

It is hard to describe my parents or at any rate to tell how I think of them. I loved my father and mother and yet they were so different. Father was a typical Welshman if ever there was one, hot-headed, but religious, emotional, but practical and very smart when not ruled by his temper. He was, like the saying goes, he would fight a buzz saw and give it two rounds the start, yet anyone could get along with Father if you didn't make him mad. He was one of the most religious persons that I ever knew even if it meant curbing his hot temper sometimes. He was quick witted and smart and any one could get help from father even at a sacrifice to himself. I remember saying to him just after he had given a quarter to a bum, "Why do you give money to a fellows like that? You know all they will do with it is spend it for booze or worse!" His reply was probably, but I would hate to think that I had refused and they had really needed it. Another time he had just paid quite a lot more tithing than he owed and I knew he didn't owe that much and I asked him, why he did it, and he said, "I pay what I figure I owe and then I add a little so I am sure I haven't made a mistake. Dad would do anything for you or give you anything he had unless you made him mad and then watch out.

Many a time I have had Father say to me, "last night I dreamed that you were in trouble, or I think that you had better do this or that." You ask him why and he would say, I just have that impression and it always turned out that he was right. One fall we were living on the ranch southwest of Hillspring and I got up early and was getting my horses ready to take a load of grain to Cardston, when Father came out to the barn and said, I dreamed last night that you were in trouble and I don't think you better go today." I said, "If that your only reason, I'm not staying home" It was a beautiful morning and all the other fellows will be going and I'll have to miss a trip. In the early days at Hillspring before the railroad was built out there, we had to freight our grain to Cardston by team and wagon and it took two days to make the trip, one to go and one to come home. It took about eight or ten hours to go when we got there we would unload our grain and then load up with coal or other freight ready to start back early the next morning. In the morning we would go out to Hillspring, unload and then load up again with grain ready to start back for Cardston on the morrow. Another thing we had to ford the Belly River and in the fall after it froze a little it got rather dangerous to try to cross alone, so we all tried to get to the river about the same time and in that way we had help if anything happened. I was anxious not to miss a trip and so I decided to go in spite of Father's warning. It was a beautiful day when I left the ranch, and I didn't notice until we had all got across the river that it had clouded up and started to storm a little and we hadn't gone far before it was a terrible blizzard. It got so bad, that it wasn't long before some of the fellows were in trouble. Their horses couldn't handle their loads and they had to unhook and leave their load. Before we got to town everybody except one other fellow and myself had left their loads. We got some of the others to hook their horses on in front of ours and finally got to town but we were all pretty near frozen.

Many a time when we were in a hurry to get away to work in the morning we would leave without our breakfast but Father would never leave without family prayer.

Father always made quite a lot of money but anyone who played on his sympathy could get money out of Dad. All you needed to do was look a little sad and coax a little and you got what you wanted.

Mother was quite different in that she never seemed to lose her temper. I don't say that she never got mad but if she did she always had her temper under control. If Mother told you to do something you just as

well do it first as last. One time she told me to fix the gate out of the lot. For some reason I didn't do it and after a while one of the other kids started to do it, but Mother stopped them and said, " I told Lorenzo to do that," I was pretty near as bull-headed as mother and it took pretty near six months to get that gate fixed but I had to do it after all. Usually Mother could come up with a little money for anything she thought you needed, but if she thought that you didn't need it or someone else needed it more, you didn't get it no matter how much you coaxed.

I remember one time Father was going some where and I wanted to go with him but he said no. I felt pretty bad and Jack said to me "Do you really want to go" and I said "yes". He said, "Just you say to yourself I will go, I will go, don't say it out loud though, or you wont get to go, but if you say it hard enough you'll get to go. Well it worked with Dad but not with Mother.

When we moved to Canada, Father bought land at Spring Coulee and put up a little wild hay to feed the cattle that winter. The trip from Utah must have cost a lot of money, much more that the little hay he put up was worth but I find in the Cardston ward records that Thomas Davies turned a load of hay in for tithing on the 31 day of Dec, 1900. Mother had made some butter, raised some chickens and had some eggs which she tithed and Ivan had earned some money and paid his tithing on it. So they were all on the tithing list.

As early as I can remember we always subscribed for the Lethbridge Herald and the Deseret News, but Father never read the Herald. I asked him why he bought it if he never read it. He said it told lies and he was not interested in reading that kind of paper. Mother and we kinds read it and he bought it for that reason. He was that way about people. If they were honest that was all that mattered. If they were not honest he wanted nothing to do with them.

Of course I don't know anything about Father and Mother's early life except what they have told me and it was hard to get them started telling stories, but one time I asked Dad if conditions were as bad as they were usually painted, and he said yes in general but that his father's family, when he was a boy, had never suffered for much. Grandfather Davies was a shoemaker and his speciality was men's fancy riding boots and there was plenty of sale to the non-Mormon cowboys. Most of the Mormons were poor and he made hundreds of pairs of shoes for the saints for nothing, but the cowboys had money for what they wanted and he had sale for more than he could make. He was also a tanner and dyer by trade and so he could make his own leather and that helped out. He said that he never had to go bare foot like many children did. His father would make him a pair of shoes or boots for each Christmas and he would wear those for Sunday and the old ones were for general use. If they were still good when Christmas came again, he would wear them for another year and give his better boots to someone else. Many of the saints didn't like his dealing with the Gentiles or non-Mormons but he did it any way.

When Fillmore was first settled the people lived in town or in the old fort and the surrounding acreage was divided into small farms for the people who lived in town. Grandfather had a piece of land, I think it was ten acres, and he would plant it into wheat. He also built a granary which he divided into two bins. When the crop was harvested he would fill one bin and leave it there until the crop was ready to harvest the next year and so he always had one bin full of wheat. Dad said the only time that he ever saw both bins empty at the same time was one year when there was a crop failure and most of the people ate up all that they had. When spring came hardly anyone have any grain for seed, so Grandfather went to the Church authorities and donated this bin of grain, which he had saved, to the Church with the proviso that it was to be used for seed as far as possible.

They tell a story about Grandmother Davies (Mary Ann Jones Jacaway Bates Davies) how one day she had just baked a couple of loaves of bread and you know how good fresh baked bread smells. An old Indian and his squaw was going past and smelled the bread and they came in and wanted some. The Church had always taught the saints to feed the Indians instead of fighting them, so Grandmother wrapped up one loaf and gave it to the Indian but he wasn't satisfied with one loaf he wanted more bread. Grandmother explained, that one loaf was for him, and one for her and her family but he still insisted that he wanted more bread and said, "More bread, you no give, I take, and started to pick up the other loaf. Grandmother wasn't very big in size but she was in courage, she grabbed the broom which was handy and hammered him over the head with the handle and chased him out to the gate. His squaw thought that it was funny to see a little woman chase a big buck and said "little white squaw make very fine warrior."

When father was about fourteen years old his family joined the United Order which was started there in Millard County but it didn't last long. The people were not prepared to live that way and so the Church advised them to give it up, which they did and went back to the normal way of living.

Father was always good with animals especially horses and cattle. He told several stories about some of their ox teams especially about one big team they called Lion and mouse, one was bridle colour, lion the other was mouse colour and so of course was called Mouse. They were big weighed over a ton each and were very active and strong. When the railroad was being built through Utah a fellow came along with a team of mules, which he claimed could out pull any of the horses in the country. And so a lot of pulling matches were arranged and the local people who were backing the horse teams lost a lot of money. Finally some on said that Thomas Davies had a team of oxen that could out pull that mules and the mule owner just laughed and offered to put up a lot of money that his mules could out pull the oxen. Well the local men talked father in to pulling the oxen against the mules. I'm sure the mule owner thought that the oxen would be slow and he could get them off balance before they could get set, but it didn't work that way. The oxen were really quick and had been used to snaking logs where they had to jerk the logs loose a good share of the time and so when the word was given to go they were able to drag the mules off their feet and won the match quite easily, to the satisfaction of the local people, if not the mule owner.

In the early days of the Church tithing was paid in kind, that is if you raised ten calves you owed one to the church for tithing, if you raised a thousand bushel of grain you paid on hundred bushels for tithing etc. Pres. Brigham Young had sent to England and bought some very fine horses both saddle horses and work horses so as the years went by the tithing colts from this stock were turned in to the church. Father worked sometimes for the Seventy One Ranch which belonged to the church. A lot of the cattle etc were not ready for sale when they were turned in and so the church had to keep them until they could sell them and so they started to ranch down in Millard County and they branded them with 7-1 and so they were called the 7-1 herd. When he saw a nice horse or cow, he would buy it and so built up quite a nice head of cattle and got some very fine horses. One bad winter he lost most of his cattle. But got more and built it up again so when we came to Canada we had a lot of good stock.

As father grew up and before the railroad came to Utah, dad did lots of freighting from Utah to the mines of Nevada and then hauled the ore from the mines back to the nearest railroad which I believe was somewhere down around the southern part of the state. I never realized what a task that must have been until I travelled over some of that country in a car. From Reno to Hinckley Utah it took us about ten hours driving and we only saw one town of any size in all that distance. There

was a place called Ely and was a mining town of about three thousand people. There were a few other little places in all that distance where you could get gas but they were only small places. When you think that it took ten hours in a car and you can go as far in a car in one hour as a freight wagon would travel in two days you get some idea of what kind of a trip it would make. Usually these freight outfits would consist of two or three wagons hitched one behind the other and eight or ten horse driven with a jerk line. Not only was the country rough but outlaws made things worse. The country was covered with sage brush and Chaparral make a ideal place for the outlaws to hide. Every once in a while the mines would strike a pocket of exceptionally rich ore and whenever they tried to ship this valuable ore, the outlaws seemed to have word that it was being shipped and would hold up the wagons hauling it. So the mine owners tried shipping it without letting even the fellow who was hauling the valuable ore know that it was on his load but still the outlaws seemed to know when it was being shipped.

One trip from Pioche, Nevada father was in lead of the string of ore wagons and as usual they were loaded quite heavy and so whenever they came to the steep hill they would have to stop and rest their horses quite often, Dad had just about got to the top of the hill and was resting his horses, with all the rest of the outfits behind him stopped also. When two outlaws stepped out of the sage bush just in front of him and another one back towards the end of the string of wagons and held them up. One outlaw started to search the wagons while the other two kept the teamsters covered with their guns. The fellow searching the wagons was taking quit a long time and the fellow just in front of dad was getting a little nervous and sort of lowered his gun a little, so dad took advantage of his carelessness and gave a big jump and knocked the fellow down and grabbed his gun. While they were struggling together on of the other outlaws took a quick shot at them his bullet hit a rock and then ricocheted and hit father in the ankle and broke his ankle. But he was able to get the best of the fellow any way and got his gun. While dad and this fellow were struggling together the other two outlaw's attention was on them and that gave the other teamsters a chance to grab their own guns, which were on their wagons, and they were able to overpower the outlaws. They took their guns and tied them up and took them on into the railroad where they turned them over to the sheriff. But Father's ankle never did get quite well and he always limped a little and used a cane most of the time. But in spite of a bad ankle he could move awfully fast if he wanted to. And that cane came in very handy if he wanted to use it, which he sometimes did. For instance when we live at Taber there was an old cow that was mean to fight and had hooked several saddle horses and ruined them so they decided to cut off her horns. One fellow caught her by the hind legs and another man caught her around the neck with his rope and they stretched her out on the ground while father sawed of her horns. As soon as he got her horns sawed off the man with the rope around her nick eased up on his rope and dad took it off. The other fellow was supposed to keep his rope tight until father had time to reach the corral fence but he got careless and eased up on his rope to soon and she kinked it off, jumped up and started to chase after father. If she had still had her horns she would have probably killed dad but she didn't realize the her horns were off so she just ran along behind him shaking her head from side to side and spraying blood all over his back but not touching him. When he got to the fence he gave a big jump and went over it and the cow hit the fence. If he hadn't jumped she would have mashed him against the fence.

I think the most frightened that I ever was in my life was one time I went with Dad to hunt some horses we had lost and thought that they had been stolen. I coaxed to go with him and he let me go. Our horses, which we were not using were let run on the open range especially the mares with colts and they watered at Rocky Lake about

three miles south of our homestead. Some of the neighbours also had horse running loose there. All at once the whole bunch disappeared and so dad went to look for them. All of the country south and east of Taber was open range, south as far as the line and east as far as the Cypress Hills, Except for a few lonely homesteaders. The railroad was just being built east from Stirling but had not been completed. We struck out south east and rode all that day checking any horses that we saw and slept in our saddle blankets that night. The next morning we ate what was left of the lunch that we had brought with us and started out south east. A little after noon we saw a house and barn in the distance and Dad suggested that we stop there and see if we could get something to eat for ourselves and also for our horses. We rode up to the door and called "Hello the House". (that was customary) and a woman came to the door. Dad asked if we could get something to eat for ourselves and also some grain for our horses. She said that she would fix us some lunch and that we could get some grain out of the wagon to feed our horses but that we could not put our horses in the barn as it was locked and her husband was away and had the keys to the barn. That sounded awful funny, to lock the barn as it was miles from nowhere. We could hear horses in the barn and dad tried to find a crack so he could look in and see but he couldn't find one large enough to see through. Well, we fed our horses and got our sandwiches and went on. A few miles farther on we came to where a bunch of men were working on the railroad and we stopped and talked with them for a while and Dad asked them what sort of a place that was a few miles back. They said that the fellow pretty tough character and we had better leave him alone. Well we started on our way but I could soon see that Dad was sort of circling around back to where we had come. Just before sundown we came in sight of the place where we had stopped at noon and Dad suggested that we ride over and see what was in that barn. I was scared and didn't want to go. But I knew that there was no use me saying anything so we rode over to the door and again called "Hello the house". This time a man came to the door but he didn't have his hat on and when he saw us he said to wait a moment while he got his hat. He went back into the house and came out in a moment but he still didn't have his hat on but had a gun in his hands and he said he was tired of having us nosing around and if we didn't make dust he would fill our hides with lead. I think he meant what he said but he didn't know the man he was dealing with. I think Father expected something of the kind and was ready for it. He jumped right at the man with his horse and swung his cane hitting the fellow on the right and knocking the gun out of his hands. He also pulled his own gun which he had been carrying and told the fellow to stand still or he would blast him. Then he told me to get off my horse and pick up the fellow's gun and hold it on him. If you think that wasn't a hard jump getting off that horse your mistaken. But I managed to do it and Dad told him to go and open the door of the barn. He didn't want to but did and a bunch of colts came out and took off east about a mile or two where he had built a pasture in a coulee and was keeping the mares until the colts were weaned. Dad took the fellow with him and turned him over to the police. I don't know what they did with him but we and our neighbours all got our horses back.

I'll tell one more story about father. But I'm afraid that I am giving the wrong impression of him. He was hot headed and very much opposed to wrong or anything immoral, but he was kind tender-hearted, quick witted and very good company. He never swore or told vulgar stories. He was a great reader and student but would not read trash and anything that was not true he would not have anything to do with it. As far as I know, and I was around him a lot, he was strictly honest and he expected other people to be the same. Although he never went to school except for a few months, he was one of the best read persons that I ever knew and was a whiz at math. He could figure most anything in his head

and it would be correct. My sister Leah was that way also. At his funeral one of the speakers said that he knew the scriptures, especially the Book of Mormon and The Doctrine and Covenants better than anyone they knew. He was a really hard worker but when he was not working he was always reading something worthwhile. He never read novels but good books were his favourites. Anyone could get along with Dad, unless they tried to pull something on him or pull some dirty trick and then watch out for they had trouble on their hand.

About 1926 the Great Northern Railway from across the line decided to build the Prince of Wales Hotel at Waterton and they shipped a lot material and unloaded it at Cardston, which was the end of the rail at that time. The C. P. R. waited to build an extension out across the reserve to Hillsping and then on to Glenwood where it ended. So when the extension was built they stopped unloading at Cardston and hauled it to Hillsping and then hauled it up to Waterton. Nearly all the farmers around Hillsping were glad of a chance to make a little money that way and it was nothing to see a string of twenty or twenty five wagons strung out between Hillsping and Waterton Lakes.

Well good things don't always last and this didn't for long. When three of the fellow saw so many people hauling they realized that all of the freight would soon be hauled and so to prolong their job and make more money for themselves they went to the Great Northern and offered to haul the freight for eight dollars per ton if they would give them a contract to haul all of the stuff. We had been getting twelve dollars per ton. Well of course the company took them up on the proposition and that left the rest of us without a job. I went to see the head man of the GTN to see if something could not be done about it. He was quite reasonable but he said that we could not blame the company for taking them up on such an offer. And that he couldn't do a thing about it. But he said this agreement only covered only the stuff unloaded at Hillsping and that here was a lot of material that had been unloaded at Cardston and if we wanted to haul that, he would pay us twenty dollars a ton from Cardston. That was even better than the twelve dollars we had previously been getting from Hillsping. So we took him up on the deal. There was one bad thing though, we could not go straight from Cardston to Waterton Lakes through Leavitt and Mountain View. All that year had been very wet and there were lots of coulees and low spots between Cardston and Mt. View which would not hold up a load of any kind so we had to go out across the reserve to the bridge across the Belly river south east of Hillsping turn west past Ralph Garner's place to August Lenz corner then south tree miles to the Church Ranch and then cut up across the ranch to Waterton Lakes.

Well the first trip there were eleven of us who loaded at Cardston and started out. We went as far as the Belly River Bridge and camped on the reserve for the night where our horses had good feed. The next morning we got up early and hooked up our teams and started on without stopping for breakfast, with the idea of going to the edge of the church ranch and there stop for breakfast and letting our horses feed for a while.

At this time Father and Mother who were getting quite old had moved to Cardston and were living with Lynn who was teaching school there. Father had decided to ride out with me as far as August Lenz corner, then go on up to the ranch about a mile father on. Catch a saddle horse and go hunt up some of our cattle that had got out and strayed up onto the Church Ranch.

Just before we got to the Lenz corner Dad suggested that he drive my outfit on up to where we were going to stop for breakfast and that I walk on up to the ranch catch the saddle horse and then meet them where they were getting breakfast. Then he would take the saddle horse and go look for the cattle. It bothered him to walk too much. Well we decided to do it that way. I went on and caught the saddle horse and was just

coming into their camp from the west when I notice a mounted policeman riding in from the east. We got to where they were camped about the same time. The police stopped his horse pulled out his gun and as he tapped it on his saddle said, one two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven of you Mormon S- B. This will make a D- good haul. He had no more than called them Mormon S-B-s than father rose up and grabbed him by the shirt collar and said there are no Mormon S- B-s here and you better apologize or I'll pull you off that horse and give you the trouncing you deserve." Leo Lishman was standing beside my horse where I have stopped and He said to me, "Good gosh don't your old man know that he has a gun?" But I told him that it wouldn't make any difference to dad if he had two guns. He couldn't call Dad a Mormon S- B- and get away with it. As I knew it was pretty serious offence to manhandle a police man. I butted in and asked the fellow why he had rode up like that and used such language to these men.

He said that these ----- went through my fence and left it down and let out a bunch of his horses that he was looking after and I'm having a devil of time rounding them up again.

I was surprised at the idea of their going through the police pasture because it was a mile east of where they should have come and so I asked them if they had gone through the pasture and they said that they had not done so.

The police spoke up and said oh it wasn't today, it was about a week ago. And he had been hunting horses ever since and had not been able to find some of them. It then dawned on me what the trouble was, He thought that we were Smith, Andrus and Leason, They had probably gone through the police pasture to avoid the mud hole and not knowing that there were horses in the pasture, had left the fence down so I said to him that this was our first trip for nearly a month and it couldn't possibly been us. He said aren't you Smith Andrus and Leason? and we told him no we were the ones that they had cut out of a job hauling from Hillspring and that we were hauling from Cardston but had had to come around that way because of the bad roads straight west of Cardston. After a little more explanation he said he was sorry and by this time Dad had cooled down and he told the police that he was going to be riding up on the Church Ranch looking for cattle and he would keep an eye out for any police horses and if he saw any he would let him know where they were. So things quieted down. To this day Leo Leishman can't forget about Dad shaking that Policeman.

I went into the post office the other day and he and Ted William and Bill Laidlaw and some other fellows were gossiping there on the steps and they yelled hello to me. As I came over Leo said these fellows won't believe me when I say that your Dad grabbed a police man and shook him when the police was holding gun on a bunch of us guys. Come on over and tell them that you were there and saw it. One chap said I've wanted to shake a policeman lots of times but I never got up the courage enough to do it.

There are many other stories that I could tell about father but I want to say a few things about my Mother. She was quite different from my father yet they made a fine couple. Mother was a good balance wheel for Dad. If she ever got angry she seldom let her emotions show but was always loving and kind and people who got to really know mother loved her dearly and had lots of respect for her. She was a little reserved and did not make friends easily. She always thought things out before she acted.

I have wondered many times what she thought about moving when they decided to move to Canada. They had a good home and good farm and were quite comfortable in that way, Father was in the bishopric and lead the choir as well as doing lots of singing, they seemed to have lots of friends and relative around close and things were just getting where

they could enjoy life after quite a struggle getting started, now to leave all this and go help pioneer a new country. When you think of a man starting out with only his wife, his mother who was eighty three years old and had had a partial stroke so that she have very little use of her left side. One son about seventeen, one baby boy one year old and six girls ranging from about four to nineteen. Two trail wagons, one driven by himself ,or his wife or one of the younger girls, the other driven by his oldest daughter or some times by his eighty year old mother. (One time Ivan (17) drove the second wagon for a ways but he hit so many bumps that grandmother wanted Ethel back or said she would do it herself). These wagons were loaded with furniture, flour, and other food supplies, chickens and even a place for a few little calves to ride. Between forty and fifty head of Cattle and ten or twelve head of horses. You begin to wonder what sort of man he was. And then to think of a woman willing going with him, you marvel the more. As for Grandmother Davies when they first started to plan to move to Canada, it was decided that she was too old to make the trip and they arranged for her to stay in Fillmore with her youngest daughter, she had lived with father and mother since Grandfather died. But she took sick and the doctor said that she was dying although he couldn't find anything wrong with her. So Dad told her if what is wrong with her was that she wanted to Canada with us, to get well and she could go. So she got well immediately and came. Grandmother had had been born in Tennessee, joined the Church and gone through the persecution in Missouri and Illinois, moved down to New Orleans to look after the saints landing from Europe, meet grandfather at New Orleans, came across the plains with him and their family now she was too old to go any more. If that is what they thought they were mistaken. She died five year later in Raymond. Albert and is buried there.

When I was down in Hinckley this summer a man said to me, Why did Uncle Thomas leave this country, he had everything going for him here. I couldn't tell him. But when I saw the way some of the relative lived, some drank, some use tea and coffee, some were more interested in race horses than the church, I had a pretty good idea why he left.

When we first came to Canada we settled at Spring Coulee. There was no school closer than Cardston, which was 10 miles away, but both Dad and Mother insisted that the children study their lesson part of each day and even though I was only five years old when we left the Coulee. I had learned to read and write and mother and grandmother were always finding poems and little pieces for me to memorize. I still have what is left of a set of Walter Scott's poetical words that was given to me before we left Raymond, when I was ten years old. I have read it several times. Mother offered me five dollars for each of the standard works of the Church that I would read. I read them, all four. I don't know how much I understood of what I read but I read them even if I did have to have a lot of help pronouncing some of the names, in fact I still do with all this I never heard mother say one word of regret or complaint.

Mother didn't make friends very easily but she did have lots of friends, and any she did have thought lots of her. One time there was a group of women there in Raymond who were having dinner together and they decided that they would all have some tea with their dinner except mother. One woman spoke up and said if Sister Davies doesn't drink any tea with us she will tell the bishop on the rest of us. Another woman said to her you don't know Sister Davies very well or you wouldn't say such things. She won't drink tea with us but you don't need to worry about her telling on us.

Mother was one of the best cooks that I ever knew. One time Jim Shipworth was having dinner at our house and he said I thought that my wife was the best cook in world but Sister Davies has got her beat.

As mother got older (she live until nearly ninety two) she got rather crippled and couldn't get around very well and it was hard for her to go to church and other places so she would sit in this chair that I am sitting in now and do lots of sewing, mending and even some cooking and she always kept well informed on the news. And current events. Even the day that she died she had to have the newspaper to read.

One time we were having a special meeting at the Hillspring Church and I asked mother if she would like to go. I told her that I would help her out to the car and into the church, if she wanted to. At first she said no, but then she changed her mind and decided to. We got her into the car all right and I took her to the foot of the stairs going into the church. They were very steep and there were a lot of them so when she got out of the car I just picked her up and carried her up the stairs and into the Church. Was she indignant at me. What would people think and I had an awful time getting her to let me carry her down to steps to the car after the meeting.

Another time mother and Lynn were living in the teacherage just east of the church there at Hillspring. Lynn usually did the dishes before she went to school but one morning they were late so she got mother to promise that she would leave the dishes and the table until Lynn came home from school at noon, but she didn't keep her promise but she washed the dishes and then was going to shake the table cloth out the back door when she got unbalanced and fell down the steps and she could not get up. It started to rain and she lay there in the rain until Lynn got home from school and helped her up. I scolded her a little and asked her if there wasn't any one going past that she could have called to and get them to help her up and she said no there wasn't a soul, at any rate no one that she knew and she wasn't going to ask a stranger for help. So she toughed it out until Lynn came home, too proud to ask anyone for help.

On time when we were living in Raymond, Viola Allen, the daughter of President Allen, asked mother to tell her how she looked in a new dress that she had just made. She said that because her father was the president of the stake most people won't tell me the truth when I ask them how I look but I know that Sister Davies won't lie to me and if she says that I look all right I'll believe her.

When we lived at Taber on the homestead we tried to dig wells all over the place but didn't strike water so we had to haul water from the river north of town about five or six mile away. One time a fellow was talking with dad and asked him if he thought he could strike water by drilling and Dad said yes he guessed that you could but it would be about the same distance as were hauling it.

Another time, after we sold out at Taber, father went back to make the final settlement on the place and when he came home he had a fine team of horses with him. They were a real nice team but we all ready had more horses than we needed and open range was getting scarce to run stock on, so I said to him "Why did you take those horses on the deal and he answered well the fellow didn't have enough money to make the payment and it looked like I would either to take the horses or take the placed back. So I thought that I better take the horses. Dad could always see the funny (brighter) side of things.

HUSBAND: THOMAS DAVIES (farmer, rancher)
 Born 21 Oct 1854 Fillmore, Millard, Utah
 Died 30 Apr 1880 Saint George Temple, Washington, D.C.
 Father Thomas DAVIES Mother MARY ANN JONES
 Home: Utah at Fillmore, Deseret, Hinckley.
 Canada: Cardston. Bring Goulee, Raymond, Taber, Hillspring
 Immigrated to Alberta, Canada 1900 by Covered Wagon
 with Wife, Children, Nother (age 83), 40 cows, 1 bull
 6 work horses, 1 saddle horse & provisions for 1 year.
 MISSIONARY to SWITZER STATES Oct 1883 to Feb 1886.

WIFE: MARY ANN COOPER
 Born 13 July 1860 Panguitch, Millard, Utah
 Died 7 June 1951, Cardston, Alberta, Canada
 Born 5 June 1951, Cardston Cemetery (Big Stone)
 Father JOHN COOPER Mother MARY ANN LEWIS
 HELPSET When Husband went on 25 yr. Mission
 she had 3 small children, had to farm, and
 support family. In 1900 on trip to Canada she
 again proved her merit and faith. Pioneering
 and homesteading in Canada was a continual
 challenge, but she always came thru with flying
 colors. She loved the restoration of Gospel.

<p>1. ETHEL DAVIES B: 26 Feb 1881 Deseret, Millard, Utah M: 9 Oct 1900 St. Temple To: Henry Ernest WYNDER D: 13 Feb 1975 Cardston Husb B: 18 May 1875 M.C. D: 26 Feb 1947 Cardston</p>	<p>5. LEAH DAVIES B: 11 Oct 1890 Deseret Millard, Utah M: 16 Nov 1923 AL Temple To: John Leroy COLEMAN D: 28 Aug 1934 Cardston Husb B: 15 Aug 1880 Ogden</p>	<p>9. CLYDE DAVIES B: 4 Mar 1898 Hinckley, Millard, Ut. D: 4 May 1898 2 months old Hinckley, Millard, Utah</p> <p>BORN IN THE COVERTANT</p>
<p>2. THOMAS IVAN DAVIES B: 17 Jan 1883 Fillmore D: 6 Jan 1977 Calgary Mar 10 Jan 1977 Cardston M: 2 Apr 1915 Cardston DOROTHY MAY HILLET b. 28 May 1890 Trenton O d. 4 May 1952 Cardston</p>	<p>6. ELLEN B (MELL) DAVIES B: 29 Nov 1897 Hinckley D: 21 July 1979, Paradise Bur 24th Butte, Calif M: 26 Nov 1913 St. Temple STERLING TANNER FAIRBANKS b. 7 Mar 1890 Payson Ut. d. 19 Mar 1944 Orland Cal</p>	<p>10. (REN) LORENZO SNOW DAVIES B: 3 Apr 1899 Hinckley M: 14 Oct 1925 AL Temple MARY PHYLLIS FISHER b. 28 Jan 1902 Nagsrath d. 6 Aug 1980 Cardston M: 27 Dec 1900 AL Temple DOROTHEA WILLETSON</p>
<p>3. MAY DAVIES B: 17 Nov 1866 Fillmore D: 17 Aug 1899 (age 12) Bur Hinckley, Millard Ut. BORN IN THE COVERTANT Bapt. 6 June 1895 End. 7 Apr 1925 AL</p>	<p>7. LYNN DAVIES B: 27 Apr 1895 Hinckley D: 24 Mar 1980 Cardston M: 21 Apr 1916 WILLIAM HILL LEAVITT b. 17 Sept 1889 Killed 9 Apr 1917, Battle of the Somme, France</p>	<p>11. JOHN LEWIS DAVIES B: 3 May 1902 Goulee M: 2 Jan 1925 Cardston EMMA VERA NIelsen b. 14 July 1897 Huntsville O. 13 May 1976 Provo Slid 3 Sep 1925 AL</p>
<p>4. DORA DAVIES B: 24 Sep 1888 Fillmore D: 18 Dec 1975 (age 87) Bur Cardston, Alberta Can M: 3 Apr 1912 St. Temple JOSEPH ETHEL COLEMAN b. 10 July 1882 Park d. 14 May 1952</p>	<p>8. MARY ANN DAVIES B: 2 Nov 1896 Hinckley Ut M: 26 Feb 1922 Hillspring LAWRENCE "C" LEAVITT b. 28 June 1900 Leavitt O: 20 Nov 1985 Hivels, Ut</p>	<p>11. JOHN LEWIS DAVIES B: 3 May 1902 Goulee M: 1 Apr 1927 Fo-Time ERNA SQUIRE (EWELL) b. 4 Apr 1910 Monroe Ut</p>



CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

SOCIAL SERVICES AND COMMUNITY HEALTH

Vital Statistics Division

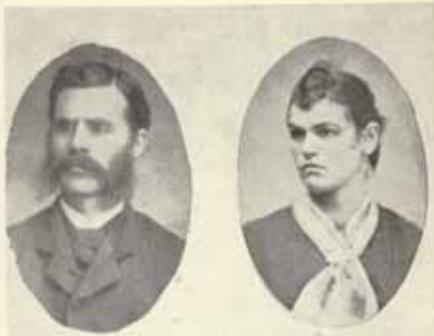
Name of Deceased THOMAS DAVIES
 Date of Death September 9th, 1940 Sex Male Age 85
 Place of Death Cardston, Alberta Marital Status Married
 Regular Residence Cardston, Alberta
 Date of Registration September 10th, 1940 Registration No. 40-08-405040
 Date Issued December 2nd, 1977



Certified Extract From Registration of Death Issued at Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

R.A. D. [Signature]
 Director

No 52748



THOMAS DAVIES
and
MARY ANN COOPER

FAMILY REUNION

PROVO - - 1957



*August 24th will be the day
To come to the reunion and have your say.*

*We'll meet at 9, at Uncle Johns
If you're late, we'll all be gone*

*To the picnic ground to talk and play,
We're having a meeting at close of day.*

*Write to us now, don't delay
So you'll have a place to stay.*

Enid.