

- **1922** September 3, Verna was born, the only baby of Olga and Julius that was delivered in the hospital. Her father Julius had to drive very fast [probably about 35] to get to the hospital in time. Verna liked to help outside with the chores, milking cows, stooking, herding sheep and carrying buckets of milk and water. Delbert said that Verna could through a ball like a boy. Verna helped Delbert practice his baseball pitching. Verna also won lots of certificates in track and field, for high jump, soft ball throws and relays.
- **1923** The Cardston temple was dedicated by Heber J. Grant. Olga had to miss it because Verna had Whooping Cough. It is surprizing that Elva, Ralph and Delbert didn't get whooping cough.
- Julius took his car full of neighbors to the Temple dedication.
- **1924** August and Olga and their four children, moved to Salt Lake for two years. Julius worked for a gas company, but longed for the farm in Canada. The grandparents wanted the family closer.
- **1925** Mathilda died from pneumonia. She was frail and couldn't fight it off. Grandpa ^{August} Swen said that living alone no way for a gentleman to live. He married a lady named Rose Prince. She had two lazy sons. It wasn't a good marriage.
- **1926** The family came back to Taylorville. They were glad to be back on the farm in Canada. Some of the school kids teased the Neilson kids because they'd been to the big city. Ralph licked one of the leaders. Later they were friends for life.
- Olga lost a baby boy went she was five and a half months pregnant.
- **1928** Mary Mathilda was born October 13. Olga had been staying in Cardston for about a month, waiting for Mary to be born. She came home for the week-end. There was a big snow storm, so Mary was delivered at home by the bishop's wife, a real sweet lady. Her name was Rose Lowry and she had 15 children herself, of which 13 lived to maturity.
- TELEphonnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnes
- Dancing was a major activity for the early settlers. In Taylorville, like most other communities, often the whole family would go to the dance. Everyone danced with everyone else. The dance would start about 8 or 9 PM. and go until 4 or 5 in the morning with lunch served at midnight. Beds would be made for sleepy babies, which were pushed back against the walls. The young and old would dance together and have a great time. The music was an orchestra put together by local talent from one or more of the communities. Usually two or more saxophones, drums and a piano. The perfection of the music wasn't as important as was the rhythm, but It was good music. There was a dance about every week, somewhere within traveling distance in the area. Ralph, Elva and Delbert often went to a dance in a sleigh. They would be so cold when they came home.
- Three Act Plays were the highlight of the winter in the Taylorville community.

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The ball games were big days. It was great to have the ball diamond in our pasture. Delbert was quite a hero with his pitching and his batting. It is too bad he couldn't have had the opportunities someone with his talent gets these days. When I was little I liked to hang around where the bosses were...the scorekeepers and the coaches. I thought Ralph and Nathan had the best job because they got to tell everyone what to do and when to run, and they kept track of who did what. They had designs on the score sheet that I never figured out.

Dances were held at the church house on the hill north of our house. Everyone danced with everyone else. The music was usually local. I remember Les and Ralph and Jane, and others that I can't give names now. A special memory I have is dancing the 'Lambeth Walk' with Jack Ady during the war years. I was older than he was, but he was a very good dancer and we thought we were pretty grown up.

There were sad times too. When a tragedy came to any family in Taylorville, everyone felt a personal loss as well. I think I was about 5 when Ralph came to the house one morning saying that Pa had fallen down in the barn and couldn't get up. He had had a stroke and it was a most terrible thing for all of us.....We were walking home from school one winter afternoon and we met a sleigh. I don't remember who was driving, but they were taking Ben Lowry to the hospital in Cardston. He raised up and said goodbye to all of us. A few days later he died.....How terrible when Eldon Lowry drowned. As a child I remember it was like the sun quit shining.....Mrs. Huber died, so young. Such a kind, loving person. What a tragic loss. I tried to think of ways to make George feel better.....News came early one morning that Tom Lowry had died in the night. It was so sudden, and I realize now how young he must have been.....Walace Lowry died. He was a school mate.....and Bud Henry.....Fay Little died suddenly.....and the list goes on. We experienced sorrow at a very young age, and I think it somehow prepared us for tragedies in our adult lives.

People in the community were wise because they cared for others. The Three Act Plays were the highlight of the winter. What a great way to keep so many young people occupied. Vicky Albiston worked so hard to make these plays a success. Everyone looked forward to this event.

Mary and Nate knew what teens needed, and many weekends we gathered at their house for a party. They were so patient with us, and played games, fed us, and put up with our nonsense.

I am sure I will hear from others that I have made mistakes in what I have said. This surely could be, but I have recorded the way I remember Taylorville when I was very young.

I still feel a kinship with these wonderful people.

There are still so many memories crowding in to be recorded. The young couples in Taylorville were fun to be around...Lyle and Loretta, Ralph and Jane, Elmo and Rowayne, set a good example for the teens.....I remember when I was little the big kids in the family coming home in the morning from a dance. It looked like such fun. All of the older young people would go to the 'Drops' swimming. Ralph fixed up an old truck to run during the war. It really was a relic. Stan Ady called it 'The Deacons' Masterpiece' after the famous poem. The memories go on but will have to wait until another time.

With Love to you all....Mary

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