

**MY GRANDFATHER AND
GRANDMOTHER
LEMUEL HARDISON AND
KEZIAH JANE BUTLER REDD**

by Lura Redd

Lemuel Hardison Redd was born of goodly parents, namely John Hardison Redd and Elizabeth Hancock Redd, 31 July 1836, at Stump Sound, Onslow Co., North Carolina. They must have had a good home for that day, although it lacked most of the comforts we now think are indispensable. His parents were slave owners and his mother always had a negro slave girl or woman to wait on her and do any hard work that had to be done that she didn't want to do. Lemuel was only about two years old when his parents sold out and moved from North Carolina to Tennessee near Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, where he bought a plantation and settled there to farm.

As grandfather, Lemuel Hardison Redd, grew up he had all that a young gentleman of that day should have, even to a personal bodyguard and slave to be with him to do his bidding. This slave was named Luke and even after he was freed he stayed near the family and especially near his former young master, Lemuel, five years younger than he. Grandfather grew up with three older sisters and two younger brothers. All of them born in North Carolina except Benjamin, the youngest, who was born after they got to Tennessee. The home there was likely like the regular southern homes with immense high ceilings and an upper porch. I saw such a typical one when I was in the south and can imagine a bit what it was like.

I can remember a story that grandfather told in New Harmony when I was young. He said once when his father wasn't home, one of their neighbor's niggers ran away from home and came to spend the night in their, Redd's slave quarters. His owner missed him and came around looking for him. Grandfather put it this way. "O, how he begged and pleaded and cried for mercy, but they whipped him. They whipped him with a shovel." Grandfather said he got up out of bed and went out on the upper porch and stood there in his bare feet and night shirt and listened to them. He further said, "they wouldn't have dared to come around our plantation and to have whipped that nigger if Pap had been home, but at the time he was away."

Grandfather was nearly eight when his parents went to Nauvoo to see the prophet and while they were there they received their patriarchal blessings. They then went back to Tennessee and stayed there until they decided to move to Utah. They went directly from Tennessee to Utah. I'm thinking that when they went to Nauvoo was when grandfather heard them whip the nigger. They had no folks anywhere around within driving distance to visit, so, why go anywhere else?

Aunt Ellen writes, "During the summer of 1850 the Redd family made the memorable trip across the plains into the Salt Lake Valley. Lemuel H. was at this time fourteen years of age. He filled a man's place in this long trek, driving and caring for an ox team the entire distance. (But Luke was along and I think he did a big part of it.) The Captain Sessions Company with

which they travelled reached Salt Lake in October of 1850." When Aunt Lou married and moved to Parowan there was an old pioneer, Richard Benson, living there who came across the plains in 1850 with the same company that the Redds came with. He said that he knew the Redds and that the boy Lem surely knew how to handle animals. He, Benson, knew nothing about driving when he undertook to drive across the plains. Lem, showed him a lot about it and when they came to a stream which had to be forded Lem would drive his team across the ford for him.

Aunt Ellen says that Lemuel H. and his father both contracted cholera on the plains but both recovered from it. Many weren't that lucky. She also writes, Lemuel Hardison told his children of the great buffalo stampedes. The cloud of dust in the far distance when first seen, grew larger and larger as it drew nearer. Then was heard the distant sound of hoofbeats which increased in volume as the mighty herd drew nearer in its excited flight, trampling everything in its way. With the first sign of an oncoming herd the train of fifty or a hundred wagons with their teams of oxen were hurriedly collected into a compact group to clear a path for the terrified animals.

In reading John D. Lee's missionary journal he tells of baptizing the father and mother but says nothing of doing the same for any of the younger members of the family. Lemuel H. was baptized 3 June 1852, when he was sixteen years old. They let him wait until he himself wanted it and didn't seem to make an issue of being baptized as soon as one was eight years of age.

The History of Spanish Fork says, "During the winter of 1850, John Holt, John H. Redd and William Pace settled about half a mile above the present site of Spanish Fork. Mr. Redd was the owner of a number of negro slaves which he brought with him and used in his farming operations." Aunt Ellen says they spent the first winter in Provo but it doesn't sound like it. They must have gone directly to Spanish Fork very soon after reaching Utah. Both the Redd and Butler families lived in Spanish Fork and that is where he and grandmother met and courted. I was told that a group of young ladies were talking about the prospects of beaux among the young men of Spanish Fork and grandfather's name was mentioned with the others as a desirable one and grandmother said, "Don't any of you think that you have a chance there. I'm going to get him." That's the way it turned out. This I think was after his mother was dead. Grandmother said she never met her. Only one thing about her that she could remember was seeing her come to the door and throw a pan of water on the ground in front of the house. In many of those old houses they had only one door, at the front, and all refuse including water was just thrown out on the ground. I suppose that if the water were extra dirty they would carry it some distance away, otherwise they threw it outside and if there were a few flowers planted there they got it. They had to carry all the water for even a few flowers anyway, or for trees to get them started.

When grandfather was seventeen and eighteen they had an Indian war led by old Chief Walker and called the Walker War. He was in the militia against these Indians who were giving them much trouble. They would swoop down and drive off their cattle and horses; they would destroy their fences and buildings and crops; and they would kill anyone who was foolish enough to go off alone. At that time they burned the first saw mill that had been built in Utah south of Salt Lake City and which his father, John H. Redd had helped finance and build. Aunt Ellen

said it was a loss of six thousand dollars for him. As a member of the militia grandfather had to take his turn as guard for they had to have guard duty for someone all the time. I remember when he applied for a pension for his services. Old Walker died in January 1855 and was followed by his brother as chief. He was just as bad as Walker at first but he changed. He said Walker came to him in a vision and told him not to fight the Mormons. He told him the land didn't belong to the Indians nor to the white men but to the Lord. So they had peace while he was chief, ten years.

Grandfather's name was on the list of city voters 7 May, 1855. He was not yet twenty one so they didn't seem to stick too close to ages in civil affairs either. They took for granted that he was mature and had a man's intelligence to vote at nineteen. In this first city election he was elected, with his father and two brothers-in-laws and others as alderman.

After this Indian war they built a fort; surrounded by high rock walls, it was after the pattern of other forts in the territory. Small rooms were built around the outside wall on the inside as accommodations for separate families. The roofs of these rooms sloped a bit to the inside and the outside wall was higher than the roofs. Above the roof and in the wall were left many little loop holes where the guards could look out and see the enemy and shoot through and be protected from the enemy. In this fort all nineteen families of Spanish Fork lived. Nine out of the nineteen were our own ancestors.

Grandfather had a sister, Mary Catherine, who was his youngest sister and about two and a half years younger than he. They were very near and dear to each other. She took suddenly sick when she was seventeen and called for her brother Lemmie, but he was out plowing and her father said she could wait until he had finished the days work. She died before he got to the house that night and he never got over it. I guess none of them did. They used to think and say that that was the reason he was a bit over indulgent with his own children.

He married Keziah Jane Butler, the daughter of John Lowe and Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler, 2 January 1856 when he was yet nineteen and she was nineteen too, but six months older than he. She was born 25 February 1836 in Simpson Co., Kentucky. She was the fourth child of twelve children and the second daughter. When she was about one month old her parents moved from Kentucky and joined the body of the saints in Missouri. She was baptized 1 March 1844 in Nauvoo. Sometime in the spring of 1846 her parents crossed the Mississippi and began their westward journey across the state of Iowa. For about six years they lived in a temporary home in or near Winter Quarters.

Aunt Ellen says, "In the spring of 1852 their trek westward began. There were fifty one families in the company with Eli B. Kelsey as Captain. Her father was the blacksmith and the captain of the wagons. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of the same year. Keziah, then a girl of sixteen, had walked the entire distance. Fortunate was she and other members of the family, through the kindness of an old Indian woman, to enjoy a pair of strong buckskin moccasins to begin the long journey. She loved to portray to her children in later years the little incidents she had carried in her memory of that long and tiresome journey. It was tiresome though many times full of pleasure for the children of the company as they walked in groups

gathering wild flowers and berries. Sometimes there was danger in their paths, Indians, buffaloes, snakes and wild animals. For this reason the children were instructed to stay close to the wagons. Their interest in the things they found one day, took a group of them out of the sight of the wagons and they were lost. Great consternation arose through the company, the train was stopped and a general search was carried out. The lost ones were found and brought safely into camp. She never forgot the terrible fright nor the scolding from the captain which made them wise in remembering instructions."

Her father was the first Bishop of Spanish Fork and as such had the job of supervising the surveying of the site of the city and laying off that town into city blocks and satisfying the ward members with their lots. Then he had to do the same with the fields outside of town. Now they needed water on the fields and he had to supervise digging ditches from the canyon to bring water to their gardens and fields. So her mother and older children were left with their own gardens and fields to care for. Needless to say grandmother did her share as she always did. Aunt Ellen adds, "These added responsibilities made it necessary for his older children to give their strength and energy to assist in sustaining the helpless ones. Unselfishly this young girl picked her tasks, displaying patience and interest in the work at hand, so characteristic of her later life. Her school days were limited but her heart was receiving a development in preparation for the mission of life awaiting her."

The Indians drove off their stock and left them rather poor so after he had gotten things in shape in Spanish Fork, her father, John Lowe Butler, decided to go back along the trail to Fort Bridger, but President Young counselled him to go to Green River on the highway. There were many companies passing on their way to Oregon and California and could use a good wheel-wright and mechanic, which he was. Keziah and her older sister Charity went with him and while he fixed their wagons for the rest of the trip they took care of them in other ways. Among the things they did was to wash and iron their clothes and clean them up before going on. They also cooked them some good meals and did any other things they requested for them. They thought they earned quite a bit of money. Grandmother used hers to get her a new wedding dress, because she was getting married the next winter. On the 2nd of January 1856 they were married and were sealed in the Endowment House 16 February 1858.

They had their patriarchal blessings before they left Spanish Fork. Grandmother had hers the year before she was married and grandfather two months after he was married. I shall give them here.

A Patriarchal Blessing by Isaac Morley given in Spanish Fork. 1 March 1856 to Lemuel Hardison Redd, son of John H. And Elizabeth Hancock Redd, born at Sneed's Ferry, North Carolina, 31 July 1836.

"Brother Lemuel, by the authority of the holy priesthood, we lay our hands upon thy head and ratify the seal and blessing of thy sire upon thee. Thou art in the morning of life and in thine heirship thou art numbered with the seed of Abraham. Listen to the counsel of thy father and there is no seal or key of knowledge but what thou hast the right to attain to. Let no earthly consideration lead thy mind astray from the path of rectitude and the love of virtue. In so doing

thou shalt find many attributes accumulating in thy mind. Thou wilt find the love of God increasing in thy bosom, thou wilt find a principle whereby thou wilt extend mercy and favor to others that wilt cause thy mind to become illuminated with light, with principle and by promise. We seal upon thee thy washings and annointings and endowments whereby thou wilt be prepared to receive the keys of the everlasting gospel which thou wilt have to bear to people who are sitting in darkness. That thy garments may be clean from the blood of this generation keep in thy memory the vows and obligations and thou shalt have faith given thee from on high to rebuke diseases. The winds and the waves will be stayed by the prayer of thy faith. Therefore improve upon thy leisure moments as they pass and thou shalt be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in winning many into Christ's kingdom who will become stars in thy crown in the day of the Lord Jesus. Live to honor the priesthood and thy crown will be glorious and when that still small voice whispers peace to thy mind thou mayest know that the Lord is near thee. Thou art of Ephraim and these seals of the priesthood shall rest upon thee and thy seed after thee.

I now seal thee up to enjoy the blessings of eternal life in the kingdom of God. Even so, Amen and amen.

A Patriarchal Blessing by Isaac Morley on the head of Keziah Jane Butler, daughter of John Lowe Butler and Caroline Skeen Butler, born 25 February 1836 in Simpson County, Kentucky. Palmyra Feb. 26 1855.

"Sister Keziah Jane, in the name of the Lord, and by the virtue of the priesthood, we lay our hands upon thy head and we ratify the seal of thy father upon thy head. This is a principle of promise pertaining to the holy priesthood. A seal that ever shall be and abide with thee. Thou art blessed with the daughters of Abraham for thou art in the same everlasting covenant with them. Thou art adopted into the family of the faithful. Thou hast become a legal heir to all the blessings that were to be enjoyed by the daughters of Abraham. The Lord has blessed thee with many rights and with intellectual faculties whereby thou wilt become useful in thy day and generation upon the earth. Thou hast the promise of thy Heavenly Father resting upon thee. Thou art brought into heirship by the waters of baptism. Therefore rejoice in the covenants for in the fulfilling of the promises thy mind will become filled with light. They will be verified upon thee in the holy ordinances of the God, where blessings of the everlasting priesthood will be revealed to thy mind. Thou wilt appreciate thy heirship as the greatest blessing that ever was, or ever will be committed to thy trust, where thou wilt learn the straightness of the gate and the narrowness of the way which will produce joy and satisfaction to thy mind, for thou wilt be taught the pattern of Heavenly things where the spirit of truth will be made manifest to thy mind.

Thou art of Ephraim and a legal heir to the seals of the holy ordinances. Thou wilt rejoice on bearing testimony of the loving kindness of the Creator towards thee. Thou shalt enjoy the society of the faithful before the Lord. Thou wilt be favored of heaven, of raising thy posterity as tender plants by thy side for they will bear the keys of the gospel of salvation and will be exalted in the kingdom of Glory. We ratify this seal by virtue of the priesthood in the name of Jesus, even so Amen and amen.

Recorded in Isaac Morley' book "B" page 414, No. 516.

In the records of Spanish Fork we find the following bit of information: "Brother John H. Redd was appointed a mission to Las Vegas but did not go, but fitted out his son, Lemuel H., who with his wife went in contemplation of having his father follow in the fall." This happened in February 1856, one month after they were married. So he and grandmother left for Las Vegas. They went by ox team and led a cow behind the wagon. Can you imagine going at the rate they must have had to go on that trip? The animals walked practically all the way, about five hundred miles, a trip of about two months. Walking all day and camping at night wherever night overtook them. They must have had company as it wasn't safe at all to go that distance alone. They went for the purpose of helping open up some lead mines there but the mission didn't succeed so they returned in the fall. They returned early in September, a few weeks before their first child, Lemuel H. Jr., was born. Again they travelled by ox team and led the cow behind, over the now hot, hot desert. They carried their water in a barrel tied to the side or back of the wagon and I can imagine how they must have thirsted for a nice cool drink when the only water they had was warm, warm, warm, all the time with a possible early morning exception. They helped build the fort at Las Vegas and plant some cottonwood trees about it. I saw them there once.

While there they received the following letter from his father:

"Spanish Fork City, Utah Co., and Utah Territory, August 1st 1856—

Dear Son and Daughter —

With pleasure and interest I embrace the present opportunity of advising you with a few lines. My reasons for not writing sooner I was waiting for you to write that I might know what to communicate. I received your letter of the ninth of June, last Sunday night, the contents of which has been noticed with no small degree of interest. I am very happy to hear that you are both well but truly sorry to learn that you are not satisfied. I do not wish you to remain there any longer than you can help if you are not satisfied. I have done the very best in my power to take care of what you left behind. I have let nothing go except your table and two pigs. I let sister Butler have one and I gave one pig and a bushel of wheat for harvesting your fall wheat. The man who took the job had rather a hard bargain, it took him about five days faithful work, with a hook to save it, amongst the sunflowers. The grasshoppers injured your wheat some but the sunflowers have been most destructive, they have destroyed some of my fall wheat. I have had to hire all the time we are just through with our fall wheat and oats and will have to commence on our spring wheat about Monday. Our crops are quite light and it is thought that bread stuff will be remarkable scarce. It has been one of the most trying times that this people ever had to pass through and we fear that it will be no better the ensuing year if the people do begin to save in time. The words of salvation are taught from every stand which fully means a saving principle, without that there is no salvation. Remember this my dear children and be wise and economical as your father has been before you and you may rely, my son and daughter, with confidence that your Father will take the best care in his power for your temporal and eternal welfare —

I wish to hear from you often that I may know how to manage your concerns and keep things in readiness for your return, which I hope will be before very long unless you become

better satisfied, for I do not wish you to stay against your will. If you have a wish to return you had better come by the first safe opportunity as I am making arrangements to start in the fall. I should like to have you here to give you some instructions in regard to what I leave behind. You can arrange your business there to the best advantage to remain until I get there. Get liberty from the authorities of that place to come and do not come until you know that you are safe in travelling. I should like to know about what time you expect to start that I may know what time to look for you. I expect to leave my house and land and a part of my stock as the range there is not very good. The tobacco worm, in places, has been very destructive to potato crops, they have destroyed nearly all of the Pace's potatoes and nearly ruined yours. We wormed them over three or four times, they are not quite so bad on our black land. We have had a pretty hard trial to make what we have made. Stock, grasshoppers and worms has given us some trouble. I have not much news at this time. There has been but very few changes except what are common. We had a frost about the fifteenth of July which injured our vines very much. We have had it very windy all through the spring and summer but it is very dry and hot at this time. There has been two marriages since you left. John W. Berry is married to Emily Davis and I myself to Miss Mary Lewis of Salt Lake City, a fine looking girl of about sixteen years of age. This leaves us all well at present, truly hoping it will find you both in the enjoyments of life, health and prosperity. Miss Charity wishes to be remembered to you both in love as she had not the opportunity of writing in the letter sent by her people. She is well and doing well and we hope a very fair prospect of her still doing better. We all have a desire to see you, both white and black and our ardent desires are for your temporal and eternal welfare and truly hope the Lord may bless you in your travels and return. So ever remaining affectionate father, people and friends. To Lemuel H. Redd and wife. John H. Redd family and people.

On their return to Spanish Fork, Lemuel H. Redd, by counsel of president Young was ordained an elder and soon after a seventy as a member of the fiftieth quorum.

In Spanish Fork they started to live the United Order the same as they did in many other places. Every man who entered it consecrated or deeded all his property to the Lord, with the Bishop as custodian. Some of us think that tithing is a lot to give but how would you like to give all you had and just use it by permission. This is found in the records of Spanish Fork City when they had been back there a little over a year and had one child:

"Schedule of Lemuel H. Redd's property which he consecrated to the Lord January 6 1858. Lot two in block nine containing 72/160 of an acre in the Spanish Fork city survey of building lots — \$50.00; Also commencing at John H. Redd's N.E. corner in lot 5 and block 20 thence south to the Spanish Fork creek, thence up said creek to William Pace's line, thence north to his N.W. corner, thence west to the place of beginning containing 20 acres more or less in the Spanish Fork survey of farm lands — \$200.00; One ox — \$45.00; Three cows — \$90.00; Two heifers — \$15.00; Two sheep — \$12.00; One swine — \$10.00; One rifle — \$25.00; One house in Spanish Fork — \$100.00; Household furniture, bed and bedding — \$100.00; 40 bushels of wheat @ \$1.50 per bush. — \$60.00; 10 bush. corn — \$12.50; 8 bush. potatoes — \$45.00; Garden vegetables — \$15.00; 250 lbs. pork — \$50.00. Total amount of Lemuel H. Redd's property \$829.50; Eight hundred and twenty nine dollars & 50/100.

I certify that the foregoing schedule of property was consecrated to the Lord by Lemuel H. Redd, January 6 1858. Lucius N. Scovil, recorder of Utah Co., Utah Territory."

As I said before grandfather and grandmother returned to Spanish Fork a little before Uncle Lem was born. They had no home there as yet, so they at first slept in the attic of great grandfather Redd's log house. To get up there they climbed by way of a set of steps or something between that and a ladder on the outside. Before her baby was born, grandmother got a gathered breast and was in much misery. There was nobody close that she felt like confiding in. Great grandfather had married a young girl younger than grandmother, so she wouldn't be much help in her trouble. Aunt Chaney, one of great grandfather's old nigger mammies sensed that something was wrong and found out what it was. Heat, she thought would be good but they knew nothing about hot water bottles. She must have cared for this before. She put grandmother to bed in that little low upstairs room. She went down and mixed up a hot cake with catnip tea and while it was hot she climbed up and put it on the sore breast. She went down and made another and by the time the first one was cool she was up with another hot one. She repeated that until the soreness and swelling were much reduced and grandmother on the way to recovery. Grand-mother said she sure learned to love those old black women, they were so good and helpful to her. There were two of them, Venus and Chaney. They were midwives and helped her many times later on. After all the Redds left Spanish Fork they earned their way with the sick. They were good at it too, as their whole lives had been to take care of white people and they never knew anything else. They had come out to Utah to do just that, of their own free will and choice and they finished their lives that way. Aunt Lou said that when they were considering crossing the plains and whether to bring the black women they'd say "We need to go. Missy Redd wouldn't know how to mix bread or take care of things." I guess they put up quite a plea and listed a lot of things she didn't know how to do, and of course they came along with the others.

They had been back in Spanish Fork six and a half years and had lived in this united order for a little over three years when they were called to go to southern Utah to settle. They had come here when the town was just starting and for eleven years they helped build it up into a fair town. Now they must sell out the little home they had built here and go to a brand new place and start over again and help build up another town. Its still going on though. We work hard to build a ward house and when we feel that we can now rest from chapel building for a few years they cut us off into a new ward and we have to start over. It's easier now though, we don't have to move. They took with them what they could haul or drive and went south. It is as Aunt Alice says of her mother "She was twice a pioneer."

By this time grandfather had two sisters and one brother left and they also received the call to go and settle in New Harmony. There they all settled and raised their families. They all died in New Harmony except grandfather.

There were many places in the intermountain region that were not yet settled and president Young wanted all the territory taken up by the saints so he made it a practice to call people to go to every place possible for settlement. Just as soon as his scouts found a new creek or spot of ground that was at all suitable he called somebody to go there. In the fall and winter of 1861-62 the walls of old Fort Harmony disintegrated with the heavy rains and the inhabitants

sought another place and found two of them, one west and one east, so they needed more people. The Sevys and Paces got on their way before the Redds and got the choice land along the creek. John D. Lee's claim was at the head of the creek and the Pace's below him. They must have arrived in December and held their first meeting the 22 Dec 1861 when they made some kind of organization, seemingly temporary.

New Harmony was situated about twenty miles north of Black Ridge on the headwaters of Ash Creek. The record say, "New settlers were not much inclined to attend meeting - they said they had too much to do - So on Sunday the 24th of May 1862 the Paces and Sevys were requested to come to meetings and not work on the Sabbath." I guess there was plenty to do at that. It would take them about three weeks to make the trip through dry, desolate country and they needed shelter and garden put in and all such. Further is says, "At the usual hour of meetings (came)brothers Sevy, Redd and families- the sequel was the administration of president Lee found place in their hearts. They repented and came to meeting and confessed and talked good." This was the 15 June 1862 and is the first mention of the Redds in New Harmony. Sister Sevy was grandmother's sister. Grandfather stopped on the north of the Paces and across the street from them. He lived here for eight years and later his nephew L.A.Pace built a home there. It is one block south of where we used to live in New Harmony.

At a conference held the 15 November 1862, Henry Lunt was named as bishop of Cedar Ward, New Harmony, Pinto and Kanaraville were included in this ward with John D. Lee as presiding elder of New Harmony branch. They held their meetings in John D. Lee's hall.

In those days people were called upon to make all kinds of sacrifices. I've talked about some of them but there came a harder one to make, I think. Aunt Jane told me many years ago, that she heard her father and mother talking one night but she couldn't make out what they were talking about. But she did hear her mother say, "Yes Lem you may take another but not M.A." Later she knew what it was all about. He had been ask to take another wife and I'm sure grandmother helped pick one out. I don't think one of the family ever thought he could have done better. He married Sarah Louisa Chamberlain in October 1866 in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. They were married by Apostle Wilford Woodruff, and she came to share the little home with them. She had worked in the home before, helping grandmother during sickness and busy times and they knew one another pretty well. Too, the children knew her and were used to having her in the home.

I've told you how his former slave Luke liked to be close to the family, well he even wanted to make her feel welcome. He had moved down to New Harmony and set up some kind of barber shop for a little pittance. He maybe had a shack somewhere near. Anyway Aunt Metia told me her mother was making mush, probably corn meal mush, for the family one evening, there were at least ten in the family at that time so it would be a big kettle full. Her mother was stirring it with a big wooden spoon when Luke came up beside her and put his arm around her. Quick as scat she whammed him in the face with her spoon of hot mush. He didn't bother her after that.

The next year, August 20, 1867 the New Harmony ward was organized by president Erastus Snow with Wilson D. Pace as bishop. He was grandfather's brother in law and George W.

Sevy, grandmother's brother in law was his second counsellor. In time they effected some of the auxiliary organizations, but I imagine it took some time to do it. Ann Mariah Redd Pace was the first president of the Relief Society with Keziah Jane Butler Redd as her first counsellor. Elizabeth Mathis was president of the Primary and Mary Mathis and Caroline Redd counsellors and Della Redd as secretary. Pauline Bryner Pace was the president of the M.I.A. with Jane Redd as counsellor. Keziah Jane Redd and Ann Mariah Redd Pace were set apart as two of the midwives.

New Harmony was the first seat of Washington County, Utah.

In 1870 grandfather bought the farm of John D. Lee. It was some distance south west from the town proper and there were two houses on it, rather parts of two houses. The house the Redds lived in was unfinished, Aunt Luella says it had only rafters on, that grandfather put the roof on. I don't know how far the other one was finished. It was frame and the yard where it was, was called the "frame yard." Grandfather tore down the frame house and used the material to finish the other which was brick. He made what we would now call a duplex. It faced east and each wife had a front door opening onto a porch as long as the house. There was an upper porch and the house was a floor and a half, or a story and a half.

Aunt Alice described the rooms to me. They had a great big kitchen. That's where the family lived and worked. The back door came from the porch on the west. It was a little north of the center of the room. As you came in from the porch to your right was a long bench, holding a wash basin and a bucket of water with a dipper, under the window, next to that in the corner was the cook stove and on the south next to the stove was a big wood box. A box they attempted to keep full with lengths of wood for the stove and the fireplace which came in the middle of the south wall. Then there was a window and in the corner against the south wall they put the organ, a little low organ. I thought we had grandfather's organ but aunt Luella says no. Father bought our organ before grandmother died and we both had organs. Grandfather couldn't read notes but he could cord for songs by ear. A man named Gragan, as I remember came and showed him how to chord. They often stood around this organ and sang all the songs they knew. This was the first organ ever brought to New Harmony. When Grandmother died father sold her organ to Grants. Then along the east wall was a big long couch or lounge that would seat half a dozen people. It would pull out for a full sized bed in need. Then the door that led into the front room which was really grandmother's bedroom. North of this door grandmother put her sewing machine. In the north wall was a door that led to the stairs and the "dark" room. In the middle of the north wall they put the table when not in use. It was a drop leafed, extension table to accommodate large or smaller groups. East of that they went into the buttry or pantry. North of the outside door was a window and a mirror with a comb case under it. The roller towel hung on the back of the door.

As I said they lived and worked in this room. It was a hive of activity. There were no evening meetings, no evening activities of the ward or community. After supper they all congregated here until bedtime, In a winter evening grandmother got out her cards and carded wool while the others got their knitting. The wool grandmother used was raised right there in their own yard and orchard on nice clean sheep and wasn't dirty like what mother used to get

from the herd. She always carded it into bats before she washed it. Freshly cut, soft oily wool was easier to card than that which had been washed and snarled up a lot. She would spread it out on the big hearth in front of the fire and get it nice and warm, and card great piles of it.

On another evening, maybe the next one, she'd get out her spinning wheel and spin it into yarn. Now she would do the same, I mean she'd warm it nice and warm before she would spin the bats into yarn. That made it easier and she could make much smoother and finer yarn that way.

Aunt Lou was nine and a half when Will was born and she knit him a pair of little stockings then. They were white wool that grandmother had spun, and she put a little stripe of yellow and one of blue around them. She'd purl one stitch down the middle back for a seam so she would know where to narrow it for the lower part. She did such a good job of them that she had to knit all her own stockings after that. She never wore a commercially knit stocking until after she was married, and then it was a cotton stocking. They could buy a cotton string made up of a thread that was white and one blue, to knit stockings for Sunday in the summer.

The loom grandmother used was a collapsible one that they could set up when needed and take down and put away when she was doing other things. Aunt Lou doesn't remember when her mother wove fabrics. Very early in the settlement of Dixie they started the woollen mills down in a little town near St. George called Washington. They took their wool to this mill and exchanged it for linsey-woolsey woven at the mill. The warp was cotton and the woof was wool, making it half cotton and half wool. The linsey-woolsey I remember was gray but Aunt Lou says they used to get it in white for sheets, that were very warm and cozy in the winter when there was no heat in the house except the fireplace.

She said father (Wm. A.) once took a load down for his mother, several of those big sacks I told you about before and of course took his lunch in the big lunch box as usual. While there he went out beside the factory under a tree to eat during their regular lunch period. Some of the girls working there opened the window above him and began to tease him for some lunch. They made fun of him saying. "That looks good. Why not share it with the rest of us. We'd like some of that," and the others would giggle. He paid no attention to them at first but when he'd had enough of it and they kept on, he looked up and said, "Listen girls, when I've had all I want and fed my dog, you can have the rest." They slammed down the window.

Before they got the organ, that corner held the loom but by the time Aunt Alice could remember her mother only wove carpets, then put the loom away. By that time, too, she only spun coarse yarn for rugs. The spinning wheel could be moved about from room to room as need arose. Between meals the table was shortened against the wall and other activities were carried out in the space it left.

Each child had his regular responsibility. Aunt Lou's job was to fill the chip basket with good clean chips, it was made by the Indians, and held them ready for the early fire making in the morning. She had to fill it at night. One night they had company and they told such interesting stories that she didn't want to miss them. She delayed until it was dark, but she had to go get them just the same. Her mother held a candle for her but the flickering light was about as bad as

nothing, and she could see all kinds of wild animals and other dangers out there in the dark. Aunt Ellen had to shut up the chicken coop very carefully so that no coyote could get in and take a chicken or two. Aunt Vilo had to carry the water up from the spring, down by the creek. She told me once she had to get it after they were ready to sit down to a meal. She was so mad that she stuck her foot in it. Aunt Alice must go to the basement and bring up the potatoes. Her parents wouldn't remind them, they were to do it without being reminded. These were their night chores. Everything had to be ready to prepare breakfast.

I ask Aunt Alice if they often had cornmeal mush for breakfast and she said they never had mush for breakfast. For breakfast they always had potatoes and gravy with eggs, bacon, sausages etc., and always with hot bread and butter. Breakfast was the big meal of the day to start out the days work. They had cornmeal mush for supper. Each was given a bowl of milk and the mush was dipped into it, as much as they wanted. Dinner was about the same as breakfast. Potatoes and gravy and meat of some kind, mainly pork. A special dish was quail pie. When grandmother could get half a dozen quail she'd make a big pie in a milk pan and it was a super duper.

How would you parents like to have your children do some of these things? They had an old hen they called "cock-a de-rock" who was a confirmed setter. She'd set and hatch a brood of chickens and refuse to care for them and set and hatch another. Late in the season she wanted to set again. Grandmother did not want her to again as the chickens would only die. Somebody told her that if she would put her in cold water it would break her of wanting to set. Aunt Lou and Metia said to themselves, "Well, we could do that." They took her down to the creek and immersed her in the water. When they put her on the ground she still clucked so in she went again. But she still clucked and she had another bath. She wouldn't stop clucking and they were determined to see it through so she finally drowned. Uncle Wayne and Aunt Delle came along just then and saw what happened and beat up on them. They cried and threatened to tell on them, Delle said, 'You go and tell and we'll tell what you did to old Cock-a-de-rock.'

Ash Creek was just across the road from the house and down in the bottom of a deep wash. They could cross it on rocks in the stream and liked to go over to some large willow trees to play. In the Spring snows melting made the water rise too high for them to cross and they were told not to go at that time. However Lou and Metia decided that they could make it all right and did on the way over. The water rose while they were playing and they couldn't get back. Loud cries brought uncle Wayne to see what the matter was. He looked at them and the deep water and didn't relish getting in it himself so he took his lasso rope, lassoed them and dragged them through the water to the home side.

When they brought the organ it was crated in a nice strong box which they put out in the barn to hold bran for the pigs. Lou and Metia went out to play in it. They were having such a good time but Metia began to scream and dance. A mouse had run up her back under her dress. Lou grabbed the mouse and held it but from there they didn't know what where to go. Lou didn't dare unbutton the dress and let it out for fear it jump on her. So screaming and crying they went to the field. The boys ask her why she didn't open the dress and let it out. Lou said, "It might jump on me." They did and the mouse fell to the ground dead. Ever after if any wanted to tease

her he merely said, "It might jump on me."

About this time, I don't know the exact date, a man by the name of Sandeen came to New Harmony with a big pack on his back. When he opened it there were dress and suit patterns; that is, many pieces with enough material in one piece for a suit or dress. He was a professional tailor and had the materials to sell out. If they bought his material he would like the job of making it up. He was also looking for a place to do his work. When grandmother saw his material and the opportunity it afforded, she said he could use her kitchen and her big table if he would teach her to do tailoring. I guess that was the best place he could find so they made a bargain. After the morning breakfast was over the table was cleared off and left spread out full length and out came his patterns and a suit was started. Step by step he explained his processes throughout the day. Then at night after the rest of the family were in bed grandmother sat by the table and went carefully over the days instructions. In this way she soon learned all there was to know about it and was able to ask questions about anything that she had forgotten. Later when he was not available she did the tailoring for the community or communities because people from other towns came for her to do work for them. Aunt Lasette told me that she went to New Harmony and took tailoring lessons from grandmother. Aunt Alice says she has no doubt in her mind but that grandmother made the suit that father wore when he had his picture taken at sixteen. Maybe also the coat.

June 4 1871 grandfather was set apart as counsellor to bishop Wilson D. Pace, his brother in law. He was set apart by elder Charles Price who was assisted by J.L. Haywood and Wilson D. Pace. Some of these brethren were probably Stake visitors at the time.

Aunt Ellen writes, "Along various lines was his, grand- father's, leadership prominent in this small town, for many years.

It seems that through all the years from my infancy up, he was chairman of the board of trustees for the school district. He 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 first counsellor to bishop Wilson D. Pace for twenty years, until circumstances took him away from the town. He assisted in establishing the Kanarra and Harmony cattle and sheep co-op herd and served as director and treasurer in each for about twenty years. Though he never was privileged to become a medical student in any university, yet he was a practicing physician. Very few medical doctors and dentists were found in Southern Utah towns. My father studied the human body. He filled the place of a needed physician and did much efficient work in the setting of broken bones, in replacing dislocated joints and the extraction of teeth. For at least two small towns beside our own, he carried on these operations with never a charge. He was generous to a fault, wagon loads of winter apples, watermelons etc., were hauled away without price to pay, and his hospitality to travelling friends was unusually marked. He was an extensive and intensive reader, a qualified student of history, biography and current topics. He was interested in politics and was an enthusiastic republican, standing for the building up of home industries. He was an untiring student of the gospel and a very pleasing, easy speaker. His nature was genteel and happy. He loved to sing with his family, and let his tenor voice be heard in church. He had a broad understanding of life and was diligent in searching after knowledge in various fields. He was

widely known and blessed with many friends. In earlier life he was known as "Uncle Lem Redd", but later generations called him "Grandpa Redd."

In the fall of 1879 eighty families were called by the church from Iron, Garfield and Washington counties to colonize the valley of the San Juan river in south eastern Utah. Grandfather was chosen as one of the scouts to find a trail or road for them. In a book called, "Zealots of Zion," by Hoffman Birney I take the following excerpts about this trip.

"George B. Hobbs, Lemuel H. Redd, George Sevy and George Morrill were sent as an advance party to scout a route from the eastern bank of the Colorado to Montezuma—"

The three Georges and Lemuel composed the quartet which set out from the camp at Hole in the Rock on December 17, 1879. As they were assembling their outfit for the trip, George Morrill asked George B. Hobbs if it would be possible to take with them a burro to pack the bedding. Hobbs replied to the affirmative. Where upon Lemuel Redd remarked that he possessed a stout surefooted mule that was but little larger than a burro. If Morrill's burro could get through the rough country they would traverse, he was confident his mule could make it. It was voted to take the mule, and George Sevy immediately observed that he had a tough pony that wasn't any larger than Redd's mule. Any place that mule could go he asserted his pony could follow."

"Ordinary standards of comparison are futile in attempting to describe the western portion of San Juan county, through which the three Georges and Lemuel Redd were striving to blaze a trail. It is unlike any other section of the United States.—"

"The Mormon pioneers gave Lemuel Redd's name to one of the big canyons that head in the clay hills and wind westward to the Colorado. Some of the maps show the general location and course of that gorge, but cartographers could see no necessity for the final "d" and it appears only as Red Canyon, one of the thousand-odd Red canyons that are to be found in the west. Through such errors does all memory of the pioneers vanish — Redd Canyon was the only place name in San Juan county that preserved the memory of any of the dauntless men who blazed the first trail through that unknown wilderness of sandstone." (The first white men to travel this impossible country)

They ran out of provisions and even out of water. It was hot and dry and dusty. Grandfather held a little round flat stone in his mouth for days to keep his tongue from swelling in that heat. As a last resort they killed the mule and ate that as long as it was fresh enough. They arose one morning and grandfather said to the others, "Go ahead and cook some of the mule and I'll go and get some water." They thought he had lost his senses but he had dreamed in the night where there was water close by. He took their demijohn and left camp. He went to a group of trees and found a small spring. He drank his fill, filled the demijohn and returned to the camp. Needless to say they all rejoiced. Their rejoicing was not only for themselves but for their remaining animals who were just as badly off as they were.

Hoffman Birney says this of their experiences at that time, "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."

Later they saw a mountain goat, when they chased it, it ran bounding from rock ledge to rock ledge down the only possible route to the river and that is the way they found what is known as the Hole in the Rock, as I remember.

I guess being out that long they could have many different experiences. George Hobbs writes, "Christmas found us on the east side of Elk Mountain without food and no way of identifying our location. It was impossible to retrace our steps to the river camp and we knew not which way to go to reach our destination. L.H. Redd's dream helped us find our way." Aunt Ellen tells us about that experience.

"The following is my father's story as I remember hearing him tell of their perilous experience that Christmas time. Snow had fallen all day until evening. Night began to settle around them. They found a clearing in which to make a camp. With branches from Cedar trees they brushed off the snow and kindled several large fires to dry and warm the ground. After hours of work carrying dry Cedar trees to feed the fires, their reward was a warm place for their horses and for each of them to lie down wrapped in his blankets. Their grievous needs of the moment and their days of suffering from cold and lack of food would naturally lead them to the only source from which they could possibly receive help.

Morning came with clear skies and sunshine. As they folded their blankets my father said to his companions, "Come with me to the top of yonder knoll and I will show you the San Juan River." As they stood on the spot where he had stood in his dream of the night before, their hearts thrilled as each, in his turn, with their field glasses, looked upon the waters of the San Juan River. Shining like a silver ribbon in the sunlight, as my father expressed it. This ended their search for the San Juan River. It was to guide them to their destination."

Kumen Jones, one of those early pioneers to San Juan, writes a tribute, "The exploring trip of these four men, George W. Sevy, Lemuel H. Redd, George Morrill and George Hobbs, will always be remembered by all those acquainted with it, and who took part in it, as one of the hardest and most trying in the way of perseverance and persistent endurance of any undertaking connected with the San Juan mission. It has been a source of wonder to all those who have become acquainted with the country through which those explorers travelled, since those early days. How they ever found their way through deep snow and blinding snowstorms in such a timbered country, all cut to pieces with deep gorges for such long distance without compass or trail, remains a puzzle. Much of the time there was no sun, moon or stars to help them in keeping their course. The only answer that helps explain the mystery must be that a kind providence came to their assistance. How those Latter Day Saints scouts made that trip and returned all alive, with the weather, food shortages and other obstacles against them is proof that God held out his hand. Having gone over that same country many times since riding after cattle it seems more impossible as time passes."

It seems that this trip didn't end his travels in that direction. Aunt Ellen writes "In 1887 my father, Monroe and family, with other helpers drove a herd of one hundred and fifty horses

and cattle into San Juan county. My sister, Delle, rode horseback and helped drive the stock. I drove a team and wagon. As we travelled through White canyon to Bluff, our water supply for camp uses was often obtained from basin-like depressions in the top of large flat rocks. As I remember it, we sometimes found several gallons in one rock basin."

Aunt Alice was a tiny babe when her father left to take this long hard trip into the unknown. Father (Wm. A.) and uncle John were in Arizona, Uncle Lem was newly married and was going with his wife and tiny babe to this far off place to make a home. That left grandmother home with eight children to look after and manage. Her roll was possibly as hard as his this time. It seems that if a brother were called to a mission he went regardless of the condition of his family at home. Aunt Alice writes this of her;

MY MOTHER

Brimful of duties were my mother's days.
Always from early dawn till late at night;
But after hours she tilled a garden plot
Of flowers to make the drab yard gay and bright.
Though evening duties called for all her time,
We claimed her for the stories we liked best;
She came along and told the fairy tales
That sent us to sweet dreams and peaceful rest.
A quiet hour I'm sure my mother craved
Yet all our friends were welcome in her home.
Her heart reached out, and every mother's child
Who knew her, shared the love - not hers alone.
The world could never call my mother great,
She plied no skill in song nor verse nor art,
But everyone who knew her called her friend
And shared the kind refreshment of her heart.
Her gentle ways, her kindly helpful hand
Marked carefully the path our feet should go,
And on and on her love calls through the years
Like strains of sacred music, soft and low.

Aunt Metia tells about their summer experience. As soon as the fruit was ripe and ready to dry, they gathered together all the pans, boxes, old chairs, knives and benches. They dressed in their old clothes and went to the orchard early in the morning and stayed all day and peeled and cut apples for drying, or cut and pitted peaches or whatever fruit was to be done that day. Some of them, probably the boys climbed the trees and picked the fruit, others spread it out to dry. They would work until dark than wash at the little basin beside the door and go to bed and the next day the work of the day before was repeated. This went on until all the fruit and vegetables were cached away for the coming winter. It took everybody in the family to get it all

in for the winter because there were many mouths to feed and many growing bodies to be nourished.

Aunt Lou gave me another version of pine nut hunting. She said father used to take them a lot. He would climb up the tree and with a little hatchet he would chop off the loaded branches. The kids down below would take off the cones to take home. The Indians showed them how to roast them. They'd dig a big hole and line it with rocks, then build a fire on these rocks and get them red hot. Then they'd rake out the ashes and fill the hole with pine cones and cover them with grass and sod as clean as they could get it from dirt. They would then cover the sod with their blankets. It was left until cool, and uncovered. The heat had, by then, popped the cones and let the nuts fall out. Grandmother had a big box with a lid to put them in. She's put this box under her bed. They couldn't open the box while it was under the bed and the little kids couldn't pull it out. When I said blankets, I didn't mean bed blankets they slept in. They always had a supply of blankets they put under their saddles when they rode, it was these blankets they used. They always had them along when they went on any kind of a trip and used them for sitting or lying on the dirt or rocks.

Aunt Alice writes: HOMECOMING "When the homecoming invitation came that mild June day the activities of my busy household dropped from me and I thought of Riley's words, "Let's go visiting back to Grigsby's Station. Back where we used to be so happy, and so poor." After twenty five years, to go back to my home town. What would I find there? The little village with it's twenty four families has had a modest but colorful history, dating back to 1852, when a group of colonizers, under the leadership of John D. Lee moved over the rim of the basin, halted their oxen and covered wagon on the high flats east of the present site of New Harmony, dug a well and built a fort. The spot proved unsuitable and a few years later half of the group moved to the present site of Kanarra and the other half to New Harmony. Hospitality and friendliness have always been cardinal virtues of the good people there so I would be sure of a warm welcome. With my seventeen year old son as driver, a boy friend of his and two of my younger boys we made preparations for camping, loaded the "touring" car, buttoned down the canvas curtains and travelled the three hundred miles on highway 91 and reached the bustling village late after noon. A welcoming committee met us and assigned us a camping place in a friends' front yard, with sleeping cots on the screened porch and places for the boys beds in the granary loft.

After all these years the change was not too great, the streets were narrower and the town plot smaller than I had remembered. Some of the pioneer houses had been replace with modern homes, they now had a culinary water system instead of surface wells with hand windlass and bucket. Electric lights had replaced the coal oil lamps and in many of the barns and sheds an automobile stood alongside the cow or horse stall. Yes, New Harmony had moved right along with the years.

Wherever I turned I met old time friends. What a wonderful thing, a homecoming. After years of being separated, for people to come together, people whose lives, labor and loves had once intermingled and now had turned to near strangers, to visit again in this atmosphere, sweet with childish memories, was an occasion one needed to experience to appreciate. Six hundred people visited there during the three days of celebration, coming from Canada to Mexico.

The meeting of relatives and friends and partaking of entertainments and luncheons so generously provided by our hosts, was a taste of heaven; but to go home to the farm house beyond the west fields was the highlight of my vacation. The touring car nosed its way across the muddy Imlay Creek, over rutted narrow roads, through meadows and fields and came to a stand under Ben's gnarled locust tree that still stood like a dignified patriarch to guard the hallowed place where once was home. Not a brick, not a stone, not a shingle remained of the big farmhouse that had echoed to the life, the hope and purpose of our large family group.

I had come home. To me the red brick walls of the house were there, transparent now as lace; all the rooms, the floor coverings, the furniture, window curtains and the busy family were the same as they were when I was a child. I stepped over the worn threshold from the back porch into the big kitchen warmed by a wide fireplace with a burning black log held up by black andirons. The blaze lighted the stone hearth and braided rag rug. A wide circle of us sat in it's warmth and cheer eating pine nuts that we had gathered from the nearby hills earlier in the fall, and roasted in the back yard pit. In the corner of the kitchen stood the big charter oak stove with the hot water reservoir on the back and beside it was the battered wood box filled with lengths of pine and cedar wood and some rumpled cedar bark for starting the morning fire. By the back door stood the wash bench with the buckets of water and a wash basin. Behind the door hung the looking glass and comb case and the long roller towel. Against the north wall the big fall leaf table was covered with a red and white checkered cloth. Along the partition wall stood the wooden lounge long enough to seat half a dozen people. When it was pulled out it made an extra bed with well filled straw tick in place of mattress and springs. A bright flame from the burning log lighted the open bookshelf and I saw again my treasured volume, "Leaves from My Journal" a present from my eldest brother Lem. How proud we are of his accomplishments; a leader and colonizer in far off San Juan, bishop, stake president, state senator, a mediator in Indian affairs and father of a wonderful family.

"Off the kitchen I saw pantry lined with shelves and cupboards and in their accustomed places the dishes, cooking utensils, the wooden churn and long dasher, the cream jar, shelves filled with milk pans, the vinegar kegs, pickle and preserve jars and the handy bread box.

"I went to the front room next, bright cheery with stripped rag carpet. There stood father's and mother's four poster bed made up with fluffed feather tick, log cabin patched quilt and well starched hand embroidered pillow shams. My trundle bed was rolled under to be out of sight for the day. The secretary, chairs, high boy and home sewing machine were the same. On the little table rested the red plush photograph album and on the mantle stood two coal oil lamps, a piece or two of china and a little blue pitcher that served as a flower vase. The treasured organ, trim and pretty stood under the high window. Nostalgic and sweet were the memories around it. I saw father sitting on the home made stool playing a chord and a group of us singing with him, "Hard Times Come Again No More," or "Come Music To My Heart." The letters on the stops, white and black keys gleamed there in the bright firelight.

"My next visit to the little front bedroom came next. It was just large enough for a bed, a bureau and mother's chest, and the treasures in the chest were as vivid to me as in the days long ago. There was mother's tight fitting basque of red and black alpaca, the one she wore to have

her picture; and the tinted daguerreotype picture of father and mother in a leather case lined with pink plush, a few bits of bric-a-brac dating from the days when they lived in Spanish Fork before they were called to come to this little outpost on the very fringe of civilization, in the early days of Utah's making. They had only four babies then, I came along thirteen.

"Upstairs was the next move, through the dark room. The only light it had came from two panes of glass in the high roof. Up, up winding stairs I went and felt again the solid smooth railing that was so much fun to slide down its dizzy length and come to a sudden stop against the hard knob at the last rail. The upstairs bedrooms with their slanting ceilings, wide beds and curtained closets were unchanged. There I lived over the hours when I took my little girl friends up there to play grown up, dressing in the best dresses of my older sisters. What a delight it was to go strutting along the halls in trailing skirts with hoops, bustles and ruffled polonaise; a forbidden thing, but so much fun. In Wayne's room I saw his bed made up with patch work quilt and a sturdy bootjack on the floor nearby. Wayne! Such a wonderful man; a missionary, a stake president, a state senator and a guide to the youth of the land.

"Lush alfalfa covered the homesite and yards but I still saw the familiar things there. Through the back there was the clear stream of water, the tripod with blackened wash kettle with a fire burning under it, the grindstone, the hive of bees under the Belmont apple tress and the rock wall with madder twining over it, all in their accustomed places.

"A trip home would not be complete without going to the fishpond. A tangle of bracken and cattail all overgrown with wild rose bushes and mint filled the spot, but as I was able to see the speckled trout come up to the surface with open mouths for the bread we always had for them.

"I had been home!"

"The ride back to the village was short but it was long enough for me to tuck into the recesses of my heart a wealth of memories, enriched with the deep satisfactions that were mine to combine with the more recent experiences, deeper joys of home and family, school teaching, travel, church mission and civic activities of adult years.

"This unlocking of the past with Aladdin power, warmed my soul with sincere appreciation for my pioneer heritage, for parents firm in their faith in their inspired leader and colonizer and who were willing to move out and do their part to subdue the wilderness and help bring to fruition this great western commonwealth.

"In my quiet moments on the trip home to family and activity, I counted over the many substantial people now filling positions of trust and responsibility in near and far away places in the world today who were born in that quiet village, I thought in the words of Micah, "Though thou be little among the thousands," in this land, yet out of thee have come many who are good and great. I reminisced in the words of father Jacob to his son Joseph, "Truly thou art a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall." by Alice R. Rich.

Too, in referring to their long table, she wrote the following:

Like a strong, strong farm house shouldering the storms without
And throbbing to integral strength within,
The fall leaf table bound itself into our living
Since the day it came beneath our roof.
More than a meal time board, far more it had been;
On its solid top have rested history books
And spelling lists and lessons in geography.
And there dress patterns have been pinned
And ironings have been done.
The doctor's leather case has rested there
And fresh baked home made bread
Whose fragrance filled the room
And set young mouths to watering;
And jars of pickled peaches and plum jam.
Always above it hung the oil lamp
That spread its mellow light around.
Its worn old top has felt the touch of baby hands,
And callused knotty ones, and more than once
A head, so weary with discouragements
That it found comfort on the hard wood boards.
Beneath its leaves and battered legs
Our boys crouched in playing games of hide-and-seek;
And it has quivered with the deafening noise
That echoed from the din of indoor games.
That sturdy table with it's checkered cloth of red and white,
Has heard the solemn words when family problems came
And we must face decisions with no recourse but our firm faith.
More than a meal time board, far more.
It stands, a consecrated altar. At it's shrine
On bended knees we prayed for strength
And rendered thanks for life,
For love and trust in Him who lights our way,
For dignity of work and wealth of home.

While in California I found another account of the trip that grandfather took from the Hole-in-the Rock to Montezuma. It seems that when they got to the Hole-in-the-Rock they had to find a way down through it and then on farther. These four men were sent to find that farther road.

"George Hobbs, Lemuel H. Redd, George Sevy and George Morrill were selected, to scout from the Colorado to Montezuma to decide on a route suitable for wagons to follow. These pathfinders left the Hole-in-the-Rock December 17, 1879 with provisions for an eight day trip, the distance being estimated at about sixty miles. They took with them two animals for packing and two for riding. The second day after leaving the Colorado River, the four reached a barrier that was to be commemorated in state history as 'Slick Rocks,' a sweeping expanse of densely

compacted sandstone so smooth that at only great distances did ever a crevice appear in the slippery surface. It was impossible to go around it, if they were to reach Montezuma. Their only course lay down the Slick Rocks."

"After much scouting around they discovered the trail of some mountain sheep, and by following their winding course they reached the bottom of the slope. From here they could see a deep canyon leading northward. Their trail led them toward the range known as 'Clay Hills.' The ground was cut into a tangled network of canyons that coursed north, south east and west in a bewildering manner."

"The scouting party was forced to travel one canyon after another in their search for a path that the wagons might follow. They now realized that their provisions would be exhausted long before they reached Montezuma. Their goal lay almost due east from the "Hole" but they had been forced many miles to the north by seeking to find a pass through the Clay Hills. Many setbacks and disappointments were encountered. East of Clay they christened it 'Grand Gulch.' It's steep walls were impassable and the scouts were again forced northward before they succeeded in passing around the main head of the canyon and its many forks. Christmas day, they cooked their last food. Their Christmas dinner consisted of a flap-jack of flour and water. Surrounded by the timbered foothills of the unknown mountains they realized they were lost.

"Hobbs, who had been with the party at Montezuma and in a way felt responsible for the success or failure of the party, placed their difficulties before a higher power than man. He knelt among the stones and prayed. Guided by that prayer, he climbed to the summit of a small knoll south of camp. From here he was able to recognize the familiar contour of the Blue Mountains, which were northwest of Montezuma. The four men knelt in thanksgiving and the hillock was given the name of 'Salvation Knoll.' For four days they trudged through sand and snow over the roughest country imaginable. Hobbs stated that as they climbed out of Butler Wash he found himself wishing that one of their animals might fall and kill itself, the misfortune would at least furnish food.

"Late in the afternoon of that day, they staggered up the bank of Cottonwood Wash and crossed a treeless flat toward a cabin that a man named Harris (a Mormon from Colorado) had built, where Bluff now stands. One of the men afterwards stated that, "While we waited for Sister Becky Warner, one of the Harris household, to fry meat for our supper, I believe no torture in hell could be worse for us." (four days without food and have to smell it cooking). After a single night's rest they moved on up the San Juan to the settlement at the mouth of Montezuma, finding the settlers almost without food. They remained overnight, promising to return, if possible, in sixty days with provisions. The only food they were able to obtain for their return trip was a fifty pound sack of flour, bought after much persuasion from a wandering trapper for \$20.00.

"On the return trip these trail-weary scouts faced the necessity of finding a more practical route for the wagons than the one they had followed. They struck far north of the first course. All of their provisions were gone and they were in an almost starving condition when they reached the Hole-in-the-Rock. Their exhausted animals were scarcely able to stagger down the

trail that led to the river, one of the pack horses having worn his hooves almost to the hide, leaving a circle of blood on the rocks with every step. They reached camp January 10, 1880, twenty five days having been required to make the trip."

I presume they figured that when they returned to the Hole-in-the-Rock they would just relax and rest for a couple of days, but the colony had been in touch with home, by means of riders who carried messages and mail. So when grandfather returned to the 'Hole' a rider had come from home bringing letters. His letter brought bad news that there was sickness in his home. Two babies were there Alice nearly eleven months and George thirteen months old. He was wanted and needed at home. He packed up his few things, saddled his mount and went home alone over that long lonesome trail. He found seven of his children down with diphtheria but the crisis was past and they were recovering. Grandmother and Aunt Louisa must have been relieved and thankful to have him back in the home with the priesthood after all they had gone through.

However this trip of grandfather's wasn't his first trip scouting into the unknown. Way back in 1866, before he had married Aunt Louisa, he went, in answer to a call, with Capt. Andrus of St. George out to Green River, by way of Potato Valley, to ascertain the enemy plans. The enemy at this time was the Navajo Indians led by Black Hawk. At that time he had been away a month.

I've learned a little more about grandmother's tailoring. Aunt Alice says, "Many well-dressed men were indebted to her for their good-looking suits. When Independence Taylor was an old man, he loved to tell us children that no man ever had a more handsome wedding suit than his, which was the handiwork of my mother. Sandeen had taught her how to measure a person and to draft a pattern to fit. He taught her how to baste the stiffening in the coat fronts and collars, how to finish the lapels, pad the shoulders, set in pockets and make buttonholes. She could draft patterns for women's clothing too, and when she went to Parowan to visit her daughter Caroline, they had heard of her and she coached a group there."

Grandmother was an artist. She learned to use leaves, herbs, logwood and indigo to make dye for wool, the wool she took from her own sheep. So her children wore colored stockings before coloring was had commercially, in the stores. These stockings would have fancy colored stripes around them and she sometimes tied the skeins so that the dye went on unevenly and it made clouded effects in the hose. She dyed the wool for hooked rugs and for quilting material. She had a good eye for design and created some lovely wall panels and hooked rugs of her own design in later years after her little tots had grown a bit. She painted a picture of Pine Valley Mountain that was near their home.

All her life, in spite of the fact that she reared eleven out of her thirteen children to adulthood, she found time and had the ability to turn her hand to almost every line of work to supply her household with the things they needed. Her spinning wheel stood ever ready and handy and at first she carded, then wove and sewed all their clothing and bedding. Early and late the sound of her cards, or her spinning wheel, or her loom echoed through the house. In later years when store cloth was available, she still used her cards, spinning wheel and loom to make

rugs and carpets for her home and for sale or barter. Her own designed and hand hooked rugs have adorned the St. George, Salt Lake and Manti temples.

One time she came into possession of a quantity of silk scraps, possibly she received them from Sandeen. Of these silk scraps she hooked a little rug and donated it to the St. George temple. The president liked it so much that he asked her to make them another. She did and they put them on either side of the sealing altar and Aunt Della and Will Ivins were the first couple to kneel on them to be married. They used them there for many years, until they were worn out. They were of blue morning glory design on a white background. Aunt Lou says that for many years the stairs there were carpeted with the work of her mother's hands, too.

For twenty five years grandmother was counsellor of the Relief Society. They probably didn't have then what we now call a work director. In her capacity as counsellor she at least took her turn at it. She taught the sisters the art of rug hooking among other things and the sale of these rugs kept their Relief Society in all necessary funds. My mother had a hooled rug that had been made for her by either Uncle Wayne or Uncle Ben. He made the hook by pounding a big nail or spike into the end of a small piece of wood, bending it just right and filing it down and fashioning a hook on the end. Then he whittled the little wood block down to make a nice shaped and comfortable handle. I have no doubt but that he made enough of them so that the Relief Society had a set with one for each of the sisters that came to Relief Society to help make rugs. She also taught them to card wool for quilts, to put the quilts together and to quilt and bind it. Probably she taught them many other things of the many crafts she knew and practiced.

Another one of her arts was starch-making. In the fall when they dug and pitted the potatoes she gathered all the extra little ones and had the children wash and grate them, on a home made tin grater, you know, pound holes in a piece of tin with a nail and attach the tin to a little home made wooden frame. They grated great baskets of potatoes into the tubs. She then washed the pulp in cold water, carried up from the ditch. The pulp was let stand in this water over night. The next morning she'd drain off the water and pulp and in the bottom fine white starch had settled in damp masses. This was dried and stored for future use.

Grandmother was a glove maker. Where she learned it I never have found out. Probably from her mother or some kind neighbor. Maybe they taught her to sew buckskins together and she obtained from somewhere patterns for gloves. She had many patterns and of all sizes. Aunt Alice describes it, "She bought and smoked the buckskin from the friendly Indians. She had a set of patterns and a needle with a fine point to penetrate the skins, also a hand whittled rod with a groove at the end, over which she sewed the buckskin to make the fingers always the exact size she wanted them, and smaller rod she used to turn the fingers right side out once they were sewed. This skill of hers was known far and wide and hundreds are the hands she covered with the work of her fingers." She could make many styles of gloves. Some of them were plain, sturdy work gloves and some fancy. Some were embroidered with colored silks when she could get it from Salt Lake City. Some were fringed, and some were made to order and to suit the fancy of the buyer. These gloves, along with the suits she made and other commodities, she sold for cash or bartered for household necessities. Her home was practically self-supporting."

She was proud to tell her children how, in the summer she went with her father, John Lowe Butler, and her sister Charity to Green River, she bought her own wedding gown of dotted swiss, thought then to be of super style. She said she saved her money and the day she was married she put a ten dollar gold piece in her husbands hand as a surprise. All her life she managed well and measured up like that and never shirked her duty.

They secured a hive of bees from Uncle Joseph Barton of Paragonah and made and set up a box for them under the Belmont apple tree. When the hive became too crowded for them a swarm would leave for elsewhere. They made more boxes. This brought honey to their table. They used it for table use on hot bread and for making jams before sugar was available. Best of all they made candy of it and sometimes on an evening had a real candy-pull. They'd cook the honey until it spun a thread and then pour it into a flat greased pan. As soon as it was cool enough they'd divide it among them all and each would pull his gob as we pull taffy. It was good. Later when sugar was plentiful they'd use a cup of honey, a cup of sugar and a cup of cream. That made the best of all.

These industrious bees kept them busy. Grandfather made bee hives until he had many of them, maybe a hundred — all they could take care of and use. Aunt Alice wrote, "Terrifying indeed was my own experience when I grew older and helped mother extract honey. I carried the small bellows and puffed smoke into the hives as she carried the frames of honey combs to and from the extracting room. Lucky we were if we came through this process without a sting or two in exchange for our table sweets." It seems they used smoke to sort of dope the bees into submission. In later years they obtained an extractor, a machine to take the honey from the comb. They gave or sold or lost many swarms of bees, and bee hives became almost universal throughout the community. I remember going to the door of Prince's old house when they were extracting honey. They all wore wide hats with mosquito netting fastened around the brim and tucked down inside the neck of their clothing. They wore gloves and were completely covered. When I appeared they screamed for me not to come in. I'd get stung, and sure enough a bee lit on the front of my dress and began crawling toward my chin. I was paralyzed as I didn't know anything about what they were doing there. I was up there playing with Florence. They had a hired girl, Nettie Roundy, who was helping them and whom the bees never did sting. She didn't need a bee net. She came and put her bare hand under my chin in front of the bee and it flew away. So did I, and FAST.

They tried making molasses but Dixie was best for that. New Harmony was too cold. They also had molasses candy pulls but that wasn't as good as honey candy.

All of grandmother's and many of Aunt Louisa's children went to the little frame one-room school house in the locust tree grove on the only corner where four occupied corners met in New Harmony. Aunt Alice went back there once for a visit and wrote the following about it:

THE ONE ROOM SCHOOL

"The years rolled back — I paused to see
The one room school, and there in reverie
I rested in the cool remote recess
Among the locust trees; the quietness
Around the old school yard, unlocked for me
A treasure-trove of cadent memory.
The frayed rope of the bell hung from the tower
Above the door, its ringing tolled the hour
Of morning, noon and close of recess time,
I listened for its sweet familiar chime.
The shallow stream, now choked with mint and sage
Allured my thirsty lips to seek its edge
Again to drink, then with alacrity
Return to books with keen intensity,
To glean from meagre stores some wisdom there
Like sifted wheat garnered from the tares.
That one room school is like a shrine to me,
A lucid trumpeter of prophecy,
With joy its reminiscent worth endears
Embroidered childhood stories through the years.
On hallowed ground it stands, "A fruitful bough
Beside the wall," with laden branches now
And sanguine verities of priceless worth
They strew as leaves their strength upon the earth."

Aunt Alice tells of her childhood and some of the toys they had — all home made. Ball made of wound yarn and embroidered to keep them from unravelling. Later they'd cover them with leather from the tops of old shoes. Home made rag dolls, her first one she named, "Rose Deanit" who wore a calico dress and bonnet. This was her favorite doll and lived a long time. Her last doll had hair and a wax face with blue eyes and pink cheeks. She was short-lived for the sun melted and cracked the wax, but she had known the thrill of a beautiful doll, like all the rest of us.

Grandmother learned to make fried cakes, doughnuts, we call them now. A neighbor liked them so well she ask for the recipe and grandmother gave it to her. She went home and next day tried to make some. She brought some over to show grandmother. They wouldn't brown. Why? Well she had tried to fry them in water.

Aunt Alice says, "After hog-killing time in the fall, her mother salt-cured and smoked the meat for the coming year. The children gathered the dry corn cobs and cedar bark for the fires and her mother kept the slow fires going, with smoke passing through a joint of stove pipe near the floor of the smoke house. The hams, shoulders and side meat hung from the ceiling and absorbed the clean smoke without getting the heat. When the process was finished, the meat was wrapped in clean cloths and buried in the wheat bins to be used when they were needed."

Aunt Ellen gives a more detailed account: "My father built a smoke house about four or five feet square and not very high. There were no butcher shops then and each person had to cut his own meat. Fortunate was the person who could build a smoke house and had learned the art of preserving meat. They did this for all those around them, sometimes people would come from miles away and they would leave part of the meat to pay for having the rest smoked. In the fall when they killed a pig, it was cut into hams, shoulders, bacon etc., and allowed to get thoroughly cold. Then warm salt was rubbed into the meat until no moisture came out. Sometimes a little sugar was added, but this was harder to get. This meat stood a few days and if any moisture or blood came out it was evidence that more salt was needed and more was rubbed in. It stood for several days before testing again. Around the bones there would be little holes or depressions that might spoil-so a very tiny bit of saltpetre was pushed in here. Then this was all laid on a clean cloth in a cold place for several weeks. Now it was ready for the smoke house. Each piece was hung by a cord from the ceiling so smoke could get all around it. My father used only corn cobs for fuel. They did not make a big fire or blaze, but smothered it so only smoke came up, and it lasted a long time. When these hams etc., had been smoked three days, my mother, Keziah Jane Butler Redd, knew they were ready for the winter." They would keep well this way without the smoking if they so preferred them.

Grandmother made soap. It was a yearly activity with her as it was with my mother. I think grandmother must have taught my mother how to make soap. Mother used to have a big five gallon can in which she kept all left over fats of all kinds. When there was enough for a batch she'd put it in a big cast iron kettle that held probably ten gallons. Into this she'd put some water and lye. This kettle hung on a sort of tripod in the back yard. A fire was built under it and it was boiled until all refuse in the fat was eaten up and it became smooth. Aunt Alice says her mother used an improvised rock stand to put the kettle on. Anyway the kettle was suspended over the fire. When the boiling mixture dropped from the stirring stick like thick syrup, the soap was done and ready to pour into wooden tubs to set. When it was cold it would be firm enough to cut into blocks and spaced out on a board. Then it dried somewhat and as it dried it shrivelled up into queer shapes but was good soap and ready for all kinds of cleaning processes. She always liked to do it on a nice sunny day, she always thought that she had better luck than on a cloudy day.

Mother used to make hominy like grandmother Redd made it. It is a southern recipe and the Redds have always liked it. I might add that the Butlers liked it too. She'd put maybe a bucketful of regular shelled field corn into that large iron pot, the one she made soap in, the pot they boiled their clothes in before they could get wash boilers. She would cover the corn with plenty of water and add lye. I don't know how much lye, but I do remember that the water thickened up a bit and turned brown when it boiled a bit. She boiled it until she could remove a little round hull from the side of the kernel. They then said it was hulled. They carried water from the ditch and washed it thoroughly in several waters to get all the lye out, and dried and sacked it. It then had to be cooked, enough for each meal, until it was tender. It would keep indefinitely and when the sack was gone she'd cook up another batch. They sometimes boiled it and ate it in their milk instead of porridge, sometimes after it was cooked until tender she'd fry it very a very light brown in bacon fat.

The United Order was organized in New Harmony in 1884 by Erastus Snow. Lemuel H. Redd, counsellor to Bishop Wilson D. Pace, was made vice-president and secretary. But I can't find any particulars about it. Probably short-lived there.

On January 1, 1877 they attended the dedication of the St. George Temple and while there began to do work for their kindred dead. Grandfather had few facilities for such work but he made the most of what he did have. He did the work for every dead relative he remembered ever hearing about or that he had any record of.

In 1887 the U.S. Congress passed the Edmonds-Tucker law making more stringent laws against polygamy. Grandfather had married Aunt Louisa in good faith and vowed he wouldn't give her up nor would they ever catch him and put him in jail. Then began several years of hide-and-seek between him and the U.S. marshalls. He was away from home dodging them all the time and during this time Wayne, seventeen and Ben, fifteen ran the farm, and looked after his affairs until William Alexander came home from his mission and then he took over. It's a good thing that grandmother and Aunt Louisa had made their homes practically self-supporting.

Friends and relatives, and especially his own family did everything they could to shield him and help keep him from being taken. Aunt Alice tells about the times when Marshalls Dyer and McGarry came to their home. From their front porch they could plainly see the highway leading into town, and when a strange carriage or horseman was seen coming, the alarm put men, women and children on guard to screen their father. The morning that they came in early autumn, she had been sent to town to post a letter, and when she was about half way across the meadow she spied a strange, black-topped buggy with spirited bay horses coming through her uncle Will's gate. She had had her instructions and like a scared deer, her nine-year-old feet covered the space back home in double quick time. She stopped long enough, however to lock the big gate leading to their yard, so as to delay them, then she dashed into Aunt Louisa's house shouting, "The Marshalls are coming." She and Metia were washing in the back yard. Without asking any questions, the two of them caught up their gingham bonnets and with a parting word, "You take care of Jennie," they disappeared into the thicket of willows and potawattomie plum trees out through the gap. As was their custom, the representatives of the law searched every room and cranny of the big duplex that housed the two big families, and asked most impudent questions of every one they saw. Aunt Polly, grandfather's cousin, was there and in true southern frankness, gave them a piece of her acid mind, and let them know that they were anything but gentlemen. When they came to the living-room there stood Alice hovering over the cradle taking care of Jennie, the three-months-old baby. In his most suave manner one of the men patted her shoulder and asked, "Where is your mama?" "I don't know," was the only answer she was to give always when a stranger spoke to her. "How old is the baby?" "I don't know," came again. "What's its name?" "I don't know." With an impatient shrug he turned to his companion, "These Mormon kids don't seem to know anything." Of course, that's what they've been taught to answer always. "But we could starve this baby out if we weren't in a hurry to get to St. George for conference. There we are sure we will find some of them." Of course they couldn't have starved Jennie out. Alice had been instructed in such a case to take the baby to Eliza Kelsey who would share her baby's lunch with Jennie.

Aunt Ellen told me a similar instance once. She was in town for some thing as I remember, and saw a strange rig coming and she, too, ran home all the way as fast as she could, but she tied shut and locked every gate she came to. She found her father sitting on the front porch with his "spy-glasses" and he told her that it was only Wif Pace coming from Loa. He knew the outfit. Aunt Ellen didn't or couldn't tell as she had very poor eyesight.

Once they subpoenaed Aunt Lou and Uncle Wayne to go to Beaver to testify against him, and when they were leaving Lou cried and said, "What if I say something wrong?" Her father merely said, "If they ask you where I am, tell them you don't know, because you won't know where I will be."

Grandfather was ever on the move during this time. He went to Bluff for a while with his brother-in-law Harvey Pace. When he felt that that was too hot he went to Mesa and stayed a time with his daughter Jane. He came back by way of California and conditions were no better. He decided to move his second family to San Juan and in August 1888 he took a lot of stock and part of this family out there. Four of them stayed in New Harmony. Aunt Della and Aunt Ellen went along to help. Aunt Della rode a horse and helped to drive and take care of the stock. Aunt Ellen drove a team and wagon. It was a long hard journey to the Colorado river where they expected a boat to take them across it. Lem came from Bluff and met them at the river but there was only a skiff not a boat. It was late in the season and the water was low exposing a sand bar in the middle of the stream. They swam their stock across to the bar all right but the wagons were too big for the skiff. They took their wagons apart and it took seven trips to get their things to the sand bar. Now it was late so they spent the night there. During the night a thunder storm came with heavy rain and the water rose and drenched them. When daylight came water was pouring down over the high cliffs on both sides of the river and into it, and the sand bar was nearly covered. They swam their stock and made the seven trips the rest of the way across. There they built fires, dried their clothing and bedding, put their wagons together again and went on, thankful that they were all alive and well. Before coming to the river they had suffered for want of water for themselves and their animals as all the little tributary streams, if there were any, had dried up. I have camped, myself, along the rim of the Colorado and there were none. Water seems to go down in sink holes to the river. Now, though, after the storm they found water in many cavities of the rocks. The rains, however, had flooded the country, making the travelling hard for the animals and the horses gave out. Wayne went to Bluff for help. While they waited, their horses strayed and it took everybody in camp to find them. Even Aunt Louisa left her babies alone in the wagon and joined in the search. They did find them, and afterwards they tied them up. Wayne returned and brought with him a load of watermelons that gave them a good impression of Bluff, their destination.

I don't know just how long he stayed in Bluff but his presence there would soon leak out and he had to be on the move again. He decided to come back to New Harmony. He would bring Aunt Della and Aunt Ellen back with him. At this time Della was about eighteen and Ellen was about sixteen. They drove the team and if anyone passed them or overtook them they reported that they were alone. Grandfather kept out of sight. They had an extra saddle-horse that they led, for emergency, they said.

One evening as they were preparing their evening meal at the camp fire, the U.S. officers

passed. They hadn't heard that he was in that part of the country and didn't recognize him. If he had tried to dodge or run they would have been suspicious, but he just stood there and looked them in the face and went on eating or whatever he was doing. Wif Pace wasn't a relative really but he lived in Loa which was on the way as they came home and he was the only person in that long trip that knew grandfather was with the girls. He was the only person grandfather felt he could trust.

They drove into Paragonah one night after dark, and went to Aunt Farozine's place. She was grandmother's sister and the girls knew they could stay there. As they neared the place grandfather mounted the saddle-horse and went on into the night to New Harmony. That close to home he could leave them to come on alone. They weren't even to tell their own people that he came with them. They went in unannounced as people did in those days. Aunt Farozine was glad to see them and gave them a hearty welcome and asked who was with them. When they said they were alone she was dumbfounded. "No, not alone," she cried. They assured her that they were really alone and she hugged them and really cried. "To think that Kezzie's little girls were left alone to make that trip" was more than she could realize. She cried and sobbed a long time but they didn't tell, as it might be overheard and get out that their father was home.

Grandfather was now home but nobody knew it and nobody should know it. He didn't dare spend a day or night in the house. A neighbour child might even speak out of turn. He only dared be in the house when his own children were there. He took a canvas and a bit of bedding to the hill side gullies west of the farm and out of sight. He didn't dare to stay in one place more than one night or two. Fearful that someone had spotted him during the day and might report him, he moved each night after dark. He had to be very careful of that too. Rattlesnakes loved to curl themselves up in bedding. That seemed to be a common practice of theirs. Kids loved to hike around the hills outside of town. He never felt safe.

Aunt Ellen writes, "The house of Lemuel H. Redd was one whose inmates suffered during these years of intensive persecution for polygamy-watching, hiding to evade the almost ever-present spotters and deputies of the law, whose pleasure it was to hunt and to hurt men and women of higher mental and moral capacity than they themselves could boast. My father always felt that he would rather die than serve a prison term. So, during this period of darkness when evil was master, he seldom knew the feeling of safety. He spent some months in Mesa, Arizona, and in Bluff, San Juan, San Juan county, as a relief from sleeping in the west canyons among the rattlesnakes, mountain lions and other dangers. A white flag hoisted on the upper field gate was the sign to assure him that it was safe to come home for his breakfast. In looking back over the pages of memory I often have been led to feel that his solitary reclusion in the mountains where poisonous reptiles and dangerous animals were many, with shelter and protection from the storms so meagre, that a prison bed could not have been much more dreadful. For many years he was forced to sacrifice the safety of home and its comforts rather than be untrue to a principle that he had accepted in full faith and believed to be a revealed truth."

Dodging became harder and more uncertain as time went on, and at last he heard that some were going to Mexico, taking their plural families there. With only one family in the United States he would be safe, so that is what he decided to do. That was a long hard trip to make, or even think of. There was no definite road and probably no maps. They just knew that it

was south. As I remember or understand it, some of the leaders of the church had gone or sent someone to scout out the way and to look into conditions there and had reported.

There were a lot of them to go. Nine children ranging from one year old up to nineteen. They were weeks planning it and making all the preparations. They went in three loaded wagons. I guess nobody realizes the difficulties, who hasn't been over the road or undertaken such an adventure. They were three weeks getting to Nutrioso, Arizona. There was Wilson D. Pace, grandfather's brother-in-law and former bishop of New Harmony. He was also in hiding. One of his families lived there and it was a chance for a rest. Rest, did I say? They bathed, washed and ironed clothes and bedding. They shod their horses and fixed their wagons, probably they repacked them. I can guess that they did some baking too, for the rest of the trip. They arrived in Colonia Dublan in January of 1892, after riding in those wagons or walking beside them for nine long weeks. There they found that one log room, with tents and wagons, filled their needs wonderfully well.

Grandfather bought a fruit farm in Colonia Juarez and they moved there. Ancil was born there the next August and while Aunt Louisa was yet sick, they all had the whooping cough. Grandfather stayed with them until they were fairly well settled and at work. Then he returned to New Harmony after he had been away eighteen months. Bishop Wilson D. Pace had long since been released as bishop and that let him out of the bishopric there, but my father, William A. Redd was now the bishop of New Harmony.

1893 was a memorable year for them and for the church. Grandfather, grandmother, their daughter Ellen and son William went up to Salt Lake City to the dedication of the Temple. Their sons, Lem and Monroe came from Bluff and daughter Caroline from Parowan. It was the first of what you would call a family reunion, for now their family was scattering and has been scattered ever since.

Sometime about now the chimney of their house in New Harmony fell down and they couldn't live in that house any more. Anyway it was too big for the few that were left there. It must have been a poorly built house in the first place, built by amateurs. The first part, bedrooms and attic were regular four walls with a long roof with a gable at the north and the south, very common through-out the state. There were three rooms upstairs. The south one had a chimney on the south, the one that fell down, and one or two windows. The middle one, called the dark room was lighted by two little panes of glass in the roof, and the stairway came up to this one. The north room had a door that opened into a little catwalk to the long upper porch that covered the lower porch, and they both were as long as the house. The big kitchen or kitchens, I presume there was one at each end, were in a lean-to attached to the main part of the house. Out past the kitchens were the back porches, another long lean-to attached to the kitchen lean-to. The cellar was under the main part of the house at the south end. It was merely a hole in the ground with a dirt floor. I don't know whether the walls were dirt or rock. There were steps leading down to it from the south at right angles to the south wall. These steps were covered by a big tilting door that had to be lifted up. It was the kind of door kids liked to slide down. There was an upright door at the bottom opening towards the inside. Somebody left the doors open once and "Old Bossy" went down to investigate. In her movements about she pushed the inner door shut. Aunt

Vilo was sent down for something but couldn't get in. She could just see a little bit of cow. She dashed back up the stairs shouting that she couldn't get in, the cellar was full of cows. She said she actually thought it was, too.

Well, because the chimney fell down, they couldn't stay so grandmother and five girls, Della, Ellen, Luella, Vilo and Alice came to live with us. I guess they had two beds in the parlor and two of them slept on the couch in the living room. Father and mother had a big bedroom that later held two full sized beds and a little bed. That didn't last long though, as the girls began to marry off. I only remember when the last two lived with us and then only in the summer, as they went away to school and then to teach. They weren't a burden at all. Mother had lived with them in their home and she had been willing to do her part there and they did so here.

There are only a few things that I remember about grandmother living with us. I remember seeing her sit by the fireplace with a shawl around her shoulders and her feet propped up. Probably the beginning of her last sickness. She was sick for months and at the last, in bed all the time. She died of cancer of the stomach, which is very painful, and then they didn't have the drugs to deaden any of the pain. I remember Aunt Caroline came from Parowan and brought her baby, Josephine, a few months old. They held her up for grandmother to see and they all talked about what a beautiful baby she was. I didn't think she even compared with our baby Fern. Why didn't they show off Fern to Grandmother. Then I remember that they backed up a buck-board to the front porch and put her coffin in it. That's the sum total of grandmother in our home. I was about the same age when grandmother died, that Kay was when father died, and if he doesn't remember more than that, it isn't much.

When grandfather moved his second family to Mexico he planned and practiced spending part of each year in each place, usually the winter in Mexico and the summer in New Harmony. That schedule was upset when grandmother was ill. It so happened that Aunt Louisa wanted him in Mexico that May but he felt more the need of being in New Harmony. Hazel, Aunt Louisa's fourteenth child was born 13 May 1895 and grandmother died 15 May 1895. When Aunt Louisa heard of grandmother's death she did understand. From then on, though, grandfather came home every summer. I remember hearing some woman say she wondered why, until she was there once when he came home and saw the royal welcome he received from all the family there.

At grandmother's death there were six of her children present. Three of them were married. She had become very ill and they knew the end was near and they wanted to get Vilo and Caroline there from Parowan, and it took such a long time. Grandmother wanted to hear Vilo sing. Aunt Della so wanted to keep her alive until they got there so she could hear Vilo. Della went into the other room and prayed for help in it. She was impressed to cook vegetables and give her mother enemas with the vegetable water, to feed her. It worked. When they were all assembled, Vilo stood by the bed and sang sweetly for her mother. At first she thought she couldn't do it without breaking down, but they told her it was the last thing her mother wanted, and so she did.

They say that grandmother's motto was always, "Better suffer wrong than do wrong."

Grandmother had, for twenty five years before her death, been a counsellor in the Relief Society and a midwife. One of her main duties was to lay out the dead. They had no mortuaries then and when someone died in the community, a committee had the responsibility of doing that job. They'd wash them and dress them for burial. Grandmother had done this for all of the twenty five years, and when she died there was no one in the ward that knew how to put on the temple clothing for burial. Father, as Bishop, had to assume the responsibility so he rode horseback to Cedar City and phoned to the Temple in St. George, and got the instructions from them, so that it would be exactly right.

I think that the people of New Harmony and neighbouring towns depended a great deal on both grandfather and grandmother for help in time of sickness or accident. They had a big book in their home, "Doctor Gunn's Medical Advisor." When we were children we called it the Doctor Book, and mother consulted it for information on various illnesses. It seems that we had one too. I don't know if grandmother brought hers with her when she came or not. Grandfather was good at setting bones etc. He knew the best kind of wood for splints and how to whittle them just right. Grandmother tore an old sheet into strips and between them they did a good job of it. Aunt Ellen saw him place a ball of yarn under the arm of a dislocated shoulder. Her father put his knee against the body of the patient and jerked his arm just right to force the bone back into place. He probably got the instructions from Doctor Gunn.

In 1895, fifty years from the year that the pioneers entered the valley, they had a big pioneer jubilee in Salt Lake City, and Grandfather went with his daughters Vilo and Alice. His son Lem and Lem's' wife, Eliza, and his sons-in-law James and Thomas Adams met them there. Again in 1902 they had a real big family reunion of the first family. They were all there but Monroe and Luella. In addition to them Aunt Louisa and Uncle Wayne joined them. This reunion lasted a week and did they enjoy themselves! Especially they all enjoyed their visit with Jane who had been living in Old Mexico since she left Mesa. You remember she was in Mesa in 1890 and she hadn't been home since.

After the reunion she came down to New Harmony with her baby Porfirio Diaz, "P.D." they came to call him, and I understand that he has officially changed his name to Paul Duane. He was named after the dictator of Mexico, and then after the original was deposed the name wasn't so popular.

Grandfather and grandmother were students. Especially were they interested in history and scriptures, and did a lot of studying along those lines.

The last trip that Brigham Young made to southern Utah the people made a big fuss over him and provided him with a big escort. Grandfather was the captain of twenty-two men who escorted him from Bellview to Hamilton's Fort. Probably there was threat of Indian troubles and they wanted to make sure that he would be perfectly safe. He was.

Grandfather was active in the church in Mexico, especially in the seventies quorum and in the high priests quorum. He was first counsellor to the stake president A. F. McDonald, then to president Miles p. Romney and then to President A. Thurber. He was ordained a patriarch on 9

March 1908 under the hand of Apostles John Henry Smith, George F. Richards and Anthony W. Ivins. He died 9 June 1910 in Colonia Juarez and was buried there.

He had built a grand home there for Aunt Louisa and she was justly proud of it. It was a big two-story brick home with a nice wide porch and white fence around it. She raised a beautiful flower garden, one of the nicest ones there, but when I went to Mexico years later the Mexicans had ruined it. They had stripped all the wood off for making fires. They had taken the picture frames from the walls, leaving the frame photos scattered about, and the place was a wreck. Aunt Louisa died 2 March 1908.

This will seem rather repetitious but I found another account of the old Redd home in New Harmony that was written by aunt Alice a number of years ago. It has some things in a different way.

GRANDMOTHER REDD'S KITCHEN

The trend towards specialization along many lines means progress but in the process old-time family 'get togetherness' has been lost. Always a recall of it wraps me in nostalgia and warms me like a comforting cloak. The big kitchen, the family workshop, knew the meaning of the word. There the family, from parents to young children, enjoyed the warmth and light from the wide fireplace with its burning pine backlog, as they worked together, and prepared almost everything the big family ate or wore.

The farm, orchard, garden and range-lands with hard labor produced the bread, milk, butter, meat, chickens, eggs, fruit, vegetables, honey, molasses and wool to be exchanged at the weaving factory for cloth and warm bedding. Even shoes and boots were, many times, made in homes from oil-tanned hides, made into leather at the local tannery in Cedar City.

Ours was a typical pioneer kitchen, wide pine board floor, whitewashed walls, an iron-wood burning stove in the corner, and a wash bench by the back door with water buckets and wash basin. On wash days the bench was used for washtubs and boards. A long roller towel hung on the back door, and under the small mirror always rested the comb and brush case. On the window ledge usually some red geraniums bloomed and on the window casing always the much used almanac hung.

Against the side wall stood the sturdy wooden lounge with sitting room for half a dozen people, and when occasion demanded, it could be extended into a bed with the addition of a straw filled tick. (I imagine that was the one we had in our front room in New Harmony, and the one that Paul danced on when he swallowed his whistle. Ask him to tell about it. Note by Lura.) A box covered sewing machine and the parlor organ both stood along the south wall. That dear old organ furnished accompaniment for us at our every family song fest. Last but not least of the kitchen furnishings was the big sturdy table. It was the center of family activity, the pivot of togetherness. On its ample boards, with saw and knives the corn-fattened pork was cut up, the

hams and bacon trimmed and prepared for the smoke house then to be wrapped and stored for use in the months ahead. The spare ribs, head cheese, pigs feet and garden-sage-seasoned sausage were there prepared for table use. The fat was finely chopped and rendered into lard for shortening. On the table top was made ready the meat, suet, fruit, spices and sugar for the wonderful homemade mincemeat. On that same table top the wooden chopping bowl rested and in it cucumbers, onions, peppers, cabbage, tomatoes etc. were prepared for chow chow, chili sauce, pickles, relishes, catsup. There too were prepared fruits for preserving, jellies, sweet-pickled peaches. There the big field squash was prepared and cut into strips to dry in the attic for homemade pumpkin pies. On the oil cloth cover of the big table was rolled the tender pie crust, cookies, fried cakes and dough for cinnamon buns and tender soda biscuits. On its top came to cool the crusty loaves of bread with their mouth watering goodness.

The weekly ironing was done on the kitchen table and there, always were pinned the dress and suit patterns for the family sewing. Above its top hung the coal oil lamp and on it rested school books and slates for lesson work, farm account books, newspapers and magazines. Around it, as at an altar, we knelt in morning and evening prayer.

Within the radius of the fireplace warmth, we prepared the makings for rag rugs, carpets, patch-work quilts, enjoyed the pine nuts we had gathered in the fall and roasted in the back yard pit, and listened to pioneer hunting and childhood stories.

Pioneer life had its problems, its struggles and hard work, but the togetherness that we shared, garnered for us lovely memories, memories that for us all, is an interlude, rich and deep in homely joys and gracious living.

Aunt Ellen told me that the first time she ever saw her father cry was when he received news of the shooting of Elder William Berry in the mission field. They had always been the best of friends and associates. And Aunt Lou went with him to the graveside, after B. H. Roberts had dressed up as a hobo and had gone into Tennessee and quietly brought back the bodies of the two elders. He stood with uncovered, bowed head and wept with tears running down his face.

The following obituary appeared in the Deseret News at the time of his death:

"Lemuel Hardison Redd who departed this life on June 9 1910 at Colonia Juarez, Mexico, was born in Onslow County, North Carolina 31 July 1836, making his age nearly 74 years. His father was John Hardison Redd and his mother Elizabeth Hancock. The family removed to Murfreesboro, Tenn. in 1838, and when he was six years old his parents embraced the gospel as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. In 1850 they crossed the plains. Lemuel being then fourteen years old, drove an ox team from St. Joe, Mo., all the way to Salt Lake City.

The following spring, 1851, the family located at Spanish Fork, Utah, being with a few others, pioneers of that place. His father assisted in erecting the first sawmill south of Provo, Utah. What is known as the Walker Indian War broke out in 1853, and the town and sawmill were destroyed, entailing a temporal loss of \$6,000.00 to this one family.

Jan. 2, 1856 Lemuel was married to Keziah Jane Butler, and to them 13 children were born, six sons and seven daughters. Shortly after their marriage, they filled a missionary call to Las Vegas, Nevada. Later he crossed the plains as a teamster to bring in the immigrating saints. In the spring of 1862, he and his wife and four children took part in the founding of New Harmony, in response to a call from President Brigham Young to settle 'Dixie' in Utah. He went on several expeditions in pursuit of marauding Indians and had engagements with them.

He married Sarah Louisa Chamberlain in 1866, from which union there were fourteen children born. He served in the bishopric of New Harmony for twenty years, from the year 1871, and filled many other positions of trust with ability and fidelity. He took part in the settling of the town of Bluff, San Juan County, Utah and later made a splendid home in Mexico. His children received a liberal education in the best institutions of learning in Utah and in the colonies in Mexico, and are among the best teachers and business people where they dwell. He lived a life consistent with his profession as a Latter Day Saint. He was ordained a patriarch March 8, 1908.

At Grandmother's deathbed, there were six of her children present. Three of them were married. She had become so very ill that they knew the end was near, and they wanted to get Vilo and Caroline there from Parowan, and it took such a long time. Grandmother wanted to hear Vilo sing. Aunt Della wanted to keep her alive until they got there, so she could hear Vilo sing. She went into another room and prayed for help. She was impressed to cook vegetables and give her mother enemias with the vegetable water to feed her. It worked. When they all assembled Vilo stood by the bed and sang sweetly for her mother. At first she thought she couldn't do it without breaking down, but they told her it was the last thing her mother wanted, so she did.

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