(Found at pg 136/852 of the website at http://goo.gl/2lCMj7)
History of Laurel D. Redd September 8 1952 For more than ten years I've had the urge to write my life history. Tonight I'm going to try to make a start. I was born October 3, 1915 — the night my oldest brother broke his leg. My brother never recovered. I was born in Jefferson county, Idaho — On the Mud Lake. At the time the lake was called Crystal lake. My sister just older than I was born there and was named Crystal after the lake. I'm glad they didn't continue to name us after lakes. My name has been too near "mud" to often anyway. My folks moved to Ephraim after the death of my brother and after some transaction that held up the water rights until they lost theirs, and stayed in Ephraim through the winter. My brother Harold was born there in April. From Ephraim they moved to the Uintah Basin where my memory starts. We lived in Altonah. I remember boys on horses chasing us into the entrance of the school. We were scared to death the horses would step on us. We lived on a ranch in Altonah and in town. I remember when Eva was a baby. Mother froze her feet at that time. The house was a big room--not much else. I have vague memories of us leaving Altonah and driving cattle to Randalett, Utah. We camped near the hills by Myton on the way to Randalett. When nearly six I started school in Randalett, Utah. My teacher, Miss Tucker taught us until Christmas. She gave us all a kiss when she left. Mrs Rice taught us the rest of that year--from Christmas on and the next year. We rode to school horseback. The river was between our house and town and school. We had to get across it. Sometimes our folks took us across the river and we walked the rest of the way. They would come for us at night. Often the moon was shining brightly by the time we had our ride back across the river. In the spring when the river was breaking up it was frightening to see those huge chunks of ice floating down the river towards our horse. My second year of school we walked from four or five miles from P.A. Brigham's place. Indian stories and real live Indians used to frighten me very much. In Altonah I remember hiding behind mother's skirts when the Indians came around. In Randalett, Dad used to give Indians rides with us in our buggy as we drove to town--or home. Papa picked up one old squaw when coming from church. She would use her cane on us when we got to close to her while sitting in the bottom of the buggy. We would get close to the edge and hang on there. She was a hateful old squaw. Brigham's house was quite a memory. Dad said not to kill the snakes because more would come if we did. Our house was a little 2 roomed log cabin lined with paper. The paper had holes in the ceiling and hung loose there. The snakes got really bad. We'd wake up in the night to hear them rattling the paper as they crawled over our heads. They would stick their heads through the holes and stick their tongues out at us. When mother was away we wouldn't stay in the house if we could get out of it. One Saturday Alta was making bread. She put her pan on a chair to mix the dough. Mother was Visiting Teaching. The snakes were sticking their tongues out at us so we took the chair, bread, and all out in the yard and finished the job. One day I went to my drawer to get some clothes and there was a huge snake curled up in it---I didn't learn to like snakes. On one of our excursions over the country side after pretty rocks I run a rabbit bush thorn in my bare foot. It was a huge thing--about the size of my thumb. I was a coward so I would not let anyone work too hard on getting it out. It stayed there until it festered then one night mother poulticed it with bread and milk and the next morning the operation was to be preformed. I was so frightened I cried myself nearly sick before Dad took his razor and cut it. I turned my face and waited for the pain that never came. We lived in about four houses in Randalett. One was an old

laundry building. It had one huge room and an upstairs. While we were living here June put his hand into some hot candy mother had just made. It was burned quite badly. The weather was cold so we walked him out side for hours to help relieve some of the pain. We used to go to Roosevelt by buggy to conference. We got up early and rode for a couple of hours. Those were interesting times-riding with the our parents and seeing the country. On one trip there the store man let me ride a tricycle around the store. It was a thrill of a life time. We moved to the Joe Jensen place at Roosevelt. When we moved there I was in the third grade. Mrs. Effie Jacobs was my teacher. We had a little house beside the big house. We girls slept in the little house. One day while putting wood in our stove mother called to go chase the pigs. I ran and left the lid off the stove. When I got back there was a bucket brigade putting the fire out on our little house. I was very frightened of wild animals--things I imagined I could see in the rocks on the hills in the many shadows and shapes of rocks. They would be so real to me that they even made noises. We moved from Joe Jensen's house to a house on the west of Roosevelt-- Colletts house. It was wonderful. It had four rooms in it. I had never lived in such a big house. I remember especially the huge yellow rose bushes. They were really gorgeous. That year at Christmas time we were really thrilled. We were going to have our first Christmas tree. My youngest brother, June, caught pneumonia and died on the 22 of December. We buried him on Christmas Eve. We never put the Christmas tree up. Joy was born in the Collette house on my oldest brother's birthdayHorace, the one who passed away right after my birth. We moved from Collette's house to DeFreeze's. There I was old enough to do my share of tending babies and other things connected with babies--No paper diapers in those days. You didn't just throw the dirty diaper away. While Joy was still a baby we built our house on our own 20 acres of land down between the rocky hills. I helped at home tending the little kids during the morning then I went to the building site and sanded molds for the adobes in the afternoons. We made l8000 adobes in 3 weeks. One of our horses pulled the pug mill to mix the sand, water, and clay. We had good sand and clay right there but had to haul water from the well. We enjoyed it because it was to be our own first real home. Dad, Jack and George were working on a farm. Roy was only 18 and had had no experience but he did it along with the help of the rest of the family. We had poured the foundation and when the bricks were dry we loaded them on a wagon. One of our horses had died so mother held up one side of the single tree while the horse pulled the load to the foundation. We mixed and carried the mud while Roy laid the adobes. When the walls were up we had quite an experience. Roy needed help to get the first rafters in place. Mother climbed up on the wall to help him. She got hold of the loose end of the rafter and froze there. She went blue in the face. We stood below and watched and prayed. Roy some way managed to get her free from the rafter and off the wall. While building the house Joy had convulsions or something. She had no more after an administration by the priesthood. That morning Alta and I were at home. I went to pick the baby up when she started to stir. She looked terrible. We ran for mother and for a neighbor for help. She had about 3 convulsion before we got the priesthood. We moved into our house on the 24 of November. Nov. 25 was Thanksgiving Day and Mother's birthday. It was really an exciting time. The house was not ready but birthdays don't wait. Dad was home on Nov. 25. Dad and Roy laid the kitchen floor enough to put up the stove then we started to cook the Thanksgiving dinner while they finished that floor. They also got another bedroom floor down before the day was done. We put paste board and quilts up at the open

windows. Two of the outside doors were hung. Because of the lateness of the year it was cold. The next day Roy built in the gable ends of the house with adobes. We had no ceilings--Just the joist. The inside walls were just the red adobes. We were in our home about two years before we got it plastered. We laid the floor boards on top of the rough lumber floors after we had been in the house about eight years. We also hung inside doors about that time. Our home was wonderful all the time because it was big enough to turn around in. We struggled to make an orchard and lawn grow. Mother did have beautiful flowers and her gardens were good. I can taste the watermelons and tomatoes now. She sold tomatoes for 75 cents a bushel and had more orders than she could fill, even though others sold their tomatoes for 50 cents a bushel. They said they got more out of mothers tomatoes than others and they were so easy to do because they were so big and nice. We hauled water in barrels for the use of the house and drinking water. The well was about a half mile away. Sometimes we had a horse to pull the water cart. Sometimes we didn't. Then we kids and mother pulled the cart through the sand to the house. It was hard - mostly just through the sandy part of our place. About three years passed. Crystal and I heard mother longing to have the corral moved from the front part of the house to the back on a hill so we decided to do it for her. We really labored. Most of the post holes we dug were more than half through sand rock. With a crowbar and a pick we labored away until we'd get the holes 2 feet deep--some only 18 inches. We moved the correl and shed up there for mother. The shed poles were really heavy to raise up in place. We did it. I don't know how now. The cedars were about five miles away. As the years went by all the older boys left home and it fell our lot to haul the wood for winter, milk the cows and tend them. We would go to the cedars with a team and wagon. We would hunt for the tops of trees after men had been there cutting posts. We hauled a jag of tops each day until we had hauled l0 loads. It was a tedious days work for l2 and l3 year old girls. We burned nothing but wood so Dad would haul in the winter and when we ran out. I think we only hauled one year's supply then an odd load when it was needed and Dad couldn't get away to do it. When our brothers went away to work it left the chores on us. We had a mean cow. She may not have been as mean as we were scared. We'd tie her head to the pole then one foot out one way and the other back foot out the other way then we could sit down and milk. The cow would bellor and stick out her tongue and always try to bunt us. I've herded pigs, chickens, horses, and cows, but the worst of the lot was turkeys. A man in town bought from people bunches of turkeys from all over then hired us for $5.00 a month to tend them. We arose at day light and ran all day. The bunches stayed together in their own bunch and traveled in different direction. As soon as we got one bunch herded back another would be gone. They didn't stop until it would start to get dark then they would go to roost. Oh, by the way, the man who hired us to herd turkeys was Lorraine Day, the movie star's, father--Mr. Johnson. We learned to swim in our irrigation ditch. We spent as much time as we could in the water. I'll never forgot the shock the first day I really realized I was traveling and not touching the ground. I guess my swimming today amounts to the same dog paddling. One year the town poisoned the prairie dogs. Now to keep those prairie dogs buried right and tomb stones erected took even more than our spare time from herding cows. Neither mother nor the people whose gardens were ruined appreciated our burial efforts when the cows would stray. Crystal and I used to be real contractors. We counted 30 play houses we had labored to build. One especially was nice at the bottom of a hill. We built our out house up on top of the hill and

could survey the country as we used it. We used a nail barrel for this purpose. One house had rooms on different levels of sand rock. Sometimes we would get a real start when getting rocks to outline our rooms. Often we found scorpions under the rocks we lifted. One day I was lying on my stomach when I got up and found I had been lying on a scorpion. It took me a week to believe I was going to live--I was so frightened. When I was in the sixth grade I was in a mixed room- grade five and six. There I made friends with Vonda Griffin. From then on until the last year of High School we were almost inseparable. Our principle said one day in our Civic class: "you play together and eat together and I wouldn't be surprised if you sleep together". We felt that we should have told him that Vonda was staying at my house for the winter but we didn't. I spent many hours at Vonda's. Her folks did not go to church. They used rough language. Mother worried about me picking up their habits but with the help of the Lord I got over the hump. I remember the night they were having a party. They were smoking and I wanted to try a cigarette. I said to myself "Now is the time. I either smoke like they do or I say "no" and mean it. I said "no" and never had the desire after that. Vonda got rather bad but finally married a good man and is a good woman now. Her older sister has never got her feet on the ground. One summer I spent on the mountains in Colorado with Griffins. They were running sheep. Another summer I spent at Neola in a sheep wagon with Vonda. We tended 20 head of cows. That was a glorious summer. We milked the cows and separated the milk. We swam in the creek at l0 a.m. and at 2 p.m. and then after the chores were done at 8 at night up until l0. We especially loved the moonlight nights to swim in. Our hair got bleached in the sun and water. We learned to dive; we rode horses; we discovered new places. We got as close to the Indian Sun dance as we dared. We had our little sisters, Joy Hill and Lois Griffin with us for a week. Poor little Joy got so homesick. Mother said she never was the same after that. I worked for Nefton Peterson, Vonda's big sister, in Neola the summer I was 14. For pay I got one new dress. My high School days were full of basketball--after the first year. One year I went to represent the school at the invitational track meet in Provo. I was on the dash and relay team. The teacher asked me to run in the hurdles. I did and got third place. I never did the dash because the track meet was called off because of snow before we really got going. Crystal and I did the janitor work at the Seminary when we went to High School. They paid us $6.00 a month. We felt fortunate to be able to pay for our school rings and pins and get a new dress for graduation. I discovered how much school meant to me when we were not able to go for the first month of my 9th grade. It cost $15.00 for tuition. Roy sent us the money for tuition after school had been going for a month. I spent many hours in speech work. I liked it next to Geometry and Phys. Ed. The day school was over and I was to graduate that night it seemed the bottom of my world fell out. No more school. I really felt tough about it. For years I had prayed that I could go to college and on a mission. It seemed foolish because Mom and Dad couldn't even pay High School tuition. I was pretty low when I went to bed. The next morning I knew what to do. I had never thought of going away to work, but I dreamed I went to S.L.C. and worked. I knew I could get to school after that. I received a scholarship to the University of Utah. I went there and met the Dean of Women, Miss Van Cott. One day she was very upset. It was too late to get her hair done and she had this important meeting. I said I could wave her hair for her. She was skeptical but no choice. She was so thrilled with her hair. She decided then and there that I was to go to Beauty school instead of the U. Monday morning she drug me off to the Excellsus Beauty school. My brothers

happened to come to visit me. I packed my suit case and left with them for Provo where I would pick fruit for them. They were peddling fruit at that time. I picked fruit most of the summer. Lived with my cousin Alice and her family. Trucks ate up more than they made so I never saw money for picking fruit at that time. In the fall the boys, my 3 brothers and 3 double cousins decided they would be "Hill Brothers Coal Co". They rented a mine and started to haul coal. At that time they looked up a house to live in. When they left Alice's, she was unhappy about it. I became their chief cook and underwear washer---and I mean washer. Their overalls wouldn't bend--neither would I before they purchased a second hand washer. We moved into Pa Ferguson's basement and stayed there for ten months. They took in 3 BYU students who needed a place to stay. They worked hard at their coal business but didn't get too far. The next summer we moved to town - 125 East Center. I had stayed away from school a year but still had the wish to go. I mentioned this one day so they gave me $l3.00 to see if I could register with that. I did. The school gave me a note for the rest of my tuition---and because I had a note they gave me a job to work it off. From that time on I worked out all my tuition. I worked cleaning rest rooms. That was hard because I had to be at the school at 4 a.m. and often at night I was tending babies until 1 a.m. I'd be almost too tired to stay awake in classes. I got a job during one summer in the press and never went back to the janitor work. I helped in the library for a year or so. I typed diaries and indexed them. I also made a table of contents for the diaries and for the news papers the University had that were published at the time of Joseph Smith's assassination. Some of the diaries I worked on were Hosea Stout and Bushman's. I did three of Hosea Stouts and two of Bushman's. After a year at 125 East Center we bought the corner on 12th north and bought old rail road ties and started to build cabins. When we had the walls half up we moved into one cabin. I canned peaches in the open air that year. They didn't break either. That fall I got a job in the cannery pealing tomatoes. We were to stay on till frost came. That's as long as the cannery run. We got a bonus for staying through. I got worried by the time I was two weeks late for university.--Still no signs of frost so I decided to try to get canned. I worked hard at it. One day I walked out in the middle of the morning. The next day I got my walking papers. It was hard to think of giving up the bonus but good to get back to school. When I went for my check I asked if I'd get a bonus. They said "You'd still be here if you hadn't got laid off, wouldn't you?" I said "yes". So I got my bonus. I was able to buy linoleum for the cabin. It made it so pleasant. In 1935 we spent new years in Los Angeles; visited Tiawana; saw the ocean for the first time--I should say heard the ocean because that's what gave me the thrill; visited Boulder dam; ate ripe, uncured olives and came back and got right into the harness again. In the fall of l936 I told the girls at work that I was going on a mission. They got excited and asked "where to". I said I don't know. I haven't been called but I am going." When I went home that day I told the boys what had happened at work. They realized for the first time that I wanted to go. Inside of a month we went to Roosevelt where I still belonged to first ward. In a very short time I had my call to the Canadian Mission. I went home for Christmas and got papers ready to leave on the 1st of February. When I had my physical examination they told me to have my tonsils out before going, so I made an appointment. I woke up the morning they were to come out with a terribly sore throat. I decided not to say anything and get rid of them anyway. When I opened my mouth on the operating table the Doctor said: "You have quinsy --go on home and come back when you're well". I went home feeling pretty low. It was the middle of

January. I had to write to the president of the church and tell him my condition. They then called me to come to the mission home on the 1st of March. In about two weeks I was able to have my tonsils out. They gave me a local. I watched the operation in the Doctor' glasses. I got up and walked the mile home. There was no one at home so I made a fire. After a few days my throat started to bleed. The night it started to bleed I was really frightened. I thought I'd had it.--I didn't believe they could put a tourniquet around my neck. They didn't. It just stopped as it had started. I got to the mission home on March lst. My throat bled now and then until I was ready to leave for Canada. However before I got to the mission home I broke out with Rheumatic fever spots all over my legs. The Doctor gave me aspirins for this problem. We loved the mission school. Pres. Heber J. Grant played the piano and sang for us. Myself and 3 Elders were called to the Canadian mission. There may have been a purpose in my illness--more than the devil interfering with my mission. One of the elders later became my husband. I left Utah with sort of a lump in my throat as all my family waved goodbye, but still I was very happy about it all. I think I slept all across the states--morning, afternoon and night until we got to Chicago. We took a sight seeing bus around Chicago. We went to Buffalo, New York where we stayed over night and saw the Niagara Falls. Then we went on to Toronto where Pres and Sister Able S. Rich were presiding. Sis Rich put me to bed for a couple of days to catch up on something. Elder Redd and I were assigned to Montreal to labor. Elder Gardener and Moser went on East. I labored in Montreal for ten months - in N.D.G. and Verdunne with five different girls. Had some wonderful times and some heart aches. Was transferred to the Windsor District where I really felt I tried and the Lord more than blessed me in my efforts. After 21 months my brothers arranged to come to Detroit for a new car and three new trucks about the time I should be released. I started driving the new car. I was only to drive out of Detroit to Elkheart where they would load it on a truck. We drove to Elkheart and they asked me if I thought I could stay awake all night. I climbed back in the seat and settled down. Tried to kill myself two or three times by going to sleep but managed to drive on through the night and until eleven p.m. the next night when they picked up a hitch hiker and thus had an extra driver. We were trying to get home for Christmas, besides drive through as much as we could at night. Just as we were coming into Denver the hitch hiker decided to hurry away ahead of us and steal the truck. Sherm drove the car pretty fast to catch him. We got in front of him and he stopped. Sherm ordered him out in the cold and snow and we drove on as we had started. But we stopped in Denver, got rooms spent the night and drove on the next day. We arrived home in the wee early hours of Dec. 26th--just in time to miss Christmas. It was wonderful to be home. I didn't recognize Joy--. She had grown into a young woman. I got right into school again. I had two quarters and a bit more to get my Normal, so I went to summer school as well. In the fall I accepted a job in Lynn, Utah, in a rural school. I had 17 students in grades 1 through 8--a real experience for a green teacher. The people were wonderful. They had immigrated from Sweedon. I had a good year--all I felt bad about was I didn't think I had done a good enough job teaching but I had that feeling lightened when the board gave achievement tests and they were at least a grade or two higher than where they should have been. It's good to teach smart kids. I taught school there for four years. After my first year I decided to go through the Cardston temple. I wanted to have a companion and a family so prayed about it as my patriarchal blessing said to do. I felt as though I heard the name "Elder Redd" when I got up from my knee. I had never thought that way of him. I knew from then

on that he was the one I would have happiness with. After the year ended we came to Canada--Eva, Elder Redd, Bill Nalder and myself. We had a good trip through Yellowstone and snow--Rexburg, Idaho-- staying at his Grandmother's home--becoming Elder Redd's sisters--Deflating Uncle Allie with our pretending to be his sisters--sprained ankle trying to act like a silhouette while jumping an irrigation ditch and just good fun--even went to Banff with Barbara and Phyllis. We visited the temple. I thought very much of elder Redd and I knew he did not return my feelings so I left Canada with a sad heart. I went on teaching in Lynn always with the longing to get one letter from Elder Redd. Simon Baker got to thinking quite a bit of me. I asked Sister Rich for advice about Simon. She said "marry him. You'll learn to love him." I finally wrote a letter to Phyllis, Elder Redd's sister, to find out if his heart was already taken. She wrote back and said "Yes". So I took the ring from Simon. I felt pretty terrible. I did not feel right about anything. That Christmas here came a letter that I had prayed for a year before from Smellie Redd. We corresponded from then until the war was over. He had volunteered in 1941 In 1941 I took my sisters and mother also Cora Lind and cousin Mary on a trip to see the interesting places of the church. (will copy the trip in another place). I graduated from the Brigham Young University with an AB Degree in Education in 1943. In the fall of 43 I went to Morgan Utah and taught in the fourth grade. I taught there until January l946 when one day on hall duty I received a telegram from Smellie Redd saying he'd be in Morgan the next morning. That knocked the wind right out of me. I wondered around in a daze the rest of the day. I tried to teach but my big effort that day was to try to keep my mind some place near the school. Smellie had arrived home from the war on the 1st of January, l946. I hadn't heard from him for quite a while until I got this telegram. He came. I still felt the same. I'm sure God blessed me so very much. I got a leave from school for a week and came back married. When Smellie came on the 18th of January we decided to marry but when?--June? or later or now? We were married January 28th, even before his recommend could come down from Canada. We phoned the church office and talked to David O. MacKay who was then a councilor in the 1st. Presidency. He asked us to come to the church office early Monday morning. We did. He talked with us, then as we stood there he put his arm around Smellie and said he had called his bishop and it was all right for us to go ahead. Apostle Harold B. Lee preformed the ceremony. My brother Jack and LaVetta Carter were married at the same time. Brother Lee's blessings are still with us. He said to come to the temple often. We have been blessed to live near a temple so have had that blessing often. After we were married we drove to Morgan and stayed a few days. Smellie had to be at his base in Canada in a week or so so we had to move right along. Aunt Lura loaned us her car for a week while we got married. We packed my things in Morgan then went to Provo and packed my things there and moved to Raymond. Went by train. We took a honeymoon to Calgary while Smellie got discharged from the army. In Raymond we fixed a two roomed apartment in Smellie's mother's upstairs. We lived there seven months. Smellie worked with Jerome Platt in a furniture store. They decided he should go to Calgary and learn the upholstery trade so we spent May and June in Calgary. We saw the "biggest, bestest, rodeo that ever wuz" that July 1st in Raymond. It was really funny. The announcer made every thing the "bestest" you ever heard. In September we went to Provo so Smellie could finish his degree. We arrived at mother's just a few days before she broke her back falling out of a pear tree. We moved into an apartment at 55 East 6th North. For some time we took turns sitting with Mother at the hospital.

We were so grateful to the Lord that mother was spared because she had been so low. Smellie worked part time at D.T.R. in Provo to help out our meager school money. He would earn as much as $90.00 or $100. a month besides going to school. Little JO JO finally arrived on January 18th 1947. We named her Hermie Joan after mother. I guess I really started to worry in ernest when Joan was born. She came from the hospital with impetigo. I was afraid she didn't get enough to eat - and she didn't - at first. We finally got her started to grow after six weeks - we added a bottle. That spring Smellie was offered a fellowship to an Eastern University. I pressed his going so in the fall he left Joan and I at home and went to Madison, Wis. to the Uni. I got a job teaching grade one and two in the Nebo district- Lake Shore- and Eva agreed to tend Joan for a dollar a day. We invested in a car and took a trip to New Harmony also to Canada before Smellie left. At Christmas Smellie decided that wasn't what he wanted out of life so he came home. I drove back and forth to school until he came home then we found a three roomed house near the school. Faun was teaching grades 3 & 4 in the same school so she stayed with us. Was glad to see the end of that year. I think it was the hardest year but also a very enjoyable year because it was so easy to see the progress those 1st graders made. I worried a bit about leaving Joan though I knew she would be all right. Smellie then tended Joan until the winter quarter was over. He decided to see if he could get a certificate to teach so went to school three days a week. We hired a woman to come in and tend Joan for two days a week until the spring quarter was over. Smellie then went to summer school. We used to drive up the canyons a good bit that summer for us to cool off and for him to study. In April Smellie got a phone call from Brother West asking him if he'd be willing to teach Seminary in Cardston. He said "Yes" so we arranged to move to Cardston. We built a trailer to haul our piano that I had bought in Morgan, also our fruit and vegetables. We left Utah with our goods about the 21st of July 1948 - came to the line and couldn't bring our stuff across - tried three ports of entry and finally left our trailer in Sweet Grass Montana and got permission to bring the car over. We hunted houses in Cardston then wrote Ottawa to get permission to bring our stuff across. We waited a month for permission. Smellie had to go to Seminary convention in S.L.C.. While away his nephew Hugh Jensen died and he rushed back to the funeral. My folks came and went through the temple. One morning we were taking Grandmother Redd with us to the temple. While trying to hurry we got on a soft shoulder and ran off the rode. Smellie drove and Grandmother and I prayed and the Lord did the rest. We came out of what could have been fatal with no scratches and very little damage to the car. When we received our answer from Ottawa we had to leave our car and trailer in the states, so we sold them and with the money made the down payment on our home here in Cardston, with the help of a loan from Grandmother. She had laid away some of the money Smellie had sent her while in the service. We moved into our home September 1st--the day school started. That Christmas time -1948 - our son William was born. He was a surprise and a thrill. I thought Joan would get a sister instead of a brother. We surely feel rich in the blessings of the Lord. Here in Cardston we have tried to attend the temple once a week. We have not always made it but we have surely felt the influence of it in our lives. We are so grateful for the gospel and it's blessings to us. In the spring of 1949 Cora Lind and family came to visit us. Also Faun and Roy and mother came to visit us. We went to Provo Utah that year with Aunt Fern Laycock. I had a trip to the hospital on May 18th that year. I didn't feel too good and was under the Dr's care for a while in Provo. It was a good summer. Smellie went to summer school

at the Y. When we came back to Canada Bp. Holland, Ken Wood and Freeda Schow came to ask me to be a councilor in the Relief Society. I worked a year and a half and enjoyed it very much. In July of 1950 our baby, Ellen was born. Smellie is one of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies. The Seventies have concessions at the stampede so Smellie was helping with that when Ellen arrived. While I was still at the hospital Pres. Brewerton asked Smellie to help with the first leadership week in Canada. He was really busy tending our two children, Joan and Will. The missionary convention was at Cardston and he had billeted two Elders and was the chief cook and bottle washer, and baby sitter. He was busy getting ready for the Leadership week and seeing that it was a success. We had Doctor and Sister Ray Farnesworth stay with us during leadership week, also their little five year old boy. As soon as that was over Smellie had to go back to S.L.C. to seminary convention. When he came home from Utah he brought mother along. She stayed ten days and we had a wonderful visit. Just after school started Smellie met a young man, Bill Brebner from Carlton Place, Ontario. He discovered he was a friend of Phillip had know while on his mission to Eastern Canada. He came home with Smellie to dinner. He called on our neighbors, Quintons. They had offered him a home so he could finish High School and go to the Y and then on a mission. He had known Ruth Quinton in the mission field. He was a recent convert to the gospel. In February he moved from Quintons to our house. In May we decided we couldn't afford to buy a new car and couldn't afford to drive a second hand one so Smellie decided to get a model T. Instead he bought a model A and worked it over during rainy weather. He was dusting grain during the good weather on the reserve. He got one day in. We left Cardston the day Ellen was a year old in the model A to go to Utah for the second summer term. We had a wonderful time. We camped and cooked and rode and enjoyed ourselves. In Provo we found Smellie couldn't get what he needed so we just visited around. We made two trips to Roosevelt to see Crystal; saw Alta in Lemington; went through the Timpanogus cave with mother and our 3 children; went up over Immigration canyon to Morgan and visited my old school friends. Will took sick there. Because Polio was bad in Utah, it gave me a real scare, but he was better in a few days. We dried apricots and canned a bit of fruit, and came back to Canada just in time for school again. When we arrived back in Cardston they asked me to be Junior Sunday School coordinator. I have worked at that from then until now--just one year. One rainy night--Thursday, just before school started we started for Creston B.C. We got ourselves a load of fruit - 4 boxes of prunes, 4 of apples, peaches, and pears and a few tomatoes. We had our whole trip for $30.00. It was wonderful to have so much fruit after being away all summer. I got my vegetables too. It was late because of the rains--and it continued to rain. People were not able to harvest their crops in the fall of 51. They just couldn't get on the land. In June of 51 we had a flood come down Lee's creek. They had not had one like that for 50 years. I had a miscarriage at Christmas time in 51. In the spring of 52 we again left-June 9, for Provo in the model A. There Smellie finished the work he couldn't get last year. While there we got cherries for nothing and canned 154 quarts of them to bring back with us. We decided this fall to make a room in the attic. Smellie has been working in the hay and harvesting grain. When it rains he works in the attic. Today he has finished laying the floor. School was delayed starting for two weeks because of Polio. Smellie bought the model A for transportation to the reserve. He is a missionary to the Indians. The car has served its purpose. For over a year now I have gone to the reserve with him quite often. We take the children with us. Since we came back from Provo

this year the Indian mission has become part of the stake mission and Smellie has been made a D.P. He has been relieved of some of his ward duties in order to better do his mission work. At present I am teaching the Guides in Primary, the Gleaners in M.I.A. and have my Sunday School job. I am also a visiting teacher for the Relief Society. I feel that I do a sloppy job of my work at times but know that my blessings depend somewhat upon my efforts to do the will of God, so pray that I may be stronger and more able to serve. I must store more in my mind as my patriarchal blessing says. I received it when I was 15 years old: "Be faithful and diligent in keeping the commandments of the lord for great things shall be required of thee. Therefore, treasure up much knowledge by study, prayer, and supplication - and in as much as thou shalt do this the spirit of the Lord shall be distilled upon you as the dews of heaven on the earth etc". I know my part of the bargain. I must strive harder to do my part. September 16 1953 One year ago I started my history. Last November I became useless as far was work was concerned. I spent much of the next four months on the couch then on the 4th of March miscarried another baby. We talked about whether to go to the hospital for a few hours then realized I was hemorrhaging. Before I went to bed, in the evening we had visited a friend in the hospital then Smellie brought me home and left for a meeting. That night I had a strange feeling. As the children came and kissed me goodnight I heard a voice say: "That is the last time you will kiss the children, I'd be gone in the morning". I said "what does this mean-I'd be dead" I pushed the thought out of my head. At about one in the night I started laboring. At about five we realized I should be in the hospital. I felt pretty low from losing so much blood. The Doctor took good care of me. As I started to go out the Doctor started blood transfusions. When I came around he put me in a room. I started to feel that horrible sensation again and prayed and the door opened. The Doctor was there with a blood transfusion again. It took the month of March for me to get around again. We went to Magrath on the 6th of April to the Seminary party then spent a few days of the Easter holidays at Barbara's in Raymond. We tended Douglas Hatch in April while their new baby came. We had him for a week. On the 5th of May Irene's baby Roger was born. We tended Elaine for almost three weeks for Irene--By that time we were hoping for a baby again. On July 10th we went up to Mt. View and caught fish in a net and canned 80 pints of it. Smellie called Remingtons about a job. They called him and asked him to come to work Wednesday. He went. They left at 5 in the morning on Monday then came home Friday night. He worked that week. The next week Phillip was married on the 14th of July to Nedra Low. The men were off work because of the stampede so Smellie got to the wedding, but I woke up with trouble. I stayed in bed all day alone while the wedding and dinner went on. The kids were at Gallups so they could see the parade. That night I went into the hospital and the next morning miscarried again. Smellie went to Milo and came back Saturday night. Beth Hatch baked a lovely birthday cake for Ellen. Sunday morning, Ellen's birthday, the family all went to church. I stayed in bed. Before they got home Roy, Faun, Mother and Rayma and Myrtle came in. They spent the week with us. It was hard because Faun's children were so little; mother's heart was bad and I didn't have much strength. We enjoyed it thoroughly never the less and hated to see Monday morning come. It came. Smellie went to work. The folks left for Utah. I had a terrible feeling all morning that the folks might have trouble on the way home. At noon Don Remington called to tell me that the truck taking the men to work had tipped over and some of the men were in the hospital--Smellie was one of them. He was having x-rays. The 6th and 7th process

of his vertebra was cracked. They sent him to Doctor Albert, a bone specialist in Lethbridge. He put him in a brace for 6 to 8 weeks. Before Dad left for work that Monday in family prayer William prayed that his Dad would not go to work any more. Time for the Leadership week came and Smellie felt he should be at that. So with a stiff neck in a brace he was able to help with the leadership week. We got word the Seminary convention was in Provo. The week after the leadership we packed up and headed for Provo again. We enjoyed our three days on the way. We went to Hazelton, Idaho on the 14th of August I had been to this Doctor in Hazelton before and had quite a bit of faith in him. Smellie had an adjustment. He felt so much better after this. He didn't wear the brace again. We hurried on to S.L.C. where there was a Hill reunion at Liberty Park. We shopped some. The kids saw their first television show in the store. They sat on the floor in front of it while we shopped. We went to Hogles zoo, rode a train and enjoyed it very much then left to find the reunion. We walked about two hours in the park before we gave up and took a boat ride. The kids really enjoyed that. We drove on to Provo and found Mother feeling well, Sat. night August 15. Sunday morning Mother woke feeling bad. She was bad. I stayed home from church with her. She was sick about three days then I got that stomach flu and felt rung out for the rest of the stay. Sat. August 22 the banquet honoring Brother West was very nice. Monday we canned 5 five gallon cans of tomatoes and left Provo to pick up our check in S.L.C. and shop there before leaving for home. We drove to Brigham that night and stayed with Aunt Alice Rich. We ate breakfast with her than drove to Faun's in Idaho for a visit. We got home August 27, unpacked the car, took a bath and rushed to Lethbridge where we delivered all the messages and parcels and went to Raymond on the way home. On the 7th of September we went to Creston B.C. for fruit. Went through Glacier and saw a bear who saw us, too. He took a lunch box off the running board and started pulling the dishes out. The kids screamed, Dad got out to get the dishes. I thought I'd die of heart failure but the screams had scared the bear off down the road. We saw a mother bear with two cubs. We drove to Hungry Horse dam and went through it. Got to Creston about 4:30 and got pears at Dewars and peaches and apples at Nicolchucks. Got home the next day. School started after the polio ban was lifted on September 14. Joan was thrilled to pieces. She has a Mrs. Green for her first teacher. She had to pay $3.00 for books and materials to start. Tues. September 15 Doctor Sapckman sent me to Doctor Lloyd Johnson, a maternity specialist in Lethbridge who says he can see no reason except a torn cervix that I can't carry my babies. He says my colon is a temperamental thing and gave me exercises for it. I'm too fat. Should diet. Been canning for a while. Smellie has no brace. He went to Doctor Albert too. We got $l27.00 and $80.00 compensation on his neck. I'm starting to teach primary again tomorrow--Co-Pilots this time. Oct 16 1953

Just one month ago I wrote in this history. One month that can never be the same again. On the 17th of September mother was taken to the Doctor who said she had a tumor that should be removed. On the 24th after building her heart up as much as he could he removed the tumor from her breast. He told the girls her heart stopped beating during the operation and he had to stop and get her under the oxegen. She was not good when the girls saw her. Her fingernails were dark and she was so cold. She finally perked out of it. Then Friday morning he told the girls she could come home so they called the Doctor He'd told them to go home and pray that the tumor wasn't cancerous. When they talked to him on the phone he told them to come down so Wanda and Joy went down. He said he had found a little knob of cancer and felt she should

be operated on. If he didn't she would soon die a bad death of cancer and if she happened to pull through she had a chance to live five years and die a normal death. The girls made the decision in favor of the operation and called everyone and let them know. Sunday 27th of September we all fasted and prayed. I decided I wouldn't be able to see mother so didn't go down but called Mom and talked on the phone to her. Sat. 26th Monday the operation went off fine. Mother was in a lot of pain but her heart went fine. She went home that Friday, October 2. The girls stayed with her. She could get to the bath room and table but was weak. The Doctor removed her left breast during the second operation on September 28th. On Wed. October 7th I felt I would have to go home and take my turn helping. I felt I had to know how Mom was so I called the hospital and found she had gone home. Thursday night October 8th at about l0 and after I had gone to bed RaOla phoned and said mother had had a bad heart attack and the Doctor didn't give her any hope to pull through. I spent a restless night and the next day at 12:30 Wanda phoned to tell me mother had passed away at 25 min to 12 on October 9th. We immediately made plans to go to Provo. We borrowed Barbara's and John's car. Drove to Butte starting Sat. October 10 and got to Provo just after dark the next day. Everyone was there except Eva and Alta and they came the next day. Mother looked nice. The girls said she had had a stroke and was paralyzed all on the left side. Everyone felt it was best to let her go since she was in that condition. It was hard. We love her very much. In her funeral they mentioned her tithing, garden, teaching etc. She was buried in the color she loved--a lavender casket and her temple clothes in Provo, Utah. Friends and relatives were there after for lunch. We tried to look over her personal things after but it was so hard. Tues. morning we finally got away to drive back to Canada. We stopped at Eva's and ate lunch with her then made it to Dubois, Idaho where we slept in a motel. Came home the next day. Wed. 0ct 14. On the 15 was primary day and we made it to the temple.--Today is Grandmother Redd's birthday and at present I am planning on doing my visiting teaching. Mother had written me a letter for my birthday that I didn't get until after I came back from her funeral. I'm going to copy it here in case I happen to lose it. October 4, 1953 Dear Laurel and Smellie and all. Your lovely letter of the l0 came all OK. Thanks. I am home now and am so glad. Doctor orders me to do nothing. In fact he made me promise I would not and of course the girls watch to see I don't. I don't feel like doing much but I've wanted to write and say happy birthday all the time but this is the first time I have gotten the materials together and got at it. Sorry I haven't before. The Lord has blessed me so wonderfully and I am very thankful. Thank you all for your faith and prayers. You know they go a long way in such slim chances as was mine. Tell the little ones I love them so much and am so pleased they were willing to fast and pray all day for me. Grandpa is getting anxious to know where I am as I have not been to see him for some time. Faun and RaOla and Darrell are staying with me for a while. They and all the rest are so good to me. October 6 --Nearly 9 a.m. Do you think I'll ever get just a note written to you? I am so thankful to be blessed as I have been but it is just not much fun to be able to get around and not do a blessed thing for myself or anyone else. I haven't even moved this morning. I feel so much better but these girls are like cats watching a mouse. I guess they are all still for my sake as I haven't been awake very long. Roy goes to work as usual at 7 and back at 12 then gone again at 12:30 and home about 3:30 or 4. I go to Doctor today to get bandages changed. He made me promise I would not do a thing. If I didn't I could not go home. Darrel brought me a cute set of salt and pepper shakers like acorns. RaOla

brought a set - two monkeys on a limb. Mrs. Lee - a lovely slip. Dad seems to be much better. I love you Laurel, and pray for you to be well. I love you Smellie and pray for you too. I love you Joan and pray for you. Thanks for your fasting and prayers. I love you William. Thanks for fasting and prayers. I love you little Ellen and thanks for your fasting and prayers. In fact thank you all for your faith, fasting and prayers. It meant a lot. First time they say my heart stopped and the second Doctor gave me one chance in l000. See what faith, prayer and Divine power did for me. Thanks to all and Heavenly Father. I love you. Ever Mother Grandma Will try and get a small gift of to you today, Laurel. Hope you feel better. I hope your Birthday was a happy one and you have many, many more. I received the brown plaid blanket later for my birthday from Mother. I treasure it. Nov 1 1953 Last week William had a bad siege of the flu. He still isn't eating right. Tonight Ellen has a fever. For the past year she has had spells of fever about every six weeks. I'm hoping this tonight isn't the same old trouble. The temple here is lovely since they remodeled it. I've been tending Maureen MacPhee now for a week while Barbara is in the hospital with a new baby. Maureen is cute. Don't know how long we will have her. A little note about Ellen's fever- We had her administered to. She passed some worms. The fever stopped. Jan. 5, 1954 Christmas is past. This year brought its sorrows as well as joys. On Dec. 19, 1953 John MacPhee, Maureen's Dad, went up for a joy ride in a plane. He didn't come back. By the time they missed him it had begun to snow. Search planes couldn't get off the ground so ground crews hunted that night and the next day. Finally the next day was clear enough to get planes up. At l0:30 a plane spotted his plane and by eleven the ground crews had got in and found both men had been killed instantly. Smellie was with the crew that hunted along the river east of Cardston and on the Indian reserve. They had a double funeral for John and Ray Heggie on Dec. 23. We went down intending to spend Xmas, but because of flu in the family we stayed home all during the holidays except for attending the funeral. After keeping Maureen for three weeks I started to paint the house. I did my church duties and painted until Smellie's birthday. We had a Seminary meeting here then. Since then I've just caught up on a few odd jobs. Just finished lining William's snow suit. Joan is back in school again. Barbara was grand. She lives the gospel every day. She comforted those who felt bad about John. We called her Christmas day. She said they had a nice time. The kids were too busy to miss a thing. I'm trying to lead the singing in Junior Sunday school right now. May 24, 1954 Not much to write about. Haven't done much. Smellie received his discharge from the Seminary job on the 17 of April. We've talked and wondered for a month what we'll do next winter--still wondering. The children had the German measles - Joan April 26 and Will and Ellen May 13 and 14. Feb 19, 1955 Smellie helped Laurence Vance move a house out on his farm after he finished Seminary. We wrote letters for jobs and looked for work for a few days. Smellie was hired by the Canadian Gov. to do some seed inspection. He spent 2 weeks in Corination inspecting Brome grass seed then had a week off before he started inspecting seed grain, beans etc. here in So. Alberta. He finished the last of the seed on the 3rd of September, then took William and Ellen to Creston B.C. and brought home a load of fruit. He went on the 7th. They found a good load of fruit. On the 12th of September the Doctor put me in the hospital for an induction. Our second son, Thomas John, was born at 10:30 on the 13th of September. Smellie and the kids had a big job putting up fruit while I was in the hospital. The killing frost came on the 20th of Sept. The day before I went into the hospital Smellie went to work on the Pool Elevator annex here in Cardston. Last June a

missionary companion of Roy's came here and went to the temple- Gunner and Mozelle Newman. The children loved them. They took them with them to see the country. Gunner played the saw. Just before the end of July Burris and Minnie came and visited the temple. It was nice to get acquainted with their boys and nice to have them with us. Smellie went with the boy scouts to part of their camp. When he came home he packed up the kids and took them on a camping trip. They had a great time. They wanted to have a tent so we sewed up sheets and they had their tent. The kids from Raymond took our kids on a trip to Waterton for over night. My three older kids are finally all interested in the radio. This is the first time Ellen has been quiet so they could enjoy listening. Smellie went with the Elevator builders to Grannum when they built an elevator. He batched there in a tent. He took Will and Ellen for three days. They had a wonderful time. Ellen got a fever on the first of Nov. She had a fever the 1st of June also the 1st of August I've been giving her mineral oil about once or twice a week since Nov. Sure hope we are going to get past that fever. Will has had trouble with his joints throughout the past winter. He runs a little fever now. The Doctor said the sed rate of his blood was normal so doesn't figure he has rheumatic fever but can't tell what keeps that little fever running. Tommy had his smallpox vaccination at three months. He's had two of his whooping cough, tetnes and diphtheria shots now. One more to go when he is six months old. He got the flu last month. He really suffered. He'd sweat every few minutes from pains in his stomach. He ran a high fever and was sick for a week or ten days. He lost a lot of weight but is doing fine now, though he breaks out with a rash a lot still. I haven't found out what has happened--what causes it. I've changed from corination milk to pasteurized but that doesn't do the trick. Laurence Vance went to the hospital about ten days before Christmas. He came home a couple of days before Christmas to find his house on fire. Smellie had helped while he was in the hospital and put a stove under the floor so we worried about it. The kids had put gas in the stove to start the fire though. Since then Smellie has stayed at Vances. I guess he'll spend the spring with him now. He helped unload an elevator. Mr. Worth said there would be more of it. So far he has helped fix a seed cleaner. When Tom was born, I had a bit of kidney trouble but I am much better now. Aug 16 1960 When -in 1955- Laurence Vance finished his seed cleaning machine he took it out himself to make the big money and wanted to hire Smellie to stay around the place as a chore boy etc. While making the machine they had planned to take it around together. At about this time Marvin Torrie, Smellie's brother in law in Grassy Lake had returned from his 70's mission. We looked into the prospects of homesteading in the peace River Country but through everything we did "Grassy Lake" seemed to stick out, so one day Smellie got in the model A and went to Grassy Lake to look for work. He enjoyed a nice visit with Guinevere, his sister and started to build a ward robe for her. In a couple of days Smellie phoned and said they had offered him a job driving a cat and scraper for the summer months until freeze-up. He asked me if he should take it. I said surely. We immediately packed our things and rented our house to Bob Sachley and came to Grassy in Brother Torries big truck. We moved into Stanley James' old house about 3/4 miles east of Grassy.-- No lights, no water, no bath--plenty of nothing. We stayed there six weeks and by that time Smellie and Marvin had made arrangements to buy Bill Tardiff's quarter section. Bill wouldn't sell it to Smellie so Marvin signed up to buy it and Smellie paid for it. Smellie worked hard on the cat all summer. He'd get up at day break and quit at dark. We traded houses with Bill Tardiff. He moved into the house east of Grassy and we moved onto

the quarter section. I went to work cleaning the shack. It was really black--in fact people kept coming out to see the egg that had been on the ceiling for 30 years. It was like scraping paint off to get it off. I was afraid of bed bugs. Smellie rigged the exhaust into the closed up house. We ran it in there for about three or four hours. All the bed bugs we ever saw after we moved in were dead bugs. That summer I was in town and heard Marvin worrying about how he was going to feed us in the winter...this got my ire up so I went right over to the restaurant where Shorty Rushford was eating. He was the school Trustee. I asked for a job teaching. He told me I could have grades 3 & 4. In the fall with fear and trembling I went back into the school room to teach. Tommy was just one year old--Ellen five, and Will ready to start school-- Joan was one of my Grade Three students. I dreaded starting the winter in those two rooms with no heat or lights and because I had to be away at school, so I suggested that we dig a basement and move our house over close to the gas line. Smellie scraped out a hole with the scraper. We got the gas people out and marvin put up the $530.00 to make the payment on the gas. We moved the house over and bought a stove from Alex Walker for $15.00. It was a coal stove converted to gas. The house was too cold so we put insulation in the attic. That helped but it was cool in the bedroom so Smellie cut a hole out behind the stove through the wall into the bed room. From then on we were comfortable. We had too many things in the room to put a radiant in it. That school year was a little rough. I felt bad leaving Tom and Ellen - However they were in good hands. Rachel Woodruff took care of them. Tommy kept getting sick. I took him to Doctor Enman in Taber. He diagnosed his troubles as Celiac. He put him on a diet of bananas. He about lived on them for the next two years. He began to be better right away. Never refused a banana like he did everything else. School in Canada was new and different. I made it through and decided to stay on and teach the next year. We had gas installed in our home in Cardston for Sachleys. Soon after that we decided to sell our home there to get money for the down payment on our land here. We started right out getting machinery around us so that we would be independent. The first few years Marvin took much of the load of our farming. Smellie was helping Brother Torrie load cattle in the spring of 56 when a calf kicked his leg and broke the cartiledge in his knee. He had to go to Calgary and have the cartiledge removed from his knee. He went right on driving the cat as soon as he came from the hospital. He spent ten days in the hospital. Dawn Broderick, Crystal's oldest girl came up and stayed with us for four months. She was here with the children when I was driving back and forth with Smellie in the hospital in Calgary. She stayed on until that year was over. Eva and Dean came up to visit and see our new farm and took Dawn back to Utah with them. The first year we were here Faun and Grant came to visit us. Joy and Garth and family also came that year. We decided we needed a cow so bought a black jersey holstein for $90.00. She gave a barrel of milk. Her udder was so big we had to use little pans to milk her in and pour the milk into the bucket. We also bought us a Mercury pickup for $475.00. We decided we should pipe the well water to our house since we had moved it to the gas line so we bought plastic pipe and dug the trench with the cat and scraper. When it was open we decided to make a root cellar on the end of it. So we did that that fall. We put hand pumps on the line. We had been carrying water from the hand pump at the well. Wash days were big days. It was wonderful to have water in the house. For our Christmas present that year Marvin and Guin gave us gas lights. I never enjoyed anything like those gas lights after battling the colman lights for six months. An hour after the colman light was on my

head would ache until I was almost sick. The fumes were really bad. Guin tended Tommy for me the second year while I taught. It was 1956 when we bought the cow and pickup. That cow had a little more trouble than we knew about. When her calf came she had milk fever. Her first calf died of pneumonia. We started to worry about animal diseases. We got a book about animal diseases and read all we could about milk fever. We had the vet come and he brought a bottle of calcium and put it in her vein. When our cow calved the second time we were ready for her. Smellie rigged up some needles and tubes. When she started out with milk fever Smellie put the needle in her vein. I held the vein and the kids held the bottle of glucose. It really thrilled us to see her pick up just as magically as she had done for the Vet. Milk fever is the sudden loss of calcium. We sold this cow in the spring of 1960 after we had purchased a cow from the Smith dairy at Cardston. I taught grades 3 and 4 for two years then decided to ask for Grade One. I have now taught grade one three years and am in my fourth year here in Grade One. I went to a summer session at the Y in the summer of 57. Mrs. Hood and David stayed at our home and between them and work, I about folded up - either nerves or heart or a little of both. I felt really rugged in Provo that summer, but managed to get back home feeling better and successfully completed 3 classes. Smellie helped Marvin build himself a house. He built us a garage. In the summer of 1958, I went to a library workshop at Missoula Montana. Smellie drove me down and came back to Great Falls with the children to pick me up. I really worried about the children while I was away that time. We stopped on a river and fried chicken on the way home. It tasted so good. We had hail that summer and lost from 30 to 50% of the crops. That year in the spring I had a miscarriage during the Easter holidays. While in Utah at summer school I bought an automatic washer for $30.00. It cost $10.00 duty to bring it across the line. It has been a real joy to me since. We have had to do some repair work on it but it has certainly been a blessing. We purchased parts of a harrow, a drill, a 70 John Deere tractor, a 55 combine, a swather, plow, rod weeder and Johnson blade. In the spring of 61 we had rented 230 acres of land from the Torries. We planted one quarter section to rye and the 80 acres to barley. In June we heard Bill Bishop wanted to sell his dry land so we went after it and made arrangements to buy it from him. It cost $40.00 an acre. We had just made our arrangements to buy when hail came and took about 50% of the rye and a third of the barley. Then on the 20th of July we were completely hailed out on these rented pieces. We had swathed the rye and were ready to combine the next day. With the crops gone and because we had started to buy the land we had to look around for something more to meet our expenses. Smellie applied for a place to teach. He got a Hutterite coloney in the Lethbridge district (rural). We just got our old truck in running order by putting a new motor in it. With Smellie teaching we had to have more transportation. We looked at a little old ford and decided to try it out. We drove from Taber to Fin Castle and the side of the motor broke out. On the way toeing the car back to the garage the driver offered Smellie a real deal on a Frontenac station wagon--$200.00 down now and 6 weeks later $300.00 then $75.00 a month. Sure hope we make it. Right now it looks like we're in pretty deep but we'll keep trying. In 58 we planted flax. We had a fair crop. We decided to start to build our new house. We started October 3rd 1959. On the 24th of Oct we poured the cement in the cold. When the floor was all finished we built the walls in the garage. With the farm hand Smellie built, we were able to set the wall studs up in a few hours. We all climbed on the walls and put the blocking in. Clare Ashton's house got on fire on the 4 of Dec. Smellie went to work on that to get them back in

their home for Christmas. After Clare's was finished we went to work in the holidays. We measured the rafters and cut them in the garage then put them up in a hurry and went right to work on the sheeting. We got it on as the winter snows started. With the sheeting on we were able to pipe the gas in and bring the old stove in out of the garage. That way we could take the chill out of the house. Smellie got all the rest of the work done--wiring, gas, stone board, radiant heat, etc., by Easter. We got the furnace hooked up. The spring crops started. The girls moved out in the new house. Will and Tom went out part of the time. We've used the house for parties. We have the deep freeze in the new house. We're waiting to have the house plastered then we have to fix the rough cement and build windows and we can move in. In the fall of the year that we moved to Grassy Lake, they reorganized the Branch, and Smellie was made the first counselor in the Branch Presidency. After three years of acting as the councilor, President Ashton went out to harvest his grain. Latter, the combine was running by itself. Garth stopped the machine, and then found his Dad dead. He had passed away with a heart attack. Shortly after this, our branch was reorganized with Smellie as Branch President. Since then someone has been to Salt Lake City to general conference each time for 2 years. Hope they can keep up the good work. July 21, 1965 In the fall of 1963 Smellie was released from the Branch Presidency and made a High Councilman in the Taber Stake. Our family life has been different again. He is at home more than while he was Branch President. He has his meetings and visits, but is not always away. Smellie taught school for two years in the Hutterite colony, then one year at Monarch, and one year he taught Biology at the Meyers High in Taber. Last year, the Grassy Lake church was built. Smellie and I hauled rye while William worked on the church. Joan spent the summer in Provo with Aunt Joy. Ellen did all the house work. July 21 1965 When we finished the rye the family went to Utah to pick up Joan. We made a nice trip out of it. We visited Quake Lake, Nevada City music hall. We visited the homes of our Building Elders Bright and Hadlock etc. We saw Crystal, visited Timp cave, went to Spanish Fork and watched them take the Book of Mormon out of the monument of one of the Butler ancestors. We visited Alta then on to New Harmony and went to the cemetery where the triplets were buried. We then drove through Pipe Spring to the Grand Canyon. We went back to the highway and drove on the regular route to the North rim of the Grand canyon and were inspired all the way. Then we went to Lonely Dell and saw Lee's ferry then to Glen Canyon Dam. We then went to Bryce's canyon and drove through Manti saw the temple then on to Provo and then went on to Canada. Eldridges were in Canada when we got there. Brother Eldridge is the building supervisor for the Grassy Lake church. Marilee was waiting for Joan and fell in love with her. Darlene shifted from David Woodruff to Wayne and at youth conference her affection turned to Will for a short time. Dad spent his time working on the church after Will started to school. Joan wrote grade twelve exams this year and Ellen wrote grade nine. We are waiting to see their results now. The past years of teaching Grade one have been very much the same for me. There has been especially nice times and things such as parents programs, festivals etc. generally the same. We went to summer school in Edmonton in the summer of 1961. We took the family and stayed in Aubrey Earl's basement. Smellie and I went to summer school. The kids did everything for us. While there William and Ellen had the mumps. Joan and Tommy had had them just before we left. After successfully completing our school we made a pleasant trip through the Mts. for a week on our way home and brought fruit home from Creston with us. We went to Banff and Jasper then - Radium Hot

Springs, Creston then down into the states and through Glacier and home. The following summer I left the family at home and went back to Edmonton to complete a course I needed to get my Canadian teaching certificate. I spent a long six week there. While I was in Edmonton, Smellie got a boil that infected his whole body. He seemed to recover and came to Edmonton to take me home. We slept at Linda's. Smellie's boil started up again. He tossed all night and was too sick to get around the next day. We got him to the Doctor. He had him soak his boil and the day after the soaking he lanced it. By Sunday he could get around again and we hurried home to Grassy where we cut our oats and rushed off to the world fair in Seattle. We drove there and spent five hours in the fair all on the same day then started for Utah. We slept on the Salt Flats and watched a jet car race. We swam in Great Salt Lake. In Salt Lake City we found Roy, then went on to Provo to see Erma and Roy before they left for Germany where Roy has been called to be a building supervisor. We left Provo without even putting our feet under anyone's table and drove up the Teton way through Yellowstone and home. We did all this from Wednesday to Sunday and Dad was home for his Sunday meetings. The next year Dad signed up to teach Biology in the Meyers High School in Taber. There was a special class for ten days at Edmonton. We left our children at home and Dad and I went to Edmonton where we camped in the Frontinac down at White Mud. We had a nice time. The children got along OK at home. At the end of the course, youth conference started, so we met Joan with the group from Grassy. I was assigned a group to take care of but my rooms were let out before I got to the place so our gang broke up and I was given a room in the Pembroke Hall where I had roomed the year before while at summer school. We brought the kids from Grassy home after the conference. William had just left for Provo for the first Explorer Conference. He really enjoyed it. Now back again to the year 1965. We completed our school work. Home Evening Programs once a week started in January. Our plan this year was to get to the sacred Grove with our children before Joan went away to University. So we planned--half afraid it was too big of a thing. We purchased a pick-up from the church when the building project was finished, also a typewriter, bed and chest of drawers. We rigged up the truck as a camper and the day after school was out set out on our vacation. We drove East in Canada through Winnipeg to Fort William and Port Arthur. We were thrilled to see the huge grain elevators and Lake Superior. Next was Sault St. Marie. We watched the boats in the locks. We crossed into Michigan and back then to Sudbury the great nickel capitol and on to Ottawa where we attended our Sunday meetings. We went through the parliament buildings, climbed the peace tower and saw our new church under construction. We slept just out of Ottawa. The next we day drove to Montreal. Saw our old mission places, rode the new subway- went to the St. Joseph Shrine and the wax museum, climbed Mt. Royal and saw the cross then went to St. Helen's Island where the 67 fair or exposition is being prepared. We went to Park La Fontaine and saw the children's zoo and finally went on to Old Quebec City. We drove right through it to St. Ann De Beaupre where we climbed up the mountain and saw the stations of the cross just as it was getting dark. At the top we began to hear chanting and looked down upon a candle pilgrimage from the Catholic church around some buildings and back to the church. There must have been 4000 people carrying either a red or white lighted candle. We came down from the hill and followed the end of the procession into the church where we watched the rest of the ceremony. We watched them take communion then pray at the statue of St. Ann. St. Ann's wrist bone is supposed to be there.

After this we went to the cyclorama of Jerusalem. This paid us for our efforts. It was beautiful. It was big huge round room painted on canvass representing Jerusalem. We climbed some stairs in the middle of the room to a platform. There we rented field glasses and studied the pictures for an hour and a half. We felt as though we were under a starry sky right in the heart of the city of Jerusalem. It was about the most beautiful art work I have ever seen. After this we dropped into a cafe to eat. We enjoyed this because these folks spoke French and we spoke English. We've all dabbled in French all but Tommy, so it was fun trying to talk in French to them. We drove to Mt. Morency Falls and slept. Next to Quebec City to spend the day at the Plains of Abraham and chateau Frontenac. We watched the boats on the St. Lawerence sea way, passed the Lachine rapids on the way to Montreal. After Quebec we headed for Vermont and stopped that night at the birth place of the Prophet Joseph Smith. We thrilled at our visit here and the next day left to see Brigham Young's birthplace. Then on to New York City to swim in the Atlantic Ocean and sleep on the property of a service station then we spent the day in the New York's world fair. I was so tired from walking that day that I could have cried. We saw many sights--Many displays from many countries, our own church pavilion, the bell telephone where we rode in chairs past their most beautiful exhibit - spent some time at the science and space age and the 13 hours were gone all too soon. We slept at the same station that night then went under the Hudson river in a tunnel and parked our car--took a ferry--the John F. Kennedy! to Staton Island past the Statue of Liberty and back and took the subway to the middle of town and wandered through Macy's then went out and looked at the Empire State building, bought tickets and went up to the 102 floor and looked over New York. After that we took the subway and went past the docks where the United States was in dock. Stopped and 'ohed and Ahed' at it. July 1965 We started for Harmony Penn. which was so hard to find that we got to Coleville and So. Bainbridge before we wound up in the mountains past Susquehanna. The next day we inquired where the church monument was and found it at Oakland. That was a thrill to walk to the river where the Priesthood was restored and see the place where most of the Book of Mormon was translated and see the grave of an infant son of Joseph and Emma Smith (there eldest). We talked with the man who had made a replica of the house Joseph bought from Isaac Hale. He said he knew the place and had walked on the boards Joseph walked on. From there we went to Fayette and saw the Peter Whitmer home where the church was organized then through a rose garden at Newark and on to Palmyra and the Martin Harris home..then to Cummorah. It did something to our hearts to climb the hill and stand on the spot where the plates had been buried and see where the angel met Joseph each year. We next went to the Sacred Grove and felt the spirit there. We read together Joseph Smith's own story and had a family prayer. I'm so thankful for this experience. From there we went to the Smith's home. Next in our travels was Niagara Falls. We attended Sunday School in St. Catherines. At Stratford we took in one of the Shakespeare plays,"The Merry Wives of Windsor". Next was Niagara Falls. I guess the biggest thrill there was when went under the Falls. From there we went to Erie but missed our sacrament meeting. We drove on to Kirtland--arrived at night but were able to spend an hour in the Kirtland temple. We didn't see eye to eye with the guides in the church places we visited. We drove through the outskirts of Cleveland and on to Springfield Missouri where we saw Lincoln's home on the river and in town. Went to his tomb then on to Dixon Mounds and on to Carthage. We really enjoyed our visit to Carthage but the spirit was not the same in Nauvoo.

(guides again) From Nauvoo we went to Hanibal Missouri and saw the sights of Mark Twain. The hills, the river, his home and a statue on the hill. I think we even played his organ. Our next stop was Independence, Miss. then on to Liberty jail. At this time a house had been built over the spot. In the basement the huge stones that made up the floor was still there. We read the story of Joseph and the prisoners at midnight when they could stand no more of the foul language and Joseph arose and told them to cease or they or he would die that minute. We saw a fish flopping on the high way it seemed as we drove to Adam on di Ahman. We spent the night at Adam on di Ahman. Next stop was Winter Quarters. I got a shock when I pulled myself up high enough to look down in the grave on the monument and saw the child in the grave. We drove on up the Platte River passed Chimney Rock and visited Rebecca Winters grave then past Scott's Bluff to Ft. Laramie and to Independence Rock which we climbed and thrilled at the names and dates that had been dug into the sand rock. Next through Martin's Cove and stopped at the monument to the Martin Hancock Co. Both Smellie's and my grandparents were in that handcart company. While going past Devil's Gate and over the South Pass we reread the story of Johnson' Army..on to Ft. Bridger and to Echo Canyon then to Provo where we visited Wanda and Joy and found an apartment for Joan for school next winter. Then hurried home Saturday to find our rye crop waiting for us--no hail yet. We will start swathing it Monday. With Joan starting University we expect our togetherness as a family will have to change so we are grateful for this trip over the Saints trail, together. Back to the year 61--When we came home from Edmonton we both taught school and that December we decided to have our Christmas in our new house. The girls had been sleeping out there. It was not finished but we had to heat it because of the radiant heating system of pipes through the ceiling, so we moved our bed out for Christmas intending to move it back after the holidays. We liked it so well we just stayed there. We carried what we needed piece by piece from the old house and have loved it. Dad brought the water into the house. We have worked on it. I build cupboards to help take care of books and storage stuff. Our second Christmas in the house we spent plastering the ceilings. This warmed the house up considerable. It was just cool when it was really cold outside. We started to plaster in our bedroom. Our plastering job wasn't perfect but it improved from room to room. The next Christmas (63) we spent building windows. We still have some to make. Smellie was busy in the summer so we took advantage of the Christmas holiday each year. The year 64 we just spent enjoying the holidays in our new home and helping build our chapel in town. When Smellie was made a High Councilman we were both released from all our jobs. At that time I was a councilor in Primary, Sunday schoolteacher, Primary teacher, Relief Society organist, M.I.A. secretary and teacher of Mia Maids and a Visiting Teacher. Lloyd Woodruff was the Bishop at this time. Marvin Torrie his councilor. I wrote up what happened on a separate sheet. When Bp. Torrie took over he asked me to be a councilor in R.S. and Sec. in Genealogy. I still have a Sunday School Class and do Visiting teaching. There isn't much to do in the R. S. work and the Genealogy has turned out to be a checker job of the seven sheet program, which will amount to a lot if they get their sheet in. I have really had my mind free lately. The new Home Evening program has been very nice. We now have a set of standard works for each of the children. I'm so glad for that. It's raining and it looks a bit like hail. Hope it sends soft moisture instead of hard white stuff. After our 7500 mile trip we find we love our home and our gospel --We like our kind of life and our way of making a living. We do dry farming mostly-- rye and

wheat this year. We now have a complete line of machinery. We have 4 steers, 2 cows. We lost the cow we bought from Smith's dairy about 5 or 6 years ago. She was carrying twin calves and because of the hard winter was not able to have them. They were huge. A week after she died our heifer calved. We have two riding ponies that we don't ride enough. We have chickens and a pig, two sheep. We've raised 5 bum lambs and I've sold about l50 pounds of wool from them. I didn't shear the two sheep this year. (I have sheared with a pair of scissors before) I guess I should shear them so they don't have to carry all that wool all summer. William placed second in the Grade Nine exams in the Division. Colleen was first and got the Gov. Gen. medal. Joan and Wayne both got honors when they wrote Grade Nine Exams. Wonder what Ellen will do. She feels fair about it. Ellen and I are trying to clean out the garden. There has been lots of moisture this year and while we were away the weeds got the best of us. Aug 1977 Ellen did well in school. Was Valedictorian--won academic awards through High School and loved sports. William won top honors in the Taber Division in the grade 12 exams and received the cash award for the highest student from the Board of Education, from the A.T.A. and from the Canadian sugar Factories. Mr.McHugh was the principle of the school and taught many Grade 12 classes. He didn't like Will (I guess he had his reasons--) On June 1st he kicked Will out of school. They wrote their Gov. Grade 12 exams about the last week of June. I wasn't too upset because I knew Will could review at home. We were happy that he did as well as he did. On separate type sheets I have written up the affairs of the branch that upset me so. For those years that was about all we thought of. Will filled an honorable mission in Guatemala El Salvador. His experiences and letters I have typed in a book with Ellen' and Tom's letters from their missions. While Will was on his mission, September 5, 1968, Joan married Gilbert Hornberger. They went back to the "Y". Joan graduated in the spring of 69 from B.Y.U. In September Gilbert took a band position in Raymond. His first day of school September 2, 1969 his son Michael George was born--our first grandchild. We were so happy to have Joan safely through. They spent one winter in Raymond then moved to Wild Wood for three years. Both William and Laurel were born in Wild Wood. Dad and I took a trip to Winnipeg for the U.G.G. 1970. I missed a couple of days of school for the trip. We bought our first Datson that year after trying out a smaller car for six weeks. I tended Michael a week when William was born. In February 1971 I was skating in the rink with the Grade One kids when I fell on the ice and broke a bone in my wrist. Ellen received her call to the France Switzerland mission. She was going with Jim Jett. I received her call here in Grassy and phoned her at school in Utah. She asked us to open her call and read it to her. We did. At the time she had spent a semester practice teaching in S.L.C. James Jett was getting fond of her. After her call came he proposed to her. They phoned home and asked us what we thought. I told her I felt she would regret it all her life if she didn't fill her mission, and Dad said "no" to Jim. She finally got to the Missionary Training school--Jim still trying to stop the mission. She took sick at school and had to have a foot of intestines removed. She finally was ready to go after two and one half months in the school. We went to S.L. to see her off as we had done when Will left. It was a bit depressing with Jim there but Ellen was so happy to go that it cheered us all up. She had a little trouble in the field with health at first but filled an honorable mission. Her letters are typed and saved in the same book as Will's. In August 1973 we had a hill family reunion in Canada at our home. It was really a thrill to have the family drive up. We had a family meeting on Monday morning just before they were

to leave for home. Tom went to town for the mail just before the meeting. He received his call. We opened it in the meeting after guessing where it might be. Surprise of all surprises-- He was called to Ellen's mission, France Switzerland to enter the training school September 15 just one week before Ellen's release date. We took Tom to the mission home in S.L.C. and Saturday September 21st 1973 went to Calgary to meet Ellen's plane at 9 p.m. Erva and Gary Reamsbottom and family and Joan and children and Gilbert all went. We all went in the "happy bus". (Dad bought a mini bus at a salvage yard for $300.00. We called it the "Hippie bus because it looked like a bus the hippies ride in. Little William called it the "Happy Bus." That stuck, and it has been a happy bus since then.) Ellen's plane came in but no Ellen. We waited and watched the planes that night then went to Vulcan where Joan lived and stayed till about nine then went back to Calgary to meet the eleven o'clock plane. When Ellen wasn't on that one I really turned sick. We traced what we could and found that she had been held up because of strikes and stayed in New York then went to Toronto instead of Montreal. She finally arrived 24 hours late. It was so good to see her--little shy Laurel looked at her and loved her.She went to the Y on the block and prepared to teach. She got a job the fall of 74 in Foremost teaching French. Tom got off to his mission in 75. The summer of 74 Bishop Gough called Dad and I into the office. He said Ellen had offered to finance us on a couples mission. The spring of 74 Ed Shimbashie had rented three of our quarter sections of land at $25.00 an acre so we were well fixed to go on a mission on our own. We received a call to the South Dakota, Rapid City mission to enter the mission home January 24, 1975. I taught school until Christmas then quit. Ellen asked for my job and changed from Foremost High school French to Grade one in Grassy. We left Jan 21 for the mission home. The l8 months of History can be found in the mission diaries --1975 to July 22, 1976 when we were released from the mission. We drove home by way of Wyoming and called on the Chantrills, who had had a serious accident while still on their mission. After we visited with them we called on Carol Michael's (a room mate of both Joan and Ellen at the B.Y.U.) grandfather at Billings, Montana. Joan and family drove to Great Falls to meet us on our way home. Joan had had Karen in February 75. They visited us in Flin Flon where we spent the first 9 months of our mission. In January l976 a baby boy Clark, was born to them. He died April 26 while we were in Macy on the Omaha Indian reservation, still on our mission. Will and Peggy had been in the Western University at London Ontario where he had studied for two years to receive his Master Degree in Business Management. They were on their way home and visited us when the phone call came to tell of Clark's illness. He passed away while they were on there way home so they tried to get to his funeral but weather prohibited them.They came to Grassy and lived in our house long enough to clean it all up for us and plant lawns before he went to work for L.K. Ranches in Calgary. While we were away, Ed Shimbashie put a center pivot sprinkler on our East quarter section and permanent water on the places. When we arrived home we went to visit the children. We went to Calgary to see Will and Peggy's home, then to Creston where Joan and Gilbert had bought a home. We went to Idaho Falls to visit Ellen and David. Ellen had married David Eldredge July 24, 1975 while we were in Flin Flon. They made a trip up there to see us before they got married. We drove on to Provo to visit Tom who was at school there. When Tom finished his mission we were allowed to meet him in Winnipeg on his way home. He arrived home 3 a.m. Sunday morning, reported his mission that day and left for the Y. When we came back home after the visits Dad started to work for the

Canadian Sugar Factory. I had applied at Cardston for a teaching job. They were going to give me one in a Hutterite school. Peggy and I took off for Utah to visit a week before school was to start. We took Kim with us. I had a good time chasing Tom around the campus and visiting my folks in Provo. When I got back I called Cardston about the job and the Hutterites didn't want to change their teacher. He was to have gone into Cardston to teach in the Pod in Grade 5. They offered me that grade but I felt I couldn't handle the noise in the pod so they tried to give me the colony instead. I wouldn't take the Pod job so I had no job. Seven Persons advertized for a Grade One teacher so I applied and got that job in the Medicine Hat rural district No. 4. I was pleased with that job. I drove from Grassy to Seven Persons that year. It was a very mild winter and new roads to drive on making it a pleasant experience. One of our real joys I forgot to tell about before was meeting Will in the Calgary airport after his 27 month mission. He arrived home in May 1970. In August 1973 Peggy Swenson and William were married in the Ogden temple. On the same day Tom took out his endowments before going to his mission. Dad and I were asked to be witnesses because of our son's marriage and our missionary son. Will and Peggy had planned on taking out there endowments on the 18 then being married on the 24. They planned their reception for the 24th. We had from the 18 to the 24 to put in in Ogden and Provo. Tom said "Let's go to California" so we left after the wedding on 18 in Ogden and drove to California. We surprised RaOla and Darrell. We arrived Sunday morning. Brother Paul Dunn was there for conference. They entertained him so I helped fix his breakfast. RaOla took us for a day to Disney land. We enjoyed the Caribbean trip there most I think. The parade of lights were really special. We watched Tinker Bell come down from the top of the Matterhorn. The next day we went to Old Mexico and to the beach RaOla and Darrel love. I saw a dolphin in the ocean. We drove back to Provo for a beautiful outdoor reception, then came home where we decided to have an open house at our own home. We were really happy with it. Ellen had her reception here at home while we were in the mission field. She also had one in Taber which she made a tape of and sent to us so we could have a share in it. I made flowers in Flin Flon and sent them to her. I learned how to make Wood Fiber flowers so made a box full of corsages for her to use. Joan and Gilbert lived in Vulcan in 73 & 74. Kathaleen was born in Taber the week before they moved to Vulcan. They lived in Vulcan a year before moving to Creston B.C. where they stayed until the spring of 77. They sold their home and moved to B.Y.U. for summer school. There the children took Fun Festa while Gilbert did his classes. Joan tried to recuperate after Dorthy's birth. She was born one year to the day after Clark died - April 26, 1977. April 1977 Tom spent the summer of 1977 at home helping on the farm. Will decided to buy the center pivot sprinkler and lease our land. We, Dad& Tom decided to work for Will on the farm. We got the sprinkler started with lots of effort. Tom took the green Datsun and went to Georgia for a three week trip while Dad run the place. He got back just in time for Dad to fly to Prince Edward Island to help with the Canadian Scout jamboree. He was gone just over two weeks. He came home on Tuesday and Thursday I went to Waterton with the Third ward Relief Society sisters. I was going to tend Kim but Peggy only spent one night at camp and Will tended him that night so I took off for the Eugene Hill family reunion and dinner in Provo. I visited Dave and Ellen on the way and Heidi who was born October 19, 1976 in Helena while they were on their way to Canada. I visited Faun and family in Sandy and finally Joan in Provo. There were ten of my brothers and sisters there. I saw Alta also in Lemington. I drove home in time to help cook while the men

combined the barley. Will and Peggy spent a week with us. We have nine grandchildren now: Michael George Hornberger born Sept.1969--William Gilbert H. Nov. l8, 1970--Laurel Beth Mar 31972--Kathaleen Ellen July 11 1973-- Karen Joan Feb l0 1975--Thomas Clark Jan 21 1976--died Apr 26 1976--- Dorthy Clara Apr 26 1977. William Kimball Redd June 3, 1975. Heidi Amiee Eldredge Oct 191976. In January 1973 the Stake president asked Smellie and I to move our recommends to Taber 3rd Ward. We did and have really enjoyed the spirit of the ward here. The past year I have been the Junior Sunday School Chorister and the R. S. Spiritual Living teacher. Now I visit the homes of three widows in the ward as Smellie's home teaching companion--Sister Tufts, Madge Harding and Olive Johnson. While at Waterton with the R.S. sisters Sister Gloria Dawe sculptured me. Today she asked if she could put it in the Agriculture fair--Whew!! I left out one experience of our lives In the fall of 1964 we applied for an Indian child. This was the first year of placement in Canada. They sent us the name of a girl and when we were to pick her up in Calgary. We all left here early to meet our new Indian daughter. When we got to Calgary and saw the children we heard they had phoned Bp. Torrie to tell us not to come because she hadn't got on the bus. They asked us to take Eddie Russto his foster parents. We took him to Delbert Johnson. The next year they called us and told us we could have a boy, John Hitchcock. He stayed with us that year and the next 65-66-67. Will departed for his mission. Dad and John took him down. John was 14 when he came to us and at 16 he was anxious to leave and live an Indian life. It was the summer of 68 that we took the scouts to Prince Rupert and Massett and visited John's family on the Queen Charlotte Island. There is a write up of this trip in a Christmas story book Tom made for us as a gift. We really had a good visit and made friends with Gertie and Gordie Lamb. Saw the golden spruce,watched the blow holes (and felt them blow in our faces),climbed Tow Hill and waded to our necks in the Pacific ocean. Had a good trip with the boys. We saw Kitamat and the paper factory at Prince George and slept in Dawson Creek. Besides visiting John we saw Neil White (Torries Indian boy). School started in the fall and ten days later the placement worker came and asked us to take an Indian boy - Homer Blackhorse, from Glecian). He was eleven years old. Our experience with him was not really pleasant for us. He was a nice kid but never got in gear for farm life. We took him to visit his family on his birthday--Nov. 11. We ate birthday dinner with them. They spread the table cloth on the floor. We had a good visit. We met his 96 year old grandmother. She was a sweet old lady. Homer just stayed one year with us. In the fall of 69 they asked us to take a little Indian boy from Oliver B.C. He had been in three different homes the year before-Allan Baptiste--We took him at ten years of age. He was a pleasant boy and he and Tom had some good times together. During his stay with us his mother died so Dad took Tom, Allen, and his sister and brother to her funeral in B.C. The last year the placement worker, Sister Griffin often asked me questions about how Tom and Allan got along. In the spring just before school was out Ellen was to fly to Geneva for her mission.. We couldn't take Allan with us and be back in time for him to catch his bus home. A bus was leaving Lethbridge earlier so we ask Sister Griffin if he could go home on that. She said "no way would she take Allan and a friend of his home on the same bus". We left Allan home alone and he got his bus to his home with Tom's help. Sister Griffin then told us we couldn't have Allan the next year because Tom would be gone unless we took another Indian student to be with him. I said I couldn't be responsible for Allan training another Indian student so we'd have to let him go. In the spring she was very emphatic about

taking Allan away - but by late summer she had changed her mind and came and asked us to take him back. I had laid carpets in all the rooms of the house--I asked her if she had a place for Allan. She said "Yes, in Rosemary". I said she'd better send him there then. She did. He stayed 3 weeks and left for home. I felt sorry when I found out he had left the program. Three years later, while we were in Flin Flon on the mission, Allan called us. He said he'd come and see us as soon as we got home. Hope he hasn't run into too much trouble. He was in line for Junior rodeo champ when he called--he said. During the summer of 65 Gary and Erva Reamsbottom spent 6 weeks in our home. They had their first baby and Erva felt better here than where they drank coffee and didn't try to live the gospel. They went to Idaho from here but moved back to Canada after two or three years and lived in Magrath then Cardston then Warner. They have been like part of the family all through the years. I gave a shower for her before she was married and she has always appreciated that little effort. September 23 1977 Gary and Erva have taken a deposit on their house in Warner--yesterday. They cleared in their interviews and got visas to go to the states to live. They will leave next week if all goes well with house sale. On the 3rd of September we drove to Vermillion where Joan and Gilbert are renting a house. Gilbert is teaching in Wainwright this year. They couldn't find a house there and church is in Vermilion so they rented there. Friday the 2nd of October Dad and I drove to Calgary and slept at Will's place. Will and family went with us to Vermillion in time togo to Lloydminister for Michael's baptism. Sunday he was confirmed. We drove home Mon.-- Labor day. Hornbergers are in a lovely location. The children have room to play--a city park in front and a provincial park behind. They need their white car to get around in because Gilbert drives to Wainwright and doesn't get home until late. School at Seven Persons is rather nice. I have 24 students and will have another in another week. I have been released from my R.S. Spiritual Living teaching job also from Jr. S.s. chorister. They asked me to be the In Service leader. I have given one lesson. Joan gave me the book "Links of Forever". It makes me really want to do something about genealogy--also the Relief Society lessons this September really gave me the urge --In fact I'm at this history because of them. When Pres Ashton was still Pres. he had asked Dad to speak in church. Dad was at the pulpit speaking when a voice hit my feelings "that is the new Pres of the branch". I was amazed and stunned and argued in my mind with the idea. Pres. Ashton has the spirit even if his language isn't the best. Then I listed the good things he had done for the branch. Wednesday we received word he was dead. This was near Christmas. There were things to be done in the Branch and Smellie was his 1st Councilor. It was a funny feeling. I knew who was to be the Branch Pres. but had no obvious reason or authority to say anything. Two weeks later Pres. Woolley of the Stake asked Smellie to be the Branch President. I have had a few other experiences where I have felt a voice--One I have mentioned already in this history about marriage and prayer. After talking to Sister Rich about Simon Baker I took his ring on the grounds that he would wait to kiss me until I felt like it. This only worried me more than ever. One night I was especially upset and cried to the Lord with all my heart. I had fallen in love with Smellie Redd on the trip we'd taken to Canada and Phyllis had made me understand he was marrying someone else. Smellie was in Service somewhere in Saskatchewan. I begged the Lord to hear my prayers. I called Smellie several times. I asked why he didn't answer my letters. I finished that year of school. I had one bad experience that made me know I had to leave Lynn and teach somewhere else. I had decided to leave the year before but the people of the valley

got up a petition and sent it to the school board. They placed me in Plymouth, Utah. I wasn't exactly pleased with having another small school so decided to stay on at Lynn. I knew I had to leave Lynn this time so I resigned and hunted myself a new job. I got a contract to teach in Morgan,Utah. I was wearing Simon's ring. I went to Provo to spend Christmas at home. Simon came to see me in Morgan once. It really upset me. He came to Provo to see me and that time I was grateful for the sickness that put me to bed so I was not able to see him. He left to enter the service from there. The very next day a letter came from Smellie. I was walking on air. I think I'll copy the letter that put me in seventh heaven. It's a beautiful poem even if I can't detach myself from it. Dear Laurel C.D 675 M.D. 135 l0 De. 45 Phyll's bundle of joy has come. It's a boy too. Isn't that swell. I have two nephews now. He was born about the 14 by the letters. They haven't sent the announcement yet tho. There's a loveliness about you, That is rather felt than seen For it lingers neath the surface In your soul, soul of a queen. God's Royalty shines from you Warms whomever you are near. Tis no idle salutation My op'ning thoughts of Laurel dear. God sends His spirits earthward At the time they're needed most. Laurel, I thank God I've known you Out of all that heavenly host. You have turned the key of comfort For my soul from loved one cleft Though a parent has ben taken You Dear Laurel has been left. Poetry is such small measure given For treasure dear as you With His help I'll fill that measure Laurel Dear with love that's true. I don't know how I got started on that. God bless you, Laurel and grant your desires. forgive the poor writing and cross-outs. Love Smellie We burned up all our letters once but I just couldn't burn that one. In heaven I hope he'll forgive me for being a little untrue by not burning this letter. I sent Simon's ring to him. I continued to teach. We corresponded. In April I was on hall duty and received a letter that shook me so much I couldn't think. I'd find myself off the track all afternoon--I'd try to bring my mind back to the teaching job. Smellie said in this letter that on a certain evening when he was in Dundern Sask. he was laying on his bed and heard my voice calling his name. He told me the date and time and it was the date and time I have previously told about. He felt impressed to get up and write to me. He didn't. No one knew of my pleadings with the Lord and I knew they didn't.I'm so grateful for the testimony that God does hear us and help us in our distresses as well as bless us in our happier hours. I sometimes wonder how many times the Lord protects that we don't even know about and I wonder how lacking we are in gratitude for this protection. I think of the 10 Lepers--nine went on their way. Only one turned back in gratitude. I don't want to be one of the nine. Our crops have been good this year. The barley was heavy. We got it about all off by the time Tom left for the B.Y.U. Since that we have had rain about every time it was dry enough to start harvesting again. The week after we went to Michael's baptism we were surprised to have Dave and Ellen and Heidi come in and spend four days with us. We had four good harvest days. Will and Dave and Dad worked together Fri,Sat. then Dave helped Mon. and Tues. Heidi is walking. She is so sweet. Really a happy child--good natured. Both Ellen and Peggy are looking for new editions. I pray they will be blessed. Dave and Ellen were in Price Utah last year and are going back again this year. Dave starts teaching on Mon 26 of Sept. July 11 1978 School this year was rather a trial. I started with 24 students. I had retained one- a Dutch boy who could not speak English, another boy, Tony, was in his third year in Grade one. Tony has epilepsy. There is another welfare child who is hypo-active, another boy who had been retained and was brought to our school in hopes of better success and still another boy from Sask. who had been retained. It was rough but with

the help of Mr. Regerh we got Tony reading also over the hump with the other problems. Then another real slow child started to school late. That was only part of the problems. The fall was wet. We got the crop in finally but the weather just slowly got colder. On the 7th of Dec. our school closed for three days because of the 40 below weather. Christmas we spent in Calgary with Peg and Will, then drove to Vermilion where Joan and Gilbert had just got a Kaiani house moved onto their foundation. Tom was home from B.Y.U. for Christmas. Dad and Tom and I worked through the holiday week on Joan's house. I painted the upstairs rooms twice. Dad Tom and Gilbert kept busy. This house has been a real heart ache to the Hornbergers. They are paying about$12,000.00 more than it was represented they would have to pay. They became quite unhappy and moved back to Creston where the principal said he would give then a job. The Superintendent wouldn't so Tom helped them move their things back to Wainwright. They had a week there before they left and went to Provo for summer school. They hadn't sold their house yet but want to. They are expecting a baby in September. Joan wanted to be all set up when she got back from school, but she isn't. On January 24th Peg and Will had a baby boy--Kevin James. Then Ellen and Dave's boy was born January 30. They named him Sean David. They finished another year at Price and are fire fighting again this summer in Idaho Falls. The winter weather started after I got back to school January 9th. It really howled in. The wind blew the light snow for six weeks. I was never sure I could drive from our house to the highway. In all the year we've lived in Grassy this has never bothered me before. The highway was closed numbers of times between us and Medicine Hat. We always had howling winds between us and Seven Persons but Seven Persons didn't close school once because of winds. Grassy missed 14 days of school because of wind and drift. Forty mile schools were closed down for a whole month at one time. The wind seemed to blow steady across the road as I drove. I stayed in the room I had rented in Seven Persons most of three weeks because of the wind that winter. At the end of May William resigned his job at Calgary and moved home to help with the farm. We bought 2 more pivot sprinklers. Tom came home in April but decided he could help himself best by going to summer school this year so he went back to Provo on the 26 of June. Together they got the crops in before he left. Dad and Will have been trying to keep the sprinklers going. We've had nice moisture this spring as well. Dad had a scout camp at Impesa. I knew Will and Peggy would like a little time by themselves as a family so I came to scout camp with Dad. I'm settled in a cub hut. I brought my own food. Dad eats at the kitchen and I try not to eat too much. In February last year I felt rough. I missed a couple of days of school then the road was closed so I went to the Doctor in Bow island. He sent me for x-rays in Med. Hat. They said I had diverticuli. He figured I could handle it by my diet so I've been eating like a horse and gained a lot of weight. I hope to get adjusted to a little less food while I sit here in camp---beading, reading, writing, sleeping and mending. William went to dinner with his boss and they asked him to come back after the harvest was in. They feel good about that. They sold their house but will take an apt. if they can find a suitable one for the winter. There's lots of rain here in the mountains. A little old squirrel won't let me sleep. He keeps trying to get away with some of my food. I've still got four days to live on my rations

I sent money to the missionary Dept. for Books of Mormons. So far three people have written to thank me for them. I've written back. I gave my school aid a subscription to the New Era. Hope it works on her. It's too dark to see to write. All I can see to do now is sleep. March 30 1980 The

new church schedule went into effect on the 2 of March 1980. This gives us time to do our church assignments on Sunday. Today is the first Sunday we've been home. Tonight we looked through some Genealogy and are beginning to see where to start. (I hope I can follow the council that has been given us and write my history up better). I'll try to catch up on a few things during the past two years. Peggy and I took a trip to Utah during the summer. Gilbert and Joan were at summer school there. I visited with them. School was rather uneventful--at least it seems that way to recall now. We had a cold winter but a good one so far as roads and driving was concerned. In the spring of 1979 Tom got engaged to Cheryl Sims. She was a member of the B.Y.U. marching band. Her home was San Diego Cal. Tom came home at the end of the spring term. We invited Shaunna Lee up for a visit. She came the day school was out. We enjoyed her. Tom and Shaunna went down in a Honda we bought for Tom heading for his wedding in the Manti temple. Dad and I drove our car. Joan and Gilbert drove their bus and Peggy and Will went in their car. Dad and I spent a night with Dave and Ellen in Price. Tom was married on the 11th of July. We got together the day before that to have a family reunion. Our family now consists of Joan and Gilbert and their children, Michael, William, Laurel, Kathaleen, Karen, Dorthy and Harold. William's family--wife Peggy, William Kimball, and Kevin. Ellen and Dave and children Heidi and Sean. We organized our family. After that Dad and I drove to San Diego for the wedding reception. We visited RaOla and Darrell at Hemet. We had a good time at Cheryl's home with her family and Aunt Pat and Granny. We visited Bascoms on the way home from California. We took a motel in Los Vegas so we could have air condition. We needed a rest. That was terrible. The cooler cooled the floor but we roasted. We hurried on home to prepare for the open house for Tom and Cheryl. We had it on the lawn between the garage and house. I was pleased with it. Monday morning Dad and I started out from home to go to a workshop (reading in Lac La Bish). We got to Medicine Hat and said, Let's go to Flin Flon, so we drove out there and visited the folks we knew on our couples mission. Sister Johnson's husband died Sunday while we were there. I had a knitting school lined up for that week in Edmonton, so we rushed back and took that in. In the spring of 1979 I suddenly got cold feet about teaching and resigned. I went to a retirement party--received a gift--got information about my retirement and could see another year teaching would make a world of difference. I'd get the magic number--85 to give me full retirement so I went and asked for my job back. They had already advertized for a Grade One teacher but when I asked for the job the Superintendent said: "That's the best news I've heard in a year". I was glad they'd take me back so kindly.. When I resigned I bought a knitting machine to have something to do. After the knitting school we hurried home just in time to hurry to Utah again for Tom's graduation on August 17. Will took over the farm and moved into the house. We bought the house across from the church in Grassy from Monty Thompson. We came back to Grassy to pack up and move to town. We got mostly in before school started. Peggy and Cheryl did all the packing out there and I unpacked the boxes in here. The men hauled the things in and unloaded them. Sept. 1980 School this year was good. It looked bad to start with with four very poor children,- one mentally retarded child . His father stepped out on his wife with an Indian girl. When her baby came he brought the baby to his wife to raise. The child had the mentality of a 2 year old. He couldn't talk. After the tests the principle got him in a Special Ed class in Medicine Hat. The other three children that moved away happened to be the poorest so the last year of my teaching was the best. I retired

and gave them notice in February so a few of my tasks with the next year group were shifted to the New Grade One teacher. This year I did a musical program that I was proud of. I painted a river and did rounds and two part singing - mostly river songs. The last week Mrs. Busse took the beginners and I taught her Grade Two. It was good to see their progression. The day school was out- June 30- Cheryl went to school with me. We ate then left for Wainwright. Tom and Dad are moving Tom's furniture up there. Tom has taken a Hutterite school at Irma. Joan's baby was overdue. After we arrived they sent her to Edmonton for and ultra sound scan. As she left and the children sobbed, I wondered if she were leaving for good. It almost tore my heart out. But she came back to wait about a half week. On July 7, 1980 Susan Irene was born in spite of the Drs. being away. The Lord was looking after her. A Doctor and a good one came into the hospital ten minutes before her baby was born. He just got back to town and decided to call at the hospital before he went home. We are so grateful for her care. Dad and I stayed in Wainwright 2 weeks. We came home at six on the 15th of July and rushed over to the hall to be honored as Senior Citizens. They gave us a lovely meal and a nice program and a Senior citizen plaque as an event for honoring Alberta's birthday. We stayed home for three days then drove to Flin Flon to be there for a conference. They made the three northern branches into the Thompson District. We spent l0 days there and had a wonderful time visiting saints and introducing Bro and Sister Shields, the new couple, to our friends and investigators. We left Cranberry Portage at 4 p.m. and arrived at Hornbergers late Saturday night. In January 1980 they finished a new heated, lighted shop on the farm so they can overhaul machinery etc. in the cold winter. The crops are good this year. I surely hope we can get them harvested. It's been raining enough to make the barley tough. We went to Susan's blessing the first Sunday in August. We have been home for a month now. I planted a garden and set out flowers but the soil is poor and the flowers look like they did in April when I set them out. Faun and Grant and Dena came up the week end before school was out. We haven't been to Utah this year. Ellen and Dave went to Japan last September 1979 to teach for the U.S.A. Army dependent schools. They've been there a year now. They signed up for two years. Peggy and Will had a baby boy born May 17. They named him Jason David. He had a fever in the hospital. Peggy stayed in ten days. Jason seems to be doing well now. He's almost four months old now. Cheryl and Tom spent part of the summer with us. They found a house while we were there in July. They left the middle of August to get settled in. I went to Creston alone to get a load of fruit. I got peaches, pears, prunes and apricots and a box of summer apples. I was really scared because the green datsun wasn't getting gas. I prayed and I'm sure I was blessed as I brought home 850 pounds of fruit. The ward planted corn. We picked for the ward one night. So much good corn was broken down as the trucks went out. I told the Bp. I couldn't stand to see it waste so we got about 50 pounds of corn frozen for Joan. Later the Bp announced that they'd pick Monday and the ward members could feel free to take what they wanted. I got more for Joan and went back and picked the car full for me. Peggy came in and helped me with the corn till 5:30. I finished cutting it by ten and dried about 16 quarts. I put it in the basement with the fan over it to dry it. We're trying out the dried corn for supper when Dad comes in. He has been planting wheat on the corners of our land. Since the school year started I've been getting acquainted with the knitting machine. In the past ten days I've knit about 16 articles--l0 scarfs, 3 sweaters, 2 hoods and 2 shawls. Today I wrote a short history of our family for the Grassy Lake book. Will said he'd read

it if I wrote it. He'll have to add his history to it if he likes. Sept. 28 1980--We're still hoping and praying for dry weather- enough to gather the rest of the crops. We have wheat and flax yet to get in. Dad and I went to Creston on Wednesday September 24 and got a load of apples from Howard Horn and got back home about l0:30 that same night. Tom came for his piano yesterday and hauled the apples and dents back for himself and Joan. I've been called to be a teacher in the S. S. I have the 15 year olds. I've been in the class a month now. I had a pretty good class today. Last time I couldn't compete with Cory Jensen and the time before we went to Irma to celebrate Tom's birthday and stayed up for Sunday. We had invited Wildes and Goughs to have a fish fry with us so we had to be back as soon as we could get here. We had a good visit with them I don't think the fish was as good as it was for the others we entertained. We had sis Tufts and Piepgrasses one time and the first time we invited our four sisters we home teach--Olive Johnson and Grand daughter, Madge and Tina Harding and a friend Shauna Conrad and Geneva Mecham. We have enough fish left to entertain once more. We brought the fish from Flin Flon. Fresh water fish is so good. Jason has a bad cold. We went to the R.S. conference last night. It was good. I've been called as a R.S. teacher again. I was rather happy for the job. Mary Jensen and I are companions. Mar 5 1981 I see a fall and winter have slipped away again. I retired from teaching at the end of the year 79-80. During the summer of 80 Dad and I planned a trip to Japan to visit Ellenespecially when she told us she was expecting a baby in Nov. I shopped for tickets and finally found what I thought was the best at Korean Airlines. When I made the trip to Creston for fruit I paid $100.00 down on our tickets for the trip to see Ellen through the Wood travel Bureau. We didn't really know if we'd make the flight or not, but when it came time to pay for the tickets I wrote out a check for them. We decided to take a side trip to Bangkok form Tokyo while we were there to see Legg, a friend of Ellen's, who was going to school at the Y and came to visit us one summer. Time went by. Harvest was slowed up with rains. We thought we'd try to leave home about Mon. 27 of October. On Friday we went in to pick up our tickets. Imagine our surprise to see tickets made out to Seoul, Korea, then Taipei, Tiawan- then Hong Kong and finally Bangkok. We drove to Irma On Oct 25 and stayed at Tom's that night. We went to church in Wainwright and spent the rest of Sunday with Joan. Slept at Tom's again and while there went to a Hutterite wedding. It consisted of singing and eating--drinking for them. Tues. Morning we headed for Edmonton to see Gert. We went to Bev's home and some of Linda's children were there. Linda is trying a separation act from Gary for a while. We headed for Creston to see Jessie Ratcliff before going to Hawaii to see Sydna and Jerry (her brother). We went to the church farm to get some apples for lunch. When we got there Sister Beohmer said her daughter Ruth was in Hong Kong on a mission. She gave us six huge delicious apples to take to Ruth. We visited Jessie a minute at her work then went on to Oliver to see Allan. We met his family. Dad, Debbie and baby, Lewis, Paul, Christine and Uncles. They had good spirits. Allan was shacked up with a girl we met. We drove to Okanogan Falls and took a hotel room Wed. night. Thursday we drove to Phyllis's and found Vic at home. He left about two. We washed and dried our clothes. Phyl came home from teaching and we had a good visit with them that evening. Friday morning we all left at the same time. Them to work and us to Jeannie's. From there to Maureen's where we left our car. Jean took us to the airport, where we caught our plane to L.A. I phoned RaOla. Darrel was in L.A for a meeting and picked us up. We drove for 40 miles in the thickest traffic I have ever seen before we reached

Hemet. In Hemet we tried to see David in his band concert--missed it. Darrel took us up in the mountains to a church camp dedication. Back to the airport just ten minutes before plane time. The plane was a half hour late so all went well. We flew to Honolula. We wandered around in the airport for a while before Jerry and Sydna spotted us. They drove us to Laie where they live. We slept in their foster daughters beds. They have 4 foster children. Sunday morning Nov. 2 we attended church in Laie--a big church filled with black heads. They're building another chapel on the same block. Hawaii isn't really a safe place to live. Sid has the security officer down about every day. A man was killed just out there front door. Tokyo and Hawaii Trip Gerry took us to the Cultural center where we spent the day. Monday. We really enjoyed seeing the houses and culture of the South Sea Island people. Tongo, Figi, Moiri, Soman, Hawiian among others. We listened to a musical program then saw the boat show and at five met Gerry and Sydna and ate all we could hold then went to the Cultural Center evening performance--water volcano, an artificial mountain--native costumes and dances. Slept at Bohnets and they took us to the airport. Tuesday Nov.4 at about 4 we crossed the international date line and it was Wed Nov. 5. We flew about 5 hours from Hawaii to Tokyo. Dave and friend picked us up at Narita and drove for 3 1/2 hours to Dave's place. Were we ever surprised to find Ira the new baby and Ellen at home. He wasn't due until the l0th. The first night Ellen put the kids in the kitchen on chairs but we found we could sleep in the same room. Dad and I on the top bunk and Heidi and Sean on the bottom. We spent Tuesday around the house. Dad took the kids walking and got himself a bit acquainted. Hitomi San offered to take us to Machida to the Japanese ward to church. Dad went with Dave to his Ham radio class. At church we met some wonderful people. We experienced our first Japanese train ride. It's marvelous the way they handle and move people on their trains. Ticket machines--through gates and line up on platforms where about l2 to 20 doors open and people rush out and in. Men in white gloves push people onto the trains so the doors can close. During rush hours you are literally packed in. You couldn't fall down. You turn your tickets in at the end of the ride and if you have not paid enough you can pay more then. Dad went to Yokahoma with Brother Richards. On Monday Bro Richards was going to Yakoda airforce base to an electronic place to shop and invited us along. We went to the Tokyo temple on Tuesday the 10th and Bp. Tseushima picked us up and brought us home from the temple. We listened to the session with English earphones--We had a choice of Japanese or English. The temple is small but beautiful. We wandered the streets around the temple for two hours. Shops are so thick on the streets. We bought chicken and some sort of sweet stuffed bread like mince meat, which turned out to be minced beans. They use beans for a lot of sweet things. Dave drove us to the PX. The kids showed us the play ground--went to church in Machida again. Monday Steve Richards took us on the shopping spree. They were buying a TV before they shipped out. We had some really good ice cream. They said they were in trouble. They had to check out on Thursday and because of useless housekeeper the R.S. didn't offer to help clean their quarters so we said we'd help. We went up Tuesday morning and really worked. For dinner we went to a shop where they ordered dough things boiled in water then fried. Good. Back to work--I came home and Dad scrubbed some more--bedrooms upstairs and halls etc. Wednesday we went again. We really scrubbed the dinning room and front room--bathrooms--. When we went back Thursday we cleaned the yard then waxed the floors and just put the last stroke on as the inspector came. He said it was perfect. Brother Teueshima was going to take

us to Nikko but it rained. We went to a school to learn to ride trains. Richards took us around some more. They talked in their ward in Zama Sunday. We went to see them off. Took a trip on the train by ourselves...did all right. Had Thanksgiving here. Wednesday Paul Walters, the sailor, breezed in. He'd been out on the ship, Midway, for five months. He's a character. Took some ebony elephants out of the kids ears for them. I went visiting teaching in Ellen's place at Sagomihara and met six families. Dave took us with his school to the ballet "Nut Cracker's Suite" downtown in Tokyo. We went to church at Machida with Paul and Heidi. Tues. Dec 2 made our way to town and visited the Canadian Embassy. As we found our way around on trains we found people so willing to help. We had to get Visas for Tiawan. We found the Korean Airlines and the Asian Relations. We had to leave our passports there to get the Visas. We took off for Soeul Korea on the 5th. When we landed a taxi driver took us in.. He got us in his cab to take us to Savoy Hotel then talked like a dutch uncle to get us to stay at another expensive place. He didn't even have papers to drive taxi. He didn't know where the hotel was. We Met Marco Phyffe from L.A. They stayed at the same hotel and helped us. Dad had to get a little tough with the taxi driver. We could take airplane busses for less than half the price of the taxi. We spent the night in Seoul. It was cold. There was snow on the ground. It rained and left just a little slush that they were washing off their streets. Monday morning we walked a bit and saw shops-- walked down under a street to cross and walked into a huge mall. This was amazing to me. Shopped a bit then caught our plane to Osaka on it's way to Taipei, Tiawan. When we arrived we got a taxi to take us to the Mayflower Hotel. We were quite a while getting there. When morning came we found the hotel across the street from the bus station. The taxi driver knew how to make a little extra money. After we got settled in the hotel, we called Iping Shen, the girl Pam Payne of Wainwright , told us to call. She told us she'd pick us up at the hotel and take us to church the next day. We were surprised she took us to Taipei instead of her Dad's ward in Keelung. Her Dad was the Bishop. Before church was over Iping had to leave but she had arranged for Susan to pick us up the next day at one and take us to Keelung where Shens lived. After church we walked to our hotel through the parks, Chiang Kei Chek monument--ate at a stall--saw lots of Taipei people and shops. Monday morning we walked around and saw how close the bus stop was to the hotel. We ate a bowl of bean milk and had a Chinese hamburger--a long fried thing tucked in a dough pancake type of thing. One guy fried a piece of dough by putting it on the sides of a barrel like thing. The dough stuck on the sides and the fire browned the side that wasn't sticking on. The fire was inside the barrel. Susan took us to Shens then a shrine on the mountain then back to Shens for a Chinese dinner--Iping's cooking. They set platters of all sorts of food on the table and set a plate of rice for each individual. You eat with chop sticks from any plate you choose and from all before you are through. We slept on Bp. Shen's bed. It was like sleeping on a high floor with a comforter over us. The comforter was about 2 inches thick--not feathers. Tuesday was planned. Brother Shen took us to the fish port. We saw tons of frozen fish, including men trying to saw a shark into pieces. It really had a strong smell. Bp. then took us to the ship building place. He worked there. He got a friend to show us through. We spent about two hours there. We saw them washing the barnicals off the ships to prepare them for fresh paint. We saw ships in the process of building--they sure cut thick iron slabs. After the ship building, we were taken to a Chinese restaurant and ate in fine style. Every where we went in Keelung we went in taxis. One day in Tokyo Paul took us to his ship, the

Midway. It is an aircraft carrier. It carries 100 aircrafts. We saw how they came in and left. In the afternoon Tuesday Christi, our new guide, took us to the Emperor's Palace Museum. We really enjoyed looking at the old, old pieces of art and carvings. After the museum Christi took us back to Shens where we saw a musical instrument made of bamboo--about 4 feet long with strings up and over a round thing. Iping played it for us. It was interesting. The school kids climbed the stairs to Mrs. Shen's school. They all had orange caps on. The school kids all through Asia are in uniforms, also Japan. Right over Shen's house is a Buddha shrine. There seems to be millions of them throughout Asian countries. In Taipei we went to the mission home and met a new bunch of Elders just coming in from Salt Lake City. We saw water buffalo while flying over Tiawan. We arrived in Bangkok early in the afternoon - took a bus to town. The poor people's homes on the edge of the road was a sad sight to see. It was hot and I guess those people really didn't need clothes or much shelter, but I'm sure food was scarce, old men were asleep on benches, children bare--this was not such an oddity after a time in Asia. We stayed at the Royal Hotel in an air conditioned room. We phoned the missionaries and they said they'd look up Legg's old address. He wasn't in the phone book. The second day in Bangkok we walked to the river bridge. Under the bridge were women in their clothes in the water doing their washing. They laid a piece of clothes down--rubbed it with soap then scrubbed it with a little brush. I've been surprised all through these countries at the cleanliness of these people. Their clothes are so neat. In Siam or Thai the clothes were generally clean, pressed white blouses and shirts with darker skirts and pants. We finally caught a taxi and found a cheaper hotel. We wandered through the streets--markets - fruit, vegetables- clothes almost piled on top of each other. No way for cars to get through. It was amazing. Most of the transportation was motor bikes and they were plenty noisy. Never was in such a noisy city. We decided to ride the ferry back across the river. We caught it and landed quite a ways from the hotel. We took a bus and got off a half block from the hotel. I looked across the street and there was a huge white Brahma bull right in the middle of a sidewalk, loaded with people going and coming. The bull wasn't tied - just wandered around. A market moved in on our street. We walked through it. There were some furry plants that looked like monkeys. I decided to slip out and take a picture or two. I especially wanted the monkey plants. While I was looking at them a Thai man took hold of my elbow. I was really startled. I looked at him and said "Legg". He called me "Mom". We went back to Dad. Later, Legg called and said he'd pick us up for lunch the next day. He took an afternoon off from his work and took us shopping after lunch. This is the first place we have shopped. Bought some Thai stuff for gifts. After shopping we picked up Dange, Legg's wife, and went to their home where they fed us a Thai supper. We had Dange's and Legg's bedroom. No bedding but air conditioned. Saturday Legg took us to a park where people from all over Thailand had set up booths. I bought a few things there- got pictures of the king and queen. We saw the Princess twice in the crowd of people. We then went to Legg's father's store and met his family. Legg took us out to eat in an upstairs restaurant. They had gas piped to every table. They set a steel bowl around the flame--a circular bowl like an angel food pan - the flame came up in the middle. They brought the stuff raw for us to cook. We had little wire strainer dippers to cook the food with. We cooked some food then the water was soup so we ate that. They gave us each a bowl of sauce. Dad took half a bowl and I took a quarter of a teaspoonful. I about choked on the heat--Hot peppers--You can imagine the heat Dad felt. Dange had two bowls of it. It was fun to do. People

crowded the place. Home--we took cold showers then went to the air conditioned bedroom. Sunday Legg wanted us to see the old city so he got tickets for us and put us on a bus. At first it sounded like we were the only two that wanted to go. They got a smaller bus and the girl took us to different hotels until there were about eight people going. We were from six countries---India, England, Thai, Canada, Nepal and France. We had a good ride through the country--bridges, old houses, fishing etc. On the way the guide said part of the party was going to the crocodile farm. Dad and I decided to split up and take both places in. I went to the C. farm and he to the old city. I saw 30,000 crocodiles in pens like fish ponds with an island in the middle. I saw a gorilla smoking, pelicans, water buffalo, elephants and other zoo animals. A man put on a show wrestling a crocodile. Dad saw the old city and went to the floating markets. Leg and Dange met us and took us to a fancy outdoor place to eat. It was really some style. We had candles--waiters stood over us. The food was good and the place beautiful. After that we went back to Legg's. We travel around the Emperor' estate every time we travel to Legg's house. Monday morning Dec. 15 Legg took us to the airport before they went to work. We flew to Kowloon where we took rooms at the YMCA by the Star ferry and the bus terminal. This was the place to deliver the apples to Ruth. We phoned the mission home and they said they would have Ruth get in touch with us. We walked up the streets in Kowloon and priced a few things. Dad practiced bargaining. We came back to our rooms after dark. We had some pins made for us. The Chinese streets are so pretty at night with their signs all lighted up. Ruth phoned and we made arrangements to meet her just off the ferry in Hong Kong, which we did the next morning and delivered the apples to her. She put us on the bus to go to Victoria peak. Up there by the tower we bought slides from a peddler--also plastic animals, then took the walk for "those who have energy" to the top. There we met some folks from England or Scotland. We rested and talked then started down. Those folks picked us up and took us to Aberdeen where we saw the boat people. Every shack there had a phone in it. Phones are free here. We went part way back to Hong Kong with those folks then caught a bus the rest of the way. The buildings in Kowloon and Hong Kong are astounding....so tall and thin and so many of them. By this time we had learned to ride ferries --cheap--second class. Taipei was loaded with motor bikes and taxes and buses. Tokyo had peddle bikes and trains and Bangkok the noisiest streets-- no mufflers and so much traffic noise. Bangkok people really like their king. Bangkok is loaded with Buddhas--in every house and yard and there were big shrines all over the city. Legg took us to the shrine where he was a monk for a few months. He said spending this time learning to be a monk was like the Mormon missionaries. The monks begged for their food. Dad bought himself some binoculars and calculators in Hong Kong. We found a nice cheap place to eat Chinese food. Wednesday we went to the Korean airlines where we changed our flight from Wed to Thurs and from Tokyo to Osaka. This gave us another day in Hong Kong. I wanted to see Kowloon Dad wanted to see the waterfront. We picked out two Island to visit. We went to the monastery on the Big Island. We rode on small roads just paved wide enough for one bus, with a few passing pads. We didn't really like that shrine so hurried and caught our bus back in time to catch the ferry to heung Chou island. As we walked on the ferry we saw a bull tied with a ring in his nose to one of the seats. The boat went back to Peng Chang where we had stopped on the way over then back to the lower end of the big island then finally to our destination-Cheung Chou. This was really exciting --not a single vehicle on the island. No cars --no busses and no trains. There

were carts to haul stuff from the ferries. The streets were just old paths paved which would turn into stairs. It was a real maze. Shops, stalls and peddlers filled the streets-- ladies and men playing games around tables in the streets -homes wide open to the public--pigs in baskets-- It was something to see. Thursday morning we went across to the Causeway bay to look at the Sampans and Junks. We took a ride in a rick-shaw then went to the boats and rode a sampan back to the star ferry dock and home where we picked up our stuff and went to the bus to catch the airplane. We took the Korean plane to Osaka and stayed over night, then took a taxi to the train station to ride the bullet train 120 miles an hour back to Ellen and Daves. We saw Kyota, Nogoya and Han Atsuki then home. Japan is a toll road place--there are so many toll gates. Went to the Christmas party at Machida. It was well prepared. They made a pantamine of the Savior's life with hymns sung by a youth chorus and used slides to flash up for part of the scenes. The Primary children had made gifts for the parents so the children gave instead of receiving. A Santa burst through a T.V screen. Another came out of the kitchen but the one the children loved the best was the one that came down through the ceiling. Sunday we went to Zama branch to the Christmas service. Spent the afternoon at home with Ellen. Monday early we caught the train to Nikko. We had good rides to Shinjuku then Ueano then had to ride in car no. 4 because the front end of the train went a different way. We got to the Nikko station at 10:15 --four hours. The town wasn't too big. It was cold. Snow on the ground. We looked for a cap for Dad but didn't buy one. We phoned the Canadian Embassy about the Owa (Hutterite) coloney. Caught a bus after three tries and rode to Kegon Falls up a road with 21 hairpin turns. We walked 5 minutes to the falls--took pictures--stopped in a shop so full of stuff we had to literally turn sideways to get through the isles. After shopping we walked to the lake. It reminded us of Waterton lakes in the early spring. Coming back we came on around the circle. The hairpin turns were worse coming down than going up. We got off at the circle of shrines and took the walking tour through it. When we finished there we kept on walking down to Nikko. We planned on eating there but had to get ticket first. Had to go to a second station to get them so hopped on the train. It was a local and stopped so long at every cold station. Dad finally talked to the ticket man and he told us to get on the next train so we did. It was much more comfortable the rest of the way to Shimbashi station where we changed for the Hamamatusyo station where we caught the monorail to the Haneda airport. We got off in the middle of nowhere-- one stop too soon. Got back on the next train going the same direction and arrived at the airport and caught the airport bus to Yokohama where we caught the train to Ebina then got a local to Subidumai station which was close to Ellens. We had a good day. It was expensive but we had a lot of yen to use up in 3 days. Tues--today I walked to the bank with Ellen to cash a travelers check we spoiled before we went to Bangkok. We cashed it and shopped a bit. A band played Christmas carols in the PX. Today Dad phoned and asked for a new flight time after Ira is blessed. They have room on the 5th of January. Sure glad to stay for his blessing. Dave and Ellen are shopping. Tomorrow's Christmas Eve. Today Xmas. Eve we took Sean and Heidi to machida to the bank with us. It had snowed a bit this morning. The kids scraped enough snow together to make themselves a snowball. When we got on the train Dad had Sean put his snowball down. He put it by a lamp post. We had a milk shake in Machida and came back home. As we got off the train Sean ran to the lamp post: "Someone stold my snowball". The sun had been bright all day. All the snow was melted as well as the ball. New Year is the big Japanese holiday. We went

out walking to see the people. They celebrated at the shrine. We stopped and watched them pray and gong the bell by pushing a log against it. They had a zoo there to entertain the children so we walked towards the zoo. A man picked up his little daughter. We noticed her shoe fell off so we picked it up and caught up with the man and gave him the shoe then went gaily on our way. After an hour or so we went back to the shrine and down the hill. Cars were parked at the bottom of the hill. A couple stopped us and asked us to come to their New Years's dinner on Saturday. This was the man we had given the shoe to. We were delighted. They took us to their home so we could find our way back on Saturday. Saturday morning we went to their home at 10:30. They were ready. They took us into a bare room. There were four mats on the floor in a straight row. We sat on them and had a Japanese tea ceremony--bowing, sipping water, putting our hands on the floor, fans. They helped us do it all right then said we'd eat. They asked if we wanted to sit at the table in the other room. We said we wanted to eat their way. They brought a small table about the size of a card table and about a foot high then moved the mats around it. They put a big comforter over it. We sat on the floor with our feet under the table covered with the comforter. We were toasty warm because they had a heat lamp under the table hung to the bottom side with a basket around it to protect from fires. They then brought a table top the size of the table and put it on top of the comforter. Then they brought the food--first a big platter of Japanese food--fish and small fish wrapped in sea weed--fish eggs--lotus roots-- big radish pickles--yam and water chestnuts and other things. I thought that was the meal. There were also sticks with 8 to 10 shrimps on a stick-whole. We each ate a stick of them.----Then they brought in the salad and pickles--after that came a bowl of soup with eggs and seaweed and finally the meal---a hugh, and I mean huge, bowl of rice for each of us. I looked at it and thought I couldn't eat another bit But I ate it. Then they brought in the Japanese apples. She would peal them and give them to us. I have never tasted apples like that. They got them from the country especially for us. Finally after 3 1/2 hours of eating we got ready to go home. They offered to take us and we jumped at the chance of having them meet Ellen. We gave a Japanese Book of Mormon to them. Sunday Ira was blessed and Monday we left Ellen's about 1 or 2 and started the long trip to the airport. Our plane was to leave at 9:30. We got there about two hours early so had an hour to shop and spend the rest of our yens. We left Tokyo at 9:30 pm Monday night and arrived in Honalula Monday the same day on the calendar at 9:am--about 12 hours before we left Tokyo. We took a bus to Jerry's and Syd's. Their high councilman picked us up on temple street and took us to their back yard. We were really sleepy. We had stayed awake the short night on the plane...first a drink... then a meal then a decent show... then it was time to fill out declaration slips and it was morning so by the time night came again at Bohnets it had been a pretty long day. We got 6 and 8 sessions at the Hawaiian temple. Friday Dad and I took off to see the sights.. We took a boat to Pearl Harbor. I had followed the war news really close, but to see and hear the extent of that attack really shocked me all over again. We saw the battle ship Utah, and Arizona. Over a thousand men are still in the Arizona. When they tried to bring them up the rescuers lost their lives so they just built a memorial over the Arizona. We went to Waikiki beach, to the zoo and to a hugh market where we bought a Mammy Lock machine for me. Saturday Jerry, Syd and the children took us over the island to see more sights. We saw a sea show with trained dolphins and whales in--very good. We went to the International Cemetery. We ate at the punch bowl. Vicky's husband caught lobsters for us. We boiled them alive and ate

them. I think I can get along without lobsters. Vicky's husband took us to the airport to catch the plane for L.A. We arrived there in good time but in the process of leaving heavy baggage in lockers I missed my little over night case. We hunted all over. Even opened lockers. Not a sign of it. We went to the police station. They said to make out a report. It was late when we finally stopped hunting and rented a car and drove to Hemet. We had to phone Lees to find our way to their house. We enjoyed our visit. They took us to Pick and Save where I bought a pair of black slacks to replace the pair I had lost in the overnight case. We bought gifts and nic-nacks. Dad got in touch with his cousin Earl and told him we'd see him Wed. We left RaOla's about 5 pm and found Earls in time for supper. We slept there. In Taipei a girl asked us if we knew Rose Redd. We met her when we met Earl's wife. We enjoyed our visit there. They took us to LA where we turned in our rented car then they drove us around the temple--to Fox studios where we saw the set for "Hello Dolly". Then we went up-town in LA then went back and slept at their house. We caught the plane the next morning for Vancouver. But before we left we checked again to see if they might have any word on my overnight bag. We looked at the shelves where they put bags and there just as real as could be sat my overnight bag. I was plenty grateful to get it back. We had a new experience in Vancouver. It was too foggy to land so we flew around for a half hour and finally flew to Abbotsford where we landed and had to bus back to LA to come through customs. We phoned Jeannie and she picked us up and took us to Maureen's--back to our car. It was loaded with mold or mildew. Spent some time with Maureen then a night with Phyllis. Monday we drove to Seattle or Belview and took a room in a 6 motel at Issaqua. We stayed two nights at the motel and got eight sessions at the Seattle temple. Wednesday we drove to Portland. We found Eldredges and slept there. They went with us the next day to show us his school. They rode with us all day. We visited Eugenea and family and Ira and family. We left Portland intending to visit Riene Hood but when we got to Missoula we decided to push on home. We came in at 3 am. with drops of rain falling on the wind shield. It was really nice to get in our own bed. When we woke up Saturday morning we were in a blizzard. We picked up the things we shipped from Japan at Eldredges. Tom's baby Melissa was born before we got home on Jan, 20th. We went to church in Taber then left the next day and spent a week visiting in Wainwright and Irma. Saw Melissa blessed then went to Edmonton and saw Gert then home on February 3rd. We phoned Irene for her birthday and tried to get Crystal. She was away. Just got a letter from her that said she had a lump the Drs thought was cancer but decided it was staff infection instead. Oct 25 1981 The last day the boys were there was hectic because most of the help had gone home and hundreds of boys ate at the staff mess hall that night. It was the only time the boys had eaten there. Monday night a knock came at the bus. It was Seaton's. They were leaving and came to thank us for trying to help them. I had popped corn for a Home Evening so we ate and talked and when they went to leave we told them about Mormon Home Evenings and sang "Love at Home". Then we all went in the back in the bus and sang "God Be with You Till We Meet Again". It was a thrilling moment. Eyes were wet. We left camp the next Monday and drove home. Tom and Cheryl went the other way through the parks and to their house. They got to our place Thursday of that week and put tin on the roof of their camper to keep it dry inside. David Lee was to catch his plane home on the 20th from Calgary. Tom and Cheryl wanted to take us camping so we left here early enough Monday to put David on his plane then drove. We saw the sights in the park, rode the snow mobile on the Columbian

ice field and went to Jasper for a swim at Myette pool, then drove towards Edmonton. We camped east of Wildwood that night and got home on the 22. Tom and Cheryl took off for Utah. Thursday Faun, Grant and Dena arrived to spend a few days with us. I was going to ride to the family reunion in Utah with them and come back with Tom. Saturday night late who should call us but Ellen and Dave from Seattle so when Tom called to confirm the trip we asked him to go to Seattle and pick up Ellen and Dave because they had no vehicle. He did. I missed the Utah reunion but had one with Dave and Ellen. We went out to the fields to see Dad and Will. In the tall wheat Ira picked a bearded head over Ellen's shoulder and got a beard in his throat. Ellen and I came back and phoned the Doctor He thought he'd be all right so we just enjoyed their short visit. We attended church and left the next day in Tom's bus for Salt Lake City and Provo so Dave and Ellen could be with Joan and Gilbert who were at the Y, before they had to go back to Japan. We called by Cardston so Ellen could visit Grandma. We stayed at Boulder that night. Tuesday while driving down we broke the big front window in Tom's camper. We're grateful Heidi wasn't hurt with glass. She was riding by it. We spent Wed. with Joan and left the next day to get Ellen and Dave to Seattle, McChord air base, to catch their flight back to Japan. We arrived at Portland at 10am Aug.7. There was a plane out at 3 so we hurried and arrived in McChord an hour before plane time but there was no space available--Sunday no seats available. We were camped there in the parking lot. Hitomi San and Micarai San arrived in Seattle on Friday and went to Dave's sister's place for a couple of days. Sunday we drove to Portland and brought them to McChord and spent the night. Monday morning, August 10th, Dave and Ellen finally got seats on the plane and left. As soon as they were off, we with the Japanese girls, headed for Vancouver. We visited Jeanne and Maurine's and spent the night at Phyllis and Vic's. Showed the girls Vancouver and left for home by way of Hope, Frazer canyon, Banff, the Columbian Ice fields, Peyto Lake and Calgary. The girls spent the day on the farm--saw a lion (coyote). We called the temple to see if they could do baptism work for the dead--had just two hours to make it. We did. Hitomi San did the work but Mica didn't. We stopped at Ed Shimbashi on the way home. We saw a moose and buffalo. We attended church in Taber, ate dinner on the lawn. At five Dad and I drove back to Taber to see Flo Pentland and Frank Lanyon from our first mission in Montreal. We decided to take the girls to Provo and S.L.C. Dad stayed home to help on the farm and to entertain Bohnets when they arrived from Hawaii. I drove the girls to Dillan first stop for lunch. In Idaho Falls we walked around the temple-- next stop Ogden at the temple then on to Faun's to spend the night. She showed us S.L.C.--temple grounds, visitor's center, then Great Salt Lake where we had a swim--ate tacos on the way home. I drove to Provo the next day. Stopped at Joy's, Crystal's, Wanda's and Roy's but no one was home. Found Joan and family home. Went to the Y--looked for the foreign office--went to the Wilkinson center. In the afternoon we went to the language training center. There the girl talked in Japanese to the Elders who were on there way to Japan. Visited the temple, college mall and the D.I. then to a party at Erva's in Mapleton. I got up early to help Joan get tomatoes in bottles. We finished that job early so Gilbert brought peaches and we canned those while the J. girls walked around the B.Y.U. campus. I took the girls to S.L.C. to catch the plane to Seattle. They left the next day for Japan. I went back to Provo after seeing the girls off and spent the night at Joan's then back to S.L.C. to get tickets for Joan's family to "The Promised Valley". Got them for Saturday. I was right by the S.L.C. temple so went in and got a session. Lost my recommend after the session was finished.

I phoned Dena and she said Alta was in the L.D.S. hospital so I went up to visit her. She had had some lumps removed from her breast and was happy because the report was non-malignant. Slept at Faun's and the next day saw "The Promised Valley" with Joan and Gilbert. Monday morning Joan and I shopped then RaOla came. She brought Shaunna up to go to school at Rexburg. I took Shaunna from there to Rexburg with me when I started home. Before I left all my sisters but Eva went to Leamington to visit Alta. Joan and Gilbert finished school and we traveled home at the same time. Wednesday and Thursday we got a ton of corn ready for freezing, then Joan and family went on to Wainwright. Bohnets arrived and visited with Dad while I was tripping around with the J. girls. On the 16th of August the Baptists, from Oliver, phoned us to let us know Alan had been bitten by a rattle snake and died and his funeral was Wednesday the 19th. Dad, Tom and Cheryl went out to the funeral. While I was still tripping around Sims brought Scott to stay with Tom and Cheryl. Dad entertained them. Kathaleen H. was baptized in Lloydminister on the 5 of September. We drove up. Michael was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood the same day Kathaleen was confirmed. Hauled flax--got medical papers to be filled out for a mission. Had dental work done and papers filled. Brought Gert to our house for a few days from Raymond. On October 2nd went to the opening ceremony for the Cardston hospital. 3rd celebrated my birthday by eating out in Taber then listening to the Gen. Con. At night Peggy fixed a lovely birthday dinner for me. The family celebrated the Canadian Thanksgiving at Joan's this year. We bought some desk chairs in Fayban on our way home. We celebrated Grandma Redd's 90th birthday in Cardston at the Cobblestone inn. I was to have an x-ray on my gall bladder so didn't eat but feasted on the stories about the family. Two of Grandmother's half brothers came up from Idaho and Utah to help celebrate. 18th. We spent 3 days at Will's place tending the children while Peggy went to Calgary with Will. Tues. morning I went to Med. Hat to an eye specialist and had that sty removed from my eye. Hortense and LeDelle Roberts stopped to visit us on October 22. They had been burned out so we gave them some quilts and a couple of dresses. I met Will at the airport in Lethbridge as he returned from his business trip to Montreal and Toronto. Custa and Nita fed us an Indian supper.

Sat April 3, 1982 Khongs came early and we drove for what seemed like miles on a little road in the cemetery before we came to the grave site. each grave has a big cement front then a little raised semi circle around the back where the body extends from the tomb stone. It has another semi circle platform in the front. We cleared weeds out. Two boys were there with big hoes to get work. Sister Khong hired them for $15.00 to clean out the weeds and brush. There are small monuments for the underground demons. They set us a grand meal for the grandparents and some food for the demons and still another sumpsous feed for Mr. Khong. They put tea out for him — six small cups, rice, fish, and some other Chinese food that I didn't recognize. They set up three jaws sticks 1 1/2 inches in diameter and at least 18 to five feet long. Candles — I lighted one of the big jaw sticks. They had dozens of small sized sparkler sticks of incense. They placed some small ones with candles about a yard from the cement all around. I burned my leg a bit on one because I hadn't noticed that bunch. They brought piles of paper to burn — a pile at each grave. The Dad had a box that was sealed with his name on a yellow strip so it would get to the right person in Hell. It measured about 2 ft. by 1 ft. by 10 inches. They had paper strips about 2 by 8 inches. They had literally billions of dollars made on the Hell bank to

burn so it would get to their loved ones. I tried to steal 5,000,000 dollars but lost it on the way. Too bad. I want to show that money made on the bank in Hell to the family. I didn"t get away with that robbery. They had bills in piles an inch and a half thick. Sis Khong knelt in front of the incense and prayed, the shook numbers out of can. She got the same number she did last year — supposed to be a lottery number. Honey had borrowed a car from her boy friend. We rode to town with her and he mother follow . We went to the bank then up to St. Michael's school from their to the munisciple office to see about getting a grave yard for the church. We stopped at a high school and watched a tug of war and races. From there we caught the bus and came home. Tuck came with us. I washed the bedding and fixed a lunch. Rest. Just at dinner time Marzita and Zinodine asked us to go for a ride with them. I found an apple with a big seed outside on top of the apple. It turned out to be a cashew nut. The fruit was good. Now I have two nuts to dry and roast. They are oily and white green in color. I took a picture of Rasence. Roseleeze's boys name is Bahasa. We've just come home and Sister Woo is ready to fix dinner over again. Sun. Apr. 4 Brother TAn didn't come to church until ll:00. that made Doreen miss her R.S. lesson. She rides with him. Doreen was the teacher. Maybe I'll miss next Sunday. Sister Hoe has been in bed all day with the same trouble Dad had, it seems. Choong's baby was born yesterday at eleven. Sister Khong came to church even if she didn't feel too well. She went to the kitchen and ate something during the meeting to help her feel better. At six still fasting went to catch the bus to k"Our Lady's Hospital to see the new Choong baby. She's a tiny bundle of black hair — 5 lbs 9 ozs. While there the rain came down in torrents. Mr. Choong brought us home in his mother-in laws Marcedes Bendz. We ate with Sister Woo. Sister Hoe still doesn't feel too well. Sister Woo is packing to leave for Singapore tomorrow. April 5, Mon. 1982 Had breakfast then Simon came to take Sister Woo to the station. We arrived in time to see her off. Simon brought us home. We fixed lunch and he ate with us. Watched Sister Hoe's clothes through the wash and played the organ. Walked to the store for a treat for home evening. WE went to the station to meet Sister Teh. The train was an hour and a half late. we were to be at Toh's for home evening at 7:30 so we caught a taxi and went straight to Toh's. Had a good evening. I surely like those Toh girls, Anna, Annie, and Doris. Brother Tan brought us all home then went back for Doreen and Brother Ong. He's home from Singapore at last. Showed Sister Teh around her new home then went to bed. Tues. April 6 Today we went to pay the water then came out to wait for the bus to take the rent over. Maureen Tai's mother saw us and offered to take us to town. We stopped at the bank and post office then walked to Neveradnams home, then got to our landlady. Her brother brought us home. After lunch I went to Marzita's to sew. I made most of the red blouse. Their little boy was surely talkative today. We couldn't understand him but he didn't give up on us — just kept talking. We came home and got ready for Simon Sims big 25th birthday party. It was nice — the most Chinese food I've ever eaten. Simon's Amway friends were there also. The sidewalks here really give me some jolts. A sidewalk is not a long stretch of cement — instead each store pours some cement in front of his building — the highth and size he wants it. So each store front walk is different. You have to watch where you are stepping. You can't just windowshop and daydream as you walk along. Some places there are no walks at all so people walk in the street among the cars. It's a really dangerous business being a pedestrian here. Wed. Apr. 7, 1982 We walked to our shopping center and shopped for a wedding gift to take to the Malaysian wedding we are invited to. WE took the kids a small gift

and gave Marzita and Zinodine an album. Not much of a gift but a little remembrance. We wrapped the package to send to Joan. Ong and Tan came and stayed about 3 hours discussing big money deals etc. etc. We phoned the young folks that were going to the convention in Singapore. This pair of girls want to cook their own meals separate from us. We waited for 3 hours for a turn at the kitchen. Apr. 8 Thurs. Got out to the bus stop at six and waited a half hour for the bus. We went to Scout louse to visit with the boys and found they would not leave until one. We stopped in Ipoh Gardens and found gummed paper to wrap our parcels. Wrapped the parcels and caught the bus back to Scout hall. They were just eating so they gave us a plate of rice, a curried egg, and potato, sprouts and a fried fish. They boys said you eat with your fingers so I did. When we are invited in to sit they give us a spoon and fork. Two bus loads of boys left for camp. WE then went to mail our packages and have our films developed. WE were really tired at the bus stop. We've waited hours for busses today. Just then Mr. Kasi came along and gave us a ride home. Apr. 9, Friday WE couldn't get Pres. Jones. sister Woo phones and said he was in Singapore — so because we couldn't talk to him and tell him what we had about scouting — that we felt we should stay home — we decided to go ahead as planned before. We decided to take a taxi to Penang and fly from there to Koda Baruh. WE waited until after two to find we couldn't get reservations on the plane. WE decided to wait until Monday. We had some films to pick up in town so decided to get there before five. Smellie couldn't find his belt so we were delayed hunting that when Pres. Cannon phoned us. He told us to try the immigration again in the morning. We feel good about it all now but were so undecided before. We started to catch the bus to pick up the films — after 15 minute's waited we decided to do it in the morning so walked and mailed letters. visited Marzita and Zinodine on the way home. Chon Kasi called us over. He and Dad have gone to the Baptist show. The girls are out so I'm trying to hold down the home front. April 10 Saturday WEnt to the scouts at 7;30. after an hour or two with them we went to immigration (imergeratn) and spent 2 or 3 hours. Finally got an extra two weeks on our stay in Malaysia. If our Visa comes through that should take care of us. They expect to hear the end of this application for Visas on April 20th. We walked to New Town and shopped in the fresh food market. We went to the place to get our pictures. We saw a sad specimen of poverty — a man with his leg in a cast. He had his mouth stuffed with a hanky. He was dirty and ragged. The boy who was all twisted up caught sight of us again at the bus stop and crossed the street. he stepped forward with one leg then put his other leg around hehind that one to take the next step. the bus came so Dad didn't dig up another dollar for him. WE got our fresh food home and in the fridge and now we are leaving it there to spoil while we go to Kota Baruh tomorrow. I washed the whole house but the girls room. I put terrasa stuff on the floors. April ll Up and ready for the scout trip. We packed. Toh's arrived and we left to catch a train for Penang. We are flying from there to Kota Baruh. We waited for two hours in line for tickets on the train to be told there were no seats available. WE decided to try for a taxi. A fellow took us to a corner where we picked up a Chinese couple. That made $10.00 for each couple to go to Penang. These folks were really nice. They own a plantation, rubber, cocoa, and palm oil. They made the journey short with pleasant conversation The taxi driver said he would take us on to Penang for $35.00 more. We went to Butterworth ferry and rode it across for nothing. It costs 40 cents to come back from the island to the mainland. The couple took us to their business place, a little five year old tried his English out on me. He was good. Dad made phone calls. they told us where a hotel was by the

bus to catch to the airport. They hailed a tryshaw and put us on it. With instructions to the peddler. The hotel was only $22.00 for a double room with fan. We went out and bought food and stayed in for the evening. Fri. May l26 Went to the Rotary club to show films Johnny Lingo and John Baker. March. 27 Sat We rushed off to town without breakfast in order to catch the scout commissioner at the St. Michael's school. Dad gave him a Flatlands patch, then he asked him to sing a letter asking that we stay in Malaysia to help with scouting. He took the letter and had it translated into Malay then had it typed and signed. It was kind of him. We came home and ate the hot cakes the girls had prepared. I baked five loaves of bread and we caught the bread man too so we have plenty of bread. The home movie had about 14 people besides missionaries. Chong, Gary, Honey's boyfriend and two member families. We practiced a bit on "How gentle God's commands" March 28, Sun. We had just got started on the R.S. lesson when one of the sisters saw Cannons. We went out on the porch to welcome them, then Sister Ann finished her lesson on Pakistan. WE ran through "How Gentle God's Command". We were happy with it.k Bro CAnnon talked then S.S. We had lunch that the sisters had fixed. The cannons and Turners left. Honey came and she and I finished the visiting teaching. Hope we get it done earlier next month. Mr fowler is worrying about an L.D.S. person can be buried in Malaysia. March 29 Mon. We went to town to make a deposit at church bank. honey said her mother could come to the home Evening. We shopped at the grocery store and bought chicken at Kentucky Fried Chicken. Had one piece of chicken and a roll for $1.80. Came home and ate lunch with the girls. Walked to the market for carrots. Course they didn't have any. Met Elder Sam on one of the girl's bikes. He had just got into town. Made a cake and set some jello. Made some lemon jello for ice cream and cake. Cooked potatoes and eggs for potato salad. By this time Elder Chew phoned. Elder Chong had run over some big rocks and made a hole in his oil pan and gas tank. Bro and Sister Cannon waited an hour and a half in the hot sun then Elder Chong sent a taxi out to bring them in. They all arrived here in time for Family Home evening. Anna and doris Toh came with their dad and mother. Sister Toh fell as she got out of the bus. We introduced ourselves then read a chapter of the Book of Mormon. Played Simon Says and 1-7 and Multipliers — ate lunch. It looked rather skinny. I got my poor crackers and cookies. Toh"s brought a drink. We also had a pomelo. I think they were satisfied with the lunch. Everyone got rides where they had to go. Cannons are coming at 8 in the morning for breakfast. Honey and Tuck arrived late. He brought chili sauce for the chicken tomorrow. Tues 30 I think I've been awake all night long. I thought the night would never end by 2 a.m. when I got up. I've been up since. I went down stairs at 3 a.m. Someone banged the back door real loud. I was scared but I went about my business which was peeling eggs and potatoes and adding another package of jello to the jello that didn't set, It's 7 a.m. I'll go down and see if the jello set. LIt rained for an hour this morning and still is raining. The lightening and thunder has played around all night. The thunder sounds like the thunder in the Catskill Mts. Just keeps rolling. Cannons came and had breakfast with us at eight. The Elders arrived at nine and meeting got underway. At 10:30 Elder Chong said they'd like to eat at eleven so I jumped up and started to warm the chicken and make salad. The other salad set enough to eat. The lemon dressing wasn't too good and the not too good cake. After eating we went on the bus to town. Cannons and the Elders caught their bus and we just barely caught our bus. we rested a bit this afternoon. It's raining again. I washed some clothes to take to KL tomorrow with us. WE ate left overs from

dinner. There's lots more of those to eat. Wed. March 31, 1982 Got up early land walked to the place to pay bills. — paid Electric and telephone. Mr. Kesi gave us a ride over there. Caught the bus to the bank and took are of church affairs. WE walked to the travel agency land looked at the possibilities for travel to the Asian Scout Jamboree at Koda Boru. Caught a bus to KL just outside the tourist place. It was an air conditioned bus. WE stopped half way there for a snack. When we arrived at KL we took a taxi to Cannons. Rather he TOOK us. He ran $10.00 up on the meter when it only takes $6.00 at most. Sister CAnnon fixed a good supper and we went to bed early. Ivan wasn't prepared to go to immigration with us Thurs. Got out early. I Caught the six o'clock bus to the airport. It wa muggy so hated to go inside. we waited an hour and a half before we could buy tickets..we phoned..they had reserved them for us before we left Ipoh. Had our tickets checked and waited until boarding time. Bus to airport cost $.85 while the taxi would have cost $12.00. A girl I talked to who works in K.L. paid more for her taxi from Penang to the airport than for her plane ride to K.L. We had a seat by a girl who had been sent to Kota Bharu for a day's job. A land rover had been sent to the airport to pick her up. She took us into the city and directed us to Hotel Aman the took us there. We got a room for $26.00. Saufi invited us to ride to the scout jamboree program at 8 p. m. with him. We told him we would ride home from the program with him. We had to go to the bus depot and get tickets to K.L. we did and while there we met a couple of girl scouts who tried to direct us to the camp. WE took a taxi. Had a good time visiting the boys camps. We walked pretty well though the camp for seven hours. Then hunted a place in the dark to lie on the ground and rest. WE rested on a Malaysian bamboo table. They sold us bananas and a drink. We got near the stage and rested on the ground. After a while the boys started to gather. WE watched the Ipoh boys do their number then heard another show was going on. We walked to that place and watched a Malaysian wedding and several dances. Then found Saufi and he brought us home.. He said he'd take us sight seeing in the morning at nine. April 13 Tues. Nine came. We waited. 12p.m. came Time to check out so we went down then Saufi came. He and his friend took us back to the camp where we visited and had dinner with the boys. We left there about 3:30. Saufi drove us to see the Imperial palace. We couldn't go past the gate. Then they took us to see the airport and a Batik selling shop. Bought Dad a shirt and a Batik picture of India — Sita. We bought some silver pins from the scouts. Saufi then took us to the hotel. We watched "Popeye the sailor man" then it was time to leave to catch the bus home. WE took a tryshaw and waited for our bus. At 8;10 we were on our way to K.L. We rode all night. Apr. 14 Wed. Woke up often during the bus ride through the night. The driver worried me because he was so dozy. WE stopped two different times to get snacks, rest and change drivers. About six in the morning — before light — the bus door was open as well as the windows as we drove through a small town. Suddenly lit looked like the lady dropped her purse. Dad got up to help and found a chicken had blown into the bus. They caught him and put him in a plastic bag. When we left the bus we handed the driver his chicken. The taxi driver tried to get the best of us. We decided to ride a mini bus to Pudaraya where we'd catch the bus to Ipoh. We couldn't catch a bus. they were so crowded they wouldn't stop. WE started to walk. A young fellow walked with us until we were in sight of it. He took us through the back way. We caught a bus at 8;30 and slept until snack time. We tried a toilet at the stop but decided to use the bus's facilities instead. Boy, toilets are something else here — stinky and dirty — 10 cents to go in and no paper to use or dry hands on. We bought snacks

and met a French speaking man from Cambodia. He said seven of them started out from the prison camp and five of them were dead now. Just he and another man escaped. he's been out four years. He looked lean and hungry. The girl just arrived from Cambodia. They got off a town just before Ipoh. Received a letter from Joan telling us that Uncle Phillip was coming to Hong Kong. Then we got a letter from Phillip this afternoon telling about his CES assignment. April 15 The clothes were soaked with rain so tried to get them dry. Packed and got ready by ll a. m. to go to Taiping with Zainodine and Marzita to the Malay wedding. We enjoyed their company in their car on the way up. When we arrived they drove out to the new school. We went through their house. Ilt is nice. Saw the new school set up. Dad talked to the builder while I walked over and took a picture of an elephant. They took us to the museum. It was really cool in there. We got a room at the Hong Kong hotel. They fed us lunch at a stall as soon as we arrived in Tiaping. They left us at the hotel — planning on picking us up in the morning. We decided to find our own way around the next morning. April 16. We paid $12.00 for a tryshaw to haul us around all morning to see the sights. First we went to the zoo. All around the place were monkeys — not in the zoo. We got our bananas and started watching. The monkeys came right up and tried to take the bananas out of our hands. We went in the tryshaw to the gate to the falls. We started walking and a lady picked us up and took us to the falls and brought us back to the tryshaw. When we got home we started to go to the market and met a strange looking sandy haired girl. She said she was German but she sounded Malay. She took us to the supermarket. When we got back to the hotel we invited her up to lunch. Zionadine came to take us to the wedding so she had to go and we had to rush.. At the groom's place they had beautiful decorated gifts laid out for the bride. We ate yellow rice and curried prons — took pictures of the grandchildren then helped carry the gifts to the bride's place — where it was much more elaborately decorated than the grooms'. The brides gifts to the groom were food made into different shapes etc. The bride was in the bed room and the groom is the beautiful room on the throne chair. Got out early. I Caught the six o'clock bus to the airport. It wa muggy so hated to go inside. we waited an hour and a half before we could buy tickets..we phoned..they had reserved them for us before we left Ipoh. Had our tickets checked and waited until boarding time. Bus to airport cost $.85 while the taxi would have cost $12.00. A girl I talked to who works in K.L. paid more for her taxi from Penang to the airport than for her plane ride to K.L. We had a seat by a girl who had been sent to Kota Bharu for a day's job. A land rover had been sent to the airport to pick her up. She took us into the city and directed us to Hotel Aman the took us there. We got a room for $26.00. Saufi invited us to ride to the scout jamboree program at 8 p. m. with him. We told him we would ride home from the program with him. We had to go to the bus depot and get tickets to K.L. we did and while there we met a couple of girl scouts who tried to direct us to the camp. WE took a taxi. Had a good time visiting the boys camps. We walked pretty well though the camp for seven hours. Then hunted a place in the dark to lie on the ground and rest. WE rested on a Malaysian bamboo table. They sold us bananas and a drink. We got near the stage and rested on the ground. After a while the boys started to gather. WE watched the Ipoh boys do their number then heard another show was going on. We walked to that place and watched a Malaysian wedding and several dances. Then found Saufi and he brought us home.. He said he'd take us sight seeing in the morning at nine. April 13 Tues. Nine came. We waited. 12p.m. came Time to check out so we went down then Saufi came. He and his friend took us back to the camp where

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talked quietly to the groom and had him sign papers and books. That was the wedding ceremony. Then they put lunch clothes up the middle of the floor, the set dozens of big trays of food on them. Through the meal all sat on the floor. Ladies on one end of the room and men on the other. We had glass plates. They poured water over our hands then we took the rice from the bowl with our fingers. The food was beautifully made and served with our fingers. The bride was beautiful in a gold and green over a dark green velvet shirt. After we'd eaten all we could we each threw rice on the groom also another weed' We said goodby by putting our hands together my hand then his hand then mine then his and pulling them apart and putting them on our chests. WE went back to the grooms where we ate lunch again. WE then spent two hours at Marzita's brother's house. WE then went back to the brides for more ceremony and pictures. Marzita's sister took us to the station where we caught the mid night train to K.L. We had a berth. That didn't solve all our rest problems. We rolled and turned on the cot and got to K.L. at 8 a.m. an hour late for our meeting. April 17 Took a taxi to Cannons where zone conference was already in session. It was a Book of Mormon conference. After conference and lunch Elder Chong took us to catch a bus. We got tickets to Ipoh but the other Elders didn't get tickets. Elder Chong took them to busses and trains until they got a ride. WE drove through some heavy rain on the way home. IThe roads were flooded. Reached Ipoh about 8 p.m. and caught a taxi on home. UNpacked, ate, and a really ready for bed. We left last Sunday morning and haven't slept in the same bed twice since we left. We're glad to be home. We spent two night on the road traveling. The girls left for their new field of labor while we were away. April 18 A good Sunday. Sis Koay was sustained as Mother Education teacher and set apart. Brother Ong brought a crippled lady to church. It rained a lot today. Apr. 19, 1982 Sopped at market after doing the wash — some for Honey. Made cookies that taste like they have dust in them. Made the button holes in my red blouse. Dad took the film to town and went to visit the scout camp. He came home from town about six. We had home evening. Read B. Of M. then worked on the baby quilt for Choongs. Apr. 20 1982 Woke early. Took covers off chairs. Went to Khongs and to town with Honey. Stopped at the market and bout fruit — papaya, pineapple, mango star fruit and bananas, also potatoes and turnips. Sister Khong brought us home to leave groceries then we rode to Chongs, the Thonga family and Elder Chong's brothers' place. Then home to wash. Dad made lines in the vacant room up stairs. We went to town to get our jamboree pictures. Stopped at Whimpy's — home and organized pictures. Two letters from Ellen. Zionadine family home after the wedding. April 21 Went to Khongs early for Dad to look at her car. They took us out to breakfast — fish balls and Meehon, a noodle dish. Went to scout camp. I spent the biggest part of the day sewing at Khongs. Brother Ong brought me home at four. Honey came and we did our visiting teaching. Sister Koay wasn't home but we got the other two. I got home at 8:30 p. m. and beat Dad. He spent the whole day at the scout camp. Elder Chong called. No word on Visa probably until next week because of elections. April. 22, 2982 Dad is off on a bicycle to the scout camp. He'll come back before I go to Toh's. WAshed at one I left to help sew on the baby quilt. when I got there it was all finished. I visited an hour or two. Toh walked back to the bus stop with me. When I got home Dad was home. We went to town for pictures. Visited Kasi on the way home. April 23 — Washed. Did my hair then cleaned the church. Dad worked in church books. 4:30 we went to town. To save time I went to Angells for material while Dad went for pictures. We didn't make things too definite. After waiting at Angells for 25 minutes I decided I'd

better get look somewhere else for material. I found some. Angells jumped the street and got on a different block it seemed. When I found the Cathey, I didn't let it get away. I caught the bus there and came home. No key. I sat on the steps there until Marzita saw me and invited me in to her house. She worried more than I did. Finally Zionadine came home and went on his motor bike to find Smellie, still hunting me. They came home on his bike. Thank goodness for such wonderful neighbours. April 22 Washed clothes and was ready to go to the market at ten with Sister Khong. We bought groceries to make a good Chinese dinner, came home and started the soup. Sister Khong came back at four to prepare the dinner. I helped a little but watched mostly. The R.S. arrived at seven to a good meal. Ann gave a good Visiting Teacher's lesson before we left the table. The men folks cleared up the dishes. We came up stairs and had home management lesson on artificial recusititation and wounds.. We made decision on quilt. Tohs will finish it for us and we'll deliver it early in the week. We visited Zionadines a few minutes and came home to do more work on the photo book. April. 25 Sunday Usual — All but Sister Koay. Ann gave a good lesson. Annie's talk in church was good and so was Brother Ong's. After S.S> I cooked dinner and Brother Ong stayed and ate with us. Gene came to invite us to get together at his house this evening. We later learned it was his birthday party. When we arrived at his house it was full of young people. We ate Chinese and curried foods. Simon took a lot of pictures. Gene gave us a selling pitch. Get your own business, for $50.00 you can set up your own Amway business. Simon brought us home. Apr. 26 1982 Washed, went to town to see the church bank. Saw Choonge for a while. came home and stopped at Ipoh Gardens at our own bank. Heard someone from behind say "Hand over your money". It was Gary , Liong wok wai. We visited and rode home on the same bus. He had already boughten his own dinner so we asked him to bring it over and eat with us. He took his worms in the plastic bag home while I put our dinner on. We ate together — each our own food. He visited with Dad for an hour or two then went home. Got a ride to Toh's for Family Home Evening. Elder Tan gave us a ride there and back. Pres. Jones phoned. We arranged to stay in the mission home in Singapore while waiting — Before we left he told us where to get the key. We said we'd go down and re-enter if we couldn't get our visas taken care of in K.L. We told Zinodine we'd ride down with him at 4:45 in the morning. April 27 Woke early and were ready to leave at 4:45. Zionadine was ready a bit later. We had a good ride down together. Marzita kept our key and took care of lights and windows for us. We surprised Cannons at about 8:30 walking in on them. After a few minutes talk we decided to go to immigration to see if our visas went through. We sat waiting in the waiting room for hours before they told us they refused the visas. They gave us two weeks to come back up to Ipoh and pick up our things to get out so we now have until May 12th. We rested then ate hot dogs uptown then went to the Canadian embassy and registered. We then went to the mission home and rested until time for the in service lesson. It was good. Elder NG's grandfather died so they transferred him to Singapore and Elder Wu back with Elder Chong. April 28 We listened to the Priesthood session of conference then ate lunch and Elder Chong took us to the train to meet Elder Wu. We got tickets and came on to Brewister Ave. and picked up the prints we had ordered. Caught the bus home and Marzita was Waiting for us with the key. She had the lights turned on. she is so good to us. April 29 Did regular P. Day chores. sent pictures to Joan and Will. Got the coins off to the scouts we had promised them. Sent off applications for drivers licenses. — Also sent for forms to get some of my savings out of the

B.C.Teacher's Retirement savings. We decided after dinner to go to town and see Fowlers. it rained and we waited it out in the new library. It was about meal time by then so decided to come home. At the bus stop we met a girl who told us how to get to Lim's place. We found the house — no one home. Threw the pictures into the house and inquired of a lady where Timothy's house was. she took us to his place. We visited and bit then He took us to a stall and fed us Chinese food. They drove us to meet his mother at Thomas's place. We also met his sister next door. Went back to Timothy's where friends dropped in. They had been in Iowa. She's expecting a baby in four days. They brought us home. They seemed like good people. They are not attached to a religion. They were in Iowa four years getting his education in Industrial engineering. Apr. 30 Intended to visit Fowlers early but got there at ten. We stopped at the post office in Ipoh Gardens to mail tapes and film strips to the Penang Elders then caught the bus by the station where we quickly grabbed the Lim Garden bus to Fowlers. A person told us where to get off — so close to Fowlers. We visited with Mr. Fowler and talked religion for an hour or so. He walked us to the bus and we caught it to a lady's place who had first driven us to Fowlers. She was not at home. We wondered if we would wait for her when the lady next door invited us in. They were Muslims. they had lunch on the table and we ate with them — rice and squid, eggs and some other hot vegetable that had a bitter taste also lady fingers. They set spoons and forks at our place. We said we wanted to eat like they did so they had us wash our hands and we ate with our fingers. We had a really pleasant visit with them. They invited us to their daughter's birthday party tomorrow. WE have already told Doreen we will go with her so if we get home early enough we'll drop in there again. We went to the lady's place next door and visited a short while. Her parents were from Sri Lanka. We left and went to catch the bus and Andrew drove up on his bike. WE went home with him and spent a pleasant rainy hour or so listening to the organ and singing as he played. Albernathies are such nice people. Got to the bus station and Ipoh Garden bus was waiting, caught it and got home to give Zinodines the pictures we had made for them. May Ist 1982 Labor Day STayed home, washed,marked two Books of Mormon and got the flannelette hemmed for Choongs. WEnt to the near shopping center for crochet hooks and cotton. Doreen and Tan came to take us to see her grandmother. We rode long enough getting there to get the first round crochet on the blanket. Her uncle runs two jewelry shops. Everything in cages. The counter edge can be seen through the bars. We ate in an Indian Malay stall. The man flipped the dough round and round instead of rolling it with a rolling pin. We were long enough on the road to finish the other round of crocheting. We caught the bus to the Nor birthday party. Ate Malaysian food and they brought us home. the town was packed tonight as we waited for the Lim Garden bus to take bus to the party. We're late home — 10;30 p.m. May 2 1982 Got us cleaned up a bit and set up the chairs for church, took a shower and started R.S> We were almost finished when President Redd same and asked us to come down because Choongs were with enough food for every one. The had the baby and family in the car. We went down and greeted them then finished R.S. and had fast and testimony meeting. Ann and I decided to divide the food up so people could take it home and finish the fast or eat it which ever pleased them. We made enough for all. They had pork, coloured eggs,, a little rose bud thing a bit larger than a fried egg. Some sort of cake-looking stuff. After that we had Sunday School. We've started the second part of the Bible, the Adult lesson of S.S. I came upstairs to rest. Brother Ong and Dad have stayed downstairs preaching and singing. My side

hurts worse than it did at first. Brother Ong took us to Leong's place. She hasn't gone to the hospital yet. lAt home we gabbed with Zainodine and Marzita until Honey called. She brought John over. He is an Australian. Talked about Australia. The left and it's bed tine. Hot tonight. No rain today. May 3 P. day. wrote letters, Dad caught up on church work..Elder Chong's brothers wife came to the house to pick up the package we brought up for him. They were nice to talk to. We wish we could give them the gospel. Brother Ong conducted Family home Evening. We played games and ate. John came with Honey. He's pretty fed up with churches We'd like to visit him more. Tohs and Ong stayed until 10:30. May 4 Today we started at 9:30 to the shopping center to pay our bills and from there we caught the bus to New Town and looked for knitting needles and material for home Making Tomorrow night. got what we needed then caught the bus to the station and went out to Fowlers. Had a good visit. Ate lunch with them. Gave them a Book of mormon then came home. i was so tired. we rested until time for Tan to came. We phoned David Foong and he came to pick up the rent money. He brought a security man. We visited a while. Then the while curly headed Allen we met on the bus came to the door. He stayed on after David left and we ate together. He is a Drug addict worker. Has some good faith and ideas. He'll be here until June. May 5 wed. Washed but before we had it on the line we had to leave to catch the bus to Kong's to go to town with Honey then on to Fowlers. Freddie Fowler took us to a friend Mechanic shop where they fixed the starter. Sister Khong bought us lunch on the way home. Had Home Making Evening here. The girls brought wool and hooks and needles. WE spent the evening learning a little about knitting. Doris was out to meeting. All the sisters also. April 18 A good Sunday. Sis Koay was sustained as Mother Education teacher and set apart. Brother Ong brought a crippled lady to church. It rained a lot today. Apr. 19, 1982 Sopped at market after doing the wash — some for Honey. Made cookies that taste like they have dust in them. Made the button holes in my red blouse. Dad took the film to town and went to visit the scout camp. He came home from town about six. We had home evening. Read B. Of M. then worked on the baby quilt for Choongs. Apr. 20 1982 Woke early. Took covers off chairs. Went to Khongs and to town with Honey. Stopped at the market and bout fruit — papaya, pineapple, mango star fruit and bananas, also potatoes and turnips. Sister Khong brought us home to leave groceries then we rode to Chongs, the Thonga family and Elder Chong's brothers' place. Then home to wash. Dad made lines in the vacant room up stairs. We went to town to get our jamboree pictures. Stopped at Whimpy's — home and organized pictures. Two letters from Ellen. Zionadine family home after the wedding. April 21 Went to Khongs early for Dad to look at her car. They took us out to breakfast — fish balls and Meehon, a noodle dish. Went to scout camp. I spent the biggest part of the day sewing at Khongs. Brother Ong brought me home at four. Honey came and we did our visiting teaching. Sister Koay wasn't home but we got the other two. I got home at 8:30 p. m. and beat Dad. He spent the whole day at the scout camp. Elder Chong called. No word on Visa probably until next week because of elections. April. 22, 2982 Dad is off on a bicycle to the scout camp. He'll come back before I go to Toh's. WAshed at one I left to help sew on the baby quilt. when I got there it was all finished. I visited an hour or two. Toh walked back to the bus stop with me. When I got home Dad was home. We went to town for pictures. Visited Kasi on the way home. April 23 — Washed. Did my hair then cleaned the church. Dad worked in church books. 4:30 we went to town. To save time I went to Angells for material while Dad went for pictures. We didn't make things too definite. After waiting

at Angells for 25 minutes I decided I'd better get look somewhere else for material. I found some. Angells jumped the street and got on a different block it seemed. When I found the Cathey, I didn't let it get away. I caught the bus there and came home. No key. I sat on the steps there until Marzita saw me and invited me in to her house. She worried more than I did. Finally Zionadine came home and went on his motor bike to find Smellie, still hunting me. They came home on his bike. Thank goodness for such wonderful neighbours. April 22 Washed clothes and was ready to go to the market at ten with Sister Khong. We bought groceries to make a good Chinese dinner, came home and started the soup. Sister Khong came back at four to prepare the dinner. I helped a little but watched mostly. The R.S. arrived at seven to a good meal. Ann gave a good Visiting Teacher's lesson before we left the table. The men folks cleared up the dishes. We came up stairs and had home management lesson on artificial recusititation and wounds.. We made decision on quilt. Tohs will finish it for us and we'll deliver it early in the week. We visited Zionadines a few minutes and came home to do more work on the photo book. April. 25 Sunday Usual — All but Sister Koay. Ann gave a good lesson. Annie's talk in church was good and so was Brother Ong's. After S.S> I cooked dinner and Brother Ong stayed and ate with us. Gene came to invite us to get together at his house this evening. We later learned it was his birthday party. When we arrived at his house it was full of young people. We ate Chinese and curried foods. Simon took a lot of pictures. Gene gave us a selling pitch. Get your own business, for $50.00 you can set up your own Amway business. Simon brought us home. Apr. 26 1982 Washed, went to town to see the church bank. Saw Choonge for a while. came home and stopped at Ipoh Gardens at our own bank. Heard someone from behind say "Hand over your money". It was Gary , Liong wok wai. We visited and rode home on the same bus. He had already boughten his own dinner so we asked him to bring it over and eat with us. He took his worms in the plastic bag home while I put our dinner on. We ate together — each our own food. He visited with Dad for an hour or two then went home. Got a ride to Toh's for Family Home Evening. Elder Tan gave us a ride there and back. Pres. Jones phoned. We arranged to stay in the mission home in Singapore while waiting — Before we left he told us where to get the key. We said we'd go down and re-enter if we couldn't get our visas taken care of in K.L. We told Zinodine we'd ride down with him at 4:45 in the morning. April 27 Woke early and were ready to leave at 4:45. Zionadine was ready a bit later. We had a good ride down together. Marzita kept our key and took care of lights and windows for us. We surprised Cannons at about 8:30 walking in on them. After a few minutes talk we decided to go to immigration to see if our visas went through. We sat waiting in the waiting room for hours before they told us they refused the visas. They gave us two weeks to come back up to Ipoh and pick up our things to get out so we now have until May 12th. We rested then ate hot dogs uptown then went to the Canadian embassy and registered. We then went to the mission home and rested until time for the in service lesson. It was good. Elder NG's grandfather died so they transferred him to Singapore and Elder Wu back with Elder Chong. April 28 We listened to the Priesthood session of conference then ate lunch and Elder Chong took us to the train to meet Elder Wu. We got tickets and came on to Brewister Ave. and picked up the prints we had ordered. Caught the bus home and Marzita was Waiting for us with the key. She had the lights turned on. she is so good to us. April 29 Did regular P. Day chores. sent pictures to Joan and Will. Got the coins off to the scouts we had promised them. Sent off applications for drivers licenses. — Also sent for forms

to get some of my savings out of the B.C.Teacher's Retirement savings. We decided after dinner to go to town and see Fowlers. it rained and we waited it out in the new library. It was about meal time by then so decided to come home. At the bus stop we met a girl who told us how to get to Lim's place. We found the house — no one home. Threw the pictures into the house and inquired of a lady where Timothy's house was. she took us to his place. We visited and bit then He took us to a stall and fed us Chinese food. They drove us to meet his mother at Thomas's place. We also met his sister next door. Went back to Timothy's where friends dropped in. They had been in Iowa. She's expecting a baby in four days. They brought us home. They seemed like good people. They are not attached to a religion. They were in Iowa four years getting his education in Industrial engineering. Apr. 30 Intended to visit Fowlers early but got there at ten. We stopped at the post office in Ipoh Gardens to mail tapes and film strips to the Penang Elders then caught the bus by the station where we quickly grabbed the Lim Garden bus to Fowlers. A person told us where to get off — so close to Fowlers. We visited with Mr. Fowler and talked religion for an hour or so. He walked us to the bus and we caught it to a lady's place who had first driven us to Fowlers. She was not at home. We wondered if we would wait for her when the lady next door invited us in. They were Muslims. they had lunch on the table and we ate with them — rice and squid, eggs and some other hot vegetable that had a bitter taste also lady fingers. They set spoons and forks at our place. We said we wanted to eat like they did so they had us wash our hands and we ate with our fingers. We had a really pleasant visit with them. They invited us to their daughter's birthday party tomorrow. WE have already told Doreen we will go with her so if we get home early enough we'll drop in there again. We went to the lady's place next door and visited a short while. Her parents were from Sri Lanka. We left and went to catch the bus and Andrew drove up on his bike. WE went home with him and spent a pleasant rainy hour or so listening to the organ and singing as he played. Albernathies are such nice people. Got to the bus station and Ipoh Garden bus was waiting, caught it and got home to give Zinodines the pictures we had made for them. May lst 1982 Labor Day STayed home, washed,marked two Books of Mormon and got the flannelette hemmed for Choongs. WEnt to the near shopping center for crochet hooks and cotton. Doreen and Tan came to take us to see her grandmother. We rode long enough getting there to get the first round crochet on the blanket. Her uncle runs two jewelry shops. Everything in cages. The counter edge can be seen through the bars. We ate in an Indian Malay stall. The man flipped the dough round and round instead of rolling it with a rolling pin. We were long enough on the road to finish the other round of crocheting. We caught the bus to the Nor birthday party. Ate Malaysian food and they brought us home. the town was packed tonight as we waited for the Lim Garden bus to take bus to the party. We're late home — 10;30 p.m. May 2 1982 Got us cleaned up a bit and set up the chairs for church, took a shower and started R.S> We were almost finished when President Redd same and asked us to come down because Choongs were with enough food for every one. The had the baby and family in the car. We went down and greeted them then finished R.S. and had fast and testimony meeting. Ann and I decided to divide the food up so people could take it home and finish the fast or eat it which ever pleased them. We made enough for all. They had pork, coloured eggs,, a little rose bud thing a bit larger than a fried egg. Some sort of cake-looking stuff. After that we had Sunday School. We've started the second part of the Bible, the Adult lesson of S.S. I came upstairs to rest. Brother Ong and Dad have stayed downstairs

preaching and singing. My side hurts worse than it did at first. Brother Ong took us to Leong's place. She hasn't gone to the hospital yet. IAt home we gabbed with Zainodine and Marzita until Honey called. She brought John over. He is an Australian. Talked about Australia. The left and it's bed tine. Hot tonight. No rain today. May 3 P. day. wrote letters, Dad caught up on church work..Elder Chong's brothers wife came to the house to pick up the package we brought up for him. They were nice to talk to. We wish we could give them the gospel. Brother Ong conducted Family home Evening. We played games and ate. John came with Honey. He's pretty fed up with churches We'd like to visit him more. Tohs and Ong stayed until 10:30. May 4 Today we started at 9:30 to the shopping center to pay our bills and from there we caught the bus to New Town and looked for knitting needles and material for home Making Tomorrow night. got what we needed then caught the bus to the station and went out to Fowlers. Had a good visit. Ate lunch with them. Gave them a Book of mormon then came home. i was so tired. we rested until time for Tan to came. We phoned David Foong and he came to pick up the rent money. He brought a security man. We visited a while. Then the while curly headed Allen we met on the bus came to the door. He stayed on after David left and we ate together. He is a Drug addict worker. Has some good faith and ideas. He'll be here until June. May 5 wed. Washed but before we had it on the line we had to leave to catch the bus to Kong's to go to town with Honey then on to Fowlers. Freddie Fowler took us to a friend Mechanic shop where they fixed the starter. Sister Khong bought us lunch on the way home. Had Home Making Evening here. The girls brought wool and hooks and needles. WE spent the evening learning a little about knitting. Doris was out to meeting. All the sisters also. Jan. 25, 1995 Sorry I'm so slow about writing. I tried once but it didn't go right for me and I have never got back to it. Not that I'm too busy — I'm not. Puzzles have had first place as I rest on the bed. Anyway I want to say Thanks for the Christmas you made for us. Then I want to say Happy New Year before 1995 is all over. It is hard to write when we have no plans. We have no children to tend. We are not planning on going away at this time anywhere — Maybe we will have to plan a visit to our children's families. Maybe we will have to get started in some genealogy. If I don't have a job I surely spend a lot of time recuperating. Bet you have never found out how tired you can get from just being lazy. Dad has a Sunday School class to teach. He is also a home teacher. Jason Redd is his companion. It is mail time about now. I think I could walk to the post office without falling down on the ice. It looks nice outside today. Maybe the worst of the winter is over. I hope so anyway. I don't love winter and ice. We have to have enough snow for next years' crops. Can't be too grouchy about the snow. I like to walk to the post office for my exercise once a day. Dad finds jobs to do around here for his. I think you all know that our son William is our Bishop. We went to Raymond to hear Barbara, Smellie's sister, give her home coming talk. She served in the Mexico City mission. I'm surely glad you got to go to the open house of the Bountiful temple. I thought about it but that was all we could do. We will go there for a session one of these days. The next time we head south I think. One never knows does one? I will just write one page. Can't think of anything to say on that page so I won't let it go over. We surely love and appreciate you. May God bless and keep you and yours. Love, Smellie and Laurel Thanks for the pictures, and letter. It's so good to hear the news of everyone. Of course we wish it could all be good news. Nov. 23, 1992 Grassy Lake, Alberta Jan. 25, 1995 Sorry I'm so slow about writing. I tried once but it didn't go right for me and I have never got back to it. Not that I'm too busy — I'm not. Puzzles have

had first place as I rest on the bed. Anyway I want to say Thanks for the Christmas you made for us. Then I want to say Happy New Year before 1995 is all over. It is hard to write when we have no plans. We have no children to tend. We are not planning on going away at this time anywhere — Maybe we will have to plan a visit to our children's families. Maybe we will have to get started in some genealogy. If I don't have a job I surely spend a lot of time recuperating. Bet you have never found out how tired you can get from just being lazy. Dad has a Sunday School class to teach. He is also a home teacher. Jason Redd is his companion. It is mail time about now. I think I could walk to the post office without falling down on the ice. It looks nice outside today. Maybe the worst of the winter is over. I hope so anyway. I don't love winter and ice. We have to have enough snow for next years' crops. Can't be too grouchy about the snow. I like to walk to the post office for my exercise once a day. Dad finds jobs to do around here for his. I think you all know that our son William is our Bishop. We went to Raymond to hear Barbara, Smellie's sister, give her home coming talk. She served in the Mexico City mission. I'm surely glad you got to go to the open house of the Bountiful temple. I thought about it but that was all we could do. We will go there for a session one of these days. The next time we head south I think. One never knows does one? I will just write one page. Can't think of anything to say on that page so I won't let it go over. We surely love and appreciate you. May God bless and keep you and yours. Love, Smellie and Laurel Dec. 19, 1991 This is a Christmas Card letter if you don't recognize it. It is also a thank you note. I hope to get another off after Christmas but right now I want this on its way. Thanks for the Merry Christmases over the phone. It is a real joy to lhear your voices especially when the message is sung — We love the children's voices. Thanks for the cards you have already sent us. Thanks for the family picutre. I wonder if that is all lthe "thanks" for now. They'll be more come later. We have had the pleasure of bing with one of the girls we knew in the mission field. Annie Toh came to Cardston on Monday. We spent yesterday with Annie and the Leavitts. She is visiting them. We went to Waterton and saw the scenery and the deer. They were no other wild animals out this time but it was a thrill to see them and the snow etc. Annie has never had the pleasure of cold winter and snow. She was having the time of her life. The thing that surprised her most was the feilds all brown — not white with snow and not green. The trees standing bare with no leaves were a sort of a surprise then to see green pines in the midst of it all. Well we just had a good time then had a great meal before we left waterton. We found some stir fry dished and other things that reminded us of the east. We just had a good day. We will likely be with Annie again before she goes back to school in Hawaii. She flies on the 4th of Jan. We may take her to the plane. We went to Cardston last Sunday to stay at Tom's and Cheryl's. Heather had her tonsils and adnois out on Monday. Tom had his teaching to do and Cheryl stayed at the hospital with Heather. We had a good time with the children. The baby is so sweet. She was no problem at all. She is just a year old. Doesn't walk yet but she surely gets around, up and down etc. Today we are taking Kim, William's oldest son to Edmonton to put him on the bus for Fairview. His parents and family are there. He will spend Christmas with them then we have in mind to go up for New Year and bring him back. He is going to school in Taber this year. Will has a job in Fairview for four months. He should be home by the end of March. Kim and Dad are looking after Will's affairs here. Dad hauled his grain to the elevater and filled a train car of canola seed for him. We may go to Wainwright and stay there until after Christmas. We expect to sleep there tonight before putting Kim on the bus

in Edmonton to go on up to Fairview. I'm having visiting Teachers this morning. Putting up a lunch for us to ltravel lwith. We want to wish you the very best — Merry, Merry Christmas and a kHappy New Year. LOve Redds — Laurel D Hill Redd Born — Mud Lake, Idaho, U.S.A. October 3, 1915 Father — Chancy Eugene Hill Mother — Hermione Jackson Hill Siblings — Horace Eugene, Iran Roy, Alta Hermione, James Jackson, Return George Clara Dinah Crystal, — Laurel Darpha, — Harold Wayne, Lester June, Eva R.L., Wanda Maybeth, Izora Faun, Wendlyn Joy, Gloria RaOla. I was raised in the Uinta Basin Altona, Randlett, and Roosevelt Utah. I first saw my husband when we were in Salt Lake City preparing to go on a mission. nine years later — after the war we were married on Jan.28, 1946. July 29 1991 Hi I guess it's time I answered your letter. I'm good and lazy right now so this won't be much of a letter. On the 25 of July I went to the St. Michael's hospital in Lethbridge and on the 26 — A special birthday — I had that skin cancer removed from my nose. The Doctor told me the longer I was under the ansthetic the worse I would feel. I had three hours of it. Yesterday I went to church. It was tiring. Then Barbara invited us to Raymond to eat dinner with Dave and Ellen and family there. I couldn't resists but I was plenty tired when it was all over. I was too tired to rest very well last night. But I'm trying to do the usual things on Monday. Tonight our ward is having a party at a park. I think I'll stay home this time. It's the mosquitoes that scare me away. I surely don't want to battle them right now. Tomorrow we are to go back to Lethbridge to have the stitches taken out of nose. MY nostril is pulled up on one side so I;ll be pretty snooty the next time you see me. I hate to go out in the hot sum but I want to get this letter in the post office and I want to take a little walk. I haven't done that for a few days. We don't know when we will be down. We wanted to come to the reunion but We don't know right now what we will do. Joan has a seminary convention there and the girls would like to go to the Education week. We might be envolved with that. We forgot to talk about it when we were together last. I think I will go downstaris and see if I can find some sort of a hat for shade. I should have a rice shade down there somewhere. We want to get to Wainwright right soon. Course the trip to Lethbridge is first. I want to have Tom come and help me get my new programs in the computer. They planned on coming today once but that might be changed now. I'm only writing one page and I guess it"s about time to say Goodbye. I love you and appreciate your letters. From Smellie and Laurel Jan. 25, 1995 Sorry I'm so slow about writing. I tried once but it didn't go right for me and I have never got back to it. Not that I'm too busy-l-I'm not. Puzzles have had first place as I rest on the bed. Anyway I want to say Thanks for the Christmas you made for us. Then I want to say Happy New Year before 1995 is all over. It is hard to write when we have no plans. We have no Children to tend. We are not planning on going away at this time anywhere — Maybe we will have to plan to visit our children. Maybe we will have to get started in some genealogy. If I don"t have a job I surely spend a lot of time recuperating. Bet you have never found out how tired you can get from just being lazy. Dad has a Sunday School class to teach. He is also a home teacher. Jason Redd is has companion. It is mail time about now. I think I could walk to the post office without falling down on the ice. It looks nice outside today. Maybe the worst of the winter if ocer. I hope so anyway. I don't love winter and ice. we have to have enough snow for the next years crops. can't be too grouchy about the snow. I like to walk to the post office once a day for my exercise. Dad finds jobs to do around here for his. I think you all know that our son william is our Bishop. We went to Raymond to hear Barbara, Smellie's sister, give her home coming talk. I she served in the Mexico City mission. I'm

surely glad you got to go to the open house of the Bountiful temple. I thought about it but that was all we could do. We will go there for a session one of these days. The next time we head south, I think. One never knows does one? I will just write one page. k Can't think of anything to say on this page so I won"t let it go over to the next page. We surely love and appreciate you. May God bless and keep you and yours., Love, Smellie and Laurel March 6, 1995 I've forgotten how to write it has been so long since I tried. We are in the act of moving to Cardston. We have an apartment rented there and will be on the way this week. In fact we are packing up now. If we go up there to live I hope we can sell our house right away. I don't want to rent it. I don't want it sitting here empty hoping for the right people to come along. I guess you don't always get all you want. We have had some really cold weather here the past couple of weeks. It is bright today but still a bit cold. I except we will be seeing warm weather before too many days have passed on. We have had several funerals here lately. I mean in Taber not Grassy. We went to the basket ball game in Taber. Kevin was on the team. It was like the good old days. I've gotten to the place where I really enjoy my bed at nine o'clock p. m. and in the morning too — I like to lay in bed and play with circle a wordbooks or some other time wasting thing. My eyes are lazy and don't want to read as much as I used to. Sounds like Wanda's trip will be really fun. Hope the weather treats her nice. When we move I'm afraid we will miss the church right across the road. We might even have to walk a few blocks to get to church but the distance to the temple has to be much shorter than it is from here. Forgive me for taking so long to answer your letters. I'll try to do better next time. Hope you are all keeping well and happy. I feel older. I guess the years are sneaking up on us. May God bless and keep you.....Love..... Smellie and Laurel Aug. 21, Dear Ones, WE got to Pocatello and spent the night with Aunt Nellie. We woke about 4:30 the next morning and hung around until about six before we left for Rexburg. Got to the temple at seven. The wedding party had just started on the session so we waited two hours and went to the sealing. After the sealing we went to visit one of Dad's cousins. He told us a couple of names of people to look up in Mud Lake. We ate dinner with him then went to Mud Lake. We found the Furness that had been recommended to us. He told us to talk to the Mayor so we did. He said he was thinking some of talking to the council and having the log house put on the lot with the museum and attatch it to it. He wanted to know how the Hill family would feel about it. What our response might be. I think he wanted some feed in on it before he goes to his council meeting in September. I don't know what might be involved — money or not — It is all in the "if" stage now. MOving it at this stage might involve some money. It would have to be lifted instead of skidded. I guess if you write about it you should address the letter to the town council and the envelope to Mayor Don Wilde Mud Lake, Idaho Box 41 Terreton, Idaho 83450 Mildred Staley met with us for an hour or more asking questions. She wanted everything she could gather about Dad. My memory hadn't started then and it has stopped now. She asked a few questions I thought I remembered someone telling me. I'll send a copy of Dad's history to her. We got away from Idaho about nine Friday and drove all but an hour of the night to get to Barnwell for the rest of the wedding ceremonies. Sunday we went back to Chin Lake to see Jerry Angell take off in his plane. He was loaded too heavy and had to make four starts before he got off. He unlaoded luggage and finaly his son before he got away. His wife was here in the car so all went well. They home now in Flin Flon. I'll quite now and write more later if this printer works. Thanks for everything. Love, Laurel and Smellie Oct. 15, 1991 Hey, We're home at last and what fun it has

been to have another birthday opening the birthday card. You remember my birthday is October 3. When I wrote for my birth certificate they sent it to me with the date October l0 — I didn't mind that I have just celebrated that day to be sure to get the right one — Ha! Ha! Now I guess I'll have to at the 15th to the list. It has been so much opening my birthday mail today. We went to Utah because we had four mission reunions in a row. Not at the same time like they have been so often. We went on October 3rd so had a birthday dinner every place we stopped. We had our Wisconsin reunion that night at Provo. Friday we went to the Provo temple then to the Singapore reunion in S.L.C. that night — There was a really high spirit in that reunion. Our R.S. President from Hydrobad was there and about six other natives from India. We went back to Provo after that reunion to listen to conference with Roy and Erma. After the afternoon session we hurried to see Eva and Dean at Bountiful and to get the Priesthood session and be there for the Old Canadian Reunion. We were in that mission about 55 years ago and it has grown old along with us. There were only about two people we knew there. Back to Provo to listen to Sunday conference with Roy and Erma. Then to our last reunion in S.L.C. The Philippine reunion. I almost guess the most fun of that was our memories of Isabelle. WE used to work in Isabelle once a week. We'd go to the gate of the Smelter plant and phone Nelsons. They would pick us up and take us to their home. We'd spend the night then he'd take us to the gate on his way to work where we would catch a ride into town to do our missionary work. -Well They took us to their home again and we had a wonderful visit. From there we did our work in S.L.C — church office, distribution center then Elaine Losee. Their son Jay, Smellie's cousin, died in July.. Then we headed for Huntsville to see our missionary friend, Elouise Ernst who has the little boy with Lime's disease. It was such a joy to see the improvement in that little boy. WE had not invitation to the Rapid City, So. Dakota mission but our President lived in Bountiful so on our way home from Huntsville we called on him. It was a great reunion with them. I really only missed the Roanoke reunion and I knew both of the people I worked with there were dead so I didn't feel too bad about missing that. Then the fun started all over. We went to Santa Clara and visited Smellie's niece who had moved down there about a year ago then to Faun's to sleep and have a wonderful day. New Harmony, Smellie's father's birthplace etc. Chicken dinner in St. George with Faun and Grant is always fun. We visited Alta on the way home from Fauns. Friday we worked at the temple on the genealogy Wanda has prepared. That was a joy. WE did sealing with Joy and Garth — Max and Wanda on Saturday. After that we visited Crystal and Joy . Sunday we attended church with Erva and Gary Reamsbottom, friends of ours who had moved to Mapleton from Canada. Then our last special visit with Wanda and Max. Monday morning we picked up Peggy and her daughter whom we had taken to Orem to visit with their family and started home about 6:30 am. We stopped in Salt Lake City to see Phyllis and Irene. WE had a good trip home. And surprise. It was Canadian Thanksgiving. We took Peggy home and there Will and the boys had a Thanksgiving dinner on the table. They said they would wait until 8:30. We arrived just about five minutes before they were going to sit down so we had a Thanksgiving dinner to cap the climax. I am thinking we should take some potatoes to Joan before the weather turns cold so we may leave today for their place. Dad is busy out around the place while I try to get a letter to send. Wish I really knew how to bundle up all our Thanks to all of you. Roy and Erma went on Tuesday the eighth to Boston to Visit Erma's sisters. WE made our home there. Hope they find everything in order when they get home. Thanks, Roy and Erma. I

hope your missionary companion and son, Erma got the right things out of the garage. I was a little afraid at first about taking strangers into your garage to help themselves — But felt like everything was all right after they arrived. Was it??? Please accept our thanks for all the nice things you did for us. And I want to put a great big thanks in this letter for the Birthday remembrances..I won't try to list everyone and everything. I feel like I am surrounded by your love. Thanks from my heart. Love, Smellie and Laurel When William received his call to fill a mission, Dad and I went into the Bishop's office and got him to read the letter the church had sent out the year before so it would be fresh in our minds so that we could be following the instructions sent out by the prophet of God. It asked for no invitations or fuss. No family parties—just a talk in sacrament meeting. We told the Bishop we would follow this instruction. We were rather hurt and angry when we had Grandmother (Redd) tell us that the Bishop's councilor had told her to spread the word in Raymond and Lethbridge that William's Farewell was to be on a certain day, so Smellie went over to Marvin about this. The next thing I knew, we were rounded up on the Bishop's office and accused of trying to run the Bishopric. At this time, the Relief Society President told me how bad it made her feel for me to come to Relief Society tired. Well, I made up my mind if I was tired, I'd still go to Relief Society, but would try harder not to show how I felt. I decided then to try to keep my mouth shut and not disagree with her. If she wanted to believe that her first great job was to love herself, I was not going to quibble. I knew my weakness was to try to get out of myself, and love my neighbor. I still don't like twisting the scriptures. When the Bishop asked me to be the President of the MIA, I asked him who I'd have to work with. He said Leonard Sanderson. I asked him if he was sure Leonard would work with me. He assured me he would. So I accepted the job. About the first month of MIA, I was all prepared for the executive meeting. We were there for it and he told me we should not try to have that meeting. It was foolish to have so many unnecessary meetings. I was not entirely responsible for calling that so I stuck with my own Evaluation meeting and held it faithfully. I tried to get over the necessary business for my Young Women in Prayer Meeting and at the once a month Evaluation Meeting. I thoroughly enjoyed this. In January the Bishop asked us to put on —All In Favor.‖ I had decided there was no way we could cook up people for characters so we couldn't do it. We had about 23 people to work with which was not enough to take care of the character parts. He said he wanted us to try so I did. Leonard had become angry from two things before. The boys were left without a teacher. He was their teacher. They were interfering with girls' classes. I walked into their class and spent the class period with them. Later, I told Leonard I had, and he blew a fuse. Yelled at me in Council Meeting. Then Kathy, his wife, was my councilor and Laurel teacher. The stake sent me tickets for $1.50 for each of my Laurel girls for their MIA in Taber for the next week. I decided I'd have to look into that because my girls were not to be charged to attend MIA. I called the stake who sent the tickets and asked some questions about it. I called my Young Women together to discuss this, and Kathy said she planned to have MIA in Grassy for the girls and go on Thursday to this affair. I told her she would go with my blessing then, if the girls had a Mutual to attend that they did not have to pay for. This made Leonard angry. He said I went over his head. It never occurred to him that I didn't start this, nor that Kathy hadn't counseled with her President about the affair. As far as I know these were the first two things that made Leonard angry with me and MIA. Back to —All In Favor.‖ I went ahead and assigned parts out the best I could. I asked Leonard to announce that

we would like all who were concerned with Mutual to meet with me to make the final arrangements for parts. He changed the announcement and asked all those who were concerned about —All in Favor‖ to meet with me, and he didn't show up. He was the only one that I called the meeting for so that I could get him in a part. In the first of April we were notified that the Stake would visit us. I went to a Home and School meeting and found that the community was having a band concert on the next Tuesday (Mutual) night. I met with my officers and the Young Men at school and they said we'll have to do something about it. All the boys played in the band and only four girls were left to hold mutual for. I asked if we could hold it on Wednesday, but they said no because they had a school badminton tournament in Taber that night and some of them were to go to that. Thursday was taken up and the Easter Holiday. Monday was Primary, so I said I would look into it and let them know what I found out so they could announce it Sunday. I asked the Primary President. It was hard but she said she'd try to make it. She did. I called the Stake to see if they could arrange to come on Monday instead of Tuesday. The manual said if we had to change we should hold MIA the same week or make it up in August, so we were following our manual. The stake said they could come so I left that message with the Young Men and went to Magrath for Sunday. The YWMIA was to announce the change on Sunday. Everything went well. Everyone was out to MIA that usually came. We had 100% girls attendance the two years I was President. We went to work really hard and had —All In Favor‖ ready to go on as scheduled on April 23. We put it on with Bow Island in attendance and a lot of the Stake officers there. I knew the young people would like to see it so one day toward the last of April, the Bishop was in our home, and I said, —I think the young people are going to want to see —All In Favor‖ when they do it on May 7, in Barnwell. What's your feelings on this. We could go and call it Mutual if it is OK by you. He said that would be fine with him. So when they suggested it I was ready to say we could go. We took them and thoroughly enjoyed it. 100% of the MIA was there again, except for Leonard. The next Council Meeting was a hot one. We seemed to get along fine. The Bishop had asked me to meet with Allen and the Bishopric some time to discuss MIA. That was fine with me. After the Ward Council Meeting, they asked Allen and me to stay. We did. The first thing that was said was, —Oh, are you changing MIA from one night to another again?‖ I didn't understand what Leonard meant. Finally it dawned on me and I said, —Oh, I can explain that.‖ I started to tell him why we had changed Mutual from Tuesday to Monday for one night and read from the manual the instructions on it. He said I ran off to Barnwell with the Mutual without letting him know. I said if he had been at Mutual or meetings, we should be holding, he would know. He blew. He yelled, —You either resign, or I will.‖ What was there to do? I didn't want to interfere with the Bishop's councilor in a job. I wasn't bossing the job. They asked me to take the job and I felt it was their responsibility to release me when and where they pleased. I got up and left the meeting (mutual meeting to him). He followed me out headed for his car. I said, —You big boob. I left so you could have your meeting. There was nothing else for me to do.‖ The Bishop felt really bad about this and called me in to make things right and pointed out that I was not following authority. I explained my position. I could not get him to meet to do things together so Allen And I carried on. Allen was the Superintendent anyway. The second year, we worked in harmony all year. At least as far as I knew we did. He gave us the manual and we followed it. Allen said I had made one big blunder. I had assigned a Young Woman to be Era Director. I said, —That's funny. I just

followed the manual and got the officers it called for so we got the manual and sure enough I was to have a Young Woman Era Director. The Bishop asked me if I would meet with Leonard and discuss the problem. I said sure I will. He asked me if I could meet with him Thursday. That was nice because we were holding our art exhibit for three days and I had to be at the church for that. Leonard came. He wandered around waiting for me to direct the Bishopric and call him into a room to meet with me (I think), and I waited from seven to ten for him to ask me to come into a room to meet with me. He never even said —Hello.‖ When he had gone home, and we had most of the artwork down, I asked the Bishop when he was going to meet with me. He said, —Oh, haven't you been meeting before now?‖ That was the way that one went. He said he had gone home so I left the church then and went home. I worked hard for the MIA and loved every minute of it. We took the girls to Expo 67. We had a big New Year's Eve program in the ward that we all loved but I guess it caused trouble because Leonard didn't come out to see what it was and after the Bishop had been to it he asked if he could show the papers we made of the year's proceedings to his councilors. Neither of them came out. I felt quite bad that I had worked with my whole soul for the MIA and the only contact I had with Leonard was yelling at me and causing trouble and I told the Bishop I felt bad about it. He said, —I want you to know, that no matter what I had heard from the other part of the Bishopric, your Bishop is pleased and happy with your work. I want you to know Your Bishop appreciates what you have done and are doing.‖ After six weeks waiting to act on things that needed doing in MIA, waiting for Leonard to show up to approve and direct things, I packed up an envelope with it all in and sent it through the mail and told him these jobs needed to be done. Some of this stuff came back to me for me to handle. We had our honor night. I suggested the year before that the Bishopric give the sevenyear medallions for the girls that earned them to show their appreciation of their work. They did. I suggested that all the officers go to June Convention together. This was gladly accepted by the people I was working with. I sort of drew back from this after this fuss and the Bishop came and asked us to take the trip as we had suggested. We wanted to get the Scout camping in at that time of the year. It is easiest for us to get away since part of the scouts were officers and Dad was the scout master, we wondered if we could go to convention and take off from there for a scout trip. I wondered about the rightness of me going along, and the rest of our family. We enquired around and the Bishop did, and answers were in favor – that things had to be done for scouting. Dad waited for weeks for the OK from the Bishopric. He got it passed through the scout heads. He couldn't tell the boys they could go and get them all excited. Tuesday night before we were to leave on Thursday, the last chance for the boys to plan, he asked the superintendent what the word was on the trip. He said, —Go.‖ So plan they did in high excitement. Allen wanted to go along too. When Dad got home that night, we decided it would not be right for the boys and girls to go together so we planned to take the car and follow somewhere on the same route the boys and scouts took in the truck. I only had Joan and Ellen with me in the car so Wednesday morning early, I went to Stearns and invited their girls to come along in the car and make the trip with me. They said they would. We came on home and in drove the Bishopric and said the trip was off. We were still to take the officers to convention and we had invited Stearns, a non-member family to go along. We then went back and asked if they would still like to go with our family in just the truck without taking two vehicles. They wanted to so we went ahead with plans leaving the heart-broken boys behind. Dad promised them a trip of

some sort before the summer was over. We went to convention and then took off on the same trip we had planned for the scouts. Smellie asked the scout committee to suggest what and when he should go with the scouts but they gave him no help. Two weeks before school was to start, Dad planned to finish his harvest and then take the boys camping the last week. One day of harvest and we woke up to rain. I said you better get off with those boys this week. He said I will. We'll take the trip we planned to Massett and invite the scouts to come along. It can't be planned as it should, so it may not be a scout trip. I said just take the boys somewhere and show them Alberta. There's lots of sights to see here. We decided that would be good. We went and invited the boys and asked the parents if they could go with Smellie and I and Tom. They gave their permission. Smellie told them they had the right to wear their uniform anywhere—to bring them along but he made it clear that it was not an official scout trip. We started out. When we got past Taber we stopped and had prayer and got properly off and asked the boys where they wanted to go. They said the ocean. We explained that would be a long grind with nothing but riding, where seeing Alberta could be a lot easier and fun. But they begged for the ocean and Dad had promised himself he'd take the scouts out to see the rest of the troop—John Hitchcock and Neil White—so he wasn't hard to convince. We counted all our money and thought we could make the trip. The boys donated their $5.00 spending money. We made the trip. We chartered a plane to fly from Prince Rupert to Massett that cost $144.00. This pealed us down to $0.39 when we got home. We pinched pennies and had a good trip. The Bishop told me in July, he'd give me the Mutual manuals as soon as they came. The mail strike was on. One Sunday the first of August, the bus station asked us to take the mail up to the church. It was the supplies. We said we would tell the Bishop. We did. I knew they were there, and I knew he had told me he would get them to me but he still hadn't given them to me on the 20th of the month, so I knew they were looking for a new president. When I got back from Massett, just in time for school, here sat the supplies. I went to work and worried. Then after a week, the Bishop said they were releasing me. I carried on for the opening, and for the Leadership Meeting in Taber. In one session in the Bishop's office with Leonard, he said, ―There is not room in the church for Redds and Sandersons.‖ I said you can release me from my jobs, but I can still come to church. I still worked in the Primary, Relief Society, and Sunday School. A year went by. The World Conference on Records came. We thought we would like to go to that so we registered. We took it on and enjoyed it very much. When we got home, the Bishop asked us to speak about it. I shivered, but did. When Marvin conducted, he didn't invite us to sit in front, but got up and asked Dad if he'd like to come up in front. Dad didn't like to but went. That was the straw that broke the camels back. We were asked to come to the Bishop's office again. This time we wondered what it was all about, but it surely didn't have a good feeling about it at all. We finally went in and they told us that there was not harmony in the Ward and they had to have it. They were going to release us from everything unless they could have harmony in the Ward. What can you say to that? They said because Smellie had said he didn't like to come up in front, he was not recognizing authority. I said, ―Is it fair to release me from my jobs because Smellie said he didn't like to go up in front and talk?‖ Got no answer. Smellie said, ―Come, now. You didn't call us in for just that.‖ Then they said they were releasing him from scoutmaster because he took the scouts on a trip out of Alberta when they told him not to. Dad told them that he had made it clear to the parents that it was not an official scout trip. They were invited to go with our

family. Marvin said, —You didn't tell me that.‖ He told Richard and Guinevere and I heard him. I was impatient that he fussed so about it. Before we left with the scouts for Massett, the Bishop came to out home and with tears in his eyes, told us how he appreciated the fact that we were taking the boys on an outing. He sent us on our way with his blessings and this really meant a lot to us as we made that trip. I asked them what I had done in the past while to make them kick me out. Leonard said, —I've been trying to get you out for the past year and a half, and Marvin will vouch for that, won't you Marvin.‖ No answer. So on September 7, 1969, I was released from Primary, Sunday School, and Relief Society. Time came to do the visiting teaching. I said I wasn't going. The word got to the Bishop, so he came and asked me if I was going teaching. I said, —No. I can't. You've released me from Relief Society.‖ He said, —Would you go?‖ In the face of causing all the disharmony in the Ward, I said, —You better give me a few days to think about it, and talk to my husband. I've had about all I can take.‖ He rushed to the Torrie residence and he is still giving me days to think about it. It is about three months later now. I feel bad that I do nothing to carry my share of the load, but it is really pleasant to sit with the adults in the Sunday School class and have nothing to worry about. I'm getting a lazy habit. I've worried so about it all—They say while your son is in the mission field is the happiest time of your life. I must be awful. These past two years have surely been full of heartaches for me as far as the church is concerned. The things we have always disagreed with Torries on are: We think church should come first—they think different. Torries first. Then they can better serve. We think if we could follow God's commands that would take care of everything. They like their scientific reasons for everything, and don't want to be tied to anything…. I don't want to try to say what they think. I just want to point out the place we appear to stand. I hate rationalizing and the GRAY. I hate to be told every time I move what I think and have it come from all over the country what we think. We have sincerely felt our time was as important to give to the service of the Lord as our service or means. We feel we take people's free agency if we do not put before them instructions for them to decide if they will follow when we are in a responsible position to do this. We feel the laws of the land are worth trying to obey. I mean by this—I don't like mutton, the name Torries give to deer shot out of season. I hate being told how perfect I think I am every time I get near a certain person. I hate insincerity. I hate the loving arms of someone around me so they can reach my back with a knife. I don't like to hear people say how much they love me. I guess my idea of love does not mean the same as theirs. I'm afraid love is handled so carelessly on tongues it almost takes on the notion of lust. I guess what hurts the worst is the fact that the children can't see me helping in the church. I've always believed that it was actions toward the service of God that counted. Not long fancy words and impressions. There is nothing I can do but go to church and every time listen to someone give a big sermon about serving the Lord. When the Bishop has released you of all jobs, how can you help in the church and still follow his direction? What if our children follow their mother's example of not working in the church? My heart aches with the thought. And I asked the Bishopric if they were not concerned about our family as a ward family—No answer. Who do I turn to? Where can I go? The word has been passed around from here that we are disfellowshipped and that is the action of the Bishopric toward us. I feel so low and need to go to the Bishop, but haven't one. Finally -- Five months after I asked the bishop for a few days to make up my mind about visiting teaching, the Bishop came to our house to have a meeting with us. He told us of Tom—He might be asked to

sing in the choir that will travel to Salt Lake City in the summer and would we support him in it and get him to practices. We said we had done so so far and we thought we could continue to do so. Then he said he had come as our Bishop to ask us to say three little words to two men. —I am Sorry.‖ We talked over all the things that were on our minds from about eight or nine until about one. We hadn't solved the problem when he left. If we say we are sorry, we are lying. We are not sorry for trying to do the work of the Lord and the Lord knows we are not. Should we in spite of our consciences, and the work of the Lord, be sorry for what we see. We have certainly not had anything pointed out to us that was brought on for any other reason than holding to instructions and standards of the church and in that case, it is hard to say, —I'm sorry,‖ unless we say we are sorry that this feeling exists. We can do that with a clear conscience. When the Bishop left, I told him I'd go to these people and say —I'm sorry,‖ if he would bear the lie that was in it and be responsible for it if he asks us to do it against our consciences. He said to let it rest. Not to do anything about it. Just hold tight. It was a good spirit to talk over our problems with the feeling of the spirit of our Bishop. When the meeting came up last September, I knew nothing about what it was to be but I felt so awful about having to go to it. It was a relief to hear their intentions toward us. We spent a lot of sleepless nights over these differences. December 1972 Another call in on the red carpet of the Bishop's office… He said he had received a note and there was nothing he could do about it but call us on to a Bishop's court. We asked if we could hear the complaint so he got out his note and read, —We had offended someone and were not Christ-like,‖ so he had to take us to a church court. We felt upset and decided it would be one of his councilors that had passed in the complaint. We said we felt we couldn't have a fair trial with his councilors on the jury. We asked if we might have it some other place. He said he'd find out. We came home and decided that we had enough faith in God to have it done the way it naturally should be, so we went back and asked the Bishop to go ahead with it here in our Ward with his councilors. He then said he had been in touch with the Stake President, and the President asked to meet us at a certain time. We went in and the Stake Presidency met with the Bishop, his wife, his councilors and wives, and Claude Adamson and wife. It was Claude's daughter that had asked the MIA to take care of the wedding of their daughter in Taber and I had gone to the Bishop and told him how I felt about setting precedents for MIA to handle big affairs like that in a different town. He, the Bishop, made the decision that I shouldn't and asked me not to talk to Adamsons. If they brought it up, I was to send them to him. I didn't realize how much trouble had brewed for us from this. After the President of the Stake had met with these eight people for a long time, then they called Smellie in alone to talk to him. After an hour or so with him, then they called me in alone to talk to me. I told them as honestly as I could all they asked me. I didn't come home that night and write it up, because I promised to try to get along and forget it. I have forgotten it and can't write it down now and I'm sorry because the kettle is boiling again. Marvin, who instigated most of the trouble, is now the Bishop, and he is not letting things rest. Claude told us in the meeting that he had written the complaint against us. Last Sunday in our Sunday School Class, the teacher asked Smellie a question. I don't remember it, but will try to add it later. Smellie's answer was that the Lord was just and would consider the intentions of the heart in the case. Marvin said the road to Hell is paved with good intentions. Smellie said that is an old worldly saying. He said what he had said was scripture. During the class the teacher asked Marvin to read from the scriptures. He read it and inserted in the middle

of the reading that the Savior acted rude. This made us angry as well as the teacher. He handled it nicely and said that he couldn't say such a thing about the Lord. This was Sunday. One week later, Smellie was called in on the carpet again. This time because he was challenging the Bishop last Sunday. Marvin was made the Bishop last summer. We feel that the challenge came from Marvin about Smellie's statement that the Lord considered the intent of the heart. Our Ward has assigned women to do the Home teaching. There are four of the sisters doing home teaching. Smellie has not been asked to do home teaching. Our home has been visited about three or four times in the years since this trouble has come up. I'll put that more exact—a few times. In reading over my notes, I didn't finish telling about William's call to a mission. When Smellie went to Torries to have this thing out, they started to talk. Marvin pushed Smellie and he brushed him back. This had to be demonstrated in the meeting with the Stake Presidency and they both agreed that that was what had happened. Marvin yelled at his wife and she flew to the bishop's place to have him in on it. He came. We have been told several times not to set foot on Torries place, by Marvin. This stupid affair came all because we asked the bishop if he would read the letter again to us from the general authorities and said we would follow the letter. We started the trouble here I guess when we declared that we were a family and would make our decisions as to what we would do as a family. When we first came here we tried to do the things Torries asked us to do, but when they decided that we were breaking the fast because we fasted on Sunday, instead of Saturday, it made me angry, and I told Guinevere that I would fast on Sunday. Then when Christmas came on Sunday, and they ran over and told us we were to celebrate on Saturday so all the kids would be the same, I told them I could celebrate the Savior's birth on Sunday and not feel bad about it and we didn't make Christmas on Saturday. These were the beginnings of the differences. Another thing that has made this almost an impossible situation is the fact that when there have been differences and Smellie has gone and asked to have it out between him and Marvin, Marvin's stock answer is, —I WILL NOT TALK to you without witnesses.‖ Smellie's strong faith is that the thing should first be talked over man to man. I was dreadfully hurt in one of the meetings with the Bishopric when they told us that there were 29 families in the ward, and 29 families in the ward hated us. That is a lie. We don't hate ourselves, and we have friends in the ward that don't hate us and didn't at that time. Why do Bishoprics lie to people? On William's mission…. Grandma did invite the relatives from Raymond…We did have a big family party. Marvin, because he was a councilor, knew when Will was to talk and people in Raymond told us when the date had been set for William to talk—They told us this six weeks before William was notified when he should talk. That's their business, but inviting them here was not the thing the letter asked us to do. We fed about 30 family members that Sunday. We enjoyed them, but we would have felt just as good if we had followed instructions. This same business happened at Ellen's last meeting here. They invited the folks in Raymond. Six weeks before they asked Uncle Kay to come and be the speaker at the meeting. Then the week before it, they asked Ellen, myself, and her dad to bear our testimonies. You feel funny having your relatives ask questions and then think you are being impudent because you don't know the answers they know about your own children. Now because of this Sunday situation a week ago, the Bishop said he would not recommend Smellie to ordain his youngest son to the priesthood. Because he had proof from that Sunday School class that he was challenging the bishop. How long can this kind of a mess go on? At the present time, Smellie is

the Stake Scout leader, and a Stake Home Missionary traveling with Jerome Platt. In the Ward, they have only asked him to do one job since they took all our jobs away from us. That was to be the chorister of the ward. He said, —before I say yes, may I know what will be expected of me.‖ That was as far as that went with the Bishopric. They did nothing more about it but spread the good word that he refuses to work. He was assigned to visit the Bishopric families home teaching after they had relieved us of our jobs until we promised there would be harmony in the ward. We couldn't make a promise like that for the ward. Well he went to Marvin to ask what he wanted him to help teach his family. He said, —Repentance. I want you to teach repentance by your actions.‖ Smellie said I asked you what you wanted me to help with. I didn't come for you to give me instructions as to what I was to do. This was a few years ago. Smellie went to the bishop's home but didn't feel good about going to the Torries with all the requests to stay off his property. They relieved Smellie of the High Priests job. When he tried to give the record books to Claude, who was to take them over, he asked him if he wanted him to come to the meeting with the books or if he would pick them up as he passed our place to go to church. He said he would not take a chance on meeting Smellie alone on a road. This terrible thing of calling us disfellowshipped went all around Southern Alberta. My daughter went to her in-laws home, and they met her at the door and said they didn't know about her coming in because they wanted the spirit of the Lord in their home. This story had been carried to Rosemary where they lived by a high Councilman from there. This breaks your heart when the children have to suffer—Not because of any evil we have done, but because of jealousy of the efforts we have tried to put forth to help build up the kingdom. Nothing of this could have happened if we hadn't the earnest desire all our lives to do the work of the Lord at all costs. Is it right to sit back and see and know that if you try you are hindering the work of the Lord because someone can't stand it. I am trying to be the Relief Society President, Ward Chorister, Primary Chorister, Teacher of the Targeteers, In-service Leader for the ward, and a visiting teacher. It hurts to see Marvin so determined that he will not rest until he has Smellie out of the church. He stated he'd see him out. As councilors to the Bishop Lloyd Woodruff, Marvin and Claude Adamson said that Smellie should be excommunicated…. What can I think? This in my presence during a ward council meeting. ---------- This is noted because Leonard said I did things without permission from the Bishop. Service projects Church farm work Helping Edra Relief Society Baby sitting Candy Srtriping All discussed at ward council meeting. OK on producing plays for the sake of the M-Men and Gleaners who are working toward Golden Opening Social at Island and playLeonard Oked this. Discussion of Mutual Marrieds at Council Meetings more than once. Invitation to Foremost Ward for Halloween discussed before accepting invitation. New Years Eve Testimonial before council at least two different times. Discussed Ward Music Festival and had permission for treats. Dance on Valentine Permission for dance orchestra, etc. Council discussion of —All In Favor‖ Two different occasions. Council discussion on ward Creative Art Exhibit…Use of Non-members in this and advertising it Oked. Dates for any affair have been brought before the council and cleared. Badminton Volleyball for two girls was brought up before the council…Stake Beehive Christmas Activities were presented to council…Barnwell Dance, Taber Christmas Dance and advertised often so that young people would not miss them. Taber New Year's Eve Dance Discussed ward speech Festival and had permission for treats at council. A discussion with Leonard came out of the Badminton Tournament. The young folks

using school property. A request was made to Leonard for badminton rackets and we were advised that this would be a good thing. And we could have four rackets after going through the channels. Met with Leonard and discussed a new councilor…After Kathy's release Didn't feel right about taking the MIA organization to cater to a non-Mormon wedding. Counseled with the Bishop…after his council with councilor, was advised not to do anything. If any discussion came up was even to refer this to Leonard or the Bishop. Followed directions implicitly. Discussed a Christmas project and had permission to go ahead on one Christmas caroling in the ward discussed. Discussed and asked for permission to count service hours for Edra's funeral and was turned down. An early Honor night for the girls has been before the council and request for expense from the Bishop. Reminders of seven-year medallions at Council meeting. Fireside with Ray Evanson was brought up to council so they would know what was coming. Almost every council meeting our inactive young Marrieds have been brought up and discussed. Girls' program and leaders service hours have been brought up before the council. I asked Leonard for a special award for Linda Furman. This was also discussed with the Bishop. Reminder Grassy Lake had no Young Men's Mutual organization in the ward during the first four and a half months of the year. We carried on and worked with Allen discussing our problems and felt good about the work. Our Superintendent resided in Taber during these months. Lemuel Hardison Redd And Kaziah Jane Butler