

## REDD FAMILY HERITAGE - 1996

Autobiography of Margaret E. Wride.

Somewhere in Denmark, I think it was Egned Weile---on the thirteenth day of September 1805 Mads Poulson was born and in that far away land. He married Dorthea Christine Mikkelson. They had several children but the one I am most interested in is my father Poul Poulson who was born February 20th 1846. (This name in America has been spelled Powel Powelson).

This family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints and came to America when my father was a small boy, about eight years old and he grew up in America.

January 26th 1867 he married my mother Janet Gourley. She was the daughter of Paul Gourley and Margaret Glass who came to America from Scotland. They too had joined the church in the old country when mother was a little girl. Her family immigrated to this country and came to Utah with the early pioneers and endured many hardships.

My parents were married at Goshen, Utah by Bishop William Price. They lived in Goshen many years and to them were born ten children. Powel George, Janet, Margaret Ellison, John, Robert, Dorothea Christine, Mary Nicholas, David Mads, Francella Cathrine, and Gilbert.

My parents were ambitious thrifty people and as time went on they enjoyed a comfortable home and had an abundance of the things of the earth. They were happy and satisfied in the town of Goshen and lived on the same lot for forty years. When their children were all reared and mostly married they went to Raymond, Alberta, Canada where several of their family had gone to make homes.

My father died in Raymond on July 22nd 1921. At this writing my mother is still living and is 86 years old.

Fate decreed that I should be the third child. I was born at Goshen, Utah Sunday April 27th 1873 and they named me Margaret Ellison. I have many early childhood memories. One was the death of my baby brother Robert who was only sick a few days and died at the age of one year.

My grandfather Poulson lived with us, he talked a broken Danish and would entertain us children telling stories of his childhood in the old country. We loved him so much. My father's brother Sem also lived with us. I seemed to be a favorite with him. He gave me many nickels and dimes each time he would make a hole in the money and I wore it on a silk cord around my neck. I was only three years old when he gave me the first. One day I had the misfortune to break the string

and some of my money was lost.

The funeral services of Brigham Young is very vivid in my memory. My parents went to Salt Lake City to attend the funeral and took my brother George and sister "Nettie". I felt very badly to stay at home with my grandfather. Although I loved him, still I wanted to go with my mother.

When five years old I was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism and for six months I was a real sufferer. Once or twice a year for three years I had this trouble repeated until I was a frail little girl. So I was past eight years old before I could go to school.

My first teacher was Rachel Edwards. She soon discovered that I did not know my A.B.C.s so she sent me home to learn them. My mother was too busy to pay much attention to me and she let me go down to my grandfather Gourley for a lesson every day. He was a carpenter and I would sit up on his bench while he taught me my A.B.C.s from a board he had painted the letters on. It didn't take me long and I was soon back to school a happy little girl for it was a great privilege. Mother would always tell us to do our best for she never had the chance to go to school a day in her life. Because she had to work and earn her living when she was a little girl---even until she was married.

I guess I will relate a sad experience I had when I was ten years old. My brother George the oldest of our family had worked very hard---saved his money and bought twelve head of sheep with the hope of having a real herd someday. While they were at work on the farm it was my job to take these sheep from the pen and drive them to a ditch for water each day at noon. One day while the sheep were drinking I crossed the fence to play with my little girl friend Eliza Dodds. So I forgot to put the sheep back in the pen and they got into a lucern patch (which was a dangerous place for sheep). The result was they had eaten too much---eight of them were floundered and died very soon. I cried all the rest of the day and it was a sad story to tell my brother when he came from work. He felt very badly but was a tender hearted good boy---he didn't scold or try to hurt me any worse for my punishment had been hard enough. I think I learned a lesson that day which followed me through life to never neglect the task at hand.

My parents were thrifty and industrious, kind and liberal with their children but we had our work to do and it must be done well.

At a very early age I learned to make bread. I would keep the yeast fresh and foaming and I would be offended if any one took the job off my hand. I worked very hard for it required considerable strength to nead a pan of dough. When it was all done and the nice brown loaves tipped out on the table my mother and sisters gave me plenty of praise. As I look back I think they did it just to keep me making bread.

My school days were spent in a public school. After finishing the eight grade I worked in Price Brothers store. I wanted to continue my education and we had no high school in Goshen. When I was eighteen I went to Provo and entered the B.Y. Academy (now the B.Y. University). I attended this school for three years. It was a wonderful opportunity and I appreciated every day. Karl G. Maeser was in charge of the school when I first went.

I thoroughly enjoyed the association of the boys and girls that I met there from Utah, Idaho and Arizona--etc. We were taught to live clean moral lives and live our religion. It was while attending this school that I met George Thomas Wride. He was from Payson Utah a son of Barry Wride and Hannah Selman Wride. We seemed to like each other from the beginning. He was an ambitious young man and made rapid progress in school---began teaching very early for he had graduated from Normal Training School at the age of eighteen, and taught the same year. This same year I taught school in Montpelier Idaho.

In the summer 1895 he was called on a mission to the Southern States. Previous to that he had planned to go East and study medicine. But decided to accept the call of the church---this was rather sudden but we thot it right to accept a call to preach the gospel. So our plans were changed. This may seem a little unusual by we were in love and decided to by married before he left for his mission. On August 28th 1895 we went to Salt Lake City and were married in the the temple by John R. Winder. After returning home we were given a warm welcome and a fine wedding reception by his people and friends in Payson. In a few days we went to Goshen and my people gave us another big reception. We received many beautiful and valuable presents which were carefully packed and stored away until after his mission was over. About a month later we left for Beaver City Utah where I contracted to teach school.

After getting me well located he went back to Salt Lake and left immediately for his field of labor with headquarters in Chattanooga Tennessee, but he labored most of the time in Alabama and Georgia. During my husband's absence of three years I taught school most of the time---one year in Beaver and one year in my home town.

It surely seemed a long time to wait for his return but I was happy in making the sacrifice and to make my joy more full I became the mother of a dear little baby boy born June 13th 1896. I truly thought God was good to me and I was well cared for. We called our baby Clinton Thomas and he was over two years old when his father returned in July 1898. After a few weeks we took up our first house keeping in Benjamin Utah where George T. again entered the teaching profession and was principal of their school. The next year he secured a school at Payson and we built us a four room brick house on a corner lot he previously owned. It was on a hill in the South East part of town (Payson).

We were very happy and anxious to occupy our new home so we went to live in it before it was finished. I had the joy of watching it grow day by day.

After it was finished and quite well furnished a little baby girl Janet came to us on May 29th 1900. And you can imagine we were very happy with our two lovely children and new house.

We planted an orchard on our lot mostly cherries and peaches. We had five acres of ground in this place and it seemed a little world all our own.

When Janet was three years old, there was quite a rush of our Mormon people went to Southern Alberta Canada under direction of Apostles John W. Taylor and Mathias Cowley. My brother John and sister Nettie had already moved there with their families and sent back very flattering reports of the fertile prairies of Alberta. We were young and full of ambition and venture. So we decided to sell our home and go the the North land. George T. didn't know a great deal about farming but we decided to go and take our chances with the rest of the pioneers. So in the spring of 1903 we sold our home in Payson Utah and moved to Raymond Alberta Canada. Before going we had my brother buy us a lot and build us a one room frame house which was our home for the first year. It was some different to our lovely little home we left in Utah, but there was no regrets for we were enthusiastic over the possibilities of this new land.

We immediately secured eighty acres of land on the "Bute" north of the town of Raymond which at that time consisted of twelve or fifteen small houses about the size of our own with a cellar or dugout which came in very handy. No time was wasted in preparing the land and planting. Soon wheat began to grow and things looked very favorable for plenty. I must mention that in leaving Utah we chartered a railroad car, which every one did in order to get necessities up there.

We took with us a good team of horses, cow, pigs, chickens, wagons and other implements also household furniture and 200 quarts of fruit, potatoes, etc. This made it rather easy getting started. The prairies were beautiful, the soil rich---this was all good advertising and hundreds of families came in that same year and continued to come until several good sized towns were built.

In May of this same year we had a very heavy cold ever after known as the "May Blizzard". People were poorly prepared for housing and caring for their animals some suffered heavy losses. This was our first introduction to a Canadian blizzard although we had many---this first one seemed to be remembered most. The snow came so fast and the wind blew so hard it piled up drifts of snow six and seven feet high but the "Chinook winds" soon came and took it away. The moisture went into the ground, the crops grew rapidly and this seemed the best place in the world to get a start in life.

September 13th 1903 our little daughter Lois Alberta was born in our one roomed house but after the grain was harvested and sold we added two more rooms to our house now we were quite comfortable.

A fine flour mill and Sugar Factory had been built in Raymond and every one had a successful start. The province of Alberta is mostly prairie land and it was a very beautiful sight to see fields of waving grain as far as the eye could see. Many big cattle ranches were in this country so all together it was a big success for a number of years.

Now back to my own history. We were working and planning all the time and very happy with our three children. On July 5th 1905 another precious baby was born named Barry for grandfather Wride who had come from Utah to spend the summer with us that year.

Our next boy Dal Anthon was born on the 17th day of November 1907. Each child brought more joy into our lives. Barry contracted the measles which developed into pneumonia and he died on the fourth of December 1908. This was the first real sorrow we had ever known.

During these years we were increasing our farming operations and had built us a good home on the lot where our first little one room house stood. My father, mother and all their children with the exception of my eldest brother George had moved to Canada and I have happy memories of our reunions and family dinners.

We had a sweet little baby girl born Oct 23rd 1909 and we called her Hannah Maureen. When she was just a few months old we secured a section of land (640 acres) near Warner about twenty five miles south east of Raymond. Our oldest son Clinton was getting to be quite a young man now so he and his father were there most of the time. I wanted to be with them so after much persuasion my husband partly consented for me and the children to go although he was very reluctant. This was much life to me for I love the great out of doors. We stayed on this farm nearly two years and it gave us more thrills and lasting memories than anything in our lives. We witnessed big cattle "round ups" which were very exciting, "prairie fires" that rolled over the dry grass like ocean waves. Once a porcupine got in the house, and most any night we slept to the music of the coyotes howl. One winter we were practically snowed ins for two months, but we had plenty of food and coal so it didn't do us any harm.

I think I will tell how we spent Christmas of 1910. We had a comfortable farm house and sometimes sit was just a little lonesome. Our closest neighbors were 3-1/2 miles and the nearest town Warner 7 miles. We were prepared for a nice Christmas dinner---turkey and all that goes with it. The weather was extremely cold---30 below zero. At times the wind is terrible in

Canada. Well, it began to blow very early on Christmas morning and blew the metal top off the chimney and it sent the smoke back into the house so the fire wouldn't burn. There was my dinner all ready to cook and the stove was getting colder every minute. There was no way to fix it until my husband could go to Warner for a new top. The weather was so severe it was quite impossible besides being Sunday all places of business were closed. Well there was nothing to do but get back into bed, which we did and spent Christmas day under the covers. Next morning the sun was shining bright and the wind had ceased to blow. They hastened to town and about ten o'clock came back, fixed the chimney and warmed up the house. Then the children and I got up thawed out our Christmas dinner (for it was frozen solid) and made ready for a feed but after it was all cooked and we were warm and fed our troubles were over; and it was a lot of fun to tell about.

This was a beautiful place in the summer with rolling hills, a spring of clear cold water. Wild berries were plentiful on the coulee and flowers of all kinds. Each Sunday we got out family all cleaned up dressed in their best and held Sunday School just in the house. The children all took part in the lesson and stories.

We sold the place for \$15,000 in cash and moved back to our home in Raymond. Our youngest child George Marden was born February 8th 1912 in Raymond. We now had six living children, three boys and three girls.

The terrible World War broke out in 1914 which caused great alarm. Many of our boys and men were taken, hardly enough left to do the work. Some of the women and girls had to help on the farm. The busy mothers were nearly all members of the "Red Cross Society" and gave hours of their time each day making clothes and knitting for the boys at the front. Many of our soldiers were killed and injured. It was a happy day when the "Armistice" was signed and the war was over.

In the spring of 1917 we sold our property in Raymond and moved to Lethbridge where we bought a good home at 1231 - 3 Avenue A, but we did not remain here long for Lois was very delicate and had heart trouble. Dr. Campbell advised us to leave the North and take her to a milder climate. So in September of 1919 we bought a new "Dodge" car and made the trip to Los Angeles California by automobile. We stayed all winter and liked it very much. We lived at 1227 N. Normandy Hollywood. Lois' health seemed much improved. We decided to return to Canada sell our property and come to Los Angeles to live. We know we would have to sacrifice a great deal in a financial way for our property, home, live stock and farm implements were worth considerable money.

In the early spring of 1920 we made the return trip to Canada. When we reached Utah we

encountered snow and bad roads so we left our car at Payson and took the train back to Canada reaching home April 10th in a snow storm. My father died this same summer July 22 and I was thankful to be back home for his funeral.

It was sometime before we could move to Los Angeles for Lois was taken sick and confined to her bed all the next winter. My people all thought we were foolish to give up everything and come so far but the health of our lovely daughter meant more than financial success and we came to make our home in this Southern clime; but her weakened heart and body did not respond to health again and she died December 27th 1921. This was a sad time. We felt her loss very keenly.

Another misfortune soon overtook us in the sudden death of our son Dal Anthon. He passed away February 26th 1923. The flu was the cause of his death. For a long time we were very depressed and heart broken over the loss of our two grown up children. Yet in our faith we have hope of eternal union with our family and we felt to acknowledge the will of the Lord.

The California Mission was the center of church activities here. The chapel on Adams Street our place of worship. The Latter-day Saint population was growing very rapidly in and around Los Angeles. A Stake of Zion was established and my husband was chosen Bishop of "Matthews Ward". There were a lot of our people in this part of the city and the chapel on Florence Avenue was built immediately where a splendid ward soon developed. I was chosen president of the Relief Society in Matthews Ward and I was happy to fill this office as best I could. After two and a half years we were released from our duties here and moved to 142 West 25th to take charge of two large homes the church had bought. We were again members of the Adams ward. My husband was chosen Patriarch of the Los Angeles Stake. I continued my Relief Society work and was the Theology class leader for three years. Then I was called to be a member of the Relief Society Stake Board having charge of the Theology work. I enjoyed this very much and found many wonderful women to work with.

The summer of 1929 I with my husband and son George M. made a trip back to Canada by automobile leaving here July 5th. We went up the coast and stayed a month in Portland Oregon visiting our son Clinton and family who live there. Then we went on to Raymond Canada through "Kings Gate". It was a beautiful trip and the scenery magnificent. We spent the rest of the Summer in Raymond with friends and relatives. I found my mother in good health and we did enjoy being together for a while. It was a treat to go back to the prairies and familiar places again---it seemed home. George M. worked on the farm and had a chance to know what real life meant to the farmer in harvest time---pitching bundles shocking grain, etc.

We left for home the latter part of September came by way of Couatts through Montana and

Yellowstone Park reaching Salt Lake City in time for October Conference. We traveled five thousand miles on this trip.

In the spring after our return home George M. was called on a mission to the Central States. He left home April 3rd 1930 and was assigned to labor in Texas. This was something we had looked forward to for many years to have one of our sons fill a mission. We worked untiring for the next two years to provide him with the means and it made us very happy each month to know we were so abundantly blessed of the Lord with plenty. He was faithful to the cause, filled a good mission and came home with an honorable release.