

The Life History  
of  
John Wiley Redd

## HISTORY OF J. W. REDD

I, J. W. Redd, was born in New Harmony, Utah on February 18, 1886. I am the son of Lemuel Hardison Redd who was born in Onslow Co., N. C. July 31, 1836 and Sariah Louisa Chamberlain Redd who was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on October 9, 1849. My dad's parents joined the church in Tennessee in 1838 and in 1850 they moved to the Great Salt Lake Valley. My dad drove an ox team across the plains from St. Joseph, Mo. at the tender age of fourteen. Upon arriving in Salt Lake he was told by Brigham Young to go to Provo where he attended school.

Dad hired Mother to work for his first wife, Keziah Jane Butler who was ill. He fell in love with her then they were married in the Salt Lake Temple in October 1866.

My father, being a polygamist, was harried constantly by the U. S. Marshals. In 1889 when I was three years old, my dad moved to Bluff, Utah. At this time there were nine children in the family.

Five of the older ones preceded us in the trip to Bluff. In September 1889 we made preparations to leave our home in New Harmony. There is an original copy of my dad's diary of this trip. Although I was only three, I remember the morning we left Harmony. We were about three weeks on the hot and dusty trip. I remember the old team of horses - a blue and a white named Frank and

Jeff. My mother had a young baby called Jennie at this time.

We lived in Bluff about two years. Effie, my fourth sister, was born here July 13, 1890. My dad had moved his horses and cattle to Bluff and located them there and the older boys took care of them. The Marshals kept plaguing Dad and he had to hide all the time, so he decided to move his one family to Mexico where they could have some peace. The other family remained in New Harmony. We left Bluff on October 3, 1891. We had three wagons - two four horse teams and one single team. We had a long, hard trip. The country was dry and because of so much dust we children all got sore eyes - so bad at times the blood ran freely from them. During this trip we had very little to eat - the diet consisting mainly of baking powder biscuits cooked in a Dutch oven and water gravy. There were lots of quail along the road - when we were fortunate enough to kill some we would have them for supper. We crossed the Navajo Reservation by way of Shiprock and Gallup, New Mexico. The Indians were extremely hostile at this time - they had the water all fenced up and we would have to pay them to let us water our horses. Our water was in barrels strapped on to the side of the wagons. We had grain along for the horses but we never fed them any hay. We would hobble them out at nite.

After three weeks we stopped in Nutriosa, Arizona with Uncle Wilson Pace - to rest our horses - wash the

clothes and replenish the food supplies. My dad took a stocking-legged bay mare which Parl and I rode all the way bareback. We crossed the International line at Deming, New Mexico and had to pay a heavy duty on the horses and wagons. Dad couldn't afford to pay the duty on this little bay mare so he sold her for \$15.00. Parl and I grieved over this for months.

My dad always wore long whiskers - said he had never touched a razor to them since he was seventeen years of age. He always drove a single span of horses on lead of the outfit. He always had a rifle within easy reach. I've made many trips with him and he was never without a rifle. He had fought in the Blackhawk War in Spanish Fork, Utah.

The L.D.S. people had a man at the border to help the immigrants get across by the name of Milt Ray. We were held up here about ten days - getting checked over. This was a flat open prairie country. The wind blew terrifically and it was an extreme hardship on the women being held up here so long.

After nine long weeks of travel we reached the end of our journey at Colonia Juarez, Mexico. Here we lived in a one-room log cabin and two wagon beds - three miles above the town. Mother cooked on a fireplace with a Dutch oven and a frying pan. For months we had little to eat but corn bread and molasses.

After we had been in Mexico about six months all the children contracted whooping cough and during this time



on August 27, 1892 Ancil, the youngest of the boys was born. We lived like this for about a year until Dad bought an old lumber house and five acres of ground in the town of Colonia Juarez, from Sixtus Johnson.

We lived here for several years in two little lumber shacks. Dad sold some of his property that he had left in Harmony and Bluff and figured he was able now to build a home with all of us boys to help on it. He hired a Danish man, name of Breinholt, who wore long whiskers, to do the mason work on it. Parl and I carried mortar and bricks for this mason. This old man chewed tobacco and while we were down below him carrying the bricks he'd spit tobacco juice on us. He had a valuable gold watch in the pocket of his vest which he left hanging on the post down on the ground. One day about eleven, he climbed down the ladder to see what time it was and the watch was gone. When he discovered the watch had been stolen he picked up a big 2x4 and went to the Mexican who was working for us and holding the club over him told him he'd better get the watch or he'd be killed. The Mexican said all right he'd go get it - so he ran down toward the river a quarter of a mile - got the watch and brought it back to the old man. The old man then slapped him in the face, paid him off, and fired him. We hadn't even seen the Mexican leave to hide the watch.

My brother Ben did the carpenter work on this home. It was a two-story brick house. It was soon finished and we were all happy to move into it. This house set up from

the ditch about 100 yards and we had to carry all our water for the home and the flowers. Several years after this house was completed Mother took in to board students from other colonies in Mexico and Arizona who came here to attend the Juarez Stake Academy. Religion and Spanish were taught here. We boarded a boy named Harry Smith, from Mesa, Arizona, who was about my age.

Our conditions gradually became better and we got so we had all we wanted to eat. Dad had always been a stockman in Utah. He had the farm and cattle so that all of us were kept busy. There were several sawmills in this vicinity. We kids drove teams and hauled lumber to help make a little money. In school everyone talked and read out loud and two would sit in the same seat. I graduated from the eighth grade in 1904. While I went to school I worked for Byron McDonald - after school and on Saturdays. I'd ride a horse to his ranch and took care of his cows. Hardly a day of my life passed that I didn't ride a horse. I love horses. I made several trips into the interior of Mexico to get cattle for this McDonald. These trips would require several weeks at a time to go in and drive the cattle back. I recall one time when I was ready to leave for one of these trips, my sister, Jane Spillsbury invited me to stay over night with her. She cooked on a fireplace because she didn't have a stove. We were leaving at three in the morning so she made our beverage the night before. When we were drinking it the next morning we remarked that

it didn't taste just right and when we poured the last cup a mouse fell out. I always kidded her about this whenever I saw her.

In 1905, two of my half sisters, Alice and Vilo, came down to Mexico on the train on their way to Mexico City. Burt went with them from our place. When they came back they insisted on me going back to Cedar with them to attend the Brance Normal School there. And due to the fact that they had had to burn the school house down to get me out of the eighth grade, I hesitated about going on with my education, but they finally talked me into it and I accompanied them back to Cedar. I sold my pet horses and the few cows I'd accumulated, and have regretted it ever since.

We made the trip from El Paso, Texas to Salt Lake City by train. When we got in Salt Lake we heard that our sister Caroline Adams had died in Parowan. She left ten children motherless. This was a saddening experience. We stayed here about a week - being the fall of the year, we took the train to Modena and went from there to Cedar by stage. We rented a house from Jed Jones and lived in the upstairs. As they taught in the District School I attended the Brance Normal School.

I suffered heartaches and homesickness. I couldn't content myself in school because of this. Although I had good teachers who were kind and thoughtful of me I never got over the homesickness. Some of my teachers were Governor Charles R. Mabey, and the late Howard R. Driggs

and George Decker. (I still longed for the glimmer of the campfire.) I stuck it out until school was out in the spring. I then hired out to a man in Kanarraville to punch cows and break broncos. His name was Ford, although he was not the man who claims to have killed Jesse James. He owned a large herd of cattle which he wintered around La Verkin and Short Creek. My first trip with him was over to bring these cattle from the winter range. I took a string of broncos along - I was to break these horses while working for him.

This country was the general winter range for the cattle owners who lived around St. George. They all went to gather the cattle together - about twenty-five of us with a cook and chuck-wagon. We spent about three weeks on this round - up and trailed the cattle up to Kanarraville. It took about ten days from the winter range to the summer range. I suppose he owned about 500 head of cattle and ran them on the Cedar Mountains in the summer. He had a good setup with pastures and comfortable cabins to live in. I stayed up there all summer alone from June to September and took care of the cattle. As I had come from Old Mexico where there were no game laws I killed a deer. Some few days later a game warden came by and found the head and legs of this deer. He threatened to arrest me, but I knew him well and when I explained that I didn't know it was against the law - he told me he'd let me off this time if I'd never do it again. While I was there I broke many broncos. People in the vicinity

heard of me and brought their outlaw horses for me to tame. I stayed with this outfit until the first of September, 1906. I still longed for my folks and home in Old Mexico. I quit and went to New Harmony where I lived with my cousin Mrs. Reese Davis. I was inclined to be a little conceited because I had good luck breaking broncos - having never been thrown nor hurt. Another cousin of mine, Jim Prince, a sheep man, had a big burro that had never been ridden. I told him I could ride him, so Jim brought him out. The whole town gathered to watch. I had to ride him bareback because a burro won't stand a saddle, and he threw me.

About the first of October I had saved enough money for a ticket to El Paso, so I went to Modena and took the train, having been away from home a little over a year. I was really glad to be home and with my folks. As jobs were scarce in those days I went to work for Byron McDonald again, and we rigged up a six-horse team and two wagons and hauled supplies for the Dos Cabezas Mining Company in Sonorra, Mexico a distance of 90 miles over mountainous roads with nothing but a goat trail to follow. We could only pull 6000 pounds on the wagons and for that reason we didn't make much money - as we got paid by the pound. I received a small wage and half the profit we made from this freighting. I worked here about six months. This particular mine was in the bottom of a canyon about three miles almost straight down. We always unloaded our freight on top of the hill and the

Mexicans carried it on down on burros. One day, the superintendent of the mine met me at this Deposito and wanted me to haul some heavy 12X12 timbers (six feet long) down into the mine. I used four horses and dropped the trail wagon. There was one steep hill about 500 feet long on which we had to put a cable on a tree to hold the wagon - the brake couldn't hold it. About my third trip down into the mine, halfway down, the cable broke and turned the wagon loose. As I'd been driving a four horse team I had long lines. I jumped from the wagon but my feet tangled in these long lines and I was dragged for about a hundred feet. I thought my time had come for sure, but it hadn't. The team and wagon went on down the hill; the wagon was broken up and one horse was killed. This McDonald kept the telephone line up from Casasgrandes to the dos Cabezas Mine and he happened on the scene shortly after this runaway. He was really mad at me, blaming me for this accident and we dissolved partnership. During these six months I had been alone all the time, each trip took eight days. The country was infested with outlaws and wild animals. During the nite I listened to the roar of the lions. I didn't feed hay, only grain, and hobbled the horses out at night. I'd often go as far as ten miles in the monrings to find the horses. There were many steep hills on this journey that I couldn't pull both wagons over at once - so I'd drop the trail wagon then take over one and then come back for the other. This took a lot of time.

After having this runaway I figured it was an answer to prayer. I had worked hard for a lonely six months and hadn't made much headway. I took my crippled wagon and three horses back to Colonia Juarez and sold out. (Where is there a boy nowadays who could drive a six horse team and two wagons over a goat trail?)

I worked around at odd jobs for awhile. In these days jobs were scarce and there was no money in them anyway. One spring when school was out, Harry Smith and I, because the country was booming and railroads and sawmills were being built, decided to go to work in Madera in the lumber camps, about one hundred miles west of the city of Chihuahua. This was one of the biggest lumber camps in the west. We went by train. We landed there without much money. Jobs, such as they were, were plentiful. We started out one morning and hit a logging foreman up for a job. He said he'd give us a job if each one of us could drive six big fat Missouri mules hauling ties to the railroad. Harry, having come from Mesa and not being used to that kind of life had heart failure at the prospects. I insisted on him hooking up the mules and trying it for a few days until we could earn enough money for a grub stake - still he refused. I ask him why he wouldn't take the job and he told me a person had to know more than a mule to get along with one. So I took the six-mule team out and he got a job on the telephone line from Madera to Temosichi. We worked here for about three weeks. This job paid about \$75.00 a month, in Mexican money, and my board. Then one day along came my old friend Lem Spillsbury

and ask me to go on down to Temosichi and get a job driving a twelve mule jerk-line team because it paid more money-- so I did.

The Green, Gold and Silver Co. at Temosichi, owned by William Green from Cananea, Mexico, had bought some mines down at Conchano, a distance of about one hundred miles. The company had built a fairly good road between the two places with a station every fifteen miles. They had stables big enough to take care of three of these twelve mule team set-ups. We made just fifteen miles in a days journey. These twelve mule teams were driven with a jerk-line, you rode the horse on the left hand side. This line (single cord rope) runs from the left hand lead mule with a bar across to the right hand lead mule. When you wanted to turn to the right you jerked the line, when you wanted to turn left you just pulled on it, hence the name jerk-line. We always used two pair of pointers. The second and third span of mules from the wagon would be made to jump over the chain to keep the wagon from going off the grade on a turn. If you drove more than twelve mules at once you needed more than two pointers. These mules came from Missouri - supposedly the best mules in the world. This company used several hundred of them. We always used horses for the wheelers and the rest were mules. The mules weighed from 1200-1600 pounds. Out of all these mules that I saw and worked with, I only had one that was balky.

This man William Green had a great following. Everyone liked to work for him. Most of the men who worked for him were good fellows, but lots of them had committed crimes in the U.S. and didn't dare go back. They were good honest fellows



to work with however, and I felt as safe around them as anywhere I'd ever been. They all carried guns and protected themselves. The Mexicans didn't put anything over on them. Such fellows as Sid Mullen, Chic Nations (still alive in southern Arizona), Johnnie Davis who was a famous Concord coach driver, Johnnie White, Johnnie St. Clair, Abe Graham (a notorious horse thief who came into Juarez several years later with six head of stolen horses just a few steps ahead of the law), Bob Thornton, and Jim Durnell. The Mexicans were all afraid of these men and never hesitated to clamp one of them in jail if they got a chance. I was galloping a horse up the street one night and the Mexican officers pulled me off the horse and started to take me to jail. In Old Mexico, one must remember, when you are put in jail you are guilty until you can be proven innocent. This Chic Nations of whom I just spoke, grabbed me away from the officer, hit him in the face with a brick and I got safely home.

They operated a Concord Coach like they used in the early days. The driver is strapped in the seat. The lead mules are hooked on the collar on the breast of the wheel mules. They are driven as hard as they can go and change mules every fifteen miles. There is always a man at the station with a fresh team ready so there is no time lost. They operated this coach three times a week. They also had three men sitting on top, besides the driver, with their rifles.

While I was driving this twelve mule team outfit I had what was called a swamper. He was a Mexican that pulled the brake on the trail wagon and helped unhook and harness the

mule teams. As I've mentioned before, these mules were smart and the stations being fifteen miles apart where we camped. We were supposed to get to the station at five o'clock and when we didn't get there at five the mules would stop and start braying. Lem Spillsbury had the name of being the best mule-skinner on the route and had the best team. We all carried black snake whips - a whip about five feet long. It looks like a garden hose, but it's filled with buckshot, tapers down to a point, has a buckskin string on the end of it and weighs about four pounds. We only used these whips when we needed to. I recall one time some of Lem's folks were sick and sent for him to come home. He insisted that I drive his team and let someone else drive mine for the next trip. I didn't care to do it but they got a fellow named Asbury to drive mine and I drove Lem's. (I've always liked horses and women and I didn't want anyone else whipping my horses, but I finally consented). So, I got up in the rear wheeler of Lem's horse, got out about five miles from town, came to a fairly steep pitch, and as I've said before, those mules are smart. They knew I was a green horn and all refused to pull. With the aid of my swamper we coaxed, pleaded, begged, and teased, but still they wouldn't pull. They knew Lem wasn't there. I had driven mules enough to know where to hit mules to make them go without hurting them. With the big end of the whip I tapped him behind the ear. After I'd gone up one side of the team and down the other I got up on my wheeler and off we went. That's the last trouble I had with Lem's team. When Lem came back I told him what had happened and he laughed and said he

believed I was learning to skin mules. We hauled hay and grain and machinery and groceries out. Ten thousand pounds was considered a big load on these two wagons. We hauled lumber back to the railroad. These wagons were handmade by the company in Temosichi. The wheels were between five and eight feet high. They were sturdy and well-built; hardly ever broke down. We never got stuck and never had to drop the trail wagon as I did on the Dos Cabezas haul. I liked this job very well. The worst of it was the wagon boss who was always running up and down the road and checking up on us. Our boss was named Tom Miles, from St. George, who had always treated us fairly well. We always traveled two outfits together, sometimes three. I remember one time down at Conchano Mine something had happened to my partner that he couldn't get out that day. The wagon boss came along, told me to hook up and get going. I told him I was waiting for my partner to get ready and we were going in the morning. He rode up to me on his horse, pulled a forty-five six-shooter, pointed it at my head and told me to leave tonight or he'd kill me. I told him in the country I came from they killed each other for that. (That was forty-eight years ago and I'm still here). I stayed with this job for about a year, getting paid one hundred pesos per month - this was considered good money in those days. I've always gotten attached to animals I worked with. I liked the team I had - got along well with them - never had to whip them or abuse them. One of the other fellows quit and they wanted to give me his team because they figured his team was better than mine. So I told him I'd quit and go home.

My dad had written and wanted me to go to Nevada with him anyway.

A friend of mine started to work there after I did and had the same swamper that I had had for so long. His name was Sonon. This friend's name was John Galbraith and he was also an expert mule skinner who had driven twenty mule borax teams in Death Valley in the olden days. In those days in Mexico when an accident happened they held you responsible until you could prove otherwise. This swamper one day got hold of some tequila and drank too much. While pulling the brake he slipped and fell under the wheel and got his foot cut off at the ankle, all but a couple of inches of skin. He begged John to cut it off so he did, and put him on the wagon, took him to the nearest station about five miles away. John, fearing that he would be thrown in jail for this, took his best saddle mule out of the team and rode for the border, not even stopping to collect his wages.

After my dad's first wife, Aunt Keziah, died, he was never content to stay anywhere very long at a time. He made frequent trips from Mexico to New Harmony and Bluff. Because he was older and hated to make these trips alone he got me to go with him to Lund, in Nevada, to visit his daughters Ellen Bryner and Dell Ivins. He paid my ticket. I don't know where he got his money, but he always had a buckskin sack about a foot long and it always had money in it. Dad only stayed here about three weeks, got restless and went back to El Paso. He didn't offer to take me back and I wouldn't ask him to, so I stayed here with Ellen. 1907 was

called the Year of the Big Panic. The mines were all closed, there were absolutely no jobs available so I did chores for my room and board for my widowed sister Ellen Bryner. She had a Post Office in Lund. She had two boys, Hardy and Ulrich, as they didn't have a dad to teach them to work they were inclined to be a bit lazy. Because I wanted them to work we didn't get along too well and I felt I wasn't wanted and left there. I went to live with a family named George Wakeling. I worked ten hours a day grubbing brush for my board. One day while working here I had just finished my lunch when one of his boys brought me a letter marked "in haste". I knew something was wrong at home. Jenn had written to tell me my mother had passed away and was buried. I couldn't go back to work that day. I went down to Dell Ivins and stayed overnight with her until I was over this shock. The Wakelings were an old English couple and were very good to me. (I was only twenty years old and was 3000 miles from home with no money, no job and very few friends.) I worked here two months. Then I got a job from George Oxborrow who had the mail contract from Lund to Ely. He paid me \$35.00 a month and my board while I was in Lund for driving a team and buggy - up one day and back the next.

As Ely had been a lively rousing mining camp before the panic, there now were many vacant houses and tents. I used to go down there and go through these old buildings looking for a place to sleep. I found a boarded-up tent with three mattresses in, that had been vacated by some miners.

I didn't have any money to buy a room. I decided to stay here as it was close to my team. There was a stove in this tent, so I could find a little wood and coal and barely existed here in forty degrees below zero weather. I rode back and forth in this open buggy and could take the weather like a Navajo. For this reason I could sleep in this tent in such awfully cold weather with one mattress under me and two over me. It would take about eight hours to make the trip from Ely to Lund. Often I'd go from Ely to Lund with no breakfast. When I had money to buy food I'd eat and when I didn't I'd go hungry. Once I only had a dime and I put it on the Double on a roulette wheel in a gambling den and it made me \$8.50. I ate for a few days straight. These Ox-burrow people were English - she'd boil the eggs in a lard bucket and use the same water to make tea. These people were good to me and often wondered why my half-sisters weren't better to me. I kept this job until spring started opening up. Times were looking a little better. I got in with a fellow named Baird Judd; a heck of a nice fellow. We got a contract to cut 5000 Cedar posts for ten cents a piece. In that country on the Public Domain, the posts were really thick. We camped right there and after we had the posts cut, we decided to get someone else to go with us and round up mustang horses and sell them. There were thousands of these horses running loose here and no one claimed them. There would be a hundred horses in one bunch. (I still longed for the glimmer of the campfire and wanted to ride a horse. As Aspostle Paul says, 'the slut to her vomit and the hog

to its wallow'.) We got some good saddle horses, strong ropes, built some blind corrals with hogwire and really enjoyed ourselves. We spent three weeks roping and capturing about twenty head. We brought them to town and sold them at public auction. They didn't bring us much money but netted us a little. I had a few odd jobs and saved enough money to buy a plaid suit for \$15.00 in Pioche and went on the stage to the railroad station and got me a ticket to El Paso and went on down to Juarez on the Mexican Central Railroad.

Jenn, Eff, Ancil and Hazel were living at home caring for Dad. They all greeted me and were glad to have me back. I worked around at sawmills and various places for a few months, then I went over to Douglas, Arizona to see my sister Susie Butler, and got a job there at the Copper Queen Smelter driving the supply wagon. I drove a span of big bay horses, well matched. I still liked horses. Held that job for about six months and enjoyed it. It paid \$2.50 per day. I had a sister living up in the Gila Valley at Thatcher. I quit this one and went up there. I worked around in the Gila Valley for several months in 1909 - mostly jobs on hay (balers and threshers) and hauling lumber from sawmills. I had lots of relatives living around there and they treated me good, lot better than when I was living in Nevada. I went up there to get acquainted with my relatives, the Paces. I stayed there most of the summer and then came back to Colonia Juarez.

As my dad was getting feeble, he got up in the night and while wandering around, fell off the back steps and broke his hip. On account of his age the wound didn't heal. Eff, Hazel,

Ancil and me took care of him. He had a special shoe made and eventually got so he could get around on crutches. This put an end to his making trips to Utah. I got a job from a contractor to help build a concentrator in Miami, Arizona. This was in the latter part of 1909. His name was Albert Wagoner. He put me to work in the concentrator as a carpenter. I worked here some few months. I drew \$3.50 per day, the best job I had ever had in my life. One day he came along and ask me if I could speak Spanish and did I know how to fit pipes? I told him yes that I could speak Spanish and that I had been taken for a Mexican many times. He told me they were putting in a twelve inch pipe from Globe to Miami to supply water for this concentrator - a distance of five miles. I bossed a bunch of twenty Mexicans, dug this trench three feet deep, strung this pipe and fitted it together.

In this particular country there were lots of Gila monsters. They are very similar to a bull lizard or a Chucka-walla. They are large and weigh between three to four pounds and have a forked tongue like a rattlesnake. They are supposedly poisonous if they bite you, but they can't run. They lie around and sleep in the sun all day. They used to fall in this trench. One Sunday we built a crate and put one of these big Gila monsters in it and took it down to Globe and traded it for a gallon of whisky which the Mexican boys relished. This job paid fifty cents more than the other - I was now getting \$4.00 a day. I completed this pipeline job and then he put me back in the concentrator at the same wage. I saved my money and wired it to a bank in El Paso. One day



I was in the bank at Globe when a Bowman fellow came in and ask me if I knew my dad was dead. I told him no and he said he had died June 9th, 1910, and had then been buried for several days. I felt bad because none of my family had let me know about it. This was a great blow to me. A short while later after I had heard about my dad's demise, I went back to the Colonies. My sisters had closed up the old homestead and moved to Dublan. Burt and Haymore were in partnership in the mercantile business (wholesale and retail), and Parley was working for them and had been for six years. They boarded with Effie. Burt had sent Hazel to Provo to the B.Y.U. My brother Ancil had already gone to Bluff to work for our oldest brother Lem. Jenn was married to Millary Haymore. He gave me a job - each day I'd make a trip to Casasgrande for the express, about five miles, and in the afternoon I'd work in the store. Several months after I had worked at this Institution, Parley went into the office and saw on the books where I was receiving the same wages as he. He told Haymore he was quitting. Millard laughed and said why, and Parl said because "You're paying Wiley as much as me." And Millard says, "I guess you'll have to quit because Wiley is as good a man as you". Parley went out cussing to himself, but he didn't quit. They operated several small stores; one in San Miguelita in Sonorra and one in Pearson, twenty miles up the river from Colonia Dublan. I made many trips to these stores with supplies. He had a coal black team. He also had a single buggy which he kept and we all used - as we were mostly old bachelors we were all shopping for a wife.

At this time the Madero Revolution was just starting. Francisca I. Madero, an educated Mexican, set out to overthrow Portfirio Diaz's government. He had been President of Mexico for a good many years. The Mexicans were tired of him and Madero got a good following. Then things gradually got worse with the rebels showing up more all the time. Burt and Haymore got leary of the Revolution and sold out in Dublan to Orin Romney and Ron Farmsworth. Just prior to this sale Haymore decided to move to Douglas and Aqua Prieta. As Haymore kinda took a liking to me and he took me to Douglas on the train to supervise a brick building being put up 60x120 feet, for his new store. He took me down to the two banks in Douglas and told the bankers to let me have what money I needed for the building of this store. I told him I was kinda dumb and he said you can do it and departed from Dublan. The Revolution was really getting tough and he hardly got home when all the bridges were blown up between Casasgrande and El Paso - a distance of 180 miles of railroad. He told me when he left he'd be back in ten days. He didn't come for six weeks. When he got back the building was finished, painted and the doors hung. He figured up the expenses and said I had done much better than he expected and raised my wages.

After this, Burt and Eff and Parl and Haymore and Jenn moved out to Douglas. We stocked the store up and the Revolution got worse and worse. I had hired a Jap Motsi to help with the building; he stayed on and proved quite valuable to the company as he would guard the store at night. He stayed

on during the Revolution and helped out considerable. We saw several fights between the rebels and the Federals. One fight we saw, the seven hundred rebels were led by Red Lopez; a half Irish and half Mexican outlaw. This time the shooting started at four a.m. and sounded like a hailstorm on a tin roof until eight that night when the Federals gave up and moved out and the firing ceased. Our store in Douglas was not broken into but had been hit many times with bullets. Parl and I went over to Aqua Prieta the next day and there were dead bodies all over the streets. The stores and saloons had all been broken into and the rebels were inside helping themselves to anything they could find.

Things quieted down and we opened up the store and went on for awhile. Then the Revolution got bad again. Haymore decided to make a trip over to Dublan - had me drive him over there through three hundred miles of country infested with rebels and outlaws. It took us about seven days to make the trip to Dublan. We stayed there eight or ten days until the R.R. was repaired. He had Parl come over on the train and he and I came back together and Haymore took the train. There had been a big battle in Aqua Prieta - the Federals had been whipped by Villa's men and all the rebels had gone farther south into Mexico. They were preparing for a big battle at Ciudad Juarez across the line from El Paso. For this reason we didn't see any rebels. We had a thirty-thirty rolled in our bed and Parl had \$1600 pinned in the bosom of his shirt. Haymore had been afraid to take it on the train for fear he'd be robbed. We had good luck going back til we got within

fifteen miles of Aqua Prieta where we camped on a high ridge. Because we were looking for rebels we tied our horses to a tree and Parl couldn't sleep all nite - said he knew something was wrong. We got up the next morning about five and hooked up the black team. We'd only gone a mile when we ran into a rebel camp of 750 men, mostly Yagui Indians from Sonorra. They swarmed around us with their guns pointed at us - seemed more like 750,000. One Mexican climbed up, took the reins out of my hands and drove us through the camp. We saw four or five big steers they had stolen and slaughtered - hadn't even taken the hide off, just cut off a piece of meat when they wanted. They held us there for about two hours and then because we could understand their language they let us go. They told us they had had a fight in Prieta the day before and part of the men had stayed back to bury their dead. When we got within a mile of the boundary line we saw a trench where they were burying their dead - hauling them out in hayracks, and in one place they had dropped in sixty bodies at once. We went from there over to the Port of Entry and the American Custom Officer put us under arrest and accused us of being spies for the Mexicans. Bishop Orson Brown who worked for the Pinkerton Detective Agency saw them taking us to jail and told them to turn us loose immediately - which they did. We had known Orson Brown all our lives and he convinced them we were all right. After all was said and done we received much worse treatment from the Americans than we had from the Mexicans. We went on into town and were glad to be back.

Things continued to get worse and Haymore decided to close

up until the war settled a bit. The country was infested with rebels from one end to the other and there was no law. He gathered his stuff up and locked it up and kept the Jap there to guard it. He had a carload of new wagons just unloaded from the train. He sent me down to couple them together and pull them up to the store. When I went to get the last wagon a rebel had his horse there eating corn out of a bucket in the wagon. I took the bucket out of the wagon and set it on the ground and tied the horse to the fence. I had no more done this than a Mexican threw a rock at my head and missed me. Then he pulled a gun and hollered to his commanding officer. They marched me off to the hoose-gow. I didn't have any way to get word back to Haymore and had to stay there for five hours with about twenty drunk Mexicans. I learned from the Mexicans that they were planning to execute me. Haymore got worried about me when I didn't show up and came to investigate. He soon got me out after spending some time convincing the Commander-in-General that I hadn't done anything that was wrong. Conditions continued to grow worse and Haymore told us we'd better find a job somewhere else. Parl, having left his sweetheart in Colonia Dublan went there and got married. I met them in Yuma, Arizona and came to Salt Lake with them. We stayed there about a week, met lots of our old friends and relatives from Cedar City and Mexico. Then we decided to go on down to Blanding. We went to Thompson on the train and from there on the stage, crossing the Colorado River on a ferry boat. We stayed in Moab over night and went to Monticello the next day. We

stayed overnite with my brother Monroe and family. They were happy to see us and treated us grand. Next to myself and wife, Monroe and wife had fed more people in San Juan Co. than any other family. This was in May, 1911. We were certainly a homesick bunch when we got to Blanding. It had only recently been settled (1908) and there were very few houses there at the time with no restaurants, no motels, no hotels - not much of anything. We got my brother Wayne to let us stay at his place until we could find somewhere else. Wayne's hay was about ready to cut and we helped him put it up. After this job was done, Parl decided to try to get a chance to operate the little grocery store that was here. Bishop Hanson Bayles was manager of it and it was called the Co-op. After dickering for several days they decided to let Parley take it over. Years later he bought the original owners out and today he and his sons operate the same store.

My brother, Ben, was a top carpenter around Blanding those days and I hired out to him as a carpenter. I helped on many of the buildings that are still standing in Blanding today. Parl rented a oneroom house for him and his bride. I boarded with them and rented a room from Aunt Lucy Redd. I worked here for about a year and a half for \$3.50 a day. I ask for a raise of fifty cents a day and he wouldn't pay it so I quit. Then I went to work for Bishop Hanson Bayles - one of the biggest cattle and sheep men in the country. I punched cows for him and worked on his ranches. His winter

range was near Bluff - and it was here I met Miss Lydia Nielson - the best thing that ever came into my life. Many a time I've ridden a horse from Blanding to Bluff in two and a half hours (26 miles) to dances and to visit my sweetheart. I met plenty of competition here. But I tenaciously hung on and finally made the grade. When we decided to get married I ask Bishop Bayles to take his horses and buggy and drive to Thompson to get the train for Salt Lake. The horses names were "Nig" and "Pet". I showed up in Bluff one Monday morning with this black team and buggy - I had stayed with Aunt Liza Redd in Bluff, (Lem's first wife and Charlie Redd's mother) so I went there first. She ask me where I was going - I told her I was going to take Miss Lydia Nielson to Salt Lake to get married. She says Lydia Nielson is by far the swellest girl in town and I told her I was no damn scrub myself. This was in December 1913. There was two feet of snow on the level in Blanding and more than that in Monticello. We made this trip from Bluff to Thompson in three days in an open buggy (one hundred and forty-five miles). Would anyone do that today? But I'm not sorry. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, December 12, 1913. We came back to Blanding and made our home here. We rented a little rock house from my brother Wayne.

My brother Ancil and I bought the L.C. Ranch. I had already filed on a homestead down on White Mesa - improved these farms and worked them. By this time Ancil and I had bought about sixty-five to a hundred head of cattle. For ten or twelve years we got along well. We had lots of odd

jobs on the side. We had a fine forest permit. (In those days we threw in with Old Posey, the Puite Chief, and the rest of the Utes and ran our cattle on the Public Domain because there was no government control.) We got along fairly well until about 1924 when cattle went down to bedrock prices and our creditors demanded their money. Of all our wealthy relatives, none would loan us the money or help us out, so they rounded up two hundred and fifty head of our cattle, drove them to Greenriver and sold them for \$12.00 a head. Then they sued us and got a judgment against us for the balance. This was the Banker's Loan Company of Salt Lake City - a hard-boiled finance company.

After this I moved my family to La Sal and was foreman of the home ranch there. Charlie Redd gave me \$100.00 a month to begin with and after I'd been there twelve months he cut me to \$90.00 and I quit and came back to Blanding. About the time we moved up there my third son and fifth child, Lyman, was very ill. We didn't have any money to take him to the doctor and he nearly died. Finally, we got a neighbor woman to nurse him and he pulled through. He went through World War II in the 154th Field Artillery Battalion and helped route Hitler from his summer home.

All I had to do on this farm was supervise the farming of a thousand acres. On Sundays many a time I've shod six big work horses while the drivers took their day off. I moved my family back to Blanding and although I was made to pay for the wagon we moved back on, we were all glad to be home. I



like Charlie Redd, and worked for him after this on Elk Mountain. He has done more to help my boys than any of their relatives. I've had five sons, raised four to manhood and they have all worked in the sheep and ranch business for Charlie in Kansas, California and Arizona. They have all made good at this.

Ancil was an expert horseman. He loved to ride horses in the sporting events. On the 24th of July, 1932 he participated in a game called the Chicken Pull. It was an Indian game where they bury a chicken and the riders on horses gallop, pick up the chicken and run with it. The one who carried it the farthest wins a prize. My brother had been to the barbershop and had his hair cut. He came down to the Square where the crowd was gathered. He borrowed an old black horse from Alma Jones and joined the game. The riders were instructed to go in a circle around the two school houses - past where the chicken was buried. One of the riders broke the rule - went on through the two houses instead of around them and hit into Ancil. He was thrown from his horse and his neck was broken. He died instantly. He left a widow and six little children. For days I grieved excessively and just could not be reconciled to his going. He had an insurance policy for \$5,000.00 that he had just taken out a few days before. I felt so bad about him going that I saw him every night in my dreams and he was always dressed as he had been when we'd worked together day after day. One night when I was working at Mexican Hat he came to me, whether in a dream or real I can't say, but I believe he actually came

and told me not to grieve any more - that he was allright and even better off than I was - and with the insurance money his family would be taken care of. I never grieved after that. Funny about this insurance policy - he had mailed it back to the comapny that very morning he was killed. Said he couldn't pay for it. That evening Burt and Albert R. Lyman went to Monticello and got it out of the Post Office. His widow taught school and with the help of the insurance all of her children have gotten an education but one - they all have good jobs.

In 1925 and 1926 I worked for Charles Redd on North Elk, chopping troughs out of pine trees and fixing up water holes. I was the foreman and bossed a bunch of men and built several miles of pole fence. He hired me back the next year but he cut my wages 50¢ per day. I worked two summers for him then got a job with the Forest Service on South Elk. I worked here for about two years. We really worked hard but made little money - \$4.00 a day was as much as I ever got. Now fellows get \$25.00 a day for the same work.

In 1930 I was out of work - had a big family to feed and was very discouraged. I didn't know which way to turn or what to do. I went out on the back step and sat down and wondered if it wouldn't be better to end it all. Suddenly my mother, who had died in 1907, appeared to me, dressed in white robes and her hair was fixed nice, as always. I ask her to take me back with her. She told me she could not, she was too busy. She told me to get up and go find a job - and then she left me around the corner of the house. It was the

boost I needed. I got up and went up town and found me a job.

One day in 1941 when I was visiting my daughter, Ida Mar, in Moab, I met Hank Schmidt who was a park ranger. He ask me if I'd like to be the ranger at the Natural Bridges National Monument. During the war we never had many visitors, but after this we'd average three to four thousand visitors a season. During this eleven years that I worked there my good wife was by my side. We met many people from all over the U. S. and made many friendships that have endured a lifetime. We had to haul our drinking water from Elk Mountain a distance of twenty miles. I loved to meet new people and tell them the stories of the development and history of this, my favorite spot of God's rough-hewn handiwork. I worked five days a week and then we went home for two days to wash, iron, bake and get ready for another week. On these two days we took care of our vegetable garden. We've always had a good garden and have been delighted and happy to share our food with others. Working in this garden and in our flower garden has provided Lydia and me with a great deal of enjoyment and happiness.

During my tenure of office I had several bosses; the best one of which was my last one, name of Bates Wilson, who hailed from Silver City, New Mexico and claimed to be related to Billy the Kid. Because I was past fifty-five years of age at this time the Park Service would not let me take a Civil Service Examination. They gave me a dearth of equipment and they were reluctant to improve the surroundings - trails, living quarters, etc.

We stayed there eleven years - one day my boss came and told me we could only drive a government pickup into town once a month, so I told him I was through. The young fellow who replaced me was a college graduate but he didn't know much about the country nor anything about hauling water. On his first trip he didn't block the water tank in and blew out two tires. Some people have to learn the hard way.

We lived our eleven years here in a one-room boarded up tent. After we left the government moved in a big trailer house for the ranger. Though the present ranger has spacious living quarters he doesn't enjoy talking to the tourists and explaining things as I did. He even locks his door when he sees visitors approaching. I enjoyed nothing better than visiting with the tourists and showing the virtues of the most scenic, though rugged, country on earth.

After I left the Bridges I did a lot of prospecting. I got a job from a company in Grand Junction and worked for them several months as I know all the formations in San Juan County. After I quit them I went prospecting on my own and located two of the first mines in the Shinarump formation in the county. Uranium only comes in two formations - the Morrison and Shinarump. I located the Hideout mine in 1941 and sold it for practically nothing. Since then it has sold for a million dollars besides taking out a couple of million dollars worth of ore. My oldest son, Preston and I were prospecting on Deer Flat. We went down into a Cedar Mesa formation to see a Moqui house. We went down into the canyon to water our horses and as I stooped over I saw some copper

float and followed it up the draw. The farther up I went the thicker it got. The next Monday I came back and followed it up the hill to the Shinarump formation to where it came out of the ground a place about twenty feet long times ten feet high. The mine is still being worked today.

I also located the Blue Lizard and Posey claims which are in Red Canyon. We mined the Posey claim for awhile then sold it to some rich Jews in New York for \$50,000.00 and got our money. We sold the Blue Lizard to some people in Salt Lake for \$500,000. They knew nothing about mining - kept it for about ten years - paying us only \$250,000. Through a court order we got the mine back. There's been about 60,000 tons of uranium mined out of it and we figure there is that much or more left in it. According to geologists who have looked over it there is still a great deal of ore left there. The mining business has slowed up considerable, but when L.B.J. gives the word to bomb Red China we should be able to sell it. The government is very strict. They will only buy up what ore has been allotted to you. If you were to locate and start mining a claim today the government would not buy the ore. Due to financial duress I sold a fourth interest to Donald Adams and Ozro Hunt. My two boys, Pep and Bob and I still own the controlling interest in this mine.

I bought 160 acres of school land one and a half miles south of Blanding and have enjoyed farming it.

Of all my possessions in life, either real or fancied,

the thing I value most is my religion. I have a testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I know it's true and I'm grateful for it. My good wife and I filled a two year stake mission and I can say it was the happiest two years of my life.

Next to my religion, I love my good, constant, faithful, true wife of fifty-five years. She has shared my disappointments, sorrow, poverty, joys and prosperity and stood steadfast by me. I'm sure she's the very best woman in the world and I love her dearly. One of her finest attributes is her ability to cook excellent food. I'm sure if she tried she could not make anything that wasn't delicious. She once had the reputation of being the best pie baker in San Juan County. We've always found great joy in visiting and caring for sick people. We've done what we could for them both spiritually and physically. Lydia always had something good cooked or a basket of flowers to take where death or tragedy entered a home. She always understands the downtrodden and misunderstood and finds encouraging words to say about them and to them. Many have found solace at her knee. She is slow to condemn or judge others. The Savior could have been talking about her when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me".

Next to my wife my greatest blessings are my children. Seven were born to us and we raised six of them. Preston Wiley, born in 1914 is the eldest. Ida Mar, born in 1917. Edward Sherman, born in 1920, died July 10th, six months later.

Louisa, born in 1921. Lyman Nielson born in 1924. Robert Warren born in 1927. Herald George born in 1932. All of my children were born in Blanding, Utah. They are all active in the Church and one of my choicest blessings, for which I'll be eternally thankful, they have all been to the House of the Lord and had their mates and children sealed to them for all eternity. They have all been good to my wife and me and help us in all the ways they can. They are generous and good, honest and honorable, and what more could a man want out of life?

Numbered also among my blessings are eighteen grandchildren, sixteen of whom are now living and one great-grandson and two great-granddaughters.

Today, November 24, 1967 I'm in my eighty-first year of struggle in this frail existence and I can truthfully say I have never mistreated my wife or one of my children.

Four of my friends from S.L.C. came down to visit me in the summer of 1959. We took a horseback trip out to the Bridges and surrounding areas. We had an enjoyable time riding horses and camping under the stars. They invited my wife and me to come to Salt Lake to see Roy Rogers perform in a rodeo. We went to S. L. for the 24th of July and on my way home in Spanish Fork at Ida Mar's I suffered a Cerebral Vasucular Accident or stroke as it is commonly known. Bob and Pep came and got me and took me home.

Since then my activities have been greatly curtailed. I can no longer ride a horse or work hard in my garden or do many of the things I had enjoyed before. I kept my pet horse

Smokey for five years, then because I could no longer ride I sold him to a horse buyer in California. This is one of the hardest things I ever had to do.

In December of 1963 all of our children came home and had a celebration for us on our Golden Wedding Anniversary. It really surprised us and pleased us to learn how many friends we had.

I've had ten brothers and they have all passed on but me. Somehow I feel that I'm next on the list, but when?

Adios, amigos  
Hasta la vista  
Vaya Con Dios

*J. Halby Redd*



## JOHN WILEY REDD FAMILY

John Wiley Redd was born on Feb. 18, 1886 in New Harmony, Utah to Lemul Hardison and Sariah Louisa Chamberlain Redd. They moved to Mexico when he was four years old. He and his brother Parley rode a pony all the way. He spent his young years growing up in Colonia Juarez.

In 1911 during the time of the Pancho Villa Revolution, Wiley came to San Juan County with Parl and Ruth. Dad loved horses and animals and worked around them all the time.

In Bluff Lydia Nielson had been born to Hans Joseph and Ida Evelyn Lyman Nielson on May 6, 1890. When Dad met her he fell in love with her at once and from then on for 61 years of his marital life he loved her dearly and she reciprocated.

They wanted their marriage to last for all eternity so with many great hardships - like driving a buggy for 2 days through the snow to Thompson to reach the train they arrived in Salt Lake and were sealed for time and all eternity in the temple on Dec. 12, 1913.

They make their home in Blanding the rest of their lives. Hundreds are the people who have benefitted from their lovely vegetable garden and mothers delicious cooking. They were generous to a fault. They truly loved their fellow men regardless of race, religion or creed. They demonstrated their love by their actions.

Their first child Preston Wiley married Emily Washburn and to this union was born four children; Preston Kirk, Sally Lydia, Jay Lyman who died at age 19, and James Demar. There are now 7 grandchildren. Emily passed away May 4, 1977.

Ida Mar the second child married Ben S. Markham and they are the parents of two; Judith Ann and Ben Stephen. They have 7 grandchildren. Ben passed away Dec. 12, 1959. Their third child Edward Sherman only lived six months.

Their fourth child Louisa married LaVar B. Lyman and they are the parents of two sons; Brett Alton and Larry Redd Lyman.

Their fifth child Lyman has six children; Jerry Lyman, Kelly Lamar, who died shortly after birth, Michael W., Bruce LaVar, Rebecca Sue and Beverly Ann. They have one grandchild.

The sixth child Robert Warren married Nancy Nielson and they have two children; Robert Steven and Lydia Lynne.

George the seventh and last, but by no means the least, married Vana Millard and they have three children; Jana Kay, Harold Wiley and Jura Ralene.

So we see from a small beginning in 1913 with only 2 people mother and dad with a circle of love began their kingdom which now includes 54 people. And the end is not yet.

Though they made no pretentious of religion or preached long sermons outward or visibly, they both had strong testimonies of the divinity of the mission of Jesus Christ. They spoke many times in their later years how very thankful and happy they were that all of their children had been sealed together forever. How thankful we as their children are for the right example they set for all of us and are trying to continue in their footsteps.

Brigham Young once made a statement that it was a "mothers calling to tie her offspring to herself with a love that is stronger than death for an everlasting inheritance." Mother and Dad have certainly done this. There is so much love for one another among the brothers and sisters its impossible to measure. We communicate with each other by telephone or letter every other week. Whenever anything happens in the family we rejoice together and mourn together and help to bear each others burdens.

This poem is entitled TRIBUTE TO OUR PARENTS, as often quoted by Elder Marion D. Hanks, paraphrased by Ida Mar.

#### TRIBUTE TO OUR PARENTS

We do not build a monument  
of carved white marble for your sake,  
That only they memorial make  
Our life must be the monument  
We consecrate in your behalf;  
Our charity must carve your name,  
Our gentleness your epitaph.  
Above this record we engrave  
No drooping figure;  
There must be straight shouldered courage;  
Starry eyes must mark the scroll of destiny.  
And may some fragment of their strength,  
By Gods great mystery, fall on us;  
That through this monument of ours  
May shine your immortality.

- - - Author Unknown