

Life History of Robert H. Tagg

written 28 October 1968 to Cathie Wood

I was born Robert Harold Tagg 12 July 1898. I had two sisters older and twin brothers three years older than I, then came twin sisters nearly five years after, then a single girl, after that, the last was a boy that died at age 18 months old. So I was well supplied with companions. My father was always a shoe maker and repairer and worked hard for a living to support his family. Most of the time he had his own shop. When I was ten years old our family joined the LDS Church, we used to belong to the Salvation Army and living conditions in England were very poor and being acquainted with American Missionaries. I grew up with the idea of immigrating to a better place. I was average in school and if I passed a "Labor examination" could quit school, which I did just prior to my thirteenth birthday. I went to work delivering groceries. I was quite happy earning my own living and saved all possible for the day when I could come to Canada.



Robert Harold Tagg

I left 14 March 1914 with my brother Jim, twin Steve had gone to Manitoba the previous year. The three of us arrived in Edmonton after thirteen days on the Atlantic and four days on the train. Jim and I landed with 50 cents each and way below zero and nobody to befriend us, we were alone. We went to the employment agency to get a job on a farm. Jim and Steve got one till spring opened up and left after two weeks, they could not take the rough treatment. The employment clerk laughed at me when I asked for a job on a farm, he said "they will kill you." I have a job for you, a bell boy at the Corona Hotel. So at 4 o'clock the same day I had a job \$12.00 per month plus tips, after six months the hotel went broke owing me most of my wages but I had good food and uniform.

I grew fifteen inches in fifteen months time. Then I went to Banff Alberta the spring 1915 and quit hotel to come south to Cardston and work on a farm for \$12.00 per month. About 1 January 1916 I went to work in Cardston for a small hotel for \$35.00 per month and board and room for four winters and two summers and farming with my brothers. I liked the outdoors life and was quite happy to settle down to that kind of a life.

I met my wife Eva Salway in Cardston and married 7 May 1923 and farmed at Glenwood till spring of 1929. When we moved to Cardston and opened shoe repair shop. We had three children at this time. This was the beginning of the depression years which lasted till 1937. We "slaved" to get by but gradually crawled ahead slowly. In 1945 we built our shop and living quarters above it. Which we are in now (to date 28 October 1968). Our family have grown to four boys and three girls and all married in the Temple. All the boys have learned the shoe business and helped themselves and earned their own money some quite small. All the boys

have gone on foreign mission also, Velma our eldest daughter. I filled a mission to England 1952 and 1953, our youngest, Carol was six years old and Dale our oldest son took care of the shop. I also worked in Alberta Stake mission fourteen years. The church has been a joy and satisfaction in not only my life but our family. It has provided us with entertainment and a serene and happy life. Which only comes with service to others. My sweetheart and I, both officiate in the Alberta Temple and hope to for a long time to come. Our health has been very good and can not find anything to complain about.

Lots of Love
Grandpa Robert H. Tagg

Life Story Of Robert Harold Tagg

by Velma Rose Tagg Wood

Robert (Bob) was born 12 July, 1898 at Earlsfield, London, England to James Tagg and Kate Flint, their fifth child. He was born in very modest circumstances of hard working parents. His first recollection was when King Edward VII was crowned King of England, August 2 1902. The other children were given a coronation mug at school, he had to take a nap, and missed out on the mug. He started school at age 6 in Garrett Lane, Wandsworth. Later Mormon missionaries came to his father's shoe shop, and after a lot of study and prayer they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Before that they belonged to the Salvation Army. Bob, was 10 when he was baptized.

He went to school until age 13, at which time he took a labor examination which entitled him to work. This helped the family because they all had to work to exist. He delivered groceries in a little 2 wheel wagon, and later on a bike that he bought. He earned about \$1.75 a week. He also delivered shoes that his father had repaired and also took shoes to a place to be machine sewn. He remembers wearing his mother's shoes so he wouldn't miss Sunday School.

In 1914 Canada was advertising for people to emigrate from England, and they could have a quarter section of land for 3 years of improvement and the title was theirs. Steve came the year before and on the 26th of February 1914, Bob and Jim left for Canada. They sailed on the C. P. R. Steamship "Lake Manitoba", a 10,000 ton old refurbished cattle boat and landed at Halifax after 13 days on the ocean. They had \$5 between them, and spent \$1 a day for food on the train from Halifax to Edmonton.

They managed to have 50 cents each when they arrived in Edmonton, after a 4 day journey on train, the seats were put together to make a bed with no bedding, and boards for a mattress. Steve had been at Winnipeg for 10 months and met them there, he had a little money so he took them for something to eat. Next they needed to find work. They went to the employment office and Steve and Jim went to a farm close to Edmonton. The employment officer laughed when little 4'9" Bob wanted to go on a farm. He said "they'll kill you!" They needed a bellhop at the hotel, and Bob not knowing what a bellhop was took the job. They put

the smallest uniform on him, and the pants came up under his arms, and the coat almost to his knees. The people were good to him, and he enjoyed working there. He was unable to find any LDS people. His wage was \$12 a month plus room and board and tips. He earned about \$75 total, and saved some. The hotel went broke after 6 months, so he worked at another hotel. Times were hard, the war had started and so he went to Banff for the summer as a bellhop.

Jim was working on a farm at Kimball, so Bob went there, to do what he had dreamed of doing, farming. In 15 months Bob had grown to 6' tall. The winter was very cold and farm work slow so Bob went into Cardston to work in a lumberyard. His feet were frozen so for 2 weeks he couldn't do much. His boss let him go to the hotel, where the hotel boss had heard about Bob and wanted him to work for him. So he worked for \$35 a month, plus room and board. In the winter he shoveled a ton of coal a day to keep the hotel warm, and carried out a lot of ashes. The 3 boys saved enough to bring the family over from England. His mother stayed in Cardston, the girls worked in people's homes and his father stayed with Jim and Steve, where the 3 boys had 80 acres of land by Glenwood, and they had built a small house on it. They soon accumulated a few horses and equipment and found plenty of custom work. Bob also worked for Edward James Wood on his farm in Glenwood.

In 1918 they moved their little house from the farm into the town of Glenwood. It took 28 horses to pull it. All winter he hauled hay and grain, one trip he averaged about 15 miles a day for 10 days, and it was so cold, below zero, when he got to Mcleod a chinook wind came up and melted all the snow. This winter he was also called on a 10 day mission to the Aetna ward to remind people of their duties. The fall of 1921 after the summer farming he went back to the hotel for the winter.

In the fall of 1919 Bob heard of a pale thin man who had been in France during the war had come to Cardston, and he had a nice daughter working in Ibeys' store. Bob went into the store to phone about some freight. His brother Jim had just got married (1921) and a lady in the store said "I hear you just got married" Bob looked at Eva Salway and said "That's my brother, When I get married I'll let you know." They kept seeing each other, Bob would come in from Glenwood, and Eva would patch up his poor clothes and if they went to a show Bob would wear Eva's father's suit. They planned to be married as soon as the Temple was dedicated, but the dedication was postponed several times and so was the wedding, so Pres. Wood said they shouldn't wait. So they were married in May and sealed in the Temple in November 1923. By this time with Jim going to Salt Lake the 3 boys divided up what they had and Bob got the house. He agreed to keep the shiplap floors clean until they could get some linoleum which they got the next fall. They planted some trees and flowers, and one day he came home late in the evening and Eva was sitting on the step singing and enjoying the flowers.

By 1929 they had 3 children, he had nothing paid on the principal and 2 of his horses died, he had done a bit of shoe repairing in the corner of a hardware store and one night the place burned down, with all his tools, and sewing machine. So he quit the farm and moved into Cardston and got some more tools and opened a shoe repair shop. The Depression was starting and if he had stayed in Glenwood, they would have been on Government relief along with many

more people, he was always grateful that he didn't have to be on relief. He tried selling insurance for a time. The great West Saddlery sent in a man to help mend harnesses so he was able to earn about \$75 a month. In 1930 he opened another shoe shop, he rented a small shop and paid the rent with milk. Later he rented a place where we could live in the back and have the shop in the front.

In 1939 times were getting a little better and he wanted his children to remember living in a home, rather than renting, so he borrowed some money and got started on a home. He built 2 rooms, with an attic, dug a small basement, and had an old heater stove down there, tinned it up through the floor and a grating and made a furnace. He put layers of newspaper between the studs and then fit cardboard on top for insulation. In February he borrowed \$75 and had a man put tentest on the walls in return for shoe repairs, he traded many services to get the house built. Two years later he added on 12 feet for bedrooms. It was a very comfortable home, one his family enjoyed.

In 1945 Velma was called to Eastern Canada on a mission and Dale to East Central States. The ward helped with Dale's money, and Bob sent Velma \$10 every Monday. One Monday he didn't have it, and went to several active people in the ward and asked for a loan. No one would help, so he asked an inactive man and he loaned it to him.

At this time Bob wanted to have a shop of his own, just something small he could call his own. There were other men who wanted a place of their own too, so 4 men including Eva's brother Harold, built a building with a basement and upstairs, as well as their shops, and they made apartments upstairs. This necessitated selling the home to pay for the building. They worked so hard, and Eva became ill. They tried to find a girl to come in and help, but ended up by taking the kids to Hope's and Eva to Jack and Martha's for several weeks. Bob was very busy in the shop and prayed for someone to help him. A young man came and asked for work, he had helped in a shoe shop before, so he stayed until winter and was really an answer to prayer.

Dale and Melvin would sew soles on shoes by hand every night, and Bob wanted a machine that would do it. He had a chance to get a machine from Salt Lake for \$300 so he borrowed it, by the time he paid the duty and the freight it cost \$600, but it saved so much time instead of doing hand sewing. He was in the shoe repair business for 46 years and retired in 1970, he sold the business to Elmer Olsen. Two days later the Bishop asked them to fill a mission, and they were called to London, England, and spent 1 ½ years in Southampton. While they were gone their youngest daughter Carol died at age 26. They did not come home for the funeral. After they came home they bought a trailer and went to Arizona for the winter. They spent most of the summer at Waterton, in their trailer house. Before they went on their mission they had been Temple workers, and all in all they spent 12 years being Temple workers. There were many younger workers being assigned so Bob and Eva were released and decided to go south again for the winter, and really enjoyed it. In Oct. 1977 they were planning to go south again, they were all packed and ready to go, Bob went up to get the mail and met the Bishop, and he asked them if they would like to go on another mission, only to a warmer place, so they went home a unpacked the trailer and waited for the mission call. They went to cold Iowa but they had

a warm apartment. Between these 2 missions they went to Canterbury, England on a mission. It was very cold there, and Bob found scraps of material to stuff in the cracks of their apartment and also the church. People went to church with several layers of clothing.

Bob and Eva enjoyed a 50th wedding anniversary party, with many family and friends, also a 60th, and a 65th. Not many people can enjoy that many years together. In October after the 65th anniversary Bob was ill and split his esophagus and in 4 days he passed away. The church was filled to capacity with family and friends. The weather was bad, a blizzard brought about 8" of snow and it was so cold.

He lived a good life, full of hard work, and love for his family and fellow man. Most of all was his love for his Heavenly Father. His motto was "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." He did it diligently and well, even to leaving his wife and 4 children at home to go on a full time mission to London, England. It was hard for all of them. Dale took care of the shoe shop for him. Someone said to Eva, "I love my husband too much to let him be gone for 2 years." Eva said, "I love my husband enough to let him go." Such was their love for the Gospel.

Robert H. Tagg

this is out of his family history book

I Robert Harold Tagg am the fifth child and third son of James Tagg and Kate Flint born 12 July 1898 at Earlsfield London, England. Both my father and mother are one of nine in family so in our family children were welcome. There being eight and all raised to maturity except the youngest a boy Raymond who died at twenty months of age of pneumonia, all my brothers and sisters were married in the Temple for time and eternity and have families of their own.

My birth place was a very modest rented house on the outskirts of London, such as the average working man at that time would have.

My first recollection of the world that I can remember was the crowning of King Edward the Seventh of England. The other children were going to school and were to receive china coronation mugs and of course I thought I should go to school too and get one. Mother put me to sleep after dinner nap and when I woke up it was too late. My Father worked with his brother in a shoe repair shop in 166 Northcote Road Clapham Junction and prior to that with his father at No. 10 Northcote Road and about my eighth year moved a short distance from Earlsfield to Garrett Lane and opened his own shoe repair shop. This was a comparatively new district where a paper mill and an incandescent mantle factory were started. For a time all went well until the mill and factory closed and Father had quite a time, it was at this time of hard going that the Mormon Elders came into the district. Our family had been members of the Salvation army for several years and I had been taught to go to church every Sunday also "Band of Hope" on Tuesday evenings where they taught band instruments. I was coming along fine with the scales

of a tenor horn when the Elders came to our home and my musical career was mined and stayed ruined.

The Salvation army people were a good lot and zealous as their brothers keeper and tried hard to show my parents the error of their ways in joining with the “Mormons.” My Father was fourteen months trying to disprove the gospel finally the whole family were baptized and we moved near the “Deseret” (at Tottenham) the mission home for London conference. Economic conditions for us were bad for a few years when father bought a run down shoe repair business, paying for it by the week from a Mr. Bruce whom he had been working for.

We all attended regularly Sunday services at Deseret and got to know quite a few elders and saints.

At my thirteenth birthday I passed a “labor examination” and was allowed to quit school, I have passed my regular grades in school each year until I reached “Standard seven” so had a good elementary education. I used to help father after school and each day “finish” shoes all by hand and then deliver them after supper by bicycle.

When I finished school I got a job delivering groceries near to our home for seven shillings a week (1.75) which was good pay for a chap so small and young. My first job was delivering medicine for a doctor at nine years of age, then cleaning silverware and odd jobs for some German bachelors teaching English people German, for one hour before breakfast. So I had my own spending money and later enough for my own cloths.

All our family were interested in emigrating to Canada a land of opportunity, to better our selves so I saved my pennies.

Personal Record by Robert Harold Tagg

Name: Robert Harold Tagg
Fathers name: James Tagg
Mothers name: Kate Flint
Born 12 July 1898, Earlsfield London, England
Baptized: 20 Aug 1908, “Desseret” London, England by Delbert Ray Allred
Confirmed: 20 Aug 1908 by Delbert Ray Allred
Ordained Deacon by E. L. Mc Murrin 12 Nov 1911
Ordained Elder by James Bettridge 28 Jan 1917
Ordained Seventy by Rulon S. Wells
Married Eva Ellen May Salway 7 May 1923
Marriage place Cardston Alberta by Edward J. Wood
Endowed Alberta Temple 28 Nov 1923
Sealed Alberta Temple 28 Nov 1923
Patriarchal Blessing by Homer Manley Brown 18 Sept 1916
Mission to Rigina (West Canadian) 14 Jan 1943 returned 28 Apr 1943

Special appointments Stake Missionary 1936-1942

Ward Clerk Cardston 2nd ward 1942-July 1948

Surely I am born of goodly parents I being the fifth child and third son of God-fearing people born in humble circumstances, English for generations on both sides. My father being one of nine in the family, also my Mother being one of nine.

In England children went to kindergarten schools at age of three years, so I was off to make fame and fortune at the age of three. We were always in classes of our own sex. I was average boy in school work going to four different schools. The teacher I remember was a tough guy but still a good teacher, one school was a small mixed grade rural school where the church of England ministers would come for first half hour for Bible study. Thirteen days before my thirteenth birthday, I was allowed to quit school in the sixth grade by passing a labor examination allowing me to go to work that was in 1911. My education was fair for those times being taught the fundamentals in Grammar, arithmetic, history, geography etc. so as to move about in the world on a par with the average citizen.

After quitting school I worked at a grocers delivering groceries.

My parents joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints when I was ten years old and I was baptized too. Prior to this time we belonged to the Salvation Army. This was a hard time temporally for my folks and we were forced to move on account of employment three times until father bought a shoe repair business and conditions improved so we saved our money and my brother Jim and my self were able to come to Canada, we saved £12-0-0 (pounds, shillings, pence) or \$60.00 each to travel 6,000 miles. I was fifteen years and seven month old at that time and landed in Edmonton Alberta 15 March 1914. We did not know a soul there but went in search for employment which at that time of the year was scarce. My brother was not satisfied with conditions here so came to Cardston after two weeks because we had friends there. However I remained in Edmonton for fifteen months where I was employed as bell boy at the Corona and Royal George Hotels. Before quitting my work I obtained a similar job at the Sanitarium Hotel in Banff Alberta arriving there in May 1915. The summer was wet and not too many people traveling so I came to Kimball Alberta to work on a farm where my brother Jim was working and I got the sum of \$12.00 per month until December of the same year. Because of my hotel experience, the proprietor of the Cahoon Hotel, Mr. Owen Brown asked me to work for him which I did until June of 1917. In the mean time my brothers Jim and Steve (twin's) bargained for 80 acres of land at Glenwood, we all pooled our efforts and went farming. I came back to the Cahoon Hotel in October of 1918 and stayed all winter, leaving for the farm in the spring. The summer was very dry and very little harvest so with a number of other men we took our horses and cattle north to Gleichen and harvested there and procured fields and feed for the stock and look after them until 14 December when I loaded a hay rack full of oat straw and twelve hundred of chopped oats and two hundred of brown sugar and started on my journey of one hundred fifty miles in thirty below zero weather which took me ten days. The last day began to chinook. Stayed with the farm till October 1921, then went back to Cahoon Hotel till April 1922. While in Cardston in November I met a sweet young English girl named Eva Salway who

had recently come for England with her family. This friendship soon brought about a proposal of marriage which was 7 May 1923. We postponed our marriage on account of the Alberta Temple not being completed so were endowed the following fall on 23 November and sealed at the same time. As soon as we were married we went home to go to work it being at the peak of spring work. We lived in the town of Glenwood and farmed forty acres of irrigated land, one mile and a quarter north of our house. I also used to do custom work for other farmers, our resources were limited and our expansion was slow. We moved our house onto our land and planted five rows of trees fifty-rods long, sowed hay and fenced and got the place in good shape and we were very happy.

Late fall of 1928 I arranged a corner in the hardware store so as I could do some shoe repairing two half days a week, that helped us in our living. The hardware store burned to the ground and my equipment with it. I came to Cardston looking for more tools and patching machine and decided to open a shop in Cardston, so sold my interests in Glenwood and moved with our three children in May 1929. Later on this year was the beginning of a depression which lasted for nearly seven years, but with the blessings of the Lord and health and strength we were enabled to support ourselves by working and planning to the utmost.

In 1936 the town gave me a lot and I arranged credit at the lumber yard for \$100.00 (instead it turned out to be \$285.00) which we paid in two years and we had the beginning of a home and as time went on we added to it and modernized, so it was an average working mans home which made us very comfortable and happy. In January 1943 I was called for a short term mission which was tree months, all of which I labored in Regina, Saskatchewan. My oldest son Dale at the time eighteen years old took care of the shoe repairing business. September 1945 our family consisted of four boys and three girls, our daughter Velma left for a mission to Eastern Canada and our son Dale left for a mission to East Central States, both going to Salt Lake City for mission school together also traveling as far as Chicago together.

The summer of 1945 we sold our home and borrowed some money and erected a shop and home above it (with full basement) opposite the town hall. Again we were very comfortable also close to our work.

*Robert H. Tagg, Tape Transcript told
March 17, 1975*

Thank you Allison, it is a lovely feeling to be able to get together and especially to be able to talk about my younger days.

We have just sung the song "Do What is Right." The first time that I ever heard that song was at a Cottage Meeting. My mother and I had gone to a Cottage Meeting. Father had been investigating the Church and we could not go together and so I went with my Mother. Now this was in the year 1906, and I was eight years old. I had twin brothers older than me, nearly three years older and I had twin sisters just younger than me by years and so I was in the middle. But we had belonged to the Salvation Army throughout most of my growing years, but I had always wanted something deeper and something better than what they offered. It was a very good way of life and they were a lovely lot of people. But Father had always wanted something better and deeper. He knew there was something and so the Elders came along. And like I say, we started going to Cottage Meetings. And so we quit the Salvation Army. Now if I had stayed there I would have just started in their band and I was just a little fellow and I would have had a brass instrument and I was just beginning to learn music. Father thought it best that we not go, and so for a number of months we did not go to any Church while Father investigated, and then we all joined the LDS Church. Now that took two years or nearly two years and I was ten years old when I was baptised.

My father had a shoe repair shop and at that time, it was quite hard to make a living. We had moved into a neighbourhood that had opened two factories, one of them was an incandescent mantle factory and I forget what the other one was. There was an opening there for a shoe shop and so my father had left his shop where he and his brother worked together and opened this new shop. Now after a couple of years, the factory closed down so my father was forced to move. So we moved over closer to the headquarters of the Church were, and it was a pretty tough time for us as a family. We had quite a time making a living. But as time went on, we got along fine. So the next three or four years the business began to pick up, I being fifteen years of age at that time, and I quit school a few days before I was thirteen. My birthday being the 12th of July, I quit during the last week of June and I went to work for a grocery and hardware store. I had to deliver groceries and hardware and kindling wood and do odd jobs around the place. I earned the great sum of \$1.75 a week. I was working everyday and I used to pull a two-wheel cart, which was quite heavy up and down a hill delivering these groceries. And I stayed with that man for quite a while until I came to Canada, which was nearly two years, and out of that money I saved quite a bit.

My father's business began to pick up. My brother Jim was only three years older, so he was sixteen, and my brother Steve, they being twins. Steve wanted to come out to Canada, I also wanted to come out because that way of life was pretty hard to make a living. I remember in our family, the shoe repair shop was an awfully hard life and so father did not want that hard a life

for us boys and they always talked of Canada. At that time the Church was advocating coming to America and Father had an opportunity to, or the beginning of an opportunity, to go to Vancouver, British Columbia to one of the men that worked for us. Everything was all set and then the man broke his leg and so that stopped that. And then there was an Elder there that was going to take me to Ogden, Utah. I do not know what happened but I did not go to Ogden. And so we kept saving our money. My brother Steve found enough money for him to come to Manitoba and he came out in the year 1913 and he came out in May. And in the following year in February, the 26th, Jim and I left England. My father had saved a little money and Jim had earned some money--he worked in the shop with Dad and so we had the magnificent sum of \$60.00 each, Jim and I, and so we came to Canada.

We were supposed to have enough money to keep us going until we got a job. We had nobody to come to, Steve had been down in Manitoba and we decided to go to Edmonton, because that was the centre of the homestead district and we wanted the outdoor life. And so we booked our fares from London to Edmonton. And Steve had been down in Manitoba, just west of Winnipeg and so he got to Edmonton. Now Steve did not have too much money, and we did not know anybody in that City. It was quite a large city at that time and it was cold, real cold, below 0 when we got there. We could not find Steve for quite awhile after we got there.

We got there in the morning about 7:00, we looked around and inquired and there was a little place down on the Grand Trunk Railroad where there was what was called the Colonist Hotel and Steve slept in a little old corner somewhere and did the best he could. Well that was just after dinner and so about noon we came uptown and applied for a job at the employment agency and we all wanted jobs on farms. Steve and Jim were only eighteen years old at the time and so we went to the employment agency and we got there and asked for a job. The man said it is early yet and there is not much doing. He said, "I might find you a place where you can go until Spring." Spring up there was quite late, in April, and this was just about the 12th or 13th of March and it was cold weather. And so the boys said that they would take it and they both wanted to be together. And then he asked me what I wanted and I stood up and said, "A job on a farm." And he looked at me and said "I've got a job for you. They will kill you." And I said, "What is it?" He said, "a bellhop at the hotel." So I said, "What do you do?" "Oh," he said, "you just carry the bags and wait on the people and do what they want you to do." He said, "You go up and see Harry Solley and tell him I sent you."

Well it was only a matter of a couple blocks up to the Corona Hotel and I asked for Harry Solley, he was an Englishman. His cousin had a grocery store right next to where I used to go to school and somehow or another I took and he gave me a job. And he was one of these spit and polish Englishmen and he had charge of the Bellhops. So they just took me upstairs and looked over the uniforms and I was little, I was only four foot nine inches tall and the pants came up under my armpits and the coat came down near my knees and it was the smallest one that they had. Anyway they fitted me out in a Bellhop uniform--you know, buttoned up tight here at the neck and raised at the shoulders and all nice blue and all pants creased and everything, oh I looked smart. With my English brogue I do not know how I took, but anyway I just got down and I went there at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon and they fixed me up. I hadn't had a good sleep;

I was thirteen days on the water and four days on the train. And the ship that we came over on was an old cattle boat; it just had board bunks you know. We ran out of water the last few days and we had to boil water or drink coffee. When we got to Halifax all the boats were just covered with ice. Oh, I thought to myself, what kind of country is this. It was four days journey from Halifax to Edmonton. And it was cold; it was way below zero. And the old colonists' cars that they put us in: you folded the benches down to make a bed for the bottom and the bunks up top just folded up. So when you pulled them down, people could sleep up there. But all we had was our overcoats and so we slept with our clothes on for four days.

Now when we landed at Halifax we were supposed to have saved enough money that we were able to subsist and take care of ourselves for quite awhile. We were supposed to have \$25.00 each. Well, we had \$5.00 between us and so when we passed the line they never asked for it. And so Jim has this \$5.00 in his hand and he was going to show it to them and then pass it to me so I could show it to them but we did not need to. And so we got on the train. The train stopped at these little stations along the line. And so we would run off and get a little bit to eat at some of these siding stations, you know, that they had on the railroads, little restaurants, and so we managed to spend a dollar a day for food for the two of us. And so when we got off the train at Edmonton we had 50 cents apiece. There was nobody to meet us. So the boys left immediately and went over to this Hotel with me and then they went out twelve miles from Edmonton to be on this farm.

So there I was, all alone. Did not know anybody in that whole City. And so after two weeks Jim and Steve came in and they pretty near killed them or wanted to. They were pretty rough on them and so they did not like that kind of a life. Steve had enough money to come down to Cardston and so both boys came down to Cardston and I stayed up there. And I stayed up there for 18 months. I got along fine. I did what I was told to do. I did my work; I was happy, I was quite contented. Like I told you, I was very little and the people that worked there were like a big home to me. Some of those people were pretty rough characters, I mean the help in and around the hotel, but they were so kind to me, and they just mothered and fathered me and took care of me. After awhile there was a young Scotsman came around and worked there. His name was Alex Grieve. He was twenty-three years old and he had been out here a year or two. But we got along fine and he took good care of me. And so I had been there for six months and the Hotel went broke. And I did not have any wages the last three months; I just took what I could in tips. Those tips were about \$75 a month. So I saved a little bit of money.

The day that I quit there, I got another job on the other side of town at the Royal George Hotel for the same kind of a deal. And so the people there took care of me too. In the wintertime, that fall I bought myself a pair of skates and there was a skating rink at the back of the Hotel, I went out and started skating. Well, I fell down skating, about the second time I tried, and broke my left wrist. I had to go back to the Hotel and I presented myself to the Manager and he said, "Where do you live? Where are your folks?" He wanted to know all about me. "Well," he says, "you better stay on here, we'll find you something to do."

So for six weeks, I was just the pet of the place. I could not carry any grips and I could not do but very little. One of the other bellhops got awful jealous. Some guest asked me to bring up drinks and I said that I would send it up. "No," he said, "you bring it up." Well, I just had one hand you know and darned if this other upset bellhop didn't get so mad. He upset the drinks and I had to go back and get some more. I got along pretty well with them.

Then in the spring of the year, one of the boys was talking about going to Banff. Banff was a summer resort and some of them had been up there before. One of the clerks and one of the Bellhops had been up there before. Well I thought that sounded pretty rosy. I was not tied to anything so I thought I would go to Banff. I went up there and worked for three months. That was the spring of 1915. It was wet, wet spring and there were few people travelling. A lot of people had cancelled their bookings at the Hotel and we used to wait hours and hours down at the railroad station for the trains coming in late. Coming through the mountains there, you know. And they were so late. But we got along fine. I did not make much money. Jim and Steve had come down to Cardston and during that time they had gone to work at different places. Jim worked out to Kimball and Steve worked out to Glenwood. And Jim said I could come down there and for helping with the harvest I would get \$12.00 a month. Well, being green and just a kid, I did not know anything about farming and so I thought, 'Oh well, here is a chance to get into my chosen vocation so I will go farming.' So I went to the farm and worked for Mr. Folsom.

And the fall was wet and frozen and oh it was an awful year. The bundles had grown to a great height and instead of coming out in bundles they strung along, and the fall was so wet we had to get out and stack the grain. It was not in bundles, it was just a conglomeration of wheat. And so we would load up and go stack that grain and it was up into November and even December and it was cold. I had frozen my feet. My big toes were like two corks. You could stick a pin clear through them I wouldn't feel it, just any length in my toes. My feet were frozen that bad. And so the fellow I worked for, Mr. Folsom, had a lumber business in town and he had the farm too. When he had nothing for me to do out to the farm, he said, "You come into town and we'll use you around the lumberyard." I told him my feet were frozen. And so I stayed in a room in what they called the Folsom Hotel, and I used to eat at his place. That was about two days and the top of the second toe just rotted down to the first joint and just dropped right off and I threw it in the corner. The next day Owen Brown from the Cahoon Hotel came down and he had heard that I was in town. As I had stopped at the Hotel for a couple of nights waiting for a ride out to Kimball and I told him that I had worked in hotels and he wanted me to work for him there. I told him no. He offered me a lot more money than Folsom did; I told him no, I was hired out to Folsom and we just let it go at that. When he found out I was in town he came down to Folsom and made a deal with him and Folsom was glad to let me go and Owen Brown was glad to get me.

And so I quit the lumberyard. Well for two weeks I didn't do anything, I just layed down. All I did with the toes was to keep them wrapped up in methylyate and they got better so that I could get around and so I started in my duties there. I used to fire the furnace, I used to keep the place clean, I used to paint walls. I used to scrub floors. I did anything there was to do around

the place and if it was cold I'd shovel a ton of coal a day, and we used to have to carry the ashes out in buckets. Well I stayed there all of 1916 and I stayed there until 1917 and then in the fall of 1917, I went out and farmed in Glenwood. In the meantime the three of us had got a hold of 80 acres of land and Steve had worked for a team of horses and I had seventy five dollars saved up, and Jim had other things, and so we pooled our efforts and started to farm. With my \$75.00 I bought a horse. Well I worked for Wood's that winter and it was cold, pretty cold winter, but the next summer I went to work, did different jobs around the farm. Pretty soon we got some more horses and we worked for a plough and we worked for a wagon, and we'd work for this and that, get a little money and buy something else, and pretty soon, we had a couple of outfits that we could work with. The fall of 1919, I was out thrashing and the Hotel had changed hands. A fellow named Merlin Cahoon came around and wanted me to go back to the hotel. I was not very fussy about it, but he offered me \$5.00 more than I had been getting before, \$40.00 a month and he begged me to come back. So I went back in.

Well that was the year that I met Eva. I got off enough time on Sundays to go to meetings. I used to sleep in my little room there right by the office so that I could be right on hand at night-time, so I was around there 24 hours a day. But I used to get time off whenever I wanted. I can remember going to Glenwood in an open car for Christmas, no sides on the car or anything. It was a warm day, the day before Christmas. And so that Spring I quit early and it was a cold, cold Spring and then I got nearly frozen to death going out, and I started farming again and we soon got some outfits together. And then again I came back into the Hotel and the year after that Merlin had quit and his father took it over and so I worked for him. And that was when I got serious with Eva. In the Spring I went out to work again and that is when I got quite serious with Eva. We made arrangements to get married as soon as we could. Now we wanted to get married in the Temple but it was not ready. They kept saying that it would be ready at a certain time. It would be ready in the spring, it will be ready in the summer, and then it will be ready in October, then it just did not get opened until October. And so we put our wedding off. So by the time Spring came I talked to President Wood, and he said that we should get married right then and not to put it off any longer. And so we got married on the 7th of May, 1923. And we went to the Temple as soon as it was opened, the first few days of November.

My brother Jim had gotten married the year before this and we had three quarter sections up across the river from Glenwood. He had been to England with the Armed Forces and he got a half section and enough to run it on. It is what you would call a G.I. Bill, a soldier's settlement deal. And so there we were busy farming all the time. Now Jim's wife's parents had run a store in Glenwood they were English people that had come out and they got tired of it, so they went to Salt Lake and took Lilly, Jim's wife, with them. Jim did not go down with her, he said he would go down later on. But he came back and told us he wanted to sell out. And so the three of us split up. And I took some of what there was. We had considerable horses and equipment. And so Steve took part and I took part and I took the house that was there. We had a little three-room house; there was not much to it, the home in Glenwood. I had forty acres out north of Glenwood about three quarters of a mile. And we were doing fairly well. Eva and I lived in town in this little place and then the next year we moved the house out on the farm. There we had a few animals and things. Our floors were just shiplap lumber and that was all the house was made of.

For insulation we had some beaverboard on the inside, that real thin stuff, that was a cold place. I told Mama I would keep the floors clean until I could get some linoleum on them. We bought some linoleum that fall and put it on the floors. We got one or two things for the place. Well, I borrowed the \$40.00 to get married and ploughed it out with four horses and a plough right after. We did not want to keep putting it off. Money was pretty scarce in those days. When I used to come and see my girlfriend she used to have to patch my pants because my pants were falling off of me. So she did not marry me for my money. I used to ride a horse in or come in with the team. I would bring some feed and I would usually stay overnight. I got to see her a little bit that summer in between times. Well, we got our place fixed up with a womanly touch, you know, flowers outside. I can remember being out late one night in the summertime and I came home and she was sitting out there in the dark, sitting on the step, singing away. And she already had a nice little patch of flowers out in front and we got the rocks and put them around the house and it looked real cosy, just like a pair of lovebirds.

Well, we used to manage. We always had work and we always had a job even in the wintertime. We used to haul wheat when it was cold, even below 0°, we would haul, those old wagon wheels would squeak on the snow. We used to haul that wheat twenty-two, even twenty-eight miles and, like I say, we always had a job. It was hard work. One Christmas time we had Velma and Dale, they were just little kids then, we hadn't been to town for quite awhile. We had \$5.00 cash and we did not have any flour. We grew good gardens and we always had vegetables and so we could always work around for the money to buy flour. And so my sweet wife who loved the Lord, she said, "What are we gonna pay our tithing with?" So I dropped down to the Bishop's and paid the \$5.00 for the tithing and then went into town. We put straw in the bottom of the buggy and we had a pretty good little team. It was a two-hour jaunt with the team then and we just put the lantern in under the quilt, kids on the bottom there. And we got into town and had a nice time at Christmas and as we came back going through town, Max Ehlert came out and stopped me and said, "Bob do you want a job?" I said, "Sure, what have you got?" "Oh I got a little shingling to do." He had a little shed that needed shingling. "I have not got any money, but I can give you a sack of flour." So I said, "Okay" and I did the shingling and I got the sack of flour and away we went again. And that is the way we used to do.

Well that winter we had enough to keep us going for a little bit. So I said to Eva, "let's go to town and spend a few weeks." So we just packed up our stuff and got in the sleigh, rented a room right across from the Temple. This was when Velma was little. It was her first winter. She was nearly a year old and so we went into the Temple every session. And that is the way I got my first outfit. They used to pay money for a person to do names. People would leave money there for somebody to do these names. They do not do that now, but they did in those days. And so we got enough money to pay for our outfits, our robes. We bought a little coal and we had enough vegetables and stuff like that. We could always trade for a little bit of meat from the neighbours. And that is the way we used to live. We were happy, we were quite contented. And so we stayed two months, and we worked at the Temple all those times. And I used to cut down across the creek and carry Velma down to Grandma Salway's and leave her there and then I would go down in the evening and bring her home. And so we had two months like that. And so we went back and started farming. Like I say we always had a job and we had our own horse.

We would work for other people and do what little bit we had for ourselves. We used to have to borrow machinery and things like that. But we got along fine, but it was touch and go after awhile, I got to thinking that I was not really getting very far.

I was not getting any father ahead and then Melvin came along five years after Dale, and I thought to myself, I have got to be finding something else to do. And so I had been fixing a few shoes. My dad had lived with us, he died in 1926 and he had a patching machine and a few tools. He used to do a little shoe repairing. People would bring him a few jobs once in a while. And so this was in the spring of 1929, that winter, 1928 and 1929 I arranged to go down to Glenwood once or twice a week and fix shoes. I took my outfit down there and people would bring me shoes for me to fix up or whatever there was to do. And so I picked up a little money that way. Well I arranged to have a corner of a hardware store there, he never charged me anything for it, I just had a little corner. And one night we were to a dance, this was in March, and somebody came in the dance hall. We used to dance in the church house and somebody said "White, your store is on fire!" "What?" We all went out to see what the trouble was and the place was ablaze. The place was all burning up and everything and there was, my shoe outfit and a lot of people's shoes. And the next morning I went down there and there was nothing left, just nothing left. So I said I better get busy and see what else I can get.

So I went into town and there was a fellow there that was deaf and dumb, he was a boy about twenty-one or twenty-two. His father sent him to Winnipeg to a deaf and dumb school and he learned shoe repair as a business. He had been at it for a couple of years. He just did not like it. He would rather go work on a farm or be loose. And his dad had the stuff stored up there. Well I went in to see him to see what he had and see what I could get. He had another machine and so on and I knew that there were two shoemakers there in Cardston at that time and I went into to see them and talk to them and one of them said why don't you buy me out. His name was Long. He wanted to go to Vancouver. So we began talking and you know I did not know too much about fixing shoes. He said I could come in here and he would work with me for awhile. He said, "You get me \$500.00 and you can take over." He had a little house that was way out of town and he was a good gardener and he had his place and he said, "Why don't you buy the house too?" Well I never had the money, but I figured if I worked all that summer I could get \$500.00 ahead. So that was the agreement that we had. And then when we said that we wanted the house he wanted \$1,400.00 for the business and the house. So I thought, "Well, we will see what we can do." In those days you could borrow a little bit of money. So I just told him "Okay, we will go up and settle up my affairs." I did not have much to sell, we had some chickens, a nice little bunch of chickens, we had a good cow and a pig, and one or two things around and we had our own home. Eva came to town and stayed with her mother and father and I packed up. I just turned the farm back and I was to sell the house for \$300.00. No cash, I was to get the money that fall. I figured I could make a little bit of money that summer. That winter I had lost two horses and I only had four, and that was one thing that made me figure I had to do something else. So rather than go buy more horses and whatnot, the buying of the shop sounded pretty good. We talked it over with Salway's and figured, well, the shop sounded pretty good, we can make it somehow. And so we came back in and I loaded up all my furniture and stuff on the old hayrack and the hooked up the ponies and I was going to sell them when I got into town. So I

hitched them to the hayrack, but you know after I finished loading up that stuff, oh, I was heartbroken, quitting, just quitting. Anyway, I would have rather taken a licking and unloaded that stuff and just not gone. But I went, and so we got a couple of rooms there in Cardston, and we unloaded the stuff and so I began looking around.

But this man Long, when I went to make a deal with him, he wouldn't let me have it for what he had said. And so, I wondered what we were going to do. I didn't want to pay him any more, and it was just paltry the things he wanted more for. It was just real silly little things, his wife had something to do with it. So I said no I won't do that. I said, "I will open up myself." And like I said, I didn't know too much about the business, because I was going to stay with him a few weeks while I caught on to it. So I opened up. And we had a war, he knew I didn't know too much. And from the time I opened up I never missed a job. I just had lots to do. He was an exceptional workman. But he would go get drunk. He would work his head off for a few months and then he would go get drunk for a couple of weeks. And then he would wear that off, and then he worked his head off again for another few months. But I always had lots to do right from the time I opened up.

And I got along fine. That was in the year 1929, and that summer was good. And I bought me a new suit and a few things around. We were doing fairly good. We owed quite a bit of money, and we were paying those debts off a little bit at a time. And in the fall the depression started. There was a fellow there that had a harness shop, and he wanted to quit. And I thought to myself, well, I know the shoe business is pretty slow in the winter, if I can fix harnesses during the winter I'll always be busy. But the idea was good. This fellow had quite a bit of stock, and he wanted \$600.00 for the outfit. I took his word for it, which was all right. I was anxious to get in there, and he was anxious to unload. And when the depression came along, that just came in a hurry and that fall everything just fell apart. There was no money, there was nothing around. One of the fellows there, Arly Bohne, he had two payments left to make on a car. He had some flour, and he peddled that flour and he sold anything he could get to make a \$25.00 payment on that car. And people that were owed money on cars, they came and took them back. And later on the whole Town of Cardston, almost the whole town, were filed for caveats on their taxes. The town owned the town. Everybody owed those taxes. We were just renting rooms, and doing the best we could. And I tell you things were pretty tough there for six years. But anyway for this \$600.00 I had to get a co-signer on the deal, and Great West Saddlery Co. let me have it. And I looked to Walter Pitcher, and I said to him, he was out in the corral killing a sheep when I went up there first thing in the morning, and I said "Brother Pitcher will you sign a note with me?" And he says, "Yes, how much?" and I said "\$600.00" and he said "okay." He didn't ask me my name. And I went in and took over this harness shop, while I couldn't pay \$600.00, I couldn't pay \$20.00 a month rent. All I could do was make a living and exist on just a bare subsistence.

But we kept off relief. At Christmas time the Bishop sent over a chunk of meat and a sack of flour. We paddled our own canoe, and we just kept a going. Well nobody had any money, so we just kept paying off in little bits. I owed \$1,200.00 when I came into Cardston. \$1,200.00 in those days and nothing to pay it with was a real conundrum. But the people I owed

it to mostly were stores. They would send their shoes to be fixed and I would take it off the bill. Well pretty soon I had more shoes to fix just for debts, so I said, "You pay me half and I will take the other half off the bill." Well it took us years to work off those debts. Any other people that I owed I paid them a little bit at a time, a dollar a month or fifty cents a week or whatever it was. Just to let them know I was still honouring my debts. And I got those debts wiped off after a number of years. And so that's the way we did it. We struggled along.

Then after the depression when things began to get better, I wanted to build a home. I thought to myself if my kids couldn't remember us with a home of our own I wasn't much good. And so I began to figure out how I could get a home. In the fall of 1931, I sold the shoe shop. I thought if I could get a job, well I could do a little better maybe. So I sold the shop and then I was out of work--first time in my life. I had never been without a job. And I tell you things were tough, that summer I just went along with anything I could get. A widow bought a big old house up on the side hill, the old Doctor Brandt home. It was the old original first hospital in Cardston. It was a large house and it was on the side of the hill. And the hill had begun to crack, and the place wasn't much good. Well this widow bought the place and I helped tear it down, and they had a good-sized barn there. And I bought the barn for \$50.00. I worked it out, I helped tear the place down and I would take wood home at night, this was in the summer time so we burned wood all that summer in our cook stove and I would go out and job hunt for what I could get. The barn had to be torn down and there was lots of good lumber there. It had a hayloft and there were good 2 x 10 floor joists, good side shiplap on it and the town gave me a lot. This was in 1936, the town said I could have a lot. The lot by where we used to live. Well there had been a house on it; it was a nice little lot. I was going to tear this barn down and I was going to put up two little rooms, and put a tar paper roof on it. We used to do that for granaries. We put on 1 x 12's and lay tar paper and then put on another 1 x 12 to cover the cracks up and some more tar paper and we were going to live in that until I could do something better. A fellow came along and offered me \$100.00 for the barn. So I said fine that's good, so I got \$100.00 worth of new lumber and I didn't have to tear it down.

So in the meantime I was waiting for my \$300.00 out of my home in Glenwood, I never got it. The fellow that bought it moved it up onto his place and used it for granaries. Things were really tough and he wanted to move. And so he was going to have an auction sale, so I went to the lawyer there in town and said, "Look this guy owes me \$300.00." "Oh," he says, "that's easy, give me that bill." He had stuff he wanted to sell, he wanted to go down to the States. And I took proceedings against him and went down to the farmer the day of the auction sale with this court order and told him I wanted my money. Oh was he mad. And his father-in-law said, "How did you do this?" I said, "It was simple, I just went to the lawyer and you got the stuff." "I wish I could do that," he said. And so we compromised, I didn't charge him any interest and he paid half of the expenses and I paid half. And so I got about \$285.00 that day. This was after we had started the house.

Neal Forsyth had a family and he was a carpenter and I said, "Neal, will you do me some carpentry work on some shoe repairs?" and he said "sure" and we got started on the house. I was going to put down rocks and not have a shingle roof and he said, "Let's put a foundation. It

would be better and it won't cost so much more." So I went out to the lumberyard and nobody was getting any credit in those days and I said, "Lloyd [Lloyd Cahoon], will you give me credit for a \$100.00 for eight months at \$12 a month?" He said "sure" and I got a hundred dollars worth of lumber. I put up a hundred dollars worth of material, 2 x 4's and shiplap, and then we started the place. And so when Neal said "Well, let's put down a foundation, it won't cost too much more, it will just cost you a little bit, and I said, "Well, you are going out to the lumber yard, you go in and see what he says." And he gave me so much cement and I'd get the gravel hauled on shoe repairs and you know, I got the foundation in, and so we put the walls up and he said, "Why don't you put a shingle roof on there?" He said, "it will be a lot better for you and it will be permanent." So I said, "Well, see what Lloyd says." So we got talking and he said, "Well, it won't cost much more." We got two rooms and a little lean-to entrance. We lived in that the first winter. I got about six thickness' of newspaper and some cardboard and I put it in between those studs and that was as good an insulator as you could get. About six thickness' of newspaper and it would just cover up the studs and then a piece of cardboard would fit in there tight and I would put in two or three tacks and that would insulate the whole thing. We lived in that the first winter and we slept upstairs on the floor with our mattresses on the floor and dug a hole under the house and I put an old stove down there. Then I went down to the dump grounds and got me some hood covers from old cars. How they used to hinge, both sides would come on it. I got a couple of those and some old pieces of tin I could find down there and I tinned that stove up so the heat would go upstairs.

We used to trade for wood--green quaking aspen wood, \$5.00 a load, a one-team load. I used to get up at five o'clock every morning and chop enough of that and split it up, put it in, come home at night, cut up enough wood. We had puffin' billies, a little tin stove. We had to have dry wood to start them and when you put that green wood in, there is a kind of turpentine in there that would throw out a lot of heat and we got along fine. And so the next fall I got this \$285.00 owing to me so I paid up my bill. Then I went to the bank. You see I'd got something then, so I went to the bank and said, "I want a \$100.00." The bank then said, "How long?" and I said, "Oh, a year." And so we bought some tentest and we got another man for some shoe repairs to come along and put the tentest on. We had a home--a nice warm little place. Then later on I borrowed another \$100.00 and got it paid up. The bank manager says, "I don't mind loaning you money--you get a little bit and pay up." And I'd say, "We did," and so pretty soon we built on and we had a fairly decent home.

And things were beginning to look up at that time and business was always good. I always had enough work to do. In fact, we worked our darn fool heads off and the kids were little. One time I was in a little place about six feet wide and about twenty feet deep. After I had sold the shop I jobbed around all that summer. There was a lot of shoe work in the town. And I went to the other two fellows and I said, "What do you say if I open up?" "We got enough work." And they both agreed. They said, "Well, fine, go ahead." And so I rented this little place--6 feet by 20 feet for \$10.00 a month and I paid it in milk. I paid my rent in milk! And we had a stove in the back there and Eva came along and burned her coat. She sat up too close to the stove. And we never had any money to buy a new coat. That was in February. And so I sent \$5.00 to Eaton's and told them to send us a coat a certain size. We didn't make any stipulations,

just send us a coat and they sent her a darn good coat for \$5.00. Yes, a good coat, that was in the spring of 1932.

Oh, lots of fun! And then we moved out of there and I went into a shop where we could live behind the shop. That winter was awful bad and it cost us a lot to heat the place and we weren't getting anywhere. We used to trade for coal. They had little mines up the creek there, soft coal, that next winter I didn't want the stove and a fellow came along and he had a cow to sell. He wanted a stove so I traded the stove for the cow. We used to have a cow most of the time. And when I settled in this place, I dug a hole about three feet deep and I got slabs, slabs of wood. We would get a lot of that stuff for trade and I brought the roof out to about a foot above the ground, out to about 3 feet in the front, and made a chicken coop and then put a dirt roof on the slabs and they used to do fine. We had about eighteen chickens and we used to get eggs all year around. And we always had chicken to eat. We would set a couple of hens and we had a pig and the old cow had a calf every spring and we used to butcher in the fall and bottle it. It's just a little bit different now, isn't it?

And the kids were growing up all the time. They used to get along, they got pretty well what they wanted. And the boys used to work at anything. They would come down to the shop and when Dale and Melvin were going to school and when they were a pretty good size they used to have a pair of hand-sewn soles every night to do and those kids got pretty good at sewing soles on. If I had, had to do it, I couldn't have done all the work. And once in a while one of them would get two pairs to do, it would take them about 40 minutes. They used to get those threads in there as good as I can do it. And then those kids got big enough to help in the shop all the time. Well, we just struggled through and kept it going and we all had to work. And after awhile, of course, I wanted to build a small shop. This banker said, "Why don't you go on a trip?" I said, "No, no trip," and then he said, "Well, you have come to borrow some money then," and I said, "No." He said, "Well, when you want some come on around, we'll let you have some." I said, "I'd like to get me a little shop sometime. Just a little place I could call my own." "Well, come up," he said. So I rattled around and then borrowed some money and I paid my bills and I went to the town. They had a piece of ground there. It was only about \$25.00 a foot and I made all the arrangements and I was ready to go to the banker and when I got there he had died. He had died just a day or two before.

And there I was stalled, I was all ready to go to work but there was no money and the other bank I went to and told them my story and he just laughed at me. I said, "I got to have some money, I got all these things started here and I dug the hole and I had everything already in preparation for it." Well, he finally said okay. It was \$1,800.00 and I was to pay it back in two years. It took me eight. I was going to buy 20 feet. Lyle Holland was going to build his next to the picture show and the town had 20 feet there. Now this was in 1945 and the war had quit and things were picking up really brisk and Harold Salway had just come back from the army in England and he had been up to Calgary and learned the dry-cleaning business. There was only one dry-cleaners in Cardston and there was a good opportunity for two and so he learned the business up in Calgary in just a few months and that was at the same time that I wanted to build. And so he said, "Now, why don't you build a place big enough for the two of us?" And I wanted

to build something that I could rent that would bring in something more than just for myself. And so I was going to get 20 feet down there next to the picture show. Lyle had 30 feet. But he has got that store there now. Then at the same time Mrs. Meyer had a 16-foot piece of ground there and I wanted to buy that ground and so this 32 feet would have made two nice 16-foot shops. And oh she hummed and hummed about it and we couldn't get any satisfaction out of her at all. And at the same time Leo Stutz and Sid Swan wanted to build and they wanted me to go around with them. Well, Leo had already got his right next to the alley and then I was next and then Sid was next. He got the bakery. So Sid said, "You just want the outside, you don't want to build the upstairs. All you want is a shop. Why don't you let me have yours and then you go on the outside." I didn't want to do that. I just didn't want to do that. So I said, "No, I'll keep what I got." So he wanted an upstairs and Leo wanted an upstairs and so we got an upstairs. And I wasn't intending to build anything, just the shop. And so we got together and we started around and Neal Forsyth built the building and another fellow did the Swans' and they all worked together on the party walls. And so we all went up pretty much on the same level. And so after we got it built we didn't know what to do with it so we were going to rent it to somebody who wanted a storeroom. And then we got to thinking about it and we said to ourselves, well, why don't we sell the house and then come over here to live and fix up this into an apartment. And that's what we did and it took quite a little time.

In the meantime, things were going up pretty fast and so I figured that my house, it only had one ply of lumber, like I told you. The inside had tented on it and a hole underneath and didn't have any basement and had a cement foundation. I did put a little sidewalk in and I built two bedrooms on the side and made a fairly decent place of it. Well, I had \$3,200.00 into it and so if we could sell that then we could fix the place up where we were and help make the payments. And so we advertised and there was a fellow from Glenwood who had sold his place out there and he wanted ours pretty bad. I got \$2,750.00 for it. Things were going up in price and it was just hard to get. I paid more than I had in the house for the shiplap--\$35.00 a thousand in those days. So we got the new place up for \$5,000.00, nothing upstairs, just a building. And so we sold the house and put that money into it and oh, we worked and we worked and we worked. At that time Carol came along. Well, Eva was painting and working and everything and she got really worn out and that summer after we moved in, Carol was about nine months old when we moved in, and then the next summer Eva was sick. Oh, she was sick all summer long. She just couldn't pick up. She had worked too hard. Now she was 42 years old when Carol was born and all that work and all that worrying, she got down, I tell you and she was down all summer. I can remember taking Carol to Hope in Calgary and Hope took care of her for a few weeks. But we couldn't get any help anywhere. We tried to get a young girl to come and help. We had one good girl. She helped; she did a lot. But eventually Eva got better.

Now I'll pick up where we moved in and that's when Dale and Velma went on their missions. Because they left from the house and we moved while they were gone. They didn't like the idea very much. You see we were keeping Velma and the Ward was keeping Dale. They said that they would keep Dale if we sent both of them out on missions. The war had been on and the missionaries had not been called. There were very few missionaries around at that time and so Dale went down in Tennessee. All he did is run around the missions and straighten things

up. They had, had no missionaries for several years, all during the war years, and Velma went down into Eastern Canada and we sent her \$10.00 every Monday morning. A ten-dollar bill, I remember that, every Monday morning and she never bought any clothes, she never bought anything. That was all she did for eighteen months on that ten bucks a week. And only once was I short. I didn't have it and I couldn't get it and I went around to some of the brothers to loan me \$10.00 for two days and do you think I could get it? People that I thought would help me. Well, I couldn't get it and I went to a fellow who never came to church and he said, "sure" and in three days I had it back there for him but that was the only time we didn't have it. We were always short but I had to have that \$10.00 in the mail on Monday morning or she couldn't have stayed. We couldn't keep her going. I think we paid Dale about \$40.00 or \$ 50.00 a month. The Ward would pay half of his and he was travelling, he did a lot of travelling and it got quite expensive for him.

Well, we got in the new place and chubby little Carol got along real fine. She nearly fell on the stairs one day. She fell down about three steps and then her little fingers grabbed on to that step. How she ever stopped herself from going to the bottom I'll never know. Those little fingers just gripped on there just like suction cups. We were building the St. Mary's Dam, this was at the time that Mama was sick, and building the road through Waterton too. Dale was working with me and Melvin was working with me, Dale just came back off his mission. I had 54 pair of big boots waiting on the floor to get fixed besides all the other jobs I had. I couldn't get help in the house. If I had tried to advertise all through Alberta I could never get a man to come in. So I prayed to Lord to send me some help. I did not specify and, lo and behold!, a man about 30, 32 years old, he had been a miner up to Drumheller, and his cousin had a shoe repair shop there. He used to go in and help him, and all he could do was rough work. He came and asked me for a job, he came and asked me for a job!! Well, it was heaven sent. "Sure, come on in," and he had nothing to do. At 8:00 o'clock that morning he was waiting there by the windowsill to get in and he had nothing to do in the evenings and he hated to quit in the evenings and I kept him busy all summer. And when the snow came he said, "Well, I better get back to the mines." I've forgotten his name. He was quite happy and he made me happy too. Oh, I got Alec in for a year and I was to pay him \$100.00 per month. I was to pay him \$10.00 a month to start and then \$20.00 and so on. It was a graded scale until the last month I was to pay him \$100.00, some kind of arrangement like that. Well, I had him for a year and he wasn't learning too fast and he was dilatory. Used to rush, rush, rush all the time and he went out Saturday afternoon usually for a 15 minute coffee break and he went over to the restaurant with some of the boys and ordered a steak and he was gone an hour. I says, "Okay, you don't come to work Monday morning. I am through with you." Monday morning he came to work. He had called Lethbridge and talked to one of the big guys at the Soldier's Settlement office. He only had about a couple of months left, so I said I'll let him come back if he earned his money, and he did. To try to hire somebody blankety-blank, otherwise we just couldn't have kept going.

During these depression years, we rented a little place. It was an old log house of Johannas Anderson's. In the old days they have lived in that house. This is where Barbara came along in 1932. I don't suppose you remember that, do you? That log house? On the corner where The Red Head Service Station was? It was torn down by the time you got to be four, five

or six years old. We lived in that. I was supposed to pay the town \$5.00 a month for it. So I asked them if I could cut a doorway in and they said "sure." So I took one of the other doors, put a doorway in, and put the door from the outside. Then somebody hauled me some gravel. I tore down the fence and levelled around and we built it out to where they could go in. Just a little room, I forget how big it was. I had it for the shop. And then we had a big room at the back with two little cute bedrooms there. It was cold. The place was like a barn; it had been neglected. Nobody had lived in it for awhile. Now I couldn't pay \$5.00 a month, I had a cow and I put a little shed just big enough for two cows. Just a little lean-to shed and I put it at the back of that place. We used to trade for hay. We used to trade for wood. We would trade for grain and anything all the time and we got our own milk and eggs.

At that time they used to hold Saturday Priesthood meetings and all the whole countryside would come in and do their shopping on a Saturday. They had teams and old Bennett buggies, rubber tired vehicles, they would put a team on them. They called them Bennett buggies because the Prime Minister of Canada was Robert Bennett and things were pretty tough. Where Sommerfeldt's garage is on the corner they used to call a tie yard and people used to come in and bring their teams and get on that little corner lot there and tie their teams up and they used to bring in the hay to feed their horses. I'd go over there in the evening and pick up a few little bits of hay and take it over for my cow and the chickens would run over there everyday and get all they wanted in grain. I never fed them. We always used to manage somehow. That cow, and the garden and the chickens didn't used to cost us too much. But we used to get along. We used to have onions, potatoes all year, we had lots of them all winter and the chickens like I say we always had some eggs. The last pig I got was a sick one, I didn't know it was sick and I kept feeding it and feeding it and it should have been a big pig and it was only half grown so I killed it. Wasted a lot of good feed! That was the last pig we had. And then the cow, we had a dandy cow! She was a Holstein; I never used to buy good hay. The Indians would put up that Prairie hay. You could get a whole load for \$5.00.

A whole load of hay, Prairie wool, and I always used to have straw around. I'd get a load of straw, one load during the winter, and I used to feed her a lot of heavy grain and we had an awful time in drying her up. She looked skinny but she was a good milker and so we had milk all of the time. We used to dry her up for about a month before the calf would come and then she would give another three-gallon bucket full all of the time. We had enough milk for the calf and the chickens, too, and all the house. That's what kept us going. She was a good cow. I had it for a number of years. Name was Suzie. I sold her to a man out at Taylorville and the next year she died. I had a little Jersey cow--I paid \$35.00 for her. She didn't give too much milk but it was good milk and she wasn't coming in and so I traded her off for a two-year old Holstein heifer. Somebody had been down East and bought a bunch of these two-year old heifers and they were good stuff. Some of them were registered. Oh they were skinny and poor and oh, it was a nasty sight. From what I'd known about critters I said to myself, "Well, I'll soon fix her." So I gave him \$5.00 and the Jersey cow and got this heifer and brought her home. And we washed her and scraped her down and scrubbed her up and she seemed perked up and had a nice little calf and she grew and grew into a good big cow and that's the one I had last. She was a darn good cow.

The day that I went out to look at that heifer, oh, I was sick and I had been sick, I just dragged, I put on all the clothes I could put on. It was late in the winter and I climbed up that hill from our place, in front of the Walkers, that goes out south there. Oh, I got up about a quarter of the way up there and I huffed and I puffed and I said to myself, "You're crazy, you don't have to go up there." It was Wednesday afternoon and I thought well, if I don't go now I can't go see her. She was out there two miles. Out in the field, so I pulled up the road halfway and I huffed and I puffed. You got to keep going; you got to see her now. I got up top of the hill and I kept going and had a look at her and I felt fine and I remember that all this time I just cleaned my lungs out. The wind was blowing and it was cold. I had gone five miles and when I came back I felt fine. It was just a lesson to me, otherwise I would have stayed in bed and groaned, I guess.

Anyway, she got to be a right good cow. I just thought to myself, I just can't take care of everything I've got to do. Melvin used to take care of the cow all of the time, but for gardening, I thought to myself, I'm gonna take care of the shop and there is no time for anything else and so that's all I did--just take care of the shop after we moved. We didn't have a cow and we didn't have a garden and it cost us twice as much to live. This banker has asked me if I wanted to borrow some money and I said, "Yes, I'd like to borrow some money to buy some machinery." This was before I built the shop. He says, "We'll loan you some." The war was on then, my brother Jim from Salt Lake wrote up and said there was an old man quitting down there and he wanted to sell his outfit for \$300.00, the whole kit and caboodle. He had a stitcher and I wanted a stitcher so the boys wouldn't have to do hand sewing. I didn't know how I was going to get a stitcher and so I got working on it and they said you can't do it, you can't get money across the line. Well, I did a little praying about it and I got that money across the line. Now I don't know how and a number of people asked me how I did that. I don't know but I got that \$300.00 across the line, but by the time I paid the duty on it and the shipping charges it was \$600.00, which was a bargain. And so I borrowed \$600.00 and I got that across and there was a lot of good equipment there. I had a sewing machine and lasts and jacks and a finishing machine and a stitcher for \$600.00. I used the stitcher for a year or more and it needed a lot of work on it. They gave me \$300.00 on it and I put that on a new one. That was pretty good deal. What did we pay for that machine, I think it was \$900.00, wasn't it? It would be \$2,500, 1983 now.

So people wondered how I did it. Charlie Walker came to me, and other people, and said, "How did you build that house?" Now you see, times were tough when I built that house, they were really getting tough. I told them I got the lot for nothing. In 1939, when the depression got better, about 1938 or so it began to pick up a little bit, I told Charlie Walker I just started it. I did a little work on it and I got the money and I just started it and after I got started I got a home loan on it from the bank, you see, but as long as you had nothing you couldn't get a home loan so you couldn't get started. I went to the Bank one time and I was going to buy a granary for a \$100.00 when the manager just laughed at me and he said, "I know, shoemakers come and go." He wasn't going to loan me a \$100.00 but that's how Charlie got going, on just a little bit. He just got started and there was several other people at the same time building homes. We just got it worked out by shoe repairs. You don't know what you've got in a nice home, do you? We used to have to get up, empty the ashes and we never had a fridge. We used to keep our food downstairs in the basement. We'd send the kids down, "go down and get your milk," "go down

the basement and get some butter and stuff," you would bring it up two flights of stairs. We used to bring all of the coal upstairs. We used to have that part of the basement--we used to buy a whole bunch of coal and we had that room down in the basement, about maybe 12 feet square, and we would fill that place with coal in the fall. Then we had that old stove down in the basement and I would get that out and set it up. And there were no grates on it and I would put old iron pieces in the grates and that is what we heated the shop with until we put in propane. Propane was just coming in at that time and we just changed over.

Before we built the shop they were short of missionaries, it was 1943 during the war. They couldn't get any young men to go, so they sent out word that they wanted the Seventies to go. There were very few Seventies in our ward that could leave or had the money, so we got talking about it and President Willard Smith at the time says, "How can we arrange it?" and I said, "I could leave Dale to run the shop." Now he wasn't even 18 years old, so they packed me off instead of a six-month mission. They had been slow in doing things so it was after Christmas before I got away. They sent me up to Regina. It was the Western Canadian Mission, it had just been organized, they had just got it opened and they called some missionaries and so Reg Smith and Gordon Brewerton and I were called. Gordon was in the Stake Presidency at the time and he thought that he would like to do a little missionary work and so the three of us went up to Edmonton and I was assigned to Regina and Gordon to Moose Jaw and Reg Smith to Swift Current and Dale took care of the place.

The 14th of January is when we left, a nice day, and I bid good-bye to my family and started out in the car. Gordon took us up to Calgary, Reg Smith and I. By the time we got to Calgary it started to snow and get cold. We had our little window open on the north, well that night it snowed and got below zero Fahrenheit. So the bathroom got full of snow and froze the pipes--my first night away from home. I guess that nobody in the family closed it because it had been such a nice day and so during the night it came--28° below and froze the bathroom, pipes and all and no Dad around to help fix it up.

That night we took a train for Ponoka--now you know that I have been to Ponoka (Ponoko is where the mental Hospital is). Reg Smith had worked there and he thought it would be a good opportunity to see the people and so we took the train in the evening and we got a room there and he went over and he visited his friends while he worked at the institution. The Church was a little different back then too, the Bishop would sometimes serve for 30 years and the Relief Society President and Primary Presidents would serve for 10 years, it is certainly streamlined now. The Bishop couldn't put in all that work if he worked full time. He has got to have executive secretaries and financial secretaries and statistical secretaries. We used to hook up a team when we went ward teaching--we would go five or six or ten miles. Yes, we could always have the Improvement Era--I have bought that since before we were married, since about 1918, and I had it every year except once when I paid for it in the middle of the year.

We left Ponoka that evening and took a night train to Edmonton, and we got there about 12:00 o'clock at night. Everybody was busy and the streetcars were all loaded and taxis were loaded and we couldn't find anybody to take us. I knew about where the Mission Home was. We

had six blocks to go to the Mission Home, it was a house on 6th Street and I knew about where to go and we went down there. Well, we took our time and we darted into some restaurants and whatever places that were open. It was cold and, carrying suitcases and all, we made our way down to the Mission Home and banged on the door and nobody came and we tried the door and it was open so we went in and huddled around there a little bit and nobody came. So Reg took one chair and I took the chesterfield. One of the Elders wasn't feeling well and he came down at 5:00 o'clock in the morning, he had a toothache or something or other; he had been sick. Next morning I met the Mission President and his wife and then went over to Eldon Tanner's home. The next day was Saturday and we stayed at Eldon Tanner's two night's. He was up there in Edmonton working for the government at that time, and so Sunday evening they gave us our assignments and put us on the train.

It was 40° below when we went through there and going through to Regina it was 52° below zero in Prince Albert and those old train wheels just squeaked and squeaked. I got into Regina about 6:00 o'clock in the morning and it was wintertime and we walked eight blocks to go to where the elders were and got them up. And they had a large room, there was just Reg Smith and I and there wasn't enough bedding to keep us warm. Anyway, we four of us went to bed and tried to keep warm. They had a tiny old little kerosene cook stove, little tiny heater about 9 inches square. They had one of those to keep warm with and there was supposed to be heat coming out of the ventilator. It had a furnace in the house, but they never had any heat coming up and, oh man, was it ever cold, you just couldn't get warm. I was there from the middle of January to the middle of April. It was three months. It was the middle of April when I left and it was cold all of that time until about the 1st of April. It was hovering between 25° and 30° below zero most of the time I was there. You couldn't go out and tract. We did a little bit of tracting, we went visiting members and we took care of our jobs of whatever we had to do. We had several contacts that we worked with. Talk about cold, I have never been so cold in my life and I was there three months and then I came back in the spring. Of course, Dale worked with me there in the shop again. That three months in Regina was really something to talk about. Eva went down to Medicine Hat and stayed at Jack Salway's--I met her at Medicine Hat and we stayed there a couple of days before we came home. Lyndon was nine months old when I left and you know that little rascal wouldn't come to me when I got home. He just didn't know me, and that kind of hurt. But we got home in the spring and I was glad of that and I was glad of the experience.

When I went to England on a mission in 1952 the draft board in the United States said no more young missionaries, they all had to be subject to draft. And so they called lots of older couples and so when I went into the mission home there were only two U. S. boys out of about 150 people and the two boys weren't fit for military draft. So the rest of them were older couples, single older people and couples. My patriarchal blessings said that I would go across the water and would go on a mission. Well, I had that blessing when I was nineteen years old and I did not know where it was going to come about but anyway the Stake President and the Bishop got together and talked about it. Melvin had just come back from his mission and we were just awful busy in the shop and he wanted to go to school that fall. He said, "Dad why don't you go on a mission?" I just laughed at him and I said "if you can tell me how I can go on a mission, I

will listen to you.” You see Carol was only seven years old and Barbara was the oldest one home. And he said, “I will stay and run the shop.” I said, “You want to go to school.” “No,” he said, “I will stay home and run the shop if you will go.” He knew the financial position we were in. I said, “We owe this much money, how can it be arranged?” while he just kept talking. I said, “You go talk to your mother.” And they just talked about it. And I talked to the Bishop and the Seventies Quorums were to support the missionaries if they could not support themselves and they wanted the Seventies to go out on missions. And so I went and approached the Bishop and told him, and he said, “Well, we will follow it through.” We owed \$700.00, we owed that much all of the time and we worked it out by the month so it wasn’t really a burden to us. It was just a matter of continuity and so they talked to the Stake President and this was late in the fall and so things got cracking and they talked to the Seventies Quorum and it was agreed that I would go and they would help me.

Well, at that time all I spent was \$65.00. The other boys had a little bit more than I did, but that \$65.00 kept me on my mission at that time. Now the Seventies Quorum had a boy down in Eastern Canada whose folks never helped him a bit and the Quorum paid the whole thing and he wasn't careful with the money and it cost them over \$80.00 per month and they were quite upset with this. This was not the fault of the Seventies President or the Seven Presidents of the Seventy. It was just a condition that they wanted to correct and not have happen again and so when they interviewed me I told them I can very nicely take care of half of it--if they could take care of the other half it will be just fine. So that was agreed. So they processed me and Gordon Brewerton told me at that time they discussed me for five hours at High Council. Howard, was sixteen and if Howard had not been a good, obedient boy I wouldn't have gone. And so they passed on me and sent my name to Salt Lake City and they said “you don't know what consideration you have had in Salt Lake City” and that is what he told me and I believed him.

So I was processed and I got the call in about the middle of December to present myself at the mission home on the 14th of January 1952. It was all done in about 6 weeks--just that quick and I was off. Dale was working for Floyd Godfrey in the furniture store, so Dale took over the shop and Melvin went to Edmonton. Melvin got married on the 26th and we left the day after. It was really something. But just before I was ready to leave the Seventies President said, “You do all that you can and we will fill in, we will pick up the slack.” Well, we got started, and the Stake Presidency told me, “You can't go unless you pay up your bills, you can't go owing any bills,” and I said, “It can't be done.” I said, “There was \$700.00, which will take care of itself by next year,” and we had just put in propane stoves in the house and then all the other little bills we owed. I said I couldn't do it. Well, they said, “See what you can do.” I went to the Royal Bank to borrow \$700.00 and, “I can't pay it back for two years”--"nothing doing, can't do it." I said, “Give me the deeds to my place.” So they took them out and I took it over to the Toronto Dominion Bank, which had been open for one year, and they were not exactly begging for customers but they were competing for business. I knew the man by name and I said to him, “Mr. Weinheimer, I want \$700.00 and I can't pay it back for two years.” “Ok,” he says, “if you will pay the interest by the month you can have it.” I borrowed \$700.00 and paid my bills up before I left and it was not paid back until I got back home and started to pay them back. Mom paid the interest every month and we already at that time had our food storage downstairs. We

had quite a little bit of stuff and nobody knows how she got along, and Dale got his wages--we set a wage for him that he could go and keep his family--and mom just scrimped along. I was spending less than all the other missionaries.

Eva went down with me and it was cold when we left. We went down to Lethbridge, then Great Falls. We rode from Lethbridge in the Greyhound to the line. We got in an old bus at Coutts and went to Great Falls--it didn't have a heater in it. We just about froze by the time we got to Great Falls. When we got there we got another bus that was heated; I won't forget that ride. Eva went down and left me at the mission home; if we had known at that time, she could have been in the mission home with me. She could have come with me; we didn't know it at the time, so she said good-bye at the bus depot in Salt Lake City and I went back to the mission home. There were fourteen of us in that company and they were all couples, when I say there were couples I mean they were older people. What did we have, I think there were four couples and one of the others. The one that I worked with quite a lot was a Seventy, Carl Borup--you have met him haven't you? He got money from his Quorum, he wrote a letter to our Quorum and they sent me \$10.00 a month. That was the last year. I saved that last \$10.00 a month to come home with because when I got through Eva came down to Salt Lake City to meet me and we wanted to go on a little trip with Uncle Steve--I paid him the gas and he took us down to California. We went down to St. George and Manti and we visited these other Temples. That is what I wanted to do, I thought that I had an opportunity, I had a \$100.00 or so and Eva saved up a little bit and we visited the temples for a couple of weeks before we came home. Then we got back to Salt Lake and they put me on a bus and sent me home to Cardston. They paid your fare too, didn't they Mom? No. Anyway, they weren't going to give it to me but we talked a little while and they paid my fare home from Salt Lake City on the bus. It was a wonderful opportunity and I was proud of my family. I was proud that I could give that service and that the family was taken care of. Things went fairly smooth but they weren't easy.

So there were fourteen of us on the train, there were fifty-something going from Salt Lake to New York, we had a car all to ourselves. We were all Mormon missionaries and the conductor was a member, we had a lot of fun going to New York. When we got there some of them went to the Argentine, some went to the Eastern States, and some went to other places. There were fourteen of us that got on the Queen Mary to go to England in January and that old boat seemed like there were loose 2 x 4's outside my porthole that every time it would rock it would bang and it would never quit. It just never quit. I was right next to it. George Erskine was in charge of us and he was a Scotsman who had married a Salt Lake City girl, he was about two or three years older than I was, and he said he had some of these sickness pills, he was a lovely old guy. You always take these pills, he said, so we won't get sick. I said I crossed the ocean before and I never got sick; I was only sick once and that was when a man told me, "You take a glass of salt water and you will be all right." Well, I took a glass of salt water and up came my dinner. That was the only time I was sick, and so I told him no that I was going to be all right and I didn't take any pills and all the rest of them took the pills--some of them got sick and I didn't.

Oh, we had a lot of fun on the boat. There was a young sister, a nurse, a very fine type of a woman, and she had been over there six months and she died of leukaemia. One of these

fellows that was going on the boat, that was going to South Africa, he was a man named Manson, he was about my age I guess and that poor fellow died over there. Another man in the mission home was going to Germany and he died over in Germany. Three out of that group died on their missions. This young lady, the whole mission fasted and prayed for her. And her sister was a nurse and she came over and stayed with her but she just kept getting lower and lower until she had been there six months and she died. To leave all of your folks and die on a mission wasn't very nice.

Then we came home with some of the same group. One couple was there from Salt Lake and they took them and split them up. He was a younger man than I was, he was—forty-something, I guess, you met him, Eva, they split them up for six months. She went with the lady missionary and he went with one of the young Elders. They didn't see each other for six months it was kind of tough on them, but they learned a lot of missionary work. This George Erskine was a painter in Salt Lake and decorator, and what do they do with him? They put him painting meetinghouses.

They docked us at Southampton and the Elders came and met us there and took us up to London and we stayed up there. When I was a boy my dad opened the shop in Wandsworth I was telling you about. He had, had a shop with his brother in a place called Clapham Junction, which was right next to where the home was for all of England, a place called Balham--I used to play there, a big common called Clapham Common and my uncle's shop where my dad used to work was just about the other side of the common. So Ben Olsen was a Canadian, you see, he wasn't subject to the draft, and he was one of the young boys that went with us and so when we got to the mission home we weren't doing anything for a couple of hours so I said, "Come on, Ben, I will take you for a walk." And so I went over to where my uncle's place was and there was a little candy shop there and I went in and told the folks who I was and a little bit about the shop. I knew my way around and we just went around there and I was quite delighted to be there and around where I used to when I was a kid.

Then we all went to a restaurant that night--a dirty little place. The Elders took us there. There was a home that the church bought where the mission president lived, next to the mission home, you see, a chapel and a home. They used to take us down, oh, it was about ten to fifteen minutes away, to a lady's place, she wasn't a member, it was one of these three-tiered houses and all the Elders used to stay there. A little ways from there, there was a restaurant. They took us in there, all a bunch of them, and we had a meal and we got our tickets and I said hey what is this? So much for this and so much for that and so much more than what there should be. I knew the money, the other fellows didn't, and she had to straighten that out. She was getting a big old tip for herself and I wouldn't go there again.

But anyway, we went over to the mission home and Brother Staynor Richards was the Mission President and he assigned us to our places and I went to Leeds District and I went to Wakefield--they didn't have a church but had rented a little bit of a hall. There were six Elders in the Leeds District and we used to meet on Saturdays. There were only two of us in Wakefield. We kept busy. We were really, really busy. The young fellow that I had for a companion was a

smart young fellow from Salt Lake named Clarke. A real smart boy and a good boy, but he would never let me do anything and I had been there for four months. And the visiting Elders came over one time and I got to give a half of one lesson--that is all I gave in four months. That is all he let me do. So I said, "Now, when I get a companion he is going to work the first day; I don't care if he doesn't know anything." And I had the privilege of having two first companions and one of them is a Mission President now, down in Kentucky, his name is George Durrant. He has always appreciated the fact that we got him busy, we would get out and to street meetings, "Okay, Elder, up you go--your turn. I don't care what you tell them."

There were two that came out and they were two tall, fine looking fellows, they were fine young men and they took that Joseph Smith's story, one would tell the first half and the other one would tell the next half and they would change around. In just a matter of a few days they weren't scared, they just got out there quickly, and of course we had other new ones. This was towards the end of my mission. When one came they told us the wrong times, we went to the station and he wasn't there. So we went later to the station and he had been there an hour or more sitting on his trunk waiting for somebody to come and get him, and they didn't give him the address where to go. Now I don't know whose fault that was but anyway, we went down and found him and was he glad to see us, he didn't know what to do, but he had been sitting tight. There was a place there that hadn't been visited for fifteen years. It was in my district and no Elders had ever been there. We only had just a few Elders (we only had six in our whole district) and so I took him down there and rounded up this bunch of people. He had just come a day or two. There were thirty-five members in that district and only two of them had any perk at all. One of them was a woman about 65 years of age, she was really good, and the other had a half of spark but all of the rest of them could not have cared less. We did pull up to a place and said, "Well, this is the place, this is the place, let's go knocking on the door." Yeah, that was it. He had been Branch President. I met five disgruntled Branch Presidents while I was out on my mission who had left the Church.

But the second companion I had was waiting to go home. He had six weeks to go. He was a guy that could give a lesson but there wasn't any spirituality in it, it was all academic.

My father and mother were very happy with their little family, they worked very hard and had a simple life. Love and appreciation was on every hand. Our last to bless our house was a lovely little fellow named Raymond Eugene, after two missionaries who taught us the gospel. He was born 19 May, 1909 and had pneumonia and died 28 February, 1911. Up to his death he was a very healthy and beautiful child. My mother took this very hard; so much so, she lost her reason for three days and in time got back to normal with no noticeable effects. Life was very pleasant under the existing economical conditions of hard work to support a family. In 1913, my brother Stephen left for Manitoba, and myself and brother, James left for Alberta 1914. My sister, Florence left 1914 for Independence, Missouri, and 1915, my sister, Gertrude left for Independence, then leaving only Eva and Winnie and Ruth at home.

We lived five miles walk, no direct buses to go to the Church house at Deseret. Dad used to do his home teaching and attend his meetings. Because he was away from home an evening or

two on church work mother was deluded to think another woman was the reason. He was asked to a counselor in the branch, which took a little extra time away from home. Mother did not go to church regularly, her being so busy with her family and home. When we left home tranquility was very evident but soon after some woman terribly upset the home and was very spiteful – this deranged her mind so much that she never did completely overcome it all. (Note - see Ruth Caley's history where she talks of this woman who lived across the street and whose name was Dotty and who poisoned her mind by convincing her that all men of the church had other women- Jim Tagg)

Jim and Steve and myself sent the fare for them all to come to Canada in September 1916. She said she would not come and made it miserable for dad and the girls—they managed to leave on a very sorry note, leaving mother there. On the 24th December, 1916 she, unannounced, arrived in Cardston and would not come to our home but stayed with Charlie Marsden family. My mother circulated the most vile stories about dad and us boys, saying we were immoral and regular devils. Everybody she met she told her story. This was a very difficult time for all of us but we still loved our mother. We all went about our work as usual and vindicated ourselves in time—some people would believe anything.

Dad was broken in health and spirit and lived with us in Glenwood, seldom going out to church. (Note: Robert H. Tagg told his grandson, Jim Tagg, that sometimes after church meetings the boys had to clean the manure off their saddles that other members of the branch had smeared on them.) After a while Bishop Edward Leavitt and counselors called on us and talked with us one day and got acquainted with him. Bishop went home and told his wife, “Brother Tagg is a very fine man.” His wife said, “Edward, you’re crazy—he can’t be.” This took years to convince some people that we were not what we had been painted to be. I told Charlie Marsden after terribly cussing me, “You will live to see the time when you will know the truth.” He did.

Mother lived in Glenwood a few weeks but never stayed and she worked for different people and after a while maintained her own rented rooms. As soon as I could build her two rooms on our lot and when we sold a built the shop she lived till 83 years old but never quit loving her. She was not accountable for her condition. We used to worry about her and shortly after her death I had a dream and saw her all beautiful in white going through the veil. Of course we had her proxy work done as soon as possible. Such is life! Dad died 1926.

Robert H. Tagg, Journal # 1

Jim Tagg has the journal

Summertime of 1990 - I decided I had worked long enough, it being fifty nine and one half years, so I put my shoe repair shop up for sale and at the end of October sold it to Elmer Olsen. Bishop Zemp of our ward lost no time in asking us to go on a mission and duly processed us so on October 19, 1970 we received our call to England South Mission arriving there January 22, 1971 and returning to Canada August 1st, 1972. On our return we visited most of our family and purchased a new car and seventeen foot trailer and made our way south to be with the rest of our family. Our youngest son, Lyndon residing in Overton, Nevada, was our stopping place for two weeks. We then proceeded to St. George, Utah for one month, then to Desert Hot Springs for five weeks and it is the last of 1972. Before Christmas, Rowe and Bobbie Salway visited us and invited us to spend Christmas in Torrance, Los Angeles with them, we spent five days there. We went to Mesa for six weeks then to Yuma for two weeks then back to St. George, and got home the middle of April 1973.

I was born Robert Harold Tagg on 12 July, 1898 at Earlsfield, London, England. My father was James Tagg and my mother Kate Flint. My father was born at Kings Cross, London in 1864 and like his father was a shoemaker and repairer. My mother was born in 1864 at Hitchen, Hertfordshire, North of City of London about thirty miles, it being an agriculture village. Their family are Florence Kate (Schleich), Gertrude Ada (Lybbert), James and Stephen, twins, then Robert, next Eva (Fleming) and Winifred (Hurd), twins, then Ruth (Caley), and last, Raymond Eugene (died 19 nineteen months old).

I was born in very modest circumstances of hard working parents. My first recollection was when I was four years and two weeks old. King Edward VII was crowned King of England August 2nd, 1902. The older children were given a coronation mug at school, I thought I should go and have one, after dinner I was put to sleep and to my dismay no mug. I started school at six years old in Garrett Lane, Wandsworth, we having moved from where I was born a short distance away. Not too much happened out of the ordinary till nearing ten years old. Two Mormon missionaries came to my father's shop and after a lot of study and prayer our family all joined the L. D.S. Church. Prior to this time we had belonged to the Salvation Army. At the same time the district where we lived had two factories close down and forced my father to move, we had been in South West London so moved to North London. Getting enough money for a family proved a Herculean task for my father.

After a couple of years of working for the other man he took over a shop that had been run down by poor work and proceeded to build it up which took considerable time. In the mean time we moved three times, then lived upstairs of the shop. I got along at school about average till my thirteenth birthday when I took a labor examination, which entitled me to work. I was employed at a grocer's shop at seven shillings a week. Life at this time was hard to accumulate very much and Canada was desiring immigrants to bolster her trade and offering cheap fares and homestead land for farmers. We decided to seek a new way of life. I saved as much of my

wages as possible and help from my father saved enough money to pay my fare, it costing twelve pounds (12 equal to sixty dollars).

After school, which kept me out of mischief, I very seldom played with other children. I earned enough to buy a bike and later on got a good one, which I enjoyed very much. I used to deliver shoes that dad had repaired, also took six or seven pairs in a bag on my back to get the soles sewn on by machine. I took them to much Park about five miles away. Moving pictures were just getting popular thing, and a man would come every week and leave a bill advertising the shows for us to put in our shop window for which we would have a free ticket. This same man had a table at the bottom of the hall and would imitate horses hoofs running by beating the table with a stick and various other noises for sound effect.

I was raised very frugal and it fell to my lot to go to the bakeshop every morning before the shop opened for the public and get yesterday's bread for half price. Other youngsters would be there to be first come first served, sometimes I would not get any. One time we moved and the nearest shop I knew was a long ways away and I happened to see a small group of about five shops quite close and one little "half shop" which was a bake shop. I called in and to my delight, I was the only one to be privileged to get yesterday's bread. I also used to shop for cracked eggs.

I can remember wearing my mother's shoes so I would not miss Sunday school.

On my way to Sunday school a man wanted me to hold his horse while he went into the "pub" for a drink he would give me a penny. I refused, I did not want to be a party to any drinking--no doubt I could have used the penny.

About 1908 my sister Flo (Florence) went to work at a place as a maid and they had electric lights--we were used to gas. We were "awed." A man with a long pole would go around at dusk and light up each street lamp, thus the "Lamp Lighter." Our gas was in use by putting a penny in the slot and had a padlock on the metre, I got fooling around with some old keys and unlocked it and could not get it locked again and there was a heavy penalty for tampering with it. My prayers prevailed and I was kept out of jail.

I learned most in school when the teacher was the roughest. I only went to one school where the boys and girls sat in the same class; boys' schools were separate from girls' schools. I always had a man teacher. We very seldom had snow; when it did freeze we had a big long slide in the school grounds.

1910 - My first job was helping in a home, four German fellows taught German language and were bachelors, I used to do a few chores from 7:00 to 8:00 every morning for about 65 cents a week. They would call me at 8:00 so I could get home and ready for school.

Just prior to my 13th birthday July 1911, I passed the labor examination at school. I had passed Standard (grade 7) so I was eligible to go out and work--school was over for me. I used to carry my certificates in my pocket to show I was able to work. I worked at a grocer's shop for 7

shillings a week (about \$1.75). I saved most of it for my passage to Canada. About two years before this my Father was earning only 14-0 (pounds-Shillings) shillings a week and had five children to keep. He worked in a shoe shop; a man named Bruce had three shops and hired men to run them. This man gave my dad an opportunity to purchase one for 3 shillings per week. It had been run down and had a poor name. He took it over and soon it had a better name and after a time he had a good business and a little better living. Things were tough. This was the general way for working class people. My brother Jim helped in the shop until we both came to Canada. My sisters, Flo and Gert used to hire out as housemaids.

1910 – 1914 - I was kept busy in the shoe shop or delivering shoes, I had little time to play. I had a bicycle and used it a lot. Most of the time my father worked twelve hours or more every day, and we appreciated living at the shop. My father and mother wanted to do what was required of them in the Church and under such circumstances found it difficult to pay tithing. But they were promised by the branch president that if he would pay it then he would have the money to pay it with and would be prospered. He gave mother the house keeping money and had one half penny left to run the shop. There was not enough money to keep much leather on hand so he used to buy small amounts at high prices locally. Monday morning came and no money and no leather but enough small jobs to get started so a rice pudding for dinner. At this time, we lived away from the shop - dad and my brother Jim and myself lived in the back of the shop. Jim worked with dad and I worked as the grocer's shop.

1913 - From that day on, we did prosper. Business got better, we saved all that we could and finally got enough to go to Canada.

Prior to this in 1913 my brother, Stephen being nearly sixteen and the same adventurous spirit wanted to work his way over on a boat but mother and father would not hear of that. With all our strenuous times, mother's nature being very frugal, her motto ever was "spend less than you earn." Under these circumstances she had saved up ten pounds, just enough to pay Steve's fare to Winnipeg. Our neighbors next door had a small grocery business and were going to Canada, so Steve went along. By the way, this money was stored in a mattress.

My sister Florence (Flo) left England in 1914 and went to Independence, Missouri to work in the L. D. S. Mission Home. She left to get married to Jacob Schleich and my next younger sister, Gertrude, took the same place in Independence and stayed there until 1919 then came to Canada.

1914 - Time came for us to get our tickets. Canada at this time was advertising for people to colonize and offering a quarter section of land for three years of improvement and the title was yours. Now, the center of this was Edmonton, Alberta. All this came from pamphlets and sounded pretty good, as did all propaganda. So on the 26th day of February, 1914, my brother, Jim, and I took train from Euston Station in London for Liverpool. Dad and my sister, Flo and her companion John Dodman saw us off. Flo gave me a trunk and I went to Caledonian Cattle Market where you could buy anything from an elephant to household goods and I

purchased a "valise" suitcase for one shilling (about 25c) and put a patch on it and packed my belongings. This was too early in the season but we wanted to be there ready for spring.

We were living at Crouch End when we left near Hornsey, North London and attending church at "Deseret," South Tottenham (near Tottenham Hotspur Football Ground), "Deseret" being the mission home for Great Britain. I was a deacon and the MIA (Mutual) put on a social for us. I was already going through the pains of vaccination and everybody grabbing me by the arm did not help but the good will was good. We sailed on the CPR Steamship "Lake Manitoba" a 10,000-ton old refurbished cattle boat and landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia after thirteen days on the ocean. The trip was uneventful except for being low on drinking water and last two days resorted to drinking coffee. Nevertheless a pleasant time for February. On arriving at Halifax in below zero weather--the ships were all covered in ice, quite a cold reception. I missed my first meal, a man told me to drink some salt water and I would not be seasick, however I was not at all sick and only lost the one meal. The rules and regulations of immigrants were that you should have at least \$25.00 each on landing to help for any emergency. Jim and I had \$5.00 between us. We were not asked to show our resources but were prepared to hand it from Jim to me. That part accomplished, we boarded a CPR Colonist Train. Now these modes of travel were never made to make a profit. The seats were put together to make a bed and above were bunks, we had no bedding and had boards for our mattress. Each car had a coal stove at the end for cooking, taking your turn. Our funds diminished at the rate of \$1.00 per day for food it being four days travel from Halifax to Edmonton. So we had 50 cents each pocket money and arrived in Edmonton seven o'clock in the morning. My brother, Steve had been in Manitoba, just west of Winnipeg for ten months and came west to be with us, he had a little money. It took us a while to find him but got together and had some dinner. Now our search for fame and fortune, first thing--find a job.

We went to the employment office and asked for jobs on farms because that is what we decided to do. It being the middle of March, spring was a long way off for that part of the country, so Jim and Steve got a place for their board until spring opened up. I was next at the counter and being quite small, only four feet nine inches, and lacking four months of being sixteen, asked for a job on a farm. He laughed and said "they will kill you, I have a job for you, a bell hop." I asked what there was to do, he told me a bell for a hotel. He told me to go and see Harry Solley at the Corona Hotel, which I did right away. This man was a spit and polish Englishman, was a porter and had charge of the bellboys. His cousin had a small grocery shop next where I went to school. Providence had a hand in this, I was hired, come back at 4:00. They tried the smallest blue uniform on me, there was not one small enough.

The pants came up to my armpits and the coat was long. I had my supper and went to work at 6:00 to 12:00. I had not had a good sleep since leaving home and was given a guest bed for that night. At 11:00 next morning they had a hard time waking me up. I felt good about this work and the people I worked with were very good to me, quite a few people because it was a good sized hotel. The weather was quite severe going below zero often but spring soon came. I enjoyed my time off and life was quite pleasant. On arriving in Edmonton, we had no welcome committee--we did not know anyone. I tried to find some LDS but could not, my friends were

work mates, and me being so young they took good care of me. My brothers left town the same day as arriving and after two weeks, they having been treated pretty rough so left, and they came south to Cardston where they knew some Elders and members who were living there.

So that left me alone, but I got along nicely. My wage was \$12.00 per month and board and room and depended on tips. I averaged a total of \$75.00 a month and saved some money. My letters from home were welcome. After six months at the Corona Hotel it went broke. We did not get any wages for two months so I got another job at the Royal George Hotel the same day as I quit the Corona. About the same conditions prevailed. Ice skating was quite a past time, so I got a pair of skates about end of November and the second time out caught my skate in a crack in the ice and broke my left wrist. My boss, Wes McKernar, asked me a few questions and was willing for me to stay there and do what things I could, for which I was grateful, there were a lot of things I could do and was soon back at ordinary things. The First World War started in August 1914 and the economy was low, a lot of men joined up.

The next thing I knew was the Royal George Hotel went broke and was taken over by the receivers. One night clerk and two other bellboys decided to go to Banff for the summer and work at the Sanatorium Hotel, I decided to go along. The spring was cold and wet, in fact a wet year, and bookings were being cancelled and the trails were off schedule so I did not make much wages. My brother Jim was working on a farm at Kimball just south of Cardston and said I could get a job with him, so I packed up and went. The hotel life had been good to me but to continue in it was not what I wanted, I had not been affiliated with the church for this year and a half and desired to have a better atmosphere than hotel life. I had oriented myself, I thought, fairly well and had taken good care of myself. The credit I give to my parents' prayers and concern for me.

1915 - As stated before I was four feet nine inches on my arrival in Canada and had managed in fifteen months to grow fifteen inches making me close to six feet tall and about 132 lbs. 1915 was a wet year but we managed to get the hay up. I worked at Kimball for H. D. Folsom, a lumberyard man. My brother Jim had not seen me for a year and a half and I first met him he was in bed and had been asleep. He would not believe I was his brother. I had grown so much. I got along fine on the farm and enjoyed the life, loving the animals and the outdoor life.

The fall was very wet and harvesting was slow and cold. Later on it got colder and we had to stack. Most of the farm work being done, Mr. Folsom decided to bring me to Cardston and help around the lumberyard. My toes were frozen and I was not much use. In the meantime Owen Brown who as the proprietor of the Cahoon Hotel in Cardston heard about me and wanted me to work for him the previous summer. When I first came to Cardston I told him that I was hired to Mr. Folsom. So Owen Brown made a deal with H. D. Folsom to let me go and I went to work at the hotel. Both men were satisfied, and as I was unable to do much of anything on account of my frozen feet, I just took it easy till my feet got better. Bishop James T. Brown, an uncle of Owens, who had some pre-medical training, told me what to do and took care of them. After two weeks I could get around fairly well, in the meantime I was paid for doing nothing. I did anything and everything and was on call, day and night for \$35.00 a month, with board and

room. When winter came and below zero I shoveled a ton of coal a day, and also a lot of ashes to be bucketed out. I soon got acquainted with people and knew of most everybody in that area. Between my brothers Jim and Steve and I managed to save some money and help to get our family over from England, Mother and Father, and Eva and Winnie, twins about "twelve years old" and Ruth about ten. Mother stayed in Cardston and the girls stayed at different homes and helped. Dad stayed with Jim and Steve. By this time we had managed to get 80 acres two miles west of Glenwood and built a small house on it, quite primitive, but a place to call home and a little hard on Dad because he was not a well man. But he used to help around, mostly took care of the house. The three of us boys worked together very smoothly and soon accumulated a few horses and equipment and found plenty of custom work.

The folks arrived middle of September and not much out of the ordinary happened. When I was about 10 years old I was interested in chickens and our neighbor had a hen with some chicks--I bought two and they were the poorest ones and they died later. We lived next to a bakery and Dad built a coop next to the warm building and they did very well. We put a latch on the door, which was "secret." I was telling a boy at school about our chickens and he was intensely interested and in fact, brought him home and showed him. Shortly after, one morning we had no chickens, I got a scorching for bringing home my "friend."

1914 – 1916 - The fruits of my labors in 1914 and 1915 while I was a bellboy in Edmonton and Banff was \$75.00 and on coming to Cardston I bought a horse. My brothers Jim and Steve nearly three years (twins) older than I worked on farms, Jim with Ambrose Woolford at Woolford and Steve with President E.J. Wood at Glenwood. They both had earned a horse each, so we started farming with a few more things, like harnesses, wagons, plows, etc. President Wood had arranged for Steve to have 80 acres just one mile and a half west of Glenwood. Land at that time was sold for no money down but crop payments in the fall, usually one third of the crop, so a little was broken up and put into wheat. We cut a lot of prairie hay off it in 1916 and built a shack 12 x 16 lean-to, which we all called home. Later we put a 16 x 16 and a gable room on top onto the lean-to so as to have a home for our mother and father and three sisters Eva, & Winnie (twins) and Ruth. However the girls all boarded out and helped in the homes, Eva at Sandford Dudley's, Winnie at Jerry Woodruff Ruth, Franz Loose. They arrived from London England September 1916. My father was not well he being 52 years old, he helped around the place and it being quite primitive and cold in winter was not too good for him. Mother did not like this kind of life, she decided to go to Cardston and helped in Charlie Marsden's home. We continued to accumulate equipment and work out for anybody at any kind of farm work. The First World War started and Jim was drafted and went to England and returned late in 1918.

1921 - 1922 Because Jim had been in the army he was eligible for the Soldier Settlement help in getting established, a government scheme to buy land and equipment, cattle and horses. He bought 230 acres seven miles west of Glenwood on the Kootenay River from Orson Bigelow. I acquired an adjoining 160 acres on the west which was all in one parcel. We broke up considerable pasture and planted to wheat. At this time wheat was \$2.00 per bushel and very profitable. Jim was allowed to build a home on the place and we all three operated our work

from there. September 1922 Jim married Lillian Jackson, an English girl whose parents had bought the store in Glenwood. Soon after, the Jackson's moved to Salt Lake City, it being a more desirable place to live so moved there and the outcome naturally was that Lilly visited them and later Jim. Lilly and Jim moved too. The summer of 1917 I took a few days holiday and went to the mountains up Pass Creek to get corral poles for James P. Low. His son Solon and Jim Blackmore and Morgan Coombs, and I had a lot of fun and enjoyed the mountains. I had lived in the mountains at Banff for three months and the call of the outdoor life was strong. I quit the hotel and went to work for President E.J. Wood, his son Glen had charge of the farm, I worked there till the crops were in this being June 1918, the winter had been quite cold, I soon got toughened in. The summer of 1918 was very dry, I went to the mountains for poles several times; crops did not mature and very little hay. The district had arranged to put up prairie hay on the Blood Reserve, I ran a hay rake. Potatoes were very scarce and beans were the standby. Owen Brown had quit the hotel and his brother Gerald took it over and I worked for him that winter. After a dry summer the winter was very mild.

1918 - I went to Glenwood for Christmas and rode the twenty miles in an open car with Jack Hilton, this was 24 December. We had some cold weather after. I quit the hotel early so as to be ready for farm work in the spring it had been warm and the day I left it was way below zero and Steve came in with the Sleigh to get some coal. I rode for a while and walked often then I kept walking to keep warm and walked most of the twenty miles. I was exhausted and almost "all in." The summer of 1918 we moved our house from the eighty acres to a lot in Glenwood. We left every thing in it and took twenty-eight horses to pull it, it was 16 x 28 with one room upstairs. This fall a number of people took their cattle and horses to where there was feed, I went with a group to Gleichen 150 miles to the north, early in the fall 1918 and thrashed, and bought fields to take care of our stock. It was very cold all the winter. I stayed there until just before Christmas and came back to Glenwood. I loaded my bundle rack up with good oats and straw, which I had given to me, and twelve hundred pounds of chopped oats, and two hundred pounds of white sugar (the war was on and sugar was rationed) and started south in below zero weather and came by Vulcan and MacLeod. I travelled an average of fifteen miles a day and took ten days and still continued below zero till I got to MacLeod, then a chinook wind came up and in a few hours the snow was all gone. I hauled hay and grain that was shipped to Cardston by train, till spring, I went to Cardston one day and back the next. I did this all the rest of the winter. Some hay was \$60.00 a ton. I was called on a ten-day mission to Aetna ward five miles south of Cardston in the Alberta Stake, this was only done in this stake; it reminded the people of their duties and really paid off.

1919-1920 This was a good summer and crops were good after the dry summer of 1918 and hard winter of 1919 & 1920. I took my own team and bundle rack and pitched bundles for thrashing at the magnificent sum of \$10.00 per day. They were long days and hard work. Wheat was the unheard of price of \$2.00 per bushel. We used to haul a load every half-hour, eleven hours a day, making twenty-two loads of wheat bundles every day. We would load them and a "spike pitcher" helped unload them at the thrasher, a big "base" steam engine, was the power 36-inch. Fall 1921 Merlin Cahoon came to see me while thrashing and wanted me to work for him

in the Cahoon Hotel, which I did as soon as harvest was over. This made four winters and two summers at the Hotel. I worked for different people on farms for the summer.

February 1919 - True Story - On one of my regular trips to Cardston to haul hay or coal or whatever, in one day and back the next, (I had sleighs) and about five miles from Cardston a chinook started up, the cold North West wind on one cheek and a mellow warming trend on the other cheek. I loaded light and prepared to leave early the next morning because there would be little snow left. George Burgess' wife Annie (Loose) wanted to go back to Glenwood, she had been staying in Cardston for a while, she had some bedding, clothes, food, etc. to take home. Lester Lybbert and another man had hay to haul, the three of us started early, most of the snow had melted but the sleighs did well but slowly. We made it to Bull Horn Coulee about half way to Glenwood and thought we had better leave our loads. Our problem was to get Annie home. A short way from Six-Toed Pete's place a culvert in the road about 3 feet square was covered over with water running off the hill sides and covered the culvert so it could not be seen. Annie was pregnant--she would have to ride a horse to get her to Pete's place, which was maybe four miles. The culvert was a mile or so to his place, we intended to get a buggy or wagon to take her to Glenwood another four miles. I said I would go first and for her to follow me exactly to cross the culvert, the horse was a very intelligent one but somehow she dropped on the left side and went down in four feet of water. However we got her to Glenwood (all wet).

On the 5th day of May, Saturday 1919 I was working for George L. Stringham at Glenwood. He arrived in Cardston with a train load (cars) of cattle and horses and equipment, which had been wintering at Vulcan. The previous year being very dry and no feed, everybody took their stock North to feed for the winter. I came to town with a wagon and one team, we unloaded the cattle and let them loose on the Indian Reserve and it started to snow. I loaded my wagon with some bales of hay and three new-born calves and another lead team, we were wet with the snow. The lead team were very peppy and I had to hold the leads all the way home 20 miles. We got them all unloaded and the cattle drifted with the storm, I was miserable and wet through. The storm lasted three days, 5, 6, 7th. Sunday morning George Stringham and I fastened as much baled hay around us on saddle horses and half sack of oats and started out on the reserve to find stray cattle in three feet of snow. We would come across big fat three-year old steers alone and they could not get up, we would leave them a small amount of hay and a few oats and go find some more, a good number of them died of exposure. We reached home very sad and tired after a full day. The seeding was late and a good summer and the crops were marvelous and a very good price.

1921 In the fall of 1919 a pale thin man Alfred Salway came to town from England, he was a barber and recently discharged from the army and had been in France for four years. Now the war was over, he came to Cardston, his family left in England. A year later his family arrived, I heard they had a nice daughter working in Robert Ibye's store, and went in to phone the train depot for some freight coming for my brother Jim, who had just got married. The other clerk there was Mrs. Glover who I had worked with in the hotel - she said, "I hear you are getting married, Bob." I said "no it was my brother" and turned and looked at Eva Salway and said "when I get married you will know all about it." I then came back to the hotel for the winter

(now 1921 - fall) and wanted a date with Eva, I asked her to go to the "Mikado" with me, her reply was "I am in it" so I said I would call later and continued to see her. I went back to Glenwood to farm and would visit her often. I proposed marriage to her on Friday, February 13th (which was supposed to be most unlucky day) and intended getting married in the fall when the Temple would be dedicated. As the Temple was postponed opening we did too. So the following May 7th we were married in her home by President E.J. Wood and sealed in the Temple 28th of November, 1923. For our wedding I ordered a suit and paid cash for it and the man had used the money and put me off several times so he graciously loaned me one. Mine was to be blue and I borrowed a grey suit but seeing Eva's dress was grey it worked out all right. My blue one came later. By this time I had a house and did not need a lot of things but money was scarce.

1923 I borrowed forty dollars and agreed to plow for it with a sulky plow and four head of horses which I did soon. Two dollars and seventy-five cents was left for us to start housekeeping. We only had shiplap (wooden sheathing in which the boards are rabbeted so that the edges of each board lap over the edges of adjacent boards to make a flush joint) floors and I agreed to keep them clean till we could get some linoleum, which we did in the fall.

The Salway family came from the south of England originally Dorset. Eva is the eldest daughter of Alfred and Eva Mary Rowe and born 26 February 1902 in Jersey, Channel Islands and stayed two weeks having been at her grandmother Rowe's home, then at home in Southampton, England where she spent most of her girlhood. Her father was a barber by trade and served in World War I in France. In 1919 after the War he came to Canada and made a home in Cardston. The family coming the next year in September 1920. Eva worked in John Ibey's store where I first saw her. I sat next to her in Church (2nd Ward) and talked to her, later made a date, which later on came to eventful time of proposing marriage. Salway's had Alfie, died in 1917, Eva, Jack, Millicent, Harold, Hope, Holman, Rowe and Morton. Millicent died in 1918.

1922-24 The three of us boys got along exceptionally well in our business dealings so when Jim decided to move to Salt Lake City, we went our own ways, he having turned his interest back to the settlement board. I turned my quarter section back to Orson Bigelow and in our settling our affairs, I opted to take the house in Glenwood and our possessions and debts divided equally. I had most value so I had most debts, which would naturally accrue. Steve and I acquired 40 acres each one mile and quarter north of Glenwood from Thomas Archibald. I moved the house from the town site to the '40' and made a nice place, fenced it and put in 10 acres for pasture and five rows of trees for a quarter of mile on the west and built a reservoir for water. This was irrigated land. I was married to Eva Salway 7 May 1923 and continued to live there until April 1929 when we moved to Cardston and opened a shoe repair shop. *(As an explanation to the '40' Bob, refers to the 40 acre plot as the 40. That's normal farmer usage. Farm land in Alberta and in most of North America is divided up into sections of 640 acres each. A section is a one mile square, that is, a square with each of the four sides measuring one mile. The section is often divided into four smaller squares, each of which is called a quarter section or just a quarter, comprising 160 acres and having four equal sides of a quarter of a mile each. And quarters are sometimes divided into four smaller squares of forty acres, called 'fortys')*

1929 By this time we had three children, Velma born 17 March 1924, Dale born 21 April 1925, Melvin born 7 August 1928. When I arrived in Edmonton 14 May 1914 from England I had 50 cents to start my fame and fortune, and got a job as a bellboy in the Corona Hotel, so my life pattern was work. I have always been thrilled with the joy of living but it has not netted me much money. I had chosen the outdoor life but of necessity I would have to make a change. I had nothing paid on the principal of the forty acres although I had improved it to the extent it was home and we were proud of it but having had two horses die and expenses piling up, we decided to make a change.

I had been repairing a few shoes during the winter and had a corner of the hardware store in Glenwood to supplement our income, and one night while we were to a dance, the hardware store burned to the ground, and I lost all my tools and sewing machine. These tools my father had, as he had done shoe work at some intervals. I came to Cardston looking for some more equipment I knew William Duce had, had in his son's shop, as he had quit. Cardston had two shoe repair men who were well established--Alfred Scotter and F.G. Long. In talking with them Mr. Long informed me he would like to move to the coast and we made a tentative agreement to buy his shop and house. I would work out all the summer and save \$500.00 for down payment and the rest by the month. I returned to the farm and loaded up our furniture on a hayrack, we had two ponies left, and moved to Cardston. I sold the buildings for \$300.00 pay some time later, and turned the land back to Tom Archibald, sold the cow and chickens and a few things and "quit"--not very nice!

1929 I did not like being a quitter. Mr. Long wanted more than we had agreed on, I said No, and opened up a shop next door but one--there was plenty of work for three shops, I had all I could do right from the start. I did not relish so many working hours in the shop after being an outdoor man, although the summer was very pleasant. This brings us to the fall of 1929 when the "Great Depression" hit us. Also a time when horses were going out and tractors were coming in. A man named Williams had a harness business he wanted to sell, and as the shoe repairing was quiet during the winter, I figured it would make a good combination for all year around work. No cash was needed, so I got a co-signer for \$600.00 and kept busy and moved the family in the back of the shop. My debts from the farm were \$1,200.00 and nothing but two hands to pay them off. As long as I paid a little each week I kept them all "at bay" and they were satisfied but the whole situation was overwhelming hard times and had settled in for everybody--nobody could realize any money. If we had stayed in Glenwood we would have been on "Relief," the same as the rest of the people, but as it was we stayed off government help and paddled our own canoe. Dave Spencer our hardware merchant said, "We have 700 accounts--if everybody paid \$1.00 a month I could stay in business; he had to close and went bankrupt. Such were the times, we managed by working lots of hours and trading for wood and coal or anything to keep off relief. The Great West Saddlery wholesalers brought a bachelor in from Massachusetts who would take over my shop and I was offered to sell Life Insurance for \$75.00 a month plus commission and could only net \$50.00 clear a month in the shop. The co-signer got his money from the Great West Saddlery. This job lasted all winter, so I went to help farm again the next spring.

1930 - These were tough times, I was out of work for the first time in my life. I grubbed around all summer anything available. In the fall I asked Mr. Pearson if he minded me opening up a shop again seeing there was plenty of shoe work around. Also asked Mr. Scotter. They both agreed, so I got a six-foot wide by about 20 feet long from Charlie Wong the restaurant man, he was using for storage. I did not need too much room as all I had was my hand tools and a patching machine, so I was back in business. We kept the wolf from the door, sometimes I thought it would be better to open both doors and let him through, but we kept off Relief. We had a cow and I paid him in cream, (we had a hand separator) \$10.00, a month rent, I sold two quarts of milk and delivered it before going to work. Later on I moved to a larger place on the corner, an old log house, the old John Anderson place, and cut a place for a door in the logs (and took a door off the other part of the house) on the front of the street, put some gravel down in front and open for business. We lived in the other part of the house. The rent was \$5.00 a month to the town. On the opposite corner was a vacant lot where farmers would feed the teams while in town on business, I quite often was able to pick up some hay that was left for our cow, also we had a dozen chickens that got their feed too. We used to trade work for anything. Wood, coal, meat, anything to get by, of course the wood needed cutting and splitting before and after work. A team load of quaking aspens would be worth five dollars and hauled about twenty miles, a pair of half soles would be one dollar, the coal would be from local mines, and soft sooty coal at that. The previous winter Eva got too close to the heater stove and scorched her coat, we sent \$5.00 to T. Eaton mail order house and gave measurements and asked them to send a coat, she got a very nice coat, it was in February and the end of the season. We could go to the picture show for 25 cents and get our kids tended for 25 cents. Hamburger was 5 cents a lb., flour \$2.50 per 100 lb., overalls \$2.50 a pair, very few cars were operating, farmers put the rubber tired wheels on a box and called it the "Bennett Buggy," after the Premier of Canada named Bennett. It was a day of improvising, it was here our daughter Barbara was born 25 March 1932. We did the best we could and somehow or another got by, most people were the same. The young men rode the freight cars and went all over the country looking for work. Lots of professional men worked on relief work provided by the government. This went on till 1936 when things got a little better. Then the 2nd World War started in 1939 and money and work began to flow more easily.

1939 - At this time we had at home: Velma 15, Dale 14, Melvin 11, Barbara 7, and Howard 5. I used to wonder what my children would think of me and their home life and living in rented homes and not the best. I always had in my mind to have and own our own home, which had been impossible. Most people had let their homes be taken over for not being able to pay their taxes. They continued to live in them and pay as well as possible to redeem them, as time went on. The town of Cardston would give anybody a lot to build on. I think I got almost the last free one--a house had been moved off, it was situated across the creek, it had water and a small cement sidewalk. I bought a fair-sized barn for \$50.00, which could be torn down and would supply a lot of good lumber. George Kearn offered me \$100.00 for it, so I sold it. Nobody had been able to get credit up till now--it just was not done. I went to Lloyd Cahoon Lumber and asked for lumber to the amount of \$100.00 for \$12.50 per month and he okayed it. So with the \$100.00 from the barn and \$100.00 credit, we started to build, we were paying \$10.00 a month rent for a house. Neal Forsyth had a large family and he said he would trade work for shoe repairs, he was a carpenter. I intended putting up two rooms 16 x 28 with a car roof - 1 x 12

boards covered with roofing, and shiplap boards for siding and floor, which would be for the summer and set it on rocks for foundation. Neal said, 'Why don't you put it on a cement foundation it won't cost much for cement?' I said "I'll see if Cahoon Lumber will do that." They said "okay." Then he said "why don't you put on a shingle roof, a permanent one--it wouldn't cost much more than the car roof." I said "I'll see Lloyd about it" and he said "okay." I ended up by charging \$185.00 and got it paid for late in the fall. We had a house!

1939 - I dug a hole for a cellar and put an old heater stove down there and tinned it up through the floor and a grating, and made a furnace. In February I borrowed \$75.00 from the bank and ten-tested and wall boarded the inside--Pal Palmer did the job for shoe repairs. We put 6 pieces of newspaper held in place with cardboard in between the studs, it made a good insulation and did not cost anything but time. We put our beds on the attic floor and we had a comfortable home. I made the kitchen cupboards. Two years later we put on a twelve-foot addition for bedrooms. We would borrow a \$100.00 from the bank, get it paid up then do it again. We were quite comfortable. With a good garden everybody helped and a good root cellar we did very well. We had a few chickens in a dugout coop and dirt roof, and always had one to eat, also enough eggs. We had a cow that kept up in milk most of the time and a calf every spring which we killed in early winter and bottled the meat.

1945 - By now we had Lyndon 2 years old and Carol a new baby. The need for missionaries was great because of the lack of young men for war service, the 2nd World War still going on, Velma and Dale both being called, Velma to Eastern Canada, Dale to Virginia. The manager of the Royal Bank called on me in the shop, and said I was a good customer and would I like to borrow some more money? That I should take a holiday as I had been working very hard. I told him no but would like to build a small shop. I was not clear of debt, the remaining ones were being taken care of and it was a matter of course to handle a small loan. The house was paid for and convenient so I agreed to borrow \$1,500.00. There were others who were anxious to build. All of us about the same condition financially, four of us decided to go off the main street around the corner on 3rd Avenue West, Leo Stutz for a dry cleaners, Sid Swan 24, for a bakery.

1945 - I had intended building a small independent place but the others needed larger places so we all built with basements and upstairs, so I went along with them. This made it necessary for us to sell our house and live above the shop. In the spring (1945) I had the planning done and ready to borrow the money and the bank manager died. The new manager was not willing to let me have it, finally I arranged for \$1,800.00 and selling the house, we moved in the early winter. Carol was born 26 January 1945 so we were a busy household. We paid Neal Forsyth by the hour and the boys helped. We did all the paint ourselves.

1946 A big earth dam for reservoir for irrigation was being built at Spring Coulee, also a new hard top road to Waterton Park, which brought me a lot of heavy work boots to repair. All the family had worked so hard on the apartment over the shop, especially Eva, and Carol only 16 months old, with all the ordinary duties of home, Eva was weakened and became sick and had a nervous breakdown. She also had a lot of arthritis and was incapacitated for several weeks and months. Any kind of help was hard to get. We had several sixteen-year old girls to help, so I

took Carol to Hope's at Calgary; that helped a lot. Eva stayed with Martha at Medicine Hat for a month. I was swamped with work in the shop and almost impossible to hire any help. I counted the normal run and had fifty-four pairs of work boots plus the ordinary smaller jobs. I prayed for somebody to help and, lo and behold, a young man about 30 came and asked me for a job, he was a miner from Drumheller and his cousin had a shoe repair shop and had helped him some. He was not a first class man but could take care of a lot of the heavy work boots. He would be sitting on the window ledge outside at 8:00 and not too willing to quit at 6:00, he stayed until the cold weather came then went back to the coal mine, truly an answer to prayer.

We moved into our new shop 1st January 1946 the 2nd World War was over in May 1945 and prices were rising everything on the upswing, we had lots of work. Prior to this time my boys always had some soles to sew on by hand every night, they became quite expert at it, I needed some machinery especially a sole stitcher to keep pace with the business. My brother Jim had a shoe repair shop in Salt Lake City and knew an older man that wanted to retire and had his whole outfit for sale for \$300.00. The war at this time was still on and no money was allowed to go out of the Country only for essentials, I went to the bank, arranged for \$600.00 to pay duty and freight. This turned out to be a good deal, I had some trouble persuading the bank manager I needed to do that, and I think he stretched the regulations. I had a lot of comment on why I should be able to do this when others could not--another answer to prayer.

Spiritual Experiences

The Alberta Temple opened September 1923 Eva and I had our endowments 28 November 1923. Eva had a brother Alfie who died of Tuberculosis at seventeen years old, he was the oldest child and Eva next. We were anxious to get his work done for him, as soon as possible. We were farming at Glenwood then, and I was hauling wheat to Cardston with four horses and wagon, which meant in one day and back the next. Eva was already in town staying at Salway's. I had some feed for my horses at Salway's because I stayed there. If the weather was bad, I had a barn rented, I could put the horses in, which was by the Ellison Mill. This morning Eva got into the wagon with me, as I wanted to put the horses in the barn because I would not have to go back to Salway's. I let her out on the Northwest corner of the Temple to put the horses away. When we left Salway's house Alfie got into the wagon with us and continued with me to the barn, he stood a little ways off while I unhooked and put the horses away. He walked back to the Temple with me and was right by my side for every ordinance done for him which lasted for three and half hours. I know he was there. I accept the work for him.

I had been doing considerable baptisms in the Alberta Temple both being baptized for the dead and also doing the baptizing and felt quite at ease and enjoying the work. One time I was doing the baptizing and had my 1st and 2nd Great Grandfather Tagg to officiate for. My attention was called to over my right shoulder as though somebody was there, I could not get over the persistence which it continued to do and then the words came to me "let us be going now, we cannot do any more here." This gave me the testimony they were there to witness their baptism. These things increase my humility.

At five minutes to six one evening Lyle Lybbert called me to see if I would go to the hospital to administer with him to his son Clark's wife, Elaine (French). She was having her first child and had been in heavy labor for over twenty-four hours and the doctors were perplexed. I did not know what the problem was till we entered the room, I was asked to seal the anointing and promised her she should have a son very soon. I was unaware I had promised her a son and sure enough she gave birth soon and no complications. I did not know till later the doctors were very concerned, they phoned Rochester, Minnesota for information. Now in April, 1980 he is in High School and over six feet tall and named Jesse (James 5, 14-15).

I have seen many wonderful manifestations of priesthood healings.

1931 One evening Eva and I ate an apple and went upstairs to go to bed, Eva became violently sick, I felt like I could not go downstairs to get the oil and leave her but I did so, she immediately got better after I administered to her.

When Lyndon was three years old we were living next to Harold Salway's Dry Cleaning place, he was dying soldier coats in a half-barrel of boiling water with steam coursing through the dye water. Lyndon and Hal Salway about the same age were stirring the water with sticks. Lyndon's stick slipped and he fell into the boiling dye both hands up to his elbows. Harold set Lyndon's hands into a strong salt solution in a dish pan, he had blisters all up his arms like half golf balls, he cried all night but next morning they were done and not a scar. A wonderful administration.

On 18 September 1916 I had my patriarchal blessing by Homer Manley Brown and while doing so I felt lifted up off my chair. I felt the same thing while being ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood by James Betridge 28 January 1917.

Jim Deen was a new member of the Canterbury branch in Kent, England and had, had his problems, in drinking, etc., divorce, and wanted to take his life. He wandered around for three days not knowing what he was doing. The Elders brought him to our place twelve o'clock one night and we administered to him, giving him a blessing after rebuking the evil spirits in him. He immediately rallied and his face shone. What a difference in a few minutes, the last I saw of him he was rehabilitated fairly well.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him (1 Corinthians 2:9). The greatest satisfaction I have received in my life has been in Temple ordinances, especially in the sealing rooms for the living. I will quote one: Lamont Billingsley, about thirty five years old, raised in the Church but never availed himself of its benefits and blessings, met and married Connie Sinclair, a nurse about the same age who came to Cardston to work in the hospital. She was an average person adrift, enjoying life. Eva and I were privileged to teach them the gospel. Soon she was baptized and they changed their lifestyle, later two lovely little boys, also one girl, and were sealed as a family in the Cardston Temple, it was a marvelous experience, I shall never forget. They have

filled every ward position and calling for over sixteen years now. They also have a lovely daughter sealed to them too, 1981.

Our Fast Day and Sacrament meeting for our call to Independence, Missouri Mission, and we had forty-three of our family to honor us. In Sunday School I was enjoying the lesson when the words came to me "I'm here Daddy, its me, Carol" and the same in sacrament meeting, and while President Stake counselor Grant Matkin was setting me apart in the high council room the same message. Carol died 5 August 1971 while Eva and I were on our first mission to Southampton, England. It was a lovely thing to have so many of our family together to show their love for us and then to know that Carol was there too. We had all gathered at Dale and Rea's for the evening and I told them about it then. Such a lovely experience, I know the veil is very thin.

Just so sure are these spirit whisperings or communications to strengthen our testimonies and guide us. We are not deluded when we hear voices and see no one, a message has been conveyed for our benefit. The gospel is line upon line, precept upon precept for our learning and when difficult times come, defining doctrine and hard to accept some things, the Holy Ghost is the revelator of all truth and only comes by deep faith and prayer and fasting and after the trail of our faith we know of a surety the truth of all things. This has been my privilege to hear guidance from somebody very close to me and so plain that doubt has been removed. It has been said we have guardian angels, these could possibly be some of our loved ones so close to us that are concerned about us.

Fall 1942 Missionary - The 2nd World War is still on and missionaries are hard to get. The seventies Quorum are calling for older men to go on short term for six months in the winter. The West Canadian Mission has just been formed with Mission Home in Edmonton. Dale is 19 and out of school and I was called, the shop is slow in the winter, he was able to keep it going. I left January 14, 1943 for Regina along with Gordon Brewerton who was assigned to Moose Jaw and Reginald Smith to Swift Current. The weather was from 15 to 30 below zero up until last week in March without a break, we managed to keep alive and the family did fairly well. Did very little tracting, some shops etc. We did help in the branch, Brother Gordon White was Branch President, three young American Elders were there, one was District President who was my companion. We visited Saskatoon, Swift Current, Moose Jaw Elders. The West Canadian Mission had recently been organized from part of Northern States Mission with head quarters in Edmonton with President Walter Miller.

1946 - While we were living across the creek, I built a two-room house for my Mother on our lot. So when we moved, we sold it separate from our house and Mother moved into a large room back of the shop so she could be close and we could help her. She died 1 July 1948 at age 83. She took care of herself very well and was only sick a few days and died of pneumonia. She only weighed about 90 lbs. Her health was always good and only sickness was an occasional cold.

My Father was a small man, always a shoemaker and repairer, most of the time his own shop, not a robust man but always a hard worker. He came to Canada September 1916 and kept himself busy on the farm with us boys but had migraine headaches often. In 1923 Eva and I were married, he went to Cardston and rented a small home with my sister Gertrude and repaired shoes at the house. He died January 26, 1926 of cancer of the stomach. He did considerable Temple work.

Alfred Salway - Eva's Father was a gardener and his Father and Grand Father took care of large estates in England. As a young married man he learned the barber trade and was a barber on sailing vessels, some to West Indies. Alf & Eva (Mary Rowe) lived mostly in Southampton, they had Alfie (died at 17 years) Eva, Jack, and Milly (died 9 years), Hope, and Harold. After coming to Canada in 1920, three boys were born: Holman, Rowe and Morton. Alf was in France in the 1914 - 1918 War, after the war he came along to Cardston and barbered and made a home for his family. The first time I saw him I asked somebody who that "sick looking pill" was, I had no idea he would be my father-in-law. He died in 1955 at the age of 75. Mom fixed a nice apartment at the back of the shop and was very comfortable there, and kept quite well until a few months before her death of a stroke. She was at Hope and Carl's in Calgary, she was 82 years old. She spent half of her hours in Genealogy, processing many thousands of names.

Christmas 1927 - We were living in Glenwood and had not been to Cardston for a while, we wanted to go for Christmas and it was terribly cold, around 20' below F. The neighbors said we were crazy because it was so cold. We had a snappy team and got lots of quilts and hot rocks in our democrat and was quite cosy. The children Velma and Dale would stay under cover, we got about fourteen miles of the twenty and a Model T Ford came along and took Eva and the kids in to town. We had a nice Christmas. We owed \$5.00 tithing and had no flour. Should we pay our tithing? We paid our dues to the Lord and on the way home a man stopped me and asked me to do a little shingling on his roof and he did not have any money but I could take a sack of flour now. It pays to pay tithing!

We used to turn our horses to pasture on the lands and keep one at home to go get the others: four head, usually not much of a problem. One time I could not find them and looked everywhere for two days, nobody had seen them. I had to have some help, I went to the bedroom and prayed and I saw where they were. They were in a dead-end land with a deep coulee about five miles from home, sure enough they were there. I guess they enjoyed their holiday.

We had a good four wheeled pram, baby buggy for most of our children, Eva went up to the street to do some shopping and parked the buggy outside Burt's Grocery Store when something told her to move it. Howard was the baby then, she came out of the store and moved it, no sooner had she done so, a car came and could not stop and crashed into the very spot where the buggy was, Howard was not aware! Listen to the still small voice. When Lyndon was small, he did something wrong and Mama said, "Did not the Holy Ghost tell you it was wrong?" His answer was "He don't speak to me."

Some of our kids thought that Peter James and John were triplets.

We had in our ward a Brother Barrett, a very small man about four and half feet tall; the different priesthood quorums used to stand to be counted for the attendance record so all the High Priest stood up, one of our children asked was Brother Barrett a "Low Priest."

Addison Green told me of his early church great grandparents who lived through all the trials of Nauvoo and Missouri about their flour barrel never being diminished. Also Nellie Pitcher, wife of Walter Pitcher, related the same experience, also her grandfather took his biscuits to eat for lunch while working on the Nauvoo Temple and did not eat them but took them home for his children to eat.

The Lord has promised if we strive to live right, we will be blessed in all of our affairs of life. It is a common thing occasionally to have trouble with those whom you deal with. I had occasion a while before I was married to have a "good brother" take advantage of me and he went to church regularly. This was enough to disassociate myself with him at church and business dealings. I analysed the situation and made up my mind nobody was going to keep me out of the church activity. I said, "If he wants to go to Hell, he can go, but he is not going to take me with him." I went to church next Sunday and stuck out my hand and let the Lord take care of him. I could have been out of Church quite a few times. This has been a sustaining influence to me and who is the happier, I am.

1945 - Shoe Shops - As has been stated we moved into our own shop and operated it for 43 years till 1970. I sold the business to Elmer Olsen. We lived above the shop and had a very comfortable apartment. Prior to 1945 I had six different locations according to space and rent. I started in 1924 in the spring and only had a few hand tools and patching machine but managed as time went on to accumulate some up-to-date machinery. Our sons worked in the shop. I did hire a returned soldier for two months so as he could prepare to open his own shop and again another soldier for one year. Other than that, I was alone and busy all the time from the first day of opening. Toward the later ears I would leave the boys (one of them) in charge while I took off for a few days.

1951 - Melvin our son married Wilma Hansen December 26, 1951.

In 1969 Eva and I took a bus trip, and left Howard there. We took our car to Salt Lake City and took a three-week tour of early American History and early Church History. We were gone altogether six weeks and covered 23 States and "Man and His World" at Worlds Expo in Montreal.

I have been Ward Clerk for 8 years, Sunday school teacher about 40 years, Sunday school counselor, Elders quorum secretary, counselor and president, MIA secretary. Scout Master 2 years, also taught explorers in Scouts, taught some primary, counselor and president of Genealogical Committee, counselor 3 years, president 5 years of Alberta Stake mission and in charge of Indian Mission. Clerk of Indian Branch 1 year. I taught Deacons for 14 years and one quorum of 12, who all went on missions except one, Melvin was one of them. I was a Seventy 36 years. I enjoyed being a Temple Officiator for 12 years and many lovely experiences there.

For 4 years from 1931 to 1935 I was a janitor of the 2nd Ward Chapel, we had a coal furnace and the building was never built for Canadian winters. I was paid \$20.00 per month and I felt it was worth more and asked for a raise or for them to find somebody else--they did: for \$10.00 per month. Dirty thirties depression.

In one of our Priesthood meetings, the topic was a well-balanced life, and it stated a man without a hobby and recreation was a dead man, I said, "brother, you are looking at a dead man." When I was young and getting useful I had a little pile of shoes to shine after school and later I learned to "finish" shoes, so I never had time to play with other boys and went to full time employment at 13 and left home for Canada at 15 years old. I had quite a bit of time then and got into photography and enjoyed doing my own printing, etc. At 17 I went to work on a farm and there was not much time. I was a janitor and clerk and roustabout at the Cahoon Hotel, on duty all the hours, and relaxed by reading, etc., for winters and two summers, then went to work on farms again but never found the time for sports. My hobbies have been "necessities" like gardening and always doing some fixing around the place to improve it; I like working with wood and could have easily been a cabinet maker and carpenter. I have always been too occupied to monkey around a car. I have always done our own painting, only hiring someone when it became a necessity. I have been handy with most average tools. I always saw that our boys had time to play and they all have been good at sports, and are all musical. My extra time has been taken up with average church duties, I have never worked on Sundays. I have always been interested in current events and would like to have given some time to the political problems close to us, having been asked to join the Rotary Club, Lions Club, Town Council, but declined in favor of attending to my family duties. Now that I am retired I always find some little thing to do to improve conditions. In the summer we love to camp, I have always loved the mountains and now with our trailer we rough it in comfort. I did not have a car till 1955--I was 57 years old.

In the evening of 19 October 1977 I went downstairs to the shop to fix Eva's shoes, only a fifteen-minute job (I often would go downstairs after hours). About 8:30 p.m. an Indian young man knocked on the door and wanted his boots. I told him to come back tomorrow when Elmer Olsen would be there. I would not know anything about them, he pressed quite a lot saying he needed them; he had no shoes on so I let him in to see if we could find them, he did not have any boots in the shop. He pulled a knife on me, a five-inch blade, and wanted money. I told him Elmer always took money home at night. He said he would kill me, he had me open the till and I gave him all the silver, about \$20.00 in change, and five times said he would kill me if I told the police. He tried to cut the telephone wires and saw a tape recorder on the counter, he took it and went. I called Elmer also the police, about 11:00 the police called me to identify him. They caught him on the Reserve at "Moses Lake" and got most of the money also the tape recorder, which was good evidence. He cut my wrist also drew blood on my tummy and a small bruise. The Police insisted I go to the hospital and get my wrist swabbed to prevent infection. He was charged with armed robbery and wounding. 26 October he appeared in Court and postponed trial till 2 November so as to get counsel. He admitted the offence on Tuesday, 18 October. His name is Clifford CRAZY BULL. He is 18 years old, father and mother are dead, last year he had been in jail and on account of past misdemeanors he was committed for three years.

As a young boy I have seen horse drawn streetcars.

We used to put up ice for the winter in blocks 18" wide 30" long and more than 12 inches thick, cut from the river and stored in shacks with ashes packed between them and about 20 inches around the walls for insulation. It would keep all summer.

I have hauled coal from Victory at Pincher Creek, 25 miles, \$1.00 a ton for mine runs (fine), \$3.00 a ton for lump. Also from Black Horse mine on the St. Mary's River at Raymond, 45 miles across the Blood Indian Reserve, in the heat of summer and 30 degrees below F. in the winter.

I have cut dry lumber on Pass Creek for firewood, fence posts, corral poles, quite a few times; one time a bear scared our horses and one very fine mare broke her leg and we had to shoot her.

My hearing has always been bad. I have nerve deafness and done a lot of guessing. I hear sounds, not words, I get some words and miss a lot and then I have to put it together hence my slow thinking. Like Morse code, dots and dashes, mostly dashes. I am tone deaf but like to sing to other people's discomfort. I try. I have always been happy about Eva and her lovely voice and ability to play music. Also all of our children are musical. Before we were married Eva sang a solo (behind the curtains) in a play, it was beautiful; she was not scared. Eva has always sung in the choir. In the Relief Society sisters of Alberta sang as a group in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, it was great. Sister Madsen conducted. Dale and Rea and family are very talented in music and do provide an evening's entertainment, also most of them teach music.

Alfred Salway was born a gardener and I think a lot passed on to Eva, she loves flowers. Also her color scheming is very articulate.

My mother said I had a cast iron stomach--it proved right in later years. 1914 I broke my left wrist ice-skating. 1966 I went to the hospital for two days with a kidney stone, up till now, 1975, no bother since. August 1968 I was taken to hospital with an apparent heart condition and for nine days tested with all their equipment and pronounced okay. We went home for a week and then had my gall bladder removed. The symptoms for heart trouble and gall bladder are very much alike. I have been exceptionally healthy. Occasionally having the flu, very seldom having a bad "cold".

Original Quotes

Do more and do it better.

You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink; you can lead a man to the fountain of knowledge but you cannot make him think.

If I were in Hell, I would make a Heaven of it.

Blessed is he that hath nothing and got it paid for.

If you think you can go through life on your own wisdom--you haven't got any.

When the oppressed obtain the drivers seat they nearly always become the oppressors.

One reason why I can't sing, is when I open my mouth--I yawn.

Too much charity, patience, love etc.--virtues become vices!!

Never take your troubles to bed with you; they are bad enough in the daytime--sleep.

If you want to totally ruin a person just keep giving them something.

Also when you borrow money you are beholden to the lender and you become a slave, servant instead of master.

My schooling has lasted for over seventy years and will do until I leave the school. I could give myself a diploma for humanities having had a lot of human relationships in most all fields. I was not a bachelor BA very long but have mastered a lot of different subjects and I have done considerable Ph.D. (Post Hold Digging). I intend studying as long as I can; when the exams come I hope to be well received and still be a teacher.

HELP! HELP! At Radium Hot Springs. I helped push a car, my head down, and a \$2.00 bill came gently blown right across my path, somebody's loss was my gain, it paid to be helpful. Service to others always pays.

I never did take advantage of gathering wisdom from the coffee shop group of retired men. I seemed to be content to do the few things around the house and do some reading, usually the current events and problems of the nations. I loved to study the gospel.

September 1916 my mother and father were ready to come to Canada with my three sisters; the war was on and no available men around--my father sold his shoe repair shop for 1.00, equal to \$5.00, to an older man, the best he could do!

One Sunday in Sacrament Meeting we were singing "All Is Well," when Alf Salway was called out. His barn and small stack of hay was burning--the boys were roasting grasshoppers. By the I next day the cow was on a picket with a halter on and laid down on a slope but could not get up and choked to death.

My primary class in Southampton England consists of two boys--they both cried when we left; the missionary that followed disdained that small a class and would not teach.

That still, small voice! I called on some members to visit and left my bike on the sidewalk; my scriptures were in a leather bag on the carrier at the back. The still small voice prompted me to move the bike--I did not and alas when I came out it was stolen; it was a small voice we have to learn.

Another answer to prayer: Before we were married Eva gave me a ring, nothing of importance or cost. At the time I was sleeping in a tent with hay for a mattress and during the night the ring came off my finger. Imagine trying to find a ring in a foot deep hay patch on the grass. I took each hand full of hay and scratched every inch of the grass to no avail. Then I needed help. So the second time I tried and found it in the grass and thanked my Heavenly Father for answering my prayers.

February 1919 I was called on a special mission from the Alberta Stake to Aetna Ward for ten days; we visited every home in the ward, also non-members. My companion was William C. Smith of Mountain View Ward (Dogie Bill), about 70 years old. We visited Brother John Taylor whose wife was Joseph Ellison's daughter--he told of his being called to a Mission in the South Seas. No missionaries had been before; he was a slim wiry man, his companion was short and fat. The natives could not understand them and the boys could not speak their language. The Elders knew what they said: they contemplated eating the fat one first--they were cannibals. Elder Taylor got up and told them their desires and preached the gospel to them. They stayed and their labors were rewarded by the Church being established there.

We had got to the stage of a new 15 foot Travel air Trailer also a new Cutlass Supreme Car, and quite happy. We had intended to quit the shoe repair shop, I was 72 and wanted to winter in California, so I took the trailer down to Pleasant Grove and left it at Velma's and leave Cardston after Christmas, after our book sales. I had advertised the shop for sale; also asked several people who I thought might like to get into that business, to no avail. So figured I would close up and lo and behold Elmer Olsen, our home teacher, came and inquired about it--he was 62 years old. I told him all the drawbacks, so as not to disillusion him and set the price at \$2,000.00 for machinery and fixtures \$500.00 for stock and \$50.00 rent each month. We made the deal 5 November 1970. Two days after Bishop Reid Zemp called on us and asked us to fulfil a mission, we were thrilled to think of the opportunity.

1971 - In six weeks we had our call to London England. We left 27 December after, we visited in Utah till 14 January 1981 and reported to the Mission Home in Salt Lake City for five days. We served in Southampton on the south coast and lived there all of our year and half. We served in Winchester, 12 miles north for several months but commuted all that time. We returned July 1972. A resume of our work there will be on separate account in our history.

5th August 1972 - When I decided to quit the shop I told my boys of my decision and Mel said I could not, I had nothing saved for retirement--I did not care. I was tired of the grind. I had worked three years after taking old age pension so with my wages I had accumulated \$5,000.00 and we had the trailer worth \$2,300.00 and the car worth \$2,500.00. My life savings!!

When the mission call came we sold the trailer and car and when we were released we bought a 17 and ½ foot Prowler and a new Cutlass and got ready to achieve our trip south. September 18, 1972 we left for the south and visited in Utah and Overton, Nevada at Lyndon and Juanita's for a few weeks then on to St. George for a few days; then Delilah and Henry and Lola Atkins.

April 1973 - We returned from our very nice winters traveling in April and spent a lovely summer in our trailer at Waterton Park and Wasa Lake in B.C. near Cranbrook.

Both Eva and I had been Temple officiators before we left for mission to England. In fact we were called to the London Temple but at that time we were not needed so we were sent to Southampton. After returning we were again officiating in the Temple. There were a number of younger people called and the older ones being released so we decided to again go south and got ready to leave in October. We were with Butlers and Greens.

October 1977 - We had our trailer all packed and in the street ready to go to Arizona. I went to the Post Office and who should I run into, the Bishop. We were leaving when I bid the Bishop Stanley Johnson good-bye and he said would we rather go on another mission. We said we were willing to go so went home and unpacked the trailer, we were called to Independence, Missouri leaving January 12, 1978 for our third mission together. Returned 1 July 1979. This was the third time we had our trailer packed and ready to leave for the south. I said good-bye to Bishop Stanley Johnson at the garage. He said would you rather go on a mission. This time we were called to Independence, Missouri and labored at Spirit Lake, Iowa.

7 May 1983 - Eva and I have been married 60 years on the 7th May, 1983. We planned an open house for the occasion at our own apartment for the time between 5:00 & 8:00. Rea offered to take care of the refreshments and Mona Rea the serving. Dale arranged to take time off from the store and he helped. We had fruit cake made into little pieces wrapped and tied by us, quite a job to the amount for 125 people, ice cream and wafers, on paper-plates (chinet) plastic glasses for the punch, which Rea made. We had 244 people come and congratulate us, we thought maybe 100, some even left without refreshments--there was no room for such a crowd. Dale left and got more ice creme and wafers, we used five gallons of ice creme. We had some phone calls, and quite a few forgot, etc. Gwen and Alice Johansen sent a bouquet of flowers.

Howard and family and Barbara, and Dick bought a lovely basket of flowers. We had 42 lovely cards wishing us well, also three corsages. It was a lovely time to think that so many people would honor us. Velma, Barbara, Lyndon and families living in U.S. did not come but phoned, we intend to have a family reunion in July at Waterton Park when we hope they can all attend. Mel and Wilma, Howard and Marcia and family were here, also Ron and Julie and Debbie. Hope, Carl, John and Cathie came in the morning. We really had a wonderful time and felt the love and appreciation of all of our friends. Dale and Rea cleaned up for us and Mona Rae was about all in.

9 May 1982 - A nice snowstorm covered the earth for many miles, we here were not so bad off but most places were snowbound. No school buses were running and business to a near standstill. It lasted two days and cleared off. The winter was very mild, April was quite cool and some farming was done, a little seeding was done earlier than usual. We are waiting for warmer weather.

Interesting Events

1931 - The depression was now everyday stuff--February 2 Eva burned her overcoat while standing near the heater stove and burned it on one side. We sent \$5.00 to T. Eaton's mail order house and asked them to send a coat, a certain size, if they would. We received a nice brown coat, it just fit and very nice.

1936 - We had the starter of a house - our own! East of the creek, our place became the play ground for the neighbor kids. Also, after we moved into the apartment above the shop in 1945 the same thing, we always had a number of neighbor kids around. We had a huge willow tree that Joseph Card watered with a bucket when he was a boy. We had a nice swing put up. Sometimes we had to tell the kids to go home, we wanted to sleep. All neighborhood used to swing in the creek.

We had a shop on main street and a light pole outside. Melvin used to drive nails in the pole, a man said he was wasting nails--I said no, he is learning to pound them in straight.

During the depression years I had a shop 16 x 16. I had enough equipment to keep four men busy. I offered the stake welfare the opportunity to make shoes, work boots that could have been made for the going price, and three others would have had a job.

When Eva's family were leaving Southampton Docks to come to Canada they sang "Israel, Israel, God is Calling." "We are going to the Mountains of Ephraim to dwell." Her family could not understand why she said we are going to my people. They were the funny people--the Étrangers.

Our kids had their prayers answered: the spoon in the sand, marbles in the grass.

Robert H. Tagg, Journal # 2

Jim Tagg has the journal

June 29, 1979, We arrived home from Independence, Missouri Mission having spent our time in Spirit Lake, Iowa. On 29 June we drove 1308 miles through Iowa, South Dakota, Wyoming and Montana. Rob, returned from his mission to Yorkshire, England on Friday June 30th, on Saturday 1st July, Corey and Debbie got their endowments and were married in the Cardston Temple. It was a great day for all of us. Sunday 2nd July, Rob reported his mission in the 4th Ward, quite a good number of the family were present. After a few days of getting acquainted we proceeded to get our trailer out and ready for some summer relaxing. We had a family reunion scheduled for 19 July, some came earlier, we had a wonderful time at Waterton Park for four days, the weather was superb, all of our family were there and half the grandchildren, making a total of 48. We set a program for genealogical work also a date for 1981. Velma and John, Douglas and Edward and us took a trip to Surveyor's Lake in British Columbia also visited Wasa Lake and Kimberley. Everybody enjoyed themselves. 17th August Harold and Eunice came in their motor home from Salem, Oregon in readiness for the Salway brothers and sisters reunion held on 19th - 21st July at Chateau Isabella at Beazer. Hope and Carl from Calgary, Jack and Martha from Calgary, Holman and Helen from Chilawack, B.C., Rowe and Bobbie from Stockton, California, Morton and Eleanor from Oshawa, Ontario. Harold, Rowe and Morton and I went horse back riding for one hour before breakfast. The meals and service were really something, swimming pool in basement, Eva and I had the bridal suite. We had our own sacrament meeting on Sunday, also planned another reunion for 1981 at Osoyoos, B.C. We talked about records and genealogy for future generations. Some went to Waterton. We laughed and laughed, also a few tears were shed. Harold has compiled a history book on the Salway's and has brought for all the grandchildren. It comprises 287 pages, half history and half memos, poems and rhymes. The 1981 reunion for all the Salway posterity which to date is 1982.

October 8th, 1979. Today is Thanksgiving day holiday. It rained a little last night but did not freeze, we have had very little rain all summer, about three very small showers and to date no killing frost, some places had a touch of frost, one of the nicest falls ever. Crops are fair and good quality. We have so much to be thankful for. Yesterday was General Conference in Salt Lake for the first time we had all the sessions on direct wire in the Stake House also 4th Ward Chapel, Saturday and Sunday, before we had only Saturday evening priesthood session. The message is very plain, Family Prayer, Family Home evening, study and read to learn scriptures, clean morality, be honest in all our dealings, abortion is a grave sin, clean up our places, get out of debt and keep out.

24th March, 1980. We had a family home evening at our place taking our turn each Monday evening. We had seven widows and I was the only man (plus Eva). Usually we would have two other men and two more ladies. I gave the lesson on appreciating God's handiwork temporal and spiritual. I get to give the lesson quite often. We meet at each other's home in turn. Later both men died and I was the only man for two years. Rick's college entertainment

group were here last night at the Social Center, I think they had a good house. We had about five inches of snow, quite wet.

How can I tell where I am going
If I don't know where I have been
How can I tell what I am becoming
If I don't know what I am
How can I understand what I am
If I do not understand how I got that way

Why will not men learn wisdom
by precept and example
and not be obliged to learn
everything we know by sad experience

20th April, 1980. Eunice Sherwood Salway passed away.

1979-80. On December 14, 1979 we left for a visit to Barbara and Dick at Marysville, Washington. We stayed with Howard and family at Lethbridge. Next morning got a bus to Calgary and stayed with Ron and Julie, had a nice visit with them then left for Vancouver on the train, scheduled for 20 hours, but was late two hours. Barbara and Alison met us at the depot and it was raining, the alternator was not working, we managed to get started but the traffic was very slow and the car stalled and would not start, we were on the freeway and two miles from the Highway and Police Office, Alison and Barbara got out, then a young man stopped and took us to the office, a tow truck came and charged the battery and took it to a garage to finish charging it, it got us right to Barbara's then quit, Dick got the alternator fixed next day. That locality had a lot of rain, we went to Seattle and saw the new Temple in progress also the biggest shopping mall in North Seattle, also saw Irene Thelin. We stayed two weeks, Dick drove us to Coquitlam to Hal and Joanne and we stayed with them till Monday and got the train to Calgary. We stayed with Hope and Carl then got bus for Lethbridge. We were gone 29 days.

6th April, 1980. The Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. No meetings were held in the Ward chapels. A direct wire from Salt Lake City was installed in the Stake House also four other wards, the Stake House had it for Saturday as well as Sunday both morning and afternoon sessions, both well attended. On Sunday morning President Kimball, and a few others flew to Fayette, New York to celebrate where the Church was organized in 1830 at the farm home of Peter Whitmer Sr. with six members. Also to dedicate a Chapel recently built on the same site, they already have a visitors center there. President Kimball gave a proclamation to all the world that the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity has been restored in preparation for the second coming of the Savior and for all peoples to come and be baptized and receive the Holy Ghost. The gospel is being preached in 46 languages to 81 nations by over 3,000 missionaries. This makes us think and appreciate all the wonderful blessings that are ours.

20th, April, 1980. After our regular Sunday meeting we left for Lethbridge and stayed at Howard and Marcia's and left next morning to visit with Velma and Lyndon's family. The weather was good and pleasant to drive. We stopped at Dillon, Montana and made it to Velma's at Pleasant Grove, Utah, Tuesday evening. Everything going as usual except for Edward has had braces on his teeth to straighten them, also Douglas the same but he had no bite, the lower teeth receded, so he had an operation to cut the gum on a slant and put together to bring the lower jaw out to meet the top teeth, he cannot eat so has to slurp liquids. Mike and Deneene come over, also Richard and Kathy and "showed off" their new baby girl, Tammy Ann, they live in Provo in a mobile home in a court, better than paying rent and will create an equity later on. Velma took us to see Jill Wood, English wife of David Wood, a nephew. David recently returned from a mission to England and just married, she is from Southampton where we labored and lived there one and half years, we had a good gab on the people of the Ward, we had known, she was a little homesick. We called on Rene and Ethel Wood, John's parents in Spanish Fork. Velma had for a long time wanted to have a get together for us of our relatives in Salt Lake, she arranged to have open house at Cathie and Steve Davis (Cathie is Velma and John's daughter) at Magna on Sunday evening 27th April. We had 34 people out, Verna and son Burton and wife and five children. Ruth and son John, Caley and wife and four children, Morgan and Elaine Hurd and two daughters. Also Bill and Beatrice Bennett and Lavona Strate. We talked genealogy and had a great time together, we have not seen some of them for years. Steve and Jean also Eileen and Jerry Stoddard and youngest daughter there too. We left Monday morning for Overton and Lyndon and Juanitas, having along Cathie, she doing the driving, which was a change for her and Steve too, he stayed alone. Juanita is expecting a new arrival in July and feeling fairly well, the family are all growing up, Russell is as tall as I am and working in a small store that sells meat and vegetables it is a very good experience for him. This part of the country is having lots of rain also around Salt Lake City but the flowers and trees are beautiful with their blossoms. We went to church at Overton also Pleasant Grove. We left Lyndon's Monday morning 5th May. Nothing like enjoying a visit with your families.

May 10, 1980 - My sister, Gertrude Lybbert, attained her 90th birthday on the 6th May. She is living in the basement apartment of her daughters, Fern and Dewayne Duce in Lethbridge. Fern arranged an open house for her on the Saturday 10th May. George, Hilda, Iris, Penny and Ted and Linda and boy and girl, John, Mary, Wanda, her family. Eva & Bill Fleming and June Beckner and Tom and I, Howard and Marcia of our family, also some of Duce family, Gertrude looked a queen and really enjoyed being 90 years old. Chatting on the lawn and a nice cold turkey and all the trimmings were soon consumed.

Mother's Day 11 May 1980 - We saw Velma and Lyndon on our trip Barbara and Mel phoned. We saw Howard and Marcia yesterday and Dale and Rea today. They are all well and happy.

May 17, 1980 - The long weekend May holiday took off today and Waterton Park was flooded with holidayers more than ever before, not much shenanigans or vandalism, 24,000 people. Sunday evening Mount St. Helens Washington State, volcano erupted good, it had been warming up a little of late, spilling lava for many miles and filling the Spirit Lake adjacent, the

lava dust carrying over 1500 miles to the east. Here in Cardston we had some very fine dust, sticking to the car windows and very noticeable only a mile visibility here, and worse at Waterton and West into B.C. Missoula, Montana all stayed home, no business going on. Moses Lake country had four inches everywhere, covering crops, etc. Traffic tied up, what a mess. 30 people known dead and many unaccounted for.

May 24, 1980 - Our spring has been very dry and no rain, the seeding has been done, which was good, yesterday it started raining and so for a good big inch. Quite a lot of land was reseeded to barley also some garden stuff.

July 1st, 1980 - We got our trailer ready and went to Waterton for a few days, the weather has been cool and some wind not the best of vacation conditions. Later on we went to Wasa Lake in B.C. with Howard, Marcia and family. Dale and Rea have a lot and fixed a nice camp, Dale took two weeks off and weekends. We stayed two weeks. The weather was better there, the Lake was warm and the sand enjoyable, later we went back to Waterton but still quite cool.

1 August 1980 - When the railroad come to Cardston the C.P.R. rented 17 acres of land for elevators and years, from the Blood Reserve Indians. Because of the railroad facilities a part of it was sub-rented to feed mills and oil companies, fertilizer storage etc. The Indians got disgruntled thinking they did not get enough rent and the white man had no business there, made quite a fuss. A few hot heads got together with some organizers from Montana and Saskatchewan and decided on a blockade for these businesses on Indian Land. For about two weeks about a hundred mostly young people blockaded the entrance with trucks and heavy equipment. They had their camps there and stayed night and day. After the first three days the R. C. M. P. intervened and some arrests were made but no one was held pending investigations. Lots of charges were made against the Town of Cardston and white people. They claim the Mormons stole their land in the early days which was not true. Large placards were put up on the fence, some signs were torn down. A hate program ensued--charges of discrimination etc. against Mormons, Police, schools, Hospitals, stores, Government or anybody else here in for their venomous hate, media included. The large percent of Indians were not for it but a lot of intimidation was going on which made it worse. The town was boycotted as also the schools, about 200 pupils were bused to various schools which meant a deficit \$400.00 for the school district.

October 21, 1980 - Eva and I decided to go south for the winter; we had, had some discussions pro and con and the fact that we did not see Velma and Lyndon's families we should go, because we could spend some time with them. Clive & Delilah Butler usually go to California and we decided to go with them although they did not leave with us. We got to Boulder, Montana and stayed at a RV Camp. Next night we stayed at Argenta Browers at Pocatello, Idaho. Then on to Carl Borup's at Tremonton had a nice visit with them, nights are frosty. Then on to Velma and John's at Pleasant Grove, Velma was working but took off some time to be with us, we visited Salt Lake at Steve's, Ruth's, Verna's. This took about a week. Then on to St. George, Utah.

We were allowed to park on the Temple lot for free, we used our battery in the trailer and found sanitation at a service station. We attended the Temple and enjoyed our stay there for two weeks. We then went to Overton, Nevada and stayed with Lyndon Juanita for two weeks. The kids surely grow up and their new little girl Saralyn is six months old. We stayed in the trailer at nights but it was a little frosty early mornings.

It was nice to be with our families. We left for Desert Hot Springs about 10 miles from Palm Springs. We traveled alone and enjoyed our journey. We left Barstow about 2 p.m. for the south, a quite lonely road, about seven miles or so there was a restaurant with about 25 motor bikers there and farther on a half mile four more, one guy about thirty came as to stop us but took a look at us and let us go by, it was a funny feeling but I feel we were protected. We got to within twenty miles and it got dark so we kept going and found Desert Hot Springs, by the time we had found the Tamerisk R.V. Park it was 6 p.m., the camps were filled and Butlers had not arrived. We parked in the lane it being Saturday and prepared for the Sabbath and after church we were parked inside and had room for Butlers and Jack and Eileen Green all together also Bill and Doris Komm. They came on Monday morning. We had electricity and water but no sewer. What I liked most was the hot pools to swim or soak in. Our pool was 104 degrees with pulsating air pipes to sit on the seats and let it play on your neck or back. Another thing was the weekly pot luck suppers, usually around seventy people, the meal was always good. I took charge one time, Clive Butler another time with Bill Komm. The people were all retired and a good bunch to get along with. Moses Popoff and I had some gospel discussions, there were four others, (couples), two from Salt Lake not in our camp, Glenn Smith and Jim Shoppe & wife, we used to travel to church at Palm Springs together. The sky was always clear and blue, we had two small showers and one nice rain the whole time, mostly 70 degrees daytime and nights only once we had a frost. We made a bus tour to Disneyland. In March a new stake house was finished at Cathedral City so we went there because there was two wards, the other in Palm Springs. We paid \$90.00 for our spots and later got on a pad with sewer. There were about 120 spots; half of them were permanent mobile homes. We left on the 15 March and stayed with Lyndon and Juanita for two weeks, at St. George for two weeks and Velma and John's a week. I got my car dents fixed in Overton for \$126.00 and got the car painted in Salt Lake for \$90.00. Stayed at Twin Bridges and home for the 21st April.

17 August Howard and Marcia left for home, Lyndon family and us left for Osoyoos, B.C. for a family reunion of Salway's. Hal & Joane had the arrangements and all of us close together in camp. We had Hal & Joanne and family Holman. Helen and all their family, Marge came from Ottawa alone. Derek and Ruth, Ruth and Dale, Hope and Steve with their little family. Hope, Carl with John and Cathie, Mike and Francis, Carma's son Greg and Laurie. Jack & Martha and son Jackie and daughter Travey. Millie and Glynn Redford and daughter Lori Ann. We all left on Friday 21st August after a great time together. Lyndon & Juanita left, all of them in one large station wagon for Barbara and Dick's at Marysville, Washington about 30 miles north of Seattle. Lyndon's bunch left 23 August for home, we stayed for Alison and Bill Fernieleous wedding Saturday 19 September. We helped a little around the place. Saturday the 12th we went to Victoria, B.C. ferry over, Mark and Marlene came too. Had a nice trip, all day Alison went to the Seattle Temple for her endowments on Friday evening then back for 9:00

Wedding. Saturday 19th everything went very well. Bill had just returned from a mission and had been to Barbara's quite a bit but did not get serious until he returned from his home in Ogden to visit with Dick and Barbara's family. His family came for the wedding.

We left on Monday 23rd and stayed with the Harden Lybbert's in Moses Lake and visited with June and Ken Forsyth. Then got to Cranbrook and stayed on the chapel lot them home on the 26th.

Mission to Regina 1943 - The second world war was still going and young men were in the services especially United States boys, so the Seventies were called on for short term missions of six months usually in the winter time and mostly close to home in their own mission boundaries. The shoe repair is quite slow in the winter and most Seventies are family men and could not leave very well. Our son Dale was 18 years old and out of school and able to hold the fort at home while I was away. He was a good workman but still gained a lot of experience being on his own. The Stake Presidency were slow in calling and difficult to find someone so we did not get away till after Christmas. Jack Heninger a young man was called also Reginald Smith, Gordon Brewerton and myself all being older men.

Reg Smith had a grocery store, Gordon Brewerton was proprietor of the picture show also Gordon was a first counselor to Stake President Williard Smith. We were all set apart 6 January 1943 by President E. J. Wood in the Alberta Temple. On Monday night a party was held for us by both 1st and 2nd Wards in the 2nd Ward Chapel and \$140.00 collected and divided by four for each of us. A nice send off. At the time I was Ward Clerk and a substitute was called until I got back.

The West Canadian Mission had just been made with headquarters in Edmonton, it being taken from the North Western States Mission and the North Central States Mission and extended from West of Winnipeg and took in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. A recently returned missionary named Walter Miller was chosen President, at the time he was not married but soon did according to instructions. In the home were Elders Conrad, Hackney, Zobrist, Phillips, Stevens, Pendleton, Sontag, and Wilson.

Saturday 16, January - got baggage from the depot, after lunch had a testimony meeting and received instructions and walked over to Eldon Tanners home, he being the Edmonton Branch President and stayed with them. Next day, Sunday we went to Sunday school about half the people there I knew. I took street car over to Royal George Hotel on first street where I worked as a bellboy in 1914. In the evening we had Sacrament meeting and the three of us were given two minutes each. After meeting Solon Low took us to his place until train time at 10:30. Boarded trail for Saskatchewan 52 degrees below zero F. the coldest I ever witnessed. Elders Barker, Briggs, Pearson, Johnson, Ottley and Tucker met us, had supper with them and spent the evening at Sis Herringtons. Reg Smith was assigned to Swift Current and Gordon Brewerton to Moose Jaw and I to Regina. I froze my nose. Left Saskatoon at 11:40 p.m. and arrived in Regina 5:30 a.m. at 42° below. No transportation that early so we walked eight blocks in company of Elders Barker and Ottley to their room and tried to sleep but too cold, their room was heated with

a small oil heater. I was billeted at bro & sis Lamb's place till Elder Ottley was transferred for five days then Elder Barker was my companion, he was the District President. We visited some members and the street cars were so crowded maybe 100 people in one car, lucky to get in, it was 38° at noon, you would freeze waiting for a street car, and a terrible north wind. Brother Gordon Whyte a real veteran and one of the Lord's finest, was our Branch President and Regina had their own little chapel all paid for and would accommodate around 100 people. The branch were very united and a dedicated group. Sunday 24 January walked 14 blocks to priesthood meeting only five present. Monday Bro Joseph James had died and had funeral service for him. He had been a Royal N. W. Mounted Police so some comrades were there and one played "taps" on the bugle.

It was too cold to dig graves so he was put in a mausoleum till spring. I shall never forget the "Taps," about forty people present. We had a few investigators and would show some films. Did not do much tracting - door to door, we would call on shops, anywhere out of the cold. Elders in Saskatoon said it was 60° below twice last week. Our land lady wants extra money for light and one months notice of moving. We told her we would move on the 15th if it was not warmer. We went to the wartime prices and trade board and have been justified in moving. Prices and rents set by the government boards. We have been paying \$20.00 for one room now we have a smaller and warmer room for \$12.00 per month. We borrowed a quilt. The seventies quorum sent me \$50.00. Today it actually thawed a little. Every home in Regina has storm windows and most ladies wear fur coats. We tried to find some lost members, the branch is very scattered and of course quite a few sisters married to non-members. A lot of them are hungry for church books and look forward to Elders' visits. Elder Barker was my companion and our District was Saskatoon, Swift Current and Moose Jaw towns and smaller places surrounding territory. We visited Reg Smith, Elder Hendricks and called on some of their contacts, at Swift Current. Elders Hendricks and Barker called on four apostolics, Elder Smith not well I stayed with him, finished at 12:00. We took a taxi to Bro Bennets, he was from Alberta and worked for the Experimental Farm at Swift Current and stayed the night. Next morning got the farm bus into town. Called on Ray Evanson and Kennys and left Moose Jaw at 6:00 arrived 9:00 and went to Elder Robert Walker and Brewertons room. We stayed with MaCaslin family and had breakfast there, then to the Elders room.

Wednesday 10 February conversed till noon. Elder Brewerton and I called Mrs. Foster, 89 years old and daughter-in-law. Also visited Bro & Sister Williams. Stayed at McCaslin again. We walked seven miles. Talked gospel to McCaslin's also Danny Mills, and Knectals. In the same house as the Elders was a family names Moses, he gave us a tract "right reasons for not being a Mormon." Sunday we went to the Hammond Building for church. 12 Present at Sunday School, Elder Barker and I took the time fifteen minutes each. The four Elders cast lots for four sermons on faith, repentance, baptism and Holy Ghost, I was first, all extemporaneous and took notes on criticism, we learned a lot. We paid the Apostolic Temple a visit, they sang hymns for half hour, prayed for ten minutes, the amends, hallelujahs, Praises be, etc. sounded like a barn yard, then twenty minutes more hymns. The body contortions the young preacher went through should keep him supple for a long time we could not stay because we had to catch train at 9:30 for Regina.

Monday 15 February tracked out a Mr. McCarrol - a R. C. School teacher he was the only person that could explain Catholic doctrine, that I have ever met, we talked for two hours. We visited the family of Charles Barkers a recent contact. Visited the Grey Nuns Hospital and administered to Sister Stewart and baby girl. M. I. A. at Dawes home 12 Present. We had to have ration books for a number of items. Two new Elders have come to help us. My new companion is Elder Pendleton and we are in search of a room, accommodations are scarce. The water is running a little what a relief to have it warmer. We have quite a number of investigators but very slow work. We do a lot of home teaching for the branch and not enough fellow shipping is done by the members. It is not easy for new members to do what is expected of them, so often fall away.

Saturday 27 February President Miller and wife here for Sunday visit. Nephi Head a Cardston man is here in the Air Force and has charge of a "link trainer", this is a small model airplane used for testing a person's ability to fly a plane under flying conditions, I tried it and did fair - it only costs \$9,500.00. Several of the members sick and we are called on to administer to them. We looked into the cost of radio time \$12.00 for 15 minute broadcast. We do have the small projectors and quite often show the films. Elders Barker and Stevens are quarantined for Scarlet Fever, the lady upstairs has it. Called on Barkows, they are British Israel, they are saved by being British. No works or grace how nice. Called on John Fritz, a shoe repair shop, he listened good and already has Book of Mormon that Alice McCarthy left him last year.

Thursday, 10th March - got a write up on Conference to be in the Regina Leader Post and took it to the office. Went to Speers Funeral Home for burial of Mr. Laurent of the Capital Ice Co., a friend of one of the members. The family were screened off from the small group present and the wife gave a scream that ran chills up my back, I shall never forget it. What anguish for people that do not understand the plan of life and salvation. President Miller and wife came for conference and went to the Drake Hotel the rest of us went to fireside at Alyce Peterson's twenty one present of which were twelve Elders, had a good evening.

Saturday 12 March 1943 went to the Chapel for report meeting, the furnace draft was broken, Bro Whyte got it fixed, we shivered. Reg Smith and I stayed at Mary Baileys, helped get food ready for Sunday at the Chapel. I assisted President Miller in blessing Lynne Arminta Stewart, daughter of Norma Robbins Stewart. I was the first to talk and open conference session - less than ten minutes. Forty-three people present. President Gordon Whyte gave some very good instructions get all the glass sealers you need the government will not confiscate them like canned goods. Grow plenty of vegetables, more than you need - store flour, beans, peas and anything that will keep well. President Miller impressed the fact for all members to work and take responsibility because all available men will be required for war work. We had six investigators out Monday - we called on Mrs. Newall 82 years old, she taking it all in and said "where do you get your knowledge, how long have you been to school to learn there things." I explained the power of the Holy Ghost. In the evening we visited Charlie and Marion Parkes, they are getting ready for baptism soon, that makes us feel good. It has been blizzarding for three days between Regina and Flin Flon, Regina won seven to two, over 5000 people out. I got an article ready for the "Liahone" Elders Journal.

Sunday 21 March, first day of spring - you would not know it. 9:30 Priesthood meeting and Sunday school. 7:00 Sacrament Meeting we had 34 present and eleven were investigators. I was first speaker without warning. Bernard Dawe spoke also Smallie Redd. One of our members was Sister Alle, her husband was an excellent man but never did join; we had some good discussions. Another member was Sister Wallace who had been sick for years but always cheerful and had the gospel at heart. Also Sister Janet Boucher, originally from Magrath, her husband was Harold Boucher a Massey-Harris farm machinery man who later joined and became Temple worker and Patriarch and lived in Magrath, Sister Boucher was a great help in the branch. The Bert Lamb family were good workers in the branch they had ten children and always helping the missionaries. Sister Lamb always did my washing for me. Sister Mary Abel got seven girls and three boys to her house for a class for us to teach, quite an assignment but it did not last. We met with quite a few "saved" people - they are hard nuts to crack. I call them "stillborn" ready to deliver but no life. It is too simple, ours too complicated. Friday March 6, 1943 Elder Pendleton and I off to assignment at Saskatoon, Elder Pederson met us at the train after a stop over for two hours at Colonsay. We had conversation with a soldier also a lady on the train. We stayed at Herrington's, and visited some of the Elders contacts and went to the 100F hall for meetings on Sunday. Twenty-two people out, back to Herrington's and sang and talked till 12:30 a.m. Took train for Regina at 12:30. The church in Saskatchewan is very scattered and very small branches. We had a good cottage meeting at Parkes' with nine present after arriving in Regina.

Tuesday, April 6th. For a long time I have felt that Sister Marion Parkes could be relieved of her stammering by administration and I think about these things at night and I would feel condemned if I went home without saying anything about it. I mentioned it to Elder Pendleton and we fasted and prayed about it. Later on went to their place and talked to them about it and will do so later. Gracie their little girl had a canker of the mouth and administered to her on Sunday, next day the sores were all gone. We had been meeting with a Biles family quite a lot and he has to get to his farm soon but will be baptized soon as well as his daughter, Winnie Cody who is moving to Victoria, B.C.

Friday, April 9th, Brother Gordon Whyte spent the evening with Elder Pendleton and I. He is a spiritual giant and left his spirit with us realizing that when you serve your fellow man the blessings surely follow as the night follows the day. You will climb to the respect and honor of this world. Elders Pendleton and Barker left for Saskatoon so Elder Stevens was with me. The northern lights were majestic; I have never seen such a sight, dancing all over the sky.

11 April, we visited the RCMP Police barracks and museum. President Whyte had message Joyce Isfelt had died and Elders Barker and Pendleton to attend the funeral on the way home from Saskatoon, where they had been visiting.

April 14 had a party for me at Parkes'. Sister Parkes had a stammering problem, she asked for a blessing, and later learned she had overcome it. She wanted to bear her testimony in public.

April 22 got train for Medicine Hat and Eva came from Cardston so we had a nice visit with Jack and Martha and family. It is quite a feeling to leave the good people you have labored with even if it was only three months. "Sweet is the work".

After my release I stopped off at Medicine Hat and waited for Eva at the train depot and we made our way to Jack & Martha's house and visited for a couple of days. It was nice to be home but Lyndon was only nine months old and would not come to me but we soon got acquainted. Dale had been taking care of the shoe shop while I was away so I went back to saving (souls--soles) at the bench.

Letter and response on mission 26 May 1953

Elder Robert H. Tagg
4 The Paddock
Anlaby Park
Hull, Yorks.

Dear Elder Tagg:

The Mission Presidency is considering you for an additional and important responsibility. We should like to ask you to treat this matter confidentially and to give us a direct and forthright answer to the following questions:

Do you feel able and willing to undertake a major responsibility of leadership within the district in which you are laboring?

Do you feel that you can thoroughly and conscientiously sustain the General Authorities of the Church and Mission Presidency?

Do you consider that your testimony of the gospel is sound and secure and that your interests and desires to proselyte it are sufficiently thorough and sincere that you can conscientiously encourage and support others in this work?

Are you willing to devote yourself thoroughly and sincerely to the furtherance of the work of the Lord in the Hull District, and to work harmoniously with your associates, other missionaries, the officers of the branches, and the membership of the Church?

Are you willing to do your utmost prayerfully to maintain the proper example in your living, worthy of the emulation of the Latter-Day Saints with whom you will labor?

We shall be pleased indeed to have an early response to this inquiry.

May the Lord continue to bless and sustain you.

Sincerely your brethren,
British Mission Presidency

A. Hamer Reiser, Mission President

4 the Paddock
Anlaby Park
Hull
28 may 1953

Dear President Reiser,

I am grateful for the confidence you have in me in giving me added responsibilities which will give a greater experience. I am willing to accept this calling and with the help of our Father in Heaven be able to do what is required of me. I am in complete harmony with the General Authorities also with the mission presidency and will sustain them in what ever they desire. My testimony is the main stay of my life and I delight in teaching others, so they may have the satisfaction of life that it has brought to me. I shall endeavor to maintain that spirit of unity between those whom I associate with, that peace and happiness will abound. I realize the power of example and its effects upon other people and will do all in my power to be a standard of a real Latter Day Saint. The hymn " I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go Dear Lord" has indeed been a prayer of my heart and I am sure the Lord will magnify me and sustain me in whatever I am called upon to do. May the Lord continue to bless you in all of your affairs.

Sincerely yours

Robert H. Tagg

Missionary Training Center
2005 North 900 East
Provo, Utah 84604
Phone (801)378-2602

May 7, 1986

President Robert Tagg
P.O. Box 957
Cardston, Alberta, Canada TOK OKO

Dear President Tagg:

I still call you president, because that's what you were when I arrived on my mission in England. I've certainly taken a good deal of pride in telling people that I was your companion. You were magnificent.

Thank you for sending me those inspiring accounts that occurred in regard to temple work. For people such as yourself, the veil between this life and the next is indeed very thin.

I've just been called as president of the Missionary Training Center. It's a joyous place to be. God bless you my dear friend and companion.

Sincerely,

George D. Durrant
President

GDD/ms

Note: I had never heard the 5th and 6th verses until Robert H. Tagg died and it was sung at his funeral. They are so fitting for the way Grandpa believed and lived his life. He is and was truly a great example for us to follow. Cathie Wood-Davis Owens

I am a Child of God

1. I am a child of God
And he has sent me here
Has given me an earthly home
with parents kind and dear,
Chorus Lead me, guide, me walk beside me
Help me find the way
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him someday.
2. I am a child of God
And so my needs are great
Help me to understand his words
Before it grows too late,
Repeat chorus
3. I am a child of God
Rich blessings are in store
If I but lean to do his will
I'll live with him once more,
4. I am a child of God
His promises are sure
Celestial glory shall be mine
If I can but endure,
5. I am a child of God
Someday he'll call me home
And ask of me to give account
of all the things I've learned,
6. I am a child of God
The temple is for me
and I'll be sealed to the one I love
For all eternity,

Last Chorus

Lead me guide me walk beside me
Help me to prepare
So when father calls me home
A smile I can wear.

Patriarchal Blessing

Cardston Alberta, Canada, Sept 18, 1916. A blessing given under the hands of Patriarch Homer Manley Brown upon the head of Robert Harold Tagg, a son of James and Kate Flint Tagg born July 12 1898, Earlsfield London, England.

Brother Robert, in and by the power of the Holy Priesthood in me vested. I lay my hands upon your head and seal upon you a patriarchal blessing, the blood of Israel flows in thy veins. Thou art of the house hold of faith though the lineage of Ephraim. Thou Didst keep thy first estate in the spirit world and thus did earn the privilege of coming upon the earth and of receiving this body through goodly parentage that thereby you might be enabled to prove your integrity by faithfully keeping thy second estate and thus have an opportunity of working out thy salvation and of receiving an exaltation in the celestial kingdom of heaven.

Now therefore be thou humble, be ever prayerful, be obedient unto those who sit in authority over thee in the priesthood attending with due diligence unto all of thy duties in the priesthood and thou shall the blessings of almighty God and the powers of heaven attend thee in all thy walks in life and thereby shall thou be enabled to live upon the earth until thou hast fully finished and completed thy life's mission. Thou hast a wonderful mission to perform, there fore as a servant of God I bless you with heath and strength with a vigorous body and mind, with a desire to study the gospel and with a retentive memory. In due time thou shalt receive the higher priesthood together with the power thereof. Thou will be blessed in due time with a faithful and an affectionate companion whom thou shalt be sealed together by the holy spirit of promise over the alter for time and all eternity.

Thy posterity shall become very numerous and thou shalt teach them the principles of the gospel and always set a worthy example before them. The priesthood shall forever remain in their midst and thine offspring shall become the joy and pride of thy life both here and here after. Thou shalt labor in the Temple of the Lord for both the living and the dead. And thou shalt do a labor for many of thine ancestors which will open the door of salvation unto them and which will constitute thee a savior in thy fathers household and upon mount Zion.

Thou shalt be called in a day to come to travel and preach the gospel both at home and abroad. Thy tongue shall be loosened and thou shalt preach the principals of life and salvation in such plainness and with such mighty power that the honest in heart who shall hear thy words will believe and embrace the truth. While traveling to and fro in the service of the Lord thy life shall be preserved on the land and on the sea. Thou shalt be enabled to confound the wicked and to silence the scoffer. Thy gifts are the gifts of mighty faith, of inspiration, and the gifts of healing, thou shalt see most wonderful manifestations of the power of God and will witness the return of the lost tribes and assist in confirming upon them the blessings of Ephriam. Thou shall witness the redemption of Zion and the coming of the Savior and will sit with holy men in holy places listening unto the teachings of the ancient of days.

Thou will feed the hungry and shelter the homeless assist and be a friend unto the widow and orphan. I seal thee up against the powers of Satan unto the day of redemption that he may not have power to lead thee astray. I seal upon thee the blessing of eternal life to arise and call up thy wives and posterity in the morning of the resurrection of the just, to lead them back into the presence of the savior and to stand at their head throughout eternity having a continuation of the seeds and lives forever, thus enjoying a fullness of the celestial glory. All of these blessings I seal upon thee on condition of thy faithfulness and obedience unto the end which I do in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ Amen.

A Tribute to my father, Robert H. Tagg

by Melvin Tagg - Oct. 23, 1988

Melvin was on a mission in the Cook Islands when his father died.
He stayed on his mission and sent this tribute to be read at the funeral.

Words cannot express the love and gratitude that I feel towards my father for the privilege of being his son. I have always been able to answer with pride whenever anyone asked who my father was? "I am Bob Tagg's son." And all who knew him, knew as I knew, that, that name stood for honesty and integrity and love of God and man. There is a song from my favorite movie, "The Sound of Music" that goes something like this "somewhere in my youth and childhood I must have done something good." I feel that somewhere in my pre-existent life I must have done something good to have been privileged to be part of Robert and Eva Tagg's family. I have truly been born of goodly parents and I thank the Lord every day for this blessing. I cannot begin to count the blessings in my life because of their love and sacrifice on my behalf.

My father was a humble man who for years fixed people shoes. He worked hard hours to provide for his family. Never do I remember a word of complaint. What I do remember are the many lessons he taught me, while with a mouth full of nails, he repaired the shoes of a little community. As a young teenager working at his side I learned a lot more than just how to repair shoes. We talked about the gospel and its application to my life, about education and politics and government and my responsibility to contribute, and about how to get along well with people.

He always took advantage of spontaneous teaching moments, whether we were planting or weeding the garden, feeding or milking the cow, repairing shoes, or just relaxing at home.

He liked to tell stories, especially on himself - like the time many years ago when a small well-dressed man walked into his shop late one Saturday evening, while he still had several hours of work left to do on shoes for people to wear to Stake Conference the next morning. He didn't know the man who wanted his shoes shined but told him that as he was too busy to do it for him, if he would like, he could use the polish and brush and shine his own shoes. The gentleman readily agreed, polished his own shoes, thanked Dad graciously and left. At conference the next morning Dad was stunned to discover that the man who had shined his own shoes was an apostle of the Lord and a future Prophet of the Church, Spencer W. Kimball.

How Dad loved the Lord. He loved to talk about him, and many people waiting to have the soles of their shoes repaired, went away having found that their spiritual soul was also repaired, and at not extra cost.

Though his formal education was limited, Dad possessed the true wisdom enjoyed by those who live close to the Spirit and pattern their lives after the Savior. I have always benefitted from his counsel which I have often sought, up until the time I last saw him just before he left for our current mission here in the Cook Islands. Along with good counsel has been his example. Several decades as a Stake Missionary and then five missions away from home. What a priceless

heritage! And he has continued to serve in every possible way, for he knew that happiness was the bi-product of willing service.

Dad and Mom were sweethearts - we all knew that. His love for her was a light he never hid under a bushel. Mom, that love is still there. I am sure that you are feeling it even now, as his love has blessed you Mom, it has also blessed your children and your grandchildren. His example has been my guide in learning how to treat my wife.

It is not easy for us to be so far from our family at this time, but again, I am only following the example of my dear parents who chose to stay with their mission in England when the news reached them of the sudden death of their daughter Carol.

Dad's ninety years have been full to the brim with love and service to his family and to his fellow-men. I am confident that his next assignment will help to pave the way for his family, that we all may see him again and enjoy eternal life together.

Special Spiritual Experiences

I would like to go back to the time when I left England. I left there when I was less than sixteen years of age, and before I left the Branch President or the District President, gave me a blessing and told me, I should come back on a mission. That was a many, many long time but that always stuck in my mind and it just took time to fulfill it.

I was so young and when I went to Edmonton, there was not a Mormon in that city. I was alone for a year and a half and I had to make my own friends, and it was only the prayers of my mother and father that kept me safe and kept me clean. When I left England, I was as pure as a babe and I had to find out the things of the world under the post adverse circumstances. But as I grew up I stayed in Edmonton a year and a half and then came down to Cardston, and the Gospel always appealed to me and so as soon as I came down to where the church was I went to the meetings, Sunday School and the meetings, and so at eighteen I liked to go to church.

I was almost always a loner and I did not have very many friends, so I found my friends at church. When I was nineteen I got my Patriarchal Blessing, and that helped me quite a lot. I did not know what a Patriarchal Blessing was, but I worked in the Hotel with Owen Brown, and Owen Brown's father was the Patriarch, his name was Manley Brown and he used to come to the hotel a lot and I knew him very well. He said to me one day, "Bob, I have a blessing for you." I said "Oh! what is that." He told me about Patriarchal Blessings.

I arranged a time to go over to his home, and his daughter wrote it down and it has been a source of inspiration to me all of my days. My younger days were not blessed with many friends or thrills and the whole family was mellowed by humility. We had come, from shall we say, a foreign land such as it was pretty hard for us to come into a group and be accepted all at once and

so we had quite a time in being accepted and during those years it did mellow us and we stayed with the church, which is the iron rod to hang on to. We outlived all the bad things they said about us and we came out of it finally, that was the whole bunch of us.

Of course as I grew up, the next thing I wanted was a companion. My Patriarchal Blessing told me that I should be guided in my choice, to prepare for a companion and I surely was guided. After we were married we had difficult times, having no money to start with and wanted to go into farming. It took us a long time to get anything around us and it was very difficult and so when I got married we did not have any money. It was just one of those things that very few people had around at that time and we used to work hard, very hard. It was just very difficult times although we were happy. I was not quite satisfied the way that I was doing and it used to worry me. It seemed you just couldn't get ahead on anything. You made a living but as far as getting ahead, it just was not there. It really worried me and I was quite concerned about it, if I was doing right or what was wrong with me. I fasted and prayed about it and I had a dream about a little coaster wagon with the little handle on and the handle goes up to the part you sit in. Well I was up on a mountain and instead of a handle there here was a pair of horse reins leather soft reins and this wagon, I was in it went down the mountain side, little boulders and big boulders, and everything around and I went down that mountain side holding on to these horse reins and it took me slowly around each boulder, just slowly very slowly. I got to the bottom just lovely. It just gave me strength all the way through that my life would be not so much fast, but I would be guided around all the pit falls and all the big boulders in everything that came up and I got to the bottom very well. My prayers have been answered so many, many times, little affairs and big affairs.

We used to turn out horses loose to feed at night and one night I lost them and I dust couldn't find them. We would keep one pony up so we could go and get the others. We had to go two, three, four, five miles sometimes to get them in any direction they would go. For three days I couldn't find them. I had been all over so I came back in and went in the bedroom and knelt-down and asked the Lord to show me where those horses were. They had got into a lane, it was a dead-end lane and at the bottom of the lane was a fairly deep coulee, and there were my horses right there. I knew where to go and went right down and got them.

We had been married in 1923 and in 1929 we had four horses and two of them died that winter and I decide to leave and see how we could do better. We had three children at that time, this was in the spring of 1929 and I had this 40 acres made a nice homestead, but I had not paid anything on the principle and I had it six years. I paid the taxes and the interest on it and I improved the place and I thought well, the next six years are not any better where am I going to end up. So we decided it might be time for a change which proved very good because in the fall of 1929 the financial crash came all over the country and it was the beginning of the depression which you have heard so much about.

It lasted about seven years. We moved to Cardston and I was guided in my prayers for that. I have written some of these Journal things down, a more full account written down in my journal. They were hard times, very hard. Our whole family has always been given to a lot of

prayer, though it was a constant prayer for strength to carry on and all of these seven years, well not only these seven but quite a few years after we used to work from seven o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night to make a bare existence. Many a time, especially Saturday night we would start eight o'clock and work until twelve o'clock almost every Saturday night and many a time I just prayed to keep going.

You had to get so much work done Saturday night and then I would get up at five o'clock Sunday morning and walk all over town and deliver the shoes that people had to have because they only had one pair of shoes. But we managed to get by. Then as times began to get better, I began to work ways I could improve my business, make it a little easier and so I wanted some machinery and you couldn't get it on a day to day basis, so I went to the bank to see if I could borrow some money. Things, were beginning to pick up a little then, the war was on this was after 39 there was no money allowed to go out of the country. I went to the bank manager and told him I wanted \$300.00. There was a man down in Salt Lake that had a full outfit in the shoe repair business that he wanted to sell and he wanted \$300.00 for it and it was really worth while. My brother Jim run onto it, so I went to the bank manager to see if I could not borrow it. He let me have it and other people said well how did you ever get that money and how did you get it across the line. I don't know how I got it only by prayers. I got it and I got the outfit and it helped me quite a bit. It was really worth it, it was a good deal and it lasted me quite a while.

There were times when the family was sick or one person was sick. One time just before we went to bed we ate an apple and we slept upstairs and as soon as we got upstairs Mum (Eva) got violently sick, I don't know if it was poison on the apple or what it was. I hated to leave her to go down stairs and get the oil because I thought she would begone before I got back. She was just that violently sick. But I went down and got the oil, and in just a little while she was better. These things are really vital in our lives.

Carol was born to us when mother was 42 years old. She was the biggest baby we had and she was hard to manage. We had just moved into our new shop. We had worked all summer long cleaning and painting fixing up as the whole family did and mother was quite worn out and it was quite a problem to take care of Carol because she was so sick. She was really down. She was down two or three months, all summer it seemed to me like. We couldn't get any help. We got one sixteen year old girl and she was good but they were just not around. You just couldn't get any help. We took Carol up to Calgary for Hope to take care of and she stayed there for several weeks. Melvin was working in the shop a little and I wanted some help. They were building the dam at Spring Coulee, the irrigation dam, there was a lot of men working on it. They were also building the road up to Waterton.

Robert H. Tagg, Glenwoodville, Alberta

Word of Wisdom
Everything spiritual
Tithing
Get ready for the temple
To be contented is successful
Reverence for houses of worship
Attend sacrament meetings
Prayer

Thursday, February 5th, 1920

Set apart for a spiritual mission by President T. W. Duce on Thursday February 5th to the Aetna Ward with Elder William Smith as my companion. Arrived at Andrew Jensen's place in the evening.

Friday, February 6th, 1920

Went to William Hudson's. Had a good meeting. From there to Sister Squires' [sp?], an old lady of 65 lives by herself and all ready to go through the temple with three hundred names. Lunched at Andrew Jensen's and then went to Sister Steele's, a widow with a fine family of five children. A good spirit prevailed and much good was accomplished. Then Brother Jensen and I went to the dance but alas did not hop [sp?].

Saturday, February 7th, 1920

Prayer meeting as usual, then to Sister Woodward's, men folks were on the farm, from there to Peter Jensen's, had dinner and a splendid meeting. From there to H. Bohne. Brother Bohne was away working but Sister Bohne and the children feeling well. Next we visited Old Gentleman Bohne and his daughter Sister Goble with her children and had an enjoyable time. Held a block meeting at Enoch Jensen's house in the evening and a good number were there and also a good spirit.

Sunday, February 8th, 1920

Prayer meeting at Andrew Jensen's. We attended Sunday School, a fine school. Sister Squires invited us to dinner then to sacrament meeting. Blessed one baby, ordained nine deacons, bore my testimony and went home and read journal. Had supper then went to church.

Monday, February 9th, 1920

First we visited Maggie Hanson's, James Hanson being special missionary to Taylorsville, Ward Teacher and Bishop Marlow present. From there to Roy Goble, had a splendid meeting and dinner. Next we attended Primary, both Brother Smith and I for the first time in our lives. Aetna has a splendid bunch of children. Next went to Marlow's—had a good crowd and a good meeting. Maggie Hanson invited us to supper. We went to Priesthood Meeting and had a good attendance. Didn't have to speak for the first time.

Tuesday, February 10th, 1920

Prayer meeting as usual ten o'clock. First we went to Old Lady Jensen's, a fine old lady, a mother of eight boys, has a wonderful testimony and a very good spirit was with us. Next to James Jensen, all the children were to school but a few grown-ups were there and had a good time. Had dinner at James Jensen's. After we went to Relief Society at Andrew Jensen, the first Relief Society I attended in my life. The Mothers of Israel are doing a good work in the Relief Society. Next we went to Joseph Ellison's, he was not home but his family were there and a good spirit was there. Chris Jensen invited us to supper and we held a block meeting with fifty people present and a wonderful spirit was there with all of us. We stayed all night and met again...

Wednesday, February 11th, 1920

...at 10 o'clock at Andrew Jensen's for prayer meeting. First we visited Karl Tanner and family and had a time of rejoicing. Next we went to Sophus Skriver. Quite a crowd gathered, all of the Skrivers were there and a good spiritual feast was enjoyed by all. For the first time in my life I visited Religion Class and enjoyed it very much the opportunity. Next we visited Peter P. Skriver a fine young man, just a little careless but by his actions he would show his appreciation for our visit. The same people were there that were at Sophus Skrivers but we had a good spirit with us on account of choir practice. There were not many to a block meeting at John Taylor's. Nevertheless we all had a good time together. We stayed at Taylor's all night and gathered at Andrew Jensen's on...

Thursday, February 12th, 1920

...for prayer meeting. First we went to Harry Burns, the "Mormon" who had to join the Salvation Army to get blessings the Mormons cannot give him, always looking for an argument. We had dinner at Inger Jensen's, a good few were there. There was much instruction and good counsel given and everybody felt good. From there to Sister Walkey, Brother Walkey was not present but a good spirit was there. Next we went to Sister Paul, her husband is not a Mormon but Sister Paul is good and faithful woman and tries to raise her family in a good way. Brother and Sister Richards asked us to have supper and to hold block meeting. Quite a crowd was there and a good spirit prevailed. Stayed all night.

Friday, February 13th, 1920

Prayer Meeting as usual at Andrew Jensen. Nine in the party, we went for a sleigh ride to Charley Zemp's place and held a good meeting and all stayed for dinner a good time was enjoyed by all. Next we went to Tom Berry's and had a good meeting. From there to Rawleigh Jensen's and we had a splendid meeting and stayed for supper. Then we went to Ben May's for block meeting and as there was a dance on, nobody only Ben and family were there but we all had a good time. Then we went to the dance at ten o'clock. It was a ladies party and a leap year dance and everybody enjoyed themselves. We all got a shake-up when the sleigh tipped over in the morning on the way to C. J. Zemp's.

Saturday, February 14th, 1920

Prayer meeting as usual at Andrew Jensen's at 10 o'clock. A crowd of singers accompanied us to James Jensen and we held a good meeting. From there to Preston Hyde. Brother Karl Tanner presided, Andrew Jensen being to Cardston. Next we went to John Henniger and had a good meeting and a good dinner. Came back and went to C. F. Jensen and had a splendid meeting there. We ate some more and then went to Andrew Jensen's for block meeting and some sixty people were there and a wonderful spirit prevailed and everybody had a spiritual feast. Celestial marriage was discussed.

Sunday, February 15th, 1920

Our missionary labors are over I am sorry to say because I never enjoyed any ten days of my life as much as this trip. Went to Sunday School. Then to James Jensen's to dinner and next to Sacrament meeting. After meeting we played all of James Jensen's records then went to supper at Andrew Jensen's. Then took girls to church.

If you want to be loved:

Don't [sic] be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social positions.

Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer anybody's religious belief.

Learn to attend your own business (a very important part).

Do not try to be anything but a gentleman or gentlewoman and that means one who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule, Do unto others as you would be done by.

I love but thee.

Is thy heart free?

Pray then love me.

Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;

But sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it.

Take time to smile, 'tis worth you while

Oh look not grim and surly.

Bid all the world "Good Morning"

With gladness fresh and early.

Take time to sing, let music spring

From out your soul forever.

There is nothing so inspiring

To brave and true endeavors.

Take time to think, to pause and drink
At nature's richest fountains
Where her great book lies open.
To take life full account
To take time for prayer
Thus vanquish care
Thank God for all his mercies.
Take time for all but fretting
O'er lost or empty purses.

You will never be sorry for:

Keeping fit,
Being thrifty
Not yielding to temptation
Being cheerful and optimistic
Being hopeful and courageous
Having grit and determination
Taking time to make good friends
Cultivation of love for the beautiful
Being reliable and absolutely honest
Being strait [sic] and clean in your life
Doing your duty cheerfully and willing
Take time for needed rest and recreation
Doing your level best in every situation in life (your life's work)
Learning everything possible about
Doing to others as you would have them do unto you
Having learned to be self-reliant
To trust in your own power
Establishing a good name and keeping your good name above suspicion
Living up to your highest ideals
Measuring up to your highest standard
Helping those who need your help
Lighting another's candle with your own
Consuming great responsibility no matter how distasteful it may at first be to you.

The Little Things

It takes so little to make us feel glad
To cheer us up, to make us happy,
It takes and costs so little to be kind,
To be thoughtful, to be considerate,
It takes so little to cheer others up,
Who are discouraged, so little to lend
A helping hand, yet it means so much
To others as well as ourselves.

We think too much about doing things
Which look big in our lives and we
Think too little in the everyday little
Bits of thoughtfulness, of kindness, the
Little helpfulness to those who are
Disheartened and down and out
After all, is it not the little things
That make up LIFE.

Success is spelled with seven letters, of the seven only one is found in fame and one in money
but three are found in happiness.

Fools will turn out fools whether they go to college or not.

Love that is worth the name sends its flowers to the living, it does not wait to heap them on the
dead. Love helps when help is needed; it does not wait until it is too late.

The world has for us just what we have for it. It is a great whispering gallery which flings back
the echoes of our voices. If we laugh, it laughs back, if we curse it curses back.

Make it a life rule to wipe out from your memory everything, which has been unpleasant,
unfortunate. We ought to forget everything, which has kept us back, which has made us suffer,
which has been disagreeable, and never allow the hideous pictures of distressing conditions to
enter our minds again. There is only one thing to do with a disagreeable, harmful experience,
that is, to bury it, to forget it.

When death is dead and time has ceased to be
The victor Love with wings unfurled,
Shall soar
Through all eternity.

Love and Death

Death's shrouded figure standeth at Love's door
Seeking entrance,
Young Love bars the way
With pushing hands and strength undreamed before
But death he may not stay.
With sure relentless aim Death crushes through
Bruising Love's roses and his tender wing.
A wreath he weaves of cypress and of me
And crowns himself as king.

But only on the earth is Death crowned Lord.
The vanquisher himself is vanquished now.
Beside his lifeless form his scythe abhorred
And 'Time' with cold, still brow
While in the splendor of that longed for shore,
Turn Back!

It's all in the state of your mind

If you think you are beaten, you are,
If you think you dare not, you don't,
If you'd like to win and you don't think you can,
It's almost a cinch that you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of your mind.

Full many a race is lost
E're even a step is run.
And many a coward falls
E'en his work is begun.

Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you fall behind,
Think that you can and you will;
It's all in the state of your mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man.
But sooner or later, the man who
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

Judge not

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many like sepulchers are foul within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow.
And many may be pure, we think not so.

How near to God the souls of such have been.
What mercy secret penitence may win.
How do we know?

How can we tell who have sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother's walked full guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah well,
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he.
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few.
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true
More do they need our help and pity, too.
Dare we condemn?

God help us all and lead us day by day.
God help us all.
We cannot walk alone
The perfect way.
Evil allures us, tempts us and we fall.
We are but human and our power is small.

Not one of us may boast and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads, but each hath need to say:
God help us all.

Not war, not famine, nor disease,
But vices insidious smile
Is the most deadly thing in the world.

Number of Miles

To Aetna	7
Saturday	7
Frid [?]	10.5
To Cardston	7
Around Aetna	9
Total	40.5

- 35 Cottage meetings
- 8 Auxiliary meetings
- 2 Public meetings
- 9 Deacons ordained
- 1 baby blessed
- 39 Testimonies of saints
- 3 Brother Smith
- 4 Brother Tagg
- 40 Miles traveled

Number of Meetings

Sunday School	3	
Mutual	5	
Primary	3	
Priesthood	4	
Relief Society	4	
Religion Class		5
Sunday School	4	
Mutual	5	
Sacrament meeting	1	
Sacrament meeting	1	
Total	35	

Testimonies Saints bore

- 2 at Sister Steele's
- 1 at Brother Bohne
- 2 at O. Goble
- 3 at Enoch Jensen
- 6 at Meeting
- 1 at M. Hansen's
- 2 at Marlow's
- 1 at Old Lady Jensen
- 1 at Jos. Ellison
- 2 at Chris Jensen

3 at Peter Skrivel
2 at John Taylor
3 at Harry Burns
3 at Ingar Jensens
1 at Sister Paul
1 at R. Jensens
1 at B. H. May
1 at Roiston Hyde
2 at John Henniger
1 at Andrew Jensen

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Friday, February 6th

William Hudson
Sister Squiver
Sister Steele

Saturday, February 7th

Woodwards
Peter Jensen
H. Bohne
O. Goble
Enoch Jensen
Hans Jensen

Sunday, February 8th

Sunday School
Meeting
Meeting

Monday

Maggie Hansen's
Roy Goble
Primary
Martons

Priesthood Meeting

Old Lady Jensen
James Jensen
Relief Society
Joseph Ellison
Chris Jensen

Wednesday

Karl Tanner
Soph Skriver
John Taylor

Thursday

Harry Burns
Ingar Jensens
Sister Walkey
Sister Paul
Hyrum Richard

Friday

C. J. Zemp
Tom Beros [sp?]
Rawleigh Jensen
B. H. May

Saturday

James Jensen
Beston Hyde
John Henniger
A. F. Jensen
Andrew Jensen

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Letter from Robert H. Tagg to Jim and Ghislaine Tagg

February 22, 1988

Dear Jim and Ghislaine,

How's you all doing? We are about as usual—the winter has been good so far and we keep well.

We are in a condition here that is the best in the world—no seniors have as much as we have for our comfort and well being as here in Alberta, especially in Cardston.

I have been 'Shanghied' to be president for our group here of forty-one people. I was first vice last two years and we had quite a bit of friction but it is better now. I don't mind—I'm learning some things.

Gary's new little girl is our 50th great grand child. Lyndon's boy Ernie is in Cleveland, Ohio and enjoying his mission. Russel is getting married 7 May (same day as ours) to a girl from Kelowna, B.C. Both at Ricks.

Sure do love you.

Grandpa and Grandma Tagg.

More about Mel

We had the horses and buggy then. After I left the hospital with Eva I drove past the Creamery and saw a Chev car that I thought may be Portineous Green's car, my neighbor who took Eva to the hospital a few days before. The THOUGHT came to me that it might be his car and he would be going home then—I disregarded the feeling and we had two hours of traveling when she could have been home in a half hour!

If I had heeded the still small voice Brother Ballard could have blessed him. I have learned somehow to listen and understand that voice—much to my chagrin.

Melvin J. Ballard was an apostle and had the opportunity to open the South American Mission. He loved to come to Cardston for conferences.

I used to sit spellbound at his marvelous way of teaching the gospel and my heart yearned for a son like him!

We already had Velma born 17 March 1924 and Dale born 21 April 1925 quite close. Mel was born 7 August 1928, so there was enough time between him and Dale.

We prayed for a son that would be like Brother Ballard. He was here for conferences and speaking at Glenwood the day I took Eva home from the hospital. I wanted Brother Ballard to bless him that evening but Eva was too tired. We lived in Glenwood at that time.

My sister's daughter had a baby girl that put out for adoption in Calgary. She found out her mother's name and she came from Cardston. She put an ad in the Cardston paper and we later on got acquainted. We have had her here several times. We both hugged her and told her we loved her—she cried and said nobody had ever told her that before.

More than likely it was Matthew Cowley that went into Jim's shop in Salt Lake and said he knew Melvin Tagg. When Mel was about to land in New Zealand there were eight boys (?) lines up on the side rail of the boat quite a way from President Cowley and could not see their features very well. He fixed eyes on Mel and said to himself, 'That's the boy for Rarotonga!!'

On the 14th of February (Valentine's day) 1932 Eva had a baby girl born at seven months old which was born dead. Eva never felt life. The birth was quite normal. The baby was fully

formed and a beautiful little doll. I asked the hospital what should be done with it. They said, "We will take care of it—no need for a burial." I said, "Can I have it?" "Yes." So I took it and had Earl Hurd, my brother-in-law, make a cute little coffin for it.

Next morning a friend of mine, Charlie Timms, and I took it to the cemetery—two miles—put it over my shoulder in a gunny sack and got a crow bar and dug enough dirt to bury her on my father's chest. It was 30° below Zero Fahrenheit. Surely we will see her and know her as ours. We named her Verna Jean.

My brother Stephen was thirty-six years old when he married a Scottish lass named Jean Smith, who was thirty-three years old. They lived in Salt Lake City. They were anxious to have a family. His patriarchal blessing said he should have a son. They had a boy and a girl, later on—both died at birth and were never registered.

Later on they had another girl which lived—Eileen—she was everything a person could expect! She married Gerald Stoddard and has four girls, a beautiful family.

A few days before Steve died at eighty-seven he was lying on the couch and a young man dressed in white stood beside him and said, "I am your son," then went and brought a lovely young lady and said, "This is my sister." They are a family!!

A lot of these kind of things will all be taken care of.

Robert H. Tagg - Notes

Grandpa Alfred Salway portrays the Savior at the tomb meeting Mary at his resurrection, in the Cardston Temple, just above the veils in the Terrestrial Room. He also portrayed the Savior meeting the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, this to the right above the doors.

He was not well at the time so he had time to spare—I have forgotten the artist's name. Maybe he will be there through the Millennium unless they get some more paintings!!

My brother Stephen was thirty-six years old when he was married and he chose a thirty-three year old Scottish girl—a lovely person. They wanted a family, so they had three children fast, the first two a boy and a girl. He was told in his patriarchal blessing he would have a son. Both were "born dead" and no record was kept. The last girl was a very beautiful child and today has a lovely family of four girls.

A day or two before he died he was lying on the couch and a lovely young man came and

stood by his side and said, “I am your son,” then went a few steps and brought a lovely young lady and said, “She is my sister,” both dressed in white. The veil is very thin.

Velma was promised in patriarchal blessing she should have names given to her in the night.

I know very little about my parents’ families—they were hard working people and [had] no time or means to do much visiting—which was normal at that time. My grandmother Tagg (Mary Knowles Baker Tagg) was born at Chilham Castle in Kent, England. Her father (James Baker) was a schoolteacher and only stayed one year and [we] could never find any trace of them.

My grandfather Tagg (Stephen Tagg) was a shoemaker by trade all of his life—his parents (Jonathon Tagg and Ann Gree) were agricultural people north of London at Bisham Berkshire.

Last time I was in London the shop my grandfather (Stephen Tagg) had was still a shoe shop, he was born in 1830.

I only knew two cousins when I was young. I met two when I was there on a mission—on my mother’s side.

My 5th great grandfather James and Jane, is as far as I can get information. The society (The Genealogy Society of Utah) in Salt Lake have tried for many miles around to no avail. I have tried for fifty years and \$2,000 to no avail—so we have to wait. On my mother’s side I have done better, to back to early 1700s.

If you can get a “Fox’s Book of Martyrs” from the library you will find a (7 generations) (George Hooper) who was a brother to John Hooper who was burned at the stake by Catholics c. 1600 as a PROTESTER. This is Eva’s line—you have that blood in your veins.

Velma has taken our genealogy over. We have done what we could. Our four generations are all up to date and work done.

More Notes and Thoughts

Suffering Sanctifies! If you will have courage and thanksgiving.

The meaning of Sanctification - toward perfection, overcoming obstacle, leading to perfecton.

The Savior overcome all obstacle - Why could he have given a just judgement if some one had suffered more than He. What kind of life would it be without opposition. We came here to learn to overcome.

The twelve apostles suffered like the Savior, because they will be judges, they all gave their lives.

Paul talks about a better resurrection by suffering he had a thorn in the flesh, "he said I die daily."

Joseph Smith D & C 122:5. "know thou my son that all these things shall give the experience and shall be for thine own good."

Job Had 100% more after his tribulation. "The lord chasteneth whom He Loveth."

How about ME - YOU

Joseph of old - sold into slavery and put in a pit, became the second in nation.

Daniel and three Hebrew children.

The Savior "learned by the things which He suffered."

Suffering is a mission - a cross to bear.

Whether in a wheel chair or being born illegitimate, or born defects etc.

Some people suffer all their lives with mental suffering, but good bodies. Many women members worry about their husbands and family.

many people suffer from their sins.

Life is OVERCOMING - continually as long as we live.

This is the purpose of life - our mission.

This is still the purpose of the Spirit world.

The spirit striving toward perfection eve if it takes one thousand years.

The Savior said about "losing your life you shall find it."

Service to others is the only way to happiness.

No battle for good goes unrewarded.

Remember Helen Keller.

Romans 8: 18 "For I reckon that the suffering of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

Memories Velma had of her parents Robert & Eva Tagg

these memories were written on the back of the pages of the transcript told March 17, 1975

One of the duties that Robert had at the hotel was to undress and put to bed the drunk people. He was small in stature, so it was hard for him to take care of the big men.

Remember the lump on his wrist? It never healed right.

I remember going to town (Cardston from Glenwood) in the wagon, covered with quilts. We would stay wrapped in the quilts while Daddy made a fire and got the house warm. Every time we came home, we would sing "home again, Home again, Jiggety jig. Home again, home again Jiggety jig."

This was in 1936. We were really happy with this house, we slept up in the attic until 3 bedrooms were added. The house was across the creek on a high bank. In the spring the creek would rise and it was exciting to watch the water rushing and burying an expansion foot bridge across the creek.

Lloyd Cahoon is the man who married John & Velma Wood.

About a rented little place 6 feet by 20 feet. I remember this little shop. Mother would fix a plate of dinner for Daddy and she or the kids would take it to him. I 've even dreamed about that little shop in the last few years.

About the shop with upstairs living quarters. I was 20 years old when all this building was going on. I left for my mission before it was finished. So I came home to a new home.

When my mother was so sick I got very homesick on my mission, and felt that I should come home and take care of her and the family but my father wouldn't hear of it. It was quite a worry for me.

About my mission. I'll always be very thankful for that \$10.00 every week. He didn't get a money order or write a check. It was always a \$10.00 bill. I did buy on new dress when all the missionaries went to Palmyra, New York for a conference.

I remember the little house. The front where the shop was, had a big window and we had a bad hail storm, stones about 2" in diameter. They broke the window. There was a crab apple tree in the backyard and we used to climb up in it and eat the crab apples.

One of the cows we had was called Pet. Whenever we took pictures she would stand right there in the background.

About Robert's new machine to sew soles. My dad was like a little boy at Christmas with his new machine to sew the soles of shoes on, instead of by hand. He used to wax the thread and poke holes thro' the leather sole and uppers and put the thread up and down and through. It was hard on the hands. Dale and Melvin did most of them but I learned how too.

I was working in the telephone office while my dad was gone for 3 months . I paid the bank note for him while he was gone.

Ponoka - the hospital in the town of Ponoka where the mental patients were.

My dad came home from his mission in 1953. We were living in Spanish Fork in a small house we rented. We went to visit Grandma and Grandpa Wood so Grandma and Grandpa Tagg could have some time alone. When we got back Grandma's face was all red from "smooching" with Grandpa. We really teased them.

I remember when he sold life insurance. He had a little car, but didn't keep it. It was after we were married before he got another car.

I remember these 3 quotes and they were impressed upon me by my father when I was young. "Wickedness never was happiness" "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" and "the Glory of God is Intelligence"

About prayers being answered. We were not suppose to take spoons outside and one day I did. I searched and searched and couldn't find it. So I went to my room and prayed, went outside and walked straight to it. Even tho I was naughty my prayers were answered.

Cathie's note: every time I went to visit Grandpa at the shoe shop, he would let me have some boondoggle to play with. I also loved the smell of the shoe shop and Grandpa saying that he was saving souls.

The Life Story of Robert H. Tagg

I was born 12 July 1898 at Earlsfield, London S. W. England to James and Kate Flint Tagg, the fifth child. My first recollection being the coronation of King Edward the seventh in 1901. The older children going to school were being presented with a coronation mug with the King and Queen on, and of course I wanted to go too, but could not. Children at that time would go to a kindergarten public school at five years old.

My father was a shoe maker all of his life, like my grandfather and uncles and Great grandfather so I was raised around a shoo shop. My parents did not belong to any church at their marriage. However, as the family came along they felt the need of some spiritual things so went to the little group close by of believers in Christ, and later joined the Salvation Army. This is where I came to remember my early years. My father had moved to a new location where two

new factories had started, but after a time closed up and business became bad, life was a real struggle. We all joined in the activities of the Salvation Army but father was not satisfied.

He used to go and collect shoes on Monday mornings and found a tract, "Is Baptism Essential?" He read it and knew it was true, but at the bottom found out it was from the Latter-day Saints or Mormons. He immediately disposed of it. They were an unsavory bunch, he wanted nothing to do with. Later two young men, Mormon Elders, came into the shop. They talked with him and appealed to him, but because of public opinion told them to stay away. The seed had been sown and it intrigued him, to the extent that he wished they would come back but could not find them. So he prayed for them to come back and they did. Now he confronted them with "I told you not to come back. Why did you?" Then he knew that his prayer had been answered.

From then on we left the Salvation Army and did not go anywhere. Father was not the gullible type. He wanted to know for sure so he proceeded to literally tear this thing apart. He went to the church of England - the Pentecostal groups held no sway - from one to the other, then to the Catholic Church which held more than any of the others, but did not satisfy. For fourteen months steady he investigated and took considerable money to go long distances to the meetings but found what he was looking for. I can remember the lovely good people of the Salvation Army remonstrating with him; there came persecution, even our own people thought that Jim had lost his reason. Business was no better so we decided to move across London to be near the mission headquarters at Deseret, South Tottenham and solicited shoes to be repaired from house to house and would bring them home to repair. He had no shop, but managed to scrimp along. Time came for Dad and my sister Gertrude to be baptized on the 16 Aug. 1908, and mother and my twin brothers James and Stephen on the 20 Aug 1908. Father worked for a man for very low wages but this man had a shop he wanted to get rid of, so he bought it from him for 3 shillings per week. It was an existence. This was at Crouch End North London, Father had desired to go all the way with the church, but felt he could not pay tithing in his poor condition. The branch president promised him if he would, he would be able, and things would be better. By this time twin girls Eva and Winnifred also a single girl Ruth had come to our home. Life was still a big struggle. Next Monday morning, after giving mother all he had for the house he started work with one half penny and no leather for shoes. Enough work came in for our dinner and from that time business got better. I had quit school a few days before my thirteenth birthday, being in the 7th Standard (grade) and worked for a grocery store.

We all took part in church regularly and I was ordained a deacon 12 Nov. 1911. We used to walk five miles to church, later on had bicycles. My brother Stephen at sixteen years old was dissatisfied with things in general and wanted to work his way across the ocean. The family next door were coming to Canada and money was found for him to go to Winnipeg with them. My brother Jim used to work with Dad in the shoe shop and we all saved our pennies. Steve left on May 1913 and Jim and I said farewell on the 26 Feb. 1914, our fares booked for Edmonton. The cost was nominal 12 pounds or \$60.00 for steerage passage, the cheapest way, aboard the S. S. Lake Manitoba, an old converted cattle boat which took thirteen days on the water. It was quite primitive. I missed the first meal at this time. I was fifteen and half years old but looked forward

to a new land and opportunities. Emigrants were supposed to have \$25.00 each on landing to tide them over for a little while, Jim and I had five dollars between us and four of those we spent for food on the four days on the train from Halifax. So we landed in Edmonton with 50cents each and we were on our own. We never knew a soul.

In the meantime Steve had left Manitoba and come to Edmonton. We soon found him at the colonist hotel (barn) very glad to be in each others company, he had a few dollars -- few--, we had dinner and then made our way to the employment office, this was the middle of March. Jim and Steve asked for jobs on a farm and to be together so did I. It was below zero and spring would not be for another month, so they got a job for their board; I came next, I asked for a job on a farm, I guess he knew by our language we were GREEN. He looked at me and said "They will kill you," I have a job for you as a bell boy. I did not know what a bell hop was, then he said you go ask Harry Solley at the Corona Hotel. Harry was an Englishman who had a cousin who had a grocery store next to where I went to school, anyway I got the job, \$12.00 per month. It was at this time 4' 8". The smallest uniforms were too large for me. Several experienced bell hops inquired after the job but seems to be held for me. I heard from some of them.

I started at four o'clock that same day and stayed there nine months, then the hotel went broke and I lost my wages but had saved my tips. Then the same day I transferred to the Royal George Hotel and the same thing happened there. This was spring of 1915. Some of my work mates had an opportunity to go to the Sanitarium Hotel at Banff so I accepted too. It was a very wet summer and tourist business was slow. Jim and Steve stayed two weeks on the farm at Edmonton then came to Cardston district, Steve to Glenwood and Jim to Kimball. Jim wrote me saying I could have a job with him for haying and harvest for \$12.00 per month, so I packed my bag and headed for farming career.

While in the hotels I was taken good care of by the rest of the help and protected. I never did take a smoke or drink. Some people could not understand that and even helped me to steer clear of the evil environment. I sensed the fact that I was on my own and had to be very careful. I thought being in a L. D. S. community would be better. I had no contact with any L. D. S. since I left home, but used to go to other churches occasionally. This was 21 July 1915 I came to Cardston.

I enjoyed the outdoor life and animals and the adventure it offered. I stayed on with Mr. H. D. Folsom on the farm till quite late in the fall. He had promised to keep me all winter but did not have much for me to do so he brought me to Cardston to work around the lumber yard that he owned. When I first came to Cardston I stayed at the Cahoon Hotel for two days waiting to go out to Kimball and got acquainted with Owen Brown the owner. He wanted to hire me in July, so when he found out I was at the lumber yard he wanted me. Mr Folsom was glad to let me go because he did not need me. I had recently frozen my toes and lead a soft life for two weeks til I could get around better. Altogether I worked there four winters and two summers.

This was good for me because I was in good surroundings. Most of the time I received \$35.00 a month and board and room and was on duty most of the time. I did everything from

shoveling a ton of coal a day on cold days to decorating rooms etc. In 1959 a company was formed and bought the hotel and paid out \$700.00 per month for the same work I did at \$35.00 and board because of the three eight hour shifts. On arriving in Cardston I had somewhat changed my stature. I had grown fifteen inches in fifteen months so my brother's would hardly know me. I also had accumulated \$75.00 for which I bought a horse and together with my brothers we were in the business of farming. We were granted an eighty acre farm of new land on crop payments. We soon got around us outfits of horses and machinery and did a lot of custom work for other farmers. We were happy under the existing conditions and gathered considerable character building qualities for which I have been grateful. We really did start from "Scratch." Besides gathering around us implements to work with, the three of us were able to get enough money to get our folks from England. This was Sept. 1916. My three sisters and father and mother, Eva and Winnie were twelve and Ruth was seven. They joined us on our farm 20 miles N. W. of Cardston.

In the fall of 1920 the Alfred Salway family came to Cardston from England. Their oldest daughter Eva worked in John Ibey's grocery store. That fall I was persuaded to leave the farm and come back to the Hotel. The next Sunday at Sunday school I sat next to Eva and later on sought her companionship. We were married 7 May 1923 by President Edward J. Wood at the Salway home. I stayed to work at the Hotel that winter and back to the farm, so when we were married we had a place of our own.

This business of accumulating this worlds goods and keeping even as well as raising a family was quite a challenge. I used to repair shoes two half days a week in the hardware store in Glenwood and getting nicely started when the store burned to the ground and all of my tools. I came to Cardston looking for a sewing machine and decided to cast my lot in the shoe repair business in Carleton. This was May 1929. We had three children Velma 5, Dale 4, and Melvin 9 months old. Our assets were a lot less than our liabilities but we got started. Then the fall of 1929 a major depression which lasted until 1936 and was general all over the land. I could fill a few pages but maybe you would not believe them (some of them).

We worked and stewed and finally things began to get better, we learned a lot of life's lessons and passed the exams fairly well. In the spring of 1936 I decided that for me to be remembered by my children we should have a home of our own. We could hardly pay six dollars a month rent. The town gave me a lot and I run my race for \$12.50 per month for 8 months for \$100.00 worth of lumber and a friend who had a large family who was a carpenter put up our home (shack) for shoe repairs. We kept improving it, till we were proud of it. The summer of 1915 we sold our home and built a shop with living quarters over it. By this time we had seven children, Barbara born 25 Mar 1932, Howard born 30 Dec. 1937, Lyndon 5 June 1942, and Carol 27 Jan 1945.

In Glenwood we all attended church regularly but no responsibilities other than ward teaching, but as soon as we moved to Cardston I was asked to be scout master and also teach 10 - 12 year olds in Sunday school and have been teaching most of the time till the present. From Jan 14, 1943. I was called on a short term mission to Regina in the newly formed west Canadian

Mission for three months and our eldest son Dale being only eighteen at the time took care of the shoe shop. For six years I worked at stake missionary and temple Guide and seven years as a ward clerk. Also two years as temple officiator. I was counselor in the First Elders Quorum for two years and president for three years. I have been in the executive in all of the auxiliaries and genealogical committees.

Jan 29, 1952 I sailed from New York on SS Queen Mary and filled a two year mission to Great Britain. I visited relatives for one month and saw places of interest and returned on the SS United States. My wife met me at Salt Lake City and with my brother Steve and wife Jean we went to California also visited Manti, St George, Arizona Temples also saw the Los Angeles which was only half finished. We attended general conference in Salt Lake City and on the way home attended Logan and Idaho Falls Temples. As soon as I got home, went back to repairing shoes and was called to be a counselor in the Stake mission presidency for three years and in November conference 1957 was called to preside over the stake mission which I did till May 1962. Then Dec. 8 1962 was called again to be Temple officiator. Our church service has been a great blessing to us to take the trials of life with faith and courage. Our children have all been active in the church and all five that are married have been to the temple to be sealed to each other which bring a lot of satisfaction to us. Our two sons in law have both been bishops counselors. Our four sons have filled missions also Velma, and Barbara was twice stake missionary. Melvin has a Ph. D. in education. Howard a B.A. in Education and Lyndon second year in education, and Carol is freshman in education. We are proud of our missionary service, I have served 14 years' on Stake and two years and three months foreign. Eva 6 years of stake, Dale two years foreign, Velma 1 ½ years, Melvin two years nine months foreign, Howard two years foreign, Lyndon two years foreign making a total of over 36 years' representing 11 different foreign missions. Up till now 22 Nov 1963 we have 20 Grand children 12 grandsons and 8 grand daughters.