

Research Correspondence to Sherry Smith from Robert Larsen.

November 8, 2006

Dear Sherry,

The transcription of the transcription of Michelsen's tape is completed. The original spelling and punctuation has been retained, but not the pagination.

About the provenance of this piece: It was taped by Adelbert Read Michelsen, a jeweler, shortly following a family reunion held on July 2, 1973. He is the oldest son of Gertrude Read Michelsen. The primary respondent is Louis Edgar Read, Jr., then president of the Tool Manufacturing Company in Santa Fe Springs in California. (I would guess that at least half the Read descendents I know of live in California.) An unknown person transcribed the tape.

My mother, Martha Francelle Evans Larsen somehow obtained a duplicated copy. I found it among her effects when she passed away. The piece has no title. There were no accompanying notes, however there is a list of reunion participants, among them Read and Lou above.

Read obviously knew little about Samuel George Read. The early life of Walter P. Read was given him by his mother Gertrude. He is the only eyewitness that I have to events in the family of Walter P. Read. He refers to several letters and cites some. Presumably there is a letter collection extant among the descendents of Gertrude Read.

My mother believed that Walter P. Read was angry about the marriage of Mattie to Peter Carlos Evans, not because of Evans per se, but that it meant giving up her career as a concert pianist. Maybe so. Mattie taught piano her entire life and was ward chorister at University Ward in Salt Lake City for an incredible number of years. Her husband eventually became Judge of the third district court in Salt Lake.

Somewhere my mother had a picture of Mattie with her hair draped to the floor as described in the narrative. Would you be interested if I can find it?

Robert Larsen

MEMORIES OF WALTER P. READ AND HIS FAMILY

By his grandson,
Adelbert Read Michelsen

On July 2, 1973 we had an enjoyable time. We had the privilege of attending the Read cousins reunion over the weekend of July 2 at Liberty Park, Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City, and hope you received as much joy and satisfaction as we did in becoming acquainted with our cousins. Become acquainted is right, as it has been many years since we have seen or spoken to some of them. So, at your request, I would like to tape some of the things associated with the Walter P. Read family. In your genealogy of the family you will be informed as to when and where they were born, when they came to America, who they were in the part of the pioneers that lead settlers on the long trip across the plains. I have retained some memories in regard to Walter P. Read and his family with the facts of great appreciation of the things that existed in the growing up of a family and of the days of the settling of Utah. Lou, I don't want to make a big speech. I just think of a few things to talk to you about, that you might be interested in this tape recording and bring you a few of my memories of Walter P. Read and your father and mother and Winslow and his wife and Mayne and his wife Nan, Mattie and Uncle Carl, Irma, Vic, Walt and Glenna's father and her mother. I don't want to do more than just refer to incidents that come to my mind and should they involve anybody or if I should miss anybody, please excuse it. It is not my intention to involve anybody but I just want to talk off the cuff and tell about things that actually happened that I have recollection concerning the Walter P. Read and the family.

I have a little article from the Nephi Paper depicting the times between 1851 – 1901. If you can imagine a bleak prairie land, well, not a prairie land either, because after all, Nephi is sitting on a basin with mountains on the west and mountains on the east of it. It is a beautiful little place now, but I am talking about the pioneer people (white people) who went in there when it was nothing but sage brush and gopher wood, lizards, snakes, jack rabbits, wild animals, all of a goodly supply. The Indians roamed around there for it was Indian country also. Of course, in the summer time the Indians would go to the mountains and in the winter time they would come down from the mountains because of climatic conditions. They liked to be where it required the least amount of energy to exist. The Indians were troublesome to a lot of the early pioneers who lived there. They required many things from the pioneers. The pioneers were taught by Brigham Young to feed the Indians, not to fight him. And the Indians, knowing that, you might be sure, took advantage of it and demanded a lot for nothing.

The Indians would live in their tepee. The tepee provided shade during the day for the squaw and the children. They would remain in the tepee while the braves hunted for wild game to eat. They had a funny way of talking care of the older members of the tribe. There is a story told about one of the older men in the tribe. One day some of the pioneers saw a number of hawks sailing through the air and went to see why the hawks

were there. You know the hawks don't stay around unless there is food. When they went out to where these hawks were hovering around, they discovered that an old man from the tribe had been left behind for several days, because he couldn't keep up with the braves. So the braves gave him some water, a small amount of food and left him there to perish in the desert or to survive as best he could, but in this case he didn't survive and the hawks were trying to tear his flesh apart. And this bespeaks of the place that Walter P. Read and the early pioneers went to live. They moved slowly and tried to get along with the Indians but found themselves in difficulty with the Indians to the extent that they build a wall in the manner of a fort, the wall to be 12' thick at the base, 8' high, 2' thick at the top. The chief came to the area to talk to the pioneers and said "You cannot build a wall here – you can't shake hands over a wall". The wall was built in the following year while the Indians were in the mountains. When they returned, of course there wasn't anything that could be done about it, and the subject was dismissed.

Hardy pioneers coming into the valley found that they could till the soil, plant gardens, raise vegetables to supply their needs. They could eke out an existence and it became Nephi, quite a nice little village. The people really enjoyed it. They had to make up their own parties, their own social life, own dances, and things to occupy their idle hours. They didn't have too much time because they were busy, hard working. Later on they incorporated the town of Nephi, Utah. One of the first things they did was to appoint a mayor and councilmen. They also appointed a marshall of the town, Walter R. Read. While he was marshall, he didn't care much about carrying fire arms or side arms. He had an old sword, a straight blade sword with a tee handle with a shield as a guard. On the side of that sword the serial number and the name of Samuel P. Read was engraved. I played with that sword a good many times when I was a young kid. It used to be in the attic at the old home at 760 E. 1st South. Many, many times, I played with that sword. I haven't seen it for years and years. I described it as I remembered it. You may know where the sword is, it may not be in the family; I heard it is but I really don't know.

Grandpa enjoyed company and enjoyed people, a lot of people. Besides being a marshall in Nephi he was a harness maker. They used a team of horses or a single horse as means of transportation. Sometimes they used a surrey with a fringe on top. They did a lot of ploughing and the horses furnished the power for that.

I picked up a letter-head I have of W. P. Read. At the top of the letter-head it says "Read & Bryan, Rooms for rent, Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes." Off to one side under W. P. Read's name, "The best goods for fine family trading specialty." On the right side of the paper under Bryan's name it says "We are always pleased to show our goods and name our prices." This letter on this stationery was written in Nephi, Juab County, May 16, 1891. It was interesting because he was also a merchant as well as a harness maker. While W. P. Read was in Nephi, he bought some property in Moroni, east of Nephi, with A. W. McCune and Thomas Scofield; they were partners, 160 acres and I also found out that when they dissolved partnership that they sold the land and cattle to Scofield Bros. of Nephi. Here are some of the things they listed for sale; 160 acres of land, 1200 head of good range cattle, 1100 head of cattle not

on the range, 100 head other cattle on the Q3 Ranch. Their own brand on the cattle was “Lazy U”. The “U” laid on its left side or it laid on its right side as their brand on the cattle. W. P. Read was quite a stickler for doing things in the right manner when the ranch was sold. He filed a publication giving notice of the dissolution of partnership. This is a clipping from one of the newspapers which says “Notice is hereby given that this partnership that existed between Alfred W. McCune, Walter P. Read and Thomas J. Scofield and known by McCuen, Read & Scofield, was by mutual consent of the said parties dissolved on the 27th day of August AD 1887, that the said Albert W. McCuen and Walter P. Read have severed their interest in the said firm to said Thomas J. Scofield, Jr. and William Scofield and Jas. W. Scofield doing business under the name of Scofield Bros. and all debts due and all that become due will be collected and sold to the Scofield Bros. Dated at Nephi, Utah, August 27, 1887, Alfred W. McCuen, Walter P. Read & Thomas J. Scofield”. This was the official selling of the ranch with the bill of sale.

After selling the ranch, W. P. Read, his wife Martha and family, Gertrude, the oldest child, a boy, Stillman, left Nephi. Stillman didn’t live too long. He passed away in Salt Lake City after 2 or 3 years. W. P. Read then went over to Nebraska, where he contracted work in building the Union Pacific Railroad. He did the grading for the railroad. In his contract with the Union Pacific Railroad he would get 25 cents per yard for every yard of dirt that he had to move in to make the fill or every yard that was cut to make the grade. After he was through with the deal in Nebraska he contracted the same kind of grading for building the railroad in Montana. Mother told me things about the building of the railroad, from Helena to Butte. The pay rate for labor was a dollar per day. The thing that impressed my mother (and me) was the type of laborer that worked on the grade; most of them were chinamen. Mother often talked about the great big tent that went along with these construction workers; also the Chinese cook and the things that he would cook. All of the meals were served in the big tent.

There is a legend about W. P. Read in his boyhood about crossing the plains with his father and mother. The company of Mormon pioneers were about two weeks west of St. Louis when they met a company of trappers with their wild animal hides on their way to St. Louis to sell the hides. There were many Indians roaming the prairies so it was not safe for individuals, such as trappers, pioneers, and people moving across the prairies to be alone. They traveled in groups for safety. The trappers mingled with the pioneers for awhile when they left in the early morning. W. P. went along with them. When it was discovered he was not in camp, it was too late to go after him, because if two or three people left alone, they would be at the mercy of the Indians lurking about. The pioneers continued on for some distance, when they met up with another group of trappers going back to St. Louis. W. P.’s father and brother joined them and went back to St. Louis in search for him. Every lead they could find, they would follow. After two years, they found him in the southern states, and the story is that he had been sold into slavery. They purchased him out of slavery and went back to St. Louis, joined another company of pioneers and started out west. It is rather interesting that he was always moving or was delighted to move. Even in his boyhood, he was a stalwart man, a rugged individual. As a man he stood about 6’ tall, 200 lbs., always had a mustache, and he was very, very active in everything he would do.

I was looking at a notice from a magazine from the Salt Lake City B. P. O. E. in which they say that W. P. Read has been on the sick committee for the lodge for about six years and that he has done an excellent job, taking flowers to the sick and giving them a kind word. I shall now read a letter that I have here, written by W. P. Read, to give you an idea of how he felt about a lot of things particularly about his family.

John Montgomery, Esq. 12-29-1910
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Friend,

I took the liberty of telegraphing you today and asking a favor. The situation is just this. My son, Winslow, left Salt Lake City Dec. 13 for San Francisco with a view of getting employment. This is a boy who at the age of 16 left his home against the wishes of his parents and family and entered in the Navy where he served for four years. After being mustered out, he came back to Salt Lake and has been employed by the Intermountain Electric Co, in doing electrical work. The company speaks in terms of praise for the work he did, but since leaving the navy he has been discontented and always has the desire to be on the move. He voluntarily left a good job here when he went to S. F. to seek work. I gave him ample money to keep him until he should get employment, but he seems to have consumed it all in travel. I have some reason to believe he is paying the expenses of some boon companion who is with him. I would like to see him make good and I think the best way is to throw him upon his own resources rather than to give him money whenever he asks me. Now Mr. Nims & Mr. Hayward, being old acquaintances, I thought you might be in a position to either put him on in your own company, or to assist him in getting employment elsewhere. I have telegraphed and also written him. I have told him to call upon you and to make himself known. He is a large boy, a healthy boy, of 21 years of age and physically able to do anything. I don't expect you to give him a job that he is not qualified to fill, but if you have such a thing as manual labor or something like that, so that he will realize that he is on his own resources and not be dependent upon his 'old man'. Also I would be pleased if you would give him some good simple talking to, and kindly advise him what to do under the circumstances. I tried everything in my power to keep him at home, but he would not stay. He seems to be absolutely in need of financial assistance. Please let him have, not to exceed \$10.00 unless you further advise me, and this only in the event that he cannot secure any employment. I remit to you immediately, upon your request. Before you do anything for Winslow, I would deem it a favor to reciprocate in any manner that is beneficial to you. Yours sincerely, W. P. Read

A card from Winslow in response to telegram sent him.

6-2-1911
Dear Father,

Received your telegram and went to see Mr. M & Nime. I will get a job O.K., but it is pretty hard around here, living on hot air till pay day. Haven't received a word from anyone since I left home. Winslow, Genl. Del. Vancouver, B. C.

When Winslow went into the Navy, I have here a Navy Officer's note, Navy Pay Office in S. F. 1907. Received on W. E. Reynolds, U. S. N. \$5.00 allotment of pay for the month of July, 1907. granted by Winslow Read, Seaman, to W. P. Read. This was an allotment check, and stamped across it, "Allotment stopped at request of granter." I have more letters speaking about the generosity of W. P. Read. I don't want to read a lot of letters, Lou, I think just another letter will be enough.

Mr. L. E. Read 1-30-1918.
some Hotel, S. F., CAL.

Dear Son:

I met a very old friend this morning, he was a very able attorney and at one time Asst. Secy. of the Interior. Take this letter to Colonel Mike, which is a very strong paper within itself. You will keep a copy, I have sent the other to the Colonel. I do not think a letter from the Governor or Mr. Wallace would have more effect than this letter. I hope you will conduct yourself so that you will be a credit and an honor to the letter my friend Mr. Pierce has written. You will never have reason to regret having done so. Keep me posted in regards to the action on this letter and you retain a copy, as I consider it a valuable letter to you. In the future, let me know if I can be of any further assistance and I assure you that I will do everything in my power to help. Your affectionate father.

Here is the copy:

L.A., Calif 1-30-1913
Co. T. Knight

My Dear Colonel:

The bearer of this note is Louis Edgar Read. I have known Mr. Read's parents for a good many years and have known him since he was a little boy. Mr. Read is a very capable man. I have written this note to ask you to interest yourself in seeing that Mr. Read is promoted according to his ability. I am sure you will find he has extra ordinary ability, and can bear a good, responsible position. His father was for many years, Supt. of the street railway system in Salt Lake City. I do not remember to have ever met you. I was for a long time a member of the Army and Navy Club in Washington, of which you also are a member. It was during my time that the first Asst. Secy. of the Interior, 9-11-1907 to 6-1-1911. My purpose in sending you this note is the hope that you will keep your eye on Mr. Read and help him along as best you can, if he deserves it, and I am sure he will. Believe me, my dear Colonel, to be your most obedient servant. Frank Pierce.

I only read these to you, Lou, to give you a little better understanding of your father's background. Now I am going to rattle along and talk with you. I was the oldest grandchild of Grandpa Read, Gertrude was my mother and my father, Fredrick Michael Michelsen, was called on a mission directly after they were married. He went down to the southern states and served a 2 year mission there. While he was away I was born. I was born at 760 E. 1st S in the old Read mansion. I believe you went there when you were in town. It appears that Mattie Read wrote to my father, saying that I was born at 6 o'clock this morning, 4-17-1898, a beautiful 8 lb. boy, who is large and strong and smart. We lived at Grandpa's for quite a while. Grandpa was supt. of the street railway system. When he took over, they were driving mule cars. 1st South had quite a grade, as you know. I am told they would take a mule, pull the car up first south, then turn it around and put the mules on the back of the car and coast down hill. The attendant had only a hand brake, but he would stop the car and pick up passengers on the way down to town. Sometime the car was hard to start and they'd have to get out and push it to get it rolling. About 1901, Salt Lake City converted from mule cars to electric cars. I never found out if Salt Lake City or Cincinnati was first in the nation putting the electric car on the streets in the U. S. The road expanded because power was easy to get, the cars were easier to move, and the expanding of the road was rapid. You had to get a transfer to go from one car to another. My mother was employed by the company; her job was to count these transfers and make records of it. I was a little shaver. I don't know how old, but I had the opportunity of playing with these transfers during the morning to keep me quiet. As I grew up I remember your father, L. E. Read, in a picture taken at a home when we lived on 9th east, approximately a quarter of a block from 1st South; it was a small house with a little porch. The porch extended the full width of the house. Picture mother in a long dress with an apron over it. I was next, then your father. He had a broken arm and it was in a sling. Living at Grandpa Read's place I got so I knew Ed, Wins, and Mayne. I didn't know Walt too well because Walt was married to Alice Hilton, Glenna's mother. Walt was Master Mechanic for Street Railway System at the car barns on 2nd East, almost to first South. The car barns became quite dear to me. Many times I was taken by my parents to the car barns. Father was a bookkeeper at the Utah Commercial Savings Bank on 1st South between Main and State Street. You had to go up about 10 steps to get into the bank. His desk was way to the back. It was a bookkeeper's desk with a sloping top. Two people could work on it, one on either side. Many times we would go down to the bank after dark. Mother would sit and talk to Dad & I would make myself a nuisance. Edna was there. We would leave after Father finished for the day. There were no adding machines, so Father had to do it all. After that we would go to the drug store. It was generally quite warm and stuffy in there. Even in the winter time, they had a coal stove, close to it was hot, another place it was cold. People were converting to electric lights at this time. The last electric car would leave town at midnight. We would go out and stand and wait for it. I remember some of those cold nights. Dad would put his overcoat around me and I would stand up close to him to keep warm. There would always be a man selling hot tamalies. He had a charcoal cooker there and the tamalies were really delicious. Sometimes we missed the last car, so we'd walk to the car barns and from somewhere Walt would show up. Walter Read, Glenna's father would hitch up the mare to a single buggy and we would go home. Sometimes he would take a car out. When they put a car in the barn, they pulled the power off the trolley wire, so there would be no

power till morning but he would turn the power back into the lines and we would go down to first South, the to 760. At the car barn they would give him enough time to get up to 760 before they pulled the power off. He could coast back down the track to second east, then they had to turn the power on so he could go up that quarter block and into the car barn.

As Master Mechanic at car barns, he had time on his hands, so he made a cannon from an old car wheel axle. The barrel was large enough so you could use a broom handle to pack the black powder and wadding in the base. The wheels were about 6 inches in diameter. Ed and Winslow wouldn't let us pack or fire the cannon, but I could stay there and watch them. They usually fired it in a deep ditch that ran by Grandpa's place. The usually pointed it up the hill. Sometimes we didn't have a wick, so we'd use paper placed over the hole for the wick with black powder on it, light the paper, then all run. One day we had so much powder in it that it blew off one of the wheels. Grandpa's house was situated on a court. There were about 5 houses in the court, in a semi-circle. In the center of the court was an old apple tree. The apples never had a chance to get ripe because we ate them first. One day, Winslow, Ed, and some of their friends, with me tagging along, dug a pretty good sized hole, used mattresses for a roof, made a chimney and we sat down in there are told stories. They used to scare me by telling me the Japs were coming to get us. I told them the Japs wouldn't ever get me because I would get Uncle Walt's cannon and I'd shoot them.

I liked to hang around Wins and Ed & we hung out at Coulam's grocery store. If they didn't want me with them, they'd go in and buy a nickel cherry pie, give it to me and then say, "Now get the hell home." Well, Ed and I used to get along fine. I used to like Ed an awful lot and I remember when we went away and went to sea on the Steamship Buford. He received a furlough, came home, came down to my house and tried to get me to go back as cabin boy. But mother wouldn't give her permission to let me go to sea on the Buford as cabin boy along with Ed. I remember Ed getting married. He married Marie Thompson and then lived happy for a long, long time. At this time he had left the Steamship Buford and was working on the Union Pacific. I think he was in the mail dept. On the train between Salk Lake & Butte, and he'd be gone for a day then be back for a day and I used to like to be with him, and once, well, let's say, I goofed up in school. I used to go to the Latter Day Saints University which was a high school run by the church. I'd go to his place and hope it would be his day off and he'd be home. Sometimes he'd be home, sometimes he wouldn't. But, I'd go in and see Marie anyway, and Lou, that's when I first got acquainted with you. You were just a little shaver, then, but I remember you and I remember I would take care of you, fix your room. Marie was a good woman. I liked her an awful lot. Then Ed moved away, went to Calif., went to work there for Yale Electric Co. if I remember right and it was a job selling batteries. I often wondered how he could make any money selling batteries. I didn't know how many batteries were being used. Then came the separation. I don't remember much about the separation. I went to Slauson St., I think the location was, to visit Martha Lou, my daughter and her husband. He was then Mgr. of Savon Drug at Crenshaw and they lived on Holmes St. near Slauson. I tried and tried one day to find Ed, but I couldn't find an Ed Read in the telephone book and I tried to call the Yale Electric Co. but no luck. Finally somehow or

other we got through to him—he found out I was there and he came over and had a visit with him for about an hour and then he left. I didn't see him again. I went to his house in Eagle Rock, did not find him home, and I believe that's the last time I tried to find him. There was a time when Ed was having some trouble with Marie, and Martha Lou, my daughter went to court with Ed to make certain statements regarding their relationship. Just what they were, I don't know, and I have never asked. Ed was a likable fellow, happy and kind. He was always kind to me, he gave me the edge on everything. Lou, you had a good father, you had a fine father. You don't know it because of some of the things that happened, but as you grow older, you will find that there are more good attributes than you dreamed of. I hope, Lou, that some day you will enjoy the memories of a good Father.

Well, I don't know what to talk about now, maybe I ought to go back and talk about Winslow. Winslow was fine man, kind of gruff in a way. He had a heavy voice, he was a big man. I remember one day, I was down in Richfield, Utah and Winslow stopped in Parkers, that's Arlene's mother's place. He had an open air car. I got in the car with him and started to Salt Lake. It was a Cole, and that Cole was a beautiful car. That kind of a car at that time was a tremendous deal. You could open that car up to 60 miles per hour. Believe me, I was holding onto the seat, and Wins was holding onto the wheel, and we were both leaning forward, for were going very, very fast at 60 mph. We rode maybe 10 miles at 60 mph, and that was quite a thing.

Wins used to work for the Intermountain Electric and did a lot of selling for them on the road. He lived at Grandpa Read's place for awhile after he married Margaret, or as we affectionately used to call her "Maggie". She used to giggle and chuckle all the time. Nothing seemed to be too serious with her. She was always happy, she cooked some very fine meals and I enjoyed staying up there with Wins and Margaret; I enjoyed their company. The next thing I remember of Wins was when he was in the sightseeing business in San Francisco. One time he was visiting me on Michigan Avenue and he said, "Read, I have moved around so much, believe me, nobody knows me and they will have to pay the pallbearers to carry me away". It almost happened that way, Lou; Wins traveled quite a bit, and then he separated from Margaret. Winslow and Margaret later remarried. He used to sing the praises of Margaret. He really loved Margaret; I don't know what the misunderstanding was, and I am not to judge. Wins passed away and Father Michelson went to his funeral in San Francisco.

Now I will talk about Walt. Walter E. Read was the oldest man in the family. He married Alice Hilton. They were married up on 4th Avenue and Q st., the street next to the city cemetery. I remember their wedding well. Electric lights were something then. I stood out on the front porch, waiting for the bride and groom to come out so I could throw a handful of rice at them, and when they did come out, I couldn't through the rice for I had sweated and the rice all stuck to by hand. Walt moved to Ogden and went to work for the Ogden Railway Co., and he lived on Grand Ave. When Glenna was here for the cousins' reunion, we went to Grand Ave. and to her school. We saw the old neighborhood again. It brought back many memories to her.

Here's a letter that Walt wrote to Grandpa Read when Grandpa Read was in California.

Ogden Utah, Jan. 28, 1915.

Dear Father,

I received your letter today and was very happy to hear from you, and to know that you are in good health and having such a fine time. It is certainly fine that you are able to go where it is warm in the winter and not have to stand this cold that we have here. The company has appointed a new superintendent who will take up his position Feb. 1. He is J. B. Klein. He was construction superintendent for the construction company that electrified the Vandalia road and has been in Ogden about two years. Of course his appointment did not please me very much, but of course, I will make the best of it. (This part should interest Glenna if she should hear this tape.) We will build through this town this spring and probably will extend toward Logan from Brigham. There are some of the company stockholders interested in building a large power plant. This, I believe, will be sold to the new power company and other power plants in Utah, Colorado and Idaho. This depends on new contracts for power from the streetcar company. We have had very little snow here this winter, have had no trouble at all with the car service. I have not heard from either Edgar or Winslow. Had a letter from Ed. He was going to work at this time as 'Keeper' down in the wharf. Alice wants you to call on her sister, Iva Barton in San Francisco, 1822 9th Ave., East Oakland. Alice and Glenna send their love and want you to know that they are happy you are having a good time. Write often and let me know when you change your address.

Another thing I wanted to call Glenna's attention to was that they were going to build a road up through Ogden Canyon, and it happens to be the two men with positions with the railroad company and Walt went into the canyon, to look for an extension to this road. Coming back, they went off the road, the three of them went into the Ogden River, which was a fast river, much faster than it is today. The two men got out of the river, but Walt, unfortunately, was drowned. I recall that the railway company sent some electric lights there, because this was towards evening when they went off the road. The electrified the river and tried to locate Walt, but they couldn't locate him. Walt was found the next morning, about 8 miles down the river. That's quite a ways down the canyon. Glenna, if you read this, I have a little note here dated Jan. 25, 1913.

Dear Grandpa,

I would send you a snowball and a plate of whipped milk, and you can send us all the flowers that you want. We can only send you snowballs. I have been promoted to the high third, and I like my teacher. I will practice a half hour a day when you come home. I can play you some pretty pieces on the piano. I like my silver pocketbook and the money you gave me for Christmas. Mamma would like to have you go and see Aunt Ida. She lives in Oakland at 1822 – 9th Ave., East Oakland. I am going to play for lots of ladies tomorrow. I have learned my lesson on the piano. I love you and send you a hundred kisses and hugs. Lots of love, Glenna, 288 Adams Ave.

That's a nice little note from Glenna to Grandpa. It shows the affection that Glenna had for grandpa. It's wonderful when a family can grow up with affection like that.

Let's see, who can I talk about now. I'll talk about Irma. Irma was the youngest daughter and she married Vic Felt. I remember their wedding night. Vic worked for the Electric Co. and he got electric arc lights. He put them around the back yard, and we had the best lighted yard in the neighborhood, but I found more interest down in the basement. They were making ice cream and I had to sample each ice cream freezer when they opened it up. It was the first time I ever tasted cantaloupe sundae. We had a lot of cantaloupe there, and we had cantaloupe sundae until it ran out of our ears. Irma and Vic lived at Grandpa's place for a long time. Paul was born at Grandpa's place. I hung around Vic a lot. He had a lot of bells. I used to hang them around on the furniture on the front porch. I pretended there were streetcars as I played with the bells. It was about that time that Ed got married, because I remember Vic made a table down in the basement and he put an electric saw in it. Ed and I were down there one day, and I was handing Ed the big two x fours and Ed was sawing them up, and we were just having a picnic. Those are the things to be remembered.

What shall I talk about now. Mattie was Mother's younger sister. Grandpa sent her away to Germany to study the Piano. She was gone for about four years. I remember the day she came back. I must have been in the neighborhood of 6 years old. She came back on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. We went down to the railroad station early in the morning in an open air streetcar. The car had revolving seats. If you wanted to go in the opposite direction, you just turned the seat around. I turned those seats over so many times I got tired of it, waiting for that train to come in from Denver. I would walk and take a look down the track; along about evening, or late afternoon, the train came in and Aunt Mattie got off the train. When we had collected the baggage belonging to Aunt Mattie we took the open air car to Grandpa's place and what a time we had. Everybody talked at once and no one knew what anyone said. Mattie had long hair, extra long hair. To make her prove it, they made her take her hair down. She stood up, and the long black hair reached from the top of her head, down to her heels, and was slightly on the carpet. She had an awful lot of hair! Those are some of the things I remember about Aunt Mattie. I remember one day she got married. Grandpa Read didn't like Carl Evans, for some reason, I don't know why. He was away down in Mexico, and they waited until he came home before they started the wedding. When he came home, he walked right on through the house. There was a hall the full length of the house; he walked to the bathroom in the back of the house and wouldn't come out. They were married anyway and went away on their honeymoon.

Now who shall I talk about? Mayne, I haven't said anything about Mayne. He was a very different individual, a very practical individual, and he was always trying to do something for somebody. Wayne worked for the Street Railway System—seems like all the boys worked for the Street Railway System. He came to Ogden and was Supt. of the Traffic Dept. I was a problem boy at home so I was sent to Ogden a time or two for Mayne to take care of me. Wayne would take me down the street; he would stand with

one hand in his pocket, and one hand in his vest pocket. In the vest pocket was a large gold watch. Every now and then he would take the watch out, and look at a car, and say, "That car's on time". or "That car's late", or "That car's fast". When he wanted to get rid of me, he would give me a pass on one of the cars and send me off. One time he sent me up on the new road to Huntsville. Mayne married Nann Jones. She was a lovely lady—they were married on Wall Street in Salt Lake. Again I had a handful of rice, but I couldn't let go of it because it clung to my hand. I remember that wedding quite well. After they came back to Salt Lake they moved into a two-story red brick home on 9th East in Salt Lake City. Again I was sent up to Mayne's place to stay for awhile. I don't remember what the occasion was. I'll never forget how they delivered milk up there. You know, we get milk in a bottle and it comes to us, clean and pasteurized. In this case, the milk came in a great big five gallon can. The cap was about a quart size. They would tip the can up and pour the milk into the cap which was a container, then they would dump it into a pan the housewife would have. She would put this aside and let it set, and after awhile cream would form on top. She would skim off the cream and that would be the cream she would use for whipped cream or whatever she wanted to use it for. Things are a little more sanitary now.

Well Lou, there are so many, many changes, and all have been for the good. We've all grown older, we've all had more experience, and we have all enjoyed each other's company whenever we possibly could. In completion, I don't want to take any more of you time tonight, but let me say that the group that we got together on July 2, 1973, at Liberty Park and at the Hotel Utah was most enjoyable, and it has brought back to me, many, many, many memories.

Things that have happened through my life, things I haven't told you about. Sometime in the future, if we get together, and I hope we will, I would like to talk more about it and ask you some questions. I have just talked on promiscuously, and talked about things that came to my mind. Lou, again, time is running out; it's getting close to 12 o'clock, which is my allotted time. When 12 o'clock comes, I'll have to go. When I go, I hope that the mark that I have made is a mark of distinction with my family. A mark of distinction with the nation doesn't really matter. All that really matters is with my family. When my clock strikes twelve, Lou, I probably will get to see your Dad again, Grandpa, Grandma, Walt, Mayne, Erma, Mattie and the rest of them. Lou, God bless you, and all of your children, that you may leave your mark of distinction whatever you do and wherever you go. Good night Lou. Good night, Bob.