

REDD FAMILY HERITAGE - 1996

Preston Lyman Redd
By Earl W. Redd - 1996

HIS EARLY YEARS

My father, Preston Lyman Redd, was born in New Harmony, Utah on April 12, 1899, the tenth of fourteen children of William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner. His family and friends always called him "Lyman" and I think that many people did not even know that his given name was "Preston". New Harmony is still a small town in Southern Utah where the Redd Family lived for many years. Early in the 1900s Grandpa William A. Redd moved his family to Southern Alberta, Canada where Dad met and courted Jeanette Wride, whose family also migrated to Canada at about the same time. Mom was born in Payson, Utah.

Grandpa and Grandma Redd had fourteen children, but only 10 of them grew to adulthood. Their oldest, William was born in 1885, followed by Elda Grace in 1886, and then followed by triplets Myrtle, Verena, and Belle in 1890. Between May 15 and July 29, 1890 Elda Grace and the triplets died, leaving little 5-year old William as their only child. The triplets and Elda Grace are buried in the little cemetery in New Harmony.

The other children are Lura, Fern (Laycock), Jessie (Ursenbach), Paul, Preston Lyman, Vilo, Pauline (Burt), Mary (Snyder), and Kay.

Grandpa Redd was the Bishop in New Harmony for about 18 years. He had heard of the opportunities for farmland and a good future in Alberta, Canada, and after he had served about 12 of those years as Bishop, he told the Stake President that he would like to be released so he could emigrate to Canada. He must have been serving well, because it was after another 6 or so years that he was released as Bishop and soon moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada.

Mom wrote that "Raymond got it's name in the following way. There was a man in the early days of the church who was sent out by the church leaders to establish sugar factories in the communities and to develop the sugar beet industry. His name was Jesse Knight and he had a son whose name was Raymond. When it came time to give a name to the community that Brother Knight was influential in establishing, he named it Raymond".

I never was acquainted with my paternal grandparents, William Alexander Redd and Mary Verena Bryner since Grandpa Redd died when my Dad was a youngster in Canada, and Grandma Redd died when I was very young. My grandparents were mentioned and talked about often in

our home, and I felt like I knew them and they seemed to be part of me.

HIS JEANETTE

My mother, Jeanette Wride Redd, wrote the following in some things she contributed to our Family Heritage Book in 1988.

"The Redd Family moved to Raymond in 1905. They came from New Harmony in Southern Utah. As time went on I became acquainted with Preston Lyman Redd and I thought that he was the most wonderful young man who ever lived. He joined the Royal Air Force in World War I. Canada was in a terrible conflict. I was broken-hearted when he left. I taught school in Raymond while he was gone. I came with my family to California and entered the University of California, which later was named UCLA. After the war, Lyman went on a mission to the Eastern States Mission. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1922 and moved to Los Angeles".

Mom and Dad both became naturalized Canadian citizens automatically upon the citizenship being received by their parents. Dad served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force (now the Royal Canadian Air Force) near the end of World War I. After Dad and Mom were married in the Salt Lake Temple, they moved to Los Angeles, California where all four of their children were born.

These four children are Preston George Redd (married to Clara Lou Bird), Harold Keith Redd (married to Betty Lee Starkey), Arlene Redd Brown (married to Hugh Lynn Brown), and Earl William Redd (married to Rose Marie Robinson).

Dad would always keep Mom aware of where he was going, what he was doing, and when he would return which she liked a lot. He never just left to go to out without her knowing the particulars. Once, when still newlyweds, he was asked to work overtime at the telephone company and, not being able get in touch with her by telephone, sent a telegram---the kind delivered by a young man probably on a bike---telling her that he would be late. That was a good example to me and I think there would be a lot more happy spouses if that was practiced more.

HIS WORK

Dad worked at the Pacific Telephone Company all of the time they lived in Los Angeles except for a short time when he worked for a Ford agency when work was scarce during the Great Depression. A story I heard often was about that job at the automobile agency. He said he

would come home at night after working on the grease rack just covered with grease and grime and Mom would never complain because he seemed so happy with his work. One day he came home and announced that he had quit the Ford job. She was overjoyed and so happy that she hugged and kissed him so much that he went back the next day and really quit!! He worked in the telephone company central offices where the telephone relay equipment is installed and maintained. At the time of his death, he was the "Wire Chief"---in charge of the office on Olive Street where he died. He had been assigned to various other offices during his career, but had returned to the downtown facility several years before he died.

Dad died on October 31, 1958 while at work at The Pacific Telephone Company at 716 S. Olive Street in Los Angeles, California. He passed away during the lunch a hour after having played several games of chess with a friend. Chess was a game he thoroughly enjoyed. He was a great competitor and when I asked how many of the games of chess played that day were won by him I was told that he was the winner of 2 of the 3 games played that day.

HIS CHURCH SERVICE

Dad was a people person---and people liked him. He was well-known in the Mormon community in Southern California and even now I am asked if I am related to Lyman Redd. I'm always proud to say that I am his son. Dad served many years in the Mutual Improvement Association during the early days of the Church in Southern California when wards and branches were spread far and thin in the area and he traveled a lot in his assignments, starting with the MIA calling and later, as the church grew the wards and stakes became more plentiful and closer to home. Mom and Dad were some of the early members of the Adams Ward, the Wilshire Ward, and then the Arlington Ward. Many of the wards and branches that were formed later came from those early ones.

He served in many capacities in the ward and stake. He served as our Bishop in Arlington Ward, he was the Stake Mission President in Los Angeles Stake, in the YMMIA, in Scouting, as a Sunday School Teacher, and many other ways.

A note I wrote in 1984, many years after his death in 1958, reminded me of his interest and love for the people he served as Bishop of the Arlington Ward in the Los Angeles Stake. I was asked to conduct the funeral of a young woman named Mary Forden Johnson. The Forden Family lived in Arlington Ward when Dad was the Bishop and he had been a good friend of the family. Mary was a young girl in that family when we were in Arlington Ward and I remember her only vaguely. When I was Bishop in the La Mirada Ward our Ward Music Director invited Mary to sing in Sacrament Meeting. She heard me referred to as Bishop Redd and asked if I was related to her previous Bishop Redd. Mary was not active in church, but about 5 or 6 years after her

singing assignment she contacted me to conduct a funeral for her second husband who had taken his own life. I conducted that graveside service for her and her family and didn't hear from her from her again except to thank me for helping her. Mary Forden Johnson's sister Barbara called me and asked me to conduct a funeral for Mary who had died suddenly at the age of 42. I know that the good friend and Bishop that Dad had been had left a lasting memory in the minds of the members of that family.

HIS SERVICE IN SCOUTING

Dad was always active in church assignments, especially in organizations where youth were involved. He was an active Scouter on Troop as well as District levels, and was the recipient of the Silver Beaver Award, an award given to outstanding adult leaders in Scouting.

During his Scouting days, Dad went on most of the hikes and camp-outs with the troop. In fact, the meeting place for camping preparations was the Redd's backyard---on the badminton court.

All of his three sons received the Eagle Scout award. Arlene must have completed all of the requirements for Eagle---she only lacked the presentation of the award itself.

HIS HOME - AND OURS

Our home was a place where many young people congregated---to study, get help on school work, and enjoy the sports-oriented yard. Many evenings were spent playing badminton and ping-pong. Dad was the champion badminton player and Mom and Dad were the champs in doubles---as long as Mom would play her little corner and let Dad cover the rest of the court. Many of our family friends were badminton enthusiasts and we enjoyed this family activity together. Some of the competition was fierce and the Redds were usually at the top of the group. Arlene played some competition badminton in the Los Angeles area. Badminton was the sport of the time and many of our family social activities were centered around that outdoor court that Dad had built with the help of Harold, Preston, Arlene and others.

I was reminded again just a few days ago (September 1996) of how Dad and Mom and the Redd Family were remembered by some of the neighbors there on 4th Avenue in Los Angeles. Rose Marie and I were in Virginia, Maryland and Delaware visiting with some of her family and gathering Family History information on some of her lines, the Robinsons and the Cornwells who lived in that area. While in the library in the City of Warrenton, Virginia, I looked up the address of one of my old pals from the neighborhood where we lived as children. Elton Ellsworth (Buddy) Hankins III, was a career Navy man, having graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. I thought he might have retired in the area and, with the help

of the librarian and an on-line computer system, found his address and phone number. He lives near Cambridge, Maryland, in the area known as the Eastern-Shore---that part of Maryland on the east side of the Chesapeake Bay. We were invited for dinner and stayed the night with them at their place just a few feet from the bay. They were very appreciative that we made the effort to get in touch with them, but best of all Bud told me of his fond memories of our family and our home that was the center of neighborhood and church activities. Buddy was in the ward scout troop.

Dad was always interested in all of us children and we spent a lot of time together as a family camping, playing, working, Scouting, and church activities.