

My Wonderful Ancestors

Stories of the Ancestors
of Guinivere Redd Torrie

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Compiled by Guinivere Torrie
with help from members of
the LeRon and Colleen Torrie family

2009

*"I do not want to go back to the past; I want to go back to the past
way of facing the future."*

Ronald Reagan, former President of the United States
Quoted by Elder L. Tom Perry, General Conference, October 2009.



Hello children of a noble birthright! Come with me and meet some of the special folks from whom you sprang. Learn of their lives. Study the enclosed pedigree charts to find how they relate to you. Some day we will meet and live forever with them and our Eternal Father and Mother and our very special Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, in our glorious Celestial Home.

Love, Grandma Guinivere xxxooxxx

Photo taken 10 May 2009

How this book is organized

In order to keep relationships consistent, everything in this book is presented in relation to Guinivere Redd Torrie.

Although pedigree charts go left to right from child back to parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and great-great-grandparents, the histories in this book are presented in the opposite order. In order to understand the stories of each ancestor, one needs to know the background and stories of the parents. Thus the stories of the farthest ancestors are presented first.

Maps are included frequently to show the locations of each ancestor. Pictures are included as available and in the best quality that could be found. Basic information and a small pedigree chart (but again, opposite to the usual) is presented with each ancestor. The two large pedigree charts (in the usual order) on the following pages are of Guinivere's father and mother. The size of this book precluded putting in just one pedigree chart starting with Guinivere.

As the stories of Guinivere (Redd) Torrie's parents are found in the red coil-bound book, *My Wonderful Parents: William & Irene Ricks (Smellie) Redd*, they are not included in this book.

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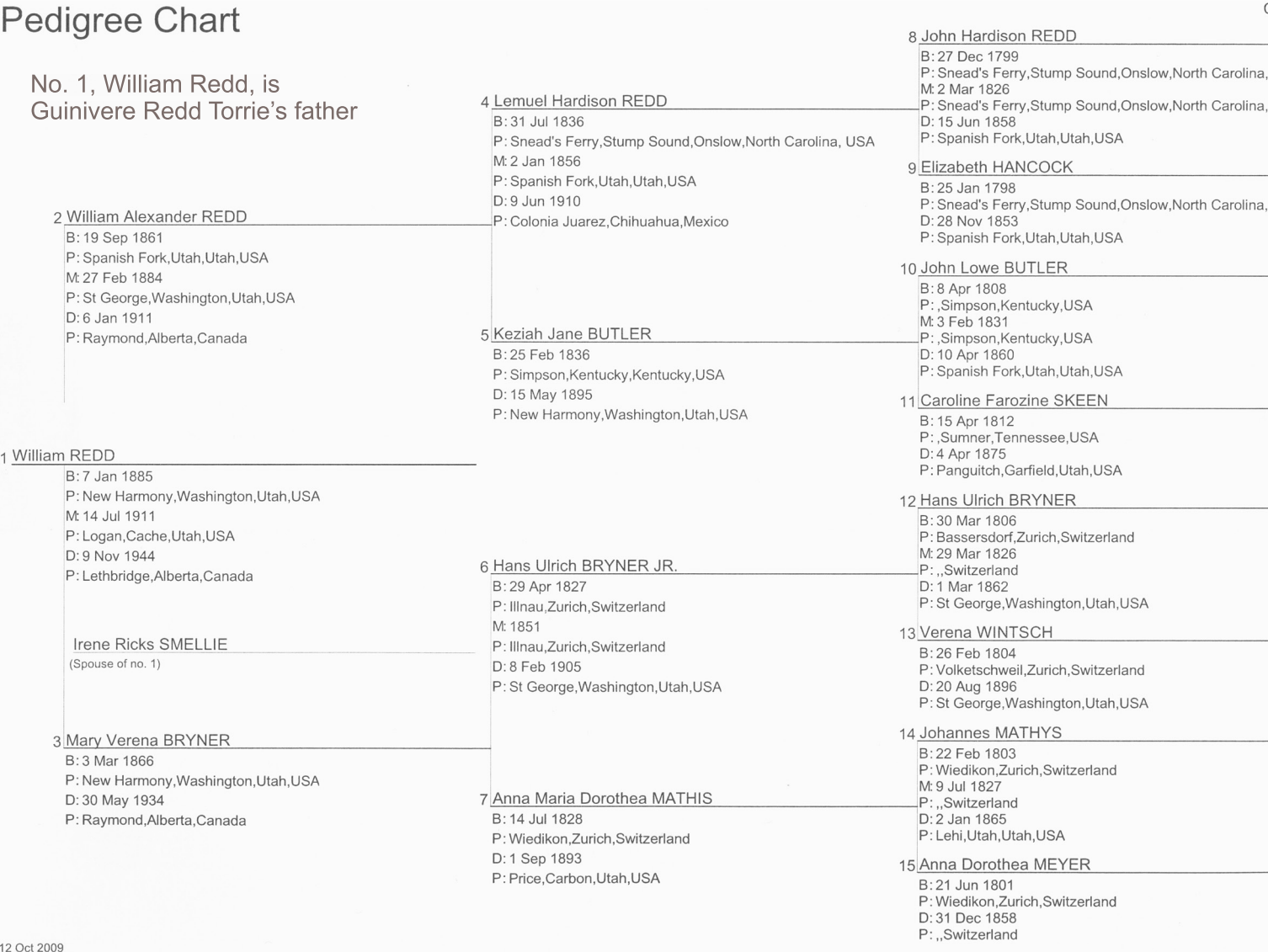
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Pedigree Chart

No. 1, William Redd, is
Guinivere Redd Torrie's father



Pedigree Chart

No. 1, Irene Ricks Smellie, is
Guinivere Redd Torrie's mother

2 John Taylor SMELLIE

B: 28 May 1863
P: Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland
M: 9 Oct 1885
P: Logan, Cache, Utah, USA
D: 4 Jul 1933
P: Preston, Franklin, Idaho, USA

1 Irene Ricks SMELLIE

B: 16 Oct 1891
P: Rexburg, Madison, Idaho
M: 14 Jul 1911
P: Logan, Cache, Utah, USA
D: 12 Oct 1983
P: Cardston, Alberta, Canada

William REDD
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 Maria Loader RICKS

B: 23 Aug 1867
P: Logan, Cache, Utah, USA
D: 10 Aug 1951
P: Rexburg, Madison, Idaho

4 David SMELLIE

B: 28 Aug 1839
P: Airdrie, Lanark, Scotland
M: 19 Aug 1862
P: Leith, Midlothian, Scotland
D: 16 Mar 1912
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

5 Mary Jane ANDERSON

B: 4 Jan 1841
P: Leith, Midlothian, Scotland
D: 5 Apr 1909
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

6 Thomas Edwin RICKS

B: 21 Jul 1828
P: Donaldson Creek, Trigg, Kentucky, USA
M: 27 Mar 1857
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA
D: 28 Sep 1901
P: Rexburg, Madison, Idaho

7 Tamar LOADER

B: 8 Sep 1833
P: Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England
D: 1 Feb 1924
P: Sugar City, Madison, Idaho, USA

8 John SMELLIE

B: 6 Sep 1812
P: New Monkland, Lanarkshire, Scotland
M: 2 Mar 1836
P:
D: 2 Mar 1881
P: Blackbraes, Stirling, Scotland

9 Helen Or Ellen TAYLOR

C: 6 Sep 1811
P: Clarkston, Lanarkshire, Scotland
D: 19 Oct 1857
P: New Monkland, Lanarkshire, Scotland

10 John ANDERSON

B: 22 Mar 1805
P: Leith, Midlothian, Scotland
M: 22 Dec 1826
P: Leith, Midlothian, Scotland
D: 19 Mar 1885
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

11 Jane Or Jean RUSSELL

B: 9 Mar 1807
P: Dennyloanhead, Stirling, Scotland
D: 15 Mar 1874
P: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, USA

12 Joel RICKS

B: 18 Feb 1804
P: Donaldson Creek, Trigg, Kentucky, USA
M: 17 May 1827
P: , Trigg, Kentucky, USA
D: 15 Dec 1888
P: Logan, Cache, Utah, USA

13 Eleanor MARTIN

B: 20 Dec 1807
P: Clark, , Kentucky, USA
D: 26 Feb 1882
P: Logan, Cache, Utah, USA

14 James LOADER

B: 10 Jul 1799
P: Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England
M: 9 Sep 1821
P: Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England
D: 24 Sep 1856
P:

15 Amy BRITNELL

B: 2 Apr 1802
P: Kingston Blount, Oxfordshire, England
D: 24 Jul 1885
P: Pleasant Grove, Utah, Utah, USA

Chapter 1: Guinivere's Great-Great-Grandparents



Painting of the Smellie home in Blackbraes, Scotland

John Hardison Redd

Born: 27 Dec 1799, Stump Sound or Sneads Ferry,
Onslow, North Carolina

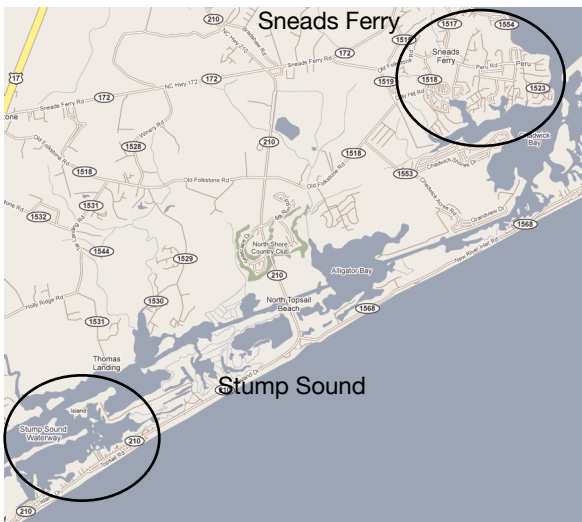
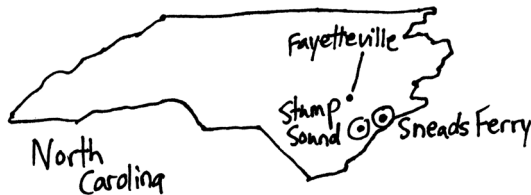
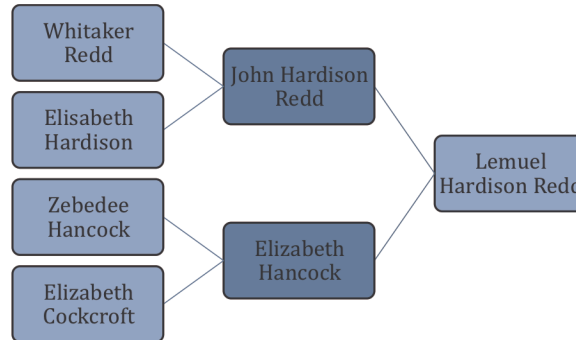
Died: 15 Jun 1858, Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah, Age 58

Elizabeth Hancock

Born: 25 Jan 1798, Stump Sound, Onslow, North
Carolina

Died: 28 Nov 1853, Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah, Age 55

Married: 2 Mar 1826, Sneads Ferry, Onslow, North
Carolina

**John Hardison Redd & Elizabeth Hancock**

Source: Lura Redd, in "The Redd Review"

John Hardison Redd was born at Stump Sound or Sneads Ferry, North Carolina. John's mother died when he was very young and he was raised by a Negro¹ mammy. Growing up beside the ocean, he was proficient in the ways of the sea, becoming a sea captain before the age of 40.

John married Elizabeth Hancock² who was also born at Stump Sound, North Carolina. The Hancocks were slave owners and Elizabeth had always been waited upon by a Negro maid. Her father willed her two slaves, Venus and Chaney, who stayed with her to the end of her life and each took the surname Redd.

In 1838, the Redds moved further inland to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where they bought a plantation of almost 400 acres and had slaves to work the land.

¹ Blacks were previously called *Negroes*.

² Contrary to family tradition, the Hancocks were not direct descendants of John Hancock, signer of the U.S. Declaration of Independence; John Hancock had only two children and neither lived to adulthood so he left no posterity.

In Murfreesboro, the Redds first heard the gospel. They were not church-attending people so it is surprising how quickly they accepted it. On 16 May 1843, John rode 17 miles to hear Elder John D. Lee speak. Off and on for the next month, the Redds met with Elder Lee. According to Elder Lee's journal, on 17 June 1843, at 8 a.m., he baptized John and Elizabeth and two servants belonging to them, Venus and Chaney. Elder Lee also records that John H. Redd was an old sea captain who had protected him and other missionaries when they were attacked by a mob.

After their conversion, the Redds freed their slaves although Elizabeth's servants, Venus and Chaney, begged to stay with them to take care of "Missy who couldn't do anything." Elizabeth couldn't even mold a loaf of bread or do any of the common things women did.

Early in the spring of 1844, John and Elizabeth journeyed to Nauvoo, Illinois, where they received their patriarchal blessings from the patriarch, Hyrum Smith. They then returned to their plantation in Murfreesboro and prepared to dispose of their land so they could go west with the Saints.

In Summer Quarters (see sidebar), they joined the saints, and then in 1850, went by wagon train to Utah where they settled in Spanish Fork. They brought with them Venus and Chaney who each had two children.

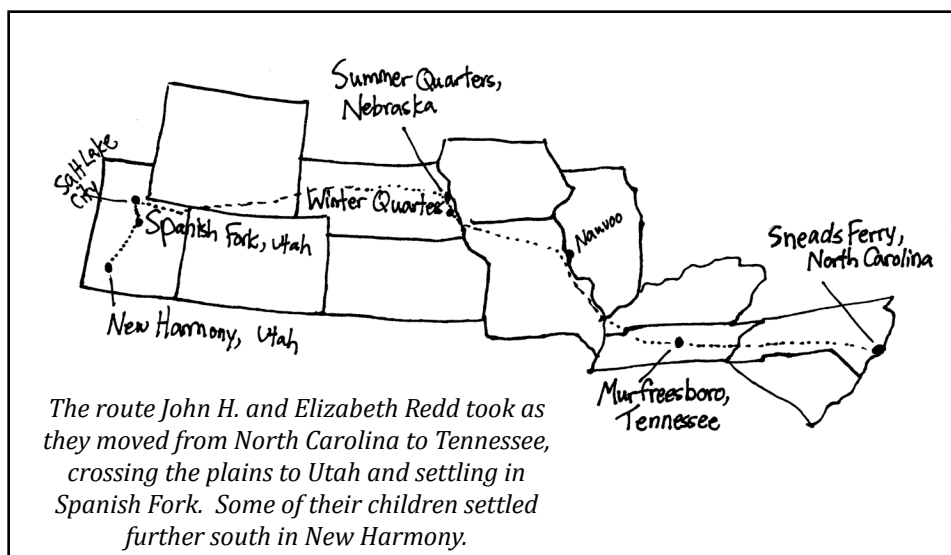
John H. Redd left these words to his posterity: "Be wise and economical as your father has been before you, and you may rely with confidence that your [Heavenly] Father will take the best care in his power for your temporal and eternal welfare."

Summer Quarters

Brigham Young established Summer Quarters about 13 miles north of Winter Quarters in the vicinity of present-day DeSoto, Nebraska. Summer Quarters was established as a farm to provide food supplies for the wagons of emigrants. John D. Lee was appointed to be in charge of the project. Operations began in March of 1847. John D. Lee wrote in his journal about building houses, providing forage for cattle, constructing bridges, and breaking farmland.

On 16 April 1847, John D. Lee wrote that 175 acres of garden had been prepared and were divided among 23 persons. A few hundred acres of corn were planted and provided food for the 1847 emigration from Winter Quarters. Summer Quarters, however, was not used for long and was soon abandoned.

See the Official Nebraska Government Website
http://www.nebraskahistory.org/publish/publicat/timeline/mormon_summer_quarters.htm



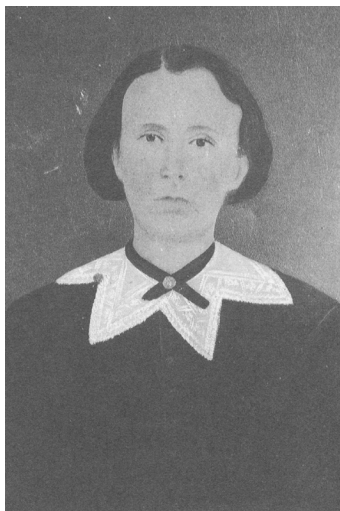
John Lowe Butler

Born: 8 Apr 1808, Simpson County, Kentucky
 Died: 10 Apr 1860, Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah, Age 52

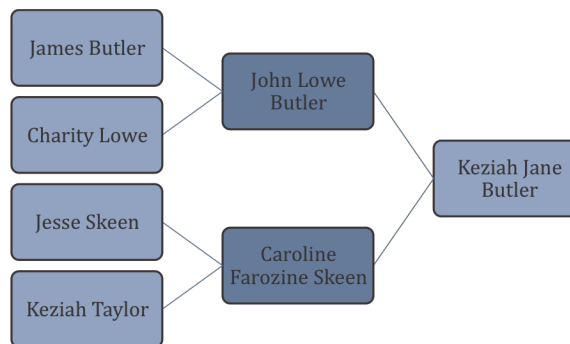
Caroline Farozine Skeen

Born: 15 Apr 1812, Sumner County, Tennessee
 Died: 5 Apr 1875, Panguitch, Garfield, Utah, Age 63

Married: 3 Feb 1831, Sumner, Tennessee



Caroline Skeen Butler

John Lowe Butler & Caroline Farozine Skeen

Source: My Best for the Kingdom, by William G. Hartley

The Skeens lived in Tennessee near the Kentucky-Tennessee line. They were highly regarded in their community, owning land, a mansion house, and twelve slaves. But Caroline seldom heard the word *slaves*. Her family called them *hands* or *servants*. A family story says that Caroline never combed her own hair before her marriage; a servant always did it. Her father, like many others, defended the peculiar institution of slavery by claiming that their Negroes' lives were easier and more rewarding than factory hands in the North.

Caroline was almost 19 when she married John Lowe Butler, who was nearly 23 and lived close by across the state line in Kentucky. This was during the period of religious revivals in the south.

In 1828, three years before he was married, John Lowe Butler writes that "there was a great revival among the different sects of all denominations." He decided that "if there was such a thing as religion [he] would seek after it and get it if [he] could." After a camp meeting, John went to the home of some friends

who were rejoicing “with a shout almost equal to the camp meeting.”

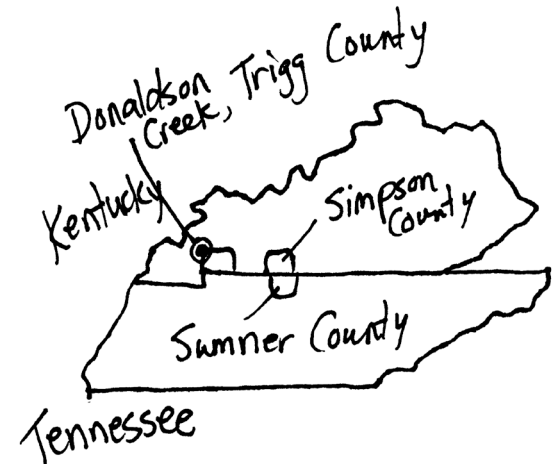
John told of his wrestle with evil powers after he made a firm decision to “find religion”. He said, “Once when crossing a room there was a power came over me that threw me to the ground and every nerve in me seemed to be numb, and my hands cramped, and the first thing I knew I cried for the Lord to have mercy upon me. I lay there for six hours, but I did not think it more than one.”

He was still confused about which church to join, though he had been raised a Methodist. During a Sunday class meeting, he pondered his condition. “I thought I could see every sin I ever committed,” and with all his soul he called upon God “to forgive me a sinner, and all of an instant the burden left me. Then a voice whispered, ‘You have yet to preach the Gospel to the world.’”

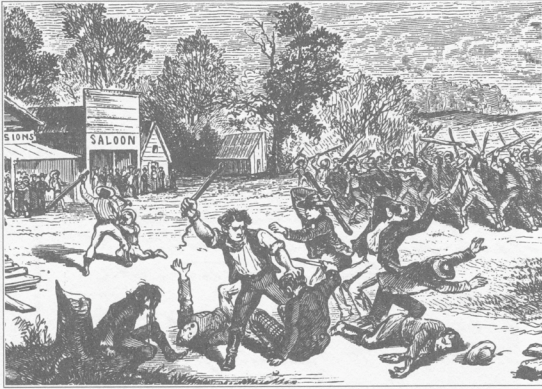
The competition among sects continued. John was baptized into the Methodist sect and then into the Baptist one, but he felt no better. He was troubled by the teachings that were contrary to what he understood in the Bible, and by the constant contending among sects.

He decided to stop attending meetings because they were “all contention and nothing that I could depend upon,” to stop reading the Bible because “I could not comprehend it,” and to stop praying, for “if [God] would not answer me when I prayed, I would quit praying to him.”

He had become quite angry with God and was criticizing Him when he saw several lightning flashes. “I know you can strike me dead with lightning,” he yelled, “but pop away if you wish for I will neither preach, pray, go to meeting, nor read the scripture any more.”



John Lowe Butler was born in Simpson County, Kentucky, just north of Sumner County, Tennessee, where his wife, Caroline Skeen, was born. Another of Guinivere's ancestors, Joel Ricks, was born in Donaldson Creek, Kentucky, see p. 23.



*John Lowe Butler led the fight against the Missourians who had assembled to prevent the Mormon settlers from voting in the elections in Gallatin, Missouri on 6 August 1838. This cartoon was an illustration in *Mormonism Unveiled*, 1877.*



Family quilt depicting the Gallatin election fight, quilted by Cleo Simon.

A voice replied, "I will set on you a refiner's fire." John searched but could find no one. "I certainly thought that someone spoke to me for the voice was so audible, but yet, I still heard no one, neither saw I anyone." He began "thinking of what I had been doing. I had been defying God. I made up my mind to go once more and pray for the last time."

"My whole mental powers seemed to be drawn out to God to know the truth, and the true order of his Kingdom, and if I could only know that, I would do anything even to the laying down of my life if necessary." A voice spoke to him again saying, "Stand still and see the Salvation of God and that will be truth."

Instantly, "a light shone round me. I was filled with the Spirit of the Lord and saw clearly that God would save all the workmanship of his hands, and truth would stand or be set up in our midst and it will not need propping up as the sects of the day had continued to do." At last he was content that someday he would find the truth.

On March 1, 1835, John Lowe Butler first heard the Mormon elders speak. He was lying on his bed thinking of the message when the voice came to him again, "This is truth that you have been hearing, now choose or refuse."

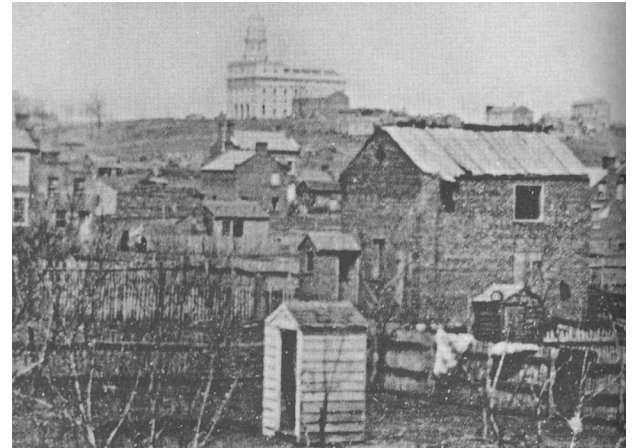
"Now I was at a standstill to know what I should do. I saw the sacrifice I had to make in losing my good name, and also what little property I had, that it would go too if I joined these Mormons. What could I do? I had promised the Lord that I would serve and obey him and even lay down my life for the Gospel's sake if necessary, and what was my property against my life? Why nothing at all, and if I lost my good name it would be to gain a better one."

John and Caroline were baptized on March 9, 1835. Caroline's father completely disowned her and threatened to kill John. They endured much persecution, and having been warned of mobs, they left their home and went to Missouri to be with the Saints.

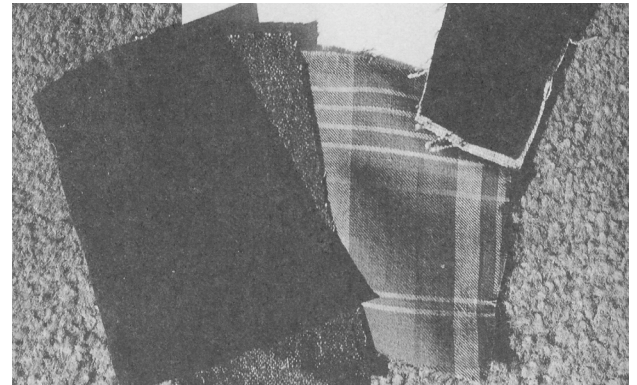
John became a bodyguard to the Prophet Joseph Smith and was hated by the mob. He was one of the prophet's bodyguards who went with him to Carthage. The bodyguards were willing to stay and die with him, but Joseph told them to go home.

John was away from home much of the time, guarding the prophet, or hiding out, or serving missions. Caroline was often left alone to take care of herself and their children. When the sisters came to collect pennies for building the Nauvoo Temple, Caroline was very sad because she had no pennies to give. One day she found two freshly killed buffalo. She took the hair from the heads, tails and manes, washed and carded it and spun it into coarse yarn from which she knit eight pairs of heavy mittens for rock cutters who were working on the Nauvoo Temple in the dead of winter.

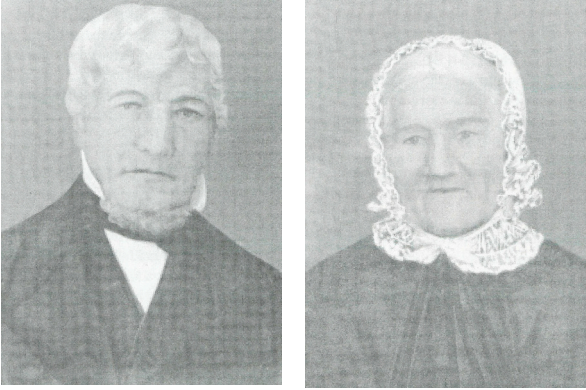
John and Caroline crossed the plains by wagon train in 1850 and settled in Spanish Fork. As the first Bishop of Spanish Fork, John had the job of supervising and surveying it into city blocks and satisfying the ward members with their lots. Then he had to do the same with the fields outside of town. Water was needed on the fields so he supervised the digging of ditches from the canyons to bring water to gardens and fields. Thus Caroline and their children had to care for their own garden and fields without much help from their busy bishop father.



The Butlers lived 3 blocks from the Nauvoo Temple (on the side opposite from where this photo was taken). They lived in Nauvoo, Illinois, from 1840 to 1846. John Lowe Butler served as a fireman and guard in the Temple in late 1845 and helped administer endowments that winter.

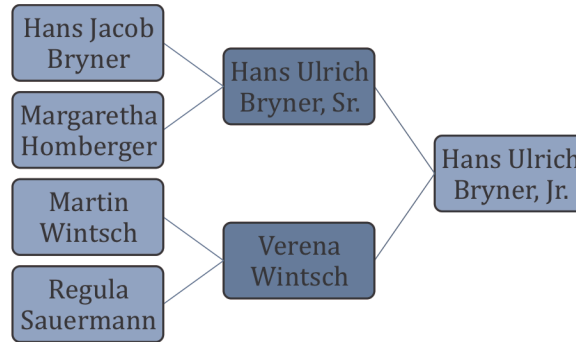


These are pieces of a cape that belonged to John Lowe Butler. The cape was blessed by the Prophet Joseph Smith to be used to heal the sick. It was used for two generations in the Butler family and was then cut up and divided among the heirs.



Hans Ulrich Bryner Sr. and Verena Wintsch

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Sr. & Verena Wintsch



Source: Wintch family records in the possession of LeRon and Colleen (Conrad) Torrie³

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Sr. was a farmer and shoemaker in Wiedikon, Switzerland, where he had moved from Bassersdorf, which was several miles away. The Bryner family had lived in Bassersdorf for centuries and were well known in that area.

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Sr., married Verena Wintsch⁴, daughter of Martin Wintsch and Regula Sauerman, who lived near Zurich, Switzerland in Volketschwil. Verena was one of the first in the Bryner and Wintsch families to hear the Gospel. The Mormon Elders came to their home town and Verena accepted the Gospel and was baptized in 1854. Verena worked with her brothers and sisters to convert them, and almost all of them

³ In 1975, LeRon Torrie (son of Guinivere), a 4th great-grandson of Martin Wintsch who was Verena Wintsch Bryner's father, married Colleen Conrad, a 3rd great-granddaughter of Martin Wintsch. (Colleen descends from Verena's brother, Casper Wintsch.)

⁴ The name was originally spelled Wintsch in Switzerland, but changed to Wintch when the family immigrated to America.



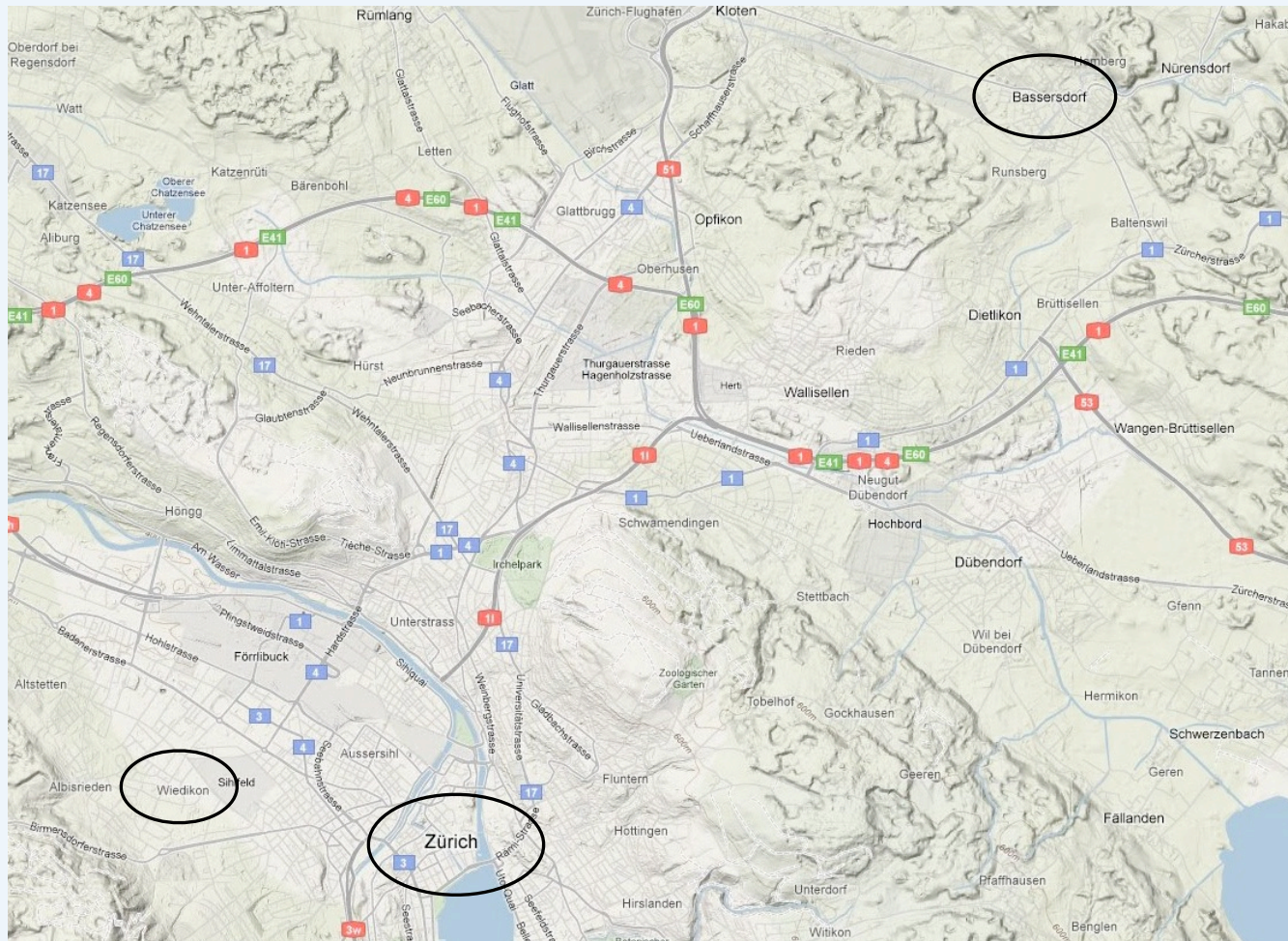
joined the church. Hans Ulrich, Sr. and Verena emigrated from Switzerland to America in 1861.

A niece of Verena tells us that her Aunt Verena and Uncle Hans Ulrich Bryner often sent letters from Utah back to Switzerland and that there was "never a word of complaint; they were always thankful for the gospel."

This niece of the Bryners immigrated to Utah also and she says that "I joined Aunt Verena Bryner's family in Cache Valley, just when they were gathering in their crops. Then Brigham Young called the Bryners to go to Dixie [the St. George, Utah area] to help colonize that part of the country. In Dixie, they worked and toiled, raised cotton and spun it into cloth. They planted peaches, grapes and other fruits which they dried and hauled 300 miles to Salt Lake City to sell. The Bryners succeeded in helping to build up the area and the temple at St. George, in which they did work for their dead ancestors. They never grumbled because they knew it was the work of the Lord."

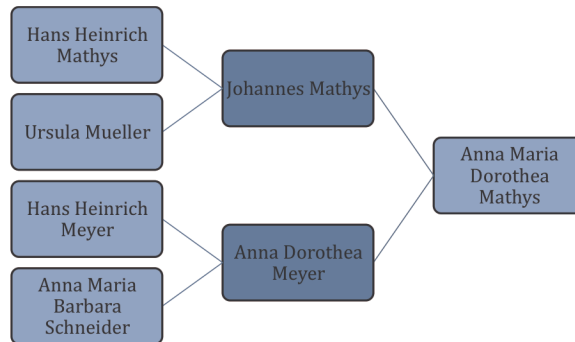


Church in Bassersdorf, Switzerland where many of the Bryners were christened and buried.



The Bryners moved from Bassersdorf, Switzerland (upper right) to Wiedikon, Switzerland, (lower left) near Zurich. The Bryner ancestors had lived in Bassersdorf for centuries and were well known in that area. Wiedikon then became their home. The Mathys and Meyer families (see next page) also lived in Wiedikon before moving to America after they joined the Church.

Johannes Mathys & Anna Dorothea Meyer



Source: Most of the information we have about the Mathys and Meyer families comes from information about the Bryners. They were close friends and two of the Mathys's married two of the Bryners. The following information was taken from an article entitled "Case Studies in Early Swiss Immigration to Utah: The Mathis and Bryner Families" by Paul K. Savage (paulksavage.com/articles).

The Bryner⁵ and Mathis families lived close to each other in the small village of Wiedikon, Switzerland which was just across the river Sihl from Zurich. Johannes Mathis was not only a successful farmer but also the president of the village council as had been his father-in-law, Hans Heinrich Meyer, before him.

The Mathis family came into the church at the same time that the Bryner family did. Elder George Mayer [or Meyer] from Utah preached the gospel and baptized them. (See pages 38-46 for the story of the conversion of Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr. and Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys). Between the months of March and June 1854, several members of the Mathis families were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Johannes Mathys (or Mathis)

Born: 22 Feb 1803, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland
Died: 2 Jan 1865, Lehi, Utah, Utah, Age 62

Anna Dorothea Meyer

Born: 21 Jun 1801, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland
Died: 31 Dec 1858, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland,
Age 57

Married: 9 Jul 1827, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland



Johannes Mathys and Anna Dorothea Meyer

⁵ The names Bryner and Mathys were sometimes spelled Briner and Mathis.



School house in Wiedikon, Switzerland, where the Bryner and Mathys' children attended school. Another source says that this is the Mathys house in Wiedikon, Switzerland.
<http://brynermuseum.com/photos.aspx>

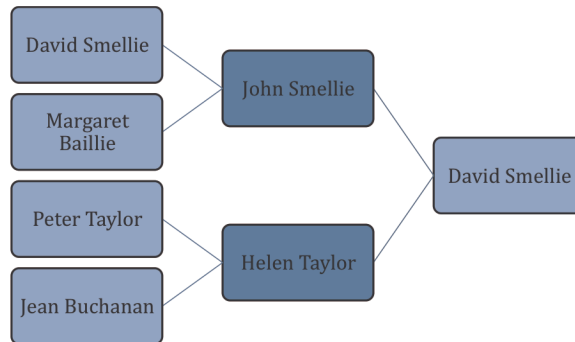
The Mathys and Bryner families paid the way for Barbara Bryner, Casper Bryner [both children of Hans Ulrich Bryner, Sr., & Verena Wintsch--see their story on p. 8] and John Mathys [son of Johannes Mathys & Anna Dorothea Meyer] to make the long voyage to America. They were among the 4,225 people who emigrated in 1855 through the efforts of the Perpetual Emigration Fund.⁶ The journey took three months to travel from Switzerland to Liverpool, England and then they traveled by ship on the American square-rigger, *Juventa*. The sea voyage took 35 days. Casper was 21, Barbara was 25 and John was 23. [Barbara Bryner and John Mathis eventually married.]

The *Juventa* was a three-decker ship which set sail on 31 March 1855 with a company of 573 British, Swiss, and Italian Mormons. "Because the *Juventa* carried such a large number of passengers, they were arranged into twelve wards and assigned chores and duties accordingly, whether that meant cooking, or for the men, getting up at 4:00 a.m. to begin washing and scraping the deck."

"All of the Mathis family converted to the Church except for two female members who married and remained in the Zurich area. Two generations later all members of the Bryner and Mathis families had moved from Wiedikon and time has erased most evidence that they ever lived there." Only a street in Wiedikon named *Brinerstrasse*, meaning "street of the Briners or Bryners" remains. (See map p. 47.)

⁶ The *Perpetual Emigration Fund*, (the PEF), was started in 1849 to help fund members' voyages to America and treks across the plains to Utah. Money came from Church funds and private donations. Members were expected to repay the Fund when they could. 30,000 people used the funds to go to Utah. By 1877, 18,000 people had not yet repaid the Fund and they or their descendants were asked to do so. In 1880, the Church's Jubilee Year, the "worthy poor" were forgiven their debts.

John Smellie & Helen Taylor



Source: History of the Smellie Family by John Taylor Smellie
(grandson of John Smellie)

Smellie Family: Background Information

“The Smellie family as far as known have been residents of the New Monkland Parish of Lanarkshire, Scotland . . . There have been men of title in the family as one was surgeon to James VI of Scotland and accompanied him to England on his succession to that kingdom and was knighted. He became famous in the practice of medicine and published on the early works of *Materia Medica*.

“The record of the present family begins with Smiley of Airdrie who followed the business of weaving and had six sons and five daughters. His fifth son, David, was born at Airdrie, June 11, 1780. He married Margaret Bailey [or Baillie]. He followed the business of a Highway Carrier, freighting between the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow before the advent of railroads. He was in a prosperous way and owned his home in Finnies Lane, Airdrie, where their five daughters and one son were born.

John Smellie

Born: 5 Sep 1812, Airdrie, Lanark, Scotland

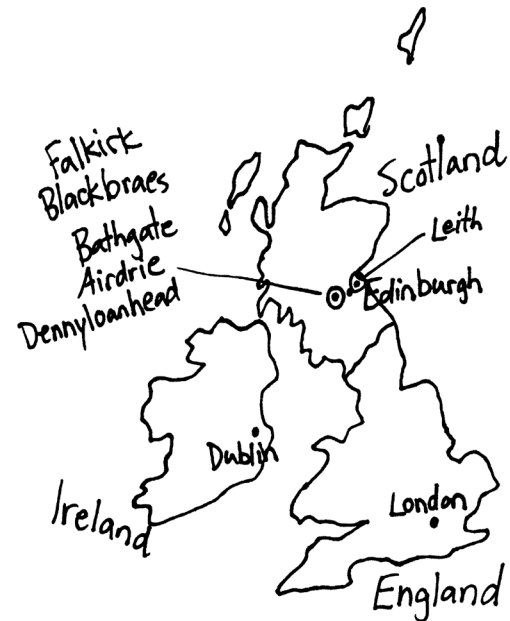
Died: 2 Mar 1881, Blackbraes, Stirling, Scotland, Age 69

Helen Taylor

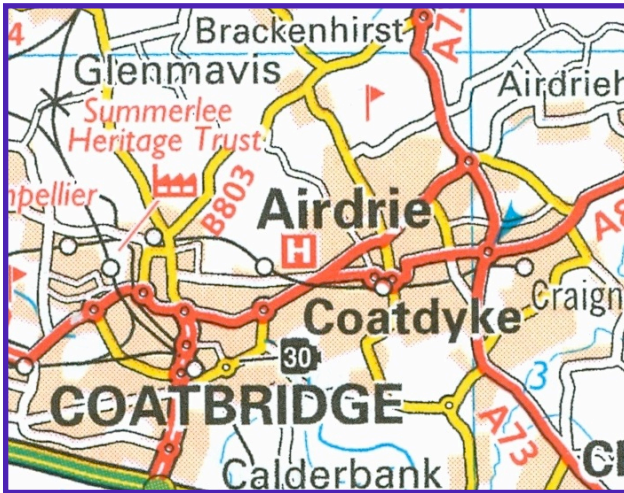
Born: 6 Sep 1810, Airdrie, Lanark, Scotland

Died: 9 Oct 1857, Blackbraes, Stirling, Scotland, Age 47

Married: 2 Mar 1836, New Monkland, Lanark, Scotland



The name *Smellie* is pronounced *Smay'-lee*, and may have been a variation in spelling of the name *Smiley*, especially when pronounced with a strong Scottish accent.



New Monkland Parish, Scotland, ancestral home of the Smellies. See map p. 15 for location in Scotland.



Watercolor painting of the Smellie home in Blackbraes, Scotland, by John Grieve.

John Smellie

"John Smellie, the only son [of David and Margaret (Bailey) Smellie], was born 6 September 1812. He was backward at school, preferring to handle a horse or working at outside labor. He took up coal mining and followed it as it was then developing on a commercial basis in Scotland. . . . He married Helen Taylor of Clarkston about the year 1836 by whom he had three daughters and two sons. In 1840 he moved from Airdrie to Falkirk where he had secured some coal land and opened a mine but the quality proving inferior, he had to abandon it at a loss.

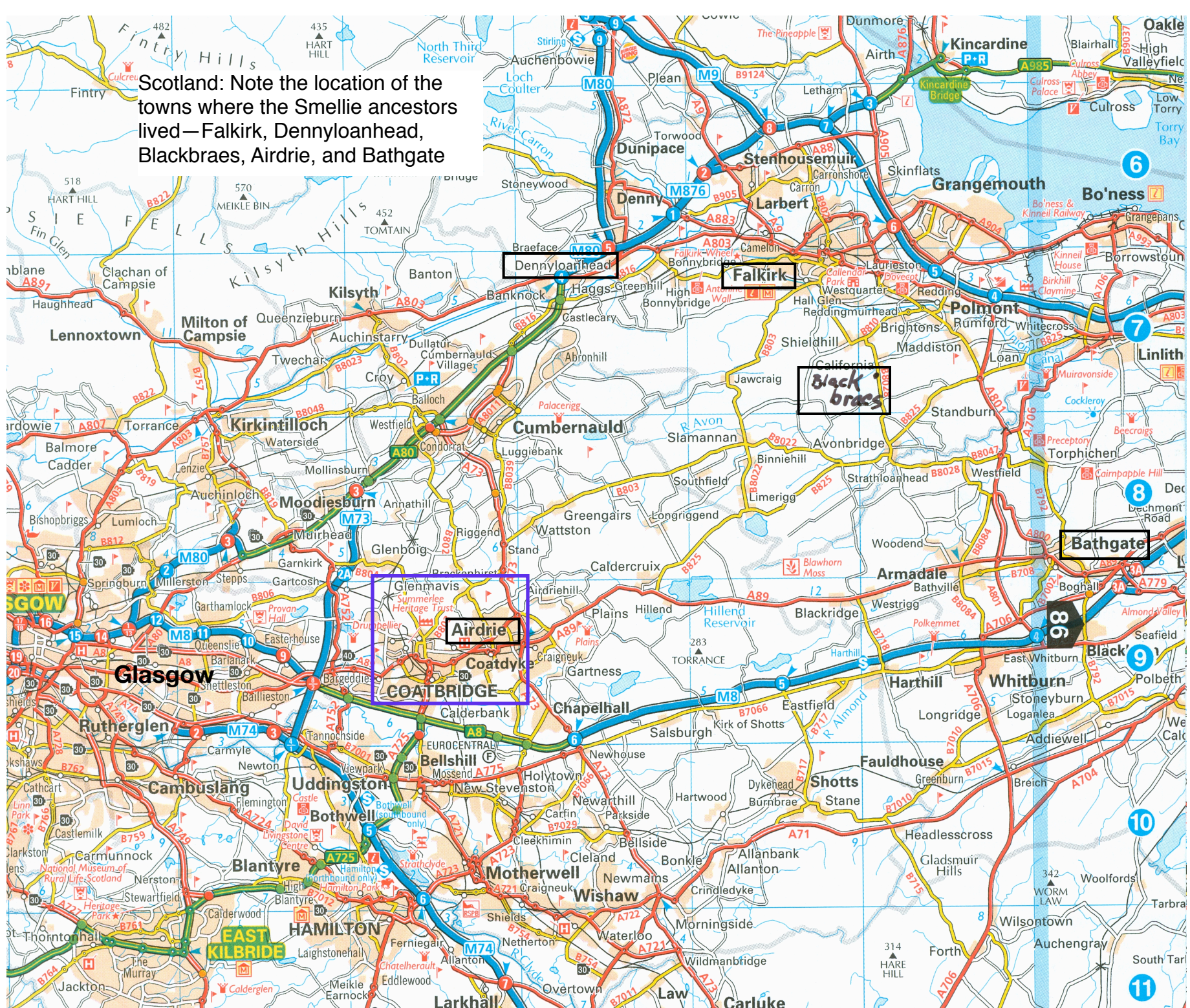
"About this time, a landed proprietor of Falkirk, James Russell, was desirous of having the estate developed for its mineral wealth and placed the same in John Smellie's hands. It was located at Blackbraes in the Muiravonside parish. He moved his family there, where he continued to reside until his death the second of March, 1881.

"He developed this property so that it became one of the prominent coal and iron mining sections of Scotland. He also erected the Almond Iron Works brick-making plant and other similar industries connected with the mines, such as extensive coking plants, railroads, etc. He was also involved in farming and stock.

"While directing these industries for the Russell interests he also had private mining enterprises at different points in Scotland, in most of which he was aided by his son David [Guinivere's great-grandfather], who had management of them when but 18 years old.

"[John Smellie] was always a lover of a good horse but he was also reputed for having a mean horse. If there was one in the country [he] took pride in subduing [it], though report says that he at times came near to losing his life on different

Scotland: Note the location of the towns where the Smellie ancestors lived—Falkirk, Dennyloanhead, Blackbraes, Airdrie, and Bathgate



occasions. He had a favorite mare named "Miss Russell" and while riding to see one of his interests, he was walking her on the footpath which runs alongside of most roads in Scotland. He met one of the aristocracy who stopped and said to him, 'You should have a carpet to ride your horse on.' So Grandfather replied, 'Ae, wouldna she look weel on ane.' This was an introduction which afterwards developed into a strong friendship between the two men.

"About 1879 he retired from active work, retaining the supervision of the interests mentioned, and on the forenoon of the day of his death he learned of a serious accident at one of the mines, and in the face of a severe storm, went to investigate. On returning home, he remarked to his wife, Elizabeth Russell, whom he married about 1857, 'Lezzie, I never felt this way before,' and in a short time he expired from a weakness of the heart. March 5th he was buried in the New Monkland cemetery, Airdrie. A snow of several feet had fallen so that it was impossible for wheeled vehicles to travel until his miners in large numbers shoveled the way for a long distance, so the body could be conveyed to Avonbridge, where it was shipped by train. It was a work of love from the men to the 'Master' as he was always called, who had been with him, in many instances, all their lives.

"[John Smellie] was a man of strong characteristics . . . He was a devout Christian, an elder in the Muiravonside Church and very regular in his attendance. He was industrious and regular in his movements, arising at 5 a.m. summer and winter, taking his bowl of Scotch Brose⁷ each morning, which he made himself, it being the rule each evening to place a bowl of oatmeal on the table with a piece of butter in it, seasoned with salt and pepper and a large lump of coal, called the *gathering*

⁷ Brose is a Scottish word for a dish of oatmeal mixed with milk or water and eaten with salt and butter. Unlike porridge, brose is not cooked.

coal having been placed on the fire. . . . By the time he had made the rounds of the stables at the farm to see that the horses were fed, harnessed, etc. ready for the day's work, he found the kettle boiling on the *wee* or *crane*. He poured the boiling water over the contents of the bowl, added milk and cream and ate his morning meal and was away before 7 a.m. on his rounds of the mines and other works. At 10 a.m. he would regularly return and get breakfast and sometimes stay around until dinner, when he would go to the office and finish the labors of the day, returning about 4 or 5 p.m. This order was never deviated from when [he was] at home.

"The writer [grandson John Taylor Smellie] when a boy would usually try to be on hand when his Brose was made and nothing pleased me more than to get my share of it and sometimes accompany him in his rounds.

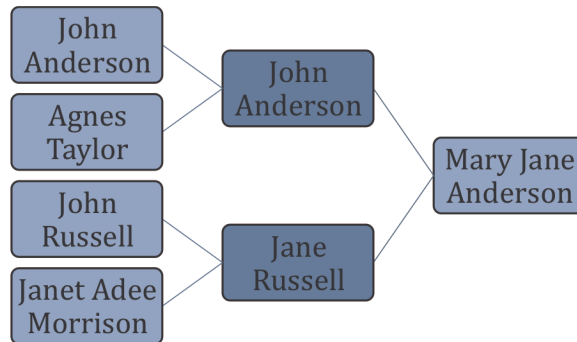
"As stated, his first wife was Ellen [or Helen] Taylor of Clarkston, of which we don't know much concerning her people, but her mother's folks were of the Highland family of Buchanan. On her death [John] married Elizabeth Russell⁸, a companion of his youth who proved a devoted wife and mother of his children. She was of the Russell family of Dennyloanhead near Airdrie, a family of strong character being among the most illustrious we have known of. She died the 4th of August 1894, beloved by his children as their own mother had been. She is buried at Dennyloanhead as the Smellie lots in New Monkland were full."

⁸ John Smellie's 2nd wife, Elizabeth (Lizzie) Russell, was a sister to Jane Russell Anderson, [see p. 19]. Jane Russell Anderson's daughter, Mary Jane Anderson, married David Smellie, [see p. 49] who was the son of John Smellie and his 1st wife, Helen Taylor.



In January 2007, LeRon and Colleen Torrie (son of Guinivere), traced John Anderson's steps in Leith, Scotland [see his story on the following pages] as he walked from his home in Kirkgate to Constitution Street and was miraculously led to the Masonic Lodge where the Mormon meeting was being held. The pink building is no longer a Masonic Hall but still displays the symbol of the Arch Masonic Lodge. The bricked archway between the pink building and the building on its right is gone now but there is evidence that an archway was once there. The entrance in the back has been bricked in. What a thrill to be there!

John Anderson & Jane Russell



Source: The following quotes and information were taken from the writings of Mary Jane Anderson Smellie, a daughter of John Anderson and Jane Russell, published in Precious Memories by George C. Lambert, Salt Lake City, 1914.

John Anderson was a shoemaker in Leith, Scotland. Shortly after he and Jane (or Jean) Russell were married, they became members of the United Presbyterian Church but were soon dissatisfied with it as they didn't see the need for preachers to have college training. They joined with the Separatists who didn't believe in clergymen or in infant sprinkling.

In 1839, John became concerned with the necessity for ordinances such as the laying on of hands to be performed by those having authority from God. He knew of no one who had this authority. The Separatists asked him to give up his ideas or leave the sect. He left, but his wife remained with them.

His daughter, Mary Jane Anderson Smellie, wrote that one Sunday afternoon in October of 1840, a brother-in-law of her mother [Jane Russell Anderson], John Grieve, came to visit them and invited John to walk the two miles from Leith to

John Anderson

Born: 22 Mar 1805, Leith, Midlothian, Scotland
Died: 19 Mar 1885, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah,
Age 80

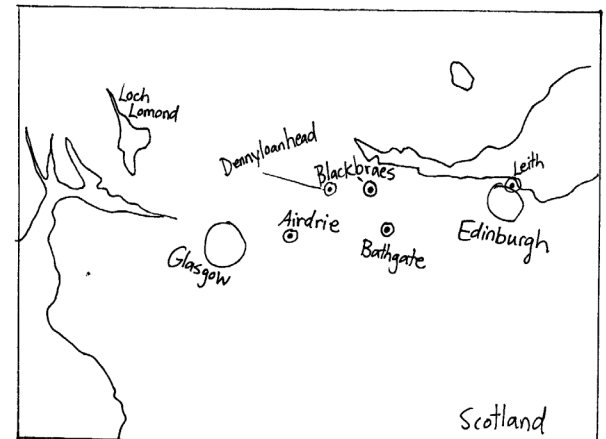
Jane (or Jean) Russell

Born: 9 Mar 1807, Dennyloanhead, Stirling, Scotland
Died: 15 Mar 1874, Salt Lake City, Utah, Age 67

Married: 22 December 1826, Leith, Midlothian, Scotland



John Anderson



Edinburgh to hear an important minister speak. About half way there, John suddenly felt that he could proceed no further.

Mary Jane says that "Father declared that he could not lift his feet—they seemed sealed to the ground and he felt that he must go back. Just as soon as he had said 'Good evening' my father's feet were loosed from the ground. He walked [back] towards Leith until he reached the street which led to his home, called Kirkgate. Then something prompted him to take the street to the right, called Constitution. Down the street he walked until he came to an entrance leading to the Mason's Lodge, which entrance was called a *pind*. This was an arched alleyway, leading to buildings in the rear . . .

"At this *pind* stood an old, fresh-complexioned man, dressed in home-spun clothes. . . . [who] inquired if he was aware that the new sect called Latter-day Saints were to hold meetings in the Mason's Lodge that evening. Father replied that he was not, whereupon the old man invited him to attend, and led the way into the hall, where he put Father into a good seat.

"My father [John Anderson] turned around to thank him for his courtesy, but he was gone, and he never saw him again; but to the last he maintained that the old man was one of the Three Nephites.⁹

"The speakers were Orson Pratt and George D. Watt. They preached the first principles of the Gospel, and claimed that the Lord had again spoken from the heavens and restored the everlasting Gospel in its fullness, with the gifts and blessings

⁹ "Twenty-five years later, the same person met John Anderson by the Salt Lake Theatre, walked and conversed with him to the Deseret Corner, and left him." Source: A document by Grandson John Taylor Smellie, written 24 Dec 1931, Franklin, Idaho.

belonging to the same. . . . My father sat listening and amazed at the good news—just what he had been waiting for."

John Anderson was baptized by George D. Watt on 23 December, 1840 and was confirmed by Orson Pratt. In September 1847, John was called to be president of the Leith Branch. To John's sorrow, his wife never did join the church. For 23 years he tried to get her to go to Utah but she refused because she couldn't accept the gospel.

Finally, in 1863, he left his wife and children in Scotland and went to Utah, taking his youngest son, William, with him. John Anderson's grandson, John Taylor Smellie writes that on "28 May 1863, John Anderson with his son William sailed from Liverpool on the ship *Cynosure*, reaching Salt Lake City 4 October 1863 in Captain Thomas E. Ricks' company. John Anderson nearly died from cholera on the plains."

Before he left Scotland, John Anderson was promised that his family would join him in Utah. His daughter, Mary Jane Smellie records, "Father could scarcely believe this prediction; it appeared so very unlikely to ever come to pass. However he trusted in the Lord, knowing that 'He moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,' and surely in the case of my father's family this was exemplified to a wonderful degree. The prophecy concerning the gathering of my father's family was fulfilled to the letter, for he had the satisfaction of receiving us all in Salt Lake City."

Shortly before John Anderson passed away, he was asked if he had a message for his family. "Yes," he replied, "tell them from their father, if they have gone outside of the fold, to get in again just as soon as ever they can."

The following was written in 1956 by Irene Smellie Redd [Guinivere's mother who was a great-granddaughter of Jane Russell Anderson]:

"My Great-Grandmother Anderson never accepted the gospel in this life. Her husband waited patiently for her in Scotland. So when she continued to refuse, he took the younger son, William, and went to America. This son returned to Scotland as a missionary and brought his mother to Zion with him. Eventually, all of the children came to Salt Lake City.

"Three times Great Grandmother, Jane Russell Anderson, went to the water's edge with Apostle Orson Hyde to be baptized and each time she withdrew. There was one principle she could not accept. She said she was afraid the water would choke her.

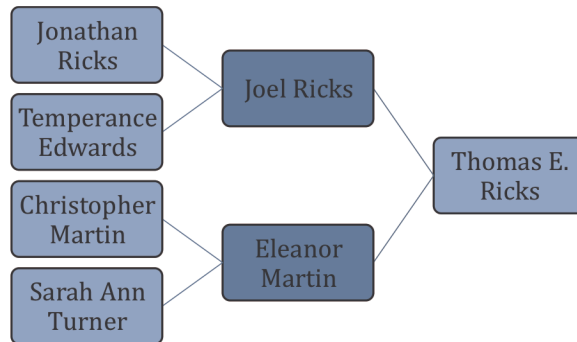
"After my Grandma, Mary Jane Anderson Smellie, came to America and was sealed in the Logan Temple, her mother, Jane Russell Anderson, appeared to her in a dream. She was wearing a beautiful cloak, and Mary Jane said to her, 'Mother you are wearing a beautiful cloak.'

"Her answer was, 'Yes, Mary Jane, but I would gladly change it for yours.' She did this two nights in a row. Mary Jane grasped the meaning of her words, went to the Logan Temple and was endowed for her and sealed her to her husband, Great Grandfather John Anderson, and she never appeared to her again."



Russell family reunion in Dennyloanhead, Scotland, 1874

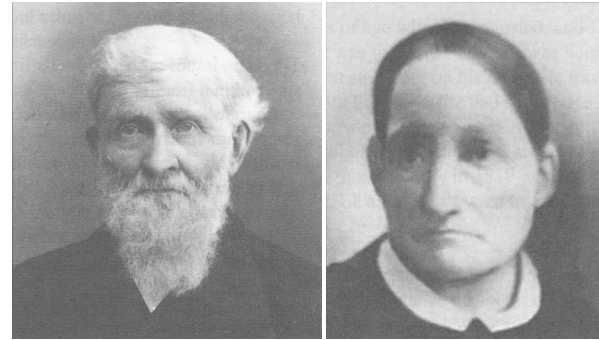
Joel Ricks & Eleanor Martin



Source: Joel Ricks (1804-1888) & His Family, by the Ricks family, 2007

Joel Ricks was the son of Jonathan Ricks and Temperance Edwards. In 1802, Jonathan and Temperance left their home in Nash County, North Carolina for the wilderness of Kentucky where Temperance suffered a great deal from fear of the Indians. Their fourth child, Joel Ricks, was born at Donaldson Creek in Trigg County, Kentucky in 1804.

Life for the Ricks family might have started with a little log cabin with a dirt floor. Their furniture was such as the settler could manufacture with an axe and an auger [a drill]. For years they had to rely on their own resources. They had lots of horses, chickens, ducks and geese. The feathers of ducks and geese were used to make pillows and feather beds. Temperance wore factory dresses, colored purple with oak bark and alum. She was taught to knit by age four. Knitted socks could be sold for new dresses and cloth. Three pair of socks bought eight yards of calico in St. Louis. The girls in the family were taught to knit and the boys to "hook" mittens.



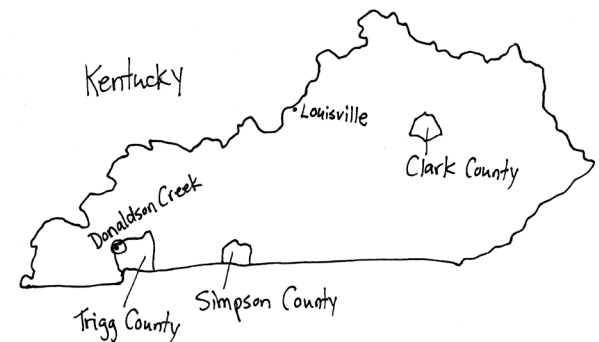
Joel Ricks

Born: 18 Feb 1804, Donaldson Creek, Trigg, Kentucky
Died: 16 Dec 1888, Logan, Cache, Utah, Age 84

Eleanor Martin

Born: 20 Dec 1807, Clark County, Kentucky
Died: 18 Feb 1882, Logan, Cache, Utah, Age 75

Married: 1 May 1827, Donaldson, Trigg, Kentucky





*Sketch and story from a notebook of Joel Ricks, Jr,
son of Joel and Eleanor Ricks:*

Grandfather [Jonathan] Ricks built his cabin [at Donaldson Creek, Kentucky] on the south side of the creek near the base of the wooded hills and cleared a few acres of the rich creek bottom for his farm. Later he built a cabin of soft split poplar logs on the north side of the creek near a beautiful spring that sparkled out from the rocky hillside. It was in this cabin that Father [Joel Ricks, Sr.] was born. The map represents the old place as it was June 19, 1883 when I visited it.

In 1827, Joel, at age 23, married Eleanor Martin, age 19. Eleanor had never received a formal education. Her family valued education for the sons but most southern girls were not sent to school. Eleanor's family had slaves and she was cared for by a black mammy. After their marriage, Joel continued to help on his father's farm and it was there that their first son, Thomas E. Ricks, was born.

When Joel was 25, he struck out on his own and bought a farm at Silver Creek in Madison County, Illinois. He built up his farm to 240 acres. They built a school and the children went to school but also worked on the farm. Joel was an early riser and was up at 4 a.m.

A group of settlers, including Eleanor and Joel, established the Silver Creek Christian Church. They affiliated with that church till 1830 when the missionaries from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came into the neighborhood. Joel attended one of the meetings, studied their teachings, and knew from his scriptures that this was the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. They were baptized by Elder George Boosinger on 6 June 1841.

In 1843, Joel and his oldest son Thomas went to Nauvoo to meet with the church leaders and to hear the prophet Joseph speak. They were impressed with what they saw and heard and after talking it over with Eleanor, they decided to move to Nauvoo to join the Saints there.

Joel and Eleanor and their family attended the meeting in Nauvoo when the saints gathered to hear Brigham Young speak after the death of the Prophet Joseph. Even their 7-year old daughter, Temperance, remembers hearing and seeing the mantle of Joseph Smith falling on the shoulders of Brigham Young.

Joel and Thomas worked hard to complete the Nauvoo Temple and Joel and Eleanor received their endowments there before leaving Nauvoo. Joel was able to sell his land before they left, unlike many Saints who had to simply walk away from their homes.

In the spring of 1848, when Brigham Young was ready to send large numbers west, Joel volunteered to have ten wagons and teams ready to go. He was in Heber C. Kimball's Second Division and was made captain over one of the companies of ten and was over ten families.

On September 23, 1848 the Kimball wagon trains arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley in the early afternoon and corralled on City Creek. Joel built an adobe house in Centerville, six miles north of Salt Lake. In 1852, he and Eleanor were sealed as eternal companions in the President's Office in Salt Lake City.

Joel and Eleanor had a map on the east wall of their home and they would often point out . . . the route of travel the family took in coming from Kentucky to Utah. They also loved history and would read all they could.

Joel and Eleanor were early risers and would often get up at 4 a.m. The neighbors could tell the time by noticing when the light went on at the Ricks' home. When they saw the light, they knew they could have two more hours of sleep before they needed to arise to start their own day. Joel would get up and have a bowl of bread and milk to tide him over until breakfast.

Joel and Eleanor were valiant members of the Church to the end of their lives. Joel served as a patriarch in his later years.

The following story was told by a granddaughter of Eleanor:

"One day when I was visiting [Grandmother Eleanor], I was frightened to see an Indian on the path. I started to run, and he darted into the lilac bushes. This frightened me more than ever, and I screamed. . . . When I saw the Indian slip into Grandmother's house, I thought she would surely be scalped. Instead, she appeared in the doorway and called, 'Don't be afraid. The Indian won't hurt you. Come here.' Slowly I went to the door. 'Come here,' said Grandmother. 'Shake hands with the Indian. His name is Arimo. He lives a long way from here, and when he comes to Logan, he always cuts wood for me. Then I give him food.' The Indian sat at Grandmother's table and had one of her famous meals of ham and eggs and johnny-cake. This man was Chief Arimo, after whom Arimo, Idaho was named. Grandfather [Joel] used to give him money to buy food for his people, and in return, he used to warn the white people, through Grandfather, when the Indians were restless. A council could then be arranged, and in this way serious trouble was sometimes prevented."

James Loader

Born: 10 Jul 1799, Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England
Died: 24 Sep 1856, North Platte River, Nebraska, while crossing the plains, Age 57

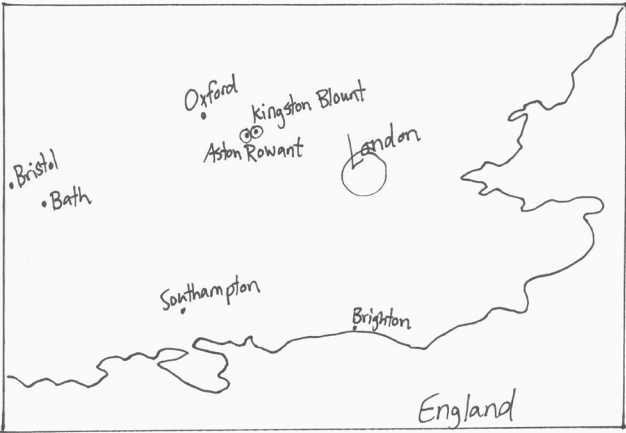
Amy Britnell

Born: 2 Apr 1802, Kingston Blount, Oxfordshire, England
Died: 24 Jul 1885, Pleasant Grove, Utah, Utah, Age 83

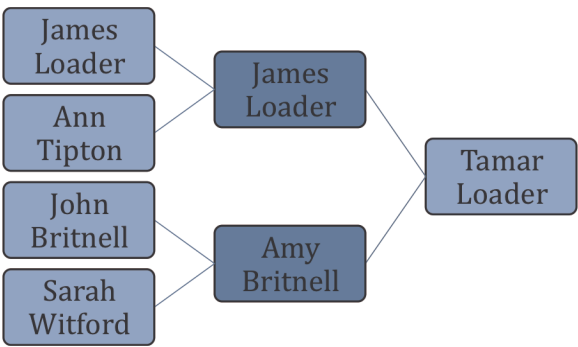
Married: 9 Sep 1821, Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England



Amy Britnell Loader
2 April 1884



James Loader & Amy Britnell



Source: “The Redd Review”

James Loader was the head gardener on the Sir Henry Lambert estate in Aston Rowant, England. James was a devout member of the Church of England and was very strict in keeping the Sabbath Day holy. When the Mormon missionaries taught the Loader family the gospel, James believed the principles they taught but hesitated to join because he knew Sir Lambert had objections to this strange new religion. Although James loved Sir Henry, was close in age to him, and had worked for him for 30 years, James knew he would lose his job if he joined.

James' wife, Amy, joined the church, then later others in the family joined. When James finally joined the church, Sir Lambert gave him one year in which to renounce his new religion. When he did not do so, Sir Lambert had the Loader furniture moved out onto the green and dismissed his faithful gardener after 35 years of service. The children were even forbidden to attend school. In 1855, James and Amy and some of their children sailed for America. Years later, Amy Britnell Loader had the temple work done for Sir Lambert and his wife.

City or Borough of

Parish or Township of Aston Rowant

Enumeration Schedule.

PLACE	HOUSES Uninhabited or Building Inhabited	NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX		PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS.	Where Born	
			Males	Females		Whether Born in same County	Whether Born in same Parish or Foreign Place.
Aston	1	Sir Henry Lambert ^{Baronet}					
		Ann m Lady Lambert	40				
		Do.	12				
		Elizabeth Do	9				
		William H Do	7				
		Emily Do	5				
		Charlotte Do	3				
		Alfred H Do	10				
		Frances Phillips	30		F S		
		Rosannah Watson	28		Do		
		Margaret Ashbee	25		Do		
		Mary Butcher	25		Do		
		Jane Belling	31		Do		
		Patella Johnson	25		Do		
		Mary Radock	20				
		Faith Holland	20				
		Elizabeth Banks	21				
		Sarah Banks	21				
		Thomas Wakeford	35		M S		
		Charles Martyn	20				
		William Hailey	25				
Do	1	Rev J Holland	80		Clergyman		
		Catherine Do	55				
		Catherine Do	20				
		Joseph Ward	50		M S		
TOTAL in 2		2	8		17		
Page 1							

City or Borough of

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PLACE	HOUSES Uninhabited or Building Inhabited	NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX		PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS.	Where Born	
			Males	Females		Whether Born in same County	Whether Born in same Parish or Foreign Place.
Aston		Thomas Hester	15		M S		
		Rebecca North	40		F S		
		Sarah Sankey	35		F S		
		Rosa Applebee	15		F S		
Do	1	James Loader	40		Ag Lab		
		Emey Do	35				
		Patience Do	13				
		Aliza Do	11				
		Lilpha Do	9				
		Temer Do	7				
		Emma Do	5				
		Maria Do	3				
		Marshall	9				
Do	1	William Hailey	50		Ag Lab		
		Catharine Do	50				
		Thomas Do	25		Ag Lab		
		Mary Deeb	70				
Do	1	John Jones	35		Ag Lab		
		Gillis Do	35				
		William Do	15				
		Sarah Do	14				
		Charlotte Do	11				
		Elen Do	7				
		Maryann Do	6				
		Emm Do	3				

This 1841 England census shows the wealth and power of Sir Henry Lambert for whom James Loader worked. Living in the manor house with Sir Henry were his wife and six children, and 13 servants (M/S—male servant; F/S—female servant; DO—ditto). He had his own clergyman who

This 1841 England census shows the wealth and power of Sir Henry Lambert for whom James Loader worked. Living in the manor house with Sir Henry were his wife and six children, and 13 servants (M/S=male servant; F/S=female servant; DO=ditto). He had his own clergyman who had a family and five servants. Thereafter follows pages of tenant families who lived in their own cottages. The family of James Loader, (the head gardener), and wife Amy (spelled Emey in the census), is the first family listed after Sir Henry. James's work is listed as "Ag/Lab". In the 1851 census, James Loader is listed as "gardiner". It was a few short years after that census that Sir Henry put James and Amy out of their cottage when James joined the new Mormon religion.

Aston Rowant, the birthplace of James Loader and his children, is a village in Oxfordshire, England, which was at that time on an estate also called Aston Rowant. Sir Henry Lambert, as a baronet, was lord of the estate. [A baronet is a hereditary title ranking between that of a baron and a knight. Bart or Bt is the abbreviation for baronet]. Aston Rowant was for several centuries an important stopping point on the road to London. The name Aston means the eastern farmstead, and Rowant was taken from the Rohant family who were lords of the manor in the 1300's. The manor house was also called Aston Rowant and was built in 1352. It was "one of the remarkable seats in the county" with its park [called the green] and gardens and 2 ½ acre lake. The house burned down in the mid 1900's and Aston Rowant is no longer an estate but is a pretty brick and flint village. The footpath that links Aston Rowant with the nearby village of Kingston Blount, birth place of Amy Britnell Loader, is called the Coffin Path.

<http://www.oxfordshirevillages.co.uk/south>

Below: James and Amy Loader's cottage at Aston Rowant

Top right: Footpath between Aston Rowant and Kingston Blount

Bottom right: Aston Rowant Parish Church



Chapter 2: Guinivere's Great-Grandparents



"Crossing the Plains" by Lura Redd

Lemuel Hardison Redd, Sr.

Born: 31 Jul 1836, Sneads Ferry, Onslow, North Carolina

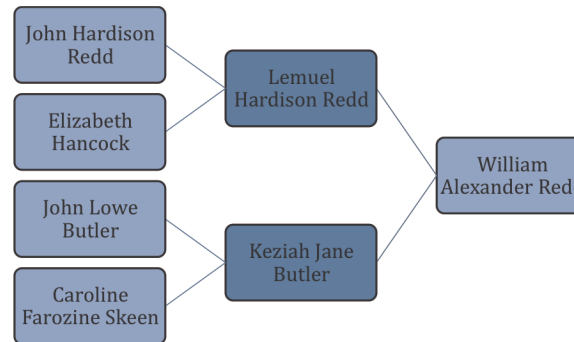
Died: 9 Jun 1910, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, Age 74

Keziah Jane Butler

Born: 25 Feb 1836, possibly Franklin, Simpson, Kentucky

Died: 15 May 1895, New Harmony, Washington, Utah, Age 59

Married: 2 Jan 1856, Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah

Lemuel Hardison Redd & Keziah Jane Butler**Lemuel Hardison Redd, Sr.**

Source: Lura Redd in "The Redd Review"

Lemuel was born in North Carolina in 1836. In 1838, his parents moved their family to Tennessee. Lemuel's folks were slave holders so he grew up with colored servants to do his bidding and help him in his work. His personal servant and body guard named Luke had charge to teach him and keep him safe. Luke was apt in all kinds of handwork so taught Lemuel all that a young man needed to know. Even when Luke was freed, he followed Lemuel to New Harmony, Utah and set up a barber shop there.

Lemuel's parents joined the church in 1843 when Lemuel was seven years old. At the age of 14, Lemuel drove a team of oxen across the plains. He told his children of the great herds of buffalo they passed on their way and the terror when these animals stampeded. The company would collect all the wagons in a compact group. The animals were tethered on the opposite side from the oncoming herd, and the company knelt low behind the animals. They put their heads close to the ground and covered with anything they had--coats, hats, clothing--to

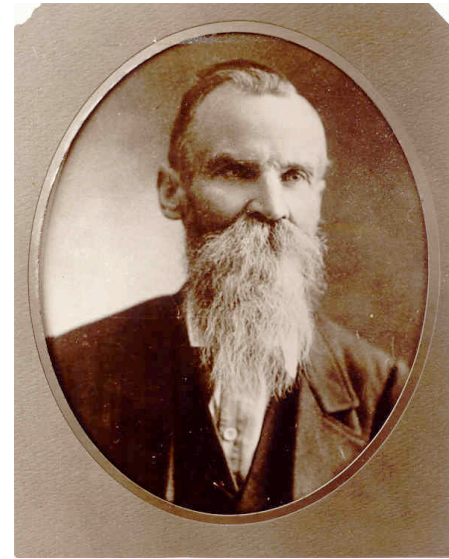
keep the dust out of their nostrils. The sound of hoof beats would grow louder and louder as hundreds of buffalo charged by. The people were almost hidden under a thick layer of dust but they were safe. They were also often terrorized by seeing Indians in the distance.

An old timer in Parowan, Utah, who had traveled in the same company as the Redds, said that "that boy Lem Redd was sure a good driver of oxen. He taught me a lot about it and even drove my team over some of the fords to show me how it was done."

Lemuel was not baptized until age 16--they didn't make an issue back then of doing it at age 8--and was called to be a ward teacher¹⁰ at age 17. At the first home he went to, the father asked him what his business was. He told him he had been called as a ward teacher, which enraged the man who lost no time in telling Lemuel his opinion of one so young and inexperienced assuming such a responsibility. Lemuel turned from the door, his heart broken, with a firm determination to go home and never attempt such a task again but a still small voice seemed to whisper to him, urging him to make one more try. After some hesitation he tried another home, tapping timidly at the door, which was opened by an elderly brother who greeted him cheerily, "Good evening my son, what can I do for you?"

"I have been called as a ward teacher," Lem said. He was kindly grasped by the hand and led into the home. The brother said, "God bless you my brave and courageous boy. I have never in my life been happier in accepting my ward teacher." The brother then extolled his labors and gave him fine, wise and fatherly counsel which filled him with love and encouragement for his work. In all his life after that he never failed to be grateful that he had had the courage to try one more door.

¹⁰ Home teachers were originally called ward teachers.



Lemuel Hardison Redd, Sr.



Keziah Jane Butler



Lemuel married Keziah Jane Butler in January 1856 and a month later, called by the church, they left to help establish a colony in Las Vegas. Lemuel's father, John Hardison Redd, outfitted them and they left on the five hundred mile trek to Las Vegas by ox team with a cow tied behind. They walked all day and camped at night. The colony was established to locate a lead mine to make bullets, as the church would need them to fight Johnson's army. They only found silver, which the church was not interested in, so the mission was closed and they returned to Spanish Fork, Utah.

They had been back in Spanish Fork for six and a half years and by this time they had four little children when they were called to go to southern Utah to settle. In those days President Brigham Young wanted all the territory taken up by the saints so he made it a practice to call people to go to every possible place for settlement. Lemuel's two sisters and one brother and their families were also called to go and settle in New Harmony. All of them raised their families there.

When Lemuel bought the farm in New Harmony from John D. Lee, he supposedly bought 160 acres but John D. Lee only had squatter's rights and others also had squatter's rights so Lemuel ended up with only 60 acres. This was not enough to support his family so he went into sheep and cattle raising.

Lemuel was active in civic and church affairs. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees, served as Justice of the Peace, was a member of the Kane County court for six years, and for one term was Probate Judge. He was active as a counselor to Bishop Wilson D. Pace for twenty years until circumstances took him away from town. Though Lemuel was never privileged to become a medical student in any university, and as very few medical doctors were to be found in southern Utah towns, Lemuel performed the duties of doctor and dentist by pulling teeth and setting broken bones, all without pay.

In 1866 Lemuel was called to enter into polygamy, and after consultation with Keziah, he married Sariah Louisa Chamberlain¹¹, a lovely young woman. She had worked in the home before during busy times to help with the children so they knew each other pretty well. He eventually built a home with two identical sides for his two wives. Because of bitter harassment, Lemuel eventually moved Louisa and their children to Colonia Juarez, Mexico, where polygamy was not illegal. He then divided his time between the two homes in Utah and Mexico.

In the fall of 1879, eighty families, including the Redds, were called to colonize the valley of the San Juan River in south eastern Utah. They forged a short-cut from south western Utah to south eastern Utah, from Escalante to Montezuma. In order to cross the Colorado River, they blasted a road through the narrow slit, called Hole-in-the-Rock, that led down to the river. (See pages 35-37 for more information.)

Lemuel and three other men scouted the route past Hole-in-the-Rock to Montezuma. They labored for many weeks and ran out of food and even water. It was hot and dry and Lemuel sucked on a little round stone for days to keep his tongue from swelling.

A writer said of Lemuel and his fellow scouts, "The four must have been men of iron. Ninety-six hours of starvation, to say nothing of other hardships they had undergone, left little mark upon them."

¹¹ It is interesting that in 2008, Scott Torrie, a grandson of Guinivere Redd Torrie, and a 3rd great-grandson of Lemuel H. Redd & Keziah Jane Butler, married Mikjan Redd, a 2nd great-granddaughter of Lemuel H. Redd & his second wife, Sariah Louisa Chamberlain.



*Sariah Louisa Chamberlain, 2nd wife
of Lemuel Hardison Redd.*

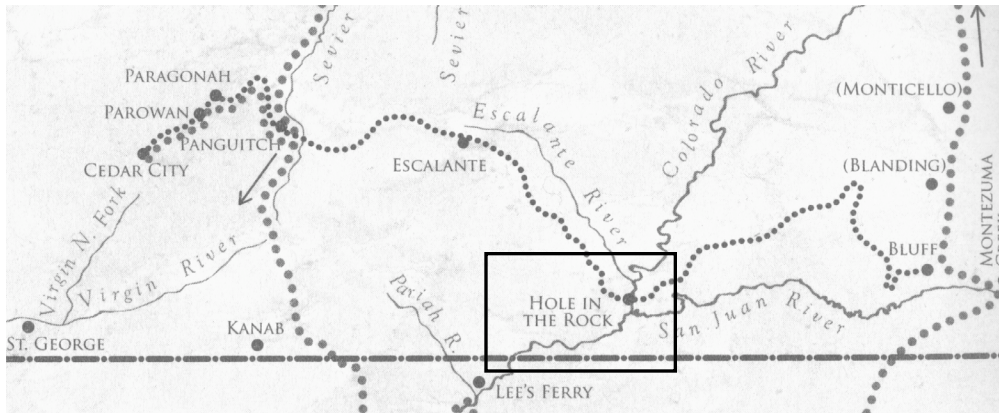


Keziah Jane Butler

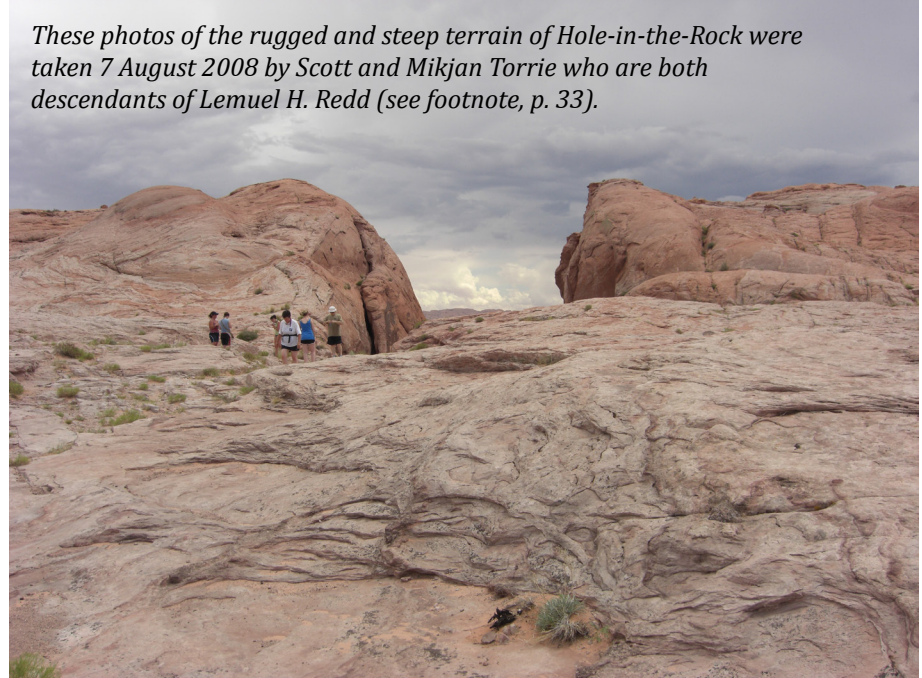
Keziah was the fourth of twelve children. When she was one month old her parents, John Lowe Butler and Caroline Skeen Butler, moved from Kentucky to join the saints in Missouri. In 1844 Keziah was baptized in Nauvoo, and in 1846, with her parents, crossed the Mississippi River, living for six years in Winter Quarters before crossing the plains by wagon train. She was 16 and walked the entire distance to Spanish Fork, Utah.

Both the Redd and Butler families lived in Spanish Fork so it was there that Lemuel Redd and Keziah met and courted. She married him in 1856 and six months later went with him to Las Vegas as has been afore mentioned. Six years later they were called to settle New Harmony, Utah where they raised their family.

One time a professional tailor came to New Harmony carrying a big pack filled with material and suit and dress patterns. He wanted to sell the material and get the job of making clothes for people. Keziah offered her table and kitchen to him for a work shop if he would teach her to how to do the tailoring. After supper he would spread his material out on the table and step by step he would explain the process and then at night when the rest of the family were in bed she would sit by the table and carefully go over the instructions. She could then ask him questions about what she had forgotten. In this way she soon learned all about the process. Later, when he was not available, she did the tailoring for her family, the community and for other communities because people from other towns came for her to do work for them.



Lemuel Hardison Redd, husband of Keziah Jane Butler Redd, was one of the four men who scouted the route from Hole-in-the-Rock to Montezuma (past Bluff) and which provided a direct route between south western and south eastern Utah.



These photos of the rugged and steep terrain of Hole-in-the-Rock were taken 7 August 2008 by Scott and Mikjan Torrie who are both descendants of Lemuel H. Redd (see footnote, p. 33).

Hole-in-the-Rock

In the spring of 1880 a direct supply and access road connecting southwestern and southeastern Utah was completed. Known as the Hole-In-The-Rock Trail, its direct penetration through the Colorado River gorge and surrounding topography shortened distances over alternative routes by up to hundreds of miles. Built by Mormon pioneers

answering a mission call to colonize the southeastern section of the territory, the trail provided a crucial link for one year before the most rugged stretches were bypassed with the opening of Hall's Crossing.



The mission which resulted in the trail's construction was initiated by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to secure peaceful relations with the Indians and to open the area to further colonization. After four months of exploring for a feasible route to their intended destination, the pioneers selected a direct route from Escalante. Although it was the least explored of all the possible routes, it was by far the shortest.

As winter approached at the end of November 1879, 250 men, women, and children, with 80 wagons and 1,000 head of cattle, found themselves up against terribly broken, seemingly impassable terrain. The settlers had been en route for more than two weeks when they reached the 1,200-foot-deep Colorado River gorge, sixty-five miles southeast of Escalante.

For six weeks, the men labored on a wagon road down the sandstone cliffs to the Colorado River. Built by chiseling and blasting a path through a steep crevice named the Hole-in-the-Rock, their road stands today as a testament of pioneer ingenuity and determination. Construction consisted of cutting away a 40-foot drop-off at the top of the crevice, moving huge boulders, leveling high spots, filling depressions, and widening crevice walls. To avoid the steep grades near the bottom of the Hole-in-the-Rock, the pioneers tacked their road onto the face of the north wall of the crevice. The tacked-on road was supported by oak stakes secured into holes drilled into the crevice wall at two-foot intervals.

After driving the wagons through the Hole-in-the-Rock and ferrying across the 300-foot-wide river, the emigrants proceeded east out of the river gorge. On 6 April 1880, after another ten weeks of grueling labor in harsh winter conditions, the missionaries reached a sandy bottomland along the banks of the San Juan River where they established Bluff City.

The hundred miles of road built after descending the Hole-in-the-Rock crossed some of the most rugged terrain in North America. Deep ravines and washes were crossed, trails down thousand-foot drop-offs blasted, deserts traversed, paths through thick cedar forests cut, and steep cliffs ascended. Many grades required seven spans of horses to pull the heavily laden wagons, and the worst stretches could be identified by the blood and matted hair from the forelegs of the struggling teams.

In all, the trek took six months. Food supplies were depleted, and teams had been worn to the point of exhaustion. Two babies were born en route and, miraculously, no one had died. The pioneers had toiled under the most trying of circumstances in a harsh land. Most significantly, their ordeal forged them into a self-reliant colony ready for the formidable tasks of nurturing peace with the Indians, controlling the lawless who sought refuge in the area, irrigating with the unruly San Juan River, and eking out a living from the sun-baked land.

<http://www.onlineutah.com/hole-in-the-rockhistory.shtml>

See also http://historytogo.utah.gov/utah_chapters/pioneers_and_cowboys/hole-in-the-rocktrekremainsanepicexperience.html

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr.

Born: 29 Apr 1827, Illnau, Zurich, Switzerland

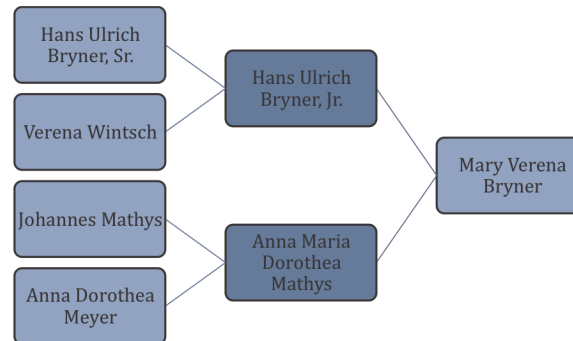
Died: 8 Feb 1905, St. George, Washington, Utah, Age 78

Anna Maria Mathys Bryner

Born: 14 Jul 1828, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland

Died: 1 Sep 1893, Price, Carbon, Utah, Age 65

Married: possibly 29 Apr 1851, Illnau, Switzerland

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr. & Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys

Sources: Information taken from the Redd Review by Lura Redd and from an article entitled "Case Studies in Early Swiss Immigration to Utah: The Mathis and Bryner Families" by Paul K. Savage (paulksavage.com/articles).

Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr., lived with his family in the small village of Wiedikon just across the river Sihl from Zurich. In 1839, they purchased a large home near the center of town. Hans Ulrich (who was often called Ulrich or Bryner by his associates) was skilled as an artist and as a singer. He was a member of the village's Men's Choir. After his blindness came (this story is told below), he attempted to resign from the Choir but they would not allow it, insisting that he remain with them.

In January of 1843, when Ulrich was nearly sixteen years old, he was taken very sick. His best pal and playmate was also taken sick and died. This news was upsetting to Ulrich and he worried about it, thinking that he too might die. With this on his mind he was unable to sleep as he should.

About this time, he relates that he saw a vision one night that stayed with him through his lifetime. In the vision a man came



and took him by the hand and led him, in darkness, half way around the world. He was in total darkness so that he saw nothing until they came to the top of the world. Then the heavens opened above their heads and he saw a bright light come down and he saw the city of Zion. It shone like gold and silver and glass so that its loveliness was beyond description.

He saw a big wall with three gates leading through it. He saw righteous and holy people going through these gates into the city. He wanted to go in too but the man held his hand and said, "You can't go through now but if you are faithful and true, the time will come when you will be allowed to go." Then he noticed the man, that he had gray whiskers and peculiar eyes.

That vision stayed with him and as he lay on his sick bed he thought of it night and day. He thought a dark night was coming but never guessed that he was going to be blind. He became well and learned a trade. It was butchering.

In any trade in Switzerland they held contests to encourage the workers to excel, and Ulrich contested with the rest. He was a good worker, and fast and accurate. His specialty was killing hogs, and he could kill, scald, scrape, hang and draw a hog faster than most anyone and he had won four cups as prizes in these contests. He worked up in his job until he became superintendent of the slaughter house. He was also buyer for the establishment and went around the adjacent territory, and maybe into other countries, buying animals for it. That is where all his languages came in handy. By the time he was grown he could speak six or seven languages.



Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr. and Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys



Bryner Home, Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland

One day at work, not in a contest, he was trying to best his own record in preparing for another contest. He had the hog hanging up and its foot slipped off the cross stick and struck him in the eye, splitting the pupil. The carcass fell and dragged him down with it. He gave a cry and his brother Casper, who worked in the same shop and was nearly seven years younger than Ulrich, came to his rescue.

Casper helped him up and saw that his eye was knocked out of its socket and hanging down on his cheek. He put his hand over it and led Ulrich down along the river bank to the doctor.¹² In those days of no antiseptics nor anesthetics one cannot know what he went through with the infection that set in. He was sick for a long time and of course had to give up his job. They took him to Germany to eye specialists but they could do nothing. It was to be. He was blind.

When he became blind, friends came to Ulrich's wife, Maria [Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys Bryner] saying, "Give him up and let him go home to his parents; they are well enough off to take care of him. You don't want to be saddled to a blind man all the rest of your life. What can he do for you now? You would be better off without him." But Maria's mother [Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys] said, "No, Maria will not desert him. He needs her now more than he ever did." Of course Maria stayed with him but nothing could comfort him. Their home was one of mourning; they could see no future.

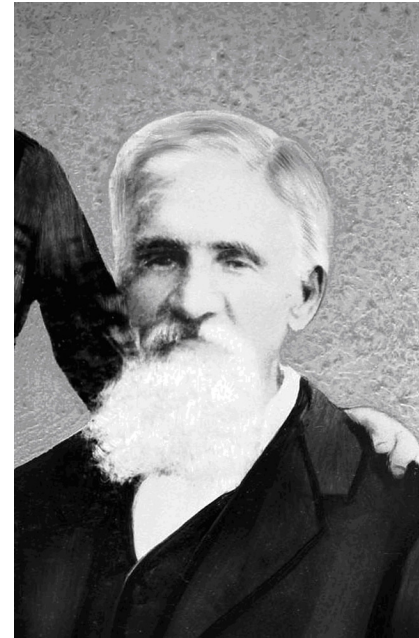
¹² The doctor may have been at St. Jakobs Spital, which seems to have been the only hospital actually on the banks of the River Sihl. By the 19th century, it couldn't really be called a hospital, although it still had some beds for the sick. In the middle ages, it had been a convenient place to house people sick with the plague, and had also been a place to bury the poor. It was probably the closest medical facility available. Being on the western bank of the River Sihl, it was only a short distance from Wiedikon.

One day as Maria sat by his side, her mother came in and said, "You can do nothing but pray about it and maybe the Lord will open a way for you. I believe the hand of the Lord is in it, for a whispering voice always says to me, 'Don't feel sorry that Bryner is blind, it's good for you all but you don't know it yet.'"

Four long sorrowful months passed by and one morning in the latter part of July, Ulrich called his mother and father to listen, for he had had another vision. He said, "I found myself in a great dark room with no glimmer of light. Three fires appeared, each of a different size. I turned my eyes and beheld a man standing at my side. I looked into his face and noticed his size, his gray whiskers and his peculiar eyes. He was the same man I had seen before who had led me half way around the world ten years ago. He had an open book I had never seen before in his hand. He crossed out my sins and they fell to the floor. A voice said to me, 'The middle fire you will have to go through.' I said, 'I am able to stand that too.' The wall cracked open so wide we could go through. The light came in as bright as noon day and the road to Zion was shown to me. To get there we would cross the sea with a great company. I had my wife and children and it was a long journey across the great prairie into the mountains to the same place I had seen before."

The interpretation of the dream was not given until February 1854 when they heard of a minister from America being in the country. A Mormon elder by the name of George Meyer [or Mayer] came to the city. Ulrich's sister went out to hunt for him. She had instructions to see if he were the man Ulrich had seen in his dreams. She could not find him; he had gone again.

The next Sunday the missionary held a meeting in a city some distance away. Ulrich's father and mother, (Hans Ulrich Bryner Sr. and Verena Wintsch Bryner), his mother-in-law, (Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys), and his sisters, six of them in all, took the two-hour walk to hear him speak. Ulrich had described the



Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr.

man many times and as soon as they saw him they recognized him. The mother-in-law went up close to the elder and examined his peculiar eyes which Ulrich had described. George Meyer was very cross-eyed and wore extremely thick lenses. They invited him to come to their home.

Needless to say that the message these brethren brought from over the sea was listened to and believed. There were so many beautiful things in this religion that were lacking in their Lutheran faith--new revelation, a prophet of God, angels visiting the earth again, a new golden Bible, a call for repentance, baptism as John practiced it, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and foreordinations, and many more things besides these. There had been organized a new church and they must gather with the saints and live the gospel. In the families of Bryner and Mathys, twelve were baptized and Ulrich was the first one.

Elder Meyer wanted to ordain Ulrich a teacher but Ulrich didn't think that he was worthy, so he refused it. Ulrich dreamed of another fire and had to run so it wouldn't overtake him. In the fire was a man's face, and as Ulrich ran, he fell and the face was above him and a voice said, "Will you always do what is required of you?" and he answered that he was willing to obey whatever he said. Ulrich told his dream in a public meeting and the elders asked if he were ready to be ordained. He accepted and never refused any call made of him thereafter. Ulrich and Maria wanted to join the Saints in Utah and began to make preparations for the long journey.

As was the custom in Switzerland, Maria, for her trousseau, had spun and woven sheets and pillowcases and all kinds of household linens, enough to last a life time, but their baggage had to be limited so most of it was left behind. Ulrich and Maria had two children, Mary Magdalena and Gottfried, but thinking the boy was too young for the difficult journey, they

left him with his grandparents who came over later.

Ulrich and Maria sailed on the “Enoch Train” and joined the Saints in Boston. His brother Casper purchased a wagon and hired a teamster and they left Boston on 1 September 1856. Travel by ox team was difficult, especially for Ulrich who was blind. He held onto the back of the wagon and when the going got tough for the animals he would push.

The trip, about 1000 miles, took nearly four months and it got very cold when they were about half way. Ulrich and the driver both froze their feet and legs, so Maria had to drive. Ulrich was administered to for his frozen feet and Maria treated them with poultices of pulverized sage and snow, as advised by Brigham Young. His feet healed and he was later able to walk as straight as anyone.

By the time they reached Devil’s Gate, Wyoming, many people and oxen had frozen to death, so they had to double up and leave some of the wagons behind. Since the wagons were loaded so heavily, everyone who could possibly do so had to walk. They caught up with the ill-fated Martin handcart



“Crossing the Plains” by Lura Redd, courtesy of the DUP (Daughters of the Utah Pioneers) museum in Salt Lake City, Utah. This watercolor painting depicts the wagon train the Bryner family traveled with which joined the Martin Handcart company. The wagon in the foreground is the Bryner wagon, with blind Hans Ulrich clinging to the back as he stumbled over rocks, bumps, ruts, hillocks and gopher holes, sometimes being dragged along when he lost his footing. Because the wagon was loaded with belongings, all who could, had to walk.

company, [in which was traveling Tamar Loader, Guinivere's great grandmother] and were asked to take another family in their wagon, so they had to leave more of their belongings beside the road.

The bitterly cold weather made travel very slow, and provisions were scarce. Many died on this trek. The ground was frozen so hard they could not dig graves so they buried the dead just under the snow. Their daughter, little Mary, was so cold they thought she was frozen, but her father rubbed life back into her little body. Help was on the way, and none too soon, as Brigham Young sent rescue parties. How happy they were to finally reach the Salt Lake Valley!

The next summer, Ulrich's parents came from Switzerland bringing Ulrich and Maria's little son with them. How happy they were to be reunited. At first they went to Ogden where Ulrich operated a farm near his brother. They were eventually called to settle in St. George in 1861 and traveled three hundred miles through snow storms and lived in a tent. They say that in those days St. George was the coldest place on earth in the winter. They eventually moved to New Harmony where their daughter, Mary Verena Bryner, [Guinivere's Grandma Redd], was born.

Ulrich's wife, Maria, was a wonderful woman. She spent all day with Ulrich in the fields. They planted cotton, carded it, dyed it with roots and Maria spun it into wool on a spinning wheel which Ulrich's father built for them. Brigham Young pronounced it the best home-made thread he had ever seen.

The story of Hans Ulrich Bryner's conversion was also told by the missionary, Elder George Mayer [or Meyer]. The following comes from "Case Studies in Early Swiss Immigration to Utah: The Mathis and Bryner Families" by Paul K. Savage (paulksavage.com/articles).

On August 28, 1852, George Mayer . . . became one of over 100 men to receive mission calls to all parts of the earth in what was an extensive missionary effort. George Mayer, a Pennsylvania-born convert to Mormonism, records that he took leave of his family and "left them shedding tears. I walked off with a heavy heart to see them the last time for a long time. Yet I had a great joy that God was mindful of me, and had called me to so high and holy a calling to go and preach the gospel . . ."

Within months, Mayer was preaching in Germany, where he met with some native Swiss and began to desire and pray that a way might open up for him to bring the Gospel to Switzerland. Shortly, his wishes were fulfilled and he was transferred to Basel, becoming the first German-speaking missionary to labor full-time among the Swiss.

In Zurich . . . his preaching created a significant stir among the people. . . . He was reportedly instrumental in several healings. Word spread quickly that a minister from America was preaching a new gospel.

Elder Mayer records: "On Monday (20 Feb 1854) I was called to visit a family in Wiedikon, that one of his sons was blind for better than a year. He had dreamed that he had seen a man that healed his eyes and he had a book in his hands and taught him and prayed for him . . . So he described the man, that the man was a tall man and had a large gray beard round his chin. His parents heard of me and came to see me and they said that I filled the description that he gave of me."

The Bryners found that his message was in harmony with their understanding of the Bible. Mayer also blessed Hans Ulrich Jr. . . . and his eyes improved for a time. The promise of sight appears to have created quite a stir in the community. The newspaper reported that "if this man gives Bryner his sight,

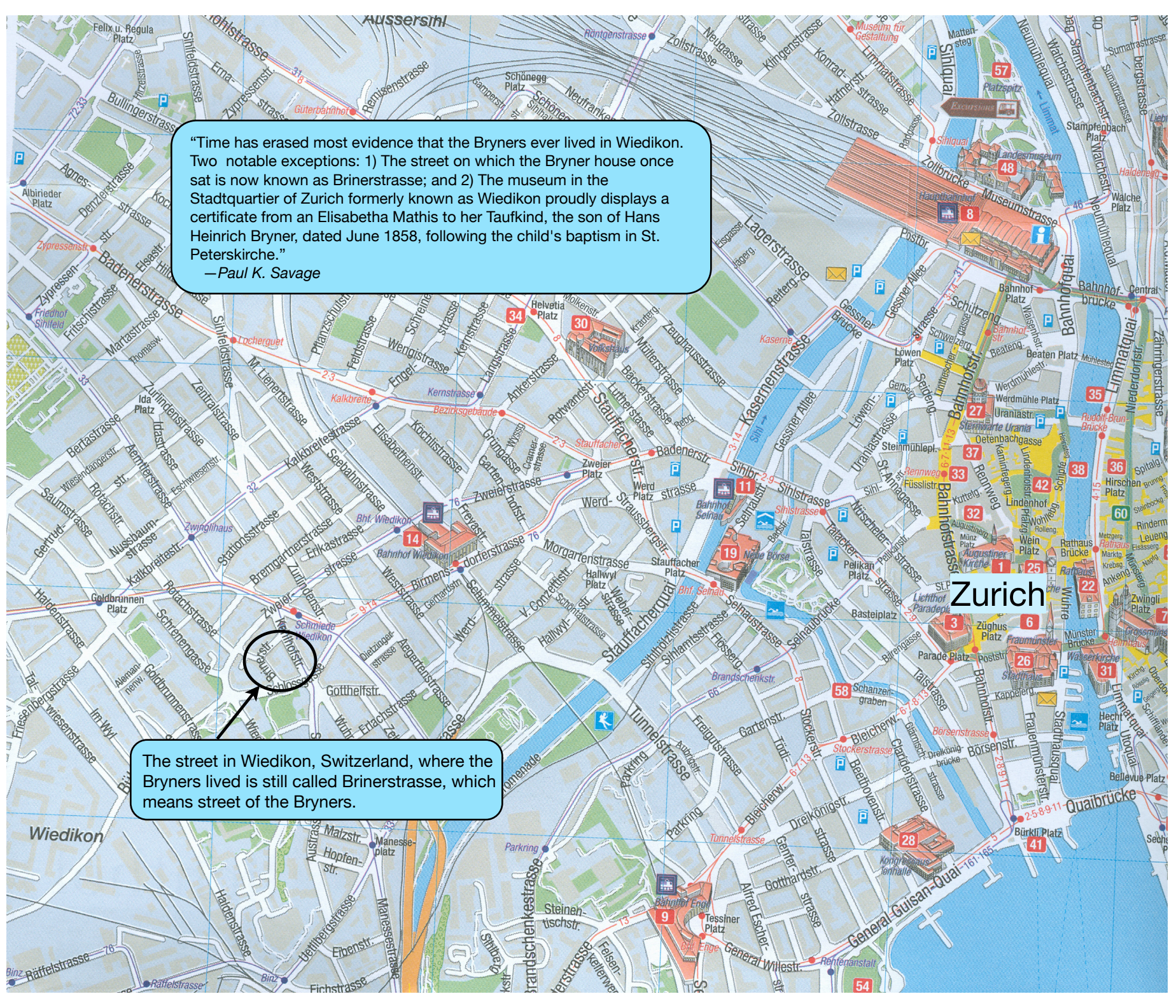
they would believe and be baptized." He never did regain his sight.

On March 19, 1854, George Mayer baptized Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr., his wife Anna Maria, and his sister Barbara Bryner, in a small stream, the Sihl, which ran through the property of Heinrich Baer and was covered with a fine bath house. In the following three months, nine additional members of the Bryner and Mathis families were baptized. . . . The Bryner home came to be a spot where the people often gathered to hear him preach. Mayer frequently stayed in the Bryner home.

But Mayer's preaching did not go unopposed. Opposition took several forms, including harsh editorials in the popular press, disparaging sermons from local clergy and small mob activity such as breaking windows in the Bryner home . . . The most persistent opposition was legal in nature. He was asked to leave and if he didn't leave willingly, he would be forced to leave. Brother Bryner told the lawyer that he was willing to give bond for Mayer's good behavior of a thousand dollars if required, and that Mayer must remain here, and that they had no right to make him leave Zurich . . . and he [Bryner] didn't care what it cost.

Hans Ulrich Jr. and Maria arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in December 1856 on the heels of the famed Martin and Willie Handcart companies. . . . Hans Ulrich and his family followed in a wagon company behind the handcart companies, but by the time they reached Wyoming, oxen were dying at such a rate that there were too few available to pull the wagons, so the Bryners were compelled to leave theirs on the wayside.

Despite the assistance that was sent by Brigham Young to rescue the immigrants on the last part of the journey, Bryner arrived with his feet frozen. Brigham Young came to bless him, to which Bryner attributed the healing of his feet.

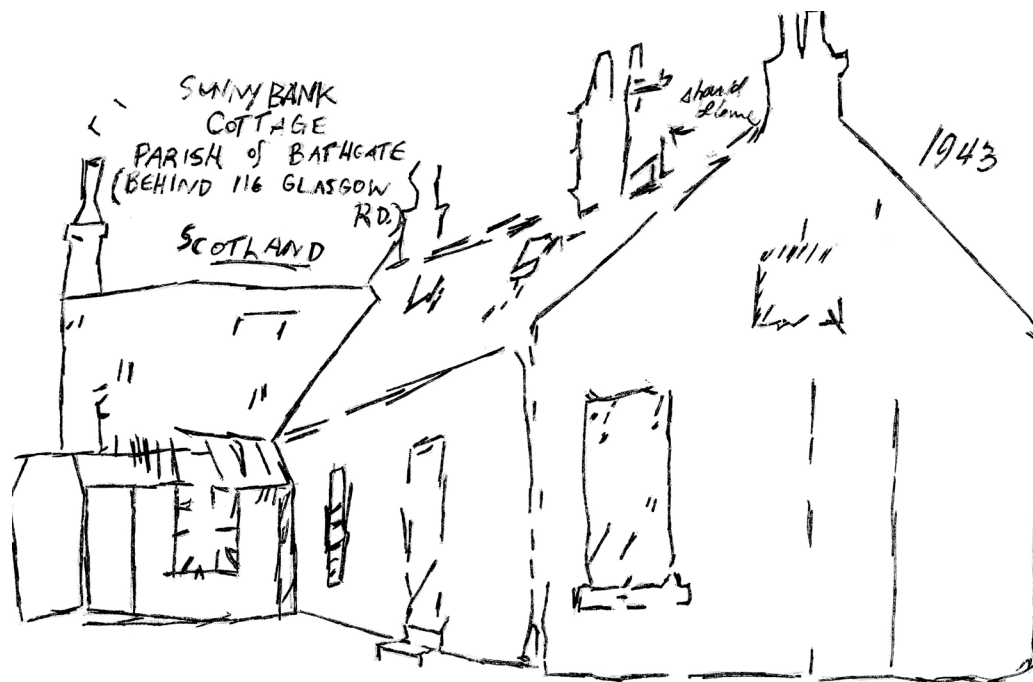


“Time has erased most evidence that the Bryners ever lived in Wiedikon. Two notable exceptions: 1) The street on which the Bryner house once sat is now known as Brinerstrasse; and 2) The museum in the Stadtquartier of Zurich formerly known as Wiedikon proudly displays a certificate from an Elisabetha Mathis to her Taufkind, the son of Hans Heinrich Bryner, dated June 1858, following the child's baptism in St. Peterskirche.”
—Paul K. Savage

The street in Wiedikon, Switzerland, where the Bryners lived is still called Brinerstrasse, which means street of the Bryners.

Zurich

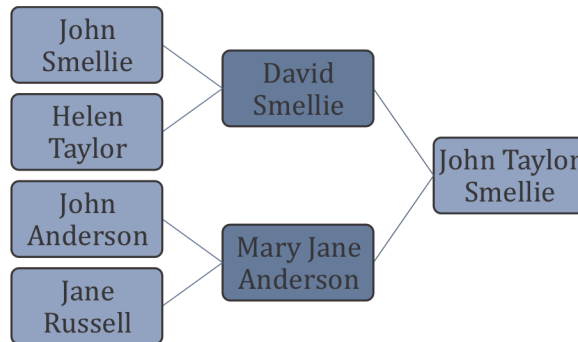
In 1943 when Guinivere's brother, Smellie Redd, was in Great Britain during World War II, he found the Smellie home in Bathgate, Scotland, called Sunnybank Cottage. He drew this sketch of the cottage, which was the home, for several years, of David and Mary Jane Smellie.



Modern-day Blackbraes, Scotland, 2007, where David Smellie spent his boyhood. All of the old buildings are gone now.



David Smellie & Mary Jane Anderson



David Smellie

Born: 28 Aug 1839, Airdrie, Lanark, Scotland

Died: 16 Mar 1912, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah, Age 73

Mary Jane Anderson

Born: 4 Jan 1841, Leith, Midlothian, Scotland

Died: 5 Apr 1909, Salt Lake City, Utah, Age 68

Married: 16 Aug 1862, Leith, Midlothian, Scotland

Source: Information and direct quotes are from the *History of the Smellie Family* by John Taylor Smellie.

"[David Smellie's] boyhood was spent at Blackbraes, Scotland, attending the local schools, later attending a grammar school at Falkirk, which he graduated from and went to work as a clerk in the Bank of Scotland for some years. On emerging into manhood he returned to Blackbraes and worked with his father, learning mine management which he continued at until sent by his father to supervise a mine at St. Andrews, Fifeshire, also at other places where he had private enterprises in mining. Later he subcontracted the Boghead and Torbanehill mines of Bathgate¹³, employing several hundred miners and there accumulated considerable means for a man of but 22 yrs.

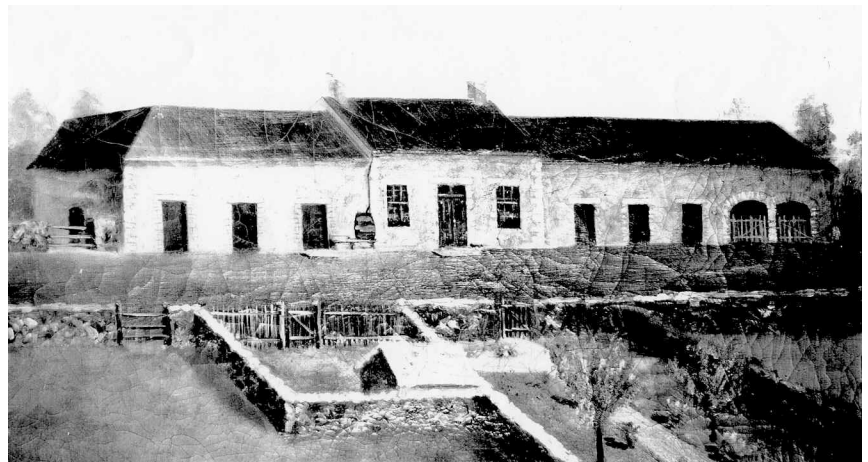


Photo of an oil painting of David Smellie's boyhood home at Blackbraes, Scotland. See also pp. 1 and 14 for watercolor painting of Blackbraes.

¹³ See map of Scotland on p. 15 for locations of important places in the Smellie family history.

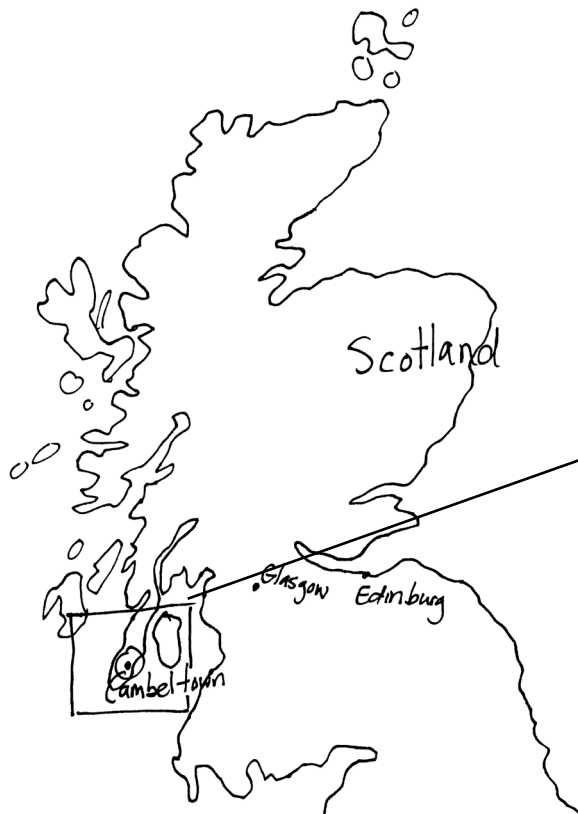


*David Smellie Wedding Portrait;
Mary Jane Anderson Smellie
Wedding Portrait. (Original size,
each 4 ft. x 5 ft.)*

"August 16, 1862, [David Smellie] married Mary Jane Anderson, whose mother was a sister of his father's [second] wife Lizzie, she being of the Russell family. [Mary Jane] was a woman of exceeding beauty and comeliness of person and exceptional mental brightness. They were said to be the handsomest couple in their section. They made their home at Bathgate where they had a beautiful home called *Sunnyside* or *Sunnybank Cottage*, where they kept quite an establishment. (See sketch, p. 48).

"David was like his father, a lover of horses, but went a little farther than his more careful father, and kept race horses, being a patron of the turf. He, for three years in succession, won the Scotch Derby at Musselburgh, racing a different horse each year and [winning] the trophy, being a magnificent cup-urn of about a gallon size. He was also a member of a gentlemen's regiment of cavalry, The Royal Midlothian's Yeomanry, Cavalry Regiment, which annually met for two weeks' service, each furnishing their personal equipment and chargers.

"At this time [David] was operating mines at Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, but having disposed of them, and the Bathgate properties becoming exhausted, he moved to Drumlembie, Argyleshire, Scotland, where he had leased all the minerals on the Duke of Argyle's lands near Campbeltown. With this move, he gave up his turf and other pleasures of a like kind, his wife having always been much opposed to the company they drew around him. . . . Here he operated successfully and happily, many of his early servants and miners accompanying him as they were very devoted to him. Here [near Drumlembie], he built, equipped, and operated the first railroad built in the west of Scotland, using it to haul the mineral from the mines to the shipping port, from whence they were shipped in vessels to Ireland, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

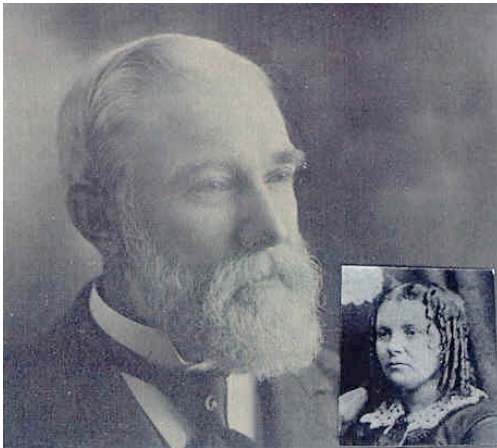


Maps above: David and Mary Jane Smellie owned mines at Campbeltown, named after the Campbell clan which was the family of Lord Argyll.

Near Campbeltown is Drumlemble, where David and Mary Jane Smellie resided prior to immigrating to America.

Photo on the right: Ruins of the church and cemetery at Drumlemble, Argyllshire, Scotland.





David and Mary Jane Anderson Smellie

"His life seemed settled here in an even steady course until the year 1878, when he permitted his wife [Mary Jane Anderson] to invite from Liverpool an Elder of the Mormon Church, her father, John Anderson [see p. 19], having been one of the first converts to the faith in Scotland in the year 1840. While she had never manifest any interest in their faith, still after all her folks had immigrated to Utah, she commenced to remember the teachings of her youth and a longing possessed her to hear them once more, hence her request and the consent of her husband. They told the presidency of the Liverpool office [that] they would provide the expenses of who might be sent. The result was that Elder Peter Reid came to their home and with his crossing their threshold, came a change in their life's course and future.

"He was received with every kindness and courtesy and while there, unknown to any of the family, he baptized [Mary Jane] in their bathroom. Her children became devoted to the principles of Mormonism and while [David Smellie] showed every kindness to Elder Reid, he manifested no desire to his teachings.

"About this time a series of accidents and calamities overtook David in his mining affairs, bursts of water, etc., until he was eventually compelled to sell and decided to make his home in America. Truly the words of the Savior were fulfilled in his case when He said that it 'was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven,' but the hand of God was working over him.

"Reading from [David's] journal: '... [Mormonism] was being talked up to me by my wife, who was the daughter of a Mormon, and in fact I knew about and understood it for some years, having read a little of the Book of Mormon when a young man before I was married. About this time I had to visit Glasgow on business and was detained over Sunday and visited

the Barony Church, to hear Dr. Donald McLeod preach. He took his text from the 30th Chapter of Deuteronomy, preaching from the 11th verse to the end and repeating again and again the 15th verse, *See I have set before thee this day life and death and good and evil* and it seemed as if he talked directly to me. I was so impressed that when I went home the next day I was now ready to go to Salt Lake and become a Mormon just as soon as I could arrange my business.' . . . This was November 1881.

"After spending some weeks in Glasgow, which was necessary in the concluding of his business, the family left their native land on the Anchor Line steamship, *Ethiopia*, and after twelve days steaming, landed at New York.

"While [David and Mary Jane] had originally intended going direct to Utah . . . he decided to settle in Kansas, and accordingly went there direct, landing at Topeka. Here he fell into the hands of sharpsters who sold him a farm for much more than he should have paid. . . . Here they continued for about two years, but while the place was desirable . . . still the lack of experience and the new customs of the country, also the first embarrassment caused by over paying for the place, coupled with poor health, eventually began to tell on [David] and he lost heart and became sick and unable to handle the place.

"[Finally David and Mary Jane moved to Utah], having lost everything they had and had to give up the farm they purchased. It was a choice farm in the ancient Eden, being but forty odd miles west of Independence, Missouri. I [John Taylor Smellie, son of David and Mary Jane] believe when the earth is redeemed and Zion established, that I will want no better land for a home. When I think of the rich soil, luscious grapes and fruits we grew and all without irrigation, I long for it. I consider western Missouri and eastern Kansas the garden of the country.

"[David and Mary Jane] secured a three room frame home in the 20th Ward [in Salt Lake City], but Father had much difficulty in getting work . . . He became very discouraged and my heart ached for him, when I thought of the affluence he had been in, but through it all he investigated the gospel . . .

"Unexpectedly at breakfast one Fast Day he [David] said, 'What if we all go to the Endowment House and be baptized.' It was joyful news and all joined in it. Remarkably to say, the afternoon of the same day, Brother David O. Calder asked [David] if he would be his bookkeeper, which he consented to, and for the rest of his active life, he was associated with him . . .

"[David] was soon ordained a Priest, then an Elder and went to the Logan Temple and had [his wife] and children sealed. Here he had a wonderful testimony of work he did for his parents [John Smellie and first wife, Ellen Taylor]. . . . A few weeks later [Mary Jane] received a letter from Sister Maggie Lamont Smith, who when a girl had worked for Grandmother [Lizzie Russell Smellie, second wife of John Smellie] at Blackbraes, Scotland.

"The night of the day my parents had officiated in the Logan Temple for Father's parents, Sister Smith had the following dream, she knowing nothing of their being at the temple. She thought she was at Blackbraes and she and Grandmother Russell Smellie were standing at the door looking down an avenue that led to the house. They were feeling very sad as it seemed to them that Grandfather [John Smellie] was in prison. While they stood thus, they saw Grandfather approaching up the avenue in his accustomed manner, which gave them much surprise . . . Grandmother said, 'Loosh, John, I thought you was in prison.' He replied, 'I was, Lizzie, but my son David let me out.' He [John Smellie] had been dead about nine years. . . . [This] was by them received as a testimony that the work done had been accepted . . .

"I will also state that after [David Smellie's] baptism he desired a testimony, and during the hours of the night, it seemed that the Angel Moroni appeared to him in a dream, surrounded with light, and laid before him the Book of Mormon and told him it was true. He was satisfied.

"[David and Mary Jane] became very comfortably settled at 318 S. 12 E. [Salt Lake City], where their lives were spent in peace, surrounded by their many friends, for their home was a haven for many. . . . Their place was, in summer, an arbor of foliage and flowers, with bowers of grape and other vines.

"A few years after their death I was stopped on Main Street, Salt Lake, by Brother Buckle, who said, 'Last Sunday at our parents class the subject was The Ideal Home. I stood up before the class and told them that to me the home of Brother and Sister Smellie was the ideal home. There was love and unity, order and system, coupled with respect for each other that means oneness and unity . . .'"



David Smellie Family. David, seated center; Mary Jane, standing (dark dress); John Taylor Smellie, standing on the left; and Maria Ricks Smellie, wife of John T., seated on the left.

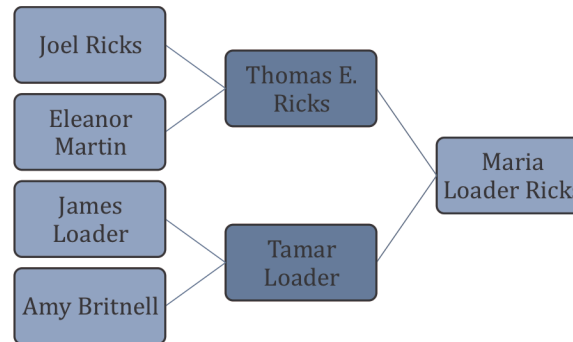
Thomas E. Ricks

Born: 21 Jul 1828, Donaldson Creek, Trigg, Kentucky
 Died: 28 Sep 1901, Rexburg, Fremont, Idaho, Age 73

Tamar Loader

Born: 8 Sep 1833, Aston Rowant, Oxford, England
 Died: 1 Feb 1924, Sugar City, Madison, Idaho, Age 91

Married: 27 Mar 1857, Salt Lake City, Utah

Thomas E. Ricks & Tamar Loader**Thomas E. Ricks**

Source: Thomas E. Ricks by Wanda Wyler Ricks

Thomas E. Ricks was born in 1828 in Kentucky on a 200-acre farm belonging to his grandparents. The family owned several slaves, but treated them as family, the slave children being the principal playmates of their own children.

When Thomas was two, his family moved from Kentucky to Illinois. There his parents helped to start a branch of the Campbellite Church. In 1840, Mormon missionaries came to the area and the next year, Thomas' parents joined the church but he did not. He traveled to Nauvoo with his family and heard the prophet Joseph prophecy that the Saints would "be scattered and established by themselves in the Rocky Mountains."

He returned home to the family farm, and while attempting to break a wild horse, the horse fell on him and crushed his thigh. After a long recuperation, he decided to join the church and was baptized at age 16. Later, he with others, answered President Brigham Young's call to rescue the Handcart Pioneers. Thomas married one of them, Tamar Loader.

Thomas helped settle Logan, Utah and then was called to colonize the Snake River area in Idaho and later became the Stake President. Among many other accomplishments, he started a school in Rexburg, Idaho called Ricks Academy, later known as Ricks College and now known as BYU Idaho.

His is the story of a man who devoted his life to subduing the rugged environment of the pioneer West, and in establishing an ideal temporal and spiritual society, a Zion in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. He was a strong and determined leader and yet he was also a humble follower, willing to accept any calling from his leaders in pursuit of a great cause. He was a colonizer and founder of towns and communities in Idaho, built upon soil that had never seen a plow or a woodsman's axe. He was a builder of homes, churches, schools, mills, wagon roads, bridges, canals and railroad lines.

He was a missionary to the Indians, even though as a young man crossing the plains he had been shot by them in a skirmish that left him bleeding and very close to death. He says of this, "While lying there weltering in blood I heard a voice say audibly and clearly, 'You will not die, you will live to go to the



*Home of Thomas E. and Tamar Loader Ricks,
Rexburg, Idaho, 1888.*

L-R:

Guinivere Smellie (daughter of John Taylor Smellie & Maria Ricks Smellie);

Maria Ricks Smellie (Grandmother of Guinivere Redd Torrie);

Mary Smellie (daughter of John Taylor Smellie & Maria Ricks Smellie);

Lou Amelia Ricks (daughter of Thomas E. Ricks & Tamar Loader Ricks);

Tamar Loader Ricks (Great-grandmother of Guinivere Redd Torrie)

Rocky Mountains and there you will do a great work in your day and generation.”

Thomas was an officer in the territorial militia, ready to fight even the U.S. Army when it threatened to destroy the Zion he loved. Yet he was always loyal to the Constitution of the United States. He was elected county sheriff and at one time killed a prisoner attempting to flee. He was exonerated of any wrong doing at the time, but years later when the attitude of the government turned more hostile to the Saints, enemies of the Mormon church reopened the case and Thomas spent a month in prison awaiting trial for murder. He was exonerated.

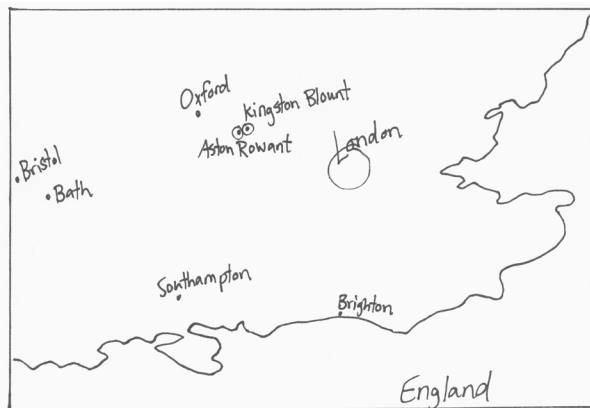
At his death, Joseph F. Smith of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints declared him to be “a nobler and grander man than he has ever been given credit for.”

Tamar Loader

Tamar Loader was born and raised in a tenant cottage in Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, England, on the estate of Sir Henry John Lambert, a wealthy manor lord. Her father, James Loader, had been head gardener on the Lambert estate, but was relieved of his duties and he and his family turned out of their home when he joined the Mormon church.

In 1856 Tamar went to America to join her family who had immigrated the year before. They joined the Martin Handcart Company. On the trek, her father, James Loader, died of exposure, leaving her mother and seven children to continue on alone. They buried their father as best they could by an ash tree in Ash Hollow, Nebraska. Before they were out of sight, they heard the wolves howling as they scented a new grave.

Tamar was taken sick on the trail due to exposure and the hard conditions. Apostles John Taylor and Franklin Richards blessed



her to to have the strength to be able to enter the valley of Zion on foot. The blessing was fulfilled.

Food was very scarce. Sometimes the ground was so frozen they had to pitch their tent by throwing it into the air to freeze into shape, giving them shelter from the elements. They rubbed their feet with snow each night to prevent freezing. One evening in desperation they boiled harnesses from the handcarts and drank the broth. That night the mother [Amy Britnell Loader] and girls lay down to sleep perhaps for the last time, as they were stalled by blizzards at Martin's Cove, Wyoming.

The next morning, in order to get Tamar and her sisters up, the plucky little mother danced a jig, sang songs and laughed until the girls laughed too, and got up to give it another try. The next day the relief wagons from Salt Lake arrived with bread. Never before or since had bread tasted so delicious. Had the mother not been able to raise her girls they would have been frozen to death before help arrived. (See story, p. 61).

One of those who arrived to help save the handcart pioneers was Thomas E. Ricks. Tamar, who was 22 years old, had been very sad to leave behind in England a sweetheart whom she had been unable to convert. One night, while on the plains, she had a dream. The next morning she told her mother that she had dreamed that her sweetheart came and stood beside her and he seemed so real. Beside him was another man. In the dream the sweetheart gradually faded away but the other man remained. When Tamar first saw Thomas E. Ricks in the rescue party, she took her mother by the arm and said, "Mother, that's the man." Tamar married Thomas E. Ricks soon after they got to the Salt Lake Valley.

Tamar's Story by Irene Smellie Redd [Guinivere's mother]

My grandfather, Thomas E. Ricks, was called from Logan to go up and settle in the Snake River Valley, where he founded Rexburg, and the Ricks College. After the Manifesto [the revelation to President Wilford Woodruff that polygamy should no longer be practiced,] Grandfather and his wives decided that he should live with Aunt Ellen, his wife with young children. My grandmother, Tamar, Grandfather Thomas' second wife, was asked to be his official hostess when the General Authorities came up [to Rexburg] from Salt Lake for conferences, and Grandfather always ate dinner with Grandma. When I was there she would have me hang a white dishtowel on the gate to let Grandpa know lunch was ready.

I was Grandmother Tamar Ricks' pet grandchild as the other members of the family said. I slept with her most of the nights after the Manifesto. I remember so well hearing my mother saying, "Well the sun is going down. You better get your night gown ready for going to Grandma's." Mother always saw to it that one of us girls slept with her mother. My childhood was made more interesting and exciting from the fact that I seemed to have two homes. Grandma and I became very dear to each other. I loved to listen to her soft English accent.

The acquaintance I gained with the leaders of the church was gained from the pictures she had of them on the walls of her house, even on the kitchen walls. She had pictures of them in small, carved oak frames and she would stand and look at them. She would tell me some nice incidents about when they visited her home or when she associated with them in other ways when they would go to Salt Lake City to Conference. The outstanding picture was an enlargement in a gold and white enamel frame, twenty-six by thirty, of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum Smith. I don't think she ever went to bed without taking a look at it. I can see Grandma in her white lace night cap and long white linsey-woolsey night gown, standing before the pictures rubbing her hands together admiring them before she put the light out. With all her trials and hardships she still seemed to worship the brethren and her every wish was for the brethren and her every hope was to live worthy to see them. I imagine it wouldn't be heaven to her if she didn't get to see the prophet Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith. She never did say a word against the Authorities nor did she allow anyone to do so in her home.

Dancing in the Snow, by Robin B. Lambert. *Friend*, Jan 2002, p.10.

(This true incident was shared by Layna Haymond of Santaquin, Utah. She is the 5th great-grand-daughter of Amy Loader, the mother in this story.)

The cold winter winds had blown drifts of snow into our tent that morning. We didn't find out until later how lucky we were—the snow had piled up on the tops of several other tents that same night, causing their roofs to collapse on the people sleeping inside. But at the time, all Tamar and Maria, two of my sisters, and I knew was that we were terribly cold and hungry.

We were camped next to the Sweetwater River with our mother and other family members, on our way to the Salt Lake Valley. It had been snowing for four days straight, and until the blizzard let up, we were stuck. And what was worse, we were quickly running out of food. Everyone in our handcart company shared their supplies equally, which meant that everyone got equally small portions. We were only allowed a handful of flour each. The night before, Mama had taken a strip of rawhide off the frame of the cart and boiled it into a sort of broth. To my brother and sisters and me, it tasted wonderful, but it did little to fill our empty stomachs. And now here we were the next morning, lying buried under a layer of quilts and a layer of snow, knowing that there would be no more food today than there was yesterday. All that stood before us was another day of cold misery.

I shut my eyes and wished that I could go back to sleep. In my dreams, at least, I was comfortable and warm. I could pretend that I was back in our lovely England, in our beautiful little cottage. I remembered the day the missionaries had spoken at our town chapel, and how Mama's and Papa's eyes had begun to burn with a light I had never seen before.

That was why we were here. Ever

since their baptisms a few years ago, Mama and Papa had dreamed of joining the Saints in America. We had skimped and saved and finally were able to afford the price of passage on a boat to the United States.

Not being able to afford a horse or wagon, we signed on with a handcart company led by Mr. Edward Martin. Papa passed away early in the journey, and Mama's health was very delicate. We often had to let her rest in the handcart while we three older girls pulled and pushed. She was so determined to reach Salt Lake that there was never any thought of turning back. But now, after trudging across half the American continent, it didn't look as if we were going to get much farther. I shuddered and tried pulling the quilt closer around me. I had never felt as weak or as miserable as I did that morning.

"Patience, are you awake?" Mama's sleepy voice came from the other side of the tent. I groaned.

"Come, Patience, get up and help me make a fire." I could hear the rustlings as she climbed from beneath the quilt.

The thought of leaving the small warmth provided by the quilt and my slumbering sisters made me shiver even more. "Oh, Mama," I said, "I can't get up. It's too cold. And I'm so hungry! I don't think I have the strength."

"Tamar? How about you, lass?" Tamar barely stirred beside me as she mumbled, "I don't feel well, Mama, not at all. I can't possibly get out of bed."

Mama came over and knelt next to our huddled bodies. She put a gloved hand on Maria's shoulder and shook her gently, saying, "Come, Maria, you get up."

Maria groaned. "I can't, Mama." Mama stood up and put her hands on her hips. "Girls, this will not do!" She pursed her lips in thought for a moment, then her face brightened. "I believe I will have to dance for you. Will that make you feel better?"

And before we could react, Mama stood on her toes and began dancing a jig, a bright lively dance from home with lots of kicking and bouncing. She also began singing an old ballad we used to sing in our village on holidays. Mama jumped and spun around, her voice cheerful and bright in the muffled stillness of the winter morning. Tamar, Maria, and I all poked our noses out from beneath the quilt to watch her, too surprised to laugh.

Then all of a sudden, Mama's foot slipped on the snow that had drifted in through the tent door. She let out a little yelp as her feet flew out beneath her and she landed on the cold ground with a thump.

"Mama!" In seconds, all three of us girls were at her side. We were sure that she had twisted her ankle or broken her leg or worse. But as soon as we helped her sit up, we saw that she was shaking not with pain but with silent laughter.

"Mama!" I exclaimed. "What on earth did you think you were doing, dancing like that on the snow! You could have been hurt!"

Mama chuckled again as she held us all close. "Oh, girls, I knew I had to get you out of bed somehow! I couldn't stand the thought that my girls were getting discouraged and were going to give up. I knew that that simply would not do. So I thought that I could make you all jump up if I danced for you—especially if I fell down!"

I looked at my sisters. They looked at me. I knew at that point that no matter how hard our journey got, Mama would never let us fail. We would make it to the Salt Lake Valley if she had to drag us all along behind her.

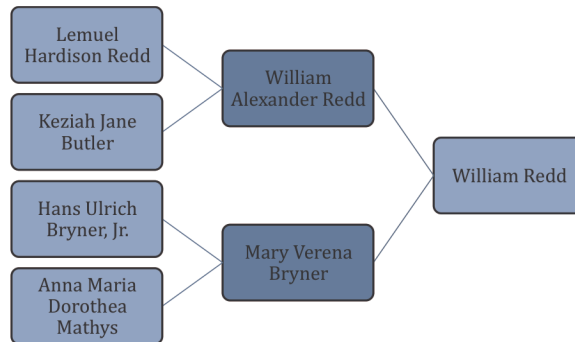
"That was a clever little trick, Mama," Tamar said.

"Yes," I said as I grabbed Maria's hand, "and now that we're out of bed, let's get that fire going before we all freeze to death!"

Chapter 3: Guinivere's Grandparents



William Alexander Redd & Mary Verena Bryner



Source: Lura Redd in "The Redd Review"

Note: In this story, William Alexander Redd (Guinivere's grandfather) will be referred to as William A. to differentiate him from Guinivere's father, William Redd.

William A.'s parents, Lemuel Hardison Redd and Keziah Jane Butler Redd, were stalwart pioneers called to colonize new land in New Harmony, Utah. They lived at first in dug outs and log rooms with boughs for roof and dirt floors, with only pitch and tallow candles for light. Life was far different from today.

William A.'s father made their shoes with a shoe maker's kit bought in Salt Lake City. The kit consisted of a box with a hinged lid. Across the back of it there were two little compartments filled with little wooden pegs, as they didn't use metal tacks then. The kit also contained a hammer and four *lasts*, a small one, two middle-sized ones and a large one. [A *last* is a shaped form, made of wood or steel, on which to make a shoe or boot. Guinivere still has Lemuel Hardison Redd's steel *last*.] As all shoes were made on one of the four *lasts*, their shoes were as near to a fit as the *last* could make them. These shoes were made of hides they brought from Salt Lake City or



William Alexander Redd

Born: 19 Sep 1861, Spanish Fork, Utah, Utah

Died: 6 Jan 1911 Raymond, Alberta, Canada, Age 50

Mary Verena Bryner

Born: 3 Mar 1866, New Harmony, Washington, Utah

Died: 30 May 1934, Raymond, Alberta, Canada, Age 68

Married: 27 Feb 1884, St. George, Washington, Utah

Opposite page: Watercolor painting by Vilo (Alvira) Redd Snow. Vilo is a sister to William A. Redd, which makes her an aunt to William Redd (Guinivere Redd Torrie's father) and a great-aunt to Guinivere. Vilo Redd married Orrin H. Snow after his first wife died. The Redds and the Snows had known each other in southern Utah. After Orrin's first wife died, he wrote a letter to Vilo proposing marriage. Her first thought was, "That old coot. Who'd marry him?" But they married and moved to Raymond. When William A. Redd died so young, leaving his wife Verena with a large young family, William Redd (Guinivere's father) helped his mother raise his younger siblings. Orrin Snow was a big help to William and became like a father to him.

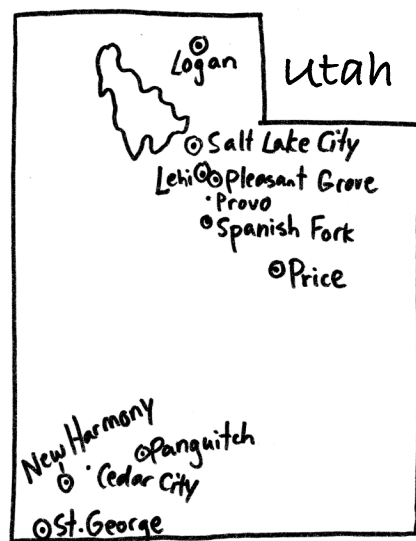
tanned at home. They greased them up with tallow to make them wear well.

William A. said that when they were small, they were the only children in town who had shoes when it snowed. The others came to town with wet cold feet and had to warm them at the little heater they had in the middle of the room, and sit barefooted all day. They'd scrape the hot coals on the hearth to warm their feet. Their shoes were precious. When it was wet and sloppy, the Redd girls would carry their shoes and wrap their feet in gunny sacks. When they arrived at school they'd take off the sacks and put on their shoes. They would put the gunny sacks under the pot bellied stove to dry during the day. Always, when the weather was warm they all went barefoot.

William A. told of the early days when he was very young that they even danced barefoot, and barred those who wore shoes so they wouldn't step on the bare toes of the others. The floors were not very smooth, and they sometimes got slivers in their feet. Then some swain who had a pocketknife, pulled it out, opened it up, and the foot with the sliver was held up while he pulled out the sliver and the dance went on.

It took three weeks to travel from New Harmony to Salt Lake City so people seldom went. About the only time they needed money was when they went shopping in Salt Lake City. In the community at home they traded or bartered. They even traded when they went to Salt Lake. William A.'s father went about every year or every other year and when he went he took dried fruit, buckskin gloves and pine nuts and anything they could spare. He would bring back a bolt of cloth and they all had dresses alike.

We don't have much information about William A.'s boyhood activities but he grew up on a farm where they raised grain,



corn, vegetables, fruit, cows, pigs, horses, chickens and sheep. Undoubtedly he had chores to do from an early age.

Range land was public land and free to any and all stock men. They took their sheep wherever they could find forage. Their cattle summered out in the bush along the foothills and they fenced a large part of the farm in the southwest corner on both sides of the creek and fed the cattle there in the winter. It was a job for the boys to fence and herd the cattle and sheep. One stated that they were always making and fixing fences.

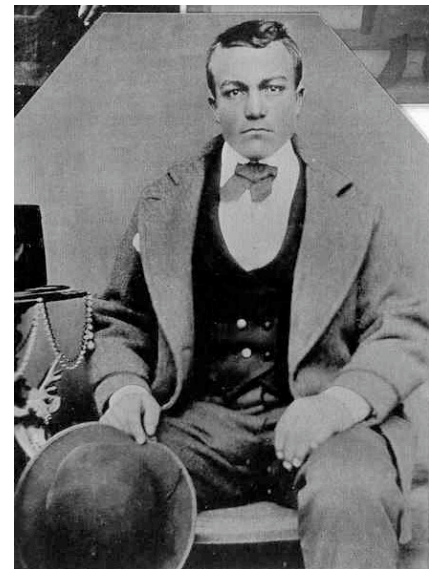
But they did have parties. The refreshments were always honey candy or molasses. They made their own fun and got enjoyment out of very simple things.

School was limited to three or four months in the winter where they would sit two to a home-made desk. Apparently William A. did go to school at one time in St. George, Utah but most of his schooling was in the school of hard knocks.

When William A. was about sixteen, a traveling photographer came to town and of course everyone had to have their picture taken. They dressed up in their very best. William had his picture taken in a suit his mother, Keziah Jane, had made and he held his hat in his hand to show that he had one.

When the boys were old enough and experienced enough to handle two teams of horses on one wagon they could get lots of work freighting. They were at that time having to haul everything by team.

Shearing time was in the Spring and was a busy time for all. There were large shearing corrals where everyone took their sheep to shear. Early in life William A. did shearing and later freighted this wool. It was a trip of about a week loaded but coming back it was shorter if they could not find anything to



Young William A. Redd sat for this portrait wearing the suit his mother, Keziah Jane Butler Redd, had sewn.



Wedding portrait of William A. and
Mary Verena Bryner Redd, 1884

freight back. William A. always took a large lunch box with a few utensils. They fried their own bacon, eggs and potatoes and usually made flapjacks or pancakes. This grub box with a hinged lid and fasteners and handles was a necessary part of his freighting equipment.

At harvest time they cut the grain with a scythe, then gathered the grain by hand into bundles which they tied with strands of wheat. At first they used a flail and beat the chaff off the grain by hand but later a man got a threshing machine and went around threshing people's grain.

Bryners were neighbors to the Redds and Verena Bryner was just a little girl and a friend of William A.'s sister. One day he realized that she had grown up and was a young lady, so he courted her and they were married in the St. George Temple on February 27, 1884. Verena was 17 and William A. was 22. He got a job herding sheep and was getting \$1.25 a day when he got married -- 25 cents in cash and the rest was in sheep. The wages he took in set him up in the sheep business and before long he was on his own. They lived with his parents at first but he soon bought a small house and then later built a brick house. People wondered how he could build such a house when he was so young. He said it was because he had worked hard and never uselessly spent his money and he had a wife that did the same.

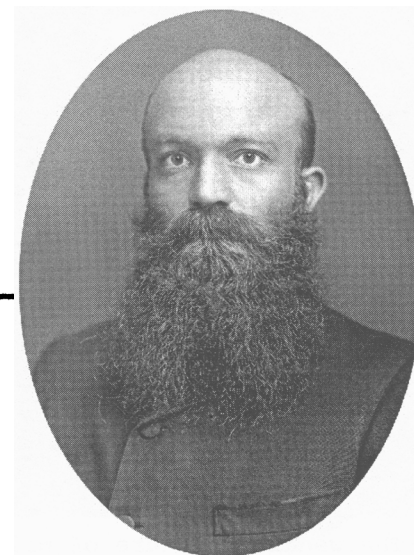
William A. and Verena had two children, William (born January 7, 1885) and Elda Grace (born October 16, 1886) when he was called to go on a mission to the Southern States. (Earlier when William A.'s brother Lemuel received his call, Lemuel said, "Papa, I can't afford it." His father, Lemuel Hardison Redd, said, "You can't afford not to answer that call." Lemuel went and his life was one of wealth and influence all his life).

William A. Redd left for his mission on February 10, 1887. He had been married three years. He returned in 1889. On May 15, 1890, William A. and Verena had triplets--Myrtle, Belle (who both died that same day), and Verena, who died on June 11. To add to their sorrow, little Grace died on July 29 that same year.

William A. was called and sustained to be the bishop of the New Harmony, Utah, Ward, while he was out of town and without his knowledge (which was common in those days). On 15 Sep 1890 he was ordained by Apostle Francis M. Lyman. William A. wanted to leave New Harmony, but he stayed because he was the bishop. Sixteen years later, Apostle Cowley asked William A. how long he had served as a bishop. Upon hearing the answer, Elder Cowley said that 16 years was long enough and that he could leave New Harmony if he still wanted to.

In his search for a new home, William A. stopped at Salt Lake City and joined a group that went to Canada where he fell in love with the beautiful prairie with its deep grass and felt that it had a great potential. He bought land and returned to New Harmony in 1905 and announced his plans to move to Alberta. He sent his oldest son, William [Guinivere's father], to Canada to begin breaking the land and made plans to move his family there. Verena wept disappointedly but began to prepare to go to Canada. She later acknowledged that it had been a good place to rear their family.

Brigham S. Young said of William A., "If I were asked to name his outstanding quality, I could say unhesitatingly, dependability. He filled with honor many important offices in both civic and religious life. He and his wife observed the divine fiat to increase and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it."



William A. Redd on his mission, 1887, age 26. He had been married for about three years when called to the Southern States mission.





This is the old white church that was used as a school in New Harmony, Utah in 1900. Some of William A. and Verena Redd's children are in the photo: 3rd row from back, just in front of smaller boy is Will (age 15); 2nd row from front, at left end in front of teacher's right hand is Jessie (age 5); 2nd row, fifth from left is Fern (age 7); 2nd row seventh from left is Lura (age 9).



Redd sheep ranch near New Harmony, Utah, before they moved to Raymond, Alberta, in 1905.

William A. built a beautiful rock home for them in Raymond, Alberta and served in the church as counselor to Heber S. Allen in the Stake Presidency.

After living in Raymond about five years, William A. suddenly passed away in January 1911, leaving Verena with ten children to rear alone, William [Guinivere's father] aged 26, the oldest and Kay the youngest being three years old.

William A.'s son, William, changed his plan to go to medical school and stayed home and married Irene Ricks Smellie and helped to raise his mother's family along with his own.

At William A.'s funeral, Stake President Heber S. Allen said, "If ever I loved a man, I loved William A. Redd. He was always true, full of faith, always gentle and amiable. Like Nathaniel of old, Elder Redd is a man without guile.¹⁴ In his death I lose a man of safe judgment, the community loses a force for good, which we will find difficult to replace. The fruits of his splendid, well spent life, will live forever."

Mary Verena Bryner

Information is taken from The Redd Review, by Lura Redd.

As a child, Mary Ann Verena Bryner, called Verena or Franey, would lead her father, Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr., around, as he was blind. They had their furniture in the same place all the time; they had to be very careful about that. No shoes or litter of any kind could be left about for him to stumble over. Her father needed someone with him all the time, and her mother was his

¹⁴ It is interesting that at the funeral of William A. Redd's son, William Redd (Guinivere's father), a speaker, Charles Asplund, a business associate, entitled his sermon, "A Man Without Guile".

best help, so she left the housework to the girls as soon as they were big enough. They would finish the work in the house, and then they would knit and not play unless they knitted while they played. They'd tie a piece of white thread where they were in their knitting and then they would see who could knit the most while they played hop scotch, pitch the picket or steal sticks.

At five or six, Verena would sit at her mother's knee in the evening piecing quilt blocks. That was the way they learned to sew. Sewing was a real art in those days. They could sew very straight with the littlest stitches imaginable. They were as small as machine stitches and very nearly as even. Grandpa [Hans Ulrich Bryner, Jr.] would like someone to read the Bible to him in the evenings, so Verena and other family members read aloud to him.

She with her siblings from Switzerland were taught to call their father, "Father". (The southern Utah children always called their father "Pap"). Her schooling according to our standards was meager, about the same as William A.'s. They were probably in the same room at the same time but he could sit at a desk while she sat at a little low bench and looked at her book if she had one. If she had a slate she could write on it and spit on it and rub her hand over it to make room for more writing.

Once when Verena was about twelve, she dried fruit all summer and was given the privilege of having a new dress with the money it brought. Someone had come to New Harmony with a real pretty dress and she wanted one like it. The men of New Harmony took turns going to Salt Lake City at conference time. This time it was Benjamin Brubache's turn. She took her money to him and pointed out to him the dress material she wanted. He wrote it down very carefully in his little notebook and noted the money she gave him. He would do his best. It happened that he could not find the kind of fabric she wanted



Verena Bryner Redd



Verna wearing the dress she made herself and showing the white pantalets that her mother made from a bed jacket.

so he had to pick out some himself. She was dreadfully disappointed with it, but there was nothing she could do about it. She was stuck with it.

Verena decided to make the dress herself as her sisters were gone from home. No printed patterns were to be had in those days. She hunted through town and found one and borrowed it. Such patterns didn't often fit. She cut it out and sewed it, but the neck was too high, so she trimmed out the neck and got it too low, and now she had to take up the shoulder seams more. By the time the neck and shoulders were right, it was too short in the waist, so now she had to put a wide belt in it, otherwise it was alright.

It was the dress she was wearing when she stood for her picture when she was almost twelve. For this her very first picture she wanted some very fashionable pantalets to show beneath the hem of the dress and she hadn't any. Verena's mother had a nice hand embroidered bed jacket so she decided to make the sleeves [of the bed jacket] into pants for the pantalets. She put Verena's feet through the sleeves of the bed jacket and folded, pinned, and sewed the rest up to make the pantalets with lovely embroidered ruffles showing. Of course this little dress was made by hand with her own hand-stitching and it was lined. They never thought of making a dress without lining it.

Verena went to school at St. George one winter where she stayed with her Uncle Casper and Aunt Settie. To be real fashionable she had knit herself a pair of beautiful purple stockings and took them with her to St. George for this special winter. Something about the dye reacted with her feet and legs, causing them to swell and turn dark. She had to keep off them, so she sat with her feet on a chair for a time, and when the swelling went down she could go back to school.

Verena was married to William A. Redd in 1884. Before they went to Canada she had a Swiss immigrant girl working for her who did beautiful knitting and knitted very fast so Verena had her knit long woolen stockings for the very cold Canada where they were going to live.

In Raymond, Alberta, Verena was called to be Secretary of the Taylor Stake Relief Society while she was still in bed after her youngest son, Kay, was born. (In those days, women stayed in bed for weeks after having babies). She carried that calling for 25 years, traveling any way she could--stone boat,¹⁵ buggy, horse, or train. She did travel by car sometimes because Fanny Walker, her assistant in later years told of the time Kay drove them to Magrath in an early model Ford and how they got stuck in the mud following a sudden rain storm, trying to come up the Pot Hole Hill, about six miles west of Raymond.

Always when she traveled, if she didn't have a baby with her, she took some reading or handwork. A co-worker in the Relief Society in Raymond, Sister T.J. O'Brien,¹⁶ often told Verena's daughters, "Your mother will wear her hands out some day." Her hands were never idle.

Verena's husband, William A. died at age 49, about five years after they came to Raymond, leaving Verena with 10 of her 14 children still living at home, ranging in age from 3 to 26.

After Verena's home in Raymond was renovated, her son Will's family moved in with her while his home was being remodeled. The depression hit so Will's home was never finished. Will and Irene [Guinivere's parents] and family lived there with Grandma Verena Redd the rest of their lives.

¹⁵ A stone boat was a sleigh pulled by horses on dirt, rather than snow.

¹⁶ Sister T.J. O'Brien is the grandmother of Richard O'Brien who is the husband of Guinivere's niece, Judy Strong O'Brien.



*William A. and Verena Redd Family about 1897.
The oldest boy is Guinivere's father, William.*

Tribute to Verena Bryner Redd, given by Sister T.J. O'Brien at Verena's funeral in 1934, Raymond, Alberta:

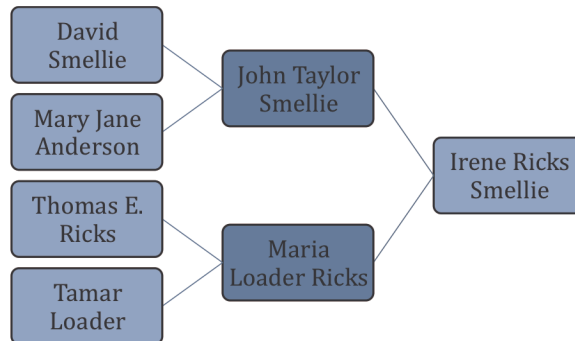
"Sister Redd was more than a friend to me. When you have worked with a person for many years they become more like one of your own, and I loved her as a sister. We worked together in the Relief Society for 26 years. We traveled together when there used to be one Stake, leaving Monday morning and returning Friday night. We slept together, we prayed together, and we have told our troubles to each other and received consolation from one another. Sister Redd has been a great comfort to me.

"I feel my life has been better through my association with Sister Redd, because she was a woman of great faith. She never said anything bad about anyone and if she heard anything that was not right she would take their part.

"I enjoyed working with Sister Redd because she was intelligent, knew the gospel and was a great studier. She was a great worker, always knitting or crocheting. Her hands were never idle. Since she has not been able to do fancy work [in her later years], she has set a little table in front of her, studying the books of the Gospel and memorizing pages of truth.

"She never seemed to have an idle moment. She was progressive. She was the mother of fourteen children. She has raised a big family, been a good wife and mother, what more could be said of a good Latter Day Saint?"

John Taylor Smellie & Maria Loader Ricks Smellie



John Taylor Smellie

Source: History of the Smellie Family by John Taylor Smellie

"[I] was born at Bathgate, Scotland, 28th of May 1863, though [I] should not have entered this world for two [more] months, which was caused by [my] Grandfather John Anderson, who as stated had joined the L.D.S. church in 1840, and who had unsuccessfully labored with his dear wife, Jane Russell, to bring her to see eye to eye with him but to no purpose. (See story p. 19). After he had labored thus for 23 years, he decided to take his youngest son William with him and leave for Utah, which he did, leaving [his wife, my] Grandmother [Jane Russell] with his youngest daughter Maggie, unmarried.

"This break in my mother's [Mary Jane Anderson Smellie's] family so worked on her that the premature birth of [me], John T., was the result. Just as the ship, Sunny Shower, was pulling away from the wharf at Liverpool, a telegram was handed to Grandfather [John Anderson] stating the circumstances of [my] birth and Mother's serious condition. He had time to call back to the person, 'Tell Mary Jane all will be well and that her son

John Taylor Smellie

Born: 28 May 1863, Bathgate, West Lothian, Scotland

Died: 4 Jul 1933, Preston, Franklin, Idaho, Age 70

Maria Loader Ricks

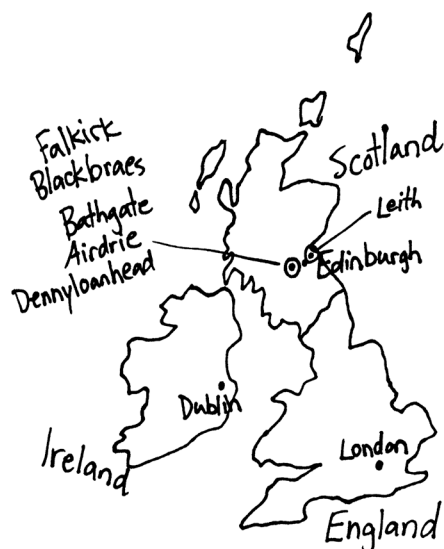
Born: 23 Aug 1867, Logan, Cache, Utah

Died: 10 Aug 1951, Rexburg, Fremont, Idaho, Age 84

Married: 9 Oct 1883 or 1884, Rexburg, Fremont, Idaho



John Taylor Smellie
Bathgate, Scotland, 1864



John Taylor Smellie

will live.' For weeks my Grandmother [Jane Russell] Anderson labored with me in a struggle with death, but eventually the words of Grandfather were fulfilled and I gained normal condition.

"In 1872 my Uncle William C. Anderson returned to Scotland as a missionary and escorted his mother [my grandmother, Jane Russell Anderson] to Utah. This left [my] mother [Mary Jane Anderson Smellie] alone and the last of her family in Scotland, and the teachings of her father commenced to work in her soul, like the parable of the leaven of old, with the result that she commenced to teach her children the gospel as she understood it, and the songs of Zion as she had heard her father sing in her youth, and prepared herself and family to become fertile soil for the seeds of gospel truth which took good root. This was the condition, as stated before, when Elder Peter Reid came to visit the family.

John Taylor Smellie recorded his first impressions of Elder Reid: "As I drove up to the house I saw a tall elderly man dressed in a black Prince Albert suit, walking among the flower beds, and as I gazed on him a desire came over me to get out and bow down to him and worship, and the Spirit bore testimony to me that he was a servant of God. I will never forget the feeling that came over me. . . . My whole being was filled with joy and thus I received my first and so far abiding testimony of the Gospel and its restoration to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith."

"I then desired baptism, but Elder Reid thought it best for me to wait for my parents, which was so. . . . I continued to work with Father, learning mine management, being first put to work firing a ventilating furnace in a mine, later advanced to make the rounds with the firemen, also learning to lay track, set up props and all manner of manual labor. A little later my father commenced to dig a new mine at which I was continuously

employed from the start to the finish, where I learned timbering and pump management, as there was a heavy flow of water in the shaft. Often I have been for a full shift as deep as my waist in water, but never suffered from it. After this experience I had the charge of a mine . . . until we left Scotland."

John Taylor Smellie went to America with his parents who settled at first in Kansas, but he was very anxious to get to the body of the Saints in Utah. He says, "My father felt that I was deserting him. That night I went to my room and prayed and saw [written] on the wall [just as you would see in movies today], the scripture 'No one, once having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"This gave me strength, and one evening Father left me at the train for the west. I had not sufficient money so I had worked and pawned my birthday gold watch for fare to ride on a cold, mixed-freight train to Salt Lake. There I met Peter Reid who took me to my grandfather John Anderson's home. . . . [Grandfather Anderson] took much pleasure and pains to teach me the gospel for which I today thank him. . . . I was confirmed on the first Thursday of February, 1883, having been baptized by Elder John Cotton, January 30, 1883. Grandfather John Anderson confirmed me in the 13th Ward meeting house at Salt Lake City, Utah."

"I became active in church work, being a teacher in the 20th Ward, also in the Mutual Institute, where I was one of the editors of the Index, a monthly magazine of the Institute. I was also on dance committees, etc. . . . I devoted much time to mental improvement, bookkeeping, literature, language, and church work, attended a Spanish class, where I learned to read it fluently and to speak it some little, this was with a view to a mission to South America as it was understood many would be called. I also took part in local theatricals and was greatly improved and benefited in my associations. I was one of the



John Taylor Smellie



Maria Ricks Smellie with her daughters Guinivere (Guinivere Redd Torrie's aunt) and baby Mary. Photo was taken in 1888 for husband John Taylor Smellie who was on a mission in New Zealand.

principals in organizing the 20th Ward Lyceum, where we took science and literature.

"I worked in Salt Lake but was eventually employed by Thomas E. Ricks to work as a surveyor in Rexburg, Idaho. There I fell in love and married his daughter Maria Ricks [Maria was pronounced *Ma-rye'-ah* -- with a long "i" and the accent on the second syllable; she was often called *Ri*, with a long "i"].

"In July 1887, I received a letter from Elder George Reynolds of the president's office, Salt Lake, saying my name had been suggested for a mission and asking if I would respond. In the midst of tears and sorrow, my dear wife, with our baby between us decided to answer yes, though we knew not how we could go. . . .

"On the 13th of October I said goodbye to my dear wife and child [and left for my mission to New Zealand]. . . . November 12th we sighted the Great Barrier reef outside Auckland. . . . I was appointed to go to Nuhaka, Hawkes Bay and teach school among the natives. This surprised me as I knew nothing of work being done among the Maoris . . . I afterwards found them to be pure descendants of the Nephites, whose forefathers had left America for Hawaii and theirs in turn some 23 generations ago sailed from there in seven ships for New Zealand, as their traditions said . . .

"I spent three years among the remnants of the House of Israel. I learned their language rapidly, commencing to talk direct in their language after six weeks among them, and afterwards could talk as freely in their tongue as in my own. . . ."

Home from his mission and back in Rexburg, Idaho, John T. Smellie became prosperous. He managed the ZCMI there and was one of the organizers of the first telephone line in the county.

John T. Smellie said, "Everything I did prospered and increased so that I was about the most successful in accumulating in Rexburg. I had made an addition to our home and had stock and teams and had increased my farm to about 120 acres. I also had supplied ourselves with conveniences and household items so that we were very comfortably situated and considered we were established here never to move, but how little we know what the future holds."

John had some financial reverses after this and they decided to move. They consulted with Apostle John W. Taylor who called them to go to Canada.

"June 25, 1904, I left Rexburg with one [rail] car of household effects and a few horses. June 29th I arrived at Raymond, Alberta, Canada. . . .

The spring of 1905 saw about three hundred acres of beet land under sugar beets, with a most excellent stand. There was difficulty in obtaining thinners [people to manually thin the beets with hoes] so I went to Montana in my buggy and got about a hundred of the Blackfeet Indians who did good work.

"The evening of the day they had finished and left . . . I rode down from our home in town to look over the field. It was a sight, everything finished, beets erect and strong, all as level as a floor. Not a rock in the soil.

"I was riding a good horse and I felt gratefully proud to God for his mercies. While riding along feeling thus, a voice whispered to me, 'Are you willing to be tried as Job was tried?' I was amazed but replied back, 'Yes, Lord, if it is necessary.' That was all then. That was on Thursday and on Sunday morning I passed through on my way to fill an appointment, when I could not see but a few beets remaining. A hail storm had wiped the beets out of the ground or buried them. . . .



John T. Smellie home in Rexburg, Idaho, which they sold when they moved to Raymond, Alberta, in 1905.



John Taylor Smellie and Maria Ricks Smellie

"The following year . . . [I] had another good stand of beets, but just as they were ready to thin, cutworms mowed them all down. Nothing was left. . . . During the two succeeding years we had much trouble on our farms because of drought. . ."

John T. left Raymond and went to work with a mining company in Idaho and then was called to serve another mission, this time to the Eastern States. On his return, he had various businesses in Salt Lake City and Rexburg. He even successfully sold his own brand of flour, called *Smellie's Best Flour*.

John T. and Maria Smellie and their family left Alberta in 1909, having stayed there only about five years. Two daughters remained in Raymond, one being Guinivere Redd Torrie's mother, Irene Ricks Smellie¹⁷ who married William Redd.

Maria Loader Ricks Smellie

Source: Raymond Remembered

Maria¹⁸ was active in Primary and Sunday School organizations. She served for 17 years as a counsellor in the Stake Primary and sometimes the General Board members from Salt Lake stayed with them.

For the short years Maria and John T. were in Canada, Maria was a counsellor in Relief Society. In those days, the Relief Society sisters went into the homes of the sick or bereaved for -



Maria Loader Ricks as a young girl

¹⁷ See the red coil-bound booklet, "My Wonderful Parents: William & Irene Ricks (Smellie) Redd, compiled by Guinivere (Redd Torrie). Each of Guinivere's children were given copies of this history.

¹⁸ *Maria* was pronounced *Ma-rye'-uh*—with a long "i" and the accent on the second syllable. She was often called *Ri*—with a long "i".

several days, when necessary, to care for the sick or the families of the dead.

As Maria was gone so much of the time doing her Relief Society work, John T. and Maria hired "Chin Joe," a young Chinese immigrant who had come as a farm labourer, to be the cook for their family. The Smellies had difficulty persuading him to sleep in his bed instead of wrapped in a blanket on the end of the kitchen table! But he was a great cook and a big help to the family.

The following was written by Irene Smellie Redd, mother of Guinivere Redd Torrie and daughter of Maria Loader Ricks Smellie & John Taylor Smellie:

My Mother, Maria Ricks Smellie was the daughter of Tamar Loader Ricks who had been in the Martin Handcart Company and had married Thomas E. Ricks, one of their rescuers.

Mother was the type of woman that always said it was better to laugh than to cry. My father, John Taylor Smellie, was more stern. He wanted "a place for everything and everything in its place." He was a very proper and strict Scotsman. We always had to be cleaned up for meals. My mother always wore a fresh apron when she called him to dinner. I can remember when I was really small how my mother used to send me upstairs for a ribbon to tie around her neck, with a bow in front, before Father got home. She always wore white aprons and had an immaculate table set for her husband.



Maria Loader Ricks Smellie in her later years

Artwork

Cover: Watercolor painting of the mountains of southern Utah, 1949, by Lura Redd (Guinivere's aunt). The original hung in Guinivere's Grassy Lake home for many years and is now in the possession of LeRon and Colleen Torrie, Grassy Lake, Alberta.

Hand-drawn maps: by Heather Torrie.

Pages 1, 14: Watercolor painting of the Smellie Home, Blackbraes, Scotland, by John Grieve. Location of the original is unknown

Pages 29, 43: *Crossing the Plains*. Watercolor painting by Lura Redd. Original located in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Museum, Salt Lake City, Utah. Used by permission.

Page 48: Sketch of Sunnybank Cottage, Bathgate, Scotland, 1943, by Smellie Redd (Guinivere's brother). Original sketch was sent in a letter to his mother (Irene Ricks Smellie Redd) when Smellie served in Great Britain during WWII. Original is in the possession of Barbara MacPhee, White Rock, B.C.

Page 62: *Autumn*. Watercolor painting of an Alberta scene by Vilo (Alvira) Redd Snow. Was given as a gift to Irene Ricks Smellie Redd (Guinivere's mother) and upon her death it was given to Guinivere. The original, which was painted on poor quality paper and is extremely yellowed with age, is in the possession of LeRon and Colleen Torrie, Grassy Lake, Alberta. The copy used in this book has been computer-enhanced to reverse the yellowing and is more like it may have been originally.

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