

The Autobiography of Ruth Tagg Caley

Born 1907
To
March 23 2000

Tonight as I sit here I'm thinking what a dull, world this would be if we couldn't live again in our memories of our childhood, and of days that used to be.

My Life in England



*Part of James & Kate Tagg's family 1913
London, England
Front: Ruth, James, Kate
Back: Winnifred, Gertrude, James, Florence,
Eva*

I was born in the year 1907 to James Tagg and Kate Flint Tagg, in the county of Surrey near London, England. My parents had nine children. I was next to the youngest. My father was a short built man rather slender and wore a mustache. My mother also small in stature and as busy as a bee, humming and singing and playing jokes on people.

Father was in the shoe business. His parents before him, also his brothers and uncles were shoe makers, not only repaired shoes but my father could take a straight piece of leather and make shoes that wouldn't wear out. He made several pair that I can remember.

He came from a well to do family but he got cheated out of his share. He worked up a good business of his own and always had to have hired help. My brothers grew up in the shoe shop helping all they could after school. The girls also did their part in the lighter jobs. In those days machines were scarce and sometimes father would have a rush, so he asked us to take a load to the factory to get the heavy parts done, then he would finish them up by hand. I've seen him

sew on soles with wax thread and two awls. I watched him make his own wax thread etc. He used to heat irons and put warm wax around the edge of soles to put the last touch of finish on them. He worked hard from day light till after dark, year in and year out, never stopping to eat his meals properly. Mother used to take his meals into him on a tray so he wouldn't have to leave the shop. Father was beginning to look rather pale and worn out with the every day labor. One day a man came into the shop and they got acquainted, he too was in the same category. They talked things over, and father said he would like to take a trip to Victoria British Columbia and look things over. Just a passing thought you know. We can all dream. So the two men decided if they could sell out, they would like to go to Victoria B. C. Western Canada, and later send for their families, of course it might be some time before they could sell out.

A Prophecy Came True By A Servant of the Lord

One Sunday at church the president of the branch went up and shook hands with my father and asked him how he was, and how was business? Father told him he had plenty of work but needed more strength to keep going and mentioned his plans to leave England and go to B. C. Canada. The president put his hand on father's shoulder and said "Brother Tagg the time has not come yet for you to leave England. Your sons shall go out first and make a home for you in later years." My father thought that was strange, his plans were made, what could possibly change them. About two weeks later a letter came in the mail from father's friend to say he had been in an accident and badly crushed his foot, and it put off all prospects of leaving England.

God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. The president of the branch had been shown or told by a higher power that the time had not come for father to leave his native land. We attended church regularly. There was a lady in our branch, a good faithful person who lived close to the Lord and had a wonderful personality. She told my brother Stephen that the next time she saw him, would be in Salt Lake City, Utah (I met her in 1928, Ruth. He was only a young lad about 16 years and had no intentions of going anywhere. But the months passed by and father worked on in the shoe shop with help of his young sons. Three of them big enough to give him a helping hand. Steven and James were twins. Robert was still younger.

One day Stephen heard one of the neighbors talking about going to Canada. He was at a restless age and wanted adventure. He asked father if he could go to Canada with the neighbors and mentioned about a harvest ticket, something on order of going out and working during harvest and many returned home after. Father said it would be better to get a permit to stay in case he decided he didn't want to come back. In the long run it would save extra expense and worry of passports etc. Steve might like it and want to stay.

They decided to let him go, and asked the neighbors to keep watch over him on the journey. Steve only saw them twice during the whole voyage (landing at Halifax). They stopped their journey at Winnipeg, Manitoba and Steve kept on going west as far as Alberta, Canada. There he got a job in the harvest fields and had his board and room with those he worked for, (\$10 a month). Here we will leave Steve for awhile and talk about my oldest sister Florence, as those two were the first to leave the family circle.

Flo as we called her, had been working in people's homes after she got out of school. Many boys and girls get through school at fourteen years of age, then are trained in some vocation. The boys work for the same company for six or seven years and by that time have a written agreement that they are capable of running the business or qualified to handle certain jobs such as printing, engineering or otherwise. The girls were put into ladies homes to learn how to manage a home, of course they were paid for their work, but usually the mothers waited for their pay checks.

After Flo left her last home (Mrs. Gills) she used to cook for, the elders of the church at our branch called "Deseret." Another young woman helped her by the name of Ida Binder. Flo was asked if she wanted to go to Independence, Mo., USA and cook for the elders there. She accepted and got her ticket for the next ship to sail, and was packing her trunk. I sat on the floor by her side and watched her. She used to tease me so, I said "tomorrow you will be gone, and I'm glad. Good riddance, to bad rubbish, and I hope (Polly) as I called her sometimes, that I never, never, never, see you again." Well my word! What a child I was. Do you know I never saw her again until I was seventeen and often wished I could have done. Flo got her trunk packed and ready to go when she was told the job was spoken for. They had another person for the job. You couldn't discourage Flo, she said "well, I'll go anyway, I'll not back out now, but find another job." She found out the one who got the job was Ida Binder, the girl who worked with her. So Flo sailed to America, destination Independence, Mo.

Months went by and Gertrude, the next girl younger, wanted to leave England and join her sister in Independence. Later Flo got married to Jacob Schleich a widower with three living children [Jac had also two dead children]. Gertrude got a job in a private home.

Each of us has a different story to tell. Now I shall relate mine in the following pages. We shall leave Flo, Gertrude, Steve, for a few years. Before I start on my story I should mention brothers Jim and Robert who left England after the girls. Jim and Bob as we called them traveled to Canada together, so now there were only Winifred, Eva (twins) and myself at home with Mother and Dad.

The first thing I can remember was, I was about three years old and mother had a huge buggy. I used to ride in it with my little brother Raymond Eugene. This buggy, called a pram, was later used in the family to take shoes to the factory. Ray used to play on the floor and it was my job to pick up the toys after him and put them in a box. I pulled the box across the floor and put it away. By the time my mother had her ninth child she was just about exhausted under the strain of rearing children including two pair of twins. Steve and Jim, twins then Bob, then the twin girls Winifred and Eva. The oldest down to the youngest are Flo, Gertie, Jim, Steve, Bob, Eva, Winifred, Ruth, Ray. The two sets of twins came about in the middle of the family.

I remember January 1911 we had the whooping cough. Ray got it pretty bad and mother told me to hang on to her skirt and she wrapped Ray up in a wool shawl and hurried down the street to the doctor's. He told her Ray had pneumonia with whooping cough and said "take him home and give him a hot mustard bath." Mother had to hurry home out of the cold air, with me

dragging behind her. Ray was choking. Soon after Ray died (On mothers lap). Mother wasn't very strong or big and Ray's death had great after effects on my mother. They placed him in a little casket with a little bunch of violets on his chest. Violets were my mother's favorite flower.

They couldn't take me to the funeral because I had the whooping cough, so they left me next door with the neighbors who had a laundry. I remember the black hearse drawn by spry horses with black plumes on their heads. During the funeral, a wreath was hung on our front door which was customary for a funeral, and the window shades were down. I was next door watching the people iron and I had with me a tiny play sauce pan and wanted them to make me a suet pudding. They laughed and told me it was too small. I should have to pretend I had one. I was told later that several other persons were laid to rest in the same grave as Ray, as that was the custom in those days. London, was a crowded place to live. Some of the dead were buried in church yards and green ivy climbed over the walls and churches.

It must have been that same year, I remember I saw the King and Queen of England. It was the coronation and they had a big parade. I was held up by one of the neighbor ladies so I could see over the crowd but I got too heavy for her. They came on our street so we didn't have to walk far to see them. Little drinking mugs were sold on the street with colored pictures of the King and Queen. We were able to get one each. We lived in Pymms Park district then. The park was about half a block from our house. We didn't own our home, we moved around occasionally. I well remember the girl next door and her bad behavior, she was hard to manage, and she bored a hole through her bedroom wall into ours so she could talk to my sisters at night after she was sent to bed. She hung a picture over it so her mother wouldn't see it. One evening she stayed in the park too long got locked in, she climbed over the iron fence and hurt her side on one of the spikes.

I remember having my picture taken. I stood at the door holding a sweet pea in my hand. I wore lace on the bottom of my pants about four inches wide. My mother was watching out of the window. When the picture was developed you could see mother in the window. It was really a scream. Another thing I remember about this place was I had a little girl friend who lived next door, and while my mother was out the front of the house talking to her mother I went out the back door and pulled a board off the high board fence and got my girl friend over in our back yard and said, "Our mothers sure have the gift of gab." That incident I well remember.

(I was told that my mother was very attentive to the gospel at first and she wrote in Flo's bible. "Stay faithful to the church. Your mother." The bible was given to Flo when she was 8 years old and was baptized into the Mormon church. Our neighbor Dotty changed my mother's mind. Not the rest of us.)

I was told that my parents belonged to the Salvation Army and I was one year old when they joined the Mormon Church. Mother was not fully converted at heart. We had a neighbor who lived across the street at one place we lived, she liked to have mother go over to her house, and have a cup of tea. While they sipped their tea and ate cakes, "Dotty," as mother called her, would always bring up the subject of the Mormons and their extra wives. Dotty was a large

woman and often wore a dotted dress which added to my mother's humorous nature of calling her friend Dotty. Dotty was like dynamite, she was the cause of our troubles I learned later. She told my mother that there wasn't a man in the Mormon Church who didn't have two wives, and for mother to keep her eyes open, then she would find out for herself. The Mormons were a bad lot of people and she wouldn't trust any of them. My mother let those ideas go to her head, she never forgot the things that Dotty drilled into her until her dying day. With the death of my brother Ray, and the preaching of Dotty, mother's mind was in a whirl.

I remember the black stocking caps mother put on us to wear after a death in the family. People wore black for about six months. The twin girls and myself wore those black caps for a long time. The girls at school pulled the girls caps off their heads and threw them in the thistle and stinging nettle patch. Mother always wore black except on Sunday when she wore a large white apron over all. She used to wear leg of mutton sleeves, they were full from the shoulder to the elbow then skin tight on down to the wrist, mother seldom went to Sunday School, she stayed home and cooked dinner for the rest of us while we attended church. But did go to the evening meetings.

Our Sunday dinner seldom varied, it consisted of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, gravy, boiled cabbage, and mother's home made fruit tarts or coconut cake. Father would pick up the carving knife and sharpen it and say who gets the first cut? We would all exclaim, "I do' I do!" and he would say "I'm sorry but the knife gets the first cut." I was a happy child in those days especially when we had company come in. Sometimes they would bring a sack of chocolates and put them in a dish in the center of the table. I was not allowed to touch them until after I had finished my plate of dinner. (Dodman was the church caretaker and Aunt Flo's friend). After dinner was over and the dishes done up, it was time to go to church again. I think one reason mother liked the night meeting she liked the hymns the choir sang. She also was jealous and suspicious of father, and remembered Dotty's words. One evening at church the secretary came up to my father and wanted information for the church records. Mother, seeing this walked up and slapped her face, thinking father had a case on her. My father was a perfect gentleman and was never in love with any other woman in his whole life. We were now living in North London at this time.

My mother was a good mother. She was neat and clean, taught her children the ways of the Lord. She taught me how to pray, she taught us to keep the Sabbath day Holy. We had to shine our shoes on Saturday. Everyone has their weaknesses, my mother had hers, but I did not ever show any disrespect for her. I loved the good things she did for us. Saturday was a busy day in our house. We scrubbed the chairs, polished the door knobs and silverware, cleaned windows. Mother always made us work according to our age and size. Wiping dishes was one of my jobs, and setting the table, even if mother knew at lunch time she wouldn't be home at 4 p.m. she would tell me, "Remember Ruthie, I want you to lay the cloth at tea time, I won't be home, but I want it ready by 4 p.m." When mother came home at 4:30 p.m. the table was ready.

I can't remember any of us getting a spanking, we were made to mind without the spank. On Saturdays after our work was done we were put into the tub and got our hair washed and put

up for Sunday (in rags). We used to stay alone in the evening while mother and father went shopping for groceries for Sunday. On arising on Sunday morning we would find a bag of sweets under our pillows, but were not allowed to eat candy until after breakfast was over. As we got older we decided we would rather have an allowance, then we could buy the kind of candy we liked best. Our allowance was a half-penny (h'a penney, about 1c in American money). We could get a lot for that in those days. We were not allowed to spend money on Sunday or play rough.

Easter time was a lovely time of the year, when every living thing looked so fresh and alive, the buds on the trees, and the new green grass, and the honey suckle was so sweet smelling and the song of the birds in the high branches of the trees. All the stores would be closed on Good Friday, and Easter Monday. Father gave us money to take with us when he took us to Hampstead Heath, (a summer resort). They had every thing out there. One of the things they had was coconuts. They sold them by the thousands. A young boy sold my father some real cheap and father got suspicious of him so he watched the boy go for more. He was stealing them. Father went after him and made him give his money back and return the coconuts to the owner. I loved those green hills of Hampstead Heath where we romped all day and came home exhausted.

Every Thursday my father closed up the shop for half a day. Every store had half day holiday. While my sisters were in school, father took me out sometimes to see his brothers or sisters or to the countryside. There I picked daisies, buttercups, clover until my arms were full. Then we went to a cottage and ordered lunch and ate under the trees on picnic tables. The chickens came up and waited for their share and it tickled me.

Then we would move on after lunch and go and see some cows in the pasture who raised their heads and mooed at us. I remember when I turned five years old, mother took me sometimes to see her mother or her sisters. One of her sisters spent a lot of time in bed as she was not well. One time she said "did you bring the baby with you this time?" I was hiding behind mother's skirt, but spoke up sharply. "I'm not the baby, I'm five years old now and don't like to be called the baby or Ruthie and I can say my prayers all by myself without mother listening to me too."

I started school at five years in kindergarten. After the first grade the boys and girls were separated. The boys school was next door behind a stone wall. They were taught carpentry work and other trades useful to boys. The girls were taught cooking, sewing, knitting and of course both boys and girls were taught the 3 R's. In our class we were taught to sew a hem and each stitch had to be perfect with the last one. We made small things like draw string bags, hemming handkerchiefs etc. Each morning in our class room, the lady principal would come in and we had to go under inspection, shined shoes, clean ears, clean hair, clean hands and nails. Sometimes someone got sent home to clean up. If we were late we had a paper pinned on our back with big letters L-A-T-E and wore it all day long. I got it on me once but it didn't bother me any (I could see it).

In some of the schools they had to wear uniforms, a blue jumper and red blouse. The uniforms were worn so the poor and rich were dressed alike. On the way to school we had to cross a wide street with lots of traffic. There was an island in the center of the street with a clock tower and water fountains on all four sides with animal heads and the drinking water flowed out of the mouths of the iron animals. The clock struck off the time of day and night in all kinds of weather. I liked the English school very much because I learned a lot in a little time. They didn't call them grades, they called them standards, or forms.

It was in the year of 1914 that World War One broke out. I can remember many mothers shedding tears, and we children wondered how the mothers of some of our play mates would get along. There was Lillian who lived upstairs, she had one brother. Their mother had been a widow for years. When she got upset or nervous she would go to her husband's grave and sit and smoke cigarettes and darn socks. She worked everyday and was poor.

One day she cooked a rice pudding for the evening meal and was all she had in the house to eat. Her son ate all the pudding, when he came home from school. The growing boy was hungry. Cathy's mother was also a widow, with little income. There was Gladys White who lived four houses away. She was fourteen and retarded and later they had to send her to a special school. But all the neighbor children seemed to like her.

We all played hop scotch, and jump the rope. We lived in the big house those days, it was three stories high, sometimes we sub rented. The house was not ours, but we were there a long time. The war got pretty bad over head in London. Food was rationed, we had to get up and out every morning and get in line for bread. Tea, sugar and milk were rationed, and many other things. Before the war the baker's cart used to come down the street and the man would shout his wares, as he pushed his two wheel cart. An old woman hollered out cat's meat, 3 pieces, for everybody had cats. Sometimes my father used to send me on errands for supplies for shoe repairs. Perhaps something he ran out of, or special pieces of leather.

I would go on the play scooter and could travel real fast on it. Boys and girls rode scooters those days. The scooter was not mine but I used it often. It belonged to the twin girls, they got it for their birthday, it cost four shillings and six pence (about one dollar and a quarter). It was a good one, sturdy with iron wheels. I remember when they first got it, mother let me take it, but I had to scrub the handle bars before the girls came home because they fussed over me using their things.

One day I went for leather and father told me not to loiter along the way and come home as soon as possible. I was gone such a long time that he wondered what had happened to me. When I got home he asked me where I had been. I told him there was a regiment of soldiers marching and I couldn't get across the street, they were in uniform. Nobody could ever cut through those lines of soldiers. After that I saw many regiments on the march and sometimes they would be at ease and sit on the curb to rest. You couldn't move for soldiers. We thought it lucky if we found a button off of some uniform and used them as a lucky charm, like some people do a rabbits foot. On Saturdays we helped our parents with light jobs, like taking shoes to

the factory in mother's big baby buggy. 15 or 20 pairs we would push and sometimes on the way home I'd get tired and ask to ride. Another job was to clean out father's window in the shop. He asked the twins but they didn't want to do it. So I said "I would." I didn't like the work part, but liked to sit on the three steps and watch people go by. Of course, I had to move everything out, and dust and put back every tin of polish, and the wooden feet, and arch supports, etc.

I would find a bright new penny. They were as big as a fifty cent piece, only copper. I asked who it belonged to and father would say "it's yours" for working. He was a swell father and I loved him very much. He had ways of rewarding those who were willing to help. We got a big penny when we delivered shoes too. I used to hide myself in the large rolls of leather that stood high in the shop and boo at the customers as they came in, also liked to hide under the counter. I don't know how my pa ever put up with me. I suppose I was just an ordinary child, like any other. I used to like to be with my father more so than my mother. When I think of all the things he went through, my heart aches for him now. It brings back memories of his unselfish good nature. During the war time we used to see big balloons up in the sky. I was told they were a signal to the people that there would be an air raid that same night. London, was used to black outs and air raids. My sisters got to see quite a few. I asked them to please wake me up next time there was one, they promised me they would do so. It was not long after, my request was granted. The night they woke me up, it was all ready pitch black. They shook me vigorously and said hurry, hurry, pulling me and helping me, we held on to each other as we stumbled to the front door. Stepping on each others shoe laces and scattering the throw rugs in every direction. When I reached the front door I looked to the right and left of me, I saw people standing in their door ways and out on the street in their night gowns and pajamas. Some were sobbing and some wanted to hide in their basements.

The police were parading up and down telling men to put out their cigarettes, as no lights whatever were allowed during air raids. Where we lived we had the protection of a cannon in the parks. They had strong search lights to search out the enemy and a soldier in uniform was on duty both night and day. We were not allowed to speak to them and if we did they would not answer. At night the search lights would cross each other in the sky, in search of zeppelins (a rigid airship consisting of a cylindrical trussed and covered frame supported by internal gas cells; broadly : AIRSHIP.) They held about 40 men.

I saw a zep brought down that night. It was blazing, I should not say this, but the color of fire on silver zep was beautiful like fire works on the fourth of July. How awful now when I think of it, and how many lives were lost that night. The next day the newspapers were full of the event and disaster. A German's hand was found on the street with a ring on his finger. Many more pieces of human bodies of the Germans were found scattered over the streets of London near where we lived. A young mother left her baby asleep in it's crib and asked the neighbor to look in at it while they went to a dance or show. When she returned the side of the house had been bombed. The child was ok. Our young friends asked us if we were afraid. I remember telling them no, because my father said, "What ever happens don't get frightened because your father in heaven watches over you." All of you make the best of what turns up. It was during the

time from 1914 to 1916 my father had his teeth pulled and he hemorrhaged so bad that the doctor put him to bed with cotton in his mouth. I was too young to realize the danger.

Eva was the great concern of my father at this time and the doctor used to come often. One time father got the elders of the church to come and administer to her. Father wrapped Eva up in a blanket and carried her down two flights of stairs, and built a fire in the fireplace and sat her in an easy chair. The doctor came and found her bed empty and told father he was not surprised to see her gone. He thought she had died. Father took the doctor down stairs and there she was by the fireplace.

Mother weak in body and disturbed in mind, said she thought she would leave him. (Poor father) But it never happened. My sister came home from her work and took over the household duties for awhile to let mother rest up. Mother was a refined woman and worked very hard, always clean and scrubbing the home.

I can now place myself in her shoes with a large family to care for and think about, some of them over seas. Father ill, war time. Father got better and went on with his work again. My sister Eva was not strong, she had several bad spells of pneumonia, and asthma. Sometimes, she couldn't lie down so father made her a small stool for her to lean over on. She said she could breathe better that way. I remember one time, I couldn't get out of the room fast enough when I head the doctor coming up the stairs. So I crawled under the bed with Winnie and almost sneezed. They told us we were not to stay in her room too long or bother her. Eva knew I was under there and was smiling her best, but not because she felt good.

The doctor thought she must be improving to be able to almost laugh. When Eva did improve, father hired a bath chair, a woven lounge chair long enough for a person to lie down in, if need be. It had 2 large wheels on back and one smaller one on front with a guiding rod and handles on back to push it. Father took us all out in the country air. I would ask him if I could sit at her feet for a ride when I got tired.

The thought came up again in father's mind about leaving England. The doctor said if we ever thought of taking Eva out of England she wouldn't live long, maybe have to be buried at sea. Mother said father would never take the girls over seas, she would stop him. One day I was at the table eating pudding and poured milk in the middle and put the pudding around the edge of my dish. Mother that is Great Salt Lake and the pudding is a wall around it. Do you think that daddy will ever see Salt Lake, the elders talk about? Mother was furious, I know, get on with your dinner she said. We had the three boys in Canada and two oldest girls in Independence, Mo. USA, but mother had no intention of ever leaving her native land. She told father that.

He was just as determined to leave as she was to stay (later he sold the business for 5 dollars) any way he prepared to leave as soon as he could. Mother went to a lawyer and asked for help to keep her last three girls with her. He took each one separate and talked to us. We all said the same thing. We wanted to leave England and join the rest of the family. Father got the tickets to sail to Canada. It was October 1916. Mother wouldn't cooperate with him. One day

on the way to school she said "I'll walk with you as I'm going that way." When we got to the bus stop she pushed us all on the bus and we rebelled against missing school. We got on a train after that, and she took us to her mother's place. When night came she went home and left us there. We couldn't all stay at Grandma's place as she only had one room upstairs. She took us to a friend of hers, but my two sisters were afraid of her and wouldn't stay, so I was the one who stayed with the old lady. (She had a fire place in the room.)

She was kind to me and I sat by her while she sewed on the sewing machine, I threaded her needles for her. She let me sleep in her bed with her and when she came in the room she said, "Don't be afraid of the noise as my husband is a shoe maker and works till late." "I hope the hammering doesn't keep you awake. It's too bad your father is so mean to you." I put her straight on that and I told her "my father will soon be after us and he'll find us, wait and he'll find us, wait and see." I also told her that my father was a shoe maker and I was used to the hammering as our bedroom was next to his shop. In the day time my sisters would come and take me to a park and swing and teeter but I never did like to teeter, I liked the swings best.

Three or four days went by and I was waiting for my father to come. I knew he would find us. One day we were out to the park when we saw our father coming towards us, we all ran to meet him. Mother was with him. He had followed her from home to Grandma's. When they got there, Grandma said 'I guess you have come for the girls? They are in the park.' He didn't know we were in her care and if she hadn't of spoken when she did or said we were, there we may have still been in England. It was an answer to father's prayer. He had been praying he would find us as he had our tickets to sail and the ship was to leave very soon. We all went home and mother never spoke a word. He warned us to not go on errands for other people as we may run into traps and to be alert as mother may try something else, which she did.

She hid all our clothes, thinking that would stop us. She told us Canada was a place where a lot of Mormons lived and another thing, how did we know if we would ever reach there, as she had heard of fathers deserting their children and leaving them on the way etc., etc., to get rid of them. The following days we went back to school and on Thursday I came home and my father met me at the shop door, he said "don't go inside, stay out and play, go on the other side of the street until I tell you different." I did not ask why as we were told to obey our parents. I crossed over the street, I had in my hands a small toy chest of drawers, with a tiny doll hair brush in it and was thinking what a nice toy it was, when along came father and the twin girls. They were hurrying along and the boy who lived upstairs, Roy Jackson was with them, they were carrying our winter coats and about two suit cases. Father said to me throw that toy in the gutter. I said "I want it, I am so proud of it daddy, I took it to school today to show the teacher." I had to throw it away and carry my own coat. It was Thursday evening and the time of week we always had our hot fish and chip supper. We took the bus after we walked through Finsberry Park and kept going until we got to Graves End. I never had a chance to say goodbye to my mother and was told she fainted as the rest of the family left the house.

We went to stay at some friends of my father's near the ocean. Father thought the ship had gone without us, but on account of the war, the ship delayed its time. We had about two or

three days to wait. During that time we saw another air raid and father got his eye hurt on an iron fence, on his way to his hotel. His friends didn't have room for all of us to sleep. The next morning everyone was trying to help father by bathing his sore eye and putting beef steak on it. It was pretty bad and we wondered about it, if he would lose his sight. Father was pretty well shaken up. The lady of that home took our clothes and washed them for use as we didn't have a change of clean clothes.

We left home in the clothes we stood up in. Father had thrown in a few shoe tools to fix his own family's shoes. He said once he got out of the shoe shop he planned never to go into business again. It was the beginning of a new week, we walked to the docks with what little luggage we had. We watched the big ship coming closer towards us or it was we got closer to the ship as it waited at a distance, I exclaimed "Oooo! Daddy how are we little people going to get on that big ship?" It looked like a huge mountain to me. I soon found out a ferry boat would take us out to it. The name of the ship was the "Arsonia." A gang plank was lowered to the ferry boat, we bade farewell to our good friends and thanked them for their hospitality. Our ship began to blow its whistle and move, and we waved as far as we could see them until the shores were out of sight. My thoughts turned back home and I wondered what my mother was doing and hoped she wouldn't forget to feed my cat.

After we got on board ship we were assigned or chose our places at the table, we were not allowed to change after that. My two sisters sat by girls of their own age, while I sat by my father. About three days after we got started we had to drop anchor and stop the ship on account of enemy mines in the ocean. There were enemy submarines also hidden out there waiting their chance to destroy. The One above takes care of us and we felt we would get through alright.

While the ship was at a stand still we had to go through a lot of red tape procedure. Every one had to show their vaccination if you could or didn't have it, the doctor had his needle ready for you. Father had taken care of that before we left. I remember real well and how sore my four marks had been and swollen up till I had to cut my sleeves.

There were a lot of questions, father knew there would be. I know he felt uneasy with that black eye that he got in the air raid. I knew he walked by faith and used to pray a lot. It was a great responsibility traveling with three lively girls and no mother. He had a hard time keeping track of us as we darted about the ship. The twins were thirteen years old and I was nine. We were carefree and didn't realize responsibility. We had fun, made friends easily, played hide and seek in the empty cabins. We had a sailor make us a swing down stairs where there was plenty of room and we found some old margarine and smeared it all over the floor until it was slick as glass. We would hold the swing and slide. We traveled third class rate but believe me we had all the advantages of first class. We attended Sunday School and concerts up on first class deck, and we had lovely balanced meals.

There was an old man who sat by me who sure liked jam. One time the ocean got pretty rough and the dishes slid down the table. When the old man looked for the jam it had slid down the other end of the table. We thought several times the waves would come in the port holes and

somebody got up and shut them. We used to go to the kitchen and watch them. We asked how they made bread. One man said we mix it in that trough with our feet. We sure laughed. They would give us a large bowl of jello and tell us to go to the tables and sit and eat it. I think mostly to get rid of us. We always went to the kitchen every afternoon and told them we were hungry. We didn't have time to get hungry, as they served 3 good meals a day, also after 7:30 p.m. they had cheese and sea biscuits on the table.

Those sea biscuits were sure hard to eat. In the mornings they served prunes or other fruit, one woman complained they didn't give her enough in her dish. They said you are lucky as they have laxative in them. Sometimes they put medicine in the food for sea sickness. I was sea sick only three times and each time my nose bled. They had to call a doctor and by the time they found him I was OK but he was feeling at his best with his drinking.

The sensation of the ship made me feel the ceiling was coming down to mash me to the floor, then the floor seemed to rise to the ceiling. Eva stood the ocean voyage very well considering she had not been up out of bed very long. She kept well after that and never did have another bad spell that I can remember. There was only one thing I didn't like about third class, that was no bath tub. I asked the big fat captain if there was a tub. He said as he licked his fingers after putting it on my face, "you taste fresh and sweet to me, but if you insist on having a bath you will have to use the laundry tub." I remember my sisters helped me. One of them held a large towel up to hide me, while the other one did the scrubbing down. Our cabin consisted of four single beds, two on each side of the cabin, one above the other, with a wash basin in the middle of the wall, there was a space above the top bunk bed about eighteen inches between two cabins and one electricity light for two families.

There were other children on the ship and we really had a gay old time for two weeks. We saw nothing but ocean, sea gulls, waves and sky. The waves soaked the deck and they tied a rope across one side to keep people away. We saw sharks, and through binoculars we saw icebergs and polar bears. We played shuffle board on deck, and watched the sailors make rope. One day my father found a sailor walking up and down the deck with my sister Winnie, he soon put a stop to that. My sisters were still innocent and were never allowed to associate, or go with boys as we had been in segregated schools. In those days a young girl was chaperoned until she was of age about 20 years or 21.

Our two weeks came to a close only too quickly. We had made new friends and now we must leave them. We landed at St. Johns, Halifax Eastern Canada. We bade good-by to everybody on board and the big fat caption said "some day we may meet again, who knows."

We still had five days of traveling to do before we reached our destination. Coming off the ship we felt wobbly legs. We were taken down the Lawrence River in a small boat to Quebec, and down to Montreal. We had time in Montreal to look around before our train was due.

It had snowed and the snow was deep, the air was fresh and cold. I had never seen as much snow in one storm before. I didn't like it, you may be sure. I noticed a lot of the people had dark skin and hair. Father said they were the French Canadians and spoke French. My father took us shopping for a few things he needed, such as can opener, tin folding cups, bread, etc. He made us some hot chocolate in our hotel room and I thought it would burn me so I dropped it. It splashed all over us. Father was out of patience with me I know, but he kept quiet and didn't say anything.

My Life in Western Canada

We traveled eastward through the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and over to Alberta, on to Lethbridge and last stop to Cardston, a small town. At last we reached our destination after five long days of traveling on the train. We all took a deep breath of relief. I know now, my father was thanking God in his heart for our safe journey. We all stepped off the train. A few moments later a tall young man came up to us and said there was a bus ready to take us to the hotel. The bus was drawn by horses and bounced us on our way.

I pulled on my father's coat tail, and said "who is that man?" That's all I heard him say in between times was Gee-Whiz! and I wondered what that meant. I soon found out that Gee-Whiz! man was my own brother Bob, who I had not seen for a long time. Bob was younger than Steve and Jim (twins), and older than the twin girls. Bob had left England with Jim a few years after Steve had gone to Canada.

I was so happy, I shook with joy knowing I could see brother Bob again. The change of climate had made a big change in Bob. Now he was tall, spoke different. We must have looked strange to him as he looked us over. We were so short, and had an accent or was it Bob who had an accent? I must have been a funny looking little girl with long hair down my back and glasses. Bob was a bellhop in the Cahoon Hotel so we had free rooms for a day or two.

One of the girls in the café knew Bob and offered to help us by making we girls some dresses. She was only about nineteen years old herself. So father and Bob went shopping for cloth, it was black and white check and they got red bias tape for trim. Inez Picture got busy at the sewing machine and made two dresses alike for the twin girls. I didn't get mine as time was short. I'll never forget those dresses as I fell heir to them later on. I had to wear hand-me-downs and they came by twos.

In England all the girls wore long hair, but now we were in Canada and they wore short hair. Inez decided we should have our hair cut so off we went to the barber shop. Yes, strange things were happening these days. We stayed in the hotel for three or four days. One day a big man came and talked to Bob. I looked up at him, he looked so big, I felt at that moment like little orphan Annie standing near Punjab. The stranger man was named Sandford Dudley. He told Bob he had come for us and would be back for us in half an hour. He took father and we three girls in his wagon of coal and lumber. He had brought to town a load of wheat, and had

unloaded it at the grain elevator to be milled in to flour which he would pick up on his next trip to town.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, we started on our journey of about twenty five miles to the country. The horses had to walk most of the way as the load of coal and lumber was heavy. We had to sit on the lumps of coal or stand up which we did a little of both. It was dusk when we pulled to a stop. Sandford said, "all of you hide in the bottom of the wagon and don't speak." We wondered what for, his hired man came out of the house came to the wagon. He said "Hello there! Sanford did you see anything, or hear anything of the folks in town?" Sanford hesitated and said "Well sir I guess they didn't get in yet." There was silence, and disappointment in the air for a few minutes. Then we all jumped up and said "surprise dear brother Steve." It had been a long time since Steve left home. (3 years) We were thrilled to see Steve again. We all went into the house and Velate, Sandford's wife, had dinner ready for us. One thing we had was creamed corn. We never knew people ate that. Back in England we called it maize and fed it to chickens. Our mother always used to dish up our food right on each one's plate and handed it to us. Our first experience was a laugh when the Dudleys handed father a bowl of creamed corn and Pa started to eat right out of the bowl. He thought it was a huge serving for one man, but decided he would tackle it. Steve told him about it and he felt embarrassed.

The Dudley's only had two rooms so they made we girls a bed up in the attic. I heard someone talking and walking around up stairs but couldn't see the stairway. I soon found out we had to climb a ladder on the outside of the house to get to our beds. I thought how funny, as we lived in a three storied house in London and had carpets on the stairs, and a fireplace in our living room and French glass door.

The next morning we awoke and all three girls came down the ladder carrying our dresses over our arms. When Steven saw us he said "go back and get dressed." We told him our mother had taught us to not put on our dress until we had scrubbed our neck, and face, and arms, good. He said "it's different now, wash your necks after."

It was Sunday and a day of rest and church. But we didn't go to church that day. We were about six miles out of the village of Glenwoodville. It was in the afternoon a team and buggy drove up outside Sandford's house. They had come for me. It must have been arranged before hand or how did they know about us. I didn't want to go with them. I had never been away from my folks at all, for any length of time, only the three days I stayed with that old lady back in London at the time mother ran off with us.

But we were always told to mind our elders, so I got in the buggy and turned my back on the family, they talked to me but I didn't speak. There was Ethel who was a year younger or about my age. Ivan was their oldest boy and Shirley (boy) was just younger than Ethel, then Inez who was two years old. They had an older boy working for them on the farm. His name was Sidney Clanfield. They must have had hearts bigger than their house.

Their house was only two rooms, and the men slept out side in a shed they used for wheat, the granary as it was called. (Nearly everybody had granaries where the stored their wheat

until they could haul it and sell it to the elevators.) Alberta Canada is a grain and cattle country. That is the part where we were. Canada has large cities too.

Getting back to the Packard family. Mrs. Packard's name was Effie and her husband's name was Amasa. They were fine people with good kind hearts, but nobody knew what was going on in the heart of a nine year old girl who had left her mother back in London and who had been separated now from her father, brothers and sisters. They tried to make me feel at home that night by offering me some grapes they had purchased for bottling onto jelly. I took one. They made up the fire in the cook stove with pine wood and set the table. We had bread and milk. I didn't like my bread wet so I ate the bread dry and drank my milk.

The winter months were cold and the snow fell heavy, storm after storm and the snowdrifts were high. Their children went to school on horse back seven miles in the freezing weather. I had never ridden horse back in my life and was afraid of animals that size. They tried to teach me to get on and off, but I was still afraid so I told them. My father said I didn't have to go to school yet, which was a big fib. Eva tells me it was not a fib that our father said we didn't need to go to school until we got adjusted. So I stayed home and watched Mrs. Packard wash clothes on a wash board. I spent many hours in the bedroom with my face pressed up against the window pane. I was so lonely I could have cried. I wouldn't tell them how I felt. I did help her do the dishes. I liked the home made sausage they made and cooked it over the pine wood they burned in the kitchen stove.

The Packard family used to have family prayer, and each evening after supper of baked potatoes, bread and milk he would read out of the scriptures. One evening he was reading the ten commandments and Ethel and I giggled and talked so he said "Ethel would you please tell me what I just read." She couldn't so he turned to me and said "Ruth do you know what I read about?" I said "Yes it was the fifth commandment, honor thy father and thy mother. That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." He was surprised to think I knew them. I didn't tell him I knew all the ten commandments my mother had taught me. She had also taught me the Lord's prayer and the 23rd Psalm. Later they asked me to ask the blessing on the food, but I didn't know how, as father had asked the grace only on Sundays. He always ate his meals on a tray in his shop and mother was usually on the run, so "Grace" on the food was not said every day.

I stayed on with the Packard's that winter and when the children came home from school after their long ride home on horses we would play games on paper like tic-tac-toe, going to the market and back. We played house and helped Shirley with his lessons as he was only in the first grade then. The time went by quite fast, but it seemed an eternity to me. They were good to me but I was homesick. I wanted to be with my folks but that was just about impossible as Steve had 80 acres and just a one room shack.

My two sisters had been separated. Eva stayed at Sandford's and Winnie had gone to stay at Sandford's brother's home. His name was Osmer, but they called him Odd. My father was with Steve living on the eighty acres of land. The Packard family used to drop me off sometimes

on their way into town and leave me at Sandford's. Winnie would join us as she was only ½ mile away. Winnie, Eva, and I would go out and round up the cows for Sandford and feed the chickens. By that time Packard's would call for me on their way home. The weather was still cold and Mr. Packard thought it was too cold for the children to ride that distance to school. They would either have to stay home or move into the village. So they decided they'd move closer to school.

People didn't own cars those days and even if they did they couldn't run them in winter time on account of them freezing up and couldn't get them started. The day came for the Packard's to move. Teams and wagons were being loaded, while I helped wash dishes and fruit jars, and helped pack them into boxes. I must have washed dishes for hours. Mrs. Packard said, "My goodness aren't you tired?" I was, but told another little fib. I said no, I wanted to help her all I could because I didn't want people to think I was lazy. After all she washed my clothes for me on the wash board. We rode into Glenwoodville on the last load.

It was near Christmas time. I told them about our Christmas in England. We never saw our lighted Christmas tree until Christmas morning. We figured Santa did that while we were asleep. (Of course I knew there was no Santa, but I was a good pretender, as Inez and Shirley were listening.) We used to have a fire in the fireplace and roast our chestnuts and watch them as they baked brown and popped open. We also didn't think it was Christmas without a large box of bon-bon's as we called them. You pull both ends of a roll of fancy paper and they go off like a firecracker, and inside you find a paper hat or whistle. Here in America they use them for birthdays. In my stocking I always found a new bright penny, two colored candles, apple, orange, nuts, candy, several small toys. In England they hang toys on the tree, small toys of course.

My last Christmas in England I remember well. I got a doll buggy and doll and a woven chair, a parasol, and a play stove. All these toys came from a family who lived two houses away, as they were selling out. I think my mother gave sixpence for the buggy. It was leather and in very good condition. Sixpence in those days was equal to thirteen cents. I always found my old rubber ball in the very top of my stocking and it annoyed me. Father said my stocking was too long and it took a lot to fill it up.

The Packard children laughed and said you must have been a naughty girl or Santa should have put a new one in. It was nearly Christmas, only a week away, I didn't even think about what I'd get this time. I didn't expect to have anything. One afternoon a knock came at the door. Mrs. Packard hollered "Come in." It was Steve. I was so glad to see him. He said "Get your duds on" (my first Christmas in Canada) I looked at him and said "What's that?" He said, "Your hat and coat. Your pa wants you home for Christmas." I was so happy I squealed for joy. Mrs. Packard said, "When you come to town come and see us sometime." Steve put me up in the saddle of his horse and took me home, only two miles away. My father was waiting for me. The most precious Christmas gift I could have had. I was very happy to see him again. The twin girls came home for Christmas, and brother Jim came in from a distant town. At least we were together, some of us. We didn't have a very elaborate Christmas. Father made us a suet pudding with raisins like mother used to make in England.

The feeling of family ties were more than words could express. Jim looked around the room and started to sing. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." I know we all felt the same way to be together again. But it didn't last too long. I was wondering where my mother was. We didn't have a tree or trimmings or holly on our door like we used to have, but we were all happy. I can't remember the rest of the dinner. Father and the boys did the cooking. At any rate we girls survived after, so I suppose the men did O.K. Soon after that Jim had to go back to work. Eva went back to Sandford's. Winnie, and I stayed on with father and Steve for a week or two longer.

A Big Surprise

Winnie and I were in the house alone and a man on horseback came galloping up he said. "I am very tired, may I rest awhile? I have ridden my horse all day. I have an important message for you." In the village which was two miles from our place, there were no telephones at that time. The man had ridden twenty five miles to tell us our mother was in Cardston. She tried to get to us for Christmas but the storms and time had got her in the day after. (Boxing day in England). She asked the station master where she could find us.

We were still twenty-five miles away. He said she could stay at his home until they could get word to us. She had to wait about ten days or two weeks before our boys could travel through the snowdrifts. The blizzards came again before the first storm had cleared away. The time came when the storms let up somewhat and our brother Steve and father took large rocks and rolled them in the oven for a half a day, got the horses ready and put in some quilts. They couldn't make the round trip in one day on account of the roads. Even the mailman was lucky if he got to our town once or twice a week. Our mother got home ok.

Our one room had to be enlarged so the men got busy and built a larger room on, with an attic making a large kitchen with a room over head and one bedroom down stairs. Mother brought with her everything she could, and some things that were not necessary such as her sewing machine. We told her she should have sold it and got a new one in Canada. But she liked her own and hated to part with it. She had a lot of her things sewed up in a tick (mattress cover). She had some beautiful linens that couldn't be purchased in Canada, also woolens. Wool in England was lots more plentiful and lower price than in Canada. She had our clothes, of course, that she hid from us.

I thought my parents talked with an accent or why did I notice it so much. The reason was I was changing. I had been to Packard's around the children and was getting more like the Canadians. Children learn faster. Mother would say she couldn't help but "laugh" when I made her bed as I didn't get the counterpane on straight (the bedspread). She would smile at me and say "cawn't you do a bit better my child."

Mother didn't like those cold days as she couldn't get out like she used to in London. I remember how we had to learn to do everything different. We had to learn to bottle fruit, make our own bread. I remember the bad batches of bread that turned out and we hurried down to the

pig pen with heavy loaves before the men came in from their chores, or the field. We fed mother's hard biscuits to the dog and he dug holes and buried them for future use. Poor mom she really had quite a time.

Then the spring time came and the wild crocuses and Johnny jump-ups put forth their heads above the snow and the cool breezes blew our skirts above our heads, and the gophers popped their heads up all over the field. We knew spring had come for sure. It would be a good place for flying kites up there on the eighty acres as no trees could stop a kite. Fence posts and prairie is about all you could see and maybe a house or two in the distance. Our boys dug a well and we had plenty of hay for the horses and cows. We also had chickens.

Mother couldn't stand such a change from city life to open prairies. She used to walk to the village every day. Two miles each way to visit or shop, but we only had one store in Glenwood, a post office, a blacksmith shop, a lumber yard. Mother would take me with her mud or dry, shine or storm. One reason was she was very unsettled. I couldn't blame her, I could see her point of view.

Winnie was asked if she would go to the village and help out at a family called the "Oliver's." That was another reason mother went to town every day. Mother made her daily rounds and visited several families each time, usually ending up at Oliver's home. Bob Oliver and his wife Grace often took us home in the buggy. They had only one little tiny girl by name of Roberta, named for her daddy Robert. I remember once on our way to the village the roads were terribly muddy and big water puddles, we tried to pick our way through. I said "Mother wait for me, I can't come, it's too wet." She waited then picked me up under her arm, but I was heavy and she was not very big, only about like me. She dropped me in the mud puddle, but not on purpose. After that the boys told me to stay home and not go everyday, that once in a while was ok, when the roads were dry.

Another Surprise

One day mother refused to take me. She had other plans. The day passed by and night was coming on. Mother had not come home. Where was she? Steve got on horseback and went looking for her. He asked at the store? Asked Oliver's? And the Webster's? Found out mother had gone into the town of Cardston with somebody. My mother was tired of country life and left for the nearest small city, where she could enjoy the electric lights in place of coal oil lamps and cement sidewalks in place of mud, and where you could throw your dish water down the sink, instead of out the doors. My mother never came back. She got her a job at the hospital and had her room there. She was chief cook and bottle washer, waited on patients, did everything in general. I did not get to see my mother for about a year or more as I stayed out to Glenwoodville with my Pa.

One day Steve asked Pa to go to a farm house and get some feed, so of course I went along. We climbed out of the wagon and went to the house. A German lady Mrs. Loose came to the door and asked us in. She fussed over me and said she would like me to live with her. She

had children of her own and a girl my size, one year older. I didn't want to live with anyone but my dear father.

Pa told Steve about it when we got home. Steve said to me, "I think it would be a good thing for you kid, as you know your pa is not too strong, on account of his heart, and you also know you must learn the ways of women folks instead of being around us men all the time, now don't you think you should go?" Oh no, I didn't want to go.

The time came when Steve had to put me in school. He took me on horseback to school and I was very nervous I remember. It was autumn again and I was ten years old. As I entered the school house I was very shy. The teacher put me in a desk with several other girls. Viola Burgess and Moralda Archibald sat by me. Moralda wore a little white crocheted hat. There was a large heater stove in the room, which we used to stand around to get warm in cold weather. The school had a big bell on it for the time the kids had to be in their classes. The town people rang the bell on Sundays for the men to go to their Priesthood church meetings.

We took our lunch in a tin bucket, a cold lunch of whatever we could put in. I got so I'd walk to school the two miles there and back, and walk home with the neighbor's boy who lived up the road from us. Steve teased me about Loren so I didn't walk any more with him. I disliked to be teased. It took me quite awhile to adjust myself to a new school. The children noticed I still had an accent and I was different than they were in a way. I thought they were full of play instead of being there to study. In fact I quit going to school. I didn't like it. Once again I went back. I made up my mind I'd work and show them I'd pass them up. Maybe I was like the tortoise and the hare, it isn't always the fastest one who wins the race.

The school house was not brick but lumber and consisted of only three rooms. One upstairs, with a small cubby hole for the principal's office, and two larger rooms down stairs. Viola and Moralda became close friends. Ethel was in a grade higher than I was, as I had not been going to school. I soon perked up and got down to business. But there was the question of clean clothes to be kept up, and I should have been with girls my own age, at home or some women folks. Finally I ended up at Ma Loose's home where I had to learn to wash and iron and work. I went to school on the bus from Loose's farm which was seven miles west of Glenwood.

I remember the songs we used to sing in school The Way to Tipperary. The words were "into the town of Glenwood comes the children everyday, the roads are rough and rocky, but everyone is gay, etc." (I have forgotten some of the words so I'll pass up the song.)

We had boys in this school. Some of them were shy, some full of nonsense. We had fun on the bus. One of our bus drivers was a slim fellow of about fifteen years, by name of Bill Hartley. In later years (about forty or fifty to be exact) I heard through my husband that Bill Hartley married three times, and was the father of fourteen children. Eva and Winnie went to school too but they quit earlier than I did.

Glenwood was the town I grew up in, and I had good times and bad times. I learned to work hard, milk cows, and feed horses, saddle up the pony, herd sheep, scrub floors, make beds, iron clothes, and everything that I could handle for my age and size and go to school.

The Looses moved into Glenwood into Moralda's aunt's big house and took in boarders. They had 28 men to cook for and I had to work harder. Ma did the cooking and we girls had to scrub, and wait on tables, and clean bed rooms. All of these twenty eight men did not room there, but only ate their meals there. But there were others who did room there, like a school principal, and the doctor when he made his way through the country, and a lady who had a baby. I can't remember why she roomed there. I think she was waiting for her husband to come home from overseas.

There were five or six bedrooms upstairs to keep clean besides all the scrubbing down on the main floor. Ma Looses family consisted of a married daughter Hattie and Awald a son, next was Annie, then Ervin, then Truda. Truda was Gertrude. Herbert came next down the line. He was not her son but her nephew, who she saved when he was born. Herbert was five years old when I first went there. After Herbert came Vernon the youngest. Vernon was just walking and was still a baby in diapers. Herbert was the little fellow who had blood poison scar around his head where the cord at birth had laid. Herbert's mother had died when Herbert was ten minutes old. They didn't think he would live so they got lumber and made him a little casket. He was so ill and small. But Ma Loose stayed up nights and worked hard to keep him alive. He lived and was a smiling boy of five when I knew him first.

Besides Ma's family she always had other people's children in her care. I remember she took in Steve Hale's four children after his wife died. He had the two girls and two boys. (One boy died later.) Steve Hale took his family home and the youngest boy died of appendicitis, he was only seven, but knew he would die as he told people he would soon see his dead mother.

Ma Loose had Evelyn Burgess there too. Evelyn had been reared by her grandmother for years, but was now helping at Loose's house. I would put my coat on and stand outside on the porch and turn fifteen batches of washing through until my arms ached. We turned the wooden washer by hand, ten or fifteen minutes each load. Months went by and I worked hard. I was not paid anything for work, it was supposed to be my home.

The town's children said I was to be adopted by the Loose's but my blood was thicker than water, and I knew I had a family. I would never had permitted anyone to have adopted me. There came one day a Watkins man traveling through the country and he asked me on the quiet side, if I would go to live in another town with an old lady he knew, she was all alone. I said no. I told Ma Loose about it. I didn't want to go anywhere so far away from my own people.

Mrs. Loose's oldest daughter came to visit one day with her family of three children. She asked her mother if she could spare one of we girls, Truda or I to go help her on a hay camp, way out on the prairie as she had men to cook for there during haying season. Truda went for one week and cried to come home. She was like that, whenever she didn't like anything or wanted to

go places and her parents said no, she would cry until they took her. She was a year older than I was, but spoiled. So I went to the hay camp for six long weeks, and when I got ready to come home Hattie said, "Well, you will have to ask Ma to pay you as I have nothing."

Well Ma gave me a pair of shoes that Truda couldn't wear. I really worked that past six weeks carrying water from a lake for dishes and boiling the water and cooling it for drinking, helping Hattie tend children, and in the afternoons when Hattie would lie down and rest she told me to get busy and pick up the trash off the floor of the tent, we couldn't sweep the ground very well. The tent was a very large, one as big as average four room house. I was home sick to get back but didn't say anything to anyone.

Soon after I got back Ma Loose decided she sure could use a bigger girl in my place, so she asked my father if I could go home for awhile, and let Eva help her. So Eva went for awhile and off and on both of us lived at Loose's. All the months that I worked at Loose's I got one brand new dress, green plaid, one gray dress made over from Annie's pleated skirt, and a new pink blouse, and those shoes from Truda. At Christmas time I got a front apron that Truda made me out of her father's worn out shirt. Yes, I did also get a pair of brand new shoes, brown ones I picked out of T. Eatons Catalogue. I never knew what Christmas was after I left England, only to hear the name, and learn songs in school. We never were able to receive gifts from any source. Eva worked for Loose's off and on for three years.

I remember Ma Loose picking up my clothes, and said, "Come on Ruse, I'll walk with you to your home." As we walked a good half mile, I broke down and cried and she looked at me, what she didn't know was, I was so happy to be able to go home. But she thought I was crying because I didn't want to leave her. I was home, home, again. What a beautiful word. My father and the house was in town now. During the time I was at Loose's our house had been moved into town from the eighty acres, and my sister Winnie was coming home to stay with me.

I continued going to school. I worked hard on school subjects, took my books home every night although I couldn't see to read very good and the class made fun of me. They thought I wanted to be the teacher's pet, but I had no such thoughts. I was working under a handicap. Every eye doctor that went through the country, I was taken to and they all said different things and each one gave me no good glasses. I was very nervous. But I used to take my books home and use a magnifying glass or get my pa to help me. (I don't forget people, I had a letter 2 weeks ago from Ethel its been 72 yrs since I lived in their home in 1916 she now lives in Delta, Utah.) I enjoyed spelling, English history, art and geography more than any other subjects. The teacher would ask questions on English history and the other students couldn't answer. My hand would shoot up and they would say. "How do you know that and that, if you can't read in school." They didn't take their books home like I did.

I still write to those classmates now after 60 years. Some have vanished out of sight. When I was in fourth grade, I have still sweet memories of those precious school days. In winter, the snow was so deep with one storm on top of another that the snow piled up by the fence at school and drifted about five feet high. We were allowed to take our sleighs to school and at

recess we would have fun, even took the teachers down the hills. I had a blond boy who sat in front of me in the classroom. His name was Roy. Both Moralda and I liked Roy very much. I think Roy liked me too, as he showed it in months later. We used to attend children's dances at the Christmas holidays. One at Christmas, one at New Years. That's when we found out who liked who, then we used to have parties later on about every two weeks. Rex Wood was a handsome young man, with his dark eyes and dark hair. The girls all fell for him too.

I will never forget my first date. I was 12 years old and down the street one block lived a bashful boy named Earnest. Earnest lived in a rented house with his sister as house keeper so he and his other brothers could attend school. Earnest and his brother David were in my class at school. Roy lived across the street from Earnest and in the other part of the same house as Earnest was a boy named Wallace and these boys were all in my class at school. There was going to be a boy scout party and the boys could not attend unless they asked a girl to go, so that's how the girls got to attend the party. Well I knew about the party, but I knew no boy would ever ask me. Well a knock on door came and it was Frieda (Earnest's sister). She said, "Ruth would you go to the party with Ernest. He wants to go and won't ask you, he's bashful." I was too, at 12. Well, Earnest came and we walked to the party. But on the way home I didn't wait for him, I ran, and ran all the way home. I sure got roasted about that at school the next day.

Earnest got typhoid later on in his life and died. Roy also died, of a broken neck from riding horse back some years later. Roy was always my sunshine. I do believe Moralda named her son in later years for Roy. Also her mother was named Roy. Rex moved away, and so did Wallace.

When I was in the fifth grade, I passed twice that year. Once in the fall, when we went back to school after summer vacation. Then in the spring, I was promoted to seventh grade, which took me upstairs in the principal's room. The principal's name was Lorenzo Hatch who later on became my brother-in-law. (He married my sister Eva.) Mr. Hatch was a boarder at Ma Loose's home. That's where Eva met him. He also taught Eva at school. While Mr. Hatch was principal I was still in school. One day one of the boys heard him say he had to go into Cardston after school, so this boy started something. He told all the students to detain Mr. Hatch and not to learn the music up on the board.

We had about ten minutes for study when the time was up no one knew the music. Mr. Hatch said "students stay in after school." That's what they wanted him to say. They wrote notes around the room and said nobody give in. Four o'clock came, time to dismiss the school. No one knew their lesson, or if they did, they wouldn't give in. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came and I got tired so I think I was the first one to give in. I knew it all the time but was afraid some of those students would take after me the next day.

Another time it was April Fools day and the whole school decided they wouldn't go to their classes at all. So they took off to the woods, the whole student body, only five who wouldn't go. I was among the five who sat on the school house steps all day, Mr. Hatch called the police who everybody knew, a kind tender hearted man named Waldemar Lybbert.

(Waldermar's brother Enoch married my other sister later in years). The police came on horse back next morning. The whole school had to line up and held out their hands for the leather strap until their hands were red, so were there eyes with tears. Their hands were so sore they couldn't write their lessons for the rest of the day. Lorenzo told me after he married into the family. That once I used wisdom.

Lorenzo was nicknamed "Ren." On the weekends in the winter time we would get the crowd together and go to parties. We sometimes went down to the river which was only about a mile and half away. Take our hot dogs, and sleighs, and tin cups, skates, matches, and everything needed for a skating party. We built a fire on the ice and had fun. Some couldn't skate so they used their sleighs. The fire only left a dent in the ice. The ice wouldn't thaw out till spring. At forty below zero at nights, sometimes we would get the gang together and go in a sleigh with a team of horses, and hot rocks, and home made candy and a song or two in our hearts. We went out to Loose's farm and had a hot soup supper.

It was in these times that my brother Jim was called and sent into the army. He went back to England. It was 1918. His regiment number was 3212968. He no sooner got over there when it was near the time the Armistice was signed. Jim was cook for his gang. He cooked good. After he got home I enjoyed his pancakes, and so time marched on.

My school days were good. I liked school and worked hard. Although I did worry a lot about my studies. There was (Jean) Imogene Thomas, who was always one or two marks higher than me in every subject. I came out second standing in the class. I remember the tests we went through finals, in June, the last Friday in June, we got out and ask "did I pass? did I pass?" And he got so tired of them asking, that he said, "next fall you will know for sure when you come back in Sept. I think all of you failed."

Eva had been at Loose's and Winnie was home with me. One day after school Winnie told me she had to go to Cardston, and she had a ride. Word came that our sister Gertrude was coming home to stay. Father was not home, he had gone to Calgary to get new teeth or something. Winnie said "I'll be back tomorrow," as soon as I can. That night I didn't tell anyone I would be alone. I thought I'll be brave and stay alone. It was a beautiful evening the sun set and clear sky. I went to bed alone in the house and said my prayers and covered up my head because I was nervous. In the morning, I woke up to a heavy freezing snow storm. I had a cow to milk, chickens to feed, and calf to put in. I went over to the neighbors to ask for help and fainted. They wouldn't let me go to school that day. But I felt fine. It was only the two extremes of heat and cold. You see the neighbor's house was extra warm and I was cold. My sisters and mother did the same thing, more than once. The cold gets you sometimes.

For five days I watched and waited for my folks and called on the neighbors to help me with the chores. The animals worried me. One afternoon I was over to the neighbors and happened to look towards our house and saw heavy smoke coming out of the stove pipe chimney, and told the neighbor I must run as I think our house is on fire. I knew I put the fire out because I poured water on the last hot coals. I ran as fast as I could but, it was my father and sister come

home. Thank goodness for that, all was well. It was soon after this time that Winnie got married, and Eva went to Salt Lake with our father and sister-in-law Jim's wife (Lilly) for eight months. Eva was not married at the time. After eight months Eva got married in Canada.

I was asked to go to Loose's again to fill in Eva's place. I didn't want to go, but did. Father and Gertrude moved into Cardston. Father thought perhaps mother might join him, but she didn't. Bob got in partnership with Steve and Jim on a soldiers settlement farm, of 160 acres across the Kootenay River, west of Glenwood. Lilly and Jim lived there.

I stayed at Loose's until I was sixteen years old. One day she came to me and said "Ruth, girl your father wants you to go home and stay now," but before you do, I want you to take a week off, and I thought as my brother is here you would like to visit Magrath where they live. It's a pretty town. Here is money for the train fare home. I thanked her.

The next day we were headed for Magrath when I got into his car I saw his niece. I knew her well or I thought I did. She asked me where I was going. So we traveled and stayed together. She said she had a job lined up to cook for some men on a farm and asked if I wanted to go out with her. We went to her uncle's that night, and stayed the next day. She pulled me out of the house and wouldn't let me help with the dishes or help at all with the work. She took me up town to walk around. She went out to the country to her job and I went with her. The boss drank his coffee and never drank water. I couldn't stand no water for drinking, and noticed the funny taste when I did drink it. My week was nearly up and soon I'd be leaving.

She went up to his daughter's room and took several pair of nylons, and perfume. I told her to put them back as they were not hers. She laughed at me and said his daughter will never miss them. I had never been brought up that way, to take things that didn't belong to me. I took the train and went home to Cardston. My father was there and sister Gertrude to meet me.

Three weeks later I got very ill, high fever, nose bleed, stiff neck and couldn't eat. I called the Elders of the Church to come and administer to me. Gertrude worked in a boarding house where doctor and bankers lived. So she asked Dr. Mulloy to come and see me. He said, "You must go to the hospital. I don't know what you have, but you can't stay here alone, while your sister works." I think father was out on the 160 acres at that time with the boys. I was taken to the hospital for six weeks. It was typhoid fever. I was getting worse everyday but I knew in my mind that it had to get worse before I could get better, as the typhoid germs had to reach a climax. They asked where had I been drinking well water? It was in Magrath but I couldn't think of that at the right time. I knew that I had faith in the Lord, and through his servants who held the priesthood and knew I'd get well.

They had to starve the fever out of me and for three weeks I had nothing but water, and ice packs on head and stomach. On the twenty first day I went out of my head, the climax came, and the fever broke. I was fed two soda crackers dry to start with dry. One day someone gave me a full tray of food and I rejoiced to think I could eat. When they came back in a hurry and took the tray away, and said that's not for you. I was so weak it took me ages to regain my

strength. I was so weak I couldn't walk up steps for a long time after I got home. My illness bought me closer to the Lord. I always thought he watched over me and I always said my prayers. But I depended more and more for his guidance and I told myself that I would attend church regularly and pay my tithes. I had never earned any money yet in my life but I couldn't forget the Lord's kindness to me.

I felt sometimes I didn't have any friends. I had left Glenwood and had to meet new people. I went and asked the patriarch for a blessing. He told me I would have many friends where ever I went. I had not told him my thoughts, I didn't need too. He told me many wonderful things. It has always been a comfort to me.

When I got strong enough I went across the river out on the 160 acres with the boys to cook for them. I enjoyed the beauty of nature. I wore overalls all that summer. Even on Sunday as I didn't have any way to get to church. I only changed into a dress when I went with the boys into Cardston once in a while.

I did mention about my mother. Father had moved into Cardston thinking mother might change her mind about coming home to him. She lived only a block from our rented little house, and used to come and put her head in the door every day. She used to come up to the hospital to see me everyday. It had been a long time since she had worked there. She had made quilts and sold them and worked other places, after she left her job at the hospital. She was too set in her ways now to change, but did like to see us.

She was still full of her tricks. Gertrude told me, one dark evening when I had typhoid, as they walked up to the hospital to see me Mother said, "Gertie please get over by the fence. It is better for me to walk on the outside." When they got another step or two further, a lamb came towards Gertie and bellowed out full force at her. It was tied up of course. Mother laughed, she knew what would happen as she passed it many times. Father never did stop fixing shoes. He repaired them in Cardston and Glenwood in the home.

I spent the summer out on the 160 acres and really enjoyed it. We had the river a few feet from the stables and I loved to sit on the banks and watch the swift tide flow on. We had wild berries to pick, choke cherries made good jelly. Sometimes father and I used to see who could pick the most the fastest in our buckets. I had a saddle pony of my own and used to round up the horses and cows, help all I could with the chores.

It took me a long time to regain my strength after typhoid. Two or three months later I heard Earnest also got typhoid but he died. They said he was a religious boy, had read the Bible from cover to cover. His father didn't treat him right and he left home, and went to live with his sister just before he got sick.

Out on the farm I would cook for my brothers and got so I wanted a little time off once in a while, so I asked them if I could saddle up Brownie and go across the river for the mail to Glenwood post office. There was a more shallow place where we could cross over river. But in

the spring time the current was very swift and the horses had to swim. I used to put my legs up straight on the horn of the saddle and let the horse float through. The neighbor told us once a man used to cross that river to see his girl, the horse came out, but the man didn't. It was about seven or eight miles the short way to town, but if we couldn't cross we had to go twenty-five miles to the nearest bridge.

I never finished school. I was fed up with school troubles. I needed money for clothes and books. That's one reason I wore overalls all that summer. I didn't have a decent dress to go to church in.

Later on however when winter set in I went back into Cardston to live with father and Gertrude. There I started M. I. A. and worked once or twice a week helping Mrs. Salway wash and got a dollar a day and a cabbage out of the garden in season. I had to carry water from a well and turn a wooden washer by hand until they got a modern one.

I was asked if I would help another woman on Tuesdays so I went. She said "How old are you?" I was seventeen now. She said her girl was the same age but wouldn't help her. She went off and got married. She said she felt awful sorry for a poor old lady who used to visit her. The old lady's children were mean and didn't respect their mother. Any way we got to talking and she said she liked me and wanted me to come again next week and help her. She asked my name and nearly fell over to know I was that old lady's daughter. My mother made it hard for herself and her family. So many people believed mother was right. She went to the bishop and complained about me paying tithing, and said she needed it worse than the church and it was my duty to give it to her. The bishop said he couldn't stop me from paying into the church and if she needed anything the church would help her. (My mother had money in the bank.)

Whenever I earned a little I always would ask mother to come to the show with me and she said "I can't afford it!" So I would give her the price of a show ticket and she would take it, but never go with me. Talking about shows, I will tell a joke on myself. There was a new manager in town, and a good show on that I wanted to see. I told father I wanted to go but only had 25c and that was a student's ticket but I'd try it and if I couldn't get in I'd be back in no time at all. I was small for my age, and had bangs across my forehead that made me look shorter. I looked at the manager and gave him my 25c and my old heart was thumping hard. He looked at me and handed me 15c back with my ticket. Was I surprised, I felt humiliated.

One day after work at Salway's I was on my way home and our bishop stopped and asked if I wanted a ride. He said "Where are you going?" I told him I was going up the hill to see my mother. He said "How often do you go to see her." I said "I see her every day almost." He said that's different than she told me. My mother was jealous and didn't want me to even have any friends. She told people all kinds of lies about the family that wasn't true. But as long as I knew I was in the right I had nothing to worry about. I went to church, paid my dues, kept myself on the top of the world and said my prayers and made new friends.

It was about this time of my life that I met up with Otto and Ivy and Otto's brother (the Sallenbachs.) I had a chance to marry Otto's brother but was not romantic at that time. I never went out with boys although I did get lonesome sometimes but wanted to come to Salt Lake in the future. I didn't want to settle down in Canada.

I was seventeen years old now, and sister Flo wrote and said she was coming to see us from Independence, Mo. USA. I had not seen Flo since she left England. We were all excited and the day came to meet the train. She could see us before the train stopped and said, I had not changed much. She had with her two children, Edith about 8 and Jimmy 4 years. Flo and I talked until 4 a. m. in the morning. We really had a lot to say and all those years to fill in with our memories. We laughed and pa said "please girls let get some rest tonight." She said do you remember what you told me that day I packed my trunk to leave. "I said yes." "Good riddance, hope I don't see you again. Never, never, because you tease me." Oh how we laughed about that.

We had a nice visit with Flo while she was with us. She visited with the others who were all married now, all but Steve and Gertrude. It wasn't long after that Gertrude married and went out to Glenwood to live. I was so happy to think that Flo had that chance to come to Canada to see us all, as how do we know how long it would be before we could all be together again in our lives.

A year passed by, I still went to work at what jobs I could find. I worked for Salway's for five months steady, \$25 a month, when she was expecting her last baby and I stayed until after the baby came. Mrs. Salway's daughter Eva married my brother Bob and they lived out at Glenwood in our house, the original home that started out with one room. When I had time I would go home to my father from Salway's and did visit him at least once a week to take his laundry home from Salway's.

After the five months was up I went home for good. I was happy to be home again. I used to invite Elmira to come and stay with me a lot as when I first knew her. She was not married although she was engaged to Alma Wiley. Elmira came from Edmonton and was a long way from home. After she was married she and Alma used to come and visit us. I remember one evening, some of my folks were there at home so we got out the Pit game and Father, and my friends and family sat around and played. We laughed and had fun. How we laughed at father. He was a card himself. Sitting there smiling when we tried to find out who had won or lost the game. I remember too how he hummed and sang a little. I strained to catch the words. I could hear the words. Not half has ever been told. Not half of that city's bright glory, to mortals has ever been told. He seemed to be very happy. But now I wonder where his thoughts were. After the pleasant evening we all said our good nights and went to bed.

The next day the rest of my family went on their separate ways. I think it was about two weeks later. It was in January 1926, one cold winter morning. I awoke at the sound of wind blowing. It wasn't like me to wake up before day light. I turned and tossed and couldn't go back to sleep, so I went down stairs to light the fire and get the house warmed up. I heard Pa groaning.

I thought he was playing tricks on me at first, as we often did joke with each other. I had played tricks on him one night when I put a stuffed toy cat with a squeaker in his bed and how he got up and looked for a mouse. Poor father was not joking with me this time, he was ill. I went over to his bed and said "Pa I'll get the house warmed for you and make you tea." He said "no tea, you know I quit that." So I ran for Alma Wiley and asked him to go quick and stay with Pa till I got back and said get the Elders or someone to help you Alma, and administer to my father. I am going to the doctor's home to get him. The doctor was not excited at all, he said "I shall give you these pills for him and by four p.m. if he is not relieved call me. By the way! Are you the only one home with him?" I said, "Yes doctor I am." He said, "How old are you fourteen?" I said, "No sir, I'm eighteen." He looked at me and said, "Well you better get word to your other members of the family because your father is a sick man. I've been watching him for a year now and he has cancer." I said "oh no! Not my father."

He said as long as father was not suffering he couldn't do a thing to help him before this time. By four p.m. poor Father was taken to the hospital and the family I sent word to all of them as fast as I could. A telegram was sent to Salt Lake to Jim and his wife. When we told Father Jim was coming he said. "You shouldn't have sent for him." He told us to give Jim his pocket watch, when he got here, and said he'd stay till Monday after. He died the next Monday afternoon. Jim got there, but father didn't know him, father was ill nine days.

I was the only one by his side at his passing. I had just relieved Mother. I said "Mother you go home and rest awhile and I'll stay here." She just left when he passed on. I felt petrified, my dear poor Father. I looked at him as they carried the body out in a basket across the street to the mortuary.

Oh dear daddy why, oh why did you have to leave me. I needed you. You, Father was all I had in my life. Now you were taken from me. What will I do now. Some one asked me at the funeral. "Now where will you go?" At the service they sang. "Only Remembered by What We Have Done" and other hymns. After the funeral I couldn't go back. I pulled the door shut and left the house. My brothers said they would take care of things. I went for a day or two to Glenwood, I believe, then back to Cardston looking for work. I stayed at Elmira's. She heard her friend needed someone for a month or two. So I asked about the job. It was board and room and ten dollars a month.

It was at Swan's. Ciril and Eileen Swan, he was a baker, she was going to have her first baby. People called him either Sid or "Swanie." After my father's death I felt so alone in the world. But I was eighteen now and not a child, and my life must go on. I thought of Father and his work. Every pair of shoes he had on hand belonging to his customers had been in a line up, all repaired and ready to be delivered at the time of his death. Also the names he was working on for the temple work, were completed. Dear soul "The master said "your work on earth was done." "Oh daddy, if you only knew how I love you." The only thing now for me to do is to show you how much I cared by living a good life always. To honor my father and mother that my days may be long upon the earth which the Lord my God giveth me. I always tried to obey your wishes and never stepped out of line to worry you, or cause you any anxiety, although we

seldom exchanged loving words or kisses we both understood what was in our hearts. I didn't want to live with any of my brothers or sisters, as I felt by the in-laws I wasn't wanted. So I stayed around Cardston and got jobs here and there and in between times stayed at Wiley's.

Not long after, Eva's husband Ren died with pneumonia and left her a widow with two small girls. Lorna, the youngest was only six months old, and June who has about two years. Eva went to Glenwood to live and asked me to go and live with her. It seemed the Lord closed one door, and opened another, as we both needed each other. Eva was depressed, poor girl and I tried my hardest to make her laugh. I'd sing and act up although my voice was terrible, it was winter time and the roads were muddy, but we used to go to dances at the church house. We took in the entertainments the church offered us. We used to ask friends into the home. Made cookies, drank chocolate and played games or talked. Mostly our company consisted of Viola Burges (Viola was the same girl I met in 1916. Eva was her aunt by marriage.) and Kenneth Byam, her boy friend, and Viola's brother Lynn.

These young folks were all younger than I was. Eva was four years older than me. Viola came quite often with her little brothers and sister Faye. Their mother had died and left five children and their father didn't bother too much for their welfare. They were left one time on the farm with no coal, or food. Their father was up in the mountains deer hunting. Viola and Lynn had no transportation. They walked several miles to get to Eva's house. Viola's mother was a sister to Eva's husband Ren. When their father came home Viola sure told him a mouthful about leaving them. He wanted Eva to marry him and tried to be so sweet to her but Viola said she hoped Eva would never marry her father for Eva's sake, because she knew what her poor mother had suffered. I loved Eva's two darling girls. June called me Dat Ruse.

People said why didn't I get out and work instead of sponging off Eva. She really needed me and I needed her. Sometimes we would both go over to the neighbors for milk. It was Evelyn Burgess's home. She was now Evelyn Law. Evelyn used to be at Loose's when Eva was there. When Evelyn lived at Loose's home and I was there also, she would sing for the benefit of both of us. "If I only had a home sweet home, some one to care for me like all the other boys and girls how happy I could be," etc. (a popular song). Well Evelyn was quiet a cut up. She used to sing and sing and laugh and make a person feel good. One day we both strolled over to Evelyn's for the milk and she said why don't you stay. We can have fun. You don't need to go home. Everyday she said no don't go home and coaxed us to stay. We were there a week and she made chocolate pudding and we had whipped cream on it. We played checkers, and played the record player. Made candy. Helped her do her washing. Helped with her three children and also listen to the five children fight. Ha, ha.

1927 it went down to 60 below zero. We never noticed the storm outside much when we had company or kept busy. The winters were long and the potatoes and bread froze solid. The fruit jars of fruit would split open like they had been cut if we didn't keep a fire all night so most of the time. It didn't pay to leave home unless you covered things up good or went home once a day to see how things were. We were only 1/2 block from home.

When the spring came again, and the Chinook winds thawed out the snow drifts, I thought it was time I got out and looked for a job again before people said I was sponging off of Eva. I told her I better leave. I went into Cardston and got a job for \$20.00 a month working at an hotel making beds. I had my room and board there. It was only a small place. Eva came in to see me often, said it was pretty hard to live alone. So she asked a school girl to come and stay with her and go to school. (Lucy). Steve used to come and see me too. We often talked about Salt Lake and someday we may be able to get papers to leave Canada, who knows.

Steve was trying for the same and he went up to Calgary and put our names down on the quota. Sometimes people had to wait two years. Two months went by. Steve had been working with John Vensel plastering and paper hanging in Cardston. He said to me one day, "Did you ever write to the American Consulate and ask about your chance on the quota?" I said, "Why no Steve, it wouldn't do me much good at a time like this, as I only make twenty a month and I've never been able to save anything out of that."

He said why don't you write to them anyway and see what they say. It may be good for six months to come. I sat down before the day was over and walked up to the post office to mail it. Thinking oh well! It won't do any harm anyway, they only let so many people a year get through and if your name is on the list way down near the bottom, there may be about two thousand names ahead of yours.

It was the 3rd of June 1928, their letter and my letter must have crossed each other in the mail, as I received a letter from them dated June 3rd. They told me if I could appear in person within forty-eight hours, I could have a good chance to get my papers. But if I delayed someone else would step up in that place. Steve and I hurried and got on the road by train I believe. He told me he would lend me the money and when I got around to it I could pay him back. He had already sent to England for our birth certificates. It cost \$5.00 for three and took over two months to send for them.

We had to have a health certificate from a doctor and a photo and other things. I can't remember. Eva decided she better stay in Canada as she was getting thirty dollars a month for her little girls. And she didn't know what would be in store for her. I told her to go and chance it. I would help her take care of the children, or work, either one. She stayed. And later married again to Wm. Fleming. Steve loaned me the money and on the twelfth of July 1928 we boarded the train for Salt Lake City, Utah.

My Life in United States of America

When my friends and neighbors in Canada heard I had my traveling papers they said, she'll be back, they all come back, as they can't stay very long on a visit. Eva told them not this time, but they didn't believe it. Next time I saw Swanie he teased me and said. "Well kid if they will let you through they will let anyone through." I saw him at conference later.

When we got to the immigration line they took our papers and we didn't have a bit of trouble. They didn't even give us a scratch of a pen. We came on through to Salt Lake. Steve's girl friend Jean met us at the depot. We were tired and we went to her mother's home. There we met her sister Nellie and father and mother. It rained the next day. They said, "Well you ought not to be homesick Ruth for Canada," at that time we did have a lot of rain in Canada.

Bro. Jim and his first wife Lilly were on vacation with their little daughter Joyce. While they were gone Steve and I lived in their home on the east side. I went looking for a job where I could get my room and board. I got in at the Y. W. C. A. as waitress. I had to share my room with Ruby. She was thirty-six years old and a mother of five children. It was a new experience for me to be working along with somebody like Ruby. She was not a genuine true character. Whenever she would get around the others, she would tell them if it wasn't for me she could keep the room clean. They all knew it was me who made Ruby's bed every morning for her. As the boss would put her head inside the door to look things over. I had already had taken down the curtains and washed and starched them on my day off, nearly every other day Ruby was told to wash the dining room windows and dust. She told me to pull the blinds down half way and just wash the lower window. She often asked me to take over the whole lot of her work as she had an appointment and I found out later she went out with a married man.

There was a widow boarding there at the Y.W.C.A. who had three children. She had to put them in the orphanage while she worked. But on Sunday she got them and brought them to the Y.W.C.A. to eat dinner with her. Her first name was Nancy. One Sunday Nancy told me as I waited a table, that Ruby's children were also at the orphanage and often cried and said when is our mother coming to see us. Ruby got one daughter thirteen out of there and she had one girl married. But the three youngest ones seldom ever saw their mother. On knowing Ruby better she herself told me that the law took her children away from her because she was not a fit mother to have them. When the lady boss questioned Ruby about staying at the "Y" when she had her teeth out Ruby said "I have a place to stay Mrs. Elliott." Mrs. Elliott found out Ruby was living with a man who already had a wife. (She] Ruby denied it. Some evenings Ruby would go out but always came to me and said, if I'm not home by the time the doors are locked could you come to the back door and let me in. I told her the boss would surely hear, as her room was across the hall from ours. I can't remember if I ever let her in or not. I know I didn't. I caught Ruby telling fibs about me. I was very disappointed in human nature. Ruby once asked me to go out with her and she would find me a boy friend. I said no, I don't go out with boys. She said I was dumb, I said I was wise. I found Ruby telling the bosses things I had not even said, and they came to me and asked if I said I was going to quit the job. I got fed up, so after about five months did quit. Too many bosses telling me what to do.

I looked for another job. Got a job in a Jew's home on 1st Ave. They had a huge house and three children, two boys and one girl. The little girl's name was Ruth. With such a big house and lots of hand woolens to wash and the long underwear for the husband. Floors to polish and wax. I had to roll back the carpets and wax the floors, they were so slick I skidded and fell down. She wanted me to do the cooking too and I was so tired and worn out and shaky, I told her I didn't know how to cook, so she did it. I got ill and had to go to the hospital for an operation for

appendicitis. So that was how I never went back, the work was too hard for me. I went to stay at Jim's house after I left the hospital. But I was soon looking for another place to stay.

I went to Flo's place on 11th West 6th South. But I knew that I couldn't stay there very long either. In-laws you know let you know how they feel about having an extra person around to feed. Especially my brother-in-law Jac. When I was able to, I walked all over Salt Lake looking for a job. Sometimes I stayed up town reading newspapers and then walking asking for work. They said we need experienced help. I had to walk a lot because I didn't have car fare.

One place I applied she said "you look ill, go home and have mother take care of you" another one said "you are too small, I need a husky woman who weighs more, like the one I have now but she has to leave me." Another one gave me car fare to get home on. So finally I landed up taking care of an apartment, and the family consisted of husband and wife and baby boy who was nearly two years old. She was a stinker if ever there was one. She told me before I worked there, no cooking and she would pay \$6.00 a week and car fare. I was not very strong at that time and needed a home so I took the job. She said I better eat my breakfast before I came. For lunch I had to fix sandwiches. When three-thirty came she asked me if I had my work all done, and I said yes. She said, "Well, you can go home now so I won't have to cook you any supper."

A lot of times she had me cook their roasts and prepare the vegetables or say please put this in the oven for our dinner, etc. and pretty soon I was doing a lot of her cooking besides bathing and washing for the baby and cooking his meals. She often asked me to come back on Sunday or stay at night till 1 a.m. tending the baby boy. Then she would say on pay day, "remember the night you tended baby and my husband took you home at 1 a.m. well you owe me a car token." I never did get paid for tending baby until 1 a.m. and was always tired in the morning. I made up my mind then and there that this was no place for me to get ahead as I had to eat breakfast and dinner somewhere else and couldn't afford to eat out on \$6.00 a week.

(My side hurt me awful and I was pale and thin. Jim's neighbor said if you were my daughter you would be kept down in bed.) Jim didn't know that his wife was telling me "other people don't stop work very long on account of an operation, why should you." I didn't eat breakfast at Jim's place either as nobody ever asked me to, except once they looked for my empty dish and Jim said, "Don't you eat breakfast before you leave." I said no. I didn't say why. But I felt I was imposing on his wife. She made me feel that way and I was sensitive.

Time went by. I paid back Steve on what I borrowed to come here and paid four and a half dollars a week to Flo and Lilly after I had stayed with her at that time. I also had to have my tonsils out, or I do believe I had my tonsils out just before the appendix. Any way I felt that a lot of my vitality and strength had left me, but still life goes on. I remember I stayed at Flo's after my tonsil operation and had lock jaw for ten days. Couldn't even get a glass of water between my teeth. After a while I perked up and once again had to get going looking for a job. I heard through Jean (Steve's wife) that I might be able to get into a doctor's home. I applied and after 3 weeks got in there. An old doctor ready to retire and his wife. They had a cook and a yard boy. The cook, did the cooking, washed the dishes and the clothes (no washer). I had to set the table,

wait on table, clean silverware, answer door bells, telephone and take her tray upstairs to her and clean the guest bedroom, her apartment, Dr.'s bedroom and two bathrooms on the second floor. The cook (Grace) and I had our bedrooms up in the attic and our bathroom was down in the basement. We had our own door key and was supposed to be in by twelve midnight. We had Thursdays off, and every other Sunday. I had to wear uniforms of white and blue stripe for mornings, and black and white for afternoons.

These people were society people and she was an English lady, a beautiful looking woman for her age, rather plump in build, with rosy cheeks. I never did go to him with any of my health troubles. It was her second marriage. She had a son by first marriage, also a son by second marriage and they used to come there and I had to wait on them. At Christmas time they gave the help gifts. And if they had house guests outside the family circle, the house guests always gave Grace and I extra money when they left. I got \$5.00, Grace \$10.00. In the spring the people would go to California and while they were gone they left us to house clean that big three storied house.

Of course they hired workman to come in and do the papering, but we had all the scrubbing to do before they got back. We got paid extra for that. My regular wages were forty a month and board and room. Grace got fifty. One day I was putting ice water and cubes in the Dr.'s thermos. He always looked for his ice water when he got home from his hospital as chief surgeon at St. Marks Hospital where he was in charge. The thermos I was filling burst and the noise was like an explosion which aroused Mrs. Bascom up stairs. She buzzed the buzzer for Grace and asked what was that noise. Grace told me I would surely have to pay for it and when pay day came I'd be short. Well I was afraid to ask for my check (we always had to ask for it). When I got mine I didn't look until I got out on the street on my day off. I saw she had put \$2.00 extra on it, to my surprise. They always brought us a gift home when they went on trips. They gave me a box of candied fruit but I didn't care too much for it as it was too sweet.

During this time I had my church recommend sent to my brother Jim's ward. Although I couldn't get there half the time on account of my work. I did try to get to M. I. A. on Tuesday evening and usually missed the bus and was late. Steve's wife Jean introduced me to about five women at church on Sundays and one day pointed out a man at the Sacrament table and was joking about him. I looked and thought what's so funny or unusual about him, he seems to me to be such a clean living man. She said he always has a grin on his face.

After the meeting we were going out the door and she introduced me to Bro. Caley. He ask if I was going to be here on a visit or stay in Salt Lake, Jean nearly roared with laughter and teased me about John. The next time I went to church, John, was door keeper as usual and some boys got behind the door and was making a noise and John pulled them out and was angry. I thought, then oh boy! I'd sure hate to live with that man, if he has a bad temper like that. Time went on and I hadn't seen John for two months. I often went to church the nearest to my work. One Sunday I had more time I took the bus and went to my own ward. I was late.

John was at the door he said "come in." I said "no I think I'll go home, as I hate to be late." He insisted I come in, and as I went quietly in he said, "I'll take you home after." I didn't say anything but thought I'd sneak out the other door on the side after meeting. The joke was on me as the door on the side was locked, and I thought I'd pass along with the crowd and get out unnoticed. But John was watching me and he walked behind me and showed me where the car was. My sister-in law Jean said "fancy that!" He never even asked her if she would go with him! All eyes were on me, and tongues began to waggle from then on. Some of the older women would turn up their chins and look at me every Sunday. I thought let them look. Well, I suppose they thought John T. Caley would never get married as he was getting past thirty years old now and it wasn't every girl that would ever consider being married to a man who was lame.

John had polio and it left his feet weak. Anyone knows polio is not contagious after all those years. John was a strong built man, good looking and always smiling. Some how I felt why should a man like John who had so many friends and such a good clean living man, why oh why! Should he have to go through life unmarried and do without a family. I was not in love with John at that time. Never even thought about him being my husband. John said "what time do you have to report in." I said 12 a.m. He drove around the city and I got back to the doctor's home by nine thirty. Grace said you are later tonight where have you been, I said "to church and also to my brother Jim's."

Two weeks later John came up to where I worked and asked for a date to a certain show he wanted to see. Grace said, "Who was that." I told her he knew my brothers and was in our ward. She wanted to know what he wanted I told her. And she laughed and said, "Oh my goodness, fancy you being married to him." I said, "Who said anything about marrying the guy, you can always say no. Don't get so excited Grace." One thing, people got excited about was, John was thirteen years older than I was. He was thirty-six and I was twenty-three.

Our visits together on Thursdays out (my days off) became quite a habit. He would come for me and take me out into the country up Cottonwood Canyon to a friend of his by name of J. Fred Potter who converted John over in Australia. When we went on Thursdays a lady acquaintance by name of Winifred Bentley would put in the gas or pay for it I should say. Win was adopted into J. Fred's family years previous to me meeting her. She called them Aunt Cora and Uncle Fred. One day Win asked John, to stop at the bottom of the hill on the way home and visit some more folks she knew. Their name was Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ebert and young son Paul Jr. I kept company with John for eleven months altogether. After 5 months he said, "Will you marry me!" I looked at him and said, "You are joking!" He said, "No, I mean it." I liked John but never really thought too seriously about marrying him although I suppose I would have missed him a great deal if we had of stopped seeing each other. Up to that time we had gone together five months. So before I left to go in the doctor's home that night, I told him "yes." So we waited until after Christmas. He got me a diamond ring, January 1st or later, he said he didn't want the ring to serve as a Christmas gift. So we said lets get married on Valentines day and laughed. But we didn't.

Then Easter passed and May then June nearly. So on June 26th, 1930 we went to the Salt Lake City Temple. J. Fred Potter said, "well John, we were disappointed we thought sure you and Winifred would someday marry." We still made our weekly visits to the farm with Winifred putting in the gas most of the time.

We lived in Deb's place for quite awhile near Liberty Park. Our first baby came along. We named her Winifred. (1931 on July 25th). She was an adorable child, not because she was mine, but she was pretty with her dark hair and rosy cheeks and little round face. The good Lord had surely blessed me. You know Dear Reader. People were so anxious to see my baby they thought for sure that I would have a lame baby. It goes to show you how ignorant some people are and how weak their minds are and how they whisper behind your back. People can be so cruel in their thoughts. I listened at their whispering tongues and glances at me stopped as I came near them.

I have written a poem about my baby. This is when she was about 3 months old.

Baby Days

I'm just a tiny bundle, about ten pounds in all.
Not so very long either, almost twenty-two inches tall.
But you know it's quite surprising,
what joy and comfort I bring,
I've heard my mother say so.
And I've heard my daddy sing.
I can not talk like you can,
but my mother understands each little smile,
and chuckle, my cries and my demands.
I try so hard to be no trouble,
As the hours of the day goes by,
But sometimes I get tired of sitting and just have to cry.

Daddy says, "come on little tot," and takes me for awhile.
Mother says "my face lights up and you ought to see my smile."
She says "it's worth a million dollars."
But you know, I just can't see, that a smile would,
Be worth all that from a little tot like me.

Baby Winifred was only a few months old when we moved from Deb's place to 2942 Adams Street, Salt Lake City, it is located between 4th and 5th East of 29th South. We there met some fine neighbors named Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell and their married daughter Edna Butterfield. We lived there in that small home for a short time. John got out of work so we lost out on the place and it suited me fine. I'm glad we could move as the house was too small. We moved up closer into town and quite close to where we were at Deb's place.

It was in a large apartment at 806 Park Street. I sure liked it there, near the park. I got hay fever very bad and it turned to asthma. I got pale. The apartment was quite dark and not enough sun light coming in. We had two children now. A son we named John, for his father and the middle name we gave him was for my younger brother Raymond. Winifred was now nineteen months old. It was now 1933.

About this time I got word that my sister Winifred had died in Canada. She had been pregnant seven months and had pneumonia and kidney trouble. She left four children. I wanted to go to the funeral, of course, but John didn't see how I could with the two children. But he said o.k. and we called in a woman to stay with the children. It had been seven years since I left Canada and I had not been back until this time.

My husband John worked at the plant, Utah Power & Light Co. for 26 years and time passed by in the usual way. In November 1935 another son was born. John had his name picked out before he came. It was to be David for sure. When David was seven months old we moved to Orem as husband John was transferred in his work. We were all better in health and the canyon breezes cleared the air. The wheezing in our lungs stopped and I know we all felt better to get out of the city limits. We had an acre and half of land with irrigation water to water the orchard of peaches, prunes, strawberries, apricots, etc.

We got us a cow, and had a garden, and chickens, and cats, and pigeons, and everything an acre could hold. I used to milk the cow often and help John all I could. I would pick the fruit and have it ready boxed up for him by the time he got home from the plant. We would load up a car full and trailer and haul it into Salt Lake. John was no business man and seldom ever got enough out of the fruit to pay the water rights and taxes in the fall. But he liked to take the fruit and give it to those who were widowed and poor. (Bless him) He was always wanted on the phone, an elderly widow calling, could you come and help me do this or that. He was a great one to help those who needed it, as he was in the bishopric for two years.

Someone came up to me after church and said, you might just as well get a rocking chair and be content while waiting for him to come home from his church meetings. I worked in the primary off and on for four years. So we both kept pretty busy. While we lived in Orem, we had quite a few different experiences, which opened my eyes and drew me closer to God. I will mention these later on.

For the fourth time I found myself pregnant. I wondered how in the world I would have the strength to take care of what I had to do, and do all the work that had to be done. I told the doctor, he misunderstood me and said, "Well if you don't want the baby I can find a home for it." That isn't what I meant. It was not the baby I was thinking about, it was the nine months getting it here. I just needed more strength is all. I felt so tired and run down and my head felt like it needed more blood in the top of my head to balance me.

In those days they didn't examine you to try to build you up, but usually said let nature take its course. My house work got neglected. I prayed a lot, that the baby would be alright. I

also prayed that when it was time for baby to come that John would be near to take me to the hospital. I thought all the time it might be a girl, as I was good at guessing. On the 28th November the neighbors came and visited me, John was at work. They asked how I felt and said this is your day to go to the hospital isn't it? They were quite concerned. They asked me if I had any signs yet. They stayed until two o'clock in the afternoon. I only had a slight twitching movement all day. Never any stronger or weaker. They said you better call your doctor. I said what for, not time yet. They thought I was not too concerned. I cooked the evening meal in case and had my bath. Nothing more happened.

I knew I had to wait as I had prayed John would be home. We lived six miles or more from Provo and how could I get there without transportation. John got home from work at four thirty. I told him maybe we ought to tell the doctor how I felt, but still no pain. Well, we went over to the hospital and I sat and looked at funny papers while they got my room ready. They said maybe I ought to stay even if I had no pain. They called the doctor and I talked to him. He said it will be a long time yet, and he had another case to take care of. If I needed him, the hospital would call him. So he got as far as the front door, and they called him back. My baby was into the world in a rush.

I never had any pain before, or after. I never saw anything like it. The Lord had heard my prayers and gave me strength in my time of need. It was Sunday and I had a lovely healthy baby girl. I remember the story that used to come over radio "Our Gal Sunday." Well when I looked at my baby that went through my mind. "Sunday" I smiled to myself. I shall never forget the day she came. John had her name already chosen, "Esther." I thought about the doctor who said he'd find her a home if I didn't want her. I can't imagine anyone ever giving her baby away. But they do.

The four kept me pretty busy. I can't remember ever having one night to sleep all through. I always slept with one eye open and one foot on the floor, and a flash light under my pillow.

John and I never planned on things ahead too much like vacations. I said I hated disappointments. We used up all our time and income on trying to keep up with everyday living. Even at that we didn't have any luxuries. When Esther was nineteen months old, however, I decided we should take our children up to see their grandmother. (My mother) She was aging and I wanted to see her too. We went by car and the children were car sick. But we were glad we went as that was the only vacation we ever had together, John and I in twenty seven years of our married life. We often came from Orem to Salt Lake with fruit or took short trips near home.

When our oldest girl Winifred was ten years old she came home with the school nurse with a rash on the back of her neck. The nurse said keep her home until next Monday. By then she will be able to come back if it isn't serious. By Monday she was o.k. and the nurse let her go back. But John who was seven or eight years old now, said he didn't feel good. I put him to bed and in two days he was o.k. again after a slight sore throat. Three weeks went by and Winifred

said she didn't want to play because her head ached. She broke out all over with a rash and the doctor came and put a sign up on our door "Scarlet fever."

He looked at young John's hands and showed me how they had peeled off at the palms and said John had it first perhaps or she did and gave it to him. I was afraid if Esther got it she would really have a rough time, as she was such a tiny girl and a very poor eater. I really worried about her. But it isn't always the tiny ones who suffer the most. My throat was a little sore and husband John was told he better get a tent and camp outside because he had to go to work. The cold air blew through the tent and it was not comfortable so he tried the cellar and that didn't work either. I handed his meals out to him some how or other he got by. It seemed to me I had a different sign up every six weeks. Whooping cough, measles, chicken pox, mumps, scarlet fever, when it rained it poured. All of those children diseases came our way.

Winifred was down for three weeks with scarlet fever and the doctor came often. When she felt like getting up she was stiff in her wrists and they were swollen. The doctor gave her medicine to take the trouble away and it came in her ankles. She dragged her feet, and he said to bring her over to the office for tests, and found out she had rheumatic heart condition. He gave her more medicine and her face swelled up. We changed doctors and called in a specialist. For five months the poor little girl suffered and never complained or cried. She would ask me to come and sit on her bed and talk to her.

One day she said. I wish I had a little sister. I said, "You do have (Esther)." She said "Mother, I mean a real little sister a new one." I said, "Well in time perhaps you will." She said it more than once about a little sister. Then she would say, "Mother tell me that poem about little boy blue." I would say not now it's sad. And she would insist on me telling her again. I can't remember it word for word but it went like this.

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust.

And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through.
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Say it again mother please. "No, Winifred you must rest now," I would say. Then she would plead again day in and out, say it again mother please! Esther would climb up on the bed and scratch Winifred's back for her. I must have had it on my mind when I went to bed at night the things Winifred talked about. One night as plain as day I saw a baby about a month old laying on the bed at Winifred's feet. I said to myself, I have never seen that baby before, and it's not a new born, looks about a month old. I wonder whose baby it is. Oh it's only a dream I said to myself. I must forget about it, but it looked and seemed so real.

My days were so taken up about this time. I was studying for about the fifth time trying to find time to become an American Citizen, and had to appear in court with two witnesses. It took all day long, I got out of the court house at 4 p.m. I was happy to think that was over as it took a lot of my time.

For five long months Winifred was ill. The white cells out did the red so the doctor said. They took her into the Utah Valley Hospital for a while then asked us to bring her up to Salt Lake L. D. S. Hospital. One day when I went up to see her she said, "Mother, tomorrow when you come up here, could you bring my clothes please. I'm not staying here any longer. I'm going home." I told her to be patient as the doctors were trying to help her. For five long months, I had been praying for her that the Lord would give her a good night sleep. He heard my prayers as she passed away the next day at 3 p.m. in the afternoon October 1941. It was on Halloween.

I was so stunned. I must have been blind to the fact that the end was so near. Was I losing my faith, I asked myself. Why didn't she improve. I had prayed for her to get well. But God knows best, and knows what's good for us. He does not always answer our prayers the way we think he should. He had blinded my eyes to the fact that she had to go and with blinded eyes I had not worried so much. I had always had hopes and told her that tomorrow would be a better day and let us rest now.

We prepared her for burial. Winifred Bentley said her lady boss Mrs. Hawley and herself would like to select and pay for the burial clothes as Win said it was for her little name sake. We laid her to rest in a pretty pink nylon dress and she had her hair fixed so pretty. The funeral services took place in the Larkin Funeral home and she was laid to rest in Wasatch Lawn. After the funeral was over John R. said, "Mother, I'm the oldest now, I'll have to grow up fast to help you." I couldn't talk or think straight. I had hard lumps come around my heart.

Only those who have lost a precious one knows the agony I was going through. The world does not stand still to any one, or anything and life goes on. Work had to be done, and the family to look after, chores to do. I had to see to it that the cow and chickens had to be taken care of when John had to be at work on afternoon shift. Each evening as I walked to the barn I could feel some one walking just behind me. I would stop and turn around but couldn't see any one. I said to myself "just imagination." But it was not, as I actually heard foot steps back of me coming and going each evening. One night, long after everyone was asleep, I heard a child say Mother ---, Mother ---. I got up took Esther out of bed made her comfortable and gave her a drink, put her back to bed once again

Once again I heard Mother, Mother. I checked her again, she was asleep. I went over to each of the others and did likewise, and went back to bed once again. I heard Mother, Mother. I got up checked and rechecked each one again. Went back to bed as they were all asleep now. Again I heard Mother, Mother. I wondered what's the matter now, and which one? It's a puzzle. As I put my feet to the floor and was about to stand up I saw Winifred in front of me. She was crying and unhappy. I talked to her. I asked her if she was lonesome for the children. Of course she didn't answer me, but soon vanished. Another time in the night she came to me very clearly. She came in the front gate and up to the door. I said, "I heard you coming, wait a minute until I wash Esther's little face then you can visit with her." I went for a wash cloth and when I returned Winifred was gone. I know, she was the one that walked behind me to do the chores. You see some of those chicks were hers.

They say time is a wonderful healer. It was about a year and a half after her death that I wrote to my mother and told her that we were going to have an increase in our family again. And I said in my letter, "Mother my dear, I couldn't do half as good as you have done. You see you had 2 pair of twins." Well in Jan 5th, 1944 I had twin girls. I was so tickled that I couldn't go to sleep in the hospital. I named them Marjorie and Marguerite. It was so cold that winter and the cold never seemed to let up. Mrs. Bradshaw said we better go to her house for a week or two until I got stronger.

John called an ambulance to get us from the hospital. But they never even heated up the car and we all got awfully cold. As they drove in the wrong direction. I was cold for three hours after. After two weeks we went home and the babies got cold again. Marguerite got sick and couldn't keep anything down on her stomach. We changed milk but that didn't help. She was five weeks old. A husky looking little girl, she was the biggest of the two and had a good appetite. Marguerite passed away on Feb 11, 1944. She was taken to the hospital but gradually got weaker. I looked at her. She was a sweet little girl and she was the one I saw that night laying at her sister Winifred's feet. We buried Marguerite by Winifred and since that time I have never dreamed of Winifred being lonesome. She got her little sister she always wanted. I think Winifred must have known that before she died that some day she would have a baby sister. It was a cold winter day we buried our baby girl.

The next door neighbor came over and said she would take Marjorie and care for her while we came up to Salt Lake to the funeral. I sat in the back seat of the car with Mrs. Bradshaw. I held a tiny white casket across my lap. Marguerite like her sister had a pale pink dress on. When we drove into the cemetery the wind started to blow cold. I was shaking and chilled. After it was over we went to the car and started home. Mrs. Bradshaw told us that her son while on his mission wrote home often. When she told him about having twins at his mother's home he had written back and said he knew it as he saw it in a dream that one of them had to go.

When God gathers flowers from his garden. He doesn't always take those in full bloom, how true.

When we landed home I thought my life was empty. I was so petrified with emotions I didn't care whether I lived or not. A knock came on the door and the neighbor placed in my arms my baby Marjorie. I had totally forgotten the Lord had blessed me with two.

Young son John was not used to young babies as Esther was now six years old. When ever I would look at son John and smile and say come on John look at the baby, isn't she cute? He would run outside so shy like or ducked his head down and go into the other room. When Marjorie was big enough to sit up by herself she was on the bed one day when John R. came in looking for something under his bed. I think it was his bow and arrow. He looked and couldn't find it. Just as he came up from the floor off his knees. Marjorie gave him such a sweet cute smile and after that he sure noticed her and played peek a boo with her until she laughed out loud. They got acquainted fast after that.

We lived in Orem sixteen years and I had many different experiences during that time. My nerves were at a high pitch and each night I had a hard time getting to sleep most of the time. I worked hard every day in the house and in the orchard. One night I dozed off and had a strange dream. I dreamed I heard a crowd of people whispering to each other. They were walking along on green grass as if going somewhere. I heard them say, Jesus of Nazareth was walking by. I said, "Where oh where? Let me walk and talk with him." Someone said he gets past you, before you realize it. I felt him almost pass, then I said, "Please! Let me walk and talk with you. Let me hold your hand for strength." He took my hand in his and we walked together to the top of a mound. I said, "The wind is cold and I am shaking." He said, "I do not feel the wind. It is the power of the evil one shaking you, but if you are strong and keep faithful and follow me, he can not harm you."

I woke up to the dawn of another day with plenty of work to do. But I have never forgotten that dream. We kept busy in our church work but some times we are shaken up before hardly realize what is going on around us. We always tried to live as near to God as we knew how. We attended our church regularly and went to the Temple about once a week, usually on Mondays, then changed to Thursdays. John would take as many as the car would hold.

One day when he was in his locker a man spoke to him over the top. They got acquainted and went through together. His name was Gerald Archibald. I learned later Gerald was nicknamed "Jiggs." He had a bright countenance, wore glasses, was a cripple. He had palsy and one arm and hand shook continually. He had to hold it with his good arm to relax. Jiggs met John every week. He was surprised to know John was married and had four or five children, and was holding down a good job. John asked him what he did. He said he used to work on golf parks and go pick up the balls. At that time he was not working but helping his mother vacuum the rugs. We visited their home and they had three grandchildren to rear as their son had died and later the mother also. There were two girls and one boy. Jiggs mother was a very nice person and was industrious. Jiggs was about forty-one years old when we first knew him and was not married. The family told us that Jiggs had the flu when he was eight years old and it left him lame.

John and Jiggs became close friends. The temple was their meeting place every week for several years. Later Jiggs met a lady friend at the temple. She too had palsy the same as he. He was a little younger than she was. She came from the state of Maine to attend the Temple and stayed on in Salt Lake for awhile.

Jiggs got him a job at Gates Rubber Co. for awhile, then got another job in some bank as mailman. Jiggs wrote to me sometimes as he said I was one of his best friends. He told me how he loved his girl from Maine and had asked her to marry him. She said, "the man, I marry will have to be perfect." He told her there was only one perfect man that ever lived and that was Jesus Christ himself. And perhaps if Jiggs and she would marry maybe they could work together to try to become perfect. She could sure play the piano with one hand. These two went to shows together every Saturday. John and I, and his folks were thrilled to know he had found a companion.

One Saturday he had to work for a few hours in the morning and after that they would be together for their date. Oh how happy life seemed for them. He watched the hands of the clock. It was almost 9 30 a.m. Another hour or two and he would be meeting her. At nine-thirty he felt nauseated and went for the wastebasket. They took him to the rest room, but in less than one hour Jiggs was dead. He had a blood clot and it hit his heart. My phone in Orem rang and his father asked me if I had heard the news. I was shocked to know our friend who was so faithful, had died so suddenly, when his life seemed to be so full of happiness. I thought then every week from then on I know Jiggs would be at the Temple in spirit, to meet John. People at the temple used to whisper, I wonder if they are brothers as they are always together. Jiggs did not forget us. As later on his name shall be mentioned again in my story.

Our son John got a job after school working in a green house for 35c an hour. David had a paper route for awhile. They used to go roller skating quite a bit. I remember David surprised me one evening after he got home from his paper route. He had won a box of chocolates from the paper company for selling more than the other boys. He gave it to me. That touched me very deeply to think he remembered his mother and thought of someone else instead of himself. It was not the candy, but the act of giving. Little deeds of kindness, little words of love, makes the earth our heaven, as the saying goes.

One night do we all well remember our two boys had taken the car and went the back road to the show. Husband John had just started to bed and I was half undressed when the phone rang. A man's voice said, "Mrs. Caley, I'm over here at your neighbor's house. I don't want to alarm you but we had a call to say your husband has been seriously hurt in an automobile accident." I said impossible, he is here in bed and is well. Then I thought Oh my! Perhaps it is the boys? I hurried and got dressed and so did John. But the mortuary man assured us that our boys were ok. The ambulance was just outside the neighbors house when Mr. and Mrs. H drove up. The family had been out and left their children home. The mortuary men said when they came around the corner they noticed that the house lights kept going on and off. The telephone operator traced the call to our neighbors. The kids had put in this emergency call and had got the mortuary men out of a meeting six miles away. Usually they charge \$20.00 for a call like that.

Those kids thought they were playing a joke on me as there was no car in the yard. The joke back-fired as soon after, the police went over to school and called them out of class which was very embarrassing to their parents. These same boys used to take a tall cement road marker and roll it out in the middle of the road, so the cars would have to drive around it. They would put it out after dark. Anyone could have had an accident coming home from work at midnight like the neighbor, or my husband. It was the neighbor, Mr. G., who called the police. But the Healy's thought it was John and blamed him for it. Those same boys used to sit high up in the apple trees and throw green apples at everybody and everything they broke. Mr. G's window in front of his living room.

To be continued. This is to year 1945.

Continued Story of My Life Starting in the Year of 1945

Today is June 10, 1976

The other day I gave my friend Mamie a ring on the telephone. I said "Mamie at last I have found you again, after losing track of you for several years. I hear you had moved to several different places but, of course, I couldn't get in touch with you because your name is not in the phone book any more." In fact I have felt bad to think Mamie didn't get in touch with me, as I have been living in the same place for years. Well, she said she had called me twice and no answer. She asked me what I was doing these days. I told her I was copying out my life story for my sister and she said, "I should be doing (writing) that too." Well I said I have got up to the year 1945 when we lived in Orem. But I feel I'm at a dead end now. She said, "That was the year we met, remember, and now you can include us in your story." I laughed but here I go.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since 1945. I'll not forget the evening she and her husband came to our small abode to chat. They were renting down the road from us. They said they came from back east from Pennsylvania, and had written to our Stake President to try and find a house to live in until they could get settled. The house he got them was his house, that is, it belonged to him but he was not living in that one, it was an older home he rented out.

We showed them our orchard and we had a calf tied up under the trees which we were feeding for our winter meat. Just then a large tom cat jumped before us. Mamie said, "My that is a big cat you've got there!" I said, "Yes we are fattening it up for our winter meat." I thought she said calf, not cat. Mamie said, "My goodness, what kind of people are they." Ha, Ha. Mamie and her husband Cleve had four children, young Cleve, Jim and the twins Jack and Jean.

Mamie told us that back east they were bored with life as the folks back there were not Mormons and only went to church to show off their new clothes and if new clothes were not worn they would put their nose up in the air and talk. Mamie said the only entertainment there was people would gather at each other's homes in the evenings and drink beer and play cards. Mamie told Cleve she wasn't going anymore. She was fed up. Surely there must be something more worthwhile in life than that. She was in poor health and had to have her heart tapped every six weeks to drain out the fluid so she could live longer.

She told me at one time she had to put her four children out in the country in another home as she was down in bed for years. One time the doctor was at the home of her adopted parents and said Mamie had only a short time to live and to call all family members together. He told Mamie to close her eyes and try to go to sleep. But Mamie said to herself No. She prayed to the Lord to spare her so she could rear her family, as she herself had no parents, she was taken from the orphanage. (Mamie and Cleve were not L.D.S. at that time. She met the missionaries first and was ready for them. Her husband joined later.) But she did remember she had a real mother and brothers and sisters somewhere. She was placed in a foster home and called them mother and father. They also had an elderly aunt who was sick with TB and Mamie had to clean up after her. (Poor Mamie.)

She used to open the door to the man who sold them eggs. A young boy sometimes delivered them. The foster mother would always send Mamie in the other room and give her other jobs. As Mamie got older she got more acquainted with people around her and she got to thinking and wondered if she had seen that boy before somewhere. She asked him where he lived and he told her. So one day she went to visit him and found out he too was adopted. He was her brother. The foster parents on both sides were furious and had tried to keep them apart. Mamie met Cleve when she was about 15 or 16 and they were married. I can't remember what she said became of her brother. Years later Mamie went back to Pennsylvania with Cleve to hunt up her parents. She found her mother. There were seven children given away. Her mother was surprised to know she had 6 grandchildren out in the car.

Mamie had gone to the patriarch for a blessing when she first came to Orem and he told her because of her faith in the Lord he had blessed her and she would have better health and still have sons and daughters born to her which she did. After, she was blessed with a daughter and named her Anita Ruth. Then came Bill, she named him William and then came Donald. Mamie had only about two heart tappings for fluid since she left Pennsylvania. Mamie never did find her own father, he deserted them and her mother didn't care, it seemed, to try to keep the family together or couldn't under the circumstances.

Well the McDonald family and the Caley's became good friends. We used to get together in the summer time and fix up a lunch and go camping. Remember Mamie begged us to go overnight and camp out. John was no sport for that kind of living. But to please Cleve (we called him Mac), we went along and we asked a fellow in charge of some hot springs if we could camp over yonder there and he said I suppose so. So we laid out our beds and enjoyed the cool night air under the stars. Next morning Mamie was picking up her bed and said to her mischievous son Jack, "Hey Jack. Why did you put those dead snakes in our beds?" He said, "Gosh Mom, I don't know anything about those snakes." Come to find out those snakes were alive before anyone crushed them underneath the quilts. We didn't stay around there for another night. The young ones went swimming in warm springs and after we moved on.

Mamie was a great one to want to go camping, so we planned another time to go to the canyon with the Ebert family. Remember the Ebert's? They lived down under the hill from J. Fred Potter's where we used to take Winifred Bentley. The Ebert's now had a family of five. Paul and Vi, as we called the Ebert's, were to bring the fire wood and matches. Mamie and Mac could bring what they wanted and Paul said he'd bring the ground beef. I said I'd bring the salad. Well when we got there after a long drive, we found out Paul didn't have any matches. He had a little wood. I went to unpack and found I had left the salad on my table at home. Viola looked for the ground beef and said, "Paul, where's the meat?" He said, "I thought you had it." So we had bread buns and potatoes and that's about all.

My husband John went down the back of our orchard one day and turned his ankle. It didn't get any better but swelled up and got red in the veins. We took him to the doctor, that is Mac did. The doctor gave him the needle but the swelling and redness went over to the other foot. The doctor said it was Phlebitis and sometimes people got in their sides or legs or arms

even after an operation. Well four months went by and John was still down on the couch. He slept there and ate there and when he needed to go to the toilet he would scoot along on his rump, come back exhausted to the couch. I tried to help him but John was an independent person and rather stubborn at times. He said he needed the exercise. The church men came to see him and I followed them out to the gate and said, "Do you think John will ever walk again?" They shook their heads and said it doesn't look like it in his condition, being lame before that time.

The doctor came often and one day he said to David, "Well boy, looks like we have your father's legs to a place now where we could take both legs off and put him some new artificial ones on." David went cold and said, "Mother, I don't like that doctor." (I didn't either, saying that to a small boy.) Mac came one day and said, "John, I have come to take you for a ride. You haven't been out for a long time." So he picked John up and said, "My! You are heavier than I thought. You must weigh a ton." John couldn't even use crutches. He said you have to have one good foot in order to be able to use a crutch.

Nobody ever thought John would walk again, but the doctor used to come any time, even at 2 a.m. and wake the whole household up. The police followed the doctor at 2 a.m. to our place and said, "Oh, it's you is it Doc. OK. I'll let you off this time." The cop was a close friend of Doc. All the shots John ever had didn't seem to help him. So I think most people gave up. I didn't know what to expect because John had that polio years before and it was hard to know what would be the outcome. Anyway John got over it. But the following year he got it again at the same month, but since then we haven't known any more about it and it was long forgotten.

I remember once little Billy McDonald jumped on John's back and said "get up horsie." He thought John was playing with him. The whole community was very much surprised to see John up and going again. It was in the year of about 1947. Time does not stand still and we get a little older every year and some get thinner (me) from work and worry, while others put on weight (John). In the years that pass by we still keep going the best we can. 1948 my mother passed away. I went to her funeral in Canada. I went with Steve and Jean.

It was about the year of 1949 that our ward bishopric decided to get the young teenagers and their leaders to go on a trip for about a week. They would take their own bedding and take their supply of food, or pay five dollars, or a large size ham. They would go to Yellowstone Park first, then on to Idaho and to the Teton Mountains to Jackson Hole as the place was called. Who all was going? The M. I. A. and their teachers and, of course, the bishopric. At that time I was teaching the first class in Mutual and I was asked to be in charge of five girls that had graduated from Primary. My son John was also going. He was in another class. He would take his small tent along for himself and his boy friend. We would be traveling in trucks and cars. The trucks would take our bed rolls and food supplies. There were fifty-two of us going and looked forward to a good time. It seemed like an awful long ride from Orem to Yellowstone and were all tired and hungry.

The men put up some tents and most everyone had a sleeping bag. They told us do not fasten the tent flaps because if bears got in they panic if they can't get out again. We were settled

down for the night. It was cool and damp. It had been raining. I woke up and heard some pans rattling and could smell a wet animal sniffing and pawing and grunting. At first I thought it was a girl. She had a cold. I was petrified and said my prayers over and over for the safety of all five girls and myself. When I ducked down under my bag, I was trembling and frightened and never shut my eyes all night. One girl had to get up and go out in the night and when she came back she got hold of my sleeping bag and pulled and pulled to get in and she walked all over me. I thought it was the bear. When I got up in the morning she was missing and I felt like crying, as her mother didn't want her to come in the first place as she had a cold. We found the girl on the outside of the tent. She had rolled under the side.

The men and boys in the crowd liked to tease the girls, so the girls of another group older than my class wanted to sleep in the truck. So they all got settled one night and the men put watermelon rinds and other garbage under the truck so the bears would go for it. In the middle of the night the whole camp heard the girls scream. The boys got up and got under the truck and bumped it up and down on purpose.

Each day was different and we traveled around the Yellowstone Park to see the sights. Some wanted to move on and go to a place to swim. So we traveled a long way up to Soda Springs, Idaho. I was the only one carried a tin cup. They stopped at the mountain side where there was fresh water flowing out of the rocks. Oh, I was so dry and rushed to get my cup full of fresh cool bubbling mountain water. I tasted it and stopped dead still. It was soda water. I wished it could have had lemon in it, but I couldn't drink only a swallow. I never said anything to anyone else but kept still. They asked for my cup to use. I gladly handed it over and watched their faces and each one in the line up never said a word to the next one. Nobody ever had a whole cup full. It was funny no one said anything about the soda. There was the big sign in front of us, "Soda Springs, Idaho."

Most of our meals included macaroni or potatoes, etc., to fill us up. They had asked for volunteer cooks in the first place. Two girls that lived down the street from our home volunteered. They were sisters and they began to complain about the job and wanted someone else to take over. But they got stuck with it all the way. There was contention and growling of course. We passed through Idaho Falls and they camped quite close to the temple site for the night. I asked a man in the crowd to please get up in the truck and get my bedding out for me. He said the bedding is too hard to get at, go sit in one of the cars for the night. Well I tried and every car was full and nobody let me in or cared about me and I walked up and down all night long. Even the Bishopric was cozy and asleep in their bags. I had not slept for nearly a week. When the week came to an end I was very happy to get home and locked the screen door. I was still frightened of the bears and I never want to go on a trip again like that.

One day my son John asked me if he could invite a boy to our home to stay overnight and I felt ashamed of the home I had, three small rooms, very unhandy. No room for a table in the kitchen and the other two rooms had a bed in every space we could find. Every bed was full. Two in every bed. I turned the boy down. I don't know how I could have found a place to put him. Later on John said, "Mother, I'm sorry you turned him down. His mother died and his

father is sick and can't find a job and they can't pay rent. They have been sleeping in a huge concrete pipe up in the canyon. They crawl in there for protection and hang a canvas up over the end to keep out the cold." (I thought he came from a swell home and that's why I said no. We never know who we turn away.) I've thought about it many times since. The scriptures tell us, "If ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." In another place it says, you never know who you may help, it may be angels unaware. Mamie McDonald said she never turned any man away from her door because it may have been her own father she never found.

A person never knows what to do. I've been in the opposite situation. One day a man came to my door and asked for a bed to take a rest in and I turned him away. He had his hand in his pocket and said he couldn't work because he was crippled up and I said I couldn't. He swore and said he hoped God would put a curse on me. I watched him walk away. There was nothing wrong with him. I only wished John would have been there. John was worse off than the strange man was and he worked.

It was while we lived in Orem I took a course in millinery and was learning how to make hats. It was through the mail from Chicago. I had to pay seven-fifty a month for ages. They sent me wire, material and instructions and I had to send the hat back to them for inspection. The kit contained just barely enough material and not one inch over for little mistakes. They also said to go out and buy different material and make another one and mail it back to them. Of course, I got the hats back again after they had been graded. But they were mashed up in the mail. I never did think much of the styles. They were "creations" and didn't look good on me. But I worked hard under difficulties and finally got my diploma, which didn't do me any good as nobody around us wore hats after that.

One evening the family were all gone somewhere and I sat home alone. I was sitting on the couch and was relaxing for a few minutes when I happened to gaze around me and saw at hand's reach the story of "Joseph Smith tells his own story." I picked it up to read it again. I had read it many times before, but I seemed to have a desire for deeper thoughts and to think. I no sooner started and a funny feeling came in my left side, a creeping feeling that traveled up to my side and over my shoulder, up my neck and over my eyes and I realized my eyes were blinded and everything went dark and black. I couldn't see a thing. I laid down on the couch and covered up for the night and prayed that my sight would be restored by morning, and it was. Thanks to the good Lord, I thought afterward. It strengthened my testimony that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God and the evil one blinded my spirits and my eyes trying to discourage me. I have always enjoyed that story before this happened and desired to read it over and over again.

One day after John had gone to work, the neighbor's man brought John home about just after lunch time. John was groaning and couldn't talk. We laid him down on the couch and I tried all afternoon to get help. We had a neighbor who was a nurse and I went over and talked to her for help. She said she couldn't help him because she couldn't do anything without a doctor's consent. I phoned all around from Provo to American Fork for a doctor but couldn't get one.

About midnight I was panicking and said to myself, "I know who will help me." I went into the kitchen to pray for help.

Silent Prayer

There are many little crosses . . . each of us in life must bear . . . But the burden can be lightened with a daily silent prayer . . . Nothing offers greater comfort . . . in the struggle and the strife . . . Like a silent prayer at night time . . . just before we go to bed . . . often aids the sagging spirit . . . and to better days has led . . . Silent prayers can be the bulwark . . . that can turn the evil tide . . . and the force that moves the mountains . . . if in faith we shall abide . . . Oh, the burden of our crosses . . . will become too great a weight . . . only when we start believing . . . that a silent prayer can wait. (By James J. Metcalfe.)

voice said to me, "How do you know if your prayer was heard." I felt some spirits all around in the room. The room seemed to be full of good and bad. I was confused and in doubt for a few minutes and another soft assuring calm voice said, "Woman! Where is thy faith." (The first voice that said, "How do I know that my prayer was heard," was the evil one.) The second one, "Woman where is they faith" was a good spirit. I walked back into the front room where John lay and I felt that he would be OK and I wouldn't need a doctor. The next morning John was feeling fine. He sometimes got feelings around him to bother him. He said he thought Old Nick was around. John was a very spiritual man but I think the other force tried to discourage and overthrow the good because John was in a way handicapped. But the good was the strongest

It was in the year of 1950, everything seemed to run its course in our family. Young son John owned a motor bike and one day he said, "Well I can't go far because the motor is out for repairs but I can peddle it," and rode it up the street to see his boy friend about one mile away. He was over his visit and was starting for home when a car came whizzing down from the canyon and didn't slow down and had no license, no brakes. It was his class mate in school. He hit John, John flew up in the air, dented the top of the car, cracked the windshield and landed on the road holding his head. John's bike was pulled out from under the car looking like a pretzel all twisted up. This boy driver had been picked up twice before for his bad driving. I'll bet he got what he deserved this time. Our John was taken to the hospital for tests. The next morning our neighbor, being a nurse, said, "Well what are you doing here?" John was scratched up pretty bad when they found him and he kept on saying, "Dad I didn't take your car, honest I didn't." He had a concussion but no serious damage and was able to come home in about three days.

Soon after that David went roller skating and someone pushed him down. We had to call for the ambulance to come and get him. His leg was hurt and they had to put sand bags for weight to stretch it and keep it that way so it wouldn't shrink. David was quite a long time recovering and looked pale. But in time he recovered back to normal.

One morning I noticed John (husband) was still in bed when he usually got up earlier to get ready for work. I said, "John, it's nearly 8:00 a.m. and you must get up. You will be late for work." He tried to get up and put on his trousers and couldn't. I looked at his face and it was

extra white. I said, "Oh! David you will have to do the driving to the doctors, your father is ill. I'll call the doctor and you start the car." I couldn't drive and David was too young for a license so he would have to go the back way off of the highway. We got him to the doctor's office and he asked if John was passing blood. I said, "No, I didn't see any." Doc said he needed a blood transfusion and to get him to the hospital. Well I could not drive, nor David on the highway, so I had to ask a man from the florist to please take us to the hospital, which he did.

John had bleeding ulcers and had to have about eleven blood transfusions. They waited awhile and then gave him some white stuff to drink to show up his insides so they could see what was the cause and wanted to x-ray. They gave him two lots and he bloated up like a mountain. MacDonald said tell them to call in a specialist. Poor John was so tight and bloated his heart was crowded and he couldn't breathe right. I was so sure this was the end. So I gathered my family in and said we are going to have prayer. I was crying and said a very short prayer. We all knelt down in a circle and I asked the Lord if John couldn't live to please release him from his misery. David said, "Ma don't feel so bad. Dad will be OK. I'm sure."

Each day there would be a car outside my door waiting to take me to the hospital. John had three operations in sixty-eight days. They put tubes in his tummy and one or two in his sides to relieve the pressure and bloat. It soon relieved the pressure around his heart, but it still needed time for the rest of his body. When he did come home he had tubes hanging all over him. I think he was in the hospital for three months. He told me that even the nurses heaved when they had to take care of him. Those poor nurses, also poor John. John had a rough time but lived many years after.

God Understands

God knows our cares and burdens,
Our struggles through the years,
Our disappointments, tragedies and all our qualms and fears.
Some are the ones bestowed on us to suffer in his Name
And some are needless miseries for which we are to blame.
But God is always at our side . . . to comfort and to bless
If only we implore his aid . . . in moments of distress.
If only we have faith in him and do our humble share . . .
With hopeful and courageous hearts.
That try not to despair . . . So let us not complain about
Our crosses of today. God understands our needs,
And he will help us on our way.
By James J. Metcalfe

It was in the end of 1950 or 1951 in November while John was still unable to work, I got a job and worked for five months. I have already related this in my testimony. I was ill in bed for seven months. I overworked and had total exhaustion. I didn't think I could make it back to normal health. But it's surprising what we go through and still snap out of it.

In 1952 there was an opening in John's work up at the plant for a transfer to Salt Lake. They wanted a man of long experience for the same kind of work John did. He told me he put his name down on the list but I felt poor John had seen his best working days, even the cranky boss didn't think he was able. John said, "Do you care if I go up to see the boss in Salt Lake." I think the boss was angry going past him and over his head. Well John did go to Salt Lake and told him all about his health and said he had been with the company twenty years and knew the work of a turbine operator. He had worked in that department all the time in Orem and said, "Can you keep a man down?" I think they were thinking like I did that John's best working days were over. One day John came home from work and he said, "Well, the job has been filled." I said, "Oh, do I know who got it?" He said, "Yes. I did." I could hardly believe it and was so happy and surprised. Now I could look forward to moving out of Orem, the place and neighbors. I was very happy to be able to move, believe me. Those neighbors were always bossing me around.

We had to come up to Salt Lake to look for a house and we looked and looked. I saw another one I liked very much but it didn't have any garage and this house did. The other home was the same price as this one and it had two or three large bedrooms and a larger living room. I never did like the house I'm living in but had to have a place to live. I couldn't rent it after John died. The reason John chose this house was because it had a garage on it. Anyway after 24 years of living here, I have made the best of it.

John passed away in the year of 1956. Now it is the year of 1976. In the past twenty years I've done the best I could. I've been on a stake mission from 1959 to 1961. I'll never forget the time the Bishop came to tell me. I saw him coming and I thought Oh! Me and started to make excuses that I didn't know enough about the Gospel to teach others. Just then I saw my dead husband and he was real happy and had a smile on his face. For one whole week I felt the power of the evil one try his best to discourage me and I couldn't eat or sleep for worry. The children noticed me and said, "What's the matter, are you ill."

The time came when we had to go to the first meeting after we had been set apart. I was told to be at the Welfare Square at a certain time. I didn't even know where that was and had no transportation. As I was leaving the church I saw a man from our ward who also was called and I asked him if I could go to that first meeting in his car. I explained to his wife that I had no way of getting there. So when we were walking up the steps I said, "They won't call on me to talk will they?" and he said, "No." I said, "I wouldn't know what to say." He said, "Do you want to take my Book of Mormon and Bible," and I said, "I don't know where to find anything anyway." I went cold with fear. So I just prayed in my heart to know what to do. Well the mission president said, "Today we have seven new missionaries to join our group and we would like to hear from each one." I was number six. The others only said they hoped to make a good missionary. When it came my turn I prayed within me for God to help me and quiet my nerves. I stood up there and the words came to me (Bear your testimony). So everything was dead still, you could hear a pin drop and I said, "I don't know too much of where to find the scriptures, but I do know my Lord and Savior lives and I do know Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God." I did not tremble and spoke up clearly and spoke for about seven minutes. After I got through the

last speaker said I talked too long and didn't give him time. Well anyway about six others said I'd make a good missionary because I was humble.

It was God's work and I put my heart and soul into it. I studied and prayed for two hours every morning and my Bible and Book of Mormon opened up the pages for the answers. I learned 52 scriptures by heart and loved my work. By the time I got used to what I had to do, I was made senior companion and one place we went was to a home where the lady was Spanish and she had lost twin babies. The L. D. S. people, her neighbors, were so good to her and helped her in every way they could. But her husband was against the missionaries and our religion. We got in there one night when he wasn't home and we gave her a lesson. She enjoyed it. I always prayed before going into any home. She wanted us to come again and we made an appointment. But when we got there a small girl answered the door and told us her father had taken her mother for a car ride so she could not hear our lessons.

Later two men were sent to that home and we had another district. She answered the door and they told her who they were and she looked at them and said she wanted Mrs. Caley and her young companion instead of the men. We couldn't get a chance to go again out there to her home. We were assigned to get six converts before our time was up. I only was able to get five when my time was up and I felt bad and felt I was a failure.

After I left and was released the phone rang and my last companion called to tell me I got credit for the sixth one. I said impossible, how come. She said a young boy in his late teens lives three houses from you. I said I have never given that young man a single lesson. She said he was going with a girl over on the east side of town and her father was high up in our church. One day the young man, Dennis, was curious and said, "Well how do you go about converting anyone?" And the girl's father gave Dennis all the lessons. But they couldn't give that ward or stake the credit so they said they had to give credit where the boy lived and to the one nearest his home.

I never converted anyone. The Lord did. He softened their hearts. Most of those that joined were young people in their teens. We found the black people were very religious and always were proud to talk about the Lord and their blessings from Him. Now where I live there is a black mans church down the road from my home about six or seven blocks. Of course, we never converted any blacks. They cannot hold the priesthood and we didn't contact too many in our work.

I did come up against two or three families, white folks, who were hungry and I took them food. Esther helped me and we took boxes to those that needed it. Five children in one family. Those five children belonged to a first husband and the second husband would not feed them. I reported it to the bishop of the ward she lived in. The mother was not an active L. D. S. and the bishop didn't agree to help her as she had not paid in any dues. So I don't know how she came out.

Across the street from me kitty corner, I tended children for a crummy outfit. The man and wife had three children and she worked. He was one of those kind who stole everything he

could get his hands on and never returned anything anyone ever loaned him. The neighbors had to call the police. The police couldn't return anything because they said possession is nine points of the law. The man even sold the good refrigerator in the house he was renting and put in an old thing that was no good. Anyway before I found out what kind of people they were I noticed no food in the home and I took my own lunch but had to give it to the children. After that the kids would come running to me and ask for food. The wife said when I questioned her, "I'm not buying any food for the house because my husband won't support us so why should I feed him."

He was working out in the garage making furniture and the power machine he used was loaned to him and he never returned it. He also got things from me, an electric heater, \$36.00 and a hoist out of the garage. He said when questioned he did not steal them because I saw him take them. One man had a screw driver and was taking a luggage carrier off that man's car and the police stopped him. The police said you can't take that even if it is yours. It's in his possession. They cheated me out of my wages even after I had in the past given them a box of food and told the bishop the children were hungry. The welfare had sent an order of groceries to them. But they pulled out in the evening and left empty dirty milk bottles for the welfare and never returned them, or said thank you.

Soon after I finished my stake mission I noticed a lump under my left breast. I went to the doctor and had to go to the hospital. I had to wait one month for a bed. The doctor said they didn't know what they would find when they opened me up. I was not afraid and didn't worry a bit. I thought I'll leave it up to the Lord. They took off the flesh under my arm and bandaged me up like a mummy and I was out about five hours. When time was up the nurse said, "It's time to wake up. Move your arm Mrs. Caley." I did but it was the wrong arm. Ha. Ha. She said you must exercise your arm continually. If you don't, you may lose the use of it.

I remember coming home after a long stay and I never went to bed or rest, I felt good. I ironed 19 blouses in two days and hung my wash out on the line by holding the clothes line with my teeth – all with one arm. Three months after, I had a set back. It was worse than the operation. They gave me pills and they drove me crazy. Finally I threw those pills down the toilet and got down on my knees to pray for wisdom and strength. In time I got over it but any operation has to readjust the circulation.

Now after awhile I was called on to go and work at the church welfare or sew. I went to work and got rammed into, right on my sore healing tender left side with a wooden apple box (corner of the box), nearly made me faint. I had insurance for my operation but it didn't cover it and the church had to help me. That's why I had to work at the church welfare. I worked for about three months and had to quit. I was not able. After awhile I went back and worked there for about five years until John's retirement check came through again. They stopped it once when Marge turned 18 years and gave it back to me when I turned 60 years.

I worked four days a week, rain or shine. They did have to pick me up once or twice and take me home. I was not strong but most people down there were in the same fix. They are there to help those who need it. One day I had to leave earlier. I felt sick and a barber who lived down

the street from me worked there. I asked him if I could please ride home with him as I felt ill. He said yes, so we got in the car and he said, “Mrs. Caley don’t ever get mixed up or have any dealings with an Englishman. They are really hard to understand.” I thought I’d better keep my mouth shut. I want to get home and he might let me out of the car. Ha. Ha.

My left arm is quite normal but not strong. I can use it but I can’t sleep on my left side for very long and I can’t rake the lawn very good. I’m thankful I still have my arm. I’ve heard others were afraid to use theirs and it withered up without exercise. I can carry a bucket of water for a few minutes and lift on wash days.

The good Lord has been mindful of me. After I was left alone after John died, one night I was very nervous and Esther and Marge were asleep in the back bedroom (Esther was married to Grant but he had to go over to the Guam Islands in the service). I stayed up and awake because I couldn’t settle my nerves. I got ready for bed and prayed for the Lord to watch over my home and my girls who were sleeping in the back room. I had not told them what I had prayed for, they were asleep. The next morning Esther said, “Mother, I must tell you something. Last night I woke up in the night which was very unusual for me. I saw a man standing over our bed. He didn’t frighten me a bit. He was so peaceful, like he was watching and protecting us.”

Another time soon after John’s death, I was in the house all alone for the night and felt very much alone in the world and needed to be comforted. I prayed for protection and I went to sleep. Just before being fully awake at dawn, I felt someone near in the room. I heard a voice say, “We can go now,” as if they had been there all night. Another time I was cooking a roast and opened the oven door to look at it. Some of the grease must have dropped off the lid and hit the flame. Instantly it burst out like an explosion and hit the ceiling and blacked the light globe. The kitchen was full of flame and smoke. I hollered out help, help. But no one was in the home to help. But someone heard me, instantly the trouble was put out.

I got to thinking that’s strange how it all went out so quickly. And I got to thinking why me? It came to me that I had paid tithing on every check I had and sometimes twice. (The checks were payments on the home.) I was told by many widows “You don’t have to pay tithing, being a widow, on your husband’s checks.” Well I always paid tithing on even the church welfare checks. They gave me \$60.00 a month until I refused to accept it after I got my own. I had only one answer for those who said they didn’t pay because they were widows. I said how about the widow’s mite in the Bible? Also, the Lord said he would open up the windows of heaven to those who kept his commandments on tithing and they would not have room to receive it. Some people I know have said I’m spiritually minded. But I’m not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, so the scriptures tell us. Paul said that – Romans 1:16.

July 1976 – The last 20 years since I’ve been a widow has been a struggle but today, July 7, I just sit here by the window and try to keep cool and write and watch TV. This year everybody is celebrating the 200 years America’s birthday bicentennial. I did not go out in the hot sun to watch the parades they had a few days ago, on July 4th, or go in the evening to see the

fireworks. I don't drive a car or beg a ride. The city buses put on extra buses in the evening and took people free to see the fireworks. But it's no fun going alone and the bus is not on my street. Being the age of 69 years and no car to travel in I would rather stay home and relax.

Some of our friends have passed away in the past 20 years. Winifred Bentley died at age 73 years about two years ago. Cleve McDonald died several years ago also. He climbed a tree in his own back yard and fell on the side of his head and got brain damage and was ill for a year or more and got worse and took his own life by a gun, that is, they found a gun by the body. He was desperate and couldn't stand his condition any longer. Paul and Viola are still living. Paul is 85 years old and Viola not too far behind him.

The years pass by so quickly. I'm now 69 years old and not much more to write about as I'm up to date on my life's story, July 12th 1976. I came to Utah July 12, 1928. It's also my brother Bob's birthday. I hope he gets my letter. He is over in England on his third mission since 1950.

Eulogy of Ruth Tagg Caley

given by Margi Gaarsoe

Ruth died March 23, 2000

funeral services were March 25, 2000

Ruth Caley was born March 2, 1907 in Wandsworth, Surrey, London, England. Her parents were James Tagg and Kate Flint. She was the eighth child in the family and was followed by a brother Raymond who died as an infant so Mom was the baby of the family for most of her growing up years. Her other sisters and brothers were Florence, Gertrude, James, Stephen, Robert, Eva and Winifred. They have all preceded her in death - she was the last surviving child in the family. Her father was a shoemaker and his sons Jim and Bob also became shoemakers. He met his future wife when he delivered some shoes to the dress shop that her family owned.

He was the first member of his family to join the LDS Church and his wife and children all followed him in converting to Mormonism. Mom was just a little girl when her father joined and she was baptized when she was eight years old. The church was very important to the family and was the reason that they left London and emigrated to Canada. Their daily life became much more difficult in Canada.

Her brothers emigrated first. Steve left in May 1913 followed by Bob and Jim in 1914. In October 1916, Mom left for Canada with her father and her sisters Eva and Winifred. Her mother was concerned about going to Canada because Winifred had been ill with lung problems and the doctor advised her not to let Winifred go. She sent the girls to the park so that their father couldn't find them but her mother told grandfather where they were and he found them and left for Canada. Mom's mother didn't leave to join the family until December 1916.

Mom was excited to go to Canada. She was eight years old when she left England. It was a long journey by ship. She always liked ships and drew pictures of them. She had an artistic hand and loved poetry [SHOW BOOK].

When they got to Canada they had another long journey ahead of them as they traveled across the country to Alberta and tried to homestead. The winters were harsh and they had to give up that dream. Life on the farm was very difficult and they did not have any conveniences. They moved into the town of Cardston where her father eventually resumed his trade of shoemaking.

Mom was sent out to live with other people to earn her way and was only able to go to school through the sixth grade. That was the end of her family life. She missed them so much and always tried to bring back what she had lost. The family meant so much to her.

In 1928 she came to Salt Lake to live with her brother Jim. When she first got here she had typhoid fever and was not able to work for quite sometime. When she regained her health she worked for a doctor in his home. She applied to the United States government for a work permit in June of 1929.

Her brother Steve's wife Jean introduced her to John Caley, the man that was to be her future husband. She married at age 23 and John was 36.

[LETTER - May 14, 1930 - Five weeks before they got married.]

“Well dear Ruth if I don't write oftener it is not because I do not think of you, for that is one of my main thoughts and the other is how can I better my position, a pretty hard problem to solve it seems at present. But let us hope for the best. I have some work to do pretty soon so I will have to close these few lines and trusting that you are well, and that you have fully recovered from your cold. With love and best wishes and hoping to see you soon. Yours truly, John. (To be paid in full when I see you - 27 X's.)”

She became a citizen of the United States on April 7, 1941.

Her oldest child, Winifred died later that year on October 31, 1941 at the age of 10. She lost another daughter, Marguerite, February 11, 1944 at the age of one month and six days. Marguerite was my twin sister.

She loved all of her children. John is the oldest of the living children, David is next in the family, followed by Esther and Marjorie.

[READ MY EXTRA GIFT FOR MOTHER'S DAY.]

“It had been raining every day for over a week and the wind was cold. I was glad I had a roof over my head and plenty to eat. I looked out through the window and saw a big grey cat taking shelter from the cold windy air of early month of May, there she stayed, waiting for the

sun to shine like the rest of us. Finally the sun came out from behind those dark clouds for an hour. It was the day before Mothers Day and I had received many cards that were beautiful in the mail and read them all from daughters and granddaughters, and it brought tears to my eyes. What more could I want for Mother's day. Outside the big grey cat had moved and came to my front door with sagging caved in sides and hungry, meowing for food. I don't like cats so I ignored her at first and looked at her caved in body, so I took pity on her and put out some warm milk and tuna fish and bread, thinking "no more be on your way." Lo and behold she brings out her family of 3 kittens to be fed. So that was my extra gift for Mothers Day. "

She encountered another tragedy in her life - the death of her husband in September 1956. When he died she also had problems with a leaking roof and plumbing that stopped working. Dad's nephew Royce from Australia arrived two weeks after Dad's death. Then in 1961 she was diagnosed with breast cancer and had massive surgery. Dad had very little insurance and Mom had to manage on very little - just social security and help from the Church. She worked at the Church's Welfare Square for several years and made some good friends there.

She filled a stake mission from 1959 to 1961. Mom loved to study the scriptures and she would memorize them. In spite of the fact that she had only had a sixth grade education, she loved reading and you could always find her writing letters to friends and family and recording her thoughts about life.

The Lord loved her for her purity. She was a peacemaker. She fed the hungry and clothed the naked. She walked with God.

One of Mom's favorite poems was by J. Metcalfe - Remind Me God.
Dear God when I am lonely and perhaps I feel despair let not my aching heart forget that you hear every prayer. Remind me that no matter what I do or fail to do there still is hope for me as long as I have faith in you. Let not my eyes be blinded by some folly I commit. But help me to regret my wrong and to make up for it. Inspire me to put my fears upon a hidden shelf and in the future never to be sorry for myself. Give me the restful sleep I need before another dawn and bless me in the morning with the courage to go on.

Ruth Tagg Caley
March 2 1907 to
March 23 2000
Age 93

My testimony written 1970 & rewritten 1987

For My children and Grandchildren and All concerned

Today is the Sabbath day and I would like to bear you my testimony for I may not be here to tell it later, so I am writing it down just as it happened, and how I feel, the spirit of God is

burning like a fire within me. I hope you will believe what I write, to be the truth. (Excuse all blunders I make as my writing is not so good any more.)

In this day and age I have heard, some say there is no God. I know there is and He hears and answers prayers. I Heard it said they wanted to take off the coins "In God we trust."

It was in the year of 1951 we lived in Orem Utah, my husband John had been in the hospital for about 3 mounts. I had to get me a job. I found one but, no transpiration. I got a ride in the mornings with a neighbor, but I had to find a way home in the evenings or call home for my boys to come and get me.

Some Mondays, I walked as used to go to the doctor's office for a check up. Doctor said my blood was low and gave me some pills, but they did not help me. One evening after work I sat on a bench out side waiting for my ride home, I passed out and when I came too, I could see double. The same day, one of the women I worked with had said I looked pale, and up to that time I noticed my clothes were hanging loosely on me. I had lost weight, so I decided I better stay home for a few weeks and rest and my chest felt weak. I felt like a bone snapped, I heard it, so I asked John to call the doctor. He did but didn't think I needed him.

By the time the doctor got there I collapsed and went limp. Doctor said I had total exhaustion. I could feel in my chest a bubble or boiling like water, it was pneumonia. The doctor came several times to the house to see me and then called John at work and said I should have to go to the hospital. A lady from our ward came with her daughter and rolled me up in a blanket, one took my head and the other my feet. They took me to American Fork new hospital. I was there 6 weeks. When at first they took me in, they had to feed me by sponge. I couldn't even hold a glass to my lips. The doctor and his wife fed me and I slumped down, I couldn't even talk. They had to prop me up. They ask John to come in early and feed me. He couldn't get there any sooner as he had to first go home and feed the children. It was about 10 miles or more.

I don't know how he was not well himself, as he had been in the hospital just before that. One evening he bought the children up to see me. I thought that Marjorie had flushed cheeks. I felt her forehead and asked John to get the doctor to give her a shot. Soon after that I got a terrible headache. It was like some one had thrown a baseball through my head. It left a hole that size in my fore head. I got a fever and chills and I could not stay in my room.

My left arm, and side hurt, and my hand drooped down no power in it. I thought I had a stroke or polio. My arm and hand looked like John's feet he had polio when a child. I was gasping for breath and the lady in the next bed said what is the matter with your breathing? I told her I didn't know, but I was sure ill. When her son came to see her that evening I ask him if he could please administer to me, he was a return missionary. I had waited for John to come but the time was almost over for visiting hours. John finally got there he was stuck in the snow drift and had to dig out. The missionary had to do the administering alone and this is what he said.

“Sister Caley I bless you and promise you that in due time you shall receive your health and strength back again according to your faithfulness.” Then said “Oh God forgive me for what I have just said and promised, but let Thy will done not mine.” I was very weak and they put me in another room all by my self and shut the door. I can’t stand to be shut in so I turned my face and head to the window. I heard voices out side my door and wished those nurses would either come in or go away. Finally I heard the door open and I turned to see who it was but saw nobody.

But I could feel 2 young ones at my bed, I heard “Mother, Mother,” twice and I thought it was Marge and how could it be she was in school at that hour and about 10 miles away. I recognized that voice of my daughter Winifred who died age 10 years. She had with her, her little sister Marguerite who died at 5 weeks. Marguerite was a young lady and Winifred had grown also, I could not see them but they could see me and I could feel their spirits there.

They had come for me I’m sure. They did not stay long but a voice said to me “look” and I turned my eyes and head to look and saw my earthly small home, and my heavenly home a small home too. The eves were very bright, with sparkling, shining globes of silver pale blue all around it. But underneath the house looked like it was on stilts. I got the message that I needed a firmer foundation the gospel. I also saw my body on a stretcher and all I had on was my pure white garments, they extremely white, whiter than an I had ever seen. I was tossing from one side to the other there were several doctors in the room and one said let us open her up on the place where she had her appendix out to save so many scars.

They had operating knives so they cut me open. I felt the cut but no pain. They said I had no blood in my body. (I came to and was back in my room alone) I remember they told me I had only days left on earth to live.

I said to myself “I can’t leave my children they need me.” I remember in Sunday school the lesson the teacher said when we pray and need God's help we should ask the name of God the Eternal Father and in the name of His son Jesus Christ and then ask him for a blessing and tell him what is needed. I ask myself am I worthy to ask for a special blessing? Have I kept God commandments? Have I kept myself from the sin of world. Have I kept the Sabbath day holy? Have I paid my honest tithing, been honest in heart? Attended church regularly etc.

The voice said to me “knock and it shall be opened unto you. Ask and ye shall receive.” So I did pray and call upon the Lord for help. I was very weak. (I was at my own home at this time) it was at night and my family were all in bed and asleep. John, at my side asleep. It seemed to me about 5 or ten minutes later. I heard the wall paper crack and break, and I felt a Heavenly being at the foot of my bed, a spirit person. I was very weak and I twisted and turned my head. I heard the words “Fear not I am with thee, oh be not dismayed,” and the voice stopped and the words were put into my heart as clear as can be. (I didn’t expect an answer so soon, 3rd verse of How Firm Foundation song.) “For I am thy God and will still give thee aide, I’ll strengthen thee, help thee and cause to stand upheld by my righteousness omnipotent hand.” I told the Lord I was very weak and ask him for wisdom to know what to do, to help myself and

said the doctor had done all he could. I knew "He"the Lord was the greatest doctor there was and said if it be his will I would like to stay and take care of my family. In the morning at day break I told John don't worry everything was going to be alright. But I did not tell John what I had experienced because I didn't think he would believe me. John got up and went to work, the children went to school. I sat up in bed to think things over.

Had I been dreaming or what. I felt I was not alone in the house, I heard, "stand up on your feet." I hadn't stood up for a long time. I heard a voice say "do what the doctor said double up on your vitamins." Well I was out of them just finished up 2 bottles \$25. I was told to go to the kitchen cupboard and look in. I found only stale brewers yeast I took 1 teaspoon full with water and went back to bed by holding on to the furniture. When I woke up I found I had slept for 2 hours and I hadn't had sleep for 3 weeks. I ask John to get me some tablets and I took 2 every time I ate food or water. But I didn't know I should have taken vitamin C to counteract the protein in yeast.

I soon began to get stiff in my joints and blood clots and nightmares. I could scream in my sleep, I hated to shut my eyes, one blood clot came down my left arm and broke at my wrist. I had felt that clot passing back and forth over my heart. It turned black and blue like a bruise. While I was down in bed my eyes got very misty and I went blind. I was down in bed for 7 months from November til the following April.

The yeast did help build up. I went up to 142lbs (too Much) and had to gradually reduce. It was about 1 month after I got out of the hospital, worse for weakness. I got wondering about what I had experienced and if I had really heard the Lord speak to me. I was uneasy in my mind and wouldn't tell anyone about it. I want to get back to church again. I heard of a boy who was very ill and he said he knew he could get completely well if he could get the sacrament blessed by the priesthood. Well I felt the same way. So I went to church and hung on to the bench in front of me for support.

They sang "How Firm a Foundation," and on the 3th verse a spirit went through me and I got weak and almost wilted to the floor. I shivered all over and my eyes filed with tears. I knew that was my answer, that God had spoken to me. I know how Joseph Smith felt and what he experienced when he read, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, let him ask in faith nothing wavering etc." I have that testimony that God lives and nobody can take that away from me.

Ten years later I had x-rays on my chest and it showed where I had pneumonia, later on I had cancer of the breast, 1962 and had it off.

People said I'd never make it this time, as there were 3 or 4 others in my ward who died with cancer. I'm still here and stronger in the faith than before. I'm thankful to my Heavenly Father for His blessings, I receive. Every time I hear that hymn, "How Firm a Foundation" I get weak all over and my eyes fill with tears and I shake.

I'm not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation for every one that believeth. Roman 1:16

This is my testimony. Ruth

I was told in my sleep many years ago that I would bear testimony that God lives.

John Thomas Caley

by John Raymond Caley

John Thomas Caley, when a child, had polio. Because of his polio, he had a leg and feet disability all the rest of his life and needed special shoes and arch supports to be able to walk.

To begin our family, mother, Ruth Tagg and father met in Salt Lake City, Utah. Father from Australia. Mother from England and Canada. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on June 26, 1930.

Father came to the United States because of the missionary program. Elder Potter, who lived on a farm in Granite, was the elder that went to Australia. Granite is located up in big Cottonwood Canyon.

Father and mother first had a first level apartment on Part Street. Winifred and John were the children at this time.

Father and Mother moved to Orem at 4th North and 10th East. We had a half-acre farm type lot with a barn, a chicken coop, fruit trees, irrigating water and a one party line telephone. It was country style living. Our house was a three-room house, a living room, a bedroom, a kitchen, one back door and a front door. To begin with, we had a outside moon house (toilet) that was later replaced with a bathroom when the inside plumbing was installed.

Father worked at the Orem Electrical Power Plant in the mouth of Provo canyon as an electrical engineer. He was the water master for the Canal Company. He made out the time and water tickets for each family in the district so that they could take care of their fruit crops. Father also had a small orchard where he grew fruit. At harvest time we would take our fruit to Salt Lake City to deliver to our friend and their neighbors.

These years were during the great depression times in the 1930's - 1940's. The family grew larger through the years, Winifred, John, David, Esther, Marjorie and Marguerite (the twins). Winifred passed away at the age of 10 and Marguerite at the age of 4-8 weeks old.

My father, John Thomas Caley, was a loving person and was always doing things for the windows in the ward, town, and neighbors that were in need of electrical, plumbing and a care ride her and there. He was a generous person with what he had in those years.

Some of his church callings that father had were a counselor in the Bishopric, High Priest quorum secretary for many years and a home teacher.

Many years ago, I remember the family went on a drive to visit some of his friends that lived at Mendon, Utah, near Hyrum, Utah. The old car we had broke down and the nearest repair place was in Brigham City and it took a day or so to have it repaired. I believe our stay with his friends was extended until the car was repaired. On another occasion, I remember a trip the family went on with father to visit Grandmother Tagg in Canada and other family members that lived there.

When my sister Winifred was ill with the scarlet fever and rheumatic heart, father had to live in a tent in the yard. His meals were taken out to the tent because he had to be able to go to work and sustain the family while the rest of us were in quarantine in the house. The quarantine lasted about two or three weeks. When the quarantine was over, they had to fumigate the house with a sulfur candle for 24 hours and then air the house out. (This was in a summer season)

The summer of 1952 a change of employment came to father from the Orem Power Plant to the Gadsby plant in Salt Lake City on the northwest part of the city. The family moved in to a home at 1553 W 9th South just east of Redwood Road in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Father liked flowers and potted plants it was one of his hobbies during the last few years of his life.

In January 1956, father went to LDS hospital for a lower stomach ulcer operation. The surgery was successful and he returned home for a few months. One other time that I remember Father was in the Utah Valley hospital for a illness was for his feet and legs it was called Phlebitis, a problem of circulation and he was unable to walk and get around at the hospital. I went to visit him. They had a heat lamp on his feet in a cover. After a short time, he was able to come home to return to his work and family.

On the 27th of September 1965, he had a heart attack and passed away at home in the living room. He was taken to the LDS hospital where he was confirmed dead. The funeral services were held at the Larkin Mortuary and burial at the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery. (3401 Highland Drive Salt Lake City, Utah)

His passing was at age 63 years. Father was not able to go back to Australia to visit his family members. We met some of father's family members after his passing when they came to visit us here in the United States. Mother lived an additional 44 years after father passed away.

Father lived an honest life and a good religious life according to his time in life and time in the world.

John Thomas Caley

by David Tagg Caley

I do not ever remember of Dad talking about his family when we were young. He was in his late 30's when he came to the states, as a convert to the church. Information gained from down under cousins said that he was the oldest and helped to support his brothers and sisters after grand dad died. This he kept doing until us kids, his family started coming along, at that time he told grandma that he would no longer be able to help with the financial care of the brothers and sisters.

My earliest recollection of dad was during the Second World War. Everything was rationed and in short supply. We had what was needed to keep us going, in the way of food and clothing and shelter. Each family was issued ration stamps for their basic needs. Dad was always giving our excess stamps to those of the ward that did not seem to have enough for themselves. I remember him giving our tire stamps to an older gentleman to get tires for his car as he did not have a job and needed them more than we did. Dad did not have to far to go to work and the tires were not in too bad of shape on our car.

Dad seemed satisfied with the way things were as long as the necessities of life were there for his family. He spent many hours living the religion he left his home country for. He spent many hours doing for others that which they could not do for themselves. I think that is where a lot of the family funds went, almost to a fault with mother. He put electricity and plumbing into many of the window's homes in the ward. He helped with the construction of the Scera theater, which was also used as a stake center of the area. In return for the time and donations given he received in return some coupon books that allowed a reduced rate for the movies shown there.

He was very gentle man but also seemed very serious most of the time. He did not seem to fool around with jokes and such. He was always there for his family but did not stand for any foolishness. For me he seemed to convey that children should be seen and not heard. One should speak if spoken to, other than that we were to keep quiet and stay out of the grownup's way. In all the years I never heard him speak against anyone. He and mom never had any arguments to my recollection.

One time the neighbor kids called the Morgue and told them that dad had crashed the car and was killed and the body needed to be picked up. At the time John and I were out with the car, guess it scared mom quite bad. However Dad never go over the look on the mortician's face when Dad opened the door, he often got quite a chuckle out of that when he thought of it.

Dad liked to experiment with many things, radios and may things. He once put together a home made blower on the old car to give it more pickup and acceleration.

Dad enjoyed the things of nature and puttered with the garden and fruit trees, attempting to graft one kind of fruit to another tree. We had the first nectarine tree in the neighborhood. It was a cross between a peach and a plum.

When he was displeased with something we had done it was evident but I do not remember him ever raising his voice to mom or us.

Dad was always there with some good advice if asked for it but he also let us do things on our own as long as it went with respect for others and good manners and did not infringe on other rights.

This is dad as I remember him...

John Thomas Caley

By Esther Caley Thompson

John Caley was 26 years old and his wife Blanch Maude Crick was 20 years old when they had their first child. It was a beautiful baby boy, and they named him John Thomas. John after his father and Thomas after his grandfather. John Thomas was born on August 15, 1892 in Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. Ballarat was a gold mining town up in the hills. Eleven children were born to John and Maude over the next 17 years. They had 8 sons and 3 daughters. John Thomas was the first born, followed by Henry in 1894. Then came the first girl, and they named her Clara. She was born in 1896. Charles was born in 1897 followed by Thomas in 1899. In 1901 the second girl was born her name was Rachel May. She died the following year at one year of age. Then James came in 1903, and in 1905 another son was born but died at one month. They named him William. Then came Joseph in 1906. Rebecca Millicent (Millie) was born in 1909 and David came the next year in 1910. David lived only 10 years and died from heart problems. Charles died in a motorcycle accident when he was 28 years old. Henry died in the war. He was 21 years old.

John's father worked in the mines and developed lung problems. The doctor advised him to go to Tasmania where the air was better to breathe. One of the sons went with him while John stayed home to help his mother. The dad died in Tasmania and was buried there. John was 18 years old when his father died. He now became the father to his younger brothers and sisters.

When John was a little boy, something happened to him that left him crippled. Some say it was polio, I was told that he had been dropped while still a baby. Anyway, he became crippled, never to walk normal like other people. When he was young he wore braces on his legs. This did not stop him from achieving his goals.

In the spring before his 20th birthday, he received his Second Class certificate of Competency as Engine Driver. This entitled him to drive any engine used for mining purposes.

At the age of 24 years old, John was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

After John had helped his mother raise the children, he came to the United States: he never returned to Australia or saw his family again. The missionary, who baptized him, lived in Utah. John used recreation as the purpose in entering the United States. It was the easiest way

for him to get a passport into the country. J. Fred Potter was the missionary who baptized him. J. Fred as he was called, lived up in Little Cottonwood Canyon, not far from Salt Lake City, John settled in Salt Lake City and found work at an eating place in town. He washed dishes at Keeley's Café. This is where he became friends with the head cook, Esther Wehrle. He was friends with a deaf man who also worked at the café. John learned sign language so he could communicate with his new friend.

At age 34 years, John was called to serve a Stake mission. He served two missions during the years 1927 and 1935.

Mother first saw dad in church. He was attending church in Mother's brother Steve's ward. Steve's wife Jean introduced her to dad after church was over. Dad began dating mother and after 5 months of dating, he asked her to marry him. He gave her a diamond ring in January. John was almost 37 years old and Ruth was 23 years old when they married on June 26, 1930 in the Salt Lake City Temple.

They lived in Salt Lake City for five and a half more years and had their first three children there. Winifred was the first born. She arrived in July of 1931. John Raymond joined the family in February of 1933, with David Tagg being born in November of 1935.

John started working for the Utah Power and Light Company in 1930 at the Salt Lake plant. John got transferred to the power plant in Provo and on January 28, 1937 John and Ruth bought a little house on an acre and a half lot in Orem, Utah. It was not very far for dad to drive to work. Our house was on 10th East and just south of 400 North. The mailing address was R. F. D. #1 Box 467 Orem, Utah. Our house number was 344 North 10th East Orem, Utah. Our phone number was 0697J2.

On our land, besides our little house, we had lots of fruit trees, and old barn chicken building, a rock pile, and eventually some rabbit pens.

A few months after moving into their little house, Ruth became pregnant for the fourth time. Late in the month of November 1937, Oh and Ruth had a second girl born to them. John already had her name picked out. It was to be Esther, named after his friend at Keeley's café, Esther Wehrle.

There was always much to be done, a garden to tend, fruit to pick, a cow to milk, plenty to keep you busy, especially with a young family. John worked different shifts at the plant, and it was not always easy keeping the children quiet so he could sleep.

During the late spring of 1941, Winifred came home from school with a rash on the back of her neck. In a few weeks, she had headaches and broke out all over with the rash. It was scarlet fever. For 5 months, she was ill, and then on Halloween, October 31, 1941, she died from rheumatic fever. It was a sad time for all of us.

John Thomas Caley

By Marjorie Caley Gaarsoe

Dad's father went to Australia with his father after his mother died in England. He was a coal miner. He went to Ballarat to mine gold. He was there when they had the Eureka Battle. Life in the gold fields was very harsh. They lived in tents. Ballarat was very small. My dad lived on a hill just outside of town. It was called Segoe Hill. It was only a couple of miles, not very far at all. In the town there was a small lake. When I was there it had a lot of beautiful black swans on it. My father was crippled at a very early age. I have heard 2 different ways and I am not sure which is right. One version was that one of his baby sitters dropped him and the other version is that he had polio. Maybe both are correct. Anyway one leg was shorter than the other was. I loved him so much and I wanted to be just like him. I would walk behind him and try to walk just like him. Mom got very angry with me and told me not to do it any more. Dad would ask her what was wrong and she wouldn't tell him. I finally outgrew that stage. My Father was the oldest in the family. He was 18 when his father died. He helped his mother raise the rest of the family. He would work and give his mother some of the money.

He joined the church in Australia and came to America for his religion. He continued to send money home to his mother until the time of his marriage to mom. He had no money saved because of his commitment to help the family. He was intelligent and studious. He studied the scriptures and loved to debate with some of his friends about what they meant. You might even say that he liked to argue. He was very strict about being reverent in church and used to get after the kids that weren't being reverent. He was sick a lot of the time I was growing up and I can remember him being in the hospital when I was 6 or 7 years old and everyone thought that he was going to die. I would sit in the hallway waiting for mom to come out from visiting with him. It seemed like hours. Once in a while the nurses would sneak me in to see him. I am not sure what was wrong, but he looked bloated. His stomach was higher than a full term pregnant lady. He didn't die that time. He had phlebitis, which is inflammation of a vein often accompanied by clot formation. It was in his feet and he was unable to walk. He used to scoot on his bottom to get to the bathroom. To keep his feet warm he used to put an electric light bulb in a box on his feet.

He died when I was 13 years old. It was about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon while I was in school. He had been sitting outside on the front porch, which was a usual occurrence. Mom talked him into going inside so she could take care of him. She called an ambulance and they took him to the hospital where he died. When I came home from school that day in September the neighbor lady told me before my mom had a chance. That night was one of the worst nights in my life. I stayed with my girlfriend that night and mom went to stay with the Eberts. I should have gone with her but I didn't realize what she was going through nor what I would be going through. I went to school the next day. At the funeral aunt Jean told me that I should touch dad. I did and wished that I hadn't. It haunted me for a long time. The smell of the powder was on my hands and several times after that I smelled it. One day while I was at the school I smelled it and felt that dad was there with me. Years later when I was in high school I was at home with

mom and the phone rang. Mom answered it and the voice on the other end asked for Bishop Caley. There was only two Caley's in the area and we were the only ones that were members of the church. When mom said that he had been dead for some time the people hung up really quick. I always felt that it was a message from the other side telling us of his new calling. When Berny and I were living in Layton there was a period of a week when I felt like someone was there with me. I had a dream that it was my dad. Mom had the same dream. She had no idea that I had her dream when she told me. In fact I never told her. I know that there is life after death and that they still care very much for us.

A year and a half after Winifred died, in the spring of 1943 Ruth became pregnant for the 5th time. In early January 1944, John and Ruth added twin girls to their family. Ruth named them Marjorie and Marguerite. At Five and a half weeks, Marguerite died from a flu virus. Both Winifred and Marguerite were buried in Salt Lake City at the Wasatch Lawn cemetery.

John and Ruth lived in this little house for 9 more years before moving back to Salt Lake City.

John was not a tall man; he was about 5 foot 7 inches tall. He had dark hair and hazel colored eyes. He had a round face and wore glasses. He had strong arms and hands. He always wore black high-top laced up shoes with arch supports. He could not walk without his shoes on. He enjoyed woodwork and mad little wooden stools for some of his friends. He liked to grow green peppers and egg plants in Five-gallon buckets. He did a lot of cement work around the house and yard. John enjoyed music and taught himself to play the clarinet, the flute, and the slide whistle. He taught himself to lead music and a few times led the singing in church. John used his talents in plumbing and electricity to help other people, mostly the widows in the ward.

In the winter of 1948 and again in the winter of 1949, John had problems with his legs and ankles. He would spend many days in bed taking medicine and keeping his legs warm waiting for the swelling and soreness to leave. In the summer of 1950, John had a bad spell and ended up in the Provo hospital. This time it was not his feet. He had bleeding ulcers. He would be in the hospital for 68 days and undergo three surgeries.

In 1952, John transferred back to Salt Lake City to the plant where he first started. On September 3, 1952, John and Ruth and the family moved to a little house at 1553 West 9th South Salt Lake City, Utah. John was feeling pretty good for a few years, but his health was not the best. High blood pressure took its toll on his heart. John passed away on September 27th, 1956 and was buried next to his two little girls in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery.