FOREWORD

In 1995, several cousins were Temple workers at the Alberta Temple on the same shift, Friday afternoon, Philip Redd, Alma Redd Mendenhall, Merne Laycock Livingstone and her husband Don. Barbara Redd MacPhee was on the Thursday afternoon shift, but often substituted on Fridays. We all enjoyed seeing each other there, and the many cousins who attended — Marvin and Guinivere Redd Torrie, Deanie and Garry Redd Ursenbach, Audrey and Hugh W. Laycock, Irene Redd Jensen, Laurel and Wm. Smellie Redd, and many of the neices and nephews.

One day, Guinivere asked if anyone had ever typed the old "Redd Review" stories into a computer so copies could be made for grandchildren. Alma, Barbara and Merne decided that they would do this, and the project was assigned out and begun during the winter of 1995-96. The "Redd Review" was started about 1959, and was laboriously typed on a manual typewriter by Alma, onto purple ditto masters which were duplicated on a spirit duplicator and collated by Barbara and Uncle Kay Redd. (For you of the younger generation, and some who may have forgotten, see note below for a description of a spirit duplicator.)

Some of the originals of Lura's were carbon copies typed by her on her little manual portable typewriter. She would do a copy for each of her siblings, and if you received some of the last copies, they were very faint. We wonder how she had the strength in her hands to hit those old keys hard enough for that eighth or tenth copy.

Of course, the carbon from the carbon paper sort of splashed, because she had to hit so hard, and that also contributed to the difficulty in reading her copies. But, even if some of the copies were not very clear, we were happy to have them. How our parents treasured them when they came to our homes as Christmas gifts.

Indeed, our family's history would be very sparse if it weren't for Aunt Lura's perseverance and dedication in researching, writing and disseminating it through writing and the spoken word. Much credit also goes to Kay for spear-heading things here in southern Alberta — for collecting the money, assisting in the collating and distributing the Review. Thanks, Kay and Alma!

Histories of our ancestors, in the Redd Review, were written, mostly by Lura Redd, and life stories of William A. Redd's children were begun, but only Will's got included before we ran out of steam, so those of the other children have been added now, 1996, compiled by family members.

For those who would read more of the Redd family, Lura was also the editor of a hard-bound 589-page history and genealogy called THE REDDS OF UTAH which was edited and published by Amasa Mason Redd in 1973. Most of those of the earlier generations will have a copy of this book.

We hope you will enjoy these histories, and distribute copies to your children.

*Note: For the information of the younger generation who are used to computers and other electronic gadgets, and have never seen a spirit duplicator, it was considered a marvelous improvement over the hektograph, one of the first methods of duplicating information, after carbon paper. A hektograph was made of a gelatin base, and when the stencil was placed on the gelatin, the ink from the stencils penetrated this gelatin. Sheets of paper were then pressed onto the gelatin, and the words or drawings were blotted onto the sheet, producing a

limited number of smeary copies. This was used extensively by school teachers.

The spirit duplicator went a step further. To make a spirit master, a white sheet was placed over an inked sheet of the same size so that, when one typed, the ink would be blotted onto the treated white sheet. This master was fastened to a roller. Then, as a crank was turned, the roller turned, and a white sheet of duplicator paper was automatically pulled across a wick which was moistened from a reservoir of alcohol. This moist paper picked up the inked images from the master and thus a copy was made. A master would do about 90 pages, if one was careful of the alcohol flow, and didn't mind if some of the later copies were faint. Again, a great boon to school teachers.

JOHN LOWE AND CAROLINE SKEEN BUTLER — OF COURAGE AND FAITH

Through the ages of the earth, the Lord has strengthened women to fulfill their roles as helpmeets and companions to their husbands, and mothers in Zion.

For example, we read in I Nephi 17:

1. And it came to pass that we did again take our journey in the wilderness; ... And we did travel and wade through much affliction in the wilderness; and our women did bear children in the wilderness.

2. And so great were the blessings of the Lord upon us, that while we did live upon raw meat in the wilderness, our women did give plenty of suck for their children, and were strong, yea, even like unto the men; and they began to bear their journeyings without murmurings.

For Caroline Skeen Butler, who walked beside John Lowe Butler through those soul-rending, body wrenching, heart-breaking experiences of the Mormon pioneers, this help from the Lord was provided also.

In order to understand the life and trials of a woman, as she supports and sustains her husband and family, one must know somewhat of the man. So, this history will tell much of Caroline's husband, John Lowe Butler, using quotations from his autobiography.

John was born "in Simpson County Kentucky, April 8th, 1808. My father was James Butler .... My Mother's name was Charity Lowe before her marriage." He was the fourth child in the family of fourteen children, four of whom were stillborn.

From his early youth, John had "serious reflections on futurity. My parents being of Methodist faith and hearing them talk about it."

Along with this concern for futurity was another factor which, one can readily deduce, would have serious consequences for his future wife. It was John's poor health. He writes:

"When about seven years of age I was taken sick with the imflamtary rheumatics. It passed from my feet to my finger ends in every joint. It left me in very poor health, and shortly after I was taken with what the Doctor called an impaston (probably and infection) in my leg. And after it began to mend I took the dropsy in my eye ... And the doctor said it would be difficult to save.

"From that time till I was in my twentieth year I had twelve hard attacks of the rheumatics, it taking me as least once a year and sometimes twice .... When in my nineteenth year pain fell on my left side, and arm and thigh and leg began to shrink and fail me so that I began to think that I should loose the use of that side altogether. I was so reduced that my mother could carry me from one room to another with ease in her arms but through means used the Lord began to restore my limbs again so that when I was twenty two years of age I was getting better than ever I expectd to be. I was able to do labour at light work."

At this time, he began to think seriously about his future existence and wonder what the Lord would want with someone such as he on the earth, and to desire better health.

Even with these problems, he grew to a height of six feet by the time he was twenty-two.

And later, after joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, he grew two more inches and "grew quite stout" as he records. In later years, his size was an important factor in his accomplishing the Lord's work.

At about this time, in his twenty-first year, he and his friends begin attending the many revival meetings being held in the area.

Three of these are converted to Methodism, but John continues his search. He tells, in great detail, his experience in finding the truth. I will quote much from his writings in order to give understanding of his zeal once he found the truth.

John tells of his wrestle with evil power after he makes a firm decision to find "religion."

"When crossing the room there was a power came on me that threw me to the ground and every nerve in me seemed to be numb and my hands cramped, and the first thing I knew I cried for the Lord to have mercy upon me. I thought now they all had found out that I was seeking religion and that made me feel very mean. I lay there for six hours, but did not think it more than one hour. Feeling came (probably calm) when I first arose but it was not long till Darkness and the same bad feeling came back to me again."

Later, he tells: "I seemed to have a view of myself, I thought I could see every sin I every committed and while in this condition I felt with all my soul to call upon the Lord God to forgive me, a sinner. And all of an instant the burden left me and I felt to rejoice for a minute or two, then I stopped to think what such a change meant. I thought is this religion? There was a voice whispered to me and said 'you have yet to preach the gospel to the world'...That day I gave my hand to the Methodists on trial" and he began to search the scriptures.

Through this, he gains a firm conviction that baptism by immersion is right. His parents, wanting him to stay with the Methodists who did not baptize a second time, find a Methodist minister who will baptize again. But when John is baptized his Methodist associates laughed and made fun of him.

He says, "It hurt my feelings to see those professing to be saints make light of the commandments of God ... and finally concluded that I would not live a people that would do so and went to the baptist and was baptized again telling them at the same time I did not believe one word of the Predestinarian Doctrine (predestination) as held forth by them but as they valued baptism by immersion."

At age 23, in 1831 John married Caroline Skeen, daughter of Jesse and Keziah Taylor Skeen. Caroline was born April 12, 1812 on an estate along Drake's Creek in Sumner County, Tennessee. She was the daughter of what was, in their day in Kentucky, a middle class family, her parents having considerable land, 1450 acres, and eleven slaves in their household of twenty-two. It was said that Caroline never combed her own hair until after her marriage. (Hartley) Her Negro mammy combed it.

John's family would have been classed yoeman in the Kentucky society of their day. They had small holdings, were comfortably situated on a small farm of 600 acres. Fortunately for them, considering John's frail health, they apparently had the help of at least two Negroes, possibly the slaves given to Caroline at their marriage, and who had been freed by John. The Butlers did not believe in slavery.

Both John and Caroline were from families who had come to America before the revolution and had fought for the cause of freedom against the British. Had pioneered along the early frontiers.

So these two were not unprepared for the rigors they encountered in embracing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in its infancy, nor for the necessity of defending their beliefs with great sacrifice and courage. They had heard the stories by or about their forebears, and these steeled them in their time of "refining."

John, with Caroline's support, continues to search for the word of God but "could find no relief" although he continued to go to meetings. When one of the men of the Baptist church tells him the Lord will continue to chastise him until he agrees to preach their faith, John is filled with a rebellious spirit and decides he will quit going to the meetings, as there is such a spirit of contention and nothing to be gained.

Discouraged, because he also did not seem to be able to learn what he wanted to know through study of the scriptures, and his prayers, John goes home and tells his wife, Caroline that he is going to give it all up.

He reports that "it hurt her feelings very much indeed. I then went to put up my horse. My barn was up by my Orchard. When I had got there I found that a wind storm had passed over when I was away and had destroyed several of my fruit trees by blowing them down and had blown off a great deel of the fruit from the other trees. When I saw what had happened I began to feel very angry to think that the Lord should send such a storm to do me so much damage. And still feeling the same independent spirit I stood up looking towards the heavens saying I would not preach such stuff as my Baptist Brethern told me I would have to preach. And if he thought he would make me to try it and I would quit Praying to him for he would not answer me and I would be as independant as he. While in this exercise of mind there was several streeks of lightning passed before me in the heavens. I said 'I know you can strike me dead with lightning but pop away if you wish for I will neither Preach, pray, go to meeting, nor read the scripture any more.'"

He then gets some corn tops and begins feeding his horses when he hears a voice which says, "I will set on you a refiners fire." He turns to see the speaker, but there is no one.

Realizing what he has done, he returns to the house and relates his experience to Caroline. One can imagine the anxiety of this good woman, who has followed his searchings, and, quite possibly, is searching for her own witness. Probably, with some limitation on her understanding of his condition, as research shows that her own family appears to have no formal religious affiliation. But we can imagine that she herself has developed a feeling of religious conviction, as we have noted earlier, John's report of her hurt feelings when he decides not to read any more scripture.

After the interview with Caroline, John determines to read Malachi which he does, reading it through twice. In Malachi it speaks of the refiner's fire. John then decides "never to open it again" but to go once more to pray for the last time.

He retires to a field where he had made prayers before, but he reports, "Fifty feet from the house my whole mental powers seemed to be drawn out to God to know the truth and the true order of his Kingdom, and if I could only know that I would do anything even to the laying down of my life if necessary."

He hears the voice again saying, "Stand still and see the salvation of God and that will be truth." "That instant a light shone round me. I was fill'd with the Spirit of the Lord and saw clearly that God would save all the workmanship of his hands and truth would stand or be set up in our midst, and it will not need propping up as the sects of the day had continued to do. From this time I began to look for something to come forth different to what we then had in any church. I often told my bretheren that the truth would stand alone and might be told by an

illiterate man. It could not be put down."

He tells that, following this spiritual manifestation, things go along "tolerably well." He continues to attend meetings where he agrees to preach, but mostly on the subject of repentance.

He also was "keeping school at that time, for I was unable to do much hard work being sickly from my boyhood." They must have depended heavily upon their servants to work the land and do the heavy tasks in a household in those early days.

One can imagine the responsibility and worry Caroline assumed, for which she was probably not prepared, having come from a home where there were many slaves to do her bidding.

Now, along with all of the above, she has children to bear and rear. So far, there are three: Kenyon Taylor 17 November 1831, William Alexander 20 April 1833 who died four months later, Charity Artamesia 13 Jun 1834. Heartaches for this young couple and joys. One imagines their sorrow when leaving the little grave when they move to Missouri to be with the Saints.

March 1, 1835 came the announcement at the Baptist meeting that two Mormon Elders were coming to preach. When John decides to hear them, two baptist men are appointed to accompany him.

In John's words, "I expected they would speak from their golden bible but they did not and to my astonishment, they commenced preaching the first principals as set down in the new testament. This astonished me. I knew every word they said to be truth for I had the testimony of it. I asked them a few questions and they kindly answered them. I then told them that my house was a home for them as long as they wished."

The "brethren" with him say to one another "how John is taken up with them, see his mouth is wide open to swallow it all, this doctrine will just suit him for it is what he has been seeking after..."

John invites the elders to come and preach at his home. Then returns to tell his family what he has found. His mother, who is staying with them says, "Yes, that is just like you, you were not content with the Methodist, then you joined the Baptist, and they do not suit you, now you will join these Mormons." But, later, John's mother, too, recognizes the truth.

John's reply to his mother's comment is that the Lord has said try all things and hold fast that which is good.

Caroline, apparently, has received her own witness before her husband, and supports him in his new found faith, because, when he comes home from a meeting and reports to her that, "They preached the Order of the kingdom and I had never heard any thing so plain in all my life before. A child could understand it all. It was just the thing I had been hankering for...I asked to my wife what she thought of the Mormon Elders. She said she thought that they were men of God and that it was the only true Church of God and only way to be saved.

To this testimony, Caroline will cling desperately, in the coming months and years of persecution, after they leave to join the body of the Saints in Ray County. In truth, she will need its strength for the rest of her life as she and John valiantly follow the leadership and counsel of the Lord's prophets.

Consider the role of this good woman, who bore and reared twelve children while

supporting her husband, and in many cases accompanying him, while he filled the assignments described below:

"During anti-Mormon turmoil in Missouri, John became a Danite and militiaman defending his people. In Nauvoo Joseph Smith called John to be one of his twelve official bodyguards, an officer position in the Nauvoo Legion. John thereafter filled several Legion assignments. After Joseph Smith's death, Brigham Young chose John to be one of his bodyguards, and John also helped guard the Nauvoo Temple." Hartley p. ix

"Between 1840 and 1847 he (John Butler) served four special missions among the Native Americans, two of which Joseph Smith ordered. Brigham Young sent John to help stabilize James Emmett's Iowa Expedition in 1844-45. Then, President Young called John to merge the Emmett group into a large contingent of Saints who wintered among Ponca Indians instead of at Winter Quarters.

In Utah Territory John helped the LDS Church claim Green River ferries from mountain men. At Spanish Fork he had Indian Farm responsibilities, made complex by the Utah War. He was a Utah militia officer. And, rare among Mormonism's corps of frontiermen, John became an ecclesiastical leader, called by President Young to be a pioneer bishop to unify the Spanish Fork settlement. Hartley p. ix

Following their conversion, and contemplating baptism, John, and we assume Caroline along with him, contemplate what joining the Mormons will mean. He will lose his possessions and his reputation, their life will be very hard and different. They will have to sell out and move away. But he remembers his covenant with the Lord a few years before, when he was searching for the truth.

He now records, "But then it was the truth that we had heard and the Elders were sent of God to preach the true and everlasting Gospel. What could I do? I had promised the Lord that I would serve and obey him and even lay down my life for the Gospel's sake if nesssessary, and what was my property against my life."

March 9 1835, John and Caroline along with several others are baptized. After the confirmation, the gift of the Holy Ghost rests upon them and five, among them John, speak in tongues.

Because of the persecution which rages, the Mormon mission- aries, Elders James Emmett and Peter Dustan, leave.

Upon learning of their departure, John's mother says, "O what a fool have I been to have heard the Gospel for two weeks and then to let the Elders go and leave me unbaptized."

Moved by the spirit, the Elders return and baptize the mother and also Caroline's sister, Charity, who is both deaf and dumb. But she has observed, and asks Caroline to explain things to her. Patiently, Caroline explains the truths of the new faith to her sister, Charity.

John reports, "The Lord then opened her understanding and she told my wife that she would be baptized by the men sent of God. But my wife told her she better not, as her Father was very much opposed to Mormonism and that he would lay all the blame upon her (Caroline). But Charity persisted in being baptized. This all took place just after the Elders departed.

"So when the Elders turned back again, they knew that the Lord wanted them for some wise purpose."

Caroline's fears are realized. Her own father, Jesse Skeen, "told every one that he met that me, my wife and Lucy Ann (John's sister) and the Elders all slept together, in one bed on the floor." But John's Uncle, John Lowe, a Justice of the Peace comes to their aid; and he eventually forces Jesse Skeen to sign a "liebill" admitting he had lied.

There were other persecutions. Then, the final trial. Jesse sends word three times threatening to shoot John if he tries to leave and take Caroline. But Caroline is true to her faith and her husband. They continue to make their plans; and, over the next year, gradually dispose of possessions and property.

One day, Uncle John arrives at the Butler's and excitedly asks Caroline for John's gun, as there are some turkeys to shoot. Caroline gives him the gun and he does not return it until the night when the party is leaving, saying "John I should not like to see you kill the old man."

Upon hearing Jesse' threats, John had said to Jesse that he had a good rifle and could shoot as well as Jesse. When he finds his gun gone, he worries about how he will defend himself against his enraged father-in-law. But they remain safe until the time of their departure.

When, in 1836, John and Caroline and their three children and his mother, three brothers and a sister leave, stealthily, for Missouri.

Traveling from early April to 16 of June, they arrive in Ray County (Missouri) and cast their lot with the saints. Here, John and Caroline realize more fully that they have "embraced the truth from God." But probably did not know that they were never to know peace for most of the rest of their lives.

From Ray County, with the saints, they trekked to Clay and then to Caldwell County, and then to Gallatin in Davis County.

It is here on August 8, 1838 that he and Brother Gee and the others fight the mob for the right to go to the polling station. With his increased height and his new found strength, since joining the church, John "felt as if he could handle any two men on the earth." And, indeed, he handles more than two that day.

In his words, "... power rested upon me such as one I never felt before. When I got in reach of them, I commenced to call out aloud for peace and at the same time making my stick (a piece of the heart of an oak and quite large) move to my own utter astonishment, tapping them as though light, but they fell as dead men, their heads often striking the ground first. (He mentions that the stick is quite big and reminds himself, as he wades into the battle that he must strike lightly, or he will kill someone.) I took great care to strike none except those who were fighting the brethren."

Following this episode, John rides to Far West, about fourteen miles where he visits the Prophet. Joseph warns him to move his family immediately. John says he does not want to appear a coward, but follows the counsel of the Lord's chosen, which was his practice until his dying breath.

After the Prophet's warning, fearing retribution for the injuries John had inflicted on the mobsters, he and Caroline pack hurriedly and leave, their second wagon load departing just before dawn.

At daybreak, their neighbor, Brother Gee, sees a mob of about thirty men surrounding the Butler home. He is sure they will all be killed; and is greatly relieved when he rushes to the home of the Taylors and finds the Butlers there, safe and sound.

John's comment, "I thus saw the hand of the Lord in guiding Brother Joseph to direct me to move my family away...and I felt to thank God with all my heart and soul."

As John must continue in hiding, he starts for Far West, leaving his wife to come later with the family. Not an easy assignment for a woman.

Meanwhile, the mobs have rounded up Joseph and Hiram and all the males they can find and jailed them. But, fortunately, they did not find John.

It is about this time that William E. McLellin comes to Emma's and takes possessions, including most of the bedding. The Prophet sent to her for quilts, as it is winter, and cold in the jail. Emma weeps, as she has only two blankets. Caroline and other women tell her to send Joseph the blankets and they will see that she has some. True to her word, Caroline returns to the Smiths with the precious bed clothes.

In the next few years, John serves several missions, while Caroline remains at home, looking after family and farming, enduring the worry, fear and loneliness of those violent times on the frontier, and with the addition of religious persecution by the mobs. So often, the men had to hide, or fight, or go on missions; and the women, like Caroline, carried on at home, sustained and made strong for their burdens through their faith in the Lord. Even as the women of Lehi's family were strengthened when they traveled in the wilderness, as recorded in the Book of Mormon.

The trip to Quincy, Illinois is an example. John has gone ahead to "keep school" and Caroline and the children follow, bringing the light wagon and two horses with their goods. The Smoots, who have no wagon, accompany them, and because the wagon was light, all have to walk. By this time they have four living children, one of them my great grandmother, Keziah Jane, born in 1837. The first child born near Quincy is Caroline Elizabeth, born in 1839.

In John's words, "... it was a hard trial for women and children to pass through the severity of the weather and the hard-heartedness of the people. But they will have to suffer for their ill treatment of the Saints ... Well it still kept bitter cold, and my wife and children suffered very much indeed."

John's detailed record of Caroline's trials during her journey to Quincy gives us some idea of his love and devotion to his wife, and his understanding of her courage and endurance in the face of their many hardships.

The following are examples of her experiences, as recorded in John's retrospective. At one time, Caroline's eyes became very sore, and Sister Smoot had to lead her for several days. At one house the man invited them in to get warm, but the woman said she "could not think of such a thing" as they and the children might have some disease. So they were turned away from the warm fire and back out into the cold.

There were a few bright spots in the tale of anguish. Like the day when the back horse kicks up its heels and strikes Sister Smoot, who is seated in the front of the wagon, and little Kisia (Keziah Jane) who is on her lap. They were bleeding "most fearfully" and a woman came out of her house to help them.

Interesting that she brought brown paper and camphor to treat the wounds.

Another time, when they had built a fire to keep warm, the farmer came out and told them they could not cut another piece of wood. Then he left them, "to their own meditations," as John quaintly records.

They finally arrive in Quincy where there is more hardship, and the dreaded cholera. John spends little time telling of the hardships.

In 1860, when John makes his record, he write briefly of the hardships. One wonders if he wishes them to be forgotten, or if the Lord has mercifully blessed him with forgetfulness. A great grandmother of mine, Tamar Loader, who came with the ill-fated Martin Handcart Company, told her granddaughter, Irene Smellie, that she never wanted the tragic story written.

John Butler relates some of the trying circumstances of his missions to the Indians. On one of these, he takes his family. But the Indians are not responsive, and finally become quite hostile. Caroline, with their five children and Sister Emmett and family make their to escape to Nauvoo, while John and Brother Emmett lead the enraged and bloodthirsty Indians away on another route, at great risk to their lives and those of their families.

He is appointed body guard to the Prophet and relates his own versions of various times when the Prophet was captured and imprisoned, or escaped. Through his record one feels his deep distress at the martyrdom of the Joseph Sm,ith. He was among the guards who accompanied Joseph to Carthage at the time of the martyrdom.

Of leaving Carthage he relates, "For my part, I felt that something great was going to transpire. He blessed us and told us to go. We bade them farewell, and started. We had twenty miles to ride, and we went the whole distance without uttering one word. All were dumb and still, and all felt the spirit as I did myself. I cannot express my feelings at that time for they overpowered me. I felt like the Prophets of the Lord were about to be taken from us and that they were going to await their doom, the same as the Lord his when He was here upon the earth. We went to our homes like so many sheep that had lost their shepherd, knowing not what to do."

Of the Saints, John wrote, "The Saints all felt it when Brother Joseph was Kill'd. They could not tell the reason why it was, but their hearts seemed to melt within them and they mourned and knew not what for. And when the tidings came (of his murder) they were sorely distressed and prayed that the Lord would avenge the blood of his servants, the Prophets. And truly he will for he has said so and he will keep his word. But Mormonism will still roll on till it breaks in peaces all the other Nations, which will have to be accomplished before a great many years... We still went on preaching the Gospel."

In 1842, John goes back to Kentucky and Tennessee to see old friends and family, and to try to teach them the gospel. But he is met with hardness and resistance. Here, he narrowly escapes death when he steals away, taking Caroline's sister, Charity, with him. Her brothers follow them, but prayers are answered, and they lose the trail.

Safely back in Nauvoo, Charity and Caroline are overjoyed to be together, and to worship the Lord with the Saints.

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1. All quotations except those noted, "Hartley" are from the autobiography of John Lowe Butler written a few years before his death.

2. Hartley, William G., MY BEST FOR THE KINGDOM, HISTORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN LOWE BUTLER, A MORMON FRONTIERSMAN, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1993

LIFE STORY OF
FERN REDD LAYCOCK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I remember when father had a large building on the lot, and they moved it up near the house and made it into a kitchen and diningroom. This was an exciting time for us, and it did

add greatly to the roominess of the home. It was connected to the house by a breezeway. The former kitchen was made into another bedroom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many of the fences were made of rocks gathered from the land and piled around the plots of ground. They were overgrown with weeds, and bushes, and were infested with snakes — rattlesnakes, blow snakes, etc. We killed many snakes when we saw them in the roadway. I am terrified now when I think of it, but I never did know anyone who was bitten by a snake, although we occasionally heard of someone somewhere else, who had been bitten.

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

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

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

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

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

Both my grandmothers died when I was a baby, so I do not remember them, but I knew both grandfathers. Grandfather Redd had moved to Colonia Juarez, Mexico, with his family, but visited us occasionally. Grandfather Bryner's family went to Price, Utah. This was not so far away, and he visited us more often. He had lost his eyesight when he was a young man in an accident, and someone had to lead him around wherever he wanted to go. We children often helped him get around. He had a friend in new Harmony, Brother Brubacher, whom he visited. We wondered how they could talk and visit together so long, as whoever led him there had to stay to help him get home. Grandfather told us many stories of his early life in Switzerland and of his conversion to the gospel. He did a great deal of work for the dead in the St. George Temple.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another story when I was about five — I was with some friends who were telling us about something that happened to their brothers. Not wanting to be left out, I told them something about my brother Will who was 8 or 9 years older than I. I must have made up a great story, but I do not remember what it was all about. Of course, I never dreamed he would hear about it. Well, he did, and came home angry with me. He was so very angry that I was frightened and denied the whole thing. He knew I was lying and made such a fuss that I was crying and denying it. Others heard us and came to see what it was all about. My mother came too, and asked me about it. I still denied it to her and we were having a great time. I lied to my mother too. This is when I learned that if you tell a lie, you have to keep telling more lies. Well,

mother made him stop accusing me, and I went into my bedroom and cried myself to sleep. When suppertime came, I was not hungry and stayed in bed. I was unhappy because I had lied, I knew it was wrong, and I promised myself that I would never lie again — one had to keep lying and it got worse and worse. I promised myself that I would never lie again. I hope I have kept that promise.

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

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

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

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

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

One Christmas Jessie got a nice new doll, but I still had my old one so I didn't get a new

one. Early Christmas morning, I begged her to let me hold it, it was so much nicer than my old one. She did not wish to let me hold it, but finally let me take it. I accidentally dropped it and broke it. I shall never forget how badly I felt, but there was not another doll for her till next Christmas.

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

The Fourth of July was celebrated by all the townspeople. There were races and games in the street for everyone. There were prizes for all, even if one never won the race. In the evening, the older ones had a dance. At daybreak on the Fourth, the men of the town set off what we called cannons, some kind of explosion with gunpowder. I remember when my older brother Will was hurt. One shot of gunpowder did not go off soon enough to suit him, and he went up to see what was wrong with it. Well, it went off just as he reached it, and it peppered him with black powder, all over his face, neck and arms, and he had to be taken to the doctor in Cedar City to have it picked out from under the skin. We were very frightened.

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

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

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

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

I remember great lessons my mother taught me. I had found a small parcel in Aunt Sarah Prince's yard, next to ours, and brought it home. It turned out to be a piece of ribbon. Of course, I convinced myself that Aunt Sarah did not want it and had thrown it away. I tied it on my doll and it looked beautiful. Mother asked me where I got it, and I told her the story. I can see her now as she wiped her wet hands on her apron, took me by the hand and started for Aunt Sarah's

place. I knew I was in trouble, and was in tears when we got there. I told her my story, as I stood by her knee. She put her arm around me, kissed me on the forehead and said "Yes, it is mine. I bought it at the store, and then could not find it after I got in the house. But because you have been so truthful and honest, I am giving it to you." I took the precious ribbon, and I never forgot the lesson I had learned — if you find something, you must try hard to find the rightful owner.

Another thing I remember with nostalgia is the old pine tree[1]. Some distance west of the pasture where we took the cows, stood a huge pine tree. It stood alone. It was much larger than any of the numerous pine trees around, or even in the large wide valley. It could be seen from any point in the whole valley. There was not another like it. It seemed a lone survivor of an ancient forest. Its top had been broken off, probably by a storm. Sometimes several of us would try to reach around it by holding hands, but it was so large, we could not. Jessie painted a picture of it from an old photograph, and gave it to me recently. I love it. It reminds me of my childhood days. I appreciate having it.

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

We children look back on our life in New Harmony with a great deal of nostalgia. My father was the last of Grandfather Redd's large family to move away from New Harmony. Others had gone to Mexico, San Juan county and other places. My father was bishop there in Harmony for twenty-five years, and when he was released from that position, he wanted to find a place where there was more room for his large family to settle around him. Perhaps too there were other reasons why he wanted to get away from there. Anyway, when I was almost twelve years old, father and my older brother Will left to go to Idaho. The Teton country there had been opened up for settlement and he wanted to see it and learn of the opportunities there. When they arrived in Salt Lake City, there was an excursion train leaving for Alberta, Canada, carrying prospective home-makers. Father joined the group and came to Alberta. When we heard that they had gone to Canada, we all cried, even mother. We thought of Canada as a frozen north country, the far frozen North. Our knowledge of Canada was very limited.

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[1] NOTE: Re the Lone Pine in Pine Tree Valley, perhaps the following will explain why there was just one large tree of its kind. This is taken from the Institute Manual "Church History in the Fulness of Times," page 400. This section describes the building of the Tabernacle on Temple Square.

"Joseph H. Ridges, a convert to the church from Australia, brought with him to Utah a small pipe organ he had built. President Young, upon learning of Elder Ridges and his organ building capabilities, appointed him to construct the first Tabernacle organ. Finding the proper wood to build an organ was a major problem. Finally the desired timber was located in the Parowan and Pine Valley Mountains of Utah three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City.

Chipping and hauling heavy logs for this project was no small task in the 1800s; roads had to be constructed and canyon creeks bridged. Moreover, almost all the labor had to be done by volunteers. Sometimes as many as twenty teamsters with three yoke of oxen on each wagon journeyed to those distant mountains to chop and haul logs. (They must have been very large!) In less than twenty months Elder Ridges had completed the organ sufficiently for it to be played at the October conference of 1867. Combined choirs from Payson, Springville, and Spanish Fork, Utah, provided music for part of this conference, and the newly organized Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of Robert Sands, provided the music for the Sunday services. The Tabernacle Choir grew in quality from this beginning and has today become world famous."

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

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

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

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

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

Raymond seemed such a large town, there was even a sugar factory there, and we were all feeling lost and strange. When school started in August, there was a large attendance. I was put in Standard Four with the others of my age. It was so different from the one-roomed school I had attended in Utah, and the work was so different and was all new to me, I felt I could not stay but should attend a lower class. Each night when I went home so discouraged, my brother Will would help me with my homework and encourage me to try one more day. Well, I finally go caught up with the class and stayed in Standard Four.

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

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

together off and on until we finally were married in the Salt Lake Temple Dec. 23, 1915. He always said he worked seven years for his wife, as Jacob had for Rachel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

used to call Dad to come and sit with him in the night when he was often "under the weather." Dad even took some clarinet lessons from him, thinking he would improve his own playing. I asked Dad what was the matter with Rygg,was it flu? Dad said no, he had been told it was not flu. We did not fear anything else.

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

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

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

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

With milk, cream, butter, eggs and meat, and the vegetables I raised in the garden, and with long hours in the fresh air, Dad's health improved greatly. He got well and strong, and put on a lot of weight, as we all did. We had a good crop that summer of 1920, and got on our feet again. How very thankful we were for our great blessings.

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

In spite of the hard work and various hardships we went through on the farm, I look back on our years there when the children were growing up, as the happiest and most satisfying and most rewarding of our lives. Dad could not give them too much in the way of money and what it buys, but he did give them a great deal of himself. Many summer evenings were spent playing ball or other games, swimming, driving, etc. In winter, there was skating, sleighing, etc. And there were lessons, stories, music at home. Dad loved music and was determined that they all

should have it too. He gave them a good start and I often think how proud and happy he would be to see them all doing as they are in music. And also to see the grandchildren following in their footsteps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

living and he is in Canada too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She had learned to play piano while in Raymond, and after they lived on the farm, Dad promised her a piano. She was so happy about this, and thought about it such a lot, was planning how she would arrange her work so that she would have time to practice it. One day, before it was even purchased, she rushed through her work and went into the diningroom to play the piano! It was a nice one — a Heintzman upright grand, with a lovely tone. She gave it to us when she moved from her large home on 4th avenue. Bob and Cathy have it in Calgary now, and it still has that lovely tone, and some of her great grandchildren are learning to play it.

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

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

She joined the Lethbridge Sketch Club and painted many lovely pictures, giving several

to her children, and at least one to every grandchild and great-grandchild. She was very modest about her ability, since Jessie and Lura got so much publicity, but her paintings were really lovely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She and her sister Jessie were very close. She was happy to live close enough that they could visit often, and talk on the phone nearly every day. Or should I say that Jessie talked and

Mom listened, for hours on end, but she loved it. While she was driving a car, she chauffeured Jessie around town endlessly. She and I shared a car for many years, and when she no longer felt safe driving, I chauffeured her around. The city bus stopped at her corner, and she often rode it down town. She liked to be as independent as possible. She always belonged to the same ward as we did, so accompanied us to all church meetings.

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

In the 1970's JoLane Laycock Jolley was invited to adjudicate at the Lethbridge Music Festival, and she stayed with mother for several days. They enjoyed each other's company very much. Mom always liked to attend the festival, for there was usually a grandchild or several great grandchildren performing. Mom was pleased to have a visit just recently with JoLane and Weldon, who were in Calgary to attend a convention at Banff. They made a special trip down to Lethbridge to visit her, and we had a family dinner at Extendicare, then sang and visited.

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

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

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

She finally decided that she would like to live in the Ridgeview Lodge in Raymond, where she had a private room, friendly matron, good meals, entertainment, church services, Relief Society meetings, and where several old friends lived. She moved there in September 1984, and found a bosom pal in Lizzie King, whom she had known ever since she moved to Raymond in 1905. They would sit side by side on the sofa and fall asleep leaning on each other's shoulders. Lizzie was about ten years older than Mom, but they had a lot in common. They would talk about the old days, about their husbands, old friends etc. They were always together. I and my family, and Hugh and his family, visited her on alternate days, and we often brought her to Lethbridge for the day, to go shopping, to her dentist, doctor, for Sunday dinners, to buy clothing, etc. I often took her to visit Kay and Velma, and when her sisters Vilo, Lura and Mary

came for visits, I took her to visit them. I took her to Cardston once a week and left her to visit with Jessie in the Auxiliary Hospital there while I went to a temple session.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It might be interesting to note some of the inventions and improvements Mom has seen

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

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

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

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

The list could go on and on!

MEMORIES OF FERN REDD LAYCOCK

by Hugh Laycock

We took mother on outings to Waterton, Logan Pass, Livingstone Gap country etc. She wasn't thrilled with the boat, but would ride in it.

She would run errands for me and help on occasion when something broke down. She once drove to Welling and towed the old Ford truck back to the farm when no one else was available.

For years we alternated having Christmas dinner at Livingstones' and at the farm, and turn about for New Year's day, always with mother there.

She and Brent went together to the Lethridge Sketch Club for a number of years.

In 1967, during the spring blizzard which tied up all Southern Alberta roads for a while, Bill, who had just returned from his mission, stayed at her home and accompanied many singers at the Music Festival.

When I played in the Lethbridge Symphony Orchestra concerts for several years, Audrey took her to the concerts.

In 1977, I took her up for a plane ride for her birthday. She did enjoy it and remarked over and over that she didn't have any idea there was so much land around here. A couple of years later, Lura and Vilo came to visit, and I took all three of them up and around over the Raymond area where they had grown up. They all really enjoyed that. Mother told me several times afterward that she had tried to get to them first and say that if I asked them to fly, they did not HAVE to go. She didn't make it in time. They all went, and to her surprise, enjoyed it.

EPILOGUE

In May 1991, mother had a slight cold. At 3:30 in the morning of May 9, 1991, the supervisor at Extendicare called us to say that when they checked on her, she had passed away quietly in her sleep, at the age of 97. We were saddened that we would not be able to visit with her again, but knew how happy she would be to be with her beloved George again. Forty four years is a long time to be separated! She had a smile on her face, and we knew there had been a wonderful reunion.

Her memorial service was lovely — it was conducted by her grandson Brent Laycock, a brand-new bishop. It was the first service he had conducted, and he did a fine job.

All the children and their spouses were present, and all the grandchildren except Donald H. Livingstone, who was conducting a business seminar in California with 200 participants from all over western U.S. It would have been impossible to contact all those people and make alternative arrangements. He was very sad to be unable to come, as he felt very close to her. He was the oldest of the grandchildren, and had lived in her home for the first three years of his life while his Dad was overseas in World War II.

Many of our friends told us that the service was just wonderful, and we ourselves felt very satisfied with it. We knew that she and Dad were there and were pleased with the proceedings.

Bill Laycock played the organ prelude, and spoke, representing the grandchildren. All of the sons and grandsons (except Don of course) sang a male chorus "I Believe in Christ" which was written by her cousin, Bruce R. McConkie. Harold Laycock gave the biography, then Ralph Laycock spoke briefly. Ralph's daughters combined in a lovely musical number, one of the solos that Mother often sang. JoLane Jolley was at the piano, Linda Findlay on the flute, and Claudia Laycock, Kathrine Little and Elizabeth Farnsworth sang an arrangement done by their Dad.

Don Livingstone gave the gospel message and the closing number was a solo by Carol Laycock, again one of the solos that Mother used to sing "I Shall Not Pass Again This Way," accompanied by the four children, as we used to accompany Mom — Merne on the piano, Hugh on the violin, Ralph on clarinet and Harold on the viola. Prayers were given by Robert Livingstone and Christopher Laycock, and the organ postlude, "Going Home," was played by Lucy Laycock. The burial took place at Mountain View Cemetery in Lethbridge in the plot beside her husband. The grave was dedicated by Hugh Laycock.

Mother lived a long and useful life, was beloved by all who knew her, and is sorely missed by her family, but we know she is happy to be re-united with Dad, and we all try to live according to her teachings.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE 75th BIRTHDAY OF HANS ULRICH BRYNER

(Dictated by himself to his niece, Annie, the daughter of his brother Casper. There are a few lines missing at the beginning.)

Father was strict and made us mind,
Mother was good-hearted and very kind;
Father was a shoemaker by trade, and I had to carry them here and there,
Sometimes I did not come home when he wanted me to come back,
and for this I got many a scolding.
He took out his watch and gave me time to come back and go to
school again.
When I was ten years old, father bought a large farm,
Mother was told to quit weaving and spinning shoe thread yarn.
Father taught me to prune, to plow and to mow,
Mother took my sisters into the garden and taught them to hoe.
Knitting, spinning and weaving had to be done at night.
Father fixed the shoes and I had to sit by his side.
He gave me the Bible and gave me a light,
I had to do something, to read or to write.
They did not allow us to spend our money for dances or show,
But when there was real pleasure, they allowed us to go.
We went to school from six to twelve,
And in this we did very well.
Father and mother were good to provide,
We always obeyed and stood on their side.
And now we feel happy that is the way way we have been raised,
For that is more than gold and silver are worth.
I will tell you now what happened to me,
In January of eighteen hundred and forty three,
I was sick and lay in my bed,
One of my school-mates who was always at my side, took very sick and died.
When they told me, it worried me so that I thought that I
might be laid by his side.
I will tell you now what I did see,
A heavenly vision came to me,
A man came to me and took me by the hand,
And led me in darkness half round the world,
I did not see him, no mountain nor tree,
No street, no city, no light, until we came on top of the earth,
And heaven opened above our heads,
Then a bright light came down, and behold I did see,
The city of Zion was shown to me.
It shone like gold, like silver, like glass,
No one can have an idea how pretty it was.
I saw a big wall and three gates therein,
Where the righteous and holy were allowed to go in.
I wanted to climb up and go in there too,
The man held his hand before me and said, "That you can't do,
The time is not yet granted for you,
But the time will come if you are faithful and true,

'Twill be granted for you to go in there too."
I looked at his face and noticed his size,
His gray whiskers and peculiar eyes.
He was a man I had never seen before,
After that he never said anything more.
That vision came to me by day and by night,
And I could not forget that wonderful sight,
I always thought it meant a dark night,
I did not know that I was going to be blind.
I wondered what would become of me,
But it was not revealed before eighteen hundred and fifty three.
After that sickness I was healthy and stout,
I worked hard for ten years and learned to provide.
For all kinds of labor to do we were willing,
For this fetched us in many a shilling.
We assisted our parents and we are glad we did that,
For if we had not, we might be in the old country yet.
I worked at my trade and learned to provide,
I chose my companion and married my bride.
We lived happy together and she bore me a child.
They were in my favor, I loved tham and felt to rejoice.
Two happy years passed by, we were happy and free,
When the child was twelve years old, she was taken from me,
And buried in the place called Harmony,
The only one of twenty I ever did see.
She is now in heavenly care,
Now we know her mother is there,
Who was taken from me on the first of September of ninety-
three.
I will tell you now what happened to me,
I received a stroke in my eyes in the winter of fifty-three,
That was an awful accident to me;
I lost my sight and could not see,
No one was able to comfort me.
One day my wife and child sat by my side
We felt so bad we had to wipe our eyes.
My wife and my parents divided their tears with me,
They felt so bad because I could not see.
We felt so sorry we were afraid our future happiness was
destroyed.
My mother-in-law came in and said, "You can do nothing but
pray,
Maybe the Lord will open a way,
I believe the Lord has his hand in that,
It's something we cannot understand yet."
She said, "It's always a whispering voice says to me,
Don't feel sorry that Bryner took blind, he is not left,
It's good for you all, but you don't know it yet."
She went out, and came in again and repeated over again,
"Don't feel sorry that Bryner is took blind, he is not left,
It's good for all, but you don't know it yet."
Then she went out.
My parents, brothers and sisters were kind to me,
They were all willing to provide for me,

But life was no comfort to me,
I could not feel happy, and have no more joys,
I felt that the Lord had thrown me aside.
Four sorrowful months passed by until the latter part of July.
One morning I told my father and mother to listen,
For last night I had a wonderful vision.
My father, mother, brothers and sisters did listen
When I explained my wonderful vision.
I found myself in a great dark room,
It was as dark as it would be in doom.
Three fires appeared of a different size.
I opened my eyes and beheld a man stood by my side.
I looked in his face and noticed his size,
His gray hair and peculiar eyes.
He was the same man I had seen before.
Who led me half round the earth ten years ago.
He had an open book in his hand I had never seen before.
He crossed out my sins from the book, and they fell to the floor.
A voice told me "That middle fire you will have to go through,"
I said "I am able to stand that too."
The walls cracked open so wide we could go through,
The light came in as bright as day noon;
The road to Zion was shown to me,
And to get there we crossed the sea.
With my wife and child, we crossed the sea, and a great company.
We landed at boston, happy and gay,
We called at New York which was on our way.
We had a long journey, I think it was that great prairie
Into the mountains, the same place I had seen before.
A lady who had listened wanted to interpret my vision,
She said we would go to America to hunt a physician.
This did not satisfy my interpretation,
As it did not correspond with my former visitation.
Father said he would be willing to go,
But we always thought we would like to learn more.
The interpretation was not given before
February, eighteen hundred fifty four,
When we hard a man from America to our city came,
A Mormon elder, George Meyer by name.
My sister went out to hunt for him.
I told her to see if it was the man I had seen in my dream;
She could not find him, he had gone again.
Next Sunday he held his first meeting there,
And with my father and sisters, there were six to hear.
I described the man I had seen in my dreams.
As quick as they saw the elder, they knew it was him.
They invited him to come next day to our home,
He preached to us many things we had never known;
I said to myself "We have always read but never understood,
But all he did say, we could not dispute.
We thought he had preached to us a new gospel,
We found it corresponded with the teachings of the ancient Apostles.

All our family was anxious to hear,
When he said an angel from heaven had appeared.
He said the angel Moroni had appeared to a young boy,
Joseph Smith,
He gave him all the revelations he did need.
Four years he did visit him,
Then the golden bible was given to him,
Which was the history and bible of this continent.
The doctrine in it corresponded with the Old and New
Testament.
He said the church of Christ must be organized,
The people must repent and be baptized.
The judments of God have commenced,
The Lord wants to gather the Latter-day Saints.
To Zion you must go in order to be saved,
For those who will not obey will be destroyed.
Then in the family of Bryner and Mathys, twelve were baptized,
We all felt happy and rejoiced.
My mother-in-law came in and said "Can you tell me a man
That looks like the man you saw in your dream?"
I told her his name and she said "It is the man I have
picked too.
And now we know your vision is true."
Now our sorrowful tears were wiped from our eyes,
We felt happy and thanked the Lord and wept for joy.
We see now that the Lord accepted our prayer,
When we heard that heavenly messenger missionary.
In a few days the elder laid hands on me,
To restore my sight, so they anointed me,
He wished none in the room but mother and me,
But there were two ladies who wished to see.
Our faith was strong and the Lord heard our prayers.
His power was made manifest, and I could see a little next day,
I felt so happy and contented in mind,
I did not care if I had been taken blind.
The daily news stated "If this man gives Bryner his sight,
We will believe and be baptized."
Next day as I lay in my bed,
An evil spirit came very near choking me to death,
I felt as if in my head he had made a hole,
And I cried out loud "In the name of Jesus Christ let me alone!"
I arose from my bed to find out where the spirit came in,
My parents awoke and I told them what had happened to me,
They said "Oh, go back to bed, it is only a dream."
Next morning I tried to see, as I had done the day before,
But was frightened to find that I could see no more.
I went upstairs and told one of the ladies who wished to see,
She said "The same spirit came and oh, how hard he choked me!"
I had to promise him, if he would let me alone,
I would have nothing more with the Mormons to do,
And the spirit left." And she never joined the church.
They did not weaken my faith,
I kept God's commandments, as was my desire.
For it was shown in my vision

That I should go through a fire.
I bore my testimony to all my brothers and sisters.
After this they wanted to ordain me a teacher.
As I did not feel able, so I refused it,
But after a while I found I had missed it.
Another vision was shown unto me.
I was standing in a meadow and
I saw a fire a half mile from me,
I walked up to it and wanted to see.
Therein was a man's face, he looked at me,
I had to run back so the fire would not catch me.
I ran and fell down, and a man's face above me I could see.
A voice came from above and said, "Will you always do what is required of you?"
I answered "I am willing to obey whatever you say."
At a public meeting I related my dream.
The elder wished to know if I was ready to be ordained.
It had been revealed to me that I should go through a fire before,
Then I resolved to refuse no more.
When we emigrated to Zion we went the same road
Which was revealed to me in my vision before.
In a sailing ship we crossed the sea,
Forty-two days we had to remain in the sailing ship of Enoch Train.
We landed in Boston happy and gay,
We were called to New York for that was our way.
As near as I remember
We started from Florence the first of September.
From there across the prairie one thousand miles we had to go,
And by ox team, they went so slow.
The latter part of our journey,
The ground was covered with snow.
My legs were frozen, and my teamster's too,
So my dear wife was left with three sick,
The cooking and driving to do.
Before we came to Devil's Gate, people and oxen were frozen to death.
We were compelled to leave wagon and everything.
Brigham sent teams from Salt Lake and they took us in.
If Brigham had not sent help,
A great many more would have left this world.
When we came to the mountains there were nine feet of snow.
The people had to tramp it before the horses could go.
Three months we had travelled, hardly a house could be seen,
And we never met anyone who would tell us to come in.
We travelled through rain, mud, wind and snow,
Our wagons being the only shelter where we could go.
My brother and sister emigrated the year before me.
When they heard of our coming, he came a hundred miles to meet me.
He missed us and did not find our way,
He never knew if we were alive or dead
So he had to go back to Salt Lake City again.
We came in the same night my brother came in.
The night was so cold a kind family took us in.
Next morning he came, and when I heard his voice
I could not speak, for I had to wipe my eyes.
Thirty miles to Lehi we had to go.

It was a very cold day and the ground was covered with snow,
With a hayrack wagon and an ox team we went so slow.
My sister and my wife's brother were there,
Were kind to us and willing with us everything to share.
Together we all had much to say, we were so happy to meet again.
Next summer father, mother, my sister and my son came in.
They also had to travel with an ox team.
It is hard to imagine how happy we felt.
We all felt to rejoice that our lives had been spared.
My sister related what had happened to them on the plains.
The cholera came and took away many of the saints—
About two hundred people. Some died on the road,
Some of their names were found written on a board.
Many accidents took place, many died and were buried
Without a coffin in the grave.
The same year they came, the grasshoppers destroyed nearly everything.
I also told them what happened to me.
We had a stampede and a woman was killed.
My wagon tipped over and an old lady and my child nearly killed.
From the effects of this hurt the old lady died.
We called the elders and they administered to my child.
They said the Lord would not take her from me,
For she would be my guide.
At the last crossing on the Platte river we were snowed in.
Three companies came together and eleven days we had to
remain,
The handcart company being a half mile ahead.
One night there were sixteen persons frozen to death,
Some more died on the road.
The ground was so hard no graves could be dug,
They were covered with snow.
In Devil's Gate we divided the teams,
To the handcart company we gave thirty teams.
Two families in one wagon must go,
For those who had charge of the companies ordered it so,
For the oxen had died and teams we did lack,
One third of the wagons were left back.
Many things could be gathered up on the road,
Which people had thrown from their wagons to lighten their loads.
And we could tell many things more.
Father and mother had many things to tell
Of their trip, and many experiences as well.
One day they had a big stampede,
A dog came by and frightened the team,
The oxen ran away and a man and a woman were killed.
Father's team ran away, mother and my son were in,
Father was hurt and was picked up for dead,
The team was stopped. Father came to his mind all right again,
But his arm was broken, and what a bad fix they were in.
This way he had to drive his team,
But mother did all she could to help him.
Now we have all told our troubles,
And we think our children have no reason to grumble.
The Lord could see what trouble his people had,

So the world was stirred up so a railroad must be made.
And now the sectarian ministers were made to rejoice,
For they thought now the Mormons could be easily destroyed.
It was said that the government much money had spent,
For they thought now that an army could be easily sent.
But all their notions and plans did fail,
For other purposes the railroad was made,
For the Lord's power will ever prevail.
How easy now, speedy messengers are sent,
Now the judgments of God have commenced,
And how quickly they gather the Latter-day Saints.
In the fall of sixty-one we were called to Dixie land,
And we all obeyed Brigham's command.
And to get there we travelled through storm and snow,
Through rocks and sand we also had to go.
We were to build a city called St. George,
There we were to build the house of the Lord
In which will be an endless mission.
Blessed are those who will go and redeem their former relations,
And open their prison doors, Prepare for their resurrection
And even so for their own.
If we want exaltation we will have to do so.
What a great mission we should be willing to do,
For our former relations number millions
And Latter-day Saints are but few.
If this great work should be neglected,
Some of our blessings would be rejected.
How happy will be our meeting again
With those whom we have redeemed behind the veil.
I hope then to see you all inside of Zion's City wall,
Those whom I have never seen before,
When we shall be allowed to walk on the golden floor
In the City of Zion I have seen before.
The Dixie land we are now in
No house for shelter for us to get in,
We lived in tents and the red sand could blow in.
There were no stores for us to go in.
We had no money to pay a bill
And my father made me a spinning wheel.
We raised some cotton and mother gathered it in.
She also did the carding and it was ready to spin.
She spun the warp and the filling.
She did the coloring with dug roots.
After it was done it looked pretty good.
She spun the thread for the dress to be made.
Brigham said it was the best homespun thread he ever had in his hand.
Hundreds of yards she did spin with that old-fashioned spinning wheel.
In those days there were no machines in the land
And everthing had to be done by hand.
Nearly a century has passed since father and mother
came on this earth.
My father went to rest in sixty-two, Mother's age was past ninety-two.
In ninety-six she went to rest.
They were clothed in their wedding dress.

From their sins they were pronounced free,
And they received the heavenly key,
Free from the blood of this generation
To come forth in the morning of the resurrection.
I wish my children every one
Would study and do what has to be done.
Go do the work while you are able
And do not wait until you are feeble.
Nearly half a century has passed
And we are grateful to know
That the Lord has blessed us so.
Remember your mother since she had died
For forty years she was your father's guide.
She was taken from me the first of September ninety-three.
All of our family who joined the church
Were permitted to Zion to go.
Only Mother Mathys — she went to her heavenly rest,
And told her husband to take my sister to Zion and give her a home.
They emigrated to Zion in eighteen hundred and sixty-four.
He showed his faith by his works
In helping to emigate so many of the poor.
He was sick on the road, but sickened and died
In Lehi, January eighteen hundred and sixty-five.
Mathys did not only emigrate so many of the saints,
But he paid for the printing of one thousand copies of the Book of Mormon.

HANS ULRICH BRYNER JR.

Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr., the son of Hans Ulrich Bryner and Verena Wintsch was born in Illnau, Zurich, Switzerland, the 22nd of April 1827. His father was a shoemaker and young Ulrich picked up and delivered the shoes for his father. His parents were good religious Lutherans and taught their children to pray, to be obedient, honest, prompt, industrious and thrifty.

When Ulrich was ten years old, his father bought a large farm, which changed their lives a lot. His mother no longer spent her time at the loom spinning thread for shoes, and his father left his cobbler's bench to look after the farm. Ulrich learned to do farming chores such as plowing, mowing and pruning. His sisters did the hoeing. Such things as weaving, spinning and knitting were done at night after the day in the fields. His father mended shoes at night while young Ulrich read the Bible to the family. They were allowed to go to the best entertainments that came along. They attended school from age six to twelve and did very well in their studies. By the time Ulrich was grown, he could speak six or seven languages. They were a happy united family and were fairly well off. They were always grateful for their early training and for their heritage.

In January of 1843, when Ulrich was nearly sixteen years old, he became very sick. His best pal also got sick and died. This upset Ulrich and he worried about it, thinking that he too might die. With this on his mind he was unable to sleep very well. He had a dream, in which a man with a grey beard and peculiar eyes took him by the hand and led him, in darkness, half way around the world. He could see nothing at all until they came to the top of the world. Then the heavens opened above their heads and he saw a bright light come down. He saw the City of Zion shining like gold, silver and glass —its loveliness was above description. He saw a big wall with three gates leading through it. Righteous and holy people were going through these gates into the city. He wanted to go in too, but the man said "You can't go through now, but if you are faithful and true, the time will come when you will be allowed to go." As he lay on his sick bed, he thought of this dream night and day. He thought a dark night was coming, but never guessed that he was going to be blind. He told his family of the dream and they all wondered what it meant.

When he recovered, he learned the butchering trade. He entered contests which were held to encourage the workers to excel. He was a good worker, quick and accurate. His specialty was killing hogs — he could kill, scald, scrape, hang and draw a hog faster than most anyone. He had won four cups as prizes. He received promotions until he became superintendent of the slaughter-house. He was also buyer for the establishment and went about the country buying animals. His languages came in handy in this assignment. He may have learned some of them on the job, although in Switzerland there are three official languages, taught in the schools, French, German and Italian. There are also many dialects. He wanted eventually to get into government service and worked toward that end.

In 1849 he married Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys, who was born 14 July 1828 at Wiedikon, Zurich, Switzerland, daughter of Johannes and Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys. Their first child, Mary, was born 23 June 1851 at Wiedikon. They were happy and free from care for two years. Then one day at work, he was trying to beat his own record in preparing for another contest. He had the hog hanging up, and its foot slipped off the cross stick (gambrel) and struck him in the eye, splitting the pupil. The carcass fell and dragged him down with it. He gave a cry and his brother Casper, nearly seven years younger, who worked in the same shop, came to his rescue. When Casper saw his eye was knocked out of its socket and hanging down on his cheek, Casper put his hand over it and led him down along the river bank to the doctor. Ulrich got infection in it, and with no antibiotics, he was sick for a long time, and of course had to give up his job. His parents took him to Germany to eye specialists, but they could do nothing. He was

blind.

Friends came to Maria saying "Give him up and let him go home to his parents, they are well enough off to take care of him. You don't want to be saddled with a blind man all the rest of your life. What can he do for you now? You would be better off without him." But her mother said "No, Maria will not desert him, he needs her now more than he ever did." Of course Maria stayed with him, but nothing could comfort him. Their home was one of mourning. They could see no future, and felt that all their happiness was completely destroyed.

One day as Maria sat by his side, her mother came in and said, "You can do nothing but pray about it — perhaps the Lord will open a way for you. I believe the hand of the Lord is in it, for a whispering voice always says to me, "Don't feel sorry that Bryner is blind, it's good for you all but you don't know it yet." Ulrich's family was kind to them, and all were willing to provide for them, but Ulrich could not be happy. He felt that the Lord had cast him aside.

Four long sorrowful months passed by, then one morning in the latter part of July, he called his mother and father to listen, for he had had another dream. His family gathered round and he said, "I found myself in a great dark room with no glimmer of light. Three fires appeared, each of a different size. A man with a grey beard and peculiar eyes stood at my side, the same man I had seen before. He had an open book in his hand. He crossed out my sins and they fell to the floor. A voice said to me "You will have to go through the middle fire." I said, "I am able to stand that too." The wall opened so wide that we could pass through it. The light came in as bright as noon-day and we were shown the road to Zion. We had to cross the sea with a great company and take a long journey across the great prairie into the mountains to reach the City of Zion."

A few months later, in February 1854, a Mormon elder by the name of George Meyer came to the Zurich from America. The Bryner family was anxious to see if he were the man Ulrich had seen in his dreams. Several members of the family walked for two hours to get to Bern, to hear Elder Meyer. As soon as they saw him they recognized him as the man in Ulrich's dream. George Meyer was very cross-eyed and wore very thick lenses. They invited him to come to their home.

Two days later, late at night a knock came on the door, and when Maria answered, it was Elder Meyer. She asked her husband if he thought it safe to let them in at this time of night. "Oh, yes," he said, "take them up to my old room." She took them up to the fourth-floor bedroom, and from that time on, it was their headquarters in that part of Switzerland. Some of the neighbors objected to their being there. They threw rocks and broke the window. Years later when grandsons were in Switzerland on missions, they said they could still see the broken window.

Needless to say, the message these brethren brought from over the sea was listened to eagerly and believed. There were so many beautiful things in this religion that were lacking in their Lutheran faith — new revelation, a prophet of God, angels visiting the earth again, a new golden Bible, a call for repentance, baptism as John practised it, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost and for ordinations, and many other beautiful principles. Twelve of the Bryners and Mathys's were baptized, with Ulrich being the first one. They were so happy they thanked the Lord and wept for joy. They knew now that He had answered their prayers.

In a few days, Elder Meyer administered to Ulrich for his sight. He said he wished only Ulrich and his mother in the room, but two neighbors wanted to be there, so they were allowed to stay. The next day, Ulrich was able to see a little, and he was happy. The Daily News stated "If this man gives Bryner his sight, we will believe and be baptized."

"Next evening," he said, "as I lay in my bed an evil spirit came very near to choking me to death, and I cried out loud, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, leave me alone.' I rose from my bed to find out where the evil spirit had come from. My parents awoke and I told them what had happened to me. They said, 'Oh, go back to bed, it's only a dream.' But next morning I was unable to see amything at all."

He talked to one of the ladies who had seen the administration and told her of his experiences. She said the same thing had happened to her. The evil spirit had choked her so hard she had had to promise that she would have nothing to do with the Mormons in order to get rid of him, and she never did join the church. But this experience didn't weaken Ulrich's faith. He knew the gospel was true and bore testimony to his brothers and sisters. He knew from his vision of the fire that his life wasn't going to be easy and that troubles lay ahead for him.

They wanted to join the Saints in Utah, and began to make preparations for the long journey. They couldn't all go at once, so Casper and Barbara Ann went first to lead the way and make preparations for the others to follow. The most ardent and thrilled of the group was his mother-in-law, Anna Dorothea Meyer Mathys. She worked hard and planned carefully for the trip, but she passed away before the sailing date. All the rest of the family, five in all, came to U. S. and crossed the plains to Utah.

As was the custom in Switzerland, Maria, for her trousseau, had spun and woven sheets, pillowcases, and all kinds of household linens, enough to last a lifetime, but their baggage was limited to seventeen pounds per person, so most of it had to be left behind, and they came with very little. Ulrich had painted a life-size portrait of Maria, and they had to leave it hanging on the wall. It was 1856 and they now had two children, Mary Magdalena and Gottfried Henry. They felt the little boy was too young to make the trip, so they left him with his grandparents, to come later on. They travelled the same route Ulrich had seen in his dream. They were in the sailing vessel, the "Enoch Train," for forty two days, and landed in Boston, and went on via New York to join the saints.

His brother, Casper, had purchased a wagon and oxen, and hired a teamster, so everything was ready for them to go on to Utah. They left Florence about the first of September, 1856. Travel by ox team was difficult for the pioneers, especially for Ulrich who could not see. He held onto the back of the wagon, and if the going got tough for the animals, he would help push the wagon. There is a painting done by Lura Redd, in the D.U.P. museum in Salt Lake City, of Ulrich clinging to the back of the wagon as he stumbled over the rocks, bumps, ruts, hillocks and gopher holes, and was sometimes dragged along when he lost his footing.

The journey was slow and uneventful for the most part, but at times there was plenty of excitement. They had two yoke of oxen on their wagon. Usually the lead yoke had to be led. When the cattle stampeded, the driver would jump on the back of one of the lead oxen and beat them over the heads with a whip he always carried. This caused the oxen to shut their eyes, and then they would slow down. When Ulrich's oxen stampeded, the driver broke his arm and the wagon was upset. An old lady who was riding with them, had been holding little Mary on her lap as she sat on the stove. In the upset, Mary was on the bottom, then the lady, then the stove on top of her, and lastly the wagon. The lady tried to shield the child by bracing herself on her arms, and was so badly hurt that she died. Mary's life was saved, but she had nervous spells afterwards.

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

reached Devil's Gate, many people and oxen had frozen to death, so they had to double up and leave some of the wagons behind. Since the remaining wagons were loaded so heavily, everyone who could possibly walk, did so.

They caught up with the ill-fated Martin handcart company, and were asked to take another family in their wagon, so they had to leave more of their belongings beside the road. The bitterly cold weather made travel very slow, and provisions were scarce. Many died on this trek. The ground was frozen so hard they couldn't dig graves so they buried the dead just under the snow. Little Mary got so cold they thought she was frozen, but her father rubbed life back into her little cold body.

However help was on the way, and it came none too soon. Riders had taken word of their predicament into Salt Lake. Brigham Young sent rescue parties with wagons and supplies to meet them. The snow was nine feet deep. People had to go ahead and tramp the snow down so the animals could pull the wagons over it. How happy they were to finally reach Salt Lake!

When Ulrich's brother Casper had learned of the trouble this company was having, he started out to meet them, but as he was in Lehi, a couple of days travel further on than the others, he was late getting there, and began meeting rescue teams coming in. He spoke so little broken English that it was hard for him to make them understand, so he'd ask, "Has anyone seen a blind man?" None had, so he went on to the next group and asked again. All this time he didn't know whether his folks were dead or alive. Finally someone told him that the blind man had gone into Salt Lake over the other road. (There were two routes into Salt Lake.) So Casper turned around and went back to Salt Lake City and started all over again in his search. Kind people in the city had opened their hearts and homes to take in the cold and hungry ones, so now Casper went from door to door and asked, "Has anyone here seen a blind man?" Finally he came to the door of the house where Ulrich and his family were. Great was Ulrich's delight when he recognized his brother's voice! They fell on each other's necks and wept tears of joy. This was December 24, 1856.

They packed up in a hay rack and went on to Lehi, where Barbara and the rest were waiting for them, and there was a happy reunion. Barbara had married Maria's brother, John Mathys, and they were willing to share all they had. They told of the happenings in the preceding year. They had suffered through a cholera epidemic and the grasshopper plague. Ulrich told of their travels, the stampede and injury to his daughter, who had been administered to and promised that she would live to be his guide. He told of being snowed in for eleven days at the last crossing of the Platte river, of sixteen persons freezing to death in one night in the handcart company, of having to leave wagons behind because so many oxen had died, of leaving belongings beside the road to make more room in their wagons, of tavelling through rain, mud, wind and snow.

The next summer, 1857, Ulrich's parents and sister came from Switzerland, bringing his little son with them. What a happy reunion that was! The parents had also travelled by ox team, having accidents along the way in which his father was badly injured and never completely recovered.

While in Lehi, a daughter Pauline was born. They moved to Ogden, where Ulrich operated a farm near his brother Casper. Elizabeth Ann (Lisette) was born in Ogden. Then they were called to settle in St. George, Washington county in 1861, and travelled three hundred miles through snowstorms and lived in a tent. They say that in those days, St. George was the coldest place on earth in the winter, with the fierce piercing winds which blew the red sand in upon everything. Albert was born there. Later they moved to New Harmony, not far from St. George, where Mary Verena and Frank were born.

Of course, there were no homes, no stores, no money in New Harmony. They had to provide everything themselves. They planted cotton, carded it, dyed it with roots and herbs, and Maria spun it into thread on a spinning wheel which Ulrich's father built for them. Brigham Young pronounced it the best home-made thread he had ever seen. They wove material for their clothing, and sewed everything by hand with the tiniest stitches imaginable.

Maria must have been a wonderful woman. She was very capable and could do most anything. Her life, after Ulrich lost his sight, must have been very different to what she had planned. She devoted herself to helping her husband. She was very small, but quick and efficient. Her friends said she was a sweet and charming as well. She spent all day with Ulrich in the fields, guiding him as he did his work, and helping with the farm and orchard work herself, at the same time bearing six more children and training them well.

Ulrich could manage pretty well in the house if the furniture was always kept in exactly the same spot, and there was nothing littering the floor. He could still mend shoes, and butcher hogs as well as anyone. He could prune trees and grapevines expertly. He would pick willows and weave baskets — there were none better — fancy baskets as well as utilitarian measuring baskets. No one knew how he could judge, but he made accurate bushel, half-bushel and peck baskets. He trained his sons to do many things, among others, to drive a team by the age of eight.

His son John told of an interesting experience. Four men, U.S. marshals in disguise, and their armed guards, asked Ulrich and his eight-year-old son to haul some freight for them to Pioche, Nevada. It was slow going, as the wagon was so heavily loaded. When they reached Pioche, the marshals confessed that the load wasn't only horse shoes and toe calks, as they had said, but hidden in it was $50,000 worth of gold, the payroll for the mine. There were so many robbers around, and officers were so scarce, they devised this scheme to get the money safely delivered — they figured no one would suspect that a blind man and a little boy would be carrying the mine payroll.

Ulrich was a good judge of horse flesh, having known them in Switzerland. He could tell by the feel of a horse's head, legs, shoulders, neck, etc. whether it was a good horse. Some even claimed he could tell the color of the horse by feeling it.

They had an old wagon which was still in pretty good shape. One day his young boys said a man wanted to trade a much newer wagon for it. Ulrich said that didn't make sense — nobody would do that kind of a thing, and he wanted to see the wagon. He went out and felt it all over, and said "I wouldn't have it. It's a narrow guage wagon. It wouldn't 'track' in the ruts in the road, would be hard for horses to haul." The man must have been a stranger — no one who knew Ulrich would try to fool him that way.

He could recognize his friends by their voices, even though he might not have talked with them for years. There were several other Swiss brethren in New Harmony, Brother Brubacher, Brother Rohner, to name two. He loved to go visit them, and his grandchildren were called on to lead him to their homes, where he would visit for hours, it seemed, to the children who had to wait to lead him home again.

In 1868 Ulrich took a second wife, Margaretha Kuhn Wintsch, who had been widowed twice. He settled her in Toquerville, about twenty miles south of New Harmony, which was such a good place for growing fruit. Ulrich and Margaret had ten children. In 1884, he was called to go settle in Price, Carbon co. It took them three months to make the trip, as they had many cows with young calves and had to travel slowly. They would milk the cows in the morning, put the milk in the large churn tied to the side of the wagon. When they stopped at night, it would be churned to butter, and they would enjoy the buttermilk to drink. They arrived in Price on July 23rd, in time for the Pioneer Celebration on the 24th.

Theirs was the first house finished in Price — it was a two-storey log home, but three years later it burned to the ground. As it had been hot, some of them were sleeping out of doors and the rest managed to escape. No one was hurt except for Ulrich who did not realize how bad the fire was and went back in to get his important papers and money which were in a box upstairs. He was badly burned but recovered. There was no water with which to fight the fire, so they just stood there and watched it burn. Aunt Marget, as she was called, had a nervous breakdown after the fire, and was in hospital in Salt Lake for a long time.

The new house had to be fireproof, made of rocks and cobblestones like the homes in Switzerland. Ulrich supervised the whole thing. They made a form, filled it with rocks, then mortar was poured in and more rocks added. When this layer was set, the form was moved up and another layer added. It was a sturdy, well-built home.

They had brought fruit seeds from St. George, and had the first orchard and grape bowery in Price. Ulrich built three hundred beehives and honey frames, and extracted the honey, which was white and mild. He also braided rope from cowhide that was a specialty, and raised and sold vegetables and large barrels of sauerkraut. Only once in his long life did he or any of his family depend on outside help of any kind, and that was when the house burned and they were left with practically nothing.

Maria also went to live in Price, but we do not know just when. She died there in 1893. After Ulrich was seventy, he retired from his strenuous activities, and began to work in genealogy. As his children were industrious and independent and didn't need his money, he hired research done in Switzerland and spent the last seven years of his life in St. George doing temple work for five thousand of his kindred dead. His line was traced back to 1495 and the Mathys line to 1555. He died 9 Feb. 1905 of a stroke. They found him on his knees, as if he were looking for a shoe or something. He was unconscious. He left a large posterity, and had lived a long and useful life. He always said that he was glad that he became blind, otherwise he might have been too busy to listen to the missionaries. He loved the gospel so much, his joy in it far outweighed any trials or hardships.

JOHN HARDISON AND ELIZABETH HANCOCK REDD

by Lura Redd

John Hardison Redd was born of goodly parents, viz. Whitaker and Elizabeth Hardison Redd. He was born 27 Dec. 1799 on Stump Sound, Onslow County, North Carolina. Stump Sound is a small arm of the ocean reaching inland, between the mainland and the row of sandy islands off the shore. Another account talks of Snead's Ferry, which is a little town probably on the same Sound. I can find no reference to Stump Sound in the atlas nor on the map. The name seems to have disappeared and at that time was merely the area along the Sound. One account I read recently says his son Lemuel was born near the courthouse. The courthouse now is in Jacksonville between fifteen and twenty miles inland. At one time it was, I think, much closer to the shore because it was washed away by a tidal wave.

We know very little about him as a child, but from a few things we do know, can do a bit of guessing. His father's first wife, Nancy Cary, died and left a little girl, Mary, born 27 Sept. 1792. She was a lonely little girl, probably the only white child in the home, reared and cared for by a negro mammy. Then Whitaker married Elizabeth Hardison and had John when Mary was seven years old. Elizabeth died and left little John. Now they were both cared for by this mammy, but Mary was no longer lonely. She now had a little brother, and I think she must have mothered him as no other baby was ever mothered by a sister. They were never separated for long in their whole lives. From North Carolina they went to Tennessee and from there to Utah, and both died in Spanish Fork.

A third mother came to the home, and their first sister was born 30 Apr. 1804 when John was five. But they didn't need these other children, and these others didn't need them as they had a mother. So I think Mary and John continued to be the best of pals in spite of the difference in their ages.

All people living in a maritime locale became expert in boating, swimming and fishing. They probably ranged up and down the coast in their boats and canoes. John D. Lee says that John H. Redd was a sea captain. That would be before he was thirty-nine, at which age he left the coast and moved inland. If he were expert enough to become captain or master of a vessel, he started young. He may have owned his own vessel and captained that. Many did. There are suggestions that he traded with the Barbadoes. The Barbadoes, off the north coast of South America, a little north and east of Trinidad, seem to have been a half-way station between England and America, in sailing vessel days, probably because of prevailing winds. When Lord Baltimore sent his first two ships to Maryland, they stopped at the Barbadoes on the way, which practise seems to have been the custom.

To become a captain in that day, he came up from the ranks. He started as a tot to learn the simple things about it and then went on to the more intricate tasks. We read very little about their activities, but we do know that his grandfather Whitaker owned a canoe at the time of his death, as his son William says "Uncle John Hardison got it from his father's estate 27 April 1789." Too, he brought with him to Utah a sword which likely was his emblem of authority on his vessel. That sword was in our home all during my childhood in New Harmony, but when we went back to the old home, we could find nothing of it. I remember it had a long blade, a bit curved, with the cutting edge on the outside of the curve. It was contained in a long metal-trimmed scabbard. Some of you others may remember it. Aunt Ellen had a pair of eyeglasses he wore at sea. They were similar to our regular glasses, but had an additional pair of lenses that were of blue glass, hinged so that he could fasten them to the temples, or if needed he could switch them around over the regular lenses to use as we use sunglasses. These would be very helpful out on a shiny sea.

So I can imagine John H. as a mere tot going out with his father or other members of the family deep-sea fishing, boating or maybe swimming. He may even have served as an apprentice on a vessel. This was the usual way of getting an education in any trade or profession in that day, as there were no regular schools to do the job. It was so taken for granted that he may never have mentioned it to any of the family. Swimming was imperative for those who went to sea, or even boating on the sounds and rivers. At times their lives depended upon their ability to swim well. It would seem foolhardy to go to sea and not be able to swim if the necessity arose.

Of course we can take it for granted that he was well-versed in the "art and mystery" of a planter. In his day everything was as primitive as it was in the Middle Ages, no inventions, no machinery, no labor-saving devices, no short-cuts. Everything that was done on the plantation had to be done the hard way, and always by hand. Cleve Redd in Snead's Ferry when I was down there, told me they had to grub up small pine trees all the time out of their gardens, otherwise the gardens would go back to heavy pine forest in a few years. Always grubbing and clearing to break even and keep what they had.

They took me out to an old Redd Cemetery which was no longer in use, headboards were all rotted away and gone. I only saw one stone piece. On the way we went over a corduroy road made of logs six or seven feet long laid side by side crossways of the road. It was bumpy. They said, "This is the road that Sigley Redd made before the war with his slave labor. It ran from his plantation up to his sawmill. See how he ditched it to keep it dry." A ditch ran along just under the ends of the logs on one side of the road. The ditch, clogged with vegetation, had seepage water in it, and probably always did have on account of the wet climate there at sea level. Sigley was John H's first cousin, but fourteen years older. He was the son of Whitaker's brother William. So John H's relatives knew how to build saw mills, and he had the same know-how. He had all the other know-how that he passed on to his son Lemuel H. about farming and building, that he had learned at home.

He was a much better writer than any of the others, and may have had some private tutoring. His sister Mary couldn't even sign her name, it wasn't essential for a girl to learn to write. Her business was housekeeping and homemaking, with all the arts that go with them, weaving, sewing, cooking, cleaning, and all the other skills for the comfort and happiness of her husband and children. If she were proficient in that, she was a pillar of society.

On Oct.17, 1820, John H. bought 50 acres of land for ten dollars from William Hancock. How near his family lived to the Hancocks we don't know, but this was his future wife's brother. He was nearly twenty-one, and it was something over five years before he married William's sister Elizabeth.

That is the first transaction I have of his. However he had land before this, as he received four hundred acres from his grandfather John Hardison's estates. His father was still alive, and he probably lived at home when he wasn't at sea. It is likely that when he was at home, he helped his father and his two younger brothers, William, eleven, and Alexander, nine, farm the home place. When he bought this land, he may have decided not to go to sea any more.

He married Elizabeth Hancock 2 March 1826. She was the only daughter of Zebedee Hancock and had two brothers, William and Anson. She, I guess, had always had a negro maid to wait on her, and just five months before John H bought the land from her brother, her father had willed her a negro maid named Venus, to be her very own forever. Venus stayed with Elizabeth all the rest of her life, so that Elizabeth always had somebody to wait om her just like a princess or a queen. At this time her mother was dead and she had a step-mother. Zebedee, in his will, left four negroes as a loan to this step-mother, but at her death Elizabeth was to get one-third of them. She got one named Chaney, so then she had two maids to wait on her and do all her hard work. Still there was plenty to keep her busy, as there were no labor-saving devices

known then, and all the clothing and bedding had to be raised and made by hand, as well as everything in the home. At least she had time to do as much of that as she wanted to do. Just because the hard dirty work was done by a maid, didn't mean that she was ever idle. That was never thought of for a lady, or even a queen. Life would have been very boring with nothing to do, and that would make her very unhappy. We know so little of her activities, but we can assume that they were confined to the house, as were those of all women of her day.

John H. Redd began as early as most to take his place in the community where he lived. We find that his sister married John Holt about 1814 or 1815, and of course left home, and John remained. At this time he had four little brothers and sisters, Nancy, William, Alexander and Catherine who was a tiny baby.

We get most of our information from legal documents from various court records. I found that he witnessed the will of Jeptha Cary, probably a close relative of his sister, Mary, as her mother's maiden name was Cary. He was appointed by his sister Mary and John Holt to be their true and lawful attorney when their father Whitaker died. Mary and John were living at this time in Rutherford county, Tennessee. His duty was to sell the land and any other property she received from her father's estate. John H. was also attorney for Anson Hancock, his brother-in-law, who now lived in Gadsden county, Florida. In this case he sold a Negro slave named Elias for $400.00. Then in August 1830 he bought three hundred acres of land from George Hazzard for $1005.00, also this August he sold land for his sister Mary who was now in the state of Alabama. It seems that Mary and John were having difficulty making up their minds about a new settling place. He sold his own rights to his father's land to John Wilkins. He bought 200 acres from Thomas Hazzard. He at one time held some note of John Wilkins for which Wilkins paid him $200.00. He sold half the land he received from his grandfather, John Hardison by heirship, that was 200 acres. He was appointed on a commission to help divide the land of Alice Dulany, deceased, among her heirs.

John H. and his wife, Elizabeth sold 75 and 50 acres that she received from her father, Zebedee Hancock, to Daniel Harper for $250.00. One thing different about this was that Elizabeth signed the deed. Few women of that day could write their names, or anything else. Now Daniel Harper was a bit sceptical about this deed, he thought maybe John H. was doing it on his own without her free consent. He questioned it in court, so the court, because Elizabeth was too infirm to travel to the court, commanded that two go to her alone and apart from her husband and get her consent. They brought back to the court the following document:

"In obedience to a commission to us directed from the county court of this county at the August term 1832, we have proceeded to take the private examination of Elizabeth Redd, wife of John H. Redd, at the house of said Redd, respecting her signing a deed with her husband to Daniel Harper, and upon her being examined separate and apart from her said husband and privately touching the execution thereof by her, and thereupon she acknowledged that she did execute the foregoing deed freely, voluntarily and without the control of compulsions of her husband. Given under our hands and sealed this August 12, 1832 — Edward Ward and D. W. Simmons."

This Edward Ward was some relation of his, as his grandmother was named Sarah Ward, the mother of Zebedee Hancock.

The last sale made by John that I have record of, was on 11 August 1838, when grandfather was two years old, when his parents moved out to Tennessee. At this time, he sold the plantation he called, "The Bluff," of 300 acres and two other tracts of 200 acres and 75 acres respectively. This seems to be his sell-out to go to Tennessee. He received $1650.00 for the lot from John Lloyd. His sister, Mary, was by this time back in Rutherford county, and that is where headed. He bought a plantation near Murfreesboro, Rutherford County, Tennessee. What an

address! He lived here for about twelve years and built a home and farmed there. Henry Pace once went back there and saw it, and says it was a very fine old place. It was here in 1842 that something happened that changed their whole lives. We never have known much about it, but not long ago I found a good account in the missionary journal of John D. Lee, who converted him and his family to the gospel. John D. Lee writes:

1843, May 16 — "We then returned in company with Mr. Nichols to fill an appointment at the home of Br. Pace. But in consequence of the day being rainy and disagreeable, few persons turned out, however I preached to them. Among the number that composed the audience were two gentlemen who had ridden 17 miles to hear a Mormon preach, Mr. John H. Redd and John Holt. After meeting, Mr. Redd bought some books of me, and requested me to visit his neighborhood and lecture to them. Accordingly I set an appointment by them for the Sunday."

May 20 — "Now being left alone, I determined to confine my labors to as small a compass as would enable me to do the cause justice. Casting myself upon the pure mercies of God, I again pursued my way, being conveyed over Stone's river on horseback, I felt much relieved and expressed my gratitude to my benefactors for the favor shown to me. Directly after I crossed this stream, Mr. John H. Redd rode up and kindly offered to carry my valise, also to ride and tie with me. I cheerfully accepted his proposals and went to his house and spent the night."

May 21 — "Monday morning after breakfast I walked over to Mr. Redd's in company with several others, and before I left, I exhorted them to obedience to the mandates of Heaven."

June 6 — "I assisted to make a dam across a stream in order to prepare or collect sufficient quantity of water to baptise, and at 2 o'clock I baptised John Holt and Mary his wife. Returned to his house and confirmed, and under the same administration ordained him an Elder, for thus I was commanded in a vision to do. At the same time, three more acknowledged the truth and offered themselves for baptism. I walked to Mr. Redd's and spent the evening reasoning with them."

June 7 — "In the morning before I left them, Mrs. Redd gave me her hand as a token of her sincerity in the cause of truth, but was not prepared to be immersed at that time."

June 14 — "Went to Mr. Pace's, took breakfast. Then baptised the following persons and confirmed them there by the water-side: Wilson D. Pace and Harvey A. Pace."

June 15 — "Spent the night with Mr. Redd—-"

June 17 — "At 8 a.m. we repaired to first convenience and after making such remarks as was necessary to proceed the ordinance of baptism, I administered or inducted the following persons into the Kingdom or Church Militant on Earth: John H. Redd, a sea capatain, Elizabeth Redd, Venice and Chinea, two servants belonging to Mr. J. Redd."

"The confirmation was attended to at the house of Mr. Redd. A considerable portion of the Spirit of the Most High was present and manifested itself on this occasion. From thence we repaired to the Mormon stand where two short discourses were delivered, the first by Elder Holt, which was interesting indeed, although it was the first attempt made by him since his ordination or call to the ministry. I followed with such observations as was appropriate under existing circumstances. Closed the meeting, promising to meet them at eleven the following morning."

June 19 — "I spent the day at Br. Redd's and posted my journal. Br. Redd and Sister Holt between, gave me a pair of drawers worth 50 c."

June 28 — Rode to Br. Redd's, took dinner."

June 29 — "I attended a reaping made by Br. Redd, and assisted him in cutting and saving his wheat."

July 17 — "I remained at Br. Redd's. Occupied the time in reading and writing, also instructing such as came with inquiring minds."

Aug. 6, Sunday — "At 4 p.m. called the members together. Partook of the Lord's supper and organized them into a branch, and called it the Friendship Branch of Rutherford. Set apart and ordained the following officers — Brother John Holt, an Elder; Wm. Holt, lesser Priest; Brother John H. Redd, Teacher and Clerk. I also taught them their several duties. The Spirit of the Lord was with us and we had quite a pleasant time. From thence I walked to Thomases in company with Br. Redd and Mr. Holt." (Spelling is Br. Lee's)

It is surprising how quickly they accepted the gospel when they had never been church-goers before. When I was down in North Carolina the first time, and found so little in the court records, I asked where they went to church as I might get information there. They said "Church! The Redds never went to church. You won't find anything there." But when the truth came to them, they recognized it and accepted it.

Early the next spring they journeyed to Nauvoo. Undoubtedly they were getting the spirit of gathering and were going to look into the situation. While there they each received their patriarchal blessings under the hands of Hyrum Smith, Church Patriarch. I will give them here.

"PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF JOHN HARDISON REDD, son of Whitaker and Elizabeth Hardison Redd, born in Onslow county, in the state of North Carolina, Dec. 27, A.D. 1799.

"Brother John, I lay my hands upon your head in the name of Jesus Christ to place and seal a blessing upon you, touching the more important points of your present and future condition.

"Behold I say unto you, John, you are of the lineage and tribe of Levi, or in other words, you are of that descent, and that origin, and from that lineage cometh your blessings, from that lineage cometh your priesthood and rights of priesthood, and from that lineage cometh inheritance and rights of inheritance as well as all other tribes of the House of Israel.

"All these things are in accordance with the covenants made with the Fathers, and in answer to their faith it cometh unto the children in the last days. Therefore in these things thou art blessed when you know them, and the children are called unto a restoration and to the ministry, and to the administration of the law of God, then you can be blessed spiritually and temporally if you are faithful in the calling wherewith you are called, for it is written, if you seek first the kingdom of God and its righeousness, all other things shall be added.

"Now, therefore, I say unto you, John, you shall be blessed with the priesthood and it shall be a blessing unto you and your house, and your name shall be perpetuated from generation to generation, and you shall be blessed in your house and habitation, and in the covenant of Grace, and shall have an inheritance in the lineage of your fathers, and honor shall crown your head, notwithstanding the wickedness of the world.

"And you shall retire to your grave in peace, but many years shall be multiplied upon your head if your faith fails not. These blessings I seal upon your head according to the tenor thereof. Even so, Amen and Amen."

Given by Hyrum Smith, Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

April 3, 1844. Recorded in book C, page 258.

"PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF ELIZABETH HANCOCK REDD, daughter of Zebedee and Abigail Hancock, born Jan. 25, 1798 in Onslow County, North Carolina."

"Sister Elizabeth, I lay my hands upon your head and by virtue of the priesthood, I seal the blessings of the Father. Thy heart shall be comforted for thou wilt be numbered with the seed of Abraham and hast become legitimate heir for the promised blessings. Thou shalt be blessed with the spirit of meekness, uprightness and integrity, and through the knowledge of thy heirship, the spirit of peace shall ever rest upon thy mind to comfort thy heart and to make known to thy mind that thou art a daughter of the Highest.

"In all of thy trials and chastenings, let thy mind be staid upon the promises, for they are there and thou shalt share in blessings and promises, and partake of them in common with thy Father and shall share with him in blessings of the everlasting priesthood, both in time and throughout eternity.

"Thy children shall bless thee and revere thy name for the kindness of a mother toward them. Thy posterity shall share in blessings of the everlasting priesthood and thou shalt advance in knowledge or principles and theory upon things pertaining to the kingdom of God. Through thy faithfulness and diligence the Lord will reveal unto the mind, in visions and dreams upon thy bed, the duty of a mother due to her offspring, that thou mayest have virtue to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. "Remember that thou art a descendant from Ephraim and the desire of thy heart is to know and to do the will of the Lord. In all things thy table shall be crowned with the blessings of the earth, for it has been thy desire to comfort and console the oppressed, to feed the needy and comfort the fatherless. Remember it will be thy gift and blessing to become a mother and instruct in Israel, to teach thy sex the principles pertaining to the domestic circle.

"This is thy Father's seal and blessing upon thy head. Through thy faithfulness and diligence thou shalt have part in the first resurrection and shalt enter into the mansions of thy Father, prepared for thee from the foundation of the world."

"I seal these blessings upon thy head in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After this visit to Nauvoo, John H. and Elizabeth Redd went back to their home in Tennessee, and must have begun preparations to go with the Saints. In 1847, John H. came back to the headquarters of the Church, with his neighbor, Isham Gilliam. The saints had been driven from Nauvoo and their temporary headquarters were in Winter Quarters. There was a place about thirty miles away called Summer Quarters where Brigham Young had his family. John D. Lee was there also, and John H. went there. John D. Lee writes in his journal "Summer Quarters, July 1, 1847 — About 6 p.m. Brother John H. Redd and Isham Gilliam, both Rutherford County (Tenn.) men arrived in camp. (Note: John H. Redd, an old sea captain, formerly from So. Carolina, had protected Lee when Mormon missionaries in Rutherford County, Tennessee had been attacked by a mob. He later became converted and the prefix "Bro" indicates he was a Mormon at this time.)

"July 4 — Left Brother John H. Redd considerably difficulted in his mind with reference to removing west. After meeting, Brother Redd, I. Gilliam and Caroline and several others dined with J.D.Lee.

"July 5 — Clear wind S.W. About 8 Friend Gilliam, Sister Caroline (Gilliam's wife) and J. H. Redd started for Tennessee, their native land."

I can find very little about them in Tennessee records, but was glad to find this: In a list of taxable property as taken and returned by Miles p. Murphy Esq. in district 8 of Rutherford County, Tennessee for the year 1849 — "John H. Redd, 175 acres of land valued at $1250.00, tax $1.44, 4 slaves valued at $1600.00 tax $1.84, other property valued at $915.00 tax $1.04. Polls 1 tax $.15, State tax $4.47. State and county tax $7.45."

Since he paid tax on only 4 slaves, it indicated that they had already freed some of them. Six came out to Utah with them, and at least two came out later. Maybe some never came. However the six that come with them didn't belong to John H., they belonged to his wife, Elizabeth.

They had been freed, and were free to go or stay. Aunt Lou says they desired to come, and even begged to come. To take care of Elizabeth had been their life-long concern, they had no other, and no place to go, and wished to remain with Missy. "Missy couldn't do this or that. Missy needed them for this or that," so they were permitted to stay with their own family, as it were. I guess they were right? Aunt Lou says her grandmother couldn't even mould out a batch of bread or do any of the common ordinary things that women learned to do when very young.

So they planned to come to Utah, and did so in 1850, just three years after the first company came, and without question, found things much more primitive than they had ever experienced before.

I don't know.....(one line missing here)

of the excerpts from it. It was originally written in a sort of notebook he made himself. He took sheets of paper about eight or nine inches by about fourteen inces. These he placed together and sewed them across the middle with a coarse thread, probably homemade. Then he folded them where he had sewn them with long stitches. The outside sheet or sheets had worn away, so that the beginning and the end were lost when I copied it. His account is strictly impersonal, as he doesn't mention one of his own family. It's merely a minute of their travels. It begins —

"Tuesday morning June 18th, 1850. Fine weather with the wind still to the south. We are encamped on the west bank of the Weeping Water, and Capt. Bennett with the second 50 encamped on the opposite bank. We have accounts of one death more amongst them vz. Perry Kees. Their health seems a little improving this morning. We are still blessed with tolerable health in our camps.

"Wednesday morning June 10th. We had quite a rain last night and this morning it looks quite rainy. We are encamped on Salt Creek. Captain Bennett's company passed us this morning in travelling condition under animating hopes of the cholera subsiding amongst them.

"Thursday morning June 20th. A prospect of good weather this morning. Capt. Bennett's company is still in advance of us about three miles, and this is according to the wish of Capt. Pace, as he wishes to strictly attend both companies. We fell in with two emigrating wagons yesterday who wished to be admitted into our camps, and they had the appearance of friendly civil men who seemed willing to do their part in herding or guarding. Captain Sessions prposed to the camps that, if it was consistent with their wishes, that he would have no objection, and I believe it met the approbation of the camps, so they were admitted in. Their names were as follows vz Cyus Collins who represents six persons, one wagon and five horses, and the other by the name of I. W. Sands who represents 2 persons, 1 wagon and 3 horses.

"Friday morning June 21st. Fine weather this morning and our camps in tolerable health and condition. We passed Captain Bennett's company yesterday about 1 o'clock. We suppose them at this time to be in our rear about 5 mi.

"Wednesday morning June 26th. We had quite a rain last night. We have the rain to the northwest this morning. Captain Bennett's camp (the 2nd 50) arrived yesterday and are encamped near us. All seem to be in tolerable spirits. The camps were called together this morning to establish rules and regulations for the safety, progress and welfare of the camps. Captain Pace and Captain Sessions very appropriately addressed the camps, and it seemed to meet the approbations of the brethren as they all seemed to meet with good feelings and unanimously agreed to said rules and regulations. I have this morning read a correct statetment of the deaths which have occurred in Capt. Bennett's comapny (I will not give them all.) All supposed to die of cholera and east of the Weeping Water. Capt. Bennett's company have lost two horses, supposed to be stolen by Indians. We have sent a letter back this morning to Kanesville addressed to Elder O. Hide.

"Saturday morning June 29th. It looks quite sqally this morning after a very heavy rain and wind last night. We passed Capt. Evans company yesterday. They have lost some 3 or 4 of their number with cholera. They passed us last night and are in advance of us 1/2 mile encamped. We met the mail from Salt Lake Valley yesterday about 10 o'clock. Supposed to be about 60 miles below Fort Carney. Capt. Bennett is still in our rear about 15 miles and news has come in this morning that they have lost 4 more of their number with cholera. Our two emigrating wagons (Mr. Collins and Mr. Sands) left us this morning by common consent, as we expected this day to lay by and they wished to make better progress by travelling.

"Friday morning July 5th. Good weather and consequently we have better roads. Our camps seem a little improving in health this morning for which we feel very thankful to our Heavenly Father—-for His mercies —

"Monday morning July 15th. Cool and pleasant weather this morning and our camps in tolerable health and condition. We lay by yesterday being the Sabbath and in hopes of the arrival of Capt. Bennett's company. But they were laying at the same time. We learn that they have lost one more of their no.

"Wednesday morning July 17th. This is a beautiful morning with the wind to the east. We are this morning, through the blessings of divine providence, all safe on the north bank of the South fork of the Platt. We had quite a pleasant time for crossing yesterday. The government train also got safe over last evening and are encamped near us. Capt. Bennett with the 2nd 50 also drove up last evening and are ready this morning for crossing. Sister Webb lost her little girl last night. She died with the canker and whooping cough, and is buried at this place. Her name is Phoebe Arabella Webb. She was about three years old.

"Wednesday morning July 24th. Fine weather and pleasant this morning with the wind to the north. We are encamped on the south bank of the Platt about 5 miles east of Chimney Rock, and about 75 miles east of Fort Laramie. We have received intelligence from Capt. Bennett's comapny by Samuel Johnston. He stated that they are still in good condition and are travelling on. He also states that they lost in all 14 of their number, and most of cholera.

"Tuesday morning July 25th. We are still encamped at the same place. We lay by yesterday, it being 24th of July, to celebrate the day in commeration of the entering of the pioneers that day three years ago into the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Our opportunities of celebrating the day were very limited on this almost barren prairie, but we rested our teams as we thought it a righteous act, and were well entertained in the evening by an interesting discourse, both from Capt. Pace and Capt. Sessions admonishing the brethren to faithfulness in the discharge of their several duties. The brethren all seemed to meet and part with good feelings. We have fine weather but very warm in the afternoon. We are enjoying good health through the blessings of divine Providence.

"Wednesday morning July 31st. We are encamped this morning about three miles below a trading post and about 23 miles below Fort Laramie. We had considerable hail yesterday, but beautiful weather this morning. Capt. Evans camp is a little in advance of us, and Capt. Bennett's company still in our rear. We have tolerable health in our camps this morning.

"Wednesday morning July 31st. We are encmped this morning ten miles below Fort Laramie on a beautiful bottom. The weather continues good. We had a birth in our camp last night. Sister Elizabeth Ann Rabel, wife of Henry Rabel, was delivered of a fine daughter and is doing well this morning. We have many Indians and Indian traders around us.

"Wednesday August 7th. We are encamped this morning on the La Boute where we have plenty of creek water. We have had it very rough and rocky the most of the way through the Black Hills. Nothing of importance this morning.

"Sunday morning Aug. 11th. We are encamped this morning on the bank of the north fork of the Platt near where we descended out of the Black Hills. We had considerable hail yesterday. Our camp is in tolerable health except the whooping cough amongst the children. We have fine weather.

"Sunday morning Aug. 18th. We are encamped on the bank of the Platt near the upper ford and ferry. Capt. Bennett's company crossed last evening and are encamped on the opposite bank. Our camps are in tolerable health and condition, and ready this morning for crossing. We had a meeting last night to give some instructions and to settle some little controversy between Capt. Pace and Capt. Sessions, as there had been some little misunderstanding between them a few days previous. After some reasoning on both sides, I thought the matter seemed settled satisfactorily on both sides. We met the express from the valley yesterday about 10 o'clock 5 miles below this place. It is quite cloudy and likely for rain.

"Monday morning Aug. 19th. We are safe over the Platt and encamped on the river about two miles above the ferry where we have but little feed for our cattle and have a severe storm of cold wind and rain ever since last evening, and still continues. We have lost in all up this time 14 head of cattle. (Then he names the losers.)

This is the last entry, but it gives a bit about how they fared on the way across the plains. There is an entry for every day. Always you notice he writes in the morning. Probably because it would be late in the evening before he could get at it, then it would be too dark. In his party there would be himself, wife, six children ranging from eight to nineteen, and six colored servants, fourteen to forty. That would make fourteen, and they would have to carry all their provisions, bedding, clothing, etc. He gives no thought to his family in these minutes. Maybe he listed them in the beginning and that has been lost. He is said to have arrived in Salt Lake City in October.

I have a bit of his other writing that is interesting, that I will give here. Maybe I should have done it before from the date on it, 26 Aug. 1846.

BALLAD written for Mary Catherine Redd, from an old manuscript of John Hardison Redd.

"While Nature was sinking in stillness to rest,

The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west.

O'er fields by the moonlight, with wandering feet,

Sought in quietude's hour a place of retreat.

While passing a garden I heard, then drew near,

A voice of a sufferer affected my heart,

In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,

He spoke of the.....

His life for a ransom He offered to give,

That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers

That down on his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears.

I wept to behold Him. I asked Him His name,

He answered, "Tis Jesus, from Heaven I came.

"I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;

This cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by.

Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon Me,

And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."

I heard with deep anguish the tale of His woe,

While tears like a fountain of water did flow,

The cause of His sorrow to hear Him repeat,

Affected my heart and I fell at His feet.

I trembled with horror and loudly did cry.

"Lord, save a poor sinner, O save, or I die."

He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, "live,"

"Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."

How sweet was that moment; He bade me "Rejoice."

His smile, O how sweet, How charming His voice.

I flew from the garden, I spread it abroad,

I shouted, "Salvation, and Glory to God."

I'm now on my journey to mansions above

My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love.

I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears,

Of that loving Savior who banished my fears.

The day of bright glory is rolling around,

When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound,

My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise

To gaze on my Savior with unclouded eyes."

Here are some axioms he prized.

"Idleness always brings disgrace."

"Knowledge enlarges our pleasures."

"Never lament and weep for the loss of what you cannot keep."

"Remember the benevolent acts of your neighbor."

"Tempt not your friend with evil communications."

"Usurp not authority where it does not belong."

"Virtuous love produces peace and happiness."

"Work hard to excell in learning."

"Avoid whatever is unbecoming."

"Grandeur cannot purchase peace."

"Learning improves human nature."

"Overcome obstacles by perseverence."

"Quit vicious and disorderly company."

"Reputation is obtained by merit."

"Shame accompanies mean actions."

"Triumph not over the unfortunate."

"Pride indicates great want of sense."

"Vanity excites ridicule and contempt."

"Boast not of the favor you bestow."

"Deceit discovers a little mind."

"Enlarge your mind to receive wisdom."

"To be good is to be wise and happy."

"We were not made for ourselves only."

"Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth."

"No confidence can be placed in those who are in the

habit of lying."

"Neglect no opportunity of doing good."

"Idleness is the parent of vice and misery."

"Cleanliness promotes health of body and delicacy

of mind."

What a man is interested in shows what kind of man he is, so these bits of what he thought about are enlightening.

As you know from grandfather's history, they settled in Spanish Fork, when it was a little above where it is now,and was called Palmyra. Soon the name was changed to Spanish Fork. His home was built of squared logs brought down from the mountain. It had an attic, with a door in the end, which they went up to from the outside by way of a narrow flight of stairs. Here the family settled and became part of the community. The 1850 census of Utah county gives the following:

John H. Redd 51 born in North Carolina

Elizabeth 52 "

Ann M. 19 "

Ann E. 18 "

Mary C. 15 "

Lemuel H. 14 "

John H. 13 "

Benjamin J. 8 born in Tennessee

The birth place of the following was not given:

Vinus, 40 black; Chancey, 38 black; Luke 19 yellow; Marinda 18 yellow; Anna 14 yellow; Sam 17 yellow.

His brother-in-law came out with the same company he did, but his sister Mary didn't come for a year and a half later. Two other colored people came later, and I think they must have come at the same time that she did. Their names were Fred and Amy. Fred married Marinda. I don't think they had any children. He died soon. This census record is printed in "First Families of Utah," by Burns and Miller p. 84.

When Mary came out, she found that John Holt had married a second wife, and she quit him. He took the other wife to California and spent the rest of his life there. She, of course, stayed with her family in Spanish Fork.

Spanish Fork City, May the 7th 1855.

A true list of votes taken at the above-mentioned place with the respective names of voters for Mayor, Aldermen and councillors for said City—

1. Mathew Caldwell
2. Joseph B. Hawks
3. Geo. W. Sevy *
4. H.A.Pace *
5. H.B.N.Jolley
6. Philo Allen *
7. Zebedee Coltrin
8. John W.Mott
9. Wilson D.Pace
10. Cyrus Snell
11. Wm. Pace *
12. Orrawell Simons
13. John L. Butler *
14. John H. Red *
15. John W.Snell
16. Daniel R. Mott
17. John McKinley
18. Wm. F. Pace *
19. George McKinley
20. Lemuel H.Red *
21. Joshua Hawks *
22. John Walton
23. George D.Snell

For Mayor: Mathew Coltrin 17 votes; John McKinley 6 votes

For Aldermen: John H. Redd 23; Henry B.N.Jolley 23;

Cyrus Snell 23; Orrawell Simons 23.

For Councillors: Wm. Pace 23; John L.Butler 23; Joseph B.Hawks 23; Zebedee Coltrin 23; John H.Mott 23; Philo Allen 23; WilsonD.Pace 23; Harvey A.Pace 23; George W.Sevy 23.

We the undersigned clerks and judges do certify that this is a true statement of the votes taken at the above place — given under our hands and seals: John H. Redd, Zebedee Coltrin, William Pace, Orrawell Simons, John L. Butler.

The starred names are relatives or relatives-in-law of our family, except the two Wm. Paces. They are brother and father of Wilson and Harvey. There were only 23 men in the community

then.

Life in this new home wasn't so hot in a lot of ways. They had been here only five months when their daughter, Mary Catherine took sick suddenly and died the 5 of May 1851. They said the change of climate was hard on many. That was the first sorrow they were called on to endure. A little over two years later, Thursday morning, 25th of Nov. 1853, their son, John Holt was thrown from a horse and killed. This was such a blow to the mother that she went to bed and never ate, she couldn't, and she died the next Sunday morning, Nov. 28, 1853. Aunt Lou said she turned yellow before she died. Something must have been preying upon her system and this shock brought it to a head so to speak. I guess we'll never know.

Ann Marian was married at this time, and was home with her father. Ann Elizabeth married two years later, then he was rather lonesome.

In Feb. 1856 John H. Redd received a call to go to Las Vegas, Nevada to help open up some lead mines but did not go. He fitted out his son, Lemuel H., who, with his wife went in contemplation of having his father follow in the fall.

I have written much about that in Lemuel H.'s story, so will at this time only give a letter that John. wrote to Lemuel during this time.

"Spanish Fork City, Utah County and Utah Territory, August 1, 1856.

"Dear Son and Daughter — With pleasure and interest I embrace the opportunity of advising you with a few lines. My reasons for not writing sooner, I was waiting for you to write that I might know what to communicate. I received your letter of 9 June last Sunday night, the contents of which has been noticed with no small interest. I am very happy to hear that you both are well, but truly sorry to learn that you are not satisfied. I do not wish you to remain there any longer than you can help if you are not satisfied.

I have done the very best in my power to take care of what you left behind. I have let nothing go except your table and two pigs. I let Sister Butler have one, and I gave one pig and one bushel of wheat for harvesting your fall wheat. The man who took the job had rather a hard bargain, it took him about five days faithful work with a hook to save it amongst the sunflowers. The grasshoppers injured your wheat some, but the sunflowers have been most destructive. They have destroyed much of my fall wheat. I have had to hire all the time. We are just through with our fall wheat and oats, and will have to commence on our spring wheat about Monday. Our crops are quite light and it is thought that bread stuff will be remarkable scarce. It has been one of the most trying times that this people ever had to pass through, and we fear that it will be no better the ensuing year if the people do not begin to save in time. The words of salvation are taught from every stand, which fully means a saving principle — without that there is no salvation. Remember this my dear children, and be wise and economical as your father has been before you, and you may rely, my son and daughter, with confidence that your Father will take the best care in his power for your temporal and eternal welfare.

"I wish to hear from you often that I may know how to manage your concerns and keep things in readiness for your return, which I hope will be before very long, unless you become better satisfied, for I do not wish you to stay there against your will. If you have a wish to return, you had better by the first safe opportunity, as I am making arrangements to start in the fall. I should like to have you here to give you some instructions in regard to what I leave behind. You can arrange your business there to the best advantage to remain until I get there. Get liberty from the authorities of that place to come, and do not come until you know that you are safe in travelling. I should like to know about what time you expect to start, that I may know what time to look for you.

"I expect to leave my houses and land, and a part of my stock as the range there are not very good. The tobacco worm in places has been very destructive to potato crops. They have destroyed nearly all of the Pace's potatoes and nearly ruined yours. We wormed them over 3 or 4 times. They were not quite so bad on our black land. We have had a pretty hard trial to make what we have made. Stock, grasshoppers and worms have given us some trouble.

"I have not much news at this time, there has been very few changes except what are common. We had a frost about the 15th of July, which injured our vines very much. We have had it very windy all through the spring and summer, but it is very dry and hot at this time.

"There has been two marriages since you left. John W. Berry is married to Emily Davis, and myself to Miss Mary Lewis of Salt Lake City, a fine-looking girl of about 16 years of age. This leaves us all well at present, truly hoping it finds you both in the enjoyments of life, health and prosperity. Miss Charity wishes to be remembered to you both in love as she had not the opportunity of writing in the letter sent by her people. She is well and doing well, and we hope a very fair prospect of her still doing better. We all have a desire to see you both white and black, and our ardent desires are for your temporal and eternal welfare, and truly hope the Lord may bless and prosper you in your travels and return.

"So, ever remaining your affectionate father, people and friends.

John H. Redd and family and people.

To Lemuel H. Redd and wife.

This sounds like the blacks were living near. In the south they always had separate little houses out at the back for the slaves, and I suppose it was still the same out here.

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER FROM LELAND W. REDD TO HIS SON, L. WAYNE REDD

(LELAND IS A SON OF WAYNE H. A HALF BROTHER TO WM. A. REDD)

Your mother and I have just returned from a very pleasant one month's visit in the southern states. The highlight of our trip was a two day visit at Snead's Ferry, Stump Sound, Onslow Co., North Carolina. It is claimed that this is where the ancestors of the Redd's lived in the early colonial times. We inquired of the post mistress of Snead's Ferry if there were any Redds living in the area. She referred us to Joe Frank Redd. As we were eating lunch in a restaurant Joe Frank came in and we introduced ourselves to each other. He was a very pleasant young man about thirty five years of age, and told me that I was the first man bearing the name of Redd whom he had ever seen in his life, except his brother, his father, James C. Redd having passed away when he was one and one half years of age. Joe Frank's wife name was Fern, and he had two daughters, Necia and Judy, and an infant son, Joe Frank Jr. He told us of the old Redd plantation house that was situated on the farm now owned by Robert Hampton Bethea, age 77 years, and commonly referred to as the old Redd plantation. This plantation was about 10 miles southeast of Snead's Ferry near the Bender Co. line. The last Redd who owned it was Sigle Redd who died June 11 1867. Sigle Redd was the great grandfather of Joe Frank and was a full cousin of John Hardison Redd, my great grandfather. This would make Joe Frank Redd and myself about fourth or fifth cousins. While the women visited, Joe Frank and I went about ten miles in the car to the old Redd home and met Mr. Bethea, who is quite feeble. The following is his story:

His father purchased this farm and it consisted at that time of 685 acres, from Sigle Redd's heirs, in 1878. Sigle Redd died about a year after the civil war closed and his farm was sold by his heirs to Mr. Bethea's father. Mr. Bethea was born in this house and it was generally understood in that area that the house was in the neighbourhood of two hundred years old, and several generations of the Redd family had been born in that home previous to the sale. He said that it was further understood that at one time the Redds and the Sidburys owned all the land from Turkey Creek in Onslow Co., to Batmill Creek in Pender Co., and from the bay up to what is now the highway. Roughly, this area, as we measured it in the car is three miles or four wide and four to five miles long. Most of this area is now grown up to underbrush and slash pine trees. From the front porch of the plantation you can look down about one half mile on Morris landing on what is known today as Redd's bay. He told us that in the early days this is where the cotton, tobacco and other products were loaded on the barges to transport them to Wilmington and other ports where they were sold. The old gentleman told us that as a boy he remembered where the old Redd cemetery was on this plantation. We prevailed upon him to go with us to see if we could find the remains of the old cemetery. He took us north of the house about a half a mile on an old side road that is used occasionally. We stopped the car and went nearly another half mile into the jungle of forest which had grown up with underbrush and pine trees. We worked our way through the brush along what had once been a country road. Mr. Bethea said that about twenty steps south of this road should be the graveyard. We explored in this area for about an hour trying to find evidence of the graveyard. Sometimes we were on our hands and knees in the underbrush. Finally we discovered the graveyard. There were about ten or twelve marble headstones still standing. Apparently the graveyard had been abandoned for many, many years. There was one stone "Basil Redd, died October 3 1848, aged 22 years." One stone was marked " Henrietta Bishop, born 1815." She was the daughter of Sigle Redd. There were several names of Bishop there. Mr. Bethea told us that Henrietta Redd, daughter of Sigle Redd had married one of the Bishops. She and her husband and several children were buried there. There were also some Hendersons there whom the old man thought were descendants of the Redds.

Mr. Bethea referred us to another real old house that had been all gone except the foundation and chimney many years before he was born. This was on the land originally owned by the Redds. he said that to the best of his knowledge there were at least from fifty to sixty people buried in that graveyard and it was known as the old Redd Graveyard. However as I said, we found about ten or twelve headstones. The old wooden markers have long since gone back into the earth. It would be very interesting to know who else is buried there. We went to see if we could find the remains of the other old house which it rumored preceded the plantation house. We were successful in locating it. The chimney had been built out of oyster shells mixed with clay. This and small bits of rock in the foundation were all that was left. It is stated that oyster shells in the very early days were used with clay in making the fireplaces. We brought back some of the oyster shells taken from the old chimney.

Mr. Bethea told us that on several occasions Mormon missionaries had stayed with him overnight.

Later we met Mr. Harmon Hardison, whose post office address is Holly Ridge, North Carolina. Mr. Bethea was acquainted with many of the early day Redds in this area and spoke very highly of them. According to the information in the possession of Joe Frank, the old Sigle Redd was a son of William Redd, who was a brother of Whitaker Redd Jr., who is our progenitor. Joe Frank was a great grandson of Sigle Redd.

We had a very pleasant visit with several Hardison families whose old homestead adjoins that of the Redds in Onslow County. We talked to Mr. Jesse Hardison who is a retired blacksmith. We visited the old home where he was born adjacent to which is an old Hardison cemetery, a small plot, well kept. In this is a marble stone over his grandfather's grave. His grandfather was born in 1828 and died in 1881. There is one grave here older than that but he didn't know whose it was. It is a sort of a tomb affair that is built of brick and this particular grave is in bad state of repair. I asked whose grave it was and he answered by saying that it was some of the Hardisons "that goes way back yonder."

I believe that our family chart shows that our great great grandfather, Whitaker Redd Jr. married one of the Hardisons. Mr. Jesse Hardison has a brother, a very elderly man who, at the time of our visit, was in the hospital at Wilmington, N.C. The Harmon Hardison who I referred to above is a son of the old gentleman who is in the hospital at Wilmington. It is interesting to note that the Hardisons have lived on this place at least four generations that they know of, and it is a farm that was part of the old Redd holdings between Turkey Creek and Batmill Creek, and adjoins the ranch that Mr. Bethea owns, which was the old Sigle Redd home. The Hardisons are very honest, hard-working people who are well re- spected in this area. Several miles distant from the present Hardison holding is a place referred to as the old Hardison Mansion place. This has long since fallen into decay and we were unable to reach it by auto. The Hardison man, Jesse, told us a very interesting story about a lawsuit that he had with one of his neighbors over two acres of land. It appears that many years ago the man who owned what is now his neighbors land sold two acres of it. This two acre piece of land was sold and resold many times and finally came into the possession of Jesse Hardison. The man who later came into possession of the neighbor's farm claimed the particular two acres of land. During the lawsuit it was brought out that in 1735 both tracts of land were filed on one day apart and notice of the filing had to be sent to England where the king would issue the deeds to the land. Jesse told us that he won the case and that the new case is used as a precedent in that area for establishing deeds to land that go back to the time when the land applications had to submitted to England for approval.

Mr. Hardison told us of the destruction of the old county courthouse that stood across the bay from Snead's Ferry on what is now Courthouse Bay. We saw the place, and I think that if you will recall from the Redd history the tales of the courthouse being destroyed at that time. It was very interesting to visit this site. Very likely if this courthouse had not been destroyed it

would have been easier to get some of our genealogy. After this tidal wave the courthouse was moved several times and finally came to rest in Jacksonville, Onslow Co., some fifteen or twenty miles away.

There is now a good steel bridge over the New River at Snead's Ferry. It was recently built and replaces the first wooden bridge across this ferry which was built in 1938. The New River is actually and arm of the ocean that extends seven miles below Snead's Ferry to about fifteen miles above all the way to Jacksonville.

Quite a few of the old families now living at Snead's Ferry are descendants of some of the daughters and grand daughters of Sigle Redd. I was glad to learn what the Stump Sound was. Apparently the counties in the south are sort of divided up and Stump Sound is about one fifth the area of Onslow County.

Joe Frank Redd makes his living by fishing. He has a boat called the "Echo" in which he does some commercial fishing, but the main source of his income is hiring himself and boat out to fishermen who come from all parts of the United States to go channel and deep sea fishing. He tells an interesting story that happened when his last baby was born. He had a group out on the boat and on this boat he can send and receive messages, by radio from other boats. They radioed a message to him from home that his wife had a baby boy. Several other boats out fishing also picked up the message and the balance of the day he didn't catch many fish as he was busy answering calls of congratulations from other boats. When Jesse Hardison was asked what nationality he was he said the Hardisons were of the belief that they were of English and French descent.

Joe Frank's brother Sigle has never married. He is now in a state hospital in N.C. and has hope of being out soon. He is a veteran of World War II and lives with Joe Frank when he is not out working. He operates a boat for other individuals.

For several centuries there has been considerable fishing in the vicinity of Snead's Ferry and today there is a lot of fishing there, especially commercial fishing. It appears that the fish from the ocean come in great schools and Joe Frank told me that on some days when the schools come in many of their large boats were literally filled with different kinds of fish.

The postmistress at Snead's Ferry told me that about 1000 people, living within a radius of about four miles, get their mail at this office. The residents living in the area of the old Redd farms in Onslow County get their mail at Holly Ridge, Onslow County, North Carolina, about six miles distant. Holly Ridge is on U.S. Highway 17 that comes from Norfolk, Va. and north to Savannah, Georgia, and south. This highway is an important link between north and south. It is referred to as the Atlantic Coast Highway.

MY GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER LEMUEL HARDISON AND KEZIAH JANE BUTLER REDD

by Lura Redd

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

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

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

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

Aunt Ellen writes, "During the summer of 1850 the Redd family made the memorable trip across the plains into the Salt Lake Valley. Lemuel H. was at this time fourteen years of age. He filled a man's place in this long trek, driving and caring for an ox team the entire distance. (But Luke was along and I think he did a big part of it.) The Captain Sessions Company with which they travelled reached Salt Lake in October of 1850." When Aunt Lou married and moved to Parowan there was an old pioneer, Richard Benson, living there who came across the plains in 1850 with the same company that the Redds came with. He said that he knew the Redds and that the boy Lem surely knew how to handle animals. He, Benson, knew nothing about driving when he undertook to drive across the plains. Lem, showed him a lot about it and when they came to a stream which had to be forded Lem would drive his team across the ford for him.

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

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

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

When grandfather was seventeen and eighteen they had an Indian war led by old Chief Walker and called the Walker War. He was in the militia against these Indians who were giving them much trouble. They would swoop down and drive off their cattle and horses; they would destroy their fences and buildings and crops; and they would kill anyone who was foolish enough to go off alone. At that time they burned the first saw mill that had been built in Utah south of Salt Lake City and which his father, John H. Redd had helped finance and build. Aunt Ellen said it was a loss of six thousand dollars for him. As a member of the militia grandfather had to take his turn as guard for they had to have guard duty for someone all the time. I remember when he applied for a pension for his services. Old Walker died in January 1855 and was followed by his brother as chief. He was just as bad as Walker at first but he changed. He said Walker came to him in a vision and told him not to fight the Mormons. He told him the land didn't belong to the Indians nor to the white men but to the Lord. So they had peace while he was chief, ten years.

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

After this Indian war they built a fort; surrounded by high rock walls, it was after the pattern of other forts in the territory. Small rooms were built around the outside wall on the inside as accommodations for separate families. The roofs of these rooms sloped a bit to the

inside and the outside wall was higher than the roofs. Above the roof and in the wall were left many little loop holes where the guards could look out and see the enemy and shoot through and be protected from the enemy. In this fort all nineteen families of Spanish Fork lived. Nine out of the nineteen were our own ancestors.

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

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

Aunt Ellen says, "In the spring of 1852 their trek westward began. There were fifty one families in the company with Eli B. Kelsey as Captain. Her father was the blacksmith and the captain of the wagons. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of the same year. Keziah, then a girl of sixteen, had walked the entire distance. Fortunate was she and other members of the family, through the kindness of an old Indian woman, to enjoy a pair of strong buckskin moccasins to begin the long journey. She loved to portray to her children in later years the little incidents she had carried in her memory of that long and tiresome journey. It was tiresome though many times full of pleasure for the children of the company as they walked in groups gathering wild flowers and berries. Sometimes there was danger in their paths, Indians, buffaloes, snakes and wild animals. For this reason the children were instructed to stay close to the wagons. Their interest in the things they found one day, took a group of them out of the sight of the wagons and they were lost. Great consternation arose through the company, the train was stopped and a general search was carried out. The lost ones were found and brought safely into camp. She never forgot the terrible fright nor the scolding from the captain which made them wise in remembering instructions."

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

The Indians drove off their stock and left them rather poor so after he had gotten things in shape in Spanish Fork, her father, John Lowe Butler, decided to go back along the trail to Fort Bridger, but President Young counselled him to go to Green River on the highway. There were many companies passing on their way to Oregon and California and could use a good wheel-wright and mechanic, which he was. Keziah and her older sister Charity went with him and

while he fixed their wagons for the rest of the trip they took care of them in other ways. Among the things they did was to wash and iron their clothes and clean them up before going on. They also cooked them some good meals and did any other things they requested for them. They thought they earned quite a bit of money. Grandmother used hers to get her a new wedding dress, because she was getting married the next winter. On the 2nd of January 1856 they were married and were sealed in the Endowment House 16 February 1858.

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

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

"Brother Lemuel, by the authority of the holy priesthood, we lay our hands upon thy head and ratify the seal and blessing of thy sire upon thee. Thou art in the morning of life and in thine heirship thou art numbered with the seed of Abraham. Listen to the counsel of thy father and there is no seal or key of knowledge but what thou hast the right to attain to. Let no earthly consideration lead thy mind astray from the path of rectitude and the love of virtue. In so doing thou shalt find many attributes accumulating in thy mind. Thou wilt find the love of God increasing in thy bosom, thou wilt find a principle whereby thou wilt extend mercy and favor to others that wilt cause thy mind to become illuminated with light, with principle and by promise. We seal upon thee thy washings and annointings and endowments whereby thou wilt be prepared to receive the keys of the everlasting gospel which thou wilt have to bear to people who are sitting in darkness. That thy garments may be clean from the blood of this generation keep in thy memory the vows and obligations and thou shalt have faith given thee from on high to rebuke diseases. The winds and the waves will be stayed by the prayer of thy faith. Therefore improve upon thy leisure moments as they pass and thou shalt be an instrument in the hands of the Lord in winning many into Christ's kingdom who will become stars in thy crown in the day of the Lord Jesus. Live to honor the priesthood and thy crown will be glorious and when that still small voice whispers peace to thy mind thou mayest know that the Lord is near thee. Thou art of Ephraim and these seals of the priesthood shall rest upon thee and thy seed after thee.

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

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

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

narrowness of the way which will produce joy and satisfaction to thy mind, for thou wilt be taught the pattern of Heavenly things where the spirit of truth will be made manifest to thy mind.

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

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

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

While there they received the following letter from his father:

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

Dear Son and Daughter —

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

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

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

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

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

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

As I said before grandfather and grandmother returned to Spanish Fork a little before Uncle Lem was born. They had no home there as yet, so they at first slept in the attic of great grandfather Redd's log house. To get up there they climbed by way of a set of steps or something between that and a ladder on the outside. Before her baby was born, grandmother got a gathered

breast and was in much misery. There was nobody close that she felt like confiding in. Great grandfather had married a young girl younger than grandmother, so she wouldn't be much help in her trouble. Aunt Chaney, one of great grandfather's old nigger mammies sensed that something was wrong and found out what it was. Heat, she thought would be good but they knew nothing about hot water bottles. She must have cared for this before. She put grandmother to bed in that little low upstairs room. She went down and mixed up a hot cake with catnip tea and while it was hot she climbed up and put it on the sore breast. She went down and made another and by the time the first one was cool she was up with another hot one. She repeated that until the soreness and swelling were much reduced and grandmother on the way to recovery. Grandmother said she sure learned to love those old black women, they were so good and helpful to her. There were two of them, Venus and Chaney. They were midwives and helped her many times later on. After all the Redds left Spanish Fork they earned their way with the sick. They were good at it too, as their whole lives had been to take care of white people and they never knew anything else. They had come out to Utah to do just that, of their own free will and choice and they finished their lives that way. Aunt Lou said that when they were considering crossing the plains and whether to bring the black women they'd say "We need to go. Missy Redd wouldn't know how to mix bread or take care of things." I guess they put up quite a plea and listed a lot of things she didn't know how to do, and of course they came along with the others.

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

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

There were many places in the intermountain region that were not yet settled and president Young wanted all the territory taken up by the saints so he made it a practice to call people to go to every place possible for settlement. Just as soon as his scouts found a new creek or spot of ground that was at all suitable he called somebody to go there. In the fall and winter of 1861-62 the walls of old Fort Harmony disintegrated with the heavy rains and the inhabitants sought another place and found two of them, one west and one east, so they needed more people. The Sevys and Paces got on their way before the Redds and got the choice land along the creek. John D. Lee's claim was at the head of the creek and the Pace's below him. They must have arrived in December and held their first meeting the 22 Dec 1861 when they made some kind of organization, seemingly temporary.

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

street from them. He lived here for eight years and later his nephew L.A.Pace built a home there. It is one block south of where we used to live in New Harmony.

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

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

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

The next year, August 20, 1867 the New Harmony ward was organized by president Erastus Snow with Wilson D. Pace as bishop. He was grandfather's brother in law and George W. Sevy, grandmother's brother in law was his second counsellor. In time they effected some of the auxiliary organizations, but I imagine it took some time to do it. Ann Mariah Redd Pace was the first president of the Relief Society with Keziah Jane Butler Redd as her first counsellor. Elizabeth Mathis was president of the Primary and Mary Mathis and Caroline Redd counsellors and Della Redd as secretary. Pauline Bryner Pace was the president of the M.I.A. with Jane Redd as counsellor. Keziah Jane Redd and Ann Mariah Redd Pace were set apart as two of the midwives.

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

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

Aunt Alice described the rooms to me. They had a great big kitchen. That's where the family lived and worked. The back door came from the porch on the west. It was a little north of the center of the room. As you came in from the porch to your right was a long bench, holding a wash basin and a bucket of water with a dipper, under the window, next to that in the corner was the cook stove and on the south next to the stove was a big wood box. A box they attempted to

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

As I said they lived and worked in this room. It was a hive of activity. There were no evening meetings, no evening activities of the ward or community. After supper they all congregated here until bedtime, In a winter evening grandmother got out her cards and carded wool while the others got their knitting. The wool grandmother used was raised right there in their own yard and orchard on nice clean sheep and wasn't dirty like what mother used to get from the herd. She always carded it into bats before she washed it. Freshly cut, soft oily wool was easier to card than that which had been washed and snarled up a lot. She would spread it out on the big hearth in front of the fire and get it nice and warm, and card great piles of it.

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

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

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

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

and fed my dog, you can have the rest." They slammed down the window.

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

Each child had his regular responsibility. Aunt Lou's job was to fill the chip basket with good clean chips, it was made by the Indians, and held them ready for the early fire making in the morning. She had to fill it at night. One night they had company and they told such interesting stories that she didn't want to miss them. She delayed until it was dark, but she had to go get them just the same. Her mother held a candle for her but the flickering light was about as bad as nothing, and she could see all kinds of wild animals and other dangers out there in the dark. Aunt Ellen had to shut up the chicken coop very carefully so that no coyote could get in and take a chicken or two. Aunt Vilo had to carry the water up from the spring, down by the creek. She told me once she had to get it after they were ready to sit down to a meal. She was so mad that she stuck her foot in it. Aunt Alice must go to the basement and bring up the potatoes. Her parents wouldn't remind them, they were to do it without being reminded. These were their night chores. Everything had to be ready to prepare breakfast.

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

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

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

When they brought the organ it was crated in a nice strong box which they put out in the barn to hold bran for the pigs. Lou and Metia went out to play in it. They were having such a good time but Metia began to scream and dance. A mouse had run up her back under her dress.

Lou grabbed the mouse and held it but from there they didn't know what where to go. Lou didn't dare unbutton the dress and let it out for fear it jump on her. So screaming and crying they went to the field. The boys ask her why she didn't open the dress and let it out. Lou said, "It might jump on me." They did and the mouse fell to the ground dead. Ever after if any wanted to tease her he merely said, "It might jump on me."

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

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

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

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

In the fall of 1879 eighty families were called by the church from Iron, Garfield and Washington counties to colonize the valley of the San Juan river in south eastern Utah.

Grandfather was chosen as one of the scouts to find a trail or road for them. In a book called, "Zealots of Zion," by Hoffman Birney I take the following excerpts about this trip.

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

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

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

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

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

Hoffman Birney says this of their experiences at that time, "The four must have been men of iron. Ninety six hours of starvation to say nothing of other hardships they had undergone, left little mark upon them."

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

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

"The following is my father's story as I remember hearing him tell of their perilous

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

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

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

It seems that this trip didn't end his travels in that direction. Aunt Ellen writes "In 1887 my father, Monroe and family, with other helpers drove a herd of one hundred and fifty horses and cattle into San Juan county. My sister, Delle, rode horseback and helped drive the stock. I drove a team and wagon. As we travelled through White canyon to Bluff, our water supply for camp uses was often obtained from basin-like depressions in the top of large flat rocks. As I remember it, we sometimes found several gallons in one rock basin."

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

MY MOTHER

Brimful of duties were my mother's days.
Always from early dawn till late at night;
But after hours she tilled a garden plot
Of flowers to make the drab yard gay and bright.
Though evening duties called for all her time,
We claimed her for the stories we liked best;

She came along and told the fairy tales
That sent us to sweet dreams and peaceful rest.
A quiet hour I'm sure my mother craved
Yet all our friends were welcome in her home.
Her heart reached out, and every mother's child
Who knew her, shared the love - not hers alone.
The world could never call my mother great,
She plied no skill in song nor verse nor art,
But everyone who knew her called her friend
And shared the kind refreshment of her heart.
Her gentle ways, her kindly helpful hand
Marked carefully the path our feet should go,
And on and on her love calls through the years
Like strains of sacred music, soft and low.

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

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

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

sleeping cots on the screened porch and places for the boys beds in the granary loft.

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

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

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

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

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

"I went to the front room next, bright cheery with stripped rag carpet. There stood father's and mother's four poster bed made up with fluffed feather tick, log cabin patched quilt and well starched hand embroidered pillow shams. My trundle bed was rolled under to be out of sight for the day. The secretary, chairs, high boy and home sewing machine were the same. On the little table rested the red plush photograph album and on the mantle stood two coal oil lamps, a piece or two of china and a little blue pitcher that served as a flower vase. The treasured organ, trim and pretty stood under the high window. Nostalgic and sweet were the memories around it. I saw father sitting on the home made stool playing a chord and a group of us singing with him,

"Hard Times Come Again No More," or "Come Music To My Heart." The letters on the stops, white and black keys gleamed there in the bright firelight.

"My next visit to the little front bedroom came next. It was just large enough for a bed, a bureau and mother's chest, and the treasures in the chest were as vivid to me as in the days long ago. There was mother's tight fitting basque of red and black alpaca, the one she wore to have her picture; and the tinted daguerreotype picture of father and mother in a leather case lined with pink plush, a few bits of bric-a-brac dating from the days when they lived in Spanish Fork before they were called to come to this little outpost on the very fringe of civilization, in the early days of Utah's making. They had only four babies then, I came along thirteen.

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

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

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

"I had been home!"

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

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

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

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

Like a strong, strong farm house shouldering the storms without

And throbbing to integral strength within,
The fall leaf table bound itself into our living
Since the day it came beneath our roof.
More than a meal time board, far more it had been;
On its solid top have rested history books
And spelling lists and lessons in geography.
And there dress patterns have been pinned
And ironings have been done.
The doctor's leather case has rested there
And fresh baked home made bread
Whose fragrance filled the room
And set young mouths to watering;
And jars of pickled peaches and plum jam.
Always above it hung the oil lamp
That spread its mellow light around.
Its worn old top has felt the touch of baby hands,
And callused knotty ones, and more than once
A head, so weary with discouragements
That it found comfort on the hard wood boards.
Beneath its leaves and battered legs
Our boys crouched in playing games of hide-and-seek;
And it has quivered with the deafening noise
That echoed from the din of indoor games.
That sturdy table with it's checkered cloth of red and white,
Has heard the solemn words when family problems came
And we must face decisions with no recourse but our firm faith.
More than a meal time board, far more.
It stands, a consecrated altar. At it's shrine
On bended knees we prayed for strength
And rendered thanks for life,
For love and trust in Him who lights our way,
For dignity of work and wealth of home.

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

"George Hobbs, Lemuel H. Redd, George Sevy and George Morrill were selected, to scout from the Colorado to Montezuma to decide on a route suitable for wagons to follow. These pathfinders left the Hole-in-the-Rock December 17, 1879 with provisions for an eight day trip, the distance being estimated at about sixty miles. They took with them two animals for packing and two for riding. The second day after leaving the Colorado River, the four reached a barrier that was to be commemorated in state history as 'Slick Rocks,' a sweeping expanse of densely compacted sandstone so smooth that at only great distances did ever a crevice appear in the slippery surface. It was impossible to go around it, if they were to reach Montezuma. Their only course lay down the Slick Rocks."

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

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

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

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

"On the return trip these trail-weary scouts faced the necessity of finding a more practical route for the wagons than the one they had followed. They struck far north of the first course. All of their provisions were gone and they were in an almost starving condition when they reached the Hole-in-the-Rock. Their exhausted animals were scarcely able to stagger down the trail that led to the river, one of the pack horses having worn his hooves almost to the hide, leaving a circle of blood on the rocks with every step. They reached camp January 10, 1880, twenty five days having been required to make the trip."

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

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

away a month.

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

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

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

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

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

Another one of her arts was starch-making. In the fall when they dug and pitted the potatoes she gathered all the extra little ones and had the children wash and grate them, on a home made tin grater, you know, pound holes in a piece of tin with a nail and attach the tin to a little home made wooden frame. They grated great baskets of potatoes into the tubs. She then washed the pulp in cold water, carried up from the ditch. The pulp was let stand in this water

over night. The next morning she'd drain off the water and pulp and in the bottom fine white starch had settled in damp masses. This was dried and stored for future use.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ONE ROOM SCHOOL

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

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

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

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

Aunt Ellen gives a more detailed account: "My father built a smoke house about four or

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

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

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

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

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

In 1887 the U.S. Congress passed the Edmonds-Tucker law making more stringent laws

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

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

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

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

Grandfather was ever on the move during this time. He went to Bluff for a while with his brother-in-law Harvey Pace. When he felt that that was too hot he went to Mesa and stayed a time with his daughter Jane. He came back by way of California and conditions were no better. He decided to move his second family to San Juan and in August 1888 he took a lot of stock and part of this family out there. Four of them stayed in New Harmony. Aunt Della and Aunt Ellen went along to help. Aunt Della rode a horse and helped to drive and take care of the stock. Aunt Ellen drove a team and wagon. It was a long hard journey to the Colorado river where they expected a boat to take them across it. Lem came from Bluff and met them at the river but there

was only a skiff not a boat. It was late in the season and the water was low exposing a sand bar in the middle of the stream. They swam their stock across to the bar all right but the wagons were too big for the skiff. They took their wagons apart and it took seven trips to get their things to the sand bar. Now it was late so they spent the night there. During the night a thunder storm came with heavy rain and the water rose and drenched them. When daylight came water was pouring down over the high cliffs on both sides of the river and into it, and the sand bar was nearly covered. They swam their stock and made the seven trips the rest of the way across. There they built fires, dried their clothing and bedding, put their wagons together again and went on, thankful that they were all alive and well. Before coming to the river they had suffered for want of water for themselves and their animals as all the little tributary streams, if there were any, had dried up. I have camped, myself, along the rim of the Colorado and there were none. Water seems to go down in sink holes to the river. Now, though, after the storm they found water in many cavities of the rocks. The rains, however, had flooded the country, making the travelling hard for the animals and the horses gave out. Wayne went to Bluff for help. While they waited, their horses strayed and it took everybody in camp to find them. Even Aunt Louisa left her babies alone in the wagon and joined in the search. They did find them, and afterwards they tied them up. Wayne returned and brought with him a load of watermelons that gave them a good impression of Bluff, their destination.

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

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

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

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

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

Dodging became harder and more uncertain as time went on, and at last he heard that some were going to Mexico, taking their plural families there. With only one family in the United States he would be safe, so that is what he decided to do. That was a long hard trip to make, or even think of. There was no definite road and probably no maps. They just knew that it was south. As I remember or understand it, some of the leaders of the church had gone or sent someone to scout out the way and to look into conditions there and had reported.

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

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

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

Sometime about now the chimney of their house in New Harmony fell down and they couldn't live in that house any more. Anyway it was too big for the few that were left there. It must have been a poorly built house in the first place, built by amateurs. The first part, bedrooms and attic were regular four walls with a long roof with a gable at the north and the south, very common through-out the state. There were three rooms upstairs. The south one had a chimney on the south, the one that fell down, and one or two windows. The middle one, called the dark room was lighted by two little panes of glass in the roof, and the stairway came up to this one.

The north room had a door that opened into a little catwalk to the long upper porch that covered the lower porch, and they both were as long as the house. The big kitchen or kitchens, I presume there was one at each end, were in a lean-to attached to the main part of the house. Out past the kitchens were the back porches, another long lean-to attached to the kitchen lean-to. The cellar was under the main part of the house at the south end. It was merely a hole in the ground with a dirt floor. I don't know whether the walls were dirt or rock. There were steps leading down to it from the south at right angles to the south wall. These steps were covered by a big tilting door that had to be lifted up. It was the kind of door kids liked to slide down. There was an upright door at the bottom opening towards the inside. Somebody left the doors open once and "Old Bossy" went down to investigate. In her movements about she pushed the inner door shut. Aunt Vilo was sent down for something but couldn't get in. She could just see a little bit of cow. She dashed back up the stairs shouting that she couldn't get in, the cellar was full of cows. She said she actually thought it was, too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grandfather was active in the church in Mexico, especially in the seventies quorum and in the high priests quorum. He was first counsellor to the stake president A. F. McDonald, then to president Miles p. Romney and then to President A. Thurber. He was ordained a patriarch on 9 March 1908 under the hand of Apostles John Henry Smith, George F. Richards and Anthony W. Ivins. He died 9 June 1910 in Colonia Juarez and was buried there.

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

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

GRANDMOTHER REDD'S KITCHEN

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

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

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

Against the side wall stood the sturdy wooden lounge with sitting room for half a dozen people, and when occasion demanded, it could be extended into a bed with the addition of a straw filled tick. (I imagine that was the one we had in our front room in New Harmony, and the one that Paul danced on when he swallowed his whistle. Ask him to tell about it. Note by Lura.) A box covered sewing machine and the parlor organ both stood along the south wall. That dear old organ furnished accompaniment for us at our every family song fest. Last but not least of the kitchen furnishings was the big sturdy table. It was the center of family activity, the pivot of togetherness. On its ample boards, with saw and knives the corn-fattened pork was cut up, the hams and bacon trimmed and prepared for the smoke house then to be wrapped and stored for use in the months ahead. The spare ribs, head cheese, pigs feet and garden-sage-seasoned sausage were there prepared for table use. The fat was finely chopped and rendered into lard for shortening. On the table top was made ready the meat, suet, fruit, spices and sugar for the wonderful homemade mincemeat. On that same table top the wooden chopping bowl rested and in it cucumbers, onions, peppers, cabbage, tomatoes etc. were prepared for chow chow, chili sauce, pickles, relishes, catsup. There too were prepared fruits for preserving, jellies, sweet-pickled peaches. There the big field squash was prepared and cut into strips to dry in the attic for homemade pumpkin pies. On the oil cloth cover of the big table was rolled the tender pie crust, cookies, fried cakes and dough for cinnamon buns and tender soda biscuits. On its top came to cool the crusty loaves of bread with their mouth watering goodness.

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

Within the radius of the fireplace warmth, we prepared the makings for rag rugs, carpets, patch-work quilts, enjoyed the pine nuts we had gathered in the fall and roasted in the back yard

pit, and listened to pioneer hunting and childhood stories.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grandmother's motto was always, "Better suffer wrong than to do wrong."

LIFE SKETCH OF LEMUEL HARDISON REDD

Lemuel Hardison Redd, the subject of the sketch, was born in Onslow County, North Carolina, July 31 1836. He was the second son and sixth child of John Hardison Redd and Elizabeth Hancock Redd, both of whom were born in the same mentioned county and state.

His father, better known as Captain Redd, as he followed a seafaring life, was a man of letters and was well known and highly respected in the community where he lived. The names of his eight children were Edward and Harriet, who died in infancy, Ann Moriah, Elizabeth Anne, Mary Catherine, Lemuel Hardison, John Holt, and Benjamin Jones.

At the age of six years, Lemuel's parents heard and obeyed the Gospel at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where they moved in 1838. The family moved to Salt Lake Valley in 1850. Lemuel, who was now fourteen years of age, drove an ox team across the plains from St. Joe, Missouri, to Salt Lake. At this time the Saints were visited with the cholera plague, Lenuel and his father both being attacked but fortunately survived the dread disease. The story of this well known exodus is familiar to all readers of Church History so it is unnecessary to tell details, yet the impression gained by seeing hundreds of the company buried by the road side, by fearing the attack of the Indians, and by witnessing the stampeding of thousands of excited buffaloes which then covered the great plains, ever remained fresh in his memory and served as charming stories for his children and grandchildren.

Captain Session, in whose company he travelled, arrived in Salt Lake Valley in October 1850. He attended school in Provo, then a hamlet of about fifty families. This was in 1850-51.

The following spring he, with his father's family, moved to Spanish Fork, they and the family of William Pace being the pioneers of that place. Here his father helped to build the first saw mill south of Provo. In 1853, the Indian war broke out, causing the destruction of the mill and town, with a loss of $6,000.00 to the family. After this they moved to Palmyra for safety.

Lemuel was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, June 2 1852, by W. W. Willis of Mormon Battalion fame, and was confirmed by Stephen Marhkam, who was then presiding elder at Spanish Fork. President Markham also ordained him a priest on the same date. From that day to the present date, September 20 1909, he has been faithful in discharging his duties in the Priesthood, wherever his varied circumstances and condition of life has called him to live.

In July 1853, the Walker War began. He took an active part in this war and served as an officer and soldier in all the wars in Utah since, thus portraying the patriotism characteristic of his forefathers for he was a direct descendant, on his mother's side of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence.

On January 2 1856, he married to Miss Keziah Jane Butler, a girl of sterling qualities, amiable and reserved, who proved a faithful wife and a loving mother of thirteen children. Their names were as follows: Lemuel Hardison, Mary Jane, John Wilson, William Alexander, James Monroe, Caroline Elizabeth, Amos Thornton (who died in infancy), Maria Luella, Charity Alvira, and Alice. The marriage ceremony was performed and solemnized by bishop William Pace and the following year they received their endowments and were sealed by Daniel H. Wells, who was counsellor to President Brigham Young, the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Shortly after their marriage, they with a company of others filled an Indian Mission at Las Vegas, Nevada. On his return, by counsel of President Brigham Young, he was ordained an

elder, and soon after this ordination he was called to the office of a seventy and became a member of the fiftieth quorum.

Because of false reports, the U.S. Army, commanded by Col. A. Sidney Johnston was sent to Utah against the Mormons. Afterwards, this same Johnston became a great commander in the Civil War on the confederate side and was killed in the battle of Shilo. With this army came Alfred Cumming, who was sent to be Governor of Utah Territory. He acted in this position for several years and proved a faithful friend to the Mormon people.

Lemuel served as a soldier against this army. Soon afer the compromise and peace was restored, he assisted with oxen and wagons to gather the saints to Utah across the plains. He was called to serve as one of the standing army of 2,000 soldiers.

In the spring of 1862, with his wife and four children we find him again on the frontiers helping to found New Harmony in Washington County, Utah, in compliance with a call made by President Brigham Young to settle Dixie. In Harmony he was a leader in civil government of that place, and also a member of the county court of Kane county for six years. In the year of 1866, during the Black Hawk and Navajo War, he went with Capt. Andrews company of soldiers to Green River by way of Escalante to ascertain the plans of the Indians. The company was gone one month. During the time they suffered many hardships and privations and the loss of one man and one horse killed by Indians.

The same year he married, as his second wife Miss Sarah Louisa Chamberlain, an intelligent and ambitious young woman, who five years previously was miraculously saved from being drowned in the Santa Clara River through her own heroic effort to climb a tree, and helped her aged father up, where they stayed over night. This wife bore him fourteen children. Their names are as follows: Moriah Vilate, Solomon, both died in infancy, Wayne Hardison, Benjamin Franklin, Terresa Artemecia, Lemuel Burton, George Edwin, Susan Elizabeth, Parley, John Wiley, Jenny May, Effie, Ancil Rey, Hazel Lurena. The ceremony of the second marriage was performed by Apostle Woodruff in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

In the year 1870, he purchased the John D. Lee homestead and completed an unfinished brick house which served as a home for both families for twenty years. In 1874, the United Order was established by Erastus Snow in Harmony with Lemuel H. Redd as Vice President and secretary.

He also assisted to build up and establish the Harmony and Kanarra cattle and sheep herds, under the cooperation, and acted as director and treasurer for about twenty years. In 1874 he was set apart as first counsellor to Bishop Wilson Daniel Pace under the hands of Charles Price, which office he held for about twenty years.

In 1877 he with his wife Keziah, attended the dedication of the lower part of the St. George Temple. In April the same year they attended the forty-seventh annual conference at St. George which was held in the Temple when the whole building was dedicated. The services were presided over by President Brigham Young. At the opening for endowment work, we find him with his family among the first to labor for the dead. He continued this work whenever practical, until he was compelled to live in exile after the passing of the Edmonds bill, also afterwards, whenever possible.

During the seven years of persecutions, he was forced to absent himself from his family, friends and loved ones for months at a time, leaving his entire business in the hands of mere children until the return of his son William from South Carolina, where he filled a two year mission.

His sons Wayne and Ben, aged respectively fifteen and seventeen, narrowly escaped an awful death in a blinding snow storm while caring for their father's sheep in his absence. It was through Ben's courageous efforts and by aid of providence, that Ben made his way to town and obtained help, thereby being the means of saving his own life and his brother's also.

Lemuel was many times driven into the hands of the marshals. Providence seemed kind to him in preserving to him his freedom. Never once was he known to falter or forsake either family during all of his troubles.

In the year of 1887, he moved his cattle and horses along with his own, Monroe's family, daughters Della and Ellen to Bluff, San Juan County for the purpose of bettering his financial affairs, as well as for his own personal safety, being at that time under two indictments. The penalty for each offence was six months imprisonment and three hundred dollars fine, $300.00.

This was an eventful trip, owing to the fact they were followed by the Marshals. The daughters were compelled to share the responsiilities of the journey, Della riding horseback and driving cattle and horses, while Ellen drove one of the teams. This however was only a pleasure to his devoted daughters for they realized the precarious conditions and were able to assist him. Lem, his eldest son, met them at Grave Valley, which proved a help to them for his excellent judgment as a pilot was indispensable through the remainder of the journey.

On arriving at the Colorado river they met with disappointment, there was a mere skiff instead of a good boat which they expected to find, to ferrry them across the river. Therefore, they encamped on a sand bar in the middle of the river intending to ford from there over the next morning. During the night a storm came up, causing the river to rise. The terror of the night was an experience never to be forgotten, for by morning the sand bar was alsmot submerged. After fording the remainder of the river the next morning, they dried their clothes and bedding and soon were on their way again, feeling that an over-ruling Providence had preserved their lives through the night.

The following year they returned. This trip was full of exciting events, especially for the girls who were forced to take the responsibility of the trip, as their father was safe only in concealment from everyone they met, as he was widely known and closely watched and followed by the Marshal.

On reaching home, he lived in concealment from everyone except his family, and in a few weeks, in company with his son-in-law A. p. Spilsbury and Harvey Pace, he made a trip to Mesa City, Arizona, where he spent a few weeks in exile with his daughter Jane, returned by way of California, visiting the places of note along the way.

The following summer was the most critical period that he had spent at home, never feeling safe to spend a single night under his own roof. This summer the peace of his mind was disturbed by Marshals Dyer and McGarry invading his home. They found the infant babe in the cradle of Louisa; she was warned in time to leave the house and hide in the willows for safety. Feeling they had been out-witted, they could do nothing but subpoena Luella and Wayne, who afterwards appeared in court to testify against their father. They told their story in a straightforward way, though the Marshals did not get the satisfaction they wanted.

The following August, he moved his wife Louisa and family to Bluff. Four of her children, however, remained for a while with the other family. When they had crossed the Colorado river, they expected to find water, but were disappointed as the stream had dried up. Providently, an unexpected rain storm came up which flooded the whole country, filled the hollow rock, and was the means of saving them from much suffering.

Before they reached Bluff, next to the last day, their horses gave out and they were compelled to send Wayne ahead for help. While he was gone, the horses left camp and a long search had to be made for them. This necessitated Louisa with her little children to be left alone at camp for some time, within hearing of a large camp of Navajoes on the San Juan River. The next day Wayne and Monroe, who had already started out with a fresh team, met them with supplies, among them some watermelons which gave them the first good impressions of Bluff.

In 1891 he thought it was necessary, for his own peace of mind, to further move his family from Bluff to Mexico, where they have since remained. Lemuel had previously made a visit there with his son-in-law James Adams. The entire journey was made by team with his family alone through almost unknown waste and Indian reservations. As soon as they were comfortably located, he returned to home and family in Utah where he remained eighteen months. Ever since, he had made it a practice tp visit his family once a year.

Previous to the persecutions in 1879, he helped move his son Lemuel Jr. and family to San Juan where he had been called on a mission. His son Monroe accompanied them. When they arrived at the Colorado river, the company camped and an exploring party was formed for the purpose of finding a suitable route from the Colorado river to the San Juan river. The party consisted of Lemuel H. Redd Sr., George W. Sevy, George Morrill, and George Hobbs. The country over which they traveled was unknown to them, therefore the necessity of this party going ahead to bring in reports before the company could make further progress. The trip was long and hard. They were out twenty-five days.

During most of the time they traveled through snow three to four feet deep, and many days through timber so dense it was impossible to tell which way they were traveling. Several times when they were completely lost and discouraged, Lemuel H. Redd had several miraculous dreams, which were nothing short of revelations which, by following their dictates, proved to be their salvation. During the last few days of their explorations, their provisions gave out and they suffered for food. In fact it became so low that they were forced to subsist on rations for a number of days, but through the guidance of Providence, they came out all right, and submitted a report of their exploration to the company of which Jens Neilson had charge. (Bishop Neilson was a man of indomitable courage, and has since served as Bishop of Bluff for twenty-four years.)

A permanent road was afterwards made over the route explored by this party. On his return to the company, Lemuel found letters bearing the news of sickness and distress in his family, and he immediately made preparations to return. As he traveled alone, the trip and journey was a dreary one. When he reached home, he found seven of his children down with diphtheria, though in an improved condition.

An important event of the subject's life was that he was captain of twenty-two men that escorted Pres. Brigham Young on his last trip south.

In 1893, in company with his wife Keziah, his daughter Ellen and son William, he went to the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple where he met his sons Monroe and Lemuel Jr. who lived in Bluff, and his daughter Caroline, who lived in Parowan. In 1895, he was called from Mexico to the death-bed of his wife Keziah, who died May 15 of the same year. During the four months of illness, she displayed a fortitude and patience that could not be surpassed, and she remained perfectly rational until the last breath. During the long persecution that the family underwent, she remained at the homestead, acting the part of mother and father to her own family, as well as to the four members of the other family who remained at Harmony with her for one year.

During the last ten years of her life, she suffered the trials incident to the worst of

persecutions without any complaints. Six of her children surrounded her bedside, three of whom were unmarried. "Better suffer wrong than do wrong," was ever her motto through life. She lived the life of a true Latter Day Saint, devoted, brave, noble and generous, saintly, and her children can truthfully say no harsh word ever fell from my mother's lips.

In company with his two daughters Vilo and Alice, Lemuel attended the Pioneers Jubilee in Salt Lake City, where they were joined by his son Lemuel H. Jr. and daughter Hattie and sons-in-law James and Thomas Adams.

During a great deal of the time he was away from home, his son William A., Bishop of Harmony Ward, took charge of his financial affairs. Lemuel H. Redd Jr., now resides in Bluff. He has served two terms in the Utah Legislature, and has acted as counselor to Bishop Neilson in that place for twenty years, and finally succeeded him in that office of Bishop, which he holds. Jane Spilsbury now lives in Mexico. John, after spending a term in the B. Y. Academy, went to Arizona and was engaged as bookkeeper for John W. Young in Arizona while the A. p. Railroad was being built and completed. From Arizona he went to Mexico and was supposed to have been drowned in the Yacqui river in 1888. For more details concerning the death of John Wilson Redd, please refer to "The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors" pages 138-139.

Monroe and George have each filled honorable missions in the United States, and Luella, in company with her husband Thomas D. Adams, filled a mission to the Friendly Islands, spending most of the time in teaching school among the natives. Nine others of the same family have been teachers and are successful teachers.

His daughter Caroline Adams managed his business correspondence during his absence from home in Bluff. In 1887-1888, when she was the mother of eight cyhiodren, she was attacked with a severe case of pneumonia, from which she was unable to survive. She died 3 September 1904. If there ever lived a good, noble, self-sacrificing woman, she was one, and she was a noble woman and mother, highly respected by everybody who knew her.

Wayne now resides in Bluff. He filled a mission to the Southern States and has been a counselor to three presidents of the San Juan Stake, and still holds that position as an untiring worker in the church. He was a member of the Legislature of Utah for one year.

William obtained an honorable release from the Harmony Bishopric, and has moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada, where he is comfortably located, has prospered and is highly respected in the community.

Della and Ellen with their husbands W. H. Ivins and C. F. Bryner, respectively, were pioneers to the Mormon Colonies in Nevada. Artemecia is now settled in Mexico. She with her husband George S. Romney, in the winter of 1901-02 filled a home mission to Panguitch Stake.

Burton L. has mastered the Spanish language. He was clerk in the Juarez Co-op. store for many years. During George's mission, he most liberally contributed to his support. He is now a good noteworthy worker as a missionary in the city of Mexico.

Ben lives now in San Juan County. He previously lived in Mexico from 1891 until recently. He is a carpenter by trade.

Louisa still lives in Mexico, surrounded by all of her children except Wayne and Ben.

Thirteen of his twenty children are married and at the date of writing there are one hundred and four grand and great grandchildren who call him Grandpa. He has a very great record of dead relatives, most all of whom have been baptised for and many have been endowed

for. A striking feature of his ancestry is the fact that both his grandfathers had three wives separately and families, for which he had done the Temple work.

Lemuel Jr. was educated in the U. of U. under the principalship of Dr. John R. Park. Ellen received her education at the Agricultural College at Logan. His unmarried children in Mexico have received and are receiving their education from the Juarez Academy in Juarez under Guy C. Wilson as principal. Jennie graduated from the school and is now a good teacher in the Colony.

The aim of his life is to live his religion, and it can be truthfully said his children have followed in his work. His present residence is in Colonia Juarez, the headquarters of the Mexican Mission. He has acted as first counselor to President A. F. McDonald, who is dead; also to Miles p. Romney, who is dead; and now to President Albert A. Thurber, who presides over the High Piests of the Stake of Juarez. He has held the office of High Priest for about thirty years.

In Salt Lake City at the October conference, he planned a reunion of the first family, and all those living, with the exceptions of Monroe and Luella, who were necessarily detained away, were present. At this reunion, his second wife Louisa and baby daughter Hazel Lurena were present from their home in Mexico. Wayne came, out of his love and respect for the family. Convenient rooms were rented and all had a happy and long-to-be-remembered time. The visit with each other, especially with Jane, whom most of the family had not seen for seventeen years, was a treat of priceless value.

While they were in Salt Lake City they procured a family group picture on which were the faces of Father, Mother and eleven grown children, Mother's, John's and Luella's being copies from photos previously taken. They enjoyed conference and when the Temple was opened, they all worked one day in the Temple and attended to other business in that renowned house. This privilege alone was considered well worth the expense of the trip by all who engaged. During their entire visit in the city, the weather was beautiful and good health prevailed to increase the success of what they all considered one of the greatest events of their lives.

He has almost equally divided his time, since that event, among his family in Mexico and his children in Utah and Nevada. To the latter, he has made three trips in the last three years, to visit his daughters living there.

While in Utah on one of these trips back from Mexico in the winter in 1904, he with his daughter Luella and her husband Thomas Adams, went through the coldest weather to the St. George Temple. They were there one week, and in that time, they were endowed for a number of the dead, and sealed thirty-three couples, and received second anoints for his brother Ben and wife, who are dead.

He is now in his seventy-second year, is strong mentally and in ordinary health, and still retains the love and respect due him of his family and a large circle of friends among whom he wishes the honorable mention of those who proved staunch friends to him in time of exile: President Hammond, Apostle Brigham Young, Bishop Neilson, President Platte D. Lyman, and William Adams, counselor to President Hammond.

The above sketch of my life was written by my daughter according to my directions in Lund, White Pine County, Nevada, September 1907.

Lemuel Hardison Redd
FROM "ZEALOTS OF ZION"
by Hofman Birney

"Three Georges and a Lemuel composed the quartet that set out from the camp at Hole-in-the-Rock on December 1, 1879 .... Ordinary standards of comparison are futile in attempting to describe the western portion of San Juan County, the region through which the three Georges and Lemuel Redd were striving to blaze a trail. It was unlike any other section in the United States.

"The four must have been men of iron. Ninety-six hours of starvation, to say nothing of other hardships they had undergone, left little mark upon them."

"The Mormon pioneers gave Lemuel Redd's name to one of the big canyons that head into the Clay Hills and wind westward to the Colorado. Some of the maps show the general location and course of that gorge, but cartographers could see no necessity for the final "D" and it appears as only "Red " Canyon, one of the thousand odd Red Canyons that are to be found in the west. Through such errors does all memory of the pioneers vanish. Redd Canyon was the only place name in the San Juan County that preserved the memory of any of the dauntless men who blazed the first trail through that unknown wilderness of sandstone."

LURA REDD

Lura Redd was born 16 June 1891 in New Harmony, Utah to William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner Redd. She was the sixth of fourteen children. She grew up knowing the love of her immediate family as well as numerous aunts, uncles and cousins. Her family was very self-sufficient. They farmed and raised sheep to provide a living. Her father was the LDS Bishop in this tiny community for sixteen years. He was the civil leader in the community and also was the dentist when anyone needed a tooth pulled. Their home was always open for visitors and had many.

In 1905, when Lura was fourteen, their family moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada. She graduated from the Knight Academy in Raymond, then attended Normal School in Calgary toget her teaching certificate. She taught school in Canada for awhile, but decided she would do better if she went to the United States. She went to the University of Utah in Salt Lake. At first she planned to teach literature, but she took an Art class and did well and liked it, so she studied Art instead. She studied under Mable Frazier. They became lifelong friends spending many summers traveling and painting. They spent some time touching up the murals in the Salt Lake Temple. This was a thrill for Lura.

She first taught school in Raymond, and Kay was her student when he was in grade four. She then taught at Box Elder High, in Brigham City, Utah. She started out with one art class, but soon built it into a very good program. She retired from there in 1956.

This talented woman has always been active in the LDS Church. She served one mission in Chicago from 1916 to 1918. She returned home and worked as a bank teller in the Bank of Montreal in Raymond and in those days the teller worked in a cage of iron bars. She served her second mission to England from 1961-1963 when she was seventy years old. She taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School for many years in the Millcreek First Ward.

During her travels, she not only painted but she searched records in courthouses, cemeteries and churches filling many notebooks with vital statistics and information concerning her ancestors. After her retirement she spent many days each week at the genealogical library finding information. She published her book, "The Utah Redds and Their Progenitors" in 1973 when she was 81 years old. This book has been very valuable to her family.

Lura and her sister Vilo Redd built a home next door to their sister Pauline Redd Burt and husband Mel Burt, who helped them build their home. She helped Pauline with her six children and became an important part of her family. At General Conference time, Vilo and Lura would always have a big gathering at their home for all the relatives. They also had a big breakfast on Christmas morning for the numerous nieces and nephews. Everyone looked forward to these occasions.

Lura has always been very healthy. One time when she was going to a meeting, she got out of her car after she had started it, and it rolled over her leg. She got back into the car and went to the meeting, and it was only later in the evening that she fainted, and it was discovered that she had broken her leg.

Her paintings are found in the homes of numerous friends and family members. She also used to grow a large garden and preserve a lot of food from it. She also made excellent wheat bread and wheat cookies that everyone loved.

Lura spent the last few years of her life in a Home in Bountiful, Utah. She died 30 March 1991, just short of one hundred years old. She was a wonderful example to all who knew her

especially her nieces and nephews, we all loved her dearly.

Lura was, and is, an Elect Lady.

QUOTES TAKEN FROM TALKS GIVEN AT HER FUNERAL

Lura graduated from the University of Utah with honors.

The car she and Mabel Frazier used to go on their summer painting excursions was a Model T. (If memory serves me correctly, they built a box on the back for their painting supplies and the lid, when pulled down, served as a table from which they could paint. Lura was very ingenious. Added by Alma Redd Mendenhall)

Lura lived in a Quaint Hotel in Brigham city and used a hot plate to cook on. Nena stayed with Aunt Lura and almost starved because "she did not cook like mamma did."

Kathy remembers Aunt Lura staying with them on week ends so she could build the new home. Lura herself built the upstairs cup-boards and shelves. She also built slide-in, slide-out beds which went under the eaves. One time the cousins had a party and watched "Psycho,"
and were forever after firghtened by the black holes into which the beds would slide. A huge desk tailored for her general needs was also in the upstairs, studio, it was all one big room. Her motto was "recycle, reuse, make it over."

When painting in the canyons, she used a huge cartwheel sunbonnet to shield her from the sun. Nena remembers attending an art show at Springville, people honked and looked disgusted because Aunt Lura only went twenty five miles an hour. They stopped at Aunt Eva's (Lois Laycock's mom.) Went to visit Aunt Ellen and Gwen at Salt Lake City by the Temple, she had lunch in little cup and saucer while they talked and talked. She remembers Christmas breakfasts at Aunt Lura and Aunt Vilo's. Her mom and Aunt Vilo made traditional foods but Aunt Lura made experimental, unusual food such as deep-fried bananas, hot jello punch and a strange avocado dish.

At each general conference time these two dear Aunts, hosted the women at their home while the brethren went to meeting, then they came to the home also and a great time was had by all.

Aunt Lura had a garden she pitch-forked it and planted it herself, they also had fruit trees, and made wonderful crab apple jelly.

Randy remembers her car, her one claim to fame. Ernie taught her, at her insistence, to change a tire. She never again asked anyone to change a tire for her. He and his children remember her for her firm handshake. Because of her life, Lura's name will be remembered, no one has asked for the great antiques Lura owned, but do you have her books? She created things for the "Eternities". Pray not for Lura, but that we may be such, and do the things that she did and be remembered for them, as she is.

She went to a Daughters of the Utah Pioneers luncheon and got out of her car and the car rolled knocking her over and ran over her leg. She told no one, and went in to the luncheon, came home and fainted, that is when we knew she had a broken ankle. She never complained.

The first thing Lura did in the nursing home was to organize a Relief Society with herself as President. She made assignments, always offered the prayers. Whenever they moved Lura out of her room, her room-mates complained because she read to them. Lura set goals, she was very focused and dedicated to the gospel.

Lura was not highly skilled in things of the world, but as a teacher she was highly skilled, also in Genealogy and the gospel. Like Paul of old she was not ashamed and never complained.

Karen Morgan told of the Art Exhibit at Springville in 1945, a highlight of her later years. She quoted Aunt Lura as saying "If this is a wonderful Nursing home, then why don't you move here?" As long as Aunt Lura could see, she read to those in the nursing home. She would sit on the piano stool and teach the other ladies. They loved and appreciated her. She was a master teacher, anyone in Brigham City who knew her admired and loved her. Her main calling was Gospel Doctrine Teacher, she taught until she could teach no longer because of her age.

Also while in the nursing home, she would place the chairs with their backs to the table and kneel and have prayer in the evening and morning too. She would say the prayers.

With her first pay check earned while teaching, she bought a coat and gave the rest to her mom.

Her dad always told Lura, "When you need things, don't ever forget to come home." Her father sold sheep and got the much needed money. He also told her he would buy two thousand dollars worth of chickens if she would take care of them, she refused because she was into teacher training.

They broke the "mold" when they made Aunt Lura.

Tom Van den Berghe says "My mom was the only member of her family to join the church. My father the only member of his family to join the church. We came to America and I was twenty before I knew what a relative was. When I married Lila and met Lura I found I was related to half the ward. He told of the Saviour choosing the apostles, of Mary at the well, of many accepting His teachings. He taught that He had power over death, many did not accept the teaching of Him so he left. Then Lazarus died and Mary and Martha sent for Jesus to come and see him, the apostles were afraid Jesus would be stoned if He went but Thomas said, "Let us go to that we may die with him". This is the kind of faith Aunt Lura had. This unique lady had a testimony that could not falter. When she read in the Nursing Home it was the Book of Mormon, she would read louder than the noise, she wanted everyone to know and hear.

After her mission she began to be confused, but when you asked her to pray she was always clear. At testimony meeting her testimony was always rational, the spirit was clear.

Later years doing genealogy Lura drove to the Library and worked all day, she could remember relatives but sometimes came home on the bus as she could not remember where her car was.

I testify that Lura is beyond all of the adversary's powers, and is in a state of rejoicing and happiness, and greeted by an Elder Brother who will say to her, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

MEMORIES OF AUNT LURA

by BARBARA MACPHEE

When we were small she would come up from "the States" bringing a gift for each of the nieces and nephews. We would go sketching with her as she was an artist. This was wonderful, and made us feel very important. She brought each family a small turtle, another time a large sun hat which we could twist and it would go inside itself, and be very small. We went berry picking with her and filled the back trunk of the car with berries, what fun we had, we had gone in the coulee, south of the old farm.

We all rode out to the sheep camp while they were shearing sheep with her so she could paint the activities. It took all day but was a wonderful outing.

Kay phoned at noon. Our dear Aunt Lura Redd died today. She would have been 100 years old this June. She has always been sort of a leader and guiding light to me.

During my own years alone, I often thought of the loneliness which Aunt Lura experienced, and how she filled her time with usefulness and cheerfulness, and extra attention to her nieces and nephews. I would often think that if she could do it, I could.

I took her wonderful book, "The Redd's of Utah" over for Judy to read. It seems that the last few years we have mostly talked about her present condition, not remembering too much about the wonderful mind she had and the extensive genealogical work which she did throughout her life. Also her mission as one of the first "senior lady Missionaries."

She was lots of fun, and always had stories of the old days with the family and about each one of us as we grew up. We would sit around the table and talk for a long time after meals. Of course, part of our interest was that it delayed the doing of the dishes. One time I remember that as we sat, we heard the old truck come up the lane. Mom said, "Here comes your father, and you don't have the cows yet." Dad liked to milk before he came in and cleaned up for supper. Aunt Lura just said, with a twinkle in her eye, "Hike out the front door and get them." We did, and had them home almost before Dad missed them.

A special time, when I was older, was when she came along with me and three young children to New Harmony country and told about the family places, and filled the hours with her stories. Slept out at Zion Canyon along with the rest of us. What a good sport she was.

My only trip to New Harmony would have been almost pointless without her as our guide.

Another time was when she brought Aunt Rose and Aunt Dell to Canada, and let us get acquainted with our great aunts.

My first trip to Waterton at the age of nine was in her car. She hiked along with the cousins to Bertha Lake. Her jokes and pranks as we hiked, made the trail seem shorter and less steep, we also waded in Red Rock creek, and all fell down on the slick rocks.

It was fun to watch her as she unbraided her hair and combed it out. Then to watch her fingers fly as she braided it in almost seconds and pinned it in its coronet on top of her head.

Her painting were brilliantly colored, and I realize now that she tried all of the different styles of the masters, always wanting to learn more.

She told me of the time when a young man named Boyd K. Packer came to school and gave her a wood carving of a cougar which he had made in the woods for her. She showed me the carving. This young man is a General Authority now.

I remember hearing her at her evening prayer, speaking aloud to her Father in pleading tones. I left the half open door so she could have privacy. When she stayed at my home, even in later years, she was always up and dressed and ready for the day when I would come out of the bedroom.

I went to the genealogical library with her once. She would park the car well down the street at the bottom of the hill so she could get her exercise walking to the Library, have a glass of orange juice and then go to work.

Lura has one painting in the Museum of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in Salt Lake City. It is of Hans Ulrich Bryner holding on to the back of the wagon, as he walked across the Plains, blind. It is a wonderful painting which portrays one of our great ancestors.

There is another painting in the same museum of the Hole In The Rock expedition, by Faulkner K. Collett, our ancestors also went with this expedition.

Lura died 29 March 1991.

MARQUIS LAFAYETTE REDD

The subject of this sketch, Marquis LaFayette Redd, better known as " Mark," was born on Nov. 15 1824 and died March 13 1871. He was the son of Sigle and Susan Andrews Redd and was the oldest son in a family of nine children, all of whom were younger than he, excepting a half sister, Sarah, whose mother had died previous to her father's second marriage.

The childhood and youthful days of Mark were probably spent about like that of the youths whose fathers owned large plantations and large areas of forest land and owned numbers of slaves. There were miles of uninhabited forests in which he could hunt, and the broad expanse of the sparkling sound in which there was an abundance of oysters, fish and clams, sail boats and row boats for work, pleasure and adventure, and always in the fall, seine fishing on the beach where crews of men manned a huge surf boat to row out into the ocean and surrounded with nets and schools of mullets that ran close to shore in their journey to warmer waters for winter. These were salted away in barrels and kegs for use in the winter, re-sold to traders who carried them inland and sold or traded for fruit, woven goods etc.

There were neighborhood square dances, and it is said that Mark excelled in dancing. He grew to be a large, tall man and weighed over two hundred pounds, yet it is said he was the lightest on foot, and the most graceful dancer in the county round about.

There were few schools in those days, but Mark acquired a good education. Some of his writing that has been preserved shows what a wonderful penman he was, it is fine, delicate but very legible.

On October 8 1846 Marquis was united in wedlock to Emily Ann Sidbury, daughter of William and Rebecca Burnett Sidbury. The writer has been told that at one time the Redd and Sidbury families owned nearly all the land lying between Mill Creek in Pender Co., and Turkey Creek in Onslow Co., and from the Sound out to and beyond the highway that now traverses that region. One of the descendants yet owns a narrow strip from the Sound out to the highway, part of the original tract of the Sidbury land. Only a small part of the old Redd homestead remains intact as the gov-ernment a few years ago established a Camp Davis nearby and took over nearly all that remained of the plantation and forest.

To Mark and Emily Redd was born only one child, Susan Rebecca Redd who married Hill Everett King, a young confederate veteran, son of William Rufus and Winifred Lane King.

Prior to the Civil War, Mark was elected sheriff of Onslow Co. It is not known how long he served as sheriff, but before emancipation of the negroes, it became his gruesome duty to hang a slave, a young negro man who had outraged and murdered a young white woman, a Miss Taylor, who lived near Snead's Ferry. He was hanged in public in the Courthouse Square at Jacksonville, N.C.

Mark was a member of the Masonic order for several years prior to his death, and his wife was an Eastern Star member, then called "The Wives Degree." A great grandson, George LaFayette Corbett, now has his old Masonic Ritual manual.

When Civil War began, Marquis, along with the other young men of the County, began preparation to enter service. He mustered a body of recruits that became Company "E" 3rd Regiment of N.C. Southern Troops. He was elected Captain of the company. His roster now falling to pieces is in the Hall of History in Raleigh, N.C. and is available to anyone interested. His country-made war chest, with country-made hinges, lock and key, handles of rope, etc., has the following painted on the front in writing: "Capt. M.L.F. Redd, Co. E 3rd N.C.S.T. (North

Carolina Southern Troops). It is owned by a grandson, T. LaFayette King, of Raleigh, N.C.

It is not known whether or not he was in any engagement in the war for soon after it started he and a number of his men were detailed to make salt, a very scarce commodity at that time in the Confederate States. Having lived by the Sound all his life, Mark knew where the saltiest areas of water were to be found. Barges were filled with salt water and then were poled by hand back to the mainland to be emptied into large shallow pans made of iron under which fires were kept burning day and night to evaporate the water. Years after the war, the writer saw these old pans filled with water, and geese playing around in them.

One of the characteristics of Mark was his kindness of heart toward the unfortunate. When his little brother Alonso, was only six years old, their mother died and he and his wife took Alonso and reared him as though he were their own son. The writer has a letter from a daughter of Alonzo, Mrs. Nattie Redd Jenkins in which she wrote: "I know my father thought he was wonderful for he loved so much to talk of him. He loved him a lot and Aunt Emily too. He would say she was the only mother he ever knew, as his mother passed on when he was six."

After the war the carpetbaggers took possession. They squandered the State's money and raised taxes to raise more. Nearly everyone that owned anything went broke and lost all they had. Among them was Mark, who, it is said, refused to sell the possessions of the people of the country and his father, who was on his surety bond, lost a great deal of what he owned. A few years after this, Mark and his wife moved to Pender County where he lived for a few short years before his death.

There is an incident pertaining to the aftermath of the war that may stir the memories of the older people or be of interest to the younger ones:

When the proclamation for the freedom of the negroes was issued, Sigle Redd, the father of Marquis, was very sick. The only one at home with him was the youngest daughter, Susan. His wife had been dead several years, the other daughters married and the sons away, some of them in the army. The negroes, with the master ill, had stopped work, even before the news of freedom was received, and some had become very insolent. As soon as the news came they went wild. The most insolent of all was Enoch, a burly black man who had had charge of the horses before the Federal Army came and took all worth taking. An older sister, Elda, visited her father as often as she could and she said it would frighten her when Enoch would come into the house. He would look menacingly at them all and leer and look in such a way at Susan that she was afraid for her to be left with only the sick father, for fear he would harm her.

One day Enoch came and hitched up two old mules that had been left and proceeded to take all the meat, poultry and other provisions that he wanted and drove off to his home, about half a mile away. Late that afternoon he went back on foot through a pine thicket and went into the house and took all the blankets, quilts etc., that he could carry, and started back home with them. In the meantime news of what he was doing trickled out and of how he was boasting that he and family were starting north the next morning. There was no law for the white man, negroes and carpetbaggers were running the courts. The men knew they had to take the law into their own hands, like the Vigilantes of the West, so they bided their time. When Enoch started through the thicket on his way home, about dark, a volley of shots rang out and that was the last of Enoch. The men proceeded to his home and gathered up what he had stolen and carried it back to Mark's father's home. The negroes in that section gave little trouble after that. The writer was shown the spot where Enoch was killed and the old house he lived in.

The information was furnished to Leland W. Redd by Joe Frank Redd of Snead's Ferry, Onslow Co. N.C. Mar 15 1954. Joe Frank is the great grandson of Sigle Redd who was a first cousin of John Hardison Redd, our great grandfather.

MEMORIES OF MARY VERENA B. REDD

by Fern R. Laycock

Once when we were children, several of us went with her to the farm orchard to pick some early Royal Ann cherries. We climbed the trees and picked cherries and dropped them in the grass where they would not bruise and we could pick them up later. We heard voices and stopped to see who was coming, and what would happen. It proved to be some teen-age boys from the village, who had come to get cherries. They were pleased to find so many freshly picked cherries, and were just getting started picking them up when mother spoke. They were soon out of sight, and we saw no more of them.

I remember we used to have our hair combed with a braid on the top of our head. Mother used to pin our hats to the braid with a long hat pin. One time Aunt Sarah Prince was helping us with our hats. She was trying so hard not to stick the pin in our heads. I said, "Oh, mama pins it right to our heads."

When we were preparing to come to Canada, I was twelve and Jessie was ten years old. Aunt Sarah had helped mother make new clothes for us. Jessie and I had dresses alike, a checked one to wear on the train and some brown sateen ones, all trimmed with braid for Sunday wear, when we arrived in Canada. These sateen ones were all packed away in our trunks ready for the long journey. About the last night we were there, the kids in our crowd had a party for us, at Julia Taylor's as I remember it. When we got there in our plain travelling dresses and the other girls were all dressed up, we decided we couldn't stand it, and went back home and coaxed mother for the brown Sunday dresses. She didn't like unpacking, but we were so insistent that she relented and unpacked the trunk. We went back to the party, happy, in our brown sateen dresses.

Whenever anyone of us did not feel very well, there was a special treat, "egg and milk." She would warm a cup of milk and pour it over a beaten egg, add a little sugar and salt. It was delicious, and I am sure we sometimes played sick to get a cup of egg and milk. It seems strange now, we always had lots of milk and eggs, but this little treat was special and we got it only when we were sick.

We always remember, I'm sure, how we put the plates upside down on the table at meal times and the chairs with the backs to the table. This was so no one would start eating until we had knelt down around the table for family prayers.

I remember seeing mother stuffing dolls with cut up rags. She would have her apron turned up to cover the doll, so we could not see it, with just the opening exposed where she was stuffing the rags in. We asked her if she was making a little "piece sack" and she said she was. (A "piece sack" was a bag in which she kept the odd pieces of fabric left over from her sewing.)

We remember the carpet rags. She always seemed to have something to cut or tear up into strips for a carpet. We girls helped with this, and also in sewing them together and winding them into balls. They were later taken somewhere and woven into strips of carpet. Mother sewed the strips together, and we had a new carpet, put down and tacked around the edges with plenty of fresh straw underneath. We liked rolling on the new carpet listening to the straw crackle.

Mother often made hot soda biscuits for breakfast. One morning she called me to get dressed quickly and come and roll out the dough, cut the biscuits and get them into the oven. I dawdled along until it was late, and the biscuits were not in the oven. She got out of patience

with my slowness, and came in just as I got out of my night gown. She made me come in and roll out the biscuits without any clothes on. I was so disgraced and humiliated, I shall never forget it. It did teach me not to dawdle when she called me in a hurry.

When father died in Raymond, leaving her with a large family, and not much to do with, it must have been a great anxiety to her to face the years ahead. How helpless we all felt. Many nights, I remember hearing her crying after she was in bed, and many times I went to her, trying to comfort her. She often told me it helped her a lot.

* * * * * * *

The Philosophy of Life, copied from Verena B. Redd's notebook

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent, goes out against his will, and the trip is exceedingly rocky.

The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip. When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager. If he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it. If he is prosperous, everybody wants to do him a favor. If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to the country. If he does not give to charity, he is a stingy cuss. If he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite. If he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him. If he lives to an old age, he missed his calling. If he saves money, he's a grouch; if he spends it, he's a loafer. If he gets it, he's a grafter; if he doesn't get it, he's a bum. So what the hell's the use? Life is just one darn thing after another.

MARY VERENA BRYNER REDD

by Jessie R. Ursenbach

Before mother had her first stroke I gave her a looseleaf notebook, asking her to write her history for us. She consented. I have the book now, blank, because I didn't take time to talk to her and write it myself. Soon after she got the book, ill health with continued strokes finally took her from us. I shall always regret that we have not her story as she would tell it herself.

She was born 3 March 1866 at New Harmony, Washington co., Utah. Her father, Hans Ulrich Bryner and her mother Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys, were Swiss converts. Her father had been totally blind since young manhood, so in her younger years she learned to be her father's eyes, leading him where he wished to go, handing him tools, etc., as he worked, for he was a good workman and not only did he work for himself, having the straightest fence in all Lehi Valley, but he fixed the fences of many of the widows and missionaries wives, with one of his children to help him. Her mother was a very small woman, but must have had an unusual amount of determination and energy and resourcefulness. Mother inherited the best of all their wonderful virtues. She will never have a chick nor child to match her and her crown is secure and her reward happy for eternity with her "William." The way she said that "Willilam" made poetry of the greatest kind and father was very proud of his Swiss-Dutch wife, and the family which she gave to him forever.

Father was bishop when my memory begins, of a small ward, New Harmony, and was very hospitable and generous with everything he owned, and this made much work for his wife, Verena B. A bishop's wife in any small ward has many duties. I recall going to Relief Society where she seemed to be seeing to many things. I delighted most in hearing her start the singing. I could always pick out her voice among all the others. Many meetings, choir practises, polling station, community telephone were in our home, and mother surely could have paved the entire street from our house to the meeting house with pies and cakes taken to socials, etc. It was yeare before I knew it wasn't 'pine cake.'

She was artistic and talented in many ways, versatile and a natural home maker. Had she had time or opportunity she would have loved to have painted or learned to play the piano. In her later life, after we were all married, she often said to me, "If you were near enough to help me, I would try to paint," and she did take a few piano lessons after she was 60 years old, but was very self-conscious for fear someone would laugh at her. She owned a set of oil paints in tubes in a tin box. When I was 'good' I could use them. When faher brought home 12 new enamel cups, the first we had seen, she helped me decorate them, but the work was very unsatisfactory and meant hours of cleaning, to be useful. Most of my early painting was in the same category. She did much handwork and continually served for her large family. A basic brown paper dress pattern was kept locked in the bottom machine drawer, and from this she made all our dresses, including her own, enlaring or diminishing the size, as needed. We girls always had a new dress for the fourth of July and one for Christmas, next year we would use them for school, and our new ones for best. She spared no pains to make them attractive or good dresses. The boys wore overalls for everyday and mother made denim shirts to match. On Sundays we all looked our best in our Sunday clothes.

Rag bees and quiltings were the social functions of that day and our home was made comfortable and attractive with the rag carpets, laid over fresh new straw, and crisp lace curtains. The smell of turpentine and linseed oil, mother's own brand of furniture polish, mixed with that of home-made soap and burned food, for we children were early allowed and assigned to cook meals when mother was otherwise engaged. This would have been hard on the diners, but there was always a plentiful supply of good food to fall back on. Our cellar shelves were loaded with bottled fruit of every kind. Jellies, jams, preserves, picles, crocks of home made butter, whole

cheeses from Aunt Lucette's ranch. The flour bin full of flour. Crocks of home rendered lard, sometimes covering fried sausaages. Plenty of fresh and cured meats. Each fall grandfather came to help with the curing of the pork and the making of a huge barrel of sauerkraut. There was always cream and milk, a cellar full of vegetables. Long shelves, like trays, full of winter apples from our own orchards, sacks of pine nuts, boxes of figs, raisins and almonds. Stores of dried corn, beans, fruit of our own drying. Mother always made or had us make, great batches of bread, coming from the oven in great brown loaves. So many things supervised or prepared by mother of thirteen, none of which were living. Kay was born after we came to Canada. Mother was a good cook and father was justly proud of her. He used to say, "She could make a good meal with a bacon rind and an onion." Many times, after he left us, she did just that.

We always had barrels of dixie sorghum and quantities of honey. Each summer a large garden provided fresh vegetables and stores to be dried or bottled or preserved for winter. In the huge old barn filled with hay were buried winter watermelons and squashes. She made her own soap and rugs too.

There was no hotel in our little town and the travelling public stayed with the bishop. This added greatly to mother's duties. Always there was a bed in the parlor and since we lived three hundred miles from the railroad, many of the General Authorities visiting the south rested there and were welcome guests, and warm personal friends. We children loved it all. Our big dining table always surrounded. I recall Rudger Clawson as a young man, Amasa M. Lyman particularly loved mother's tomato soup, Brother McCune had soda water tablets, Mathias F. Cowley came frequently.

Our childhood was happy. Mother was quick to try new recipes, and people of the valley came to learn how to make candy from white sugar, most candy made at home was made with honey or molasses. Parkerhouse rolls, cream puffs, cooked ice cream, all rather common now, but new then.

With all her duties, mother found time to drive with father wherever he wanted her to go, and we children slept much on the floor, where she made good beds with the many quilts she made from wool of our own sheep, covered mostly with flannel from wool taken from those same sheep and made into flannel by the Provo Woollen Mills.

Mother was versatile. Christmas would have taxed less ingenious women than she, but somehow she managed something for each one. Being so far removed from a shopping centre, she made many things. I recall seeing her putting small pieces of cloth in the opening of a tube of unbleached muslin or factory cloth, and asking if she was making a little piece sack. I was in no way let down when the little piece sack, with others of its kind, appeared on the community Christmas tree for us girls in the form of legs, arms and body topped with a tin doll head.

She really met her Waterloo when father wrote from Salt Lake City, where he was enroute to Big Horn to find a new home for his expanding family, saying that he had decided to go to Canada. Mother wept disappointedly but began to prepare to go to Canada, seemingly knowing what was her destiny and that of her children. The first year in Canaada was bitter. We lived in a frame house without insulation or furnace heat. We awoke in the morning to ten inches of stiff blanket tops where our breath had frozen them. She spent all the day thawing and drying bedding around the coal heater, to start all over again at night. Father built the big house in the middle of a five acre plot which had had sugar beets harvested from, and mother moved in with all of us children, full of life and running in and out through that lovely mud hole.

Kaya was born 28 April 1907, while father was in Utah attending conference, he being counsellor to President Heber S. Allen of the Taylor Stake. She had only a mid-wife, Sister Annie Gibb. Mother was made secretary of the Taylor Stake Relief Society while she was still in

bed after his birth, and carried on that responsibility for 25 years, travelling any way she could, stone boat, buggy, horse, train. Before she was released, they were able to do some of their travel with a Model T Ford car, sometimes getting stuck in the mud. Many were the experiences she could relate of these trips throughout the stake, which reached to Taber then. Always when she travelled, if she didn't have a baby with her, she took some reading or handwork. Sister Georgin O'Brien told me often, "Your mother will wear her hands out someday." They were never idle.

She, with father, celebrated her Silver Wedding in the big new home. We were all at home, and hundreds of friends came. Father had brought his sister, Ellen Redd Bryner to Canada after her husband's death, so he could care for her, and she helped us with the baking. At the time of the 'underground' grandfather had taken his second family to Mexico. Grandmother Keziah Jane butler Redd and her four daughters, Della, Ellen, Alice and Alvira (Vilo) moved in with father and mother. Grandmother died before I was born, but mother has often told me how difficult it was for her. Grandmother had cancer of the stomach in a time when there were no sedatives. She suffered terribly and mother was naturally very sympathetic. Then too all of grandmother's other children, with their families, came to visit their mother often. The work of caring for them all depended upon mother. Father was a sheep man and was gone much of the time. He was also Bishop. She often said that she wondered that I had any strength at all, as I was born only two or three months after grandmother's passing.

She sent four of her children on missions. Will had filled one before father left us. When Lura returned, she went immediately to Calgary to Normal School, and then taught in Barnwell. Fern was next to go. She got a school in Raymond and was married 23 Dec. 1915. Paul went next and Fern helped him financially. I was running a small hat shop in Raymond, which Aunt Vilo and Lura bought from Mrs. Hill, for $20.00 a month, making hats, doing book work and banking, everything. On very busy days Aunt Vilo or Lura would come to help out. My dream was also Normal. I thought that out of my $20.00 I could save enough to go.

For seven years after father's death there were no crops, and keeping so large a family was a real task for mother. Father had invested heavily in land and was holding many more acres 'in trust' helping others to hold their land. There were few clear titles and an enormous amount of unpaid-for land, his own and his friends. He had signed a note for $63,000 with other men in the town. His sudden passing, leaving no will, threw mother and her brood into a real maelstrom of difficulties. I have wakened and found her walking the floor at night, weeping, wondering what to do next. The other signatories of the note were quite willing to slip out from under it and leave mother holding the bag.

Will was away at university when father died. He planned to study medicine. He gave it all up and came home to help mother with her problems, which were legion, in fact, I think they shortened both mother's and Will's lives. I wonder if we shall ever know what they went through to try to save some of the estate, yet through it all I don't recall mother asking us for our wages, or any part of them. When we saw need, we just automatically tried to meet it and gave all we could. I am judging all the rest by myself, and my own observations.

Mother worried about us giving so much. After several attempts to go to Normal, and failing, I was broken-hearted. I had never told anyone of my desire, feeling that I would do it alone. Will caught me crying over

MARY VERENA BRYNER REDD

by Lura Redd, page 1

Mary Verena Bryner Redd was born of "goodly parents," namely Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr., and Anna Maria Dorothea Mathys Bryner, on the 3rd of March 1866, in New Harmony, Washington Co., Utah. Her parents had accepted the gospel in far-off Switzerland and had immigrated to Utah in 1856, ten years before she was born. They had lived in three other places in Utah before moving to New Harmony in 1863. They first lived in Lehi, where Uncle Casper and the others who came in 1855 had settled. Aunt Pauline was born there the next year on the 2nd of November 1857. They then moved to Ogden for a time. Mary Bryner Cannon says that her father, Casper, had a melon patch where the railroad station now stands, and likely grandfather's farm was close by, as he depended a great deal on help from Uncle Casper, who had made all arrangements for his coming to Utah. Aunt Elizabeth Ann (Lisette) was born in Ogden 30 May 1860.

They were all called to settle St. George, in Washington Co., and like all other early pioneers, they never thought of not heeding the call. Uncle Casper traded his land for a gun, a bushel of wheat and other things. They moved to St. George sometime prior to 5 Feb. 1869, when Uncle Albert was born. Later grandfather moved to New Harmony, where Mary Verena and Uncle Frank were born. Grandfather moved out to Price, Carbon Co., in 1873, and was one of the early pioneers there.

Mother was blessed 15 July 1866 by Christopher J. Arthur, who was assisted by H. Lunt and S. Leigh. I know little about her early childhood, but can guess about some things, as I did about father's. Of course, she helped a lot at home, as all children of that day did. There were no places of amusement, none or very few toys, not much school, and that left lots of time on their hands, so the only thing that parents could do with their children was to keep them busy working at home. The parental adage of early American days, or any other place for that matter, seems to have been, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and other such sayings belittling idleness. They had to work all the time as adults, or go without bare necessities, and the earlier they learned to keep busy, the better. Every chld had to assume some responsibility, and one of the first things they learned to do in their home was to 'lead father.' As he was blind, he had to be led everywhere, and someone had to do it. Very early in life, they had to learn this. I guess it was a trial for him to change guides, especially to get 'green' ones.

Mother told me of her experience when learning. She was leading him somewhere, when they came to a ditch, and she said, 'Here is a ditch, Father, jump.' He jumped and landed right in the middle of it. Another time someone was building, and had made a pond of water, I suppose to make adobe bricks, we called them 'dobies,' and she led him right into it. Then he picked her up in his arms and carried her out to dry ground, and they started over. That was something to learn to do. Aunt Lil said they always had the furniture in the same place all the time. They were very careful about this. Every chair had to be in its place. No shoes or other litter of any kind could be left about that he could stumble over if he tried to go alone. In the house, he could take care of himself. I remember when he was visiting with us, mother would say "Come and lead your grandfather to Uncle Henry's, then you can go." He could find his way home alone.

Mother's childhood was unusual. Her father, being blind, needed someone with him all the time. Her mother could help him better than anyone else at his work, so she went with him most, if not all the time, and left the house work to her girls, as soon as they were big enough to do it, when they were quite young. Mother had two sisters, eight and six years older than she, who could look after the things at home, and they did. Mother helped as soon as she was big enough, but before that, she found congenial companionship with Caroline Redd, a little friend across the street, and only thirteen days older than she was. Their friendship lasted long after

they became sisters-in-law, even through life. At first they were just near neighbors across the street, but later Caroline's folks moved to the farm up through a number of fields. This was when they were four. Soon mother could find her way up there alone, and often did.

By this time too, the families were good friends. It's like Mary once said, "If you have children, you get acquainted with your neighbors who also have children." It seems the parents didn't object much to their children going to the Redd's. There they were taken care of. Mother was always quoting grandmother Redd, and telling about how she did things. Her explanation was that her own mother had to work in the fields with her father, and so be away from the home a lot. I think her mother took to that naturally, because European women are more used to working in the fields than are American women.

I imagine her home life, as a child, was similar to that of grandfather's. His father was a shoemaker. Later he bought a farm, which changed their lives materially. The whole family worked on the farm in the daytime, and at night they all did other work. His mother and sisters spun, wove and sewed, his father mended shoes, and grandfather read the Bible to them. Possibly that's one reason why he readily understood the gospel, he knew the Bible. He would like something like this after he was blind, to have someone read to him at night.

Aunt Rose said that at five or six she must sit at her mother's knee and piece quilt blocks. All such work was done by hand, as there were no sewing machines. This was probably the way mother learned how to sew. Sewing was a real art in those days, and mother could sew a very straight seam with the littlest stitches imaginable. They were as small as sewing machine stitches and very nearly as even. She could do it fast too. I used to wish that I could do it like that, but I couldn't bother to practice, as I had the machine to do it for me. When she could sew quilt blocks good enough, she went to other tasks alongside her older sisters. No girl, or her mother for that matter, would think of her not knowing how to do such things as sewing, weaving and spinning. They had to do these things to clothe themselves and their families.

I can imagine the family all settled down for the evening to some task for each one. Everyone doing something useful and helpful. Even grandfather didn't sit idle. In the season of the year when the willows were green and pliable, he wove willow baskets, for which he found a ready sale. Aunt Lil said he would weave whole wagon loads of them, and go through the town and sell all of them. They were accurate as bushel or half-bushel measures. He could even fix shoes, and did. He could grease them (to waterproof them) for the family use the next day, and do many other little jobs. He didn't even need a light to work by, as all the others did. Then someone read to them, probably in turn. By this time, they had the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price and other church works in addition to the Bible.

Now lighting was a problem at night. They used candles and firelight, and sometimes they filled a saucer or dish with tallow, soaked a bit of a rag with it, let the rag stick out of the tallow and lit it. They called this kind of a light a "bitch light." Working at night with her Swiss folks, she learned the wisdom of the Swiss, and then going up to see Caroline, she learned the ways of the American Southern gentlewoman. Brought up in this atmosphere, mother learned to do all these things well.

Mother was baptized on 23 May 1875, by Lelmuel H. Redd and confirmed the same day by her father, who was assisted by Wilson D. Pace, the bishop, William W. Taylor and Harvey A. Pace. She was blessed "Mary Verena Bryner," to be called Verena. In Swiss, the "V" had the sound of "F", and "E" has the long sound of "A", so that her folks pronounced it "Franey." I remember seeing one of her school books with her name written "Franey Bryner" in it. She said she was nearly grown before she knew that her name was really Verena. All her life, she was called "Frane" or "Franey" by her friends and associates. In later years, father's younger sisters called her Verena. They thought it much prettier than Franey. Her pal, Caroline, named one of

her daughters Verena (Adams.)

There were two groups of people in New Harmony, the Swiss and the Southerners. Sometimes the Swiss thought that the Southerners felt themselves to be better than the Swiss. Mother's cousin, Mary Mathis Pace, told me that when she was a girl, she was disturbed by this, and her father, grandmother's brother, Henry, in his distinctly Swiss accent said, "Never mind, Mary, what they think out here. Your people were quality in their own country." So she was comforted. I guess among children, even today, one that can't speak the English language right might be laughed at a bit at times, by their schoolmates. The Swiss children were brought up to call their father, "Father." No other designation was ever used by them. The Southern children always called their father "Pap." Some of the younger ones didn't know that they meant the same thing. One little cousin of father's, and of course Southern, who called his father "Pap," was visiting his Swiss pal when the Swiss father returned from an extended trip. He rushed home with the news, and bursting into the house, shouted, "Pap, Father's home."

Mother's schooling, according to our standards, was meager. It was about the same as father's. They were probably in the same room at the same time, but he could sit at a desk while she sat at a little low bench and looked at her book, if she had one. If she had a slate, she could write on that, then spit on it and rub her hand over it to clean it off for more writing. She said once when she was a kid in school, someone was making faces at her, and she held up her hand and said, "Teacher, Sadie is pulling a mug at me." Her teacher, whom they called Aunt Mary Taylor, said, "Will you please bring me a drink in the mug?" They all laughed so hard at her that she never called a face a mug after that, neither did the other kids.

She went to St. George to school, at least one winter. While there she stayed with her Uncle Casper and Aunt Settie. To be real gay and fashionable, she had knit herself a pair of beautiful purple stockings and took them to St. George with her for this special winter. Something about the dye poisoned her feet and legs, which swelled up and turned dark. She had to keep off them, so she sat with her feet on a chair for a time, and when the swelling went down, she could go back to school. Every night after that, when she got home from school, Aunt Settie had a big bowl of yarrow tea for her to drink before she could have any supper. Mother thought it was as big as a quart. Herbs of all kinds were used for medicine, and yarrow was one of them.

Before we went to Canada, mother had a Swiss immigrant girl working for her, who did beautiful knitting, she knitted very fast and mother had her knit us all long woollen stockings for the very cold Canada where we were going to live. Mother said to her, "I want you to teach Lura to knit that way, my mother used to knit that way." I asked her why her mother didn't teach her to knit that way, and she said that her mother was helping her father, and grandmother Redd had taught her to knit. They'd finish the work in the house, and then they could knit, and not play unless they would knit while they played. They'd tie a piece of white thread where they were at on the knitting, and see who could knit the most while they played hop scotch, pitch the picket, or steal sticks.

Once when she was about twelve, mother dried fruit all summer, and was given the privilege of having a new dress with the money it brought. Someone had come to New Harmony with a very pretty dress, and she really wanted one like that one. The men of the town sort of took turns going up to Salt Lake City at Conference time. This fall it was Benjamin Brubacher's turn. She took her money to him, and pointed out the dress material she wanted. He wrote it down very carefully in his little note book, and noted the money she gave him. He would do his best. It so happened that he couldn't get the kind of febric she wanted, so he had to pick out some himself. She was dreadfully disappointed with it, but there was nothing she could do about it. She was stuck with it. She decided to make the dress herself. Maybe it was up to her to do it, as her sisters were gone from home. No printed patterns were to be had in those days. She hunted through the town and found one, probably at grandmother Redd's, and borrowed it. Such

patterns didn't often fit either. She cut it out and sewed it up, but the neck was too high, so she trimmed out the neck and got it too low, and now she had to take up the shoulder seams more. By the time the neck and shoulders were right, it was too short in the waist, so now she had to put a wide belt in it, otherwise it was alright. It's the dress she was wearing when she stood for her picture at twelve.

For this, her first picture, she wanted some very fashionable pantalettes to show beneath the hem of her dress, and she hadn't any. Grandmother had a nice hand-embroidered bed jacket she wore when she had been "confined," so she put mother's feet through the sleeves and folded and pinned the rest up around her underneath her skirts, so she had some lovely embroidered ruffles showing. Of course, this little dress was made by hand, her own hand stitches throughout and it was lined. They never thought of making a dress without lining it, and all the braid trimming was sewn on by hand. She knew no better way, she had never heard of a sewing machine.

In those days, if a mother wanted to feed her children, she had to do something about it herself. There were no food stores and no commercial canners, driers, or preparers. Mother had to do it all too. If there were surplus fruits or vegetables in the summer time, she devised ways and means of preserving them for the winter when there would be none. I can remember strips of dried squash strung on a string across the upper part of a wall and across the room. I saw this in the kitchen of grandmother Redd's old farmhouse when I looked in the door at the back, long after the family had moved out. It had been forgotten and left behind.

Drying was the only way of preserving fruits and many vegetables. The main drying facilities were fairly level places, such as porch roofs, lean-to roofs, up high where they could get all the sun possible and be out of the way. They dried fruits with the skins on, such as peaches, apricots, plums and prunes. To spread them for drying, the halves were carefully laid one at a time with the cut side up, a little bit on the side and leaning against the next one. As they dried, they shrivelled and laid down. It took less room this way. They had no way of covering them to protect them from flies or dust. They were put in cloth sacks and hung up somewhere in the house where the air could circulate around them to prevent moulding. When they wanted to cook them, they were washed thoroughly and soaked all night before cooking. If you wanted dried fruit on the table every day, you dried enough for that purpose, otherwise you went without. When the hot dry days of summer came, there was extra activity to get all the fruit possible out for drying.

Finally fruit bottles were introduced. I quote from a history of New Harmony printed in "Under Dixie Sun," published by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. "Elizabeth Ann Imlay Prince was the first one to obtain bottles. She put up some green beans in them. Due to lack of knowledge as to the proper method of bottling, they all spoiled. She was so disgusted that she threw bottles and all away, and went back to drying for the time being." Her husband was father's counsellor in the bishopric when we left for Canada. They lived there for years after, so it wasn't very long before we left (in 1905) that they began to bottle fruit. Mother used to have a hard time at bottling time. She had old, hand-made bottles with lids that weren't very true, and were hard to fit. Sometimes she had to try several lids before she got one to fit, and maybe they would fit another one better.

Potatoes, carrots and beets were stored in pits and covered. Cabbage and cauliflower were pulled up by the roots and buried in a trench upside down with the root sticking up. When wanted, the root was uncovered and used as a handle to pull out the head. The outside leaves (as many as possible were left on and wrapped arouind the head to bury it) were peeled off and the inside cooked. Grandfather Bryner made lots of sauerkraut for his family. Father like it, and I have seen grandfather make it. He took good solid heads of cabbage and with a sharp knife, sliced it very thin, then he put it in a barrel with a little salt, and punched it down hard with his

fists. Then more cabbage and more salt until his barrel was full, and the cabbage covered with juice drawn out by the salt and punching. This was put in the warm cellar for a while until it fermented, then it was sauerkraut. It was very good, and stayed good until the last drop.

The Swiss were never an idle or an indolent people. They all worked, from little tots to the very old, and the women folks worked outside and inside. Especially did grandmother work outside, and she taught her daughters to do so too. When the men folk went hunting and brought back excess game, much of it was preserved. They jerked, or dried, the venison. To do this, the meat was cut off the bones into strips two or three inches across and a foot, more or less, long. It was put in a barrel and covered with brine until it was well penetrated with salt, which was their main preservative, then it was strung up in the hot sun, or over a smoldering fire and smoked and dried. This was often carried in lunch boxes and eaten raw. They shaved it off crosswise with a sharp knife. It is supposed to be the same thing as the chipped beef we buy in little bottles, or loose. However, the chipped beef is dried beef and not venison.

If a beef was ever killed in hot weather, the meat was treated in the same way, as they had no refrigeration and it would have spoiled in a few days. I guess the time they dried meat was in the summer during good drying weather. Pork was covered with lots of salt and seasoning. Hams were sometimes hung in smoke for flavor. Certain woods (apple etc.) and corn cobs were used to give special flavors. The hams were then sewn up in unbleacned muslin sacks, kept from year to year for the purpose, and buried deep in the wheat bins. Thinner bacon was kept in salt. Pork was the main standby for meat in those days as it kept better than other kinds.

If a mother wanted milk, butter, and cheese for her family, she had cows and made these things herself. Mother did. She had learned how at home, and her sister, Lissette, capitalized on her knowledge of cheesemaking. For years she supported her family by making cheese. She went up on the ranch in the summer, and she and her family milked about twenty-five cows by hand, every day. She made a cheese about fourteen inches across and four inches thick. She would make 125 to 150 per summer.

Nowadays some people get the fad of using stone-ground flour. That was the only kind they had then. Mother made her own yeast and put hop tea in it, which made good healthful bread. The yeast was slow-rising, so she mixed it at night so it would have all night to rise once. Then she'd mix it down and let it rise again. Mother knew how to make excellent bread. When she went to Canada and had to use dry yeast cakes and a different kind of flour, and coal to cook with, it was almost disastrous. She almost had to learn over again from scratch. She could make good buttermilk bread, but the first summer in Canada, we had no cow, and so no buttermilk. Our only relief was when father came in and made some baking powder bread as he had learned to do at the sheep camp. Mother never made it.

New Harmony used to be on the short cut route between Silver Reef and Pioche, Nevada, two early mining boom towns. A few travellers passed by that way. Mother said that one time she and some other children were playing ball in the street on a Sunday afternoon, when a wagon load full of people passed through, travelling between these two places. The people put an article in the Pioche paper about the non-reverence of the Mormon people for the Sabbath day. Another time a wagon stopped at their home, and the people asked if they could get something to eat. They would pay for it. Mother was alone, but didn't turn down the opportunity. She cooked potatoes, fried bacon and made gravy. This, with bread and butter, and dried fruit she thought was a good meal. She was rather deflated when a lady passed the gravy to one of the others and asked if he'd like some starch.

On the 23rd of May, 1883, when she was seventeen, mother was sustained as secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. of the New Harmony ward. She was secretary until 7 Nov. 1888. During this time she was married, had two children and her husband was on a mission for the Church of

Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Irene said something in her history of Will that reminded me of an incident which I will insert here. While father was on his mission, mother, of course, had full charge of caring for her two children, one two years old and the other about four months old when he left. After he had been gone a couple of years, she missed them one day. She hunted all over and went to the neighbors, and some child said he had seen them on the way up to the farm. Frantically, and with a prayer in her heart, she ran all the way up there, and found them safe. They had had to cross a deep creek, over a long narrow foot bridge with no railing. All out of breath and through her tears, she asked, "Willie, how did Grace get across that long bridge?" He said, "Oh, mama, I took hold of her hand and led her across." The beginning of leadership.

Before Father left for his mission, he made arrangements for her comfort, and his brother, Wayne Hardison Redd, accepted the responsibility of seeing that she had the necessities. Now to do this, he'd see that she had plenty of wood for cooking and heating, all cut and ready for use. He'd cut her lucerne (alfalfa) and put it in the barn for the cow, and maybe he'd milk the cow. He'd take her wheat to grist and bring back her flour and bran for the pig. He'd plow her garden, maybe help her plant it. He'd dig a pit and trenches for her vegetables, plow or dig them up and store them. If she needed her pig butchered, he'd do it, and any other job that needed to be done. It always required a trip, no telephones. She had many friends and relatives who were willing and anxious to help in any way. That was quite a responsibility for a seventeen-year-old boy, but I never heard of any complaints.

Willie didn't like apricots, when he was a little boy, but he did like the sweet pits. One day someone asked him if he liked apricots and he said, "I don't like the aper but I do like the cot."

On the 7th of November 1888, she was released as secretary of the Y.L.M.I.A. and sustained as first counsellor to Angie Pace, and kept that position until the 23 of September 1890, then she was made president with Rose Nagle as first counsellor and Ellen Redd (later Bryner) as second counsellor. Nora Taylor was her secretary. The M.I.A. was reorganized on 16th of Nov. 1890 with Verena B. Redd as president, Della Redd (later Ivins) first counsellor, Sarah R. Prince second counsellor, Nanie Pace secretary and Mollie Redd treasurer. She held this position until 26 Oct. 1892. On the 6th of Nov. 1895, she was chosen as second counsellor to Vinnie Rohner, which she held until 7th of September 1903.

Here I will give mother's Patriarchal Blessing, given her after she went to Canada.

"A blessing given under the hands of James Kirkham, patriarch, upon the head of Mary Verena Redd, the daughter of Ulrich and Mary Mathis Bryner, born the 3rd of March 1866 at New Harmony, Utah, U.S.A.

"Sister Redd, in the authority of the holy priesthood and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the order of the Patriarchs, I seal upon you a blessing. At thy birth the heavens rejoiced, for the Lord knew thy destiny and blessed thee with that great gift to become a mother of nations unborn, for the fruit of thy loins shall rejoice in thee and thy name, and with honor thy name shall be remembered from generation to generation. Thou art of the tribe of Ephraim, a daughter beloved of the Father, and for thy faithfulness unto thy covenants shalt thou be blessed with inspiration and become as one endowed with wisdom, to be honored with authority in the midst of thy sex.

"I bless thee with strength of body and mind, to run and not be weary, and in the midst of the sufferers to be as a ministering angel whose words shall be like the balm of Gilead and whose counsel shall be a healer unto the troubled mind.

"Remember the poor and turn not the stranger from thy gate, but speak to him and it shall be made known unto thee whether or not he be a Nephite of old. Faith shall be among thy gifts, and from thy loins shall come forth a mighty one in Israel in whom thou shalt acknowledge the hand of the Lord and like Sarah of old, thou shalt give the honor unto the father.

"Thou shalt see thy sons and thy daughters become noble men and women, and in thine old age they shall bear thee up and thou shalt bestow upon them thy blessings for they name shall be recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life, and thy prayers shall be recorded in the archives of the heavens to come forth in blessings upon the heads of thy posterity.

"In connection with thy companion in life, thou shalt set thy house in order. As a token unto the Lord of his loving kindness unto thee and thine, may thy basket and store never want for the bounties of the earth, and may the blessings of heaven provide in thy habitation. May every righteous desire of thy heart be granted thee. Pray for these blessings, dear sister, to come to pass, and the words of thy mouth shall not fail.

"I seal thee up to come forth in the glorious resurrection of the just, to be crowned as a queen to sit at the right hand of thy companion, to reign through all the millenium, for ever and ever, Amen.

William A. Redd, scribe

Given at Raymond, Alberta, Canada. 27 December 1906.

THE NAME AND FAMILY OF REDD

Compiled by THE MEDIA RESEARCH BUREAU,
Washington, D. C.

The name Redd is believed to have been originally used as a nickname, having reference to the red hair or ruddy complexion of its first bearers. It is found in ancient English and early American records in the various spellings of Rede, Redde, Reede, Reade, Read, Reide, Reid, Red, Redd, and others, of which several of the other forms are more generally used today but that of Redd is still frequently found in America.

Families of this name were resident at early dates in the English Counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Somerset, Hertford, Kent, Worcester, Oxford, Surrey, Hereford, Buckingham, York, Gloucester, Lincoln, Middlesex, Devon, and London, as well as in various parts of Scotland and Ireland. They were for the most part, of the British landed gentry and yoemanry.

The family was represented as early as the year 1139 by one Brianus le Rede (Brian the Red), from whom was descended William le Rede of Counties Norfolk and Suffolk in the early part of the following century, who was the father by his wife, Margaret Granville, of Robert, who was the father of Falfrinus, who was the father of Robert, William and Thomas, of whom the last was the father of a son also named Thomas, who was living in the year 1429 and was the father of a son named Edmund, who married Christiana James and was the father by her of John Edmund, of whom the latter was the father of Edmund Rede, Lord of Porstal. John, the elder of the last-mentioned brothers, became Mayor of Norwich and was the father of Henry, Edward, and Magdalina, of whom the son Edward married Inez, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stanley, and had, among others, John, Sir Bartholomew of London, and Sir Robert of London, of whom the son John married Joan Ludlow and died in 1502, leaving among other children, a son named Thomas, who was the father by his wife, Philippa Bacon, of William, John, Alan, Edward, and Thomas, of whom the first was married in 1538 to a Miss Tooley, by whom he had issue of Thomas, William and six daughters. Of the last-mentioned brothers; William, the younger, married Anne Fearnley and was the father by her of Sir William and Richard, of whom the first married Gertrude Paston, who gave him two sons, Thomas and Francis, and numerous daughters as well; and Thomas, the elder brother of William, married Margaret Quintz or Quince and was the father by her of Francis, George, and John, of whom the last was the father by his wife, Ursula Cooke, of Thomas and others.

Among other early records of the family in England are those of Robert le Rede of County Surrey in the early thirteenth century, those of Godwin le Rede of County Norfolk in 1273, those of Roger le Rede of Herefordshire about the same time, those of Martin le Rede about the year 1327 and those of William Red and Robert le Rede of Somersetshire during the same period.

The first of the name in America were David Red of an unknown part of Virginia in 1637, Robert Rede of Warwick County, Va., in 1645, and John Redd of Lancaster County, Va., in 1654. The records of the immediate families and descendants of these early settlers, however, have not been found.

Sometime before 1729 James Redd, who may possibly have been descended from one of the above-mentioned immigrants, was living in Virginia. He married a Miss Eastham prior to this date and was the father by her of, probably among others, a son named Samuel, who made his home in Caroline County Virginia. In 1755 this Samuel married Lucy Rogers, by whom he was the father of Fannie, William, Jesse, Lucy, Ann, and Samuel.

William, the eldest son of Samuel and Lucy, married Miss Tyler of Caroline County, but his records are not complete.

Jesse, second son of Samuel and Lucy, married Mary Woodson of Goochland County, Va., but his records are equally incomplete.

Samuel, third son of Samuel and Lucy, was married in 1797 to Elizabeth Taylor of Hanover County, Va., he was the father by her of Lucy Anne, Edmund, Elizabeth, Taylor, Samuel, Emily Harris, Sarah, John Robinson, James Temple, and Louisa.

James Redd, probably a member of another branch of the above-mentioned family, was living in Spotsylvania County, Va., before 1750. He was the father by his wife Elizabeth of Captain Thomas Redd, who settled in Woodford County, Ky., after the Revolutionary War and was the father there of, among others a son named Samuel. This Samuel married Dorothy Bullock and was the father of, among others, a son named Waller Bullock.

Yet another branch of the family in America was represented before 1750 by Thomas Redd of Prince Edward Co, Va., who was born about 1730 and may possibly be another son of the first-mentioned James Redd of Virginia. This Thomas was the father by his wife Frances (nee Anderson) of Charles Anderson, Polly, Sally, Patty, George, John, Thomas, William, and Fanny.

Charles Anderson son of Thomas Redd of Prince Edward County, married Elizabeth Gresham. He was the father by her of, among others, a son named Albert Gresham, but the records of this line are not complete.

John, son of Thomas Redd of Prince Edward County, married Mary Truman in the latter part of the eighteenth century and was the father by her of Elbert F., Nancy, Elizabeth, Joseph T., John W, Henry T., and Susan Truman.

Another John Redd, a Major in the Revolutionary War, who was born in Albemarie County, Va., in 1755, settled at an early date in Henrico or Henry County, in the same colony. By his wife Mary, daughter of Colonel George Waller of Henrico County, he had issue of Annie, (Colonel) James Madison, Elizabeth, Martha, Waller, Edmund Burwell, Polly C., Lucy Dabney, Dr. John Giles, Overton, and Car.

Of the above-mentioned sons of Major John and Mary Redd of Henrico County, Colonel James Madison married Ruth Penn Staples; Waller married Keziah Staples; Edmund Burwell married Sarah Ann Fontaine and had issue by her of Martha, Mary, Celestia, Polly, Ella, John, William Spottswood, James S., and Edmund Madison; Dr. John Giles married Apphia Fauntleroy Carter; Overton married Martha Fontaine; and Carr died young.

Thomas Redd was living in Halifax County Va., in the latter eighteenth century (will dated 1823) and left issue there by his wife Rebeckah or Rebecca of George William, Rebeckah, Thomas, James Tucker, Robert Hoyt, Anderson Cooke, Martha James, Eliza, Sally, Amanda Mayo and Ann. This Thomas also mentioned his brother Robert of Mecklenburg County, Va., but no further record of that line has been found.

The history of the Redds in America is that of a sturdy, self-reliant, resourceful, and courageous race, possessed of physical stamina and perseverance. Other characteristics of the family include generosity, kindliness, and sociability.

Among those of the name who served as officers in the War of the Revolution were the before-mentioned Captain Thomas and Major John, of Virginia; and numerous others from the

various other Southern States. There were also many of the name in the ranks of the various States.

John, Thomas, Edmund, Edward, Francis, Robert, David, Samuel, James, George, and William are some of the Christian names most favoured by the family for its male progeny.

A few of the many members of the Family who have attained distinction in America at various times are;

John Redd (b. 1755, deceased), of the South, author.

George Redd (latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries), of Virginia, agriculturist and author.

John T.Redd (early nineteenth century). of Missouri, politician.

Rebecca Fergus Redd (early nineteenth century), of New York, novelist.

Annie Bell Redd (latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries), of Georgia, botanist.

Richard Menefee Redd (latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries), of Kentucky, soldier and author.

Leonard B.Redd (early twentieth century), of North Carolina, jurist.

The best known of the Redd, Red or Rede coats of arms are described as follows (Burke, General Armoury, 1884):

Arms. I (Redd or Rede)—-"Azure, a griffin segreant or."

Crest.—-"A garb or, banded gules."

Arms.II(Red)—"Argent, a mullet between three annulets gules, within each a cinquefoil of the last."

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A HISTORY OF NEW HARMONY

by Laverna Englestead

In December 1847, the General Assembly in Salt Lake commissioned Parley p. Pratt to raise a company of fifty men to explore Southern Utah. Some of these men stopped at what is now known as Parowan to explore there and others went as far south as what is now known as Santa Clara.

After John D. Lee had helped to settle Parowan, he returned to Salt Lake, July l, 1851 to get other families and to sell his property in Salt Lake, then to return to Parowan.

In General Conference in Salt Lake, on Oct. 6, 1851, his name was read from the pulpit as one to found a new community south of Parowan and Cedar City. He was pleased with this public recognition, that he was to be father of a new community.

He urged his neighbors and friends to join him, but most of them were reluctant to leave, as they were getting well established in Salt Lake. Within a few days he was on his way with a company of nineteen wagons.

On Dec. 8, 1852, Elder George A. Smith wrote to the Deseret News, "On the first water south of the rim of the great basin, in Washington County, John D. Lee, Elisha Groves and company are building a fort on Ash Creek, called Harmony.

"Fifteen men are capable of bearing arms. Fifty one loads of lumber have been taken there from Parowan and six teams are constantly employed building the fort.

"One of the first rooms erected was a school house. The point is well selected for military purposes and commands the springs and about 160 more acres of farm land on the creek and about twenty miles off, good grazing ground. It is about 20 miles north of the Rio Virgin, which is inaccessible to teams until a road can be worked at considerable expense."

In April 1854, President Brigham Young sent twenty-three young men, with ten wagons, as missionaries to the Indians. They were to raise food and share it with the Indians, and convert them and teach them how to live.

As John D. Lee had all the tillable land on Ash Creek in use, they pulled on, some four miles to the north west, where our present town of New Harmony now stands. For a number of years our New Harmony fields were farmed for the Indian Mission.

On May 9, 1854, a horseman came to tell the Indian Missionaries that a meeting was to be held at John D. Lee's home in Harmony on Ash Creek that evening, as President Young with a group of 82 men, 14 women, 5 children, traveling in 32 carriages with 95 horses, would be there.

That evening, as they sat around on rocks, logs and on the ground, John D. Lee looked first at the audience and then at the beautiful valley, the magnificent mountains and the colorful red cliffs, and he said to himself, "Now I know this is home."

He was called upon to speak and among other things, he said, "Brethren, we are called upon again to found a settlement in these valleys of Zion. This is a beautiful valley, with good rich soil and an excellent climate. The scenery about us is magnificent and inspiring. May the Lord help us to build it strong and well."

The next day, with the help of Parley p. Pratt and his engineering instruments, a site was selected to build Fort Harmony, a place where the Kanarra and Harmony creeks could be used to water more land.

By February 1885 all inhabitants were living at the new site, Fort Harmony.

The walls of Fort Harmony were 300 feet square. The houses on the west side were two story and 16 feet high. On the other three sides, they were one story and ten feet high. The walls were three feet thick and of red adobe and rock foundation. A well was dug, which was 100 feet deep and supplied their culinary water.

Ash Creek and Kannara Creek were granted to the inhabitants of Harmony for irrigation or other purposes. This is stated in the first court records, dated February 23, 1856. Their upper ditch was about ten feet below our dry field ditch. Their lower ditch was the same that now goes through the Pace, Englestad and Woods fields.

Harmony became the first county seat after the Territorial Legislature created Washington County on March 3,1852. Court met at Probate Judge John D. Lee's house at Fort Harmony. Selectmen Elisha Groves, Henry Barney, Richard Robinson; Clerk, Rufus Allen.

On January 1,1855, John D. Lee was placed in charge of the Government Indian Agency with a salary of $50 per month. He was to distribute seeds, tools and other supplies to the Indians and to help them to farm.

On January 4, 1856, in answer to a petition of 32 men (total male population) a county government was set up with the County Seat in Harmony with J. D. Lee Probate Judge and assessor.

On May 21, 1857, 21 wagons passed Fort Harmony on their way to settle Washington, as a road had been built over the Black Ridge.

On July 4, 1857, there was a great celebration at Fort Harmony as President Haight from Cedar City, with his choir and brass band came. A meeting was held and President Haight gave the oration. A beef was barbecued and there was plenty of home-made beer (root beer) and lemonade, with sports and dancing.

On July 24, the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers to Utah, Harmony went to Cedar City to a meeting, town dinner and sports and dancing.

On May 20, 1855, at conference in Cedar City, the people living in Harmony and Cedar City were organized into a stake with Isaac Haight, president, and William Rees Davis bishop of Harmony.

Most of the wagon trains going to California stopped with Lee in Harmony. At 31 cents per person per meal, the same for cattle, Lee often took in from $20 to $75, depending on the size of the train. One large train stayed so long that he took in $175 by his wives cooking night and day.

John D. Lee often entertained visitors of church and state. Upon one occasion, he entertained 125 church officials for three meals. He butchered two beefs and two sheep for them.

By 1860, the people of Fort Harmony decided it would be best to move closer to the head of Kannara and Ash Creek. Kannara was settled in June 1860 by people from Harmony (Fort) and Cedar City. The residents of Fort Harmony were then preparing to move to New Harmony.

On March 4, 1859, the court was moved to Washington and John D. Lee handed over all of the County records.

In 1859, a post office was established with Elisha Groves postmaster. In 1865, William Pace succeeded him. Then came Archie Bell, Harvey A. Pace, Mary Taylor, George F. Prince and Sylvia p. Hall.

Late in November 1861, a company passed, going to settle Saint George; also a Swiss company passed, going to settle in Santa Clara.

Lee had planned on building a nice brick home not far from the large pine tree at the foot of Pine Valley Mountain, where he could look down on his fields and also at the beautiful scenery. He was making brick for his home and had finished homes for some of his wives at the new location.

On December 22, 1861, the people of New Harmony met at Lee's Hall at New Harmnony and John D. Lee was appointed Presiding Elder with William Pace clerk, and James Pace and Richard Woolsey were appointed teachers.

On December 25, 1861, Lee gave a town dinner at his home, called "Lee's Hall", a large frame building in New Harmony. All residents of the town were invited.

Lee had wanted so much to get all of his families moved to the new location before winter set in (1861), but was unable to do so.

On January 18,1862, John D. Lee, with the help of William and Harvey Pace and George W. Sevy, took three wagons with eight yoke of cattle to each wagon and moved all of the families from the fort except Sarah Caroline. The road was so muddy that the axles dragged on the ground.

Lee's wife, Sarah Caroline, wanted to finish weaving some cloth she had in a loom. Due to excessive rains for 28 days, the walls in the fort fell in, killing two Lee children, a girl and a boy, aged 5 and 7 years on February 7, 1862. These children were buried on Lee's farm in New Harmony, which he sold to Lemuel H. Redd in 1870, and which now is owned by the Henry A. Pace family.

In 1862, $3000 was donated by the people of the Southern Mission to build a road from Harmony to St. George. This wasn't enough so in 1863, $2000 more was donated and Isaac Duffin was sustained as superintendant of construciton.

On March 25, 1863, a meeting was held in New Harmony as they were asked to furnish three outfits, wagons with four yoke of cattle each, to go to Florence, Nebraska to help bring out the poor saints. The wagons were furnished with provisions and M. H. Darrow, George Woolsey and Benjamin Redd were sustained by vote to make the trip.

At the close of 1865, twenty-five families of 265 souls lived in New Harmony. Among the early settlers of New Harmony were: The Lees, Woolseys, Paces, Redds, Heywoods, Lossens, Sevys, Kelsys, Jolleys, Keels, Worthens, Hills, Darrows, Whitmers, Markers, Bennetts, Taylors, Bryners, Naegles, Mathises, Princes, Imlays, Hicks, Moncurs, Grants, Schmutzes, Barlochers, Guymans, Harts, Pierces, Harrises, Sawyers, Richarsons, and Owens. The Woolsey's brother-in-law helped Lee to settle Harmony, Fort Harmony and New Harmony.

Cedar City and Parowan were settled ten years before, in 1861. In 1853, there were 392 people living in Parowan and 455 in Cedar City.

On August 20,1867, the New Harmony Ward was organized by President Erastus Snow with Wilson D. Pace, bishop and Henry B. M. Jolley first counselor and George W. Sevy second counselor and Samuel Worthen clerk. Previous to this, John D. Lee and James Islay had served as Presiding Elders.

In 1861-62, a large number of people were called from northern and middle counties of Utah to help settle Southern Utah. Some of these stayed to help settle New Harmony.

The first Relief Society President was Ann Mariah Redd Pace, with Keziah Butler Redd and Margaret Evans Pace as counselors and Mary A. Taylor secretary.

The first Primary President was Elizabeth Mathis with Mary Pace and Caroline Redd as counselors and Granville Pace as secretary and treasurer.

Our first chorister was Elizabeht Mathis. She was a talented musician and taught everyone to sing. She helped with all entertainments for years.

The first Sunday School Superintendency was Joseph L. Heywood, Harvey A. Pace and Francis Prince.

The first YLMIA president was Pauline Pace with Aner Taylor and Jane Redd as counselors.

The first Young Men's president was Orren Kelsey.

Our Bishops have been Wilson D. Pace, William A. Redd, Gottlieb Schmutz, Henry A. Pace, Elmer Taylor, Lyle B. Prince, Marion Prince, Dean Hall, Sheldon Grant and Lyle B. Prince.

The first School teachers were Joseph L.Heywood, Mary A. Taylor, Archie Bell, Charles Connely and George Dodds.

In 1869, a cooperative institution was organized with Wilson D. Pace, president, H. B. M. Jolley, vice president, George W. Sevy, William Pace and John D. Lee as directors; Harvey A. Pace, secretary and James Russell, treasurer. Capitol stock was $1200.

In 1874, the united order was organized with Bishop Wilson D. Pace, president; Lemuel H. Redd, vice-president. This organization lasted only one summer.

The first school house was log, built in 1863. In 1875, a white frame building was built which served as our church until the present church was built in 1953. For some time we used the white church for a school building. We also have had two other school buildings, one a cement building and one a modern two-roomed school building which burned in 1957. Since that time our students have all been transported by bus to Cedar City Elementary and High Schools.

In April 1857, the militia of Utah was divided into thirteen districts. In 1866 and 1867, the Southern Division of the militia trained here, east of our town, under Brigadier General Erastus Snow and Captain James Andrus.

Our dry field ditch was made and used by them at that time for their water. At that time, the flat was covered with tents and many men took part in spirited sham battles.

A monument was dedicated in their honor by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers,

December 10, 1940.

Another monument was dedicated September 26, 1960 by our D.U.P.'s on the site where our white frame church stood which served us so long. This is just north of our present church. The D.U.P. was organized June 23, 1937, with Lula W. Mathis, captain.

Harvey A. Pace was elected Justice of the Peace in New Harmony Precinct, Kane Co., on August 1, 1881

A weekly mail route from Cedar City to Santa Clara, by way of New Harmony, Toquerville, Washingon and St. George was opened up on July 1, 1862.

We were in Kane county during the days of the Silver Reef with Toquerville as our County Seat. Two of our postmasters were appointed during this time by the Postmaster General of the United States. Harvey A. Pace was apppointed postmaster of New Harmony, Kane County, Utah on October 24, 1876. Abbie H. Pace, daughter-in-law, and Emma G. Hilsen, grandaughter now have these on file.

Reed Prisbrey now has two water certificates, issued when we were part of Kane County, signed by Lemuel H. Redd and two others, the Kane County water commissioners.

These were issued and recorded in the Kane County Record, May 2, 1881. Lemuel H. Redd states in his life's history, dictated by himself, that he was a member of the Kane County Court for six years. He was a resident of our town during that time.

After President Brigham Young asked John D. Lee to sell his property in New Harmony, as they needed him to help run saw mills in South Eastern Utah, he sold his farm and homes to Lemuel H. Redd. The Lees all felt blue about leaving their nice homes, farm, orchards, etc., for this valley had been their home for almost twenty years, and they had all worked so hard to make everything so nice.

New Harmony secured the telephone in 1902, the piped culinary water in 1907 and the electric lights in 1927.

The first merchant was William Pace, followed by the New Harmony Co-op and the stores of Bishop William A. Redd, Sarah p. Davis, Bishop William Graff and Dean Hall.

In about 1910, all the land on the New Harmony flat was fenced, and since has been under cultivation. This has been a great asset to the town.

In the days before the automobile and county hospitals, there were women who spent many hours and days caring for the sick. Among these women were: Ann Mariah Redd Pace and her sister, Elizabeth Redd Pace, Julia A. Taylor, Keziah Redd, Elizabeth Prince, Ann Eliza Imlay, Clarissa Woolsey, Susan E. Pace, Icavinda Pace Rance, Eliza Kelsey, Sarah Prince Davis and Amelia Schmutz.

We, the descendants of the stalwart pioneers, who settled this little community, are extremely proud of our pioneer heritage. We wish today to pay tribute to these noble pioneers and to their courage and resourcefulness. We can partly appreciate the great sacrifices they made when we remember that at first they had to live in dugouts and log rooms with boughs for roofs and dirt floors, with only the pitch or tallow candles for light.

They had to make it sustain them or perish, and by cooperative effort of the group and the help of their God, they were able to subdue the physical obstacles, to protect themselves from the

hostile Indians and to build themselves homes that have been an honor to them and their descendants.

They couldn't have seen our wonderful highway with its thousands of cars, nor did they know that the beautiful red cliffs, which they admired so much would become part of Zion's National Park. They couldn't tell that hunters, yes, hundreds of them, would come every year to hunt deer on picturesque Pine Valley Mountain.

We are very proud of all you people, who have moved away from our little town. We hated to see you go, and we've missed you all so much. You are all highly respected citizens, wherever you've gone, from Canada to Mexico.

Many of you have filled positions of trust both in civic and religious organizations. Among you we find doctors, bishops, senators, stake presidents, school teachers, business men and women, nurses, missionaries and many other honorable professions. You've been an honor to yourselves and to our little town, wherever you've settled.

We wish to pay tribute to all of you today.

P.S. The Redds and the Paces were converts of John D. Lee. He converted them in 1843, in Murfreesboro, Tennessee while he was an LDS missionary there. I'm sure all will be well with Brother Lee when the truth's known.

I think Aunt Lura or Aunt Vilo gave this to Mom when we visited with them. I have recopied it, and I am sending this to each of my brothers and sisters or a member of each family.

HOW BLESSED TO HAVE THESE EXAMPLES OF FAITH AND WORKS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS 1995 LOVE, BARBARA

There is another single page in this package which seems to be from a larger manuscript. Probably written by Aunt Lura Redd on her little typewriter. It is about Hans Ulrich Bryner Jr. ... Price. Then he asked if I were related to John Redd. Then too, I said I was related to Bryners, the Paces, Mathises, that my Grandfather Bryner was a pioneer of Price.

He asked if the blind man was my grandfather. When I said he was, he said, "That blind man was the smartest man I ever knew. He could tell the color of a horse by the feel of it."

Years later I told Aunt Lillie (Fransen) about it and she said he really couldn't, but that he got the reputation through the following incident.

Grandfather was a good judge of horseflesh. Then people did a lot of horse trading, and grandfather did it too. And he never got beat on a horse trade. He could tell a lot about a horse by feel. He would feel of its back, the arch of the neck, the shape of its legs, head and mouth, etc.

His friends and neighbors had a lot of confidence in his judgment and would come for

him to appraise their trade-ins.

One day, he was going over one and the little fellow who was leading him said, "It's the same color as old so and so."

Nobody paid any attention to the little fellow, that is nobody but Grandfather. He was trained to listen to the little fellows. That's where he got a lot of his information. So when he had finished feeling it, he patted the horse and said, "You have a very fine bay horse here." Several men had been standing there, and their mouths dropped open, and they were astonished. And the word went about that Brother Bryner could tell a horse's color by the feel.

Freighting, at that time, was the most remunerative job one could do, so Grandfather went into freighting. He had always been a good horseman, and knew all the angles. The only thing he lacked was his sight. Aunt Lucette went with him a lot of times to Salt Lake on freighting trips. She drove a four horse team ahead of him and he drove a single team that had been trained to follow. Going along those soft dirt roads, it was quiet, and they could talk back and forth as they went along, and she could keep him informed as to what was coming or going. I guess they all had a turn to go with him on his freighting trips.

Grandfather was not only a good judge of horses, he knew wagons. He had a very good, but not a new wagon. One day the young boys came in, all excited with the news that a man was here who would trade them a new wagon for their old one.

When they told Grandfather, he said that sounded funny to him and said, "Let me look at that wagon." They took him out to see it. He felt it, the wheels were heavy and good, the axles strong and well made, it had a good double wagon box. All seemed in order until he got behind it and measured the width of the box.

"A narrow gauge wagon, I wouldn't have it, if you gave it to me."

All the wagons in the territory had been wide gauge, and the ruts were for them. These new fangled narrow ones put one side in a rut, and the other wouldn't reach the other rut, so it bumped along over the rocks and other bumps in the middle, making it hard to pull and uncomfortable to ride in. I guess they thought it would be easy to fool a blind man and his little boy.

Uncle Johnnie told me he started to be his father's guide as a freighter when he was eight years old. At that time, grandfather had one good, lively horse and a slowpoke. While in Toquerville, he traded the slow one for a lively one.

On the way home to New Harmony, they, and especially the new one, wanted to run all the way. Grandfather could control them all right, and Johnnie put his little hands on Grandfather's and guided them. They went slow over the dugway where it was necessary, but he let them run, out on the flat. People in New Harmony who saw them coming on the run and the dust flying, thought something was wrong.

When it came close enough for them to recognize grandfather's wagon, they then thought they were running away. But they dashed down the hill and stopped in front of home. Uncle Henry had been called from his plowing, and took that very lively horse on and plowed with him a few hours to teach him a lesson.

About this time, they took a load of freight out to Pioche, a booming mining town of that day. A freighter always carried a grub box in which they had bread, flour, baking powder, salt, bacon, eggs, frying pan, kettle, etc. They also carried their bedding and slept in their wagon.

They arrived safely at Pioche, and camped in the campground or inn yard.

This large yard was made for freighters to camp in. It was also a camphouse, empty except for a fireplace where campers could go if it rained, and where they could do their cooking over the fire there.

That night, as they rested up for the trip home, a man came to the inn boss and asked if there was a blind man and a little boy in the grounds. He would like to meet them.

So the inn man introduced him to them (grandpa and the boy). He said he had a load of nails to take to Las Vegas. He only drove a buckboard which wasn't strong enough to carrry the nails.

They would pay well if they (Grandpa and Johnnie) would go.

The man and his friends would go along and show them the way and also show them good places to camp.

Grandfather accepted the task, and they proceeded on their way. In the buckboard were four men and four saddles. They had four horses that would pull the wagon, lead behind it, or were good saddle horses. Sometimes four men rode in the buckboard and led two horses, sometimes two were horseback and two in the buckboard.

The wagon went in the middle with the horseman in front or behind the buckboard opposite.

At night, the man arranged to have grandfather camp near their room so they could get a good early start.

When they arrived at Las Vegas, they were led right up to the bank, where they were unloaded and they then found out that they were carrying the pay roll of a big mining company and the four men were armed guards. If there were any nails in the kegs, there was also $50,000 worth of gold coin.

Uncle Johnnie thought they chose a blind man and a little boy because no bandit would ever suspect that they were carrying it (gold) and also the guards thought that a blind man and a little boy wouldn't snoop. They arrived safely, and grandfather was well paid for the trip, so all were happy with the ending.

Grandfather lived in St. George for years, then he moved out to Price. When he grew old and retired from heavy work, he did a lot of temple work. He would go to Price for the summer and spend the winters in St. George working at the temple.

As he traveled each way, he would stop and visit his children who lived in between the two communities.

On one of his last trips, he stopped at New Harmony and was there over a Fast Sunday. He went to testimony meeting with us and bore his testimony and thanked the Lord for all his blessings. He even thanked Him for taking his eyesight.

As with his eyesight, he meant that he was thankful for all the trials that had come upon him since he had accepted the gospel in far-off Switzerland. He was thankful for all the pain and torture of his eye that was knocked out, the infection that got in, in a time when they had no antiseptics nor anaesthetics to ease the pain which lasted day and night...(end of page)

PAULINE REDD BURT

I was born 11 November 1902, in New Harmony, Washington Co., Utah, to William Alexander and Mary Verena Bryner Redd. I was the twelfth in the family of fourteen, ten of whom grew to maturity. I don't remember much of our life in New Harmony as we moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada, when I was about two years old.

My mother was a very good woman as she remained at home while my Father fulfilled a mission to the Southern States for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day-Saints, after the birth of their first two children. After his return mother gave birth to triplet girls on 8 May 1890. Two of them only lived a very short time and the next month the other triplet and their little four year old girl Elda Grace Redd, took very ill and died. This must have been a very sad time for our parents. Later there came nine others, first Lura, then Fern and Jessie, Paul Hardison, Preston Lyman, Vilo, Pauline, Mary and Kay Bryner, the youngest.

My Father died 6 January 1911 in Raymond of Pneumonia. He was ill only six days. It was bitter cold, the temperature being 39 degrees below Zero, so very few of the family could go to the cemetery. My oldest brother Will, was in Salt Lake attending the University of Utah but he came home to care for the farms and the family. We all owe him a debt of gratitude for the sacrifice he made for us. He married Irene Smellie and they lived next door east of us for many years and was so good to Mother and all of us children.

I went through elementary and high school in Raymond and then went to Calgary to Normal School there where I obtained a teaching certificate. There were four of us girls who lived together, Lottie and Phoebe Evans and Blanche Cook and I. My first school was out in the country near Nobleford, Alberta where I taught in a one room school house. There were fifteen children and they ranged from first grade to the sixth. It was quite a challenge but I enjoyed it and also the people there.

The next two years I taught in the Raymond school and then clerked in the Raymond Mercantile until being called into the Mexican mission with headquarters in El Paso, Texas with Rey L. Pratt as mission president. This was quite different and a change from the dances and fun that we had as young people in a small town, but I enjoyed every minute of it. We had to learn Spanish as we worked entirely with the Mexican people. I served in El Paso until 10 July 1927, then on to San Antonio.

On the 16 of January I was sent to Laredo, Texas where I labored for some time. It was while there that I met "The Man" — Melvin J. Burt, who later became my much loved husband. The 18 May I was sent again to El Paso and later on the 26 Oct. was sent to Mesa, Arizona where I labored for the remainder of my mission.

I was released in March 1929 and went to California to visit Lyman and Jeanette and Mary before coming home. Melvin had come to Los Angeles to meet me and he brought Mable Davis and me to Salt Lake in time for April conference. While in Salt Lake he gave me a beautiful diamond ring and we decided to be married in the summer. While I was still in Salt Lake, he was called to be a counsellor in the Bishopric of his ward, the Millcreek ward of Cottonwood Stake. It has been a great blessing to me to find such a man to spend my life with.

We were married in the Alberta temple 18 July 1929 by President Edward J. Wood. Mel had a home partially built at 395 East 3900 South, so his parents were good enough to let us stay with them until it was finished. We moved into it April of the next year, just in time for conference, and it was at that conference that Pres. Pratt asked Mel and Gil to go to Mesa, Arizona and stucco and plaster a chapel that the Elders and members were building. They had

even made their own adobes for the walls.

Our first child, Lila Mary was born while we were still in Mesa. She was born at the home of Hugh Dana as his wife was a nurse and she had a small maternity hospital in her home. The Doc charged us $35.00 for his part in the delivery. We thought that no other child could be as pretty as she was, nor loved as much, but Oh! how wrong we were, because we found that each child brought it's own brand of love and they were all loved equally. Nena Gae was born 28 September 1932, then William Melvin the 12 December 1935, Kathryn Ann 4 April 1939 and our last one Melanie was born 17 November 1948. Mustn't forget Wayne Redd Burt was born the 20 February 1944. They were all so loved and were such good little children.

The great depression was in full swing about 1933 and we were expecting our second child and it was very scary as we didn't know where we would get the money for the Doc and hospital. The Gilbert Simmonds lived close and we neighboured quite a bit. They had a daughter Betty who was the same age as Lila. One night Gilbert's Father was killed as he crossed the street and as he had left his home to his daughter Nan, Gilbert came to Mel to help in remodelling it.

I have always felt that this was in answer to our prayers. These two men then decided to buy a farm as we were about to lose our home as there was no work to be found. They found a small farm south of Lehi, Utah and the equity of our home made the down payment and Gilbert had enough money to help fix the two small homes and get some stock etc. so we moved into those homes in the early spring. There were no bathrooms and no running water in either home, but there was a lovely flowing well between the homes and an adequate outhouse behind. We scrubbed our clothes on a board after the men filled the boiler on the coal stove to heat the water.

We raised pigs and finally turkeys and other animals for our food. Mel's Dad gave us another building lot and so as work opened up Mel would take some of the money to the lumber yard for future use on a new home in Salt Lake. Mel built a full basement and the outside walls, put in the windows and doors and we moved into the basement in January of 1939, our Kathy was born while we lived in the basement and we were able to move upstairs just before Christmas. Kathy was born the 4 April just a few weeks after Mel's mother died.

In 1950 our Stake was divided and our Bishop, Elmer Christensen was chosen as Stake President and the next morning we left for Mexico with Fern and Jessie. We were gone for about a month and on our return found that Mel was Bishop of the Millcreek First Ward, a position he held until Mel became ill and had to be released. In 1959 he was ordained as Stake Patriarch. In 1961 we were called to a building mission in old Mexico with headquarters in Monterrey, Nuevo, Mexico. Mel finished a building in Nueva Rosita, one in Monterrey and finished one in Piedras Negras and one in Mexico City. When we went to Piedras Negras it was necessary to send Melanie home to go to school here and Wayne had gone to his mission to Peru. Wayne and Melanie really mourned when they had to leave Mexico and their many friends there.

We are so thankful for the beautiful spirits that were sent into our home, for their lovely companions and their children, and for the way they are teaching their children. We have been married for fifty three years as of now 1982. We have 38 lovely grand-children, and 19 great grand children whom we love dearly. There have been 15 missionaries of the grandchildren and there will be more I am sure. They are our jewels. Our life has been full for which we give thanks to our Father in Heaven.

Pauline died 6 August 1983, Salt Lake City, Utah.

BRIEF HISTORY OF PAUL HARDISON REDD

Paul Hardison Redd was born 10 August 1897, New Harmony, Utah. He was the son of William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner Redd. In 1905 the family moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada. They arrived in Stirling, Alberta, Canada 1 July 1905. It was cold and windy and they wore fur coats to keep warm as they travelled to Raymond in a horse drawn buggy. Paul liked the buttons on his coat, they looked like small doubletrees and he wanted them, so he cut them off. His mother was quite upset as she had to sew them all back on. There were nine children, Will, Lura, Fern, Jessie, Paul, Lyman, Vilo, Pauline and Mary, Kay was born after they arrived in Canada.

William A. Redd built a large cement home, east of the Raymond Stake Center, it still stands. Some of the foundation cement blocks were from the foundation of a home started by John Taylor. This home was where Verena Redd and her family continued to live after the death of William A. Redd in 1911. He had bought land and mother and boys farmed this land. Part of this land is held by the family today. Paul went to school in the building that is now the Japanese Church. A new Public School was built, then torn down and a new one built. The church built a school called the Knight Academy, for High School. This building has also been torn down and a new one built. Paul was always proud that he was the first student registered in the Academy. He arose at four thirty A.M. and waited at the school door until it opened, to gain this honor.

Paul was a good student but often missed school in spring and fall to help with the farming. He took ribbons in pole vault events and later played in the school and town bands. Playing the cornet very well, he played for fifty one years on the 11 November for the Cenotaph programs honoring the soldiers of two World Wars, only missing one year.

Paul went to Normal School in Calgary Alberta, for one year, to receive his teaching certificate. That was all that was required in those days. He obtained a few semesters of school in Utah, years later. He taught school in Stirling, Alberta for three years and while there he met and married Grace Brandley, in the Salt Lake Temple, 19 December 1917. They had six children. Maurine, Theodora, Hazel, Alma Grace, Norma and John Paul. They moved to Raymond where Paul taught school for one year.

Next Paul joined the Canadian Airforce of World War One. He trained in eastern Canada with his brother Lyman. The war ended before he was required to go overseas. Upon his return home he taught in the Knight Academy except for the year he taught in Magrath where Hazel was born. He taught in the Academy until it closed. He continued to farm all the time he taught until his death.

After he retired teaching in Raymond he taught in Warner, Alberta and Milk River, Alberta. He felt he was too young to be retired. During these years he built many homes in Raymond, taught many classes in church in Raymond, served as a counsellor in the bishopric of the Raymond First Ward. He held many other positions in the church. He also performed many services for widows and people who were in need of a general handyman. He had a major heart attack but recovered and was active again for many years.

On 14 January 1936 his wife Grace died, in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. This was a very sad time for Paul and family.

On 12 November l938 he married Emma Brandley Peterson, Grace's sister who had nine children, Garth, Jean, Mary, Virginia, Harold (Jim), Lavon, Barbara, Helen and Grace. Grace passed away at the age of 16, of a brain tumor. Emma and her children came and together we

made one large happy family, not without problems, however.

Paul was a Wheat Pool delegate for many years and served his community well. He gave numerous funeral talks and prayers. Teaching was a very rewarding experience for Paul and many of his students will attest to the fact that he was an exellent teacher, both in school and church. He built his last home at age 75. On 21 March 1978, Paul had a heart attack and died suddenly, after completing a day's activities, in Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Paul was a good man and gave his large family a heritage that they can be proud of and very grateful for.

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-gallons 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 sub-

stitute 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 outrun Antone and the other half he could outrun 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 sunup 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've 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 carload 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 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. He planted the first alfalfa that was planted in Raymond. I think that is true. 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 had 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 earth quake, 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 math- ematics 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 years and a half. 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 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 taking a strap and getting 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 inspectors 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 this 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 have decided 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 form 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 middy 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 middy 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.

MY FATHER

by Norma Redd Fairbanks

My father was a wonderful man. I remember him reading the scriptures to me, especially the Book of Mormon. He explained the predictions of our day, and the one concerning Christopher Columbus. When I was feeling sorry for myself he would put his arms around me and tell me how much he loved me and assured me that I could overcome anything that happened to me in my life. He told me of his courtship with our mother and how much he loved her. When Grandpa Brandley (that is where he boarded while teaching school in Stirling) realized that Grace and Paul loved each other, dad had to move and he went to live with the Coffin family. He told me of when the horse shied into a mud hole and dad had to help mama out. He also told me that Harold's grandmother Stevenson and his mother were very good friends, and served in the Relief Society together.

He came to visit us before he died and he also came to Edmonton when Harold was made a bishop and to be with them when John Graham was born. I remember the singing in the car and working on the farm and all the fun trips to Waterton that we had.

A Few Memories of My Dad

by Alma Grace Redd Mendenhall.

I remember one day I was sitting in the big chair in our living room, I was crying, he came in and asked what the matter was. I held out a book written by Kipling, I had to read it and I could not understand it. It was called "Kim." He sat down and went through the whole book with me and explained it very good and so I was able to fill my school assignment. Many times he helped me with my homework and when I practiced the piano, often I would cry because I could not understand what I should be doing, but he would help me.

Our sister Hazel had polio and was crippled in her feet and one leg. She had to wear special high boots to give strength to her ankles. I was jealous and wanted a pair really bad and had asked for some, the answer was no. I followed him to the basement one day as he was filling the furnace with coal, because he was going to Lethbridge, I said, "Dad I want a pair of boots like Hazel's and I am going to sit right here until I get them." He just looked at me and said, "You go right ahead and sit there." Needless to say I did not sit there very long and I never got the boots. It was a lesson to me that I still remember, one does not always get their wishes.

There are many memories, just like all those you have of your home life. Sufficient to say is that we were happy, not without challenges, but well taken care of, loved, taught in the gospel and in life situations. He was our high school principal and teacher and we were proud of him. The students thought very much of him too. He was our bishop and we were thrilled for his calling there too. He was always thoughtful and kind to our mother and to Aunt Em as well and gave the best he could to all of us. We really had a wonderful childhood.

I had learned to play the piano a little bit and would play for my dad as he performed, on the cornet, in church, at school functions and other programs. Dad also sang in a men's quartet consisting of Frank Taylor, Ira Mc Bride, Paul Redd and Bert Coombs. They sang very often at all different functions, occassionally I was permitted to play for them, this has been a great experience for me.

After I was married Dad helped us remodel our home and then built us new kitchen cupboards. He also made me two sets of bookcases, exactly to fit the space we had for them, in our little home. I have a candle holder, a rolling pin, a paper towel holder, two small tables and an organ bench he made when in grade nine for the Knight Academy organ. It has been made into an end table, he gave it to me. Max took cornet lessons from him and loved the experience. All the children remember him well.

All of us remember these wonderful times we had together as a family. We all appreciate and love Aunt Em and her family as well, we did have many great times together.

MY DAD

by Theodora Stevenson

I must have been about 3 years old when I can remember some of the things about my dad. We lived in a little white house a little was south of Grandma Redd's. We had a swing in a big tree in our front yard, Dad built the swing for us and we spent many hours swinging. He built a radio. It was called a crystal set and it had a big cone-shaped speaker (megaphone-shaped) and we listened as often as we could.

All his life, now that I look back, Dad would build things to help our mother. He put a motor on our sewing machine, he fixed the ice cream freezer to hook up to the wringer of the washing machine so that we wouldn't have to turn it by hand. He could and would always fix or rebuild his farm equipment, machines and tools. He built several homes in Raymond but I remember our special one, we were so happy there and had so many good times in our youth.

Dad was a school teacher and later became the principal of Raymond High School. He was always helping someone with their school work, often students would come to our house and Dad would sit at our dining-room table and help them. He would never do our questions or our homework, but would always give us an example so that we could use that example and do them ourselves. He was an excellent teacher and a very strict disciplinarian. As a result of this, he was criticised and some parents were mad at him. He took a lot of abuse but he never backed down and he was respected for his work.

He played the trumpet and boy were we proud of him. He played "Taps" at all the Memorial Day Programs; and in the First of July Band down at the stampede grounds. He taught quite a few kids how to play. He sang in a quartet for many years and we were proud of him for that. He loved marching music and we all still love it.

Dad was in the Bishopric (Raymond first ward) with Heber Allen and Clarence Allred. It seemed forever and I am sure it wasn't. He worked in many different church jobs, Sunday School teacher, Stake Sunday School: all his life he was a very devoted church member.

Dad was a farmer as well as a teacher, so he kept very busy trying to earn enough money to keep us all, yet dad still had time for his family. He took us on many picnics and vacations at Waterton Park, and just a trip to Lethbridge was a special outing for our family. Dad was always sweet and kind to our mother and did all he could to help her. He taught us to do a good day's work, and to be honest and to get along with each other, to always do our share of work around the house to help Mama. He taught us gospel truths and to live according to the church standards. We had a very special happy home.

In 1936 our mother passed away. Naturally this was very hard on all of us and especially our dad. He was a young man left alone to raise six children, ages 18 to 6. It was a real challenge and struggle I'm sure for our dad, but he carried on. He married our mother's sister, Em Peterson, who had 9 children, so our family increased considerable. We had our trials, and our problems, but dad spent his entire life to make us all happy and taken care of. He treated Aunt Em with the same love and consideration as he did our mother.

Dad lived a full life doing carpentry work until the day he died. I am indeed blessed with a rich heritage, both from my father and mother, and hope and pray that I can be worthy of this heritage.

Special Events in the Life of our Dad

Being a teacher and a counsellor in the bishopric he was always very busy and away a lot, but always found time for our family. Every fall after the crops were in, Dad would go down to the Merc and pay our year's grocery bill. He would come home with a bag of hard tack candy for us children. Of course, this was very special. He was an Alberta Wheat Pool delegate and every year he and mama would go to Calgary to the Wheat Pool Convention. They always brought us a small gift but it was really treasured by us children. Usually it was a book as we were all readers.

After Hazel took ill and couldn't walk for sometime, and when she did learn to walk again, every time we did anything or went anywhere Dad would always tell us to take care of Hazel and stay with her wherever we went. We all learned to stay together and support and love each other. When we wanted to ice skate, dad bought the skates separate, and put them on the high top shoes we wore to school, so we got double use out of our shoes. He bought Hazel a pair of special skates, that looked like tiny bobsleds, two little sleighs for each foot. They strapped on to her special boots.

He took me over to Lethbridge one year and bought me a red plaid Mackinaw jacket, and navy blue pants out of melton cloth so I wouldn't get cold. He also bought us leather ankle straps so that we could skate better. Dad always had time for us, busy as he was.

Paul Redd

by David and Maurine Wood

We have heard it said , in more than one part of the Province of Alberta, that Paul Hardison Redd was one of the truly great teachers in Western Canada. Understandably nervous in his classes, since he was courting one of his five daughters, David can vouch for Paul's superb teaching ability. David says he was "not at ease with mathematical subjects, but when I got into Paul Redd's Mechanics II class and his Geometry class it was as though a light had been turned on. I not only understood the subject matter, I actually came to love the course material."

The same magic occurred when Paul Redd taught a Sunday School class or any class. Paul Redd not only taught, he built; and he applied the theories he was teaching in High School to help him in his building. He built at least 5 homes in Raymond, at first to live in , and then to sell at a modest profit. Each home incorporated Paul's progressive thinking about heating systems that would cope adequately with rugged Canadian winters. The last home not only had radiant heat built into the ceiling, it had an outside thermostat that warned the inside heating center, well in advance, of thermal changes. Several heating companies visited Raymond to see what Paul had devised.

Paul Redd built a powered golf cart. He made beautiful end tables. He used old wagon tongues to create turned oak candle holders. He played, and played well, a cornet, both solo and in a band. He joined and learned to fly in the wartime Canadian Air Force. He sang in what was once Raymond's most popular male quartet with Frank Taylor, Bert Coombs and Ira McBride. He demonstrated management skills in his years as principal of Raymond High School, and his service as a counsellor in Heber Allen's Bishopric. He was an excellent farmer and a successful cattle feeder. He simply had to know what made things work and he read voraciously to find out. In short, he was a true renaissance man.

He bought a big old pool table from one of the pool halls, and rebuilt it. He bought three balls and a bunch of cue sticks, and we played billiards on it. (David says it was to keep the girls and the boy friend with them at home---it worked as the house was always full). As we would knock the cue tips off, he would glue them back on so we could continue to play. Hazel got to be a pro and could beat us all.

Keep in mind he also lost his beloved wife Grace, when he was only 38. Six children on his hands, farms to run, school to manage - we still stand in awe of his accomplishments and could never adequately tell all we remember about Paul Hardison Redd.

THOUGHTS ABOUT DAD

by John and Sherrill Redd

The older I get the more I realize how much I learned from Dad. He was always very good to me and believe it or not, very patient. Never in my life even as an advanced teen could I ever out-work him. But not the least of what he taught me was how to work. We worked together a lot, on the farm, with the cattle, sheep and hogs, on houses and in the shop. I remember going to the school shop many evenings and building things, learning to use the tools and even the power tools while I was still very young. And I know that partly by his encouragement I spent many hours in my own basement shop building things. I don't regret that most of the time we spent together was working, but we did occasionally play together. I really enjoyed playing golf with him, he really enjoyed golf and I felt bad that he couldn't play more often. The first golf bag he had he made himself but he not only made his own golf bag, later he made his own motorized golf cart.

He made his own tools and farm implements, to name a few, land levellers, ditchers, a cultivating implement like the Noble Blade. He made his own truck beet boxes, a manure spreader for the truck and probably the most complicated piece, was a sugar beet loader. They were just coming into vogue during the war and so implement companies were not building them. The sugar company shop built several and he, seeing them said, "I can build one as good or better." And so he did, in fact he built one and sold it, then he built another for himself. We spent many hours at Hervey's Black Smith shop, we got our steel from old combines and threshers. We did all the manual work at the shop and when we needed welding, Jack Hervey would come to our rescue. And dad really did improve on the sugar company's design. It worked great.

Dad was a great teacher. He even taught me English and Physical Education in High School, neither was his specialty but he still taught me much. He taught many, many classes in Priesthood, Sunday School and M.I.A. He was always considered to be the best. He never taught me math in school, but I learned much math from him, as he helped me with my own studies and the things I learned were not the conventional things, but were practical and often short-cut methods to solve problems. While I was in college and on a mission, he started building houses and putting hot water radiant heat in the ceiling. He made a trip or two to Calgary to consult with Fred Deeves, a heating engineer, but he did most of the planning and work on his own. His heating systems were very efficient and provided very comfortable heat. Even after I was married he enjoyed having me help him on building and remodelling jobs. About the only part of the building he did not do was the plastering. He did his own cement work, plumbing, wiring and finishing.

Our older children have very fond memories of Grandpa Redd and loved him very much. One time he really surprised us, one evening in Pocatello as we were eating supper, there was a knock on the door and there was Dad. He stayed several days and then went on down to Salt Lake to visit Hazel, Boyd and their family. I don't know anyone who enjoyed a good joke more than Dad. In fact he seemed to have a good joke to tell on almost every occasion. Dad loved music and played the cornet very well. I always enjoyed listening to him play, and I remember well his coaching Alma as she practiced her piano. He sang in a male quartet for many years singing second tenor. Their quartet was very popular and in great demand for all types of programs. We have a tape of one and we still enjoy listening to it.

I also emember the family singing many fun songs especially as we travelled in the car. I remember one very special trip that he took us on, to Edmonton where he "marked" government high school exams. We had just purchased a new 1936 Ford two-door sedan and we loaded three adults and six children and all the luggage into that little car and made the four-hundred mile trip.

We stayed for a month and had a great time.

He was always thoughtful, loving and caring of my mother and Aunt Em. His life was not easy, raising fifteen kids from two families of very different backgrounds, but as I look back now, he did a great job and deserves a lot of credit.

My fond memories of Dad still make me "weepy" — he was a great man, teacher and especially "father."

Sherrill writes, I remember being somewhat apprehensive, as one might imagine, when John and I went to Canada to be married, and I had never met my in-laws until four days before our marriage. I had just talked to Dad and Aunt Em twice by phone. I however, was immediately made to feel at home by Dad and Aunt Em. They were very kind to me, although Dad liked to tease me a lot.

I was always a little in awe of Dad, partly because of his great knowledge. It seemed there was never a subject he could't converse on, he was so well read. That brings up another thing, his ability to down a box of chocolates in one evening while reading a book.

I remember the lovely wood candle holder he made for us, turned on his wood lathe. It is beautiful and we have a Christmas candle we place on it and put out every Christmas.

I also remember the big rolling pin he made for us, which is much used. He was so capable at so many things. I don't think there was anything he couldn't make or do.

I loved to hear "Grandpa Redd" sing in Church. He sang the hymns like they ought to be sung, with feeling and fervor.

I love Dad Redd very much and miss him very much. I look forward to meeting him again. Our children, do too. The older ones love him very much. Phillip and Andrew love to hear about him, and feel cheated not to have known him. We've tried to keep him alive to our grandchildren, as well.

THE NAME AND FAMILY OF REDD

Compiled by THE MEDIA RESEARCH BUREAU,
Washington, D.C.

The name of Redd is believed to have been originally used as a nickname, having reference to the red hair or ruddy complexion of its first bearers. It is found in ancient English and early American records in the various spellings of Rede, Redde, Reede, Reade, Read, Reide, Reid, Red, Redd, and others, of which several of the other forms are more generally used today, but that of Redd is still frequently found in America.

Families of this name were resident at early dates in the English Counties of Norfolk, Suffolk. Somerset, Kent, Worcester, Oxford, Surrey, Hereford, Buckingham, York, Gloucester, Lincoln, Middlesex, Devon, and London, as well as in various parts of Scotland and Ireland. They were, for the most part, of the British landed gentry and yeomanry.

The family was represented as early as the year 1139 by one Brianus le Rede (Brian the Red), from whom was descended William le Rede of Counties Norfolk and Suffolk in the early part of the following century, who was the father, by his wife, Margaret Granville, of Robert, who was the father of Falfrinus, who was the father of Robert, William and Thomas, of whom the last was the father of a son also named Thomas, who was living in the year 1429 and was the father of a son named Edmund, who married Christiana James and was the father by her of John Edmund, of whom the latter was the father of Edmund Rede, Lord of Porstal. John, the elder of the last-mentioned brothers, became Mayor of Norwich and was the father of Henry, Edward, and Magdalina, of whom the son Edward married Inez, daughter of Sir Humphrey Stanley, and had, among others, John, Sir Bartholomew of London, and Sir Robert of London, of whom the son John married Joan Ludlow and died in 1502, leaving, among other children, a son named Thomas, who was the father by his wife, Philippa Bacon, of William, John, Alan, Edward, and Thomas, of whom the first was married in 1538 to a Miss Tooley, by whom he had issue of Thomas, William, and six daughters. Of the last-mentioned brothers, William, the younger, married Anne Fearnley and was the father by her of Sir William and Richard, of whom the first married Gertrude Paston, who gave him two sons, Thomas and Francis, and numerous daughters as well; and Thomas, the elder brother of William, married Margaret Quintz or Quince and was the father by her of Francis, George, and John, of whom the last was the father by his wife, Ursula Cooke, of Thomas and others.

Among other early records of the family in England are those of Robert le Rede of County Surrey in the early thirteenth century, those of Godwin le Rede of County Norfolk in 1273, those of Roger le Rede of Herefordshire about the same time, those of Martin le Rede about the year 1327 and those of William Red and Robert le Rede of Somersetshire during the same period.

The first of the name in America were David Red of an unknown part of Virginia in 1637, Robert Rede of Warwick County, Va., in 1645, and John Redd of Lancaster County, Va., in 1654. The records of the immediate families and descendants of these early settlers, however, have not been found.

Sometime before 1729 James Redd, who may possibly have been descended from one of the above-mentioned immigrants, was living in Virginia. He married a Miss Eastham prior to this date and was the father by her of, probably among others, a son names Samuel, who made his home in Caroline County, Va. In 1755 this Samuel married Lucy Rogers, by whom he was the father of Fannie, William, Jesse, Lucy, Ann, and Samuel.

William, eldest son of Samuel and Lucy, married Miss Tyler of Caroline County, but his

records are not complete.

Jesse, second son of Samuel and Lucy, married Mary Woodson of Goochland County, Va., but his records are equally incomplete.

Samuel, third son of Samuel and Lucy, was married in 1797 to Elizabeth Taylor of Hanover County, Va. He was the father by her of Lucy Anne, Edmund, Elizabeth, Taylor, Samuel, Emily Harris, Sarah, John Robinson, James Temple, and Louisa.

James Redd, probably a member of another branch of the above-mentioned family, was living in Spotsylvania County Va., before 1750. He was the father by his wife Elizabeth of Captain Thomas Redd, who settled in Woodford County, Ky., after the Revolutionary War and was the father there of, among others, a son named Samuel. This Samuel married Dorothy Bullock and was the father of, among others, a son names Waller Bullock.

Yet another branch of the family in America was represented before 1750 by Thomas Redd of Prince Edward County, Va., who was born about 1730 and may possibly be another son of the first-mentioned James Redd of Virginia. This Thomas was the father by his wife Frances (nee Anderson) of Charles Anderson, Polly, Sally, Patty, George, John, Thomas, William, and Fanny.

Charles Anderson, son of Thomas Redd of Prince Edward County, married Elizabeth Gresham. He was the father by her of, among others, a son named Albert Gresham, but the records of this line are not complete.

John, son of Thomas Redd of Prince Edward County, married Mary Truman in the latter part of the eighteenth century and was the father by her of Elbert F., Nancy, Elizabeth, Joseph T., John W., Henry T., and Susan Truman.

Another John Redd, a Major in the Revolutionary War, who was born in Albemarle County, Va., in 1755, settled at an early date in Henrico or Henry County, in the same colony. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Colonel George Waller of Henrico County, he had issue of Annie, (Colonel) James Madison, Elizabeth, Martha, Waller, Edmund, Burwell, Polly C., Lucy Dabney, Dr. John Giles, Overton and Carr.

Of the above-mentioned sons of Major John and Mary Redd of Henrico County, Colonel James Madison married Ruth Penn Staples; Waller married Keziah Staples; Edmund Burwell married Sarah Ann Fontaine and had issue by her of Martha, Mary, Celestia, Polly, Ella, John, William Spottswood, James S., and Edmund Madison; Dr. John Giles married Apphia Fauntleroy Carter; Overton married Martha Fontaine; and Carr died young.

Thomas Redd was living in Halifax County, Va., in the latter eighteenth century (will dated 1823) and left issue there by his wife Rebeckah of Rebecca, of George William, Rebeckah, Thomas, James Tucker, Robert Hoyt, Anderson Cooke, Martha James, Eliza, Sally, Amanda Mayo, and Ann. This Thomas also mentioned his brother Robert of Macklenburg County, Va., but no further record of that line has been found.

The history of the Redds in America is that of a sturdy, self-reliant, resourceful, and courageous race, possessed of physical stamina and perseverance. Other characteristics of the family include generosity, kindliness, and sociability.

Among those of the name who served as officers in the War of the Revolution were the before-mentioned Captain Thomas and Major John, of Virginia; and numerous others from the various other Southern States. There were also many of the name in the ranks of the various

States.

John, Thomas, Edmund, Edward, Francis, Robert, David, Samuel, James, George, and William are some of the Christian names most favored by the family for its male progeny.

A few of the many members of the family who have attained distinction in America at various times are:

John Redd (b. 1755, deceased) of the South, author.

George Redd (latter 18th and early 19th centuries), of Virginia, agriculturist and author.

John T. Redd (early 19th century), of Missouri, politician.

Rebecca Fergus Redd (early 19th century), of New York, novelist.

Annie Bell Redd (latter 19th and early 20th centuries), of Georgia, botanist.

Richard Menefee Redd (latter 19th and early 20th century), of Kentucky, soldier and author.

Leonard B. Redd (early 20th century), of North Carolina, jurist.

The best known of the Redd, Red or Rede coats of arms are described as follows (Burke "General Armory" 1884):

Arms.L (Redd or Rede) — "Azure, a griffin segreant or."

Crest. — "A garb or, banded gules."

Arms.II(Red) — "Argent, a mullet between three annulets gules, within each a cinquefoil of the last."

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THE REDD FAMILY OF ONSLOW COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

The State Historical Commission at Raleigh, North Carolina, has issued a certificate to a descendant of Whitaker Redd stating that he, Whitaker Redd, was in service in the Revolutionary War, and that William Redd was also a soldier. William was Whitaker Redd's son and he had two sons, Sigle and Kincy.

Legend has it that two Redd brothers came from Scotland and one settled in Virginia and the other in North Carolina.

It is said that the first court house in Onslow County was located on the sea coast and that it was washed away by a tidal wave in 1852. It is possible that it may have been earlier than that as a terrible storm swept the coast about 1820 or 30. Anyway nearly all the records were lost. Some people brought their own documents back later to have them recorded but a lot of information never did come back.

William Redd had two brothers, Henry and Whitaker Jr. The father, Whitaker Sr., died in 1786 or 1789. William was born about 1763 and died since 1831. One legend has it that he came from Scotland but that probably is incorrect. There is no record of what became of Henry, but Whitaker Jr. probably went to Wilmington, North Carolina, as a good many of his descendants still live there, though two, John Hardison Redd and sister, Mary Redd Holt, went first to Tennessee and then on to Utah. Some of their descandants live in Brigham City, Utah.

William Redd, evidently was the only Redd that remained in Onslow County, N.C. He married Celah (pronounced Kala, said to be Indian with no last name) and she had two sons, Sigle and Kincy. Sigle was born Dec. 6, 1785, at Stump Sound, Onslow Co., and died June 11, 1867. Kincy was born about 1787 and died since 1849.

William later married Margaret Everett and she had three daughters and one son: Nellie Russell; Mary (called Polly); Sarah (called Sally); and William Jr. William next married Sarah Barlow and she had William B., born May 15, 1811, died about 1854; and James B., born about 1814 and died about the first of June, 1844.

Sigle married Lennie Fields and she had one daughter, Sarah Jane, who married Seth King. To them were born; Mary who married Thomas Hinen (Hines); Lemuel Fields who married Mary Atkinson; Oliver, John, Nick, Joseph, Dimmie and one called "Puss" who married and went to New York.

After her death he married Susan Annie Anders (or Andrews) and to her were born Marquis LaFayette, born Nov. 15, 1836, died March 13, 1876 (married Emily Amy Sidbury, one daughter Susan Rebecca Redd who married Hill E. King); Basil, born May 20, 1827, died October 30, 1848 (went to Utah and married there); Elda S. born Sept. 22, 1830, died about 1899 (married William Batson first, and Hill Williams, second); Susan Ann, born April 13, 1833, died about 1895 (married Hill Nixon); Sigle Jr., born April 10, 1836, died March 30, 1883 (married Camilla Norton); Alonso born June 9, 1842, died about 1910 (married Lydia Aman Henderson); Francis Marion born March 4, 1844, died March 20, 1907 (married Isabell Jane Justice); and Henrietta (married John Bishop).

The home of Sigle Redd Sr., was built on a high ridge overlooking the sparkling waters of Stump Sound and the blue expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, and here he reared his family. It must have been a jolly family for even in their old age they retained a lot of humor and love of fun.

They were all good citizens and esteemed far and near. They were noted for their jet black hair and black eyes. Susan said she never took more trouble to her heart than she could kick off with her heels. Francis Marion was wounded in the Civil War. Marquis was sheriff of Onslow Co., and also a Captain of a company he recruited for service in the Confederate Army.

The mists of time have obscured much of the history of the Redds who first came to Eastern North Carolina. However, the first authentic facts are those taken from the files of the State Historical Commission at Raleigh, N.C. as stated above.

Another story says the two brothers came from Virginia. This is perhaps true as there is in existence an old chest that the children of Sigle Redd claimed came from Virginia with the first Redds. All that is known definitely now is that Sigle Redd acquired land bordering on Stump Sound in Onslow County and built a home there. The home is still in use.

Amos Aaron chose to live in Wilmington. They probably came from Virginia as there are numerous Redds living in Richmond, Va., and the writer knows of no Redds in North Carolina except descendants of these two.

THE REDD FAMILY OF UTAH

Taken from "The History of Utah" published in 1932

It is important that a state should remember its pioneers, not merely the men who were first in point of time, but those were outstanding in the performance of work, the endurance of hardships, and the fearless confronting of all the difficulties and experiences which are woven like a web into the historic fabric of a commonwealth. Such honors should be paid to various members of the Redd family and their connections. Utah was not the first state in which these families did their part as pioneers. They were the solid industrious stock of American colonists, prominent in the original colonies along the Atlantic Coast, and also were identified with successive waves of migration, home- building and state-making in the historic progress across the mountains, across the Mississippi Valley, and finally into the Great Basin.

A grandfather of the present generation of the Redd family drove a wagon across the plains in the Mormon migration of 1850. The deeds and leadership of the family are particularly identified with the history of San Juan, Utah. The story of the colonization of that valley could not be told without repeated reference to the activities and influences of the Redd family. They were first and foremost in point of settlement and in pioneer labors which brought that district into touch with the economic and political order of the rest of the state.

In order to trace properly the ancestry of this family it is necessary to go back several generations, before they came to Utah. The first prominent ancestor met with in the record bore the name of William Hancock. He went to North Carolina in 1707, as an attorney for Lord Pollock. In the same year he received a grant of land on the Neuse River near Newbern. In 1708-09 and in 1717 he was a member of the North Carolina Assembly. In 1723 he was appointed by the North Carolina Assembly at Edenton a commissioner to sell lots at Newbern. William Hancock and his wife, Eliza, had a son, Hector Hancock, who was born in Carteret County, North Carolina, and died in 1721. Hector and his wife, Ann, were the parents of Nathaniel Hancock, of Onslow County, North Carolina. Nathaniel Hancock married Sarah Ward, daughter of Enoch and Mary (Shackelford) Ward. Enoch Ward, of Carteret County, was a contemporary of William Hancock and his name also appears in the records as a member of the North Carolina Assembly. Nathaniel Hancock died in 1800. His son, Zebedee Hancock, born in January 1760, and died in Onslow County in 1820, married Abigail Taylor, daughter of William and Elizabeth Taylor. Abigail Taylor was born in 1761. A daughter of Zebedee Hancock was Elizabeth Hancock, who was born January 25, 1797, in Onslow County, and died in 1853. She became the wife of John Hardison Redd.

John Hardison Redd was born December 27, 1799, and died June 15, 1858 at Spanish Fork, Utah. He was the son of Whitaker and Elizabeth Redd. Whitaker was born in Onslow County and died in 1828, being a son of Whitaker Redd Sr., of Onslow County, who died either in 1786 or 1789. John Hardison Redd was known as Captain Redd, since he was a sea-faring man. He was also a North Carolina merchant, and a man of unusual learning and accomplishment.

In 1838 Capt John Hardison Redd, with his family, left Onslow County and settled in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. There he acquired a large plantation, owning numerous negro slaves. The course of his life as a southern slave-holding planter was completely changed in 1842, when he became a convert to the Mormon faith At that time he liberated his slaves, though because of their regard for him, some of them followed him to Utah. He had also been a planter. His father, Whitaker Redd, had been a Revolutionary soldier.

Two years before the family left their old home in Onslow County, a son, Lenuel

Hardison Redd, was born July 31, 1836. He was about six years of age when the family accepted their new faith, and at the age of fourten he was a sturdy boy, capable of doing his part in the migration across the plains to the new Zion. From St. Joseph, Missouri, he drove an ox team. When an old man he frequently recounted the incidents of the journey, and that story made a lasting impression on the memory of his grandson, Mr. Charles Redd. Both Lemuel and his father were attacked by the cholera. Lemual H. Redd told of the scenes impressed upon his memory in seeing hundreds of people buried along the roadsides. He described the terror caused by the threat of Indian attack and pictured the stampeding of thousands of buffalo on the plains.

It was in October 1850 that the family, after many toils, arrived in Salt Lake City. During the following winter Lemual Hardison Redd attended school at Provo. The next spring the family moved to Spanish Fork. The Redds and the family of William Pace were the pioneers of that locality in Utah Co. At Spanish Fork, Captain Redd helped built the first sawmill south of Provo. When the Indian War broke out in 1853, the mill and town were destroyed and the family sought a place of safety at Palmyra.

Lemuel Hardison Redd in 1852 was baptized and ordained a priest. During the Walker War, which started in July 1853, he did his part as a soldier and was an officer in all the Indian wars of the state. Though he had few opportunities for schooling during his youth, because his family were first pioneers in Tennessee and then in Utah, he became educated beyond most of this contemporaries and was particularly well informed in history and biography. He served six years as member of the County Court and also acted as Probate judge. During the invasion of General Johnston's army, he went with Captain Andrus' company of soldiers to Green River to ascertain the plans of the enemy. The company was gone a month and one man and one horse were killed by the Indians.

Lenuel Hardison Redd, on January 2, 1856, married Keziah Jane Butler, who proved a faithful wife and loving mother to her thirteen children. The Butlers also introduced other lines of strong and valiant pioneer ancestry. Keziah Jane Butler was born in Simpson County, Kentucky, February 25, 1836, daughter of John Lowe and Caroline F. (Skeen) Butler. John Lowe Butler was born April 8, 1808, and died in 1861. He was a son of James and Charity (Lowe) Butler, and grandson of William and Phoebe (Childres) Butler. Charity Lowe was born January 12, 1782, in South Carolina, daughter of William and Margaret (Farr) Lowe, and granddaughter of John Lowe and Nancy Butler, and Barnabas and Dorothy Farr. William Lowe was born in Virginia, February 12, 1756 and died in 1835, while his wife, Margaret, was born in Pennsylvania in 1761. John Lower Butler kept a diary, still in possession of his descendants, and in it he recorded that both he and his wife were children and grandchildren of Revolutionary sires. His grandfather, William Lowe, enlisted in the army of the Revolution in 1775, serving in the company commanded by Capt. Joseph Phillips, William Dobson, Minor Smith and Joel Lewis. In 1781 William Butler served in Colonel Picken's regiment.

The Butler family arrived in Utah in the fall of 1852, and John Lowe Butler was prominent in the founding of Spanish Fork. He was appointed by President Brigham Young to survey the land, lay off blocks and city lots and bring water from the river to the settlement. His wife, Caroline F. Skeen, was born in Sumner County, Tennessee, April 15, 1812 and died in 1875. She was a daughter of Jesse and Keziah (Taylor) Skeen, and granddaughter of John or Alexander Skeen and Robert and Nancy Taylor. Jesse Skeen was born in Sumner Co., Tenn., and died in 1842, and Keziah Taylor was born April 11, 1778.

After his marriage, Lemuel Hardison Redd, Sr., went with his wife to fill a mission for the church at Las Vegas, New Mexico. He was a member of the fifteenth Quorum of Seventy. In 1862 he helped found New Harmony, Washington Co., Utah, holding many offices there, and in 1866 bought a homestead at New Harmony, completing an unfinished brick house, in which he lived until 1878. He was for twenty years a bishop of his church.

In 1866 married as his second wife, Sarah Louisa Chamberlain, who bore him fourteen children.

Under orders of the head of the church, Lemuel Hardison Redd Sr., with George W. Sevy, George Morril and George H. Hobbs, comprised a party of explorers or advance guards sent out to locate the San Juan River and select the best place for the building of a road that would lead the later colonists to Southern Utah. It was a very difficult and perilous trip and its record is an important part of the undertaking of colonizing the San Juan.

In the Fall of 1879 this party of four pioneers made their own road from Escalante to the San Juan settlement, which they named Bluff. They had left the main body of colonizers, comprising eighty-three wagons, about eighty men and 150 persons in the entire company, comprising men, women and children, and for twenty-five days in mid-winter, they plodded through deep snow with only a pack mule to carry provisions, and for four days of this time they were without food altogether.

Lemuel Hardison Redd Sr., lived for many years to enjoy the fruits of his ppioneer enterprise in helping lead the colonists into the San Juan. He died June 9, 1910. As one of his associates wrote of him: "Brother Redd was looked up to as a kind, sensible, resourceful man of wide experience, a consistent Latter-day Saint, and was respected as such. Personally, I always looked upon your father as one who contributed of himself and his wonderful family a great offering, for not only San Juan Mission, but to the whole work of our church and country, and I appreciate very much the honor of laboring and associating with many of them."

Representing the second generation of this pioneer family in Utah was Lemuel Hardison Redd Jr., who was born at Spanish Fork, October 5, 1856, and lived a life of usefulness and honor, closed in death on June 1, 1923. He was his father's oldest child. At the age of eight he was baptized, and was ordained a teacher at the age of fourteen, and an elder at twenty-two. During 1875-76 he was a student in the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah. After that he taught for a year, and in 1878 he married Eliza Ann Westover. In 1884 he married Lucy Lyman.

Lemuel Hardison Redd Jr. was also a member of the party of Saints that colonized the San Juan Riover Valley in 1879. In 1881 he was ordained high priest and set apart as second counselor to Bishop Jens Nielson, in which capacity he labored for twenty years, and on Bishop Nielson's death became bishop of Bluff. In 1910 he was made president of the San Juan Stake. He was superintendent of the Ward Sunday School, secretary of the Y.M.M.I.A., was ward clerk, for fifteen years superintendent of the San Juan Co-operative Store and president of a large number of business organizations in that county. He organized the first bank in Southeastern Utah, and promoted and secured the funds for the establishment of water and light systems at Monticello and Blanding in San Juan County.

In his generation he carried the spirit of service which had actuated his father. His father, Lemuel Sr., had often, during his early years of the colony in Southern Utah, when there was neither practising physician nor dentist, performed the duties of doctor and dentist, pulling teeth and assisting with broken bones. The enterprise and energy with which Lemuel H. Redd Sr., carried out practical business undertakings .....an exceptional degree of public interest and willingness tosacrifice his own profits and advantage for the benefit of others. Of all his varied services, perhaps the most important was his part in redeeming San Juan County from its isolation and from the anarchic conditions in the early days. He often faced grave danger for the sake of law and order. He was responsible for the building up of an immense industry as a stock man, and had a part in practically every community undertaking in the county.

Lemuel Hardison Redd Jr. took a great deal of pride and satisfaction in the knowledge

that he was one of the founders of San Juan County. In speaking of the events of early days and referring to San Juan County as a community that was an asset to the state, he constantly spoke in words that would be used by a proud father in referring to a worthy son.

He was characterized by a remarkable intelligence, business ability of a high order, and personally he was, as one of his friends put it, "a man quiet and unpretentious, firm as a rock and humble as a child." The children of his first marriage were Lulu, Lemuel H., Hattie Helen, Herbert H., Edith, Charles, Marian, and May, and those of his second wife were Carlie, Frank,. Annie and Amasa J.

* * * * * * *

Taken from the journal of John D. Lee at 'Summer Quarters' 13 miles north of Winter Quarters, and was mainly a farm owned by Brigham Young, and worked by John D. Lee, his adopted son.

July 1, 1847 "At about 6 p.m. Brother John H. Redd and Islam Gilliam both of Rutherford Co., Tenn., arrived in camp. John H. Redd, an old man, Captain, formerly from South Carolina, had protected Lee when Mormon missionaries in Rutherford County were attacked by a mob." He later became converted and the prefix 'Bro.' indicates he was a Mormon at that time.

July 4, 1847 "Left Brother John H. Redd considerably difficulted in his mind about moving to the west. After meeting Brother Redd, I, Gilliam and several others dined with John D. Lee." (Note: John H. Redd later emigrated and founded the Redd family of south-eastern Utah.)

July 5, 1847 "Clear, wind, S.W. About 8 o'clock friend Gilliam, Sister Caroline (Gilliam's wife) and John H. Redd started for Tennessee, their native land."

* * * * * * *

"First Families of Utah" Utah census of 1850 listed the following, the family and servants of John H. Redd.

John H. Redd 51 M

Elizabeth 52 F

Ann M. 19 F

Ann E. 18 F

Mary C. 15 F

Lemuel H. 14 M

John H. 13 M

Benjamin 8 M

(Servants of J. H. Redd) The following had been slaves, but were freed and had followed their former master to Utah.

Venis 40 F Black

Chancey 38 F Black

Luke 19 M Yellow

Marinda 18 F Yellow

Annie 14 F Yellow

Sam 17 M Yellow

* * * * * * *

Rutherford County Records "A list of preperty was taken and returned by Miles p. Murphy Esq. in district 8 of Rutherford County, Tenn., for the year 1849. John H. Redd — 175 acres of land valued at $1250.00, tax $1.44. Four slaves valued at $1600.00, tax $1.84. Other property valued at $915.00, tax $1.04. Polls 1 tax .15. State tax $4.47, State and County tax $7.45."

All this would indicate that John H. Redd did not move to Nauvoo, but went from Tennessee to Utah in 1850, that on April 3, 1844, when he and his wife, Elizabeth Hancock Redd, had their patriarchal blessings (under the hands of Hyrum Smith) they came on a visit only to Nauvoo and returned to Tennessee.

HISTORY OF REDD FAMILY OF VIRGINIA

By J.S.Redd, of Pacos, Halifax Co. Va.

At the solicitation of the descendants of the Redd family of Virginia, I have consented to undertake the task of collecting the information and data required to trace the family from its earliest times in English history.

It has been by no means an easy matter to compile the various names, dates, incidents, and circumstances which have been gathered for this purpose. After consulting many authors, both American and English, visiting and examining family burying grounds, private libraries, together with much correspondence with old friends and relatives, also tedious examination of records of various County Clerks' Offices, the writer believes he is prepared to give a fairly accurate sketch of the family, from the arrival in Virginia of the first of the name, to the present time, also a partial history of the family down from its origin in England to the present time, through many generations to the emigration to Virginia.

The Redd name is a very uncommon one and there is little doubt that all the families of that name in Virginia and in the other Southern and Western States are descendants of the same ancestor, SIR WILLIAM RUFUS de REDDS who came to Virginia from England, with Governor Alexander Spottswood, during the early part of Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714.

Before entering into particulars of the different branches of the family after coming to this country, an account of the ancestry before coming from England, as far as practicable, will be given, and it may be well at this juncture to mention this fact, that the writer has availed himself of every means and source of information possible, not only the traditions of the family, but the family records; and the older members of the family have been consulted time and time again, the information gathered carefully and compared with country, state and government registers and records. Also many reliable histories, biographies, and historical works of various authors have been carefully pursued, thus enabling the writer to give a fair and impartial account of the most important incidents, which may have occurred from the earliest time to the present. In collecting the data and material for the history, the following works and histories have chiefly relied upon: Humme, Robertson, Scott, Maconley, Makay Skeat, Burnet, Wirt, Bancroft and Irving. Other authors of celebrity have occasionally been consulted, and while positive authority can not be given for each and every incident narrated, yet in the main, the most important particulars and circumstances may be relied upon as true beyond reasonable doubt.

From the best authority that can be found, it cannot be doubted that the name Redd or de Redde, as it was originally called, had its origin with a noble house, that of William Rufus, the son of the Conqueror, which latter is known by every school boy as the first of the Norman kings in England, and mounted the throne of England immediately after the famous battle of Hastings, fought in the year 1066. English historians have generally denied that William I or William Rufus was lawfully married. This statement is not true, as there is authority of the highest order to establish the fact that he was married, but not 'in the purple,' as it was then called, which means that he was not married during his reign. He was, however, married before the death of his father, the Conqueror, and had one son. This son was also named William, and accompanied his uncle Robert, Duke of Normandy and his crusading army to Jerusalem during the year 1098, that being known in history as the 'First Crusade.' For authority as to this statement the reader is referred to the works of Rev. E. Cobham Breeder, LLD, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England, and also Lasso, "Jerusalem Delivered."

The following is transcribed from the writing of the first of these authors. "William, the son of King William Rufus, accompanied his uncle Robert, Duke of Normandy, in the Crusading

Army. He wore a casque of gold and was a leader of a large army of English or British Boldmen and Irish volunteers." During his absence in the Holy Land, his father, William Rufus de Redde, died, and the English people having been duped into the belief, or for some cause, conceiving that his son and heir, William, had perished in the wars of the crusade, placed Henry (Banclere) the brother of William Rufus, upon the throne. Some years after the accession of Henry to the throne of England, William the Crusader returned from the crusading wars to England, and finding that his uncle Henry had usurped the throne, he took steps immediately to recover his rights, and having married Catherine, daughter of the Duke of Acquitania, he was persuaded by his father-in-law and other friends, not to risk his claim to the throne by a resort to force until his plans were more fully matured. This state of affairs remained unchanged for several years. When William again began to make his plans and marshal his forces with the view of recovering his father's crown, he was suddenly taken with a violent form of fever and death soon ended his sufferings.

There is no account given of any further attempt being mady by William's descendants in prosecuting their claims to the crown of England, and the next event of any importance seems to have been the marriage of William's grandson, Sir Lionel de Redd (that name having been adopted in the family), with Elizabeth, daughter of Count Faulke (pronounced Foulka). This was the same Count Faulke whose second wife was Matilda, the widowed daughter of King Henry the First. Matilda was married to Charles Fifth, Emperor of Germany, and the potentate died without children. Matilda then married Count Faulke as already mentioned, by whom she had Henry II, who proved to be one of England's greatest monarchs, and who was one of the first of the illustrious line of Plantagenet Kings.

Possibly it is somewhat irrelevant to the subject, but if it does not tax the patience of the reader too much, it may be interesting to some to know the singular manner in which the cognomen "Plantagenet" originated. The best authority extant gives the following curious account as being the most probably true. This Count Faulke, who was the father of King Henry II, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and having committed some crime of a very grave nature, conceived the idea of expiating his guilt by a pilgrimage to Rome, and after making a full confession, throwing himself upon the mercy of the Pope. Having done this, the Pope, after having fully considered the matter, announced to the Count that he must remain at the Vatican a certain number of days, and at a given hour every morning, after having offered up fervent prayers, he must proceed to a neighboring forest and chastise himself upon his naked body with a scourge made of the twigs taken from a tough plant, the Latin name of which is "Plantagueista", meaning "Broom Plant." After having executed the sentence upon himself as directed, Count Faulke returned to England with his conscience greatly relieved, and adopted the word "Plantagenet" as the motto upon his coat of arms, which was ever after retained by his descendants. There are other accounts extant of this strange adventure, but the foregoing is generally accepted as the true explanation.

After this digression, we will return to Sir Lionel de Redd, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Count Faulke. There seems to be nothing of moment given in the meagre account of his life, and the next in succession was the grandson of Sir Lionel, who was created a Peer of the realm and was known as "Baron de Redde," his full christian name, however, has not been ascertained. The next in line of succession was Baron William Rufus de Redde, son of the preceding, who accompanied his kinsman, Richard I, (Coeur de Lion) in the war of the third crusade, about the year 1192. This knight, by his splendid valor and chivalrous bearing, won the respect and admiration of all, and was held in much dread by the Saladin's whole army, and at the same time he was greatly esteemed by his own comrades. It was about this period that the usage of "Coats of Arms" was adopted in heraldry. They were first worn during the crusading expeditions to distinguish the various noble knights when wrapped in complete steel armour. The coat of arms of Baron de Redde was in the shape of a shield with bars of alternate colors of red and black diagonally from side to side, and for the crest, a cross protected with swords,

making a suggestive and beautiful device. The motto inscribed upon one of the bars near the middle, "Veritas et Animi Vincit" (Truth and Courage Conquer.) When King Richard returned to England from the crusades, Baron de Redde was one of his escorts, and when the king was taken and held prisoner by the treacherous Archduke Leopold while enroute home, Baron de Redde remained in prison with him until the English people paid a ransom for their king's release. This Baron de Redde was one of the famous assembly of English Barons that compelled King John to sign the celebrated "Magna Carta" in the year 1215.

The house of de Redde continued firm supporters of the crown from this time onward until the period of the "Wars of the Roses," when William Lionel de Redde, Earl of Beresford, embraced the cause of the House of Lancaster, and was killed in the battle of (Barrest?) fighting side by side with the famous "King Maker," Earl of Warwick, in the cause of the unfortunate King Henry VI, and it is said that when that terrible battle was over, his body was found near that of the Earl of Warwick's, both with faces to the enemy, lying stiff in death. This battle, as is well known by those familiar with English history, decided the claims of the two contestants to the British crown, and the House of York having been successful in the final struggle, Edward IV ascended the throne. This king was so brutal and vindictive toward the friends and adherents of the House of Lancaster, that they were the subjects of the worst severe punishments and terrible hardships, among others, the lands and estates of the house of 'de Redde' were confiscated and the surviving members of the family fled to foreign countries to escape the vengeance of the relentless tyrants. Many years after, when the noble Earl of Richmond wrested the crown from Richard III, and mounted the throne as Henry VII, a great many friends of the House of Lancaster were recalled from exile and restored to their titles and estates, and among them was the son of Viscount Rufus Beresford de Redde, whose christian name was William Beresford.

The titles and estates of the House of de Redde were transmitted from father to son, from this time through several reigns without incidents of special interests having occurred until the period of the revolution of 1688, when the head of the house at that time, William Lionel de Redde, espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, and was a particpant in many of the battles between James II and that Prince, after William III. He was distinguished for his gallant conduct at the battle of Killiecrankie, in the highlands of Scotland, fought between the forces of the two kings, William and James, during the year 1689, and was seriously wounded in that battle, which wound resulted in his death a few years later. His son and heir, Sir William Rufus de Redde, succeeded to his titles and estates, and being convinced that King James was unjustly and unlawfully deprived of his right to the throne, he entered the army of King James and was faithful to the cause of that unfortunate monarch until death relieved him of his earthly troubles at St. Germanius.

After the death of King James, Sir William Rufus de Redde, with many other nobles and prominent men, was compelled to seek safety in foreign lands, until the end of the reign of the Prince of Orange, when he returned to England. He eventually came to Virginia with His Excellency Gov. Alexander Spottswood during the reign of Queen Anne. After his arrival in Virginia, he found it expedient to discard his titles and nobility, and was known only as plain Mr. Redd. The Norman French prefix of "de" was discarded and the spelling of the name changed from Redde to Redd. He was an intimate friend of Gov. Spottswood, having married his niece, a Miss Moore, by whom he had three sons, John Rufus, Thomas and George.

Col. Rufus Redd, the oldest son of Sir William Rufus de Redde, was born in Spotsylvania Co., Virginia. He was educated with the view of preparing him for the profession of Law, and after passing such courses of instruction as the American schools at that time were prepared to give, he was sent to England to finish his education. He then travelled through several European countries and returned to Virginia, though he did not enter the profession of Law as was first contemplated. Having represented his country with distinction in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, he entered the military service of that colony with the rank of Lt. Colonel.

During the French and Indian wars, he was engaged in several battles and rendered valuable service to his government. He married a grand-daughter of Gov. Spottswood, who was also the daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Daudridge, whose brother, Admiral William Daudridge, commanded a squadron of ships of war in the famous battle of La Hague, which occurred off the coast of France, May 19, 1692, between the forces of the Prince of Orange and Louis XIV of France. In this engagement Sir William Daudridge rendered signal services, and was promoted by the Prince of Orange, for bravery and gallant conduct. Unfortunately he received a wound from a cannon shot which caused him the loss of a leg, and very soon he died from the effect of the wound. He married Miss Unity West, a grand-daughter of Lord Delaware, for whom the State of Delaware was named.

A few years after his marriage, Col. John Rufus Redd moved to Buckingham County, where he resided until his death, though he lived to an extreme old age, and was for many years connected with the public service, both civil and military. He was appointed by the Governor of Virginia, among other eminent officers, to accompany General Braddock upon his famous expedition against the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne 1755. Col. Redd, though seriously wounded in the disastrous battle, assisted Washington in saving the body of General Braddock from mutiliation by the Indians, and also aided him in preventing a total rout of the British Army. After this he returned to his home in Buckingham County where he reared a large and happy family, and it appears he did not again enter public life, until the beginning of the "Revolutionary War" when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Though nearly half a century in years, he again entered the service of the revolted colonies, and was actively engaged in that war until the battle of Camden when he was again seriously wounded whilst heroically exposing his person and life defending the brave and noble De-Kalb from immediate death. When General Gates, the hero of Saratoga, soon after his signal victory over the English General Burgoyne, was sent to take command of the army of South Carolina, Washington wished to send certain important instructions to him and selected Col. Redd to bear the dispatches. He was too late, however, to deliver them in time, as General Gates, flushed with his late successes in New York, had already, against the advice and solemn protest of Baron De-Kalb and other experienced officers, commenced battle when Col. Redd arrived. The disastrous defeat of the Americans in that battle, together with the subsequent disgrace of the once proud and haughty G ates, is familiar to every school boy, and need not be dealt upon in this work.

The gallant bearing and services of Col. Redd in this battle won him high praise and commendation of the Commander-in-Chief, who rewarded him with a letter of recommendation to the President of the Continental Congress for promotion. This letter is extant and can be seen at the rooms of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities at Richmond, Va. He was too much disabled by his wounds to participate longer in the war and lived a quiet life at his home the remainder of his days. He left a large family of eleven children, six sons and five daughters, an account of whose lives, together with their descendants will be given, so far as can be ascertained.

The reader has doubtless discovered that Governor Spottswood was one of the ancestors of many of those for whose benefit this work is compiled, hence a brief sketch of some of the chief incidents of his life may not be out of place. Gov. Spottswood (the name was originally spelled Spotiswood) was born in Worcestershire, England, June 24 1678. He was of noble parentage, being a scion of the illustrious House of Warwick, on his paternal side, and his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Brandon. Very little is known of his early life except that he acquired an excellent education, and his personal manners were finished and highly polished. After arriving at the age of maturity he adopted the military profession. He is described by his contemporaries, as a man of splendid physique, tall and athletic in stature, proud and distinguished in bearing, and open and fearless in looks, yet that grand, majestic body carried a heart as true, tender and sympathetic as that of Bere____.

During the distractions, perturbations and political troubles that paralyzed and almost destroyed the English government, arising from the contentions and wars between the House of Stewart and the Prince of Orange, young Spottswood cast his fortune with the _____ and was engaged in several of the most important battles. He was promoted twice on the field of battle for his heroic bearing and distinguished services and was regarded by the famous Duke of Marlborough as one of the most promising young officers of the army. Upon accession of Queen Anne to the English throne, Spottswood again entered the army and held a prominent position near the person of the great Marlborough at the famous Battle of Blenheim, between the English and the French, in the year 1704. When peace was declared he continued in service, holding an important command in the English army, but when the claims of the Prince of Wales (known as the Pretender) began to be agitated, Spottswood was persuaded by the friends and adherents of the House of Stuart, that the heirs of James II had the strongest claim to the crown, and it was feared by the ministers and government of Queen Anne that he would espouse the cause of the young Prince of Wales, then called by the Jacobites, James III, but whether these rumors concerning young Spottswood were well founded or not, probably will never be known.

Yet, there can be no doubt that the Queen's advisers regarded the situation as sufficiently serious to appoint him to a different arm of the service. About this time the different colonies were giving the mother country so much trouble by their petty quarrels and varied interests, that the home government found it difficult to secure the services of men possessed of sufficient administrative abilities and qualifications to properly discharge the many duties devolving upon the colonial executives, and as Spottswood was undoubtedly possessed of many of these qualities, as well as being a man of strictest integrity, the high and honorable office of Governor of Virginia was offered him, by the unanimous voice of the ministry, which he accepted and immediately came to Virginia to assume the duties of this high and honorable position.

Governor Spottswood, by his statesman-like course, his kind, though firm administration of the government of Virginia, soon won the confidence and inspired the respect and love of the people. Business and trade of all kinds assumed a healthy shape, order was restored and observance of the laws established everywhere in the colony. His humane course toward the Indians, and just dealings among his own people caused him to be greatly loved by those under his control, and respected as well as feared by the enemies of the colony. The writer has neither time nor space to devote to a more elaborate account of this great man, but will venture taxing the patience of the reader, that a brief mention of the Governor's famous "transmountain" expedition may be made.

This occurred during the year 1715. It is believed at the time no white man had ever crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains, and consequently nothing was known of the great "Valley of Virginia" lying between the two great ranges of the Appalachian System, save the meagre accounts given by the savages, but Governor Spottswood conceived the idea of exploring that part of the country lying west of the mountains. In the month of September, 1715, with an escort of about fifty gentlemen selected from the most talented and cultivated classes, the Governor started upon his famous expedition over the Blue Ridge Mountains. Nearly the whole region of the country west of Richmond was, at that time, almost an expanse of unbroken forest, and they were continually exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians by day and ferocious wild animals by night. However, after many hardships they succeeded in reaching the summit of the Blue Ridge by the first of October, a distance of nearly three hundred miles.

After passing over that beautiful table-land, now composing the counties of Floyd and Montgomery, they came in view of the far-famed "Valley of Virginia." This was the first time the eyes of a white man had ever rested upon that immense body of rich lands, stretching from a point near the beautiful city of Staunton, a distance nearly a hundred miles, to the lovely plateau upon which rests the quaint, though historic, tower of Winchester, made memorable a thousand times over by the glorious deeds and numerous victories achieved by the immortal Stonewall

Jackson, whose indomitable spirit gave such an impetus to the waning fortunes of the "Lost Cause," and of whom the great Lee said when hearing of his death, "I have lost my right arm."

At the time that Governor Spottswood and his escort viewed this grand prospect of the great wealth and prosperity to be realized by coming generations, it was a vast wilderness, the home of the wolf, the bear and the panther, and the hunting ground of the implacable savage. A few fleeting generations pass away, and what a change! Could the grand old hero and his knightly attendants have assumed mortality again, they would hardly have recognized the panorama.

Instead of an almost boundless wilderness, with the varied species of gigantic trees, intermingled with a vigorous undergrowth of vines and tangles of all descriptions, they would have witnessed numerous flourishing towns and growing villages in every direction. They would have espied large plantations and splendid farms, whose unrivalled fertility and thorough state of cultivation would have surpassed their wildest dreams. They would have seen thousands of acres of the most fertile of loamy lands, lying between the mountain ranges and the picturesque rivers and brooklets, yielding immense crops of wheat, corn, clover and various grasses, and here and there rich pastures with great herds of horses, sheep and cattle of the finest breeds; the beautiful and convenient Dutch cottages appearing amidst shady groves of flourishing trees, while ever and anon the lordly residence of some wealthy planter, situated upon some beautiful plateau that commanded a vast area of its owner's wealth swept grandly into view.

This may give some idea of that beautiful section, the home of the southern planter, before the Civil War, a section in which soil, climate and natural convenience combine to make it all man could desire. This may give some idea of that beautiful section known as the "Great Valley of Virginia," immortalized forevermore by the memories of Stonewall Jackson and his horses. Such was the vast region discovered by the heroic Spottswood nearly two hundred years before.

After Governor Spottswood's party had remained some days in the wilderness they prepared to return, but found their horses had become so much disabled from travelling the rough rocky hills and mountains that they were compelled to adopt some plan of protecting their horses' feet. Owing to the flat country and soft, sandy nature of the lands in eastern Virginia, horses were used without shoes. Consequently they found themselves in a serious dillemma—hundreds of miles from home, in a wilderness surrounded by hostile savages, horses lame and unfit to travel, while there appeared no means to provide them with shoes. But it is said "necessity is the mother of invention." Fortunately they had brought some forging hammers and other blacksmith tools. Having gathered a lot of rich iron ore, they soon constructed a small forge, by which means some very good pieces of iron were produced, and in the course of a very few days, they had their horses shod, which then led them to start on their homeward journey.

To commemorate this famous expedition, Gov. Spottswood sent to England, and had a number of beautiful gold badges in the shape of a horseshoe made and presented them to his companions upon that expedition. He also at that time instituted the famous "Trans-Mountain Order," generally known as the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." He also had built the first furnace for smelting iron, that was ever established in America. This was at Germania on the beautiful Rappahamack river.

On the breaking out of the Spanish War, Gov. Spottswood left his home at Germania to take command of the Colonial troops, but died before sailing, on the 19 of April 1739 at Anapolis, Md. (Note: Historians differ as to the nativity of Gov. Spottswood, as some writers claim that he was born at Tangier, Africa, but the most common opinion is that he was born in England as heretofore stated in this work.)

The writer will remember it has been stated Col. JOHN RUFUS REDD married Miss Daudridge, a grand-daughter of Gov. Spottswood, that he moved to Buckingham Co., where he resided the remainder of his life, having reared a large family of six sons and five daughters.

MAJOR JOHN REDD, the oldest son of Col. John Rufus Redd was born in Buckingham Co., Va., Oct. 20, 1755. He was inclined to travel and loved adventure. At the age of 17 he left his father's home and settled in Henry Co., then a part of Halifax Co., and while the lands were very fertile, with excellent climate, civilization had not made the rapid strides that other sections of the state had enjoyed. The Revolutionary War with England, having been declared four years later, Major John Redd, being then only 21 years of age, was among the first to declare himself and volunteered his services for his country's freedom. Having invested his effects in lands, he joined the first company of volunteers raised in his section, under Captain Bryce Martin, and although a mere boy, was elected 2nd Lieutenant of the company. He was said to have made a gallant soldier, and was distinguished for his activity and bravery throughout that terrible war. He was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorkton on the memorable day of Oct. 19, 1781. Then and there, he is said, and believed by many, to have fired the last gun in that long and bloody struggle for freedom. Certain it is that he was promoted upon the field at Yorkton brevetted "Major of Cavalry" under the eyes of Washington.

The following paragraph is taken from the "American Monthly Magazine" of September 1893. The article is in connection with the death of the late Mrs. William Ballard Preston, widow of Hon. William Ballard Preston, Confederate States Senator, from Virginia. "This lady was the granddaughter of Major John Redd, a gallant officer of the Revolution who, for conspicuous valor, was promoted on the field of Yorkton, where it is believed he fired the last gun of that battle, the last battle of the Revolution — the last gun fired. Fancy pictures that anxious soldier as he fires that last gun, and its echo seems still to sound the knell of Tyranny, and the old flint rifle that spoke the closing words for liberty may still be seen. This old gun that carried the last shot of the Revolution fired by the gallant Maj. Redd was among the first rifles made in America; it weighed 27 pounds and is six feet long."

After peace was declared with Great Britain, Major John Redd returned to his new home in Henry Co., and devoted his time to the improvement of his lands. He married Miss Mary Waller, the accomplished daughter of Col. George Waller, who was also an officer in the Revolution. Major Redd was blessed with a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters of whom all lived to the age of maturity. Being a man of wealth, his first care was to see to the education of his children, all of whom were sent to the best schools and the most of them graduated with distinction and honors. At the age of fifty he was probably the owner of nearly one-third of the best land in the county, well stocked with horses, sheep and cattle of various breeds, and several hundred slaves. He had been elected time and again to nearly every important office within the gift of the people, and represented Henry County in the Legislature nearly twenty years. He was a member of the Legislature during the session of 1778-99 and voted for the famous "Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions," after which the people continued to elect him until he refused to serve any longer.

Of his many sterling qualities and noble traits of character, too much cannot be said, but the plan of this work will not admit an extended account of the circumstances incident to the lives of individuals. There are, however, several incidents connected with his life that should be mentioned; one of which the writer believes will be of interest to the general reader. Some of those living will remember that the year 1832 witnessed much suffering throughout the land, caused by an unprecedented drought. The very poor of the land were begging and starving everywhere; many children were found dead in their beds, while their parents were straggling about in every direction begging for bread and work. Major Redd, seeing the awful situation, did not wait for the slow process of courts, and other authorities, but gave directions to his agents and overseers to search out the destitute and suffering wherever found and caused them to be

supplied with food from his plantations and clothing from his stores, until they could help themselves. He would never receive anything in the way of remuneration. The County offered to make a levy to repay him but he refused to receive a farthing, telling the authorities that the blessings of Providence that he had experienced, and the satisfaction of having relieved the suffering and needy, were sufficient pay.

Major Redd died at the advanced of ninety-five, at his homestead (Marrowbone) located in the southern part of Henry Co. and was buried in the family cemetery Aug. 11, 1850. The cemetery is located near the residence, and two acres of ground, including a beautiful plateau fronting to the west, were set apart as a burial ground for his children and children's children forever. In the centre, under a huge oak tree can be seen the tomb of the grand old patriarch, beside that of his well-beloved wife. This cemetery is remarkable, not only for its beautiful location, but also for the splendid and costly enclosure, made entirely of granite foundation and furnished with the best iron and steel railing. The whole structure is of substantial character calculated to withstand the storms and tempests of centuries. Already six generations have representatives within its sacred precinct, but there is ample space for many more which doubtless will be occupied in due time.

WALLER REDD, the oldest son of Major John Redd, was born April 1786, married Miss Kezia Staples, by whom he had one child, Lucinda Staples Redd, a beautiful and highly accomplished woman. She married one of Virginia's greatest statesmen, Hon. William Ballard Preston, who was Minister to France during the administration of President Pierce, and also Confederate States Senator from Virginia. From this marriage there were five children, one of whom is the accomplished Mrs. Lucy Redd Preston Beale, the vice-President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

OVERTON REDD, the second of the Major's sons, married Mary Fontain, a grand-daughter of Patrick Henry. He was a member of the Legislature of Virginia and died while serving his first term.

DR. JOHN G. REDD, the third son, married the daughter of Dr. Hill Carter, of Hanover County, Va. By this marriage there were six sons and two daughters.

JAMES MADISON REDD, the fourth son married Miss Ruth Staples to whom were born three daughters — Kezia, Mary and Flora. The last mentioned Flora Redd married Dr. H. M. Draury, whose daughter Ruth married Judge Stafford G. Whittle, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Virginia. EDMUND BURWELL REDD, the fifth and youngest son of Maj. John Redd was born June 24, 1808, died August 10, 1850. He was a graduate of the University of North Carolina, passed through medical course at Philadelphia, but was never an active practitioner. Married Miss Sarah Ann Fontaine, a grand-daughter of Patrick Henry, also a great-grand-daughter of Gov. Alexander Spottswood. By this marriage there were four sons and five daughters. DR. JOHN HENRY REDD married Miss Marion Dandridge Fontaine. WILLIAM SPOTTSWOOD REDD married Mary Wootlore (?). They have three daughters.

JAMES S. REDD, the third son married Miss Sarah Epes Hairston (?), a grand-daughter of Col. Geo. Hairston, an officer in the Revolution, also a grand-daughter of General B.W.D.Cabell, an officer of the War of 1812 with Great Britain. They have three children living, two daughters and one son.

EDMUND MADISON REDD, the fourth son, married Miss Anna Richardson, daughter of Col. H.P.Richardson. They have no children.

The four sons of Edmund Burwell Redd were Confederate soldiers, two of whom were severely wounded in battle, and one a prisoner of war for many months. The daughters of

Edmund Burwell Redd were Martha C., Mar D.(Mary?), Celestia T., Annie E. and Ella F. Redd. They married respectively, John E. Wooton, Dr. John H. Wayut, Samuel p. Caldwell, Rev. H. p. Fontaine and James S. Washington. They all have descendants except Mrs. Wooton.

MAJOR JOHN REDD'S daughters were Annie C., married Thomas Sterling; Elizabeth W. married Col. Peter Dillard; Mary W. married John F. Fontaine (d. 3 Jan. 1852 aged 64), the son of John and Martha Henry Fontaine (p. 145 Hugenot Emigration to Virginia by R. A. Brook); Martha W. married 1st, William T. Clark, 2nd James M. Smith; Lucie D. married John S. Wooton, all of whom had descendants.

ALEXANDER SPOTTSWOOD REDD, second son of Col. John Rufus Redd, born July 9, 1763, married Miss Mary L. Campbell and settled in Eastern Virginia. He has many descendants living in Virginia and elsewhere.

RICHARD L. REDD, third son of Col. John Rufus Redd married Louisa M. Wade and has descendants in Virginia and other southern and western states.

WILLIAM REDD, the fourth son of Col. John Rufus Redd was born in Buckingham Co., Va., and died in Russell Co., Alabama July 12, 1839. Married Miss Elizabeth Ann Daniel of Prince Edward Co., Va., had three sons and five daughters — John D., William Anderson and James, Sarah Antoinette, Martha, Frances, Elizabeth and Cornelia. Of the above the following had descendants: William, four children; James, six children; Sarah Antoinette, nine childlren; Frances, five children; and Elizabeth, three.

SARAH ANTOINETTE REDD was born in Green Co., Ga., May 2, 1806, died Sept. 1, 1850. She married Hampton Sidney Smith Oct. 20, 1825. From this marriage there were nine children, six sons and three daughters — William born 1826, John Carway 1828, Louisa Elizabeth 1831, Hampton Sidney 1833, Frances Eleanor 1837, Sarah Antoinette 1839, John Morgan 1842, James Redd 1845, and Cornelius Bascomb 1848.

JOHN MORGAN SMITH, son of Hampton Sidney Smith and Antoinette Redd Smith was born August 9, 1842. He married August 19, 1863, Miss Kate Duncan, daughter of Daniel Duncan, a lineal descendant of the famous Rev. William Duncan of Scotland who lost his life as a martyr in the cause of his religion during the reign of Charles II of England. Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Smith are residents of South Highlands, Birmingham, Alabama, and are blessed with a family of four children, named as follows: Richard James, Rose Cullen, Hampton Sidney and Kate Lucile Smith. (Note: It has been through the kindness of this intelligent and highly accomplished lady, Mrs. Kate Duncan Smith, that the writer has been enabled to collect much of the data necessary for this work, and he desires here to acknowledge the many obligations as well as to express appreciation of the timely aid she has extended.)

ELIZABETH REDD, a grand-daughter of Col. John Rufus Redd, an officer of the Revolution, and daughter of William Redd, his son, married Richard Billups of Georgia. From this marriage there were three children: Thomas A., born 1792; Anna L., 1795; and Joseph Billups 1807. Joseph married Mary Ann Daniel 15 Dec. 1835. Their children are as follows: Ann Elizabeth 1837; John Richard 1839; Mary Jane 1840; Frances Cunningham Nov. 2, 1843; Joseph Alexander early 1845; and Virginia 1847. Frances Cunningham Billups married Rev. John Harrison Kennebrew 24 Dec. 1868. To them were born the following children: Mary Augusta, Annie Ruth, Martha Grace, Laura Welch, Jessie Morton, and Elizabeth Redd Kennibrew. They are at present residents of Columbus, Mississippi, where they own a very beautiful colonial residence.

CAPTAIN CHARLES ANDERSON REDD, fifth son of Col. John Rufus Redd, was born in Buckingham Co., Va. 26 Jan 1784. While yet a young man he moved to Georgia where

he married Miss Elizabeth Gresham, daughter of Major David Gresham, an officer in the Revolution. He soon became Georgia's most prominent and noted citizen. Besides his general usefulness as a leading citizen, he rendered distinguished service to his country during the War of 1812-15 with Great Britain, having commanded a company of American troops at Savannah and elsewhere during the war. He was the father of seven children, one daughter and six sons: Mary Louise Redd, his only daughter married James Cook, son of James Carter Cook of Nottoway Co., Va. Miss Mary Elvira Cook, their daughter, is a highly alccomplished lady and distinguished for her literary attainments. She is a resident of Columbus, Georgia.

WILLIAM REDD of Birmingham, Alabama, is a son of William Anderson Redd who was born during the year 1803 and died in 1866. He is a grandson of William Redd who was born in Virginia and emigrated to Georgia, consequently he is a descendant of Col. John Rufus Redd and of Governor Alexander Spottswood. He married Miss Eliza H. Pope in 1858. Of this family there were three sons and three daughters: Caroline Pope; John K.; Henry Pope; Annie; Ernest; and Nina Redd. Mr. William Redd is a prominent merchant of Birmingham, Alabama.

The DAUGHTERS OF COL. JOHN RUFUS REDD married gentlemen by the names of Billups, Wade, McClerg, Jones, Scoll and Lloyd. The most of them moved to Georgia and other southern states long years ago where they have numerous descendants, many of whom are distinguished for culture and high social positions.

Signed, James S. Redd,

Pacos, Halifax Co., Va.

ANCESTORS OF THE VIRGINIA REDDS

I. KING WILLIAM RUFUS DE REDDE, son of the Conqueror

A. WILLIAM DE REDDE, married Catherine, dau of Duke of Acquitania

1. SON, name unknown

a. Sir LIONEL DE REDD md. Elizabeth, dau of Count Faulke, whose 2nd wife was Matilda, the widowed dau of King Henry I (md. first to Charles V, Emperor of Germany)

(1) HENRY II, Plantaganet, after Count Faulke

(a) BARON DE REDDE

i) BARON WILLIAM RUFUS DE REDDE, to 3rd Crusade with Richard III abt 1192 (Signed Magna Carta 1215)

The family continued to support the crown from this time onward until the Wars of the Roses, when WILLIAM LIONEL DE REDDE, Earl of Beresford, supported the House of Lancaster. When Edward IV ascended throne, the Redde land was confiscated and the family fled to foreign countries until the Earl of Richmond became Henry VII, when WILLIAM BERESFORD, the son of VISCOUNT RUFUS BERESFORD DE REDDE returned to England, and land and titles were returned to them.

Lands and titles were handed down, father to son for several reigns until 1688 when WILLIAM LIONEL DE REDDE espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, and died from wounds received at Killiecrankie. His son, Sir WILLIAM RUFUS DE REDDE, succeeded him, and eventually came to America with Gov. Alexander Spottswood during the reign of Queen Anne.

* * * * *

THE REDDS IN VIRGINIA

I. Sir WILLIAM RUFUS DE REDDE

A. Col. JOHN RUFUS REDD, b. Spotsylvania Co., Virginia. Moved to Buckingham Co., became Gov. of Virginia. Took part in French and Indian Wars, and Revolutionary War. Md. Miss Daudridge, (or Dandridge ?) granddaughter of Gov. Spottswood

1. Major JOHN REDD, b. 20 Oct 1755, Buckingham co., fired last shot in Revolutionary War. Md. Mary Waller, dau of Col. George Waller. Buried 11 Aug 1850 in Henry Co. Va.

a. Waller Redd b. April 1786, Md. Kezia Staples

(1) Lucinda Staples Redd. Md. Hon. William Ballard Preston. 5 children, including Lucy Redd Preston Beals

b. Overton Redd Md. Mary Fontain, g-dau of Patrick Henry

c. John G. Redd (Dr.) Md. dau of Dr. Hill Carter. 6 sons, 2 daus

d. James Madison Redd. Md. Ruth Staples

(1) Kezia

(2) Mary

(3) Flora Md. Dr. H.M. Draury

(a) Ruth Draury. Md. Judge Stafford G.Whittle

e. Edmund Burwell Redd. b. 24 Jun 1808. d. 10 Aug 1850. Md. Sarah Ann Fontaine

(1) Dr. John Henry Redd. Md. Marion Dandridge Fontaine

(2) William Spottswood Redd. Md. Mary Wootlore. 3 daus

(3) James S. Redd (author?). Md. Sarah Epes Hairston. 2 daus, 1 son

(4) Edmund Madison Redd. Md. Anna Richardson. No children

(5) Martha C.Redd, Md. John E. Wooton

(6) Mary D. Redd, Md. Dr. John H. Wayut

(7) Celestia T.Redd,Md.Samuel p. Caldwell

(8) Annie E.Redd,Md.Rev.H.P.Fontaine

(9) Ella F.Redd,Md.James S.Washington

f. Annie C. Redd, Md. Thomas Sterling

g. Elizabeth W. Redd Md. Col. Peter Dillard

h. Mary W. Redd Md. John F. Fontaine

i. Martha W. Redd Md. William T. Clark. 2nd marriage to James M. Smith

j. Lucie D. Redd Md. John S. Wooton

2. ALEXANDER SPOTTSWOOD REDD, b. 9 Jul 1763. Md. Mary L. Campbell, settled Eastern Virginia. many descendants

3. RICHARD L. REDD. Md. Louisa M. Wade. descendants in Virginia and other western and southern states

4. WILLIAM REDD b. Buckingham Co. d. Russell Co., Alabama 12 Jul 1839 Md. Elizabeth Ann Daniel

a. John D. Redd

b. William Anderson Redd, b. 1803, d. 1866

(1) William Redd of Birmingham, Ala. Md. Eliza H. Pope 1858

(a) Caroline Pope Redd

(b) John K. Pope Redd

(c) Henry Pope Redd

(d) Annie Redd

(e) Ernest Redd

(f) Nina Redd

c. James Redd, 6 children

d. Sarah Antoinette Redd, 9 children. b. 2 May 1806 Green Co., Ga. d. 1 Sep 1850 Md. Hampton Sidney Smith 20 Oct 1825

(1) William Smith b. 1826

(2) John Carway Smith b. 1828

(3) Louisa Elizabeth Smith b. 1831

(4) Hampton Sidney Smith b. 1833

(5) Frances Eleanor Smith b. 1837

(6) Sarah Antoinette Smith b. 1839

(7) John Morgan Smith b.9 Aug 1842. Md. 19 Aug 1863 Kate Duncan. 4 children—

(a) Richard James Smith,

(b) Rose Cullen Smith,

(c) Hampton Sidney Smith,

(d) Kate Lucile Smith

(8) James Redd Smith b. 1845

(9) Cornelius Bascomb Smith. b. 1848

e. Martha Redd

f. Frances Redd, 5 children

g. Elizabeth Redd, Md. Richard Billups

(1) Thomas A. Billups b. 1792

(2) Anna L.Billups, b. 1795

(3) Joseph Billups b. 1807 Md. Mary Ann Daniel 15 Dec 1835

(a) Ann Elizabeth Billups b. 1837

(b) John Richard Billups 1839

(c) Mary Jane Billups 1840

(d) Frances Cunningham Billups. 2 Nov 1843 Md. Rev.John Harrison. Kennebrew 24 Dec 1868

i) Mary Augusta Kennebrew

ii) Annie Ruth Kennebrew

iii) Martha Grace Kennebrew

iv) Laura Welch Kennebrew

v) Jessie Morton Kennebrew

vi) Elizabeth Redd Kennebrew

(e) Joseph Alexander Billups early

(f) Virginia Billups 1847

h. Cornelia Redd

5. Captain CHARLES ANDERSON REDD. b. Buckingham Co., Va. 26 Jan 1784 Md. Elizabeth Gresham 1 dau, 6 sons

a. Mary Louise Redd Md. James Cook

(1) Mary Elvira Cook

b. William Anderson Redd b. 1803, d. 1866

6-11. SIX DAUGHTERS OF COL. JOHN RUFUS REDD, married gentlemen by the names of Billups, Wade, McClerg, Jones, Scoll (should this be Scott?) and Lloyd

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 devasting 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,teachers'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 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 impassablle, 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 $l.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 surpise 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 Smellies'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.

THE REDD FAMILY OF ONSLOW COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

The State Historical Commission at Raleigh, North Carolina has issued a certificate to a descendant of Whitaker Redd stating that he, Whitaker Redd was in the service in the Revolutionary War, and that William Redd was also a soldier. William was Whitaker Redd's son and he had two sons, Sigle and Kincy.

Legend has it that two Redd Brothers came from Scotland and one settled in Virginia and the other in North Carolina. Another story says they came from Virginia.

It is said that the first court house in Onslow County was located on the sea coast and that it was washed away by a tidal wave in 1852. It is also possible that it may have been earlier than that as a terrible storm swept the coast about 1820 or 30. Anyway nearly all the records were lost. Some people brought their own documents back later to have them recorded but a lot of information never did come back.

William Redd had two brothers, Henry and Whitaker Jr. The father, Whitaker Sr., died in 1786 or 1789. William was born about 1763 and died since 1831. One legend has it that he came from Scotland but that probably is incorrect. There is no record of what became of Henry, but Whitaker Jr., probably went to Wilmington, North Carolina, as a good many of his descendants still live there, though two, John Hardison Redd and sister, Mary Redd Holt, went first to Tennessee and then on to Utah. Some of their descendants live in Brigham City, Utah.

William Redd, evidently was the only Redd that remained in Onslow County, N.C. He married Celah (Pronounced Kala, said to be Indian with no last name) and she had two sons Sigle and Kincy. Sigle was born Dec 6, 1785 at Stump Sound, Onslow Co., and died June 11, 1867. Kincy was born about 1787 and died since 1849.

William later married Margaret Everett and she had three daughters and one son: Nellie Russell; Mary (called Polly); Sarah (called Sally); and William Jr. William next married Sarah Barlow and she had William B., born May 15, 1811, died about 1854 and James B., born about 1814 and died about first of June 1844.

Sigle married Lennie Fields and she had one daughter, Sarah, who married Seth King. After her death he married Susan Annie Anders and to her were born Marquis LaFayette, born Nov. 15 1836, died March 13, 1876; Basil, born May 20 1827, died October 30 1848; Elda S. born Sept. 22 1830, died about 1899; Susan Ann, born

April 13 1833, died about 1895; Sigle Jr., born April 10 1836, died March 30 1883; Alonso, born June 9 1842, died about 1910; Francis Marion, born March 4 1844, died March 20 1907, and Henrietta.

The home of Sigle Redd Sr., was built on a high ridge overlooking the sparkling waters of Stump Sound and the blue expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, and here he reared his family. It must have been a jolly family for even in their old age they retained a lot of humor and love of fun. They were all good citizens and esteemed far and near. They were noted for their jet black hair and black eyes. Susan said she never took more trouble to her heart than she could kick off with her heels. Francis Marion was wounded in the Civil War. Marquis was sheriff of Onslow county and also a Captain of a company he recruited for service in the the Confederate Army.

Sarah Jane Redd, daughter of Sigle and Lennie Fields Redd, married Seth King and to

them were born; Mary who married Thomas Hinen (Hinea); Lemuel Fields who married Mary Atkinson; Oliver, John, Nick, Joseph, Dimmie and one called "Puss" who married and went to New York.

The following children were born to Sigle and Susan Annie Anders Redd; Marquis LaFayette, who married Emily Amy Sidbury, they had one daughter; Susan Rebecca Redd and she married Hill E. King; Elda S. who married William Batson and after his death married Hill Williams; Susan Ann, who married Hill Nixon; Sigle Jr., married Camily Morton; Alonso married Lydia Henderson; Francis Marion married Isabelle Jane Justice; and Henrietta who married John Bishop. We have no record of Basil having ever married.

The mists of time have obscured much of the history of the Redds who first came to Eastern North Carolina. However, the first authentic facts are those taken from the files of the State Historical Commission at Raleigh, N.C. It issued a certificate to a descendant of Whitaker Redd that he, Whitaker, was in service in the Revolutionary War, and that William Redd was also a soldier. William was Whitaker Redd's son and he had one son Kinsey Redd. Kinsey had two sons, Sigle and Amos Aaron.

Legend has it that the two Redd Brothers came from Scotland, and that one settled in Virginia and the other in North Carolina. Another story says the two brothers came from Virginia. The latter story perhaps is true as there is in existence an old chest that the children of Sigle Redd claimed came from Virginia with the first Redds. All that is known definitely now is that Sigle Redd acquired land bordering on Stump Sound in Onslow County and built a home there. The home is still in use. Amos Aaron chose to live in Wilmington. They probably came from Virginia as there are numerous Redds living in Richmond, Va., and the writer knows of no Redds in North Carolina except descendants of these two.

Amos Aaron Redd had a son, Christopher Columbus, who married Kizzie Grant and their descendants live in Wilmington.

Sigle Redd was married twice. His first wife bore one daughter, Sarah, who married Seth King. His last wife was Susan Andrews from near Trenton, North Carolina. They had five sons and two daughters; Marquis LaFayette who married Emily Ann Sidbury; Sigle who married Camilla Norton; Francis Marion who married Isabell Justice; Alonso who married Lydia Aman Henderson; Basil who went to Utah and married there; LDS, called "Elda" who married William Batson and after his death Hill Williams; Susan who married Hill Nixon, and Henrietta who married John Bishop.

LIFE SKETCH of VILO REDD

given at her funeral by Melanie Lewis

Vilo Redd was born 7 January 1901 in New Harmony, Washington, Utah. Her brothers and sisters were Will, Grace, then triplet girls-Belle, Myrtle and Verena-two of the triplets died soon after birth, and the third triplet died a month later. Then Grace died the next month. All are buried in the small cemetery at New Harmony. Lura came next, then Fern, Jessie, Paul and Lyman. Vilo came next the eleventh child. Then Pauline, Mary and Kay.

One of Aunt Vilo's earliest memories was sitting in a high chair while her mother and neighbors prepared peaches for drying. Her brother Lyman kept sneaking her pieces to eat. When she was four their family moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Her father built a large two-story home of cement blocks he bought from John W. Taylor, who had a home site across the street from them. Their home was a gathering place for parties, dances, and "showers" for new brides-to-be. They had a large library and were always encouraged to seek education.

Raymond was a small farming community with mostly Mormon families. Their family washing was done on a washboard, they had a cistern in the basement to collect rain water from the roof, mostly for shampooing hair. Every scrap of fat was saved to make their soap. School was let out for "beet vacations", so that everyone could help with the thinning of sugar beets. One time some boys put a water snake in Aunt Vilo's straw hat - she never forgot.

An especially exciting time for Vilo was going on the train to Lethbridge with Lyman and Gwennie for dental appointments. The train ride was three hours each way and they took sandwiches and cookies for lunch.

When Aunt Vilo was about six, she was watching her brother, Paul, chop wood. She was standing near the chopping block and Paul told her to move, but she must not have moved far enough because he accidentally almost completely severed her left index finger. Being so far away from doctors, her mother splinted it so that it couldn't move. She dressed it with "sticky gum," which is gum from the pine tree before it had hardened. Grandma Redd used that for everything and had brought a large can from Southern Utah. It literally stuck the finger back to the hand and it healed without infection, although that finger was about an inch shorter than the other index finger.

Vilo's father died a day before her tenth birthday. She remembers well the morning he died, as his condition grew worse, all the children were awakened to go in and see him for the last time. The funeral was held on a bitterly cold day, but nevertheless was the biggest funeral held in the town to that time. He had been a counselor in the stake presidency and was well known and loved by all in the surrounding area. Her oldest brother, Will, returned home from pre-med studies in Salt Lake to come home and take over the family and farm.

About that time, Aunt Vilo recalls the oldest girls in primary were learning to crochet, but she wasn't quite old enough. She asked her mother to teach her, so Grandma Redd unravelled a baby jacket and used the yarn to teach Vilo. She progressed rapidly and finished many projects before the older girls had finished theirs. Crocheting, knitting, tatting and other handiwork were always something Vilo enjoyed. She crocheted a lovely dress and bonnet for my sister Kathy when Kathy was about three years old. Nena still remembers taking Kathy downtown one time with the dress on. She said she felt like a celebrity because so many people stopped her to say what a beautiful dress Kathy was wearing. After my mother died, Aunt Vilo crocheted many snowflakes to decorate a tree for the festival of trees in her honor. It was a beautiful tree. Many people have benefited by the sweaters, snow leggings, collars, and comforters that Vilo has

made.

Vilo was always one to offer her services no matter how unpleasant the task. When she was around thirteen, Aunt Fern's husband, George Laycock, had planted about eight or ten acres of potatoes for sale. It was October and cold and stormy. When the ground dried out enough to dig them, sack them and store them, George came to town to find someone to sew the sacks after they were filled. The woman who promised to do it was ill. He called everyone he thought might be a possibility, but to no avail. Aunt Vilo told him she would like to try to do the job for him. It was a very tough job and she nearly froze her hands because she could not sew with gloves on. She said she trudged up and down, up and down the ploughed field. They finished up at ten o'clock at night- she said never in all her life was she so tired.

After graduating from high school in 1920, World War One was on and she was offered a teaching job in a small Norwegian community in Eastern Alberta. She taught for six months and decided teaching was not for her. She applied to the LDS Hospital's nursing school and was accepted. She left Raymond at the same time as Visiting General Authorities for their stake conference were leaving to return to Salt Lake City. Her Uncle Orrin Snow introduced her to John A. Widtsoe, a member of the Quorum of 12, who took her under his wing on the trip to Salt Lake. Her three years of training were strenuous- ten hours a day, six and one half days a week, plus classes and studying. They were up at five thirty AM with devotional at six fifteen, then breakfast.

She remembers the first hypodermic injection she gave- to a teenage boy recovering from an appendectomy. He was in a lot of pain and asked for something. In those days, nurses had to buy their own syringes and needles, and due to cost, many needles were used long after they should have been discarded. The charge nurse let Aunt Vilo borrow her needle which was so old it had no point. Vilo had to push hard, but it finally pierced the skin. She vowed she would never use such needles on her own patients. After graduation she spent a month learning to give ether anaesthetics, then left for a job in the twenty-bed Cedar City hospital -to some of her most memorable and exciting experiences. She was superintendent of the hospital, head nurse, anaesthetist, x-ray technician, admission clerk and what-have-you. There were two doctors on the staff. She worked from seven AM to seven PM and then took call from seven PM to seven AM - which meant to come in on all emergencies. They were the only hospital from Provo to Las Vegas, so received many car accidents and emergencies from out-lying areas.

She found many relatives in this area. Dr. MacFarland, one of the staff doctors, used to tease her about being related to half the county. He quit teasing her when he found out she was related to his sister-in-law. Many times the doctors were called out to do emergency surgery and Aunt Vilo would go with them to do the anaesthesia. One time during the depression years, a group of six children in the farming community of New Castle needed their tonsils out. Dr. Bergstrom offered to do it, if Aunt Vilo would volunteer her anaesthetic services - she readily agreed. They set up an operating room in the school house, each child in turn was separated from their tonsils, rolled in a blanket and laid on a bench to recover. They stayed overnight, checked each patient in

the morning, then returned to Cedar City.

Many family members visited her in Cedar and she would always take a few days off to show them around -New Harmony, the pretty canyons, and other places. The doctors wanted her to learn gas anaesthesia. She was accepted to a four-month school in Cleveland. While there she traveled with some fellow students to Niagara Falls and New York.

After seven years in Cedar City, she decided to make a change. Vilo knew almost every man, woman and child in Cedar City and Iron County. Someone came up with the idea for a

community farewell party. They had a large barbecue with games and visiting. At the end, everyone lined up to shake hands and say goodbye. Her cousin Scott Matheson gave her a kiss goodbye which made her blush. Some of the other men followed suit, which did not please her too much.

Looking back on her stay in Cedar City, Aunt Vilo said this was the choice position of her career. No other gave the experience, interest or satisfaction. One of the nurses who worked with Vilo in Cedar City, Aileen Noble Mills, is here today.

She then worked in Idaho Falls, Lehi, Ogden, finally settling in Salt Lake during World War Two. She worked for thirty five years at the Medical Arts building, making many good friends, still performing anesthetics, as well as other nursing duties.

Vilo and Lura built a home next to our family home, 3844 South 4 East Salt Lake City, and for many years nurtured and helped our family. When I was young, I slept over with Aunt Vilo almost every night. She always fixed me a large glass of cocoa every morning, brought me treats regularly from work and protected me from my brother, Wayne.

I well remember large gatherings at their home at conference time and on Christmas morning for breakfast. Aunt Vilo felt that this was her home. She worked hard to build the ward library. I always remember her making flannel-board figures and all kinds of visual aids for the stories that were to be told. One time when she was helping with a stake musical, they needed flags from different countries but could not find any to buy. Aunt Vilo made these flags herself. Just a few months ago I used these same flags for a Blue and Gold banquet in Bountiful. Everyone wanted to know who would go to all that work.

In her journal, Aunt Vilo talks about the good group of friends she had here and those she had family home evening with. How much she enjoyed it and what good women they were!

Aunt Vilo lived with us almost from the time our daughter Katie was born. I thank my husband, Randy, who was really a champion for Aunt Vilo. Often he said, "I think it is really food for our family to have Vilo with us." Julie used to say "Thanks so much for letting Vilo live with us." Katie, being so young and fun, was the apple of her eye. Every time she came home from visiting Aunt Mary in California, it was Katie she wanted to see and Katie's love she wanted to have. One of Aunt Vilo's current visiting teachers was very good to her, always treating her with concern, respect and love.

As I and my cousin Barbara MacPhee were reading through Aunt Vilo's history, we were talking about how valuable a history like this is. We learn that, although everything might not turn out as we anticipated, and though troubles come our way, those who have come before have accepted what life had to offer, kept the faith, turned to the Lord and done their best.

I hope my children and all of us will remember Aunt Vilo for the good and kind person she was. I love her dearly and know she is happy to be reunited with her parents and many brothers and sisters. Amen.

We cousins in Alberta loved Aunt Vilo very much too. We looked forward to her visits, which were always wonderful. We miss her.

Vilo died 29 May 1988

WILLIAM ALEXANDER REDD

by Lura Redd

William Alexander Redd was born of "goodly parents", namely Lemuel Hardison Redd and Keziah Jane Butler Redd, on the 19th of September, 1861 in Spanish Fork, Utah. He was their third son and fourth child. I can find no record of his blessing which was probably done in Spanish Fork.

In those days, when the church authorities wanted to enlarge the habitable territory, they merely sent word to a number of heads of families and formally gave them a call to go to such and such a place and settle. It usually meant to make a permanent home there.

So in 1862 Lemuel H. Redd accepted such a call to go to New Harmony, Washington County, Utah. He never questioned authority, so sold out his holdings in Spanish Fork and moved his family.

He is first mentioned in the church minutes of the new home on the 15th of June, 1862. That would make their baby , William A., eight months old. The other children were Lemuel Hardison Jr. 6; Mary Jane 4; and John Wilson 2. His father, Lemuel Hardison, had an uncle, Alexander; and an uncle, William. Keziah Jane had a brother named William Alexander who died when he was four, so the name William Alexander came from both sides of the family.

Lemuel H. Redd first settled in the little town on what later became known as the lower street, and across the street from a family who had heard the gospel in far-off Switzerland.

When William A. was about two, and still in dresses (in those days little boys wore dresses for a few years, probably until they were house broken) and his older brother, John, about four, they travelled abroad in search of adventure.

They found it in their neighbour's yard where they scared a setting hen off her nest and broke her eggs. This made the little Swiss woman so angry that she turned them over her knee and spanked them. Their mother, Keziah Jane, hadn't ever done that to them, and was a bit upset. She explained to the little woman as best she could that in America people didn't spank other people's children; and that she would replace or pay for the broken eggs. The little woman later bore a baby girl, Mary Verena Bryner, who William A. later married, and they had fourteen children.

There they had only the things and tools they brought with them. There were no shopping facilities nearer than Salt Lake City, about 300 miles away, so they managed to create other things they needed with their own hands.

Boys and girls learned early to do many things about the house. They had the example of their parents and elders and also were encouraged by them. In this household there was no idleness. Father used to tell how, when the neighbour children came to play, his mother would organize them into what they called a "BEE", and put them all to work at cutting potatoes for planting, shelling corn, peeling apples or other fruit for drying, sewing carpet rags, etc. Many of the children learned their home work from his mother. My mother always said she did.

In October, 1866, Grandpa married Sarah Louisa Chamberlain and she became a part of the household. She had fourteen children and his mother had seven more, so father was a big brother to twenty-three younger brothers and sisters, nineteen of whom grew to maturity.

As pioneers, Lemuel Hardison and Keziah Jane Butler Redd did everything that was

necessary for them and their welfare.

On one of his trips to Salt Lake City, he bought a shoemaker's kit. It consisted of a box with a hinged lid. Across the back of it there was a row of little compartments filled with little wooden pegs, as they didn't use metal tacks then. They used an awl to poke the holes to put the pegs through. The kit also contained a hammer and four lasts; a small one, two middle-sized, and a large one. As all shoes were made on one or other of the three lasts, their shoes were as near to a fit as these lasts could make them.

Father said that when they were small they were the only children in town who had shoes when it snowed. The others came to school with wet, cold feet and had to warm them at the little heater they had in the middle of the room, and sit barefooted all day. They'd scrape the hot coals out on the hearth to warm their feet.

Their shoes were precious; and when it was wet and sloppy, Aunt Mishie says their mother and Aunt Kezzie would wrap their feet up in gunny sacks and tie them on. When they arrived at the school they'd take off the sacks and put on their shoes. They would then put the gunny sacks under the pot-belted stove to dry during the day.

Often they weren't dry when school was out, but they tied them on anyway and carried their shoes home. Always, when the weather was warm, they all went barefooted. These shoes were made of hides they brought from Salt Lake City or tanned at home. They greased them up with tallow to make them wear well.

Father told of the early days when he was very young, that they even danced barefooted and barred those who wore shoes so they wouldn't step on the bare toes of the others. The floors weren't very smooth and they sometimes got slivers in their feet. Then some swain who had a pocket knife pulled it out, opened it up, and the foot with the sliver was held up while he pulled out the sliver and the dance went on. Why let a little sliver stop your fun.

When William A. was about eight, he wanted to make some shoes. He was given permission to make a small pair out of the scrappy edges of the hide. He cut out the shoe by the pattern, also contained in the kit. He sewed the upper parts together and tacked the sole to the upper. The wooden pegs entered the last, which also was of wood, and made it hard for him to get the shoe off. He had quite a bit of difficulty, and, by that time it was all awry. He didn't know how to get his shoe straight, and was so disgusted with it that he gave up and heaved it out into the bushes.

Aunt Louisa had been watching those little hands at work. She thought it was so cute and clever of him that she kept her eye on him all the time. When he threw away the shoe, she went out and got it.

William asked, "What are you going to do with that thing?"

She replied, "I am going to keep it and when you get married I am going to give it to your wife."

"No, you're not" said William A., and he tried hard to take it away from her. This he could not do and he was quite upset over it. He told us he had gone into her home many times when she was away and searched through her things to find the shoe, but couldn't. She gave it to my mother, and nothing was more thrilling to us children than to see and fondle this little shoe and hear her story of how it came to be. Lyman was given the shoe.

William A. was baptized the 27th of June, 1869, by his uncle, Wilson D. Pace, who was

the bishop of the ward. He was confirmed the same day by Wilson D. Pace.

I suppose these ordinances were performed like they were when I was baptized. After Sunday School, where the place was announced, we went to the fish pond or to a deep hole somewhere in a creek and were baptized there. Then we went home and changed clothing and went to Sacrament Meeting at 2 p.m. where we were confirmed.

As I recall, nearly the whole ward went to witness it, maybe because there were five or six baptized at the same time. It wasn't so far but that most could walk. A few rode, but we never rode to church. It was easier to walk than to hook up the team.

I note that father was not quite eight when he was baptized. It seems that they didn't stick so close to ages then as they do now. He was ordained a Teacher March 25, 1877, by his uncle, Harvey A. Pace, when he was fifteen, and ordained an Elder, May 9, 1877, still before he was sixteen. He was ordained an Elder by Elder Jacob Gates.

It took three weeks to travel to Salt Lake City one way, so people seldom went. About the only time they needed money for anything was to do shopping.

In the community at home they traded or "bartered". They even traded when they went to Salt Lake City. Aunt Alice says that her father went about every year or every other year; and when he went he took dried fruit, buckskin gloves, pine nuts, and anything they could think of and spare. Aunt Mishie said her father would bring home a bolt of cloth and they all had dresses alike.

Some man south-east of New Harmony made a grindstone and took it out to Pioche, Nevada. A man there saw it and asked where it came from. When he was told, he said, "There is silver there." They found a reef of nearly pure silver and called it Silver Reef. It became a boom town over-night and was a good market for all their spare produce. There they could sell anything, and for cash.

So father, in his younger days, went with the other children out into the brush and willows and grain stubble and set little traps made of thin strips of wood or willows. These traps were sprung with little figure-four triggers. They could make these little traps and triggers themselves and learned to be clever at operating them.

Their chief game was quail. Quail make choice eating. They have very large breasts, though the birds themselves are small. Trapping them this way, the birds were alive and unhurt so they could save them alive and feed them in boxes until they were ready to send them down to Silver Reef. This activity was fun as well as paying off. Children also cut and dried fruit for sale. They saved their money and sent it to Salt Lake City with someone else to do their shopping.

We don't have much information about his boyhood activities, but he grew up on a farm where they raised grain, corn, vegetables, fruits, cows, pigs, horses, chickens and sheep. Undoubtedly he had his chores to do as soon as he was old enough to talk and understand.

The year-round chores for a boy on a farm of that day were: getting kindling and wood ready at night for the cook stove; cleaning the ashes out of the stove in the morning; milking the cows; feeding all the animals or turning them out to pasture; gathering the eggs; filling the lamps with coal oil or kerosene; watching out for and killing snakes; carrying water from the creek for family and household use and from the spring for drinking and cooking purposes; loading wheat in sacks into the wagon and hauling it to Cedar City to be ground into flour and bringing back the flour and bran; hunting in the nearby hills for all kinds of game for meat; etc.

The seasonal chores would include shovelling snow; chopping more wood for the fireplace; butchering animals and curing the meat by drying or jerking beef and salting pork; going to the canyons and mountains to haul wood; plowing, planting, watering and weeding the crops; picking the fruit and helping store and preserve it for the winter; gathering and storing vegetables in pits and trenches; cutting grain with a scythe and flailing it; building fences; digging ditches; making and fixing roads; clearing rocks off the land; making fences with these rocks; learning to ride and handle horses; breaking them in for various uses; tanning leather and buck-skin; making and fixing shoes; making and fixing harnesses, bridles, plows, sleighs, wagons; shearing sheep; etc.

I guess I'll never know about all his chores either, but I can imagine all those things staring you in the face to either do or go without the necessities they meant to you. It's a good thing they didn't have movies or television to miss while they did their chores. Every member of the family was expected to do his part in furnishing all necessities. And, of course, father learned all he knew about such things right at home with his parents and brothers and sisters. He, like the rest of them, learned by doing.

I went and talked to Aunt Alice, and now I might give in detail some of the things he did to make his way and earn his own living. When grandfather bought the farm in 1870 from John D. Lee, he supposedly bought 160 acres. John D. Lee owned it by squatter's rights only. Others had the same idea and squatted on various parts of it here and there, and when grandfather went for deeds there were about 60 acres left that he could call his own.

That wasn't enough ground to support his family, so he went into cattle and sheep raising. They ran their sheep in the hills about town in the summer and out on the desert farther north in the winter. The range land was public land then, and free to any and all stock-men. They took their sheep wherever they could find forage. Their cattle summered out in the brush along the foothills, and they fenced a large part of the farm in the south-west corner on both sides of the creek and fed them there during the winter. It was a job for the boys to fence it, put up the hay and herd the cattle and sheep.

In the spring, at lambing time on the desert, everybody must lend a hand and tend the lambs. If the mother died or refused to care for her lamb, it was brought home and the children raised it for a pet. Each spring a small flock was cared for at home in this way.

Aunt Mishie said she had one with a blue ribbon around its neck and Aunt Lou had one with a pink ribbon. They learned to love them, but when they grew up they got mean and would butt the little ones. (We used to call it "bunt", and when I looked in the dictionary I find both ways used.)

It was a sad day when they had to be taken to the herd, and sadder when Papa decided to make mutton out of them. And of course the little boys raised theirs too.

They didn't have rubber nipples as they have now. They had to teach these little fellows to drink out of a bucket. They would put their finger in the lamb's mouth and lower it into the milk in the bucket. The calf would suck and get a little milk. Then they would gradually pull out the finger. Then the lamb would stop sucking and they would start over again.

After many trials, the lamb got the idea. I know that is the way, because father taught me how to do it. He had learned on his little lamb at home. They raised calves the same way and taught them to drink like the lambs. Little orphan calves were called "dogies".

Then there was sheep shearing to be done in the spring. There were large shearing corrals down on the creek south-east of New Harmony about four of five miles. These corrals were

probably built and owned by the Kanarra and Harmony Cattle and Sheep Co-op. Aunt Ellen says that Grandpa was a director and treasurer for about twenty years, and that he helped to organize it.

Everybody in the area took their sheep there in the spring to be sheared. Good, husky boys and men who could wrestle a full-grown sheep and hold it down were paid so much per head to shear them. Father early learned to earn money that way; maybe he practised on his own little lambs at home.

The wool was packed in large wool sacks ten or twelve feet long, and four or five feet wide. The top of the sack was stretched on a rack high enough so the bottom merely touched the ground. The children loved to go there and climb up on these racks.

A child was first a follower, and as he grew he became a leader in these escapades.

A man let himself down inside. Then the wool from one sheep, which was called a fleece, was cut off by a shearer, wadded up and tied in a bundle.

Next it was dropped into the sack and the man inside tramped it down with his feet. When the sack was full, he could step out. It was sewn up and put on a large rack surrounded with long, upright poles with several other sacks of wool. This had to be hauled or freighted to the railroad at Milford some seventy or eighty miles away.

Early in life father did shearing, and later freighted this wool. It was a trip of about a week out, loaded. Coming back empty was shorter if they couldn't find stuff there to freight back. If they could find such stuff, they would be paid both ways.

On these trips they camped out and carried their own lunch, as they passed through no towns. Father always had a large lunch box. Sort of a big wooden chest with a few utensils. They fried their own bacon, eggs, potatoes, and usually made flapjacks or pancakes. This grub-box with a hinged lid and fasteners and handles was a necessary part of his freighting equipment.

Father, Jim Pace and Albert Taylor came to be pals in the freighting business. They liked to travel in company, sort of a caravan. Then they were not alone at night in desert country.

Jim and Albert drank tea. There were stories around about how the Chinese packed the tea in the big boxes by getting in with their feet. It was said that some of them had leprosy and even lost hair and toe nails in the tea. Jim said, "I'd drink the tea if they found a whole Chinaman."

One morning father cut a lock of hair from his horse's mane and rubbed it hard between the palms of his hands into a tight little wad. After breakfast he dropped it into the tea pot. It clogged the spout when Jim was clearing up, and when he saw it he went white around the gills. He thought he had drunk the tea from around the wad of hair.

After the shearing was done, they took the sheep out to the desert to dip them and range them there for the summer. To dip them they used a wooden trough about two feet wide and fifteen or twenty feet long. It was deep enough so that the sheep went into the dip over their heads.

They sent the sheep through this trough from one corral to another. They used some kind of antiseptic liquid they called "sheep dip". It was to prevent or cure itch or ticks, etc. Along the side of the trough a man or two stood with a sort of shepherd's crook to prevent accidents and keep the swimming sheep on their way.

At harvest time, they cut the grain with a scythe, a long, bent-handle and a long, curved blade attached at an angle. This long, wooden handle had two small handles on it just right to hold by. These small handles stood out from the other at right angles or thereabout. With practice father learned to wield the scythe deftly and could do a good job with it. Then they gathered the grain by hand into bundles, and by taking two lots of four or five strands of wheat each, and tying the heads together they made a long strand which they used to tie the bundles, as they had no string.

Several of these bundles were then stood up together into a shock. Then they hauled and stacked the bundles in the stack yard. Every farm had a stack yard. They always stacked the grain with the stems out and heads inside the stack - probably to keep the crows and other birds from eating the grain.

At first they used a flail and beat the chaff off the grain by hand. They had done it this way from the beginning.

About 1885 a man in Cedar got a brand-new invention and brought it to New Harmony. It was called a "Threshing Machine". Mr. Walker went with his threshing machine all over the area from town to town.

When he came to New Harmony he'd start up at Frank Prince's at one end of town and go from farm to farm down through the town. It was run by horse power. Four teams hitched to four tongues went round in a circle and turned a long rod that went into the machine and set it going. It took a lot of men to run it. One handled the horses, some pitched bundles, some fed the machine, some stacked the straw, some sacked the grain, and some took it to the granary.

Mostly it was manned by a crew of local men who stayed with it throughout the town, or maybe several towns. The threshing crew followed the machine and was fed by the housewife on whose farm they were presently threshing.

It was a busy time. Aunt Mishie said the kids had to take the knives and forks and spoons down to the creek and scour them bright and shiny by rubbing them in the sand. That crew wasn't going to eat with a tarnished spoon at their home and tell about it later.

They spent days getting ready for the threshing crew. The house had to be clean from attic to cellar. Then after the dinner was over and the great stack of dishes washed and put away, the young people could go to the big bins and stand in the wheat.

The most fun they ever had was to stand in the wheat when the sacks were emptied and feel the wheat flowing down over their bare legs. But father never got in on this fun. He was twenty-four and married before he ever saw a threshing machine. If he got any fun out of it, it was to pour the wheat for the younger ones. There are always two sides of fun.

The women of the town vied with each other in preparing these meals for the threshers. That's one time in their lives when they ate three banquets a day. They were still doing it that way when we went to Canada, but father had long since graduated from the crew, although he worked as hard as any when they were on his place.

After the wheat was threshed it was stored in the granary in bins. If they wanted flour they sacked it up and hauled it to Cedar City where there was a flour mill, and it was ground into flour and bran. They had to wait until the milling was done; then bring it home. They called it going to grist, or taking a grist to the mill.

I've talked a lot about wheat, but the Redds were southerners, and in the south corn is the staff of

life. They liked corn in any form. They ate it on the cob; they dried it for winter; they made hominy out of ripe, dried corn; they ground it into corn-meal and ate corn bread.

It took as much work to harvest the corn as the wheat. They picked the ears off the stalks and carried them over beside the animal pens. There they shucked it. Then they took it to a shady spot and shelled it. This they did by rubbing a cob over the ear and removing the kernels from the corn.

Then they hauled that shelled corn, to Cedar City to be ground into corn-meal. I don't think father ever did the trick that one of mother's cousins did. He hauled the corn on the cob loose in his wagon box. They always made their beds on top of the load. He made his on top of the corn, spread his quilts out there and went to bed. He said he never enjoyed a night like that one. It felt so good when he turned over.

Another big feature of that day was hauling wood. They used wood in the cook stoves and in the fireplaces, and used lots of it. It had to be hauled and cut into stove lengths. At least two went to the mountain or canyon for a load. They took with them nice, sharp axes and a log chain. Each tree had to be cut down by hand and the branches trimmed off. The chain was fastened to the log and to the harness of a horse who dragged it to the wagon.

It might take them several days to get a load, and many loads for a year's supply. This activity also called for a grub-box and camping supplies. Mother always had a pile of big, heavy camping quilts. The year's wood was usually hauled in the fall after the other harvesting was done. Then our wood pile seemed to be as high as the shop or the house maybe. Now, with plenty on hand, they'd pull a log down, one at a time, and cut it into stove wood with the axe. The pile grew smaller and smaller until the next fall, and they had to start all over again. Whole gangs went out to haul wood for the meeting house and for the old and the widows. Maybe then those who didn't haul, and the women, got up a dinner and they had a ward celebration.

Speaking of celebrations, it was a real one to go with his parents and the family up on the mountain or into a canyon to gather pine nuts. They thought it fun to gather great stacks of cones and roast them in the ashes of a campfire, like the Indians did, until they burst and shelled out and roasted the nuts inside. These were then raked up, dusted and sacked to take home to be eaten in the long winter evenings by the fire-light.

Schools were limited to three or four months in the winter. As I remember, my father went only until he was about twelve. And I guess the schools weren't so very good them.

(After I had this written I remembered that Aunt Lou was telling me about a woman she met in St. George when she was down there working in the temple. This woman said that when father was in St. George to school she fell in love with him. I wrote her and asked if father really went down there to school and she says he went. She doesn't know much about the particulars, but he went at least one winter. I was glad to know about that.)

I think they had the original home-made benches when I started to school. Anyway, they were home-made and much carved up with pocket knives - so rough that we could hardly write on them. They were double so that two sat together when we were big enough to sit in them.

At first I sat with all the other beginners on a long bench - no desk. We did not know how to write, so why a desk? We sat there all day long and looked at our books. If we talked or made a noise, we got rapped on the head with teacher's pointer.

Once in a while the teacher came and showed us something in the book for us to learn. Then she went to show another group something. All of us, big and little, in one room, and the teacher was anyone they could get who didn't have anything else to do. None of them had been

through high school. Lucky were we if he had been through the eighth grade.

Father always thought that if he had more schooling he would have been better off, so later, when he was able to take the time, he took a correspondence course in bookkeeping. Maybe he felt the need of it when he planned to start his store. The rest of his schooling was received in what is called the "University of Hard Knocks".

Aunt Alice says that they were always making and repairing fences. I guess having all those cattle through the winter was hard on fences. I suppose the cattle themselves did what they could to tear them down, and then the spring thaws and floods did a lot of damage.

By the side of the road, between the wheat and the meadow, there used to be a great log. We loved to climb over it. It had been carried there by a big flood. Things like a flood would call for almost a new fence.

I hardly need to mention such mundane jobs as hauling manure. That and many other farm jobs can be taken for granted. Too, she said they were always planning and building barns, sheds, coops, stables, etc. They never thought of hiring anyone else to do such things, but everybody undertook to do his own building. If a public building were necessary, they joined together and made a party out of it.

Yes, they even had parties. The refreshments were honey candy or molasses candy. They might season it with a weed that grew in abundance about the farm and valley, horehound. I never knew that they could make candy out of sugar, and of course we didn't. They made their own fun and got enjoyment out of very simple things and recreation. They all had to work to exist. That was imperative.

I've told about a lot of things that they did because I can see father as a tot beginning to do some of the simpler parts, and as he grew, taking a bigger part, until he became an expert in each and every one of these activities.

I asked Aunt Alice where he learned blacksmithing. She said he learned it by doing it, like he learned everything else - every other activity and skill. That's the way people learned then - by doing.

When my brother, Will, went to school in Cedar City and took manual training, he said he'd have been much better at it if he'd learned to weld two pieces of iron together in the shop. Every little bit helps.

When William A. was about sixteen, a travelling photographer came to town. The first one the little town had ever had. And of course everybody had to have his picture taken. It would have been folly not to have. They all dressed up in the best they had, and even borrowed things. They even wore things too big because they were fine.

I remember father and mother considering a photograph, tin-type, of Uncle Frank when he was a boy. He had borrowed a fine pair of pants from a much bigger boy for the occasion. They hung about down to his ankles, and father said it looked like he wore a skirt instead of a pair of knee pants. That he would have looked better in a pair that fitted him, regardless of the material and the age of the pants, than in these that were so much too big, even if they had been of velvet.

This photographer used sensitized tin to put the picture on. It was called a "tin-type". They could make only one copy on tin. Films were invented years later where they could make many copies.

Of course, father had his piicture taken. He wore a vest, top-coat, ribbon tie, curly hair and even held his hat. I guess to show that he had one. Aunt Alice says that there is no doubt but that his mother made the clothes that he wore. She, or one of his sisters I think, must have dolled him up for the picture.

This was taken before he went to Arizona with his brother John to freight. When boys were old enough and experienced enough to handle two teams of horses on one wagon, they could get plenty of work freighting. They were,at that time, having to haul all the stuff they used by team. John and Willliam stayed away two years. During this time Father stayed with his sister, Jane, in Mesa some.

She was married and living there. Mother always used to say that she was going to ask Jane for father's picture which was the only one he ever had taken while he had hair. Aunt Alice says she can't remember him when he had hair; neither can Aunt Lou. He gave the picture to his sister Jane when he was there.

Years later Aunt Luella visited Jane in Mexico and borrowed the picture and let Lyman take it for some copies so I was grown up a long time before I ever saw it, though I had heard mother talk about it many times. His later pictures, as you know, show him as bald.

I've tried to find out something about Father while he was in Mesa, but there seems to be no record of the place then. The ward was organized years after he was there. I do know that he met and knew Brigham S. Young and George F. Richards while he was down there. And both men were proud to say that they knew him as a friend in the early days down in Arizona.

He and John came home after two years, for Christmas. I guess he was so glad to get home that he never went back when John did. At that time they were beginning to build the Southern Pacific Railroad and John got a job working on the railroad. Father took up life where he had left it - doing the old jobs he had been doing when he went away; shearing, freighting and doing the work he knew how to do.

Finally he got a job herding sheep and was getting a dollar and a quarter a day when he was married. Twenty-five cents of it was cash and a dollar was in sheep. He was herding for William S. Berry of Kanarra. William S. Berry and Grandpa had known one another for many years - ever since 1862 when Grandpa had moved to New Harmony. They were business associates and loved and trusted each other, as father and Joseph E. Berry came to do years later.

There are snakes in New Harmony - many kinds of them. One kind is called a blow snake. When it is frightened or disturbed or angry, it blows itself up to be much bigger than it normally is, and its scales puff out. It is a good mouser and harmless if not bothered. Grandmother once caught one skimming the cream off her milk pan in the cellar.

The milk had been skimmed before and she had accused some of the children doing it. But they had denied any knowledge of the circumstances.

One day, Aunt Dell went up in the dark room at the head of the stairs to take a bath. This place was unfinished and the uprights were exposed and there were openings down the wall. She started to sit on a chair there, and a blow snake was coiled on it. She screamed and William A. came to the rescue.

The snake had started to crawl away down between the studdings. Father caught it by the tail with a good hold and pulled. It puffed up and wedged itself between the boards. Father could not pull it out. To get a stronger hold he wrapped it around his hand. Then he could pull harder. He pulled so hard he pulled it in two. The head end they never found.

In the church section of the Deseret News of the 22 August, 1959, I find the following:

"Three of the Elders were sitting in the parlor where the meeting was to be held. They were John H. Gibbs, 31, a Northern Utah school teacher; William S. Berry, 46, a large, powerfully-built man; and Henry Thompson, 25, youngest of the three. The three Elders were discussing their recent experiences - threats, warnings to leave the country.

Elder Gibbs picked up his Bible to find a passage of scripture. Suddenly a commotion was heard in the yard. James Condor was shouting to the boys to get their guns. The two burst into the house. At the same time a masked man stepped in the door and began taking Martin's rifle from a rack on the wall.

The mobster then fired at Elder Gibbs, mortally wounding the missionary. Elders Thompson and Berry advanced on the mobster, Elder Berry seizing and holding the barrel of the rifle. Thompson escaped out the door and into the woods as two more masked men entered the room. The two shot down Elder Berry and the Condor boy."

I didn't put it all in, but this is enough for here. That was the man father worked for and this happened only six months after father and mother were married. I think that it is likely that father was looking after his sheep while he was on his mission. Aunt Lou thought so too.

He was in the Kanarra and Harmony Co-op with grandfather, maybe the president. Aunt Alice says that William S. Berry greatly influenced father's life for the better. Father thought a lot of him and of his son, Joseph E. Berry, who was later the bishop of Kanarra.

As you have already guessed, Father lost his hair while he was in Arizona. He said that, while freighting, he wore a large, felt hat without any ventilation in it, and he always thought that was the reason he lost his fair. Be that as it may, he lost it then.

About this time he began to notice Mother. Up until now she had just been a little girl who ran about with his little sister, Caroline. Mother told about the time that she and Aunt Caroline tagged after him and some of the bigger boys and girls when they were going on a spring walk up on the mountain above the farm.

They came to a stream, swollen by the spring thaw; and the big boys carried the girls over it. They couldn't persuade the little girls to go back home, so father picked one up under one arm and another under the other arm and carried them across. I guess he never thought that he would later marry this little snip.

But now it was different. She had grown up and was a big girl, nearly sixteen and she pleased him. He knew, too, that she had good training because his mother had trained her a lot of the time.

His cousin, Jim Pace, now began going with her cousin, Mary Mathis, and they made a foursome much of the time. Uncle Johnnie Bryner said that at one time he was sick and they volunteered to sit up with him. They thought he was asleep but he wasn't and heard them talking. Then and there they made their final decision.

He heard Jim Pace say, as he slapped his knee, "Yes, sir! That's what we will do. We will go to the temple."

William A. was an Elder long before this and was eligible for the temple.

They were married February 27, 1884 in the Saint George Temple, and came back to New

Harmony and lived in with his mother and her family.

Having been there so much with Caroline, Grandmother was quite at home. I don't know how long they lived with his folks, but I think it was nearly a year.

Then father bought the little place on the upper street where he later built the brick house. He moved the little frame house over in the next block on the corner across from the meeting house. They lived in the little frame house until after his mission.

I was born in it. Fern was the first one born in the brick house which was built back of the other, which was moved away. I don't know whether Will was born before or after they moved into their own home. It was a little house with two rooms in the front and a lean-to on the back for a kitchen.

When he built the brick house people wondered, and even some asked, how he could build such a house and he so young. He said it was because he had worked hard and never uselessly spent his money, and he had a wife that did the same. None could deny that statement. So they moved into a four-roomed house with a one-roomed basement and a front and back porch.

I don't know how long he worked for the Berry family, but I imagine it was not long. The sheep he took for wages set him up in the sheep business before too long, and he was then on his own.

He and Dode Berry were always the best of friends and liked to play tricks on each other, but all in fun. Like the time when Dode called him up in the night, and when father had such a hard time to find a telephone in the dark, and when he did find it Dode yelled "New Year's gift, Brother Redd."

I guess Papa played tricks on Dode, but he never bragged about them. I know that father often called at the house of the Berry's on his way to and from Cedar City where he often went on church or other business.

They had two children, William born January 7, 1885, and Elda Grace, born October 16, 1886, when he received his call to go on a mission. I don't know the circumstances of his call, but they say that his brother, Lemuel Hardison Jr., said when he received his call, "Papa, I can't afford it."

His father said, "Lem, you can't afford not to."

Uncle Lem said, "Well, So and So refused to go because he couldn't afford it and he is worth many times what I am."

His father said, "Nevertheless, you can't afford not to answer that call."

Uncle Lem went and his life was one of great wealth and influence all his life, while So and So lived and died a pauper. His father, (they called him "Pap" - that was the southern way of referring to their father) probably gave the same advice to his son, William Alexander.

Anyway, William A. left for his mission on February 10, 1887. They had been married three years, lacking seventeen days. He writes:

"Harmony, February 10, 1887 - started from home - it was snowing - a great many of my friends was present to see me off.

11th - arrived at Milford at dusk - was feeling quite blue (two long days of riding in the snow) - met Brother Joseph Houston who had been left the day previous - was a welcome travelling companion.

12th - Boarded train for S.L. City - was feeling somewhat down when Brother John Turner met us at Nephi who travelled up to Provo - he on the way gave us as much good counsel in as few words seemingly as was possible for mortal man to give, which was gladly accepted.

13th - Sunday - went to meeting - witnessed a congregation of about 6,000 people - Brother L. Snow who was just released from the p. was the preacher -

14th - Bought my outfit and was then set apart for my mission by Apostle H. J. Grant.

15th - at eight o'clock we took our departure for the East."

On the way they passed through Cheyenne, Denver, Topeka, Kansas City, Memphis, Chatanooga and Atlanta. He received his appointment for his mission at Chatanooga, the headquarters of the mission.

Scott Mathison said that he made out the will and probated it of John M. B. Higbee, a descendant of the Higbees of Mountain Meadow notoriety. John M. B. Higbee told Scott that he was a presiding elder in the mission when father went to the mission.

At the priesthood meeting, he explained that he had been given instructions to open up the territory, long since unworked, where Brothers Berry and Gibbs had been killed by a mob. Higbee needed a companion to accompany him on this mission.

After his explanation, he asked for a volunteer. Some shook their heads, but a new man, William A. Redd, was the first one to raise his hand and volunteer to go. He didn't take father. Probably he wanted a more experienced man than this beginner, but it tells that father was willing to meet all calls that came.

From Chatanooga he went to Atlanta, Georgia, and on to Cowpens, South Carolina. There they hired a vehicle to take them to Thickety Mountain, Spartanburg County, N.C., his first field of labour.

Here is where the Watts family lived, for he mentions them repeatedly. I always thought that the Watts family were his converts, but they were in the church when he arrived at the mission. I can't find Thickety Mountain on the map. Maybe it was only a few farms; maybe they have changed the name.

Maybe it was like the place they directed me to when I was in that area. They said I could see the store from the station. I could see merely the corner of something which proved to be a two-roomed house where the family lived in the back and a few shelves with mighty little to sell on them in the front room. The rest was country filled with forest. I can see that when I consider this place.

Around here were a few friendly people who took the Elders in and listened to them. From here they went in different directions on short trips to find people to talk gospel to. During his first months there he mentions meetings and Sunday schools frequently.

These are some of his entries:

1887 - Feb. 27th - "Sunday held two meetings - considerable interest - went down to

Cowpens at night to see Brothers Wright and Fraughten off for home - got back to J. Black's at daylight - slept till noon and heard John Black bear testimony of the blessings of the Lord manifested to him by feeding the servants of the Lord - in a public gathering when Elders Wright and Fraughten were leaving."

April 2nd - "Saturday clear - after B went over to Brother Surratt's and dinner held meeting - Elders Anderson, Ferrin and I talked - was about 28 present - good attention."

"April 3rd - Sunday - clear fine weather - fast-day - held S.S. and meeting - D with sisters Jas. Patterson - stayed all night with John Black."

"April 29th - Friday - took dinner with Sister Watts - helped Wm. Watts plant cotton and took supper with him - stayed all night with Webb Smith."

"May 2nd - Monday - after B turned potato masher" (How many of you remember mother's old wooden potato masher? This is it.) "Stayed overnight with Harrison Bright." (it's too bad father didn't know that one of his genealogical lines was Bright. He met several of them - C. Bright, Theodore Bright, William Bright, Hosea Bright and there was a place called Bright Town). (All these trips about were on foot.)

"May 20th - Friday - go to John S. Black's - received a letter from Alonzo Redd — (I stayed with his son when I was down there.) "took D with Alonzo Canty - green peas - stay all night with Harrison Bright."

"June 8th - Wednesday - go to Brother Robinson's - eat mulberries - go to broad river fishing - had a powerful time - all catch 9 fish, 2 eels - eat strawberries - go home get supper and go to bed - tired out - Sister Robinson wash our clothes after night."

"August 2nd - Tuesday - raining - go out in council with the rest of the Elders, and Elders Blaskwood and Redd appointed to go on a trip up around Island Ford, N.C., to see if we could find anyone who wanted the gospel."

"August 5th - Arose and took breakfast and continued our journey promiscuously through the woods until we felt hungry - stopped at one Mr. Rogers and applied for dinner but was given to understand at once we couldn't eat with him - our next application was at Mr. Miller Kenney's - he gave us dinner - then we travelled on - applied to Mr. James McKenney's to stay all night - we was refused - we then stopped at Mr. Joseph McKenney's who took us in overnight, gave us supper and breakfast - think our fare was begrudged us." (Rutherford Co., N.C.) (returned)

"August 10th - Wednesday - arose - took B - go to Brother Surratt's - bid the folks goodbye - take our grip sack and start on our designated trip in search of the honest in heart in a southerly direction - travelled about 8 miles and called on one Mr. Samuel Littlejohn for dinner who took us in and treated us very kindly - had a gospel chat of about two hours - left him an Articles of Faith and No. 1 tract - travelled on - call on Mr. Burgess (B preacher) for lodging - he kindly refused us - we then called on Mr. Mark Fowler who sent us to Mr. R.C. Littlejohn who, on account of sickness, took us back to the above Fowler to stay overnight and come after us in the morning for breakfast (a gentleman) Union Co., S.C." (walked 15 miles this day)

"August 11th - after B - then on our way slowly, it being very warm - arrive at Mr. Wm. Paris's on Mr. Huse's place about 12 o'clock - take dinner - have a chat with him in regard to the principles of the gospel - he being interested goes and gets a school house for us to preach in and circulates the news - several come to interview us who expressed a desire to hear us preach - in the evening we hold a meeting - about 40 present - good attention and good spirit manifest - after meeting they gathered around to get some tracts and ask questions - received two invitations -

appointed another meeting - stay with Mr. Paris." (walked 8 miles that day)

"August 13th - Saturday - warm - reading - Mr. J.F. Blackwood came in - talk awhile and invite us home to D (accepted) - some friends come in - talked about two hours - go to Mr. Jackson Gregory's - hold meeting - had about 50 present - good spirit manifest - after meeting - talk - explaining scripture and singing until about 12:30 o'clock - retire - wore out."

"August 14th - Sunday - arose - took B - go up to Sunday school with Mr. Gregory - on arriving at the place was informed it was going to raise a disturbance so we turned off - had a long talk with a Mr. Whitlock (who had invited us to come and see him) and others who on account of his near and dear neighbours talking to him he refused to take us in so went back to Mr. Wm. Paris's for dinner - spent the afternoon in reading and talking to people that come in - go to Mr. Mace Garner's and hold meeting - about 20 present - quiet prevailed - retired about 10 o'clock.

"August 15th - Monday - arose - took breakfast - start back for Spartenburg Co. - go through without dinner - arrive at Brother Sarratt's about 4 o'clock - supper with Brother Watts - slept with Brother Sarratt." (walked 23 miles that day)

"August 31st - Wednesday - go to Brother Surratt's - read - take dinner - Elder Wilcox and I go out and have prayer - then we start on a trip to Cleveland Co., N.C.

"Sept. 4th - Sunday - breakfast and went on - came to Mr. Wm. Long's in Gaston, N.C. He was not at home so went on after dinner to Brother Gwin's - had a gospel chat till 12 o'clock with some strangers - put in the night there." (walked 18 miles that day)

"Sept. 13th - all the Elders meet - tend to our prayers - then Houston and I take our equipment and start in a southerly direction - take D with Mr. Creek Lee Linder - call at Mr. Sam Littlejohn's - on account of sickness we move on - called on Squire Bonner - he refused to take us in - then we called on Mr. Smith who said we could stay, then repented and sent us adrift - called on Mr. Lipscum who fired us right now (wrathy) says, "I have no use for you - you hadn't ought to be allowed in this country - you had ought to be run out - the first thing you know you won't know nothing - we bade him goodbye and travelled on - we next stopped at Mr. Gochers who took us in and treated us like gentlemen - gave them the gospel until bedtime - had prayer with them and retired." (walked 10 miles today)

"September 19th - after B started up the road and met Mr. John Rippy who invited us to take the day with him - invitation accepted - witness the beginning of cotton for the first time - after D pick cotton awhile - write to my wife - take supper - hold meeting - about 40 present - good order - received no new invitations - go to bed at a reasonable hour."

"September 23rd - then to Mr. Bill Rodes who took us in treated us kindly - his wife was a Red - her father's name was Thomas and grandfather's name John Cross, Ancre, Spartenburg Co., S.C." (walked 10 miles)

"September 24th - when B was over we travelled on and crossed into Laurens Co. - take D with Mr. John Wilbanks of the Methodist faith - spent the afternoon in the woods, reading - stay all night with Mr. G. C. Byrd a very clever gentleman - his daughter gave music on piano and sang - which reminded me very much of home - - " (the little old organ we had in New Harmony belonged to Grandpa) "had a good night's rest."

"September 28th - (after sleeping well in an old gin house) - arose from our slumbers and travelled up the road - take breakfast with a Mr. Young - go to Clinton - call on Mr. Yerby a hotel keeper, for to stay the day but was refused - stopped in a store about an hour - the news

went out that Mormon preachers were in town - all seemed anxious to see us - some came in and talked to us, some came to the door and daresn't venture their lives farther, others peeked in at the windows - from there we travelled toward Laurens - took D with Mr. Simpson but he didn't want any gospel - then travelled on slowly - was taken in at night on first application by Mr. John Godfrey and treated like gentlemen. Very wet and sloppy travelling." 11 miles.

"October 2nd - Sunday - grease up our shoes and trudge along - call at Mr. Sam Tumblin who kept us the day and night - very clever people - the lady never used tea, coffee or tobacco nor never did."

"October 3rd - arose - had B by daylight and went about 2 miles, washed and changed clothes and washed our dirty ones - the first of such work I have had to do. After our clothes dried we continued our travels - called at the house of a Mr. Wood and applied for refreshments and a night's lodging which was granted us - we gave them the gospel by the fireside and sang a few hymns - then retired."

"October 5th - Wednesday - another beautiful morning dawned and after B we found ourselves toddling along the big road - stopped by the wayside to read - a young Baptist preacher came along and invited us to preach in a school house in his neighborhood - we accepted the invitation - we ate dinner with the family of Mr. John Owens, a sanctified man - in the evening about 30 came out to hear - had a very good time - no questions asked after meeting - we ate supper and stay all night with Mr. Boland."

"October 8th - arose this morning feeling much refreshed - after B we continued our travels calling at the residence of Mr. Barksdale - while sitting in the plazza resting I picked up the Goldville paper and saw a short account of our proceeding by the correspondent - myself and companion having passed through there on the 26th of September it was as follows - "One day last week a couple of tramps passed through our neighborhood begging their way, saying they were preachers of the gospel, disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, which we would advise to be arrested and sent to the nearest chain gang."

After dinner we travelled on - called on Mr. B. Owens to stay with but was refused. A gentleman standing by says, "I will take you up to the next station on the hand car, there is a big meeting going on up there and ministers scarce and they would be glad to have you to help them out, but when the word "Mormon" came up, "that let's me out", says he. We travelled on - called and stayed all night with Mr. Dave Barton." (walked 12 miles today)

"October 11th - after B we start on our way - met J. A. Dacus who invited us to stop for dinner - we did so and preached him the gospel and after dinner we travelled on reflecting on the good times we had anticipated in opening up a field in Laurens, but they were all blited and we had found ourselves in the big road hitting the grit in getting away - called on Mr. Waddle to stay all night but didn't make the riffle - we then called on Mr. A. W. Parker. When he read our certificate and I commenced to tell him about it, he said "See here, do you men want supper?" says I, "Yes, and we want to stay all night with you too." He took us in and we gave him the gospel straight out. He seemed when we left to be quite badly torn to pieces." (8 miles today)

"October 15th - cold and windy - continued our march toward Spartenburg - we had supper with him and went to Mr. D. J. Farr and stayed all night." (17 miles)

"October 18th - after B we continue - stop at Mr. T. Allen's to inquire the way - he invited us to stop for D which we did - had Possom - and toward evening we found ourselves at Brother Pool's where we stayed all night."

"October 27th - another rainy day dawned and after B. Wilcox and Redd go down and

take D with Mr. Andrew Smith after which we all went to Bright Town and spent the night with Mr. Morgan Paris."

THERE IS A BREAK HERE UNTIL FEBRUARY 25th when he is moving to another field of labour. A note book is missing. If anyone has it get some stuff out of it for this paper.

1888 - begins here:

"Feb. 28th - had a early B go to Cowpens - I take the train to Spartenburg - go to the Merchant Hotel - stay until after dinner - then boarded the train for Augusta, Ga., where I arrived at 9:20 p.m. - stayed all night at the Central Hotel." (ride on the R.R. about 160 miles.)

"March 3rd - Saturday - Go to Mr. Green's - get some tracts - take dinner with Mr. E. V. Lowe - from there we go to Mr. Nathaniel Walker's - wash all over - hold meeting at night - a goodly number present and a good spirit manifest. We stay all night with Mr. Walker.

"March 8th - another beautiful day - after leaving Mr. Creggs we went to Mr. Lawrence Eubanks - no one at home - go to Mr. William Lowe - no one at home - take dinner with Mr. Evert V. Lowe - go to P. Heath's but on account of sickness we went to Mr. Plunket Tools and stayed all night."

"March 9th - we go and stay all night with Mr. Ransom Lowe."

"March 18th - Sunday - another beautiful day dawned - go without dinner -arrive at Mr. Walker's about l:30 - meet Jeff Red - hold meeting in the open air - give out what tracts we have - go stay all night with Mr. Edward Key."

"March 19th - after B go lay down in the woods - write letters to J. F. Pace and my wife - go take dinner with Mr. Wiley Lowe - supper and stay all night with Mr. Kenney Key."

"March 22nd - Cold north wind - very disagreeable - write to Aunt Louisa and the children - read to the folks - take D with Mr. Cregg - go over and stay all night with Mr. Wyley Lowe."

"March 24th - Saturday - after B go to the branch and take a bath and change clothes - take dinner with Bryant. Leave our valises - go from there to Mr. Jeff Redd's and stay all night." (walk 15 miles today)

"March 25th - stay with Mr. Jeff Redd until after D then go over to Mr. Calhoun Redd's - hold meeting - talk until evening - go to Mr. Jeff Redd's - take supper - sing the songs of Zion - talk on the gospel until bedtime - then we retire."

"March 26th - arose feeling fine - remain with Mr. Jeff Redd until after dinner, reading and explaining the gospel - rain - go down to Mr. Calhoun Redd's - take supper - then hold meeting - have a good time - retire at a reasonable hour - rain most of the night."

"March 27th - after B start back to Lowe Town through the rain - take D with Mr. Bryant - go to the P.O., receive letter from father - stay the balance of the day with Mr. Bryant and the night - rain most of the night."

"April 3rd - spend the day watching the road for the new Elder - about 4 o'clock Brother Henry Fairbanks of Payson arrived - A (He is the father of Miles and Viola F. Lamar who used to live in Raymond) "All glad to see one another - go stay all night with Mr. John Cregg."

"April 7th - after B continue our journey to Mr. Jeff Redd's where we take dinner - spend

the balance of the day - supper and stay all night."

"April 8th - spend the day with Mr. Redd - after D hold meeting - have a good time - supper and stay all night with Mr. Jeff Redd."

"April 12th - Mr. Boyd and family being sick, Brother Fairbanks and I conclude to help him plough and on going to the field my mule took a fright and ran away - after we caught her we put in the day ploughing and stay all night with Mr. Joseph Boyd."

"April 22nd - fast day - go to the other side of the runns to Calhoun Redd's - take dinner - hold meeting in the evening - have a good time - not many present but a good spirit manifested - supper and stay all night with Calhoun Redd."

"April 23rd - spend the forenoon reading - take dinner with Mr. Cally Redd - go fishing but failed to catch any - replant corn for Mr. Jeff Redd - supper - sing the songs of Zion and go to bed about 10:30 o'clock at Mr. J. Redd's."

"April 24th - replant corn for awhile - plough a little for Cally Redd - dinner - supper - stay all night with Jeff Redd."

"May 4th - go to the office - rec. letter from my wife with picture of self and children - also rec. letter from pap and coat from Brother Humphrey the Boss - stay all night with Mr. J. Cregg."

"May 8th - go to the office - get the paper - spent the afternoon reading - stay all night with Mr. Wyley Lowe."

"May 17th - Thursday - after B we go to Brother Anderson's - meet the other Elders - get our equipment - bid the folks goodbye and start for our own field in S.C. - weather very warm - arrive at Mr. Nat Walker's about 5:30 o'clock where we stay all night."

"May 28th - after a good night's rest and the morning refreshments we start on our way to Graniteville. After a walk of about 9 hours through the hot sun we arrived there and was very kindly received by Mr. Berry Washum's family where we stayed all night - talked some on the gospel and retired at a reasonable hour quite tired."

"June 6th - Remain at Mr. Walker's until after dinner - write to Brother Humphrey's - then go to Mr. Benjamin Boyd's. He not being at home we went to Mr. Wily Lowe's and stay all night."

"June 9th - After B go to the office - rec. letters from my wife, Sister Caroline, Elder Ferrin - learn of the death of my bro. John W. Redd - ate dinner - wash - and change clothes - stay all night."

"June 19th - After taking the morning's refreshments go to the branch and take a bath - then go to the office - rec. letter from my wife, also a registered letter from Brother Humphreys with one from my wife stating in it that she had sent me $25.00 - go down to the runs stay with Mr. Jeff Redd."

"June 20th - Stay all day and night with Mr. Jeff Redd."

"June 21st - Stay with Cally Redd all day and night."

"July 3rd - Go to the office, rec. letters from my wife, Pres. Spry & Brother A. R. Smith,

pres. Of the Georgia Conference. Go to Mr. Jeff Redd's and stay the night."

"July 20th - Stay with Mr. Jeff Redd until after B and start back- go to the office - rec. letters from my wife and Brother Humphreys stating we were permitted to go to Augusta for the 24th July celebration - D and stay all night with Mr. John Craig."

"July 24th - Nine of the Georgia Elders had assembled with the saints to celebrate the day. Called to order at 10 o'clock by William A. Redd who was appointed master of ceremonies. The program was as follows - Music by band, singing by the choir, "Oh Ye Mountains High". Prayer by chaplain David F. Fawns. Singing "Up Awake Ye Defenders of Zion". Pioneer speech by pres. A. R. Smith - Choir sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints". Music by the band - speech by John M. Browning - Song by Jadediah Balentine "Latter Day Kingdom", recitation by David Bennion - closing hymn by the choir "Oh Say Have You Seen etc.". Benediction by the chaplain. The barbecue was then made ready and a glorious feast for all present. Thinking the time had not been sufficiently taken up so a meeting was held. Called to order at 3 o'clock by pres. A. R. Smith - after the usual exercises - singing and prayer, William A. Redd was called to address the congregation and followed by pres. Smith. Thus the day closed which was passed without a single word of disrespect or a strong phrase of any name or nature as I heard, something I never witnessed before in my life - I stayed all night at Brother McLittle's, slept with Brother Smith. (This celebration was held at Grovetown, Columbia Co., Ga.)

"July 25th - The Elders all came in and after talking and singing a while we retire to the woods - hold meeting (the eleven Elders). The Spirit of God was present in rich abundance and a time of rejoicing was had by all. All being called to express his feelings, desires and determinations - to speak of the goodness of the Lord as he was so led. After we had all spoken pres. Smith delivered a very interesting and instructive sermon, exhorting all to faithfulness in performing our duties, especially in qualifying ourselves for future usefulness. The comfort, joy and satisfaction that was experienced is beyond description - Brother Smith and I slept together at Brother McLittle's."

"August 7th - arriving at Jeff Redd's about 4 o'clock where we suppered and stayed all night."

"August 8th - Stay all day with Mr. Redd - get Mrs. Redd to wash my coat and vest - read from Daniel 2nd chapter and explain to Mrs. Redd who was a warm investigator. Mr. Darlin Heath came home with Mr. Redd and we preached the gospel."

"August 17th - Board the train for Spartanburg at which point we change cars for Cowpens." (He is going back to his first field of labour after six months away.) "R.R. ride 130 miles - walk to Brother Sarratt's and stay all night - meet Brother Jones on his way to the office." (That was Lehi Jones from Cedar City.)

"Sept. 3rd - After B we go to Brother James Watts spend the rest of the day after D finish writing to my father - Brother Humphrey (conf. pres.) feeling bad concluded to send me to Ocones to visit the Elders and saints in his stead."

"Sept.5th - Get up at 5 - wash and fix for starting. Elder Fairbanks go with me to Cowpens where I take the train for Central (70 miles) where I met Elders Wilcox and Barker with a team to take me to where they were labouring 20 miles distant - arrive at Brother Miles Mosses at about 5 o'clock where we stay all night. Continued rain all day and night."

"Sept. 6th - And still it rains - feeling quite poorly - cause bad cold and a very bad headache - ate dinner with Brother Miles Mosses - start down to Brother Nathaniel Wilson's where we stay all night, but on the way on account of the branches being up from rain Brother

Wilcox had to strip twice and carry us across."

"Sept. 9th - Sunday - raining - fast and pray - we hold S.S. and meeting - after exercises in S.S. Brother Redd talk to them a short time - meeting was called to order by Brother Wilcox - after singing and prayer Brother W. talked awhile on the Kingdom of God and also our duties - Elder Redd then read from Matt. 10:34-38 and occupy about 3/4 of an hour dwelling mostly on the word of wisdom, occasionally quoting from the scriptures to substantiate my assertions - take dinner with Brother Wilson - we go stay all night with Brother Samuel Stuart.

"Sept. 10th - After B go down to see the river - it was very high from recent rains - take dinner with Silas K. Wilson - go to Brother Taylor Wilson's supper - hold a testimony meeting - 13 of the saints bore their testimony to the truth - then Brothers Wilcox, Baker and Redd speak a few minutes each and bear testimony. Have an excellent time - not one refused to get up when asked - stay all night with Brother S.K. Wilson."

"Sept. 12th - Read awhile - go out in the woods hold a meeting ourselves - talk to one another - have a very good time giving our experiences and a short account of our labours and talking over the ways we should walk and talk among the people - go and take dinner with Sister Harriet Wilson - go from there to Brother Mosses - supper and held meeting - Brother Redd did the preaching - read from 1 Pet. 3, 15 about 40 present - good spirit prevail - stay with Brother Moss."

"Sept. 13th - read and talk awhile - then we go to Brother T. Wilson's - Brother B. stay there and Wilcox and I go to S.K. Wilson's - take dinner - wade little river - go to Mr. Gubly Rains hold meeting - Redd do the preaching - read from Matt. 7:21 from which I take the first principles of the gospel - occupy about 55 minutes - good spirit prevails - stay all night."

"Sept. 20th - After B start for Seneca where I arrive quarter to twelve - board the train for Cowpens - leave train and walk to Brother Bolen and stay all night." (Ride 80 miles on the train.)

Oct. 20th - Saturday - Brother Spry arrive safe and sound - conference opened - Elders present - Pres. Wm. Spry, pres. of southern states mission - Hyrum T. Humphries, pres. of south Carolina conf., travelling Elders, Barker, Jones, Wilcox, Jensen, Clark, Burgess, Fairbanks, Johnsen and Redd. 10 o'clock a.m. meeting called to order by Pres. Humphreys who made a few remarks - Brother Jones followed, then Pres. Spry addressed us - adjourned until 2 p.m. then Barker, Johnsen, Redd and Fairbanks D with Brother Sarratt, supper and stay all night with Brother Evan Watts." (The father of Billy of New Harmony fame.)

"Oct. 21st - Sunday - meeting called to order by pres. Humphreys. Burgess, Jensen and Spry addressed the congregation - dinner with Brother Evan Watts - meeting called to order by pres. H. Elders Clark and Spry did the preaching - which closed our conference. In the meantime we held 5 council meetings in the woods, where we received much valuable instruction - Brother Humphreys was released to go home with the Nov. company and Brother Redd to succeed him as presiding Elder (Pres) over the South Carolina conference - we make proposal to Pres. Spry to stay with us another day which he willingly consented to do. I go with Brothers Fairbanks and Barker and stay all night with Brother Bolin." (This Pres. Spry was later governor of Utah.)

"Oct. 25th - write to Miss Emily Redd of Wilmington, N.C. - rain all day." (Lura says "When I was in Wilmington in 1918 I stayed with this Emily Redd and read the letter that father wrote to her. I've wished ever since that I had copied it. He was preaching "gathering" to her which has been discontinued for many years.")

"Oct. 28th - Sunday - go to Brother Sarratt's meet the rest of the Elders. Hold S.S. and meeting. A general good time and lots of the Spirit of the Lord was enjoyed. Sister Robinson

being sick sent for some of the Elders. Brother Clark and I go down and administer to her. She was instantly healed by the power of God. Sing the songs of Zion."

"Nov. 9th - Brother and Sister Roop were going down toward Cowpens to visit some of their relatives - left Brother Fairbanks and I with the house as we were going to the office when the mail came (with the understanding that we would lock the door when we left. They left the breakfast dishes dirty on the table, the beds unmade, the ovens and lids scattered around the fire as they had been used while cooking, the bread tray uncovered and exposed to mice, cats and flies, the churn with the fresh churned milk in it uncovered also, the floor unswept - in fact as it is generally termed by housekeepers - it was left upside down. We go to the office - rec. letters from wife, Elders Burgess, Wilcox, Barker and Jones. Write a note to Pres. Spry. Also write to Elders Wilcox and Burgess - stay all night with Brother Sarratt."

"Nov. 18th - Sunday - go to Brother Sarratts - hold S.S. and meeting - not many present - a good spirit manifest - D, S and stay all night with Brother Evan Watts."

I don't have any more of his mission journal. I remember him saying that when he was released he didn't have the money to come home. Then the church didn't pay their way home as they do now.

He went to Mr. Black who has been mentioned many times. Mr. Black was not a member, but a very good friend. He was a Justice of the Peace or some such thing and stood out on the courthouse steps and gave quite a speech.

He said he was going to lend this man $50.00. He had been out here paying his own way for them and their welfare. He wouldn't lend anything to a sectarian minister, but he was going to lend it to this man, Mr. William A. Redd from Utah, because he would pay it back. He was an honest man and could be trusted.

Too, this is not nearly all of the journal I have. As you will note, I have put in only the entries of a few days in each month that I have. He has an entry for every day.

From "L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia", Vol I, p. 539, 1903 Edition, by Andrew Jensen:

William Alexander Redd, bishop of New Harmony ward, Washington Co., Utah, born Sept. 19, 1861, in Spanish Fork, Utah Co., Utah. When but one year old he moved with his parents to New Harmony, Washington Co., Utah, where he has ever since made his home. From his early youth a belief and a firm faith in God had been deeply implanted in his heart. During his early manhood he held several minor offices in the church. These privileges helped to prepare him for the greater callings that later in life were required of him. Patriarch John Smith, in a patriarchal blessing told him that he was chosen at his birth to be a messenger of glad tidings unto the people in gathering scattered Israel, and it was his calling to preside among people. In obedience to a call from President John Taylor, he filled a mission to the southern states in 1887-89. During his sojourn there he labored part of the time as president of the South Carolina conference. He was ordained a bishop and set apart to preside over the New Harmony ward September 15, 1890, by Apostle Francis M. Lyman, since which he has labored diligently and successfully in that calling. With his wife, Mary Verena Bryner, whom he married February 27, 1884, he is raising a nice family of children.

A Tribute to William A. Redd by Brigham S. Young:

After an acquaintanceship of several yeaars, if I were asked to name his outstanding quality, I could unhesitatingly say, "Dependability," a sterling man who served efficiently in every position he occupied, kindly, forceful and reliant. The kind of a man you could tie to, in

short, the sort of a man most needed in every progressive community. He had, too, what is rare in staid man, a rare sense of humor, which gave his seeming gravity a sympathetic and friendly buoyance. He filled with honor many important offices in both civic and religious life and seemed always to possess the faculty of being right. he complied with the highest law given to man. He and his wife observed, literally, the divine fiat, increase and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. A highly successful tiller of the soil, a family man whose children are exceptional physically, mentally and spiritually. They have proven the fine citizenship he taught them. They could scarce be any other, as they always had before them the example of what is most valuable to society, a poised, God-fearing father.

Among others, I was at his bedside just prior to his passing. For some years I have seen what indicated the effect of the ordinance of administration, and on a table near where he was lying I saw an hour glass, the sands of which were all but exhausted. There came to me the conviction that this was our last meeting in mortality.

As I look at him over the years, I can say, "Among the most successful men I have ever known, stands my valued friend, William A. Redd."

A Tribute from Pres. Heber S. Allen, whose counsellor William A. Redd was:

Dear Sister Ursenbach,

I was not aware that I waited so long to reply to your letter of Oct. 26, but have been trying to get the harvest finished, but have not done so as yet.

I have always thought that your father was one of the finest men I have ever met. Dependable, intelligent, industrious, valiant and sincere in all things that he undertook. As a ward teacher, one was always sure that the visits would always be made on time and efficiently. As a high councillor, his judgment was always of high order, and sound and just. As a counsellor in the stake presidency, he labored with us harmoniously with a sincere and ardent desire to help establish truth, faith and righteousness in the hearts of the people with whom he came in contact. His own heart, I firmly believe, was throughly converted to the restored gospel and he impressed others with this fact.

He was a peace-maker and many times he was given the task of 'pouring oil on the troubled waters' and was successful in bringing harmony where discord had prevailed.

I was very much shocked when he was taken away so suddenly, but have always cherished my associations with him as my most pleasant memories.

Your brother,
H. S. Allen

* * * * *

WILLIAM A. REDD

Brother W. B. Betts of California, who lived at Raymond about 1902-1912, told me in Los Angeles, March 11, 1956, that he was present when George Fairbanks of Raymond was administered to by the Priesthood. Brother Fairbanks said he was going to die because he saw his dead sister there waiting for him. However he was administered to, and the anointing was sealed by Bishop Wm. A. Redd. According to Brother Betts' statement, he had never heard a

man pray as Bishop Redd did upon this occasion. He felt that Bishop Redd, in his prayer, was giving his own life in exchange for that of Brother Fairbanks. Three days later, Bishop Redd died.

Signed by Harold R. Laycock