

Memories

of

E
O T T
H
E
L

My Papa, Dad, Father

Rae

The first biography in the "Ott and Ethel" book is about *Orson Eli Hall*, and details his life in Utah, and adventurous journey into Canada. Included in that short, twelve page story are six pages (copies) written by himself in 1942. I, Rae, have the originals. One will read, with interest, about a couple of escapades he participated in, but there is so much that he neglected to tell us. We should have asked him about the 'olden days'. However, as Olive has written in the section, 'The Homestead', it indicates that he did tell interesting stories to the children, as they sat around the dining room table on cold winter nights.

In the next few pages I shall attempt to tell a few experiences I had with my male parent. I have always loved him, but through working on this book my love and respect has increased. When we were children we called him "Papa". My first recollection of Papa is when I spent a few days with him on the farm, just the two of us. Guess I was about five years old. It must have been late fall because I don't remember him being in the fields, and he was always available when I asked him to push me in the big swing. The Meachams lived just a mile east of us, Papa took me there one day to play with their daughter, Alice. It was a happy afternoon, until evening when Brother Meacham came in from his work. He was very tall and I was frightened. I thought he was a giant. Alice was expecting me to stay the night but suddenly I had an overpowering desire to go home, then I begged. I looked wistfully to the west, sobbing for my Papa. Brother Meacham, finally, in exasperation and desperation, took me home. To this day, Alice teases me about it.

Papa's blacksmith shop intrigued me. I loved to watch him working at the forge, and remember the anvil and hammer. He not only shod his horses, but he was adept at mending any mishap to the farm machinery. One time Usona said that some of his work were inventions and should have been patented.

The family moved from the farm to Taber in 1925. The one room school closed because many homesteaders left for irrigated farms. It could not remain open for just the five Hall children. Papa stayed at the farm during the week, there were horses and cattle to care for. In the spring he was anxious to be working in the fields, plenty of work in the summer, and the fall brought harvesting. However, during the winter he came to town and stayed until it was planting time. In 1928 the farm house burned down so he moved in a little two room house that we called 'the shack'. It was a typical bachelor's abode, rough floors, old furniture, lumpy mattress and always a pot of coffee on the back burner of the old Home Comfort.

When the farm house was burning, Sina Meacham called Mother to tell her about the fire. At that time we were living in the rented Blue house and Mother went upstairs to the east window - she could see the smoke, although it was 10 miles away. I watched and was upset because my Mama was crying. Papa was visiting Pete Engleson, a neighbor who lived a few miles from the farm when the house burned.

With the insurance money Dad and Mother were able to buy the Burt Wood house. It was a nice home and a very comfortable one, appreciated by all the family. Mr. Wood had already purchased hardwood for the three front rooms and Dad laid the floors himself. They were beautiful and Mother's pride and joy.

Dad was so pleased to provide his family with a lovely home.

Mother and Dad were very hospitable, many people found their way to our home for a place to stay the night, or longer. At one time, it was the practice of the Church to send home missionaries to outlying areas where members seldom had the opportunity to attend Church. The missionaries came from other areas and always stayed with us. Dad would then drive them to the farms where they would visit families. He did so willingly, but was very firm about certain conditions. They were never to ask him to pray or speak. If so, they would walk home. The old adage, "Actions speak louder than words", applied to Dad. His many kind acts and generosity made people aware of his true nature.

Although Dad was not as religiously inclined as mother, he never objected to her activity, and supported her in everything she did. In fact, Dad seldom attended Church. However, on 11 February, 1931, Dad and Mother went to the Cardston Temple to be sealed and six of their children then sealed to them, thus insuring we were an eternal family. (Marjorie and Usona have since been sealed to them also.) For sometime, our Grandmother Holmes had been encouraging Dad to have this ordinance done. But Dad had some habits not conducive to this blessing, and he did not take her advice. Finally, she said, if he did not do this, it may be that Ethel would be given to some other worthy man. Dad took that very seriously and because of his love for Mother and his family, he complied. On one occasion as we were talking about this memorable day, Evan said, "Bishop Harris knew about Dad's smoking, but he also knew what a good man he was. He recommended that Ott Hall be allowed to go to the Temple". We owe Bishop Harris a debt of gratitude.

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

Orson Eli Hall and *Ethel Evans Hall*

Who previously had been legally married, were SEALED by me as husband and wife according to the ordinance of God, for TIME and for all ETERNITY, in the HOUSE of the LORD, Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

11th February 1931

Edwin Wood
of the Temple Presidency

Wm. Anderson Witnesses
W. S. Smith

Alberta Temple

He didn't go to the Temple again, but he made it possible for many other people to go. He built seats in the back of the old International truck so that he could take members of the Ward to the Temple. It was surely not a very comfortable ride and over seventy miles of gravel roads, but people were grateful that he provided the transportation. On one such occasion, as they passed the Provincial Prison, there was a young man from Taber, newly released, standing on the road hoping for a ride home. Dad stopped and picked

him up, but when he was about to get in the back of the truck, one difficult sister said, "If that jailbird is going to ride with us, I'm getting out and walking". Dad could not resist giving a reproach when he said, "Annie you could walk, you'd be home in time for Church Sunday morning". Mother, who had been in the cab, got in the back and let the young man sit in front with Dad.

Dad loved a bottle of beer and quite often would go to the Royal or Palace Hotel Beer Parlor. There was never any liquor in our home, but I do know there were times when Dad came home after imbibing. Only one time do I remember an occasion when it caused a serious situation between Mother and Dad. There was a very unpleasant argument.

Dad would often go fishing to Newell Lake with several friends, they would stay a few days camping. One of the fishermen, a lawyer from Lethbridge, was always amazed at how quickly Dad could fall asleep after retiring. He asked Dad how he managed that and the response was, "I have a clear conscience".

As each daughter grew and wanted new wearing apparel, it was always Dad that we asked for the money to buy a new dress or shoes. He dearly wanted his girls to look nice and provided as well as he could. This prompts a little story that changes the time sequence a bit. The morning of Dad's funeral we were all at home, and we girls were wondering what to wear, a bit of trading ensued and some good natured squabbling. Marjorie became a little upset that we were so concerned about how we would look, until Mother intervened, she said words to this effect, "Marjorie, I think it is important that we look our best for Dad today, you know how he loved us to look and dress nice".

In 1939 Canada became involved in World WarII and Dad felt deprived that he was too old to be in the Armed Forces. He faithfully sat by the radio when he was home, listening to the war news, even more so when Howard, Reta's husband, was serving overseas.

About 1940 Dad had his first heart attack and had to adjust to a different way of life, less hard work, and a stern reprimand from Dr. Muth to take life easy. He loved to visit Marjorie and Howard on their farm in the B.C. mountains, in fact, he and Evan had helped them move there in 1941.

At this time Grandma Holmes was in her 80's and living alone. Mother thought she and Dad should go to Raymond and take care of her. Dad argued that Grandma should come to Taber and live with them. Grandma, however, being a little stubborn refused to leave her home, so Mother and Dad went to Raymond for a time. Dad once wrote me that he was afraid to take his pants off at night for fear Grandma would have them cut up into quilt blocks by morning.

In 1943 I went to Edmonton to work and Dad wrote me a few letters. In one he said he was sorry I was having bad toothaches. He remembered that as a child, when I was away from home, I suffered terribly from homesickness but too embarrassed to admit it. I blamed my tears on a toothache. He wrote a couple of letters while he was at the Bull River farm with Margie and Howard. I'm so glad that I saved his letters.

For Father's Day, 1943, I sent Dad a wallet. He sent me such a sweet thank you letter. It was written with an indelible pencil so it is unreadable, however, on the following page the letter is shown, typed exactly as he wrote it. On top of the letter is the wallet with the carved deerhorn toothpick that he always carried in it. An armband is also shown, it was used to shorten the sleeves of his dress shirts. A pair of them always hung on the doorknob of their bedroom door.

Taber, June 23rd

Dear Rae you don't know how much I appreciated the present you sent and especially the few lines you wrote on the card.

If you had been where I could have got ahold of you I'd hugged your head off. It made mother feel the same to know you think so much of us.

Hope you always will which I know you always will.

The present was just what I have wanted for a long time and thanks a thousand times.

I feel about the same as usual not too ambitious. Our crop don't look very good too much drouth and wind. The wind blows like h___ every day it is something awful today.

Our house looks nice now all finished painting except the verandah floor would have done that today only for the wind.

Mother is waiting to take this to the office. Will close Write often.

*Your Dad
will always love you*



On 19 September, 1944, I was working in the office of Edmonton Motors when I received a phone call from Mother, tearfully telling me that Dad was in the hospital, and I should come home. Everyone in the office was very kind and considerate and arranged for me to leave immediately for Taber. That was a long train ride home. I worried that I wouldn't get there to see my father before he died. But I did. Marjorie, Howard and family came from B.C. and we were all there, knowing that Dad only had a few more days, or hours, to live. He said he wished he could take Howard Wood's place overseas, that Howard could come home from the war.

Sunday morning, 24 September, about 8:00 o'clock, I was sitting by his hospital bed, when he said, "Honey, run to the Church and ask Bishop Wood to come. I need a blessing". So I did, the Bishop left immediately, he asked me to ride with him, but I knew the short cuts and I managed to get to the hospital before he did. Dad received his blessing, he knew his death was imminent. He expressed his appreciation for Mother and told Gordon to take care of the little cowboy that was expected. Gordon's wife, Barbara was expecting their first child (it was a cowgirl). How sorry I am now that I was outside the hospital, visiting with friends, when Dad passed away. I should never have left his bedside.

A Tribute To Our Father

Orson Eli Hall

15 September, 1877 - 24 September, 1944

by Enid

Kindness, Charity and Love

That best portion of a good man's life -

His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.

William Wordsworth

Because his father's name was Orson, I wonder, was that the reason our father was known as "Ott". Maybe that was a way of distinguishing the father from the son. However, I also wonder how they ever came to that diminutive. Like a lot more questions we could have asked, that was another one we overlooked. Was it because he was a tiny baby? He did tell us that he could be placed in a shoe box. Could it be that Orson was such a formidable name for such a tiny infant. In any case, as long as he lived he was Ott to his parents, his siblings, his wife and many friends. When we were small he was "Papa", as we grew older he was "Dad", to his grandchildren he was "Pa". As he was dying he told our mother that he regretted having so few grandchildren. At that time there were only five living; Leo McCartee, Glenn, Joan and Marianne King, and Roy Wood. Usona's little daughter, Connie, was the first grandchild, but died of spinal meningitis in 1928. Gordon and Barbara's daughter, Carol was born three months after Dad died, 24 December, 1944. Today (2008) they number 25 and so many great grandchildren, we've lost count. There are fifth generation children as well.

When his children were at home on the farm, Ott could always keep them amused by recounting stories from his childhood and early manhood in Utah. He was born in Huntsville, Utah, at a time in United States history, when the west was being settled by pioneers. Many were looking for a better life, like his own family, seeking a place free of religious intolerance. He could remember hearing about the outlaws, Jesse and Frank James, Butch Cassidy and his "Hole in the Wall Gang". When Ott was less than a year old Orson took his family to Dry Fork, they stayed there two years but returned to Huntsville. More children were born there, but again they left for Uintah County where Orson's brothers and mother lived. It has always been something of a mystery why they would leave the lovely, green valley where Huntsville is located, to live in Dry Fork.

As a young teenager, an accident with gunpowder, caused Ott to lose his sight. There was an Army Fort situated at Fort Duschene but Orson Sr. refused to take Ott there for medical treatment. His dear, little mother, Eliza Johanna, took him there by team and wagon, herself. His brave mother returned home, alone, to her husband and family. Doctors were able to save the sight in his right eye. Ott stayed there for many months, doing chores and whatever was asked of him, to pay for the help he received.

I would like to relate an amazing coincidence that occurred more than one hundred years later. The above incident was related to a Primary class by Leda Jensen, who was the teacher. My daughter, Patti Argent, had taken her young son to the class and listened as Leda told the story. At the

conclusion, Leda stated that the brave lady was her great grandmother, and to her surprise, Patti stood and acknowledged that Eliza was also her great grandmother, and the boy was her grandfather, Ott Hall. These two women had known each other for years, but were unaware of their relationship. Leda is Norman Hall's daughter and granddaughter of David Hall, Ott's brother. (A coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous.)

One story that Dad told, that we always found amusing, concerned an occasion when he had been hunting but had had no luck. Consequently, he was tired and hungry when he came upon an Indian camp. Seeing a woman he approached her and asked if she had any bannock. She replied that she didn't but would be able to make him some. He was impressed when he noticed her place water in a basin and wash her hands. However, he lost his appetite when he saw her pour the water from the basin into the bannock she was mixing.

About this time, Orson Sr. was considering the possibility of moving his family to Canada. He felt it would be wise to send Ott there to see what the prospects were. Originally, Ott had intended to work for a man who was driving horses through to Canada from Idaho Falls. When they arrived in Great Falls it was decided that the horses would be sent by railroad. Upon arriving in Magrath, Ott went into a store, the Harker-Head General Mercantile. He noticed that a clerk was lining the shelves with a newspaper from Vernal. He realized that this was the paper from a town close to Dry Fork. He asked if he could read it. There he read the obituary of his mother, Eliza Johanna Tracy Hall, she had died in childbirth at the age of 45, the baby also died. Ott had loved his mother dearly and realized he must return to Dry Fork. He was full of praise about the possibilities in this new land, it was decided to move and make it their new home. When they left Utah, in 1902, they were also leaving their dear wife and mother, as well as two babies in the Dry Fork cemetery. It must have been a difficult parting.

Several years before, Orson Sr. and his brother, Iowa, had a disagreement and had not spoken or had any association with one another. Iowa was sitting on the fence whittling as they drove past in their wagon with all of their belongings. Neither of the brothers so much as looked at the other, even though they knew they would probably never see each other again. This proved to be the case and worth mentioning; because of a difference of opinion, or hurt feelings, neither one was willing to forgive and forget. They were estranged the rest of their lives.

This was probably a lesson to Ott and his brothers, they remained close all of their lives, showing much love and concern for their siblings and families. When Aunt Mary Ellingson died in childbirth in 1919, Ott and his brother, David, took responsibility for four of her sons and Orson Sr. and his wife, Aunt Rye, took the youngest son, Earl, who was four years old at the time. Before leaving Magrath, our grandfather had married a widow, Maria Price, who had three children. Orson had two daughters still at home, then he and Maria had three children, Dean, June and Mark (but Mark died). It has been said that Orson made the statement "that his kids and her kids were beating the hell out of their kids".

Dad's brother Absalom, better known as Ab, died very young and very suddenly, leaving a widow with eleven children. Shortly before his death he had arranged to buy a life insurance policy, I have always understood that it was Howard King, Marjorie's husband, who sold it to him. Ab had agreed to buy it, but had not paid the first premium. When Howard learned that Ab was dying he went to Ott and Dave, told them that if it wasn't paid the insurance would not be honored. Those two men who loved their brother dearly, paid the

premium and Ab's wife and family were cared for financially for many years. Those are only two examples of the love and affection that this family shared.

And so it follows, our grandparents instilled in their family a love for each other and a feeling of responsibility and caring. Our parents instilled that same type of love and devotion in our family. Dad and mother may have had arguments but we were not aware of them. Dad taught us to respect our mother, that was easy to do. She had so many attributes she was a good example to us, always. Dad was very strict, but loving, with his first children, but the three younger children never received a paddling, maybe he mellowed with age. Our home was peaceful and happy, we remember a few unpleasant events but the happy ones outnumbered the sad.

*A house is built of logs and stone,
Of tiles and posts and piers;
A home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.*

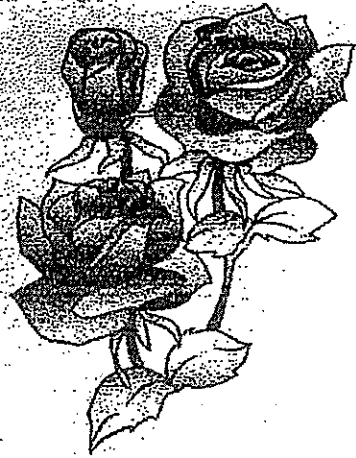
- Victor Hugo -



Ott's Birthday - 15 September, 1941

Back row l-r: Evan, Eva, Gordon, Howard King, Carl, Howard Wood
Middle: Marjorie, Dad (Ott) Mother (Ethel) Enid, Olive,
Usona, Rae, Reta
Front: Leo, Glenn, Marianne, Joan

Ethel Evans Hall



Memories

*Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures -
Faithful, unselfish, patient like yours.*

Memories of Mother

Rae

Almost eighty years ago Enid was sitting on Mother's lap and I was at her knee. She was teaching us to sing, "Where Are you Going Pretty Bird?". And still I remember every word and have taught it to my granddaughters.

Oh where are you going pretty bird?

*I am going to my nest, I am going to my nest
I am going to my nest, sweet maid.*

*And what have you in your nest
And what have you in your nest?*

*I have five blue eggs
I have five blue eggs
I have five blue eggs, sweet maid.*

*And what will your little eggs be
And what will your little eggs be?*

*They will be little birds,
They will be little birds,
They will be little birds, sweet maid.*

*And what will your little birdies do
And what will your little birdies do?*

*They will sing Praise to God,
They will sing Praise to God,
They will sing Praise to God, sweet maid.*

We were living in the rented Blue House recently having moved from the farm. It was a lovely home, we were learning to live with close neighbors, the siblings were going to school less than a block away and the Church was right next door. It didn't take long for everyone to recognize that Ethel Hall was an extraordinary lady.

Then Mother and Dad bought the Burt Wood home - it was truly a Home, not just for our family but for anyone that needed a place to stay, a word of comfort or a handout. The Smiths were our closest neighbors. Mother was a little apprehensive about being so close, they only had three daughters and were "well-to-do". But it was not long until Mrs. Smith came through the caragana hedge and rhubarb patch that separated the houses to visit, and a forever friendship was made. Mother worried about May Smith, she was so fragile and had a heart problem, was also quite deaf. Mother never wearied or complained about having to talk loud, other people were not so tolerant. It is ironic that Mrs. Smith outlived Mother by fifteen years.

Mother became Relief Society President of the Taber Ward about 1929 and

served for nine years. She told me once how she was called to that position. Bishop Harris knew there had to be a new President but had not had the inspiration to make the call. President Aesel Palmer of the Lethbridge Stake, was in Taber for a meeting, Bishop Harris explained his predicament. They were standing at the top of the outside stairs of the new Church when Mother arrived. President Palmer said to Bishop Harris: "There is your new Relief Society President". He was surely inspired for she served with such love and diligence, beloved by the the whole Ward. As a child I saw the work and time she devoted to her calling, what she did for Relief Society, but it was not until I was able to attend Relief Society that I realized what it did for her.

In those days Fast Offerings were not monetary donations, but produce that people could contribute. It was during the time of the serious depression that affected so much of the country. When a family was in need of help the Church would provide, as the stored Fast Offerings dwindled, which were stored in our basement, we saw Mother often give from our own cupboards.

Down the street from us lived the Parker family. Although Mr. Parker had a successful business their home was a catastrophe. Mrs. Parker was a slight, little English woman with no idea how to maintain a home. There were several children in the family and it is a mystery how they survived in the squalor. There came a time when Mr. Parker became very ill and Mother went to visit and offer assistance. For two weeks she practically lived at the Parkers, cleaned the house, taught Mrs. Parker how to care for her sick husband, and ultimately saved his life. We still joke occasionally about Kasaween's (Kathaleen) hair that was so tightly curled Mother had a hard time washing and delicing it. When Mr. Parker was finally able to go back to his store, he delivered a big, beautiful radio to us in gratitude for Mother's kindness. People from their Church offered no help, but Mother's 'Good Samaritan' efforts extended beyond the Taber Ward.

I guess I could fill a book with Mother's tenure as Relief Society President, however, suffice it to say she was with the sick and the dying, settled family squabbles, and was a friend to all. She had her own problems that she seldom complained about, but I remember well the heartaches she endured in her own family. One time I found her alone in the dining room, her head down on the table and she was sobbing, she confided that she was worried about one of her daughters. Another time I remember the agony she went through about a serious situation with Gordon. But through it all she never gave up on them, her love was strong and never diminished.

Mother loved good music. When there was a Nelson Eddy/Jeanette McDonald movie playing at the Rex Theatre, mother wouldn't miss it. She immediately recognized the voices of John Charles Thomas and Madame Schuman-heink. When she would hear them on the radio, she listened with appreciation. She was most proud of John Charles Thomas because he was the grandson of a Welsh coalminer. She would often lament the fact that Fanny Brice played the part of Baby Snooks, she couldn't understand how anyone with such a beautiful voice could take such a silly part. A great favorite was Kate Smith, especially loved was "God Bless America". On one occasion Mother was saying how she loved Kate's radio program, Enid remarked, but she is so fat, to which our very slender mother said, "If I could sing like that I wouldn't care how fat I was". Sir Harry Lauder was another favorite (he was knighted by King George V). His rendition of "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" was choice. Wouldn't she love the good recordings today and magnificent home entertainment systems? Mother could whistle, and I was always happy when I heard her, for it meant she was happy. She also had a good alto voice and sang with the Relief Society "Singing Mothers".

She was very proud of her Welsh heritage, I have often regretted that she did not live long enough to enjoy a plane flight to Wales. Having been there about four times I have learned to love it, and the people. How she would appreciate those wonderful Welsh Male Choirs and hearing "Men of Harlech" and "All through the Night"! I keep in touch with distant cousins in Swansea and have visited them there, she would be pleased.

While I was in Y.W.M.I.A. the young women often went to Waterton to Camp. We would always get a camping spot close to the Lake with kitchen facilities close by. One year Mother went with us as a chaperone, maybe it was 1939 or 1940 so she must have been mid fifties. She was such a good sport and was willing to tackle any activity. Camped near by us, and using the same kitchen, was a professor from the University of Alberta, Dr. Sandeen and his wife. When the girls would clean up after an active day, and go to the Village for a dance, Mother would stay at the camp and the Sandeens and she would visit in the kitchen. Dr. Sandeen was great at analyzing each of the the girls, Mother was most amazed how correct he was in recognizing personalities. However, he was most impressed with Mother, he appreciated her interests and love of literature. We had planned a hike from Lake Bertha to the summit, Dr. and Mrs. Sandeen were going too. He suggested to Mother that she should go also. She enthusiastically accepted. He promised that he would be right with her, she should have no problems. She certainly wasn't equipped for hiking, no boots, not even slacks. So away we went, Mother in a dress, coat and walking shoes. True to his promise, he helped her over the rough spots and one time a steep incline of just shale. But she reached the top, and was in awe of the spectacular view. Reta and Howard made the same hike that day. Imagine their surprise when they discovered Mother at the summit.



Mother in her coat and walking shoes on the hike to the summit. Dr. Sandeen, carrying the gear.

She was only three months old when her father was killed in a mine explosion. She did not have the companionship or love of a father and often regretted that. After she moved from North Ogden, with her mother, stepfather and family to Canada she did not have the association of her father's family. In 1946 Mother and I made a trip to Utah for April conference. We spent a few

days in North Ogden visiting the Evans. Then we went to California to visit with more Evans and it was such a pleasure seeing Mother get reacquainted with her Aunt Lizzie, Uncle Dave, Aunt Kate, their spouses and many cousins. She was a little concerned after being away from them for so long. Would they accept her and be friendly? But they were just as happy to see her, as she was to see them. It was such a great experience traveling with mother (by Greyhound bus). Most passengers recognized what a special lady she was, they were eager to help with our luggage, and anxious that we have good seats. The drivers were always so courteous and kind to her.

In 1947 I received a Mission Call to the Texas Louisiana Mission. I was hesitant about accepting as I knew it would be a hardship for Mother, economically. But she was adamant, she knew the necessary money would be provided, and it was. One time a family who had rented rooms from Mother years before sent her back rent, brothers and sisters were very generous and contributed. Reta and Howard rented a little house that they had not used in years and sent the rental money to me. The Ward and Ward members also donated. Many times I would receive a letter with a dollar, or five dollars, sometimes as much as ten. I remember with appreciation help from Brother Potts, the church janitor, dear old Sister Christensen, generous Bishop Haynes. Before I left home Mother took me to her room and we knelt in prayer, her words are as clear to me today as they were sixty years ago. "Father, I have loved, cared for and protected this girl all of her life, now into your hands I give her keeping". I shall always be grateful for her powerful prayers, her faith and wonderful example. In one letter she said she knew that Dad was pleased about my mission. I was the first of my grandpa Hall's family to serve a mission. I have included three pages "Lines From Her Letters", excerpts from the letters she wrote me while I was in Texas.

A few days before Christmas, 1948, I was released from my Mission. I went by train to Salt Lake City and then by bus to the border where Mother and Gordon met me. A glorious reunion! It was a very happy holiday. But Mother's health was not good, she had been diagnosed with a heart problem. It was a great source of worry to the entire family. I returned to work for the Mining Co. One of the managers was from Vancouver, his family had not moved with him to Taber and he was living in a hotel. When he asked if he could board with us, we were happy to have him move in. He was surely a great help that winter, keeping our coal bin full, the furnace stoked and the snow shoveled. Very often he would take us to Lethbridge to dinner and a movie. As always, he fell under mother's spell, recognized her very special spirituality.

In February, 1949, Mother wanted to go to Cranbrook for a visit with Marge so we went via Greyhound Bus. It was not a good time to travel! It was cold, there was snow and wind. Going into the Crow's Nest Pass the roads became very slick and dangerous. The driver was having quite a time controlling his vehicle. I don't recall in which town there were miners getting off their shift, their bus had gone off the road so they climbed aboard the Greyhound. The driver was not happy or courteous to all those dirty men. Near Fernie and on a mountain road, trouble really started, the bus went out of control. The front end was hanging over the side of the road, below was a river. Those dirty, tired miners managed to get out of the bus through a back door and literally pulled the bus back on the road. Mother and I remained seated during the dangerous time and I could tell Mother was praying. We held hands and she assured me that all was well. She personally thanked those men and expressed her gratitude. No doubt she remembered that her father was a miner. The bus driver was so upset he refused to drive any further. We went into Fernie and went to Cranbrook by train.



Mother was pleased when LaVon and I decided to marry. Now, she said, she could go to Utah and stay as long as she wanted. But it wasn't to be, for on Friday, 26 May, 1950, she had a heart attack, as she was quilting on the applique tulip quilt. Grandma Holmes had given me the quilt top as a wedding gift, made when she was 88 years old. I was sitting just a few feet away from mother when she fell from her chair at the quiltside. In the hospital she apologized to me, she felt so badly for scaring me. I should have been apologizing to her! On Sunday afternoon 28 May, 1950, Olive, Marjorie, Usona and Reta were with her when suddenly, without any warning, she quietly passed away. One of the sisters said, "As we are weeping, we know someone who is rejoicing and laughing". Of course she was referring to Dad who would be welcoming Ethel HOME.

THE TULIP QUILT:

Given to granddaughter Brynn in 2006. She is pointing to the block that mother had quilted. The Relief Society Sisters finished the quilting.

About a month before mother died, she suggested we go to Raymond to the Mercantile to find the material for my wedding dress. She said, "the Merc has the prettiest fabric". While we were there we also decided on a pattern, a few days later we went to see Verna Fowler who agreed to make the dress. Mother didn't get to see the dress, or be at the wedding (in person). But I know she loved the dress and was at the Temple when LaVon and I were married. I was assured of that when President Smith, the Temple President, asked if my parents were in attendance. When Evan responded that our parents were deceased, he said, "They can return for these special occasions".

To paraphrase Timothy, *"She fought a good fight, finished the course and kept the faith."* - 2 Timothy 4:7 -
Her life was one of example, kindness, compassion, forgiveness, patience and love.

For Mother's Day, 1949, I gave her the purse pictured below. It is a good leather one, it is still in mint condition and safely kept in the old Treasure Trunk. There were a few items in it when I claimed it before leaving Taber after my marriage. As you can see by the photo, below, a receipt for rent, an Alberta News check in the amount of \$1.00 - made out to the Taber Library. I don't know why it wasn't cashed. Note the three cent stamp on it. I remember we used to put a stamp on checks - were banks all Government controlled? The envelope addressed to Mrs. O.E. Hall was empty but I could tell by the writing it was from Marjorie - don't know what happened to the letter. The Budget Card was signed by Bishop Douglas Miller, it allowed her to get into any Ward function because she had paid her Ward Budget. Did they use to charge? The little card was a ticket for a Variety Concert. I wonder if she attended it? There were two or three other little items, consisting of the stub of a Greyhound Bus ticket - destination, Lethbridge; a ticket she had purchased from the Ladies Curling Club for 25 cents, a chance to win with no. 121, a hand crocheted Vanity set. We know who crocheted that! There was also a receipt from Platt Bros. Furniture, April 19, 1950, for \$5.40. All of them are yellow with age but very dear to me.



Lines From Her Letters

While I was on my mission to Texas Louisiana, 1947-1948, Mother wrote to me almost every week, mostly from Taber, a few from Raymond where she was caring for Grandma Holmes, one or two from Salt Lake City while she was attending Relief Society conferences. I treasure them all and have saved each and every one.

I have reread them all in order to impart to you Mother's expressions of gratitude, a few regrets, family news happy and sad. Wish I could imitate her neat handwriting, but since that is not possible, will type several excerpts from the letters - hope you appreciate them.

The following was written in 1943 when I was in Edmonton. Mother seldom dated her letters and never the year - I added them on.

June 23, 1943

Gordon is stampeding again, Bow Island on the 30th, Raymond 1st and 2nd Cardston and Macleod soon. I do wish he wouldn't ride but he just laughs because I worry. He and Barbara are very comfortable at the farm. She has fixed it up so nice and some new things. The table and chairs we gave them are very nice. (Gordon and Barbara were married 10 May, 1943.)

(From here, all written to me while I was serving in Texas)
Sunday 1947

Enid and Art are leaving in the morning. I think Enid feels blue tonight. It will be lonesome when they are gone but I can keep pretty busy so time will pass quickly.

Sunday July 6

I haven't seen Usona or Carl this week. Maybe they will be down today. We enjoyed the Kings visit. They are always such good company. I just got home from Sunday School and fixed a bit of dinner. Cecilie ate with us so was not alone.... So many people inquired about you and several asked for your address. Hope you get some letters. Will close and get Cecil to post this as he goes to work. Much love,

Aug. 8

Joan came down Tuesday and Marianne left to go home. Joan had her birthday here and Olive made an angel food, nicely decorated and we gave her little remembrance so she was so happy. Her 16th birthday, sweet as can be.

Enid will leave to go home next Thursday. It seems such a short stay but it has been so swell to have her here and family. Enid and Colin both look so very pale and thin. Colin has so little color and his hair so white he looks like a little Danishman.

Aug 14

Olive went to Lethbridge this morning and had a permanent. It looks so nice. She had about 4 inches taken off. She is fine and isn't as big as she was before, yet.

Salt Lake, Sept. 29, 1947

I hadn't heard from Carl and Usona before I left, only to say he had entered the clinic. (Carl was in the Mayo Clinic, had lost his sight.) (She adds on to the letter) The Doctors say he has had a stroke. I hope and pray that this is an awakening for them.

Nov. 27 1947

Olive has a boy, 7 lbs. 12 oz. She was sick 3 or 4 days, but no complaints from her, Cecil is very pleased with his boy and Cecilie is just so sweet about him too.

Dec. 27 1947

Usona, Barbara and Olive got ready Christmas night and the husbands took them to the hall for the dance, but there was no dance. The men were pleased about it but the girls would like to have had a dance. Nine of us here for Christmas, Carl, Usona and Leo, Barbara and Gordon, Cecil, Olive and Cecilie and Grandma. Margie sent \$10.00 for you, five from them and five from Glenn.

Jan. 4 1948

Evan is still loading sugar beets but will be through next week if they don't have trouble. Howard and Reta, Cecil and Olive, Evan and Eva were to Usona's

for New Years.

Gordon, Barbara and Carol and I went to Cranbrook Wed. and came back Sat. It is always nice to see the King family. Glenn is a fine boy, he works at the theatre. Joan and Marianne are nice girls, Margie keeps them dressed nice.

Jan. 15, 1948 Raymond

I hope to go to Enid when she has her baby, for a month or 6 weeks, about the about middle of April or 1st of May.

It seems to me Taber is the best place in the world, or at least has the finest people. I miss them so much. I miss Olive and Cecilie so much.

Jan. 24

Cecilie and Eric are both so sweet. Eric is growing so fast and such a good baby. Olive is a wonderful mother. I wish Cecil was as good. He provides for all their physical wants but is very little company for Olive or the children.

Feb. 2

Bless your heart. How I would love to see you tonight. Love, Mother

Feb. 10 1948

I was over to Diamond City to Roy's birthday last Sat. He had a party and he thought it was swell.

Mar. 1 1948

I am so grateful for my testimony and for my family, for each one of you. I am grateful that my Heavenly Father sent you to me. My love and prayers are for you always.

May 9, 1948

Colin is a lovely little fellow, always so pleasant. I don't know how I am going to leave them. I can't think about it without tears. Art said the missionaries had been in to see Enid, I hope she had the baby blessed.

Nov. 2, 1948

Margie has been here from Sat. to Monday, we were so glad to have her. She looks so well and seems to be more contented than I have seen her in a long time. It was a short visit but I did enjoy it.

She, Reta and Usona went over to see Mother yesterday, I know it will please her.



ETHEL HALL
1946 - 1950

This picture hangs in the beautiful, new Taber Library and indicates her tenure as the first librarian. She was instrumental in securing the Library for the town and at that time it was in an upstairs room of the local firehall. From the "Taber Times" write-up of her funeral:

"The late Mrs. Hall was the local librarian, and her kind words and pleasant smile for even the youngest of the book-borrowers will long be remembered."

A Tribute To Our Mother
Ethel Evans Hall
13 October 1885 / 28 May 1950

by Enid

Faith, Hope and Love

*She was loving and kind in all her ways,
Upright and just to the end of her days.
Sincere and true in heart and mind,
Loving memories left behind.*

*A life made beautiful by kindly deeds,
A helping hand for other's needs.
To a beautiful life came a happy end,
She died as she lived, everyone's friend.*

This little poem, author unknown, describes so well, in a few short lines, the life of our mother. In the paragraphs to follow, I will try to elaborate on the poem. As children during the depression of the 1930's we had so many examples of our Mother's love and kindness, not only to her family but to so many neighbors, friends and sometimes even strangers.

Down the street from where we lived, was a family named Parker. Perhaps Mrs. Parker was not well but it seems she was unable to cope very well with a large family and a housewife's duties. The youngest child was a little girl, her name was Kathleen, she always introduced herself as "Kasaween Pawker". She visited our house frequently and when she came, her hair which was naturally curly, was such a tangle of unwashed curls that Mother would soon have her head in the sink, shampooing her blond tangles. Then she would curl Kasaween's hair in ringlets around her finger. What a difference it made to that pretty little girl. At one time Mr. Parker was very ill and because there was no hospital in Taber, at that time, Mother would go to their house and help Mrs. Parker care for him. He owned an electrical shop and after he recovered he came to our house and delivered a console radio, his way of showing his gratitude for Mother's kindness. This is only one example of her love and kindness shown to our neighbors.

We well remember how much Mother enjoyed that radio, Kate Smith was very popular at that time and when she would sing "God Bless America", Mother was very touched. In the days before television radios played a big part in our entertainment. There were many entertainers blessed with beautiful singing voices, and being a lover of good music, Mother appreciated them all.

During a winter spent with our grandmother Holmes in Raymond, Mother was very impressed with the small library there, so when she returned to Taber she approached the Town Council with the idea of having the same advantage for her

town. She offered to act as Librarian if they would supply the location and the books. There was a firehall downtown adjacent to the War Memorial and a room was supplied there. Thanks to our Mother, a love of reading and the advantage of having reading material available, many children and adults as well, were blessed with Taber's first library. I am sure there are many people living in Taber with loving memories of our Mother who instilled in them the love of the printed word.



The above picture was Taber's Fire Hall, the Library was located in the room upper right.

For many of the great depression years of the 30's Mother was Relief Society President and in that capacity had the responsibility to look after the Fast Offerings. When a family was in need of food or clothing they would come to our home for their supplies, as that was where they were kept. There were times when the demand exceeded the supply, and though we were not overly blessed with necessities, Mother would share what we had. At that time it was possible in the town of Taber, like most small towns, to keep a cow, chickens and occasionally a pig. We always had a good supply of milk, cream, butter and eggs, as well as good home baked bread, bottled fruit and vegetables, whatever we had, Mother was willing to share.

Not only was Mother a very dignified lady, she was also a very wise one. She always seemed to know just the right response to anything asked of her. Rita told of being in Waterton one summer, she and Howard hiked up Mount Bertha. To their surprise when they arrived early to the top, who should they see stopped for a rest? Mother! dressed as always in a dress, none of us ever remember seeing her in a pair of slacks. It must have been because she was born and raised in North Ogden, Utah, at the foot of Ben Lomond Peak, that she had such a love of the mountains. She never missed an opportunity to go to Waterton, or to Marjorie and Howard's at Bull River where she could be surrounded by them.

Mother's sense of humour was evident, even when she meted out punishment upon her children. There was a time when we were still living on the farm and the children were attending the Marchessault School, apparently Gordon had done something that warranted the teacher giving him the strap. However, when the teacher was prepared to do so, Gordon put his hands in his pockets and refused to remove them. Exasperated, the teacher slapped him on the shoulder with the strap. Realizing her mistake, she decided to go home with the children after school to explain to Mother why she had done so. Mother told her not to be concerned, that it would not happen again. That night she spent the evening sewing the pockets of Gordon's overalls closed.

Another incident concerning a necessary punishment, for Evan, that Mother related. Before going to Relief Society, Mother had made a cake and put icing on it as well. Evan was a boy of nine and he could resist the cake, but not the icing. He scraped the icing off and ate it. When questioned about it later, he replied that the grasshoppers must have eaten it. Because he lied, Mother told him to go and cut her a switch. When she looked out the window she spied him dragging the whole willow tree. How could she not fail to see the humour and not give him the spanking he deserved?

There was a time when anyone in the Church was ill or there was a need that called for prayer, the sisters of the Relief Society had what they referred to as a Prayer Circle. Because of mother's gift of words and her ability to say just the right thing, she was often called on to offer the prayer.

To elaborate on this gift, in 1946, when I gave birth to twin boys, one of the babies, Gordon, passed away after living only four hours. Mother's words of consolation will always be remembered, "A lot of women only have one baby and it is lost to them. There is always something to be grateful for and you must be grateful for the one you have". Colin lived for nearly sixty years, I have cause to be grateful for him. I still give thanks for the privilege of being his mother.

Going back a year, in August 1945, Mother suggested that she and I holiday in Vancouver, we arranged to go by Greyhound Bus Lines. At that time the gravelled road took us through Fraser Canyon. It was a narrow road by today's standards and a little frightening to us prairie people. One day while in Vancouver we were walking down a busy street, I noticed a woman just ahead of us and mentioned to mother that she looked like Jessie Hall, Uncle Dave's daughter. Mother agreed and so I walked ahead and indeed, it was Jessie. She was so surprised and delighted to see us and for the time we were there she made our holiday such an enjoyable one. Jessie was a very beautiful lady, not only that, she had a pleasing personality.

We returned home by way of the U.S. and visited family friends, Louis and Leone Conrad in Spokane. Their only daughter, LaRue was a little younger than I, but she took me to an Amusement Park, there I had my first, last, and only ride on a roller coaster. I never wanted another one, it was almost as harrowing as riding through the Fraser Canyon. We also spent a few days with Marjorie and her family at Bull River. The best part of the whole holiday was the time spent with mother. Each time I have visited Wales I have realized how much she would have enjoyed being there too. What a pity she never had the opportunity.

Another time that was very special for me was when she came to Rose Prairie. She came at the end of March and stayed until nearly the end of May.

I was expecting a new baby at the beginning of May, Mother wanted to be with her baby when that time came. Only someone who has lived in the North would understand how simply terrible the roads become in the spring of the year. There were a few gravel roads but many were just dirt, the melting snow and rain made them impossible to drive on. So it became necessary to travel only after a heavy frost to harden the roads. Because my Doctor was in Dawson Creek, seventy miles away, he said that it was necessary for me to go there ahead of the birth. Thus I had to leave a week before the expected time. I did hate to leave my dear, little boy, my mother and my husband. However, Colin and Art were both well cared for by mother and I think there was a bond in that period that made them very dear to each other. When I returned home with our baby girl after being away for two weeks it was such a blessing to have mother there with us for another few weeks.

Two years later we lost our dear mother and it has always been a sorrow to me that none of my other children knew her, My own grandchildren and great grandchildren are such a joy and I will always hope that their memories of me will be happy ones. I do know that this would be the case if my children had had that pleasure of knowing their grandparents.



NANA ♡ PA

Grandchildren

Grandchildren

A grandchild is love personified in one small package. It is the surprise gift for the years when no child came to be kissed; to have a wound mended or a toy restored; when no feet raced through the house; no doors banged; when no lisping of the goodnight prayer was heard, and no fingermarks appeared on the walls.

It is the little toy wagon in the store window every Christmas and the golden-haired doll beside it.

It is the teddy-bear cookie jar and the aroma of freshly baked sugar cookies and gingerbread men.

It is the little worn shoes, now bronzed, come alive.

It is a child who is loved for love's sake only. It is the child whom, when parents chastize too severely, one says, "She is only a baby. Tomorrow she will be a woman, or he will be a man."

The grandchild is the one you rock to sleep, cuddle, talk to, play with, learn from and kneel before.

A grandchild is God's compensation for age.

It is the hours you never had time to give before.

It is the child whose presence is a light in a dark house; whose voice is a song in an empty room.

- Pamela Vaull Starr -

*Ott and Ethel
"Nana and Pa"
and Grandchildren*

Ott often lamented that he wished he had more grandchildren. To which Ethel would respond, "it isn't the quantity that matters but the quality". They both dearly loved the grandkids and the love was returned. One time I heard our neighbor May Smith asking mother, "Your grandchildren are here so often, do you not tire of them, I need to know, why do you love them so very much?" To which mother replied, "Because they are my children's children, a part of me".

When Dad died in 1944 there were only five living grandchildren. Usona's little girl, Connie, the first grandchild died in 1928. Leo the second grandchild was a great pal of Dad's and often would go to the farm to spend a couple of days with him. Glenn, Joan and Marianne, the King kids, were young when they left Taber but Dad spent many happy days with them on the farm in B.C.

Roy Wood, the adopted son of Rita and Howard, was just as dear to Nana and Pa as the other children. He had such a cute personality, his mischief was forgiven because he was so loveable.



Remembering Pa Hall

Leo McCartee

When the Family History Book was written and compiled, Leo McCartee the first grandson wrote:

Pa was one of the best things that ever happened to me!

Most vivid in my memories is a fall evening when we walked together out to the field north and west of the house. We crawled through two fences to survey the barley crop which was getting close to the time to be harvested. It looked quite promising and pleased Pa to anticipate the harvest. We strolled back to the shack to have supper of fried potatoes and fried bologna.

He didn't call me Leo, but always 'Son, or 'Boy' and sometimes 'Lee'. When it was dark, that meant bedtime, but also a time to talk about how he built the well, what would be done the next day, gophers and many things. Also a few demands were made, like "Don't tell you mother I let you sleep with your socks on!"

His heavy breathing left no doubt that he fell asleep quickly. But, oh, the sweet sense of security to feel this man beside me through the night.

The quiet of the prairie night was interrupted with a heavy banging on the roof. I awakened to fright and panic and could not understand what was causing the terrible noise. Pa explained it was a hail storm.

As soon as it was light we went out. The west window was broken and shingles from the house scattered about the yard. Pa knew what to expect but we went out to the barley field. It looked very different from the night before, not a blade stood up. Everything was flattened to the ground.

He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Well son, another year shot to hell."

Remembering Pa Hall Glenn Hall King

My main recollection of Pa Hall was of a rather stern individual who did not tolerate nonsense. I think I tested his tolerance on a number of occasions but was generally forgiven for my indiscretions. At least I got my share of cake icing which he dispensed to grandchildren, stating he didn't care for that delicacy. I had a hard time believing anyone disliked cake icing.

However, Glenn's impression of his grandfather was tempered by an event that proved Ott's enjoyment of a good joke; as told below:

The Bear Facts

To many people "The Summer of 42" would mean a movie. However, to me, the most vivid memory of that year concerned an episode where Pa played a major role.

In 1941 our family moved from Taber to a farm in a remote and mountainous section of British Columbia, some 20 miles east of Cranbrook. The living was truly close to nature. The farm buildings were scarcely discernable across the mile-wide meadow, since the towering, fir and larch trees were plentiful throughout the farm yard. Wildlife was abundant in the surrounding forest; deer, elk, bear, cougar, lynx, etc. Animals were often observed at a distance in the open areas. Occasionally one would be seen briefly at close range, when taken by surprise. As a 12 year old prairie native my greatest fear was meeting a bear or cougar face-to-face.

In July, 1942, I returned to the farm after a trip to Taber, accompanied by my cousin, Leo McCartee. Immediately after our arrival we were sent to the ice-house to obtain a necessary ingredient for ice cream. We took off at full speed down the narrow road in the forest towards the log structure that housed the ice. Upon rounding a sharp curve we were confronted by a large black bear standing upright in the middle of the road. In a burst of speed that has never been equalled by either of us, we returned to the house shouting warnings of the wild beast.

Although I cannot now remember all who were present, I do recall that several adults, headed by Pa Hall and my dad, set out cautiously to investigate, well armed with rifles. Leo and I were at the rear of the group. As we approached the bend in the path, the pace slowed and the leaders advanced towards the still upright bear. With a show of bravery, I marvelled as Pa pressed forward, until he could touch the bear.

At this point, Leo and I astutely observed that the animal was suspended by wires and was quite dead. Our realization was especially evident to all present and considerable laughing and joking followed. (Leo and I did not contribute to the mirth, if I recall correctly.)

The bear had been shot by Pa the previous day. A lot of time was spent in preparing it for our arrival. As this turned out, it was the final hunt of his life.

Joan King Rea remembers her Pa

One summer day I was visiting my dear Pa and Nana Hall's home. We were enjoying lunch together. Pa was not home very often as he so loved his farming. The visiting was always a great time. When the cake with icing arrived my Pa said to me, "Look at that big dog outside!". Looking for that big animal my dear Pa took the icing off my piece of cake and was enjoying it. I'm sure the looks I gave my Pa were not very warm. I still continued loving him dearly.

At the time of my birth I was the eldest living granddaughter of Pa and because of this I think my younger sister, Marianne and I held a special place in his heart. He bought us clothing on numerous occasions and I recall two in particular.

He loved to come to our farm at Bull River (east of Cranbrook, B.C.) because it was so peaceful most of the time. While visiting with us one time we went shopping in Cranbrook where he bought Marianne and me each a cardigan sweater. He always liked to see us well dressed. When leaving for Taber he issued my mother instructions concerning additional items of clothing he wanted made, to compliment the sweaters, before his next visit. My Mother made each of us a new skirt and my Aunt Usona knitted us each a beanie to complete the outfit. I recall how proud he was of our appearance when we greeted him on his next visit, wearing our new outfits.

On my 11th birthday Pa surprised me with a store bought dress, my first. Up to this time all of my dresses were hand-me-downs or home sewn garments. On this occasion he had purchased the dress without the knowledge of other family members and saved it for a complete surprise on my birthday.

When Pa came to the farm for visits, Glenn, Marianne and I were all taking piano lessons. He liked one little waltz in particular and offered a \$2.00 prize to the one of us who could play it the best. Our music teacher was to be the final judge. To my delight, I was the winner! He happily paid the reward. The \$2.00 was then the equivalent to \$20.00 today.

We always went to Cranbrook for shopping on Saturday. One spring when Pa was visiting us he went with us on that weekly trip. While there, he purchased some red and blue wool, for mother to knit Marianne and me sweaters. Mother explained that she did not have time for knitting and so he suggested that Usona, might. He took the wool home with him and, indeed, dear Aunt Sona knit the red one for Marianne and I received the blue. Mother made each of us a dress to match the sweaters - I remember how we loved our new outfits.

Marianne King Davidson and Pa

My grandfather, Orson Eli (Pa Hall), had a delightful sense of humour and loved to tease. The last Christmas my family had in Taber, in 1940, before moving to the farm at Peckham's Lake in British Columbia, the extended family drew names, to find out the one for whom we would give a gift. I was lucky enough to draw our Pa's name. My mother knew he needed new slippers, so a lovely brown pair was purchased. They were carefully wrapped, tagged and taken to Reta's home where the family was gathering. It was a lovely, large house that served as a dormitory during school time for rural high school students. She had decorated it beautifully and I remember the tall Christmas tree in the living room, with lots of pretty lights and ornaments. There were plenty of gifts under it, Pa wondered if any were for him. I quickly told him I had drawn his name and yes, there was a present for him. He wanted to know what it was and I said I wasn't supposed to tell him. He coaxed and finally I said I couldn't say what was in the box, but they were brown and could be worn on his feet indoors. He laughed and hugged me, said he would be surprised when he opened them on Christmas morning. He reminded me often in the next few years about how much he loved those slippers and what a surprise they had been.

Another example of a tease was a time while at the farm in B.C. I had been complaining that I never had a stick of chewing gum and he said he knew where I could get some easily, and without cost. He then went over to a big tree in our yard and proceeded to cut off some sap that had oozed out onto the bark. Then he rolled it in his hand and put some in his mouth and some in mine to chew. He assured me that was as good as "store bought gum", but I thought it was dreadful, although I pretended to like it until I could spit it out. I never complained again about not having chewing gum! I think he must have had a good chuckle about it.

Pa enjoyed time at the farm with my family. He would sometimes help my dad in the barnyard, help my mother with the vegetable garden or sit and visit. He would sometimes take a rifle into the woods and wait for any wild game that would come along. One day a black bear did appear and he shot and killed it. Our family was very excited about that. My mother had the sense of humour and teasing personality of her dad and between the two of them they schemed to put the dead bear in the fork of a tree. Glenn, and my cousin Leo, were expected to arrive at the farm from Taber the next day. Upon their arrival they were asked to go to the ice house to bring some ice for making ice cream. It was a few hundred yards from the house, and meant they would have to pass the tree where the bear would be. The rest of us followed them quietly as they ran to complete the errand. You can imagine the howls from the two boys when they saw the bear, and then the howls of laughter from all of us for the fun trick that had been played on them.



Orson Eli "Ott"

This picture was probably taken before he left Utah, maybe when he was about 28 years old. Looking very carefully we recognize the Dad we remember. He had a bad accident while cranking his tractor and it disfigured the bridge of his nose. It may have changed his good looks but it did not change his good heart.

**NAMESAKES
OF
ORSON ELI (OTT) HALL**

15 September, 1877

Glenn HALL King
24 April, 1929
Grandson



Robert HALL Eller
16 August, 1957
Grandson



Austin OTT Johnson
Great great Grandson
6 February, 2006

James HALL Kinniburgh
15 September, 1957

Born on his grandfather's 80th birthday



Aaron HALL Johnson
4 April, 1973

Great Grandson



I follow a famous father
And never a day goes by
But I feel he looks down to me
To carry his standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials
As only a brave man can;
Though the way be long, I must never wrong
The name of so good a man.

-Edgar A. Guest-

WITNESS
OF
Ethel Evans Hall

13 October, 1885 - 28 May, 1950

Temple Bailey wrote a beautiful story "A Parable for Mothers". The last few lines also apply to grandchildren.

".....at last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road and golden gates flung wide. And the mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk alone and their children after them."

Nana was with the Kinniburghs when Patti was born so she did have her loving influence for a short time, Jane didn't have that privilege. However, they both are worthy of the name "Ethel" as they have inherited many of her attributes.



Ethel Patricia Kinniburgh, Argent

3 May, 1948



Ethel Jane Hall Brenner

8 February, 1956



Ethel Patricia Kinniburgh Argent

Patti doesn't remember her Nana, guess we can say she never knew her. However, she was blessed to have her Nana's love and care for the first month of her life.

In 1964 the Hall family met in Taber for a reunion. On Sunday we all went to Sacrament meeting together. It happened to be the first Sunday of the month - Fast Sunday - many testimonies were borne. Many members of the Ward who remembered our good Mother paid beautiful tributes to her, she had been such an influence for good to so many people. Pat had not appreciated her old fashioned first name, Ethel, but that day she realized how blessed she was to have that special name. That was the end of her resentment.

Ethel Jane Brenner

I was named for my grandmother (Nana) and her mother, my greatgrandmother. My mother started calling me Ethel Jane, but by the time I started school my name had been changed to Jane. Although I was called Jane, my first given name was still Ethel.

Throughout my childhood and teenage years, whenever I changed schools, the teacher would always do roll call by calling "Ethel Hall". I would kind of slouch back in my seat and put up my hand. When I started dating, the Taber Theatre was owned by Virginia and Peter Campbell, if Virginia was taking tickets she would always say; "Hello, Ethel Jane".

As a child and youth I did not fully appreciate being named for my grandmothers, since I never knew either of them. Now as a grown woman, I so appreciate the names I have been given. I realize the remarkable women that I have been named after. I am especially thankful for the name, Ethel. Ethel means "Noble". My father, aunts and uncles have all related such wonderful stories of my grandmother that I feel it an honor to be named after her.

I was sitting in church and thinking about writing this short article. I realized that Nana had attended the same church and perhaps sat in the same pews that I had. She had on many occasions stood and gave her testimony of the Saviour. She had served in Relief Society, prayed for her children, attended the Temple and always stood steadfast in the Gospel amidst many personal trials and challenges.

How could I ever live up to the greatness and legacy that she left? Perhaps I can start, one baby step at a time, to walk towards eternity bearing the noble name of Ethel Jane.

We Remember Our Nana

Leo: From the Family History Book

I don't know how it started, but I always called my Grandmother Hall, "Nana". She was very special to me and I have many happy memories of her.

When I was about 12 years old, I asked her if I could raise some chickens in her empty chicken house. She never said "no" to me, so we made our plans. She asked me if I knew someone I could get some eggs and setting hens from and she made a point of telling me that there had to be a rooster with the hens that laid the eggs. I didn't question her. My chicken business flourished under her direction and the fact that the elevator agent let me sweep the floor for wheat to feed them helped.

She knew how I loved fresh home-made bread and my mother was too busy cleaning to make it for me. I can still taste the doughnuts she fried for me. She always sent me home with some dough in a brown bag so my mother could bake some bread.

There always seemed to be a quilt on the frames in the front room and Nana would sit for hours quilting on it. And I remember the home-made noodle soup and I loved watching her roll the noodles - you can't buy that taste in a can. Sometimes I would be so lucky as to help polish the front rooms hardwood floors, with wool socks on my feet I would skate all around. She used to call me a little pot licker because I always asked for the bowls to lick when she made a cake.

In 1948, I took her up to see the Kings in Cranbrook - we left Saturday night after I had finished at the theatre. She talked steadily because she was afraid I would fall asleep while driving. She finally went to sleep herself when we were about to Coleman and I convinced her to get in the back seat with a pillow and blanket.

I remember how proud I was to introduce Marlene to her.

These are just a few of my memories of Nana - whose home was my home.

From Glenn:

Nana Hall was always the kind and gentle soul, sympathetic and encouraging. I cannot ever remember her raising her voice, although I'm sure my sisters and cousins must have tested her soothing nature.

One person, above all, consistently treated me with kindness and respect. I'm referring to my grandmother Hall (Nana). Regardless of how often she saw me I always had the impression she was pleased. Besides the usual grandmotherly gifts of special food treats she could lift my spirits when required, and encouraged me to accomplish positive deeds and actions. Through no fault of hers she didn't always succeed. At this age I recall considering my parents to be old (they were in their 30's) and of course my grandparents were deemed to be very old. As I write this I am presently 3 years older than Pa Hall and 5 years older than Nana Hall when they died. (This paragraph taken from Glen's epic "Reflections on 70 Plus Years")

Joan Remembers:

When our family left Taber to live on the farm at Bull River, I had the special privilege of living with my Nana and Pa. I was overjoyed to live at my Nana's house for three months, Glenn also stayed.

I really missed my Nana when I joined my family on the farm and I looked forward to each summer with great anticipation, for I knew I could spend some time with her in Taber. Nana loved my curly hair and enjoyed washing it and fixing it pretty. One Saturday she had taken particular pains with it so it would be nice for Sunday, Mrs. Smith, a neighbor, who visited Nana daily, came over, noticed my hair and suggested that Nana braid it instead of all the curls, she said it would be cooler. Monday morning Nana got me up early so she could braid my hair before Mrs. Smith arrived. Her only comment was, "Now isn't that cool on your neck?" Nana winked at me! I loved going to the Library with her as she was the town's librarian and she encouraged me to read, my favorite was "Nancy Drew".

In the fall of 1942, when Pa had his serious heart attack while staying with us, Nana came to the farm and stayed for two weeks.

One day I remember saying to my mother that Nana was the most perfect person I knew on earth, and I wanted to follow her example, though I have fallen far short. We always looked forward to her letters for she wrote to every member of the family.

And then that horrible Friday afternoon when I was in the Co-op with mother and dad and we received the phone call from Taber that Nana had had a very serious heart attack. It was devastating! She was planning to come for my High School graduation in a month's time. Oh how I prayed for her recovery, but our Heavenly Father needed her more and released her from pain and suffering on Sunday afternoon, 28 May, 1950.

Several years go when I met Gary Nielson, who had lived in Taber as a child, his first comment to me was "Ethel Hall was the most outstanding Sunday School teacher I ever had, for she was so gifted at telling stories".



Marianne Remembers:

My family moved to the farm at Peckam's Lake when I was six years old. The summer that I was eight, my sister, Joan, and I travelled together by train from Wardner to Taber, a trip of about eight hours. The conductor was told to be sure and have us leave the train upon arrival in Taber. We wouldn't think of sending two little girls, alone, on such a long train journey today. But my parents felt it would be perfectly safe, and we did this for the next four years. I remember how excited we both would be for several days before leaving and knowing we were going to visit our beloved Nana. She always seemed busy but had time to spend with us and talk to us. My mother had wanted me to be baptized when I was eight years old and so in 1942 she arranged for me to be baptized in the Taber Ward on July 20th. It was a lovely, warm summer day and my Nana walked with me to the church. The font was downstairs and I sat with others who were going to be baptized. I remember entering the water, having the prayer said, and then being lowered into the water. Afterwards, Bishop Harold Wood, and likely others too, laid his hands on my head and confirmed me a member of the Church.

I enjoyed spending time with my Nana, whatever she might be doing. One year I went with her several times to the Public Library that she had started in the upstairs of the firehall. She was the librarian and it was great fun stamping out the books, or gathering them in when they had been returned. I also got to put them back on the shelves in correct order, and any other tasks she asked of me. Perhaps that was the beginning of my love of library work which was my career for 27 years and serving in various callings in Church libraries for over 25 years.

My Nana was the cook in the Taber Hospital about 1948. I enjoyed going to work with her and helping prepare the trays for patients. She made certain that every tray had the necessary utensils, dishes and napkin. Also that the correct food was put on the tray for the person whose name was there. She was very careful to check and be sure that no mistake had been made and helped me to understand the importance of being accurate with such a task. The compliment was often made to her of how much the food was enjoyed by the patients, and I can understand why. She was an excellent cook.

My mother received a phone call in late May, 1950, that Nana was very ill and she quickly left and travelled to Taber to be with her. Sadly, Nana died May 28 and the rest of my family left Cranbrook to be at the funeral. Kind words were spoken about her but the ones I remember were spoken by a man who said Ethel Hall was the most perfect person he ever knew, and was closest to being an angel on earth, that he had ever known. That was so true. She always seemed to be doing something for someone else and with much joy in her service. Oh! that all of us could emulate her example.

Three Aunts, Olive, Rae and Enid by Marianne King Davidson

My mother, Marjorie, was a good homemaker and kept a clean house. While she lived in Taber she hired her three younger sisters Olive, Rae and/or Enid to help her on Saturdays. One of the tasks would be to replace the paper lining on the cupboard shelves with newspaper. In the process if it was a part of the paper Mother hadn't read she would stop and read it while the girls kept putting the rest of the newspaper on the shelves. Whatever work they had to do was to be finished before 2 PM so they could go to the movie matinee that afternoon. They would receive 25 cents for the work they had done.

Rae married LaVon in September 1950 and my sister Joan and I were her bridesmaids. I remember what a special honour that was. Fifty years later they attended the Cardston Temple to commemorate the occasion and we were privileged to be able to be there too, along with our husbands Jim and Eldon. It has been a wonderful experience to know my loving aunts and uncles so well and be a part of their lives. Thank goodness for the Internet and instant communication that has kept us in touch with each other the past several years.

Enid married Art in March 1946 and shortly afterwards moved to the Peace River area of British Columbia. It was a long distance from Taber and all other family members. My mother and Dad visited her and her family in Rose Prairie in late summer 1962 and they took Pam with them. The Kinniburgh family enjoyed the visit and having a little girl to spoil. Pam talked about that visit for years afterwards as a special time in her life. It is typical of the kind of welcome Enid has always given to her extended family.

When Olive married Cecil in 1944 we were still living at the farm and they came there to spend part of their honeymoon. Olive had been working as a telephone operator and bought some pretty clothes. When she grew tired of the clothes she would often give them to my mother who would "make them over" for Joan or me. Some of my favourite dresses were ones that had once been Olive's. She is known for her generosity and kindness to others throughout her life.

The Great
DEPRESSION

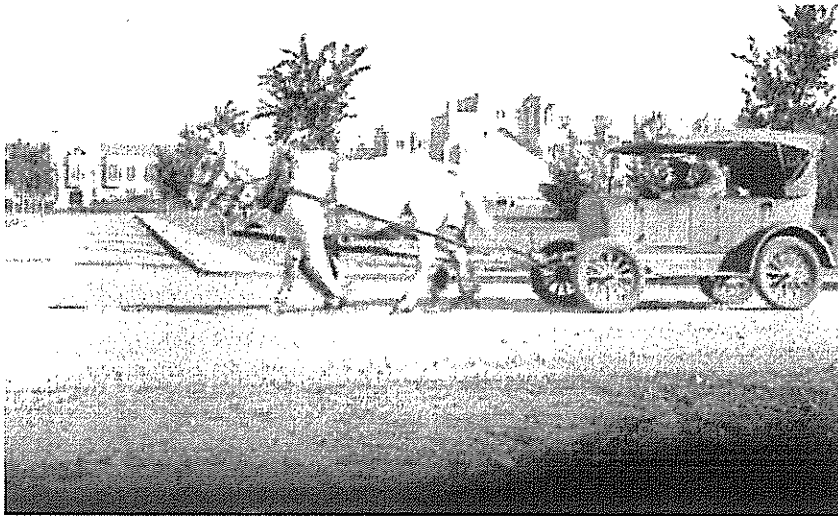
THE GREAT DEPRESSION

by Olive

October 1929 was the start of the worst depression in modern history with the crash of the New York Stock Market. The suffering spread over the entire North American continent, before long the price of wheat fell to fifteen cents a bushel.

To make matters worse the Canadian Prairie Provinces suffered a serious drought that lasted for seven years. Saskatchewan was badly stricken when large tracts of land were abandoned and homes half buried by dust. Conditions in Alberta were not quite so severe but everyone suffered, especially the farmers. Ott Hall tried for several years to raise a crop but was unsuccessful. He was unable to pay the taxes on his land, this was a great worry for him and his wife Ethel. *

At this time Mr. R.B. Bennett became Prime Minister of Canada. He was unable to solve the problem. Some families living on farms found it impossible to pay for gasoline to operate their vehicles, so they hitched a team of horses to the front of their cars with the reins passing through the windshield. They were called 'Bennett Buggies'. The Hall family did not resort to this way of travel. Ott still had his old truck to travel to the farm and back. However, the green Chrysler car which he had purchased after raising successful crops on the Cameron Ranch, was confiscated by the company after a year of non payment.



The family living in town suffered too, but Ethel worked extra hard by selling milk to her neighbours at ten quarts for a dollar. She raised chickens with help from her grandson, Leo McCartee, who dropped by during the one and one half hour lunch period at school. He learned to care for the eggs which hatched into baby chicks and became very proficient at this. The family had plenty of eggs and usually chicken for dinner every Sunday. Leo kept a notebook, with dates and names of the brooding hens. He even named these birds. There was Maggie, Cleo, and Mabel who was so called after he heard someone say of a local lady that 'Mabel is an old bidy'.

Ethel also helped out financially by picking raspberries in the summer for Mr. Kullberg on the south edge of town. After picking four crates for him,

the next one would be hers to take home. It was a very hard day and afterward she had to carry the crate home, about a distance of two miles. Sometimes her young daughters accompanied her and helped with the berry picking. Then the berries were made into delicious jam and served with her homemade biscuits and doughnuts.

Ethel's eldest daughter, Marjorie King, wanted to help her mother, so often on a Saturday morning she would send her young son, Glenn, to his Nana's with a ten pound bag of sugar or other necessary food items. Glenn had a little wooden wagon which he pulled the three blocks. He was warmly welcomed to the home, not only for the gifts, but he was a very bright boy and had lots of stories to tell.

Ethel also rented out rooms in the large house. The rent helped pay electric and other bills.

In September, 1937, a box car of dried fish, navy beans and large round sized chunks of cheese were supplied to the Municipal District of Eureka by the Dominion Government. The train stopped at the crossing in Fincastle and all farmers in the area were notified. Ott, in his old truck, picked up his share. He brought it into town and hauled it into the house. The large round of cheese was placed on a table in the basement. Each table leg was placed in an empty tin can to keep the mice from climbing up to the cheese. That evening on, for supper the family enjoyed melted cheese and toast. True to their Welsh heritage they loved good cheddar. They were reminded of Ben Gunn in "Treasure Island", who had been marooned on an island for several years. The first question he asked was, when rescued, "Do you have any cheese?"

Gordon continued to stay on the farm, often alone. Ott was usually in town. Gordon was a hunter and trapper, mostly of weasels, fox and beaver. There was always a large demand for beaver pelts. They were needed to supply the monarch's guards in England for their famous hats or helmets.

There was no electricity on the farm but Gord managed to get a battery radio. Keeping in batteries was a major problem. But he often listened to KOA Denver or Albuquerque, New Mexico, to hear his favorite country music, especially "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" and "When the Works All Done this Fall". One day when Ott was at the farm, Gordon left on his horse and headed west. In about an hour. the horse returned, riderless. Ott jumped in the truck and went searching. He found Gordon lying on the prairie, very dazed. By the time they returned home he was better but could not remember what had happened. Gordon went back immediately to the spot where he had been found as his wallet was missing. No wallet could be found even after several more trips to search for it.

On the outskirts of Taber there were several mines producing coal that was much in demand throughout the Dominion. One of them was the White Ash Coal Mine, situated just beyond the cemetery about one mile. It had a very good grade of coal, when burned in the stoves of Taber residents there was never any big chunks of ash. Instead, it burned down to a small white ash. It was the most popular brand of coal in the area, however, it was also the most expensive to purchase.

So it was, that after the miners had gone home and the mine shut down for the day, a small band of local men would go to the mine after midnight and shovel White Ash coal into their wagons. They left before the sun came up but were successful in getting the best coal, without paying for it. The foreman at the mine was aware of what was going on, but was sympathetic to the

Midnight Mine worker's needs.

Some of the homesteaders were part of this band of miners but Ott Hall would rather dig coal a few miles north of his home. He would leave early in the morning and dig all day. On cold winter late afternoons, his wife, Ethel, would go outside and listen very carefully for the sound of his wagon on sleds returning. There was nothing to distract that noise and she could start to prepare supper for Ott and the family as soon as it was heard. Coal was the only source of heat in those days. (This account attributed to Evan.)

* On 11 Sept. 1944, Gordon Hall was able to pay the back taxes, \$480.00, on the homestead property. This deal was made available to all homesteaders who had remained on their property, by the Municipal District of Eureka. It was an opportunity for Gordon to still own the land, a chance to reclaim the property of the original homestead. It was a break for Gordon but he deserved it because had survived alone out there for several years. The rest of the family agreed to the arrangement. It is interesting that this happened just four days before the death of Ott Hall. We surely hope he was notified of the proceedings and knew the farm remained in the family.

LaVon Eller remembers the Depression in the U.S.A.

I remember one of the projects of the W.P.A. (Works Project Administration) in Laketown was the building of sidewalks in the town. The area for the sidewalks was leveled and strips of lumber laid down on each side, then gravel was placed in the area between, to form the sidewalks.

In the fall of 1939 I was given the opportunity to attend Utah State Agricultural College in Logan (now Utah State University). There were 25 or 30 other boys from around the State in the program. We worked half a day and attended classes the other half. The Government paid us for working and also assisted in the payment of tuition. We restructured an old school building into a dormitory, where we lived. We also built a large hanger at the airport and a brick building on campus. This program was called "The National Youth Administration" N.Y.A. for short, and was one of the government programs of the "Depression Period".

FAMILY
MILITARY
MEN

WORLD WAR II

World War II was a world wide military conflict with two separate conflicts, one in Europe beginning in 1939 with the invasion of Poland by Germany, and one in Asia, started by the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, 1941.

There were two opposing military alliances, the Allies and the Axis. The Allies consisted mainly of Great Britain, United States and Russia. It resulted in over 70 million deaths, military and civilian casualties. Nearly 11 million of the civilian casualties were victims of the Holocaust by Nazi Germany.

When Great Britain declared war on Germany in 1939 that included Canada. Many Taber boys enlisted immediately, Elwin (Al) Hall was the first. Cousins in the United States served also. To quote Tom Brokaw from his book "The Greatest Generation":

"They answered the call to help save the world from the two most powerful and ruthless military machines ever assembled, instruments of conquest in the hands of fascist maniacs".

HOWARD WOOD, Rita's husband, joined the Canadian Army in 1941. After his basic training in Canada he spent many months in England and probably participated in the invasion of Europe in ~~August~~ 1944. He saw a lot of action, and no doubt, many bloody battles in France, Belgium and Holland. Howard was reluctant to talk about his experiences so most of them are not known.

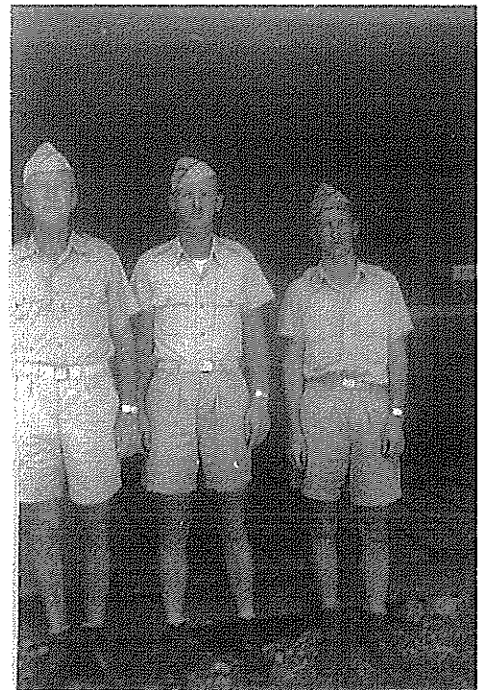
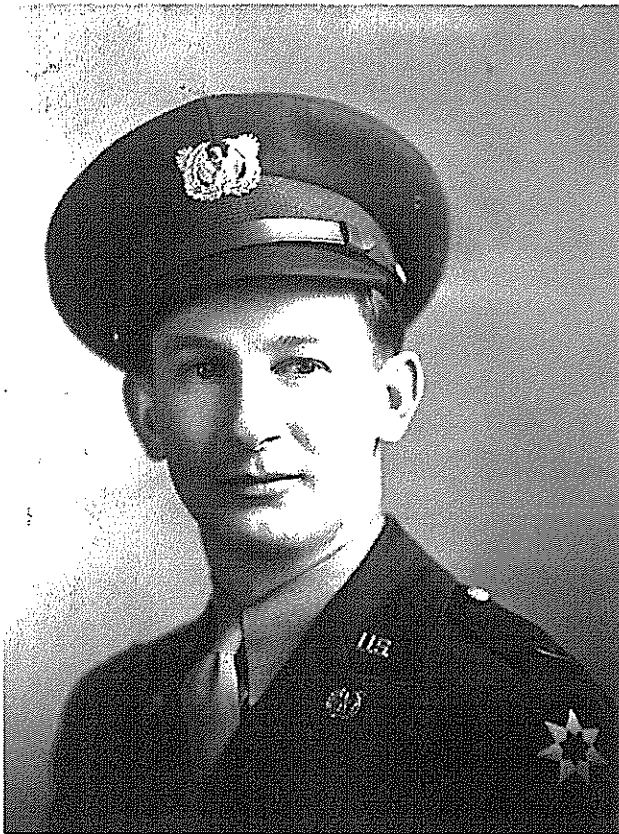


Rita, Roy and Howard
1942



Howard returned from overseas in October, 1945. Reta went to Medicine Hat to meet his train, Howard jumped from the train while it was still moving and ran to Reta's arms.

Another in-law of the Ott and Ethel family, husband of Rae, was a soldier, in the United States Army, LaVON F. ELLER. He joined the Army 13 July, 1940, ten years before he was a member of this illustrious family. America was not at war yet. He served in many locations in the U.S. during wartime, while at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana he was made part of a Finance Dispersing Section. Twenty-two enlisted men and three officers, including LaVon, a Warrant Officer, trained together and then were sent as a unit to Saipan in the Marianas Islands. The Island had previously been secured by the Army and Marines, many valiant and brave men lost their lives fighting the Japanese to reclaim this Island. He was on the Island for six months, then the Japanese surrendered. Before the surrender the soldiers on the Island could see the B-29's taking off to bomb Japan. The Enola Gay from which the first atomic bomb was dropped, was stationed on the Island of Tinian just a few miles from Saipan. After five and a half years in the United States Army he was released in January, 1946.



Saipan

Three sons of the Dave Hall family served in the Royal Canadian Army, Elwin (Al), Dallis and Norman (the stormin' Mormon) and a fourth one, Wallace served in the Air Force. Norman and Al spent much of their Army time together and shared many battle experiences. At one time Norman found his hometown pal, Henry Renner wounded and lying on the ground. He managed to drag him into an empty building where he would be a little safer. Henry survived and lived the rest of his life with a bad limp but grateful to Norman for his life. Norman and Al were constantly concerned about each other, Al was a great worry to Norm because if there were no officers around he would not wear his helmet. An experience about this: One time in France, there was a heavy battle from the trenches, one of Al's friends had been wounded and was left out on the battle field. Al told Norman he was going out after him, Norman's last words to him were, "Put on your helmet". Al didn't stop to do that but crawled out of the trench to his friend and dragged him back. Dallis spent a lot of time also in Belgium. (More about Elwin (Al) on the next page.)

A cousin, Harold Evans, from Magrath, was in the R.C.A.F. His plane was shot down after a bombing mission over Germany. All the crew lost their lives over the North Sea. His mother, Aunt Irene, a widow, was heart broken and spent many sleepless nights dreaming and worrying about Harold. One night Harold appeared to her, he knew his mother was suffering, he came to assure her that he was happy and with his father and brother, Everett.

Aunt Faye's son Garnet Moore was a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force. His plane was shot down, though he survived, he was badly burned. Many months were spent in hospitals until he could return to civilian life. Sadly, we know very little about Garnet's life and the trials he suffered. However, we do know he had a lovely wife and four beautiful children.

Willard Hall, (Red) son of Joseph Lee and Mary Elizabeth Hall, was born 9 March, 1919 in Taber. His family moved to California in 1933, and except for his sojourn in the Air Corp., Willard has lived there ever since. He enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corp in 1941. On his way to Hawaii Pearl Harbor was bombed and a ship ahead of them was sunk. His ship returned to San Francisco and days later left again for Melbourne, Australia. His service in Australia included working on small aircraft and helped to install a 50 caliber gun in the back of the B50 bomber. Red was given credit for the installation in that certain spot and it proved very effective. He married Florence Fitzsimon in 1943 while in Australia and their eldest child Bonnie Lee Hall was born there in 1944. Sons Lachlan and Rodney were born in Santa Rosa, where Willard currently resides with his wife Florence. Lachlan and his wife Mary and 6 of their 9 children and 2 of their grandchildren also live in Santa Rosa. Willard is very proud of his 3 children, 13 grandchildren and 31 great grands.



Fred Cederberg wrote his autobiography "The Long Road Home", detailing his experiences as a Sergeant in the Royal Canadian Army during World War II, in Italy. It is a story about soldiers fiercely proud to be Canadians. They are like Australians and Israelis, known for having an incredible esprit de corps. It's a wonderful book, wonderful story. Rest assured, Spielberg will never make a movie of it. It's too good and too real. The Hall family appreciates it, in spite of the racy language because Elwin (Al) and Norman Hall are both heroes and mentioned often. One excerpt from it:

"Get that new kid up", I yelled at Norm Hall, motioning toward the shallow trench near the haystack, so shallow I could see folds in his blanket above above the line of the ground.

"Hey kid, get up, it's chow time!" scolded Norm. The blanket remained motionless. He bent over the trench, poked at the still form under it. Exasperated, he lifted the lower end of the blanket, grabbed one foot and yanked. The leg came away in his hand and he nearly went over backwards. "My gosh, Sarge, come here! The poor bugger's cut in two." He flung the cold, hairy leg back on the blanket. "Ughhhhh!" He wiped his hands on his trousers.

During mid afternoon of the fourth day, we often heard sometimes, shrill, sometimes quavering cries, drift in on the breeze across the soggy furrow, obviously coming from the large casa between us and the river. "Girls" breathed Belanger, "or mebbe women!" "Nope cows," said Crawford. "Horses," stated Kerr flatly. "Yeah," agreed Al Hall, "but think I also heard a cow, or perhaps a steer, bawling." "I thought I heard horses late yesterday," said Norm Hall. "How'd you know they were horses?" asked Crawford. "There's a difference. And if you never heard 'em then you wouldn't know," replied Norm evenly.

The sun came out briefly later, outlining distant rain clouds sharply. "Sarge," said Norm "me 'n Al would like to go out and put those animals out of their misery. You got any reasons why we shouldn't?" I did but couldn't use them. "No, I said slowly, but MacNeil and I will go with you."

We moved cautiously and bent double, each man independently and one at a time, across the sunken road until we were close to the casa barn, then made a dash for it. Inside three of the most magnificent black horses I had ever seen were lying on the concrete floor. Two of them tried frantically to get up, winnowing an neighing. Black blood clogged the ragged shrapnel wounds in their flanks and backs. "My God," breathed Norm.

What looked like a cow to me stood in a corner, its large brown eyes fixed on us. Single shots to the forehead put the horses out of their misery. I gulped. "Now let's get out of here before the Jerries hear that and we wind up in a firefight we can't win." "Nope. Not yet," said Al. He ran a hand over the cow. "This is good beef, bout two years old. We should haul it back with us." He twirled a length of stout rope he had lifted out of a bin. "Take just a couple of minutes an' Norm and I'll have it quartered for easy carryin'." "Okay, if you can do it as quick as you claim," I said. That two year old was killed, bled, skinned, butchered and quartered while I watched uneasily. Each of us shouldered a quarter and we worked our way back to our lines in a spread out diamond formation. We had less than thirty yards to go when my inner alarm system clanged noisily. Shifting the meat, I yelled, "let's move it" and we broke into a jolting ragged run, arriving through the rear doors as the first of a short stonk of mortars exploded in the field behind us.

Sgt. Cederberg notes that there was a lot of bad language but the Mormon boys, Norman and Al Hall did not use it. When Norm said, "My God." it was more of a plea than profanity.