

## LIFE STORY OF FERN REDD LAYCOCK

(Fern was the 7th child of William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner Redd, and wrote this history in 1980. She lived in New Harmony until she was nearly 12, so this history gives a good description of family life in that little town.)

I was born 30 Aug. 1893 at New Harmony, Washington County, Utah. I am the sixth daughter, the four oldest having died in childhood. It must have been very sad and lonely for my mother, as father was away when the first two died, then in six more weeks, she had lost the remaining triplet, as well as Grace. They all had membranous croup, an epidemic.

My grandparents Redd were converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ in Tennessee by John D. Lee. They were plantation owners and slave holders, but on joining the L.D.S. Church, they freed their slaves and came to Utah to gather with the Saints. Some of their slaves would not leave them, and came to Utah with them. They settled first in Spanish Fork, Utah, later making their way to southern Utah, they settled in the small town of New Harmony, Washington county. Here my father grew up. My grandfather acquired the farm of John D. Lee, as he was leaving New Harmony.

He had planted an orchard on the farm — apples, pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, plums, grapes, etc. The farm was about two miles from town. We children loved to go out there.

My grandparents Bryner were converted to the church in Switzerland, and on coming to Utah, settled first in Lehi and then came to New Harmony. Father and Mother grew up there. They were married in the St. George Temple on 27 Feb. 1884, and made their home in New Harmony. All the children were born here except Kay, who was born in Raymond, Alberta.

Father went on a mission to the Southern States in 1887, leaving mother with two small children, Will and Grace. The triplets were born in 1890, and Lura in 1891. I was born 30 Aug. 1893. Soon after, my parents moved into a new house, a red brick home on the main street. It had four large rooms, kitchen, livingroom, bedroom and parlor. The rooms were large, but I am sure that my mother felt it very crowded, as the years passed and the family grew. There were two large beds and a child's bed in the bedroom, a large lounge that could be made out into a bed in the livingroom, and a large bed in the parlor, which was kept for company, and there was company much of the time. Father was bishop as long as I remember, and any visitors or passersby would stay at our place.

Everyone travelled by team and wagon, and had to stop for their horses to feed and rest. Friends and relatives visited quite frequently, and would bring the whole family and stay for some time. It was great fun for us children to have company and have other children to play with, but I wonder now how mother stood it, to have so many to look after. When it was crowded, we children slept on the floor, or at the foot of father's and mother's bed.

My father's two youngest sisters, aunts Alice and Vilo, lived with us in the summertime when they were not away teaching school. It was always a great occasion when they came home for the summer and unpacked their trunks. They usually had presents of some kind for us children. The parlor was their room when they were home in the summer. They usually kept our hair curled in ringlets when they were home, and we loved that, and looked forward to their coming with excitement.

I remember when father had a large building on the lot, and they moved it up near the house and made it into a kitchen and diningroom. This was an exciting time for us, and it did add greatly to the roominess of the home. It was connected to the house by a breezeway. The former kitchen was made into another bedroom.

I think all the church magazines came to our home from the beginning of publication. They were stored in the attic above the new kitchen, and we children spent many happy hours up there reading the stories and lessons in them. There were Juvenile Instructors, Young Women's Journals, Improvement Eras, etc. My favorite author was Lulu Green Richards. She wrote many wonderful stories for young people. There was no stairway – we climbed up a ladder to get to the attic.

There was a cellar under the house where foodstuffs were kept cool. There were no refrigerators or freezers then. I remember barrels of molasses (Dixie sorghum) brought from Toquerville in Dixie. There were also barrels of sauerkraut made by grandfather Bryner when he was visiting us. We loved his sauerkraut, and often when we had our friends in, we would get a bowl full of kraut and forks, and have a feast on sauerkraut. Grandfather and his second family lived for a long time in Toquerville, and then moved out to Price, Utah.

Also in the cellar were bins of vegetables, winter apples from the farm and gardens, boxes of raisins from Dixie, almonds from Dixie, big sacks of pine nuts bought from the Indians who brought them to trade for hay or food, etc. There were always quantities of milk, butter, cheese, etc., dried and preserved fruit, pickles, etc., produced at home or on the farm. I must not forget the wheat and corn raised on the farm and sent away to be ground into cereals and flour for our year's supply.

We children all learned how to work, and we did work around the house and farm. We often were up in the attic reading when mother had to call us to come and finish our work. We wondered how she always knew where we were.

The back part of the house had a gradually sloping roof, and we used to spread fruit there to dry in the sun, after it was peeled and cored, of course. We dried lots of plums, pears, peaches and all fruits we grew there in the lot or at the farm. Dried corn was a favorite food for all of us.

I remember one summer when there was an especially large plum crop, and we had to dry them all. Aunt Alice and Aunt Vilo were there, and they decided they needed some help. They got tubs of plums ready, carried chairs out in the front yard, and Aunt Vilo got her guitar and began playing it, while we all sang songs to her accompaniment. It was not long until people began gathering to hear the music. Each one who came was given a pan of plums and a knife and chair. It was not long until all the plums were cut for drying, the pits taken out, and everyone had enjoyed the evening, especially the music.

There was a big fireplace in our livingroom, and some of my fondest memories are of the winter evenings when the family gathered around the fire and had a family home evening together. There were no commercial entertainments there, so we made our own.

I remember the scriptures my father read and explained to us. I loved to hear the parables especially. The one about moving a mountain by faith intrigued me. As our little town was situated at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain, I thought someone should surely move it away by faith. No one ever did, and I decided no one had enough faith, or that the Lord did not want it moved.

I realized long ago that here in our own home and family circle we were taught the beautiful truths of the gospel, and had fixed in our minds a pattern of home living that was right and good for us. I only hope that we all have, to some degree at least, followed the pattern in our own families. I'm sure no one of us could forget those patterns.

I remember the stories we heard, the games we played, the programs we had, and the family prayers where we took our turn and learned to pray. I remember the refreshments, potatoes roasted in the hot ashes in the fireplace, corn popped over the hot coals, pine nuts, raisins, almonds, apples or other fruits brought from the cellar. The molasses or honey pulled candy we all helped to make. Most of all, I remember the wonderful feeling of companionship, closeness and togetherness we all felt, the loyalty that developed and grew there. I'm sure that no one there could forget these things we all felt and loved.

I remember, too, of sitting there before the fire and rubbing mutton tallow into our leather shoes. It helped keep our feet dry in winter, and also preserved the leather and made our shoes last longer. This job we did not enjoy so well, but nevertheless we did it with a will.

In the summer there were family picnics, some of them no more than packing a lunch and going as a family to the farm to pick fruit. I remember with special fondness feasting on the early cherries, when we could climb the trees and pick and eat all we wanted. We could hardly wait for the early June apples and golden sweet apples to ripen. We dearly loved them.

There was always a patch of watermelons planted in the corn patch. We usually had our first melon to eat on my birthday, Aug. 30. There were always enough melons for all the young people in the town. They knew they were welcome to go and get melons when they wanted.

My father raised sheep, and spent much of the time at the sheep herd, but as he was bishop, he always came home for the weekend. What fun it was when he would take us children to the sheep herd for a day. How we loved his sourdough pancakes and biscuits, and what a wonderful playhouse the sheep wagon made for us. It was furnished with a stove, table, chairs, cupboards and in the back there was a bunk bed. The sheep wagon was a home for father when he was there, or a shepherd as well.

Our neighbor and uncle, Jim Prince, also had a sheep herd. One time he did not come home when he was expected. When the men went to investigate, he was found dead beside the wagon. He had apparently suffered a heart attack. We children did not understand it all, but we knew it was a sad occasion, and it was our first experience with death.

Every year, after the sheep were sheared, the wool was packed into large gunny sacks, loaded on wagons, and hauled to Salt Lake City to be sold. It was a long trip and father would be gone for several weeks. When he returned, he brought supplies for another year. There were clothing such as coats, shoes, hats, bolts of cloth to be made into dresses, underwear, night gowns and bedding, etc., and wool for knitting socks, stockings, etc. We girls always had dresses, petticoats and underwear alike, as they were made from the same bolt of cloth. Mostly I remember the grey linsey woolsey dresses, and the red or grey flecked flannelette underwear and night gowns, etc. It was not hard to get our things mixed up, and get someone else's clothes, which we often did.

Sheep raising was the main occupation at that time. Sheep were grazed on the surrounding hills or mountains, Kanarrah and Cedar Mountains in summer, and in the valleys in winter, much of the time in what is now "Zion's National Park." A part of that park, the beautiful red cliffs, was plainly seen from our home. These "hills of

home" are some of the wonderful and beautiful sights I remember of my childhood home. Those red cliffs now are called Kolob Mountains.

Our lot and house were surrounded by Lombardy poplar trees, tall and stately. They are still typical of Utah to me. There were many of them in Harmony, and I find myself looking for them whenever I am in Utah. They are disappearing from the landscape now, and I, for one, shall be sorry to see them no more.

There was a deep well in our back yard, where we pumped water for household use and to water the stock at times. There was a half barrel, set under the spout of the hand-operated pump, where father often watered his team of horses. I shall never forget the time he came home and went to water his horses, and found the barrel full of mud, where we girls and our friends had been making mud pies.

The floors in our home were covered with rag carpets. As long as I remember, there were old clothes to be cut or torn into strips, carpet rags, to be dyed, sewn together into long strips and rolled into balls. We children helped with this. When there were enough, these rags were sent away and woven into carpet. Mother sewed these strips of carpet together and made a wide carpet, which was tacked to the floor all around the walls, well padded with fresh straw.

Our home boasted an organ, inherited from Grandfather Redd when he moved to Mexico. It was one of the few musical instruments in town, and was a treasure indeed. Aunts Vilo and Alice knew enough about music to teach us the notes and we began to read music a bit. I remember when the church sent musicians around the church communities to teach the people to sing the hymns. Joseph Coslett was the man who came to Harmony. All the townspeople gathered at our place, because we had the organ, to learn the hymns. He always had them sing up and down the scale a few times. We children were sent to bed so we could not disturb them. I lay in bed and listened to the music, and when they sang up and down the scale "Do re me fah so lah ti do," I thought they were singing "Don't let me fall, I love you so." There is still one song in the hymn book composed by Joseph Coslett.

Our farm was about two miles from town. Many memories of this farm are dear to me. We children were given the chore of driving the milk cows to the farm each morning after they were milked, and going back for them at night. We did not mind driving the cows to pasture and home. Sometimes our friends would go with us. We took our time, the cows walked leisurely along, eating as they walked. We always carried a big stick along to steer the cows if they wandered off, or to defend ourselves from snakes.

Many of the fences were made of rocks gathered from the land and piled around the plots of ground. They were overgrown with weeds, and bushes, and were infested

with snakes — rattlesnakes, blow snakes, etc. We killed many snakes when we saw them in the roadway. I am terrified now when I think of it, but I never did know anyone who was bitten by a snake, although we occasionally heard of someone somewhere else, who had been bitten.

I remember a snake story told by my Grandmother Redd. She had a cellar under the house, where she kept foodstuffs, to keep cool. Milk was put in shallow pans and set on cupboard shelves to let the cream rise. One day, she found the cream all gone. The children said they had not taken it, and no one knew anything about it. About the third day when she went to the cellar, she found a big blow snake on the shelf. As she watched, it raised its head up over the top of the pan and slurped the cream off the milk. This called for tighter, better cupboards with screen to keep snakes out.

Grandfather's old house was still standing on the farm, built of bricks or adobes. We were forbidden to go in it. It was ready to fall down at any time, and also there were too many snakes around it in the rubble and weeds. In the "upper orchard" where there were fruit trees, there was an old foundation, made of rock, where John D. Lee's house stood. The lumber had been taken away and used to build a barn where hay was stored. One night we could not find the milk cows to take them home for milking. Next morning a search was made, but it was not till the third day, someone spotted them through the cracks between the boards of the barn. The two cows, old Pied and Reddy, had somehow climbed up on the hay in the barn and slid down the other side between the hay and barn wall. The side of the barn had to be taken off to get them out.

There was a good-sized creek running through the farm, and far on the other side of it was a small cemetery where several of the Lee family were buried. Two children, the headboard stated, had been killed by a falling wall. We mourned for them.

There was a spring of water on a steep bank of the creek, with a pipe in it, where we loved to get a drink of the clear, cold, sweet water. It had furnished water for grandfather's family's needs.

There was an old "fish pond" on the farm not far from the house. It never had any fish in, that I remember, but it was here that, for many years, the boys and girls of the town were baptized. Strangely enough, when I was ready for baptism, it was not suitable, and I was baptized in a creek on Uncle Alex Pace's farm. I remember it well. There were two of us. A small group of my friends gathered for the occasion. They sang a song, had prayer, and my father baptized us and confirmed us.

Both my grandmothers died when I was a baby, so I do not remember them, but I knew both grandfathers. Grandfather Redd had moved to Colonia Juarez, Mexico, with his family, but visited us occasionally. Grandfather Bryner's family went to Price,

Utah. This was not so far away, and he visited us more often. He had lost his eyesight when he was a young man in an accident, and someone had to lead him around wherever he wanted to go. We children often helped him get around. He had a friend in New Harmony, Brother Brubacher, whom he visited. We wondered how they could talk and visit together so long, as whoever led him there had to stay to help him get home. Grandfather told us many stories of his early life in Switzerland and of his conversion to the gospel. He did a great deal of work for the dead in the St. George Temple.

When he was a young man, married and with two children, he had an accident and lost his sight, and was ill for a long time. Of course, he became very discouraged, felt he could not cope with life, etc. One night he had a strange dream. He seemed to be walking around the world in complete darkness. Suddenly he came into the light and walked the rest of the way in the light. Another time he dreamed of two young men who came to him with a strange message. He described them clearly as he had seen them. One of them had very peculiar eyes. Not long after this, his wife told him that there were two strange men in town, who were telling of a strange new religion. He told her that he had dreamed of two men, one having strange eyes, who had a message for them. She took him to listen to their meeting, and he knew they were the men of his dream. He described them exactly. One was cross-eyed, the man he had seen in his dream. Grandfather was immediately interested in their message, took the two elders home for a few days and heard their message and was baptized into the church.

As soon as they were baptized, they began making plans to come to America, which they did as soon as possible. They arrived in Nauvoo when the saints were leaving for Utah. They acquired a team and wagon, and joined the company. Grandfather walked much of the way, holding onto the wagon and walking behind it. They travelled with the ill-fated Martin handcart company, and were caught in the cold snowy weather, suffering many hardships. They were overjoyed to meet his brother in Salt Lake City. The brother had preceded him to America. They went on to Lehi where they lived for a time, and later went to New Harmony.

Grandfather could do almost anything around the home or farm, if someone directed him where to go. Grandmother spent much time helping him until some of the children grew old enough to help. They went through the many trials and tribulations of the pioneers, but they loved the gospel and their joy in it far outweighed any trials or hardships. I have heard him say he was grateful he lost his eyesight, otherwise he might have been too proud or occupied to listen to the elders who brought the gospel to him.

I am sure that my childhood was normal for that time. My special friends were Verna Taylor, Rita Mathis, Kate Watts, John M. Pace, LaMond Pace, Frank Kelsey and Eldon Schmutz.

I might mention here that I was a sickly child, small and thin, and I often had a pain in my side. The pain came when I had eaten a meal, played hard, run around or done something strenuous. I remember going into the house from play, and lying down over a chair to ease the pain. Finally father took me to Cedar City to a Dr. Middleton. He was a good doctor and a friend of my father's. He could not find what was wrong. There were no x-rays then. I felt very important to have so much attention. I was given a tonic and ordered not to run, play hard, or over-exert myself. I could not go to school unless I promised to be very quiet and not over-exert myself, just be quiet and watch other friends do the playing. I loved school, and promised to do just that. I kept the promise too, and in fact, I imagine I used this as an excuse to get out of some situations, both at home and at school. Eventually after a few years of this, I grew well and strong, and outgrew the trouble, whatever it was, and I have enjoyed good health all my life.

I attended school in the ward meeting house, across the street and a block west of home. Later a schoolhouse was built out on the hill east of town, where I went to school. One night, during my first year of school, there was a heavy snowfall. Next morning, my father put me up on his shoulders and gave me a piggy-back ride to school. I thought it great fun until we reached school, and he would not let me down but carried me right into the room and right up to the front of the class to let me off. School was already in session, and I was very much embarrassed when they all had a good laugh at me. Father thought it a great joke.

The early teachers I remember are Walter Slack, Annie McMullin, and Jake Workman. There was one room for the whole school. We marched to the front of the room to a recitation bench for our lessons etc. Spelling classes took the form of spelling bees. We each had our special place in the lineup. When a word was missed, the next one in line had a try at it. When someone spelled it correctly, she went up past those who miss-spelled the word. I loved spelling and prided myself on my spelling, and soon as I got to the head of the class, I made sure I studied it well and no one spelled me down. After quite a while the teacher sent me to the foot of the class so that someone else could be head of the class. I felt disgraced and cried bitterly. However I soon started back toward head of the class. Kate Watts was head, and studied hard to stay there. Finally she spelled "pleasant" with an "e" instead of an "a" and I was at the head once more. I had studied my spelling hard and hoped she would make that very mistake. After that, the head person was regularly sent to the foot of the class.

Once when I was five and Paul was one year old, I was required to look after him for a while. We played around for a while and wandered over to the church. We went



inside and played around. When we were ready to go home, the door had gone shut and the latch was turned on, so we could not open the door. I was in a panic and cried long and loud. Paul followed suit. I just knew we could never get out of that church. Soon we were heard, and a crowd gathered round. Everyone was trying to tell me how to turn the latch, but I was too frightened to listen, and after what seemed a great while, they boosted Minnie Pace through the transom over the door and we were free again.

Another story when I was about five – I was with some friends who were telling us about something that happened to their brothers. Not wanting to be left out, I told them something about my brother Will who was 8 or 9 years older than I. I must have made up a great story, but I do not remember what it was all about. Of course, I never dreamed he would hear about it. Well, he did, and came home angry with me. He was so very angry that I was frightened and denied the whole thing. He knew I was lying and made such a fuss that I was crying and denying it. Others heard us and came to see what it was all about. My mother came too, and asked me about it. I still denied it to her and we were having a great time. I lied to my mother too. This is when I learned that if you tell a lie, you have to keep telling more lies. Well, mother made him stop accusing me, and I went into my bedroom and cried myself to sleep. When suppertime came, I was not hungry and stayed in bed. I was unhappy because I had lied, I knew it was wrong, and I promised myself that I would never lie again – one had to keep lying and it got worse and worse. I promised myself that I would never lie again. I hope I have kept that promise.

It must have been when I was around nine, that I went to Cedar City to a Primary Conference or meeting of some kind. Aunts Sarah Prince and Eliza Kelsey took me along to recite on the program. It was over twenty miles and a long trip in a buggy, and they were driving a balky horse. They talked about what they would do if the horse balked, and I didn't realize they were joking. Aunt Sarah kept looking for a soft bush to throw her baby in if the horse balked, and they talked so much about it that I was thoroughly frightened by the time we reached Cedar City, and was afraid to go back home with them. Aunt Vilo and Aunt Alice were teaching school there, and Aunt Lucette Wood and her large family lived there too. They all coaxed me to stay in Cedar and said they were sure my parents would come for me, so I stayed. When they drove away without me, I was lonely and homesick. I had never been away from home alone, and the next week was the most unhappy week of my life. With all the aunts and cousins doing everything they could to make me happy, I grew more unhappy every minute. I cried all week, and when father and mother came for me in a week's time in a wagon, I had already resolved that if I ever got home again, I would do anything they would ever ask of me. I even resolved that I would wash dishes – which job I had thought the worst job in the world – or anything else they asked me to do, and never complain again as long as I lived.

About this time, two of the younger children, Lyman and Vilo, became very ill. One Sunday morning, I had fasted and gone to Sunday School. After Sunday School I went with some of my friends. We played around most of the day. When I got home in the evening I did not feel very well. I was not hungry all day, and went to bed that night feeling very sick. By morning I was very ill. With three of us so very sick, my father went to Cedar City in a buggy and brought Dr. Middleton to see us. It had to be serious for him to go so far to get the doctor. He said it was typhoid fever-a very serious disease. He instructed mother how to treat us and how to prevent the disease from spreading, then father took him back to Cedar. We were very ill for some time, but all recovered and no one else got it.

Some years later, after we had moved to Canada, they had an epidemic of typhoid fever in New Harmony and several of my old friends died. After this, the people of New Harmony installed a water system for the town. Up to this time, the town water came from wells or streams or springs.

There were no commercial entertainments in our area, and so we had to make our own. The two occasions which we always celebrated were Christmas and the Fourth of July. At the Christmas season, there was a Christmas tree for the whole town, at the meeting house or the school house. This was a gala occasion for everyone in town, especially for the children. Everyone received presents taken from the tree by Santa Claus himself and handed to each one personally.

I remember one Christmas time when the curtain was opened, there on the front of the tree was the most beautiful doll, a "boughten" store doll. I'm sure that every little girl in the whole crowd hoped it was for her. When Santa finally got to the doll and read my name, I could hardly believe my ears. But it was my doll, and I shall never forget how I felt, the beautiful doll was really mine! All of our dolls before this year were home-made bodies, stuffed with rags or cotton etc. and a china head sewed on, but we loved them and didn't care if they were not so beautiful. If we still had our last year's doll, we did not need or get a new one.

One Christmas Jessie got a nice new doll, but I still had my old one so I didn't get a new one. Early Christmas morning, I begged her to let me hold it, it was so much nicer than my old one. She did not wish to let me hold it, but finally let me take it. I accidentally dropped it and broke it. I shall never forget how badly I felt, but there was not another doll for her till next Christmas.

We usually had new dresses for Christmas and the Fourth of July, made by our mother, and we loved them and always looked forward to getting them.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by all the townspeople. There were races and games in the street for everyone. There were prizes for all, even if one never won the

race. In the evening, the older ones had a dance. At daybreak on the Fourth, the men of the town set off what we called cannons, some kind of explosion with gunpowder. I remember when my older brother Will was hurt. One shot of gunpowder did not go off soon enough to suit him, and he went up to see what was wrong with it. Well, it went off just as he reached it, and it peppered him with black powder, all over his face, neck and arms, and he had to be taken to the doctor in Cedar City to have it picked out from under the skin. We were very frightened.

Of course, there was always Primary, Sunday School, Sacrament Meetings, and we all attended. I still remember some of the lessons that they taught us there.

I remember one embarrassing experience Jessie and I had. We were going to St. George with father in the buggy. He had business to do in several places, and we stopped for him to do this. Jessie and I were wearing some new hats with peaked crowns, and felt very dressed up with new dresses etc. Someone at one of the stops gave us some fresh apricots, just ripened, which we enjoyed. We thought we should keep some for later on, and as we had no pockets, we stuffed them up in our hats. The next place father stopped, the people asked us to take off our hats. Of course we couldn't, we thought. However father's business took some time, and he stayed longer than we expected. The lady of the house invited us to stay for dinner. Father accepted, and then we had to take off our hats. We tried to get the others to eat some of the apricots, but they would not, and when we left later in the afternoon, they gave us a small pail full of apricots. (We were in Dixie, where fruit ripened earlier than in Harmony.) Jessie and I have often had a good laugh when we remember this occasion.

We had a big black dog called Bruce. Of course, there were always dogs at the sheep herd, but Bruce was our playmate, and he entered into our games and play. He would stand and watch us swing, we always had a swing somewhere on the place. Bruce watched us swing up and down, up and down, and seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. One night father was awakened by Bruce's howls. He got up to see what was wrong, and found Bruce in the swing, twisted up so tight that he could not get out. The harder he tried, the tighter it got. This happened a few times before he gave up trying to swing.

Another time he awakened father, he had the tongue of our little wagon in his mouth, running round and round the house, having a lot of fun. Still another time, Bruce spotted a small frog hopping around when he went to the farm with father, who was irrigating. Well, Bruce would jump after the frog, and grab it in his mouth. Then he would let it go, and watch it hop away. He must have gotten too enthused and finally swallowed the frog. Father said Bruce went through some fantastic antics with that live frog in his stomach. Father could hardly tell it for laughing.

I remember great lessons my mother taught me. I had found a small parcel in Aunt Sarah Prince's yard, next to ours, and brought it home. It turned out to be a piece of ribbon. Of course, I convinced myself that Aunt Sarah did not want it and had thrown it away. I tied it on my doll and it looked beautiful. Mother asked me where I got it, and I told her the story. I can see her now as she wiped her wet hands on her apron, took me by the hand and started for Aunt Sarah's place. I knew I was in trouble, and was in tears when we got there. I told her my story, as I stood by her knee. She put her arm around me, kissed me on the forehead and said "Yes, it is mine. I bought it at the store, and then could not find it after I got in the house. But because you have been so truthful and honest, I am giving it to you." I took the precious ribbon, and I never forgot the lesson I had learned – if you find something, you must try hard to find the rightful owner.

Another thing I remember with nostalgia is the old pine tree. Some distance west of the pasture where we took the cows, stood a huge pine tree. It stood alone. It was much larger than any of the numerous pine trees around, or even in the large wide valley. It could be seen from any point in the whole valley. There was not another like it. It seemed a lone survivor of an ancient forest. Its top had been broken off, probably by a storm. Sometimes several of us would try to reach around it by holding hands, but it was so large, we could not. Jessie painted a picture of it from an old photograph, and gave it to me recently. I love it. It reminds me of my childhood days. I appreciate having it.

Another custom we always observed and remembered was Decoration Day. For several days before May 30th, we children and our friends would wander over the hills and farms in search of wild flowers. I remember the sego lilies, red bells, blue bells, Indian paint brushes, lady slippers, and others I cannot name. We kept them in tubs of water until the day, May 30. Then we carried all our flowers and buckets of water, cans for vases, to the cemetery on the hill east of town, put some in cans of water and spread the rest of the flowers over the graves of our four little sisters, Grandmother Redd and one or two of her children.

We children look back on our life in New Harmony with a great deal of nostalgia. My father was the last of Grandfather Redd's large family to move away from New Harmony. Others had gone to Mexico, San Juan county and other places. My father was bishop there in Harmony for twenty-five years, and when he was released from that position, he wanted to find a place where there was more room for his large family to settle around him. Perhaps too there were other reasons why he wanted to get away from there. Anyway, when I was almost twelve years old, father and my older brother Will left to go to Idaho. The Teton country there had been opened up for settlement and he wanted to see it and learn of the opportunities there.

When they arrived in Salt Lake City, there was an excursion train leaving for Alberta, Canada, carrying prospective home-makers. Father joined the group and came to Alberta. When we heard that they had gone to Canada, we all cried, even mother. We thought of Canada as a frozen north country, the far frozen North. Our knowledge of Canada was very limited.

Father fell in love with Alberta. He bought some farm land. He said the grass on the prairies was as high as a horse's belly. He saw wheat growing well and it seemed to him to be a good place for farming, with lots of room for his children to settle down around him. He left Will in Canada and he returned to Utah to make preparations for the move to Canada.

I remember the new clothes mother made for us girls, with the help of friends and neighbors. Especially do I remember the red and white checked gingham, and the orange-brown sateen dresses Jessie and I had. We were always dressed alike and everybody thought we were twins. "Yes," father always said "they are twins with just two years' difference in their ages." There were parties for us among our friends, presents were exchanged and many tears shed at the parting. I felt I could never get over the sadness, and of course I should never become a Canadian.

There was a long trip to Lund, Utah, by team and wagons, which carried all our furniture and equipment. We caught the train at Lund, after camping at night and sleeping in or under the wagons. It was the first time for most of us to see a train. We were terrified of it at first but soon got accustomed to it. The trip to Canada took several days.

We arrived at Stirling, a new small town then, on the evening of the 1st of July, 1905. This was the day that Alberta became a province, and is always celebrated as Alberta's birthday. The train did not go to Raymond, where we were going to live, so we stayed overnight with the Adams family in Stirling. They had come to Canada some time earlier from Cedar City, and my father knew them. They had a small house and a large family, but they made us welcome. Most of us children slept on the floor, but it was an adventure and we enjoyed our stay there.

We heard all about "Dominion Day." We did not think much of the things they told us of this Dominion Day. We were going to miss the "Fourth of July" in a few days, and we didn't appreciate Dominion Day. Next day, we were driven to Raymond. Will came for us in a wagon. He had rented a house for us to live in. It was a nice place at the south end of the main street by the canal. He had planted a garden for us.

Raymond seemed such a large town, there was even a sugar factory there, and we were all feeling lost and strange. When school started in August, there was a large attendance. I was put in Standard Four with the others of my age. It was so different

from the one-roomed school I had attended in Utah, and the work was so different and was all new to me, I felt I could not stay but should attend a lower class. Each night when I went home so discouraged, my brother Will would help me with my homework and encourage me to try one more day. Well, I finally got caught up with the class and stayed in Standard Four.

There were no western-trained teachers in this new country, so teachers were brought in from Eastern Canada. My first teacher was Miss Shaw from Nova Scotia. We thought the rules of the school were very harsh and strict, especially when the teachers could strap the students when they were unruly. I had never heard of that, but there I saw it done. I was careful not to get strapped. Father told us children that if we ever got a strapping in school, we would get another when we got home. I guess that is why we were all very careful not to get a strapping at school.

In that school class of about forty students was a boy named George Laycock. I do not remember too much about him that first year. I was in a large class, homesick for Utah, felt strange and was having a hard time to keep up with the work. He always maintained that he fell in love that first year. I do remember that in the next few years, he tried a number of times to take me for a buggy ride. He always had a nice buggy and horse or team. The first time he came for me, I didn't even remember his name. Of course I did not go, and it was not until his sixteenth birthday that I consented to go with him at all. On that night there was a surprise birthday party for him at his home. He took me home and from that time on we went out together off and on until we finally were married in the Salt Lake Temple Dec. 23, 1915. He always said he worked seven years for his wife, as Jacob had for Rachel.

His mother died when he was fourteen and his father when he was sixteen, so he was on his own. The parents' home was sold to his uncle Dave Galbraith, who let him use one bedroom for sleeping. He did have a small farm, 80 acres, left by his father, also several horses, and he tried to farm that. When he was nineteen, he was asked by the bishop to go on a mission.

It was a hard decision to make about the mission. He rented the farm and horses to Dave Galbraith, and went to the Eastern States on a mission in the spring of 1912. By this time we were engaged, and I encouraged him to go, and promised to wait for him. He filled an honorable mission and returned in June 1914. He planted a crop of wheat, but it was hailed out on July 1 when it was nicely up and looked good. He was in debt, as he had to borrow money to complete his mission, and wanted to be debt-free when we married. The next year, he was no better off financially, so we decided to get married and start from the bottom together. We were never sorry, and the bit of a struggle we had those first years was a valuable experience for us.

In 1916, we bought a half-section of prairie land next to John Laycock's farm, about half-way between Raymond and Lethbridge. John was his cousin who had moved here from Oregon. We built a small home on the farm in the spring of 1917 and moved into our first home. Harold was a few months old at that time, and we remained on the farm until he was ready for high school, and our other three children, Merne, Ralph and Hugh were coming up through the grades. They had all attended a small rural school that had been built one half mile north of our house, called Community School.

We bought a new home in Lethbridge, at 1417-4th Ave. South, and came here to live in Nov. 1929. By this time we had increased our land holdings to 1280 acres. John Laycock had moved back to the U.S.A. and we had first rented, and then bought his farm.

Dad was progressive and modern in his thinking, and always maintained that there was no point in living in a modern world and not having modern equipment, appliances, etc. Consequently he made every effort to have them as soon as he possibly could. Early in 1917 he traded some horses for a "Model T" Ford car, one of the first in the area to have one. He had one of the first radios, a small crystal set with ear phones, in 1924. When we began to hear of combine harvesters, he made a trip through Washington, Oregon and California to see them work. We had the first combine in the district.

As soon as we moved to town, I had the usual electrical appliances. On the farm, I had a gas-engine-operated washing machine. It often stopped in the midst of a washing, and I had to wait for him to come from wherever he was working and start it again. I really enjoyed all the electric things in my new home. It was newly built and was a lovely home. We enjoyed it greatly.

For a number of years, we went back to the farm for the summer months. It made things easier for Dad, and I enjoyed a garden there. We all enjoyed the farm for the summer, too.

In the year of 1918, we had a crop failure, and we did not have much to go on either. It was also the year of the influenza epidemic. It swept through the Armed Forces in World War I and the civilian world. Soldiers in the war and people all around the world died in great numbers, and everyone was terrified of the disease. We thought we had to move to Lethbridge to make a living, and hoped the epidemic was about over and we would not get it. George got a job playing in a theatre orchestra in Lethbridge. We moved into an apartment in the Sherlock Block at 7th street and 3rd avenue, and he started work. The leader of the orchestra was a man named Maurice Rygg, a violinist. He took a liking to George, and Dad spent a lot of time with him. He used to call Dad to come and sit with him in the night when he was often "under the

weather." Dad even took some clarinet lessons from him, thinking he would improve his own playing. I asked Dad what was the matter with Rygg, was it flu? Dad said no, he had been told it was not flu. We did not fear anything else.

Early in 1919, Dad came down with the flu, and everyone got it. Harold was three years old and Merne, one year. We were all very sick. Dad developed pneumonia and was taken to the hospital where he was not given any hope of recovery. I remember how earnestly we prayed that if the Lord would spare his life and let us all get well and be together again, that I would willingly do anything I was asked to do for him, and would not complain about anything. I am sure this is not the right way to pray to Heavenly Father, but anyway our prayers were answered and he did come back to us. It was heartbreaking to see him so thin and weak, and coughing so hard. He went back to the theatre before he was really able, but felt he must.

Early in the spring Mr. Rygg died, and it was then that we learned he had tuberculosis. I asked Dad if Rygg had blown his clarinet, and he said "Yes, he often showed me how to hold and blow the instrument when I was taking lessons from him." When spring came, we went back to the farm. Dad remained weak, thin and coughing, but really did work hard. I was very worried about him.

The year 1919 was also a drought and crop failure. We moved to Raymond and lived in my mother's upstairs suite, rent-free. Dad was still very poorly and when I finally persuaded him to go to a doctor, he was told that he had tuberculosis. Early in the spring, my sister Lura came home with smallpox. The doctor told us if we all got vaccinated and got out of the house immediately, we could go home, otherwise we would be quarantined too. We did so. I think this is the most heartsick and worried I have ever been in my life. All of us were sick from the vaccination. We had three small children, Ralph had been born in February and he had not been well at all. I felt we were going home to die. I didn't think Dad would survive the summer, and that I could not carry on if I did survive.

Dad needed good nourishing food — milk, cream, butter, eggs, meat, etc. and it seemed we had no way of getting them. I even went to grocery stores and tried to get credit for a charge account, but all credit was cut off for farmers, on account of the crop failures we had had. This is when we began to eat wheat. We could take wheat to the mill in Raymond and get it cracked for cereal, and ground into flour for bread. I have great respect for wheat as a food, for what it did for us then. After all, the Word of Wisdom does say "Wheat for man." We managed to trade a horse for a good jersey cow. John Laycock, who was in the chicken business, let us have eggs and chickens all summer, and we hoped to be able to pay him in the spring.

With milk, cream, butter, eggs and meat, and the vegetables I raised in the garden, and with long hours in the fresh air, Dad's health improved greatly. He got



well and strong, and put on a lot of weight, as we all did. We had a good crop that summer of 1920, and got on our feet again. How very thankful we were for our great blessings.

It had been a long hard struggle to get our first land broken up and in production, but eventually we did. We bought a half-section across the road. We were getting along better. John moved away to California and we bought his land.

In spite of the hard work and various hardships we went through on the farm, I look back on our years there when the children were growing up, as the happiest and most satisfying and most rewarding of our lives. Dad could not give them too much in the way of money and what it buys, but he did give them a great deal of himself. Many summer evenings were spent playing ball or other games, swimming, driving, etc. In winter, there was skating, sleighing, etc. And there were lessons, stories, music at home. Dad loved music and was determined that they all should have it too. He gave them a good start and I often think how proud and happy he would be to see them all doing as they are in music. And also to see the grandchildren following in their footsteps.

He bought a piano as soon as he could possibly do so, and with my limited ability to play it, we were soon all playing together. He was proud too of their other accomplishments, always knowing that they could and did head their classes in school. He could not wait until Harold was big enough to play a violin, so he bought a small sized one and Harold began taking violin lessons. Ralph was around five years old then, and he could hardly keep his hands off it. Of course, Harold would not let him touch it. So Dad gave Ralph and old "c" clarinet of his, showed him how to read a few notes and he was satisfied. Soon both boys were playing. At first I tried to play piano with them. As soon as Merne could play piano, the three of them became well known for their music. Dad was pleased to take them anywhere to play, and they played all over Southern Alberta. For many years, we had a little orchestra of our own at home. Hugh also had his violin as he grew up and soon joined in with his music as well.

One winter we had a long dry spell in the early winter. There was not any snow, and the ground was dry and dusty. One day about 5:00 p.m. a sudden storm blew in from the north. It began to snow and the temperature dropped rapidly. Soon it was bitter cold, and snow and dirt were so thick in the air that one could not see a few inches even. We had had our supper, and Dad made the remark that he was glad we were all safely inside and did not have to go out. About 6:30 there was a hard knocking at the door. Dad opened the door and found Mr. Dick, the school teacher, whom we could hardly recognize for all the snow and dirt all over him. He had icicles hanging from his mustache even. He said his wife and little daughter were out in their car, stuck in a snow drift in an open section north of the school house. They had driven to Lethbridge after school, and when the storm struck, they had started for home.

Well, Dad had to go and try to get them. By this time, it was dark and bitterly cold, and the wind was fiercely blowing the snow and dirt. Dad went to get the car started while I got blankets, hot water bottles, mittens, etc. ready and they started out to find the folks. We waited four anxious hours for their return. I had a big gasoline lamp in the front window, hoping they could see it when they got nearly home. You can be sure that the children and I were praying for them all the time. About eleven o'clock we heard a big bump and knew they were home. They had missed the culvert over the ditch in the road, and they could not even see the big lamp in the window. The mother and little girl, Elsie, were badly frost-bitten but recovered and were grateful to Dad for saving their lives. That night, five people in five different places in Southern Alberta were frozen to death, some of them in their own yards, just could not find the house with the snow and dirt blowing so badly.

I am grateful for our wonderful family, for their good lives and accomplishments. It is a source of great satisfaction and gratitude to me to see them taking part in the communities where they live, active in their church and other duties, raising good families, being good citizens, doing what they know to be right. I wonder why I am so blessed in my family. I am deeply and humbly grateful. In Lethbridge, we had many good years together as a family. Dad passed away 30 Dec. 1946 after suffering some years with a heart condition and diabetes and complications.

Soon afterward, Lura persuaded me to accompany her on a trip to Hawaii, which I enjoyed very much. It was such a good rest, and I was free of making decisions for a while — there had been so many to make after Dad's death. A little later on, I went with her, Pauline and Mel on a trip to Mexico, which was also very enjoyable.

I kept myself busy with church work, gardening, visiting the children and their families, and helping them in any way I could.

In June of 1954 I left to go on a mission, as I had been officially called to the Texas-Louisiana Mission. My friend, Winona Ursenbach Stevens was already there on a mission, and I was assigned to be her companion. We enjoyed working together. Brother LeGrand Smith was our Mission President. At that time, we did not teach the gospel to the blacks, and they were mainly the people we saw on the streets. The white people stayed indoors out of the heat. We were advised to carry parasols, which we always did as it was so hot there. However, we knocked on a lot of doors and did our best to get to teach the gospel. After ten months together, Winona was released. I had several companions after that. The second summer was not so hot. I had become acclimated to the heat, I guess. I filled this mission to the best of my ability. I only saw four people baptized to whom I had taught the gospel. I had hoped to convert many people, but it was not to be that way. I did gain a greater testimony myself, and that was worth while too. I was released in Dec. 1965, and returned home after visiting Mary and Sterling, and Lyman and Jeanette in California.

Soon after my return, a four-roomed house near Merne's came up for sale, and I bought it and sold the big house on 4th avenue. I am still living in this house at 1916-5 Ave. South, and expect to stay here as long as I live. The house had a full basement, and Hugh built a two-roomed suite in it. For some years, I rented it to students, and then in 1956 Mary Murray rented it, and still lives here. She came to Alberta from Australia and works at the Research Station. She seems like one of the family, and I enjoy having her here. We spend many evenings together. She is almost like a daughter to me.

Harold and Ralph both graduated from B.Y.U. and both eventually became professors at that school. They both have their Doctorates from a California University, and are both still teaching there in 1980. I am proud of both of them. Ralph has charge of orchestra and band. He conducts the Philharmonic Orchestra and has conducted several bands as well. He has taken on the job of conducting another orchestra — The Utah Valley Orchestra — older people, many of whom are former B.Y.U. orchestra members. He is surely kept busy, but enjoys it. Harold plays in this latter orchestra, but his extra work is in the ward and stake in which he lives. He spent many years in the bishopric of his ward, then when released from that, he was called into the Stake Presidency, where he is still working.

I am proud of both of them, and also proud of Hugh and Merne. Hugh took over the farm after his father died. Eventually he sold some of the farm and rented the rest of it, and moved his family to Lethbridge and is working in Real Estate. He has looked after me well. When I have needed help, I call on him and he has done many jobs for me, such as plowing the garden, shingling the house roof, putting in a window and endless other jobs. I could never have coped with the jobs without him. I lean on him so much. He is always ready and willing to do what I need done.

Merne is the same. She lives next door and does everything for me, looks after all my needs, has me over often for a good meal, shops for me and does so many things for me. I'm always calling on her and Don for something, and they think to do for me, more than I think of myself. I appreciate them more than I can tell. For many years now, they have taken me to Conference in Salt Lake City. I used to go by myself by train or plane or bus, but I do not go by myself any more. I am so grateful to all of you for your help and thoughtfulness.

Since Bill, Hugh's son, moved to Lethbridge several years ago, they take me often when they take their five children to swimming lessons, skating lessons or other things. I appreciate getting out for something different. I also enjoy all the grandchildren's families when they come to Lethbridge.

I also enjoy visiting Jessie and Octave when we can get together – either in person or on the phone. She and I are the only girls of the family still in Canada. Kay is the only brother still living and he is in Canada too.

I have worked much of my life in the Church organizations, being secretary of the Sunday School in Raymond when I was 12 or 13 years of age. After I came to live in Lethbridge, I served as Ward Primary President, then on the Stake Board. After that I was Stake President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for five years, then I served for almost five years as President of the Stake Relief Society. I have taught classes in nearly all of the organizations. This year, at 87, I do not hold any position in the organizations but do enjoy attending the meetings etc.

My health is good, and I am able to do most things for myself. I am very grateful for good health and hope to be able to continue to look after myself.

(Next section compiled by Merne Livingston, Dec. 1989)

Soon after Mom returned from her mission in Jan. 1956, she bought a small home on 5th Ave. S., across the lane from us. It was nice to have her so close, after her being away for a year and a half. We saw each other every day, and she usually had one meal a day with us.

She was also of great help to us, as Don was Bishop and I was busy with church callings as well, in the Mutual, Relief Society and Choir, etc. She helped me with canning and freezing vegetables and fruit, tended kids while I conducted choir practice, etc., and generally helped a lot. She encouraged me to go on trips with Don when business called him out of town – we had one especially nice trip to Ontario and eastern U.S. where we looked up many of Don's relatives and obtained a lot of genealogy.

Her home was headquarters for Hugh's family when they lived on the farm, when their kids were taking music and art lessons in Lethbridge. The ones not involved would go there and do homework, weave, paint, etc., and they really enjoyed this.

She had always enjoyed music – when we were on the farm, she had a guitar. I remember being allowed to sit in an armchair and strum it if I was very careful. During one of the "lean" years, the folks had to sell it in order to buy a bag of flour. I think she always wanted to buy it back, but the family who purchased it from her, would not let her have it back.

She had learned to play piano while in Raymond, and after they lived on the farm, Dad promised her a piano. She was so happy about this, and thought about it such a lot, was planning how she would arrange her work so that she would have time

to practice it. One day, before it was even purchased, she rushed through her work and went into the diningroom to play the piano! It was a nice one – a Heintzman upright grand, with a lovely tone. She gave it to us when she moved from her large home on 4th avenue. Bob and Cathy have it in Calgary now, and it still has that lovely tone, and some of her great grandchildren are learning to play it.

She encouraged us kids to practice our musical instruments, and always enjoyed going to the concerts the kids participated in – here in Lethbridge, all over southern Alberta, in Provo where Harold and Ralph were active in music circles, and hearing Hugh and his family perform in Lethbridge. She sang many a lovely alto solo in church meetings here and in Raymond, and was a choir member for years.

She developed many hobbies to occupy her mind and time. She was always busy. She had a fine garden, and really enjoyed this. When she was 90, she still dug part of her garden with a spading fork, even though Don had offered to roto-till it for her.

She joined the Lethbridge Sketch Club and painted many lovely pictures, giving several to her children, and at least one to every grandchild and great-grandchild. She was very modest about her ability, since Jessie and Lura got so much publicity, but her paintings were really lovely.

She joined the weaving guild, and purchased a large loom with her brother Kay. She wove many beautiful pieces – tablecloths, fancy towels, place mats, evening bags, stoles, and even enough yardage of tweed to have a coat tailored for herself. Every grandchild also received a piece of weaving from her.

She made lovely quilts. As long as she was able to make them, each great-grandchild received a beautiful quilt from "GG," as she was lovingly known. One quilt that was special, was "pieced" by her mother from material her grandmother had owned in the 1890's. Another special one was appliqued floral emblems of the provinces of Canada.

She enjoyed knitting, and made many sweaters for gifts for grandchildren. She also knitted and crocheted afghans, tablecloths, etc. and tatted edgings for many a handkerchief. She decorated writing paper with tatted flowers.

She did a lot of genealogical research. For many years she searched for Dad's ancestors in England, without success. She also paid professional researchers, but they too were unsuccessful. During a sabbatical leave, Harold finally made a lot of progress, which pleased her a lot. Harold has recently been able to link up her research with his, extending the pedigree back to the 1500's, and will be able to submit many names for temple ordinances. She is very pleased about this.

She was a temple worker for 18 years, starting this enjoyable calling when Jessie and Octave were matron and president of the Alberta Temple, and served later under Pres. and Sister Heber Jensen, then President and Sister Elmo Fletcher. Usually she and her co-workers left Lethbridge about 6:00 a.m. and spent the whole day in the temple, returning about 11:00 p.m. They said they would rather spend the whole day while they were there, than to go two days. Needless to say, they came home tired but happy. She was released just before we were called as temple workers in 1972.

She often visited her sisters in Utah. She loved to do this. For years, we attended General Conferences in Salt lake City, and took her with us. One of the first things she would do when we went to October conference was to fill up the trunk of the car with melons. Her father had raised many melons in their New Harmony garden, and she dearly loved them. So did we.

She really enjoyed visiting Harold and Ralph and their families in Provo too, and would often ride down on the bus, or fly down, for a special concert, or other special event, or just for a visit.

She was generous with her time and money. One Christmas she gave each grandchild the handsome sum of \$50.00, and it was a handsome sum in those days. Some of the kids made pretty good investments with the money, too. She was always buying someone a suit or a dress, or a mixmaster, etc.

She remained active in church work, and was always ready to help others. She taught the Spiritual Living lessons at Relief Society for years, and was a visiting teacher most of her life. She was R.S. librarian for at least three years, and always volunteered to help at funerals and ward dinners, etc.

She and her sister Jessie were very close. She was happy to live close enough that they could visit often, and talk on the phone nearly every day. Or should I say that Jessie talked and Mom listened, for hours on end, but she loved it. While she was driving a car, she chauffeured Jessie around town endlessly. She and I shared a car for many years, and when she no longer felt safe driving, I chauffeured her around. The city bus stopped at her corner, and she often rode it down town. She liked to be as independent as possible. She always belonged to the same ward as we did, so accompanied us to all church meetings.

She and her dear friend, Amelia Johansen, visited all the church members in the hospitals once a week for years, until Amelia passed away suddenly. This left a big void in her life — she had really enjoyed Amelia.

In the 1970's JoLane Laycock Jolley was invited to adjudicate at the Lethbridge Music Festival, and she stayed with mother for several days. They enjoyed each other's

company very much. Mom always liked to attend the festival, for there was usually a grandchild or several great grandchildren performing. Mom was pleased to have a visit just recently with JoLane and Weldon, who were in Calgary to attend a convention at Banff. They made a special trip down to Lethbridge to visit her, and we had a family dinner at Extencicare, then sang and visited.

For several years, she had arthritis in her hands and arms, but it went into remission after a while and she has not been bothered with it for years now. She had a cataract operation on one eye in 1982. This improved her sight considerably. She began having trouble hearing conversations, and was constantly asking us to repeat ourselves. Ralph took the bull by the horns, and insisted that she get a hearing aid. She didn't like wearing it, and her natural hearing improved dramatically – she did not wear the hearing aid very long.

She turned 90 in 1983, and a Family Reunion was planned for the whole family. Lucy and Ralph were in charge of it, and did a wonderful job of planning and executing the plans. They rented accommodations on BYU campus – each family had their own suite, with a large meeting room for programs and testimony meeting, etc. They ate at the cafeteria, or had picnics etc., visited Timpanogas cave and Provo canyon, attended Ralph's Sunday afternoon Band Concert In The Park where the children enjoyed playing Pied Piper, following him around the park, etc. At this time, she had 81 descendants, and most were present. Harold and Lois were on a mission in Tempe, Arizona so were unable to be there. Don had just had back surgery and was in so much pain that he was confined to bed (he wanted me to go anyway, but I could not leave him in that condition), and Bill and Carol had responsibilities that kept them at home, but I think everyone else was there, and had a wonderful time!

Mother's memory began slipping. She would put a pot on the kitchen stove and go into the livingroom and forget it. She burned up more pots this way! She also used the elements on her stove to heat the room, and this was not safe. We felt she could not live alone any longer and had a family council to decide what to do. Some of the family were unable to care for her in their homes, and in addition we felt it would be too confusing for her to be moving about continually. She herself suggested a "Seniors" lodge, of which there were several in Lethbridge and vicinity, so we took her to inspect some of them.

She finally decided that she would like to live in the Ridgeview Lodge in Raymond, where she had a private room, friendly matron, good meals, entertainment, church services, Relief Society meetings, and where several old friends lived. She moved there in September 1984, and found a bosom pal in Lizzie King, whom she had known ever since she moved to Raymond in 1905. They would sit side by side on the sofa and fall asleep leaning on each other's shoulders. Lizzie was about ten years older than Mom, but they had a lot in common. They would talk about the old days, about

their husbands, old friends etc. They were always together. I and my family, and Hugh and his family, visited her on alternate days, and we often brought her to Lethbridge for the day, to go shopping, to her dentist, doctor, for Sunday dinners, to buy clothing, etc. I often took her to visit Kay and Velma, and when her sisters Vilo, Lura and Mary came for visits, I took her to visit them. I took her to Cardston once a week and left her to visit with Jessie in the Auxiliary Hospital there while I went to a temple session.

In August 1986, the matron advised us that she should move to a nursing home due to health problems she was having, so we moved her to Extendicare on 13th street north in Lethbridge. Here she gets good care – nursing care when needed, good meals, laundry, hair care, church services, entertainment, out for lunch at the Senior Centre once a week, etc. I try to visit her every day, but must miss occasionally.

In Feb. 1987, she fell and broke her hip. She had to have surgery, and is now confined to a wheelchair. Before this happened, I was able to take her out for meals with us, shopping, car rides, etc., but now that she is in a wheelchair, I cannot manage to get her into my car. There is a handibus service that will bring her out to our homes if we book far enough ahead, and if it is not slippery and there are people at home to help get her chair up the steps. We cannot get her wheelchair into our bathrooms, so she cannot stay more than a couple of hours at a time. Extendicare is not the nicest place to live, but it would be impossible for anyone to care for her in a home now – bathrooms are inadequate, and she is too heavy for one person to move. Her health problems make nursing home care necessary. She never complains.

In 1988, Iza Steele moved into Extendicare, and for a time, she and Mom were in the same room, but when Iza needed more nursing care, they moved her down the hall closer to the nursing station, then upstairs. Mom and I visited Iza occasionally, and they enjoy talking for a few minutes. Iza passed away a couple of months ago. Another old friend who is in Extendicare is Ethel Queckboerner, a sister to Lottie Baker and Josie Erickson who were neighbors on the farm. Mom and Ethel were teenagers in Raymond together, and still reminisce about the old days.

She enjoys visitors, but does not always remember who they are. Hugh and Audrey visit her often, as do Carol and Bill and their children. Patricia and her little ones go often too. Harold and Lois, Ralph and Lucy usually come up twice a year for visits and she really enjoys these, especially when they bring their musical instruments and put on a concert for her. When Don and I are away in the winter for a couple of months, Hugh and Audrey do yeoman service visiting her really often.

Bruce built a ramp for his van, so that he can transport her in her wheelchair that way if the handibus is booked up – it takes two men to get her in and out of the van and up the steps of the house.



Some of the things we do to entertain her are reading family histories, scriptures, playing the organ and singing (sometimes she will sing the same song all day long – one of her favorites is "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"), looking at her photo albums, watching a little TV if there is something special on. She enjoys the Lawrence Welk show on Sat. evenings in Shirley Griffin's room. At her birthday last year, she came to dinner at our house with Audrey and Hugh. All the grandchildren and great grandchildren in the area called in after, and we had sing-song with Bill at the keyboard. She knew all the verses for every Primary song we could sing, and really enjoyed it.

It is hard to watch her going downhill, I wish we could do more to make her life happy. For years, she has wanted to go on to the other side and be with Dad, and now she is afraid he will have forgotten her. She took very good care of him during his years of ill health, both in 1919 and 1920, and during his last few years when diabetes and heart trouble made him feel so miserable.

It might be interesting to note some of the inventions and improvements Mom has seen during her lifetime, which include running water in our homes, then hot water heaters, indoor plumbing, telephones (at first we had party lines on the farm), cars – Model T Fords, then more sophisticated open touring cars, followed by glass windows in cars, heaters, air conditioners, gravelled roads instead of dirt roads which often had big mud-holes in them, paved roads, radios, recording machines, cassette recorders, record players, stereos, black and white TV (we saw our first one at the 1939 World's Fair in San Francisco), color TV, compact disk players, P.A. systems, electronic keyboards, silent movies, "talkies", then color movies.

For heating our homes, we graduated from the coal range, to circulating heaters, then got gas furnaces and thermostats, room and home aid conditioning, gas and electric kitchen ranges, electric refrigerators, aluminum windows and doors, insulation in homes, wall-to-wall carpets, vacuum cleaners, washing machines (hand-operated, then gas-engine operated, electric, and automatics), dryers, wash-and-wear fabrics, permanent press. Electric kitchen appliances such as toasters, fry pans, crockpots, microwave ovens, electric irons, steam irons, dishwashers.

Fountain pens, ballpoint pens, felt pens, calculators, computers, Nintendoes, electric typewriters, treadle sewing machines, electric sewing machines, silk stockings, nylons, pantyhose, newer and weirder fashions in clothing and hair. (I remember Mom telling about visiting her neighbor on the farm in the 1920's. Mrs. Leonard had been to New York and had her hair cut short, or "bobbed," as they called it. She persuaded Mom to let her cut her hair, and Dad was not exactly pleased.) Old-fashioned permanents using heavy heated rollers, "cold-wave" permanents, electric curling irons, hair dryers, good-looking synthetic wigs.

City buses, travel buses, trailers, motor homes, planes – propeller, jet, ultralights – satellites, space travel to the moon. Farm machinery such as steam engines, threshing machines, tractors, one-way plows, rod weeders, combines, sprinkling irrigation systems instead of irrigating from a ditch with a shovel and gum boots, self-propelled combines, hydraulically-controlled implements, hay balers, front-end loaders for hay and other materials, bigger and bigger machinery to handle large acreages – Dad would have been thrilled to see many of the modern inventions, he was always interested in the latest inventions.

The list could go on and on!