

LORENZO SNOW DAVIES - 1899

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THE THREADS OF ZION

THE LIFE STORY
OF

LORENZO SNOW DAVIES - 1899

Prepared by
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PREFACE

One of the things my father liked to talk about was the history and events of the restoration of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints. I have listened to father tell how his paternal and maternal parents and grandparents came to "Zion", and of their struggles and dedication in building up the kingdom. The manner and spirit he conveyed about these noble ancestors was always one of great respect and pride.

Father left Utah when he was only one year old. He felt a personal association with the Saints and with the places built and dedicated as a refuge for the Saints of Zion. Although he never returned to live in the United States, as did many of his brothers and sisters, he instilled in our hearts that we to had an inheritance in "Zion"

The experiences of father's life prepared him to receive the "fulness of the powers of the Priesthood" as promised in his patriarchal blessing. As a young boy in my early teens, we moved onto an irrigation farm in the Bow Island District. As the market expanded into vegetable crops due to the irrigation, father grew many of the specialty crops like beans, peas, safflower and sugar beets. Modern machinery was new in his life, his early life was associated with working with horses and farming that way. When we went into the specialty crops, dad bought a new Allis-Chalmers tractor, one that row crop cultivators could be mounted on. In the spring we had planted a large acreage of beans. As it turned out the width of the rows were an odd width. Even though the tractor wheels were adjustable there was no way the wheel would fit down the rows without running over at least one row of plants. I remember dad and I trying to figure out how to adjust the wheels to fit the rows with no avail. I had to go to school the next Monday and dad went back to working on the tractor. When I came home that night I went out to the field to see how he was doing. He was cultivating. He stopped and I asked how he got it to work. He said he couldn't figure it out so he decided to pray for guidance as to what to do. He said he started to study the wheels and the impression came to him to turn the wheels inside out. He discovered that this could be done by changing the lug attachment on the wheels. So he took the wheels off and turned them around. This gave enough extension to clear the rows.

Father's autobiography is filled with experiences and stories such as the one above. Through these and other spiritual experiences, father's life has been guided and protected to a point in his life when he was called by President Joseph Fielding Smith to officiate in the Alberta Temple and was given the sealing power of the Priesthood. This was done on Nov 15, 1971 in Salt Lake City.

He has had the privilege of sealing many of his grand children in marriage for time and all eternity at the sacred alter of the temple. He has done family sealings for many of his own ancestors as well as many others.

I wrote a letter once to father but some how I never sent it. I found it in the bottom of some letters I have. I give it here that all may know my feelings about this noble man.

Hello, father of mine:

I want you to know I think you are a great person. Thanks for being a leader for good. Thanks for showing us the way to live. Thanks for teaching me how to work. Thanks for the sacrifices you made for me, for your encouragement's, wise counsel, and sound advice. Thanks for being a progressive thinker. Thanks for making life so good for me.

My father is a man of God.
He bears the Priesthood from on high
He leads our home with daily prayer,
and has taught us how to be fair.
God bless this man with posterity great.
May his place in heaven be first rate.

Cardston, Alberta, 1 March 1925

A Patriarchal Blessing given under the hands of John F. Anderson, Patriarch, upon the head of Lorenzo Snow Davies, son of Thomas and Mary Ann Davies, Born 3 April 1899 at Hinkley, Millard Co., Utah.

Dear Brother Davies, in the authority of the holy priesthood, I lay my hands on your head and in the name of our Saviour seal upon you your patriarchal blessing. And blessed shall you be in as much as you continue to walk up-rightly before the Lord. You have a bright future. There is much for you to do. You have been faithful in thy first estate. You are blessed to be born of goodly parents and in the Everlasting Covenant and in the greatest dispensation of the worlds history and of the lineage of Ephraim and through keeping the commandments you shall rise to greatness and occupy positions of trust and responsibility among the Sons of Zion who bear the Holy Priesthood as well as the sons of men in the affairs of life. You shall be prospered in the land. You shall attain to the full powers of thy calling in the Holy Priesthood. You shall minister in the House of the Lord. You shall have great joy in your labors. You shall be blessed in your body and become an honorable husband and father in Israel. You shall be successful in your business undertakings. You shall be blessed abundantly with the things of the earth in as much as you will sanctify your property by keeping the laws of Heaven. You shall be protected from the destroying elements, your home and property shall be protected in the midst of danger and your heart will rejoice to see the hand of providence in your favor. You shall grow in wisdom and in faith and be possessed with a forgiving spirit and make many friends and become a teacher of righteousness and be a great comfort to the afflicted and the downcast. You will have great influence for good with your associates and give them words of counsel that will be the means of turning them from their evil ways. You will have power over thyself, for in blessing others you will be doubly rewarded. You will preach to many people and the gift of prophecy will rest upon you. You will witness the downfall of the wicked. You will see Zion redeemed and receive an inheritance in the New Jerusalem. You will have much to do in assisting thy father's house and redeeming thy kindred and assisting in adjusting of questions and matters pertaining to their salvation. When surrounded with afflictions, exercise the gift of faith which is in you that you will have power to rebuke the destroyer. Be not discouraged in the midst of disappointments for all things shall work together for your good. Continue your efforts to conquer the weakness of the flesh for the Lord is pleased with your course and resolutions and covenants that you have entered into. Your righteous desires will be granted and the Lord will point out to you in all conditions the course to pursue.

These are thy blessings. I seal them upon your head according to your faithfulness and seal you up against the power of the destroyer unto the day of redemption, with the power to come forth in the resurrection of the Just, crowned with immortality and eternal Life. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

John F. Anderson, Patriarch

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
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THE LIFE STORY OF LORENZO SNOW DAVIES - 1899

I, Lorenzo Snow Davies was born at Hinkley, Millard County, Utah, the third day of April, 1899. I was the third son and the tenth child of Thomas and Mary Ann Cooper Davies. My sister, May, and brother, Clyde, had died a short time before I was born. My other brothers and sisters are: Ethel, Thomas Ivan, Dora, Leah, Ellen 'H' (Nell), Lynn, Mary Ann, myself and John Lewis (Jack). Jack was born after we came to Canada and was three years younger than I.



You wonder how I got the name of Lorenzo Snow Davies?

Lorenzo Snow was a friend of the family. When my parents were asked what they would call this fine boy, they replied, they hadn't a name for him as yet. Brother Snow said, "you could call him Lorenzo Snow as he was born on my birthday."

I have always honoured my name and the Apostle and Prophet for whom I was named.

I was born at Hinckley, Millard Co. Utah the third day of April 1899, the third son and tenth child of Thomas and Mary Ann Cooper Davies. My sister, May, and brother, Clyde, had both died a few months before I was born.

My other brothers and sisters were Ethel, Thomas Ivan, Dora, Leah, Ellen 'H' (Nell), Lynn, Mary Ann, and John Lewis. John Lewis(Jack) was born after we came to Canada and was a little over three years younger than I.

Father and mother were both born in Utah, father at Fillmore and mother at a little place a few miles south of Fillmore, called Meadow Creek. The Cooper home was in Fillmore but they were staying for a while at Meadow Creek.

Father was a typical Welchman, quick tempered, quite emotional, very religious, honest as the day is long, a beautiful singer and a very hard worker. He was lots of fun to be with unless you made him mad and then watch out. As the saying goes He would fight a buzz saw and give it two rounds head start. You could get anything from father if you played on His sympathy. I remember one time he gave a bum a quarter and I said to him, "why did you give that fellow money, you know that he will just spend it for booze." Father replied. "yes I guess he will, but I would sure feel bad if I found out that he was really hungry and I had refused to give him anything."

Another time I said to him "Why do you pay that much tithing? You don't owe that much." He answered, "I figure out how much I owe and then I add a little to be sure that I have not made a mistake and forgotten something."

One time when I was just a boy I saw a lovely fancy saddle in the store window but it cost about one hundred dollars, and that was a lot of money in those days. When we got home I said to father "I sure wish I had a saddle like that." I had a good saddle but it wasn't a fancy one. Father just stuck his hand down in his pocket, pulled out his purse, took out a hundred dollars and said." Go get your saddle if you want it." I got my saddle but I have always been a little bit ashamed because I knew how much we needed other things.

Mother was different. She never got angry or at least she never let her feelings show and never flew off the handle, but if she told you to do something you just as well do it because she never forgot that she had told you. I remember one time when I was a boy at Hillspring. Just a year or two after we moved there, we lived in the north west corner of town and our house faced north on to the street, with an other street on the west of us. To avoid going out the north gate and then going west to the corner and then along the street west of the house, father built a gate in the west fence so we could go out the west door and right out onto the street. He didn't have any iron hinges so he used some leather to make hinges but they didn't last long and the top hinge broke. Mother told me to go fix the gate. For some reason I didn't want to do it just then so I let it go. A few days later, just as I was beginning to be ashamed of myself, mother reminded me that I hadn't fixed that gate. Her saying some thing about it made me mad because I knew I should have done it before so I left it a while longer. A few days later she reminded me again. Every time I just about got ready to fix that blamed gate she would say some thing about it and so it did not get fixed. Finally one of the other kids got tired of seeing that gate hanging there by only the bottom hinge and got some tools and was going to fix the gate but mother stopped her and said "No, I told Lorenzo to do that." I don't remember if I ever did fix that gate. I'm sure I must have done, but I was out there a few years ago with Lloyd and some of his kids and so I had them stand by that gate which I should have fixed seventy years ago. It was still hanging by the bottom hinge.

Mother was a very good manager. She was always careful with her money and usually could come up with some cash if it was really needed but there had to be a very good reason for her to spend money or she wouldn't do it. Father made quite a lot of money but any one could play on dad's sympathy and get what he wanted, so it was a good thing he had a careful wife. I told mother once that she was stingy but that was not the truth. If you needed it, you got it and she could usually dig it up so we were lucky to have such a mother. I love my mother very much. I'm sure we would have gone without many things if it hadn't been for her. When the crops were sold in the fall or when we sold some cattle, she would always have a list of the things that we needed and we would lay in a supply of food, clothing and other necessities. We never went without things we needed, thanks to mother.

Grandfather, Thomas Davies, was Born in England (7 April 1812) and was christened at Upton Magna Church, in Shropshire, in 1812. His mother was Hannah Letitia (Letitia) Davies. We don't know who his father was but his patriarchal blessing gives him as Thomas F.

Davies. Letitia was the daughter of William and Margaret Davies of the Rae Farm, a large farm a little north and east of Upton Magna. I believe they told me that it consisted of 376 acres of land.

Phyllis and I and a friend of ours, Sister Preece, were in Shrewsbury and went to visit the old farm. The people who lived there at that time were very nice to us but they did not know much about the history of the place. They took us through the house and showed us all over and told us that the Lady who owned the farm lived only a few miles away at a place called Summerland. We later visited her and she, also, was very nice to us. I believe she said that she owned 33000 Acres of land in that area and that the hamlets of Upton Magna and Ditherington belonged to her, as well as a lot of the farms in that area. She said that she could tell me who had paid the rent on the Rae farm as far back as 1530, and that she could tell how much rent was paid on any of the farms from there back to William the Conqueror but not who paid it. However, she didn't know the relationship of the different farmers, but usually the farms went from father to son. That corresponded quite well with the parish register. William Davies probably died about 1810 and his son-in-law a fellow named Humphrey, took over the farm. I don't know what became of Letitia's brother, John, but he didn't succeed his father at the Rae farm. This Humphrey would probably be a brother-in-law to Letitia.

I had a very interesting experience there at Upton Magna when I went over alone in 1976. Phyllis wasn't very well at that time and her heart seemed to bother her, so she didn't go. It wasn't safe to travel alone, but I got along all right.

One day when I was at Shrewsbury, I decided to go out to Upton Magna and see if I could find anything at the Church yard. While I was roaming around I noticed a headstone for a Mrs. Humphrey and was checking around this, when I noticed a fellow going along the street past the grave yard. He was eyeing me up pretty closely or so it seemed to me. Being alone, I was a little bit on the lookout and I saw him stop several times and look at me. When he got to the gate he stopped and I thought he was going to come in, but after hesitating for a moment he went on. He got almost to the corner of the street when he stopped again for a few minutes, turned around, walked back to the gate, turned into the Church yard and came over to where I was. The first thing he said was, "I see you are looking at old lady Humphrey's grave" I said "Yes I am." He said "Are you related to her?" I told him no, not as far as I knew. He said "It is too bad for you. If you were, you would sure be in the money". I said, "Is that so?" he said "Yes it is but those people down there are no better than I am. He seemed to have a chip on his shoulder so I said, "What do you know about the Humphrey's?" He said "I'm not talking about the Humphreys, I mean those people there now, and they are no better than I am." I asked, "Do you know anything about the Rae farm?" He said, "I sure do. My mother was old Lady Humphrey's personal maid until she died, but these folks are no better than I am. This fellow only married the old lady for her money and they are no better than I am, but the old lady was real class. I wanted to find out more but I had an appointment with the Church Warden and had to leave. I intended to hunt him up later but never got around to it, for which I am sorry.

Thomas Davies, my grandfather, had three sisters and one brother, Sara born 1815, Mary 1818, Maria 1821 and James 1827. Sara and James both died as babies. In the 1841 census, they were living in Bellstone street and all three were classed as milliners. Their home was in Barker Street but their business was in Bellstone.

Letitia died the 12 of May 1866 and Maria died the next day, May 13, 1866. They were buried in the same grave in Meole Brace Cemetery, a suburb of Shrewsbury. Mary was later buried with them in the same grave in the year 1900. We don't know anything about the father except that Thomas(1811) in his patriarchal blessing gives his name as Thomas F. Davies. When Mary died, her death certificate says she was the daughter of Frank Davies. As far as we know, Mary had no children but Maria had at least two: Frank, seemingly named after Maria's father, was a printer by trade. Emily, married a fellow by the name of Marshal. She had one daughter who signed Mary's death certificate in 1900. Her name was probably Fanny or Frances Marshall. Frank and Emily are buried in Meole Brace beside their mother, grandmother, and aunt Mary. Why they were not buried in the same grave, I do not know. When Mary bought the plot in 1866 to bury her mother and sister it was designed for five internments but there were only the three in that one grave. Frank and Emily are buried in the grave right beside the other one.

Thomas(1811) became a shoemaker and dyer and in 1834 he married Mary Simonds, a daughter of John and Susan Simonds. She had one brother, Joseph, who was there when she died in 1849 at No. 4 Canal Buildings. Thomas and Mary were married in St. Mary's Church in Shrewsbury. They were living at #4 Canal Buildings when Thomas met the Mormon missionaries. In a very short time he joined the church but his wife refused to have anything to do with it and so they separated. There is an article in the Millennial Star, written by Elder T. D. Brown telling about their missionary success in Shrewsbury. Seven people joined the church in one week and an organizational meeting was held in No. 4 Canal Building, the home of Thomas Davies.

I do not think that they had any children. At any rate I have not been able to find any.

Thomas left England late in 1848 on the ship Sandor or Sandon and landed in New Orleans early in 1849 where he met Mary Ann Jones Jacaway Bates. After about a year, they were married. His first wife, Mary Simonds, died in England in 1849 of Asiatic Fever (what ever that is). Mary Ann Jones was widowed with three children at that time, Susannah, John Jacaway, and Nephi James Bates. She had had several other children but they had all died as children, probably from exposure due to the mobbing they had suffered with the saints in Missouri. Susannah married George Black.

Shortly after, they were married they came to Utah, arriving there in the fall of 1852. Susannah had already married and come the year before. Mary Ann Jones was the daughter of Richard Jones and Margaret Stevens.

Richard Jones was the son of Leonard Jones, who was probably a veteran of the Revolutionary War(I'm not sure of this but I think it is right). Richard fought in the war of 1812 and his discharge papers say he was born in Abbeville, South Carolina. Mary Ann Jones was born in Maury County, Tenn., 13 April 1817. The Church records list Fields B. Jacaway, Polly Ann Jacaway, Richard Jones, Margaret S. Jones and Margaret E. Jones as being members living in Nauvoo Ill. in 1842-1846.

When the Davies family arrived in Fillmore, they lived for some time in the old fort. The houses in the fort were built around the outside wall and there was a space between two houses which Grandfather used to make a place to live. Later when the Indians had become more friendly they bought a lot in town and built a house there and also bought a small farm on the outskirts of the town where they raised grain. I have a copy of the original title to that land. My father Thomas(1854)was born while they were living in the old fort. He was born the 21 October 1854.

I asked father one time if conditions were as bad when he was a boy as they are sometimes painted and he said 'yes in most circumstances but he said our family never really wanted for anything. Father was a shoemaker and also a tanner and dyer so he could tan and make his own leather. His specialty was men's riding boots and he had lots of sales from the non-Mormon cowboys who would pay cash. He also made many pairs of shoes for the saint's whether they could pay for them or not.

One thing that father told me was that grandfather built a grainary to hold the grain they raised on their little farm. He divided it into two bins and he would not use the grain in the one bin until the crop was threshed in the fall and the other bin was filled. He said he never knew both bins to be empty at the same time but once. That year the crops were very poor and so before spring came most people had eaten up all their grain and had nothing for seed in the spring. When the one bin was empty he refused to use the other one and they had to get by with what they could otherwise. Many people came and tried to buy this grain but grandfather wouldn't sell it. Some got quite angry. When spring came he went to the leaders of the church and told them they could have this grain for seed to be given out free to those who had no seed but that they were not eat it. So, many people had seed thanks to grandfather.

My father grew up, farming, working on the Church Ranch in Millard County. The ranch was called the Seventy One(71) Herd. Uncle George Croft was the manager for a long time. He cut timber in the mountains, worked at the saw mills, and many other things.

In the spring of 1880 he married Mary Ann Cooper, daughter of John Cooper and Mary Ann Lewis, in the St. George Temple. I have heard mother tell of their trip from Fillmore to St. George. Of how there was snow on the ground when they left Fillmore but in St. George the roses were in bloom.

They lived in Fillmore for a few years and then when the dam was built on the Sevier River, they moved to Deseret to help settle that part of the country. When the Deseret Ward was

divided, father was called as a councilor to the Bishop of the new Ward of Hinckley and was living there when I was born April 3, 1899. My brothers and sisters older than I were all born either at Fillmore or Deseret or Hinckley. John Lewis was born after we came to Canada at Spring Coulee.

I have often wondered why they moved away from Utah and came to Canada. I know that the Church leaders advised them to come to Canada instead of going to Mexico, where some of Father's folks had settled. A nephew of Father's wrote and said if you want to make money go to Canada but, if you want to live your religion come to Mexico. However the church advised us to come to Canada. Francis M. Lyman, President of the Quorum of 12, said that it would be pleasing to the Lord and the brethren if we came to Canada, so we came.

I have often wondered what kind of a woman would leave a good home, comfortable living, friends and relatives and follow her husband on a trip like that, and what kind of a man would take his wife and family on a trip 800 miles or more over almost unsettled country all by themselves to a practically new country. What would induce these people to such an adventure.

A few years ago, Phyllis and I went back to Hinckley for a visit and to mark the graves of my brother Clyde and my sister May. I knew my father had been back to Utah a time or two many years ago but I wondered if he would have had enough money to put up a permanent marker at their graves. I was fortunate enough to find an old record of the grave yard where they were buried and it gave quite a good description of where the different people were buried in the early settlement of Hinckley and I located these graves and was able to have them marked permanently.

The man who was taking care of the graveyard happened to be a distant relative of ours and in talking with him he made this comment: "I wonder why Uncle Thomas moved away from here. It looked like he had every thing going for him here. He had a good farm, a nice home, lots of good cattle, some fine work horses, He was in the bishopric here, he was a fine musician, he lead the choir, and he and his brother, John Jacaway, had some of the best race horses in the whole country. They could have cleaned up big. He had everything."

When he said that, I thought to myself, that answered my question. He had no desire to raise his family in a place where horse racing played a prominent part in their style of living. I know that some of my cousins were expert horsemen and did a lot of riding as jockeys at the race tracks.

My mother's father, John Cooper, was born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, England, as was his wife, Mary Ann Lewis. He had one sister who was born shortly after their father, James Cooper, died. Her name was Ann. His mother was Ann North, daughter of John and Mary North. Mary's maiden name was also North. After his father's death, John went to live with an uncle Oliver, who was an old bachelor and quite well off by whom he was given a better than average education. He was also a good athlete and one time won a foot race for which he was presented to Queen Victoria.

When he was just a young man he met the Mormon Missionaries and joined the Church after which his uncle would have nothing more to do with Him. He was left on his own resources. He was called as a local missionary and so spent what little money he had while working in the mission field. He had met grandmother, Mary Ann Lewis, some years before. He says that she was the bosom friend of his sister, Ann, and I have the impression that it was partly through his influence that she joined the Church. They wanted to get married but it seems that they also wanted to come to Utah before they were married.

Mary Ann Lewis was the daughter of William Lewis and Ann Ward. William Lewis was baptized in the Baptist Church at Shepshed which is now part of Loughborough. Grandfather, in a letter to mother, says that they were Welch but he and his sister were baptised in the Baptist Church. We have no record where they came from before that.

Ann Ward was the daughter of Thomas Ward and Mary Pegg and was born at Castle Donnington which is a few miles from Loughborough. The marriage register of the Baptist's in Castle Donnington says that he was from the city of Attenbrough in Nottinghamshire, but they were married at Castle Donnington. They, and the Lewis's were all Baptists and that is probably how William Lewis and Ann Ward met. Grandfather, John Cooper, speaking about his mother-in-law said that 'She was one of God's noble women'. He said that William Lewis was a good man but he liked his toddy a little too well.

When Mary Ann Lewis told her parents that she wanted to immigrate to Utah, they objected very strongly but her older brother Tom said "let her go and give her plenty of money, and she will be back inside of six months. This they decided to do and so she not only had money to pay her own passage but to help her future husband to pay his. She never did go back. Grandfather did go on a Mission back to England in 1880.

When they got as far as Omaha, Nebraska, they joined a wagon train headed for Utah and possibly all would have gone well but there was a hand cart company just ahead of them. As it was late in the season, they were afraid of what would happen to the handcart company so they held the wagon train back and followed along behind the handcart company. It was well that they did, for the weather got very bad, and by the time they got to Devil's Gate in Wyoming they decided to leave most of their goods there, loaded all the women and children and the older men in the wagons and go on to Utah. They left a few of the younger men there to look after the things left behind. Grandfather was one of those left behind. It was expected that they would send the wagons back as soon as they got to Salt Lake and get those left behind but they were unable to do so and those people were nearly starved to death before help came.

One time when I was teaching a class in priesthood meeting I ran across a story in the manual that interested me very much. There was such a demand for wagons in Omaha that many of the wagons were made of unseasoned lumber and so when they had been driven a little while the wheels shrank and became loose as well as other parts so they wrapped them with green raw hide which shrank as it dried and so held things tight. One day Bro. Cooper had been hunting but had had no luck so he decided to go back to camp and take the rawhide off one of the wagons, but when he got to camp he found that someone had beat him to it and the rawhide was already made into soup. It wasn't long after that help came from Salt Lake and they didn't starve. Grandmother had gone on with the wagons earlier to Salt Lake but by the time she got there she had frosted her feet and legs so badly that she always had trouble with them. She told mother that her feet and legs were as black as the chimney back (the fire place) and she always had trouble with chill blains.

They were married in Salt Lake City, June 8 1857, but they moved to Fillmore and made their home there.

Their children were: John Lewis Cooper, (he married Carilla Ann Carson), Mary Ann (my mother married Thomas Davies), Charles William, (married Hannah Anderson), James Henry (died as a baby), Isabella (married William Speakman), Franklin, (married Mary Elizabeth Kelly), Arthur (married Flora Day), and Florence May (married Daniel Stevens).

About 1880, when their family was getting pretty well grown, Grandfather was called on a mission to England. There he met Sara Ann Kate Newbold and when he came home she came to Utah and they were married. They raised seven children, George, Nelson, Fred, Benjamin, Emily and two other girls. They lived mostly in Nevada until after grandmother died in 1890 when they moved back to Fillmore.

Our family started for Canada on my first birthday the 3rd of April, 1900. Mother has told me that I started to walk at that time. Of course I don't remember anything about the trip up here but I have listened for hours to stories about the trip. We came through Eureka, Provo, Salt Lake, Ogden, and Brigham City. From there, I don't know which way we went, up the Bear River and then east of the mountains or did we stay on the west of the mountains. Mother said west, Ivan said east. My guess would be west. It was early in the spring and there would be lots of snow on the east side of the mountains.

We stopped in this area and father traded all of the older cattle for young stock. He had a lot of very large cattle that he had gradually collected but he found that they were too heavy and could not stand the travel so when he found a man with a lot of good young stuff he traded for younger stuff. The man he traded with was Hellwell, so one of the cows was named Hellwell and she was a dandy.

We went on to Pocatello, Idaho Falls, Dillon, Butte, and Helena, crossed Prickley Pear Canyon some where above Wolf Creek on the north, to the Black Foot Indian Reserve and hit Canada at Immigration Gap. We got to the border late Friday night so we camped a mile or so south of the line and went on early Saturday morning. When we got to the line we found that the customs and immigration officer had gone to Cardston but there was a Mounted Policeman there. He looked things over and said he could see no reason for our not going on and gave dad a letter to the inspector to that effect, so we went on to Cardston. When we got

to town, father hunted this officer up and gave him the letter from the Mounted Policeman. Seemingly, this fellow disliked the Mormons and people from the States, so to make trouble he refused to look at the letter and said we would have to take every thing back to the line which was a two day drive with a tired outfit. Father was pretty mad but he didn't make any fuss. When we got every thing back to the line the fellow still didn't check any thing. He just said now you can go. Maybe you think father was not mad. He sure cussed this fellow and told him that he had a good notion to give him the whipping that he deserved. The fellow ran to the policeman and wanted him to arrest Father for threatening him. The policeman said that he deserved a licking and would not do anything. So we went back to Cardston, but dad never had any use for an Englishman after that.

If I am right, we had three wagons and a buggy. Father drove one outfit consisting of two wagons. One trailed behind the other, and Ethel drove the other one with the democrat trailing behind that. Ivan and the old dog, Watch, herded the cattle most of the way, although some of the other older girls did help at times. Grandmother, Mary Ann Jones Davies, rode in the wagon with Ethel, and father had the buggy fixed for them to sleep in. They milked cows and made butter as they went along. In the morning, Ivan or one of the other kids would start the cattle on ahead and the rest would get breakfast ready and get the horses ready to hook up. After the cattle were well started, whoever was doing it would leave old Watch to look after them, to keep them from scattering, and go back to the wagon to get breakfast. As soon as breakfast was over, they would hook up the horses to the wagons and follow the cattle until they caught up with them. Then, they would pass the cattle and look for another place to camp that night. Ivan or one of the kids would drop off to help old Watch drive the stock. When they had passed the wagon again, he would drive them a short ways and let them stop to feed or lay down but old Watch would not let them stray. Just before bedtime, father or Ivan would check to see if they were headed in the right direction.

We always stopped and lay over on Sunday except once when we lost track of the days and so lay over on Saturday and did not know the difference until we heard the church bells ringing in a little village we were passing through the next morning.

We stayed in Cardston for a day or two at Sister Louise Wynder's, and then moved up to Beazer to Ernest Wynder's homestead where we lived for the rest of the summer until father and Ivan got logs and built a house on the land that we purchased at Spring Coulee. Several people had tried to convince father that the land around where Raley and Spring Coulee were later built was no good but President Card assured him that it was some of the best land in the country and so father bought a half section of land which he paid three dollars an acre for, ten cents an acre down, and thirty years to pay the balance.

I don't remember much about Beazer but I do remember one thing that happened while we were there. There was a celebration there and we went over in the democrat. Mother had made some lemon pies and put the lunch basket under the back seat of the buggy. When we got to Beazer, father unhooked the horses and tied them to the back of the buggy. Somehow the horses got the dinner basket out and ate all of the lemon pies. I always did hate those horses after that, especially old Perch. We moved down to the farm sometime between Christmas and New Years. There was lots of grass and we had put up some hay so the last day of the year father took a load of hay into Cardston to the Bishop's office and turned it in for tithing. Mother paid her tithing on the eggs and butter and Ivan had worked for Quintons and made a little money so he also had a little tithing to pay. I found this out one day in the Temple when going through some old ward record books that were stored in one of the top rooms of the temple.

We lived there for about four years. At first there was no church services closer than Cardston, about ten or twelve miles, but before we left they had organized a branch at Spring Coulee and held services either in Manly Brown's home or Dell Shoemakers. There were several families living in that district, Manly and James Brown, Dell Shoemaker, Frank Christman, a family by the name of Roberts and some others. I remember going to Sunday School and singing 'What can little bodies do like us little lispers, full of life and mischief too and prompt to noisy whispers? Oh we can come to school and with merry voices sing about the Golden Rule til every heart rejoices etc.' The songs were what I remember best. I also remember one time when Eldon Tanner's mother was there and she had Eldon with her and he was dressed in a little white and black suit with a big collar. I remember we sure thought he

was a sissy. I believe the suit was called a Lord Fontleroy suit. Sister Tanner was a daughter of Manly Brown and they were there visiting.

When the railroad was built from Stirling to Cardston, it cut off a corner of our land. One day father took mother and us kids down to see them work. The steam engine made an awful noise and believe me, for once I stayed close to mother.

John Lewis(Jack) was born while we were living in Spring Coulee on the 3rd of May, 1902. There was a big snow storm at that time and the bridge across the St. Mary's River was washed out, so he was born at the farm. He is the youngest of the family.

One day Mary got lost, or, at any rate we thought that she was. She was only a little way from the house but she laid down in the grass which was very tall and we could not find her until she woke up. I was sure scared for her.

Another memory is of climbing up on Father's knee as we all gathered around and sang songs. We would all be there: father, mother, grandmother, and all us kids. Lots of times grandmother would sing songs to us kids. Some of them would be songs she had learned before she had joined the Church and father would say to her, "don't sing your sectarian songs to my children." She would laugh and go right on singing. I remember one song about an old woman who had gone to the city to visit her children, and they didn't like their friend seeing her reading her Bible and so had taken it and hid it and given her something else. It went something like this "Oh take away this Idol, Remove it from my sight, Restore to me my Bible in which I take delight."

I remember them threshing the grain with an old horsepower machine. They didn't have enough horses to hook a team on each sweep so they split old John and Perch up and hooked each one on a sweep alone. I thought that was terrible, making them do the work of two horses.

The machine didn't have a blower on it to stack the straw but the straw was run out on an elevator and dropped in a pile and someone would stack it. I liked to play in the straw but dad told me to keep out of it because it tore the stack down. I didn't do what I was told and sure got my pants kicked.

In the fall of 1903 or the spring of 1904, we sold out at Spring Coulee to a Mr Jollife and bought a house and small farm at Raymond. Father and Ivan also took up homesteads at Taber about that time although they didn't prove up on them until about 1908. We bought our home from a Mr Wilde who moved out to Welling. When we moved from the Coulee, we could not take all our things so Ivan had to make a trip back to get the rest of them. I wanted to go with him and they let me go. I was very hot and it made me sick to my stomach. An old fellow who was staying at the farm, looking after things at the farm, said he could fix me up and he made a pot of tea for me to drink. I had been taught that tea was not good for me, so I cried because I didn't want to drink it. They tried to tell me that it was good for my stomach ache. I didn't want it, I didn't drink it, and I got better any way. I sure thought it was wrong to drink it.

We lived in Raymond for several years during which time I started to school. Life for me was pleasant there. I liked school and had lots of nice things to do. Of course, there were problems, I got into fights and I sometimes had to work, but all in all life was pleasant. I helped dad plant trees, herd the cows and sometimes I even helped milk them.

I was baptized while we were there, when I was eight years old. The day I was baptized I was playing outside. When they called me to come to dinner, I ran across the garden and some how stubbed my toe. I fell down and hit my arm on a piece of glass bottle. Part of the glass cut my arm just below my elbow and a piece broke off in my arm. They took me to the doctors but he could not get it out and so my folks thought that I should not be baptized that day. I wanted to be and they let me have my way. The baptismal service was held in the tithing office where they had a font. Flora Anderson was baptized first and then me. While I was in the water the glase that had lodged in my elbow worked out and fell into the water. I still have a scar on my arm.

Grandmother, Mary Ann Jones Jacaway Bates Davies, died while we were living there in Raymond and was buried in the Temple Hill Cemetery. I thought a lot of my grandmother. She and my mother were always finding pieces of poetry or something for me to memorize, which I liked to do. She was also a great story teller especially about her early life and her life in Utah in the early days. Mary and I spent a lot of time in her room listening to her tell stories.

Some times I'm sure she stretched things a little so one time I asked her "Is that a true story" and she said: yes, practically.

She was 83 years old when we decided to come to Canada. Grandfather Davies had died some years before and she had lived with my folks from that time until we decided to leave Utah. They thought that she was too old to stand the trip and so it was decided that she would stay there with my Aunt, Melissa Trimble, her youngest daughter. She took sick and the doctor said that she was dying but he couldn't find anything wrong with her except that she had no will to live. Father said to her, "If what is wrong with you is you want to go to Canada with us, you get well and you can come." She got well immediately and came. I have heard mother say that they lay over only one-half day on her account. She was born in Maury Co. Tennessee near Nashville, the 13 of April 1817, the daughter of Richard and Margaret Jenkins Jones. She Married Fields Bradshaw Jacaway. They joined the Mormon Church and may have lived in Jackson county, but they were definitely members in Nauvoo in 1842-46. About that time, they were sent to New Orleans to look after the immigrants landing there. Fields died there. She was married again to a man named James Bates. He died as well. They had one son, James Nephi, and so when Grandfather met her there in 1849 she was a widow with three living children: Susannah, John Jacaway and Nephi Bates. They were married in 1850 and prepared to come to Utah and landed in Fillmore Millard Co. in 1852. Susan had married a man named George Black and had come on before and was living at Fillmore in the old fort. The fort was built in the form of a square and the houses were built with their backs to the wall, with the door facing into the fort. There was a space of about 14 ft. between Susan's house and another house. Grandfather built in that space and the family lived there for a few years until they were able to move out of the fort into town. That was after most of the Indian trouble was over. Grandmother and Grandfather were sealed in the St. George Temple and did the work for a lot of their people in 1880. I sure thought a lot of my grandmother, Mary Ann Jones.

As I have said, Father and Ivan filed on homesteads just southeast of Taber, but we never lived there as a family. Father and Ivan, of course, had to stay there most of the time but mother and the kids lived in Raymond where we went to school. When school was out mother and Jack and I would move over there for the summer. It was lots of fun, The antelope were so thick that we had to shoot at them to scare them out of the crops. In 1908 father and Ivan took out their Naturalization papers and thus we became Canadian Citizens. They had to do this to prove up on their homesteads and get their titles to them.

I started to school while we were living in Raymond in what is now the Buddhist Church. We had lots of fun and some troubles. At that time, there was a road running through the town from the southeast corner to the northwest corner cutting many of the blocks in two. The school was just south of this road. There were three or four older boys in our room and they made it miserable for the little kids, especially one fellow by the name of Earl Milner. We called him Beany. He would take our marbles, ball, candy or any other thing he wanted and we didn't dare tell on him or we would get beat up. Well one day, Ink Johnson, and I were playing marbles on the school yard when we saw Beany coming. We grabbed our marbles and started to run home with Beany right after us. We were cutting across on this diagonal street just behind where the Raymond Mercantile store was and I guess father saw us running. When I got home he said "What was the matter? What were you running for?" I started to bawl and said "That mean Beany Milner was after us and was going to take our marbles away from us." Father said "There were two of you. Why didn't you both pile on him and give him a licking. "I said he was lots bigger then we were." Father said "That don't matter." If I see the two of you running away from him again I'll trounce you my self." Can you imagine what a fix I was in. If I didn't run Beany stole our marbles and beat us up. If I did, I'd get in trouble with my dad. Well it happened again. A few days later, we were running away from Beany when I looked up and saw a man on a horse a little ways ahead. What was I to do. Well I was more scared of my dad than I was of Beany so I said to Ink, "Lets stop and fight Beany." We stopped and drew a line in the dirt and when Beany came up, I said "If you cross that line I'll hit you." I remember I was bawling like a good one and he didn't think that I dared hit him but as I said I was more afraid of my dad than I was of Beany. When he stepped across that line, I hit him for all I was worth. Glory be, I knocked him down and we both pounced onto him. We sure gave him a licking. When we let him up, we chased him clear home and from then on we had no more trouble with him. It got out that we had given him a

licking and so all the other kids wanted to do so too. Nearly every night from then on, someone chased him home.

Before I leave this part of my story, I'll tell some other stories about my growing up. These older boys that I mentioned had run two or three teachers out but at last they got an older lady to teach us. I thought that she was really an old pelter. She must have been thirty five or forty years old. The very first day that she was there Lee Selman and Beany Milner did something and she told them to stay in at noon. At recess, they went around telling the little kids to stick around and see the fun because she couldn't lick them. Well, when noon came we were all hanging around just out side the door where we could see if anything happened. She told Lee Selman to come up to her desk and hold out his hand. He came up to the desk but he wouldn't hold out his hand so she reached out with her hand and got hold of his hand. He reached with his free hand, grabbed her hair, gave a big jerk; and lo and behold the whole top of her head come off in his hand. She was just as bald as could be. I thought that he had scalped her. So did he. He was so amazed that he just stood there and took his licking like a man. We other kids sure beat it for home. From then on, she had no trouble with any one. I had never seen a person wearing a wig before and I was sure scared.

Another time there was a kid going to school whose mother always made him wear a white shirt, clean pants and even made him wash his hands. To add insult to injury, every once in a while, she would give him a box of candy or a piece of cake or apple or some thing like that to bring to the teacher. One day at noon, he came in with a box of candy and layed it on her desk. She wasn't there and he went on off to play. Cliff Nalder and I saw him put it on her desk. When he wasn't looking we opened it up, took the candy out and put a live mouse in it in place of the candy. As it happened, she was a little late for school that day and so didn't get to open the candy until after she got school going. After a while, she decided to sample the candy and opened the box. Out jumped the mouse. You never saw anyone get on top of a desk any faster than she did. She sure let out a squeel! Of course, Cliff and I knew what was happening and so we ran up and caught that mouse for her. As soon as she saw that we had that mouse, she jumped down off of that desk and down to Ray Rolfson's desk and did she cuff his ears? He had no idea what had happened. At any rate, I never told him and I don't suppose Cliff ever did either.

We had a small piece of farm land just west of town, probably twenty or thirty acres. Every night after school in the fall father had me take the cows out to this land where they could eat the beet tops and other stuff. It wasn't fenced and I was supposed to herd the cows on the beet land. One evening I had them out there but I got to playing around with some other kids and forgot about the cows until just before sundown, when I was supposed to take them home. I went to get them and they were all there but one cow. "Old Twin" was missing and I couldn't find her any where. At last I had to give up hunting for her and take the rest of them home. I was sure father would be cross with me so I put the cows in the corral and went to the house. I told father that I had lost "Old Twin" and that I was sorry. He just laughed and said, "No you didn't, you never had her. I sold her to Spiddle for beef this morning." Boy was I glad.

Father had given me a pony when we were living up at Spring Coulee. I was always wanting a pony so when I was just three years old, father said I could have old Nell's first colt. I'm sure he didn't think old Nell would ever have a colt because she was fifteen years old and had never had one, but that spring, lo and behold: She had a lovely little mare colt. When it was first born it was so weak that it could not stand up to suck. For a week or two, we had to lift it up and hold it up while it got it's dinner. At last it got stronger and turned out to be one of the finest saddle horses I ever saw. She could run like the breeze. Her mother was part Thoroughbred. "Old Doll" as we called her sure showed the breeding in her. She had been broken to ride and they let me ride her most any time I wanted to do so. All the kids around had ponies and we had lots of fun especially when we could find a kit fox to chase. I don't know if you know what a kit fox is. I haven't seen one for years. But they are about the size of a big tom cat and boy can they run and turn quick. I was about the only one who could catch one on my pony. At the time I'm telling about, "Old Doll" had a little colt named Handy. He was handy with his heels so watch out or get kicked. I let him follow his mother but if he drank his mother's milk while she was sweated up from running it could make him sick with the scours. Father told me to lock him up and not let him follow. One day I didn't do it and had been running the mother quite a bit. We had to go through a gate and Handy was quite a ways

behind. When we stopped to open the gate, Handy stopped to eat the grass and so I had to go back and hurry him up. I was mad and so I got a little stick and ran back and grabbed his tail and gave him a lick with my stick. He gave a big jump. When he jumped he messed all over me. I could have killed him. The folks thought it was a good joke on me and it served me right.

We sold our home in Raymond, our land at Taber and moved up to the Cochrane Ranch which had been purchased by the Church for settlement of the members of the Church. We first bought land north of town (at the time there was no town there but the land was surveyed). We farmed there for a few years but father was always more interested in cattle than he was in grain farming. So after a few years, we sold our land north of town and bought some land south west of the town up on the Waterton River where there was lots of pasture land and plenty of good water and shade. We also had some good farm land there.

There was about twenty acres of farm land on the Quarter that the house was on. It was in the south east corner of the quarter and was a little over twenty rods wide on the east end. It ran nearly the full half mile east and west. The road ran along the east end of the quarter. We also had land on the other side of the road which was mostly farm land and hay. One spring I had drilled the land across the road but in doing so I had missed some spots and when the grain came up you could see where I had missed. Father didn't like that so when I got ready to drill the twenty acre piece he said "Now drill it so people can't see all the spots you miss." So, just for devilment I drilled it the short way of the piece. It made a lot more turning but people, driving along the road to the east, couldn't see where I had missed. Father came up where I was drilling. When he saw what I was doing, he asked: "What are you drilling it that way for?" I told him "You said to drill it so people couldn't see the spots I missed and I figured this would prevent them from seeing." He sure was disgusted with me. I guess I was a trial to my dad.

I remember another time when we were still living at Raymond. I liked to go skating but I couldn't wait until the ponds were really well frozen and so I was always breaking through the ice and getting wet. Well this year he wouldn't let me go skating until after Christmas. Christmas morning, there was a brand new pair of skates. I was anxious to try them out. Dad said "I guess by now the ice is strong enough to hold you so you can go." Of course we had no regular skating rinks but there was a lake just on the north edge of town that made a pretty good place to skate. It was about half a mile long, east and west, but it was only a few rods wide north and south. So you could go up to the west end, spread out your coat for a sail and the wind would give you a dandy ride down to the east end. I went up to the west end and was just flying with the wind when I began to wonder how I was going to stop. I knew that if I hit the east bank of the lake at the speed that I was going that I was apt to get hurt. I wondered what to do. Then I noticed a muskrat den ahead of me and I decided to run into that. I figured that it would be soft and break my speed. Well I did, but the darn thing wasn't frozen enough to hold me. I went through into the water. It wasn't very deep but I sure got wet. When I got home, dad looked at me and said: "You are the only darn kid I know who could go skating on Christmas day and break through the ice."

I remember an other amusing incident while we were living north of town. When we sold out at Spring Coulee, we gathered up our horses and took them to Raymond with us but there was one mare that we couldn't find. She had been born on the 24 of July, so she was called Pioneer or as we shortened it up to "Old Pine". We hunted all over but we couldn't find her. A year or two after we moved to Hillspring, father went back to Taber to get some of our horses that we had left down there. We had quite a lot of horses some of which had never been broken. We used to run them on any vacant land we could find. As he was coming past Spring Coulee, he saw a bunch of Horses. "Old Pine" was with them, so he picked her up and brought her along to Hillspring. We turned her out with some other horses that were running on vacant land where Dick Smith now lives. One day Ivan and I were riding out on this land looking over the horses when we were joined by a fellow named Bill French. We rode along for a few minutes when Bill said: "hey wait a minute." He rode over and looked at Old Pine. When he came back to where we were he was quite excited. He said you know that is that Old Td mare that ran with our horses down on the Coulee. We sure got some good colts out of her. Ivan said: "yes we lost her for a number of years. She belongs to us." Bill just ducked his head and rode off.

Old Nell had three colts. Two were born after Old Doll, the one father gave me. One was a sorrel horse and the other was a blue colored mare. We broke them to drive. Could they cover the ground! We had a little one-seated buggy. It was fun to ride behind them in that buggy. One time while living on the farm north of town, father drove mother to town in the buggy to go to Church. Jack and I stood in the back and held on to the back of the seat. When we were going home from Church, the weather was very hot and mother put up her parasol. As she did this one of the horses saw it and gave a jump. Then the other jumped. Well one horse couldn't jump faster than the other so away we went. Dad braced himself and pulled on the lines but Dan and Blue took no heed of that. They pulled the buggy along by the lines. We went that way for over a mile until we came nearly to Cochrane Lake. Father ran them out into the lake. It got so deep they had to stop. Because of the pulling on the lines the buggy had come unhooked from the horses tugs. When they stopped I was going to get out in the water and hook up the tugs but father stopped me and said "They pulled it in here by the lines and they can pull it out the same way", and so they did.

When we came to Cochrane there were no buildings. Shortly after we got there, father went up to a saw mill south of Mt. View to get lumber with which to build a house. He took me with him. I didn't know why but he also had a beautiful white saddle horse behind the wagon. Whitie was a beautiful animal and was lovely to ride. He had a lovely single foot gait but he had one fault. He was a home bound horse. Maybe you don't know what I mean by that? If you let him rest for a few days and fed him well, you couldn't get him to leave the place. When you got on him, he would balk and you would have to get off and lead him for a mile or two before he would go when you got on. We got him in a trade father made with a fellow named Wellman who ran a lot of horses down east of Taber on the Chin Coulee. Besides Doll, Dan, and Blue, Old Nell had another colt which was a dandy. When Mr. Wellman saw it he wanted to trade for it. It was still sucking its mother and Mr. Wellman offered father a good saddle horse for it. Father would not trade so Wellman offered to trade two horses for it. Father still wouldn't trade. It ended up with father getting a good pair of saddle horses and some booty. I don't remember just how much but I think it was fifty dollars.

As I said, we took Whitie with us. When we got about a mile south of the present Cardston Waterton highway, we met a fellow on horseback and as he passed us he was eyeing old Whitie up pretty close. He went on a little ways and turned around and caught up with us. He asked dad if he wanted to trade that white horse off. Dad told him no, but if he wanted to buy him he would sell him. He wanted to know how much he wanted and dad told him one hundred dollars. The fellow said he didn't have that much money but would like to try him out. He got on and rode him a mile or so down the road. When he came back you could see that he was sure sold on old Whitie. We went on up to the saw mill and got our lumber and when we got back to where we had met this fellow in the morning there he was. He had a fine team of workhorses tied to the fence. He offered dad either one of these horses for Whitie. Dad wouldn't trade so he offered both horses. Still, dad wouldn't trade. It finally ended up with dad getting the team of horses and fifty dollars.

We went on home with our load and just before we got to the Spencer field we heard the loudest yelling and cussing imaginable. We stopped and looked around and there we saw Jay Brown sitting on a plow with six oxen hitched to the plow. He had been plowing for Mark Spencer and the flies were bad. The oxen had ran away into the lake. The water wasn't very deep, about up to the oxens' bellies. Jay could walk out if he had to so we drove on home. A week or so later the fellow to whom we had traded old Whitie came to Hillspring and told dad that Old Whitie was balky and wanted to trade back. Dad told him all right but the only thing wrong with him was that if you fed him too well and didn't ride him every day you had to lead him, for a ways before you got on. The fellow said well he would try him again and he went off riding the horse and never came back.

When we moved to Hillspring in the early spring of 1910, we bought land three miles north and a half mile west of Hillspring. Dad started to build a house there but later that spring he bought a quarter from a fellow named Lee Garringer who had a small house on it. We lived there that summer and then in the fall moved the buildings into town on a lot in the northwest corner of town. We lived there for some years or at least the family did. About that time father sold the land we had north of town and bought a half section south east of town up on the south side of the Waterton river, from Brother Glines.

For the next few years, the family lived in town in the winter and on the ranch in the summer. Mother didn't always move up to the ranch in the summer but stayed in town where the kids could go to school. One or two years she moved down to Raymond where some of the kids were going to high school as there was no high school in Hillspring at that time. I stayed on the ranch as much as I could. I really enjoyed the ranch and after I quit school in 1915 I stayed there all the time. I would go to town for Sunday or a dance and stay there sometimes but mostly I lived on the ranch.

At Hillspring, I went to school. I was always interested in studying and was usually up with my class or ahead of it. The first year we were at Hillspring we held school in the Garringer Hall (church etc also), but by the next year a new school had been built and there were two teachers. Miss Johnson was teaching the upper grades. There were ten or twelve students in grade nine but I was the only one in grade eight. Miss Johnson said, "Lorenzo, you can do the work in grade nine just as well as these other kids and I'm not going to waste time on one student in grade eight. So she had me take the grade nine work and I was successful in passing it as an honor student. I was the only one in the class that did.

Several amusing things happened in that school. Henry Folsom just could not keep awake in school so one day Miss Johnson told him to go outside and run around and wake up. He was gone so long that she sent one of the other kids to find out what was the matter. He was asleep on a pile of lumber behind the school. When she asked him what the matter was, he said he had run around until he got tired and he just sat down to rest for a minute and fell asleep. Another time, a kid by the name of Granger Wilson kept throwing some campher on the stove and did it stink, so she had to let the class go home until it cleared up. Drastic measures had to be taken and she let all the class out except Granger. He stayed in and suffered it through. That was the last time we had that trouble.

We had no church building there at that time and so we used the school to hold church services. It had been built with two large class rooms and a sliding door that could be raised up to the sealing. This opened into one large room and it made a pretty good dance hall. One night the mutual was having a basket party. They asked all the women to bring a basket lunch and they put them in the north room with the men in the south room. Then they raised the door an inch or two so a girl could just stick her toe under the door and men could bid on that toe for his partner for supper. Curtis Jones and I got the two biggest and fattest women in the house for our partners and as we had to pay a 1/2 a cent a pound for their weight it pretty nearly broke both of us, besides having to eat lunch with those old biddies. We had a good lunch though.

School quit in grade nine in Hillspring at that time so I went to Cardston to take grade 10 and I rather enjoyed it there. J. Walter Low was the principal and Golden Wolfe was another high school teacher. J. Walter was a good teacher but he was an ornery cuss. It happened I got in on his good side accidentally and was spared a lot of trouble that I might otherwise have run into. There was an old barn on the north west corner of the school grounds where kids that rode horses to school or drove buggies (some did) could stable their horses out of the cold and heat. In a school as big as Cardston, it was easy to rake up a fight or so every day. It got so bad that J. Walter told us that if he caught anybody fighting he would strap them and anybody who had anything to do with it. That didn't stop the fun. It was quite a little way from the school to the barn and usually some one was stationed at the corner of the barn to keep an eye out for J. Walter. This morning we just had a good fight started when I looked around the corner and saw J. Walter coming. I yelled at the kids to stop the fight but they were too busy to hear me so I ran over and was parting the fighters when J. W. came around the corner. He came over and patted me on the back and told me what a good boy I was for stopping the fight. From then on, I was his "white haired boy" but even then I had trouble keeping out of his bad books.

One time he asked a question of some sort and I guess I gave a smart-alec answer. The old cuss just walked up and down in front of the whole class saying: "you know Ren passed as an honor student one time and it went to his head. He thinks that he can do it again. But I'll tell him he hasn't got what it takes." He just went on that way before the whole class for some time. I could have killed him. I made up my mind that I would pass that way and so I sure worked. Just before examination time I caught scarlet fever, or I thought I had. Jack and Mary were down with it when I went home for the weekend. I was feeling pretty tough when I went back to school but I was determined I was going to write my exams and show that old cuss I could pass with honors. I had heard that if you kept cool that you wouldn't break out with it. Every chance I got I would run down to the creek and go in swimming. At any rate, I never had the scarlet fever but for a long time I felt pretty rocky. I passed my exams O.K. The next year I went down to Raymond to the Knight Academy. I don't remember very much about the time I spent there. One teacher stands out in my memory, Miss Mary Dell Cazier. Later she married Asael Palmer. She taught English literature and that was a subject I really liked. The students went from room to room to the teachers who stayed put in their

rooms. We had 10 minutes, so I would hurry to the next room and get 5-10 minutes to review my next assignment. I had a pretty good memory and with that little time to review my lesson I could usually do pretty well. One day I hurried down so as to have time to look at my lesson and she said to me, "Lorenzo, I'll catch you some time when you don't have time to look at your book and I'll see if you really know your work or just have a good memory".

That summer, the war broke out and as there was a shortage of farm labor, they let out school for a while in the fall so that the kids could help with the harvest. There was a fellow by the name of Joe Hicks that had a great big 36 inch cylinder threshing machine. It ordinarily took ten or twelve men to run but he was short handed. There was a fellow by the name of Stevenson who was on our side of the machine and was following me. Try as hard as I could I could never get unloaded before he came in and always had to wait. Along about 4 or 5 o'clock I was getting so tired that I was just about ready to quit. I was only about half loaded and this big bruiser was all loaded and he was supposed to follow me. All at once he came over to where I was, I expected him to bawl me out for being so slow. He said, "Kid, do you see that stook over there?" I thought he would say hurry up and get it loaded. Instead he said, "You go lay down behind that stook so no one can see and I'll finish your load. Believe me he was an angel from heaven as far as I was concerned; even if most people did think he wasn't much good. That was one of the nicest things that ever happened to me.

The following year I went down to Logan to school. My parents were still Yankee enough to think that anything in the U.S. was better than any where else, so when I decided I wanted to take courses in agriculture, the agriculture school at Logan Utah came to mind. Down to Logan I went. I had a lot of fun and learned a little. I better not tell all that I learned but I'll tell one story that interested me. President Heber J. Grant was asked to sing at the closing exercises that year. He had a grand voice but he could not tell one note from another so he had to learn his song by rote. He was supposed to sing this day "My country Tis of Thee" but for some reason he decided to change it and sing "The Flag With Out a Stain" but he forgot to tell his pianist this. When it came time for his number she started to play the prelude to My Country tis of Thee. He didn't know the difference and when it got where he thought he ought to start he started on "The Flag With Out a Stain". You can imagine her playing one tune and him singing the other. It would have been a real mixup but she was just smart enough to change the tune as soon as she heard him sing something else. I enjoyed it very much at Logan but it was hard to get across the line at that time when the war was on so I only went one year. In 1916, when I went down to school at Logan, cars weren't running any distance at that time so I went down on the train. The train stopped at Couetts and we had to change to another train, the Great Nothern, on to Butte. From Butte we took a line called the "Denver and Rio Grande" I think.

I had lots of interesting things happen at school at Logan. I had a cousin, Ward Stevens, going to school there and we roomed together for two months or more before we knew we were cousins.

At that time, George E. Peterson was principal at the Agriculture College. They had been having quite a lot of trouble with the different clubs and sororities and so they had decided that there were to be no more clubs on campus; but in defiance, the fellows organized what they called (The Bee No Club) and we were asked to join it.

One of the rules was that there was to be no steady dating and when there was it was broken up. They would appoint different fellows to go and date the girl and break up the couple. One time it was my turn to date a certain girl. I got a date all right but on the way to the dance we met the fellow she had been going with. He stopped us and said, "Well Canada, I see that you have stolen my girl." I said, "Nothing of the sort. She isn't your girl." He said, "I'll show you," and started to pull off his coat and I did the same. The girl just leaned up against the fence and stood there to see what would happen. We went at it for a few minutes when I said: "All right you are the best man. You can have her". But he said: "I don't want her either," so we both put our coats back on and walked off and left her there.

At that time, there used to be a street car that ran from Idaho down to Salt Lake and then on to Provo. I think it was called the Bamburger. We Kids quite often rode it down to Salt Lake. The fare wasn't very much. One day a bunch of us fellows had just got off the car and started up town when we met an old man. He stopped me and said, "You're a Cooper aren't you?" I said, "No, I'm not a Cooper." He said, "You sure look like them. Would you mind telling me what your name is?" I told him Lorenzo Snow Davies. He said, "I knew that you were a Cooper. I'm your Grandfather". It was Grandfather Cooper. I decided to go with him. He was the county clerk or something and he had quite a lot of places he had to go and he pretty nearly walked me to death. He was about 80 years old and I was seventeen. All at once he stopped and looked at me and said, "How tall are you?" I replied, "I'm a little under six feet. I have to stretch to make that." He said, "Isn't it a shame that your grandmother isn't alive". I said, "It sure is but what brought that

up." He replied, "Why if she was alive she would have sent you back to England to join the Royal Guards. All of her people that could make six feet went into the army."

The next year (1917) I went up to the agricultural school at Claresholm. I had a good time there but it wasn't just what I wanted. I only went the one year there. After that, I stayed on the farm most of the time.

The fall and winter of 1918-19 I worked for Knight and Watson down on the reserve. The harvest was quite poor in 1918 and most of it was over so I got a job looking after their cattle on the reserve. Some years before, they had leased the reserve to run cattle on. They had bought most of the cattle in the south western states (Longhorn or Texas cattle so called). They were good mothers but wilder than They were not very big but raised a good calf when crossed with the heavier beef breeds. Raymond Knight and J. D. Watson had cattle scattered all over the country. They had cattle on the MacIntyre lease south of Raymond, on the old Sugar company land, on the Kirkaldy, up at Brooks, and out at the Bar K J as well as on the reserve. By the time we got all the calves together from all these places we sure had a big bunch to look after.

Up until just a year or two before this, the Indians were extremely nomadic. There was only the odd shack on the reserve and the people still lived mostly in tents. They drifted around where ever they wanted to. About this time the government set up some farms on the reserve and hired a farm manager to operate them. Like all other Government operations, they were mostly a waste of money. They built a big farm home, large barns and huge corrals. There was no chance for the Indians to operate such an affair. The corrals at "farm four" where we had our headquarters had corrals big enough to hold several thousand head of cattle. It was a dry fall and winter and we herded the calves out on the prairie most of the time during the day. At night, we put them in the corral and gave them 1 lb. of oil cake and some hay. There were a lot of amusing things happen while I was there but I won't take time to tell about them now.

The fall and winter of 1918-19 was very dry up until late in March. We had one heavy snow storm and there was very little more for nearly a year. So the year of 1919-20 was a disaster as far as these parts of the country were concerned. The crops were so short that I, like many others bought a hopper to attach on the back of the mower knife to catch what little grain there was and we dumped it into piles and stacked it for hay. We had very little other hay. It was so bad that the government offered to pay for shipping our cattle and horses out of the country to where feed could be found. If you had less than 100 head of stock they would ship hay in free for the year. We had enough hay to feed most of our cattle. Ivan and Jack had gone up north with a crew from the church ranch that had moved up to the Peace River country to cut hay and bale it. They arranged to take part of their wages in hay. So with what we had, we decided to keep our cattle home but we shipped all of our horses except those we needed to work with up to a place east of Calgary called Nitingale.

When Ivan and Jack finished haying up in the Peace River country, they came home but shortly after they got home word came that so many horses and cattle had been shipped into this place that the horses were dying of starvation. So I and some others went up there to see what could be done.

We found that the people who had taken our horses to pasture or feed for the winter did not have enough feed for them and that many of the horses had died although none of ours were missing. I thought at first that a dark bay saddle horse of mine was missing when one of the fellows with me said, "Isn't that your brand on that brown horse over there." I looked the horse over and sure enough it was the missing horse but he was so poor that I didn't know him. He was just a bag of bones. Something had to be done so we looked around the country and found that there were plenty of other people who had feed so we bought feed and pasture from another farmer and put our horses in his field and I decided to stay there until spring. Some of the poorer animals I had to feed a little grain. But most of them did very well just running loose at the straw stacks, although I had to see that they got water and salt.

Early in the spring, a fellow from Hillspring and one from Leavitt came up to help me bring the horses home. By this time they were all in good shape. In fact, some of them were fat ready for sale.

We got railway cars and loaded our horses on the train at Nitingale with the idea of unloading them at McLeod. But when we got to McLeod, hay was so scarce that we decided to go to Brocket where we could get feed. When we got to Brocket, there was no loading chute to unload. There was one there but it was ten or twenty feet away from the cars, so I jumped old Frank, the horse I had thought was lost, off the train. He would do most anything I wanted him to do. I put the saddle on him and pulled the chute over to the cars and we unloaded the horses.

We started the horses on home and as we drove them along I was able to sell several of our horses to farmers along the way. Our horses were fat and ready for spring work and lots of the local horses were poor.

About this time, cars were just starting to be used more for travel. In about 1920, Sterling Fairbanks, my brother-in-law, Fred Gibb, and I went up to the Peace River country to look for land. We went as far as Lesser Slave Lake and turned back. The roads and country were too rough. On our road home, we left Edmonton one morning and got to Cardston that night late. There were big headlines in the Cardston Paper

"From Edmonton to Cardston in one day."

The summer of 1921 I got a call to go on a mission to Eastern Canada with Toronto as the headquarters of the mission. I was set apart for this mission on the twentieth of September 1921. At that time they did not require a certificate of good health and so I went down to Salt Lake and they took a bunch of us over to the Deseret Gym and had us examined there. I had been used to hard work and also played ball, ran races as well as other athletics so when it came my turn to be checked the doctor put that thing on my arm to check my blood pressure I suppose. Then he said run around the gym. I did, and he checked my blood pressure again but he wasn't satisfied so he had me run around the room again and then checked. Finally he said run around again and this time really run. I had just trotted the first two times. Well I really did sprint this time. He checked again and then said "You haven't got a heart but I guess we'll let you go anyway. It's too bad some of these other fellows are not in as good a shape as you."

We went through the temple on the 21st of Sept. and left the next day on the train for the mission field.

An amusing thing happened in the temple. There was an elderly couple there from the southern states and she thought that she was just it and I expect that she had always been the "belle of the ball". At any rate, when they were to go through the veil they told him to go first and for her to follow. He started up the steps and she reached out and pulled him back so she could go first. At first, I thought that she was going to refuse to allow him to go first but at last she gave in. She sure hated to see a man go before her.

We left Salt Lake on the 22 of September. I believe there were seven of us in the group. Two of us were going to Toronto. Two to the Eastern states. One Elder and one lady missionary were with us but I don't remember where they were going. Then there was a girl going to New York to study music. The train got into Chicago about noon and we had to lay over until just before noon the next day so we did some sight seeing. One of the missionaries was a problem. He was a fine fellow but he had been raised on a sheep ranch and had never seen any thing else and so was always gazing around and not watching where he was going. We visited the stockyards and several places like that. Then we decided to go through Sears Robuck store where they had a refrigeration plant. Refrigeration was a new thing and no one knew anything about it at that time. Many of the rich people had their furs etc. stored in the refrigeration plant and as it was quite a novelty at that time we wanted to see how it worked. They took visitors through the plant at certain times on tours. You went in one door into a little entry way and when the fellow who was conducting the tour had shut that door you went through another door into the storage room and then that door was shut to keep the temperature down. Well this one Elder got gazing around and when we were ready to leave he was left behind without any one noticing it. Later, we noticed he was gone and we hunted all over for him but could not find him so at last we called the police but still no missing Elder. The next morning, just after breakfast, the police wanted us to come down and identify a man found in the refrigeration room. He was wrapped up in about a million dollars worth of furs and still darn near frozen.

That afternoon we went on and I think we separated from the rest at Buffalo. At any rate, there were only two of us who went to Toronto.

We caught a boat at Niagara Falls and rode across the lake to Toronto. The Canadian mission had only been started a few years before this and the work was new with very few members of the church at that time. In the early days of the church, they had missionaries but they had advised the people who joined the church to join the general body of the church and so most of them had immigrated and the work there had lapsed. Nephi Jensen was the president of the new mission and had been there a year or two before I got there. Later, he was released and Joseph Quinney took his place.

My first field of labor was in a suburb called Davis Ville. Then I was transferred to Port Arthur conference. Port Arthur and Fort William are now called Thunder Bay. I stayed there most of my mission but early in the year of 1923 was transferred again to the city of Hamilton. I was released from there in October of 1923.

President Quinney had suggested that if we wanted to take a short trip around eastern U.S. that instead of giving us our tickets home, he would give us the money and we could travel any way we wanted. There were several of us who decided to see the country. When we got to the line, they were pretty careful about people entering the U. S.. It was only a few years after the first World War and lots of people were trying to enter the States, so they were demanding that any one who wasn't a U.S. Citizen put up a deposit of \$100.00 to make sure you didn't stay. Well I didn't have too much money and didn't want to put up that

deposit but it happened I didn't have to. I was the first one of the bunch to the customs officer. He asked me my name and I told him Lorenzo Davies. Then he asked me where I was born and I said Hinckley Millard Co. Utah. He asked a few other questions but never the one I was afraid of. "Was I an American citizen?" Finally he said "What did you say your name was?" I told him Lorenzo Davies and he said how do you spell it. I was just about caught. As a Canadian I would spell it Loren -zed- o while the U.S. spell it Loren z o. He said you can go. If I had said -zed- he would have known I was Canadian.

One of the other fellows was in trouble. He was a U.S. subject and said that he had been born in Provo Utah. The officer asked him what Provo was noted for. He said the Brigham Young University. That wasn't what he wanted so he said it was one of the largest cities in Utah. No that wasn't it either. Finally we found that his information book lists the State Insane Asylum. I had been to Provo several times but that was the first I knew the Insane Asylum was there. I had seen that white house up on the hill but I didn't know what it was. Well when we all got safely across the line (I really was the only Canadian), we went on. We had a nice trip but I wont tell about that here. We saw some of the East and had a nice visit at Nauvoo and landed home late in the fall.

I don't remember much that happened in the next few years. I lived up on the ranch on the river most of the time. Father and mother had moved to Cardston where they could work in the Temple. About that time, Jack married Veneta Neilson and moved to the States for a few years. My sister Nell and her family were living in part of the house in Hillspring.

I married Mary Phyllis Fisher in the Cardston Temple on the 14 Oct, 1925. I had always been in love with Phyllis even when she was just a girl but she didn't go out much. She had had a bad case of sickness when she was just a girl and it had affected her heart and her father didn't like her to go chasing around but I finally was able to get her to marry me and we had a wonderful life together. She raised a fine family.

The first winter Phyllis and I were married we lived in the west part of the house in Hillspring and my sister Nell and her family lived in the rest of the House. In the spring, we moved up to the ranch and lived there for the next few years. We were there when Ann, Tom, and Lore were born.

Ann was born the 26th of Dec. 1926. We were in Cardston for Christmas at Mothers when she was born. She was a little doll but smart as a whip. When Thomas Glen was born the 9th of Feb. 1928, she would dance around and sing "I never cared for icy blue(eyes of blue) but Tom's got icy blue and that's my weakness now. We had so much pleasure in our children.

In the fall of 1929, we were up on the ranch when Phyllis woke me up and said she had to go to the hospital. It was just getting daylight when we left home and the threshing crew on the farm just east of our place were just starting to stir a little as we went past in our little one seated chev. It ran fine until we got nearly to the Indian school. Just east of the Bull Horn Coulee it stopped. Nothing I could do would get it going again. Phyllis prayed while I tinkered. All at once it started up again and we drove on into Cardston. I was afraid to stop it when we got to mother's where we left the two children and then I drove on down to the hospital. I still didn't stop the car but just let Phyllis out and took her to the door and then drove on down to the garage. I stopped the car and told the garage mechanic there was something wrong. They went to start it up and it wouldn't start. They tried everything and then after checking the carburettor they said part of it was gone and it couldn't run with out it. (I think they called it the rotor) We looked every where for it but it could not be found and finally had to get a new part for it. (They claimed I must have taken it out but I didn't). When I got up to the hospital, Lore had been born. The nurse called him diplomacy. He was born the 1st of Oct, 1929.

The first few years we were married we lived on the farm. The years preceding the depression were not very good. To help in making a living we had to get work where ever we could and when we could spare time from the farm. Conditions were not very good all through the middle and late twenties. The weather was dry and crops were not always good, and even on the irrigated land people had not really got in the habit of irrigation. So whenever anyone could get a job to help out with the finances we tried to take it. The great Northern railway had started to build the Prince of Wales Hotel at Waterton. Some of the first material for the hotel had been shipped to Cardston and unloaded there but when the railroad had been extended to Hillspring and Glenwood the rest of the stuff was sent on to Hillspring as it was quite a lot closer and better roads.

Well, every one that could get away from home and had an outfit got a job hauling freight up to the Prince of Wales. They were paying \$12.00 a ton to haul from Hillspring and it didn't take long for some of the fellows to see that with everyone hauling the job would not last long. So three of the fellows got together and went to the company and offered to haul all the freight for \$8.00 per ton if the company would give them the contract to haul all of the freight. Well you couldn't blame the company for taking up such an

offer even if they did know the rest of us needed the work. I went to the boss and told him that many of the rest of us really needed work. He said that he could not do anything about it and we couldn't blame him, but he said they unloaded a lot of stuff in Cardston before the railroad had been extended to Hillspring and if we wanted to haul that we could do so as the other agreement only dealt with what was at Hillspring. He offered us \$20.00 per ton from Cardston, which was lots better than even \$12.00 from Hillspring so we jumped at the chance to haul it.

There were twelve of us who went into Cardston to load up that first trip. That year, the road west from Cardston up through Leavitt and Mt. View was very bad. Some of the coulees were almost impossible to get through. We decided to go out across the reserve to the Hillspring Bridge, cross there, then go straight west about four miles to the regular road from Hillspring to Waterton to August Lenz corner, then turn south to the church ranch and then cut off south west to Waterton.

We camped for the night on the reserve just before we got to the bridge across the Belly River where there was good feed for our horses. We then got up early the next morning and started without stopping for breakfast, with the intention of stopping for an hour or so when we got to the church ranch to let our horses feed and get breakfast for ourselves.

We got to August Lenz's corner. Father who had ridden out with us intended to go up to the ranch and get a saddle horse. The ranch was just a mile further on. He suggested to me that he drive my team and that I go and get the saddle horse, then come meet the wagons which would be camped for breakfast on the edge of the church ranch. Father had a bad ankle which made it hard for him to walk and this was the reason for the change. He had received this injury as a young man when a group of outlaws had attacked some freight wagons hauling ore from the mines in Nevada.

Father wanted the saddle horse so he could go hunt for some of our cattle that had strayed up on the church ranch. I left the bunch, got the saddle horse and then rode south to the edge of the church ranch where I could see the teams camped for breakfast. As I rode into camp from the west I saw another horseman coming from the east. It was a mounted policeman and we got to the camp at the same time. He was mad and just as he got to camp he pulled a gun and started tapping it on his saddle horn, saying, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten of you Mormon S. O. B.'s will make a damned good haul". He had no more than got the words out of his mouth when dad rose up and grabbed him by the shirt front and started shaking him and saying, "young man there are no Mormon S.O.B.'s in this camp and you better apologise for such language or I'll pull you off that horse and give you the trouncing you deserve." Leo Leishman was standing by my horse and he said to me, "Gosh, don't your dad know that he has a gun." I answered, "it wouldn't matter to dad if he had two guns. He couldn't call him a Mormon S.O.B. and get away with it." I thought that I had better butt in and see if I could settle things before it went too far. I knew that it was a very serious offence to manhandle a police man and I wondered what had riled him up so. So I said, "Mr, why would you ride into camp and cuss the fellows like you did? What have they done to deserve this kind of treatment?" He answered, "they went through my pasture and let the fence down and all my horses got out and I can't find them anywhere." This surprised me because the wagons would have had to have gone back at least a mile to have gone through the police pasture. So I said, "That's funny. Why did you go through the pasture?" The policeman spoke up and said, "Oh it wasn't today. It was several days ago and I have ridden myself to death trying to find those horses. My boss will sure be mad when he finds that they are gone". When he said that it was a few days ago, I dropped on to what had happened. It was the other fellows that were hauling from Hillspring that had gone through the fence and so I said that it wasn't us but the other fellows who had done it.

He said, "Are you not Smith, Andrews, and Larson" and I said, "No, We were the ones that they had cut out of a job and we were not hauling when his horses got out." That sort of cooled him off and he apologised for cussing us and dad was cooled off and felt better and told him that he was going to ride up on the Church Ranch and look for cattle and that he would keep an eye open for any of his horses. So things worked out all right but for a little while I was sure scared.

About this time the government started to do a lot of work on roads so that they would be better for cars to drive on. Up to this time most of the roads were just country trails not even turnpiked or graveled. When the hotel at Waterton was built, they decided to upgrade and gravel the road from Cardston west to Waterton Lakes.

The summer of 1928 I got a contract working on the road being constructed from Cardston to Waterton Lakes. My contract was from about a mile east of Mt. View, through Mt. View, and from there west for a mile or so. Although we had two children, Phyllis went up and cooked for us. We didn't quite finish up before winter set in so I went back in the spring and finished up. They had (the general contractors) held back 20% of our pay to make sure we finished up and so we didn't get all our money until

spring. Some of the sub contractors had other jobs in the spring and didn't want to come back so after I finished my contract they offered me the job of finishing some of the others. There was not much to do on most of them and the 20% hold back was real good money so I did quite a lot of work that way.

That spring, Phyllis didn't go back to cook for us and when the work at Mt. View was done an old fellow that had a job just east of mine suggested that we throw our outfits together and get a job on the road they were building across the reserve from Cardston to McLeod. So we did.

He was an ornery old cuss but he and I got along pretty well. He really knew how to build roads and it was really a fine thing for me to have the benefit of his experience. I didn't know until a year or so later why it was we got on so well. One day he said to me "We got along pretty well didn't we" and I said, "Yes we did. Why do you bring that up? "Oh," he said, "A lot of the fellows there at Hillspring said we wouldn't work together for two weeks. Leo Leishman said the first time I started to cuss you or your men, that you would climb my frame, but we got along pretty well didn't we." Looking back I can see why we got along and that what Leo and the others had said about me was the best thing that could have ever happened. When we went to work together, he suggested that I run the crew and that he would look after general chores, getting feed, repairs etc. He said you get along with the men better than I do. Shortly after we started to work together, he started to cuss one of the men for something and so I lit into him. I told him it was my job to run the crew and if he didn't like it we could darn soon split up.

He was always trying to make some one feel small. He wasn't a Mormon and was always cussing them. One day he said to Neff Fisher and some of the other boys, "Neff, what is the difference between a Mormon and an S.O.B.?" Neff didn't hardly know what to say but it made me mad, so I spoke up and said, "Dad, (we all called him dad) I'll tell you the difference, I'm a Mormon and you're not." He caught what I meant but he had sense enough to make a joke out of it. He said to the cook with a laugh " Ren thinks I'm an S.O.B." As I said, we got along OK but if I would have let him he would have run over every body.

We worked for two summers together, built the road from Cardston to McLeod, from McLeod west up the pass and then from Pincher Creek to Waterton Lakes. Then we split up. I didn't feel that I wanted to stay at that kind of work. Most of the work of that kind in southern Alberta was finished and although the general contractor(the Calgary Construction Co.) offered me a good job with them up in the north country I decided to quit. I didn't feel that I wanted my children to grow up in that kind of atmosphere.

There's another story I want to tell about dad Wilson. When we were working on the road from McLeod to Pincher Creek, just west of Brockett they had surveyed the road right where the power line ran, but instead of pulling up the poles they just sawed them off at ground level. It sure made a mess for us when we got to working on that stretch of road. There was not enough stump to get a chain on very well so we had to dig around them before we could pull them out. I was going to send some of the men to dig them out, but dad Wilson said He would do it so that the men would not have to stop moving dirt. Well he was working about a couple or three hundred yards from where we were when he started to yell and cuss something terrific.

Some of the boys suggested that maybe they should go see what the old man wanted but I stopped them. It was nothing unusual for him to be yelling around so no one went over to see for some time and then I went over. When I got there, I found that he had dug the dirt from around the post. He had a hole about four feet deep, then he had got in the hole, put his arms around the post and tried to lift it out but instead of the post coming out he had broken through a crust of quick sand and started sinking into it. He had presence of mind enough to grab a crowbar that was close and place it across the hole he was digging. When we got there, he was just about up to his crotch in quick sand and hanging on by his arms to the crowbar. I had to call a couple of the boys over and we put a rope around him under his arms and then we pulled him out. It wasn't an easy job. If he hadn't grabbed the crowbar I expect he would have sunk out of sight and no one would have known where he went.

Another amusing thing happened at a camp just east of where we were working. They had a stretch of road pretty badly worked up when we had a rain storm and there was a low spot on the road just a short distance from our camp. Well, some of the water ran down into the low spot and made quite a mud hole out of the road. The people travelling the road got stuck pretty often in the mud hole. A couple of young fellows in the camp made quite a good business pulling cars through the mud. In a day or two the ground started to dry up and it looked like an end to their business but these kids had a bright idea. They took the water tank and hauled some water to help business. (The camp was shut down on account of the rain and these kids were the only ones there). Well, one day a fellow came along and wanted to know how much they charged to pull him through. They agreed on a dollar. When they got him through the mud to the other side, he began to argue that a dollar was too much and offered them fifty cents. They wanted a dollar and he

wouldn't pay it, so while one kid argued with the man to keep his attention, the other one unhooked the team and drove it around back of the car as if to go to camp and then hooked the chain on the back of the car and pulled it back into the mud hole. They then demanded five dollars to pull him out again. They got their five dollars, but the fellow made such a stink about it that the boss made them stop their business.

Phyllis had been raised in town where she could go when she got ready without driving either a horse or a car. Also, she had been raised where they had irrigation and she loved to raise a garden so about this time we decided to sell our land up on the river and be closer to town where there was irrigation and it would be easier to get to meetings. etc, I sold my land to Dave Gibb and bought a quarter from Devere Dudley just a mile south of town. It was irrigation land and had a small house and barn on it.

The house wasn't much and when Dan was born the 3rd of Dec, 1931; the place was so draughty that he coughed cold and nearly died. His mother and grandmother worked over him for some time and finally got him over his sickness.

The first Christmas we were there on the Dudley place I had been working in the timber at Oil City getting out timber. There had been a bad fire up there and there was lots of fire killed timber. We got permits to cut this fire killed stuff to use on the farms. It made good corrals and fence posts. I had all my timber out before Christmas except one load. A day or two before Christmas I decided to go get that load. Golden Allred also had a load so we went up together. Ann and Tom were old enough by that time to want a Christmas tree and so I promised to get them one. Oil City at that time was not in the park as it is today but was just forest reserve. I went up and got my load and started home before I remembered that I had told the children that I would bring them a tree. I didn't want to break the law by cutting one in the park so I decided to get one down on the river this side of the bridge which was out of the park. We stopped at noon to feed our horses at Crooked Creek and while the horses ate I took my axe and hurried over to the river about a half mile away. There had been quite a lot of snow and it had drifted over a ridge leaving just a few feet of the tops of some fir trees sticking out above the snow drift. Their tops would make just a nice Christmas tree so I climbed the drift and cut the top off one. I was just getting ready to go back to my wagon when I noticed that down at the base of the snow drift the snow was very badly discoloured. My curiosity was aroused so I picked up my axe and tree and went over to see what made the snow so dark. There was a space of four or five feet that was very dark brown and in the center of the brown snow was a little hole an inch or so across. I tried to look in the hole but I could see nothing so I took my axe and started to chop away some of the snow which was just like ice. When I had a hole about a foot across, I took my hand and cleaned out the ice and knelt down and looked into the hole again. There was an old bear asleep for the winter and his breath had made that little hole. I was afraid that I might wake him up so I grabbed my axe and tree and beat it right away. I didn't want anything to do with him.

An amusing thing happened a few months before this when we were cutting the timber. They were drilling for oil a few years before this. They had built three log cabins and a good barn or stable, so when we went up there to work we had a place to sleep. We used one large cabin to bunk in. Some times there were 15 or 20 men sleeping on the floor and you can imagine the smell from that many sweaty men after they had sawed and chopped logs all day. Under these circumstances we kept the window wide open. Early one morning, Ad Strate got up and was cooking his breakfast. He was leaving for home that morning. The rest of us were still in bed. He always drank coffee and so the coffee pot was boiling and he was cooking some bacon and eggs. All at once someone yelled, "Look at the window." When Ad saw the bear, he grabbed his coffee pot and threw the boiling coffee in the old bear's face. When it felt the boiling water, the bear let out a whoof and backed out the window. You can imagine how fast we fellows got dressed that morning.

Another amusing incident happened about that time. A fellow by the name of Cahoon was living in one of the cabins there. Late one night he went to the door and opened it. There was a big black dog laying on the step. He up and gave it a hard kick. It rose up and it turned out to be a bear. He sure shut that door fast.

We lived on the Dudley place for a few years but as the price of grain and other farm products was very poor we decided to turn the place back to Mr Dudley. It didn't look like I could make enough to make the payments and Dave Gibb couldn't make his payments to me. We moved off the farm into town while I looked for other work. The summer of 1932, we lived in Ole Olsen's old house in Hillspring and that fall I moved the family into Cardston into the house just north of father. It belonged originally to Ernest Wynder.

That summer I worked where ever I could get work and then in the early fall or late summer I got a job up on the road they were building from Waterton to Glacier Park. At first it was just a make-work job for single unemployed but they had to have a few teams and men to run them. The single unemployed got five dollars a month and their board and clothes. We other fellows got nine dollars a day for ourselves and

our horses and we were lucky to get it and so were they. It was better than laying around doing nothing and living on relief but it wasn't enough to make anyone want to work very hard. It just about supplied them with tobacco. I bought two or three of their checks for fifteen to forty cents. That was all they had after they paid the company for their tobacco.

Shortly after I got there I was put in charge of finishing the road. They hired another fellow to drive my team. I was able to pull strings and got several fellows from Hillspring a job on the road. My brother Jack was among the group. After the next election, they started paying a little better but it was never very big wages.

Lots of amusing things happened there. Sam Earl would sit there at night reading the Bible or Book of Mormon while all around him they were swearing and cussing. I found that it wasn't long until I had to watch my self pretty carefully or I would find myself swearing too.

One time I sent five or six of the fellows with their teams back to the head camp at Waterton Bridge to get hay and other supplies. The trucks could haul our supplies as far as the bridge and unload . Then we would have to go get it with the teams and wagons. They got the load and started back. It started to rain. Some of the fellows decided to take off their clothes and put them under a bale of hay so they wouldn't get wet. All of them did it but one fellow named Jack Bateman. Jack was an ornery cuss and nobody seemed to like him. When he refused to take off his clothes with the rest, they caught him and took his clothes away from him. After a little, when they had got higher up the mountain, the rain turned to snow. They decided to put their clothes on but they wouldn't give Jack his. About an hour or so later, they came into camp with Jack stripped naked trailing along in the snow. I was afraid that he might catch his death of cold but it didn't seem to hurt him.

Although I didn't drive my team myself, I was interested in how the horses were taken care of, so I went out to the barn quite often. That spring there was an old bear that got in the habit of snooping around the cook shack. She would quite often come down to the barn and when the horses would smell bear they were very restless. One day Jack said to me, "Lets catch the old devil." As we didn't have any lasso rope we tied two or three halter ropes together and tried to catch her. She wouldn't let us get close enough to rope her. I got tired of fooling around and I said, "Lets rush her," but still she could keep out of our way. We could get pretty close to her while running but we couldn't do that and throw the rope. I got mad, put on a sprint and got up close enough to kick her in the rump. Boy, she took off like a train. Then I began to realise what foolish fellows we had been. If she had turned on us, we didn't have a chance.

To help get rid of the bears around camp, we decided to build a covered garbage pit. There was a little stream of water just east of the camp. We laid two or three poles across the creek for a bridge, dug a pit on the other side, covered it up good and fit a lid on the opening. Shortly after we got it finished, this old mother bear came back with two little cubs. To make matters worse, she could flip the lid off of the garbage pit just as easy as you could. The little cubs would climb up a tree by the creek on our side of the camp and she would get down in the pit and eat all she wanted.

When she got out, she would make a little whining noise and the cubs would climb out of the tree and they would go ambling off. One day we were not working. I don't remember why. At any rate, we were just loafing around when here comes the old bear and cubs. The little cubs climbed the tree as usual, while she knocked off the lid and climbed into the pit. When she did this, Rex Meeks, a fellow from Raymond said to Art Garner and Vic Bennett, "If you fellows will put the lid back on the pit and sit on it and hold the old bear in there, I'll climb the tree and shake the cubs out of the tree. Some one can hold a sack and catch them." It worked just fine at first. Vic and Art slipped up and put the lid on the pit with out any trouble and sat on it. The old bear didn't bother at all and so Rex started up the tree after the cubs. I don't remember who was holding the sacks but there were probably a hundred or more men watching. The little bears were up the tree on the lower limbs, but as Rex started to climb the tree the little bears went on up higher. Finally as they got nearly to the top they went out on a limb. Rex started to shake the tree and the cubs started to whimper. The old bear had not taken any notice until then. When she heard them, she made a leap, hit the lid and knocked it off with Vic and Art on it. They just went rolling. She didn't bother about them but started for the tree. Herman Kenley saw her coming and started to run across the bridge out of her way. Albert Henderson was standing on the bridge and Herman just gave him a push into the creek telling him to get out of the way and let someone run that can run. As soon as Rex Meeks saw the old bear start to climb the tree, he let go and came tumbling down through the branches like a ripe apple. The little cubs ran to their mother and went leisurely off up the road. You never saw any one scratched up more than Rex Meeks from falling out of that tree.

I worked there on the road for a few years and then in the spring of 1939 I made a deal with the Church Ranch for some land. It was two miles north of town just south of Cochrane Lake. There was no house on the place so I rented a small house in town from George Gibb.

About this time, Jack and I bought a truck from Joe Low and started trucking. I had quite a lot of horses, so with what money we could rake up and trading in some horses we were able to get started with a truck. We used that truck for a while and then traded it in on two new Chev trucks. Thus, each of us had one.

Shortly before this, there had been a big forest fire in the mountains west of Pincher Creek. Hillspring, as a community, had been able to get a timber lease to cut this burned timber. We had the lumber sawed and found a market for mine props at the mines in Lethbridge. We started hauling lumber and mine props as well as doing a little farming.

Our family was increasing and we needed a house of our own. I took some of the lumber we had and built a house on the lot where the church had been before it burned down. By this time we had six children. Sally was born while we were living in Cardston. She was born the 31 March, 1933; and Ellen the 30 of May, 1934, shortly after we moved back to Hillspring.

For several years I did Jippo (general) trucking getting work where ever I could find it. I did pretty good at it. I tried always to get a return load instead of doing as most truckers did, haul a load to Lethbridge and then come back empty. I made a deal with the school district to haul their coal to several different schools at a lower price if they would let me haul it on my own time. I usually had a load both ways as most of our produce was hauled to Lethbridge.

I remember one time I went up to Beaver Mines for a load of coal for the church. They burned steam coal (soft) and that was about the only handy place we could get it. Phyllis and the two boys went with me and we got back just before noon. I said to Phyllis, "You go home and get dinner ready and I'll be there in about fifteen minutes". I was just cleaning out the last little bit of coal when Magrath Merrill and another fellow came up. Magrath had sold this fellow a horse and he wanted it shipped to Edmonton. By leaving right then and not even stopping for dinner, we figured that we could catch the train at McLeod and load the horse on the train for Edmonton. I sent one of the children to tell Phyllis that I had to go and would not be there for dinner. We loaded the horse in the truck and the man and I climbed into the truck to go to McLeod. On the road, the man changed his mind about loading the horse on the train and hired me to go on up to Edmonton with it. We got there late that night and were unloading the horse at the stockyards, when I met George Stringham who had just bought some cattle that he wanted hauled down to Stringham's ranch on the Milk River. I decided to take them. When I got to the ranch, they had a load of cattle they wanted delivered to Lethbridge. I hauled them there and then loaded a load of coal for Maple Creek in Saskatchewan. I then hauled another load of cattle back to Lethbridge. I was sixteen days away from home, when I had originally told Phyllis I would be there for dinner in fifteen minutes.

About this time, Dave and Ethel Jeppson decided to move back to Utah. Dave's brother Leland had moved down there some years before and wanted them to come down. He lived at Brigham City. Dave went down to see about things and then brought Leland's car back to take the family down in. I arranged to take his household furniture down for him. Phyllis decided to go with me. Ann and Tom were both very dependable and we didn't worry about leaving them to look after things at home. When we got to the line, they were held up because Ethel didn't have her police record. We had to come back. We waited for a couple of weeks. In the mean time, Dwight was born. When we got to the line the second time, they said all their papers were all right but they had no papers for the baby and couldn't take him. Dave was quite worried because he had work down there that he needed to do. He asked me what I would do? I said, "I'd just tell them to keep the baby". That tickled Dave. He was always one to put on a big production, so he had Ethel dressed the baby up nice, gave him his bottle and put him in his basket. He had all the rest of the family get in the car. He took the baby in the basket into the station and said "Well, I guess we'll be going". The Immigration officer said, "You can't go, you can't take the baby." Dave answered "Oh, we are not taking him. We are leaving him here for you to look after." Well, when the officer found out that he meant it, they quickly changed their minds about letting the baby go. They said, "All right," but you will have to report at the office once every month for 3 years, so we were off.

On the road down, Dave had a blow out. As it was during the war, civilians could not buy tires without a special permit. He had to rent a couple of tires to get home. We had a nice stay in Brigham City and did some visiting around. Neff and others had moved down there. When we got ready to come home, Leland Jeppson said he had a lot of watermelons and if I would haul them up he would give me a load so I could let the kids in Hillspring have all the watermelon they wanted to eat for once. It happened that we got home just as church was letting out on Sunday. I pulled up at the church and told the kids they could have

all they wanted to eat. You can imagine what a sight. A hundred or so kids and older folks eating watermelon with their best clothes on. Some of them ate until they nearly burst. Boy, were some of the Mothers mad at me.

While trucking, every now and then, I was able to take a cow or calf on trade. This way I was building up a small herd of cattle. In fact, we always did have a few and the boys looked after them when I was away. We were shipping some milk to Glenwood Cheese factory. About this time, I got a chance to take over the job of collecting the milk in the Hillspring area and haul it to Glenwood. That meant that I could be at home more. I traded my big truck for a smaller one. For a number of years, we milked about fifteen or twenty cows and then I gathered up the milk around town and took it to the factory. One day I picked up Henry Folsom's milk. As they were dumping his milk at the cheese factory into the vat, we heard a splash then another splash. Then the milk started to turn yellow. Henry had found a nest of eggs but he didn't want to take them to the house just then. He put them in one of the milk cans and forgot about them. The kids milked the cows and not noticing the eggs dumped the milk in the can on top of the eggs. That's how they had egg nog to make cheese out of.

One other time, Wilfred Orr, who hauled the milk from Hartley area got locked in the cheese cooling room. Every day as soon as he got his milk unloaded he would go to the cheese cooling room and cut himself off a piece of cheese. He would usually sit there on a box and eat it. One of the other fellows and I saw him go in as usual. We slipped over and closed the door. There was no way of unlocking it from the inside. We told Ned Davidson what we had done and he said he would open the door in a little while and let him out. But he got working and forgot until Mrs Orr phoned and wanted to know why her husband didn't come home. Then Ned remembered where Wilfred was and went and let him out. He was sure well cooled off.

I hauled milk for some years and then decided to quit as I had more work than I could really keep up with. I had rented Joe Dudley's farm north of town and bought some of the hill for pasture. At that time it was hard to find land that you could buy around Hillspring. So I started thinking of moving away. Phyllis and I made one trip up north to the Peace River country. There was lots of good land up there but we hated to move away from the organised branches of the church. Our family had grown to eight, five boys and three girls and they needed the church association. Ann, Tom, Lore and Sally had all gone to University and qualified for school teachers. Dan said we were not all going to be school teachers so he got other work. He was a good worker and had no trouble finding work. Ann taught school for one year but did not like it. She went to business school and then got a job in a law office. She was working there when she was called on her mission to California. She went in 1950.

From then on we had one or two missionaries in the field for a number of years. Anne went first, then Dan, then Thomas, then Frank, and finally Lloyd.

Ann spent her mission in Northern California. She worked in the mission home a good part of the time. Dan went to Southern California and they sent him to Calexico, right on the Mexican border where it is so hot most of the missionaries could not take the heat, but he seemed to get along pretty well. While Dan was on his mission, Thomas went to Samoa. He had been teaching school and as they were trying to start a school, they assigned him to teach school. He wrote home and asked us to send him any used school books that we had as they had very few or none at all. We gathered up two banana crates of old books and sent them to him. He and Dan were both still in the mission field when we moved to Bow Island in 1954. When Dan came home, he reported his mission here in Cardston and we came to hear him. I don't remember just who the visitor was from Salt Lake, but I remember him saying he had been here seven years before and was pleased to report that in that time the stake had gained seven people.

When Tom came home, he landed at Vancouver and we went there to meet him. We were living at Bow Island at that time and there was some trouble in the branch. They were re-organizing the branch while we were away. When we got home they told me I had been sustained as a Councillor to President Jess Atwood.

In the late forties and early fifties, we were living at Hillspring. I had a little land there and was renting some more, but I could not find any that I could buy. When Hillspring was first settled it was settled by LDS people, most of whom had originally come from Utah, or else their parents had, and they thought that they could make a living on 40 to 80 acres of land. But we soon found that it was different here and so every one was trying to buy more land but there was very little for sale.

In the spring of 1953, I heard that a fellow named Wayne Anderson, a real estate agent at Bow Island, had some land for sale at Beazer so I made an appointment to meet him and look the land over. I had no intention of moving but I figured that I could run my horses and dry stock over there and put up my hay. When I met him at Beazer, I found that he had already sold the land at Beazer but he said there was

lots of good land at Bow Island and the irrigation ditch would be there the next spring. I wasn't interested in moving, but I thought I would go see what the land was like there. Wayne Anderson didn't have any land that I was interested in but a fellow by the name of Francis J. Halpin did. He had a lot of land there and some of it was good irrigation. I made a deal for a quarter section, 3 miles north of town but I did not take over until the spring of 1954. That next spring I went down and put in a crop but didn't move. There was not a house, or at any rate nothing we wanted to live in so I just camped there that year and did my work. The irrigation had not yet arrived, but was expected the next spring, the year 1955.

The spring of 1955, Sally, Ellen and Ann all got married. The preparations for the weddings and getting ready to move to Bow Island kept us pretty busy. Sally was married on Feb. 3, 1955, to Thomas Edward Anderson. Ellen was married to Veryle "B" Leavitt on Apr. 13, 1955, and Ann married Blair Murray the 15 of June, 1955. Then Lore married Barbara Jean Harker 17 Aug 1955.

As I said, there was no house on the farm so I rented a house in town just west of the old Catholic church. Later, Mr. Halpin bought the old Catholic church. He offered it to me at a very reasonable price. We moved it out to the farm. At last we were able to move on the farm. During the spring of 1955, we moved to Bow Island. The irrigation ditches were not all finished. However, they were to the north east corner of the land I had bought, so I went to the manager of the irrigation project and asked if it was possible to get water on my land. He said he had no objection if the contractor would allow it. I talked to the contractor, and he was pleased to try it out. We were the first to get water there. An amusing thing happened. There was a low spot in the centre of the field running from south to north, almost in the centre of the quarter. I could bring the water in at the north east corner of the field and irrigate about sixty acres with the water running south. It was just a perfect slope to the south. When it got to the south end I made a ditch and took it west to the south end of the field. On the west side of the low spot, the land sloped north and so I could irrigate from south to north on the west end of the quarter. Imagine watering from the south to north on the east side of the low land, and then with the same water taking it to the west side and irrigating from north to south. Some of the neighbours watched me doing this and it got out that that Mormon out here was making water run both ways. People from all over the country came to see it done. They had heard the Mormons could do that.

Not long after we moved to Bow Island, Dan came home from his mission. He went to work for a Mr. Conrad at Warner where he met Alma Eagleson and they were married 26 June 1958. About this time, Dan went to work for the Sturdy Propane Co. at Bow Island. He later bought land and started to farm north east of Bow Island, about 4 miles from us. An amusing thing happened at the time he quit working for Sturdy Propane. I met the head boss one day and he said to me, "Why doesn't Dan want to work for us part time?" They had been after him but he had refused. I said, "You don't really want him." "Sure we do, he said, why don't you think we do?" I said, "He tells the customers that you are crooked to charge them so much for their propane." He just laughed and said, "We don't care. He sure sells lots of propane. More than any one else and that's all we care about."

When Tom came home from his mission he went back to BYU to further his education. While there, he had a terrible experience. Part of his face started to swell and he went lame in one foot. He went into the hospital for treatment but they didn't know at first what was the matter. Finally, one of the doctors who had experience with tropical diseases found out it was a case of leprosy. What a terrible thing.

He was there alone except for Frank who was also going to school there and then to have this happen. They called in the priesthood and they told him he would be all right. It seems that they had recently found a drug that could be used to treat the disease. He got better although he still limps from what it did to the muscle and nerve cells in his leg. We sure thank the Lord. Just before Christmas, he phoned me and said that the doctors said he was cured but that if we were afraid to have him come home he wouldn't come. I told him we sure wanted him to come home. Think of it, one of my boys wondering if we wanted him home for Christmas. It nearly breaks me up to think of it. After he finished school, he came home and went to work in Edmonton where he did research for one of the Chemical Companies and then he started to teach at the University where he still is (1986).

On the 15 July, 1964, Tom married Rae Poulsen in the Cardston Temple. On the 23 of Dec, 1964 Frank married Frances Fay Brandle in the temple. The weather was terrible and I was not able to get to the wedding.

Lloyd went on his mission to Australia about the time that Frank was released from his mission in California. That summer we had a marvellous experience. This was just before Frank came home and before Lloyd went.

When we moved down to Bow Island, the cost of hail insurance was very low. I asked a neighbour, John Egan, if there was much risk of hail. He said he had lived there all his life and they had never had any

serious hail storms. They had had hail but nothing serious. In the twelve years we lived there we had hail seven times. Twice in one year and the insurance had gone way up.

The summer of 1963 I was working around the yard, wondering what to do about money to send to Frank and to prepare for Lloyd going on his mission. The year before, as I said, we had had hail twice in that year and money was tight. I knew I could borrow money at the bank because my credit was pretty good. I had quite a lot of security but I didn't like to borrow for personal expenses. For expenses on the farm it was all right but for our expenses, no. As I worked around the yard I noticed a car stop out at our gate then drive on up the road. It went on for about a half a mile, then stopped again for a while, then turned around and drove back to our gate and drove into the yard. There were two men and a woman in the car. They came over to where I was working and after passing the time of day the man who was driving said "That is a beautiful patch of alfalfa that you have there." I agreed, for it was and just about ready to cut. He said "Do you want to sell any of that hay?" I told him yes. I would probably sell all of it. I usually kept the third cutting for myself. He wanted to know how much a ton I wanted for it. I told him twenty dollars a ton. He turned to the woman who was his wife and said, "Make out a check for five hundred dollars. I want 25 tonnes of that hay. I told him to hold on. The hay wasn't cut yet. Last year we had hail just before it was cut. If I took his check and we happened to have hail I would have to return his money and I'd rather wait until the crop was cut. He said that didn't matter. If we had hail, he would get it out of the second cutting. I still objected telling him we had had hail twice last year and it could happen again. He said "That's all right. I don't need the hay only this looks so good that I would like a few tons to feed my sheep." He had plenty of other hay so he told her make out the check. "If I don't get the hay this year, I'll get it some other year." She made out the check and I had the money I needed to send to Frank and for Lloyd.

A few days later I was over working on the land that Dan and I had bought from Halpin together. It was about three miles east of where we lived. Dan lived there. I saw Dan stop his tractor and come running over to where I was. When he got there he said, "Do you see that cloud? It looks like we are going to get hailed out again." I looked up and sure enough there was a storm coming down the river and it looked like hail. The hail storms seemed to start along the river somewhere between Lethbridge and Taber. Come down the river to just straight west of our place where the river made an abrupt turn to the north. There it would leave the river and come on east spreading out and ruining all the crops as it came. I jumped in my car and took Dan to the house and started for my home. I got about half way there when I saw a miracle happen. A cloud, heavy and black, driven by the wind came out of the east and drove over to meet the hail coming down the river. They met just before the hail cloud got to where it left the river and there they had a battle. The cloud and wind from the east would push the hail cloud back for a ways, then the hail cloud would get the best of it for a while and push the East cloud back. It see-sawed there for quite a while and then the wind cloud seemed to give way and the storm came on, but it was no longer hail. It was just a heavy rain. It rained so hard that when it got to me, I had to stop my car because the storm was so heavy the windshield wipers couldn't clear the rain away so that I couldn't see to drive. When it eased up a little, I went home. Phyllis came running to the car and she said, "Did you see what happened?" I said "What do you mean?" She replied. "A few minutes ago Lloyd came running to the house and said, Mother, it looks like we are going to get hail again. If we do I can't go on my mission. Lets go in the house and pray." This they did. Then they came out of the house and saw the same cloud come out of the east and meet the hail cloud. We thanked the Lord for his protection. In my patriarchal blessing it says "You shall be protected from the destroying element. Your home and property shall be protected from the power of the destroyer and your heart will rejoice to see the hand of Providence in your favour." This I surely say was fulfilled that day.

The strange thing about it is they do not seem to have those hail storms any more. There hasn't been a bad hail storm in that area since (over twenty years ago now).

That fall, Lloyd went on his mission to Australia. An amusing thing happened while he was there. We got a letter from him one day in which he said he and his companion had just come in from tracking. It was late at night, his companion was tired, and had gone to bed. He was staying up to cook some cabbage. When his mother read this, she became excited and said, "You get right over town and send that boy some money. If he is eating cabbage he must be broke." I sent him some money and asked if he was broke. He said, no, cabbage was different down there. He ate quite a lot of it.

One of the nicest experiences of my life happened while Lloyd was on his mission. One day, Ren Attwood, who was in charge of the M. Men and Gleaner's organisation in the Taber Stake, stopped me and asked me if Phyllis and I would like to come to a meeting they were having at Taber. I supposed he wanted me to give a talk. I asked him what he wanted me to speak about. He just replied, sort of off handed, "Oh, just come." I asked Dan and Alma if they knew what they were discussing but they said they didn't know. I

decided to prepare a good talk and if it wasn't appropriate I would have to ad lib. It never dawned on me, that my family and I were being honoured as a family that exemplified Eternal Values until we went into the church and saw all of our children seated upon the stand with their wives and husbands. All of them had been married in the Temple except Lloyd and he had been to the Temple and was on his mission. What a thrill.

We enjoyed our life in Bow Island. As I said before, I had been set apart as a Councillor to President Jesse Attwood. Frank Pratt was the other Councillor. He had been a Bishop in Calgary and was a fine fellow. But he seemed to think that he should have been the Bishop instead of Jesse. This caused a little feeling in the Branch. After about seven years the Stake Presidency decided that as our branch was getting larger, they would make it a Ward. Frank was to be released at the same time. I knew that Frank Pratt would feel a little let down so I suggested that they release me as well. I didn't resign but just suggested they release us both. The Stake President, Ray B. Evanson, said nothing doing and that was all right with me. Then one day President Evanson called me aside and said he had a proposition to make me. If I would organise a good choir and take the leadership, they would release me from the Bishopric. I had been suggesting that we have a choir for some time. So that is how it turned out. It wasn't long until we had a really nice little choir. We had quite a lot of good singers and they were all interested. I liked the old time favourite tunes and so I used a lot of the songs that you don't hear very often. One day one of the ladies said, "Brother Davies, where do you get all those songs. I sure like them but I never heard them before." I enjoyed the choir very much, and loved to use the songs that were in the song book.

When Frank came home from his mission I asked him if he wanted to take over the farm. He said, yes, he would like to have the farm but he wanted to go back to school and get more education. After he got married, I offered to help them purchase a farm but after looking at the cost and the return they decided not to farm.

Phyllis and I were getting along in years and with none of the children at home to help look after the farm, I decided to sell out. Case Strike, our neighbour to the north, had been wanting to buy the place for a long time so I sold out to him.

Veryle had been wanting to go back to school, so he could get a few more credits on his teacher's certificate and wanted me to come up and look after his cattle. The spring of 1967 we moved to Leavitt for about a year. We also started to work in the Temple about that time. That summer we bought a house in Cardston and had it fixed up. Lore did the work for us. When Ellen and Veryle moved back to the farm, we moved to Cardston.

Lynn and Dora, my sisters, were living in the Chinook Senior Citizens Home. Lynn was very restless with nothing to do. I arranged to buy a lot with a little house on it right south of the temple a few blocks. She hired, Oakley Thompson to tear down the old house and build a nice home on it. She and Dora moved into it. That worked fine until Dora died and Lynn was there alone.

We asked her if she wanted to come live with us as she was quite nervous there alone. She said, no, she was all right. Still quite often right after dark there would come a knock on the door. There would be Lynn saying she wanted to stay over night. In the morning she would get up early and go back to her own house. This went on for some time and finally she said she was going to move into the Chinook home and sell her place. As it was a little closer to the temple, we sold our place and bought her house and moved in. It was funny some times. Two or three times a day she would stroll over for a few minutes, just to pass the time of day but she wouldn't live with us.

When she died, I was a little lonesome. Ethel, Ivan, and Dora had also passed away and I was the only one left of father's family living in Canada. My own family wasn't too far away though. Ellen lived, in Leavitt, and later moved to Cardston. Ann, Dan and Lore lived in Magrath and later Lloyd moved to Welling. Sally was in Lethbridge. Thomas was at Edmonton and Frank at Spruce Grove. Phyllis and I enjoyed having them close for a number of years before she died on Aug 6, 1980.

THE FOLLOWING WAS ADDED BY FRANKLIN DAVIES AFTER FATHER'S PASSING FEB 1987

Lorenzo became very unsettled by mother's passing. It seemed that he could hardly stay at home, without becoming emotionally upset. He was essentially a very lonely man and could not be comforted by

his children. The first few weeks he spent visiting his children. He came to our home a couple of times, paced the floor for a day or two, became upset with himself, and wanted to go home.

Fay and I were gradually getting a bed room ready for him. Sally and others were also doing the same. He moved to Ellen's with the intention of staying in one of their suites, but he wasn't happy there and finally moved back to the house. Gradually he seemed to settle somewhat and we thought that maybe he was going to be alright. Then in early December he informed us he was going to remarry at the end of the month to Dorothea Williston Smith.

Well, father just about lost the whole lot of us! None of us ever thought or dreamed he would remarry. He was already 81 years old. He felt this was right for him to do, so on Dec 28, 1980, Lorenzo and Dorothea were married in the Cardston Temple. A wedding reception and family dinner was held at Ellen's home and we sent them off on their honeymoon.

In between temple obligations, father and Dorothea did considerable travelling together. They made trips to Salt Lake, toured different sections of Canada and the United States. Travelling, temple work, music and family gatherings were an integral part of Lorenzo's life. His children were raised loving these traditions.

During the next few years, the family in southern Alberta continued being actively involved in family musical programs for the community. They did things like musical program for the old folks homes and church firesides. They participated in musical festivals in Lethbridge and Cardston. Father and Dorothea were involved in supporting and encouraging them in every way they could. Lorenzo loved to sing and perform. He and Phyllis had been involved in drama and church programs all their lives. These activities seem to bring fulfilment into his life as he tried to bring his family together in the Gospel.

Family reunions were held annually with programs and sports. Even music was written for them. The song "We are the Davies Family" (see appendix) will always be remembered as we heartily sang it at every reunion.

The temple was always part of their lives. Lorenzo and Phyllis were called as officiators in the temple in Feb 1967 and were set apart for this work on 22 Feb 1967. Father was released the day after his passing on Feb 9 1987. Thus he filled twenty years of service, during which time he performed thousands of temple sealings for those who had passed through the veil of life.

Lorenzo passed away Feb. 8, 1987 at the Cardston Hospital after having suffered a heart attack and a paralysing stroke in January, 1987. Early in November, he was in the hospital for gall stones and suffered considerably during this time. Father was active and well until this time. He independently took care of himself throughout his life, even providing the means for his own funeral.

His funeral was essentially another family reunion. We gathered around his mortal body at the funeral home and Blair Murray brought a tape with dad and mother singing. "You Can Make Home Happy". We sat, reminisced, and sang some of father's old songs. We laid his body to rest in the Cardston Cemetery next to mother's on the 11, Feb., 1987.

May we always find faith in the Saviour's work as our parents have taught us.

his mortal body at the funeral home and Blair Murray brought a tape with dad and mother singing. "You Can Make Home Happy". We sat, reminisced, and sang some of father's old songs.

Scott. Passing a field where there were a number of ewes and frolicking lambs, Sir Walter said, "Ah, tis no wonder that poets, from earliest ages, have made the

a good job and every one knows him and he knows every one. I am so proud of the work he is doing. But it is ok for the dead. I often wish it were for my own kindred dead. I haven't been going very often. I'm so forgetful so it was good

MUSIC
IN THE LIFE
OF

LORENZO SNOW DAVIES - 1899

One of the greatest blessings that we received from our parents was their love of music. Many of the choicest experiences and the fondest memories we have of our parents is the music and songs they sang to and with us. Songs were part of every trip, bedtimes, Sunday afternoons, and many other occasions like working, and dish washing. The words of some of the songs they used to sing to us help to renew the feelings of love and happiness we shared with them. May these memories be forever in our lives.

THREE BLACK CROWS

Three black crows sat on a tree Billy Magee Magaw;
 Three black crows sat on a tree Billy Magee Magaw;
 Three black crows sat on a tree and they were black as black could be
 And they all clapped their wings and cried caw caw caw.

Then said the old one to his mate Billy Magee Magaw;
 Then said the old one to his mate Billy Magee Magaw;
 Then said the old one to his mate what shall we do for food to eat?
 And they all clapped ther wings and cried caw caw caw.

There lies a horse on yonder plain, Billy Magee Magaw;
 There lies a horse on yonder plain, Billy Magee Magaw;
 There lies a horse on yonder plain by some cruel butchers hand was slain.
 And they all clapped their wings and cried caw caw caw.

Then we'll all perch on his back bone Billy Magee Magaw;
 Then we'll all perch on his back bone Billy Magee Magaw;
 Then we'll all perch on his back bone and pick his eyes out one by one.
 And they all clapped their wings and cried caw caw caw.

THE GRASS HOPPER

A grass hopper once played a game of tag,
 With some crickets that lived near by,
 He stubbed his toe and over he went in the twinkling of an eye
 The crickets, they leaned up against the fence,
 And laughed till their sides were sore.
 The grasshopper said you are laughing at me,
 And I won't play any more.
 A bright eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
 Hanging from a bough by his toes,
 What a foolish old fellow that grasshopper is,
 For he cut of his own little nose.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

The preacher in a village church one Sunday morning said
 Our organist is ill today, will some one play instead.
 An anxious look crept o'er the face of ev'ry person there
 As eagerly they watch'd to see, who'd fill that vacant chair.

A man then staggered down the aisle, whose clothes were old and torn. How strange a
 drunkard seem'd to be in church on Sunday morn.
 But when he touch'd the organ keys, with-out a single word,
 The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
 And just to see it o'er again, all earthly wealth I'd give;
 The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
 The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eyes shed tears within that church,
 The strongest men grew pale,
 The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
 The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
 With that of life's example, who sat in the organ chair;

And when the service ended, not a soul had left his seat,
 Except the poor old organist who started toward the street.
 Along the aisle, and out the door, he slowly walked away.
 The preacher rose, and softly said, "Good Brethren, let us pray."

OH HEART OF MINE

Oh heart of mine, you shouldn't worry so.
 What we've missed of calm, we couldn't have you know!
 What we've met of toil and pain and of sorrow's driving rain,
 We can better meet again if it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour we have known.
 When our tears fell in a shower all alone,
 Were not sun and shower blent as our gracious master meant.
 We must temper our content with his own.

For we know not every morrow can be sad.
 So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
 Let us wipe away our tears and put by our foolish fears.
 And through all the coming years just be glad.

THE BLACKSMITH'S LITTLE BOY

In a humble little cottage lived a blacksmith and his wife
And their laughing little Teddy who was so full of life.
A ray of radiant sunshine to cheer them on their way
Until the dreaded fever came and on his couch he lay.

They hurried for the doctor, he came and shook his head.
Your little lad is very ill, he to the parents said.
No power on earth can save your boy. He turned to go away;
When suddenly the father said, "kind doctor let us pray".

Chorus:

They all knelt in silence and this was their prayer
"Father we ask thee this young life to spare"
They sang the sweet songs that their dear Teddy knew:
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

When the morning Light was breaking, a sweet fragrance filled the air.
They knew the Great Physician had heard their humble prayer.
A look of peace and happiness was seen on Teddy's face;
The parents and the doctor saw a change had taken place.

So tenderly they nursed him until he stronger grew,
The mother kind and tenderly the father good and true.
They loved to kneel and pray with Ted, Their hope their pride, their joy.
And tell him of the prayer that saved the blacksmith's little boy.

Chorus:

SANTA DEAR SANTA

Santa dear please hark to me, for I am a good little girl you see
I'm kind to my brother, I always help mother, so these are my wishes
Please bring me some dishes, a doll and a table that I might be able
To have a right jolly tea party.

Chorus:

Santa Claus, Santa Claus we love you next to our pas and mas
We'll love you for ever forget you no never Dear santa Claus.

Santa dear Santa please hark to me for I am a good little boy you see
I am a good feller, bring coal from the cellar so
Bring me a horn to wake dad in the morn, a bow and fiddle with strings down the middle
To keep all the neighbors from sleeping.

Chorus:

THE BLACK SHEEP

In a quiet little village, not many years ago,
 There lived a rich and upright man, whose hair was turning gray.
 He had three sons, three only ones. Both Jack and Tom were sly;
 While Ted was honest as could be; and he would not tell a lie.
 The two tried hard to poison Ted in the old man's eyes.
 The poison soon began to tell, and Ted was much despised.
 One night the father said "begone", you're heartless to the core.
 These were the words the blacksheep said as he stood there by the door.

Don't be angry with me dad, don't turn me from your door
 I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
 Give me but another chance and put me to the test
 And you'll find that the blacksheep loves his dad
 Far better than the rest.

Years and years roll quietly by, the father's now grown old,
 He called to him both Jack and Tom and gave them all his gold,
 I only ask a little spot, a spot by your fireside.
 One night when Jack returned home, he brought with him a bride.
 The wife began to hate the father more and more each day.
 One night he heard the three exclaim: the old fools in the way
 And so they planned to send him to a poor house that was near
 And like a flash the blacksheep's words came ringing in his ears.
 Chorus:

A wagon drives up to the door, it is the poor house van.
 The brothers point towards the door, exclaiming that's for your man.
 Just then a manly form appears a rushing through the crowd,
 Saying stop ye brutes release that man, this shall not be allowed.
 You've took the old man's property and all that he could save,
 You've even sold the little plot containing his wife's grave,
 I am his son but not your kin from now till judgement day.
 These were the words the old man heard, and the crowd then heard him say.

Chorus #2

Don't be angry with me lad, don't turn me from your door.
 I know that I've been false to you, I've repented or and or.
 I wish I'd given to you my gold. For you have stood the test
 And I find that the blacksheep loves his dad far better than the rest.

HELLO CENTRAL GIVE ME HEAVEN

Papa I'm so sad and lonely, sobbed a tearful little child
Since dear mamma went to heaven, Papa darling you've not smiled.
I will speak to her and tell her that we want her to come home
I will speak to her dear Papa through the telephone.

Chorus:

Hello central give me heaven, for my mama's there,
You will find her with the angels on the golden stair.
She'll be glad it's me that's speaking, call her wont you please.
For I want to surely tell her we're so lonely here.

When the girl received the message, coming o'r the telephone,
How her heart beat in that moment, and the wires seemed to moan
I will answer just to please her, "yes dear heart I'll soon be home".
Kiss me Mamma, Kiss your darling, through the telephone

Chorus:

OH THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN

Oh, They marched through the town, with their banners so gay,
I ran to the window to hear the band play.
I peaked through the blinds very cautiously then
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.
Oh, I heard the drums beat and the music so sweet
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat.
Oh, the troop were the finest I ever did see
And the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball I of course thought t'was right
To pretend that we'd never met before that night.
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance
Oh he sat by my side at the end of the set
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget
For my heart was enlisted and could not get free
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

But they marched from the town and I see him no more
Yet I think of him oft and the whiskers he wore
I dream all the night I talk all the day
Of the love of the captain who went far away
I remember with super abundant delight
How we met in the street and we danced all the night
And I keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee
As the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

DEAR LITTLE BABY BUNTING

Mother's darling four year old, jumps on his rocking horsey
 Like a soldier brave and bold.
 Dear little baby bunting, playing with a blue eyed niece
 Hear him say I'm off to battle, mother says good bye with loving kiss.

Captain baby bunting of the rocking horse brigade
 At home your mother's waiting with a pretty little witty blue eyed maid.
 Little soldier when you're older, may the glory never fade
 From captain baby bunting of the rocking horse brigade?

Years are not long in passing, Duty called he marched away.
 Proudly they read the war news telling how he braved the fray.
 Tramp tramp the troops returning, loving eyes with tears near blind
 See the horse with out a rider, whose the missing hero left behind?

Captain baby bunting of the rocking horse brigade
 At home your mother's keeping, with a pretty little witty blue eyed maid
 And now the war is over, may the glory never fade
 From captain baby bunting of the rocking horse brigade.

THE TOUCH OF HUMANITY

There walked one day in the city fair, a city beyond the sea.
 A singer whose fame in that city fair surpassed by none might be.
 Lightly humming a favorite air as slowly he walked alone.
 Until at length there came to his ear, the strains of a plaintive song.
 A poor blind beggar was singing, by the wayside, asking alms.
 A sorrowful sight mid the splendor so bright of gently waving palms.
 The singer stopped to listen, the beggar knew not who heard,
 Nor how great was the fame of that singer, whose heart with pity was stirred.
 After the beggar had finished his plaint, a thought to the singer came
 I'll sing one song for sweet charity, one song in humanity's name
 So there by the side of the beggar he stood and grandly he sang a song
 Until all the beggars wants were supplied, then the singer passed along.
 One poor heart made happy by that act of mercy and love.
 More than one poor heart had been touched that day by an act of mercy and love.
 And the angels above will remember that touch of humanity.

PRUDENCE WAS A QUAKERESS

Prudence was a Quakeress in her modest quaker dress
 When she went out, young men followed her, much to her distress.
 Verily the maid was shy, verily the maid was meek,
 Coyly blushing when a gushing fellow thus began to speak

I like your apron and your bonnet and your little quaker gown,
 Your manners so demure when your modest eyes look down
 And when you're walking out on Sunday, every time I look at you,
 I almost wish that I could be a quaker too.

Prudence, with reproachful eyes, gazed on him in mild surprise,
 Oh sir, Oh sir, such timidity is most unwise
 You could almost join us, why oh why make such a sacrifice
 Some of you young men today go a little bit too far
 Others don't got far enough, so I prefer you as you are.
 Chorus.

On one bright christmas morn, looking sad and forlorn
 On the street stood a poor little girl.
 She was watching the gay little children at play
 With the pretty things Santa Claus brought.
 With a tear in her eye she said I wonder why
 Santa Claus brought no play things for me?
 When a maiden drew near, wiped away a big tear,
 Don't cry little darling said she.

Come and spend christmas with me dear,
 Come up to my house and play
 I've no little sister you see dear,
 Since the angels took Nellie away.
 You can have some of my play things
 And we'll have a christmas tree
 Come take my hand and don't cry dear,
 Come and spend christmas with me
 Merry Christmas Aunt Mary, Merry Christmas Uncle John Merry Christmas every one.

YOU CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY

Though we can not change the cottage for a mansion tall and grand
 Nor exchange the little grass plot for a boundless stretch of land
 Though we have no means to purchase costly pictures rich and rare
 Though we have no silken hangings on the wall's so white and bare
 Chorus

We can make home happy,
 We can make home gay
 Where the will is always,
 There will be a way.

We can make home bright and cheerful if the right course we begin
 We can make the inmates happy and their choicest blessings win.
 We can gather round the fireside when the evening hours are long
 We can blend our hearts and voices in a happy social song.
 Chorus

WOODEN SHOES

She was my Katreena, this country maid so fair
 And I was but peasant lad with heart as light as air
 When I first beheld her, alone by the farmyard gate
 I looked into her saucy eyes and knew I'd met my fate.
 I worked for many a day on her father's bit of land
 Hoping there to earn enough to claim Katreena's hand
 When daily toil was over, my sweat heart I'd amuse
 And once I made for her dear feet a pair of wooden shoes.
 Chorus

Dear little wooden shoes, pattering over the floor
 My heart keeping time to their patter,
 Oh could I hear them once more.
 So long as life shall last, I'll never the memory lose
 Of those neat little feet, as they trop down the street
 In those dear little wooden shoes.

One day my Katreena, with out a thought of harm
 Left her father and lover dear upon that lonely farm.
 Foolish little maiden, so tired of country life
 Went to seek a fortune grand amid the city strife.
 She found the satin slippers and silks and jewels rare
 Would cost good name and honor and all she held most dear.
 And then she thought of home and of all she had to lose
 And started home before too late, in those little wooden shoes
 Chorus

So in my arms I held her and wiped the tears away,
 Lovingly I pleaded that she'd name our wedding day
 And for her feet so weary and torn with many

With loving tender care I took, those little wooden shoes.

COUSINS
BY ELIZABETH S. DAVIES AND ALMA E DAVIES
(four part harmony)

Cousins cousins cousins by the dozens dozens dozens.
Cousins cousins cousins they're all great.
I'm glad that I can be part of this family.
Cause in my book they really rate!
I love my cousins cousins cousins by the dozens dozens dozens
Each one is special you'll agree!
So if you don't have a lot, get to know the ones you've got,
It gives a sense of such security to belong to a great
(they're all first rate!)
To belong to a great family.

Youth: I'm a twig on the family tree and the tree would never be complete with out me.
I'm not alone any where.
(cause look at all these people who love me.)
I'm a twig on the family tree and it gives me such security.
I'll keep my family name worthy of acclaim.
Never bring it shame Because I'm a valuable, worthwhile,
Absolutely indispensable part of our fam'ly tree.

THE DAVIES' FAMILY
BY ELLEN DAVIES LEAVITT

We're the Davies family! We're glad to belong to the tree.
We don't live together, but whenever the weather is right,
We gather you see.
We're the Davies' Family.
We go from "A" to "Zee", from Baby ----- to uncle Ted,
There's really a lot to be said. We're the Davies Family
Grandpa: It's wonderful for us to get together!
Grandma: Fond memories to recall!
Ladies: And talk! and Eat!
Children: run races!
Men and boys: Play ball!
Girls: Go tubing!
Mothers: and that's not all - We like to sing together.

To the tune of "The bull dog" (Men)
When we gather in a group, Voices blend in harmony
For the women all insist. It is better than TV.
For we used to play at sports When we gather at the hall.
But now it's very plain that Dad's Too old for basket ball.
Singing tra la la la ly dee oh, singing tra la la la ly dee oh.
Singing tra la la la, singing tra la la la, tra la la la ,tra la la ly dee oh:

Children

It's great to have so many neat cousins each ones a friend who cares about me.

I look forward to each reunion. I'm Glad I'm in the family!

Men: We're grateful for good parents. Parents who taught us eternal things,

We work to stay to gether. This is the joy that family brings.

Ladies: Family means much to me. it's heavenly when there's harmony.

It is worth the sacrifice we are building for eternity.

Each of the above 3 groups sings it's part once by itself Then the 3 groups sing their song all together. The teens And childrens' song comes in 1 beat ahead of the other two groups.

All:

Every branch of our family tree spring from roots well planted carefully.

We'll keep our family name worthy of acclaim

Never bring it shame

Because I'm a valuable worthwhile, absolutely indispensable

Part of the family

So if you don't have a lot, get to know the ones you've got,

It gives a sense of such security

To belong to a great, They're all first rate!

To belong to a great family.