

FLORENCE OLIVE HANNAH (SIMPSON)

This account for Olive has been put together by other family members.



Olive and Mother



Cliff and Olive

I was born at home on February 8th, 1919 to Harold and Florrie Simpson, being the eldest of their three children.

I grew up on the farm during drought-ridden summers and snow-covered, bitter winters.



Olive in floppy
summer hat

From grades one to eight we took the mile and a half trip to the eight-grade country school where we older students often helped the teacher with the younger pupils. Christmas concerts with Santa Claus were especially fun and looked forward to by the entire community. Summer sports' days were also huge events ending with a peanut scramble.

Then came high school. I boarded with my Aunt's family in Battleford in their unreasonably cold home. While there I came down with pneumonia and was carried out on my mattress to Goodspeeds' warmer home. There were no antibiotics to speed the recovery along.

After Grade XII I returned home as there was no money for further education. Then along came my father's Wheat Pool inspector, Howard Ellard who sent money for me to take a business course in Saskatoon. Family of Wheat Pool employees were not allowed to take positions with the company but an exception was made for me and I went to Regina to work there.

When skating in Regina I met Wesley Hannah whom I eventually married and was welcomed into an amazing family. My good friend Joy Ellard thought I was being very forward to let Wes hold my hand on the first time skating.

Our marriage took place from the Ellard home. We were dressing in an upstairs room and Mother exclaimed when she realized everything could be seen under my dress. From Howard, "Well the groom will see what he's getting "and from his wife, Mae, " I could lend you my flannelette nighty", while Mother wildly stated, "It's no laughing matter." We were able to hurry down to the stores, buy a long slip and thus solve the problem.



Wedding



Pat and Rob
(see page below)

Wonderful new brothers and sisters, and our families got together to celebrate holidays and summers and any reason, all of us living in Saskatchewan at that time!! Always playing music and singing together, the Hannah band!!

For several years we lived in Regina from where Wes travelled to sell Fuller Brush products and worked in the family business, Hannah Brothers Implements. Olive also worked there as a secretary. In the 1990s we moved to Wolseley and had our own business, garage and farm implements. During that time we got our children, Pat in Dec. 1950 and Rob in May 1953. From 1955 to 1958 we lived in Prince Albert where Wes trained as a funeral director. We lived on the Saskatchewan River and often went for rides to enjoy the beauty.

We also had a shack tent at Waskasieu for the summers. It is certainly scary when we think about it now, the kids would play in the fog, running behind the sprayer to escape the mosquitoes. We had no idea in those days how so many of the "improvements" of life, were so toxic for our health.

We spent part of a year in Regina, Wes working at Bremner's Funeral Home and I in a government job. Hazel came to live with us to look after Pat and Rob during the day time and help me out. In the summer of 1959 we bought our own funeral business in Indian Head. It was a wonderful community and great place for the kids to grow up. We also had a summer cottage at Katepwa Lake that we shared with Joy (Ellard) and Sandy Bruce and their 5 girls. Always a lot of fun!

In all the communities we lived in we were active members and volunteers; Eastern Star, Masons, Chamber of Commerce, Explorer and CGIT leader, Choirs, and a lot of Church committees. We also square-danced, played bridge and lawn bowled. We enjoyed all these times and the life-long friends we made.

We retired to the Coast in 1975. Now with even more time for volunteering and travelling, I took on the position of the President for the Peace Arch Hospital Auxiliary. We raised money for the many things, but the main project during my time was the Therapeutic Pool at the hospital. Doctors and nurses still recognize me when I see them from my time there.



Everywhere we went we had our music, Wes played violin and I, the piano. Evenings were usually spent playing all the great songs of our times together before bed. When living in White Rock, we created a group called the Hannah Singalongs, with as many as 10 singers joining us when we played in the hospitals, care homes and at various events. Music has always brought much joy to our/my life. I still play piano, until my most recently, a fall broke my shoulder. I plan to play again!

Wes, died in 1998 and I lived in our condo for another 9 years, then a couple years in a Independent Living Retirement Home and now in a condo with my daughter. White Rock is a beautiful place and I feel fortunate to live here. I will be 92 this February and I still love life!!

