

Personal History  
of  
Jessie Scott Redmond  
(daughter of Sarah Elinor)

I, Jessie Scott Redmond , daughter of Wilson Lenior Scott and Sarah Elinor Stirling was born 21 march 1912. I was born in the small railroad town of Modena, Iron Co., Utah, the first of three children. My sister, Dixie Mae was born 25 May 1913, my brother Wilbur Wilson the 24 Dec 1914.

My parents moved to Modena soon after their marriage on the 12<sup>th</sup> August 1909. They operated a boarding house for railroad men. Because of the excellent food they served and their friendly hospitality a path was soon beaten to their door. Often the hobos stopped by seeking food – no one went hungry from their door.

The happiness my parents knew together was short lived for while in Stateline where he had some mining interests my father was stricken with an acute kidney ailment. He was taken as quickly as possible in a wagon over rough, dusty tedious roads to the hospital in St. George in an effort to save his life. The treatment of that time, however, proved of no avail and his death occurred 2<sup>nd</sup> Sept 1915. He was taken to Leeds for burial in the Stirling family plot. My earliest memory is of the trip from Modena to Leeds at the time of my father's untimely death. We traveled both night and day in an effort to reach my father's bedside. I have always regretted that I was too small to remember my father, but I do feel grateful that he was held in high regard to those that knew him.

My mother left Modena and returned to the home of childhood to make a home for her three small children. I have many fond memories of my childhood days in the heart of Utah's Dixie. As most county children we had our various daily tasks and more play than work. We gathered wood and chips for the cook stove, how well I remember joyously running for wood one day, tripping over a chopping block and spraining my arm very badly. This incident is very vivid because it is the first time the elders were called in my behalf and I experienced the healing influence of the Lord. From early spring until late fall we would pick fruits and berries as well as the sore tedious chore of pulling the small weeds as they grew in the garden plot. One of my favorite tasks was the daily morning trip to the pasture with the milk cows. This we enjoyed especially in early spring when we could

loiter on the return gathering spring flowers or hunting for the first bird nest. It was always a glorious experience to watch the birds make their nests of bits and twigs, grass, mud and feathers or thistle down. Then to watch as the bright blue, white or speckled eggs would appear, and after much impatient waiting one morning we would see the nest full of open mouthed hungry baby birds. Sometimes we would just sit on the rocks along the path to watch the lizards as they scurried to and fro, or catch pollywogs in the nearby pond. Many joyous hours were spent on sunny fall afternoons cracking big black walnuts from the huge bins. Often mother would make delicious treats for us. She seemed never too busy – and enjoyed having large groups of young people in her home. Sometimes it would be a candy pull or an ice cream party with her delicious homemade ice cream another time cake or cookies with lemonade.

My mother was a most excellent cook, I so well remember the groaning tables laden with delicious food she prepared – the best was none too good for friends, relatives or the hired man in the field. She was always happiest when doing a service for someone. We were often sent with a basket of food for some elderly man or woman, a jar of fresh preserves or loaf of fragrant freshly baked bread. She was indeed a woman of much strength of character. Although left early a widow with three small children, she never complained or thought her lot especially difficult. The conveniences we enjoy in our homes today and take so for granted were not thought of in her day. It is so natural for us to turn the tap to quench our thirst or draw the bath. Not so in my early childhood, Mother would begin her day about four thirty each morning by carrying buckets of cold, clear mountain water to a large barrel used for drinking or cooking.

As I grew older more of the modern conveniences began to make an appearance. The kerosene lamp was replaced by the electric light – what an important day it was especially for us children when our old family home (the home built by grandfather Stirling) was wired for electricity. The light appeared with the flick of a switch – something of the past gone, nothing remaining but the memory of the pungent odor of kerosene and lamp black.

My first eight grades of schooling were completed in the two-room elementary school at Leeds. It was the typical small county school with two teachers, each teaching four grades. We missed many of the advantages of modern schooling but enjoyed love and personal attention of the teachers that we couldn't have enjoyed with large groups. To the end of each room

was a high round stove which often failed to heat adequately and more often than not the teachers and students were huddled around a smoking stove trying to do their lessons. After finishing my eighth year, all that was offered in Leeds, mother took a bold step and left the home she so love. Moving once more, this time to Cedar City, where she felt the advantages would be better for her children. Then as always they came first with her. Here the following spring I graduated from junior high and prepared to enter Senior High School at the Branch Agricultural College. These were three very happy and rewarding years, making many cherished friendships. I was privileged to have many qualified instructors. My favorite was King Hendricks, head of the English department. Another near favorite was the instructor of my favorite class of geometry, Arthur Fife. I learned to love Mary L. Bastow, my art instructor from her I think I really learned to appreciate and love color, some of the principles of its application and use. Also I was especially fond of my seminary teacher, Gustav O. Larson, he did much to further my knowledge and understanding of the gospel. I was graduated from High school 15 May 1931, graduating the same month from the L. D. S. Seminary.

After the completion of high school we were in the middle of the depression – work was very scarce in a college town. I had been taught the basic art of cooking by my mother, so took my first job in Salt Lake City as the cook in the J. Fred Johnson home. I did very well on this first job and stayed with them for sometime. I gained much experience and was employed in several of the wealthy homes in the city. It was while I was there that I met and married Paul Daniel Redmond, a sergeant in the army. We were married 25 Oct 1939, establishing our first home at 54 ½ South Main in a two room housekeeping apartment. We moved from there to a nice apartment at 234 East First South and have many pleasant memories of this home. It was here that we were able to do our first entertaining, often having guests for dinner. While here we made our first contact with Paul's brothers and sister. They had been separated for many years since the death of his mother. It was also while in this apartment that I worked at the Remington Small Arms Plant and at McDonald's candy factory. After the small Arms Plant closed I worked until we bought a little home at 1623 So. 12<sup>th</sup> East. We moved into our new home the first of January 1945. We were very happy in our new home and made many fine friends. It was this same year on the 10<sup>th</sup> of July that Barbara came into our lives filling our home with joy and sunshine. The time passed very quickly and in January of 1947, Paul was transferred to the occupational force in Sasebo, Japan. It was very lonely for Barbara and I

but after he had been gone about a year arrangements were completed for us to join him. I sold the little house we had so enjoyed and set sail from Seattle, Washington the 31 Dec 1947 for Japan and many new experiences.

Paul met us at Yokohama where we docked. It was indeed a joyous reunion for all of us as well as the many other being reunited. We transferred to a very slow and dirty train for the rest of the trip to Sasebo. We were delighted with pleasant home we found waiting for us. It was in a housing development built for the use of the occupation dependents. The unit we called home for the next eighteen months was built for the use of four families. Some of our friends from Salt Lake live in one until, this gave us an extra contact with home. We made a very enjoyable home with the addition of some of our personal belongings from Utah. Had wonderful times sightseeing with friends, sometimes traveling by jeep until American cars arrived. We were lucky to get a 1949 Ford in Feb of that year and my how we did enjoy it. Often driving to Nagasaki or some other nearby city. The 2<sup>nd</sup> of July 1949 we left Sasebo for our return to the States, of course, we were very happy to see relatives and friends after we had been gone so long. After a short vacation we settled in Logan where Paul was transferred to the High School R.O.T.C. program. We lived in a nice rented house at 168 So. 4<sup>th</sup> West near the school. It was here that Barbara started to school and also where Paul joined the church. We cherish many of our most happy memories and met some of dearest friends while in Logan. Our next move was to our present home at 229 Barbara Avenue in Layton, Utah. We are indeed grateful for our home in this beautiful valley where we are so blessed with the association of wonder friends, especially those doing genealogical and temple work.