

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF DAVID HENRY

AND SARAH DAVIES CALDWELL

My father, David Henry Caldwell was the eldest son of David Henry Caldwell, Sr. and Fanny Catherine Johnson.

He was the second child in a family of sixteen children. Emily Mariah was older than father and after him there were four girls. Alice, Adeline, Caroline and Susan Vashti, before James Albert arrived. This assured father a real place of distinction in the family. He was the "Son and heir." Grandfather was called David but father was Henry.

Father was born in Shambip, Tooele County, Utah - now St. John. It is not the most promising place in the world, but I am sure father loved it. The stream and hills - I have heard father say, "The Old Cedar Breaks" and the "Meadow lot", as if he loved them, remembering his boyhood there. He spent much time on horseback among those hills.

I know all too little about his youth, bur knowing grandmother and grandfather Caldwell, their home and the large family, I am sure he had a normal happy boyhood.

Father was quite a singer in his youth. He sang such songs as "Wearing of the Green", "Strumbo", and "James Bird". They were ballads really, as most of the songs of that time were. Henry sang at dances and parties and was quite the life of the party it seems. He was called "Captain Curley" in fun, for his hair was straight, painfully so, and very fine. Father sang these sings later to his children, much to their delight.

Henry courted and married one of his schoolmates, a lovely little Welsh girl, Sarah Elizabeth Davies, the only daughter of Elizabeth Morgan and John Howell Davies, who were Latter Day Saint converts from Wales. After joining the church, Grandfather lost his job and was unable to secure work because of their unpopular beliefs. They sailed for America when Mother was two years old, and her brother Samuel Luewellyn was four.

Mother was not too strong as a girl and father's aunts counseled him against this marriage, but she bore him five sons and four daughters, and was a widow for twenty-two years, living to be ninety. This proved that Old Aunts don't know everything. Ha! Ha!
Father and Mother were married in the Endowment House, before the Sale Lake Temple was completed. I am thankful for this heritage, for we

were all born in the new and everlasting covenant. The Melchizedek Priesthood was always in our home.

Father attended school at the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, in 1889, majoring in Business Administration. They had four children at this time, so this schooling was a challenge to both Mother and Father.

Father owned a general store in St. John, in partnership with his cousin David McIntosh. These two really loved each other. They were called David and Jonathan. Father was also active in civic affairs.

Father had cattle as well as sheep, and later sold the store to Da, as he was called, and opened a store and butcher shop in Mercer, a mining camp. They would do the killing in St. John at the ranch, and haul the meat to Mercer. Uncle Edgar looked after the ranch and hauling, and Uncle Alvin worked with father in the store.

This is a story of my little brother John which I remember hearing, and as it happened about this time in our history, I will add it here.

Father had sheep in a pasture and there was a gap in the fence. Father stationed John there to keep the sheep from getting out. Through the long, busy afternoon, father forgot the sheep and fixing the fence. Suppertime came - where is John? Father remembered, and there was the little seven-year old man still at his post, waiting for papa to release him from his task. Papa was very proud of his son, and so were all of us.

Uncles Alvin and Edgar, young married men, began to partake of the mining camp environment, and father was concerned. He also had sons growing up, and he felt all would be better in other surroundings.

Financially, he was doing very well in the business, but he was only home on weekends. There was an apartment back of the store with bedrooms above. Aunt Alice, father's sister, a widow with two children, made a home for them there.

At this time, some literature on Western Canada came into father's hands. He became real interested and so in July 1897, father and Uncle Samuel Davies, mother's only brother, made a trip to Canada. Father loved it and saw great possibilities in the heavily grassed, grazing lands of the "Prairies of Alberta". He sold our home in St. John and moved us to Springville for the winter. This winter we did enjoy very much, all of us.. Mother's father and mother, and also her brother Sam, all lived in Springville.

Father closed out all his business and in May 1898 we were on our way to Canada, with two covered wagons and the surrey, which Mother drove. Out household effects were shipped by rail. Father drove one wagon and Cassie the other one. She was only sixteen years old. This was not a surrey with a fringe on the top. It was a lovely buggy, much like the first cars - the top and mudguards and steps were so much like the cars a little later.

The whole of Grandfather Caldwell's family, with the exception of Emily Jordan and Mary Ann Stookey were in the caravan. Uncle Orson was on a mission in Tennessee. Grandfather and Grandmother rode in a white-topped Democrat. As near as I can remember there were eight covered wagons, the Democrat and the surrey. They also drove cattle and horses, so we were quite a caravan on that seven-week trek.

The date set for the departure for Canada, was the 27th day of May. All were to meet in Salt Lake City. Through some misunderstanding, we waited three days, and then father decided to go on. We traveled slowly, hoping for the others to overtake us. At last, Uncle John Johnson, Grandmother's brother, who had stopped to look for horses, came up with us and we found the others were on ahead.

I know for father this trek was full of anxiety and responsibility, and for mother, with the family to feed and care for it was a real hardship. She was expecting her eighth child. For me it was a wonderful adventure, one of the highlights of my life.

Mother baked all our bread in a heavy iron oven, which had legs and sat right over the coals. The bread was very good and if we could buy a nice bucket of fresh milk, it was delicious.

The things that interested me most on the trip were first, the flowers. My brother John and I rode on the steps of the surrey, all the way to Canada. These steps were like the ones on the first cars, with mudguards over the wheels, and a long step clear across from wheel to wheel. I said that we rode - we were off and on, for every flower we saw, we gathered. Through Montana, there were flowers we called Montana lilies. They came up without leaves - a lovely blossom. I found one flower as lovely as a large orchid, and as fragile. It was yellow. I have never seen one like it before or since. I climbed the face of a high rock to gather some blue bells, and Alberta prairies are covered with them.

The trek was uneventful. Nothing more serious happed than a three-day delay in Prickley Pear Canyon to dry out after a real cloud burst.

We crossed the Canadian border at Emigration Gap on July 12th 1898, just forty-six days from the time we left Utah.

After arriving in Cardston, we were welcomed by Pres. Charles Ora Card and Aunt Zina, and all the saints, we moved on west, about twenty miles into the foothills of the Canadian Rockies, where father's cousin, Abraham Caldwell was settled. We first camped on Fish Creek, but later moved and pitched our tents about half way between Fish Creek and Belly river. This little village later was known as Caldwell, Alberta. Grandfather bought a place from a man named Social Rolff. It was a very pretty place on Belly River. They named it "River Grove."

Logs were hauled and homes started. Father went to Macleod for lumber and coming down into the Kootenay River, (now called Waterton River) the chain which held his load broke and he was thrown off, breaking both his ankles. There were no roads. This was tragic, when there was so much to do before winter came. Father and Mother were at grandfather's home and we children were on the town site in a tent. Father was laid up for a long time. I know when Joyce Alice was born, 19 October, he was still on crutches.

It was impossible to get a home built, so the large barn was built, and for added warmth, the tents were pitched inside the barn. Here we spent our first winter in Canada. Uncle Ed and Aunt Vilate's tent was in the barn too, so there were three tents. The kitchen was in the middle tent, with the bedrooms on each side.

The day we moved into the barn is one to e remembered. The tents were staked up. In the kitchen sat the stove. The stovepipes were there, but it was a long stretch from that stove to the south end of the barn. Did you ever set up a stove with a long stretch of pipes and elbows? No? Well, you could not possibly appreciate this situation. You can work the sections together, but as you progress, or hope you are progressing, the sections separate and you start all over!

My father was not a patient man, no more patient than I. It was cold and the day had slipped away in the struggle. My sister, Eliza, sat in a rocking chair with our new baby sister, Joyce, in her arms, all bundled up in quilts and blankets, and the struggle went on.

If you can fight this battle with the stovepipe and win before you lose your patience, you deserve an Oscar. My father didn't win his, but at last the pipe was up and a cozy fire burned. We all went to bed in our new Canadian winter home, wiser, happy and well content. Thankful? Yes! The stovepipe was up.

Another exciting thing happened soon after to the "Barn Dwellers". Aunt Vilate expected a new baby and so it happened that "the days were accomplished that she should be delivered." Now this barn with all of our family was hardly the place for this event. Uncle Alvin's house was finished, so in the wee small hours of the morning the cavalcade formed and marched from the barn to Uncle Alvin's home. Aunt Alice led the procession with a lantern in her hand. Next came Uncle Ed, helping the leading character in the drama, then followed willing helpers carrying the necessities. Grandmother always said she brought up the rear carrying Jerry. Lucille arrived safe and sound.

In our first winter in Canada, three babies were added to our population Joyce Alice arrived on October 15 1898. Aunt Alice, with Mother's help, Ha! Brought Joyce into the world. Although Uncle John Johnson rushed off to Cardston in good time for dr. Brant, a blizzard came up and they arrived at River Grove a bit too late. Lucille came to us November 19t 1898, and Grant on February 15 1898. Aunt Alice not only helped when the new babies arrived, but wherever there was sickness and need of her help, she was there.

Our eldest sister, Fanny Elizabeth, our dear Laddie to all of us, was one of the greatest influences for good in the lives of all the family. Laddie had a wonderful mind and was very spiritual. Perhaps her afflictions kept her close to her maker. She was a rheumatic invalid. She suffered very much, but she was active and a real help to mother with the babies, whom she loved and she also helped with the sewing for the family. She was so patient and cheerful that everyone loved her. She was the best Sunday School teacher I ever had or knew. Laddie was a good conversationalist. She was well-read and really good, interesting company for young and old.

Arriving in Canada, as we did in July, it was too late to put in a crop or even to plant a garden. There were no supermarkets with produce counters, so we had no vegetables, and we did miss them. Johnny Anderson, "May his tribe increase", turned over a good size patch of rutabagas to us. Oh, they were delicious and I love them to this day.

Father harvested a crop the summer of 1899. I remember Mother cooking for the threshers while we were still in the tent in the barn. We moved into our home soon after. Father raised some wonderful crops on this virgin soil, one I remember was sixty bushels to the acre.

I said that mother cooked for the threshers. Farmer's wives in this age of combines know nothing of cooking for threshers. Mother had breakfast ready before daylight for fourteen to fifteen men, with

dinner at twelve and supper at six. The amount of food that disappeared was unbelievable to me.

The threshers came drawing the huge separator into the grain field and men with teams and hayracks hauled the bundles to the machine, where two men worked. One man cut the twine, as the grain was cut with a binder, and the other man fed the grain into the separator, which threw the straw away, out into a straw stack. The grain came out below from a large spout, into the sacks, which were tied when full and hauled in a wagon to the granary.

Oh this was an exciting time. We loved to play in the straw and make "straw parlors." A joyous time for small fry, but hard work for all others.

After the threshing was done, all the straw ticks were emptied, washed and refilled with sweet, fresh straw. Oh, what wonderful beds they made. These straw ticks were the only mattresses we had. Mother and Father had a lovely soft feather bed on top of their straw tick. There was also a feather bed on we girl's bed.

No too, the rag carpets were taken up and hung over the clothes line and really given a beating and an airing. The floors were scrubbed and fresh straw spread over them. The carpets then were stretched over the straw. Talks about your foam rubber pads of today - they have nothing over the nice soft spring of good clean straw. This straw covering also made the floors warmer for the winter.

I must tell you of a May snow storm. Just what May it was, is a bit vague, but the storm is very vivid. It was not too long after we came. We were really snow bound. The men dug trenches. Although father was a tall man, you could not see him above the trench, not even his hat.

That spring Uncle Jim Gilman loaded all their belongings and the family into his covered wagon and set out for Oregon, where aunt Emily and Uncle Leonard Jorden had moved. The lovely prairie crocus was in bloom. Uncle Jim said, "I'm not staying in a country where even the flowers have to wear fur overcoats."

The Gilmans left behind them, the grave of their dear little Mable, whose death was the first in Caldwell. She had the measles. Charles A. and Maggie Terry lost a little baby. Robert and May Carter lost a little girl., and James and Minerva Billingsley lost little Minerva. So there were four little graves on a lovely flat on Belly River, where the whole flat was covered with Shooting Stars and spring flowers.

When our home was completed, there was a three day house warming. Each mother brought the dish she was most famous for, such as Aunt Addie's "Hot Slaw", Aunt Catherine's "Coffee Cake" and Mother's pies. The food was out of this world, so was the warmth, love and comradery. It was wonderful. Plans were made for our little village, opinions aired and lots of good old-fashioned visiting. Games were played, such as Poor Pussy, Mrs. McKinley's Dead, Fruit Basket Musical Chairs and Charades, with wonderful dramatic ability displayed in the last game names. Songs were sung - Father's "James Bird", and "Strumbo", Aunt Addie's "Speed, Speed My Fleet Vessel", Uncle James' "Warin Awa Jean" and always Uncle Ed's "Love True Love", with "Michael Snider" and "Maguity", for the young fry. Oh! Fun was had by young and old. There was no old except for grandfather. No one ever thought of grandmother as old. One song which all sang together was "Where is Now the Merry Party." I do wonder today, 1966 - "Where is Now the Merry Party?".

This pioneering was not only hard on these mothers of new babies, but the young folk, who had left their dear friends and good schools, and a life they really loved. We had no schools, but aunt Alice moved into Cardston and looked after and cooked for the older children.

We became a branch of the Mt. View Ward for a while. Our Sunday School teacher was an English covert, Joseph Payne. He seemed strange to us with his English tongue. I knew him later in life, and loved and respected him very much.

Soon we were a ward, with Grandfather Caldwell as our Bishop. There was no church, so they met at our home. Much to the destruction of our French Provincial living room furniture, which we had shipped from Utah!, On the 10th of May 1900, father, David Henry Caldwell Jr., was made our Bishop. He was ordained by Apostle Francis M. Lyman, who was a very dear friend of fathers. At the same time, grandfather was ordained a Patriarch. Father's counselors were Charles A. Terry and Isaac W. Allred.

A very nice little church was soon built, which was used during the week for school. Wide boards were hinged along the walls for desks. These were let down flat against the walls on Sunday. There was also a tithing barn and granary built to take care of tithing which was paid in kind at this time.

Our first school teacher was W. B. Webb, from Eastern Canada. He was a Baptist, and a very fine person. I am sure our religion and ways were very odd to him. He loved music, literature and nature. He was a wonderful influence on us children.

Uncle Walter, the youngest son of Grandfather's family, was our first missionary. He was called to the British mission and labored in England. He was a wonderful missionary, and was President of a part of the mission for sometime. He became a very good speaker - one of the best in my estimation. Uncle Walter wrote tome while in England. After he moved to Salt Lake City we corresponded and did enjoy exchanging poems of which we were both fond. He married my closest girl friend, Mary Allred.

Our Sunday School was organized with Charles Terry Jr. as Superintendent and his brother Ottis was chorister. My sister Eliza, was teacher of our class, called the Second Intermediate. Our Sunday School was lovely. Just remembering it thrills me. Later Fanny Morgan was the chorister, and a very good one. Fanny had a lovely soprano voice and Ethel's voice was a wonderfully rich alto. They sang together beautifully. Pres. Wood had them sing at all Stake Programs, and always took them on the trip up north. They were the best in the Stake. Fanny still sings beautifully at the age of 81. Mary Allred and I taught the Primary Class in Sunday School. I was thirteen years old. Aunt Addie was president of the Young Ladies Mutual. Sister Helena Allred and Mother, Sarah Caldwell, had the Primary. We were a wonderful, closely knit group. We didn't live the united order, but came nearer than anything I have seen.

When father killed the pigs, we children were hurried off with spare ribs and liver for all. The pork was cured in brine and then dried, put in closed sacks and buried in the wheat bin. Oh! Those hams. I long for some now. The last that I ever tasted was at Aunt Allie's in Cardston. Speaking of killing pigs, mother and father cured those lovely hams and bacon. Mother made head cheese, sausage, faggots, and pickled pig's feet and corned beef. She also fried out her own lard. There wasn't one thing wasted on the pigs or beef. We loved the brains too, and mother kept all the grease from which she made her own soap.

On July 19, 1902, father killed a beef. He always killed a nice fat two-year old steer, so it was prime beef we ate. On this Day, Mother took care of that beef, fried all the steaks and packed them in large crocks, and poured hot grease over them. These crocks were kept in the cellar and the steaks came out of those crocks just lovely and fresh.

The cellar opened off the kitchen and went down a stairway. It was always cool down there. Father had built a rack in the center of the room and the large pans of milk were placed on his rack. Oh, what lovely heavy cream rose on it, and the milk was always cool and delicious. Mother's large cheeses were kept here too. I had really

learned to like "green cheese" that squeezed out of the press in the making. I remember, one Sunday when the Stake Officers were up for Ward Conference and as we sat at the table, Father said that we had raised everything on this table, but the salt and sugar.

Then, after all this busy, day our baby brother Myron Davies was born that night. He was mother's ninth child, and was delivered with no doctor and anesthetic. Myron was born in our home, and none of the children knew about it until the next morning. No fuss. In one of her earlier confinements, one of Father's sisters said, "Sarah, why don't you yell?" But that was our Mother.

Myron, the baby of the family, was made much of by everyone. I have a litter which John wrote home while he was away one summer. He says, "Kill little Millie (Myron) and Rebel (his horse) for me, and note, Millie comes first." (Surprisingly.)

Vernice Sarah, the first grandchild, came just two years later than Myron. She too was very, very special. We called her "little Fay."

We shopped at Mountain View, and as we drove along on the trips over there the meadow larks sang all the way. Father told Myron the larks said "There goes Myron to Mountain View."

This baby brother of mine, Myron Davies, was a tall finely built young man. When he was seventeen he enlisted in the Navy. He was too young, but seemed older than he actually was. His leaving was a heart ache and worry to mother and father. He gave a good count of himself, and was a Chief Petty Officer when he retired. He was in the reserve, and after Pearl Harbor, went back and through that awful South Pacific struggle with the Japs. He talked very little of this experience. He looked wonderful in his Officer's uniform with his stripes. I was very proud of him.

Mother's butter was very superior. One summer she made one hundred pounds a week. We all helped with the milking, separating the churning, but no one touched the big butter worker but mother. For our own table mother printed our butter in a butter mold with a sheaf of what on top. It was lovely. She also made cheese, and her Dutch cheese was delicious, mixed with heavy cream.

Father would take big grists of wheat to mill and come home with flour and all the wheat products for our family and Aunt Alice's family as well. Father's grain bins belonged to Earl as well as himself. Earl, Aunt Alice's son would come over and get wheat for their chickens and oats for his horse, just as our boys did. Large orders of groceries were stored for the winter. The only fruit we could buy was

evaporated fruit. It was very good and made delicious pies. Mother dried service berries and made chokecherry jelly and wild strawberry jam. One summer strawberries were so plentiful mother made twenty gallons of jam. We always had a wonderful garden. Mother had a full row of sage, which she dried. It was many years before our climate allowed us to raise corn and we were thrilled when we could.

My eldest brother, Clive, attended the University of Utah for one year. My sister, Catherine (Cassie) planned on going with him the next year but with father's reverses, the chance for higher education was not possible. This was too bad, as Cassie and Clive were both real students.

Soon romance began to blossom in Caldwell, as J. Perry Jorden of Mt. View came courting our beautiful Aunt Virginia and "romance was in bloom." They went to Sale Lake City and were married in the Temple, June 20, 1901. This was the first of many romances - Cassie and Charles Burt, Elsie and Uncle Lex Fleming, Alice and Alex Leishman, Ethel and Ralph Harker, Fanny and Clyde Brown. Even my own romance with Harry Lee began here. Most of these also were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

As young people we surely had a very happy time - horseback riding and Oh! The sleigh rides in the winter in the big bob sled, with a lively team from father's stable. A sleigh ride was not a sleigh ride without a tip over. Sometimes the whole sleigh load would ride down the river to the Cochrane Ranch and the cowboys would roust out the Chinese cook and a real feast was spread for us. That was fun.

Sunday evening we would all meet in some home or on summer evenings out of doors, and sing such songs as "In the Evening by the Moonlight," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Aunt Dinahs Quilting Party," and the dear old hymns. The young people of all ages were there. It was fun too.

I mentioned papa's horses above. He loved horses and had wonderful ones. His beautiful percheron stallion, Toreador, and old Johnnie and Brownie. Papa used to say, "It would not be heaven for him without old Johnnie and Brownie." My favorites were Babe and Rebel, but our first love as tiny tops was old Buck, a rough and ready little buckskin.

One thing I must not forget in describing our way of life is the old woodpile. The woodpile was really quite vital. It must contain enough wood to see us through the winter not only to heat our homes, but also to cook every mouthful of food we ate. You modern homemakers, who push a button, and set a dial, can you feature our

mother standing by to add wood to keep the kettle boiling or make a big pot of soup? There were no two or three minutes to heat up a can of this or that. They really cooked! Mother's hand was used to test the oven, to see if it was just right for her delicious pies or lovely loaves of bread; and that hand was as accurate as the most modern inventions. I can hear mother say, "Emily, run and get a pan of chips to hurry this fire up." The old woodpile was vital. Speaking of bread, Mother always had hot graham gems for breakfast. I would like one of them right now. Oh yes, the woodpile was also the place where the chickens would lose their heads before a big chicken dinner. "Let us drink a toast of ginger tea to the Old Wood Pile."

Our dances were so much fun too. Besides our own young folks, many came from Mt. View, also the cowboys from the big Cochrane Ranch, and the Northwest Mounted Police, in their red coats, adding color. They were stationed at Big Bend detachment, a few miles down the river. I did not remember who furnished the music. We danced many quadrilles or square dances. One caller we had was called Curley. He was wonderful. Besides the waltz, we danced the two-step, schottische, Chicago glide, one-step and Virginia Reel. When the Mascot came out, father said NO! However, he did allow my brother John and I to dance it together. What would he think of the dances today?

Father and Mother both loved books and did a lot of reading. Father loved Shakespeare and Bobbie Burns. Mark Anthony's speech from Julius Caesar was a favorite of his, and he read it beautifully. My parents' bedroom was large and beside their bed there was what we called the "little bed" for the "least ones." Father used to read to Mother in this room in the evenings and I would crawl into the little bed and listen too. I am so glad I did as I learned much that has stayed with me all my life. I always said that I cut my teeth on Shakespeare. Mother read to us children a lot too. She was a very good reader, with such a pleasing voice.

At Christmas there was a big tree in the Church for all. Our Christmas gifts were all placed on the tree and Santa Claus handed them out. We older youngsters were busy guessing who this year's Santa was. There was a program and children's dance, and then dancing later for the adults. One year, I recited "The Night Before Christmas," and our little sister Joyce, and Martin Allred's little girl Valerie, danced the "Cake Walk." They were about four years old. It was so well done. It was wonderful.

I loved this little town which bore our name, and thinking of it brings to mind Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"

Sweet Auburn (Caldwell) loveliest village of the Plain:

Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
Sweet smiling village loveliest of the lawn.
They sports are fled and all they charms withdrawn.

READ IT!

Father sold our home to D.P. Woodruff and we moved on to the farm on the Belly River. We all loved it here, but before we built a home as we intended, that awful winter came and when it was over, father was ruined financially. After we moved to the farm or ranch, Aunt Addie was lovely to us. Her home was ours when in town. She made us very welcome. We later moved to Cardston, where father and Cassie's husband, Charles Burt, took over the Cardston Mercantile Company. The business had been grossly misrepresented to them and so they were unable to put it on its feet.

Father was constable for several years and succeeded in locating and closing down a number of places where liquor was being illegally sold. My husband Harry Lee helped him in this.

In 1917 father and mother with all the family, except Cassie, who was Mrs. Charles Burt, with three children, and myself, Mrs. Harry Lee, with two babies, moved to Boise, Idaho and later to Weiser, Idaho. Father had a dairy there and ran a cream receiving station for a large company.

Mother and father returned to Cardston and spent a few years with Cassie and I. Father was one of the first Temple workers. He was a witness at the baptismal fount for years. They returned to Weiser where father passed away the 22nd day of October 1926. He had a desire to be buried in Alberta beside his father and so he was.

Uncle Ed and Walter attended the funeral in Weiser and accompanied mother to Canada. So they brought father home. Orsen F. Whitney spoke at father's funeral and gave one of his own poems, a beautiful poem. I am trying to obtain this poem as well as the minutes of his funeral.

Mother lived twenty-two years with us. Some were very happy years, but I know now they were lonely years. She read many books, especially her Bible, which she had received as a child of fourteen for perfect attendance in Sunday School. She was never idle, keeping her crochet hook and knitting needles very busy. She had very good health and passed away in 1949 at the age of 90 years. She was ill only fifteen minutes.

This was supposed to be a history of my mother and father. Is It? Or is it the story of our little hometown of Caldwell? How could their history be separated from this little town that father founded. For as Grandfather, David Henry Caldwell, Sr., was responsible for the Caldwell family moving from Ontario, Canada to Utah, so his son David Henry Caldwell, Jr., was responsible for the move from Utah to Alberta, Canada. I am so glad he brought us here.

There is no better way to pay tribute to my father than this history of our little town. For his strength of character and high ideals, with the help of the other officers, was responsible, I feel, for this peaceful pastoral village we were raised in. Henry Caldwell was a wonderful father and was respected in the Church and as a citizen of our country. Mother was also a wonderful wife and a patient loving mother. She stood beside father all the way. I am thankful, as was Nephi of old, that "I was born of goodly parents" We always called our parents Papa and Mama. Father's parents were called Ma and Pa.

The song which had a vivid place in our lives comes to me now.

Where is now the merry party,
I remember long ago,
Seated round the Christmas fireside
Lighted by its ruddy glow.

They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away.
They have all dispersed and wandered,
Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home.
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives have chosen to roam.
Some have gone from us forever
Longer here they could not stay.

They have dispersed and wandered,
Far away, far away.
They have all dispersed and wandered,
Far away, far away.

Emily Caldwell Burt

David Henry and Sarah Davies Caldwell were the parents of nine children.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>BIRTH</u>	<u>SPOUSE</u>	<u>DEATH</u>
Fanny Elizabeth	14 Sep 1880		22 July 1905
Sara Catherine	22 Jan 1883	Charles W. Burt	3 June 1938
Henry Clive	6 May 1885	Louise Woodruff	14 Aug 1946
John David	1 Oct 1887	Alberta Hudson	1 May 1950
Emily Adeline	12 Dec 1890	Harry Calder Lee	
Samuel Roscoe	6 Nov 1893	Eva Atteberry	14 Apr 1958
Calvin Eugene	31 Jan 1896	Chlomania Ribinson	
Alice Joyce	19 Oct 1898	Roy Earl Valentine	7 Oct 1938
Myron Davies	19 July 1902	Ida May Kinkade	

To date, 1966, their posterity is near one hundred and ninety three (193) souls.