

The influence of the church probably did more to shape my destiny than the school. At an early age I went about with my mother in the one horse gig to collect wheat for the Relief Society granary. Soon after I went with others to sweep the meeting house and prepare it for service. I went too with elder men into the homes of the neighbors as ward teachers and still later I officiated in the service at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Thus I became conversant in all the divisions of the Lesser Priesthood.

As a young boy I became familiar with horses and we always had one or more riding ponies. When "George" was asked to do many errands it always included the bareback pony with a rope loop around his nose. When I was twelve years old I was sent to Goshen against my wishes to intercept Evan Giles, the famous Utah musician, who was on his way to Eureka (Evan was Welch, you know). The reason I didn't want to go was that I had to ride "Hardy", the mean bronc. After they put me in the saddle, I knew I couldn't get off or on until I made the circuit of about 30 miles. I made it alright and as you will see, the hand of fate guided me in my first trip to Goshen.

The winters of my 16th and 17th birthdays (1891-2), I attended school in Provo at the Brigham Young Academy--first at the warehouse building at the depot and later in the new building. Three of the older children of the family had attended there. My sister, Annie had become a teacher, and I was to follow in her course. It took quite a sacrifice on the part of my parents to send us all. Mother died during the first year I was there. I boarded that winter at the home of Evan Wride and later at the Dixon's house where we boys often watched two girls pass by on their way to school--Margaret Powelson, who became my wife, and Eliza Dodds. They came from Goshen. I kept my eyes on this girl from that time, though she didn't know it for some time. She was full formed and dainty and pretty. I was in love with her in spite of the other girls who angrily returned my letters when it was first made known.

Before I was 18 years old I had secured a position to teach school during the middle term of five months, in my home town of Payson. This included the backward and irregular pupils and was known as a hard school. The year before, two teachers had been thrown out and fought out, but I stuck it through and soundly licked some of the largest who were about my own size and age.

I saved a little money and the next year I had a full time contract with better wages. These years of public service gave a considerable shape to my future. It was necessary to be quite circumspect to hold public approval. I took part as an assistant to Henry E. Gardner in the M.I.A. and became an active Elder in the quorum that was presided over by J. J. McClellan, father of the famous musician of the same name.

It was during these school teaching years that I often saw Margaret in Provo where she continued in school after I quit. At a "swell" dancing party which the teachers were giving, in honor of some event, I invited Miss Powelson of Goshen to be my partner. The friendship ripened. I planned to attend the University of Utah with a dream of being an M. D. She expected to continue to teach school without any further plans.

I had been to Salt Lake City and had arranged for boarding and entrance when something happened. I was called by the church to accept a mission. Of course I expected a mission, when I was a boy. But now I had a real decision to make. I needed help. Father said "You'd better take the mission and spend your money that way". The girl said she would wait for me. After a few quick visits to Goshen on horseback, we concluded to "Marry now" and take no chances about it in the future. August 28, 1895 was the fateful date and I left for Chattanooga, Tenn. a month later.

Things looked rosy to me in those days. I was still barely 21 when I became an "ordained minister of the Gospel." I had a long time to think things out since then and I shall try to express some of them without much color. That may well be supplied by younger people who read this.

The people of my town were not the salt of the earth nor was Zion the place where the "pure in heart" dwell. These were an aggregation of ordinary people who had been drawn from the nations of Europe and the States of America, because the teachings of Joseph Smith closely conformed to Bible teachings, which they believed. They often sought adventure in a new land and were offered security in cooperation. Pioneering the west was often crude and cruel. Everyone lacked sanitation and health services. They were taught to trust in God, and well they needed to do so since there were few doctors.

I watched and justified the practice of polygamy. As I see it now it bore many marks of humanity. I think however, it was absolutely necessary in order to cement together the interests of the church and keep it from disintegrating between the prosperity of the East and the West of this great nation. I conclude that it was divinely inspired and approved because good came out of it. I think that it may yet find place in a better society. They say that my father was urged by the brethren to enter into the celestial marriage relation but that mother objected strenuously. I think it would be a peculiarly difficult thing for a busy man who had loved one woman, to undertake.

As a young man in college, I had been influenced considerably by the teachings of books regarding the evolution of creation and the ages of Geology. I thought it smart to take issue against my brother on the subject of Genesis. Such teachings and beliefs were thought to be untrue. The church allowed that the days of creation were probably a "thousand years" and cited proof from the Bible itself.

This quite satisfied my mind and became a basis for my beliefs and teachings on my mission. I labored in the Southern States and the people gave "literal" translation and meaning to the words of the Bible. And so I gave them such meaning and learned many passages of scripture by heart. We used a book of Ready References and from it learned consecutive pages. This became the basis for sermons and of conversations by which we met and taught the people.

It seems proper that I should here say that I believe the Bible to be the Word of God but allow that it has been humanly conceived and often badly translated. It seems that God has designed to give mankind all, and more, than they could understand and live and so as the scriptures sayeth "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth" and provided that they might seek Him and find each in his day and need. Much has been

given me and my people.

I took little thought about how my young wife was going to get along while I was away. Before leaving for my mission I went with her to the City of Beaver where she had contracted to teach school that season. Her brother-in-law was to be the principal and she lived with them and paid board. It was an eventful winter and it seems that she was happy. She wrote regularly and gave me constant encouragement. She was to be a mother. I had much to strive for. The confinement was hard and to make it worse she had a terrible time with a gathered breast, which was nearly lost in a series of operations. Although she was urged to send for me she bore it bravely through, because of her faith in God and her Church. It was three years, almost to the day, that I received my call to go on a mission until I met her again in Salt Lake City with her boy Clinton Thomas who was then past two years old.

The events of my mission were kept in three small diaries which I kept rather faithfully. I count it well that I was young and tough in order to stand up to the irregularities of food and effort. The mission president, Elias S. Kimball was "long" on fast days. Often we were asked to fast two days and sometimes three days at a time in order to attain certain goals and results. I took what was called "chills and fever" twice and the cure was calomel and patent drugs. It is a wonder they didn't kill me. During it all I often resolved that if I ever had any kind of regular food that I would not complain. I think that it was worth the struggle. The results of my teachings I leave to Providence and to Judgement.

The little schooling that I enjoyed above some of the Elders was made use of by those in charge of the conference in that I was pushed forward into cities where it took confidence to meet people. Gadsden and Attalla in Alabama made such a center which was allotted to me and my companion. From there I was sent with Elder Haight of Idaho to go to Birmingham, Alabama. It was the largest city and the center of business, education and social activities.

We were required to travel without purse or script and to observe the rule faithfully. Any infraction became the cause of failure and hardship to our conscience. Such a practice had never been successful before nor since, in cities but we did it. We stayed about five months in this modern city and visited every home that was possible. Much of this was made possible by the fact that we had access to a large rooming house without paying a cent (The Ellisy) House. It appears to me now as then, that a special and divine way was made for us two Mormon boys. The fact that little money was needed made it easier for me and my folks and my wife. The division of responsibility passed it all by, with no one knowing, but myself, how I got along.

I would like to relate that when I needed a new suit on summer, it came this way--the Elders meeting at conference were urged to buy a light weight suit for President Murphy by each making a contribution of about \$15. What could he then do with his expensive serge, since he had two suits now? Why, give it to Elder Wride of course. It was in first class shape after removing the alpaca lining. MANY SIMILAR EXPERIENCES I count as blessings from Heaven.

One of the diary books that I was keeping was left behind one day and we made a long

circuit to recover it. The man who held it refused to give it back without a reward. Coaxing was of no avail. At length, I promised to have a couple of dollars forwarded to him from Chattanooga. I kept my promise. I hope it will be preserved for a while. At any rate I believe that written things persist in a way of compensations in the universe.

This concludes the GTW autobiographic material available.

Following is biographic continuation by WTWrite, a grand nephew.

George returned from his mission in July 1898 to the welcoming arms of his wife and two year old son, Clinton. They made their new home in Benjamin and George returned to the teaching profession as principal of the school there. The following school year George had secured a teaching position on Payson, so the family purchased a corner lot in the south east part of town on the hill, where they had a four-room brick house built. They planted an orchard, had a garden and moved into the new home even before it was completed. They felt very comfortable and quite fortunate to be so well situated.

They were blessed with their second child, a girl whom they named Janet. She was born May 29, 1900 and this was indeed a happy family with a new house, new baby girl and young boy, a good job, close to family members and living in a good Mormon community. By the time this new baby girl was three years old, a sense of adventure along with that urge to follow the Saints, George moved his family to Southern Alberta, Canada, where Margaret's brother John and sister Nettie had previously moved. The reports of the good rich prairie soil seemed overwhelming.

The farming and family experiences in Southern Alberta are recorded in Margaret's autobiography, so refer to that section for those details. A family biography of George recorded that while in Canada he was clerk of the Raymond Ward and subsequently, the Taylor Stake.

The family made a few trips between Southern California and Canada, starting in 1919, in an attempt to find a suitable climate for their daughter, Lois who had fragile health. One place in Margaret's autobiography she indicated that they spent the summer of 1920 in Canada trying to sell all of their property and at that time her father died, so was pleased to be there at that time so she could attend the funeral. Earlier in the same record she indicated that her father died July 22, 1921.

Sometime after July 1920 or 1921 they made their move to Los Angeles, California where their daughter Lois died December 27, 1921 of heart failure. Southern California was now their final home. They immediately became active in the Los Angeles Branch. In June of 1923 the Los Angeles Stake was formed and George became the first bishop of the Florence Ward on June 10th. His official certificate signed by Heber J. Grant showed the date of August 12, 1923.

One of the first tasks Bishop Write undertook was to work with ward and stake brethren to prepare for a meetinghouse for the newly created Florence Ward. Through his efforts and the generosity of Elder George L. Matthews, brother and sister Matthews donated a nice piece of land which these local brethren considered suitable for a meetinghouse site. After much correspondence with the authorities in Salt Lake City and the money raising efforts Bishop Write

they received permission to build a new ward meetinghouse and change the name of the ward to Matthews Ward in 1924. This was the first new building in the new Los Angeles Stake. The following year George was called to serve on the Stake High Council, which he did with the same diligence and dedication he used as Bishop. Through all of this busy time of church involvement he had many personal projects he worked on as time became available.

He continued his career as an educator by inventing a method and device for mastering handwriting and he was successful in obtaining a patent for it. This was well received in the education community. Not stopping with this initial achievement he continued his research and development proclivities, expanding upon some interests that go back to his high school days in devising a system of shorthand writing, based on the hour angles of the clock. Over many years the finished product turned out to be a new language—Novolingua—based on phonetics and adaptable as an international tongue. This and other publications he had copyrighted to the benefit of the Wride family.

Meanwhile back in 1927 George T. Wride was called to be Patriarch of the Los Angeles Stake. He was ordained on September 9, 1927 by Elder George F. Richards and his Certificate of Ordination was numbered #418, signed by Hyrum G. Smith, Presiding Patriarch of the Church. This calling was, of course, a lifetime position, and over the remaining years of his life he gave more than 2500 Patriarchal Blessings. Many of the recipients became prominent members of the Church in the Stake and region. One notable example was President Howard W. Hunter, who often referred to his Patriarchal Blessing given to him by Patriarch George T. Wride in Los Angeles. (Also the author's father Wendell Stark Wride, George's nephew, was one of the first few to receive blessings in 1927).

George lived an exemplary life and was loved and respected by all who knew him. He and his eternal companion were both laid to rest in the peaceful foothills at Whittier, California.

Margaret Ellison Powelson (Poulson) Wride

Wife of George Thomas Wride

An Autobiography

Edited and Transcribed from handwritten script by W. Thomas Wride, grand nephew

April 11, 1997

Somewhere in Denmark, I think it was Egned Veile, on the thirteenth day of September 1805, Mads Poulson was born and in that far away land he married Dorthea Christine Mikkelson. They had several children, but the one I am most interested in is my father Poul Poulson, who was born February 20, 1846. This name in America has been spelled Powel Powelson.

This family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Saints and came to America when my father, Poul was a small boy, about eight years old and he grew up in America. January 26, 1867 he married my Mother, Janet Gourley. She was the daughter of Paul Gourly and Margaret Glass, who came to America from Scotland. They too had joined the Church in the "old country" when mother was a little girl. Her family immigrated to this country and came to Utah with the early pioneers and endured many hardships. [Janet and her parents were members of the ill-fated Martin Handcart Company that suffered much loss of life in the early snowstorm near South Pass, Wyoming.] My parents were married at Goshen, Utah by Bishop William Price. They lived in Goshen many years and to them were born ten children--Powel George; Janet; Margaret Ellison; John; Robert; Dorothea Christini; Mary Nicholas; David Mads; Francella Cathrine; and Gilbert.

My parents were ambitious and thrifty people and as time went on they enjoyed a comfortable home and had an abundance of the things of the earth. They were happy and satisfied in the town of Goshen and lived on the same lot for forty years. When their children were all reared and mostly married they went to Raymond, Alberta, Canada where several of their family had gone to make their homes.

My father died in Raymond on July 22, 1921. At this writing (about 1934) my mother is still living in Raymond and is 86 years old. Fate decreed that I should be the third child. I was born at Goshen, Utah on Sunday April 27, 1873 and my parents named me Margaret Ellison. I have many early childhood memories. One was the death of my baby brother Robert, who was sick [for] a few days and died at the age of one year.

My grandfather Poulson lived with us, he talked [with] a broken Danish [accent] and would entertain us children telling stories of his childhood in the old country. We loved him so much. My father's brother, Sern also lived with us. I seemed to be a favorite with him. He gave me many nickels and dimes--each time he would make a hole in the money and I wore it from a silk cord around my neck. I was only three years old when he gave the first [coin to me]. One day I had the misfortune to break the string and some of my money was lost.

The funeral services of Brigham Young is very vivid in my memory. My parents went to Salt Lake City to attend the funeral and took my brother George and sister "Nettie." I felt very

badly to stay at home with my grandfather, although I loved him, still I wanted to go with my mother. When five years old I was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism and for six months I was a real sufferer. Once or twice a year, for three years, I had this trouble repeated until I was a frail little girl. So I was past eight years old before I could go to school. My first teacher was Rachel Edwards. She soon discovered that I did not know my ABC's, so she sent me home to learn them. My mother was too busy to pay much attention to me and she let me go down to my grandfather Gourley for a lesson every day. He was a carpenter and I would sit up on his bench while he taught me my ABC's from a board he had painted the letters on. It didn't take me long and I was soon back to school, a happy little girl for it was a great privilege [being in school].

Mother would always tell us to do our best for she never had the chance to go to school a day in her life, because she had to work and earn her living when she was a little girl, even until she was married. I guess I will relate a sad experience I had when I was ten years old. My brother George, the oldest of our family had worked very hard--saved his money and bought twelve head of sheep with the hope of having a real herd. One day while they were at work on the farm, it was my job to take these sheep from the pen and drive them to a ditch for water each day at noon. One day while the sheep were drinking I crossed the fence to play with my girl friend, Eliza Dodds, so I forgot to put the sheep back in the pen and they got into a lucern patch, which was a dangerous place for sheep. The result was they had eaten too much. Eight of them were foundered and died very soon. I cried all the rest of the day and it was a sad story to tell my brother when he came from work. He felt very badly but was a tender hearted good boy. He didn't scold or try to hurt me any worse for my punishment had been hard enough. I think I learned a lesson that day which followed me through life--to never neglect the task at hand.

My parents were thrifty and industrious; kind and liberal with their children, but we all had our work to do and it must be done well. At a very early age I learned to make bread. I would keep the yeast fresh and foaming and I would be offended if any one took the job off my hands. I worked very hard for it required considerable strength to knead a pan of dough. When it was all done and the nice brown loaves tipped out on the table, my mother and sisters gave me plenty of praise. As I look back, I think they did it, just to keep me making bread.

My school days were spent in the public school. After finishing the eighth grade I worked in Price Brothers store. I wanted to continue my education and we had no high-school in Goshen. When I was eighteen I went to Provo and entered the Brigham Young Academy (now the Brigham Young University). I attended this school for three years. It was a wonderful opportunity and I appreciated every day. Karl G. Maeser was in charge of the school when I first went.

I thoroughly enjoyed the association with the boys and girls that I met there from Utah, Idaho and Arizona and other states. We were taught to live clean moral lives and live our religion. It was while attending this school that I met George Thomas Wride. He was from Payson, Utah, a son of Barry Wride and Hannah Selman Wride. We seemed to like each other from the beginning. He was an ambitious young man and made rapid progress in school--began teaching very early for he had graduated before Normal Training School at the age of eighteen, and taught the same year. This same year I taught school in Montpelier, Idaho.

In the summer of 1895 he was called on a mission to the Southern States. Previous to this he had planned to go east and study medicine. But he decided to accept a call to preach the Gospel, so our plans were changed. This may seem a little unusual but we were in love and decided to be married before he left for his mission. On August 28, 1895 we went to Salt Lake City and were married in the temple by John R. Winder. After returning home we were given a warm welcome and a fine wedding reception by his people and friends in Payson. In a few days we went to Goshen and my people gave us another big reception. We received many beautiful and valuable presents which were carefully packed and stored away until after his mission was over. About a month later we left for Beaver City, Utah where I had contracted to teach school.

After getting me well located [in Beaver with her brother-in-law, who was the principal at the school where she taught] he went back to Salt Lake City and left immediately for his field of labor with headquarters at Chattanooga, Tenn. However, he labored most of his mission in Alabama and Georgia. During my husbands absence of three years, I taught school most of the time--one year in Beaver and one year in my home town.

It surely seemed a long time to wait for his return, but I was happy in making the sacrifice and to make my joy more full, I became the mother of a dear little baby boy, born June 13, 1896. I truly thought God was good to me and I was well cared for. We called our baby Clinton Thomas and he was over two years old when his father returned in July 1898. After a few weeks we took up our first house keeping in Benjamin, Utah, where George T. again entered the teaching profession and was principal of their school. The next year he secured a school at Payson and we built us a four room brick house on a corner lot he previously owned. It was on a hill in the South East part of town--Payson. We were very happy and anxious to occupy our new house so we went to live in it before it was finished. I had the joy of watching it grow day by day.

After it was finished and quite well furnished a little baby girl came to us on May 29, 1900. [She was named Janet] and you can imagine we were very happy with our two lovely children and a new house. We planted an orchard on our lot--mostly cherries and peaches. We had five acres of ground in this place and it seemed like a little world all our own. When Janet was three years old, there was quite a rush of our Mormon people went to Southern Alberta, Canada under direction of Apostles John W. Taylor and Mathias Cowley. My brother John and sister Nettie had already moved there with their families and sent back very flattering reports of the fertile prairies of Alberta.

We were young and full of ambition and venture. So we decided to sell our home and go to the North land. George T. didn't know a great deal about farming but we decided to go and take our chances with the rest of the pioneers. So in the Spring of 1903 we sold our house in Payson, Utah and moved to Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Before going we had my brother buy us a lot and build us a one room frame house which was our home for the first year. It was some different to our lovely little home we left in Utah, however there were no regrets for we went enthusiastic over the possibilities in this new land.

We immediately secured eight acres of land on the "butte" north of the town of Raymond