

DIARY OF JOHN EPHRIAM REDFORD

It is now February 24, 1936. I, John E. Redford, am the only child of John Redford and Eleanor Caroline Kington. I was born January 25, 1866 at Wellsville Cache Co., Utah. My father was born March 16, 1844 at Half-acre, Pilkington, Lancashire, England. My mother was born April 18, 1848 At Garden Grove, Iowa. I am now in my 70th year.

My mother died July 10, 1866 when I was a babe six months old. She died with inflammation of the bowels, what we now claim to be appendicitis. My mother on her dying bed begged my father to let her parents raise me. Her parents were Thomas Kington and Margerat Pisel Kington.

The first thing I can remember is doing chores for an old lady who lived about a block from my grandparents. Her name if I remember was Cheny. I used to dig segos for our breakfast as my grandparents were very poor, having to go to the tithing office for supplies.

My grandmother used to spin and I carried the wool from the carding mill to her home; being only a small lad I well remember how she used to give me a bed sheet, sack or table cloth and the bulk would nearly over balance me being more than I should of carried. Then I would carry the wool to the weaver who wove for grandmother on shares. I used to go to the fields with my uncle Jerry Kington and pick out the longest straws and soak them in the ditch to bind the grain with that being the only way to bind the bundles. (In those days the grain being cut with a cradle or dropper.)

I was baptized on July 25, 1875 by Thomas Rowell Leavitt who later proved to be my father-in-law. I was confirmed the same day by John Henry. One lesson I well remember as a very young boy; Wilford Woodruff came to our place to see grandfather who was in bed with rheumatism. Wilford Woodruff while on his mission in England having converted and baptized grandfather on March 21, 1840 was the superintendent of both preachers and members of the United Brethern. When Wilford Woodruff came to our house that day he had a span of mules that I just fell in love with. He warned me not to get near them as they would kick. While he was in visiting grandfather I had to find out for myself if they would really kick and to my entire satisfaction they sure sent me rolling.

I cannot remember my grandfather ever licking me but once and to this day I don't know why he struck me then. Two old Squaws had been to our place begging. They had gone and I was out playing when I found a brand new \$2.00 greenback. I took it in the house, too young to know it was money, never having seen anything like it before. I gave it to grandmother, she said to hand it to grandfather. Just as soon as he took it he struck me a terrific blow on my shoulders. I ran out crying for he had struck me with his cane. He was bedfast at the time, I think with rheumatism and 80 years old. He may not have been responsible for what he did. As near as I can figure I was about nine years old. He died July 1, 1874 at Wellsville Cache Co. Utah.

I used to go and do chores and many odd jobs a boy of my age could do to help feed myself and grandmother.

My schooling was very limited. A Presbyterian lady who had one room used to teach school and help out as she thought best, but as soon as my father learned I was one of her pupils he came and took me out and sent me back to grandmother. My father married again, a woman by the name of Henrietta Dell. My father had given his word to my dying mother he would let my grandparents raise me. I only attended the school of Miss Bass about 2 months. I then started school to a man by the name of Moroni Duncan. He only taught a very short time, so my schooling there was about 3 months. I then went to another school, the teacher was Lawson. He was a cripple, could not walk, had a big husky body with very small legs. I attended here about 3 months. Our studies were only reading, writing and very little

arithmetic. If I could get work at all I had to leave school and earn what I could. My pay usually a peck of wheat or .50 a day.

A man by the name of Jim Williamson took a road contract. He took 5 or 6 of us boys to drive his mules. He had a big farm and freight team so took young boys because he decided we could drive mules and we would be cheaper than men. The contract was in Portneuf Canyon, Idaho. I worked there about a month or six weeks, then in the summer he had me come and work on his farm. Now, as I remember, I was between 16 and 17 years old. I went with my uncle Jerry Kington to work for Dave Stoddard in his sawmill where I was to roll out at four o'clock in the morning in all kinds of weather. I would hit out on foot to hunt the oxen, sometimes coming wet to the waist, no change of clothes, had to get our breakfast, and it was always kid get some wood-get out and hunt the oxen-kid get a bucket of water. Just a kid flunky for the whole camp. A big Swede who was the sawyer in the camp finally took my part. One dark night one of the gang ordered me to go and get him a drink of water. My friend the sawyer took an oath and said, "That kid ain't going to be a lacky for you bunch any longer". After that I was treated better. The next summer I went to Aspin, Wyoming to drive oxen for Johnny Stoddard at the sawmill. Here I got for pay, cash and scrip-more scrip than cash, but one dollar a day. (Much the same work as in the other sawmills.) Oxen would get lost and I would hunt them. I was about 19 years old when my grandmother died of dropsy. She was 70 years old. I was at home when she died. I helped dig the grave, how the poor soul suffered. The dropsy was in her leg and it broke and the water would run through the bedding, a terrible thing. Everything had to be burned. She died Dec. 8, 1883. About this time the crusade was on all over Utah. One day before daylight fourteen deputies in two carriages came into Wellsville from Ogden for the purpose of arresting polygamists. Tom Leavitt and myself were working at Evan Owens, farming. We would tend the horses and get our breakfast and then hitch up and drive out to his farm. Tom had just got there ahead of me and when I came he at once told me about the deputies. As his father was a polygamist he felt he should warn him, and as some of the men in Wellsville were acting as spies for the deputies and Tom thought as the spies would recognize him and stop him I told him I would go and warn his father for him. I jumped on a horse and how he did jump, buck and run but I kept control of him and ride I did for five miles to Leavitt's farm. On my arrival there they were still in bed. I called out, "Is Pa Leavitt here?" Finding he was I delivered my message and returned in time for my breakfast and work.

The summer before I was married I worked in Challis, Idaho irrigating on a ranch, then worked in the timber getting out timber to sell. While getting out this timber to sell, Will Roberry heard shots of blasting from a mine. We began following a little path which led to the cabin of an old prospector. He sure tried to get me to go in partners with him, but I could not be persuaded. After getting out a great deal of timber, I sawed up about 15 cords for one merchant. A little later I got work down in Salmon River. As it was getting near fall I came home and was married in the spring on May 20, 1886 to Sarah Almira Leavitt in the Logan Temple. In those days it took nearly a full day to go through a session. We went in the temple at nine o'clock in the morning and didn't get out till five in the afternoon. We went to my wife's home where we had a wedding supper, a good number of our friends came and we have a very pleasant time. We received some very splendid gifts, danced and sang and had a merry time. I had bought a home and we moved into it the next day where we started out on the great road of matrimony.

We lived in Wellsville, Utah, until our third child was born. I worked as a day laborer getting work whenever I could, irrigating, cleaning ditches, timber work etc. In the spring of 1891 I left Wellsville and went to work in a sawmill at San Pete Co., Utah. Two or three months later I came to Ogden to meet my wife and three children. We boarded the train and went back to San Pete. On the way we stopped at a hotel in Thistle overnight and went on to Fairview next day, arrived there safely, waited at a hotel for a team to take us on to the sawmill. We waited for three days. When the team came along from the old mill sight it was loaded with mill machinery, two decked wagon, saws and other equipment, and on top of this I had to put my wife and three children, and Sarah Durfey and her two children and we rode over this canyon road for ten miles. From there on to the mill no team could go and we had to walk the rest of the way, night and in the thick timber we were making our way when I heard two young men calling. I answered them and then it was some easier to have their help in guiding us the rest of the way. The driver in leaving the wagon had taken Mrs. Durfey and her two children on the horses and gone ahead. On their arrival in camp these young men inquired where I and my family were, and on being told set out to meet us. They were both from Wellsville and knew I had left nearly a week before for my family. On our arrival in camp a big campfire was soon made and they got us some supper. My wife was nearly exhausted. We spread our quilts on the ground and laid down for a much needed rest.

#### MOTHER REDFORD:

We stayed at this camp all summer and father cut logs and helped with the sawing. But before winter set in we went down the mountain and a fellow took us to Park City with a team of mules. We had to camp out on the way. When we arrived we stayed over night with Mr. and Mrs. Willard Sorensen and the next day father found us a place to stay and he worked at odd jobs all winter and then went back to Wellsville. And soon after we got back we found someone had sold our home while we were gone and that left us without one so then we rented. And then we came to Canada with John Ephraim Haslam and his wife and family. When we arrived in Canada we went out to my brothers Dudley farm and stayed there a year. Shortly after arriving there father went out on a haying contract and I was left alone with the children and I thought this was the most forsaken country I had ever seen. So much country and not many people. Rhoda Leavitt, Jeremiah's wife was my nearest neighbor. While father was gone my baby took sick and somehow Sister Winder heard about it and came over to help and was I ever glad.

They later homesteaded at Leavitt where they lived until they retired and moved into Cardston where they were both active in temple work. Father died June 30, 1940 of heart attack while taking his part in the temple. Mother died December 27, 1954 in Lethbridge. They are buried side by side in the Leavitt cemetery.