

# Verna Neilson Forsyth

I was born on a Sunday Sept. 3, 1922. There were four in our family, Elva Delbert, Ralph and six years later Mary was born. I had the privilege of being born in the hospital. Every birthday there after my Father would stand in the bedroom door and tell me how he drove so terribly fast [probably about 35 miles per hour] that day, to get my mother to the hospital on time.

Dr. Stackpool was the one that delivered me. Mama always said that having a baby in the hospital was like a holiday to the side of having them out on the farm. I believe they said I weighed eight pounds. I was tongue-tied so the nurse noticed this and it was clipped twice. It has also been a big joke in the family that I got exchanged in the hospital. The brothers remind me of this even 61 years later. This really did happen, but only for a little while because Mama said she knew her babies head right away and got her own back. She also said I looked so much like my Father's baby picture there could be no mistake. Papa said when he came home that day, Elva, who was eight years old was frying scones in a pan of hot grease, feeding her brothers.

My earliest childhood memories are when my father lifted me up to see Grandma Neilson in her casket and also of riding on a train when we moved back to Canada. I kept asking my Dad for gum and kept swallowing it. Our family had gone to Salt Lake to be closer to the grandparents as Grandma wasn't very well. We were all glad to come back to the farm in Canada and I enjoyed tagging my Father around watching him snare gophers and tend lambs. I became good at milking cows and stooking grain. I felt very proud of the buckets of water and milk that I could carry.

My mother taught me to iron my own dress

and at five years of age I would do this and walk to primary. Primary was held at the school one and a half miles away.

I was a little frightened to start school, the teacher Miss Franks was very strict and strapped me just for closing the door too noisily. I decided to stay out of trouble by not answering questions and being quite invisible. I won a prize once for the cleanest reader. I believe it was because I hadn't used it much. In those days we had to show our hands and nails every morning and have a clean handkerchief. I had quite a few warts on my hands so I washed them in the snow so they would look nice and white. Elva and I rode the horse Old Snap. Ralph and Delbert rode Old Bill. Snap was stiff legged so it wasn't much fun bouncing behind the saddle. Bill used to lie down in water and sometimes we forded the neck of the lake. He did this with Ralph on his back.

I loved to skate and I would borrow anyone's skates until I got some of my own. We enjoyed the big lake by the school and didn't like to see spring come and take the ice away. Taylorville had a little hockey team and they played well. It was such fun to meet boys there from other places.

I enjoyed softball and the track meets. Delbert was always the best at sports without even practice. I have a number of certificates from those days, but my friend Doreen could out run me.

We always carried lunch to school, just bread and butter sometimes, but it always tasted good. One winter I carried two quarts of milk each day to my teacher Mrs. Jensen. She was working hard to support her family

We were good friends with all our neighbors and I felt a great security in the community where I grew up.

When I was fourteen, my brothers kept offering to take me to a dance. I said "but what would I do if some of those guys asked me to dance?" I went to Twin Falls and found the square dancing and all so much fun that I wanted to go after that. Many parents came to the dances in those days. I remember Mr. Christie couldn't walk due to a disease he had. His nice sons helped him, one on each side in to the dances to watch over the young people.

Delbert and I would ride across the line to see the Higgins family. Alice was my age and Louis a little older. One night I slept there in their log house and in the morning you couldn't put a pin between the red marks on my arms. The mother was a beautiful clean house-keeper but people often had bed bugs in those days. Alice lay right beside me and didn't have a bite. Mama said its your <sup>old</sup> Swedish blood they like.

We used to swim in willow creek and not many owned a swimming suit, so there was a swimming hole for the boys and one for the girls. Sometimes they stole our clothes, but there were no serious problems. When I was 13 I got to play second base on the Boundary Bouncer team. We traveled about to play sometimes riding in the back of a big truck. It seemed that we traveled hours to get to the games. Today the same distance probably would take about fifteen minutes.

Ralph and Elmo Wolsey used to trap muskrats on the big lake and they would call me in the night to get up and fry sausage for them. I never minded doing anything for my family. I was so proud of my big brothers. I really went around the most with Delbert. I think he and I won a prize waltz once. If it was ladies choice at dances and he saw a girl heading for him he didn't like, he'd grab me quick.

Every winter, in the thirties, Taylorville would put on a play, then take it to other communities. I used to sing with Ralph between acts. Later Lavon and I thought we'd practice up and we began to sing together a lot between acts of plays, church and Christmas programs. The young people in Taylorville, had house

parties and homemade ice-cream. It was all fun before the war came along. The Christmas after I was 14 a boy cousin came to visit the Hubers, our closest neighbors. I got a brown dress that Christmas, but the sleeves were too short. Elva made puff sleeves and it looked real cute. The cousin Gideon danced with me most of the time and when he went home he wrote to me for a long time.

I appreciate the older people like Bill Campbell that taught us to dance at Mutual. I remember dancing in overalls and my grandmothers plush coat. I wanted to learn and I couldn't take my coat off because I was ashamed of my blouse. Everyone was hard up for cash. We sometimes burned cow chips and lots of people cut blocks of sheep manure out or our corral. They said it burned like coal. Sometimes when Mama was baking bread I'd go to the coal shed and dig way down with my fingers in the fine coal to find some lumps for baking. She would act so happy and surprised. One thing we had was good water and in the dry years a lot of people hauled water in barrels from our spring.

My father went to Utah to bring Grandpa Swen back to Taylorville. He was very sick Papa sat by him night and day in the hospital, because Grandpa had never been in a hospital before. He didn't think ladies should wait on men like that. He died at home. His brother Charlie came from Mountain View and Uncle Fred from Champion. In those days they took care of the dead at home. I watched everything and it bothered me for a long time. In those days children didn't ask any questions. Then Mama's father Axel Nelson Burgstrom passed away and my folks went to Salt Lake for a whole month. Elva and Ralph watched over us while they were gone. That very April, on a pretty morning, my father was turning out the sheep and he said something hit him like lightning. His left side, but not his face was paralyzed. The boys carried him to the house. He called us around and said "If anything happens to me I want you to know you have the best mother in the world." I ran behind the house and prayed by myself. I came in and said

"you'll get better Pa, I prayed for you. He cried. It was so terrible to lose his strength at age 44 and it must have been very hard for my mother to keep cheerful. She said she brooded as she called it a long time. One day a voice said to her "Olga you just have to stop" and her burden seemed lighter. We were all so excited when Pa could walk to the barn with a cane. On an x-ray of his neck it showed that he had at sometime nearly broken his neck. When he was about 14 he had a nice pony that he thought could do anything. He decided to have it jump over a cow lying down but the cow stood up and the horse fell. Pa was unconscious for two days. We sometimes think that this caused his paralysis. He never really regained all his strength but he could milk cows and enjoy his family for 15 years. I liked to help my Dad, so when the boys were on the thresher he'd call me to help milk. He was always an early riser. I remember sitting their milking as the sky was getting light. I was very nervous that my father would take another stroke. Sometimes he had dizzy spells, once in church when Ben Woods was talking. Mama dreamed a few nights before that this happened.

I used to run to the top of the hill to see if he was coming home on old Baldy. This horse became his legs. Mama said it helped her to see I was so concerned over Papa. I watched him in church and even through my wedding, for fear he would take sick. In a way it was good for me to go away to school and make a new life for myself. I wrote faithfully to my parents. I couldn't stand to think of my Dad riding for the mail and coming home empty handed.

When I was around 14 years old I met Duane Forsyth at a skating rink in Cardston. We used to skate to music and it was just like a dance. Duane said he felt like coming over and rubbing my cheeks. He said he had decided then to marry me. I heard the other girls talking about him and that they'd like to go with him, so I didn't say anything as I didn't think I'd have a chance. Duane was always so friendly and cheerful, I was glad to have him for a friend. Us country kids kind of stuck together like one big family

and some of my school chums started to ask me to go with them. Stan Ady who is dead now, was really the only other boy I liked. Our families were good friends and we had a good time. Dan Henrie will always be my good friend and he thought he liked me a lot. I treated him kind of snotty so he wouldn't spend his hard earned money on presents for me, but he did anyway. The Henrie family were wonderful old friends. My teenage years were fine. I never went to a dance without Ralph checking to see how I was going home. He really watched over us.

I had Mary Franks, Fawn Campbell, Mrs. Francis Jensen and Alma Sommerfeldt for teachers. The furnace didn't work very well in the school, so they put in a big round stove. I remember standing around it at noon singing "On the Good Ship Lollipop" and "I want to go back to my little grass shack". These were popular songs around 1934.

I believe I was 13 when I went to my first movie. I rode to town with Andersons. My good friend Vera and I went to the matinee and it only cost 10 cents. We both thought Dick Powell was a wonderful movie star. We sent for his autographed picture and I pinned mine on my bedroom wall.

Dan Henrie made a Kayak and we rode all over Cameron lake fishing. It sounds dangerous to me now. Sometimes a wind came up and the waves got really high. One day in spring the girls thought we'd steal the boat and go for a ride. It really only held two or three. We hurried in and pushed our way out with the oars. Everyone was standing up when someone dropped an oar. We all bent over to grab it and over went the boat. We came to shore like drowned rats. The teacher laughed so hard and so did everyone else. Iva Lowry had a crepe dress on that kept shrinking upward. Miss Tyler took us to her place and let us each wear one of her pretty dresses so we could finish writing exams.

I liked the singing we did at school. As I write this I'm 61 years old but I still remember the songs and have taught them to the Hutterite

children where I am a teacher aid for Duane.

When I was in school I would sometimes go to school early so we could play a little soft ball.

In grade six or seven I wanted to be an honor student so badly I even cheated, It has stayed with me many years. I didn't get to be an honor student anyway. I missed it by a couple of marks. Every time I looked at Mrs. Jensen I felt she knew I had taken someone's answers and I felt guilty. I never did it again. It is sad that some kids go through such foolishness. Grade nine was the big year. I was growing up and making new friends as we would go to a church dance every Friday night. There was a four piece orchestra of local people and I believe they earned about two-dollars each for a night of playing.

I really studied hard in grade nine because it was the first year that grade nine had written departmentals. Duane was writing the same exams in Cardston. We both passed the very same, but I worried all summer until the marks came in August. It meant so much to me to pass. I only had an appetite for radish sandwiches so I got a little skinny.

Cardston had their Golden Jubilee the spring I was in grade nine. Delbert took me on the Ferris wheel. I was scared to death, then I got brave and went up with Dan. Elva was working at the Jubilee office as a secretary. Morgan Smith came to see her. Fred Puzey was at our place too and he didn't look very happy because he liked Elva also. In July we went to Waterton for a few days. We went to the dances and some of us girls thought it was smart to not tell the boys our real name. I had what they called a cute swagger suit and Elva loaned me a fluffy white front that looked nice. No matter how hot it was I couldn't take off my coat. I went to Cameron Lake with Dick and Dan and Elaine, Dick's sister. They brought a watermelon and I hated to say I couldn't stand to taste it. Deb and I both threw up on watermelon when we were young. That feeling stayed with me for many years, until I was expecting Bill and we were in a hot climate in Nephi Utah.

We were so happy that Elva and Morgan were getting married. He was really an outstanding friendly good man. I was shy about going with boys and he tried in a teasing way to help me out. I was such an onery little country girl then. Once he was giving a boy a ride home from a dance and he wanted me to sit in the back. I was determined I was going to sit in the front with him and Elva. I didn't want the boy to get the idea I was going with him.

Its such a change in the home when the first child leaves. Elva got married in September and we had a supper at our house. The Smiths that came were very loving people, they all made a fuss over the grandmother and she enjoyed everyone. They all stood around like a big family reunion. It had been my job that day to get the house in order after everyone that was old enough had gone to the temple ceremony. Mrs. Huber came down the hill to help me and Sarah Gregson came and mixed up a yellow cake. I remember wondering how Elva could like anyone better than us. She tried to explain it to me, that it wasn't the same thing.

Elva had been in Salt Lake one winter and had taken a business course. I thought it was wonderful how she could take down short hand and type. When I was 14 I was slim. The first thing Elva said to me when she came home from Salt Lake was "Verna you'd have to stand twice to make a shadow."

I was six when my youngest sister Mary was born. Mama had gone to Cardston for a whole month, hoping to have her baby in the hospital, but she got tired of waiting and came home. A blizzard came up and there was snow up to the window sills. Sister Rose Lowry rode to our place on a horse. In Taylorville the wind blew so much and the snow was up to the window sills. My mother said sister Lowry's hands shook, she had never delivered a baby alone before. The cord was around Mary's neck and she was as blue as cloth. She seemed to be a weak baby, but my parents watched over her carefully night and day. She grew into a beautiful little girl with nice blond hair and she was clever at everything she did.

I had whooping cough when I was eleven months old. My mother missed going to the dedication of the Cardston temple because of my whooping cough. Mama said that I wouldn't cough, just faint away. One time they tell me I stopped breathing for what seemed like several minutes. My father said "She is gone." My mother said "Do something Julius." He ran his finger down my throat and I began to breath. I've always been so panicky of children choking, maybe this experience is why I felt this way. My mother said she also lost a baby boy at this time that would have been only 13 months younger than me. Pa buried it in a field on the farm. She said he was perfectly formed, about five and one-half months along.

My growing up years were pleasant. I loved to skate, dance and ride horses. I helped stook grain, milk cows, and trap gophers. I think that is quite mean to do to little animals but they ate the grain and at one time the school children brought gopher tails to the teacher. I remember pulling a dry tail off a dead gopher and taking it to Mr. Steed. I felt real important, I suppose, I was 10 years old. Our closest neighbors were the Hubers, but we were good friends with everyone in the area. When Doreen and Alice got married very young, after their mother died, I went around with Lavon Albiston. We sang together and sometimes people said they came clear from Whiskey Gap at Christmas to hear us sing. We liked to sing "Moonlight on the Colorado" and "Ride Tenderfoot ride." On mothers day we found an old song "Tell Mother I'll be there" that was very nice. I was in a play when I was 13. I was a Jewish girl named Rosie and Morgan Wolsey was Ikie. I had a white fuffed dress. We were so scared but we must have done all right because the crowd kept shouting "bring back Rosie and Ikie." I remember standing by Ralph and singing "I'm just a tired weary cowboy" in between acts of the play. My hair was in braids and so we could doll up for the dance after. We brought a coal oil lamp and hung our curling tongs in it to put some curls in my bangs.

It must have been hard for Vickie Albiston to

walk a mile and a half to the church to prompt us in the play. She was a very hard worker and how I appreciated those pioneers who tried to help us learn what we could. The spring of this play I slept overnight with Alice Higgins across the line. When I got home a dear neighbor had died. At an funeral about 8 months before, Ben Woods had prophesied that someone within the sound of his voice would die within the year. This worried me and for some reason I thought it would be me or my father. I asked Pa if he worried. He said "no Verna, when your time comes, your time comes." I remember how sad we all felt making flowers to decorate the stage for the spring play. In six weeks Jane's father suddenly died of bronchial pneumonia, then six weeks later little, Eldon Lowry drowned in their reservoir. It seemed all we were having was funerals, but life went on. It was then that they started to have a choir from another place come, to sing at the funerals in Taylorville. As everyone felt so close to those who died the singing was terrible.

We had a great summer when Aunt Blenda's family came. Uncle Sam bought an old school bus to bring all 12 of them. They brought canned vegetables and Papa killed some sheep and some calves. We rode horses and played horeshoe. We rode to Whiskey Gap over the hills. It was a never to be forgotten time for us all. Our horses were so tired when they left, they wouldn't come out of the barn. When they left, Elva and I ran behind the house and cried. We had such a big table and now it looked so small. The community put on a farewell dance and everyone had enjoyed their visit so much. Bishop Lowry seemed very pleased when Ralph and Ellen played the violins and John the accordion for "Oh My Father" for Conference in Cardston. I thought my cousin Ellen was so beautiful and stylish looking that I tried to make my hair look like hers.

There was a big forest fire that summer near Old Chief mountain and many young men went to fight fire. Among them was Duane's oldest brother Rex. Elva went away the next fall to

business college in Salt Lake and I grew up a bit. My mother was pleased that I took over helping her with cleaning and cooking more than I had done before. I seemed to like to wait on my Father and brothers. I thought their work was so hard feeding animals in the winter and carrying water etc. I pressed my brothers clothes for dances and felt very secure in our home and community.

Elva got married to Morgan when I was fifteen. When her babies came along, I thought I wouldn't need to have children as they never could be as wonderful as Elva's. Morgan was a good brother-in-law to me. Being more than 16 years older than me, he often gave me good advice. He said that if young people would spend as much time developing their minds as primping and doing their hair, they would be far better off. He was full of fun and it was nice to be around him. He surely enjoyed his children. He said once that if he's known married life was so nice he'd have married at 18.

I was surprised to be chosen Queen for Taylorville ward. Several boys asked to be my parents at the big dance, but I chose Delbert to be. Pa went to town in a sleigh and brought home an orange dress and a pleated blue long dress with metallic gold on the top. I chose the blue one and it was so lovely. Delbert and Rex looked so nice in the Tuxedos they rented for two dollars. As I write [1985] this it would cost 75 or 80 dollars to rent a tuxedo now. Uncle Scott and Aunt Gladys were newly married then and the dance directors. I had never seen them before and when they whirled on to the dance floor they looked like royalty to me. I remember how beautiful and handsome they were. We each had a dance program to write down who asked us to dance. The queen's had to take turns going up on a platform and their escorts helped them down. This was an exciting evening for Delbert and I.

When I was 19 [1941], I went away to Calgary with Lavon Albiston. I lived with three other girls and she got a job in a small town. We didn't know much about living with someone and we did a lot of silly things. The war was on

and nearly every boy from Southern Alberta that was stationed in Calgary found their way to our place. I think they wanted to see a familiar face and talk about home, the ball games, the grandparents and all the things that would help to cheer them up. My roommates said we couldn't have visitors and made a sign that said "no boys allowed." They said that if I didn't stick to it I would have to move. I cried so hard and my closest friend cried too, they had given her the same ultimatum. Anyway some of the girls went out to teach school after six weeks of training and we had to split up. I met a girl at hair dressing school named Dorothy, she was a beautiful healthy girl, the same size as me and we got along fine. I moved in with her for a while and then Arvilla Smith came to town and I went to live with her. She was a good honest friend and during our years together we lived with Geneva and Margaret Ady. It was around this time that Church Ady was killed when a truck fell on him. He was stationed at Coal Harbor. We felt so bad, he'd been such a good friend to me. He sometimes walked to church through Chinatown with me. He usually said he was taking care of me for Stan, his brother whom I had gone with for a while. When Stan came to Calgary, Chuck seemed to have hurt feelings and was soon posted to the west coast. When Chuck lost his life, his father phoned me at the station where I worked, but I honestly didn't have enough money to take the bus home. I always regretted that I didn't get there. Duane got posted to Calgary and right to No. 11 where I worked as a clerk. He looked good to me. I had dated several boys but wasn't one to fall in love easily. Some had asked me to marry them, among them a young English airman named Jack Sanderson. He said he would join the church and move to Canada to live. Though he was a nice boy, I must have been waiting for Duane because as soon as I saw him at the Airforce station I knew I would like to marry him. I decided from then on to treat him better than I had in the past.

At this time Arvilla Smith and I roomed

together in Mrs. Driscoll's basement. She was a widow with three young boys and she said it helped her moral to have us young people in the house. Once she said that she thought I always brought home boys with the cleanest faces she had ever seen. Among them was a life time friend Victor Stockdale. We are in our Sixties now and he has never misses helping us with any important even, from weddings to babies being born.

At No.11 there was an elderly man named Mr. Wallace, he was so very kind to me. He even wanted to take my late hours as he was worried about a young girl having to stay late with only men. I was too young and Naive to know if there was any danger. He brought me treats of all kinds. He had been in the Boar War and the first world war. He wanted to go into the second world war but was too old. His wife was a nurse and their daughter was in the service. Their only son was killed overseas. He said he could tell I was from southern Alberta by my accent. He said he'd traveled in southern Alberta and the people treated him so very nice. He seemed to be trying to repay me for all their kindness.

Duane would march past with the airmen when I came from my office at work, but otherwise he didn't pay a lot of attention to me. I heard he had a girl friend from Toronto. Mylo told me Duane planned on getting married to Almina Anderson, granddaughter of the Patriarch in Cardston. She had come out to Lethbridge from Toronto with her wedding clothes.

One of the runners on the station asked how much I liked Duane as she saw my picture on his desk. She said she'd like a chance to see if she could get him. She said she caught him in the doorway and said she'd give him two chocolate bars if he'd kiss her.

I had a job to take the Bee Hives and Scouts on a wiener roast and hike to Sandy Beach. I thought this was a big job for one girl. I decided to write Duane a note to see if he would help me. I thought this over very carefully for I

knew now if he asked me, I'd marry him. He went on the hike and told me he had broken off with Almina after he saw me again. Once when he came through Calgary on leave he threw a note out of the train window and I picked it up. It said "you're the only one I'll ever love." We were engaged in February, right after he received his commission for three and a half years, as Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F. I went home to Taylorville that Christmas. It was so cold and we had a hard time getting to town. A blizzard came up so Ralph and Deb went home and Cardston people gave us a ride. We took the bus back to Calgary and Mrs. Driscoll met me at the door and said she'd never seen me so glad to come back to the city. I got cold sores all over my lips and didn't like having this all through Christmas. Duane brought me a beautiful white satin housecoat with tiny pink and blue embroidered flowers on it. I never wore it until my honeymoon.

My brother in law, Morgan, always cared about my life and I listened to him when he'd advise me. I always prized the fact that my brother in law Morgan helped me make up my mind about getting married. He pointed out how important it was to be able to marry a young man that could take me to the temple. He thought I was foolish not to make up my mind, so that helped me. Once when he came on leave, Morgan let me take the car to take him to the highway. He was great at hitch-hiking. Everyone picked up servicemen in those days. We met at a skating rink when we were both 14 years old. Once he brought a diamond that cost twenty-five dollars out to Taylorville. He paid three dollars for the taxi driver to bring him. The taxi driver's name was Neilson and he just sat and had a great time visiting with my father. I felt sorry not to take the ring. Duane had worked so hard for it. I certainly wasn't ready to get married then. Duane said he that after he went in to the service he pawned the ring and threw the ticket down the drain.

Duane's brother, Rex, was killed overseas. I sent him a card.

We were married about 5 in the afternoon on **April 3rd 1945**. It was a nice spring day. It was my first time to go through the temple. I felt the whole session was for me. Papa was asked to speak in the meeting. Duane's father was asked to give the prayer. Elva and Morgan came from champion with their four children. Elva brought sandwiches and even made me a lovely wedding cake. I tried to decorate it myself, but the bride and groom fell off because of the bumpy roads from Taylorville. We had a small reception in the historic Card home. The only guests that came were the ones who had been to the temple. We didn't send out invitations. I thought I'd never seen so many brothers as there was in the Forsyth family. It reminded me of "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." Chick and Les Campbell came and were allowed to come into the meeting part of the temple. Chick was in the Navy as Rex had been killed a few months before. We rode to Macleod with Morgan and Elva and their children. We even had a flat tire. We stayed at the Queen's hotel then left for Calgary early on the bus the next morning. I belonged to a bowling league, so after playing my game we left on the train for Banff. We had a lovely week at the King Edward Hotel. Duane said he had \$80 for a honeymoon. He bought me a lovely pair of beaded leather gloves and there was enough to buy him a tweed suit that matched mine. It was brown and we thought it was so neat to have twin suits. We stayed at Mrs. Driscoll's for a couple weeks until Duane found a bedroom and kitchen to share. We were there about a month. We could carry all our worldly goods in two suitcases. Mrs. Brandvold a dear old friend phoned and said they had made a suite in their basement and asked if we'd like to live there. It looked so lovely to us. I kept on hair dressing and Duane started grade eleven. He finished eleven and twelve in six months with good marks and was accepted into University in Edmonton.

We had a nice summer, everything looked especially green that year. We drove to Waterton with my parents car.

In October I went to see a specialist "Dr. Margaret Hutton" and she confirmed that I was expecting a baby. Some how we knew all along that it was a boy and didn't even pick a girls name. It was always Robert and sure enough on the 28th of May 1945 our baby boy was born [9 lbs 14 oz]. It seemed like the greatest miracle to me that now there was three of us. The doctor said I had a very narrow deformed pelvic bone. She said it is usually inherited or could have come from riding horses a lot. They really didn't know the cause. She thought he would be born by cesarean section after taking an x-ray. When she phoned this to me I felt very frightened as I'd never even been in a hospital before. We had such nice young married friends in Edmonton. Dorothy Muirhead was with me and she said "don't worry Verna, we will all be praying for you." I knew they were as Robert and I came through a very trying time. I was given transfusions. Robert's navel was cut right off and he was bleeding. They said he was hemorrhaging from the sides of the face as well, where they had taken him with forceps. There wasn't blood for Robert and a med student Mont. Palmer gave his for me. This Dr. Palmer and his wife had just had a baby girl in Feb. We had our babies blessed the same day in July.

We went home to Taylorville in the summer. Duane had a twenty dollar bill he was saving to go back to University with. The men were haying so he went out to help and lost the twenty dollars out of his pocket. It looked so impossible to find that my father said he wouldn't give a dime for it. Duane prayed so hard and went back to the haystack and lifted a few forks full of hay and there it was. My father laughed so hard he just couldn't believe he would find the wallet with the twenty dollars.

We liked Edmonton, it was a cold winter as usual there but it was such fun to now have a baby to talk to. I didn't try to go back to work after my baby came. Robert was really quick to learn little songs and poems and it was fun carrying him around. I took a picture of Duane studying and Bob sitting on his desk. The photo



won third prize in a photo contest and the three dollars we received bought him a snow suit which was very much needed. We received eighty dollars a month from veterans allowance for rent food and all. They docked us ten dollars a month for a long time because I had worked. It was work for nothing. The next summer Duane went to the Barren Lands to prospect for gold. He grew a mustache all winter so the boss would think he was more mature looking and choose him from the University students.

I went home to the farm and it seemed relaxing to visit with my mother and sister-in-laws. Bob walked at nine months, so the day of his first birthday I had to go outside to catch him to get the picture. The farm seemed so safe. Delbert bought him a little horse on wheels and Bob was trying to feed it ice cream with a spoon at that early age. We stayed with Elva and Morgan some that summer. Once my sister Mary who was sixteen years old poured cold water on Morgan's head. He didn't say a word, just picked her up and walked upstairs and threw her in the bath tub of water where I was soaking Bob's diapers.

We went back to Edmonton that fall and by October I found I was expecting another baby. We were anxious for a little girl now and Bob told everyone at church that he was going to get a "Tister." June 1 1948, I had washed clothes and gone to bed quite early, but soon I found I was up for the night. Duane took me to the University hospital and Mary Olga [8 lbs 2 oz] was born about two the next day June 16. I seemed to recuperate real fast this time and people said Mary was a very beautiful baby. I think my mother was pleased that we named her after her and Aunt Mary. I told her when she grew up that I gave her the prettiest name we could find. People made a fuss over "baby sister" as nearly everyone called her. She could honestly carry a tune at a year old, so you could recognize the song. We were pleased to watch these little ones play. Sometimes I thought my heart would burst, I was so grateful and proud to have them. When Mary was 3 months old we

took a teaching job at Caroline Alberta. We chose this place because it had electric power. The suite we were to live in was above an old hardware store and it was painted purple. There was only one window and it was broken so we had to keep a bonnet on our baby day and night until one was put in. It was really a fire trap, it had a long stairway and only one window and door. One of the trustees Sandy Craig came and said it wasn't fit for a brood sow. The school board had a meeting and decided to buy what we thought was a nice little teacherage. It was painted white and we had our own clothesline, woodshed and outside toilet. I felt so proud to have a little house of our own at last. Duane had to drive many miles to school meetings and I felt nervous there at night and for a good reason too. I never closed my eyes until he came home. Sometimes we took a turn at having a school meeting at our place. I didn't know how to make tea or coffee so usually served apple juice. The teachers seemed to love it. Once we entertained the minister of Education and Minister of Municipal affairs. It seemed we entertained all the celebrities that came to town. After dinner little Bob [3 yrs] said he had to go out by the corner of the house to drain his radiator. They laughed so hard being from the city, but that wasn't an unusual thing for a little boy to do back then.

We thought the Caroline and Rocky Mountain House country was so pretty. The trees were so green. It seemed to rain every night in the summer so everything seemed full of moisture. We had a huge pine tree near our house and when we'd go away we'd watch for that big pine and see who spotted it first. When we'd go away Mary Olga would say when we came home "I'm so glad to come to my own little home."

There were some scary things happened at Caroline. Sometimes I popped corn and sat our two little ones on the bench at the community dance. We liked to dance and it was about the only thing we had to go to, so we brought the children in case of a fire at home. There were so

many fires at that time. Once a girl was trying to start a fire with gas and she and her baby were burned. Another time a stove overheated and caused a flash fire on Christmas eve. Two little girls died. The mother had gone to give someone a present. The three week old baby was saved because the policeman threw his coat over the buggy hood and pushed it out into forty degree weather.

Lumberjacks came and went. Some of the men owned saw mills. We enjoyed living around the Murray family and chummed mostly with Irma and Bob who lived near us. Randy played with our children. He was a nice neat little boy that sometimes came to our home Sunday School. I remember how interested he was when we told him about Joseph Smith praying to know which church was true and God the Father and Jesus Christ appeared to him. Randy ran home to tell his mother but she thought it was a strange story.

Bob was two when we went to Caroline. He began having very bad fevers. He went on like this for several years. Even becoming delirious at times. The doctors seemed reluctant to take his tonsils as polio was prevalent then and they felt the tonsils served a need to ward off polio. Dr. Greenway thought he had rheumatic fever so I carried him for several weeks. The year he was in Grade two and we were in Edmonton the doctor decided to take his tonsils. He got along so well. I'd been so worried that he might hemorrhage or something. He came home and picked up a stick of raw rhubarb and began to eat it. He never missed a day of school for a couple of years.

Elva and Morgan and family came to see us at Caroline. Elva thought the pines smelled so good. We were so glad they would come so far. They brought us things from the farm. It was in October and the weather had turned cold. We only had a cook stove and Puffing Billy. This was a stove like a barrel and we'd stuff it full of wood that burned up very quickly. It was a big job to keep the family warm with wood. I think I walked all night covering the children and all for fear they would take cold. The

ladies at Caroline taught me to make uncooked chocolates. We made them for many occasions. Once there was a big forest fire and Duane went to help fight it. We had a Mother's Day program in the Legion Hall. It was nice when the missionaries came and organized a home Sunday School for us. I learned to play my ten dollar piano a little. We bought the piano from the Legion. Bob and Mary both learned to sing well on key and won prizes at amateur shows. Mr. Leavitt was as proud of our children as we were. He carried little Mary around to show her off after she won ten dollars at an amateur show singing Darling Clementine. Mary was two years and nine months old. She wore a pink dress smocked in blue that Mrs. Bowden's sister had sent from England. This sister had also made a frock for prince Charles as he was the same age as Mary Olga. Lois and Hild Brandvold and two missionaries who lived at her place drove clear out to Caroline. Mrs. B. Liked them as they were both Scandinavian boys. She never did join the church. Jane and Ralph came to see us when they adopted Tom. They went to Edmonton to get him. I was having trouble with my nerves and stomach so Ralph took me to Innisfail to see a doctor. The doctor gave me some medicine and Ralph bought me a new dress. I guess our wages didn't stretch far enough for any clothes. I loved that dress and wore it many years.

That summer [July 14, 1951] Morgan Smith was killed on a tractor, as he was making a fence on his river place. It was a terrible blow to our family and to his friends. He had taken the two oldest boys with him that nice summer day. The boys were swimming in the river and he was boiling eggs on his camp stove for a picnic. The hired man was trying to dig post holes on the river bank. The brakes wouldn't hold so Morgan got on the tractor to see if he could make them work right. The tractor tumbled down the bank. The gear shift had hit him in a vital spot on his temple. The hired man went home to Champion for Elva. She was scrubbing the floor and felt she couldn't believe her ears. Arlen and Eldon

were in the river and saw the whole thing happen. The boys ran across the stubble field in their bare feet to the neighbors. My mother was in Champion and had a hard time getting through to us on the phone. We all went straight to Elva's. Edith Griffin came out to comfort me.

My father had an operation two years before Morgan's death and it proved to be a very long hard operation. He developed an abscess behind his heart and the infection was really what took him. He suffered eleven and a half weeks in the Holy Cross hospital, in Calgary. He had special nurses night and day. My mother sat by him constantly. The last week, my bothers took Mary and Robert so I could go to help her. The day before he died I said "Papa—we can't get along without you" He said "I know you can't." He also said Duane is the most sensible young man I have ever seen. Duane was at University in Edmonton and he liked my father very much. The whole family prayed and begged to keep him. We wished he'd never had the operation. The last day my mother said "I guess we will have to give him up." He was gone in two hours. Just before he went into a coma something happened. He said "Now don't get excited Olga" to my mother. We kissed him good-bye and mama said it's just like a light went out.

The tournament for the Boundry League baseball was to be held on our ball diamond as it was the best spot in the country. Out of respect for Papa it was postponed. Uncle Sam and Aunt Blenda came from Salt Lake to the funeral. Uncle Sam told me that when someone so close dies he just felt sick. They had been good brother in laws.

My sister Mary was married to Jim Carlson from Champion in July while Papa was in the hospital. They had waited hoping he'd be better soon. As time went on they decided to go ahead with the wedding. I was her at Elva's with my two little kids. When Duane was at summer school I went to Elva's a lot. It was like a second home. It seems I expected a lot of them. I tried to help out in any way. I have nice memories of staying with Elva's family. We were so hard up

and looking forward to Duane having a job someday.

After four years teaching in Caroline we thought we should get the children closer to the church, so we went to Brant to teach. We drove eighteen miles to High River to church. After one year there we moved back to Edmonton. It seemed there was a lot of persecution for Mormons in Brant, although some people treated us well. We square danced with a Catholic couple who have always remained our friends. It was hard though because some people pretended to be friendly. The wife of the other man teacher wanted her husband to be principal.

It was like going home to go back to Edmonton. Duane had rented a new house in Park Allen at \$125.00 a month. The rent was half his salary. I had felt quite depressed but that new house just perked me up. Seeing old friends was a joy. I was asked to be a councilor in Primary with Afton Felt. We settled down for the winter. Duane had been doing Hail Adjusting for the summer. I tended John David as his mother had arthritis. He was a cute boy one year younger than Mary. The children loved him and he loved us. His mother paid us thirty dollars a month. Mama stayed with us quite a lot and that was nice. I almost took a job. The Beauty Parlor at the Macdonald Hotel offered me a job as a manicurist. I could see Mama felt too nervous to tend the children and it wouldn't have been fair to her, though we needed the money very badly.

In the summer there was an epidemic of Polio and all the theaters and public places were closed for children. I went at night to help serve supper at the University but had an accident on the bike and hurt my leg very badly. It seemed rushing to work was a poor thing to do with four children at home. We had to move as the lady wanted to sell her house.

In January we moved to the Northside and let missionaries room upstairs. Mary had a bladder operation and we were so worried to take her but she seemed better after. We felt we had been blessed with the most wonderful children in the

world. Bob was a real little missionary, so faithful in asking for a blessing when he had fevers. He even took some church literature to his grade two teacher. He said she always treated him like someone more important after that.

I was just writing about moving in January. It stayed over thirty below for more than four weeks. Just after we shut the door in our new home a blizzard blew in.

As I am writing this, it is now October 16, 1985. I am looking out the door of the school [Hutterite Colony] and I see Grant Glen on the steps. He has come from Calgary to hunt. He and his friend Frank Bird, were ones who moved us as we didn't have a car. They whooped and laughed and made a happy time of the whole thing. I picked up last minute things like a hat and pins and scarves and stuck them in my pocket. I pinned odds and ends on my dress thinking we'd go straight to our house, but Grant stopped at their place and they had supper already for us and our family. I will never forget this and told him so, because not many years later these dear people had a divorce. Grant stayed and listened to the children sing and had dinner at the colony.

We became good friends with the Felts. He was the Institute teacher. They had a little girl Mary's age named Yvonne. We liked Edmonton and wished so much we could get a down payment for a home. We rented one in Park Allen, a new area and it was such a lift to live there. Duane started to build in a co-op to begin a home but Felts offered us to go to take care of a motel in Utah. Since we didn't own anything and we thought Duane could further his education and teach school at the same time, we set about obtaining our visas. Duane had everything in order by Spring for us to go. He went to Utah and got a car and a job in Nephi. We stayed with Mama and Duane's parents until the time came to go in August. It was a very hard trip with all of our things in a box on top of the car. We had a blow out near Browning Montana. It was late when we got part way across Montana, so we tried to make

our bed in the Nash. The three children slept quite well but Cindy who was only three kept squirming and telling the others "get out of mine bed." The trip took three days. We slept in the car but Cindy got diarrhea and was throwing up. It was lucky Grandmother Forsyth had come to the car with a potty as we were leaving. I'm sure she had traveled with children. When we finally got to Ruth's, I was nearly stuck to the seat. Cindy was better and Ruth showed us the headlines of the paper. It said the Motel that we were going to run had caught fire. A telegram came to us to keep going on to Nephi anyway. What a sight met our eyes. Five of the motel units, smelled so terrible.

Paul Felt hired a crew of men to fix up the five burned out units. Duane was to haul second hand furniture from Little America in Salt Lake. One of the men on the work crew was Paul's brother Bob. He seemed very nice in lots of ways but we soon found out the whole crew were alcoholics. When he was sober he talked nice to the kids and had our Robert fix him some breakfast. When Duane went away they all got drunk. I was so surprised my knees just shook. They stood in the yard with their arms around each other and I secretly thought maybe they would rob me or kill me. Robert, Mary, Cindy and I had many little prayers together as we felt rather strange in the town. I felt far from my own family, who were such a great sense of security to me. One day I saw a strange woman skipping off to the burned units with one worker after the other. I realized that they had picked her up from the bus the night before. My knees began to shake as I thought of what I should do. I phoned the owner, Paul Felt, who was living in Edmonton. He told me to get her out and to get the sheriff. I had never had any training along this line, in fact I had seen very few drunks.

I did feel quite safe because there was Kelly, an old cook living in the other side of the motel house. She seemed so sensible and I could hardly believe it when I saw a man come from his bedroom who had been sitting with him all

night. He said Kelly was very sick, that he had gone on a big drunk as he was also an alcoholic. The next day Kelly came to the door and leaned his head against it and said "I want to thank you for being so good to an old drunk. He then gave Robert a fifty cents piece and said "keep this and remember to never take a drink." He got better and only went on a binge about once a month. It took him quite a while to recuperate. His job was always open to him, because they said he was the best cook in Utah. He never wasted a thing. If doughnuts got old, he stirred them up into muffins. He made dollar size pancakes for the children who stopped. He made some dressing or stuffing for my Thanksgiving turkey that was so good even before it was cooked. I couldn't believe it. He told me his mother had eleven children. He was the eldest. The father was sent on a mission, so he had to wash and cook for the family. He carried the water from a creek. His wife had left him and he had one son whom he never saw.

Kelly got his feelings hurt some way. I believe the owner said he had been getting his rent too cheaply. He bought a little house and moved out. Next I saw him pacing the floor at the doctor's office. I was expecting Bill and told them to take care of Kelly first. He had a beautiful little red car a friend had wrecked and now his kidneys were on the blink too. The nurse said that I was to come in first. She told me Kelly brings his problems on himself.

In a few weeks we got word that Kelly had taken his own life with a gun. I always felt that if he hadn't been alone perhaps it wouldn't have happened.

Bill was just a couple weeks old but I pushed his buggy to the old church on the edge of town, to go to Kelly's funeral. I felt so weak when the first song was on, I slipped outside and sat on the steps. The bishop came out and said "these things are nerve raking aren't they." Kelly's son came to the funeral, but I thought why don't people come before, when they can do some good.

I started to have weak feelings so often. I tried to sing with the ladies or go to the temple

or church. The weak feelings would rush over me from head to toe, then my headaches would come. I couldn't see, when the headaches came almost every day. I secretly thought I was getting a brain tumor. I thought I would lose my mind. I wondered who would look after my children. I was so afraid. Duane had to be at night school in Provo and teach in the day time in Nephi. He had a stake calling in the Sunday School. I told a friend how I was feeling. She told me to go to Dr, Beckstead, he will help you. I did go, and he assured me that I was fine. He thought I was having a bit of after baby depression. He gave me a little pill and the world looked bright again. "I'm well, I'm well," I said. I went to Sunday School feeling great. When it was over someone asked how I was and I burst into tears. My pill had worn off, and I felt farther down than before. Dr. Beckstead said there can't be much wrong if a little pill can make you feel so good. He decided to make me an appointment with a psychologist in Salt Lake. The psychologist asked if I was home sick. I burst into tears. I told him I didn't know. When we went to a teacher's picnic, I'd go and sit alone and think that these same stars and moon are over my mother, brothers and sisters. I wished I was there too. I'd walk down the street with my cute little girls and wonder "why aren't I happy?" I should be so happy. We were accepted well in the town. We spoke in church and sang and were asked to be the dance directors. They especially liked me because my Father was from Spring City Sanpete County. It was right next to Nephi or Juab County. They felt that I had roots there.

When I talked to Dr. Beckstead, he said "your husband has been suggested for some of the highest jobs in Nephi, don't spoil his chances." I felt guilty to not be able to keep up with the motel and my children and new baby. It was the sneakiest illness. I was helpless to stop the weak feelings. I remember trying to bear my testimony and many nights when I couldn't sleep, I knelt by my baby's buggy and prayed that "if I wasn't going to get better, let me go, so they

could have a stronger mother." I lost 35 pounds and looked quite good from the loss of weight. No one could see anything wrong with me. One day after one of the upper pills, I became panicky and ran to the neighbors. She took my baby and I fell on her couch. I didn't feel anything until a few hours later when my bladder began to hurt. Now, I really was frightened, I wondered what was happening.

Jim and Mary came clear to Nephi and brought my mother. I felt safer for the family, but it was so hard for her to know how to help me. Bill grew very close to her and he was a very good baby. I had a feeling that if Duane was around, things would be okay.

One Sunday—unknown to us, the bishop brought President Harold B. Lee to our house. He was then an apostle, he shook hands with all our children, even baby Billy. He gave me a wonderful blessing, he said that I would get well, and the children which were my great concern, would be protected. I thought I should be well in a week or two weeks at the most. I was so anxious to be better. I couldn't wait to feel better, but the doctor explained that nerves were like telephone wires and if they got jumbled up, it takes time to straighten them again. The psychiatrist at the hospital had had a nervous breakdown at one time, he told me. He told me that I was not going to go crazy. He said that he could go crazy as soon as I could. They felt that I had been through a rough time.

Sometimes Duane would trick me to get me to go out somewhere. On our anniversary we went to a show in Provo and there we met old neighbors from Taylorville, Gene and Edna Berzay. She told me they had been in Arizona for the winter. I told her the state I was in with my health. She said she'd had the same thing happen years ago when she was living up in the hills and having her family. She said the doctor gave her a tonic of some kind and she pulled out of it after a while. This encouraged me as I thought I was the only one who had experienced such feelings. As I look back now, I think my mother had suffered the same way

when she was expecting some of her babies. Since then I've heard that a great many young women have gone through nearly exactly what I did. Br. Lee said that someday I would be a great help to other young women with problems. I thought at the time. I wondered at the time how that could ever come to pass, but it has. Many women have said they thought if they could just talk to me, they would make it through. Sometimes I talked to them while I did their hair. Even today people who are having a bad time, come to talk to me, as they say they think I will understand, both men and women. One day I massaged and bathed an old ladies feet. I couldn't think of anything else. She smiled and conversed after. There is usually something we can do to help at the moment and then taking one day at a time, the sun suddenly becomes brighter and the clouds lift. I tell them to say "every day in every way, I am getting better and better and even though they don't feel they are, the words passing through their mind will help."

Duane took my mother and the children to Great Falls where Elva met him. He, Bob, and Mary Olga went back to Utah and to school. I don't know how Duane kept his head together. School in Provo and the worries. One day he came to the hospital with a new car. I was already so worried about our finances. I couldn't believe my eyes. Men love cars and somehow he'd traded off the Nash that wasn't working too well. He hoped to pay for this one somehow.

We wanted to go home for a visit. We visited our dear cousins Casper and Grace. They had come to our place at Christmas and brought presents for everyone. They said they had so much fun shopping. It was a never to be forgotten time for us. We were really broke that Christmas. There was even a twenty dollar bill in the Christmas card to buy some clothes. We bought some rompers for Bill and some shoes for the other children. Ten dollars could buy quite a few things back in 1955.

I really avoid talking or thinking about this time of my life. I found out after I went home to Canada that I'd been having migraine

headaches. They scared me so much I couldn't cope with anything. It seemed the doctor never had time to see me and he was so cross when Bill was born. Duane said it was twenty minutes from the time he came in with his suit on until he came out. He felt that the nurse had called him too soon and that he had spent too much time. He soon found out that he had not been called too soon. He and the nurse were swearing at each other. I asked who was he mad at. I had never been treated so roughly. I was used to a specialist in Edmonton that watched over me very carefully. When I came to the doctors office he had three women in beds waiting to be delivered. I couldn't believe my eyes, I asked ~~what are they doing here?~~ I guess they couldn't afford to go to the hospital. They went home right after the delivery. One woman told me she had a nervous breakdown after doing it that way. She said she got up in the night and was going to kill the doctor.

When we got back to Cardston Vera Orcutt was mowing her lawn. She was a real lovely kind lady and sister to Uncle Morgan. She put her arms around me and said "You're going to be all right."

When Duane stopped his car on main street, two men came to him. One asked him to teach in Mountain View and the other asked him to teach at Jefferson. We decided to stay in Canada. A teacherage was ready for us in Jefferson, so Duane went back to get the fridge and beds and we moved in. Elva had been taking care of Bill and Cindy since April. I even felt worried to take him back. He was so cute with auburn curls. Elva had taken his bottle away and when he saw one he'd say "mease, mease." He meant please give it to me. I soon felt myself getting better. It seemed that having my family drop in often helped a lot. Delbert especially came often, as they would go to the Jefferson store. We loved being around people we knew and familiar scenery. Elmo and Rowayne were there and they were old friends. Elmo was bishop and they were like our own family, in fact, at Cindy's wedding, years later, Cindy asked if some of

our relatives came? She was talking about Elmo and Rowayne who were there when we went to the temple.

Elva had Cindy the spring I was in the hospital. One day this little three year old slipped away from the dinner table. She had decided to tie a tope around her and as she backed up she fell into the septic tank. The lid was broken on one side or at least the bolt was out. It slipped over and shut again, with Cindy clinging on with her hands on the dirt. She had put her toe on something, probably a pipe. There she was up her neck in muck calling Aunt Elva. Elva thought she had heard a little voice, yet she was really too far away in the house. Elva ran outside and looked everywhere, finally she lifted the iron lid of the septic tank, reached down and pulled her out. Cindy said Aunt Elva hugged her and spanked her and hugged her and spanked her. She said Cindy get into the bath tub.

As I look back I can see how blessed we were, just as Pres. Lee had said, the children would be protected. How hard it must have been for Elva to have these little ones besides her own young family. She did this for me. How families need each other, especially in times of sickness.

This is rather painful for me to write as I don't like this time of my life. I guess a lot of people have let down in their lives at sometime and needed help.

We went to Jefferson and they put a bathroom in the teacherage which was made from an old school. I began to feel relaxed and safe again. Bill would cuddle in my arms so nice as I sang to him. I felt a wonderful peace come over me. The doctor told me I'd been having migraine headaches. He said we don't know much about them, but we think you should live a quieter life. He said since there is some warning, that I should go into the bedroom and make it dark and take an aspirin. Usually it won't progress as much. It seemed good to be able to drive to Taylorville and see my family and mother or have them come to see us. In those days a member of the bishopric got an allowance to go to conference, so once it was given to Duane. We

left in the evening after school. Grandmother Forsyth was with us. It was a beautiful moon and so pretty traveling through the mountains in Montana. I had looked forward to going to Temple Square where lots of Canadians meet in a certain place. I felt so disappointed because I got a migraine. Again my knees were weak and I couldn't see plain. I asked Duane to drive to the "This is the Place Monument."