

Interview with
MILO GOLDEN CAMPBELL

November 25, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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MILO GOLDEN CAMPBELL

Milo Golden Campbell was interviewed on November 25, 1968 in Ivins, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of Voices of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah. His wife, Alporta (Allen) Campbell, also participated.

FH: Would you please give your [full] name?

MC: [My name is] Milo Golden Campbell.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

MC: [I was born September 8,] 1908 in Escalante [Garfield County] Utah.

FH: What was your father's name?

MC: My father is John Richard Campbell.

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

MC: My mother is Avery Jeanette (Deuel) [Campbell].

FH: How do you spell [her maiden name]?

MC: [It is spelled] D-E-W-E-L, I think. [It is spelled D-E-U-E-L.]

FH: [What do you remember] from your early childhood?

MC: I remember when father was building a new home in Escalante. That was about the time [when] automobiles came into existence. My father and my older brother were either the first or the second ones [to bring] a car into the town of Escalante. When they came into town, we had a real thrill. All the [youngsters] in Escalante were surrounding that little car. They had to push [the children] out of the way in order to go down the street. It was a real thrill when I [had] my first ride in that car. The car did not belong to us. My father was hired by another man, Brother Ertle, to bring this car in.

FH: What kind of a car was it?

MC: It was a Model-T Ford with a [inaudible] gear. It was a truck with the old [inaudible] gear in it.

FH: Is there anything else you can remember?

- MC: Before the water was piped into the town, [there was] a big river below the town of Escalante. Everybody had a little sled with a barrel [on it]. [These were] fifty-five gallon barrels on these sleds. After school, we would take the horse and hook onto the sled. We would all get on [the] sled and go down to the river. We would fill that barrel with water to bring it back to the home to be used. I remember that great experience.
- FH: Did you start school in Escalante?
- MC: Yes. My first teacher was [named] Arthella Griffin. She had a real problem on her hands to handle me. I was a [fellow who] always tried to figure out a way to get out of school instead of [being] in [school]. They had a lot of trouble with me. I guess I kind of stepped in my father's footsteps. He left school when he was in the fourth grade. My grandfather died and he had to make the living for the family. He went out and herded sheep for \$.50 a day. He took the [*Holy*] Bible with him. In his later years, I found that he was one of the finest speakers I ever heard in the church. He practiced preaching to the sheep.
- FH: How far did you go in school?
- MC: I graduated from high school. Father took up a homestead in [the town] they called Widtsoe [Garfield County, Utah]. [The homestead was] in John's Valley in the old town of Widtsoe when it first began. We went over [to] this ranch in Sweetwater Canyon. [It was] twenty-five miles just over the mountain [to the] west from Escalante. This is where I spent most of my happy [young] days barefoot and experiencing ranching. [I] milked cows with my father and mother. They used to [use] milk [to] make cheese in the old press. [It was a press] with the big long handle [and] the big bore on it. They sold cheese to the travelers as they came by [our house].
- FH: [Did] you help them make cheese?
- MC: I helped them make cheese many a time. I sat on the side hill by the old log cabin. I have a picture in here. I would like to show you the home that I lived in when I was a young boy. It was against this big side hill. I would sit on that side hill day after day. [I] watched thousands and thousands head of cattle being driven out of Escalante down through there. They would always stop at uncle Edmond [Dee] and aunt Jeanette's [Jenkins house] to get some cheese. [Uncle Dee is what they called dad. If they could not buy it, she [mother] would give it to them. It was [the] camping headquarters from the first day of [the cattle] drive.
- FH: You saw a lot of things go by there. [You must have had] a lot of wonderful experiences.
- MC: Yes, I surely did. It is not the case today. There are very few cattle that come out of Escalante now. A few come out of the Escalante deserts. [There are] twenty,

thirty, forty, fifty, sixty mile deserts down in there. The cattle do not come out of there like they used to. I remember one [event] that happened on [the] Fourth of July. [We] hooked the team up on the little iron-tire buggy and got in. You know the way they used to build them?

FH: Yes.

MC: We went down to the Fourth of July [celebration]. My older brothers were young sports and did not want to milk the cows and take care of the chores. We lived up the canyon about four miles. They made a deal with my brother, Cloyd [Delton Campbell] and me. We were big enough to do [the chores]. They said, "If you will go to the ranch, do the chores tonight and stay there, we will give you [each] \$.50." That was a pretty good wage [and] tickled us to death. On the way to the ranch, we [were] snooping around in the buggy and found half-a-plug of tobacco. I do not know if one of my brothers had left [it], but we knew what it was for. We cut us [each] off a nice, big chunk. [We] chewed it up and swallowed it. By the time we [arrived back] to the ranch, we were a couple of sick boys. We thought we were going to die! We knelt down together and promised the Lord that [if] He would either let us live or die, we would never touch chewing tobacco ever again. We wanted to live. He was good and kind to us and let us live. We have never, neither one of us, ever touched chewing tobacco from that day until this [day].

FH: That was a terrific lesson. [Did] you actually start out learning how to work when you were [young]?

MC: We learned how to hoe brush. We [would] drag brush. [It was] big, tall sagebrush. [It was] mostly rabbit brush, [but there was] beautiful soil [underneath that brush]. Father would take a team out there and hook a chain around the big brush and yank [it] up. We would grub the roots. [We would] burn the brush, what was left. [It would] clear the ground to [grow] a crop. This was dry farm land. I have pictures showing the grain crops that father grew there. You can just barely see the top of my head. [In] one picture, he is sitting on a binder. All you can see is his head, the reels and the top of the horses' ears.

FH: That must have been wonderful soil. You knew how to handle it [as] dry [farm] land, or you could not have done that.

MC: That is right. Father did [know how to dry farm the land].

FH: In those early times, did you have any accidents or sickness?

MC: Yes. There were quite a few animals in that country. We did not exactly have an accident, but we were close to having trouble with a mountain lion. We went after the cows. We had a dog that we called "Nate." He could throw a year [old] steer. He would reach over and grab the opposite front leg and he would flip them right over. You could talk to him just like you would a man. He would protect us, but

he was not mean to anybody. We could sic him on people, but he would never touch anyone unless he was asked to [touch them].

FH: [He was] a well-trained animal.

MC: My uncle Alphonzo Campbell offered my father the best two-year-old steer in the herd for the dog. We could not afford to trade him off because, not only was he valuable, but he was a relic to us. When we [were] halfway up [the] canyon above the ranch, to find the cattle, it was getting late. My brother, [George] Arzy [Campbell] said, "You boys stay here until I come back." In about an hour or less, he come running back down the road. This dog was just making circles around him. He was frothing at the mouth and his hair stood on end. He just acted like he was crazy. We thought the dog had rabies. Arzy said, "He is protecting me. Look over there." There was a huge lion about a hundred yards [away] coming down to the side of him. Every time he would run, this lion would run trying to stay ahead of him. It is a very uncommon thing for any kind of an animal to ever attack a man. I have lived in the hills all my life. I have camped out over campfires and cooked my own meals in tents half [of] my life. Animals never did worry me. The only animal I ever did worry about was a man. An animal will escape and get away from you if you give them half a chance. Apparently, this one had young or it was hungry or maybe it was not normal. It kept acting like it was going to attack. When we [arrived back at] the ranch, we told father. He followed [the lion] with the gun and took three or four shots at him, but he never did get him. I remember that [experience] well.

FH: Were you ever called for military service?

MC: Yes. I was called, but they turned me down [because I had a] ruptured [hernia]. I wore a truss for twenty-two years before I made up my mind to go to a doctor and have them take care of [the problem]. I would like to mention one thing here before we leave the town of Widtsoe. Father was one of the first settlers in this little town of Widtsoe. It grew immensely. We almost took the county seat at one time from Panguitch [Garfield County, Utah]. Now it is deserted. There are very few buildings left there.

FH: Is the soil still good there?

MC: The soil is still good, but the drought drove the people out.

FH: All they needed was some moisture.

MC: There are a few ranchers [left there]. [There are] one or two ranchers, [that] is all. One of them is a polygamist. This man used to be my bishop in the church. I [have] a sad story to tell about that [experience]. I am not afraid to tell this if it is necessary.

FH: Tell about your activities [in The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] as you were growing up.

MC: Father ordained me a deacon. I do not remember the date [of] my ordination. On September 8, [1908] I was born [and] blessed on November 1, 1908. Father baptized me. I was confirmed a deacon on September 21, 1921 by my father. I was put in the presidency of the Deacon's Quorum. It was quite an experience to me. I was a wayward boy. I did not have what it takes to say yes or no. [My decisions were] according to what kind of company I was in [at the moment]. [That] determined whether I was in Sunday school, Priesthood or I was out doing mischief.

FH: Could they sometimes lead you away?

MC: That is right. The Lord was good and kind to me. [He] did not [let] me get too far away from the church until I had a little willingness and resistance to evil to try to make something of myself.

FH: Did you attend Primary?

MC: Yes. I used to sing in Primary. When I was young, I used to have a girl's voice. I did a lot of singing [while I was growing] up [at] funerals, solos and choruses. I loved singing. Mother was president of the [MIA] Mutual [Improvement Association]. When someone failed to be there with the part, she would say, "Milo, you get up and sing *Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam*." [Laughter] So I would get up and sing. I used to sing just like a girl. I enjoyed Primary.

FH: [Did] you attend Sunday school and MIA [while you were] growing up?

MC: Yes. I was attending, but —.

FH: Did you have seminary [classes]?

MC: Yes. I took seminary in Circleville [Piute County, Utah] at Piute High School. I graduated there and have my certificate from graduating from the seminary. They had a little trouble getting me back into school. After I graduated from the district schools I kind of [thought] that I knew more than the teacher. I thought: I would wait a while until they caught up before I went back to school. A group of my best buddies had gone down from Widtsoe to [the] Circleville school. Between them and my mother, they came up there and asked me if I would go to school down to Piute High School. I said, "No, I am through with school." The [next] thing that I [knew] I was tied up [with] a rope [and] a knot. They put me in a car and took me to Circleville. I stayed there a couple of nights with my buddies. They took me to [a] program [at] the school. I cannot think of the name of it right now.

FH: [Was it] the assembly program?

MC: [It was] the assembly program. That is where I was first introduced to my wife. I was kind of a ranch cowboy and I did not care to be seen too much [by anybody]. The coincidence that happened was [very] funny. My wife was sitting across on the other side [of the room] with the girls. One of my buddies put his arm around me and said, “Do you see that girl looking at you right over there?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “That will be your wife some day.” [Laughter]

FH: He was a prophet and did not know it.

MC: We had quite a scrap getting together, but she [came to be] my blessing.

FH: [Did] you receive a [LDS] mission call?

MC: Yes. My father was a poor man and went broke in Widtsoe. He had a big farm, a ranch and a couple of homes. He went into the garage and store business. His heart was big. He would trust people. Finally, when the drought struck, he lost in the neighborhood of \$70,000.00. [He] walked out and left John’s Valley in Widtsoe.

FH: That is rough to take [that kind of experience].

MC: I will say it was [rough]. So when I found myself in school, I commenced to realize that [school] was necessary and [there was] more to it. Father could not finance me, so I bought a school bus. [It was] an old school bus. That was before a chauffeur’s badge came into existence. We had to have a driver’s license. When I was in the second year of high [school], I bought a school bus from a man there. I hauled the students out of Antimony [Garfield County, Utah] and Angle [Piute County, Utah] to the Piute High School. I lived in a bus pit at the end of the run. Back in there we had a bed, a stove and a little kitchen. We batched it and supported [ourselves]. I took two brothers in with me. There were three of us. The finances [from] the school bus put all three of us through school.

Before I [was] out [of school], I commenced to hauling my wife to school [and] we [became] better acquainted. I owned my own school buses and drove them there for eighteen years while I was married. Then I sold them back to the school board when we left. [During] this [time], I was quite an athlete. I was small, but I was quite an athlete. I loved it. I went out for basketball, but I was small. I was a sub on the team. After basketball was over, I went into the M-Men teams in Antimony and Kingston, [Piute County, Utah] and through [that area]. My average scoring record was thirty points per game. Then I was put in as Mutual president in this little town.

FH: [Did] you did [receive] a [LDS] mission call?

MC: My good bishop could see value in me, so he came [to me] and wanted to know if I would fill a [LDS] mission. I said, “Yes, I will go on a mission, but I don’t want to go until spring. When spring comes, I will sell my bus and I will have enough to pretty much support myself.” Before spring came, that good bishop died. I never had what it took to reveal it to the next bishop. That was a secret between me and him. I never did reveal it to the next bishop. I just kept it to myself and kind of run away from it. [I] sluffed my blessing and calling. I have suffered through it a lot of times, I feel, by my experiences in life because I turned it down. After I realized what I had done, I promised the Lord that if He would forgive me, I would send every one of my children on missions, if they would accept it. I have given every one [of my living children] a chance [to go on a mission]. I have three [children] buried side by side in the little town of Kingston. All three boys who were ready for a mission have accepted it up to [this] date. The church did not push girls [to go on a mission] too much, but I gave them the chance. They decided marriage was more important to them.

FH: [Do] you [still] have one boy [who] could go [on a mission]?

MC: I still have Creg [Allen Campbell who is] fourteen [years old]. He is preparing for a mission and so are we. We are going to see that he gets in the mission field if I live long enough. I am sixty years old now.

FH: You will make it. Anybody with that kind of determination will make it.

MC: I would like to mention [one thing]. After we [were] married, my brother-in-law [Wilford Woodruff Steed] came along and proposed a partnership [in a] turkey raising project. We went back to Widdowson and built some big brooders. He was the Sunday school superintendent. His brother [Newell Steed] used to be the bishop, but the ward had broken up then. [However], he still lived there. While we were there, his brother Newell went into polygamy. He had filled a mission and came back. He [became] mixed up [to] where he could not say his life was his own and [went] into polygamy. My brother-in-law, Woodruff Steed, could see a good thing for himself [by] crowding me out [of the business]. Within a year’s time, he crowded my wife and I and my older children out of the turkey deal [business] there. [He] skinned us out of \$25,000.00. It was a sad affair. It almost made me sick. I was mentally sick for two weeks. I just lay in bed. I let it get the best of me.

This is the testimony that I want to leave with you on this situation. [I had been] lying in bed and brooding over this after we left and went down to our little basement home back in Kingston. [Our] home [there was] half built. My wife came to my bedside one night after I had laid there for two solid weeks. She said, “Milo, I want to paint a picture to you. Aren’t you going to look cute [and] isn’t this going to be a sad affair with me taking care of you [who is] mentally sick and these four or five little children that we have [now]?” It put me to thinking. When daylight came the next morning, I got up and dressed. I got in my truck and started to work. I wore out fourteen trucks. I have driven over a million miles in

my own trucks besides all kinds of construction trucks [and] school buses. I still carry a chauffeur's badge and I drive the Dixie College [St. George, Washington County, Utah] buses once in awhile. I do not like to drive anymore. I [have] never looked back since [then]. I promised the Lord again that if He would just give me a normal mind again that I would never let anything peril my life [or] ever disturb my mind again. [I told him that] if He would just make me well and bring me out of that [condition, I would never do anything like that again]. And He did [bring me out of it]. We have had some sad financial experiences. While I was there, I had a patriarchal blessing. That blessing, in a few words, told me that I was going to be tested through financial loss, but if I would resist it and live and stick to the testimony that I had, I would be found a servant in the sight of God in this life and the life to come. That is what I am working for [right now].

FH: That is a wonderful blessing to work for [now]. [It is] very worthwhile. Tell about your father.

MC: [My] father was a young boy [who] had to make a living for a big family. His father died and he had to make a go of it. It might interest you to know that they tell me my name will be Gates in the next world. Grandma [Elizabeth Ann (Butler) Gates] Campbell was married to Grandpa [Charles Henry] Gates and [he] was sealed to her for time and all eternity [on October 16, 1867 in the Salt Lake Temple].

I might tell you about this experience. In Escalante there used to be a big bear that was a killer. He was going through the cattle and sheep [herds]. He was killing them by the hundreds. So all the ranchers got together and made up their minds that they had to get this bear. Grandpa [Charles Henry] Gates was one of these men. They saddled their horses up and traveled for a number of days on this bear's track. They knew they were on his track because they called him "Old Club Foot." He had been caught in a trap sometime and they could tell him by this one mark on his foot. When they came to him, there was a lot of big, tall sagebrush. [It was] tall brush [and] rabbit brush in a flat. They looked off down in there and they could see him. Grandpa Gates said, "I am going to have the honor of killing him. He has killed more of my cattle than anybody else."

The rest of the men said, "No, Brother Gates, wait. Don't go down in there alone." They had to stop and load the old guns they had each time [they shot them]. He said, "I ain't a-waiting for nothing." So he went down in there. [He was] bullheaded [and did] not use good reason and sense. [He] walked right up and shot this bear, but it did not stop him. The bear came to him and the bear bent his gun in two [pieces]. Then grandpa realized that he had to play [dead]. They had told him if he would play dead, the bear would not maul him as much. That is what he did. He just let the bear handle him. Finally, the other men came in. The bear mauled him and thought he was dead and walked off and left him. The other men surrounded the bear and shot him. It took half a dozen bullets to put him

down. Then they picked up Grandpa Gates and put him on his horse. [They] took [him] into town.

My grandfather Campbell was a young, unmarried man. Grandpa Gates realized he was going to die before he got to town. He said, “[David William Campbell], when you get to Escalante, I want you to marry my widow and raise my family.” Grandpa Campbell said, “If your wife is willing to do that, I am willing.” He died before they got him to town. He told Grandma [Elizabeth Ann (Butler)] Gates what the deal was and she accepted him and they were married. He raised the younger ones [in the] Gates family and the Campbells. That is where the Campbells came [into] the picture.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

FH: Was she sealed to Brother Gates?

MC: She was sealed to Brother Gates. They tell me that President [Heber J.] Grant [has the same situation]. He is going to be a Smith in the next life.

FH: He was sealed to Joseph Smith.

MC: Yes.

FH: That is correct. Your father must have really known the dry farming business.

MC: He was a great teamster. He had some of the finest teams that you [have] ever seen in those days. Now-a-days they do not have teams like they used to in those days. As a boy, I watched father drive a big team that one [horse] weighed 1,800 [pounds and] the other [horse] weighed 1,750 [pounds]. He called [the horses] “Chief” and “Dick.” “Chief” was a big sorrel [horse] with a bally face and “Dick” was a big brown [horse]. Many a time I saw him hauling wool out of Escalante. I have been with him. When they came over that old Escalante mountain, they would get stuck in the mud. When they couldn’t get out, they would come after dad. He would go back and hook [his horses] onto their wagons and pull them out of the mud. Many times I have seen this [happen]. He had a span of young, lighter horses. He would put them as leaders. Quite a few days, as a young boy, I learned I could skin [handle] four head of horses, and can today. I watched this big “Chief” and “Dick” pull and the way they performed. I made up my mind [that] if I ever [was] old enough and big enough, I [was] going to have a team just as good as dad’s.

That came [to pass]. I carry [a] picture in my pocket today of a team that I raised and broke. I used to own a sawmill. I had that team where I could pull just as long as I told them to pull. They would pull until they dropped. In fact, lots of men heard about this team. There are very few teams in the country today that are [very] good pullers. You can see them in the fairs. They are not pulling horses.

They are crazy horses. A [very] good pulling team is one that is quiet and you can tell them to pull without picking up the lines. You can load a log on your wagon by talking to them. That is the kind of a team that I had. I loved those [horses]. I lived with them. Nobody hardly ever got to drive my team. I was a trucker and I had two trucks all the time. I hired truck drivers, but I would never hire a teamster. [Laughter]

FH: Tell about your mother.

MC: Mother was a little woman. She could pretty near walk under my arm. Father was not [very tall]. I am taller than either one of them and I am only five-feet-five [inches tall]. Mother was the happiest woman that I ever saw in my life. You never miss the water until the well runs dry.

When I came to St. George father had died. They moved here and were called [to] the temple. They spent their life in [the St. George] Temple. Mother had over 3,000 names to her credit. Father had around 1,500 [names to his credit]. After they filled their mission as temple workers, they stayed right here. We built them a little shack right on the southwest corner across the street from the temple. I sold that ground after they died.

I came here for two purposes. I lost a big ranch out in the Uinta Basin [Uintah County, Utah]. I went out there and bought 230 acres [and] 186 shares in lake water. I lost it. It was a bad deal. I kept it for five years and finally lost \$12,000.00 in the deal. We came to St. George for two purposes. One was to take care of my dear mother and the other one was because my wife always wanted to live in St. George. My experience with her [my mother] was sad and great at the same time. She was a great pal. She loved to dance, but she was true to the faith. Lots of times she would go to a dance and dad would go and he would come home. She would have [to] come [home] alone, but they were true to each other. He did not like to dance and she did [like to dance]. I took after mother.

I went with her to dances down here, but she [was] a little childish [which comes with age]. She never failed to pay her tithing. When she got to where she could not take care of herself, I bought a little trailer home and set it right next to my home in St. George. I could hear her breathe almost through the window. I gave her a telephone and hooked her up to the lights, the water and the sewer. [She was] where I could keep an eye on her. She would not live with us. She was too independent. There were lots of times when I would get up and I would discover her gone. She had run away. I would [sometimes] find her up at the old folks dance.

My wife and I and family were very active in the church. I was custodian of the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Wards in St. George for nine years. I was [called to work] in the MIA, the High Priests group leadership and [was] taking care of the building. I almost lived there. One night it was a terribly cold, windy night, and

we had a big program in the fireside room in the church. Along about nine o'clock, my little girl came running to me. We lived about six or seven blocks from the church. She stuck her head in and said, "Daddy, grandma is gone." It was a terrible night. The wind would almost blow you right over. I was [very] excited. I came out of there. As I got to the bottom of the stairs, my High Priest group leader said, "Brother Campbell, where are you going?" I said, "I am going to hunt [for] my mother." He said, "She is in here in the High Priests' meeting." [Laughter] I said, "Oh, my gracious. I will come get her." He said, "No, she thinks she is alright. She [has] it in her head that you ran off and left her. [She] figured she could go out and support [herself], too. She came in here and sat down. She is not harming anybody. When the High Priests' meeting is over, we will dismiss and she will be satisfied and ready to go." I just left her right there. After the meeting, she came out satisfied and I took her by the arm and took her home.

FH: That is [the] way you have to do with people when they [begin] to fail a little bit.

MC: That is right.

FH: [Did] she have ten children?

MC: She had ten children.

FH: Tell about them.

MC: My brother, [John] Larvin [Campbell] was the oldest one. He was a natural born mechanic. He used to tinker with cars from the first time they were introduced [to the public]. He just kept his head in one. He turned out to be a master mechanic, but he never did go into a garage to work. He went into the trucking business. In fact, there were six brothers and we all had trucks at the same time. We lived in trucks. When we would get home, we would be on horses. When we started [the] garage in Widtsoe, he was the master mechanic in the early days when we used to sell Chevrolet cars and groceries. He was in there until the drought came. Then he moved to Richfield [Sevier County, Utah]. That was his desire. Although he did not ever accomplish too much in it, [there was] many a time he fixed the other people's cars on the roads [to get] them on their way.

[Avery] Veotta [Campbell] was my oldest sister. As a young girl, she had a sad experience. There was a young man [who] came into the country [area]. [He was] a good-looking fellow. He was a card shark and a pool shark. My sister was the queen of the ball. He got off with her in an unfair way. They left this country [area] and went to the state of Washington. He was very mean and brutal to her. They finally separated there. She never did leave the church. She acknowledges that it is true, but she was discouraged. [She] married another fellow and never did desire to take any more part in the church.

FH: [That was] kind of a sad thing for her.

MC: Yes. The next boy was [Lewis] Orlan [Campbell]. Orlan and I were quite a lot alike. We loved the horses more than the rest of the family by far. We took after dad more than any of the rest of the boys. He was a lot older than I, but we palled together quite a lot until he married. I would go and stay with him night after night. There [was a] sad thing that happened. Brothers Orlan and Arzy decided to go up by Bryce Canyon [National Park, Garfield County, Utah] into [an area] called Bluefly. They took their families [with them]. Arzy was driving the truck and they [became] stuck in the mud. They left their families down in a little cabin while [it was] raining while they got the truck out of the mud. Finally, when the sun came out in the middle of the afternoon, they went back and picked up the families. Orlan had a pair of twin boys. They were little babies and he had them sitting on each knee in the back of the truck. [They were sitting] in the flat bottom truck. He just set them aside and said, "I will show you." He was going to show the family where they [were] stuck. They had [gone] back that far again. It was on a side hill. He reached for the cab and the front end gate was out. He missed the cab and slipped. He reached for the side of the truck and fell between the trucks [wheels] down head-first. His head scooted under the big dual wheels of the truck and broke his neck. [It] killed him right there. He [had] married a girl [who] never would get married again. She is still determined [not to get married again]. They [were] married in the temple. She wants him and she has raised the children.

FH: What was her name?

MC: [Her name was] Laura (Golding) [Campbell]. Her mother had Indian blood in her. We are proud of the Indian blood today. We love the Indian people. It is some of the finest blood we have on earth. She was just true blue.

FH: [She was a] one-man woman.

MC: Yes, she never married again.

FH: Tell about the others.

MC: Next boy was [George] Arzy [Campbell]. He was just two years to the day younger than Orlan. He loved to dance [and] was a great leader. He was a great sport. In those days, it did not seem like our parents had too much control over us. We all got to drinking a little and smoking, which we are not proud of [now]. None of us are proud of it today. We are sorry it came into our life. Nonetheless, it has been an experience that we have tried to profit by [in our lives]. I think the main thing that I can tell about him is that he married a girl [Norma Lucille (Mangum) Campbell] and she died [December 3, 1924 in St. George]. Then he married her sister [Myrle Lenore (Mangum) Campbell on January 12, 1928 in Junction, Piute County, Utah].

He was quite discouraged and he [was] drinking quite a lot. He had quite an experience. He had a dream that it was his last chance to repent. So he did. He repented and sent a son on a [LDS] mission. [It was] the first Campbell of our family [who] had been on a mission [in] twenty years. When he sent that son, I woke up to the fact that I must send [a son on a mission]. That is when I sent the first boy to Germany.

This boy [Orlan] could not wait for his son to get back from the mission. He asked them to send him on a [LDS] mission himself. He went out to Nova Scotia, Canada and down through Maine. He was not there long before he called his whole family [back] there [and] they all filled a mission. He preached the gospel with tears rolling down his cheeks. He still does it. He still teaches the gospel today with tears rolling down his cheeks. He is a wonderful fellow. That second girl [wife] raised the families of the two women.

Daisie [Lavetta Campbell], my sister, [was] next in line. [She] married a missionary boy [Irving Ammon Johnson] when we were still [living] in Widtsoe. She has been very active in the church. She is more even-tempered than I am. She is a girl who knows how to control her tongue and temper. Her husband is a fine man, but he kind of drifted away from the church. He has never denied his testimony or anything like that. I am sure that he loves the church and we love him. He never could see any more interest in the church. He never stopped her from being active in the church. They live down in Cannonville [Garfield County, Utah]. We have seen them a number of times.

FH: Where is Cannonville [located]?

MC: Cannonville is between Escalante and Bryce Canyon. It is what they call “down in the dump.” [The towns included are] Tropic, Cannonville [and] Henrieville [all in Garfield County, Utah]. It is the main road that leads into Escalante.

Nola [Fawn Campbell is] my next sister. We went to school together [at] Piute High School. She turned out to be a great singer. She married Rollo [Barton] Whitaker from Circleville. She still lives there [and] still sings. While we were going to school, we played opposite each other in one of the operettas. That is how I came to meet up with my wife. That is where we commenced to do our first courting. [Laughter]

FH: [Do you] think that is what it took [to meet her]?

MC: It took both! [Laughter] We are happy today that we made it. She [Nola Fawn] still sings all over the country [area]. [She sings] solos [and] is a beautiful singer. She came down to Dixie College years and years ago. [She took classes there in] 1924 and 1925 under a professor [named] Professor [Joseph W.] McAllister. He taught her how to sing. She has never quit singing to this day.

I [am the next child] in line. I told you that I went to school in Piute [County, Utah]. I was down here in school in 1924 and 1925 in the old Woodward School. One of my teachers was old Professor Hafen. I cannot think of his first name.

FH: [Was his first name] Arthur?

MC: No, I know Arthur Hafen. He is the patriarch of the stake now.

FH: Was it his father?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: No. [Leland] "Lee" Hafen was the principal of the old Woodward School. Vernon Worthen was one of my main teachers. [Dr.] Walter Snow [was] not [one of my teachers]. [It was] his father [who was] President Snow of the temple for years.

I was quite a showoff. I [was] showing off in marching. They would ring a little bell and we would line up out in the street. They would beat a drum and we would march into the school. I was way down the line and did not think any teacher was watching me. I was showing off and dancing and hitting the neighbors. When I got to the top of the stairs, [there was] Brother [Leland] Hafen on one side and [Vernon] Worthen on the other. They just grabbed me by the shirt collar and teetered me off my feet way down [to] where I stood in the street. They had the drum beat and they taught me how to march. When I got back up to the top of the stairs, I knew how to march. [Laughter] He was kidding me about that the other day. [He] wanted to know if I could still march. [Laughter] I told him, "Yes, I hadn't forgotten that."

MC: [The] next one was Cloyd [Delton Campbell]. He was a great mechanic. He was a master mechanic, too. He could have been one of the finest mathematicians and school teachers that the country [area had] ever seen. I have told him many a time, he had all the brains of all the Campbell family and never did do anything about it. He married a girl from Hatchtown [Garfield County, Utah]. [Her name was] Omega (Riggs) [Campbell]. We call her "Mickey." Her father was Sam Riggs. They are a great family [and] wonderful people in the church. He stayed there and trucked all his life. He has a big \$10,000.00 truck sitting up there in his lot now. [It is] doing no good to nobody. He [Cloyd] and I palled together all through school. We were the same size. We looked alike [and] we dressed alike. We weighed the same. People took us for twins for years. He stayed in Hatchtown until just about a year ago.

Three years ago, he had a heart attack. He could not drive his trucks anymore. [Inaudible] So he came down and I landed him [a] job as custodian at the Institute [of Religion] [at] Dixie College. I am the custodian-manager of the Dixie College gymnasium and its surroundings. I was lucky enough to land him [that job].

[That was] about a year ago. About the same time he had a heart attack, my wife had a heart attack. We spent quite a lot of money. We were going to lose our home. He came along and I said, "You can have the home for what is against it if you want to pay it off." So he did. He had a little better security than I did. So that is what brought us to Ivins [Washington County, Utah]. We came up here and bought a piece of ground. [We] put this trailer home on it and started to live over again. My wife is getting better. She took a job a couple [or] three weeks ago for the first time since she [was] sick.

FH: Are both of you working and starting to get your feet on the ground?

MC: We are as happy as if we had good sense. Nevertheless, we have suffered through our loss down there and it has been hard to take. We have often said in our loss, we leaned on each other and said, "If these deaths will just stay out of our home, we will make it. As long as we have the gospel of Jesus Christ and a job in the church, I think we are rich." She agrees to [that].

Mavin [Floyd Campbell], my other brother, came along. He was the jack of all trades and the master of none. He could do anything. He was a handy boy. [He was] well liked, very comical [and] entertaining. He was [the] one who went through school with us, but [was] drinking pretty heavy and had trouble with his wife [Phyllis (Young) Campbell]. [He] married another wife [Hope (Dickenson) Campbell] and [then he married] the third one [Virginia (Haycock) [Campbell]]. He [was] killed [June 27, 1962] up north. [A] woman ran over him, but he was under the influence of liquor. He was one of the greatest boys to be around, when he was sober, that I [have] ever seen. I just loved his company.

Then there was Katie [Maxine Campbell], [who was] the youngest girl. [She] came along in later years. She was quite a consolation to mother and dad when they were home alone, like our boy is to us today. She married a boy down here in Monroe, [Sevier County, Utah]. [He was a] fine boy. They went through the temple and were married. He [was] stepping out on her and they had trouble. She is still single. He apparently repented and married another woman in the temple. I do not know how he can do it, but, nevertheless, I am not saying that it cannot be done. I love this boy. I still do. He is active in the church in Las Vegas, [Nevada]. That [is] the ten children.

FH: What did you do to have fun when you were growing up? Before you tell that, are there some faith-promoting experiences that you want to tell [about] in the lives of your parents and yourself?

MC: I think that father had one of the greatest experiences that I can remember when I was growing up. Father used to have a few cattle down on the Escalante desert. He was not as big a cattle owner [like] most of the men. There was not enough water down in that country, so he wanted to go down on this desert and investigate for water. He claimed that he was a water witch. I believe he was.

FH: He could locate water?

MC: He could locate water. I coaxed him to let me go down with him. We were down there about ten days. In investigating for water, he slipped and fell over a ledge. It frightened me so [much] and I could not see how he could get out of there. He could not [figure it out] either. We were around fifty miles from anybody.

FH: Was he injured in the fall?

MC: Yes, he was injured. I looked down and could see him on his knees. He was praying. So I fell on my knees and asked the Lord to provide the way. He kept scratching and digging holes around and finally came out on top. He was really hurting, one hip, when he [came out]. Today I still testify that I know that man could not have [come] out of there without the Lord's help.

FH: Have you had other [events] happen that you want to tell about?

MC: Yes. [I would like to tell about some of] my fun experiences. In those days, all we had were horses and buggies. There were [some] cars around. Father had a car or two, but we could not drive them. So our time was taken up [with] horses and buggies. One time when we were coming from the ranch, we left to hook on to this little buggy with this little span of mares. [It was a] little span of bay mares my father called "Pet" and "Polly." He used to carry the [United States] mail with them. He would just go like the wind on them. [He would go] on a dead run with those little horses. [They were] small animals, saddle horses.

One time we were coming from the ranch to school, [which was] four miles out. One of my boyfriends had gone up to the ranch and stayed with us. It was terribly cold weather. It was in the middle of the winter, but there was no snow on the ground. The road was crooked and we were going to be late for school, so we decided we better hook the horses up. All we had to do was kiss at them and they were gone. I was driving and it was a little flat-bottom rack. As they started, we both lost our balance. He fell between the rack and the wheel on the one side and I fell between the rack and the wheel on the other [side], but I had the reins in my hands. We were hanging and we reached over and [took] hold of each other's hands. The horses were on a dead run down this road. Pretty quick, we worked our way out from [this predicament] and our clothes were just stripped from our backs and [our] hide was [skinned]. If we had lost our balance, it could have been a serious thing. When we got up and faced each other, I said, "I prayed." He said, "So did I." I have always believed in prayer. I know that it has been a saving feature. I am proud to say that my father and mother did teach us the gospel and they lived it. They set the example [for] us, but we did not follow it most of the time until we [were] older.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

MC: We used to ride sleighs. Father had two or three sleighs and two or three teams. For recreation, we would get on these sleighs. [There would be] a big group of boys and girls.

FH: [Did you have] sleigh riding parties?

MC: We have had a good many of them. Father took great pride in harnesses and things [associated with horses]. He had sleigh bells for his horses. When Christmas came, we would put the sleigh bells on [the horses].

I remember one time we had lots of trouble with jackrabbits. They [were] so thick, they were eating the crops. [They were] just cleaning them out. Then they [were] diseased and people could not eat them. I have often said I was raised on jackrabbits, grasshoppers and prairie dog soup. I have often heard dad say the wind was terribly bad up there at one time. They had windmills all over the valley. He said when it got to where there was not enough wind to run all the windmills, they had to take part of them down. The government offered a bounty on these rabbits. We would go down in there and string a mile of fence.

FH: [Did you use] chicken wire?

MC: [We used] chicken wire. [We would string it] one way and [string it] a mile the other way until we came to a point in a corral. Then everybody would gang [group] down there in the snow. There was about a foot and a half to two feet of snow. Lots of the places where it was crusted, the horses would walk over it. This particular day it was soft. It was hard to get through [there]. There were men, women and children lined along there for one solid mile across part of that valley. The rabbits could stay on top of the snow, [but] we could not.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: As I looked across there, you could see dogs, horses, women and children. The ground was just moving with these rabbits. When we [went] into the corral where we chased them in, the men would get in there with clubs and kill them. I do not think I am misrepresenting [this story] in the least [bit]. When we [had] the rabbits in there, [it] was at least two feet deep [of rabbits]. That was great sport. That was one of the greatest sports of old John's Valley.

We [still] talk about this [event]. We have what they call a Widsote reunion — the John's Valley reunion every year. They send out cards [for the reunion]. It is always back in little Pine Valley up in old John's Valley. There is a beautiful lake there [and] a little government park. We meet there and have programs. We talk about the old stories. [There are] great stories. Most of the old pioneers are all gone now. My mother was one of the last ones. There is one or two [of the old pioneers] left. There are [a few] offspring [around]. There are children [who] used

to live in Widtsoe, like I have [lived there]. Their parents are mostly [passed away]. We meet there every year and it is a great occasion.

FH: Would you tell about your marriage?

MC: After this boy pointed my wife out to me, I thought maybe it was time I should be doing something about that [situation]. I learned that she was a bishop's daughter. He was a bishop for fifteen years.

I was still kind of a smart aleck. [I] was not doing exactly what I should do all the time. I was going to church, but it did not mean as much to me as it should have [meant to me]. We [became] acquainted and I found out that our lives did not match. She was good clear through and her whole family was the same [way]. They were people [who] lived the gospel of Jesus Christ every day of the week [and] not just [on] Sunday [and] they still do. I was just kind of a Sunday Mormon, [laughter] so we could not get together very well.

I met up with another girl and I went with her for two years. [We] had a date set to get married. Things interfered that it did not pan out, so I commenced to come back there again. We still could not get together. I figured I was quite [a] popular [fellow]. I was active in athletics and could sing. They needed these two things badly in the Piute High School. I figure I came out victorious in both of them. I broke the state record in the half-mile [race], but [I] never [had] a chance to prove it. I was asked to sing in the operetta by one [of the] teachers. [I] cannot remember his name. I wish I could, but I still cannot [remember it]. He was a great [fellow] and I love him. He took an interest in me and gave me the lead in the opera.

FH: Was he a teacher in the Piute High School?

MC: Yes. [He was] also the principal. He gave me the second lead this first year. [It was] when I was a freshman. I was quite a boxer, too. I was small, but I was pretty good in my class. He gave me this second lead in the operetta. Just before we went to put it on that year, the influenza [epidemic] hit Circleville. People were sick and they had to close the school down for awhile. We never did get to put that operetta on. The next year [the] boy who took the lead was my buddy, [and left] school. That gave me the lead.

I took the lead for three years and I graduated. Then this man told me that if I would come back and take a post-graduate course, he would give me the lead in the opera. I was driving my bus and [I had] nothing to do anyway but get into mischief. That suited me just fine, so I went back and I had the lead in the operetta four straight years.

The second year I was there, it was a double-lead. There were two boys and two girls. My wife was the girl [who] was matched up with the other boy. In our

practices and experience together, we finally got together. I could not stand the thought of him taking the lead with her. [Laughter] He liked the girl I was matched up [with] better. So we just changed [girls] after the operetta was over. I went with her then until I married her. In investigating, I went to their home and found they were a good Mormon family and they were hard workers [and] ranchers.

FH: What was her name?

MC: Her name was Alporta Allen. The first time I really saw her [was when] I came by the ranch a few weeks prior to when I went to school. [It was] when [some] boys took me down to school. I saw [some] girls out in the field loading potatoes. I learned that was her. Later, I thought: if she can make a living for me, [then] that is the kind [of girl] I want! [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] Where were you married?

MC: We were married in the Salt Lake Temple [Salt Lake County, Utah]. I borrowed my dad's Chevrolet car. Our parents were all there [for our marriage].

FH: Was there anything special about the proposal that you want to tell about?

MC: Yes. After I proposed to her, the family talked it over. [They] investigated my background a little bit and decided that I was not good enough for her. So she cancelled the marriage date. It broke my heart. You know how boys are [when they get rejected]. For revenge, [I] made up [my] mind that [I was] going to get married to somebody else. So I got myself engaged to another girl. Finally, thank the Lord, my wife discovered a little value in me. I loved her, but I did not love the other girl. When she asked me to come back to her, I was more than happy because I knew that she was the one I loved.

FH: This was a real love story.

MC: Yes. We set another date [to be married]. The funny thing about that was that her sister [Zavenda Allen] older than her was engaged [to Wilford Woodruff Steed] and had a date set for her wedding. The family did not know it. So when the girls got together, our date was a month after the other date that was set. She came to me and said, "Let's put the marriage up a month and all go to the Salt Lake Temple together and be married at the same time." That is what we did. I kid her today [about] that [situation]. I tell her that she could not wait another month, so we had to set the wedding up. [Laughter]

FH: Where did you go to live?

MC: I was driving the school buses [that] I owned. The first year we rented a room from a widow from the little town of Angle, [which was] at the end of my school run. We lived in one room [for] one winter. That summer I moved on my bishop's

ranch in Antimony. [It was] Herb Lee's ranch. He was a cattleman. I lived in his home on the ranch. Then we went back to Angle again and lived there.

[After that] we bought thirty-five acres of my daddy-in-law's [Marion Devalson Allen] farm in the town of Kingston. We moved down there [and lived] in a tent. We lived in this tent for two years. In the winter, [when it was] the coldest months of the year, we would move into my daddy-in-law's home with them. Then we would get back to the tent. We were building a home. We built a basement and finally we got that to where we could move into [it].

When we commenced to get our family around us, I was called as foreman of a church ranch. [The church] had bought [this ranch] just about a mile and a half away from our place. We moved out of that [basement] and lived in [a] better home on this ranch. I was the foreman of that ranch for two years. Then we sold our farm and went out to the Uinta Basin.

FH: [Is this when] you began having children?

MC: Yes. We started [with Milo] Kay [Campbell]. I have a sad and great experience to tell about Kay. When it was time for him to come into the world, my wife was unable to have Kay. So my good doctor told me what the deal was [with her delivery]. We were in my brother's home in Richfield. He said, "Milo, we can't save them both. Now which one do you want?" I said, "Of course, I want my wife if that is the case." He said, "Let's you and I go into this bedroom and kneel down and have a word of prayer." We went in there and he took the lead in the prayer. He told the Lord that we wanted help.

We came out and I rolled my sleeves up with the nurse and the helper. We had a real scrap to take Kay. She did not dilate. When we finally got Kay into the world, we thought he was dead. [It] looked like we had pulled one eye out [and] pulled one arm out [of its socket]. His head was flat and he was a pitiful sight. The doctor started to work with him. I said, "Oh, doctor, don't save him. Don't save him. I don't want him to live as an invalid. There is no other way out." He turned to me and he said, "Milo, shame on you. Do you know we asked the Lord to help us? And that is not the half of it. I am a doctor. Where there is life, there is hope." I said, "There is no life." He said, "I don't know that yet." He worked with that boy one solid hour before he [could get] a cry out of him.

As that boy grew to manhood, he was a perfect specimen of a healthy athlete today. You can see his scars just a little. He is the only one of the family [who] does not have to wear glasses. He is teaching now at BYU [Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah County, Utah]. Every time I look at him, tears come to my eyes and I think of how I [tried to] coax the doctor to not let him live. [Emotional]

[There is] another little short experience that I would like to tell about him. You feel that when you learn on the first [child and] if you get the first one going your way, you can apply the same whip to all the rest of them. That is not so. I had a terrible temper. When this boy did something wrong, I would give him a whipping. I am sorry about it today. That child would come to my feet just like a dog would after I [was] through with him. He never chastised me. He [became] revengeful. In grade school, his teacher was mean to him. He would fight her back.

Finally, they discovered that he could not see. They sent for the school doctor. The state doctors came along and they said [that] there was something wrong with him. [They said] it was not his eyes. It was something back in his head. [They told me I] better get him to a doctor. So we took him to Salt Lake [City] and were up there for a week. We went from one doctor to another. Finally, we ran into a child specialist. The doctor dilated his eyes and he could not read. He could not see. Finally, he questioned him and questioned him and learned that the boy could see — only he was only balky. He was revengeful and he would not do anything that you wanted him to do. When he found that out, he questioned the boy and he told him the story.

Kay told about how I treated him and about how his teacher treated him. He said, “Kay, if I can make a deal with your dad [that] he won’t whip you anymore [and] your teacher won’t whip you anymore, will you read that?” He said, “Yes.” The doctor called his mother and I into the room and took him out [of the room]. He said, “I found out that you are the ones [who] have bad eyes. You are the ones that need the whipping [and] not this boy.” I said, “You are talking pretty loud. Be careful, doctor. I won’t take that kind of language.” He said, “Well, it is according to how much you think of your son.” At that I yielded. I said, “What do you want?” He said, “I want you to keep your promise with this boy. I want you to buy him that bicycle that you promised him. I want you to break a horse.”

I went out on the San Rafael Desert [Castle County, Utah] and chased horses for about ten days with a bunch of [Boy] Scouts [of America]. I was [the] scoutmaster. That was a great experience of my life that I do not [know] if I will get to tell on this tape.

The doctor said, “You keep your word with him. Don’t you ever whip him again. The teacher must not whip him. I will prove to you that he does not have bad eyes.” I said, “Brother, you have to prove to me. I don’t believe it. I don’t think that [child] can see.” He said, “Is it worth a chance?” I said, “Yes. I will do anything in this world.” I yielded and I tried and I promised that I would not whip him anymore. They called us together and the doctor made a deal between us. When he made that deal, that boy asked me, “Do you mean this, dad? Will you do this? You know you broke your word with me before. You told me you would break my horse.” I got a horse and brought it back from the desert. I said, “I mean it this time, son. If you will read that scoreboard, I will keep my word with you.”

He turned to the doctor and said, “Do you think dad means it?” The doctor said, “Yes, I know he means it.”

They dilated his eyes again and he read that scoreboard clear back as far as they could see it right up here. [He] never missed a number. His mother and I sat there crying like a couple of babies. That was a lesson to me and a lesson to that [child]. I do not have a [child who] is more loyal to me today than that boy is. He keeps an eye on me every day. That really taught me a lesson.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: [Our] second boy, Cline [G. Campbell], I expect here tomorrow night. He was a speed king in cars. The cops could not corner him half the time. He loved to speed [in the car]. His mother and I have laid in bed many a-night while he went to high school worrying about him coming [home]. We were all ready. They could have brought him in dead any night and we would have been prepared for it. To make a long story short, it was about the time he was ready to go on a [LDS] mission [that] he made up his mind.

I had one boy in the mission field in Germany and it was costing us about all we had to spare. This boy was proud. He was not going to go on a mission until he could furnish his own money. He said, “Dad, I want to go on a mission, but I am not going until I can pay my own way.” I tried to talk him out of buying a big car and this and that. He still would not do it. He knew he never had the money and he knew he was not ready to go. He knew I could not do it. As time went on, the Lord was on my side. He came [to me] one day and said, “Dad, I believe I better go on a mission now. I can’t finance myself, but you said the Lord will open a way. I am going to see if He will. I am ready to go.” So I told the bishop that he was ready to go and they gave him a call. When he left, the cops came to me and said, “The Lord has blessed you and us both. [He] blessed him to give him a mission and [he] blessed us to get rid of him.” [Laughter]

He loves to fly. He is an airplane pilot today [and] has an airplane of his own. He flies down here and takes us for a ride every once in awhile. I was scared on airplanes until I got in with him. When he wanted to give me the first ride, I said, “Cline, I will go up in that airplane with you if you can manage for me to keep one foot on the ground.” I went up with him and it has taken the fear out of [it for] me. I do not worry. If we get killed together, [it will be] fine. If we do not [get killed], we will land. That is the way I feel about it now. It does not worry me a bit.

He [received] his [mission] call to Japan. On this call, I [received] a special letter from President David O. McKay. It said, “Brother Campbell, your boy has been hand picked through a circle of prayer for a special mission and his headquarters will be in Japan.” We felt good about that [call]. I knew that he was that kind [of boy]. He was always the kind of a boy that if you could steer him in that direction,

he would go. When he [arrived in] Japan, it was the first time we knew that he was called into Korea. [He was] one of the first missionaries to establish that mission permanently. There had been a few missionaries in there alright. While he was there, he had a lot of trouble [convincing] himself that he was a missionary. He was there [and] almost came home a time or two through trouble he had had with different ones. [He had trouble with] mission district presidents and missionaries. Finally, after he was there a year, he was sent up into Pusan [South Korea]. He called it kind of a little jail town. He finally gained his testimony [there]. The greatest words that ever came to me [was in a letter that came from him]. “Dad, now I know what I am here for.” He filled a great mission there. He baptized over thirty [people] into the church and [performed] marriage [for] a few [of them]. He came back into Korea and was the district president. When he came back home, he joined the [Utah] National Guard and was picked to be a chaplain. He went back there and spent a year. Now he is home again. He is a great speaker.

FH: This [mission] made a wonderful change in his life.

MC: Yes. [He was] no better than the first boy. He was a counselor to the president while he was in Germany [and] was also the traveling elder.

This third boy has quite bad eyes. The second one has [bad eyes], too. He is a livewire. His eyes are not as bad as the third one’s [eyes]. We sent him to Scotland [on a LDS mission]. He walked with the power of the Priesthood there. He built a great mission among those Campbells and Catholics. [They] sent him back to the old country. [Laughter] He [wrote] in a letter one time, “Dad, if I told you all the stories I know about the Campbells, [who are] your ancestors over here, you would change your name. You would be ashamed of them.”

FH: That was wonderful for him to go back there.

MC: Yes. He is now going to BYU. I have three [children] going to BYU. One [of them is] teaching [there].

FH: You ought to go down the line and tell the names of all of [your] children.

MC: The first one is [Milo] Kay [Campbell]. [He is] the oldest one. Then [there is] Cline [G. Campbell]. Ravona [Campbell] is the next [child], a] girl. She converted a Texan [Tom Pike] to the church. [She] married him, but she has not been through the temple yet. We are living in hopes that he will see the light. [They] have three lovely girls and they are happy in Salt Lake [City]. She is working in the church. We can see [that] someday we are going to have him a full-fledged Mormon. He is a little indifferent now. He cannot quite see the light. Then there is Voin [Raymond] [Campbell]. [He is] the one who went to Scotland on his mission. He came back and married a girl, [Karla Herring, who] was waiting for him. They have a boy [who] is going to BYU.

[The next [child] is Sheriene [Campbell]. [She] is a great singer. They all sing. I cannot see too much difference in their singing [ability]. Nevertheless, "Sherie" is the vocal singer. She has been singing here in St. George and all over the country [area] since she was about ten years old. She married a missionary from here and moved to Provo. He [William Edward Seegmiller] is graduating now. They have a baby girl.

We have Creg [Allen Campbell] here in the home. We buried three [children]. [They were] two boys and a girl. Cline [G.] is a twin to [the] girl. We lost her [Reine] after she was born. [By] then, we [already] had two boys [who had died]. One was two and a half years old Glade [Freel] and one was a year and a half old [Elmon Lynn]. So we have had twelve children.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: Talk about some of the [events] that have happened in your life.

MC: At the present time, I am thinking about an experience that I had as a climax of a fault that I had for a number of years. When Alporta and I married, I had the terrible fault of profanity, which is one of the worst [faults]. I realize [that] now and I did [realize it] after awhile then. I sincerely desired to conquer this situation. I prayed almost every day to the Lord that He would give me strength to refrain from [using] profanity. I did this in the neighborhood of twenty years. I really desired to quit it, but it seemed that I never had what it took to bring it to a head. While we were in the turkey [business], [out] in John's Valley in Widtsoe, we found it necessary to go into the timber and cut 100,000 feet of timber to build the big brooders.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

MC: At this time, I had [a] big, beautiful team [of Clydesdale horses] that I [had] raised and broke. I loved them almost as much as anything that I ever owned. They were good pullers and they were trustworthy. While I was breaking them, I almost lost my life a time or two. It seemed that in order to get the brooders finished, to meet the deadline when the turkeys were coming, we had to go on Sunday. We felt like we should have to go on Sunday to pull this timber out and haul it to the sawmill to be sawed. This particular Sunday morning, when I went into the timber, I attempted to load a log on my truck the old style way. You put skids up on the truck and put a chain around them and the team pulls them up on the truck. That was before cats came into style. We did not have a caterpillar that time. The log turned on me and it would not go on [the truck]. I profaned some more [on] this beautiful Sunday morning. I tried it again and I kept trying for two solid hours to load one log. Something would keep happening. The skids would break. My axe handle broke. My cant hook broke. The tug broke. I cursed my team and they [became] excited and did not know what to do. [They] did not know what I

wanted of them. It seemed to be a terrible situation. It seemed like Satan had hold of me.

When I [was] tired of trying to put that log on and exhausted in profanity, I threw the lines on the ground and I knelt down upon my knees. I said, "Oh, God, when is the time coming that I can quit [using] profanity? I really want to [quit]." I heard a voice and it said, "Now is the time. The time has come, Milo, that you can quit [using] profanity." [Emotional] I jumped up and I looked all around. I could not see anyone. Then I said again, "Now is the time? Can I quit [using] profanity on this day?" And the voice said, "Yes." I looked around again. I thought: some of the other men were watching me. Then I realized that it was the Lord talking to me. So I said, "I will never work on Sunday again if I can possibly help it unless it is for the other fellow." From that time on, I have been able to control my tongue and my temper a lot better. There has only been once or twice that I have ever taken the Lord's name in vain since [that time]. It has been a great testimony to me to know that we can, through the power of the Priesthood and the gospel we have in us, accomplish anything in life if we are humble enough and determined enough [to do it].

I would like to speak a minute on my experiences as a [Boy Scouts of America] scoutmaster. I spent my life and a good many hundreds [of] dollars with the young people as I grew up. I am proud of it. I have tried to be one with them, but not one of them. I have been called to be a scoutmaster in two or three wards that I have been in. The Lord has been good and kind to me in giving me a job in the church. The privileges that I have had are more than I deserve.

I have been superintendent of the Sunday school, MIA president a number of times and in three bishoprics. I am now in the bishopric in the Ivins [Washington County, Utah] Ward, which I love very much.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: I was called to be scoutmaster in the little town of Kingston where I found my wife. We spent a number of years there living [together]. While I was scoutmaster there, I had four boys. There were five boys when we started out. As years went by, these boys were getting older. They were still young men [who were] growing into manhood, but we were still a scout troop.

One day one of these boys said, "Brother Campbell, let's go on a wild horse chase." I said, "I am ready to go." So we commenced to prepare immediately. We got our horses ready. I had a big truck. Three of the boys went [with me]. The other one could not go. We loaded four saddle horses in this truck. [We had] enough hay and grain to feed those horses for ten days [and] enough food supply to last that long. I really did not figure on staying on this chase when I left home. I had a spud crop that I was depending on to make a payment on my place that fall. I knew that I had to be home to water these potatoes. I decided I would take them

out and get them established, set up in their camp and then I would come home and water my spuds. Then I would go back to them in a few days.

When we reached the San Rafael [Swell], I realized that I could not leave these boys alone. The situations were such that it was not feasible. So I decided to stay with the boys. We started to wrangle horses. They were wild and it was almost impossible to catch these stronger and bigger horses on the desert in that sand on the best saddle horses [that we had at that time]. So we laid out plans to corral them around the water holes. We would lay there at night in our saddle blankets and watch [for them]. When they would go into the watering holes, our intention was to put up the bars and hold them. [On] the second night, we were all tense about one o'clock in the morning and here the animals came. As they slipped into the corral, I ran up to the bars and put them up. Then we took a flashlight and shone on the animals. [We] found we had a herd of cows instead of horses! So we could see our plan was not too successful.

I had a little experience, and I knew that we could wait until the horses came in to water. [When they were] filled up on water, we could run them down. So we laid out [at] another watering hole all night. When daylight came, here the horses came. We waited until they all [were] tanked up on water and we took after them. The best horses still outran us. They left us in the dust. When they started [running], they never quit running. We were able to get close enough that when we started, we moved up into the band before they [were] under headway. This way we caught five colts that were six months old. I estimated them at six months.

This one particular [colt] that I brought home and gave to my oldest boy, Kay, I [had] cut from the band. I chased it for five solid miles across the desert before I could get close enough to throw a rope on it. My saddle horse and the colt were given clear out. They were just merely trotting. I finally got close enough to throw my rope on that colt. The funny part about this situation was while I was chasing this horse, an airplane was flying over us in circles watching the fun. After I caught the colt, we went back. I waited until the horses were rested and then I went back to the boys where they had caught the mother of this colt. The three of them had surrounded her and caught her. As the story goes, [they were trying to decide] who was going to ride her first. We could not keep her because she was branded. So we decided we would ride her and then we would turn her loose.

I had one boy in this particular group [who] was a very wayward boy. We had worked with him for a number of years to try to get him to quit [using] profanity, smoking and a few other faults that he had [at that time]. We did not seem to make too much headway.

When we [were at camp], we drew straws to see which one was going to ride her. It fell to the lot of this wayward boy, [who] was over six feet tall. I was kind of full of meanness. He got up to the horse and threw the saddle on and we snapped

her. When he reached for the cinch, I grabbed him in the seat of the pants. He thought the horse had kicked him and he came out of there profaning and took after me. You can imagine what kind of a race it was. He was going about six feet [in] one stride and I was taking about six steps in his one stride. I finally outwinded him. He was going to rub my nose in the sand. He could have done [it] if he had caught me, but he did not catch me. I agreed that I would not do it anymore. So he got on this horse and he took a good ride. He stuck this mare. All [the] while, this airplane was circling over us watching the fun.

His hat was made of paste-board. [It was] one of these Panama paste-board hats. He had a terrible temper. About the second day we were there, the sun was hot. We took after a bunch of wild horses and he lost this hat. He got off and got it. He pulled it down over his head and pulled his head right through the hat. You can imagine [how it] would be [for a person] out there in that hot sun in the middle of the day in that hot desert. I really worried about that. At the time, he did not care. He just jumped off of his horse and he stomped [his] hat in the dirt. I said, "Don't stomp it. You will need it. Let's put my handkerchief over the top of it." He said, "No, I won't wear that wagon wheel." He stomped it to pieces.

When about three o'clock came in the afternoon, I was really worried about that boy because he was sick. The sun was [beating down]. He was blistered. I tried to coax him to let me put my big red handkerchief over his head, but he would not do that. The next day, he went bareheaded again. I tried to persuade them to break the party up and we would go home, but he still refused. About the fourth day, I ran across one of these little blue denim CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] hats. I got off [my horse and picked it up]. He did not see me get it. I told one of the boys [who] were with me, "There is Arnold a hat." I stuck it in my bib [overalls].

The next day we were riding out in the hot sun. He said, "I will give my horse and saddle for a hat." I said, "Do you mean that, Arnold?" He said, "I will give anybody [for them]. I have given up. I will give anybody my horse and saddle for a hat." He was serious, too. So I pulled this hat [out of my overalls]. I had been carrying it. I pulled this hat out of my bib [overalls] and handed it to him. He grabbed that [hat]. He said, "I wouldn't wear that thing for no price." He threw it just as far as he could send it. I got it and put it back in my bib [overalls]. Along about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, he came up to me. He said, "Brother Campbell, where is that hat?" He put it on and wore it.

Another thing, we wanted him to take his turn in asking the blessing, but he refused. He would not pray. I [am] ahead of my story a little bit. While we were eating supper, before I gave him the hat. I said, "Arnold, if I have you a hat tomorrow, will you ask the blessing?" He said, "Yes, I will ask the blessing." I said, "Alright, if I can't come up with some hat, I will give you mine." I knew what I figured on doing. [Laughter]

He asked the blessing and I never heard such a fine blessing in all my life. [It was] a humble, unlearned prayer that I am sure that reached the Lord's ears. It broke him down. Then when I gave him the hat, he finally acknowledged that he was doing wrong. He felt bad all the rest of the trip because he had lost his horse and saddle. I owned his horse and saddle now. I think maybe I better skip a little of this story.

When we reached home, we found that my wife and family were ready to send the sheriff after me because I had never written home. I had never said anything [about where we were camped]. They were expecting me back home and I never came [home]. It was out on the San Rafael [Swell] on Robber's Roost. [It] was my intention when I went out there to see the hideout of Butch Cassidy and his gang in Robber's Roost. It was so far [and] we learned that there was no water there. We [were] afraid and we did not see this very spot. Now they have filmed [a] picture [show] in St. George [of] Butch Cassidy. I am anxious to see how true it is to his life. I have quite a lot [of information on] his life and I am anxious to see the story.

When we reached Kingston back home, we stopped in the street. He got out of the truck with tears in his eyes and looked at his horse and saddle. Then he turned and walked away [and] went to the house. Just before he got to the house, he looked back and I had his horse and saddle unloaded out of the truck. He said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "Come here, Arnold." He came back to me. I said, "Here. This is your horse and saddle. Not mine." I gave them back to him. I said, "Now, let this be a lesson to you in your life." He promised [it] would and he has been a fairly good boy since.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: While we were in this turkey [business] in the old town of Widtsoe, where I spent most of my days, my wife and I decided that we wanted a patriarchal blessing. We wanted to go to Escalante where I was born and raised. [We wanted to] get a patriarchal blessing from Brother Griffin. He was the patriarch that was so loved among the Escalante people. [He was] especially [loved by] my father and mother. [They] dearly loved him and his wife. They were pals together.

We went over to Escalante and knocked on his door. I said, "Brother Griffin, we want you to give us a patriarchal blessing." He said, "This is so sudden. I just can't do it right now. Why don't you go up town, if you have something to do, and come back in a few minutes. I have an important program to carry out before I can do that." When we left, we knew what it was [he had to do]. We knew he was going in secret and pray to the Lord for instructions.

When we got back there, he said, "I am ready." He laid his hands upon my head and gave me this blessing. It was straight to the point, but in a very few words. In this blessing, he told me, "You are going to be tried financially. [It will be]

poverty, but if you will live the gospel of Jesus Christ, your inheritance will be great.” I am not quoting the exact words, but that was the promise that man gave me. I was so disappointed. I thought I was going to hear a big flowery story. [I thought]: they were going to tell me [the] progress that I was going to make in my life. I went home disappointed. I took this patriarchal blessing and I laid it on the shelf where I could not see it. [Life] went on for a number of years. I did not even get [it] out to read it. I did not even want to read it. It did not mean anything to me.

As time went on, we moved back to the little town of Kingston where we had our home partly built and a small farm. I made up my mind that if I ever [had] a chance, I would get another patriarchal blessing from another patriarch. At this time, when we [returned] to Kingston, Brother W. J. Luke was the bishop. We fell for each other and worked together a lot. He was a Danishman, but he was a good Danishman.

As time went on, he went out of the bishopric and he was put in as patriarch of the stake. I thought: now is my time. I went up to him one night and said, “Brother Luke, will you give me a patriarchal blessing?” He put his arms around me and he said, “Milo, I don’t know of a man in the Priesthood that I would rather give a patriarchal blessing to than you.” He made an appointment with me [for] one evening. I went there and he told his family to go in another room and [he] shut the doors. He laid his hands upon my head and he could not speak. He took his hands off of my head and walked around the room. He came back and put his hands on my head again and still nothing came to him to give me. I was really worried. Finally, he took his hands off my head the third time and came back. He came around and he looked me in the eyes. He said, “Milo, have you ever had a patriarchal blessing before?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “The time has changed now. We can only give you one patriarchal blessing in the church anymore. I am glad that is the reason. I thought that you had done something in your life that would deprive you of this great blessing. Thank the Lord that it is only because you have already had one.”

Then I related my experience to him. [I told him about] the patriarchal blessing that I had [be given]. He put his arm around me again. He said, “You get home right now and read that [patriarchal blessing]. You study it and pray about it. You will find that you have one of the finest blessings in all this world.” So I went home and I did what he had commanded me to do. When I [was] through [with what he had asked me to do], I discovered that I had the best patriarchal blessing in the world. I would not trade it for anything because it promised me a great future if I would try hard to live the gospel of Jesus Christ.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: When Cline [G.] [G., my second son, was called back to Korea in the [United States] Army, the Clearfield [Davis County, Utah] Ward, where his wife lived,

wanted him to come there and talk in church. It was the day that he was to leave for Korea. So we prepared and went from St. George to Clearfield. [We] just barely got there in time for Sacrament Meeting. After we heard his testimony, we went to his wife's parents' home to bid him [farewell]. We had to leave to get back to St. George for our work on Monday morning. This was Sunday night after Sacrament Meeting. We said goodbye to each other and went out in the car. It was raining pretty hard. We started the car and started to move off.

Cline [G.] came running out of the house and hollered at us. He ran up to the car door and opened it. He said, "Dad, do you have time to come back in and give me a father's blessing? I don't feel too good." We did have a heavy feeling over us. He was going to the Army. The way the boys are killed off now, we just could not see any return. I got out of the car and we went back into the home. My prayer was the gift and the power of the Holy Ghost. I promised him in the name of the Priesthood that he would return unharmed when his time was up [in Korea]. When he [came] home just recently, he got in his little Volkswagen and came down here. We had him speak in church while he was here in this ward. When we met, I said, "Son, now you are back. It might interest you to know that I knew that you were coming back unharmed." He said, "You didn't have anything over me, dad. I knew it, too, when you said Amen."

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: The Lord has been good and kind to me. He gave me a testimony of the gospel when I was eighteen years old. I knew that it was right and true, but I was not big enough to live it. When we were first married, we owned a school bus or two and were transporting [students from] Antimony and Angle into the Piute High School. We rented a little room up in Angle. I believe it was the second winter we were married. We had to go ten to twelve miles to Sunday school to meetings at the Antimony ward. One day the president of the stake and the bishop pulled up to my door. He said, "Brother Campbell, we are going to set you apart as Sunday school superintendent of the Angle branch of the Antimony Ward. We want you to open up a Sunday school here and go to work."

That is what they did. Out in the flats, there was a little red schoolhouse that had not been used for a good many years. My good wife and I got in the bus. We made our rounds to every ranch in that vicinity and told them what was to be done. I wanted their help. [I wanted them] to come over there to that little red schoolhouse, clean it up and fix it up [so] we could hold Sunday school. The people responded very well — especially the younger generation. In a week, we had that little schoolhouse [ready to use as] a church. We held our first Sunday school [there]. There was an old man there [who] was a non-Mormon. I cannot think of his name.

AC: [His name was] Old Nick.

MC: Old Nick [is what] they called him. He was a Mexican. He came [to the meeting]. He would not come in and sit down, but he would come to the door, take his hat off and keep watch on us all the time. After the Sunday school was over, I would go out and he would put his arm around me. He would say, "Milo, you are a good man, but I am no good. You are a good man, but I am no good." I said, "Yes, you are good, Nick. We are going to have you in this church some day." We did not get him because he died.

We were there for about a year. In our activity, we had the highest attendance in the church per capita while we were holding this little Sunday school. The time arrived when my wife and I had to pull out and leave. So we put another man in as superintendent. It was just a few months until the Sunday school dwindled away again. It has never started in that ward since [we were there].

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

MC: It has my hobby all my life to live with horses. I have always had a saddle horse or two around. I love horses and it has been my desire in life. I could still live on a horse. If I had a job that would pay me, I could live on a horse all the rest of my days. The doctor has told me a time or two to stay off of a horse or they would find me dead on a horse. I said, "I don't know where I would rather be found dead." It has never worried me. I have ridden as hard as [any one can ride —

[END OF RECORDING FOUR.]

MC: — and I can still ride today. Since I came to St. George [and during] my vacations, I have gone out with the Esplin boys wrangling cattle. They have in the neighborhood of 2,000 or 3,000 head [of cattle]. You can chase cattle all day, every day, as long as you want to chase [cattle]. It is just the old style of cowboy riding. [When you go with the Esplin boys], you wrangle cattle, you hold them in a corner, you rope them, you brand them and separate them. That is their policy.

This year I went out on October 28, [1968]. We unloaded our camp and we unloaded the horses. They said, "Milo, we will go up to the cabin and start supper and you can put your horses in the pasture with ours. Then come on up." It was after dark and they all went to the cabin. I led my horses into this pasture. They had in the neighborhood of twenty-five head of saddle horses. I was forewarned through experience and other ways not to lead my horses into that pasture among those horses because you know what happens when a new horse hits a new [gang of horses]. I did not heed this prompting. I thought: I know what I am doing and I can do this. I was leading one horse and the other one was following right behind me. I whipped the horses out of the way and led these two mares out into the pasture about twenty-five yards. It had not rained for days and the sand was quite deep along the trail and that is where I was traveling.

All at once, one of their horses decided to take after mine. He made a lunge for her and she tried to get out of the way and knocked me down on my stomach in

the sand. Before I could get up, this other horse walked over me. One foot hit me in the back of the head and knocked me partly out. The other one stepped in the middle of my back and I still have the print on my back. Some of it [is] left yet [from] two or three weeks. I could hardly breathe. My right shoulder was hurt and I could not get up. After he walked over me, here came twenty or twenty-five more horses on a dead run. There was a dust created there over me [so] that you could not see your hand in front of you a foot away. There I laid partly knocked out. I could hear the hooves of horses going by me on a dead run on each side. Not one of those horses touched me. I could not get up. So I administered to myself. I commanded in the name of Jesus Christ and the power of the Priesthood that I held that He would make me whole, that I could get up and I could fill my mission for fifteen days without going to the doctor. When I said, “Amen,” I got up on my feet and commenced to feel around myself. I was not hurt as badly as I figured I was. I walked to the cabin and they were determined to bring me to the doctor. We were out there eighty miles from nowhere. I refused to go [to the doctor]. I said, “I came here to wrangle cattle and that is what I am going to do.” They still insisted that I do it, but nevertheless, I did not go [to the doctor]. I stayed there in the saddle for thirteen days before I came to town.

I want to bear my testimony at this time. I know that God lives. I know that Jesus is the Christ. I know that President Joseph Smith was our latter-day prophet and I know that President [David O.] McKay is the prophet, seer, and revelator of this church today through the Priesthood that we have had in our home. We have healed the sick and same as raised the dead in our home through this great power that has been ours. I bear it to you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[END OF RECORDING FIVE. END OF INTERVIEW.]

[My parents were wonderful parents who loved all of their children equally.]

— Added during editing by Sheriene “Sherie” (Campbell) Seegmiller.]