

Highlights

from the lives of



Emily Hales
Duncan



Laura Zulieme
Weakley Sloan



Albert Henry
Sloan

as told to

Beula Naomi George

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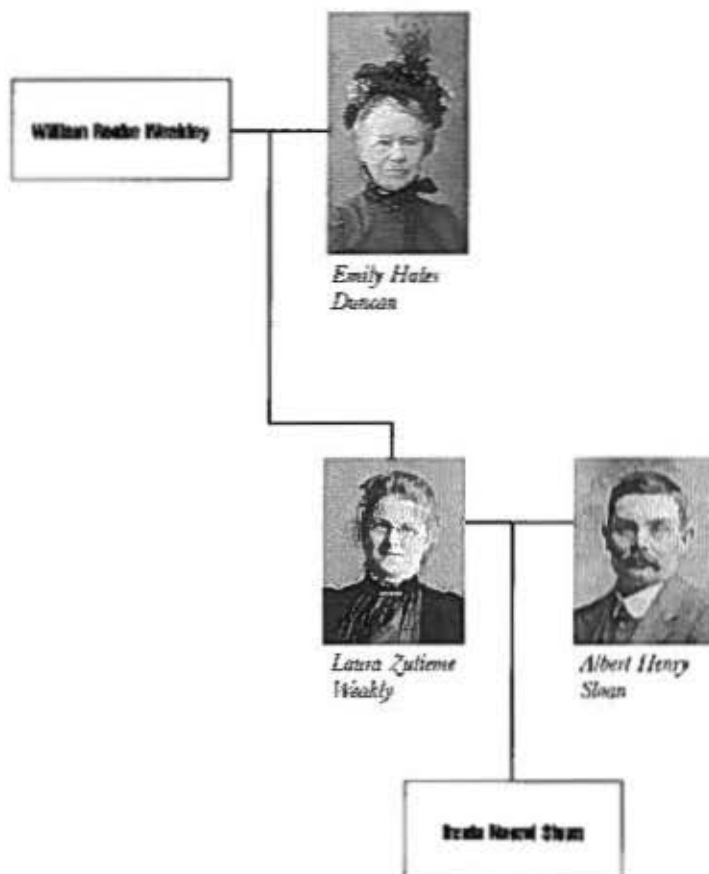
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Introduction

These highlights of the lives of Emily Hales Duncan, Laura Zulieme Weakley Sloan, and Albert Henry Sloan, were taken from a typewritten manuscript typed by Laura's daughter, Beula Naomi George.

Below is an abbreviated family tree showing Naomi's relationships to Emily, Laura, and Albert.





Emily's father, John Hales Duncan.



Emily's mother, Mary Ann Shaw.



Gravesend, Kent, England

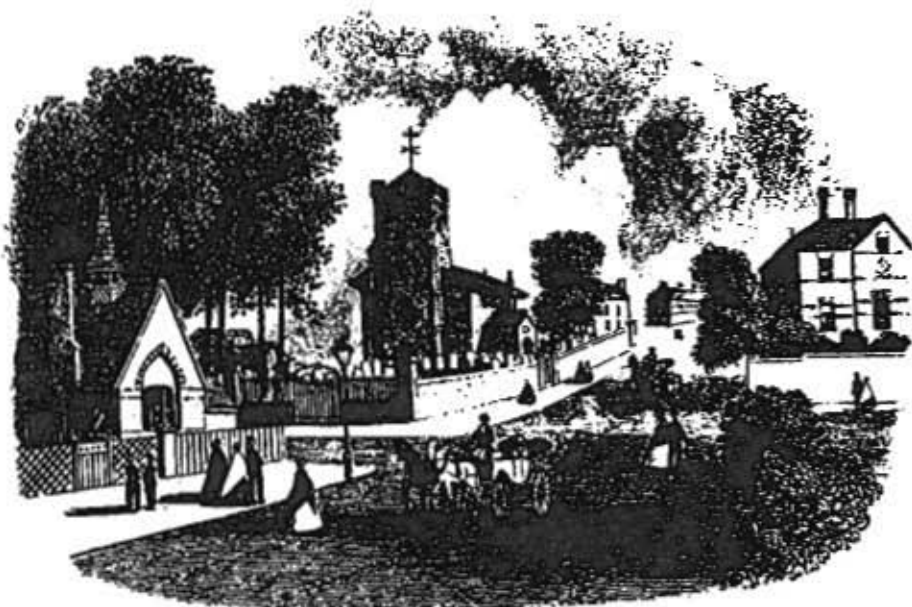


Emily Hales Duncan

*Highlights from the life of my grandmother as told to me by my mother,
Laura Zulieme Weakley Sloan. —Beula Naomi George*

Emily Hales Duncan was born 16 Dec. 1840 at Gravesend, Kent, England. She was the eighth child of the family of nine children of John Hales Duncan and Mary Ann Shaw, both of whom were also born in Gravesend, Kent, England—he, 6 Sept. 1804 and she, July, 1807. They were married January 10, 1825, at All Souls, St. Marylebone, London, England. Their first children were twins, a girl and a boy, who died while babies. Then came Laura Sophia Duncan, Alexander Fred Duncan, Marian Elizabeth Duncan, James Henry Duncan, Emily Duncan (she died while a baby), Emily Hales Duncan, and Alfred John Duncan, who also died while an infant.

When of school age Emily attended a private school for girls in the vicinity of her home, where she learned to be an excellent penman (see samples of her handwriting on page 9) and avid reader. From her early years she showed a talent for writing poetry, which she continued to do until her death.



*Milton church, schools and rectory, c. 1865.
From The History of the Town of
Gravesend in the County of Kent by
Robert Pierce Cruden.*

This is a poem written by Emily Hales Duncan.

On the top of a tree,
A big gum tree
Once a magpie
Chose her nest should be;
And the eggs were laid
Laid—one, two, three—
A tempting sight
For a boy to see.

Passing by came a lad
With a little straw hat,
And he wasn't too thin
And he wasn't too fat
To climb the tree
Where the old bird sat
With her chatter, chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chat, chat, chat.

Glancing up the tree,
Said the lad,
"That's not too high,
The climb's not that bad.
I reckon I'll pop right up
To where that old bird's at
With her chatter, chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chat, chat, chat."

Then stepping up with
One foot at a time,
He grabbed a branch
And began to climb.
It was climb, climb, climb,
Not a single stop,
Until he reached at length
The tip, tip, top

Of the big gum tree,
And found the spot
Where the nest was at
And the old bird sat
With her chatter, chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chat, chat, chat.

Reaching in with his hand
He took out the eggs,
Holding tight to the tree
With both of his legs,
Carefully he held
The eggs he had found
And slowly prepared
To return to the ground.

Safely finding his way
Down the tree
Was more of a task
Than he thought it'd be.
So for safe-keeping
He decided, did he,
To put in his mouth
The eggs—all three.

All went well
For a little while,
And the lad couldn't
Help a little smile
As he thought of the prize
He had found today
And wondered what
His friends would say.

Oops! He lost his hat
As he slipped a few pegs
And pop, down his throat
Went one of the eggs!
"Oh, well," said the lad,
"That's not so bad
I still have two—
And they will do."

Now, nearing the ground
His stomach felt queer
He must have been too high
In the tree, I fear.
Again he felt queer
And he burped a bit.
Another egg fell out
And broke as the ground it hit.

Now his feet touched the ground
He glanced down once more;
Then he thought of the egg
He had swallowed before.
Now he really felt sick!
For there at his feet
Was a nice little magpie
All complete!

Emily used to tell of an incident which happened when she was about nine years old and visiting her aunt. Her aunt, wishing to keep Emily out of mischief and also teach her something of value, gave her a beautiful silk handkerchief to hem. The handkerchief belonged to a paying guest and Emily's aunt showed her how to hem it and gave her a pair of scissors with which to cut her thread. The handkerchief was not quite straight, so Emily proceeded to trim it. She couldn't seem to get it straight and anyway she was having so much fun that she kept right on trimming until nothing was left. Now, knowing that she would get punished anyway, she decided to really have some fun. So she went around the room looking for things to trim. She trimmed the fringe and big silk tassels off a beautiful sofa that her aunt's husband had brought on the trading vessel on which he was an officer, from the Indian Ocean. He always brought beautiful antiques and tapestries with him for presents for his wife. This was not enough mischief, so Emily also trimmed the fireplace screen and curtains in the room. Then she opened the window so her aunt would think she had jumped out, and she hid under the table which had a beautiful tapestry covering which hung to the floor. Here she could hide and listen to her aunt's moans and cries as she discovered each new act of mischief which Emily had done until she was found and received her just rewards.

Emily's father, John Hales Duncan, was a stern father demanding obedience of his children, especially his sons. So when Emily's two living brothers, James Henry and Alexander Frederick, refused to obey a command of their father, he proceeded to punish them in a very stern manner. They were at the time about fourteen and fifteen years of age and Emily's father "bound" (apprenticed) them to a Company sailing to South Africa where they were to remain and work for their living, never to return home.

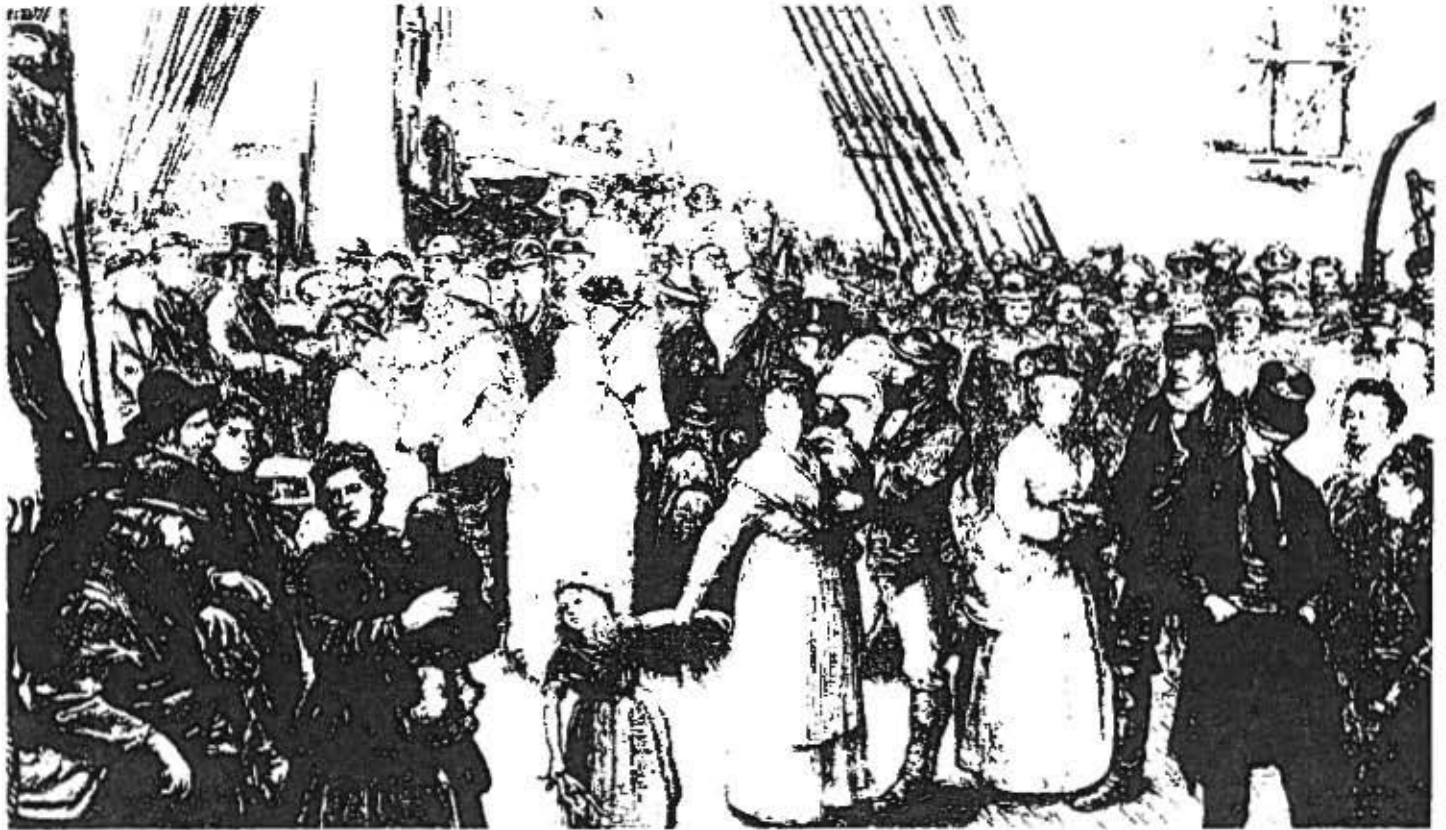
During the period that the boys were on the coast of Africa, Alexander Frederick Duncan contracted Malaria and the Company deserted him and left him to die. However he was found by a little native boy who cared for him and nursed him back to health. When he was well Alexander Frederick returned to London, bringing the native boy with him. Tradition had it that he, Alexander, was later commissioned as the Sergeant in charge of a company of prisoners being sent to Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. At that time Australia was called the Penal Servitude Island. He also took the native boy with him to Australia, where he later died. My Mother, Laura Zulienne Weakley Sloan, had in her possession for many years a calabash, which is a little wooden bowl, that the native boy used for his food. Alexander Frederick Duncan was still living in Australia at the time my mother left for the United States of America.

The other boy, James Henry Duncan, also returned from South Africa to London and later fought in the famous Crimean War under Admiral Nelson who is famous in English history.

When John Hales Duncan "bound" his two sons to sail to South Africa it so angered Emily's Mother, Mary Ann Shaw Duncan, that she decided to leave England and sailed for Australia in 1854 as Matron on the sailing vessel "Navarine", taking her three daughters with her.



One of Emily's brothers, Alexander Frederick Duncan.



Last hours at Gravesend; emigrants about to leave for Australia. From The Book of Gravesham, by Sydney Harker. This picture is only illustrative of the emigration experience and does not depict Mary Ann Shaw and her children.

The following information was found in the Archives in Adelaide, South Australia:

The following arrived in Adelaide on 14 Aug. 1854 by ship 'Navarine' –

- Mary A. Duncan, Nurse, of Surrey, aged 43.
- Emily, aged 13.
- Marianne, General Servant, aged 15.
- Laura, General Servant, aged 20.

Emily was always a spirited child and was always asserting herself. While on board the sailing vessel on their journey she answered her mother back, which in these days was a terrible act. The minister happened to hear her and proceeded to lecture her and said she must be punished. The punishment was to memorize the 5th Chapter of St. James about the tongue being an unruly member.

Another time Emily kept tearing her dress because she didn't like this particular dress. Her mother patched it with the same material as long as it lasted. Just as determinedly as Emily tore it her mother patched it until she had used all the material that matched. Then she patched it with all different colors until it looked like Joseph's coat of many colors. So Emily had to wear it for the entire journey.

It took over six months to go from England to Australia and it so happened that Emily had her 13th birthday on board ship. She had been punished for some mischief that she had done and she was angered over the punishment and so she hid in the lifeboat all day on her birthday, letting everyone hunt for her. She often told how she could hear her mother weeping and the sailors calling her name. She even watched them drop anchor



Adelaide, South Australia



William Rooke Weakley

and then search the entire ship for her. Then the captain sent some sailors up on the rigging to see if she could have fallen overboard. Then one of the sailors saw her in the lifeboat. Needless to say she was severely punished.

Emily certainly must have kept things lively while she was growing up. She must have enjoyed telling of her various mischievous acts, for these are the things which my Mother and my sister, Dorothea, remembered her relating to them most frequently.

When the little family arrived in Australia, they went immediately to Adelaide, South Australia, as Emily's Mother had a position waiting for her as nurse in the Governor's home to start immediately. Later Emily's sister Laura also became a governess.

Emily married William Rooke Weakley 12 Sept. 1859 secretly, without any of her family knowing of it. When they found out about the marriage they were very disappointed as they considered it a marriage beneath their class, as William Rooke Weakley was a mail-driver, who worked out from a stable that handled the mail.

They had nine children, as follows: William Duncan Weakley, born 22 Nov. 1860; Sydney Arthur Weakley, 2 July 1865; Frederick Alexander Weakley, 18 April 1867; Emma Amelia Weakley, 21 June 1868; James Duncan Weakley, 2 Dec. 1873; Mary Ethel Weakley 13 Oct. 1875; Laura Zulienne Weakley, 9 July 1879; Robbie Stewart McAlister Weakley, 27 July 1881; and Percy Temple Weakley, 26 Dec. 1882. All were born in Adelaide.



Sydney Arthur Weakley



Frederick Alexander Weakley



Emma Amelia Weakley



Mary Ethel Weakley



Laura Zulienne Weakley

These are six of Emily and William's nine children.

Emily was always very proud of her children and would say, "I have nine children, all of them living." She had one son in particular everyone loved. Even the birds and animals loved him and he loved them. He was always begging to let a stray dog stay at their home and he had many beautiful different kinds of pigeons. They would fly on his shoulders and head when he went out to feed them. He loved to sing and had a beautiful voice. He sang in the Church choir and always was a good boy. One Saturday afternoon he went with a boy friend to collect for his newspapers. On their way they ate some green fruit and the following Tuesday, early in the morning, he died, just a week before his 13th birthday. Emily sat up with her son all night, as did his little sister Laura, who loved him very much. She was only six years old at the time but she always remembered how he asked his mother if she couldn't see the beautiful shining lights at the foot of the bed, just before he passed away.

It took Emily a long, long time to get over the death of her beloved son, Duncan, as they called him. She used to go to his graveside and sit and weep and think. While there one day the minister of the Church of England, which they attended, came and talked with her as she sat there at the grave. He was trying to console her and he said that she should try to forget it all, for after all she would never recognize her son again when she got to Heaven. Emily said, "Well, if that is what your Church teaches, I don't want to belong to it any more."

From that day on Emily kept searching for a faith and religion that taught that the family would be together eternally and would know each other. In this search she and her little family attended many churches. However they were never quite satisfied with what they found until many years later. For as a family they would always remember their brother, James Duncan Weakley, who died in the year 1883.

Life was never very easy for Emily while she was trying to raise her little family, as her husband, William Rooke Weakley, did not prove to be as steadfast in character as she had thought. Many times he would come home from his mail-runs drunk and without money or food to provide for the family. Emily did the best she could but finally took a job cleaning the school where the children attended to help purchase the food and clothes they needed. She also had a little store next door to the schoolhouse where she made and sold soup and pies for the students' lunches. Her two younger sons, Percy and Robbie, also helped in the store. Later on she learned to be a practical nurse and helped the doctors deliver babies and acted as a midwife.

Emily was always very strict in teaching her children. They were all taught to be honest and to work. Everything must be clean and neat at all times. One of the jobs that the boys had was to see that all the shoes for the entire family were clean at all times. Emily and the girls all had their morning clothes, which they wore while doing the work of keeping house. Then after lunch, they all changed into their clean afternoon clothes for the rest of the day. This was the time allotted for sewing, mending or embroidering. They were all taught to be God-fearing and attend Church every Sunday.

In addition to her own family Emily also raised about nineteen other chil-

dren, for which she was paid by their families.

After many years of attending first one Church and then another Emily was finally to have her prayers answered. In the year 1906 some missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were tracting in Adelaide, South Australia, in the district where Emily lived. She took the tracts and became very interested in the Church. She bought the Book of Mormon and when the Elders told her about Pre-existence and showed her where to find it in the Bible, she was convinced that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was the true Church of God. This was what she had been searching for these many years. From then on she attended their meetings and was baptized a member of the Church on 1 Sept. 1906. One of the elders who taught her about the gospel was Elder Edgar Despain.

Sometime later Emily lived in a suburb of Adelaide called Hackney with her daughter Laura and her family. Laura and Emily invited the missionaries out to dinner at their home. It was several miles from the mission home. There were only four Elders at the mission home at that time. Emily and her daughter Laura had prepared a fish dinner for the Elders which they always liked very much. However, when they arrived they had brought the new Australia Mission President with them and he had brought a companion from the ship. As Emily and Laura saw the extra gentlemen arriving they were panic stricken, as they were sure there was not enough food as they had

expected only two guests. But they prayed that everything would work out all right, as it was a very important occasion to them to have the missionaries who were working for the Lord come to dinner in their humble home. However, their prayers were answered. When the meal was over and everyone had had more than enough to eat, there was still food left over. Emily and Laura felt that this was an answer to their prayers and was a real testimony to them.

They all had a wonderful evening together after the meal, reading and studying from the Books of our Lord. Then the President and his friend continued on their journey, visiting the other mission branches in Australia.

In the year 1912 Emily left Adelaide, South Australia, for Sydney, in a small ship. There, at Sydney she boarded the "Makura" and sailed for the United States of America. She was about 72 years of age at the time. She went directly to Newton, Utah, to the home of her daughter Laura, who had preceded her to Utah by about eight months.

On the 3rd of October 1912 Emily was privileged to go to the Salt Lake Temple with Sophia Eliason, a family friend, and there she received her



This photo was taken shortly before they left Australia for America (1911). Clockwise from left: Emily Hales Duncan Weakley, Laura's adopted daughter, Dorothea Tatfield, Laura Zulene Weakley Sloan, and Laura's son, Kenneth Albert Sloan.



Newton, Cache County, Utah

endowments. After that day she did a great deal of work in the Logan Temple for her relatives and others who had passed away. She moved from Laura's home to a small room near the Logan Temple. She walked up the hill every day and attended three sessions until she was about 88 years old.

Emily Hales Duncan passed away at 92 years of age, on the 23rd of March 1932 in Logan, Cache County, Utah, and was buried the 31st of March 1932 at Lewiston, Cache County, Utah, in the family plot of Hyrum Karren to whom she had been sealed the 10th of August 1928.



This is Laura's home in Newton where Emily first stayed after arriving from Australia.

237	{ John Shaw
238	{ Mrs Mary Shaw
239	John Shaw
240	Grizel Mary "
241	Henry James "
242	Alex. Dederich "
243	Margaret "

2 Dec 1924	-	2 July 1925	"	22 July 1925
27 May 1924	-	31 July 1924	"	" "
2 Dec 1924	-	5 July 1925	-	31 July 1925
27 May 1924	-	1 Aug 1924	-	" "
2 Dec 1924	-	8 July 1925	-	31 July 1925
27 May 1924	-	6 Aug 1924	"	" "

Samples of Emily's handwriting taken from a temple record book she kept.



Emily's last residence was a basement apartment in Logan, Utah. In the top photo, her entrance is seen on the right of the building. The bottom photo shows the entry stairwell.



Last picture of Emily Hales Duncan, taken shortly before her death. Note her handworked collar.



Laura Zulieme Weakley Sloan

Highlights of her life as told to me by her, — Beula Naomi George



Adelaide, South Australia

Laura Zulieme Weakley was born 9 July 1879 in Adelaide, South Australia, the 7th child of William Rooke Weakley and Emily Hales Duncan. William Rooke Weakley, her father, was born in Devonport, Devon., England, the son of William Weakley and Amelia Rooke. William Weakley, Laura's grandfather, was said to be a life guardsman to Queen Victoria and was killed accidentally while watching a duel between two Dons while on vacation in Spain.

Laura's mother, Emily Hales Duncan, was born in Gravesend, Kent, England, the eighth child of John Hales Duncan and Mary Ann Shaw, who were also born in Gravesend, Kent, England (see photos on page 2). Tradition says that Sir Matthew Hales, Emily's Great-uncle, was Queen Victoria's Attorney at law or Barrister as they were called. ("Sir" in front of his name means he was knighted by the Queen.)

Laura's brothers and sisters were: William Duncan Weakley, Sydney Arthur Weakley, Frederick Alexander Weakley, Emma Amelia Weakley, James Duncan Weakley, Mary Ethel Weakley, Robbie Stewart McAlister Weakley and Percy Temple Weakley (see photos on page 6).

As Laura was a very quiet child she always preferred to play indoors and alone, or to spend her time following her mother around trying to help her. Her mother was continually giving her a jump rope and sending her outdoors to play because she needed the fresh air as she was quite sickly. She learned to sew while very young and loved to make doll clothes. When she was only ten years old she won a sewing contest by dressing a doll like "Little Red Riding Hood."

One of Laura's brothers, James Duncan Weakley, who was six years older than she, was very fond of birds and dogs, always begging to let a stray dog stay at their home. He had many beautiful different kinds of pigeons. They would fly on his shoulders and head when he went out to feed them. Laura remembered him as always being very kind to everyone and as having a beautiful singing voice. One Saturday afternoon he went to collect the money

for the newspapers, which he delivered. He had a boy friend with him and they ate some green almonds, after which he became very ill and died the following Tuesday—one week before he would have been thirteen years old. Laura and her mother had sat up with him all night long and it always stayed in Laura's memory that just before he passed away he asked his mother, Emily, "couldn't she see the beautiful shining lights at the foot of the bed." That was her first experience with death and she always remembered how carefully her mother took care of everything. It took her mother a long time to get over the death of this son as everyone loved him so much and she had always been so proud that she had nine children and they were all living. This all left a deep impression on Laura as she was only about six years old at the time.

When Laura first went to school she was seven years old, the age they commenced school at that time in Australia. The nearest school was a Roman Catholic school and although they were Protestants, her older sister Mary and she went there. Instead of playing with the other children at recess Laura used to sit with the Sister in charge of the playgrounds, Sister Albera. As she was very impressionable she learned the Rosary and said she wanted to be a Nun some day. Later when they moved away from that suburb of Adelaide, Laura and Mary attended public school.

After the death of her beloved son, James Duncan Weakley, Laura's Mother became very dissatisfied with the Church they were attending and began to go from one church to another, trying to find something better. She was looking for something, but she didn't know just what. But Laura and her two younger brothers, Robbie and Percy, went to St. Mary Magdalene Church of England. Laura played for Sunday School on an organ that you pumped with your feet. Her youngest brother, Percy, was the soprano soloist and the three children all sang in the Church Choir. After they had learned the Catechism and parts of the Bible they were confirmed in that Church and kept going there for several years.

Later when Laura was sixteen years old she took music lessons from a Music Master who was a Roman Catholic. She used to go sometimes to hear him play the pipe organ as he was the organist of that particular Catholic Cathedral. He gave her a Rosary and a Prayer Book and told her to hide it and not tell her mother or anyone else that she had it. One day Laura's Mother found them and wanted to know where she had got them. When she was told she was so hurt that Laura decided to stop the music lessons and not see the Music Master any more, as she loved her mother too much to hurt her. Laura had almost decided to become a Catholic, before her mother found the Rosary and Prayer Book. However, the two of them sat down and read in the Prayer Book what a person had to do to become a Catholic, as follows: "Everyone who is not a Catholic is a heretic and he must do the following in order to join the Catholic Church. First he must go to the Holy Father and he would put saliva on his fingers and put it on your eyes so that you would be blind to everything but Catholicism, in your ears that you would be deaf to everything but Catholicism, and that he would breathe into your mouth the breath of life." Needless to say they were both so disgusted



Laura at 17 years of age.

that they decided to remain Protestants.

While Laura was in her late teens she learned the millinery trade and worked in a big millinery factory in Adelaide. It was here that she learned the art of making the beautiful baby bonnets and hats of all kinds that she always made as gifts or for us children to wear.

When Laura was a young lady she went to stay on a Sheep Station for a vacation. (Mother said this was like a big ranch here.) It was called Taratap in Kingston and was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Tapfield, who were friends of Laura's Mother. Mrs. Tapfield's second son, Arthur, and Laura fell in love and planned to be married. She, being a city girl, had never been on a horse and wanted to learn how to ride. So she asked to be allowed to ride a horse. Arthur's younger brother, Eric, put a sidesaddle on the quietest horse they owned. It had to be a sidesaddle as ladies didn't ride astride in those days. So, when the horse was all ready, away they went. But instead of going to the flat where there were no obstacles such as trees, etc., they went out on the sheep trail where there were lots of Eucalyptus trees. They separated the sheep by putting them in different sections. Each two miles was a section and a section gate.

Laura and Eric rode a long distance without any difficulty. Then it began to rain and they turned around to go home. Darky, the horse Laura was riding decided he wanted to get back in a hurry. So he galloped off with her, leaving Eric far behind. He only stopped at each section gate to wait for Eric to open the gate and then off he would gallop again as fast as he could go. When they arrived back at the house, the folks were all waiting at the gate. They thought that Laura and Eric must have had an accident because they had been gone so long. Laura said no, that they had had no trouble - that she hadn't even been off Darky. However, she had frightened Eric badly. Her straw hat was hanging around her neck and her hair, which was always so well kept, had all tumbled down around her shoulders as the horse galloped away. Eric said that every time she lifted in the saddle he thought she would hang by her hair in the trees.

Laura asked him not to say anything to the others about it, as she did not want to cause trouble. But at supper Eric was so quiet that they knew something was wrong. So after all the questions they could stand, they told the others about the ride. Of course Eric's parents said that Laura could not ride again unless Arthur or some of the older ones went with her. Of course Arthur took her riding quite frequently after that.

Soon after this Arthur and Laura were engaged. When her vacation was over and Laura left the Sheep Station for home their wedding plans were all made. They planned to be married in a few weeks and they even had their home built. Everything was ready for the wedding, and Laura was looking forward to the day when Arthur would come to the city to take her back to Taratap for the wedding.

The Sunday before Arthur was to go to the city of Adelaide to bring Laura back he was cleaning his gun and it exploded in his hands. Arthur died a few minutes later. His father sent a telegram to Laura and she and her brothers, Fred and Robbie, left the next morning by train, arriving at Taratap



Arthur Tapfield and Laura were engaged to be married. Instead, he died as he was cleaning his gun. It's likely that she never completely got over it, as she wore their engagement ring on the little finger of her left hand until she died. The ring (pictured below) is now in the possession of her granddaughter, Geraldine Ball.





Parachilna, 300 miles north of Adelaide.



Laura and her husband, Albert Henry Sloan.



Laura and Albert adopted Dorothea Tapfield as the beginning of their family.

late the next night. Arthur's funeral was held on the day previously scheduled for their wedding at the graveyard seventeen miles from the Tapfield home. Horses drew the hearse and buggy slowly walking the entire seventeen miles.

After the funeral Laura and her brothers stayed on a few days, but she just couldn't believe he was dead and kept expecting to see him come walking in any minute. When they did go home Laura had a nervous breakdown and was ill for quite a long time. The doctor suggested that she travel awhile to help her get over her nervous condition. So she became a traveling companion to a young married lady who wanted companionship while traveling. It was while on one of these tours that she met her future husband, Albert Henry Sloan, who was a wealthy man in his own right.

When she first met Albert, Laura was not completely over her feelings for Arthur, even though he had been dead for quite some time. So when Albert brought her a lovely bouquet of flowers she did not wish to accept them. However the young married lady with whom she was traveling persuaded her to accept the bouquet so as not to hurt the young man's feelings.

Albert fell deeply in love with Laura, but being a patient man he did not rush her. Instead he brought her many lovely gifts of beautiful flowers, candy and fruit. About three years after Arthur's death Albert and Laura were married, the 3rd of December 1906 at Adelaide, South Australia.

As previously stated Laura was a city girl. Except for her recent travels and a few short vacations she had lived in Adelaide all of her life. Now the young couple moved to Parachilna which was about 300 miles away from Adelaide. They took with them a little girl named Dorothea Tapfield, whom my Mother and Father loved very much and adopted as the beginning of their family. Laura's Mother, Emily, had been taking care of her until this time. Dorothea was a little over six years of age when Laura and Albert were married. She still remembers the beautiful furniture which Albert bought and had delivered from the big department store (John Martin's Company, Hundle St., Adelaide) to their home in Parachilna. It was sent by train and when delivered caused quite a wave of excitement among the people living in this little town. It was a little mining town and they had never seen the like before this.

A short time after Mother and Dad had moved away from Adelaide the Latter-day Saint missionaries were tracting in my Grandmother's district in the city. She took the tracts and became very interested in the Church. She bought the Book of Mormon and when the Elders told her about the Pre-existence and showed her where to find the teachings about it in the Bible she was convinced that this was the Church for which she had been searching. From then on she attended the meetings. Soon after she was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

About a year after Laura's marriage her first child, a little girl, was born. She was born prematurely and only lived a short time. She was named Muriel Sloan.

Shortly after this sad experience Laura returned to her Mother's home for a short vacation. Here she learned about her Mother's baptism and confirmation into the Latter-day Saint Church. She attended the meetings with

her Mother and played the little collapsible organ for them.

At one of these meetings the following incident took place and is related in my Mother's words: "one evening, on the street corner, where the Elders held the Sunday evening meeting, a man came riding his bicycle into the middle of the Elders' group. He started talking very loudly over the Elders' voices, saying not to listen, that what the Elders were saying was all lies. He said that what happened in the Temple was disgraceful—that one of the members of the Church who had apostatized told him about it. A few minutes later, he said he knew because he had been in the Temple. I stepped off the sidewalk and called his attention to what he had just said. He said I was one of the 'damned Mormons'. I wasn't, so I told him so. Then an old Scotch lady came in front of him and told him, he was all gab and goots (meaning guts) like an old crow and that he had better move on. From then on the crowd gathered and ran him and his bike out of the way. Then the Elders sang, 'O My Father' and it gathered a very large crowd and they preached a wonderful sermon on different parts of the gospel. After the meeting was finished Elder Reese (from Trenton, Utah), President of the Conference, came up to me and said, 'Sister Sloan, you are a Mormon and don't know it.'"



Kenneth Albert Sloan.

My brother, Kenneth Albert Sloan, was born on the 10 April 1908 and one month after his birth, 14 May 1908, Mother was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Elders baptized the folks in the ocean. The bathhouses where they changed clothes were about one mile out from the beach. Elder Hall baptized Mother and as he finished a great wave washed them apart. The other missionaries threw a rope towards them to help them get back to shore. They both could swim and Elder Hall soon came to Mother to help her. They both got back to the bathhouse safely. The other missionaries and members who were there were praying that they would get back safely. This incident remained in the minds of the people who were at the baptism and years later when Mother and I were trying to find someone to help us with our Genealogy in Australia a lady wrote to us who had been in attendance at the meeting. Her name was Sister Daisy May Humphery. We had written to the President of the Australian Mission asking for assistance with our Genealogy. He answered our letter and told us that this lady remembered the name "Laura Sloan" and wondered if it was the same one who had been swept out to sea as she was being baptized. At the time that Mother was baptized this lady was just a young girl.

It was about at this time that my Mother and Father moved to Wirrabara Forest (approximately halfway between Adelaide and Parachilna) where Dad was working. My Uncle Gordon and cousin Laura have written to me and tell me that the little house that Mother and Dad lived in is still there and in good condition. They say it is still the same except for a little sleep-room which has been added on. Also someone still lives in it and takes care of it. My sister, Dorothea, had to walk three miles to school through the forest. She saw many frilled lizards while on the way to school and sometimes snakes would come up through holes in the floor of the school and scare her to pieces.

One day while Mother and Dad still lived in Wirrabara Forest some mis-

sionaries from Adelaide arrived on an assignment without purse or script. They were dreadfully tired and their feet were sore and swollen from walking so far. Laura and Albert gave them their bedroom and they stayed with them and rested for a week. Mother said it was a wonderful experience and a surprise. They enjoyed their company very much. There were no Latter-day Saint Church members anywhere near there—in fact their next-door neighbor lived one mile away.

It was very lonesome and soon after that Laura (my Mother) and the children went back to Adelaide. She said it was simply grand to be back with the members of the Church and the missionaries, where they could go to meetings again. They would start for meetings quite early Sunday mornings, take lunch and then stay all day. They enjoyed every minute of their Sundays. Albert had to return to Wirrabara Forest to finish his contract with the Railroad Company, but Laura and the children remained in Adelaide and her Mother, Emily, also lived with them.

Sometime after this the little family lived in a suburb of Adelaide called Hackney. While living here my Mother and Grandmother invited the missionaries out to dinner. It was several miles from the mission home. There were only four Elders at the mission home at that time. My Mother and Grandmother had prepared a fish dinner for the Elders which they usually enjoyed very much. However, when they arrived they had brought the new Australian Mission President with them and he had brought a companion from the ship. As my Mother and Grandmother saw the extra gentlemen arriving they were panic stricken as they were sure there was not enough food. But they prayed that everything would work out all right, as it was a very important occasion to them to have the missionaries who were working for the Lord come to dinner in their humble home. However, their prayers were answered. When the meal was over and everyone had had more than enough to eat, there was still food left over. My Mother and Grandmother felt that this was an answer to their prayers and was a real testimony to them.

They all had a wonderful evening together after the meal, reading and studying from the Books of our Lord. Then the President and his friend continued on their journey, visiting the other mission branches in Australia.

One very hot summer morning, while my brother Kenneth was very small Mother put him out in the garden under the fruit trees to play, with Dorothea to watch and play with him. While playing he fell off a box. When Mother heard Dorothea call she went out and Kenneth was laying limp and unconscious. He was still in his nightclothes. The only thing Mother could think of was to get him to the Elders so they could administer to him. She didn't even think of a doctor, but put a coat over his night clothes and left immediately. She caught a streetcar and went as far as she could ride, but still had a long way to walk at the end of the ride. All this time Kenneth's condition had not changed. He was not even able to hold up his head and still seemed to be unconscious. Mother kept praying all the way to the mission home. When she arrived the Elders took him in their arms. One of them, Elder Bellnap from Mesa, Arizona, had always been very fond of Kenneth and called him the pet name "Doggie" because he would butt his head



Laura at 32 years old.

against him. When Mother told them what had happened and asked them to administer to Kenneth they went ahead with the prayer. The first time he did not change at all, but they administered to him again and another Elder sealed the anointing and Kenneth completely revived and never had any further trouble. In fact he was a very active little boy and quite mischievous at times. Mother always believed that Kenneth's neck was really broken and she knew that he was saved through the power of the Priesthood.

From the time that Mother heard of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints she was helpful, serving in the Church as she was needed. In the Adelaide, South Australian Conference she served as organist before she even joined the Church and continued to play the organ for them until she left for Utah.

On the 9 Nov. 1911 my Mother and Father, Dorothea and Kenneth left Adelaide, going first to Sydney, where they boarded the H. M. S. Makura (see photo on page 8). On the 12 Nov. 1911 they sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, arriving in Vancouver the 10 Dec. 1911 in the middle of a snowstorm. They went directly to Newton, Utah, going through snow all the way. They reached their destination the 15th of Dec. 1911. This was the first time any of them had ever seen snow and they thought it was the most beautiful sight they had ever seen.

While on board the ship Mother had an interesting experience. The missionaries who were sailing home on the same ship as Mother and Dad had warned Mother that the ship's officials would probably ask her if she believed in polygamy as they knew she had joined the "Mormon" Church. The missionaries told her to be careful how she answered, for if she said "yes" they would probably send her back to the nearest port of call. So, sure enough, she was called up on deck in front of the ship's officials, the customs officers and all the passengers. They proceeded to question her and finally got around to the question of polygamy. They asked her if she believed in polygamy. Now after what the Elders had said she thought deeply before answering and prayed that she might answer correctly. Then she looked around at the sea of faces and said very quietly, "If the Lord wants my husband to take fifty wives and he can support them, he can have them for all of me." The men thought this was quite a joke and in laughing over it forgot to question her any more. So she was allowed to go ashore.

After Dad and Mother and their little family arrived in Utah they lived for a time in Newton, Cache County (photo of their home in Newton is on page 9). There Mother served as organist for the Cache Valley Ward. She also played for the Sunday School and for Relief Society and taught a Sunday School class.

Sometime later the little family moved to Logan, Cache County, Utah, where Mother again served as organist, Sunday School teacher, Sunday School organist and 1st Counselor in the M.I.A. (Mutual Improvement Association, youth organization in the LDS Church.) It was in Logan that her last two children were born: Beula Naomi Sloan on the 20th of October 1914 and Murielle Emilie Sloan on the 28th of June 1917. They were both very small babies, Beula weighing only 4 1/2 pounds at birth and Murielle,



Newton, Cache County, Utah



Laura's house in Logan (625 East 2nd North), Cache County, Utah, where Beula Naomi and Murielle Emilie were born.



Beula Naomi Sloan.



Murielle Emilie Sloan.

5th of August 1917 by Bishop N. P. Johnson.

While living at Logan Mother felt that she needed and would like to have a piano in our home. So as not to place any more burdens on my Father she gave piano lessons to pay for the piano. She also had her own garden where she raised vegetables for the table and strawberries. Wherever Mother lived she always had a beautiful flower garden. Mother also taught Dorothea and Kenneth to play the piano along with her other students.

When Kenneth was eight years of age, on the 6th of May 1916 he was baptized a member of the Church. My Grandmother had been working in the Logan Temple doing work for the dead and so when Kenneth was baptized she took him along with her to the Temple to be baptized for the dead. From the day he was baptized, 6th of May 1916 until August 1919, he was baptized for 5,072 souls who had passed on. Upon one of these occasions while being baptized for sixty people, he had a vision, given in his own words as follows:

"While I was being baptized on third of July 1917, I saw a white room filled with people over eight years old, many of them very old. All were men and boys, all dressed in white. At the door stood a man like the Saviour. The people looked sad. As I was confirmed the one at the door seemed to be calling to someone inside. They all came eagerly to the door and one would come smiling out of the door. That was repeated for some time, until I had been baptized and confirmed for about fifteen people. While under the water it seemed brighter than the sunlight. It dazzled my eyes; but all was clear when I saw what I have told. By this I know the gospel is true."



Kenneth, Naomi, and Murielle



Last pictures of Laura.



Kapunda, South Australia



Henry Sloan, Albert's father.



Albert Henry Sloan

Highlights in the life of my Father—By Beula Naomi George

My father, Albert Henry Sloan, was born the 15 Dec. 1874, in Allens Creek, near Kapunda, in the Province of South Australia, Australia. His Father was Henry Sloan, who was born in Liverpool, England, in 1844, and came to Australia in the ship, Barque-Contest, in 1863, at the age of 19 years. The ship was commanded by Capt. W. H. Leighton and arrived in South Australian waters on 9 Nov. 1863. My Father's mother was Eliza Maria Staker, who had been born in Australia of pioneer parents. My Father's Father and Mother were married by the Rev. Bennett on 7 Sept. 1866 in Kapunda and settled in the District of Laura to raise their family.

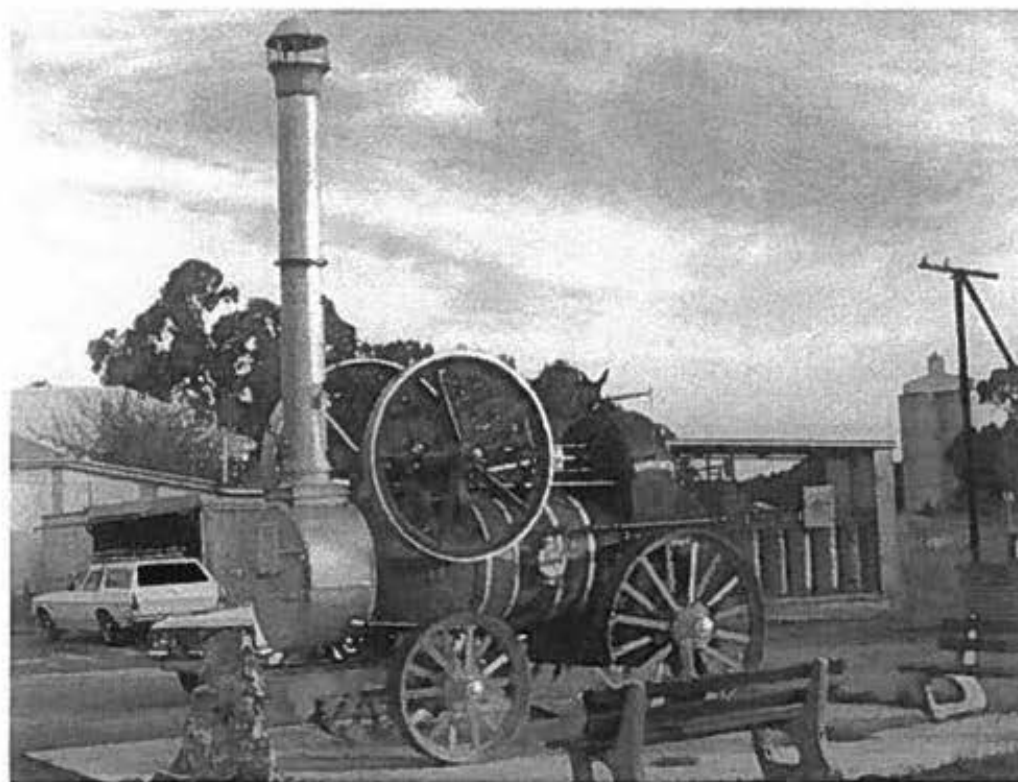
There were eight children in the family, with my Father having two older brothers, three younger brothers, and two younger sisters. At the time that my Father was born his parents were farming folk in Allens' Creek, near Kapunda. They moved about to several other of the small towns in that vicinity while they were getting their little family started. Dad's Father rented 640 acres of land and used it for crops and sometimes had two or three cows which the boys milked and cared for.

Later on as my Father's Father grew in proficiency he leased what was known as a "Working Man's Block" for 21 years. This was done with the understanding that at the end of the 21 years a given price was to be paid for it, which price had been decided upon at the time the lease was taken up with the government. A "Working Man's Block" consisted of ten acres. This is how Dad's Father became the owner of the land at Laura, South Australia, where most of the family was raised and some of them lived until 1965. It was here that he became what is known as a "Gardener" in that country, growing in proficiency until he became a horticulturist of some note. He was very successful at crossing different varieties of fruits and developing them into larger, better fruit. His samples of fruits always took first prizes at the fairs.

Dad's Mother's folks also bequeathed some land to her from the Staker farms, which she sold and bought more land adjacent to her husband's

property to help with their family.

Dad started school when he was about seven or eight years of age and attended a little school at Stone Hut, walking about four miles to school, zigzagging in and out around other farmers' fenced land. They had three weeks' vacation at Christmas time each year. However, whenever the farmers needed help on their land they took their children out of school to help them. So the children really didn't get much time in school. My father never attended school after he was eleven years of age and yet he could write very nicely—much better than most of the young people of today. He could always read very well—better than most of the high-school students of today and was always able to do any necessary mathematics in his head before others could work the same problems out on paper.



This is a steam engine used for cutting wood. Albert Sloan and his brother, Gordon (who was twelve years old at the time), drove this with a team of horses on a very dangerous trip to Port Pirie. Albert drove the team and Gordon was the brakeman.

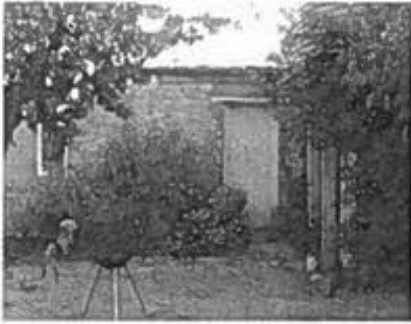
It was found and restored to serve as a monument in Wirrabara honoring the pioneers. The monument plaque reads: A tribute to the fortitude and courage of the pioneer settlers of the district. 1974.

While my father was still quite young he worked out away from home—especially during harvest times, helping neighboring farmers—for which he received his food. However, he always told his father he would help him any time he needed him.

After my father was grown he continued to work for his father and on the neighbors' farms for a while. Later he began freighting on the road. At this time he owned twelve big beautiful Sheffield horses, which he divided into two teams, driving one team of six while resting the other. With these horses he used an English wagon with which to pick up freight from the ships in port and take to various merchants or storekeepers. Then he would pick up wheat or

other goods from the farms and freight it back to the ships. The trips took a day each way, as it was at least 24 miles each way and over dirt or mud roads or trails. He had to sign up for each load when he picked it up and be entirely responsible for its arrival.

In some of the letters, which my Uncle Gordon wrote to me, he stated that my Father (his brother) was noted for the beautiful horses, which he owned, and for his superb horsemanship. He said that my father cared for his horses as if they were human beings, and always kept the stables scrubbed and cleaned to perfection.



Albert and Laura's first house in Parachilna.

My father married Laura Zulieme Weakley the 3 Dec. 1906 in Adelaide, South Australia (see photo on page 15). At this time he was working at Parachilna hauling coke to the Blynman mine, where they mined copper. The young couple moved to Parachilna, which was about 300 miles from Adelaide. They took with them a little girl named Dorothea Tapfield, whom my Mother and Father loved very much and adopted as the beginning of their family. My grandmother had been taking care of her until this time.

My sister, Dorothea, tells me that she still remembers how my Father came courting my Mother, bringing her the most beautiful gifts that she (Dorothea) had ever seen; beautiful handkerchiefs, flowers, boxes of candy, and then a lovely ring. Dorothea was a little over six years of age when they were married and she went to live with them as their adopted daughter. She also still remembers seeing the loads of beautiful furniture that my Father bought from the big department store (John Martin's Company, Rundle St., Adelaide) and had delivered to their house in Parachilna. It was sent by train by the store. Dorothea says my Mother had everything she ever wanted to make a beautiful home and people would come from all around to see her home.

Sometime later my Father leased a butcher shop and bought out a wholesale butchering business at Parachilna with a down payment of approximately \$750.00. He also hired another butcher and four other men to help him, as he had to leave now and then to purchase cattle for the business. My sister Dorothea also remembers trainloads of one hundred sheep coming into Parachilna for my Dad's butcher shop.

Soon after purchasing the business, while my Father was away, a Mohammeden who was a customer of my Father's came into the house to get his bill and started to complain about his bill. He said that he hadn't used that much meat and just at that minute my father came in and heard him use some words that he did not like in front of my Mother. Neither did he like his honesty being questioned. My Mother told me that this was one of the very few times that she ever saw my Father get angry when he was a young man. He was so furious with the Mohammeden for daring to come up to the house when he was not there and also for the language he was using in front of my mother that he hit him in the jaw with his fist and ran him off, knocking off his turban, which is a terrible thing to a Mohammeden. My Mother said he never came back to the house again but paid his bill for the correct amount and continued to deal with my Father.

While at Parachilna my Dad also owned a pig farm where he was raising ninety pigs. They stayed on here for a couple of years. However this was a mining town and when the mine played out there was no more business.

My Father had kept his teams and wagons and was still freighting a little on the side. So, when the mine played out they moved to Wirrabara Forest where Dad was freighting lumber out for railroad ties. This was called "Bushwacking" which is the same as lumber logging.

Dad and Mother had had a little baby girl, born prematurely, on July 3, 1907 in Adelaide, South Australia. They named her Muriel Sloan, but she only lived a few days. Now, after leaving Wirrabara Forest, they moved to

Little Gilbert Street in Adelaide. It was here in the hospital—called “sanatorium”—just around the corner from their home that my brother, Kenneth Albert Sloan, was born on April 10, 1908.

It was during this period of time that my Mother heard about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, because it was just a little way from their home that the Elders held their street meetings—on Groto Street, Adelaide—on Sunday evenings. My Mother had to get permission from my Father to join the Church, but he, being a very obliging man, said to go ahead, that it was all right with him. After Mother joined the Church she wanted to come to America. Again my Father said he agreed, as he had always wanted to come to America, even though he did not join the Church. So on the 9 Nov. 1911 the little family left Adelaide, going first to Sydney, where they boarded the H. M. S. Makura. (A photo taken shortly before their departure from Australia is on page 8.) On the 12 Nov. 1911 they sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, arriving in Vancouver the 10 Dec. 1911. My sister Dorothea was about 12 years old and Kenneth was three years of age. This was the first time any of them had seen snow and they thought it was the most beautiful sight they had ever seen — as they arrived in the middle of a snowstorm. They went directly to Newton, Utah, going through snow all the way. They reached their destination the 15 Dec. 1911, where they soon purchased a little home and lived for about two years.

Dad got a job working for the Union Pacific (Oregon Shortline) at Cash Junction. In about 1913 they sold their little home at Newton and purchased another at Logan, Utah. It was here that I was born the 20 Oct. 1914 and was named Beula Naomi Sloan. I was born in the middle of an early snowstorm which froze up everything making it difficult to reach the doctor. However my Grandmother Weakley had come to stay with the family so she could help out. As she had been a midwife she knew exactly what to do until the doctor arrived.

It was also in this house at Logan, Utah, that my sister, Murielle Emily Sloan was born on 28th June 1917, weighing only three pounds. Again it was my Grandmother Weakley that saved the day, taking over and actually saving my sister's life, as the umbilical cord was caught around her throat and hands and had to be unwrapped before she could be born.

When I was about four or five years of age the family moved from Logan to Salt Lake City, living in the southeast part of the city known as Highland Park. Dad still continued to work for the railroad until the strike in 1922, when he got a job with the Apex Mining Co. at Bingham, Utah, working as a shift boss in the mill where they separated the ore. He was always a good worker and well liked wherever he went both by the employees and the employers.

My earliest recollections of my Father were the happy occasions when he would come home for the weekends. He would take Murielle and me on long walks in and around Highland Park and into Sugar House. There were only a few homes around and we thoroughly enjoyed skipping along at his side, seeing the wild flowers and listening to the birds. Our walks would almost always take us to a little bakery where he would buy some cookies or other



Albert while working at one of the mines.

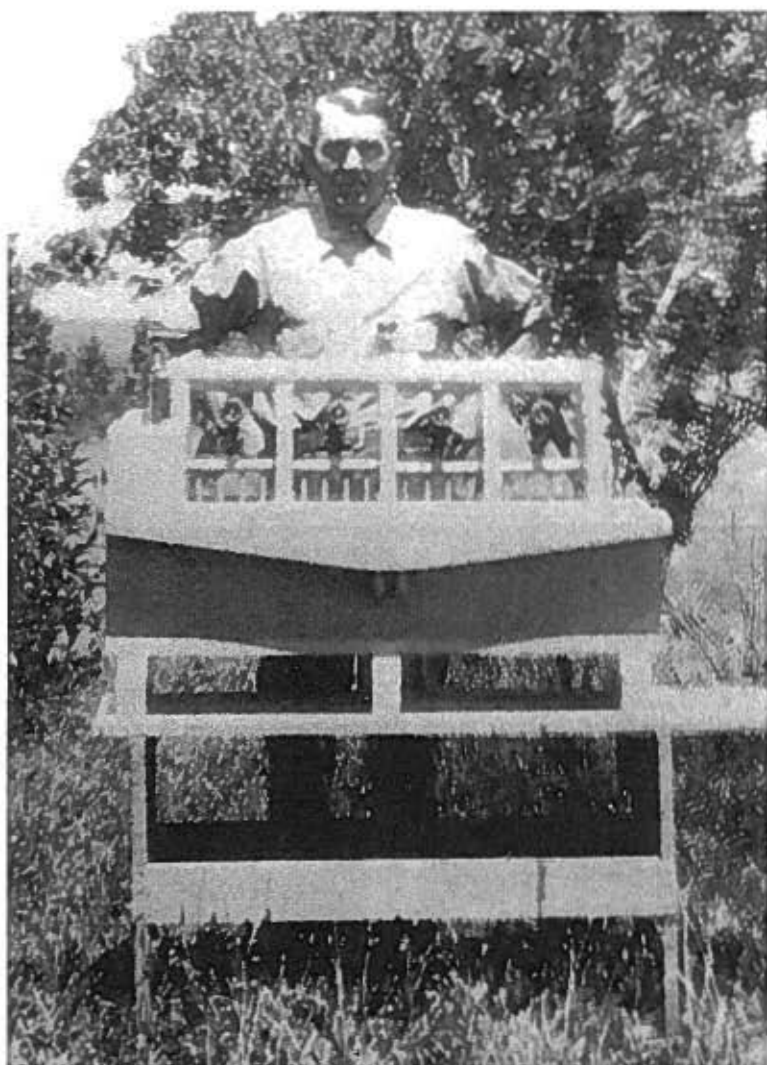
delicious treats for us to eat on our walk back home. He would always purchase some bread or pound cake because he knew how Mother loved them. I can still smell delicious fragrances that came from that bakery.

Around the time of the Railroad Strike the family again moved, this time closer into the City of Salt Lake, first into a place which we rented north of North Temple St. and later to #31 Van Buren Ave, which Dad and Mother purchased. It was here that we were living when the depression hit in 1928 and it became so difficult to keep a job or get a new job. So my Father went to the Boulder Dam to seek employment. There he fell ill with Typhoid Fever and lay sick for two months with no one to care for him. When we did not hear from him in such a long time we were all very worried. My Father had never before let a week go by without letting Mother know how he was doing. Mother knew that something must be wrong. She knew that he would send money if he had any to care for his family as he always took his responsibilities seriously. He was later to tell us that a man he met at Boulder Dam helped him for a few days and said he would let Mother know where my Dad was and what was wrong—which he never did. When Dad finally was able to return home after this illness he was still very weak and unable to do very

much. We were all so happy to have him back after all our fears that we tried to help as much as we could. Mother had procured a job ironing clothes in a laundry when she didn't hear from him in such a long time. This she continued for a while and gradually Dad was able to obtain a little work around the city for that winter, working part of the time for Bishop Stewart who owned a coal yard.

A little later Dad got a job working for the St. Joseph Lead Company in Sheepbranch, California, near Stockton. There he worked for some years. As Murielle and I were both married by this time Mother spent most of her time with Dad at Sheepbranch, Calif., visiting us for short vacations from time to time.

While working for the St. Joseph Lead Company my Father invented a machine to take the gold out of rock. It would also work to take lead out of rock. All the men who worked in the mill with Dad thought that he had a really good thing and they were all willing to back him to get it started. However he was unable to patent it because by the time he had it ready World War II broke out and we were taken off the gold standard. St. Joseph Lead Company was forced to close down it's mines. My Father then moved to Oregon where he worked for another mining company for about a year.



Albert and his invention that could take gold and lead out of rock.



Last pictures of Albert.

When Harold Lyons, my first husband, was killed in an industrial accident my Mother came to live with me and help me through these trying times. My Dad came a little later and was able to get a job with the California Stucco Company, where Harry, Murielle's husband worked. They stayed on with me until I moved from Lynwood to South Gate at which time they rented a little house on San Luis Ave. From there my parents could come and go to my house on Duane Way as they chose. My Father continued to help me with the yard work and in every way he could, as did my Mother.

A short time after I remarried my Dad's brother Fred passed away in Australia and left Dad some money which he used to purchase a little house on Virginia Ave. in South Gate. Together they fixed it up and painted it and made it into a beautiful home which all their neighbors and friends admired—with a beautiful lawn and lovely flower gardens. Here they lived and Dad continued to work for the California Stucco Co. until he became ill with prostate gland trouble, for which he had surgery. After his recuperation he returned to work for a short time but found that he did not feel well enough to continue. So he retired from work and he and Mother lived on his Social Security. Never being a lazy man he always found plenty to keep him busy caring for their home and yard.

Mother and Dad lived on Virginia Ave. in South Gate until Mother had a serious coronary which left her very weak. The doctor did not think it was wise for my parents to live alone after this as he felt they needed someone to care for them. So Harry and Murielle took them into their home in Downey where my Mother partially recuperated from her illness and my Father helped with the yard work. Their home in South Gate was sold to help with the expenses of their illnesses and to build a little place in back of Harry's home which they could call their own. They were both very proud and as long as they lived they continued to pay their own way and their Social Security money was stretched to meet their needs.

After my Mother passed away on the 3rd of September 1959 my Dad's health continued to fail until he passed away on the 12th of April 1965.

Although my Father did not attend Church regularly and never became a member of the L.D.S. Church, it must be said of him that he was a true Christian, for he always lived the way he believed he should. He was honest in every way and deed, going beyond the call of duty in all his efforts. He was a God-fearing man and lived the Ten Commandments in their entirety. He was true to my Mother, as she was to him, from the day they met until their deaths. He always loved animals, as they did him, and could not tolerate the sight of one uncared for or hurt. He was a quiet man and never demonstrative with a quiet sense of humor. He always fulfilled his responsibilities and obligations.

Indeed it can be said, "He was a righteous man and loved by all who knew him."

Timeline

This timeline shows key dates in the lives of Emily, Laura, and Albert, and contemporary events that were occurring elsewhere in the world (some events were important and others trivial).

John Hales Duncan born.	1804	Napoleon is proclaimed emperor.	Laura starts school.	1898
Mary Ann Shaw born.	1807	London tightens it's streets with gas.		1888 Jack the Ripper commits murders in London.
	1812	Napoleon is defeated at Waterloo.		
			Laura takes music lessons at age 16.	1895
				1896 First modern Olympics held in Athens, Greece.
			Arthur Tapfield, Laura's fiancé, dies.	1901 Australian colonies federated as states of the Commonwealth of Australia, Edmund Barton first Prime Minister.
John and Mary are married.	1825	Beethoven's 9th Symphony is first performed in England.	Albert and Laura get married, Emily is baptized into the LDS church.	1903
			Kenneth is born and Laura is baptized at age 29.	1908 Kellogg's Corn Flakes invented.
				1908 Cellophane invented.
	1830	William IV becomes King of Great Britain.	Albert & Laura sail to America. Emily sails to America.	1911
			Beula Naomi is born.	1912 The Titanic sinks.
	1834	Colony of South Australia is established.		1914 1914 to 1918-World War I.
	1837	King William IV dies and Victoria becomes Queen of Great Britain.	Murielle is born.	1917
Emily Hales Duncan born.	1840	Queen Victoria marries Prince Albert.	Albert, Laura, and children move to Salt Lake City.	1918
			Albert worked at the Bingham mines.	1920 The 18th amendment (prohibition) takes effect.
				1922 Butterfinger candy bar first appears.
				1923
	1847	First Gold Rush in California.		1927 Charles Lindbergh flies solo, non-stop, from New York to Paris.
			Albert got typhoid fever at Boulder Dam.	1929 1929-Stock market crashes, Great Depression begins.
			Emily Hales Duncan dies.	1932 Franklin Roosevelt elected president.
				1933 Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany.
Mary and children sail to Australia.	1853	Crimean War begins.		1937 The Hindenburg airship explodes.
	1854	Tennyson writes <i>The Charge of the Light Brigade</i> (poem celebrating the Battle of Balaclava).		1939 World War II begins.
Emily marries William Rooke Weakley.	1859			1941 United States enters World War II.
	1901	US Civil War begins.		1945 World War II ends.
	1865	US Civil War ends, Abraham Lincoln is assassinated.		1948 Gandhi is assassinated.
				1950 Korean War begins.
Albert is born.	1874	Jules Verne writes <i>Around the World in 80 Days</i> .		1954 Roger Bannister breaks the 4-minute mile.
	1876	Alexander Graham Bell invents the telephone.		1957 Sputnik, the first satellite, is launched.
Laura is born.	1879		Laura Zullene Weakley Sloan dies.	1959 Alaska and Hawaii become states.
Albert starts school.	1880	1880-World Exhibition is held in Melbourne, Australia.		1960 John F. Kennedy elected president.
				1962 Cuban missile crisis.
				1963 John F. Kennedy is assassinated.
			Albert Henry Sloan dies.	1965 The movie, <i>The Sound of Music</i> , is released.