

Interview with
EDWIN M. HIATT

October 16, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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INDEX

	Page
Accident	6, 7
Baseball	15, 16
Basketball	16, 17
Beaver, UT	22, 23
Bloomington, UT	19, 26
Civilian Conservation Corps [CCC]	9
Cluff, LaDene (Hiatt)	29
Courtship	19, 20
Dances	18
Delta, UT	6
Dixie College	30
Enterprise, UT	27, 28
Eye Operation	9
Fire	11
Grandmother	8, 9
Henderson, NV	28
Hiatt, Bruce Carter	25
Hiatt, Edwin Jerry	22
Hiatt, Edwin M.	5
Hiatt, Hannah Cynthia (Carter)	19
Hiatt, James Elihu	5, 7 – 9, 12, 13, 20-23
Hiatt, James Larkin	10
Hiatt, James Reed “Jimmy”	28
Hiatt, John Steven	29
Hiatt, Lynn Dee	28
Hiatt, May Belle (McCain)	5, 13, 21
Hiatt, Ralph Duane	28
Hiatt, Wynona	24
Horse Accidents	6, 8
Horse Riding	14
Horse Training	14, 15
Ice Skating	9
Idaho Farm	25

Influenza	7
Jensen, UT	5
Kanarraville, UT	16, 18
McGregor, Dr. Alpine Watson	28
McGregor, Dr. Donald Alpine	22, 30
Mail Carrier	26, 27
Milking	8, 9
Moapa Valley, NV	6
Modesto, CA	13
Operation	30
Provo, UT	9
Reading	17, 18
Reichman, Dr. Wilford J.	24, 29
Salt Lake City, UT	9
School	9, 10, 12
Sickness	10
Snow	26 - 28
Soccer	17
St. George, UT	21
St. George Temple	22
Standard Stations	29
Sugar Factory	6, 7
Sutherland, UT	8
Swimming	10, 11
Utah Oil Refinery	9, 11, 15
Work Accident	29
Work Projects Administration [WPA]	24

EDWIN M. HIATT

Edwin M. Hiatt was interviewed on October 8, 1968 in St. George, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voice of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in Utah, Idaho, Nevada, and over sixty-four years in St. George, Utah.

FH: Please give your full name.

EH: Edwin M. Hiatt.

FH: Just the initial?

EH: Yes, just the initial [M].

FH: Your birth date?

EH: June 20, 1913.

FH: The place of your birth?

EH: Jensen, [Uintah County] Utah.

FH: Could you give kind of an idea [of] where Jensen is located?

EH: It is about thirteen miles south and east of Vernal, Utah. Right down on the [Green] river.

FH: Alright. What is your father's name?

EH: My father's name is James Elihu Hiatt. My mother's name [is] May Belle (McCain) Hiatt.

FH: Can you spell McCain?

EH: M-C-C-A-I-N.

FH: Would you tell about some of [your] early recollections? [Something about] the early [years of] your life.

EH: I was the oldest child born to this couple. At birth I weighed three and a half pounds.

FH: You were little! [Laughter]

EH: I was premature [by] two months. The first three days they didn't know whether I was going to live or whether they would lose me. But evidently I made it! [Laughter]

FH: Yes, you did! [Laughter]

EH: Mother said that for the first four months all I did was eat and sleep. After that, I started to wake up and act like a human baby.

FH: You just had to catch up, that was all!

EH: That was it, I just had to catch up.

FH: Sure!

EH: At the age of six months, mother took me to visit her folks who lived down in the Moapa Valley [Nevada] in the old town of St. Thomas. Later, in the spring, my father joined us there and for the next five years we made our home in the Moapa Valley. I lived in almost all of the little towns [from] St. Thomas up to Moapa.

FH: What was your father doing that caused you to move?

EH: [My] father was [in] construction work and farming. When he wasn't doing construction work, he was farming. The reason that we left the Moapa Valley was he had a heat stroke. It was also during World War I. We moved to Delta, [Millard County] Utah. He went to work [building] a sugar beet factory for the extraction of sugar. He helped build [the] factory in Delta. After the plant was completed, he worked part of the winter in the plant.

FH: How did you fare for childhood playmates?

EH: I had two little sisters which I was very fond of and I played with [them]. The fall before we left Moapa Valley, father was plowing a piece of ground. He [was] moving from one field across into another. There was a large irrigation ditch that he had to [cross] and a gate that had to be opened. He figured that he would pull his team down into the ditch and then get off the plow and open the gate. I told him I wanted [to get] off. I didn't want to ride across the ditch. He told me to sit still. As the horses started down into the ditch, one of the horses jumped. Just as the horse jumped, I jumped! I [landed] right down against the bank of the ditch and the horses jerked the plow. [The plow] was a big double disc plow [and it went] right over the top of me. It cut both legs. One leg [was] cut almost completely through the bone. The tendons in my toes were cut in my other leg. At that time, [the] closest doctor [was in] Las Vegas [Nevada]. [It] was a two day ride with a buggy and team to get to Las Vegas. The only person was a

midwife, a Mrs. Lee. She was summoned. She took a needle and sewed the cords back together and strapped me to a board. My folks [had to] keep me right flat. I was flat for almost three months while my legs healed. Then I had to learn to walk all over again. A sister just younger than me would push me. I had a little red express wagon and she used to push me after I got so that I could be [be up]. She pushed the wagon and I would guide it. That was the way I got around until I learned to walk again.

FH: My goodness! How old were you at that time?

EH: I was about four and a half years old at that time.

FH: It looks like there would be a tremendous loss of blood.

EH: There was.

FH: It was a miracle!

EH: It was through the power of the Priesthood that I was promised that I would walk again and that there would be no disfigurement. Today the only time that you can tell where the scar is, or where the cuts were, is if I get real dirty. No dirt sticks to these scars. You can't see the scar tissue [by] just looking at my legs.

FH: Isn't that a miracle though?

EH: It surely is. It left my toes pulled down, so that when I walk instead of my toes being out straight, they are doubled back. I walk right so that the toenails are in the bottom of my shoes. I have to keep my toenails trimmed [very] close all the time. [I] can't let my toenails grow long at all.

FH: It's still a miracle. Tremendous!

EH: The winter [my] father worked [at] the sugar beet factory in Delta, there was so much influenza. He and one other man were the only two men in the whole town of Delta that didn't have the flu. They went from home to home doing chores, taking care of [the] sick, and helping bury those that died. It was almost six weeks that our whole family, other than [my] father, was down with the flu.

FH: Did you lose any of your family?

EH: None of our family died; we all survived the flu. The next spring, father leased a farm [and] raised sugar beets, wheat, and barley. At this time we moved out to Sutherland [Millard County, Utah]. That was where the farm was located. I was grown [and] thought I could handle a team and wagon [with] four horses as well as anyone. I got in trouble a couple of times.

FH: [Laughter]

EH: One time we had been plowing [and] I unhooked the team and started for the house. [The horses] started to go faster than I could run and they jerked me down but I hung on to the line. They drug me for about a quarter of a mile. They didn't run but they went on a good fast [trot] until they reached the gate. They stopped and I was able to get control of the team again.

Another time, we were going to town to the store and we were driving a small team. They were real high spirited. Father [went] into the post office to mail a letter. While he was in the post office I was sitting holding the team and an automobile came along. It was very rare to see an automobile and that spooked this team. They ran away and upset the wagon and [put] me in the canal. Fortunately no one was hurt other than to break up the harness [when] the team broke loose from the wagon.

FH: Someone must [have] been looking after you. [Laughter]

EH: Yes. I think when I look back at my childhood, there were a lot of things that I did and a lot of things that happened to me [and] I think a guardian angel had his arm around me. In fact, I know I had a destination, something more to live for or I [would have] been taken. I had a brother younger than me [who] was born in October. My grandmother came to [assist the family at the birth of a new baby]. I was six years of age and had started to school in Sutherland. I used to walk a mile and a half from home to school. As soon as I would get home I would go out and milk the cow. I especially liked to milk this cow. One night I was a little late getting home from school and my grandmother had gone out and milked the cow. When I [came] home, she had already milked the cow. I became infuriated and went out to the tack shed, got the black whip [and] went in [to the house]. She was bent over the stove taking some biscuits out of the [oven]. I really let her have that black whip. That was a mistake!

FH: You are sure that was a mistake now? [Laughter]

EH: I regretted that.

FH: What did they do to you?

EH: There was nothing done to me other than [I was] just talked to. But if they had given me a whipping with the whip it wouldn't have hurt me as bad as the talking [did]. To see my little frail grandmother cry and talk to me about whipping her with the whip. It hurt me worse than if they had whipped me with the whip. Just after Christmas we moved from Sutherland to Provo [Utah County, Utah]. Father [found] a job [doing] construction work. [He was] working on a milk processing

plant in Vineyard [Utah County, Utah]. He was a cement finisher by trade as well as doing farm work. [He would do] any other type of labor that he could find. So we moved to this place in Vineyard. At this place there was a bunch of cows that we took care of. We milked about fifteen or twenty head of cows. It was a [very] bad winter. It snowed quite deep and it froze real hard. There was a lot of ice and I learned to ice skate that winter. There was a big pond which froze over. I really enjoyed ice skating. I got so that I was a pretty good ice skater.

I finished the first grade. I had a growth under my eye which bothered my eyesight. Due to the fact that I couldn't see too [well] and that we had moved, they decided that I should be held back and I should take the first grade over. We moved from Vineyard into Provo. Father [was working in] construction; working on a post office building and [the] federal building in Provo. He worked all fall and the biggest part of the winter in Provo. I started to school in Provo the next fall. Before spring [came], we moved from Provo into Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. That meant changing schools again. I went to this school about six weeks and I just lost interest. I was behind [and] the method of teaching was a complete change. The material that they were teaching was altogether foreign to me and I just lost interest. All I wanted to do was cause a disturbance so they put me into kindergarten. I was a big boy, seven years old, and they put me into kindergarten. Before the school year was out, my folks moved again to the northern part of Salt Lake [City]. [We were] out next to the Utah Oil Refinery [in North Salt Lake City]. That meant a move to a new school. Here, a special teacher [took an interest] and worked with me the rest of the year. That summer she was instrumental in having my eye operated on. It [was] a four and a half hour operation to remove this tumor from under my eye. I wore colored glasses the rest of the summer. That fall, when I started back to school, they put me in the third grade. I was able to see. I was able to look at a book and actually read what it said. Before [that], I couldn't read. The letters just dashed around.

FH: It is no wonder you didn't have an —

EH: I could look at the picture. I used to take my readers home and look at the pictures. My mother would read to me. I could get up before the class and recite word for word what was in those readers. But I just couldn't see to read out of a book. I'd look at the page and everything was just blurred. I could look at a picture and make out what it said.

FH: It was good thing you were able to get the operation and get that straightened out.

EH: Yes, it was a good thing. While we lived in North Salt Lake [City] that winter I had measles [and] whooping cough. I brought [them] home [during the] Thanksgiving holidays. I was out [of school] until about the middle of February.

FH: That is a [inaudible] combination.

EH: I brought it home to my two little sisters and brother. Mother had never had measles. She [had] the measles and then she [came down with] pneumonia. They called in the doctor and the doctor gave her up as dead. Father called in the elders. The elders came in and administrated to mother and promised her that she would get well, that she would live, [and] that she would raise her family. That promise was fulfilled. She had enough faith that she pulled through. That was my first experience of listening to [the] elders, knowing and realizing the promise and the power of the Priesthood. The effect that the Priesthood has and what they can promise a person if they have the faith. That winter I did a lot of ice skating. We had a lot of snow in Salt Lake [City]; it was a hard winter. It seems to me like there was about four feet of snow at one time on the ground that winter. Of course I couldn't go to school, I couldn't go outside, and I sure missed being outside. I missed my ice skating [and] I missed riding my sled. It was a real chore to have to stay in and keep warm and keep out of the cold.

We lived right across the street, almost, from the Wasatch [Springs Plunge] in North Salt Lake [City]. It was only about a block and a half or two blocks down to Beck's Hot Springs which was another nice swimming place. I used to go swimming one place or the other. One time I was down [at] Beck's [Hot Springs]. I could dive pretty [well] but I didn't know how to swim on top of the water. I could swim under water real good but I couldn't swim on top of the water. I remember that I dived off and thought I was going to be alright. When I came up for air [I] bumped against someone and I got my mouth full of water. I got excited [and] went down for the third time before they realized that I was going down. They pulled me out on the bank and gave me artificial respiration. It was quite an experience. My folks told me that I couldn't go swimming anymore but that didn't [deter] me. I made up my mind that I was going to learn to swim. But I never did learn how to swim on top of the water as long as I lived in Salt Lake [City].

FH: For goodness sake!

EH: I can swim under water. I [improved until] I could swim seventy-five or one hundred feet under water without coming up for air. But I never could swim on top of the water. I could go under water just like a fish but when I would get on top I just couldn't swim.

FH: That is unusual.

EH: [I could] dog paddle a little [to] stay up [and] I could float a little, but I never did learn how to swim and stay on top of the water. But that didn't stop me from diving [and] it didn't stop me from going into the swimming pool. I used to go swimming as often as I could.

I remember in 1922, it was the Twenty Fourth of July [and] we had a big freezer of ice cream all frozen. We were waiting for father to come home. We had been downtown to the program [and] watched the parade. We came home [and were] waiting for supper. There was a little thunder storm that came up [with] quite a lot of lightning. The lightning hit the Utah Oil Refinery and set it afire. I remember father jumping up and dashing off. We stayed at home that night. We could hear the roar of the fire [as] they brought fire engines from the surrounding communities, even down from Ogden [Weber County, Utah] and up from Provo to help battle the blaze. The lightning had struck one of the tar tanks and set roofing tar afire [and] that set a paraffin wax tank afire. So they had a tar tank and a paraffin wax tank [burning]. Also, right in [the] vicinity [was] a high octane gas tank. They were able to pump the gas out and fill it with water to keep it from exploding. They pumped the oil from two or three tanks that were in the vicinity. That fire burned for three days before they could contain it.

FH: Goodness!

EH: The next morning they evacuated us and we stayed at my aunt Mary Holiday's [home]. Her name was Cromwell at that time. She was married to a fellow by the name of Bill Cromwell. She had two little boys and they lived about eight blocks from where we lived. Up on the hill, where they lived, we could look right down onto the fire. We could watch it from their veranda. We could stand on the veranda and see the blaze and see what was going on. Eight blocks is only a mile away so that isn't too far. But [it] was a lot farther than what we lived. We were only a block and a half from the fire. After we went back home, the shingles on our roof were singed and black in spots where it had almost torched the roof on fire from the heat of [the] fire. We lived at this place —

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

EH: — in Salt Lake for about three and a half years. My youngest brother was [very] slow in learning to walk and talk due to the fact that he had whooping cough and measles when he was only about ten months old. When he learned to talk he used to go down to the service station on the corner. The men at the service station would give him bubble gum, a jaw breaker, or a penny to get him to say his name. He used to say, "My name is Amie-Auggie-Aieat." He couldn't say James Larkin Hiatt, it was "Amie-Auggie-Aieat."

FH: [Laughter]

EH: That just tickled them! I used to get quite a kick out of listening to him. I used to try to get him to say it. If you would try to get him to say his name, he would just clam up and wouldn't talk, but you could offer him something and bribe him into saying it. As long as you could keep bribing him, he would keep saying his name over and over, but if you tried to get him to say it without giving him something,

he would clam up and wouldn't say his name.

FH: Through these years you were still going to school, and —

EH: Yes, I was still going to school. After I [had the] operation on my eye, I did [very] good in school. We moved down to the southern part of Salt Lake [City], down to 2100 South. We lived there [for] about a year before we moved from Salt Lake [City]. I turned twelve years old while we were living in the southern part of Salt Lake [City]. I was ordained a deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood. I belonged to the Seventeenth Ward in Salt Lake [City] at the time.

FH: You had been active in [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] through these years?

EH: Yes, at the time we lived out in North Salt Lake [City], I went to the Anderson School. Right across the street from the school they held religious classes. Once a week they would have religious classes and I went two different winters to the classes. I also went to Primary and to Sunday school. I guess I was like most little boys. I attended as often as my folks went and they were quite religious. They went as often as they could to church.

FH: I think [it] would be good for you to tell of the things that you can remember about your father. What do you remember him for?

EH: [My] father was a real good worker [and] he was [very] conscientious. He did have a bad temper. When he was a young man he spent a lot of years hauling freight. From the time he was thirteen years old until he was thirty he raised his mother's family [because] his father died when he was thirteen years old. He had four brothers and two sisters and he helped his mother educate and raise the family.

FH: He was the breadwinner?

EH: He was the breadwinner. He went to work herding sheep and hauling freight, working wherever he could find a job at doing whatever he could do to earn [money]. He lived a rough life and I guess he picked up a lot of bad habits. My father could swear about as good as any man could swear. He said that was his downfall and his undoing, but I believe he overcome the bad habit. I know as a young boy, I had the habit of using quite foul language. I had heard father use [that] language and a boy will imitate his father. But father was a good man. He was good to me and he liked to have me with him. He took me with him whenever it was possible. If he was going somewhere and he could take me, he [did]. [He] always seemed to enjoy having me with him and I enjoyed going with my father.

FH: What do you remember about your mother?

EH: Mother was always a good worker. She always liked to have a nice garden, kept the house in good repair, and was [very] industrious. She always bottled [canned] a lot of fruit, raised a good garden and we always had clean clothes to wear. A lot of times we had to wear patched [clothes], but they were always clean. We always had a nice house as our home. Our friends were always [welcomed]. [It was] a joy to take friends home.

FH: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

EH: I had three brothers and three sisters. There were seven [children] in the family. I was the oldest. I had two sisters younger than me and then a brother and another sister and then two brothers.

FH: Can you tell a little bit about what has happened to them?

EH: All of my family that are living, live in California now. My father and mother are still living. They live [in] Modesto, California. My oldest brother lives there. My older sister also lives in Modesto [and the] next to the youngest brother lives in Modesto. I have one sister that lives down in southern California. I can't remember the town [where] they live. [LaPuente, California]

FH: Okay.

EH: I still enjoy going to visit my parents. We try to go down [every] summer. It has been several years since they were able to come [to Utah] for a visit.

FH: Were there some other faith-promoting experiences that you remember? Or is this all that you can remember at this time?

EH: That is about all I can remember at this time.

FH: Alright. As you were growing up, what did you do to have a good time, just for fun?

EH: I used to like to ride [horses]. When I was fourteen years old, [an] uncle give me a little pony [whose] name was Dan. I really liked to ride this little pony! He only weighed about 500 pounds. [The pony] was not much bigger than a Shetland pony when I got him, but after I fed him, he grew a little [and] put on a little more weight. He broadened out [but] he didn't get any taller. I could stand and put my arm out and he could walk under my arm. He was less than five feet tall. I used to ride him bareback. I never had a saddle. Never could afford a saddle when I was a boy going to school. I used to ride bareback [and] I liked to ride. When I was fourteen years old, I used to ride race horses over at New Harmony [Washington]

County, Utah] on the Fourth of July and the Twenty Fourth of July. In the fall they would have a race meet and I liked to ride the race horses for them. I won several races. Some of the fellows liked to have me ride because I wasn't afraid of their horses. I could handle [most] any kind. I wasn't afraid to get on any kind of a horse. It didn't matter to me. After I was a little older, the worse the horse acted and the wilder he was, the better I liked him!

FH: [Laughter]

EH: In fact, if I could get some outlaw horse that nobody else wanted or could handle, I was in seventh heaven, you might say. [I enjoyed] breaking that animal and making a good useful animal out of [him]. I took several horses that were going to [be] shipped for coyote bait or dog food and I was able to talk the owners into letting me take them and use them. Every time I turned the horse back to the owner, they sold the horse and [received] a good price.

FH: Because they were too mean to break?

EH: Yes, they had been spoiled. Somebody had got them [and] they had been outlawed more or less —

FH: How did you break them? Did you work with them slowly or gently?

EH: I just worked with them slowly. I would tie them up and work them over. I would give them a real working over. First thing I would teach them was that when I said whoa, I meant whoa! I meant for them to stop. If they were tied with just a string around their neck, it didn't have to be tied around a post, when that rope or string dropped to the ground they were tied. They would stay there. They would stay there all day and all night if they had to. They wouldn't go dragging off. That was one of the first things that I taught a horse. When I left him, I wanted him to stay where I left him.

FH: That sounds good.

EH: I found with most outlaw horses, they had to know that I was boss. I just let them know that I wasn't afraid of them. That is all an outlaw horse is, he gets the upper hand of a man and knows he has the man buffaloed. Then he puts on an act and takes advantage of it. But if you show him that you're not afraid of him, they soon gentle down. Some of them will bite and kick when you start to handle them, but if you show them that you are boss and that you are not going to stand for that kind of monkeyshine, they learn right quick. All you have to do is knock a horse down once or twice for such foolishness and he soon learns that it doesn't pay. Every time he tries something like that he gets knocked down. It only takes about the second time to knock him down and he is a good horse after that.

It is the same when you teach a horse to rope. All you have to do is tie on to an animal, step off, and turn them loose. Let the animal go that you caught. If I was teaching a colt how to handle a rope, I would rope about a two or three year old bull, then just step off and turn them loose and let them go.

FH: Tied to the saddle horn?

EH: The rope would be tied to the saddle horn. About the second time that bull pulled the horse off of his feet, because the rope was wrapped around him, he soon learned to watch that rope. He soon learned to take advantage of that rope. He learned to watch it and he learned to put that bull down and keep him down. [Then he] made a pretty good rope horse.

FH: They are pretty clever animals.

EH: You bet! You just have to turn them loose. I [received] a lot of enjoyment and pleasure out of working with animals. I liked animals. I really enjoyed being around cows and horses. I always had a good dog when we lived on the farm. We lived on the farm from the time I was twelve years old until I was married.

FH: Did you [participate in any] sports activities?

EH: When we lived in Salt Lake [City near] the Utah Oil Refinery, they had what they called [the] Utah Oil Refinery Kids. In the neighborhood there were enough boys that were close to my age [and] we had a [very] good baseball team. We used to play softball and we also played hard ball. There were enough [boys] in the neighborhood [whose] fathers worked for Utah Oil Refinery Company. The company furnished the ball field and helped buy the equipment for us. They sponsored the ball games. At least twice a week we would have a ball game. We were [very] efficient [and] real good ball players. Everybody liked to play ball and we used to spend hours practicing. We used to hold some real good tournaments. In fact, one year we went down to Provo and played a team. We went to Ogden and played a team. That year we won every game that we played.

FH: What position did you play?

EH: I always played catcher. I started playing catcher when I was seven years old. I played catcher until I was grown. When we moved down to Kanarraville [Washington County, Utah], [it was] just a small town [but they] had a baseball team. They used to play basketball in Kanarraville. That was their big game. In [my] grade there were six boys. In the wintertime we played basketball in the school gym during recess, after school, during the noon hour, or whenever we could get access to the floor. The teacher was a real enthusiast for sports and he was a good coach. [By the time] we were in the seventh grade, of course, we [had] played together from the fourth grade, all through the fifth grade, the sixth

grade, the seventh grade, and on into the eighth grade. I used to play center and guard with the group of boys that I [played] with in the seventh grade. I would play center and then drop back as stationary guard. I was a good athlete. I used to be able to stand and jump six feet in the air straight up. I could stand flat footed and jump six feet straight in the air.

FH: Wow!

EH: I used to be able to jump and take the ball right off the backboard. Just take it right out of the basket almost! When we were in the seventh grade, we [were so] efficient as a group playing ball that nobody could beat us. There wasn't a team, not even the M-Men [church] team [of] grownups in town [that] could beat us on our own floor. Of course, if we went on another floor, they could wallop us a lot of times! But if we played on our own court where we were used to playing, there wasn't a team that could beat us. We even played the high school team from Cedar [City, Iron County, Utah]. They even sent down their college team and we beat their college team!

FH: No kidding? What did you [think] about that?

EH: When we were in the eighth grade, we lost one game and that was to the college team from Cedar [City] on their floor. They didn't beat us on our floor [when] they came down and played us. We played a practice game on our floor and we beat them. So they invited us to come to their floor. We went up to their floor and they beat us by two points.

FH: Wow!

EH: The score was 60 to 58.

FH: That is hard to believe, almost, at that age. [Laughter] That was really good.

EH: We were just efficient. We had a little [routine] worked out where we [would] shift around and work [the] ball. The big fellows would run between their legs and run circles around them. I was quite fast. I used to run the 100 yard [dash] in ten seconds. In being able to jump like I could, it would give us an advantage. I used to play center and a lot of fellows would be a foot or a foot and a half taller than I was. But when it came to tipping that ball I could out jump them. If we ever got a hold of that ball, we could always work it into the basket. They couldn't get the ball away from us. The only way they could get it is if they got possession and then put it up in the air and kept it out of our reach [so] we couldn't get it.

FH: You have some wonderful memories from your athletic events.

EH: Yes. I hurt my leg playing soccer. I kicked the ball and someone else kicked it at

the same time and threw my knee out of place. Kanarraville is a small town [and] there wasn't a doctor in the town. I had to go to Cedar [City] to the closest doctor. I hurt my leg [during the] morning recess and I stayed [at] school. I didn't go home until evening. The coach [took] a hold of [my knee] and tried to pull it back in but he couldn't get it in. He helped me back to the room and I just sat [there] until after school. Then I got on my horse and rode home. Father tried to pull it in and he couldn't get it in. They called and made an appointment for the next morning to take me to Cedar [City]. [In] Cedar [City] the doctor had to strap me to a table and he worked for almost an hour to get my [knee] back in [place]. It swelled up until it was almost three times as big as —

FH: It could never be strong again after that kind of —

EH: I always had to be [very] careful after that. I wore a support on it. I had to be [very] careful. If I stepped on it wrong, it used to flip [out] on me. It never did flip clear out of joint again and stay out. I have had it flip out and then flip back in.

FH: This kind of curtailed your activities?

EH: Yes it did. It made it so that I had to be [very] careful.

FH: Did you enjoy reading?

EH: Yes. From the time I was twelve years old until I [was] married we lived out of town, generally five or six miles. [Sometimes it was] anywhere from two miles to six miles from town. Reading was about the only activity that I had that I could indulge in unless I went to town. The only way I could get to town was [to] either drive the team and wagon or go [on] horseback. We didn't have an automobile in those days. So, consequently, I did a lot of reading.

FH: What kind of reading did you enjoy most?

EH: I enjoyed novels. I liked western stories, mystery stories, [and] adventure stories. The three winters that I went to high school I read just about all the books that I could find in the Washington County Library [St. George, Utah] at that time. I used to take three or four books home over the weekend. On [a] weekend I would read that many books.

FH: [Did] this have a tremendous effect on your life?

EH: Yes, it helped, it really helped me.

FH: Tell about your courtship and marriage and [the events] that led up to that.

EH: I used to like to dance. I had a sister, just younger than me, that would rather

dance than do anything else. She always wanted to go to the dances. That was one thing that my parents insisted that I do, take my sister and go to the dances. They wouldn't let her go alone or if some young man came for her because we lived out in the fields [and] they didn't want her chasing around with somebody that they didn't know. So they insisted that I go.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

EH: — going to the dances. I liked to dance. I used to go to a lot of dances. I liked to sit on the sidelines and watch. I got as much enjoyment just watching others dance as I did [when I was] out there dancing myself. I wasn't a [very] good dancer but —

FH: What kind of dances [did] you dance?

EH: We used to dance the Charleston, fox trot, and waltzes. We also used to dance square dances, the old-time square dances like they used to have.

FH: Did they mix [these dances] together a lot?

EH: Yes, they used to mix them quite often, especially at our school dances. They had a variety of dances [and] most of the time we danced to a live band. When I lived in Kanarraville we used to go to the dances there. My sister wasn't old enough to go when we lived up there, but I used to go. I did more watching than I did dancing! I used to like to go to some of the school dances, especially after we had a ball game. After we had a ball game I would stay and dance before I went home. We always had cows to milk. We always [skimmed] the cream [and] sold raw milk to the dairy so we were always up early. Seems like I would read [and] I would [not] get to bed until the wee hours of the morning. It seemed to me that if I could get two or three hours of sleep, that was all that I needed.

I met my wife, [Hannah Cynthia Carter] through my sister [Elva]. They were friends. We were going up to Pine Valley on a family outing. My wife's parents were quite poor and she didn't have any brothers or sisters. She was a lonely girl [and] didn't have too many girl friends. [It] seemed like she didn't have too much opportunity to get out and to go to dances and places. My sister asked her if she would like to go up to Pine Valley with us. She said that she would. I didn't pay much attention to the girls [at the time]. I was more interested in watching the country and thinking about my own thoughts about going fishing. That was what I was interested in, [thinking about] how many fish I could catch after we got up there. The girls were interested in the boys. There was a CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camp up there and they met some of these CCC boys. They wouldn't let the girls go over to the camp but [it] seems like the boys came to where the girls were.

FH: They gravitated? [Laughter]

EH: There were three or four of them hanging around all the time we were up there. I spent most of my time fishing. That is what I went for, the fishing trip. We left Pine Valley about four o'clock in the afternoon and [were] driving [home] with the team and buckboard [and] it took a little while. [It was] a distance of about thirty miles [that] we had to travel. We were about halfway home, I guess, when the first stars started to come out. My wife said, "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. The first young man that speaks to me, my true love he should be." I said, "Oh, yes?" Everybody just laughed and roared.

FH: [Inaudible] [Laughter]

EH: We kidded each other a little bit. The next Friday night my sister said to me, "Why don't you ask Hannah if she would like to go to the dance with us." I said, "Alright, I'll go down and ask her." I went down and approached her. Her father gave me [the] once over and asked me a lot of questions. I had met her father before but I had never met her mother until that evening. I really liked her mother. She seemed like a [very] nice woman. [Hannah] said she would like to go to the dance. I said, "I'll come down and get you." I went down on horseback after her. That just tickled her to death. She really liked to ride horses so she rode up to my place. [She] took her dress along and after she got to my place she went in and [she] and my sister got ready. Then we walked over to the dance. After the dance I took her back home.

The next day [was] Sunday [and] I asked her if she would like to go to go down to Bloomington [Washington County, Utah] with me. I was going down there to visit my grandmother and grandfather. She said she would like to go. She asked her parents if it would be alright to go and they said yes. We went down to Bloomington that Sunday afternoon. We planned on being down there [two] or three hours. But a little thunder shower came up like it does in the summertime. It rained for a little while. We were ready to come home when it started to rain. We were going to have to come home [on] horseback and decided we would get all wet. So we decided to wait until the rain was over. In the meantime, grandmother [had] supper ready and nothing [would] do but [that] we had to stay and have supper. Time slipped by, like it will. I didn't realize that it was getting so late. By the time I got her home it was almost midnight. Her father and mother were [fit] to be tied. I never got such a scotch blessing in my life as I got that night when I [took] her home! Her father really raked me over the coals. My disposition was such that I just made up my mind [and] said to my self, well, old man I'll just take your daughter and keep her as long as I want.

FH: [Laughter]

EH: When I get through with her, if you want her back, alright; if not, I'll keep her. I started going with her pretty steady then. I made a date for about all the dances

that came along. That fall, just before deer season time, I went up to Enterprise [Washington County, Utah] to work in the potatoes. I was there for almost a month. While I was up there I think she went to a dance or two with my sister. I thought quite a bit about her while I was up there and decided I liked her quite well. When I came back I went with her a time or two again and decided I was in love with her. I told her about it and she didn't want to have anything to do with me. She said she wasn't in love with me. I told her, "Do you still want to go with me? Do you want me to keep coming after you and taking you out?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Okay." I just didn't press the issue too greatly. I let her know how I felt. I told her I would wait and see.

[It] was [now] about Thanksgiving time. I took her to the dances and we went to a show or two. I would take her horseback riding. I had to go down to the fields nearly every day to take care of the cattle, feed [them] and see that they had plenty of water. A lot of times she would want to ride down [on] horseback with me. We would ride down to the fields and back. Nearly every night I was down [at her house and] would stay until midnight. I guess her folks [became] tired of having me. She said she did, that I was quite a pest! I really enjoyed visiting with them and being with [her] family. I kept reminding her that I was still in love with her. Finally, one night around Christmas time, I came to see her and she told me that she loved me too. That made me [very] happy and I made arrangements and bought a ring for her. We announced our engagement at Christmas time. We planned on being married in the spring when school was out. But she [became] sick before school was out and had to quit school. She had [very] bad tonsillitis. They took her tonsils out and [then] she had a touch of rheumatic fever. So she dropped out of school.

My folks decided to move from St. George to Beaver [Beaver County, Utah] and they wanted me to go with them. I left in March and went with them. I stayed up there about a month. Dad agreed to pay me a wage if I would stay in the place that they rented. The fellow that dad rented from misrepresented [the situation] to him. The fellow told them they had a big stream of water. When we [arrived] there we found out that all the water rights he had on [the] place were just a high water right. Instead of being an irrigated farm, as he had indicated, it was mostly dry farm. There was no house on the place. The house that he showed us was on [the property] adjoining [his and] didn't even belong to him. [My father] didn't stop in Beaver and talk to anyone about this fellow. He knew the fellow's family and he took [him] at his word. Come to find out that the fellow was a dead-beat and misrepresented [the situation] all the way around. [My father] had to hire out in the mines up there. He went to work at Sulpherdale [Beaver County, Utah] in the sulphur mines.

[This] left me to take care of the cattle and do the milking. We had a bunch of cows that had to be milked. I did the milking and they agreed to pay me for doing [that] at the rate of \$1.00 a day. The end of the first month came and I didn't get

any money. I told them, "I'm going to have to have some money. I am planning on being married this summer as soon as school is out." [They said], "We just [don't have] the money [and] we can't give [it to] you. It takes what dad makes to keep the family going." I told [my folks], "I will stay another fifteen days and if you don't have some money for me then, I'm going to leave. I'll go [and] get me a job where I can earn some money." I guess that was the first real argument that I ever had with my family, where I really disagreed and wouldn't go along [with them]. Dad had promised me faithfully that when he [received] his check on the fifteenth [that] he would at least give me a little. They got the check and mother had to go to Salt Lake [City, Salt Lake County, Utah]. His check [was used] to pay her fare up there and he didn't have any money [for me] again. I just said goodbye, packed my clothes, took my bed roll [and] went out on the highway and hitchhiked back down to St. George.

Before we left St. George, I tried to get dad to let me stay. We had about ten acres in sugar beet seed, about twenty acres in alfalfa, about five acres in wheat, and about five acres in barley. The crops really looked good. I had worked [very] hard the summer, fall, and winter getting the crops in. I tried to get dad to let me stay in St. George and harvest those crops. I told him that I would split the profits with him. "No, we have to have you up to Beaver. I can't run that up there alone." So I went along with him. He sold everything he had here. He [received] \$200 [for] it and I didn't get a penny of that. He just sold his crops, his lease for \$200. They used that money to move the family up to Beaver. When I came back, I went to see the fellow that bought the lease from dad. He needed a man so he put me to work. He paid me \$1.00 a day. I had to board myself. That was right at the start of The Depression when things were really rough. [At that time] \$1.00 a day went a long way towards buying what you needed.

We decided we would get married on her birthday. School was out about [May] 20, [1934] and her birthday was on the 25th. When we went to get our license they wouldn't let me have a license. They wouldn't let me sign because I wasn't quite twenty-one years old. I lacked about three weeks of being twenty-one. They said [that] I would have to have my parent's consent. That meant that I had to go back to Beaver and get a letter of consent from my folks so that we could get married. Her father was working and was going to be out of town for a week so we decided that we would wait until June 1st. We went to the [St. George] Temple [and] were married on June 1st. I had my grandparents go with me and my granddad stood with me as a witness. Her father and mother were there as witnesses for her. None of my folks [were] at the wedding at all, other than my grandfather and grandmother. I was sure happy to have them come and be with us. When we [were] married I had \$30.00, one month's pay was all that I had. That was what we started housekeeping [with]. We didn't have any party, no shivaree [noisy celebration for newly married couple]. We went to the temple and after we were married we went up own to a hotel and stayed overnight at the old Snow Hotel. There were four couples married in the St. George Temple that day

and three of the couples stayed [at] the Snow Hotel in adjoining rooms.

FH: [Laughter]

EH: We really had a nice time. We really enjoy each other. I really love my wife. I would do anything in the world for her. I think we have had a good life. My folks quarreled and fought quite a bit. They always made up after their fights, but there was quite an age difference between my father and mother. I think maybe that was one reason. My mother's disposition was such that she was the quarreling type. She would take offense [at] a lot of things that shouldn't have been offensive at all. When she would take offense, she would drag up things that had happened years before between [them], harp about it [and] make a big scene. It seemed like they would always make up in a day or two. It made quite an unhappy situation at home a lot of [the] time.

Before we [were] married, I told [Hannah Cynthia], "I'll never quarrel with you. If [there are] any differences, there won't be any quarreling about it. If it comes to a [time] where we fight and quarrel, I will just put on my hat and go." I have had to do that a time or two. I think that there has been a time or two when she has felt like she had to go, so she has gone for a walk. But we have always been able to resolve our problems and we have had family prayer. When our first boy came, we were [very] happy.

FH: What was his name?

EH: We named him Edwin Jerry. He was born on May 5, [1935]. I worked for Dr. [Donald Alpine] McGregor and the bill [was] all paid before he was ever born. The night he was born I called the doctor about 11:00 p.m. We had gone to the show [and] came home about 10:00 p.m. [We] had just got in bed [when] she said, "Oh, it is going [to] happen. You better go get the doctor." So I called the doctor [and] he came over and examined her. He says, "I'll go get the midwife. She won't have the baby until sometime in the morning." He figured [since it was her] first child, she would be in labor for at least seven or eight hours. I got the midwife. [The doctor] told the midwife, "When she gets to a certain stage, call me." About 1:00 a.m. the midwife told me, "You better go call the doctor." I [tried] to call him [and the doctor's] wife said, "He just left to go to Washington [City, Washington County, Utah]. I will get a hold of him as soon as I can." He still hadn't come by 1:30 a.m. I just got back in the house [when] the midwife said to me, "You better go see if you can't get a hold of that doctor. This baby isn't going to wait." So I called again and [his wife] said, "Yes, I got a hold of him. He is over in Washington [City] and he said he would get back just as quick as he could." I just barely walked back into the house when the baby was born. The midwife covered my wife and the baby up. She wouldn't even cut the cord or do [any] thing. She [let] the baby and my wife lay there. It was about 3:00 a.m. before the doctor finally [arrived]. He came in and cut the cord and said the baby

was a nice healthy baby [and that] she was doing fine and left. He never did come back to the house again. The midwife came every day and bathed her and the baby and took care of her. My folks lived right next door to us so mother came in helped some.

FH: They had moved back to St. George?

EH: They had moved back to St. George, yes. After I left up, they only stayed in Beaver about another three months and [then] they moved back down again.

FH: Oh.

EH: They lost everything, just gave it up and moved back. They just threw everything away. The fellow I worked for harvested those crops. I was right there and helped him harvest those crops. The fellow cleared \$8,000. They split that three ways. The fellow I was working for cleared \$8,000 on the beet seed. That was after all the expenses were paid.

FH: [Inaudible] I bet that made your dad feel pretty sick?

EH: It made me feel sick! Dad never had much to say about it. I never had much to do with my folks. I broke away and left home and never had much to do with my folks. We would go visit with them, but I never had any more dealings with my dad [nor] went into any adventures with him. He did farming after that. After he moved back to St. George, he went to work for the city putting in the sewer system. He worked about ten years for the city on the sewer system [with] the WPA [Work Projects Administration]. I guess he started in about 1931 and worked until he was forty [and then] he moved to California.

FH: [I would like you to] tell about [your] other children and things that happened to you.

EH: Next we had a little girl born to us. She died the day she was born. She was born on July 23, 1937.

FH: Did you give her a name?

EH: Her name was Wynona.

FH: Wynona, okay.

EH: Dr. [Wilford J.] Reichman was our doctor. He was the stake president at the time. He was also a bishop of one of the wards at the time that she was born. We weren't living in [his] ward but our membership was in [that] ward.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

EH: He told us when she was born that she [wouldn't] live so he blessed her and named her. She lived about [ten] hours. She was born prematurely. She had a valve in her heart [that] failed to function properly. It just pumped the blood from one side of her heart back and forth [but] didn't pump it out through her system. We had quite a time. It was quite a blow to me. We had been close friends with our next door neighbor [and] there had been hardly a day that this woman [wasn't] in our home. She was the Stake Relief Society President. I sent word over that we had a baby girl [and] figured that she would come right over. [Then I] sent word that the baby had died. That woman never set foot in our house again.

FH: For [inaudible] sakes.

EH: I'll tell you that was quite a blow to me. Of course, we had some [very] good neighbors that weren't even active in the church. The family that lived right next door to us was not even active in the church, [but] they came in and took over and really helped out. There were two young men, the old man and his wife, and one daughter. They took our little boy home [with them to] care [for] him. I didn't have a car at that time [and] they took me in [their] car to make funeral arrangements. The bishop in the ward where we were living had gone out of town. I had to go up to Central [Washington County, Utah to] the grain field where the second counselor in the bishopric was cutting grain. We contacted him and he said, "I'll be right down [just] as quick as I can get there." He left his grain harvesting and came down to the house. He did everything that he could to help us. He took care of the funeral arrangements and we buried her on the Twenty Fourth of July.

FH: That was a sad thing to have to go through.

EH: Our next boy, Bruce [Carter] was born eleven months later. But in the meantime, I got a wild hair in my head and decided I was going to move out of this country. I moved up to Idaho with my wife's uncle. He had a big ranch up there. They were [very] nice to me. He offered me a [very] good job. He had a big dairy farm and a big fruit farm. He had 300 or 400 acres in apples. He had twenty acres [in] peaches, probably that many [acres in] apricots, and ten or fifteen acres [in] cherries. There were twenty or twenty-five acres [in] pear trees. He had a big place and he needed a lot of help. He had three full-time men hired on his farm in the summertime besides himself and his boy. He had two girls that worked out in the field. His wife helped [out] as much as she could. They treated me just like I was one of [their] family. My wife was hardly out of bed after we lost our baby girl when I left and went up there. As soon as she [was able to] travel, that was about the first of October, she came up there. As soon as she [arrived], he had a little house that he moved us into. He said he would pay us \$50.00 a month and furnish us our milk and whatever produce he raised. He gave us a garden spot. I

could raise a pig and a calf for meat and it wouldn't cost me anything for [their] feed. All I had to do was [buy] them.

FH: That looked pretty good after what you had been through down here, didn't it?

EH: It looked real good to me. So I took it. As soon as my wife [came] up there, he started finding fault with this, finding fault with her, finding fault with everything, and he just made a complete [flip]-flop. I didn't even think it was the same man. He had me out in December [when] it was foggy and damp. [The farm] was just two miles from the Snake River and every morning it would be [very] foggy. I would go out and do chores until about 8:00 a.m. We would start [at] 4:00 a.m. and do chores until about 8:00 a.m. He had a young orchard of apple trees and pear trees [that] he was afraid the rabbits was going to [strip the] bark [from] the trees. He would have me take newspapers and wrap around the trees. I was out in damp weather and I got a cold and the flu, I guess. I missed a couple of days work. I had been to the doctor and [was] told to go to bed and stay there. [The uncle] was good enough to [take] me to the doctor. The doctor gave me a prescription for medicine. I was feeling a little better and the third morning he came pounding on the door about 5:00 a.m. and came in. He said, "If you can't work I'll have to get somebody that can." He said, "I can't pay a man wages and have him lying in bed." So I just told him, "Well, you get somebody else."

We had bought some furniture and I had a month's wages coming. He took everything we had [and] even held back my wages. He bought my wife a ticket home on the bus or the train. I don't know how much it cost but it wasn't the amount of wages that I had coming. I had borrowed a little money from him to buy coal and a pig. The pig was still in the pen. I had been feeding it and it was a nice pig. It was just a weaner when I [bought] it and when he kicked us off, it weighed about 120 pounds. So it [would] have been a right nice porker.

FH: Yes.

EH: I had bought a calf from him and agreed to give him \$10.00 for the calf. I had been feeding it waste milk. He was separating milk and shipping the cream. He fed the excess milk [to] a bunch of pigs that he turned into the orchard. He would feed them a little grain, let them gather up the fruit off the ground, and root for roots around in the orchard. Those pigs would do a good job of plowing in his orchard! He didn't have to get in there and do too much plowing. He let the pigs do the plowing! They also fertilized the ground. Anyway, we bought a little furniture and I still owed him some on [it]. He took all of that, plus my wages, all [except] enough to ship her home. I hitchhiked back home without a penny in my pocket. I didn't even have enough to buy a cup of coffee when I left up there.

FH: That didn't set too [well].

EH: That didn't set too [well] with me. I came back to St. George and went right to work for a farmer here feeding a bunch of calves. He had about fifty head of young [calves] that had to be fed a little hay every day. It was in the winter.

FH: Did you have a child born up in Idaho? [Or] that wasn't until you came back?

EH: No, our second boy was born after we got back [to Utah]. She started out with him right after she [arrived] there.

FH: Okay.

EH: She started with our second boy. We lived down [in] Bloomington all that winter [and] I worked for this farmer on his farm. Also, two days a week [I] drove mail to Enterprise for my uncle. Christmas day in 1937 I went to Enterprise and when I [returned] it was snowing. I left here in the morning and it was a beautiful day. [I] got to Enterprise and had to wait until about 4:00 p.m. and the mail hadn't [come]. It started to snow up there about 2:00 p.m. in the afternoon. There were four inches of snow falling on the level between 2:00 and 4:00 p.m. up there. Coming back, by the time I got over the top of what they call Cottonwood [Washington County, Utah] I was pushing snow with the bumper of the truck. I had taken my wife and [our] little boy up there with me [since it was] Christmas day. I thought it was going to be such a beautiful day. It turned out so lousy [that when] we got back home [we] went to bed. Down here it was just raining. The next morning when we got up it was snowing here. There was about four inches of snow on the ground and it was snowing. It snowed all that day, all that night, and all the next day. When it quit we had about eighteen inches of snow, on the level, in St. George.

FH: Here in St. George? Wow!

EH: We were living in Bloomington. Then it cleared off, turned cold and froze. Boy, I'll tell you, it froze everything! The water taps all over St. George were frozen. We couldn't even get from Bloomington to St. George. I didn't get back to Enterprise with the mail again —

FH: My word! Is that right?

EH: — [because] they couldn't get the road open so we could get through. [Of] course [the] mail had to go [through]! I [would] come to St. George and go up on the hill and [wait]. I would go as far as I could in the car and [then] I would [wait until] they opened the road. I would [wait] for two or three hours then I would come back. They had to pay to send the first class mail around. They plowed the roads from Cedar [City] across —

FH: Oh, yes.

EH: — so they had the road from Cedar [City] over to Enterprise open. But they couldn't get this [road] up here plowed open. It [had] drifted so badly. They plowed it open between here and Central, or here and Veyo [Washington County, Utah]. They [would] just get it plowed open and the wind would start to blow. Then they would have to plow it all over again. They did that for better than six weeks. Maybe one day a week I would make it through to Veyo. That was as far as I could [drive] and [then I would] go on horseback and meet a fellow coming down from Central. We would meet about half-way between Veyo and Central [on] horseback. He would bring the mail from Central.

FH: Kind of a pony express situation?

EH: Yes, it was a pony express situation.

FH: Well, well.

EH: It really cost the contractor some money. He went belly-up. He had to get out. He really lost some money. That was a real experience for me. In some places up [there], there [would be] six feet of snow on the level. When they plowed it threw snow up eighteen to twenty feet high [on] some of those banks. You could drive a car, get up out of your car, and you could just barely slide over the top if you stood up on top of your car. In places, you could just barely see out. A lot of places you had to look up to see out. From Central over to Enterprise [was] where [the] wind blew so badly. They had drifts up there [of] thirty and forty feet deep. They couldn't even get through them with a rotary [snow plow]. They had rotary equipment and they just couldn't even get through it. [They] took a bulldozer up there and tried to bulldoze the park. [The] boys that were [working] on [the] power line had to put snow shoes on [in order to] go across the top. They walked from Enterprise back towards Central and from Central over to Enterprise until they would meet each other to keep that line free of ice and snow and repair the breaks. Several times [the] line would freeze and break. It was just a miserable winter. That winter a lot of livestock froze to death and farmers lost a lot of [animals]. A lot of sheep men lost their whole herds because the snow was so deep [in the winter of 1936 -1937].

Our boy, Bruce, was born in June [1937]. [And] our next boy, Lynn [Dee], was born in December [1939]. There is about eighteen months between [the] two boys. There was almost two years between the next two boys. [Ralph Duane] was born in January 1941. We moved down to [Basic Township] and [James Reed] "Jimmy" was born [in 1943] while we were [there]. I was working down [in] Henderson at the magnesium plant, [my first regular full-time job, in] plant protection [or security]. I worked there [during the war] years. I [was] gassed with chlorine gas down there. [It was] so bad that my nose broke out with sores up inside. I was hacking and coughing up great gobs of green slimy looking [mucus].

I happened to come up here in the spring and [went] to the post office. I came out of the post office coughing and [met] Dr. [Alpine Watson] McGregor coming up the stairs. He spoke to me. I spit out this big mouth full of green stuff. He looked at that and said, "Man, you're going to die if you stay down there. That stuff will kill you." He wanted to know how I was feeling and I told him I didn't feel very good. He said, "If I was you I would get out of there just as quick as you can." I had about had it anyway. I had been sick all winter [with] one cold on top of another.

They had taken me out of the gas area for a little while and told me they would [keep] me out. I passed out one time down there and they had to put me under oxygen to bring me to. They [sent] me over on the lake for about six weeks and promised they would keep me out of the gas [area]. Then they brought me right back and shoved me right back down in it again. When they did, I gave them notice that I was going to quit. They said, "You can't quit." I told them I was going to quit anyway. They said, "If you quit we'll have you in the [United States] Army within thirty days." I said, "Okay, I'll be in the Army." I just bundled [up] my family [in] the car and moved home. We moved home the first of April [1945]. It was springtime and our house wasn't finished. We had to do a lot of work. Somebody came in and stripped [off] a lot of the [material] and had taken a lot of our building materials so we had to go buy more. I got busy and I didn't go to work for anybody other than myself. I just stayed here and worked on my home for almost two months before I finally went to work for Standard Stations. [John Steven] "Johnny" was born [in April 1946] after I had been working for Standard Stations for awhile. I worked for Standard [Stations] for about nine years. In the meantime, our daughter LaDene was born [September 1947]. My wife had an abdominal hernia [through four pregnancies]. It was bothering her so bad that the doctor recommended that she not have any more children. We decided that we had good insurance and it would be a good time [for] her have [the] hernia fixed. She went in and it was quite a serious operation. LaDene was about a year old when she [had the] operation.

In the meantime, my hot water heater [went] out. Lightning hit the telephone pole just below us. The lightning jumped over on to the power wires and the jolt came into the house and went through the unit on our hot water heater. [It] burnt the hot water heater out so I had to have that fixed. I had worked at that type of [repair] work some. I worked for Arrowhead Department and Appliance Store [owned by Melvin Cox] for about five years. I had had quite a lot of experience in repairing and installing hot water heaters, so I knew what to do. I was in the process of fixing it. It happened to be on [Labor] Day in the fall of the year. There wasn't a doctor in town that day. [There was] one tin strap that held the two side covers on. I got the one [strap] on and I was trying to get the top one [on]. I had a hold of the little piece of strap tin with my hand and was leaning my shoulder against the side of the [inaudible]. I just was trying to get the screw started. The board that I was standing on broke and, when [it] broke, I stepped back. I stepped through the

ceiling joist and stepped off the platform right in the corner of the ceiling and come down head first, right down into the bedroom on the top of my head. I gripped this piece of tin in my hand as I fell. It cut my hand all to pieces and I lost the use of my three fingers. This finger is stiff on account of it.

FH: Yes.

EH: This finger is gone in the joint. This joint and this finger are gone in the joint. I just cut all the cords across there and a big gash through the palm of my hand where I had gripped down on that piece of strap tin. I wasn't gripping it when I was holding it there, but when it jabbed out, it just automatically started to fall. I just gripped on to that. There wasn't a doctor in town that day. I went [to] the hospital [and] stayed [there] all day long waiting for them to find an available doctor. They couldn't get a hold of a doctor. I [should] have gone to Cedar [City] and had my hand taken care of.

Dr. Reichman finally [came] back [to] town about 10:00 p.m. He had been [in] Salt Lake [City]. [That night] he had me come right up to his office and he looked at my hand. It was swollen so bad that he didn't dare do anything. He gave me a tetanus shot, bandaged my hand up and said, "We'll have to let it go until it heals." After it healed, he had me come in and he operated on it and sewed it together but I got infection in it and [the surgery] didn't [help]. A couple of years later Dr. [Donald Alpine] McGregor said he could fix it. I went to the hospital and they operated on my hand. He had bad veins in his legs, varicose veins, and those varicose veins ruptured [during the operation]. [They] shoved me off to the side, put him on the table and operated on him. He never did come out of it. He died on account of that operation. He lived about eight or ten months after that [and] he finally died.

FH: You really had a hard time.

EH: He had my hand opened up, had my leg all sterilized and was just ready to cut into my leg and take a piece of tendon out of my leg to fix my hand. All they did was just clean my hand up and sew it up and never really attempted to fix it. It left me with a bad hand and I've been handicapped since. [After] I [moved] back from [Las] Vegas, [I had been doing] service station work. The last four or five years I've been working [at] Dixie College as [a] grounds custodian. [He began working at Dixie College the summer of 1963 when the college moved to its present location. - Added during editing by LaDene (Hiatt) Cluff.]

FH: You have worked at the college and you have worked at the —

EH: I've worked at the college for the last five years. I'm [the] head grounds [keeper] out there now. I take care of the grounds and I really enjoy my work.

FH: Beautiful [inaudible].

EH: It is [very] interesting and it is a challenge to take that old clay bed out there and make it into a beautiful campus. It has been a lot of hard work, a lot of scheming, a lot of sweat, and a lot of long hours that I have never been paid for [nor] even thanked for, to get the college grounds in the shape that [they are] in [now]. It is still a long ways from being complete.

[The following was transcribed and added in 2021.]

EH: But it is starting to show results now.

FH: Fair enough.

EH: And I'd like to say this to my children, that if they will live a good clean life, live the teachings of the gospel, live the gospel plan, that they will be happy. I have been happy all my life, and I and their mother haven't had too many serious disagreements. We've had our disagreements, but we've never fought and quarreled like some people do. We've never had. There's been a time or two, I've put on my hat and gone for a walk, and there's been a few times when she's gone for a walk. We've had our disagreements. When she had a nervous breakdown here, two or three years ago, why, she was pretty hard to live with, and she's been quite hard to live with since. But I do love her, and I want to say this to you children, that your mother loves you and I love you. I know I've made mistakes in my life, but I know that if you do the things that our Heavenly Father wants you to do, that you will be blessed, because we have been blessed in our family, and our patriarchal blessings tell us what we can expect. And if we live worthy, and if we do live worthy, those things will come true. We have to work at it. Anything that you do, you have to work for. Nothing comes easy, and nothing comes by not doing it. You've got to make up your mind what you want and then work towards it.

I do have a testimony of the gospel. I know that Jesus is the Christ, I know that Joseph Smith is the true prophet of God. I studied in school and I have had my prayers answered several times. I've had hands laid upon me and I've been promised by the holy priesthood that if I had faith in our Heavenly Father, that my righteous desires of my heart would be fulfilled. And I know that this has been true. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]