

**LETTERS OF DONALD NILSSON:  
A History of the Holmes & Weaver Families  
of Alberta, Canada**

*AS WRITTEN TO THE TORONTO FAMILY*

*AND*

*THE SHAEFFER FAMILY*

*1980 THRU 1991*

*Transcribed by*

*Ellen Claire Weaver Shaeffer*

*1991  
re-edit 2008*

January 29, 1991

Dear Reader,

*It was quite by providence that our families met, as you will discover in the letters that follow. I remember so well the time that Jane (Weaver) Toronto and I visited with Donald and Alice in Spanish Fork. It was a warm summer afternoon during my annual sojourn to Utah, and we had a delightful time. The ensuing relationships, though separated by time and distance, have remained a cherished part of our lives.*

*It is with gratitude that the following letters are preserved for those who may be interested in the history of the Holmes and Weaver families of Raymond, Alberta, Canada. They were among the Mormon pioneers who homesteaded the grasslands of southern Alberta shortly after the turn of the century. Their story has been told, with the information contained in these letters among other sources, in a book entitled, From Wagon Trails to Subway Rails, by E.C. Shaeffer.*

*Donald's letters provide wonderful insights into the life of the town of Raymond, Alberta, Canada. The letters also share his views of world and local political, social and moral situations. Donald's long life and keen powers of observation have a unique merit. It is hoped that the children and grandchildren of Donald and Alice Nilsson will gain a renewed appreciation of their heritage through reading the lovingly and painstakingly written letters. The Weavers, Torontos and Shaeffers are indeed grateful to Donald Nilsson in taking the time and interest to open up to others a "slice of life" from the treasured past.*

*I am sorry that I did not keep copies of my responses. The letter from Robert Nilsson could not be located.*

With love,

E.C. Shaeffer

R.R. #1, Box 236  
Spanish Fork, Utah 84660

[October, 1980]

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Allen Toronto,

I doubt if you would remember us now, but several months ago you bought some silver from us. As we were leaving you mentioned that Mrs. Toronto was the daughter of our school teacher, Duncan Weaver. He had served in the [Canadian] navy during the first world war and began teaching in the school that included students through grade eight.

At that time it was just called the public school. For a year or two students of grade seven and eight were issued army uniforms and rifles and Duncan trained them at least one day a week in army maneuvers.

I remember we were quite frightened at the prospect of having to go to war. One afternoon each week the girls went to the High School to learn cooking and sewing. During this period Duncan gave the boys special instructions on hygiene and good habits. I remember he did quite a bit of painting and had quite a bit to do with athletics. After he married Margaret Holmes I don't remember ever seeing him again.

His sister Lucille was married to Ross Larson. For a long time they had land that joined us on the west. I remember they did much of their courting on horseback. For some time before we left Canada, Ross was in poor health and after he passed away my wife and I were assigned as home teachers to visit several widows and Lucille was one of them. I don't know if you hear from any of the family but even before we left Canada Lucille was in very poor health. She also passed away several months ago. I believe Frank and Jimmy are the only ones of the original family left and they have been gone from the town of Raymond where they were raised for a long time.

Riley Weaver's farm was less than a mile from our land. We pass it several times every time we go to Canada. Their old farm house still stands, but it sets up in the field some distance. Until a few years ago it was still in quite good shape, but had not been lived in for quite a while. When I was young, Riley worked with the scouts. He was surely a special man. His generation lived through some difficult times. We see Margaret's brother Godfrey [Holmes] each time we are in Canada. He quit farming quite a few years ago and is retired now. Since we didn't get to talk to you, we don't know how many of the Holmes family you knew, but Godfrey's older brother Myron had lost his wife several years ago, so he had sold his farm and was living in an old folks home. We talked with him often and the last time we saw him I thought he was good for at least another ten years. We never heard what happened, but he did go very suddenly. Martha [Holmes] was married to Lorenzo Mitchell. He taught music in the schools for quite a few years. I think they moved to Salt Lake, but we have lost track of them. We did hear that Lorenzo had died. I played on a very good basketball team in Canada for sixteen years. And Renn, the son of Martha and Lorenzo was also on the same team for several years.

We were married in 1930 and that year wheat was 35 cents per bushel or 60 pounds. Riley was farming both before the depression as well as all through it. I don't imagine they saw much prosperity. In the town of Raymond there was a family of Colletts and it seemed to me that Mrs. Collett and Mrs. Riley Weaver were sisters or the families were related in some way. You would likely know about that. The only one of their family I knew was Lamar, but there are none of them around any more.

Today, October 17th [1980] we were to the Provo temple doing initiatory work. In talking with a man I met there, when he learned we were from Canada he asked what part. I told him we had been raised in the town of Raymond. His name was Godfrey and he was related to Godfrey Holmes. He had lived in the town of Magrath which was about ten miles west of Raymond. He knew your father and mother and he also remembered the years I was with the basketball team. I'm sorry I don't remember which town he lived in, but I'm quite sure you could find it in the phone book, if you wished. I told him about meeting you folks and he seemed quite interested and was familiar with the area where you live. We had been in hopes [that] we would have the opportunity to talk with you folks again. I don't know if it would mean anything special to you, but we were very close to your father and his family for a long time.

For a number of years when Alan [Weaver] and Leta [Weaver] were going to school, all of the children in our area, including them, traveled to school in a horse-drawn van, one with the iron wheels. It was enclosed and even the driver could ride inside during cold weather. The lines to the horses passed through a small hole in the front wall of the van.

After the war Duncan had brought home the metal part of a large shell which he kept on his desk at the school. I imagine it would have weighed at least thirty pounds. He could hold it at arms length straight out from the body. The larger students were always competing with one another in an effort to duplicate what your father was able to do with ease. We never pass the old farm without remembering some of the history of the lives of those that lived within its boundaries. We remember with sadness the tragedies that occurred in such a short time.

I hope we are able to meet you folks again sometime and we would be most happy if you would like to keep in touch with us. We have met so many people since we came to Utah that the first time we were together it seemed like we had never been strangers. You folks were like that, very special people.

Sincerely,

Donald and Alice Nilsson

R.R. #1, BOX 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

January 1981

Dear Toronto Family,

We were pleased to hear from you and to receive the nice picture of your family. We have several shelves in our living room loaded with family pictures and other treasures and yours is among them. We weren't sure with the address we had that our letter would reach you. Your father and his family were very dear to us especially in being close neighbors and I was closely associated with Duncan during his school teaching years in our town. When I was in grade VII, your father was teaching some classes in that grade and he had recently returned from service in the navy. He had the metal part of a large shell on his desk. I don't have any idea how much it weighed but I would imagine thirty or forty pounds. Duncan could hold it at arms length with ease and I remember the boys of the class struggling to do the same but it was a load for them to pick up.

For a number of years before we moved down here, the Church was sending husband and wife teams to visit widows and older people. Alice and I had the pleasure of visiting with Lucille. I'm sure you know she was your father's sister, but she had been married to Ross Larsen. At that time she was a widow but had been having a lot of trouble with her legs. She was still able to drive her car at times and she spent quite a bit of time with her two children. When we were visiting with her I noticed the shell that your father brought home after the war, was being used to hold the garage doors shut. I asked Lucille if she ever decided to part with it if she would let us have it for a keepsake. She passed away after we left Canada so we don't know if one of the children valued it enough to take care of it.

I believe I mentioned that Ross and Lucille [did] quite a bit of their courting on horseback. The Larsen farm was also near to our farm as well as the Riley Weaver farm. When Ross was still quite active he helped my brother-in-law and ourselves brand some calves. Ross was the one that rode the horse among the cattle and would rope the calves by the hind legs, then drag them over to where the branding was being done. Catching a running calf by the hind legs takes an expert and he very seldom had to throw a second loop.

It seemed like in those days people had time to be good neighbors and maybe because of difficult conditions, needed each other more. I think in many ways those were the good old days. I don't suppose you ever met your mom's sister Martha. She had married a man by the name of Lorenzo Mitchell, a very choice person, and a talented musician. He was teaching music in the schools during the time your father was teaching. I think Lorenzo had been married before. He had a boy named Renn who married a Court girl who was also a relative of ours. Renn played on a very good basketball team that I was with for a number of years. I think they live in British Columbia now. We haven't seen

them for quite a few years. Lorenzo and Martha moved down to this country a good many years ago. I think Lorenzo passed away but we lost track completely of the others. We usually see Godfrey and Virginia when we go to Canada. If Martha lives in Utah you may know about her.

I often look back to the time when Riley was working with the scouts. I don't know what kind of a rifle he had, but apparently it used a heavy bullet - but not the high velocity of present day shells. I remember him telling us after the gun was fired you could set the gun down almost before the bullet struck. He had a lot of talent when it came to supervising young boys. It has been a lot of years since all this took place, yet each time we pass the old Weaver farm and look at the home you can't help but think of the history that was part of what still remains.

The buildings were about half a mile up in the field but several years ago one of my boys and myself called there. They are empty now, but the old farm home was still in quite good condition. I don't know why such things bring a feeling of sadness but we often look back and wish we had known how to help such special people in their struggle to survive. Those were hard times in many ways but I think neighbors meant much more to each other. Maybe they needed each other more then.

We often look back to the year we were married in 1930. \$1.50 per day was considered a good wage. But then anything in cans was only 10 cents. A loaf of bread was the same. There weren't many cars then. At least everyone didn't own one so you weren't up to your neck in car payments. In 1930 wheat was only 25 cents a bushel and no one wanted to buy it.

We still have five children living in Canada so we try to go back twice a year. Although we have only been away from there for nine years, when we go to church there are very few people we know. Only a handful of the original old timers left and not even many of our own age. Since we were there in October two of our friends have died very suddenly. I have wondered if you have some of your father's paintings. I remember he was very talented with a paint brush. I had wondered if he had continued with painting as his life's work.

We have often thought of calling at your place again, but I'm sure you have a busy life and maybe we would upset your program. But it has been special just knowing you and realizing we have a lot in common. I was going to enclose a bit of a map giving directions to our place in case you have the opportunity to come this way.

We send our love to you and your family.

Donald and Alice Nilsson

R. R. #1, Box 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

March 1981

Dear Toronto family,

I am enclosing a letter we received from one of our friends in Raymond that contains a little information about your grandparents. In a book that was compiled by some of the residents of Raymond a bit of the history of the people that had lived there was recorded, there was very little about the Riley Weaver family. One bit of information you may not have, mentioned that Riley and his wife Margaret moved to Raymond from Melville, Idaho in 1902.[It was actually Millville and Wellsville, Cache Co., Utah.] When we go to Canada this summer if that book is still available I will bring one for you folks and your sister's family. There are only a handful of old timers left in Raymond, but I have asked one of our boys to talk with them in hopes they may remember some of the history you need. We will let you know as we are able to gather it.

Marriette Nilsson was a Collett and half sister to Mrs. Riley Weaver. We don't know if she regained her speech but we will try to see her in hopes she may have kept a record. You will notice in our friend's letter she mentioned your grandparents were somehow related to the Clarks of Stirling, a little town just a few miles away. We have known most of them but there may not be any left. It would only be the younger generation, but we will see what we can find out for you.

I wish we could be more help to you, but we may gradually get at least part of the information you need.

We send our love to you and your family,

Donald & Alice Nilsson

Raymond, Alberta  
Canada

March 1, 1981

Dear Alice & Donny:

*Needless to say, it was a delightful surprise to receive a nice, long, interesting letter from you in the mail yesterday.*

*I well remember Duncan Weaver. He was my school teacher in grades nine and ten. Also, when he taught in public school, he and Mr. Mitchell*

used to give us concerts on the violin and piano. Later on they became brothers-in-law, but that was when he was still single.

I also remember Bro. & Sis. Weaver. They were very fine people. Do you remember the first year of the sugar factory here? It was a very rainy fall and there was great difficulty harvesting the beets. It was the year of 1925. They let high school out to top beets for a couple of weeks. Melba West and I went out to the Weaver's farm to work. I don't know how much topping we did, but it was an experience. We stayed there the full time, night and day, and I certainly learned to think a great deal of the Weavers. I was always happy to see Sister Weaver many years later.

The rain continued that fall. Melba and I used to tie gunny sacks around our shoes or overshoes to wade in the mud. Sister Weaver cooked us good meals. It was the first time I ever tasted chocolate pie. I remember Bro. Weaver telling me he was related to the Clarks in Stirling - cousins or second cousins.

I also remember Sis. Collett and the house where she lived. Your genealogy is slightly wrong though, as she was the mother of Sis. Weaver by her first marriage when her name was Duncan. Bert Nilsson's wife Marriette was a Collett and was Sister Weaver's half sister.

When Lucille Larson was living at the lodge, I had to go there occasionally for Relief Society. One day there was a Mr. and Mrs. Duncan there to visit her. They lived then in B.C., but originally I think he published a paper at Banff called the Crag and Canyon. He was her mother's brother I think.

Lucille Weaver Larson had three children - Harry, Lucille and Allen (whom his mother called Bucky). I phoned Bucky in Lethbridge. He is the youngest and is very friendly, but remembers nothing of his grandparents. Harry lived at Medicine Hat. His last address was 669 McCutcheon Dr. NW, Medicine Hat, Alberta. The daughter is Lucille Hills, Camrose Alberta. I don't think she has a special address. I believe she lives on a farm. She would probably respond more readily than either of the boys.

Of the Weaver family the only living one would be Jim. Frank passed away before Allen and I think even before Leta did. All of them had cancer I think. Jim, I believe lives in Seattle.

It was Chicago where Margaret and Duncan lived. She was here to visit her mother when she had one baby, a boy, I think named Gary. Duncan was here with her for Ellen Winkler's funeral.

I'm sure Virginia and Godfrey are not simply ignoring your letter. They are probably like the rest of us. Their knowledge is limited. She phoned here to see if Kay, last week, could tell her anything about the Weavers, or Lucille Larson's family.

Geneva Larson is a complete invalid. Besides, she and Lucille had little in common. I will be seeing Vi Meeks on Tuesday night and I will ask her, but I'm sure those two boys were just pals.

By some chance are you forgetting how old we are all becoming? Even Mariette would be unable to help you. While living here at the lodge, she had a stroke a few years ago, and was bedridden and unable to talk. She was in the chronic hospital in Cardston and finally her daughter Iris got her into one in Lethbridge.

I think it was Margaret's daughter who lives in New Mexico [myself], used to write to Lucille, and even once or twice a year to Virginia, so they were not complete strangers.

I very much doubt if anyone here has a history of the Weavers. The best bet would be for someone to write down a few memories or recollections.

Kay just looked in the Raymond Roundup. There was a short page and a five-generation picture.

It was interesting to hear of former Raymondites. I heard of Reece Allred at the time from Delecta Wilde. Her son Murray is married to Vonda Smith, Anne's sister. They were on a trip to Germany, I think when he died.

I've heard for a year that Wilburn was not well. He had terrible shingles. Ira McBride had and I guess still has them. When he was in the hospital, it was said the doctor said it was the worst case he'd seen.

Finny and Lavere go where the climate is warmer. She has had operations on her shoulder for calcium deposits.

A year ago, Nell O'Brien herself, didn't expect to live past October. She bought a burial plot, etc. as she had two kinds of cancer. But the doctors tried some new medication to which she seemed to respond. Ruth Gibb says her sister Emma calls her every day.

Ruth phoned us last Sunday evening to come over for a little while, as they had Treva and her husband there. I haven't seen them for a long time. Last fall, Vivian Shepherd gave us a call and she and Kurt came to see us. It was good to see her.

It sounds interesting to think you'd consider coming back home. For wintertime, this year has been ideal, especially January. Every day was bright and clear. I think some trees and shrubs began budding which is not so good. February has gone by so fast and pleasantly. As you know, "'Twas not always so." Winter can be long, long sometimes.

The Honored Guest party is Mar. 11th. You are invited, so come. Sorry not to be more help.

Love and best wishes, Kay and Velma

R.R. #1, Box 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

Dear Shaeffer family,

Ever since we received your letter I have been writing to people in Raymond, Alberta where your father taught school in hopes that some of them would know where Lucille's two children live. I'm sure you would know she was your father's sister. The two youngest brothers in the Weaver family left Raymond quite a few years ago and it's quite likely either them or Lucille's children would have some family history. Frank and Jimmy were quite young when I last saw them, but I am in hopes some of the people I have written to will know where they are, anyway we will keep trying. Alice and I were home teachers for Lucille's family for several years before we left Canada. She was having health problems. Her legs were badly swollen and she was only able to walk with great difficulty. Her children came to see her quite often so I think they aren't too far away.

Both Riley and your father were scout masters when I was young. On one occasion your father took the scout troop to spend a week at the Waterton Park. I don't remember too much about it except that it rained most of the time we were there. The tent leaked and as a result our bedding was continually wet. This was in the days of the model T Ford.

The Weaver farm was only a mile from our place and the Larson farm was only separated from our property by a road allowance. The school kids in our area rode to school in an enclosed horse-drawn van and Allen and Leta were passengers along with us. When I was young and the Church sponsored the M.I.A. track meets Allen participated in some of the events and your father spent a lot of time developing the talents of the young people. I remember that he was very talented at painting. I have wondered if any of them [paintings] had been kept by the families here or rather at Raymond. A few of them were hung in the school rooms. I'm quite sure we looked at some of them at Lucille's place. I have written some of our children at Raymond and have asked them to get in touch with Linden Larson (Lucille's brother-in-law), and also Richard Larson who is a son of Linden's youngest brother. He teaches school in Raymond and I think he still has the land near the town with the original Larson home. It seems that it has only been the past few years that people have been aware of the need of family history and as a result much of it has been lost. Very few of the older people are left in our town now, but we will be going to Canada to see our children likely this spring and if we haven't had any success in finding the information you want by then, we will spend time with people that might be able to help or at least help us in the search for information.

A few years ago a book was published in Raymond which contained a history of its people from the year 1901. With some families there was very little information. This was the case of Riley Weaver.

Apparently they moved to Raymond from Melville, Idaho in 1902,[Bennington, Idaho] along with this bit of history is a five generation picture. One lady mentioned is Jane Collett. I have an idea she was Mrs. Weaver's mother. It appears that Lucille's daughter was also named Lucille and is married to a Hills. I think she would be the one most likely to have the family history. We will keep trying until we locate what you need. If this book I mentioned is still available we will send you and Jane a copy. I think it would be interesting to you. A farmer whose land joined ours raised many acres of timothy hay and during the harvest season, and Riley and Jim Collett operated the hay mowers. During this operation Jim was killed when a car he was driving overturned. He was married to Jane Wardrop Duncan. They had two children; Ralph and Blanch. One of my aunts is somehow related to the Colletts and is still living. She may have some record of the families of Riley and Colletts. Anyway, we will see.

We will keep in touch with you as we get information. Perhaps we may even meet some day.

We send our love to you and your family.

Donald and Alice Nilsson

P.S. Since writing this letter I have found that my aunt that I mentioned was still living was Marriette Collett, a daughter of Jim Collett, whose wife I am quite sure was Mrs. Riley Weaver's daughter [mother].

R.R. #1 - Box 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

[1981]

Dear Shaeffer Family,

This book we are sending [Raymond "Roundup" 1901-1967, compiled and edited by J. Orvin Hicken, assisted by Kay B. Redd & John L. Evans, Lethbridge, 1967] is a history of the town of Raymond where your grandparents lived the last part of their lives. As you look through it you will find it has mentioned where your father and Leta and Allen were members of the school band. You may recognize names of people your parents may have mentioned. There is also a short record of your grandparents but very little of the information you needed.

This past year some residents of the town of Stirling also compiled a history of the people that had lived there. Apparently your grandparents first settled in the town of Stirling and were related in some way to the Clarks. They may have been instrumental in getting your grandparents to Canada. The record concerning them was very short but it did mention they came by way of covered wagons from Melville, Idaho in 1902 [ Millville, UT and Bear Lake County, ID].

We knew the Clark families but the older ones are gone and the remaining younger ones knew very little of the family history. An aunt of mine, Marriette Collett (Nilsson) a half sister to Mrs. Riley Weaver would likely have a record of the family. I know she had gathered a lot of genealogy but not long ago she suffered a stroke so we were unable to talk with her when we were up to Canada early in July. We talked with her son and he was going to see what might be available.

For several years before we moved to Utah my wife and I were home teachers to Lucille Larson (Weaver) and it's quite likely she could have told us many things you wanted to know. I had thought if any of Lucille's family had any records in their possession it would be her daughter who is also named Lucille. She is married to a Hill and lives in Camrose, Alberta. I wrote to her in hopes she was in possession of the family records, but we didn't receive an answer. When we were in Raymond a short time ago we talked to people that had been close neighbors to the Riley Weavers. About the only thing they could remember was that Riley played the guitar and had a nice singing voice.

Your father's brother Frank played an instrument with an orchestra and sang the vocal refrains. I think the only survivor of the original family now is Jimmy. When I was young Marriette Collett (Nilsson) and her husband had a large farm joining our land and for many years they raised several hundred acres of timothy hay and Riley and Jim Collett operated the mowers that cut the hay. Jim Collett was killed when an old model T Ford he was driving rolled over him.

We were in hopes we could have gathered some of the information you wanted. The Weaver family were choice neighbors and friends for a big part of our lives.

We send our love to you and your family,

Donald & Alice Nilsson.

We drove past the old Weaver farm when we were in Canada a short time ago. The old family home still stands much as it was when your grandparents lived there.

R.R. #1 - Box 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

March 1981

Dear Toronto family,

I am enclosing a letter we received from Robert Nilsson, who is Marriette's oldest boy. His wife's name is Anne and they are the parents of Bobby, the girl you were acquainted with. You may want to write to some of the family he has mentioned if it seems like information they have may be of help to you. We often think of you dear people and it had been our intention to go see your new home but since early in the fall I have had a difficult time with my legs. It has been very hard to walk or to drive. Upon the advice of a friend who once had similar trouble I have been taking quite big doses of B15 and I am walking some better but progress is slow. It seems like weather has something to do with the problem. I have done quite well though, I will be seventy-four next week or rather this week, so we have had a pretty good life. We hope to be able to call at your place when the weather is better.

Until then we send our love to each of you.

Donald and Alice.

We sent a Christmas card to the family in Clovis. I'm sure I had the right address for we have written to them several times but anyway, the card came back "Unable to Deliver." Have they moved?

1204 Colonial Parkway  
Clovis, NM 88101  
March 16, 1982

To:  
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Nilsson  
R.R. #1, Box 236  
Spanish Fork, UT 84660

Dear Friends,

My sister Janie shared with me your recent letter, and I was so distressed that your Christmas card was returned. I have been so disappointed in our local post office here. We moved less than a mile last April, and they just can't seem to keep our mail forwarded. The U.S. Mail certainly isn't what it used to be.

Donald, I was sorry to learn you've had trouble with your legs. I'm a big believer in vitamins, myself--so I hope and trust they are helping you.

Jane also sent along the letter from Bob and Anne Nilsson. What a delightful letter, and I thought it was so very kind of them to write.

I am so grateful for your beautiful letters, and your friendship. It has meant so much to Jane and me in our project of writing the history of the Weavers and the Holmes families in Alberta. Even though we have never met, I already love you, and am looking forward to the time when we can visit in person.

If it is at all possible, we would like to go to Canada this summer and visit folks, and take pictures, etc. I will probably be in Utah in July to assist my daughter whose baby is due about that time. Hope to see you then!

Love,

Ellen Claire Weaver Shaeffer

Box 381  
Raymond, Alberta  
Canada T0K 2S0

1985

Dear Marty & Ellen Claire,

There have been quite a few changes in our lives since you were to our place. We moved back to Canada Oct. 20th. We really wanted to stay in Utah but circumstances had changed and it was to our advantage to come back here. It had been getting increasingly more difficult for me to walk. We thought it was the results of old age and likely nothing could be done about it. I was down to getting around on crutches but the middle of last February we had just walked down to the mail box and I had difficulty in getting back and I just got inside the door and collapsed and I haven't been able to walk since. I was sent to a nerve specialist in Calgary, Alberta and they found that an antibiotic called Macrodantine I had been taking for a long time for kidney infection was destroying the nerves. None of the doctors had told me of possible side effects. My legs and my arms had become numb so I was almost helpless. I have progressed now to the point where I can do everything for myself but walk. I expect to at least get around on crutches by spring. I have even had to learn to write all over. I can't hold a pen in the normal way, so if it's difficult to read my writing you will know why. It seems trivial to be able to feed yourself or brush your teeth or shave, but when you can't do them it's a disaster. At least you feel that way.

One of the main reasons for coming back here was that Medicare is much greater help for old people, for the doctor and hospital care I had it would have cost a fortune down there. At our age there was no charge. Here old people can get eye glasses, hearing aids, dentures or repairs to natural teeth, chiropractic treatment and you only pay 20% of the cost of prescription medicine. We realize governments can fail and bring about many changes and some of these advantages may disappear altogether. One other thing that made moving necessary - the county was putting pressure on people with mobile homes to move them to trailer parks. That would have involved a lot of money. We felt like we didn't have any other choice. We were raised here and lived here for sixty years. We have lots of friends here and four of our families are either here in the town or nearby. They call in often so we aren't neglected.

Until about a year ago there were two of the Larson boys still living here and I had wanted to meet with them and see if they knew any of the early life of the Weavers, but we weren't able to travel last summer and in that period of time they had both died and if they knew anything it went with them. One of Lucille's children may have the family records but I have never been able to get any of them to answer a letter.

There are very few old timers left in our town any more. The town paper published a list of all that had died in 1983. There were thirty-five which is a lot for a town of about two thousand. Some of them about our age, one of two quite young but mostly in their eighties to one hundred. It's surprising how many last beyond eighty. Some things that are so common now I wonder if they have always been around and we weren't aware of them but so many people that seem quite good physically seem to lose their memory and end up in nursing homes.

Many towns have homes sponsored by the government where old people that are either alone or even old couples can live. Each one has a private room, meals are served in a large dining room. There is a library with a piano and a room where people can gather to visit. Their washing is done for them but these homes are for people that don't need nursing care. The cost is about 50% of their pension and no matter how long they stay they never end up with a debt on their hands. One thing that is surprising to me, so many people that have gone to these places that to me at least seemed like they could last for years, yet in a very short time they were gone and I can't help but wonder if they just give up.

Several years ago Myron Holmes, your mom's older brother, had lost his wife, all the children had gone and I think they must have all been some distance away for I don't remember of them coming back to the town. They had a nice farm with a lovely modern home. When I talked to him he had sold the farm and had gone to this lodge. He seemed like he hadn't aged and I thought had many years ahead of him, yet in a very short time he was gone. In the course of our conversation he said, "I sold the farm for a fabulous amount of money, I could do anything or go anywhere I wanted, but where would I go alone?" I think loneliness is just about as fatal as a bullet. I doubt if we completely realize how much we need each other.

After my mother died my father wanted to try living at the lodge in our town. We tried to get him to come to the farm with us. It was some time before he decided to come with us. The kids made a fuss over him and he said it was some of the happiest time of his life. I guess being with those that cared made the difference. He lived until age 93. I always remembered something he said after he came to the farm: "You can be in a room full of people and still be alone."

In most of the fair sized towns they also have nursing homes operated in much the same way except they have regular nursing care, but even in these homes old people never end up with a debt on their hands. I always caution Alice not to take unnecessary risks when she drives, for I realize she is all that stands between me and a nursing home. I don't know if I am right, but it seems like when old people get to the point where they are alone, you really don't fit in any place. Although children may care, they still don't want the responsibility of someone that may need some extra attention. I don't think they realize that it's only a matter of a little time until they may be faced with a similar situation.

Two years ago we bought quite a late model four wheel drive with a camper with the idea of seeing some of the places that I had wanted to visit. We went on one three-day trip with one of our boys and his family to some of the canyon country of eastern Utah. Soon after we got home I wasn't able to drive, so it sat for two years and we sold it just before we came up here. We hadn't wanted to put off doing things until that late in our lives, but as time passed doing things became increasingly more expensive and finances were usually the stumbling block. From our experience it's quite evident if you wait until you retire to do things, it's too late.

I don't remember if you said you had met Godfrey Holmes and his wife Virginia, but I had mentioned that I had written to them for information about the Weaver history. They have a nice home in Raymond but their life has suddenly been completely changed. Virginia was almost living in another world and had to be cared for much as a young child. She was taken to a nursing home and Godfrey remained home to look after their place. One of their neighbors called to see how he was managing and found his legs had gone numb as mine had and he couldn't walk. He had no way of getting around the house or helping himself so was slowly starving. He is now in the same nursing home with Virginia. They were much like Myron and Melba. They had a nice farm with a lovely home, but material things don't have much importance without your health or when you end up alone. It seems like we really don't own anything, merely have custody of it for a season.

When we were first married we helped my folks with their farming and I did general trucking to make our living. So I had occasion to do hauling during grain harvest and through the sugar beet season for both Myron and Godfrey and we were good friends throughout our lives.

We haven't used the beautiful pitcher on the table that you gave us. With so many grandchildren coming to our place we didn't want to risk having it broken so we have it on display with some of our other treasures. We have managed to make the move both ways without anything being broken.

The house we are in belongs to one of our boys. He lives in a town sixty miles from here. We pay him enough so he is able to make his payments so it helps both of us. We have all the room we need on the ground floor, but it has a big upstairs with five bedrooms and two bathrooms all nicely carpeted. We had always wanted a place with enough rooms so when our families came they had a place they could all be together yet have privacy. We only had three bedrooms sets so we bought the extra furniture so all the rooms are furnished. We think most of the families will come during the summer. We will help them with their expenses. Our sons wives and our daughters husbands as well as all the grandchildren are as free in expressing their love as though we had raised them ourselves. One of our grand-daughters sent us a photo album, one of those covered with cloth with lace trimming on the front cover where there is a special place for a picture. It

said, "Grandchildren are your compensation for growing old." I'm sure you know how special they are.

If you look in your history of Raymond book on page 169 there is a picture of the big public school where I first met your father when he was a teacher there. On page 175 is the Knight Academy built by Jessie Knight. It later became the high school. Your father was a teacher there later and was coach of the basketball team for several years. Both of those buildings have been torn down. Many people felt bad about that. So many things are done in the name of progress. I think often it really isn't progress. I have felt these fine old buildings are almost a monument to those who erected them. It seems like now the trend is a knock down and drag out system because authority or influence is in the wrong hands. Just the last several months they have leveled four large useable buildings in our town and they have nothing to replace them. I have often said people that assume responsible positions need to be those that have seen both sides of the track. The young people in our town council have never known hard times.

When we were married in 1930 wheat was 25 cents a bushel and the going wages were \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day if you could get a job. Your folks and your grandparents lived through this. You likely missed most of that experience. In a way conditions are similar today. Money is quite plentiful, but doesn't buy much. The highest wage I ever made in my life was working on a threshing machine. Me and my team of horses and wagon received \$10.00 for a twelve hour day. Very few would consider working for ten dollars an hour now. In spite of it being hard times then we seemed to have more time to be friends and good neighbors. People depended more upon one another and helping someone that was in need seemed to bring pleasure. In our little town we see one business after another closing their doors because those that should support them go to the city to spend their money. Generally speaking people don't love their neighbor as themselves do they?

It has been a special experience in our lives knowing you. I hope we can always keep in touch.

We send our love to you and your family.

Donald and Alice

[Raymond, Alberta]  
April, 1986

Dear Shaeffer Family,

We have no way of knowing what has happened in Jane's family unless we hear from you.

I don't mean to disturb you when I mention things our government is doing but they are spending money by the billions and most of it is going in support of sport programs and tourist attractions. The pavilion in Vancouver they have said they will come out of that escapade with over four hundred million in debt. It's much the same with the buildings for the Calgary winter games. They expect to come out four hundred and eighty million dollars in the red. The sad thing about the way things are going here and I guess in most countries, [is that] people are helpless to bring about much change.

For the majority of the people Sunday is no longer the Lord's day. It is the big day for shopping and sports of all kinds. I think many of the disasters that are occurring and increasing in numbers are directly related to actions of the people. Most of the towns in southern Alberta have originally been L.D.S., that is changing rapidly now. Even church attendance has dropped to less than 50%. The past three days is the first time in nearly three years that we have been here that we have had a good rain. I have seen this happen several times in my lifetime. Grasshoppers and green caterpillars covering the land like a blanket, farmers putting up stacks of stinkweed and Russian thistle just to keep their animals alive. I feel sure that when such things happen it is not by accident but for a special purpose.

Here they are using the drop in oil prices as cause of faltering economy, but this has been coming on for over twenty years. Many oil wells have been shut down in an effort to keep prices up. Gasoline has been nearly two dollars a gallon for a long time. It's hurting the people that are in the low income bracket and with unemployment at an all time high this includes most of the population.

This has been a strange year, one like I have never seen before. Since the last part of September there have been strong winds, not more than about a dozen wind-free days up to the present time. Crime has increased at an alarming rate. Arson is an everyday occurrence, many lives lost and many large business houses and apartment buildings destroyed. Canada is depending a great deal on increased tourist trade and that could happen since so many are afraid of foreign travel. I think it will be much as the saying, "we have only seen the tip of the iceberg," as far as disasters are concerned.

We have been advised by the Church for a long time to have a few necessities packed and ready to get out. We wonder where you should go. There are no places of protection here except the Church. Some towns and parts of cities have been turned into a scrap heap by high winds, much as some of the eastern states have experienced. About a

month ago after a heavy snowfall west of here, we then had an unusual warm spell. Two streams, one passing through Cardston, the other near the Canada-US border and is named the Milk River. A rancher had his cattle in a corral on the stream that passes through Cardston. An ice jamb broke loose and swept away 200 cattle. The Milk River passed through a park called Writing On Stone. Buildings and all equipment went with the flood. During the storm I mentioned, a big ranch called the Kirkaldy, first owned by Jessie Knight and operated by his son Raymond after whom this town was named--as he became quite old the Church purchased the property which at that time consisted of several hundred thousand acres [and it] is high country so winter storms are often serious, during the storm I mentioned part of their cattle herd drifted with the storm and in the process they pushed down the fence surrounding a large pile of concentrated feed pellets. By the time it was discovered 300 were dead or had to be destroyed. It was a learning experience for quite a few people, but a rather expensive one.

In 1929 this Knight Ranch decided to reduce their holdings, and land on the perimeter of the property was offered for sale. The amount was not limited. There was no down payment required. Payments were to be made on a crop-share basis. Seems almost like a fairy tale compared to the present times. This occurred during part of the time people called the Dirty Thirties. They also included the twenties, for the small farmer I don't think the Depression ever ended.

My older brother and I had contracted to buy 1000 acres. We had quite a large area worked up, but my brother came down with typhoid fever. Doctors at that time knew very little about most diseases. He didn't recover. I had no money and my father had no interest in expanding so we took our equipment home and the land was taken over by others. I suppose most people at one time or another look back and wonder what might have been.

The small farmer is almost completely out of the picture now unless it was just a place to retire and let someone else work the land. In our case it would be a mistake. I am able to do everything for myself and do some driving when we are out in the country. But drivers tests are difficult here, especially the vision test. We wouldn't dare go on busy highways any more. At our age you are required to take a test every two years. Alice is worried about the test she must take this year. It's important to us since we live on the outskirts of the town and are about a mile from the shopping center. I get along quite good on crutches but am quite limited in the distance I can go. I did help with the garden the past two years. Nothing is easy, and it's quite frustrating. I think often we don't realize what we have until we lose it. Although we lived in the town for over sixty years before we went to the U.S. returning after twelve years, we are mostly among strangers. Now people don't seem to want anything to do with neighbors. It's quite different from small early Mormon towns.

During my growing up years there were very few cars around. Horses usually furnished the power. The vehicle was ...[usually] a buggy. It was light and equipped with springs, usually two seats and with

a folding top much like a convertible. Some families had what was called a buckboard or democrat. They were built a bit heavier and would accommodate up to three or four removable seats.

Money was scarce, wages no more than \$50.00 per month. There weren't many jobs available then. Most everyone got along with what they had and didn't owe their souls to banks or machine companies. When I see what people have to go through now at least in my case, those were the good old days. Alice and I did most of our courting on horseback. Lucille and Ross Larson also used saddle horses. I don't know if Ross ever took part in rodeos but he was a very good roper, especially expert at catching calves by the hind legs at branding time. Only the youngest boy of the original family is left. You may be interested in knowing four of the Skousen brothers and their families lived here in Raymond when I was young. I don't know what the relationship between them and Cleon the writer was, but I'm sure they were related. Some of the close relatives of President Kimball also lived here till their children were grown. Roy, one of the sons, had a medical clinic in Salt Lake with another from here, Dr. Ulrich Bryuner. I think Roy Kimball has been helping in the restoration of old Mormon homes and buying up the land that was once owned by Mormons that were driven out of Nauvoo, Kirtland and other places and restoring the homes.

Today is May 9th - still very cool for this late in the year. We have just had a Provincial election. This is just for Alberta. I doubt if it will make much difference. All governments are so badly in debt, I don't think there is any chance of them ever being free again. It's much like an old western song, part of it said, "I can't go, I owe my soul to the company store."

They are making quite a drive across Canada to prevent smoking on planes, trains, restaurants, all government buildings or any place where people gather. I think they are making good progress but not without opposition. The sad thing [is] that alcohol is now available wherever sports are held besides the numerous bars. The papers are full of people up on drunken driving [charges]. Many people have lost their lives in family quarrels, alcohol related. Quite a number of police are among the fatalities. Government makes a great deal of money on tobacco and liquor, so any effort on their part to put a check on these products is mostly a sham. But Airlines, passenger trains, stores and eating places are losing customers so to survive it is necessary for them to put on the pressure. It will take some time. There is some encouragement for tobacco growers to turn to other crops. Small farms have a difficult time to make ends meet regardless of the crop they grow. Here so many industries have quit operating. With each one, it adds many to the list of unemployed.

I am enclosing a clipping concerning Jim Weaver. It appeared in one of the local papers. We had never seen Jim since he left here soon after he was married. So many people that I grew up with left Raymond after graduating and we never saw them again. I feel sorry about that. Three years before we came back to Canada we had bought a four wheel drive pick up with a nice camper. Our idea was to see

some of the places we thought we would see such as Canyonlands, Monument Valley, some special places in Arizona and New Mexico and a lot of ghost towns.

My father had often talked about Boulder Mountain and Grass Valley. These places are east of Monroe, Utah where my parents grew up. We did make this one trip with one of our sons and his family. Boulder Mountain was covered with beautiful large pine trees and the town of Escalante on the south end and the town of Boulder settled in big red rock canyons. I don't think they had changed much since the early pioneers.

After making this trip the truck was in shelter at the end of the house for two years. We didn't try to bring it with us. I have made a lot of improvement but I may be about as far as I can go. I am 78 now. Anyway I keep trying.

I hope you will let us know about Allen and Jane. We hope we can keep in touch with you as long as we can. It means a great deal to us.

With love to each of you.

The Nilssons

[Raymond, Alberta]  
Dec. 1986

Dear Shaeffer Family,

We realize with sadness what you and the Torontos must be going through and the feeling of being helpless to turn things around. We went through this same situation. Just before we moved back to Canada one of our sons lost his wife by leukemia. The doctors tried everything, even bone marrow transplants. They had four young children. Our son worked for a member of the government, so had little time at home and getting someone to be with the children during the day was expensive. He has remarried a fine woman and since we have been here, it has changed a lot. We are able to have the children with us when they are both away. His wife makes elegant drapes and bedspreads, dolls and other things. She has seemed like one of the family from the first day we met her.

Since we visited with you and Jane, things have changed a lot for us. I had been troubled with kidney infections. A doctor here told me before we went to Utah they could keep it under control but I would likely have to take an antibiotic the rest of my life. It was Macrodantine. Other doctors had given me prescriptions but no one had mentioned side effects. We had thought my difficulty in walking was the result of old age, but soon I couldn't walk or use my arms. We were eligible for Medicare here. It is quite different for old people here. When you have paid into it till you are sixty there is almost no expense for doctors, hospitals and dental work and other things. But doctors and hospitals or nursing homes are taking advantage of the welfare department so this could change. I was sent to a nerve specialist in Calgary and after nine days of tests they told me there was nothing they could do for me. They did take me off Macrodantine. In the two and one half years we have been here, I have spent most of the time in a wheelchair. I can get around on crutches quite well and have been able to help with the garden and I can drive the car or truck. Alice does most of the driving but we don't go where there is heavy traffic, just country roads and not far from home. We realize how much people our age need each other.

Likely you don't hear much of what goes on in Canada. The past two years have been a disaster, no rain in southern half and too much in the northern parts, very little crop harvested, grasshoppers and cutworms in the south and green caterpillars that destroy the canola crops. It has been many years since we have had long periods of drought and insect pests that have destroyed crops but it has happened a couple of times in my life. Last year (1985) it was reported over 500 farmers and ranchers were bankrupt in Alberta and a greater number in Saskatchewan. Most people feel we will have at least one more dry year. Our government pays little attention to the farmers yet multimillions are spent on things for sport, also on things they think will attract tourists. Everything is geared to the wealthy. It was reported a short time ago that now the government is the biggest land owner in Canada. I think that is just as they planned it. They were

the main financiers. I don't know of a single thing that isn't government owned or controlled from land to oil, railroads, airplane passenger service, grain elevators and shipping to other countries. Well this is just a sample of their great works. I am sure people wouldn't want to admit it but this country is communist and has been for the past sixteen years. Mr. Trudeau was Prime Minister during that period. He had been banned from U.S.A. for his communist activity. I am sorry to see it happen but the new party in control is following the same pattern.

The farmers are taking the rap now and that may continue for several years yet, but I think there is a purpose for this condition and if it continues the grocery stores will have empty shelves with little or nothing to buy regardless of wealth. This past two years it has been legal to hold any sport on Sunday, stores are also allowed to be open Sundays and liquor is now available wherever sports are held. Very few movies or even TV programs that aren't embarrassing at least to older people.

This is quite a few days later, January 2nd. We have five of our children and their families in Alberta. Three of the boys live in our town and one boy and one girl are several hours driving time from here. They all came during Christmas. Those living in this town call most every day to see that we are OK. We have two bedrooms and a bathroom in the basement. By using foam mattresses and sleeping bags for some of the kids we can manage two families quite easily. We have something special when they are here.

I haven't any idea if we will ever be able to travel any distance again, but we hope to. Any of the family would take us or even some of them from Utah have said they would come and get us, but until things improve quite a bit, I wouldn't dare get far from home. My writing is poor because of my hands. In time my hands and feet may get to near normal. We will just have to wait and keep working towards improvement.

There has been so many highway disasters with many resulting in death, the police have been making extra effort to put a stop to drinking and driving and for a change the courts and government are supporting them. Some departments are putting some restrictions on smoking and also to make abortions illegal, except where the mother's life is endangered. There is lots of opposition to these changes so improvement may be slow. The government has control of all liquor outlets. They make immense profits on these two products. I wonder if anyone can be in a government position and stay honest and really care about the people that elected them.

Today is Jan. 7th. This winter there hasn't been many days I felt able to write so my letters are rather strung out. We started having bad weather early in October. Papers said over three thousand acres of sugar beets unharvested. Now it's not certain any beet processing plants will operate again. We were surprised to hear some of the Senators saying it was a big mistake putting the small farmer out of business. I don't think there is any way they could start up again. Buildings where small farms were operating have nearly all been destroyed in most cases nothing left to indicate where buildings had stood. Even the trees have been uprooted. When I was young it seemed natural to expect some of the family would stay with the farm, there are very few places that any of the original family still operate. I think I told you that on the mile of road where the Weaver farm was, there were four sets of farm buildings where families grew up. We drive that road occasionally and since meeting you and Jane I wish that we had known the family better. Those were hard years, not much money and some dry years when almost nothing was raised. As young kids growing up I don't think we realized it was hard times. We had never known anything else. I'm sure buying land at just a few dollars per acre was as difficult as it is in present times paying several hundred dollars per acre. During our farming life irrigation water was controlled by ditches, so wasn't too expensive. Now it is done with sprinkler systems which required large and expensive pumping equipment. The man that owns the Weaver farm now said the irrigation cost more than the land.

Today is Jan. 12th. The past few days have been quite warm but snow and ice have caused many highway accidents. With the increase in unemployment crime has increased. It has even spread to the rural areas, many cases of arson. Last year (1985) the population of Canada was said to be twenty-five million. The government deficit for that year reported at thirty one billion with the national debt at forty seven billion. Interest on that debt alone is listed at over thirty billion. We don't understand how governments can continue replacing what they spend. Taxes continue to increase. Almost half a worker's wages go for tax. Everything here is high. Alberta especially has great amounts of oil, natural gas, coal and timber. Gasoline has been near two dollars per gallon ever since we came here and additional tax is being added now. Most people can't afford to travel. All these things are controlled by the government. People that work for the press seem to have a way of getting information about senators and what goes on in government. Much of it exposes things that are embarrassing to the lawmakers.

Long ago it was predicted that governments would hang by a thread. I think that time is very near both in Canada and U.S. The proportion of old people that are out of the work force is becoming greater. People are living longer, many over eighty and ninety. Most of them dependent upon pensions they have paid into during their working years.

Unemployment is exceedingly high yet workers continue to strike. Computers and robots are replacing many workers.

Today is Jan. 17th. It's quite a few days since I started this letter. I have some health problems that make it difficult to do much. It looks like this will be another dry year. The land is blowing already. I don't think there is much snow in the mountains so lakes and streams may run short of water for irrigation purposes.

Just lately the government has announced their intention to take over the land where farmers are in debt over their head, then rent it back to them with prospects of eventually owning it again. They reported there would be five thousand farms repossessed across Canada and another 5000 that may be added to the list. They said it would be much the same as the feudal times of old.

Today is Jan. 29th. I hope you will let us know if there has been any improvement with Jane and how Allen and the children are. We know the feeling of helplessness. I'm sure sometime we will know the answers to things we are not permitted to know thus far.

In the history of Raymond it was mentioned that the Weaver family came from Coalville, Idaho [an error in the book], but I had never found it on any maps we had access to until just lately. A map of U.S. in an old history book published several years before the turn of the century showed Coalville in the north part of the Idaho panhandle, near the Columbia River and not far from the British Columbia border. The town may have disappeared by now, even here in southeastern Alberta. Quite a number of towns have disappeared, in some cases some buildings have been moved while run down places were burned.

In a small book I received several months ago it contained a bit of history of pioneer families. One part was titled "Don't forget me." It was like a cry for help in preserving buildings where families had grown up. The writer said in destroying those buildings in most cases it had destroyed the history of that family.

It has seemed like the generation that are farming now act like they are in competition with each other, with machinery and land buying, equipment and land amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, mostly paid for with borrowed money at high interest. I don't think there is any way what is produced can meet necessary payments. The government controls most of the lending institutions, so when bankruptcy takes place the government becomes the owner. Machinery that had been efficient for many years suddenly ends up in the scrap heap and as a result many are out of work. Most of my life there were five machinery dealers in our town. Now there are no dealers except

in big centers. Money seems to take first place. People don't seem to be concerned about people. I may be wrong, but I think before there is much change for better conditions those that control the wealth and welfare of their country will need to help all equally regardless of language or color of skin.

Several weeks ago an item in the daily paper mentioned the great number of millionaires in Canada that pay no taxes. It seems that everything from sports to special accommodations are geared to the rich. Most parks here you can't set up a tent. They have just become a city in the mountains. The past two years Great Falls in advertising some celebration mentioned one of the attractions was called, "Battle of the Giants." We were surprised to learn this was a demolition derby using grain combines, about thirty in the arena at a time. Many of these combines would have still been useable with a few repairs. It reminds me of the old Roman gladiatorial games. To me, at least, [it's] a total waste. Now other places are including this type of thing in their celebrations. So many things that are under the heading of sports but leave many crippled. A few lose their lives, especially in racing cars. The more physical the competition the higher the rating. Even though many things are classed as sports, yet seldom produce good feelings.

Today is Feb. 25th. We have had several days of warm weather. Rivers flooding have done a great deal of damage. Animals in bordering pastures have been swept away, likely other things as well. About two weeks ago there were five serious train smash ups within seven days. Loss of life was high. Most of the rail cars and engines were a pile of scrap. Investigation points to human error, possibly alcohol or drugs involved.

For some time those going into farming or ranching were urged to think big. Now they have changed their thinking to bigger isn't always better. The damage has been done. Older people have decided their case was hopeless especially when all the children had gone to other things. Our family often wishes we still had the farm. It was a good life, but as the boys all left on missions eventually it was just Alice and myself. The good old days of our time appear quite different to the younger generations.

We would like to keep in touch with you.

With love to you and your family,

The Nilssons

[Raymond, Alberta]  
November, 1987

Dear Marty, Ellen & Family,

I have wanted to keep in touch with you but physical problems have made writing or getting around quite difficult. When we last saw you we weren't aware of what was causing difficulty in walking or the use of my hands. Several years before we went to Utah I was having serious kidney infections. The doctor put me on an antibiotic called Macro-dantine. He said they had no cure but could keep it under control. It helped me for a lot of years, no doctor had said anything about side effects. Before we left Utah I could neither use my legs or hands. Although I had been working all the time we were in Utah and Arizona, the little Social Security and high cost of Medicare [made] it impossible for us to stay. A nerve specialist in Calgary soon discovered the cause of my trouble. He was a middle age man but said in all his years of practice he had only seen one or two like me. They sent me home, not knowing what to do for me. I don't think they figured I would last long. I get around on crutches and a wheelchair and in most things I am doing quite well.

We still drive by the Weaver farm. The original buildings are much as they were when the family were here. When they were farming it was during the 20's and 30's. There were years with no rain and years of grasshoppers. For most people making a living was a real struggle. Yet I think it brought people close together. We have been back in Canada five years. The town is now spread out over a large area for a farming district. The small farms are a thing of the past which to me at least it seems rather sad. We thought it was a good place for a family to grow up and learn to work. Unemployment and union strikes [are] almost continuous. Government tries to convince the people there is no depression. Thousands of farms have been repossessed by banks and lending companies. There is definitely a depression. With so many disasters by air and water and earthquakes in unexpected places and diseases they have no cure for. Within the past several months two towns north of here were almost completely wiped out - very few survivors. A number of high apartment buildings burned by arsonists - mostly used by old people. Again, very few came out alive. There has been many train smashups. Most of them alcohol related. Just this week 26 cars piled up in one place. Surprisingly, not many lives [were] lost. The gathering of fighting forces in Israel and neighboring countries seem to support prophecies of olden times concerning events of the last days. In a program that was on TV for a while called "Bonaventure Travel" not long ago the narrator was in Israel. He said, "Here is a country crowded with people and they all hate each other." It's strange that most of the conflicts are over religion.

Here in Canada I don't know of one Mormon in either Provincial or Federal government. Towns that had been settled by Mormons in the late 1800's and early 1900's no longer have any special advantage and

we are beginning to be governed by people of different religions. Gradually objectionable changes are taking place, the threat of Sunday shopping and opening up a liquor outlet. When Jessie Knight donated the land for a town site, it was with the requirement that there would never be a liquor outlet here. If it came to a vote now, I think L.D.S. people would be outnumbered.

Crops were good here this year, but there has been no moisture for several months. It is Nov. 13th and no snow or frost in the ground. It looks like we may face another dry year. There are auction sales here several times a week [of] farm machinery and cattle where families have lost their land. Very little chance to start over. Some years ago large amounts of money were made available to young farmers at excessive interest rates from 18% to over 20%. Land had gone up to as high as \$1000.00 per acre. Small farmers were bought out, buildings destroyed, ordinary machinery went to scrap buyers. It almost seems like it was a conspiracy between banks and loan companies, machinery manufacturers and government to bring this country into a state similar to Russia. If people would admit it, our government is a communist organization. Most of its members are French and its leaders in the Federal Department have been communist for beyond the past twenty years. I don't know of a single thing that isn't government controlled. I feel sure that from now on every nation will be gradually forced into conflict either with themselves or other nations. I would like to see at least U.S. and Canada build accommodations to store surplus products rather than pay large subsidies to practically give them away. I think it would only take one year of total crop failure for gold or money of any kind to be of almost no value. I believe we are much closer to that condition than most people realize. Here they are destroying many grain elevators and pulling up more rail lines placing hardships on people that have to haul their goods a long way to market.

The younger generations that have taken up farming have set their sights far too high. Even the interest on \$200,000.00 would take the crop. Every piece of new machinery is from \$60,000 to over \$100,000 - combines and the big four wheel drive tractors. Now government is boasting about the great amount of land they own through repossession. No one is willing or able to try again. The past few years, strikes have been going on continually -- lots of violence, many people crippled and much damage to property and equipment. They battle each other like savages, even the women. Government is spending many millions on things they think will encourage tourism. Winter games are to be held in Calgary in February. Already they have been faced with a lot of fraud and corruption. A statement concerning the Vancouver exhibition stated that up to now they were 337 million in debt. They destroyed all of the beautiful buildings that had been specially built. Just knocked them down with wrecking machines.

Today is Nov. 17th. We have just had our first light snowfall. Not very cold in this part but in the area of Calgary there were several hundred pile-ups, each one involving quite a number of cars - not many people seriously hurt.

In the funeral program you sent to us we didn't realize that Dr. Gary Weaver was a brother. I guess we didn't get to talk much about families. Three other Weaver boys were mentioned, John, Robert and Mark. There were three other brothers, Allen, Frank and Jim. Did the three boys mentioned on the program belong to your father's brothers? [They are Gary Weaver's boys.] We wondered if your parents had been back in Utah when you were growing up. Your mother's sister, Martha was married to Lorenzo Mitchell. He taught music in the high school. They moved to U.S. when I was in grade nine or ten. It seems sad that we lose track of so many that have been special in our lives. It takes me a long time to write a letter and I make lots of mistakes.

Last summer, 1986, I was doing quite well and we had thought we might get to the point where we could at least go back to Utah. We still have four of our family living there and quite a few grandchildren, but I had pneumonia early this spring and any improvement came to an end. I have been in a wheelchair and on crutches for over five years. I will be 80 in February. Alice is one year younger. She is finding it necessary to slow down. I need her much more than she needs me. We can still drive the car or truck, but other than to the stores, we never go far - never to a big city.

When we were in Arizona we did go into New Mexico as far as the Indian village called Acoma. They said it meant "City in the Sky."

We didn't have much free time in the summer and being in the high country we had lots of snow and problems with the cattle. So many times in our lives we delayed doing things while the family was home, thinking next year would be easier, but each year brought new difficulties. The 20's and 30's really were hard times.

Today is Nov. 24th. Still no snow on the ground. It isn't cold yet, but many windy days it seems like the climate is changing. Such long, dry periods have resulted in great numbers of forest and grassland fires. Arsonists have been responsible for serious city fires. To us it seems like ever since the hard rock music has taken over, it has developed destructive side effects among the young generation. Lucifer has little difficulty in getting followers.

The towns in southern Alberta were settled by Mormons and remained predominately L.D.S. till the 1930's. Now most of them have liquor outlets, all types of sports on Sunday and also shopping on Sunday. Not long ago a man representing the Catholic Church and one government official made the same declaration to the Federal government but on different occasions, saying, "Since you have declared the Lord's Day

Act unconstitutional, you have condemned this country to damnation." From the disasters that have taken place by air and sea, earthquakes, tornados and the mysterious collapse of large buildings, the immense increase in crime, I'm sure they were right. The number of deaths and serious accidents caused by drunk drivers, unions fighting employers, the great increase in crime is largely the work of corrupt court officials. Just a few days ago a high school boy went to his home with a gun and killed five members of his family including his parents and the courts declared him not guilty. There are very few honest men or women in government. It seemed in most of our lives a million was almost beyond the imagination. Billions are now commonplace and now occasionally the possibility of the national debt running into the trillions. Our government denies we are in a recession but there are many signs indicating we are living in the last days. I doubt if any country will be able to overcome their national debt.

Several months ago a tall office building was being constructed in Calgary. They were up to the 8th floor when the building collapsed. Quite a number of workers were killed. The trouble between unions, manufacturing plants and government is almost like the strife between the Nephites and Lamanites - often friends and brothers fighting each other. The city of Lethbridge, twenty miles north of us, up to the time we were married in 1930, the mayor and most of the council were L.D.S. but that has completely turned around. Now Sunday is the big day for anything but church members. [There are] numbers of escort services, nude dancers, both male and female. Lucifer is controlling most everything. Many times insulting letters concerning Mormons appear in daily papers. Anyone that writes in defense of L.D.S. people is given a rough time. We have known for many years such things would happen and likely will increase as time passes.

Today is Nov. 30th, still warm and dry. The weather so far indicates the possibility of another dry year ahead. Farmers are in a desperate position. Another dry year and most of them will be out of business, because of the big spending habits of government. Many low income families will be hurt by rising taxes and cuts in Medicare and pensions.

The picture and card you sent came today, December 1st. You can see it's taken me a long time to get this far. I wanted to keep in touch with Allen and his family. I didn't know if it might be a nuisance to him. Anyway we care, for we went through the same experience when one of our sons lost his wife in a similar way. We can't help but wonder why the young are taken when they are so needed. We will try to write soon again.

We send our love to you and your family.

Also to Allen and his family.

The Nilssons

[Raymond, Alberta]  
June, 1988

Dear Marty and Ellen Claire,

We would like to keep in touch with you while we last if you will let us. Until we met you and Jane, I hadn't realized how important it is for people to care about each other. Although the Weaver farm was only half a mile away from our place, being young, I didn't realize that we may have been able to help in some way. The 1920's were equally as difficult as the 1930's. Grain was only a few cents per bushel - in 1929, 25 cents. Even at that price it was hard to sell. Most wages [were] \$1.50 per day.

I started this letter many days ago. Everything is rather hard for me now. Today is July 13th. This has been an unusual year, strong winds most every day. Part of the country is dry - almost no rain, so crops are almost zero. The north part of the country has been under water so many times crops are from poor to almost nothing. Prices on flour, sugar and milk products have almost doubled. I feel sure this is a trend that will continue.

It's nearly election time here. Government members are wasting millions in their effort to buy votes. I don't think there are any honest men or women in power here. Canada will never overcome her national debt. Likely U.S. will be in much the same position. So many serious disasters have been taking place here the past few years I think prophecies of old are already taking place. Not long ago in a daily paper a statement made by a high ranking Catholic Priest and another man of importance directed to our government, but not on the same day, both had a similar message. This is fairly close to what each of them said, "When you declared the Lord's Day Act unconstitutional, you have condemned this country to damnation." Now with the exception of a few Mormon towns, Sunday is a play day. Every kind of sport, Sunday shopping, liquor stores open every day. Lucifer has plenty of supporters in his destructive operations. Here in Canada motorcycle gangs are increasing. Arsonists have destroyed many large new school buildings, apartment buildings. Within one week four large grain elevators full of grain were destroyed. In a period of one week several months ago five train crashes took place, four of them head-on, one derailment - all alcohol related. Many lives [were] lost.

In Canada the senate is just appointed, not elected. The same with judges. The senate really has no power or purpose. Some senators are trying to get this changed, but very seldom that people have the opportunity to vote or be heard. You can see in so many ways we are living in the last days. Several weeks ago in the city of Burnaby, British Columbia, a giant supermarket was preparing to open the doors for business. It had a parking lot on the second floor. Just before opening time the building collapsed, most of the cars on the parking floor were destroyed, but as far as we know, no one lost their life.

Today is July 18th. It has been dry and with strong winds most every day, surely an unusual year. It's a disaster for the farmers. Early in the fall it was mentioned in the news that 25,000 farmers across Canada had lost their land and there have been many more since then.

Today is July 22nd. It's hot and dry. Only irrigated crops stand a chance of producing, but streams are drying up and the irrigated land is limited to a rather small area. The churches in this area have had a special day of prayer and fasting for rain. We have had several spotted showers but not enough to produce a crop.

If you should write us again, I wish you would tell us which members of the families the Weaver boys mentioned on the program belonged to. After they left Raymond I don't think they ever came back. For several years Frank played with a nice orchestra and often sang the vocal refrain. Jimmy married a girl we went to school with. We knew Lucille's children as they were growing up. Alice and I were the home visitors for her and some other widows for some time. She had been alone for some time. She was having trouble with circulation at that time, causing her legs to swell. So getting around was difficult.

Things have changed a lot since then. Nursing homes are in every town as well as hospitals. Much of our early life there was no doctor or dentist. The nearest was twenty miles away and just horse and buggy for transportation. I don't think the pioneers that came here from Utah or Idaho really knew what they would be facing. Winters were often 40 below zero for long periods of time. Lots of snow, no water system, houses with no insulation. Farming was done with horses. It seemed during the early 1900's people helped each other and life wasn't so hectic. Usually a movie house [was] in each town. Tickets [were] about 35 cents, just black and white, someone played the piano during the movie. It was a while before the talkies came and some time later color. During the years the climate moderated. It's much like Utah now. This year has been different than any I remember. Many days of violent winds, much destruction at times. Seems as though the whole earth is in agony. Until the last few years tornados were not common in this country, but parts of some cities have been swept clear, large farm buildings and metal grain bins either carried to a new location or completely destroyed. During the ten days of the Calgary Rodeo over 40 homes were destroyed by arsonists, store windows broken by drunk people, and now liquor is everywhere sports are held. Sunday is a play day. I'm sure before long there is going to be a massive cleanup. A short time ago in the town of Stirling seven miles east of Raymond, a tornado touched down, picked up a mobile home, turned it upside down. It ended up just a flat piece of junk.

The Weaver family lived in Stirling for a while when they first came to Canada. When we pass the land they had north of Raymond, the

buildings are much the same in appearance. I can't help but wonder if some of the family are watching over the place. It's about the only farm with the original buildings intact. At times it seems like it would be good to go back and relive those years. The 20's and 30's were hard years. Some disastrous dry years and years of grasshoppers, cutworms and crop eating caterpillars. I think we are into the times of the last day. It's surprising the way crime has increased. Courts and governments seem to be too weak to deal with the problems. Abortion has become a common event. I think anyone that has been involved in this way of destruction of human life will some time have the opportunity of seeing the children they have destroyed and then face the judgement of their Creator. I am sure that will be a time of weeping and wailing.

Today is July 21st. I'll close for this time. I hope you will keep in touch with us.

With love to you and your family.

The Nilssons

Box 381  
Raymond, Alberta  
Canada T0K 2S0

Dear Shaeffer family,

It was surely a pleasure to hear from you again. We had thought you may have moved. My hands still give me trouble because of nerve damage so any writing is poor. I hope you can read it. I can't hold a pen the normal way, so I have had to learn all over.

We often drive down the road south of the Weaver family farm. Until a short time ago on the mile of road that I mentioned there were four sets of farm buildings. They only ones left are those on the Weaver farm. Large families had been raised on each farm. It would have been interesting to have had a history of each family. The young ones soon grew up and left and the old folks died. Now there isn't anyone left that knows what happened to any of them. I used to think we knew almost everyone in this town. Now they are nearly all strangers. It seemed when I was young, people had more time to be friends and good neighbors. There were very few tractors or cars then. Most everyone used horses and very little money around but a dollar bought quite a lot if you had one - bread 10 cents a loaf. Almost anything in cans was only a dime and wages \$1.50 per day providing you could get a job. I don't know if there really was "good old days," but likely each generation had some parts in their life that was special.

This last year was terribly dry. Grasshoppers were thick something like we had in the '30's. Hundreds of farmers have gone bankrupt, machinery manufacturing plants are overloaded with unsold equipment.

Alice and I have driven around the parts of the country where I had hauled grain when we were first married. We couldn't understand why there were none of the original buildings on the property, but recently an article that appeared in a newspaper said all farm buildings were taxed so when big outfits bought the land rather than pay taxes on the buildings they were burned. To us it seemed a shame. Some people on a farm in Saskatchewan had a sod house on their property. They were keeping it in good condition in memory of the early pioneers. It wasn't being used and hadn't been for many years, yet they were taxed. In September we had a federal election. A new party was voted in. They were supposed to be conservative, but in less than three months in power they have increased the national debt by over 35 billion. It was published in big headlines that for every day of the last year Prime Minister Trudeau was in power he spent over 80 million dollars per day average.

When I was in about grade seven your father was our teacher. By the time I was in high school he was teaching art to all the classes. Kids that lived on the farms were picked up by a horse-drawn van - usually four head. Allen and Leta were with us. It was slow and cold.

In the winter farmers took turns with the van. The Weaver buildings were a quarter of a mile from the road. I don't remember of any one having overshoes in those days. Money was scarce. Your father had a model T Ford Coupe. They were a car most people could afford - about \$500. It seemed as hard to pay that amount then as it would be to pay ten thousand now. The older people referred to that period of time as the dirty thirties but it actually started back in the '20's.

When I was young Canada had a law called "The Lord's Day Act." The purpose was to prevent people from using Sunday as a work day. The Red Coat Mounted Police patrolled the country in pairs riding fine big horses -- I think what we would call a quarter horse. There were very few fences and not many roads then - no graveled roads. How things have changed. Now Sunday is a play day. Other than a few Mormon towns in southern Alberta everything is wide open. This past summer when it was so dry and crops were burning up, all the churches were fasting and praying for rain, yet fun and games and drinking caused many seats in the churches to be empty. I think disasters will continue to increase unless people change their ways. It's not likely that will happen. This was the first year I had known of rodeos, horse races, football and hockey to be held on Sundays here. In the large cities abortion is an accepted practice. Anyway, I think we bring troubles on ourselves.

While we were still in Utah people we knew that had traveled across Canada had mentioned internment camps that were being built in out of the way places in each province. Since we moved back here a group with authority made an investigation and the results were published in one of the city newspapers. It was found to be true. Old men and cripples and those that were alone, no place to go were sent to these camps and if they were able to work they were allowed \$5.00 per day. Most of them were sent there to die. When you consider most of them would be eligible for pensions and Medicare, I'm sure those in the camps had no compensation, I guess no one to care what happened to them. It's hard to believe such treatment could take place in a civilized country. You can imagine the millions of dollars a greedy government would save.

Things I have mentioned are just a few of the reasons why our chances of prosperity or good times is a long way off and could easily never happen again. Here government controls all liquor outlets, yet they are making millions in tax revenue. At the same time liquor is being advertised in many ways and they are reaping an immense amount in fines for drunk driving. I don't know of one man in government here that really represents the people that elected them. Most of the towns and cities in Alberta are spending great sums of money on things that will attract tourists. It seems they figure that will be a way to get them out of debt. Most towns and cities are in flat, open country. To me at least I don't think they have anything that would encourage people to stop. The Parks are so crowded unless you have a motorhome or trailer you can't stop with just a tent. The pleasure of going to a Park has pretty well gone down the drain. Two years before we moved back here, we had bought a four-wheel drive truck and a camper. We thought we would be able to explore some of canyon

country and some ghost towns. We had information about and how to get there. We made one trip to Boulder and Escalante in eastern Utah along with one of our families. That was the last time I could walk or drive. I can go several hundred yards with just crutches and occasionally when we are out in the country I do some of the driving, but any improvement is slow because of nerve damage. I am in hopes by spring I can help with the garden. Likely I won't be able to push the lawnmower. We have a patch of grass both front and back, but neither one is large. We have several big grandsons just a block away. They will come to our rescue any time. When I was young I don't know if it was Canada or U.S. that had a slogan, "Government of the people, for the people and by the people." There are very few things you can do free of government control. I think in some of the good old days we were a step ahead of what we have now. Canada is really bankrupt. They talk of extra jobs being created, but robots and computers are taking the place of men. They don't go on strike and disrupt things every few months. Just lately three big packing plants have quit operating. Possibly others we don't hear about. Striking employees has caused this decision. A few mines and lumber mills are operating with a skeleton crew to keep the business alive, but unemployment is the worst in the history of this country. A few weeks ago the Pope and his army of body guards toured from coast to coast and as you can imagine the cost was many million. Almost at the same time the Pope was leaving, the Queen of England came, for what reason I have no idea, for Canada broke away from the state of a British colony quite a few years ago. Papers did publish some of the expenses involved and that was also in the millions. Quite an expensive luxury for a country that is not only broke, but in debt far over her head. Someone said it would take a good government a hundred years to get the country out of the mess Prime Minister Trudeau left.

For most of my life every town had several machinery dealers. Now they are only in the big cities. It presents a real problem where many farmers must drive fifty to a hundred miles for any repairs. There are over 3500 people in the town of Raymond. No one sells furniture or clothing or footwear. There is no barber or blacksmith shop - no shoe repair shop, no theatre. Yet the town is growing in population and the business section is dying out - many empty buildings. Just lately the tax on gasoline was raised 9 cents per liter which in turn brings the cost up to nearly \$2.00 per gallon. It takes \$35.00 to fill the tank on a full-sized car. That and the high price for groceries, about double what we would pay in the U.S., there is really no incentive for Americans to trade here.

Winter started early this year. It has been below zero for some time. Sugar beets are still in the ground in farms northeast of us - some grain in the swath. I don't know if either crop will be harvested. Three of our family live in this town - two more within several hours drive. We see most of them quite often. It seems good to have someone that is concerned about you near.

While we were still in Utah a TV news report showed a ghost town in the southwest corner of New Mexico called Manchester. There was a

family living there and taking care of it. That was one place we thought we would see, but for health or financial reasons the years passed, each year seemed as hard as the preceding one, and we never got back to that part of the country.

Medicare here has been good for old people on low incomes, but there is talk of drastic changes. We don't know what will happen. There is a great deal of opposition to changes since it would hurt the ones it was brought about to protect, but people are afraid of this big spending government. Each man or woman with a position hires their friends for useless positions and in today's paper it stated this system of patronizing friends had increased the cost of government 140%.

Today is December 5th. It takes quite a long time from me to write a letter now. It's just hard to keep at it. The cold weather seems to bring out the arthritis. I have never found anything that helps much. I'm sure it would be dangerous to get on strong pain pills. They get to be a habit so easy and we have seen the results of that in some people we have known.

We would like to keep in touch with you, and we thank you for sharing a bit of your life with us. We hope sometime to meet your family. We will have to see if health conditions improve.

Thank you again for just being friends.

Don and Alice Nilsson

February 12, 1991

Dear Ellen Claire,

We received your letter today. It was nice to hear from you. You are such a busy soul. We are flattered that you are interested in us and our family. What is this about your having a broken leg? How did you do that? I'm sure even that didn't slow you down. Surely hope your recovery is back to normal.

We are very sorry about this unnecessary war. I wouldn't feel so badly if we knew it was the Battle of Armageddon, but the Church authorities say, "no." So we'll have a repeat of this, with every nation involved, over again.

Do I understand that all your children are boys? I consider boys very important, because they carry on the family name. But we have some lovely girls, too - that I wouldn't trade. We have 18 grandsons with the Nilsson name, but it is few out of 54 grandchildren and 30 great grandchildren (in the direct line). We have a grandson Gary Nilsson in Taiwan, and David Nilsson in Australia, and Trevor Coppieters leaving the end of February for Guam, and another, Lorn Wright is waiting for his call. Four of our sons filled missions, and seven grandsons besides these current ones have served. Four grand daughters are registered nurses. One grand daughter is currently attending college in Utah. Two grandsons graduated in electrical engineering at the BYU and another [is] in electronics finals in Arizona. All have good jobs, one in Las Vegas, one in South Carolina and the third is head of electronics in the one hospital in Calgary, Alberta. I don't mean to be bragging, just stating the facts.

How are Jane's children making out? Did they get a nice stepmother? Are they happy? It was sad Jane had to go, so young, at least. My mother left us when I was just three. She had cancer too. I was eight when my father re-married. She was a fine woman.

We've had severe winter for over a month. Still some more snow today. It is in piles all over town, and ice has been bad. Donald doesn't venture out. I do all the driving to the store and to get the mail. We are in fair health, take lots of vitamins and carrot juice. We had our 60th Wedding Anniversary - just a small family gathering for it. Donald objected to more than that. We received many beautiful Christmas cards, which he enjoys. He does the sending, as he has many former associates that I would miss.

So glad of our good fortune in meeting you. It was quite a milestone. You are such an exceptional person. I'm sure all who know you love you. Your sons are very fortunate and I know they won't let you down. Our families are our reward, for any we have coming.

We'll hope to hear from you again, and I'll close this with,

Our love,  
Alice and Donald Nilsson

Raymond, Alberta, Canada  
July 25, 1991

Dear Marty and Ellen,

In some special pictures I have had of our town basketball teams I have had this one of a team called the Idlers. They had been the High School team for several years. I'm quite sure they were Alberta champions for several years. Duncan [Weaver] was the coach. Several of the men in the picture with them had a great deal to do with all high school sports. When the MIA held their track meets Duncan conducted the athletic events. He was especially efficient in training athletes. He and his father, Riley, were also especially head of the Boy Scouts and were loved by all they were associated with. We pass the farm that was operated by the Weaver family. The old buildings occupied by the family stand a quarter of a mile from the road much as they were sixty years ago. It almost seems as if they were waiting the return of those who once occupied them.

All of the small farms have been taken over by big operators, later lost by banks and loan agencies. A short time ago a map of Alberta was printed showing all the land taken over by the government in black. It was surprising the great area it included. Farmers that have lost the land have no way of starting over. It's a bad situation Canada is in, but greedy government is the villain in most cases. The rights of people with limited income are gradually being taken over by government. Medicine and pensions are reduced. Any kind of medicine that requires a prescription is exceedingly expensive. Here now two ten cent chocolate bars on special will cost a dollar. To fill a gas tank on an ordinary car will cost at least forty dollars. There is supposed to be free trade between Canada and U.S. but it hasn't really happened. Today is August 1st. In most of Alberta and Saskatchewan there has been lots of hail. Hay and grain are spoiling in the swath. Even if it is eventually gathered it likely won't sell. What started out as a perfect year has turned into a disaster. Government here is communist and although they don't admit it all the things they do reflect this view. Last year five large grain elevators were burned, all the grain lost. This year eight grain elevators have been burned so far. This is just in Alberta. Many miles of track have been taken up leaving many farmers with a great distance to haul their produce. Many postal offices have been closed in rural areas, yet members of government continue to raise both their wages and pensions, yet pay no taxes.

I hope this picture that includes Duncan and Allen [Weaver] will please you. I will try to write again soon. I was unable to find any information in the Raymond history that would be of much help but we will keep looking.

Lots of love to you and your family,  
Don and Alice Nilsson

*The foregoing letter was the final letter of Donald Nilsson to E.C. Shaeffer*

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## CHILDREN OF DONALD AND ALICE NILSSON

1. Russel & Karma NILSSON  
Box 255, Raymond, Alberta, Canada T0K-2S0
2. Merna & Floyd PETERSON  
2172 8th Ave. NE Crescent Heights  
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3. Nola & Wilfred BRADSHAW  
Box 533 Salem, Utah 84653
4. Diane & Leo WRIGHT  
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5. Douglas & Carol NILSSON  
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6. Burle & Lynn NILSSON  
Box 180, Champion, Alberta, Canada T0L-0R0
7. Marsha & Ronald COPPIETERS  
243 E. 1600 N., Mapleton, Utah 84664
8. Earl & Donna NILSSON  
Box 381, Raymond, Alberta, Canada T0K-2S0
9. Logan & Janine NILSSON  
415 E. Magellan Lane, Elk Ridge  
Payson, Utah 84651

Notes:

February 21, 1991

Eighteen copies of the Nilsson Letters were printed and distributed.

Ten copies went to the Nilsson family.

One copy went to Laurel Weaver McMullin

One copy went to Carol Holmes Warburton

One copy was sent to the Family History Library Acquisitions in Salt Lake City for microfilming and, we assume, the negative copy will be placed in the vault, or Granite Mountain Records Vault.

One copy each was sent to Torontos, and to Weavers, with myself retaining the remaining copies.

E.C. Shaeffer

2008:

*A PDF file of this project will be posted on the internet.*