

OTT ETHEL

Marjorie Usona

Evan Reta

Gordon Olive

Rae Enid

HALL

Marjorie

Remembered by Rae

The move to town in 1925 must have been difficult for the family, but also exciting. In Marjorie's own words she wrote, *"The first two or three years we lived in Taber in rented houses, but in 1927 my father bought a nice home for us and that was the family home until my mother died in 1950. It was a large, comfortable house, and we were always proud of it. When I go back to Taber and look at the house with other owners in it I feel very sad and depressed.. It just seems it should still be ours with crowds coming and going - children, grandchildren, cousins, relatives and friends. My father was never happier than those times when he could give us things to make us happy and proud.. I was married in the comfortable, spacious living room, with my friends and family present."*

It was August 22, 1928 that Marjorie married Howard King. I was just five years old so my memory is dim about that event. However, I do remember, that now, the beautiful upstairs 'east' room, would be Reta's. The younger girls all looked forward to the day when they would inherit 'the east room'. We loved the dormer window and the window seat.

Marjorie and Howard moved to High River shortly after their marriage. Mother used to tell that when they left Taber and were just a few miles away, Howard had to turn around and come back. Marjorie was crying for her mother. After another sad farewell they went on their way. In 1934 they moved back to Taber and for a time lived with our family. Three remarkable children were born to the Kings - Glenn and Joan in High River and Marianne in Taber.

Enid and I had a running dispute about a spoon that we thought was beautiful and we called it 'The Spark Spoon'. Every meal there was an argument about whose turn it was to use that treasured piece of cutlery. It became a source of irritation to Howard and one night at supper time he took the spoon, opened the door and threw it into the dark. The next morning Enid and I hunted for hours, but to no avail, our beloved spark spoon was gone.

It's hard to forgive such a dastardly deed and for many years it festered. But one day, about fifty years later, while having lunch with a friend in Santa Rosa, California, the silverware on the table included a spark spoon. I laughed and laughed and told the story to Dana. Later that day she gave me the spoon, she had actually taken it from the restaurant. So I sent it to Enid with a note that said, "You can have it". She sent it back with a similar note. So I then sent it to Howard with a message, "Ha! Ha! we found it!" However, I don't think he even remembered what it was all about.

Enid and I both remember that every Saturday morning for two or three years we would go to Marjorie's to help clean her house. She didn't need our help and the house was so clean it didn't need cleaning, but out of the goodness of her heart she wanted us to have the thirty-five cent payment so we could go to the matinee and have a treat. I couldn't understand why we had to polish the dining room table legs every week or why we had to move the shoes out of the clothes closet, polish the floor and put the shoes back in place. There was a pantry in the house and every week we had to reline the shelves with 'The Lethbridge Herald'. It would take Marge hours because she had to reread every page of the paper; she could not resist a printed page. But she taught us well, to this day I'm grateful for the housekeeping lessons we learned. Mother was a good housekeeper but not eccentric like her two oldest daughters.

Then came the day when Margie and Howard moved to the beautiful farm at

the base of the Steeple Range of Mountains in B.C. It became a favorite place to visit, not only for the beauty of the area but to be with the Kings. Marjorie showed her true colors in adapting to life without modern conveniences, no electricity or running water, but she made the log house cozy and comfortable. She also worked hard by the side of her husband doing farm work. She made sure her children were not deprived of a good education and had music lessons. Mother and Dad often remarked how proud they were of her for her efforts and assistance in making that venture a success. By this time I was old enough to recognize her virtues and also admire her. She likened their experiences to the book "The Egg and I".

The move to Cranbrook brought easier living, she made the old house they purchased homey and beautiful. The outside was as lovely as inside with the many varieties of flowers she and Howard took pride in growing. Family and friends were always welcomed there. Marjorie and Howard were very good to our Dad. He spent many happy days with them on the farm, they were always pleased when Mother could be with them too. In Marjorie's autobiography she pays tributes to her Mother and Dad with these words.

"I had the very good fortune to have had a wonderful mother who had a big, kind and understanding heart. She set a great example to all of her children and brought great pride to each of us."

"My father was a very generous person, but stern and strict. It was a great shame that he couldn't be blessed with money, for he dearly loved to buy nice things for my mother and us children. He was very kind and hospitable with all his friends and family."

There is never a family reunion that we don't spend time remembering Marjorie, her escapades, her enthusiasm for politics, or her repertoire of jokes and stories. Marjorie surely added zest and originality to every party. We all remember the reunion in 1964 in Taber. We aimed for 100% attendance and made it. Most of the festivities were held at Olive's home, she had recently had her basement finished and it held all the Halls. One of the highlights was a Beauty Contest of the Hall Sisters. Judge for yourself which one won.



In Marjorie's autobiography included in "The Family History Book" we include this paragraph:

"I remember my great grandmother very well. She spent some time with us in Taber during her lifetime, and in my young years she told us wonderful pioneer stories. Her own life history would make good reading anytime and she could remember a great many historic occasions of early days in Utah. She crossed the plains in a wagon train about 1850 - my dates are not exact but family records would show the correct year - with a brother who was a little older than she. Their parents joined them later, coming from Wales as converts. She married very young, a man much older than herself and bore several children, my grandmother Holmes being her eldest daughter."

She lived with us in Taber (on the farm) in the summer of 1909/10 and I have very faint recollections of her at that time. She was proud of my bright, curly hair and I remember her saying so. She was a widow for over 60 years of her life, which is a most unusual thing and she lived to be over 90 years of age. She passed away in November, 1928 - about a week after Sona's eldest child, dear little Connie. For a span of about 2 1/4 years there had been five generations in our family but Grandmother Godfrey was not back in Canada for several years before she died, so we have no picture of them together. I cannot remember when I saw her last but believe it was the winter of 1922-23, when she was living in Raymond with Grandma Holmes.



*Front: Marjorie, Gr. Grandmother Godfrey
Back: Ethel mother; Grandmother Holmes*



Within these two pictures are eight generations:

*Sarah Ann Price Godfrey
Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans (Holmes)
Ethel Evans Hall
Marjorie Hall King
Marianne King Davidson (Appleton)
Pamela Appleton Ames
Allison Ames Trusdale
Etaina Trusdale*

Family Group Record

Husband				
Howard Cressman King				
Born	1 Sep 1900	Place	Grand Valley, Ontario, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
Died	23 Feb 1994	Place	Calgary, AB, Canada	Baptized
Buried	28 Feb 1994	Place	Cranbrook, B.C., Canada	Endowed
Married	22 Aug 1928	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father				Sealed to parents
Husband's mother				13 May 1997
Wife				
Mariorie Hall				
Born	9 Jan 1907	Place	Raymond, AB, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
Died	26 Dec 1967	Place	Radium, British Columbia, Canada	Baptized
Buried	31 Dec 1967	Place	Cranbrook, B.C., Canada	Endowed
Wife's father				Sealed to parents
Wife's mother				8 Jun 1973
Children List each child in order of birth.				
1 M Glenn Hall King				
Born	24 Apr 1929	Place	High River, AB, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
2 F Shirley Joan King				
Born	6 Aug 1932	Place	High River, AB, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
Spouse				13 May 1997
Married				17 Sep 1959
Place				Cardston, Alberta, Canada
				Sealed to spouse
				Sep 1959
3 F Rita Marianne King				
Born	18 May 1934	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
Spouse				13 Mar 1997
Married				1 Jul 1955 (Div)
Place				Cranbrook, B.C., Canada
				Sealed to spouse

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Memories of Mother Marjorie Hall King

From Glenn Hall King: After writing his memories of aunts, uncles he concludes:

Finally, I'll conclude with comments on my favorite HALL - my mother. While running over thoughts in my mind about my youth, I resisted telling about well-known stories of her pushing me to excel academically (sorry Mom I disappointed you on that score). She spent many hours helping me in speech contests for festivals in Taber and Cranbrook (I did better here). While she constantly inspired me in many aspects and could give me a slap on the back, when I met her expectations, she could also deliver a somewhat harder slap, somewhat lower, when I didn't meet her expectations.

Some recent TV ads for Robitusin featured a motherly Dr. Mom. I still vividly recall some treatments mother used to restore me to health. First; there was the infamous Mustard Plaster, a cure I'm sure that has been lawfully outlawed by Health Canada. It consisted of a mixture of warm mustard mixed with some flour like substance and spread on a wool cloth and slapped on the patient's chest to draw out the inflammation overnight. My memory of removing the said cold plaster in the morning, with the pungent smell of the mustard still strong, is one I'll never forget. About the only thing I escaped suffering was removing the cloth from chest hair - I was too young for that. Second; another popular treatment mother used (popular with her, not me) was soaking a swollen or cut appendage in very hot water to draw out any infection. Naturally I resisted plunging a finger, or toe, into what seemed to me was boiling water, but mother guided the injured digit into the solution, all the while reminding me that it wasn't all that hot. In time I learned to conceal my injuries. Finally; the treatment for a sore throat - swabbing with mercurochrome. The swab was a hand-made cue-tip and dipped liberally into the medicine. Both sides of the throat were coated with this cure-all. Besides gagging profusely and being terrified of swallowing any, I somehow survived. Incidentally, I could not find the spelling for 'mercurochrome' so I approached my friendly pharmacist. Besides giving me the information, he also added that this product is no longer sold in North America. As the name implies, it is made from mercury. Anyhow my dear Dr. Mom did what she thought was best. I never did find out where she learned these medical treatments.

Editor's note: She inherited this information and ways of treatment from her mother, Ethel Hall. We all lived through various ailments because of them.

From Joan King Rea:

Mother was my best friend! When I was just a child she encouraged me to excel, recognized any talent I may have had, and praised me for it. Exams were always a trial for me, I worried so much about them but Mother was anxious to help and would spend a lot of time helping me to prepare.

At the beginning of Grade 6 I was pleased to receive a beautiful scribbler, the cover had an array of many country flags and it intrigued me. It gave me the desire to fill the scribbler with extra special writing. However, I was left handed and thought perhaps the writing would be better if I turned my arm. So I informed mother about my plan but her response was, "Oh no, I want you to continue the same way you have always been writing". For this wise advice I shall always thank mother. Many years later when I became interested in calligraphy I became aware that by not turning my arm, this talent has been a gift. It taught me patience and perseverance.

My Aunt Olive told me this story of my mother. During the depression she knew her mother and dad were really struggling financially. Mother gathered some essential foods; flour, sugar and a few other things. She put them in the little wagon and Glenn was assigned to go take the goodies to our Nana and Pa's house. When my mother was asked why she didn't take the groceries herself she explained tht she wanted Glenn to have the joy of giving.

Before moving to the farm, we lived in a dear little home on the south side of Taber, next to Valgardsons. Each Sunday morning Marianne and I were dressed in our 'Sunday Best' for Sunday School. I loved and appreciated going to the Ward but it was quite a wslk to the north side. Mother would take us to the road in front of our house, hoping that people living farther south, enroutte to church, would offer two little girls a ride. They very often did! After Sunday School we would go with Nana Hall to her house. It was my favorite part of the day and we would stay until my mother would telephone for us to come home.

For a few years we lived on a farm near Bull River, B.C. Living was not easy for mother, no electricity or running water. A lot of effort was required for any household chore. However, our parents provided us with happy times and we often enjoyed a picnic at Peckham's Lake just half a mile from our home. When Aunt Rita was visiting us we enjoyed her fabulous contributions to our meals. Especially appreciated was her homemade ice cream and one Sunday she made it for a picnic at the lake. All the food was delicious but we noticed that the ice cream was not very tasty; we discovered that the cream she had used was sour.

I really do not remember where or when we purchased our horse, Dixie. Mother always loved horses, as a child she rode a horse to school, Usona Evan, Rita and Gordon hanging on behind for the two-mile trip. One morning the horse decided to skip and all five were immediately on the ground. Evan was upset and began crying, they learned later he wasn't hurt, he was crying

because his lunch had been squashed. Mother often told this story and it always gave us a good laugh.

Mother would often ride Dixie around the farm and in the early fall would round up our cattle and bring them home. She enjoyed those days, appreciating the beauty around her and the peace and closeness to nature. My Aunt Rae was visiting one time and asked to ride Dixie. She was gone all day, mother and dad were getting worried but at last Rae rode in so happy and pleased, very grateful for such a good horse that had provided her a pleasant day.

One day mother went into the Royal Bank on business and she noticed all the female employees leaving their desks and stations and coming to the front. She was curious and a few days later a friend explained the situation. Apparently they had been looking at the legs of every lady customer and trying to decide who had the best ones. It was unanimous that Marjorie King was the winner. P.S. Dad always liked mother to wear dresses to show off her beautiful legs.

For the five years on the farm mother only had one pair of nylons (silk in those days). It was during WWII when silk stockings were very scarce. She knew someone in Lethbridge that repaired a run and many times she sent them to be mended. I remember her commenting every time they were returned that she could not see where the repair work was done.

One morning dad was waiting to donate blood. A friend, Mr. Draper, was also waiting and going to dad, very quietly informed him that he had received a few pair of mylons and would like to give him some for Marjorie. Imagine her excitement in actually having more than one pair of nylons!

In the fall of 1958, my mother, dad and I were traveling to Southern Utah. In Salt Lake City we stopped to do some shopping and I bought a red 'trotter' suit. In passing another shop we noticed, in the window, a beautiful cream coloured hat with a handsome feather. Mother insisted we go in, for me to try it on. It truly was very elegant. Mother told me it was another birthday gift. I was so excited. To this day I still have it in the original box and it is still beautiful.

On this trip we enjoyed the Red Canyon and Zions Park, also the Grand Canyon in Arizona. We stopped at many view points and were amazed at nature's handiwork. As we were returning, we stopped in St. George, Utah, for the night. I was planning to leave in the morning by Greyhound for Los Angeles to visit a dear friend. As I was repacking my suitcase, I asked mother what route they were taking to return home. She answered, "we are going via Wyoming to see Rae and her family". Then she explained why they were going so far out of their way, "you know Rae does not have a mother now". Her voice broke and emotions were evident. She was the eldest of her mother and dad's family and always felt great concern and love for her siblings.

One summer mother decided we should pick raspberries at John Ward's home. We would get up extra early every other day to go pick the fruit. It was a fun time to work with mother. We also had a small patch at our home. After

supper was finished, mother would ask Marianne if she wanted to pick raspberries or do the supper dishes. Marianne always chose to do the dishes, preferring to stay inside. This continued until mid-October when she realized there was no more fruit! What a good laugh we had, at her expense.

When I left home for school, work and then marriage, I was very homesick and missed mother very much. Quite often she came for visits and how we anticipated those time and appreciated them. We all loved her dearly. I remember one time especially, she and dad surprised us with a visit at Thanksgiving time. Mother was such a help in preparing the holiday feast and made it such fun. Our daughters were always excited and pleased when they could go back to Cranbrook with Nana and Gramps and this time it was Allison's turn. She was so thrilled about it that she refused to nap for fear they would leave without her.

The year my dear mother died was indeed a devastating and difficult time for us. I felt so alone and deprived of my very best friend and confidante. My dear Aunt Olive came to my rescue. When she would come to Calgary she would often call and visit with me. Her sympathetic ear and understanding eased the pain and I shall always be grateful to her. Indeed, she is my 'second mother'.

Joan's daughter, Sally, remembers her Nana:

What I remember about Nana King is being in her kitchen, the pine walls, I liked the color. Now whenever I see pine walls it makes me think of Nana's home. I believe I remember sitting at the big table in the kitchen, too, but that is a vague memory. I wish I had more memories or stories to share. (Sally was just 6 years old when Marjorie, her Nana, died.)

From Marianne King Davidson:

When our parents moved the family to the farm at Peckam's Lake (Bull River was the Post Office) in 1941, they soon discovered there was no school operating in the community. They were desirous that their three children attend school rather than have correspondence lessons at home. It was largely due to the efforts of Mother that a teacher was hired to begin in September 1941. It was during World War II and men who could have driven a bus were not available and fathers of school-age children would rather have the child (children) taught at home than drive a bus themselves. By the time school was to begin Dad, and often times Mother, would drive their 1928 Pontiac Chief car from the farm and pick up children along the way and take them to the community hall that acted as a schoolroom, in the little village of Bull River. It was a distance of about 15 km (10 miles) each way over gravel roads. It was at a time when few women worked outside the home. Mother was always a woman ahead of her time. It became apparent that the car was too small to accommodate the growing number of children and she wanted to have a proper school bus for transporting the children. She appealed to the Cranbrook School Board for one and was told there was none available due to shortages because of the war. Besides there was noone to drive it. Well, that wasn't about to stop her efforts! She persisted and finally a van was found that could act as a school bus if a wooden bench could be placed along each side in the back. But then, WHO would drive the bus? Since no man could be found she determined that she would obtain the necessary driver's license and drive it herself. She studied the manual and took the road test, but failed. This happened eight times and when she appeared at the office to try for the ninth time the examiner just handed her the needed license and said anyone who tried that hard deserved to be given it. Dad drove on occasion but it was usually Mother who saw to it that her children, and others in the community, got to school and home again safely for the next four years, until we moved to Cranbrook.

Mother and Dad were asked by a social worker, about 1944, if they would take a child, Moira, into their home and care for her. It was agreed upon and she came to live at the farm for several weeks. She was a dear little girl and adapted readily into family routines and life with us. Everyone quickly grew to love her and wanted her to remain as a permanent member of the family. The request was made but for reasons I don't know, she was returned to the social agency. We all felt badly that she had not been able to become part of the family and I never knew anything more about her. It was clear that the love Mother and Dad felt for their own children, could be extended to include others too.

Each Christmas at the farm was a splendid time. A lovely fir tree that had been selected earlier in the year was cut down and brought into our log house. The aroma was wonderful as we had fun decorating it with paper chains, coloured glass balls and bells, silver tinsel and the old gold star on top. And, oh yes, the candles each in little clips, were attached to the branches. There was always concern about fire in the home, largely because there was no running water in the house, and we lived too far from a fire station. We had no telephone to summon help either. For these reasons the candles would only be lit for a few seconds each evening and then snuffed out. It was a memorable time for all of us when the candles were burning. One year, on our way back to school, the first day after the holidays, Mother said she was going to take the tree down when she returned home. That meant there would be no candles to light and no pretty tree to enjoy. Remember, this was in the days before television or computers or iPod and only very limited use of the

battery operated radio. Her statement was met with pleas to keep the tree up one more day, to which she agreed. This scenario was played out for several days until finally one day she announced, on our way home, that she had taken the ornaments off the tree and taken it outside. Needless to say it had lost many of its dry needles and had begun to look its age. We began to protest when she calmly said, "Well tonight you can enjoy your Valentines instead." It was indeed February 14.

When Glenn was in grade 10 he went into Cranbrook to the High School and boarded with a family during the week. He got a ride each Friday with Dinty Moore, the man who ran the Post Office and general store at Fort Steele, Dad would pick him up and bring him home for the weekend. One weekend he had several of his friends from school, boys and girls, come to the house for a party. They had supper with us and then went into the living room to play games. The rest of the family sat in the kitchen and read. During the evening one of the boys came to the kitchen and requested one of mother's delicious cream puffs. They had been enjoyed by everyone at mealtime. This request was the result of a consequence to a game they were playing. Mother gladly prepared a fresh one with some of the left-over whipped cream. A few minutes later a second one was requested. Again it was prepared and given to the same boy. A few minutes later a third one was asked for and again one was given. By the time the fourth one was requested Mother felt it was time to play a trick, so instead of just the usual delicious filling, dry mustard was added to the cream. The howls from the living room let us know the fellow would not be asking for another cream puff. It was typical of the kind of pranks Mother was capable of administering.

In July 1960 we moved from Cranbrook to Kamloops, British Columbia. Pam was 4 and Joan almost 2 years old and the separation from Nana (Marjorie) and Gramps (Howard) was difficult for all of us. At that time there was not a good road connection between the two cities and because we could travel on a CPR pass we often went that way via Golden. There was no direct rail line to Cranbrook and Golden was the nearest center. Mother and Dad would drive the 248 km (154 miles) to pick us up and then take us back several days later.

Memories of Nana
by Pam Appleton Hunt

My family's move from Cranbrook in July 1960 must have been difficult for Nana & Gramps, but we still saw them as often as possible. Because Dad was an employee of the CPR (Canadian Pacific Railway), even though he was in the telecommunications branch, he and his family were entitled to travel on the trains with a pass at a reduced rate. This train travel was our link to Cranbrook and a source of many happy memories for me during my early childhood. The passenger train passed through Kamloops in the middle of the night, somewhere around 3 a.m. The scene went something like this: Joan and I were put to bed, but with the same excitement and anticipation as Christmas Eve. Mom was busy with last-minute preparations - ironing clothes putting them in the waiting suitcases, and packing a lunch for the next day. We were wakened in the middle of the night and sleepily bundled into the car, still in pyjamas, housecoats and slippers. It never occurred to me whether or not my parents had been to bed. Usually we traveled in a compartment on the train. This was a very small, private room, with 2 small beds and a tiny bathroom. It had its own window. I recall at least one occasion when we traveled by berth instead of compartment. These were beds that lined upper and lower on both sides of the narrow hallway and heavy black curtains hung to give privacy. In the morning the berths were made up into coach seats by the porters. Whichever way we traveled, it was the following morning that caused the greatest excitement. We wakened, usually early, in the middle of the picturesque Rocky Mountains and although the scenery was breathtaking, the enthusiasm lay in the thought: 'this is the day we see Nana and Gramps'. We changed our clothes, usually into 'good' outfits and often dresses, and our hair was done. Mom never let our hair go straight so it was either braided or curled. For a view of the mountains and possibly some wild animals, we had to go to the Dome Car, usually located at the end of the train. This was an upstairs viewing area, with big seats and large windows all around the perimeter. It was an adventure just getting there because in order to pass from car to car it required stepping outside between the cars and walking over the fittings where one car was connected to the other. The train made a great clanging noise there and the swaying could be felt beneath our feet as we felt the breeze rush by us. There was never any danger, but it was a relief to be safely on the other side and into the next car, on our way to the thrill of the next connection, until we reached the Dome Car. At each stop, we stayed on the train, but watched the people outside scurrying on and off and collecting luggage. The porters, usually Black men, cried out the 'All-a-board' and as we chugged up to speed again, they went up and down the aisles collecting tickets. Nana and Gramps met us in Golden because the passenger trains didn't turn south, and we drove with them for the 3 hours to Cranbrook.

Their home in Cranbrook was a large, two-storey house in a very big yard, actually two or three city lots. It was Mom's home since she was twelve and the only house I ever knew them in. However, in 1994 when I returned to the house with cousins and other family members at the time of Gramps' funeral, we all agreed that its size was diminished in real-life from the pleasant recollections of our youth. One activity I remember in those early years was dancing in the kitchen to Nana's off-key singing. They also had invented two 'games' for the babies. A ning-a-ning was simply wrapping a baby in a large red and green plaid blanket and swinging it gently back and forth, (or over and over as babies grew to toddlers) and singing repeatedly, "a ning-a-ning, a ning-a-ning" while the baby squealed and either squealed to stop or don't stop. The other activity was Nana holding a baby or toddler on her lap and imitating piano playing in grand gestures, with her hands over theirs. As she did so she sang, "a toodle-ama-toodle-ama-toodle-amma-too; toodle-ama-too oh a toodl-ama too". All of the grandchildren grew up with both these silly, repetitious games and we begged for more each time.

A few return trips home by train were exciting escapades. Either Nana or Gramps often accompanied us onto the train to help carry all of the paraphanelia required for travel with children. On one occasion she prolonged the farewell hugs and kisses a bit too long, ignoring the conductor's call, until the train began slowly moving past the station. We all looked out

the window and as we rolled past Gramps, standing bemused on the platform. Joan and I were ecstatic, jumping up and down, convinced that this meant Nana would have to return home with us. Unfortunately - or fortunately - she found the emergency bell and the train had to stop to let her off. Another time we went through Lethbridge on our way home to visit relatives in Taber. Arriving at the station we discovered we were a few minutes late and the train was just pulling away. The stationmaster radioed the train to wait at the next station, although it was not a scheduled stop. Leo McCartee (Mom's cousin) raced the train to the next stop and we got on. On the way Mom was teased about holding up the train and then being discovered that she was traveling on a pass. Well we barely had time to hustle on board and were settling into our seats as the train slowly chugged away, when another passenger approached us to point out the cartoon of milk in our lunch that had tipped over and was pouring milk all the way down the aisle! I'm sure Mom was humiliated!

Holidays in Cranbrook were wonderful times filled with many special activities and memories. The yard seemed to be designed for our pleasure and we spent most of our time outdoors. It was a large yard, actually three city lots, with the house in the centre of the grass which encircled it. That meant that we could literally run in circles around the house, playing on the grass and hiding in the shrubs and bushes. They grew roses, peonies, dahlias, and many others that I don't know the names for. Behind the garage was the gladiola patch - 'glads' as they were affectionately known. This was no small area, growing 2000 gladiolas each season! They were always my favourite flower.

Nana supplied flowers to many weddings and funerals, wrapping and delivering the bouquets on the picnic table. Each Sunday morning in the summer she picked a fresh bouquet to take to church and place on the pulpit. Afterwards the arrangement was given to a family - someone who was sick, distressed, or otherwise in need. Along one whole side was a potato garden from which they harvested one ton of potatoes until they decided it was a bit too big, and turned the area into a trailer court for five trailers. At the back of the house was a large vegetable garden and every dinner required a trip to harvest the vegetables for dinner, and often to pick fresh raspberries for dessert. Almost every summer meal was eaten outside on the picnic table. This was no ordinary table; it was the largest and most solid wood table I have ever seen. Gramps had built it long before I was born. It consisted of three highly polished wooden planks across the top. A large umbrella was raised from the centre of the table to provide shade. We sat on matching wooden benches along each side and it could easily accommodate eight to ten adults or more grandchildren.

A tire swing hung from a large tree on one side of the house. Most tire swings hang in the same direction that a tire rotates on a car, but this was different. The tire hung parallel to the ground and the attaching rope separated it into four places to sit so our feet hung down through the centre of the tire. Nana or Gramps responded to our requests to be pushed again and again, higher and higher. Underducks were our favourite, when they ran under the tire to push us even further into the sky. Nana and Gramps never seemed to tire as they ran back and forth, pushing grandchildren. One summer they bought a tent for us to sleep in outside, but this was a special tent - an Indian teepee. The uncles gathered outside after dark to make spooky noises and try to scare us.

Outings with Gramps were a treat. He owned an old pick-up truck which he used to haul garbage to the dump and to collect sawdust for the furnace. It was allowable by law for us to ride in the back of the truck, but he always had strict instructions for our safety. Nana made sure that we wore bright scarves on our heads, 'so we wouldn't get left behind at the garbage dump'. Once home with the load of sawdust I liked to watch as Gramps shoveled it into the basement storage room. What I really liked was the smell of fresh sawdust. In cooler months, the sawdust burned in the furnace to provide their home with heat. A unique feature was the grate in the dining room floor, about three feet square. A swivel rocker always sat just beside the grate and you could get toasty warm by rocking and turning with your feet

suspended over this grate.

Laundry day was an event - usually a full day event. The ringer washer was in the basement and required someone to guide the clothes through the ringer to rinse out the excess water into the next washer tub. We were never allowed near as it was considered dangerous. As a young toddler I had caught my left pinkie on a part under Mom's old washer and have always had the scar from this accident. For a couple of summers Mom and Nana made their own lye soap, although I'm not sure why because it was so much work and smelled awful. Nana removed her false teeth each wash day and bleached them with the clothes.

As a child, Gramps was the only person I knew who owned a movie camera. Both making movies and watching old family movies were an important part of every visit. The camera was large by today's standards, but it was the lights that were most prominent. Very bright lights shone at us from a bar about eighteen inches wide attached to the camera. The camera was plugged in with a long extension cord and Gramps followed us around, trailing the cord, attempting to capture our play on film. Typically Nana was behind him directing us. Watching the movies with the projector and screen in the living room always began with the same cartoon of a collapsing bed. Still, we enjoyed it and giggled each time. The main feature was mostly the grandchildren performing. We watched eagerly to see the latest recordings of ourselves and to comment on the growth and changes of cousins who weren't with us but had been captured on film since our last visit together. Another role that Gramps took seriously was to take us to the Dairy Queen for a dilly bar and to create home-made banana splits in their special dishes with chocolate, pineapple and fresh strawberry toppings. Sometimes he also took us to the drive-in movie and we visited his friend Rex who owned the drive-in and lived below the large, outdoor screen.

Gramps managed the Farmers' Co-Op in Cranbrook from the time he moved to Cranbrook in 1946 until his retirement in 1967. It was a general hardware store and a farmer's supply store in one, but to a child it was a fascinating place to explore. My first sunflower seeds were the raw, unsalted kind that came from a box meant for animal feed. The shelves were filled with interesting tools and supplies, but the upstairs provided the most entertainment as I grew older. The second floor was a large area filled with sacks of flour and grain, piled high into rows and lines. The arrangements created great 'forts' and hiding places for my cousin Kevan and I to play amongst. Only the conveyor belt that carried the sacks from downstairs to the top floor, was off limits. Nana worked with Gramps at the Co-Op but during the summer months they hired other help and she worked at the Information Booth on the highway. As a little girl, with developing language, I had dubbed it the 'Mation Mation', a name which stuck in our family. I loved to help Nana there. She gave me pamphlets and brochures to fill the displays and other tasks to do. I was expected to not interrupt while she helped the tourists with their requests, but when nobody was there, we enjoyed the time together playing games, drawing or telling stories. She was always so interested in me - my school, friends, and activities. One year two giant statues of lumberjacks were built on either side of the small information building and Kevan and I spent hours climbing on the raised bases where the statues stood.

In addition to visits in Cranbrook, it was early that Nana and Gramps began to travel with grandchildren. I have cherished memories of different trips with them as I got older. In the fall of 1961 they took me with them to Fort St. John, British Columbia, to visit Nana's sister Enid Kinniburg. I don't recall much about the trip except time with them in the car and the fact that I had developed an addiction to tomato soup. I wasn't used to eating in restaurants a lot, and so should have appreciated the variety and choices available to me, but instead I only wanted to order tomato soup at each meal. Gramps gently tried to encourage more variety and persuade me to try other things, but never insisted, and each day ordered me the requested bowl of soup. I was home in time to start kindergarten. All times with Nana and Gramps were treasured, but it is only as an adult that I recognize the sacrifice and extra effort on their

part to have grandchildren with them so frequently. As a child, I only felt the excitement of counting days until our visit, and the great sorrow I felt when it was time to leave and lots of tears were shed at our departure. They genuinely loved each of their grandchildren and although I knew they didn't have favourites, I knew that I was special to them. I don't recall the things they bought me, and they couldn't afford extravagant gifts, but time and interest were abundant!

One of the saddest events of my childhood happened when I was in grade 6. Nana and Gramps arrived just before Halloween and Nana stayed on for a longer visit when Gramps returned to Cranbrook. I don't remember anything about her time with us, but the details of her departure will always be clear to me. She was leaving on the train and my parents had determined that the time was late and therefore Joan and I would say our good-byes at home. I wanted very badly to go to the train station with them and so I wrote a note which I left in the bathroom, requesting that she persuade my parents to allow us to go with them. She did and we all went to the station together. After waiting for the conductor to call the 'All Aboard', Nana boarded the train. We quickly drove to the first crossing and waited for the train to pass by. It must have been pre-arranged because Nana stood between the cars, watching for us and waving enthusiastically in the dark. We were all crying because our departures were always sad occasions. We certainly didn't know then that this was the last time we would see her, for she died less than two months later, on Boxing Day 1967. I have cherished her memories and felt her influence throughout my life. A year and a half ago I became a Nana and I look forward to the delights and recognize the responsibility that awaits me with the legacy of the title "Nana".

Memories of Nana & Gramps - Joan Nillson

The memories I have of Nana & Gramps are wonderful. I remember as a child going to visit them in the summer. Nana & Gramps slept in a bedroom off the porch and put their eye glasses on little glass figures of an old man and an old woman. I remember one morning going into their bedroom and climbing into bed on Gramps side and saying "move over bups." They grew wonderful flowers and would sell the gladiolas to people in Cranbrook. Nana would wrap them in a newspaper. It seemed to me that they sold hundreds a day, but I'm sure it was not that many. In front of the glads were a few rows of pansies. I love pansies and have a collection of pansy things, I think subconsciously my Nana & Gramps had a lot to do with that. In a tree in the yard was a tire swing, as children we would spend hours out there and swing. I love tire swings and have fond memories of being pushed, twirling and untwirling, and just swinging back and forth. Also in the yard Nana would place a wash tub and we would have our baths out there. On Saturday nights I would have a bath and my hair washed to be ready for Church the next day. Nana and my Mom would put my hair into ringlets, wrapped around their fingers and bobbypins to secure them. It took a few times before they figured out that Nana being right handed and my Mom being left handed, would do them opposite directions, so my hair always had a definite change of direction in the middle of the back. Going to the dump with Gramps was an adventure. They had a trailer park next door and Gramps would go to collect the garbage. We loved going with him in the old truck. Nana insisted that we wear a RED handkerchief in our hair so Gramps wouldn't throw us out. Nana was a tease and constantly playing tricks on the grandchildren, her children, or Gramps. She would let us help her with the laundry too, in the basement she had an old wringer washing machine. She would say "keep back so your hair doesn't get caught, and you end up going through." I have such fond and warm memories of my grandparents. As I think of being a Nana some day I hope to be just like her. In my opinion she and Gramps were everything and more than the word Grandparents mean. I truly look forward to seeing and being with them again.

Christmas with Nana and Gramps

Karen

I have a particularly fond memory of one Christmas our family spent with Nana and Gramps in Cranbrook. I was exactly four and a half and my brothers and I had spent most of Christmas Eve gawking at the enormous pile of presents under the tree. We wondered where all of Santa's gifts were going to fit. Occasionally we would select a present and shake it to see if we could guess what wondrous thing it contained. We had ensured our stockings were securely fastened to the banister and the requisite cookies and milk were put out for Santa. When Nana announced it was bedtime for the children, she rather sternly intoned that Santa would not be coming until *everyone* was sound asleep. And I believed Nana, especially when she used *that* tone!

My brother Kelly and I were tucked into a bed upstairs and after glad tidings were proclaimed all around, the door was closed and my brother immediately fell asleep. No doubt he was exhausted from the evening's festivities and, being not quite three, was still relatively clueless on the significance of Santa's impending visit. I, on the other hand, had other plans. How was I to fall asleep with the knowledge that Santa would soon be in this very house? To my four and a half year old brain, this would be the ideal opportunity to see Santa in action. I was clearly not satisfied with the mere moments spent on his knee, intoning my rather long wish list.

I slipped out of bed and crouched by the closed door, listening to the mumblings coming from below, as the grown ups talked and talked and talked. Didn't Nana say everyone must be asleep before Santa came? Weren't they part of *everyone*? The adults would have to vacate the living room soon. Why were they still up, I wondered? What was the point of me being asleep if they were not. I could hardly contain my excitement, but waited patiently and began carefully planning out where I would situate myself, to get the best view of Santa. It would be at the top of the stairs, behind the fattest banister railing - just a few leaps away from my bedroom door, should a parental figure decide to come upstairs to check on us.

I waited for *everyone* to go to bed for what seemed an eternity, when it was probably all of five minutes. Then above the din of the living room voices, came the rather loud jangling of jingle bells. I was rather startled at first as it was completely unexpected, but I quickly speculated it was Nana at the bottom of the stairs, shaking the string of bells attached to the last rail. (All of us had, after all, shaken those very bells numerous times since our arrival, so it was a familiar sound.) My theory was quickly confirmed when, right after the shaking of the jingle bells, Nana shouted up the stairs, "You children better be asleep because Santa is on his way!"

I figured that probably got Kevan asleep, in another bedroom all by himself, and Kelly had no problem slumbering through the preceding commotion. But I was still hanging on to the notion that the adults still had to get to sleep before Santa came anywhere near the place. I did crawl back into bed, mostly in fear of Nana coming upstairs to check if we were, indeed, sleeping. I was clever enough to realize I could fake sleeping better in bed, than by crouching with my ear pressed against the door.

I lay in bed and looked out the window directly opposite. It was a clear night with plenty of stars, snow glistened off the trees, rooftops and telephone poles, creating a rather idealistic vision of Christmas that remains in my mind, to this day. I strained to hear if the adults were still up, but

heard nothing and imagined they were heading off to bed, just as I was wishing it so.

All that was left to do was to listen for any kind of thump on the roof, conveniently located right above my bedroom. My plan was thus: The moment I heard the sleigh land, I would take up my position at the top of the stairs where I would have a clear view of the very fireplace that Santa would have to come down. I was feeling rather exhilarated about the prospect of witnessing Santa at work, it took more self-control than I ever thought I had, to not wake up Kelly and have him share in the wondrous thing that was so very near to happening.

I stared out the window upon my perfect Christmas Eve scene, giggling to myself over my cleverness. I was about to be the first kid ever to see Santa doing his job. I imagined the astonishing tale I would regale my family with at breakfast the next morning. Suddenly, seemingly out-of-place within the snowy scene outside the window, a red light appeared in the dark sky. The light was bright red and glowing, round and slowly blinking; heading straight for Nana and Gramp's house! In a flash, I realized that Santa was, indeed, on his way. It was Rudolph's nose that was the source of this blinking red light! In the next flash, Nana's words regarding *everyone* being asleep before Santa arrived, echoed in my head! I had it all together and rationalized that if Santa's sleigh was indeed heading my way, and if I wasn't fast asleep by the time it reached the house, the sleigh and Santa and the gifts would simply sail past. I would be solely responsible for ruining Christmas 1962! And in one final flash, I put my head on the pillow and instantly fell asleep. How I wish I had that ability these days!

For many years I believed I saw Rudolph's nose that night, to this day it remains one of my favorite childhood memories. I can't remember when I realized the red light was most likely from a plane. Perhaps it is only now, as I recall the memory....

Kelly King

Has a few memories of his Nana!

Unfortunately for me, I only have a brief memory of my Nana (Marjorie King). It was long ago, but I still have the great memory of her smiling face. It is the vision of a kind woman who used to look after me so well on my visits to her and Gramp's house in Cranbrook. Really they are just snippets of memories: preparing my breakfast in that great, old, white house (which seemed like a mansion to me at the time) to helping me get ready to ride with Gramps on a covered wagon in the Sam Steele Day's parade; to taking me to church, to her excited face one Christmas Eve, when she put us to bed upstairs in that great old house.

One of my fondest memories would be how Nana helped us do drawings which we then taped to the wall in the basement. With the lights off we would show our "story of drawings" by shining a flashlight on them one at a time. Maybe, in some way, that helped foreshadow my future career in the film industry.

She may have passed on so long ago, but the memory of her, to me, will live my lifetime.



Kimberly King

My King grandparents enjoyed taking trips and enjoyed taking their grandchildren with them. Kevan and Karen each had that opportunity and Kelly was about to, but Nana's life was cut short after Christmas in 1967.

I was born in 1969 and never knew my Nana, but I feel I know about her through my Gramps, Dad, aunts, siblings, cousins and her siblings. I was deprived of the opportunity to travel with her. However, I have had many travel experiences and to travel has become a true passion of mine. My dad appreciated the exposure and experiences travel can give us in life. I feel a part of that probably came from his parents.

Fortunately, because I am the youngest in my family, I had the opportunity to go on a few more exotic trips than my siblings. I am proud to say I have been to 19 countries, soon to be 20 after Padric's and my trip to China this fall.

I travel to see a new landscape, experience a different culture, eat local cuisine, meet locals, learn a new language, view historical landmarks and appreciate the diverse world we live in. As an avid environmentalist I know to tread lightly as I travel. I watch my waste, I'm aware of how my actions effect our nature, and travel for the sensual experiences, not the stuff to buy.

The last trip Padric and I took was to England in 2006. We saw many historical sites, walked a lot, the food was not as tasty as we have had elsewhere, but it was great to travel where language was not a barrier. We did rent a vehicle, not environmental, but fuel efficient. We had greater freedom to go off the track for interesting locations.

We had a lovely meal in a converted castle in Chiddingstone in Kent, the town my great great and great grandfather Kings came from. The man who owned the restaurant had the last name King, as well. He told us the name came from Royal Kings giving it to their court jesters. I felt that was appropriate knowing my grandfather and father's humour.

We also visited Monmouth, Wales, where Padric's maternal grandmother and her family came from. She and her second husband were living there at the time so we were able to visit many family locations.

There is so much to see and do in this world; I try every year to find a new location for a new experience. I thank my parents for exposing me, at an early age, to travel. I wish everyone could see and experience as much of the world as possible.

Travels With My Nana and Gramps (Howard & Marjorie King)

By: Kevan King

My Nana loved family above all things. My recollection of times with her and Gramps revolve around stays at their home in Cranbrook, often with various other aunts, uncles, cousins and other relatives in attendance. On several occasions I stayed with my Nana and Gramps on my own, or with other cousins, for lengthy periods. I recall many days spent with my Nana at the tourist information booth, first in the small red wooden building downtown and later at the much more palatial building on the east side of town, the one with the large statue of the lumberjack guarding the office. I also remember many days spent with my Gramps at the Farmer's Co-Op store, exploring the upstairs storage area and the surrounding blocks on a regular basis. I also remember the many days spent just hanging around their home. It's funny what memories are like, in my memories their home was very large, with a big dining room and living room, the latter of which had a colour TV which carried more than the two channels we received in Calgary. I had to laugh when several years ago I visited the house again, then converted to a flower shop, and found that I could cross the same two rooms in just a couple of steps. Nonetheless, the many visits with my Nana and Gramps were very special times in my life and will always be with me.

One other thing my Nana and Gramps enjoyed was to get into their car and travel. In preparation for this article I reviewed some of the many films taken by my Gramps during the 1950's and 1960's and since converted to video tape by my father. I was struck by how often they seemed to be on the road, touring the Grand Canyon, visiting relatives in Canada and the U.S. or visiting the Seattle World's Fair. In the summer of 1965, I, along with my cousins Pam and Joan Appleton, was lucky enough to join my Nana and Gramps for a trip to Vernal, Utah to attend a Hall family reunion. I was 10 years old at the time (nearly 11), so I must say I do not remember the trip in great detail. Reviewing the films and spending some time just thinking however has brought back some distinct memories. Being with my Nana and Gramps was always a great treat so the idea of spending a couple of weeks with them was something I know I looked forward to. This was also a chance for a trip to the United States, somewhere I believe I had only been once before when I was much younger (about 5). I remember saving my money to buy a transistor radio in the U.S., where the selection and price would be much better than in Canada (I eventually purchased a small radio in a leatherette cover in downtown Salt Lake City, what a great shopping experience that was).

On the way down to Utah we stopped at Lewis and Clark Caverns in southern Montana. To access the underground caverns filled with stalactites and stalagmites you had to travel up a steep incline in a cable tram. I will always remember the guide's joke on the ride up in the tram, looking down the incline and over a cliff at the bottom, "Don't worry about the cable breaking, if it does we have lots more cable in the storage shed". We also saw all the sights in Yellowstone Park, the hot pools, mud pots and of course, an eruption of Old Faithful. Nana and Gramps always made sure we stopped at a motel with a pool so that we could cool off after a hot day in the car (no air conditioning then). We spent at least one or two days in Salt Lake City where we toured Temple Square. In the Tabernacle I remember the guide going to the front of the building while we remained at the back, turning her back to us and

whispering, and we could hear her voice clearly, the acoustics were so good. I also still fondly remember a visit to Snelgroves, what in my eyes was the most sophisticated ice cream parlor in the world. When you ordered a sundae, the various sauces were brought in their own little pitchers for you to pour over the ice cream. That was a dining experience I have never forgotten.

When with my Nana and Gramps it was Nana who did a lot of the talking. She of course was always very animated and I can still hear her laugh to this day. My Gramps, while somewhat quieter, was well known for his dry humorous comments, many of which I use myself to this day. When following behind a dawdling vehicle he would say "If you are going to homestead you should have got closer to water", or when a waitress offered him a second cup of coffee at 8 in the morning he would say "No thanks, it keeps me awake".

I remember the reunion in Vernal as a large event, filled with many relatives that I knew and many more that I did not know, but I guess that is one of the precise reasons for these events. The weather was very hot and my recollection is that Vernal was a near desert-like place, famous for the dinosaur bones found in the area. The motel where we stayed had a large cement dinosaur out front holding up the motel/café sign. It looked something like a very large version of Dino, the family pet on The Flintstones. I recall a train ride along a steep mountainside, including a very high, curving trestle bridge. I also remember traipsing around a cemetery looking for the graves of relatives. My Nana of course loved the reunion, with the opportunity to visit with her family and to show off her grandchildren.

I have really enjoyed writing this article, it brought back many great memories, more and more as I spent some time doing the research and throwing my mind back to the trip. I hope it also brings back some pleasant memories for the reader.

The Christmas Chinook

by Margaret Rae Hall Eller

Papa always said the winter of 1923/24 was the worst he had ever seen. It started snowing in early October, so by Christmas the drifts were four feet high in places; the fences couldn't even be found. No Chinook winds had come down the mountain passes and through to the prairies. Every morning when Papa would go to the barn to do the chores, he would stop, face the west hoping to feel the warming wind, but it continued to be 25 to 40 below.

As Christmas approached plans were made to go to town to meet the train. Margie was coming home! She was the oldest of the children and the family was anxious to hear her tales of adventure. Papa and Mama wondered just how much adventure there was in a Catholic Convent. However, they knew she would entertain them for days, convincing them the school was a very exciting place. Mama remembered how the kindly nuns were quite reluctant to take a Mormon as a resident student, but she had explained that their little country school only went to the eighth grade. She told them how intelligent and gifted Margie was, exaggerating just a little bit, that she really deserved more education. Finally they accepted her, but surely must have had regrets later for she tormented and teased as much as she did at home.

Margie was always the favorite topic of conversation when the ladies in the farming community met to quilt or visit. They often asked, "How can she be Ethel's daughter?" In fact, one time, they even questioned Aunt Liz, the midwife, "Liz, are you absolutely positive that you were in attendance with Dr. Leech when she was delivered? She's not adopted or one of Ethel's charity cases?" Aunt Liz assured them that the redhaired, high spirited and mischievous child was, indeed, Ethel's daughter.

Ethel was a saint! Everyone said so, old and young went to her with their problems. She was always at the bedside of the sick and dying, she consoled, counseled, and comforted. Many families had food and clothes that she provided. She kept a tidy home, her children were happy, obedient and polite; well, all of them except Margie. Though the girl often taxed Ethel's patience and provoked righteous anger, she understood this complex oldest daughter, recognizd her sensitive spirit, and appreciated her talents.

On December 23rd Papa hitched Dobbin and Blue to the sleigh. Mama had heated big rocks in the oven, they were distributed in

the hay in the bottom of the sleigh. Everyone but Mama and the baby were going to town, ten miles away, to meet the train, buy two Christmas trees, collect the mail, buy groceries and gifts. The children had their yearly savings stored in their pockets or in the ends of their mittens. They were anticipating Christmas present purchases at Smith & Woods Dry Goods store. There were so many quilts, rugs and blankets over each child they could hardly be seen. Papa kept assuring Mama that there would be no problems, but she was still shouting instructions as the sleigh pulled away. "Don't forget to go to the Post Office, there should be mailorder parcels from T. Eaton's, packages from Grandma. Be sure and be at the depot when the train comes in. Get some Japanese oranges and dried apricots." Papa just grinned and patted his pocket where the list of necessary purchases and errands was safely hidden.

Mama hurried back into the house and upstairs to the crying baby and watched from the south window until she could no longer see the sleigh and its precious cargo. Then she knelt in prayer and asked for protection on her loved ones. This wild country was so unpredictable, storms came so fast and unexpected. Often there was a tug of homesickness when she remembered the beautiful mountains and her valley home in Utah. This Canadian prairie's extreme weather had never been quite accepted and she often longed for her old home at the foot of Ben Lomond Mountain. Her grandmother had once remarked during a visit to the homestead, "If you stand on a sardine can you can see for a hundred miles."

However, the Prairies had been good to them financially. Their home was big and comfortable, always plenty of good food and even a Model T in the garage. Of course it couldn't be used much in the winter, but it was a joy in the summer when they could go to town for Church Conferences, Chatauquas and concerts. Sometimes they even made the 75 mile trip to Waterton Lakes and enjoyed camping and hiking.

Mama looked at the now sleeping, three month old Margaret Rae, remembering Margie's reaction to the news that another baby was expected. At that time Olive was five, Gordon seven, Reta nine, Evan eleven, Sona thirteen and Margie fifteen. In Margie's opinion six children was more than enough! She had ranted and raved, "I've washed so many diapers, peeled 30 tons of potatoes, wiped 10,000 dirty noses, pushed that dumb old baby carriage 15,000 miles and made 7,000 trips to the outhouse with kids." She had been relieved of many of those disgusting duties because she was away at school when Rae was born. Her reaction and words when told about the birth were sadly remembered, "Don't expect me to

love the child, she's just another nuisance!"

Well, Mama reasoned, there was no use worrying about it, and anyway, she was sure Margie would just have to look at this dear, new addition and she would love her just as much as the rest of the family.

Everyone knew Margie and to know her was to like and admire, or dislike her. Perhaps dislike was too mild a term, for actually there were folks who detested her. She could make life delightful or miserable but she also had a talent for making one laugh and be happy. To Mrs. Goodman, the teacher in the one-room school, Margie was a challenge, she marvelled at her many talents, was in awe of her imagination, appreciative of her love for history and literature.

Mrs. Goodman was stern, dedicated and demanding, but all the children received an abundance of learning in the eight grades she taught. The boys and girls were terrified of her - all of them except Margie. Three mistakes in spelling, conversations with your deskmate, raising your voice, saying ain't, homework not done, all were valid reasons for the strap. Many a blistered hand went home at four o'clock, but no sympathy was extended by parents. Cows had to be milked and dishes washed in spite of tender palms. But as frightened as the children were of Mrs. Goodman, they were more afraid of Margie.

Aggie Johnson certainly didn't like her. She had never forgiven Margie for convincing her four children that it was Christmas on the 25th of June and they had hurried home from school to hang their stockings and trim the tree.

However, there was Granny George, a widow, alone and lonesome. For several years Margie had gone once a week to help her clean and often stayed the night. She would read to Granny all evening and sing "The Last Rose of Summer" at least three times. "Tis me favorite dearie", the little Irish lady would coax.

As Mama completed Christmas preparations she reflected about the fun times this farming community enjoyed in the schoolhouse, holiday parties and dances. It was also where they held Church services on Sunday. She looked forward to Christmas Eve when everyone would meet there, a tree would be decorated, a program presented and gifts would be distributed by Santa Claus (usually Papa). She knew Papa would buy two trees while in town, a very big one for the school and one for home.

As dusk fell, Rae was sleeping in her cradle by the fireplace, the kerosene lamps were lit, a lantern hung on a veranda post to welcome the family home. The scent of fresh bread and fragrant beef stew made the kitchen inviting for the hungry kids and Papa. At last Mama could hear the sleigh, although still a mile or two away; the happy voices and laughter carried loud and clear in the cold evening air. Then Mama stood on the porch as each child laden with packages rushed into the kitchen for warmth and food.

Margie, enthusiastic as always, hugged and kissed Mam and ran from room to room in the sheer delight of being home. She had pulled off her cap, her beautiful red hair fell to her shoulders in waves and curls. Her green eyes glowed with love as she took in the familiar sights of home. In the parlor she ran her fingers joyfully over the piano keys, then to the bookcase to see if her beloved books of poetry were still there. She sensed the anticipation and finally her eyes rested on the cradle but she did not even look at the occupant. Little Olive rushed to its side and lisped, "We're home, Rae, and I have a Christmas present for you." Sona, Evan and Reta joined Olive, bickering about who would hold the baby first. Margie rolled her eyes in disgust and ignored all the love and attention the intruder was receiving.

After the outside chores were done and supper finished it was time to bring in the Christmas tree, and everyone agreed it was the most beautiful one ever. Papa had saved the bigger one for the schoolhouse party. The ornaments were distributed, each child, Mama and even Papa had made one. Some were gilded, some had silver, and one was covered with stars. There were several purchased ones: bells, snowmen, Santa Clauses that had been lovingly saved and stored over the years. The icicles were somewhat haphazardly thrown but Margie and Sona carefully rearranged them. The tinsel was draped and a star adorned the top. Then they all stood back and admired their work, and even the baby gooded her appreciation.

Christmas Eve day started with the family assembled at the breakfast table. Margie was in a very happy mood, and entertained with stories about the convent and the friends she had there. She told them about finding a nun's habit hanging in the hallway, took it into the dormitory where she put it on and sentenced all her roommates to horrible tasks; cleaning the toilets, scrubbing the back stairs, polishing shoes. Not until all the work was done did they discover it was just Margie, not Sister Isabel. Mama and Papa exchanged glances, not knowing whether to laugh or scold but they did manage to gently reprimand.

The day was filled with excitement. The anticipation of the schoolhouse party and all the scents of Christmas permeated the house: mincemeat pie, fresh baked rolls and bread, fudge and popcorn. Mama had several boxes packed with extra food to give to neighbors who perhaps would not have many holiday goodies.

Rae cooperated, slept peacefully through most of the activities and seldom demanded attention. Margie continued to ignore her and refused to admire the baby's curly red hair so much like her own. Once in awhile Rae would laugh aloud and everyone would stop to enjoy that sweet sound - everyone but Margie.

At five o'clock the family was ready to leave, everyone bathed, hair brushed, combed, curled or braided. Party food was loaded into the sleigh and the children all wearing their warmest clothes with many covers over them were safely installed, "Snug like bugs in a rug," they chanted. Margie watched as Mama wrapped Rae in a beautiful, new, flannel quilt. She recognized Grandma's handiwork, but made no comment. With everyone aboard settled, Papa urged Dobbin and Blue with the crack of the whip to take off on the two mile trip to the schoolhouse.

Mrs. Goodman lived in the little teacherage next to the school, and had gone over early to build a fire in the old pot-bellied stove so the building was warm and inviting. Before school had been dismissed for the holidays, the boys and girls had decorated with red and green crepe paper streamers from corner to corner and hung big red tissuepaper bells. Papa brought in the Christmas tree and many willing hands decorated it with the paper ornaments the students had created.

Margie was having fun, exchanging secrets with good friends and charming or antagonizing the adults. For several years she had sung, "Oh, Hush Thee My Baby" at every Christmas party but this year she surprised everyone with a new carol. She even refused to sing the lullaby as an encore.

Walter Smith was Margie's greatest admirer, her cohort in crime and her most ardent defender. If there was any prank requiring more than her imagination and ability he was always ready to assist. Everyone should have expected trouble when they volunteered for baby duty the last fifteen minutes of the party.

Bishop Jensen was giving his Christmas message and orating at great length. It gave Margie and Walter ample time to carry out

their plan. In the cloak room all babies were sleeping soundly so their quilts or blankets were carefully removed, then the two culprits proceeded to wrap the four infants in someone else's coverings. Richard Johnson was wrapped in Harold Adams warm blankets and Harold installed in Richards. Julia Judd had Rae's rosebud quilt bestowed upon her, Rae was swaddled in Julia's. Margie insisted that Walter move Rae; she still refused to touch her. Then they stood back, surveyed their work, hoping the babies would stay asleep, not fuss or cry, then all the families would go merrily home - with someone else's baby.

Janie Judd came in first to pick up Julia. Margie loved Janie and felt a littl pang of guilt - but it passed quickly. Margie hastened to pull the quilt cover over the baby's face and urged Janie to keep the baby well covered. As Elsie Adams came to claim Harold, Walter insisted on carrying the baby to the sleigh and pulled the covers across Harold's face. At last Aggie Johnson came to pick up Richard but with six other children on her heels she didn't pay much attention to the sleeping bundle she received. Sona came to fetch Rae, then she and Margie hurried out to join the family.

Mama and Papa made sure everyne was accounted for and warmly covered. The baby up front, with Mama, slept peacefully. At home everyone rushed into the house, hanging up coats and caps while Papa took care of the horses. Then Mama had everyone go into the parlor for the Bible reading of the first Christmas. Little Julia was tenderly placed into Rae's cradle. It was late, almost eleven, but Mama would not let anyone go to bed until the story from Luke was read and family prayers were said.

Margie was a little nervous, expecting the baby to cry any minute and apprehensive about the switch discovery, but Julia was being so good. During the reading time Mama's voice trembled, as it always did, when she read those sacred and beautiful words, especially the part, "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." Then Mama explained, in her own words, that Mary knew her baby was very special; just as she, Papa and all the family knew how special their baby was. But Mary's baby, Jesus, had a very special mission: He would atone for the sins of all mankind.

Margie started biting her fingernails, a sure sign that she was nervous and worried. She wondered if Jesus would atone for the sins she had committed that very night. Finally, after the stockings were hung and goodnights said, the children all

scampered off to bed.

It was only a few minutes until Papa was calling, "Margie! come down here this very minute!" Mama was pacing the floor with a baby obviously not hers, big brown eyes and black, straight hair. Mama didn't often get angry but it was very apparent when she did.

"Can you explain how I got home with Jane Judd's baby?" she asked, through gritted teeth, "And I suppose Jane has Rae!" There was no use denying that she was responsible, Mama had this uncanny talent of knowing when Margie was guilty.

Then three shorts and a long ring came on the telephone. Margie winced. She just knew it was Elsie Adams, and it was. She could hear the woman screaming clear across the kitchen, "Do you have my Harold? I've got that ugly Johnson kid!" Margie turned to escape but Papa blocked the stairway. He had his heavy, leather gloves in his hand and whacked her twice, right on the bottom. Mama was trying to calm Elsie and assuring her that Harold would soon be home.

As Mama was trying to figure out the best route to return the babies to their rightful families, Papa was out in the barn harnessing Daisy to the cutter. Margie was told to dress and be prepared to return each child, apologize and beg forgiveness. She could not understand the frayed tempers; after all, a baby is a baby - why all the fuss?

Papa was quiet as they pulled away from the house, Margie could feel the tension and the anger. Julia didn't do anything to ease the situation, she shrieked and screamed the three miles to the Judd home and was exhausted by the time they arrived there. Jane was angry, but happy to see her baby, and even offered to keep Rae until Margie and Papa were on their way home after distributing all the babies to their rightful parents.

They picked up Harold Adams at the Johnson household and took him home to his irate mother, Elsie. When the exchange was made and Margie was holding Richard Johnson she was seriously starting to regret the prank. Margie was dreading facing Aggie again, as she knew there would be more screaming and threats. This time Papa went to the door with her, hoping Aggie would not be so hostile. But as she gratefully grabbed her Richard, she screamed, "You're a born trouble-maker, Margie! We'll all be happy and sleep better at night when you are back in the Convent." Margie started to retort, "How can you love that funny-looking kid?", but she

bit her tongue down hard and forced an apology. Then she groaned as she heard Papa say, "Bring all the kids over one day after Christmas to play at our house".

As they left the Johnson farm Papa lifted his head and laughed. "Daughter," he said, "I can smell a chinook." A mile down the road he laughed louder and said, "Yessir, I can smell a chinook." Margie joined in his laughter as she replied, "Papa, you're the only man in Southern Alberta who can smell a chinook, and the only man in the world who can smell one passing the Poore's pig farm."

It was good to hear Papa laugh, Margie had been having pangs of remorse, not only about all the problems of cold, wet and hungry babies, but she realized Papa must be tired. By the time they picked up Rae at the Judd's and were on the last lap it was almost five o'clock Christmas morning. The warm chinook wind was blowing softly over the snow-covered prairie, and for the first time Margie was holding her baby sister. Rae was awake, hungry and unhappy. Margie started to sing:

Oh, hush thee, my baby, a story I'll tell,
How little Lord Jesus, on earth came to dwell
How in a far country, way over the sea,
Was born a wee baby, my dear one like thee.

The story was told by the angels so bright,
As round them was shining a heavenly light,
The stars shone out brightly but one led the way
And stood o'er the place where the dear baby lay.

The shepherds here found him, as angels had said,
The poor little stranger, no crib for a bed.
Down low in a manger so quiet he lay,
This little child Jesus, asleep on the hay.

Lullaby baby, lullaby dear,
Sleep little baby, have nothing to fear.
Lullaby baby, lullaby dear,
Jesus will care for his little one here.

Rae's sobs ceased and Margie's arms tightened around the little bundle, tears welled in her eyes and she realized this baby sister was very dear, and a great feeling of love overwhelmed her.

The words Mama had read earlier came to her mind, about the birth of Jesus Christ, and how very special he must have been to

his mother. She recalled how Mary had pondered the wonder of it in her heart and was aware that he would be the Saviour of the world.

She sang, again, the lovely lullaby and her tears continued to fall. Papa's heart was full as he observed what was happening. Though few words were spoken, he realized his sometimes difficult daughter was truly experiencing the Christmas Spirit. She was also realizing the worth of her baby sister; that she was, indeed, a blessed addition to the family. Just as the Chinook wind had brought warmth to the cold prairie so had the Christmas message brought warmth and love to an antagonistic heart.

There was not a complete reformation during the holidays, still some teasing and tormenting; but Margie was the first to pick up the baby when she cried, the first one to wipe a dirty nose, or escort a little one to the outhouse. Everyone noticed that she was the last one off her knees after family prayer, as if she was adding a private word.

Marjorie and Usona



*Left: Marjorie Hall King 1967
Four Generations:
Joan & Marjorie King
Ethel Evans Hall
Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans Holmes*



*Four Generations: 1928
Usona Hall McCartee, Ethel Evans Hall
Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans
Front: Connie McCartee*



Usona Hall McCartee 1974

Usona

Usona: Since the *United States Of North America* was the land of her parents birth, maybe they felt it was an honor to bestow that name upon their new baby daughter. *Sona*, as she was usually called, was born in *Taber*, 27 July, 1909. The circumstances are not known why mother was in *Taber*, instead of on the homestead. It could be, that they were not yet living there, since they had just moved to the area.

The best way to describe *Usona*: very pretty with auburn hair, talented, perfectionist, could play the piano, loved to dance, addicted to *Fels Naptha* soap and *Johnson's Wax*. She could crochet, knit and sew and had many artistic talents.

During her years on the homestead she was a victim of *Marjorie's* teasing, but she endured. She enjoyed the parties and dances at the little, country school. It was there she became a sought-after dance partner. Her dad and mother were good dancers, at one time won the 'prize waltz'. Later, in town, she became the Dance Instructor with *Harold Russell* for the *MIA*.

She was married to *Carl McCartee* in 1926, at the tender age of 16. She was a loving mother to two children, *Connie* and *Leo*. When she lost dear little *Connie* she was devastated. In spite of a few marital problems, she and *Carl* were married for 31 years, until his death in 1957. She cared for him with much devotion in the last few years of his life, when he was handicapped.

She decorated the little apartment above the *C.P.R.* railroad station so beautifully, it was a delight to visit. *Carl* was a station agent so it was a very convenient home. However, the trains roared through night and day causing much smoke to accumulate on the windows. *Sona* could not tolerate that, it was a weekly chore to get the grime off. As she washed the windows she would sit on the window sill, her torso on the outside. People would stand below on the platform, expecting her to fall, even the train passengers would hold their breath. Two of *Taber's* interesting characters seemed to know what day *Mrs. McCartee* was washing windows, *Kathleen Rowley* and *Mrs. Winwood* were there to shout warnings and encouragement. They provided entertainment for other onlookers.

On one occasion, *Mrs. Johnson* from *Blairmore* came to *Taber* on the train to visit her son, *Cecil* (future husband of *Olive*). She asked *Carl* for directions to the *Johnson Drugstore* where *Cecil* was the pharmacist. *Carl* knew *Cecil* had gone to *Calgary* that morning on the train. So the poor, little lady was concerned; what should she do? *Carl* called *Sona* to come to the rescue, she introduced herself, said there was a train in the morning which would return her to *Blairmore*. She issued an invitation to *Mrs. Johnson* to stay the night with them, it was gratefully accepted. The next morning when asked if she slept well she replied, "I have slept in better beds but never a cleaner one."

Usona excelled at *Curling* and participated in many bonspiels and taking prizes. She was a very competitive curler and her main objective was to win. There was a time when she and her sisters, *Marjorie* and *Rita* played together. At a *Bonspiel* in *Taber*, *Rita* was skip of her rink, *Sona* was an opponent and won. *Rita* admitted she was glad *Sona* won because she (*Rita*) was a better loser.

In 1950 Carl's health deteriorated severely, he lost his sight and it was necessary to have a leg amputated. He could no longer be employed by the C.P.R. and they had to move from their station apartment. They bought the old family home.

At this time Rae relates: "LaVon and I had married in September, 1950 and were living in Provo where he was attending BYU. As Christmas drew near, the old familiar homesickness hit me with a vengeance, we decided to accept an offer of a ride to Taber for the holidays. Carl was in the Galt Hospital in Lethbridge, surgery for the amputation was scheduled. Sona was so worried and concerned - she knew what a difficult life Carl would have to endure. She confessed, "If it was me, I would rather die, but it's Carl and I want him to live". We went to see him the night before the surgery and he said, "Will you pray for me"? This was surely a new side of Carl not in evidence before. I told him LaVon could give him a Priesthood Blessing, but Carl responded, "No, Rae, I want you to pray for me, right now". I did, I hope it gave him some peace and comfort." The next day LaVon assisted in a Priesthood Blessing for him.

Sona had worked very hard in restoring the old house but had made it beautiful. Her greatest compliment was made by her artist uncle, Duncan Weaver, when he said she had made the house 'a work of art'. Life was different for Carl, but he adapted with dignity and a change of personality. He had been somewhat arrogant and unfriendly but he started welcoming friends, neighbors and family for visits in the old home.

Leo married Marlene Gilbertson in 1952. The Halls' were indeed fortunate to have Marlene added to the family. They had two daughters, Linda and Usona Diane before Carl died, Kelly Leo and Melanie later. Usona dearly loved her grandchildren and was able to spend a lot of time with them. When Carl died in 1957 and she could no longer handle the large house and yard she bought a little home close by.

Usona became active in the L.D.S. Church, received her endowment in the Cardston Temple, attended the Temple as often as possible and taught girls' classes in MIA. Her later years were not the best. She had two more marriages, but neither one was happy. She admitted that there were worse things than loneliness. She had emphysema, so when she developed pneumonia, it was very serious. She passed away 12 March, 1975, (age 66). Our family was leaving us in the order they came: first dad, then mother, Marjorie and Usona.



In January this year (2007), Enid and I went to Taber, our main reason for being there was to collaborate on the writing of this book with Olive. One day we were visiting with Marlene and her daughter Linda. Linda asked us about Connie, Usona and Carl's little daughter who died in 1928, just two years old. Leo, never talked about his sister, no doubt because he didn't know her, he was just five months old when she passed away. Linda wanted to know something about her. So this is for Linda, Diane and Melanie.

Connie

There is a little house, on the South Side of Taber, where the Carl McCartee family lived. The last time I was in Taber it was still there, quite shabby, but full of memories, sad and sweet. Constance McCartee was born there 10 July, 1926. She was the first child for Carl and Usona Hall McCartee, the first grandchild for Ott and Ethel Hall and the first greatgranddaughter for Sarah Jane Holmes. Ott, though age 49 years at that time, thought he was too young to be a grandpa and asked Connie to call him 'Pa'. Connie, herself, began calling Ethel, 'Nana'. That Term of Endearment has been passed down through several generations in the Hall family.

Connie's crib was white wrought iron, all the bedding, no doubt, was a product of Usona's skill at sewing, crocheting and embroidery. Am I right in remembering that the crib served as a bed for other children in the family?

Connie was an exceptionally sweet and dear little girl, loved by all who knew her. Not only the Hall family but her Nana and Pa McCartee.

Olive was a very loving aunt to this little girl and a capable baby sitter. She was called upon one day for this duty, just the next day Connie became very ill. She was diagnosed with spinal meningitis, a very contagious and serious disease. Her Nana Hall went immediately to her bedside, Connie was twisting a lock of hair around her index finger, a familiar habit. She said "I sit (sick) Nana". During her illness, I'm sure there were many prayers offered, especially by Mother, she was such a prayerful woman. But Connie was a very, very sick child and sadly she left this earthly existence.

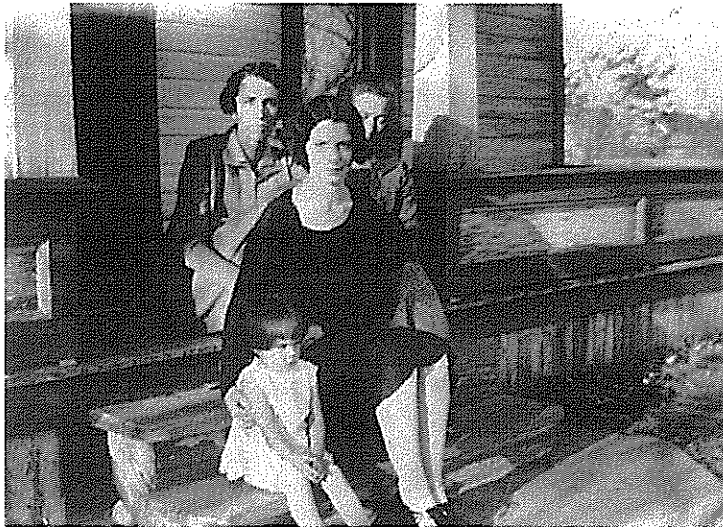
Carl and Usona were, of course, devastated and distraught. They cried day and night and Nana found it necessary to sleep with both of them to calm and comfort. Because of the nature of the disease, no undertaker would take care of the little body. Pa built a little casket and I'm sure her Nana dressed Connie in one of her pretty little dresses. Brother Ted Francis, maybe he was in the Bishopric, came to offer solace and conduct a funeral. The casket was placed in the window and family, friends and neighbors congregated outside the fence.

Mother was quarantined with Usona and Carl for two weeks and Olive had to stay in the east room of our house for that long also. Gordon used to climb a tree close by and talk to Olive through an open window.

Connie had scibbled on one of the kitchen walls shortly before she became sick. As meticulous as Sona was, she could not clean that wall. That handiwork remained there for as long as they lived in that little house. Connie's clothes and a few favorite toys were packed in a little cedar chest and it was in the McCartee home for many years. I wonder what happened to it.

Sona and Carl were still grieving when one day the minister of the Anglican Church came to their home. He didn't come to see them during Connie's sickness or at her death. However, he came to announce that she had gone to hell because she had not been baptized. Carl had not let her be blessed in the Mormon Church and Sona had refused to have her baptized in the Anglican Church. It so incensed Carl that he angrily told the man to leave, assuring him that any other children would be of the Mormon faith. He knew that anyone as sweet and innocent as Connie would not be condemned to hell.

In 1928 there were five generations in our family, Sarah Ann Price Godfrey, Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans Holmes, Ethel Evans Hall, Usona Hall McCartee and Constance McCartee. Sarah Ann Price, who lived in Utah, had visited in Canada, but sadly not a five generation picture had been taken. Sarah Ann died 5 November, 1928, almost a month after Connie.



Four Generations

Connie: Grandchild; Usona: Mother; Ethel: Grandmother; Sarah Jane: Grandmother

Maybe here would be a good place to tell about the power of mother's prayers. Usona and Carl's marriage was not always a happy one. I often spent the night baby-sitting Leo and one night was wakened when Carl and Sona were having a very serious and loud quarrel. She came to Leo's bedroom, wakened us and said we were going to Nana's. We walked home and were outside on the verandah. Sona woke up mother and there were many tears and much explaining. Then Carl came and he and Sona announced that they were going to separate. However, mother said that before a decision that serious could be made they should have a prayer. They went inside and when they came out Carl said, "Come on, Usona, we're going home".

That was a long time ago and I was very young. I have probably omitted some things and no doubt it is not quite accurate but the moral of the story is: **"Mother could work miracles with her prayers".**

The McCartees

Martene:

My first encounter with the McCartee family was, of course, when I started going with Leo. Carl, Usona and Leo lived in the CPR station where Carl was employed. I was impressed with the lovely furniture and immaculate surroundings.

I was living with my parents on the farm and still going to High School. Leo was working at Johnson's Drug and the Tower Theatre. After graduating in 1951, I got a job at Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. The cashier had just quit at the Tower so I got a job there, as well.

In the meantime, Carl and Usona were having a real crisis. Carl had lost his eyesight due to a blood clot on his optic nerve. Within a short time he had a blood clot in his leg and had to have it amputated. This certainly put a lot of stress in their lives. Carl had to retire which meant they had to move out of the station apartment. Usona had made arrangements to buy the Hall house on the corner of 52nd street and 54th Avenue.

In April of 1952 Leo and I were married. On the way home from our honeymoon we stopped in Cranbrook. While visiting there, we learned that my cousin, Marion Gilbertson, was working there. Glenn King suggested that we contact her. We did and went out together. In no time, there was a romance budding.

We were able to buy a lot from Mrs Karras, had a house built, and moved into it in 1953. Life got busy with a yard to landscape, house to take care of, and a fence to build. I quit my bank job and got some part time day work but kept my cashier theatre job.

Carl was home but with a long recovery period ahead. Eventually he was able to get a prosthesis which helped him get around the house and yard. Leo built him a wooden rail on the sidewalk beside the house so he could walk safely and get exercise.

In January 1955 we had our first daughter, Linda, and in July, 1956, a second daughter, Diane, born on her Nana's birthday, July 27. Leo was a good dad but had very little family time, as he still worked at two full time jobs. As the two girls got a little older I went back to work at the theatre. Usona was able to get employment in the school library, just north of their house. She worked in the library for several years. In 1958 Carl passed away, leaving Usona alone in that big house.

In 1961 we had our third child, a much wanted boy. We soon learned he had Down's Syndrome. We were devastated. Leo was the only McCartee to carry on the name. We agonized - how could this happen? About the time we got him out of the hospital we took him to a specialist. He confirmed our little Kelly's condition, and told us we would enjoy and love him as any child. These children have a very special disposition, and as life went on we found this to be very true. I would spend hours with him, rocking and talking to him.

Sadly, in the late 50's Leo seemed to have gotten into all alcohol related things. I did notice, from the time we were married, that when someone came to the house, Leo offered them a drink. I had been used to

offering coffee or juice, and maybe a snack. In my parent's home we didn't have, and couldn't afford liquor, there were five kids to feed.

Time went by and I found myself very busy with two in school and Kelly at home. Usona found Kelly's condition very hard to accept, but in time we all learned how loveable and special he was. In 1962 I joined the L.D.S. Church. Perhaps I thought it would take away some of the pain.

In 1962 we cashed in all of our assets to build an addition on our house. We had a very small kitchen so we added on about 11 or 12 feet to the south, giving us a lot more room. In 1963 we had our fourth and last child, another girl, whom we named Melanie. Now with two in school and two babies at home, one gets programmed to a schedule that works very well. That is, if you stay on it, and don't let anything change it. I was very housebound.

The liquor situation seemed to get worse. By now, I would say Leo was an alcoholic. As an alcoholic drinks, there becomes a definite progression in the change of personality. Also an alcoholic drinks until he hits bottom and must have help to change. **BOTTOM CAN BE A LONG WAY DOWN.**

Linda:

My dad, Leo, began smoking at a very young age, as did many people in his era. He tried a couple of times to quit but he wasn't really successful until he was a senior citizen. He also enjoyed a drink - but one wasn't where he stopped. This too, was unfortunately, an addiction he had most of his life. It just had to get the best of him before he beat it back. Like most alcoholics he likely knew he had a problem, but admitting it would mean he had to do something about it. He wasn't about to do that, until it became enough of a problem. It was hard on his marriage and his homelife. It also caused problems with his job.

Losing his dad at a young age, probably didn't help matters and the death of his mother, Usona, was quite a blow. When mother and Melanie left him alone in the house, while they moved out for a time, it was very difficult for him. Being alone is something he didn't like. Not long after that he became a grandfather. But it wasn't until things were very dismal, and he didn't have many positives in his life, that things began to fall into place. He took on a more accepting attitude about making a change. He attended a clinic in Claresholm that helped alcoholics dry out, and get their lives back on track. He went there more than once, but the brief stays were not enough to give strength or determination to stick with it after he had been home for several weeks.

During the time he worked at the Lethbridge jail, as a guard, he became friendly with a Salvation Army chaplain, who told him about a clinic in Mission, B.C., that the Salvation Army supported. He decided to go there, and stayed for about 6 to 8 weeks. While there he did some walking on the grounds and one day stopped in a particular place. There he had a profound experience in which he felt very humbled and spiritual. This experience stuck with him and helped him dig deep enough to accomplish his goal of leaving the Mission, to return to Taber and join his family. This was approximately in 1977 or 78. He had to learn to live the rest of his life acknowledging he had a problem, but it didn't have him. Leo had a favorite spot in the kitchen to sit and the Serenity Prayer of Alcoholics Anonymous, hung very close to it.

**"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change
Courage to change the things I can
And wisdom to know the difference."**

Dad lived to celebrate 25 years of sobriety - something he was quite proud of. When he passed away his family put a picture of praying hands on his gravestone. It is a symbol of the Serenity Prayer, by which he lived the last years of his life.

Martene:

In the meantime I concentrated on the kids, both families gave me good support. Kelly loved to be at home and Melanie found friends to play with on our block.

Usona bought some property from our neighbor, Milt Conrad. At this time Usona had become interested in a fellow, and the attraction was mutual. However, he had a family of five, four still at home. They married and the family moved into her new home. It was not a successful marriage and soon ended in divorce.

Douglas Miller assisted us in getting Kelly into an institution in Red Deer in 1967. He really needed to have his tonsils out and they were better equipped to do that. We went to see Kelly in Red Deer and we were able to bring him home for the summer. When it was time to go back, they called from Red Deer to tell us there was dysentery on his floor, and asked us to keep him home longer to prevent him from getting it. It was late fall before he returned to Red Deer. In December I went to Red Deer with friends, and brought him home for Christmas, he stayed with us until his birthday, January 9th. On January 22, 1969 we got a phone call, early one morning, that he had passed away. Again we were devastated. The day of Kelly's funeral, January 25th, the temperature was 35 below.

I applied for a job with Canadian Western Natural Gas, and was very lucky to get employment there in January 1970. Also, early that year Usona married Bill Bullock, a man she had known for many years. She sold her house to Eric Johnson and moved to Bill's farm on the Red Trail. Sadly, Leo continued to drink and we separated a couple of times so he could consider the situation, but all to no avail.

Linda graduated from High School in 1973 and went to Lethbridge to study nursing, she came home on weekends. She started dating Greg Pyne, the son of Carl and Eris Pyne, whom we had known all our lives. They were married in 1974. Diane, after finishing school got a job at Wilkinson's Law office and was married to Rick Dongworth in 1975.

Because I was at work and Melanie so much younger than her sisters, she began spending a lot of time with Usona and Bill. They were very good to her and she loved being with her Nana. However, Usona became very ill with pneumonia. The Taber hospital could not provide adequate treatment and she was transferred to the Calgary Foothills Hospital. She passed away 12 March, 1975. Linda was pregnant when Usona died so she didn't get to see any of her great grandchildren. I have been here to see nine of them and consider what a great loss that was to her. Leo's drinking had increased and his mother's death was an excuse to continue.

Melanie married Ron Schalk in 1982 and in 1984 Lacey was born in the kitchen at home, a bit early. She was home alone, had just seen the Doctor who had sent her home. That was an experience!

Leo had his 65th birthday 17 February, 1993. We had a party for family and friends. The girls wrote and presented a reading.

In 1928 at the CPR station
Usona and Carl had a little creation.
Leo grew to be a little tike
From the hardware store he got a new bike
Around the town on this new thing,
"Lee" was spotted with Glenn King.
One day Leo did something dumb
He was careless and lost his thumb.
His blue Chevy meant some new bills,
So at Johnson's Drugs he sold the pills.
A teller at the bank where he kept his money
Soon became his special honey.
In 52 they tied the knot
A basement suite was their spot.
On 52nd they found a lot
A new house was soon to be bought.
Then came Linda in fifty-five
Their carefree life took a dive.
Only one year went quickly by
And then along came baby Di.
Kelly was a special boy
A little angel to enjoy.
When Mel came along that was four,
Leo said, "That's it! No more!"
At the Tower Leo changed the reels,
While still at the Drug Store making deals.
In between this he did not tire
When called upon to put out a fire.
Then Electrolux vacuums became a living
Bags at the door he often was giving.
Sales were tough and the sales were hard
So off to the jail he became a guard.
Along came weddings and sons-in-law
Leo soon became and old grandpa.
The first one they had
Was a boy named Brad.
Sean was then number two.
Another baby again in blue
Then just about as quick as a wink
Jamie, Devon and Jodie came in pink.
A few years later 3 more to add,
Lacey, Code, Kelsey were the last to be had.
Life has been good and Leo's content,
No mortgage to pay
Not even the rent.
Once in awhile Leo will ramble
And to the slots he likes to gamble.
Now Leo's made some sobering changes
And his gorgeous yard he rearranges.
Give him a western, a chair and a coke
That's all he needs along with a smoke.

This poem captures, so well, the essence of who Leo McCartee was. And that smoking habit, well, he beat that too, and would always claim that it was the toughest to overcome.

The 1990's brought changes - Melanie and Ron were divorced so there was much concern over that family. I retired in 1995. Leo's health was starting to break down. He had a couple of severe conditions, one of which was emphysema. We had to get oxygen in the house for him. At first he was still able to drive and go uptown to meet his coffee buddies. Later on he had to quit driving, and we went together for country drives, and tried to do the things that he could manage. When you have trouble breathing you get so that you do as little moving as possible. He had several bouts in hospital. He got out one time, the day before Christmas, and was so happy to be home. We were happy to have home. Leo did not think he would see the year 2000, but much to his surprise, he did.

In December, 2001, after Christmas he ended up in the hospital, he was bleeding internally. They did what they could, which was to give him blood but that had to come to an end. Shortly after his death, Linda set a goal to donate blood regularly, something she could do in his memory, to benefit others in times of need. She has been faithful in her efforts. Leo passed away in 2002, 9 January, which was Kelly's birthday. It has been said that a coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous. What a gift for Kelly, to get his father back. That date will always touch us, it will be six years in 2008.

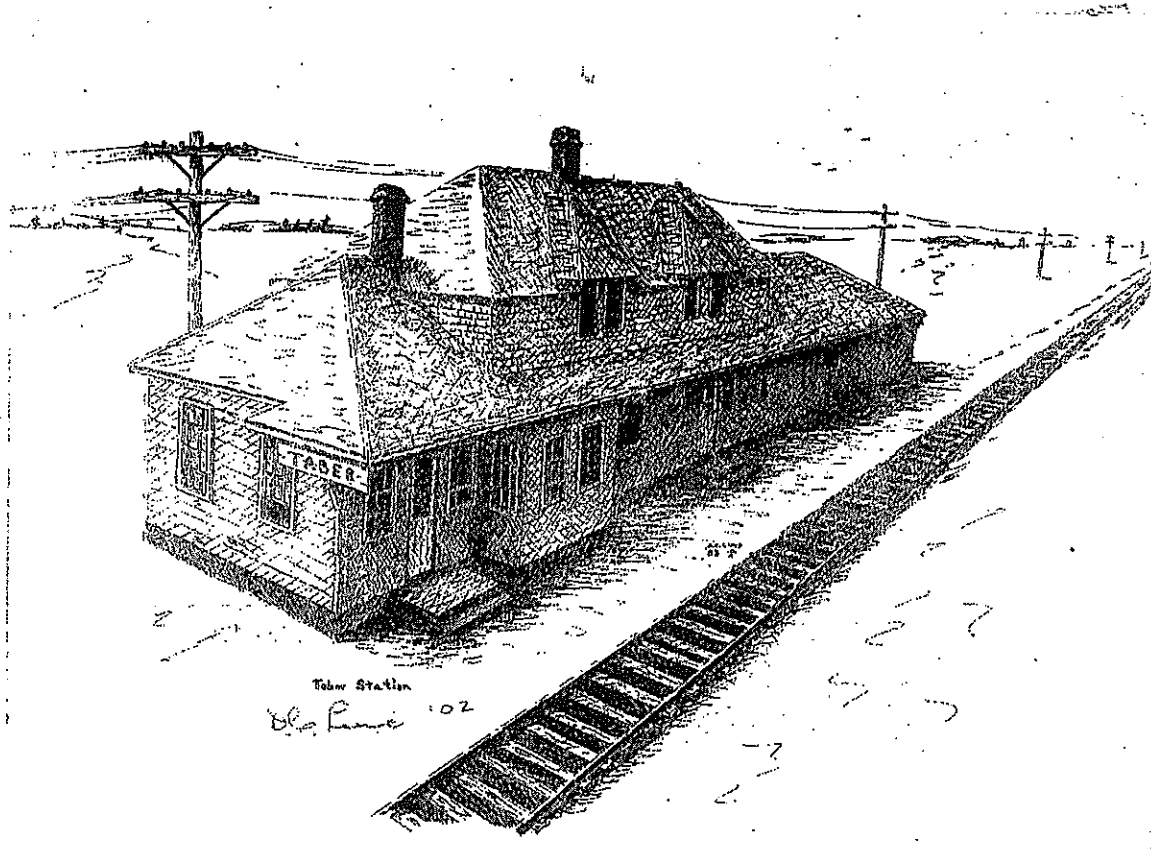
Our family, and their families, are close by, all thriving and bringing joy to me. Though there have been obstacles to overcome we thank God that we were all born survivors!

Family Group Record

Husband William George Carroll McCartee						
Born	10 Mar 1902	Place	Shelburne, Ontario, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	10 Jul 1957	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	6 Oct 1961 ALBER	
Buried	13 Jul 1957	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	20 Jan 1962 ALBER	
				Sealed to parents		
Married	14 Jun 1926	Place	Lethbridge, AB, Canada	Sealed to spouse	20 Jan 1962 ALBER	
Husband's father						
Husband's mother						
Wife Usona Hall						
Born	27 Jul 1909	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	12 Mar 1975	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	12 Aug 1917 LIVE	
Buried	15 Mar 1975	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	20 Jan 1962 ALBER	
				Sealed to parents	20 Jan 1962 ALBER	
Wife's father Orson Eli Hall						
Wife's mother Ethel Evans						
Children List each child in order of birth.					LDS ordinance dates	Temple
1	F Constance McCartee					
	Born	10 Jul 1926	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	Child
	Died	30 Oct 1928	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	
	Buried		Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents	20 Jan 1962 ALBER
2	M Leo Carroll McCartee					
	Born	17 Feb 1928	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	25 Jul 1936 LIVE
	Died	9 Jan 2002	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	9 Feb 2008 EDMON
	Buried	12 Jan 2002	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents	18 Mar 2008 ALBER
Spouse Marlene Mable Gilbertson						
	Married	10 Apr 1952	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse	

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This is the C.P.R. station in Taber, many of us associate it as the home where the McCartees lived for at least twenty years. One can see the upstairs windows where Usona hung from, precariously, to wash. There was a back door, just inside were the stairs that led to the apartment. At that time there were many tracks, not just the one.



From Glenn King:

My Aunt Usona was known for her spotless housekeeping. In today's terms she would be called a 'neat freak'. One instance of this, sort of backfired on her when her husband, Carl, broke his leg and was carried home. He had been patrolling the railroad yards during a hot, dry spell (I recollect only hot dry, weather during the 30's!). Before the Doctor arrived, Usona noticed his damaged leg was quite dirty and she immediately proceeded to clean it. That probably did not aid Carl's discomfort. One of the first things the Doctor did was to pull back Carl's pant leg on the undamaged leg, to make a comparison. It, of course, was not too clean and Usona suffered acute embarrassment.

Several years later Carl had a blood clot that necessitated amputation of a leg. When my mother showed up a few days later to wish him well. Carl remarked that if he'd known she was coming, he could have spared the medical staff a lot of trouble as she could have "talked his leg off".

From Marianne:

Usona and Carl visited our family a few times when we lived on the farm. On one occasion, homemade ice cream was served at the evening meal. Afterwards, the left over portion, was carefully wrapped in cloths and ice and put out in the shed behind the house. When everyone had gone to bed, Mother asked Dad to please bring the ice cream tub so they could have some before going to bed. Well!!! It sounded like a herd of cattle as Usona and Carl ran down the stairs to also share in the goody. My mother always teased, that she was certain they had just been sitting on the side of their bed, waiting to to hear there was going to be some of that delicious ice cream served again.

Leo came to visit at the farm as often as possible. Most summers he would arrive on the first train from Taber, after school was out in June. He would stay until the day before school was to start in the fall. He loved being outdoors, spending time with Glenn and helping with the haying and other chores. One time my mother sensed he was homesick and Leo told me years later tht, indeed, he was. He said my mother gave him a hug and told him she loved and cared about him, as much as if she was his mother. He never forgot that, and said it certainly was true because she treated him so well. He said he loved those summers spent on the farm and remembered them all of his life and treasured the experiences.

Usona and Carl McCartee by Cecily

One of my earliest recollections is of staying with Sona and Carl when they lived above the railroad station. It was probably when one of my brothers was born. A circus train came through town, and they let me come down to the platform and see the animals on the train. They bought me some candy-covered licorice to feed the monkeys. One monkey grabbed ahold of my dress and pulled on it. It scared me as a little girl, but Sona rescued me and gave me comfort.

When Sona and Carl moved in next door, they became my best friends. Carl always sat in his kitchen chair, listening to the radio. I went to visit him every day after school. He listened to my stories about school, lent me one of his many records, ordered me a picture of Elvis from a radio ad, and tasted the awful food I made when I played house. I liked to visit Sona at the school division library. I would visit often. She'd check out books for me to read. Soon I'd bring them back, and she'd check out more.

Sona had a knack for knitting, and she knit my brothers and me lovely sweaters.

Because of Carl's work for the railroad, she had a pass. Once she took me to Lethbridge on the dayliner with her. I seldom left Taber, so it was a tremendous treat for me. In Lethbridge, we went to the movie, "The Robe", which has always remained a favorite of mine.

Sona got the first waffle iron I'd ever seen, and she invited my family over for waffles. They were wonderful! Sona was a great cook. She kept an immaculate home, and she sewed herself beautiful clothes. Later, when she quit smoking and gained a little weight, she gave me some of her clothes, and I was thrilled.

When my mother was a Young Women's president, she called Sona to be the Laurel teacher. I have to say that she was one of the best teachers that I had in my youth. Her lessons were always well-prepared. She also did fun things with us. I remember her cooking a Chinese dinner at the church for the Laurels and Priests. This was probably the time that I enjoyed most with Sona. Soon I left for Calgary to attend the university, and my time with her afterward was very limited. When I graduated from high school, she got together with some of the other aunts and uncles and bought me a beautiful watch to wear on a chain around my neck. It is still a treasured heirloom.

Looking back, I realize that my closeness with Sona probably had much to do with her losing her only little daughter. She was always so good to me. I loved her dearly.

Aunt Marj and Uncle Howard by Cecily

How I did love my Aunt Marjie! It was always a treat when she, Uncle Howard and my cousins Glenn, Joan and Marianne came to visit. I remember one of their visits at Christmastime when I was very young - before I started school. We all went to a party at the old Social Hall. On the program, I sang with a group of children, and it was fun to have the Kings in the audience.

The few times that my family went on vacation, we stopped at the Kings. Once we stopped and spent the night on our way to the Okanagan Valley. Another time, we were headed to "The States" when we stayed. The morning we left, we woke to discover that my brother, Murray, had the mumps. My parents decided to continue the vacation anyway. Aunt Marj was a good cook, too. Marj and Howard were generous people, and it seemed we never left without some wonderful gift from them.

Just after I became a teenager, I spent about a week for two summers with the Kings. The first summer I went alone. Kevin also was staying with his grandparents. I loved children, and had fun playing with Kevin. Marj told me that Kevin liked gourmet food, and that he was very fond of pizza. At that time, I had never heard of pizza. But Marj made one for Kevin, and I gave it a try (my first impression wasn't all that great). Marj and Howard took us to the drive-in, where we watched "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" which I dearly loved. The next summer, Carol Hall went with me, and we went to Cranbrook on the dayliner. We had a great time. We went swimming with Derry Appleton and Pam. We saw a movie at the theatre. And we helped Marj pick and shell peas for canning.

Marj was the chorister for Sunday School in the small Cranbrook Branch. I liked going to church with her. I also remember her working at the "Mation Mation Booth," (the Information Booth for the City of Cranbrook). She was a hard worker, but so very fun to be around.

When I was married, my Uncle Howard gave the Toast to the Bride in his usual, dignified manner. I remember that he was always very kind to his many in-laws who came to stay at their home. I laughed at his many funny stories that the family told about Marj and Howard, and hope some of them are included in this book. It was a treat to be their niece.



At the homestead house, 1917.
Front to back: Dave Ellingson, Evan, Ora Ellingson,
Marjorie, Norma, Usona, Mae & Linda

ORSON EVAN HALL

9 July, 1911 - 20 May, 2002

NAMESAKE OF FATHER
ORSON ELI HALL

AND

GRANDFATHER
ORSON HALL

Evan

remembered by Rae

Evan was always my big, lovable brother. He would often give me a dime to polish his shoes, a nickel for an ice cream cone, his generosity was always appreciated. That generosity continued even after my marriage. When it was necessary for LaVon and me to fly to Canada for funerals of family members. Evan would often quietly and privately give us money to help with expenses. He would say, "Don't tell anyone, not even Eva, it's just between us".

I remember the day Evan and Eva were married, 2 November, 1936. The wedding was at our home, Bishop Wood officiating. Yvonne Wood asked me if she could go home with me after school so she could ride home with her dad. We were not invited to the wedding, it was just for the parents and attendants. But Yvonne and I were curious thirteen year olds and wanted to see the ceremony, so we hid behind the chesterfield in the parlor. It was kitty corner between two walls, ample space for a hide-a-way. We were ever so quiet, not a giggle, or exclamation about the beautiful bride and handsome groom. We didn't see much as we were afraid to poke our heads out. We were not discovered until the vows were exchanged and congratulations being offered. We had to climb out so Yvonne could get her ride home. The bride was a little angry but Evan was forgiving.

Evan had a variety of jobs, he was a good, honest worker and was never unemployed. He was a favorite uncle and dearly loved by his neices and nephews. Whenever something was broken and in need of repair the by-word in the Hall family was "Evan can fix it". Unfortunately our children didn't have the pleasure of Evan's company on a fishing trip or the companionship of the favorite uncle. At a reunion at Chain Lakes in 1984, Evan spent a lot of his time helping all the kids to fish. He felt so badly because our grandson Ryan, age 10, hadn't had any luck.

When he and Eva adopted their two children, Jerry and Jane, he was happy to be a father. I was away, and married, when this blessing came into their lives, so was not around to see him enjoy his special children. However, I have seen the devotion of father and daughter, Jane dearly loved and appreciated Evan and it was returned. She was even more dedicated when Eva died and Evan was so lonesome.

LaVon and I were on a Mission in Hawaii when Eva passed away, two months after her death, Evan came to visit us just a month before our release. He loved the Islands and was so appreciative of the beautiful flowers and scenery. He would stand on our lanai and cry "Oh, I wish Eva could see this". I think those few days with Evan was the sweetest time of my relationship with him. He was able to go with us to Church, to luaus and historical spots. Kathy and our grandson, Ryan, also came to visit while Evan was with us and the three of them did so much sight-seeing together while LaVon and I took care of our Mission duties. Evan bought a case of fresh pineapple for Ryan to take home to his family and friends when they left.

Evan married Stella, it was a good marriage, they had a lovely home and she was thoughtful and kind to him. When LaVon and I would go to Taber we were always welcome in their home, the downstairs bedroom had our name on it. When we received word on 20 May 2002 that Evan had died, LaVon and I left for Taber immediately. Kathy, Nancy, Bob, Steven and Ralene left the day after we did, but a snowstorm (yes, a big one, in late May) interrupted their travel and they could not get into Alberta, thus they missed Evan's funeral.

In the Family History Book there is an autobiography by Evan. In reading it I can almost hear Evan telling some of his stories, he had a wonderful memory. I appreciate his many recollections of Mother and Dad. In his own words he pays a tribute to them:

"Dad was a good provider and through good years and bad he always kept his family well fed and clothed."

"My Mother passed away in May, 1950, which was a terrible loss to all the family. She was such a kind, considerate and loving person. She always had time to sit down and listen to our problems and try to help us solve them. I had become active in the Church in April, 1949 and Eva and I had gone to the Temple and Mother had gone with us. I'm sure I couldn't have done anything that would have pleased her more. For this I am very thankful".

Evan said: "I have not had a very spectacular life but I have loved every minute of it". It indicates his wonderful lifelong attitude!

Evan is remembered by:

Olive: At one time, Evan and Eva lived in a three room house which they rented for \$5.00 a month. It was in the north end of town between Clarence Layton and Jerry Godfrey. Evan walked to work which was at the Reidel's Honey Factory on the south side of Taber. Many times on hot days as he would pass by Fred Christenson's ice barn, he would drop off a gunny sack and ten cents. On his way home back home he would pick up a piece of ice in the sack and hurry home. Eva would have cream and a vanilla custard ready to make ice cream. They owned a small one quart freezer, before bed time this fine dessert would all be eaten.

While still living in this home, one evening a young boy pounded on Evan's door, "Oh Mr. Hall", he said, "My father is going to kill me. He went away today and left me in charge of our milk cow. He warned me not to let the cow get into the feed, but she did. She ate almost a bushel and now she is bloated and will die. Please save me!" Evan grabbed a sack of salt and a water pail. He forced the cown to eat the salt and drink a few gallons of water. The cow lived, and so did the boy, thanks to Evan.

Eva was always noted for being an immaculate housekeeper. Evan claims that one night he got out of bed at 3:00 a.m. to go to the bathroom. When he came back the bed was made.

Evan worked at the Sugar Factory in Taber. At that time he lived on the South Side of Taber and rode his bicycle to work. Each morning as he pedalled down Main Stret he stopped to look in John Mereski's Jewellery Store window. John stood outside his store one day to inquire of Evan why he made these stops. "Well", said Evan. "I blow the five o'clock whistle every afternoon so I must be sure that I have the correct time. I stop each day to check my watch with the fine grandfather clock in the window of your store. "That's funny", said John, "I listen for the 5 o'clock whistle and set my grandfather clock by it".

From Glenn King: Uncle Evan was fond of telling stories and fishing. One incident that remains in my mind combined both his passions. During the summer of 1941, Evan and Eva entertained Leo McCartee and me for an afternoon, while fishing at Norbury Lake. It was located near the farm where we lived in the Kootenay area of B.C. I do not remember how well we did fishing, but do remember Evan introducing us to famous books such as "The Open Window", by Seymour Peeking and "The African Princess", by Erasmus B. Black and many others that I cannot repeat in this family publication.

Marianne: Evan was a beloved uncle who treated Leo, Glenn, Joan and me as if we were his own children. He had no children of his own for many years and we were his only nieces and nephews. He and Eva were married about 19 years before they adopted two children, who were very dear to them. Before that happened the four of us were his "children" and we knew he loved us. One day when I was about 6 years old and sick in bed, he came by on his way home from work. I remember he had on bibbed overalls with large pockets and he reached inside one of them and pulled out a small black puppy, which he gave to me. This little dog had been born without a tail, I named him Shorty. He was a wonderful pet for many years and we had lots of good times together.

When Evan was elderly he enjoyed telling stories about his life. One such story was about my mother and me. When I was 16 years old my mother took me to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota where I underwent surgery to have my gall bladder and appendix removed. The recovery was slow and difficult and at one time the doctors said that they had done everything they knew how, but I was not getting better. Now it was up to a Higher Being. My mother phoned to Evan and asked if he and Bishop Wood, in Taber, would go to the Temple and offer a prayer on my behalf. Evan said that when the call was received he went to Bishop Wood and they felt they should pray, right then and there, rather than travel to the Temple and take that much time. I did recover and returned home to Cranbrook. Evan told me that when he and mother talked about it, sometime later, it seems my recovery started at the exact time Evan and Bishop Wood were offering their prayer. What a powerful testimony of the faith and conviction of those involved.

EVAN AND EVA HALL - Remembered by Cecilie

When I was just a little girl, living with my parents in an apartment in my Nana's house, Evan and Eva lived just across the street. I would walk over, or ride my tricycle to their house to visit. They didn't have children at that time, and seemed to enjoy the company of a child. Others tell me that I tried to manipulate invitations to stay, or to have dinner with them.

My father was a business man, and didn't spend much time with his children. But because of the happy relationship I had with my mother's brothers, Evan and Gordon, I didn't feel a lack in my life. When the Primary had a Daddy-Daughter date, Uncle Evan would take me, and take me willingly. He fixed my bicycles. He taught me to dance.

Evan and Eva loved to square dance and Evan was often asked to "call" the dances. They could also do any other kind of dance imaginable. They often served as Dance Directors in the MIA. I was lucky enough to have received their instruction in the waltz, cha-cha, two step, polka, fox trot, etc. Evan

and Eva had a fantastic record collection that enhanced their instruction.

Evan had a wonderful, happy disposition, and was always fun to be around. He knew tons of jokes, and we loved to hear them. I heard him say once that he couldn't remember even one scripture that he read, but he could remember every joke he ever heard. The children in our family always loved to be around Evan. He'd tease us, and pretend to "spank" us on our birthdays. He always asked me how I was doing in school.

People liked Evan, and so his company was sought on fishing trips and other outings. He was called to be a Ward Missionary, and magnified that calling in a remarkable way. Many people, including my friend Sonja Flexhaug and other members of her family, were baptized by him. He also acted as the family patriarch, baptizing many of his nieces and nephews. When I was sixteen, my father finally gave permission for me to be baptized. Uncle Evan performed the ordinance, and I was grateful for his worthiness to do it. Years later, I found out that "Evan" is the Welsh form of the name of "John", and thought it very appropriate. He could easily have been called "Evan the Baptist."

Eva was a part of my family as long as I can remember. She kept an immaculate house, and it was filled with beautiful things. She was a wonderful cook. I still make some of her recipes. She must have made Evan thousands of lunches for his lunch bucket when he worked at the sugar factory. Eva was especially known for her angel food cakes, which were made from scratch, fluffy and moist, topped with pastel-colored boiled icing. They were a thing of beauty to behold, and just as tasty as they looked. I remember my mother being the recipient of a few of those masterpieces when she had birthdays. Eva adored and supported Evan, and continued to laugh at his jokes, even though she must have heard many of them a hundred times.

Family members say that Evan was aptly named, because his sweet disposition was like his mother's family, the Evans family. I just know that I adored him and that every child in the world should have an Uncle Evan.



A Tribute to Our Father, Orson Evan Hall

In Loving Memory Of



Orson Evan Hall

1911 - 2002

In the Book of Mormon, Chapter I, Verse 1, Nephi states: "I Nephi having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in the learning of my father". I feel much like Nephi today, in that we were blest with goodly parents who taught us the ways of the Lord.

My father and mother had been married 20 years when I arrived on the scene. My father was then forty-five years of age and with that said, I could probably end my tribute right now. I don't know about the rest of you, but I am now at that age. Although I do not wish to offend anyone, the thought of starting out with a newborn is not something I would want to do. When he and my mother could have been thinking about retirement they were starting to raise a family.

Never were two children more wanted or loved. As soon as we were old enough to talk we were told that we were very special because we were adopted, that our parents got to pick us, where most parents just had to take what they received.

I can never remember a Christmas where we didn't get everything that we asked for, and then some. I was shocked, when young, to find out that it was not that way for all children. But our parents gave us much more than material things. They enriched our lives by teaching us how to work, showing us, by example, their love for one another and their families. Also by giving

us an appreciation for nature and for God's creations. They gave me the greatest gift of all, the testimony of a loving Father in Heaven and his Son, Jesus Christ. Because of the atonement, we can return Home, as Dad has done, to live with a loving Father in Heaven.

My father was always a hard worker and although he would work hard all day, he never hesitated to help a neighbor or friend. I remember him working on the completion of this stake house. The smell of the sugar factory during harvest will always be something that I appreciate, I can still remember dad coming home smelling like the factory.

Dad was an excellent hunter and hunted well into his eighties. When Jerry and I were young he would take us out spotting for deer and antelope and pay us 25 cents for each deer we spotted. I always came home with more money than Jerry. It was nothing to come home and see geese hanging on the close line or antlers on the shed. I don't think I ever realized that there was beef; I was so used to eating wild meat. I thought everyone hunted. I did have to draw the line though when my mother prepared rabbit, I just couldn't do that.

Speaking of rabbit, when I was in grade seven, the neighbor kids had a rabbit which had babies. That morning when I got on the bus they were selling rabbits for 50 cents each. Well, I just happened to have 50 cents in my pocket so I bought a rabbit, put it in my pocket and went to school. When I returned home I thought I would test the waters before showing dad my new found pet. I mentioned that the Gregus kids had rabbits for sale, my mom piped up and said we already had a dog, fish, cat and a hamster. The last thing we needed was a rabbit. So I sat through the meal with my rabbit in my pocket, not saying a word. Later that night Dad asked me why I was still wearing my coat, I said that I was cold. It was spring and he looked at me, then said, "You bought a rabbit". I pulled the rabbit out of my pocket, much to my mother's displeasure. My father calmed my mother's fears by telling her he would build a cage for it outside. He did that, and Fluffy grew and grew and eventually was let loose on the Haslam farm.

When I was very young Dad captured a magpie and we had it in a cage in the backyard. How I loved that bird, my father told me if I talked to it every day it would eventually talk back. I have to admit he was wrong on that one, but I did spend hours talking to it. Once while hunting with my uncle, they came across a dead fox that had been shot. She had left a den of pups. My dad loaded them in the back of the station wagon and brought them home. He contacted the Calgary Zoo who picked them up, but not before we had a chance to play with them. I still remember the man who came to pick them up...he put on heavy gloves to protect him from the foxes. Dad told him, you don't need those, my daughter will get them for you. I cried at having to give away my new pets.

He would take us out to look for arrowheads, and on picnics and walks. He instilled in us an appreciation for nature and the awe of a world created by our Savior. He loved the outdoors and in particular, fishing. He taught many a nephew and neighborhood child to fish. Jerry and his grandchildren all loved to go fishing with him.

It is interesting to note that many of the Savior's disciples were fishermen. My father's net wasn't always full of fish, but it was full of **Patience**. Never do I remember him not having time for Jerry or me, or his grandchildren. Or anyone else for that matter. His net was filled with **Gratitude**, he always expressed his thankfulness to everyone for all they

did, even if they just stopped to say "Hi". His net was filled with **Charity**, he didn't have a lot of money but he always gave to others. His sister, Rae, recalls how he would slip them money, without anyone else knowing, to help with expenses, due to traveling great lengths to come home for unexpected sickness or death. As a child, one of my friends came from a single parent home (quite unheard of in those days) he would always see that I had enough money to take us both to the Saturday matinee.

He was so excited when Carlin was born that he went out and bought us everything. There wasn't one thing we needed to purchase. His net was filled with **Time and Service** that he gave freely to his family, grandchildren and others. Perhaps it was to help shingle a roof, to teach a youngster to fish, to help the elderly, or a family member, or to serve in the Church. His net was filled with **Love and Smiles**, he told my mother, and we his children, and the grandchildren, on a daily basis that he loved us. He always had a good joke to tell everyone he met each day. His net was filled with **Compassion** for others; he reached out to the weary and those who were sick and mourning. I saw tears in his eyes on many occasions and somewhat blame him for the tears that I can so easily shed. His net was filled with **Faith and Humility**, he strived to keep the commandments and live the Gospel. Was he a disciple of Christ and a fisher of men I think he was.

Family was first in my father's life. Once I asked him if he had one sibling that he was closer to than the others, or that he got along better with. His answer was that he loved each of his siblings the same, never could he love one more than the other. Although I never knew my Nana and grandpa, I felt a deep reverence for them, as I witnessed the deep love and appreciation dad had for them. Many times he would comment on how he wished I could have known his mother. Someday I will know her, but for the time being I am proud to bare her name.

Dad would drop everything to help his brother or sisters and was always there for his nieces and nephews. He was always a steady and constant force in our lives when we were children, honoring his Priesthood and fatherhood. He taught us by word and example how to love our fellowmen and always showed love and respect for us as children, and for our mother.

Dad loved to play pool. One Saturday mother sent me uptown to get dad from the pool hall. I was probably about ten, I walked in and over to where he was playing pool. He straight away told me that the pool hall was no place for a young lady and asked what I was doing there. My uncle Gordon, who was also playing pool, told dad to finish his game, then he took me over to get a treat of pop and a chocolate bar. The very next week mom sent me again to get dad. Since I knew the pool hall was no place for a young lady, I just knocked on the outside window and jumped up and down 'til Babe Ackerman came out and told me dad would be right out. He also brought me a chocolate bar. For some reason, after that my mom never sent me to get my dad, and I was just getting into the Saturday habit of pop and chocolate bars.

As a child I can never recall mom and dad ever fighting, or having any cross words with one another. Although, I do remember that she thought dad spent too much time playing pool and cards at the Texaco station, where his friends worked. He never raised his voice to me, and never spanked me, he had a way in which, just by talking to me, I knew I had displeased him.

He was grateful for the love that he and Stella shared. Stella commented that dad had been a good husband and she, too, could never remember them ever having any arguments. I am thankful for Stella, as an aunt, and as a

stepmother. I know that dad would not have done as well without her constant love and care. She sacrificed her own health to care for him.

Our father also had a deep love for his Father in Heaven and for the Savior. He held many positions in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He honored the Holy Priesthood which he held. **I truly do not think that my Father in Heaven could love me any more than my earthly father did.** I am eternally grateful for a loving Father in Heaven that saw fit to send Jerry and me to live in such a loving home.

I am thankful for a father who taught me the plan of salvation, that we truly lived with our Father in Heaven as spirit children before we came to this earth. That this earth is merely a time for us to prepare to meet our Savior. I am thankful that he taught me of my elder Brother and Savior, Jesus Christ, that through his atoning sacrifice I may return to live in His presence. I am thankful that he taught me the eternal significance of families, that families, are, indeed, forever. Dad may be gone from this earth but I know he lives and we will once again be reunited with him and my mother. Death is but the door to eternal life. We pass from this life to another, where no more will we know the pains and sorrows of our earthly life. We will walk in the light of our Savior. Dad taught me that now is the time to prepare to meet my Savior, Jesus Christ.

As Nephi, of old, I can say I, too, have been born of goodly parents, have been taught in the ways of my father. I look forward to a joyous reunion with my parents and loved ones, one in which I will radiate the lessons and examples my parents have been to me. This I say in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Written by Evan's daughter, Ethel Jane Hall Brenner and given at his funeral on 23 May, 2002.

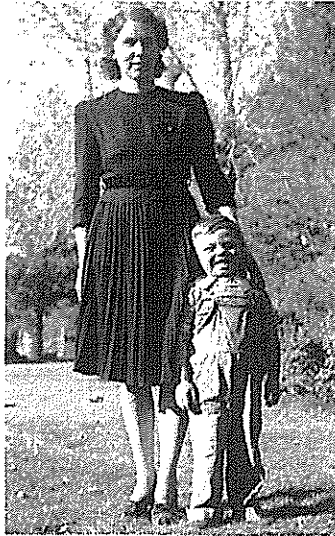
Family Group Record

Husband Orson Evan Hall						
Born	9 Jul 1911	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	20 May 2002	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	19 Sep 1920 LIVE	
Buried	31 May 2002	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	13 Apr 1949 ALBER	
				Sealed to parents	11 Feb 1931 ALBER	
Married	2 Nov 1936	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse	13 Apr 1949 ALBER	
Husband's father	Orson Eli Hall					
Husband's mother	Ethel Evans					
Wife Eva Frances Jensen						
Born	24 Aug 1917	Place	Barnwell, AB Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	26 Apr 1989	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	1 May 1937 LIVE	
Buried	29 Apr 1989	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	13 Apr 1949 ALBER	
				Sealed to parents		
Wife's father						
Wife's mother						
Children List each child in order of birth.						
				LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
1	M	Jerry Evan Hall				
	Born	27 Apr 1953	Place	Calgary, AB Canada	Baptized	6 May 1961 LIVE
					Endowed	
				Sealed to parents	4 Jan 1956 ALBER	
2	F	Ethel Jane Hall				
	Born	8 Feb 1956	Place	Medicine Hat, AB Canada	Baptized	29 May 1964 LIVE
					Endowed	30 Mar 1988 ALBER
				Sealed to parents	12 Feb 1958 ALBER	

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Reta

Reta's Wedding Day
18 July 1934
Reta Back left
Usona, Evan, Dad,
Mother, Marjorie,
Rae, Olive, Enid



Reta and Roy 1943



16 March, 1975
Reta, Olive, Rae, Enid



Christmas 1973
Gordon, Reta, Evan,
Usona and Olive

Reta

Remembered by Olive and Rae

When Ott and Ethel had their fourth child, a daughter, 28 November, 1913, they named her Reta. We do not know when Reta changed the spelling of her name to Rita, but Mother continued to spell it as originally given. According to 'Google' the name Reta is a short form of Margaret and in Greek means 'Pearl'

She grew up on the Homestead, went to the Marchesseault School and enjoyed life on the farm with her siblings. The transition to town, when she was about twelve, was probably difficult, but later enjoyable.



1927

Top Row: (...), Jim Graham, Ken Gibson, (...), Charles Graham.
3rd Row: Howard Wood, Erma Schaffer, Jolayne Resko, Dora Vickery, (...), Rita Hall, Mr. Harry Myres.
2nd Row: Alene Harding, May Sproule, June Hall, Nora Love, Margaret Garrick, Mary Robinson, Hilda Faulds, Helen Lindsay, Thelma Hill.
1st Row: (...), Clyde Conrad, Harold Huntrods.

Rita and Howard about 14 or 15 years of age.

While very young she became adept at preparing meals and was an exceptional cook. When she was only about fourteen years old she was cooking for farm hands and threshers. I (Rae) remember one time Mother sent me out to the farm, presumably to help Reta, but I was more of a hindrance than help. She finally handed me the fly swatter and told me that was my job - to kill the flies.

Reta became very ill, we remember well how worried mother and dad were while Reta was in the hospital in Lethbridge. There was an appendectomy performed by Dr. Bigelow, however, it was not a successful surgery, it was a miracle that she lived. As a girl Reta was pleasantly plump. When she returned home from the hospital she had lost a lot of weight. When we first saw her at home we hardly recognized her, she was so thin. It was only then that we realized how very sick she had been. Because of the operation she was never able to have children. That was a big disappointment to Reta.

Howard Wood started to court Reta and he was often calling on her. There were many young people their age and it seemed our house was the designated party place. The parties were lively with the Birch boys and their sisters, Lillis and Ruby, playing the piano and singing. Many of the others danced. The front rooms were a disaster when the parties ended, sometimes even the curtains had to be rehung. But it was good, clean fun.

While very young and unmarried, Reta was called to be President of the YWMIA, with Thelma Hill and Esther Johnson as councillors.

Howard and Reta were married 18 July, 1934 in the parlour of our home. There was a nice reception following with freezers of ice cream and a lot of cake. Howard's young brother Burns, and sister Yvonne, plus Enid and Rae had more than their share of the delicacies.

The newly-weds and their group of friends devised a rather dangerous, for want of a better name; game, about six fellows would hold a blanket, a girl would step in it, lay down, and the fellows would proceed to throw the blanket up in the air. The poor girl would fly up but, thankfully, always land on the blanket, midair. That was the entertainment for the evening, the excitement increased when Edith Ledgerwood fainted from fear.

A baby boy was born 6 Feb 1941, to a couple in Calgary, however, they had several children and put their baby up for adoption. Howard and Reta were pleased and happy to give that baby a home, and named him William Roy. He was legally adopted. He had red hair and fit right into the Wood and the Hall families. As a child he was mischievous, funny and lovable.

Roy was a few months old when Howard enlisted in the Canadian Army (WWII) and served overseas until the war ended.

Reta's reputation as a great cook was justified. She made meat pies, her own original recipe, they were in demand at weddings, church and community functions. I love telling this story: when LaVon and I were married, Reta was catering the small reception at home. She made 100 meat pies. The morning of the wedding Reta came upstairs to waken me for the trip to the Temple in Cardston. I tearfully said I had changed my mind, I didn't want to get married (kidding of course) and Reta exclaimed, "Oh no, all those meat pies!"

Roy's death in 1980 was very difficult for Reta, Howard dying just a year later, took a toll. She suffered terribly from arthritis. When we went to England



Reta visited Olive and Rae
in Edmonton, 1943

Reta wished us well, and was happy that we had the opportunity to serve Missions. Olive remembers, with nostalgia, the day of her Mission Farewell. She was sitting on the stand in the Chapel when Reta came in with Evan. She gave Olive a bright and beaming smile before proceeding to her seat.

One night after a long day on the Census Project Mission we had the distinct impression we should call Reta in the Taber hospital. The phone rang in her room several times but there was no answer. Eventually, we talked to a nurse who explained that Reta was too weak to talk. The next morning we had a call from Evan telling us Reta had passed away. We mourned!

We expressed to Enid how much we appreciated her kindly care and devotion to Reta during her long illness. However, Enid said she was just paying back the love and attention Reta had given her.

From Glenn King:

My Aunt Rita was recognized as the top cook in the family by her siblings. Desserts, especially cakes were her specialty. Although she lived on a farm a couple of miles west of Taber, Leo and I never found it a hardship to be in the vicinity of her home. Sometimes it was on the pretext of swimming in a nearby canal, or snaring gophers. Rita always had a delicacy which we devoured with gusto.

From Joan King Rea

When we lived on the farm in British Columbia we often had Rita and Howard's son, Roy, come for a visit. We were all very fond of Roy and his wise wit, for such a little boy, was appreciated by all of us. One summer day Dad was working with the horses, they were needing some special attention. Roy was nearby and kept asking Howard questions and being very inquisitive. Howard finally got weary of the endless prattle and with some irritation, picked Roy up, and none too gently deposited him on a tree stump in the barnyard. He was sternly told to remain there but in just a few minutes he was gone. He had gone in the house to report to Aunt Margie how he had been mistreated. He whispered to Margie, "Aunt Margie, don't ever tell Uncle Howard that my Daddy is a soldier in France". He was sure Howard did not deserve such important information. Roy was very proud that his Daddy was a soldier.

From Marianne King Davidson

Howard Wood joined the Canadian Army in 1941 about the time our family moved to the farm. Reta and Howard had adopted Roy that year and she and Roy enjoyed coming to the farm while Howard was away. She was a wonderful cook and enjoyed spending time preparing food and a meal. My mother was usually busy with the many chores involved in running a farm. Cooking was not one of her favourite things to do, so she appreciated Reta's help. Years later, after I moved to Alberta, and was able to spend some time with Reta, she told me how much she had always appreciated the welcome extended by my parents. She especially enjoyed being with them and able to help.

Roy was a precocious child and we all loved him dearly, and his delightful mannerisms. One time when he was about three years old, my Dad had to discipline him about something he had done. Roy took a couple of steps back, put his hands on his hips, looked up at Dad and said emphatically, with his usual childish lisp, "Howard, I just might have to take you down in a minute."

From sister Enid:

When we were kids Reta would make root beer and with her usual talent of making the best, we would beg for a bottle. She would allow it, IF we would swat 100 flies. In those days that was not difficult, first we had to find them in the house. Then we could go to the barn or the outside privvy, we filled our quota easily.

When mother's brother, Joe, died, it was harvest time and mother was cooking for the threshers. Reta had to take over in the cookcar, she was only thirteen years old. Rae nor I could never have done that but Reta could, and did! Evan and Dad were able to help her. One day Dad asked her to go with him to town for groceries, and Evan, age 15, had to make the dinner. When they got back, he had made baking powder biscuits and they were really a flop. Reta asked him if he had kneaded them, he replied, "Of course I needed them, or I wouldn't have made them."

Reta and I became very close considering the difference in our ages. Maybe because we had more in common and our husbands were friends, enjoying much of the same hobbies and pastimes. They loved hunting and fishing, camping, curling, Reta and I learned to like what they liked. The four of us had a holiday in the United Kingdom together, it was such a great time. Howard had spent time there when in the Army, during the Second World War and he was pleased to show us places he had become familiar with. I know that Art loved Reta as much as I did, maybe because he knew her better than my other sisters.

Rita & Howard Wood - Remembered by Cecily

Rita and Howard didn't live in Taber when I was growing up, so about the only time we were together was on holidays and for family events. But I do remember going to their home on a few occasions. Howard had served in World War II and I recall seeing his war medals, I was impressed. On the way home from their farm I commented that I didn't know there was a war in Diamond City.

We were at Rita and Howard's for Thanksgiving one year, and their son Roy was sent to a store near Lethbridge for whipping cream for the pumpkin pie. He asked me to go with him and he decided to scare me silly. He took those swerving, coulee roads at record speed. My father had never gone over 50 mph in his life, but Roy drove even faster than my Uncle Gordon, which was saying something! I was very glad to get back to Rita and Howard's that day.

As she aged, Aunt Rita suffered from rheumatoid arthritis (RA) and in severe pain. Nothing seemed to alleviate the pain, except gold injections which doctors seldom gave. There were days when she couldn't walk and had to crawl. RA was listed on her death certificate as the cause of death. When I was diagnosed with RA in about 1992, I was experiencing that same kind of severe pain. There were days that it was totally debilitating, some days I couldn't dress myself, or drive, or move upstairs to go to bed. At those times I thought a great deal about Rita. I understood the depression and despair that went along with the disease. But I recalled that I never saw her in those last years without seeing her smile. I believe that she must still have found some joy within herself, even in the midst of all that suffering. And for that, I have nothing but the greatest admiration.

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 1

Husband William Howard Wood					
Born	21 Feb 1913	Place	Magrath AB Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	7 May 1981	Place	Lethbridge, AB, Canada	Baptized	2 Jul 1921 LIVE
Buried	11 May 1981	Place	Mtn. View Cemetery, Lethbridge, AB Canada	Endowed	
				Sealed to parents	16 Aug 1918
Married	18 Jul 1934	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse	19 Aug 1993 ALBER
Husband's father					
Husband's mother					
Wife Reta Hall					
Born	28 Nov 1913	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple
Died	24 Apr 1991	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	13 Aug 1922 LIVE
Buried	27 Apr 1991	Place	Mt. View Cemetery, Lethbridge AB Canada	Endowed	19 Aug 1993 ALBER
				Sealed to parents	11 Feb 1931 ALBER
Wife's father					Orson Eli Hall
Wife's mother					Ethel Evans
Children List each child in order of birth.					
1 M William Roy Wood					
Born	6 Feb 1941	Place	Calgary, AB Canada	Baptized	27 Feb 1949 LIVE
Died	3 Oct 1980	Place		Endowed	
Buried	Oct 1980	Place	Fort McLeod, AB Canada	Sealed to parents	19 Aug 1993 ALBER



Reta & Roy, 1944

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Date prepared	01 Feb 2000		

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From the Taber Times, April 8, 1965

Rancher, Roper, Cowboy

Excerpt:

For the next five years he was a frequent visitor at all the rodeos, if not a contender. For five long years he watched the bucking horses come out of chutes, and his feet would "start to itch" for the feel of the ox-bows and the bronc spurs.

Gordon

by Rae

In the spring of 1915 Ethel knew she was going to have her fifth child and she dreamed of a talented son, maybe he would sing, or be a pianist. Ott also was anxious for this new baby to be a son, there were three daughters and just one son in the family. It would be nice to have more help around the farm.

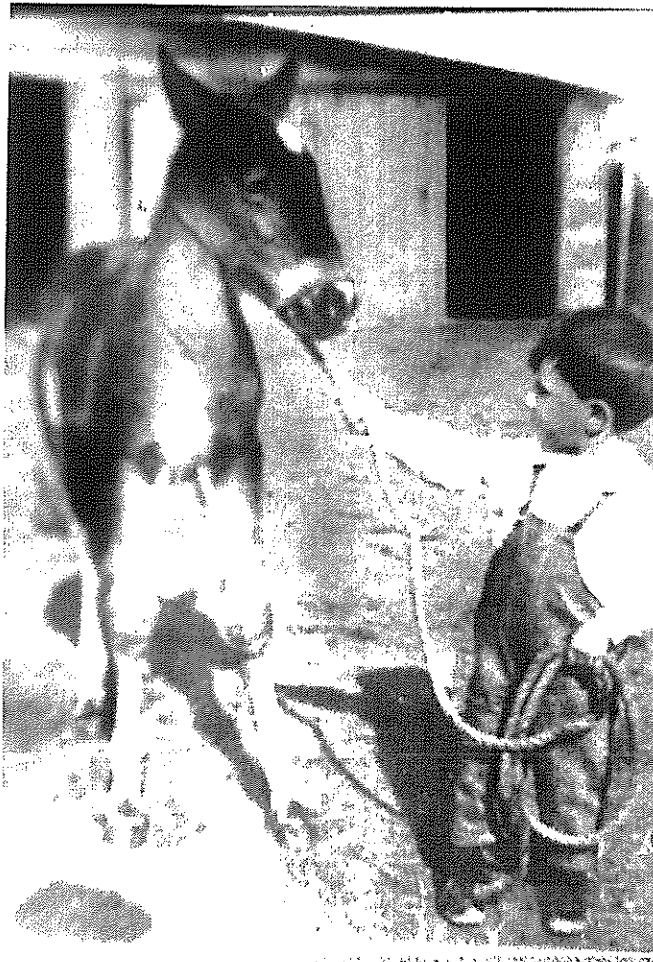
On the second day of December a son was born, both parents were elated, Ott was pleased that he would have a farmhand, Ethel with the prospect of a musical son. However, within two or three years, Ethel conceded that Ott would have his wish, Gordon was destined to be a cowboy.

In spite of her disappointment, there was a strong bond of love between Gordon and his mother. In fact, more than twenty years after Ethel's death, Joan King Rea relates about a visit she had with Gordon when he was in a Calgary hospital. He revealed his deep love and appreciation for his mother.

"Gordon had been diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease and I was attempting to cheer him. We talked at great length about everyone in the family. There were tears and smiles. After two hours of reminicing, Gordon said, 'Do you know that in just fourteen days it will be 23 years since my dear mother passed away?' Big tears filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. We both expressed our love for her and what an influence she had been in our lives."

It is ironic that mother who wanted a musically talented son got a cowboy. Gordon who wanted a cowboy got a very talented singer/actor.

Whatever Gordon did he excelled at it. When his rodeo days were over he turned to golf, at the urging of his cousin, Jessie. She said Gordon was a natural athlete. We wonder, could he have been a concert pianist or a famous tenor?



Gordon Rancher, Roper, Cowboy

Although Gordon was born in Taber, December 2, 1915, it was just a matter of a couple of weeks until they returned to the farm. He sold the farm in the mid sixties, and so it was, that for fifty years the farm was his home. He attended the little country school and enjoyed the usual escapades and adventures of schoolmates. The move to town was traumatic for Gordon. He yearned for the farm and was a reluctant student. Against his parents wishes he would not go to High School, rather he headed for the farm and lived there alone much of the time. He survived loneliness, hard times and poor living conditions. The large family home had burned to the ground in 1928, and a shack had been moved onto the farm. Dad spent some of his time there but Gordon was alone most of the time. Sometimes one or more of his friends stayed with him.

In the early 1940's Taber began to sponsor rodeos, Gordon became very involved, helping with and providing the stock. He also competed in many events. He was a bronc rider, steer wrestler and calf roper. It was at calf roping that he excelled and took part in rodeos all over Southern Alberta. He earned money, trophies, belt buckles and hand-tooled saddles and was well known in the rodeo circuits. He was always popular with other cowboys, they appreciated his kindness and willingness to help. He also won ribbons and trophies in the horse shows having some very fine, well-trained horses. However, mother never attended a rodeo to see Gordon participate, she knew the danger involved.

On March 10, 1943, Gordon married Barbara Collett, the wedding was held at home with just family present. He was a devoted husband, Barbara was much younger than he, but developed into an excellent homemaker and supported Gordon in his rodeo activities. Three children were born to them, Carol, Tracy and Kimble. There is an amusing story at the time of Carol's birth. She was born Christmas Eve and by New Year's Eve, Barbara was still in the Taber Municipal Hospital. Ten days was the usual length of stay for childbirth. Gordon was walking home from the hospital to mother and dad's when the fire siren sounded. As he proceeded down the street he found the fire was at the home of Milton Conrad. The fire truck arrived but the volunteer firemen on board had been celebrating the New Year and all were drunk. Gordon ended up putting out the fire almost by himself.

Daughter Carol loved to ride horses but Tracy and Kim preferred music. They both received good voice training and performed often at local events. Kim went on to become a professional performer with the lead role in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" at the Stratford Festival.

When Gordon sold the farm he bought a comfortable house in town and retired. He and Barbara spent many winters in Arizona, his cousin Jessie encouraged him to try golfing. She laughed when he turned up on the golf course in his cowboy boots and hat. He soon learned the game and how to dress the part.

His later years were not as happy. He lost his dear wife to cancer and also his son Kim. Gordon was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease and eventually bedridden. Gordon died 12 July, 1999, one of the last true cowboys - perhaps better described as one of the last true gentleman cowboys.

Memories of Gordon

From Enid:

Gordon didn't stay in town very much, he was at the farm with dad or away to a rodeo. He would often give me .25 cents to polish his cowboy boots. One summer he and a Kosnick boy, who worked for him occasionally, were fording the river on their horses. Gordon had told Willie how to manage his horse but the boy panicked when his horse reared, Willie fell into the water, could not swim and he drowned in spite of Gordon's attempts to save him. Gordon was so devastated he sat on the river bank until Willie's body was found. Mrs. Koznick was heart broken, too, and came to mother for consolation and answers. Another friend, Harvey Ledgerwood, died young from a ruptured appendix.

From Olive:

Gordon had a small collie dog which he trained to pull a sled. He could ride to the skating rink and tell Bennie to return home. One morning after Gord had been to the car shed to feed the dog, he came back into the house looking quite puzzled. He told his mother, "Old Bennie, he had pups".

From Glenn:

Linking Uncle Gordon with rodeos is natural, not only for myself but also for his family and wide range of friends. During the summer of 1942, Leo and I had the opportunity to accompany Gordon and a few of his pals to Vauxhall. Gordon was the Stampede manager there. It was very exciting to perform minor duties and being a part of the big rodeo picture. For many years Gordon lived in a small house on the old farm, northeast of Taber. The one constant item at every meal was a pound of peanut butter. At that time jars of peanut butter were unheard of and the top part of a newly opened tin was covered in a layer of peanut oil. It seemed that the oil permeated the butter so it was always fresh. Gordon was teased for many years about his passion for peanut butter.

From Joan: Joan's visit with Gordon in a Calgary Hospital on first page of his story.

From Marianne:

Gordon loved animals and spent most of his life working with them, mostly horses. He was a true cowboy who rode the range and herded cattle on his farm. He was a participant in many local rodeos and won a lot of prizes until he was over fifty years of age. After he no longer participated in the events he still wanted to be active in some way, so he had a long underground pit erected where he could train horses and riders for various rodeo events. This became a popular place, for teenagers especially, to practice their riding skills. It was said later, that he certainly was instrumental in keeping many young people busy and out of trouble in the Taber area.

From Rae: I must tell about a visit to the farm, summer of 1949. Mother and I, Cecily, Eric and a very pregnant Olive spent an afternoon with Gordon and Barbara. I asked Gordon to saddle a nice, easy-riding horse for me, he did and assured me she was just what I wanted. So I took off, but Gordon decided since I hadn't ridden for a few years he would follow in his pick-up, Olive was with him. I enjoyed the gallop but then this 'gentle' horse decided to

really take off, she headed for the river. The steep coulees were not far away and I began to try and control this frisky critter. Olive kept saying to Gordon, she can't get the horse to stop but Gordon thought I could. At last he realized I couldn't! He was bouncing and speeding over the prairie and poor Olive, in her expecting condition, was concerned about the rough ride but more worried about me. Eventually, Gordon got even with the horse and said "Throw me the reins". I did, praying that he would catch them, true to his reputation as a cowboy, he caught them.

GORDON AND BARBARA HALL - Remembered by Cecilie

I grew up at a time when homes weren't locked, and family just came in the back door, without knocking, to say hello. I loved it when Gordon came to town and dropped by. He always had some stories to tell about what was going on in the family, or what was happening in town. Sometimes he'd ask my mother if I could go home with him to play with Carol, and I was always eager to go. I had never ridden a roller coaster, but riding home with Gordon was the next-best thing. He'd go over the hilliest roads at crazy speeds, and my stomach would flip-flop and I'd scream. It was great fun!

I loved going out to the farm. Other than having to use an outhouse and a water pump, it was an ideal place for a kid to be. Carol and I played in the trees, in the barn, in the hay, and in the hired man's little house. Sometimes we even swam in the pond, which was pretty scummy and yukky, but we didn't care. Often Gordon would saddle horses for us and Carol and I would go riding. Carol was at home on the back of a horse. I was pretty awkward at it, but found it exciting. Barbara would always make us have a bath before we could crawl into her clean sheets at night. Carol and I would read stories, then lie in bed after the lights were out and listen to the coyotes howl. I didn't find it easy to go to sleep with that blood-curdling noise surrounding me!

When I was in first grade, my class had an outdoor circus. I volunteered to be the bareback rider hoping that Gordon would bring his Shetland pony, Dandy, into town for me to ride. Imagine my excitement, when he did bring the pony! I got to ride him, and then take the other kids in the class around the ring for pony rides. Now that I look back, I realize what a sacrifice it was of Gordon's time and energy, and how very dear he was to make a day exciting for his little niece.

When I approached the age for getting a learner's permit to drive, I didn't have much hope about it because my daddy wasn't supportive of women driving. My own mother didn't even have a license. I remember being in Gordon's car, with his family, on the way to Lethbridge, when he stopped and told me to get into the driver's seat. He sat next to me, and let me drive. For me, it was the thrill of a lifetime! I'm sure I wasn't the only one of his nieces and nephews that had this experience. Gordon always had new and beautiful cars, and we felt pretty important behind the wheel.

Gordon had a way of making us think that bailing straw and hay was great fun. He'd take Eric, Murray and me out to the farm and teach us how to drive the tractor, and how to pitch bales onto the hay wagon. We thought we were having a marvelous time. I learned to have a love for the farm, just like the rest of the family, because I had had an uncle who loved it very much as well. Recalling the happy memories makes me yearn for one more trip to Uncle Gordon's.

Biography of Gordon Hall

As given at his funeral by Eric Johnson

Gordon Hall was born on the 2nd day of December, 1915, at the family residence in Taber. He was the second son and fifth child of the family which would eventually number eight children - his older brother Evan and sisters Marjorie, Usona, Reta, Olive, Rae and Enid. His parents, Orson Eli Hall better known as Ott and Ethel Evans Hall, had moved the family to town for the winter months that year, primarily so they would be close to medical help with the birth, should it be needed. Gordon was brought into this world with the assistance of Taber's renowned Dr. Hamman.

Gordon was a quiet boy and easy to get along with. His mother sensed that he lacked self-confidence so she spent more time with him in an effort to instill in him feelings of self-worth. There developed a strong bond between mother and son. I recall one summer day when working on Uncle Gordon's farm. I told him I was going to town that evening because I wanted to visit my mother who had been away for a couple of weeks at a family reunion in the States. Teasingly, he asked me if I was a momma's boy. Then after a moments thought and with a tear in his eye, he quickly added that if his mother were in town he wouldn't be able to get there fast enough to see her. He frequently became emotional when he spoke of his mother. Family was always important to Gordon and he had a close attachment to his brother, sisters, in-laws, cousins, numerous nieces and nephews and many other extended family members. He particularly came to rely on and appreciate his sister Olive who was always close by, having like Gord, also continued to live in Taber.

Gordon's love of the outdoors began as a boy. His favorite pastime as he was growing up was riding a horse with a hound dog running along side. As a boy he attended Marchessault School. One day the teacher thought he deserved a strapping so she brought him to the front of the class and told him to hold out his hands. Instead he put his head down and determinedly kept his hands in his pockets. No amount of effort or uttered threat could get him to remove them and so finally, out of frustration, she hit him across the head with the strap. The teacher knew that she had made an awful mistake so that afternoon when school was over, she rode with the Hall children back to the farm. There she related to Gordon's mother what had occurred, expressed her regret and sought forgiveness. That night Gordon's mother took his overalls to the sewing machine and stiched back and forth over the pockets. It took Gordon and his friend Clifford Rombough the whole next day to pick the stitches out with their pocketknives.

Gordon's loves were the farm, horses, dogs, hunting and the prairie. He had little interest in school. After he quit, he spent his time working on the farm, breaking horses, hunting and trapping.

The Hall family eventually moved to town but Gordon stayed on the farm. He survived loneliness, hard times and poor living conditions. It was the time of the great depression. The large family home on the farm had burned to the ground in 1928 and a small two-room shack had been moved onto the place as a sort of residence. His father joined him during the summer months but the winters were long out there by himself, even with the occasional visit to town. He survived largely on antelope meat and baking powder biscuits. Gordon managed to buy a small radio but it was impossible to keep in batteries. But all of these challenges, though difficult, helped to strengthen him and refine his character.

In the early 40's Taber and other southern Alberta communities began to sponsor rodeos and Gordon became very involved with this, not only supplying much of the rodeo stock, but also competing in many events. He was a bronc rider, steer wrestler and more. He was especially adept at calf-roping. He competed at rodeos all over southern Alberta earning prize money, trophies, belt buckles and hand-tooled saddles. But most of all he did it for the sport. He was well-known for his success and popular with the other cowboys because of his kind and helpful nature.

On March 10th 1943, Gordon married Barbara Collett. A small wedding was held at his parent's home. Gordon was a devoted husband. Barbara was an excellent homemaker and supported Gordon in his rodeo activities. She often accompanied him to these events and did the timing or helped in other ways while he competed. Together they built a life, ran a farm, and raised three children - Carol, Tracy and Kimble. Gordon also had a grand-daughter Shawna, Carol's daughter, who fondly referred to him as her "bunky". Gordon enjoyed his time with her, her husband Michael, and his three great granddaughters.

Those first years of marriage on the farm were hard ones for Gordon and Barbara. He used to talk about dancing lively with Barbara on winter evenings in front of the stove in the small kitchen, more in an effort to stay warm than anything else. But with the coming of irrigation Gordon was able to improve the old homestead and, now with more than sufficient water, the crops flourished and there was plentiful grass and hay for the cattle and horses. He had a large house moved onto the property but always kept that old shack, perhaps as a reminder of the tough, but pleasant, times. The farm prospered and life became more comfortable for the Hall family. Gordon always bought a new car every year or two and loved to drive them fast.

Gordon's mother had a deep appreciation for music, drama and good literature and had wanted an artistic son. Instead she got a cowboy. Ironically, Gordon wanted a cowboy but got an artistic son. But he never, not even for a moment, felt bad about that and gave Kim and the girls his full support in all their areas of interest and endeavor, including cultural pursuits. Both Kim and Tracy received voice lessons and performed often. Gordon, as a proud father, was invariably in the audience, and could often be seen mouthing the words to the songs as they were sung, having heard them practiced many times. Kim became a professional performer and when he played a lead role in Gilbert and Sullivan's

"The Gondoliers" at the Stratford Festival, Gordon went east to attend a performance. He wouldn't have missed it for the world. He made sure that all of us watched it on television or were provided with a video taped copy. And he was just as proud of Carol, his eldest daughter, who was an accomplished barrel racer and was chosen, one year, as Taber's Rodeo Queen.

When Gordon eventually sold the farm in the mid-60's he was able to buy a comfortable home in town and semi-retire. He kept his horse, Scotty Buzz, and still rodeoed. One day, I believe when he was almost 60, he came back from a rodeo in Coleman and his brother Evan asked him how he had done. Gordon informed Evan that the cowboy who won the calf-roping event had a time of 8 seconds. Gordon said, "I can't rope and tie a calf in 8 seconds anymore," and indicated that he believed it was time to quit. Interestingly, he then took up golfing. He happened to be in Arizona and visiting with a favorite cousin Jessie Kushel. He had just given up rodeoing and Jessie suggested he take up golf instead and she made a date to meet him at the course the next day. Imagine her surprise when he showed up in cowboy boots and a cowboy hat!

Gordon was a natural athlete and an excellent golfer. He made lots of new friends and was always in demand as a golf partner. He also loved to snowmobile, hunt coyotes, play pool, and go to the horse races, and he always enjoyed a good card game, especially poker. He was perfect for it because you could never tell what kind of a hand he had from the expression on his face. Sometimes friends would ask him if he missed the farm or regretted selling the place because land prices went way up after he sold. He always replied that he had no regrets because he was doing exactly what he wanted to do. That was the kind of man he was. He never looked back. He enjoyed life. And he was pragmatic and adaptable. Not many cowboys become golfers.

Gordon's later years brought some trials. He lost his dear wife to cancer and also his beloved son Kim. I vividly recall lying with Gordon out on the grass at the cemetery next to Barbara's grave, just after we interred Kim's ashes. It was one of the few times I heard him talk emotionally about family, God and life's meaning. It was a rare occasion. Gordon eventually remarried to Mary Brooks Easthope on July 14th, 1989 and they were able to spend many happy years together travelling and enjoying each other's company.

When Gordon was diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease it was a severe blow. He kept golfing as long as he could and went almost daily to Parkside Manor where he played cards and pool with "the boys". Even when he was no longer able to drive he would use his motorized scooter to get to Parkside as often as he could. To the very end he was a gracious man. When I visited him about a week before his passing he could hardly speak and yet he whispered, "Thanks for coming, Eric".

It is always hard to sum up someone's life and certainly much more could be included in these remarks about this wonderful man. Like me, many of you here have treasured memories and stories about Gordon and I encourage you to share them with others and with Gord's family - they are well worth remembering. As somewhat of a surrogate

father to me, I will be forever thankful to him for all he taught me. Gordon was one of the last true cowboys - perhaps better described as one of the last true gentleman cowboys.

We'll all miss him but will be eternally grateful for our time with him - especially the good times, the happy times. May our Father in Heaven, in whose care Gordon now is, bless and comfort his family and many friends in this time of need is my prayer....



Family Group Record

Husband Gordon Hall						
Born	2 Dec 1915	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	12 Jul 1999	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	27 Jul 1924 LIVE	
Buried	15 Jul 1999	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	9 Feb 2008 EDMON	
				Sealed to parents	11 Feb 1931 ALBER	
Married	10 May 1943	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to spouse	18 Mar 2008 ALBER	
Husband's father Orson Eli Hall						
Husband's mother Ethel Evans						
Wife Maude Barbara Collett						
Born	14 Oct 1926	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
Died	15 Apr 1983	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	6 Jun 1937 LIVE	
Buried	18 Apr 1983	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed	9 Feb 2008 EDMON	
				Sealed to parents		
Wife's father						
Wife's mother						
Children List each child in order of birth.				LDS ordinance dates	Temple	
1	F Barbara Carol Hall					
	Born	24 Dec 1944	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	31 May 1953 LIVE
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
2	F Tracy Lee Hall					
	Born	11 Jan 1952	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	30 Sep 1960
					Endowed	
					Sealed to parents	
3	M Gordon Kimble Hall					
	Born	28 Nov 1954	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized	12 Dec 1962
	Died	23 Sep 1991	Place	Toronto, Ontario, Canada	Endowed	19 Aug 1993 ALBER
	Buried		Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents	18 Mar 2008 ALBER

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Olive Eliza



Mother and daughters (before Enid) Homestead house steps
Usona, Mother, Marjorie, Rita, Rae, Olive (about 1924 or 25)



The H for Hall quilt

made by Olive for the 1994 reunion raffle.

My Sister Olive

by Rae

The harvest on the Homestead in 1916 must have been a good one as Ott Hall purchased a magnificent new traveling machine, the 480 Chevy. Now the family could go to town in style, and Ethel longed to learn to drive. Ott promised her he would teach her, but the opportunity did not arrive. Finally, on Wednesday, the first day of May, 1918, Margaret Holmes told Ethel, "Today I am going to teach you to drive!" Margaret was Ethel's sister, the teacher at the Marchesseault School and was living with the Hall family. So immediately after school the car was cranked up, and the very pregnant Ethel installed in the driver's seat. Margaret, very capably, gave instructions. However, just an hour later, the lesson was over as Ethel announced "I'm going to have the baby - soon!"

Olive Eliza Hall made her appearance that evening, and the family celebrated the birth of this special child. She was the name-sake of her paternal grandmother. Papa called her "Kitty", perhaps a tender reminder of his mother. She could have had another family name, Favorett, as she became the favorite of everyone in the family, even of the two that came later, Rae and Enid. It will embarrass Olive to mention all her attributes, the kindness, generosity, talents, but all of these heavenly qualities must have accompanied her to earth. They were quickly recognized and appreciated by everyone.

She enjoyed her first seven years on the farm, Papa would show her where the bluebirds nested in his binder, caught her a little bunny rabbit and whittled whistles for her from the willow branches. She started school at the Marchesseault. Her big brothers and sisters protected her on the two mile journey to and from school. It must been quite an adjustment to move to town at age seven and go to the big Taber Central.

When the Halls moved to their new home, Olive was happy to be next door to a school friend, Catherine Smith. Across the street was the Dr. Hamman family, Vera was a little younger than Olive but became another good friend. Olive remembers knocking on the door of the Hamman home, having it opened by the grandmother and asking for Vera. Grumpy Grandma Barber would call out, "Vera, that Mormon girl is here". Soon another friend was found, Rita Jones, who also lived close by. Rita, Catherine and Olive became the very best of friends and initiated a club, the RKO club. It was the envy of Olive's two little sisters. I remember a performance enacted in our basement, the parents were invited, the girls had written, directed and produced a play. More than ever they were my ideals.

Olive, after finishing school, was successful in getting a job with the Alberta Telephone Co. It was in the days when there were operators at a switchboard, asking "Number please", and making the connection. Because of a good salary, and typical of her generous nature she often helped with household necessities and expenses. Enid and I were also recipients of her generosity, she often provided us with a little spending money, or a new dress.

Going to the telephone office, she passed the Johnson Drug Store. The pharmacist/owner, Cecil Johnson, noticed this pert little person, a mutual attraction occurred. It developed into a friendship, then romance.

I had gone to Edmonton to work and roomed with five other girls from Taber. One by one the other girls left and I was alone, so Olive got a transfer to

the Edmonton telephone office, and we were roommates. One reason she left Taber was to be away from Cecil and perhaps discover if marriage to him was what she really wanted. It was during this time that I found out what a very remarkable person she was, my admiration and love for her increased even more.

Olive met a handsome R.C.A.F. airman, Ernie Metheral. He was quite a dashing figure in his uniform, his jacket buttons shone as did his shoes. He was quite smitten with Olive and I encouraged a romance. However, she could not forget Cecil, eventually he convinced her they should marry. He sent her nice little gifts, one was a nutritious bottle of something guaranteed to provide energy. So we made up a song and would sing it every time we partook of it. It went something like this "Oh byNova, oh byJova, we are healthy but not wealthy" and so on. We had such fun. I was sad and sorry when plans were made for the wedding. Where would I get another roomie as great? Mother came for the wedding which was in the chapel at the University, a friend played the organ, Cliff Walker was best man, I was her bridesmaid.

The marriage produced four remarkable children, Cecily, Eric, Murray and Graham. Cecil died too young, only 49 years of age. Olive was faced with raising her children alone and a business to manage. She was a good mother and was successful in running the Drugstore. Her children received good educations, Murray and Eric served missions for the Church. In 1965 a foster child, Jim Tatoosh, came to their home through the Church's Indian Placement Program. He was well received in their home and they still have a good relationship. (Read the Family History Book for more about Olive and family)

Skipping several years to 1987. LaVon and I had signed up for a holiday with the Elderhostel Program. It was to include sessions at Universities in England, Ireland and Wales. We suggested to Olive that she go with us, she was happy to accept. Keele, in England, was the first University, in the mornings we studied about old English homes and castles, then in the afternoon visited several of the sites. Henry Mueller, a charming, dignified gentleman, immediately attached himself to Olive. If, before, and after dinner, in the recreation room there was music, Olive and Henry danced. And they could really dance! It was fun to watch them, also in Ireland and Wales. They corresponded for a time after we returned home. He suggested that Olive accompany him to Australia, he would pay her way. She thanked him but refused, saying "What would my children think of me?" His ex-wife wrote Olive when Henry died.

In 1990, LaVon, Kathy and I had a fantastic trip to Great Britain and the continent. We went to the London Temple grounds, but because the Temple was closed for renovation, the Accomodation center was being used for the 1881 Census Project. We became acquainted with some of the missionaries serving there. They suggested that when we returned home we should ask for a Mission on the project. We did! One of the best decisions we ever made. We were accepted and Olive asked if we could make the same arrangements for her. Our Mission President, Elder Kikuchi, of our Hawaii Mission, was on the Missionary Committee. He pulled a few strings in our and her behalf.

LaVon and I lived in the Accomodation center in a very small flat. Olive lived in the delightful little Gatehouse with other single Sisters. Close by was the Manor House where missionaries in the European MTC lived and had classes. Wednesdays were preparation days, once a month we traveled via coach to interesting and historical sites. It was such a happy time. All the missionaries became dear friends, the living was celestial.

Although we now live many miles apart the sisterly love has not diminished.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MY MOTHER

by Cecily

I have only happy memories of home, and that just about says it all. I can very prejudicially say that my mother is THE BEST. Every meal was of the delicious homecooked variety, because there was no fast food. My clothes were beautiful and home-sewn because there were few clothing stores in Taber. My home was clean because she hand-waxed the hardwood floors and did mountains of dishes without the machines that do it today. She wore only housedresses, and was a typical mother and homemaker out of the June Cleaver era. I don't know how she did it all, and still had time for PTA, Church callings, Lady Lions, the coin club, Beta Sigma Phi sorority, a writers group, and later, running a business.

We lived at a time when friends and relatives dropped in at any time. Friends knocked at the back door. Relatives just walked in and hollered, "Anybody home?" My mother was definitely the center of our family, and our extended family also. She was the one who hosted visiting relatives, planned reunions, Christmas parties, and other get-togethers. After my father died, there was a revolving door of people coming and going; work missionaries and an Indian placement student, Jim Tatoosh, lived with us, nieces and nephews spent the summer, a young woman with problems moved in, and a nephew going through hard times came to stay. (Luckily, it wasn't all at the same time.) Our friends were always welcome, and I for one, had a lot of parties at my house. Lions Club Christmas parties were an annual event. Holiday dinners always included extended family.

My mother is a woman of many talents. She can write funny poems and serious stories, bake the best buns in the world, sew a sparkly ballet tutu, judge a speech competition, teach any class, win dance competitions, put on showers and weddings, quilt gorgeous masterpieces, be president of any organization, run a business, crochet a snowflake, and touch her tongue to her nose.

Most importantly, my mother is an inspiring example, she has celebrated many joys, and weathered much adversity with grace and an ever-positive outlook. I don't know anyone who has given more Christ-like service in their lifetime. She still, at 90 years of age, goes the second mile in her service to others. Her testimony of her Saviour and the divine mission of His church have touched many. I love her beyond words, and I want to be just like her when I grow up.

Four Generations



*Olive Hall Johnson, Ethel Evans Hall, Sarah Jane Godfrey Evans Holmes
and Cecily Ann Johnson Nelson*

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 2

Husband Cecil Johnson				
Born	15 Jul 1914	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
Died	25 Jan 1963	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
Buried	28 Jan 1963	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Endowed
				Sealed to parents
Married	30 May 1944	Place	Edmonton, AB, Canada	Sealed to spouse
Husband's father				
Husband's mother				
Wife Olive Eliza Hall				
Born	1 May 1918	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
				Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
Wife's father				
Wife's mother				
Children List each child in order of birth.				
1 F Cecily Ann Johnson				
Born	9 Nov 1945	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
2 M Cecil Eric Johnson				
Born	27 Nov 1947	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
3 M Murray Brian Johnson				
Born	1 Aug 1949	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents
4 M Graham Andrew Johnson				
Born	29 May 1958	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Baptized
				Endowed
				Sealed to parents

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Above:
Our favorite village,
Westerham. Churchill's
home is nearby.

Right:
The little gatehouse,
my home for 18 months.

Below:
Pilgrim's Way,
road west of the
Temple grounds.



MISSION REPORT GIVEN BY OLIVE JOHNSON
IN SACRAMENT MEETING
TABER FIRST WARD 1992

I would like to tell you a little bit about where I have been for the last year-and-one-half. It was thirty miles south of London, England on an old estate called Newchapel. It is situated on the corner of two roads. One road, the A22, goes down to the English Channel and was built originally by the Romans. The other road is called "Pilgrim's Way", and was made famous by Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. A brook runs through the property – it is called Eden.

The land is an old Elizabethan estate. About 1086 when William the Conqueror first made a survey of the lands of England, he called this record *The Domesday Book*. Newchapel is recorded in this book.

It is a beautiful old manor with thirty rooms and eight baths. It featured flagstone floor and hand hewn oak beams and rafters. It has a quaint old fireplace with a chimney nook. It also has leaded glass windowpanes.

Mr. and Mrs. Pears, who own Pears Soap Co., acquired the property around 1900. From Mrs. Pears, then a widow, the church bought this valuable property. The Manor house is still there, also the Gate House where I lived while there. They are charming and lovely buildings. Now there is a majestic temple built to the glory of God on this property also. Also there is an accommodation centre where workers and patrons may obtain a room to stay in while using the temple. The visitors centre part of this complex served as a chapel for the missionaries like myself while labouring there.

The past and present of all creation are really in evidence at Newchapel. It is a lovely reminder of "the lost garden where the world began." It was a privilege to live there for this short time.

Now that I have told you where I was, let me tell you why I was there. A census of Great Britain has been taken every decade from 1801 onwards with the exception of 1941 when World War II intervened. These records are kept in the Public Records Office in Chancery Lane in London. There are long hallways in the building with rows of shelving 6 or 8 deep. They total 91 miles of records. The 1881 census record is the work I was involved in. Along with the Federation of Family History Societies in Britain and the Public Records Office, the Genealogy Society of Utah has made the 1881 census the object of a national indexing project. It was a massive undertaking and is still in progress. The spirit of Elijah is very strong in England, and hordes of people are busily researching their ancestors. Many are hoping to find that their lives tie in with royalty for then their genealogy would be easy to do. I spent most of my time in the auditing department. The first stage of the work was to transcribe by hand all the information from the original sheets of records. Sometimes this was very difficult as the writing of the enumerator was often a scribble, or his ink blotted. Of course, the census taker who wrote down all the

information of each household did not have an easy job either. He walked for miles to visit his assigned area and received small pay. He carried a pot of ink and a supply of quills. The members of the Family History Societies in England, Scotland and Wales did the transcribing. They were not usually members of the L.D.S. Church. There were about 500 transcribers working on this project. The transcribed sheets were then brought to the Genealogical Society of Utah. At Newchapel the enumerators corrected and numbered the sheets.

In Birmingham England, there was man who worked in a factory. Each day as he rode his bicycle to work, he stopped to peer into the window of a jewellery shop. The owner of the shop was curious so one day he waited outside for the fellow. "Why do you stop every morning to look in my shop window?" he asked. The answer was "Well I am on my way to the factory where I work. One of my jobs at the factory is to blow the 5 o'clock whistle at quitting time. So every morning I stop to look at the fine old grandfather's clock in your shop and I set my watch by it." "That's strange," the jeweller answered, "because when I hear the 5 o'clock whistle blow, I set my grandfather's clock by it."

That's the way it was in the auditing department where I worked. Two sisters worked together to keep on schedule. One would read the microfilm from the reader and the other used the computer to enter the correct information. My companion was an English sister. The first day she read the name George Caldwell. "No," I said "Its Caldwell - an "a" not an "o"." That's what I said, " she told me. "Oh, well, yes." Then I learned too, to say, "Darbyshire" not "Derby," and "clark," not "clerk." I found I liked the English accent.

In auditing we put all the census info on the computer on discs. I did my best. We found much correcting was necessary. One day, I agonized over a female name. It was Kerenhappuck. That same name recurred fairly often, and I could not imagine where such a strange name came from. Most English names were Biblical, and the women's names were Mary, Elizabeth, Ruth, etc. Then one day as I was reading from the Old Testament, preparing for a Sunday School lesson, I found it there. One of Job's daughters was named Kerenhappuck. Sometimes it was impossible to interpret a name, and they are so important. But I found through prayer and inspiration, a name suddenly became clear. One day, I looked up a name of William Harrison. Something told me it was not correct. As I pondered, I felt impressed that his name was not William, that it was Walter. My partner agreed. This happened many times, and I knew that I was receiving help.

I came across some strange names in the address column, "Cat and Fiddle Cottage," "Witch in the Woodhouse," "Barton in the Beans," "Cow Mires," to quote a few. And "Henry Burgess," normally a lodger at Limekiln Cottage on April 3, the night of the census did not sleep there, but was lodged at the city police station. There were some very interesting comments.

I salute the pioneers in the Mormon period on 1846 - 1868, when nearly 80,000 saints crossed the plains. Most of them walked over 1,000 miles to the Salt Lake Valley. Many were our forefathers from England, Scotland and Wales. What a debt of gratitude we

owe to these people. I have developed a greater appreciation for these noble people since being in England. Consider the contribution that they have made to our lives. First there is the King James version of the Bible. The hand of the Lord has been manifested in the preservation of His word among men. The King James version is the greatest English translation. Scholars acclaim it. Versions since the King James version have been translated by groups and individuals who have questioned the divinity of Jesus Christ and other basic doctrines.

We also acknowledge the great contribution that the British made to the membership of the Church. In 1850 there were more members in Britain than in all North America. It was also the springboard for the Church to reach the countries of France, Scandinavia, Italy and Germany. In a period of 60 years, members of the Church in United States were joined by 65,000 Saints from Britain who added to the stability of the Church, first in Nauvoo, then in Salt Lake City.

Most of the ships carrying British members left from Liverpool. But one, the Amazon embarked from London. The famous author Charles Dickens, who wrote for a newspaper and called himself "The Uncommercial Traveler," decided to investigate for himself the situation of the L.D.S. immigrants on *The Amazon*. Most of what Dickens had heard about the Mormons was negative. He went on board *The Amazon*, expecting an unpleasant experience, but was impressed with the orderliness, sobriety, sensibility and serenity of Mormon immigrants, and wrote that they were, "the pick and flower of England."

The now-famous Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir was started by the Welsh members who loved music. Many of our favourite hymns came from inspired compositions of gifted British members.

And now, who were the G.S.U. missionaries? Most of us were retired members from Arizona, Utah, California, Georgia, and other states, a few from Canada, several from England, Scotland, and Ireland, others from Australia, including Jack Hoare. Brother Hoare was the general of our army of workers. Generals are necessary in an army, but a war is not won by generals. I could never be a general, but I tried to be a good soldier.

And now, why were we in England doing this work? First we did it there because that was one of the English stipulations. These records could not leave the country. That was all right with me. I loved being in that beautiful country, especially in the spring when the daffodils fill the countryside with lovely yellow blossoms and delicate perfume. And why did we volunteer to go to this place? Because each of us had a desire to serve our Heavenly Father. This is His work. He wants it done, so we knew it could not fail. And I did it for you. In these census records, I found many names like Francis, Harris, Callaway, Taylor, Pickles, Campbell, Williams, Shaw, Hart and Pyne. Your ancestors came from Great Britain. This project will help you to do your genealogy. One day I came across a family of 17 children. The mother was dead. The youngest child was two months, and I assume the mother had died in childbirth. The oldest daughter was twenty-three years. My heart ached for that family. I do hope that someone will find that this

family ties in with their own, and will perform the ordinances in the temple which will unite them as a family in the eternities.

One day our Saviour will return to this earth. I would like to be there when he comes. I would like to bow down at His feet and worship Him as the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings. I would hope to bathe His feet with my tears and live through the period of 1,000 years of peace.

I love to read the fourth book of Nephi in the Book of Mormon. It was after Christ had appeared to the people of North and South America. He had spent some time teaching, blessing and instructing the people. So profound was his example, and the love the Saviour showed, and His teachings, that the people were deeply affected for over 200 years after He left them. It was a glorious and beautiful time to be on earth, at this place. The Book of Mormon tells us that the people were all converted to the Lord, and there were no contentions among them, and every one did deal justly one with another. They had all things in common among them. There were no rich and there were no poor, there were great and marvellous works wrought by the disciples in so much that they did heal the sick, cause the lame to walk, the blind to see, and all done in the name of Jesus Christ. They did walk after the commandments which they had received from their Lord. It all came to pass because there were no contentions and because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people. And there were no envyings, no strife, no lyings, no murders, nor any manner of sinfulness, and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God. And the Lord did bless them. I have often thought of that period of time, and wish to live in the same conditions. Of course this is not possible, but I did come as close to it as I ever will, living in Newchapel. The single sisters lived in the gatehouse. The couples shared a room, each furnished the same. No one owned a car. We rode in a van to East Grinstead once a week to go grocery shopping. We had our own branch of the Church. We took turns giving lessons and assignments. We learned to use the computer and procedures from each other. If any were rich, we did not know it. Two of our group were doctors, but to us, they were called "Brother." There were no contentions, no envyings, nor dishonest transactions. Instead, there was harmony, love, and compassion toward each other. Often I found a package of goodies hanging on my doorknob, or a note of appreciation, an offer of help, of encouragement, and sympathy when needed. Yes, it was a time of happiness and rejoicing. We worked together, worshipped together, and played together.

I found there were things I could do that I did not know to be possible. I worked eight hours a day for five days a week. I learned to use a computer. I learned to talk with strangers when they asked what we were doing at the temple site. Of course, I received help, I could not do it on my own. And my testimony has grown even stronger. I have gained a greater knowledge of my Father in Heaven. He lives, and He loves His children. I have developed a greater appreciation for His son Jesus Christ and the great sacrifice He made for each of us. I know that this is truly the Church restored to earth again by a prophet. I have also developed a greater appreciation of my family, my daughter and sons and their children, who encouraged me, and for my extended family, my brothers and sisters, their families, even great-great-grand nieces and nephews. I thank all those

who were so kind to write and keep in touch. It meant a great deal to me. I thank those who made my homecoming such a special event. I shall never forget the feelings of love and gratitude that I felt when I walked off the plane and saw all those dear faces, even one tiny girl I had never seen, who was born while I was away.

We remember our Aunt Olive

Joan King Rea:

After mother died in the car accident, my dear Aunt Olive became a 'second mother' to me. When we visited Taber, and it was often, my girls and I always went to the Johnson household. Because of her kindness, she was the aunt who called me to go visit Uncle Gordon in a Calgary hospital. I will remember that day forever, visiting with him, our memories of my dear Nana, his mother, were very special, such a sweet spirit was with us, truly it was a perfect day.

Aunt Olive's loving, kind and genuine caring ways will always stay with me. She is truly an aunt that everyone wishes was theirs, too! I remember Pa Hall calling her 'Kitten' - such a perfect description for this grand lady. I love her so much.

From Nancy Eller Andrew:

My mother, Rae, always regretted that we lived so far from her family, that we children were deprived of aunts, uncles and cousins. She arranged with Olive for Kathy to spend two summers in Taber with the Johnsons so she could be better acquainted with the Hall family. I guess it was the summer, 1971, that it was my turn to impose on the Johnsons. I was welcomed and it was a fun time for me. Eric had an antique store that year, and I was able to work there for him. That was probably my initiation into appreciating and recognizing old and valuable pieces. To reward me for what little service I gave, he gave me a lovely pitcher and bowl, which I have today and still treasure. But above all, I left Taber with a greater love for my kinfolk, especially dear Aunt Olive.

Margaret Rae



Cadie Rae, Kelsey Rae and McKenzie Rae

The Innkeepers

LaVon and Rae Eller 1981 - 1987

Frank Craighead, renowned wildlife biologist; Olga Rudge, famous European violinist and common law wife of poet Ezra Pound, of Venice, Italy; Carol Benefield, secretary to Rosalind Carter in the White House; Father Conal Eustice, Galway, Ireland; four of the many guests at the Eller Bed & Breakfast. Guests came from England, Denmark, Australia, Canada, thirty countries; New York, Hawaii, California, R.I., Alaska, every state in the U.S.A. Every one (with the exception of two or three) became friends of the Innkeepers. And every guest had a story.

In 1980 LaVon, Rae and Kathy made a long-awaited trip to England, it had been planned since 1978 when Steven received his call to the England Leeds Mission. For almost three weeks, with our newly released missionary as the driver, we toured Great Britain, staying at Bed and Breakfasts. Then, it was different than today, when reservations must be made. We could stop at a Bed and Breakfast sign in the countryside, village or city and be assured of accommodations. Only in London was a reservation necessary. Our first B&B was in Leeds, a lovely place, then Hartlepool. Reading from my journal I wrote "the B&B reservations keep getting better and better". Breakfasts were usually the same: bacon or sausage, toast, eggs and always fried tomatoes. We were impressed with the friendly innkeepers who gave us good advice and travel instructions.

The Bed & Breakfast accommodations helped make our vacation in England, Scotland, and Wales a memorable experience. In fact, we were so enthusiastic about them, that, on the plane going home to Santa Rosa we contemplated going into that business. It was a new concept. We had never seen a Bed & Breakfast in California but we didn't really consider having one in that state because of the real estate high prices. Utah seemed the logical place as Kathy was living there, also Bob and soon Steven would be in Provo at BYU. Nancy and Ross said they would move to Utah also when they were assured of employment.

After searching for a house suitable for our new venture we found the perfect one at 164 South 900 East, resigned from our good jobs, not giving much thought to the wisdom of such a change. However, we have no regrets, though it wasn't a huge financial success, it was rewarding, in that we made friends from all over the world. Occasionally we provided a haven from heartache and sorrow, for example the Hughes from Ireland seeking medical help for Sandra. They needed a homey atmosphere after a day of tests. Claude Deeb, a lovely young lady, from Lebanon, found a home away from home while she studied water purification at the U for several weeks.

The University of Utah Chemistry Dept. sent all of their visiting scientists as guests. At first it was a little intimidating meeting those brilliant men. How could we have a stimulating conversation when we didn't have a clue about an equation? But one morning when cleaning a brainy person's bedroom I found a "True Romance" along with his manuals and text books, and I realized they didn't just dwell on an analysis or theory.

The dining room table would accommodate ten people, and often there were that many at breakfast. The abelskievers were our specialty. Every guest had them at least once during their stay. Served with honey butter, or raspberry jam, they were appreciated. Kind of a contest was started when one man

bragged about eating 15 of them at a sitting. Not to be outdone, a cowboy from Montana ate 16, then commented, "Them are good little buggers". I had never made a pot of coffee before the B&B days, but I learned quickly with the aid of a Mr. Coffee machine. LaVon and I were a good pair of chefs in the kitchen, he was adept at the bacon and eggs.

We loved the house, the first time we entered it we felt like it was home; that was also the reaction of many of our guests. Because they felt welcome, comfortable, and at home, they tidied up after themselves and a most remarkable thing - nothing was ever stolen. In fact a woman returned, by mail, a safety pin she had borrowed. Another sent a little hand towel back. Policemen, who were investigating a former guest, were amazed that we let every guest have a key to the house. They compared it to the Hotel and Motel business where there were many losses due to guests taking towels, etc., even televisions.

The house was a joy to decorate at Christmas. One holiday we had a wedding reception for the daughter of a good friend; the couple and attendants stood by the Christmas tree. It was so pretty, the bride's friends all asked if they could have their receptions there too. We could have booked for years in advance. When Steven and Ralene were married, 30 April, 1982, we had the wedding breakfast and served about 50 people at a sit-down meal.

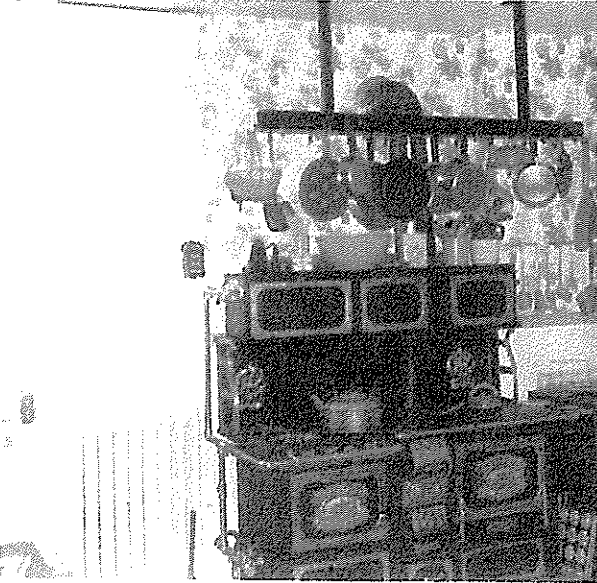
"The Music Man" stayed with us several times, Michael Flynn, a talented young actor portraying Harold Hill, often appeared in comedy and dramatic roles throughout the State. He has also been in films and we still see him occasionally on TV programs. When we made a very brief appearance on the television show "Touched by an Angel" Michael was one of the leading men.

Prime Time, a daily addition to the 6 o'clock evening news on KSL, came to the B&B soon after we opened. We were the first Bed & Breakfast in Salt Lake City, and the second in Utah. They gave us a great review, much to our benefit, resulting in many reservations. We didn't need to advertise a great deal; word of mouth was our best source of reservations, many guests returned frequently.

Although the home was primarily a guest house our children were the most welcome guests. They loved coming home. Kathy lived there with us the entire time and Bob also for awhile. Brynn, when a preschooler, was a daily member of the family while Nancy worked; Tyler also, a little later. It was a happy home. We will always treasure the experiences we had while Innkeepers, and remember with appreciation the many guests. However, time has a way of letting us know our capabilities. We realized that we were working too hard, too confined and missing other opportunities. Somewhat reluctantly we sold "The Eller Bed & Breakfast", but we then had time to travel and eventually serve two Missions.

guests

date	name	address
9/1/76	James & Mickelle Ford	5700 Roosevelt St Bethesda, Md 201
9/2/80	Nobuhisa Yoshikuni Joanne Manzo	4103, 5-23-16, DAITAMA, seragaya-ku, Tokyo 155, JAPAN. Ba Hinnore
9/8/86	Bernard Kenyon	3609 Crossland Ave Md. 2121
9/8/86	Steve & Joy Curtis	Send Wines Road - Mt. Vernon, 2144, 21220 before Oregon Glen County, Ore. ten Rock 2121
9/8/86	JOE + MARY ESKENAZI	41 COMMUNIST
9/8/86	LIZ GLENN	Box 382 KETCHUM ID 8
9/10/86	Karen or Burke Sutor	1771 So. Quebec Way DENVER
9/10/86	Virginia Vandoren	Box 1074 Ketchikan 8.
9/10/86	Barbara Fisher	Box 1502 Sun Valley, Id.
9/9/86	Sue Jacobs	Ketchikan, 9983
	Rosemary Mahoney	728 Locust St. Denver Co. 802
9/12/86	Barbara Courtney	2882 S. Lake Rd. Mukilteo, OR 974



The old Home Comfort where many breakfasts were prepared.

The Eller Family,

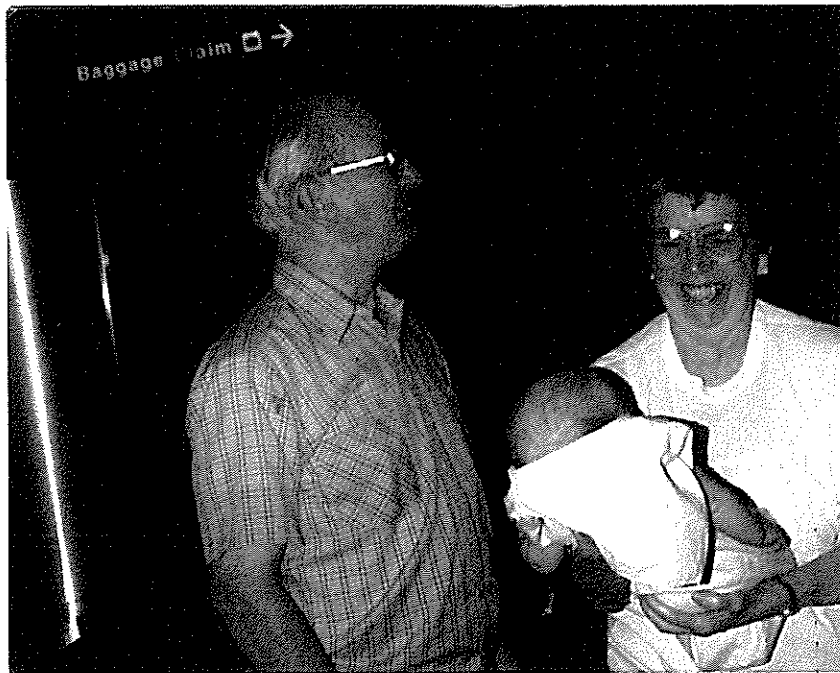


The family picture on the preceding page (1987) includes just the parents, Kathy, Bob, Steven and Nancy. If we were to include a recent picture there would be 25 more members, all exceptional additions and happy to be included in the Hall clan. However, we did suffer a loss, one that still causes grief and suffering. Kathy our beloved daughter, dear sister and favorite aunt died December 30, 2004. We maintain children are not supposed to die before parents but we understand that is our plan, not Heavenly Father's.

Our family have had so many special events in our years together, we can't begin to write about all of them, but would like to share two. Steven and Nancy relate this one.

In 1988 our parents were in Hawaii on a Mission for the Church. That same year our daughter Kelsey Rae was born, 12 July, the same day as her older sister, Kristen, three years previously. Kelsey was the first grandchild that mother was not there for the birth and grandmotherly care for two weeks. In Hawaii she mourned for she felt deprived of that Nana duty. So Kathy, Nancy, Bob and I devised a plan. We would send Kelsey Rae to Hawaii so Nana and Papa could see for themselves what a perfect namesake they had. Since Ralene could not go, Nancy was elected. In September when Kelsey was only two months old they flew to surprise mother and dad on their 38th wedding anniversary. It was a big secret. On a pretext, they were told to meet the plane, because friends were delivering an Anniversary present.

- Steven -



It was surely a surprise - half of the passengers on the plane were in on the secret and surrounded me as I got off the plane. You can see for yourself the delight and joy when I popped out from behind people to place the baby in mother's arms. For one week mother and dad had the priceless pleasure of having Kelsey with them. She was such a good baby during the flights coming and going and all the time there. She still gets teased about lying topless on Waikiki Beach. There are times when Ralene and Steven can't believe they let their two month old baby leave without them.

- Nancy -

In the year 2000 I began writing about special events in the lives of our family, instead of a daily diary. One of those events was extra special and I want to share it with you.

A Special Day Then and Now

September 12, 1950
September 12, 2000

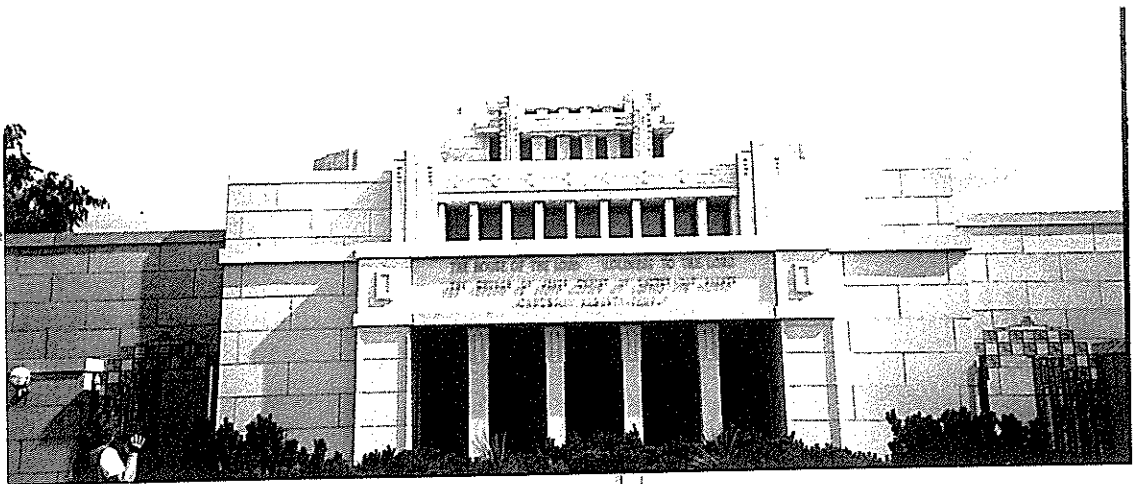
LaVon Fred Eller and Margaret Rae Hall Eller

Fifty yers ago, September 12, 1950, we knelt across the altar in the Cardston, Alberta Temple and exchanged marriage vows.

President Willard Smith performed the ceremony. Present there with us, were my Bishop, my brother Evan, Uncle Godfrey and Aunt Virginia, a few friends. Mother had died in May and dad six years previously. LaVon's family, in Utah, were unable to attend. President Smith offered wise advice about building an eternal marriage, cautioning us to work and plan together, express gratitude to Heavenly Father, and to each other, raise children in a happy and spiritual home and to enjoy and appreciate life.

We have tried to follow his counsel, fifty years later we had the privilege of going again to that beautiful Temple, this time with our four children and their spouses, on our fiftieth wedding anniversary, September 12, 2000. Evan was with us again, as were sisters, nieces and nephews, and cousins. Words cannot express the happiness we felt, many times we expressed, "*It doesn't get any better than this*". As a young couple fifty years ago we didn't project to this day, we were concerned with getting better acquainted, completing our education, making a living and anticipating a family. But we must have done something right, for today our children are all stalwarts in the Gospel, for this we are eternally grateful.

Friends and family have confided that it is quite remarkable that the eight of us would travel 800 miles to go to the Temple on this occasion. However, we felt this experience would strengthen, even more, our family ties and improve our relationship with our Heavenly Father. It has been a lesson to the grandchildren about family love and an incentive to have a Temple and eternal marriage.



Family Group Record

Husband LaVon Fred Eller			
Born	16 Feb 1919	Place Laketown, Ich, Utah	LDS ordinance dates
Christened	6 Jun 1919	Place Laketown, Ich, Utah	Baptized 30 Aug 1927 LIVE
			Endowed 6 Feb 1947 SLAKE
Married	12 Sep 1950	Place Cardston, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents 6 Feb 1947 SLAKE
Husband's father	Charles Fred Eller		Sealed to spouse 12 Sep 1950 ALBER
Husband's mother	Luella Caroline Kearn		
Wife Margaret Rae Hall			
Born	9 Jun 1923	Place Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
			Baptized 7 Aug 1932 LIVE
			Endowed 10 Jun 1947 ALBER
			Sealed to parents 11 Feb 1931 ALBER
Wife's father	Orson Eli Hall		
Wife's mother	Ethel Evans		
Children List each child in order of birth.			
			LDS ordinance dates
			Temple
1	F Kathryn Eller		
Born	20 Jul 1951	Place Provo, Utah, U.S.A.	Baptized 1 Aug 1959 LIVE
Died	30 Dec 2004	Place Salt Lake City, Utah	Endowed 1982 JRVIVE
Buried	4 Jan 2005	Place Ben Lomond Cemetery, No. Ogden, Ut	Sealed to parents BIC
2	F Nancy Lou Eller		
Born	2 Nov 1953	Place Provo, Utah, U.S.A.	Baptized 11 Nov 1961 LIVE
			Endowed 16 Aug 1973 OAKLA
			Sealed to parents BIC
Spouse	Ross Farrel Andrew		
Married	8 Aug 1973 (Div)	Place Oakland, CA	Sealed to spouse 18 Aug 1973 OAKLA
3	M Robert Hall Eller		
Born	16 Aug 1957	Place Casper, Natrona, WY	Baptized 4 Sep 1965 LIVE
			Endowed 2 Sep 2000 BOUNT
			Sealed to parents BIC
Spouse	Kristene Colovich		
Married	18 Feb 1995	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse
4	M Steven Craig Eller		
Born	14 May 1959	Place Casper, Natrona, WY	Baptized 3 Jun 1967 LIVE
			Endowed 18 May 1978 OAKLA
			Sealed to parents BIC
Spouse	Ralene Rousche		
Married	30 Apr 1982	Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT	Sealed to spouse 30 Apr 1982 SLAKE
Prepared by	Margaret Rae Hall Eller		Address 4281 South 3630 West
Phone	679-0895		Salt Lake City
E-mail address	ellers4@msn.com		Utah
Date prepared	30 Mar 2008		84120 U.S.A.

Memories of Home

Another favorite poet penned "HOME" and the last two lines advises:

*"Ye've got to love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome"
It takes a heap o' twin' in a house to 'make it home.*

Through the years it has been a blessing in my life to have had several happy homes. I treasure the traditional events and times spent in each one. Wherever we have lived the Eller home has been a place of security and love. We always welcomed friends and loved ones, and were very pleased and happy to have an extended stay. My thoughts often turn back to our old home in Taber, where the doors were always open to everyone and anyone. That was where we learned the art of hospitality. Strangers knocked at the front door, but it was the back door that friends and kinfolk found open. Mother and Dad welcomed one and all.

Behind the house was the barnyard, the shed where 'old boss' was milked, where the chickens laid their eggs and even a pig pen. Dad would bring a pig from the farm in the fall, in the spring it would be taken back to the farm, (probably to be slaughtered). Enid and I looked forward to have the pig pen empty again, we made it into a clubhouse. It took a little cleaning and fresh straw. In the springtime we were anxious for the lilacs to bloom, there was one big bush outside our back door, a bigger one at the entrance to the verandah and a row of them along the front fence. Lilacs are my favorite flower! In school we had several poems that we were supposed to memorize, one that especially appealed to me was by Alfred Noyes, "*Go Down to Kew in Lilac Time*". I dreamed of going to Kew. Many, many years later it became a reality. While in England serving on the 1881 Census Project (Mission) Olive, LaVon and I went to Kew. "It isn't far from London".



RAE and LaVON ELLER - Remembered by Cecilie

I know that until I was four years old, I lived with my parents in an apartment in Nana's home. I barely recall thinking it was fun to be in the bedroom upstairs with Rae. She played with me and teased me, calling me her little "Poo-baw" (screwball) and nincompoop, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

After Rae and LaVon were married, they had wedding pictures taken in the living room of our new house, built next door to Nana's. I have a vague recollection of knowing that it was a special time, and for years I kept a ribbon from Rae's dress or bouquet in my dresser drawer. LaVon wrote a wonderful letter to me when I was a little girl, and I still have and cherish it.

Rae and LaVon always lived a great distance away. It was always special at our house when we got a letter or a Christmas package from them. Rae's letters were funny, and their Christmas presents were unique. They came back to visit in the summertime, and we looked forward to those visits, especially after their children were born and we had more cousins to play with. They often came to attend a family reunion, so there were lots of family around.

When I was a teenager, their daughter Kathy was just a little twerp who hung around me when the Ellers visited. Then Kathy made some visits by herself in the summers. The gap in our ages seemed to narrow, and we had much in common. In later years, when Kathy began teaching in Utah, we became very close. She was my cousin, my best friend, and the sister I never had. We traveled together, laughed and cried together, and just enjoyed each other's company.

I didn't have the opportunity to visit Rae and LaVon when they lived in Wyoming, or in California, but I was very happy when they moved to Utah. It was great fun to have family close by. Rae and LaVon treated me and my family just like we were part of theirs. Rae was always very close to family and I don't know of another couple who are more hospitable than Rae and LaVon. They love to get together with their own large family, with cousins (of whom there are many!) with nieces and nephews, in-laws, out-laws, and complete strangers. All are welcome in their home. My family, and many others, have been the recipients of their hospitality, good meals and great company. Get-togethers at their home have always been fun.

Rae has been the one who has spearheaded reunions and collecting genealogical information. The book she put together for our family is a treasure, and I'm appreciative that she and her sisters are putting together another. Rae has searched far and wide to discover our "kin" and gather information about them and our ancestors. We will all someday appreciate this valuable service.

Another way that I admire Rae and LaVon is for their devotion to the Lord, and to His Church. They both served missions to Texas while young, and have served two missions as a couple. They are faithful in every way, and have done much to build the Kingdom of God on this earth. They have been wonderful examples to their family, and for that I pay them tribute.

Enid Francis



Enid, Olive, Rae 1929



Rae, Enid, Olive 2005

My Sister Enid
by Rae

More than seventy-five years ago when Enid was just a little girl, and I was her older sister, little did we dream that we would be loving and devoted sisters. In memory I go back and see her, at about four years of age, chasing mother's car and screaming "Mama, come back, take me too". And mama was just going on another of her errands of mercy, or to the grocery store. It was a daily occurrence, Enid weeping and wailing for mama. What a cry baby! Or maybe the tears came when she fell down and scratched her knees, which happened frequently.

Another tiresome request from Enid was to be taken to the toilet, seemed it was often made at awkward times. Once, when Marjorie had a boy friend visiting, Enid made her oft-time demand which Marjorie ignored, then scolded, to which Enid cried, "Whatcha tink, I nezer has a dooz it?" She had a language of her own, in pronouncing her name it sounded something like this: Oona Piansas (Enid Francis). One more example: one night a neighbor's cow came into our yard and up onto the veranda. It made a terrible noise clomping around and frightened the kids home alone. After the neighbour took the offensive creature away and the incident reported to our parents, Enid said, "Dere vas a cow on our beanda and oooh but I vas scayed."

Enid and I had our share of arguments and to put it more honestly, battles; hair-pulling, kicking and screaming episodes. Mother and Olive, I'm sure, kept us from having scars and shattered egos. The picture to the right shows us sitting on a load of wheat in the old truck. Enid's hat was really mine, but she wanted it and you can see who won! It's amazing to both of us now, that we ever indulged in such childish behavior.



Today I recognize Enid's many virtues, her patience, tolerance, motherly influence, appreciation of literature and music. The attributes could go on and on. She and Art raised four good sons and a lovely daughter, but knew heartache and concern.

How well I remember the night her twin sons were born, Art was away and she was with mother and me. When mother wakened me to say Enid had to go to the hospital, I was so excited I fell down the first flight of stairs, but didn't know I was hurt. Colin and Gordon were born, but Gordon lived just a couple of hours. It was heartbreaking to lose that much anticipated child but mother was there to console and care. Sadly, Enid did not see the baby, did not have a chance to hold him and express love and sorrow. She has always regretted it. However, now, she has the comfort of knowing he is her eternal child.

When Enid and Art moved to Rose Prairie it meant a new way of life, hopefully she will describe it herself, herein. But she adapted cheerfully and without complaint. Mother had gone to Rose Prairie because Enid was

expecting a baby early May.

In a letter dated April 16, 1948:

"Enid is going to Dawson Creek to stay next week. The roads are so bad it isn't safe for her to be here now. We both wish now she had gone home but hope she will be allright. She feels good but is uncomfortable. She is a fine girl." **April 21** Colin and I get up early and go to bed early. Enid expects to go to Dawson Creek on Sunday or Monday if the roads are passable. She will stay there either at a rest home or the hospital. She is a brick, never says a word about how she feels but yesterday she looked so tired. I worry about her because of the roads. Mrs Young (the nurse) is near but I would so much rather have her in a hospital and she and Art want it that way too."

Thursday, April 29: "We haven't heard from Enid yet. She said she would telgraph when she went to the hospital so guess she is still around. she is a swell girl, no complaining or feeling sorry for herself. The missionaries are in Dawson and she knows them so she can feel that security but so few she knows and no one very near to her. I feel so badly about it but just can't be helped.

This is pioneer country. Just like Magrath when we first came there.

May 3: Here it is the 3rd, we just had a telegram that Enid is in the hospital, went in at six this morning. Had another from her Dr. saying she was progressing but no baby yet so will just walk and wait. Art will try to get in in the morning but the roads are so terrible he may not make it, but will try. He is walking from one window to the other, wondering what to do. I am so glad she is there as we couldn't get her in now.

Ethel Patricia was born that day and I received a telegram telling me about the lovely child, mother's sixth granddaughter

May 9: Enid's baby is a week old and Art has only been to see her once and I haven't seen her yet. The roads have been so terrible noone could get over them. I hope she will be able to come home about Wed. or Thurs. Colin is a lovely little fellow. He is always so pleasant. I don't know how I am going to leave them. I can't think about it without tears. You will wonder about the long telegram. I gave it to Mrs. Young to send and she found out that 45 words could go as cheap as ten so she just added some to it.

I am so grateful for all of you, I think the Lord specially blest me when he gave me each of you. Some of you are just a little more thotful than others but it is just the difference in each.

May 24: From Edmonton: I arrived here last night at eleven and was very tired after riding all day. I left the Kinniburghs at Dawson Creek Sat. morning at 9:30.. We got up at 5 at Rose Prairie and baby and Colin came too. They are the best children, the baby never any trouble only to bathe and feed. Enid is a fine mother and she is now beginning to think of the future. She asked so many questions about she and Art and the children and the hereafter. I have felt so depressed since leaving them that I just can't get rid of the feeling. Maybe when I get home to Olive's children I'll feel better. I went to the University Library this morning and to the chapel where Olive was married.

Alright, wipe away the tears. Enid and Olive, you can be grateful Mother was with you for the births of some of your children. I didn't have that privilege, however, I choose to think she suggested which spirits should come to our home. These letters indicate how well Enid adapted to a different way of life. They also show Mother's love, admiration and concern.

Enid and I were apart for many years, she with her family in the North and

I, with our family, in Casper, Wyoming, and then Santa Rosa California. So it was, that fourteen years passed before we were together again. With my usual lack of tact, I exclaimed, "Enid - you have aged!" To which she retorted, "You are no spring chicken!"

We have made up for those many years of separation, at every possible occasion we spend time together. No longer do we torment one another, unless it is in good-natured teasing. The last time we had an 'argument' was at Stirling Castle in Scotland in 2003 (ask her about it). In the last three years we have suffered together in losing my Kathy, and her Colin. We know it isn't our plan for the children to leave this earthly existence before their parents. Kathy and Colin were such exceptional offspring, their good works and influence will always be a source of comfort.

All of these seventy-five years have passed too quickly, we are old and forgetful, but we are reminded: "Nobody grows old merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul."

Enid Remembered by:

Olive: Every summer mother, with one or two of her children, would spend a day down at the river coulees, picking chokecherries. Mother knew where the best bushes were to be found. It was no fun for the children, but we also had a picnic lunch that eased the monotony. The next day was spent making jelly. It was a messy business, purple jelly all over the stove, sometime on the floor and, of course, on several kettles. But it was worth the effort, especially for Enid. Chokecherry jelly on pancakes in the morning, on homemade bread and butter during the day, was her bill of fare. She loved it, and preferred that treat to anything else. At the supper table, when a large meal was served, her first words were, "Please pass the sauce dishes, please pass the chokecherry jelly".

One evening Enid was home alone, when the rest of the family returned, they found Enid sitting near the stove with her feet in the oven, but no fire in the grate. It was chilly, but there was no coal in the bucket, and to her it was easier to endure the chill than to go to the basement for coal. That was less scary too. Of course she was eating a slice of bread covered with chokecherry jelly!

Glenn King: Enid was the aunt closest to my age - a mere three and half years older than I. We've shared a lot of laughs and tears over the years. Each of us has been surprised to discover that we each have a passion for opera in our senior years.

I owe Enid the honor of introducing me to evening movies. I even remember the date, March 26, 1941. That was the day my parents moved to B.C. and I stayed with Nana and Pa Hall for two months, as there was no school available in the area where we moved to. The name of the movie escapes me, but I'm sure Enid was trying to cheer me after the parents left me behind.

A few years later I was studying French by correspondence in Grade 9 and was struggling through all aspects of the language, especially the pronunciation of verbs. Enid and I had been exchanging very brief letters, in French, for a few weeks. Suddenly, I received a lengthy message from her that I could not translate. My mother read the epistle and burst out laughing. It seems Enid had copied the glowing report Kellogg's used on their Corn Flakes box.

1847/1947

Enid's great great grandmother, Nancy Naomi Alexander Tracy wrote, "not a hundredth part hath been told," as she concluded her life sketch. She hoped it would be read "with some degree of interest" by her children's children. Now, more than 100 years later, many of her posterity read her eighty pages of history with a great deal of interest - and gratitude. When Enid was encouraged to write about her experiences in Rose Prairie and the North, she was reluctant to do so. However, she has contributed interesting material for the Hall book, although "a hundredth part has not been told." It is our conviction that Becky, Jessie James, Josh, and many others will read, with appreciation, what Enid Francis Hall Kinniburgh has written about her days in the North.

ROSE PRAIRIE DAYS

In April, 1947 when Art and I and our five month old baby, Colin, left Taber to make our home in the Peace River Block of British Columbia, I did not think of us as being pioneers. But we hadn't been there long until I realized, that in a sense, that is what we were. Things were pretty primitive, like no indoor plumbing, no power, no central heating. Two hundred years before, in 1847, many pioneers arrived in the Salt Lake Valley, among them were some of my forefathers. We endured similar experiences.

That first summer in Rose Prairie was certainly a rude awakening for me. The house we thought we could rent turned out to be a chicken coop. Fortunately another one-room house became available. We lived there for several months until we purchased the the General Store, it had living accommodations as well.

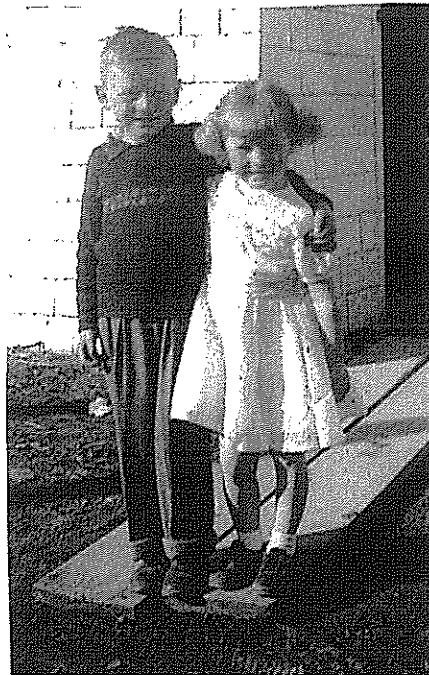
Water was always a great disadvantage, or rather the lack of it. Wells were unheard of. I never knew anyone who ever had the good fortune to have a well. Most people had what they called dugouts. They were ponds where the earth had been excavated to a depth of 5 to 6 feet and would fill with snow and rain, providing water for everything except drinking. To have drinking water it was necessary to cut ice from the river during the winter, preserve it for use in the summer. This was done by building ice houses and covering the ice with sawdust. In the winter we melted snow, that was our drinking water, as well as for any other need. On washday it always seemed to take a full barrel, then we would have to start filling it again. Wood was another essential, it was used for cook stoves, as well as for heaters. From the time Colin was big enough, and old enough, it was always his chore to fill the woodbox and either carry water from the dugout or bring in snow. Colin, at a very young age, learned his responsibility in this capacity and very seldom needed to be reminded.

I am reminded of a time when Patti was living in Edmonton, many years later. She was very interested in the environment and looking after all of the advantages our lovely country offers. She attended a seminar where the teacher inquired if anyone attending had ever lived where the following utilities were not available. He first asked about plumbing, Patti raised her hand; then

power, Patti raised her hand; then he asked about central heating and for the third time Patti raised her hand. In all of that group, she was the only one who acknowledged having been without those utilities. At that time, Patti was a young lady, probably early twenties and at the conclusion of the seminar a little, old lady came to her and asked, "My dear, where did you live?"

For the few years that we lived in the store it was always a problme keeping it heated. With only wood as the fuel for the fires, it seemed it took one person busy chopping, carrying and feeding wood to the furnace, the heaters and the cook stove. The winter of 1948/49 was an especially bitter one, the temperature dipping as low as seventy below zero fahrenheit. That winter Art was away working as a trucker on the Alaska Highway and it was necessary for me to look after the store. Fortunately, I had the help of a young girl, Margaret Wilson, who was very capable and looked after Colin and Patti. I would stay up until two or three a.m., keeping the fires going. Then Margaret would get up and do the same for the remainder of the night. How well I remember having to go outside for wood and having to split it for the kitchen stove. It was so still and cold, the sound of the axe striking the wood would echo and re-echo. Another thing that always amazed me was the sound of cattle in the fields, stamping their feet for warmth. It made me think that we were being invaded by a hostile army. On those extremely cold nights, we were often treated to a display of northern lights (Aurora Borealis). Sometimes there was even a slightly colored effect caused by minute ice crystals in the air. Occasionally there would be a cracking sound, however, some people have described it as a hissing noise. In the winter the days were so short, only eight hours of light and sixteen hours of darkness. Of course eight of those hours were spent sleeping, but eight hours were spent by lamplight, and that was another difficulty I had a problem dealing with. The lamps were fuelled by high test gasoline, I had a healthy respect for them, occasionally they would flare up and I would be tempted to toss them out the door.

I have described the winters as cold and dark, in all fairness I must tell how lovely the summers were. During the longest days we would have daylight until eleven p.m., then again about three a.m. dawn would occur. During the summer of 1950 there was an outbreak of polio. Doctors were advising parents to allow their children as much bed rest as possible, particularly in the heat of the day. Consequently I was following their advice so Colin and Patti didn't have to go to bed until late. Colin was nearly four and while I was preparing Patti for bed one day, he wandered away into a plowed field, and just beyond that there were lots of trees and brush. When I realized he was missing and could not find him I alerted my neighbors. They were all helping in the search. Stanley McAllister had a little cocker spaniel dog. Stanley noticed that the dog was out in the field jumping as high as he could. When he went to investigate, there was Colin, about to enter the trees. He was rescued by that little dog's ability to recognize the danger. Needless to say, forever after, Spunky was a favorite in our family. Had Colin ever been lost in that dense brush and



Colin and Patti

forest it could have been disastrous.

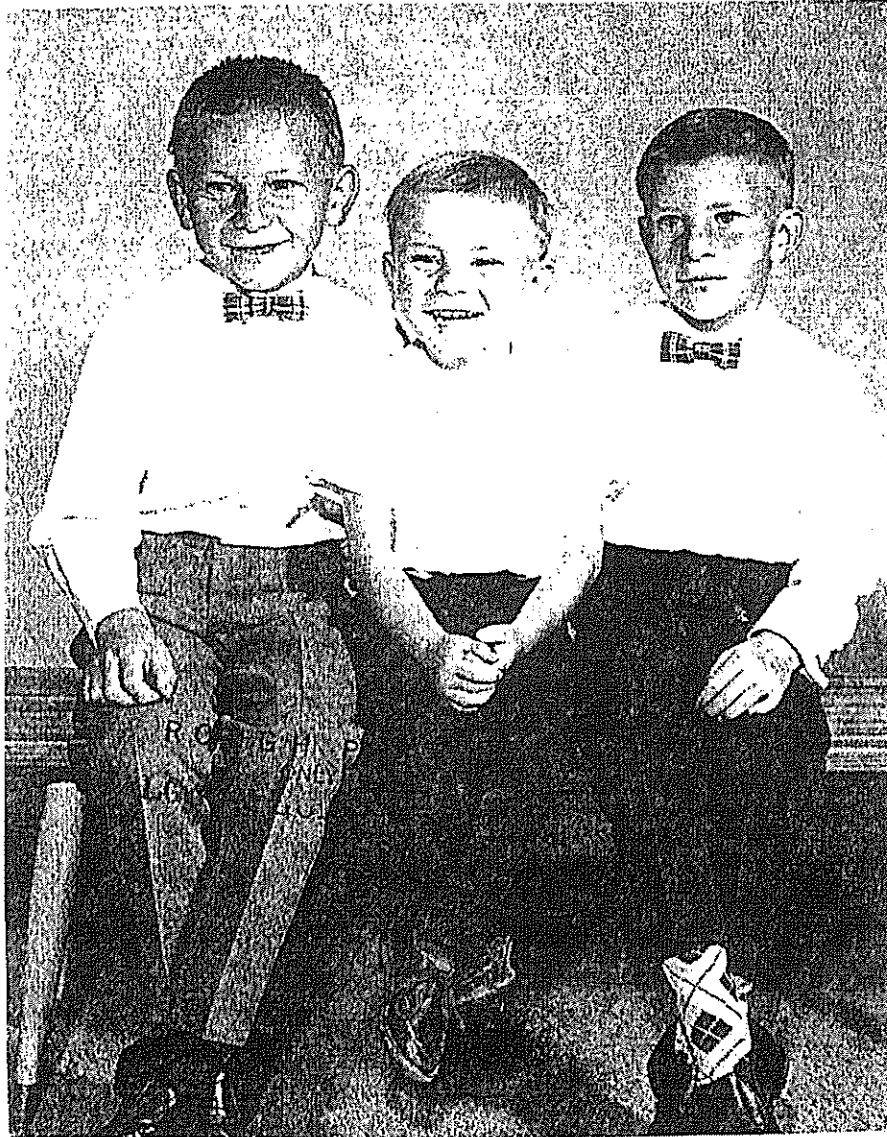
Usona and Carl came to visit us the summer of 1950. When they went home Carl told people that the mosquitoes were so big that one landed at the Fort St. John airport and they had it half full of gas before they realized it wasn't an aeroplane. The mosquitoes were big - and vicious!

In the spring of 1951 we were visiting friends who lived on a ranch along the Beaton River. Art and Lynch decided to go bear hunting, while they were away I took our pickup truck to Rose Prairie to pick up the mail. I was not an experienced driver, and to get there it was necessary to drive up a very long and steep hill. Unknown to me, the truck had no brakes. I managed very well until I came to the last steep pitch when I realized I needed to shift into low gear. However, before I could do that, I started to roll back, I put my foot on the brake. No sign of brakes! I glanced down to the river, far below. Uncertain as to which way to turn the wheel to back the truck into the bank, I fortunately chose the right way. I was so unnerved by the incident, I got out of the truck and started to walk the rest of the way up the hill, where I knew there was a farm and I could get help. I remember thinking, as I walked, "I don't need help, I can do this, all I have to do is put the truck in low gear and drive the rest of the way up the hill". I returned to the truck and did just that! Art's brother and family lived along the way and I stopped there. Slim was absolutely horrified, he was adamant that I would not drive back but would stay the night with them. In the middle of the night Art came looking for me. He was unsure about what he would find because he knew the situation with the brakes, but had never expected that I would attempt to drive up that hill. I have always felt that my hand was guided that day and I was being cared for by a loving Heavenly Father.

Another experience I encountered while living in the North occurred in 1954. I became very ill and after going to Fort St. John to see a doctor, found it was necessary to be sent to Edmonton. Dr. Cormack was able to get in touch with a United States Air Force plane, known as a flying boxcar, coming from Anchorage, Alaska. It was early March and still very cold, there was no heat on the plane, but two young men also aboard, and the pilot and co-pilot did their best to make me comfortable. I will always remember their care and consideration.

When I arrived at the General Hospital several doctors examined me, but were unable to diagnose the problem and it was decided to do an exploratory operation. What they found was a ruptured appendix and a bowel obstruction. Art phoned Olive to see if she knew anyone in Edmonton that could help us. The only person she could think of was Dorothy Neilsen, a friend from Taber. When Olive explained the situation Dorothy responded in the most kind and helpful way. She insisted that Art stay in her home and when I was released from the hospital took me in as well. On the day that I visited the doctor in his office, Dorothy was insistent that I should wear her lovely mink coat. I am so glad I resisted the temptation because the doctor, when he presented me with his bill, told me he could charge me for two operations. When I explained that our financial position was not the best, he charged for only one. Had he seen me wearing a mink coat "I am sure he would never have even questioned our ability. One thing he did say to me, that I remember well, was, "Mrs. Kinniburgh, I think you must pray right, you were a very sick woman when you arrived here." Until then I had never even thought to pray, had it been my children, or my husband, it would have been my first thought. When I told this to Olive, she told me that there were many prayers offered in my behalf. It is surprising that after this illness several doctors told me that it would be very unlikely that I would ever have any more children. However,

that was not the plan in store for me, not only the doctors were surprised when I had three more sons, it was something of a surprise to me as well. I must say it has been a very pleasant and welcome blessing, too!



Jim

Burke

Brian

IN DAYS OF OLDS

In June of this year (2008) it will be forty-four years since we moved to Olds; in my opinion, the best move we ever made. As it is in most families, we have known many sad times, things we thought we could not endure, but did. The way we dealt with these experiences has helped us appreciate all the many happy times.

One might say that Art and I were blessed with two families. When Colin was almost eleven years old and Patti was nine, James Hall made his appearance, born 15 September, 1957, on what would have been dad's eightieth birthday. Three years later on 16 September, 1960, Brian Ray was born. Three years later 7 August, 1963, Douglas Burke blessed our home. When we moved to Olds, Colin and Patti were both in High School and Jimmy was about to start grade 1. We arrived in Olds to find that the house Art had arranged to rent had been rented to someone else. We were left with no place to live, five children, and a dog, the only place to go was the Olds Hotel. Fortunately Art could take the dog to work with him. After three days in the hotel we decided that the children and I would go to Taber.

That year, 1964, there was an Orson Hall reunion in Taber, the Ott Hall family were having a mini reunion, previous to the Orson Hall Sr. one. Olive, being the Saint that she is, took the Kinniburgh family in for the duration of the reunions. When we returned to Olds, Art had arranged for us to live in and manage the Olds Motel. We lived there for a year, then purchased a home that was directly behind the motel in Mountain View Close. I continued to manage the motel until 1969, when it was sold. That year Jim and Brian were in school and Burke started grade 1. Colin and Ferne had married and we had a granddaughter, Dawn, born 23 August, 1967. Patti was working in Edmonton and I was working part-time at the Post Office.

There is something I intended to include, but didn't, so will insert it here. Previous to the reunion in 1964, I had not seen Rae for 13 years. Those years, no doubt had aged us both. However, she was unkind enough to remark on how I was showing it, to which I replied, "Well, my dear, you are no chick either." (Editor's note: We are all aware that Rae would never be so unkind to make such a statement. LOL) There has always been some rivalry between us ever since we were little girls and mother spent so much time curling her pretty hair in ringlets. I got sent to the barber for a shingle and bangs. Now that I have reached senior status I have forgiven both mother and Rae. (Editor's note: How noble of Enid!)

When Burke started school I decided I would find full time employment to help our financial condition. We were buying our home and while it seems hard to believe in these days, our payments were \$95.00 a month, that included taxes. Also, you must remember that Art was bringing home less than \$400.00 a month. It was almost impossible to stretch it as far as it needed to go. I found work at the Olds Co-Op and worked there for eight years. Then I was hired at the local Post Office where I worked until 1986 and retirement. During those years we were blessed with seven more grandchildren and in 1987, our first great grandchild, Nicholas, was born. Ten more have been added.

In 1996 and six weeks after Art and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary, I lost my husband of more than fifty years. Art had not been well for a number of years and at the end of January it was necessary for him to be bedridden. He did spend a few days in March in the hospital, but other than that he was able to be at home where I had help from home care every week day. It was truly a blessing that he could stay home until the end of his life.

Through the years there have been many highlights in my life, some my children have contributed to, some my grandchildren, some my siblings, some my nieces and nephews. I am so glad that Olive, Rae and I decided to have a section of the book, Halls of Fame. Included in it, are members of the Ott and Ethel family who have contributed something worthwhile to their fellowmen. However, all members of the family are worthy of inclusion: **MARJORIE** was so clever, her wit and wisdom were exceptional. She has furnished us with so many laughs and a lot of wise advice. **USONA** was clever as well, anything that she decided to do was done to the very best of her ability. She was a perfectionist. In my opinion, people who expect perfection in what they do, tend to make life difficult for themselves. **EVAN** was renowned for his good nature and his pleasing personality. There were so many stories that Evan could remember and tell about; early days on the farm, his youth, his hunting and fishing experiences. **RETA** deserved a medal for her cooking abilities, she was never afraid to experiment with spices and flavorings. I have never tasted homemade chocolates that could compare to hers, to say nothing of her bread and rolls, her chocolate rolls, or her pastry. **GORDON** excelled on the rodeo circuit, something that mother was always concerned about, even when the rodeos would be practically next door to our home, she could not be persuaded to go. It was such a worry for her that he might be hurt. **OLIVE** has always been the comforter in our family. When things overwhelmed any of us, there was always Olive that we could go to and be sure of help and good advice. She is her mother's daughter. And then there is **RAE** and me, we were never sisterly sisters as children, but we certainly have become so in our later years. There is no home where I feel more welcome and LaVon contributes to this as well as Rae. They are so hospitable to me or to my family when the occasions arise. **ENID** (Editor's note) In my humble opinion, Enid deserves an accolade that I am not capable of bestowing. She amazes me with her devotion to duty, family and friends and I am so grateful for our almost daily communications where she gives freely of her good advice.

Twice in my lifetime I have had the good fortune to see performances by members of the Hall family, in a very public and professional way. The first was when Art, Reta and I travelled to Stratford, Ontario, to see Kimble, Gordon's son, sing and perform in a production of "The Gondoliers", a musical by Gilbert and Sullivan. Previous to the evening Kim had invited us to his home that he shared with a group of other performers. After the show we were invited to meet the cast in a small gathering at the theatre. It was a marvelous experience and one we always treasured. How sad that Kim's life was so short and his potential for fame and fortune never really reached. How sad for Gordon as well.

The second experience occurred when my granddaughter, Becky Argent, performed at Carnegie Hall in New York City, April, 2001. (See Halls of Fame) When she was in Grade 10, she was the accompanist for her High School choir. The choir leader, Lisa Fielder, discovered Becky's pleasing voice, and she was often able to sing with the choir, too. Ms. Fielder is a very accomplished musician and well known in musical circles. When she was invited to participate in a festival, with her choir at Carnegie Hall, she accepted. I had received an advertisement from Visa, offering five days in New York City, Patti and I decided to take advantage of it. I must say that Choir was the hit of the festival. I am not speaking boastfully, they really were the best. They were last on the program and it was very obvious they had saved the best for the last. The applause that greeted them at the conclusion was just overwhelming. And what is more, it was well deserved.

ENID and ART KINNIBURGH - Remembered by Cecily

When I was a young girl, I remember that Enid and Art and family would come to Southern Alberta to visit during the summer. They were living in northern B.C., which sounded like it was a long way off, and it was. It was always fun to have Colin and Pat visiting with us, even if I couldn't talk Colin into going swimming. The only thing for us to do in the summer was swim in the Taber swimming pool, which was small and unheated. We all took lessons and swam every day. Colin didn't have the luxury of swimming lessons, so he tagged along and watched us from bleachers on the outside. The thing that I remember about Uncle Art is he didn't say much, but that he did tease the kids, and we loved it. (I think.)

I do remember Enid and Art coming to our house for some family dinners. Enid was always interesting to talk to, and told great stories about the people she knew up north - they sounded like real characters, like those pictured in "Northern Exposure". I never did get to make a trip to northern B.C. when family went, but always thought it would be an incredible journey.

One Christmas, Enid and Art sent us a package that we opened. We put the presents under the tree, and it was only a few minutes before we realized that something under the tree was smelling very strange. As kids, we were always sniffing around at the Christmas presents, but this time we truly did use our noses. The culprits were the Kinniburgh's gifts to Eric and Murray. They smelled awful! At first we thought it was some cruel joke they were playing on the boys. Then we started to guess what in the world could be in the wrapping. My guess was that it was dead fish. Needless to say, after all the speculation, we could hardly wait to see what the presents were. Eric and Murray each opened a pair of Native tanned and beaded mocassins! They were actually very wonderful, but that "smokey" smell lasted for a long, long, time.

Enid has always had a gift of making things with her hands. She can crochet and knit, which I really admire because I lack any kind of talent in that area. I'm sure that many in the family, like me, have been the recipients of beautiful creations of Enid's - potholders, washcloths, kitchen towels, and tablecloths. At one time, "jumbo-knit" sweaters were all the rage, and she knit Eric, Murray and me beautiful ones. Mine was white with pastel-colored snowflakes on it. I could hardly wait to wear it to the skating rink to show it off.

Enid, like her mother and sisters, is a generous soul, with a kind and sharing heart. Anyone I ever meet who knows her, has only the best of things to say about my Aunt Enid. Her neighbors and others in Olds have enjoyed her baking, her visits, and her concern for others. She seems to have a positive outlook even in the worst of times. She has a great love of good music, and she's introduced me to some pieces that have become favorites of mine. I have some letters and notes from Enid that I'll treasure forever. I know it is a blessing to have an aunt like my Aunt Enid.

Family Group Record

Husband Arthur Hugh Kinniburgh				
Born	3 Oct 1916	Place	Fort Macleod, AB Canada	LDS ordinance dates
Died	10 May 1996	Place	Oids, AB Canada	Baptized
Buried	13 May 1996	Place	Oids, AB Canada	Endowed
Married	22 Mar 1946	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	Sealed to parents
Husband's father				Sealed to spouse
Husband's mother				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
Baptized 22 Jun 1999 ALBER				
Endowed 27 Aug 1999 ALBER				
Sealed to parents 12 Sep 2000 ALBER				
Sealed to spouse 20 Jan 2007 ALBER				
Wife Enid Francis Hall				
Born	6 Oct 1925	Place	Taber, Alberta, Canada	LDS ordinance dates
				Baptized
				Endowed
Wife's father	Orson Eli Hall			Sealed to parents
Wife's mother	Ethel Evans			
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
Baptized 1 Jul 1934 LIVE				
Endowed 28 Apr 2006 EDMON				
Sealed to parents 11 Feb 1931 ALBER				
Children List each child in order of birth.				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
1	M	Colin Arthur Kinniburgh (Twin)		
		Born	14 Nov 1946	Place
		Died	17 Jul 2006	Place
		Buried	Cremated	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized 2 Sep 1961 LIVE				
Endowed				
Sealed to parents				
2	M	Gordon James Kinniburgh (Twin)		
		Born	14 Nov 1946	Place
		Died	14 Nov 1946	Place
		Buried	15 Nov 1946	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized Infant				
Endowed				
Sealed to parents 20 Jan 2007 ALBER				
3	F	Ethel Patricia Kinniburgh		
		Born	3 May 1948	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized 23 Jun 1963 LIVE				
Endowed 3 Jun 1972 ALBER				
Sealed to parents 20 Jan 2007 ALBER				
		Spouse		
		Robert Stanley Argent		
		Married	6 Jul 1982	Place
Sealed to spouse 6 Jul 1982 ALBER				
4	M	James Hall Kinniburgh		
		Born	15 Sep 1957	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized				
Endowed				
Sealed to parents				
5	M	Brian Ray Kinniburgh		
		Born	16 Sep 1960	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized				
Endowed				
Sealed to parents				
6	M	Douglas Burke Kinniburgh		
		Born	7 Aug 1963	Place
		LDS ordinance dates		
		Temple		
Baptized 11 Aug 1973 Live				
Endowed				
Sealed to parents				

5 May 2008

Notes

"Ott and Ethel" In-Laws

Much has been written about every member of the "Ott and Ethel" family, but very little has been told about the spouses. The in-laws were actually very fortunate, never a meddling mother or father-in-law. In fact Howard King once sent mother a birthday card with the message:

"Comedians always get lots of applause
When they start cracking jokes about mother-in-laws!
I join the laugh, but I'm laughing at them
For my mother-in-law
Is a peach and a gem!"

Her daughter-in-law, Eva, Evans wife, said, "To me Ethel Hall was a great lady, always thinking of other's wants and seldom thinking of herself. In all the time I knew her I never saw her angry". Son-in-law Carl McCartee knew the power of her prayers. Cecil Johnson cried at her funeral - it wasn't like Cecil to show such an emotion. In the days mother spent in Rose Prairie with Art, while Enid was in the hospital waiting for Patti's appearance, Art came to love her as much as Enid did. Howard Wood had known mother and dad for years, he knew how fortunate he was to marry into the Hall family. Gordon's young bride depended on mother for wise advice and gratefully accepted it. Only LaVon Eller did not have the good fortune to know mother very well. He never knew dad. He met mother just once, in Salt Lake City, and had just a brief visit with her.

Sadly, we don't know how Ott was accepted as a father-in-law. But there was never any confrontation, so the sons in-laws must have treated the Hall girls 'right' or dad would not have tolerated it.

The in-law picture below: Eva, Howard Wood, LaVon, Carl, Barbara, Art
Insets: Howard King and Cecil Johnson

