

## MEMORIES

Non and Dad were married March 1, 1940 in Red Deer, Alberta. They were married in the Nazarene Manse by a Rev. Thompson. Dora Johanson (Bjelke) and Carl Bjelke were the attendants. They were married at noon. When they went into Red Deer, it was -30 F. and after the wedding, it was thuring - one of those Alberta Chinooks! Actually, the wedding was supposed to have taken place on March 2nd, but the date had to be changed because Non's brothers were in a hockey tournament. And of course, Sports were more important than a wedding! Non's dress was a dusty rose and I remember her wearing it! Daddy always said that his suit was green and his socks were blue. The honeymoon consisted of the long train ride back to Laroivan. Their first home was the "Page" place in Section 3.

I think that Non met Dad for the first time at Carl and Alice Engman's at Burnt Lake. Daddy had come to Alberta because of ill-health (allergies) and found the climate much more suitable. When Non inquired of Carl Engman as to what this cousin of his was like, his reply was: "To tell you the honest truth, Jimmy, I've seen dead men look better"! Non was always called 'Jimmy'. I am not certain as to the reason why. Perhaps it was her tom-boy antics. She loved to play baseball and was an accomplished Catcher for both men and women's teams! Dad was nick-named 'Pete the Cheesemaker' by his Uncle Sam.

Their courtship days lasted seven years. I think that they used to go horseback riding, walk all the way to Gyivan Lake to see Nelson and Jeannette MacDonald movies. And they went to community affairs at Burnt Lake school which included picnics, hockey and ball games, etc. And when Sassy was in Laroivan they wrote long love letters. (I remember getting into them as a child, but unfortunately was unable to read at the time). Non's brothers used to measure the oil in the coal-oil lamp's before and after Dad's visits and could tell how long he had stayed. There is also a story of them both riding on a horse that had the exasperating habit of stopping at every mail box.

They lived on the Page place from 1910 - 1911. Mom found it difficult to cook just for 2 people and was forever baking 20 loaves of bread at a time and having to peddle it at Grandma's or elsewhere. I remember mom getting her hand caught in the wringer of the old washing machine and having to have her washing rings cut off. At the beginning all clothes including my diapers were washed by hand. Daddy and Eddie seemed to work all the time. Farming today certainly isn't the manual labour it was then. During the big harvests I remember hired men coming on the harvest trains to work for us from Ontario. Daddy used to cut hair ~~many many times~~ a lot on Saturday nights. I also remember Daddy hurting his toe while threshing at Uncle Ludwig's. I used to walk with Mother over to Uncle Ludwig's and love walking through the old lane in their trees to their house. I remember Daddy fixing my deer old doll when its eyes fell back into its head. I remember the first time that I ever drove the John Deere tractor with a sack full of passengers which included kittens. I remember picnics at Uncle Ludwig's and at Grandpa's under the Lonsome tree. I was born in Davidson so I lived on the Page place and am told that I was brought home Christmas eve by sleigh all nicely tucked in a Delco Toilet box.

We moved to the Aiton place (North half of Sec. 29) in 1911. I remember feeling very sad about moving so far away from Grandpa's and told Byron once the letter that I was sure it was at least 20 miles away - at least by horse! - I remember when we got electricity - a 32 volt system that required masses of batteries in the basement.

- I remember our neighbors who lived around our Corner and what close and lasting friendships we have had over the years. He had many happy times with the Adams' and Follick clans.

- I remember how excited we all were when we were able to buy a very good second-hand piano and how very delighted Mom and Daddy were when Susan began decided to begin giving me piano lessons. Music always played an important

part in the life of our family. And I know that the folks really sacrificed to give us all lessons - even at just a lesson. We always had a gramophone or a record player with mostly classical records. I remember that we had a record by Caruso, until Garth dropped it on the floor! I remember the night that Mom and Dad drove all the way to Saskatoon to hear Gladys Swarthout sing. The weather was very frigid and one just didn't do things like that in those days. I remember lots of sing-songs around the piano with family and friends. And I remember Mom teaching me new songs using the guitar for accompaniment. I remember Jasper Knutson always asking Dad to sing a Swedish song at church meetings and how embarrassed I would be, because I didn't think anyone would understand her - I certainly didn't and she was my mother!

~~I remember the large garden Mother used to have with masses for us, the rest of the farmstead as well as the neighbors.~~

- I remember winning 15 cents at school for having the highest average in my grade, and having Dad take - just us - to see the "Face Jumble" at the Strong-Bland hall. I think it was the 2nd and last even I ever went to in the hall, the 1st being "Mummy Lines" which starred Lauritz Belcher.

- I remember when our big sow fell hind-side first into a post-hole and was there several days before she was discovered. She suffered for a few days but recovered and only lost her tail out of the whole ordeal.

- The famous animals and pets I remember include:

1. Freddy and Charlie - our team of horses who were fast (I thought) and run away to Grand a's any chance that they got.
2. Nancy, our dear old horse upon whom we all learned to ride, who wouldn't pull the stondbout if father put on an extra "forkfull" or bale.
3. Julia, our prize palomino.
4. Pippy I - who wept and rejoiced with us, a true friend of children, who seemed to have nine lives, and was the most prayed-over dog in history.
5. Frizlie - who came with the farm. She was a rat terrier and provided many puppies for us to love and alas, to give away.

6. Junk and her kittens

7. Tommy the tom Cat whom Garth would have described this way: "Tommy no hood because he han't have any kittens"! Garth had the delightful way of putting "h's" on all his words when he first started to talk!

8. Minerva the Cat, the best Mouser and Rat catcher ever, she was even accorded house privileges (a first in our family) and lived out her days in peace and tranquility.

Richard Grant arrived July 6, 1915

Garth Peter arrived May 19, 1918.

In 1975, the folks moved into Norburn. They have been busy remodeling their house, visiting their grandchildren from time to time. They are involved in church activities and the Town and Country Club. Mom ~~is~~ does some quilting and was nearly played out making baby quilts last spring when she was presented with four grandchildren in four months. She also enjoys playing her organ and entertaining friends and family. Dad is still farming but has a bit of time to play with his carpentry tools. We all have long-handled dustpans, paper towel holders candle holders, butter spreaders, etc.

- Do you remember Kathleen singing "Sleep little baby, B.O. honey" to her dollies? Do you remember when Kathleen, Gwen, Helen and Opal went swimming in the muddy ditch?

- Do you remember Garth's "hilly old lubbers who healdn't haik in by them selves"? Do you remember Garth saying, "Here's your shoes kase"?

- Do you remember when Richard backed into a wheel dishpan full of eggs? Do you remember how Dick played with the wagon in the winter and the sleigh in the summer so that it would be hard work?

The years have not always been joyous and happy ones. There has been a mixture of the agony and the ecstasy, but our parent's steadfast and continuing faith in Christ as the Lord and Master of their lives and home

has given strength for the times when mom had her heart attack, when Dick had meningitis, when Laddy was taking cobalt treatments, and added joy to the happy times such as the birth of their children, the marriage of their children and the coming of those long-awaited children.

If there is anything that illustrates our parent's philosophy of life, it is found in this incident which occurred just after one of those terrific hailstorms. As my father was cleaning up the glass, after a storm which had completely destroyed a prize carbon cro. and broken every window in the house and barn, I heard him humm in the tune, "If I gained the world, but lost the Saviour".