

LIFE OF PAUL HARDISON REDD AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

My great grandfather was John Hardison Redd. He lived in North Carolina and later moved to Tennessee where the missionaries came to his home. One of them was John D. Lee. He was converted, joined the church and moved west. He set his slaves free but they would not leave the family and so came west with them, and lived in Spanish Fork, Utah. Six Negro people came with them and they joined the church and were faithful members.

One of John Hardison's sons was Lemuel Hardison, and he was my grandfather. He lived in Spanish Fork for a few years and was called to Southern Utah to open up a settlement at New Harmony. He lived there most of his life. My grandmother, Keziah Jane Butler Redd, had fourteen children. His other wife Louisa Chamberlain, had thirteen children. These two wives lived side by side in a duplex house taking care of each other in times of necessity. After grandmother died grandfather then moved to Mexico, but he came back often enough that I knew him until we left Harmony in 1905.

My father William A. Redd, married my mother Verena Bryner, in 1884. Out of fourteen children, ten lived to maturity, I am the ninth. We came to Canada and arrived in Stirling on 1 July 1905. It was one of the coldest days I can ever remember. They had buffalo, fur coats to keep us warm, they had wooden buttons that looked like little double trees and I wanted them so I cut them off. Mother was quite cross and had to sew them all back on. We rode to Raymond in buggies, the wind blew like a hurricane. They say there are only two seasons in Canada, Dominion Day and Winter. It was straight winter that day. I was just under eight years of age, my birthday is 10 August, 1897. This was the first train I had ever seen and the first train ride I had ever had. We had to go forty miles to Lund, Utah, by team, to get to the train. They told us boys if we would put our ears down to the rails we could hear the train coming and we could hear it long before we could see it come around the bend. When we got to Butte, Montana we had to change trains. We had a three hour wait. My dad went out and got a big sack of bananas and some boughten cookies. Those were the first bananas I had ever seen and the first boughten cookies I had ever eaten in my life. The waiting room was electric-lighted, and that was the first electric lights I had ever seen in my life. There were ten lights, each hanging down from a single electric cord, in the old fashion way, to light this big waiting room. That's where we waited three hours for the next train. Then we got to Stirling.

The earliest memories of New Harmony are taking the cows to pasture. We lived in town which was about a dozen houses. The old farm was maybe a half a mile away. It seemed ten miles to us. We had to go around the outside of the farm to get to the gate to put the cows in the pasture which was on the other side of the field. Beyond that was just mountain land and we had to be very careful because there were a lot of

rattlesnakes. There was a spring. We went down to the spring to get a drink and coiled up by the pipe that fed the spring was a big rattlesnake. We didn't dare go near so we didn't get a drink that day.

I remember in the fall they would line the wagon box with straw, load it with apples from the orchard on the farm, and bring it home. We would store the apples in a special bin in the cellar. They had to handle them carefully so they wouldn't bruise and they would keep all winter. I can remember that apple bin.

In the fall Father would go to St. George and he would bring back two five-gallon cans of honey and a forty-gallon barrel of molasses. That was our winter supply of sweets. We could make all the molasses candy we wanted. We had all the apples we wanted and pretty much all the honey we wanted, but I can't remember much else.

One night there was a flood. A thunderstorm, a cloudburst, filled our basement with water. Mother had 500 pounds of flour in a bin and that was 500 pounds of dough the next morning. When they got the water pumped out of the cellar it was a terrible mess.

The schoolhouse was about four or five blocks away. I only went to school in Harmony one day. My brother Will was substitute teacher and I didn't think I had to do what he told me but I found out different, the hard way. So I had to behave myself in school.

I had a playmate and his name was Antone Prince. Our mothers made us wear short pants. Long pants for kids were unknown. Mine were red velvet and his were blue velvet and I can remember those Sunday suits we had. But we played too strenuously one day and we got my nice red pants dirty and that made Mother angry. So she changed my pants for another pair, and I got them dirty and wet in the irrigation ditch. To make sure I didn't do it again she put one of the girls dresses on me and tied me with a rope to the tree just so I couldn't get to the ditch. I made so much noise bawling and crying that the whole town knew I was being punished. I can remember that. Those short pants were good racing pants. Half the time I could out run Antone and the other half he could out run me. About all I can remember are just odds and ends of things down there.

I remember one Fourth of July, the last one we were there in 1904. My brother Will and Roy Prince were going to fire the cannon at sun up and the cannon was two anvils. One was on the ground and then there was a round iron ring about four inches high that sat on top of that anvil. They would fill that ring with black gun powder. They had a little hole in it, so they could get a fuse in. Then they would fill that with powder, set the other anvil on top of the ring up side down, then light the fuse and run. It would make a real big noise when it would go off. So we knew a cannon was fired. But once Will lit the fuse and they ran and it didn't go off. And he went back to see what the trouble was

and just as he knelt down to see what the trouble was the thing went off. Fortunately the anvil didn't hit him but it blew black powder through his shirt into his shoulder and the skin on his right shoulder showed those black powder marks all the rest of his life. I can remember foot races and horse races up and down the street that day and that's about all. But we had a lot of fun.

I can't remember the details, but we had a lot of fun the years we lived there. We had home-made ice cream, I had never seen boughten ice cream until I came to Canada. We burned wood in our stove. The year before we left there, my dad went somewhere twenty or thirty miles away and brought home a wagon box full of coal and that's the first and only coal I ever saw before we came to Canada. Then we used coal entirely. Kids nowadays don't even know what coal looks like. Later in life we used oil, then propane and now we're on natural gas. I am experienced with all the fuels. I remember the wood pile, I used to have to keep the wood box full. That was pretty much for a six year old to do.

My dad had a sheep herd, and the summer before we came here he took my brother Lyman and me up to the sheep herd. The means of transportation between camps were burros, little donkeys. They were gentle even though they were onery. I can remember riding those donkeys from one camp to another. We had three different sheep camps up Cedar Canyon, up on the bench above Cedar City. These burros were fun but you had to be careful that you didn't get behind them. I was riding one and my father was riding a horse and Lyman was sitting behind the saddle with him. They came to an overhanging branch, Pa saw it and leaned down and dodged it and he forgot to tell Lyman. The branch scraped him off back over the horses tail and he hit the ground. He made an awful fuss about it.

When they were marking and docking the lambs, they had a mechanical counter like a watch and you could flip it for each lamb. Of course they knew how many lambs they had, but Pa gave me this counter and he said, "You count the lambs as we cut their tails off, as we dock them." So I would push it for one and then in my enthusiasm I would push it again. Then I would have to keep on pushing it and so instead of reading for the second one, number two, it would read twelve. If I would forget up in the twenty-four, I would have to push it again until it got to thirty-four until the four showed. But I didn't know what those other figures meant. By the time we got the lambs docked my tally was a real flock of sheep. He laughed about that.

My mother's sister had a dairy farm up Cedar Canyon and we went up there to spend two weeks. They had two boys just our ages. Lyman and I and Carl and Bryner were the other two boys. That's the way I remember their names. We had a lot of fun roaming the canyon. We didn't have anything to do, but it was fun to watch them make cheese and we would drive the cows in if we were around and they could get us to. But we spent most of the time just exploring. There was an abandoned sawmill and we

went prying around that and disturbed a hornets nest. One of them stung me on my right eyelid and it swelled up so badly I nearly lost the eye. For the rest of my young life, until I was twenty, one eye was a little bigger than the other one so my face was kind of crooked. The kids would torment me about that. But that did not bother me, instead of going home and crying when they would tease me until I couldn't stand it any more, I would get mad and fight, so I licked every kid within fifty pounds of my own weight before I was eight years old. Then they wouldn't torment me and call me funny names. But that's some of the things I can remember about down there before we came here. My Father brought a car load of belongings to Canada with us. He loaded a boxcar in Lund, Utah, half the car was fenced off and he had twelve head of horses. In the other half of the car he had his furniture and our belongings. My oldest brother, Will, who was about twenty, and a cousin, Roy Wood, rode in the boxcar. They had their bed made up on top of the load in the top of the boxcar and every time it was necessary to water and feed the animals they did it. That's why they came with the boxcar. So they got the trip free and I've heard them tell about the fun they had on that trip. So it took a lot of bananas and crackers to satisfy us. I cannot remember the other meals but we lived through it. Will, Lura, Fern, Jesse, Paul, Lyman, Vilo, Pauline and Mary were the children who came to Canada, Kay the tenth child was born in Canada.

In 1947 we all went back to Harmony for a reunion. All of us that were born there were there. On July the Fourth, 1947, I remember a big celebration that day. Lyman and I spent the day walking around the old farm, to the spring, up to the big pine tree and to the spring ditch which was the water ditch that flowed across the farm which was fed by a spring called Lawson's Spring in the next property just above ours. The ditch flowed and that was half the irrigation system of that little community. I do not know where the other half came from. There was a tree by the spring, I do not know what kind it was but it's branches spread almost horizontal and it had the widest spread of any tree I ever saw, two or three hundred sheep could lie down in the shade of that tree, they were so close to the ground you could not walk under them. That was an interesting detail, but I have never found out what kind of tree it was.

The remains of the old duplex house are still there now, the other members of the family that have gone back since took pictures of it. It was brick, or an adobe house.

When we arrived in Stirling we went to stay with the family of John Adams. John Adams came from either Kannara or Cedar City, they had come to Canada a year or two before and my parents knew them in Utah. They had about a three-roomed house, but they took care of Mother and all of eight kids and we stayed there overnight. Then Will and Roy came over to get us with two democrats. They called them that, if they were double-seated buggies. As I said, it was a cold day when we got into Raymond, it was July First, Dominion Day, and the celebration was over in the afternoon. The parade was over too. They didn't have a stampede on that day. We arrived safely about three or four o'clock, in the two buggies.

Pa had rented a house from a man named Wilcox and we lived in that house, which was on the south end of main street across the canal, until he had built his own house which took about a year and a half, we moved into it in 1907 and lived there the rest of our lives. It is still a good house. It was not insulated and was not very warm but a good house structurally. John W. Taylor had big ideas about building a home, He got a cement block machine and set it up and made cement blocks. My father bought enough cement blocks from him to build this house and the town bought enough cement blocks from him to build the town jail. John W. himself built his own house up to the foundation, and then it kind of folded up and he never did finish his house. The blocks for our house were made just about 500 feet away from the side of the brick house, 90 S 200 W, built by T. Geo. Wood, the hole and some blocks are still there. They were hauled over to our house on a stoneboat with a team about ten blocks at a time. They were set in the wall just a few days after they were made. They were made just as we used them. The Meeks brothers, in later years, bought the rest of the blocks and hauled them away to build foundations for other houses.

The house that John W. Taylor lived in was on Main Street right next to the canal. It was a frame house and he had one family living there. I played with one of his boys, Abram, but I have never seen him since, I do not know whatever happened to him.

My father raised sheep for two years after we moved to Canada with a manager, Wilson Imlay. Then he bought about a thousand acres of land right here and started to farm about half of it. Then two years later he sold his sheep. I remember when he came back to Raymond. I do not know how much money he had but the money was in gold coins and he brought it in leather bags. I remember seeing those two bags of gold coins and he said, "That's the price of a sheep herd." I guess he deposited it in the bank and that is the last gold money I ever saw in my life. When we came to Canada he carried \$500.00 in gold, in a little pouch to pay his way. His main living was horse raising. He would buy horses, breed horses, break horses and sell teams. This was his main love. He farmed for a living, but the thing that he did to keep alive and keep him interested was to breed, break, and match teams and sell horses. He was horse trading all the time. You would never know when he would come back with another team or horse that he had traded for, and one or two would be missing and there would be some new ones. I guess he would get some to boot. When he bought a piano in about 1907 or 08 he bought it from Charlie Fox. He didn't pay for it in cash, he paid for it in horses. He was really a horse man, it was his main love. He died before he got his land paid for and we had to sell it. All that we kept was a section and a half for Will and 400 acres of irrigated land for Lyman and me. He probably had four or five thousand acres under contract when he died but I was only thirteen, Will was only twenty-two. He was badly in debt for the land so most of it went back instead of trying to pay it off. He was a successful farmer and livestock operator, and had a sizeable estate when he died. He grew wheat, oats and barley. I think he planted the first alfalfa that was planted in

Raymond. Most people around here, all that I knew, fed their horses prairie grass for hay. Father did not like that prairie grass. He liked alfalfa. We called it lucerne. So he brought a sack of seed home from Utah. He had gone to conference in 1906, and planted ten acres of alfalfa and as I remember, that was the first alfalfa patch that was in Raymond. It set a pattern for the whole area. Of course it was much better feed, much higher in protein and it has gone ahead by leaps and bounds.

As boys we always milked two or three cows. It was my job to take care of them and milk them. More than that, Father would take us to the farm and give us something to do even though it was just to make jobs to keep us off the streets. He would never let us go downtown and let us bum. In 1910 when I was just twelve years old - coming on thirteen and Lyman was eleven, Pa planted sixty acres of sugar beets. In those days we cultivated the sugar beets with a two-row cultivator drawn by one horse and guided by a man walking behind it holding onto two handles. It cultivated two rows at a time. He had us boys cultivating beets all summer. Lyman was too little to reach the handles so he would ride the horse and guide it down the row and I would walk behind the cultivator and guide it so it would not cut out the beets. We cultivated sixty acres of beets six times and we cultivated twenty acres of beets for H. S. Allen six times that summer. I figured I walked 1100 miles behind the cultivator the summer of 1910, about ten hours a day. Lyman and I figured on starting at seven. We left home at seven o'clock, hooked the old mare onto a buggy and drove out there. Then we hooked her onto the cultivator and work until noon. We came a mile to the reservoir for dinner to give the mare a drink and to feed her and have our lunch. Then we would cultivate until six or six-thirty. We would unhook and come home. Now that was every working day.

Pa would take me to the farm when I was ten, eleven, and twelve years old, and give me four head of horses to harrow grain. I had to walk behind the harrow. He was a great man to harrow winter wheat. He liked to grow winter wheat and in the spring he would start harrowing it. I would harrow it, I think, just to keep me busy. We would harrow it so long that finally the harrow would just ride on the wheat, it wouldn't even hit the ground and then he would let us quit. He wouldn't let me ride the harrow cart because he was afraid I would get tangled up and hurt myself, so I walked.

I learned how to work and I'm glad of that. I started school that fall, in September. The first day of school I had three fights, the kids would call me "pollywog" and that would make me mad. They would look at this eye that was crooked from the hornet sting and they would call me bung eye and I would fight on both occasions. That continued for about a week. One kid called me a bad name while we were lined up to march into school after the bell rang. He was two boys behind me and he gave me this bad name. I turned around and socked him just as the principal walked out of the door to see the fuss, he called us into the office and got the story, He gave me a

bawling-out and he gave the other kid a strapping for tormenting me. After this we had a good time at school.

My teacher was Miss Hodnett from Ontario. She seemed like an old woman, but I imagine she was about thirty. She was a fine teacher. I can remember yet the stories she would read to us like Black Beauty and Treasure Island. She would read ten minutes before school closed if we would be decent and behave ourselves. That first winter we read Black Beauty, Treasure Island and two or three other good books. School was fun.

The new public school was opened in the spring of 1910 and I went over there from the old school. The Academy was opened in October that same fall. That was my last year in public school and then I started high school in the fall in the Academy. I was the first student to register. To be the first registered I had to get there at half past four in the morning. The next student was Hazel Allen, she came at six. Her father was the president of the stake and the chairman of the school board that ran the church academy. He said, "My daughter Hazel is going to be the first student registered." My father heard him and he said, "Are you going to let a girl beat you to the school in the morning?" He was President Allen's counsellor in the stake presidency. So I got up and got over to the school at half past four. Along came Hazel about six but she was way late. So in the big registration book my name is first and Hazel's is second.

Going back to Elementary school, I remember our teacher was a great one to teach us songs. She taught us lots of songs. I do not remember much about the school work, it was fun but just ordinary. I remember in 1906 after the San Francisco earthquake, every school kid in town brought ten cents to a fund to relieve the suffering at San Francisco, I remember taking my dime to school. Miss Hodnett got 100 percent, and this happened in the whole school. I do not know how much money was raised but I do know it went to San Francisco.

Studies came easy to me. I made fairly good marks although I got a surprise. When we got into high school they would never tell us what marks you made, you would just either pass or fail. If you would pass a high school grade, you had to write a government exam for every grade past grade eight. If you would pass, your name would come out in the Lethbridge Herald. If your name wasn't in the Herald, you failed and you took the grade over again. There was no separate subject exam. You either passed the whole grade or failed the whole grade. The Lethbridge Herald told you whether you passed or not, but you never knew your marks. I graduated from high school in 1914 and went to Normal.

In 1924, ten years later, I went to Salt Lake to go to the University of Utah, and the application required your school record. So I wrote to Edmonton to get my school record which was ten years after I had graduated. I paid a dollar and they sent me my

transcript and that's the first time I knew what marks I made. The subjects that I liked the best and thought I was the best in were algebra, geometry and arithmetic, and the ones I disliked were history, grammar and literature. I always had to stay out of school for harvest, and I always was registered late because I had to stay out for a month in the spring to put in the crop so I got the surprise of my life. My algebra marks were just good passing marks in the fifties and sixties. I had the best marks in the subjects I disliked and the poorer marks in the subjects that I just loved. But the explanation to my own mind was that I had missed so much in the fall and in the spring that I had an excuse for my poor marks in my math.

When the Academy opened there had never been a high school in this area at all, and there were only a handful of us, maybe ten or fifteen regular graduates from public school, which would be the regular grade nine in the high school. But there was an influx of older people from eighteen to twenty-four that came to the Academy to get an education that they had missed in their younger life. The average age of students in the school was way older.

I was the smallest, youngest kid in the whole school. So I didn't have a chance in athletics and sports. I had never learned to play because my dad kept me on the farm. I loved basketball but I was never good enough to make the team. It would be older men like Wilford Meldrum, Donald Skousen, Jim Skousen and Irvin Fawns, they were the men and we just loved to watch them play, they were champion players. In field events I was okay, I could hold my own in the pole vault, in fact, I could win in the MIA events up until way after I was married. I regularly won the pole vault. I don't know how high I ever vaulted but I've got ribbons. That's the only sport I was good in, to tell you the truth.

We liked to play tennis in the gymnasium, but that happened later after I got to teaching. I taught in the Academy until it was sold. The Church sold it to the School District. I came back from Normal, taught in Stirling three years and then I taught in the public school here one year. Then I went to the Air Force one year and then when I came back in the fall of 1919 I began teaching in the Academy. I taught there until it closed, about 1921. Asael Palmer was the principal and I was the mathematics teacher and we had a good time there.

In those days we were only required to go to Normal for four months. They had two sessions. You could either go four months in the Fall -- September, October, November and December or four months in the Winter -- January, February, March and April. I went in the fall of 1914. If you had a grade eleven standing you would get a second class certificate but if you had a grade twelve standing you would get a first class certificate. I had passed grade twelve so I got a first class certificate entitling me to teach in any high school in Alberta including grade twelve which I did off and on for the next fifty years. Four months training was not really enough but teaching came

naturally for me and I enjoyed teaching and liked it and made a go at it for the next fifty years. Nowadays you have to have four years training. Of course with four months training you have just got a start. You practiced on the kids and learned as you went. That's what you call in-service training.

When I was in Calgary I boarded with a Mrs. Moran and paid so much a month for room and meals. When I taught in Stirling I boarded. I never did batch. I was in Stirling three years. I started there in January 1915. Actually it was only two and a half years. I left in June 1917. The last winter I was the principal. I boarded with Mrs. Coffin. And I can't remember much about the school itself, I taught grade two and three in the first year and the next year grades four and five. The third year I was the principal and I had grade eight, nine and ten. We didn't have a grade eleven. I had a lot of fun in Stirling and for the first time had a little bit of leisure time during the week, although I would come home and go to the farm every Saturday for all three years. Part of the time I rode a saddle horse and part of the time a bicycle. But I would make the trip home every weekend.

I have kept in touch with many of the students that I had in Stirling. There is one in particular. I said I stayed at Mrs. Coffin's, her eldest daughter, Edna, married a man in Milk River and I have known her and seen her probably two or three times a year at conference time ever since. I taught Edna and Earl in Stirling. They were just younger than I, well, they were not much younger but they were taking grade eleven and we had no regular grade eleven in Stirling. We divided the subjects and each teacher would teach a subject and they got through. Edna was one of them. Interestingly enough, when I went to teach in Milk River after I retired in 1964 I had two boys, Roger Snow and Roy Hummel, who were Edna's grandsons and I had them both in grade eleven. So that's teaching a long time to teach a girl through grade eleven and then grandsons both in grade eleven.

There are a dozen others that I have known and kept track of through the years, Farrell Nelson, Bill Hogenson, Noel and Alma Brandley and Earl Nelson. I could name them by the dozens that have lived around here all through the years.

Discipline in the school in those years is not like it is now-a-days. If a kid got out of line, I would give them several choices. They could be suspended for two weeks, doing a lot of extra homework or take a strap and get it over with in five minutes. They would usually take the five-minute treatment and it worked. I was the principal of the High School in Raymond, for eight years. I got a report I was quite proud of. Now this seems like blowing your own horn, but it's the truth so I'll tell you the story. I can't remember the inspector's name, but he came to the school in March. I had been the principal for two years. By that time we had about two hundred students and about eight or nine teachers. They gave a written report to the teacher and a copy to the school board. The department sent these inspectors out. On my personal report, of my

teaching efficiency, he gave me what he called very good. He said, "I can't give you excellent because you do not have a degree. I reserve the excellent for degree teachers. You notice I put the very good, the VG, right over against the mark. You are doing excellent work." And at the bottom of the report he said, "Mr. Redd enjoys the esteem and respect of the students in this school and the problem of discipline does not enter." I have been quite proud of that ever since. I never really had any trouble in school. I had good relations with most of the kids. Once in a while you would have to give a kid the five-minute treatment if he was real mean. That inspector's report was the highlight of my school career so far as the question of discipline was concerned.

I left Stirling to come back home to Raymond. In the fall of 1917 the war was on and they passed a conscription act. I had been farming all these years, the land that my father left. I had farmed it and hired a man to run it to do the actual driving of the horses. But I managed it. If I had stayed in the school- room, I would have been conscripted into the army. So I quit teaching and came home to farm. That's really why I came home.

I went on the farm and that fall it was a dry year, I finished my own harvest in August and on the first day of September Chris Tollestrup started a threshing outfit, so I took my team and wagon and went pitching bundles for the season which would have normally lasted a month. I had been pitching bundles three days. School opened on Tuesday, the third or fourth of September and about three o'clock in the afternoon two men, the chairman and secretary of the school board, came in a buggy, out into the field where I was loading bundles and said, "We've got to have an extra teacher in Raymond. We've got more kids than our teachers can handle. We've got to open another room and we want you to come and teach that extra room." That was better wages than pitching bundles so I turned my horses into the field the next night and went to teach school.

As I say, I have taught school in Raymond nearly all my life, but I have never written an application. The school board has come to me every single time under circumstances like that. I would decide to quit and go farming and they would come and offer me a position. My first years salary was \$700. \$70 a month for ten months. It went up about \$100 to \$150 a year and in the hungry '20s I was getting twelve, fourteen, and fifteen hundred dollars. Then when the crash came in 1929 they cut our salaries way down. In the fall of 1931 the school board offered me the principalship of the Raymond High School which had about 160 or 200 students and seven or eight teachers, and I accepted that position for \$1410 a year and most of that in script. That's quite a record. That same principal now gets over \$20,000. So that's how money had changed in teaching.

During the depression school went pretty normally except things happened two or three time, either because of the weather or the depression. But in the fall it was two

or three different years they had closed school for a month. They closed for the month of September and October because labor was short, the season was bad and the harvest late. I remember once in 1927 they closed school during the month of October because it rained during September and no harvest had been done. They said the kids could go home and help with the harvest. I hired all the male school teachers and we threshed.

My brother Will and I had a threshing outfit, and I hired all these male teachers and the rest of the crew. We threshed 140,000 bushels of grain and harvested sixty acres of beets in the month of October. We put 140,000 bushels through a 28-inch separator. It was not all wheat, part of it was oats. The beets were 900 tons. School started on the fourth of November again and we were off to the races.

It was closed once in a while in the spring to thin beets the same way. Then in the spring, in the thinning time, we advanced the hour like daylight saving time only it was a local proposition and that got us out an hour early. I think one year we advanced it two hours and we would get out at 2:00 and the kids could thin beets all afternoon and school went on as usual. That was a local way of overcoming the labor shortage.

We have always had enough to live on. After I was married we had a hard time during the Depression years from 1919 to 1936, to get along, money was short but we never suffered, and got along pretty well. Then in 1951 hoof-and-mouth disease hit the cattle business. I had 200 head of cattle on feed that I had bought for thirty-six cents a pound and fed them all that crop. They weren't worth anything in the spring. I rented pasture for the summer and then fed them the next crop and they were fat cattle the second year, mature two-year-old steers and I sold them for sixteen cents a pound. That was in 1952 or '53. It took me twelve years to pay that bill off. I fed steady for the next twelve years and paid that debt off to the Central Feeders just in time for the Central Feeders to go broke. We have had a good life, though some challenges.

I married Grace Brandley in 1917. We have six children, Maurine, Theodora, Hazel, Alma, Norma and John. In the first ten years of our life we moved fourteen times. Then in 1927 we moved into a house that I built here in Raymond and we stayed there over twenty years. Grace passed away in 1936. We had a good life with our kids.

I met Grace at Christmas time 1914. I went to a dance here in Raymond and there was a party of young people from Stirling that came to that dance. Grace was one of them. It was kind of love at first sight. I thought she was the prettiest girl I ever saw. I thought she had the prettiest dress I ever saw. I asked her to dance with me and she said yes and I asked her two or three more times that night and she said yes. So we had a good time together. From then on she was kind of a dream gal. I didn't date her at all in the spring but the next fall I went to Stirling again. That was my second year in Stirling, and I boarded at Brandley's place. That's where she lived. And we walked to school every morning and home most of the nights. Sometimes she would beat me home. But she was a lovely person.

That summer I dated her and went over to Stirling quite often. I remember going on the 24 July. There was a big celebration in Stirling and I had a new buggy, a new rubber tired buggy and quite a nice little gray mare. It was a real good outfit. I had graduated from the saddle-horse by this time. This was my third year in Stirling. So I had a date with Grace for the celebration that day and drove over about noon. We went down to the park, I tied my horse up and we were watching the sports and the races and having a good time. We came back in about an hour, and two of our friends had stolen my horse and buggy. They untied the horse and drove the outfit through the biggest mud hole they could find. My bright, new, clean painted buggy was as muddy and dirty as could be and my gray mare was splattered with mud. They thought that was a good joke. It didn't bother us at all. I washed the buggy and we continued on with our fun.

We dated pretty regularly the next year. I remember going to Stirling in the winter for the New Year's dance. I had a date with Grace. I went in a buggy, but this time it was a different buggy with a team instead of one horse. It was heavy driving and so I took a team. The dance closed at 12:30 and I took Grace home and we visited for a while. I left there about 1:15 to come home and it was a cold night, it was really cold. It must have been twenty below. So I just hung the lines over the dashboard and crawled under the robes and went to sleep. The team knew the way home anyway. But the team not only knew the way home, they also knew the way to the farm. I went to sleep and I woke up just coming daylight. The buggy was stopped and I looked up to see what was the matter. The team had stopped right in front of the barn door out at the farm which was just as far from home as Stirling was. Here I was cold and hungry, the team was discouraged, it was twenty below zero and I still had a seven mile trip to make to get home to breakfast. So that dance cost me quite a trip.

In the summer of 1917 we decided to get married. I left Stirling and came home to teach and that kind of broke our hearts. We decided we would be steady, then I guess we decided to be married. We set the date for Christmas time in 1917. We were determined we would be married in the temple. I was teaching school in Raymond so I got my sister Fern to take my room. This was the same grade that the school board had come out to the wheat field to ask me to teach. So I asked Fern if she would teach the last week of school before Christmas and she said, "Yes." So we got on the train and went to Salt Lake to be married in the temple. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on the 19 December 1917. Grace lacked six days of being eighteen years of age. She would have been eighteen on the twenty fifth. Her birthday was Christmas day.

We went to get the marriage license in the city and county building and of course, they took our statistics. When the clerk looked at the date of her birth and the date of our application he said, "Have you your parent's consent." She said "Yes." He said "Have you it in writing?" She said "No." So he was a little doubtful as to whether he would give us the license or not. I was just over the mark. I was nineteen so I was

all right. While we were wondering what we were going to do about it, another man came in from the adjoining office. The door was open and he heard the conversation and it was B.S. Young who used to live in Raymond. He knew my parents and he knew the Brandleys. And he said, "Maybe I can help you out." He was quite a joker but this day he didn't joke at all. He was really serious and cooperative. He said, "I know these people, I know their parents. I know their fathers and their mothers and I know it's all right. So if you will give them the license I will take the responsibility for the next six days." So we got our license and went to the temple. We never did get another chance to thank him, but I'll tell you we appreciated that friendly gesture that morning.

We got married and we got home. When we landed in Stirling on the 30 December there was a Chinook blowing and the snow was slushy and wet. My brother, Lyman, was going to come over to Stirling to meet us. The train did not come on to Raymond. So we went up to Brandley's and he drove over to meet us. We decided that since it was the 31 to stay for the dance, the New Year's dance. He stayed with us and went to the dance and we were coming home after the dance. The weather turned and by the time the dance was out at 1:00 it was fifteen below zero. We came home to Raymond. We came to my mother's home. I had two rooms upstairs that were partly prepared for our new home, but it wasn't completed. So we stayed at mother's that night and the next day we got squared away in our new home. Of course, I went back to school on the third of January.

We spent the Christmas holidays in Utah, and it was the mildest Christmas they had had for years. We went to Richfield where she was born, the farmers were plowing in their fields during the Christmas week. It was that kind of weather. But when we got home it was chinooking in Stirling. There was snow on the ground but there was a nice Chinook on. But when we came home after the New Year's dance it was fifteen below zero. We stayed in this little apartment for a year.

I joined the Air Force in April, just four months after we were married. I left Grace home in this little apartment. I was in the Air Force from April until January. In the interval, Maurine, our first baby was born on the 15 September 1918. There was a flu epidemic, the 1918 flu epidemic. I was in the aerial school and the flu epidemic closed the school. They expected it to be closed for two weeks and I applied for leave to come home for those two weeks and it was granted. I got on the train and came home in September and was due to leave on the 14 or 15 of September and be back on the 19 of September. Grace was ready to have the baby so the doctor wired the commanding officer in Toronto and he extended my leave, four days. So I was here for the birth of my first daughter and then I had to leave. I left Grace and baby in good hands, in my mother's hands, and had a good time being home. It was the culmination of a lifetime for any man to be there for the birth of his first child, we had anticipated her arrival. It was just about the highlight of my life so far, to be there for the birth of our first child. We were extremely happy to get her. We had six children in all.

By the time the kids got big enough to move and walk and talk we had prospered enough that we had bought a Ford car and we spent quite a lot of time using the car for necessities, fun and holidays. Our favorite pastime was singing songs. My dad had a repertoire of maybe twenty-five or thirty songs, good, bad and indifferent and I had learned them all. So all of our children and Grace, my wife knew the songs. We would spend the time on the road singing songs. When we get together to this day we quite often sing those same old songs.

The war ended before I saw any action, and I came home. We moved fourteen times, renting different homes. Then I bought a little house for \$625 just a block south of my mother's big house and fixed it up. We lived there five years with one interruption. The school district bought the Knight Academy and I was teaching there. The principal of the Public School, DeVoe Woolf, was a mathematics teacher, so they didn't need me and I was out of a job. so I went back on the farm. I farmed that summer. I had been farming all the time, but I laid off one of my hired men and took his place and was acting farmer. I had two hired men all the time. Chris Jensen from Magrath came and said, "We need a teacher over there. Will you come and teach in Magrath?" The offer was attractive enough that I said yes, so we moved to Magrath for a year and rented a house there. By this time we owned the little house in Raymond so we rented it, we had fixed it up and it was a nice little three-roomed home. So we moved to Magrath. At the close of the year I got an offer from the Raymond School Board to teach here so we came back. Hazel was born while we lived in Magrath.

In 1925 we decided to build a house. To build a house in those days was a real task. You had to haul your own gravel, mix your own cement and make your own foundation and everything. It took two years to build it but we got it built and moved into it and lived there for the next twenty-five years. Grace only lived there ten years when she passed away. I have always treasured the memory that we had a good home for the last ten years of her life. It was furnished well and was really comfortable. Our youngest child, John Paul was born in this home 1 July 1929. The others were all alive before we got into that new home. Alma and Norma were born in the little home we bought first. Theodora was born in Lethbridge, Maurine at mother's home, and Hazel in the home in Magrath.

We had doctors and midwives both in Raymond. Mrs. Deardon and Mrs. Gibb were the midwives, Doctor Greenway, Doctor Astrof and Doctor Murray were the doctors I remember. The children were all healthy except Hazel, she had poliomyelitis, when she was two years old and it left her crippled in her leg. She never let it stop her from doing anything she wanted to do. Theodora was born in a private hospital owned by Mrs. Van Haarlem, in Lethbridge.

In 1926, just before Norma was born, I caught a bad cold, and had the flu or whatever it was. I didn't stay home long enough and went to the farm to work. I got

sick and got pneumonia and had to go to the hospital. I stayed home for a week and they nursed me there, my sister Vilo was a nurse and she helped. Then they took me to the hospital, I was scared to death, I thought to go to a hospital was sure death. I found out different. I recovered.

About two weeks before Christmas 1935, Grace became ill. We took her to the hospital in Lethbridge, we did not have one. She stayed there until Christmas eve and the doctor let her come home. We had a wonderful Christmas, quiet and lovely. We were all together. Then in the night she got sick again and about midnight I took her back to the hospital. She didn't get better. She stayed real sick until the 14 January 1936 when she died. Frank Taylor brought the children to see her but she was gone. We all went to Fern and George Laycock's home and had hot chocolate before returning home. It was very, very cold. Hazel sat in the front seat and rubbed a bag of salt on the windshield to keep it frost free.

John was six years old and Maurine was eighteen years old. It was a very sad time for all of us. We had Dorothy Nurse come into the home to help us. She was very good to the children and a good housekeeper. She had come from England after joining the church. She stayed with us until I married Emma Brandley Peterson, Grace's sister. She is two years older than Grace and I met her before I met Grace. We took a High School play to Stirling. I wasn't in the play but I was a good driver and I had a good team and bobsled so I took the cast. Before the show, there was a little hole in the curtain, I looked over the audience through this hole, and I could see a girl down there in a navy blue middie with a bright red collar and I thought, "She's a pretty girl." The play was over by about ten or so and they cleared the benches back and we danced until twelve before we came home. I had a good time. I danced twice with Em. I met her, this gal with the middie with the bright red collar. So I knew her a year or so earlier than I knew Grace.

We knew each other because of family ties. We were married 12 November 1938. We were sealed in the Alberta Temple 30 June 1943. She and her husband were divorced. They had nine children.

In the years I was alone we got along fine as a family, Dorothy was good and the children helped her. Time heals a lot of things. The first summer I got an appointment marking papers in Edmonton and I took the family with me. It helped take away the pain of losing their mother. Solon Low was up there and he found a house for me. I rented a furnished house for the month that I was to be there. Everything was furnished including the linen for \$35. So I loaded the family, Dorothy and Melvin King, into the car and we went to Edmonton. We had a wonderful summer. After marking papers, Dorothy, Melvin and I would go play golf. The children would swim all day, and then stay at the pool to swim for the evening while we golfed. Dorothy was a good swimmer and taught them how to swim and they all took tests and each one got a

swimming certificate by the end of the summer. John who was only seven years old, could swim two lengths of the pool with the crawl stroke and they could all swim better than I could. This wonderful summer took away from their minds, the sharpness and vividness of the grief of losing their mother.

Life went on pretty much as usual. I would take the kids to the farm in the spring and they would thin and hoe beets, and hoe the garden, I used the money they made to buy their fall school clothes and books, they never were paid in cash. They would help can vegetables and fruit. They were good kids to take responsibility.

After I married Em, there were fifteen children in the home. We finished two bedrooms in the basement, and had plenty of room for them all. We had a few problems, but all families do. It was in 1939, the depression was over, I was teaching, and with the farm income we got along nicely, the older children got jobs and that helped too. I think everything went pretty nicely. Soon the older ones got married and now we are alone.

We lost one child, Grace, Em's youngest. In 1949 when she was fifteen, she had serious headaches and was in bad pain quite often all winter and spring. so we finally took her to the doctor and he said he suspected she had a brain tumor. And he said, "There are three places you can go, and they can verify and treat if it's possible." You can go to Edmonton, you can go to Montreal or you can go to Rochester. So we took her to Montreal. Doctor Wilder Penfield was in Montreal and he was quite noted as a brain specialist. So we took a plane for Montreal and when we got there they were as kind as they could be and as considerate as could be. The doctors and nurses did everything they possibly could.

We were there a month but they couldn't do anything for this tumor. The doctor said, "Please don't ask us to give her radium treatments or cobalt treatments. I had a daughter two years ago that had the same trouble, the same affliction and we gave her radium treatments or cobalt treatments. It just added to her agony." So we said, "All right, we will do what you say." We put her in the hospital. He said, "What is likely to happen, is the good Lord has decreed that when they have a brain cancer there is no pain." We were grateful for that. She got weaker and weaker. At first she kind of brightened up when we brought her home. We had a boarding-place, a housekeeping room, and we brought her home for a week but we had to take her back to the hospital. In a few days she passed away. That's the only one we've lost. The other fourteen are all living and all married, we have over sixty grandchildren. They are all perfect, physically and mentally.

Maurine is my eldest, she married David G. Wood. They live in Calgary and have two children, both married, Roxie and Richard do not have any children. Denton and Marilyn have two girls.

Theodora is next, she married Ted Stevenson and lives in Calgary. They have five children. Beverly, Neil is married, he and Jane have a baby boy. David also married recently. Melvin is married to Sylvia and they have a baby boy. Their youngest Shirley is still in school.

Hazel is next, she married Boyd Gibb, they live in Bountiful, they have a family of eight. Randall is married to Diane, they have two small children. Theodora is married to Brian, they have four. Christine is married to Dave and they have four. Dianne married Brent and Sherry married Scott, who is a brother to Brent. Denise, Leslie, and Kim are still at home. Alma is next. She married Ross Mendenhall. They live here in Raymond and have six, Grace married Ken Svenson, they have four children. Max, the second is married. He and Scarlett have two children. Anne is married to Fred Layton, they have two. Gwen passed away of meningitis, in infancy. Douglas and Bruce are still at home.

Norma my next, with her husband, Harold Fairbanks have five children, they live in Saugus, California. Paula has four children. Steven is married to Toni and has three children. Nena is married to Bob, and Roger and John Graham, are still at home. I am sorry I cannot remember at the moment all their names.

My youngest John Paul married Sherrill Drake, they have seven children, John Drake, Jane, Paul, Susan, Rebecca, Dianne and Phillip James.

Garth Benjamin is Em's oldest. He married Lois Stone and they have four children. David, Rena, Leighanne and Lyndra. Besides these four they have Gregory, by Garth's former marriage and Vickie, Lavon's daughter whom they raised.

Jean, Em's second, married Melvin Anderson. They have two children. Judy has three children, Laurie Em, after her grandmother, Kathleen and Virginia. Richard, her second, is married to Anita and they have four children.

Mary, Em's third child married Dean Nelson, they have three children, Cameron and Sherrill have four. Susanne is married to Bill Briggs and they have two children. Nancy has one daughter. Mary and Dean raised Debbie, Lavon's third child.

Virginia (Danny), aunt Em's daughter, married Clarence Pittman and they have two, Robert, who is soon to be married and Mary Ann, (Cluny) has four, Kimberly, Roberta, Nicole and Jennifer.

Harold Richard (Jim), why they call him Jim I do not know, married Eileen Simmons, they have four. Daniel is married. Then there is Michael, Laurie is married to Richard Mack, and they have two children. Lindsey is still at home. They raised Larry, LaVon's eldest. LaVon (Vonny) and her husband Lee Sidebottom, had three children, Larry, Vickie is married and has a baby, and Debbie. Lee, a veteran of the

World War 11 passed away a few years ago. Vonny is now a widow and her health broke, thus her family raised her children.

Barbara Em's next child married has four children. Grace is married with two. Shelly is married with one. Randy and Kelly are still at home. She is now married to Mark Sherman.

Helen lives in Bakersfield and has five children, Tracy is married, Richard is through school. There is Sherry, Wendy and Becky at home.

Grace Elithe, Em's youngest, I have told about already, her death has been a great sorrow to us.

Along with our sixty grandchildren we have thirty six great grand children. Which are a marvellous and great blessing from the Lord. They are scattered from Edmonton to Bakersfield, they are all taking their places in life in their communities and they are children to be proud of. We take great satisfaction in their accomplishments and their integrity.

My health is good, Em's is not. She has a real problem with her health, but the Lord willing, we'll see to whatever we have to come through and meet it. When we were able, we attended the Temple each week and loved the service there.

In the Church, I spent ten years as a counsellor to the bishop in the Raymond First Ward with Heber Allen as the bishop and Clarence Allred as the other counselor. Em has been a teacher in every organization of the church, in the ward. She was an excellent teacher and her young girls from the MIA, still remember her and call on her, years later. She has always been grateful that she served so faithfully while she could. She was a town librarian for some years.

As I grew up I was in all the quorums and presidencies of all the quorums up to and including the seventies. I was president of the seventies and then I went into the bishopric and became a high priest. Most of my church activity has been in the teaching field, all my life, as has Em's and as was Grace's, she was also in the Primary presidency. We have all served both the church and the community.

I was never in any political office, but I campaigned a few times for men like John Blackmore, Solon Low, Ted Hinman and Mark Spencer in the Social Credit field.

I retired when I was sixty five but went back to teaching in Milk River and Warner when I was sixty seven and taught for four

years. I have rented my farm to the Hutterites, they farm it very good. I like to play

golf and made me a golf cart to ride in. I love to do carpentry work and have built many homes. I am now building another home. It will have the same kind of water heating as the other ones. There are copper pipes in the ceiling and they are controlled automatically, it is a lovely heat and very economical. I pioneered this kind of radiant heat here in Southern Alberta.

Life had been extremely good to me. I have thought time and time again how fortunate and how blessed I am to have had the life that I have had. Yes, I have had my challenges but I could always pay my bills and now I do not owe anyone anything. We have many blessings that really make life worth living. To you who may care to read my story I say, Do the thing that you like to do, do it honestly, give a day's work for a day's pay, keep yourself clean, keep yourself active in the church, keep on friendly terms with your neighbors and trust the rest of it to the Lord. But do not be afraid to work. If there is work to be done, do it. May the Lord be with you in your lives as He has been in mine.

Paul wrote this history before all his grandchildren were born.