When he grabbed Dinkie to make him mark time - up two up two - he had grabbed him by the ear. I just let him have it. I looked for help but it didn't come. That's how that thing started. I was expelled but Dad raised Cain and I was back in school in a hurry.

Dad wasn't scared of anybody - Dad was quite a boxer. I can remember him sparing around about the time Alf and I would go running through the streets to keep in shape.

When Dad went to France, Mum took over the shop. Mum proved to be the better barber. She was better than Dad, and that's a fact. I used to help. I had a little stool. There were two chairs. I would take the clippers and trim up the back of the neck. Then Mum or Dad would come along and finish the job. I would lather the mens faces and they would shave them. Then I would start on another one - I don't think I had to do it. I don't remember any pressure on me. If I wanted to go someplace I could go.

What kinds of Christmas did you have in England? Well, the Christmas that I can really remember - well, things got really tough. Dad couldn't afford to buy a tree. So he made one out of sticks and covered it with tinsel and colored paper and set the tree up in the corner. Mum decorated it with candles and small gifts, toys purchased for a penny or half penny each. When the time came us kids were blindfolded and a stick was placed in our hand and we were twirled about to cause us to lose our sense of direction, then we were led to the tree. Any gift we touched with the stick was ours and then the next one tried. One of the first to try knocked over a candle and set the tree on fire. After much excitement the fire was put out without too much damage. Mum took what presents off the tree that were not too badly burned and spread them on the table and the game went on as before.

Grandma and Grandpa Rowe lived near us but I never felt too good about them. I used to have the run of the camp. I was a kind of mascot to the soldiers. On one occasion a unit was moved out and left their barracks empty. I scrounged through the empty barracks looking for treasures the soldiers had left behind. One of the men had acquired an old helmet or face mask like those used in the time of Oliver Cromwell. It was made of a very thin metal like lead and quite heavy and covered and protected the eyes and over the head. There was chain or mail hanging down over the face. It was quite thick and would afford protection for the face.

I showed this to Grandpa Rowe and that was the last I saw of it. I don't know what he did with it, probably sold it for quite a sum. I wish I had hung on to it.

You were speaking of doing missionary work with Mother - yes. We went to Ponty Poole in South Wales. I would tract down one side of the street and Mum would do the other. It wasn't much fun and I never enjoyed it. I don't see how anybody could-knock on doors and get them slammed in you face. I guess I was too much a boy to have a door slammed in my face. I'm not sure how old I was then - old enough to ride a bike, it wasn't far to Wales.

I remember Mum took me to London one time. We went through Madame Toussards Wax works show, the Museum and other places. The Tower of London where the shackles and implements of torture were. We went to an Art Gallery to see all the beautiful pictures. We were wandering along and I saw some nicer pictures, I thought. So I went over there - that was for me. Mum came after me, took hold of my ear and led me out of there. "Come on," she said, "that's no place for you." I didn't like the same kind of art Mum did.

HOPE SALWAY SWENDSEN

A brief account of my life during the years from 1932 to 1934.

Mother had a nervous breakdown while I was attending grade 10. We didn't have money to hire help so I was pulled out of school. My father didn't have much time to help, he had all he could do to keep us fed and clothed.

In my youth I probably felt more sorry for myself than my Mother. I didn't understand my Mother's condition. Adults have a difficult time understanding nervous breakdowns and I was a young 16. I never complained to others but often at night I cried. I had, had great hopes of going on to university and this dream seemed to be lost forever. (I went to U of C when I was 52 years old.) I missed my friends and the school life. I had one good friend, Belle Searle, who used to come to see me but we soon had nothing to talk about because I was away from what was going on in school.

I did my best at home but it was difficult. Mother in her nervous condition was quite upsetting to me and I found it difficult to understand. For example, one day Belle Searle came for lunch, after lunch I walked to Hansen's Corner (one block away) with her. I didn't tell Mother I had gone.

I felt it would only be a minute. Mother called for me while I was out and when I came in she was hysterical. She grabbed me by the arm and squeezed so hard that I had a sore, black and blue arm for weeks. I am sure that Mother felt terrible about it after. I was quite unhappy because I had been trying to please.

Time in the past seems to get hazy but I believe it was about this time that Mother went into a nursing home for a while. I don't remember for how long.

A story my brothers tell about me at this time seems funny now but perhaps not so funny at the time.

One Saturday I had cleaned the house and gone out. When I got back the kitchen floor was almost knee deep in newspapers. Dad used to keep old newspapers to wrap plants in when they were sold. The boys had got these and had them all over the floor and were running and jumping into them. I viewed this with dismay from the doorway and putting my hands on my hips I said, "I am sick and tired of housework and kids." I probably was, so what did I do to get away from all this? I got married and soon started looking after my own housework and kids. I was married Oct. 3, 1934 at age 18.

ROWE "Rick" SALWAY

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 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 mum'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.

HOLMAN "GENE" ROWE SALWAY

Let's see how my memory is. Some things I'm sure I remember, but others may have been told me at a later date, so many times I may only imagine I can recall them.

The earliest I can remember is believing that a neighbor lady, Mrs. Leishman (a great friend of my mother) was my real mother. She took care of me a lot when one of my younger brothers was born, Rowe, I believe, because I remember more of Morton's arrival. I thought at the time that Mum tried to fool everyone into thinking she was sick, so that she could go to bed and rest just to have a baby.

I seemed to be a great deal of bother to everyone. I apparently had a habit of solo wandering which didn't do any good to anyone. Mum and Dad had a kind of shrill yodel they used to call each other from a distance. Our lot and garden were large, and the pastures as well, so they weren't always in sight of each other. They used to yell kind of a "Waaakee."¹ I could never duplicate it. The family will all remember the call. Whenever I disappeared, Mum used call me and the neighbors used to take up calling for me and looking for me. We had a wonderful area to get lost in - a nice creek with woods and hills to explore. Sometimes it took quite a while to locate me. Sometimes I'd hide but a lot of the time I would be too far away to hear anyone.

¹) Note: Mum called it the Australian Bushman's call. It sounded "Wa-a-a-a-a- K-e-e-e." The "kee" comes after the prolonged call, it waaaak" with explosive force on a high pitch. When done by a man the "kee" would be a falsetto note. Harold Salway

Mum tried to frighten me by saying there was a big fish in the creek that would get me. Next day they caught me heading toward the creek with a club to kill the fish. Being a nuisance, I guess I got my share of the outings. I remember going on a hike with Harold and getting tired. I wound up riding on his backpack. Another time, Mum gave me a note to take to Dad who had a barber shop at the time, across from Dr. Stackpool's Drug store. The note was written in French, the

language Mum and Dad used when we weren't supposed to understand. I took the note to my sister Eva, who also spoke French. She translated it for me and it said, "Keep Holman with you uptown for awhile 'cause he is driving me crazy."

One Sunday our barn burned down and Mum said, well, anyway Holman couldn't have done it, cause he was in Church with us. Rowe said Morton started it by lighting a grasshopper with a match and it jumped into the hay. He told me many years later that he was throwing matches in there and then seeing if he could put the fire out before it got away from him. He lost that one. Mum's greatest curse to us, the last three boys (she called us her Canadian family) was that we would each be blessed with three sons about as close together as Rowe, Mort and I were. I believe we caused Hope to marry early, she was always saying she was sick of housework and kids. Her first marriage didn't take but the second turned out as well as any I know of.

School seemed kind of a nuisance to me. I remember my teachers quite well because they often had reason to chastise me.

One boy I used to be with on and off was a friend who liked to pound on me and chase me home from school. (Seems to me those were the only times I got home from school on time.) One day I had a good idea. Before I went to school, I loaded up a bucket with rocks and pieces of coal and set it by the back gate. So, when he chased me home I ran through the front gate and through to my cache of rocks. As I figured, he'd had his fun for the day. He sauntered slowly around the corner and past the back gate. I caught him with a rock then chased him home, peppering him with rocks and lumps of coal. It was beautiful, he lost his books and his hat in his flight. I don't remember being bothered by him again.

By the time I was fifteen I kind of set a record for running away. I used to land up in Calgary a lot. My eldest brother, Jack, usually had a bed and something for me to eat. One time I wound up in Calgary riding a bike for the Dime Store Messenger Service, for a nickel a trip. I slept on the office floor and lived on buttermilk from a nearby dairy. I did that for about a month. Oddly enough, I still like buttermilk. Some days I made as much as twenty-five cents. (Oh, by the way, buttermilk cost 54 for all you could drink.)

Another time I changed my age and name and worked at the Banff Springs Hotel, cleaning up before they opened for the season. When I signed for my first check, I used my real name and had a heck of an embarrassing time explaining before I got it.

I signed up for a job with the National Reforestation Service when I was seventeen and I was one of the lucky ones chosen. We were issued work clothes and a dress uniform, room and board and one dollar a day. This was very good for the summer of 1939. We cut trees and built roads, etc. That fizzled out, so I went with another boy and cut fence posts. We did that until September when the second world war broke out. We were both stricken with Patriotism and joined the army - besides, we figured it would be easier getting shot at then cutting anymore fence posts with a Swede saw.

I guess, although I still have a lot of Gypsy in me, that, that was the end of my childhood, thus the end of this note.

* * * * *

Holman's earthly experience nearly came to an early close when he was about four years old. Dad had been spraying his potatoes with an arsenic preparation called Paris Green. Every gardener used it to kill the Colorado potato beetle which, if left alone, would eat all the leaves from the potato vines and there would be no crop. It was not at all uncommon for buckets of mixed solution or the packets and tins of the powder to be lying around. Holman, must have thought the solution was good to drink and drank a goodly amount. He soon became violently sick. He had been playing out by the swings. Mother somehow learned of his condition and the doctor was called. In those days there was no ambulance service and since we did not have a car it was up to the doctor to meet the emergency. He dropped whatever he was doing and raced to our home, literally threw Holman into the back seat and raced over the rough gravel and dirt roads to the hospital, a distance of about 2 miles. There a stomach pump was used to wash out his stomach. It was not long before a rather excited, though somewhat subdued boy was home again, thrilled over the bouncy ride in the back seat of Dr. Woolf's car.

STORIES OF OUR ANCESTORS

By E.M.R. Salway

Dear Descendants:

I have decided to write "Stories of, Our Ancestors." It will not be a clever book, or even grammatical, but if I do not write what I know about our ancestors, the knowledge will die with me. It was "Jackie's", John Edward Salway's, interest in my stories when I was talking to his mother that inspired me to do this. Therefore, I dedicate my book to -

JOHN EDWARD SALWAY

I will begin with my children, as they are the ancestors of my grandchildren.

JOHN BARLOW SALWAY

John was named after the missionary who brought the Gospel to our door. He was born May 22, 1905. He was a Boy Scout, faithful to the Boy Scout law and proved himself to be a real scout when we were crossing the Atlantic. We met with a very bad storm. Harold, Hope, Eva and myself were in one tiny cabin and Jack shared another cabin opposite with three men. I am usually a good sailor, but the children were so sick and we were shut up in that tiny cabin, unable to open the porthole, that I began to be very sick also. The boat was so crowded that there were not enough stewards and stewardesses to attend to even half of the passengers and none came near us. Our only help was Jack - he would bring us food and water and help us what he could. Then he would rush up on deck and be very sick over the side of the ship, then come down and help us again. All through those three days of storm he helped us and then when we were convalescing he would help us up on deck and carry Harold, who was very weak, until we were able to care for ourselves. He surely proved himself to be a real Boy Scout. We are very proud of him.

MILLICENT ADA SALWAY

Milly was named after her two aunts, Millicent and Ada Salway. She was born September 5, 1907 at Mynyddaback Monmouth, England and died June 7, 1918 at Bovington Camp, Dorset England. She had a very sweet disposition. Jack and she were great pals. Sometimes they quarreled and this made Milly sad. One day after one of these tiffs, she said "Never mind, Jack, when Mum's gone out we will have a bust up (feed)." "Ummm," said Jack, "I can't get over things as quickly as that."

The Christmas before she died, we gave her a little silver chain with a little fat pig as a pendant. While dancing around the Christmas tree, the chain came loose and was lost. Milly was quite sorry and we all looked for it. She found it, and holding it up sang, "Here's the old squashed pig." (The pendant was quite flat) She laughed and said nothing more about it. Since then, when we find that something is inevitable we call it "The Old Squashed Pig" and try to take our trouble as Milly did. She died just four weeks and four days before Alfie died.

HAROLD ALFRED SALWAY

Harold was born August 29, 1912. He was always very intelligent but owing to a weakness of the nerves he did not go regularly to school until he was 8 years old. One day I saw him crying over a book because he could not read it. I then began to teach him to read. He began school as soon as we settled in Canada.

He used to attend Primary, and as he was suffering from St. Vitus dance, one day the Primary children teased him because of his muscular twitching. The teacher rebuked them, he was quite upset and told me about it when he came home. I tried to console him and said he need not go to Primary again, but he held his head high, and said, "Mother, I'm going." and he did. I do not know if he was teased again, but he never complained.

This illness lasted about two years, and left him with a stutter which was quite bad when he was 13 years old. He had a blessing in which he was told that his tongue would be loosened when doing the Lord's work. At that time he was asked to close a Priesthood meeting with prayer. He stood up bravely and gave a short but good prayer and he did not stutter in the least. I asked him if he had prayed for help and he said, "Mother, I was praying all the time." This had characterized his life. He was ordained Deacon, Priest and Elder, all before he was the regular age.

When Harold had a blessing after his baptism in the River Wye, which was flowing through the soldiers camp on which we lived, he was told that "He would be an example to his fellow men." When he was administered to for an illness, he was told, "He would be an example to his fellow men." When he was presented before the Church before being ordained an Elder, it was said that, "He was an example to his fellow man."

Harold was a very fine baritone Voice. He is now president of the mission where he is living.

In the 2nd great war, Harold was Sargent cook. When the Dieppe Raid was about to take place, Harold's company and others were at the boat and it was found that all the companies could not go. So the officers tossed to choose which company would have to stay and Harold's company lost (or did they win?) for the raid was a most terrible affair. Many men were killed on the beaches and many were taken prisoner or lost. Harold was given the job of supplying the poor returned men with hot tea as they arrived. The man whose place Harold would have taken never returned, so perhaps Harold had, had a narrow escape for his life.

Another time Harold's company had orders to move to a golf course to occupy the club house there and perhaps huts, but for some reason the men did not go as scheduled. That night the Germans riddled the golf houses with bombs and machine gun fire - once again Harold was preserved.

Harold was a dry cleaner and this was written for him:

HOW TO PRESS A PAIR OF PANTS
or
THE SHORTER THE PANTS, THE LONGER THE MAN FEELS.

How press a pair of pants? you ask
I'll show you if I can,
As feathers make a peacock,
So trousers make the man.

Now learning to press trousers,
Be sure that you advance,
For, after all is said and done,
What's a man without his pants?

You take the top quite carefully,
And press all round, just so,
Keep the pockets trim and neat,
See the lining does not show.

Then press the cuffs without a crease,
Be diligent and watch,
Take both the seams to meet the hem,
And just right at the crotch.

Bring presser down so lightly,
With gentle feather touch,
At same time turning on the steam,
You must not give it much.

The trouser leg is now quite flat,
But that is only one,
When you've finished pressing that leg,
The other must be done.

But first you carefully press each crease,
Just so far up, no more,
And they must meet from both the legs,
Of that please be quite sure.

You never press the seams but once,
For you might make them shine,
And no man wants to see his pants,
All glistening up the line.

You treat the other leg the same,
And fold them up with care,
The garment now is just the thing,
For a natty man to wear.

HOPE RITA MARY SALWAY

Hope was born on a soldiers camp. The first sounds she heard in the morning were the snapping orders of a Sargent drilling his men.

During the depression in this country, Hope had a new pair of shoes, but the heels were not strong, so we sent them to a shoe maker to strengthen them. Rowe was told to bring them home Saturday afternoon so that she could wear them to Sunday School. He jumped up onto a green truck for a ride to the top of the hill and when he got off, he left the shoes in the truck. They went south in the truck and Rowe did not know the driver or his destination. Hope was quite upset to lose her new shoes. She did not like to go to Sunday School in her shabby ones but I told her to show God that she would go to School even in her old shoes and perhaps she would be able to find the new ones for the next Sunday. We polished up the old shoes well and set off to school. On crossing the bridge, we met a green truck on its way south. I jumped into its path and told the driver the story of the shoes. He said that he would let us know if he heard anything about them. I think both Hope and the people in the truck thought I was a bit crazy. Wednesday we had a phone call: the people in the truck happened to tell a farmer the story of the woman on the bridge. It turned out that the driver of the first truck had left the shoes at the farm house. They were glad to know to whom the shoes belonged and we soon had them back.

"All things work together for good, to them who love Him."

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Your visit is over,
and you've gone away,
Early this cold and snowy day,
The excited children making a fuss,
Of the long, long ride in the Greyhound bus.

I have had the spare bed put away,
And grieved you could not longer stay,
Torn down the little makeshift cot
That we had built for the tiny tot.

Swept under the table there to find,
The little toy you'd left behind,
Soon I'd wiped out every trace,
Of your sweet presence in the place.

Looking out at the front door,
Three pairs of footprints there I saw,
Musing, my footsteps seemed to stray,
And I walked along a little way.

On the right of the path, two sturdy marks,
And on the left, the baby pair,
In between were mothers footprints
Dots of high heels showing there.

Bright sun, do not rise awhile,
Let not the dust or mud defile.
Nor let your warm rays melt away,
These little footprints, let them stay.

These snowy prints are all that's left,
And now I feel that I'm bereft,
But the small impressions seem to say,
"We'll come again another day."

HOLMAN ROWE SALWAY

Holman was called after his grandmother Sarah Holman. He was born at Cardston July 18, 1921. He went to war in 1940 and was fighting in Italy in January 1944.

As a little boy Holman was always getting into fights. He often lost the fight and then would come home and boast how well the other fellow fought.

He was so pretty and sweet as a little child and looked so angelic, that we almost expected him to grow wings, but I am afraid he grew horns instead.

He was only seventeen when he volunteered for the Army. He went into the Engineers but he did not cross the water until he was eighteen. He spent three years in England, then was sent with his regiment to Sicily, then onto Italy. He volunteered as advance engineer with 59 others, a most dangerous occupation and he was the only one to return after the war - all were killed. He talked very little of his adventures, but this story he told me:

He was in a dugout for shelter one night with two other soldiers one of whom was his friend, when a bomb burst in the dugout. He was unhurt but in the darkness he found one of his companions bleeding badly. He spent the rest of the night in an effort to staunch the blood. He called to his friend, but only a groan came in answer. When morning came after this terrible night, the man he had been helping was carried away alive but Holman never heard if he continued to live and he never heard if his friend lived.

Holman came through the war with only a burst eardrum. His friends would say that he had a charmed life and perhaps he was charmed. For at his request, I kept his name on the Prayers Roll in the Alberta Temple. Was it a wonder that he came through safely?

NO, NOT THE SAME

Someone over there my boy did see,
"He is just the same" they wrote to me,
"Just the same, with his laughing ways,
Happy go lucky, through hardest days."

No, not the same, 'neath the laughing mask,
Is the hardened man, with the grimmest task,
His heart must be bruised, and his brain be seared,
By the fearful things, both seen and heard.

No time to grieve when his dearest 'Bud',
Is killed beside him in the mud,
With heavy packs, through ghastly slime,
He dodges death from time to time.

'Tis well he can joke, and cheer a friend,
Who feels he's reached the bitter end,
But there's a different man inside today,
Than the laughing boy who went away.

The post-war world won't be built by boys,
But stalwart men who have done with toys,
These are the men to build our race,
Who can meet new trials with fearless face.

WAITING

Over the radio I heard the shouts,
and yells of many men returned,
Was my dear lad among them,
The boy for whom I yearned.

I listened to the bedlam mixed,
With noise of those ashore,
Who welcomed the brave soldiers,
Who had returned from war.

As I listened I could picture,
The sea of faces bright,
Waving arms, and open mouths,
To yell with all their might.

Of all that crowded troopship,
Each man had his life,
Most of them a cherished home,
With parents or a wife.

But some would perhaps be lonely,
Seeing no prospect near,
No dear one waiting for them
To fill their heart with cheer.

I listened for a loved voice,
To penetrate that crowd,
But I knew I could not hear it,
Had he shouted, oh, so loud.

Now I'm waiting for the message,
To say that he has come,
Perhaps again I'm disappointed
And my son has not come home.

But his room is bright and cheerful,
I've started in to bake,
The meal of which he is so fond,
And ice his favorite cake.

It cannot be so very long,
So I will not complain,
For many anxious mothers wait,
To see their sons again.

P.S. I asked Holman where he stood on the deck when the ship was so very well welcomed in. He said he was on the other side of the ship saying goodbye to a sad W.A.A.C. Such is life and Holman.

ROWE SALWAY

Rowe has only the one name, my surname. He was born October 18, 1922 at Cardston, and joined the Army December 7, 1943. As all my children, Rowe has a sense of humor. One day he was helping me with the washing, sitting on the window sill, dashing the clothes which stood on the stove in a tub, pounding the dasher up and down and looking very serious. His brother Holman peeped in the door at him and said, "Is you doing it willingly and cheerfully, Wo?" Rowe answered, "Amen." They had a prayer that ended with the words, "doing all I'm asked to do, willingly, cheerfully, Amen."

He volunteered as a soldier and went to England, but never got to Europe. One day when on leave in London, he was caught in a bad air raid. A house burst into flames and Rowe and others rescued the people in it and placed them into a nearby shed for shelter. But a bomb fell on the shed and killed the people they had rescued. That concussion burst one of Rowes eardrums and he was sent back to Canada for treatment.

Rowe is a great sportsman and a very good basketball player. It was going to or coming from a basketball game that he met his wife. They were traveling in an open truck in a terrific dust storm and Rowe crawled under a quilt on the floor of the truck. Bobby (now his wife) thought the quilt a good idea and without knowing who was under it, crawled in too and so she met her fate. She joined the church shortly after their marriage and Rowe had the pleasure of baptizing her.

BOBBY
Elizabeth Mae Griffin

Of all pretty girls,
With hair in dark curls,
Is one Elizabeth (Bobby)
She met our dear Rowe,
And I'll have you know
He asked her to make him her hobby.

They met, don't you see
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
'Neath a quilt, one dark dusty night,
And he held her hand,
As they rode ore the land,
Don't blame her, he held it quite tight.

But soon, on your life,
Rowe made her his wife,
The wedding was not at all sobby,

They'd made many a friend,
Now my story must end,
Of Rowe's wife, Elizabeth (Bobby).

THE PORTRAIT

I've just received a portrait
of my boy in Air Force blue,
His eyes sparkle with mischief
as they always used to do.
He looks at me so brightly,
with his ever cheerful grin,
And there's just the faintest shadow
of the dimple in his chin.

How dear of him to have that picture
painted, just for me,
That I might gaze upon it
when he's far across the sea.
I do not really need it
for he's pictured in my heart,
But the picture is another link
now we are so far apart.

I'll hang it where it will be seen
the first thing in the dawn,
'Twill help me with my daily tasks
throughout the busy morn,
And then at night, when I am tired,
and going off to bed,
The picture will not say 'goodnight'
but smile at me instead.

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

THE ROAD

Goodbye, my son, you've had your leave,
My heart is filled with patient grief,
Goodbye, my boy, 'til you return,
That heart will never cease to yearn.

In haste you left ere you be late,
You turned and smiled as you reached the gate,
Then down the road, with your soldier stride,
And I stood and gazed at your form with pride.

At the turn of the road, you waved, right there
And now was no need to hide a tear,
My boy was gone, as far to me,
As if already he'd crossed the sea.

That weedy old road, with grass on each side,
Where oft in youthful play you'd hide,
Or stumble along, with tottering feet,
Eager your father dear to meet.

When off to school, you were always in haste,
With a bang of the door, no time to waste,
Then off down the road, you would race with glee,
But always at night, come back to me.

The road is still weedy, the grass still high,
I gaze down the path with many a sigh,
At the trail your feet so oft have trod,
And I lift my heart in prayer to God.

Pray that your feet may never stray,
That in paths of virtue, they will stay,
Pray that I'll be spared to see,
My soldier boy come back to me.

MORTON ROWE SALWAY

Morton was born September 3, 1925 in Cardston. He went to war in January 1945.

I used to tell him Bible stories and he was very fond of the story of "Moses in the Bulirushes". One day I asked him what story I would tell him and he said, "Tell me about the kid in the weeds." Morton was a good athlete, particularly fond of tumbling. He and several other farmhands had practiced so well that they would go around to the country dances and perform for their own amusement as well as the holiday makers.

Morton is a tall, well-built fellow and at a lumber camp where he worked, they called him "Little Abner". When he was about fourteen, he went to a picture show by himself and jokingly said to the usher, "If a pretty girl comes in, give her a seat near me." Sure enough, the usher brought in a very pretty little girl. Morton made friends with her and the usher came in behind him and whispered "How are you doing?" "Fine." said Morton. He brought the girl home to Sunday supper and we never saw her after that.

As soon as he had turned eighteen he volunteered for war but almost as soon as he got to England, the European war stopped.

He then volunteered for the Japanese war and was returned to Canada for it but as soon as he got back, that war stopped. So Morton never had a chance to fight. He served as guard over a German prison camp until he was demobilized. We are all rather proud of the fact that when he enlisted - he was found 100 percent physical and 100 percent mental.

LIFE IS A JIGSAW PUZZLE

Life is a jigsaw puzzle
It's pieces a tumbled heap
That life before our eager gaze
From early dawn 'til sleep.

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

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

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

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

And something may job our elbow,
And knock the scene awry,
Then we must pause, and take a breath
And make another try.

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

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

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

ALFRED EDWARD SALWAY

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

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

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

After seven trips he decided to stay home and got a job with a Mr. Prust. He then moved his family to Shirley, a suburb of Southampton, and commuted every day by street car to his work. He was always very fond of gardening and would spend his evenings in the little garden back of the house. He heard that there was an opening for a barber in the Village of Lundhurst Hampshire, so he, with his wife and two children, (Eva had been born) settled in Lundhurst. He managed to get together a nice little business and home in the village and things went on very comfortably until an opposition barber started. As the new barber was a native son and there was no room for any more barbers, he failed, sold up and moved to Sudbrook in Monmouthshire. There he worked in a shipyard and barbered in the evenings. We were living in the home of his younger brother Ernest, but wishing to have a house of his own, found a little cottage up in the Cotswold hills, moved his family there, and tried to sell insurance. He soon tired of that and started a shop in a town called Bream and once again moved his family, by then grown to four, John and Millicent had been born. In Bream he found that the business was very small and we had a few debts, so he worked down the "Flower Mill Coal Pit" at nights clearing the drains in

the underground paths and worked during the day in the barber shop only sleeping a few hours a day. But his health began to break down under this treatment and as the debts were paid, he no longer went to the mine.

He stayed in Bream a couple of years and then decided he could do better if he went to the south of England again, so once again the family moved to Poole Dorset. His brother Ernest was living there and put the family up for a few days, then Alfred got a job as nailer at Meeches Poultry Appliance works. After a few months, an opportunity came to take over a barber shop in Poole town and he kept that going until the first great war broke out; the, finding that his customers were all joining the army and going away from him, he decided to go where the men were and went to Bovington Camp and started barbering there. First on a soap box in the open, then he was given a tent, then he bought a small hut and sold candies, soap and other things needed by the troops. But he needed help, so his wife found someone to look after the children and she went to camp. But that did not work out so he bought (and was well cheated by a gypsy) a caravan and brought the whole family to camp.

After a while he bought a large hut for the family and one for the shop and they were all more comfortable. The gypsy kindly sold the caravan for us and cheated somebody else.

In 1916 he was called to the army. As his wife could do the barbering, the family remained at camp and he was sent to the 6th Dorset Regiment at Weymouth. He shortly joined the Church and then he was sent to the War. Almost at once they were rushed up to the front, and they had to slosh for miles through mud and slime and slide into the trench they had to fight from. The trench was full of liquid mud, they were always wet to their waists. They were supposed to stay there 24 hours but the Australians, who were to release them, being novices in the war, came up the line making so much noise that the Germans heard them and began shelling the place. The Australians then could not go up and Alfred and the rest had to stay in the wet for another 24 hours. When the regiment moved, Alfred found that his feet were bad and he could not keep up with the rest, so he crawled on, falling in shell holes because he could not tell them from the level ground on account of the mud.

He managed to make his way to a dugout where they were giving hot cocoa to the troops as they passed. He went in and on making the remark that he would like to take off his boots, was warned not to, as his feet would swell and he would not be able to put them on again.

He went on his way again, and was sitting on a heap of stones by the road when an old farmer passed. Thinking he might get at least a little sympathy, he passed a joke to the man who agreed it was a fine day and went on. Alfred was once again very lonely. Fortunately an Australian passed that way and put him on his horse and took him the rest of the way, where he was greeted with cheers as the men felt sure he had been killed. It was found he was suffering from Trench Feet caused from the wet. He was ill for about three months.

After that he was made cook for the company but he rarely had anything to cook, as the rations found a difficulty in getting to them. The men would steal chickens, pigs and anything they

could find to get a meal. One day Alfred made soup from bones he had but he had no salt and soup was anything but a success. Being a barber, the officers got to know of him and he would cut their hair. This would give him more freedom than the others because when he wanted to get away, he only tucked his barber kit under his arm and went, the sentries would think he was going to cut an officers' hair.

In the dreadful retreat of Mons, the men were commanded to leave everything behind and run. One officer, seeing the barber kit bag lying around, commanded a soldier to carry it, as no doubt, the barber tools were in it, so Alfred saved his stuff.

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

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

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

After the war Alfred emigrated to Canada, when he arrived at the top of the town of Cardston, he paused and asked a man where the town was. "Why, you're in it" said the man. He found lodging with Mr. Phipps the first night, then moved in with Mr. Bert Cure. He then took a house and furnished it for his family who were coming out the next year.

He found work at once in Cardston, barbering in a pool hall. The barber had just left and the owner was glad to fill the post at once. His family came out the following year, two had been left behind in the Wool graveyard: the eldest son Alfred and the second daughter, Millicent. One more had been born just before he entered the army, the first child to be born in Bovington Camp, Hope Rita Mary - she was five when they emigrated.

He then bought a log house and a parcel of land quite cheaply and made the house bigger, adding two rooms. The family was comfortable and he had a nice garden. During the great depression, he lost his health and finally was sent to a sanatorium in Calgary. These were bad times as the family had very little more than was earned by a small advertising business selling spectacles. When he returned from the sanatorium he asked to help the town in cleaning their offices, which

he did. And when the town built a larger and more commodious building, he naturally became janitor. He like the work. During this time, he was building up a good greenhouse business. He left the Town Hall to work as a greenhouse man in the Temple Greenhouse and grounds and at this date, 1952, he still holds that position. He is still running his greenhouse business and the spectacle business.

He has always suffered from a chronic cough which gets worse as the years pass. Apart from that he has always been in good health. He is now 71 years old, all the children are married and he is very proud of them. And his grand and great grandchildren as well. By nature he is kind and generous and popular wherever he is known. In his youth he stood 5 foot 9 inches, had fair hair, blue eyes, was of slender build, full of humor and fond of a joke.

Alfred Edward Salway, aged 74, died July 20, 1955 after a long illness. He suffered cancer of the lungs and throat. He died in Cardston Hospital and was buried in Cardston July 22.

FATHER COOKS THE DINNER

When Pa cooks Christmas dinner,
He really has a spree,
That cheerful, happy, bustling man,
Is quite a sight to see.

There's onions in the gravy,
And duff right in the pan,
And cabbage cooking in the pot,
And corn out of a can.

We sneak up to the oven,
Hear the spluttering of the fat,
And swipe ,a hot potato,
My, how good was that.

Those golden brown potatoes,
With pepper all atop,
And the flavor of the gravy,
Makes your heart go flop.

He peeps into the oven,
To see it doesn't burn,
Then he declares that dinner,
Is cooked now to a turn.

We all sit at the table,
And father carves the meat,
The rich juice runs about the dish,
We can hardly wait to eat.

Impatient of the Blessing,
That keeps us from our food,
But we can't help being thankful,
For a dinner quite so good.

Eagerly we help ourselves,
Plates full to the brim,
The aroma fills the dining room,
We set to with a vim.

Soon our plates are empty,
We've eaten a good deal,
But there's something very special,
When Father cooks the meal.

THE SAGA OF THE CARDSTON GREENHOUSES

Early the greenhouse season came,
But early or late the work's the same,
Bundles of seeds must be undone,
And planted carefully every one.

Tomatoes and celery are the first,
Pansies and Asters and Silver worsts,
Carnation, Petunias, Lobelia blue,
These are the first he sows for you.

The earth must be of different kind,
To suit the plants he has in mind,
Some of the boxes need more loam,
Or sand, or clay, brought far from home.

This must be mixed and turned with might,
Then sifted 'til the mixture's right,
Only the florist seems to know,
How every plant it's best can grow.

There are the fires to keep alight,
Seeds must grow both day and night,
And watered carefully each day,
The florist has no time for play.

In dark brown flats, there in long rows,
He spots each tiny shoot that grows,
He visions them in flaming green,
Mirage of blooming flowers are seen.

He lifts to peep beneath the shade,
To see what progress the seeds have made,
If bursting through, the shading's done,
The tiny shoots now need the sun.

Still night and day the firing goes,
More boxes added to the rows,
One greenhouse now is crammed to fill,
But still he works with all good will.

The early plants are now 'Just so',
And we all to the work must go,
And lift the tiny plants with care,
To transplant in baskets waiting there.

These baskets fill another house,
More fires to tend, no time to drowse,
They're moved about from sun to shade,
For every plant must make the grade.

Then what a pleasant sight to see,
The plants so near maturity,
And some begin the bloom to show,
The friendly faces we all know.

Geraniums red, Nemesis rare,
Double and single Clarkia there,
A glow of color now is seen,
The glass then painted for a screen.

Now he must sell his plants so dear,
They will be carried everywhere,
Food and beauty once again,
He feels his work is not in vain.

The folks all come from far and near,
To buy his merchandise so fair,
'They're all grown for sale we know,
But still he hates to see them go.

Then, up come the benches, he tills the ground,
Tomatoes are planted all around,
Soon there are globes of glowing red,
All along the well-kept bed.

And there'll be fruit for young and old,
Red and pink and palest gold.
Work's not so hard, the firings done,
He now depends upon the sun.

So through the summer season round,
The grower works and tills the ground,
Picking, pruning, packing the best,
'Til winter comes, and with it, rest.

EVA MARY (ROWE) SALWAY

The finest story about myself, is how I became a Latter Day Saint.

As a child I was spiritual minded. My parents taught me to be truthful and honest, took me to church and sent me to Sunday School and encouraged me to go to other religious meetings not of our faith. One day I was taken by another small girl to another Sunday School. A visiting lady came to our class, there was a lot of other little boys and girls sitting on small chairs in a large semicircle. I was not quite near one end. The lady started at the other end and began to question the children, "Do you love Jesus?" she asked and a little girl shyly lisped, "Yes." The lady passed around the class asking the same question of all of us. I began to wonder if they all knew if they really loved Jesus or whether they were saying so because they thought it the right thing to say. I did not love Jesus. I loved my mother and father, because I saw them and they were good to me. But Jesus? I had never seen him. I did not know him, how could I say I loved him? That was a little child's reasoning. At last the lady came to me. "Do you love Jesus?" she asked. I answered. "No." The lady was shocked. The teachers were shocked. All the little boys and girls were shocked and I was shocked that I could have crawled into a nutshell if one had been around. But I did not regret my answer. It was all there was to say. That was the first time I had stood up for the truth. The lady did not finish questioning the class.

I once went to a kind of girls club, called the "The Girls Friendly." A lady was addressing us and said, "Oh, you don't know what it means to be saved." I was quite enthused and wanted to be

"saved" myself but did not quite understand how to set about it. I pondered this for some time, then I went to an Evangelical meeting. There all who would like to be saved were asked to hold up their hands so up went my hand. Then the hands were counted and a record made so many were saved that day. "Glory be." After the meeting one of the missionaries came and sat by me to convert me, but I was so flustered that I could not understand a thing he said. I was saved in the same way at two more meetings at different times, by that time it was getting monotonous. I felt no better but more disappointed than ever. Finally I decided to go to my minister, Rev. John Gard, of whom I was very fond. I went straight to his study, he soon put me at ease and asked what I had come to him for. I told him I wanted to know how to be saved. He asked what had made me feel that way and I told him it was at the "Girls Friendly" and he seemed disappointed that I did not mention our church but he was very kind. He read passages of scripture proving to his satisfaction that all I had to do was to believe in Jesus and I was saved. He saw I was not convinced and we knelt down to pray. He prayed that I would learn the truth (he did not know how that prayer was to be answered. It was not in the way he expected. He then told me I was saved but I may not feel I was just yet. He saw that I was unconvinced and bitterly disappointed. I wanted something he could not give me. I had "asked for bread and he gave me a stone."

Weeks went by and I thought that if I got baptized I would feel that I was saved. I therefore applied for baptism and was baptized as an "outward sign of an inward feeling." But I was still disappointed and I fell away from church. Then I met my future husband, he was not interested in the church, so we spent our Sundays boating and walking in the country. We were married by Rev. John Gard. I wonder if he had been disappointed in me.

We started housekeeping in Southampton Hampshire, England and once again I wanted a church. I went to Baptist, Wesleyan Plymouth Brethren, etc. and even an Undenominational Church, all were failures. They could not give what I wanted. Then God sent to me a Mormon Elder, he left a tract, a little hired girl took it in and gave it to me. I saw the word "Mormon" and gave it to the baby to play with. Thank God the missionary came again. Again the girl took the tract in and gave it to me at the table. I glanced at it and saw the first sentence, "We believe in God, the Eternal Father and in His Son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost. (Three Separate Personages)." I had found what I wanted, a tangible God. I had always been taught that God was one person, and three persons, could be everywhere at once, so big that He could fill the universe and so small He could dwell in my heart, who can honestly worship a God like that? Many do because that is the only God they know. When the missionary came again, I answered the door as I was afraid to ask a Mormon in. All I knew about Mormons was this: one day in Guernsey I was sitting by a window through which I could see all down the avenue. Outside Gardeners Hotel, I saw a big crowd and they were milling toward the sea wall. They were very excited. Mother came hurriedly down the street in a great fluster. I asked her what was going on and she said that the crowd had a "Mormon" and was going to duck him in the sea. I asked her what was a Mormon and she said he was a man preaching that a man should have many wives. I said, "Serves him right." So you see I had a very poor opinion of Mormons, so I did not ask this one to come in, but talked a long time to him at the door. A few weeks after that I applied for baptism and was baptized for a "remission of sins." This was all so simple, there were no mysteries for me to try to believe. It was a Gospel of Advancement and Knowledge. I pray daily that my

posterity will all become Good Latter Day Saints and that my relatives may embrace the Gospel either here or hereafter, and I pray that I may spend the rest of my life in the Service of God.

Amen

When I was a small child, I heard the story of Solomon. How he had prayed for wisdom and it pleased God. From then on I prayed for Wisdom. Although at first I hardly knew what the word 'Wisdom' meant, I was led to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and God gave me wisdom to accept it.

MY TESTIMONY

I prayed to Our Father in Heaven,
As I knelt at the foot of His throne,
He led me to truth and knowledge,
And the Kingdom He calls His own.

I learned of His wonderful Gospel,
His glorious plan for us all,
Of the Savior who liveth and reigneth,
Who was once a babe in a stall.

I learned how a glorious Angel,
Appeared to a servant of God,
To prepare the world for His coming,
And beware of the chastening rod.

I learned that I once lived in Heaven,
And in due time was born among men,
Living, that I might gain knowledge,
Then return to Our Father again.

The simple truths once taught by Jesus,
Were restored once again unto man,
Salvation for dead and for living,
Are in this wondrous plan.

I was brought to the mountains of Zion,
Away from great Babalon's shore,
Ere the Waves of his Anger and Fury,
Encompass it more and more.

Then, ending this last dispensation,
Our Savior again will be here,
To reign in His greatness and glory,
And His people need never more fear.

I prayed to Our Father in Heaven,
And He had answered that prayer,
For He led me to truth and to knowledge,
That His glory I ever may share.

While sitting in a lovely meadow at an Elders party and barbecue, I was asked, "How old are you?" and the following was my answer.

HOW OLD AM I?

How old are you, a young girl said,
As we sat at a feast in a lovely mead.
And I thought at the time, "In woe or weal"
Our spirit is only as old as we feel.

When I've lived my best, and gone to bed,
And the pillow is soft to my tired head,
And my senses drift to the dreamless shore,
How old am I then? Why, only four.

When the weather is good, and the road is dry,
From the top of the hill I seem to fly,
On the good old bike, how old then am I?
Why truly, no more than fourteen.

I'm working, and bring in the mop for the floor,
And a grass snake pops out and streaks for the door,
I make for a chair and let out a roar,
I'm surely no more than sixteen.

When I gaze at nature in cool evening calm,
And I feel the soft air, like rose scented balm,
Like that day at the feast, when all were alive,
(Save the pig) I was then twenty-five.

This body I use has aged a bit,
Perhaps twinges annoy when I stand or sit,
But the 'me' that's inside is very fit,
And I'm not more than thirty.

When I walk in the street and my grandchildren run,
And cling to my knees in a spirit of fun,
I kiss their sweet faces, in spots that aren't dirty,
I tell you I'm glad that my age is twice thirty.

There is no age my dear, for you or for me,
For both of us live in Eternity,
What matters age, for in very truth,
We are all headed for perpetual youth.

I have had many, the life of a faithful L.D.S. is full of faith promoting experiences.

Genealogical work is part of my mission on this earth. I was kept back in the Spirit World that I may come here in this day and be useful in Genealogy. In my blessing I was told I would do a great work on my fathers family, the Mallet line is that of my fathers mother. Mary Mallet of Grouville Jersey. I am doing remarkably well on her lines. Also on my fathers, fathers line, Thomas Rowe of Devonshire England, but not as well as on the Mallet line. My mothers lines are difficult.

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

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

When we were trying to emigrate to Canada, my husband had already gone and I would follow with my four children. I had to sell the home we lived in and the barber business, I earned my living in. I had applied for my passage but had no ready money to buy the tickets. I had to sell my property. I had advertised the business for sale and the home. I had sold the business for very little but we still had the home and we had to live. Then I got a letter from the shipping agent to come in and book my passage. If I did not sell the home I could not go away. I prayed and fasted that I might know what date to give and the family prayed and fasted with me. When I reached the railway station I was alone and I prayed and an inner voice said, "two weeks." In the railway carriage I prayed again, again came the answer, "two weeks." In the Poole station I had

the same experience. The agent was pleased to see me and said, "There is an excellent boat going in two weeks." I said I would take it." You have sold your property?" asked the agent. "No," I answered, "but I will." "You have faith" said the man.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

My first accident happened at birth. I was born with my head in a cowl, a skin over my head and face. The nurse was nervous and in taking it off me tore my scalp with her fingernail. She burned the cowl and the doctor said she was stupid to do so, as any sailor would give five pounds in cash for it. There is a superstition among seafaring people that to be born in a cowl or own one will prevent you from drowning. The wound never properly healed until late in life I had a doctor cut the part out and it has troubled me no more. But my hair is thin on that side still.

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

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

A LETTER TO GRANDDAUGHTER VELMA TAGG

November 30, 1946
Cardston, Alberta, Canada

Dear Velma,

I will answer your questions as they come, dear. I am very glad to answer them.

First - we are getting on very well in the snow and cold. It is terribly slippery and Grandpa and I both have colds but we are able to carry on as usual. It seems you are getting so-called English weather. Your time is really coming to an end, but once a missionary, always a missionary, they are needed pretty badly here at home.

I hope you have everything fine at Conference. I took Eva to Conference once, to Bristol, England. It was then I first learned about genealogy and started then and kept right on.

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

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

I joined the Church when we lived in Freemantle Southampton but here is the story -

I was brought up a Baptist and was always interested in religion. But somehow I could not swallow Hell and the three in-one doctrine, but it was my church. After my marriage, I stopped that church and tried many others (but I am in a hurry, I must tell you more of my girlhood.) My brother and his sweetheart were both baptized. I had a longing to be saved. I would go to Evangelist meetings, etc. and hold up my hand when the members of the congregation were asked who wanted to be saved, then after meeting some of the good brethren and sisters would come to our seats and explain their version of the Gospel. But I never could properly understand it all. I was saved three times this way, only to be bitterly disappointed in a day or two that I was no different. I went to my minister and was shown into his study. I told him I did not know how to be saved. He was very kind and patient. He told me if I believed Jesus died for my sins I was saved, that was all there was to it. He read passages of Scripture to prove his point. He could see that I was disappointed and told me I would not feel I was saved just then, but would know it later on. I left his home brokenhearted. I had asked for bread and he had given me a stone. Well, I was about 15 then, when my brother was baptized. I felt that if I was baptized, then I would feel that I was saved. Perhaps that was what I was missing. I was baptized, but I was in deeper despair than ever after the excitement and novelty were over. I took a class in Sunday School, went to prayer meetings and took part but gradually fell away.

I met Grandpa, then married and went to England. When my first child was coming I felt I should have some religion, so I tried Church of England, did not like their ready made prayers and the tone of the preachers. I went to Baptist Church but they talked above my head. I went to Plymouth Brethren, I think I liked them best, as they seemed more sincere as a congregation. I did not both with the Catholics then as I had often gone as a visitor with friends. I tried Weslyn, they had a good choir, a good preacher and was close to home. We moved a few miles away, your mother was born and I stopped church again. Then I went to an Undenominational Church - they tried to save us all so quick, I did not go again. How I longed for a church. I was surrounded by them but could not find one for me. Then one day a tract was left at my door. My little hired help brought it to me. I saw the word Mormon - that was enough for me. I gave it to

the baby (your mother) to play with. A few weeks later, Kate brought me another tract that was left. I was seated at the table taking tea, bread and cheese. The girl put the paper by my plate and I saw the 1st Article of Faith, "Three separate personages." Wasn't that what I was unconsciously looking for? Mormon or not, I read more. These Mormons believe in baptism, I had been baptized but for a different reason. It appealed to me. The next time the Elder called, I opened the door to him. I was afraid to let a Mormon enter, so we talked at the door. He told me of the Angel Moroni, of Joseph Smith and other things and invited me to meeting. I told Grandpa about it when he came home. He laughed and said, "What, another one?" but he did not mind me going to meeting the following Sunday. The meeting house was a long way from home. I walked quickly and as I walked I prayed for wisdom. I prayed to know if this church was right. As I entered the building I knew that I had found the true Church. I was the first one there and in this little hall in a back street, I went on my knees and thanked God I had found the truth at last. The meeting following was wonderful, I learned something every sentence and knew it was all true. A few weeks after, I was baptized in the Southampton public baths in a white blouse and holland skirt. Grandpa was there. I have never once doubted, but that this was the only true Gospel. What a Blessing John Barlow was faithful enough to walk a long way three times before I saw him. I might have destroyed all his tracts but he came again and I am in Zion and you are on a Mission. May God bless you as He blessed John Barlow. He only made one convert that he taught and baptized - myself - a silly, half-shy, uneducated girl. Through his faithfulness, Grandpa and my 9 children are in the Church. I have done work and helped to do work for thousands of dead. Two grandchildren on missions, Milly a keen genealogist working on her mothers lines and longing to go to the Temple. Alfie a priest and Ward teacher, your mothers children being brought up in the Church so well. In saving one soul, John Barlow saved millions living and yet unborn. How great will be his joy. I have preached the Gospel at every opportunity and bourn my Testimony everywhere I have been.

Now I will tell you another story:

I joined the Church at Southampton, I left there, the branch was broken up. I came to Canada and we had to spend a few days at that great park. We stayed with your aunt and uncle, Lizzy and Earnest Salway. Sunday morning, Jack and a cousin came back from a walk and said they saw preachers with farmers on the great park. As they spoke I knew I had to go there and preach, too. I was alone. I went to my bedroom and began folding tracts, your mother guessed what was up and said, "I don't want to go with you." but she helped fold the tracts and off I set by myself. It was a long walk and I prayed all the time. When I reached the park, the people were promenading in thousands. I saw the other preachers and I stood by them and leaned against a tree for I was weak from fright. I saw a slight rise of ground a few yards away. I would stand on that when the people had finished singing. Then they began to pray. I could not start then - then they sang again. I must wait longer. I found two hymns in my book I would sing. Then I was so frightened I thought I would give out my tracts and go home. Then I remembered that a missionary once told me a voice had said to him, "I am always with you", and I knew someone was with me - led me to the raised spot, I sang "The Spirit of God" and "We Thank Thee Oh God." Then talked to a large stationary crowd for three quarters of an hour. When I stopped I stepped aside and people crowded for my tracts. I could not give them out quick enough. One of

the first to take one was a little man I had noticed in the first row. After he left Jack said (for he had been hiding in the crowd) the man took my place and talking loud, to hold the crowd and waving his tract, said he was a Mormon but had fallen away. The courage of the young woman who spoke had waked him up and then he went on to preach the Gospel more, still holding the crowd and all the time, I was singing and preaching an unseen somebody was with me. I knew it, it was real.

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

My fingers are numb writing.

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

God Bless you,

Grandma

GREAT GRANDFATHER EDWARD SALWAY

Edward Salway was born in Devonshire, England in 1850 and died in Beer Seaton Devonshire, May 1, 1919. He was the son of Samuel Salway by his first wife, Mary Agland. He was given the best schooling he could get at that time and place. He used to walk a long way to school each day. He, like his father became a gardener and greenhouse man and was a very successful man at his work. He took many fine prizes with his flowers and plants. The family was very proud of these achievements. A gentleman from New York, U.S.A., while in England, hearing of Edwards achievements, took him back with him to New York to landscape a fine new cemetery. When he returned to England, the family moved to Jersey Channel Islands. He was married twice. It was quite a romantic story: He was engaged to a girl who lived in Beer Seaton Devon. They quarreled and he hastily married his first wife, Sarah Holman, who had also parted with her first sweetheart in anger. They had 13 children, seven of whom lived and married. Grandma Sarah died, Edward tried to live with his children, moving from one home to the other. When he again met his first sweetheart, who was now a childless widow, he married her and they lived in her old home in Beer Seaton, where shrubs were still growing that he had planted years ago. But the union was short. He was stricken with paralysis after two years of marriage and he died within two days.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER SARAH HOLMAN

Sarah was born in Linkinhorne Cornwall England on the 25th of December 1848. She died of paralysis after a two year illness in 1910. Her father was a tin miner. Their little home had plain deal tables and chairs and floor, all of which had to be scrubbed regularly with sand and they were kept very white. Their water had to be carried from some distance from a beautiful well. One day her mother had a visitor and no clean water in the house to give a visitor a cup of tea, so Sarah was sent to the well and told to hurry. But Sarah met some friends at the well, who were making daisy chains and she tarried with them, not noticing how the time went. When she got home her mother was very cross, she had taken water from the rain water but to make tea for her friend.

GREAT GRANDFATHER CHARLES LE BOUTILLIER ROWE

Charles Le Boutillier Rowe was born July 18, 1865 in Jersey, Channel Islands, probably in the town of Grouville. His father was Thomas Rowe, son of Benjamin and Mary (Corcaster) Rowe of Tavistock Devonshire England. His mother was Mary Mallet, daughter of Charles Mallet, son of Charles Mallet and Marie (Hooper) Mallet of Grouville Jersey Channel Island. The Mallet family is one of the first families of the island.

Father was one of thirteen children. 9 died in infancy and one, Alfred, died at the age of 17 of Yellow Fever caught in the Australian bush.

Father had to earn part of his living at a very early age, as the family was very poor. At the age of six, he went to work for a shoemaker, running errands and doing other chores for which he was paid sixpence a week and allowed to finish wearing shoes, that were brought into the store for repairs.

At ten years old, father went to sea as a cabin boy on a tramp sailing vessel. His life at sea was very hard, the sailors were very cruel to him. One his nose was broken when the cook threw a basin at him. He always carried a scar on the bridge of his nose. He was shipwrecked five times and had many adventures in foreign lands. When he was about fourteen years old, he sailed with Captain Mead, who was kind to him. One day a terrific storm hit and the ship struck a reef on the Devonshire coast. The sailors took to the life boats but the Captain and Charles were left on the wreck and the ship was breaking up. The Captain told Charles to watch when a large wave came in and jump into it as it rolled back to the shore and it would carry him a long way in. Charles jumped safely but the Captain, in his anxiety for the boy, jumped too late and was dashed against the hull of the ship. The Captain was washed ashore with a broken leg, Charles was taken from the water unconscious, but otherwise unhurt. When Charles came to his senses, he was sitting in a large chair by a big fire with a large cat on his knee. He was dressed in a woman's nightgown. When he was well enough, the woman of the house asked him, "Where are you from?" Guernsey, he said. "What is your name?" "Charles Rowe." "Rowe? What is your

father's name?" she exclaimed. "Thomas Rowe." answered the boy. "Then I'm your aunt." said the woman. "Thomas Rowe is my brother." This story rather intrigued the villagers, who collected money among them to buy clothes and shoes and a new suit for him because he had to go to the coroners court to identify the dead sailors. They were laid in a row across the floor. The Captain was in the hospital and Charles was the only one who could help.

Another adventure my brother and I would love to hear father tell: The ship he was sailing in had been long becalmed. No wind came to fill the sails and the ship just drifted. They were running short of food and their water had all gone. Father had a cup of tea one morning, he drank half the tea and shaved himself with the other half. As the ship drifted they spied out a distant shore with a strong spy glass. They noticed a small inlet and the Captain thought they would find fresh water. So the sailors manned a boat and rowed off for the inlet. Charles was with them. They rowed up the stream through a matted jungle; the trees in many places arched the stream and it was very beautiful. Finally, they reached the source and found plenty of fresh water. They filled their tubs and buckets and wandered around a bit, gazing at the beauty and wonders around them. They also picked a lot of fruit to take back to the ship. There were coconuts, but they grew too high. Then, as it was getting late, they returned to the boat, only to find it high and dry. They had come up a tidal stream that dried as the tide went low. Here was a predicament - they saw all around them animal footprints where the beasts came at night to drink. The sailors gathered up great piles of wood while it was still light to make a ring of fire around them to keep away the animals. They emptied their tubs and buckets to use as drums to frighten the animals. They could see pairs of bright eyes glaring at them all around - monkeys in coconut trees near pelted them with nuts. All night the men kept up their din and burned their fires. By morning the animals went away, the water came back and floated their boat, they filled the utensils with water again. Half way down the stream, they met the Captain and other sailors coming to look for them, for he had been very anxious about them all night.

Once, while sailing in a dense fog, the Captain could not tell where they were and the ship drifted. When the fog arose, they found they were coming out of a narrow passage, very rocky, between the islands of Harm and Jethou off the coast of Guernsey Channel Islands. No ship would dare make the passage and they had come through it in a fog.

Father was shipwrecked five times, but I cannot remember the other stories, but father told us these and many other stories on Sunday evenings.

When father was courting mother, he had to walk far out into the country to take her home. The village boys did not like the town boys courting their village girls, so Charles always carried with him a large stick, as he might be waylaid. One night he saw what he thought was a head peeping over a fence at him. Thinking it might be an enemy, he said, "What do you want?" No answer came. Charles walked closer, clutching his stick, still the figure did not move. So Charles bravely gave it a tremendous whack with his stick and he found he had attacked a stone ball that ornamented the gate post of a gentleman's estate. They married but I must leave the account of their marriage to mother's story.

When they married, father left the sea and joined an old friend of his, Adolph Rogers, in a watchmaking business. Father would go from house to house and gather watches for repair and take them to Rogers. After while he left Rogers and moved with his wife and 2 children to Jersey. Adolph Rogers prospered in the business and wrote to Jersey for father to come back to Guernsey and manage his jewelry store. Father did so and managed in the business for 20 years. It had become the largest business of its kind in the British Isles.

It had not been my fathers plan to go to Jersey when we did. We had intended to emigrate to Australia, taking advantage of an easy emigration, but after they had packed all their goods and were all ready to go, the emigration stopped, so we just crossed over to Jersey.

Father opened a watchmakers shop in High St., Guernsey after he left Rogers and did very well for awhile but just after I was married during the Boar War, his business failed as did many other businesses at that time.

Father had been spiritual minded, he had been interested in the Baptist Church. Mother, who had been Church of England, also joined the Baptist Church. Father was head deacon of that church for many years.

We never stayed long in one house, moving for various reasons. Once we left a lovely house situated in the middle of a very steep road, we moved to a house easier to get to because old grandfather Rowe could not climb the hill and he would try to visit us at least once a week. We moved to a house near the shore, on Paris St. Grandmother Rowe died in that house. Later we moved to No. 3 Emma Place, Victoria Road, St. Peters Port in Guernsey. There mother ran a private hotel. One day our lodgers had, had a dinner party and as was their custom, the meal was eaten with the blinds rolled up and the table, with its good food and glittering silver and glass could be seen by passerby outside our house. The house was full at that time and as my bedroom was let to a servant of one of our lodgers, I slept on a cot in the kitchen. Father had gone outside to smoke while my mother and the young hired girl cleared away the dishes before going to bed. Father came in and said, "Don't go to bed yet, there is still a man in the dining room." Mother said she was sure all the men had left the house, so father went outside to look again and he saw that it was a burglar. Father walked into the room and took the man by the collar and sat him in a chair and called mother. She came quickly and picking up a big walking stick from the hall, stood over the man while father went for the police. And when the man moved, she waved the stick over him, saying, "You move, you beggar." The man did not move as he had been drinking and the warm room had made him tipsy. Since he had only stolen food he was given a light sentence - 10 days in jail.

Father was fond of reading and his favorite books were detective stories.

Father and mother would occasionally travel to London, England and once they went to Paris. We often crossed from one island to the other.

My brother became a cabinet maker and moved to England.

After I married and my parents moved to England, father became an Atheist. A man would come into his jewelry store in Birmingham and talk to father about Atheism and father believed him. Mother became unsure of what to believe, but my brother also became an Atheist. I am grateful to my parents that they brought me up to a religion.

Father was generous and kind, patient and loving. I never remember hearing him utter a cross word. Father died of paralysis November 30, 1930. He was ill a year and died a short time before their 50th anniversary.

STRANDED IN A JUNGLE

Charles L.B. Rowe went sailing far,
A'sailing abroad went he,
He sailed through waters calm and blue,
And many a raging sea.

The ship was long becalmed one day
The captain said, said he,
"There's nary a drop of water to drink,
Look out if land there be."

The mate spied out across the sea,
As the ship crawled slowly on,
He saw a thin, dark line ahead,
"Ahoy, sir, land over yon."

The boatswain cried "See there's a creek"
As he scanned the lonely shore,
"It runs right in that forest there,
What could we hope for more?"

"Lower the boat" the captain said,
"And take some cans and tubs,
Bring water back, full to the brim,
Now hurry up, ye lubs."

Charles stepped into the little boat,
With some of his mates went he,
Glad to leave the ship a while,
And see what he could see.

They rowed up the stream, til they came to the top
And found fresh water free,
They filled their cans and tubs right up,
And rested on the lea.

They sat them down and gazed around,
At the fruit and flowers sweet,
"Let's gather up some fruit" said Charles,
"For the captain and crew to eat."

So they wandered round both near and far,
To find what fruit was best,
They ate as much as they possibly could,
And were carrying back the rest.

The coconuts grew up so high,
And they did not have much time,
So they teased the monkeys, who threw down nuts,
And they did not have to climb.

Those little rascally monkey men,
Thought "You threw sticks at me,
We can play the same rough game,
And threw down nuts at thee."

"My word, it must be getting late."
Said one of the men, 'tis time,
The darkness falls down very quick,
In this far distant clime.

When they got back, their boat was dry,
For the river had flowed away,
They had traveled up a tidal stream,
That went dry, twice a day.

They gazed with awe at the drying stream
"Alas" said one, "I think,
We've pulled our boat right to the place,
Where animals come to drink."

They saw that they could not return,
'Til morning tide came in,
They gathered up wood, and made great fires,
Their fight for life to win.

All through the night the wild beasts roared,
As they walked around in rage,
The men kept close in their ring of flame,
As in a fiery cage.

Peering out from the darkness,
Were many glaring eyes
The brave men shouted, bawled and screamed
Deeming that course most wise.

Many pairs of gleaming eyes,
Peered at them from the dark,
The men, though brave were asking,
"What was that sound, now hark."

They emptied their cans and wooden tubs,
And banged them hard like drums,
Hoping thus to scare the beasts,
Until the morning comes.

At last the tide came back again,
Once more they saw the day,
The loaded boat, was soon afloat,
The wild beasts gone away.

They met the captain on the stream,
For he knew not what he'd do,
If cannibals or beasts had ate,
Four men of his scanty crew.

They told him the tale of the long, long night
How they hadn't slept a wink,
They'd been keeping those terrible beasts at bay,
That came to the stream to drink.

"I'll not punish the men" the captain said,
"Although they're much to blame,
They've been punished enough, and I'm sure that
Will never so err again."

TO MY FATHER

Father, your dear memory,
Stays with me today
It seems I see your sunny smile
As you shared my childish play.

You taught me how the clock hands
Moved across it's face,
As its silver chimes came floating,
From atop the market place.

You'd tell me stories of the stars,
Piercing the evening sky,
Show which is Venus, which is Mars,
Sparkling there so high.

And how to tie a sailors knot,
As you did when at sea,
Thrill me with tales of foreign lands,
As we strolled beside the quay.

How patiently you'd listen to
Many a tale of woe,
To me you always were a friend,
In those days, long ago.

I never can remember as down
the years I trace
A hasty or impatient word,
Or frown upon your face.

Dear father, in these memories,
You've oft walked by my side,
Some day again I'll meet you,
In that Heaven where you abide.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER ELLEN THOMAS

Ellen Green Thomas was the daughter of John Thomas, son of William Thomas and Susan Saunders of Dorset England and her mother was Susanna Legg Green of Dorset England.

Ellen was born May 5, 1857 in Jersey Channel Islands. She was the eldest daughter and second child of a family of thirteen children. She lived a lot with her grandmother Susanna Legg. Her grandmother was very strict and Ellen was not allowed to sit down at any of her work. When she kicked a rug into place her grandmother said "Bend your lazy back." One day Ellen had been playing by the seashore and had caught some crabs, which she brought home in a paper bag. Fearing her grandmother would not let her keep them, she hid them under the bed. In the night her grandmother heard scratching and creeping noises and lighting a candle found crabs crawling all over the floor. The spittal of the crabs had wet the paper bag and the crabs had freed themselves.

Once mother was tired of the old bonnet she wore to school and she asked for a hat. Her grandmother scolded her as her bonnet was still quite good and still had wear in it. Ellen went on to school crying. A kindly neighbor asked her the reason for her grief and Ellen told her how she wanted a hat. The kind woman gave her a hat, which she was very proud of that day but when she returned home her grandmother was indignant and marched back to the neighbor with the hat. So mother continued to wear the bonnet - she had very little.

Ellen's parents and family lived in the country and raised a small market garden. Her father also worked in an iron foundry. When Ellen was quite a young girl, she had to get up early in the morning, go outside and scrub parsnips, carrots, etc. under the pump to be taken to market for sale. This was very hard and cold work.

When mother was old enough, she hired out to mind a baby and help in the house. One day as she pushed the baby out in its bassinet, walking along the top of a cliff, she left the bassinet to pick blackberries, not noticing she left the threw nutshells at them. Mothers companion said, "That's Charlie Rowe, let's talk to them." Mother hesitated but the boys came forward and so she met her future husband.

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3RD GREAT GRANDFATHER THOMAS ROWE

Thomas was born in Tavistock Devon. He was christened April 4, 1926 and died in Guernsey in 1894. He met his wife Mary Mallet in Jersey, she was of one of the oldest families of that island.

They had thirteen children, all of whom died young except the eldest, Maria Louisa (Lou) and Charles Le Boutillier. This must have been a great grief to Mary. Their son Alfred fought in the Zulu War and he died of Yellow Fever which he contracted in Africa during the war. His brother Charles Le Boutillier went to the Kings ship and received Alfred's war medal, as Alfred was too ill to go.

4TH GREAT GRANDPARENTS BENJAMIN ROWE AND MARY DONCASTER

Benjamin was born at Holsworthy Devonshire, June 28, 1787. Mary was born in 1785 in Kinkhampton Cornwall England.

They had 17 children. Mary must have been a very ambitious woman, after bearing and bringing up 13 of these children, she kept an inn and at one time had fifteen lodgers. Benjamin was a tailor and later called himself an Inn holder.

3RD GREAT GRANDPARENTS JOHN THOMAS AND SUSANNA LEGG GREEN

John was twenty-one years older than Susanna. He met her in Bridgport Dorset and they moved to Jersey Channel Islands where their first two children were born. Then they moved to Guernsey. He worked in an iron foundry. He was so strong that he was nicknamed "Jackie Steeldust." He was born in 1812 and died in 1890.

They had 13 children of whom only 5 lived to marry. Smallpox took three of the children in one week. Her daughter Ellen was in service at that time and her mistress wisely would not let her visit her home and all letters that came from her home to Ellen were soaked in hot vinegar before she could read them. Poor Ellen thought that she was badly treated and when she heard that her mother was taken with the disease she jumped out of the window at night and ran home to nurse her mother.

Susanna in middle life joined the Salvation Army. She was a good soldier and became an active officer in that organization. Sunday's she would wear the full costume of the Army. She did a great work in helping fallen girls. Her husband being much older than her they gave up their home in the country and Susanna rented a stall in the Guernsey market and became a wholesaler dealer in fish. She bought a home in Burndt Lane and died there attended by her youngest daughter Marina Elizabeth (Le Reverend) who inherited the home.

4TH GREAT GRANDMOTHER SUSANNA LEGG (GREEN)

Susanna was born at East Cocker Dorset. Although a descendant of what was once the greatest noble family of England, she was very poor and in her widowhood made a scanty living making cords that were wrapped around bottles at that time. Her granddaughter Ellen Thomas lived with her quite a lot. One day Susanna and Ellen were at a fair and they noticed a woman with a crying baby. The more the baby howled the more the mother jumped and jiggled it and the more the baby cried. Finally Susanna could stand it no longer. She took the baby away from the mother, saying, "That baby has a pin." She sat down in a little park near and searched the baby's clothes and found the pin, which had been lacerating the poor baby.

To sit down to work in those days was almost a crime and Ellen was not allowed to sit to peel the potatoes or do any other job sitting that could be done standing. One day Ellen pushed a rug in place with her foot. "Bend your lazy back" said her grandmother.

5TH GREAT GRANDFATHER WILLIAM GREEN

William was born about 1796 a native of Dorset England. He was a Baptist Local Preacher. In those days there were no residing ministers in the smaller villages and a member of the congregation would look after the flock when the minister was not there. As a rule the minister would only come to the village when there was someone to bury, then he would do all the marrying and christening that had accumulated during his absence.

THE OLD GREEN TREE

Long years ago, the "Old Green Tree",
Sank deep its roots in Albia's soil,
Its branches spread, and Banyan like,
They bore to earth: thus no turmoil
Could shake the old and mighty tree,
Was warfare on? its branches then
Made stoutest staves to slay the foe,
And Lord's De Greene De Boughton's men,
Led by their fearless chiefs became,
A Scourging rod for those who dared,
Oppose the will of England's King,
But warrior Green's their honors shared,
With those of legal lore; and Lord
Chief Justice Henry Green we find
Was long supreme in Judged Hall,
His truly just and legal mind
Was tower of strength to Henry III:
And second son of this De Greene
Lives for all time in Shakespear's plays
And on the throne of England's queen
A Daughter of this line is seen.

Attie A. Stowe

At Nortons Hall, De Boketon's hall,
High Wassial reigned at Christmas tide,
The aged harper thumbed his strings,
Then drained the flagon by his side,
And, when its' contents warmed his blood,
And roused his pride 'til wits were keen,
He voiced this lay, wherein he sang,
Of Alexander, Lord De Greene

Attie A. Stowe

Sir Alexander 1st was the first Lord de Breene de Boketon. He was the great grandson of a Norman noble who invaded England with William the Conqueror in 1066. King John bestowed the estate of Boughton in Northamptonshire in 1202. Lord Alexander assumed a surname after his chief estate, de Greene de Boketon. i.e. The Lord of the park of the deer enclosure, boketon is an old word meaning Bucks (Bokes) ton or Pales enclosure.

After a time the name was shortened to Greene. During the reign of Henry VI (1422-1471) the patriotic de Greene's dropped the "de". Lord Alexander was a great Baron, he had power in his estates almost as a petty king.

For five generations the de Greene's spoke Norman French. They also delighted in sports.

Thirteen years after Alexander settled in Boughton, the Lords rose against King John. He must have been one of the two thousand Lords who protested against the king, as he was not one of the seven who adhered to him. One of the signers was Roger whose great great grandmother, Louie De La Zouche, married Sir Alexander's great great grandson Lord Thomas the 5th lord.

Lord Alexander's son, the 2nd Lord, was probably a crusading knight in the seventh crusade, which ended in 1240. His name was Sir Walter De Boughton. He was listed in the old rolls of 20th year of Henry III (1236). The roll of the seventh year of Edward II (1314) gives the name of John De Boketon. the next heir Sir Thomas, received the title in infancy in the reign of Edward 1st (1272). He accompanied Edward against the Scots in 1296, his wife was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Bottisham of Braunston. He was mentioned in the records as alive in 1319.

Sir Thomas 5th was born 1292 and married one of Royal descent, Lucie, daughter of Eude de le Zouche and Millicent, sister and heir of George de Cantelupe, Lord of Abergavenny.

Sir Thomas was made high sheriff of Northampton (1330-1332) early part of the reign of Edward III.

Sir Henry Greene 6th afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England from him have descended the Earls of Wilkshire, Montague, Peterborough and Sandwich. The king was deeply attached to Sir Henry. He was speaker in the House of Lords in two Parliaments, (1363-4) and became at last of the king's nearest council (State Cabinet.) He left one of the most considerable estates of that age. He died possessed of seven manors, three lands, the lordships of 26 estates and sundry others.

He established the fair of Boughton, second only to the London fair. It still exists after 6 centuries. He died in 1370. He married Katherine, daughter of Sir John and only sister of Sir Simon Dreyton of Dreyton. Sir Thomas 7th, his heir, Henry knighted by King Richard II and made heir to his Uncle Simon Dreyton.

Sir Thomas 8th was born 1369 and died in 1417. His only son, Sir Thomas 9th married Philippa, daughter of Baron Ferras. She was descended from William the Conqueror through the Earl Spencers.

Sir Thomas 10th left an only son, Thomas 11th. He had two daughters to whom Green's Naughton passed. Lady Ann married Baron Vause of Harroden. Matilda married Lord Thomas Parr, they were the parents of Queen Catherine Parr, 6th wife of Henry the VIII.

THE LINE OF SIR HENRY GREENE THE BEHEADED

Henry 7th loved a public life. The king knighted him, he was near councilor to the king and later helped the king govern his country. He joined himself to Richard II who gave him several parcels of confiscated lands - the manors of: Kilworth, Cotgrave, Preston Capes, Knighton, Covelle and Bulkington in Wilts. And the place of Lord Cobham in London with all its furniture. This makes 40 known manors that Sir Henry possessed besides the houses in town. Sir Henry tried to save Isabella, Child Queen of Richard II. Richard had escaped to Ireland, Henry hid with the Queen in the strong castle of Bristol. The commander of the garrison treacherously surrendered the city and Henry Greene and his two companions, Sir John Bushy and the Earl of Wiltshire were beheaded the next day at Bristol Market Square. Shakespear has immortalized Sir Henry in his play "Richard II." He died September 2 1399. Two of his sons, Ralph and John, were successively Lord Greene. The great estate passed through the last heiress of John's line to the Earls of Wiltshire and Peterborough, her descendants.

In the very first year of King Henry IV, Sir Henry's eldest son was restored to his title and estates and received in after years particular honors from the king. He left no children. Lord Henry 9th next succeeded. He left only a daughter. The only heir was Edward Earl of Wiltshire, his brother Sir John 8th left three children. Edward Earl of Wiltshire died in 1501 leaving no issue, the estate then reverted to Isabella De Vere, a sister of Lord Henry 9th.

From Sir Thomas 8th are the Gillingham, Warwick and Quidnesset Green's. Between Sir Thomas and Robert 11th of Gillingham are two generations. The name of the 9th is not preserved but there is ample proof of him. He was born 1420 and his son John 10th was born 1450. John was the next to the eldest and a man of prominence in his day. Henry III sent John 11th to the Tower of London with a message to Sir Robert Brackenbury to put the two imprisoned princes to death, but Sir Robert sent Sir John back again with a refusal.

Richard the III was slain in battle two years later. Henry VIII hated Yorkist and he had spite against the Greene family. Sir John escaped to Europe. He ventured back and passed as John Clark. He saw his family occasionally, a son of John the Fugitive was Robert Greene. He purchased an estate in Gillingham Dorsetshire which was called Bowridge sometimes called Porridge Hill. Most of the subsidy rolls of that century have been destroyed. In 1543 Robert was an elderly man. He had five children, Peter, Richard 12, John 12, Alice and Anne. Peter died without heirs and Richard inherited the estate.

This history was taken from the book, "Green, Greens of England and America." Although we have not connected, missing about 80 years from a connection, I hope to do so as we are undoubtedly of the family of Greene. It is said that there is only one family of Greens, a very large family but all can connect. One characteristic of both our Dorset Greens and the Greens who emigrated to America is that the males never marry until after the age of 30. Your 4th grandmother played around Porridge Hill as a child, our Green's are all from the same district.

2ND GREAT GRANDFATHER SAMUEL SALWAY

Samuel was a fine man, he died about 1908. He was born about 1826 at Dunkerswell, Honiton Devonshire, England. He buried five wives, his first is your progenitor, Mary Agland.

He was a gardener, and used to travel to market to sell his produce. The road was dangerous at that time and Samuel always carried a thick stick. The hedges were high on both sides of the road and at night were very lonely. I have written some verses about the time when Samuel Salway was afraid of his shadow.

AFRAID OF HIS SHADOW

Samuel was returning from market,
Contented, his trading well done,
Thinking of pleasures ahead for all,
And blessings his labor had won.

In his mind, he did vision these comforts,
This hard earned money could buy,
The bonnet his wife had so longed for,
The new pig he'd put in the sty.

The garden tools he would replenish,
The new piece of land he would get,
A few more pounds put in the stocking,
No longer remaining in debt.

As he traveled along in the moonlight,
Alone with his pony and gig,
Gazing around at the hedgerows,
And the beauty of moon painted twig.

But what did he see 'hind the hedge there?
A form that bobbed up and down,
Running then duck when the hedge was low,
A thief followed Sam from the town.

He checked not the pace of his pony,
Through the edge of his eyes he did scan,
He'd die 'fore he handed his hard earned cash,
To any bold highway man.

Thought he, "When I get to the gateway,
Then I'll accost the bad man,
A crack on the head with my trusty staff,
Will teach him to meddle with Sam."

He stopped at the gateway expectant,
And saw there was no one around,
His shadow full length in tine gateway,
Lay there on the unbroken ground.

'Twas with great relief that he then saw,
The silly mistake he had made,
'Twas the first time that Samuel Salway,
Had been afraid of his shade.

3RD GREAT GRANDFATHER CHARLES MALLET

Charles was born at Grouville, Jersey Channel Islands, October 1, 1787 and was drowned there. He was Centeneer of Grouville, he owned Wracking boats. There being little fuel in Jersey, no coal and most of the trees were on private property, that the people had learn to dry for fuel, Wrack, a large seaweed that grew on the rocks. This Wrack could only be gathered a few days a year, when the tide was low enough for the rocks to show well above the water. One season, Charles Mallet went with the others out to the wracking field, with about 12 ships, and a great and sudden storm arose as it does in that sea. The ships were dashed onto the rocks and not one man was saved. This could be seen from the shore. I have often pictured grandmother Mary Hooper, standing on the shore, with other women, the wind blowing their shawls and skirts around them, watching in anxiety for the safety of their loved ones. The wracking feast had been prepared, jars of cider and great wracking buns full of dried fruit, for the return of the wracking party. They would dance all night and feast, but they never came back.

May be 24TH GREAT GRANDFATHER WILLIAM MALLET OF ENGLAND

He is our ancestor, but I may have missed a generation in the pedigree. He held lands in Normandy and in the County of Lincoln England before 1066. He was granted the Barony of Eye Suffolk England, either he or his son William. His son William married Hessilla Chrispin, niece of William the Conqueror. The 1st William married the sister of Lady Godiva. Hesilla Chrispin was living in 1086. William 2nd died in 1086.

His son Robert of Eye was born 1086 and died 1106, may be father or grandfather of our Robert of Jersey who was living in 1170.

Robert of Eye 1086 Chamberlain, was banished from England in 1105. Probably father of the William Mallet who was banished in 1109 and ancestor of the Normandy Mallets. Sire de Graville in Caux Normandy, he was ancestor of the Jersey Mallets.

THE 1ST WILLIAM

William was connected by marriage with William the Conqueror. (That is our connection with the Conqueror on the Mallet line.) In King Harold's last battle, when Harold was shot in the eye by an arrow, the Conqueror confided Harold's remains to William for decent interment. William Mallet had been a friend of Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings. The book by that title gives a lot of interesting history of the Mallets when in England. After the battle of Hastings, William Mallet signed the Charta after the King: "Ego, Willielmus Malet, Princeps." He had two sons, Robert and Gilbert. Robert was killed in the battle of Tindebrail, 1106.

The son of Robert, William, accompanied Duke Robert of Normandy to the Crusade in 1090 as banneret. In 1121 he endowed the Abbey of Bec. Having as witnesses, Henry I and his queen. He had two sons, Ernest Malet de Graville, who remained in Normandy and founded the French branches of the family, some of which is still existant. Hugh assumed the name of Fitchet. His cousin William Malet, younger brother of Robert Malet 1210. This junior branch escaped attainder. It came to an end with William Lord Malet who was one of the signers of the Magna Charta, there is a large branch of Malets in England. (See Burks Peerage.)

There is a story of one of our Mallets, who was sent to the court of England as hostage for his fathers good conduct. Two years after he returned to find his father dead and his property confiscated.

Robert Malet, your 20th great grandfather, the first Malet to settle in Jersey, was given land in that island by William the Conqueror. He called the land Grouville after his homeland in Normandy. He is the direct ancestor on the Jersey branch of the Mallets.

THE HOOPERS

Marie Hooper, your 4th great grandmother, wife of Charles Mallet the Drowned, was descended from William Hooper who was buried in Jersey (July 13, 1585?). He was the brother of John Hooper of England. This John Hooper was a Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. He was born in Somerset. He did not agree with the religion he had been preaching and started preaching what he thought was right. This displeased the King and John had to escape to Europe. While there he married Anne de Tserclaes at Strassburg, she was a French woman. When he thought it

was safe, he returned to England and continued his preaching, but was put in prison. After some time languishing in an awful prison, he was taken out and burned at the stake. He was a martyr to what he believed was the truth. He was glad that the execution was to be held in Gloucester where he had preached to his people. The death was an awful one, you can read all the gruesome details in Fox's Book of Martyrs. I do not care to dwell on them here, I believe the Author, Fox, must have been at the execution, as he wrote the details so vividly. His brother, our ancestor, William escaped to Jersey as he deemed England unsafe for him and so became our ancestor.

THE FALLE FAMILY

Your 6th great grandmother, Mary Falle, married Thomas Godfray on February 9, 1743/44. The Godfray's connect with the Hoopers. I will take the story of Phillipe Falle, the Historian of Jersey (1656-1742). He was the son of Thomas Falle, son of Philip, son of Thomas, son of Philip, son of Thomas, son of Philip. It was quite frequent in Jersey to give the eldest son the baptismal name of his paternal grandfather. The ancestry of the Historian has been many generations, filled municipal offices at St. Savior. They had the welfare of their country at heart and of that have given tangible proofs.

For instance, Thomas Falle, son of Philip, gave in 1558 "In pure charity for the payment of the hearth-tax" which the parishioners are bound to pay the kings receiver every three years. The said quarter of the rent was the assigned on William Johnson, living to the west and near the Church of St. Martin. The surplus, if any, to be used to repair the roads between the said Thomas's house and the windmill at Brouville.

The same Thomas Falle bequeathed 30 pounds for the repair of St. Saviors Church. (Burial register of St. Savior)

Thomas Falle, nephew of the advocate and great grandfather of the Historian, was for many years Centenier of the parish of St. Savior. He was discharged from office at the age of 80 years due to devility of age. He died a few weeks later.

In 1636, this same Thomas Falle and Elizabeth Le Boutillier, his wife, made a gift to St. Savior church of a silver cup for use at Holy Communion. This gift is mentioned in the "Inventory of Silver" of the church of St. Savior in 1776 as well as other gifts made by the Historian, Philip Falle eldest son of the above. Thomas Falle was also a centenier of his parish from 1647-1651.

January 1646/47 Philippe Falle, 2nd son of Thomas condemned to be fined for having put on his hat irreverently during a sitting of the Kings Attorney-General.

Thomas Falle, son of the foregoing, was sworn as Centernier of St. Savior the 15th of July 1658 under Cromwell's Protectorate. But he does not appear to have retained this post at the restoration of Charles II.

He died at the age of 43 years and was buried at St. Savior Church the 29th of September 1673. On his death bed he appointed as guardian to his children, David Bandinel, Greggier of the Royal Court and later Jurat of the Royal Court.

(2) Without doubt this is he of whom the chronicler John Chevalier spoke when he stated that Philip Falle had loaned 1000 pounds to the king. (MSS. Chevalier, March 1645-6)

(3) Strangely enough this attestation is recorded in the book of Roads and Inspections, at the date given.

The eldest of these children was Philip Falle, who became the Historian of Jersey and the first founder of the library.

One knows nothing of his infancy, except that while very young he left the paternal home to pursue his studies in England.

On June 8th 1676, he took at Alban Hall, Oxford University, the degree of Master at Arms. He himself informs us of this in a note written in his own hand on the first page of a book which belonged to him.

He became rector of Trinity in 1681 in replacement, we believe, of Mr. Joshua de la Place, and on the 10th of September 1690, he was installed as the rector of St. Savior, where he succeeded Mr. Thomas Poingdestre.

Mr. Falle was somewhat fond of litigation, either by temperament or by necessity. He had many lawsuits with members of his flock; disputes which were taken before the Royal Court. For example, on the 17th of Jan. 1684/85 on the occasion of a quarrel which he had with Eli Dumaresq, Lord of Augres, Jurat of the Royal Court, one of his principal parishioners, he was condemned to be fined "for having attempted to settle points" of honor and preference which were outside his capacity.

On June 6th of the same year he undertook an action for libel against Me Renault Coutanche, also of the notable persons of Trinity in 1692. A lawsuit which he had with John LaCloche, Jurat of the Royal Court, was decided in favor of the Historian, (I)"With eulogies from the Royal Court."

Mr. Falle, in 1692 was one of the deputation sent by the States to England to plead before his Majesty the question of the defense of the Island. He returned to Jersey to report on his mandate but went back again soon afterwards to England and since then appears to have always resided out of the Island.

In fact, in 1699, when Nicholas Journeaux was Churchwarden of St. Savior, it is stated that Mr. Philip Falle, Rector, has been absent from the island for several years and is "at present in Holland or Germany with the King as one of the chaplains in Ordinary of His Majesty." and

Mrs. James Tapin de Barhais (French refugee) officiated as "Deputy Minister" of Mr. Falle. In 1704, Philip returned to London.

Mr. Falle must have tendered his resignation as rector of St. Savior about 1709 as his interests in Jersey were entrusted to his brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Estue.

But although absent from the country, Mr. Falle continued to give tangible proofs of his attachment to his native island, such as his two editions of his History of Jersey and the foundation of the public library in the reign of George II.

When he was chaplain to the King William III, he preached the funeral sermon of the queen.

Here is a few notes of Mr. or Colonel Philip Fall, the Historians namesake. He was lieutenant Governor of Jersey, son of Me. Clement Falle (He spelled his name "Fall" He entered the service of the English Army on half pay of the 95ths Infantry Regiment. He returned to Jersey and became deeply interested in politics and was one of the leaders of the party, in 1770 he was sworn in Adjutant-General of the Militia. And two years later was sworn in as one of the kings Receivers General in Jersey. Mr. Fall governed Jersey for 13 years, he died in England about 1811.

The following is referred to by the Historian in his memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury:

The French squadron (under Marquis de Nesmond), consisting of the "Francis" and four other ships, put to sea from "Rochelle" and on April 26, 1695 met three English ships in the chops of the channel. These were the Hope of 70 guns, "Anglesea" of 48 and the Roebuck fore ship. They had sailed from the Nore in the end of March in company of the "Captain" of 70 guns, "The Montague" of 60 and a large convoy from the Straights; but two days before, by the negligence of the officer of the watch on board the "Hope", they had parted company and were now caught at a disadvantage by this very superior force. As the French squadron bore down upon them, the "St. Anthony" 56 guns, attacked the "Angelsea" and endeavored to lay her one board. But her captain, Mr. De La Villestreux, being killed at the critical moment the attempt was repulsed and her four topmasts being shot away about the same time, she fell astern, while the "Angelsea" made good her escape. The Roebuck also having no force, and under the circumstance being useless as a fire-ship, made off unpursued and the five Frenchmen clustered around the "Hope" which, after stoutly defending herself for some seven or eight hours, was forced to yield. Having, according to the deposition of her lieutenant both the pumps going most of the time and seven feet of water in the hold, lost all the masts and the ship rolled so much that they could not manage any of the guns. For his gallant defense, Captain Robinson was rightly commended by the Court Marshall, which recognized that the loss of the "Hope" was due to her having separated from her consorts and convoy. The circumstances of which were somewhat curious. On sailing from the "Nore", two of her Lieutenants were left behind on impress service, she had only one lieutenant on board. (This was Richard Falle) and her captain was most of the time sick and prostrate from attacks of gout and gravel. Her ships company consisted for the most part of newly raised and perfectly raw men and by the captains orders, the one lieutenant devoted

himself to day duty and to exercising of these raw men at the guns. The night watches being taken by the master and the senior mate. On the night of 23-24 April this mate had the middle watch, that is from midnight to four o'clock, he let the ship get taken aback, paid her off on the wrong tack, made no signal to the other ships and said nothing about it to the captain, who was confined to bed with an attack of gravel and might probably, if he had been disturbed, have made use of unparliamentary, not to say un-Christian, language. The weather was thick, when the lieutenant came one deck, it was too late.

This lieutenant was brother of Phillip Falle the Historian. It was proved to the satisfaction of the court, which decided that the officer of the watch, the mate, was guilty of negligence and disobedience; this sentence in the present day seems peculiar. It was ordered that he be carried with a halter about his neck from ship to ship, to all ships at Chatham and Gillingham, and his crime to be read by beat of a drum at each ships' side. That all the pay due to him in his Majesty's service be forfeited to the chest at Chatham and that he be rendered incapable of forever serving his Majesty.

ACT RELATING TO JOHN FALLE, SON OF THOMAS 1608

John Falle, son of Thomas, was reported by the constable of St. Savior for misdeeds and negligence in not preaching ordinary sermons of the Gospel of God in his parish and for not holding services of Holy Communion, though he administered the Holy Sacrament at the Castle in the English manner and that he should carry on the custom of visiting in his parish, according to the orders of the King our Sovereign Lord.

And as the report was scandalous, it was decided that the said minister be summoned before the bench to answer. December 1608.

PHILLIPE MARET 1568? - Jan. 1636/7

Phillipe Maret was attorney general of Jersey, 2nd son of Charles Maret by Margaret Le Cerf, descended on both sides from Norman families long resident on the island. In 1608 Advocate General of the island, in 1609 Attorney General, in 1616 after a long dispute, he accused Sir Philip de Carteret of an attempt to assassinate him. For this outrage was ordered to apologize and fined 50 crowns. He refused and was ordered to England to appear before the Lords of the Privy-Council and sent back to Jersey again for judgement. Still refusing to apologize he was committed in Sept. 1616 to Elizabeth Castle, from whence he piteously complained of the weight of his manacles. He was soon released but he still evaded his sentence. On the 13th of March 1628, was elected Jurat of the Royal Court, in 1632 was Lt. Governor of the island. He died 1636/7 and was buried at St. Brelade Jersey.

LE GEYT

Philip Le Geyt, Writer of the Laws of Jersey, Born Apr. 26, 1635, died Jan. 31, 1715/5, the eldest son of Philip Le Geyt (1602-1669) and his wife Jeanne Seale. His father was Jurat of the Royal Court, was taken prisoner at the capture of Elizabeth Castle in 1651. His house was pillaged and he was fined two years income.

Philip was appointed Fieffeur of the Royal Court in 1660. Later he was appointed Chief Magistrate. He died unmarried and was buried at St. Helier, his portrait is in St. Heliers public library. It shows him to be a man of middle height, high forehead, marked by two deep transverse furrows.

DUMARESQ

Two of your progenitors were of the Jersey Dumaresqs. A Miss Dumaresq, who married John Mallet, born about 1550 who was your 12th grandmother and a Cather Dumaresq, daughter of John Dumaresq, your 16th grandmother.

Philip Dumaresq (1650? - 1690) Seignure of St. Clement Jersey, eldest son of Henry Dumaresq and Margaret, daughter of Abraham Herauld of St. Savior.

Philip was Juray of the Royal Court Feb. 2, 1681. By his letters he was amiable and well informed, fond of gardening and fruit and tree culture. Shortly before his death he imparted to Philip Falle (Historian) who was engaged in writing the history of the Island, a set of "Curious Observations" and an accurate survey of Jersey, done in black skin vellun. He married Deborah, daughter of William Trumbull of Easthamstead, Burkhshire, England on June 24, 1612. She died 1620.

LEMPRIERE

Your 15th great grandmother Isabella Lempriere, daughter of Thomas Lempriere, was a Lempriere of the Jersey Family.

John Lempriere (1765? - 1824) born in Jersey, son of Charles Lempriere of Jersey. In 1791 he was master of the grammar school of Bolton Lancs. England, presented to the rectory of Meeth Devon, died of a fit of apoplexy in Southampton St. Strand, England.

Michael Lempriere flourished 1600-1660 Seigneur of Maufant St. Savior Jersey, 2nd son of Hugh Lempriere Leut. Bailiffé under Elizabeth, Judge Delegate under James I by Elizabeth daughter of Edward Dumaresq of Le Haule. For three months the island was under Lempriere's rule, he fled to London by stealth Nov. 21, 1643. His property was sequestered and after eight years of

hardship in England, he returned December 15, 1651, resumed his office of Bailiffe of the island and his estates were restored. He married Sara, daughter of Francis Carteret of La Hague.

William Lempriere 3rd son of Thomas Lempriere of Jersey, entered the medical service quite young and by 1789 was attached to the garrison of Gibraltar. In September of that year, Sidse Mahomed, emperor of Morocco sent a message to General O'Harra, commandant of Gibraltar, asking for an English doctor to be sent to attend his son, Muley Absolun, who was suffering from cataracts. Lempriere accepted the position and left Gibraltar Sept. 14, 1789, on the 28th he reached Farudant, where he attended the prince with great success. His only rewards, however, were a good watch, an indifferent horse and a few hard dollars. He was then summoned to Morocco itself to attend some ladies of the Sultan's harem. He was detained in Morocco a long time against his will and was not allowed to leave until Feb. 12, 1790. Here again he complained of the miserable remuneration awarded him. On his return he published an account of his travels in "A Tour from Gibraltar to Salle, Mogadore, Santatrey, Tarudont, and Then Over Mount Atlas to Morocco." He died in 1812 in the Isle of Wight.

MICHAEL LEMPRIERE

Michael Lempriere, Feb. 1640 - 1668.

One of the Parliamentary party in Jersey, 2nd son of Hugh Lempriere, Leut. Bailiffe under Elizabeth I, by Elizabeth daughter of Edward Dumaesq. He was Judge delegate under James I and was also Jurat of the Royal Court. Being jealous of the family of De Carteret, Lempriere prepared a petition to Parliament of Accusation against Sir Philip De Carteret. This produced no effect, but the feeling against De Carteret grew. At a meeting of the States upon De Carteret producing the Royal Commission from the Parliament, De Carteret promptly ordered his officers to turn him out as a traitor, but Lempriere, with undaunted courage, insisted that Sir Philip should submit to the Parliamentary order for his apprehension. The unpopular Bailiffe had to retire for refuse to Elizabeth Castle (the on the side of royalty) and Lempriere was one of those who signed the letter rejecting De Carteret's appeal for permission to see his family. Sir Philip died Aug. 23, 1643. Three days later Lempriere was named Bailiffe of the Island and for the next three months the island was under Lempriere's rule. Popular sentiment veered around, the new Bailiffe was unable to restrain even his own Royalist Party and no progress was made against the Castles, which were in Royalist hands. On the arrival of Sir George De Carteret in the Island with a Royal Commission, Lempriere at once fled with a remnant of his followers to London.

A Royal Warrant was issued for the arrest of the Parliamentary leaders, Lempriere's names standing 1st on the list. His property was sequestered and during 8 years of exile underwent great privations. After De Carteret's capitulation, Lempriere at once resumed his office as Parliamentary Bailiffe. He acted with wisdom and moderation and stood high in the esteem of the Protector. He married Sarah, daughter of Frances Carteret of La Hague and left two daughters. This is a more full account than the previous page.

DU PARCQ OF GROUVILLE

Extracted from "The Islander" Vol. II. no 6 page 39. July 1939 by Charles Langton.

This family is of French origin, settled in Jersey at the beginning of the 15th century and were, quite probably, collateral branches descendants of the senior branch of the Marquis de Loomaria, Du Parcq, Brelidy etc. in Britany France.

There is no foundation for the tradition of a flight from Normandy for religion motives. Circumstantial evidence, however, tends to support a theory that Abbey (Bernaby) Du Parcq was a political refugee.

King Louis, recognizing the limitations of his successor, expressed a wish that his daughter Ann of Beaujeu should act as regent during the period of his minority. Ann accepted the regency, immediately collected the discontented nobility and guaranteed redress for all the wrongs they had been subjected to in the last reign. But she did not keep her promises and probably had no intention to do so in the first place.

War was a natural sequence. The Nobles, under Louie of Orleans, and the Duke of Britany rebelled against her, but the ensuing battle of St-Augin-du-Carmier in 1488 were defeated by the celebrated Royalist General Le Tremouille and, as a result, many of their adherents fled to the country to avoid reprisals.

It is quite probable that the Seigneur De Parcq was on the side of the losing army, as the date approximates with the arrival of Burnaby Du Parcq at Jersey.

His son, Jean Du Parcq, one of the defenders of Mont Orgueil, mentioned in the commissioners report of 1531 marries Catherine Gibaut, daughter of the Constable of St. Laurence.

Jean Du Parcq, the only grandson, moved from Gorey to Grouville and lived at the house next to "La Malettiere",

(Later in this book is the history of the house "La Malletiere.) soon after his marriage to the only daughter and heiress of Richard Mallet, younger son of Seigneur de la Hague.

There were only two male issue of this marriage, but the elder branch became extinct in 1651 and the family continued through the second son, Richard Du Parcq, Constable of Grouville 1655-60 who inherited, by right of his wife, Marie Regnalt, "La Ville et Renalt's" situated between Grouville Church and Gorey Village. (These were your 7th great grandparents.)

This family continued to reside on the property and produced a succession of Parocial officers, amongst whom were five prominent Centerniers who repeatedly assisted the States during their

years of office. (Charles Mallet, your 3rd grandfather, was Centenier of Grouville at the time of his drowning.)

Richard Du Parcq, Centenier	1660-1680
Amice Du Parcq	“ 1716-1730
Amice Du Parcq	“ 1740-1743
Richard Du Parcq	“ 1758-1792
Richard Du Parcq	“ 1807-1810

The senior line, however, became extinct on the death without heirs of Richard Du Parcq about 1850. His uncle, Rev. John Du Parcq M.A., successively Rector of St. Owen (1763-84 and Grouville 1784-87) and chaplain of the 6th Regiment having predeceased him in 1788, without legal offspring.

The surviving branch moved to a house in Rue D'Egypt (Broad St.) in 1743 when Richard Du Parcq inherited the Lerrier property through his wife Jeanne Lerrier, sole heiress of Philippe Lerrier and Jeanne Amy.

Phillipe Du Parcq, in the succeeding generation, does not seem to have taken an active interest in either States or partial affairs but his wife, Sara de St. Croix, sister of Jurat Aaron de St. Croix, the influential merchant and ship owner. He had three sons and two daughters.

Of these, Jean Du Parcq emigrated to Ireland, and he probably died there, because nothing further is known of him.

The remaining son, Richard Du Parcq, who died in 1873 at an advanced age, was the husband of Esther Guilliams, daughter of Clement Guilliams and Marie Rache Arrive.

Clement Du Parcq, the only surviving son of Richard Du Parcq and Esther Guilliams, was appointed Librarian of Jersey. In Oct. 1877 and he lived over the Library. He was grandfather of Sir Herbert Du Parcq, appointed Lord Justice of Appeal in 1938.

Sir Herbert, admitted to the Jersey Bar in 1906 and became a recorder of Portsmouth, England and a Recorder of Bristol England in 1929 and was directed by the Home Secretary to hold an enquiry into the Dartmoor disorder of 1932.

A knighthood was conferred upon him in virtue for his elevation to a Judgeship of the Kings bench Division in the same year.

This history was translated from the French, as was the other Jersey Histories in this book.

10TH GREAT GRANDFATHER JEAN JOUBAIRE

Extract from Societe Jersaise Bulletin for 1952, vol. 15, page 435.

St. Manneliers Grammar School 1477 - 1863
By Philip Ahier B.S.

There is a gap in the rolls of the Ecclesiastical Court from 1716-1732, but Pierre Joubaire, one of the regents, has left his Ecclesiastical autobiography in a manuscript now in the Museum Library:

"Having been ordained Deacon and Priest by the Archbishop of Tours (France), I came to the island in 1713, where I dwelt 18 months. Then Mr. Le Breton, Commissary of the Dean of Jersey, received me as a Clergyman the strength of a certificate from the Prior of the order in which I had become a Priest. This certificate was sent to the Bishop of Winchester, who sent a commission to receive me as a Priest, if my credentials were found good. The Dean's commissary extended to me the hand of a fellowship and I took the oath on the 21st of February, 1930."

Other more or less important branches of this family have been a long time established in St. Helier, St. Savior, at St. Peter and at St. Laurence.

In the U.S.A. also we find Romerils, descended most probably from Matthew Romeril, a native of St. Laurence or St Peter, who emigrated to New England before 1685. A J.A. Romeril, Esq., of Springfield, Mass. would have come from Jersey about 1560.

There is good grounds for believing that the Romerils of "La Fontaine" were ancestors related closely to the branches at St. John.

The House of "LA MALLETIERE"

I have always been interested in "La Malletiere" because it is the first home of our earliest Jersey ancestors. Robert Mallet, your 13th great grandfather built it in the 12th century early and according to the following history, some of it still exists. It was built in Grouville, a piece of land trusted to Robert Mallet by William the Conqueror, named after his old home in Normandy. The following was sent to me by the Genealogist working for me in Jersey, Monsieur J.A. Pepperelli.

NOTES REGARDING THE ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE OF "LA MALLETIERE"

Variouly known as "La Malletiere", Les Pres House? and recently, "Les Pres Manor"

Extracted from Societe Jersaise Bulletin, Vol. VI, pages 213 and 215, translated from French to English.

It is more than probable that the name "Malletiere" came from the Mallet family, which since very remote times possessed lands in Grouville. A close Roll of the 7th year of Henry III addressed by the King to Philippe D'Aubigny, then guardian of the Isles, required this official to ascertain by enquiry:

1. If Robert Mallet held a Fief when he died on the Kings domain in Jersey, whilst William Mallet, his son was a hostage for him in England.
2. This William Mallet is the principal heir, and:
3. If this land had been confiscated by reason of the death of Robert, because he had received it for his lifetime from the King.

He resigned in 1732 and is the only Regent on record to have received the thanks of the Ecclesiastical Court for what he had done for the school.

ROMERIL

Your tenth great grandmother, wife of Pierre Joubaire was of the Romeril family and your 12th great grandmother was Jaquette Romeril, wife of James Mallet.

Extracted from the Societe Jersaise Bulletin. Vol. V. pages 33 and 34. Translated from French into English:

To being with, we have no intention of giving here a complete, detailed table of all the branches of the Romeril Family; we shall confine ourselves to the Genealogy concerning the branch which was formerly the most important, that of "La Fountain" at Trinity.

Do the Romerils originate from Normandy or Britany? And, in either case, at what period did they settle in Jersey? Or has the family risen on the Island itself? We set aside these questions as impossible to solve, at least for the present, in the absence of information on the subject in the documents we possess.

The names Romeril is not shown in the extentes of 1274 and of 1331 but that does not mean that this family was not in existence already in Jersey at that period.

In the 16th Century, Romeril's were already very numerous in the Island, and in the 17th Century were established in 6 or 7 parishes. At St. John, especially, there were many branches and were strongly represented in each Vingtaine (parish). For example, in 1698 three "Clement Romeril's" were numbered among the tenants of the Fief Channel, the first was son of Philippe, 2nd son of Jonas and the third son of John. At this time there were very little variety in baptismal names, those of John, Philippe and Clement continually recurring and this does not make a Genealogists task easy.

One of the most notable branches at St. John, was represented in the 18th century, by Dlle Susan Romeril (your tenth Gr. grandmother. Dlle is a high rank) who married before 1720 the Rev. Pierre Joubaire, Rector of Trinity 1729/30 - 1765, and left among other children, two daughters, one married Mr. Eli Neel and the other married Philippe Le Gros of Le "Cateau" Trinity.

If it is found so, the King orders that William be put into immediate possession of his fathers land.

The Extent of 1274 mentions the Fief Mallet and informs us that it owed half a relief. The roll of Assize of 1309, tells us that the Fief at this time was held by Hamelin de la Hougue, on behalf of his wife. Whilst the Extent of 1331 gives William de la Hougue, probably a son of Hamelin, as Lord of the Fief, this Hamelin de la Hougue married a descendant of the Mallets as we see later.

To what period the Fief of "La Malletiere" remained in the La Hougue family, it is impossible to say precisely. This family, of which there are several branches resident in the Parish of Grouville, furnished several Jurats to the Islands during the 14th and 15th centuries, the last of whom we have knowledge, was Druet de la Hougue, Jurat from 1470-79 who in 1471 was also a trustee of Grouville.

It is presumed that the branch which held La Malletiere, died out about this time in the males line and that by the marriage of a descendant with some other of the cadet branch, the Fief returned to the Mallet family.

The registers of Coutances tell us that permission was granted in the year 1516 to celebrate Holy Communion in an Oratory at Grouville at the request of Simon Mallet, proprietor of the said oratory. It is known that a chapel belonging to the Manor, formerly existed. Even today there is a field called "Le Clos de la Chapelle", it would appear therefore that this Simon Mallet was owner of the Fief in 1516.

Note. I. Thom Mallet, whom we have reason to believe then was father of Simon, was on behalf of his wife, Lord of the Fief of "Pierre de la Hague". The Fief of La Hague remained in the possession of the Mallets, Lord of La Malletiere, until 1602, when it was purchased by Helier de Carteret son of Francis.

Then we find Richard Mallet, Jurat (1524-37) and Constable of Grouville and remained in office until 1550. The son of the latter was Henry Mallet, who died about 1567, about 1583 his

daughter and heiress, Isabelle Mallet married John Journeaux and his brother-in-law Germain Le Febvre (not his son-in-law as stated in the Armorial) was made tenant. Germain Le Febvre had by his second marriage with Colletee Journeaux sister of the aforesaid John and widow of Hugh Dumaresq, two daughters, Mary and Judity. Mary married in 1610 at the age of 14 or 15, John Payn, son of Edward Payn of St. Martin, Jurat (1524-37). Judity, the younger daughter was declared of age in 1619 and the same year sold her property (her share of the property) to Mary, her sister. La Malletiere appears to have been included in the share of Mary Le Febvre, and by her marriage to John Payn the property passed into the Payn family.

John Payn, the husband of Mary Le Febvre, became a Jurat in 1640 and the diary of Benjamin La Cloche states that he built the new house, of "La Malletiere" in 1635. The same diary tells us that "in the year 1650, John Payn son of Edward died in his house of "Mallet des Praises." His son Philippe, Jurat and Col. of the Militia, was grandfather of the Very Rev. Francis Payn, Rector of St. Mary, Dean of Jersey and Lord of La Malletiere. The Dean's only daughter and heiress (born 1773-1824) having left no children, the property went to her Aunt Elizabeth Payn, wife of John Le Couteur, and grandmother of Francis John Le Couteur, Attorney General (1773-1824) this latter was Lord De La Malletiere, grandfather of the present owner.

Like several other Seigheure in Jersey, the Lord of La Malletiere, possessed the privilege of a fishing ground for seaweed and fish, situated near the rock called "Aversion" in Grouville Bay, the origin of this right is not known, but it still exists. If the title has lapsed today, the right is amply established by a judgment of the Royal Court dated Apr. 28, 1747: "In Addition the proprietor of La Malletiere is charged to pay to the Kings receiver 3 capon of rent for this fishery."

THE LEMPRIERE FAMILY OF JERSEY CHANNEL ISLANDS

Extract from "A Biographical Dictionary of Jersey" by the Rev. G.R. Balleine, pages 408 and 409.

Lempriere Family. This family originated in the Contentin where they possessed a small Fief de L'Empriere at Crosville, near St. Saveur-Sue-Douve. They spread to other parts of Normandy and established branches elsewhere, toward the end of the 13th century a colony of them appeared in Jersey. In the Extente of 1274, a Willelmus Dictus Imperator (i.e. Guillaume L'Empereur) is mentioned as a Jurat, holding a Fief in the Parish of St. Helier, known as the Fief of Guillaume L'Empereur. At the time of the assize of 1299 a Raoul or Ralph L'Empriere held this Fief, which consisted of 30 acres and was known as the Fief Emperes. Other members of the family appeared before this assize; Matildae, daughter of the late Guillaume Lempriere sued Raoul for certain rents and Guillaume Lempriere, son of Quillaumee sued Ralph's sureties for 10 Livres Tournois. Jordain Lemprieree was fined for an assault-and Guilbert Lempriere was prosecuted for unjustly detaining a common and in another case, Philippe Lempriere was appointed an

arbitrator. The Raoul mentioned above, when Raouls grandson Graoul bought Rozel Manor the objection was raised that he was a Briton and therefore incapable of holding land in Jersey. The elder Raoul is more likely to have been a son of Guillaume, the first holder of the Fief de L'Empriere, who probably belonged to a branch of the family who settled in Britany.

THE PEPPER STORY

Raoul built a "Colorable" (Dovecot) on his Fief, but this was a privilege granted only to a limited number of Manors and at the assize of 1304 he was ordered to pull it down. He ignored this order, so when the Justices Intinerant visited Jersey (from England) in 1309 he was prosecuted. "Ralph comes and offers Our Lord the King a rent of one pound of pepper to be taken every year for ever, so that he and his heirs may enjoy the dovecot and it is allowed." (Assize Roll) By 1331 he was dead, for at the assize of that year, his son Thomas (who also held the Fief Torney in the same parish) was sued for not having paid the pepper. He pleaded that he had pulled down his fathers dovecot, but the Justices decided that the fine had been promised for ever and therefore must still be paid. This Fief was long absorbed in the Fief Of Meleches, but the pound of pepper continues to be paid today by the tenant of the Latter Fief. Thomas, Raoul's son, bought Rozel Manor.

Guillaume the 1st is my 18th great grandfather. EMS

Adam BC 4000
 Enos B.BC 3870
 Cainan B.BC 3765
 Mahalaleel B.BC 3765
 Jared B.BC 3540
 Enoch B.BC 3378
 Methusalah B.BC 3313
 Lamech B.BC 3126
 Noah B.BC 2944 D. 1998
 Shem B.BC 2446
 Arphaxad B.BC 2346
 Salah B.BC 2311
 Eber
 Peleg B.BC 2247
 Rew B.BC 2217
 Serug B.BC 2185
 Nahor B.BC 2155
 Terah B.BC 2126
 Abraham B.BC 1996
 Isaac B.BC 1896
 Jacob B.BC 1836 D. 1689
 Judah
 Dardanus D.BC 14 9
 Ericthonuis C.BC 1385
 Troas D.BC 1322 Founded the City of Troy
 Ilus D.BC 1282
 Laomedon D.BC 1233
 Priam D.BC 1175
 Troy destroyed by Greeks
 Daughter md Memnon
 Thor
 Vingener (Norse King)
 Hloritha
 Einrida
 Vingethorr
 Nodi
 Magi
 Deskef
 Bedweg
 Hwala
 Athra
 Iformann
 Heremod
 Sceaf
 Scealdea
 Beowa
 Tecti
 Greati
 Godwulf

Flockwald
 Finn
 Fredulf
 Fredalaf
 Odin or Wodin
 Skiold
 Kings of the Danes
 Fridleif
 Fridfrod
 Fridleif
 Havar
 Frodi
 Vermand
 Olaf, Dau. md.
 Dan the Proud
 Frodi
 Halfdan
 Fridleif
 Frodi
 Halfdan
 Helgi
 Rolf Kraki
 Hroar
 Valdar
 Harald
 Halfdan
 Ivar Vidfadme
 Aud the Deep Minded
 Randver
 Sigurd Rink (Viking) Dau. Md. Fronde
 Eistein
 Halfdan D. 800
 Eistein his dau. md.
 Ivar of Uplands
 Eistein Glumra Earl of More
 Rognwald Earl of More
Rolo the Dane, Conquered
 and settled in Normandy

 ----- Prob. Gilbert
 1st Crispin of Brionne
 Hesilia Crispin md.
 William Mallet, Friend
 of William the Conqueror