

WILLIAM REDD

by IRENE SMELLIE REDD, HIS WIFE - 1959

William Redd, or Will, as he has always been called by everyone, was born 7 January 1885, in Hew Harmony, Washington Co., Utah. His parents, William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner, knew that a harmonious parental relationship was the best atmosphere in which to rear a righteous family. I can still hear the gentle pride in Grandma Redd's voice when she said, "William."

He had three brothers and ten sisters. Four of these died in infancy, and the rest grew to maturity and reared honorable families, except Lura and Vilo, who did not marry.

Will was blessed by his father in January or February, 1885, at New Harmony. Grandpa went on a mission for the LDS church to the Southern States when Will was three years old. Grandma often told me what a comfort Will was when Grandpa was away, and later, when his four sisters died, a few weeks apart.

She said, one day he called her to see his big louse, and when she got there, it was a daddy long legs spider.

Will was baptized when eight years old, 7 January 1893, by William A. Redd, his father and confirmed the same day by Lemuel H. Redd, his grandfather.

According to the things Will told me, he had a very happy childhood.

The winters were mild, but in the summer, when they took the cows to the pasture, they carried wet pie plant (rhubarb) leaves along to throw down on the hot sand to hop on, so it wouldn't blister their feet. To compensate for the pasture trip, there was the apple orchard, planted by John D. Lee, containing every known variety, according to Aunt Vilo Redd Snow and Will. Apples was a subject dear to their hearts and discussions of them, we listened to every time there was a family gathering.

This apple influence carried over into Will's whole life. Selecting the family supply of apples was his special privilege. None other than the choicest of Canadian apples came into our pantry. Because he came from a fruit country, this applied to all fruits.

When he paid a big price for a case of apples, Barbara says she can hear me say, "Will, that would have bought a quart of paint for the bathroom, or a scatter rug for the front hall."

He always told the clerks to save the best box of Spitzenburgs for him for Christmas. Apples and corn were almost synonymous with Will. He always watched for the first ear of corn, and whoever got up to get his breakfast shared the first corn with him.

When the girls got a little older, they took turns getting his breakfast. I often said I had to learn to like corn and squash when I married into the Redd family, or starve.

In New Harmony, they were far from the centers of trade, so most of the things were made in the home, except the things they grew. Fruit and corn were dried, soap made, carpets woven, wool spun into yarn and woven or knit into clothing, and meat salted down.

Notwithstanding this condition, Will had time to play and study. Some of his boyhood friends were Bud and Henry Pace and Lorenzo Lowe Prince. Will told me that one day Bud found a snake and said to Henry, "If I had the courage, I would kill that snake."

Henry said, "Tell me what courage is Bud, and will kill the snake with it."

The Redd's had an organ in their home that Aunt Vilo and Aunt Alice played, as they made their home at Redd's, and were more like sisters to Will than aunts. He used to call them his Little Redd Aunts.

Will read the Bible before he went to school. When he was quite young his scholastic ability saved him from the consequences of a boyish prank.

In New Harmony, as in most communities, there was the stingiest man in town, and though the boys had wonderful melons at home, they decided to raid this stingy man's patch. And raid it they did. Those melons they couldn't eat, they smashed.

Will escaped without being caught, went home and worked all the problems in his arithmetic book. This proved in his favor twice the next morning. When he went to school, they said, "Will Redd couldn't have been in the raid, because he had all the problems worked in his book this morning." Secondly, they didn't require him to take any more arithmetic until he attended Branch Normal School at Cedar City, Utah. I think it is well to relate some of the human side of people when writing a history.

According to Aunt Fern Redd Laycock, Will's sister, Will entered the Branch Normal, a branch of the University of Utah when he was seventeen. There he was an "A" student, and took part in school activities, especially basket ball, pole vault, high jump etc. He then taught school at New Harmony.

Paul tells the story that when Will was a substitute teacher in New Harmony, he hung Paul on a hook by his suspenders as a punishment. Paul doesn't look, now, as if it hurt him much.

Lura tells this story:

"When Will was sixteen or seventeen years old the Fourth of July came on Monday. Stake Conference was in Cedar City on Saturday and Sunday, the second and third.

Of course, Father went to conference, and this time took Mother too. As Will was home, we needed no other baby tender. They would be home Monday morning, as Father had charge of the big day's celebration.

When mother left, she gave Lura instructions to do the ironing, which would be needed for the Fourth. In this ironing was Will's shirt. So I ironed it special.

Mother always cold starched Fathers's best shirts, so I did Will's that way. I starched the bosom so stiff that it curved out at the top and in at the waist in a handsome letter "s" shape.

When Will put it on Sunday morning, he was appalled. He said he didn't like it, he would rather have had it with no starch.

There was nothing could be done about it now, so he wore it Sunday, and also on the Fourth of July.

He was on the committee to fire the anvils, beginning at about four a. m.

They had an iron about ten inches square and about four inches thick. Through the center was a hole, about one and a half inches in diameter. They would fill this hole with gunpowder and pass a fuse of some sort out, which was lighted.

On top of the iron, covering the hole, they put a blacksmith's anvil.

Maybe it was father's anvil, as the iron with the hole in it was also maybe his. When the fuse burned to the gunpowder, it exploded and made a sound which should satisfactorily express all the noise they could ask for. It was, by far, the loudest noise any child, or adult for that matter, in New Harmony ever heard.

They lighted one fuse this morning, and it didn't work.

Thinking it had gone out, Will went to relight it; and as he leaned over, it blew up in his face.

Paul and Lyman had gotten up early to go and watch. They came running home and told about it and laughed so hard, as kids will do, because Will ran away so fast.

When Will came home he had bits of gunpowder in the skin of his face, arms and hands. But the nice stiff bosom had been real armor against the center of the blast.

He probably never wore that again, because there were little burn holes all through it so it looked like a sieve, except for the collar and cuffs.

Father and Mother drove home that morning and took over. They had the usual Fourth of July celebration which consisted of a morning program, children's races and games in the afternoon and a dance at night.

The program was, of course, patriotic and the orator of the day brought in the bit of a mishap of the morning with, "Powder is powerful. Who said so? Will Redd."

A day or so later, Will went to the doctor in Cedar City. The gunpowder caused festering in all the little places. He couldn't even drive the team, so Jodie Taylor drove it for him. The doctor picked out all those little bits of powder like you pick a sliver out with a needle. Will recovered completely, but he always had little black specks on his arms left by the powder which remained."

Will was a student of history. During the Spanish American War, he collected all the war news and filed it. He has often told how sad he was when told he could not take his file to Canada.

After returning from his mission in 1909, Will entered the faculty of Engineering at the University of Utah where he was an "A" and "A Plus" student; and was also active in basketball, football, pole vault, high jump, etc. There was a poem written about him in the school paper. Something about:

"The teachers on the outside lurked, and said,
Let us come in and show you how,
Oh, no Mr. Teacher, we don't need you now.
For we have Redd Willy, Spry lad in basketball,
Who did the LDS annoy, And won the cheers of all.
He practiced basketball so hard one night
Went up the stairs and came down again
Asked one of the boys to take his shirt off for him,
So lame he was, he couldn't raise his arms.

Will held medals for pole vault, high jump; and on the First of July, called Dominion Day Celebration at Raymond, Alberta, he exceeded the record for pole vault.

In 1905, Will immigrated to Raymond, Alberta, Canada with his parents, where he engaged in farming until fall at which time, he hired out with the Knight Sugar Company as assistant chemist in their laboratory. Actually, Will came in the spring and worked the land, and the family followed, coming to Raymond on July First, by train to Stirling and then overland to Raymond, about seven miles. (Kay thinks Will and his father came up the fall of 1904 to look over the land they had bought.)

In 1907, he accepted a call from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to serve in the Western States Mission with headquarters at Denver, Colorado. There he was chosen

District President. Will told many unusual and interesting stories about his mission. His keen sense of humor often helped him over many difficulties.

One night he returned to the lodging, elated over the wonderful conversation he had had with a man in the railroad station. He had made an appointment with the man for Sunday, and had even tried to sell him a Book of Mormon.

When he went to District Conference on Sunday, his wonderful investigator was none other than Apostle George F. Richards.

Kay met Elder Richards when on his mission in 1929 at El Paso, Texas, and Elder Richards laughed with Kay over this story.

Will resolved to look up anyone by the name of Redd, and found such a name in the telephone directory. When he found the people, they were Blacks. They could possibly have been some who had taken the Redd name from good masters during slave times.

After serving for 27 months, he was released to accompany Elder Nephi Harker home to Magrath, Alberta, as Elder Harker's wife had died, leaving a motherless son, Clyne.

On his return, Will was sustained as president of the Raymond YMMIA.

I was the last girl Will had danced with before he left for his mission; and he said he never forgot me saying, "We will all be praying for you."

To me there was nothing personal about it, as all families pray for the missionaries, but he never forgot it. So when he came home, he asked me for my company.

We were at a party at McCarthy's. I had cut my toe, and he had been kicked on the knee by a horse. We were both limping, and going the same way home, so he asked me to wait until he got his hat and he'd walk me home.

Later, he and some of his friends decided they wanted to take some girls to Waterton for an outing, as was the custom.

Sisters Brigham Scoville and Eva Powell, two reliable matrons, were chaperons. When Will asked me, I told him he would have to get mother's consent, as father was on a mission in New York State.

I didn't have the slightest idea she would let me go, so I was surprised when she said yes.

Dave Galbraith and Stella Van Wagoner, Earl Scoville and Blanche Fisher, and Will and myself rode in Card's three seated democrat, each couple was to take turns driving. The other two couples were engaged to be married, so Will and I spent most of our time in the front seat controlling the horses and admiring the scenery.

A couple of days after we got there in Waterton, Will traded one of his horses for a fine-looking bay and some cash. The horse's name was Kootenai. Mother had let me take our pony, Bullshields, purchased from an Indian by that name.

The next night, we decided to try out the new horse, so we went for a ride.

After we had gone some distance, Will said, "Let's trade horses."

I was willing, and as soon as I had mounted, I started off, while Will stopped to adjust the stirrups on my saddle for him.

As soon as the horse heard Will coming up from behind, he shot out like lightning, and it was impossible for me to hold him.

I could see the rocky ford of Pass Creek ahead, where I felt sure he would stumble. Of course I was praying, and Will said he was too.

I finally got the pony turned up a hill, just before he reached the ford; and he stopped.

When Will came up, I was sitting on a rock, shaking like a leaf and my mount was unconcernedly cropping grass. Will said he surely thought he would be taking an injured girl back to camp.

The owner of the horse had not said it was a race horse and had been trained not to let another horse pass him.

We led the horses back to camp, and didn't ever report our escapade to the chaperon.

The next morning, Lura, Miles Fairbanks, Will and I rowed up to the head of Waterton Lake for a sunrise breakfast. When I reported this in a Special Interest class in MIA, some of the folks said, "Didn't you know you were taking your lives in your hands?"

I replied "That's what youths do everyday."

We had a delightful time. I remember that the wind waves would be so strong we would row as fast as we could and not move a foot. There was no fear in our minds. It was a beautiful experience for us, or to us.

While we were gone, Sister Powell, who was an excellent horse woman, decided she would try out Will's new horse. She donned my divided skirt. I think a divided skirt deserves some explanation here, as some of the younger people do not know what one is. It was made with two flaring legs, then a loose panel back and front to hang from the waist, so the movement of the legs wouldn't show when one walked. Very modest and unrevealing, but with the convenience of the separate legs for straddling the horse.

Sister Powell mounted and rode off. She hadn't gone far when another horse came up from behind, and away went the horse, true to form, through the bushes and trees, tearing my skirt off her, except for the waist band. Gone was her hat and most of her clothing, even one shoe.

She finally got him under control, but was badly scratched and badly frightened. She spent the next couple of days in bed.

When the Lethbridge Fair came on, Will asked me if I would go with him and a group. Father, now home from the six months mission, gave his consent.

The other couples were engaged, in fact they were the same ones we went with to Waterton. So Will and I were the teamsters again. It took considerable time to drive from Lethbridge, so after we had talked about BYU and U of U and everything we could think of, I was tired and went to sleep.

I was awakened by Will giving me a kiss on the cheek. I was so angry that, when we arrived at my home, I got out of the buggy without speaking and went into the house.

I kept distance from Will after that for some time. But, finally, the group decided to go to the Stirling for a day of sports. Will came for a reconciliation and this time he took me in a single buggy of his own.

From then on, our courtship ran fairly smoothly, except for the tricks my sisters, Mable and Ruth, played on us.

Amelia Allred, stake president of the YWMIA, said she knew Will and I were a match the first time she saw us together.

I moved, with my parents and family, back to Rexburg, Idaho, in August 1910.

After securing Father's and mother's consent, Will came down to Rexburg on his way to the U of U where he was entering the pre-medicine.

At this time, he presented me with my precious diamond, which I treasure to this day as symbol of our love. It was our plan that Will would finish his pre-medicine, and we would go East, where he would study for a degree in medicine.

Will returned to Rexburg for the Christmas holidays, and we had a wonderful time. A number of his missionary companions lived in the Snake River Valley, one of them was named Tom Dalling, my cousin. There were family gatherings, skating parties and dancing. I had a hard time teaching Will to skate, but he was a willing student and didn't crack the ice nor his head. In the South, where he was raised, ice skating was unknown.

We had a wonderful time, and all the aunts and uncles and cousins were so glad to have

us back from that "awful" Canada.

The holiday passed all too soon, and we were back to school and work almost before we knew it.

Then came the very unexpected and tragic news of Will's father's death. He had been struck by pneumonia.

His mother was left a widow with ten children, the youngest about four years old. They had only been in Canada for less than six years. There was much that required Will's help and so it was imperative that he return to help his mother.

Will expected to return to school, but that was not to be. He was made the administrator of a very complicated estate, and as things unfolded, he realized that it would be a long time before he could get things settled.

He came to see me in Rexburg, and we decided to plan a June wedding in the Salt Lake Temple, instead of waiting until he graduated. Our plan was to go East to a medical school after graduation and our marriage.

I contracted small pox, so the wedding date was postponed to July 14 at the Logan Temple, as the Salt Lake Temple was closed for the summer.

After a short and wonderful honeymoon through Seattle, Victoria and back to Canada through Calgary, we returned to Raymond. Charlie Fox met us at the Stirling train station with the Security Investment Co. car, so we were the first newly-weds to arrive in Raymond by automobile. Will's dad was a partner in this Security Investment Co., and it became the albatross which ended permanently our plans for further schooling.

At home again in Raymond, Will was again sustained as president of the Raymond Ward YMMIA with Sister Phoebe Longstroth Evans as president of the YWMIA.

I took my new life seriously, and when asked to teach in the Mutual, I replied that I had a husband and home to care for, which would take all my time.

I repented, later, and worked in the Mutual.

We bought the Frazer house and lot east of Grandma Redd's for \$1700, and our furniture and kitchen range for \$335. Will had some horses, raised from a colt which his father had given him. It had been badly injured in a barbed wire fence, and they were planning to destroy it; but Will coaxed his father to give it to him and he nursed it back to health. This proved to be a financial blessing for us, as sale of these horses paid for our home and furniture.

We had fun decorating our new home, and Will was very appreciative of my efforts. I sanded and painted and wood grained the floors which won the admiration of the other ladies of

the neighborhood.

The lot was planted with lots of apple trees and other small fruits and berries. Will worked hard to make the land produce and together, we were preparing for the arrival of our little Marie, who was born on Sunday, 26 May 1912.

We had all the land in Welling planted to wheat, one year, and wheat was worth \$3 a bushel.

On the evening of July 23, we drove out to Welling with the children to see the crop. It was up to Will's arm pits and turning yellow, a very beautiful sight. On the basis of this bumper crop, we had had blueprints drawn up for a new home.

The next day, at the grandstand where the town was celebrating Pioneer Day, the people from Welling asked Will if he had seen his crop. He said yes, last night.

They told him to go see it now.

We hurried out, and all we could see was bare ground with a few straws sticking up. One can't believe how devastating a few minutes of hail can be until one sees it.

Patriach Kirkham gave Grandma Redd a blessing and promised her the land would produce for her sake. Patriarch Brandley told my mother her children would never lack for bread. This was proven when we reaped 14 or 15 bushels per acre during a drought year when our neighbors didn't harvest a crop at all.

Will was appointed a member of the Taylor Stake High Council where he served until he was released to become a councillor to Bishop John F. Anderson of the Raymond Ward.

He served there until the ward was divided and then he was chosen to be councillor to Bishop James E. Ellison of the First Ward, and J. W. Evans was bishop of the Second Ward.

According to Inez Hicken's history, Will organized the first basketball team in Raymond which included David Galbraith, Earl Scoville, Z. N Skousen, Bert Duke and Miles Fairbanks.

Will contracted whooping cough when he came to Raymond, and once a severe spell of coughing nearly broke up the game at the grandstand, where they used to play. He acted as timekeeper and referee and travelled with the Union Jacks until 1920, when other duties called him, but he never ceased to be a devotee of sports, and it carried to his children.

Ervin Fawns and Will put up the money for instruments for the first Raymond Band (junior) and secured the services of Walter Rouse, a cornet player from England for its leader.

Will served on the Taylor Stake Sunday School Board under Brother Octave F. Ursenbach, travelling east to Burdett. He was also a Boy Scout leader most of his life.

Will believed in co-operation and spent many years of his life in the United Farmers of Alberta movement. He lived to see the Alberta Wheat Pool operate to improve marketing conditions and prices of farm produce.

He was always active in nomination and election of good men and was often asked to run for office. He served on the Raymond Town Council for many years. There is a story told that some young fellows were planning some mischief at the park when Will came along. They gave up the project because they knew none of them could outrun Will Redd.

The Federal Minister of Agriculture, Jimmie Gardener, spent three days in our home trying to persuade Will to run for the House of Commons, but failed. Politics was Will's playground and he knew histories of the parties from A to Z, but holding office did not interest him.

Mr. Gardener drank so many cups of tea, one morning, that Guinivere said to me, "Mama, won't he die?"

In fall of 1927, we moved into Grandma Redd's home, at her request, as most of her flock had flown, and our little frame house had long been too small for our growing family of seven. Smellie had slept in a bedroom at Grandma's for some time. The family helped us remodel and modernize the house.

Grandma, Lura, Pauline, Mary, Kay and our family lived together in the big house. There were fourteen at the table for each meal, with more plates added for friends or relatives, which we enjoyed.

We had our problems, but on the whole, we got along fairly well. Will was a helpmate to his mother and a father to his brothers and sisters. Walter Zobell said he always thought of Will as the father of the Redd family, since his father died so young.

Sometimes, when there was enough snow-pack on the roads, we would have a family ride in the sleigh, which was a great treat for us. The children remember what fun it was to jingle the harness bells which, we were told, had belonged to Brigham Young.

The best entertainment was never too good, and when the San Carlos Opera Co. or Martin Harvey, an outstanding English actor, came to Lethbridge, we almost always attended the performances. We would put a charcoal burner at our feet, and a hot water bottle in our laps for comfort and always returned well repaid for the effort. In fact, we lived on the memories of these for days.

Mutual Conventions and Semi-Annual Conferences were high- lights in Will's life. He loved to listen to the servants of the Lord, and to mingle with his relatives and old friends on the Tabernacle Grounds.

The Alberta Temple was dedicated in August 1923, and attendance at that temple was a joy to both of us. It was never too cold or hot for Will to make the trip; and we

received many blessings in fulfillment of promises made by President E. J. Wood.

One was that if, after planting our crops, we would go out into the fields and dedicate them to the Lord, and would attend the Temple once a month, we would never have a crop failure. This promise was literally fulfilled in our case. Most of our trips to the temple in those earlier days were made by train. It was ten dollars for the trip to the temple, including train ticket, bed and food.

In 1937, Will made a trip back to his old home in New Harmony, Washington Co., Utah, with other members of the family for a reunion, where their dear days of youth were brought back to life.

Will had a number of severe cases of pneumonia in his life, but through the administrations of the priesthood, and by his faith and that of his family he recovered and was able to carry on his life's work. In those days without penicillin and the new drugs, pneumonia was a dreaded and often fatal disease.

In 1925, Will and Brother Arthur Dahl were appointed High Council advisors to the Taylor Stake Primary Board.

Will was the proud father of nine children: Marie Redd Strong Evans, teacher's certificate; Gertrude Redd Webster, B. Ed.; Smellie, B. Sc.; Irene Redd Jensen, teacher's certificate; Guinivere Redd Torrie, B. Ed.; Phyllis Carol Redd Miller, B. Ed; Barbara Redd MacPhee, B. Ed; Phillip Gordon Redd, B Ed.; M. Sc.; Ed. D. Teaching has been a traditional occupation in the Redd family.

Will desired the best in all things for his children, especially a strong testimony of the gospel, and all educational advantages possible for all of his children.

Will's policy for educating his children after high school, was for him to help the first child to go to university or normal school, and then the first one was to help the next one or pay back to Will and so on. At times it seemed hard, but time has proven the worth of this plan. I have heard no criticism from his children. I am proud of the loyalty our children have shown toward each other in this, and all respects.

My thoughts have been going over past events and though they might not be recorded chronologically, I think they will be of interest to the family.

The first was when we purchased our first car, a Model "T" Ford with a crank, and top, and side curtains with ising-glass or celluloid windows. Oh, luxury divine, a ride with wind not included. We were sure to meet with disaster if we didn't include a patching kit, pump, pliers, screw driver, shovel and bucket to dip water for the radiator, and last, but not least, a prayer.

The first trip we took was to the farm by the west road. Before we got to the house from the west gate we became stuck in the mud. The mud wasn't deep, but just greasy gumbo. Planks and boards were of no avail, and we were finally pulled out, or rather helped out, by Kay Redd and his pony. He had arrived from town and crossed the "flat" at just the right time to tie a rope around the front axle of the car, and pull from the saddle horn. That did the trick. Marie says she can remember how everyone used to laugh at her cheeks jiggling up and down when our new Ford went over the bumps.

The passing of our baby, Marguerite, made a change in our lives. I have said that she should have been named Resignation. She was stricken with membranous croup on the evening of April 4, 1919, and by sunrise of Sunday, April 6, she had left us. Not quite two years old. An hour before she died, I was holding her and Grandma Redd said, "Irene, you had better have Marguerite dedicated to the Lord, she is dying."

I replied, "Grandma, what are you saying, the Lord would not take one of our children, they always recover when Will administers to them."

Two doctors were on their way from Lethbridge to put tubes in her throat which I thought would bring a speedy recovery. Youth is so buoyant, up to that time I thought there wasn't anything Will and I couldn't accomplish, if we loved and trusted enough.

This was during the 'flu epidemic following World War I. There were three funerals in the little town of Raymond the day Marguerite was buried.

This was a life-long lesson for us. We didn't lose faith, but were more humble and, in the future, said, "Thy will be done." I have thanked my Heavenly Father since that we had one child safe from the snares and pitfalls of this world.

We learned another thing. Not to run away from trouble, neither run into it. We stayed out to the farm during the 'flu epidemic, as I was expecting "little" Irene, and it was almost fatal for a pregnant woman to contract 'flu.

We came to town, after Irene was born, when the 'flu was practically over, but all of us contracted it at the same time. When we came to town, we all wore gauze masks over our mouths and noses, as did everyone else, until the doctors decided the masks were unsanitary and unsatisfactory.

The Bank of Montreal clerks, four girls, Lura being the cashier, were living at our house, going no place except the bank, in order to keep it operating. The manager was the only male member of the staff, as all available men were serving in the armed services.

Gertrude was born 30 April 1914, and war was declared in August of that year. Smellie was born 13 December 1915, Marguerite 15 February 1917 and Irene 3 February 1919. All families with infant children received special food rations for them, so that made it easier.

In 1920, Will and Paul purchased a threshing machine. The war had made men restless and undependable, and often they didn't have the same crew at night that they started with in the morning. There was a group of unprincipled transients roaming the country getting the best of board and bed for almost no work. When they learned liquor wasn't being served free, they would pass on to a threshing crew where it was.

I remember that Grandma and I went out and cooked for the men while they threshed our place and thus saved about \$30 a day, as cooks were being paid a dollar per man per day. Threshing crews had the best of everything to eat while the families lived on rations. Later, Will and Paul purchased a cook-car. Will and Paul would relate many trying and amusing stories about threshing crews.

One year, they hired two fine young Englishmen, Joe Singer and Bob something, I can't remember his name.

One morning, when they were in the middle of threshing, at Welling, Bob came into camp at breakfast time. All the men commenced shouting, "Where have you been?"

He said he had seen such a cute little animal with white stripes down its back and thought it would make a lovely neck piece for "our Mabel," and he had tried to kill it with a pitchfork. Well, he was expelled from camp for a while. He learned what a skunk was, and Mabel didn't get her neck piece. Mabel was my sister.

Joe Singer's father was a cutlery manufacturer in England, and Joe had him send us a set of twelve table flatware, which cost us \$17. We still have much of it.

Guinivere was born 13 October 1920. Will was busy threshing, and he didn't get to the hospital, Aunt Ellen Bryner's Maternity Home, which was across the street from our home. When he did arrive, he said Guinivere was angry when she was born, turned up nose and red face. Her looks were deceiving. There never was a more cheerful child than Guinivere. All our children were cheerful, like their father.

During the following two years, Will was busy working on the Town Council. The group he was elected with, went in on an Economy Platform, so had a lot of personal work to make it succeed. Use of town script was one of their projects.

The Alberta Temple, which had been started before the war, and was delayed,

was to be dedicated in 1923. Every man, woman and child was making a big effort for that.

Sister Amy Allen gave the Primary the assignment to earn \$1000. That was a lot of money. Grandma and I went out again and cooked for the threshers, turning our wages on the temple fund. We all saved our Sunday eggs for it, and everyone said their hens laid more eggs on Sunday than on any week day.

Will's ticket for the dedication was dated 26 August 1923 at 7:30 p.m. This was the first day. How thankful I was that I had a husband who was worthy to take me and my children to those holy services, where prophecies were fulfilled that had been made regarding a temple in this land.

Others, we lived to see fulfilled, and there are others which will be fulfilled in the future. It was a glorious day, never to be forgotten. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant.

Will and I were sad when my sister, Guinivere, with her husband, Mark Brimhall, and their daughters, Iona and Jennie, decided to move to Provo, Utah. Will had a high regard for Mark, as they had worked congenially in personal, church and community enterprises for a long time.

Every time we had a new baby, Mark and Guinivere took our two youngest into their home and hearts until we had our new wee one well on the way. They put off their departure a number of days, waiting for Phyllis' advent, but no, that child would not be hurried. She had a special birth date chosen, 25 December 1923. One very important person she didn't consider was Dr. Murray, who was out of town celebrating, so Will called Grandma Redd and Sister Betsy Deardon, who was a maternity doctor all but for the letters after her name, and we got along fine.

In 1919, Dr. Greenaway removed Irene's tonsils and adenoids. An accident occurred during the operation, and the end of her palate and much of the posterior pillars was removed. We took Irene to other doctors, but they only shook their heads and advised us to take her to Rochester for operations. This was a financial impossibility for us. Irene's throat continued to close up, until she could hardly breath.

In 1924, a young Doctor Conner, who had returned from studying plastic surgery at medical school in Vienna, came to Raymond. He decided to see what he could do about Irene's throat.

He performed an operation, with five other doctors looking on. Flesh was taken from other parts of Irene's throat to make a partial uvula and to repair other damaged parts of her throat, and openings to her stomach and lungs, which had grown small,

were opened up.

Irene got along fine. In fact, when he heard her singing with me as he passed her hospital room, Dr. Conner stopped to listen and said he hardly thought she would be able to talk, let alone sing. This was a first operation and he told us to come back in the fall, when he would complete the repair with a second operation.

But, by fall, Dr. Conner had died.

We took Irene to the Alberta Temple, there President E. J. Wood blessed her, and said, "Do not be in a hurry to take her back for the rest of the operation," and that her throat would become normal.

Irene never needed the second operation. Nowadays, whenever she goes to a new doctor and he has occasion to look at her throat, he gasps and says he can't believe she can talk. The power of the priesthood is real in my life.

In 1925, following a severe attack of pneumonia, Will purchased a Model "T" Ford Sedan so we made a trip to Idaho and Utah, taking all the children with us except Phyllis, who was left behind with Aunt Tillie Boysen, who ran a maternity home and nursery.

That was a very dry year, and we were all hungry for the watermelon we saw as we drove south. Will bought the largest he could find. Then we went up to the Lava Cliffs on the outskirts of Pocatello, Idaho, to eat them.

We had our luggage in the racks on the "running boards" of the car. In order for us to get out of the car Will had to remove our bags, but when we left, Will forgot to put the largest suitcase back on again. The one which contained the new clothes Lura and I had sewn for a week to make. I wanted the children to look well-dressed for the trip.

We didn't discover our loss until we were nearly to Franklin where Father and Mother Smellie lived.

It was dark, but Will turned around and went back. He inquired along the road, and put an ad in the Pocatello paper, but the lost club bag was never recovered.

We remembered things for a year, that were in that bag. Nothing daunted, the children made the trip among their city and country relatives in coveralls.

I never pass that spot that I don't remember how dearly we paid for that melon treat.

On our return, we came through Montana the day after the earthquake. The hottest wind I ever felt, passed over there that day.

It was in 1925 the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company located a sugar factory in Raymond, bringing with it much prosperity. This was a joy to Will, as he liked to see his town grow. The factory also brought many fine citizens, with whom Will had fine associations.

About that time, a large group of we marrieds decided to make Easter an annual picnic-day for our families. We did this for years. If it was stormy, we went inside. We celebrated one Easter at the School of Agriculture in the hay mow and other times we put it off until better weather came, and went down to the St. Mary's River, at Whoop-Up or Steele's Crossing. We kept this up for fifteen years, at least.

Our children have never forgotten these times. (Actually a group of the children and grandchildren still carry on this practice.)

Barbara was born 27 October 1926 at the Boyson Maternity Home in Raymond. Sister Van Orman gave me a blessing before her birth and said she would be a comfort to me all my life, and she has been.

It was while I was at Boyson's that the Raymond Mercantile burned, and I watched that tragic fire through the window, from my bed. One was kept in bed for at least ten days following the birth of a baby in those days.

In June 1927, Will was happy to receive word that my sister, Ruth and her husband Allie and son Robert Ricks, were coming from Rexburg, Idaho to visit us. Will and Allie were very good friends, and they always had a yearly visit by mail. Will had an unfinished letter to Allie when Will died.

It rained most of the time they were here, so we had lots of time for good visiting. Among other places Will took Allie was the International Harvester Company in Lethbridge. Allie remarked that they had as complete a supply of parts as in Chicago. Allie said Raymond wouldn't grow very fast, since it is so near to Lethbridge.

Broadway in Raymond was like a river for three days, and Allie took pictures of it. As the muddy roads were practically impassable, Allie had the CPR send a flat car to take his car back over the border at Coutts. The water did subside, so Will took them to Craddock to catch the train to Coutts where they would pick up their car.

We said we would have a hard time convincing Allie and Ruth that we had droughts in Alberta.

A few days after the Ricks left for home. Will and his brothers started renovating

the cement house. Melvin J. Burt, and his brother, Gil, who were in Canada working for their uncle at plastering, plastered the downstairs of the house.

We all worked night and day, so that we could move into it before school started. Harvest was on, hot lunches were to be sent out to the men, what a hive of industry.

At this point, Will was badly scalded. He removed the cap from a boiling radiator and the hot water blew all over his chest and forearms.

It was awful. Raymond was without a doctor at that time, so I was nurse and doctor, receiving instructions from our pharmacist, Percy W. Cope, by telephone.

After a few days, Will took his shift again in the harvest. I don't see how he did it. I dressed his wounds for weeks. He was deeply scarred for the rest of his life.

The crops were heavy, and the prices were high. They put lights on the tractors and worked night and day.

In 1928, the Calgary Power Company was seeking a contract with the Southern Alberta towns to furnish them with electricity. At that time, most of the towns in our area had their own power plants.

The power company called a meeting at the Banff Springs Hotel, in Banff, Alberta. Mayor Orrin H. Snow, Will's Uncle Orrin, and Will were chosen to represent Raymond. This proved to be a very pleasant week, with some sight-seeing as well as business. The meetings terminated in a contract being signed between the power company and the town. This is still in effect.

1928 was also the Primary Golden Jubilee Year which was to be celebrated in Salt Lake City, Utah. I was first counsellor to President Letta Bacon in the Taylor Stake Primary. Will supported me loyally through that enterprise, as he did in all others. We raised enough money for a round trip ticket to Salt Lake for eighteen board members, Then the three Canadian Stakes decorated a float for the parade, after we arrived in Salt Lake.

All was a glorious experience until we arrived at Helena, Montana on our return trip. There we found that the road through Wolf Creek Canyon was washed out, so that we would have to take the train home.

All the women except Sister Bacon and I had spent their last dime, knowing that their fare was paid. It was a dismayed group. It was raining, and we were nearly all flat broke.

We went to the Johnson Hotel where the manager made us a suite from two large rooms. Alvin Jones, one of the drivers, bought a dollar's worth of washed carrots and passed them around.

We wired to Will to collect some money from the husbands, and send to us. He could only contact Mr. Bacon and he wouldn't send any money, so Will wired the money from his own account and we all got home.

Being Primary women, they all reimbursed Will. Some of the cars remained at Wolf Creek for two weeks. Again, I was thankful I had a dependable husband.

In 1929, the federal government transferred the natural resources to the provinces. Will always felt that this was the proper thing, and he served on committees in the UFA, seeking this thing, and so this was a great satisfaction to him. It certainly was a blessing to the province of Alberta when oil was discovered in Alberta many years later.

In 1930 Will purchased a "Frigidaire." Kate Card had the first one in town, and we had the second one. I preferred preservation of food rather than a chesterfield, when we couldn't afford both. It was somewhat of a lemon, as most appliances were at that time. The sulphur-dioxide gas would escape, and a mechanic would come out from Lethbridge to replace it. Phillip and I would vacate the house for four or five hours so we wouldn't get poisoned.

One night, we awoke to find the house full of smoke, at first we thought it was the furnace, remember how the furnaces used to smoke, or explode when too much fine coal was put on the fire and it was banked for the night.

We finally decided it was an appliance odor, and rushed to the store room where the frigidaire was located. A mouse had become caught in the belt of the 'frig, and had burned out the motor.

When they brought the frigidaire back from Lethbridge, I tacked a piece of screen over the bottom, and that solved the problem.

To finish the story, in 1945, when I was alone and the frig was getting aged, during World War II appliances were very scarce, a man offered me almost as much as we had paid for it new, so I sold it.

I got ice from my neighbor who was still using an ice box, and would put it in the tub of my Maytag washing machine, and let the hose down so the melt water could drain into a bucket. This provided a cool place for the food until a refrigerator could be purchased.

In 1931, the town council appointed Will to organize a Library Board. This is quoted from the Lethbridge Herald in 1944. "The local library board met at the Town Hall Monday evening. A new member, Bruce Galbraith, was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of its Chairman, William Redd, who had been chairman of the board since its organization in 1931.

"In 1931, the town council appointed William Redd to organize a group of people to start a library. The town was canvassed for books, with several hundred donated.

The library now contains 6,000 volumes. Some are contributed by the various local study groups, and others by the province and the town. There are 3869 fiction novels, 1381 non-fiction, 628 junior books, 153 reference books, 37 subscribed magazines and 200 magazines made into bound volumes. There are 805 active readers with a circulation average of 58 people a day with two books per person and with 43 persons per day using the library for reference. These latter are mainly school students who use the library extensively. Ten adult study groups use the library for material.

"The following are present board members: T. O. King, Mrs. Wilford Meldrum, Mrs. J. S. Madill, and Bruce Galbraith. Mrs. Meldrum and Mrs. King have been on the board since its organization. Formerly on the board were Mesdames Thomas Allan, G. W. Leech, M. R. Woolf and Mr. Don McRae. The librarians have included Mesdames Matilda Boyson, Relva Booth Ross, Millie R. Dyson and Mrs. M. R. Woolf, who is the present librarian.

"Many fine tributes were paid to William Redd at the meeting. Mr. Redd had missed only two meetings of the board in the last eight years and those two absences were due to illness."

Delia Woolf, Mrs. M. R. Woolf, is the present librarian, (1960), and she often said that Will Redd was the best friend she ever had.

Marie went off to Calgary Normal School in 1931. The first of our birds to take flight. She taught at the Felger Hutterite Colony between Lethbride and Raymond in 1933. The Raymond school board wouldn't hire inexperienced teachers then.

Barbara, our six-year-old accompanied Marie where she took her Grade One. The two would take the bus early Monday morning and stay at the colony for the week, returning on the bus Friday after school. The colony is about ten miles from Raymond.

During the time that Will was a member of the Raymond Town Council, the depression of 1929 struck. Quoting from the history of O. H. Snow, Uncle Orrin, who was the town secretary:

"The depression, following 1929, struck our district as heavily as it did elsewhere,

as many of our people were grain farmers, and wheat dropped from \$1.95 per bushel to near 30 cents and 40 cents per bushel.

"Many felt it would increase in price and held for a raise, and almost lost their entire crop of 1930. With my work, trying to gather finances for schools and operation of the town, it became very difficult. The banks carried us through 1930 and 1931, but when 1932 came around, we were owing approximately \$40,000 which was all the credit our taxes would justify, and were left with nothing to carry on with. I told the school board and town council our predicament and that unless we could find a solution everything must stop, even schools.

"With their blessing, the mayor, Wm. G. Meeks, and myself, formulated a plan to use "script." We would pay 40% of salaries in cash and 60% in script, or town credit. Our stores and businesses agreed to accept the script, give merchandise for it and use the script for the payment of their taxes etc. The town would reimburse the stores for the balance in cash. We financed this way for three or four years and cleared off the banks. We kept our schools in operation and were in much better financial condition than we had been for some time."

In 1932, Grandma Redd had a severe stroke while visiting in Salt Lake City, and since she wanted very badly to come home, Will and I and Aunt Fern went down in Paul's car. We had no car. A bed, for her, was made in the back of the car and we started for Canada.

This period has often been referred to as the "hungry thirties." All farm produce was very cheap, even could hardly be given away. Will made a rack on the back of the car and filled it with grapes, melons etc. for a treat for our families when we got home.

Grandma was so pleased to get home to her own bedroom at our house. We had moved into the Grandma's home a few years before, as Grandma didn't want to be alone, and we needed a larger home.

Now, Will and I moved our bedroom to the upstairs, and Grandma had her old downstairs bedroom. This made her happy, and made it much easier to take care of our invalid mother.

Grandma lasted until May 1934, when, on the 26th of that month, she went into a coma and died 30 May 1934. Still in her own bed.

She would go to Lethbridge to stay with Jessie or Fern for a little while, but was always anxious to get back home to Will and Irene's in her own home.

Lura, Vilo, Lyman, Pauline, Mary and Kay were all in the United states, and, due

to severe immigration restrictions placed during the depression, some were not able to cross the border for the funeral. Pauline, Lura, Mary, Jeannette, who is Lyman's wife, and Kay were able to get home, but Vilo and Lyman had to remain at the border.

The day following the funeral, all of the family members living in Alberta went to Babb, Montana, where the others were waiting; and we spent two days together. Uncles, Aunts and cousins. Right down to the youngest. A never-to-be-forgotten meeting, especially for the youngsters. For them "going to the States" was an awesome experience.

Marie married Joseph P. Strong 14 July 1934, and Gertrude married J. Walter Webster 15 September 1934. Our first grandchild, a girl, Patricia Marie Strong, arrived 17 March 1935 at the St. Michael's Hospital in Lethbridge.

We celebrated Will's fiftieth birthday, 7 January 1935, with the family and special friends. We treasure a picture of all of us at the dinner table, with his cake.

Will, an amateur cameraman, made a flash picture. By placing some flash powder in the dustpan on the stepladder, lighting a long fuse leading to it and setting the camera on time exposure, he was able to get in the picture himself. Quite innovative for the times.

We always enjoyed taking pictures and developing them. Of course, when the depression came, we were no longer able to afford the hobby. Consequently, and much to the disappointment of the younger children, we have very few pictures of them, and many of the older ones.

In Will's fiftieth year, 19 August 1935, Will, while combining, stopped to clear off the combine reel area. After making a round of the field, he looked down and discovered that the combine knife had sliced off the end of his thumb, glove and all. After searching in vain for the thumb, he drove himself into town and to the doctor for help. It was his right thumb and it made things awkward for him, although there still remained a stump with which he could hold things, though awkwardly.

In 1936, Smellie went to the Brigham Young University in Provo. Will was very happy that he could go, but missed him very much. It was the first time they had been separated.

In 1936, Will had been unwell most of the spring and summer. In October, while rushing to get the beets harvested, a wheel came off the truck; and without unloading the beets, he and Paul put the wheel back on. In doing this, Will strained himself very much, lifting etc.

That night, he was awakened with a terrible pain in his right leg. I helped him to a chair in the dining room, where he collapsed. I called to awaken the children, and sent Phyllis and Barbara down to Uncle Orrin Snow's for him to come and administer a priesthood blessing to Will.

We finally got him into bed. His leg was so painful that he could not move.

At my insistence, when the pain still continued, Dr. Leech took him to the hospital, St. Michael's in Lethbridge. The Doctor had said that we couldn't send Will to the hospital, as we didn't have the money to pay the bill. I told him Will was going to the hospital and we would worry about finding the money later.

His trouble was diagnosed as phlebitis, but Will did not think it was, as his leg didn't swell. He thought he might have injured the nerves when they were lifting the truck.

Will was so ill that the banker thought I should get his power of attorney, but I felt that he would get well. After several weeks, the doctor asked me if I would like to bring Will home, which I thought was best.

We brought him home on a stretcher. With the help of the Lord, he commenced to improve.

By Christmas day, he was able to come to the table and have dinner with us.

It was while Will was in this condition that the call came to Smellie to go on a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, to Eastern Canada.

Our dear friend and neighbor, Louis Brandley, came to Will and said, "Surely you can't let Smellie go, when you and Irene are in such poor health. I was worn down from caring for Will and was in bed much of the time.

Will answered, "I can't deprive Smellie of this opportunity." We often talked of how blessed we were while Smellie was away, and how we always seemed to find the necessary funds to send him when he needed them.

Smellie filled an honorable mission, and Will and I both were much improved in health on his return.

Will never did regain full use of his leg, being lame the rest of his life. The snow was so deep that Smellie couldn't go to Cardston to go through the Alberta Temple. A great disappointment to us. Even our mail was being brought in by aeroplane. Smellie went through the Salt Lake Temple while at the mission home.

We have a photograph of the car among high drifts, as we prepared to drive Smellie to Lethbridge to catch the train for Salt Lake. As the roads were impassable, our route had to be a winding one through the fields, among huge snow drifts.

In 1937, the United Grain Grower of Alberta, chose Will as their delegate to a convention in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Will got Bliss Roberts to take the expense money, which was enough for four of us to go by car, and take his wife, Lillian and Will and I to Winnipeg.

We left Sunday night, after meeting, (Sacrament meetings were held from 7 p.m. to about 9 in those days). It was the last day of October.

Saskatchewan presented a sad picture. Drought had been the order of the times for a number of seasons. There were beautiful homes, with well planned landscaping, with only a pine tree left here and there; but not a blade of grass nor stubble for miles.

We arrive in Winnipeg the day that Ralph Connor, the well known Canadian author, and a favorite of ours, was buried; but we couldn't get near the funeral.

We went to the Stock Exchange, and almost got the spirit of gambling.

We went to MIA at the LDS Church and met several people we knew. Will and Bliss and I had to speak.

We saw some good plays, too.

We were very interested in the way they prepared for winter, which did not break, once it set in. We, in Alberta, have the chinook winds which bring thawing weather many times during a winter.

On the return trip, we went through the Red River Valley, which was gorgeous at that time of year.

Passing through the Dakotas, we went over some of Will's old missionary trails. We saw the Fort Peck Dam, the largest dirt dam in the USA. We even ran into some very exciting shopping bargains, before we arrived home.

The children never forget their excitement when we brought each of the girls snow suits, a very new type of winter wear for girls; and our family's first radio marvel, with short-wave band. This was the purchase which Phillip enjoyed with his beloved dad. What did surprise some of the children was that mother did not get the Hudson Seal coat she had planned to buy, as they were cheap in Winnipeg.

Instead, she came home with a wool coat for herself, with a fur collar. Her arthritis was so bad that we thought she needed the warm fur coat, and were quite excited about it. But she said she preferred the cheaper coat.

As we grew older, we realized that Mom had probably decided to use some of her coat money for our gifts and buy the less expensive wool coat for herself.

It was a wonderful trip, with perfect weather and good travelling companions.

We found everything in good shape when we got home. The children had managed well. Guinivere had even gone in by herself to have her tonsils removed. The doctor did it in his office with a local anesthetic.

Will and Bliss Roberts gave excellent reports of the convention, too.

Will received an invitation from President Heber J. Grant, to attend a special meeting in the Salt Lake Temple 8 April 1939, Will being the senior member of the High Council in the Taylor Stake. Will considered this a very sacred privilege. Bliss Roberts and Lillian, his wife and Will and I went down to conference together, a few days after Smellie had returned from his mission.

That year, 1939, Irene was teaching at Beazer, and Guinivere at the Community School, north of Raymond in the vicinity of George Laycock's farm. Smellie went on down to BYU after his mission.

That fall, World War II was declared. That year, too, Will was made happy when Barbara passed her government exams in Grade Nine with high honors and received the Governor General's Medal for the District, having the highest marks of all Grade IX students.

In 1942, Will accepted a position with Central Feeders Association in Lethbridge. His leg condition made farm work impossible. He hired a Japanese family, which had been evacuated from the West Coast at the beginning of the War.

That fall, the man threw down his shovel, refusing to shovel wheat, so Marie, Barbara, Guinivere and Phillip finished the harvest. Many, many of the little pigs died, also, and so Will let the man go.

Smellie had joined the army the year previous, which had made a great change in Will's life, as they had always worked and played together.

Irene was married to Bryant A. Jensen in June of 1941. Bryant and Smellie were in the army together then. Guinivere went to the University of Alberta in 1942. Irene returned from the East in 1943, after Bryant went overseas. Phyllis was teaching school

in Raymond.

We were happy to have our home circle enlarged, as Will was on the road most of the time and the old home was getting to feel quite empty.

When Brenda Grace Jensen was born 26 November 1943, our hearts were made glad. It was so good to have a baby in the house again.

Barbara and John Henry MacPhee were married 23 February 1943. Phyllis and Victor Bruce Miller were married 1 March 1944. Victor was in the navy and they later went to St. Hyacinth, Quebec. When Vic went to sea, Phyllis came home and taught school in Lethbridge, boarding with Gertrude and Walt Webster.

Will, Irene, Phyllip and I were going to Edmonton for Guinivere's graduation in June of 1944, when Uncle Orrin Snow asked Will to take his car and take him and his wife Mary, along. The Department of Education had given Guinivere her examinations early in April, so she could take the place of a high school teacher in Banff, who had become ill.

We picked Guinivere up at Calgary, and drove on to Edmonton. We arrived in Edmonton on Sunday and Baccalaureate parade was that night. Guinivere didn't have the necessary hat, so she slipped behind a pillar and put on Irene's hat and dropped back into parade line. Next day, we shopped, between exercises, to find her a dress and shoes for the graduation ceremony.

As Aunt Mary wanted to be able to say she had been on the famous Alaska Highway, we drove along it for about ten miles north of Edmonton.

On the last Sunday, August 27, 1944, fire partly destroyed our home. The original cement block home built by Grandfather William A. Redd in 1905-06, soon after their arrival in Canada.

Irene was putting her baby, Brenda, to sleep in the upstairs west room and heard a crackling sound, but thought it was Phillip and John who had come upstairs to get Uncle Kay's golf clubs. But the boys, heard the roaring of the flames and they all ran downstairs. Phillip remembers watching from the garden as the smoke curled up between the shingles.

Meanwhile Will had phoned for the fire engine. Ken Stone, a close neighbor, tore up to their store and got many glass-ball fire extinguishers which he threw into the attic and then closed the hatch. We think this was what saved the house. As it was, a great hole had been burned through the roof, and the attic and ceilings of some of the rooms were burned through, or broken through during the fire-fighting operations.

Neighbors and firemen carried all of the furniture out of the house, but the whole house was either burned or water soaked. It took many days to clear up the mess.

Will and Phyllip, helped by a crew of German war prisoners under guard of soldiers, worked very hard, tearing off burnt shingles and lumber and replacing the roof; and of course, the wiring had to be repaired also.

Frank Shaw was good help with the electrical work. The cleaning and clearing by both the men and women of the family seemed endless.

The fire was a great shock to Will, and his health declined rapidly after that. Notwithstanding, he carried on his work with the Central Feeders until the day before he was hospitalized by Dr. Madill.

After a week of observation, he returned home to clear up some business. He drove his own car back to the hospital. They performed surgery for prostrate blockage, but Will grew steadily worse. After his death, an autopsy revealed the liver was greatly enlarged.

Brother John H. Green gave Will a blessing and told him his work on earth was completed, and that he would pass away without suffering, but he would have the chance to decide whether he would go or stay.

The morning of his death, the nurse met me, and warned me that people who died from Will's condition, simply went mad with the pain before they died. That she had a hypodermic needle ready to relieve him. That sometimes they had to tie them in bed as they became so frantic from the pain.

The promise made to him by Brother Green was fulfilled to the letter. Will wrote some instructions to Charles Asplund about some Central Feeder business, spoke to his children, looking at each with his wonderfully blue eyes and quietly passed on to the other side. Most of his family was with him. Barbara had a new baby and was ill at home, Phyllis was in the East with her husband, Victor, and Smellie and Bryant were serving overseas in the war.

Will died 9 November, 1944, and his funeral was held November 13 in the Taylor Stake House. He was buried in the Raymond Cemetery. Just as the dedicatory prayer over his grave was finished, the Sugar Factory whistle blew at 4 p.m. I never hear that whistle that I am not reminded of that day.

Being human, I sometimes wished that Will could have remained a little longer. One day, while President T. George Wood, of our Taylor Stake, was speaking, he said,

"It is a serious thing for a person to remain on this earth after his mission is finished."
That satisfied me.

Charles Asplund said, "Will bore many burdens and labored diligently and pleasantly under all circumstances. Infidelity on the part of others did not change his fundamental attitude, instead, he felt sorry for them, and often sought extenuating circumstances to account for their infidelity. He went his quiet, unassuming, cheerful way, looking for the good in all men, and the best in every situation."

Brother J. W. Evans said, "Will always seemed to know more about the subject than the rest of us."

Phillip says, "Dad tried to teach us self-reliance and dependability. He gave us a job and left us to it, even if we didn't get it done the best way."

Home Evening and Family Hour were consistently held in our home. Will knew the promise made by President Joseph F. Smith, and felt that we needed the blessing. It worked.

Christmas was always at our home. All the family slept under the parental roof on Christmas Eve, except when Smellie was on his mission or overseas.

We continued this custom until 1949. It was so much fun. Christmas Eve, we had a program with all taking part. Then a light lunch, and the stockings were hung, and off to bed. Finally, we ran out of cribs, so Smellie's baby, Joan, slept in a large carton box. That was the last Christmas we all stayed together.

On Christmas morning, we all lined up according to age, with Will and I leading the parade. Will made such a good Santa Claus, making everyone happy with his present. Everyone helped with dinner, and to this day the family carries out this custom.

I remember one Christmas Will especially enjoyed. It was the first one after we had moved into his old home with his mother in her apartment upstairs, and us in the rest of the remodelled house. It was 1928. The whole house was warm, (a hot air furnace had been installed instead of the space heater in some of the rooms as before) and Christmas lights glowed everywhere.

Vilo and Lura had come home, and Kay was to leave shortly for a mission. We were all so happy and gay. I remember so well, Grandma and I were standing near a radiator, and she said, "Irene, this is the most comfortable I have ever been in this house."

Another Christmas I well remember was in 1943. Will gave me a Sunbeam

Mixmaster which he bought at Eaton's Store in Lethbridge. It wouldn't work. The whole shipment had been sabotaged by putting steel shavings in the bearings. This was during the World War II. The damage was repaired, and it worked perfectly. Phyllis is still using it in her home.

Will bought most of the new appliances for me but I could never get him to put a motor on the sewing machine, or the six-quart ice cream freezer.

Will taught me how to develop pictures, and gave me a "116" Eastman Kodak Camera for Christmas in 1918. The family, Scout and Bee-hive Girls spent many happy hours at our house, learning photography in our home.

One night, Will came home with an Edison Phonograph (cylindrical records) from Lethbridge. We really enjoyed this addition. The day our piano arrived made history also.

Uncle Orrin Snow gives a full account of Will's good work in taking care of the family estate, after the death of his father, along with taking care of the Security Investment Co. business. He was assisted in this by Uncle Orrin and Brother Charles McCarty. It would be well to read this if anyone gets the chance. It is in the possession of J. Golden Snow of Raymond. (A copy has now been placed in the Raymond Museum, 1996.)

Dear Will, it has been a pleasure to write this history of you. There was never any question in your mind, as to what was right or wrong.