Ezra Hansen, Son of Nielsen Hansen - Logan Utah, married Mary Nielsen, Nov 18, 1884 in the Logan Temple. - Work and land were scarce, so the news of opportunities in Canada was stirring for the three young Hansen sons - Nielsen, Ezra, and Lyrum. Plans were made for a group to leave their homeland the spring of 1890, by covered wagon, driving their herds. - After weeks of travel, they found this beautiful land of Southern Alberta with productive soil, rolling hills, pure streams, the land cheap, and thousand of acres available. Room for ... Mother writes - It was my choice to come to Canada, and I have never regretted it. After there were some hardships, Ezra came two months before my arrival. I came to Great Falls by train with my two daughters, Violet and Mettie, and infant son Lee. Ezra met me in a covered wagon Sept 2nd, and we drove to our New Country, and log cabin that he had built for us that summer. - It was not so pleasant when my husband would be away, fighting prairie fires and the round up. At these times it was up to me to milk the few cows, feed pigs. It would walk for the cows, but I didn't waste time as I had my knitting with me. One time I was surrounded by wild cattle, I shouted my name at them - they would run about a hundred yards, then come back and stand in a circle with tails straight out. This performance went on for three or four times, each time I got a little nearer home. The children were very good and I never found them crying, although they were scared that the Indians might come. We always had plenty to eat. Ducks and geese were plentiful and fish in the nearby river. My husband was a good hunter and fisherman. I remember one time we had it 60° below zero. The cattle would stand by the air holes in the river while others would push them in. Ezra and Fred Shaw would ride all day trying to keep the cattle away from the river. Let never forget the times when Ezra would go to Lethbridge to sell over butter and return with fresh supplies. Sometimes he would get lost in a blizzard and the horses would stray 20 miles. He would get down and feel which way the grass was lying, to find his way. - The police would come each week to see if we had trouble with Indians or neighbors. I did hate to see the first furrow turned up - making a scare in the beautiful green earth. I loved to see the waving grass.
the flowers and the berry bushes were a beautiful sight.
Later years, we the younger members recall as home the frame house in the center of Acton, or the two story farm house (of many fond memories) beside the St. Mary's River 2 miles south east of Acton. Here the two youngest children Leslie and Glen were born, and all of us including the middle five (James, Mabel, Melva, Ulysses and Joe) learned the principles of living together sharing the modest family income benefits and obtaining a sound basic education at the Acton School. There were many good teachers, of whom the memory of Howard Atwill perhaps remains most indelibly imprinted on our minds.

Family home evenings were almost a seven day a week procedure. Ten meals during school season meant an early breakfast (following church), two lunches at school and a family supper around the large table. Here many basic courtesies and manners were absorbed while sharing the delicious meals prepared by Mother and the girls (no T.V. or radio to distract.) Musical instruments were provided for all who wished to participate in band, orchestra or church music. Mother would sing in the beautifully in her soft voice. Later in her life she became really good in her poetic lines. Every provision was made for the children to attend church. Birthday and holiday celebrations received due consideration. Each one receiving gifts and a special dinner. To celebrate the family as far as possible, went in the old democrat, having all our family in the back. How Mother and Father enjoyed having us participate in the fun - foot races, ball games and speech activities. "Using an old treadle machine and ringer washer, Mother worked tirelessly to make each one of her ten children presentable and neat. Father loved the land, growing crops and healthy Animals. He continually increased his acreage and herds so that his sons would have a start on the land when they became of age. Father was a wizard of the cane fishing pole, "Near miss" in catching fish for most of us was in his teen age "foolishness", as he knew how to "get" the hook when the fish zagged. We enjoyed fish after Dad went fishing. And only after our military and making contact with the community business world, did we fully appreciate the intrinsic qualities of
Poem written by Hazel Emery

Honesty, dependability and good Christian virtues, which had inspired father's reputation upon their minds and works.

We are proud of our parentage and the three who have joined them (Lee Mabel and Nellie). May we who are still here as like they, who await our coming over there, be equally proud of us.

Dust a Pioneer,

I am just a pioneer, landed in the 90's here,
And the trail seemed long to Canada by team.

When I hear the coyote howl, and the howling of the wind;
Then I dream again of my early manhood dreams.

Now I didn't come for gold, just the prairie land to hold;
And my heart was glad on reaching this bread land.

For there's work for every man, all the years that time can span;
Pointing out the glorious future so on the hand.

On the cloudless starry nights I can see the northern lights;
Where I've watched the storm ring tearing from his tower.

I have felt the icy blast, and the glory when it's past;
And I too have known the sunlights' scorching power.

But I love Alberta still, and I feel I always will;
For it gave me, for my loved ones, home and cheer.

And it's out here in the west where I love to think and rest;
And I live again the life I loved so dear.

Yes, I rode the cattle range, when a stranger seemed so strange;
Now the prairies turned to wheat field over all.

And the skies of deepest blue, with sunsets ever new;
Our mountains with Old Chief so proud and tall.