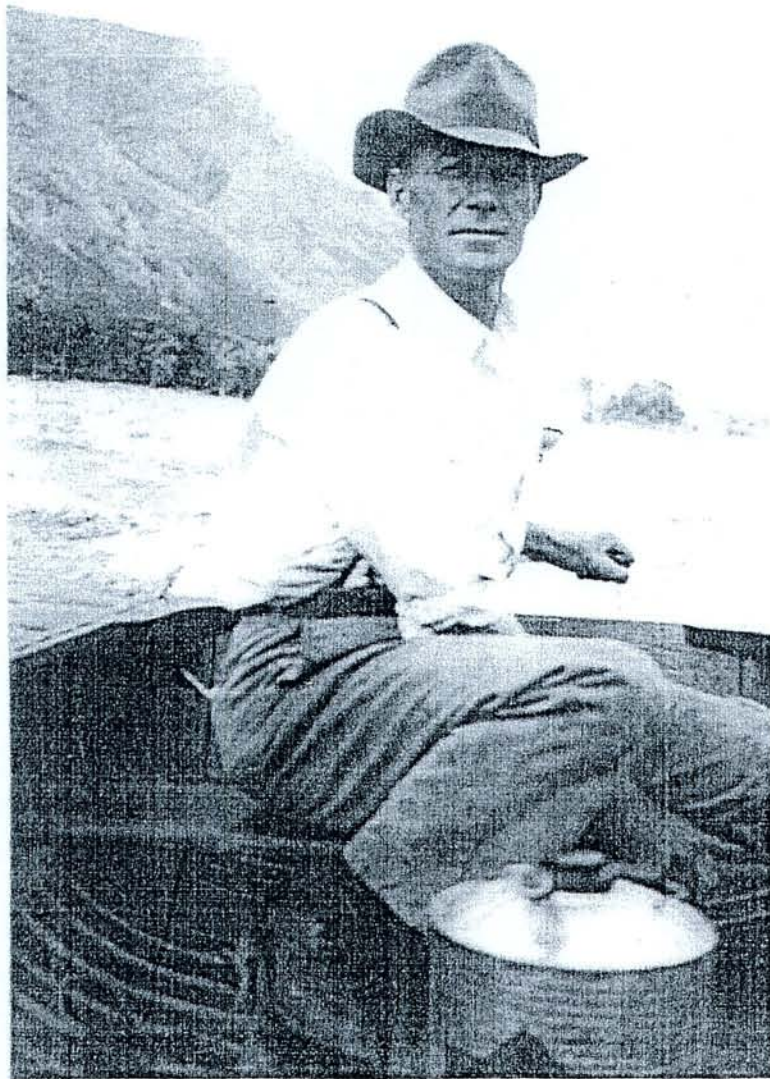


History of Walter Godfrey Holmes
1901-1986



I have had this brief personal history of my Dad's for many years. He wrote it while he was in the nursing home in Cardston and ever since I read it over I have wanted to sit him down and get some more details. Well, the only chance I got was during a short 2 week visit he and Mother made to our home while we were living in Dublin, Ohio (5814 Country House Lane). In August 1986 after we all got moved from Garden Grove to Dublin, one of the nurses at the home in Cardston made all the travel arrangements for Mom and Dad to fly to Columbus to spend a few days with us. We picked them up at the airport in Columbus in our little Honda Civic. They came with a complete set of written instructions as to pills, sleep, bathing, and bathroom. Marie took care of the administration of pills, Hazel changed and washed bedding and clothing and I took care of bathroom and showers. I had just been called as Bishop of the Dublin Ward, we had just had our open house at the Discovery Systems CD plant and with our recent move from Garden Grove, life was running at the red line (panic). However, during a couple of evenings when Dad and Mom were quite talkative, I pulled Dad's history and we went over it line by line as I asked questions and tried to get more details. I made notes and got some additional information which I will combine with some of my own recollections.

I will repeat Dad's history and insert my comments in this italic font.

History of Walter Godfrey Holmes

SHOWN IN REGULAR PRINT WITH ADDITIONS BY JOHN HOLMES IN ITALICS

My parents moved from North Ogden, Utah to Canada in 1899 and I was born April 8, 1901 in Magrath, Alberta Canada. My parents, John Henry and Sarah Jane Godfrey Holmes had purchased a small farm just a mile south of the town of Magrath and the next year bought a small house between the Pot Hole Creek and the irrigation canal.

They didn't give me a name just then but when Apostle John W. Taylor came to sacrament meeting in Magrath, and was blessing babies, Mother's friends, who were sitting near her at the meeting, persuaded her to have him bless me. So Brother Taylor blessed me and at that moment gave me the name of Walter Godfrey Holmes.

Remember, this is the son of President Taylor. He resided in the Cardston, Raymond area during the early settling of this area of Alberta by the LDS saints. It is interesting that he was at the sacrament meeting when Dad was ready to be named and blessed. One other interesting bit of history about Apostle Taylor was that he performed the wedding ceremony for TT Mendenhall and Hanna Gibb, my grandparents on my Mother's side. You can read about it in his book, Oral History of Thomas Tew Mendenhall.

I don't remember much about my first few years, only stories told to me in later years.

There was a flood in the spring of 1902 on account of heavy snows left over from winter and the waters of Pot Hole Creek came up to the very door. About the same year a May blizzard piled snow two feet deep over the prairie and many people lost many cattle and sheep.

This flood and late snow storm are recorded in the Raymond Remembered history book that I have in my possession. Ranchers and farmers lost half their stock in this bad storm.

I was told that when I was about 3 or 4 years of age, I came near drowning in the canal. There was a foot bridge over the canal and kids from all over the neighborhood came to swim and splash near and on the bridge. I was holding on to the bridge and kicking and splashing in the water, when I lost hold and down stream I went; sometimes under water and sometimes floating. My mother was just coming home from Relief Society at that moment and saw my plight and jumped into the water with her best clothes on and saved me from drowning.

I remember being in Magrath with my Dad on several occasions and he pointed out the canal. It ran in front of and south across the street from the old tabernacle and church meeting house. The pothole coolie spoken of earlier is south of this but not far, 1/4 to 1/2 a mile. Irrigation was the life blood of farming in these communities and some two years before John Henry Holmes came to Alberta a major irrigation project was undertaken to take water from Saint Mary's River and build canals to run it from the US-Canada border

to south of Cardston down to the spring coolee east of Cardston. Just west of Magrath it was diverted into pot-hole coolee running south of Magrath toward Raymond and Sterling. That's the canal that Dad almost drowned in. To this day irrigation canals service the farm lands all over the southern Alberta area. Without it our farm in Raymond would never have been able to produce a crop to support us.

My father bought some farm land three miles from Raymond and moved a small house there. The family moved there and it became our home for many years.

I tried to get Dad to remember the year that this took place and he decided it was 1905 to 1906.

It was at Raymond that I attended school. Miralda Allen was my first teacher. It was a two-story building with a covered stairway leading to the top floor. The building still stands (1980) as it is used as Raymond's Buddhist church.

This is a well known building in Raymond to this day. When Hazel and I grew up there were many Japanese families that moved from the coast (B. C.) to the farms of Alberta so Raymond got their share. I had many good friends my age that were Japanese. As Raymond grew, other church and school buildings were built and this original school became surplus and was bought by the Buddhist community for their worship and other services.

I tried to get both Dad and Mom to remember other teachers names and they came up with a few: Roy Kimbal, Rulon Hicken, Kimbal Fisher, Ulrich Briner, Myron Holmes, John Blackmore, Bernard Smith was the principal.

All the family children, Myron, Ellen, Margaret, Martha, and myself went to school in Raymond in a one-horse buggy. At times, some of us rode a pony and many times, walked. It was a three-mile trek. There were no fences then and we cut right across prairie. My father insisted that we go to school no matter what the weather. If it was terribly bad, he would take us in the Democate (a horse drawn carriage).

By the time I went to school the section roads were in and fences prevented "cutting across the prairie" because that was Bliss Robert's farm. The 3 miles still had to be dealt with and most of the time we caught the covered, horse-drawn, rubber-tired wagon that came from Allen's farm 3 miles further west. We walked one mile to the main road and waited to catch the Allen's "van". They had 4 or 5 from Allen's farm, Winckler's, Holmes', and then Myron's girls which made about a dozen riders (fun eh?)

As the town grew, a new brick school was built. The Knight Academy was built for the older grades. The teacher I best remember in grade school was John Blackmore, the principal being Bernard Smith. High school time came and as the family was quite poor, I worked on the threshing machine in the Fall until freeze-up. Then I tried to catch up on my studies from then until spring. It was difficult.

Two brick schools were built, one for grade school, grades 1-7 and the Knight Academy for grades 8-12. When I went to school, both of these buildings were in use and I remember them well.

I asked Dad about harvesting and during his youth all the crops were grain: wheat, barley, oats, and flax. The machines were stationary driven by large steam-driven tractors with a belt drive. Since coal was so plentiful, that was the fuel used to fire the boilers. Even in my school days school was missed and sometimes shut down for a few weeks to get the harvest completed. Potatoes, sugar beets, corn, peas, beans came later as processing plants were built to receive these crops.

While in grade 11, I became a member of the school basketball team. We went on to become the Alberta High School basketball champs. I did not return to school the next term as it was near Christmas by the time I was finished threshing. Much to my mother's dismay, I went to Calgary for the winter months and took a course in Auto Mechanics. I came home in the spring with a certificate as a mechanic. The certificate was not much good to me, but the training was when I started farming for myself and was able to repair my own machinery.

Again I tried to establish a date for this "rebellious bad boy" maneuver and Dad figured he was about 16 which would put it at 1917. This was the era of the automobile with the famous model T Ford coming in 1908 and the model A a few years later. Should he (Dad) have followed his dream? I remember that he was a mechanical genius, being able to fix and repair anything. Plus he created and designed many pieces of machinery, years before they came on the market built by McCormic Deering, or Farmall. The first I remember was a land leveler and a tripod level or field transit to determine where the high and low places in the field were. He built a front loading manure fork on a tractor so we didn't have to do all that handwork. He built a camping trailer to tow behind a car as a place to sleep and store camping equipment. This was years before they appeared on the market. He built a house trailer that we towed to Waterton in the spring, so we had a place to stay when we could squeak in a few days of fishing or vacationing. He built an out board motor boat so we could fish and water ski. He even built a three step hydroplane race boat which he and I raced a couple of times at Waterton Lake. He was quite a guy.

My father was a good scientific farmer and was very particular in his methods of doing things and read up on all the best methods in farming. He read magazines and was in touch with the Experimental Farms at Lethbridge, Alberta and Regina, Saskatchewan. Many trees, shrubs, and various pines and evergreens were planted around the farm home and buildings and made a pretty farm setting.

The farm buildings were surrounded by trees, laid out in about a 10 acre block. Cottonwoods were planted on the south, the west, and the north, about 4 rows of them. There was seldom an east wind so that was left open. This block was divided in half north and south by a row of Elm trees mixed with

Ash. The east half contained the house and lawns on one side and the barn, silo, machine shed and cattle yards on the other. The back half or west side was for garden. Sprinkled in and around the house were pine and spruce trees, and fruit trees making a very attractive setting. I remember Dad telling me about having to haul water in a bucket to all those trees until they got their start and until the irrigation ditches were dug and water was brought to the yard that way. Many family and church gatherings were held here at the farm and there was plenty of room to accommodate them, and shelter from the ever present west wind.

My father learned of a new variety of wheat that was being advocated by a Dr. Segar Wheeler called Marquis and my father decided to try it as it was an early maturing Hard Spring Wheat. Father sent for some and it was such a success that he planted more. It being such a success he decided to enter a bushel in the Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge which was coming in 1912. Samples from all over the British Empire were entered.

The family set to work to prepare the bushel required for the fair. Every night after supper we cleared away the dishes and spread out the wheat on the table. We examined every kernel for flaws of any kind. It took a long time with my mother doing a great part of the work, but at last the work was done and my father took it to Lethbridge and entered it in the Fair.

Dad doesn't say much here about the World Dry Farming Congress, but the Raymond Museum says that the 1st prize bushel of wheat was forwarded to Chicago to the World Farming Congress where it placed first again. Since entries came from all over the world his first prize made him world wheat king. The picking and selecting of the best kernels must have been a task. Since it was 1912 Dad would have been 11 years old so he would have remembered it quite well.

It took first prize, much to the happiness of father and the family and to the town of Raymond. The first prize was a Rumley oil tractor worth \$3000.00 as well as several other pieces of machinery but the best of all was the value of all our wheat for several years to come.

The money that came in made it possible for father and family to build a new brick home and a barn the next year. After all was completed it made a modern farm set-up.

In April of 1921, in the company of Shirley Kinsey and Fred Stevens, I went to Los Angeles to try for work as a Mechanic. We traveled from Vancouver, B.C. to Los Angeles on a boat. I found work as a telephone lineman and tree trimmer. Fred Stevens and I lived in an apartment and went swimming in pools and in the ocean. I was the truck driver for the Bell Telephone crew and learned my way around Los Angeles. I earned more pay there than at threshing and came home a year later with \$500.00. It was a good experience.

Five Hundred dollars was a lot of money back in 1920. Fred Stevens came back to Los Angeles and made his home here and continued to work for the telephone Co. until his death in 1980 (approx.). It is interesting that Fred Stevens is Don Bakers uncle and used to visit with Don and Bernice and family frequently. I always had it in mind to make a visit to Fred or see him when he was at the Bakers, but that never happened, so an opportunity lost.

While in Los Angeles I had no contact with the church. I'm not sure there was a branch there. At any rate, it didn't bother me then. We spent Sundays at the beach or driving about the country—gas was 10 cents a gallon.

At the time I was in Los Angeles, there was much speculation in real estate and I became somewhat interested, but before I had gone into it, I was asked by my mother and my sister Margaret to return home. If I had bought it then and kept it until now, it would be worth millions!! (what a loss)

Just think of it, we could have been millionaires! But as my mother used to say, "yeah and be worthless apostates." She is probably right.

My sister Margaret had been on a mission to Pennsylvania and was on her way home and she and my mother wrote me that they wanted me to meet Margaret in Salt Lake City and go home together. So Fred Stevens and myself packed up our possessions in an old Dodge car and started for Salt Lake City.

I would love to have a mile for mile account of that trip!

I went to my father's sister's place in North Ogden (Aunt Mary Ellen) and waited there a week for Margaret and mowed lawns and cut hedges for Aunt Mary Ellen (Aunt Megs). This was in April so I got home in time for the spring work on the farm.

After I came home that summer, I worked for Myron, who had his own farm and rented 80 acres to my father; did fairly well.

Mary Ellen and Margaret (Aunt Mag) both lived in Ogden, Utah and of course are sisters to John Henry. Myron was seven years older than my Dad so when Dad returned to the farm in Raymond that spring Myron had been to Guelph to the prestigious school of Agriculture, in Ontario, graduated with honors and returned to take a major part in the future of the farm.

I was called on a mission the next fall and went to Great Britain. Labored in New Castle, Gates Head, Darlington, Auckland, etc. Later I was transferred farther south, Norfolk, Norwich and other places. I ended my mission in Wales. My father died while I was on my mission. Came home in the winter.

At David's mission farewell, Dad got up to speak and said: "I guess I should talk at my son's mission farewell as I never spoke at my own. My father kept me so busy harvesting that fall (mission departure was set for "after harvest") I had only 2-3 days before I was to leave. Virginia was in Calgary going to Normal School. I thought I could go up and visit her and get back in time for church Sunday. I did visit Virginia but did not make it back in time, so my brother Myron spoke for me at my mission farewell. It worked out alright because Virginia waited for me!"

The best dates that I can come up with for Dad's mission are taken from his mission photo album. Left in Fall of 1924, went to England via boat. Labored 1925 & 1926. Dr. James E. Talmage was his mission President,

that's right James E. Talmage. Dad said that he spoke just like he wrote. At the end of his mission Dad spent a few weeks touring the continent, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France before returning home. Henry Holmes died December 24, 1924 just after Dad got to his mission area. Dad must have returned from his mission early in 1927. Since he and mother were married in July 1927 that makes it come out right. Mother was in Normal School in Calgary in 1924 & 1925 and taught school in 1926.

I rented land from mother and started farming again. I married Virginia Mendenhall, a lovely girl I had known in High School. We lived in a three-room house in Raymond for a year and then moved to the farm and worked more of the land. Robert Melvin was our first baby, then Thomas Godfrey, and John. We moved one of the farm houses to Raymond, built on to it and lived there for a few years. Mother was on the farm alone so we decided to trade houses and buy the farm. This was a good arrangement and was able to pay for the land and buy some machinery also. We raised sugar beets, alfalfa, wheat, barley, etc. It was an irrigated farm and lots of hard work. We had more family, Carol and David. All our family were good and they were well behaved.

Robert's birthday is 6 July 1928

Tom's birthday is 21 February 1930

John's birthday is 16 June 1931

I can remember Mother stating that the 3 of us were born so fast that she wondered if she was good for anything else. Anyway Dad got his "farm hands" and he was right about it being a lot of hard work. Carol came later on 20 February 1937 and last came David on 29 March 1943.

Virginia became Relief Society president and I became ward clerk. We had many fine times on the farm having parties and family gatherings. The family grew up and finished their higher educations at BYU. The boys went on missions: Robert to New Zealand, Thomas to Eastern Canada, John to Australia, and David to France/Belgium.

Dad was the ward clerk for as long as I can remember, keeping the membership book with births, deaths, marriages, ordinations, ward lists, primary lists etc. Many times I went with my Mother to take food and supplies to the needy (I was the muscles). Dad didn't bear his testimony very often but when he did it was with power and conviction. There was no doubt in my mind that he knew that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was true.

Robert married Monette Henrie. Tom married Janet Keating. David married Beryl Hindley. John married Hazel Fairbanks. Carol married Jim Anderson, (divorced) then married Robert Warburton.

We have many grandchildren and even some great grandchildren. All, so far, have proven faithful members of the Latterday Saint Church. We are proud of them all and thank our Father in Heaven for our many blessings.

There are still some events and dates that I think are important so I wanted to add a paragraph or two.

Dad loved to fish and my most memorable experiences with him were these fishing trips to Waterton. During the brief summers Dad would look for the right time and right weather to run the 70 or so miles to the mountains to spend a day or two fishing. It was not uncommon for him to wake me up just at daylight and say, "get ready quick it's a great day in the mountains" and in about 15 minutes we would be underway. The greatest day was the 31 lb. lake trout he caught in lower Waterton while trolling in the boat. I could spend an hour telling about it.

Hazel and I were married at the end of July in 1954 and left for BYU about a month later. I know that Dad was very disappointed when I decided to go to Engineering school and not stay on the farm. Three sons and none of them wanted the farm. By the time Carol or David were ready it would be too late, so when the farm work was done that Fall (1954) Dad purchased a lot in Raymond. The lot was between Athol Cooper and Dean Rolfson. He commenced immediately to build a two bedroom house. Carol remembers that the slab was poured on the night of Halloween and that Dad stayed up all night at the construction site to be sure no one put footprints, handprints or initials in the wet concrete. Hazel and I and baby Russell made a visit to Raymond (from Provo) in September of 1955 and I have a picture taken at the new house. Sidewalks and driveway were formed but not poured. Dad, Mother, Carol and David had moved into the new house, so Dad had built it in less than a year. Another event worth noting is a visit from Dad to our place in Provo during April Conference 1955. I don't recall any mention of his house building project. I suspect he wanted to see how determined I was about completing Engineering school (I was).

Carol got married and moved out 13 June 1956 right after she graduated from high school. David finished high school in Raymond and attended University in Calgary for 1 year then went on his mission June 1963-January 65. David married Beryl Hindley from Magrath on May 27, 1967. Mother always wanted to serve a mission, so they filled out their papers and received a call from President Joseph Fielding Smith to serve in Ireland. They entered the mission home on October 31, 1970 and served for a year and a half. One year in the Northern part of Castlerock near Coleraine and the last part near Cork in the Ulster Free Ireland. It was a fulfilling experience for them both.

Dad got interested in snow mobiling and spent many leisure hours with friends in this exciting winter sport.

In June of 1973 Dad and Mother went on a tour of England, Egypt and the Holy Land with a group of friends from Raymond, conducted by David Galbraith. While on this trip, Robert & Tom were killed in an airplane crash in Calgary Alberta. It was my old school buddy David Dahl, that called me from Calgary to tell me of the accident. I was shocked beyond belief. I made a few phone calls to locate my folks and found them in Cairo, Egypt. Mother answered the phone and was very surprised to hear my voice. When I told her what had happened she gasped and never answered, Dad had to pick up the phone. They quickly made flight arrangements and

returned to Calgary for Robert's funeral, then down to San Jose, California for Tom's funeral. This was a major tragedy for my folks. I think Dad handled it okay but Mother could never rationalize it. My grandfather, T.T. Mendenhall, was very saddened by it also. I also would shed tears everytime that I would think about or try to see and understand the why. I don't think Mother ever recovered from the trauma of this accident, suffering from memory lapses and some paralysis in her facial muscles. The doctors called it Bells Palsy I think.

Dad and Mother spent many years working in the temple in Cardston. Both were dedicated in their service, and Dad finally committed to memory the entire temple dialogue so he could take any part of the endowment ceremony (a great accomplishment). Mother had a serious stroke in 1977. I have lost track of the date but the best I can re-construct it is following the 50th wedding anniversary celebration that David, Carol and I put together for them in July 1977. The stroke that occurred later that year caused her to lose memory and speech and partially paralyzed her left side, facial muscles, arm and leg. Dad spent 5 years caring for her until, at over 81 years of age, he could do it no longer. In February of 1982 he put her in the Grandview nursing home in Cardston, and Dad followed a few months later in 1983.

Hazel has a journal entry in October 1982 when Dad and Mother came to visit. At this date Mom had been in the rest home since February of that same year, and that Dad planned on joining her in January of 1983. The house in Raymond was rented for several years then finally sold.

The nursing home in Cardston was quite a good arrangement because friends and family dropped in to visit when they attended the temple sessions and Dad could do some maintenance for the home. Each time we were in Alberta we would visit them and sometimes spend the day in Waterton for a brief outing. Carol and David did the same which made a convenient situation.

Dad's heart finally gave up and he passed away on November 20, 1986. It was hard for Mother to be alone and she must have felt the void more than we realized because just four months later on March 30, 1987 she passed away.

I will be forever grateful to have had such loving and devoted parents. We loved them dearly and they loved us. Their lives were an example for all of us to pattern after.

New Castle.
(Oct, 8/1925)

Dear Virginia—

I am wondering tonight just what you are doing. There is a difference of seven hrs. between us so I guess you are just about letting out school for the day. I'm glad to hear that you like your work but I hope you aren't homesick & do you think I could comfort you any if I were there. Or wouldn't you like to have me come.

We are well furnished with conference and we seem to have had a very good one. I don't believe I ever heard a group of fellows talk so well in all my life as they did this

time. We held three sessions Sunday morn. After the Sunday school program there was a half hour left and I had the surprise of my life by being called upon to speak upon the Sunday school. But I was glad of it for I could rest in peace after that and not be in suspense the rest of the day. Bro and Sister

Salvadge were with us, also three visiting conference presidents yesterday we held a six hour furnished meeting with Pres. Salvadge and it really seemed only an hour or two. But conference is conference glad to have them come and glad to have them go

now all the others have returned
to their fields with a determination
to work a little harder. After
Purdell's meetings we always
have more pep especially
when Bro. Waldmayer is with
us.

I have about as unengaged
a companion as I ever met
and hope I don't get such a one
again. Daughter I was dead
strong-but when I take a load,
she had a real tramp in the
shell and mud and ice roads
today. Covered about fifteen
miles and didn't get a
concernation. All I got was
mud. We can't always tell
exactly when we are doing

The most good. There have been
times when I thought I was
was doing a lot. So when James
but what I may have sown
a few fertile seeds.

but we haven't traced either
weather. Rain, snow, mud, mud,
cold, warm, etc all together

It's bad time dear Virginia
and my companion even tho
a person can't catch up in
step and I can't afford to lose
myself here. We must be
that what he says must be true.
I give him the same laugh now
and again to get him
most thing off so good night
good morning

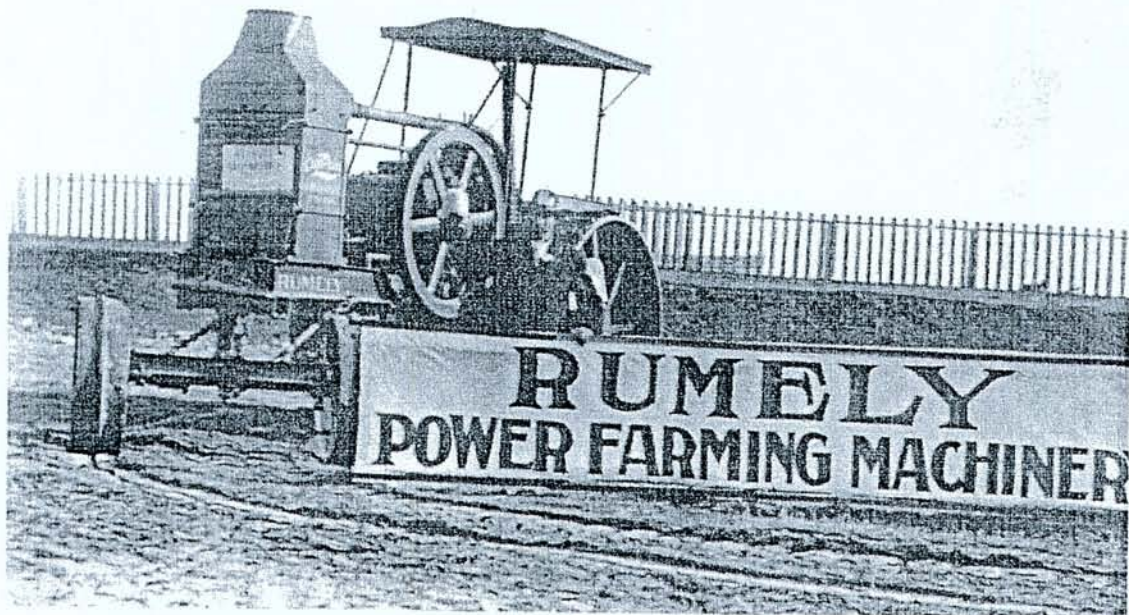
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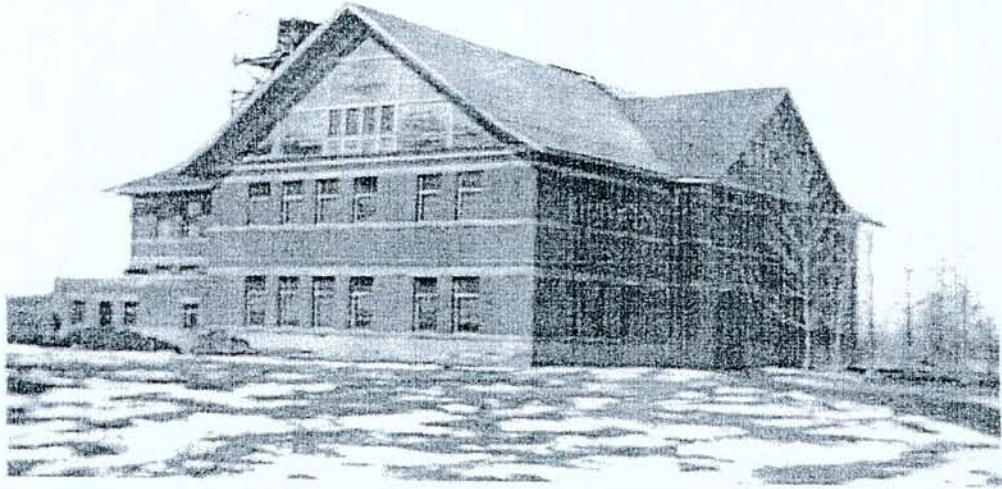
VIRGINIA'S MORMON
ENGLAND 1926



HENRY JOHN HOLMES
1890



HENRY HOLMES AND HIS PRIZE
WORLD WHEAT KING 1912



KNIGHT ACADEMY AND HIGH SCHOOL.



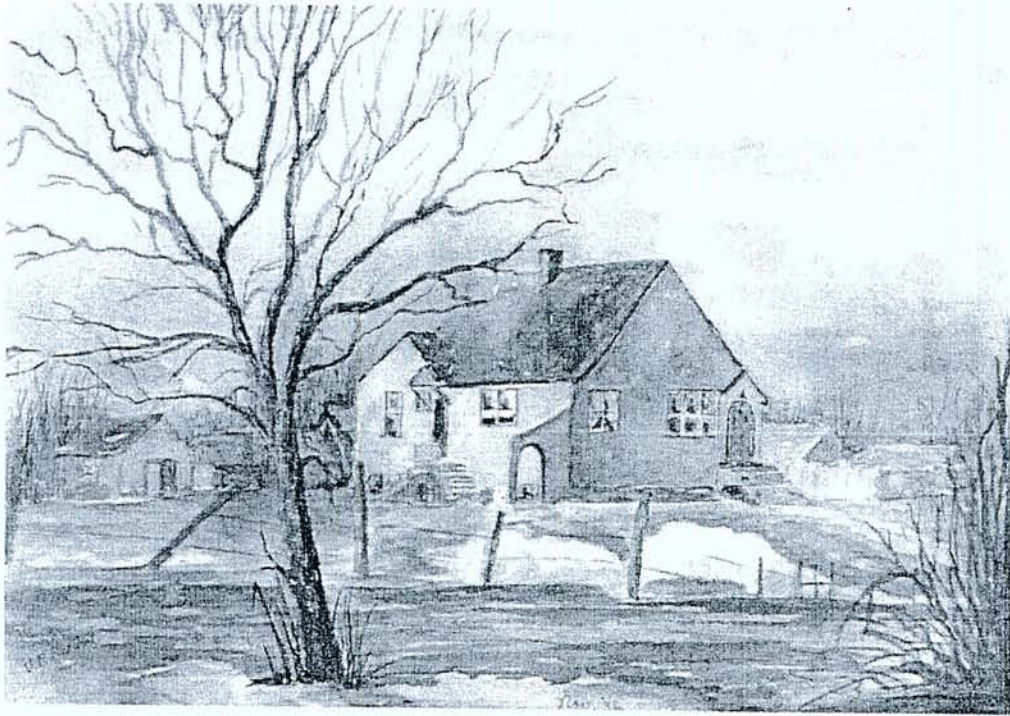
BRICK HOME WITH BARN AND SILO



GODFREY AND VIRGINIA
JUST MARRIED JULY 1927



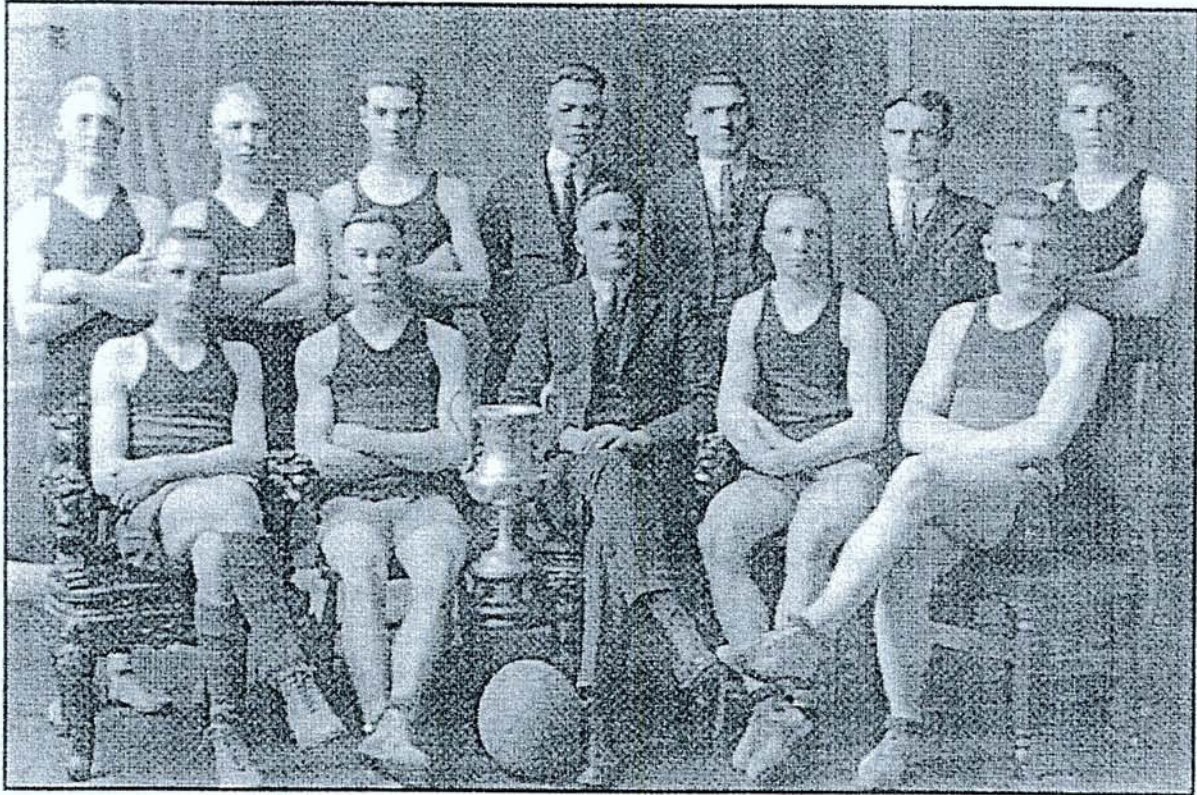
GODFREY AND VIRGINIA
AFTER 50 YEARS



THIS HOUSE DAD BUILT IN RAYMOND AFTER HE AND MOM
MARRIED, AND BEFORE THEY MOVED TO THE FARM

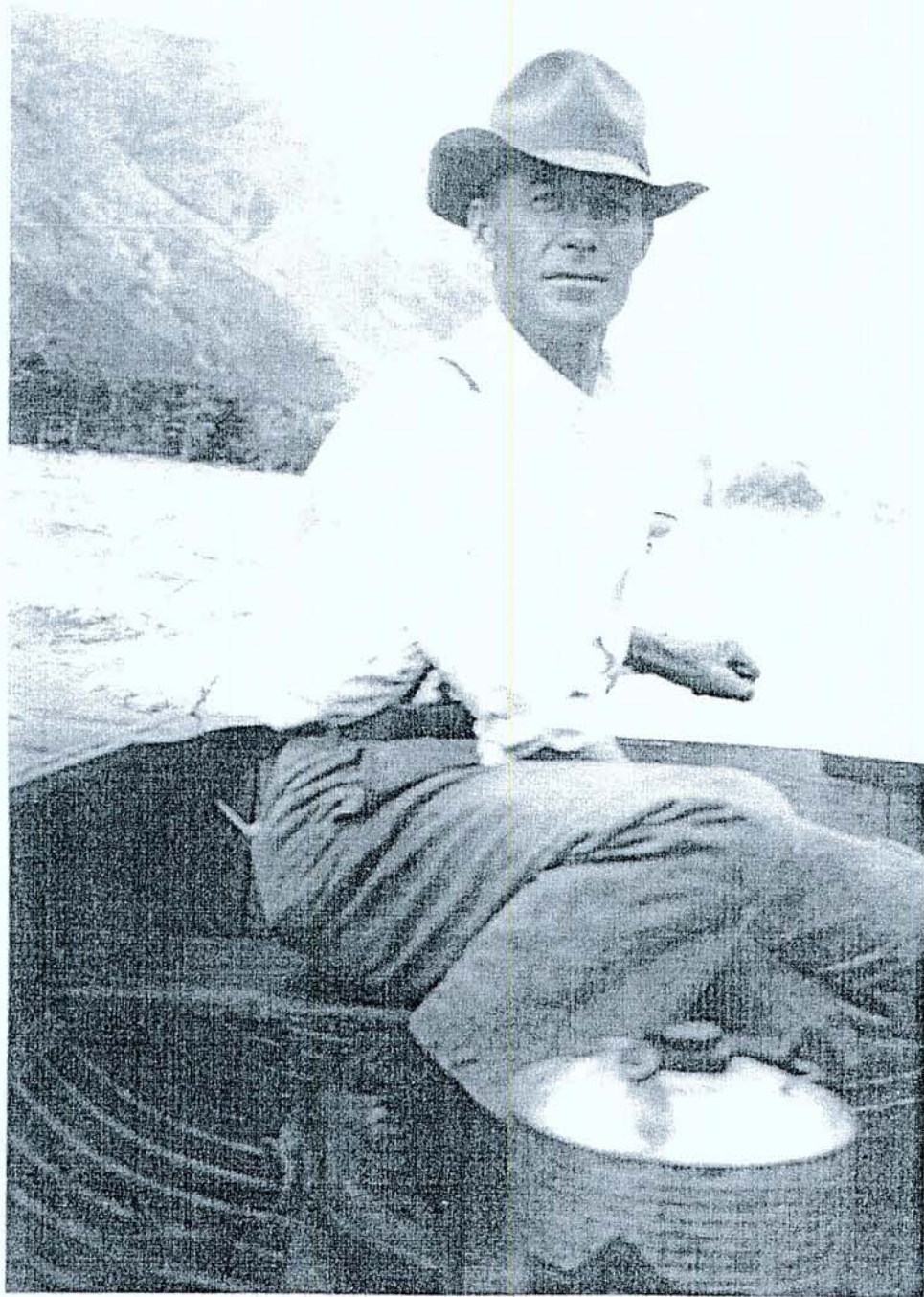


DAD BUILT THIS HOUSE IN RAYMOND WHEN
HE RETIRED AND SOLD THE FARM



1922-23 Provincial Champions - High School Basketball
Front Row(L-R): Milton Strong, Godfrey Holmes, DeVoe Woolf-Principal and
coach, Kimball Fisher, Athol Cooper
Back Row(L-R): Willis Christensen, Nolan Jeffry, William Blackmore, Paul Redd,
H.D. Weaver-Manager, J.H. Blackmore, Allan Weaver.

This is the High School basketball team Dad referred to on page 5.



GODFREY HOLMES DOING HIS FAVORITE THING
FISHING ON WATERLTON LAKE

GODFREY HOLMES “AG-EXPO BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF BIG VICTORY”

From an undated newsclipping: [possibly the Lethbridge Herald, about 1986]:

By Garry Allison of The Herald

It was 1912.

It couldn't be grander.

Lethbridge was playing host to the world, or at least the British Empire, at the Dryland Farming Congress. New exhibition buildings and a brand new grandstand greeted the world.

It was a proud day for Lethbridge. Prouder even for a Raymond farmer. Henry Holmes won a tractor for having the best bushel of spring wheat. “We called it a world championship, it was the world to us,” says Henry's son Godfrey, now 85 years of age. Godfrey was 12 at the time. “Dad found the spot he wanted in the field and cut it by hand,” Godfrey says. “He stoked it and covered it so it wouldn't bleach and then he threshed it by hand.

“It put Marquis wheat on the market. It was almost unknown back then. “That was a great day for us, we just lived in an old two-room shack. They raised a family of five in it. “We thought Dad was a pretty famous man then.”

Godfrey says the family hand picked through the wheat. So careful were they that one kernel couldn't be told from another in the entire sack of wheat. When Henry took the wheat in to enter, no one was around, says Godfrey. So he went in a side door and set his entry down with the others. A person found him in the locked building and told him to get out. That little episode added to the [excitement of the]announcement that he'd won the crown.

“They came right out to the farm to announce it,” says Godfrey. “The Mounted Police came out to give him the news—it scared him to death. When the police showed up he was kind of worried. He thought it was about his getting into the building.”

Henry's prize was a tractor. He posed for pictures with it, then sold it. He also sold the Marquis wheat for seed. With the money the family “was put on our feet,” says Godfrey. “Dad built a house and barn from the money we got,” says Godfrey. “The money came from the seed Marquis wheat he sold afterwards and the \$3,000 he got for the tractor.

“We never used the tractor, we needed the money worse. That tractor could pull six or seven plows. My dad never used a tractor in his life. He used to keep 16 head of horses to run the farm. “I was so sick of horses that the first thing I did was sell the horses when I took over the farm and get a tractor. Horses are a lifetime, daytime, nighttime chore.”

Godfrey remembers the big exposition of 1912 for more than the spring wheat championship his father won. First, there was the train ride into Lethbridge. “We kids used to get in the sleepers up top and ride the train to Lethbridge,” he laughs. “The train stopped right at the grounds. I remember the fruits and trees on display from Ontario, and B.C. had lots of stuff, trees and fruit. One tree from B.C. was cut off about so high and was about the size of this room and people danced on it. It was a whopper.

“There were lots of mining displays, but mainly this was a farming congress. Hordes of people were there—I think they came from all over the world.”

One individual Godfrey remembers being there was Dr. Fairfield of the Lethbridge Research Station, a man his father looked up to.... He recalls trips to Lethbridge as a youth, with his Dad, to pick up coal. They'd come in from Raymond with four horses and a grain wagon to get the hard coal. They'd drive up to the mine and the company would empty a chute of coal into the wagon. Later, they started to go to the Magrath mine for their coal...

Godfrey was born in Magrath, lived in Raymond much of his life and retired to the Grandview home in Cardston.

The farm at Raymond—there were no fences then—was located one mile north and one mile west of town. It's where the canal now sits, he says. The canal wasn't built until "the family" was raised.

While his dad didn't have a tractor, he did buy a car. "The first car my dad bought was a 490 Chevrolet – about 1914 I think," he says.

While Godfrey was in England on a church mission, his father died and his older brother took over the farm. When he married, the farm was divided, with his brother taking the half east of the roadway and Godfrey taking the half to the west. He only entered the world wheat competition twice. "I sent samples – a bushel bag – to Chicago and Montreal, way back when I was young," he says. "I never heard from that wheat again. I registered it with the CPR and I was supposed to either get the money or the sample back. I got neither." Godfrey says he used Marquis wheat, like his father.

He took over the farm at age 21 and used it until he retired in 1955. "My dad was really taken up with Marquis," he says. "He asked for a sample when it first came out and then he got a bushel and seeded it. The exposition in Lethbridge was almost the next year."

Life on the farm was tough back then, says Godfrey. "Kids today don't know what work is," he adds. "They should shovel sugar beets if they want to know what work is." * * *